

Brian M. Richards
6 Governor Weare Drive
Seabrook, New Hampshire 03874
August 15, 1988

Kevin Richards
XXX
Lawrence, Massachusetts 01843

Dear Kevin,

Your pledge to the Jimmy Fund amounted to \$XXX per mile or \$XXX for the 194 miles. On August 13 & 14 I did 194 miles on my bicycle. Your pledge will amount to \$XXX. I prefer that you pay by check. Please make check out to **PMC-Jimmy Fund**. I've enclosed a self addressed stamped envelope (SASE) for your convenience.

I actually did 196 miles. I missed the turn off at the 40 mile point. The sag wagon had to go after me to turn me around. Saturday morning was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. There were over 800 riders, each of who had to raise a minimum of \$600 in order to participate in this event. The riders were broken up into three groups, the fast riders, the steady riders, and the casual riders (i.e., the slow pokes). I was back with the casual riders for a tactical reason. The first 40 miles involved going down a lot of steep hills. I don't like going to fast on a course I'm not use to. I figured I'd make my move at the fifty mile point.

I had a casualty at the 17 mile point. My chain jumped over the rear sprocket scouring 18 spokes and snapping one of them. I refused any help from the sag wagon and limped in three miles until I got to the first water stop, where I had my bike repaired. It was there where I had my first rude awakening. There were 238 ladies in the ride. Some of them got tired waiting to use the ladies room, so they started using the mens room. At least there were no lines for the urinals.

True to form, I started passing people at the 40 mile point. I would say that I was rated in the top 20% of the riders that showed. I averaged 17.4 MPH over the entire course. There were water stops every 20 miles, the support was just great.

There were over 800 reasons why people were doing this ride. We as a group were making a statement against cancer. People were lining up against the road cheering you on. Children were there with a cup of cold water or lemonade for the riders to grab. At times it was hard to figure out if it was sweat or tears running down my cheek. Every time I was cheered I felt like Greg LeMond.

I want to thank all my sponsors for allowing me to attend the most enjoyable event of my adult life. Every penny you give goes directly for cancer research. Not one cent goes for personal gain. Most of us have to cover our own fund raising expenses (this letter is one example). I even sponsored myself. The PMC produces a video of the ride each year. If I am ever used in a video I will make it available at no cost to my sponsors (I even have to buy the video).

You are probably wondering why a guy like me would want to torture his body for 194 miles just to raise money for the Jimmy Fund. My grandmother, whom I never met, died of cancer at 48. My mother died at 40. My father, who is very sick right now, and who will more than likely be called by God soon, is fighting this damn disease. I'm going keep raising money for cancer research until I can't get the sponsors or the good Lord tells me to put down my bicycle. I hope you will consider sponsoring me next year so I can Spin my Wheels for the Jimmy Fund. It is in my father's name, one of my 1988 sponsors, that I hereby dedicate my ride to.



Thank you & may God bless.

Brian M. Richards