

# ~FOOTNOTES~

The Capital City Roadrunner's & Walker's Club  
~ March Issue 2025 ~



Happy Runners & Walkers



A Jog Down Memory Lane

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](mailto:cathcartjohn@hotmail.com)

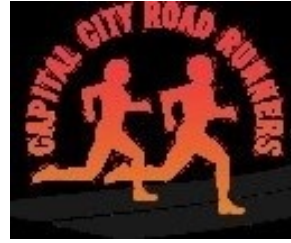
~FOOTNOTES ~CONTRIBUTORS

Joanne Embree - John Cathcart

Steve Scott - Paul Looker

Harry Drost - Rob Jackson

~ JOIN THE CLUB ~



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

or

contact any member of our CCRr  
Executive listed in Footnotes.

## From The President - Joanne Embree



Despite it being winter and the off season for some runners, it has been a busy time for many club members. We have completed two of the Point series events. Some were very accurate, others not so much, in predicting their 5K time in the January event.

We have discovered some innovative running artists in the group this February with the challenge to draw a picture with your running route. Many thanks to Paul Looker for organizing these events.



The club had a team in the Coldest Night of the Year. The raised \$3,245 for the John Howard Society. Many thanks to the thirteen participants who risked that it really would be the coldest night of the year, their donors and Sara Young for organizing the team this year.

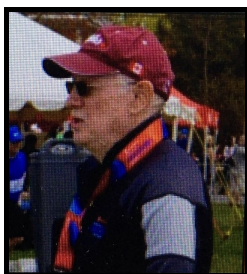


Meanwhile, the training group, who are preparing for the full and half marathons in the Fredericton Marathon, are starting to lengthen their long runs. Kudos to them for all those runs during the cold days this February. We are all looking forward to spring and no ice on the running/walking routes.

Joanne



## Fossils Corner by Steve Scott



The Capital City Road Runners/Walkers Saturday Morning Fun Run/Walk is my topic for this month. It is beginning to remind me of the Fun Runs of a different era, aka the 80s and 90s especially. There is the same kind of hustle and bustle that there used to be with training groups of Half Marathoners and Full Marathoners doing their Saturday Long Slow Distance (LSD).

As well as other folks just getting out for a shorter mostly group run where everyone chats and runs and all get caught up on what is going on and what 5 and 10 Ks they will train for when the environment gets a bit warmer.

It should be noted that the numbers training for an early Spring Marathon are ballooning as even late comers are eager to go no matter what the weather conditions are. I have mentioned in the past that misery loves company, so there is quite a comradery among the groups which makes it an almost pleasant experience.

I commend you all for your persistence as it will lead ultimately to a good result in the Spring and onward.

I have noted that the numbers of walkers is on the down slide so to speak, but we persevere while many walking friends have deserted us for warmer weather in the United States of Tariffs and what not. Don't get too much sun folks.

That's it for now. Except February the longest month of the whole year just keeps hanging on and OH, it is snowing again! Arrrrgh!!

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

Cheers,

Fossil



A Jog Down Memory Lane

## You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running. Issue #57: A 2000 km challenge - Rob Jackson



Have you heard about RunNB's "Circle New Brunswick" challenge? It's a 2000 km challenge that began on February 1 and concludes on December 31, 2025.

RunNB says it is: "... thrilled to help keep New Brunswickers active, healthy, and motivated. Whether you're a competitive athlete or simply enjoy recreational running or walking, this challenge is designed for everyone. Starting February 1, participants will take on an 11-month journey to virtually trek across New Brunswick. To conquer the 2000 km Challenge by

December 31, you'll aim to cover an average of 6–7 kms per day. It's a great way to push your limits while healthy and active."

If you complete the full 2000 kms you will receive an exclusive "2000 km Circle NB Challenge" medal. Special recognition will go to the top three male and female participants with the most kilometers completed. Plus, there could be draw prizes along the way. If this is for you, register online (a \$40 registration fee) and track your runs or walks on your personalized dashboard. No special equipment is required. Honesty is key as you record your distances. Although a Strava account isn't mandatory, RunNB may request data verification if someone is racing far ahead of the pack.

Note that whenever you register, you can still input all your runs or walks back to February 1. For those of us who (occasionally) run on a treadmill, it's nice to know that treadmill distances count toward your total.

Follow this link for more information and to register:

[https://events.runnb.ca/online-registration/register/2025-virtual/494538/?\\_gl=1\\*1f3b6r7\\*\\_ga\\*ODcwMDg2NzUzLjE3MzkyOTkzODc.\\*\\_ga\\_LRX7JKSLCG\\*MTc0MDUxMTA2NS4yLjAuMTc0MDUxMTA2NS4wLjAuMA..](https://events.runnb.ca/online-registration/register/2025-virtual/494538/?_gl=1*1f3b6r7*_ga*ODcwMDg2NzUzLjE3MzkyOTkzODc.*_ga_LRX7JKSLCG*MTc0MDUxMTA2NS4yLjAuMTc0MDUxMTA2NS4wLjAuMA..)

~ Rob

## Crossing The Threshold by The Running Rev



We had just returned home from exercising our civic duty to vote here in Ontario. We await the results wondering who will make up our provincial government. It has been a very mild day with lots of snow disappearing. As we were about to enter the house my wife Phyllis exclaimed, “The snowdrops are up! The snowdrops are up!”

With that excited comment, uttered twice for maximum effect, is evidence winter is in retreat and the signs of Spring were making their presence known. There is hope! January and February here in Welland has seen the most snow and ice we have experienced since moving here ten years ago. The snow and ice reminded me of those tough New Brunswick winters and the many miles (kms) run in those winter conditions and hearing my running buddy Harry Drost cry out “I hate running!”

For some reason, looking back over the years and wondering how many times the Capital City Runners and I ran across that bridge, I wish I had a dollar for each trip. Also, with the Cathedral Spire always an inspiration in the background, I wish I had a dollar for how many times the Flying Dutchman cried out “I hate running!”

Yesterday, I went for a medical procedure - colonoscopy, if you have had one you know the drill (if not give thanks). Thankfully for me it was just routine - every 10 years - but while waiting in the “full” waiting room I became aware of the number of people waiting there and wondered what their possible life-changing ailments might be. Life can change on a dime as they say. Life is fragile ... very fragile.

However, all these memories also brought to mind my favourite Irish author John O’Donohue whose thoughts and poetry speak to my heart. O’Donohue’s take on the healing power of nature somehow stirs my heart and brings a peace of mind that calms my soul. Below there is a small sample of the late John Donohue’s thoughts:

## THE THRESHOLD BY JOHN O'DONOHUE



*Within the grip of winter, it is almost impossible to imagine the spring. The gray perished landscape is shorn of colour. Only bleakness meets the eye; everything seems severe and edged. Winter is the oldest season; it has some quality of the absolute. Yet beneath the surface of winter, the miracle of spring is already in preparation; the cold is relenting; seeds are waking up. Colours are beginning to imagine how they will return. Then, imperceptibly, somewhere one bud opens and the symphony of renewal is no longer reversible. From the black heart of winter a miraculous, breathing plenitude of colour emerges.*

*The beauty of nature insists on taking its time. Everything is prepared. Nothing is rushed. The rhythm of emergence is a gradual slow beat always inching its way forward; change remains faithful to itself until the new unfolds in the full confidence of true arrival. Because nothing is abrupt, the beginning of spring nearly always catches us unawares. It is there before we see it; and then we can look nowhere without seeing it.*

*Change arrives in nature when time has ripened. There are no jagged transitions or crude discontinuities. This accounts for the sureness with which one season succeeds another. It is as though they were moving forward in a rhythm set from within a continuum.*

*To change is one of the great dreams of every heart – to change the limitations, the sameness, the banality, or the pain. So often we look back on patterns of behavior, the kind of decisions we make repeatedly and that have failed to serve us well, and we aim for a new and more successful path or way of living. But change is difficult for us. So often we opt to continue the old pattern, rather than risking the danger of difference. We are also often surprised by change that seems to arrive out of nowhere.*

*We find ourselves crossing some new threshold we had never anticipated. Like spring secretly at work within the heart of winter, below the surface of our lives huge changes are in fermentation. We never suspect a thing. Then when the grip of some long-enduring winter mentality begins to loosen, we find ourselves vulnerable to a flourish of possibility and we are suddenly negotiating the challenge of a threshold.*

*At any time you can ask yourself: At which threshold am I now standing? At this time in my life, what am I leaving? Where am I about to enter? What is preventing me from crossing my next threshold? What gift would enable me to do it?*

*A threshold is not a simple boundary; it is a frontier that divides two different territories, rhythms and atmospheres. Indeed, it is a lovely testimony to the fullness and integrity of an experience or a stage of life that it intensifies toward the end into a real frontier that cannot be crossed without the heart being passionately engaged and woken up. At this threshold a great complexity of emotions comes alive: confusion, fear, excitement, sadness, hope. This is one of the reasons such vital crossings were always clothed in ritual. It is wise in your own life to be able to recognize and acknowledge the key thresholds; to take your time; to feel all the varieties of presence that accrue there; to listen inward with complete attention until you hear the inner voice calling you forward. The time has come to cross.*

*To acknowledge and cross a new threshold is always a challenge. It demands courage and also a sense of trust in whatever is emerging. This becomes essential when a threshold opens suddenly in front of you, one for which you had no preparation. This could be illness, suffering or loss. Because we are so engaged with the world, we usually forget how fragile life can be and how vulnerable we always are. It takes only a couple of seconds for a life to change irreversibly. Suddenly you stand on completely strange ground and a new course of life has to be embraced. Especially at such times we desperately need blessing and protection. You look back at the life you have lived up to a few hours before, and it suddenly seems so far away. Think for a moment how, across the world, someone's life has just changed – irrevocably, permanently, and not necessarily for the better – and everything that was once so steady, so reliable, must now find a new way of unfolding.*

*Though we know one another's names and recognize one another's faces, we never know what destiny shapes each life. The script of individual destiny is secret; it is hidden behind and beneath the sequence of happenings that is continually unfolding for us. Each life is a mystery that is never finally available to the mind's light or questions. That we are here is a huge affirmation; somehow life needed us and wanted us to be. To sense and trust this primeval acceptance can open a vast spring of trust within the heart. It can free us into a natural courage that casts out fear and opens up our lives to become voyages of discovery, creativity, and compassion. No threshold need be a threat, but rather an invitation and a promise.*

*Whatever comes, the great sacrament of life will remain faithful to us, blessing us always with visible signs of invisible grace. We merely need to trust.*

— *From To Bless the Space Between Us,*  
by John O'Donohue





**IT'S TIME TO VOTE!** Some of the club's members have submitted their works of "running/walking" art for the 2nd event in the 2025 point series. Part of the ranking of the submissions will come from you. Please vote for your favourite work of art by sending an email to [info@ccr.ca](mailto:info@ccr.ca) The works of art are:

1. Fish (with artist commentary)



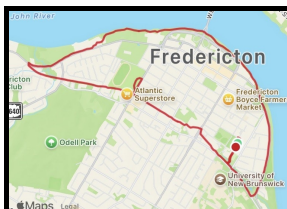
2. Self-portrait



3. Flower on ice

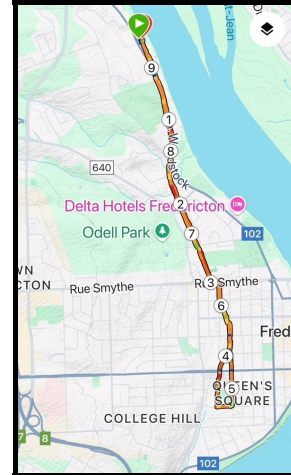


4. Man in the Moon  
(With artist commentary)

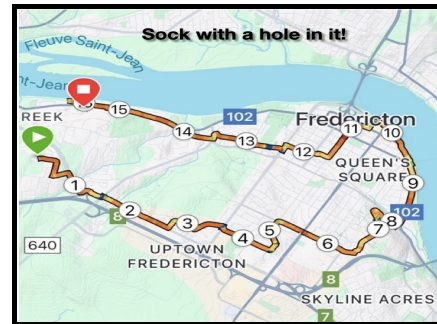


This was supposed to be a man on the moon - crescent moon for the February Point Series but I got tired and didn't check to see how big my eye and smile were.

5. Eye of the needle.



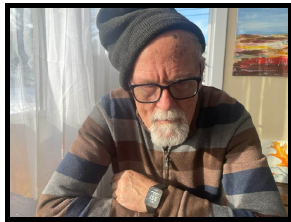
6. Sock with a hole in it.  
(a.k.a. Dirty Sock)



*Not Just Another  
"Pedestrian"  
Art Contest.*

*Paul Looker*

## FROM THE BACK OF THE PACK BY HARRY DROST



Hi! Yes, I am part of “the back of the pack.” No, I am not running these days just doing some walking. But I am an expert on “standing behind the back of the pack.” Hearing things like, “I can’t find my good runners” or “Do we have any Gatorade?” *(And often, when at the back of the pack one could hear a disgruntled voice cry out “I hate running!” ~ Editor)*

And, in the early days of running with the club, also cycling along with a banana in my pocket and always carrying extra water. And even before that? Staying home and entertaining our 4 boys while Henny made some breakfast for a hungry runner, and even made sure that daddy could take his nap.

Yes, it sometimes takes a village....and the nice part is, that the club (and me) are still doing it! GREAT.

~ Harry



A Jog Down  
Memory  
Lane



