

LIGHTHOUSE 100

RACE REPORT

John Oster

I decided to write a brief race report not so much to give a chronological account of the race but rather to thank the people who helped me and share a few things I learned along the way.

I initially signed up for this race as an opportunity to share some miles with a new friend I was about to meet but things changed, and I decided to go it alone as a solo venture anyways. I discussed with my office staff ahead of time how ("no, really") this race was gonna be different than some of the other ultras they have seen me drag my exhausted self back from on a Monday morning. This was to be celebratory as it was going to be my 100th marathon (or ultra) since I began in August of 2008.

Sure enough just like clock work I managed to catch a cold a week and a half before the race (I'm convinced that my adrenal glands are like dried up raisins and that I have NO immune system left since I started distance running).

My goals for the race were:

1. to finish and get the coveted belt buckle
2. stay positive, as I've gotten frighteningly dark in some of my past ultras
3. stay in the moment and be patient
4. help someone else out on the way

I had also done the Daytona 100 six months ago. I ran into Alex Krupski who added Mountain Dew to her aid station grocery list! I also went into this with a ton of respect for [Dave Krupski](#) as I had the chance to run with him a bit while he was doing his 200 miler at the Skydive Ultra. When Dave said that he would like nothing more than to hand out a buckle to all the participants

I knew he meant it. [David White](#) and I started out running together pretty much from the start and I assured him that we were going to finish this 100 miler today! I tried to play it safe and not implode as I knew it was gonna be a hot one out there and thank God for Dave's family who supplied POPSICLES per request which were out of this world refreshing!

Sure, a few times I did bitch and moan a bit about the heat, headwind, and traffic speeding straight at us, but getting nearly side swiped by a passing Jeep and cursed out by some redneck in a minivan tends to make one a bit irritable. I psyched myself up when I saw [Ethan Olds](#) at the 50 mile aid station and he enthusiastically high fived me as I told him I was going to finish this #%\$&ing race! Seeing [Lauren Hadley](#) at aid station 30 and again at 70 was like having my own personal crew. I felt about as helpless as a two year old infant but she never made me feel like a wus.

There was also Steve from Florida who gave Dave and I plenty of ice chips that proved invaluable as he was crewing for his wife. I did manage to stay positive during a particular sucky portion along Elk Lake Road where I raised my arms (Dave thought I was stretching) and gave thanks and gratitude to God for blessing me with the opportunity and ability to do this kind of stuff...

I had promised Dave White, his soon to be fiance Valerie, and his parents that I would NOT leave him but it turned out that he wanted to try and go sub24 hours with his pacer [Clayton Snyder](#). I told him I didn't want to hold him back and that I would be fine as long as I had the directions they gave me. I paired up with [Josh Nelson](#) and walked the last 17 miles in to the finish as I just couldn't find the motivation to trash my feet anymore than I had to by running on the road. The good news is that even though the pain from the blisters on my feet was nearly excruciating at times, I NEVER mentally suffered during this race like I have on some other 100 mile ultras. I knew I was doing this of my own accord and that I would finish! So I dispensed with all the negativity and dark mind games and learned that just because you are hurting doesn't mean that you are necessarily suffering. That lesson alone made it all worth while! 🙌 [#lighthouse100](#)