



## **ON THE SOFTER SIDE**

### ***I'm Bringin' Sexy Back?***

**By: Cam Blevins**

So as another spring approaches (WOOHOO) I like reflecting on last year just because I get a lot more amusement out of it now that it's over than I did when I was living through it. Last year started out great. I was working out, taking self-defense classes with my little girl, pilates classes, Salsa dancing, going out dancing my "butt off" with friends and basically trying to stay in shape. I'll be the first person to admit that fighting this "getting older" thing is a lot of hard work but it's either keep up the fight or sit on the couch eating bonbons, buy some Moo Moo's and watch the world pass me by, no Thank You! Anyway, things were going well and spring was on the

way, WOOHOO!!!! My indoor classes were over and wanting to keep in shape and be outside, Rhonda and I decided to join a sand volleyball league. It would be really easy to lie and say we played on the advanced league and we're awesome but as sure as I would someone would want me to prove it. So we weren't exactly on the advanced league (ok we were on the advanced drinking league, does that count?) and as far as our playing skills go let's just say we did improve with time but we won't be asked to play on the advanced league this year either. The weather was still cool so it was time to throw on some leathers and put something between my legs that has "good vibrations" (oops did I say that or think it?). It was finally time to wake up my sleeping beauty (my motorcycle). For some reason when it came to riding last year it seemed like it was a constant battle just to get to ride. It seemed like half of the time the weather didn't cooperate, I didn't have a babysitter or I would make it to a ride only to have to leave in the middle of it. But, I did get to go exploring on my bike by myself (one of my favorite things to do), I did make it to several of my Tuesday night rides with Biker's Paradise (Thanks Bob & Cindy for another great year!), I got to go on a few weekend rides with friends and a couple of road trips. So looking back even if I didn't get to ride as much as I would have liked to, I had another great year of riding!

That brings us up to September (my favorite month). My birthday fell on a Monday this year so we celebrated the Saturday before at Riverside in St. Charles. I got to wear my Princess Tiara and I got to get up on the stage and dance while the band sang to me. My birthday was great! I got to spend it with family and friends and I got some pretty cool presents one of which I'm still waiting for (Jen and Rhonda got me a Hot Air Balloon ride that the three of us will be taking sometime this Spring, I can't wait!). And for the first time ever, I bought myself a birthday present, a year membership to a gym. So by this point things are still going pretty well, ok who am I kidding I was having a great time! A couple of odd things had happened, i.e., I had a problem with my bike and it broke down on one road trip, I was having problems with my memory and I missed my yearly appointment with my gyno (this was really strange for me considering I've never missed an appointment and I'm the girl who showed up 3 weeks early to an appointment once). But nothing had happen that lead me to believe that karma was out to get me or that maybe the moon was shifting and I needed to stay in bed and cover up my head for the winter.

Three days after my birthday I had a late sand volleyball game. The nights were starting to get cool so a late game meant cold sand and cold feet so buck up little camper and just do it. We weren't half way through the first game when I dove for the ball and tried to catch myself from landing face first in the sand (again). This time my foot and body disagreed on the direction I should be going. I'm not sure who won but I know I lost. After sitting in the sand a couple of minutes I stood up and realized I couldn't walk. Ok, girls this is an important lesson. Why should you have muscle bound studs on your team? Obviously so they can carry you off the court when you can't walk (and make sure to look for the spectators that are going to carry you around while your team is still playing). You would think an ankle swollen bigger than my own head might slow me down but me thinking I'm a tough girl (and trying to take my girlfriends advice after she stepped on my broken toe with her heels a couple of years ago) I tried to "walk it off"! Not only did I try to "walk it off" I thought going to the gym and working out really hard would help it and with my birthday ride only 3 days away there was no way I was missing my own ride! So 6 days and a lot of whining later I got to meet Dr. Julia Partin (if you ever need a foot specialist she's awesome and she has a really fun patient chair in her office that I would like to move into my bedroom). Not only did Dr. Partin think I was crazy for walking around on my ankle but she about fell out of her chair after putting a cast on me, my only question was "Can I go dancing in a week?". Ever since our first meeting she keeps reminding me there are certain things you shouldn't tell your doctor or otherwise they feel obligated to lecture you about your behavior (apparently no dancing means no dancing in the cast too). So by now I'm starting to feel like a little

wounded duck. Not only was I wounded physically but my pride was wounded also. So just when I thought you couldn't get any sexier (I even tried sportin' a short skirt, one sandal and a cast) I got to meet another doctor who was going to make me even sexier! Due to the motorcycle wreck I had when I was 11 I had to have surgery in the front of my mouth again. And this is how I got the privilege of meeting Dr. Daniel Dunbar, Endodontist. Thankfully, I always end up managing to meet specialist who are great in their fields and Dr. Dunbar is one of the best of the best. He's a fantastic surgeon, very gentle, really funny and for a masked man has beautiful blue eyes. Dr. Dunbar is one of those people who is so much fun, surgery doesn't seem that bad. So in the meantime, somehow I acquired a rash on my hands (it could only happen to me, I'm the person who's allergic to money! Could someone loan me their credit card? I'm not allergic to spending money just carrying it. OK, so I'm not allergic to money just the dirt on money.). So now I get a trip to my family doctor to figure out what I'm allergic to this time. Just to make sure everyone is still understanding sexy let's do a recap; I have one foot in a cast, my face is swollen like a blow fish and now my hands look like they are going to break open and gush blood at any moment. By this time I'm thinking the hell with the wounded duck feeling, I need my Mommy. But hold on to your skirts girls, this story only gets better. Do you remember I told you I missed the appointment with the gyno? Try this one on for size. My appointment was reschedule and this time I made it almost on time (so I was 30 minutes late, whose clock are we going by anyway? I'm the one who had to make a 3-1/2 hour trip just to get naked). But instead of showing up bright and shinning and full of cheer I showed up with one foot in a cast, a little swelling still in my face, hands still bright red and naked (and then Carol, my nurse asked me to put on a hospital gown, open in the front of course, and a white paper blanket). You so have to get a visual on this one, I'm naked with the exception of the cast and a hospital gown that is open in the front with one foot in the stirrup and my sexy cast kind of in the other stirrup (the cast didn't fit well in the little hole so I had to try to prop it on top), face still swollen and hands bright red with a rash. I was kinda hoping Doc Hollywood would like to do my yearly exam in the dark this time but of course not!! For some reason he felt the need to break out the spotlight and kitchen utensils? I still can't understand why Doc Hollywood didn't fall in love with me right there on the spot..... Are you kidding I wouldn't have wanted to touch me with a 10 foot pole either! But this is how my favorite song became "I'm Bringin' Sexy Back"!!!!

So what did I learn last year? I now understand why hindsight is 20/20, I learned there are certain moments in our life when we are so happy no one is taking our picture and I learned that even when it seems like life totally sucks remember to breathe and live through the "Moment"!

So what did I learn about myself and doctors last year? No matter what doctor I go to I brush my teeth for them and I wear perfume to all of my doctor visits it's just a matter of where I apply it. For the family doctor it's kind of an all over spray just because you never know where they are going to want to look. For the Foot Specialist, ankles and knees (if I'm not going to follow directions well the least I can do is smell pretty). That leaves us with the Endodontist and Gynecologist (both are my male doctors). It is now my firm belief that the only difference between the two is for one I put perfume on my knees and for the other I put perfume on my neck! Both tell you to sit back, relax and open wide as you hear latex snapping. Both docs tell you, you might feel a little pressure but this won't hurt as they flip on the spotlight and wheel in all of the kitchen utensils you thought no one ever used.

In all seriousness I want to thank all of the doctors who took such great care of me last year! And I hope they're as excited as I am that I get to see all of them again this year (so would it be wrong if I start taking my own spotlight and the kitchen utensils I think I might like???)

As for this year; it's almost time to strap some leathers on, enjoy the ride (without frostbite), reconnect with all of my biker friends and hope for "good vibrations"! I hope I have learned from the past, that I will always look forward to the future and that I remember to live for the moment!

So until we do this again, have fun, be safe and enjoy the ride,  
Cam