



About the Author

The Rev. Richard Edwin Craig III currently resides with his wife, Dr. Marie Pascoe Craig, and their puppy, Sir Pepper of Westway, in Racine, Wisconsin. He was ordained deacon and priest in the Diocese of West Texas and served many years there before moving to Wisconsin. He retired from active parish ministry in 2006 and has served in long-term supply and interim positions in Racine.

About Vintage Voice

Vintage Voice is a monthly publication written by beneficiaries of The Church Pension Fund. We hope you enjoy these articles and find them helpful. Articles are published with the authors' permission.

VINTAGE VOICE



Walk, Don't Wait

By the Rev. Richard Edwin Craig III

In our 49 years of marriage, my wife has given me only one gift that gave me pause: it's a Fitbit, one of those instruments that is all the rage now. I had heard the women in our Weight Watchers class speak about the Fitbit on so many occasions. They were constantly talking about getting their steps in, walking up and down stairs, and the like.

I was having none of it.

My wife gave me the receipt and told me that it was okay for me to return the gift to Best Buy and get something I wanted. I could sense the disappointment in her voice and in her demeanor. I never, ever want to disappoint my wife, so I told her that I would keep it and that I would wear it.

If you are ahead of me in this tale, then you probably already have guessed that I have become quite attached to this gadget. I refer to it frequently each day. It sits on my arm alongside my Apple Watch. This is not strange for me; I have been known to wear two watches simultaneously.

I took our SUV to the dealer for maintenance and repairs. While I was waiting for the shuttle to take me home, I decided that I did not want to sit in their little waiting room, drinking their coffee, and watching one of the national morning news magazine shows on the television mounted on the wall.

So, I began to walk. At first, I paced the waiting room (no one else was present). I walked around the showroom looking at the new cars. As I was not in the market for a new car, this got old quickly. So I bounded out the front door of the showroom, and I paced back and forth along the walkway until my ride appeared. I decided at that moment that I would now walk wherever I am rather than sit and wait.

The second opportunity for me to exercise this new position came very quickly — in fact, on the same day — as we attend a Weight Watchers class on Friday mornings.

Sitting in our Weight Watchers class, having weighed in for the week and waiting for the start of the meeting, I asked myself, “Why am I just sitting here doing nothing? I could be ‘moving’!” So I got up, excused myself (my wife was in attendance with me), walked around the room and then outside where I walked down to the Hobby Lobby at one end of the shopping strip, and then back to the other end of the complex, past the TJ Maxx store, and back to the meeting room where the Weight Watchers meeting was just beginning.

I proclaimed to all in that session that I was never going to sit idly by again when I could be doing something productive. I told the group about the walk I had just come from. I told them about my earlier walk that morning. They applauded — it’s Weight Watchers, after all.

But it goes on.

My wife was complaining about a cough, so I took her to the local walk-in clinic. It is not quite like an urgent care or ER, but there were still enough people waiting that we were in for a lengthy wait. It hit me: “Now is the time to walk.” This complex has recently undergone a major renovation. Two buildings, the East and the West, were united by hallways; rooms, labs, and offices now exist where the driveway and parking lot had been.

I got up and announced to my wife that I was going to walk while she saw the doctor. I walked to the nearest end of that building, circled that waiting area, came back past my wife, who was still sitting and waiting to be seen, and headed south towards the end of the hallway. I turned towards the old West building, now connected. I walked circularly around that building (where women get mammograms, where there is a waiting room for certain invasive procedures like colonoscopies, etc.), exited the West building heading east, and arrived at the entryway to the East Building. Continuing north, past my primary care doctor’s office, past the lab on the right where they play Dracula (drawing blood), and then westward back to the walk-in clinic.

I was on a roll now and I had no intention of stopping, save for the time when my wife will have seen the doctor and been “discharged.” I lapped those buildings many times. I did not keep count. One woman who saw me walking asked me how far I had walked. I responded, “I don’t know, I’m just walking until my wife is ready to leave.” A receptionist at one of the doctor’s offices I passed said to me, “I used to go to Weight Watchers with you.” I made a circular movement back to her and asked why she was no longer in the class. She replied that she had had a baby.

After walking around that same course thousands of times, or certainly what seemed like thousands of times, people warmed up to me and I became familiar to them. One receptionist asked me, “Are you getting in your steps?” Another person said to me, encouragingly, “You go, you go!” After a time all the people I saw each time I made the revolution smiled at me. We had become as old friends.

In Weight Watchers classes, the leader and many of the participants are always talking about getting in 10,000 steps as a minimum goal. I could not imagine reaching such a lofty goal until that day I decided to walk, not wait. I exceeded the 10,000 step mark; in fact, I walked 10,925 steps that day.

