

# Every Woman in the World Is Rocking my World

Written by: Gail Johnson  
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I'm writing from beautiful Whistler, B.C., where the [Every Woman in the World](#) gathering is taking place during this gloriously sunny weekend. The [Fairmont Chateau Whistler](#) is abuzz with women wearing workout gear and toting yoga mats and water bottles (something my hubby, oddly enough, noticed before I did).

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Every year, Every Woman gets better and better. The range of workshops on offer this weekend is phenomenal, from hatha yoga and mountain biking to speed badminton and pole dancing.

The Chateau Whistler is as close to heaven on Earth as it gets: sitting squarely at the base of Blackcomb Mountain, the sumptuous hotel is framed by views of that majestic peak as well as Whistler Mountain plus is fringed by forest. Two outdoor pools and three hot tubs allow you to take in the scenery in ultimate relaxation.

Every Woman has the entire conference wing to itself, with booths offering health information, hand-made jewellery for sale, an exotic-tea station, and more, not to mention the complementary mini massages provided by the capable hands of staff from Vida Wellness Spa.

After dinner at the hotel tonight, organizers have planned for shuttle buses to take the participants to their very own private go-go dance party. Brilliant! I can't even remember the last time I shook it like a Polaroid picture, and all the better knowing that I'm among like-minded people and we won't be in a bar that makes me feel three decades older than I really am.

I loved the African-drumming workshop, which the instructor took outside so we could pound away on our *djembes* in the great outdoors. (I'm not sure how the lounge patrons sitting on the patio felt about us amateurs banging away so close to them, but who knows, maybe it enhanced their experience.)

There were a lot of big smiles during this workshop, and despite the heat, I don't think anyone wanted to stop once it was over. I'm determined to find a place that

teaches drumming once I'm back home and to learn more about the healing, ceremonious, and historical elements of what's so deeply ingrained in African culture.

Next up on my agenda was street dance, a hoot of a session in which the instructor urged us to get in touch with our inner gangstas. Now, the dance teacher was not only wholly competent in hip-hop moves, but she also just *looked* cool in her kicks and cargo pants. Once she got moving, she seemed straight out of a JT video, unlike myself. Still, she gave us the ultimate compliment when she said she was picking up on some major attitude in the room.

Just those two sessions embodied the whole spirit of Every Woman in the World: having an attitude of a different sort, one encompassing adventure and openness and friendship and fun. The whole place just has a positive, welcoming vibe.

And as founder Kerri Carlson put it on her website, physical activity brings out the best in us. While some women were getting tips on marathon running and others were learning cardio-kickboxing, they all had in common their desire to learn, to challenge themselves, to laugh at themselves, to celebrate themselves and each other.

I'm always amazed at how powerful the connection between women can be, and Every Woman in the World is the perfect way to get a dose of female bonding, support, and kinship. As a firm believer in physical fitness, I love the whole concept of a gathering based on movement. Having a healthy body goes hand in hand with maintaining a healthy mind and spirit.

Tomorrow, a little yoga and Pilates, more fine food and more good company.

I don't even want to think about reality.