

The Road to Columbus Marathon

April 10, 2008 -- Journal Entry #5

I apologize that so much time has passed since my last entry! While my writing has lagged behind, the good news -- I suppose -- is that my running hasn't. I actually ran 14 miles this past weekend. I still continue to have moments where I can't believe I have actually made it this far (and even more times when I really wonder if it is possible to go further).

Over the past couple of weeks I have definitely experienced Runner's High and Runner's Low. I have had one of the best runs I can ever remember having and I have also had one of the worst runs I can ever remember having.

No matter what the Garmin said, I am still convinced that my 12 mile run a couple of weeks was definitely longer! It has to have been, right?

So, the Runner's Low can set in when you are least expecting it. But, imagine finding yourself on a run where you actually hit the wall or bonk (or whatever lovely description you want to use) at Mile 1. Yup, I'm talking Numero Uno -- not midway through, not toward the last few miles, but Mile 1!!!

When this happens I have decided that it must be one of two things that get you through -- pure insanity or the help of friend. Okay, so maybe it takes both! On this particular morning I was running with Karen Cosgrove -- who will soon be running her 100th Marathon at the Flying Pig. She of course was fresh as a daisy, wasn't carrying any water and had stuck a Kudo's bar in her pocket at the last minute.

I, on the other hand, was her personal Sherpa. I was loaded down with my Fuelbelt - - filled to the brim with water and other essentials like Honey Stinger Gels and Luna Moons. For Karen it was just another run up and down every hill in Hyde Park. She swears we missed a few. For me it was like climbing Mt. Everest for several hours and doing it over and over again without oxygen. Okay, so maybe I'm being a little melodramatic -- but only a little.

I will confess to you that had I not been running with Karen that morning I know that I would have cut the run short. It was the combination of the friendship and the insanity that came with thinking that I couldn't let this non-water drinking, Kudos-eating running partner beat me up the next hill!

One of our coaches from the Fleet Feet Training program sent an email out the other day with the following words of encouragement:

The first third of the run comes from your feet (the many miles of training). The second third of the run comes from your head (all the wisdom that you have learned, proper hydration, etc.). BUT, THE LAST THIRD COMES FROM YOUR HEART!! IT IS THAT SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE YOU THAT MAKES YOU BELIEVE AND ACHIEVE.

These words really resonated for me. How true they are. It's your feet, your head and your heart that get you out there every day and then actually keep you going (even when you bonk).

See you on the roads on the way to Columbus!