

Member, Pam Christ, uses her FitLife card to work out in Montana!

“As a member of Sisters Athletic Club did you know you can use other athletic facilities in the Pacific Northwest? Through a program called Fitness to Go (fitlifecclubs.com), a reciprocal program offered by participating athletic clubs which open their doors to visitors. Recently, I spent a week in Whitefish, MT and had access to the facility there. The Wave, (<https://whitefishwave.com>) a beautiful facility in Whitefish is a member of the Fitlife Club. While there I had the use of the lap pool, a warmer pool for PT, lap swimming, the Hydro fit classes, as well as all the other classes offered. I also had access to the weight room, all the equipment and the locker room, along with towel service. There is also a coffee/juice bar. Because I am a member of Sisters Athletic Club, I was able to use this facility at no charge. If you have travel plans, check the front desk for a list of participating athletic facilities and get the Fitness to Go card for your next trip!”

Thank you for sharing your story with us Pam!



**SAC STAFF HIT THE LINKS
AT ASPEN LAKES!**



We had a beautiful day golfing. Everyone did a great job, especially all our beginners! We had lots of laughs, dancing, goofing around and yes lots of great golf. We even made a video for your enjoyment. It's on our Facebook page: [sisters athletic club](#) and on Instagram: [sisters_athletic_club](#). Check it out!

FALL CLASS ADDITIONS!

Starting in November



Meditation:

IT'S
BACK

Tuesdays 5:30pm-6:15pm

Functional Fitness: NEW

Mondays 5:30pm-6:15pm



Sandy: October 5th

Ashton: October 11th

Jan T: October 13th

Andrew: October 21st

Shandra: October 29th

*105 Members

*Make sure you have an updated address with SAC so you can receive your birthday card.

Kiwanis Fall

Food Drive

October 27th -

November 30th

See Bulletin Board
for details



Eileen Chambers

Staff Spotlight

EILEEN CHAMBERS

Writer & Employee

THE REAL ME

I had to laugh at myself. I was fumbling, procrastinating and fumbling again, all the while making every excuse in the book. Truth be told I was stuck worse than the Blue Ball Mason Jar lid on the honey jar. The more I tried to write, the worse it got. Believe me. If I could have hired someone to write something absolutely brilliant about me, oh, you bet, in a heartbeat. But this I know. When your creativity stalls and pressure hijacks vision, it's time to stop gripping the steering wheel so hard. Realize that you are not seeing the invisible clearly and that your imagination is stuck in reverse. The good news is that Something is trying to get your attention. When this happens, I have learned to quiet myself. Go for a walk alone. Listen. And trust that if I was patient, clarity would come. Which it did. I had a thought that was, well, perfect.

"Why not tell them about McDonald's?"

Yes. I admit it. I go to McDonald's a lot. Here in Oregon. There in Southern California. In Maine. Virginia. Most mornings, you will find me sitting for an hour or so at the local McDonald's with a Diet Coke, a listening ear and the willingness to strike up a conversation with the complete strangers sitting near me.

Perhaps it is the storyteller in me or simple curiosity. Whatever. Beneath those golden arches and in countless other forgotten places of this country I love, I have discovered beauty in all of its disguises. In fact, I have yet to find a person without a story worth telling.

Like, take Willy (not his real name), a toothless, gregarious, sixty-something Vietnam vet who, dressed in Army Navy surplus winter gear and high as a freaking kite, swore that the best place to go whale watch was some town along the Oregon coast that I have never heard of. Willy had come all the way from Oklahoma, he said. Hitching, no doubt. And come hell or snow on the Santiam Pass, he was going to see "them whales."

I smiled, laughed and enjoyed talking with this soul of the road. ("Haven't the whales already migrated south," I dared not ask, not wanting to steal his thunder nor present quest.)

Then, seeing what I had been reading, Willy launched into one of the most lucid, insightful observations on the Book of Hebrews. The guy knew the chapters cold. (Who was this man?) Along with angels. Things of the Spirit. Then, rolling another joint, Willy was out the door faster than a bat out of hell, bent on talking with that biker who rode a very serious-looking iron horse.

Here. Boom. Gone. Oh Willy, what trails have you roamed? What stories are written upon your soul?

Writing. Now here's something to laugh about. You see, I never planned to be a writer. Nope. Not on the radar. Destiny simply tackled me from behind. A friend handed me a manuscript and asked, "Can you fix this?" (Nope. You're looking at a complete rewrite, dude.) And so it began.

That was six books, a handful of screenplays along with feature films ago. And now, being at the front desk of this great place called Sisters Athletic Club, where health, life and simply "being" is celebrated in a very special place.

Truth is that I am creative down to the marrow. I have lived the life of a true artisan, one where you come to delight in an untamed and unmoored life. I have known tragedy, loss and great redemption. I have worked a million temp jobs and have known the relentless love of God.

Yes. My life is not wholly unlike Willy's. I write. Make movies. Tell stories. Work at SAC. And follow the Wind, without regret.