

Special Days... Far and Few Between

By

Alan Palmieri

I woke this morning with a desire to remain clam no matter what came my way. I bowed my head in a short prayer to God giving thanks for all I was able to immediately sense and realize I had, and I asked for his presence, mercy, and forgiveness... all which I need badly.

It's a beautiful winter morning. Temperature is cold, humidity is low and at 3:00 AM no other sounds do my ears detect except for the tic, tic, tic, of the clock in my office and the occasional running of the heating system. My instant coffee is next to my keyboard and I'm not pressed for time and don't have any worries running through my head, for now that is.

My mind is flashing from one thing to another. Maybe it's not normal or maybe you have done the same thing. There are times when my body just feels great. My emotions are stable and my mind seems to recall only things that really make me happy. My wife, my kids, my grandkids, my parents, my brother and sister, my grandparents, friends: Only good memories, no thoughts bad or emotionally burdening. I wonder if others ever have the same experience. I love times like these. For me they are special, they are far and few between happenings. Emotional stress, worry, and other tensions have always dominated the largest portion of my life. Bodybuilding has been the single best prescription for those complex and burdensome conditions.

This day however, my body's chemical balance must be right on the money as I feel great. Because I feel so good, I've decided to workout this morning instead of this afternoon. Not just this morning but right now... at 4:00 AM. I've had my

coffee, checked my emails, did my other little things and think I'll quit right here, right now, and get the workout in. I'll be back to let you know how it went.

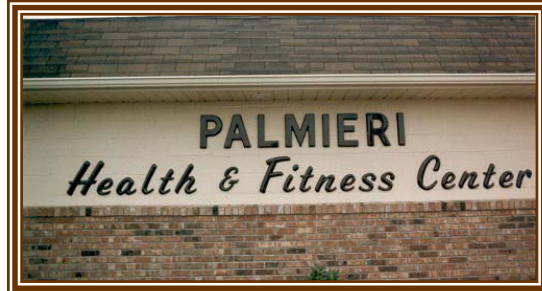
Great workout and I feel even better than before I started. What a day! I hit back and decided not to go all out to failure rather full extension and contraction while holding the contracted position for a slow count of three. Done properly, heavy weights can not be used. As I sit here pecking away my back is flushed and tight... so are my biceps and forearms. No direct workout for them today but they always get a good pump on back day and today's workout was exceptional.

I started out with my favorite, bent over barbell rows. Four sets of 15, 10, 8, and 6. Next one arm dumbbell rows, no knee on a bench approach here. Bent over, braced my free hand on a dumbbell rack and proceeded to bang out four sets of ten reps. Seated long lat pulls were next, four sets of eight. Stiff leg dead lifts for three sets of ten and I finished off with standing dumbbell shrugs for three sets of ten.

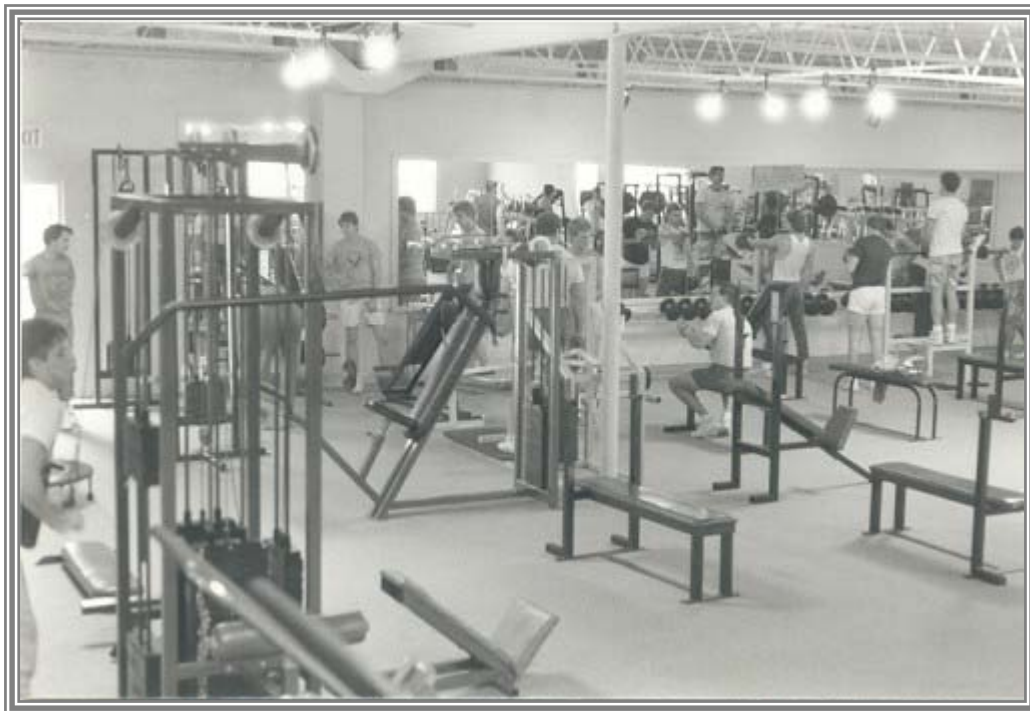
Each and every rep was subjected to total concentration on the muscle. Each movement was performed with F-U-L-L extensions and contractions. All reps were held in the contracted position for a three count. Great workout - I feel tired, not exhausted but contented tired. The pump is sensational and I'm firing on all cylinders. Mentally, physically, emotionally it's been a wonderful journey up to this point.

It's refreshing to workout and not overly focused on the poundage, sets or reps one needs to perform. I've always found concentration can turn light poundage into a monumental effort. Concentration and focusing on the muscle brings about a completely different sensation. Today I stayed with a lighter weight in all movements but the manner in execution resulted in a pleasing reward.

Days like these are precious, easily framed in the mind as a picture worth recalling during those times when everything seems to go bad.



Front of my old 30,000 sq. ft. gym



Inside look at part of the gym floor

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