

“Without PLAY ... without the child still alive in all of us ... we will always be incomplete ... not only physically, but creatively, intellectually, and spiritually.”
(George Sheehan, M.D., Runner & Writer)

When asked which day was his favorite, Winnie the Pooh simply said, “Today is my favorite day.” How simple and profound. As a child we learn to play ... for fun.

As adults we learn to play again. We return to it as returning to something we had put aside for a long time. We re-discover it ... we find something that brings us back to that long-lost child. And we're young again ~ not just physically, but spiritually, creatively, and intellectually.

Too often the adult takes play seriously. I remember a fellow runner of years past who was always trying to better his time on the same course day after day. I asked him why he didn't just leave his watch at home and come out to play. He looked at me in an odd way. Over the years I've noticed many runners who get “serious” about their running. I've learned that it's something to guard against.

It's not about speed or distance. It's about you ~ how much better you feel when you run and play ~ how much better you look and think. Getting too serious about it is serious. A runner is someone who runs ... it's that simple and that profound. Be that someone. Be your own runner. Come out and play.

In January, as we celebrate a new year and a new birthday, I run to play and play to run. Inside the bleakest of seasons with cold, snowy, and dark days, I run toward the light and warmth of spring and the season of the resurrection ... when all things are new again.

And may the wind be always at your back ...

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