

## **Living with Motor Neurone Disease – A Spiritual Perspective # 32**

I swept in at two hours and nine minutes on Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> October to rapturous applause. My first and only Half Marathon! Actually the applause was for the full marathon runner coming in just behind me. Oh yes and it was less sweeping and more staggering in. 1982 was the year in question. Having plodded many early morning miles around nearby villages, with my sheepdog at my heels, it was a moment to savour.

I was vividly reminded of this when my lovely Step-Daughter Laura announced that she was doing her first ever 10k run, alongside her partner Aidan doing a half marathon. They are hoping to raise funds for the Motor Neurone Disease Association, who have given practical help to me on a number of occasions. Research for treatments and a cure is also ongoing.

No motor nerve malfunctions can change what happened on that Sunday past. Nor erase the joy of those crunching tackles, in my footballing years. Tackles that could ruin the day of the opposing centre forward, as his eyes lit up at the sight of goal. There is an old Greek word used in the Bible, ἀνάμνησις, pronounced anam-nesis. It means to make past memories alive in the here and now. In a sense what was, or is, or is yet to be, are all rolled into one, in our minds eye. We are who we are!

Now back to my training schedule!