

IMPORTANT FREE SEMINAR

Chronic Pain? Tired of Suffering?

Are you looking for **natural alternatives?**

Want to stop treating the symptoms and get to the cause? Looking for ways to get off the medication merry-go-round? Want more than adjustments? Then make plans to attend the special no-cost seminar to learn about **natural approaches** for pain relief.

Learn how Dr. Smith finally overcame over 20 years of chronic arthritic pain and how this may work for you.

Find out what the underlying problems are and the latest non-drug treatments.

— When —

Tuesday Evening, December 5 at 7:00 PM

— Where —

13549 Midlothian Tnpk in Midlothian Station

— Who —

Mark Smith, DC, DABCN is a Board Certified Chiropractic Neurologist with 29 years experience



Dr. Mark Smith

Call now to reserve your seat! (limited seating) Don't miss this special seminar!

Mark Smith, DC
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Moving with mommy

Moms and kids workout together during creative movement class

By Libby McNamee

CONTRIBUTING WRITER

For Karen Brady, the “Creative Movement with Mommy and Me” class offered by Chesterfield Parks and Recreation Department is a hidden gem.

“I hate to tell you how great the class is because I’m afraid it will become overcrowded,” Brady reluctantly confessed with a chuckle. “The kids have an absolute field day, and the parents are as into it as the kids. We just love it.”

Located in a roomy gymnasium, the 45-minute class for moms and kids ages 18 months to four years old follows an established weekly pattern with both parent and child participating equally. Class begins with a warm-up followed by a familiar repetition of singing, dancing, jumping, marching and clapping.

Every week, the class sings a favorite song about animals in which participants have fun acting and sounding out various animals. It gives parents a break from the seriousness of adulthood. After all, where else can an adult act like a frog, dinosaur, elephant, snake and bumblebee all in a row?

Then the instructor, Kelly Pagel, brings out an assortment of scarves to foster the children’s creativity and imagination. The children



Pagel

Get moving with mommy

The Chesterfield Parks and Recreation Department has already scheduled three upcoming “Mommy and Me” sessions including Jan. 11-Feb. 15, Feb. 22-Mar. 22 and Mar. 29-Apr. 26. All classes are held on Thursdays from 11:30 a.m.-12:15 p.m. at the Bensley Community Building, 2900 Drewry’s Bluff Road off Route 1. Maximum class size is 15 children and their mothers. There is a small fee for the course. To register, call 275-5321. For more information, visit www.chesterfield.gov/humanservices/parksandrecreation/bensleycc.asp.

draped them over their faces and bodies for a fanciful session of peek-a-boo. The class ends on a positive note with each exhausted child receiving a sticker.

In the future, Pagel plans to incorporate several children’s yoga postures into the program, including sitting quietly and working on breathing techniques.

“It is a great chance for kids to connect with other kids, learn to share and develop a sense of where they are in space. At the same time, they are improving their motor skills,” explained Pagel.

“It is a great opportunity for moms to interact,” she continued. “It is as much social for the moms as it is physical for the kids. And the kids get all tired out and take a good nap afterwards! As a parent, you get to be a kid again and relive your childhood.”

Pagel brings with her a wealth of experience in fitness training as well as a remarkably friendly and outgoing personality. She has an undergraduate degree in exercise science



Elli Morris/Chesterfield Observer

Kristie Sivells and her three-year-old daughter, Megan, get in a workout during a “Creative Movement with Mommy and Me” class.

and a master’s degree in health education. In addition, she is a certified fitness instructor through the Aerobics and Fitness Association of America as well as a certified pilates and yoga instructor.

Pagel even has a volunteer “helper,” her precocious three-year-old daughter, Sarah, who is an active participant. “Sometimes she thinks she’s the teacher too,” Pagel chuckled.

I want to improve my dingy, worn out teeth with cosmetic dental procedures. How do I choose a cosmetic dentist?

Congratulations on your decision to enhance the health of your teeth and create the smile of your dreams.

Never before has the demand for cosmetic dental procedures been so high. Many dentists are now offering cosmetic dentistry. Many do not, however, have the advanced training to perform complex aesthetic procedures. Cosmetic dentistry is **NOT** taught in undergraduate dental school.

An example of an advanced cosmetic dental training institute is the **Las Vegas Institute for Advanced Dental Studies or LVI Global**. To explore their curriculum for advanced dental training, I suggest you visit their website at www.lvidocs.com.

As you would with choosing any health professional, carefully research your candidates. Start with their website, ask to see before and after pictures and read testimonials. Ask about the postgraduate training the candidate has received. Finally, ask your candidate how they would design your smile.

Of course, the personal care and attention you receive, coupled with the feeling you get from the entire team and the facility, round out your research.

Hopefully these guidelines will make your search for a cosmetic dentist a rewarding one resulting in the smile of your dreams. In a recent article in the Wall Street Journal titled “New Business for Dentists: Fixing Botched Cosmetic Dentistry” emphasized the importance of finding a dentist who has had proper post graduate training in cosmetic dentistry on real patients.

If you have specific questions, send them via e-mail to Ottersberg@comcast.net. In the subject area, please write “Observer article”. I look forward to hearing from you and having the opportunity to modernize the dental knowledge of my readers.



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by Christine Ottersberg, DDS
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897-8838
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in Sycamore Square convenient to Rt. 288
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What a day!

I thought I would scoot out in my sweats with no makeup, run a few errands and go to the gym. After all, everyone at the gym will be dressed for exercise, and who goes to the grocery and drug stores on a Monday morning?

While I was looking for the plumpest pea pods, I ran into a couple I haven’t seen in years. I tried to scoot around the corner and hide behind the oranges, but Ed, bless his heart, yelled, “Hey Susan,” and came tearing over. Everybody turned to see who warranted such a welcome.

I turned red, which makes me look like I had an encounter with a runaway blush brush. We had a chat about where the kids are now, and before they could launch into what their two-year-old granddog learned to do, I mumbled something about being in a hurry to get to the gym and headed for the lettuce.

I was deciding whether to buy bread with three or five grams of fiber when the lady next to me said, “Oh, hi!”

Since I only run into her when I have spilled my last meal down my front, I checked my shirt and picked off the dried cereal. She

dresses for the grocery store like I dress for a wedding. And she never has a thread hanging from her hem or a sleeve that has dragged through the gravy.

We exchanged dry cleaning stories, and I checked out.

Next stop was the gym. I was halfway through my row of machines before I noticed the woman on the machine in front of me. She was standing up with her arms out to the side, pulling on handles attached to cords. I watched, waiting for the scream as she wrenched her arm or as she let go of one side only to be slammed against the other. She gracefully finished the last set and let go of the handles. Nothing happened to her.

I closed my mouth and looked at the machine I was sitting on – backwards. I looked around to see if anyone noticed, got up and sat on the machine the right way. I wonder if it’s obvious that I’m not a natural. When I finished those two sets, I moved to the next machine. Legs over this and under that – I checked the picture on the side of the machine. I did one set and part of the next before I cried “uncle.”

I headed for the bike to do some cardio. Why do I always get the squeaky one? The other three on bikes turned to look at me as I slid off and got on the next one. I looked for the button that said, “Makes you look like a pro.”

A stranger in a strange land, I headed for the locker room where I sat on the floor and tried to read the numbers on the lock on my locker without my glasses.



Loose Ends
Susan Nienow