

Rekindling the desire to run



It was after almost 30 years of running that I began noticing that my desire was waning. The remote, TV and Shiner were looking more appealing than the trails or roads. Thankfully, I have been able to resist most of the temptations. Now, I'm in the process of trying to rekindle the enthusiasm that I had for those 30 something years. It hasn't been easy and sometimes not much fun. But I think I'm slowly getting it back.

I haven't participated in a race for months, nor have I been to one since H.B. Wise took over the website. It's not that I quit liking everyone, it's just that I want to be in better shape when I do participate again. My running has sort of been similar to my golf game: the less I practice, the worse I get. And because I'm worse, I don't want to enter a race or play golf. It's a Catch 22. Sooo, I've decided I need to ramp up my training. I don't know how long it'll take before I decide this is as good as it's going to get, but I'll know. I know I'll never hit the 7-minute mark again (I ran a little faster in several 5Ks when I was running a lot), but I'll see what I can do, hopefully after another two months or so of better training.

Have you ever had a spell of dreading to train or have the feeling that you don't really want to run anymore? Probably every runner hits those patches. It's quite a contrast to my previous years. For those 30 something years, I never wanted to take off from training for two consecutive days. I'd usually find a way to wedge in a run, no matter how busy I was. Recently, I was having too many of those "rest" days...sometimes three consecutive days or more. And I didn't really care. My running "fire" had almost gone out. But there was a flicker, and I feel as if it's rekindling.

So, what happened to cause the lack of enthusiasm? Well, the temptations I mentioned, plus my wife Leslie and I began spending as much time as possible with our grandkids. Also, I had a leg injury last winter, and still don't know what it was...doctors never figured it out. When I had that injury, I thought my running days were over...I could barely walk, much less run. And, you know, when you can't do something that you've done for years, it makes you want to do it.

After my recovery from whatever it was, I decided if I could jog, then I would. If I couldn't, then I'd walk or ride my bike. Surprisingly, I could jog. I was sloooow, but I was moving. And that's really all that matters now. I might or might not be competitive in my age division again, but I should soon be out among the crowds and will be trying to improve.

We also were fortunate to take in a miniature poodle. I didn't know much about poodles, but they (at least he) isn't anything that I had expected. He's a little more than a year old and I've taken him for jogs for up to three miles. He's as perky at the finish as he was at the beginning of the jog. Then he gets home and chases birds or squirrels in the backyard. I don't think I go fast enough for him; he wants to run a 4-minute mile and I want to jog a 10-minute mile. Fortunately for me, I have the leash. He has been a good running companion, though we do make several pit stops (his, not mine) along the way.

So, I hope to see everyone soon, ready or not.