

Fields of Athenry 10km

26.12.13

Athenry Athletic Club

**RACE PROGRAMME
ST. STEPHEN'S DAY 2013**



**Best of Luck
to all participants in the
Fields of Athenry 10KM**



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Chairperson's Note

I'm proud as the 2013 chairman of Athenry AC to welcome you all to the 12th Fields of Athenry 10km – from elite runners toeing the front line to those walking off the turkey or hoping to run their first ever 10km.



This year, in conjunction with Athenry Tidy Towns, will be our biggest and best race to date! It's been a difficult few years in Galway, with austerity nipping at our heels at every turn. Some weird and wonderful winter weather to boot has threatened the traditional St. Stephen's day schedule for the Fields of Athenry more than once in the last three or four years. Yet our little club, and race, keep growing from strength to strength, with Irish record holders stepping out alongside sub-3 hour marathoners, Fit 4 Lifers, and our talented junior club. Enjoy the race, grab some post-run hospitality and smile at your fellow runners – it's not lonely at the Fields of Athenry.

Deirdre Hassett. Athenry AC chairperson.

Race Director's Address

Hello and welcome to the 12th running of the Fields of Athenry 10KM.

We are delighted this year to be linked with the Tidy Towns Committee who we see out early every Saturday morning as we set off on our weekly run. They work tirelessly to make the town better for all and we are very grateful for this.



The 26th of December is the highlight in the Athenry AC calendar. It happens with the hard work of our members. Some you will see today at registration or manning a junction, some at the finish line or making tea, but they all have the same goal which is to make the race an enjoyable experience for everyone.

There is something about putting on a good event that makes a club stronger, members working together with the same objective makes for a better club.

We hope you will benefit from this effort today as much as we have by hosting it.

I would like to thank all of our sponsors, many of whom are members of the running community. Please support them in any way you can.

We hope you have a great day,

Frank Burke. Fields of Athenry 10KM Race Director.

Photo credits: Sharon Conroy (<http://mareeac.com>), Peter Mooney (www.flickr.com/photos/peterm7), John O'Connor (www.flickr.com/edenhill77), Jane Walsh (<https://www.facebook.com/jane.walsh.75>), Andrew Talbot, Michelle Collins, Orla McCluskey and Mick Rice.

2013 Galway 5km Series Report

James Lunden



The Galway 5KM series continued to surprise in 2013, surpassing almost all the records set the previous year...again. It was the 8th year of the series and there have now been 45 races since the first leg took place in early-May 2006.

The entry process was, as usual, frenetic when it opened on Thursday, 28 March @ 8PM on-line. Five hundred and fifty got through on the (new for the 5KM series) ActiveGlobal.com web site; the entry process being expertly overseen by long-time series co-ordinator & founder, Mick Rice of Athenry AC. Entry was E30 and if you hadn't registered within 40 minutes, you missed out.

The series started, as usual, in Athenry (new course starting at the Boys School and ending at Lady's Well), then onto Claregalway (CRH), Loughrea, Craughwell, GCH (new course starting and finishing at the new grandstand in Ballybrit racecourse) and finally Tuam. The "afters" party was again held close to the finish line in Tuam, at the Ard Ri Hotel.

Athenry had a record single leg completion number of 645. The handover of numbers went smoothly at the Boys School beforehand, as did the race itself, over what felt like a very fast course, if one was fit enough to take advantage of it. Tony Killarney and the others in Athenry AC who championed the new course were especially delighted. A beautiful early summer's evening race, which was a prelude to the fantastic summer ahead.

Claregalway was next, over the now familiar course, up the hill of the main road to Oranmore before hitting the dreaded Rock Road, and back up to the finish line at the entrance to the Business Park, on another fine evening for racing.

Loughrea was next, like last year. We were greeted by a deluge of similar proportions of a few years ago there. Numbers were back by the guts of 75 as a direct result. We all looked and felt like drowned rats at the start, let alone the finish. Poor John Cunniffe of RedTagTiming and his equipment took a battering, but a full result was still produced and posted on his web site within an hour of finishing, as was a text to all registered mobile phones in the same time window.

My personal favourite course was next, Craughwell, and for good reason. I got under 20 minutes again, as did 98 others – another series record – on what was a perfect evening for racing. There were signs of Elvis before the start but not at the finish: the man entrusted to get him there, lost his wig between start and finish

locations! All those who had completed the (first) four legs earned their technical top by then. The race requirements for it were slightly eased this year.

Ballybrit racecourse hosted the GCH leg for the first time, on another fantastic evening for racing. The runners started and finished under the superb new grandstand. Enno Hampel and his GCH teammates put on a great show. Some of this leg was run on tracks that hosted many of the HP series of road races of 2000-2006. Jim Maher will tell us more at some stage, I hope!!!!

Patricia & Brendan Monaghan and their merry band of helpers welcomed everyone to Tuam for the series finale, starting and finishing close to the Ard Ri hotel in the old town of Tuam. The evening stayed dry and strong times were recorded by many athletes, some of them dipping under the hard-fought 20 minute mark for the first time, like other years.

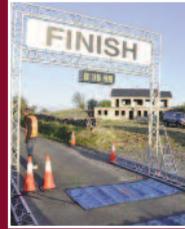
The technical top was red in colour and 624 were eligible for one by now. Bill Bowerman put it well when he said, "Everything you need is already inside."

There were three different winners over the series with Peter O'Sullivan winning thrice (Claregalway, Loughrea and Tuam), Owen Byrne winning twice (Athenry and Craughwell) and John Greaney winning the GCH leg. O'Sullivan won Tuam in a series best time of 15:45!

The excess of E8,466 from the 5KM series was again donated to the Galway AAI county board for the advancement of both adult and juvenile athletics in the county. I am glad to report that very substantial & long-term use of this money is starting to take place in the investment in equipment to help organise & run the board's various indoor and output T&F championships etc.

All 5KM series stalwarts remain standing after the 2013 series: Gary Doherty (Athenry AC), Jim Maher (HP Running) and Tony O'Callaghan (Craughwell AC). Each have successfully completed all 45 series races to date (2006: 4; 2007: 5; 2008-2013: 6 each)!

Race	Number	Director	Date
Athenry	645	Tony Killarney	30 April
Claregalway	604	Andrew Talbot	7 May
Loughrea	526	David Reilly	14 May
Craughwell	601	Val Fogarty	21 May
GCH	520	Enno Hampel	28 May
Tuam	559	The Monaghans	4 June



CLUB PARTICIPATION

Club	Number
Athenry AC	103
Galway City Harriers	74
Craughwell AC	60
Loughrea AC	32
Tuam AC	27
Maree AC	26
East Galway AC	13
South Galway AC	9

Castlegar AC	8
Clare River Harriers	7
Corrib AC	1

RACES RAN PER PERSON

Races	Number
Six	216
Five	244
Four	164
Three	55

GENDER PARTICIPATION

Male	403
Female	386


 County Galway 5km Series - 2013
 Arrangements by: County Galway Harriers AC, Loughrea AC, Tuam AC, Craughwell AC, Galway City Harriers AC, South Galway AC

"Everything you need it already inside"
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Beware Silver Footprints on Grass

Mick Rice

I ran laps of my local GAA pitch the other night as my two sons played football in the goals and took lumps out of each other with hurleys. They were special moments. Even though my watch told me that I was moving slowly, my heart rejoiced just because I was actually moving. My heart was light and my mind gradually unclenched. Lap followed lap and, after a while, I noticed a phenomenon that I'd almost forgotten about.

I could see that I was gradually making a little silver trail around the edge of the playing surface. Each footstep flattened a few emerald blades and, as time went by, the setting sun revealed a winding silver path of my making. I smiled and remembered training sessions of just a few years ago when I'd noticed the same phenomenon.

I was almost there.

I was almost nostalgic for the days when I used to be 'able to run' before I snapped out of it and pulled the emergency 'stop' lever.

Returning to running has been a haphazard, frustrating, mind-blowing process – but I don't want to come back to be a tourist. If it comes to the point when it becomes clear that I will never again be able to well and truly kick the living shit out of a run, I will change course. Until that day comes, I will keep on trying to return to full fitness. It is also possible that I will eventually wake up to the fact that being fit and running well means a lot more to me than it really should. Perhaps I'm in the process of learning that lesson the hard way.

When I do run, my head is filled with moving images of the Dublin Marathon, the Craughwell 10, the Connemara Ultra, the Tuam 8k, the Street of Galway and many others. My mind watches silent footage of races that I may never run again and my legs dream about covering those routes once more.

At the moment I'm training every day – but only running every second day. I have a routine of stretching and core work in the gym on the first day and running the next. If I maintain this discipline, I can run for an hour with minimal discomfort.

I need to keep my enthusiasm in check, to keep my recovery on track.
Taken from Mick's blog: <http://runningthroughfog.wordpress.com>



Last Mile

by Marie H Curran

Come on keep going no time
To lose, one more mile for you
And your shoes, follow your
Feet power up the hill remember
Your training and all that skill.

That's it head down keep him
Out move your gears the lines
In shout, see the clock it's counting
Up maintain your speed he's
At your heels. You can win it's

Yours to grasp one last lunge
And he'll be last, push your
Body pull your mind two more
Steps you must find, that's it
Well done your race is won.



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Athenry AC at this Year's Dublin City Marathon Kenneth O'Hara

With such notable distance runners in the club as Valerie Glavin, Ruthann Sheahan (both national record holders over 24hrs) plus Mick Rice & Paul McNamara, it's no surprise that a large portion of the club gravitates towards marathon running with the culmination of most people's season being the Dublin City Marathon.

Every year on the October Bank Holiday weekend in Dublin is often heard the remark 'There must be no-one left in Athenry today cause you're all up here running' as the club descends en masse to the Start Line on Fitzwilliam Place. The love affair with the race continued this year as 43 runners of all ages & experience turned up in the Athenry colours, all with varying expectations but with one main goal; get to the finish line. And so they did!

In the weeks & months leading up to the marathon it was hard to miss the multiple groups running loops around Athenry every day and with our Tuesday speed sessions regularly pulling in upwards of 50 runners, a lot of members arrived in Dublin with serious goals. They didn't disappoint.

Ably assisted by her personal pacer Jim Leahy, Maeve Noone banished any lingering doubts she had about a sub 3.30 with a 3.27.17. A lot of work went into this year's attempt combing high mileage, core work & cross training on the bike & in the pool and it's a clear example of how hard work pays off.

We had an amazing 17 runners competing in their very first marathon and Senan Coffey, Martin Casserly, Darina Keating, Sheila Dunleavy & Liz Broderick all came home close together around the 5.27's with Jess McKillop pulling away from the group around mile 22 & finishing strongly in 5.17.52. Further up the road we had Annette Minou & Sinead Reilly, also completing their first marathon, finishing in 4.39 alongside Yvonne Dowling who took nearly ten minutes off her time from last year. Making a return to Dublin this year was Frances Egan who dipped under the 5hr mark with a PB of 4.57.47.

Ray Somers	2:53:42
Aaron Turner	2:55:55
Frank Burke	2:59:25
John Langan	3:09:33
Jane-Ann Healy	3:09:45
Kieran Gairy	3:13:34
Patrick Forde	3:14:03
Sinead Foran	3:16:08
Brian Somers	3:18:07
Martin O' Hara	3:26:06
Jim Leahy	3:27:17
Maeve Noone	3:27:17
Siobhan Guinan	3:30:27
Brian O' Donnell	3:31:18
Chris Deakin	3:36:36
Mairead Sullivan	3:36:50
George Livanos	3:47:12
Fiona Doughan	3:50:06
Maria Lambe	3:53:45
Martin Hynes	3:57:25
Bridget Murray	4:02:32
Orla Stevens	4:02:35
Ruthann Sheahan	4:09:47
John Daly	4:13:34
Shirley Quinn	4:14:07
Elaine Quinn	4:18:08
Caroline Mitchell	4:21:07
Claire Forde	4:23:18
Martina Passman	4:31:24
Yvonne Dowling	4:39:03
Sinead Reilly	4:39:04
Annette Minou	4:39:36
Martin Keane	4:49:54
Majella Cummins	4:55:08
Frances Egan	4:57:47
Maire Treasa Beatty	5:11:59
Peadar Nugent	5:11:59
Jessica Mc Killop	5:17:52
Liz Broderick	5:27:36
Sheila Dunleavy	5:28:51
Darina Keating	5:29:00
Martin Casserly	5:30:57
Senan Coffey	5:37:40



Forest Marathon Ireland

14th June 2014

www.forestmarathon.com

Of the more experienced competitors Ray Somers put aside his recent hip problems to run a fantastic 2.53.42, two minutes ahead of Aaron Turner. Frank Burke made up the sub 3 contingent as he saw the magical 2.59 for the first time. Kieran Guiry ran the race of his life for a big PB & even managed to win the head to head with Pat Forde over the last mile with a 3:13.34. Pat had no complaints though with a 2 min PB and a London qualifying time of 3:14:03. Kieran's training partner Martin O'Hara also gained a PB & dipped under the 3.30 mark for the first time.

For me the performances of the day possibly came from the quartet of John Langan, Sinead Foran, Brian Somers & Siobhan Guinan. All taking part in their first marathon, they all managed 03.30.00 & below with John managing a sub 3.10. From my vantage point at the 23mile mark I got to run alongside each for a small period & they were still full of chat, smiles & waves. It almost seemed easy for them. With the experience of their first marathon under their belt & some good training ahead we can surely expect some good times in the future from this group.

And what can we say about the ever present Martin Keane & Peadar Nugent who completed another Dublin City Marathon. Martin was 37th in his category whilst Peadar, 16th in his category & running alongside Maire Treasa Beatty for another year, finished his 34th consecutive (never missed one) Dublin City Marathon. Some achievement!

Overall we had 10 new PB's on the day plus another 17 who ran their first marathon and with Ruthann Sheahan recently running a 3.10, Noel Fox, Valerie Glavin, Deirdre Quinn & Mick Rice back pounding the pavement plus Tomas Mangan taking baby steps on his recovery road, we could soon have a plethora of runners around the 3hr / sub 3 mark. DCM 2014 won't come soon enough!

When you drill down into the results you begin to realise how impressive some of the times are considering that this isn't just the National Marathon Championships but a race with 14,500 national & international competitors;

Jane-Ann Meehan, 7th in her category & first Galway woman home.

Sinead Foran, 10th in her category in her first marathon.

Maeve Noone, 23rd in her category.

Siobhan Guinan, 55th in her category in her first marathon.

Mairead Sullivan, 79th in her category.

Some pretty strong running from the Athenry women & they didn't even have the two Dee's in their ranks this year. The future is bright.

Not be outdone, the men put in some impressive placings;

Peadar Nugent, 16th in his category.

Martin Keane, 37th in his category.

Ray Somers, 40th in his category.

Aaron Turner, 56th in his category.

Frank Burke, 66th in his category.

Jim Leahy, 86th in his category (whilst on pacing duties).

The club as a whole put in a good performance on the day too with the 7th largest club attendance. With a senior membership of 210 members that's just over 20% of the club completed this year's Dublin City Marathon (and probably 50% of the club lining the streets supporting). Congrats to all!



2013 Road Races in Galway

James Lunden



Road racing in Galway had its busiest ever year in 2013 with over 70 AAI permitted events (up from 64) taking place all over the county. There were only 13 weekends this year where there was not a permitted event scheduled to take place in the county.

All the pillar races continue to attract record numbers but some of the others were slightly down numbers-wise on 2012. New races continue to be added to an increasingly-crowded calendar. Is it any wonder that few Galway runners have to travel outside the county to run a race at any distance any longer.

Thirteen different Galway clubs sponsored at least one road race permit during the year too.

AAI Permitted races in 2013

3rd Galway (Resolution Run) 5KM, Tuesday 01 January 2013
9th Tuam 8KM, Sunday 20 January 2013 (Club)
1st Colewood 5KM, Sunday 27 January 2013 (Club)
6th Maree 8KM, Sunday 10 February 2013 (Club)
2nd Gort (Gorgeous) 4M, Sunday 17 February 2013 (Club)
5th Kilconieron 5M, Sunday 24 February 2013
3rd Kinvara (Rock and Road) 10KM & Half,
Saturday 02 March 2013
1st Abbey 10KM, Sunday 17 March 2013
4th Craughwell 10M, Sunday 24 March 2013 (Club)
3rd Colemanstown 10KM, Saturday 30 March 2013
12th Connemarathon Half, Full & Ultra, Sunday 07 April 2013
2nd New Inn 5KM, Sunday 14 April 2013
2nd Labane 10KM, Sunday 21 April 2013
8th 5KM Series #1 5KM, Tuesday 30 April 2013
2nd Galway (Great Race) 10KM, Sunday 05 May 2013
1st Barnadearg 10KM, Monday 06 May 2013

8th 5KM Series #2 5KM, Tuesday 07 May 2013
8th 5KM Series #3 5KM, Tuesday 14 May 2013
3rd Roundstone 8KM, Saturday 18 May 2013
8th 5KM Series #4 5KM, Tuesday 21 May 2013
3rd Oughterard (Mayfly) 10KM, Sunday 26 May 2013 (Club)
8th 5KM Series #5 5KM, Tuesday 28 May 2013
3rd Cong 10KM, Saturday 01 June 2013
8th 5KM Series #6 5KM, Tuesday 04 June 2013
4th Monivea 5KM & Half, Saturday 08 June 2013
2nd Tonabrocky 6KM, Saturday 08 June 2013
4th Milltown (Run for Ollie) 10KM, Saturday 15 June 2013
4th Portumna (Forest) Half & 50KM, Saturday 15 June 2013
1st Craughwell 5KM, Sunday 16 June 2013
7th Annaghdown 10KM, Friday 21 June 2013
5th Galway (Mini-Marathon) 10KM, Sunday 23 June 2013
9th Headford 8KM, Saturday 06 July 2013
2nd Ballinderreen 8KM, Sunday 21 July 2013
1st Glinsk 10KM, Sunday 21 July 2013
3rd Oranmore (Renville Park) 5KM, Wednesday 24 July 2013
27th Streets 8KM, Saturday 10 August 2013 (Club)
5th Connemara 100M, Saturday 10 August 2013
2nd Oranmore (Coast Road) 5KM, Wednesday 21 August 2013
28th Claregalway 10KM, Saturday 24 August 2013 (Club)
2nd Clonbur Half, Sunday 25 August 2013
4th Maree (Boston Sci) 5KM, Tuesday 27 August 2013
4th Beagh (Martin Egan) 10KM, Saturday 31 August 2013
1st Craughwell Full, Saturday 31 August 2013
1st Monivea (Run in the Woods) 5KM,
Sunday 01 September 2013
6th Clifden (Lifeboats) 10KM, Sunday 15 September 2013
1st Marconi Half, Saturday 21 September 2013
1st Brooklodge 5KM, Saturday 21 September 2013
2nd Castleblakeney 8KM, Sunday 22 September 2013
11th Galway Bay 10KM & Half, Saturday 28 September 2013
15th Loughrea 10KM, Sunday 29 September 2013 (Club)
1st NUIG 8KM, Saturday 12 October 2013
3rd Conamara 10KM, Saturday 12 October 2013
3rd Moylough 10KM, Sunday 13 October 2013
2nd Gort (Rugby Club) 10KM, Sunday 20 October 2013
1st Monster Dash 5KM, Thursday 31 October 2013
4th Corofin (Winning Ways) 8KM,
Sunday 03 November 2013 (Club)
4th Newcastle F4L 5KM, Saturday 09 November 2013
3rd Abbeynockmoy 4M, Sunday 17 November 2013 (Club)
5th Clarinbridge 10KM, Sunday 24 November 2013
4th Cammore (Turkey Trot) 5KM, Sunday 08 December 2013
1st Craughwell Full, Saturday 14 December 2013
1st Ballinderreen 10KM, Saturday 15 December 2013
12th Fields 10KM, Thursday 26 December 2013 (Club)

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Drowning Around the Fields of Athenry –

A Personal 2012 Fields Race Report James Lundon



I was given very special dispensation to run the 10th anniversary (11th running) Fields 10KM at our first organisational meeting back in late-September. It would be the first time I would run the race I co-founded way back in pre-history i.e. before the current running boom fully got going. I have always been there in the background for all previous runnings of the race but never in the middle of it, having never run it. Like watching and reading about Hurling but never playing it at any level? Perhaps, a better analogy would be hurling refereeing – knowing all about the rules and regulations but never actually refereeing a game. It would be different this year, and I would be kinda ready!

I would still perform my usual pre-race duties, as I have all other years: compiling & producing the Fields race booklet; handling the stalwart & previous winner entries; ordering the 70+ pieces of crystal and having them ready for presentation; signing the cheques and making sure the race budget was kept under control; helping at registration; cleaning up afterwards. All jobs I have done pretty much since the beginning. A bag man in many senses of the term!

It had been a half-decent running year for me to date, breaking 20 minutes three times around the 5KM series, but I tanked the National Half in Athenry on a sweltering day. I needed to be ready for 26 December. I did this by training as lightly as I could possibly get away with, as usual, but with lots of short-course races thrown in. They included the Galway Novice Cross Country, then Moylough, Castleblakeney and Corofin, both latter races doubling up with an equivalent warm-up/warm-down distance, to get to the half in Sixmilebridge on the same day as St. Thomas beat Portumna, both played out in a veritable deluge. I ran a sub-1:40 there, having started very slowly; the memories of Athenry were still playing on my mind. Eddie Murphy RIP!

I then ran two really good races, getting down to 41:31 in the excellent event that the ICHPT 10KM in Clarinbridge has turned into. I even got past the very old road pony, Andrew Talbot (CRH), that afternoon. I'm not sure who was more surprised to see me passing him in the long run-up that is the last KM: him or me. He didn't re-attack, though he should have known that I have the kick of a dead hedgehog. He must also be going deaf if he didn't hear me coming up behind him ;-). It was my best 10KM time since the National 10KM in Athenry in April 2008 – 40:26 that afternoon!

I followed up the week (early December) after with an equally good run, a sub-20 in AT's own race, the Turkey Trot on a very wet and breezy afternoon in Carrmore. Any day I dip under 20 is always a good day, squeezing out my good friend Brendan Kennelly in the process – that BK got so close to 20 having run a quality half the previous day was excellent running in the circumstances.

But then the wheels starting to come off on me! I had peaked too soon. I have never been able to put more than two or three good races together, at least in the last five years. I can get into fairly good shape after four or five weeks but then find it extremely hard to keep it together for any longer period, on my very light mileage i.e. 12-15 a week. I was never a big trainer, to put it very mildly. I never had the appetite for it; more like my body never had the appetite for it, my mind not tolerating all that mental and physical pain involved, while keeping all my "balls" in the air at the same time. I was also not feeling that well physically; not sick, but not altogether well either.

During December, The booklet was done and dusted, eventually. Sincere thanks to JO'C for tossing out V8 in record time. All 8 Stalwarts were coming again, as were a goodly number of previous winners. The crystal was ordered, engraved and collected. Thank you, Galway Crystal. The budget was kept within known parameters. Thank you, Race Director, Iain Shaw. Iain even got a special number printed just for me, a big sore-thumb #11 (11th running) on YELLOW paper! I was going to be a very special person on race day!

Race morning dawned dry, after a very quiet Christmas in and around Athenry. None of the white stuff that marred 2009 or 2010 to be seen. The weather forecast was cat maloian though, not that I usually believe a single word that

I hear, read or see out of our friends in Met Éireann. Their forecasts are only slightly more accurate than those of the vast majority of "expert" economists that are constantly peddled by RTE and other media outlets. Perhaps they should switch domains? A discussion for another day! When I went into the Presentation hall that morning – slightly after 9AM – it was still dry outside. When I re-emerged at 10:40AM, it was like something straight out of the Book of Revelations. Perhaps this was one prediction that Met Éireann wouldn't get wrong?

Pre-registration had gone well and there were well over 1000 running, same as last year. I had met all the stalwarts and many others whose Stephen's Day is now dominated by this race. I was sure that all the other preparations out and about in the town and the course were going equally like clockwork. Our esteemed Race Director looked calm and collected – always a good sign – and wasn't doing any real work. The light green hats were going down very well. There were a return to the light grey hat of a few years before and fitted snugly over both my ears once more.

It was pouring and there was the promise of more to come as I started my warm-up with 15 minutes to go. Brian Geraghty says that I passed him but I didn't see him. I must have been really worried about the impending trial.

The race started but I subsequently don't recall seeing any images of the race start, which has become so iconic in recent years, as there are many super vantage points from which to take camera angles. It must have already been too bad for the casuals to take anything decent?

I fell into a decent pace, though I was being passed by people right out to Castle Ellen, which was 4KM (I missed that split as the rain was now so torrential as to be almost like being in a swimming pool not on the road). It didn't matter as I was toast already! I was dying out there and not even a life buoy was going to save me now. The bounce that I had in Clarinbridge and in Carnmore was gone. It was going to be a horrible second 5KM and was likely to be passed by a slew of likely lads. A death march. Brendan Monaghan was shuffling further away from me up ahead. God only knows what was happening behind. I shudder even now when I think about the dread I felt there and then.

I got to the half way mark and the club's clock being ably manned by poor old Johnny O'Connor. He looked like one of those lads you see in those publicity shots for the RNLI, manfully trying to stay on deck as his boat cuts through 20 foot high waves, trying to keep the clock upright and protecting himself from the rain at the same time. We almost lost our race clock that afternoon as I didn't realise it wasn't waterproof but that's another story for another long day!

It got worse! I knew that Talbot was sharpening his knife behind me. He had to be. He wasn't ahead of me, as I could

now see 200 metres ahead of me as we careered down Carnaun breen towards the Turloughmore road and the GAA grounds, the HQ for the first four or five years of the race. Sure enough, he ranged up alongside of me, and then pushed ahead just as we entered the biggest lough/lock of water I have personally ever experienced in a road race. It might be my imagination but I think I counted 17 steps when I was clearly sloshing in water. If I was dying entering it, I was dead exiting it. That lough didn't exist at 9AM that morning! My ASICS felt twice the weight and he had basically exacted his revenge in stone cold fashion: a "drive-by splashing." And there was still four KM to go, an undulating trip back into town. My markers continued to move ahead of me, while I continued to be passed by others behind me. 41:31 was a pipedream, especially after a 21:07 outwards half. I did come back in 21:14 but...not enough.

That wasn't the strangest thing that happened to me that day though. Coming up the last KM, I was under the impression that the day was clearing, so much so that by the time the final turn was reached, I really thought that the rain had stopped. I would have sworn to my dying day, as I passed Mary Porter doing her best to exhort the "rats" scuttling up to the finish under the Northgate, that the rain had stopped but the shocking evidence shown to me afterwards (reproduced here) would indicate otherwise. I must have been in the final stages of my delusion then?

I finished. I was disconsolate. I had realistic hopes of getting in under 41:30. Instead, I was handed my rear-end on a platter. 150th! Janey Mac. I wonder how much the weather affected times? 20-25 seconds, perhaps 30. No more. It wasn't that bad, the conditions, once one were out in them. The writing had been on the wall but I chose to ignore it. There is no hiding out there, if the homework (miles, miles and more miles) isn't done. It was done a month before but I didn't keep it freshened up in-between. That is the price of relative failure!

I quickly snapped back into "bag man" mode and had the crystal ready to go before 1PM, drop-dead time for the presentation of prizes for a 10KM that started at 11AM. We got there bang on time. The hall was spick and span by 3PM and we locked the double doors on the side, leaving it in better shape than we found it. Fields v11 would not close for me for another two months though, as it took that much time to finally unwind the full prize list, and nearly a year for the race to be finally consigned to memory with the finishing of this report.

And it has started all over again...2013 v12.

4:03, 4:11, 4:14, 4:19, 4:20 - 21:07
4:08, 4:21, 4:27, 4:17, 4:01 - 21:14

42:21

Fields of Athenry 10km Race Result History

Year	Men's Winner	Time	Woman's Winner	Time	Finishers	<40:00	<50:00	<60:00
2002	Paul McNamara	31:15	Kathryn Casserly	36:57	69	13	44	59
2003	Noel Kelly	32:46	Fionnuala Keane	38:18	171	30	92	126
2004	Paul McNamara	31:11	Lucy Brennan	36:36	253	38	130	179
2005	Gary Thornton	30:34	Lucy Brennan	37:30	351	51	168	252
2006	Gary Thornton	30:12	Lucy Brennan	37:03	470	42	211	339
2007	Gary Thornton	30:02	Orla NiMhuircheartaigh	38:52	617	50	253	457
2008	Gary Thornton	30:40	Catherine Conway	36:53	838	58	359	642
2009	Gary Thornton	29:57	Teresa McGloin	35:17	517	53	238	406
2010	Gerry Ryan	31:12	Catherine Conway	35:53	546	49	253	426
2011	Sean Hehir	31:07	Lizzie Lee	36:27	1042	65	434	794
2012	Mick Clohisey	30:57	Elish Kelly	35:45	1041	87	426	824

2012 Stalwarts

The following 8 people hold the distinction of competing in all 11 "Fields of Athenry" 10km races to date. We wish them the best of luck on their 12th outing this year.

Name	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012
Bernie Kelly	45:48	49:31	52:05	44:20	46:08	47:46	45:46	47:23	45:50	45:43	1:58:12
Danny Carr	36:15	38:11	36:00	36:41	38:06	38:06	37:29	38:38	38:26	45:54	59:59
Kevin O'Dea	48:27	50:16	51:25	46:44	53:49	53:35	45:57	42:33	40:35	44:23	40:39
Martin Keane	51:20	50:02	54:48	51:17	50:44	52:27	53:42	52:49	52:42	52:09	53:15
Mary Mullins	1:05:50	1:00:37	1:06:27	1:07:22	1:11:31	1:05:23	1:07:36	1:06:30	1:05:32	1:11:20	1:10:18
Roger Rushe	45:07	44:29	46:15	44:33	45:24	45:52	44:48	46:52	49:02	49:46	50:57
Tomás MacLochlainn	49:57	56:35	50:10	52:23	56:58	FNSED	56:32	59:05	57:06	56:41	1:04:17
Tommy Joe Whyte	36:35	36:16	36:29	38:40	36:58	37:15	37:39	37:11	37:20	38:11	37:37

2012 Prize Winners

Category	Pos	Name
Women Senior	1st	Elish Kelly
	2nd	Catherine Conway
	3rd	Eimear O'Leary
	4th	Colette Tuohy
	5th	Claire Beatty
	6th	Grainne Connor
Women Junior	1st	Orla Geoghegan
	2nd	Lorraine Reynolds
Women's V40	1st	Miriam Wall
	2nd	Deirdre Fitzsimons
Women's V45	1st	Mary Kealy
	2nd	Anne Moran
Women's V50	1st	Bernie Mulryan
	2nd	Mary McHugh
Women's V55	1st	Adrienne Walsh
	2nd	Marie Rooney
Women's V60	1st	Judith Roche
	2nd	Margaret Higgins
Women's Team	1st	Mayo AC (2:41:56)
	2nd	Athenry AC (3:01:21)
	3rd	Craughwell AC (3:04:39)

Men Senior	1st	Mick Clohisey
	2nd	Emmet Dunleavy
	3rd	Michael Shannon
	4th	Jake O'Regan
	5th	Gerry Ryan
	6th	Louis McCarthy
Men Junior	1st	Niall McCarra
	2nd	Kieran Fox
Men's V40	1st	Matthew Bidwell
	2nd	Declan Fahey
Men's V45	1st	Eddie Newman
	2nd	Larry Kelly
Men's V50	1st	Tommy Joe Whyte
	2nd	Michael O'Malley
Men's V55	1st	Martin Kearney
	2nd	Mike Harvey
Men's V60	1st	Martin McEvilly
	2nd	Andrew Talbot
Men's V65	1st	TJ Beatty
	2nd	Martin Hynes
Men's V70	1st	Roger Rushe
	2nd	Brian Geraghty
Men's V80	1st	Sean Dooner
Men's Chair	1st	Gerry Forde
Men's Team	1st	Craughwell AC (2:17:00)
	2nd	GCH (2:19:55)
	3rd	Mayo AC (2:22:31)

Wake Me Up When It's All Over (Ironman Sweden)

Deirdre Hassett

If I have learned anything since I started doing triathlons and running, it's how to manage my own expectations. I spend my life justifying why I can't run faster during training ('cos I am always POOPED, folks!), struggling with the feeling that I am not fast enough; telling people I am a weak swimmer (true); but it's all self-perpetuating. You are what people think you are. I want to be great (but realistically have neither the genetic makeup nor put in the miles for it). Not to mention the horrific proposition of giving up beer and cake; which might help with that ten pounds separating me from quite a few minutes of run PR. What I can do best is maintain speed well as distances get longer without blowing up; a dark art as well as a science. The fastest Ironman racer is simply the person who slows down the least, and maybe that's my skill.

I knew that I was going to have a good race at Ironman Sweden. A summer of mind blowing hill climbs in California built on a good year in 2012 of half Ironman racing and I had a new kind of power in my legs, keeping up with people I wouldn't normally. I did the maths carefully based on metric Ironman race simulations, and estimated that my best case finish time would be 11:09, with 11:15 looking very realistic.

It was a muddled, tired few weeks coming up to the race, as I had to travel back from the US to Ireland two weeks prior to race day and squash in some work in the Irish office, but at least it gave me the chance to get back into a European time zone. We arrived into Kalmar on a Wednesday (four athletes – Sue, me, Aidan and Kieran along with patient IronFiance Mike). If anything detracts from Sweden as an Ironman race, it's that Kalmar is pretty difficult to get to; a flight plus four hour drive from Copenhagen or Stockholm. Kalmar is a small, picturesque tourist town with a castle and cobblestones, and we were staying in the main square, about five minutes from the finish line.

The weather forecast was perfect apart from the wind; the day before the race, I couldn't pinpoint my uneasy feeling until I realised it was the sound of the rigging jingling frantically on the sail boats in the harbour on the swim course that was unnerving me (a sound which becomes increasingly urgent at around force five, and one which

makes even an out-of-practise sailor like me nervous). I practised the swim start with Sue, in grey choppy water, and rehearsed the swim course in my head over and over.

Sure enough, race day dawned clear but windy. The swim start was a little chaotic, with an attempt at marathon style seeding, but timed off the gun so it wasn't a true rolling start, making it the usual IM swim scrum. Two laps of a tight course with all kinds of obstacles (boats, the harbour wall, a wooden bridge) meant fisticuffs and buoy-navigating traffic

jams even in the back-of-midpack, and I would probably have malingered even longer if it wasn't for Sue beside me to make me brave. By the end of the swim I was losing concentration on the navigation. I was crestfallen to see 1:23 on the clock when I scrambled out of the water as I had convinced myself of a sub-1:20 swim, but it did turn out that the course was officially declared long afterwards at 3950m...adding exactly 3 minutes for me.

The bike course was a figure of 8, with the bigger bottom of the 8 taking us over a bridge to Oland, where we circumnavigated the island in high winds. The bike profile is completely flat apart from a short drag onto and off the bridge in both directions. With no power meter, I was using heart rate to control effort. I got advice from Rich who wrote my training plan to aim for 150 to 155 BPM (which seemed insanely high, but correct based on my threshold test as I can maintain 170+ on a turbo trainer test. Ruh-roh). I set my watch to beep

outside 145-155, and I found the goal HR surprisingly easy to maintain. My memory of the bike leg is a series of snapshots of windy, moor-like landscapes, working hard to stay out of an almost continuous draft zone. A non-triathlete friend asked me afterwards: Was it terrible suffering all day? (That's what reading Iron War does for the perception of long-distance triathlon). It's true that the best races are on the days where it all feels easy; where you are pacing it right under the red line, and I don't remember a minute of discomfort on the bike all day (aside from some mildly burptastic nutrition issues and the mental issue of maintaining even effort into and out of the wind); of course it was dead flat, but after a summer of climbing mountains I felt like I was running on a motor. A high point: powering





along with a tailwind at one point, I was singing something ridiculous (Rainy Days and Mondays, I am guessing), and as I overtook a guy, I noticed a look of curiosity on his face as he tried to figure out what the sound was, then shock as he realised that Karen Carpenter (plus 40lb) was overtaking him on a set of 650c training wheels.

Hopping off the motorised Quintana Roo and scrambling out of T2, I noted exactly 7:15 on the clock. It crossed my mind that if I kept running steadily, I'd be right on target to come in on 11:15.

The run was three 14km loops, running out of town and meandering about 10km, weaving confusingly on paved trails and footpaths before returning back into Kalmar for a ceremonial lap around town including a trot through the medieval city wall, up the cobbled streets tantalisingly close to the finish line, then back out for another lap. After shaking out my legs on the first few km, I set a steady pace. It was hotter than I expected – around 25°C – but I was happy to be running, and started working on ticking off the miles. The sections out in the countryside seemed interminable, broken up with the support and crowds in the town. I tried to recruit running buddies but couldn't find someone to hang with at the same pace. As I set out on the second lap, I worked out my times and realised that I had an outside shot at a sub-eleven finish time. I started to panic a little, so put that thought away immediately, to take out later. I was struggling a little on the nutrition front, although the gels were staying down fine, so I stuck with isotonic gels, slamming them like there was tequila in them there lil packets (now there's an idea for the future); interspersed with the odd glass of warm Coke. Second lap down and I was still feeling great. Two precious lap armbands and I was heading for home. Another time check and I was still right on 11:00 pace. There were loud voices SHOUTING IN MY HEAD: you'll never make it. Better if you fall totally apart, because 11:05 is less disappointing than 11:00:01. I had to make a huge mental

effort to squash this booming run demon back in its box and keep moving at the same pace. With 10km to go, the wheels didn't by any means fall off but there were clearly signs of wobble. I was starting to suffer for the first time (surprisingly late in the day) and I just wanted to be done so I ground along as best I could, until I hit 40km. I had 12 whole minutes to spare to make the finish line. It's at times like these that you realize how easily your body plays tricks, stashing away backup batteries in case of emergency. The adrenalin kicked in and I was running hard, with stars in my eyes. Two kilometres in ten minutes and I rounded the last corner, Mike throwing me a flag as I mowed around the last corner. I weaved crazily, ecstatically up the street to the finisher's chute, dodging athletes who were trudging towards a second or third lap. Finish time: 10:58:08, breaking a streeeeeeetch goal of sub eleven hours.

In the photos immediately post-race, I am beaming furiously, slightly disbelievingly. Someone texts me to say I've got a podium spot. Age-group fourth. In the US maybe, but not in Europe – in the world of Ironman, all age-groupers are equal but some age-groupers are more equal than others. Age-group awards can be a dubious honour (here's a prize to say you weren't good enough for the real podium), but this is Ironman and it's fair to say that I cycled and ran (if not swam) the race of my life against stiff age-group competition, and I am both bitterly disappointed that I didn't make it onto the age-group podium and also thrilled that I made it so much closer than I ever thought possible.

We go to the award ceremony anyway. I want one of those M-dot trophies. I want one so badly it's like that big old lump of Perspex is sitting in my chest. Just in case, I go up to the table and count them; sitting there neatly in rows of three. So here I am, a barely-also-ran, holding my credit card at the Kona rolldown in my hot sticky hand. The Ironman World Championships slot rolldown is a cynical exercise in milking the dreams of the would-be-age-group-triathlon-star. There is one IM Hawaii slot allocated to my age-group. Taking it necessitates marching up and slamming down the \$700 race fee (Sorry folks, credit card only. Mastercard or Visa?) before turning to hug your loved one. Sue's boyfriend Mike murmurs drily: "These guys have a great business model".

So these are the odds. Let's say the chance of one person turning down their slot is about 20%. If refused it rolls to second, and so on. As I am fourth in line, the odds of me getting this Hawaii slot is (20% x 20% x 20%), or 0.8%. It rolls to second place and I put my credit card away. I am happy though to get this near. The soundtrack for the prize giving is, maybe appropriately, for what turned out to be a dream day, 'Wake Me Up When It's All Over' by Avicii.

Taken from Deirdre's blog: <http://http://aquicktenmiles.wordpress.com/>.

Hamstring tendonitis

- a real pain in the butt!

Jane-Ann Meehan Chartered Physiotherapist & Athletics specialist Athenry physiotherapy and performance clinic 091 874922



The hamstring muscle, located at the back of your thigh is responsible for propelling you forward whilst running but when injured can hinder your stride and cause bum and hamstring pain. Medically it's known as proximal hamstring tendinopathy but to most others high hamstring/bum pain.



The hamstring is composed of three separate muscles all originating at the ischial tuberosity or that 'boney prominence' at your bum crease (see diagram). As the hamstring functionally does three roles with running; 1) slowing the striding leg down as it approaches the ground, 2) extending the hip and propulsion of the body forward and 3) assisting the calf muscle as it help to move the knee, it is prone to injury with incorrect training.

A risk factor for this is an unidentified level of sciatic nerve irritation, which will cause lower back dysfunction and subsequent over stretching of the muscles and nerves in the posterior thigh. Nerve irritation can weaken the hamstring and leave it exposed to the above injury.

What to do?

Back weakness, poor glut control and lack of stretching are all contributing factors to this. As runners we have a tendency to concentrate on quantity rather than quality. Most of us would benefit from fewer miles, quality sessions and some strength exercises.

Once lower back issues have been ruled out, treatment of the tendon origin manually, coupled with an intensive strength programme and rest from running will get you on the road to recovery.

Sample exercises would be the simple bridge, quadriceps press, hip abductor exercises and basic squat. Technique is key in the above. Your chartered physiotherapist is specifically trained in the rehabilitation of such injuries.

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The crack only really starts after 12 hours

Ruthann Sheahan



ATHENRY Athletic Club

18

Race plan

We had agreed upon some target specific updates for the early hours of the race. The idea was to focus on my plan and the key milestones and not get distracted with anyone else's plan or performance. First priority was to be on target and remain comfortable and relaxed, well, as much as possible.

The 4hr segments were very useful not just for judging pace but mentally it was far easier to consider the event as 6 x 4 hour slots thus breaking down the event into much more manageable bites aka, Divide it, Conquer it!

I noticed George and Don Hannon (Wicklow) spending a lot of time around the timing tent and assumed that they were working out details for updates. (Yes, George was still eating!)

I didn't use the white board often as there was a lag in updating the counts, similarly, the digital display was difficult to read from the track so instead I got my updates from George directly every 30 mins and at the turnings. I was confident enough that I would not be short of information as I passed the crew area more than 500 times over the 24 hours!

Later, I learned that there had been some problems with the lap counting equipment in the early stages of the race and that the manual counters had really 'earned their money' on the day. In

reality, what I had seen earlier, were the crews flagging a gap to Precision timing and working with them to make sure the numbers were right! I found out about the problems from other runners and when I mentioned it to George he simply told me that it had been resolved and that our updates / lap counts were correct...back to racing...let the crew handle anything that is off the track.

Blast from the past!

As time pressed on and we headed in to the short but warm summer night, the activity track side quietened down and our commentator was replaced with music, inspirational tracks provided by Eddie Gallan. Thank God Eddie has good taste in music as we were very much a captive audience, I found myself singing along to some very old eighties tracks bringing with it waves of old memories, the good and the bad, one particular favorite was 'Voyage, Voyage' by Desireless, I knew it 'off by heart' at 13, mind you it is in French so no doubt my own version has entirely butchered and bludgeoned all meaning from the song which made me enjoy it even more!

I began to notice too that some of the other competitors were taking breaks or at least I did not see as many on the track as earlier, everyone had their own strategy and mine was going pretty much to plan, I ate approx. every 20-30mins, a piece of banana or Actimal, and thankfully after 10hrs and just over 100km I felt OK. No nausea yet, thank God. That would come in time! My feet were pretty sore, not blister sore just taking a bit of a hammering, I kept the edge off by taking a low dose of Panadol.

George kept me updated on distance and positions and I was surprised to learn that I was in second place overall, nice to know but there was a long way to go. Eoin Keith was absolutely flying yet there was a time when I hardly saw him at all, he was well ahead but we must have locked into a similar pace for a few hours.

The night was lovely and cool and because we started in the evening I did not feel any lapse in concentration, the flood lights were very effective in generating near day light conditions, the same alluring light drew some fantastically large moths, some of my favorites, hawk moths and garden tigers, normally I don't stop under any circumstances but I had to pick a few of these fairy like creatures off the track to stop my comrades accidentally stomping the life out of them. I dropped them at Georges table from time to time much in the way a cat might bring home a 'gift' to the house holder.

Furious George!

We welcomed dawn at about 5am and it was a relief to have the night time section competed however with daylight approaching I was nervous about the impending heat, luckily it was closer to 11am before the sun emerged from behind the tree line and the fog which had persisted longer than expected.

Much of the morning was pretty unremarkable, apart from a nasty fall, I got my foot caught on a timing mat which sent me galloping forward to finally land on my right knee and hip, I jumped up immediately annoyed at myself for not paying more attention especially now that it was day light, as it turned out 3 others tripped and fell, the mat had not been adjusted properly after the last turn, I could see George giving one of the officials a lot of stick over this, he was furious, something I very rarely see!

By 6:45am, the level of excitement increased, we were turning for the third time and facing for 'home', I have just over 121km in the bag and was still feeling OK, Susan McCarty was second Lady with 114km, John and Eddie were are 117km and 116km respectively. Eoin was head with 126km. I was not sure at this stage how Dave was doing but he was still on the move.

It took a little while to get my rhythm back after the fall; I just tried to relax and enjoy a little time chatting with my MCI friends, later, I noticed that Finn O'Mara was not at all comfortable, she was in a great deal of pain with her feet, an ongoing problem for her, gritting her teeth with tears in her eyes, she felt that she may have to call it a day, I suggested that she stop with George first to check out the condition of her feet, perhaps to widen her options. I cannot describe in words what this woman is capable of enduring, when it comes to grit and determination there are few to rival her, I really wanted to say something encouraging but I was about as useful as a 'chocolate teapot'. I hoped George could help patch her up, knowing Finn, stopping was the last thing she wanted to do.

Feeling toasty

As the morning wore on the music changed to theme tunes from famous movies, it did alter the mood somewhat. Thomas Newman's famous score from the 'Shawshank Redemption' had me in floods of tears, I loved that film so much 'Get busy living or get busy dying...' I was so glad I was wearing sun glasses! Either way running and crying is hilarious. I felt like a toddler, it was great!

After I dried the eyes, I was delighted to learn that I passed the 100 mile mark at about 16:18mins or thereabout, I felt ok a little nauseous and tried not to think too far ahead, I was still second behind Eoin who was almost an hour ahead and moving so effortlessly, too impressed for words, he really did make it look easy. I just wanted to maintain pace as long as I could because I knew full well I would probably die once the day got warmer, more 100 mile milestones were announced, it was so exciting, may folks I knew were aiming at this and many were going to surpass it, the mood on track was electric, we were tiring but we were all so happy to there. I taught about my folks at home and how they would have loved to be there. I also thought about Leap festival due to take place over the August Bank holiday weekend, I have been invited as a special guest to speak at the festival. Apart from spiders, public speaking is my greatest phobia, for now though it was a good distraction as I considered what on Earth I was going to say.

I started to feel quite warm after midday by which time the organizers had set up a shower at the far end of the track, they also filled the steeple chase water jump to bursting, and folks who were finished the relay sections threw themselves into the 'swimming pool' with squeals of delight. All I wanted to do was dive in, it was horribly distracting, I could hardly stand it! The shower however was amazing and I stopped by every second lap to cool off.



Please release me...

The ice cubes were also coming in very handy at this stage, but I was now beginning to battle with the overwhelming desire to vomit, finally I had to stop and release the content of my stomach, I tried to control this but it was difficult, thinking the worst had passed, I moved to the outside of the track to allow those running to move by. Unfortunately, a huge wave followed by a yellow liquid projectile slammed down on lane 4 collecting itself into a perfect 'pavement pizza', I was mortified, that was going to leave a nasty stain! Goodbye new track smell!

Time to kill

Despite the sickness, I was not feeling empty or weak, I considered that perhaps I just ate a bit too much so I decided to ditch anything with protein for a while and graze less frequently, now and again I placed two jelly sweets in my cheeks allowing them to melt slowly over time. How I still have any teeth in my head is a miracle!

Sometime after 18hr I heard that I had passed the previous track record of 113 miles, I guessed that I had roughly another 20km to go to hit my target. George was in good form and doing his best to keep me motivated and I had a nice chat now and again with Paddy Quinn and John O' Regan, Paddy was running toward a PB which was fantastic and as the day wore on there was numerous announcements on runners approaching and passing the 100 mile mark, what a day!

Passing the 200km mark at around 20:30hrs I was delighted, however, something in the back of my mind which I worried about earlier began to rush forward like a freight train. I felt an overwhelming sense of boredom, it was hot and uncomfortable and I just wanted to stop, it was as if a switch went off in my head!

I informed George I was mentally in trouble, I kept myself cool, picked up soaked sponges to cool down, but looking at the folks in the 'swimming pool' was torture!

George did his best to push me forward but my pace had dropped significantly, I decided to spend any extra few mins in the shower to cool off but tripped over the white brackets twisting my right ankle. That was nasty, I had to walk for a while to relieve the pain, a few pain killers sorted it for a while but sadly I lost them to more projectile vomiting at the support table. Charming.

Thankfully, the final four hours arrived and I kept moving although much slower than earlier in the day. During the final hour, the lord Mayor of Belfast joined us on the track and it was great to chat to him, Eoin was still running strongly and we were provided with regular update on this progress, he hit his target of 240km at 23:30 with 30mins left – that was amazing!

George kept me up to date on my distances and releasing I was quite close to 225km I pushed for the last few laps, it was then I spotted Ken Beggs with his wife Ann on the side lines jumping up and down screaming encouragement, it was surreal and with two mins to go I passed the aid station for the last time, I pushed on desperately listening for the hooter to blow and finally there it was! I happily hit the deck, God it felt good to collapse. George rushed over and we waited until the distance was marked. My final distance was 225.508km a new Irish track record. I was happy but annoyed with myself for not trying harder to stay motivated, I should have done better. Finally George and I wandered back to gather up our gear, Eoin, John Eddie and I all congratulated one another. We slowly shuffled toward the club house.

The prize-giving was great. All the runners were called out to receive their finishing medal. A grand total of 22 runners also received a special running jacket for having run over 100 miles. The lord mayor was on hand to present the Irish championship medals to the top 3 men and women.

Looking around the room it really hit home, I knew so many of the happy faces and those who I had not met before were no longer strangers. I was so grateful to George the organizers, all the volunteers who looked after us and everyone who had helped me out with my training...and so it begins again...roll on next year ☺

(Excerpt from a much longer race report on the Energia Irish 24 Hour Race Championships in Belfast in July 2013.)



Tick Tock...

Brian Geraghty

An athlete can appreciate the tick tock of life better than most, the reason being athletes' performances are measured by the clock and this tells you exactly where you are at, as the clock does not lie.



This truth has been brought home to me when I compare the times that I reeled off in my late-twenties and early thirties when I could consistently run 1500 metres in under 4 minutes. Now it is an achievement if I can run a mile in 10 or 11 minutes. When we are young we never envisage that this day would dawn as it surely comes to us all. I'm still delighted to be able to jog.

What I am trying to say is whatever stage you are at in your athletic ability appreciate it and enjoy it as who knows your personal best may have already been achieved.

My local parish priest regularly preaches that every day you can put your feet on the ground you should be thankful to God for it.

Therefore enjoy the friendship of fellow athletes and officials and appreciate your self-discipline and remember in 20 years' time you will only regret the thing you didn't do and not the things you did do. So go for it, don those runners and appreciate your blessings.

Sub-40 on the longest day of the year

Sinead Foran



I've always liked the idea of this run – June 21st, the longest day of the year and how better to celebrate it! I ran this 10K back in 2009, on a similar evening to 2013, wet and windy – but I remember thinking it had a bit of character, the lovely finish down at the pier and people hopping into the water afterwards for a cool off. The appeal of a race for me is often the vibe or mood. Or memory of something I like about the course – not just that its flat and fast. In this case the finish and, of course, the fun factor.

I had been toying with the idea of running a sub 40 minute 10K for just a couple of weeks. Before this, the focus had been on doing a sub-20 minutes for 5K and trying to keep it there! Running sub-40 minutes for 10K wasn't something I could really think about until I could do this relatively comfortably. The May 5K series saw to that – not that this was comfortable either – more like 'controlled discomfort', but I felt I could look at progressing to a sub 40 minute 10K.

However, I really didn't think it would happen this early in the Summer – August, maybe September – definitely not now and not in these conditions. Looking around, a lot of the usual suspects were here but a smaller crowd probably due to the bad weather. After a brief chat with James Landon about conditions and it being more sub-41 than 40 minute weather really: sub 41 – yes, I'd be pretty happy with that today. I'd never run faster than XX:YY to date. Even to run sub-41 minutes would involve plenty of focus on the watch and on a most-likely slippery surface, but it was a reasonable expectation. I spotted Jane-Ann Meehan and we warmed up together. Before long we were on the drizzly start line.

'I'm pacing off you just in case you're thinking of pacing off me' said a voice in my ear :-).

Yes – pretty much what I had been thinking :-)...a quick reassessment later, I decided to target 20 minutes for the first 5K, see where we are then and make a decision on the last 5K then.

Another thing I had to factor in and had become very wary of in the first 3K of any race was the dreaded stitch – it has hampered many of my races in the last year and even short periods of uncontrolled breathing were leading to this unwelcome but very frequent visitor early on in races. Plenty of Googling to find out the cause– the trying of every conceivable possibility – food and drinks timing, not warming up properly, even some daft stuff like trying not landing on my right foot on the exhale. I figured out the problem had been my breathing, or rather the lack of attention I had been paying to it when upping

the pace. So focusing on breathing properly, posture and holding form when running have been something I had to give some focus to last winter. Thankfully it seems to be working.

I've also been concentrating on running – less actually! Having spent a lot of time injured in the past few years, 2012 being another injury-hindered year, I decided to work on strength and conditioning and substituting in some cross training, instead of running in an effort to get stronger and try to avoid injury.

The first two K were a little faster than planned but feeling comfortable, we pulled back the pace a little for Ks 3, 4 and 5. We were well under time at 5K and feeling good, so all to play for, cruising along very comfortably, the rain came down. A nice lively headwind arrived on the scene at 6K and plenty of puddle dodging & bends in the road but the pace was consistent and controlled, so all good so far! A hill at 8K threw the pace a tad, but still going well.

9K arrived speedily enough, with it the realisation that sub 40 might just be possible now!

We turned the corner for the pier, a quick glance at the watch, 39:25, would we do it? I wasn't sure – finish line was in sight but that can be misleading – especially in running – I'd been in this situation many times before! Seeing isn't always believing.

'Come on', Jane-Ann's voice from beside me, ok, absolutely everything to play for, we sprinted for the line, the clock was ticking away, stomach lurching upwards...no time to worry about it, just go!

Over the line and well clear of the 40 minutes! All so easy in the end.



The Connacht Tribune,
Friday, April 16, 1982
Marathon
Success

1982 Galway Marathon -
images by Andrew Talbot



ALMOST 2,000 competitors took part in the Connacht Tribune Galway City Marathon and Fun Run at the weekend.

And the Galway County Association for Mentally Handicapped Children are expected to benefit to the tune of over £20,000 from the event.

750 people went to the starting tape for the 26-mile-plus marathon and Billy Gallagher (Roscommon Harriers) came home at the head of a field of 562 to win a trip to New York to compete in the marathon there in October.

Gallagher was followed home by Jimmy Cardiff (Kildare A.C.) in a time of 2 hours 20 minutes 55 seconds with Paul Delaney (Laois) third, clocking 2 hours 24 minutes 21 seconds.

Last years winner, Pat O'Connell (Galway City Harriers) finished fifth to lead the local challenge with Tuam runner Sean McHugh finishing eighth.

Gerry O'Rourke, a wheelchair athlete from Dublin, finished a very creditable tenth and behind him was another local favourite Mick Molloy from Oughterard who came 13th to win the veterans section.

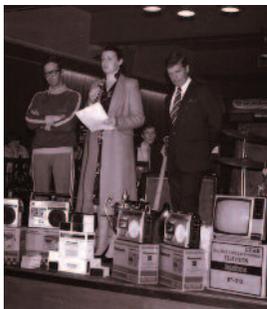
Bridget McCabe won the womens section finishing 113th in 3 hours 11 minutes 59 seconds. Dojna Nugent, who was part of a mother and daughter combination, finished second in the womens event coming in 149th in 3 hours 21 minutes 6 seconds. Her mother, Eilfride finished 431st in 4 hours 10 minutes.



Joe Scanlon of Galway City Harriers was a convincing winner of the ten mile Fun Run in which 1,000 competitors started and finished.

Mr. Cormac O Dulachain, organiser of the marathon said that the event was a great success for athletics and the Mentally Handicapped Association.

He appealed to all people with sponsorship money to forward it to the headquarters of the Galway County Association for Mentally Handicapped Children at 8, Upper Newnastle, as soon as possible.

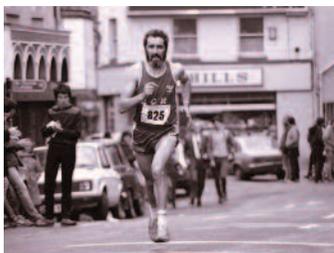


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December
& January

DECEMBER 26

Running on full

The Galway Road Race doesn't wait for the dust to settle after the over-indulgence of Christmas. Instead, Ireland's runners are coaxed back into their tracksuits and out onto the streets on December 26. Over the last decade, the annual 10km run has become as traditional as roast turkey in the medieval town of Athenry, where those braving the burn finish under its ancient arch.

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Results of Athenvy Results 2022

1	30:57	Mick Clohisey	103	40:57	Stephen Donnelly	205	44:15	Francis Holian	307	47:28	Gerry Glynn	409	49:34	Mark Kilroy
2	31:36	Emmet Dunlavy	104	40:58	John Cullinan	206	44:17	Tony Nevin	308	47:29	Brendan Maher	410	49:36	Hilda Robinson
3	31:40	Michael Shannon	105	41:05	Oliver Crowe	207	44:17	Michele Rohan	309	47:31	Toms Farrally	411	49:36	Paul O'Dea
4	32:08	Jack O'Regan	106	41:06	Christopher Magee	208	44:17	Hugh Burke	310	47:31	Albert Mannion	412	49:37	John Larkin
5	32:37	Gerry Ryan	107	41:07	Patrick Burke	209	44:18	Stephen Conway	311	47:34	Stephen Glynn	413	49:39	Seamus Lynch
6	32:40	Louis McCarthy	108	41:07	Rynal Brovey	210	44:19	Miriam Wall	312	47:35	Michael Lane	414	49:40	Eric Ruane
7	32:49	Kenny Rodgers	109	41:08	Mike Harvey	211	44:20	Pat McDonagh	313	47:39	Mark Kenny	415	49:40	Brendan Callanan
8	33:17	Robbie Matthews	110	41:09	Martin O'Donnell	212	44:22	Jonathan White	314	47:40	Cathal Conway	416	49:43	Alan Balley
9	33:21	Matthew Bidwell	111	41:12	Derek Kelly	213	44:26	Gerard Glynn	315	47:40	Gerry Treacy	417	49:45	Marie Keary
10	33:25	Declan Faly	112	41:12	Kevin Sheridan	214	44:31	Bernie Mulryan	316	47:40	Matthew Treacy	418	49:48	Paul Sweeney
11	33:35	Stephen McKeligue	113	41:12	Liam Glynn	215	44:37	Paul Curran	317	47:44	Kieran Heneghan	419	49:48	Gary Larkin
12	33:37	Patrycya O'Connell	114	41:12	Patrick Burke	216	44:35	Adrian Kelly	318	47:47	Conor Lawless	420	49:50	Seamus McCaffrey
13	34:08	Peter O'Sullivan	115	41:15	Paul Kilkelly	217	44:41	Claire Morrissey	319	47:47	Geraldine Daly	421	49:51	Pauline Robinson
14	34:33	Rory Mooney	116	41:16	Fergal Duffy	218	44:45	Will Feurly	320	47:48	Mary Connolly	422	49:53	John Fahy
15	34:45	Thomas Kelly	117	41:18	David Mullins	219	44:45	Frank Flannery	321	47:50	Mark Rooney	423	49:53	Fergal Ruane
16	34:52	Paul Keane	118	41:19	Daniel Kavanagh	220	44:45	Mike Dermody	322	47:50	Noel Griffin	424	49:55	Philip Flaherty
17	34:59	Christy McGrath	119	41:22	Claire Beatty	221	44:49	Denis Moran	323	47:51	John Francis Fahy	425	49:56	James O'Dea
18	35:14	Paddy O'Toole	120	41:24	Noel Igoe	222	44:51	Brian O'Donnell	324	47:51	Gerry Rohan	426	49:57	Andrew Gavin
19	35:20	Tamara Egan	121	41:24	Grainne O'Connell	223	44:51	Chris Baskin	325	47:53	Irene Raboin	427	50:00	Ruth Mahan
20	35:37	Enda Stankard	122	41:26	Derval Dewaney	224	44:56	Aiden Kelly	326	47:54	Diarmuid Glynn	428	50:00	Patricia Kelly
21	35:39	Unknown Unknown	123	41:29	Conor Flanagan	225	45:00	Caroline Kelly	327	47:56	John Fitzpatrick	429	50:04	Gerry Pryor
22	35:42	Gerard Carty	124	41:31	Grainne Ni Uallachain	226	45:00	John King	328	48:01	Declan Maddell	430	50:07	Dermot Hession
23	35:44	Brendan Gil	125	41:32	Kieran Fox	227	45:05	Martin O'Hara	329	48:03	Irene Hadd	431	50:10	Sean O'Shea
24	35:45	Elisha Kelly	126	41:34	Kilian Dooley	228	45:05	John Fitzgerald	330	48:04	Mark Feeney	432	50:10	John Rafferty
25	35:51	Tommy Niland	127	41:36	Kieran Kilkelly	229	45:07	Danille Kelly	331	48:06	Paul Dinkin	433	50:11	Pat Flaherty
26	35:54	John Broderick	128	41:39	John Junot	230	45:07	Allyson Heneghan	332	48:09	Orla McDonagh	434	50:19	John Mannion
27	36:05	Brian Broderick	129	41:39	Roisin Farragher	231	45:08	Declan Haran	333	48:08	Conor Owens	435	50:13	Kieran Gury
28	36:06	Jason Furey	130	41:40	Brendan Monaghan	232	45:11	Philip Magner	334	48:09	Lisa McTigue	436	50:13	Nicola Condon
29	36:08	TJ McHugh	131	41:46	Mike Ward	233	45:11	Eoin Larkin	335	48:09	Ross Sulley	437	50:13	Irene Spellman
30	36:08	Catherine Conway	132	41:52	Paul Curley	234	45:12	Stephen Lynn	336	48:13	Michael Cooke	438	50:14	Michael Hennesly
31	36:15	Vincent McGuinness	133	41:53	Seamus Daly	235	45:12	Deirdre Fitzsimons	337	48:16	Grainne Fay	439	50:18	Tom O'Connor
32	36:27	Sean Hanley	134	41:57	John Forde	236	45:14	John Kiriaine	338	48:16	Richard Comer	440	50:19	Michael Bassi
33	37:00	Fergal Egan	135	41:57	Patrick Walsh	237	45:15	Eddie Reilly	339	48:18	Declan Darcy	441	50:19	John Mannion
34	37:07	Tommy O'Connell	136	42:00	Peter Walsh	238	45:16	Tim Beahy	340	48:23	Karl Prangard	442	50:22	John O'Connell
35	37:08	Niall McCarra	137	41:58	Thomas Mannion	239	45:18	Anne Moran	341	48:22	Caran Furey	443	50:23	Aonghus Collins
36	37:13	David Maher	138	42:00	John O'Grady	240	45:18	JP Rafferty	342	48:23	Barry Doyle	444	50:24	Andy Gaquain
37	37:18	Eamonn Hornbrook	139	42:03	James Milley	241	45:19	Sean Small	343	48:24	Dara Connolly	445	50:25	Tony Kilkenny
38	37:25	Ronan O'Flynn	140	42:04	John Fitzmaurice	242	45:20	Patrick Meleady	344	48:24	John McDonald	446	50:26	Claire Cellarius
39	37:27	Tom Gill	141	42:04	Tom Tuzhy	243	45:21	Derek Keane	345	48:24	Sean Foley	447	50:26	Pat Burke
40	37:32	Liam McGuire	142	42:05	Derek Naughton	244	45:22	Eoghan Kelly	346	48:25	Shane Kavanagh	448	50:29	Shane Browne
41	37:37	Tommy O'Byrne	143	42:07	Andrew Kelly	245	45:23	Paul O'Connell	347	48:25	Paul O'Connell	449	50:30	John O'Connell
42	37:37	Pat Tuohy	144	42:11	Stephen Broderick	246	45:29	Diarmuid Monaghan	348	48:25	Michele Ruddy	450	50:31	Caroline Kelly
43	37:37	Sean Whelan	145	42:12	Paul Gilmartin	247	45:31	Frank Power	349	48:27	Katherine Kissane	451	50:32	John Conway
44	37:39	Cormac Folan	146	42:13	Gerry Griffin	248	45:32	Brendan Forde	350	48:27	Thomas Lally	452	50:34	Sinead Furey
45	37:51	Eddie Newman	147	42:14	Shane Walsh	249	45:36	Mike Flanagan	351	48:28	Patrick Sulley	453	50:35	Paddy Giholeoy
46	37:56	Dan O'Rourke	148	42:16	Niall O'Flaherty	250	45:36	Christopher Hughes	352	48:28	Michele Murphy	454	50:35	Hugh Quach
47	38:06	Conor O'Rourke	149	42:16	Orla Ni Mhuirichairteigh	251	45:42	Stuart Aherne	353	48:28	James Elwood	455	50:40	Gerry Hurley
48	38:06	John O'Connell	150	42:16	James O'Connell	252	45:42	Paul O'Connell	354	48:29	Patrick Byrne	456	50:40	John O'Connell
49	38:12	Mark Daly	151	42:26	Morgan McHugh	253	45:45	Eric Ward	355	48:30	John Sulley	457	50:42	Michele Moran
50	38:15	James Tuohy	152	42:30	Enda Gaffney	254	45:47	Collette Gil	356	48:31	Gerry O'Malley	458	50:42	JP Gilmartin
51	38:19	Jim Phelan	153	42:32	Alan Thornton	255	45:50	Barry Smyth	357	48:32	Billy McDonagh	459	50:44	Judith Roche
52	38:21	Larry Kelly	154	42:38	John Connolly	256	45:51	Paul Keogan	358	48:33	Liam Kennedy	460	50:46	Don Browne
53	38:22	John Whiskey	155	42:39	Ray McGrath	257	45:56	John Melia	359	48:34	Ed McDonagh	461	50:47	Jarlah Fitzgerald
54	38:24	Eimear O'Leary	156	42:48	Colm Howe	258	45:58	Enda Fanning	360	48:35	Sharon Gilligan	462	50:48	Alan Joyce
55	38:24	Fergal O'Connell	157	42:50	John Lavelle	259	45:59	Paul O'Connell	361	48:35	Paul O'Connell	463	50:48	John O'Connell
56	38:40	Niall Murphy	158	42:52	Mike Welby	260	46:04	Dave Moran	362	48:36	Patrick Connolly	464	50:54	Kevin Ryan
57	38:42	Alan Daniels	159	42:54	Noel Maher	261	46:04	Damien Cosgrove	363	48:39	Alan Lynch	465	50:57	Oliver Lahen
58	38:43	Gerry Kenny	160	42:54	Mick Morris	262	46:06	Vinny Faherty	364	48:43	Aideen De Paor	466	50:57	Roger Rushe
59	38:45	James Bruce	161	42:59	Brendan Kennelly	263	46:07	Gabriel Walsh	365	48:44	David O'Reilly	467	50:58	Shela Byrne
60	38:59	Jason Harte	162	43:04	Brendan Fahy	264	46:08	Aidan Madden	366	48:45	Donal Mackey	468	50:59	Niall McGarr
61	39:02	Jack Moran	163	43:09	Barry McCann	265	46:09	Joseph Nohilly	367	48:45	Cormac Ward	469	51:00	Danell Cronin
62	39:02	Alan O'Connell	164	43:12	Martin Keane	266	46:11	Marin McGrath	368	48:47	John O'Connell	470	51:01	Marika Kate Dilger
63	39:04	Liam Collins	165	43:17	Garrett Mackey	267	46:12	Lydia Joseph	369	48:47	Paula Lambie	471	51:03	Kenneth Macken
64	39:06	Colette Tully	166	43:18	Niall Hardman	268	46:12	Mary McHugh	370	48:51	Gavin Murphy	472	51:03	Maria Faherty
65	39:13	Damien Kelly	167	43:20	Stephen Bushell	269	46:13	Maurice Hannan	371	48:53	Fergus Mullins	473	51:04	Adrienne Walsh
66	39:14	Colm Sulley	168	43:22	John Normoyle	270	46:14	Niall Lyons	372	48:54	James Mannion	474	51:07	Joanne Murphy
67	39:15	Pat Staunton	169	43:24	Don Nyhan	271	46:16	Colin Barry	373	48:54	Stephen Costello	475	51:07	Lauren Jauss
68	39:18	Eamonn McWalter	170	43:24	David O'Doherty	272	46:22	John Burke	374	48:58	Sean Kyne	476	51:08	Louise Fenev
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70	39:20	Padraig Kelly	172	43:30	Shane Comer	274	46:27	Bartley Reaney	376	49:01	Eamonn Delaney	478	51:13	Anthony Dalton
71	39:22	David Noone	173	43:31	Brendan Ruane	275	46:32	Martin Hynes	377	49:01	Padraic O'Neil	479	51:13	Niav Ryan
72	39:26	Jonathan Cunningham	174	43:32	Darragh Tierney	276	46:35	Noel Gorman	378	49:01	Sean Dea	480	51:17	Niel E'aris
73	39:28	Sean Lee	175	43:33	Mike Kerrins	277	46:36	Frank McDaid	379	49:07	Joyce O'Donoghue	481	51:20	Henry Frizelle
74	39:31	Paul McDonagh	176	43:33	Promissias Glynn	278	46:36	Gerry Carroll	380	49:07	Lional Castelli	482	51:20	Joanne Henry
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77	39:30	Unknown Unknown	179	43:36	Shane Spillman	281	46:39	Yvonne Crotty	383	49:10	Aonghus Fahy	485	51:21	Michael Faherty
78	39:37	Ray Somers	180	43:37	Benny Niland	282	46:41	Fergal Lydon	384	49:11	Paul Doyle	486	51:22	Tricia Strelfoy
79	39:40	Kevin Glynn	181	43:38	Seamus Nee	283	46:42	Enda Holian	385	49:12	Tommy Egan	487	51:22	Patrick Daly
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85	39:51	Michael Costello	187	43:53	Noel Fox	289	46:52	John Langan	391	49:18	Jacinta Fahy	493	51:30	Martin Hynes
86	39:53	Seamus Coyne	188	43:53	Thomas Ruane	290	46:52	Ronan Mulloy	392	49:19	Regina Glynn	494	51:31	Niel Ford
87	40:04	Mark McDonagh	189	43:54	Derek Conneely	291	46:54	Ronan McCarthy	393	49:20	Anne-Marie Walsh	495	51:32	Paul Lally
88	40:08	Gabriel Brennan	190	43:57	John Lusby	292	46:54	Norman Black	394	49:20	Martin Mitchell	496	51:34	Paul Fleming
89	40:08	Donal Devaney	191	43:58	Cormac O'Connor	293	46:55	Adrian Flaherty	395	49:21	Darren Kelly	497	51:36	Sean McGuinness
90	40:16	Diarmuid Murray	192	43:59	Mary Kealy	294	46:57	Jarrah Monaghan	396	49:21	Toi Nolan	498	51:37	Brendan McGrath
91	40:19	Tom O'Connell	193	43:59	John O'Connell									

511	52:00	Niall Cullinane	618	55:19	Fiona Gilligan	725	57:47	Etaine Healy	832	1:00:25	Suzanne Kelly	939	1:07:29	James Molloy
512	52:00	Mark Tieran	619	55:20	John Murphy	726	57:48	John Gilrane	833	1:00:27	Marie McArdle	940	1:07:29	Patrick Molloy
513	52:03	Ray Foley	620	55:22	Mark Ryan	727	57:49	Frances Leahy	834	1:00:27	Aine McGuinness	941	1:07:34	Louise Ryder
514	52:04	Carmel Bergin	621	55:22	Pamela Ryan	728	57:52	Georgina Carter	835	1:00:34	Bernie Quinn	942	1:07:34	Margaret Morrissey
515	52:05	Fiona Gilrane	622	55:22	Ailish Killilea	729	57:53	Michael Roche	836	1:00:43	Patrick F Kelly	943	1:07:35	Yvonne Kary
516	52:08	Joe Egan	623	55:22	Marthyn Hayes	730	57:53	Paul McEneaney	837	1:00:44	Diarmuid Quill	944	1:07:37	Angela McCusker
517	52:08	Michael O'Dwyer	624	55:22	Brian O'Connell	731	57:55	Regina Byrne	838	1:00:44	Kenneth O'Hara	945	1:07:37	Judy Roche
518	52:11	Conor Nolan	625	55:23	Seamus Deasy	732	57:55	Seamus Deasy	839	1:00:44	Liam Egan	946	1:08:09	Jackie Moran
519	52:13	Colm Glynn	626	55:24	Nicola Deasy	733	58:00	Fionnuala Creggan	840	1:00:46	Stephanie Clavara	947	1:08:11	Alma Duddy
520	52:14	Tony Fahy	627	55:24	Sorcha Joyce	734	58:00	Denis Broderick	841	1:00:51	Matthew O'Neill	948	1:08:20	Siobhan Ward
521	52:14	Thomas Jennings	628	55:27	Sinad Monaghan	735	58:01	Caroline Grealish	842	1:01:08	Conal Kavanagh	949	1:08:34	Paul Power
522	52:15	Sinead Joyce	629	55:28	Caioimhe Madden	736	58:01	Deirdre Hogge	843	1:01:12	Renia Doherty	950	1:08:40	Fiona Healderran
523	52:17	Ollie Kyne	630	55:30	Aidan Doyle	737	58:02	Margaret Higgins	844	1:01:13	Aone-Marie Fox	951	1:08:54	Giosa Le Gar
524	52:18	Demot Kelly	631	55:30	Siobhan Spellman	738	58:02	Cara Gleeson	845	1:01:16	John Regan	952	1:08:55	Olivia Mellett
525	52:21	Michael O'Brien	632	55:30	Mike Farrell	739	58:03	Jennifer Murray	846	1:01:17	Maíread Ní Churruáin	953	1:08:57	Jacinta Curley
526	52:21	Gemma O'Brien	633	55:32	Emme O'Scallaghan	740	58:03	Eilish Hogge	847	1:01:18	Sharon Sheehan	954	1:08:57	Kevin Devane
527	52:24	David Somers	634	55:33	Siobhan Fitzpatrick	741	58:04	Lucy Collins	848	1:01:26	Sean O'Morain	955	1:09:01	Caroline Freaney
528	52:25	Burke's Tyres	635	55:34	Enda Daly	742	58:04	Marie Rooney	849	1:01:26	Michele Hession	956	1:09:04	Kevin Burke
529	52:25	Marian Conroy	636	55:36	Bernie McHugh	743	58:06	Evelyn Ryan	850	1:01:27	Alan Slattery	957	1:09:05	Siubhan Molloy
530	52:28	John Duffy	637	55:38	John Cullane	744	58:07	Conor Ryan	851	1:01:33	Aone-Marie Dyar	958	1:09:11	Lavinia Nolan
531	52:30	Bridin McDonagh	638	55:40	Michelle Doyle	745	58:08	Collette Kennedy	852	1:01:33	Elmar Kealy	959	1:09:12	Caroline Dethan
532	52:32	Ray Tracy	639	55:41	Dolores Foley	746	58:13	Maeve Gacquin	853	1:01:38	Mary Kelly	960	1:09:23	Hilena McGrath
533	52:33	Fianin Burke	640	55:42	Brendan Walsh	747	58:17	Una McNamara	854	1:01:49	Cara McClearn	961	1:09:26	Eithra Moran
534	52:33	Bradley Welsh	641	55:42	Geraldine Feagan	748	58:18	William Mullins	855	1:01:59	Judy Greene	962	1:09:33	Sheila Dunne
535	52:33	John Kiggins	642	55:45	Ciaran Ryan	749	58:20	Sinad Hayes	856	1:02:00	Fiona Lyons	963	1:09:33	Sinead Curran
536	52:34	Diarmuid McMahon	643	55:46	Brian Geraghty	750	58:21	Martin Casserly	857	1:02:05	Paul Lennon	964	1:09:40	Karen Conlogue
537	52:37	Keith Connolly	644	55:47	Fiona Divney	751	58:22	Dorothy Kenny	858	1:02:09	Theresa Mollery	965	1:09:42	Gillian O'Loughlin
538	52:38	Julie Maguire	645	55:49	Padraig Cummins	752	58:24	Paddy O'Coisdealba	859	1:02:09	Marie Donohoe	966	1:09:46	Amy O'Toole
539	52:42	Tara Tracy	646	55:51	Sally Kelly	753	58:25	Aoife Keating	860	1:02:12	Aoife Keating	967	1:09:51	Jackie Conroy
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542	52:46	Neil Coffey	649	55:55	Paschal Silke	756	58:28	Una Greaney	863	1:02:17	Sharon Sweeney	970	1:10:22	Sharon O'Keefe
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544	52:49	Ronan Ivers	651	56:00	Roseanne Trehy	758	58:32	Wayne Reilly	865	1:02:18	Margaret Cavanagh	972	1:10:31	Claire Hodges
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546	52:49	Barr Ryan	653	56:01	Fergal O'Connell	760	58:33	Colin O'Rourke	867	1:02:21	Ronan Kelly	974	1:10:53	Pauline Ryan
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550	52:58	Pat Hession	657	56:08	Dymphna Cullane	764	58:36	Sabrina O'Regan	871	1:02:31	Ciaran Conroy	978	1:11:29	Natalie Jordan
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584	54:11	Paul Keane	691	57:05	Cathy Jordan	798	59:22	Kevin Fitzgerald	905	1:04:54	Maria Maher	1012	1:20:21	Mary Teresa Monaghan
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587	54:15	Brigid Murray	694	57:07	Clairan Doyle	801	59:25	Clare Mitchell	908	1:05:22	Pearse Marnell	1015	1:21:15	Caithrina Byrne
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597	54:29	Miriam Cuddy	704	57:12	Conal Whelan	811	59:33	Eugene Molloy	918	1:05:46	Fiona Wynne	1025		

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Danny Carr

Fields 10KM Stalwart

I first started athletics when I was in primary school, training for the schools sports which were held in Kenny Park. This was the highlight of my year with the winners going on to represent Atheryn in the Community Games at the Sports Ground in Galway. I fondly remember the weather always being fantastic and the groups of parents who would sit along the bank watching on.

My first athletic club was Atheryn AC, where I ran for many years as a juvenile. When I moved to Galway in the early eighties I joined Galway City Harriers where I remain to this day.

Back in the eighties road races were far and few. If you wanted to run you would have to travel the country to get a race.

Christmas has always been one of my favourite times of year. I have a tradition which I follow annually. I go to a horse racing meet at the Foxrock venue in Leopardstown and always run a road race. It is a tradition I have been keeping up for over 30 years.

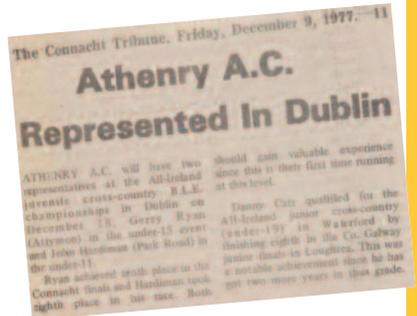
There used to be a half-marathon in Carraroe running for ten years from December '84. It was always held on the 27th and a group of us would travel out to take part. It was a great race with everyone getting together afterwards to enjoy a few pints. However, back then drink driving was not an issue. For a while there was no road race at Christmas in Galway, until in 2002 Atheryn AC organised the successful 10k. I am delighted there is now an established Christmas road race held yearly in Galway on Stephen's Day. It is great going back each year running in my own parish and meeting up with friends and people, some of whom I may only see from Christmas to Christmas.

Having been involved in organising the Streets of Galway 8k for many years, I can only congratulate and admire the hard work the committee puts in to achieve such a successful race each year. There is always a large turn out, regardless of it being St. Stephen's Day and the early start time means people have the rest of the day to spend with family and friends.

After the race there is a wonderful Christmas spirit. A hot cup of tea and Christmas treats are always shared afterwards. It is a great time to chat with fellow athletes and plan for the running year ahead.

Some of us continue on into one of the local pubs where we finish off the sporting year, looking back at goals and making promises that next year will be better.

Thanks to the organisers and many more years of success of the Fields of Atheryn 10KM are assured.



ATHERYN Athletic Club

Damien Burke

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2012 Fields of Athenry Photo Gallery



ATHENRY Athletic Club

My First 10KM Tom Mac Lochlainn

I ran my first 10K on the bogs of Slieveaneena where the southern villages of Moycullen border the northern reaches of Spiddal. It was a vast area of thousands of acres of unfenced mountain, dotted with lakes that were famous throughout Ireland for their abundant salmon and brown trout.

It was a sweltering day in July in the early seventies when my brother Joe, cousin Enda Clancy and myself drove there and parked the car. We got out and surveyed the miles of barren landscape sprawling south towards Spiddal and Cois Fharrage. We hadn't come there for the fishing.

We had come instead to look for a missing heifer which belonged to Enda's brother Tomás. She had left Tomás' farm in Tamhnachai two miles to the west as the crow flies. She could have gone in any direction and the fear was that she would get drawn onto swampy ground where she would sink and perish. Parts of this terrain were death traps and, if lost, she would not be the treacherous mountain's first or last victim.

We immediately started to trawl the mountain keeping about two hundred yards apart. Walking briskly we scanned the horizon while watching for hidden holes and drains that might trap the heifer. On and on we went under a scorching sun that rose ever higher, our hopes of finding her fading as midday approached and passed.

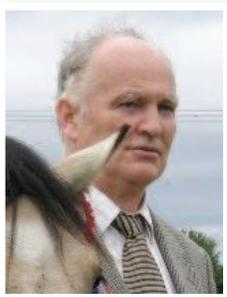
Calling to each other across the open spaces we took stock and decided to retrace our steps. We had walked for over two hours and had decided that the heifer would not be found. When we turned for home, the car but a shiny dot in the distance, I was at the front of the line with Joe at the rear and Enda between us. About two hundred yards separated each of us from the next.

We didn't decide to race home. There wasn't a collective

decision. It was the most spontaneous and natural thing in the world and without a word the race was on. Hardly any need for a warm up! We each stood over six foot three and were fit from farmwork and football. The sun was high in a cloudless blue sky.

The pace wasn't quick but conditions were difficult. We were on familiar terrain and mostly, but not always, avoided the hidden hazards. We generally zig-zagged around drains and holes but sometimes, unsuspectingly, plunged right into them. For the

most part we made good progress but over the more treacherous stretches were reduced to walking. I was determined to stay ahead of Enda, as he was of Joe as on and on we went. Any burst of speed was quickly countered.



The gaps between us remained constant as the car came more closely into view. The sweat ran off us and our boots were covered in wet turf. I don't know why we chased each other through the mountain heather on that balmy Sunday two score years ago. Some animal instinct? Our competitive nature? Our way of dealing with the limitless space? The sense of sheer joy and freedom it gave us? Was it

our carefree exuberance or do we all have a natural instinct to break into a run which 'civilized' society dampens. Whatever it was we didn't give it much thought on that afternoon as on and on we went through the squelching bog.

And so eventually to the car. We sat and giggled like children, blaming each other for starting it. No winners, exhausted and exhilarated we drove home, aching for food and drink. The next day the heifer came home of her own accord. As heifers do!

Over the years we've often joked and laughed about that glorious day's run in the sun. A magical time when we were young and strong and felt that we could run forever.

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Martin Keane

During 2013 I didn't run many races: Tuam 8K, Ballycotton 10M, both with James, and then the Galway 5K six race series, which I do with Peadar, sharing the driving each evening. Peadar will drive on the last evening which is our party night and as everyone knows he likes good timekeeping, yet he allows me a bit of time to lean against the bar. Maybe a little reward for good behaviour during the previous five evenings?

In July we had the club 10K barbecue race in 29 degrees of heat. I think the burgers cooked themselves that evening. In August I ran the Streets and about that time I weighed up the pros and cons of doing the Dublin marathon for the 20-something year. The cons were all my times for these races were back on previous years. Maybe coming close to sell-by date had something to do with. The pros were I was feeling well and as I don't have many more opportunities left so why not give it another lash. V8 status was in the offing.

I started to do a bit more training, getting up near 40 miles a week, which was interrupted by a week's holiday in Italy. After getting back, it was time to get a long run done. For this I chose the perimeter road around the Ballybrit racecourse which is a very quiet road, only frequented by the odd jogger or walkers.

I calculated it would take 14 laps to get 20.3 miles and as I started off I thought of all the people who go into church to do the 14 Stations of the Cross. On the last lap coming to the 'dip' with the climb up to finish to come I wondered was Calvary much steeper, but anyhow I didn't fall three times.

On to October Bank holiday weekend, I got the train on Sunday morning, again meeting up with Gerold Rohan and Pat McDonagh who weren't running but were going to spectate for a change. I got to the RDS and then sussed out the cheapest accommodation I could find and for this I chose my daughter Treasa and husband Colm.

Monday Morning, feeling bright-eyed and bushy-tailed I got Treasa to drop me as close as possible to Baggott St. and as I walked down the street I saw a coterie of maroon & white clad runners assembled outside the TESCO supermarket. As well as Jurys Hotel in Galway before the Streets, this is our regular meeting spot.

After a quick chat and a few photos it was then time to hit for the trenches. It was shortly after this I was to witness the only flaw in an otherwise impeccable organisation, in that there were far too few Portaloos

and later on around the course they had far too many.

On the start line I had my first mishap, although I had charged the Garmin before leaving home when I switched it on 'batteries low' is all it said on the dial. Everyone knows not having a watch is a terrible setback for a long-distance runner.

Away we go and for the first few miles it's a bit congested but the morning – bar a bit of breeze – was lovely and fine. Going through Phoenix Park a woman passed me by and remarked 'You've a fine pair of legs!' I replied that it was the best compliment I got so far that morning but hoped they'd keep me going for a few more hours.

The 20 mile mark is on Roebuck Rd. and always when I get to this point I think of the word GO because in my language it stands for Gloves Off, because you know well from here to the finish its going to hurt like being on the receiving end of a bare-knuckle boxer and not having the footwork to avoid the punches.

You have to admire all the supporters who line the roads along here and at the part of the race the lead runners would have passed ages ago. I'm feeling the pinch and if this was 'Strictly Come Dancing' I'm doing slow foxtrots rather than quicksteps.

With a couple of miles to go I see two Athenry singlets just a bit ahead. Normally I'd be able to eke a bit of energy from somewhere but not today myself and the Garmin had one thing in common 'low batteries.' Into the last mile now and the crowds are several deep along the barriers and the cheering is deafening but I'm struggling with trying to keep running with emotions even struggling to give the thumbs up to the occasional, 'Well done Athenry - jeez you're going great.' On the liars!

Maybe a few miles back I probably said to myself, 'Why am I doing this?' but as I reach the final 100 yards that 'why' has changed to 'Why not!' Passing

underneath the finishing gantry the feeling is great just great and as I look ahead I see he's there again, the grand old man himself: 83 year-old Harry Gorman. After a handshake, we chat for a while and as always he inquired about former runners he knew in Galway.



Walking along I met two girls from Craughwell and like myself they were glad to be still in a vertical position after finishing the race which wasn't the case with a few I saw around. At that stage they weren't aware they had silver medals in the team prize, so if anyone from Craughwell ever reads this belated congratulations girls.

I collected my bag and as I walked along I was reminded of that lovely old ballad 'The band played Waltzing Matilda' as looking at a lot of the runners hobbling in ungainly style, they'd remind you of wounded soldiers coming home from the war.

Colm called in for me and inquired about my well-being. I told him I felt great except that I was badly in need of a wash. He even declined my offer of letting down the car windows if he wished.

Not too much time for resting now as I had to catch the train back home again. Later that night I went to the Newpark Hotel for the Monday night trad session or a bit of 'ceoil agus ol' as I call it. The music being so good probably explains I was a few minutes later than intended getting home, something like the race earlier that day.

Looking back on the race we in Athenry AC had over 40 competitors and many more who due to injuries or whatever travelled up to give their support and their presence at various points around the course was very much appreciated – sorry folks if I didn't acknowledge ye all.

My own race didn't go as well as expected on the day maybe due to not enough of time spent in Ballybrit racecourse. Maybe due to father time not being kind to me either?

Today's race in Athenry is just a short distance of 10 KM, or 6.2 miles, otherwise the same length from Roebuck Rd. to Merrion Square, so no need to throw off the gloves!

To all runners and supporters who support the race year after year, thanks for coming and making it the success it is. Hope you've an enjoyable stay and especially those who've travelled a long distance, hope you've a safe journey home to complete the Christmas celebrations.

I see he's there again, the grand old man himself: 83 year-old Harry Gorman. After a handshake, we chat for a while and as always he inquired about former runners he knew in Galway.



Zugereiste Annette Minou

I have been asked to write some words about my running experience with Athenry AC and to do this in my native language, which is German. I am living in the West of Ireland for nearly 15 years now and would consider myself as being "Adoptive Irish".

I joined AC Athenry around May 2012, after having started running in January that year from scratch! My goal then was to get fit and to complete the Simon Community Women's Mini Marathon (10KM) in Galway in June. I had, together with a work colleague, started jogging on the Galway Promenade most weekday mornings before we went to work. I remember feeling so excited and delighted when we had added yet another KM to our running distance. The running bug had just caught me when somebody told me about Athenry AC. I checked out their website and got in contact with the Fit4Life group. I soon met loads of new people and the chats about "everything and anything" distracted me from sometimes tough runs.

I finished my first 10K in June which gave me the taste of races and I found myself being constantly on the RunIreland website to check out when there was another race on. Since then I have taken part in various races with one of the most memorable being the 2012 '10K Clifden Lifeboat Challenge'. Up the Sky Road in Clifden for 5K and then the same route down. I don't have a clue about altitudes but let's just say it's pretty steep and going upwards for nearly all of the first half of the race. The route is a very scenic overlooking Clifden Bay and I had brought many friends and family members from Germany there before...by car! I remember arriving at the top of the hill, where there was a water station and actually taking a break because I was so focused on just getting 'up there' that I nearly forgot that it was actually in a race! It only took a couple of seconds until I gathered myself and down I went. Needless to say the last 5k were much easier. The feeling of achievement was great when I finally came back into the village of Clifden and went over the finish line.

I completed my first Half-Marathon last year at the AA Championship hosted by Athenry AC. I nearly got a bit emotional when I passed the finish line. A year on and some more races later I completed my first 26.2 miles at the Dublin City Marathon 2013. The experience was amazing. The comradery amongst the club members was so encouraging. I would have never been able to do this without the support, help and advice of my fellow running friends from the club. Thank you all!

Even though, for the moment it doesn't look like I will ever be the one who crosses the finish line first [watch this space ;-)]. For me to finish a race is every time a win in itself. Signing up for a race gives me the focus, the goal for my training and it's really about meeting up with people from the Club for this purpose.

You know that there will always be somebody on a Saturday morning to share a few words with and who keeps you going and pushing on that bit more. There are also various opportunities to give back to the Club and local charities by helping out at a race or

getting involved in the F4Life program and leading a group on a Wednesday evening or Saturday morning. There are always a couple of people who like to start running and what a rewarding opportunity to give back what I once received, to give a bit of the encouragement and just to be there for somebody to run with. It is really nice to see the excitement of new comers to the sport when they have achieved the extra KM to their running distance.

Running and joining the Club has changed my life, it has given me confidence that by keeping at it and although having a few set backs in your training plan due to injury or other commitments you can achieve whatever goal you set for yourself. I have met fantastic people. The Athenry Club has made me feel so welcome and since I am with the Club I have met many people that are from the area and others that are blow ins like myself.

I live about 10 minutes drive from Athenry and since I had moved to the area about 8 years ago I really didn't know many people until I had joined the Club. I have discovered so many roads around our area and I have gained a sense of where my chosen home is actually positioned. It is a great feeling when you arrive at a race and meet fellow Club Members, it gives you a great sense of belonging.

So thank you Athenry AC, a big Dankeschön from a German "Blow In"!

Ich wurde gefragt, ein paar Worte über meine Erfahrung mit Athenry AC und meinem Laufen in meiner Muttersprache, Deutsch, zu schreiben. Ich lebe seit fast schon 15 Jahren im Westen Irlands und würde mich als „adoptierte Irin“ betrachten.

Ich bin dem AC Athenry im Mai 2012 beigetreten, nachdem ich mit dem Laufen im Januar angefangen hatte. Mein Ziel war fit zu werden und den Simon Community Women's Mini Marathon (10KM), im Juni darauf, zu vollenden. Zusammen mit einer Arbeitskollegin hatte ich begonnen morgens, vor der Arbeit, an der Promenade in Galway zu joggen. Ich erinnere mich an das aufregende und erfreuende Gefühl wenn ich einen weiteren Km zu meiner Laufdistanz hinzuzählen konnte. Die Rennsucht hatte mich erwischt als mich jemand auf den AC Athenry aufmerksam machte. I ging auf deren Webseite und kontaktierte die F4Life Gruppe. Bald lernte ich eine Menge neuer Leute kennen und unsere Unterhaltungen über alles Mögliche lenkten mich von manchmal sehr anstrengenden Läufen ab.

Ich vollendete meinen ersten 10Km Lauf im Juni, welches mir einen Geschmack zu Rennläufen gab und ich fand mich bald ständig auf der RunIreland Web- Seite um zu sehen wann ein weiteres Rennen an war. Seitdem habe ich an verschiedenen Rennen teilgenommen, jedoch das „10 KM Clifden Lifeboat Challenge“ ist mir am

eindrucksvollsten in Erinnerung geblieben. Hinauf die Sky Road in Clifden für 5Km und daselbe dann hinunter. Ich habe keine Ahnung über Höhen aber lass mal sagen dass es ziemlich steil hinauf für fast die gesamte erste Hälfte der Strecke geht. The Route ist sehr eindrucksvoll und überlickt die Bucht von Clifden. Ich hatte bereits mehrere Freunde und Familienmitglieder aus Deutschland hierher gebracht. mit dem Auto!! Ich erinnere mich Oben auf dem Hügel anzukommen wo sich eine Wasserstation befand. Ich war so konzentriert nur um hier hinauf zu kommen, dass ich beinahe vergaß dass ich in einem Rennen war. Nach ein paar Sekunden hatte ich mich gefassen und hinab ging es. Es braucht nicht erwähnt zu werden daß die letzten 5Km viel einfacher waren. Das Erfolgserlebnis war groß als ich endlich zurück in das Dorf Clifden kam und über die Ziellinie ging.

Ich vollendete meinen ersten Halb- Marathon bei dem AAJ Championship das von AC Athenry im September 2012 gehalten wurde. Ich wurde fast etwas emotional als ich die Ziellinie übertrat. Ein Jahr und einige Rennen später habe ich meine ersten 26.2 Meilen beim Dublin City Marathon 2013 abgelaufen. Die Erfahrung die ich gemacht habe ist unbezahlbar. Die Kameradschaft unter den Club Mitgliedern war so ermutigend, ich hätte das nie ohne der Unterstützung, Hilfe und Beratung meiner Laufkameraden vom Club geschafft. Vielen Dank an alle!!

Obwohl es im Moment vielleicht nicht so aussieht daß ich jemals diejenige bin die, die Ziellinie als erste übertrittet, paßt nur auf ;-). Für mich ist jedes vollendete Rennen ein Gewinn für sich. Wenn ich mich für ein Rennen anmelde gibt es mir den Fokus, ein Ziel für mein Training und es geht auch wirklich darum, sich dafür mit Leuten vom Club zu treffen.

Du weist, daß jeden Samstag immer jemand da ist mit dem man ein paar Worte teilen kann und der Dich etwas antreibt. Es gibt auch verschiedene Möglichkeiten an den Club zurückzugeben und lokale Wohltätigkeitsorganisationen zu unterstützen, nämlich in der Form von Mithilfe von Rennorganisatorischen Sachen. Oder man kann sich beim F4Life Programm mitbeteiligen und eine Gruppe am Mittwoch Abend oder Samstag Morgen führen. Es sind immer wieder ein paar Leute da die gerne mit dem Laufen anfangen möchten und was für eine belohnende Möglichkeit das zurückzugeben was man selbst erhalten hat, etwas Ermutigung zu geben und einfach für jemanden als Laufpartner da zu sein. Es ist echt nett die Begeisterung neuer Zukümmlinge zum Sport zu beobachten, wenn sie einen weiteren KM zu Ihren Laufristanz dazu zählen können.

Das Laufen und die Mitgliedschaft im Club hat mein Leben geändert. Es hat mir Zuversicht gezeigt daß trotz einiger Rückschläge im Training, durch Verletzung oder anderen Verpflichtungen, man jedes Ziel erreichen kann das man sich setzt. Ich habe tolle Menschen kennengelernt. Ich fühle mich vom Athenry AC Club willkommen und seit ich im Club bin habe ich viele Leute kennengelernt, die von der Gegend sind oder „Zugezogene“ wie ich.

Ich lebe ca. 10 Minuten fahrt von Athenry und seit ich in diese Gegend vor ungefähr 8 Jahren gezogen bin, hatte ich nicht so viele Leute gekannt, bis ich dem Club eintrat. Ich habe seitdem soviele Straßen und Wege in meiner Umgebung entdeckt, das gibt mir ein Bewusstsein über meine Örtlichkeit. Es ist ein tolles Gefühl wenn man zu Rennen ankommt und Clubmitglieder dort trifft. Das gibt ein Gefühl der Zugehörigkeit.

Also vielen herzlichen Dank AC Athenry, ein großes „Dankeschön“ von einer Deutschen „Zugereisten“!



Tuam AC



8K

20 January 2013

Tuam AC 8K Road Race

211 likes · 2 talking about this

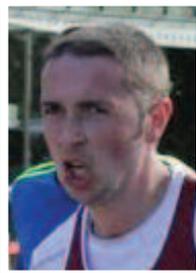
- 📍 Sports Venue
- 📍 The Mercy Gym on Dublin Road, Tuam
- 📍 Race @ 2.30pm on 19th January 2014



👍 211

Putting a Name to the Facebook!

Brian Somers



Fields of Athenry 10km 2013

Public · By Athenry AC

Events Invite friends Going

Writing and running are quite similar, the hardest part is always starting, but once you've warmed up and get going there is just no stopping you (as much as people might want you to!) bar the occasional writers block or wall hitting! So the hardest part of creating the Facebook advert campaign was undoubtedly at the start.

Since the First "Fields of Athenry 10km" race twelve years ago, a lot has changed, particularly in the Technology and Communication Worlds. We really do now live in the "on demand social media" age, where people click, press, touch, push, pull, drag, drop, command – watching / reading / listening to exactly what's of interest to them at that moment in time. Central to this World is Facebook, a place where we keep in touch and up to date with all our friends (as well as people we often don't really know too well!), along with keeping up to date with our interests and "likes".

Over half the population of Ireland is now on Facebook, but it's not the massive reach which makes Facebook a great advertising and communication platform, it's the ability to

talk to exactly the people you want to, your target market. Facebook users fill in a lot of details, age, gender, location, interests, page likes etc., which can assist in creating an advertising campaign to target specific Groups.

In relation to creating the advert, we had some great images of years gone by, much of which featuring some high profile athletes, National Champions, yes definitely use one or two of these. But, hang on, don't want to look elitist, far from it, this is an event for everyone to enjoy, whether your here to "win the fecking thing" or just out to work off some of the turkey, Roses and Romantica, we are happy to see you, so let's also use some of those great Group images as well, done! Those clever folk over in Facebook also tell you which imagery generates the most interest, and it's interesting, it's not always what you think it will be.

So, time to start ticking a few boxes for the target market, Interested in: athletics, running, races - all tick. But hang on, two years ago I never ran a race of any kind, and I only joined an Athletic Club one year ago, before that my profile didn't have any reference to running or athletics, I was excluding "me" from a couple of years ago, that doesn't seem right! Expand interests to Sport...no that's still not right, still too restrictive. So we spread the net wide to find you...or did you find us? Either way, it's nice to put a face to the name!

Make it to the End

Diarmuid Quill

James Lundon has hounded me for this report and he also has editor's rights here. I phoned him after the Forest Marathon (Portumna – 15 June 2013) to tell him that I had finished and the experience of my day.

I have removed all the bad language that I used to describe the run. This journey started about a week beforehand when I advised my training partners that I was going to run. Some thought that it was a great idea (Val, Esther, Aine), "Good on you," they said, more had a bit of sense (Betty, Linda, Marie, Noreena), "You have no training done," but I was foolishly determined that I would start anyway and, moreover, I thought it was a good idea at the time. All week I was looking forward to it until the realisation of about 5 minutes before the start Tony Nevin "No DNF, Quill, no DNF!"

I am here at the start standing beside Val and feeling physically sick, full of nerves on the realisation that this was going to be 26.2 miles of labour pain (one previous marathon under my belt with proper training done, a complete disaster). Even when I was jumping [Editor's note: a two metre man over 30 years ago!] I never felt as bad as this because I was always in control but now my poor body was going to take a pounding.

Two minutes before the start, it started to lash rain, bucketing down now, to add to my misery I was wet as well and this day was going to get worse. At 12 pm, off we went. My merry marathon friends and I settled into a nice handy pace that served me well for 30k. As we headed from the start into the forest park there was so much chatter around me I couldn't believe the upbeat chatter even though we were wet and heading into the unknown.

I heard a car behind me beeping like crazy and shouting to whoever they knew, until it was my turn Emma and Aine driving in for the half marathon. Some rude remarks were past mostly by me. We came to start of the first of our 8 laps, only who did I spot only Athentry's great Alan Burke on the Start finish line. He shook his head at me at the end of the 4th lap and he told me to stick to high jumping; after the 6th lap he told me he wanted to go home sometime this evening. Funny man, but the worst was when he told me I was on my last lap, he said I looked great.

I took some punishment but amazing how certain things kept me going. "I will tell James Lundon that you didn't finish," from

Sinead Folan now a sub-40 woman for 10k. The support from all the Craughwell runners that day: even when we had no more to give, we shouted each other on. Eamon and Mike, they were leaning over a barrier like they were in a pub leaning on the bar counter, Deirdre – another trainer partner – who was there cheering Keith. The Athentry AC supporters club, and the most inspiration of them: all the lads and lassies who completed the 100km.

I had never been to 100k race before and I have nothing but respect for these athletics, while Usain Bolt and Mo Farah get all the world's attention these giants just run along and are happy to do so.

I met two lads at 39k at my last water station. I was knackered with a swollen knee and could hardly move. I asked them how far they had to go, "18k they replied," and off they went chatting away to each other, I had 3k to go and was totally f***ed and wondering how I was going to get to the finish. I wasn't dedicating the race to anyone but now I so wanted to finish and off I went shuffling along and to the finish. I had made it. I was greeted with cheers from everyone at the finish line, what a feeling, totally wrecked, delighted with myself, and a marathon finisher's medal in my hand. I was proud, stiff, sore, with a swollen knee, and now not able to walk. I had never got so many hugs in my life but equally I had never given as many. Tony Nevin took a video of me walking, which wasn't funny, and I am sure the expletives on that from me need to be edited out before a PG showing.

As all Craughwell were having tea and coffee at Aine's car, a finisher from the 100k came to his car to change. I asked him why he would put his body through 100k and the reply was "I was doing nothing this weekend!" On the way home I got a phone call in the car, the Craughwell lads were going to the Meadow Court for something to eat and drink, I declined because I knew I would have some job getting out of the car and walking to the bar and getting out of my car; once was going to be enough at home. I got home to laughs from my wife and kids on walking like John Wayne, a rude smile from myself and proudly showed my finisher's medal. I left it hanging in the kitchen for a week so that I could look at it.

I was genuinely proud of what I did; time didn't matter I had made it to the end.





19...Nirvana Elvis

First three 5KM series races had been 20:25, 20:37 and 20:37. There wasn't going to be a sub-20 in 2013, I was pretty sure. Not enough work done. My bad!

Craughwell was #43 or 8.4 on 21 May 2013. Got there early, after 7PM. More people milling round than usual. Flash mob at 7:40PM, as usual! The weather was probably going to stay dry, though there were a few dark clouds. Gusts of wind were nudging us around a bit more than I'd like.

Hooked up with JO'C soon after 7:20 and did a longer warm-up than usual. Quicker too. Sixteen minutes at 7:30-ish. Got back and put on my new Elvis quiff. (Hardly anyone saw it and there is only one partial image of it on. Not to worry!) Tossed it off seconds before the race started. No way was I going to get under 20:20 carrying a dead badger around on my head. I would have been too much of a target, not that my bald head wasn't already instantly identifiable anyhow.

A few words from VF and we were sweating. Was running freely after 75 metres – the key advantage of starting at the front. Settled down once I got past the level-crossing, which does take a bit of care – falling there would be akin to going down in the Grand National: painful and likely to be trampled. MW and JW were looking good, behind me.

The first KM is almost all downhill and I was in a good place. BK ranged up alongside me and we seemed to lock into the same pace: not too easy but not too hard. I've always found it difficult to run someone else's race but this felt right and, perhaps, I've also started to learn the benefits of it.

Got there quick, 3:51. Not too fast and a handful of seconds in the 20 minute bank...to be withdrawn later!

Down to the bottom of town and then back up the hill to Gilligan Park; things were still going well. Clumps (not just a line like other years) of people ahead of me, with BK still cutting out our pace. No one was passing us, certainly not zooming past. We picked off a few as we went along: mostly those who went out too quickly and now paying back credit-card type interest. The 2KM marker was a bit back on other years, or so I thought. No split. BK was still ahead of me but only by half a yard. He was doing the pushing, which I was happy enough to soak up.

Down to the left turn. Still no pressure. I was as much in control as I was likely to be at this stage. Still half the race to go. Felt that I needed to stretch things out a bit as I was a bit too conservative in the previous three races, resulting in very quick last KMs. I had to do things slightly differently this time or else I wasn't learning about myself, and how much I could get out of any particular race.

Passed by JC, flying, near the graveyard. I was a mite surprised. Passed my sparring partner of previous nights near the 3KM marker, who had started out a bit too quick, as he later admitted. Old habits die hard! BK had surged on the hill after the graveyard but I caught up with him very soon after – too easily?

A lot of people still up ahead. Just concentrate on my own race. They weren't worried about me so why should I be concerned about them. The 3KM mark was a bit back on where I expected it to be from other years, not that I cared; all the really mattered was that the finish line was still on the crest of the hill, at the old bridge over the railway.

The 500 metres down to 'Nirvana' corner were fast – eye-bulgingly so – but I didn't make up anything on those ahead of me. I could see BM bobbing up and down ahead, out of range. I could only imagine what was going on behind me. I wasn't passing anyone but neither was anyone passing me. I was perfectly paced for my cohort. Turned at 'Nirvana' and that short uphill, followed by the dirtier and longer uphill to the 4KM marker, where the final push for home would begin. Memories of being passed by JC and BG a few years ago flitted to mind.

The 4KM marker was reached, just before the 'Elvis' house. I forgot to glance in and nod at him, looking out at us, in bemusement, no doubt. No KM split, didn't matter.

The last KM is surprisingly uphill, and not the all-downhill stretch that most will perceive or half-remember. Obviously the last 200 metres are stiff but the first 200 metres is almost as much. I was really hurting – this is where real effort and focus (mental and physical) is required. Are you "up" for it, or not? Everyone else was too far up the road, except a tall chap wearing a red t-shirt with Munster on the back. I got past him but he sprinted past me before the last corner to the finish. No dishonour in that. No one else got past me in the last KM, I think, though there was a chap just behind me on the line, who says I passed him with about 400M left – have no memory of it.

Turning the last corner, I was hanging on, really hanging on, just hanging on. BM was coming back into range but was still a few ticks ahead and wasn't going to be caught this evening. I was just looking for one thing now, the Red Tag race clock. How close was I going to be to 20:20...or a bit better, fingers crossed.

F&ck it, it was still ticking in the 19s but I couldn't quite see: was 19:3? or 19:4? or... Twenty five years looking at a computer screen is taking its toll on my long sight.

I became entranced by it, looking at nothing else. There was a mighty crowd of Craughwell AC women, all screaming for Elvis, screaming something :-).

19:4.....

19:5.....

Shite, shite, shite...!

The welcoming blue timing mat came, but did it come quickly enough?

Click!



20:00.21 on my watch but I knew it took over two seconds to cross the start mat, so: I made it, pending a confirmation text.

I was amazed; utterly surprised; astonished. Still am!

Turned out I wasn't the only one who did an amazing time on what seemed to have been an almost perfect evening for racing – dry, not that windy, not too warm! Perfect. JM and RAS were home just after me – both excellent runs. I was 93th with three more behind me also 'chipping' sub-20. Ran

5KM in the opposite direction around 24 for my warm-down.

BK, thanks most sincerely for concentrating my mind for almost three KM. I was still sweating from the race 18 hours later!

Kudos to the organising club, Craughwell AC, as always. Everything about the race logistics was perfection.

3:51, 4:02, 4:05, 4:02, 3:58

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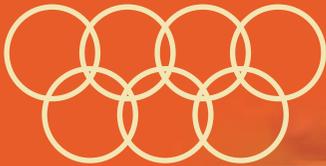
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Out-standing in your field (when you should be running, faster)...

Jane Walsh

Why would anyone run on grass? Or worse still, in mud? Your splits look horrific, your pace and your runners destroyed.

There are probably two categories of runners: the die-hard cross country runner, and those recovering from injury. We've all seen the latter, hobbling red-faced round and round the grassy pitches in Dangan (usually on their own due to their intolerably slowness) like a lost and lonely hamster.

I recently, was reduced to hamster status as a result of a nasty dose of patellar tendinitis. After four months of no running I started back (on physio's advice) with small slow circles on a surface I detest (my idea of heaven being an open, (flat!) straight, highway)...

In an attempt to inject some 'excitement' into the interminable boredom of the short dizzying grassy runs, I decided to enter a few cross country 'races', so desperate was I for company. How hard could it be really? After all, I was now 'up to' 4k, and all that grass was going to be great for my knee, right?

I had a few enjoyable forays over 4k race distance in Loughrea, Sligo and Roscommon County and Connacht races. Despite my appalling level of fitness and lack of proper training, my love of racing was being somewhat satisfied by these sociable muddy jaunts. A mixed age group and standard of competitor meant I could hide in the mid-field without any pressure, or so I thought.

Then I received an email from one of the Galway team selectors saying that seeing as I was such a fan of cross country, there was a spot for me on the Galway team for the National Inter-Counties Cross Country. This, he said, was a race that would boast Ireland's finest female athletes. Then, he added, that it was no 4k jaunt, but EIGHT KILOMETRES, in MUD. I protested-I was very unfit - only 'up to' 6k (jogging) at this stage, and surely there were lots of faster women dying to get on the Galway Senior Cross Country team? Apparently not!

Before I knew it I was lining up with five Galway team mates at the start of the women's senior race in a Galway vest.

The warm-up had been a giddy experience as I saw the celebrity who's who of Irish Athletics whizzing around the park in Santry. But I was not quite prepared for the thrill of lining up beside the double European Champion, Fionnuala Britton and the National Marathon Champion, Maria McCambridge. Even more exciting, I lined up right behind my TEAM MATE Nicola Duncan (Ireland's fastest female marathoner this year, 2:36), who had flown over from Scotland especially for the event. Siobhan O Doherty, winner of the Streets of Galway was also there. I could go on.

I knew I would have to run a conservative pace as I had (a) done no speed work and (b) not run 8k more than twice in the previous six months. I had already calculated that I would be one of the slowest in the race and that I would be lapped at least once on the five-loop course. Never mind, I thought, so long as you are (a) not last and (b) smile for the cameras, everything will be just fine...

The gun went and the start was blistering! As usual, I took off far too fast and despite this, fell immediately to the back of the field. After 800m I sneaked a look at my Garmin and realised that if I didn't slow down I was at risk of not finishing the race at all. As I stared at 49 (muddy) sets of heels move off into the distance, I could only faintly hope that at least one of them would come back to me later as a result of poor pacing, or falling into a ditch, etc. Anyhow, I figured there'd be loads of support on the course to keep me going...However, when I heard shouts of 'KEEP GOING Galway', 'Don't GIVE UP Galway' I smiled through gritted teeth and thought 'never mind, Fionnuala will be along shortly and I can watch a bit of the race myself



whilst I'm out here suffering'.

Sure enough, as I dragged myself around the third lap, she powered past me doing approximately 5-min/mile pace. She looked like she was doing a 200m repeat as she sped past; I nearly fell into the ditch in awe.

Shortly afterwards, another group of runners passed battling it out for positions, including Nicola Duncan who had a stunning race finishing in 13th and first woman home on the Galway team. When I eventually crossed the line I was absolutely delighted to have finished in one piece and pleasantly surprised with my time of 37:14, all things considered. The post-match analysis revealed that several of my super-fast team mates had been somewhat disappointed, finding themselves further down the field than they might have expected, underlining the calibre of the field. Despite this, our team placed fifth overall, a very good result indeed (UP GALWAY!)

We ran a slow cool-down as a group around the inside of the course whilst cheering on our men's team during their race, they did us proud in a top-class field! Afterwards we all met under the tree where we had stashed our gear, for some fun-size Mars Bars and a good laugh! There was a great turn-out from Galway teams that day and a great sense of camaraderie and it was a fabulous event to be a part of. There are not too many occasions where you can truthfully say that coming last in a race was a good experience, but for that picture of me 'chasing Fionnuala down' alone, it was worth every bit of it ☺.

Taking a bite of the Big Apple

Lyall Guiney

Finally. After three years of failed lottery attempts, I got my entry to the New York City marathon. Training started in earnest on Sunday 1st September after a mostly idle summer. I wanted to run this race strongly and finish around the 3 hour mark. I had 9 weeks to the race, 8 full weeks for training. This was okay. None of my successful marathons have had long, slow build-ups. I've done well in the past with a concentrated, high quality training schedule, with an inverse taper designed to peak for the race.

I hit long runs of 18, 20, 22, 18 and 22 miles in the five weekends before the race. The final 22 miler was a sub-7:20 average with an almost 5-minute negative split around the mud in Dangan, two days before the Dublin marathon, eight days from the race. After spectating some fantastic Athenry AC performances around the capital on Monday, I went into final taper mode and packed my bag.

The east coast clocks go back the week after ours – on the eve of race day. So, come Sunday morning and the daylight savings change, I got another hour back again, in addition to the four between EDT and GMT. My nervous, un-adjusted brain woke me at 3am. I dozed for an hour, then rose fully and poured some boiling water into a ready-meal porridge pot, then did the same with a second pot, then ate a banana. Done by 4:30, so I hunkered down watching early morning American TV and sipping water.

My ferry time was 6am, from Manhattan to Staten Island. It was going every 15 minutes and had loads of space, so I could probably have stayed in the hotel for another while. It didn't matter too much though – I joined hundreds of runners as I sat down in the warm ferry terminal on the far side, delaying the final transportation leg. It was a cold morning, with a biting wind. Eventually, a little after 7am, I hopped on one of the shuttle buses running back and forth to the start area at the foot of the Verrazano-Narrows bridge.

On the bus, I listened as a Norwegian runner doing his first marathon chatted to an American with a 2:30 PB. Sorry, PR. :-) The Norwegian was here last year, and was one of the many runners who helped the emergency services during the Sandy

aftermath. It was a bit surreal hearing the conversation. The bus ride finished, and I polished off the last of a bottle of Gatorade I'd been sipping. Lucozade Sport doesn't seem to exist over there, weird.

The elite women started at 9:10am. I was in the first wave with the elite men (and a few thousand others), starting at 9:40am, but arrived at the start area at around 7:45am. With my Penny's 5-7 sweatpants and 5-6 fleece keeping me, uh, "warm", I huddled against a fence and waited for the start

corral to open. Entered this at about 8:30am. When it hit 9am, we had to move out onto the bridge itself. I ditched the sweatpants but kept the fleece.

We stood for the next 40 minutes. I had a green bib, and this meant I started on the lower level of the bridge, while blue and orange started on the top level. The gun went, and maybe 20 seconds later I crossed the start line. Straight into the most exposed first mile imaginable! But wow, it was exhilarating. A television helicopter was hovering at eye level to my left, just beside the bridge, and off in the distance the spires of Manhattan rose into the clear morning sky. To avoid clipping heels, I moved all the way to the left edge of the road, away from the pack and right into the teeth of the wind, but I didn't care. The fleece took the edge off it, and besides, this was it. This was mile one of the New York City marathon, on the Verrazano-Narrows bridge from Staten Island to Brooklyn. The holder of the fastest marathon time ever and the current London marathon champion were running on the pavement above my head. I ran a slow first mile, but it felt amazing. The cold air seared my throat and lungs. My numb fingers were locked around my energy gels. I felt strong and determined and ready for some hard work ahead.



BROOKLYN:

Mile 1: 7:16 – Slow opening mile, but it's one of the toughest in the whole race.

Mile 2: 6:03 – Down the far side of the bridge. A little more space on the road, added to some mental insecurities about the first mile being too slow, led to (by far) my fastest split overall!



Mile 3: 6:38 – Heating up – I discarded the fleece as we entered some Brooklyn suburbs.

Mile 4-8: 6:30, 6:26, 6:25, 6:28, 6:28 – Yeah, look at that. Perfectly solid running. This was all up 4th Ave in Brooklyn, a wide, straight, flat road. The crowds of spectators were much more substantial here as well.

Mile 9: 6:37 – A little uphill drag here. Took my first gel half-way into this mile.

Mile 10: 6:21 – Boom, keeping it steady and not far off 2:50 pace.

Mile 11-13: 6:42, 6:26, 6:41 – Couple of slightly slower miles, keeping things realistic. Also, the Pulaski bridge provided a challenge just as we passed through half-way. It's a lesser incline than the Verrazano or Queensboro bridges, but still a nasty climb, taking us from Brooklyn into Queens.

Half: 0:47 to half @ 1:25:48

QUEENS:

Mile 14: 6:47 – Second gel, this one caffeinated.

Mile 15: 6:45 – A couple of slow miles in Queens. I forget the detail of these. I was pretty zoned out from my surroundings for most of the race really. I had planned to try and enjoy the run, but once I fell into a good fast rhythm in the early miles, I became determined to stay focused and race.

Mile 16: 6:38 – Across the Queensboro / 59th street bridge. A welcome cheering zone greeted us as the end of this mile, as we turned up onto Manhattan's 1st Ave.

MANHATTAN:

Mile 17-19: 6:26, 6:25, 6:31 – Three excellent splits here, considering there is a long slow drag up part of 1st Ave. Third gel as I approached mile 19, caffeinated again.

BRONX:

Mile 20: 6:48 – Into the Bronx. Another short but steep climb over the Willis Ave. bridge. My slowest split other than mile 1.

Mile 21: 6:44 – Out of the Bronx and back into Manhattan at the end of mile 21. A stitch was threatening these last couple of miles, but thankfully never came.

MANHATTAN / CENTRAL PARK:

Mile 22-23: 6:34, 6:29 – There's nothing like looking at your watch at mile 23 and seeing your mile splits steadily improving over the last few miles. Really working hard now

though. Threw away my last gel; a strong finish was certain at this stage, and it was all about gritted teeth, forcing the legs to maintain a steady cadence and just getting it done.

Mile 24: 6:46 – Slight drag up this section of 5th Ave if I remember correctly. Turned into Central Park just before the Guggenheim museum.

Mile 25: 6:40 – Passed a runner with Trinity College Dublin on the back of his shirt. We gave each other a shout.

Mile 26: 6:33 – Blackout. I have no memory of running most of this mile. I walked this part of the course later in the week, and couldn't recall the route detail until we got within sight of the finish.

Finish: 1:25 – A final little incline ahead of the finish gantry elicited a growl. I had not spared the energy to do the math to convert my recent splits into a projected finish time, so I dragged myself through the final metres as fast as I could for fear of missing a new personal best.

Stopwatch: 2:52:32. Chip: 2:52:30. A PB by 41 seconds over my 2012 time in Cork. A positive split of about 54 seconds.

I was in absolute pieces immediately after crossing the line – and I'd have it no other way. My wobbly legs were distinctly at odds with clenched fists and a couple of roars of COME ON!!! It all quickly turned to uncontrollable emotion, and I was sobbing all the way on the path out of the park. The finish line stewards were superb, all of them asking if I was okay and murmuring congratulations and giving me stuff to eat and drink and keep warm. I stiffened up completely, which made it a long, slow, painful... delightful, wonderful walk to the exit. There's nothing like the happy-sad, why-do-we-do-this, wouldn't-trade-this-for-another-feeling after a hard effort marathon. It's a truly unique part of the experience.

I can sum it up like this. When you finish with nothing left in the tank, with just a slight positive split and an unexpected PB. When your energy levels are spent mere metres past the tape, and when blood seeps into your mouth from an inflamed trachea. When emotion rips through you almost non-stop for half an hour after stopping. And when all that happens in New York City. That, if I may say so, is a good marathon.

Taken from Lyall's blog: <http://www.lyallguiney.com/running> .

2013 was a Good Year for Athenry AC (Juvenile) Michelle Collins

OMG what a year Athenry Juvenile Athletics had in 2013! The weather did not dampen our training sessions, if anything the kids loved the wind and the rain and always turned up, probably to their parents' disgust as warm fires beckon. Those who deserve special mentioning for their achievements during the year are Evan Quirke, Mathew Treacy, Lydia Doyle, Shannen & Brandon Lee. Evan won silver medal in the Community Games Triple Jump, to add to his gold medal from last year in Long Jump. Adding to this, silver in the Long Jump in the All Irelands and 6 gold and two silver throughout the year.



Lydia Doyle had an outstanding year with five gold and one silver in Long Jumps and Hurdles, a record that would be hard for anyone to beat. Shannen Lee has had a tough year but is coming back to form, while still achieving four silver medals throughout her season, across different events, while her brother also attained three gold, two silver and one bronze. Brandon was also 6th in his All-Ireland Cross Country in mid-December down in Waterford to crown a fantastic year. Niall Kenny's achievements were gold in the U16/U17 800 metres, bronze in hurdles and 600 metres. Mathew Treacy has also did well with two silver in Hurdles and one gold in high jump, along with his brother Dean who got three gold in High Jump and one in the teamed event. (There is a pattern of whole families in both the juvenile and senior club as you can tell.)

Some of the young rising stars include Sarah Gilhooley, Freya Bohan, Ruairi Collins, Aoife Wall, Fergus Deeley, Calum Healey, Mikey Kelly, Adam Molloy, Finn McIntyre, Saoirse Healey, Sophie O'Brien, Caoilfhinn & Shea Hennessey, Geordan Mangan, Ellie Cronin, Christian & Caitlin Mullen – all received medals during the year.

We wish to thank all the clubs and people who provided us with facilities throughout the year. Many thanks to Dermot and all his team: Bernie Mulryan, Yvonne Knight, Sinead Healey, Tony Collins, Lorna Freeman, Michelle Collins, Mary Cummins, Mary Kate Dilger, Mary Rohan, Barry Doyle, Stephen Lally, Bob Reilly, Brian McGroathy and finally Peter Lyons. I would still like more parents to come forward to help: one hour a week or one a month? We need all the help we can get, so our kids reach their goals.

Please keep an eye on our Facebook page as there is always a lot to see on it. Can I ask all parents to pass on any photos you have to one of the trainers and we will put them up for all to see, even ones going back over the years. You can also contact Sinead Healey on 087-6330527, Yvonne Knight on 086-83389738 and Michelle Collins on 087-2072933 for info on our over-8 athletes and Mary Kate Dilger on 087-418941 and Mary Cummins on 087-9778877 for under-8. Our head coach, Dermot McNamara, can be contacted on 091 844432.

Happy New Year, one and all, and hope it's a good one.

New members are always welcome and anyone wishing to inquire about joining the club can contact our club chairperson at 087-6330527. It is a great way for youngsters to get healthy and make new friends in a safe and welcoming environment.



20 Questions for SINEAD TUOHY



Q1. When did you start competing and what got you interested in it?

I started athletics when I was six and at some stage I have competed in the majority of events both track and field and cross country. I took up the high jump when I was 16 and haven't looked back since.

Q2. Name your Sporting highlights past and present?

For me the past year has been the best. During the summer I competed in my first international event, also coming second in the college inter-varsities was an amazing achievement for me. In the past winning my first all Ireland gold medal in Nenagh u18 for the high jump was pretty cool.

Q3. What's your favourite event/event location?

High Jump is my Favourite event and favourite place compete is Athlone.

Q4. How often do you train in a typical week?

Usually train four nights a week, its hard with college work.

Q5. What was your worst performance/experience?

Worst performance/experience was in the All Irelands and I was doing the hurdles. I hit the second hurdle and fell. Never ran them in competition since.

Q6. What's the best piece of training advice you were ever given?

Forget about everyone else be selfish and focus on yourself! It seems to work!

Q7. Have you ever had a serious running injury?

I was out for a good year when I was younger with a heel injury. Touch wood I have been lucky to avoid serious injury since.

Q8. What training session do you find the hardest/dislike the most and what's your favourite session?

I'm not a fan of core sessions, but unfortunately they have to be done :).

Q9. Do you have a Favourite quote (sporting or otherwise)?

Not really!

Q10. What event have you not yet completed that you would like to do the most in the future?

Because I have competed combined events I have competed in most events on the track. I would love to be able to do the hurdles again.

Q11. What are your goals for the next 12 months?

My main goal is to compete in another international event and improve on my personal best.

Q12. Do you have a particular nutrition regime before, during and after events?

Up nice an early, eat a good breakfast and drink loads of water the days before an event.

Q13. What other sport, if any, are you involved in?

I am not involved in any other sport at the moment but I have played Camogie and Basketball in the past.

Q14. Who is your Sporting hero?

Blanka Vlasic - she is a Croatian High jumper.

Q15. Who is your favourite heart-throb or pin-up?

Not sure too many to pick from!

Q16. Favourite holiday destination?

Anywhere that has plenty of sun.

Q17. Your most treasured possession?

Couldn't survive without my phone.

Q18. Breakfast of champions?:

Tea and toast :).

Q19. Desert island essential(s)?

A pillow :).

Q20. I would like to be remembered as...?

An athlete!

A Long Road to a PB (Women's 10km mini-marathon Salthill 23 June 2013) Miriam Wall

It is a long time since I have written a race report. To be honest I did not run very fast in 2011 or 2012. I was training for longer distance half Ironman triathlon events and my run speed eluded me. Some people continue to get faster as they build up their endurance and miles. I seemed to get tired and never seemed to have that extra gear that is needed to produce good run times. While I did races I never felt like I was at the races. The 100km bike rides seemed to linger in my legs and I never felt fresh. Although I got stronger, I plateaued and lacked any real speed.

After competing in world championship half iron man event in Las Vegas last year I had a real "think" about what I wanted for 2013. I (probably) did too much training in the early part of 2012 which resulted in poor race performances, fatigue and disappointments. So to move forward one has to learn by ones mistakes, not dwell on them and make some positive changes.

So, after a rest post Las Vegas I began to think about and to set some goals for myself for 2013. I knew I wanted to get my run speed back. I wanted to do this as I love running and it is a great feeling when you can run to your full potential. Also, when you are running well you can finish a triathlon race strongly. I also wanted to improve my swimming. I decided to focus on my run training from January until May (while keeping my bike in maintenance mode). The aim was to have fresh legs for all my run sessions.

So Jan 2013 arrived along my new year's resolutions and a fresh slate. My training began to take shape and I settled into a nice routine. My main aim was to recover between sessions and to have fresh legs for my run sessions. I had never focused on my recovery before. So three run sessions per week, track, tempo and my long slow run (65-75 minutes). I had not done track for over two years and I have to say I loved the track sessions. It is such a good session and the endorphins after are second to none!

Apart from a flu in February, I have remained injury free and have been able to train consistently this year. Over the last couple of months I have noticed improvements now that the

race season has begun. I am stronger than before and thankfully my speed is back.

The 10km last Sunday was a race for me to see where I was at before the Kilkee Triathlon which was yesterday. So, there was no taper for the 10km. The weather was very, very windy. The first 2 km were into the wind and the last 2-3km into the wind.



The corals were set up with the sub 45, 50,55,60...I felt a bit funny lining up are there were only 10-15 of us in the sub 45 minute section. Usually, with all the men I would be safely hidden in rows 3 or 4! So the gun went off and off we went. Regina and Alvy were gone. I was with Jennifer, Grainne and another girl until the turn at the caravan park. It was so windy for this section. I probably went a bit hard for these 2km but I was in behind the girls and I was getting shelter from the wind. Once we turned the corner our group broke up.

The 3 girls passed me in the next km but I managed to keep Jenny in my sights. I tried not to let too big of a gap develop. We were flying down the prom with the wind behind us until the entrance to Mutton Island. Then it was back to fighting the wind, a bit of reprieve until the Claddagh and then against the wind to the finish line. It was so

tough running into the wind. The atmosphere was great on the way to the finish line.

I felt strong for the whole race and kept a good pace going. A guy passed me with a few 100 meters to go. Jenny came 5th and I was 7th (or 6th if you fully discount the guy!) I was so delighted. I ran a PB of 43.45 mins. Who knows what may happen on a calm, windless day? It was a great result for me on a personal level and a great confidence booster for the Kilkee Triathlon.

Happy days, happy running and happy feet!

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