

# 2001 BOSTON MARATHON®



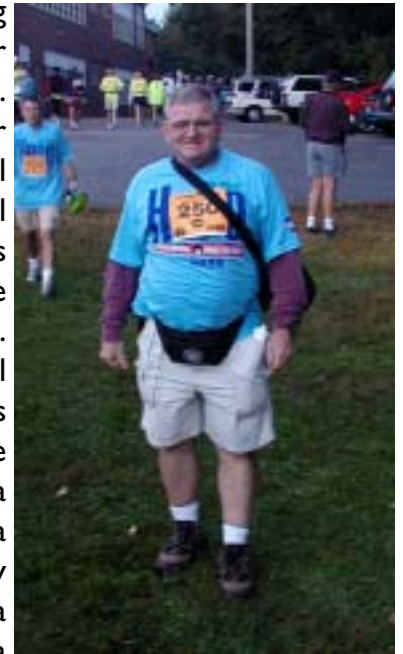
# JIMMY FUND WALK



Brian M Richards  
Hopkinton to Copley Square  
September 30, 2001

I was totally wired this year for the 2001 walk. I wear a FitSense Speedometer whenever I do outside walks. There are four items comprising the system. A foot pod, basically an accelerometer, is laced into the shoelaces of the shoe. A heart strap monitors your heart rate. All this information is sent to a watch. One can read heart rate, speed in MPH, pace in minutes per mile with both average pace and current pace, total calories burned, elapsed time, and distance traveled in miles. A fourth device is attached to the serial port of your computer, where one can transfer the data from the watch to the computer, and then via the Internet to the FitSense site where all your statistics can be viewed. FitSense Company offered

the capability of allowing my sponsors to monitor me live on the Internet. I took them up on their offer. I had to use a cell phone with a special adapter to transfer this information every five minutes to the Internet. I also had my own cell phone for my sponsors to call me to wish me luck on the walk, plus a regular pedometer, a SportBrain (a fancy pedometer), and a digital camera. I had a



co-worker, Craig Bersack, who started the walk with me. For the first time ever I left at the official start time of 7 AM. There were the customary speeches before the walk started, which pushed back the start of the walk by fifteen minutes.



It was a crowded walk for the first two miles. I grabbed a box of apple juice at the first refueling station at the 1.9-mile point and realized that Craig was going at a faster pace than I was comfortable with. I enjoyed telling people along the walk that I was the most famous and “watched” walker on the marathon walk. I would show them the watch and cell phone and they would be amazed at the way technology has developed over the years. I was at one refuel station when one of the



volunteers announced that we were at the 10-mile point. I looked at the watch and it said 10.2 miles, and I quickly informed him of the fact. It wasn't until after the walk and I looked at the handbook the Jimmy Fund sends to the walkers that it was the 10.2-mile point. The FitSense system is truly accurate. I brought a smile to fellow walkers when I told people my famous joke about breaking my shoulder in 1998 and could never do the 192 mile bicycle ride for the Jimmy Fund and getting angry at God for allowing this to happen, and how God telling me to take a hike. I commented to one walker at the portable toilets that were set up along the walk that there was one advantage to being



Each day as I grow older  
The nights are getting colder  
Some day the sun will shine on me

Money, I don't have any  
I'm down to my last penny  
But darlin' don't cry over me

I'll be a big man in town, honest honey  
I'll be a big man in town, promise darlin'  
I'll be a big man in town, just you wait and see  
You'll be proud of me  
Big man in town

They think that I'm a rover  
But my rovin' days are over  
Some day your folks will welcome me  
I went away a small man  
But I'll come home a tall man  
Then what a pretty bride you'll be

I'll be a big man in town, honest honey  
I'll be a big man in town, promise darlin'  
I'll be a big man in town, just you wait and see  
You'll be proud of me  
Big man in town

I'm gonna make it, just wait and see  
Oh, I'm gonna make it, just wait and see  
Girl I'm gonna make it, just wait and see

a slow poke in that the lines were short to use the toilets. I told her that with all the electronics that I was wearing I was ground zero in case of a lightening storm. She smiled and said there were no lines at the toilets on the other side of the street.

One walker commented as we passed Wellesely College that the girls at the college were not out there cheering us on like they do at the Boston Marathon run. I mention that was due to the fact that I was doing the walk and the authorities locked up all the girls. I knew I was walking slowly because it was 12 noon by the time I got to Wellesely high school, and the volunteers were starting to break down the lunch stop. I grabbed two turkey and cheese sandwiches and three bags of M&Ms and continued on my way, eating the sandwiches on the fly and saving the candy for later.



This walk was special for me because I was doing this walk in memory of my mother, who died of cancer in 1964 at age 40. I had my t-shirt done up special to have my mother's picture put in on the back of the shirt. I almost lost it at the 18-mile point and dropped out of the walk. The heels of my feet were killing me. It felt like pebbles were put in my socks. I had to resort in calling in the A team, my backup reserves. I lost my mother when I was 14. The only thing that gave me an escape in those lonely years after she

continuously in my mind. It was a big morale boost getting calls from my friends from the SportBrain community wishing me luck and giving me words of encouragement.

I finally sat down for the first time at the 22.3-mile point at the refuel station at Cleveland Circle. My left hand was swelling up, which it occasionally does since I've had shoulder surgery, my left shoulder was in pain, and my heels of my feet were on fire. A nurse wanted me to take my shoes off and change my socks. I refused because I feared that I would not be able to

Won't you tell me why  
Why are you leaving  
Pity me  
My heart is grieving  
The strings that that ties my dreams  
Have been undone  
Now I'm all alone  
Like the setting sun

Every one told me right from the start  
I was in love but  
You just played the part

I just can't go on  
Go on without you  
I can still see your face  
And dreams about you  
The strings that that ties my dreams  
Have been undone  
Now I'm all alone  
Like the setting sun





picked up my phone and called this girl name Rebecca, who is from Texas. She's with my Walk Club and she's a pure bundle of joy and energy. I was doing a little victory dance at the finish line while I was talking to her. I was so happy that I finished the walk. The nurse who told me to drop out at the 22-mile point watch me finish with a big smile on her face.

I kept thinking during my entire walk today about my mother. She sacrificed a lot for her children. She never had fancy clothes, jewelry or furniture. She just wanted the best that she and my dad could afford for us kids. I never got along with my dad but it was his

get my shoes on. The nurse then told me to drop out. I got up and said pain is temporary, pride is forever, and went on my way. By the time I got to the 24-mile point I was no longer thinking about anything except my stubborn pride. I was going from a 17 to 18 minute mile pace to 25 minutes for the last mile of the walk. The pace on the Internet was showing a 20 plus minutes per mile, but this was including all the refuel stops that I stopped at. I knew if I made it to the famous Citgo sign that I would make it, because that was the 25-mile point. I met a very demoralized family at that point. I said lets sing Walk Like a Man. You should have seen it, six people singing out loud for a half mile, and we did not care what people were thinking because we forgot our pain.

impending death with cancer that got me involved in raising money for cancer research. I never did a fund raising event just in my mother's name, as it was either just my dad, both parents or someone else. Sorry dad, this is for mom only. I had resolved today to do the Boston Marathon Jimmy Fund Walk in memory of my mother. I can say I have accomplished my goals. If I could talk with my mother today I would say "Mom, thank you for all the camping trips that I went on. Thank you for all the times we went to the beach.

The last 0.7 mile I just kept repeating "I'm gonna make it, just wait and see" over and over again. As I approached the finish line I noticed the sky was brightening up and I could feel my mom's spirit in me. I closed my eyes and pretended that it was my mother was putting my medal on me. I then





Thank you for all the times you took us skiing. Thank you for taking us to Howard's Grove. Thank you for taking the family for the whole month of August in 1963 at Big Island Pond, and waiting until the following September to see the doctor, even though you knew something was wrong but you did not want to ruin the kids' vacation. Thank you for sending me to Glace Bay Nova Scotia where I spent three summers and actually got to shovel coal and blow the whistle on a real operating steam locomotive. Thank you for taking me to see Ted Williams play his last game at Fenway Park. Thank you for Busty (my dog). Thank you for

Oh, how you tried to cut me down to size  
 Tellin' dirty lies to my friends  
 But my own father said "Give her up, don't  
 bother  
 The world isn't comin' to an end"  
 (He said)

Walk like a man, talk like a man  
 Walk like a man my son  
 No woman's worth crawlin' on the earth  
 So walk like a man, my son

Bye bye baby, I don't-a mean maybe  
 Gonna get along somehow  
 Soon you'll be cryin' on account of all your  
 lyin'  
 Oh yeah, just look who's laughin' now  
 (I'm gonna)

Walk like a man, fast as I can  
 Walk like a man from you  
 I'll tell the world "forget about it, girl"  
 And walk like a man from you

the Lionel train set. Thank you for having the backyard flooded every winter so the neighborhood could have a skating ring. Thank you for making 34 Durso Avenue a home and not a house. And most of all mom, I want to thank you for being my mother." Dad, I just want to say thank you for marrying and taking good care of mom. I'm the luckiest guy in the world having you two as my parents. My walk today is dedicated in memory of my mother, **Kathleen Marie Richards** (1924 - 1964). One last thing mom, thank you for being with me today and watching me be a Big Man in Town. Say hello to dad, I miss you.

Until next year.

Brian M. Richards



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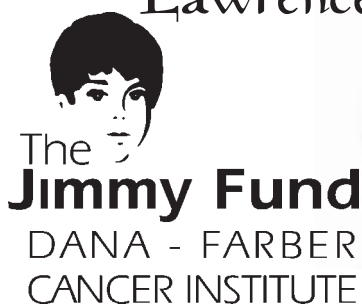


JIMMY FUND WALK

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1924 - 1964



The 2001 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, Margaret Bertalan,  
John L. Black, Paul F. Blackadar, Joseph Butt, Michael A. DePetrillo Sr, Willard Fisher,  
Paul Harrison, John H. Johnston, Gloria Lantagne, Marie Louise Lantagne, Wilfrid Lantagne,  
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Marian Slote, Eleanor A. Smith, Julia Snyder, Margaret Staples, Rebecca Kelly Strasser,  
Walbert & Caroline Willis, Jane Zachary*

**In Honor of**

*Anthony Berardi, Carol Bricker, Carol Christianson, Edward J. Guertin, Mark Hepp,  
Tyler MacDonald, Lillian McKinnon, Karen Snyder, Janet Cooke Stars, Helen Zachary*



*Brian M. Richards*

Mom, & Dad would be proud. Until next year.  
Thank you and May God Bless.