

Rachel's Blog



Rachel Wienandt is our "unofficial" behind the scenes TRI FOX. Without Rachel's help doing all sorts of unrecognized "stuff" we'd have a much tougher time getting things done in the club.

For example, Rachel answers the phone calls from FOXES wanting to know if the Tuesday night ride is "rained out or not"...not such an easy task when the phone rings off the hook with real business at her reception desk. She helps when anyone comes to our "gear store" at the Aurora Clinic and even better than that, Rachel organizes and tends to our clothes with loving care. Did you know that Rachel was the FCTC's very first "secretary" ? She was in charge of making up our first membership list way before we really knew what we were doing! Rachel is 32 years old, married, and has 3 kids (12,9,5) and works as a "patient services representative" at the clinic. Little did she know that "doing stuff" in the club would actually lead her to become a triathlete....she was just trying to be helpful, but then the bug hit and her triathlon career started in 2006. Since then, Rachel has done the sprint at High Cliff x2, Oshkosh x1, Winneconne x1, and the Trinity Tri. And because of her new found sport, Rachel's life has changed...her fitness has improved, she bought the obligatory new bike this year, and she now considers herself to be a triathlete in her quiet and unassuming way....and not to be satisfied with just doing the races, Rachel has "given back" to the club and to newbies...helping us with TRI 101 and organizing a "Newbie Ride" on Monday nights early this past season...it was her way of letting others know that triathlon does not have to be intimidating.

The club owes a huge THANK YOU to Rachel for all of her "behind the scenes" efforts on behalf of all of us.....

And finally, nobody can relive their first race through the words of another, so...the following is Rachel's very own blog entry!

www.wienandt.blogspot.com

Sunday, June 25, 2006

[EVENTful weekend](#)

It all started with a Dark and Stormy Night.... well, sort of...

Let me back up a little bit. Saturday we went out to High Cliff to pick up our numbers and get familiar with the swim course and bike set up. It was beautiful. A little wind but the triathlon wasn't until today. We came back home and out comes a storm warning. While I got my bike ready and packed my things I quickly ran some errands before the rain came. And did it come.

I just love watching the clouds and they were definitely no disappointment. I watched until the rain started and then I went inside. As I started supper, a Tornado warning popped up on the TV. Apparently the area that the triathlon was to be at had a actual tornado seen by multiple people. It seems to happen a lot out that way. I was beginning to wonder if they will call it off if they had enough damage, but none was reported.

So 5am came and we got up to eat breakfast and get to the park for our body marking. Each person in the triathlon must get marked with their number on their left arm and left leg. My number was 721. My sister's was 583.

After visiting the bathroom, which had NO WAITING Line, opposite of the Men's bathroom situation. We visited with people and stretched and waited for our turn. My wave wasn't until 15. My sisters was 12. I had to wait until 7:30am to swim. After the swim I ran up the hill to the bike part and threw on my shirt, socks, shoes and helmet. Off I was to the 'HILL'. It was great to hear comments like 'Good Job 721' or 'looking good 721' apparently I looked worse than I felt. I was passed by a biker that took a wrong turn, so I got passed by her twice. I am quite sure she was in the 'Athena' group too. That is the nice way to say Big girls division.

One of the guys had a big shark fin that he wore with the adorable old lady swim cap with fake flowers on it. He passed me on the bike he had a neon wig. I think it was attached to his helmet. On one of the longest roads I saw my kids with my parents; they didn't realize it was me until I was just about past them. Brock was trying to get my picture and yelled 'Mom!' Like I was supposed to come back and pose.

After the sweet ride on road #4 (the wind was at my back) I didn't want to turn off, but it was almost time to run. While I was on Schaefer Rd, a guy on a 1980 Schwinn 18 speed flew past me. I heard him before I saw him. As he passed I told him I liked his music (meaning his chain was squeaky) He said "I think I need to oil it." Hmmmm. I didn't mind the noise. I am used to wearing an Ipod, and I missed it, his chain had a nice beat to it.

After dismounting the bike I changed to my ouch shoes. I bought new running shoes in May, they make my left foot go numb. I took off my helmet and threw my hair up quickly and walked to the 'run'. As I crossed the official mat they yelled 'run it out, come on!' I was a little bummed but that is what I needed. I kicked in my run/jog. I didn't feel my foot act up til I got the HILL. Yes, we had to go up the hill 2x to get to go down finally at the end. Just as I got to the hill Dr. Al saw me and came over and grabbed my hand for 75 ft or so he was willing to run up as much as I had to. I finally said I am going to walk now, he said 'Triathlon's aren't

won on the hill! If you have to walk that is ok'. Once at the top I started on the trail. It is not the flattest surface to run on but I did like the mulch path, it was nice on my painful foot. I just kept remembering what someone once told me 'Just keep one foot in front of the other'. I can't agree more... I just enjoyed it. Just as we were finishing the run the sun started to pop up and it was Perfect. I was truly amazed just how not tired I was! I am so excited. I will be doing this again in August and I really am looking forward to it.

Now, I know why my sister was so excited to do this.

Thanks, Sis!