



ROCKIN for a CURE

2009 Relay for Life

By Paul Smith

Once again the Hancock County RFL will be held at Liberty Benton High School. The event will begin at 6:00 pm with the survivor's lap, May 29. The relay will conclude at noon on May 30. This year's theme is Rockin for a Cure. This theme should offer a very upbeat and fun event.



The American Cancer Society goal for our relay is \$180,000. The Striders goal is \$3,000. Our team is registered as The Findlay Striders. You are encouraged to join our team and start collecting pledges. The Website is :www.relayforlife.org/findlay

Like years past we will have our tent site set up. We will need 16-18 volunteers to walk/run one hour segments. Please contact Paul Smith at Wideopen132@msn.com to sign up. We also would like to design a banner for the banner contest. Contact Paul if you have ideas and want to help on making a banner.

We all have been touched by cancer one way or another. Collectively we can fight together to find a cure! Contact Paul Smith with any questions you may have.

Volunteers...the Real Winners

By Rich Fowler

Did you know that on the internet you can order a trained monkey for a lot less than you might have thought? It's pretty amusing. I also find it pretty amusing when I hear people talking about the announcing service that I offer for area races. As I've told Bob S. for years regarding the Up, Up, and Away 5K: "A trained monkey could do the same job, and eat fewer bagels doing it." Yet he continues to ask me to help, and I am always eager to volunteer.

I've been chastised once or twice by well meaning folks for not charging for my "services". If I am being fair, I'd have to ask for the difference between the services I provide, and the benefits I get from the races. Don't be fooled, I'm no philanthropist. I got into this thing accidentally. I volunteered to do one or two little races in exchange for a few entry fees. Then Deanna asked if I would help with the Race for the Cure. Now after several years of RFTC announcing in Toledo and Cincinnati, she's still asking, and I'm still wearing pink

ribbons and crying at finish lines. I was drafted for the Flag City MutliSport events, and the Up, Up, and Away made the mistake of racing on Saturday, when I have no excuse not to be there. I am continually amazed at how much we get from these races, and how much we can learn, and how much good we can do from a "little race" for charity.

Let's talk about the benefits that we get from volunteering. I say "we" because you rarely see me without my "troupe" at any race. We have all served as "race ambassadors" in races big and small, and they know how to help athletes who need a little direction, to athletes who need medical attention. They know a ton of race logistics, and can help anywhere from registration to safety to course maintenance. They have also served as "finish line huggers" at multiple Races for the Cure, and know a lot more about compassion, caring, courage, and strength because of it. Molly has been privileged to be able to sing the National Anthem in 3 states and at more than 50 events – and it started right here in Findlay honoring our local service men and women. Chelle has a unique viewpoint, as she gets into the action and documents the personal triumphs and pains of individuals, and learns about them in the process. Just being at these races can be an absolutely moving experience, and to know that you're a part of making it happen can be a real blessing. Need proof? Let me name a few.

- Race for the Cure – With 15,000 runners on the start line, and more than 500 cancer patients or survivors intermingled, this isn't a race as much as it is a celebration of life, and a reaffirmation that we are all one big family.
- Up, Up, and Away 5K – benefiting Special Olympics of Hancock county, seeing the Special Olympians helping on race day, and seeing the handmade trophies the winners receive pales when you see their faces as together we realize their goal of going to the Special Olympics. Those are priceless faces.
- Tri For Joe – Held at Coney Island in Cincy, it's a race put on by the father of a beautiful little boy with Down's Syndrome. All the volunteers wear shirts proclaiming "I'm with Joe", and one bright green little shirt runs around all day hugging people and thanking them for being there; and his shirt reads "I'm JOE!" It too is less of a race, and more of an event. And if you leave without a hug, it's your own fault. All proceeds benefit Joe and other kids with Downs Syndrome.
- Flag City MultiSport Celebration – started by 3 guys with a beer and a dream, these events have raised more than \$40,000 for charities right here in Findlay; and prodded a community of couch potatoes to swim,

bike, and run a little more. Watch this community come together to help each other, and you learn a lot in the process.

- Tyler's Run – a duathlon and 5K in the Cincinnati area late in the season, this race is held in honor and remembrance of Tyler Frey, who lived only 19 days before being taken from his family by SIDS. The family organizes this race every year as a tribute to Tyler, and it is staffed by parents of other SIDS victims. All proceeds go to SIDS research and to the families of SIDS kids as they try and recover from their loss. Registration is a maze of quilts, pictures, T-shirts and parents, remembering their loved ones who never got to race, and helping you enjoy your race day. If you don't learn anything here, it's because you're empty inside.

I could go on, and at the mic I usually do, but you get the idea. As a father, being able to help out at these races is a huge benefit to me, and just as great a benefit to my family. Where else can we learn about all the really important things in life (people, passion, determination, strength, courage, commitment, steadfastness, friendship) unless we get up too early, work too hard, and care too much about a "little charity race"? Investing our time, sweat, and tears is the best way to teach any of it – and you let us do it on a regular basis.

So until you find that trained monkey to take my place at the mic, we'll be there whenever you want us. And now you understand why I can't ask for a fee- I think I owe you a lot more than I can ever repay.

See you on race day!

Spring has Sprung!!!

Wanda Dean, MSPT
Northwest Physical Therapy, Inc.
The Right Fit

For some of us, spring means jumping into many things we haven't done in awhile...spring cleaning, gardening, yard work, grilling out and mostly increasing our mileage. Although this is a very exciting time of year with the weather breaking with very pleasant temperatures and added daylight hours, it can also be one of the most injury provoking time in a runners' annual journey.

Some of us have kept up the mileage over the dreary winter months (I am not one of those by the way- ugghh) whether outside or inside on a treadmill. But for most of us, we are anxious to take this season change as an incentive to get out and pound the pavement more and more in the upcoming months. We are so excited to get out and breathe the fresh air and get our running speed and performance back to tip top shape, that we can often make some big mistakes by doing too much too soon.

As a physical therapists, I often see this with my patients when they have been down and out for some time due to **injury**. They then have a "good day" where the pain has subsided and they go overboard doing many things they haven't been able to do in awhile by cleaning the entire house in one day, running every errand and increasing their exercise intensity as well. This only leads to latent increased pain and stress and sits them back on the bench for an even longer time.

Our bodies are designed to move, but we have to be patient with our bodies and listen to them as well. If we have been running more conservatively throughout the winter months, we cannot expect to now jump out on the blacktop and pick up where we left off last fall. We need to ease into this and gradually increase our mileage and then work on our speed. The rule of thumb is to work on distance before speed depending on what you are training for and how much time you have until the event.

Most running injuries are preventable with proper attention to your body, your equipment (shoes) and your training routine. As runners, we tend to ignore the early signals and end up with a more serious injury than we would have encountered if we had been more conscientious and diligent from the beginning.

Spring is a wonderful time of the year for runners. I encourage each of you to get those laces tied up (of course make sure you are in the Right Fit for your foot type), step outside and put your best foot forward and enjoy the many benefits that come from a nice long run. Just make sure you also avoid doing too much too soon so that you can be running even longer and stronger as the summer months approach.



Boston Marathon 2009

Congratulations runners!

The Boston Marathon was held recently, and we would like to honor Findlay area men and women who participated in this well known event! If you ran, we would love to display your autographed shoes around our store and in turn offer you a new pair at **half price!** Bring in your "retired" running shoes and the coupon at the bottom of this email to receive this great deal. We will accept shoes until June 13th!

We realize that many races and events are also coming up. If you are planning on running or walking a marathon or half-marathon during May or June please bring your bib in along with the following coupon and receive **30%** off your purchase at The Right Fit!

Offer expires July 13th!

Save 50%

Bring this coupon in along with your "retired" running shoes and Boston Marathon bib to receive a pair of new shoes at **half off!** Offer Expires: **June 13th**

Save 30%

Bring this coupon in along with your bib from either the marathon or 1/2 marathon you ran or walked and receive 30% off your purchase at The Right Fit! Offer Expires: **July 13th**

Larry Beagle 5k: Living a Life of Delusion

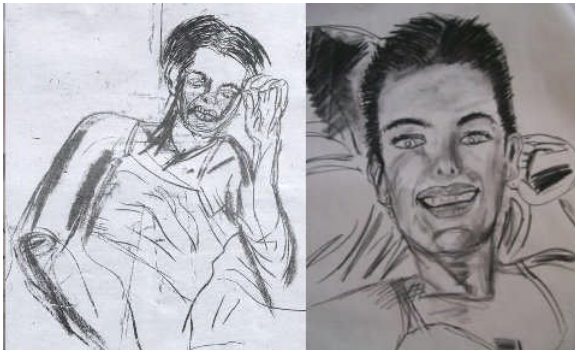
By Jim Bado

All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusion is called a philosopher.

-- Ambrose Bierce

The basement timer buzzed. Wiping blackened fingers with a kneaded eraser, I stood to see everyone's scrawls before the basement bunch assembled around tonight's latest horror movie poster sketch attempt.

"Would you look at this," Ruth said. "I like what



you're doing with the shadows and dark areas,"

"Hey, that looks good," Dan added.

"You ought to enter that in the upcoming show. Are you putting something in?" Rollie asked.

"I've got an idea," I replied. "But I don't know if I'm going to finish it in time."

"You know, I have a framed drawing from everyone hanging in my living room except for one of me by you," the model commented while looking at the scrawl.

While I thought of numerous good, quite rational reasons for the absence of anything scrawled by me, she asked. "Can I have that one?"

"Sure," I replied.

Bizarre as it sounds -- and no one finds it stranger than me -- after eighteen months wandering through the charcoal desert destroying untold sheets of butcher paper with innumerable hackneyed drawings, the subterranean slasher seemed to be

developing a semi-decent feel for charcoal (heavy emphasis on semi seemed). Sure it remained a whacked-out, untrained, often gasp-inducing feel, but the sketches, as illustrated by this December 2007 hack-o-rama compared with one of the same model completed in April, appeared headed in a "better" direction. Such a better direction that one could question, with some justification, whether the same right arm created both these.

Feeling decent about underground progress, I met the Dr. J posse for lunch Friday afternoon at Applebees. Interrupting the get together would be an emergency client conference call, but I hoped a quick resolution of the issues. Fifteen minutes into lunch, I sauntered out of the restaurant as the waiter, with impeccable timing, brought our food. Setting up a mobile office within the VW under sunny, unseasonably warm, blue Ohio skies, I powered up the laptop -- on my actual lap for once -- to edit the communication materials during the call.

To keep noise down, I kept the car windows up and the motor off. Those choice, as you can see in this conference-call breakdown, proved poor ones.

Minute

- 10 Sweat beaded across my forehead
- 20 An unnerving arm pit sweat cascade streaked down my side.
- 25 VW heading toward a Venus-like atmosphere as greenhouse effect escalated
- 30 Sticky fingers pawed computer keys, leaving greasy fingerprints across letters
- 35 Close to panting like an abandoned Siberian Husky
- 36 Cannot put the phone on mute to start the much-needed air conditioning
- 37 Cannot roll down the windows and let in the rumbling highway ruckus outside
- 38 Chugged last of water bottle (water hot)
- 39 Wondered about possible heat stroke
- 40 Tugged loose the rolled-up bathroom towel lumbar back support
- 40:05 Pulled the towel across my soaked forehead and neck with some desperation
- 44 VW temperatures at dashboard-egg-frying levels

The call ended after forty-five minutes. Dr. J. tapped on the window and I jumped out of the self-created sauna, sweat dripping from every pour.

"Holy crap," I said, wiping off everywhere. "Sorry about that; that took a little longer than I thought it would."

"Are you all right?" She asked.

"Yeah, sure, just stupid as usual."

Disappointed to miss the entire conversation and return to the office with a Styrofoam lunch box, I found multiple messages needed attention. That caused me to forego an outdoor picnic-table dinner with the kids at their favorite local drivethru, Archies. Slogging treadmill miles, the back-to-back incidents combined with my inability to complete the art show piece made me wonder about priorities or -- maybe more accurately -- the seeming lack thereof. I'm fortunate to have a great job with fantastic clients, who, despite the miserable economy, seem to be doing all right. The whole reason for a job, though, is to create the ability to live your life, not to miss your life by

living your job. Ondie cut through philosophical work-life balance BS best one night over beers: "I work to live; I don't live to work."

While I don't live to run either, the Larry Beagle 5k started thirty minutes before and five minutes from Emily's Saturday morning soccer game. Thinking I could clump first and then catch the entire contest, I scribbled Bado on the registration form, made the normal pit stop and strode behind Arlington's brick school to listen to Bob from the Findlay Striders describe the course. Around the fourth or fifth turn, my mental GPS became dazed and confused, short-circuited by a bad-trip flashback to 2007's hangover-fueled James A. Garfield 5k, the most horrific 5k of all time, made even worse by someone labeling it the "Fun Run" (if you want the LOSER Report -- of course there's one, lol -- you know whom to contact).

Hoping to avoid a repeat of that debacle -- I'd finished the bizarre course littered with ninety degree turns, ankle-destroying gopher holes and detours through an actual woods in a spirit-shattering 23:46 -- I looked first to the heavens and then to the pavement for a starting spot among the 144 participants.

"You ought to go ahead of us," the middle aged woman standing in front of me said. "You look like a runner and we're not."

"Believe me, I'm not one either," I replied as Wendy, Larry Beagle's daughter and an event organizer, took the microphone.

"I want to thank all of you for participating in today's run," she said. "My father held Arlington's two-mile record for thirty years."

Either Larry Beagle was one heck of a runner or the fine people of Arlington mighty slow.

I figured the former as Bob squeezed the air horn and the stampede commenced. With the event starting on a wide blacktop road, I avoided the normal two-minute, human-dodging frenzy and wondered if that would help or hurt today's effort. Clumping down Cumberland Road, I sought a comfortable groove while reminding my delusional psyche of the break twenty-two minutes fantasy goal and the semi-realistic finish before the clock struck 22:30 one.

The shorts-clad pack twisted around an alley and headed back up Cumberland as I considered today's second objective: slogging negative splits. For those not perusing *Runners World* in the dark of the night, a negative split meant finishing each mile quicker than the previous one. In other words, the further one pounded across the pavement, the quicker the clumping.

With the mile-one marker in sight, a watch glance found 6:36. Too incompetent to jog and push a button at the same time, I failed to start the watch properly and would soon learn how far off it was. To break twenty-two, I needed to clock around seven minute miles or maintain about a 8.5 mph pace. Huffing past the human timer, I hoped for something under 7:05, but heard 7:16. One crappy mile into today's event and the under twenty-two finish fantasy seemed more delusional than ever. Even worse, if I failed to pick up the pace, I might not even break 22:30. With the slower than expected first mile, however, reaching the negative split goal during mile two became easier: everything's yin-yang with running.

Featured numerous twists and turns, the course's second mile wound around the front of Arlington high school, across the parking lot and through a chain-link fence gap, which might be a difficult squeeze for plumper clumpers. Fearing a complete disaster, I avoided slamming a size fourteen onto the wooden ramp leaned across the curb, preferring to clump through the dirt. If I'd used the ramp, my tennis shoes would have come in contact with almost every road surface known to mankind since the inception of time, except for sand, brick and ice (ice included for all History Channel Ice-Road Truckers fans). The other problem: I'd forgotten the trusty kerchief/headband and dirty sweat streamed off my forehead, slipping through the Einstein-sized eyebrows into burning blue eyes.

Blinking away annoying visual pain, still struggling to maintain a steady pace, I decided to draft behind an ear-bud wearing guy in a bright yellow t-shirt. The music must have blocked the thuds of my pavement destroying feet because, noticing his shoe laces needed tied, he suddenly stopped right in the middle of the road. Bending onto one knee five feet in front of me, I barely -- and I mean just -- avoided making a new friend by running right up his Hershey Highway. Hop-skip-jumping around mr obstacle, I reached mile two at 14:30. The good news: negative split goal achieved by two paltry seconds. The bad: any delusions of an under 22 finish disappeared and, at this lumbering pace, 22:30 seemed almost unachievable too.

Following red arrows through curve after bend of the serpentine course, at yet another turn, the two runners thirty yards ahead swerved the wrong direction. Managing to course correct themselves, they saved me from following them into race oblivion. When black stopwatch digits displayed twenty minutes, I drained the rest of the energy tank, hoping to achieve the best finish possible. Unfortunately, like with many American's savings accounts: not much of a reserve still existed. Huffing toward the finish cones, I looked for the race timer, but found nothing. Hulking around a blind corner, twenty yards from the end, I spotted it: 21:57. You've got to be kidding me, I thought, stumbling across the line in 22:02.

Somehow, I'd zipped through the third mile at an under seven minute pace, but, dern it all, still finished three seconds from the fantasy goal. I knew that, if I had known the actual race time, I could have found the energy, somewhere, somehow, to make up three lousy seconds. Entering the school, I considered finally purchasing a Garmin GPS running timer, but again said no (like you, I sometimes talk to myself). If I bought one or some real running gear, like moisture-wicking clothes, my delusional mind might begin considering my battered shell of a body that of a serious runner. Despite clumping 20-30 miles per week, I couldn't do that to myself. Moreover, while serious about what I do, taking myself seriously continues to be something to be avoided at all costs (and not just in running, of course).

Grabbing a fruit bowl for Will, a donut for Chuck and a water, I arrived at the start of Emily's game. Chuckling at the gleaming golden shorts, Chuck asked when I'd be signing up for the San Francisco running team. What I avoided mentioning: I've been searching for a pair of hot pink trunks to compliment the LOSER shirt -- watch out when I locate those beauties. Emily's soccer team won 10-0 and, rather than relishing the victory, I felt bad for the other squad: no kids'

team should lose by that large a margin or leave the game without scoring a goal.

Ziping off a couple text message about my pseudo-slogging triumph, I received multiple LOSER legion laughs in response. With the UFC 97 pay-per-view fights starting at 10:00 pm, almost two full Kamchatka half gallons available and the basement recliner awaiting, all seemed swell in LOSER-ville until I received this shocking email from event-organizer Bob.

Jim, congratulations on finishing the Larry Beagle Memorial on April 18, 2009! There were 144 finishers. Your overall place was 16 and you finished 4 out of 15 in the Male 40 to 49 age group. Your time of 22:21 gave you a pace of 7:13 per mile. Full results are available at: <http://results.active.com/pages/page.jsp?eventID=1694048&pubID=3>

22:21? Whoa, wait a minute. I know I'm delusional, but did the stinging sweat pouring into my contacts actually cause me to misread the finish-line timer? The official race results clocked me in at 22:21, still a good time, no doubt, but I could have sworn the LED digits displayed 22:02 when I crossed the finish.

"Will, the official time says I finished today's clump in 22:21," I said. "Am I losing my mind?"

"That's a rhetorical question, right?"

Numerous studies have found your memories change over time -- recollections are fluid, not granite-like -- but those subtle and dramatic alterations normally take months, if not years to occur. They don't happen in a couple hours, not even to desperate clumpers, like me, living a life of delusion. Trying to understand what went down, I emailed Bob.

Me: Was the timer off at the end of the race? I could have sworn it said 22:02 when I crossed the finish line, but I'm known to be delusional.

Bob: The big display clock was off (slow - for some reason) from the official timer. I'll be experimenting with how to get it in sync with the actual timer - if it is off, I would prefer it too be fast to avoid similar questions.

Ok, whew, mystery solved: I haven't been living a life of delusion. Well... at least not in this case.

Quote of the Month:

“Play not only keeps us young but also maintains our perspective about the relative seriousness of things. Running is play, for even if we try hard to do well at it, it is a relief from everyday cares.”

Jim Fixx

STORES GIVING STRIDER MEMBERS DISCOUNTS

Must show membership card at register when ordering

- Café Marie – 10%
- Energy Fitness – 20%
- Waldo Peppers – 20%
- House of Awards Clothing 10%, 20% group
- House of Awards Shoes 20%, Sale shoes 10%
- MCSport 20% on running apparel, 10% if sale
- The Right Fit – 10%
- Wellness Center 10% on massage therapy
- The Finish Line – 10%
- Dunham Sport – 10% with discount card
- Buffalo Wild Wings – 10%
- The Bike Shop – 10%
- Fox's Pizza – 15%
- Second Sole—Levis Commons – 10%

Flag City Multi Sport

The Flag City Multi Sport is fast approaching. This charitable event which benefits many area organizations, will be held on Saturday, June 13th @ 8:00 AM. If you are participating in one of the many events, **thank you and good luck!** Want to participate, but have not registered? Visit



www.hfpracing.com for online registration or our own **Strider Website** for paper entry. Hurry, entry fees increase May 30th.

If you are not participating as an athlete, you can still be a very important part of the event. Volunteers are needed for numerous jobs. Please contact Brian Robertson at b Robertson@mbdsoh.com to volunteer your time.

Position	2008-2009
President	Brian Robertson
President-Elect	Dave Essinger
Past President	Paula Sue Russell
Secretary/Treasurer	Kim Carty
Internal Events/ 8@8	Becky Etzinger
Newsletter	Donna Treece
Relay for Life	Paul Smith
Webmaster	Bob Steinman

Liberate Your Training: Become a Progressive Athlete

By Jim Vance
For Active.com

Stop for a minute to think about the training you're doing this week, and compare it with last week. Compare that with last month, and then last year. Do you see a distinct difference in the training you did then, and the training you're doing now? Check your training log for the past few years, and look at the differences in training. Are there any differences?



Many athletes find themselves doing the same training over and over, week after week, season after season. Whatever weekly group workout they can find, they might do simply for the sake of routine. Or they do it for the fact that it worked once to help create better fitness, so they think it will always continue to work.

The body must be considered a learning machine, much like the mind. If you repeated the eighth grade over and over again, your mind would never have progressed. Similarly, repeating the same workouts doesn't progress the body's ability to learn and adapt to physical stress.

If the body feels it is not progressing, it can actually begin regressing fitness, which many athletes have experienced. This is manifested in struggling to match a level of performance which was as recent as a few weeks prior, despite no change in consistency of training.

Progressive athletes are the ones who are attempting to do new training, not just getting new products and doing new races. Being progressive is a consistent process and approach to training; it requires athletes to vary their training stress in order to avoid performance plateaus. Progressive athletes try to recognize their weaknesses and train to improve them, constantly trying to make progress.

6 Ways to Avoid a Training Plateau

Here are some tips for becoming a more progressive athlete:

- Once you have chosen your key race for the season, make sure your training prepares for you that. For example, if you're training for a 5K, doing two-hour, slow, easy long runs all year will not help as much as 400-meter repeats, kilometer repeats, etc. Conversely, if training for longer distance, doing anaerobic training all season long doesn't make much sense either.
- If you're training for a longer-distance event, start your season off with a shorter, more intense training focus. Then, as the season progresses, back off on the training intensity to match the specific race intensity,

add more volume, and make your race-specific intervals longer.

- Try to recognize performance plateaus earlier in your training. If it's been a few weeks of no improvement, perhaps it's time to consider changing your training sessions sooner rather than later.
- Ask yourself, "What are my weaknesses as an athlete?" Then ask yourself what it would take to improve them. Choose one or two which can be given your attention, and build your training around those until significant progress is made.
- Search for new training groups in your area, and see what they are doing. If it is a coached group, chances are they already vary their training stresses throughout the season and are a great place to start.
- Don't try to accomplish too much at one time. Trying to do speed work, aerobic endurance, strength training, anaerobic training and muscular endurance all in the same week is too much. Focus on one or two of these until you've reached a plateau, then switch to another, depending on your goals.

Being a progressive athlete requires work and effort on the part of the individual—not just during training sessions, but planning them as well. However, varying your training stress can make training much more fun and fulfilling.

Keep thinking about how you can progress as an athlete, and you'll soon be at a new level. Best of luck!

Wind Sprints.....

- Special recognition needs to go out to Strider Chris Roberts who not only stole the local headlines for his finish at Boston this year in 3:09, he has now finished 10 Boston marathons. **Stride On Chris!**
- Our Saturday [8@8](#) runs continue to provide everyone with running partners of all abilities. These are **not** STRIDER ONLY runs **nor** are they MARATHON TRAINING ONLY runs. Know a runner, who has not joined the club for some reason (God only knows why they wouldn't....we're great fun, right?) encourage them to join us.....they will soon be signing on the dotted line.....

