

## The ROAD TO THE COLUMBUS MARATHON

### August 28, 2008 -- Journal Entry #10

About a week or so ago my family went to visit my brother and his family at their lake house in Wisconsin. This is a great little getaway (only about an hour from Chicago) that is relaxing, peaceful and a great place for kids to be kids. Don't worry - I'm getting to the running part.

I wanted to try and get a run in (at least so I could pretend that I had put in a longish sort of run and so that I could justify the amount of Graeters Ice Cream that I had been consuming over the course of the weekend). It was my brother's birthday -- why shouldn't I celebrate?

Anyway, as usual I am digressing (way beyond the point of digression)!

On this run I was also taking the stroller (the BOB Revolution just for clarification) and Gabriel (all 9 months and 19 pounds of him) with me. To give you an even better image of this picture, we were in the midst of rolling hills and I decided that it was a great idea to do this at 12:00 p.m. on a very hot day.

Basically, I reminded myself that a working mother has to do whatever it takes to get the workout in! There was also the little voice in the back of my head reminding me that thousands of people know that I am training for the upcoming Columbus Marathon (also a great way to incentivize yourself -- tell as many random friends and strangers that you possibly can that you have set this goal for yourself).

So, I head out for my run and realize (very quickly) that I really can't go very far. There aren't any sidewalks and there were a lot of country roads with lots of pick-up trucks pulling boats, etc. driving by! I had Gabe to think about!

So, up and down and around the same loop over and over I went. Let's just recap for a minute here -- pushing 45 pounds (the stroller plus Gabe), it was high noon in the heat, it was hilly and I was running in circles. Don't ya' wish you had joined me?

I only ran for about an hour -- I figured that the other extenuating circumstances would allow me to say that I really ran for two hours. That's the way it works, right?

Now that I think about it a little bit more though -- I did make it for an hour. I spent a lot of the time talking to Gabe -- who had promptly fallen asleep. But, along the way I told myself that this is what being a mom and setting a good example for a fit and healthy lifestyle is about. I will be able to tell Gabriel (like I tell his brother now) that I used to run with him and that he helped me train for my comeback marathon!

I convinced myself that anyone who drove by was quite impressed by the woman plodding along, pushing the stroller uphill. Maybe they were convinced to take a walk or to do something more active when they got home. Just maybe.

You take the circumstances and the options before you and you work with what you have. It wasn't long enough to be counted as a long run -- but it was the best that I could do on that day. That's really all that anyone can ask for of themselves (or

those around them) do the best that you can and then take a moment to acknowledge this accomplishment.