



December 2016 Newsletter # 471



Renew your BSWD membership at:
www.winddrinkers.org

Dear Wind Drinkers,

For those of you who have been paying attention over my many years of writing these articles, you may recall that November is typically a difficult month for me. To keep from destroying my hard-earned happiness because of a seasonal mood disorder, I have a strict set of items I am not allowed to alter during my darkest days. During “no change November”, I refuse to: quit my job, divorce my husband, sell my house, move to a place where nobody knows me, ingest illegal substances, take up smoking after over a decade free from the shackles of Philip Morris, or give my beloved pets to someone who would seem to be a more emotionally stable pet owner.

Even though these unfortunate urges recur every twelve months, they feel more critical with each passing year. I can never predict when the darkness will pass, nor what will bring the light back. I do know that within the first few days of November, I will feel myself floating away from my typical reality and by Huffing For Stuffing, I will be back to my generally happy self.



One fact has remained true since the realization of this pattern: life seems okay if I am running. I can absolutely empathize with Forest Gump’s cross-county, multi-year run after experiencing what seemed to be the greatest heartbreak of his life. I identified with Nikki Kimball the first time I read an article about her expressing that running was a powerful tool in her fight against depression.

As you can imagine, outside of my own mind, the greatest burden of my November blues falls on my kind husband. What can he do but sit and wait it out? I can only hope he has the same “no divorce in November” rule that I do.

NEWSLETTER OF
THE BIG SKY WIND
DRINKERS, A RUN-
NING CLUB FOR ALL
AGES AND
ABILITIES IN
BOZEMAN, MT



The Wind Drinker

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This year, as my desire to get out of bed fell to a new low, my man-hunk and I decided to hike up Storm Castle. Neither of us had been there. Outside on the trails seemed to be the only location that had value outside the warmth of my electric blanket and bedroom. Off we went one warm, lovely Sunday morning.

We were the first vehicle to arrive at the trailhead. Our dog bounced about. We trudged uphill. I was inspired to feel a bit better looking out at the beauty of Montana. I took a deep breath of fresh, cool, Montana air. I prayed for relief from the burdens of my own mind. As we arrived close to the top of the mountain, thousands of feet of elevation later, we found ourselves scrambling up some sort of trail, probably created by a teenager or two in search of primo climbing. I imagined these youths had no perception of mortality or what it takes for a middle aged lady to heal after injury. Eventually, I was stuck on an incline that felt like a 90 degree angle with only soft soil beneath me. That soil was in direct contact with my hands, feet, and rear end. Man-hunk did a controlled fall a few hundred feet down the mountain. I told him I was stuck, that I did not have the coordination or confidence to get down. He yelled up, "Embrace your inner Killian Jornet!"

I hollered back, "F%&k you! You embrace your inner Killian Jornet! And then remember that his best friend died trying to keep up with him."

In that moment, I discovered that cursing helps to decrease my November blues. Embracing anger had a bit of power. While clinging to the ground for dear life, I slowly scooted down an inch at a time. grip on, my fighting spirit rose up. I wanted to live. I wanted to get right back to appreciation for my freedoms and my blessings. Gravity had beaten the November blues right out of me. When I arrived safely back at the trail, gratitude took over. I was no longer in danger of divorce or homelessness. All was well.



Dear Wind Drinkers,

Thank you for encouraging me to remember that life is best lived with adventure and fearlessness. Thank you for inspiring my fighting spirit to grab onto the best parts of life and wait for the light to return.

Your fellow adventurer,

Dee

RACE CALENDAR

December

- 10 **BSWD Jingle Jog** Starting at 9:00 am. Meet at the GVLTA office (2125 S Wallace Suite 102) A cookie potluck follows so bring your favorite "goody" to share. Info at www.winddrinkers.org. Get ready for Christmas by participating!!
www.winddrinkers.org.

January

- 7 **Fat Ass.** Burn off those calories you put on over the holidays. Save the date and start the New Year with a run at the Headwaters State Park located outside of Three Forks. Run a 50K (or whatever your selected distance) 5K at a time on a road or trail course. If it is below zero in Bozeman at 7am, the run will be held on 1/14/17. Course officially closes at 3:00 pm.
www.windrinkers.org

February

- 11 **BSWD Froze Nose** at MSU (corner of S 11th and Grant) 9:00 am start. 3 courses of about 1, 3 and 5 miles. Your finish time at this event determines your starting time at next months Handicapped run.
- 11 **Love 'em or Leave 'em 5K.** Bozeman. Starting at the Filling Station on N. Rouse. Course includes the East Gallatin Recreation Area. Individual or couples division in honor of Valentines Day starting at 9:00 am. Fun at the finish with music at The Filler. <http://loveorleave.weebly.com>

Frigid Digger Run in Butte. Date TBD

March

- 4 **BSWD Handicapped Run** Starting times for those who did not participate in the Froze Nose last month will be 9:15 for the 5 Mile course, 9:30 for the 3 Mile course and 9:45 for the 1 Mile course. See if you can improve your time. Starts at the corner of S 11th and Grant.
- 11 **AOH St Pat's Race.** Anaconda. 117 E Park. 3 & 6 Mile courses. Bus to the starting lines at 10:30 am and start at 11:00 am

April

- 22 **Back From Bridger Run.** All distances start at the Bridger Bowl Parking Lot. Distances of about 3, 7, 10, 12 and 17 Miles. Choose your distance so that you finish by 12:30 when the courses close. No headphones and no organized shuttle back to the start. Pre-registration not required. www.winddrinkers.org

May

- 20 **Frank Newman Marathon** or Marathon Relay in memory of the founder of BSWD. Starts on Bridger Canyon Road at 8:00 am and ends at Sacajawea Park in Livingston followed by a Picnic. Volunteers needed.

June

- 3 **22nd Annual Madison River Run.** Ennis. 5K run to start off the racing season. www.themadisonmarathon.com 15 – 17 Montana Senior Olympics Summer Games for those 50 years of age and older. 5 Year Age Brackets. 5 & 10K Road Races, Track & Field Events, Cycling, Racewalk and much more Call 406-586-5543 or email kayjn3@gmail.com for information
- 17 **38th Annual Heart & Sole 5K.** Billings Is designated The RRCA Western Region Championship Save the date. More info to follow.
- 24 **Wulfman's Continental Divide Trail Run.** Starting at Pipestone Pass outside of Butte. Info to follow. ButtesPissandMoanRunners.com



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Fun Run Results for November 2016

.The Halloween Costume Run - 10/30/16

The Halloween Costume Run was held on the MSU campus with Jenna Fallaw setting up the courses while Charlie Eichenberger and Lynn Hellenga did the timing. Results are: **1.7 Miles:** Sandy Dougher 14:55; Hayes Swanson 18:54; Megan Swanson 18:56; Daryl Baker 25:40; Frank Dougher 25:42; Bob Wade 25:43. **3.4 Miles:** Andrew Holleman 24:12; Craig Hildreth 26:34; Rachel Ruggles 29:07; Sierra Holleman 29:48; Leonard Baluski 29:59; Kelly Wilson 31:04; Teresa Galli 31:04; Gail Cary 31:38; Tracy Dougher 36:16. **5.3 Miles:** Scott Flatlip 37:19; Leigh Holleman 40:34; Bob Eichenberger 42:00.

Jim Banks Turkey Trot - 11/5/16

It was a chilly but beautiful morning for the annual turkey trot, a long time traditional Wind Drinker Fun Run. One of the former courses that I recall was to start at Kirk Park and run down to the H&PE Center on Grant while trying to finish in your predicted time. There were no turkey prizes that I recall. Thanks to the Eichenbergers (Bob and Bonnie) for setting up our event. **Winners of the timed events were Leon Shearman (1 mile), Leonard Baluski (2.7 mile) and Rob Maher (5 Mile)** They most accurately predicted their individual finish. Times are as follows: **1 Mile:** Leon Shearman 14:43; Madison Oostema 16:04; Jake Oostema 18:49; Kay Newman 21:12; Shawna Oostema 21:27; Bob Wade 22:23. **2.7 Miles:** Gail Cary 28:52; Leonard Baluski 29:18; Mia, Jack & Jay Dudas 42:10. **5 Miles:** Tom Walsh 31:42; Rob Maher 31:49; Alycia Van Kirk 36:02; Randy Oostema 42:57.

Huffing for Stuffing—11/23/2016

This may not be a BSWD Fun Run but our whole community of runners came out to support this wonderful event put on by the Gallatin Valley Food Bank.

The skies were clear and the temperature a balmy 22F, with minimal snow and ice. You may have seen two Turkeys running around with wide smiles as they cheered on their fellow runners.

Thank you Rob Maher and Dee Metrick for bringing a smile and laugh to all of us. To those who smoked the turkeys by beating them to the line you received a special prize donated by BWSD.

4,513 runners came out in 2016!! Thank you to everyone for participating, you all earned an extra piece of pie!



Ravin' Runner
by Charles Smith, riffing off Poe's The Raven

Once upon a run so starry, while I ran so weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious avenue of VRBOs,
While I tempoed, nearly gasping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping on the pavement behind me.
'Tis some runner,' I muttered, 'tapping at my heels so lightly -
Only this, and nothing more.'
Ah, distinctly I remember it was in late October,
And the dying leaves lay listless on the earth.
Eagerly I wished for speed; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From "The Wind Drinker" an end to sorrow - sorrow for the lost PR -
For the rare and radiant event whom the angels named PR-
Nameless here for evermore.
And the gentle see-saw rustling of each shadowy leaf
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I ran at 60% MHR
'Tis some visitor wanting entrance to my workout -
Some other runner wanting entrance to my workout; -
This it is, and nothing more,'
Presently my stride grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was lapping, and so gently you came running,
And so faintly you came lapping, tapping at my pronating feet,
That I scarce was sure I heard you' - here I glanced quickly behind me; -
Darkness there: nothing more.
Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, drawing deep breaths that did not calm me
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no clues,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'PR!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'PR!'
Merely this and nothing more.



Back into the workout turning, my lungs within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my feet again;
Let me see then, what this tapping is, and this mystery explore -
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; -
'Tis the wind and nothing more!
I flung myself around and saw with a shudder,
From the curb stepped a racer of the days of yore.
Not the least effort made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with black socks and white flats, perched above me on the curb -
Perched upon a stump just above my heaving self -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.
Then this lean legged creature beguiled my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy shoes be worn and smelly, thou,' I said, 'art no pacer.
Ghastly grim and ancient runner wandering from the nightly shore -
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Nikean shore!
Quoth the runner: 'PR'
Much I marveled at this unseemly racer to hear discourse so plain,
Though the answer little meaning - little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing a spectral runner alongside a curb
Using the Gallagher as his personal workout space,
With such name as 'PR'
But the runner, sitting lonely on the rough-hewn curb, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered - not a shoelace then he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered 'Other friends have PR'd before -
On the morrow he will leave me, as my goals have left me before.'
Then the spectral runner said, 'PR'
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy runner whom unmerciful bonking
Followed fast and followed faster till his legs one burden bore -
Till the dirges of his lungs that melancholy burden bore
Of "PR-nevermore."



But the runner still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Soon I squatted in front of runner and curb and moon and trees;
Then, upon the hard surface meditating, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous runner of yore -
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous runner of yore
Meant in croaking `PR'
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from unseen roadkill
Swung by Skunky whose foot-falls tinkled on the forest floor.
`Racer,' I cried, `thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he sent thee
Respite - respite and ibuprofen from thy memories of PR!
Quaff, oh quaff this orange Gatorade, and forget this lost PR!
Quoth the racer, `Nevermore.'"
`Sluggard!' said I, `thing of evil! - sluggard still, if runner or jogger! -
Whether sleepiness sent, or whether Garmin tossed thee here,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this park land enchanted -
On this block by 5Ks haunted - tell me truly, I implore -
Is there - is there balm in Hyalite? - tell me - tell me, I implore!
Quoth the racer, `Nevermore.'
`Sluggard!' said I, `thing of evil! - sluggard still, if runner or jogger
By that tangent that bends below us - by that Hoka we both adore -
Tell this athlete with sorrow laden if, within the distant races
I shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels named PR -
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named PR?'
Quoth the racer, `Nevermore.'
`Be that word our sign of parting,' I shrieked upstarting -
`Get thee back into the Night's non-certified course!
Leave no slow time as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my running spirit unbroken! - Quit the curb along my path!
Take thy medal from my hand, and get thy glutes off my path!'
Quoth the racer, `Nevermore.'
And the racer, never flinching, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the curb near the corner of Gallagator and Church;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the street-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the road
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the course
Shall be lifted - nevermore!



THE WIND DRINKER

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Benefits of membership are receiving this newsletter, getting discounts listed on last page, and opportunity to vote at annual meeting (and of course all fun runs). Submissions to newsletter must be in by 25th of month to aikidonerd@yahoo.com
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For recent updates on what's happening with the BSWD, get on the web; www.winddrinkers.org

Race Directors, please submit your calendar information by the 25th of the month to Kay Newman. Please include contact information, date, and distances. Please do not send an attachment with huge flowery descriptions; just the simple facts. Race Calendar: Always check www.runmt.com for race updates and more details.

DISCOUNTS FOR MEMBERS ARE AVAILABLE
AT MANY LOCAL BUSINESSES INCLUDING;

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See www.winddrinkers.org for updates and more information.



**“FITNESS CANNOT BE BORROWED, BOUGHT OR
BESTOWED; LIKE HONOR, IT MUST BE EARNED.”**