



10 Year Anniversary
Favorite Moments with the Club

Jack Devine

"The calm before the storm"



Al Nagel

1. Jim, Lenny, Bob Taraschi and me sitting around my dining room table in 1999 figuring out how to start a new running club and arguing about what to name it (at that point it was called "The Secret Running Club").
2. The year we all ran the Chicago Marathon en masse and then celebrated with our own room at a fabulous Italian Restaurant (that Kathy Taraschi found for us).
3. Watching Carol Pepin's fantastic finish at the 2000 Bay State Marathon as she broke 4 hours for the first time. Actually, she shattered it in 3:55.
4. The trips to Falmouth and New Bedford in the Safari Bus and the Turtle Top (courtesy of Larry Keller).
5. USATF Grand Prix 2004 --- when Lenny, Mike Gonnerman and I came in 2nd overall in the Men's' 60+ category.
6. All of the Runs from Hopkinton (the spirit of support and camaraderie has always been second to none).
7. My initial exposure to Jim's infamous Ashland hill runs. It was 0 degrees at the start, there was ice and snow on Route 135, and the wind was howling as we crested the last hill into Hopkinton. It still ranks as my all-time "ugly run".
8. MOST OF ALL, so many great people that I got to know (and run with) for all of those years.

Brenda Hughes

My most memorable running moment was at the 2004 annual Christmas party when I was named athlete of the year.

I remember that I was sitting at a table with John Petrolini and others listening to Jim as he delivered the preamble to announcing the award. I had never imagined being athlete of the year under any circumstances, much less to be given the award that year. I thought you had to be fast and affect course records to earn the laurel!

It was during the last line of Jim's delivery that I got a whiff and a palpitation when he said that 'she completed the grand prix' etc. etc. Upon hearing this, I looked at Petrolini for some indication and relief but it was too late. Jim said my name and complete panic set in: "OMG I need to get to the bathroom. My female running contemporaries will hate me for this achievement. People are staring at me. They expect me to do something. Can I please say something? Please give it to someone else. (I felt sorry that I had done the darn grand prix!) I was surprised that anyone had noticed. I just did the grand prix because I wanted the challenge. I did not want a prize. Others have done better. Why me????"

Although it was memorable it was very unsettling at that time. I still marvel at the whole cascade of events.

Rich Schilder

Mine is in Chicago, October 1999, while the members of the as-yet-to-be-named (or announced) club had their pre-race pasta meal at Rosebud's. Everyone was given long-sleeved white T-shirts with a logo (I forget what it was) referring to the unnamed club-to-be and a dish of running shoe-shaped cookies was passed around. Nearly 30 runners and family were in Chicago that weekend and it was a festive one both before and during the race. BRC was in its death throes and the future was yet to be...

Stacey Lane

As I turned the corner on the last leg of the Lake Placid Ironman, I saw Steve waiting for me ahead of the rest of the gang. He was waiting to see if I was okay and if I needed him to run me in the rest of the way. He ran with me down the hill toward the rest of our friends, and I could hear Ryan shouting to the others, "she's running, she's still running"! It was exactly what I needed to keep me going the last couple of miles. It felt incredible to have such a great group of friends there to cheer me on all in their Texas Mojo t-shirts that Steve had made.

John Petrolini

Enjoyable HHS moments are too numerous to mention. And certainly too numerous to pick one or two as favorites. Whether long run adventures in adverse conditions, track workouts indoor and out, commuting together to races, volunteering at events we support, or simply enjoying one another's company after runs and at our annual parties, they are all very enjoyable. But I am particularly fond of our annual 22-mile run from Hopkinton. Beyond the great organization and support, there is also a great sense of comradeship and kinship.

MJ Manning

I think the most memorable and inspiring moments for me recently have occurred whenever I volunteer for the marathon recovery center. To be there to celebrate with my friends or comfort them if it did not go well is always so meaningful and extremely inspiring! Meeting people that HHS have brought together from all over the world to run Boston is also very rewarding. It reminds my why I continue my membership despite not having a lot of time to run and/or race. The friendships I've made through the club are very precious to me and they fill my life with so many running moments. I celebrate not just the moments but more importantly the friends and the club for providing me with those moments. I am truly blessed to be able to enjoy runs, races and life with such a great group of friends!!!

Larry Keller

1. Transcending running: By far my favorite moment with the club has been seeing Carol Pepin join us again for Sunday runs after her bout with cancer. Running is secondary to these type of moments. Knowing how important running and the club is to Carol, it was incredibly gratifying knowing that whatever small bits of inspiration we could have given her during her ordeal with chemotherapy may have helped in her recovery. Seeing Carol - and her smile - back out on the streets is far more meaningful than any pr or race success.
2. Beyond the call of duty: Coach Rich driving down with us to the 2008 Philly Marathon, even though he wasn't running. If that wasn't inspiration enough, Rich jumping in the race and becoming my personal pacer and motivator from miles 11-26 was certainly above and beyond the call of duty. A lesson in team commitment, friendship and love of the sport if ever there was one. (Attached is a team photo of Dave Kezer, Errol Yudelman, Rich, Spencer Farrar and me at a great Italian restaurant in Philly that Mike Amster recommended. Photo now hangs on the wall of the restaurant, along with one of Mike and a team of Striders from a previous year.)
3. In the company of greatness: Bill Rodgers speaking at the 2008 holiday party.
4. Animal House: Renting the Rodman Ford Safari Bus (mini-bus decorated entirely with jungle animal motif) where I used to work and driving to the Falmouth Road Race and New Bedford Half (circa 2002-2003) with a van full of Striders. What great looks we got from other runners and great fun we had on the bus. A photo used to appear on the HHS website of the team posed in front of the bus.
5. Getting all gooey: Basically any volunteer activity with the club because giving back to the sport can be as rewarding as participating in it. And any volunteer activity with Carol and Marlene there just takes the effort to another level (case in point - any time they've worked the Boston Marathon Mile 18 Power Gel stop). Hearing their enthusiasm and decibel level is always an HHS signature moment.

John Sava

Boston Marathon 07 Ryan and Pat hugging at the finish line. I get the chills every time I see that picture. Besides that, every Sunday morning running with the guys.

Brian Miller

My favorite moment was in 2001 when I broke 4 hours at Boston (3:59:28); I could not have done that without the club, without the track workouts and the constant camaraderie and encouragement of the members. It had been my goal since my first Boston in 1989.

Marlene O'Donnell

Some of my favorite running moments include the following:

- Carol Pepin falling over an orange cone while she was watching many men pee at the start of the Baystate Marathon. Carol proceeded to run the race of her life and qualify for Boston

- Running over the finish line at the Big Sur Marathon with my friends, Carol Pepin, Jenn Goldblatt, Angie Evans and Maureen Devine

- Little Jack Carroll at the Babson workouts...Per Caroline's order: look but do NOT touch. Jim strictly enforced THE order.

- The scenic views after completing many Mt Washington races.

- Completing my first 50 K with the help from Jenn and Doug Goldblatt, Angie and Dan Evans and my sister, MJ

Angie Evans

Running the Big Sur Marathon in California in 2006 was an unforgettable, mystical, soul-enriching, and bonding event! Holding hands, the "Surettes" (Carol, Jenn, Marlene, Maureen, Angie) crossed the finish line together in Carmel. It was a spectacular journey that started in moon light with white doves being released at the marathon start. We ran through red woods and along the Pacific Ocean and were entertained by a pianist playing a grand piano, Taiko drummers, and belly dancers to name a few. Fresh California fruit was at every station and the post-race food included a quart of strawberries! Thank you Jack and Doug for your super support on the entire trip!

Here is just one of my favorite Marlene moments: Running along the reservoir at BC early in the morning, we encountered about 50 Canada geese obstructing our path. Marlene yelled " This is Marlene! Get out of my way now!" Like Moses, she spread her arms and low and behold, the geese parted and provided a clear path for us.

Michael Ullman

I know it was 23 years ago, because my son was two. We were in the small town, Antrim, New Hampshire, where I spent my childhood summers on my grandfather's farm. There was a July 4th race named after its sponsor, universally known as Wayno, and I decided to run it. I had run whole miles as an adult, and certainly felt up to this hilly 5 mile road race, mostly on back roads. I thought I was, anyway. I believed that I needed the right fuel for a race, so a few hours before the start, I went out and had a bacon and egg breakfast with hash browns, toast and coffee. As I was laboring up one of the interminable hills, the loudest noise beside my breathing was usually the sound of my stomach which was churning, I would say, rather than gurgling. I was going so slowly that I heard whole conversations amongst the laconic locals, who had never seen anything like this, and weren't afraid to say what they thought of it. 'Yep,' one woman said prophetically, 'he had never been sick a day in his life and he went out for a jog and keeled over dead.' I wondered at the time why it is typically people who have never been sick who keel over dead, but took heart in that I got the flu regularly. Drearily, I finished the race, stopping only to console my son, who was crying because his red-faced, ill-looking daddy was running right past him.

A little over a year later, urged on by my sister, I ran my first New York marathon. I've told people this story before, but I heard my favorite two comments from bystanders during that agonizing initial effort. We were in Harlem, and a sleeking-looking young woman who just came out of church yelled, with charming ambivalence, "Run you honkies, don't give up now." A half mile later, an elderly man called out with deep concern in his voice, "What are you folks running for? A black boy won this race an hour ago." I had an image of ten thousand runners saying, Oh damn, and pulling off the road. I stumbled on.

Four years later, I was about to give up running...I had been training on my own...when I was drawn into the Boston Running Club. There I met a succession of coaches and made lasting friends, including Jim, Lennie, Bob Taraschi, and many others who are now amongst us. I decided I would try to qualify for Boston. My first attempt was a failure...I had, as I discovered later, pneumonia at the time. I just thought I was sick, and had trained too long not to give it a try. Then, at Lowell, I tried again. Jim came to me at the beginning of the race and asked me how I felt. I replied, as he reminds me, "Filled with dread." Nonetheless, I kept to my plan, which was to finish under 3:30, and miraculously turned the last corner a minute and a half under my time. I allowed myself to celebrate when I heard our friend Bill Robeson yell out, MIKEY, in a long, drawn-out howl that was one of the sweetest sounds I have heard in my life. My friends were there, as they had been throughout the training, and many of them believed in my abilities more than I did myself.

So that is what the running club has come to mean to me since then: it has been a place where my friends new and old can celebrate each other's achievements and commiserate over our losses, and most of all, believe in each other's possibilities while having fun just trying. We see each other start families, battle serious illnesses and less serious injuries and conditions (I consider aging a condition), and yet at our best moments we all are still

looking at what we can do in the present and forward to what we will be able to do in the future. That's a good way to live your life, and my running buddies have helped me do it.

Amy Pace



Thursday night runs from St. I's (Run with Irene) - post run at DD, where we always gather for hot chocolate.



Volunteering at the Jimmy Fund Walk



Pat and Ryan at the finish of 2007 Boston



Jack volunteering at Mt. Washington



Jack & Ryan at Mt. Washington cooling off in the stream post-run



Ryan after the MV Vineyard Scoops race when he discovered there were only popsicles, no ice cream

Mike Amster

Ten years is a very long moment, there have been so many wonderful memories.

Fall 2000 - Joined the club to get ready to try to qualify for Boston at the Venice (Italy) Marathon. Joined at the same time as Bob Stasey -- he wanted to run a marathon healthy. At 50 I was flying to Europe to run my second marathon. Thought this a bit odd. Listening to everyone during my first club workouts. I knew nothing about 5K, 10K, Hour, 1/2Marathon, and Marathon pacing. So, I did the best I could -- I followed Mike Ullman during the workouts. He was the man. I figured if I could keep up with him, I was going to be OK. Had a good race, qualified for Boston. I didn't communicate back but my result was already posted on the web site when I returned.

MV 20 (2001) - Ran that race pretty hard. About 15 minutes after finishing I was in the school and began to feel faint. I collapsed against the wall and was being tended by one of the EMTs. Lisa Lerner came over to check to make sure that I was OK. Once I got my feet relatively steadily below me again, Denise and others stayed close to make sure I was OK. That was when I really learned for the first time what kind of group I had joined.

Cape Cod Marathon (2001) - Amy (miles 13-19) and Ryan (20-26) kept me company. That is still my marathon PR.

James Joyce (2001) - Having a nice run with Rick Ciolino, not paying attention to much of anything. We must have been going pretty quick because somewhere along the way Denise screamed out to slow down! Rick's comment was "you don't hear that everyday in a race."

Lots of support. Lots of encouragement! Tried to help, support, and encourage. Ran in interesting places. Good races. Not so good races. Great times. Great people.

Adam finishing Boston with me.

150 mile bike rides for three beers.

100 yards to 2.4 miles in the water.

Hours of training - swimming, biking and running.

Lake Placid Ironman (2008) - Disaster for me in the swim. Stayed to encourage and see Ryan, Steve, Mike, and Rich, succeed, as I knew they would. Though no one asked, I sensed their concern about how I was feeling and watching to see what I would do. I was happy for them but for me, I was frustrated, angry and embarrassed.

Plymouth Iron Distance (2008) - Got my turn! Irene, Steve, Sarah, Ryan, and Amy there to the end, Steve and Stacey checked in by phone at the end -- My stuff was packed up and carried back to the hotel for me. I felt like a star!

Lake Placid Ironman (2009) - 12 more months of work and anticipation. More help, support and encouragement! Came back and slayed the dragon. A finishing experience like no other! The successful end of an almost 2 year quest. Got my life back, at least for a while.

For a guy who never ran competitively until his 50th year, this has been quite a ride! I can't imagine it without this group of very special people.

Deborah Page

This picture says it all ~~ Running buddies
End of a long Sunday run Winter 09



Jay Condrick

- John Sweeney managing to run at the exact same pace as every beautiful woman he encountered on Comm Ave. Even if it meant changing direction.
- Jan Bober goading me into a sprint on my first 22 mile training run...and beating me.

- Showing up at St Ignatius in pouring rain expecting nobody to be there. ...and finding *everybody* there.
- Jim Carroll's explanation of what attracts us to the opposite sex. Poor Caroline.
- The ladies. All of them.
- The guys. Most of them ;-)

Hope this finds everybody happy and healthy. I hope to see you all at a Sunday run soon...