

Business Profile

Power Yoga Canada

A few months back I wandered into a little studio on Islington Ave. called Power Yoga Canada (PYC) Etobicoke. I wasn't looking for anything in particular; I was just looking for something. I had recently read "Younger Next Year" and "Wheat Belly" – two books that motivated me to get my butt moving and work towards getting in better shape.

When you walk into PYC Etobicoke, you notice a couple of things. First, everyone is in a good mood – smiling, laughing and generally loving life. Secondly, when you walk into the studio, the heat knocks you over.

I'm not sure how I made it through that first class. Chaturanga, up dog, down dog, warrior one, utkatasana, Namaste ... were they speaking English? How did everyone move so fast? Why weren't there any rest breaks? What was I doing here? Why would anyone voluntarily do this?

As I slowly removed my sweat soaked t-shirt, I realized that I felt great. I was exhausted and sore, but I was totally invigorated. So, a couple of days later, when I could walk again pain free, I summoned enough courage to go back again.

For the first few months I gravitated to the back of the class, feeling safe and secure, being able to watch, learn and rest and take the class at my own pace. When the instructors would say "rest when you need to" or "all levels practice together at PYC" it felt like they were speaking directly to me.

It's now eight months later and I no longer go to the back of the room. Don't get me wrong, I'm not in the front row doing head stands, but I can hold my own. I still enjoy going to class. I've practiced with my wife Caroline, my two daughters Audrey and Mia (although Mia is too young for the hot class, she takes "Little Pretzels" in the natural room and loves it), golfing buddies, clients, work colleagues and new yogi friends.

A big part of yoga is spirituality. Some teachers are more enlightened than others. No one pushes any views or beliefs. The focus is on the self, being connected to your physical body; let any stress melt away during the heat-filled hour. I feel connected when I practice ... although I have more to learn, more to give and more to feel.

Namaste



Submitted by an unlikely Yogi, Rick Sturino

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