

THE MARATHON

I've always been fascinated by those who enter the NYC marathon, a grueling 26 mile course through the streets of the city: all those thousands who attempt to finish the run, from the professional runners who can make it in a little over 2 hours, to those who literally just walk and finish in 12 hours, and finally to those handicapped who go in all sorts of conveyances. The fanfare, the street closures, the carnival atmosphere, and the media coverage is most fascinating. Today, I watched.



The sign says it all.



My vantage point was the daycare spot of my son and daughter-in-law.



The cops herald the event.



And then they came. The specialized self-propelled wheelchairs.



The reclining hand-cranked tricycles.



The support staff and bicycles.



And finally, the runners.



Juxtaposing those with mobility ...



and those without ...



As a wheelchair-bound person was pushed along by his robust caregiver for 26 miles, I mused that if such a time comes for me, I'd be happy enough just around the house, provided it is by a pretty girl.

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