

ICE-SKATING

Ice-skating is one of those activities that I do on a rare occasion. In high school, I went to Birmingham several times; in college, I went to Lagrange, Georgia. Since that time, my only skating experience has been with Matthew.



I like ice-skating over roller-blade skating. Ice-skating in the south is not as popular (for obvious reasons); thus, the activity is less intimidating or challenging in the sense that most skaters fall once or more. During one such fall, I happen to be wearing a new pair of jeans and ended-up leaving a blue streak on the ice. Do you think it's where the term, "blue-ice" probably got its start?

The national and international pair skating events always intrigue me: the way the two skaters are so synchronized and make the precision seem so effortless; the event holds a certain amount of romanticism as the two join and re-join in a series of requirements that often suggest perfect communication and coordination. Performance is reflected in their faces and in the response of the judges and audience; flowers are sometimes thrown onto the ice following a great performance.

On a different venue, Hockey is one of those sports that I just can't appreciate; but while skating is a primary skill, attention and emphasis seems to be on *checking* the opponent. I will never forget the underdog finish of the U.S. Olympic team in the 1980 events. As you may know, a movie was recently released on the same story.

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