



INTERVALS

A Quarterly Newsletter from the Frederick Steeplechasers Running Club

The Unofficial Annual Red Nose Reindeer Run

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The President's Corner

WEBSITE GIVES US A RUNNER'S FORUM

By Mark Lawrence

First, Rebecca Frasure came to our rescue and voluntarily provided us the website that money couldn't seem to buy early last year. Now, Rich Potter has made the site interactive for all of us with the addition of the Runner's Forum.

For anyone that hasn't looked lately, we've had some major improvements in the club's website over the past few months. Becky Frasure took the remnants of our failed website experiment in the first half of the year and managed to produce a website that is organized in direct correlation to our club.

This is not to say that it is a totally finished product, but at least we have a framework on which we can build. Now each committee can look at their page and create ideas that can be integrated into the site as time goes on.

In the meantime, we now have a means for constant communication and discussion. Rich Potter introduced a Runner's Forum on the club's old website a few years ago, but we apparently weren't ready for it. It got very little attention in the days when most of us were just getting accustomed to e-mail.

Instead of using the club's website, we all became enamored with having Mary Zielinski tell us what to do each week. The problem with this was that it put a lot of pressure on Mary to be the voice for all of us and it gave us sparse capacity to reply to each other and formulate and coordinate any alternate plans to Mary's. The heckuvit is that if Mary hadn't moved to Boonsboro, we all would likely have been content with doing whatever Mary wanted to do every week. That move was a clear sign that nothing good lasts forever. We tried to get Mary to keep commuting and telling us what to do and Mary tried her best to get us to follow somebody else, but for whatever reason, it just wasn't working.

We wandered about like lost sheep. We were waiting for a new solution. The new solution turned out to be what Rich wanted us to do way back when.

Now we have the new Runner's Forum. Members can now post messages for open discussion with all other members as often as you like. The messages can be posted under any of six "boards" or topics of discussion that are there to make it easy to look for the information or discussion you want.

Looking for people to train with? Go to "Training Runs and Running Partners." Want to find out who's going to a certain race or to find out what others know about an event? Check the "Race Discussion." Want to coordinate a get together at a local watering hole? Post your idea on "Social Topics." Got some technical questions you want help with? Try asking the group on "Health, Training, and Equipment Discussions." There's also a board specifically for club business that can only be viewed by members, and a "Community Announcements" board for stuff outside running business altogether (like selling Girl Scout Cookies). There's even a calendar feature that I anticipate will get greater use and attention as time goes on.

There's no doubt that there's a common thread that runs through all of us in the running community. Now we have a way to communicate through that thread. The one catch is that you have to be a member. Anybody can look to see what's going on, but only members can post. Gee, now everybody's got another good reason to join ☺.

Marine Corps Marathon

By Ron Robisch

October 28, 2007

What a wonderful day for a marathon! I met up with Crista Horn, her cousin Jenny, and her friend Kristin by one of the UPS baggage trucks outside the Pentagon. We joined the masses at the starting line and Crista, Jenny and I merged in near the 4-hour pace banner (our goal time). Just a couple minutes later we were off! Well, at least the fast runners were off. It would be another 6 minutes before we actually crossed the start line!

The race was fantastic! The course was historic and beautiful, the fans and Marines were supportive and ubiquitous (token SAT word), and the run itself went very well. The three of us stayed together almost the entire race which made it so much more fun! Jenny had a knack for wriggling ahead through the other racers (it helps to be petite sometimes!) so she often led the way and set our pace.

The early miles of the course beginning at the Pentagon and then running through Rosalyn and across the Key Bridge into Georgetown were somewhat hilly, but not too bad for those of us who run in Frederick County regularly. Heading north from the bridge we entered one of my favorite parts of the course leading up to and around the Georgetown Reservoir. Knotty old trees lined the streets, providing ample shade as we received a warm welcome from local residents and a high school marching band playing that Nana-nana-nana "HEY!" Nana-nana-nana. Nana-nana-nana "HEY!"... song) At this point my legs were feeling good and the early-morning chill was fading. Heading down from the reservoir we clocked a blistering 8:24 for mile 7!

After passing a few more landmarks like the Watergate Hotel and the Kennedy Center, we suddenly found ourselves entering the National Mall alongside the Lincoln Memorial! As monuments



passed by on our right and the White House on our left, throngs of people cheered us on from both sides! We heard applause, shouts of encouragement, kids pounding on small hand-held drums or tambourines, and cowbells lots of cowbells! We joked that what we really needed was "More Cowbell!" In the midst of all this clamor, we'd try to identify familiar faces passing by in the crowd No easy task! Crista and I were both hoping to find family around mile 12. Although my wife and kids spotted me, I missed them completely! Crista's entourage, however, suddenly materialized on our right and she got to say "Hi" to her fans and grab a quick kiss from her daughter, Lucy, riding atop her husband Dave's shoulders.

And in a blink they were gone, and we were again following along the human luge run to a right turn in front of the Capitol. Fans crowded in on the left; fans crowded in on the right. We were in the zone and continued on! Our half marathon split: 1:59:58.

The course led us back down the opposite side of the Mall. We passed the Washington Monument again, then the World War II Memorial although easy to miss while running (and a must-see if you've never visited it before, especially at night!), and then the Tidal Basin. One last monument, the Jefferson Memorial, and we began the infamous, zen-inducing run down to Hains Point and back. We were now starting to work harder and deal with more muscle and joint pain. Crista even began to feel a bit queasy. But we kept up the pace and admired that freaky, buried statue at the Point as we passed.

After returning from Hains Point we headed up a short ramp and suddenly I heard my name! There were my wife, Andrea, and our oldest kids, Raeann and Lincoln! I called back to them and waved. It was so great to see them at that point; I was beginning to lose hope that I'd see them at all!

Next up, the 14th street bridge. The very long 14th street bridge! Sometime before sunset we made it across and into Crystal City, and the crowds were again fantastic! We continued to follow Jenny's lead southward, and I could have sworn she had picked up the pace for us again. We reached the 22nd mile marker at the Crystal City turnaround. As I hit the lap button on my Ironman watch I was really expecting to see something like another 8:40 split, but to my dismay it was 9:09. What felt like a fast mile was dead on our target pace. Not a good sign. The pain in my legs was increasing...

We ran on, and the pain increased. It didn't seem to me like they were fading (any more than me) but somewhere between miles 22 and 23, Crista and Jenny told me I could go on ahead. I didn't really have the energy to say, "You gotta be kidding!" On many of our Sunday canal training runs I felt good and finished strong, but I knew I didn't have that kind of kick left in me anymore. After a short while, however, I decided that, dammit, if I'm gonna have any sort of finish kick, I need to do

it now! I picked up the pace a tiny bit as much as my legs could, and I slowly heard Crista's voice fade away.

Returning to the Pentagon, I felt like I'd stepped into a chapter of Jon Krakauer's book Into Thin Air, which is about a couple of Mt. Everest climbing expeditions that ended in tragedy. Krakauer was a member of one of those expeditions and an experienced mountain climber (unlike some of the expeditions' rich clients). At 30,000 and some odd feet, freezing climbers were getting split up and dropping like flies. Altitude-induced dysphoria made basic reasoning difficult for some, impossible for others. I felt a bit like Krakauer as I ran through a little loop in the Pentagon parking lot at 24 and some odd miles; I was tired, trying to think straight, beginning to cramp, and in pain, but still functioning well enough to believe I could get back to base camp. But around me, oh man, it was getting ugly! Walking wounded everywhere! Some runners merely walked, while many were along the side of the road trying to stretch out cramped muscles or were doubled over, facing the ground. Others looked like they'd collapsed or just plain given up. Some bodies weren't going to make it down off THIS mountain! As I climbed back up onto route 110 in the rarified air of mile 25, very few runners were still running!

With a mile to go I knew my shot at going sub-4 was fading away. I still felt good in terms of cardio and breathing, but no matter how much I implored my leg muscles to go faster, they refused. I maintained pace as well as I could.

Eventually, I rounded the final corner and kicked up the last hill leading to Iwo Jima. I lunged across the finish line at 4:00:50 and tried to stand upright while waiting for Crista and Jenny to come across the finish just 2 minutes later. We had finally made it!!!



Christa - Ron - Jenny

Some amazing times at JFK

By Tim O'Keefe

I know I missed a bunch but culled all I could:

EVA ROSVOLD -	8:17 - # 6 female overall!!!
DAVID LEIB -	8:49
STEPHANIE GRACE -	9:27
INGA OLSEN -	9:42
MARK LAWRENCE -	9:43
BECKY WALTERS -	10:13
RUDY REGNER -	10:36
HARRIS MELBY -	10:44
JIM TREECE -	10:53
RICH POTTER -	10:57
RACHEL RIDGEWAY -	10:57
REGINA CLARK -	11:09
DON CRONE -	11:09
CAROLE SMITH -	11:11
Tuxedo Runner	
VINCE VAUGHN -	11:46
LARRY KEY -	11:52
BERNIE/TERRIE SELLERS -	13:05
LARRY HERMAN -	13:34



I know Kevin Sayers was way up there I'm thinking in the low 8 hour range. John Kippen looked great at 20 but I didn't see his name. Jim Becker looked great at 20 but I missed his name too.

As usual, the 19-mile aid station was run by the Steeplechasers Running Club under the direction of Paul Christensen. Participants in the JFK 50 miler always enjoy the drink, food, and good cheer club members provide.



2007 Grand Prix Report

By Victor Cretella



With no less than eight different runners staking a claim to the top three spots at one point or another (Paul Spurrier, Victor Cretella, Tim O'Keefe, Malcolm Senior, Stephan Dobson, Steve Schaeffer, Mike Marino and Heath Coats), the competition in the 2007 Grand Prix was stiff. Although defending champion Chad Connors was not mathematically eliminated until late October, Victor Cretella was able to put a lock on first place after finishing the run for life in 18:16. (With his 4:48 at the Market Street Mile, Victor was able to gain 1000 points in the Maryland State RRCA Championship Series, ultimately coming in 2nd overall.) The battle for second and third place, however, remained in doubt until the very end with only 3 points separating second, third and fourth place. So please be warned: you may need a scorecard one can be found in this issue to track the lead changes described below.

Malcolm Senior made his statement early in the season, climbing into second place after the Garrett 5k with 95 points. However, Malcolm sat out the next two races—the Hood Blazer and Mission of Mercy 5k—only to see Tim O'Keefe rack up 95 points of his own. Tim could have taken a one point lead over Malcolm at this point if he had been able to finish ahead of Stephan Dobson at the Mission of Mercy 5k. Although Tim had beaten Stephan by almost a minute at the Hood cross country race, he could not fend off Stephan at MOM, losing to him by only 27 seconds; that left Stephan only one point behind Malcolm and Tim in the overall standings.

Stephan kept the momentum rolling by reeling off three victories against his closest rivals. At the St. John's cross country, Stephan (20:28) offset his loss to Tim (21:03) on the fields of Hood College. At the Pie race, Stephan ran a 41:33 to Malcolm's 43:29. And then at the Fair Race, Stephan killed 2 birds with one stone, finishing 40 and 60 seconds ahead of Malcolm and Tim respectively. This prompted Tim to say that he was very familiar with Stephan's racing jerseys—at least the backs of them. With 5 races behind him, Stephan seemed to have a firm grasp on 2nd place with 239 points.

But experienced runners as they are, Malcolm and Tim were not going down without a fight. Tim O'Keefe ripped off a 5:38 mile at the Market Street Mile. This was good for 48 Grand Prix points; now only four points separated Tim (235 points) and Stephan (239 points). Then only weeks after Malcolm had turned in his dependable effort at the Baltimore Marathon, leading the 3:40 pace group across the line within one second of his target time, Malcolm used his endurance base to finish the Goodloe Byron 15k in 1:05:53; picking up two points on Stephan.

Malcolm then went on a roll of his own, beating Tim at the Run for Life by only 11 seconds. He then went on to gain 48 points at the Covered Bridge 10 miler—more than Tim and two more than Stephan. With only one race to go in the series, Stephan, Tim and Malcolm had each run 7 races. Malcolm was in second with 334 points, Stephan was in third with 332 points, and Tim was in fourth with 329 points.

Going into the final race—the Jingle Bell Run for Arthritis 5k—Tim was looking for a win and some help.

It was not to be. Although he had beaten Michael Dee at the Hood Blazer and St. John 5ks, Michael was peaking for the last race of the season. Michael came in second overall for the race and first among Steeplechasers, moving him into fifth place overall for the Grand Prix and leaving Tim in fourth. Stephan, who was awarded 49 points for the race, increased his Grand Prix score by 3 points; this was just enough to put him in second place, one point ahead of Malcolm. Along with his third place finish in the Frederick Steeplechaser Grand Prix, Malcolm also won the 55 to 59 age group in the Baltimore Road Runners Club 2007 Grand Prix for the second year in a row; he was also ranked 13th among all 55 to 59 year olds in Virginia, Maryland and D.C. by the Washington Running Report!

On the women's side, Jenny Marino won the Overall championship by only 3 points. Felicia Gudat came in second followed closely by Leslie Nuse.

There will be some changes in the Grand Prix for 2008. We are splitting the series into a spring and fall season. This will make it easier to finalize a firm schedule. (Last year we had to replace or reschedule several Grand Prix events later in the year.) It will also hopefully allow more people to participate in at least one of the race series. The spring series will be structured and scored similarly to the 2007 series. It will focus mostly on 5ks. The fall series will be organized in the early summer and should emphasize a wider array of distances. If you are interested in helping with or have any ideas for the fall series, please let Victor Cretella know.

Here are the tentative rules and schedule. The finalized official rules will be posted on our website soon.

Grand Prix Rules - Spring 2008

Series consists of 6 Races: (1) Forest of Needwood 5 Miler (March 15); (2) New Market Elementary School 5k (April 12); Hood Blazer 5k (April 27); Mission of Mercy 5k (May 17); St. John 5k (May 24); Whittier 5k (June 7).

Best 3 races count toward scoring

Run a minimum of 3 races to qualify for an award; participation in 4 races guarantees an award.

Be a member by April 1 to be eligible for series.

Age group will be determined by competitor's age at the time competitor runs in his or her first race in the series.

Grand Prix Awards

Top 5 overall

Top 5 in the following age groups: Youth (13 and under); Open 14 to 39; Master (40 to 49); Grand Master (50 to 59); Super Master (60 and over).

Overall score based on top 50 runners, with first place receiving 50 points, second place receiving 49 points, etc. Age group score based on top 10 finishers, with first place receiving 10 points, second place receiving 9 points, etc. If possible, ties will be broken based upon head-to-head match-ups; and if not then based upon the results of the Run for the Pie 10k if held.

No duplication of awards

YOU COULDN'T HAVE RUN 55 SECONDS FASTER?

By Mike O'Grady

THE QUESTION: The day after JFK my dad called. "You couldn't have run fifty-six seconds faster?", he asked. Even at 54 years old this question might have caused a deflating flashback to a scene in which my dad is reviewing a nearly perfect report card. As I proudly anticipate his waves of praise, I hear "You got a B in math?" This time, however, I knew his quip was meant to acknowledge my accomplishment. I'd completed my fifth JFK and broken my previous records. Still the question lingered, could I have run fifty-six seconds faster?

THE TRAINING: My goal for the 2007 JFK had been simple enough, to break 10 hours. During my spring training the goal seemed tauntingly obtainable. By September, I was having serious doubts. An eight-week bout with Lyme disease had forced me to back off my training plan. I was physically behind schedule, nine pounds heavier and mentally in a bad place.

Things certainly were not looking good, but I had made some good choices along the way that would work in my favor. First, I had some great running partners whom I had met through the Steeplechasers. Distance running is a solitary endeavor. There

is no one else to step up after you and hit it out of the park or swish a three pointer at the bell to save a day gone amuck. You're on your own and it's quite easy to find excuses and talk yourself out of those hard training decisions. I had dropped out of several training runs, but it was the knowledge that my training buddies would be waiting for me that got me out the door and back on track.

Another choice I made was more radical. I had all but sworn off marathons, due to a largely self-induced debacle almost thirty years earlier. (I don't recommend staying up to 2:00AM drinking beer for a 7:00 AM start). Running the Baltimore Marathon proved to be a good decision. It gave me some short-term goals to strive for and motivated me train harder.

THE RACE: It was a cold morning, and as I approached the starting line, Mark Lawrence looked at me and said, I was overdressed. He was right and before the first mile was under foot the windbreaker had come off.

Breaking ten hours was still the goal. I figured I had a good chance, but still there were doubts. My brother Bill had called from Chicago the night before. He told me he had no doubts and he would be there "in spirit" for me.

The trail portion of the run went exactly as planned. I had told my wife to expect me off the cliffs between 9:50 to 10:10 and I cruised to the first aid station at 10:03. As I emerged off the trail,

I noticed a guy standing off to the side who looked just like my brother Bill. Two quick double takes later I realized it was Bill; he had driven from Chicago to help cheer me along. Along with Bill was a friend, my wife, kids holding a sign which read, "DR ENDURO: MEN FEAR HIM, CHILDREN LOVE HIM, and WOMEN WANT HIM". (Dr. ENDURO was a nickname my Brother had coined for me earlier in the year)

Wow, talk about a shot of adrenalin. I felt good when I got to the aid station, but felt like a million bucks as I left. The last thing my brother said to me before I started on the canal was "I didn't drive from Chicago to see you finish in over ten hours".

I had a loose plan on how I wanted to run the canal, but now all "pumped up" there was no plan. I was just running. After five or six miles I realized I was running too fast, but it felt good. I couldn't help thinking I'd just continue on until my body told me to crank it down a bit.

Aid stations kept coming and going and with each one I was picking up time. All distance runners experience peaks and valleys during races. As I approached each valley, I would "hear" my brother's voice, "I didn't travel from Chicago..." I thought about family, friends and my running partners. I thought about Carol Smith at the Catoctin 50K, stung up by bees, hurting from some nasty falls and still finishing.

At mile thirty eight, I knew I could make it. I could break ten

hours. Then a crazy idea bubbled to the surface. Maybe I could break nine hours. Was I becoming delusional? That was just too crazy. I knew I would be slowing down. The road running stretch loomed ahead; I hate road running. My feet would be sore and inevitably fatigue would set in. Coming off the canal always brings a moment of elation, (ONLY EIGHT MILES TO GO!) followed immediately by a slap in the face (a hill that seems designed to suck any wind out of your sails). Some runners I've talked with call these last eight miles the "Death Walk". At my second JFK I walked the entire road in due to cramps in my right calf.

Up the hill around a bend was something new, a sign which read "GET OFF OUR ROAD". Did I read that right? A little further along and I saw that I had. Two people stood off to the side of the road holding a sign. If memory serves me right, the sign read, "**GO HOME YOU JFK JERKS**".

Two runners ahead of me waved and thanked them. I said something as I ran past, but it wasn't thanks. "Did you read their signs?" I asked when I caught up with the runners ahead of me. "No" was the reply. They had just assumed it was encouragement.

Actually, the sentiment could be read as one of encouragement. At mile forty-four, I doubt there is a single runner who isn't thinking about going home. To tell you the truth, this sign had quite the opposite of its intended effect-

six miles to go I was "Fired up Again". Thanks

At mile forty-six there, once again, was my Brother Bill, wife and kids. They had met me at several stops already. Now I was met with another surprise. My other brother, Tim, had driven down from Lancaster PA with two of his kids. Wow, there would be a party tonight! After a quick minute of handshakes and a round of "you're the man", I was hitting the road again. As I took off, I heard someone say, "He might beat nine hours."

A quick look at the watch confirmed it. I could actually break nine hours by running about nine and a half minute miles. If only I could convince my body that we were just out for a four mile run. I'd have to be on more than a running high to do that. At that point I figured I would miss breaking nine hours by about five minutes.

The last quarter mile of the race is a slight hill that seems much longer, but the end was now in sight.

As I turned down the last stretch, I started to visualize crossing the finish line. The picture was in my head. I saw myself in full stride, arms moving effortlessly, smiling confidently as the few surviving hairs on my head flew about giving me the look of a Wildman. Wait, that last part wasn't right. I needed my hat, which at the moment was waded up in the windbreaker tied in a knot around my waist. I had to break stride to untangle this mess,

retrieve my hat, turn it outside right and put it on. Finally, I ready for the finish line photo. Of course this effort took some time, but it didn't matter. I was about to smash my ten-hour goal. With fifty yards to go, I thought I must have misread the clock because it appeared to read nine hrs and some seconds. It turned out it to be 9:00:55 exactly.

THE ANSWER: "You couldn't have run 55 seconds faster?" my dad had asked. It turns out, maybe I could have, and maybe I couldn't. The truth of it was it wasn't really important at all. I could have told my dad about the hat that may have cost me 55 seconds, but I chose not to. Instead I shared with him how it felt to run across that finish line-just how I had pictured it. Sometimes it's just your day and that's just how it worked out.

Special thanks to Larry Key and Steve Dobson my regular running partners, Mark Lawrence, Mary Zielinski and John Kippen and of course my Wife and family. At the end of the year I made up some T-Shirts with the Latin Phrase, "Te Nunquam Lascivio Unus". Translated this means

"The Runner is Never Alone".

Covered Bridge 10 Miler

By Malcolm Senior

With the forecast for a sunny day and a 'local' race, what more incentive do you need to get out of bed at 6:30 on a cool Sunday morning?

The Covered Bridge 10 miler was a 'Grand Prix' race and the Catoctin Mountains in full 'fall' color were a pretty good reason also!

Organized and managed by a Steeplechasers' member, Frank Kurtz, the start and finish was at his home in Thurmont. The race was a rolling course on roads to the north of Thurmont that took us through Roddy Covered Bridge. Hot food, muffins and drinks greeted the fourteen runners at the finish.

Great course, great scenery, great food.



Roddy Road Covered Bridge was built in 1856, rests just north of Thurmont off of US Route 15, where Roddy Creek Road meets Roddy Road at Owens Creek. Listed on the National Historic Register in August 1977, it is the smallest of the counties 4 covered bridges. The bridge is a single-span Kingpost design measuring 45 feet long. The roadway width is 13.8 feet; the bridge is open to traffic.

The Florida Ironman Triathlon Results

By Tim O'Keefe

Talk about awesome!!!

VICKY BATE - 13:37.03 - I didn't get the splits but she was 33rd in her age group (top of the age no less!)

LINDSAY ZEMBA 11:05.07 (her goal was 11 hours - how cool is that!)

I have no clue about Tri Times but the 2.4 mile swim was 56:27, the 112 mile bike was 5:43.10 and the MARATHON.....4:19.38 (a 2:02 first half and 2:17 second half....amazing). She was 10th in her age group.

Moving Marathon Messages by Ron Robisch

This year for the first time the Marine Corps Marathon (www.marinemarathon.com) provided “inspirational bibs” as part of race packet pick-up. These optional bibs which have blank space on them to write your message can be worn in addition to the regular race bib for motivation or to encourage spectators to cheer for the runner. Basically, your back becomes a mobile bulletin board.

Although I wasn't certain that I wanted to be wearing an extra bib for 26.2 miles, I did like having this opportunity to interact with everyone. Ah, but what to say? There were sooo many possibilities, and just a little postcard window in which to express it! Should I be somewhat self-serving and make sure I include my name so that hundreds of complete strangers can cheer for me by name? Perhaps “Go Ron!” or the more elementary, “Run! Ron! Run!”? That would be cool, but then there's something about it that makes me just a tad uncomfortable. Too much limelight.

Then it occurred to me that maybe my message could be directed more for the other runners than for the crowd. I liked the thought of coming up with something that might motivate my fellow runners. So I started brainstorming:

Because I Can!
Define Yourself.
Be. Do. Live!
Catch me!

Or I could lean more towards the humorous side:

Hop Onboard!
To the Bagels!
Taxi!!!
Iwo Jima or Bust!

Heck, I thought maybe I should rent out the space on

my back for advertising! “www.ronzhawaiiifund.com”

Well, back when I was still mired in this state of catch-phrase indecision, I went for a Sunday morning 20-miler with Mary Z's group down along the C&O Canal. It was a beautiful day for a run a nice break from the summer heat and after the 18th mile we started picking up the pace a bit, then a bit more, and then a bit more yet. Enough so that a few days later Mike Marino alluded to our “Where's the fire? finish” in an e-mail. I found that descriptor rather comical, as if we were part of a hysterical crowd madly running for our lives, and soon realized that I had another entry in the humorous category for my race day bib: Where's the Fire?

Then it hit me. Sure, it's funny on the surface, but on another level there's something deeply profound about it, too. Where's the fire? It's within. We're running a long ways here, folks, and most of us are driven by some kind of fire buried deep within our soul.

For some of us the fire is a deeply competitive spirit, whether that means motivation to win or place, beat a specific time goal, or simply find out what our own body can possibly accomplish. Others are heated by a more emotional fire. Maybe we run in memory of a loved one lost to cancer. Or we run to fight off hereditary heart disease and achieve fitness. Maybe we run for a brother or sister in Iraq. Or for a parent with Alzheimer's. Maybe we run for a daughter with autism.

Whatever the source of fuel, that fire burns hot on race day. So, with apologies to Mike for taking his idea and running with it (so to speak), I'll ask you now what I asked my 30,000 fellow runners on October 28.

Where's the Fire?

Steeplechasers Annual Awards Banquet Saturday, February 2, 2008

**Way Station Community Room
230 West Patrick Street - Use front entrance
Frederick, MD
6:00 - 9:00 pm**

Bring \$5.00 per person (Kids under 12 free)
Hot entrée provided
Bring a side dish or dessert to share

RSVP to Suzanne Lewis at suzlewis@comcast.net by **January 25th**
Questions? Contact Suzanne Lewis (suzlewis@comcast.net or 877-248-7103).

Welcome 2008 Frederick Steeplechasers Running Club Members

Brent Ayer	Stephanie Grace	Erik & Suzanne Lewis	Ronald Robisch
Bruce Attavian	Karen Gardner	Xinlian Liu	Andrea Morley & Family
Chris Bard	Anne & Marisa Hafer	Jim & Barb Lowrie	Eva Rosvold
Jim Becker	Halliday Family	Joanne Mallett	Steven Schaeffer
Bokansky Family	Robert Haney	Marino Family	Fred & Kristine Schumacher
Rupert Bullard	Rick Hassett	Anthony Markley	Terrie & Bernie Sellers
Keith Burkhart	Kim Hessong	Lee Masser	Malcolm Senior
Karsten Brown	Lisa Hickman	Pat Njoroge	Carole Smith
Victor & Cathy Cretella	Michael Hicks	Leslie Nuse	Bill Susa
Alan Dausman	Michael Holland	Rick O'Donnell	Byron Stay
Doris Windsand-Dausman	Crista Horn	Michael O'Grady	John Steiner
Mike Dee	Larry Key	Tim O'Keefe	Kelly Volovar
Michael Dee	Lee Kramer	Mike Orsini	Rebecca Walter
Cindy Desirant	Dwyane Late	Leah Perry	George & Peggy Waxter
Kelley Doane	Mark Lawrence	Ted Poulos	Mary Zielinski & Family
Stephan Dobson	Marshal Lawrence	Elizabeth Renn	
Janice Dobson	Adam Lawrence	Scott Rippeon	

MEMORIES FROM 2007

Club Picnic - Summer 2007



C&O Canal 5K



Market Street Mile



Turkey Trot 5K



Frederick Steeplechasers Running Club

P.O. Box 681

Frederick, MD 21705-0681



We're on the Web:
www.Steeplechasers.org