

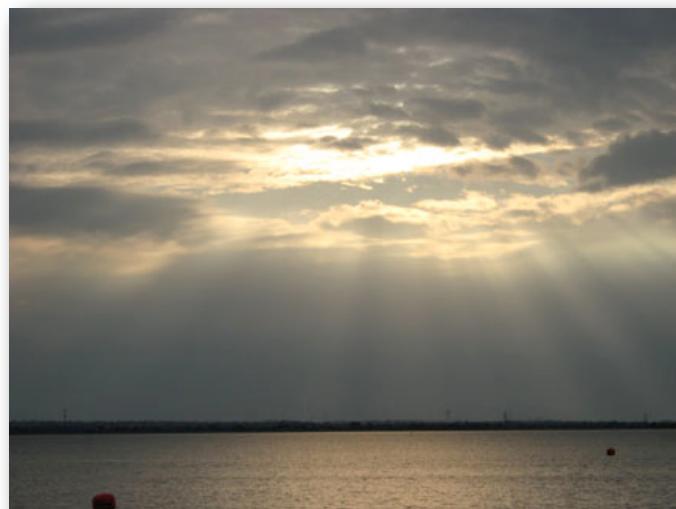


Redman Triathlon Race Report Oklahoma City, Oklahoma September 19, 2009

(My race reports usually start out with some long-winded background about my reasons for doing the race. This time, though, I wanted to start by talking about race staff and volunteers. They've always been great at every single race I've done. But what they did at Redman this year was exceptional, and worth mentioning first.)

Weather conditions make a huge difference when doing an iron-distance triathlon. As I've said many times, doing this stuff is hard enough in perfect weather. Add in heat, cold, wind, humidity, etc., and it quickly goes from tough to miserable. That's why, in the days leading up to race day, I keep a close eye on the weather forecast.

The day before this year's Redman, the weather forecast looked good—great, actually, if not for the slight, 20% chance of showers. The morning low was expected to be in the upper 50s, and the afternoon high in the upper 70s, with light (5–10 mph) winds during the day..



Lake Hefner the evening before the race. The skies really weren't as ominous as they appear here, but they might as well have been.

The very first thing I did upon awakening at 4:00 a.m. on race day was to turn on my computer, log on to the Internet and check the latest forecast. There hadn't been any changes to the previous day's forecast, but most encouragingly, the weather radar showed no rain or showers anywhere near Oklahoma City. I stepped onto the balcony of my hotel room to find it to be fairly mild outside.

I ate breakfast, took my supplements, packed the last-minute items and left the hotel a little after 5:00 a.m.. I arrived at the race site around 5:20 a.m. and went through the usual race-morning routine of getting my bike and gear ready. When that was done, I had some time to spare, so I walked around to find some old friends and chatted for a while. At around 6:35 a.m., it was time to put on my wetsuit. It was still quite dark at the time, but I could see that the skies were cloudy.



The bike transition area at 6:15 a.m. on race morning. Everything and everyone is dry, but not for much longer.

Shortly thereafter, I felt a raindrop. Then another. And another. I said a few expletives to myself, as I'm sure did everybody else. It quickly turned into a steady rain, accompanied by a steady breeze. I ducked under the overhang of the men's transition tent to stay dry. It was one of the very few places around that offered shelter.

Within a matter of a few more minutes, the rain started pouring down. I've done running races in the rain, but never a triathlon. Suddenly, I wasn't looking forward to this at all. I would have preferred to return to the hotel and get the rest of my night's sleep.

At 6:50 a.m., all of the athletes competing this day—about 900 in all—were gathered at the swim start. The 250 or so of us doing the iron, or “full”, distance (2.4-mile swim, 112-mile bike, 26.2-mile run) were supposed to start at 7:15 a.m., followed shortly thereafter by those doing the half-iron distance.

At around 7:00 a.m., with the rain still falling hard, race director David Wood came on the public address system and said that a road at the six-mile mark of the bike course had become impassable due to flooding, and that they were trying to come up with a solution. Because of that, they were delaying the start of the race.

Fortunately, the rain wasn’t accompanied by any lightning, which would have certainly cancelled the swim.

There was no complaining to be heard among the athletes as we waited, but the mood was clearly subdued. Some light conversations helped to ease the nervousness about the situation.

At about 7:20 a.m., David Wood announced that they had come up with a solution to the bike course problem. When we reached the point at which the road was flooded, we would dismount, carry our bikes along the shoulder of the road to bypass the flooded section, then remount our bikes and continue on. With this now resolved, David said that the race would start at 8:00 a.m.

Another disappointment

One thing that I did in 2006, but not in 2008, was to carry a camera with me on the bike and run to take photos of the spectators, volunteers and anything else of interest. Those photos turned out to be really neat reminders of what I saw that day.

I wanted to do it again for this race, so I put my digital camera inside my bike helmet, which I strapped to my bike on race morning. When I got to my bike after finishing the swim, I was going to take out the camera, put it on a strap around my waist, and then proceed to take photos over the rest of the day. I even put some spare batteries in my bike-to-run transition bag in case I ran down the batteries during the bike segment.

When the rain started coming down hard, I transferred my camera from my helmet to a plastic bag nearby to keep it dry. Had it not been raining at the start of the bike segment, I would have retrieved it from the plastic bag. However, it was still raining when I reached my bike, so I gave up on the idea and left the camera behind. I would have loved to have had some photos to better remember this race.

As we were standing in the rain awaiting the start of the race, the race staff started walking among us, passing out plastic trash bags that we could poke holes in and put over us. To a spectator, or someone not familiar with wetsuits, that may not make much sense. That is, here's a group of athletes in rubber wetsuits, about to swim in Lake Hefner, and they're being offered plastic bags to cover themselves.

Those plastic bags were a godsend. As we were standing in the rain, we were getting wet (wetsuits don't keep you dry), and the breeze was making it chilly. (I didn't quite realize it at the time, but the air temperature was dropping as well.) I poked a hole in my bag for my head to fit through, put the bag on, and instantly felt warmer as the bag stopped the chilling effect of the wind. Without it, I'm certain that I would have soon been shivering until the race started.

I can't adequately express my thanks to the race staff for walking around in the rain—they themselves were completely soaked—handing out bags (I assume the bags were originally intended to collect trash) to help keep us warm. As I said, the bags were a godsend, and that simple act by the race staff showed more concern for our well-being and comfort than any I've ever seen at any race. They didn't have to do it. The ones passing out bags weren't even wearing bags themselves. After seeing that act of support by the race staff, and knowing how hard David and the others were trying to do the best they could under miserable circumstances, I thought what a terrible message it would send to the race staff, the volunteers and spectators for any of the athletes to quit the race before it began and leave the race site. I would have felt ashamed for having done so.



*The finish line as it appeared the day before the race.
The red carpets are still rolled up.*

Last year, I had a chance to get to know some of the race staff, and it was one reason why I wanted to come back this year. This year, they impressed me even more. You won't find better people anywhere. No words can relate just how good they are.

And it's not just the race staff. The volunteers were extraordinary as well. For three or four hours, they were out in the rain, dutifully doing their jobs and cheering us on. And I can say this without hesitation—I didn't see a single frown on any of their faces all day long. Many of them had to have been soaking wet, as the rain caught most people by surprise. Yet, you'd never know it by their smiles and cheers.

Perhaps the best example of just how the volunteers went above and beyond came at that flooded section on the bike course. As I approached the area, it was clear as to why we'd have to dismount and carry our bikes around it. The street was completely inundated. The water was up to the top of the curb for perhaps 50 yards, and far too dangerous to try to ride through. It really wasn't a big deal to walk on the grass along the road, except that the ground was completely soaked. If your feet weren't already soaking wet by time you got here, they were now. Several volunteers were actually standing in the floodwaters on the road—some using brooms to clear debris from clogging the storm drains and some pushing the water toward the drains. Yeah, it's a job a kid might enjoy, but the volunteers weren't kids and it must have been pretty unpleasant.

The volunteers were fantastic throughout the entire day and night. On my last pass by each volunteer and aid station that day, I thanked them profusely. They'll never understand just how much we appreciate them. Never, ever.

My “high five” ritual continues

Last year at Redman, I was feeling so good about the bike segment (it turned out to be my fastest iron-distance bike split at 6:49:08) that in the last six or so miles of the bike course, I started—and I still don't know what prompted it—to ask the volunteers standing at intersections waiting to stop traffic to give me a “high five” as I passed by. Sure enough, by asking far enough in advance, they'd step over and reach out a hand to do so. What I found, though, is that that simple act brought out a big smile in every single one of them. I can see how, after seeing hundreds of cyclists pass by in the course of the day, but not really interacting with any of them, they enjoyed a chance to give a high five. Maybe I'm making too much out of it, but it just seemed to show them that they were more than just traffic cops, and it got them more involved with us. Thus, a ritual was born. On my last pass by the volunteers at intersections and aid stations on the bike course this year, I continued my ritual, and the reaction was just the same. I encourage all of my fellow triathletes to give it a try, although please be careful since you're taking a hand off the handlebars while traveling close to the volunteers at speed.

Just another day at the office

I planned to come back to Redman ever since finishing last year's race. I've done an iron-distance triathlon every year since 2003 (two in 2007), and have no plans to stop. I love Redman, and Oklahoma City is an easy, 7-hour drive from my home at the Lake of the Ozarks in central Missouri.

What I found this year is that, since I've already done seven iron-distance triathlons, doing another one simply isn't a big deal, and hardly worth getting excited about. Never would I have thought that doing an iron-distance triathlon would someday become the equivalent of just another day at the office. If it ever gets to the point I dread doing another one, though, I'm done.



Isn't this the neatest little Smart Car? I saw the owner later, and she said it's a great car for a triathlete.



Lake Hefner is a popular place for sailboarding. I didn't see any of them out there this year, due to the winds being so light.

Training

Last year's race report (you can find it at www.gojim.tv) contained a table showing how my annual training volumes had been declining nearly every year since I started doing triathlons in 2003. I honestly expected my 2009 training volume to reverse that trend, thinking that it couldn't go much lower. But that turned out not to be the case. I trained even less. Here's an updated table:

12 mos. ending September 30	Swimming (yards)	Bike (miles)	Run (miles)	Total training hours
2003	141,100	3,412	957	384
2004	155,100	3,462	797	395
2005	183,700	2,265	883	326
2006	97,600	2,160	789	298
2007	82,600	1,958	565	257
2008	80,300	1,319	559	215
2009	42,700	1,067	530	190

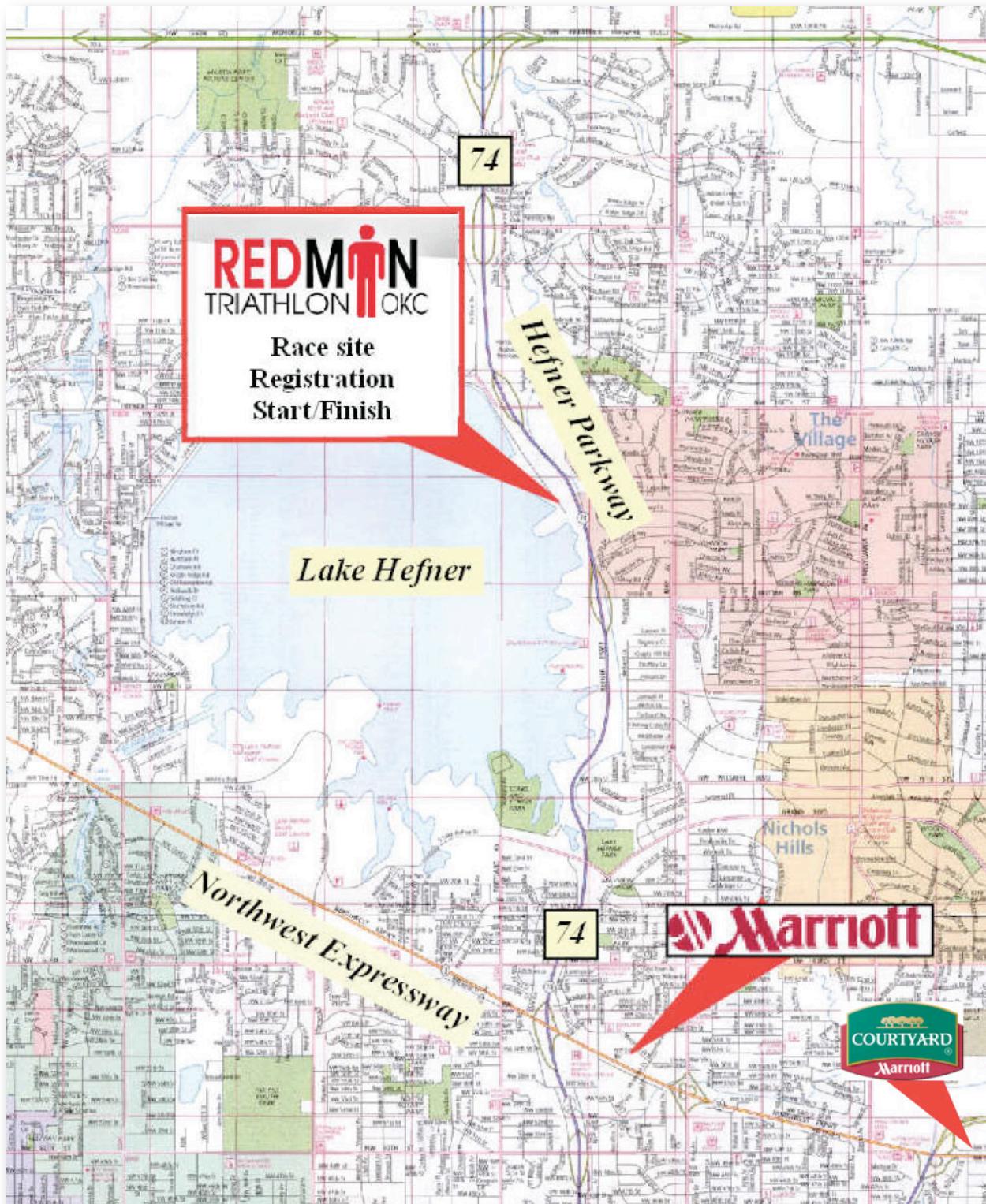
It's hard for me to believe that I'm training this much less than I used to, yet still finishing an iron-distance triathlon each year in about the same time—14 hours, give or take about 30 minutes. I think that, even if I had maintained the same level of training that I did in my first two years, I wouldn't finish much faster. In fact, since I suffered so many overuse injuries in those early years, one could argue that continuing that level of training would have eventually led to more serious injuries, or mental burnout. In the last few years, I've trained and raced with only minor, nagging physical ailments.

Expectations

My 2008 finish time was 13:53:09. Going into this year's race, I thought that I could come somewhat close to it, but not beat it. My training didn't give me any reason to believe that I could. Plus, I didn't want to beat myself up in trying to better last year's finish time. I simply wanted to finish in a respectable time and in good shape. When the rain started to fall at this year's race, I was even more determined to not "race" this race. I told myself that this was going to be nothing more than a long training day. I would do my best, as always, but would not end up in the medical tent at the end of the race (like I did last year, when I pushed too hard near the finish).

Oklahoma City and pre-race activities

One thing I like about Redman is that everything is convenient. The race site at Lake Hefner is within a few minutes of the race hotel, and every kind of shopping and restaurant you might be looking for are close by as well.



The Marriott is very convenient to Lake Hefner. Northwest Expressway offers all kinds of shopping and restaurants within a few miles.



The Marriott was full, so I stayed at the Courtyard by Marriott a couple miles east of it. I stayed at a Courtyard by Marriott at Ironman Wisconsin in 2005 and 2007, and really like them. I like being able to use the stairways and side doors, rather than having to rely solely on elevators in high-rise hotels. I should have asked for a second-floor room, though. You can't go up and down stairs very easily in the days after an iron-distance triathlon.



There are several restaurants about a mile south of the Redman start/finish line that overlook Lake Hefner. The run course passes right by them.

Hefner Park and Lake Hefner

Hefner Park is a beautiful venue for a triathlon. The lake water is clean, a running/walking/bike path circumvents the lake, and the sunsets over the lake are spectacular. I'm jealous of those who live nearby. They are fortunate to have such facilities.

Halfmax and Club Championships come to Redman for 2009

This year, the Redman half iron distance triathlon was replaced by the USA Triathlon/Halfmax Long Course National Championship, sponsored by TriSports.com. Since that race attracts participants from around the country, the total number of athletes participating at Redman this year was substantially more than last year. In addition, Redman this year also hosted the USAT Club Championship, which was held on the day after the full- and half-distance races. The following table gives an idea as to how much the size of the field increased over last year.

	2008 finishers	2009 finishers
Full iron distance	115	181
Half iron distance	318	574
Relay team participants	24 full; 81 half	27 full
Aquabike	17 full; 33 half	30 full; 24 half
USAT Club Championship: Olympic distance Sprint distance	Not applicable	278* 328*

* An undetermined number of people who competed in the club championship races on Sunday also competed in the half-iron distance race on Saturday. Thus, some participants are included twice in the tabulation.



Triathlon clubs brought along their tents and did a little socializing when not racing. The Club National Championship winners were:

<u>Division</u>	<u>Winner</u>
I	Tri-OKC
II	Tulsa Area Triathletes
III	Northwest Arkansas Tri Club
IV	Full Throttle Endurance
V	Team Fraser Multisport

The increase in the size of the event and the additional races on Sunday changed the character of Redman this year. Registration lines were longer, the bike transition area was a little more cramped, close-in parking was harder to find, and the usual Sunday morning awards ceremony at the Marriott was scrapped. Things should return to "normal" for 2010 and 2011, before Halfmax returns in 2012.

Swag

Once again, I felt like a thief for taking the really nice swag I received for participating.

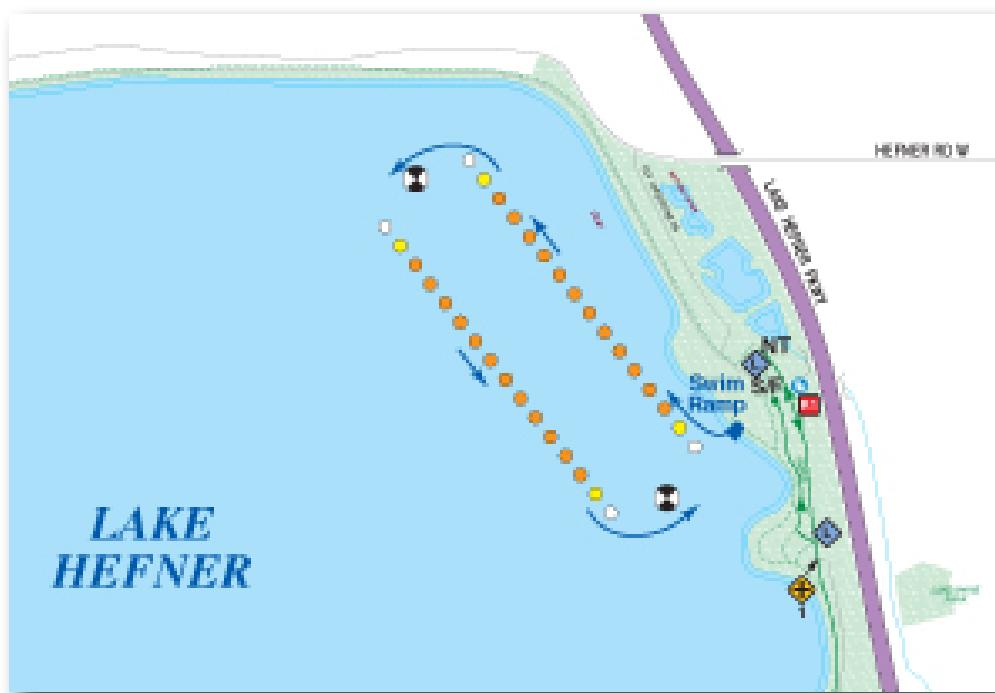


Race day—Saturday, September 19th

If you read the first few pages of this race report, you know that the rain played a major role in this race. I'll try not to repeat what was already said.

The swim

The iron-distance swim course was two counterclockwise loops. The water temperature was 74 degrees, easily making it wetsuit legal. Lake Hefner is a source of Oklahoma City's water supply, so it's very clean.



The race got underway at 8:00 a.m. for those of us doing the full iron distance. The Halfmax participants started a bit later, in waves.

I'm still scratching my head over this swim. Last year, my Redman swim was my fastest ever for this distance, at 1:19:29. I had no problems with sighting buoys or leaking goggles, and had very little contact with other swimmers. I felt so good after finishing it in personal-best time that it gave me confidence about having a great day.

This year, though, I seemed to be zigzagging all over the course and bumping into other swimmers throughout the swim. (There were more of us this year than last, so that explains some of it.) I thought my sighting would have been better since 90% of my swim training this year was in the huge lake behind my house, but I just couldn't seem to swim straight.

To my astonishment, when I looked at my watch while exiting the water, I saw 1:15:xx. The official split, after crossing the timing mat, was 1:16:13. I don't believe the course was any shorter than last year. I felt great about it, though, considering that my swim training volume this year was half of last year's. Train less and go faster. If only that worked for cycling and running.

My swim time was fifth fastest among the twelve competing in my age group (male 50–54)

Throughout the swim, I was hoping that the rain would stop before I finished so that I wouldn't have to ride in the rain. I kept looking for raindrops as I looked up to breathe or to sight the buoys, but I couldn't tell—the lake water was too choppy. When I began the second loop, I looked over and saw the spectators' open umbrellas, and became a bit dismayed. When I ended the second loop and saw their umbrellas still open, I cursed to myself.

My swim-to-bike transition time was 10:30—three minutes slower than last year. I'm methodical, but admittedly slow, in my transitions. My feeling is that it's going to be a long day, so there's no need to rush. The rain slowed me down a little.

The bike

Before continuing, I'd like to make a confession: I have almost zero experience riding in the rain. I've only been caught in the rain only a few times in the six years that I've been training for and doing triathlons. Before setting out on a training ride, I check the weather, and if there's a chance of rain, I don't go. The reason is simple: Road bike tires are very narrow and thus have little surface area in contact with the ground. An if the pavement is wet, the chances of falling are exponentially greater. I can't and won't take undue risks of getting hurt. I live alone, and there's no one around the house to take care of me if I break a hip or collarbone.

The rain was coming down steadily, but not very hard, as I climbed on the bike. I rode cautiously, especially when turning. Fortunately, the Redman course has perhaps the fewest turns of any iron-distance bike course anywhere—14, to be precise, over 112 miles. The rain continued until about 11:00 a.m. There were a couple waves of light showers a bit later, but that was the end of it for the day. The sun peeked through the clouds for a few seconds before noon. By early afternoon, the skies started to clear, and by mid to late afternoon the skies were mostly sunny.

Race day weather almanac:

Temperature at 8:00 a.m. start:	64
Low temperature:	61 (10:00 a.m.)
High temperature:	77 (5:00 p.m.)
Rainfall:	1.13"
Wind:	6–12 mph N/NE

The bike course consisted of two 56-mile loops. I reached the turnaround at the farthest end of the course (i.e. the 28-mile mark) in 1:43:33, and the return trip took about five minutes less than that. At the halfway point, I was about 8 minutes behind last year, which I attribute to being cautious while riding in the rain. My second loop took 22 minutes longer than the first, or 10 minutes longer than last year. A few minutes were lost as I stepped off the bike several times to deal with feet that felt like they were on fire. All told, I finished the course in 7:07:04, 18 minutes slower than last year's 6:49:08. My average bike speed was 15.7 miles per hour. In my age group, I had the second slowest bike split. I'm not fast on the bike, regardless of whether it's raining or not.

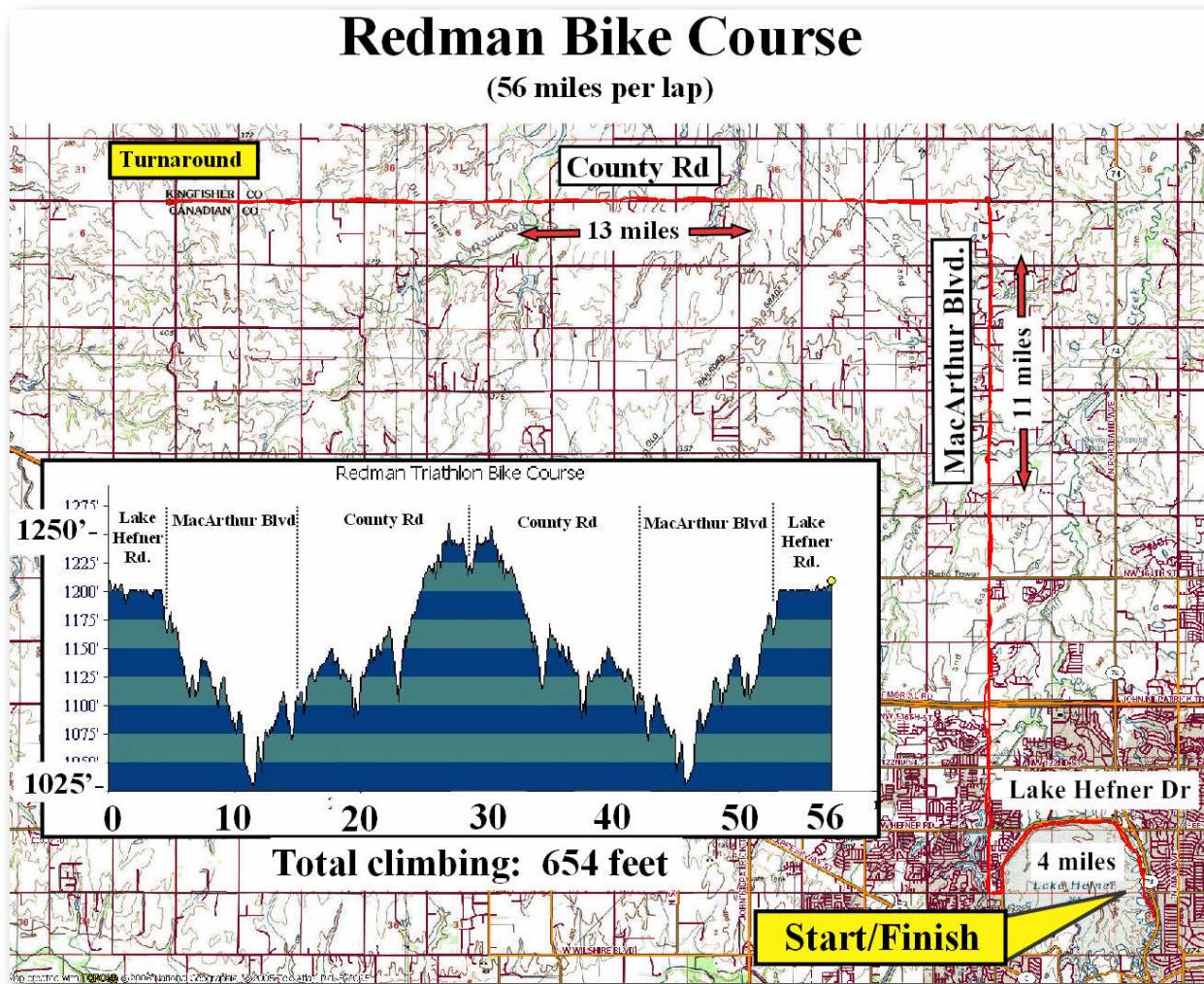


My nutrition and hydration strategy went well on the bike. I made one bad mistake, though, and I paid for it dearly. Last year, I had a tough time for the first half of the run due to warm temperatures and dehydration problems. I thought I'd try to ward off another dehydration episode this year by drinking more than I normally do toward the end of the bike segment. Foolishly, I waited until a few miles from the bike finish to fill up on Gatorade and water. Had I started to do so with five or ten miles to go, and drank more gradually, I think I would have been OK. But, drinking too much (we're only talking 12 ounces, I'd guess) with a few miles to go left me with a bloated stomach when I stepped off the bike. I realized the mistake as soon as I started to walk my bike to the transition area. My stomach felt as if a small bowling ball was bouncing around inside of it.

My bike-to-run transition time was an embarrassing 14:00, among the slowest of all participants. I wasn't by any means lounging in the transition tent, but I also wasn't hurrying, since I thought a few extra minutes might help reduce the bloating.

About the bike course

The Redman bike course consists almost entirely of gradual, rolling hills, none of which could be considered steep. The only truly flat section is Lake Hefner Drive, which runs right along the lake's shoreline.



If you read last year's race report, you know that the quality of some of the roads on the bike course was less than desirable, to say it nicely. I'd love to report that all the potholes were fixed and that the roads were better this year, but that's not the case. There were still a number of potholes that could easily lead to a crash if you weren't paying close attention to the pavement ahead of you. The potholes, bumps and other dangers were marked with paint, but you still had to be vigilant.

I can't blame the race organizers for the poor quality of some of these roads. I'm sure they're not happy with them, either. And, other than marking the potentially dangerous spots, there's not much they can do. Local governments aren't going to fix roads because of a one-day event. I won't say that I'm not going to do Redman again until the roads are fixed, but it frustrates me when potholes and bumps cause my bike wheels to go out of true (2008) and derailleurs to start rubbing on the chain (2009). A fellow athlete showed me after the race how his helmet and bike were affected by bumps in the road. We're risking damage to our (expensive) bicycles and serious injuries to ourselves from some of these roads, and at some point it's not worth it. End of rant.

The run

The run consisted of four loops of a 6.55-mile course on the perfectly flat running/walking/biking paths in Hefner Park. It's a very scenic course, although there's almost no shelter from the sun.



In previous years, the run was two laps of a 13.1-mile course. It was changed to a four-loop course this year to make the run more spectator-friendly. I hope the spectators liked it, because I hated doing four loops. On the second loop, I was wishing I were on my third, and on my third loop I was dreading having to do it one more time. Of course, it's still the same distance in the end, but it's a bigger mental challenge.

Because of my bloated stomach, I had to walk much of the first couple miles. It was too uncomfortable to run, and—again—I didn't want to beat myself up doing this race. I kept track of my progress, and noticed that I was taking about 14 minutes to complete each of the first two miles. Doing some quick math, I concluded that if I didn't push myself harder, it was going to take more than six hours to finish the marathon. I didn't like that prospect. My marathon times—both at standalone marathons and at iron-distance triathlons—have been getting slower and slower these last few years, and I didn't want this to be my first 6-hour-plus marathon.

I set a goal of finishing each mile in 12 minutes. I knew that a 12-minute pace was reasonable since it allowed me to walk a part of each mile. When I reached a mile marker, I looked at my watch and determined at what time I needed to reach the next mile marker. It became a mile-by-mile race. I completed some miles in my goal of 12 minutes, but not others.

The bloating went away after a few miles, and I started my usual routine of drinking cola at each aid station. On a few occasions, I'd take Gatorade instead, and I religiously took a couple Endurolytes each hour. The only solid food I ate were some pretzels picked up at two aid stations.

Even though the morning rain was long gone, there were several short, low-lying sections of the run course that were left with standing water the remainder of the day. The puddles were unavoidable. Your shoes and socks were going to get soaking wet. Mine did, and the consequences to my feet were the worst I've experienced in a race. The gory details are shown at the end of this report.

I'm always cautious about pushing myself on the marathon because I usually feel like I'm on the verge of either leg cramps or an upset stomach, and the harder you push your body, the more likely one or both is going to occur. My overriding goal is to finish, and I don't want to risk that by overdoing it. Yeah, I'll never win a race with that approach, but that's fine with me.

I started the marathon with the race clock standing at around 8:45. I theoretically had a chance of equaling last year's finish time if I could run a five-hour marathon, but that wasn't probable. I simply didn't think I could do it.

I reached the halfway point of the marathon in about 2:45 (about 11:30 race time), and knew that a 14-hour finish wasn't happening. Nevertheless, I pushed myself along to keep my finish time as close to 14 hours as possible. Once I reached mile 16, I started calculating my projected finish time. (It's hard doing math when your brain and body are under stress, but being a nice, even 10 miles from the finish line makes the calculations a little easier.) As the miles wore on, my projected finish time increased from 14:10, to 14:15, and, with a few miles to go, to around 14:20. It was about then that I set a goal of finishing in under 14:30, and pushed myself near the end to make sure I did.

My marathon time was 5:36:10 (12:50 per-mile pace), which was 9th out of 12 in my age group. Something that surprised me when I later looked at my results was the fairly equal amount of time I took to complete each lap.

Lap 1:	1:23:45	(12:47/mile)
Lap 2:	1:21:47	(12:29)
Lap 3:	1:25:14	(13:00)
Lap 4:	1:25:24	(13:02)

My overall finish time was 14:23:05, which placed me 10th (of 12) in my age group. It was also 30 minutes slower than last year, but that didn't bother me. It was a long, challenging day, and I crossed the finish line feeling well. It may have been just another day at the office, but it's still a helluva tough job.

For me, this makes eight iron-distance triathlons attempted, and successfully finished, in seven years. What's ironic, though, is that when I first saw an Ironman triathlon on television in the early 1980s, and for the better part of the next twenty years, I never thought I could finish even one. It's amazing what you can achieve when you simply put your mind to it.

The finish line experience

It's a shame that the euphoria of running down the finish chute of an iron-distance triathlon can't last longer. After all, you've trained hard for months, you've agonized over everything big and small that could stand in your way of finishing the race, and then on race day, you push your body through lots of pain and discomfort for many hours, and then you spend barely a minute or so running—though painlessly and effortlessly, thanks to adrenaline—as you celebrate your achievement and cross the finish line. It's one of the greatest feelings imaginable. Thank goodness at least the memories of it will last a lifetime.

Thanks for reading!

Jim Glickert
Osage Beach, Missouri
October 2009



My “Go Jim!” jersey has been worn only eight times—during the run segment of my eight iron-distance triathlons.



APPENDIX

Familiar Faces

If you read last year's race report, you know that I met Kenny Teague of Dripping Springs, Texas, at the halfway mark of the run course. Kenny was in my age group, and Redman 2008 was his first iron-distance triathlon. We kinda sorta stayed together for the remainder of the race, as I tried to keep both of us on a pace to finish in less than 14 hours. We both managed to do so, with Kenny finishing two minutes behind me.

It was great to see Kenny back this year. I saw him, and met his son, Alex, in the bike transition area before the race. He looked very fit and told me he was healthy and having a good year. During the race, he caught and passed me on the bike at about the 80-mile mark, and he looked strong. I saw him at least half a dozen times on the four-lap run course, and he always looked good. He knocked 33 minutes off last year's time, finishing in 13:22. I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to see him after the race to congratulate him on an outstanding race. By the way, he didn't finish too far behind Alex, who finished in 12:43.

Oh, my poor toes

My toes weren't pretty before Redman, and definitely not after. Running in wet shoes and socks for most of the marathon left me with painful reminders for most of the week following the race. My big toes developed "subungual hematomas" below the nails—basically, watery/bloody bruises or blisters that caused considerable pain whenever my shoes touched the nails. (Three weeks after the race, both nails came off.)



The toes next to the big ones were also bruised, and those nails will soon be coming off as well. Three of my smaller toes had blisters covering nearly the entire bottom of those toes. What a painful mess my feet were.



Besides the blister on my little toe—you know, the one that goes “Wee!, wee!, all the way home”—there’s also a big, un popped blister on the one next to it—the toe that didn’t get roast beef.

As if all that wasn't enough, on the Tuesday following Saturday's race, the tops of my feet started swelling badly, often causing a sharp, stinging pain when my feet weren't elevated. It took about three days for the swelling to disappear. All in all, it was about a week after Redman that my feet finally returned to normal.



"The Lighthouse at East Wharf", photographed shortly before sunset on September 20th. The lighthouse, built in 1999 on the eastern shore of Lake Hefner, is a 36-foot tall working replica of the second oldest lighthouse in America located at Nantucket, Massachusetts.