
THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

MARCH 1989

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR - Jack Evans

Due to a recent event the responsibilities of being a good father and husband would not allow me to take my usual morning stroll with the Cantrell Strideouts. My father recognized the uneasiness about my' situation and said "you need to learn how to sacrifice and evaluate your priorities."

Within the confines of my mind I thought how can he say I need to learn how to sacrifice when three days prior to our conversation I had completed a marathon. As my father looked at me, three days after my enjoyable 42,195 meter run, he said, "you should be in the hospital because you look more ill than your wife who had an operation today."

It is very difficult to explain to an individual who does not run that running is a part of me and it would be very difficult to give up my morning runs for two weeks, especially when I am healthy, and training for Boston.

George Sheehan, in his book Running and Being, wrote the following words which explain the importance of running in our lives.

Run only if you must. If running is an imperative that comes from inside you and not from your doctor. Otherwise, heed the inner calling to your own play. Listen, if you can, to the person you were and are and can be. Then do what you do best and feel best at. Something you would do for nothing. Something that gives you security and self-acceptance and a feeling of completion; even moments when you are fused with your universe and your Creator. When you find it, build your life around it.

I, Jack Evans, am a part of all have met and running is an important part of my life which gives me a sense of pace. Beginning the day with a run gives me a focal point to direct my energies to whatever endeavor I wish to accomplish. A run each day allows me to go beyond the ordinary in our everyday life.

THE RUNABOUT CALENDAR

The fun runs for March are recorded on the **LRRC VOICE MEMO**. Dial 377 -1653 and listen to the recorded message describing the fun runs for the week.

FUN RUNS AND RACES - MARCH

11, SAT. Margaret Davis, Murray Lock and Dam, 7:00 A.M., Ten miles with options. Call 851-2293.

12, SUN. Andy's on John Barrow, 7:00 A.M., Five miles. Call 227-5114.

13, MON. Break Forty, Scott Field, 6:00 P.M.

18, SAT. Yvonne Thompson, Maumelle Community Center, 7:00 A.M., Breakfast at YT's house, #8 Stoneledge. Call 851-1404.

Eight Annual Yale to Dark 10K, Yale in the Ozark National Forrest, 10:00 A.M., Fee - \$7 advance, \$9 race day. Call 292-3714.

Victorian Classic 10K and Two Mile Fun Run, Eureka Springs at railway depot, 9:00 A.M., Fee - \$8 advance, \$10 race day. Call 253-8737.

Saline County Striders Fifth Annual Zita Ewing Old Goat and Nanny Gallop for Glory 5K, Tyndall Park in Benton, 9:00 A.M., Fee - \$8 until 3/15, \$9 after. Limited to runners over 50. Call 794-1203.

19, SUN. Andy's on John Barrow, 7:00 A.M., Five miles.

20, MON. Break Forty, Scott Field, 6:00 P.M.

25, SAT. Murray Lock and Dam, 7:00 A.M., Ten miles with options. Call 227-5114.

Caddo Coasters 5K, Glenwood at High School, 9:00 A.M. Fee - \$7 until 3/13, \$10 after. Call 356-2942.

26, SUN. Coreen's Annual Easter Egg Hunt Run, Old Heights Theatre, 7:00 A.M. Call 225-9431.

27, MON. Break Forty, Scott Field, 6:00 P.M.

APRIL

1, SAT. Pepsi 10K and Two Mile Walk/Run, Markham and Broadway, 8:00 A.M., Fee - \$10 advance, \$20 race day.

8, SAT. Two Rivers Festival TAC/RRCA 12K State Championship and 5K all pace race, Clark County Courthouse in Arkadelphia, 8:00 A.M. Fee - (12K) \$10 before 4/5, \$15 after; (5K) \$8 before 4/5, \$10 after. Call 246-6343.

Out of Sight 5K Walk/Run, Little Rock Industrial District, 7:30
A.M., Fee - \$8 until 4/6, \$10 after.

The Hilly Chilly swim, fun run, and dinner was a fine opportunity to gas up your tank for the week. Bill Torrey, during the dessert, announced the LRRC Runners of the Year. Rheem Rabie and Arthur Kerns received Runner of the Year Awards and Shirley Pence and Jack Evans received Service Awards.

The LRRC March 16th Meeting will begin at 7:00 P.M. at the Southwestern Bell Building, 1111 West Capital. Mr. Tony Pipkin, M.S., RO. will present a slide show on the U.S. Dietary Guidelines for Americans and Sports Nutrition.

Please Communicate your point total and jacket size for a LRRC Service Award by March 15, 1989. Refer to January Newsletter.

JINGLE BELL JOG JOY JUICE – Paul Bash

Numerous people (runners) have asked me what mixture was used to make the "Jingle Bell Jog Joy Juice".

It's no secret:

- 1 mini-tub of Crystal Light lemon/lime flavor
- 2 level scoops of Gator Aid mix
- 1 - 8 oz. can of frozen apple juice
- 1 gallon mus 1 cup cold water
- Mix thoroughly and before serving add 3 cold cans of Shasta Diet lemon/lime.
- Makes slightly less than 1 1/2 gallons.
- (Will keep in refrigerator several weeks - although Shasta will go flat it's still good.)

SO, WHAT D'YOU KNOW? – Mary Davidson

I know that running in the middle of the pack is a blessed gift to which I owe any chance I have of hanging onto my sobriety, my sanity, my strangle-hold on balance. But weeks of running scared in the dark, looking *over* my shoulder and dropping into a 4 minute mile at the slightest glimpse of a shadow behind me

have catapulted me unprepared into rigorous exposure at the front ranks. Alas, my defects, hidden among the carefree crowds at the waistline of this running animal we create together on weekends, my blemishes, covered over by the happy acceptance of fellow mid-section unnoticibles, become glaringly apparent as I run breathlessly next to the eyes and ears of the fun-run creature we are on Saturday and Sunday mornings.

I begin the run with my habitual eagerness to be off and so do not notice how fast I am going nor how uncrowded the pavement around me remains. I chat happily for a moment with 2 or 3 runners near me, then notice I cannot talk with these new-found friends without slipping behind. The first warning note is sounded right here: I do not want to slip behind. I like it up here with all this extra space. I stop talking and start gasping. I hear loud footsteps behind me and my companions make bright quips, "here comes the thundering herd," and a bunch of REALLY fast runners, genuine non-adrenaline spiked 4 minute milers, saunter past at their cruising speed for fun runs, doing maybe 7 minute miles. More jeers from the eyes and ears of the fun-run animal as this slightly balding forehead section takes its rightful position at the very top of our organic creation, and a second warning note builds the unmistakable theme: I am flattered to be near enough to the fast guys, even momentarily, to sneer at them. I like pretending to be better than they are, if only because we are lighter of foot.

We round the bend at K-Mart and I look longingly at the water stop lamp post, but there is no water and my 3 companions, fellow sensory agents in our fun-run creature, show no inclination to stop. I push relentlessly on, determined to prolong this moment of glory I have blundered into. As we cross the second bridge over the 430 highway, I look south towards our first crossing at the beginning of the run, now an eternity ago. I feel a searing pain ignite in my hip, burn down my leg, and set up companionable conflagrations at hip and ankle. I grit my teeth, increase my pace, and disregard this third, conclusive note in the theme of my folly: I do not care what it costs, I like being first. I do not care what I have to do to stay up here and be the eyes and ears of our fun-run animal, even though for me it is no longer any fun at all.

We regain the parking lot at Andy's before the abject reality of my condition can force me to relinquish my death-like hold on being first. I hobble around for a minute and someone asks me if I am alright. I lie: "Sure, fine, just kinda chilly." With this sin of commission I begin to admit to myself the extent of my fall from grace: unable to communicate with my running companions, unable to monitor my running to remain injury-free, unable to share and transmit the post-run euphoria, I now do not even want to go inside and sit in the corner booth coveting my friends' biscuits or passing round the communal coffee pot.

Thank goodness for Monday mornings! I was still shrouded in confusion as I hopped out of my car to run with my buddies the next morning at 6 A.M., but was immediately sucked into their enthusiasm for the Monday morning track work-out idea newly hatched over the weekend. "Won't we just get injured and stuff if we try and do speed

work," I worried to them. "Naw, it'll be a piece of cake, we can just back off and run easy if we haven't recovered from weekend fun and games *yet*," they countered. "You just slip into the outside lane and put it on cruise if you feel tight." And suddenly I felt that violent tug of war in my gut that signals the birth of *yet* another last ditch survival insight: of course I want to do track work-outs, of course I want to improve, of course I welcome the chance to excel and to know others who are so blessed ... but, "patience, jack-ass, patience," the old but wonderful answer came leaping into my heart. I need to take time to lay a base, to prepare a foundation, to build the pyramid slowly, carefully, thoughtfully. Without patience there can be no balance, without balance there can be no health, and health is what running is all about.

I ran, then quietly behind my friends down the dark street secure once more in my place in the running animal. I have much work to do here in the waistline section and all the time in the world in which to do it. I know that the Little Rock Road Runners are wise enough always to help me find my place in this creature we are together, and kind enough always to welcome me back when I stumble out of it.