

~FOOTNOTES~

The Capital City Roadrunner's & Walker's Club

~ May Issue 2026 ~



Another big crew showed up for Saturday's run and we LOVED it! So many new (and returning!) faces—it's awesome seeing this crew grow! Taper week is here, the vibes are high, and even the weather decided to cooperate for once. Couldn't ask for a better combo!

~ Janice Caissie ~

**The
Fredericton
Marathon**

May 10, 2026

**Good luck
everyone**



CAPITAL CITY ROADRUNNERS & WALKERS CLUB

Club Executive 2024-25

President - Joanne Embree

Secretary - Janet Tree

Social Media & Registrar
- Janice Caissie

Treasurer - Joanne Embree

Member-at-large - Boris Allard

Member at Large - Rick Grey

Member-at-Large - Mary McKenna

Fall Classic Race Director
- Sara Young

Footnotes Editor - John Cathcart.

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~FOOTNOTES~

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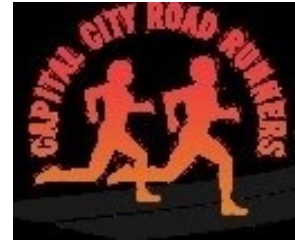
Steve Scott

- Rob Jackson

Paul Looker

Harry Drost

~ JOIN THE CLUB ~



If you're not already a member of CCRR why not join us? It's always fun to run with others and we enjoy plenty of social events as well.

As a member you will get:

Lots of fun-running events

Training companions for marathons,
half-marathons, 5k & 10k etc.

·Regular bi-weekly runs.

We meet at the Currie Centre

Thursday Evenings (5:30 PM)

and Saturday mornings (8:30 AM)

Membership is only \$35 per year
or \$60 for a family.

All running levels are welcome – we
have a growing 'back of the pack'
group who like to take it easy!

To sign up online visit

<https://www.crr.ca/membership>

Or

contact any member of our CCRR
Executive listed in Footnotes.

The Legend of a Long Distance Runner and Silent Thinker. (or the legend that lives in my mind by the running rev.)



It was one of those hot, humid, summer days heading out through the university gates and on my way to the “Green” that runs alongside the majestic Saint John River. It was no longer in flood-stage. The river had dropped to its normal level, leaving a lot of debris behind. It was lazily meandering its way through beautiful New Brunswick landscape. The trees, dazzling and glorious, clothed in their green summer dresses danced in the gentle breeze and birds were serenading me from the branches. It was almost a perfect day for a long-distance run.

However, the reason this particular day and this particular run has stayed in my mind, is because of a particular conversation I had with a complete stranger. I saw him up ahead of me, and with each stride he came back to me, or I caught up to him, and as I passed he shouted “How far are you going?” I hollered back, “Twenty miler.”

As the distance between grew greater, I could hear him shout, “God bless you!”

His words literally stopped me in my tracks. I jogged back to him and shook his hand and said, “God bless you too! How far are you going?”

“Not as far as you!” He was staying at the Beaverbrook Hotel from where he had started his run and informed me he was in town for business. He was an older man, probably in his 60's and me in my late 30's. We walked for a bit. (I had turned my stopwatch off as there were no Garmins back then and no junk miles either! All distances were first measured by car and the trail system was not yet what it is today.

It was probably no more than a two minute conversation as I bid him farewell and he raised his hand and said again, “God bless you and thanks for stopping!”

Maybe only a couple of miles into my run, I set out to mark off the next 18 miles, however, the words “God bless you” still played in my mind. It was just after 8:00am on a Friday when I set out from the Beaverbrook Gym. (I loved the showers there so I always chose to run from there - great water pressure and good conversation - especially on Wednesday nights & Saturday mornings - when the club runs were held.



As I ran along the green, my first hill workout would be to go up Smythe Street as far as Odell Park, make my way through the Park, onto the Hanwell Road to Colonial Heights, down to the Golf Club Road and then make my way up Golf Club Road, on to the Old

Trans-Canada, and down to a left turn, up Springhill Road and the great reward for making it there would be the phenomenal sight as the Saint John River valley spread out before me. What a sight and what a blessing to have eyes to see such a sight.

As I stood there taking in the breathtaking panorama spread before me, an unbroken view where one could see for miles and miles. Cows lazily chewing their cud in the green pastures. To me this great sight of green pastures and still waters reminded me of my Irish roots back in Ireland, the only thing missing were sheep on the hillside.

When seeing such sights here in Canada, and back home in Ireland, particular words of a Psalm come to mind. Written some 3,000 years ago it speaks of God's comfort:

The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
he leads me beside quiet waters, he refreshes my soul.

He guides me along the right paths for his name's sake.
Even though I walk through the darkest valley, I will fear no evil,
For you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies.
You anoint my head with oil my cup overflows.
Surely your goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

As already noted and known as The Twenty-Third Psalm, written over 3,000 years ago, it captures my imagination. It's powerful words offer a deeply personal, comforting portrayal of Almighty God as a protective Shepherd, (rather than a distant deity), who provides rest, guidance, and safety in every season of life. It addresses fundamental human needs for security and peace, promising divine presence through "dark valleys" and reassurance that "goodness and mercy" will prevail over evil. Recalling vividly standing there my thoughts that day were of God's many blessings.

Making my way back to the university, already looking forward to the showers of the Beaverbrook Gym, the downhill was a joy to my heart, and thoughts were flooding my mind of not only how blessed I am, but how blessed my life has been which is not to say life hasn't had its ups and downs. Life is full of joys and sorrows.

Today, those same thoughts flood my mind. Blessings come from every walk of life. Meeting a stranger along life's path, united only by our "sport" and for whom running has different efforts, goals, and outcomes, yet, meeting such a stranger can bring blessings. His words, "God bless you" still resonate with me all these years later.

I finished my run still thinking about my encounter with that stranger, a brother through running, two very different people doing something that perhaps in a small way we take for granted as we have been blessed with health to push our limits.

The stranger, with his comment "God bless you" gave me the gift of a glimpse of heaven, available to anyone, anywhere anytime.

Once, many years ago, a critic of George Sheehan made the comment, "George Sheehan is a legend in his own mind."

Sheehan's response was typically Sheehan, "Of course I am. So is the other runner. You should be too. Each of us must be his or her own hero."

Sheehan writes, "Running gives us back one aspect of life modern civilization has taken away from us — time. People live these days ever-facing the pressures of time and their schedule. Going out for a daily run gives you an hour back where we aren't living by the rhythm of the world but by the rhythm of our legs, sometimes quick and fast, sometimes slow and methodical, but always a rhythm we set for ourselves."

On that Friday morning, the twenty miler in the books as they say, the warm and welcome shower at the LBG so refreshing, and now renewed, to face the heat and humidity (which really wasn't a factor in my run) the words of the stranger "God bless you" was still playing in my head and it still does even today as I write these words.

I will finish with some words of enlightenment that comes from Dr. Sheehan, who died in 1993 from prostate cancer. He wrote a book while dying titled, "Going the Distance: One Man's Journey to the End of His Life." He was a legend for sure.

Running is just such a monastery - a retreat, a place to commune with God and yourself, a place for psychological and spiritual renewal.

Yes, I am a legend in my own mind, and so are you! ~ the running rev!

From the President by Joanne Embree

Hi Everyone,



Spring is here and we have FINALLY had some nice weather for our Saturday run....last week! Kudos to all those who did their long marathon and half marathon training runs on Saturdays. Those who did them on other days seemed to have better weather. Many thanks to Boris for sending out the routes for the weekly long runs in advance. They were very helpful.

We also started a spring tune up for those who have not been running very much outside over the winter because of the cold weather and icy footing. The weather was not particularly cooperative during the first two weeks but some of us have persisted. We will try this project again in June with a four week 'Get Back Into The Running Habit' plan. Hopefully, there should not be any more icy trails then.

Those who are preparing for the Fredericton Marathon are now in their taper period. We talked about that topic at this month's pre Saturday run RunDown session. It's not a big surprise that our members use various formulas to taper back the weekly milage.

However, all are in agreement that doing this well is important. Pushing through during this time period does not improve condition or endurance very much. It can lead to injury or being too fatigued during the run for which one has dedicated months of training.

Some of our club members are doing marathons outside of New Brunswick this year. On April 26, Sara and Justin Young were among the nearly 60,000 runners in the London Marathon. Congratulations to them both for their marathon finishes. It was a marathon for the record books thanks to Sabastian Sawe and Yomif Kejelcha with their sub 2 hour marathon runs. That has been an elusive goal for several years, much like the 4 minute mile was in the 1940s and 50s.

All the best to everyone who is participating in the Fredericton Marathon weekend events. May you enjoy the weekend and accomplish your individual goals. Happy Mothers Day.

Joanne

A Word from Fran Robinson



Hi everyone,

Foot care services for runners in Fredericton

Many athletes, especially runners, can damage their feet throughout the years. Due to the heavy impact, friction and twisting on feet, running can cause damage to the nails, create and thicken callouses, or create corns on all areas of the feet. These can be very painful. A lot of athletes live with this pain and don't realize that there is a solution to ease their pain.

If you experience any discomfort in your feet, there may be help available. If you are interested, you could call, text or email Bree Wood Nursing Services - libbynate02@yahoo.ca, or 506-440-3252. Book an appointment in the clinic on 1889 route 640, Hanwell. All ages are welcome. [\$50 per visit or, couples- \$45 per visit each]. Service covered by most insurance companies. Bree has over 22 years of experience in helping clients to live free from pain due to exterior issues on feet. Start enjoying pain free runs today.

Fran

Bree Wood
Nursing Services

Bree Wood LPN
Nurse/Owner
(506) 440-3252



Services covered by most insurance companies

Over 15 years professional experience

Foot care for all ages

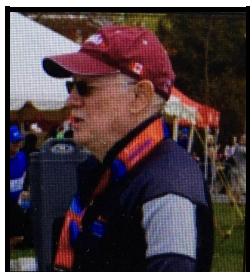
Treatment for:

- corns, callouses
- ingrown and fungal nails

Clinic: \$40
In-Home: \$50

Clinic setting and home visits available

FOSSIL'S CORNER BY STEVE SCOTT



Hi Folks, FOSSIL here; I hope your training is winding down well. Don't forget to give your Coaches Boris and Joanne a big cheer and have a great run. If some CRRers are still waiting till the last minute to sign up, better do it soon. Also, those who aren't running or walking should volunteer as we have a pressing need at this time for the early shift (6:15 am to 9:15am) particularly on the Northside. Just go into our Volunteers section of the website Fredericton Marathon 2026. Karen Grant would be happy for sure.

This will certainly be the largest event we have ever hosted and we would like it to be the very best for all who participate. Not only did we originate this Marathon, but we have also been its biggest supporter since it began. Paul Lavoie and I have always been there for it.

Finally, there is a limit because we only have slightly under 4000 bib numbers.

See you all at the 48th Fredericton Marathon being held on May 9th and 10th MOTHERS DAY WEEKEND.

Just remember" . . . there is no finish line . . ."

Fossil

London Marathon



Justin Young – 2:55:15

Peter Kyberd (looking fit)

Sara Young – 4:25:51

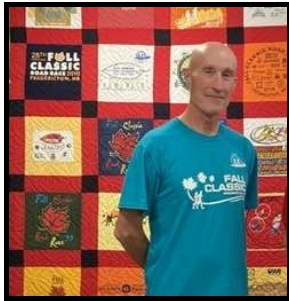
Congratulations to Justin & Sara



Upace Bunnies Are Multiplying

True North Pacing has wrangled a few extra wascally bunnies for the 48th Annual Stewart McKelvey Fredericton Marathon-which means MORE pacing options for your perfect race day. Have a great adventure and run!

First Step... Commitment by Paul Looker



As I was towelling the sweat off of my body, and quickly changing out of my gear, I was thinking to myself. “Wow! I actually did it”. I was oblivious to, and not even thinking about the fact that I was changing clothes in the parking lot, right next to the event venue. Sorry folks. But, the boss and I had places to visit while we were in Moncton. And, I wasn’t going to promenade around town in stinky wet clothing. The drive back to Fredericton would have been unbearable too.

So, what was it I had done? Well, I had just completed a run. My first run in a long time. Sure, there were some stops and starts, and it wasn’t fast or smooth, but I was feeling quite good about it. Mentally, at least. Physically, that was, and was going to be, another matter entirely. I was going to feel this the next day. The next couple of days, no doubt. But, it was a first step, a faltering baby step, maybe. Could it be the stimulus I need to getting back into regular running? I’m not going to dwell on that. But, I will remember that “mentally” it felt good, and that I had enjoyed the activity immensely.

I probably shouldn’t congratulate myself too much though, as the only reason that I had really shown up at this event was out of an obligation that I had made. You see, I had committed last fall to helping Orienteering New Brunswick as a volunteer for the New Brunswick portion of the 2026 Canadian Orienteering Festival. I would be the Start Line Chief and I was being provided some informal training, and “hands-on” experience as I assisted in the start line procedure for the 35th annual Flood-O, on April 26th.

Knowing that I was going to be encountering many positive people, who were there to walk and run through the trails and woods of Centennial park, I came prepared. I had brought my running gear and my compass. But, that had been “just in case the opportunity presented itself”. The atmosphere had the effect that I imagined. So, after sending most of the participants out onto the course I grabbed a map, my compass, and did the same.

Centennial Park in the Spring, is a great venue for a rusty orienteer. Visibility in the woods is much better before all the plants fill out with their summer foliage. I had 11 control points to find. And the distance I would end up running would depend on the decisions and route choices that I made between each control point. I started off slowly, I immediately noticed the extra weight that I had packed on during the last couple months. This was going to be hard.

As I left the trail and started running over the uneven ground in the forest, towards the first control point, I noticed that my legs felt weak and wobbly too. But, I found the control point with no problems and started immediately for the next one. From the orienteering perspective, things began to click. I was finding the control points with relative ease. But, my choice of routes between them was being affected by my being out of shape. Running/walking straight through the woods was proving too tiring, and there was a surprising amount of elevation gain on top of that.

There was one leg, between control points 7 and 8, where the easiest route choice was to run down a relatively flat bike path for approximately 750 meters. This was a runners route choice, a great opportunity to inject some speed into the race. I tried. But, I couldn't get the old legs to move much past first gear. I was wheezing, huffing and puffing. I even looked back to see if I was actually towing something behind me. That was how slow I was going. Trying not to appear too flustered, I tried to control my breathing as I passed a couple walking towards me on the pathway. I don't think I fooled them. I think they were genuinely concerned for this red faced, profusely sweating, old man that was lumbering unsteadily towards them.

I got through the rest of the course, with no navigation issues, but I slowed down considerably. Each successive leg left me more and more fatigued. So much so that the run from the last control point to the finish line seemed to stretch for an eternity.

As I "punched" (old orienteering term) the finish control point, I thought to myself that I had really enjoyed my run/jog/stagger/walk around this course. I felt elated! Of course I realized that the endorphins were masking the physical agony that my muscles were trying to communicate to the brain. But, I was experiencing a runner's "high". I revelled in it's feeling. Man, I missed this! I wanted to experience it again...

During the drive back home from Moncton I thought about the experience of the day. I tried to put it into perspective. It had been a lot of fun. Immediately after the run I realized that I had missed running. But, was the enjoyment of this one singular event enough to get me back into the game? I mean this was my only run for the whole month of April. Then I realized what it was that had actually gotten me out running that day. It was a commitment that I had made to someone else. I will need to look at this further, in relation to myself. Maybe I need to make a commitment to myself... and, not just "chase the dragon" seeking the next runner's high. No matter how good it feels... ~ **Paul**

NB: You can learn more about the Orienteering at the following website address:

(<https://onb.whyjustrun.ca/>)

From The Back of the Pack by Harry Drost



Hello runners/robots,

I just came back from a short walk around the block. Guess what this old 76 year-old guy saw! 38 years ago when I started running it was an event to get the first 200 yards in. I remember it well, it took me at least half an hour to recover. Marathons have robots competing now.

Before you know it we have robot couples with robot children! Luckily there is still a real couple Harry and Henny!

From The Back of The Pack,

Harry & Henny

