

President's Message

from Carolee Luther

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Hello Summer!

For the last six years, I have kicked off the summer with the RAG - Run Across Georgia. It is a great way to enjoy the scenery in the state of Georgia, enjoy new running courses, encourage and support other runners as well as give back to those in need. In this newsletter you have the opportunity to meet others that also participated in the 2015 RAG. We congratulate all that ran, crewed, supported and made the RAG a huge success!

Now it is time to get in the heat of running with the annual Summer Series. New race course for the Solstice, cool swag and did you hear the news? If you are pre-registered (by June 17) you receive extra swag, a CRR sling cooler, just in time for summer hikes or beach trips. Fill it up and take the family to the park and enjoy cool drinks to quench your thirst! Come on join the fun and SIGN UP TODAY!

Our training programs are going strong, with the C25K kicking off a new session Tuesday, June 23, 7pm at Cooper Creek Fitness Trail targeting the last race of the Summer Series, the Lakebottom 5K. Next Steps - come and train with us for the Summer Series & Heatwave 5 miler or Half & Full Marathon programs. We kick off the training on Saturday, June 14 for the Soldier Half Marathon at Big Dog Running Uptown at 6am. Come on get your run on - everyone welcome!

For questions about our training programs you can contact me anytime. You are the Columbus Roadrunners, let us know how we can meet your running goals.

See you on the roads, rails or trails!

Carolee

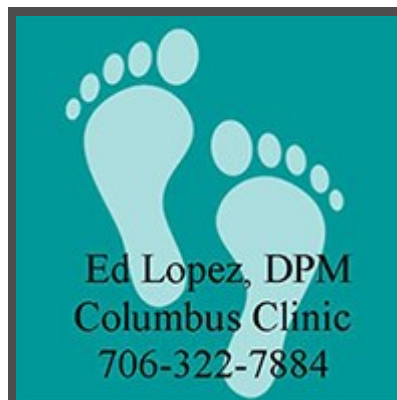




I've been around RAG for 6 years now. The first 3 years my parents were involved as a runner or support crew so I went straight to the celebration in Savannah to see all the teams finish and wasn't along the route as much. The next two years I was RaceCentral/ Social Media Person. That job was so fun to me! I felt like I was moving along with the

runners because I was in constant communication with either the individual runners or relay teams. This year I ran on a relay team, Cirque de Sore Legs, and I had a blast! My favorite aspect of this race is being part of a team. We finished because we all worked together. Whether it was running our own legs, supporting others running, or encouraging our runners through music and dance, we worked collectively to accomplish the 260 miles together.

Ashley Luther



LOCKWOOD SPORTS FOUNDATION



The Run Across Georgia for 2015 was an incredible experience. Frankly, much better than I expected. The fellowship with my teammates was the difference I think. The Run was very different than other running events I've enjoyed. I expected the Run to be well organized, and it was, but it was just a lot more fun than I expected. It was very high energy. The pace of the running was much faster than I had expected. I had logged a lot of training miles in preparation, but I had not run as much speed work as the Run Across Georgia required. Once we started running, it truly was a race. Fortunately, I was paired with a very good friend and a great runner, Mac Flowers, who set our pace. I was privileged to be running with team Darkside. Darkside had two teams of 8 for a total of 16 runners on Darkside 1 and Darkside 2. Mike Chancey and Torrey Wiley captained our teams and did a superb job in organizing the race. Each runner was given a name. I was dubbed the "Rookie" because it was my first time running for team Darkside even though I'm 65 years old. The camaraderie among team Darkside was phenomenal. We jabbed and poked at each other, and as the race wore on we celebrated our soreness and aching muscles and blisters with great relish. I can't believe Mike Chancey finished with his sore plantar fasciitis. And the competition among the different teams competing was great fun. Our team Darkside was aiming to repeat as the first place finisher, however, we soon learned our competition was

aiming for us and had prepared well. We were beaten to the finish line by some better prepared teams. The run from Savannah to Columbus took us through a lot of really neat small towns in South Georgia. The city of Pembroke stood out because the Mayor greeted us and served us hot dogs. Also the cities of Lyons, Ft. Collins and Montezuma were special. And the stopover in Lane's in Ft. Valley to eat peach ice cream was a special memory. Each runner on team Darkside was assigned 6 legs to run. Being the oldest guy, I was assigned the lightest load at 28 miles. Some of the younger guys ran 35 miles. The race really breaks down in to 6 individual races. During the 36 hour period, I ran basically 2 - 5 K's, 2 - 10 K's and 2 - 5 milers with about a 3 hour rest in between. Each race was at race pace. My goal was to run a sub-9 minute pace and I was pleased that my Garmin showed my overall pace to be 8:53 for the 27.7 miles I ran. As we neared the finish line, our entire team of 16 gathered together to run the last 100 yards. It was a very special feeling for me to cross the finish line with all of the guys on team Darkside - Torrey Wiley, Mike Chancey, Mac Flowers, Jimmy Brooks, Don Bowles, Keith Williams, Troy Espiritu, Rob Kendrick, Bailey Counts, Ryan Bush, Branten Kreuzkamp, Mick Kempffer, Brent McGilberry, Dalton Ehrle, and Wes Tyus. And we were proud to meet our fundraising goal of \$10,000 for the House of Heroes. Thank you also Brooks Yancey for loaning us his RV. It was a huge help. And thank you John Teeple and House of Heroes for putting on this wonderful race. I will remember this race as one of the most special ones that I've experienced. The difference was the fellowship with my teammates.

Cecil Cheves



Run Across Georgia 2015, another one in the books for team Darkside! I have been a part of the Run Across Georgia since its' inception in 2009, when my crazy friend, Mr. John Teeples (AKA "The Legend"), had the crazy idea of running across the state of Georgia to raise money for a very worthy cause, The House of Heroes. This was his way of using his God given talent of running to give back to others. After spending many miles running with "The Legend" I always knew he was "a little different," but his decision to run across the state of Georgia sealed the deal! That first year, several of us went and ran with John to support him and it is an experience we will never forget. So in 2010 when The Legend came up with the idea of "relay teams" for the Run Across Georgia, team DARKSIDE was born! Team Darkside has participated in the event every year, and many of the original members, including myself, have never missed the event. Team Darkside soon found strength in numbers and the development of team Darkside 1 and team Darkside 2 was born. For the past few years we have run these two teams side by side....misery loves company! This year's event, similar to those in the past, was a challenge for the obvious reasons ...the hills, heat and lack of sleep. Most of team Darkside are experienced endurance athletes having competed in Iron Man events and 100 mile ultra runs, so the length of the event and mental stamina are not usually our weaknesses. However, if we were to remove our youngest members on team Darkside 1 and Darkside 2, the average age of our teams this year is nearly 50 years old! Because of this, we often ponder changing our name to "The Gray Side." Team Darkside 1 and 2 struggled more this year than in years past, mainly because half our team, including myself, were suffering from nagging injuries. But in the true Darkside spirit, we licked our wounds, popped our blisters, taped our feet, wrapped our legs, iced and stretched things we didn't know existed and battled to see the finish line once again. The truth be known, the best part of team Darkside 1 and 2 is that each and every one of us participate in this event not due to our love of running, friendships or comradery,



but because we all understand and want to support what the Legend intended in 2009, to recognize and honor the military and public safety veterans who have served our country faithfully and sacrificially. For that, team Darkside 1 and 2 will continue to persevere. Here's to 2016!

Troy Espiritu



SPECIALIZING IN RUNNING RELATED INJURIES

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PLANTAR FASCIITIS

SPORTS MEDICINE

CORNS & CALLUSES

DIABETIC FOOT CARE

FLAT FEET

NAIL DISORDERS

HAMMERTOES

FRACTURES

HEEL PAIN

BONE SPURS

STRAINS

BUNIONS

SPRAINS

TRAUMA

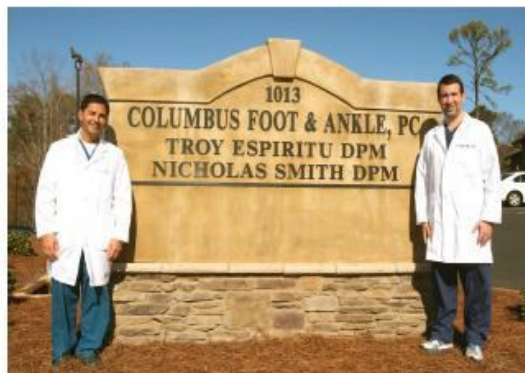
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C25K

Next session begins June 23, 2015: 7 week program

Race: Lakebottom 5K Saturday, August 8

Meets Tues & Thur nights at 7pm @ Cooper Creek



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Laser assisted in-situ keratomileusis (LASIK) can only be performed by a trained physician and is specified for reduction or elimination of myopia, hyperopia, and astigmatism as indicated within the product labeling. Laser refractive surgery is contraindicated for patients: a) with collagen vascular, autoimmune, or immunodeficiency diseases; b) who are pregnant or nursing women; c) with signs of keratoconus or abnormal corneal topography; d) who are taking one or both of the following medications: isotretinoin (Accutane) and Amiodarone hydrochloride (Cordarone). Potential side effects to laser refractive surgery may include glare, dry eye, as well as other visual anomalies. LASIK requires the use of a microkeratome that cuts a flap on the surface of the cornea, potential side effects may include flap related complications. Consult with your eye care professional and Patient Information Booklet regarding the potential risks and benefits for laser refractive surgery, results may vary for each individual patient.

Summer Series 2015



Pre-register by June 17 and receive a CRR Cooler as bonus swag.



An additional \$1 will be donated to Mercy Med for anyone registering from June 1 - June 17.

<http://estartline.com/search/event.aspx?id=32255>



THANK YOU

CiCi's for supporting our
Kids Run Columbus &
Run Across Georgia

Cheaha 2015

Tony Burkett

As I share my story, I must throw out the caveat that I'm at best, a novice runner. For years I've dabbled with various races and runs. Running has only become a major focus of my life in the last three years.

When I shared my aspirations to try my hand in participating in the 2015 Mount Cheaha 50K, the majority of responses came in the form of a question. "What? Are you nuts?" "What? A marathon isn't hard enough?" Other responses were somewhat more benign. "Wow, good for you. Good luck with that." These responses were usually coupled with quirky facial expressions and body language.

Steadfast in my decision and a new pair of trail shoes in hand, I started my training. Having run marathons, I put together a makeshift training plan with a mix of road and trail run with various distances. I shared my ad hoc plan with a friend who is a veteran ultra-runner, and who has run Mount Cheaha several times. She reviewed my plan and gave me the thumbs up. First step done, training plan in place.

My training plan included a combination of road and trail running. Having only run trails a few times, I wasn't sure what to expect. However, I had heard several stories of Cheaha, and the joys that awaited me there. Determined, I started into my training plan, twice a week running trails, and a minimum of running 35-40 total miles per week. My crafty training plan also included long trail runs. The same friend who reviewed my training plan invited me to run with her on the Pine Mountain Trail. Grateful for the invite, we set the date. Upon the day, at the crack of dawn, off we went on the Pine Mountain Trail.

About eight miles into our run the first thoughts crept into my mind that I may have bitten off more than I could chew. My friend, who has legs that pumped like pistons while she ran, moved ahead with little effort,

seemingly skipping along the trail, while I tramped like a rhino on the Serengeti. Seeing my efforts, my friend who is most gracious, slowed the pace as went on. Running and walking, a lot of walking, we completed the twenty three mile trek. After we finished I said to myself, “that wasn’t too bad”, but that other voice, the one who thought I may have bitten off more than I could chew said to me, “who are you kidding?”

Sticking to my training plan, the day of reckoning quickly came. Several new contacts I had made since deciding to run Mount Cheaha set a time and place to meet the day of the race. Long before the sun was to break the horizon off we went. As we approached Cheaha Mountain, the road changed from straight and narrow, to a twisty/turney, back and forth ride as we climbed the mountain. Now, if you were to put me on a roller coaster ride or a bumpy airplane ride I have no worries. Put me on a boat on the ocean, or back seat of a car on a road such as this, I’ve been known to have issues. About halfway up the mountain I started to get that dry mouth, stomach turning feeling. Again the voice was back, chiming in my ear, reminding me that this all may have been a very big mistake.

Arriving at our destination, we exited our cars. Grateful to be out of the backseat, and breathing the cool outside air, it took me a few seconds to become aware of my surroundings. What I first realized was how cool, or I should say how cold the temperature was, coupled with a steady wind. Still deciding if I wanted to deposit my breakfast in the woods, or if I was going to hold it together, I noticed my friend grinning from ear to ear. Catching my eye she asked, “What’s that in the trees?” Looking up, I realized all of the trees were covered in ice, and the wind was knocking ice and branches out of the trees. Quickly getting over my quirky stomach, we headed into the main building.

Where we had parked was where the race was to finish. Buses were to take us to the starting point of the run from there. When the buses did arrive there was no announcement. Everyone just got up and started moving towards the door. It reminded me of a migratory event,

people walking in a long line down the road where the buses were parked. Like a scene from the Walking Dead, we ambled down the road. I immediately lost my group and found myself alone. Randomly picking a bus I loaded up. I was relieved to see some familiar faces and an open seat next to them. Taking my seat, we soon departed for the starting point.

Back down the mountain we went, same twisty/turny road. Same dry mouth, stomach turning feeling. Only this time it was worse because the bus was as hot as a Roman steam bath, and there were about 60 other people on board watching me turn green. Once again, my prayers were answered and I held it together to the starting point. Taking opportunity for one last restroom break, and to get some fresh air we picked up our race numbers and gathered for the start of the race.

The best way I can describe the start of the race is to have you envision two hundred people all trying to fit through a hallway door at the same time. Like a bunch of mad shoppers on Black Friday, rushing through the doors of Walmart at midnight, two hundred plus people went running on a single track trail.

The first five miles of the race were relatively uneventful. Other than the occasional jockey for position or stepping aside to allow others to pass, things went smooth. However, after the first aid station things began to change. Working hard to heed the advice of my friends I tried to keep a slow steady pace and this pace slowed to a fast paced walk upon any hill. The course changed from a rolling trail to a straight downhill trek around mile eight. Seemingly going downhill for miles, my quads were burning before long. I had given up on keeping a slower pace and focused on my form and keeping my footing. As we continued downward all I could think of was the pending reversal of our downward trek, climbing back out.

A few more miles in and another aid station past the terrain changed from a trail run to a rock run. Now there was a trail, or at least a semblance of one. The trouble was the fact this trail was littered with rocks. Not boulders per say, and not all small rocks either. Varying in size from a

grapefruit to a medicine ball, they were everywhere. Not one of them seemed to be on solid foundation. Most wobbled if you stepped on them making footing at best, a risky proposition. One positive aspect during this stretch is that the race contestants had spread out along the trail. We now ran along in small bands of five or six runners. No one was jockeying for position in my group of rock hoppers. I found myself behind a runner who was navigating the rocks like a seasoned veteran. I tried to mirror his steps and kept my head down eyes focused on the make believe trail. I felt like a first timer in a “jazzercise” class as I did my best to keep stride and balance. Only once was there a close call. The runner in front of me must of slowed and I did not match his change, and almost rear ended him. Like a person being controlled by a voodoo doll being poked with pins, I careened to the side of the trail and went into a wide variety of odd looking yoga poses. Terrified of falling on the rocks, striving to keep my balance I somehow got in front of my pack of runners. I trampled on like Pee Wee Herman, “yeah, I meant to do that”. No matter how much it hurt I didn’t want anyone else to know. I can only imagine the other runners behind me laughing at my antics. All of the pain I now felt likely could have been avoided had I just fallen on the rocks. My back now felt like a hot poker had been inserted into my left kidney as I popped out at the next aid station.

I will say all of the aid stations were a treat. Well stocked with water and snacks, they were more of a buffet. Pretzels, peanuts, gummy bears were all available. One of the best treats available were small cups of Coke. Now, I am not much of a Coke drinker. I t’s not that I don’t like Coke, quite the opposite in fact, I really like it. I just don’t want that much sugar in my diet. Seeing the cups of Coke I decided to indulge. After the first taste all concerns of sugar went the way of the Dodo Bird. Remembering some words of wisdom from other runners, “If it tastes good, it’s likely your body needs it”. That first shot of Coke tasted so good, I had four more. Leaving the aid station and the rock garden behind I trotted, or I should say shuffled back onto the trail.

The next section of the trail included creek crossings. The largest of which was about thirty meters across. Coming to the creek crossing I could

see the route to cross was marked to cross the creek in a way that looked less than desirable. Choosing to cross further upstream, I waded out into calf deep water. Halfway across the creek I stopped. Feeling as though I had died and gone to heaven, I relished the feeling of the cold water on my feet. I stood in the same spot for a bit and enjoyed the moment. Leaving the creek with shoes that now felt as heavy as cinder blocks, I pushed on. The trail continued with a variety of uphill and plateaus. Most of the trail was a steady grade up. About another five miles later I popped out at the next aid station. With eighteen miles behind me I was just over half way through the run.

The next leg of the race was seven miles, the longest distance between aid stations. Steady climbs on a single track trail, thankfully without rocks. Twice I found myself alone on the trail and stopped. I had to fight the panic that I may have taken a wrong turn and gotten myself lost. Thankfully I found a trail marker the first time and the second time another runner came up behind me. If I was on the wrong path at least I wasn't the only one.

At mile twenty three I came to another aid station. Again, fully partaking in all the goodies offered. With just over seven miles to go I wasn't sure if there would be another aid station. I asked one of the volunteers at the aid station if there was another stop before the finish. I was very surprised that his response was yes, there is another aid station only three miles away. I was puzzled as to why there would be an aid station so close to this one, but I found out the reason why soon enough.

The course was now a dirt/ gravel road. Thankful for the change I managed to make relatively short work of the next three miles to the next aid station. I was however passed by two other runners who looked amazingly fresh. I didn't have the legs left to keep pace, and all I could do was watch their backs as they faded away in the distance. At the aid station I again took my time and fired down gulps of coke, fistfuls of pretzels, and gummy bears. Other runners came in and quickly grabbed snacks and left. I couldn't blame them. Having been at this for over six hours I was ready to

finish myself. As I left the aid station one of the volunteers said, “Enjoy your climb!” Waving goodbye with a puzzled look on my face, off I went.

About three hundred meters later it came to mind that “climb” was not the best of word choices, accent was a better fit. The trail was through boulders and small trees. The slope was so steep that if one were to stand straight up he would fall backwards. Getting up that silly hill was an all-out effort, which required me to use my hands to assist in pulling me up and forward. I was gaining on some of the people who had passed me at the aid station by now. Encouraged, I pushed on but still had to pause every few meters to stretch my calves which were now cramping. Thirty minutes later I reached the top.

At the top the trail ended and now I found myself on a paved road. My original plan for this trail run was to tackle it by running intervals. Two minute run and a one minute walk worked well running in Flat Rock Park at home, but I quickly realized in the beginning that my plan would not work for this goat rope rodeo. The trail had dictated the pace and effort, but now on a paved road things were different. I would like to be able to tell you I kicked out a six minute per mile pace, but alas I am only a mere mortal. Setting my interval timer to a one minute run, one minute walk, I could barely manage a thirteen minute per mile pace, slightly faster than a fast paced walk. On a bright side there were no runners catching me. However, I did get nervous when I passed a tree with several crows perched in it. I swear they were all eyeing me trying to determine if I was going to collapse and make an easy meal. As I passed by them I actually spoke to them, “Not today lads, not today.”

Close to the finish I could hear the music and announcer. Coming around the final corner there was someone there to slap me a high five. The announcer calling out my bib number and me grinning I crossed the finish line. Seeing some of my crew who had come to the race with me I hobbled over to them. One of them asked me how it was. My reply was, “I want to do this every Saturday!” It had taken me seven and a half hours to complete the task.

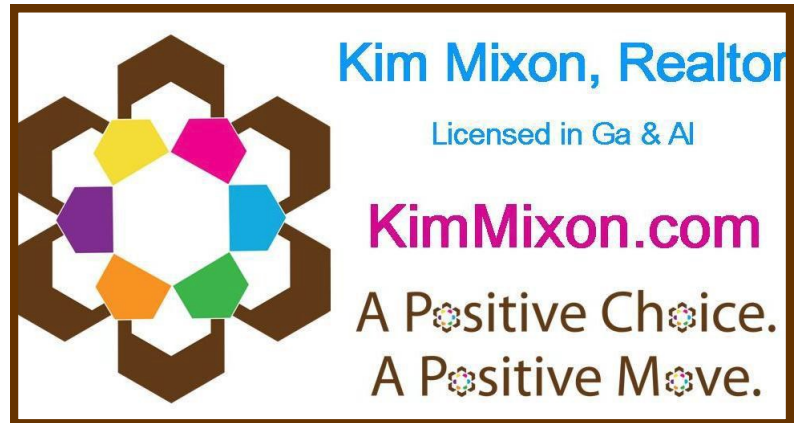
A few days later I saw the race results and found that I had finished almost exactly in the middle of the pack. There were two hundred plus runners and I finished 104th. The Cheaha 50K was a great experience, and I will definitely participate again and try to improve my time, and next time maybe take some Dramamine for the car ride up and the bus ride down the mountain.

Congratulations Brenda on your RAG!

Thank you Randy & Brenda for supporting
Columbus Roadrunners.



Congratulations Kim Mixon!!
We appreciate you & are proud of your accomplishments!



Sunday evening was an amazing time. Crossing the finish-line with my team was such a wonderful feeling. This group of ladies not only ran their hearts out for 260 miles but together we raised over \$21,000 for the House of Heroes. I've never been more proud to be a team captain. We may not have been the fastest team but that was never my goal for us. I wanted us to make the biggest difference in people's lives and the only way to do that was to raise as much money as possible for the HOH. So, that's what my team did. We also won the award for the best team shirt(s) which I must say I think are pretty awesome too! The biggest surprise for me was the honor I received that was completely unexpected. I've struggled with feeling un-worthy of this award but I feel so humbled to know that John Teeple and the HOH team deemed me a worthy recipient of the Dick Shea Award for Valor, Dedication & Extraordinary Efforts. Dick Shea was in the Army West Point class of 1952 and was one of the 'Black Knight's' most celebrated distance runners. He set numerous records and qualified for

the Olympics. Dick Shea had a deep love for his country and when he was faced with the choice of defending his country or participating in the Olympics he chose his country over his own ambitions. Dick Shea was killed in action in Korea July 8, 1953 and awarded the Medal of Honor posthumously. There is no sacrifice in my life I've ever made that compares to what the men and women who serve our nation both at home and abroad. I am none-the-less, so honored and humbled that I was chosen as the 2015 Run For the Heroes, Run Across Ga recipient of this award. I feel very touched that there are others who see fit for me to be honored in this way. This has truly been such a special year for me in the Run Across Ga. I can't wait to see what 2016 brings!

Kim Mixon

JUNE SOCIAL

Beer Run on Thursday, June 25 @ 7 pm

Meet at Iron Bank

Run to Chattahoochee Brewing Company, Maltitude and

Back to Iron Bank for a sandwich and beer special

Bring cash or credit card for purchase



Volunteer Recognition Program

The Columbus Roadrunners have some really great volunteers. In fact, we're all volunteers! In an effort to grow, encourage, and thank our volunteers, we have developed a volunteer recognition program. For every hour you serve, you will earn 1 point. Our points will build and can be exchanged for some great prizes! We'll also insert some bonus earning opportunities throughout the year. We want this to be simple, fun, and rewarding. No strings attached (except maybe your shoe strings).

Here's how it works:

You volunteer! At **ANY** race, packet pick up, or other designated running event or activity.

Record your time spent. 1 hour = 1 volunteer point. All activities are created equal so it's all about time spent! You could pick up trash for an hour and we would appreciate it as much as a race director job

Report your activities. Please send an email to Charity Keller, charity.keller@ymail.com, with the following info:
Name, email, phone, volunteer hours, volunteer activity

Get rewarded! We will allow you to exchange your points for great prizes! You can also save your points and build them toward bigger prizes! Prizes will be given out at the Summer & Winter Celebrations.

Current Rewards

1 point = Columbus Roadrunners Volunteer shirt
10 points = CRR aluminum water bottle
25 points = CRR cooler
50 points = \$10 Big Dog gift card
100 points = CRR long sleeve shirt/pullover or CRR hat
Note: Prizes subject to change with availability of items

