

## **SALUTE TO THE COMMITMENTS by Bruce Smerdon**

**2020 was the year that COVID struck and ran amok**

**When chicken heartened runners were heard to say “no towel for me this year, I’m plucked”**

**But then you might remember that in December, 79 Commitments had held their nerve**

**And got the towel that they deserved**

**So what then of 2021?**

**Would another year of COVID end this towel fueled fun?**

**Hoarding toilet paper might be a strange affliction**

**But does COVID leave you with a towel addiction?**

**And so once more in January this weird collection of humanity**

**Lined up to run the five mile champs, 352 thus committed to insanity**

**True colors were on show and most finished all aglow**

**Not so poor Shane Rainbow, his face was that of an albino**

**Next came the 15k in March and the weak began to falter**

**209 Commitments come through looking fine, dreams of fluffy towels unaltered**

**But there was one man within that band whose waistline once did expand**

**He used to be a fast food fan, but John White Hwang devised a 24/7 running plan**

**These days he’s deflated but much more elated, now that he’s no longer humungo-man**

**Come May the towlies once more convened in numbers quite obscene**

**They’re in fine fettle but the half marathon champs will them unsettle**

**Only 156 Commitments survived that day upon their mettle**

**Irene Davey still alive to my surprise, such a delicate little petal**

**The 10k champs arrived in June and most presumed**

**That all Commitments would be finished by high noon**

**But there were some who thought it fun to disobey no-standing signs**

**ERNIES such as KJ, Pam & Gina rode together on a Lime, so as to make it back before the cut-off time**

143 Commitments now anticipate the 20k on August 8  
But what's this – COVID starts to percolate and none can congregate  
It's curtains for the 20k but not one Commitment does complain  
Least of all the Croisiers who toss away their water and get stuck into  
champagne

Down Riverside Drive ran 143 Commitments in the 10 miler just last  
September  
That day forever in my brain as one not to remember  
At championship events all year I'd sledged Facebook Trace and her walking  
mate  
How gleefully I chortled when they'd always rise to take the bait  
But shock horror, unlike me, it was to be those two who ticked off 10 miles  
on that day  
And no towel for encouragement this year is the price that I must pay

And so the 5k champs came at last in November  
All pretenders to a towel had by then surrendered  
There were young and old and if you please  
My goodness me, there was still 117 towel wanna-bees

Off they ran in the final test of survival  
Several BERTs were early finish line arrivals  
But sadly there was one who came undone trying to beat his age group  
rivals  
For ancient Adrian it was to be a bridge too far  
Now all that's left for this faded star is to be the Club Registrar

And then it's done and 95 kilometres have been run  
112 Commitments are in clover because it's all over  
They've earned their towel and let there be no misunderstanding  
We salute them, because there're the last ones standing