



## **REDDING ROAD RACE NEWSLETTER**

**13 Volume 4**

**3/2/13**

The picture above, Steichens Pond, will be your view at mile 11 of the half; mile 5 of the 7 miler. This scenic stretch of Topstone Park is new to the race this year. In this newsletter, I'll give a detailed description of the course.

## 1. Pasta Dinner

The response to the pasta dinner has been very good so far, but, openings are still available probably for a couple more weeks. It's \$25 per adult (\$15 for children and free for kids <5), with partial proceeds going to the farm. There will be a good food selection and Barry from Bone Dry, <http://www.bmiserv.com/> and another band mate, will be providing musical entertainment. Seatings are 5:00-6:30 and 7:00-8:30 are limited to 100 people per session. Email me your reservations and if you can't make it to the expo but can make it to the dinner, make sure to email me and we'll bring your race bag to the dinner.

NAME	_____	
SEATING	_____ 5:00-6:30	_____ 7:00-8:30
ADULTS	_____ (\$25)	
KIDS (5-12)	_____ (\$15)	
YOUNG KIDS	_____ (FREE)	
TOTAL	_____	

Check made out to REDDING ROADHOUSE (not Redding Road Race) and mail to:

John McCleary

Redding Road Race

67 Picketts Rd

Redding, CT 06896

## 2. Volunteers Needed

As always, volunteers are one of our most important needs. With 8, yes 8, Aid Station comes a lot of volunteer needs. We also will have a Race Course Sentry at every turn so nobody gets lost. Please email me if you have family/friends interested. All volunteers get cool-max race shirts, cow bells, the food afterwards, etc. Thanks in advance.

## 3. Sponsors

We still have some mile marker sponsorships available for \$200. Sponsors get their logo on a mile marker, on the website and in the newsletters, a vendor table at the race and expo and many other things. Contact me if interested. At the end of this newsletter we list a lot of our sponsors. including a nice offer from Ola! If possible, frequent our sponsors as their support to our race is indispensable.

## 4. Age Group Awards

With a bigger field this year we are able to have most age group awards in 5 year divisions (30-34, 25-39 instead of 30-39). More winners = happier runners. In the few age groups with limited runners, it will remain 10 year divisions.

## 5. Piglet Prance & Waiting List

Piglet Prance is still open – remember to register your kids. Piglets get a lot of the cool stuff you get, along with a bonus gift that you don't get. If you know of any runners who still want to run, tell them to email me to get on the waiting list. It's not too long right now and there's a chance they still could get in.

## 6. Course Description

<http://www.usatf.org/routes/view.asp?rID=480493> HALF

<http://www.usatf.org/routes/view.asp?rID=502572> 7 MILER

Due to the Simpaug bridge reopening, we've been able to change the course for the better this year. Changes for this year:

1. Start is at the farm.
2. Hilly neighborhood on last years' course from mile 2-3 is eliminated

3. Steep, quad smashing, downhill on Picketts Ridge Road is eliminated, replaced by the gorgeous George Hull gentler downhill.
4. The out and back in Topstone Park isn't an abrupt turnaround but a short loop with beautiful views of Steichens Pond.
5. The killer uphill finish of last year is replaced by a mostly downhill finish.
6. Overall, about 12% fewer hills and, more importantly, the downhills are more runnable and flats more plentiful.

**START:** The first change is the start – we start on the farm this year, which is much more convenient for everyone. After picking up your race bag with all the race schwag in the big tent (if you haven't already at the expo the previous day), utilize one of the 14 port-o-lets or 4 indoor bathrooms at the farm (should be more than plenty), have some coffee, bagels, bananas etc. then proceed to the start (by the pig pen on the main trail of New Pond Farm. **THE RACE WILL START ON TIME**, 8am for the half; 8:15 for the 7 miler.



**MILE 1:** The first 4/10ths of a mile are on the farm with amazing views. When you enter the roads be sure to view the circa 1789 school house at mile .6. Overall, it's a very easy first mile as there's a significant downhill on the 2<sup>nd</sup> half of the mile.





**MILE 2:** This pretty flat mile takes you on the beautiful Station Road then through the “heart” of Redding (lol). You’ll see the post office, our pizza sponsor Lombardi’s and cross train tracks for the first time. The 7 mile course diverges from the half at the tracks as 7 milers go straight (avoiding the tracks) and the halfers go right to do a 6 mile loop. **NOTE TO 7 MILERS – IF YOU GO RIGHT HERE, YOU WILL BE DOING A LITTLE EXTRA MILEAGE!!** Aid Station #1 is located where the two races diverge. 7 milers – skip to mile 9 to continue your description.

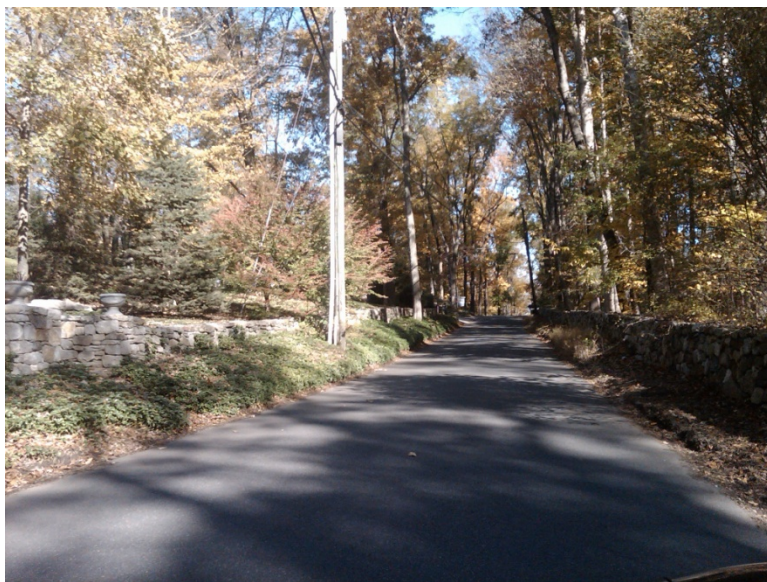


MILE 3: This relatively flat and non-descript mile takes you into Danbury – be careful of the sloped footing in your initial trek into Danbury on West Redding Road.. Aid Station #2 is located at mile 3.5.

MILE 4: Mile 4 starts with a short double hill followed by a nice downhill. Otherwise, a relatively flat mile is highlighted by a cool waterfall on the left.



MILES 5/6: The race in all seriousness starts here as these miles are bumpy, no long hills nor very steep hills, just numerous ones. Run smart and don't lose your race here. At mile 5.2 look left and you might see some exotic animals. Late in mile 5 you'll be re-entering Redding and late in mile 6 you'll encounter the race's toughest hill on Picketts Ridge Rd. The 3<sup>rd</sup> Aid Station, with oranges, is located at Camp Playland at mile 5.3.





MILE 7: Recover from the previous 2 miles of hills on the nicest downhill part of the course on George Hull Rd. Enjoy the beauty of this undeveloped road.



MILE 8: This slightly downhill portion in which you complete the 6 mile loop retraces mile 3, in reverse. Aid Station #4 greets you right after the Metro North Train Station.

MILE 9/10: Welcome back 7 milers!! These relatively flat miles take you on the really cool Simpaug Turnpike and over the new opened Simpaug Bridge. The entire 2 miles run parallel to the train tracks. Make sure to take in the views – streams, a lake, a lot of woods, maybe a train?? Aid Station #5 is at mile 9.1.



MILE 11: This mile takes you on the challenging Topstone Road into Topstone Park. The road and park are extremely pretty but there are three decent uphill

you'll have to circumvent. You're rewarded here with Aid Station #6 – the famous candy/soda and wet sponge zone.

**MILE 12:** Mile 12 takes you on a loop by Steichens pond where you'll actually run on a beach for about 10 seconds. After doing the short loop you re-trace your steps out of Topstone Park (with Aid Station #7 – candy zone revisited) and onto the beautiful Chestnut Woods Road. This mile is an easy downhill one so revitalize and re-energize for the hiccup hills. Also say "hi" to runners in the out and back – body checks not allowed – this is a non-contact race.



**MILE 13:** Mile 13 takes you up the hiccup hills – a series of 3 quick uphill which would be easy if they didn't start at mile 12.1. Just keep in mind that once you get over the three, you're presented with a mostly flat to downhill last 8/10ths of a mile. Aid Station # 8 is located at mile 12.3 and right before this aid station look to the right and you may see some horses.







**FINISH:** Take a sharp left at mile 13.05, go through the barn and the finish line is steps away. After the finish, collect your medal, get a massage and go to the big tent (steps away from the finish this year) for the party, awards and Piglet Prance.



## 7. Our Runner Spotlight – Cathy T.

One of the benefits, probably the biggest one, of race directing this race is I get to know a lot of you well. I wish there was time enough in the day to know all of you well, but some of you is better than none, right? I've talked to Cathy a lot lately and her story is a lot of things: terribly sad & devastating is the only way to explain it, but also so inspiring. What Cathy has been through and how she tries to cope with it really amazing. Thank you for sharing with me Cathy.

My Daughter passed away August, 2007. Colon cancer; but was initially told she was too young to have colon cancer. She'd been sick for five years; finally accurately diagnosed when she was 35, died when she was 37. Left a five year old daughter and three year old son, which is why I moved to Albany area (from Seneca Falls; birthplace of women's rights--in case you are ever on Jeopardy!) to help with them.

She had a good 2006, three clean scans from December 2005-June 2006; her December 2006 scan showed she had a liver full of tumors. Six more of the same chemo treatments proved ineffective and two surgeries (one to each lobe of the liver) weren't any more successful. She told me she thought it was her mission in life to save someone else's life through her story/death, so if you know anyone who could/would benefit, pass it on. It's my mission to keep her story going and hopefully save someone's life.

She's a model in the 2007 Colondar Calendar, fundraiser for The Colon Club. You have to be diagnosed with colon cancer under the age of 50 in order to be a model for the 'colondar.' [www.colonclub.com](http://www.colonclub.com) click: Colondar, 2007 Calendar, April models. She's the dark-haired one on the left in the 'be strong/be serious' pose requested by the photographer. The accompanying story is hers in her own words.



## **Kim's Story as told by Kim:**

I'm always over-analyzing everything because I'm a lawyer, and over-analysis is what I do for a living. That said, I think my story began in 1990; I was 20 years old and I was going off to my senior year of college. I really wanted to figure out why I suddenly kept having diarrhea, so I went to my family doctor. He just told me to not drink so much fruit juice. I was completely mortified and sorry that I brought up something that was so easy to deal with – so I quit drinking orange juice in the morning.

I went off to college, thinking that I had embarrassed myself and marred my family name in our small town. I didn't talk about any of my bathroom issues for nearly 15 years because I was so horrified by the thought that I was such a hypochondriac over something that was so simple.

In 2001, I was pregnant with my daughter, Ashley. We were away on vacation and I had an unbelievable headache for about a day and half. I sat down to eat dinner and I really couldn't eat. I had to go to bed at 9:30 or 10, which was very early for me in those days. In the middle of the night, I had to run to the bathroom and the result was a toilet full of blood. I tried to tell my OB/GYN about it, but I didn't describe it as a toilet full of blood, and he didn't pursue a detailed description.

I didn't have many more problems during the pregnancy, although I do remember that at one point I had such a horrible pain in my left side that I dropped to my knees at work. I mentioned it to my doctor, and I said that it was very severe – so painful that I fell to my knees. The doctor said "Well, you're pregnant. Your ligaments are stretching." Once again, I felt embarrassed over raising something so silly and trivial with a doctor.

When Ashley was about eighteen months old, we decided that we would try to have another child. I wasn't feeling that great – I was quite tired all the time – but we didn't want to have too much of an age gap between our children. When I got pregnant with our son, Zachary, I complained of horrible – I mean truly unbelievable – bloating throughout the pregnancy. I was told to take my prenatal vitamins at night instead of in the morning to minimize bloating. I remember toward the end of the pregnancy, I was crying at the doctor's office and saying "This is not fun anymore." At my postpartum checkup, I said that I was very fatigued and having trouble recovering. The doctor and I left it at that.

A year later, at my annual exam, I was sobbing at my OB/GYN's office. I said, "The fatigue is just so overwhelming." My OB/GYN said, "If you aren't feeling better in three months when the sun comes out, we'll put you on anti-depressants." I had also recently gone to my primary care doctor, who said I was slightly anemic, but he wanted to wait a month before doing any more testing. I didn't want to wait a month, and I didn't want to go on anti-depressants without further medical investigation. I wanted to know what was going on.

After the appointment with my OB/GYN, I went home and started researching, trying to diagnose myself. From 1998 to 2000, I had clerked for a judge on New York State's highest court. The judge's father had passed away from colon cancer and I think his grandfather also had



it, so the judge was screened regularly to remove polyps. He was very open with his clerks about his colonoscopies, and his honesty may have saved my life.

I really hadn't heard much about colonoscopies before I worked for the judge, even though my grandfather had colon cancer 25 years ago, when I was 10. I vaguely remember going to see my grandfather in the hospital for something related to his stomach, but I didn't truly grasp that he had colon cancer because he never had chemotherapy. While I was researching my symptoms, I remembered the judge's colonoscopies, and that's part of what inspired me to request one for myself. I went back to my primary doctor's office to demand a colonoscopy.

I had never actually met my primary doctor. I had only seen a Physician's Assistant at the office, and I definitely scared him because I so assertively demanded a colonoscopy. I was having horrible symptoms by then, which I described in detail, including blood in my stool. Yet, on the referral to the GI doctor, the PA simply wrote "loose stools." I was annoyed and brought the referral into the GI's office that afternoon, hoping it would somehow expedite the process. The office scheduler, who had no medical training whatsoever, looked at the referral slip. I told her that "loose stools" was a euphemism for what was going on. I described my symptoms, and when I discussed the blood in my stool, it raised a red flag. She had me make a regularly-scheduled appointment for two months later, but told me she was going to speak to the doctor and the doctor might want me to do something sooner. By the time I got home, there was a message from the scheduler that said "The doctor does want to see you soon. Can you come in two weeks rather than two months?"

I saw the GI doctor on a Thursday evening. He is my age and cute, and the thought of him doing a colonoscopy on me was mortifying, but by that point I just needed help, so I didn't care. I described all my symptoms, and told him that I couldn't get out of the bathroom and had two kids climbing all over me in there. He said, "I have three kids, and I know what you mean. I am going to walk you out to the scheduler and we are going to schedule you for next week." He scheduled me for a colonoscopy the next Monday morning.

When I woke up from the colonoscopy, he said, "We found a mass and I'm assuming that it's cancer. We're calling the surgeon and we'll get you in right away." I had the colonoscopy on May 16, and I call that my day of diagnosis because the doctor said that he was assuming it was cancer. This guy was really good, and when he told me that he thought it was cancer, I figured he knew what he was talking about and was probably right. As my doctor left my husband and me to contemplate my prognosis, he said, "This is not a death sentence." All the same, I turned to my husband and said, "I'm sorry I ruined our life."

I saw the surgeon that Thursday. He is very direct, and he said that we needed to address the tumor immediately, regardless of whether it was malignant. He already had the result from a CT scan done the day after my colonoscopy. The pathology report from the biopsy taken during the colonoscopy came in to the surgeon's office as my husband and I were meeting with him. Thus, my surgeon was the first one to officially declare that I had colon cancer – a large mass in the sigmoid colon, on my left side. The surgeon had a cancellation for Monday morning the 23rd and we all wanted to do the surgery right away. This years-long saga of pain and embarrassment culminated within just one week of my colonoscopy.

The day I was discharged from the hospital, the doctors told me that I was Stage III and I would need chemo. There was never any question that I was going to take the chemo. My daughter was 3 ½, my son was 14 months, and I was married to the love of my life. I decided to fight for every minute.

My chemo was called “FOLFOX,” and I also received Avastin, a biologic drug. Every other week for 24 weeks, I went to the hospital for my chemo. My day there would end up being about eight hours. Before I left, I got hooked up to a 5FU fanny pack for 46 hours. It was grotesque. I hadn’t been able to do a chest port because I knew Zachary would head butt it, so I had a port inserted in my left arm instead. I would snake the tube from the fanny pack up through the inside of my shirt. When I changed Zachary’s diaper or snuggled with Ashley, the tube would snag and it was disgusting because I would feel the needle moving in the port in my arm. It was just foul; there is no other way to describe chemo. About the only good thing I have to say about it is that I finished it, and so far it has worked.

After one of my treatments, I had severe rectal bleeding; it was a toilet full of blood. I called everyone on earth in a panic, demanding immediate attention. My surgeon was in surgery, so I went to see his partner. He asked me what it was like and whether it was more than a couple of drops. Of course it was, and I realized right then that if my OB/GYN had asked me to describe the prior bleeding episode that I had in detail, I would have gotten diagnosed nearly five years earlier. I have mixed feelings about that; perhaps I should have described it in more detail without being asked, or perhaps a doctor should know to ask a young woman who might have difficulty being totally forthright to describe something like rectal bleeding in more detail.

After my experience, I have decided to take my cues from the judge who was willing to share personal medical information with people in order to help raise awareness. I think both patients and doctors need to be more educated about colon cancer. Women – particularly pregnant women – need to be very descriptive about complaints and very assertive about follow-up. Doctors need to realize that 50 is not the magic number – a young, apparently healthy person CAN have colorectal cancer. Cancer doesn’t pay attention to demographics and statistics and neither do I. I intend to beat the odds and hopefully help some other people along the way. I would like to thank the producers and sponsors of the Colondar and my GI doctor, surgeon, oncologist, chemo nurses and my incredibly supportive family and friends for giving me that opportunity.

**UPDATE:** We are shocked and unbearably saddened to report that Kim Troisi-Paton lost her battle with colon cancer on August 10, 2007. [Click here](#) if you would like to read her obituary.

Kim truly followed the theme, “Be Strong,” in everything she did and fought until the end. She was an advocate for the disease to the end, and The Colon Club will continue her line of silly greeting cards, [Posterior Designs: Cards for Any Colon Occasion](#).

To get me through my miles, I convert each (marathon) mile into two hours of chemo = 52 hours and the last two-tenths = her last two hours of chemo (per

treatment). I'll have to double that for your half. FYI: her first six months of chemo = 648 hours of chemo or one full day less than the entire month of February. Mind-boggling.

Boston will be my 19th year as a charity runner for Dana-Farber Cancer Institute (ironically, my daughter's chemo treatments were prescribed by oncologists from DFCI). I wear ribbons 'in honor of' or 'in memory of' and if you send me your mother-in-law's name, I'll wear a ribbon for her.

From John: I hope to meet Cathy next weekend at the Celebrate Life Half Marathon in Rock Hill, New York. This is a GREAT half marathon that benefits Cancer victims, celebrates cancer survivors and honors those who have passed. I will look for the sign along the course honoring Kim. In two months, Cathy will be wearing bib #54 in our race, in respect for the 54 hours of chemo Kim had to receive every other week for six months.

#### 8. Sponsor Spotlight – Tony's Kneaded Touch



All local runners are very familiar with Tony Trujillo, as he and his therapeutic massages seem to be at every local race. He will always have a special place in my heart because he was one of the first to commit to the Redding Road Race last year, even before we had any runners!!

From his website, <http://www.tonyskneadedtouch.com/>:



Tony Trujillo, a CT Licensed Massage Therapist, based out of the Creative Hair Salon, 21 First Street in East Norwalk, is the owner of Tony's Kneaded Touch Therapeutic Massage & Bodywork. I began my massage career at the Connecticut Center for Massage Therapy in Westport where I graduated with honors in July 2007. I also graduated from the Iona College Hagan School of Business in New Rochelle, New York in June 1983. Areas of advanced massage study include: Medical Massage for the Back, Orthopedic Massage Techniques for Cervical Pain, Russian Sports Massage, Deep Tissue Massage, Assessment & Treatment for the Neck, Shoulder & Hip Joints and Prenatal, Labor Support & Postpartum Massage. I am a member of the award-winning CT AMTA Sports Massage Team and have been recognized by Guinness World Records for participation in a group massage event at the 2009 Marine Corps Marathon. My sessions offer safe, comfortable, unsurpassed therapeutic massage focusing on pain management, injury prevention and improved quality of life. I tailor my work to fit your specific needs, so you are in control of your session. I believe that the balance of body, mind and spirit is essential for a greater sense of self-awareness and overall health and wellness. In addition to offering mobile therapeutic table massage services, I am also available for corporate on-site chair massage, fundraising events, weddings, parties, silent auctions, raffles, door prizes and staff & employee recognition awards. I maintain an affiliation with Dr. Andrew Zomick at Stamford Sports & Spine.

He will again be at the race this year to help work out the kinks from all the hills – he'll be in the ten by the finish line with other massage therapists. Make sure you utilize his magic hands on May 5<sup>th</sup> and certainly contact him if you live in the area and need any massage service.

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**Congratulations Runners!**  
**Thank you for Supporting New Pond Farm!**



*B*eautiful **REDDING NURSERY** is familiar to all, nestled in a curve of Route 107 between Redding Center and the junction of Route 53.

Redding Nursery was established by James and Sheila McNamara in 1968. In recent years they have been joined by eldest son Sean, his wife Krista and their sons...and so the family tradition continues.

Redding Nursery's business has expanded for more than 40 years to include all of Fairfield County, and many popular services have been added. Yet, the family and small town values so important to the McNamara's have ensured that the business retains its neighborly, friendly feel and concern for customer needs. In 2002, Redding Nursery was named one of the Best Small Family Businesses by the University of Connecticut.

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# KILOMETERS

Keep training .....

John