

~FOOTNOTES~

The Capital City Roadrunner's & Walker's Club

~ April Issue 2025 ~



Capital City Road Runners & Walkers
2025 Point Series
Event # 4



Thursday, 2025-04-10, 17:30
Queen Square Mile
Start: Gazebo @ corner of
University Ave & Beaverbrook St.

CAPITAL CITY ROADRUNNERS
& WALKERS CLUB

Club Executive 2024

President - Joanne Embree

Secretary - Janet Tree

Registrar - Paul Looker

Treasurer - Joanne Embree

Member-at-large - Boris Allard

Member at Large - Jochen Schroer

Member-at-Large - Mary McKenna

Member-at-Large - Eric Hopper

Fall Classic Race Director
- Sara Young

Footnotes Editor - John Cathcart.

CONTRIBUTIONS
FOR FOOTNOTES

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below. Thanks! The Editor
cathcartjohn@hotmail.com

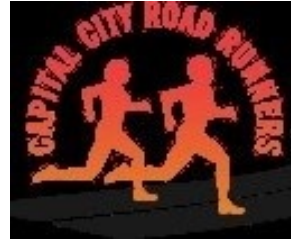
~FOOTNOTES ~CONTRIBUTORS

Joanne Embree - John Cathcart

Steve Scott - Paul Looker

Harry Drost - Rob Jackson

~ JOIN THE CLUB ~



If you're not already a member of CCRW 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 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.ccrw.ca/membership>

or

contact any member of our CCRW
Executive listed in Footnotes.

Making the Most of the Moment - the Running Rev

"Give yourself a gift of five minutes of contemplation in awe of everything you see around you. Go outside and turn your attention to the many miracles around you. This five-minute-a-day regimen of appreciation and gratitude will help you to focus your life in awe."

~ Wayne Dyer ~



Wednesday was a walking day. Well, more of a saunter than a walk. Don't dilly dally on the way they say, but I did. I sauntered slowly down along the Welland Canal trail as usual. Spring was slowly making her presence felt, as the clouds would part and the sun broke through. Slowly but surely, once again, after a long cold winter, people were making their way "back" to the trail. For most of the winter I had the trail to myself as runners, bikers and dog walkers seemed to disappear.

I always remind myself of the words of Tom Lehrer when setting out for a run or walk. An American musician, singer-songwriter, satirist, and mathematician, Tom Lehrer noted that the 'weather always looks worse through the window'. And it does!

Today though was different. The sun was shining. Well kind of in and out as the clouds moved down the canal. There was no wind, the air was as still and calm as could be. The heat of the sun held a promise of warmer days. As I walked along, there coming towards me were two women walking their dogs. They were so busy in conversation they didn't have time to return my wishes for a 'good morning'. Then a guy on a bicycle that seemed too small for him zoomed past me, Coming from behind he startled me but I did not respond with any obscenities - honest! A few minutes later a couple came into sight and we exchanged greetings and smiles.



Next, I stopped to take some photos of the Harvest Spirit. (It is ideally suited to handle a variety of dry-bulk commodities, including steel coils, iron ore and — as her name suggests — grain, soybean and canola products. Thanks to Google!)

As I watched the hulking Harvest Spirit go slowly by - it's a 10-12 hour journey to traverse the many locks and raised bridges along the way. The Canal just opened last week so it's good to have the company of these slow moving vessels as they remind me to saunter along and enjoy the serenity of the moment. Half way on my saunter I sat for a few moments under the old Maple Tree at my 'prayer-bench'.



As I sat there, offering some prayers for family and friends, a man came along the canal trail and we waved to acknowledge each other's presence. Then he made his way up to the prayer-bench and asked if I minded if he rested for a few moments. We introduced each other. His name was Tom, originally from Jamaica, but lived in Vancouver for most of his time on moving here to Canada. He had moved to Saint Catherines' two years ago. He was visiting his daughter who lives in Welland, a 20 minute drive from Saint Catherines'. He told me that his wife of 62 years had died suddenly from an aneurism just over two years ago, and since then he had 'lost' another 6 family members. He was thankful to move closer to his daughter and grandchildren. Her husband was one of the other six people who had died. Then he asked me how I ended up sitting on a bench looking over the Welland Canal.



...
Explaining I'm an Anglican priest, originally from Ireland, and had lived in New Brunswick since 1979 before moving to Welland ten years ago to be closer to family. He asked me where my Church was? I replied that it was right here under the old Maple Tree, and that the bench we were sitting on was my 'prayer-bench'. He replied that he liked that idea. To me, here was a man

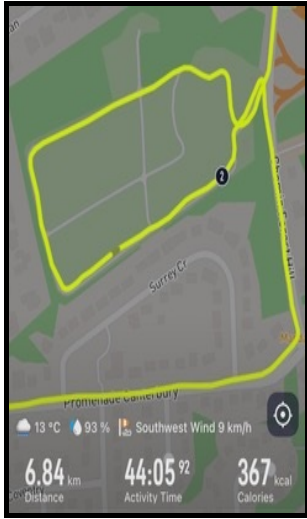
who demonstrated resilience. There's an old Japanese proverb that fully describes Tom and his struggle with grief and loss: "Fall seven times, get up eight!"

He explained that he had become part of a Jamaican church community and that he was glad to meet people from his own background. We talked for about ten minutes or so. The sun was by now well hidden by darkening clouds so we shook hands and said our good-byes. "Perhaps we would meet again on your prayer-bench," he said, with a great smile as we parted ways adding "God bless you my new friend."

There's a prayer that I say before embarking on the day and it is succinct and simple:
Gracious God, I give thanks for the gift of this new day and for all its possibilities and potential. I give thanks to you for the blessings of family and friends and also those blessings that will unfold this day. Help me to recognize such blessings and also be a blessing to others. I ask this in Jesus' Name. Amen.

~ the running/sauntering rev!

There are days... by Paul Looker



There are days... days where I question why I run. What is it that drags me out in the “negative freeze your backside off” Canadian winter weather? Why do I endure the frozen, fingers and toes, the wind-burnt cheeks, the layers of clothing that will eventually become drenched in sweat and then freeze as well? Why do I risk a possible slip and fall on the icy, slippery surfaces? I question it, yet I continue to do it. Sometimes in the company of other like minded individuals, but often just by myself. What is it that drags me out in the often ill-tempered weather tantrums of Mother Nature? Snow, rain, wind, and cold temperature extremes almost seem to taunt me, to challenge me, even to dare me to come outside and play.

So, after another winter of questioning my sanity, and surviving relatively unscathed and intact, I didn’t think too much of a “little” rain on March 17th. I started my run around 11:00, leaving from the gym at UNB. It was warm and rainy and a lot of the winter’s snow had already melted away. I grumbled all the same. My joints all creaked and groaned until they slowly became lubricated with synovial fluid. The old ticker, running on 3 cylinders, slowly warmed up too. (Human anatomy and physiology according to Paul.)

I left the university and ran towards Forest Hill. Looking forward, once I got past the initial stage of grumbling, to losing myself in my thoughts and the music on my Aftershokz headphones (Shameless plug, hmmm, I wonder if they would consider sponsoring me?) I was picking my way around some of the puddles that had formed on the sidewalk. At least there didn’t appear to be any ice left on the sidewalk. I could see that there was puddles on the roadway too. I was approaching the largest one. A few cars had already driven through it just before I got to it. They were kicking up water and it was spraying part of the sidewalk. If I stick to the right-hand side of the sidewalk I should be okay, at least, so I thought. I “gunned it”. (The following text had to be redacted by the author due to the explicit nature of the language.) Translation = I was pissed. Where did that transport come from? Could it have made a bigger splash? I don’t think so! I was drenched, from head to toe.

Did I turn back and call it quits. No! I toyed with the idea, but, I carried on. Fuming at first. I was angry. So much so that I imagined that there must have been a cloud of steam coming from me as I moved along the sidewalk.

So a short distance later, starting to smile at the thought of how funny I must appear, I started to feel better. As I was already wet, I thought, I might as well continue on, I couldn't get any wetter after all.

That there, ladies and gentlemen, should have been the moment that I quit. I mean anytime that you think something like that... well you are just tempting fate. The spring time spirits, sprites and leprechauns (March 17th was St. Patrick's Day) evidently were all just waiting for me to utter this challenge. But, oblivious to the fate that I had just sealed for myself, I continued on up Forest Hill Road. I was even enjoying my run at this point.

Forest Hill Cemetery came into sight as I worked my way up the hill. I had never visited it before, and you can't really see beyond the tree-lined border. I wondered what it would be like to run around? When I visit my son in Toronto, I often run in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery. It is an amazing place to run. Could this be something similar? I turned up into the entrance of the cemetery, eager to explore, and possibly discover, a new running route. Okay, it's not too big, but there appeared to be a track around the edges, it might have some potential.

As I was running along I glanced at the tombstones and took in all the different names. I thought to myself about how much one could learn about a community by a short visit to a graveyard. I then noticed there was a little mist rising from the snow. My mind then started to drift to the portrayal of graveyards as spooky places in popular media. I rounded a corner and started to climb the hill towards the upper part of the cemetery, the pavement gave way to a muddy track. I could see at the top of the hill several residences backing onto the graveyard. As I was lumbering up the hill, lurching from side to side trying to avoid the mud and puddles, I imagined the impression I must have made. Whoever may have been looking out over their backyard, in the direction of the graveyard, may have thought that they were actually seeing a "zombie". The "Jogging Dead". Hey, what a great title! I wondered, has it ever been used?

Just think about how this idea could be developed. And, imagine how the zombie genre could be changed. I had made it to the top of the graveyard by this point. Thankful for not having been shot by some panicking resident I was now running along the top border of the graveyard, next to the tree-line. The muddy trail was now becoming more and more covered in snow and ice. I continued developing the concept of the change to the zombie genre in my mind, while trying to pick my way along the increasingly slippery route. I was enjoying myself, giggling at the silly developments that I was proposing for my new found project.

Maybe you should turn back, the little voice in my head whispered as I turned the corner to go down the hill. Lost in my thoughts and feeling confident in my ability to keep my balance, I ignored that warning and the niggling feeling that this wasn't a good idea. I was avoiding the icy surface by jumping from snow patch to snow patch. This inner voice was starting to get louder and really getting in the way of the creative process for the development of my new movie genre. Hey dummy! The voice screamed inside my head. Remember your Physics classes. Think about the effects of gravity. Think about the force that you are applying through your feet. Think about the water underneath the snow and on the ice. think about how this could affect the friction between surfaces...

(The author would like you to believe that the redaction at this point was required once again for his use of foul language. But, in reality, it was to cover up the loud "I told you so" of his inner voice.) I was suddenly seeing bright lights and stars. I was winded. I had just landed. on my back, on the ice. My legs and arms were flailing, I was trying to grab at anything. Mud. Snow. Ice. Trying to find something to arrest my headlong descent down the road or, at the very least, turn myself around so I could see what was coming. I didn't manage to turn around, but I did finally come to a stop. I lay still for a second feeling a river of cold water running through the back of my running pants and along my back. The cold water was even a little soothing, I thought. I was okay, but I knew I was going to feel the after effects of this tumble in the days to come. And, yes, I guess it was possible to get even wetter.

I rolled over to get up. I noticed that the residences along this side of the cemetery would have had a direct view of what just happened. Those who had witnessed the whole spectacle were no doubt doubled over laughing their heads off. But those who would have only observed me getting up really couldn't be faulted for thinking that the dead were indeed rising from the grave. I mean. I looked a lot worse than I did a few minutes ago. I was drenched from head to toe, covered in mud and snow, slipping and sliding and lurching from side to side as I tried to make my way down the rest of the hill towards the cemetery entrance.

At the entrance to the cemetery I had a choice to make. Left, head back to the gym and call it a day. Right, carry on with the intended run for that day. What choice would you have made?

I turned right. Surprisingly, even the little voice in my head, the voice of reason and common sense, did not argue. The "Jogging Dead" left the graveyard with the music in his headset providing the soundtrack for the making of a really good run. I didn't care, or worry, about how I looked. I was just enjoying how running made me feel.

I enjoyed being lost in my thoughts, letting my mind wander through whimsical fancies or at times even trying to solve more serious issues. And, yes, in the case that some of you are still wondering, the proposed change to the zombie genre would most certainly lie in the “more serious” camp.

At the end of this run, I felt great (I would certainly feel my age the next day). An adventure was had. There was a new story to be shared. An idea had been germinated for a possible running event. And, most importantly I was looking forward to the next run.

That’s it! Even though running can be difficult, or challenging, and I sometimes question why I do it. I actually do know the answer to that question. I have always known. It is for the pure enjoyment of running. That is the reason that I run.

~Paul

“That’s the thing about running: your greatest runs are rarely measured by racing success. They are moments in time when running allows you to see how wonderful your life is.”

~ Kara Goucher ~

“I often hear someone say, ‘I’m not a real runner.’ We are all runners, some just run faster than others. I never met a fake runner.”

~ Bart Yasso ~

“It’s very hard in the beginning to understand that the whole idea is not to beat the other runners. Eventually you learn that the competition is against the little voice inside you that wants you to quit.”

~ George Sheehan ~

From the President's Desk - Joanne Embree



Well, March is over. It certainly produced some interesting weather which meant we alternated between pleasant early spring runs and some of the most treacherous icy conditions of the winter. Trusting that April will bring more consistent running conditions. This would be appreciated by those in the groups training for the Fredericton Marathon and Half Marathon.

Over the past month, club members have been active in a number of competitive events involving cross country skiing (Fran Robinson and Michele Colman), biathlon (Jim Kettering) and running hill repeats in an event titled Mazerolle Masochism (Murray Lowry). Congrats to all.

We have had an active social calendar in the past month: dancing at the Mardi Gras party in support of the Legion and evenings bowling and playing billiards. Many thanks to Pierre El-Khoury for organizing these events.

We are continuing to act on the suggestions made at our most recent AGM. An advantage of belonging to a well established running group is the opportunity to learn the tricks of the trade from more experienced runners. So, every few weeks we are devoting about 10 minutes before our Saturday run to discuss various topics related to running and training. This is The Run Down noted in the weekly schedule. The title was suggested by Lauren Fraser.

Finally - the registration for The Fall Classic is now open. Looking forward to another fantastic race. ~ **Joanne**

The Evocation of Butterflies

GERRY McALISTER

"A work of maturity, careful craftsmanship, abundant wisdom, and, most importantly, abiding hope." — *A. Tremblay, Emeritus Professor of Literature & Canada Research Chair, St. Thomas University*

Join us for refreshments and readings to celebrate the launch of Gerry McAlister's fourth book, *The Evocation of Butterflies*

2pm-4pm, Saturday April 5, 2025

Dolan's Pub
349 King Street, Fredericton

Published by Merganser Press, 2025
Books will be available for purchase and signing by the author at the event.

Not Just Another “Pedestrian” Art Contest Results

The results are in. The Judge has reviewed the submitted athlete artwork, and upon a lot of reflection and consideration has made her ranking choices.

I added a value to the ranking provided by the judge and used this as the base to calculate the awarding of a point value for the running series.

Bonus points were awarded for feedback from club members and a ranking of the distance covered in the creation of the artwork. Links to the artwork will be available on the web site’s events page when the results are posted.

~ Paul Looker ~

Artist’s Name	Athlete Artwork Judge’s Vote	Club Feedback Bonus	Time Distance Bonus	Point Series Points
Murray Lowery	1. Self portrait/ face (45 pts)	2	6	50 pts
Leanne Doughty	2. Fish (42 pts)	1	5	48 pts
Boris Allard	3. Sock with a hole in it (40pts)	1	7	48 pts
Michelle Coleman	4. Moon (39 pts)		4	43 pts
Boris Allard	5. Eye of Needle (38 pts)		3	41 pts
Paul Looker	6. Flower on Ice (37(pts)	1	1	39 pts
Brian Scott	7. Running Shoe 36 pts ***		2	38 pts
Lauren Fraser	“Judge”	Volunteer		35 points



Fossils Corner by Steve Scott

The year 2025 will bring forth the 47th annual Fredericton Marathon and also a new marathon route with the bulk of the kilometers run on the northside of Fredericton on the trail system. It has been designed to take some of the drudgery away from a double loop Configuration.

Many measures will be taken to ensure the critical turn around areas are manned. The shorter events will take place on Saturday and include a high performance 5 kilometre plus another one for most of us mere mortals. The Downtown area of Fredericton will be used as it is very user friendly. Meanwhile The children's fun run and walk will take place at the Nashwaaksis Field House area.

The 10 km, Half Marathon and Full Marathon will begin at Queen Square early on Sunday morning. Please check the Fredericton Marathon website for all the details. Also note that participant numbers are trending toward a record number of runners and walkers for all Sunday events.

Have also noticed CC RR/W Are going all in with their participation this year. This is GREAT!! After all, we are responsible for the popularity of this marathon with our continued support from almost Year ONE. See you all on Mother's Day weekend this year in May.

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

P.S. It's hard not to notice all those CRRers religiously gathering every Saturday, no matter what the weather conditions, for their weekly warmup followed by their Long Slow Distance Runs. So very dedicated and I am sure everyone will reach their goal in May.

~ **Fossil**

“Every run is a work of art, a drawing on each day’s canvas. Some runs are shouts and some runs are whispers. Some runs are eulogies and others celebrations.” —Dagny Scott Barrios



CCRR&W Point Series Event #3 Results Thursday, March 19th, 2025

A wave of green and gold was hard to miss as we made our way along the route of our post Saint Patrick's Day run. This event was not your usual road race format. First off, there was a ranking of each persons running or walking attire. Second, as everyone was well into their training for spring events (Boston Marathon, Fredericton Marathon, etc...) this run was incorporated into our weekly group run. Everyone was asked, walkers and runners, to measure their activity that day. Their distance and time were provided for the ranking system. In a magical, proprietary, mathematical formula the number 3 (representing the month of March) and the number 17 (St. Patrick's Day) were applied in the calculation of the results. After collecting all the LOTI (Luck of the Irish) data, extensive calculations were performed, with the results being verified both forwards and backwards. I am sure you will find them quite interesting.

The variables used for the calculation are:

V = # of green or gold items (minus 3 secs per item)

W = Judges ranking of best attire (minus # secs for ranking)

X = finish time in seconds

Y = distance covered

Z = result calculated, using process explained below

The formula used:

$$\frac{(X/Y) - 3(V) - W}{17} = Z$$

17

Process applied to value Z:

The value of Z to the left of the decimal was set to zero for all participants, and the value to the right was used to determine the placement in the point series ranking.

(Did an Irishman help you with the formula? Asking for a friend! ~ Editor)

Name	(X/Y)	(3(V))	(W)	(Z)	Points
Joanne Embree	453 s	18	(5)11	0.9912	50
Eric Hopper	347 s	3	(8)8	0.7647	45
Murray Lowery	348 s	15	(1)15	0.7058	42
Harry Drost	427 s	3	(12)4	0.7058	40
Rick Grey	425 s	3	(14)2	0.7058	39
Justin Young	334 s	6	(4)12	0.5882	38
Henny Drost	711 s	3	(13)3	0.4705	37
Janice Caissie	425 s	3	(11)5	0.4117	36
David Weir	349 s	6	(3)13	0.4117	35
Paul Looker	365 s	9	(7)9	0.4117	34
Leanne Doughty	345 s	6	(6)10	0.3529	33
Sara Young	335 s	9	(2)14	0.3529	32
Janet Tree	424 s	3	(9)7	0.3529	31
Boris Allard	354 s	6	(10)6	0.1176	30
Lauren Fraser	Volunteer		Judge		35

You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running. Issue #58: Strong Grandma by Rob Jackson



Runners know what it's like to achieve athletic goals, large or small. Some goals can be achieved every day. Others, only once in a lifetime. This is not a story about a runner, but about a person who achieved her athletic goals later in life.

Catherine Kuehn of Redmond, Oregon never worked with weights, played sports or even did much exercise until she was in her 40s. She became an avid skier at the time. When she was in her 60s, a scan showed her bone density was below average, a condition called osteopenia. Her husband suggested she start some strength training, in order to hold off osteoporosis and remain upright and healthy. She started working with a trainer, who noticed right away that Catherine had good form and was working hard to build strength. He thought training for a competition might give her extra incentive to work hard and keep showing up. He was right.



Kuehn has two world records to her name: Deadlifting titles for 147-pound weight class for women aged 80-90, and in the 132-pound class for women 90 and older. But her goal was to deadlift 100 pounds at age 95. This year she took a shot at that.

Cecilia Brown and Winslow Crane-Murdoch are the directors of "Strong Grandma", a 15-minute New Yorker documentary about this 95-year-old world-record-holding powerlifter. As she prepares for her last competition, she reflects on the love, and the loss, that brought her to this moment. The directors hope that Catherine can be an inspiration to you all, as she proves it's never too late to start something new. Here's a link to the documentary on YouTube:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G3pYLcR70JA>

~ Rob

A Wee Jog Down Memory Lane



We had an amazing turnout of walkers and runners for our CCRR walk and/or run! And we were even lucky to enjoy some sunshine!



The
Irish
Hustler!

A Couple of pool sharks if I ever saw 'em

“I don’t run to add days to my life, I run to add life to my days.” —Ronald Rook

From the Back of the Pack



Hi from Lisbon!



Yes, we are having a good time in Lisbon. Scenery is great, lots of history, the sun is shining, and today we are taking a tour into the countryside.

Happy Sunday.

Harry & Henny

