

Holiday Lake 50K-My first ultra-Kirby Walke

Every winter I search for motivation to keep active. Ten months of the year I find myself riding my mountain bike, sometimes in races but mostly just searching for long inspiring rides. Those other two months I try to use as a rest but find myself antsy and ready for something. Every year, Chris Betz, a heck of a runner himself, tries to talk me into running an ultra. Well, this year it worked.

There I found myself on a Saturday morning in February knowing I was not prepared. As for training, I ran some. And I use some very liberally. If I looked at ultra running websites or thought about endurance nutrition, that counted as miles. So I was banking on my many ultra endurance mountain bike races and rides for experience of knowing how to hurt.

Loop one went great. I enjoyed it all and there is no story there. However, coming into A.S. 3 on the return loop I was wrecked. My IT band was saying my day was over and I my mind had decided the same. My pregnant wife knew I was in a world of pain. It was sad. My energy level was great and I was having a great day enjoying a new experience but the lack of running miles in my legs had shown up just as expected. I sat there stretching for nearly thirty minutes knowing I was going to quite. I was ok with that because that was the longest I had ever run. Just as I was getting ready to quite, a crowd gathered to see why I had been sitting so long. It consisted of other runners who were not running HL. I told them the news and they started to help. They started doing there bag of stretches on me and yelled for someone else to come over. She did. I forget her name but she was a massage therapist and runner and got to work. She informed my wife and me that this won't fix it for good but may help. The crowd left when she got there but said "we will see you at A.S. 1 number 92". I smiled and made my decision.

One of the best moments of any event I have participated in is while I was running on the single track coming into A.S. 1, I see a car driving and they stop. Out comes a megaphone and I hear, "we knew we would see you here number 92. You got it". And they were right, I got it.

I made it to the finish line very happy and very tired but motivated to do it again and actually train the way I should. I am now addicted to this. My race re-cap is not that detailed but that one experience was worth the tired and sore muscles and I will certainly be there again.