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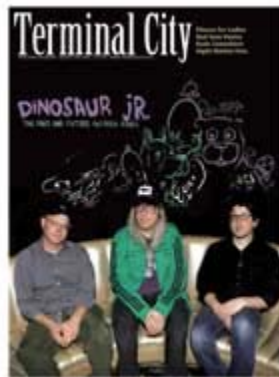
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Hey, Lady—Get Your Ass Up on the Mountain!



Martial arts and wasp stings at the Every Woman in the World conference

by Jennifer Flye

Aug, 18 2005

As I sit here and experience the wholeness of my self (in the form of sore muscles), I have to thank the 2005 Every Woman in The World Conference to thank. I just spent three days in Whistler, BC, engaging in an extraordinary amount of activities—all in the name of fun and for a very affordable price.

Last year, fitness enthusiast and entrepreneur Kerri Carlson conjured up the idea of creating a weekend that encompassed her belief in healthy living paired with utilizing the talented network of professionals she knew. Carlson is no stranger to fitness: she started at age six with gymnastics and flowed into a career athlete with determination. Her intense and committed training took her to the top, where she ranked sixth place for Canada at the 1989 World Gymnastics Championships in Germany. Her fit and healthy life took her all over the world until she was 21—scholarships and training abounded. After “retirement” as an athlete, she realized she was surrounded with a community of fabulous women and came up with the idea of creating a weekend of workshops for them. Carlson, with the support of her Olympic Bronze Medalist sister Lynn Kanuka pulled it off very well. Their ability to bring together like-minded businesses and individuals made for a really fun weekend—albeit a tad busy at times!

On the Friday, I arrived in a hot Whistler village at about noon. I checked in to my hotel (included in the cost) and, more than a little stoked, walked over to meet my mountain bike guide. Without any undue fanfare or production, the assembled attendees were divided into three groups and off we went. The biking instructors were all from Whistler Eco Tours (or WET) and our leader Tim was excellent. While showing us some of the gorgeous trails near Lost Lake and educating us on nature, he taught us how to turn, brake and position properly. The love of his job practically radiated off of him.

At one point I got really dizzy (I have had this happen at elevation before) and had to stop the group (so embarrassing) to take a breather. It could have been a completely humiliating moment, but his professionalism and coolness totally brought me down to earth again and, before I knew it, we were back to riding and having fun. Then I got stung by two wasps on the ear, but, I am tough-ass and got

through it, 'cause I was having so much fun riding the nice bike they supplied!

Later in the afternoon, after the mountain biking, we ventured up the gondola to do some mountain-top yoga. Glorious and sunny, as it can only be in the middle of a West Coast summer, I actually had an out of body experience while doing yoga and looking out at the mountain range. Post yoga, we meditated and then went back down for the opening reception in the village. It was quite fun, though I would have preferred something a bit more mellow and grounding. Still, it may have brought the group together a bit more than we had been.

The next morning, I rose and headed out for my full day of classes. It started with "Yamuna Body Rolling" and progressed to Tae Kwon Do (taught by Master Dawn Lefebvre, a fifth degree black belt and former Canadian National Champion), "Pole Dance/Sensual Dance" taught by the vivacious downtown eastside "Beauty Night" creator Caroline MacGillivray, Spontaneous Art and then a huge drum circle.

Each workshop was 40 minutes long but, I found, perhaps a bit short, as it felt like the minute we got into a class it was over. Additional classes, which I didn't sign up for, included belly dancing, financial planning, hip hop, go-go dancing, boot camp, running, tai chi and more. There was absolutely no obligation to do all classes and Carlson made a point of reminding us to take things at our own pace, so I tried my best to do so, but I have to admit there was a little voice in my head saying, "You paid for this, Jen...you should go to all the classes." Perhaps next year I'll pace it a bit better, since I was finding it hard to schedule in eating, which I don't generally like to have to think about.

Day three began slowly. I was now TOTALLY bagged but felt good nonetheless. My morning started with Nia—a kind of dance, martial arts and cardio combo that not only works but is incredibly fun. Black Belt Nia instructor and visual artist Jan Jensen's energy was sublime and her commitment to celebrating "play" and life melted my heart instantly. I was brought to tears at one point in the class, just watching the happiness wash over her as she danced.

So—as you can see—I had a busy and full weekend and, well, honestly, I'm still processing it all. Women out there should consider it next year since it can only get better with time. Plus, the concept of exposing women to all sorts of things in the name of fun is really a great idea. Now, if only I could get this wasp sting to quit being so damn itchy!

I Used to Ride a Tricycle



Biking in Vancouver for fun and... well, fun

by **Jason Webb**

Aug, 11 2005

I used to ride a tricycle. Of course, I was six at the time. It was one those Big Wheels trikes—the plastic low-rider with the massive front wheel. That little bike and I went everywhere together, but mostly we went around in circles in my apartment building's courtyard. To the casual onlooker, I probably resembled Danny Torrance racing around the Outlook Hotel in *The Shining*—plastic tires made a satisfying grinding sound as they rolled across the concrete, music to my six year old ears. My cycling career came to an abrupt halt, though, when I was seven.

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