# Van Cortlandt Track Club newsletter 

# A year after violence and tragedy, The Boston Marathon made its much-awaited triumphant return 

## by Kevin Shelton-Smith

©oston went well. Really well! I broke my fastest time set in London 16 years ago - not quite sure how that was possible. The time 2:44:33. 10th in my age group in one of the most competitive club elite fields anywhere this year. That time would have got me 7th in London or 3rd in New York. I'd asked Coach Ken last week if he thought it was possible. He gave it some thought and assured me that I could do it. None of the published race predictors thought so. They had times of 2:50-2:52. I wasn't so sure either but I developed a plan and set off to give myself the chance if everything went well. The legs had been complaining slightly since my last suite of races and were causing some doubts.

The start was great. It was Patriot's Day in Massachusetts but no-one objects to Union Jack shorts anymore. The elite men high-fived us as they went to the front. I downed a Powerbar that would enter my system after I started running and washed it down with Gatorade with 2 minutes to go, giving them no chance to become surplus to requirements and cause subsequent delay. National Anthem sung, 4 Blackhawks flew over in formation. Artillery fired and the race was under way. An easy downhill first mile. I was holding back to let the legs warm up gently. I needed a $6: 17$ average. First mile was $6: 16$ and followed by $6: 02$. I backed off a bit - 6:04. Backed off a bit more - 6:09. After 5 miles of running due East through rural
(continued page 2)

## by Kyle Hall

$\mathscr{A}$ second half 16 minutes slower than the first. What?! I never could have begun to imagine such a thing. I was supposed to run about a minute slower in the second half of the $118^{\text {th }}$ Boston Marathon. $1: 22 / 1: 22-1: 23$. That was the plan. In January's Houston Marathon I was 35 seconds slower in the second half relative to the first. It was my best ever marathon. And now this. Yet, I realized in the midst of Boston and its aftermath that the 2014 Boston Marathon was about much more than my individual time.

This year's race was about UNITY. Renewal. Strength. It was a display of sheer force of will and spirit. We ran way beyond ourselves, for those who could not be there with us this year: Martin, Krystle, Lu, Sean. And for the 260 wounded, some of whom ran with us through the eight picturesque towns and cities making up the incredible Marathon course.

Around the 30 k mark the power of the whole over the individual began to firmly take root within myself. Perhaps I focused too much on this concept. I had told myself a year ago, immediately after the tragedy, that I would come back to Boston in 2014 -it didn't matter if I was sick or injured. I would run in solidarity with those we lost. But maybe in the midst of my pain and fatigue I thought too much. Perhaps I should've run more freely. Letting it all go and not thinking so much about how my quads were detaching from my body.
"Fart-It will make you run faster." That sign held up by a nine or ten year old boy
(continued page 3)

## (Kevin Shelton-Smith)

wooded countryside - no leaves yet, the course flattened out. A "dialed-in" a string of 6:16's as we passed through small towns and loud cheering crowds along the way. Security lined the route but in a friendly discreet way, looking out away from the road. At one point they were every 20 strides, every 100 feet, but for the most part they went unnoticed as we swept towards Boston. went through 10 miles in a time that would look respectable if it was a 10 Mile race. The girls of Wellesley College at 12 miles were out in traditional force screaming for all they were worth, with posters offering kisses and more and high-fiving everyone that passed. The noise was incredible. At the half way, reached in 1:21:17, I saw Bobby. His legs were visibly tight and slowed him to a brave 3:21:00
and a trip to hospital. Running on towards the Newton Hills I began to see Marcos and then Barry ahead. Dashing Whippets, Harriers and Reservoir Dogs cheer-leaders cheered me on by name and gave me such a lift.

My average had needed to be 6:17 per mile and with a downhill first half I had made time so that I now only needed to average $6: 25 \mathrm{~s}$ over the last 10 miles from Mile 16, but then the hills would begin. I was calculating and re-calculating every mile. Keeping the pace right and matching it to the feel of my body. I took Gatorade at most stations and water to resoak my sponge or after one of my 4 gels. By the time I reached the top of the last hill at Mile 21, with a 6:47 up Heartbreak Hill, I needed to average 6:10 over the last 5 miles. A tough proposition. VCTC was out in
force with 30 having taken a day off work and made the trip to cheer us on. There was no better sight or sound in all of Boston. The roadside was an ocean of purple, passion and posters. Spurred on, I came downhill at Mile 22 in 6:02 but Mile 23 was flattening out and the best I could manage was $6: 19$. With 3 to go, legs complaining but with plenty of energy I pushed out a 6:07. A PR was still possible but the course ahead flattened and a 6:19 followed. Legs were solidifying. With 1.22 miles to go, the goal wasn't lost yet and I was too close not to give it all I had despite improbable success. The next mile had an uphill but I was willing myself to muscular exhaustion now with all I had left, pumping my arms for whatever they could give. It was a 6.14 but the 26 Mile clock gave me hope as (continued Page 3)

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## (Kevin Shelton-Smith)

I knew I would force myself still more over the last 385 yards. I'd allowed 93 seconds in my cautious planning for the final stretch, a small buffer of insurance against the risk of overtired legs perhaps. I had to do better than that and I believed I could. I attempted sprint mode with 250 m to go that is physically only possible for 150 m , after which the legs gave up a little and the solid muscle turned to gel but I willed them to keep moving, arms raging to hold the momentum. I'd covered the ground in 73 seconds - near 5.30 per mile pace. I'd done it. I can even hear myself roar, "Yes" on the finish line video. I stopped my watch but didn't dare touch it again in case I deleted my time. I didn't dare look to confirm the result in case I was wrong. But sure enough I had to be inside my previous best. I wasn't sure how much but enough was enough. It was 4 more hours before I got an official result. I couldn't have done any more or improved on any part of the course. I'd held back on the early downhills and meted out just enough effort to last the course. I'd run the plan I'd worked out and in hindsight run it to perfection. I made my way happily across Boston Common, chatted to a few who knew me and did a couple of interviews for the press. At the Durgin Park bar across across town, I sat in the sunshine and
waited for the Club to arrive. I'd been first over the line but Matt made sure he got to the beer ahead of me. Eventually, we were pouring over everyone's results on our smart phones. My time came up. I was just one second ahead of 11th. My PR was confirmed and had improved by just 10 seconds.\#

## (Kyle Hall continued)

made me smile enroute to Boston during those calm early miles. All those orange slices held out by so many children. "Thank You" signs held up by spectators who the runners needed to be thanking instead. The Secret Service watching over us, alongside the ATF, Department of Homeland Security, Military Police in fatigues, police officers from cities around the region. Helicopters hovering overhead. The women of Wellesley College (enough said). It had to be the safest and most festive place anywhere in the United States. Nothing beats Patriots' Day and the Boston Marathon.
"Pierce Family!" I yelled twice as I ran through Natick, hometown of one of my best friends. Gatorade or water every couple miles. A Vega gel here. Clif Shot Bloks there. Some caffeine, but not too much. I had the world at my fingertips. But as I've always heard people say-to paraphrase-the marathon can smash you. And it did.

In all honesty, I could tell from somewhere in the fourth or fifth miles that I just didn't have the extra bounce in my legs on that particular day. I knew I'd really given blood three months before in Houston. Allowing for proper recovery after that marathon, I only had about six actual training weeks before Boston. I employed them to the best of my ability but perhaps I didn't run enough downhills. Maybe I still need more long, hard uphills. I definitely need to run the back hills at Vanny a heck of a lot this summer. Yet, I thought I'd be able to hang on at a deliberately slower pace for a $2: 48$.

I "dialed" things back early in the second half of Boston and maintained a 6:25 average as far as the $19^{\text {th }}$ mile or so. But by the time I came upon the long awaited crowd of purple Van Cortlandt supporters just after mile 21 , I was beset by a rapidly advancing fatigue in my legs. Yes, it was hot for a marathon. And I've always run my best races in cool if not downright cold weather. But that was but one factor.

Yes, I felt nauseous over the last ten miles. But I still thought my legs could hang on. Okay, dial back some more to prevent an implosion, I thought. I could still hit 2:50. But the final seven miles quickly became a death march, as I've experienced in every marathon but Houston. Instead of (continued page 4)

## (Kyle Hall)

digging as deeply as possible, perhaps I let the pain get the best of me.

Could I have picked it up? Even when my legs were tightening up on me so fast that the distance from 35 k to 40 k took me over 26 minutes to complete, could I have dug in to my soul and gotten out of the break down lane on the course's far right side? Could I have picked up my feet more and avoided my partial tripping over the mat at the 40k mark, which nearly sent me spiraling into the metal barricade? That sent immediate jolts through both hamstrings, making me feel like they were both seizing up on me.

I don't know. But I knew I had to keep going. I had to be thankful for just being there. "We carry them with us," I kept repeating. "For those we've lost. We carry them with us." I kept going. Even when my pace slowed in the final two kilometers to a shocking 9:57 per mile (!) and I was getting passed by what seemed by hundreds of runners striving to break the 3 hour mark, I kept trudging along [12:22 for my final 2 k ].

Shockingly, thoughts of even mid-2:50's were blasted away by the encroaching reality of the 3 hour mark. I thought I could have an unbroken streak of sub-3 hour marathons. It had been six in a row. Yet, this was not to be.

Turning onto Boylston, I just wanted one thing: To simply pick up my feet a little more, dig in for a bit more effort, and run a bit harder at the spots where so many innocent cheering spectatorssupporters fell last year. I think I did pick it up, if only for a moment. And I did cross the line, in 3:01:07.

I was beaten to hell, staggering around, nauseated. I was coated in white salt. Soon, my right calf was cramping up repeatedly, severely. My girlfriend, and buddy Arnstein, helped me massage it out as I layed on my back on a dirty public sidewalk with my feet up against a brick wall. It looked like an alien (continued page 5)

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## (Kyle Hall)

was trying to pop out of my calf; the muscles were roiling so vigorously, uncontrollably. Charlie horses overcame me. A BAA nurse volunteer and assistant came by with a wheelchair and scooped me up. It was my third wheelchair since finishing. The driver shot me through the crowds, enroute to the smaller medical tent, still larger than a football field. We ran into at least five different innocent bystanders. I forced out a "sorry" several times. "Who gives a crap?" the nurse responded to my concerns for the bystanders. But I commend her
efforts to aid me in my time of distress. And I commend wholeheartedly the physical therapist, athletic trainer, nurses, and physician who attended to me as I lay prostrate on that first cot. Every time I attempted to put my feet back down, cramping overcame me. I lay there eating salty potato chips and having Gatorade delivered by straw. I had devolved from a 2:46 marathon runner to...this. A shell of my former self.

The most amazing feeling was that everything was okay. It was good, actually. I did not feel such a severe sting of disappointment. It was as if I
knew intuitively that this day was about something so much more. We were all safe today. We had renewed the Boston Marathon. It was a fresh start. God was with us and there was no better place to be than downtown Boston. \#

For more on the Boston Marathon and the Madrid Marathon see pages 6-11

## Inspiring Reads for Runners

Kick Off Your Trainers and Enjoy!


# Bobby's Boston Comeback....Almost 

by Bobby Asher

$\mathscr{F}$ finished the Boston Marathon on my $29^{\text {th }}$ Birthday, April 212014 having given everything I had physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually. Last year I swore that I would be there after the horror of last year, for the resilience of this year.

As I'm writing this on April $23^{\text {rd }}$, I was just able to walk (very gingerly) across my parents' kitchen without crutches for the first time since the marathon. Hopefully this account is not too long. But I hope that everyone reading it takes something from it.

## Here's what happened:

A couple of days after the Queens 10k of 2013, I almost fell on a rock on the OCA right at the entrance from Route 9 in Yonkers. I thought a cyclist was coming up behind me and I turned around to see. There was no one, but there was the rock. I twisted violently down and to the right, feeling a strong pull in my hip adductor. That pull would, in the next couple of weeks head into my glutes in the form of sciatica.

I proceeded to do Team Champs, the $5^{\text {th }}$ Avenue Mile, The Wineglass Marathon, The New York City Marathon, Ted Corbitt 15k, Joe Kleinerman 10k,
and a few XC races thrown in over the course of the next 8 months with the injury, sometimes limping through the races. Why? Stubborness or love, I can't really say.

I finally went to my Osteopath who diagnosed it as my SI joint being a bit off along with disc protrusion between L4 and L5 in my spine. I had 3 appointments with him in a 6week time frame, during which time I was only swimming ( $800 \mathrm{~m} /$ day) and doing the elliptical trainer for 30 minutes to 2 HOURS during the final 4 weeks.

Finally I was able to run the Washington Heights 5 k (16:55) and the NYC Half (1:18). When the time came for Wurtsboro, a 30k mountain meat tenderizer of a race, I was able to pull off a 5:57 pace. That was after a long run the week before of 22 miles. I felt I was back, ready and excited to conquer the Boston course in the year of resilience!

## Boston

My injury was creeping back all week leading up to Boston, but I felt that it was aggravated by sitting extensively while working on midterms for grad school.

I started the race after some light stretching and fun chatting with my teammates Laura Rodriguez-Diluca and Matt Soja, along with a couple Whippets.

The piriformis was tight the first 5 miles and I was
compensating. Still, I held about a 6:05 pace for the first 10 k . As I felt it getting tighter over the course of the next 5 miles, I decided to just make sure to take Gatorade from every station and enjoy the run.

I was enjoying it... until the downhill into Wellesley. I was hurting, tense but trying smile through it. I was in absolute awe of Kevin Shelton-Smith, who passed be at 13.1 miles in 1:21.XX. I was told him he should run keep his pace and not slow to talk. Of course, Kevin doesn't need advice, he's a master whom although I try to learn from, is just the possessor of a true athletic gift. We are lucky to have him in VCTC.

At Mile 16 I was grateful for the first hill in miles. Unfortunately my legs were trashed. I was slowing to a 7 minute pace. I knew I had to reach Heartbreak Hill and see the VCTC cheer squad at 21 miles.

I was walking on Heartbreak Hill. As I felt every muscle in my lower body seize, I realized that this was going to be a longer ordeal than $I$ figured in Hopkinton. I passed 21 miles in agony, but then started to loosen up as I knew my VCTC crew was approaching. As I passed the purple cheering section limping I looked at Coach Ken and said "I will finish this sucker!" Why the heck did I say that!
(continued page 7)
(Bobby Asher continued) The downhill that comes down into Brighton after HBH is astoundingly hard for everyone, but I was walking. Every step felt like I was pulling the weight of my leg while being kicked in the butt. With the last 4 miles taking a minimum of 40 minutes based on my Garmin, I decided to stop at the fluid station for at least a minute to really get a lot in. That caused a $14: 51$ mile.

After that I was passed by Laura RodriguezDiluca, by friend and someone who deserved an awesome race today. Basically, talk about resilience! I was very happy for her. But being Laura, she checked to make sure I was alert.
I "ran" the rest of the way to Boston at about 10:40 pace. I was all I could do. When we passed the 40k mark I found myself wondering what the arena was emptying... can you believe that I NEVER noticed Fenway in any of my 3 previous Boston Marathons? That's the only problem with racing and pacing...you miss things.

I got across the line somehow in 3:23, my slowest time ever. As I did I was wobbling. I asked an official to let me use his phone so I could call my parents who I assumed were probably worried about my health during the tracking.
When I tried to walk after the call, my right glute and lower backs had a stabbing pain beyond anything I had ever felt. I took a wheelchair into to the medical tent where my blood pressure was 100/ P... yikes.

After over an hours of icing, some light massage and hydrating, I was transported to the massage center, still unable to ambulate. I proceeded to spend over 90 minutes getting intense ice massage and ice on my back and butt. I still couldn't walk.

I had had my parents post my status on Facebook on my behalf, all the while with other people's cells because mine was still in my bag at the Common. When Maryann Khinda got ahold of me finally through the grapevine, I had to break the news that I was headed to the ER.


After telling this story to another 3 medics I was in a "bus" a.k.a. an ambulance to Tufts Medical Center where I was made to feel quite guilty looking at people hooked up to IVs and white as sheets. Why was I in here? I was reminded when the doctor asked me to demonstrate my walk towards him. I couldn't. The pain when I tried was 10 -out-of-10 in my glute, hip and lower back.

Then Roly and Laura Diluca came to visit and I got the greatest hospital selfie ever! Laura is a genius when it comes to lifting spirits. Loaded up with Valium and a pain killer,
(continued page 8)
(Bobby Asher continued) I was released with my good family friend Louis (also a hand surgeon in Boston) and went back to my hotel. My dad arrived from New York about an hour after I got back. Ten minutes later, my fried calamari and nachos arrived. What a day. I think its safe to say that I have now experienced the marathon from every angle. I was in shape for this one, but something was off and now its time to heal.

I love the marathon's teaching though. The crowds are amazing. I'll be back. I'll be strong. This year was about finishing.

Hopefully after the next one, I'll be hanging out in a bar with Vannies instead of medical facilities! \#\#

## Boston 2014

## by Bette Clark

(4) ou ask me what the Boston marathon was like this year?

It was not just a group of runners coming together to celebrate excellence, hard training, or dedicated fundraising

It was not just the people of towns and a city coming out to cheer, to enjoy family reunions, or revel in camaraderie.

It was not just the pure grit of running 26.2 miles, in just more that two hours
or just under six.
It was a group of runners coming together to celebrate excellence, hard training, and dedicated fundraising in the face of the horrors they experienced one year earlier

It was the peopleof towns and a city coming out to cheer, enjoy family reunions and revel in camaraderie, despite what they experienced one year earlier

It was the pure grit of running 26.2 miles in just more than two hours or under six, hearts gasping with the pain of those who lost their lives, their limbs, or their innocence, one year earlier

It was about conquering
fear, hatred, and loss with courage, love, and new beginnings, one step at a time. \#\#

## Kevin's Boston Splits

 6 or so I ran 2.52 last year and my recent races have been far better than last year. so back to thinking 2.48. But I'm fat and heavy this year - though that will help going downhill - but that will trash the quads! Ho hum what to do!In the end I ran my race and pushed just as hard as seemed sensible and used the watch to prevent over-exuberance or relaxation. But with the marathon you never know...
MILE 1-6.17 First mile, I couldn't get through the crowds. May have been a good thing I
knew and let me warm up.
2-5.58 We'd talked about 6.10 so I targeted that. Sped up next mile - too fast, dial it back.
3-6.02 Mile 3 too fast - dial it back.
4-6.04 Mile 4 dial it back.
5-6.15 Mile 5- I dialed back too far though the downhill is nearly done. Make allowance and pick it up gently.
6-6.09 Too fast. I've a minute in the bank from the downhill, 20s more than planned for.
7-6.13 Nice. Feeling very good. That 10 k was way under usual 40 m .
8-6.16 Nice
9-6.15 Nice. Feeling lovely. Calculating.
10-6.22 Hmmm. Wow, respectable 10 Mile time. Calculating.
11-6.16 That's better. Calculating.
12-6.11 Nice. Calculating.
13- 6.14 Nice ... and so was Wellesley. Euphoria. Another great 10k time. Sorry to pass Bobby
14- 6.10 Small dip, nice. Calculating.
15- 6.20 Small climb, nice. Calculating.
16- 6.05 Bigger dip as we curved right where the road split. Pushing - too early? Not according to Liz McColgan
17- 6.36 First hill - need to average 6.25 s from here to PR. We'll see if the hills allow that.
18-6.38 Next hill
19-6.22-Unexpected net downhill

## (Kevin's Splits continued)

20-6:38 Counting the seconds lost over that 6.25/ mile needed
21- 6:47 Not too bad but 6.25 will be an effort. No time for new calculations - I see VCTC ahead.
22-6:02 Blow by as promised - whoosh Mr Hill. Too fast to calculate.
23- 6:19 Pushing now - not enough but still 3 to go. Plan 90s for the last 385 yds. Must average 6.10s from here.
24-6:07 3 miles is a long way to sprint. Didn't think it possible but under 6.10. Needing 6.11s now.
25-6:15 Oh! Well I have the final mile to throw the hammer down. Keep in with a chance.
26-6:19 Damn it! But wait - forget math. add 30s to the clock time - already flying anyway so just fly more.
26.2-1:15 Kick it, kick it, kick it... 150m gone, whoa, fade coming on - resist - push push push carry the inertia over the line - bloody hell I did it. I damned well did it.
Don't touch the watch you might delete everything. Don't check the watch in case I'm wrong. Live in the moment and don't check it's true - enjoy the moment - don't let it end. Annoying volunteers try to stop me kissing the ground, worried that I'm a collapser. Minutes pass. Check the watch YEEEEEEES. It's another 4 hours before I actually find out my exact time.
2:44:33

Time to Half Marathon (downhill) $=1: 21: 17 \quad$ I'd be happy with that half time in Central Park (on a bad day). Average Pace 6:17

The 5 k splits tell a clearer story -

$$
\begin{gathered}
5 \mathrm{k}-18: 56 \\
10 \mathrm{k}-38: 06 \\
15 \mathrm{k}-57: 34 \\
20 \mathrm{k}-1: 17: 07 \\
25 \mathrm{k}-1: 36: 27 \\
30 \mathrm{k}-1: 56: 31 \\
35 \mathrm{k}-2 ; 16: 36 \\
40 \mathrm{k}-2: 36: 00
\end{gathered}
$$

Finish - 2:44:33

## Road To Madrid

## by Ariel Cruz <br> (Ariel writes in two parts: training for and running theMadrid Marathon) <br> PART I

O/fril 27th, 2014 will mark my second marathon. Having completed NYC marathon in 2013 with mixed emotions, I put it behind me and focused on the next challenge. Between November 2nd of 2013 and April 27th of 2014 I will have completed 2 half marathons, two 15 k 's, two 10 k 's and a 5 k race. Signing up for a spring marathon gave me the motivation I needed to continue training through the winter. Otherwise I would have hibernated all winter long (well maybe not). With the experience of having been injured twice last year, both times close to big races, I focused on staying healthy and strong.

My first post marathon race was the Ted Corbitt 15 k in central park a month after 2013 NYCM. For some reason, the 15 k is my favorite distance. It's not quite a half marathon yet enough of a challenge that you feel it. I finished the 15 k in 1:19:36, a 12 minute PR from my last 15 k race. Riding on that 12 min PR high, I continued to train hard. The next challenging race was the Miami half. My half marathon training became marathon training and this half was to be a training run. We all know how Miami went and I still managed a 5 min PR although breaking 2 hrs eluded me again.
Training continued and my focus remained the same.

Next up was the race formerly known as Coogans. This was my first time running this hilly 5k race. Not knowing what to expect and feeling strong I gave it my all. I finished in 23:26 with almost a 4 min PR. The winter training continued and consisted of mostly hill workouts with some longish runs on the weekends if weather permitted. These hill workouts proved to be vital in the following two races.
(continued page 10)
(Road continued) The first of the two was the St.Patricks day 10 k up in FDR Park. Racing there for the first time, all I heard was that the hills were tough. I used the 2 mile race as a warm-up that cold day and made my way to the start line of the 10 k . It was a challenging course with some steep hills but again managed a 7 min PR finishing in 49:07.

Up next was the Michelob Ultra half in Flushing Meadows Park, Queens. Looking to redeem myself from my Miami performance and having run this half the previous year, I knew what to expect. Strong headwinds made it challenging but the course was mostly flat and manageable. I have to say that I have never been so excited to cross a finish line as I was that day. When I approached the finish line and saw the time on the clock I had a big smile on my face. It read 1:51 and I had achieved my goal of breaking 2 hrs. It was a huge 16 min PR which gave me more confidence for the Madrid marathon.

Spring was finally upon us and with it the NYRR Spring Meltdown 15k. My last 15k was the Ted Corbitt in December and Mother Nature was on our side this time. I again PR'd, shaving 4 minutes off of my time, finishing in $1: 15: 59$. Training continued as we slowly transitioned from the hills to the track. It felt good to get some quality speed workouts. Every workout was different and
tailored towards a specific goal. I tried not to overdo it but something about seeing how fast I can go really ignites my engine. I guess it's the sprinter in me. The next race was the Scotland run 10 k , 1 full loop clockwise in Central Park. A massive turn out and Van Cortlandt showed up 81 runners strong. With such a huge crowd I don't think the field ever thinned out. I was weaving around people and hoping I didn't run out of energy. I admit I stopped a few times to use my inhaler and took advantage of water stations. I finished in 48:51 and still managed a 16 sec PR. This was my fifth PR of the year and to celebrate I followed up with an 18 miler the next day.

Time to taper was slowly approaching and I had one last long run to do. This was going to gauge where I was physically and mentally. Looking back to where I was physically last year and where I am today I feel very confident. I know that I have tremendous support from the best teammates and it will all come down to game day.

As I prepare for my trip to Spain and to take on the city streets of Madrid I am filled with emotions. I bring with me the experience of the NYCM and all of the hard work leading up to this race. I take with me all of last year's ups and downs. I carry with me the good things that have come my way this year and the great people I have come close to.

This story doesn't end here. On April $27^{\text {th }}$ I will let everyone know that (to be continued!)

## PARTII

......I gave it my all and came away much more pleased with my performance this time around. Well by now, most of you if not all of you, know that I finished Marathon \#2 in 4:26:41 (a 22 min . PR ). The course proved to be very challenging yet very rewarding. Running my first international race was by far the best race experience I have had, almost better than running NYCM. My strategy of arriving a few days before perhaps did not provide me with the proper rest that I needed leading up to a marathon, but how can one rest when there is this amazing city such as Madrid before you.

The morning of the marathon, my friend and I had our breakfast and walked to the start area. It was great being that close to the start and not having to wake up so early for a race. The one thing I did not take into account was where the baggage check was. I decided to take a change of clothes for after the race. The baggage check was a good half mile if not a mile from the start and although we got there with enough time I still had to run to baggage and run back to start area.

I was in the first corral and my friend was in (continued page 11)
(Road continued) the second, but I decided to run the first mile with her to pace her. I wanted to make sure she didn't go out to fast; I didn't want to go out to fast either. My plan was to stay at or around 9:30 $\mathrm{min} / \mathrm{mile}$ pace for the first 10 miles, then run the next 10 at or around 9:15 min/mile pace. I basically didn't want to go below $9 \mathrm{~min} / \mathrm{mile}$ pace until mile 21.

That plan went out the window after mile 3. My first 1 which I ran with my friend was an average pace of $10: 10 \mathrm{~min} / \mathrm{mile}$. Once I broke away from her I started to hone into my 9:30/mile pace. That lasted about, well only for that mile. Average paces for miles 3-13 read like this respectively: 9:15, 9:07, 8:57, 9:03, 9:05, 8:56, 8:36, 9:30, 9:01, 9:14 \& 9:09. After mile 13 we started to hit some tough hills and the average paces between miles 14 to 19 fluctuated from 9:34 to 12:06. From mile $20-24$ (Garmin was about to power off) I could not get below 10 $\mathrm{min} / \mathrm{mile}$ pace. At this point my very optimistic goal of breaking, if not coming close to 4 hrs was out the window. My only goal at this point was to run faster than my NYCM performance of $4: 48$.

Then it snuck up on me. The boisterous $4: 30$ pacer and his followers got within ear shot. My new plan revealed itself at that moment which was to not let this group pass me. It worked for the most part. Every time I would slow down and they crept pass me I found enough energy to surge pass them. It became this back and forth game until about mile 22 when I was able to stay ahead of them for good.

During the race I felt like a tourist with a race bib, being awed by the sites of Madrid. We passed by the Real Madrid soccer team stadium between mile 2 and 3. North of the stadium we were greeted by the Gates of Europe, which are these two inclining glass towers. This was a part of the city that I had not yet explored but was on my list of buildings to see.

The crowds were amazing. People of all ages where out on the street cheering, screaming VAMOS!! VENGA!! ERES CAMPEON!! Which roughly translates to, LET'S GO!! COME ON!!

YOU'RE A CHAMP!! So as I traversed the winding course, I tried to enjoy the scenery. The one thing that popped into my mind from the very start of the race was something that Rick Bloomer told me a while back. It has to do with running on the tangents. This couldn't have been easier since the road was marked with a green intermittent line that served as the course path. I stayed on the green line for the most part like white on rice. I don't know if it made a difference but at least I know that I stayed as close to the 26.2 that was measured. The best part of the whole race was right before reaching mile 13, when we cut across the Plaza Mayor. We went from running in a residential area to this large open Plaza which is the main tourist hub of Madrid.

The barriers were up to keep spectators separate from the runners but as we exited the Plaza it felt like the path kept getting narrower and narrower. As we reached mile 23 we were back to the start area and I could smell the finish line. Pacer was still behind me and I was hoping I had enough in me for the final kick. We were finally in the park named Parque De El Retiro, which translates to The Retreat Park. Then it appeared....the finish line was within sight so I gave it my all. The only problem was that at this point my quads had already given up and a few yards from the finish line I got a nasty cramp. I had to pull aside and massage my left quad in order to be able to cross the line running. I looked up at the clock and it read 4:28. I had done it! I had broken 4:30. I knew that my official time was a few minutes faster than that.

This marathon taught me that no matter how much you train, you can never really predict the outcome. Having an unrealistic goal of shaving off 48 minutes from my best and only marathon finish time allowed me to do one thing. It allowed me not to think about the actual achievable goal and push for something more. By attempting a 48 minute PR, I was able to obtain a 22 minute PR , which is amazing by any standard. Let's see what kind of performance I will obtain in November as I run my first Philadelphia Marathon. \#\#\#\#

## Coaches' Corner

YTuHi move back to the friendly confines of the back hills for 10 weeks worth of sweat equity as we prepare for the Summer Series 5K's, the relay and the local series of 4,5 and 6 milers. Marathons and halfmarathons of the spring are quickly fading memories. Gone also are the conflicts at the track with hooligan soccer players, wayward cyclists, mindless walkers and sprinters who insist on running in the opposite direction.

Instead we carve out our own space . We charge up hills. We speed down hills. We learn how to negotiate the ups and downs of the legendary terrain of our beloved park. We yearn to hear Glen's shouts of encouragement as we round the final bend back to the bridge. We hope to emerge from these workouts with greater confidence that we can handle any obstacle that a race course or perhaps even life throws our way. We encourage each other through yet another gut-wrenching ascent to Cemetery Hill. We meet at the bridge over the Henry Hudson Parkway at 7 PM. We simply can't wait.

Performances were again inspiring in Brooklyn. Men's Open team was $9^{\text {th }}$ out of 99, Women's Open was $8^{\text {th }}$ out of 85 . Men's $40+$ was $5^{\text {th }}$ and women's $40+$ was $9^{\text {th }}$. Men's $50+$ was $4^{\text {th }}$, Women's $3^{\text {rd }}$ and men's $60+$ was $4^{\text {th }}$. There are 2 points races in June, the Mini 10K for women and the Portugal 5 miler for men plus the Pride Run at the end of the month. Club champs are in early August.

Don't forget the Diamond League Circuit comes to Icahn Stadium on Saturday June 14. It's a chance to see the fastest runners in the world compete.\#\#\#

## Upcoming Races

5/22-Thu-7 PM- VCTC summer series 5K \# 1* 5/25-Sun- 8 AM- Vermont City Marathon, Burlington Vt
5/26- Mon-8:15- Jim Fixx Memorial Run, 5m,Greenwich Ct

6/1- Sun- 8 AM- Israel Run 4m, Central Park
6/1- Sun- 9 AM- Tenafly 5K
6/5- Thu- 7 PM- VCTC Summer Series 5K \# 2*
6/6- Fri- 6:30- Cook Your Buns 3m, Greenwich Ct
6/7- Sat- 9 AM- Rockwood Ramble 10K,
Rockefeller State Park
6/8- Sun- 8 AM- North Avenue Mile, New Rochelle
6/10-Tue- 7 PM- Tuesday Night at the Races, various
6/14- Sat- 9 AM- NY Mini-Marathon 10K **
Central Park
6/14- Sat- 4 PM- Shelter Island 10K
6/15- Sun- 8:30- Portugal Day 5m **Central Park
6/19- Thu- 7 PM- VCTC Summer Series 5K \#3 *
6/22- Sun- 8 AM- Queens 10K
6/22- Sun- 9 AM- Giant Stadium 5K
6/22- Sun- 8:30- Fairfield Half and 5K
6/24- Tue- 7 PM- Tuesday night at the Races, various
6/28- Sat- 9 AM- Greenburgh Mile- Gilda’s Run, Hartsdale
6/28- Sat- 9 AM- FRNY Pride 5m** Central Park 6/29- Sun- 9 AM- Achilles Hope and Possibility 5 m

7/3- Thu- 7 PM- VCTC Summer Series $2 \times 2$ relay
7/4- Fri- 8 AM- Putnam County Classic 8 m
7/8- Tue- 7 PM- Tuesday Night at the Races, various
7/12- Sat- 9 AM- Boomer's CF Run to Breathe 4 m 7/13- Sun- 8 AM- Boilermaker 15K, Utica \#\#\#

## Race Results

|  | NYC Half Marathon March 16, 2014 |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 1:17:23 | Marcos Duarte | M39 |
| 1:17:53 | Bobby Asher | M28 |
| 1:19:39 | Sean Dunne | M25 |
| 1:22:25 | Garland Days | M43 |
| 1:22:46 | Anna Carlson | F31 |
| 1:27:15 | Patrick Bernal | M37 |
| 1:28:54 | Matt Soja | M31 |
| 1:31:06 | Sean Moore | M50 |
| 1:31:24 | Laura Rodriguez | F34 |
| 1:31:40 | Benigno Veraz | M59 |
| 1:31:47 | Eli Greenberg | M34 |
| 1:34:51 | Daniel Hennessy | M49 |
| 1:36:43 | John Farrelly | M45 |
| 1:37:02 | Deborah Heelan | F54 |
| 1:38:33 | Henry Nguyen | M26 |
| 1:38:44 | Kevin Mulvey | M26 |
| 1:40:08 | Aaron Lipskar | M38 |
| 1:43:50 | Paul Paradise | M50 |
| 1:44:07 | Bette Clark | F58 |
| 1:44:18 | Christopher Urena | M24 |
| 1:44:23 | Damian Mackle | M39 |
| 1:44:25 | Ciara Malone | F31 |
| 1:47:35 | Tony Ambriano | M61 |
| 1:47:49 | Leonardo Vando | M38 |
| 1:47:53 | Ciara Gedulig | F32 |
| 1:49:43 | Mary-Anne Connaughton | F44 |
| 1:50:11 | Colleen McMahon | F30 |
| 1:50:46 | Diana Garretto | F31 |
| 1:51:47 | Michael Kearney | M34 |
| 1:51:47 | Natasha Anderson | F33 |
| 1:54:31 | Matthew Newton | M39 |
| 1:55:13 | Rob Vassilarakis | M42 |
| 1:58:11 | Eileen Hickey | F32 |
| 2:01:43 | Penelope Sheely | F44 |
| 2:01:46 | Salvatore Carretta Jr | M57 |
| 2:04:45 | Matt Post | M38 |
| 2:05:00 | Michael Dailey | M50 |
| 2:05:57 | JoAnn Pate | F39 |
| 2:07:33 | Marta Scott | F49 |
| 2:10:11 | Brendan Conley | M23 |
| 2:12:48 | Enrique Jaen | M48 |
| 2:14:25 | Katie Sullivan | F31 |
| 2:21:34 | Zoragina Castillo | F28 |
| 2:25:09 | David Pultz | M62 |
| 2:28:28 | Martina Cepeda | F58 |
| 2:29:49 | Andrea Rafael | F46 |
| 2:31:41 | Sangini Dave | F43 |


| 2:38:31 | Jose Delacruz | M35 |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |
| 3:00:44 | Mark Hugel | M62 |

Spring Fling 5K
Roosevelt Island
March 22, 2014
26:41
Susan Adiletta
F59
Wurtsboro Mountain 30K
Wurtsboro, N.Y.
March 29, 2014

| 1:50:47 | Bobby Asher | M28 | 1OV |  |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| 2:00:36 | Kevin Shelton-Smith | M54 | 3OV |  |
| 2:15:33 | Laura Rodriguez | F34 | 1OV |  |
| 2:24:27 | David Isaac | M51 |  | 2 |
| 2:28:06 | Benigno Veraz | M59 |  | 3 |
| 2:29:21 | Ninji Harris | M39 | 9 |  |
| 2:31:15 | Anthony Portera | M43 | 6 |  |
| $2: 43: 09$ | Bette Clark | F58 | 2 |  |

7
Spring Meltdown 15K
March 30, 2014

| 0:58:41 | Garland Days | M43 | 3 |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| 1:07:02 | Paulina Nunez | F24 | 1 |
| 1:08:48 | Juliene Bell-Smith | F32 | 5 |
| 1:09:58 | Lauren Lundy | F33 | 7 |
| 1:10:47 | Reggie Cedeno | M33 |  |
| 1:11:07 | Rick Bloomer | M50 | 9 |
| 1:15:50 | Ciara Malone | F31 |  |
| 1:15:59 | Ariel Cruz | M37 |  |
| 1:19:28 | Dominga Jensen | F48 | 8 |
| 1:21:28 | John Campbell | M36 |  |
| 1:28:39 | Salvatore Carretta Jr | M57 |  |
| 1:29:35 | Leoni Parker | F49 |  |
| 1:33:02 | Wendell Tong | F45 |  |
| $1: 44: 04$ | Andrea Rafael | F46 |  |
| $1: 45: 07$ | Martina Cepeda | F58 |  |
| $1: 53: 36$ | Susan Epstein | F70 | 3 |

Scotland Run 10K
April 5, 2014

| $0: 33: 39$ | Bobby Asher | M28 |  |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| $0: 34: 59$ | Marcos Duarte | M39 | 5 |
| $0: 34: 59$ | Matt Soja | M31 |  |
| $0: 35: 47$ | Kyle Hall | M35 | 9 |
| $0: 36: 23$ | Kevin Shelton-Smith | M54 | 1 |
| $0: 36: 36$ | Sean Dunne | M25 |  |
| $0: 36: 50$ | Garland Days | M43 | 4 |
| $0: 37: 54$ | Anna Carlson | F31 | 5 |
| $0: 38: 00$ | Grant Titre | M36 |  |
| $0: 39: 40$ | Carlos Lopez | M33 |  |
| $0: 41: 03$ | Adil Filali | M33 |  |
| $0: 41: 06$ | Laura Rodriguez | F34 |  |
| $0: 41: 31$ | John Pelliccia | M25 |  |


| 0:41:56 | Sean mMore | M50 |  | 1:04:33 | Mark Hugel | M62 |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 0:42:53 | Daniel Hennessy | M49 |  | 1:05:12 | Martina Cepeda | F58 |  |
| 0:42:54 | Benigno Veraz | M59 | 9 | 1:06:02 | Andrea Rafael | F46 |  |
| 0:43:09 | Edward Magarin | M27 |  | 1:06:06 | Deborah Mosko | F36 |  |
| 0:43:09 | Jimmy Atkins | M53 |  | 1:06:35 | Mark Galway | M37 |  |
| 0:43:10 | Juliene Bell-Smith | F32 |  | 1:06:40 | Patrick Bernal | M37 |  |
| 0:43:13 | Paulina Nunez | F24 | 7 | 1:07:23 | Bill Smith | M69 |  |
| 0:43:30 | David Isaac | M51 |  | 1:09:37 | Susan Epstein | F70 | 10 |
| 0:43:56 | John Farrelly | M45 |  | 1:11:37 | Edith Jones | F74 |  |
| 0:44:24 | Rick Bloomer | M50 |  | 1:12:00 | Lyndsey Dore | F36 |  |
| 0:44:50 | Roberto Rapalo | M28 |  | 1:12:01 | Lorraine Clarke | F32 |  |
| 0:44:54 | Deborah Heelan | F54 | 7 | 1:12:52 | Marsha Corchado | F35 |  |
| 0:44:58 | Ahmed Harris | M39 |  | 1:15:37 | Kathleen O'donnell | F46 |  |
| 0:44:59 | Rachel Gissinger | F37 |  | 1:23:41 | Ramon Minaya | M74 |  |
| 0:45:17 | David King | M63 | 7 |  |  |  |  |
| 0:45:28 | Carolyn Hehir | F36 |  |  | Run for the Parks 4M |  |  |
| 0:46:10 | David Rios | M37 |  |  | April 6, 2014 |  |  |
| 0:46:13 | Ciara Malone | F31 |  | 0:22:27 | Marcos Duarte | M39 | 1 |
| 0:46:15 | Anne Tiger-Days | F45 | 8 | 0:25:54 | Antonio Varrenti | M51 | 5 |
| 0:46:26 | Reggie Cedeno | M33 |  | 0:27:16 | David Isaac | M51 |  |
| 0:46:30 | Miles Moloney | M24 |  | 0:28:53 | Dominic Lombardo | M47 |  |
| 0:47:22 | Angelina Roberts | F32 |  | 0:29:11 | Matthew Newton | M40 |  |
| 0:47:25 | Bette Clark | F58 | 5 | 0:30:21 | Roxanne Vargas | F46 |  |
| 0:47:26 | Christopher Urena | M24 |  | 0:30:30 | Salvatore Carretta Jr | M57 |  |
| 0:47:28 | Paul Paradise | M51 |  | 0:31:02 | Dominga Jensen | F48 |  |
| 0:47:46 | Damian Mackle | M39 |  | 0:32:29 | Stephany Evans | F56 | 5 |
| 0:48:10 | Salvatore Carretta Jr | M57 |  | 0:33:04 | Manlio Mondo | M67 | 7 |
| 0:48:51 | Ariel Cruz | M37 |  | 0:33:53 | John McCarthy | M54 |  |
| 0:48:54 | Patricia Novelli | F43 |  | 0:34:14 | Jeremiah McCarthy | M20 |  |
| 0:49:00 | Alison Whitehead | F33 |  | 0:34:16 | Edward James | M67 | 9 |
| 0:49:20 | Leonardo Vando | M38 |  | 0:35:07 | Jill Staats | F62 | 3 |
| 0:49:39 | Ken Rolston | M62 |  | 0:35:55 | Karina Rieke | F42 |  |
| 0:49:40 | Roxanne Vargas | F46 |  | 0:36:43 | Denny Moran | F41 |  |
| 0:49:54 | David Talbird | M33 |  | 0:36:53 | Leoni Parker | F49 |  |
| 0:50:34 | Mandi Susman | F45 |  | 0:36:55 | Lorraine Isaac | F51 |  |
| 0:50:42 | Juan Tony Gonzalez | M68 |  | 0:37:27 | Glen Shane | M74 | 10 |
| 0:50:56 | Liam Moroney | M29 |  | 0:38:07 | Ramon Ruiz | M74 |  |
| 0:51:42 | John McCarthy | M54 |  | 0:39:07 | Marysol Ruiz-Zapata | F47 |  |
| 0:51:50 | Stephany Evans | F56 |  | 0:41:33 | Martina Cepeda | F58 |  |
| 0:52:24 | Dominga Jensen | F48 |  | 0:43:53 | Colin Thoman | M11 |  |
| 0:52:26 | Diana Garretto | F31 |  | 0:43:54 | Anthony Thoman | M51 |  |
| 0:52:44 | Jill Staats | F62 | 3 | 0:45:03 | Aoife Walsh | F38 |  |
| 0:52:44 | Manlio Mondo | M67 |  | 0:45:33 | Edith Jones | F74 | 6 |
| 0:52:55 | Mercedes Zegarra-Soja | F30 |  | 0:50:42 | Hannah Lipman | F42 |  |
| 0:53:23 | Penelope Sheely | F44 |  | 0:52:34 | Gary Spalter | M60 |  |
| 0:55:14 | Edward James | M67 |  |  |  |  |  |
| 0:55:30 | Michelle Conley | F25 |  |  | More Half-Marathon |  |  |
| 0:55:53 | Adrian Hunte Smith | F60 | 6 |  | April 13, 2014 |  |  |
| 0:57:10 | Kathryn Donovan | F55 |  | 1:27:44 | Anna Carlson | F31 | 3 |
| 0:57:36 | Rachel Isaac | F21 |  | 1:33:47 | Melissa Weiner | F36 | 1 |
| 1:00:17 | Monika Macezinskas | F67 | 2 | 1:34:56 | Gail Machado | F27 |  |
| 1:00:44 | Shirley Middleton | F59 |  | 1:49:23 | Ciara Malone | F31 |  |
| 1:01:26 | Jeremiah McCarthy | M20 |  | 2:03:55 | Penelope Sheely | F44 |  |
| 1:02:35 | Marysol Ruiz-Zapata | F47 |  | 2:06:56 | Rachel Shapiro | F24 |  |



## CLUB NEWS

Membership: Please renew your membership which was due $\mathbf{1 / 1 / 1 4}$ (If you haven't already). Membership rates are: single-\$25; family-\$35. New members add $\$ 15$ to pay for team singlet; additional singlets cost $\$ 15$. Please send checks payable to VCTC to: VCTC P.O. Box 341, Bronx, N.Y. 10471. Applications are online at www.vctc.org Please e-mail Rick Bloomer or David King with any changes of address, phone, email and whether you would like to be added to the group email.
Meetings/Workouts: For 2014: Team meetings are held on the end Saturday of the month at 10 a.m.
Club workouts are: Tuesdays at 7 pom. at the Van Cortland Stadium track or at the x-country bridge, Thursday evening tempo runs meeting at 7 p.m. at the Tortoise and Hare Statue/X-country finish line, Saturdays at 8 arm. (we meet at handball courts at 242nd St and Broadway)
Newsletter stories: The newsletter is published bi-monthly. We welcome all contributions. Deadline for the July/August issue is June 25, 2014. Maximum length is 600 words. Please e-mail kingkvd@optonline.net and/or ogard777@yahoo.com and try to include a photo.
Race times: Remember to send race times to Peter Coy petercoy@verizon.net or 52 Stelfox St., Demarest, N.J. 07627. Please include name of race, date, location, finishing time, your name, age. Optional: place, agegroup, personal best.
Website: Visit us on our website: www.vetc.org
Facebook: Members in good standing may join the VCTC Members' Facebook page.

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