

~JANUARY 2023~

# ~~~ FOOTNOTES ~~~



**The Not-The-Honolulu Start Line – No Snow but it was cold.**



**A Happy & Healthy New Year!**

# ~ 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 etc.*

*·Regular bi-weekly runs*

*We meet at the Currie Centre  
Wednesday evenings (5:30 PM)  
and Saturday mornings (8:30 AM)*

*Membership is only \$25 per year  
or \$40 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.*

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### ~ FOOTNOTES ~CONTRIBUTORS

Rob Jackson - Steve Scott

Fran Robinson - Harry Drost

Paul Looker - John Cathcart

Mike Stapenhurst - Kay Stairs

Thanks to our regular contributors.

## Kudos to One and All

*Some photos taken at the Annual Meeting of the Capital City Roadrunners and Walkers Club.*



*Mike McKendy receiving his well-deserved Lifetime Award.*



*Fran & Rob Jackson making the draw for a pair of Sketchers shoes.*



*Debbie Prosser receives a free pair of Sketchers shoes from Rob Jackson*



*Sara Young, Paul looker, Mike Stapenhurst, Fran Robinson, and Janet Tree*



*Paul looker, Mike Stapenhurst, Sara Young, Jochen Schroer, Fran Robinson and Joanne Embree*

## Not-The-Honolulu Marathon Update

The weather was kind to us for the 33rd running of the Not-the-Honolulu Marathon this year. It was a bright sunny Saturday morning out at Mactaquac; the pavement was dry, which is unusual for December.

We had a full complement of 49 enthusiastic participants, with runners and walkers in two groups – the half marathon (21.5k) and the quarter (10.55k). Here are the unconfirmed finish results:

### **Half Marathon:**

1st Male: Justin Young 1:27:57  
(excellent run Justin!)

1st Female: Victoria Northrup  
– no time recorded

### **Quarter Marathon:**

1st Male: James Wittman at 53:00

1st Female: Sarah Young at 56:52

Congratulations to all the runners and walkers. This is not an easy course (I know because I ran it myself for the first time in years!) and the uphill return section is really challenging – especially if you're doing it twice for the half marathon distance!

Special thanks go to Jim Ketterling as our (first ever?) course marshall / photographer for guiding and encouraging the runners as they entered the campground loop.

Everyone enjoyed breakfast afterwards at the Mactaquac Baptist church. Peter Beckwith and his crew put on a great spread with plenty of good food!

See you all next year!

~ Mike Stapenhurst

It's time ....to sign up for the Coldest Night of the Year event !



It's happening Saturday February 25th and we'd love for you to join our team (CAPITAL ROAD RUNNERS COLD RUNNERS) and/or donate to this important cause.

Coldest Night of the Year <https://cnoy.org/home> raises funds for local charities serving people experiencing hurt, hunger and homelessness. In Fredericton, the charity is the *JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY*.

The John Howard Society of Fredericton <https://www.johnhowardfredericton.ca/> has a commitment to end homelessness and runs several effective programs to meet that goal, including the Supportive Housing Program and Housing First Outreach. Their Facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/JHSFredericton> has lots of updates on the amazing work they do.

The event (yes, it's in person not virtual this year !!) is a 2 or 5 km walk or run (your choice, and we can guarantee you will have someone to walk or run with) in the downtown area that starts at 5 pm from St. Dunstons Church on Regent St. Afterwards, you can warm up and enjoy wonderful soups and homemade rolls at the church.

There is no cost to participate. You can donate or fundraise. Just go to <https://cnoy.org/register> and hit the REGISTER button to register and select the team CAPITAL ROAD RUNNERS COLD RUNNERS. You can make a donation in any amount you like by hitting the DONATE button on the same page. If you have a company or employer who would like to be a sponsor, you can contact [Fredericton@cnoy.org](mailto:Fredericton@cnoy.org).

The stylish toques in the photo below are iconic and different each year, you can get one if you fundraise more than \$150.00.

Thanks for your support for this important cause. Got toques from previous events ? Post photos !

~ Kay Stairs

**You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running.  
Issue #37: A new year by Rob Jackson**



Just like that, we turn a page of the Gregorian calendar and start a new year. It's 2023, approaching one-quarter of the way through the 21st century.

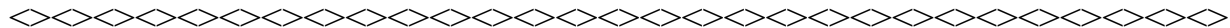
The year 2023 is not a leap year, in that February has the standard 28 days in 2023. The next leap year will be 2024. Also, the number 2023 is not a prime number. Its factors are 7, 17, 119 and 289. However, don't let this deter you from 'leaping' into 2023 and making it your 'prime' running year. (Sorry. I simply couldn't resist that.)

For typically goal-oriented runners, the start of a new year can mean many things.

If you plan to run 2023 kms in 2023 you will need to average 5.54 kms per day. If instead your goal is to run 2023 miles in 2023 you will need to average 8.92 kms each day.

The Lunar New Year will begin on January 23, 2023. It is the Year of the Rabbit! We move out of 2022, the Year of the Tiger, and into the more patient and gentle Rabbit Year 2023. This seems like an ideal year for a runner to volunteer at a local race as a pace bunny. Or volunteer at a race to help out in some other way. Or volunteer in general, in support of your club. This could be your lucky year!

~ Rob [rjactm@nb.aibn.com](mailto:rjactm@nb.aibn.com)



*Always dream and shoot higher than you know you can do. Don't bother just to be better than your contemporaries or predecessors. Try to be better than yourself.  
~ William Faulkner ~*

*If your efforts are sometimes greeted with indifference, don't lose heart. The sun puts on a wonderful show at daybreak, yet most of the people in the audience go on sleeping.  
~ Ada Teixeira ~*

## **Soul's Need for Solitude by the running rev.**



This morning the sun fought valiantly to break through the thick clouds and I am happy to report that the sun was indeed victorious. It was truly a glorious morning for a saunter. The temperature was above freezing, just the hint of a breeze, which was a welcome change from the arctic temps of the days before.

These days I am mostly walking and so usually walk along the path that follows the Welland Canal. In this case it was snow-packed but doable as we missed the worst of the blizzard. This morning there was no traffic, no people, no ships, (the canal is closed for the season) and no noisy geese. (They will be back later this evening). It was just me and the solitude of a beautiful sunny morning. I often ponder how many steps I would have taken during the 48 years of running? As that famous Chinese proverb states, “A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.” John Muir observed, “In every walk with nature, one receives far more than he seeks.”

Recently reading an essay on “Creating Restorative Ecotherapeutic Practices” the author Mary Watkins’ words of wisdom caused my imaginative juices to begin to flow. As a student studying psychotherapy, Watkins writes of how when studying and battling depression at the same time, on many days she had two choices: “... to lie down and submit to my gathering uncertainties or open the door of my rented room and start to wander.”

It was those words, “open the door ... and start to wander.” Thirty years later, Watkins is still sustained by opening the door and setting out to wander. She writes, “I am still sustained by opening the front door, and feeling the width and depth of the world come to surround me. Stepping outside I slip away from the confining and tiresome bubble of self-importance that separates us from what enfolds and holds us, the Earth.”

Yes, her words, “open the door and start to wander” caused me to reflect on the why of my opening the door and my starting to wander. I would have to say that those first “hard” steps of running, apart from the difficulty of trying to simply breathe, one had to endure the comments from the peanut gallery asking questions like “Where’s the fire?” or ‘Who’s chasing you?’ or “What’s the hurry?” Even my own Mother questioned if I was not too old to be wearing those short running shorts and out running at my age. I was in my forties at the time of that comment!



I would have to say that for the first twenty years of running I ran blindly. I didn’t really “see” the true benefits of running, especially the spiritual aspect that invites us to participate in the beauty of nature.

I did know that after completing a run, regardless of the distance or difficulty, I always felt good. I know now that “good” feeling was so much more than the runner’s high. Over time and after many runs down country roads, through forests and green

meadows, alongside rivers, lakes and oceans, spring, summer, fall and winter, running afforded me a freedom and a peace that surpasses my understanding.

Then one day, while attending Seminary, I was introduced to the ideas of Howard Clinebell, a pastor and also a professor of pastoral care. He is credited with coining the phrase “Ecotherapy.” The class that morning was a lecture on “self-care”.

Howard Clinebell opened yet another door for me where I stepped out and began to wander of being a runner who had taken the blinders off and began to slow down and intentionally appreciate the beauty of nature that was all around me. This was “my time of self-care” out in nature. “Nature is the art of God,” says Dante Alighieri.

Over the years, since then, Ecotherapy has become very important to me. Important to my physical and mental well-being, and especially to the health of my soul and its need for solitude. Given the opportunity Nature's glories not only delight but can reawaken a special bond that has been established long ago by the Creator.

As I reflect on the soul’s need of solitude, I’m reminded of a favourite quote by Mother Teresa, “We need to find God, and he cannot be found in noise and restlessness. God is the friend of silence. See how nature - trees, flowers, grass- grows in silence; see the stars, the moon and the sun, how they move in silence ... We need silence to be able to touch souls.”

~ **John** [cathcartjohn@hotmail.com](mailto:cathcartjohn@hotmail.com)

## Fossils Corner by Steve Scott

[scottie46@hotmail.com](mailto:scottie46@hotmail.com)



The New Year is upon us; my, how time does fly when you are busy. In my opinion the CCRR was extremely busy this past year. Fran and her Executive presented members with many, many opportunities to pursue their running/walking efforts both in fun and in competition at whatever level they felt like. The number of events thanks to Paul Looker and his fledgling running series that were available every month was outstanding. So much volunteering made this all possible; thanks to all.

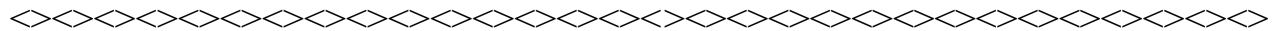
Also remember that this was still a time for Covid and we managed to dippy doddle our way through it all. Rather amazing don't you think? At the AGM some executive members passed the torch on to some new blood which is always a good idea and we will grow because of it. After that meeting I left for the dual storage unit to help clear out the smaller original one and load up the new larger unit. Got there as CCRR volunteers were finishing up their transfer job and while the Fredericton Marathon crew were continuing their transfer efforts. One thing stands out about that day besides the high winds and partly freezing rain was that several CCRRers stayed on to help finish the job. They included Sarah Young and Mike Melanson, myself (dual role), Bruce MacFarlane and Christine Little; Co-Chairs of the Fredericton Marathon.

As mentioned, it was very miserable, but no one stopped until the job was finished. Cooperation really helps us all get along in so many ways. Thanks Folks it warms my heart just a wee little bit.

Welcome to the upcoming break out year.

Just remember “. . . there is no finish line. . .”

Fossil



*The Nike commercial said, "Just Do It". If it is going to get done, that is what it takes. Benjamin Franklin said it a little differently when he said, "Motivation is when your dreams put on work clothes."*



## From the President by Fran Robinson



Seasons greetings everyone!

Hope you had a great Christmas season with lots of running presents under the tree!

Our club had a great December. Thanks to all those people who organized events and those who participated.

We have a great slate of officers ready to take the club to new levels this year. Please tell us your running goals for 2023 so we can follow up with you when your event comes up.

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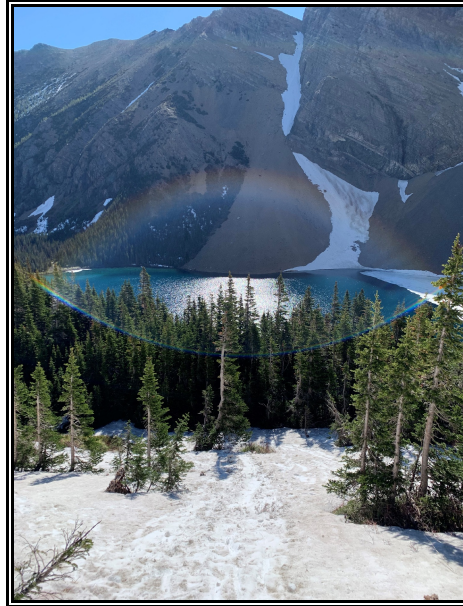
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All the best for 2023!

~ Fran [franrobinson100@gmail.com](mailto:franrobinson100@gmail.com)

# Getting There... by Paul Looker

## Chapter 2 – Snowman



Looking back at Alderson Lake.

(June 25th, 2022) Day 1 on the trail did not happen the way that I had planned. I thought I would be hiking alone, so I was pleasantly surprised when the whole family wanted to do the walk to the official starting point of the Great Divide Trail at the Canada/US border. We had a great day. The trail was nice, the path was well maintained and the climbs were not too strenuous. It was, as I would soon discover, a rather gentle introduction to hiking in the Rockies. We ate lunch at the border, dangling our feet into the cool water of the lake and just enjoying our time together.

We spent the afternoon on the trail and then to spoil me even further we dined at the Royal Stewart Dining Room at the Prince of Wales Hotel. This was certainly better than the dehydrated bean mix that I had planned for dinner that night. You can imagine then how amazing I felt the next morning after a sleep in a soft and warm bed.

The morning of Day 2 was cool in the shade of the mountains, but the sky was clear and the sun would soon make its appearance over the mountain tops and things would quickly warm up. As I started hiking, the combination of the steep ascent out of Waterton, a fully loaded pack on my back, and the sun's warmth soon had me bathing in sweat.

I kept wondering about all the snow that everyone was talking about. I wasn't seeing any of it on the hills or mountains directly in my sight. Yet, I had seen photographs of windswept piles of snow, cornices and whiteout conditions along a part of the trail that I was going to hike today. What day did the local guide that I spoke with say that he had taken the pictures? Where was the snow again? I kept walking. I saw a deer walking on the path in front of me, the green of the forest and the colours of all the wildflowers in bloom only momentarily distracting me from the morning's heat. Man, it felt like it was going to be a scorcher. The sound of the breeze overhead in the treetops hinted at wind cooled by blowing over snow and ice, but it did not make its way down to me. And, the water babbling in small creeks looked refreshing and was no doubt ice cold, but I had plenty of water and did not yet need to stop to refill. Mother nature was messing with me. There was no way I was going to encounter snow today. It was too stinking hot! I kept climbing.

Wondering if the ascent was ever going to end I didn't register the first bits of snow. It was there. I just wasn't expecting it, or looking for it, yet. Then the snow started to appear more and more often in little hollows on the steep slopes. Big deal, I thought. You can even find snow in New Brunswick in the month of June, on north facing slopes with little direct sunlight and lots of foliage for cover. That's all that was happening here. But, I didn't really care as the first of several climbs for the day was over and the path was temporarily levelling off. I was approaching Alderson Lake. I came around a bend in the trail and then. Bang! The mountain peaks were forming a semi-circle around me. Wow! And suddenly, I was, without realizing it, trudging through snow. Once again I had been so distracted by the beauty of my surroundings that I didn't see what was right under foot. The trail was covered in snow. Not just in patches, but deep snow. Hoping that I was still on the trail, I continued to make my way through the woods to the start of the next climb.

I used this time to learn how to walk on the snow without slipping on the icy parts or sinking too deeply in the softer snow. And as I approached the next climbs I knew that they would be up steep snow covered slopes. I also realized from this point forward that I would have to assess each snow slope as I approached it. The water content in the snow was no doubt high from hot days and cool nights and this would increase the risk of an avalanche. There had been a forest fire in this region in the last couple of years which led to the changing snow patterns in the mountains. There was more snow in some places due to less protection from the winds. There had been all kinds of signs in the Park Information Center warning about this too. I should have read their warnings closer, but I also believed that I would be able to make assessments on my own about the snow conditions and the risks that I faced.

The reality of the threat set in as I heard the distant rumble of an avalanche. Up I went. Progress was slow up these snow slopes. I would step forward and kick, kicking the side of my shoes into the snow and ice to create little ledges to gain purchase. Step and kick, over and over. I worked my way up and across the steep slopes of snow and ice. It was also taking a bit to get used to the extra weight of the backpack, it was changing my center of gravity and forcing me to continually adapt while precariously moving across the snow. I was relying heavily on my poles to keep me in place, for balance and to pull me upwards.

All the while I was experiencing a curious mix of controlled fear, excitement, exhaustion and pure amazement. Was I freaked out? I didn't want to look back or down at times. Did I wonder what I had gotten myself in to? Yes. Especially while I was precariously balanced on a steep slope, legs shaking, breathing labouriously, the sweat dripping off of me and the thinking about when this climb was ever going to end. How many more climbs like this would I have to do today? Can I do this?

I laboured on past the three Carthew Lakes. I actually walked on the ice of the last one to avoid having to walk along another snow covered slope. The last climb up from the lakes led up and over Carthew Ridge. There was a 3 to 5 meter edge of snow that looked a little intimidating. I wondered for a moment if this may be the point where I would have to turn around and go back. But I was determined that there was no way I was going to turn back. So, I decided to try and get around this large chunk of snow and ice by edging along just underneath the ridge summit. A little scrambling in some loose scree and climbing up a small rock face and I was around. Phew! Nothing was going to stop me now.

While on the ridge summit, the vista that opened up before me was spectacular. Distracted once again, relieved that I had gotten this far, and a little freaked out by the steep descent of the scree slope in front of me, I was relieved to see a trail leading to my left along the ridge. I followed it, hoping it would lead to a less scary descent. I soon realized that I was going the wrong way and turned around before going too far off trail. I had to go back and face that descent. The trail quickly zigzagged down the scree slope until it came to more snow fields. It was here that the fun really began.

After dropping down past the scree field, I was in the bowl where the trail worked its way around the edge about 1/3 of the way up the slope. I was making for Summit Lake. I could see that the trail passed directly under cornices and through an avalanche zone. There was evidence of previous slides. Was one of these locations what I had heard earlier? So I half jogged/walked my way along the trail hoping to get clear of this area as soon as possible.

I pushed on, always keeping one eye on the snow above me. After slipping and sliding on the snow, breaking through the surface into puddles of water in lower parts, the trail veered upwards. I could see that it would lead up over one of the snow ledges above me. This looked vaguely familiar to me. It was one of the spots the local trail guide had shown me in his pictures. It was where he and his fellow hikers had to climb down. A spot that he indicated would be very difficult to traverse and manage solo without proper gear. But, he also mentioned that it may be possible to circumvent this spot by walking around the ridge.

It was at this time that I also met a trail runner. He appeared quite flustered. He asked about the trail behind me, and further confirmed the hairy nature of what was ahead of me. As I got closer to the wind swept ridge and the cornice of snow, I had already made my decision. I would contour along the hill side around to the lake. I looked at the snow above and it was overhanging in places, but I figured I could move quickly past them. I started moving at a quick pace, feeling confident. The slope suddenly got steeper. Then while I was looking ahead for the best route and while assessing the snow above for avalanche risk... Ahhh! I had slipped. Cursing, I tumbled through the air and landed on my back in the snow. I was still moving downhill. I had to spin around to have any chance of not tumbling out of control. Once I was right side up I was still picking up speed. I used my feet, hand and poles to try braking. I would roll from side to side to avoid what I felt must be rocks, stumps and fallen trees under the snow. Finally I came to a rest at the bottom of the slope. Phew! I lay still. I closed my eyes and I did a quick assessment of my body. All seemed intact. I slowly sat up.

I was cursing the foolish mistake I had just made in trying to rush across the slope above but was at the same time thanking my lucky stars. I got up slowly, dusted off all the snow and promptly sunk down thigh deep in the snow. What was I going to do now? I debated trying to climb the 30 plus meters back up to where I was before. And, not wanting to tempt fate twice I quickly decided against that idea. I knew it was going to be a lot of work either way.

After a short distance of sinking in snow and navigating the obstacle course of fallen trees from the forest fire and avalanches. I started to look for a way out of this low lying area. I eventually found an area with no overhanging snow just past a point in the ridge above me. It looked like it was quite steep, but I felt if I was going to get out of this mess without spending the whole day plowing through the snow I had to go for it. There was no zigzagging my way up this time. I had to go straight up. I was facing a 50 meter climb. I punched toe holes into the snow surface with my feet.

I had collapsed my poles as small as they would go to use them as picks to pull me up the slope. I worked my way up the snow slope; it was getting steeper and steeper as I went. I started doubting my choice. I didn't dare look down. The last thing I wanted to do was to fall again. But eventually the slope eased a little and I was able to pull myself up and over the top. Woooo Hooo. I had done it. I was elated. The adrenaline was still coursing through me and I started bounding across the snow field towards the trail hooting, hollering and singing as loud as I could. A short time later, I arrived at Summit Lake and took a short break.

There were several small groups having their lunch near the lake. I could see that I caught the attention of one of the couples close to me. I swept some snow off of my gear and wiped the sweat off of my face and I struck up a conversation with Jim and Dana. We exchanged the usual hiking pleasantries. They wanted to know where I had just come from. They could see the state I was in, the big smile and that I was excited. So I told them about all the snow I had encountered and about what had just happened. And, how I was loving my experience in the snow. I guess the wild look in my eyes completed the image. They asked me if I had a "trail name". As I had done the majority of my hiking solo, to this point, I had not yet earned one. And Jim and Dana being experienced hikers in the Rockies knew that there would be a lot more snow to come along the Great Divide Trail and that I would be chasing snow all the way north. That is when I became "Snowman".

Jim and Dana were right. The snow would be an integral part of my journey. And I would see snow on almost every day for the rest of the trail. The earning of my trail name would turn out to be just the first of many experiences and adventures during my summer of hiking the Great Divide Trail. ~ Paul [sbrtri5059@gmail.com](mailto:sbrtri5059@gmail.com)



Alderson Lake



*From the Back of the Pack*



**A Happy & Healthy New Year**



from Harry & Henny

