

# "Rain Rain, Come and Stay!"

From the August 2001 Port City Pacers PaceLetter

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So I can do my 30K!

Most people hate rain. Normal people, that is. But we're not normal. We're athletes. In Mobile. In the summer.

After suffering since May trying to get through distance and tempo workouts in 80-90+ degree temperatures and similar humidity figures, the recent rains have been a welcome break. A gift, even. Soggy shoes and flooded roads are a fair trade-off for tolerable training temperatures.

All that great Runners' World Magazine's Top-10 Ways to Beat the Heat advice (wear light-colored clothing, drink plenty of water, train early in the morning, yadda, yadda, yadda) doesn't do a dang bit of good when it's 84 degrees with 95% humidity out at Chickasabogue Park at 6:30 am. (You know it's gotten ugly when you wake up hoping for a high of "only" 80 degrees with 70% humidity.)

Yep, I'll gladly take a little rain now and then—as often as possible, actually—if it means I can get through a workout without the soles melting off my shoes, or my exposed skin being cauterized by a scalding car seat after a race or workout.

And the lowered temperatures that a summer rain brings isn't the only benefit. Can you say "no mosquitoes?" (Or deer-flies, horseflies, 17-year locusts, or whatever the heck else has been dive-bombing me every morning for the past three months.)

And how about that rainy day smell? It beats the heck out of a hot summer day Eau d' Paper mill odor any day.

So if you come by Chez Mo and hear strains of Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head over and over and over, or maybe the sound of chants and tribal drums echoing from the back yard, we haven't gone off the deep end. We're just trying to keep those clouds rolling in so we can get through these last few months of summer without totally frying our brains—or worse yet, completely losing our hard-fought winter mileage base.

*Raindrops keep falling on my head  
But that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turning red  
Crying's not for me  
'Cause I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining  
Because I'm free  
Nothing's worrying me.  
So I just did me some talking to the sun.  
And I said I didn't like the way he got things done  
sleeping on the job.  
Those raindrops are falling on my head  
They keep falling...*

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