

Body Temple Testimonial

Please God, don't let it be her.

That's the only thing I remember thinking as I walked through the door at Body Temple (Singapore) for the first time. *Please God, don't let it be her.*

Her would be Claire Bock, my new personal trainer. I had decided, after years of letting my weight balloon and my self-esteem plummet, to finally bite the bullet and invest in myself by hiring a personal trainer. It had all seemed like such a good idea when I was making my first appointment. I felt empowered and brave. It was such an *Oprah* moment.

And then I walked through the door for my first meeting with Claire.

I had arrived a bit early and was being shown the facilities when I first laid eyes on my new personal trainer. She was tall and beautiful, and to my eyes, had the absolute perfect body. Having not yet been introduced, I could only hope that this woman was not Claire...but she was. I was terrified.

I worried that this woman would judge me. I worried that she would be as horrified by my body as I was. I worried that she would take one look at me and think that I was a hopeless case. I need not have worried at all.

Claire was friendly and professional and put me at ease right away. She spent a long time talking to me about my goals and helped me see that I was limiting myself by setting weight-loss as my only objective. So, amongst other things, I told her that I wanted to be able to run for 10 solid minutes. I joked about running a 5k race too. Silly me. I should have known that she was paying attention and writing these things down.

I worked with Claire twice a week for the six months leading up to my move back to Canada, and it was the best thing I have ever done for myself. It was hard work, but I began to look forward to my sessions with her with the same amount of enthusiasm that I had once reserved only for evenings in front of the television...with a bowl of ice-cream.

I met a lot of my goals in that six-month period. I lost a whole lot of centimeters, I dropped a few pant sizes, and miracle of miracles, I ran a 5.6k race. I am proud of myself, but I need to give credit where credit is due: Claire was a huge part of those accomplishments. She pushed me when I was being lazy, she cheered me on when I was doing well, and she stood beside me when I needed someone to believe in me because I couldn't believe in myself.

I am enormously grateful to have met Claire Bock. Thanks to here I have a much better attitude toward fitness, and I look much, much better in my jeans. What else could a girl ask for ?

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