

THE RUNAROUND



A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

February 2013

First-Time Events Put Life Into Perspective

By Linda House
Editor

I've always heard the expression "There is a first time for everything," and lately I have experienced a lot of firsts – some good and some not so good.

I have edited the Club newsletter for so many years that I have forgotten how many years it has been since the first one. This is one of the first ones that I remember publishing without an article written by the Club president on the front page. Club President Becky Humes and her daughter have both been sick for about two weeks. Becky says she has not felt like writing anything, much less an article for the newsletter. She said she kept thinking she would get better and get an article written so as not to delay the newsletter but it just did not happen. I was glad to hear that she is getting better, although she said she still has a nasty cough.

I have been a runner since the early 80s and have never had a running injury. One time I was hospitalized with a stomach ulcer that started bleeding and I was unable to run for a couple of months but I have not had an injury to my legs or feet – until January 26, 2013, that is.

I have been on my feet a lot at work since the first of the year. I developed a stress fracture in the fifth metatarsal on my right foot on a walk across the Big Dam Bridge – another first. I had never been on the Bridge before.

The Big Dam Bridge opened on September 30, 2006, with a 5K race. I was there but only as a volunteer – probably helping with registration and results on solid ground. I have a fear of heights (acrophobia) and water (aqua phobia) so I never saw the need to go across the

Bridge. My good friend Mary Hayward said there is also an official phobia for the fear of crossing bridges – geophyrophobia.

I have not been running lately but thought I would get started back by walking in the ARK Winter Series. Unfortunately, the final day in the Series started at Cooks Landing and was to go across the Bridge. Mary, along with Lynn Senn, said they would walk on either side of me in order to help me across.

Mary sent me several encouraging e-mails during the week prior to BDB day. She said that I should think of it as a new way of taking a pleasant walk with friends. Doing it in this small way rather than in a big race would be a big accomplishment for me of which she wanted to be a part. She even said that if I didn't think I could walk the entire length of the bridge (4,226 feet) she would be happy to walk a short distance onto the bridge and turn around and go back.

I made it all the way across the BDB and enjoyed it so much that I wondered why I had put it off for so many years. Mary, Lynn and I were actually heading toward the Two Rivers Bridge and had made it across what I think is called the Jimerson Creek Bridge when my foot started hurting. Mary, wise person that she is, said that we should probably head back if my foot was hurting. After all, for as many steps as you go in one direction you have to take that many back.

I loosened my shoe strings thinking that maybe they were tied too tight. I tried walking on my heel, then on my toes. I even tried taking my shoe off to no avail. With Mary and Lynn's help, and that of a young man who was meeting friends to walk the bridge, I hobbled to the wall at the foot of the bridge and sat there

until Lynn went to get her car and came back to pick me up.

After I got home I iced my foot numerous times throughout the rest of the day, thinking it would be OK by morning. I had plans to go to the One Hour Track Run that Sunday afternoon. Instead, I was still in so much pain that I went to the emergency room for X-rays. I got a temporary cast and an appointment with an orthopedist the following Wednesday. The stress fracture diagnosis led to a hard cast for two weeks. On February 13 I got the cast off and was given a "walking boot" but was told that I should not put

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February Meeting

Monday, February 18, 2013
Professor Bowl
901 Towne Oaks Drive
Little Rock

6 p.m. to eat

The menu includes hamburgers, cheeseburgers, bacon cheeseburgers, hot dogs, Philly cheese steaks, French fries, onion rings, hot/mild/bbq wings, turkey club, turkey and cheese, nachos, chicken strips, fried catfish, pizza, mozzarella sticks, popcorn chicken, etc. There are about 200 different beers/wine coolers.

6:30 p.m. speaker
Gearhead Outfitters
Representative

Bowling available after the meeting.



Some runners just run. Some runners race. Still others race competitively. And then there are those who take it to an entirely different level of obsession and race in the Arkansas Grand Prix Series. Another 20 race Grand Prix season is upon us with already two races in the books and a third by the time this goes to press.

Those who ran in high school have an advantage in understanding the scoring of the Series for both teams and individuals, assuming they aren't too old to remember or have done too many brain cell-killing fartleks. For those to whom it is a new concept, the complexity approaches 'rocket surgery,' a phrase for those of us who like to mix our metaphors, or who are just really confused.

The simplest way to explain it is that the more races you run, the better you and your team will do and the more fun you will have. For example, one runner offered not to attend so her last place finish wouldn't hurt the team—no, it doesn't work like that. You don't hurt your team under any scenario and you don't have any fun that way (unless you still attend to cheer and volunteer). You can go study up on it for yourself to figure it out. For example, that same runner could (and once did) finish behind everyone else in her age group in every race she

competes during the season and still win first place by running enough races and the right races—which would be a story for the ages of perseverance (and attendance).

I usually make up my own profound quotes rather than repeating those of others, but one I really like is, "Those who can't play sports, run. Those who can't run fast, run far." I took up running after a mediocre high school basketball career followed by ten years of inactivity. In my home town, the politics dictated, among other oddities, if your dad was on the school board, then you were a starter on the team. The Grand Prix has no such prejudice, and thus for me, was the first time that I ever felt like I was part of a team.

Prologue: Congratulations to Eric Heller for a successful debut directing the Arkansas River Trail 15K. Not many race directors can follow up Bill Torrey. Eric ordered some of the best weather ever and continued the tradition of a runner's race put on by runners for runners.

Stay tuned next month for a race preview for the bigger and better second running of the March of Dimes or Run Before They Can Walk 5K. I survived and thrived in my first experience as a race director thanks to the volunteering and participating of many of you. Please plan to come out again this year on April 27 at the Clinton Presidential Center. More details to come. As for this column, I shall soon be going back to count my articles published in The Runaround since my 2006 debut. I have a year to think of something really good to write about for number 100, sometime in the spring of 2014. Enjoy!

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weight on my foot for another four weeks. (The boot is removable which facilitates bathing.)

I have done a lot of griping and complaining about being incapacitated but this injury has taught me how to put things in perspective. I met a man at work who only had one leg. I work for a hospital so I have had access to wheelchairs to use at work. Recently I rented a four-wheeled contraption that resembles a child's scooter. I rest my knee of the injured leg on a pad, hold onto the handlebars and roll anywhere I need to go. I won't roll across the BDB but Mary and I have made plans to tackle the Two Rivers Bridge on another first as soon as I am healed.

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My First 50 Miler

By Jenny Wilkes
LRRR Racing News Editor

Rather than interviewing someone this week, I decided to write about my experience running my first 50 mile race, the Rocky Raccoon 50 Mile Endurance Trail Run in Huntsville, Texas. It was the culmination of months of training, weekends of giving up sleep, and hours upon hours spent on the roads and trails around Central Arkansas. Although I raced alone, I couldn't have finished without the love and support of multiple people.

I signed up for the race after a couple of friends put the idea of a 50 miler in my head. After we tried to coordinate on a race and fit one into our busy race schedules, I focused on Rocky Raccoon, but I was the only one on board. What to do, except train for it myself, by God!

Months and months passed and the day, February 2, finally arrived. I was incredibly nervous leading up to the race. I got sick with nerves the Tuesday before, went out and bought too much junk food/race food the Wednesday before, and maybe celebrated a work-related victory too much the Thursday before. Friday I was on and off and in between nerves and excitement. When I got to the race headquarters on the park grounds, however, and saw the beautiful scenery I would be a part of, and met the wonderful people who are the heart and soul behind the race, I felt ready.

Mom (my race crew) and I got to the start line around 5a.m., two hours early. It was dark, pitch black really, and cold. Surely I didn't need a headlamp? Wouldn't it be light enough by 7? We watched the 100 milers file out onto the course an hour before my race started. Then I gathered together all the food I might need, gave my mom final instructions, found her a place to sit, and went to the start line. And waited. And got nervous. And waited.

Cheers greeted the announcement of the race start. Imagine any other crowded race start you've seen at any other race, and then funnel everyone onto a broad single track where you fit 2-3 people abreast at a time. This crunch of people went on for at least a couple of miles, one long continuous file of people snaking through the woods, with one or two brave souls trying to speed ahead. It sort of became a thing of running behind a wad of people, then following someone passing them until you got to the next wad of people, then pass, repeat, until you find a comfortable pace with a group of people you don't feel like passing. The difference between the people-crush of this start and the people-crush of road races was the kindness and camaraderie of the people running. I was gently teased about the size of my pack and the number of food items I had stuffed inside (‘Wow, you packed enough food in there for all of us!’), but when I tripped on a sneaky root and fell with a crash within the second mile, everyone in front of me stopped and turned to make sure I was OK. People I passed and people who passed me generally always had a kind word of encouragement.

The course itself was very nice and pleasant. There was the occasional hill, with the biggest ones on the second half of

my loop (three loops added up to 50 miles), but for the most part it was flat with rolling hills. The ground was sandy in places, rooty in others, with an area I deemed ‘the land of the bridges’ where there were, well, a number of wooden bridges in a row. Most of the course was shaded with ample tree branches, the main exception being when we ran across an earthen dam along the edge of the lake. Very pretty scenery, and worth your while to stop and take a look occasionally. I was a little disappointed that I never spotted an alligator, however.

The first lap went by very smoothly, and pretty fast. I was able to fuel and eat every 30 minutes, starting with honey stinger chews and moving on to waffles and power bars. I ran up most of the hills (even ones I knew I should be walking) and FLEW down the hills, passing numbers of people. I checked my pace occasionally but was feeling so good that I just let myself go. My plan was to take walk breaks at every aid station, and aside from jogging through the first, I achieved this goal and made these my only walk breaks. After I finished lap one, I pulled up to my mom (who slathered sun screen on me, we had forgotten about it before the race), talked with James McManners and David Edwards, and happily munched on some Pringles. Then I was off again.

The second lap, unfortunately, was not as pleasant as the first. The temperature had been rising ever since the sun came up, and by the time I started lap two it had gotten pretty hot. And humid. And did I mention hot? VERY hot. If there is one downfall, one kryptonite that gets me in a race, it's the sun and the heat. Remember that dam area I told you about? Full on sun. The lake by the land of the bridges? It reflected the heat right back onto you. I had a hard time fueling, I couldn't swallow, my mouth was dry, and I started feeling queasy. I told myself, OK, you didn't eat this time, make it to the next aid station and then maybe eat something. After chewing gold fish for nearly 15 minutes, and walking nearly all the time (or so it felt), I knew I was in trouble. All of this compounded and started to get to me emotionally. People who have run with me (they will remain nameless for protection) know that I can have ‘moments’ where I, well, cry. And cry hard. So, this started to build. The aid station volunteers recognized it, and kept asking if I was OK, but I just shrugged them off. ‘Just get back to mom,’ I kept telling myself. I knew that I wouldn't be OK until I just let it out and had a good cry, that I would keep getting frustrated and worked up, but I knew too that I had to wait until I was around my mom. I know, that sounds SO childish, but I knew what I needed and pushed on.

And then it happened. After the second lap I brushed past nearly 15 volunteers to get to my crew. James was the first person I saw, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I lost myself to sobbing, crying that it was too hot, I couldn't do it, it was just too, too hot and I was so, so tired. My mom came up and hugged me, said a few words. I don't remember what she said, or what James said, or what Stacey Shaver said, but the three of

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them combined calmed me down to the point where I felt like I could go on. This was my first 50, ENJOY it, Stacey said. I didn't need to put this added and unnecessary pressure on myself of trying to finish in the top five (so ridiculous) or trying to go sub-nine or trying to get an age group award. Just enjoy the scenery, make it a memorable race. James helped me back to the start tent, helped me refill my water and Gatorade bottle (which became a Heed bottle, more on that later) and off I went.

I had let myself have a good long rest stop after the second lap (I think around 20 minutes), and so I let myself walk the first couple of hundred yards just to get my mindset right, and have a few more Pringles. I felt less emotional, a little more confident, and much more relaxed. At this point, the race had thinned out to where you were mainly racing alone. Whereas in the first loop I could pace behind people most of the time, and the second loop afforded a few pacers, at this point everyone was on their own schedule so much that it was pretty much every man for himself. Not that people were discourteous, but everyone was so focused on finishing that they were doing what they needed for them. A couple of times I ran with someone to an aid station, or we traded places walking and running, but for the most part I was alone with myself. And you know what? It was perfect. I barely saw any other females, and if I did they were going the other direction. So I had nothing to prove, nothing to lose, and just trudged on.

I have no idea what's in Heed, and it sure is nasty stuff, but I think it saved my race. The first sip tasted like licorice water and I nearly spit it out, but after downing the horrid stuff for a while, I felt my energy return. I couldn't eat as much as I wanted or planned on, but I felt strong again. I could run for longer distances without tiring and I started passing people again. I felt more alive at rest stations (aside: the volunteers were AMAZING and so helpful) and powered up some hills, passing more people. Every rock or turn I passed, I said to myself, I don't have to run past that again, that's the last time I'll see that bridge or that hill or that root. At some point I realized I only had 10 miles left, 10 more miles out of 50, and that's when I started to crank it into gear.

At the end I picked up speed and felt amazing and empowered, energetic. And when I neared the finish, and heard the crowd at the finish line and heard the cheering, I gave it all I had. I ran as hard and as fast as I could down the final stretch, letting myself go and really having fun, and crossed the finish line with a huge smile on my face. I finished in 9 hours and 17 minutes, which placed me as the ninth female overall and second in my age group. Stacey was there ready to pace someone for the 100, and she hugged me and yelled, "You did it!" I had never been so happy. Not just to be finished with running 50 miles, but because the whole race had been such a happy and amazing experience, even with the tears. The volunteers, the other racers, the crews for OTHER racers who shared kind words, they were what really gave me a good race.

When I finally got to sit down after the finish, a girl who had seen me cry after lap two came up to me and told me she was so proud of me for getting back out there and finishing. She said that it would have been so easy for me to stop and quit, but I turned around and went back out there for my final lap. "I'll never remember all those other finishers," she said, "but you I will remember, because you got back out there and finished." THAT, right there, is what makes a race. Good friends and complete strangers pulling together so you can finish and have a good time. And that is what has me looking forward to next year.

The Trailbird's Report

By Steven Preston

Congratulations to fellow Bird, Jenny Wilkes, who finished the Rocky Raccoon 50 mile trail run in Huntsville, TX, in 9 hours and 17 minutes. Congratulations also to Josh Brown who completed the 100 mile race in 22 hours and 50 minutes with the assistance of fellow Bird, Stacey Shaver. Sounds like there was only a few trips and falls on this stumpy course. If anyone is looking for a flat, fast trail run this is the one to put on your calendar for next year. And now you have a few runners to chase down for tips.

Coming up on February 16th is the **Sylamore Trail 50K/25K** in Allison, AR. This race is already full for this year. As this is such a popular trail run, make sure to put this on your calendar for next year. Keep in mind registration usually fills in hours so make sure to look out on their website (<http://www.sylamore50k.com>) for the open date.

The second annual **Hoof It for Heifer 20K Trail Run**, will be held on April 13, 2013, on the Boy Scouts of America trail on Petit Jean Mountain. This is a beautiful trail but due to a moderate to moderately difficult terrain, this race is recommended for experienced trail runners. The run is being organized by the Conway Area Heifer Volunteer Group to benefit Heifer International. Heifer International is a nonprofit, humanitarian organization dedicated to ending hunger and poverty and caring for the Earth. Since 1944, Heifer has pursued its mission by providing livestock and training in environmentally sound agriculture to those with genuine need. Recipients also agree to *Pass on the Gift* of one or more of their animals' offspring and training to others in need, creating an ever-widening circle of hope. Go to race website at www.heifertrailrun.com for more information.

Running Calendar

Upcoming races, fun runs, and Grand Prix Series (GPS) races, including state championships (SC), are listed below. The LRRC sponsors Sunday fun runs beginning at Andyø at Markham and Barrow at 7 a.m. If you know about a race that should be listed, send information to *The Runaround* editor at lhouse48@gmail.com

February 2013

- 23: Bowen 5K at Little Rock. Call
- 23: The Beat Goes On 5K at Benton. Call 501-776-6746.
- 23: Light Up the Streets Glow Run 5K at Searcy. Call 501-278-9321.
- 23: Faí A Long, Long Way to Run 5K at Hot Springs. Call 501-909-5909.
- 23: Strides for Students at Fayetteville. Call 479-871-6807.
- 23: Penguin Run 5K/10K at Batesville. Call 870-307-8230.
- 23: K-Life 1985K Run 5K at Conway.. Call 501-472-6310.

March 2013

- 2: Little Rock 5K. Call 501-371-4639.
- 2: Relay for Life 5K at Booneville. Call 479-206-0868.
- 2: Sombrero Beach 15K/10K/5K at Marathon, FL. Call 305-289-9868.
- 2: Diamond Bear Marathon at Maumelle. Call 501-554-1390.
- 2: Walnut Farm Revel 5K XC at Bentonville. Call 206-650-8330.
- 3: Little Rock Marathon, Half and 10K. Call 501-371-4639.
- 9: Reach Out and Run 5K at Ft. Smith. Call 479-420-1151.
- 9: Chase Race and Paws 2M/1M at Conway. (GPS SC) Call 501-514-4370.
- 9: The Gladiator 7M at Elkhead, MO. Call 601-622-7475.
- 9: Walk, Run and Roll 5K/1M at Benton. Call 501-847-9711.
- 9: Luck of the Clover 5K/1M at Arkadelphia. Call 870-246-2281.
- 9: Cow Paddy 5K/1M at Fayetteville. Call 479-790-0700.
- 9: Victorian Classic 10K at Eureka Springs. Call 479-244-6465.
- 9: Trojan 5K at Paris. Call 479-438-0210.
- 9: St. Paddyø Day 5K/Leprechaun Dash at Poteau, OK. Call 918-839-4785.
- 15: Jog for a Hog 5K at Newark. Call 910-977-9185.
- 16: Boy Scouts of America Fundraising 5K at El Dorado. Call 870-866-7855.
- 16: Celts nøKilts XC 5K at Fort Smith. Call 479-650-6894.
- 16: 3.1 Miles of Hope at Benton. Call 501-605-6945.
- 16: Highrock Hop Trail 5M/10M at Batesville. Call 870-307-8922.
- 16: Lil Cheetah 5K at DeWitt. Call 870-830-1790.
- 23: Spring Fling 5K at Cabot. (GPS) Call 501-779-2479.
- 23: Omega Prostate Cancer Awareness 5K at Little Rock. Call 501-240-9138.
- 23: Road Runner 5K at Stephens. Call 870-947-0084.
- 23: Super Friends 5K at Fayetteville. Call 479-747-8626.
- 23: Jackrabbit 5K at Bentonville. Call 479-254-0329.
- 23: Fayetteville 5K Poker Run. Call 479-966-2516.
- 30: Iron Pig Duathlon at Fayetteville. Call 479-521-7766.
- 30: MANA Spring Fling 5K at Fayetteville. Call 479-571-6780.
- 30: Hunger Run 5K at Clinton. Call 501-253-4444.
- 30: Never Give Up Never Give In 5K at Horatio. Call 870-584-2148.
- 30: Care to Run 5K for AR Childrenø Hospital at Harrison. Call 870-688-0642.

April 2013

- 6: Capital City Classic 10K at Little Rock. (GPS) Call 501-231-3730.
- 6: Kidfest Superhero 5K/1M at Conway. Call 501-328-3347.
- 6: Bentonville Half Marathon, Relay, 5K. Call 479-464-7275.
- 6: One Less 5K at DeQueen. Call 501-739-1821.
- 6: Band on the Run 5K at Batesville. Call 870-793-2464.
- 6: 2013 Graduation Fundraiser at Ozark. Call 479-209-4043

Birthdays

The following is a list of Club members and spouses who were born during the month of February. Call Sarah Olney at 615-3344 if the information is incorrect

- 1 - Angela Gattin
- 4 - Joe Milligan
- 4 - Betty Ray
- 12 - Susan Conrad
- 13 - Pat Gardner
- 13 - Allison Acott
- 13 - Charles Peyton
- 16 - Susan Bell
- 17 - Tina Coutu
- 21 - Jenny Wilkes
- 24 - AmyShivers
- 25 - Allison Martin
- 26 - Ian Goodman
- 27 - Richard Nix
- 27 - Belinda Harrell
- 27 - Jennifer Wilson

Condolences

The Little Rock Roadrunners Club extends its condolences to Jimmy Pearsall over the death January 23 of his mother, Vella Hubbs Pearsall. Please keep Jimmy and his family in your thoughts and prayers.

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 chrlypytn@gmail.com