



*Team POD  
Reports*

## The Blessings of Team POD

by Marcus Parker

In April 2009, after a couple of months of training, I registered for the Brentwood Scamper and Scoot in Sandersville, Georgia to run my first 10K. I was troubled by the fact that I could not complete the race without having to stop and walk at least three times. In search for better performance I found the Macon Tracks website which directed me to Stratford Academy's track on Tuesday nights beginning at 6:30 PM. I was in search of someone who had the "secret formula" for how to run fast. Little did I know that I would get caught up in something called Team POD (Pain of Discipline).

The person I found with the "secret formula" was Sam Martinez. Sam is different. Sam is not just a fast runner, he is also a natural leader who doesn't mind sharing his knowledge. His enthusiasm for running is contagious and seems to envelope the track. I soon committed to a Tuesday night ritual of simply going to the track and doing what Sam told me to do. The longer I attended, the faster I became. As people would ask me how I was getting faster I would simply respond, "I show up at the track on Tuesday night and do what Sam tells me to do."

When I began, I thought that running was the perfect sport; not too tough, not too expensive, and not too time consuming. Little did I know that I would soon be proved wrong on each account. You see, track is tough. Sam knew from my previous race performance what my times should be. I did not realize that when Sam told me that it would take me 2 minutes and 7 seconds to run one time around the track that he knew I would be running on fumes as I rounded the last turn, but that I would make it back to the start in exactly 2 minutes and 7 seconds. He also knew exactly how long I should recover before doing it all over again and how many times I could repeat this before I questioned if I could walk to the car. The day that I realized that I had bought 5 pair of running shoes, a Garmin running watch, two heart rate monitors, and enough running clothes to make any female proud, I realized that running wasn't the cheapest sport. By the time I realized that Sam's

"secret formula" involved things called tempo runs, long runs, easy runs, track work, and hill work, I was running 7 days a week, but loving every minute of it.

Sam once told me that I only needed to complete two to three "quality workouts" per week. My response was simple when I told him that I had completed my long run the day before when I ran 7 miles. This was maybe the funniest thing that Sam had heard in a long time. What's funny, I asked. Thinking that he might not have heard me, I again explained, "I ran 7 miles yesterday and 7 miles is a long way. It was further



than I ever dreamed that I would run." Are you telling me that 7 miles does not count as a "quality workout"? He began to chuckle as he explained that long runs are runs at easy pace and runs at easy pace do not count as "quality workouts". At first I thought this must be a joke and that he might not know how far 7 miles really was. I soon realized that I needed to relax and that my 7 miles was just that. Nothing special, just 7 miles.

When I began, it was all about making another "PR", finishing a marathon, and qualifying for Boston. In the end, running has greatly enriched my life, but in ways that I never expected. My marriage has been strengthened as almost every night my wife rides her bike beside me as I run. I run, she pedals, and we talk. On Tuesday nights, I get the privilege of joining the best group of friends when we meet at Stratford and join together for some pain as we all work together for a common goal. On other days, we meet to run hills so big that we affectionately refer to it as climbing King-Kong. Still on other days, some of us get together and share a meal. The best part of running has been the great relationships that have been made by simply sharing a piece of pavement and the love of a sport.

## Running Club News

Hello Challenge of the Milers!!

*by Elizabeth Jones*

We are close to the end of the year, how's the running going? If it has been affected by the heat, with hopes we will have a change of weather soon and we can run without an IV attached to us afterwards! Remember your challenge to yourself and work hard to make it happen, you have until December 31<sup>st</sup> at midnight.

Just to let you know one New years eve I had totaled my miles up and I was 6 shy of my goal, it was pouring rain and windy but I looked at the radar and found a time I could get it in. Of course the radar was wrong and I ended up running in rain which quickly turned into a puddle jumping contest for Tom and I, but we got the miles in and made our goals.

Twelve years ago when I started the Challenge of the Miles it became an instant success. It seemed like a lot of the runners are numbers people and it was a way to play with numbers and run at the same time. Thank you for your continual interest in this part of the track club. However, as of the end of this year I will no longer be in charge of this program, I'm sure there is someone who would like to spear head it and add new things to it.

Good luck with your running over the next couple of months, and who knows maybe one day we will need a long sleeve shirt to run in!!

In good health,

E

## One Runner's Choice

*Absolutely no hills the race flyers maintain  
That's why I'm in Athens rather than Plains.  
With a downward start one could hardly complain  
Yet at this one's bottom my shorts had a stain  
For what followed next I would never explain  
As the course turned up in a long vertical plane.  
I tried to pull Jimmy's laughter out of my brain  
As I shortened my steps and it started to rain.  
A wrinkle in a sock next added some strain  
That hit at mile two as a significant pain.  
My pace was a struggle that I could not sustain  
As I started to walk the more rugged terrain.  
I might have gone faster, if only I'd train  
And I blame that on an ongoing sprain.  
Still, on one runner I was beginning to gain  
And we bumped as I passed dislodging his cane.  
I now hear race times being called down the lane  
So I pick up my pace like a charging freight train.  
A little girl near the last was showing disdain  
As I blasted on past so some pride I'd regain.  
I think pizza and cookies might now entertain  
So near the post race treats is where I'll remain.  
There are easier races in a runner's domain  
Yet I'd be running for peanuts in Plains.*

*by Tom Weitzel*

*(Tom ran the Plains Peanut Festival 5K twice where Jimmy Carter handed out the awards. Ed.)*

### 2010 Macon Tracks Piedmont Sports Medicine Series Races:

**City of Gordon's Fall Line Fest. 5K - Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup>**  
**Take Back the Night 5K & 10.5K - Oct. 9<sup>th</sup>**  
**Jay's Hope Trek or Treat 5K & F.R. - Oct. 30<sup>th</sup>**  
**Peacemakers 5K - Nov. 13<sup>th</sup>**

*John Harvey, Tom Weitzel, and Angela Lewis are currently in the lead for the Race Series with nineteen races completed*



**RIDE THE  
DRAGON  
WAVE!**

Once again MTRC will need 20 paddlers to fill up a dragon boat and compete as "Mass Mutual Powered by Macon Tracks" during the Heart of the Dragon Festival – Part 2 of Dragon Boat Races. This unique event takes place on October 2nd, 2010 at Lake Tobesofkee, Sandy Beach Park, and all proceeds benefit Big Brothers Big Sisters of the Heart of Georgia.

Our team won the competition back in May. Please, join us for a day of fun with family and friends.

*Team POD  
Reports*

## Once a Doubter, Now a Believer

My journey with Team POD began in January 2010. I was impressed with the results that many of the team members had achieved and was curious to hear more. Before meeting with Coach Sam Martinez, I picked up a copy of the Daniels Running Formula book. The book takes a more scientific approach to training than some of the other methods I had used in the past. I was concerned at first because the training programs were more intense than what I was used to doing. I really didn't want to wind up injured, especially after suffering a stress fracture in early 2009. But, upon further reading, it was clear that Daniels did set some basic limits for how much to run, certain kinds of workouts, and the appropriate speeds to run them in.

In the book, Daniels makes a strong case for why the tempo run is a key part of a successful training program. The usual tempo run consists of running a steady pace for 20 minutes (or longer) at a "comfortably hard" or roughly 85% effort. Why run them at that intensity? According to Daniels, this kind of training is best for raising your lactate threshold. Lactate threshold is the point at which lactic acid starts to accumulate in the blood. Sam also believed that this once-a-week run was the key to obtaining peak performance for the 5K goal I had in mind. He told me, "If there is one weekly workout I do not want you to slack off on, it's the tempo".

Sam evaluated my current fitness level based on a recently run 5K and plugged the numbers into a spreadsheet. The spreadsheet showed me what approximate paces I should run for speed work, tempo runs, marathon pace, easy/long runs, etc. He also gave me a basic weekly training schedule to follow and highlighted areas I needed to pay particular attention to.

At the time of our first session, I was running most of my runs on a treadmill. My only consistent run done

*by Chris Woodgeard*

on the road was the group long run on Sundays. Most of you are probably saying, "That's crazy"! But, with having to help care for two daughters (ages 5 & 2) and my wife, Heather, working long hours as a nurse, the treadmill at home became my friend. But, in order to get the most out of the training program, Sam strongly encouraged me to get on the road/track more often, especially for the tempo runs and speed work. To make this adjustment, I had to start my workout by 5 a.m. in order to get back home in time before Heather left for work. It took me until about May to get serious about doing this. I'm an early morning person, but, man, that's tough!



*Photo by Peach Sports Action Photography*

I sent Sam my Garmin training data on at least a weekly basis and he poured over the details and sent me prompt feedback. The results were fantastic. I was making solid improvements week after week, even with the rising summer temperatures and awful humidity. From May through August, my tempo run pace dropped about 15 seconds per mile. I wore a heart rate monitor each time so that I could check and see that my average effort remained close to 85%. I was going through what Sam called "adaptation". Sam was always honest with me each week. His comments were usually very positive, but if I needed a good butt-kicking, he'd dish it out! Since

I train alone so much, motivation can be tough to maintain. Being on Team POD was a big motivation booster since I knew I was being held accountable.

On Labor Day morning, I was as ready as ever. I was determined to run hard and run my best. The conditions were perfect for a PR. The goal was a sub-19 minute 5K. As the race wore on, I felt like I was on target as my splits were very even. I crossed the line with an 18:58 chip time. I was pretty pumped about the results I achieved in such a short time. I'm confident in saying that I could not have done this without Team POD. I give Sam a big "THANKS!" for all of the time he set aside to help coach me. I look forward to continuing with Team POD as we all work towards achieving new goals.

## Step in a Different Direction

I first joined a gym at the age of 19. *by Kat Wilkins*  
Although I wasn't athletic through my school years, I've always had a desire to be physically fit. My boyfriend at the time was a member of a local gym, so I figured joining was a good way to spend more time with him and lose a few pounds in the process. My visits to the gym, "back in the day" consisted of about a half hour on the elliptical machine. Some days I would lift with my boyfriend, doing whatever exercises he was doing only with lighter weights. I had no plan, no routine; I didn't have the slightest clue that there was a science to the whole deal. Over the next few years, I'd visit the gym sporadically with no rhyme nor reason. Amazingly, I never lost any weight or gained any muscle definition. Go figure!

It wasn't until my mid-twenties that I took an interest in running. I joined Tim's Total Fitness in Byron after my first year of running. I joined simply to have access to a treadmill. Meeting new people and being around the weight equipment sparked my interest in weight training again. I met a woman who had competed in several figure competitions over the last 20 years. This woman was in her 50's, yet had an amazing body as well as a glowing personality. She advocated her sport to the point that I and a few other gym members seriously considered training and participating in a figure competition.

In August of 2007, a group from the gym traveled to Daytona Beach, Florida to watch our friend compete in the Debbie Kruck Fitness Show. She competed in her height category as opposed to entering in her age group. Even going up against women 20 to 30 years younger than herself, she managed to trophy that day. Watching her on the stage was all it took to make me want to give the whole figure competition bit a try.

Figure competition is similar to body building, except the judges are not looking for bulk and deep muscle definition as you see in a typical body builder. They are more concerned with feminine muscle tone, symmetry, posing ability, and overall appearance.

In the spring of 2008, I began an entirely different area of training. I focused most of my training hours on weights and spent very few miles on the road running. Gaining lean muscle requires a majority of time spent on the weights and 110% on a clean

strict diet. This is an area I had never really given a lot of time or effort toward in the past when I was primarily running.

About 12 weeks were required to hit the weights, reduce calories and carbohydrates significantly, and do a lot of practice posing in a swimsuit for the show. In August 2008 my friend and I entered to compete in the Debbie Kruck Fitness Show. Again we all traveled down to Daytona Beach, but this time the trip had a whole new meaning. The trip wasn't treated like a normal vacation where you can eat fast food and indulge at the local restaurants. We had to eat clean the first two days in order not to gain water weight for the upcoming show.



The whole ordeal was nothing like I expected it to be. The prejudging for the show happens on the Saturday morning of the show. All competitors show up at the auditorium and check in. We were all then shown to the dressing room where we changed into our suits, did touchups on our hair and makeup, and sprayed our bodies with Pam. Yes, Pam cooking spray! We were called in order of our competition group. I entered in the A class, 5'4" and under.

I am a very shy person, so walking out in front of the judges and performing the required poses on the stage was just short of terrifying for me. After doing my part and changing back into my street clothes I felt so much relief. Although I knew by that same evening I'd have to do it all over again. Except this time it would be in front of an auditorium full of people!

The show started later in the evening. The show consisted of body builders, fitness competitions, and figure competitions. It is a long, drawn out process to let all of the body builders do their routines, and have all of the fitness and figure competitors pose for the judges and audience, then line up according to the requirements. We were in the back for hours. We were hungry, tired, uncomfortable in our suits, and again, slicked down with Pam!

My turn on the stage was no less traumatic than the first round of judging. I was visibly shaking while I did my poses and stood in the required line. My nerves were out of control. After finally finishing my session all I wanted to do was change and EAT! We all went out to eat immediately afterwards.

I walked away from the whole ordeal feeling like I didn't quite train hard enough or follow my diet

strictly enough. You know when you run a race and you know you just didn't put your all into it? Just like that. The posing on stage was short of torture for me. In all, I was proud of myself for getting up there and doing it. Getting past that fear of being in front of people, not to mention being up there in a tiny bikini!

A handful of girls at the gym have competed in similar contests since our visit to Daytona Beach. I get asked occasionally, "When are you going to do another show?" I usually answer by saying, "Never".

Since the show in 2008, I've put a lot of time into my running training. I've made some serious goals and have met most of them. I've run very consistently, PR'd in a few race distances, run my first half marathon, completed two triathlons, and I am currently training for my first marathon. I am loving every second of it.

Then I find myself slipping towards insanity, and considering entering in another figure competition. Maybe after I get the marathon completed and while the weather is cold, I'll change my focus back to the weights and see what happens?

---

## Macon Tracks Teams Ready for Adventure

by Kerry Oedel

When Andi Berger, Leslie Spiegel, and I decided to join forces to do the Adventure Jam at West Point Dam Adventure Race as a team for the 3<sup>rd</sup> year in a row, I didn't realize that this year our biggest competition would be not the other all-female team at the race, but rather my husband's team. He started the smack talk early on, saying how his team, comprised of himself and fellow Mercer employees Monika Bubacz and Loren Sumner (team name "My Favorite Mercians"), was going to kick butt over our team, "Diamonds in the Rough". By the morning of the race even Monika was saying that her team was going to decimate us (actually I think the word she used was "kill"), and by then Dave was referring to us as the "Dainty Dames". I hadn't much cared who beat whom before, but at that point, the competition was on!

We started off the event by retrieving 5 sticks, a piece of string, and an egg. The idea was to build a structure that would support the egg at least a foot off the ground. By the time I got back with the string, Andi had arranged the sticks to form a teepee shape which we secured with the string. Leslie came running with the egg, propped it on top of the teepee, and we were off on a 3.4 mile trail run. On an adventure racing team, you can only go as fast as your slowest team

member, because teams have to stay within 100 feet of each other throughout the race. It's as much about cooperation and working together for the benefit



of the team as it is about athletic ability. Leslie was our strongest runner, so Andi held onto the back of her shirt for parts of the run while I gave her an assist from behind when I could. We were making very good time, but when we made it back to transition, the Mercians were right behind us. I had thought we might gain some time on them during the run that we would later need on the canoe, but no such luck.

We all headed out on the bike course at the same time. Loren was gracious to offer to let me pass, but my husband Dave said, "No, don't let her pass, those are the Diamonds!" We biked a few miles on a relatively easy gas line easement before heading into the woods for about 10 miles of technical single track. I had put quite a few miles on the bike this past year and was determined to conquer my fear and stay with Andi as best I could. The last 2 years I had been by far the weakest link on the mountain biking section, but this year I didn't slow my teammates down nearly as much and we flew around the course, gaining a sizable lead over the Mercians.

After coming out of the woods onto West Point Lake, team members were split up with one racer taking a short swim around a buoy while the other two team members were sent off into the woods with 3 plastic cups in search of "3 water sources". I did the swim while Andi and Leslie headed off, naturally, to find a stream, creek, or watering hole. When they started seeing racers coming back with cups full of colored water, they realized that the water sources were actually coolers of colored water hidden in the woods! They needed to get 3 different colors and bring them back without spilling too much. Loren had finished a record-breaking swim by then, but was waiting on Dave and Monika to get back with the colored water when Andi, Leslie, and I headed off on our bikes to the canoe section.

We paddled about a mile, working in rhythm paddling the canoe with long kayak paddles. Then we got to a peninsula where archery targets were set up. Each team member had to take a certain number of shots with the bow and arrow, and how well you did at hitting the target determined how much farther you had to paddle. Andi did pretty well,

but none of us could hit the bull's eye to score enough points, so off we went to paddle to the farthest check-point. We had just turned around when who was right behind us, but the Mercians! Thankfully they were no better at archery than we were and had to paddle the same distance as we did, but I was certain that with 2 strong guys in the boat and over a mile of paddling left to get back to the bikes, they had us for sure.

There was no chatting on the way back, only grunting and cries of, "Paddle hard on the right!" when the wind took us off course. About half way back, I realized that, by some miracle, the Mercians still hadn't passed us. That made me work harder! Andi was digging deep and Leslie, who was in the middle and didn't even have a real seat to sit on, was paddling so hard that at one point she fell off her narrow wooden perch. We were in total sync with each other and didn't even get too thrown when we collided with another canoe near the shore.

We hit the land running and got back into the woods just a hair ahead of the Mercians. Then came the absolute worst part of the whole race; an extremely tough section of climbs, hills, and gnarly technical terrain. My legs had no energy left and I could barely get the bike moving. Leslie was doing much better than I was but even she wanted to sit down and cry. Andi, of course, was having no trouble at all, but the terrain was too technical for her to tow us. I was sure the Mercians would catch us for sure because I was going so slowly. We finally got out onto the gas line easement and what a relief it was to be on relatively smooth ground again. We tore down the easement and covered the remaining miles as fast as we could, knowing that the Mercians were in hot pursuit. We got back to the finish line and were told to drop our bikes and run to the finish. I thought, "Run?

On these legs? Are you kidding?"

We crossed the finish line and collapsed on the grass and savored our sweet victory. Our time of 3:35 was faster than the 3<sup>rd</sup> place co-ed team and even the race director was impressed. We waited and waited to cheer the Mercians in, but it turned out Dave had gotten a flat tire on the gas line easement and it cost them about 10 minutes to change it. That was a shame because they did so well that if it weren't for the flat they'd have been in the money and placed 3<sup>rd</sup> for the co-ed teams. But, they still wouldn't have beaten the Diamonds!



## LET'S WELCOME OUR NEW MEMBERS!

Vinay Guda's enthusiasm and *by Nobuko Fogarty* invigorating spirit encourage all who cross his path. In August, he completed his first sprint triathlon in Cordele and hopes to conquer an Olympic distance triathlon next year. Born in Hyderabad, India, he honed his cooking skills under the tutelage of his master chef - and mom - just before arriving in the States last July and continues to marvel with his natural culinary talents. Besides running, swimming, and bicycling, Vinay also finds time for tennis and good times with friends.



Vinay with Monika, Elizabeth Vane, and Nobuko at the Georgia Veterans Sprint Triathlon in Cordele

### Macon Labor Day Road Race 2010

once again was a raging success! We had an 8% increase in participants over last year - 2125 with 82% registered on line.

The Race Director and Club's Board would like to thank all volunteers and sponsors for helping and supporting the race.

Please, send us comments  
and ideas for improvements!

See you next year!!!

## Half-Iron-Wo(Man)

Two years ago, I decided to do something. Anything, really. "The Bucket List" movie might be to blame, but I got it into my head that I should make a checklist of things I really want to do in my life. After maintaining basic fitness in the military (and being a better runner then), I toyed with the idea of a marathon, and was mulling it over at work one day, when a coworker suggested a triathlon. Well, yes, I sure did like the idea of splitting up the work with two other sports - running 26 miles wasn't exactly something I enjoyed thinking about. So, with 12 weeks of preparation, I competed in the Sprint Triathlon here in Macon, in 2008. I swam the entire 750m via breaststroke because that's all I knew how to do without drowning. Like so many other stories you hear, I finally finished, completely exhausted myself, and immediately fell in love with the sport.

Fast forward two years, during which I worked my way up to Olympic/International-distance triathlons, and then decided that 2012 was the year I would do my first Half-Ironman (HIM). Never had I thought two years previously that I would do an Olympic tri, much less a HIM. But, I took a couple of swim lessons (free at the Wellness Center in late 2008), and since those days have made swimming at Lake Juliette with the tri crowd a somewhat regular Wednesday evening activity in the warmer months. Thus, I found myself in the 2010 season pretty pumped for a better swimming season, perhaps even good enough that it wouldn't be my worst sport anymore.

I decided early on that my tri season would start and end early this year. My first tri this season was a Sprint in Savannah in early March that went quite well. From there, I planned to do at least one Olympic in May and peak for the Coliseum Rock 'n Roll HIM in June. The Turtle Crawl Olympic tri is the one I chose to do a couple of weeks before the HIM. For those of you that were my friends on Facebook at the time, you know just how bad of a race it was. Let's just say that, short of getting run over by a car, everything that could go wrong physically and physiologically, did in fact go wrong. Of all the races in my lifetime, this one broke my spirit.

For the next two weeks, I didn't want to practice swimming in the open water, much less even look in the general direction of my road/tri bikes. All I could think to do was to cross-train, because that's the only thing that didn't remind me of triathlons. Mountain biking. Thank goodness I could ride my mountain bike around town and over the trails. That,

*by Chelsea Smith*

and doing some speedwork in the pool, helped me to forget about triathlons and just enjoy the individual sports again. Come to think of it, I'm not sure where I ran during this timeframe - it must be a blocked memory. Somehow, it all worked, and come that first weekend in June, I was feeling really positive about the race.



Chelsea and her newly met friend Pam from Atlanta Photo by Pramod Sahoo

The minute details are really irrelevant here, but I finished the swim faster than my goal, the bike right on pace with my goal, and then the run was, well, more of a 13.1 mile cool-down walk/jog mix.

At 104 degrees and 1pm, I was making

friends on the course and having more fun talking each other through jogging sections than worrying about finishing in a great time. Indeed, part of me (the non-competitive side), knew I was going to finish within the allotted time, even if I walked the entire 13.1 miles. The competitive side kept on taking salt tablets and freshly-iced rags just so that I could finish without going to the hospital, and be well enough to race another day.

The big takeaway: I never want to do another Half-Ironman unless I know I can actually race the whole thing, all events back-to-back, and in the middle of the heat. What does that mean? Well, for starters, my long Sunday runs are by no means going to be before dawn, since I HAVE to be acclimated to the heat. So, call it sleeping in if you want, but good sleep + heat acclimation = good training for the next HIM.

*Chelsea is forming a Triathlon Club at Mercer University, which will host a Olympic-distance triathlon. If you are interested, please connect with the club on Facebook.*

Whether you're a new member or have been a member for years, we want to hear from you! Please submit profiles, stories, race recaps, or other running-related articles to [macontracks@cox.net](mailto:macontracks@cox.net)

**MACON  
TRACKS**  
RUNNING CLUB



P.O. Box 26455  
Macon, GA 31221

NON PROFIT ORG.  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
MACON, GA  
PERMIT NO. 204

Return Service Requested

**Need to Renew? Check your mailing label for your renewal date. Easily join online at [www.macontracks.org](http://www.macontracks.org). Thanks for supporting your local running club!**



Thanks to all the volunteers, sponsors, and participants for making the 34th Annual Macon Labor Day Road Race a success! *Photo: 10K race start by Richard Segelken*