**Wednesday, October 26**
**What was done was done. A Runner's Perspective on The Big Meet**
The following was written by a senior cross country captain at a small,  private school in central Minnesota.  Cathedral High School is a perennial power in that state's cross country standings, despite having a student body of less than 800 students.  While the name of the writer is unknown, and there are more than just miles separating Monte Vista HS from a small midwestern school like Cathedral, the insights and observations he makes as cross country runner and a teammate, transcend the apparent differences.

As you prepare for your Big Meet - be that the EBAL Frosh/Soph final or the California State Meet, remember the focus and commitment evidenced by this prose.

Coach Davis

**The Meet - A Runners Perspective**

The waiting is over, as are the many miles of training.  What was done was done, and the immediate future is contingent upon how we executed in the past.

The early morning summer training sessions lent us the opportunity to begin to coalesce as a team with common objectives.  The compatibility amongst the runners is remarketable.  Perhaps it is the commitment and dedication found in our sport, possibly the dreaming, or the power and magic in that dreaming, or maybe the inherent desire to measure ourselves against ourselves, and to take pride in our accomplishments, no matter their magnitude.

The Gathering Place

The Team gathers in the High School Parking lot in preparation of the bus ride to The Meet.  Amidst the nervous energy and exchanging of trivialities, the magnitude of representing our school is realized.  We will each have our day - none of us will be standing on the sidelines; none of us will be sitting on the bench, none of us will be nervously waiting and praying, with knotted stomachs, for the coach to call our name - if he will ever because perhaps it is not prominent enough.  None of us will have to wait for our chance.  Each one of us will have the opportunity to shine, or not to shine.  What was done was done.

The Ride

As we exit the parking lot and begin our journey, we contemplate the importance of the task in front of us.  The support we received in our homes, from our friends and from our coaches was to take on increasing importance during the race.

Upon arrival at the site, the number of competitors was overwhelming.  Athletes representing other schools were readily identifiable by the colors of their warm ups.  The time is near, and what was done was done.

The Final Preparations

Everyone has arrived.  The runners, the coaches, the assistants, our friends and our families.  We are all here.  We greet our family and friends and have thanked them, sometimes silently, for being here.  They know we must leave them now for total commitment to the race.

Our territory has been carefully chosen and our camp set up.  It is here that we dismiss everything else from our minds and focus, without stray, on the task at hand; it is here where our mentor provides us with his last words of encouragement, compassion, words of wisdom and the impetus to dig deep for what we know exists.

Now we set out to learn, or recall from years past, the geography of the course.  We run integral portions of the course, making mental notes of our strategy and where we will make our break.  It is nearly time.  What was done was done.

The Starting Line:

By now our bodies are warmed.  Our minds are set.  We have run the race a myriad of times mentally and the pictures of running as winners are etched into our minds.  Our drive, determination, discipline and commitment to the sport of running has driven us to the starting line of the race.  But it is only with total concentration and focus during our physical race that our dreams will come true.

Although we will race as individuals, we represent a team - a team committed to the value of the experience, to the caring for one another, to the spirit of sportsmanship and competition, to our convictions and dreams, and to the simplicity of the moment which was forming strong ties as we will race in our blue and gold.

Exhausted we will cross the finish line and be welcomed by our coach and into the arms of our families and friends.  For some the feeling will be overwhelming, the tears will flow and there will be no need to talk.

What was done was done, but just before the gun is about to go off, we pray, Oh God, give us strength, give us wings.  We humbly but confidently bow our heads and as we look down, there across our chests on our singlets wings were gonna fly!

Author unknown.

Circa 1997

Cathedral High School - St. Cloud MN