

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**