

...Footnotes...

.....March 2024

CCRR&W 2024 Points Series - Event #3
Wednesday March 13th 2024
17:30 @ UNB R.I. Currie Center

Time bonus for
wearing green

Post-run gathering at
Dolan's Pub

Further info: <https://www.ccr.ca/events/>



Capital City Road Runners & Walkers Club

Dreaming by Paul Looker



I closed my eyes momentarily and tried to listen to the sounds of my surroundings as I was jogging along. The steady crunch of my spikes on the icy surface slowly faded into the background as I focussed in on the rustling of my clothes and then the sound of my breathing. Nice and steady. I was feeling good. Surprisingly. With my eyes closed, I imagined the biting cold wind was actually starting to feel warmer. The sun shining on my face compounded this illusory warming effect. I imagined that I could hear my heart beating and the feel the blood coursing strongly through my circulatory system. I was feeling relaxed. And, my thoughts were being transported ever further into the depths of my imagination.

The music from my “Aftershokz” headset was playing quietly in the background, the beat and melody melding into one and acting upon my mind and body as an unseen inspirational force. My cadence became one with the music, with my feet striking the ground to the beat of the drums. The sense that there was a lot of people nearby started to envelope me. There was the indistinct murmuring of tens of thousands of voices growing slowly into a crescendo. I could feel the excitement in the air, the electricity.

A public announcement system could barely be heard over all the noise. Did I just hear my name being called? I opened my eyes. I was no longer running on the footpath in Oromocto. I was coming out of a dark tunnel that led into, a large stadium. Where was I?

I ran out onto the track. Suddenly, there was a large group of runners milling around me. I couldn't make out who they were. The song "Fais de moi ce que tu veux" by French singer and song writer Cali started to play on my headset. "Bang", the sound of a starters pistol reverberated through the stadium. And, we were off. All of us were running around the track. I stuck to the back of the pack trying to figure out where I was and what was going on. Without knowing how I knew it, I somehow knew this was going to be a longer race, and I didn't worry about the fact that many of the runners were pulling further, and further, ahead of me. I knew my strengths. I knew I had prepared well. That I had trained hard. I would reel them in, one by one. We left the stadium and went out onto the streets of what I was now beginning to assume was Paris, France. My feet were striking the road surface at a steady and comfortable pace as yet another French song started to play. "La Vie en Rose" by Edith Piaf! Okay, that's it. French music, a large stadium. Was I somehow running the marathon at the Olympics?



The first runner was coming in to sight. I picked up the pace as Johnny Hallyday (often referred to as the French Elvis) started singing "Let's Twist Again". I sprinted past the runner, looking over, only to recognize Donovan Bailey (Canada, World Record and Olympic gold 100m sprint). Okay, that was odd. What is he doing in a long distance race?

I didn't have much time to ponder this. My feet were turning over faster and faster. I flew past Roger Bannister (first to run sub-four minutes for the mile). Roger Bannister? I really didn't know what was going on now, but I felt that I just had to accept it. I was starting to catch up to other runners too. Each runner or group of runners was a shadow, unidentifiable at first, until I got closer to them. I overtook Sebastian Coe (Great Britain, 4 x Olympian, 8 x World Records, middle distance runner). Then, Joël Bourgeois (New Brunswick, 2 x Olympian, Steeple Chase). This was turning into a "who's who" of past Olympians and running greats. And, I was slowly ticking them off one by one.

I continued in pursuit of the next group of runners in front of me. They were not going to let me pass them easily. I could feel my effort increasing. My heart was beating faster now, my respiration deeper. But, I was still gaining on them. I recognized Lasse Virén (Finland, 5,000 and 10,000 meter gold medals at 1972 and 1976 olympics), he was running with the Flying Finn, Paavo Nurmi (Finland, 9 gold medals in 3 Olympic Games, 1920, 1924 and 1928) and the modern day Norwegian sensation Jakob Ingebrigtsen (European, World and Olympic champion).



Paavo Nurmi - the "Flying Finn".

I gave them all a slight nod as I ran by. I could imagine each one of them wondering who was this unknown person that was passing them, and with such apparent ease.

Don't let it go to your head Paul. Concentrate! I focussed in on the sound of my breathing. Trying to relax and get my emotions under control. I ran through the 20km mark feeling even stronger. My confidence was growing.

I was going to do this. I was going to have a great run. And, almost on cue, Gérard Darmon, "La Belle Vie" was now playing on my headset.

Next, I saw a group of runners leaving a water point. I took a drink from my water flask too, remembering that I needed to rehydrate before I became thirsty. When I finished my drink I set my sights on the group ahead. And when they came into focus I realized that it was a group female runners that included Joan Benoit Samuelson (USA, first woman Olympic marathon gold medal 1984), Paula Radcliffe (United Kingdom, World Marathon Record 2003 - 2019), Ingrid Kristiansen (Norway, World record holder 5,000 m, 10,000m and the Marathon in the 1980's), and Geneviève Lalonde (New Brunswick, Gold medal Pan Am games, Steeple Chase).

It was taking longer to get passed them. And my heavier footfall, as my technique was starting to fall apart, alerted them quite early to my presence. They picked up the pace. I tried to respond. Was I going to be able to catch them? My legs felt this increase in pace. They were beginning to feel heavy. How much longer could I keep this up?

Then the sound of another French song from my rather eclectic music playlist worked its way from the background and I could feel the upbeat music throughout my body. It was Yannick Noah (French tennis superstar and singer) singing "J'y Crois Encore" and it was like a little emotional and physical pick-me-up.

Suddenly, I was running faster than I ever had, and as the 30 km mark went by I breezed by them. Wow! It is funny how the psychological boost from passing other runners can rejuvenate you physically. I suddenly got my second wind and my confidence returned on this emotional and physical rollercoaster that I was experiencing.

No sooner had the last group of runners fallen behind me than the next runner appeared. Abebe Bikila (Ethiopia, 2 x Olympic gold medal, 1960 and 1964). No way! My childhood hero. He was running strong, and all these years later, he was still running barefoot. He said hello as I passed him and he even wished me well. Wow! I couldn't believe it. He actually acknowledged me.

Next, as the 35 km mark went by, was Jerome Drayton (Canadian Olympic marathoner) and Tom Longboat (Six Nations, Canada, Boston marathon winner 1907 and 1908 Olympic marathon runner, World record holder long distance events 1912). They appeared to be floating across the ground as I passed them. This was no doubt my mind playing tricks on me once again. Was it because I could now hear my heavy footfall once again and I could sense that my stride length was shortening?

I was breathing hard. I was getting tired once again. But, it was more than that too. I sensed that behind me, and not letting me get too far ahead, were other runners. I couldn't hear their footsteps yet, or even see them clearly. Whenever I looked back over my shoulder I knew somebody was there, but couldn't see who they were. Less than 7 km to go. I've got to hold on. There were still other runners in front of me. It was time to dig deep, put my head down and push on. A ballad, "C'etait L'hiver" from the French singer-songwriter Francis Cabrel distracted me. And in a couple minutes I was back on track, running through the kilometres.

The last two runners came into view. The stadium too. The sound of thousands of voices in the distance began to grow and grow with each step closer to the finish line. Behind me the shadows were becoming more distinct. I could now make out that they were runners too. I assumed that they were all the other runners in this race, chasing us to the finish line. The sound of their footfalls were getting louder as they approached ever closer. I felt I had to run faster and faster just to keep ahead of them. It helped. I soon caught up to the last two runners in front of me. But I could only see the shape of one of the two runners clearly.



It was Eliud Kipchoge (Kenya, often referred to as the greatest marathoner of all-time and past world record holder). The faint shadow beside him, though I couldn't make out his face, I sensed that it had to be Kelvin Kiptum (Kenya, World record holder marathon, died Feb 11th, 2024). The three of us started to run in unison, one behind the other. Feeding off each other. Pushing ever harder.

Kelvin Kiptum - World Record Holder

We entered into the darkness of the tunnel that lead into the stadium. Kiptum was in the lead, but his image was starting to fade even more. As I entered the tunnel I was listening to the energetic song “Pour une minute de plus” by Madame Kay (French alternative/indie rock), but the cacophony of a thousand footsteps and the roar of thousands of spectators quickly overwhelmed the music. The light from inside the stadium started to filter into the tunnel and became brighter and brighter. The shape of Kiptum running into the stadium disappeared into this blinding light.

As I followed Kipchoge out onto the track everything became vividly clear. There were lights flashing. I could see individual faces in the crowd and the public announcement system called out our names. I could hear my deep rapid breathing, feel the sweat on my brow and running down my back. I could feel once again the wind on my face. But the shapes of all the individuals behind me were still in shadow form and not clearly visible even though they were evidently gaining on me. The sound of their footfalls, and mine, were beginning to synchronize into one. We were racing around the track.



One of the shadows, caught up to me. I thought he was trying to pass me, but as I looked over I realized that the shadow runner was actually me. We merged. I suddenly felt stronger. I looked over my shoulder and realized that all the shadows were in effect me. Past dreams from past runs. And, as we were all beginning to merge together I could feel myself passing Kipchoge ever so slightly. The finish line was there, just ahead. The crowd was going wild ...

When I came to my senses. I was still running on the footpath in Oromocto. My spikes were crunching on the ice. It was still incredibly cold and windy. Another long run under the belt I thought contentedly to myself. With my thoughts slowly filtering back to the present I realized that I was feeling great. This feeling of wellbeing during and after my runs is why I love this activity and sport.

And, yes, I know that I will never be an elite level runner and I compete just against myself most of the time, but I will also never stop dreaming ...

~Paul

**You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running.
Issue #49: Earning burritos the hard way. By Rob Jackson**



January 2024 saw a very unique running event unfold in the USA. Strava, the exercise tracking app, and Chipotle restaurants teamed up to create a competition in six different cities where a 300-metre segment next to a Chipotle restaurant was chosen. Then, whichever Strava user ran that designated length the most times in the month of January would win a year's supply of Chipotle burritos.

Competitors in some cities performed reasonably: New York's winner ran the stretch 832 times, and Chicago's winner ran it 613 times. Then there were the genuinely impressive performances: Denver's winner did the run 1,041 times, beating out second place with 898 attempts. The Columbus winner shattered the competition with 1,000 runs along the stretch, crushing second place with 376 runs.

The winner from Washington, D.C., completed the segment 1,345 times (403.5 kms in total), averaging 44 runs or 13.2 kms per day. He surpassed his three closest competitors, the four of whom collectively adopted the name "Chipotle Track Club."

The most impressive performance was in Los Angeles, where the winning score was 369 attempts. Why is that impressive? Because five people tied for it, knowing in advance that ties in the city contest meant everyone wins. They colluded to tie for the top score in their city with all five of them getting a year of burritos.

For lots of interesting details on this made-for-burrito-lovers event, follow this link to read more at the DC Rainmaker page:

<https://www.dcrainmaker.com/2024/02/strava-chipotle-challenge-insanity.html>

~ Rob

Capital City Road Runners & Walkers



- Liz Richards
\$950
- Ann Flynn
\$650
- Amelia Beaney
\$410
- Michele Coleman
\$250
- Dan Coleman
\$200
- Sara Young
\$170
- Janet Tree
\$150
- Mary McKenna
\$150
- Wendy Rogers
\$100
- Dad & Boy
\$50
- Jos Eijkelestam
\$50
- Paul Looker
\$50
- Nooortje Kunnen
\$20

Capital City Road Runners & Walkers

FUND RAISING FOR
THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
CAPITAL CITY ROAD
RUNNERS & WALKERS CLUB

GOAL

\$3,000

AMOUNT RAISED

\$3,500



Team CCRR & W at Coldest Night of the Year. Our total raised is now **\$3,500!!**

Absent from photo: Liz, Wendy, Jos, Noortje, Amelia, Janet and Paul.

Thanks everyone for all the support!

Thank you to everyone who donated and/or is participating in the Coldest Night of the Year - we've surpassed our goal, Thanks for your generosity.

Sara Young

FOSSIL'S CORNER BY STEVE SCOTT



For many people running is something they love to do and have for many years. Not only does it make them feel good, it also keeps them fit and has become part of a healthy lifestyle. It has also made them many friends over the years.

There are a lot of benefits to running and competing including becoming faster and more competitive. There are also unplanned benefits such as the "runner's high" which is a phenomenon of euphoria which involves your state of mind and allows you to run at faster speeds within your capacity with almost no effort for varying lengths of time and distance while maintaining a constant quicker pace.

David Linden PhD, a Professor of Neuroscience at the John Hopkins University School of Medicine describes the "Runner's High" as a short lasting deeply euphoric state following intense exercise.

When you get to your stride, your body releases hormones called endorphins, but endorphins do not pass the blood-brain barrier. So that relaxed feeling that ensues, may instead be due to "endocannabinoids" which are biochemical substances similar to cannabis but naturally produced by the body. Unlike endorphins, the endocannabinoids can move easily through the cellular separating the bloodstream from the brain.

This may be what promotes short-term effects such as reduced anxiety and feelings of calm. Thus the "Runner's High". Dr. Linden also notes these feelings most often occur after running and exercise. His findings are quite interesting in my opinion, but in my case and several old running buddies I have checked with, our experiences are not quite the same.

For instance, my encounters with "Runner's High" begin after the half-marathon mark around 25-32km mostly and generally last to around 41km or more. My description of the feeling was an almost detachment with my surroundings accompanied by easy breathing, coordinated arm and leg turnover which was nearly effortless for long stretches of time and distance covered.

Also, any running companions that I was pacing with were mostly left far behind as I focused for the finish line. Suffice to say, all six of my fastest marathons were due

in large part to this phenomenon called "Runner's High". When in that state pain was practically unnoticeable as well.

Your personal experiences with "Runner's High" over the next little while before your next marathon would be much appreciated. By the way, this feeling is not only the property of the very fast and talented athletes because I was never fast when I was younger, just very determined and focused.

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

Cheers, Fossil

(Editor's Note: Steve has run 59 marathons including several Ultras.)



The Wonders of Walking by the Running Rev



This morning, Tuesday, February 27, as I sauntered along the OK Canal path, the sun was shining brilliantly and casting a wonderful sunbeam across the width of the canal. The Canal has been closed to traffic since early January of this year, and will probably start up again sometime in April, maybe earlier as it didn't freeze over this year at least down our way. As I sauntered along, the temperature was around 10c and according to Steve our local weatherman it's to rise in the afternoon to around 14c with the possibility of lightning and thunder.

Well, it is 3:30pm and 15c. I'm finally getting around to writing my reflection for Footnotes. While doing so, sure enough there was a flash of lightning and some rumbling thunder could be heard way off in the distance. It did rain heavy for a few minutes but now seems to have stopped just in time for my afternoon easy run.

There is a possibility of a "flash freeze" in some areas further north overnight and into tomorrow as the temperature drops to its seasonal value or perhaps even colder. However, sauntering along this morning, with the mild temperature and brilliant sunshine, it was just a great time to sit a spell on the prayer bench under the old Maple tree. (PS Wednesday morning 14c - Wednesday afternoon @ 5pm its -1c.)

As John O'Donohue remarked in his book *Anam Cara*, 'Inspiration is always a surprising visitor.' After spending time in prayer, and enjoying that life-giving blazing sunshine, the thought occurred to me that inspiration, as far as Footnotes was concerned, was turning out to be a bit of an elusive visitor. Then I heard a bird sing.

I couldn't see where the bird was but I could hear its song. I could tell it was behind me somewhere in the branches of the trees that enclose Loyalist Cemetery. It only lasted seconds, but there it was, a bird song, sunshine and solitude. Who could ask for anything more?

That brief bird-song was all it took. It was a reminder that Spring isn't too far away. Soon the landscape will be once again be transformed. All kinds of new life will sprout their green leaves, and the trees lose their bareness and vulnerability, and flowers of all kinds and colours, shapes and sizes will make their Spring debut.



Continuing my morning saunter, and leaving behind the prayer bench and the protection and comfort of the old Maple tree, I was thinking about how healing it is to simply "rest in God" and spend quiet time in prayer and reflection. A few minutes later I met someone out walking with his dog. We exchanged greetings and we both remarked on the beautiful sunshine of the morning, but then the man with the dog added, "We need to remember this day is a Global Warming Day."

Yep, I was quickly returned to reality. We really have not had winter especially compared to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. I took my heavy hoodie off and slowed down my steps making sure to enjoy the sunshine before the rains arrived. Celebrate each day. Each day is a gift. *The running rev*

The President's Report by Fran Robinson



How do we stay motivated to do what we do? How do we keep going when we get tired, when we've had enough? There is such a huge internal component to the answer to those questions, isn't there? I am thinking of so many of us who have trained for, or are currently training for some big (or small) event. None of us are going to go to the Olympics, I don't believe. But, somehow, we find it in ourselves to keep pushing ourselves, keep getting out there, doing the work, doing the time to keep ourselves going strong. Are we competing against ourselves, others, or against time? The answer will be very individual for each of us. Maybe you have some answers to these questions. I know some of you will. Would love to hear from you!

We've had one Run/walk series event this month thanks to Paul Looker. A number of our members are away, so some of the regulars are not at our weekly runs. Despite that, Saturday run numbers are good, so I hear (I've been skiing, not running). The Coldest Night of the Year Event came and went and the team, with our help, raised \$3500 for the John Howard Society here in Fredericton, \$500 above our goal. Thanks, Sara Young, for being the team captain. Thanks, club for all your donations. Mary McKenna got a couple of lanes of people together to bowl in the last week. Nine (9) of us enjoyed that outing. Thanks Mary!

As I write this, we are expecting a huge amount of rain followed by flash freezing. The winter might be gone after this event. What a winter it has been. Hope it's not a forecast of future winters. Enjoy March! Stay active! ~ *Fran*





From the Back of the Pack



Hi all,

Just sitting in Henny's studio and looking outside and enjoy the sunshine! How much better can it get?

Everyday Henny and I pray for all those people who are in wars and national and international disasters.

Just thinking about running and looking forward to the time change and slowly get into shape for the summer.

Many years ago I was running all year around no matter in what kind of weather! Not anymore, just spinning and some walking, but happy.

Take care enjoy and look after each other!

From the back of the pack,

Harry

