

Feb. 8, 2010

Please post your questions or comments at our Forum.

So I thought when John and I moved back to Pennsylvania I would at least have less snow to worry about&hellip; I was very wrong. Saturday morning we woke up to about 19 inches of snow, and tomorrow to Wednesday we could possibly get another foot. Cold, I don&rsquo;t mind, I&rsquo;m used to it after five winters in Pittsburgh and two in Syracuse. The mildest climate I ever lived in was Philly, but snow just makes me mad. Mostly because I am the worst snow runner I know. Put me in that thin layer left over from the plow or from shoveling and I am as slow as molasses in January (as my mother likes to say). I get absolutely nowhere and it&rsquo;s very frustrating. I also never run on treadmills, ever. One time in my life I may have made it over 20 min, I just can&rsquo;t stand going nowhere and they always make my legs feel horrible. I think because I end up changing my stride so much.

Training was going very well before the storm; I did one of my favorite workouts from my college days&hellip; 10x1000 with 200 meter jog between each. I was lucky that I could get some of John&rsquo;s high school team out there with me. We had a couple of guys able to jump in and run parts, having company made the workout go by faster. It&rsquo;s a pretty slow workout and takes some time to get through but I love repeat thousands at a steady pace. The workout reminds me of my best couple seasons when I felt pretty much invincible (in running) and I&rsquo;m really trying to work this year at getting that feeling back. I know confidence is a big weakness for me so I am just going to do everything I can to make sure I enter races feeling sure of myself, that I am prepared, and ready to run fast.

It looks like I won&rsquo;t be able to get on the track for a while now so back to tempo work and fartlek&rsquo;s on the road.

- Maureen