



KEEPING PACE



The Official Newsletter of The Robins Pacers

May/June 2003

<http://robinspacers.org>

Warner Robins, GA

Pacers at the Races:

GEICO Duathlon - April 5th

Caryl Deems 2:07:46

Perry Dogwood Festival - April 12th

Merideth Tillman 46:07

Country Music Marathon, Nashville, TN - April 26th

Sue Beighley 4:31:05

Caryl Deems 4:43:39

Country Music Half-Marathon

Kate Buzzell 2:26:00

Mike Deems 2:42:32

Henderson Village 5K - May 4th

Mitchell Sinyard 20:12

Upcoming Races

June 1, ALBANY 5K/1 MILE WALK & RUN FOR EDUCATION; Tift Park, ALBANY; 8:00a.m.; 1-866-815-3080

June 7, Eatonton - 10K Torture Trail, 1 mi.; 8am; \$15/10K, \$10/1 mi. Info: Terri Gunter (706) 485-9 941, mcrowe@ibank.fmb.com.

June 14, Ft. Valley - Georgia Peach Festival 5K & 1 mi. FR, 7:30am. Info: Caryl Deems (478) 956-2534.

July 4, Atlanta - Peachtree Road Race 10K

August 16, Centerville - Jim Herrin Memorial Stampede 5K/10K. David Erpelding (478) 328-3208

September 1, Macon - Macon Labor Day Road Race 5K/10K/1 Mile Kids Run. See www.labordayroadrace.com for more info.



May

29 th	Ann-Elizabeth Walsh
19 th	Kate Buzzell
20 th	Caryl Deems
22 nd	John Hunter
24 th	Jessica Taylor
24 th	Katie Taylor

June

10 th	Elaine Westberry
19 th	David Erpelding

July

7 th	Mike Deems
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The following was written by Mike Deems' son Michael, who is in the Army stationed in Alaska. I thought you'd be interested in seeing what it's like to run in Alaska.

A Saturday morning; I wake up around nine o'clock. It's still dark outside. I layer up with all of my synthetics and run outside to start my truck. Running in Georgia required much less effort than this, but how many can say that they ran for three years in Alaska. Running during the winter time is the hardest. With just the snow and ice, it isn't too tough, but add the depleted daylight and extreme cold temperatures, then the challenge multiplies exponentially. During the week I run with the guys from my unit, but we never have enough time to do some real mileage, and it seems that we have got to run hard enough to make somebody puke in order for the run to be a success. I know it isn't good, but I always run with such competitive people that we always get carried away.

I unplug my truck and check the thermometer- minus 15 degrees F is cold, but when you've run when it is colder than that, it just doesn't rate by comparison. I drive 10 minutes to my favorite trail head and start running. As I truck through the woods on my warm up mile, I realize that the silence is deafening. All I hear is my breath being forced out, and the crunching of snow. My eyes are constantly shifting and watching for moose who seem to wander down from the hills when it gets cold. I run a little more relaxed than when I do trails in the summer, because the bears and their cubs are hibernating now. I am in my element.

I loose myself in thought and remember the days in college in the North Georgia Appalachians when my buddy Mark and I would go and run our favorite hilly road course, or our favorite trail loop. We would talk about the strangest stuff and realize that we knew absolutely nothing about women. We would talk about what we wanted to do in the military and why there never seemed to be enough time to train. We would talk about God and where he was leading us, and if our race of life would send us both down the same course.

Around mile six or seven, I usually decide that it is time to take the most direct route back: it is time to start the day. In the last quarter mile of every run that I do, I take time to thank God for the things in my life; the air in my lungs, the beauty I get to behold, the ability to love something such as running so much that my heart swells when I even think about it.

By the time I get back to my truck, the steam coming from my mouth has frozen my eyelashes and eyebrows and made me look like an old man. The sweat that made it through my balaclava and sock hat and gloves has created a thick layer of frost all around my head and neck. People drive by as I cool down and stretch at my truck and stare as if I were not of sound mind. I have become used to the staring- if you are a runner, then you are probably used to it already.

As I slip back into my truck, and my clothes and extremities begin to thaw, I know that I have bettered myself, stimulated thought, and humbled myself before God. My spiritual, my physical, my mental, my running; something that no matter where I am or who I am with, I will always find a way to do.

Next club meeting will be 7 P.M. on June 3, 2003 at Houston Healthcare Pavilion (northwest corner of Houston Rd. and Watson Blvd.)

Relay for Life - May 16-17

This year's Relay was a great success! First of all, we had NO RAIN during the entire event! Remember, last year it was rained out. This year the weather was great. At last count, the total raised was more than \$182,000 which was better than our goal.

Many thanks to John Hunter who put the torch run together. The group ran from Crestview Church on Highway 41 to the Ag Center. They were an impressive group coming into the opening ceremonies. In fact, they made the front page of the Macon Telegraph!

The club raised \$3,200 towards the total. Thanks for all the hard work. Special thanks for the help at the pre-celebration event at Fuddruckers and before the Relay started with the Cancer survivors.

Help Needed!

The Peach Festival 5K is scheduled for June 14th in Ft. Valley. The Pacers are helping with the race. (The Peach Festival donates \$200 to the Jim Herrin race in exchange for our assistance.) We could use some help if you will please come join us. The race starts at 7:30 AM, so anyone who would like to volunteer, please join us at the corner of College and Mercer Streets in Ft. Valley as early as 6:30 AM. Or you can call Caryl Deems at 956-2534 for additional info.
