



[Apologies in advance for the rambling... this is a stream of consciousness reflection for me rather than something for y'all to read]

It's been a while since I thought about my leg(s) journey and Pacific Grove

There was that frustration of what I was about to do when I broke it (Ironman Arizona with TNT in Georgia), the pain of having to walk up and downstairs to my apartment in Georgia, and the amazing pain of finding out that I would have to have surgery to fix the problem after all.

I broke while on a ride in Georgia. It was a dumb accident... I fell and the bike fell on top of one leg and under the other one. The pain was enough to cut the ride short and make me ask for a SAG pickup.

When in Georgia I was in a cast. Airports and airplanes are not fun when you can't really walk on it... If I have never use crutches again I'll be happy :)

When I got back to California it was learning to navigate with the knee stroller (the one Peter said needed the fuzzy dice). I never felt strong or brave enough to take it out on the street or go to my coffee shop with it... but it was there. Whenever I see someone on the street riding one of those scooters my ankle reminds me how much braver than me they are.

There was a false start. The first time my doctor told me that I could go out and exercise the result was less than stellar. We didn't realize until that point that my fibula hadn't healed properly and it took an MRI to see the real problem. I think that's one of the few times when a doctor freaked me out... I'll spare you the reason why.

So surgery it was. I had a graft and fixation of my right fibula on December 22, 2011. As a result, I'm the proud carrier of six screws and a plaque... When I've flown after the surgery I've half-jokingly told the TSA screeners that I have metal on my leg and asked if it would trigger the sensors... you never know :)

March of 2012 my doctor says you're clear for physical activity, again... now we're sure that the ankle is fully healed. I started working with a regular PT group before moving to Team Clinic...

There were days when I was so tired that I was ready to say to hell with it... I don't need to do another triathlon and all I need is to get my leg back up to snuff. But pride wouldn't let me give up. I lost the chance to do IM Arizona in 2011 so, while it may not be a full Ironman distance race, I will do a triathlon this year, no

matter what.

Figures something (else) would break. I pulled a hamstring about 6 weeks before Pac Grove. I know that sport medicine doctors can get pro athletes back into the field quickly but I am still amazed how quickly Dr. C and his team got me ready.

I swam and I rode my bike with the expected level of discomfort. But it wasn't until I was in the first or second lap of the run that Drew appeared out of nowhere and scared the shit out of me before asking if I was OK and if I wanted to stop.

No, I didn't want to stop but I remember that all I asked Drew was not to tell me to stop. It's ironic that regardless of how much you want something, you're willing to put all your trust in someone and follow their judgment even if it's not something you want to do.

I was so relieved when he didn't say anything as I walked/jogged to the end... I don't think I'd ever felt more accomplished than that day...

It took me years to understand why I kept going when my body was ready to call it a day. I'm stubborn as hell, I'm the first one to admit it, but it was also a feeling of completing something I left unfinished... I've never tried to do another full Ironman since, I might try another one in the future or I may stick to half-iron distance races... Pucón still sounds like a dream destination race.