

# ~FOOTNOTES~

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



Great run Thursday night, with 2 visitors!  
Irene from Winnipeg & Brian from Windsor/Bangor



*Cooler days are on their way  
As a new season waits in the wings  
If you listen closely you hear birds sing  
Geese gather preparing for what the future brings*

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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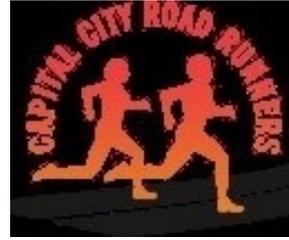
~FOOTNOTES ~CONTRIBUTORS

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.

## Country Roads Take Me Home by the Running Rev



I'm a lover of country music. One of my favourites is "Country Roads, Take Me Home to the Place I Belong" sung by the late John Denver. I read somewhere Elvis is supposed to have said, "Music is like religion – when you experience them both it should move you." The words and music of 'Country Roads' does that for me. They transport me back to the place I belong. John Denver had the ability to help me walk down memory lane and in my mind's eye see the places known to me and I to them.

*Almost Heaven, West Virginia  
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River  
Life is old there, older than the trees  
Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze*

*Country roads, take me home  
To the place I belong  
West Virginia, mountain mama  
Take me home, country roads*

Ah, to the place I belong! It's not West Virginia but Ballymena. Earlier this year, back in May, we made a trip back to "the old country" to the place of my birth and the place where I'm known. Trips "back home" where ever 'home' might be, always manages to stir deep thoughts, some troubling thoughts, mixed confused feelings, and memories, both good and bad. To experience the emotional, the joyful, and celebrations of family but not forgetting the sad times, growing up in a place where familiar streets, open fields and green meadows knew me better than I knew them.

They knew me as a child struggling to become a grown up - just as I knew them. I knew the neighbours, the good ones, the nosey ones, and the grumpy ones. I knew the short-cuts, the back-streets and alley ways. Once upon a time I knew the shopkeepers, teachers, places where we played, and sometimes fought. Growing older I began to notice and participate in the dances and local pub scene. Those younger years giving way to teenage years were full of new things to try and bad habits to cultivate. Then, in 1969, there happened what the Irish affectionately call 'The Troubles' as extremists on both sides turned to the bomb and bullet as if that would bring the two sides closer together. Someone once said during 'The Troubles' that 'Northern Ireland was a place of such natural beauty spoiled with such senseless sadness and trauma.'

"Aye, you're home then." Those words, more of a statement than a question, were spoken by my youngest brother as we stood in his yard. He lives among the hills and valleys of a place called the Green Glens of Antrim. He has built a traditional stone wall all around his yard which overlooks the green pastures where sheep lazily grazed on the lush green grass. The wall itself is a work of art and a testament to my brother's patience and his love for the Irish countryside where ancient stone walls offered shelter to sheep in times of drenching rain, sleet, snow and gale-force winds.



Yes, I was "home". That place with green fields and rolling hills where stone walls and sheep are a common sight as are the rising hills and deep valleys of the Glorious Glens of Antrim - especially the Queen o' the Glens - Glenariffe - with her ever-flowing

streams and majestic waterfalls with sheep everywhere you cared to look. And if there aren't sheep then there are cows lazily chewing the cud and wondering why I was looking at them looking at me. There are nine glens for the avid hiker to explore.

As each day "back home" unfolded, and how quickly the time passed, I had to come to terms with the fact that my most favourite run, (and where we would walk with my Dad on a Sunday afternoon) so full of challenging hills, known simply as the old Crebilly Road, with farmland on every side, overlooking a spectacular view of a breathtaking valley. Housing developments are increasingly encroaching as the town spreads out. Yes, I had to come to terms that rugged route was now beyond my ability to conquer as age had to be part of the equation when heading out the door for run.

I still went on run/walks but now they were very modest compared to my younger days when a 15/20 miler would be no problem, hills once so easily conquered, and thus left feeling victorious, and whose reward was a cold pint o' Guinness to salute the victory and those hose no longer with us. Ah, Guinness ...

One really sunny and hot afternoon, after a walk around the old hometown, meeting folk I didn't know, a decision was made to go for a quick Guinness - well, ok, maybe two! I set off for a wee pub once considered "my local" only to discover it was no longer in business - another casualty of the Covid pandemic. That invoked a deep sadness in me as it was a place where friends gathered and many stories were shared, many an honest lie told, and many a pint poured to satisfy the human thirst for companionship and conversation. The small 'real' Irish pubs were a place almost sacred, as you could drop in any time of the day and be guaranteed 'company' over a wee drink. Yes, things change.

A few days later, deciding to take a walk along the river to the places where I'd learned to swim, only to discover that the school I attended was in the process of being demolished to make way for "affordable housing" and the path to the swimming spots now blocked because of construction. The school itself, as you might imagine held many memories. The schoolyard was a place where bullies roamed and the bullied desperately tried to stay out of their way. It was a place where the fashion minded (the cool folk) were made look like everyone else dressed as they were in their neat uniforms which put everyone on the same level. It was the school where I won the shot put my first year but in defending my title the next year was soundly beaten by a new guy from Greece, who was built like a tank, and threw the shot put way further than anyone could have imagined. Now the school lay in a pile of rubble.

Nobody swims in the river anymore as they had built a great swimming pool that is the pride of the town. It is now one of those places where people went to swim or work out. Gone were the days when children learned to swim in the Moat River graduating from Andy Shallows to Andy deep. (I have no clue who or why those places were named after someone named Andy?) Progress had arrived by way of moving the enjoyment of swimming outdoors to the clinical looking swimming pool.



Determined to have a Guinness come hell or high water I made my way to the other end of town where I once had a paper route. I knew the place well being a member of the local boxing club in run by the Catholic Church. At one time there were 14 pubs on one street - perfect for a Friday night pub crawl. Only a few have survived.

Knowing there used to be a wee pub nearby called the Slemish Bar named after Slemish Mountain where legend has it Saint Patrick himself spent six years there as a slave after being abducted by Irish slave traders and transported in a small boat across the Irish sea to Ireland. In his later writings, after his escape, Patrick wrote how “Hunger and cold were his constant companions during his six years of captivity.”

Determined to have that Guinness, the Slemish bar was there right when I turned the corner. I made my way in, and the bar-room was so small you couldn't swing a cat in it as they say. Over the buzz of conversation, pointing as the sign that said 'best in town' the barman poured me a Guinness. It was so good made all the more so as it was an unusually hot day. We hit a week of sunshine - a rare occurrence. Finding a seat in the dark corner, as the folk were all gathered around the bar, the buzz of conversation filled the air, it was a language and accent that warmed me old heart.

As I sat there, watching a guy play the one armed bandit, and who eventually left looking as though he had just been robbed. Two older men - well, probably Harry Drost's age - came in and each ordered a Guinness to which the barman said he would “bring them over.” They settled in the same dark corner where I was, almost crowding me out while I sat there observing the sacredness of community. One of the men nodded at me, the other man showed no sign that he even knew I was there.

A few minutes later their Guinness arrived, you don't rush pouring a Guinness as it is a liturgical and sacred act of sorts. They raised a glass, as they say here, and after a drink one of them said to the other, “Ya know Jimmy, ya never know.”

Setting his Guinness down on the table and wiping his mouth with back of his hand, Jimmy replied, “Ya know Sammy, you're right. Ya never know.”

“Ya know Jimmy, I was in just the other night and William was sitting up in bed. He was in good form. He looked like his old self. There you are - ya never know.”

“Aye, I know Sammy. Sure I was in the day before and old William was telling his stories and laughing at his own jokes. He was looking forward to maybe getting home. Like ya said Sammy, ya never know.”

“I know Jimmy. I was shocked when William's missus called to say William had taken a turn for the worse and had died during the night. Aye, ya never know.”

“When's the funeral then Sammy, do ya know?” “No Jimmy, I don't, not yet.”

With that they raised their glasses and said together, “To William! God rest his soul.”

Then the barman came collecting the empties, nodded at me and pointed at my empty glass. He never said a word, just pointed then gave a thumb's up and returned a few minutes later with a freshly poured Guinness. Aye, I'm home. *The running rev.*

## From the President by Joanne Embree



It's hard to believe that fall will soon be here. It's definitely been a warm summer. We have been luckier than many runners in other provinces in that we have not had to deal with many days of heavy smoke from forest fires. That said, most of us who are training for fall runs have had to make a number of accommodations because of the heat over the last few weeks.

Despite the heat, the Couch to 5 K clinic which we are doing with the folks from the YMCA has been very successful. There have been some very warm Tuesday evening runs and kudos to everyone who has taken part in those. A special thank you to Natalie and Erin for organizing and running an incredible training program. Thanks as well to the various runners who gave educational talks at the start of many of the clinic sessions on Tuesday night. Also a thank you to club members who have come out to run with the clinic attendees on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays. Christa, Mona and Dave have been regulars. Steve kindly developed and circulated training programs based on one's experience to help runners get ready for the Fall Classic 10K and half marathon. He also has made himself available to provide individualized training advice for those who want it. Those who have taken his advice have appreciated the truth of his views that "Most people aren't aware of what they are capable of" when it comes to running.

We are looking forward to the running of The Fall Classic.

Joanne

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We are still looking for volunteers to come be a part of the big race weekend! Time to start DRAW PRIZES  
Looking to give back to your local running community?  
Looking to play a small part that makes a BIG difference?  
Looking for a chance to win a prize?  
Sign up to volunteer by this Sunday and you'll be entered for a chance to win a \$50 Running Room Gift Card!  
Volunteers are the heart of our race —  
come be part of the team! Sign up here:  
<https://raceroster.com/.../42nd.../volunteer/register>

## I Think I Forgot How To Run... by Paul Looker

On August 14th I just couldn't resist the urge any more. I had to "pull on" the old running shoes and get outside. You see, it appeared that I was missing running. "What?" Well, if you were to look back in my Strava account you would see why. I had not run since May 31st. "Really!" So, it would actually be the first time that I had run this summer. "Wow!" I was excited. I decided that I would just go for a short run, thinking it would be fun to try and push myself, to see how fast I could go. I really was looking forward to this.

Out in the driveway I tried to do a few range of motion and loosening exercises. That didn't go as well as I had expected. I was stiff all over. Every muscle seemed tight. Okay, I thought. Let's just try to ease into the run. Maybe everything will loosen up after jogging slowly for a few minutes. I started... "What the...?" I took another step. "What's going on?" Every muscle it seemed was trying to resist. "Keep going" I thought, as I took my third step, my legs and body seeming to spasm and jerk their way through the motion of trying to propel my body forward. Man, this was awkward I thought. Awkward, almost to the point of being painful. "Keep going. It may just take a few more steps to get over this". After imagining how silly I must look to the neighbours, as I moved down the street, a thought came to me. Half-jokingly, I said to myself, "I have forgotten how to run."

I found myself thinking about that over and over again during, and after, this first run. Forgotten how to run. Is that even possible? Literally, I knew that it was not really possible in my situation, yet physically it did seem that way. I am not a doctor, nor a scientific expert. Yet, I am aware that there are medical situations / conditions where people have had to re-learn how to move or walk again. And, I am in no way making light of the difficulties that they have had to face. I am looking at this solely from my perspective alone. That of a person who has always been fortunate enough to find running easy and enjoyable. So, how did I get to this point?

Well, I have not been entirely inactive during this period with no running. By no means. I was active pretty well every day and for extended periods of time too. I was hiking, with a fairly heavy backpack for 8 to 12 hours a day. I came away from this hike thinking I was quite fit and that running would be super easy when I started up again. But, this was turning out not to be the case. So, had I actually forgotten how to run? No. But, obviously, there was a disconnect between how I pictured myself being able to run and my actual performance of the physical activity.

I have heard many people, over the years, use the term "muscle memory" when talking about training for various sports. No. They were not saying that that our

muscles have the ability to retain memories like the brain but were rather referring to a retention of motor patterns in the nervous system. The brain develops, through repetitive practice, neural pathways and connections that control the muscle groups involved in an activity. So a way to think about muscle memory is that it is the ability to move in a particular way without having to think about it.

I have been using my muscles in a different fashion these past few months and I have become accustomed to the activity of walking more than running. Running, you can say, is no longer the default procedural memory form. I haven't forgotten how to run, the neural processes are somewhere in the memory bank of my brain. Somewhere. I am just going to have to spend some time retraining the muscles to get in shape again, so that eventually the movement of running will once again become more efficient and automatic.

I guess all the fancy talk, scientific lingo and the lingo and terminology aside. I will just have to knuckle down and run. ~ Paul

### **Point Series Update.**

With the point series results updated to the end of July there has been some movement in the top 10 positions. But, Leanne is still miles ahead of the pack with the overall lead. Harry is in the top position for the men, with the rest of us starting to tighten up behind him. Some of the new club members are rising quickly in the rankings too, which may make for an interesting year end to the club events.

I still have to compile results from the August events and will post an update in the future. If you were not able to attend one of the 5Ks and IPAs events in August remember that you can still submit any run result virtually. If your submission is not a 5 Km event I can manipulate your data to fit the distance.

Here are the top 10 results to date: 1. Leanne Doughty - 314 pts; 2. Harry Drost - 239 pts; 3. Boris Allard - 221 pts; 4. David Weir - 204 pts; 5. Janet Tree - 204 pts; 6. Joanne Embree - 195 pts; 7. Janice Caissie - 194 pts; 8. Murray Lowery - 191 pts; 9. Rick Grey - 189 pts; 10. Paul Looker - 184 pts.

You can submit your virtual run data via our club email address: [info@ccrr.ca](mailto:info@ccrr.ca)

The next event in the point series is the Fall Classic. If you are not participating in the event please consider volunteering. Virtual results are accepted, as always, if you can't participate in the event

The updated point series tally sheets shall be posted to the club's website on the events page.

~ Paul



EVENT SEVEN: I've collected club member's times from all the Parkrun events that took place in July. Using their best performance for the point series. For virtual results, those submitted and those found online, I adjusted the distance and times to 5.00 km. I used what I estimated to be the best 5 km of your longer runs. The points tally to date will be updated on the events page of the club's website.

Name	ParkRun Event #	Time	Event #7 Position	Points
<b>Clayton Goodine</b>	174	17:35	M1	50
<b>Boris Allard</b>	173	24:15	M2	45
<b>David Weir</b>	177	24:35	M3	42
<b>Mike Melanson</b>	(Virtual)	25:49	M4	40
<b>Justin Leblanc</b>	(Virtual)	26:36	M5	39
<b>Westley Arbeau</b>	177	26:48	M6	38
<b>Jamie Weatherbee</b>	(Virtual)	28:40	M7	37
<b>Janet Tree</b>	177	28:45	F1	50
<b>Marlene McVicar</b>	175	28:46	F2	45

Name	ParkRun Event #	Time	Event #7 Position	Points
Lauren Fraser	173	29:23	F3	42
Natalie Parent	174	30:16	F4	40
Leanne Doughty	174	30:42	F5	39
Janice Caissie	173	32:18	F6	38
Rick Grey	173	32:23	M8	36
Joanne Embree	173	32:50	F7	37
Erin Whitman	173	34:15	F8	36
Harry Drost	(Virtual)	37:04	M9	35
Mona McLachlan	177	39:07	F9	35

Please let me know of any errors or omissions And I will amend the results lists and point tallies accordingly. ~ **Paul**



Some photos taken by Michelle of the start of some of our runs this summer.

## CCRR&W 2025 Point Series - Event #6



### Summer Solstice Hill Climb

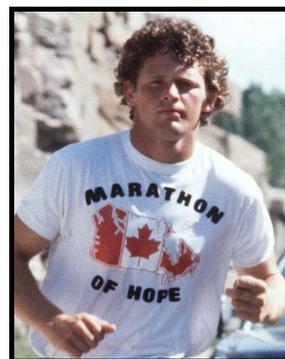
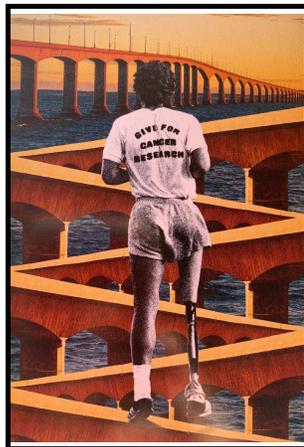
Thursday, June 19<sup>th</sup>, 2025.

Another edition of the Summer Solstice Hill Climb is over and done with. I have the results listed below and you will find the Point Series Tally sheet on the club's event page.

Name	Category/Place	Points
Christa Blizzard	(W)alker F1	50
Henny Drost	(W)F2	45
Harry Drost	(W)M1	50
Sara Young	F1	50
Leanne Doughty	F2	45
Fran Robinson	F3	42
Michelle Coleman	F4	* see below
Mike Melanson	M1	50

Name	Category/Place	Points
Justin Leblanc	M2	45
Terry Haines	M3	42
Jochen Schroer	M4	40
Lloyd Sutherland.	M5	39
Steve Scott	V1	50
Michelle Coleman	V2	* 45
Mary McKenna	V3	42
Mona McLachlan	V3	42
Pierre El Khoury	V3	42
Dan Coleman	V3	42

## Terry Fox Run on Confederation Bridge Sunday, September 21, 2025



September. September for me has always been associated with returning to school or university and the summer soon coming to an end. The temperatures start to dip, but is not too cold yet. The trees start to change colour. It is my favourite time of the year for running. And, for many in the running community in Canada, and in many other countries around the world too, September has often been the month in which the annual Terry Fox run occurs.

I remember when I was younger, watching news coverage about Terry and his “Marathon of Hope” run. The whole country was learning about his battle with cancer. We learned about his having one leg amputated just above the knee due to the cancer and with a prosthetic limb he was trying to run a marathon each day. I remember being both amazed and inspired by his efforts. Unfortunately, due to his illness, Terry was not able to complete his goal of running all the way across Canada. And, though he was a fighter, he eventually succumbed to his cancer.

There is a monument, erected near Thunderbay, Ontario, commemorating Terry as he had reached the outskirts of this town before having to stop. I have visited this monument several times on travels across Canada. And each time, I found myself deeply moved emotionally. He was, and still is in “my books”, a hero. A true Canadian hero.

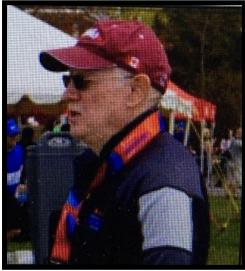
I have participated in several Terry Fox runs over the years, so I was interested to learn that a fellow club member, David Weir, would be participating in the run this year. The run would also take place on the Confederation Bridge between New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. That sounded really cool. When was it scheduled for? Unfortunately, it turned out that this “Terry Fox” run was scheduled on the same day as the annual Fall Classic event that our club hosts. So I unfortunately won’t be able to participate, but I will make a donation to the event’s fundraising for cancer research.

Any other club members who may wish to make a donation to cancer research can do so through the Terry Fox Run website. You can select the “give today” drop down menu. there you select “To a Run Participant or a Team”. On the Donate to the Run page, select “participant” and enter “David W” (without quotation marks). Make donation.

Enjoy the run Dave.

~ **Paul**

## FOSSILS CORNER BT STEVE SCOTT



Footnotes Summer Break is over as I begin my Summer Update on our venerable old Running Club. We began in early February 1983 and by September had cobbled together a road running event we called the Capital City Road Runners of Fredericton FALL CLASSIC. As we all know this event began building its great reputation that very first year.

It is now 43 years later, and our Fall Classic Road Race is looking better than it ever has. There have been many changes over the past 4 Decades, but always we have tried to treat all runners and walkers equally because we are all runners ourselves.

This year we have introduced Training Programs designed for beginners, for folks with some experience and for the very experienced and made them available on our website for members, as well as creating a discount for new members. Mike Staphurst and I have created these tools with the belief that a structured running program can do wonders for the various abilities of those participating. I have made myself available for anyone who wishes to talk about the ups and downs of training due to my experience over the years (closing in on 50 years).

I should note that the Couch to 5 km event is being handled by the YM/WCA, while the Club is responsible for the 10 km and the Half Marathon.

In closing, I would be remiss if I did not mention how difficult the training has been due to the weather we have endured over the past few months, but it does not seem to have deterred those in the respective Training Programs, including our President Joanne Embree. Thanks to all those who are training and keep up the great work as Fall Classic 43 approaches just in time for the official start to Fall.

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

Cheers,

Fossil

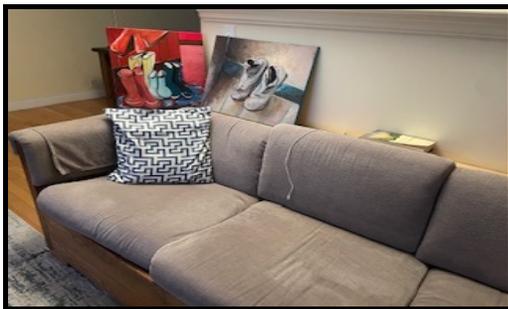


Hello everybody,



Warning! You might not like what I am writing! Since the beginning of January I seem to be having problems with my athletic body. I am painfully reminded each and every day that my legs and feet are in agreement with each other that they do not like what I am doing!

So at the moment I am only cycling and if I don't push too hard that works. The other 2 sports are kind of a no, no. Arthritis in my hands and feet are having a ball ! I'm not a happy camper! Suddenly I have a lot of free time and don't know what I can do with it. Any ideas?



From The Back Of The Couch!

Harry

**When you reach a certain age and the doctor says:  
"Put ice where it hurts."**



