

BLOG AND NEWSLETTER

THE NU METHOD

Expand Your Definition of Health and Wellness

CHOOSE **NU** from the **INSIDE** out

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR GET YOUR HAPPY ON!

By Tanya Fly

Happy Birthday To Me and all my other fellow Aquarians--a club not exclusive to but happily shared with my girl, Oprah. At this point, my fellow Pisces too. Worry not my TNM community I am not about to go all late 90's TV network Island Physic-what's-her name claiming to see your destiny. I will leave that conversation between you and our Father, Spirit, Universe or other. Just riding the celebratory wave is all.

Yeah, growing up my mamma always made it our business to pause and recognize special occasion's that should have a tad

bit more of bru ha ha. Birthday's were one of the most special. As a child it was all about the party. My Teens? It was more about the favorite meal and gigantic flimsy but much covenant birthday cards your friends would create and stick on the front of your locker for everyone to leave well wishes.

As an adult its become less about the food, party and more about my mom's point: appreciation...sheer gratitude that through the joy, pain, sunshine and rain I may not always end up where I envision at the time but trust



PHOTO: JFLY

I was and am still here! That said, this year I decided to take it up a personal notch. Walk the walk not just talk the talk.

So you know it began with me going back to Bikram Yoga. I wanted to make it twice a week but I found with all the other things I have begun to have happily on my plate, once a week is wonderful for now.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Continued...

By Tanya Fly

Then I decided it was really time to begin to speak Mac, (it's been allllll about the PC most of my computer career but I had to cross over), being welcomed by my Mac veteran's to "The *Better Side*". They do offer free classes at the Mac stores but with my schedule and the boys that was just not going to always work so I decided the One on One for \$99, (schedule a class 1 time a week for a YEAR!) was best for me. Time to learn how to cut out one less time consuming technical frustration out of my life for myself, period. Trust there have been many in my day and its simply not a good look for me anymore. Slows me down unnecessarily so address it, Tanya already. Yes--I am Expanding My own Definition of Health and Wellness and my game plan is to take you all with me! If it takes showing you through how I'm living Reality-Style too then hey, Game On!

In our 12th issue of TNM we have a Chex Party Mix all up in here from Mammograms to Free healthy meals. Another TNM Man keeps it real with us declaring, "That losing Your Mind Thing Works Both Ways" to back by popular demand another Free Home Grown Workout prt 3. I could keep chatting but it's time to get crackin'.

Meet you at *your* finish line, hear?

We want to hear from you.

TNM believes everyone has insight about what living a whole and healthy life means for them. From changing your physical habits to dealing with emotional ones.

If you have a story, question or idea that you would like to have explored in TNM Blog and Newsletter go to our website www.thenumethod.com and click on http://thenumethod.com/TNM_COMMUNITY.html for further details.

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A TNM Kodak moment!

TNM's NU Grrl Crew from PS261:

Seated From L to R:

Carmen, Rebecca and Vivian

Kneeling From L to R:

Theresa, Nancy, Lena and Zipp

If you didn't know, you better ask somebody! **Get your workout on!** 8-)





Getting Back on Your Horse

By Sarah Chinn

I never get sick. Well, not never, but rarely. And when I do, I bounce right back within a couple of days. But last month I got the flu for the first time since I can remember and I was REALLY sick: I couldn't get out of bed for two days, staggered through my day at work for the next week, and then developed a cough that lingered...and lingered...and lingered (we're at 5 weeks and counting). For about two weeks any kind of exercise was impossible – just getting up the subway stairs was about all I could manage.

By about the fourth week of this I was sick of being sick. I'd been starting to train for a half-marathon and the flu literally stopped me in my tracks. I'd been running, playing racquetball, and training with Tanya and I'd registered for the 5-borough bike ride. In other words, I was ready for the next level! But after three weeks of fevers, aches, coughing, antibiotics, and exhaustion I didn't know how to get even close to where I'd been.

I realized that I just had to try and see what I could do. In the past I'd assumed that after a day or two of a cold, or a stressful week at work I could just get back into my exercise rhythm. Most of the time I could, but in recent years, with two kids, a full-time job, and on the other side of 40, it took a bit longer. I knew that I couldn't expect to run four miles on my first day back. So I laced up my shoes, zipped up my challenge

“I realized that I just had to try and see what I *could* do.”

Sarah~

hoodie, and decided on a minimum that felt challenging but not intimidating. Two miles. If that's all I could do, well, ok. I managed about three miles, but slowly, and my lungs felt like they were coated with glue. But I did it. Step one.

Step two, I trained with Tanya. We ratcheted the workout down, but kept it moving (with lots of coughing!). By the end of the session my muscles felt like wet noodles, but I'd got through it.

Step three, I took a break for a few days to let my body ease into starting up again.

Step four, another run, about three and a half miles this time. Then a couple of days later, half an hour on the elliptical machine. Then a couple of days after that, training with Tanya, with more intensity. I'm now at about 90% of where I was a month ago.

So what did I learn from this experience?

The first thing I learned was to rest when I needed to. Although I was itching to get up and get moving after a couple of weeks, I really couldn't. In fact, a couple of late nights at work, and I started feeling worse again. I learned to listen to my body, not my boredom. Second, I learned to pace myself in recovering. I had to think about how much I needed to challenge myself and how much slack I had to cut myself. I had to realize that something was better than nothing, that even half of my regular run was better than no run at all.

Finally, I had to decide when I was ready to turn up the intensity and put up with a bit of creakiness and lung gunk. I might not be galloping yet, but I'm back on the horse for sure!

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HOME GROWN WORKOUT part 3

Low Impact

PHOTOS: JADUN FLY



HOME GROWN WORKOUT prt 3 Low Impact.

Please Note: You should consult your physician before beginning any new workout.

Let's get started:

Resistant Band Stretch: Begin with your torso in a neutral position stabilized by an engaged core, (sucked in stomach), raised chest, relaxed shoulder's and slightly bent knees. Your feet are a bit wider than shoulder width apart, stand on 1 half of the Band.



Supplies:
Resistant Bands
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Substitute:
Towel
Space:
My Hallway

and

Body Weight.

Any more excuses?

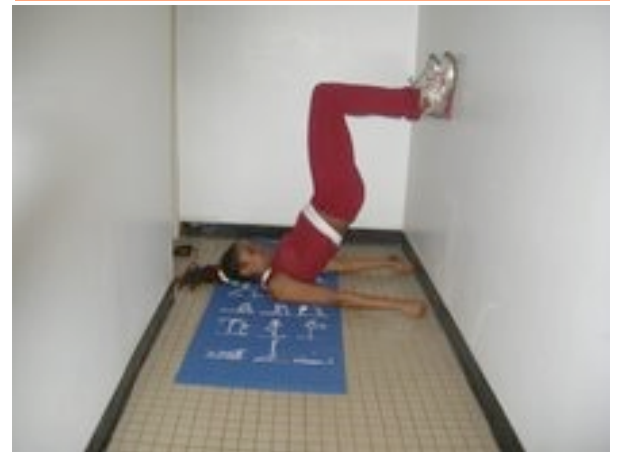
The other half of that band is in your right hand facing forward. As you keep your left leg bent you will slowly straighten the right making certain to lean to your left, , shoulder's even, extending your arm, elongating, until you feel a nice stretch on the side of your body Latissimus Dorsi, (mid back)/Internal Oblique (side). Then return to start position. **Rep:** 2 sets of 30-40 on each side.



Advanced Glut Raises:

(Modified-Same position but feet would be placed on the floor).

Lay back on your mat, get as close to the wall as possible and feet are on the wall higher than your bent knee. Raise your glut, (bottom), off the ground and begin to pulse your pelvis up and down tightening your glut and core, (abs) to any musical beat either



already created or fictitious running through your head...it's all good to me. (how fast? Shine by Estelle). Once you begin your set, your glut should not hit the mat until completion.

Rep: 50-80 beginner. 80+ intermediate to advance.

I know it sounds like I said a kazillion but I promise you your glut, hamstrings and folks checking you from the back will sincerely appreciate it. Trust!

HOME GROWN WORKOUT part 3

Low Impact

CONTINUED



Leg Lifts:

Start position-**R** leg is in the front, **L** leg is in the back and both feet/toes are at an angle.

Knees are slightly bent to avoid hyper-tension in the knee.

Core is tight, chest slightly raised, shoulders are relaxed, head straight and spine is in perfect alignment.

READY
TO EXPAND YOUR
DEFINITION OF HEALTH and
WELLNESS? CHOOSE **NU** !

Join a class currently in session or inquire about creating one of your own.

Classes currently in session:

Tuesday's &
Thursday's: 9-10am Dodge YMCA (Brooklyn)
10-11am Atlantic Avenue (corner of Atlantic & Court)
Weds: 6:10-7pm
Thurs: 3:15-4pm PS 261 Boerum Hill (Brooklyn)
Pacific Street (F/G to Bergen or A/C to Hoyt)

Pay for the amount of classes you plan to attend for the month and that's IT! No membership or long-term commitments.

INTRODUCTORY PRIVATE OFFER:

1 Consultation and 2 Customized Training Sessions for \$85 (\$185 value).

Keeping your core engaged at all times and torso stabilized, you are to lift your legs up and down at a fairly even pace, ex temple: F**k You, Lilly Allen

Complete 1 set of reps before going to the other side.

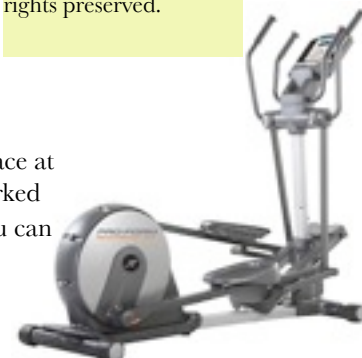
Reps: 30-50 each side

This Completes your Part 1 of your 3rd addition of The Home Grown Workout. Check us out in 2 weeks when we go through Part 4.

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Advertisement

Looking for a way to include more cardio but hate the treadmill can't always get the gym or not a lot of space at home? Try an elliptical that folds up. There are different solid brands like Bowflex but most facilities I have worked with go with **Proform**. I found these on www.hsn.com and although it may seem like a steep investment you can break equal payments (flexpay) from 2-4 months no interest!



HAPPY 1st MAMMOGRAM

By Tanya Fly

If you are familiar at all with the philosophy of The NU Method, you know that we believe that being your best is not necessarily the number on the scale or the waist size but how you perceive your overall quality of life. As we all know, that statement does not have a "One Size Fits All" stamp on it and to find what that is or what it looks like for YOU...it can be a challenge especially if you are a parent. Although fathers fall prey to this as well, mothers have the innate ability to keep every responsible ball of every 'need, want and gotta have' of children, work, volunteer, extended family, friends and the like but across the board drop those same precarious balls when it comes to themselves.

I personally decided during the fall of last year, soon after returning from TNM's Back to Basics Retreat, that I would step up my efforts to improve my own quality of life. The foundation of my house is Health, (mind, body, spirit). One BODY moment would be to schedule my very 1st Mammogram for my birthday this year at Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn, New York. Roll with me through the actual process of what happens when you go, what they do and what you should continue doing to manage your care and living forward in your journey of choosing NU each and every day.

My appointment was scheduled on a Friday, February 6, 2009 at 1:00 PM. The best time of the day for me to do things like doctor's appointments during the week. I usually come about 45 minutes before these types of an appointments because you never know how long it will take for you to register, fill out paperwork--wonnk, wonk, wahhhh. The wait actually wasn't that long--about an hour between me getting there early for paperwork and actually being placed in the examination room. That is where me and Ms. Kaye Ann would meet. Seriously, does that not look like some S&M contraption you've seen on a CSI episode or what? Once I was given my robe and pasties, (complete with silver jewelry),



THE MAMMOGRAM MACHINE

I was talking about it with my brother and he said, "You would think they'd find a better way to do it by now." and I said, "If it was an examination for a penis they would have!"



PROTECTION

These are the pasties, I mean adhesive skin markers that they give you to cover your nipples prior to the technician taking your xrays.

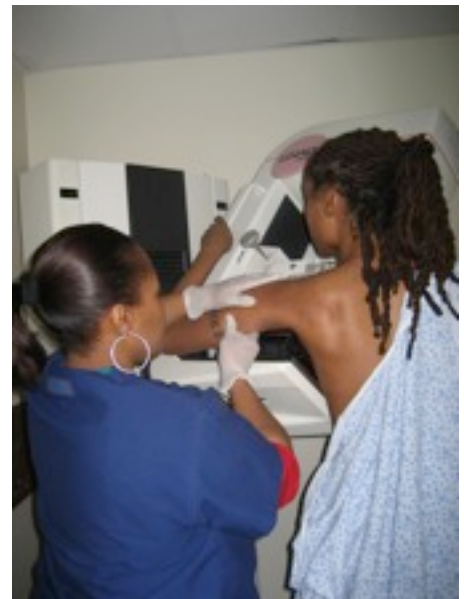
Kaye Ann came in and began maneuvering get to work me in the specific positions she needed in order to "Get the Shot(s)" of what all is actually going on in there.

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Get a mammogram. Perform monthly breast self-exams. Have a clinical exam and talk to your doctor. And encourage women around you to do the same.

<http://walk.avonfoundation.org/site/>



EXAMINATION

My clinician Kaye Ann was extremely helpful and pleasant. The only time I actually became aware of slight discomfort was after she would get me in position saying, "Now don't move, breathe or even think about it really." You know it just makes you wanna, right?

I would say in total it took approximately 10 minutes and we were done. In part because I was taking the scenic route ala' pictures!

HAPPY 1st MAMMOGRAM

Continued...

PROCEDURE

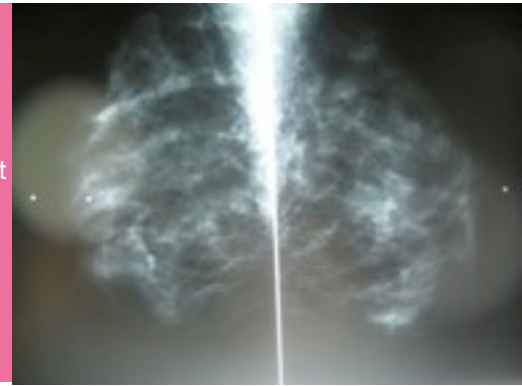
This is how it looks from the front. Once your clinician has adjusted you tightly between 2 plates: plexi and metal, she will ask you to not move as they go across the room to shoot your xray.

Although I had heard it can be uncomfortable I really didn't find it to be that bad. Look, if you have had a baby or survived a bad break-up this is literally a walk in the park!



XRAYS

So that's what the inside of my breast look like! She took several more but this looked like the best one to share. Not certain exactly what you all are looking at yet but I will be getting the results later on today and will share that in the next TNM Blog and Newsletter, Monday, March 16th, 2009.



SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

To my favorite Aunt, Mary Ann who is currently bravely fighting this disease and a walking testament we are more than conquerors indeed, amen. Love you, auntie!

MY NU GRRL

Shout out to my **clinician**, Kaye Ann for being such an amazing sport participating in the inner workings of **my** mind. LOL Thank you so very much for being such a great sport.

FINAL THANKS

TNM Would like to extend a BIG SHOUT OUT to Long Island College Hospital for allowing us the opportunity to capture this process showing their continuous support in Health and Well being in our community and beyond.



That Losing Your Mind Thing Works Both Ways

Another Man Shares *His* Story, (Under 35)

By Brian Riley

That losing your mind thing works both ways.

I am a 31 year old married father of three little boys and I'm here to tell you that losing your mind thing works both ways. My wife and I have been together for almost ten years now and married for almost six. Honestly, I don't know how we are still here. Still together and still friends, but I am happy that we are. We have been through it all and the odds are still definitely stacked against us. What keeps us going? Honestly, I'm not sure. All I know is every day is a new day and we try to take it one at a time.

I was 23 years old when our first son was born. I wish I could say that I planned it that way, but I've never been much of a planner. It was an utterly terrifying experience and it almost broke me. When we found out we were pregnant we made plans to move to Michigan where my family was and finish our education there with a lot of help at least that was the plan. Her parents kicked her out and I was about to be in the same situation myself soon. Luckily for us, my best friend was out of the country at the time and he let us crash at his apartment in the Bronx for a while. After a few weeks, her parents cooled off and allowed her to come back and off she went.

I stayed in the Bronx for the duration of the pregnancy. She would come down from Westchester and visit every now and then but most of our time was spent talking on the phone. Eventually my friend came back and he allowed me to stay since I had nowhere else to go. This was a really hard time for us as you can imagine. All I wanted in life was to be with my girl and my son and the city loomed like a granite giant impeding my passage to the other side where happiness waited. It was like trying to swim in quicksand. The more I struggled the deeper I sank. I decided that I was going to move back to Michigan with or without her...with or without my son. This was one of the hardest decisions that I ever had to make and I was so young.

You see, my father wasn't around for me when I needed him and I promised myself from a very young age that I would never leave my children like that. A child needs their father. There is nothing that can replace your own father especially when. There is always an incomplete feeling that you carry with you everywhere. So two weeks after my son was born, I left NY to go figure some things out without knowing if I would come out on the other end or not.

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That Losing Your Mind Thing Works Both Ways

continued...

We talked on the phone almost every day. I worked a bunch of odd jobs. Door to door vacuum salesman, grocery store stock boy and eventually I took a job as a commercial roofer. That was probably the hardest job I've ever had, but it was also the most satisfying. I took the job because I wanted to test myself first and foremost and secondly because the family court was after me for child support and the boy needed insurance. I almost died a few times up there on the roof, but I was transformed up there. It was almost like penance. I mean muscles that I didn't even know I had hurt. My hands were raw from the blisters, but I soldiered on. After nine months up there, I decided that I was going to move back to the city to be close to my son regardless of where my relationship with his mother was.

We still talked on the phone every day, but distance among the other baggage was definitely taking its toll. I took a job as a program assistant at healthcare company in March of 2001 for 25k. My wages were still being garnished by the ward of the court for back child support which I had already paid by the way in cash. I had \$400 to my name and no place to live. I couch surfed for a while at my friend's house in the Bronx, but I knew I couldn't stay there because he and his girlfriend were having a baby themselves. I would just be in the way. I eventually landed back in Boerum Hill, Brooklyn. A friend of my dad's let me stay with him for a while since he had a spare room until a found a permanent place.

This was a very interesting period in time because we were still trying to continue this long distance relationship with her being in Westchester and me being elsewhere, but it wasn't working anymore. I thought if I just came back things would be different and we could all be together, but that wasn't the case. Things had changed. Motherhood does something to women. She was definitely not the same wide eyed girl that I fell in love with in the USG office but I wasn't the same boy either. Our relationship became more and more strained. Whatever money I had left over from my check I would buy a bottle and drown my troubles in it forsaking food most of the time, but I held on to my job and I was actually doing quite well there. Within a few months I had gotten a couple of raises and was making a livable salary.

I left Brooklyn for Harlem at the beginning of September 2001. I moved in with another friend who had a huge apartment at the top of Central Park on 112th street. It was

really the first time in my life that I felt like an adult. I had a job. I had a place to stay that I paid rent for and things were looking up. But I was still struggling though with our relationship and being separated from my son.

She came down to pick me up at my job on Thanksgiving so we could spend some time together like a family. My roommates had all went home for Thanksgiving and it was just the three of us. It was going well so I thought but something just wasn't right. She had brand new cell phone which she told me was for work and it kept ringing. She told me it was her boss. This caused all kinds of alarms to go off. I thought it was pretty odd that her boss was blowing up her cell phone especially on Thanksgiving. It wasn't long after this that we finally officially broke up for the first time. I didn't hear from her for quite some time in fact I never really wanted to see another telephone again in my life. A few months went by and I had finally weened myself off of the tremendous amount of drinking I was doing and I decided that the very next day I was going to move on. I was finally at peace with everything and then the phone rang.

It was her. She told me that she had moved to Pennsylvania and she was wondering if we could talk so we talked. Turns out her boss wanted to be more than just her boss. He moved her and my son into a three bedroom house in the Poconos. It had been a couple of months since we talked. I had no idea. She was in a difficult situation. The guy was a little possessive and was scaring her. She came to see the next day and I helped her move out of that house that weekend. Not without incident, but no worse for the wear. We stayed in Harlem for a while until we found our own apartment a little further uptown where the rents were a lot more affordable. That was 2002.

We were married in May of 2003. It hasn't been easy. We've had to claw and scratch and struggle to be here, but that's what love is all about. Sure, I've wanted to walk away many times and to be honest sometimes I still do, but our marriage is something that I believe in. Love is something that I believe in and you have to be willing to fight for it and sometimes even suffer, but if you keep trying it will shine through all the muck.



PHOTO: JADUN FLY

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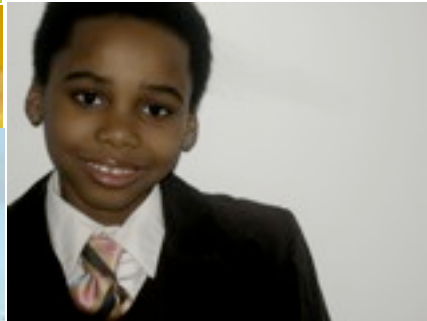


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FINAL WORD
JUST A THOUGHT

By Tanya Fly

Everyone has a story. Some of them good some not so good but a story worthy of acknowledgement. Some of us are lucky enough to have had a mother, father, teacher, mentor, grandmother, uncle, partner, friend, colleague or a stranger in passing to drop some pearl of wisdom or share some generous gesture that got us through to the other side. Thank goodness we are not out here in this beautifully magnificent world of ours alone and who we are and what we do really does matter to someone other than us. It's equally as crucial to know **how** to find and maintain that quiet place within ourselves daily to renew, learn, listen, humble, cleanse, release...what's inside so we know and trust whatever that we believe that is for us as *individuals*. Why you do

what you do. Are you happy about it? Purposeful doing it? Fulfilled with it? I believe we all deserve to know it for ourselves 1st THEN sharing that real, pure soulful light and watch how fast that powerful energy spreads. Love defeats Hate every time. You may not be able to donate millions, volunteer hours, graduated Ivy league schools or be a size 4 but if you can simply invest yourself in what you believe matters most to you and honor what you CAN do with your life you can't help but be who ever you really believe yourself to be, *good enough right where you are*--wherever or whatever that is. Like mamma use to say, "Your Birthday is important because it was the day you were born!" God loves you **just cause**. You should to. XoXo, t~