



Boston 2018 Recap

By Annie Ciernia

I signed up for the Boston marathon last fall after my Mom also qualified. The plan was to have a nice mother-daughter weekend in Boston and run the race together. Since this was our first Boston marathon and our first visit to the city, we were both excited to have the full Boston experience. We definitely got it!

Race morning dawned cold, wet and windy. The 25mph headwind combined with continuous rain and mid 30s temperatures made for a challenging event. We boarded the bus for the start more or less dry but were immediately soaked upon entering the Athlete's Village. Since we were in the final wave the Village had turned into a mud pit, more akin to a rich person's refuge camp than a race prep area. Amid the plastic bags, tarps, inflatable pool toys, discarded shoes, coats and various versions of energy bars I did manage to find a dry place to stand for at least a few minutes prior to the start of the race. My mom and I were in the final wave, corral 2 but after the second to last wave started there was only a single announcement: make your way to the start and go! It is the only race I have ever done with no official start! But once we trekked the mile or so through the left over rain gear and winter clothing to the starting mat, we were off and running!

The first 10 miles were cold, wet and windy but by the halfway mile marker there were some hardy spectators out braving the conditions to cheer on the runners. By this point my dollar store poncho had basically disintegrated and I was fortunate enough to get a brand new trash bag from a thoughtful spectator. I will never underestimate how amazing trash bags are – this one kept me from hypothermia for a good 10 miles! At mile 15 my mom stopped and took a medical shuttle to the finish (as planned due to a stress fracture in November). I then ran on alone to the finish. The crowds were incredibly supportive, and I am still amazed and humbled by how many people stood in the cold and pouring rain to support the runners. Coming down the blue line into the finish with the crowd cheering was an experience I will never forget. However, I wish I could forget how cold I got after I stopped running! After trudging 6 blocks to my friend's hotel, the post run hot shower was amazing!!