

APRIL 2021

~ FOOTNOTES ~



A walk at sunset - Photography by Gary Murphy.



The Fun Running Club ~

Ramblings by the Running Rev -aka John Cathcart



Apparently to “ramble” is to walk for pleasure in the countryside or talk or write at length in a confused inconsequential manner. I’m pretty good at doing both! During these pandemic times, I’ve taken to “rambling” in the morning and “running” in the afternoon. Another word I prefer to “rambling” is “sauntering” - to walk in a slow, relaxed manner - a leisurely stroll in other words. For me, sauntering is a spiritual exercise as I try to take in the wonders and beauty of nature around me. On my ramblings I always carry my camera, and while not a photographer, I like to capture “memories” of my daily walks and runs.

It was just a beautiful morning. The sun was shining, the sky was blue, so off I set, well wrapped up against the biting wind. However the snow was in retreat and the ice-fishing tents (not huts) had been removed from the canal as the ice rumbled and cracked as the big thaw set in. Then, there it was, right in front of me in all his great glory. As I fumbled to get my camera operational, it was no easy task trying to get my gloves off and so felt sure the beautiful sight would take flight before I got a photograph. However the beautiful Cardinal waited and patiently posed for me!



The place where I have done most of my ramblings and running over the winter has been a place called Merrit Island. It is a popular spot for walkers, runners, and cyclists and the Welland City very kindly kept it free from snow and ice. This is the first winter they have done this. One of the few benefits of the pandemic, I guess.

Over the winter months I have got to know quite a few of the “regulars” along the Island’s path which has the Welland Canal on one side and the Welland River on the other side - hence making a 8km out and back loop surrounded by trees and on this morning, the birds were singing and their song was indeed the song of Spring.

There's a couple I meet most mornings who, as they go along fill up little plastic bottles with seeds that they and others have placed and hung from tree branches. They also scatter seeds and peanuts along the path here and there for the very friendly squirrels. Some hungry ducks were having breakfast when I came along and they very kindly, like the Cardinal, were willing to pose for me, although it was more like "Just ignore him, he'll go away" type attitude.



As the late John O'Donohue, Irish poet, philosopher and Celtic theologian, once noted, "Many of us have made our world so familiar that we do not see it anymore. An interesting question to ask yourself at night is, What did I really see this day?"

A little later as I rambled along, there was a lot of noise coming from the River side of the Island, the Canada geese were getting ready for take off after spending the night on the open water where the coyotes can't get them. They make quite a fuss when they are getting airborne, I was able to capture two of them as they honked their way to wherever they were going - probably to fertilize some golf course or descend on some farmer's fields where they can feed on seeds or shoots.



“If you go out for several hours into a place that is wild, your mind begins to slow down, down, down. What is happening is that the clay of your body is retrieving its own sense of sisterhood with the great clay of the landscape.” ~ John O'Donohue

I enjoy my morning ramblings, just sauntering along, stopping to take in the sights and sounds and even smells of nature, allowing nature's beauty to touch my soul at its deepest level. Along the way, I'll stop for a few minutes to talk with some of the regulars, like the couple who feed the birds and who are camera shy; or Brian, who used to run everyday for years until a knee injury took him out of the game. Then there is Linnett and Denis and their Westie Mac. Lin and Den are in their mid 70's and both are marathoners, Lin having run in Boston many years ago but still holding on to the dream to qualify one more time.

I was on my way back - my morning rambling is an out and back course - and there was the Cardinal, surrounded by some other birds, all partaking in the banquet provided by the camera-shy bird-seed couple and it was just an amazing sight ... it looked like the Cardinal was a tad overdressed for the occasion though!



Now that Spring has arrived I'm eagerly looking forward to the explosion of new life as Easter approaches and the landscape turns green.

“And I think that was one of the recognitions of the Celtic imagination — that landscape wasn't just matter, but that it was actually alive. What amazes me about landscape — landscape recalls you into a mindful mode of stillness, solitude, and silence, where you can truly receive time.”

I do take time to just sit on the benches along the way and listen to the birds sing.

Run Gently John

Fundy Trail Parkway / St. Martins Run by Kay Stairs



Steve Scott's article about running Mcleod Hill brought back memories of when Rick and I used to run that route. We were inspired to try it again on a lovely Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago. As Steve noted, the run has its ups and downs. He gave a vivid description of the ups, but the descent to the Royal Road is a nice section if you like downhill running like I do. It was nice to see Kevin S. who stopped his truck and said "you guys crazy?" on his drive home. Sunday afternoon is the perfect time to do this run because the traffic on the Royal Road (Hwy 620) is fairly light. Our 17 km route conveniently starts at our front door and ends after a final uphill (Fulton Ave.) in the hot tub.

This got me thinking about the other "traditional" routes Rick and I have done. The most longstanding (eight years so far) is our St. Martins run on the Fundy Trail Parkway. When the parkway was first constructed, Alex Coffin devised an annual race called the Fundy Rocks Half Marathon that he named the "toughest race in New Brunswick". Rick took the challenge and participated in the race in its last year. The following year he was courting me and naturally took me out to run the route and even managed to get in touch with Alex and get me a finisher plaque and singlet.

The route starts on the road across from the entrance to the upper parking at the Visitor Center. There is a wooden hut on the north side of the road where we put water bottles etc. and start our watches. The half marathon route consists of two out and backs, the first to the east to the Tufts Point lookoff and the second to the west to just past Pangburn Beach. The first turnaround is the old terminus of the parkway, but it has now been extended to Sussex.

At the hut, the view over the Big Salmon River is amazing. Anyone who has hiked the Fundy footpath knows what the terrain is like when a river joins the sea on the Fundy Coast... big downhill... big uphill. We run down to the parkway bridge where you can see all the sensible tourists walking to the suspension bridge from the parking lot, and then up past huge cliffs as the road bends so you can never actually see the top. My legs are burning, but I don't stop because I don't trust myself to start again. Running up this hill one Fall, I raised my head to see a moose on the plateau at the top of the cliff. A breathtaking distraction from the burning legs, and compensation for being slow as Rick the Mountain Goat was too far ahead to see it.

At the Tufts Point lookoff we take in the view and turn back. The ups are downs and the downs are up. The monster hill coming out of the Big Salmon River is broken up by a stop at the hut for water and fuel. The second loop has some big rolling hills but nothing too steep. The lookoffs afford beautiful views if you have a clear day and the shoulder/road surface is great for running. The tradition is to "run the lookoffs" by going right into the parking area.

Last year my legs were so jelly-like by the end I had to walk on the last hill. I was absolutely thrilled that I had almost finished, and simultaneously shocked that I had done all the huge hills and was walking up such a minor one. The last downhill into the river valley is amazing. The road bends towards the sea and a paved road goes steeply up and inland at the bottom of the bend. For a few seconds, I'm pretty discouraged thinking about going up another huge hill, before I see past the bend and realize I'm continuing down. This happens to me every time I do the run. Ain't it amazing how your brain stops working properly when you are tired? At this point, no power is required from jelly legs, just constant turnover and a slight lean downhill. Its more like flying than running.

Fall and spring are the best times to do the run. We did it on Canada Day a few years ago. The fog and cloud of the morning lifted a little past the halfway point so we were running in blazing sun and 26 degrees for the last part and I don't think I'd do that again....

We've never met anyone else running on the road when we are there. In 2020 some cyclists passed by us several times. Coming down the hairpin bend turn above Long Beach I spoke with them where they were taking a break to watch three bald eagles soaring close to the cliff edge. Watching the magnificent birds wheel around over my head while running downhill straight towards the sea was amazing.



Another year we hit the week that maintenance was being done on the shoulders and lookoffs and got a few laughs out of the shocked expression on the workers faces as we huffed and puffed past them. You could almost predict it as you approached each work crew location. In 2020 Rick met our friends Peter and Connie who were driving through the Parkway to Sussex... they blew right past me but recognized Rick and pulled over to say hi. One year there was an antique car rally going through the parkway, which was interesting to watch as we ran.

At the little hut Rick is waiting for me. He was ahead the whole way and now he is saying he's not sore and walking like he really, really is. We stop our watches, celebrate, and offer thanks that we can still do this crazy run on this beautiful coast. We go back to the parking lot, drive to the lower lot and walk slowly with the tourists across the suspension bridge. Depending on the temperature, we wade or swim in the cool, clear pool on the Big Salmon River, near the NO SWIMMING sign that we always notice after we get out. Pre- covid the information center could be used to change clothes, but there are plenty of secluded woods to do that in too. Last stop is at the sea caves and the Seaside Restaurant for chowder and fried clams. The drive home is usually kind of quiet. Nobody would want to see us getting out of the car on our arrival home.



We don't seem to have any photos, just lots of great memories. We've never had anyone join us but would love to have company, covid permitting. The parkway is open mid-May to Mid- October with an entrance fee of \$10.00 for adults. There are lots of things to do and see besides running, and beautiful picnic spots. Fundy trail Parkway website is www.fundytrailparkway.com

Always happy to supply some photos! Editor.

Dick Hoyt and His Son Rick - Legends of The Boston Marathon



Dick Hoyt, left, and Rick Hoyt, accept the Jimmy V Perseverance Award at the ESPY Awards. Dick Hoyt, who last competed with his son in the Boston Marathon in 2014, has died, the Boston Athletic Association announced Wednesday, March 17, 2021. He was 80. (Photo by John Shearer)

USA Triathlon is heartbroken to learn of the passing of Dick Hoyt. Hoyt was an endurance sports icon, a Boston Marathon and Kona legend and a USA Triathlon Hall of Famer. More importantly, he was a tremendous father and a beloved member of our community.

The push-assist duo of Dick and Rick Hoyt has inspired athletes all over the world — showing us what's truly possible with hard work, dedication and teamwork. Dick's legacy will last forever through the lives he's helped change and the barriers he's helped break. Our thoughts and deepest condolences go out to his family. May he rest in peace.

Over three decades, Dick and Rick Hoyt paved the way for the countless push-assist teams around the world who participate in endurance sports today.

In January of 2020, Dick and Rick were inducted into the USA Triathlon Hall of Fame, becoming the first push-assist team to be inducted, and Rick the first inductee with a disability. For decades, the father-son team completed triathlons, marathons and other endurance events together. Rick Hoyt was born with cerebral palsy and

quadriplegia. The duo started racing in 1985, when Rick was a teenager, and completed more than 1,000 endurance events together.

“Team Hoyt” became the first duo ever to complete the IRONMAN World Championship in Kailua-Kona, Hawaii, in 1989, and repeated the feat in 1999.

“This is what we did together, as a father and son. Rick is such a great kid. He’s just like you and me, he lives on his own. He’s just a great kid and now we’ve got all these Team Hoyt organizations in different states. That is something I’m very proud of,” Dick Hoyt said in January 2020 at the USA Triathlon Hall of Fame induction ceremony in Tempe, Arizona.

Fellow USA Triathlon Hall of Fame member and longtime Boston Marathon race director Dave McGillivray introduced Team Hoyt at the ceremony, telling the story of how he met the famous push-assist team at the Boston Marathon — the iconic race the duo would go on to run 37 times.

“I looked upon them with bewilderment. What is this? Someone is actually pushing another person in a wheelchair? I’d never seen that before. I waited for them at the finish line as I just had to find out who they were and what this was all about. That began a 40-year relationship and friendship between us,” McGillivray said. “I asked Dick if he wanted to do my Bay State Triathlon. He said, ‘Not without Rick.’ I thought, ‘how is he going to do this?’ As we all know, the rest is history. They did it and never looked back.”



RUNBERS by Rob Jackson



You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running. Issue #18



By the time you read this, winter will officially be over and we will have welcomed spring! However, if you can find a nice, snowy area in which to run, and if you get there and discover you forgot to bring your shoes, why not try to beat the world record for a barefoot half-marathon in the snow? In 2020-21 the record has fallen many times, with Max Weigand from Basil, Switzerland smashing the most recent record by 28 minutes, completing the 21.1-kilometre distance in 1:12:38. As reported by Canadian Running Magazine on March 5, 2021, Weigand is originally from Germany, and formerly ran for the German National Track Team:

“Running circles around a small field, he completed the first kilometre far ahead of his goal pace in 3:15, but decided that he felt good enough to keep going. According to Weigand, his training for the run made the cold outside temperature not a problem, but of course, the real struggle was his cold feet, which really started to become a problem after the 10K mark. At that point, he described the feeling as “running on needles”, and said it was the most painful thing he’s ever experienced in his life. The sun finally came out with two kilometres to go, which allowed him to push the pace and close the run in a 3:21 and 3:10.”

Happy spring running, and don't forget your shoes!

Rob

FOSSILS CORNER by Steve Scott



It is the day before astronomical Spring, cool and sunny with snow on the ground but with the promise of warmer weather just a day or two away and covid vaccination just around the corner. This in itself should take a load off our shoulders after the relative isolation we have all been through recently.

Time to begin planning for the running (racing? Season). And so we shall; I will attempt to bring back the Famous (infamous) Hill Climb. Look for it when the bugs are at their worst like mid to late June. There will probably still be covid protocols to follow, but should not make things too, too complicated. After all it will be a fun event only. The Trophy will be awarded as usual, if we can find it. I hope Mike M. knows where it is.

On great running routes of the past I would like to tell you about the Howies' Hill Route which was named after a former CCRR President, Howard Myatt. This training run was known for its long climb. Needless to say that Howie never really liked it because he really slowed on this grade and we usually waited at the top for him. He always had a grin on his face when he got there which quickly faded as we started up again at a quicker pace. In the final analysis, this route made Howie a better runner as he demonstrated as time went by. His training partners had done their job well.

The route by the way usually began near the old Centennial Building headed for the Green and across the Westmoreland Bridge and then proceeded up the Northside By Pass behind Fulton Heights to the Claudie Road area and then turned back down Sunset Drive in Nashwaaksis with several variations thrown in to increase the distance. It is worth pointing out that this route is probably not too safe these days due to traffic volumes and roundabouts that have popped up in recent years.

That's it for this time folks; do your distance, keep your distance, get your “jab”, wear your mask and be “bubble responsible” and remember . . . “there is no finish line...”

Steve!

President's Report by Fran Robinson



It's hard to believe that Spring is already upon us. The snow is going and we are having warmer temperatures. It is more appealing to get out for a run. Certainly, it is easier to get out for our evening runs now that the time has "sprung ahead". No doubt, there will still be more snow, but we know it will melt quickly. We have had walkers and runners out regularly which is great to see. Hopefully more will start coming out regularly. If this morning (first day of Spring) is any indication, we will. We had a good crowd out this morning.

We are back in the Yellow phase of Covid. Still lots of events are done now virtually or cancelled. It's a hard year for competitions and social activities as a club.

Following one of the member's suggestions, we are aiming to host a Zoom meeting April 13th evening to at least talk about favourite runs (favourite route in the area, a run from further away, a memorable running event). We are asking that runners prepare a 5 minute presentation with slides if possible describing their favourite destination with the following guidelines:

Destination - where did you go?; **Event** – what type of event was it; **Geography and Topography** - what were the running conditions; What makes this run/running event special to you?

It would be great if you would participate in this. Please send us your name with willingness to participate and attend to: info@ccrr.ca

Other news is as follows: We've been having issues with our new email info@ccrr.ca - If you haven't received any emails from us lately, please let us know by responding to my personal email (franrobinson100@gmail.com) and we'll try to work with you to rectify the situation.

We are working on upgrading our website (www.ccrr.ca) and in future will be publishing the Footnotes there instead of emailing it to you. We think the large size of the file may be the reason for our difficulties in sending these issues to you.

We are still looking for old t-shirts from past years to put together a quilt for the CCRR. Kay Stairs is now taking the lead on this project and needs your old t-shirts soon so she can get started. Way to go Kay!! I will be helping her out and I believe Liz Richard may too. The years we are missing are as follows: 1983-1990, 1992, 1997, 2003 – 2007, 2009-2019. Until next month. Happy running. ~ Fran



Henny is sitting outside on the deck and enjoying the sunshine. Every now and then she comes inside and tells me how nice it is and leaves the door open so I suck in a nice cool draft and it is not beer!

We as runners and bikers are very lucky that as this Covid 19 period continues we can still exercise. No matter what kind of weather we will be outside to do our thing!

Personally the worst about this virus is that we cannot be with all our friends and family. Also we cannot shake hands and share hugs.

We have an elderly neighbour who had to bring his wife to the hospital and he was not allowed to visit her for months.

Another very good friend of us has cancer and we are not in their bubble. We visit but with 6 feet distance and we cannot support them with physical hugs.

Lots of people we know are lonely and we try to give them a call on a regular basis and maybe you can look around and send a card or an email or a FB message. As a matter of fact we got an e-card from a fellow CCR!

A big virtual handshake and hug!

From The Back Of The Pack. ~ Harry!

PS. I almost forgot to say how another club member brought us a loaf of bread. She thinks I am skinny ! It says somewhere that it is better to give than to receive. So I better get to work on that. Harry



