

# Winter newsletter

Welcome to the 2009 winter newsletter.

I hope you are content with the way your year progressed.

If not I am sure 2010 will work out for you?

For those of you on the recovery trail, patience, you will get there.

Well done Fred who battled through an injury inducing year to just about clean up on the 0/70s.

Ian Holmes once again showed his prowess on the fells to take the English v/40 championship.

Many great performances, in particular Marc Teasey, Richard Balshaw, Pete Pyrah, Stewart MacDonald, John Convery, Sarah Jarvis, Pete Clarke, Mark Westman, John Smithurst and Ian Hill. I could fill this whole newsletter with names of vets who have done a sterling job of representing the Harriers, but I think the best place to do that is for you to join us at the various races and take part alongside these great athletes.

This time last year I was breaking the news about one of our runners' illness. She had a horrible 2009, but bless, she beat it. She is back, healthy, fit and flying. Ali Raw, well done from all of us, 2010 looks very good for you in particular.

We try and keep everyone updated on a regular basis on our forum, please visit, comment and participate in this electric notice board devised and run for you.

<http://www.bingleyharriers.org.uk/forum>

Details of our new vest can be sought upon the forum as can the social scene.

Tuesday's quality sessions (19.00) go from strength to strength, Thursday as a great social feature as is the grub after the runs, 19.30 Bradford and Bingley.

### **Upcoming races**

#### **YVAA 33<sup>rd</sup> XC champs, Sunday 06/02/10**

From Graves Park, Sheffield.

Further details here

<http://www.yvaa.org/XCC-Details.doc>

It would be nice to have complete teams in all age categories, up to you though.

**PLEASE, Please** confirm you wish to run **NOW** **(please)**

Contact me with any queries on the above.

#### **NVAC XC Champs 14/02/10.**

Details and entry form here

<http://www.nvac.co.uk/forms/vicky%20park%20xcc%20Entry.doc>

This event entry closes on 01/02/10.

I am afraid for this race you have to enter yourselves.

***The fixtures in the NVAC calendar are wrong,***

***Use the web site for the correct dates.***

#### **BMAF XC champs Stormont Belfast.13/03/10**

This one you have to enter yourselves, details here

<http://www.bvaf.org.uk/fix/bmafxc2010-entry.pdf>

**Closing date 01/03/10**

## **Quick results round up since the last newsletter;**

Three 1st for Bingley vets in the 8th Grand Prix at Starbeck

Peter Pyrah 1<sup>st</sup> M50

Shaun Jordon 1<sup>st</sup> M55

John Smithurst 1<sup>st</sup> M70

Paul Mitchell was 12<sup>th</sup> overall in a field of 167.

The Yorkshire vets 10k championships (mileta 10k)

Gold for Andrea Dennison (w45 in an impressive 38.31)

Gerry Bell 4th in the mv55 with 38.40

Silver for Bob Dover mv65 with 40.01

25/10/09 at Leigh, the Northern vets ac 10000 meters track championships Bingley came away with 4 medals.

Pete Pyrah won gold

Gerry Bell won bronze in the 0/50

Mike Smith won gold in the 0/60

Andrea Dennison won gold in the f/40.

Marisol Carrera won the fv40 Yorkshire vets fell championships.

She is now gearing up to run the London Marathon.

The British and Irish XC at Birmingham

Sarah Jarvis won 0/35s and 2nd overall.

Fred Gibbs won 0/70s

Stew Macdonald 2nd in the open race and Bob Dover 2nd in his age category within the open race.

10th and final Yorkshire grand prix at spen

John Smithurst managed to retained his 0/70s crown,

Pete Pyrah won the 0/55s

Marisol Carrera was 2nd in the f/0/40s.

Run of the day came from gritty Ali Raw,

She won the 0/45s with a gutsy performance.



5<sup>th</sup> leg Rossendale way relay 1991

Who is the second runner?

Who did he partner to win which long distance race?

Who was his father and what position did he hold within the club?

Bonus point for the years.

Meal at the club on a Thursday all paid for as the prize.

### **CALDERDALE WAY 2009**

Bingley vets came in a very credible 3<sup>rd</sup> position, 16th overall  
The reserves were running in the B team and gave brilliant runs to justify there selection.

Full details here

<http://www.halifaxharriers.co.uk/results/2009/calderdale-way-relay.html>

Next years team will be selected on performance and attendance at races throughout the year.



6<sup>th</sup> annual handicap 12/01/1952 from Bingley Modern School.

Please find the following races for the next quarter for the Yorkshire vets grand prix 2010. These are great little races for a very modest entry which includes refreshments and sarnies afterwards.

First race Sunday **March 7<sup>th</sup> at Meltham,**  
Next, Tuesday **April 20<sup>th</sup> 19.30 at Kippax.**

Details here <http://www.yvaa.org/10GP.htm>

## ***A Winters Run.***

*I arrived home drained and depleted. It was mid afternoon and I had just finished a long shift. I had been up since 03.30 and was starting to feel the effects.*

*I feel my age. I ache; I am stiff of leg and back.*

*I sit in the conservatory with a pint pot of tea and look at the view.*

*The sky had about another couple of hours of daylight before she would pull on her curtains of darkness. The sky was a funny colour, a brown resembling an overflowed river. There was a bit of wind throwing a sharp spit of rain. I was trying to get motivated for a run.*

*I stared into the bottom of my cup and drank the remains; I do make a grand cup of tea.*

*I got changed and headed out, as I dropped past the pond I smiled as the geese gave there welcoming honk. I could feel the tiredness in my shoulders, I was breathing like a heavy smoker and my body felt it was wearing a thick overcoat. My knees were clicking like castanets and my tendons were twanging as though there was a clamp fastened across them.*

*Fortunately the first mile was either flat or downhill, but even that felt laboured.*

*I entered the woods taking note of the stream entering its contents into the canal. As I got deeper into the woods the aroma became more noticeable. The smell of leaf mould was stronger with it being damp. I could just about smell the bark on the trees. I ran through a muddy section and was glad of my studs, I like these shoes, and they fit well, give a good cushion and give confidence through the heaviest of mud. One of my feet sinks into the deep muddy sludge. My knees have stopped playing there song now and are starting to become part of my legs again, my breathing is now silent and deep. My back is just starting to perspire and I am starting to feel a lot more awake and aware of my surroundings. I jump across the small stream and admire its beauty as it carves its way through the ground exposing rocks and stones lost to sight for many a year until now, it snakes through the tree roots and carries the dead leaves, placing them along the way to enhance its appearance which also aids to give a low bubbling sound. I get my first scent of the pine trees, there quite strong today, almost coating the back of my throat with there fragrance. I jump the style and head across the field, its so green at the moment due to the incessant rain we have had, there is a long muddy stretch but I seem to just fly across it, the path descends slightly so to take advantage I open up my stride and just push enough to cause my brow to part with a few beads of sweat. I slow to negotiate the thick spread of tree roots which are more exposed due to removal of soil by the rains. the next 800 meters is flat alongside the canal, I shorten my stride but speed up*

*my footfall, I can feel my dinner time apple nesting within my stomache, just a bit uncomfortable. I slow for the stile and start to head uphill, phew, blowing a bit, its always the hills that show just how tired you are, not for long, on the flat now, this is a good wide track, slight descent but very rough in places, I pick my way through the mud and puddles, why do I always pick the deepest part of the puddles to land in, urgh, that went over my shoe and seeped into my sock. My feet are squelching now. I get to the 5 bar gate, I slowly climb over it, how does Robin vault over these things, ive never been able to do that, one day maybe, not today though. uphill on the road for about 1000 meters, blimey I must be tired, feel heavy, breathing heavy, starting to sweat a bit more now, crikey, did I really used to my hill reps up here, I really should restart them again. Starting to flatten out now, I don't feel too bad now, jump (well labored climb) over slippy wooden fence, through bog onto wood. trying to follow the path is difficult due to amount of fallen leaves, watching for big bog, now where are the stepping stones, arghh, deepest part again, that is cold water. Slight rise, what's that, to my left are 4 deer, they are so dark at the moment that they just about invisible except for there white behinds. Wow I wish I could move like that, so majestic. The path snakes between trees and the bank and is really pretty here, slightly rising but to my left is the bottom of the woods; I can see the deer just bounding away. I drop into the lowest part of the wood, the air has a distinct chill and once again a very strong smell of rotting leaves mixed with damp soil, twist over the ground for big climb, huh, seem to be climbing ok now, go on ade, get up there lad, getting a bit slippy as I climb, why am I curling my toes, must be a Neanderthal grip thing. The path narrows now in between the gorse, I usually get scratched here. I pass the section where I once saw a snake, I know it will not be there today but it does not stop me looking. I am top of Thackley tunnel now and descend on to a good track and open out again, I like this section, the path is covered in pine needles and is like a big feather bed, it curves and rises and I cover it well, my mind drifts to leading the race, coming into the finish, beating Holmes and Peace in the process. I laugh to myself knowing it will never happen, but hey, we can dream. I am now leaving the wood onto three big fields, the horses acknowledge me with a shake of there heads. I catch sight of a fox running over the brow towards the far right where the wood is deep and dark. The fields are very forgiving to my weight, I really must try and loose some, but would I have to lead the life of a monk, not drink, eat like a rabbit, I really should not talk to myself.*

*It's starting to get dark, there are no shadows as its very overcast, there is a bit of a chill in the wind starting to slap my cheeks slowly numbing them. I leave the fields, cross the road back into the woods, the next*

*section is very muddy and slippy but my shoes just plough through, again I have found the deepest part of water!hey my shoes have stopped squelching. I open up a bit, I would say about 92% of effort, I have to slow down as I find although my mind is up for it my body wants to run at about 70%.nearly home now, I feel quite loose and fluid and feel am covering the ground well, I do a check talking to my body to check all is relaxed and free, big toe a bit sore, hamstring a bit tight, tummy still can feel the apple, not bad. Leave the fenced path and sight my house, the geese say hello. I enter the back garden, sit on the bench and remove my shoes while stretching whatever feels tight. I look over the pond and at the trees as the blanket of darkness snuggles over sky. I am lucky to be able to do what I do. I feel as good as when I was 16. I am wide awake, fresh, relaxed and ready for my tea. Now where shall I run tomorrow and why is one of my shoes wet and muddy?*

**Please contact me with any comments, concerns, observations or advice. I enjoy hearing from you whatever the tone or subject of your message.**

**Kindest regards and a healthy 2010**

**Adrian Rushworth**

**Vets captain/Manager**

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