

2000 BOSTON MARATHON®



JIMMY FUND WALK



Brian Richards
Wellesley to Copley Square
September 24, 2000

The weather forecast the day before the Walk was not promising, with a front coming in from the North and the remains of Hurricane Helene coming from the south. I purchased a new umbrella, and decided I was going to wear my gortex sneakers and use my waterproof camera for the Walk. I actually brought two cameras with me, hoping against hope that it would not rain. I arrived in Wellesley Saturday at 4 PM, but with the automobile traffic being heavy I decided to forgo the pasta dinner and head straight to my hotel room. Sunday morning weather report was promising some sun in the afternoon, but the clouds looked threatening. I experienced a problem that people from New Jersey have when filling their cars from an out of state gasoline station (there is no self serve in New Jersey). I must have starved at the pump for five minutes before I was able to figure out that it accepted a credit card. I inadvertently selected the wrong grade, choosing mid level over regular. I filled up the car and wanted to get a receipt, but by the time I figured out which button to push it was too late. The next problem I had was going to Dunkin Donuts to get a medium coffee and a blueberry muffin. I ordered a regular coffee, forgetting that in Massachusetts a regular coffee is with cream and sugar (I drink black, no sugar). Needless to say I was not thrilled about starting the Walk.

The BMJFW (Boston Marathon Jimmy Fund Walk) has a minimum of \$100 to raise for the event, money in advance. To become a member of the Pacesetters for the BMJFW one had to raise a minimum of \$500, which I can say I am a member. With your help, I raised \$2,355, bringing my 13 year total for the Jimmy Fund to \$42,653.30. The BMJFW has raised over \$14 million since 1989, and raised \$2.8 million in 1999. The BMJFW goal in 2000 is to raise \$3.3 million for Dana Farber, which I am sure they will do it.

Since I started at the 13.1 mile point at Wellesley High School on the day of the Walk I had to drop my car off at the Woodland MBTA "T" stop, three miles from the start point at Wellesley High School. The BMJFW had a shuttle bus to get you from the "T" stop to Wellesley High School. I decided to leave the rain jacket and umbrella in the car, and since it still looked like rain, took the waterproof camera with me.

There were over 8,000 walkers who showed up for the event. There were three starting points to do the Walk. The full 26.2 mile Walk started at Hopkinton. The 13.1 mile Walk started at Wellesley. The three mile walk started at Dana Farber. We all ended at the finish line at Copley Square. All the walkers had bibs. A bib is what a runner wears to identify the runner. The Pacesetters members had an orange bib, while everyone else had a white bib. Also, the Pacesetters were wearing a blue T-shirt, while everyone else had a white T-shirt. The Pacesetters had their name announced as they crossed the finish line.

My bib number was 156.

The official time to leave at Wellesley High School is 11:00 AM. I left at 8:45 AM. New walkers from the Wellesley start point quickly realized that the start point at Wellesley High School was at the 14 mile point, not the 13.1 mile point. The first couple of miles were relatively flat or going down hill. They're no spectators along the route cheering you on, except for the last 100 feet crossing the finish line. It are own people at our refueling stations that provided our much needed moral boost. The first refueling station that I arrived at was at the 16 mile point. The only real complaint I had that the water was served in Dixie cups. I had to grab 10 of them to get enough water to drink.

My fellow walkers and I were commenting as we passed the Woodland MBTA "T" stop that now was the time to walk to our cars and leave as the hills were beginning to start. I walked to my car to get my rain jacket. It was cool and cloudy all day, and every now and then it the rain came down in spits. Since I was sweating, every time the winds picked I would get a chill, so I put the rain jacket on. The jacket only keeps you warm, not dry as you sweat too much.

I was amazed at some people who were either jogging or running the course. Most of the walking took place on sidewalks or at the edge of the road. It was nice to talk with various walkers along the course. One of the comments that made my fellow walkers' smile was the one I made for three years in a row about my shoulder accident. I told them "I was planning to do the PMC bicycle ride in 1998 when I shattered my left shoulder in four places, requiring an artificial one be put in. I asked God what am I suppose to do, and God told me to take a hike. So here I am walking." There were over 8,000 reasons why people were doing the Walk. We in are own way making a silent statement against cancer. Everyone I talked to had a different reason for doing the Walk. When I was

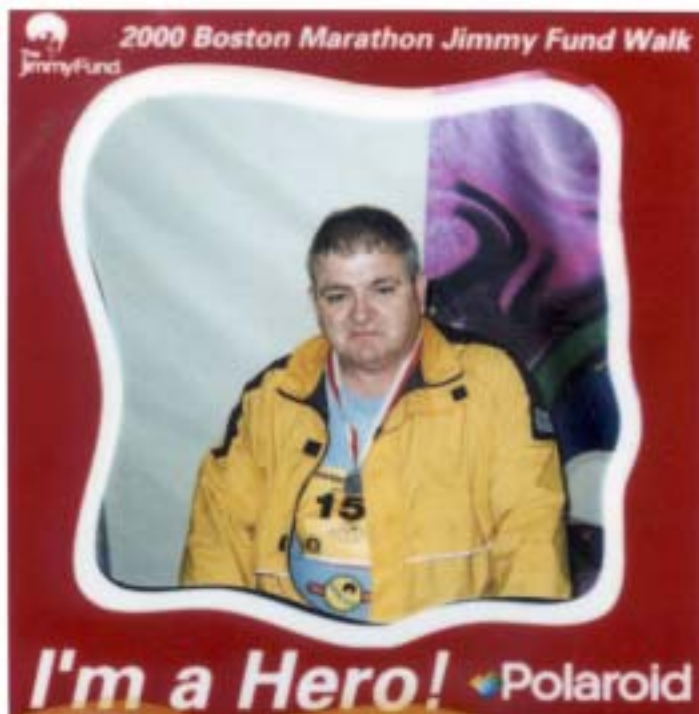
asked why I was walking I told them that in 1988 I did the PMC (Pan Massachusetts Challenge) as a one time event in honor of my father, and my thirteen event I am still doing it in memory of my parents.

The hills seemed as they never go away. Miles 20 through 22 was the roughest ones. Thank God the refueling station at mile 22. I decided to rest for 30 minutes and drink plenty of fluids. The station had 12 ounce cups, making it easier to drink water, and they had eight ounce packs of fruit juices to grab. One cute song that was being played was Lou Bega's Mumbo Number 5. It gave an energy charge for all the walkers. At every refueling station I was taking pictures of the stops and having someone take a picture of me. I was on my way to finish the last four miles.

The last few miles were either flat or going down hill. I smiled when I got to mile 25 as I saw the famous Citgo sign in front of me and Fenway Park on my right. I just stopped at that point looking at the park, with the lights on. The Red Sox were playing the Baltimore Orioles. I thought about



the time my mother took me to Fenway Park. It was late September in 1960. There were only 10,000 people at the game, and my mother said you are going to watch history. I was only ten at the time, but I was there and remember seeing this 42 year old man hit a home run, his last at play in his splendid career. The man's name is Ted Williams, and it is a memory I have being there



with my mother that will be with me until the day I die.

I made a fatal mistake at the 26 mile point. Lord & Taylor had benches outside the store, so I sat down to grab such must needed rest. I no sooner than put my camera down when some scum bag ran by and grabbed it. I was to stunned and tired to go after the guy. Thank God I had not put down my fanny pack that had my wallet, two sets of keys to the car, glasses and cell phone. I decided it was not worth making a report to the Boston Police as I had a \$250 deductible on my homeowners' insurance, and the camera cost me \$300. Needless to say I was not a happy walker when I crossed the finish line. They did announce my name as I went to get my medal. I quickly went over to the Polaroid stop to have at least

one picture of the event, then grab some food and took the bus back to the Woodland MBTA stop.

In closing, you are probably wondering why someone would want to torture his body on a marathon walk 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's 40-month battle with colon cancer came to an end on September 10, 1988. I am going to keep raising money for cancer research until I cannot get the sponsors or the Good Lord tells me to put down my walking shoes. I hope you will consider sponsoring me next year so I can walk for the Jimmy Fund. I hereby dedicate my 2000 Walk in memory of my parents, Joseph Albert and Kathleen Marie Richards.

Until next year. Thank you and may God Bless.

Brian M. Richards



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The 2000 Boston Marathon  Jimmy Fund Walk
Walking for our loved ones Both Past and Present
In Memory of

Anna Anderson, Leo Arsenault, Charles Assimos, Doris Mae Beecher, Roberta Berger,
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Mom & Dad would be proud. Until next year.
Thank you and may God Bless.



Brian M. Richards