

Boston '07- Kim Haris

I was a bit apprehensive about the weather predictions as we drove up to Boston. I went to Dick's sporting goods before we left and invested in a new hat and rain jacket and checked every weather report possible over and over again. However, before I picked up my race packet on Saturday morning I took a walk down Boylston Street and saw the finish line and the men putting down the finish line tape. The excitement of it all just hit me. I was running Boston and wind, rain, sleet, or cold temperatures could not take that away from me. I was going to enjoy this experience regardless. I was pumped.

We stayed out in Cambridge along with the McDonald and Robinson families. I highly recommend traveling with these people as they are just so much fun to be around. We all had dinner together at Bertucci's the night before with our combined 10 (!!!) children at one end of the table and the adults at the other. The next morning the three marathon women headed out to the T station and began our marathon day adventure. We were moving right along and making friends with everyone who would talk to us when our train came to an abrupt stop over the Charles River. They announced the train was disabled and a clean cut guy walked through the train with some tool thing in his hand. Are you kidding us? We're stuck on the way to the marathon and this guy is going to save us??? Soon enough they announced they will push our train to our destination using a second train. Hey, whatever works – just get us to the Hopkinton buses. We arrived at the Park station of the T, saw the long lines of wet runners waiting to get on a bus, and decided to hang out in the doorway of the T station until the lines were gone. We ducked into the doorway and there was...Wes. He didn't feel well and looked rather ill but decided to go ahead and get on the bus with us. Holly, Karen and I continued to talk incessantly on the bus and every once in a while we let Wes get a word or two in. By the time we reached Hopkinton, the rain had slowed down and it looked like it was going to be a good day after all. We hit the port-o-potty, changed our shoes, threw our bags on the buses, and headed to the starting line. I stopped to take off my poncho and lost Holly and Karen.

I found my way to Corral 12 and just stood there with a big smile on my face. The race started and, after about a minute or so, I crossed the starting line. My first thought was that there was a hill rather quickly. Where did that come from? Then came another hill. Where did that come from? I don't remember hills in the beginning of the race. The hills are supposed to be in the second part of the race. I started getting warm so I took off my new jacket and tied it around my waist. I saw the biker bar on the left at about mile two. There was this guy drinking a beer and it looked pretty good to me. Tempting but I kept on going. I was focused but I tried to take in the sights along the way. There was a guy wearing an ACDC shirt and everyone kept screaming "ACDC" which was great. I stopped myself from singing "Back in Black" and kept on running. I don't really remember much about Natick but I know I ran through it. As we entered Wellesley, I was happy to hear those smart women screaming. I knew my family would be on the left at mile 13.1 so I looked for them, gave out high fives, and tossed them my jacket. At that point, I realized that I lost my new cool hat. Oh well. I started feeling

the wind a bit more. I'm not sure if it had picked up or if it was just bothering me more because I was now tired. I headed into mile 15 knowing what was ahead of me in Newton. After I reached the mile 17 area, I heard a "go Mrs. Haris" from the crowd and I looked around and saw Holly's daughter, Tori, with a big smile. I had a fan – a nice pick me up. The Newton hills were not really bothering me until (insert drum roll)...Heartbreak Hill. As I did last year, I dedicated my run up Heartbreak Hill to Dawn Peragallo who passed away on April 6th. Dawn was only two months older than I am. I was running with a purple LMS bracelet on my arm in her memory and I kept looking at the bracelet and told myself to keep pushing. Dawn was not a quitter and I would truly be ashamed of myself if I walked a single step on a hill I dedicated to her. I made it up that hill and started ticking off the miles. I saw the big Citgo sign and thought of Andrew and how he told me it seemed like forever from the Citgo sign until the finish. Bummer. Once I turned down Boylston, I had nothing left and I just kept my eye on the prize – the finish and a pr. Once there, I remembered to lift up my arms so that I would finally get a good finish line photo like our HRH finish line models - Aunt B, John Fischer, and Wes. I later realized that my number might not have been visible so I'm not sure I'll ever see that photo. Oh well, I'm sure my hair looked bad from the wind. The perfect finish line photo might have to wait until Boston '08!

I saw Karen in the baggage pick-up line and Holly while we were waiting for Aunt B. They were both smiling and looked happy. Steve then got the call from Aunt B that she was done and on her way to our car. We drove home reliving the marathon and called Wes to make sure he had survived. He was already drinking beer at Cheers and sounded good which was a relief. I am also pleased to report that Aunt B survived the car ride home with the Haris gang although perhaps she needed a glass of wine or two when she got home and was too kind to tell me so.

I thoroughly enjoyed Boston '07 even with the weather; however, I have put in an order for better weather in '08.

All the best,
Kim