

The Journey Begins: Training For An Ironman On 10 Hours A Week

In many ways, I looked at my training as a science fair project gone awry. I implemented all of the training principles that I use with my athletes and completed the program to the letter. I was deeply aware of the potential consequences. I became a student of my training and I was a diligent student. My training was highly unorthodox by typical Ironman standards but I had plenty of success with the approach in the athletes I coached (I will gladly share that with anyone wanting to have an intriguing discussion on a much-debated issue) I set my goals and developed an appropriate training program from them it's not like I hadn't done this many many times before!!!

To this day, I would say that my training was far tougher than anything I experienced on race day. When you're on an 85 mile ride, unsupported, and it's 100 degrees ambient temperature, probably 125 degrees on the pavement, and there aren't any aid stations and certainly not 6000 volunteers out there to help and you're riding it solo you have to dig down to places you didn't realize existed. A journey of a 1000 miles begins with a single step. Getting yourself through the training now that is the challenge mentally.

The best indicators of training can be racing. And when I had improved my time at the Capital Of Texas Tri in May by 9 minutes (or right around 5%) I knew I was headed in the right direction.

I always maintained through my training that it was all about getting me to be ready on race day, that race day was indeed just a celebration of all your hard work. When you put your feet in the water yes, it's go time, but it's time to just let it all flow! Why be worried?

I took three days to drive to Lake Placid and throughout the trip, I was calm, focused, and relaxed. I met up with my housemates (and athletes), Allison and Kirk Scheel, on Wednesday. Throughout the days in Lake Placid, they were incredibly helpful especially with keeping the tone around the house healthy and fun!! On Thursday, I went to registration and then you have the realization that wow, this is for real! The next few days were spent making last minute preparations and relaxing and trying to stay away from 2000 Type A, testosterone-driven triathletes. I was in a good place and ready. Game on.