

On Bathing Suits...

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Right around September it begins. We promise ourselves that this time next year we are going to lose 15 pounds, pick a bathing suit and not come close to a nervous breakdown in the dressing room trying it on. Of course we don't really get serious about the upcoming swimsuit season until after the first of the year. Yes, there are a few failed attempts at trying to meet our goal, but then comes Halloween with all the candy and forget about November because we spend the whole month perfecting and tasting our Thanksgiving recipes. And who in their right mind would even attempt to think about summer in December?

Before you know it January's here and that's when it's time to buckle down. We all start out strong but we hit a speed bump in the shape of a heart shaped box full of chocolate. Before you know it spring brings out new racks at the stores filled with polyester, lycra and spandex. These "itsy bitsy" bathing suits seem much smaller than they did the year before and they appear to mock me as I push my buggy that happens to be carrying a new workout video and a bag of Chips Ahoy.

During the month of March I decide I'm running out of time so I take it to the next level by cutting out sugar. I'm thrown off when the kids start spring break. I give myself a two week reprieve but make the promise to pick it up when they go back. For a week I am ON FIRE! I never miss a workout, drink nothing but water and refuse to look at the evil-yet incredibly delicious-chocolate brownies in the pantry. Ten days into my transformation my father reminds me that I'm in charge of the menu for Easter. There goes April.

Before I can blink it's May and most of the Miracle Bathing Suits that don't cut off the circulation from my torso to my legs have been sold. I'm left with a few mismatched bikini tops and bottoms that would work better as an eye patch or sling shot than a bathing suit.

In June, around the time my kids stop believing the pools are still closed, I am forced to wear my old standby black bathing suit. When we arrive the kids can hardly wait to jump in. They take their t-shirts and shoes off, run then jump in! I however, am not as carefree. The sun, clouds and people all have to be in the right position before I can think about taking off my shorts and revealing to the world I did not meet my swimsuit goal... Again.

It's almost time to start mentally preparing for next summer. I figure my old suit has had it so I have to be serious this time. It won't be long before my conversations with my husband will revolve around points, carbs and calories. He will, as usual, try to be as supportive as anyone can be with a jelly donut hanging out of his mouth.

I guess when it comes to women and bathing suits, "next year" sounds better than next week.

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