

THE LOOP

Ancient City Road Runners

Volume 4, Issue 2



From the President...

After the Savannah marathon last November, I had a hard time getting back into the habit of running. It was my first marathon, and it was much harder than I wanted it to be. By the time it was over, I didn't feel much like running, so I didn't run much. Over the past few months, I've gotten back into the swing of things, running-wise. It feels good to be back out there, and I'm looking forward to training for my first half marathon. (Perhaps my marathon was so hard because I went straight from 15K to marathon?) I'm excited to start doing some longer runs - I'm ready for some new scenery. This past Saturday, I was pushing Mabel (which makes the running harder), but I figured I could do six miles. Unfortunately, I got confused about the distances and ended up running an extra mile, for a total of seven. I was happy to figure that out, because I thought that was the hardest six mile run ever!

We've had nice big groups at our runs lately. Keep coming out, but don't ask me about mileage!

-Jessica Mysterly, President ACRR 2012

Happy Summer Birthdays!



June
Sasha U.
Brandon.
Libby B.

July
Greg S.
Sandy S.
Jim P.
Bridget C.
Cindy C.
Adam L.
Paula R.
Dave B
Gail C
Steve V.

August
Moe S
Mary Lee
Fred S.
Al
John L.
Elin B.
Brian P
Jay D.
Rick K.

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Happy Birthday to any ACRR members that may have been missed! Hope you all have a great year running the loop!

Special welcome and congratulations to the Briendenstein family, Welcoming baby girl, Elin Day born 8/14/2012 to Meredith, and Justin. Hope to see you on the path again soon!

FEATURED RUNNER

Joey Marra
St. Augustine
Joined ACRR: February 2009



Joey & Hal Higdon



Join Joey with Jude Platko
and the North ACRR section
with runs from Publix and
Starbucks after...

What's going on up North?

I've been running since 2007. It started because:
a) I was 36 and my metabolism had officially slowed.
b) I was spending a lot of time on the couch.
c) That time on the couch gave me plenty of opportunity to recognize that my middle-aged man-belly was growing.
d) Donna Deegan was on the news every night talking about "Galloway training" for the inaugural Breast Cancer Marathon in 2007.

The last one sounded like it could be fun, and I thought maybe it might be a solution for (a), (b), and (c). So, I ultimately joined the St. Augustine Galloway Group and started running (with lots of great advice from Trish Kabus and Cindy Treaster -- who, I believe were and still are both ACRR members). We'd occasionally see "those fast people from ACRR" running around A1A and Mickler Blvd. during training). This was the first time dealing with the well-known runner problem of "how many times do you wave to the same runner when passing by each other". :-)

So, yes, I went from potato to registering for a marathon. The marathon would've been my first official race, but I ran the Endless Summer 10k at Anastasia for a 6 mile training run, so that was the first. I was clueless, but the running community was supportive and encouraging so, onward.

It turned out that I liked the longer distances and went on to do more fulls and halves with some shorter races sprinkled in. Because I was slow and ran long, I didn't look seriously at ACRR for a while since I didn't know how I would fit in (I distinctly remember listening to Matanzas 5k results being announced and hearing all the ACRR AG winners and knowing that I couldn't touch those speeds -- and, then of course, I generalized about speed -- silly, I know). I did ultimately join in 2009, but didn't make it to many group runs -- I continued to primarily train with the Galloway Group since they worked a schedule for 26.2 and I planned to run the Donna every year.

I remember reading about the group of ACRR folks that went up and ran the Chicago full (brave folks in that heat). Between that and being made aware of WGV-North (by Todd introducing me to Jude at a packet pickup), I figured it was time to dip my toe in the water and I started running with WGV-North in the summer of 2010. The group was (and is) incredibly welcoming. I instantly liked that 2 of their 3 standard locations were based around either a Starbucks or a brunch. :D Honestly, I have not been very consistent with that group for a while now, but I try to keep abreast of where/when they are running so I can keep an eye out while I am on the roads for my runs. Since I have a few local folks that have the same race schedule as me this year, I am often up early with them instead, and I am currently running with a few member of the St. Aug

Galloway Group again for Saturday long runs. When marathon season is over in Florida (Feb/March), I will take several weeks off (as I have done for the past few years), and then look forward to running with WGV-North again through the spring and the summer. As in 2010 and 2011, I'll plan to do that until distance training starts back up again -- then lather, rinse, repeat.

(Along the lines of "ACRR being welcoming", I did my first hash with ACRR this past May. What a great time! On! On!)

Some running accomplishments since starting in 2007, I've completed:

- * 22 half marathons
 - * 14 full marathons
 - * 2 Ragnar Relays - highly recommended
 - * 4 marathons in 22 days - do not recommend ;-)
 - * 6 halves in 6 consecutive weekends
 - * 2 Goofy Challenges at Disney (half marathon on Saturday, followed by a full marathon on Sunday)
 - * A few dozen other races
- None of them have been speedy -- I am comfortable with my mid-pack-self. :-)

My5k262.com. The shirts (and mugs, and bags, etc). They really came about for primarily 2 reasons:

- 1) I have met phenomenal people through running -- many through the Galloway Group, through ACRR, and through an online running forum that focuses on Disney races. They were of all abilities.
- 2) I've seen lots of arguments between various kinds of runners (fast, slow, walkers, sprinters, ultra-marathoners, etc.) arguing over what a "runner" is. I remember the squabbling over the Pearl Izumi ads. I've read the message boards where faster runners are called snobs and back-of-the-packers are told to leave the sport.

Running made me happy. This made me sad. Especially given all the wonderful people at different levels that I had met. I knew they would like each other if we were all sitting around with a beer. Ultimately, this made me realize that us "runners" (using the most encompassing sense of the word) have a lot more in common than many seem to think. The My5k262 products were a way to trying to communicate some of those inside jokes and shared experiences that we all have (from those toeing the start line to those in the back of the pack) -- instead of separating runners from other runners, I try to use humor and general smart-assery to separate runners from non-runners (in a friendly way, of course). I try to do this by hitting on those things we have in common ... those inside jokes -- let's face it, there are only so many people who understand why you bring a trash bag to a race, why you've named your Garmin, why you eat something called "gu", why you spend more on running gear than work clothes, etc. I like those people.

What's going on up North? ...con't

From the web store:

If you've been running for a while, then we know you've heard it before -- "Ya, I ran one of those 5k marathons once." Inner voice response: "Ummm no, you didn't."

Don't get us wrong. We respect any distance. This is not about dividing runners from other runners -- it's about dividing runners from non-runners (wink). Let's face it, we runners have our own little world, and our own little language, and our own set of shared experiences. My 5k262 tries to celebrate that camaraderie (and have a little fun with it).

So, yes, we are sarcastic ... and since we probably just offended the entire non-running world, we likely aren't the best business people either. But we are supportive. And we are runners. And we know what you're thinking. And we put it on a shirt -- we put it on a bunch of 'em.

Next on schedule:

September: Disney Tower of Terror 10 miler

October: not sure yet

November: St. Augustine half

December: not sure yet

January: Disney full

February: Donna full

March: inaugural Asheville full (run entirely on the Biltmore Estate -- can't wait!)

Be good. Have fun. Run well.

-Joey Marra

FEATURED RUNNER

Joey Marra

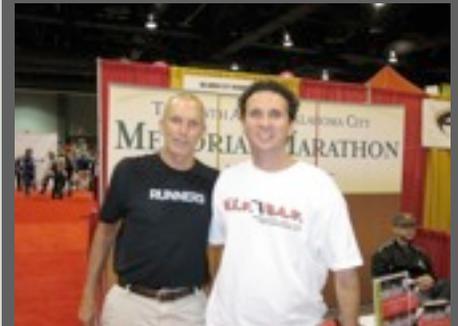
St. Augustine

Joined ACRR: February 2009

Joey & Bill Rodgers



Joey & Bart Yasso



Joey & Jeff Galloway



Store info:

Facebook: www.facebook.com/my5k262 (people can "like" the page for info on new products and discount codes)

Website: www.my5k262.com

Product info: the store shows most designs on a single women's shirt, but that is just the model. Most designs are available in about 50 styles of shirt and multiple colors (men's, women's, kids, tech shirts, tees, etc.)

Some designs are also available on coffee mugs, beer mugs, different sized canvas bags, etc.

CONYER'S GEORGIA 2012



Pre-Race Mostly: Teams: Blackdog, Mudfish, Schweddy Balls, FloraBama, Lorax II, and Soup Sandwich (post race)



Through the mud pit!! Go ACRR's!!



Teams Schweddy Balls Amy and Kristen and FloraBama Theresa and Tracy

Muddy Buddy- ACRR Style

For the past 6 years, members of ACRR have been caravanning up to Conyers, GA to take part in Muddy Buddy, guided by an ever expanding itinerary of wacky traditions that have developed over the years. From start to finish, the weekend is laid out with time tested rituals that never fail to create good laughs and memories.

The weekend kicks off with a group dinner the night before the race. ACRRers convene at the local Outback to carb-load, talk strategy, and make any important announcements (we were wondering why half of "Team Cowbell" wasn't "carb-loading" like the rest of us). Most people then head back to the hotel to rest-up...or start making their costumes. "Team Black Dog" has been known to whip up some impressive attire during these last minute sew sessions.

Saturday is the big day! We awake with excitement, knowing that we can skip the morning shower; for soon, we will be bathing in a muddy cesspool of pride and accomplishment. We make our way to the start line, admiring the creative costumes and forgetting to consider the challenge that lies ahead. It's not usually until a mile or so into the race that the adrenalin and excitement start to fade and you finally realize the idiocy of your bulky costume during this challenging, wet, muddy, hilly obstacle course!?! Funny how we always forget the pain and challenge of the course once our bodies make delightful contact with that gooey, scratchy, smelly pit of mud! ACRRers are known for their performances in the mud pit! "Team Dirty Barbie" will forever have a place in Mud Pit History for their fearless display during ACRR's inaugural trip to Conyers.

After spending some quality time in the beer garden showing off our mud stains then hosing off at the very communal washing station, recharged ACRRers set out for the day's first stop at "Whistle Post"...or is it "Whistle Stop"? "Wooowoo"- free shots for all if a train happens to pass during our head-shaking lunch break.

Now comes time to relax by the pool and re-energize for another group dinner, this time at "Cozumel Mexican Restaurant". We rehash the mud pit before heading back to "Whistle Post/Stop", this time for some serious booty-shaking. Beware: Drinking may impair your judgment and land you onstage at our next stop. Whether you sing solo, supply back-up vocals, offer interpretive dance or just hold your ears, the weekend is not complete unless you take-part in the annual karaoke ridiculousness. Many dancing-singing ACRR Stars have been born right there in Conyers, GA...who knew?!

Sound like fun? Want to be a part of the 2013 fun? Sure you do! Here's what you need to do...First, choose a fun-loving partner and come up with a catchy team name, ideally one that lends itself to creative costume options. Next, develop your costume idea... remember, no one will remember you for your time, but an awesome team name and costume could forever mark you as a Muddy Buddy Celebrity. Make sure you get in on hotel reservations at the same hotel as everyone else so you can easily partake in poolside and late-night goofiness. Also, there's safety in numbers when walking through the hotel lobby on race morning, especially when you are scantily clad with bras pinned all over your suit, for example ("Team Florabama")! Finally, secure a decent mountain bike and settle in for a muddy but memorable ride!

- Amy Michie

Recipes for Running...

Whether you're a foodie, focused on nutrition, or just eating to stay alive runners all need fuel. This issue highlights, per club member's request some of the yummy post run flavors that we have shared either at a social, small gathering or the possibly Gate River Run! So if you're looking for a little new motivation for running... try on these recipes to help you engage your stride and renew those lost calories from your 5, 10 15, or 20 plus miler! And if you haven't seen these recipes floating about...bring it to the next get together...and we'll have a taste test! We all love to socialize and what better way than to be stuffing our faces with nice tasty grub. Thanks to all of you guys for submitting and hopefully each quarter we will expand our nutritional creativity.

Mango Salsa by Amy Michie

1 Mango, diced
1/4 cup finely chopped poblano pepper
1/4 cup finely chopped red pepper
1/4 cup finely chopped red onion
1/4 tsp red pepper flakes
2 Tbsp chopped cilantro
juice of 1 lime

Combine all ingredients and refrigerate at least one hour to marinate all the flavors.

Serve with tortilla chips. Enjoy!

Arroz con Jocoqui Rice with Sour Cream & Jalapeño by Hippie Bob (featured at Summer Social)

I found this recipe in Elena's Secrets of Mexican Cooking by Elena Zelayeta. In addition to substituting pepper jack for Monterey jack cheese, I use chopped jalapeño to kick it up a notch. For consistency of hotness, I always use canned jalapeños. (And, of course, watch your eyes when chopping those bad boys. Or use rubber gloves).

~ 1 lb. pepper jack cheese
3 c. sour cream
1 small can (~ 6 oz.) chopped green chilies
3 or 4 canned jalapeños, finely chopped
3 c. cooked brown rice (I use short grain)
salt and pepper

At least a couple of hours before assembly, cook the rice (2 c. rice, 4 c. water, 1 t. salt) and let it cool. Preheat oven to 350°. Cut cheese in thin slices. Mix peppers with the sour cream and salt and pepper to taste. Butter a large oven-proof casserole. Begin w/ a layer of rice, then sour cream, then cheese, and repeat so that you have three (or two in a shallow pan) layers of each, and then a fourth layer of rice on top. Bake for about half an hour. Sprinkle with a bit more cheese and return to the oven for a few minutes, until the cheese melts.

Strawberry and Blueberry with Glazed Pecan Spinach Salad

by Bridget Calkins

1 bag of rinsed baby spinach leaves
1 pint of strawberries rinsed, stems removed, thinly sliced
1/2 cup whole blueberries rinsed
1 small red onion chopped
1 small box of crumbled reduced fat feta cheese
1-2 cups pecan halves
1-2 tablespoons maple syrup
Paprika
Cracked pepper
Sea Salt

Dressing:

1/4 cup red wine vinegar
1/4 cup balsamic vinegar
1/4-1/2 olive oil
**Whisk all ingredients until mixed.

Mix pecan halves in medium bowl with maple syrup, paprika, sea salt and cracked paper to taste or lightly sprinkled until all coated. Lay nuts spread in single layer on a cookie sheet and place in oven or toaster oven to broil about 3 minutes until maple syrup bubbles. Cook about 1 minute watching closely so not to burn. Remove to cool. Prepare spinach leaves, onion, blueberries, and strawberries with stems removed and sliced thinly. Place in large salad bowl for mixing. Add feta cheese and nuts once cooled. Toss with dressing or leave on the side for your preference! Enjoy!

A TALE OF 2 MARATHONS

{Bob }

Hi, Hippy Bob here. You'll love reading Rick's account of his assault on Mt. Marathon. He's assembled a lot of useful information and given us an honest glimpse into the mind of a dedicated athlete. You'll be disappointed to know that there's none of that in my ranting. But what I do hope to impart is a bit of the craziness that may help get you through the dark night of the soul that prevents you from reaching your full potential. If that's a problem you've ever faced—oh, let's say around mile 23—you'll get a lift from looking back at my story and saying, Thank the lucky stars I'm not that crazy!

{Rick}

Hi, Rick here. Yes, right next to Bob. No..over here. My tale begins in October 2011 after just a year and a half as a runner. A freezing cold morning in Savannah. My first Marathon. Not thinking about time. Not thinking about Boston. Just worried if I could finish 26.2. An hour early in the Corral, shivering in my singlet, other marathoners donning green hefty bags. Not a clue at that time what that was all about. Looking at the start line ...wondering if I would get to see the finish line. Thank goodness for ACRR support, thank goodness for Mary Lee warming me up in the corral then running with me the first 2 miles, thank goodness for Ellen at mile eleven with a full bag of magic chocolate covered coffee beans, thank goodness for the ACRR cheering squad at mile 24, thank goodness for the finish line in sight. Somehow I finished my first Marathon, not thinking about time, just thinking about finishing...4 hours.

With 1 marathon under my belt I had finally admitted "I am a runner" . Now a new question emerges "am I a Marathoner" ? Certainly not after only 1 marathon; especially it seemed since time was never in the equation. Maybe it was time to train for a specific goal time and run another marathon. Jacksonville Bank Marathon was on the horizon. Less than 3 months out but billed as a flat fast course ..and local. Not thinking like a marathoner, not having much real experience, being naive about the reality of setting a realistic goal time, so I decide to try to qualify for Boston and 3 hours 35 min with a 59 second buffer becomes my new goal. Somehow it happens (with the help of my buddy Tim who yells at me like a drill Sargeant and runs me in the last 7 miles) 3 hours 35 minutes 45 seconds. I can't believe it. I just

qualified for Boston. Well. Not so fast. Rules changed and while I qualified for 2012, the 2012 field was full and the rules tightened for 2013. New goal. 3 hours 30 minutes and no more 59 second buffer. This is where the real story begins. I am a now marathoner.....

{Bob }

My story starts with the founding of Rome. There were really 3 of us: Romulus, Remus, and me, the one who wasn't in line when they passed out the wolf smarts. So after a couple of millennia of chasing my own tail, my first marathon finds me, with my single 13-mile long run under my pelt, gazing with a wild surmise at the start line of the 1977 Pizza Hut Marathon in my hometown of Bloomington, IN. Cut to mile 20 and my left arch has fallen. I see a buddy along the course, borrow a sock, and stuff it in my shoe so I can hobble to the finish line. A long string of craziness has begun.

After taking a few months to recover and reconsider, Boston is my goal. In 1979 it took three hours flat to qualify in the young-farts division and I worked hard to get my 2:57, only to learn that it would take a 2:50 for the 1980 race. As Rick says, new goal. But, like a wolf in salmon's clothing, I must keep swimming upstream to finish line after finish line. So, in 2013 why shouldn't I make the 117th running of Boston be my own 25th Boston? My BQ goal is now 4:10, perhaps minus 5 or 10 minutes for the overcrowding factor.

{Rick}

The Internet is an amazing tool. In February, I do a Google search "Top 10 Marathons To Qualify For Boston". My goal is to find a flat, fast course, not too much downhill, in the USA, between the months of May and September 2012. The race date cut off to register for the 2013 Boston Marathon is September 15, 2012. I narrow the field of possibilities to 3. Grandma's Marathon in Duluth, MN , Eerie, PA, and Santa Rosa, CA. After looking at reviews on marathon guide.com, and talking to Ellen about our next "RunCation" the cool temperatures and coastal environment of Duluth MN is the winner. And so I register. My next marathon is June 16, 2012. Goal 3 hours 30 min. I am a marathoner!

{Bob }

In February, I'm still living in a cozy fool's paradise. Why, I'll just qualify easily up in Albany, GA, with Tracy. Never mind that I haven't trained appreciably since my near-DNF at St. A's own Columbia House Pedro Menendez Memorial Death March. *

(But then I had an excuse. Our trip abroad was a nightmare for training—political unrest in Athens, the Cinqueterre flood in October, rude waiters in Provence). But Albany, despite its friendly collective waitstaff, turns a cold shoulder to this country boy, as I trudge through the rain-soaked streets in a miserable 4:19.

* [We hasten to remind you that the opinions presented in this article in no way reflect the views of the Ancient City Road Runners, its officers, heirs, or assigns. —eds.]

{Rick}

14 weeks till Grandma's marathon. Being focused on Boston qualifying so a training plan is in order. Karen Wilson recommends "Run Less Run Faster". Great idea. Great Book. In his Marathon Training guide Hal Higdon recommends running MORE to run faster. The one commonality is to run intervals at least once a week, run some at Marathon Goal Pace, and increase your mileage weekly but not more than 22 miles. I write a training plan, also dial in my daily weight training routine, and following Todd's advice (and the book "Training Weight") decide to drop a few more pounds. My plan is in an Excel spreadsheet so it can be easily manipulated as the weeks progress. My training journal is ready for documenting running, my weight, and my weight training efforts over the next 14 weeks.

{Bob }

I'm plenty discouraged, but somewhere in the reptilian recesses of my mind the thought of Boston still survives. Must go. Must find marathon. But how to achieve this fantasy of running Boston? I must carefully choose a marathon that occurs before early September. After April, this eliminates any possibility below the Mason-Dixon Line, and most below the 50th parallel.

How to choose. . . . I'll probably have to put it off until after my trip back to Bloomington to take care of business.

{Rick}

Weeks 1 thru 4 are a breeze. Running 25-30 miles a week anyway. Just a little more focused on intervals and speed. By week 6 the miles are starting to build and it would be nice to have someone to train the longer miles with. The only problem is few people run a June Marathon . My Jacksonville friends are tapering their running for the summer and my ACRR friends are starting to think about Triathlon Season. In comes MARATHON BOB ! fantastic idea. "Hey Bob, wanna go for a run ?"

{Bob}

Yes, April now. Herds of wildebeest come to watering hole. Hmmm, must have plan. How about 1) Sleep more, eat more? 2) Run slow, eat less? 3) Eat more, run more? 4) Cut the weak out of the herd and go for the jugular? Actually, plan 3 sounds most promising.

This is the state of my plan when I first run into Rick. At this point, what's my show about? It's a show about nothing.

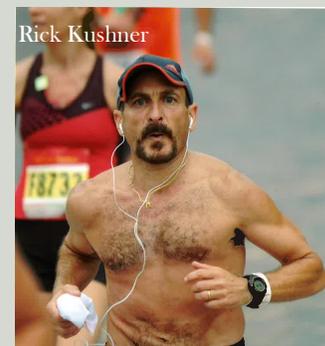
{Rick}

Grandma's Marathon is now one of the nation's largest and best-organized races. Started over 30 years ago, the marathon only has about 6,000 runners. It attracts runners and Elites (not me) from all over the nation (and Ethiopia and Kenya). Typical male race winning time is around 2 hours 12 minutes and 2 hours 33 minutes for the women. There is also a concurrent half marathon that starts at the 13.1 mile mark of the full. It's a one way course and is billed as "flat" and beautiful along Lake Superior. Typical temperatures are in the 50's at the start and low 70's during the race. Seems like marathon paradise!

{Bob }

But, how to choose a marathon? Wait a sec, there's the Sunburst Marathon in South Bend, IN, on the first weekend in June—close to the time I need to be in Bloomington. I remember this because I've run there 16 times, scurrying to the finish before the temps climb into the upper 80s, with humidity to match. Not a promising qualifier, but it's a thousand miles, and a thousand dollars, closer than Grandma's. The finish is the memorable part. After circling the Notre Dame stadium, you enter and sprint across the sacred sod, collapsing in the sticky heat on the 50-yd. line as the Fight Song blasts across a loudspeaker. Onward to Victoreeeee!

So, running with Rick now, we share goals, plans, and restaurant tips. I have a goal now, and lots of restaurant advice. The plan will come, I'm sure.



A TALE OF 2 MARATHONS cont'd...

{Rick}

Training is going fantastic. Then the end of week 6 arrives. Odd sensation in the belly lands me in the Doctor's office, then a surgeon, who both think I have a Hernia. Diagnosis: Antibiotics and STOP RUNNING.... But walking is ok. So I ask the doctor if treadmill walking is ok and is there a limit? Being a runner himself, he says, "I know how you runners are . . . as much walking as you want as long as you feel ok . . . and we will see you back here in 10 days". So walking it was. 2 miles the first day, 4 miles the second day, 6 miles the third day, 8 miles the 4th day. Somehow by the 5th day I was feeling great. The walking turned back into a walk/jog, then a jog, then a run. After 10 days I felt great and the doctor said "I can't believe it but you seem to be healedRUN ALL YOU WANT". And my Marathon in 6 weeks? "Go for it!" That was all I needed to hear. Back on the road!

{Bob }

I'm taking a different tack now. No more excuses involving bad weather, surly waiters, or even surly race mascots. If I'm to be successful in my goal of qualifying, I will have to take a more spiritual approach. Draw from the ancient texts of the enlightened ones who have gone before. Pearls of wisdom such as, There is no finish line. You asked for it, you got it. Have a Coke and a smile.

Instead of holding an impossible pace during long runs until I collapse, I am running with the winds of change (which is vastly different than running like the wind). I am listening to my body. When it says, No, you can't, then I think, OK, you may have a point there.

{Rick}

Six weeks left. Training is picking back up and another long run with Marathon Bob. The speed seems to be there but somehow the end of the longer runs seem tougher than usual. Maybe that should have been a sign that I just wasn't quite ready, but being stubborn, and a race only a few weeks out, I forge ahead.

{Bob }

The weeks are melting away. Four weeks left for me and the long runs are getting tougher than usual. Could this have anything to do with the 80+ degree weather Rick and I are struggling through? My body says, Duh! . . . And I'm listening.

But we forge ahead, and I end up with a pair of 20-milers, and maybe an 18 to toss in with 'em. It's good to train with a partner that shares my aspirations (and is faster, too). It's been mainly training—in battle conditions, no less—but I know that for me it's a bare minimum. I may have to reach down and, as they say at Notre Dame, win one for the Gipper.

{Rick}

Ellen and I fly into Duluth Minnesota on a Wednesday Night. It's a Saturday race so we will have Thursday and Friday to site see and enjoy the town. Flights are all on time and we fly into a fantastic, small airport in Duluth, pick up a SUV, and head over to the Residence inn. We quickly learn that this race is one of the biggest events the City offers and are welcomed with a "Race Gift Bag" at the hotel. We wake up the next morning to tropical storm type rains and COLD temperatures. I went for a slow 3 mile run but it was cold, wet, and miserable. The forecast for Friday showed improvement but not any better for Saturday. Friday arrives and the sun is shining and its 70 degrees. Beautiful. Severe storm warnings for race Saturday and warning bulletins are being updated by email every 2 hours. We visit the EXPO (The best expo I have been to aside from Boston) and of course find a new pair of not yet introduced running shoes. We take a bus tour of the 26.2 mile course. Lets just say that FLAT in Minnesota is not the same as FLAT in Florida. The first 13 were probably a net zero change in elevation but rolling the whole way. The latter 13 were flat by my Florida standards. Mentally I prepare that I need to maintain speed on the first rolling 13 and then the last 13 should be a breezeright!

We meet 3 young runner men on the bus tour, a Kenyan and 2 from Tennessee. They all are friends and are wearing lanyards with Elite tags. The driver asks what do you gentlemen do? One answers, "Not much, we just travel around and do races." Another replies, "This is my first marathon." "Really," the driver says, "what do you normally run?" "I normally run the half in about 60 minutes," he replies. Must be nice, I am thinking to myself!

Friday night before the race brings a lot of anxiety about the weather. I have a rain jacket plan. But 26.2 in the pouring rain? Reliving the stories I heard from Bob and Tracy about their GA race in the lousy weather, is it even worth running? What about all the money already spent? Is it worth quitting after all this preparation? A delicious Pasta dinner at a local Italian restaurant seemed appropriate. I gathered up my race day attire, number, Gu, and magic chocolate-covered coffee beans. Set the alarm for a 4 AM wake up, Kissed Ellen good night, and fell right asleep at 8:30 PM.

{Bob }

I'm leaving Florida with several days to spare before the Showdown in South Bend. Susan's staying home to tend to her patients, since most of this trip—the

26.2 portion at least—will be a crashing bore. A marathon? In beautiful downtown where? For those of you who've never been there, South Bend has been home to several auto-industry adjuncts, as well as, until the 1960s, the main Studebaker assembly plant, birthplace of the futuristic Avanti and several other underappreciated models. The town has lost population steadily since the 1960s but still retains much of its Rust Belt charm. Though, in all fairness, the adjacent Notre Dame campus is a green oasis studded with sparkling lakes and gothic architecture. The night before the race, its in the mid-60s, cloudy, blustery, and threatens to sprinkle. Wait, that's me! But the weather is about the same. Depressing. So I forego my usual jogging tour of campus in favor of a quick trip to the Legends of Notre Dame, the alumni watering hole directly across from the stadium. Packed with alums this weekend, since it's also reunion week on campus. I have a bracing root beer and a glance at the gridiron greets whose photos line the walls. Maybe some of that greatness will rub off.

I head to the Library, whose south wall is covered by the massive modernistic mosaic known to fans and alums as Touchdown Jesus, who smiles down benevolently on the stadium. You'd think with God on their side, the Irish wouldn't have to be fighting all the time. But tomorrow, I'll take all the help I can get.

Next stop is my lodging. Tonight's booking is at a little place I call Motel Zero, a name that reflects both the price and level of comfort. In short, I'll be staying just yards away from the finish line, in the stadium parking lot, in my cozy Honda Accord. The front seat reclines all the way, and with a couple of cushy pillows, I'll be snug as a bug. I've even brought an extra blanket, which will help ward off the chill, since the sky has already cleared and the temps are headed for the low forties. The only thing I really have to worry about is the occasional group of revelers weaving home from Legends in the wee small hours. But I'll be getting up myself in one of those wee hours, since the race tees off at 6:00 a.m. sharp.

{Rick}

4 AM could not have come soon enough. I was mentally ready. I looked outside and NO RAIN. Checked the weather on my IPAD and it looks like the storms will roll in after 11 AM. Since it's a one way course, everyone is bussed in. I walk a mile to my pickup point behind the Sears at "The Mall" to catch the 530AM shuttle for the 28 mile ride (from the mall) to the race start. I arrive at 615 AM and its already packed with people. There is a

sea of porta potties and lines are not too bad. Corrals are set up in the honor system by pace time. I get in the 7 min 30 corral which is towards the front. Standing in my corral I chat with another runner from Cape Canaveral Florida here to qualify for Boston. As I am standing there, the 3 young men from the bus, linked arm in arm, are skipping and singing their way in unison to the first corral at the start. I don't think I have ever been THAT carefree a day in my life!

{Bob }

The first thing I check for when I get up is rain—and any errant packets of gel that may have gotten squished on the floor. Dang, it's cold up here in the North. I don't need any moisture to make things worse. After a quick Superman-telephone-booth change into running gear, I don my pre-race Hefty bag (which I've thoughtfully pre-drilled for arm and leg holes) and trot to the start line, in the center of town, just under two miles away. When I go past Rocco's ("Serving ND fans since 1953!"), the smell of stale pizza tells me I'm halfway to the start.

Just across from the start line on St. Joseph St. is the College Football Hall of Fame, which graciously opens its doors so we huddled marathoners can stay warm, adjust our timing chips, have our coffee and bagels, and otherwise do what we gotta do. There's around 500 runners registered in the marathon, and it seems like at least half of us are crammed in the lobby. Among the throng are a couple of pace-group leaders, but after a not-so-successful experience with the 4-hr. group at Albany Marathon, I've decided to trust my own pace chart. Basically, that means doing whatever the heck I feel like. What would you expect from a guy that just spent the night in a Honda?

{Rick}

I am wearing a pace chart for a 3 hr 25 min finish. My qualify time is 3 hr 30 min but I thought mentally it would be better knowing I had a little extra time in the bank if I could follow this pace. Anyway, qualifying for Boston doesn't mean you GET INTO Boston. Usually, they only select those that are 1-1/2 to 2 minutes under their qualifying time just based on the number of applicants. So 2 trips to the porta potty (check), one muscle milk (check), one Nutri-Grain Blueberry Bar (check), one half cup coffee (check), 7 magic, chocolate covered coffee beans (check), and one Gu Roctane later (check), the 730 gun is fired and off we go!

A TALE OF 2 MARATHONS cont'd...

{Bob }

Did I mention that it was cold!!!? At least by my Florida-on-the-beach-at-noon standards. It's ten minutes till the gun and 45 degrees Fahrenheit. I hope this Hefty bag doesn't cover my bib number at the finish. Like a sprinter hovering over the blocks, I'm bobbing and weaving before the start—but headed for the rear of the pack so as not to get overcome with the insane urge to run anything faster than a 9:00 first mile.

I'm looking to the east for that first glimmer of daylight. Runners are starting to fling their wraps to the sidewalks. Not me, brother. I'm keeping my polypro hat, and underneath my Gore. . . , er, HeftyTex, is a long-sleeve tech shirt, tube sox for gloves, and five packets of Hammer Gel in the waistband of my shorts. The gel goes one by one down the hatch; the rest stays put till the finish line.

Just as I see that first grayish glow on the horizon, the director says we've got two minutes till the start. Double-knot those laces, hat off for the Anthem, final quad stretch. Ready to roll.

{Rick }

The race starts with confidence.

Weather is perfect. Fueled up and body feels good. Not thinking about what lays before me just thinking about 1 mile at a time and an opportunity to listen to my favorite (3 plus hour IPOD playlist of country songs). The course has enormous marker balloons at every mile, clocks at the usual intervals, as well as mats so your time can be magically transferred via text to those who are smart enough to be watching rather than running. The first 5K is a breeze and 21ish minutes seem to come and go in a heartbeat. Thinking about pacing, I realize I need to slow down a tad and conserve more for the end so when I crossed the 10K in 46ish minutes I was comfortable with my pace and felt I still had some time in the bank. The rolling terrain continued to the 13.1 mark and it took some effort to maintain speed but all was well and I arrived at the half at 1 hour 42ish minutes. I was feeling a bit sluggish but half way there and only 13.1 to go ...right? My pace began to slow around mile 14. I lost 15 seconds a mile by 14 then another 15 seconds a mile by mile 15. By mile 16 somehow my body had slowed from a 7 min 30 pace to a 9 minute pace without any notice. The mind is a funny thing. Being an Engineer (A negative for being a

runner), I begin to calculate the reality of finishing in BQ time even if I were able to bring the pace back to 8 min a mile. I had banked time, but spent all that over the last couple miles. I kept hearing the words of my buddy Jim from Jacksonville. "Rick, don't be a hero and don't let your ego get in the way. If you want to BQ and it isn't happening bring it in but don't exert to the point that it will extend your recovery time for the next race". Listening to Jim's advice, throwing ego aside, and the reality that a BQ wasn't happening this race, a whole new race began. The next 3 miles were at about a 10-12 min pace. I got to enjoy the beautiful scenery along the lake. I unplugged my headphones and ate strawberries, oranges, and bananas from spectators along the way (I passed on the bacon !). It was a sense of frustration and defeat, but at the same time relief. Looking down at my Garmin at mile 23 the time said 3 hour 28min. I felt great; almost rested. With 3.2 miles left to go mentally I had to at least beat my 1st marathon time of 4 hoursand so another race began. The streets were loaded with fans. My IPOD plugged back in. It felt good running past most who were exhausted and I crossed the finish at 3 hr 59 min.

{Bob }

First mile, perfect—9:15 and feeling loose. And from what I can see, it's going to be a beautiful sunny day with a light breeze and low humidity. The heavenly day I've never seen in all the years I've run here. I'm throwing caution to the wind, and my Hefty bag into the trash box at the first aid station—the first of 23 watering holes on the course—all friendly and efficient. What's not so efficient is the timing system. I remember digital clocks at miles 5, 10, 15, and 20. Maybe 13.1. (And there was a dude at mile 1 calling times from his stopwatch.) I was so blasé about my planning that don't have an iPhone, Garmin, sextant, sundial, or even a stinkin' watch. What I do have is my finely tuned lupine sense of circadian rhythms and the eternal solidarity with the pack (and the remarkable ability to sell myself on all this BS). I do know that I'll have to ease into a faster pace to be sub-4:00 at the end. At mile 5, I feel at one with myself, the pack, and my first Hammer Gel. Average pace—8:45 per mile. I feel like this is a good zone to coast in, and striding along at this level brings me to a comfy 2:59 at mile 20. This middle fifteen miles is the heart of the course—an endless tree-lined road

rolling alongside the placid St. Joseph River.

My no-plan plan has given me a decent cushion to finish the last 10K. The mind games at this point in the marathon are pretty amusing (Here's a sample: "If I just keep running at my nice 8:30 pace, I'll break 3:50."). Yeah, and maybe the monkeys that fly out of my backside will carry me over the finish line. But if I get real and average about 9:20 per mile from here on in, I'll still break 4:00—ten minutes under my BQ time. I know, for instance, that once I reach Sunny Italy (the restaurant near mile 23, not the country) that I'll have to walk up a good part of the 8%# \$ half-mile hill that immediately follows. Then, wonder of wonders: I top the hill and still have some giddy-up. I'm probably down to a 9:30 pace by now, but I can smell the barn and see the overarching maples along Eddy Street leading into Moose Krause circle, around the stadium.

By the time I hit the tunnel, on the north end of the stadium, I know I've got it. Up the tunnel, into the sunlight, and I can see the digital clock still says 3:56. This is the glorious endorphin-drenched zone we're all running toward. The light at the end of the tunnel. Flights of angels. And right there under the finish banner, cheering for me—the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, and Rockne, and the Gipper. Onward to Victoreeee!!!

{Rick }

The ending was bittersweet. I felt defeated for not reaching my goal. I felt great that physically after the race I FELT GREAT. Ellen and I had a nice RaceCation. By the next morning I felt recharged and ready to plan the next race. I learned a lot about training. I learned a lot about pacing. I learned a lot about listening to my body. I learned a lot about myself. The quest for the BQ continues

{Bob }

I've been given a great opportunity on this perfect day and I'm ecstatic that I was able to capitalize on it. Great support from all my friends at the ACRR, a race that I know intimately, and a day made in heaven. I've done a bunch of these things they call marathons, but I've still never lost that lovin' feelin'.

{Rick }

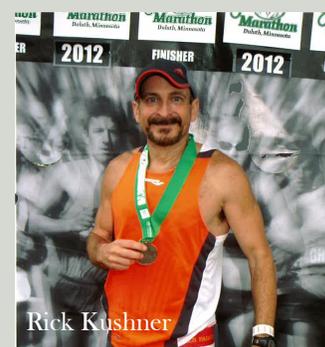
I have booked my hotel for Boston Marathon 2013 where I will volunteer again next year. I am so proud that I will be escorting Bob, Jim Powers,

and other ACRR members to their Corral. As far as running it goes..Boston 2014 is the new goal!
{Bob }

So I've made my plans for next April. Called Cousin Renée in Somerville to book the same room I've had reserved since the 1979 race. Half a mile from the Sullivan Square T-stop, then a five-minute ride to the Chinatown stop and a few blocks' walk to Tremont Street and the long yellow line of buses, where I'll be looking for Jim Powers and hopefully a bunch of other ACRR runners. Getting off the bus in Hopkinton, I'll be looking for my training partner Rick, who, I'm counting, will find me a nice little corral in Wave 3. An egg bagel and a latte would be nice. Thanks.

-Rick Kushner

-Bob Furnish (aka Marathon Bob..aka Hippie Bob)



Rick Kushner



Bob Furnish

Stay Tuned for Upcoming Club Events

Girl's Night Out... Sunset Cruise



Leah, Debbie, and Gail enjoying the view



Meredith, Jessica, Rebecca & Sandy having fun!



Cellar Six for tables of fun after cruisin'!



Glad to finally join up with those stuck on the bridge! Special thanks to Theresa for organizing it!

Birthday Socials Thursdays monthly-
Endless Summer 10 K, Sept 25th
PUTP- Pink Up the Pace, Oct 6th
USA 5K, Oct 20th
Compassion 5K,
Fall Hash Run, Oct?
St. Augustine 1/2 Marathon, Nov 17th
Shut up and Run, Nov 25th

So why was the moon Blue this month? August had 2 full moons, a rare occurrence.

Pedro Pedometer... (letter from the Editor)

Summer is coming to a close and fall is just around the corner, though many of you may not feel the same when 'rounding the bend coming into Publix after those long Saturday runs, the temps should be dropping making the mileage more comfortable while gearing up for Jax Bank and/or New Orleans upcoming marathons. Most of you are probably either thinking of the schedule or have already started the treacherous long haul of weeks tallying your schedule as you approach the upcoming races. Good luck in your training! I do have to say, that producing a summer newsletter presented it's challenges as material at first seemed a bit scarce. As with most things, it worked itself out. I do feel in the upcoming issues that more news related to social's and race events will be made a priority as a few important summer events may have been missed that I would have really like to have captured. Some items from summer to recap were: Vilano Beach 5k, Girl's night out Sunset Cruise, Olympic trials, ACRR summer social at the pier, and probably several series of local triathlons. I am going to chalk it up to people being busy with family vacations, camps, and other summer fun that limited our presentation. So here is your challenge ACRR... please help me in gathering up pictures and quick notes on upcoming social and race events as it is difficult for me to remember to capture these moments alone! Even if it is a few pictures, you know that old saying a picture's worth a thousand words. And it helps jog my memory!

- Bridget Calkins

The Ancient City Road Runners are runners just like you who meet several times a week to... run. Fortunately, club members also tend to meet and gather for the social aspect, which is so well-deserved after spending so much time hitting the pavement together. We run hard and have fun!

The ACRR started in 1982 when some like-minded people saw the need for a running club in our city. The club's constitution states:

"The prime object of this association shall be the promotion and encouragement of long distance running and the education of the public to its benefits."

This still rings true today as we volunteer our services in the timing and management of local races like the Matanzas 5K, raise money for St. Johns County high-school track and cross-country teams, and hold a running camp each summer. - Judith Burdan

If you have an article, announcement or just want to comment on the newsletter please write to: acrrnews2012@gmail.com or catch me on the discussion board or group runs. Check the board for current updates.



Looking forward... hopeful features coming in Fall 2012

- local 5k's
- hash run
- fall marathons
- tri's in season