



ERC Annual Wine and Cheese Party – Members Only Friday, June 21 7:30PM

Join us for one of ERC's most popular events of the year—the Annual Wine & Cheese Party.

Hosted by John & Faye Harvey at their new home

RSVP by Friday, June 14 by responding to the evite or calling John/Faye at 973-946-3531.

Please bring your favorite appetizer or entree to share with the group. Desserts provided by the ERC Board.

768 Lake Street Newark (the Forest Hill section), NJ 07104

Parking on Lake Street & Heller Parkway.

Please, no children or pets.

Upcoming Club & USATF Championship Races:

Sunday June 2 8:30am Montclair Run (2 Mile – 8:30am, 10K – 9:30am)

Thursday June 6 7:30pm Smoke Rise Challenge - Kinnelon, NJ 4 Miles

Monday June 17 8:00pm President's Cup Night Race – Millburn, NJ 5K NBGP: 700pts (5K)

Sunday June 23 6:15pm Fitzgerald's 1928 Lager Run - Glen Ridge, NJ NBGP: 700pts (5K)

Thursday June 27 7:30pm Sunset Classic - Bloomfield, NJ NBGP: 500pts (5M)

YEAR-ROUND GROUP RUNS

Fleet Feet Sports, Montclair - THURSDAY @ 6:00pm

Meet at Fleet Feet (603 Bloomfield Ave) This friendly, social group welcomes all paces & smiling faces - run, jog or walk 3 to 6 mi.

West Essex Trail Run, Verona - SATURDAY @ 8:00am

Meet in Verona High School lot at corner of Fairview Avenue and Sampson Drive (Sampson is one-way, so approach from Grove Ave). Trail's round trip from Verona to Little Falls is 6 miles. Unpaved, blazed trail with mile markers on trees.

Nutley Park Trails Saturday Morning Run - SATURDAY at 8:00 am.

We meet at Yanticaw Park in Nutley the upper park (commonly referred to as Boys Park) by the flag pole. If driving turn onto Park Drive from Centre street. Contact Don Manfria at bccoach@optonline.net for more information.

Fleet Feet Sports, Montclair (FF Long Run) SUNDAY @ 7:00am

Meet at Fleet Feet (603 Bloomfield Ave) for runs on 1 or more of 3 loops (each 6–8 miles) at paces ranging from 7:30 to 9:00 pace.

Grove Pharmacy, Montclair (Grove Street Long Run) SUNDAY @ 7:00am

Meet at Grove Pharmacy (123 Grove St) for runs of 4 to 20+ miles. We will try to find a pace and a distance for you.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS: Emmanuel Anyinefa - Montclair Neil Paulvin - South Orange
Daniel Rasmussen - Caldwell

Save the date: ERC 30th anniversary- December 1st

President's Corner

by Paul Maloney, ERC President

\$2,620.00 for Boston Marathon Relief at our Summer Hosted Runs

Beginning with our summer hosted runs, the Essex Running Club is collecting money for "One Fund Boston", an organization where 100% of donated funds will directly support victims and families of those affected by the events during the Boston Marathon on April 15th, and related events which took place on April 18th and 19th. Details of our donation process are listed below.

1. The Essex Running Club will make an initial donation of \$262.00 to "symbolize" the marathon distance of 26.2 miles. Included with this \$262.00 donation, the club will "match" any donation given by a club member. Our goal for the end of the summer is for the club and members to donate a total \$2,620.00, again to "symbolize" the marathon distance.
2. A "jar" will be passed around to accept contributions at each summer run, starting with George Studzinski's annual "Smoke Rise Challenge" on Thursday June 6th. For tax free contributions, members are encouraged to bring checks made out to "One Fund Boston Inc.". Checks made out to the "Essex Running Club" are not eligible for declaration as a charitable contribution. Cash will also be accepted.
3. Members can certainly contribute to our "\$2,620 Fund" without going to the runs by mailing a donation to the Essex Running Club at P.O. Box 183, Verona, NJ 07044. As stated, make out your check to "One Fund Boston Inc." for declaration as a charitable contribution, not to the Essex Running Club.
4. We will also accept contributions at our Wine and Cheese Party on June 21st. (Details on the Wine and Cheese Party will be mentioned elsewhere in this newsletter and website.)

Major Change in Summer Hosted Runs: This June, we're taking a chance with a new "spin" on a long established Essex Running Club tradition. We're piloting a change from our Thursday evening hosted runs by scheduling them on Wednesday OR Thursday evenings. Due to our conflicts with the popular Fleet Feet 6:00 p.m. runs, various Thursday night races, and other reasons, we would like to try out hosted runs on Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m but will still keep the Thursday evening option open at 7:30 if hosts would rather stay with the traditional night.

Our annual "Smoke Rise Challenge", hosted by long time member George Studzinski is still scheduled on Thursday June 6th, 7:30 p.m. At this "Battle at the Beach", George hosts a friendly competition between our club and his group from Smoke Rise Lake in Kinnelon. Details about the "Battle at the Beach" and possible carpools will be available on FB and the Yahoo site in the next week.

Laura Barry will then host a run on Wednesday June 12th, 7:30 p.m. The run will take place at Felician College at 223 Montross Ave, Rutherford NJ 07070. Park in the Lot off of West Passaic "Lot A" Or on the street. Details on a possible carpool will also be available on FB and the Yahoo site.

Troy Powell will host a run on Wednesday June 19th, 7:30 p.m., 119 Ravine Avenue, West Caldwell.

Run at Iron Physical Therapy (Geno Mayes, Melissa Jenkins) on Wednesday June 26th, 7:30 p.m., 396 Bloomfield Avenue, Caldwell.

Hosts plan a 3-6 mile run with a light supper afterwards. The runs welcome everyone from walkers to "speed demons"!! We will find a distance and company for you. New members— it's a great way to find out what our club is about! We are currently accepting reservations for July and August.

Another Change/New Idea with our Summer Hosted Runs: We would like to recognize those members who go to 100% or close to 100% of our hosted runs. For attendance at our hosted runs, we are establishing a reward points system. At the end of August, the member or members who are at all or most of our hosted runs will be awarded prizes (to be announced). It a great way to socialize, meet other members, and exercise during the spring and summer.

Let us know how we are doing! Do you have any questions or suggestions on club activities for our Board? Please contact me at EssexNewsMaloney@aol.com with any ideas or comments.

Next month we will get back to our "Spotlights"!

The Anatomy of a Running Shoe (and Apparel): Highlights from the May General Meeting by Tracy Keller

More than 35 local runners—ERC members and others—gathered on May 7 at Fitzgerald's Side Car in Glen Ridge to explore "The Anatomy of a Running Shoe (and Apparel)." John Williams (JW) from Brooks demystified the differences in running shoes by demonstrating shoe shapes, mobility features, and more. He answered questions from the crowd on wear-and-tear, insoles, the truth behind annual style updates, and even took a few product suggestions back with him.

Next, Fleet Feet Sports Montclair showcased some of their newest spring apparel. ERC member models sported the fine threads around the room bringing attention to trendy, yet functional, running clothes and accessories. Stop into the store on Bloomfield Avenue for a better look! Thanks to Fleet Feet and our ERC models for helping make the evening a success.

----- **A Boston run – by Chip Bearden**



The iconic CITGO sign appeared ahead. Was I dreaming?

The rain had felt real enough before tapering off less than a mile into the run. That's a good thing – I was wearing new shoes!

There were few vehicles—or runners, for that matter—on Comm Ave. this gloomy Sunday morning. The familiar right onto Hereford & left on Boylston delivered me to a nearly deserted downtown Boston. No marathon day crowds. No noise. No big blue banner ahead. I was surprised & disappointed. The only marker was the finish line painted across the otherwise unremarkable street at the Public Library. There were no signs of the carnage a few weeks earlier: no crime scene barricades; no wilting flowers or hand-written notes; & no blackened concrete or shattered storefronts or other violent signatures.

But maybe that's the way it should be. To the average person, this new American killing zone might be a curiosity, like an Italian restaurant in New York's Little Italy made famous by mobsters gunned down there by rivals. But I suspect that to Boston Marathoners, marathoners in general, and runners of all stripes this will always be a special place.

I said a prayer, looped the Boston Common where I waited in the Nor'easter in 2007 for my first nervous, giddy bus ride to Hopkinton, & then headed back.

The rain resumed a few blocks before I made it to the hotel — at In Boston last weekend to bring Josie back from BC.

My First Running of the Boston Marathon: A Psychologist's Reflection by Kimberly McGuire

Prerace, 2013 Boston Marathon:

The morning of April 15, 2013 starts off quietly as I prepare my runner's drop bag, gels, etc. I find my way to Boston Commons and wait on line 45 minutes to take a one-hour bus ride to Hopkinton, where the internationally renowned marathon starts. I hang out, rest, prepare, take photos, and eventually make my way to Corral 9 of Wave 2 with a 10:20 a.m. start. I begin the race well and feel strong throughout the first 16 miles. I hit a hill at mile 17 and feel a slight cramp in my left calf. I eat a gel, trying to replenish simple sugars, but somewhere between miles 17 and 18 I cramp

more severely. By the time I hit mile 20, which afterward I realize is the “real” Heartbreak Hill, I am cramping more severely and am in serious pain. I realize how undertrained I am as a result of a running-related injury and a mere eight-week pre-Boston training schedule. I consider walking and hear an internal voice, “You cannot walk. Whatever you do, do not walk.” I pray to my Mom and Dad, both deceased, my father just recently, and ask them to come from above and carry my cramped, tired, and sore legs to the finish. I can feel them pushing me with love from behind. Then at mile 23, both legs instantly cramp from ankle to thigh, and I slow to a snail’s pace. I well up with tears, and a voice says again, “No matter what, you cannot walk.” I pray again and ask for my parents’ help.

I get a second wind. My energy increases, and I continue. During the last few miles, I experience elation and celebration. I finish strong for me at an 8:15 pace for the last quarter mile. I cross the finish line with a big smile, then limp and stagger to the aluminum foil blankets, medals, food, and baggage claim. I am cold, wet, and chilled through. I gather my bag, which is a chaotic process, then stumble toward a curb and clumsily put on a dry shirt and sweatshirt.

I am all set to walk toward the finish line again, where I saw signs for the Family Reunion Center, to meet my friends Paul, Glen, and Amanda, but I begin experiencing a significant amount of pain and discomfort. I turn to a police officer and ask if there is a better way to get to the reunion area. He points me one block in the opposite direction of the finish line. THANK GOODNESS!

As I limp and hobble to the corner of Clarendon Street, where the police officer directed me, I receive a call from another friend, Sebastien. While I am talking with him, I realize I am in a fog from a combination of joy, deliriousness, and being chilled to the bone. I observe my right hand going numb and my fingers swelling. Suddenly, I hear a loud bang. It sounds like a car backfiring. The loud noise triggers me to end the call with Sebastien immediately. I remember telling him, in a slightly panicked voice, “I have to go. I have to find my friends.” That was 2:50 p.m. EST.

I make a call to Paul (my friend and ride home), but it doesn’t go through. I try Glen’s number, then Amanda’s. I can’t get through to anyone. It’s strange because just five minutes earlier, Paul answered right away. Now there’s no signal. As I walk toward the Family Reunion Center, I notice I’m walking against a crowd of people. They are moving away from the reunion area. The atmosphere is calm, so I am not yet alarmed. Eventually I find myself at the corner of Clarendon and St. James, two blocks from the blast. I begin to cross the street and in my peripheral vision notice no one is around. I hear lots of sirens. I wobble as I walk across the street and see a police motorcycle speeding toward me. I can’t move any faster, but I make it safely to the other side.

I wobble into the ShipJack restaurant, minimally aware of my surroundings from a cognitive perspective. I sweep the restaurant three times in search of my friends. They are not there. I sit down to rest, exhausted and still discombobulated. I keep trying to get a phone signal. Finally I get through to Paul. As we are talking, I see him round the corner in the restaurant. I am still unaware of what is happening, yet I have a sense that something is not right. I instinctively ask, as runners do, if Paul PR’d as he hoped to do, and he distractedly responds, “Yes I did.” I then ask the same of Glen, and he tells me his time, and I congratulate them both. Then they tell me what happened. Paul says, “Two bombs just went off at the finish line.” Just like that. I can’t quite process what he said. It is surreal.

The restaurant begins filling with people who are carrying confused energy. I see others watching TV screens, but I am focused on getting into dry pants to warm up. In my confused and exhausted state, I somehow manage to get a pair of sweatpants out of my bag and find the bathroom. I attempt to change, which proves to be a monumental physical and emotional challenge. Then I notice my phone is receiving text, after text, after text. I have three voicemails and more folks calling in. Now I begin to process, “Maybe this is quite serious.” My body and mind are still recovering from 3 hours 47 minutes of hard running, and neither is cooperating fully.

I gradually attempt to engage in problem solving about getting to my hotel to gather my luggage. We are advised that the subway system is on lockdown, though our car is parked at a T stop well south of the city. I sit down and try to eat a piece of bread and drink some water. There is ongoing discussion of what to do, as I notice my friends walking in and out of the restaurant. I get up to walk outside to try for cell phone reception, but get nothing. I text home to advise of the situation. I return texts, and they keep pouring in. I sit down once more. My friends come back in and say,

“Did you feel that, hear that? There was another bomb.” (Later we find out this was something the police detonated as a precaution.) My friends’ anxiety elevates, and I feel myself getting more nervous as I watch them. Soon, the restaurant manager comes through the crowd and says, “Folks, we are being asked to evacuate the restaurant right away. The police will be here, and we need to evacuate now.”

I observe the anxiety and fear elevate as Paul, Amanda, and I gather our belongings and try to find Glen. Paul yells Glen’s full name loudly in the restaurant, but gets no response. We find him just outside the restaurant. I’m still thinking about how to get back to my hotel near the bomb site, but Glen looks at me firmly and directly and says, “Kim, we are not going to the hotel to get your luggage. That stuff is replaceable. They can ship it to you. We have to get away from here. This is a terrorist situation.”

We head north, away from the finish-line area. In a temporary state of panic, I see my friends walking quickly up St. James Street. They have recovered for almost two hours at this point, and their legs are more agile than mine. I try to keep up with them, but can’t. I don’t even have the energy to yell, “Wait for me!” Eventually, they notice I’m lagging behind. Paul offers to carry my bag. When he takes some of my burden away, the combination of excitement at having completed my first Boston Marathon, having just missed the bombs by 15 minutes or so, the pain, cramping, discomfort, and now the knowledge that the group is not going back to get my personal belongings, credit cards, etc., all comes crashing in. I have a sudden decrease in my sense of safety and security. I am shaken in the moment and stop walking as tears well up, and I say, “I’m a bit overwhelmed at the moment.” I do not know if we are safe. My friends seem to be freaking out, and people are walking fast. Amanda takes my cold right hand in an effort to warm it up, and we all hurry away from the finish line and toward the North End.

With a calm, frenetic quality, we keep problem-solving and eventually land at the Hyatt Regency near Chinatown, asking the bellman to call a taxi. We are abruptly advised, “These folks have been waiting over an hour. There are no taxis available out of the city.” I am freezing cold at this point and decide to sit inside the hotel to warm up. I try to text my friend Mona from my hometown—she was running the race too—but my hands are not working well. Then I look up, and Mona is standing in front of me! This is the hotel where she is staying. So weird to see someone I know well magically appear before me right when I want to hear she is okay. She says, “I was .1 mile from the finish and saw the explosions.”

We hug, talk, support each other, and she goes off to her hotel room to reunite with her husband and children. Then it dawns on me: I’m already sitting here, so why don’t I just wait in this long taxi line? And that is what I do. Eventually my friends come inside the hotel, and I let them know that I’m waiting on line even if it takes hours. I truly don’t know how long it eventually takes to get a taxi, because everything is surreal, and I have no concept of time passing, but ultimately it isn’t too bad. A cab arrives, and the driver gets us safely out of the city. Amanda, Paul, Glen, and I breathe a sigh of relief.

On the drive back to New Jersey

The drive home is interesting. Paul keeps us updated with the latest news as he incessantly checks his iPhone, stating, “I know I shouldn’t keep looking, but I can’t seem to stop.” We continue texting, calling, e-mailing our runner friends to assess safety. Thank goodness everyone is okay!

I am typically very calm in crisis situations, and this day is no exception, despite the occasional tears. Internally I feel calm. What is truly unexpected, though, is that I begin to experience shock the following day. Textbook. I wake up at 4 a.m. with images I saw of the bombing, images of the restaurant evacuation, images of looking for a cab out of the city. I tell myself, “This is normal,” and try to engage in self-soothing dialogue. I decide to let my weary body rest, even though I can’t fall back asleep. I finally get out of bed at 6 a.m. I am in a dazed, foggy state and go on autopilot as I prepare my daughter’s breakfast, get her ready for school, and then drive to work.

Home safe

As a psychologist, I somehow have an unspoken internal notion that I am immune from experiencing a traumatic reaction personally. After all, I know what to tell other people who experience such crises. Plus, here I did not see the

explosion, I did not see the bodies ... why would I be in such a state of shock? Then I think about the human brain and sensory perception and the knowledge that I personally tend to experience most life circumstances viscerally. This experience, like the race itself, is in my tissues, my bones, my very fabric, because I absorbed the energies of the scene and atmosphere at the finish line in Boston.

Around 1 p.m. the day after the bombs exploded, I recognize I am minimizing the potential trauma impact of the circumstance on my overall well-being. I focus on myself and do some breathing relaxation. I take in the support of colleagues and listen to them emphasize the extent of the tragedy and how happy they are that my friends and I are safe. We discuss the tragic death of a young boy, the amputated limbs, and the sadness. I seek professional assistance the next day and relive the experience, discussing how I am going to cope with the shock symptoms in the days to come. I realize I am grateful for all the amazing people in my life. Thank goodness I am alive, healthy and well. It is a strange combination of elation at the personal victory of completing my first Boston Marathon under less than optimal training and physical circumstances amid the chaos of a bombing attack and national tragedy.

Afterthoughts

I have witnessed terrorist attacks by watching the news or listening to first-person accounts. Now I am a first-person account, a human interest story. It is challenging to cogently express the surreal experience of being in the middle of a crisis/terrorist situation and not know exactly what is going on. A week after the bombings at the Boston Marathon, a few colleagues notice I am more engaged in dialogue with them relative to the days following the bombings. They reflect to me the flat affect, facial paleness, monotone voice, and distant stare they observed in the days immediately after my return and express how happy they are to see me "be myself again." I discuss with some of these colleagues the strangeness of my experiences before, during, and after the bombings. I share my internal/cognitive observations of my reactions in the moments of confusion in Boston as well as my self-observations of my own delayed shock reaction. I recognize once again how fortunate I am to have an amazing support system of friends, family, and colleagues to carry me through my experience.

At 2:50 p.m. EST on April 22, 2013, I sit in my office and observe the planned moment of silence for all the victims of the Boston Marathon bombings. This moment is for them and, to a much lesser extent, for me.

Spring Hiatus – by Catherine Smith

Today marks one month since the last day I ran. This year also marks 30 years since I began my career, a spritely, ponytailed sixth grader who thought she could sprint. The first 27 were, blessedly, injury free; the past 3 have been, sadly, marred by pulls, bruises, strains. After a month of trying to ignore the sharp pain in my knee, I surrendered and visited the orthopedist, who promptly ordered an MRI, diagnosed a bone bruise, and prescribed 4 weeks of rest from impact activities (i.e., running).

After a moment or two of feeling sorry for myself—my spring racing season marching away to the relentless beat of Father Time—I resolved to join a gym. I knew I would need to fill the void of running with something—nothing was impossible. I'd really never taken any long length of time off before (I actually ran the day I gave birth to my younger son, Danny), so this challenge for me would probably be more psychological than physical.

What I've found over the past 4 weeks has been unexpected. I found that I like pilates. I found that spin classes hurt. A lot. I found that running fitness does not necessarily translate to gym fitness. I found that I stink at yoga. But I've improved a little each class and that progress is rewarding. It's been a good number of years (16 to be exact) since I've run a PR (except in those obscure distances like the 8K and 15K, which I never tried in my youth). And yet every yoga class, I have a PR! It's fun to see improvement. In short, it's been a humbling, enlightening month.

What I also discovered, somewhat unsurprisingly, is that I love and miss running. I miss the simplicity of lacing up my shoes and just running. (Notice how I didn't include a stretch in this routine... hence the need for yoga!) I miss the

clarity of mind running brings. I miss track workouts where my high school kids remind me how very slow my leg speed has become. And most of all, I miss Sunday mornings with the Grove Street crew.

This week I will visit the orthopedic again and will hopefully get the go-ahead to run. I originally expected to be counting the days for this declaration; instead I am nervous. I am nervous to run. I am nervous about the weakness I feel when I walk up stairs, when I first get out of bed in the morning. I am nervous that this road will be longer than expected. But I am still grateful for enjoying so many years of running competitively and without pain, for the opportunities running has afforded me, for the people I've met through the sport. I pray to be able to continue—to heal and continue through the years. But if that can't happen, I've found that challenges do lie beyond the track. One of these days I'm going to master that lotus pose. Mark my words.

Justifying Running to a Non-Running Spouse by Glen Freyer

My wife is not a runner. Consequently, there are many things she doesn't quite understand about my commitment to something that seems to her so... how shall I put this nicely?... completely stupid, insane, difficult, painful, time-consuming, expensive, pointless and otherwise wholly unjustifiable.

In her defense, she's gotten a lot more supportive over the years. We're down to mostly eye rolls and heavy sighs when I tell her I have to run, but every once in a while the old questions bubble back up. This is especially true deep in marathon training when even I question exactly why I'm getting up at quarter-to-six on a freezing cold morning to run hills.

At night, as I set out my sneakers for the morning, my wife – let's call her Scarlett Johansson for this hyper reality – looks surprised and asks, "You're running again tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"But you ran today."

"I run four to five times a week. You know that."

"I don't get it."

"I know," I say.

"Don't you get bored?"

"Sometimes."

"So what's the point?"

"To run faster."

"It's not like you're going to make the Olympics."

I'm 50 and my fastest mile time is slower than a true marathoner's race pace.

"D'uh," I say. Not my sharpest comeback, but it's late and I'm tired.

"What do you even think about when you're running?"

"Nothing, really." That's not quite true, but when I reflect back on the last few runs, I can't recall a deep thought beyond, it's cold, I'm thirsty, if I sing that chorus one more time I'm going to shoot myself.

"Do you get a high from running?"

"No, but I get cranky if I don't run."

"Maybe you get cranky because you're burning the candle at both ends and are always exhausted."

The thought has occurred to me. I make a noncommittal face – could be. I take out my book, hoping to end the discussion, but I can't get it open fast enough.

"You're going to destroy your knees."

"Hasn't happened, yet."

Again, a bit infantile, but does anyone have a great response to this? I'd say that knees are like tax credits – you gotta use 'em or lose 'em, but I do know a hell of a lot of runners who just happen to have had knee surgery. Coincidence?

Doubtful.

“What exactly are you trying to achieve with all your running?”

I want to tell her I’m trying to challenge myself. I want to improve at something, even if that something is relatively meaningless in the big picture. I want to explain that I like to succeed for the sake of succeeding, but that sounds vain or OCD – neither of which helps my cause. I go high-brow instead.

“I’m trying to achieve grace,” I say.

Good one, I think.

“Whatever,” she says.

Touché, Scar.

I make a big show of opening my book and pretend to be engrossed immediately. (Thankfully it’s not a book about running lest I elicit another eye roll.) My sudden immersion in “Avoiding Power Struggles with Your 5-Year-Old” is meant to suggest we have completed our “I don’t get it” conversation for the evening. Like the miles I log, these conversations must be endured more than enjoyed and are a necessary evil if I want to earn another PR come race day.

But as much as I want to convince my dear, sweet, smokin’ hot wife SJ of the unassailable logic of hard training, I must admit there are times I agree with everything she says. My only hope is that these moments are fleeting and never fully take root.

Jo Bear – that’s what I like to call her – is right. I’m never going to make the Olympics. My abilities aren’t going to change so appreciably over time that my life will truly be different. Running doesn’t get me high 99% of the time.

Why can’t I just run 15-20 miles a week at an easy pace? Is it just so I don’t give Larry Hollander the satisfaction of someone finally taking his advice? I get injured every marathon cycle from doing too much. Is that really the best course of action at my (or any) age? Couldn’t I just enjoy being outside and get some fresh air in my lungs? Could ScarScar – dare I say it – actually be right?

I stare at my book, letting the lines blur, thinking about a pursuit I’ve now chased long enough I no longer know why I pursue it. Has it become an addition? A crutch? A disease? My gaze drifts off and I fantasize about chucking my Garmin and all my training logs in the trash. I smile at the thought then spy the clock radio – 12:15.

Crap, it’s late. I have to get some sleep. I’ve got to run hills tomorrow or my friends will get faster than me. And I can’t let that happen, now, can I?

FINISH LINES

Asbury Park Half Marathon, Asbury Park, NJ April 20, 2013

Phil Coffin, 1:44:53 (3rd AG)

Laura Messina, 2:14:46

The course was altered this year in the aftermath of Hurricane Sandy, taking the 1,200 runners from Asbury Park to Long Branch and back, but both of us wound up with good races. This was Laura’s fastest half-marathon since 2009. And it was Phil’s first half-marathon since 2007.

Leatherman’s Loop 10K Trail Race, Cross River, NY April 21, 2013

Stephen Sundown ... 49:26

Glenn Trimboli ... 53:12

Chris Jaworski ... 1:02:47

Fernando Padilla ... 1:17:56

Tracy Keller ... 1:17:56

Elsa Slater ... 1:17:56

The Leatherman's Loop is an experience that each year reconnects runners with one another and Mother Earth. It leaves me rejuvenated, whole again. It's a homecoming, a celebration of spring, on or around Earth Day. I've missed the event only once, for a funeral, since my inaugural immersion in 2006. This year's race seemed as new and life-affirming as my first, and perhaps more so than all those in between.

I met up with fellow Essex Running Club members in the field at the center of the universe—a huge field with its own huge sky at the heart of the Loop in Ward Pound Ridge Reservation in Cross River, New York.

Hey, there are Glenn and Stephen. Minutes later, Elsa, Tracy, Fernando, Wayne. And, glad to meet you, Dave. Each year the mix of ERC members is different. Glenn, Elsa, and Tracy were returnees, as was Wayne Carlson. Wayne ran the Loop with me in 2006 but is injured and could not partake this year. Let's wish him well in his recovery. Stephen and Fernando were here to get their feet wet. Muddy, too. And Dave is Fernando's friend David Finck, who came to hang out, cheer, and take photos.

"Dave," Fernando later wrote me, "is the president of Mission Peak Striders, the club I belonged to when I was living in California." Dave had been in Boston six days before this 27th Loop. He'd finished the marathon in 3:37 and had a safe reunion with his wife, Victoria. She had been waiting for him across the street from the spot where the first bomb exploded. After Boston, "Dave and Victoria came to stay with us for a couple of days."

The traumatic news of the Boston murders and maiming, the worry about the well-being of our friends at the marathon, and the media storm and dreadful tension surrounding the hunt for the bombers had made the week leading up to the Loop an ordeal. Horrific, pressured-filled, claustrophobic. Little wonder that, once the spell broke, with the death of one brother and the capture of the other, I felt a weight lifted. I also wanted to see people, lots of people, to escape to where the sky was not pressing down but lifting up, to run myself ragged, with beauty all around—to drive out the bad with the good.

Joining and participating in community and nature ... running with and inspiring others ... wading in, kicking up some dirt, becoming healthier with each step. The Loop has always fostered these activities, but this year I wanted and appreciated them more, and perhaps many other Loopers did as well. My sense was that everyone was acutely glad, extra eager, to be there. Maybe everyone was relieved to be there, too.

Runners, spectators, and volunteers swirled 'round the registration area and roamed the field. After checking in, some folks carried bags of canned and dry food to the Help Feed the Leatherman tent a few feet away. (All told, 1100 pounds' worth was collected for donation to the Community Center of Northern Westchester, ultimately for distribution to families in need.)

On the chilly reservation, some runners warmed up for the race trotting back and forth. Others warmed up rekindling friendships made at prior Loops. The fresh air was thick with lively, good-spirited talk, a sense of peace. It was wonderful to say hello to Loop leader Tony Godino again, to bump into other friends from these and other trails, and to make new acquaintances.

Soon everyone was migrating over to the starting line, where there were words of welcome for the runners, and words of remembrance for the bombing victims. There was a blessing we could carry with us, and there was a hymn that, beautifully sung, sent us on our way. Listen for yourself, at the recap link below.

Eight days earlier, I did the hilly Bull Run Run trail race in Clifton, Virginia. With my legs still recovering the day before the Loop, I wondered what kind of struggle I had ahead of me, whether I might have to walk a lot of the course. When the hymn ended, I forgot everything and ran. - *Chris Jaworski*

Clinton Township Country Run 15K, , Lebanon, NJ April 26, 2013

Team results from today's very competitive 15K masters championship race.

8 FLEET FEET/ESSEX A MEN 40 5:28:10.44

AVERAGE:1:05:38.09

5. David Craig	53:51.81 *
31. Michael Gorman	1:01:17.44 *
56. Charlie Slaughter	1:05:04.32 *
135. Gerhard Peters	1:12:19.90 *
167. Jerry Velli	1:15:36.97 *

9 FLEET FEET/ESSEX A MEN 50 6:06:23.72

AVERAGE:1:13:16.74

56. Charlie Slaughter	1:05:04.32 *
135. Gerhard Peters	1:12:19.90 *
162. Mick Close	1:14:51.51 *
167. Jerry Velli	1:15:36.97 *
208. George Swiatek	1:18:31.02 *

8 FLEET FEET/ESSEX A MEN 60 3:54:00.61

AVERAGE:1:18:00.20

162. Mick Close	1:14:51.51 *
208. George Swiatek	1:18:31.02 *
234. William Wilde	1:20:38.08 *
263. Tom Kelly	1:23:31.68
364. George Studzinski	1:41:01.10

FLEET FEET/ESSEX WOMEN

301. Martta Kelly	1:29:46.15
366. Robbin Jordan	1:41:30.42

NJ Marathon & Long Branch Half Marathon, Long Branch, NJ May 5, 2013*Half Marathon**Martin Gonzalez 1:30:46 (2nd Place in the 45 to 49 Age Group!)**Marathon**Glenn Freyer 3:12*

If Marathons were only 18 miles I SO would have PR'd.

I ran the NJ marathon yesterday just 3 weeks after Boston. It was supposed to be a secret – a personal bonus marathon where I could attempt a PR or drop out and not care. No one had to know. But Gigs saw me at the track one morning and the cat was out of the bag.

First, let me say, I've always bristled at the idea of training for months only to run one marathon. I think, take two, they're small. Again 18 miles, maybe, but 26.2 – not small. It's a humbling distance under any circumstances as my recap will attest.

I started off sluggishly, but on pace. I warmed up by mile 6 and ran too fast for a while. I thought I could sustain it. I was wrong.

I got to mile 18 ahead of schedule and suddenly felt crazy tired. Nothing hurt, per se – I was just wiped. I realize no one is surprised. Was this because I just ran Boston (probably), hardly ran between events (possibly) or didn't sleep well all week (definitely a factor)? Can't say, but more than any physical limitation, I just didn't have the mental toughness.

Having nearly PR'd Boston, I didn't have enough incentive to fight through the pain. I knew I couldn't hold pace and I'd miss a PR which was truly the only goal of the day. If I had made it to mile 20 or 21, I would have rallied, but 8 miles was more than I was willing to hurt. I made peace with my decision and officially called it quits.

I started walking and looked for a place to get a ride back to the finish. Eventually, I realized no one was offering rides and I'd have to jog in. I began a very scientific run/walk program. I walked until I saw an old guy who might be in my age group, then I ran ahead enough to walk again until he caught up. Must have annoyed a few people, but what can you do?

I finished with a **3:12**, humbled, but not too bummed. Compared to how torn up I felt after Boston, I wasn't even all that sore. Again, I think the real damage is done pushing through those last 6-8 miles, so it was good to take it not feel destroyed. Incredibly, my time proved enough for a third place award for my new slower age group. Yay!

But here's where it gets funny/embarrassing. I walked to the shuttle back to Monmoth park and felt a bit queasy. I have to come up with a better plan than those GUs – they wreak havoc on my stomach after a race. The bus made it all the way to the parking lot before I realized that, like my pace earlier, I couldn't hold it any longer. I threw up into my lunch bag. Incredibly, no one really noticed or they were all crazy polite.

I felt better and got back to my car. I was ready to leave when I felt another wave of nausea. I leaned out of the car and threw up again. I'm thinking how pathetic this must look when, because of how I'm leaning, my quad gets a Charley Horse! I say out loud, "Are you *\$#@ing me?" Then I laugh. I actually laughed. I found the whole moment too hilarious for words. I'm trying to rub out the cramp with my right hand and stay balanced out of the car with my left, throwing up all the while. Ah, running. Always good times.

Anyway, except for the persistent nausea yesterday, I felt good about my personal experiment. Despite the clear empirical evidence, I still believe on another day I could have pulled it off. Guess I'll have to wait for another double to do more research. – *Glenn Freyer*

Apple Chase 10K, Pompton Plains, NJ May 5th

Charlie Slaughter (1st AG) 41:51

Mark Frankel (2nd AG) 43:43

George Swiatek 49:26

There was a slight course change this year: no track finish. Instead, it was on the road, so instead of one little out and back they had a pair of in and out diversions. I thought it was a very nice improvement.

The race was also moved from March to May. I felt the 10am start should have been moved to 9, but I ran a good race anyway. This is a nice flat course.

Interestingly enough, they had a \$50 prize for the first man and woman to the first mile marker. For those of us who knew we wouldn't make it, it was a nice little joke about how the RD was incenting us to go out too hard. - *Mark Frankel*

Our House 5-Miler, Summit, NJ May 5, 2013

Gary Peters--37:22

Jerry Velli--39:29

Tom Kelly--42:56 (3rd place AG)

Martta Kelly--45:54

Robbin Jordan--51:56

Another perfect weather day for running: 60s, sunny, a little breeze. It felt liberating not to have to bundle up.

About 264 runners turned out for this race, but only 5 Essex people: Me and Tom, Robbin Jordan, Gary Peters and Jerry Velli. That being said, this would have been the perfect day to organize master's teams as Our House was giving away a total of \$2,200 to the top 3 master's teams' clubs. First place teams each took home \$600. Not too shabby.

Nice spread after the race, too, with sandwiches, cookies and fruit.

I didn't realize that it had been 6 years since we had done this race. It was so long ago that I was known as Martta Rose then! I had forgotten how challenging the course is. Yes, there's a big hill at mile 4.5 but there are some daunting hills throughout, thankfully followed by downhills. It was a good workout for Newport next weekend. - *Martta Kelly*

Flying Pig Marathon, Cincinnati, OH May 5, 2013

Ryen LoPresti 3:12:36

Pia LoPresti 3:44:18

Craig Van Doren 3:50:11

Stacy Marcus 3:57:45 (1st time under 4 hrs and a PR)

Jon Alaya 4:18:50

Roselynn Bedoya 4:18:50

Don Manfria 4: 36:35

Tim Panebianco 5:11:05

Mary Rose Panebianco 5:11:05

Paula Fields 7:08:09 (1st Marathon)

It all started back in October when I was looking for a spring marathon with a good atmosphere. So after pulling out back issues of Runners World I settled on this one. After speaking to a bunch of people at Fleet Feet runs about 10 us decided to make the trip. The ERC group included Craig Van Doren, Paula Fields, Pia and Ryen LoPresti and myself. From Fleet Feet was Stacy Marcus, Jon Alaya, Roselyn Bedoya ,Tim and Mary Panebianco. The race was all it was cracked up to be what a great weekend it was too. The expo was one of they better ones I have been to, the main sponsor P&G, did a great job. The race organizers did neat things that were cool. Every mile was a water stop but , 12 of them were handled by local groups after the race the runners were given a ticket to place in box assigned to each water stop and the best water stop was given a sizeable donation by the race organizers. Two notable ones were local Boy Scout troop (mile 20) and all volunteers were dressed as the "Blues Brothers" complete with music, and the Parrot Heads at (mile 18) a Jimmy Buffet themed water stop with gatorade, water or coconut water. There was a section that went through an industrial area so they bussed in 4 buses of cheer groups. But my favorite spot was when we ran past a senior care facility and a lot of the residents were out on the lawn cheering "We can't do it but you can run, run, run"

The race started with a moment of silence for all the people killed in Boston and that lead right into a bag piper playing Amazing Grace, I don't think there was a dry eye in the pig pens (their name for the corrals). We started out between Paul Brown Stadium and The Great American Ball Park, and after running through the city we headed into Kentucky (the home of drive through liquor stores) for 3 miles. Coming back into Cincinnati, this is where the fun begins. Here we start a climb that lasted for about 5 miles then after that it had a few rolling sections. Craig Van Doren put together some great routes for our three 20 mile training runs that included many hills. But unfortunately not like this. Snake hill or Mt. Hebron are steep but short, in Cincinnati the hills just seemed to keep climbing. I ran with the 4 hour pace group and the pace leaders did a great job pacing us and trying to explain strategies that they had for the group. For me things were going well till bout 18.5 miles, on another hill climb when, BAM my calves said "where do you think you are going"! I stopped and moved over to side and started to stretch. After about 2 minutes I started to run again when my brain "said you can do this" and my legs told my brain "don't write checks that your legs won't cash". So after walking for a while I tried to mix some walking with jogging by mile 22 with all hopes of beating my PR of 4:09 gone I rallied a little and when the 4:20 pace group (read into that whatever you wish) caught me and I was able to run a respectable 19 minutes with them in sight for next 2 miles. That was a quick high (sorry couldn't resist that pun) until my legs told my brain " that's it from here on out we are calling the shots" so I was back to a jog, walk routine to cross the finish swine in 4:36:35. If this was any other marathon I would have been really ticked off but with all the local support and great planning and execution it was a great experience. So if you want a marathon that mimics NYC in term of crowd support and atmosphere, and don't mind a few hills you have got to run the flying pig. - *Don Manfria*

Newport 10K, Jersey City, NJ May 11, 2013

Michael Gorman--38:25

Mark Frankel--42:21

Jerry Velli--49:36

Ed Gold -- 49:52.

Tom Kelly--52:55

Samantha Spitaletta--54:49

George Swiatek--56:41

Laura Barry--56:45

Martta Kelly--58:08

George Studzinski--1:06:41-1st AG

Paige Sato--1:03:45

As Mike Gorman write, "Splish, splash, we went for a dash..."

Apt description! The thought that ran through my head this chilly, rainy morning as I stood shivering at the 8:30 a.m. start in my singlet and shorts was, "I got out of a nice warm bed for this?"

Once we started moving, however, it really was great weather for running, with the exception of the puddles everywhere. It was really hard to avoid them in some spots and as a result, my socks got wet, which led to some minor instep irritation at mile 5. Not my best time today. I chalk it up to the humidity, even though I felt as though I was flying. I even had enough in the tank at mile 5 to ramp it up.

Our sole medal winner was George Studzinski, taking first place AG.

Three people on our women's team (me, Paige and Laura) also took home raffle prizes, which consisted of \$25 gift certificates at area eateries. – *Martta Kelly*

Maywood 5K Run, Maywood, NJ May 18, 2013

Bill Wilde 24:47 1st AG

Brooklyn Half-Marathon, Prospect Park to Coney Island, NY May 18, 2013

Frank Pane ... 1:36:41 (PR)

Amanda King ... 1:37:09

Dorothy Auth ... 1:40:38

Roosevelt Lucas...1:41.11

Gail Komm ... 1:47:15

Howie Brown ... 1:58:17

Sharon Morrissey ... 1:58:27

Brian Innis ... 1:59:36

Samantha Spitaletta ... 2:04:57

Judy Heller ... 2:23:23

Robbin Jordan ... 2:25:39

Val Kenny ... 2:33:17

Cleveland Half-Marathon, Cleveland, OH May 19, 2013

Jerry Velli 1:54:44

On May 19th, I was one of 12 New Jerseyans to run the Rite-Aid Cleveland HM. The Cleveland HM (Marathon/HM/10K/5K) was a fun race with lively crowds and nice views of Lake Erie, Cleveland Browns Stadium, Progressive Field and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. There was music along the course and a post-race party. My favorite group was the "Trash Talkers", students playing drums on garbage cans. They were awesome and a nice change of pace from listening to the song "Cleveland Rocks" (which my wife and I heard played at a festival, at an arena football game, at an Indians baseball game and at the start of the race).

Security was present at the expo and on race day. After the national anthem, there was a moment of silence for Boston. While the course was advertised as flat, I found that highways and the final bridge presented hills. Also, the streets were spotty. Many porta-johns along course, but more were needed at the start - the concourse at Cleveland Browns Stadium could not accommodate 17,000 runners.

For me, the race was a mighty struggle, as I tired 3 miles in. The lake breeze was nice, but the humidity was brutal. I could not think about my time as I felt like a tiring race horse continually backing up. I took water almost every stop; walking while I drank. I also ate my first ever GU as I was desperate for energy. I guess the 3 hours sleep due to the

rowdy arena league football players and the loud girls they brought back from the night clubs in the hotel hallway did me in. Still, I am happy that I finished in 1:54:44. - *Jerry Velli*

Mohawk 8.2, Sparta, NJ May 19, 2013

Andi Robick 1:06:45

A hilly course around Mohawk Lake! This was part of a Girls on the Run race, but the girls did a 5K and then 121 people did the 8.2 mile with a start a few minutes later, running the opposite way around the lake. I finished in 1:06:45 (chip finish only); 8:04 pace. 6/17 in my age, 15/52 gender, and 48/121 overall. Kimberly McGuire finished 3rd age and 3rd masters! - *Andi Robick*

Run For Rachel, Livingston, NJ May 19, 2013

Michael Gorman ... 18:13

Stephen Sundown ... 19:02

Charlie Slaughter ... 20:09

Mick Close ... 23:16

George Swiatek ... 25:00

George McIntyre ... 26:31

Tom Kelly ... 26:58

Martta Kelly ... 27:56

Joe Cozzi ... 28:00

Ed Trieste ... 29:21

Randi Cohen ... 30:05

Robbin Jordan ... 31:37

George Studzinski ... 32:08

SuperHero Half Marathon, Morristown, NJ May 19, 2013

Diana Scheitinger 1:49:57.2 - 1st Age Group

Pfizer 5K Run With Pride, Madison, NJ May 22, 2013

Charlie Slaughhter (1st AG) ... 20:49

Mick Close ... 24:42

Susan Mello ... 26:12

Joe Cozzi (1st AG) ... 28:20

Jim Malone ... 35:47

Some results from tonight's 5K race at the Giralda Farms campus in Madison. A hot night and a hilly course made for some tough conditions for the 600+ runners with only 6 runners under 20 mins. The usual goody bag from Pfizer included a plentiful supply of Advil and other products. Conditions should be much better this weekend for Spring Lake and Ridgewood.

Ridgewood, 10K, Ridgewood, NJ May 27, 2013

Paul Giuliano (3rd AG) ... 36:47

Michael Gorman ... 37:46

Martin Gonzalez ... 40:48

Charlie Slaughter ... 41:13

Amanda King (3rd AG) ... 42:06

Paul Pierotti ... 43:01

Mark Frankel ... 43:10

Desmond Duncker ... 46:05

Kimberly McGuire ... 46:06

Amanda Ryan ... 46:13 (3rd AG)

Gary Peters ... 46:31

Mick Close ... 47:39

George Swiatek ... 47:54

Don Manfria ... 47:58 (PR)

Bill Wilde ... 51:09

Martta Kelly ... 55:24

Mike Wojcio ... 54:26

Robbin Jordan ... 1:00:50

*Ed Trieste ... 1:02:31**George Studzinski (1st AG) ... 1:03:09*

Conditions were almost perfect for today's 10K in Ridgewood and we had an excellent turnout from the club including Mike Wojcio visiting from Hawaii. Special thanks to everyone who showed up to watch/cheer and made a lot of noise for the Fleet Feet Essex runners! Preliminary results for our teams in this USATF-NJ Men's Masters 10K Championship have our 40's team in 4th place, 50's team in 7th place and 60's team in 6th place.

Ridgewood, 5K, Ridgewood, NJ

*Fred King (1st AG) ... 18:21**Stephen Sundown 18:42 (PR)**Michael Gorman ... 19:07**Glenn Trimboli (1st AG) ... 19:17**Charlie Slaughter (2nd AG) ... 20:38*

2013

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Race Calendar for June – August 2013

(ERC club/team races are in **bold print**. Some dates/times are tentative, always confirm. NBGP = USATF-NJ New Balance Grand Prix.)

June

6/1	Sat	9:00am	Hillsborough Hop	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/1	Sat	9:30am	Run for the Roses (Roseland)	5K	
6/1	Sat	9:30am	Wayne AM Rotary 5K Run	5K	
6/1	Sat	9:30am	Lakeview 5K (Edison)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/2	Sun	8:00am	Celebrate Israel Run (Central Park, NYC)	4M	
6/2	Sun	8:30am	Montclair Run	2M, 10K	
6/2	Sun	9:00am	Tenafly 5K	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/2	Sun	9:00am	Matt Fenton Memorial 5K Run (Little Ferry)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/2	Sun	9:00am	NJ Spring Trail Series #3 (Watchung Reservation)	10K, 13.1M, 26.2M	
6/2	Sun	5:00pm	Pleasant Valley Twilight Challenge (Basking Ridge)	5K	
6/3	Mon	7:00pm	Roxbury Community 5K	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/6	Thu	7:30pm	Smoke Rise Challenge (Kinnelon)	4M	
6/8	Sat	8:00am	New York Women's Mini 10K (Central Park, NYC)	10K	
6/8	Sat	9:00am	Chatham Fishawack Run	4M	
6/9	Sun	8:00am	Run for Marge (Pequannock)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/9	Sun	8:30am	Woodcliff Lake Run for Education	5K, 10K	NBGP: 500pts (5K, 10K)
6/9	Sun	9:00am	Portugal Day Run (Ironbound, Newark)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/9	Sun	10:00am	NJ Sharing Network 5K (New Providence)	5K	
6/13	Thu	7:00pm	Flag Day 5K (Bernards Township)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/15	Sat	8:30am	Florham Park Jaycees 5K	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/15	Sat	8:30am	Valerie Fund 5K (Verona Park)	5K	
6/15	Sat	8:30am	George Sheehan Classic (Red Bank)	5K	
6/15	Sat	6:00pm	Run For Your Life 5K (Clinton)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/16	Sun	8:00am	Portugal Day (Central Park, NYC)	5M	
6/16	Sun	8:00am	Rebuilding Together 5K (Saddle River Park, Paramus)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/16	Sun	8:45am	Westwood Dad's Dash	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/16	Sun	9:00am	Run for Dad (West Windsor)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/16	Sun	10:00am	5K Mud Run (Watchung Reservation)	5K	
6/17	Mon	8:00pm	President's Cup Night Race (Millburn)	5K	NBGP: 700pts (5K)
6/21	Fri	6:30pm	Summer Solstice Trail Run (Kittatinny Valley State Park)	5M	
6/22	Sat	8:30am	Race 4 Freedom (Somerville)	5K	
6/22	Sat	9:00am	Patriot's Race (Mendham)	5K, 8K	NBGP: 500pts (5K, 8K)
6/23	Sun	9:00am	New York Giants Run of Champions 5K (MetLife Stadium)	5K	
6/23	Sun	6:15pm	Fitzgeralds 1928 Lager Run (Glen Ridge)	5K	NBGP: 700pts (5K)
6/24	Mon	7:30pm	Battle of the Business Run (Florham Park)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/27	Thu	7:30pm	Sunset Classic (Bloomfield)	5M	NBGP: 500pts (5M)
6/29	Sat	8:00am	Montville Include Me 5K	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/29	Sat	9:00am	Lesbian & Gay Pride Run (Central Park)	5M	
6/29	Sun	9:30am	Amber Pizzo Memorial Run (Berkeley Heights)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/29	Sat	10:00am	Rockaway Rotary 5K	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
6/30	Sun	9:00am	Hope & Possibility Run (Central Park)	5M	
6/30	Sun	9:00am	Youthful Faces 5K (Pequannock)	5K	

July

7/2	Tue	7:00pm	Morris County Striders Summer XC Series #1 (Boonton)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
7/4	Thu	9:00am	Maplewood 4th of July 5K	5K	
7/4	Thu	9:00am	Firecracker 4 Miler (Cranford)	4M	
7/10	Wed	7:00pm	Woodridge Run for Pizza	4M	NBGP: 500pts (4M)
7/11	Thu	7:15pm	Lawyers for Kids 5K (Morris Township)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
7/13	Sat	8:30am	Belmar 5 Miler	5M	
7/14	Sun	6:45pm	Sprintin Clinton	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
7/16	Tue	7:00pm	Morris County Striders Summer XC Series #2 (Boonton)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
7/16	Tue	7:00pm	Party with Purpose 5K (Hoboken)	5K	
7/18	Thu	7:30pm	Verizon Wireless Corporate Classic 5K (Morristown)	5K	
7/20	Sat	8:30am	Teterboro Airport 5K	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
7/20	Sat	8:45am	Packanack Day 5K (Wayne)	5K	
7/20	Sat	9:00am	Boomer's Cystic Fibrosis Run to Breathe (Central Park)	10K	
7/21	Sun	8:00am	White Meadow Lake 5K (Rockaway)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)

7/21	Sun	8:00am	Queens 10K (Flushing Meadows)	10K	
7/24	Wed	7:00pm	Downtown Westfield 5K	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
7/27	Sat	7:00am	NYC Marathon Long Training Run #1 (Central Park)	20M	
7/28	Sun	9:00am	JFK Miles for Minds 5K (Edison)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
7/30	Tue	7:00pm	Morris County Striders Summer XC Series #3 (Boonton)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)

August

8/3	Sat	~7:00am	River To Sea Relay (Milford to Manasquan)	92M	
8/3	Sat	8:00am	NYRR Club Team Championship (Central Park)	5M	
8/4	Sun	9:00am	Jason's 5K Memorial Run (Hillsborough)	5K	NBGP: 500pts (5K)
8/6	Tue	7:00pm	Morris County Striders Summer XC Series #4 (Boonton)	5K	
8/18	Sun	7:00am	NYC Marathon Long Training Run #2 (Central Park)	20M	
8/18	Sun	8:30am	Turkey Swamp Race Day (Freehold)	10M - 50K	
8/18	Sun	9:00am	Born To Run 5K (Packanack Lake, Wayne)	5K	
8/23	Fri	7:00am	Self Transcendence Marathon (Rockland Lake)	26.2M	
8/24	Sat	8:30am	Percy Sutton Harlem 5K Run	5K	
8/24	Sat	4:00pm	Smoke Rise Biathlon (Kinnelon)	Swim + 4M	
8/25	Sun	8:30am	Not Quite Fall Classic (Cranford)	4M	NBGP: 500pts (5K)

Check the following web sites for more information, race applications and online registration:

Active.com (www.active.com/running), Best Racing Systems (www.bestrace.com), CompuScore (www.compucore.com),
Elite Racing Systems (www.eliteracingsystems.com), Jersey Adrenaline (www.jerseyadrenaline.com),
New Jersey Trail Series (www.njtrailseries.com), New York Road Runners (www.nyrr.org), On Your Mark Productions (www.oym.net),
PracticeHard.com (www.practicehard.com), Race Forum (www.raceforum.com), USATF-NJ (www.usatfnj.org)

Chris Jaworski has compiled a comprehensive list of trail races and ultra marathons in and around New Jersey.

Please check out www.essexrunning.com/trails.

Race Results

To ensure proper credit for your race results please email your results to:

results@essexrunning.com