

## **THE ROAD TO THE CHICAGO MARATHON**

### **March 5, 2009 -- OFFICIAL ENTRY #1 -- ON THE ROAD AGAIN**

So, here's the reality folks: Right now, it feels as if I have started somewhere in the far reaches of the Alaskan wilderness to try to make my way to Chicago, IL in time (and shape) to run the marathon.

I was running with someone a few weeks ago and we were talking about how easy it is to get off track and out of shape in comparison to how hard it is to get on track and in shape. I will admit that I am so far off track right now that most of you would be far from inspired!

I'm going to take the liberty to make a few excuses at least -- since the second week of January, at least one member of my household (mainly the 15 month old) has been sick with one icky gross childhood illness or another. Does that work yet? The same 15 month old has now decided that sleeping through the night is way overrated and there must be something really fun going on between the hours of 2 a.m. and 5 a.m. Does this work yet?

Okay, and my final excuse? I just haven't been getting my butt out there to do what I need to do. Somewhere in the far depths of my mind, I must simply believe that I am way under the age of forty, that this will all just happen and that I have plenty of time.

I am basically wrong on all fronts and I know that. The reality is that having sick kids, being sick myself and not getting enough sleep are just the realities of life. I signed up for it and now I have to find the right time of day to get my workouts in. If its important enough (which it is) then I need to make it happen. There isn't anyone out there who is going to do this for me and there isn't anyone who is going to volunteer to hang out with Gabe while he parties in the middle of the night!

The other reality is that the forty mark has come and gone. Exercising is now more important than ever. I don't know about some of you, but I want to be one of those women who is more than able to run forever! I also want to make it to an old enough age bracket where I can go slow enough to qualify for the Boston Marathon (sorry, I'm digressing again).

So, you've heard all of my excuses. I got them off of my chest and out in the open. And now I'm going to move on! It's time to get training or it is going to be really hard to make my way to Chicago.

I'll see you on the roads. Wave when you see me!