

**Just run
with it!**

Golden Gate Running Club



Volume MMXIV

Winter 2014

Issue I

GGRC celebrates 13 years of awesome running

At a glance

- <http://goldengaterunningclub.org>
- 2 official workouts per week:
coached track workout on
Wednesday, long runs on Sunday
- 168 paid members in 2013 (55%
female, 45% male)
- Typical age: late 20's, early 30's
- Most popular race: half marathon
- Mile time trial results ranged from
5:10 to 9:41
- Official club races attended by up
to 40 GGRC members
- A plethora of local sponsorships
- Frequent social events: happy
hours, beer mile, banquet, picnics
- Dues: \$40 annually, after 3 trial
workouts



State of the Run Club (as delivered by Duff Man)



It's been three odd years since I came to SF, a lonely soul with stars in my eyes and running shoes in my hand. Like many of you, I was looking for a rarity: a run club that was competitive on the course but chill enough not to cramp my social life. Fortunately for me, I stumbled on GGRC. Since then, I've found fast friends (har), training partners, race rivals, and drinking buddies. And it's my sincere hope (and my responsibility!) that you have just as amazing an experience as I've had!

What should I expect from GGRC?

Exactly what you put into it. We're only as intense as you want us to be. (We regularly have folks qualify for Boston and show up at our 10 am workouts) Show up regularly at the workouts, and you WILL get faster. Show up regularly at the social events and, well, you'll surely be BFFs with some incorrigible souls.

What if you don't have what I'm looking for?

Honestly, we probably do. Looking for a fast group? We've got those. Looking for help recovering from a foot injury? Perhaps you See DUFF MAN Page 2

Jason Rocks the Kaiser Half Marathon

Though many I've run,
for sport or for fun.
It's my first race report,
so no mean retorts!

It started out fine, though nervous and cold,
At the start by eight, my joints aching and old.
My stomach was turning, lurching and tight,
Already thinking of the game on that night.

The first miles I needed to bob and to weave,
All I was thinking, "I should have worn sleeves."
But I warmed up real quick, dodging left and
then right,
trying to find leaders, but none were in sight.

By mile seven, I'm on ocean beach,
I start to believe the goal's within reach.
It starts to get hard, so boring and droll,
Until I see you, station "rock and roll."



My feet get so light, as I speed by,
"Just what I needed," that's what I sighed.
But then I realize, when I looked at my
watch,
I'm way behind and don't think I have much.

Three more miles alone, can't wait 'til 11,
When I see all those faces, it'll be heaven.
I can't let them down, or show my pain,
Everything's better when I hear my name.

The last of the race, I needed the cheers,
Loudest was Hof, who screamed in my ear.
With such little left, I push and I pull,
of lactic acid, my legs were then full.

Four minutes shy of what I want to race,
I cross the line at a stumbling pace.
My legs got stiff and my mind in a haze,
the rest of the day was spent in a daze.

Thanks for the support,
you're all such great sports.
And now that's all done,
time for the next one!

-JASON JOHNTONY

GGRC 2014 Races

St. Patrick's Day 5K (DSE) – 3/9/2014
 Woodside Ramble – 4/13/2014
 Walt Stack 10K (DSE) – 4/27/2014
 Mountains to Beach Half Marathon – 5/25/2014
 Reno Tahoe Odyssey (RTO) – 5/30/2014
 Beer Mile – 6/28/2014
 Brazen Dirty Dozen – 7/12/2014
 Angel Island Trail Run – 8/16/2014
 Ragnar Napa – 9/19/2014
 Healdsburg Half – 10/12/2014
 Santa Barbara Full and Half – 11/8/2014
 X-Mas Relays – December 2014

GGRC Officers

President: David Li
 Coach: Sam Robbins
 Race Coordinator: Kathryn Myers
 Marketing and Merchandising:
 Mark Pepper
 Social Chair: Sandy Ng
 Treasurer: Meredith Johnson

The GGRC Times is compiled and edited by David Li

Thanks to our photo contributors, including Malik Coates, Barbara Lutes, Holly Pepper, Mauricio Cuervo, Kathryn Myers, and other GGRC members!

The Coach Robbins Running Philosophy



My little story starts 13 years ago. I began running competitively November 2000; freshman year indoor track. I had grown up playing soccer, basketball and softball, but luckily I really sucked at the latter two which opened up the doors to run track. It wasn't until after my sophomore year I realized I kinda sucked at soccer too and should just become the three-season running athlete. Thankfully that happened because my junior year XC season was one of the most magical running experiences of my life. I was one of three soccer players that made the jump to XC that season, joining two of our track friends, and we became of the best teams in Massachusetts that year.

None of us were superstars, but we all worked hard and, most importantly, worked together to succeed. We almost always raced as a pack and finished together, making our scores impossible to beat (in XC you add up the place the first five runners to determine the team score). Our widest 5-man gap was 45 seconds. My teammates were the crux of why running was so fantastic.

I graduated and in the fall attended a D2 college where I competed as a 12-season running athlete. The program there was similar to my high school program, just more advanced. I started seeing my times drop immediately because I learned to love the Beast. Ah the Beast.

The Beast is the burn that explodes in your lungs, the fatigue that consumes your entire body, and the pain that tears up every muscle in your legs. Every time the Beast showed up it was an opportunity to beat it; it became a game, and I got faster. I studied abroad the summer before my senior year in Dublin, which is where I learned to love getting lost during runs while exploring my new surroundings. One of my favorite running memories was when I was in Paris and went for my run before my friends woke up. It was a grey morning and I was running along the Seine River when suddenly the Eiffel Tower came creeping out from behind the buildings. I was just running, something I did all the time, but was doing it next to arguably the most recognizable and historical monuments in the world. Surreal.

If you couldn't pick out the three cornerstones of running in my eyes, here they are for you:

Fuel off of your teammates
 Love and compete against the Beast
 Appreciate every single step you get to take

If you are not doing these three things than you are truly missing out. If you keep these three things in mind while sticking to your training plan, I guarantee you will have one of the most fulfilling experiences of your life.

For training plans, VDOT tables, and the answers to all of your training questions, head on over to <http://goo.gl/3UQ6xw>

-COACH SAM ROBBINS

"Hey, that's not my goat" and other trail drama



I just have to say, I love the Running With the Bears Race. Sandy Ng and I headed up to Lassen Volcanic National Park at about 10:00 am. The goal was to take it easy and drive around the park but Manzanita Lake called our names and we ended up hiking 2 miles around the lake. Simply Gorgeous!!!

Bright and early the next morning we headed to the start. We were greeted by enthusiastic folks in bear costumes and cheerleader outfits. I was feeling amazingly good and was running at a much faster pace

than usual. The aid stations were fabulous complete with a band and lots of fresh fruit and cheering folks in costume. I got to the 8 mile aid station and could not find my Gu. Bummer!!! The aid station was playing music and "Love me Do" came on. I was able to entertain myself for the next mile by singing "Love love me Gu, you know I love you, I'll always be true, so Pleez, Love me Gu!"

My head started chanting "you need to walk, walking would be really good, let's walk, please... come on, walking is going to happen." My other side of my head was equally strong "there will be no walking in this race." When the person in front of me started walking I gave in. Just at this moment the marathon leader who was breaking the course record came along. As he came up next to me he... started walking up the hill. This made me feel much better as we chatted about the beautiful scenery and walked up the hill.

Finally the finish came. I finished within my goal pace. The post race facilities were awesome complete with lost goat roaming around on a leash and tales of bear poop on the course at mile 11. Favorite overheard story: A guy says: "So this goat appears and runs with me for 2 miles. He was my pacer. Had to drop it off at an aid station and tell them, Hey this isn't my goat." The race director kindly sent a post race e-mail to assure us that the goat was reunited with his grateful farmer. Got to love Running with the Bears!

-BARBARA LUTES

DUFF MAN continued from page 1

should talk to Kathy, our podiatrist and beloved ex-social chair. The beauty of GGRC is that we're large enough so you can probably find whatever you're looking for but still know everyone's name! We're just your friendly neighborhood run club: not as drinky as the Harriers, and not as intense as West Valley or the Impalas.

But I hear you guys are cliquish...

Yes, we are a tight knit group, but that's just because we've spent so much time together. We absolutely welcome new faces and new stories. Trust me, once you've run with someone for 12 hours, you'll know pretty much every amusing anecdote from her last 10 years (<3 you, Meredith) We come from a variety of running backgrounds, walks of life, and professions, but everyone has his or her story to tell. Come say hi!

But all you guys like to do is run and drink

Well, uh, yes.
 But we also do training runs, races, beer miles, happy hours, banquets, and aid stations. Wait, that didn't help, did it.

How do I get the most out of the run club?

Let us help you push out of your comfort zone. Take those risks! Smile at a stranger at track. Push the pace a little. Join that relay van. Try some trails! You won't regret it!

-PRESIDENT DAVID LI

Goldberg PRs in the Big Apple: A NYC Marathon Story

For me, the New York Marathon was like no other race I have ever run before. For starters, there is the personal backstory I have with this race. My dad in his day was an excellent marathoner. I grew up listening to his tales of the 1985 and 1991 New York Marathons. At every opportunity he told me that if I ever ran New York he would come. Once I signed up my parents immediately circled the marathon on their calendar and were all about coming to cheer me on.

The New York Marathon is to New York as Bay to Breakers is to San Francisco and then some. The vast majority of the city embraces the concept and makes every runner fast or slow, young and old feel beyond special. The course touches all five boroughs of NYC and every cross section of the city comes out to cheer. I wound up standing next to the legendary Bart Yasso of Runners World. Before I knew it was him, I nonchalantly asked how many marathons he had run and he just looked perplexed. The other Runners World runners just started laughing and Bart said "I have lost count."

A howitzer cannon signaled the start of the race and I started skipping to the start line, singing along to Frank Sinatra's "New York, New York" which was blaring in the background.

Through 13.1 I was just flying, clocking a 1:33. But it is hard not to fly when the crowds are literally 8 deep the whole way. Old, young, runners and non-runners. The energy was absolutely electric. I think the entertainment at some races just feels staged, but this felt organic and genuine, like all of these people were out there pulling for you.

At mile 16 I was still trucking and then I turned the corner off the 59th street bridge into Manhattan and was met by a wall of sound. People were going nuts. My legs were starting to feel it, but I kept going up 1st ave surrounded by a cacophony of joyous noise. Talk about an energy boost.

By mile 21 my legs were dead. Fans or no



if your legs hurt that is a problem--especially when there is a hill. As I went up 5th on my way to the home stretch, it took grit to not stop. But how do you stop when there are all of those people cheering. The answer is you don't.

At mile 24 in Central Park, my blistering pace was gone and my calves started balking at this whole running thing. This was not good, but a PR was still within reach. I had to dig and dig hard.

Coming down the last .2 I knew it would be close, but I also knew I needed to see my family in the bleachers. We have a history of missing each other at races. That's why I was wearing all orange! I kept digging, but not seeing them. Finally just about right at the finish line I saw them in the first row on rail going nuts! I am not a very emotional person, but I was so touched.



GGRC runners demonstrate their displeasure in 2012 at the cancellation of the NYC marathon (top right) The 2013 reenactment (sans Hans) is displayed in the lower right.

Still I had to hurry up and get across the finish line. PR in hand! A 3:19.28 (and yes that is better than either of my dad's NYC times.)

Cloud 9 does not even describe how I felt. Years of trying to get in. Months of training. Family in the stands. Friends also in the field. A PR in hand. Then it was time to celebrate with my family and some friends.

As I write this, I still have a smile I can't shake on my face about the whole experience. I will run other marathons, and hopefully faster marathons, but this one was beyond special. I feel so fortunate to have had amazing support from my family, friends, this club and all of NYC. Thank you all!

-MATT GOLDBERG

Mauricio Runs a Cold, Cold CIM



The Second Half. The Dialog: Mind vs. Body.

Mind: you're doing great. 1h 52m and 29s at the half. We have 2 seconds to spare. Let's keep the same pace and everything will go according to plan.

Body: Sure, I will try. But remember that marathons go beyond our human scale.

Body: Dude, that cold air doesn't feel very good in the lungs. Go back to regular breathing

Mind: are you complaining again? You knew it was going to be a cold marathon all the way. Man up and deal with it.

Mind: Please don't do this to me. We had a clear plan. We trained, we rested, we carb-loaded with good stuff, and we tapered. It's time to execute. Fix those fuc&!g gears and let's accelerate to make up the time lost.

Body: It's clear you don't understand what it takes to keep the body warm for over 20 miles of freezing temperatures. You're the geek in this system. You are good at math, pace charts, and plans. But you just don't know what it takes to run more than 20 miles.

Mind: Aghhhrr! I will be quiet until the last mile. Do whatever you have to do.

Mind: okay, we are in the last mile. Let's enjoy the moment. Let's feed from the energy of the crowd. Look at the beautiful sunny day and the Capitol Park

Body: you're torturing me. There's nothing to enjoy. BTW, did you see the runner who just collapsed 20 steps ahead of us?

Mind: yes I saw that athlete. Keep going. He's being assisted already. We are fine. I know you have it within you. Dig deeper. I can see the finish line.

Body: I'm telling you, we can't see very well anymore. The face has frozen. We are running on fumes. We are going to cross the finish line by pure inertia.

Mind: Congratulations!!! We have done it. We are an awesome duo. Let's high five!

Body: [complete silence; system crashes; blue screen of death; time to reboot]

After the system rebooted, I saw my girlfriend Marcela waiting with a beautiful smile and a bottle of champagne. Hugs and smiles exchanged. Congratulations were in order.

-MAURICIO CUERVO

Reno-Tahoe Odyssey

The Dude Abides (over 178 miles) with The Speeding Spartans



I woke up in Reno.
The Room was hot from the Sun's reflection
off the Battlestar Galacta-Bowling Stadium
parked outside our solarium of a room

We will paint the Van.
We will paint it with fun people.
I'll learn that Mykl can draw bowling pins
And, that Sam is a chick
....cool.....

It'll look pretty.
It will say F&*K on it.
Then we'll will lock the keys in
And,

laugh, laugh, laugh
Har, Har, Har...
Rax gives me a cookie...
Huh?

The first team is announced.
Some dude jumps out
A rumpshake routine, damn...
I need a friggin skit.

The Van Abides is announced,

Puff/Look away/Flick move executed
(Developed by the Swedes in the 50's.)
Medium...

Holy Crap I'm Running...
Everyone is running way too fast.
I hang with Brian for a bit
as four runners take off ahead.

We catch up to Victim #1.
"Strike!, Strike!, Strike!" I declare to her.
"Ah, you're in that union down at the
ballpark," she asks.
No, its this...Nevermind..."bye Brian"...

Driving....Stopping....
Getting out....Yelling....
getting back in.....
granola.....Repeat.

We have dinner outside
A perfect place for a few rejuvie beers
A sit by the ninth fairway at dusk...
Feelin good...resting well in the camaraderie.

Van Exchange 2...Here, put all this blinky
crap on.
When you hear the Wa-Wa-Waa of monster
truck tires,





riding up your six. You'll want nothing more than to shine brighter than a stage of Jazz hands...

I pee in the dark...
A bobbing headlamp passes.
no words are exchanged...
I cough...

Rounding the final bend, I make out the exchange point.
I pick up the pace to look cool-n-sh*t,
Everyone's chanting my name, the bull horn.
DeJesus Johnntony disappears into the abyss...

Exchange 3....ooh, tempurpedic!

Beep, Beep, Beep,
Adieu, Tempurpedic, Adieu...

It's Brisk! Baby!
Driving to the exchange point,
the dawn was just getting underway and the frosty,
stiff bits were beginning to thaw away to mist.

I'm booking it.
Can I just sprint the 3.5.



I get to the highway crossing.
Frogger!

I hadn't had a chance to look around at everyone in our van.
Everyone was quietly pumped.
As each subsequent runner finished,
the enthusiasm levels started to rise.

The Runner looks to the right at us.
Confused, he quickly shifts his head back to the left,
and all was made clear to him.
This day, marked june one 2013.

Morgan Soldiers up a beast.
She makes it look like a cake walk.
Inhalers....
Julie's monster was up ahead.



It's time for our Team Captain to bring into the Bucket of Blood and pass the.... thing to Van 2.

We start cranking the music and stopping every 500 yards as Julie puts it in first gear.
She's got a steady, confident pace.

Passing in and out of consciousness on the lawn at the finish waiting for Maria to bring it home.
We get word that she's close.
We spring up. Im confused.

Johnntony has to find me.
Maria appears!
We all run to the finish with her.
It was Awesome...

I heckle the Spartans.
There where hip gyrations.
some language was used.
Amanda fires off a double barreled bird

Pow!, Pow!
The End...

-ALLEN RAULET



GGRC 2013: We're gonna need a montage!



Lots of GGRC smiles at two of our biggest events this year: the Healdsburg Half Marathon and the Xmas Relays



More GGRC shenanigans at the beer mile (left) the banquet (center) and the Brazen Dirty Dozen trail race (right)!



GGRC members test their mettle against the rigors of Titus Canyon (left) at the Death Valley Trail Marathon and show their spirit at the Kaiser Half Marathon aid station (right)