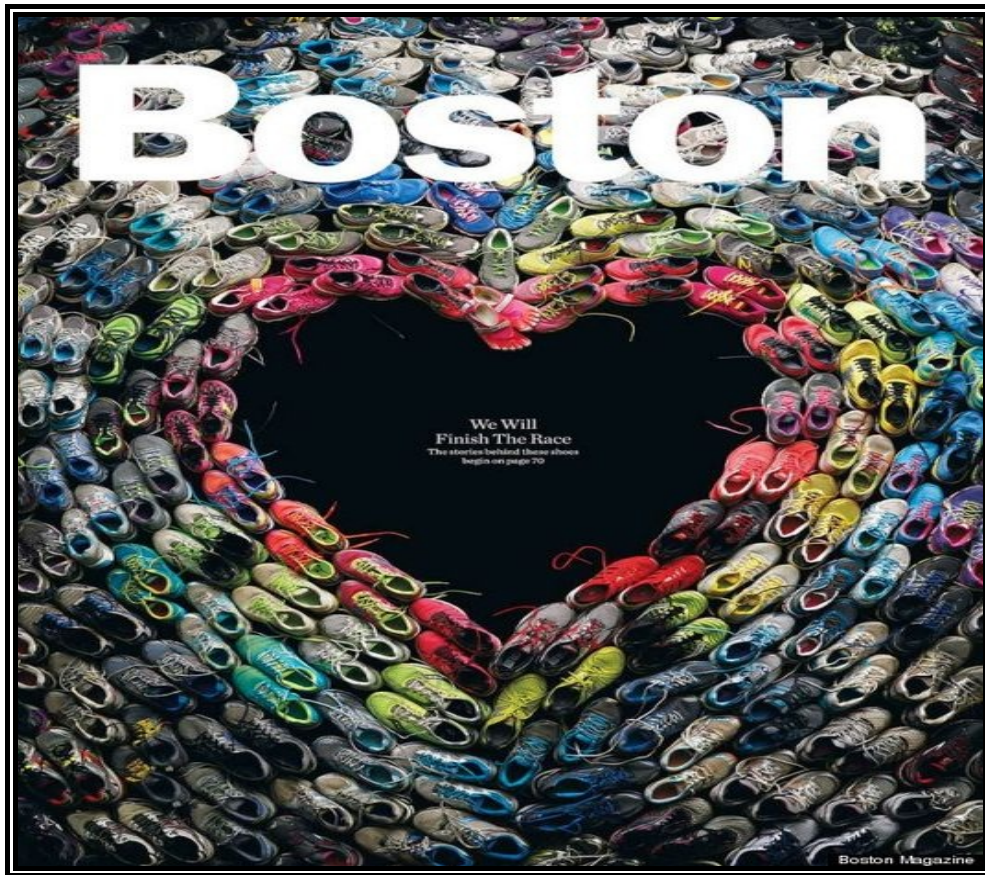
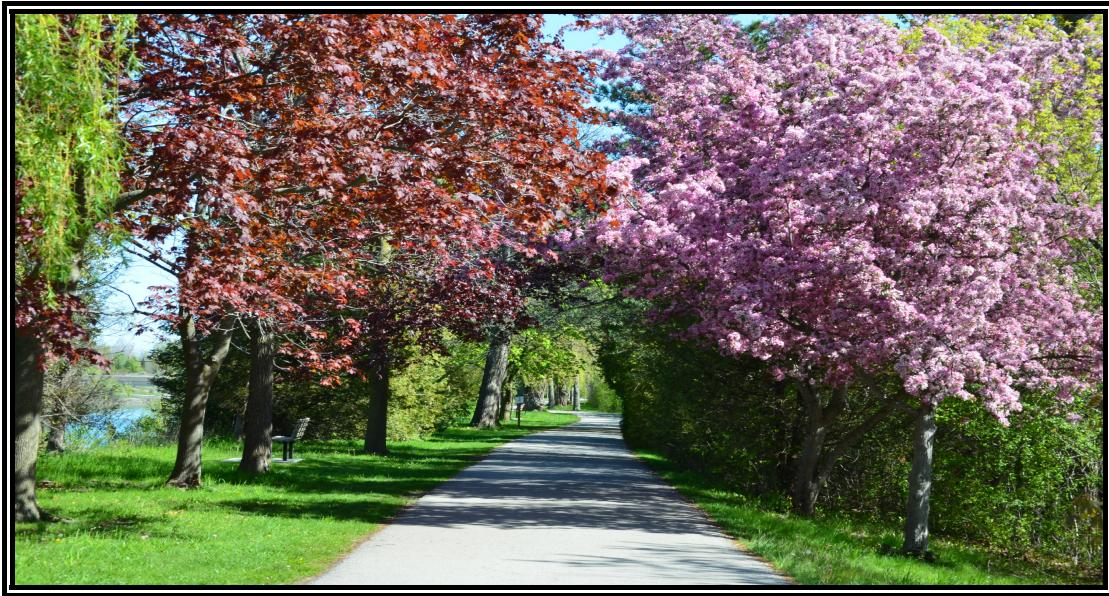


MAY 2023

~~~ FOOTNOTES ~~~



Running Through Nature to Help You Through Grief



(My Dad died December 8th 1978. He was 53 years of age. Cancer had ravaged his young body. Even all these years later, 44 years last December 8th, I vividly recall the weeks leading up to his death and especially that Friday morning getting a call at work that Dad had passed away peacefully with Mum at his side. I had taken up running just a couple of years before and I discovered that running along the country roads and among the green hills and meadows of Northern Ireland helped greatly in dealing with my grief. Upon reading the article below it really struck a cord for me and so I thought I'd add it to this issue of Footnotes. The running rev.)

It's fairly well known that experiencing the natural world is a major boost to your mental health. But as well as giving you a chance to recharge, surrounding yourself with nature can make a huge difference when you're going through the grieving process. In this article we look at how you might consider using nature to help you through grief, when you've experienced the loss of a loved one.



A Hugely Rewarding Experience

It can be hard to pinpoint exactly what it is about nature that is such an aid to improved mental health. For one person it can be the time alone, giving them the opportunity to work through their thoughts and feelings.

For another it will be the time out from the hectic pace of a city and the reduced stress that often comes with it. Or it may simply be the majesty of an awe-inspiring natural wonder that is enough of a distraction to break the cycle of sadness just enough to help someone reconnect with themselves in a more positive way.

And as grief is such an intensely personal thing there is no right or wrong way of how an individual approaches it. But nature can really be a hugely rewarding experience in helping you overcome your grief. And it's effective in helping children come to terms with grief too.

Why Using Nature to Help You Through Grief is Powerful

“People instinctively turn to outdoor and nature-loving activities as a way of relaxing and enhancing their well-being. Nature can aid in facilitating self-awareness and promoting healing. For many the outdoors is a source of inspiration, solace, guidance and regeneration. Time spent outdoors can be restorative and healing. Whether running through a canyon, walking on the sunny beach, hiking through a fern-filled forest, scrambling over rocks along a creek side, watching the last few rays of the setting sun, strolling along a moonlit night, or just sitting breathing fresh clean air, being out in nature is one of the best prescriptions for overall health and encouraging healing.” ~ Kirsti A. Dyer, MD, Nature Awareness as a Therapeutic Modality

Breaking the Cycle of Rumination



One problem people who are grieving suffer from is rumination. (Those who are suffering anxiety or depression, or similar mental health issues also suffer from rumination.) The Response Styles Theory proposed in 1998 by Nolen-Hoeksema defines rumination in the following way:

‘Rumination is the focussed attention on the symptoms of one’s distress, and on its possible causes and consequences, as opposed to its solutions.’

From a psychological and therapeutic perspective ruminating about things is not helpful. Ruminating about your loss, your sadness, your guilt and the other negative emotions of grief is associated with longer, more intense grieving symptoms.

A 2015 study by Stanford University researchers found that people who walked in nature showed less activity in a region of the brain that is active during rumination. The study compared two groups of people; one group walked for 90 minutes among grass and trees, the other walked for 90 minutes along a busy four-lane road.

The Calming Effects of Water



In 2016, a study conducted by American Scientists in New Zealand found that higher levels of blue space visibility, that is bodies of water, were also associated with lower psychological distress. As well as the vast expanse of water that can feel relaxing to be around anyway, there is also the sound of the waves lapping at the shore. There's an almost hypnotic rhythm to that sound. Speaking on the subject in *The Guardian*, Marine biologist Dr Wallace Nichols said that 'seeing water can promote wellness and relaxation by inducing a flood of neurochemicals that increase the flow of blood to the brain and heart.' Dr Nichols also added that the sound of waves can alter a person's brain patterns, inducing a deeply relaxed state that is similar to meditation.

More Benefits of Using Nature to Help You Through Grief

When you're coping with grief it can be mentally exhausting, but by taking some time with nature you can help rest your mind and get some physical exercise too. The power of nature can force you to interrupt any unhelpful negative thought patterns.

You Can Have Solitude

Taking time out with nature gives you the time and space to think about things and process your feelings. It needn't be a mountain expedition either, a walk in the woods or a country bike ride can be the perfect opportunity to help you gather your thoughts.

You Can Disconnect from the World (and Technology)



The world is busy and getting busier. There are cars, buses and people everywhere. And of course as a generation we're addicted to screens, particularly the ones we carry in our pockets. When you're grieving unplugging yourself from the modern world for a time can be a serious help and really boost your mental and physical health.

Natural Wonders are Wonderful

The natural world has some beautiful scenery and breathtaking elements. When you're coping with grief the world can seem grey but by exploring nature your attention is naturally drawn to its drama and can help you feel like there is light in the world again.

You Can Meet New People

Be it a therapeutic hike or a simple bike ride being outdoors gives you the opportunity to meet like-minded people if you feel ready. You will find getting outdoors offers you the opportunity to meet new people or invite your friends along. You'll find it can really help you in coming to terms with your grief.

Final Thoughts

As Kirsti A Dyer puts it: "Being in nature one becomes aware of the infinite circle of life. There is evidence of decay, destruction and death; there are also examples of rejuvenation, restoration, and renewal. The never-ending cycle of birth, life, death and rebirth can put life and death into perspective and impart a sense of constancy after experiencing a life-changing loss or a death."

Whatever your own reason for taking in nature as part of your journey in overcoming grief, nature can be a source of support. And with grief there's no time-scale. If you start off with a ten-minute walk in the woods, tell yourself that's ok. You will eventually get to a place where you've come to terms with your bereavement and can look forward again. (The Queen of the Glens - The Nine Glens of Antrim - Northern Ireland)



10th Anniversary of Boston Marathon Bombing Marked With Sombre Ceremony



BOSTON (AP) — With a bagpiper playing “The Bells of Dunblane” and a few runners looking on, families of those killed in the Boston Marathon bombing marked the 10th anniversary of the tragedy early Saturday by slowly walking together to the memorial sites near the finish line and laying wreaths.

Boston Mayor Michelle Wu, who was making her first run for City Council when the bombing happened, joined the sombre procession along with Gov. Maura Healey. At each memorial site — marked with three stone pillars for the three victims — they stood with the families in silence. A brief ceremony will be held later in the day at the finish line of marathon, where bells will ring followed by a moment of silence.

The 127th running of the Boston Marathon takes place Monday.

“The day never leaves me,” said Jennifer Black, 71, a realtor from Loveland, Ohio, who was watching the procession and recounted how her race in 2013 was cut short due to the bombing and talked about those who died in the attack. She is back in Boston to run this year. “So much loss, so much pain all because of hate,” she continued, tears streaming down her face. “We have to stand up for people. We have to look out for each other, and we have to pray for these families every day.”

Standing next to Black, Karen Russell, of Boston, said she felt it was important to witness the procession especially on the 10th anniversary.

“The families are still suffering even though we’ve gone on,” Russel said. “There are a lot of people that got hurt that day and that pain will never go away. ... I feel it’s important to be here to let them know we still care.”

Three people were killed and more than 260 were injured when two pressure-cooker bombs went off at the marathon finish line.

Among the dead were Lu Lingzi, a 23-year-old Boston University graduate student from China; Krystle Campbell, a 29-year-old restaurant manager from Medford, Massachusetts; and 8-year-old Martin Richard, who had gone to watch the marathon with his family.

During a tense, four-day manhunt that paralyzed the city, Massachusetts Institute of Technology Police Officer Sean Collier was shot dead in his car. Boston Police Officer Dennis Simmonds also died a year after he was wounded in a confrontation with the bombers.

Police captured a bloodied and wounded Dzhokhar Tsarnaev in the Boston suburb of Watertown, where he was hiding in a boat parked in a backyard, hours after his brother died. Tamerlan Tsarnaev, 26, had been in a gunfight with police and was run over by his brother as he fled.

“I think we’re all still living with those tragic days 10 years ago,” Bill Evans, the former Boston Police Commissioner, said recently.

Dzhokhar Tsarnaev was sentenced to death and much of the attention, in recent years, has been around his bid to avoid being executed.

AP Sports Writer Jimmy Golen



FROM THE PRESIDENT By Fran Robinson



Hello fellow runners and walkers.

A little update on my achilles tendon issue. Shock wave therapy at the physio's office seems to be helping and I'm able to get out running again. Yeh me! We certainly take our ability to move for granted at times, or at least I have done so.

It's nice to get back into running, but I won't be doing the Fredericton Marathon this year, unfortunately. There are lots of us who are though! Several are doing the full marathon as well as the half and likely the 10 km event as well. Sara Young has been doing a great job motivating the forces to keep on track with their training. Thanks Sara!

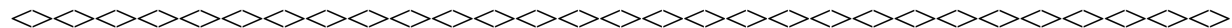
As an executive, we just closed a survey that was sent out to the membership. We're hoping that we received some direction from the membership with respect to our club activities, etc. In the next issue of Footnotes, I should have an update for you on that.

We have found that numbers on Saturday morning runs/walks are certainly a lot higher than Wednesday evening runs. There are just a lot of other groups with activities on a Wednesday night that conflict with ours. There are only so many activities that a person can do in their day.

Due to some family health issues, lately I've been thinking a lot about life longevity. It brings to mind Martin Luther King's quote: "The quality, not the longevity, of one's life is what is important". For me, the quality of my life is why I keep running, at this stage in my life. I'll never win any races, but I can try to win the race against poor health in my later years. I think, as runners, or walkers, we have set ourselves up for a better quality of life. What are your thoughts on this? Would love to hear from you on this one.

Keep moving, by walking, running, gardening, whatever it takes. We all know it's important.

All the best, ~ Fran



"Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of the water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is by no means a waste of time."

~ John Lubbock ~

You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running. Issue #41: The start of the road racing season by Rob Jackson



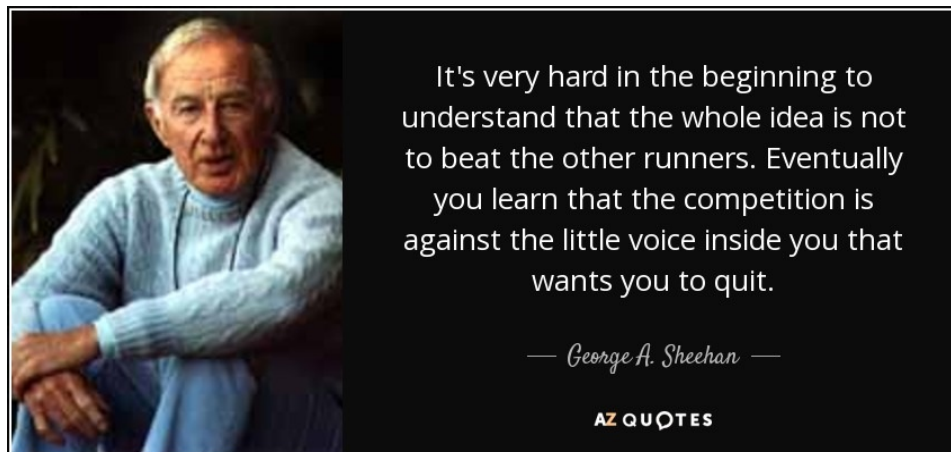
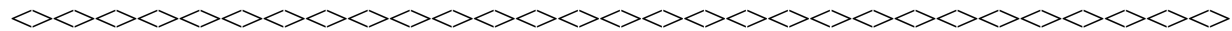
Road runners sometimes turn to road racing. In New Brunswick, there are 42 road races on the RunNB calendar for the period of May 1 to December 31, 2023. Let's take a look at the two, recurring, single-distance events for this year.

If a five-kilometre race is in your sights, the Run For Renee takes place on Sundays in Quispamsis on May 21, June 25, July 23, August 20, September 17 and October 29. Start time is 9:00 a.m. and travel time from Fredericton is about 90 minutes. It's a no-frills race with a \$10 entry fee and takes place on a downhill, point-to-point course that is certified as to correct distance. The drop in elevation is six metres for each kilometre. Registration is capped at 50 entrants, so be sure to enter early if interested.

For those with more of an interest in a half-marathon, there's the Demi-marathon de l'Acadie in Tracadie-Sheila. This race also takes place on Sundays, on May 7, June 4, July 2, August 6, September 3, October 1, November 5 and December 3 with a start time of 10:00 a.m. Your travel time from Fredericton will be just over three hours and the entry fee is \$20. Like the Run For Renee, it is a point-to-point course that is certified as to distance and is downhill, with three metres of drop in elevation for each kilometre.

For the complete roster of events on the RunNB calendar, visit: <https://events.runnb.ca/calendar/>

~ Rob



Fossils Corner by Steve Scott The Magic of the Boston Marathon



The recent Boston Marathon brought back many fond memories mainly for this Old Fossil including my 1st Age Group qualification in 1987. The drive down to Beantown in April of 1989 and staying at the YMCA in downtown (in the old Combat Zone) and the subsequent parking of the Van in a secure parking lot for more money than our rooms cost. This place was literally wall to wall people because of Marathon Weekend. The Expo was huge with many celebrated mostly American runners and marathoners. My favourite was namesake Steve Scott, aka the Great American Miler. Got a very meaningful autograph from Steve. It really was a total whirlwind of activity for us all.

From the great carb loading dinner on Sunday evening to the impossibly crowded Start Line iTHEn Hopkinton, 26.2 miles Southwest of the Boston Finish Line. But enough of my journey, this is meant for those of you who have not yet qualified but will some day. I know a lot of CCRRS are finishing up their training for the Half in Fredericton on May 14th; hope this gets you excited enough to think about doing Boston some day, plus some are planning to run the Full in Fredericton. I hope you do well.

The main impetus for this article has been my recent viewing of this years 117th Boston Marathon and subsequently seeing CTV articles by Ryan Mac Donald from Nova Scotia on his training which culminated with a photo showing him on his knees in the pouring rain just past the Finish line with his arms raised in Victory. As a postscript he qualified at the Fredericton Marathon last Spring. His time in Boston was 3:08. Also have heard that local boy Steve Doheny ran Boston with good results I think. Aw heck any finish in the Holy Grail of Marathoning is great. I will leave you with this thought, just remember, “. . .there is no finish line . . .” ~Fossil

Pondering the Power of Memory - by the Running Rev



Thirty-three years have passed in the meantime. A lot of water has flowed under that proverbial bridge since that night. It was a fund raiser to help children with Spina Bifida. The distance, was a ten-miler with other lesser distances for walkers, mostly Mums and children. I don't know how many of the children were born with Spina Bifida, but I know my nephew Gary was there in a stroller with his Mum pushing. It was a hilly course, but most of the walkers were walking 4 miles, 2 out and 2 back.

I placed first in the 10 mile run. I received the trophy pictured on the left. I must confess there were only two runners. Yes, you read that right. The rest were walkers. My younger brother Philip kept behind me in his car as I didn't know the area very well and the course seemed to be all over creation. It was very scenic. I got to the finish line without getting lost. I thought there would have been more runners but learned later it was more of a walking event than a running event. No matter, I came first and have the hardware to prove it.

The reason there were only 2 of us running the 10 mile distance was on the day before the Belfast Marathon had been held and so all the runners were probably "resting".

That evening after everyone had crossed the finish line there was a presentation to the runners and walkers. There were some very competitive walkers taking part. My name was called and I was introduced as being the first ever Canadian participant in their first ever ten mile running race they had taken part and were delighted to present me with the little trophy shown above. It says on it "*Ballymena Spina Bifida Sponsored Walk 1990*". (Ballymena is my hometown back in N. Ireland) There was another reason there were only 2 runners. I found out later the other guy decided to run because I was running. He did finish but walked more than he ran.

Along with the little trophy which has pride of place in my study I also received a bottle of whisky, Bushmills no less. People were applauding the Canadian as I made my way back to my seat. My brother and sister were proud of my achievement. My nephew was too young to appreciate my "victory". Some people came over to meet the Canadian, but when I informed them I grew up in Ballymena they lost interest.

Every time I look at my little trophy I remember my nephew Gary. When he was born, the consensus was that his Spina Bifida was such that there wasn't much that could be done for him. My sister went on hunger strike forcing the doctors to do something. The prognosis was that he would be unable to see, talk or walk but his

mother insisted Gary get the needed surgery and at least be given a chance to live. He is 44 years old now and works full time, can talk the leg of a stool, his eyesight is good, and he has a great sense of humour.

As I think back to the experiences of 1990, and ponder upon all the water that has flowed under the bridge since then. I recall the many people whose paths crossed with mine. As a parish priest, hospital and police chaplain, that little trophy reminds me of how people are fighting battles that we have no idea about and how both young and old show great determination and courage as they face uncertain futures.

I recall when attending Seminary, Wycliffe College in Toronto, getting a call from a distraught Grandmother who I had met when serving in her parish as a student minister. She lived in Fredericton and her grandson was in the children's hospital and she asked if I would go and have prayers with her Grandson who was to have an operation the next day. My brother-in-law drove me to the hospital and in my excitement to get there I only knew the Grandson's first name. The nurse at the nursing station looked at me as if I had two heads and shook her head, "We will need more than that," she said. It was then I heard a voice calling my name. It was the boy's mother. We had met at a wedding that summer and she recognized me immediately. She had been for a coffee and showed me the way to her son's room.

It was a very special room and I was taken aback to see this young child lying there. He had a great big smile on his face as he greeted me. Gathering myself I could see that his head was actually screwed to a bench type structure. The rest of his body was immobilized with bedclothes wrapped tightly around his body. Brandon was round ten years old. When I asked him if he would like me to pray with him he just simply blue me out of the water. In a strong voice he asked me to pray for his Mum because she was having a hard time seeing him like this and to pray that his surgery would help straighten his back. Both Mum and I had tears in our eyes. Such wisdom and courage from one so young and also so far away from home and among strangers.

The presentations now over and the participants and volunteers started to make their way home. It was then a fight broke out, more threatening to fight than fighting. My brother Philip made the observation that I had come first, got a trophy and bottle of whisky and to cap the evening a fight. With a grin he said "Perfect night!"

As John O'Donohue writes in his wonderful little book *To Bless the Space Between Us* he reminds us how "Weariness invades your spirit."

I have printed O'Donohue's poem in full below as it is filled with encouragement.

~ *the running rev.*

For One Who Is Exhausted, a Blessing by John O'Donohue

*When the rhythm of the heart becomes hectic,
Time takes on the strain until it breaks;
Then all the unattended stress falls in
On the mind like an endless, increasing weight.*

*The light in the mind becomes dim.
Things you could take in your stride before
Now become laborsome events of will.*

*Weariness invades your spirit. Gravity begins falling inside you,
Dragging down every bone. The tide you never valued has gone out.
And you are marooned on unsure ground. Something within you has closed down;
and you cannot push yourself back to life. You have been forced to enter empty time.
The desire that drove you has relinquished. There is nothing else to do now but rest
And patiently learn to receive the self You have forsaken in the race of days.*

*At first your thinking will darken
And sadness take over like listless weather.
The flow of unwept tears will frighten you.*

*You have traveled too fast over false ground;
Now your soul has come to take you back.*

*Take refuge in your senses, open up
To all the small miracles you rushed through.
Become inclined to watch the way of rain
When it falls slow and free.*

*Imitate the habit of twilight,
Taking time to open the well of colour
That fostered the brightness of day.*

*Draw alongside the silence of stone
Until its calmness can claim you.
Be excessively gentle with yourself.*

*Stay clear of those vexed in spirit.
Learn to linger around someone of ease
Who feels they have all the time in the world.*

*Gradually, you will return to yourself,
Having learned a new respect for your heart
And the joy that dwells far within slow time.*



From the Back of the Pack

Hi everybody

The dead line for Foot Notes was midnight but I was asleep before that and I am sure that at this moment 6 AM John does not know that it is Friday! So I still have time to dream up something.

At the age of almost 74 I have come to a conclusion that I am competitive! I give blood and to try to beat a few people to be out of there before they are finished and it still works after 40 years of donating.

In running I competed against John McKendy and my very good friend John Cathcart, and another one but he passed away and I cannot think of his name please help me with that.

December Challenge: try to walk/run the most km.

Cycling up the toughest hills here and in the USA.

My slogan was for many years: "It doesn't matter if you beat Harry, it matters if he beats you!" Spring is here and so keep running, walking, cycling, exercising!

From the back of the pack and proud of it!

~ **Harry**

