London Marathon Journey – March

An envelope slid inconspicuously through the letter box this week causing me to roll my eyes in despair. The census: another monotonous task in our monotonous world.

A world rocked by the surreal and heart-breaking year that we have all endured. A virus we don’t understand framed by issues we know only too well but which never seem to change (racism, violence, unemployment)

Regardless, we sat down to complete the census questions online, helping to build a picture of what is going on in our household. Gradually, my blinkered vision, of groundhog days spent in isolation, dissolved. The bigger picture emerged and I started to remember what has changed in the ten years since I last did this. Sadly we’ve lost friends and family members, but we’ve collected new friends and a rescued, pheasant obsessed, Labrador (the ginger ninja). Both Mark and I have completed Masters degrees and travelled to destinations we had longed to explore.

Seen in the wider context of some our wonderful memories, maybe, just maybe, recent events were not so bad. Perhaps the nominated National Day of Reflection planned for March 23rd might prove a helpful point to reset my focus.

Involvement in projects for Teesside University and a charity called Back Up have provided some welcome light relief this month. Both of these opportunities connected me with the outside world and allowed me to step back into the shoes of being a clinician again.

Talking of shoes, I realise that I am starting to morph into a fledgling runner due to my excitement at purchasing some running shoes. My husband, a hugely experienced runner of any and all distances, has long been obsessed with such things; but it’s a change for me. Towards the end of my eight mile run, in late February, my left toes swelled up and started a vicious argument with my trainers. The trainers won. Consequently I had to buy some new (larger) running shoes. So far, the new shoes have been great and earlier this month I completed my goal of a ten mile run which I am thrilled about. I believe it’s four years now since I’ve run that sort of distance and I feel a combination of relief and surprise that I was able to complete it.

The fact that I’ll need to run a further 16.2 miles isn’t lost on me, but for now, I’m enjoying the moment!