Commentary

While not a 'wild Las Vegas spa,' test drive at local spa is satisfying

By Sgt. William Hill
CRIER STAFF WRITER

Since my editor wanted a story about the new Camp Atterbury Spa – lucky me – the assignment required a test drive.

From the minute I was given my assignment I was overjoyed about my first-ever massage. While looking at a massage services brochure, I was like a kid in a candy store picking his favorite treat. I didn't know if I wanted a Swedish massage, deep tissue massage or a natural sea clay body wrap.

The day arrived, but the buildup of anticipation was dulled a little when I walked through the Fitness Center's door and reality hit me: I was still on Camp Atterbury and this was no wild Las Vegas spa.

The spa door was closed, however, leaving my imagination to wonder what lay beyond. I imagined a mystical place filled with candles and where hot oil was poured over people wrapped in towels.

As the spa door opened, I was kicked out of my daydream and greeted not by Phoebe from "Friends," but by a sweet-looking woman who I thought was going to bake me cookies, not give me a massage.

But there were candles and music, and within seconds, I was at peace and my thoughts became clear. With no delusions of the task at hand, I started the interview process.

We made small talk before we jumped into the ideology of massage. She talked about how massage therapy relaxes muscles and restores balance to our bodies and beings. She seemed to know everything about massage therapy and spoke with conviction about the healing effect it has on the body.

Vicki, one of the three certified massage therapists at CASPA, said that deep tissue massage breaks up the lactic acid — which forms from minute muscle tearing — allowing the body to heal.

As I lay on the massage table, calm and relaxed, her gentle hands rubbed oil on my back, preparing my skin and muscle for the deep tissue massage. She applied pressure using her forearm like a rolling pin kneading dough. As she massaged my back, she described her techniques and the muscles she was working on. I drifted in and out of consciousness while her soothing voice talked about how she got into her profession.

A self proclaimed Air Force brat, Vicki said she felt the need to help out military members as a massage therapist. From relaxing their muscles to help them sleep to massaging the pain out of joints, Vicki said this is the way that she gives back to the military.

A hot towel was then placed on my back and the healing process was over. I felt so relaxed; my muscles and my mind were renewed.