

# THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB



November 2009

## October Teams Chills And Chili

By Tina Coutu  
LRRRC President

As you read this, November will be upon us, Halloween will be over, all ghouls and goblins will be hidden away until next year, and like Charlie Brown's "The Great Pumpkin", there is no mystical message from the pumpkin patch with this month's column. Just retelling the tales as they arose out of October rain showers.

What a fine weekend for traveling to Razorback country for the Chili Pepper festival. This race marked the LRRRC men's team cinch of the 2009 Grand Prix first place team title! Before leaving town, I knew there was a men's team in place but I was not sure on women – but, thankfully, we had Leah Thorvilson, Becky Humes, Carol Torrey, and myself to score enough to keep our first place standing. Thanks ladies! Just a few more races to wrap up and we can catch up to the guys ... at least on team points.

I rode up to Chili Pepper with LRRRC member and compatriot ARK president Rosemary Rogers Friday evening for a quick but fun trip. We woke to a light rain the next morning which stopped before we had to head out to the course, which was somewhat muddy and "chilly". All our favorite runners from across the state were there but we are naming names of LRRRC only ... some more dressed than others. Jim Barton was his usual shirtless wonder and Steve Preston modeled after him, David Bourne in shorts/shirt with a notable colorful bandana, Imari Dellimore in full tights looked warm enough, and Leah her fabulous self with her tiny running bikini warmed the crowd with enthusiasm. The course was fun and tough, especially the third time around the open field and up

the hill, but I got into the scene of the soft trails and sunshine even more as I completed another couple of miles after the race and was able to be passed by teams warming up for their upcoming events. It was inspiring to see them loping along in unison dressed in their school colors, easing into the sun and atmosphere. This team spirit was also evident as I journeyed back towards the crowds, food tent, and warm clothes, through the camps of school teams, young people "huddled" together, relaxing, having lighthearted conversations before they ran their hearts out for team places. Everyone seemed to have a good time enjoying the spirit of the race and I would have loved to stay and cheer on the collegiate and high school teams as the Chili Pepper was started as a fundraiser for high school cross country teams.

Rose needed to get back for an AT100 appreciation picnic of which many of our members participated and put in many hard hours in support of the runners. The unified spirit is so high for this race and ultra running community that a few new members want to commit to this ultimate challenge – Kim Fischer, Jenny Weather, and Steve Preston. Any others? Of course, as we have runners sign up there are many more members willing to stand out there all weekend to support you!

Huge congratulations to all Club ladies that completed the very worthwhile Race for the Cure. I know Jenny Weather will write a very nice column as usual complimenting our members as well as Chicago Marathoners Michelle Rupp and Daniel Butler and Kansas City Marathoner Brian Watson.

Thursday October 15th's meeting had Patrick Mathieu of Skippy Peanut Butter graciously making a return trip to those members who missed the presentation last year. I appreciate those members who made the effort to attend. They were rewarded with jars of Skippy. Bill Torrey brought Brian Polansky, who now lives in Texas, and it was so good to see Robert and Gayle Holmes as well, as I don't get to run/visit with Robert much lately. Ross Bolding made the special effort from Magnolia and he is recovering from another outstanding performance in Vicksburg. Ethan and Stephanie Neyman were there, plus Brad Newman (who made excuses for co-worker Joe Cordi, so we gave him peanut butter for his desk). Also there were Dan Belanger, Jeff Maher, Bill Rahn, and a new member Ken Worley, who advertised his upcoming race November 14<sup>th</sup>. If anyone is interested in running or working it, pamphlets are at Easy Runner. Sorry if I left anyone out.

So what does peanut butter have to do with running? Well for one, my *Runner's World* "Running Reports, 30 Best Food for Runners" lists peanut

(See October on Page 6)

### November Meeting

November 19, 2009  
Whole Hog Cafe

6 p.m. to eat  
6:30 p.m. speaker

Speaker: Steve Twaddle  
Arkansas Photographed



## Running Wild

By Jacob Wells

*Brian Watson finished the Kansas City Marathon in 3:30:35, a PR of 19 over his previous best time at the 2009 Little Rock Marathon. He will be looking to continue his hot streak at Memphis in December. His story follows as replacement for the regular Running Wild column.*

### By Brian Watson

I started training in May and my training schedule was like this: Monday - 6 miles, Tuesday - speed work, Wednesday - 6 miles, Thursday - 9 miles. On Saturdays, I started with 12 miles in May and worked my way up to 20 miles by September. I had five 20 milers scheduled but only did two, along with a 19 miler, three 18 milers, a 17 miler, and then I started tapering October 5<sup>th</sup>. Of course, the week before the marathon, I didn't run after

## Is There A Doctor On The Run?

### By Mary Wells

Several of our current Club members were recently recognized in the "Arkansas Times" annual poll of Arkansas's Best Doctors. **Paula Anderson**, a faithful Full Moon walker, was the top vote-receiver within her field of pulmonary disease and a feature article and photo highlighted the work she does with adult cystic fibrosis patients. Paula is the better half of Dave Bourne. **Laura Lamps** was recognized, too, for her work as a pathologist, and Laura is the better half of Paul Ward. **Eleanor Kennedy**, another faithful participant of the Full Moon Run, was recognized for her talents as a cardiologist. Eleanor is the better half of Lee Able, and Lee was also a popular vote-receiver for his work in internal medicine. We send our congratulations to these four folks and know that you make us proud!

## Perspective (Continued from Page 9)

awards ceremonies are over, and the water cups are swept from the streets, and then medals are hung up, and the aching muscles are propped on pillows the love of running is the same – from the marathon champion to the final walker across the line. We conquer miles, and fears, and form friendships and memories that are unequal in any other aspect of life. This is why I run. Never forget what gives you joy, and never be disheartened by failure. For every day of heartbreak and mental distress and thinking it is no longer fun and not worth it waits a moment so wonderful, I can't even describe it ... but you will know it when you get there.

See you on the roads.

Wednesday. I had done four prior marathons, but I trained more for this one.

My Aunt Susan and I drove up to Kansas City on Thursday and stayed with my cousin Kyle and his wife Meggie and their five-month-old son Aiden. Race morning I got up at 5:15 a.m. and left for the Crown Center at 6 a.m. The Crown Center was open so runners were able to go inside and stay warm for 30 minutes. We lined up at 6:50 a.m. and I was a little farther back than I wanted. It was 42 degrees starting out and dark. It had rained that evening and sprinkled that morning, so the pavement was wet. It took a while to cross the starting line once the start began. About a mile into the marathon as I was passing some people I encountered a rude guy. He and two of his buddies were running and I tried to pass on the left but there was no room. I slowed down and tried to pass on the right and he said to me, "F'ing go already." I was surprised at this and didn't say anything but just ran on by.

It took about six miles to get out of the crowd and into a normal running pace. There were a couple of hills in the course. One at mile three reminded me of Rahling Road, although it was not as long. Miles 11 to 12 were like Kavanaugh. There wasn't as much crowd support as in Little Rock and there were fewer bands and music.

The course offered some interesting places and things to see with fountains and other areas of Kansas City. It was neat to see my cousin Kyle and Aunt Susan near Kyle's house on the corner of their street near Mile 16. I gave him my Camelbak at that point -which was empty. I felt good through Mile 20, but then started tiring.

It was a good marathon and would recommend it to anyone. The course was a little tougher than I had thought, but if you have run the Little Rock Marathon and train for hills - you will be fine.

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# Fall's Arrival Means Cold Weather Complaints

By **Jenny Weatter**  
**LRRC Racing News Editor**

Fall has officially arrived which unfortunately also means that cold weather has arrived as well. Now what I consider cold and what the rest of the population considers cold are probably two different things. The weather in the mornings and evenings recently has been COLD! It is no secret to anyone that I dislike the cold. My fellow Pleasant Valley runners dislike winter just because they have to hear me complain all the time. When temperatures really start dropping I will have on several layers of clothes including a hooded sweatshirt and a scarf. Of course I end up shedding the layers in the first couple miles because I get hot but those few minutes when you're first getting started are enough to make me bundle up. I will be the first to admit that I run better and faster in the cold as does everyone else but that doesn't mean I have to like it. Cold weather does not make me happy and it makes it so much harder to go out for a run. The easier choice is to stay in your warm bed. I know that a lot of people will do a lot more treadmill running in the winter but I don't feel like the treadmill really helps my training. I'm sure that someone else out there feels this way about the winter. Surely I'm not the only one who gets a bit whiny. I think what really helps me is signing up for a winter or spring marathon. You are forced to get out there and do your long runs to train for the marathon no matter what the temperature is. Every year when it starts to get a little bit cold, I say to myself: "You will be tough this year." It never works. So when you see me at Tuesday night speed work in my five layers complaining about the cold, please just tell me to be quiet and go run!

Let's get to some results. I don't know the exact date but in mid-September Karen Irico and Isabelle Keifer participated in a half marathon in Tergensee, Germany. Isabelle ran a 1:40 for fourth in her age group and Karen ran a 1:48 also for fourth in her age group. Congratulations!

September 26<sup>th</sup> was our next Grand Prix race of the season with the **Tyler Curtis Memorial 5K** in Little Rock. Despite the number of hills, we had quite a few members participate in this race. For the women, Leah Thorvilson finished first in 17:34; Tina Coutu in 23:11; Shareese Kondo in 23:55; Mackie Buckelew in 25:22; Rebecca Humes in 26:34; Carol Torrey in 26:55; Ginea Qualls in 27:09; Alea Humes in 27:26; Angela Gaines in 28:36; Monica Dellimore in 29:42; Haley Groustra in 32:29; Megan Torrey in 42:35 and Mary Hayward in 56:39. For the men, Imari Dellimore finished first in 17:08; Steven Preston in 18:12; Steve Yanoviak in 18:39; David Williams in 19:18; Joel Perez in 19:25; Greg Helmbeck in 19:49; Ross Bolding in 20:14; Charles Gattin in 20:36; Kevin Groustra in 20:38; Jim Barton in 21:57; Jeff Maher in 22:22; Jason Knight in 24:09; Roy Hayward in 24:32; Roy Smith in 25:39 and Jesse Garrett in 29:14.

September 27<sup>th</sup> Ethan and Stephanie Neyman headed to Irving, TX to participate in the **Heels and Hills and Him Half Marathon**. Ethan finished in 1:22:30 for second overall and Stephanie finished in 2:25:14.

October 3<sup>rd</sup> was the **Wing Ding Festival 5K** in Jacksonville. Jacob Wells finished in 21:21 and Jaynie Cannon finished in 38:31.

Also on October 3<sup>rd</sup> was the **Arkansas Traveller 100 miler**. Tammy Walther ran it again this year finishing in 28:35:31 which is a 100 miler PR for her. This was Tammy's third 100-miler. Congrats Tammy!

October 4<sup>th</sup> was the **Tri the Lake Sprint Triathlon** in Heber Springs, AR. One member from our Club completed this. Bill Crow finished in 27:07.

October 4<sup>th</sup> was also the **Twin Cities Marathon** in Minnesota. Several of our members completed this. Justin Radke set a new marathon PR in 2:35:35. Leah Thorvilson finished in 2:46:17. Imari Dellimore finished in 3:10:27 and Lisa Luyet finished in 4:24:27.

The **Chicago Marathon** was held on October 11<sup>th</sup>. Raj Bhanot finished in 3:16; Michelle Rupp set another marathon

PR finishing in 4:18 and Daniel Butler finished in 3:46.

October 17<sup>th</sup> was our next Grand Prix race of the season, the **Chile Pepper Cross Country 10K** in Fayetteville. For the men Glen Mays finished in 34:23; Josh Holt in 34:27; Imari Dellimore in 36:32; Ethan Neyman in 37:29; Kevin Golden in 37:36; Steven Preston in 37:51; David Williams in 39:43; Joel Perez in 40:20; Bill Torrey in 42:58; Randy Taylor in 43:31; Charles Gattin in 43:55; Jim Barton in 45:28; Jeff Maher in 46:40; Roy Hayward in 51:46; David Bourne in 51:48; Harold Hays in 53:14; Roy Smith in 53:30; Bryan Jones in 54:26; Dan Belanger in 54:53; Jesse Garrett in 55:55 and John Russell in 58:49. For the women, Leah Thorvilson finished in 36:52; Tina Coutu in 47:11; Rebecca Humes in 56:16; Carol Torrey in 57:59; Alea Humes in 58:41; Angela Gattin (formerly Gaines) in 58:56 and Rosemary Rogers in 1:06:15.

Also on October 17<sup>th</sup> our own Brian Watson and Scott Sander ran the **Kansas City Marathon**. Brian ran a 3:30:34 which is a 19 minute PR and Scott ran it in 4:25:12. This was Scott's first marathon. Congrats to you both.

Congrats to everyone that raced this month. As always, if I left you out of this month's race results or you want to tell me about a race that you ran out of state then please e-mail me at [jennyweatter@yahoo.com](mailto:jennyweatter@yahoo.com). Happy Running!

## LRRC Christmas Party/Potluck

December 19, 2009  
 5-9 p.m.  
 Capitol Room  
 4th and Woodlane

Club provides meat and liquid libations.  
 Members bring side dishes and deserts.

# I'm A Marathoner!

By Ben Davis

*On January 8th, I decided to run as far as I could. I jogged 10 minutes (about a half mile) before I couldn't physically continue. Sunday, I did Denver. 4 hours, 44 minutes, 8 seconds. 10:51 pace.*

*The altitude hit me bad at mile 15, and delirium set in at mile 22. I don't really recall the final four miles, and wouldn't have been able to finish, if it weren't for my brother and dad. It was the first marathon for all of us.*

*I'm down 140 pounds. I'm up to one marathon. Bring on the next one. I wrote an essay about my first marathon experience. It's exactly 1,600 words. If words were meters, this would be a mile.*

"Dude, where are we supposed to be?"

Jed was asking me to look at my pace bracelet, to know if we were on schedule. But it took me a few seconds to register what he wanted me to do. It was mile 20, we were three and a half hours in, and fatigue was setting in. It clicked in my head that I was supposed to react and I looked at my wrist, but the numbers were blurry. I blinked a few times and rubbed my eyes. I looked again. Nothing.

At first, I didn't say anything. It hadn't dawned on me that I was supposed to talk; everything was a little hazy. But, then I realized he had asked a question and I had to respond.

"I can't read anything," I called out.

I can't recall if he heard me or not. He was about 15 meters ahead of me; he just kept running, and so did I. We had 6.2 miles to go, a 10K. I could tell by his confident stride that he was going to make it. I looked down at my own legs and wasn't so sure.

It hadn't been like this the entire time. It started out a lot more normal. So normal, in fact, that I wouldn't have ever imagined that I would be struggling so much to breathe, talk, think, react, or anything else I take for granted on a regular basis.

From the moment April dropped us off two blocks from the starting line,

there was an excitement in the air. We were 45 minutes away from starting the race that we had trained four months for, and not even an annoying side-trip to the McDonald's across the street because Jed couldn't control his bowels could quell the mood. When we finally made it to the starting line, about 150 yards deep, the buzz had grown. As far as I could see, in front of me and behind, there were runners. It was an amazing thing to see. I looked at Pa.

"This is really cool," I said.

"It is," he replied, as he stared ahead. I could tell he was excited. I was excited. Everyone was excited.

In fact, by the time the gun blasted 10 minutes later, all three of us were a little *too* excited to start.

"Dude, we have to slow down," Jed said after looking at his watch.

"We're going nine-minute miles at it."

"Let's just do it," I said, jokingly. "We can keep it up."

"You go ahead," Pa replied.

"We'll see you in five miles."

We found our groove, and before long, we were knocking out 10-and-a-half minute miles left and right.

The first hour went by quickly. We didn't talk much, satisfied to just be taking in the experience. It wasn't until a man ran by wearing nothing but a rainbow Speed-o and a clown wig that we said anything at all.

"That's what I'm wearing next year," Jed said.

"My god, Nick," I said, imagining it.

When I made the turn at the half-marathon mark, I remember thinking about how good I felt, and that it wasn't going to be as hard to finish as I had imagined it would be. By this time, I was running alone. Jed was consistently 30 meters ahead of me and Pa was 30 meters in front of him. Jed needed the pad, though, because he had to stop to pee every seven or eight miles, something Pa and I were perpetually bitching at him about.

Time was flying by. I felt good, my legs were loose, my lungs were pumping and I couldn't even find my

heartbeat with my hand. The ground below me was a blur.

And then, an unofficial aid station between miles 16 and 17 happened.

"What's this?" Jed asked me.

"How am I supposed to know?" I answered.

We were approaching the table quickly. The lady on duty held out some pretzels. We both grabbed a handful as we ran past. I ate four of them and regretted it immediately, tossing the remaining ten or so on the ground. I heard them crunching when the runners behind me ran through.

I looked ahead to Jed who had done the same thing. He and Pa were running next to each other. I still felt good; my mouth was a little dry, but it wasn't anything a little water at 17 wouldn't cure. And that's when it hit me. I couldn't breathe.

Well, I could, but I had lost my breath. My lungs were heaving in and out at an awkward rhythm, and my pace had slowed to a jog to compensate. I was scared, but when I heard Jed tell Pa that he couldn't breathe, I took comfort in the fact that it wasn't just me. I took comfort in it, but it didn't make it any easier to run.

The miles were no longer flying by. I began noticing every step. I began to feel every twinge of pain that seared through my legs. My shin felt like a twig waiting to be snapped. My left big toe hurt, my right big toe hurt, my pinkie toes hurt, as well.

I began to live for the Gatorade. Every time a mile sign appeared, I rejoiced. Not because it was another mile down, but because I knew there would be volunteers handing out lemon-lime goodness in roughly 200 meters. At mile 19, I began taking two cups of Gatorade and two cups of water. I would drink the Gatorades and pour the water on my head. It was a ritual I perfected back in May at our first half-marathon and never forgot. But this day, the aid station at mile 19 would be the last one I remembered.

From what I'm told, I was a different person those last 6.2 miles. Jed

# Marathoner (Continued)

says he would talk to me and I would just stare blankly ahead. Pa says he had to grab me on several occasions because I was headed directly for a parked car or the curb. He says I would abruptly stop running and he would have to yank my shirt and literally pull me to get me started again. He says I even asked him if he had ice cream sandwiches between miles 22 and 23 (an allegation I would say is false if I didn't specifically remember craving ice cream sandwiches during mile 17). He says there were many times he had to lie to me because I would ask if April was close, to which he told me that she was right around the corner with a camera (I'd also like to think this is a fabrication, as I wouldn't be this needy. But, if it's true, he had the right strategy in telling me she had a camera).

The next thing I remember is looking up to see Jed jogging in place waiting for us. We were on the last block and I could see the finish line. We passed the McDonald's that we visited five hours prior. The crowd was enormous and loud. The announcer's voice was clear and I gained a little composure. We passed the 26-mile sign and we knew there were only 320 meters to go. We strode side by side and pointed our fingers as a cameraman snapped our picture. We entered the chute and there was one man in front of us. One jogging man between us and the finish line.

"Hold up," Pa said. "Slow down; let him get his picture."

"Let's go," I yelled. "Let's just pass him. Come on."

And all three of us sprinted the last 60 meters. We threw our hands in the air as we crossed the line and I immediately stopped. I put my hands on my knees and stared at the ground. It was a heavy moment. I was physically exhausted like I've never been before, but the rush of adrenaline that came with it was just as unique. The last 10 months flashed in my mind. All the miles we've run, all the bloggings, and all the shirtlessness. The sentimental thoughts were dashed, though, when a lady approached me with a cup of Gatorade.

"I'll take two," I said. "And one water, please." I've never drunk anything so quickly.

I found Pa and I hugged him.

"Dude, I couldn't have finished it without you," I said. And I meant it. It was the truest thing I had said all day. Maybe all my life.

"That's why we're here," he said. "Where's Jed?"

We found him at the free-food table and made our way to the exit. I was still a little out of it and only vaguely recall finding Heather and April.

I hugged them both and Pa sold me out.

"You sustained him," he told April. "Even if you don't know it. He was asking about you every five minutes."

"That's not true," I said. "I'm independent. A one-man army." Pa laughed.

We found some shade and sat down. Jed called Sarah Catherine to tell her we were alive, Pa sat and stared into the distance, I clutched my medal and winced in pain.

It was done. We were done, 26.2 miles, done.

To say I fulfilled a lifetime dream would be a lie. But, maybe that's the beauty. I had just done something that I perceived to be so far from possible that I hadn't even dreamt about it.

Twelve months ago I was locked in my bedroom killing virtual demons and eating pepperoni Hot Pockets.

Today, I'm a marathoner.

*Editor's note: After reaching 360 lbs last year, Ben made a New Year's resolution to lose weight and get in shape. Unlike most resolutions, this one did not fizzle out by February. Using running as a cornerstone of his weight loss program, Ben has seen both his weight and running times decrease dramatically. Ben has bared (nearly) all in a blog and on the Arkansas RRCA forum, documenting his progress and giving hope to others who wish to actively mold themselves into a healthier person. As of October 18th, Ben had lost 140 lbs and finished one Denver marathon. In between, he ran countless races throughout the state, joining the Conway Running Club and entering the Grand Prix Series.*

## Come Shake Your Giblets With Us!

**By Paul Ward**  
**LRRC Turkey**  
**(All gobble, no hobble)**

Continuing our annual Thanksgiving Day tradition, the Little Rock Roadrunners Club will have its morning fun run again this year. The location is the same: the parking lot in front of the Full Moon on Kavanaugh Blvd., between Evergreen and L Streets.

We will start at 7 a.m. Runners and walkers of all paces are welcome.

Join us and you'll have an excuse to eat all you want later in the day. I'll have a written course description (same as the last three years) so you won't get lost. See if Leah Thorvilson will run in her turkey costume again. Bring your own water; the drinking fountains are usually turned off. See you there!

## Congratulations

Allison Evans Martin and husband John are the proud parents of a new daughter, Emerson, who was born Tuesday, October 20 at 8:26 a.m. She weighed 5 pounds, 14 ounces and was 19 inches long.

Proud mom Allison said, "She is so beautiful, but of course I am biased."

Congratulations to the proud parents and welcome to the Club's newest member, Emerson.

## Two New Members Added To Club Roster

By June Barron  
LRRC Membership Chairman

**Kimberly Stickley** is married to Michael and they have three children, Ann-Marie Dill, age 24; Chris Matthews, age 21; and Tara Stickley, age 24. Kimberly is a registered nurse at Arkansas Children's Hospital.

Kimberly has been running for seven years averaging 15 miles per week. She doesn't race frequently but likes the 10K up to the half marathon distances. Kimberly has a PR in the half marathon of 2:45:25. Her favorite race is St. Jude's because of the bands. She would like to run a full marathon and to run more and faster.

Kimberly's interests other than running are gardening and making jelly.

**Ellen Owens** is single with two children, Drew, age 16, and Chloe, age 10. She is a CRNA (nurse anesthetist) at Baptist Surgical Pavilion. She ran in high school and college but had foot surgery after college and just never started back. She turned 40 and decided that she wanted to get back in shape.

Ellen averages around 20 miles per week normally; but she is training to run the Memphis Marathon in December as a training run for the Disney marathon in January. So currently she is running about 30 -35 miles per week at an average pace between 9.5 and 10 minute miles. She has only run one race, the Little Rock half marathon this past spring in 2:10.

Her favorite running routes are Chenal Valley and Pleasant Valley. Ellen

has been running with the PV group since July and says it has really improved her running and helped with her motivation. She has also met several really nice and motivating people in this group. Howard H has been super helpful in setting up a training schedule and teaching her the Galloway method.

Other than running, Ellen loves going to the lake, riding jet skis and wakeboarding. She also enjoys reading and watching college football. And she LOVES the Texas Longhorns. She graduated from UT and bleeds orange.

Welcome to the Club, Kimberly and Ellen.

## October (Continued from Page 1)

butter, and under benefits states "*Good source of vitamin E, probably the most powerful antioxidant. The fats in peanut butter are mostly monounsaturated and polyunsaturated, which are the heart-healthy kinds.*" I know that Skippy may not be "everyone's favorite" brand as Tom Barron pointed out. But it is Arkansan-made and supplies the whole world from this Little Rock Unilever plant and that means it keeps a lot of Arkansans employed as they operate round the clock and during these economic times are actually hiring. The other commonality is the Little Rock Skippy plant was established in 1977, as was this Club. This Club is interested in community relations and so is Skippy. As some

members know, we have benefited from Skippy's generosity at their races. Patrick was also instrumental with setting up Governor Mike Beebe's meeting in France to incorporate more business in Arkansas. Thank you Patrick, I hope you accept honorary membership to our Club for your time and samples. The employees at Whole Hog received samples as well.

As November comes on us please remember to look over the bylaws posted at [www.littlerockroadrunner.com](http://www.littlerockroadrunner.com) for they will be voted on at the next meeting, November 19<sup>th</sup>. Changes include what is required of officers (becoming one, meeting attendance, rules and voting procedures).

Your next president Brian Sieczkowski and wife (RRCA State Rep.) Andrea welcomed their son into the world

the day before our Club meeting on October 14<sup>th</sup> - welcome team LRRC's newest/youngest member Darwin Beck. He will make a fine addition to our community with his mom and dad's running genes. Baby Darwin was born on Brian and Andrea's wedding anniversary – definitely a sign of good karma.

Another local personality, one my favorite people, past presidents, and Catholics, Paul Ward (or is it Wood) made the Sunday Oct 18<sup>th</sup> society section of the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette* (he and his lovely wife Laura) at a Potluck Food Rescue event, but they printed his name as "Paul Wood" (a Freudian slip?). Paul will be heading up the annual "shake your giblets" fun run on Thanksgiving morning, so watch for details.

(See **October** on Page 7)

## LRRC Training Groups

<u>Group Name</u>	<u>Days/Time</u>	<u>Meeting Location</u>
Pleasant Valley Group	Tues-Fri 5 a.m.	Pleasant Valley golf course
Full Moon Run	Tues/Thurs 5:30 a.m.	Full Moon parking lot, 3625 Kavanaugh
Track workout	Tues 5:15p.m.	See <a href="http://Arkrca.com">Arkrca.com</a> forum*
River Market Group	Sat 6 a.m.	Andina's, River Market
US Pizza Run	Sun 9 a.m.	US Pizza, Kavanaugh & Taylor
Andy's Fun Run	Sun 7 a.m.	Andy's, Markham and Barrow

# Running Calendar

Upcoming races, fun runs, and Grand Prix Series (GPS) races, including state championships {SC}, are listed below. The LRRRC sponsors Sunday fun runs beginning at Andy's at Markham and Barrow at 7 a.m. If you know about a race that should be listed, send information to *The Runaround* editor.

## November

- 1: Andy's Fun Run.
- 7: MidSouth Marathon at Wynne. **GPS SC**. Call 870-238-0214.
- 7: Clarksville Half Marathon/5K at Clarksville, TN. Call 407-310-6373.
- 7: Four States Flattest 5K at Neosho, MO. Call 417-455-9999.
- 7: Veterans Memorial 5K at Fayetteville. Call 479-871-7478.
- 7: Run for the Diamond 5K at Jessieville. Call 501-922-7048.
- 7: LA State Championship Half Marathon at Monroe, LA. Call 318-680-2545.
- 7: Trey 5K at Muldrow, OK. Call 479-420-8123.
- 7: JB Hunt Elementary Ididarun 5K/1M at Springdale. Call 479-530-5358.
- 7: Slaughter Pen Jam Trail 6M at Bentonville. Call 479-426-0069.
- 7: Cargill Big Brothers/Sisters 5K at Russellville. Call 785-220-9590.
- 8: Andy's Fun Run.
- 14: Central AR AORN 5K at Little Rock. Call 501-228-0725.
- 14: Great Gobbler 5K at Maumelle. Call 501-786-0737.
- 14: World's Highest Hill 5K at Poteau, OK. Call 918-647-2303.
- 14: Rising STAR 5K at Russellville. Call 479-9687118, ext. 747.
- 14: Champs 5K for Cystic Fibrosis at Beebe. Call 501-882-5463.
- 15: Andy's Fun Run.
- 21: Spa 10K (GPS)/5K at Hot Springs. Call 501-321-2225.
- 21: Mtn. Home Marathon for Kenya. Call 870-492-6625.
- 21: Lake Leatherwood 3M/9M at Eureka springs. Call 479-879-5232.
- 21: Girls On-the-Run 5K/Half Marathon at Bentonville. Call 479-366-0013.
- 21: Turkey Trot 5K at Siloam Springs. Call 479-524-5779.
- 21: Keystone Gobble Trot 5K at Alma. Call 479-632-2070.
- 21: Turkey Trot 5K at Texarkana, TX. Call 903-793-2179.
- 21: Winterfest 5K at Anderson, MO. Call 417-845-6939.
- 21: Mercy Turkey Run 5K/10K at Ft. Smith. Call 479-314-7400.
- 22: SDA's Turkey Day 5K at Conway. Call 501-514-1375.
- 22: Andy's Fun Run.
- 26: Springdale PD Turkey Trot 5K. Call 479-750-8526.
- 28: Great Duck Race 10K at Stuttgart. **GPS**. Call 870-672-1425.
- 28: Kaiser Coastal Half Marathon, 5K and 1M at Gulf Shores, AL. Call 205-595-8633.
- 29: Andy's Fun Run.

## December

- 5: Craig's Jingle Bell 5K at Little Rock. Call 501-664-7242.
- 5: St. Jude Memphis Marathon. Call 800-565-5112.
- 5: Yule Run 5K at Greenwood. Call 479-996-6357.
- 5: MH CC Run with the Bulls 5K at Mountain Home. Call 870-404-2055.
- 6: Andy's Fun Run.
- 12: Jingle Bell 5K at Hot Springs. Call 501-664-7242.
- 12: Devil's Den 3M/9M at West Fork. Call 479-879-5232.
- 13: Andy's Fun Run.
- 19: Roaring River 50K at Cassville, MO. Call 417-342-4630.
- 19: Jingle Bell 5K at Fort Chaffee. Call 918-647-2303.
- 20: Andy's Fun Run.
- 27: Andy's Fun Run.

# Birthdays

The following is a list of Club members and/or spouses who were born during the month of November. Call June Barron at 920-3224 if the information is incorrect.

- 3 – Katie Whitehurst
- 3 – Shirley Pence
- 7 – Karla Braswell
- 8 – Bill Crow
- 9 – Jessica Bubbus
- 10 – Alesa Davis
- 11 – Judy Lansky
- 13 – Celia Storey
- 13 – Emil Mackey Jr.
- 16 – Melanie Baden
- 17 – Gary Criglow
- 18 – Robert Abernathy
- 19 – Tom Zaloudek
- 21 – Lynn Senn
- 21 – Michael Storey
- 30 – Elizabeth Parry
- 30 – Hillary Kogo

## October (Continued from Page 6)

We will have a presentation at November's meeting from local photographer Steve Twaddle who specializes in Arkansas scenery. So hikers, walkers, nature enthusiasts, or anyone who enjoys nice photography, please join us at the Whole Hog Café, 6 p.m. to eat and 6:30 to vote and enjoy Arkansas Photographed at [www.arkansasphotographed.com](http://www.arkansasphotographed.com)

### Retreads

First Wednesday of the month  
 Franke's Cafeteria  
 11121 N. Rodney Parham Road  
 (Market Place Shopping Center)  
 Dutch Treat

Wear something to show you are one of the gang -- shirt, hat, scarf, finisher medal, etc. Just show up and look for the Old Runners -- Retreads. For more information contact Charley or Lou Peyton at 225-6609 or [chrlypyton@aol.com](mailto:chrlypyton@aol.com).

# A New Perspective On Running And Racing

By Sweet Daddy Cane

Time travel back a few months ... grinding out 85 mile weeks, track workouts, yoga sessions, and visualizations of crossing the line at Twin Cities Marathon with an Olympic Trials "A" standard qualifying time. (That means you are a funded participant at the trials ... they pay you to come.) Along with this I had figured would come some sort of financial reward. I thought about what I would possibly do as a treat if I got that reward. One thing I promised myself and my wonderful friend Michelle was that if I made any money, I would go with her to Chicago for her marathon the following weekend. As TCM grew nearer, things were going well ... and, in a move very unlike myself, I counted chickens before they hatched. I bought a ticket to Chicago. This was going to be great! I would have my qualifier, then I would go be the best cheerleader I could be for Michelle.

Fast forward to TCM, October 4<sup>th</sup> ... many of you probably already know the outcome, and, if you don't, I will give you the very condensed version. I had a troupe of fellow runners and friends from Little Rock supporting me, as well as my family (I grew up in the Twin Cities) who still live there and others who came up just for this. The weather was perfect, the training was in the bag, and the omens were everywhere. From the time I got to the airport there seemed to be signs saying "this is going to be your weekend!"

Hmmm ... so much for omens. I crossed the finish line and nearly collapsed, 17 seconds over the "B" standard. Meaning not only did I not earn the anticipated funded spot, I didn't qualify at all. Now, I am one to usually take a bad race pretty well. I take a moment to think over what went wrong, and then I move on. No sense in dwelling for too long on a race that is over. This one, however, hit a little harder. Granted, I smiled and enjoyed the trip best I could, but there was an unfulfilled expectation that just left a void I wasn't sure how I was going to fix. Many hugs, laughs,

beers, margaritas, wines, and some good talks with friends later, I came to the conclusion of just what I needed/wanted to do.

I needed to jolt my mind back to what makes me inspired to run, what makes me live for it and love it so much. I needed a new perspective to help get my old one back. I had a talk with Michelle, and told her I knew she was ready for a huge race, and if she thought it would help, I wanted to run with her. I would be an encourager, a companion, a pack mule, a "race b\*tch" ... whatever she needed me to be. She was thrilled with the idea and honestly so was I. I knew it was going to be her day. I wanted that for her as much as I had wanted it to be my day at TCM. At that point in time, I didn't even realize the experience I was about to enjoy.

We arrived in Chicago Saturday morning. Michelle's sister and brother in law picked us up and we headed straight for the expo. Walking in to the zoo of runners all toting bags, posters, water bottles and other random souvenirs, it started to sink in. No nerves! No anxiety over being on my feet, what I needed to eat, was I hydrated, did I bring the right clothes, etc etc. The only concern I had was whether or not Michelle was getting everything she needed. We spent the evening resting up and distracting her mind from the pre-race nerves by hitting up H&M ... which put a small dent in their racks and our wallets, but it was well worth it.

Race morning ... 45,000 plus people, what appeared to be nearly that many port-a-potties, enough bananas to satisfy five armies of monkeys, and among all this, two little ladies from Little Rock. We probably had very different things going through our minds, but the goal was the same ... huge PR for Michelle. She was suited up like a runner should be in 30 something temps, and I was, well, suited up like you would expect me to be – in running gear, plus pack mule belt of all our GUs and fluids, spare body glide, electrolyte strips, time tattoo charts, and a Mohawk mullet wig just for kicks.

We found refuge from the chilly air at a hotel a couple blocks from the gear

check and starting corrals. As the start time grew nearer though, we had to shed the last articles of clothing we didn't want to leave to the gear check, and start moseying toward the start with the rest of the herd. This was a very different crowd than what I was used to. There were no nervous faces, there were no "sticks" being used for last minute loosening. There was no check this check that nervous ticks – just delighted chatter and a bit of shivering. As the time for the start drew near, and the national anthem was being sung, articles of clothing began to fly through the air. Some were disposable garments bought for the sole purpose of being tossed at the start, others were nice brand name lined jackets that lost their luster when their owners realized that holding on to them may add seconds to their times over the next few hours. I turned to Michelle and said "I promise you if a pair of pants landed on me right now I would put em on!" And just like that, BAM, a pair of navy blue warm up pants came crashing down on my head. We both burst out laughing and as I stepped into them I thought "yup, this is gonna be a great race." And it WAS.

I carried my phone so I could send live update photos via facebook during the run. I told stories to try to distract Michelle from the pain I knew she was feeling. I checked the time charts ... what were we on pace for, what would it mean if we slowed down? What if we sped up? How soon was too soon to gas it a little? It was all the same things I would be asking myself during a marathon, but this time it was for someone else. I encountered a moment of sheer panic about mile 17. I decided I needed to use the bathroom. Apparently suffering from momentary retardation, I told Michelle, "Don't wait on me, I will catch up." News flash: you are running with 45 THOUSAND other people! Now, I have full faith in Michelle taking herself through the remainder of the race with or without me but I had all her stuff. I freaked out. I sprinted like a madman through the crowds, then pulled over on the sidelines and waited, then thought

# The Best Worst Year

By Harold Hays

I have been a runner for 19 years now and this year by far has been my best worst year. There have been some really good years and some years that well, just sucked. The one constant in the 19 years is my love for running. Not just the running itself, but the places it takes me, places I would have never gone if I had not been a runner (not to mention you probably could not get to some of the places unless you were on foot). Running has provided most of my closest friends and so many memories of things seen or talked about on runs.

My first year of running was mainly done alone, but when I finally met a group of runners and started running with them my running took off, so to speak. I would never claim to be a great runner, but I was not too bad. I learned early on that you get out of running what you put into it. My first six or seven years of running were mainly about training hard and racing hard. During this time I thought I was invincible. You know, thinking I would never get hurt or have to deal with nagging aches and pains. During the early years I ran some decent times (PR of 17:45 5K to 3:05 for a marathon).

Then I startled dabbling into ultra events and caught the bug. I had my crash and burn experiences with ultra running, but it really developed into my favorite discipline of running. How many of you can say that you had a newspaper article written about you when you finished dead last in a race. Yours truly did after being the last finisher of the 1998 Arkansas Traveller 100 in 29 hours 56 minutes 10 seconds. Over the last eleven years my running would have to be considered as more social than competitive. I still enjoy racing just not the preparation to run hard, so my times have slowing eroded during this time.

I served as the Little Rock Roadrunners president, same for the Arkansas Pikes Peak Marathon Society, and have volunteered at 16 of the 19 Arkansas Traveller 100s. (I ran it the other three years.) I have paced the winner of

the Traveller, I have paced close friends and people I didn't know before the day I ran with them to finishes at the Trav. Over the years I have worked a several races (certainly not as many as Linda House, Bill Torrey, Charley Peyton, or Bill Harrell, to name a few volunteer giants).

This year has really been a downer from the prospective of being a runner. I had a good month of training last December and most of January I was running really well. During this time I was preparing to run the White Rock 50K up in the Ozarks. In mid-January I noticed after my training runs out in the Lake Sylvia/Lake Winona area that my left Achilles was sore. Instead of taking care of the problem I just kept pushing myself to be ready for the 50K. The first Saturday of February was the day of the race, so Jenny (Brod) Weather and I drove up to Turner's Bend for the race. For once the weather was actually quite warm for this race, even though it was only that week that the race directors decided to have the race. They were not sure until early that week that the damage caused by the major ice storm in late January could be cleared up on the course. Well, needless to say, after 31 miles of major hills my Achilles was past being irritated. So from that point until about mid-June was really a struggle with running with pain, reduced running, or not running at all. During this time I volunteered at races and really enjoyed helping out when I was not able to run. The few times I did race, I really struggled with being out of shape and my times really suffered. In mid-June I got back to running on a fairly consistent basis and I am happy to report that slowly I am getting back into decent shape – still not where I want to be, but heading in the right direction.

On the other hand this year has been great. People that I work with and around would tell you I try (sometimes probably too hard) to promote running. John Russell and I work together and we have badgered and cajoled coworkers into joining us running. Our PVRG (Pleasant Valley Running Group) shrank to a pretty sad few of us. (I will have to admit that I was not even showing up regularly – can

you believe that?) On average now we have seven or eight folks show up for runs and have had as many as 12. It's great that we have added some new folks to our group. Even though the old geezers of our group (myself, Bill Harrell, and Robert Holmes) are not as fast as we used to be, we still have lots of knowledge to pass on to our new folks. So even though it has been tough at times this year, I would not trade my experiences this year for anything. So don't get down about having a subpar year, due to injury, lack of time to train like you normally do. Enjoy running for the freedom it brings you and if you can't actively participate in a race, volunteer at a local race. You will enjoy the experience and the runners will appreciate your help.

## Perspective (Continued from Page 8)

"No, she is up ahead" and repeated this cycle for about two miles when finally I saw her. I have never been so relieved.

I have to admit that somewhere on this course I got a bit of "PGA" as Michelle called it. No, not pure grain alcohol – premature glad ass. We were running a pace a good 45 minutes faster than her previous PR of 4:42. I questioned her: "What was your goal going into this?" suddenly realizing that I wasn't quite sure why I had been trying for 20+ miles to keep her on pace for a 4:15. She responded "Um, I would be ecstatic with a 4:30." ... and on we ran. We ran with Flintstones, we ran by people slipping on banana peels, we ran by idiots yelling "you're almost there!" with five miles to go. I tried to think of inspiring stories for Michelle that almost brought me to tears. When we approached her family waiting with paper plate signs that read "Go Michelle!" she stopped for a hug, and I stopped for good. It was hard. I so badly wanted to see the end of this journey unfold. But I knew how it would go, and it did.

Both of us got what we needed and wanted that day. Michelle broke her personal best time by 24 minutes! I rejuvenated my love for running. Because, after all, at the end of the day, when the