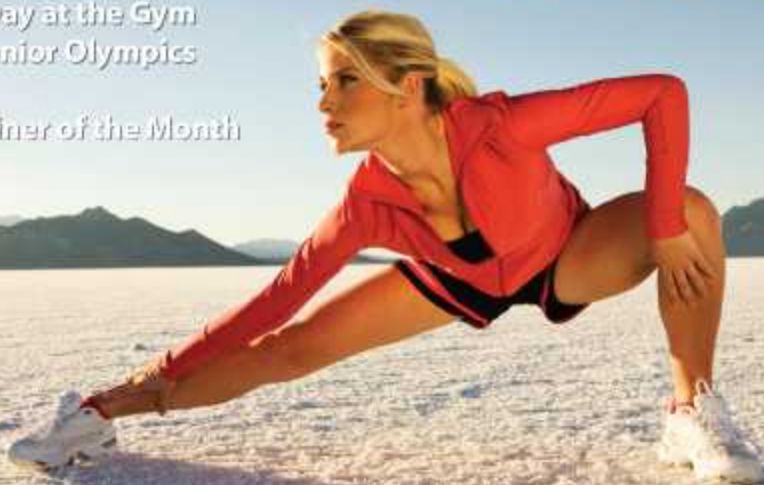


FUTURE FIT NEWS

INSIDE

- President's Message
- A Woman's Day at the Gym
- California Senior Olympics
- Fear
- Personal Trainer of the Month



NCCPT

The National Council for Certified Personal Trainers

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

John Platero - Founder, Future Fit

Summer. Finally! Although we're in June, the weather in Southern California has been gloomy and cool. Not great for the head but fantastic for cycling. It was good for our job because many people prefer to exercise indoors when the weather is cold and overcast.

Our NCCA accreditation is moving along. Our goal is to submit our application in September.

Need another certification or credential? All current certified NCCPT certified personal trainers are able to sit for the National Board of Fitness Examiners' (NBFE) exam. Go to NFBE.org to register. You must be certified through the NCCPT or one of its affiliates to sit for the exam. The cost is \$195. It's a great way to add another credential to your resume.

I hope you enjoy some of the articles in this issue. "A Women's Day at the Gym" should crack you up and the small item on "Fear"

might help you overcome some fears of your own.

I won three gold medals and one silver medal in the California Senior Olympics. Yeah I know... Senior..... The silver was so close, no one could tell with the naked eye who had won. It was a lot of fun.

I was featured on the cover of a magazine called *Ventana*. It was neat to be interviewed for once, usually I'm doing the interviewing. Go to ventanamonhly.com for the story.

If you have any suggestions, comments or additions you would like to make, go to nccpt.com and comment on, or create a blog. If you would like to submit an article for this newsletter please send it to personaltrainer@nccpt.com. If you're looking for a job, need to post a job or a classified ad, go to nccpt.com as well.

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A Woman's Day At the Gym



If you read this without laughing out loud, there is something wrong with you. This is dedicated to everyone who ever attempted to get into a regular workout routine.

Dear Diary,

For my birthday this year, I purchased a week of personal training at the local health club.

Although I am still in great shape since being a high school football cheerleader 43 years ago, I decided it would be a good idea to go ahead and give it a try.

I called the club and made my reservations with a personal trainer named Chris, who identified himself as a 26-year-old aerobics instructor and model for athletic clothing and swim wear.

Friends seemed pleased with my enthusiasm to get started! The club encouraged me to keep a diary to chart my progress.

MONDAY:

Started my day at 6:00 a.m. Tough to get out of bed, but found it was well worth it when I arrived at the health club to find Chris waiting for me. He is something of a Greek god-- with blond hair, dancing eyes, and a dazzling white smile. Woo Hoo!!

Chris gave me a tour and showed me the machines. I enjoyed watching the skillful way in which he conducted his aerobics class after my workout today. Very inspiring!

TUESDAY:

I drank a whole pot of coffee, but I finally made it out the door. Chris made me lie on my back and push a heavy iron bar into the air then he put weights on it! My legs were a little wobbly on the treadmill, but I made the full mile. His rewarding smile made it all worthwhile. I feel GREAT! It's a whole new life for me.

WEDNESDAY:

The only way I can brush my teeth is by laying the toothbrush on the counter and moving my mouth back and forth over it. I believe I have a hernia in both pectorals. Driving was OK as long as I didn't try to steer or stop. I parked on top of a GEO in the club parking lot.

Chris was impatient with me, insisting that my screams bothered other club members. His voice is a little too perky for that early in the morning and when he scolds, he gets

this nasally whine that is VERY annoying.

My chest hurt when I got on the treadmill, so Chris put me on the stair monster. Why the hell would anyone invent a machine to simulate an activity rendered obsolete by elevators? Chris told me it would help me get in shape and enjoy life. He said some other shit too.

THURSDAY:

Asshole was waiting for me with his vampire-like teeth exposed as his thin, cruel lips were pulled back in a full snarl. I couldn't help being a half an hour late-- it took me that long to tie my shoes.

He took me to work out with dumbbells. When he was not looking, I ran and hid in the restroom. He sent some skinny bitch to find me.

Then, as punishment, he put me on the rowing machine--which I sank.

FRIDAY:

I hate that bastard Chris more than any human being has ever hated any other human being in the history of the world. Stupid, skinny, anemic, anorexic, little aerobic instructor. If there was a part of my body I could move without unbearable pain, I would beat him with it.

Chris wanted me to work on my triceps. I don't have any triceps! And if you don't want dents in the floor, don't hand me the damn barbells or anything that weighs more than a sandwich.

The treadmill flung me off and I landed on a health and nutrition teacher. Why couldn't it have been someone softer, like the drama coach or the choir director?

SATURDAY:

Satan left a message on my answering machine in his grating, shrilly voice wondering why I did not show up today. Just hearing his voice made me want to smash the machine with my planner; however, I lacked the strength to even use the TV remote and ended up catching eleven straight hours of the Weather Channel.

SUNDAY:

I'm having the Church van pick me up for services today so I can go and thank GOD that this week is over. I will also pray that next year my husband will choose a gift for me that is fun-- like a root canal or a hysterectomy. I still say if God had wanted me to bend over, he would have sprinkled the floor with diamonds!!!

California Senior Olympics

by John Platero



Six weeks ago I had surgery to reattach the ligaments to my left thumb. I had crashed on my Time Trial Bike. It was really a silly crash. I only had one hand on the bars while fiddling with my computer to start my ride and didn't see a deep pothole. If I had both hands on the bars, nothing would have happened. I fell at about three miles an hour. These are the worst kind of falls. When you fall at high speed, you normally slide or tumble. However, being an athlete and used to pain, I thought I had just sprained my thumb and actually played drums at a gig three nights later! Not good. Thinking it would heal, I waited about six weeks before three doctors (always get three opinions) told me I need to operate. Two months later I finally got the surgery!



Being in a cast was too dangerous to ride with other people so I just road on my own. I switched my front brake to my right side so I could stop, and just laid my arm on the handle bars when I trained. It wasn't the most comfortable position. Four weeks later (no cast, but a splint) my good friend Dan Peterson allowed me to stay at his house in Lake Arrowhead for altitude training. His house is at 5300 ft, so at night, Mufasa (my dog) and I would drive 40 miles through the mountains to sleep in the van at the highest paved road in Southern California called, Onyx Summit. The summit is at 8332 ft. I would then drive back in the morning, get on my bike and ride back to the summit. Round trip was 84 miles 6500ft of climbing, all at high elevation. I came home on the weekends to work, but not before climbing Mount Baldy on Friday morning with my crazy Belizean buddy Gabriel. No sense sitting in traffic on a Friday morning.

It seemed to have paid off. On June 9th I competed in the California Senior World Games. It was four events. The first event was similar to a prologue; a 5K time trial. I won a gold medal! The second race was a 40K road race around a 1.8 mile course. I got in a 4-man breakaway with two laps to go and the sprint was so close no one could tell us who had won! (Check out the photos.) It doesn't get closer than this. I ended up winning the silver by a hair! Super exciting! It was my buddy Rick who beat me so I was happy to have experienced such a close competition.

The next day was a 10K time trial which I won. The second event was a short road race (only 20K). I got a great lead-out from a real strong guy; started my sprint a little too early and although I could see two wheels creeping up behind me I was able to hold them off and win the gold!

It was a blast. I ended up with three gold medals and one silver. In the last year I've competed in 11 Senior events and medaled in every event. Total medals: 7 gold, 2 silver and 2 bronze.

Next up; the National Senior World Games in August in Palo Alto, California. Those will be really hard, but I'm looking forward to some fun!

A few words about

FEAR

We all have fears. It's part of our make-up. Years ago I read a book called "Dune" and there was a litany that I always remembered which has helped me to face certain fears. It is especially helpful when descending at over 50 mph on my bicycle. Here it is, maybe it might help you one day.

"I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain."

PERSONAL TRAINER OF THE MONTH



Jay Kerwin

Jay has always been athletic, but by looking at him you wouldn't imagine he was only 85 pounds in 8th grade. My dog weighs that much! He was a tough 85 pounds though, and in 8th grade he won the Junior Olympics in wrestling.

He's always lifted weights. "In 2nd grade all I would do is bicep curls." Besides wrestling, Jay also participated in football and track.

After high school Jay attended a year of college and then enlisted in the Para Rescue Special Operation Commando program of the Air Force. "I was in the best shape of my life. The training to qualify took four months. They won't cut you. You have to say "I quit." Out of 500 applicants only seven of us made it. We trained 3x's a day! At the end of Hell Week I finished at the top in the physical skills; 23 pull-ups in one minute, 112 push-ups in two minutes and 115 sit-ups in two minutes. I ran six miles in 36 minutes and swam 5000 meters in 72 minutes." This guy was fit!

Jay spent four years in the service and was lucky enough to NOT have gone to war.

He returned home to New Jersey after the service where everyone kept suggesting he should go to Los Angeles to be a model or an actor, so that's what he did. After trying the "business" for a while he decided it wasn't for him. He went to visit a friend in Albuquerque, NM. On a fluke, he met his future wife who was also on a trip to New Mexico who happened to actually live in LA and as it turned out, they both worked out at the same gym! It was meant to be. They got together when they returned to LA and it was her who suggested he become a trainer.

Jay started training clients at LA Fitness back when you could pay a small monthly fee. "Training was tough at the beginning. I knew what I was doing but I couldn't get clients." He honed his sales skills and very soon he was working 45-50 hours a week.

When LA Fitness changed the program he took his clients to a gym nearby. He and wife then decided to start "Boot Camp LA." Remember this is nine years ago. "A boot camp and private clients are two different worlds. We literally went door to door for almost six years until the internet became popular." The first month they had four people, second month six people and third month eight people and so on.

Jay and his wife Marcella now conduct four classes a day M-F, and are working on a fifth. There is only one class on Saturday mornings. Each class has over 30-35 people!

How does this guy do it?

- 5:15am Get up
- 5:55am At the park setting up
- 9:30am leaves the park
- 10am -1pm Trains clients at the gym 1 on 1.
- 1-5pm off (Trains himself)
- 5-6pm Trains a client
- 6:10pm At the park setting up
- 7:30 Packing up for the day
- 9:45 Goes to bed

It's good he has a military background.

"If my wife wasn't there I don't think I would be doing this. You have to be "on" 100% of the time. It's not like one-on-one training. There is always a set of eyes on you for 60 minutes straight. The money is nice but this is a bitch. Having her with me makes it all worthwhile. I have someone to look across at which gives me a good feeling."

The hard work has paid off. Boot Camp LA and Jay have been on television over 15 times. Thousands of clients have participated, celebrities, T-shirts, caps, sweatshirts, water bottles, life changing results and tons of followers, all because of Jay and Marcella."

What his secret? "Follow up and personally invest in each person. Give each and every person a little attention. Never miss and always eat. Be consistent and have a supportive wife."

Jay stays in shape by running with all the classes or about eight miles a day, five days a week. "I train heavy with low reps in the gym. Two body parts with each set to failure. 500lb shrugs, 160 lb one-arm rows and 135 lb curls."

Five years ago someone asked Jay "You work out so hard. What's it for? Where's the competition?" It gave him the idea to compete in Natural Bodybuilding contests. He had been competing for five years, participating in one contest a year. He placed 5th in his first contest, 3rd in his second, a couple of second places and recently won the overall title in his last contest!

The boot camp is so successful I wondered we he hasn't franchised or opened other locations. He replied with a chuckle, "We are like Pink's Hot Dogs, there is only one and there's always a line."

I couldn't agree more. Jay is a one-of-a-kind individual and we're honored to have him as our NCCPT Personal Trainer of the Month for July, 2009.