

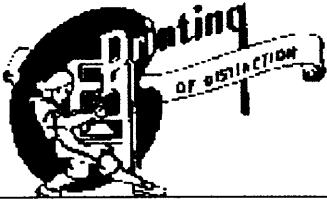


# THE PAPER RACE

## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE KANKAKEE RIVER RUNNING CLUB SINCE 1979



MAR.-APR.2003 KRRC NEWSLETTER, 5223 N PIN OAK TURN, BOURBONNAIS, IL 60914 ISSUE 179



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### YOU'RE INVITED TO THE SHELLY'S ANNUAL RUN & BRUNCH

Sunday, May 4<sup>th</sup>--Run at 9am/Brunch at 10am

Please R.S.V.P. to Janet or Henry Shelly at (815) 933-9255 or [hjshelly@keynet.net](mailto:hjshelly@keynet.net)

Bring the whole family! Hope to see you there!

### **CONGRATULATIONS TO:**

## **RICHARD MANTHEI on running his 500<sup>TH</sup> RACE**

at the Winterfest 5K in Kankakee, IL on February 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2003 !

&

## **DAN GOULD on running his 500<sup>TH</sup> RACE**

at the Run for the Turtles 5K in Siesta Beach, FL on March 1<sup>st</sup>, 2003 !

**Wishing you 500 more!**

### **A Milestone - My 500<sup>th</sup>!**

Dear Friends,

It actually came together - I ran my 500th race on my 21st running anniversary - March 1st. I had to create my own bib number 500 because the Run for the Turtles 5K at Siesta Key Beach doesn't use bib #s, but it was as good a place as any for #500.

Pat was good enough to arise before dawn and go with me. She usually only does things like the Boston Marathon. It was not a great day to race. The temp was about 70 and the humidity about 100%. The race benefits Mote Marine Aquarium in Sarasota and turned out over 1000 runners and walkers this year.

The beach was in great shape for a run and the pedestrian traffic seemed lighter than in past years. They can't close the beach so we have to dodge the 8 AM walkers. We ran into the wind outbound which helped cool us and then sweated it out on the return leg. The sun, thankfully, stayed behind the overcast.

Running on sand and coming off the week's headcold, I was satisfied with a 22:16 which was good for second in age group. Jack, the announcer for the awards, knew it was a milestone day for me and gave me a nice introduction when I was called up for my award. Pat, Phyllis Siskel (club photographer), and Don Marshall (club webmaster) took pictures. Don has put my recent writing "On Dan's Run - Blizzard 5K" on the website and is going to add a picture he took today of Ben and I (Ben and me?).

Tom Bedford, Pat and I had a post-race breakfast at a restaurant in Siesta Key Village which met with Pat's approval. Breakfast has always been her favorite meal and this place was run by a transplanted English couple who had scones on the menu among other things. Well, we hadn't eaten much for the first two days of Pat's visit, but we made up for it this morning.

Special note to Ed Glazar and Paul Brocksmith - Thanks for the encouragement 21 years ago that got me off the couch and running. And a special note to Jim Sollo who was waiting at the finish line of my first race - Performance Sports 5-Miler - to take my picture. And to all who have shared this running life - Thanks!

-Dan G.

## ON DAN'S RUN - Blizzard 5K - by Dan Gould

Tampa Bay was just awakening as Ben Clark and I drove over the Sunshine Skyway before dawn on February 9th. The sky in paradise would yield no sunshine this Sunday. A cloak of grey trimmed in a misty rain was the uniform of the day, in stark contrast to the "dress blues" and golden sunlight of a week earlier at the Groundhog 5K at Taylor Park in Largo. If Puxatawny Phil had stayed in bed last Sunday instead of getting up to see his shadow, we might again be enjoying the blue sky. Like a week earlier, however, we would be blessed with a starting time temperature in the low 50's. We were going to Al Lopez Park for the "Blizzard Run 5K," a happily humorous designation for a race in this part of Florida. Lopez Park, between Himes and Dale Mabry, is almost in the shadow of Raymond James Stadium, home of the world champion Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

As we approached the Dale Mabry exit from I-275, Ben and I encountered our first challenge of the day. Dale Mabry is a north-south thoroughfare. Someone with a sense of humor in the Florida DOT designated the exits as "east" and "west." I go to Lopez Park once a year. I know I want to go north! Ben, with complete confidence, assured me that I wanted "east." When we actually got to the exit, it indicated both "east" and "northbound." I'm glad these DOT guys don't mark our race courses. We pulled into a parking spot about 7:15 A.M. and made our way to the registration pavilion. The girl at the pre-registration table asked my name and I responded, "Gould." Squinting at the sheet in front of her, she asked "Daniel or Lisa?" I've never had occasion to doubt my sexual identity even while trying to get in touch with my "feminine side," but I did pause. Before I could reply she laughed and said "Oh, duh, must be Daniel." I laughed, noted her blonde hair, and picked up my race bib and shirt. I love blondes!

The shirt, by the way, was especially nice. It was long-sleeved, bright blue with caricatures of a male and female runner covered with icicles on the front and no advertising on the back. I've been getting XL shirts for a friend, but I got this one in my size.

Ben directed me to lead us off the starting line, perhaps in deference to my having led him across the finish line a week earlier at Groundhog. In our six years of competing, that was a first in a 5K. Ben, 63, ran 19:45 last March, a time I haven't run in years. Last week, carrying a little too much weight, too few training miles, and not having raced in six weeks, Ben held me off for two and a half miles. I crossed the finish line a mere three seconds ahead of him. I don't expect that will happen again for another six years.

The Blizzard Run course is within the confines of Lopez Park, a two-loop pancake flat course run principally on a natural oval road. I was literally on the starting line when Race Director Joe Fernandez started the race. I went off very quickly to clear the way for anyone who might be faster. Despite my pace, it appeared the whole field was faster and going to pass me in the first hundred yards. By the time we reached the first turn, I could only be sure that Ben and Betsy Winspeed were behind me.

The race thereafter unfolded as most do with a couple more people finding the strength to pass while a few others faded. As in every 5K, I at some point reflect upon the painful intensity of the pace and wish I was running a 10K. Two miles into a 10K, however, I always wish I had only another mile to go instead of four.

Approaching three miles I overtook what appeared to be a young man of college age. "Hang in there," I said. Glancing my way, he replied: "I knew I shouldn't have gone drinking last night." As if on cue, I heard Ben throwing up. Well, he was trying to, but he didn't have anything on his stomach. Ben's gag reflex kicks in late in a race and one can only wonder how he runs so fast at such a time. There was a certain humor in the coincidence of the lamented liquor consumption and throwing up, but the laughter would have to wait.

I had hoped to get under twenty-one minutes. The call of the three mile split said it would be close, but no cigar. I guess I should have called Jim Julian if I wanted a cigar. The finish line loomed and, with thirty yards to go, Ben kicked by me for a one second victory in our personal contest. In the words of Jerry Lynch, a sports psychologist: "Your competitor is a gift. He or she gives you the opportunity to do your best."

We had done our best, both taking seconds off our previous week's performance, but the big dogs had come off the porch. I didn't get a sniff of gold as two guys in my age group ran sub-20 and Ben could only manage a second place. We collected Ben's award, I introduced myself to Lisa Gould after she picked up her award, and Janet Bixler, who directs River-to-River in southern Illinois, was kind enough to snap a picture for us.

Mom's Place is a family restaurant just west of Lopez Park and a perfect place to refuel after a morning's workout. We warmed our hands with a steaming cup of coffee while a dark-haired waitress named Margaret brightened our day with her sunny disposition and North Carolina accent. "I moved from North Carolina sixteen years ago and don't usually twang like this," she volunteered, "but my allergies have been acting up." Margaret was personality plus and obviously in the right line of work.

The Sunshine Skyway was still cloaked in grey as been we headed back to Bradenton, but we had once again stoked the fires of friendship and fellowship. On such a day, a grey sky cannot mute the sun that shines within. Thanks, Ben, it was a beautiful day.

\*\*\*\*\*

## MARATHON AMNESIA by Charlie Grotevant

Prior to the 1997 Boston Marathon, I declared to many that it would be my 11<sup>th</sup> and final marathon. The training had not been fun at all. And on marathon day, my body was hurting from mile one to way past the finish. I had been wearing custom fitted orthotic inserts for several months and they were enabling me to run without a whole lot of discomfort on runs up to 8 or 10 miles. Therefore, the decision to not race at distances greater than half marathons was an easy one to make because I wanted to continue running as long as possible in my life.

A February, 2002, half marathon in 1:39:06 and an April one in 1:40:46 started me to thinking (that's usually bad) about trying another marathon with a minimum of long distance preparation. Four plus hour marathons are becoming commonplace as more and more runners are participating. Fitness runners are completing 5 and 6 hour marathons with the same enthusiasm I used to feel with sub 3:30's. Maybe I could again capture the thrill of completing a marathon and not terribly damage my aging body.

Lo and behold! In mid-summer the Boston Athletic Association announced a revision of the qualifying times for their marathon. Us older runners were especially favored. The new qualification for age group 60-64 was lowered to 4 hours from the previous 3:40. That got the thought processes motivated! I can do that! I had run the joyless 1997 Boston in 3:37:03, and, while my 5K and 10K times had slowed during the past 5 years, a 4 hour finish time should be doable.

What marathon should I choose to regain a Boston qualification? I had no clear inclination as the fall harvest came to a close. I ran a 12 miler and a 14 miler in November. A 13 miler in early December followed by 17 miles with Gary House and Mike Hilgendorf in Pontiac the day after Christmas. We talked about the Mardi Gras Marathon in New Orleans on February 16<sup>th</sup> as a possibility. At that time Tamara White and Nigel Keen were also interested in running the Mardi Gras.

Ran 21 miles of the Fat Ass 50 on January 12<sup>th</sup> with Gary and Mike, but fell off their pace the last few miles. 3:03 time on a nice January day. I had thought I would be under 3 hours with ease. I did finish ahead of Clint Carter and Dan LeVire that day. Clint has been beating me by wider margins in 5K's and 10K's in recent years, so I smiled happily as I put him on my backside.

I had ridden to McNabb with Larry Lane who only ran 12 that day (he said Carol Pratt and Barbara House, who ran 13, were better company than I was). What a friend! He did deliver my aching body to his house in Reddick. Thank you, Larry!

Tamara was injured by this time, and the time frame of the Mardi Gras was going to be tight because I needed to be in Springfield by 9:00 AM on Monday, the 17<sup>th</sup>. The Cowtown in Fort Worth, Texas the following Saturday was becoming a possibility, but again, a tight time frame for Joyce and me. Or maybe I could string out my training and run in St. Louis on April 6<sup>th</sup>.

Flew to Tampa for the American Farm Bureau Federation national convention on January 14<sup>th</sup>. Stayed with the Judge, Dan Gould, at his Bradenton condo for a few days prior to the convention and competed in a 10K with him on the 18th. He beat me by more than a minute. What a gracious host!

While there, I discovered the Florida Gulf Shores Marathon would be on Sunday, February 16<sup>th</sup> in Clearwater. My thought process again kicked into high gear. If our gracious host would again welcome us to his abode, and if we could find low cost airline tickets to Tampa, we could return to Florida for Valentine's weekend, run the marathon on Sunday morning, fly back to Illinois Sunday evening, and be in Springfield for Farm Bureau on Monday morning.

And, coincidentally, the Shelley's, Lonergan's, Malone's, and Flynn's, our Kankakee area running friends were spending a week in a condo near Orlando that week. The Florida Gulf Shores became the chosen marathon.

Back to marathon training. Ran 13 miles on January 21<sup>st</sup> before flying back to Illinois that afternoon. Ran 19 miles the following Monday. Both of these runs were slower than I wanted and left me hurting. The amnesia was leaving. I was starting to remember marathon training was not filled with glorious, fun-filled runs.

Another 13 mile run the day following the Winterfest 5K. Now I went into taper down mode, but planned on some much needed speedwork at the Frosty Five Miler on February 9<sup>th</sup>.

However, on Saturday afternoon, February 8<sup>th</sup>, I nearly had a disaster. I was removing a harrow attachment from our field cultivator in order to sell it and replace it with an improved model, when, as I was placing a chain around one of the 16 foot sections in order to load it onto my flat bed trailer, the unsecured section abruptly slid off the back of the field cultivator and struck my left leg on the back of the calf muscle. I should have not had my leg in a precarious position, but sometimes in the haste of accomplishing a job, we have mental lapses.

The immediate pain was intense, and as Joyce said later, she thought someone was visiting me in the farmyard because she heard voices. It was only one voice and it was mine. I confess, I took the Lord's name in vain, but I have since asked for forgiveness. I also told myself how stupid I was! After the impact of the steel angle iron on my leg, the harrow slid downward and scraped 6 inches of skin beneath my jeans and insulated coveralls.

As I limped around in pain, I was mentally kissing the marathon goodbye. My thoughts then went back to February 10, 1988, when one overall leg was caught in a revolving sweep auger inside a corn bin. Yes, I was alone at the time and I did not step high enough as it passed under me. My jeans and coverall legs were torn off, my leg was cut open, and I was upside down using all the strength in my hands holding onto the sweep auger to prevent it from doing any more damage to my body. Finally the 30 amp fuses blew and I drug my bloody leg to the house to summon help. I was back running three weeks later, minus a bit of muscle tissue where the meat of the calf muscle was torn. Would this new injury also shelve me for three weeks? Or even longer?

The February 8<sup>th</sup> injury is on and right beside the scar tissue of the 1988 mishap. But, it is not nearly as bad as I immediately thought. I limped around and finished loading the harrow onto the trailer. As I moved about more, the pain subsided, and I was able to walk without limping by the time I finished the job an hour later.

Then into the house to examine the damage. I had a very severe, three- inch wide crease into my left calf muscle, at the area where the muscle is the largest in circumference. Below the crease, my calf muscle was grotesquely swollen and red from the scraping. The sensation was that of a mildly pulled muscle. There was numbness in the injured area. I laid down with my leg elevated and wrapped in a cold pack. Sunday's Frosty Five Miler was looking very doubtful.

I slept good and the leg, while burning from the scraping, felt much better on Sunday morning. We went to Channahon either to help at the finish line or, if I could run without limping, race. The warm-up went better than expected. After a mile and a half, I felt none of the muscle soreness, just the burning sensation. Sunshine and upper 20's with a light wind. As good as it gets in February in Illinois!

Cont'd pg 4

The leg didn't hurt at all during the race, but it was sore and tight afterwards. The indented crease was still very noticeable, but not as severe as Saturday evening. The calf muscle below the crease was swollen and had an abnormal shape. But by running I had stimulated blood circulation throughout the injured area and, if I had any chance of running a marathon the following Sunday, I needed to stimulate the muscle to heal as quickly as possible. 35:55 for 5 miles.

I gave my leg extra care for the next 3 days, although I did run on Monday and Wednesday in an effort to stimulate circulation and eliminate the numbness which was slow to leave the sore area.

On Thursday, the 13<sup>th</sup>, we were on a midday flight on Southwest Airlines to Tampa. Joyce sat next to the window, I sat in the middle seat and, because seats are unassigned on Southwest, was happy to see a slim and trim 40ish lady sit beside me. I thanked her for sitting with us which prevented the open seat from being taken by a 300 pounder. She smiled, knowingly, and said she was happy to help.

She slept and Joyce and I read for the first half of the flight. A couple of small talk moments as the flight neared Tampa prompted me to inquire of her trip. She is an Associate Professor of Physical Therapy at Northern Illinois University and was attending a national Physical Therapy conference. Her Masters and Ph. D. are from the University of Illinois at Chicago. She's a former runner, who now swims regularly, because of a deteriorating hip situation.

I told of the marathon I planned to run on Sunday and then told her about my injury from the past Saturday. I lifted my trouser leg for show and tell. The crease in my calf was still ugly looking and the swelling below it was in evidence. The coloration included nearly the whole spectrum of a rainbow.

She asked if I had been icing it and keeping it elevated. "Yes", I replied, but "I raced on Sunday and ran twice since in an effort to stimulate the blood circulation to return to normal. I really think it's helping because the numbness is lessening." The expression on her face as she looked at me was priceless. She weakly smiled in assent as if to say "You may be kidding yourself, but you are not kidding me". I quickly changed the subject before she had a chance to tell me something I did not want to hear. She wished me well for the marathon and I wished her well with her family and in her presentation at the conference.

Dan met us at the Tampa Airport. We went directly to the Kissimmee location to eat and celebrate Janet Shelley's birthday.

I ran for 55 minutes at Dan's on Friday morning. My body hurt badly, the leg had increased swelling, I had no energy, and I was very pessimistic about Sunday's marathon. The training hadn't gone as smoothly as I had hoped, and the leg injury was additional evidence that I shouldn't run another marathon. But I was entered and was determined that I would be mentally ready Sunday morning. Once again, I was on the razor thin line separating mental toughness from stupidity. Which side would I be on Sunday afternoon?

The warmest weekend in Florida this winter! Not the type of weather for a Midwesterner to run well in, especially one who dies in the summer heat. 69 degrees and nearly 100% humidity under overcast skies for the 7:05 start of the marathon and 2-person marathon relay. The SSE winds were 10-20 mph and were to increase throughout the morning. The rain was to hold off until afternoon. As it turned out, the cloud cover prevented the sun from shining through and the temperature had only risen to 77 degrees when I finished.

I encountered Robert Hill of Bloomington near the starting area. This was to be his 18<sup>th</sup> marathon and he would go on to his daughter's at Naples for a few days before cruising the Caribbean on a Windjammer. We wished each other well as the gun sounded.

In the meantime Joyce took Dan to Taylor Park, the 20 mile mark of the marathon, for the 8:00 AM start of the 10K. Dan ran a "nothing special" time of 45:17, but was 1<sup>st</sup> AG and 19<sup>th</sup> overall of the 208 finishers. He surmised the faster runners were in the marathon or marathon relay.

The marathon started at Coachman Park in Clearwater. The course is flat except for 7 man-made hills in the form of overpasses and bridges. The highest is the Clearwater Pass Bridge with a 75 foot rise at the 3 mile mark. I went out with no sense of urgency, but still the desire to run under 4 hours. After 2 miles we went due South, into the ever increasing SSE wind. The headwind was taking extra energy, but it was also keeping me cool. Many were passing me and some conversations ensued for quarter or half mile intervals.

At 12 miles we turned East and at 15 miles turned North onto the Pinellas Trail which would take us back to the finish at Coachman Park. 1:51:37 at the half marathon. I was on target for a sub 4-hour finish if I didn't completely die because of the heat of the day. It was quite hectic at the half marathon point because the marathon relay teams were making their exchanges. 124 teams finished. Many relay runners were coming out of the exchange area with a burst of speed and passing me, but I began to notice I was passing some of the runners who had passed me in the first 12 miles.

The most commendable part of the marathon was the 19 aid stations with water and Gatorade. I walked and drank at 18 of them, usually finishing by dumping a cup of water over my head. With the proper mindset we can get much pleasure from very simple things!

The lower back and feet were hurting by now, but I was passing more runners on the tree-lined asphalt trail. I increased the effort, running sub-eight minute miles and walking 20-30 seconds at each aid station. I was passing dozens and dozens and feeling a rush of energy each time I passed another runner. I continued at this pace until 24 miles, when the energy was nearly depleted. One runner, a young stud half marathoner, passed me as I was drinking at the 24 mile mark. He was the only runner who passed me after 15 miles.

It took 21 minutes for me to run the final 2.2 miles. I was really running ugly as I entered the finish line area. Dan wasn't ready with his camera because I was ahead of schedule. Two volunteers held me up as a third pulled the chip from my shoe. They offered to take me for medical aid. I refused! Joyce and Dan then helped me wobble around a bit until I got my bearings.

3:41:55 finish! 3<sup>rd</sup> in AG 60-64 and 81<sup>st</sup> overall of 749 finishers. Better than expected on this warm and humid day. I ran the 2<sup>nd</sup> half in 1:50:18. A negative split for the first time in any of my marathons. And I gained a Boston qualification. April 19, 2004 is the date if I keep my body healthy and out of harm's way.

This short narrative of my return to marathoning has turned into book length. This gives a challenge to the editors, Marcia at Kankakee and Carrie at Lake Run, to find a small enough font to fit it into the space available in their respective newsletters. Remember ladies, with every challenge, there is an accompanying opportunity!

As the words flowed onto the keyboard, I lost sight of the KISS principle. (Keep It Simple Stupid!) But all who know me well are already aware the only thing simple about me or my life is my mind. Everything else is rather complicated.

May all your running adventures be as exciting for you as this marathon has been for me. How's the leg 2 weeks post-marathon? The calf is still abnormally shaped. The bruising discoloration is slowly moving downward and is at the ankle level now. There is some swelling by the end of each day. It hurts when I touch or bump it, so I'm becoming adept at avoiding contact. See you at the races!

# MAR.-APR. B-days!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO...

NAME	B-DAY	AGE
Christine Barrett	3/15/67	36 YRS
Hannah Bevis	3/26/94	9 YRS
Janet Earley	3/22/70	33 YRS
Tammy Furbee	3/12/65	38 YRS
Anthony Hinrich	3/24/86	17 YRS
Rebecca Horn	3/28/83	20 YRS
Rod Kahl	3/04/65	38 YRS
Ken Klipp	3/25/49	54 YRS
Pat Koerner	3/27/62	41 YRS
Robert Lemaire	3/02/52	51 YRS
Terry Morse	3/12/54	49 YRS
Beverly Smith	3/29/51	52 YRS
Diana Uribe	3/16/59	44 YRS
Carol Vallone	3/25/63	40 YRS
Rasa Weber	3/02/66	37 YRS
Connie Angelo	4/12/53	50 YRS
Kyle Barrett	4/03/94	9 YRS
Emma Bevis	4/18/96	7 YRS
David Bohlke	4/20/46	57 YRS
Larry Forbes	4/06/57	46 YRS
Anna Goodberlet	4/17/58	45 YRS
Kyle Goodberlet	4/04/82	21 YRS
Georganne Hickey	4/09/52	51 YRS
Charles Kennedy	4/12/38	65 YRS
Patricia Kershaw	4/26/55	48 YRS
Mark McDermott	4/19/48	55 YRS
Shelby Merillat	4/07/92	11 YRS
Nadine Morse	4/21/93	10 YRS
Dee Osenglewski	4/02/56	47 YRS
Ron Ruda	4/18/47	56 YRS
Ken Stark	4/02/43	60 YRS
Andrea Uribe	4/14/86	17 YRS



## Caramel Swirl-and-Apple Cheesecake

### INGREDIENTS

1 (32-ounce) carton vanilla low-fat yogurt  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1 tablespoon stick margarine, softened  
 1 egg white  
 1-1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs (about 40 crackers)  
 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon  
 Vegetable cooking spray  
 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
 1/4 cup orange juice  
 3 cups cubed peeled Golden Delicious apple (about 1-1/4 pounds)  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 3 tablespoons cornstarch  
 1 tablespoon vanilla extract  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 1 (8-ounce) block Neufchatel cheese, softened  
 1 (8-ounce) block nonfat cream cheese, softened  
 2 eggs  
 1/3 cup ~~vanilla~~ caramel- flavored sundae syrup  
 2 tablespoons ~~vanilla~~ caramel-flavored sundae syrup  
 Cinnamon sticks (optional)

### INSTRUCTIONS

So that the yogurt has ample time to drain and become yogurt cheese, start this cheesecake a day ahead.  
 Place colander in a 2-quart glass measure or bowl. Line colander with 4 layers of cheesecloth, allowing cheesecloth to extend over edge of bowl.  
 Spoon yogurt into colander. Cover loosely with plastic wrap; refrigerate 12 hours.  
 Spoon yogurt cheese into a bowl; discard liquid. Cover and refrigerate.  
 Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Combine 1/4 cup sugar, margarine, and egg white in a bowl; beat at medium speed of a mixer until blended. Add crumbs and cinnamon; stir well. Firmly press mixture into bottom and 1-1/2 inches upsides of a 9-inch springform pan coated with cooking spray. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes; let cool on a wire rack.  
 Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Combine brown sugar and orange juice in a large nonstick skillet; bring to a boil. Add apple; cook 8 minutes until apple is tender and liquid evaporates, stirring occasionally. Set aside.  
 Combine yogurt cheese, 1/2 cup sugar, and next 5 ingredients (1/2 cup sugar through nonfat cream cheese) in a bowl; beat at medium speed of a mixer until smooth. Add eggs, 1 at a time, beating well after each addition.  
 Spoon apple mixture into prepared pan. Pour cheese mixture over apples; top with 1/3 cup sundae syrup, and swirl with a knife to create a marbled effect. Bake at 300 degrees for 1 hour until almost set. Turn oven off; loosen cake from sides of pan using a narrow metal spatula or knife. Let cheesecake stand for 40 minutes in oven with door closed. Remove cheesecake from oven, and let cool to room temperature. Cover and chill at least 8 hours.  
 Drizzle remaining 2 tablespoons sundae syrup over top; garnish with cinnamon sticks, if desired.

This is the cheesecake that I brought to The Club Party on 3/1. It is a little work, but everyone thought it was worth it! I used both low fat cream cheeses. I increased the caramel topping that gets baked into cheesecake to 1/2c. It needs to spend the full 8 hours (or more) after cooling in the refrigerator.

**Enjoy! Janet Shelly**

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Dave Barrett (815)937-4668

**Welcome New Members:**

**Gretchen DeMarch of Kankakee**

**Jim Ferris of Kankakee**

**Andy & Tammy Furbee of Dwight**

Rich Olmstead is in search of a marathon training partner(s). Rich is planning to run The Flying Pig Marathon on May 4<sup>th</sup>. If you are interested, please contact him at (815) 936-1088 or (815) 928-8300.

**THE STARTING LINE**

KRRC MEMBERS OF ALL ABILITIES MEET AT THE KANKAKEE RIVER STATE PARK(PARKING LOT ACROSS FROM HEATED BATHROOMS) AT 8A.M. FROM JUNE THRU OCTOBER AND 9A.M. FROM NOVEMBER THRU MAY TO RUN AND SOCIALIZE ON OFF-RACE SUNDAYS. INDIVIDUALS MAY VARY THE STARTING TIME BASED ON DISTANCE THEY INTEND TO RUN AND THEIR PERSONAL OBLIGATIONS. BRING A RUNNING BUDDY AND JOIN US!

Mar. 16, Sun. St. Pat's 5K, 1PM, Bloomington, IL (309)663-0355

Mar. 22, Sat. Mountain Goat Hill Runs 10K & 15K, 10:30am, Kickapoo State Recreation Area, west of Danville, IL on I-74 exits 206 or 210. No race day reg. for 15K. Marc (217)431-4243 eves. & weekends. [www.kennekuk.com](http://www.kennekuk.com)

Mar. 23, Sun. LaSalle Shamrock Shuffle 8K, 9:30am, Chicago, Cari Murphy (312)904-9814 [www.shamrockshuffle.com](http://www.shamrockshuffle.com)

Mar. 30, Fool's Run 4 Mile, 9am, Park Forest, IL Hilary Tydo (708)798-0134 [www.lincolnnet.net/pfrpc](http://www.lincolnnet.net/pfrpc)

Apr. 26, Sat. Starved Rock 5K, 9am, Ottawa YMCA, Joanne Kammerer (815)795-3936 eves. [www.starvedrockrunners.org](http://www.starvedrockrunners.org)

**May 3, Sat. Perry Farm Spring 4-Miler & 2 Mile Walk, 8:30am, Perry Farm, Bourbonnais, IL**  
**Tom Schelling (815) 935-5665**

May. 3, Sat. Lake Run 4.375 Miler & 12K, 9am, Lake Bloomington, IL (309)828-1415

May 11, Sun. Y-ME RACE AGAINST BREAT CANCER, 9am, Grant Park, Chicago, [www.y-me.org](http://www.y-me.org) 1-877-YME-RACE

**June 7, Sat. WESTBROOK 5K RUN AND FUN WALK - 9:00 A.M., WESTBROOK NAZARENE CHURCH,**  
**900 W. JEFFREY, KANKAKEE, IL 60901 Jim Ferris (815)933-2869 [JAFERRIS24@JUNO.COM](mailto:JAFERRIS24@JUNO.COM)**

**THE FINISH LINE**

**Nov. 23 Harvest Hustle 5K Bradenton FL**

John Hickey 27.59 1st AG

**Dec. 7 Hidden River Classic 5K Tampa FL**

John Hickey 29.05 4th AG (long course)

**Dec. 21 Say No To Drugs 5K Clearwater FL**

John Hickey 28.14 2nd AG

**Dec. 29 DeLeon Springs State Park FL**

Krista Hickey 23.52 1st AG

Mike Hickey 23.57 1st AG

John Hickey 28.16 1st AG

**Jan. 18 FishHawk Ranch Road Race 5K Lithia FL**

John Hickey 27.20 2nd AG

**Feb. 2 Ground Hog Hustle 5K Largo FL**

John Hickey 27.01 2nd AG

**Feb. 9, Frosty Five Miler at Channahon**

Charlie Grotevant 35:55 - 1st AG 60-64

**Feb. 15 Edison Festival of Light 5K Ft Myers FL**

John Hickey 28.46 9th AG

Erma Hickey 43.37 9th AG

**Feb. 16, Florida Gulf Beaches Marathon,**  
**Clearwater, FL**

Charlie Grotevant 3:41:55 - 3rd AG 60-64

81st of 749 OA

**Mar. 1 Chillicothe, Sadie Hawkins 5K**

Pat Koerner 17:17 3OA