Pond Perfect

I make no apologies.

I've always hated exercise.

It's tedious.

I beg forgiveness from those of you who are ardent sports enthusiasts, but despite many attempts, nothing's quite stuck.

Running? Not my style.

Yoga? Too still for me.

Swimming? The chlorine negates any benefits the exercise might offer.

Exercise classes? I hate to be a music snob, but I've always found the music to sound like elevator music.

For years my husband and I took ball room dancing, and that's where I found nirvana. The music, the party atmosphere, the required attention to detail and then oh, the movements…I loved it all.

Unfortunately, this particular exercise requires a partner and my husband is not always willing. So I've had to find another way to move after a day on Skype and writing at my keyboard.

Two years ago, we built an acre pond that finally allowed me to find exercise bliss.

The weather here in New York has been gorgeous lately and I've had swimming thoughts upon which I've recently been acting.

My family completed building a dock last week, hence I don't need to wade into ankle-deep muck.

So I'm swimming daily!

And it isn't even boring. We have domestic ducks who quack at me from the marshy side of the pond and the frogs croak out the bass as I paddle by their quarters.

If I go early in the morning, I get a great jump on my day.

I think I've found my niche!