



Olympic Tae Kwon Do Times



September 2001

Upcoming Events

September

19th-21st: Color Belt Testing

October

20th: Tae Kwon Do Championship
Tournament. Held at Stoller
Farms Middle School

November

17th: 1st Dan Black Belt Testing.
Held at Stoller Farm Middle
School.

Contact Information

Portland Location

Phone: (503) 531-3500

Address:

18335 NW West Union Rd Suite H
Portland OR, 97229

Lake Oswego Location

Phone: (503) 534-3029

Address:

3 Monroe Parkway Suite K
Lake Oswego, OR 97035

Tae Kwon Do Basics

Tae Kwon Do Terms

1. Front Kick - ahp cha-gi
2. Side Kick - yop cha-gi
3. Round House Kick - dolryo cha-gi
4. Hook Kick - gullgi cha-gi
5. Form - poomse

Tae Kwon Do Rules

1. Respect your parents
2. Always Do your best in school
3. Believe in yourself

Tae Geuk Forms 1-5

1. Tae Geuk El-Jong
2. Tae Geuk E-Jong
3. Tae Geuk Sam-Jong
4. Tae Geuk Sa-Jong
5. Tae Geuk O-Jong

*If you would like to submit an article or
have any questions/comments please
email Rea and Leanna at
olympic_taekwondo@yahoo.com*





Past Kicks



Korea Trip 2001

The 2001 Korea trip started with people from several schools coming together for one common destination: south Korea. For most, this was a chance to visit the homeland of the martial art that we love so much: Tae Kwon Do. We were able to learn more about the Korean culture as well as try Korean food. Master Kim was able to arrange for those on the trip to train with the students from his University, as well as observe while the Korean Tae Kwon Do Army team worked out. Those on the trip were also able to visit some of the Korean National treasures and view the breathtaking site that Korea has to offer. At the end a large group of friends parted: until next time.

2nd Dan Black Belt Testing

The second Dan Black Belt testing was held outdoors in Vancouver Washington. This year Olympic Tae Kwon Do had nine 2nd Dan Black Belt testing candidates. The test started on Friday night and ended at dusk on Saturday. All testing candidates did a wonderful job. Congratulations to all that tested.

KICKING AND PUNCHING YOUR

WAY INTO FITNESS FROM THE ZOOTRON DIARIES



There is something about being a middle-aged man attempting to become athletic that's a little scary, especially since I once strained my back pouring non-fat milk on my special "K".

To make the matters worse, the whole fitness thing was an accident. It started when I tried to get my teenage son to take an interest in something. I figured karate would be a good activity for Ben. Good exercise. Macho. An opportunity to meet some kids who wanted to do something other than "hang out"-what-ever that might mean.

Ben wasn't into it, though. Before long he began to demonstrate his disdain for the whole enterprise by putting on his "in-your-face-face." The "in-your-face-face" is a form of teen non-verbal communication. If it was written in English, it would say, "This stinks. You stink. The world stinks. My body is here, but I went home."

After a few weeks of karate instruction, I got a call from the teacher who is called the "Sensei." (Sensei is an oriental word that means, "guy-who-can-rip-out-your-tonsils-with-his-toe-if-you-don't-show-a-little-respect".) He told me that Ben wasn't taking the class seriously and that I might want to consider withdrawing him. He was very nice about it, but I got the impression that he intended to have his advanced students kick and punch Ben into a shapeless mass if I didn't act soon.

Now, I had a problem. I had bought a three-month membership in the class and there was over a month left. After a bit of pondering, and a moment of reflection on my expanding waistline, I determined that I would personally complete the classes that I had paid for, and if I liked karate I would continue on. I talked to the Sensei about it and he reluctantly agreed. Thus began my career as an action hero—haaaaeeeyah!

Before I could start, I had to buy a special white karate suit called a "gi." (That's not "g" as in, "Gee! I had no idea these things would be so expensive, "but "g" as in, "Good grief! These white pajamas cost me \$35!").

Properly suited, I went to my first class. I was told that the belt on my gi had to be tied a certain way or Sensei (see definition above) would make me do a bazillion push-ups. A 10-year-old told me this as he helped me tie my belt. He wasn't the only 10-year-old, by the way. Most of the students were younger than me— a lot younger. And most had different colored belts than mine. Each color marks a level of mastery. My belt was white, which placed me at the level of "Karate Weenie."

Then, Sensei told us to all line up. I took my place in the last row because that's where the least experienced students were to stand. As I looked out upon the heads of my classmates I suddenly felt like Gulliver among the Lilliputians. Where were the adult faces? They were the parents standing off to the side watching their kids. That's when I realized that they were standing where I should have been standing. I made a mental note to practice what I was learning on Ben when I got home.

We all stood facing a huge mirrored wall so we could carefully analyze our form. I considered my reflected image. Dressed in my white gi, the effect was reminiscent of the Pillsbury Doughboy. All that was missing was the hat. I figured if Karate didn't work out maybe I could open a bakery.

Then Sensei called out something that sounded like "Hike!" at which time we were to take a stance that demonstrated our readiness to engage in combat. For my party I took a stance that demonstrated I was a complete idiot.

It went downhill from there. All I remember of karate was a lot of kicking and flailing, and a pulled hamstring. I did complete that last month of class, so I guess I got my money's worth—if you don't count the gi hanging in my closet.

Unfortunately, no one wears white pajamas down at the gym where I lift weights.

That's what I'm doing for exercise these days. It's a calmer environment. Dumbbells (those are the weights not the *weightlifters*) don't move as fast as a bunch of little kids yelling "Hiiiiike!"

I guess this happens to a lot of guys my age. You get busy. You get careless. You get into the refrigerator. Then one morning you realize that you've perspired your underarm deodorant into a lather just tying your shoes. All of this combines to create a condition called "a near death experience." That's why I'm going to attack the problem of physical fatness and get into physical fitness...right after I attack Ben – Haaaaeeyah!

