

OK, Bruce.....time for true confessions.....we ran the Quebec City Marathon last Sunday, August 27th. It wasn't pretty, but WE DID IT!

It was a small marathon - only 742 finished of the 830? who signed up.

<http://www.sportstats.ca/res2006/quebecmc.htm>

We wanted to play by the HRH rules and send you our report.

Back in '99, I (Judy) was entered in the Marine Corps Marathon, and was scheduled to run with 7 of Dave's sister's 10 kids. Dave did run it with them, but I had to bail out because I was diagnosed with breast cancer. Work and health issues have interfered since, but I still had this burning desire to get the monkey off my back. Since I retired in June 2005, I thought I had the perfect opportunity....except, once again, surgery this past April interfered. Thankfully, this one was benign and so I became even more determined to test my endurance once again.

Bruce, I know you know Dave has a bum knee (but no shortage of passion for running.). I worried that if I trained for a marathon, he would want to train with me, and of course, I was right. So the deal we made was that if he ran it with me, at my slower pace he might have a shot at not getting hurt big time, while I had the benefit of his great company. We decided on Quebec since it was a neat place to visit and most of the training would be during Dave's summer vacation from teaching.

Our training started off decently, but the heat of this summer screwed up some of the long runs - only got as far as running an 18.5 on the hottest day of the summer.

Considering our inadequate training, we started off well - were at 2:38 at the Half. The weather was OK and it was fun running through the little towns on the south side of the river, hearing the locals cheer us on in French.....and hearing Dave respond....."mercy!" (I kept telling him to think of a female horse, but he never got what I was talking about :)

About half way into the race, (our pace) it started raining AND we were reaching the bridge to cross the St. Lawrence. The approach was a very steep uphill - and tough - but WORSE than that, there was a VERY LONG (seemingly endless) spiraling down hill off the bridge, which caused us both to "crash & burn", as Dave would say. I started getting wicked leg cramps (both legs) and having knee pain, along with Dave ...but there was no giving up this time.

I tried running through the cramps and eventually, got some rhythm going again. Once off the bridge, we ran on a bleak, wet highway, (partially under construction) with no spectators, but very enthusiastic volunteers at intersections. Being at the back of the pack, mostly, we ran alone (thankfully with each other) - very different than the big marathons. At one point, out of the blue, there was a tent with a rock

band (like a mirage) that got us dancing and uplifted our spirits - but, unfortunately short-lived.

The race was marked in kilometers in descending order. We ended up appreciating the nice little bite-size pieces (.6 mile) to tick off as you went along the course. (Before the marathon, we worried about our metric-challenged minds.)

We knew our training wasn't great, and had hoped to be under 6 hrs. (really, we hoped for 5 1/2), and we did reach that goal. So, at least I got the monkey off my back and Dave got to chalk up another one. When we finished, the massage therapists were packing up to go, so we lost out. Thankfully, the hotel had a pool and hot tub for the next day's recovery attempts.

Don't know if I/we will do any more, but if we do, we will do it differently for sure. Meanwhile, I'm proud to say, breast cancer didn't beat me out of my 7th marathon after all. I was very lucky to have the chance to run the whole way with Dave - my best friend and the best coach!

The good news is ..... WE WEREN'T LAST!

732 5:52:02.7 8:21 5:51:02.6 703 FAHERTY, DAVE WHITEHOUSE STATI 606/623 41/44

Hommes 60-69 2:38:56 1:40:38 1:32:31

733 5:52:03.0 8:21 5:51:03.2 545 FAHERTY, JUDY WHITEHOUSE STATION 127/132 4/5

Femmes 60-69 2:38:56 1:40:37 1:32:31

Oh, a fun post script: We headed for Boston after leaving Quebec to pick up grandkids, crossing the border in Vermont. The first question the border guard asked was if we had run the marathon. He was very interested in details so we asked if he was a runner. It turns out he's run 89 marathons, is in the 50-state club and has run 38 states so far. His wife is a breast cancer survivor who does half-marathons. When asked what we were bringing back with us, he was very satisfied with our "dirty wash" response!

Thanks for all you do to keep us all motivated.

Cheers - hope to see you out on the roads.

Judy and Dave Faherty