

Turn Left Onto Spicewood | Allan Besselink

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There are moments that defy description. Words may not adequately describe them, and they could be fleeting at best - but you definitely know you're there when it's taking place.

This morning, I got to revisit one that I'd forgotten from years past - and again, although fleeting, was truly incredible.

There is a left hand turn at about mile 4 in the 3M half marathon course (which I've now run for the past 4 consecutive years). You're heading down Mesa, then you turn left onto Spicewood Springs. If it's a crisp, clear January morning (which it has tended to be over the past few years), you might arrive there around 7:30 am or so - just after the sun has started to rise. To this point, you've been in relative shade (and probably a little chilly). As the road starts to descend, your pace quickens, taking advantage of gravity as your legs unwind underneath you. Then - that turn - and this blazing sunlight just over the tree tops in the median. The sun's rays are warm and almost blinding - sunglasses barely help to protect you from the glare. It is a moment of beauty, one that reminds you of how great it is to be out running on a Sunday morning. It's almost as if the temperature rises while you face the sun, dropping down to the fifth mile marker.

I've often thought that it's a moment in which you would like to simply stop and take in the power of the sun, revitalizing yourself ... but then I am reminded of the road that goes on ahead of me. The moment is just that - a moment in time - a snapshot of your life then and there. The journey - it forges onwards from there - to the finish line - and beyond.