



My first experience with yoga was not exactly enlightening. As a young student studying abroad, a friend convinced me to attend a yoga class in London's Earl's Court. I was not impressed. The studio was cramped, dirty and hot. The teacher was using words I had never heard, and had such a thick accent I could barely understand his English. And it was HARD. While the yogis in attendance were finding bliss and enlightenment, my mind wandered. I was thinking about a drink down at the pub.

It was years later, in my late twenties, that impressions of that night in a small London studio began to creep into my consciousness. Somehow I remembered liking yoga. I bought a yoga mat and some yoga tapes (yes, for my VCR) and began an earnest, if sporadic, yoga practice.

Over time, I found too many excuses not to roll out the mat. When I found



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