

I didn't just hear the quiet ~ I felt it. I could hear the light tapping of my feet as they propelled me through the early morning fog. This is what I remember, and this is the way it used to be ... the sound of footsteps on the blacktop road on a chilly autumn day. It had arrived.

I sensed the transition through the equinox. We were done with the torrid summer days. There was a freshness and a cleanliness to the once heavy air ... **AUTUMN** ... six months past the season of the resurrection ... when all things physical and spiritual are reborn.

Autumn ~ in spite of the cold and dark emptiness that follows, autumn is itself a season of change, of hope and renewal, of colors. Autumn is also the season of the runner who has struggled through the obstacles of heat and high humidity to find a quickness and lightness of each step as though pounds have been shed simply through the transition.

The changes we have witnessed in this generation have been overwhelming ... the new gods of entertainment and information ... the brave new world. The act of running is underwhelming. The simplicity of it speaks for itself and models itself.

Runners know this instinctively ... why the run never ends ... why there is no finish line. No remotes required, no i-pods, texting, HD, or computers. No need for the gadget. Just the runner ~ on a lonely road, covering the distance apparently going nowhere and coming from nowhere.

The act itself appears meaningless except for the intrinsic value it offers to runners and the knowledge that sets them apart ... in form as physical and spiritual combined ... a song of meditation for each participant and for each day.

There is nothing like it ~ **Nothing!**

And may the wind be always at your back.

Don Mega

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