

My Top Pop

by Corinne Keeley

Camp Sunshine's 2005 Half, Full, or Relay Marathon
teams call Mike Smith at (207) 655-3800.

Mike Brooks, and Matt Hoidal

Father: A man who begets or raises or nurtures a child. To a one sided person, a father is pretty straight forward. But to a teenage girl, a father is her whole world. A dad is more than a nurturer; he can be a best friend. He can be a protector, a guardian, or believe it or not, a teacher. He will listen to you while you rattle off strange ideas about life, the universe, and time. But most importantly, he can be your one reason to trust and enjoy the male race. Dads are all different, and not at all perfect. I wouldn't change my dad for the world.

No, he's not Superman. He can't crush every person who gets in my way. But he can teach me. My dad isn't the most perfect man in the world; no one is. He has his flaws; things I would like to change. He doesn't always know what's going on in my life, but he tries to understand. My dad isn't a wonderful baseball coach (although he used to be). He's not a genius and not a millionaire. What makes my dad so special is his mind and his accomplishments in what he loves. He's an electrician who enjoys his work. How many people can wake up every morning and like what they are doing that day? He's also a thriving marathon runner at the age of 53. I can't run three miles, so it amazes me that any person could run 26.2 miles. I'm also easily distracted, and I find it hard to be so dedicated to one thing. But my dad will get up every morning at four and run... He loves it. I have to run for sports and I hate it. Though I consider my dad a physical phenomenon, we share something much more important; our minds.

My dad and I always joke about how I am going to think myself crazy. Where there is a starry sky, you will most likely find us. We could lie on a hill all night and watch the sun slowly set. We could hike miles just to be outside enjoying life. When I have a thought that is too complex... I go talk to my dad. Talking it out makes it feel less overwhelming. Like light years, my dad could go on forever about light years. He's as crazy and heavy headed as I am, and as long as I'm there to talk, he's there to listen. That's what makes my dad special; he is always there for me. I don't need a fancy car, a pony or a big fat allowance. All I need is to be listened to, and for me right now, my dad is the top pop.

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Portrait Of A Potty

By Lisa Despres

You have to know John... But, in case you don't... John Keeley is a fairly "seasoned" member of the Maine Track Club. He's seen his share of races. Given a marathon in his midst, however, things can go awry.

He has the 5K gig down. "So, let's see. A marathon is roughly 8.4516129 5K's. So anything I do for a 5k, just do 8.4516129 times that much for "the Big One." He knows how much to drink before a 5k. He goes to Wally World the day before the Maine Marathon, and buys 10 gallons of the clear stuff. He drinks it all before the gun goes off. You know where this is going. It's green, it's rectangular, and it has his name on it. (and still does, apparently, according to Pat Buckley).

Mile 16. John enters the Porta-Potty. The sound of dozens of marathoners zipping by is amplified by the walls of Blow Brothers. It builds, until soon, it is all he can hear. Then it gets to be this "thing", so he can't GO, but he can't LEAVE because he has to GO! If you ran the Maine Marathon this year, you may have noticed a particularly lively Porta-Potty. That was John's.

He finally does get back on the course...but he is tortured for the next 10.2 miles by an incessant pounding in his head—the quick little feet pass-



ing his Porta-Potty-ticking like that runner's watch on his wrist!