

Run Forrest Run

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One of the reasons I've turned her down repeatedly is that Becky doesn't actually run to...anywhere. I've explained to her that if we were running to say....a Dairy Queen ...then I'd more inclined to say yes.

But that's a lie.

In fact, if we were running to Dairy Queen with a pack of pit bulls behind us – there is a very good chance – I'd only break into a slow jog and hope the pit bull owner had good insurance.

Recently, however, it became evident that I'm not the only person on Becky's phone tree.

And one by one – practically everyone I know has started running with Becky. The last hold out was my dear husband who recently bought running shoes, a new I-pod and went out for a run.

A betrayal of the worst kind and with my best friend at that!

So every morning now as my husband heads out for his run, I raise my cup of coffee to him and encourage him with my “run, Forrest, run” sweet nothings. He mutters something back - probably - “I love you – you are the best wife ever” and out the door he goes.

All the self-described “athletes” that I know like to speak in code to each other ... “I'm in training”... “What's your time?”... “How far did you run?” And I must admit, here recently, their lingo had become quite grating. To the point where I was looking forward to the holidays and a much-deserved reprieve from them all.

But I underestimated Becky's powers!!

On Christmas day my brother, who lives in Memphis, came to town for the holidays. Within moments of him and his wife walking into our house, it became evident they had fallen prey! Apparently in the few months we had not seen them, they too had become runners.

It was as if I was in a bizarre world where I was literally the last person left on earth who was still sitting on their sofa eating chips and coke watching “Biggest Loser.”

So, on December 26th, I donned my running gear, daughter's I-pod and baseball cap and went out for a run. Or more like a walk... run a bit... feel like I'm going to die until I finally catch my breath... walk.... run some more ...and finally back up the driveway.

That evening I called Becky to tell her what I had done. It was like I had given her the best Christmas gift ever!

“Oh, this is going to be sooo much fun. We can run together. I'm so excited.”

And so, for a few days now, we've been running. In training...for the Music City Marathon.

And as the old adage goes – its all fun and games until somebody gets hurt. My money is on my hurting Becky!

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