

## The ROAD TO THE COLUMBUS MARATHON

### February 7, 2008 -- Journal Entry #2

About a week ago I headed out for a run at 5:15 a.m. (yes that is a.m.) in the rain. I was running with a friend of mine, Barb, who many of you probably know from her years of working at Fleet Feet. We have run together in the early morning hours off and on for several years. It had been a long time since we had run together.

To be honest, I'm not sure if she missed our morning runs (who really misses getting up at 5:00 a.m.?) -- but I know that I had. More than I had even realized until that morning.

I had missed a chance to catch up with her and find out what was new in her life. I had missed the mornings of talking about a range of topics -- random things that aren't really that important to other topics that stimulate your brain and challenge you to think beyond your own comfort zone (just the easy things like politics, religion, etc.).

This run reminded me about one of the greatest gifts that running has given me -- friendships. There is nothing like a running friendship. These are people that often know details about your life that most people will never know, but they may not know your last name. These are folks who you can spend several hours a week with and share the true intimacies of your life with but you may never share a meal or meet one another's spouses or children. These are people who you may never have taken the time to get to know if it hadn't been for running.

I've met Barb's family, we've shared more than one meal together and I do know her last name. But, there aren't many folks who will head out the door at 5:15 a.m. in the rain just for a run.

It was incredibly exhilarating to finish this early morning run. I hadn't crawled back into bed when i realized it was pouring. I stepped up the pace when Barb commented on the plodding nature of our workout. And, I reaped the rewards of one of the true benefits of running, 45 minutes just for me and a friend.

I haven't convinced Barb to join me on my entire journey to the Columbus Marathon. I think I've at least convinced her to join me on some of the back roads that will take me there. It might be 5:15 a.m. or it might be 9:00 p.m. Whatever works I'll take.