

Chapter 1 : West Alabama Hospital & Emergency | DCH Health System

The latest Tweets from Dirt Sweat N Tears (@farmermegzz). I am a Farmer, a Speaker, a Wife and Mom to two beautiful girls. Together we are tackling life and farming while trying to make a difference ǝʎᴉɹo.

It seemed short enough to tackle without any real knowledge of triathlons. However, because Hot Stuff was going to be out of town that weekend at the Moto GP races in Laguna Seca and because he was taking his truck, I had no way to get my bike to the race. I asked a couple of people if they could drive me but no one was available. I put the race out of my mind and signed up for a trail run instead. Flash forward five years. After racing long distance triathlons for the last few years, I needed a mental and physical break. I decided that this year I would go back to shorter, local races that I could enjoy with my teammates and with new triathletes going through the same class I went through. Besides, it was a mountain bike tri and I have a new mountain bike that I have been dying to try out. Breakfast was my tried and true favorite of soft boiled eggs on toast with a cup of coffee. I drank a Red Bull on the way to the race for an added pick-me-up. Getting to the race was simple and there was plenty of parking free parking! After we parked, HS and I grabbed our gear bags and hopped on our bikes to ride over to registration and the transition area. As racers continued to show up the racks became a little congested. A couple of extra racks would have been nice I set up my transition area and got ready for the swim. Swim The swim is held in a lake designed for water skiing competitions. If you look at it on a map, it looks like a giant circle. For this race, we were starting at one end of the lake and swimming straight towards the exit and transition for yards. Apparently, the water was a bit deeper than normal because of all of the rain this year. However, there was still plenty of access to the shoreline for the swimmers that preferred the comfort of being able to touch the ground every once in a while. I heard a lot of swimmers remarking that they were keeping close to shore, so I opted to move towards the middle. I decided to wear my LAVA pants to see how they felt in competition. I have been toying with the idea of racing in them and this seemed like the perfect place to try them out. We lined up at the rope stretched across the water and waited for the director to tell us to go. It was a mass start with about competitors. Mass starts make me nervous, so I can only imagine what our new triathletes were thinking. A few of the brave ones signed up for this race even though they are only half way through the class. As soon as the director said go, I tried to get ahead of the pack. There was a lot of bumping and foot slapping, but nothing aggressive or overtly annoying. I passed several swimmers more than normal and after a few minutes I was in clear water. When I raised my head to site, I was surprised at how many swimmers appeared to be ahead of me. It seemed like they were almost to the exit. However, it was probably more like yards. I put my head down and kept swimming. The relatively narrow water way made it easy to go straight. A couple of times I got a bit close to shore. I could tell because my left arm would sweep through the long stringy weeds and get caught up in my Garmin. I looked up to site again and saw the boat dock. One swimmer following the shore too closely swam right to the dock and had spectators yelling to go around. Thankfully, I missed the dock and was alert enough to realize that the exit was just past the dock. T1 This has got to be the shortest transition run I have ever done on a race. You get out of the water, cross a sandy beach that is probably no wider than 10 feet, cross a grass section about the same width and there you are at the bike racks. I found my bike quickly and started to change. At that point I realized I forgot to advance my Garmin, so I pressed the necessary button and went back to my task. I struggled to put dry socks on wet feet and got flustered when an athlete came in and slipped their shoes on without socks. I should have opted for bare feet. LOL I grabbed the rest of my gear, and hopped on my bike. My first official race on my mountain bike. Bike The bike course is through Delta farm land. As we left transition we climbed to the top of the levee and proceeded down a gravel road. I was thankful I was clipped in as it definitely made riding much easier. The course was marked with wooden stakes capped with a pink flag every tenth of a mile. As long as you kept the flags on your left you should be OK. The course was a double loop for a total of 11 miles. I was having an absolute blast on my bike. I was spinning away and passing guys. I did a quick count and only saw five riders out in front of me. I pedaled away to see if I could catch up. At one point, the course made a slight dip with a turn into a very sandy area. The guy in front of me

went wide and right into a deep section of sand. He fell and when he got up and started riding he aimed his bike across the trail and towards me as I was passing. I called out that I was on the right and narrowly missed a collision. The sand continued for quite a while but was broken up by a mud puddle. The site of the muddy section gave me pause. Just looking at the marks from the farm equipment made it apparent that the mud was deep and thick. On the back section of the course I saw the "4-Mile" mark. The start of mile five was through a really rough section of trail. I did my best to struggle through it without burning out my legs which were starting to feel a little fatigue from riding through the sandy section. The course made a sharp left on to a paved section. As we neared the end of the first lap, a group of 20 or 30 riders appeared in front of me. They turned off a dirt path coming from the middle of the fields. My first thought is always that I went the wrong way but I remembered seeing the 4-Mile marker. I was on the right course, these people just cut through the middle of the field probably taking a mile or more off of the 5. And they also skipped that really rough slow section!! There was nothing I could do about it, so I continued riding and set about trying to pass all of the people that just pulled in front of me. Found this on Strava The start of the second lap took me back up to the top of the levee and back to the gravel road. As I made my way through the second lap, I saw where the other riders got confused. There was a road coming off the bike course that had two cones supposedly blocking it off. Blocking it off for some or looking like "Hey, turn here! It probably would have been better to string some caution tape across the cones and maybe mark it off with flour as often done on trail runs. Thankfully, no one cut in front of me on the second loop. As I made my way along the paved section for the second time I saw a female rider in the distance. I closed the gap with her and a male rider. We climbed the levee for the last time but there was no one at the top to direct riders. The male rider was turned around closer to transition when someone on the staff asked if he had done two laps. I wonder how many others only did one lap? I entered T2 right behind the female rider. T2 Super fast transition if I do say so myself. I remembered to press the lap button on my Garmin this time and was feeling good about the race. Run The lady that came in just before me on the bike took off running and she was fast. I seem content to just plod along at a pace that is tough but nothing that really tests my will. The course started off around the lake. The trail was packed dirt and was easy to run on. As soon as the trail turned away from the lake there was a volunteer standing at the junction to point the way. I made the sharp right turn and continued running. A little farther down the trail were a couple more volunteers, but that was the end of the course guidance. They pointed the direction to run and said "Good job". The trail soon turned sandy.

Chapter 2 : Dirt, Sweat, and Sleep Deprivation: Behind the Scenes of Deep Summer - Pinkbike

I post a lot about farming and my day to day life on the farm but there are a lot of other things that make me who I am I have always had a passion for photography, learning when I was a kid on a PentaxK

Dirt Sweat and Gears – May 5, My trip to the east coast has so far been a wonderful experience when you are on your own like I have been for the last month it really makes things better when you meet really nice people along the way. The weather was fantastic and the riding both mountain and road are some of the best in the country. While I spent my time here I had the opportunity to get to know some of the local riders from Sycamore Cycles in Brevard. Everyone at the shop was very helpful and really cool, they had a very laid back and welcoming atmosphere. I even got a local tour of the trail system from shop owner Wes who put the hammer down on me during his lunch break one day. The actual race was looking to be a good one after last years mud event everyone was really praying for some good weather. The week leading up to the race had been dry and beautiful leaving the course in perfect condition. As race day approached thundershowers were but every day went by with no rain, it looked like the bike gods were smiling on us. The day of the race started with perfect weather but looked to be really hot and humid. For me, the running start went well and I made it to my bike and took of jumping out with the group of five or so in the front. I was feeling good so I kept a brisk pace on the first couple laps jumping out to an early lead on Brandon Draugelis and Ernesto Marenchin , who were my biggest competition. After about five or six laps I was really starting to feel the heat and my legs were starting to cramp, I had to completely slow the pace down and was really hurting at this point. To make matters worse all of a sudden the sky turned dark and it started to downpour, it rained hard for about five minutes leaving the east side of the course a complete nightmare. Visions of last year were starting to come into my mind. The lowest portion of the course particular was really bad and by the time I came in to do a third lap of mud they made the decision to shorten the course bypassing the muddiest section, this was a good call people were starting to drop out all ready because of the conditions, then when the decision was made to shorten the course and people saw how things were drying out everyone got back into it. My race went downhill after the rain, my leg cramps continued and Brandon passed me. I settled in and decided to just hold on for second, then slowly I started to feel better and my last two laps I felt great but it was to late. Brandon was faster that day so I was happy with second. Dirt Sweat and Gears is one of my favorite races of the year the people the vibe the feel of the race is really positive. I have a great time every year at this race and this year especially was no exception I will be back next year and as long as they hold the race it will be an annual event for me.

Chapter 3 : Dirt, Sweat & Gears - DCH SportsMedicine Trail Duathlon Reviews - Race Information

This year we seeded acres and we are considered a small farm in the area we farm in. Running calculation of a forced carbon tax of \$50/ton on acres our farm would owe \$30, \$30,! Let that amount sink in for a minute and now picture adding it to a farmers already extensive list of expenses.

I do however believe that a tax on carbon is not the best way to move forward, especially within an industry that is already pushing to become more and more sustainable and sequestering carbon and decreasing carbon emissions. We need to work with industry and think past our borders to work with other countries that are industrializing. A change that agriculture is already pushing toward without a dictated tax. Below is a description of what a forced carbon tax would mean to me, a grain farmer in Saskatchewan. Data from the Parliamentary Budget Officers report link at the bottom. He talked about carbon tax and had some numbers that really got to me. Average acres being defined as Let me explain what that would mean for my farm. This year we seeded acres and we are considered a small farm in the area we farm in. Let that amount sink in for a minute and now picture adding it to a farmers already extensive list of expenses. We pay rent or mortgage on every single acre that we farm, we have insurance premiums and bills for fuel, chemical, seed and fertilizer. We have large equipment loans for equipment we use approximately 6 weeks a year and of course we have the labor costs associated with running our operations. To this add one of the largest challenges farmers face and that is we have zero control or influence over our end prices. We cannot raise our commodity prices to offset our growing expenses. But the reality is if there is still a carbon tax applied to other facets of agriculture like fertilizer, transportation and equipment manufacturing it will still be the farmer footing the bill. Canadian farmers are working hard to diminish their carbon footprint without government intervention. Adapting no till farming practices has resulted in a measured reduction of 1. When crop land is farmed using no till practises it also becomes a more efficient carbon sink thanks to increased levels of carbon in the soil from undisturbed organic mater like roots. But the Federal government is quick to attempt to force a carbon tax on Canadian farmers. Canadian farmers are working hard to become more sustainable and environmental with the use of best management practices like no till, all without having a tax forced upon them.

Chapter 4 : Dirt Sweat and Gears

Dirt Sweat N Tears @farmermegzz I am a Farmer, a Speaker, a Wife and Mom to two beautiful girls. Together we are tackling life and farming while trying to make a difference.

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: He enjoyed the planning and the work and the satisfaction of seeing a crop through to harvest, and the husbanding of new batches of spring calves each year. He worried when things went wrong, when the weather turned against him, or when something beyond his control intervened, but he was pragmatic about farming. This morning he faced one of those moments. The day before, Del, Zach, and Harlan had rounded up a herd of cows and penned them up overnight in a holding area adjacent to a corral on the rental farm where Zach and Amber lived. Calves from this herd had been weaned and sold earlier in the month, and the cows were mostly quiet now, no longer bawling for their calves. Maternal bonds seemed little more than dim memories now, if they remained at all. It was an exam with high stakes for cow and cattleman alike. Pregnant cows would be retained another year. Open cows would be culled and sold. Del rarely made exceptions. Last year he had. It was a decision based on sentiment rather than business, and it proved a mistake. Del and Caitlin decided to keep her another year, thinking she might breed one more time, even though her age indicated otherwise. Del often obliged, saving back a handful just for her. But farmers raise livestock for business, not pets or sentiment, and Del was no different in this regard. However, this cow had been special, so they kept her. Several weeks ago she turned up open again when the vet worked the herd. Even more difficult was the decision Del and Zach faced now. Earlier in the year, she had a beautiful calf, and they let her raise it through the summer, even as the cancer spread to the side of her head, a bloody cauliflower that claimed her eye as well. Del and Zach drove down across the small pasture to where the cow was standing. The grass in the pasture was still damp and the air cool. Zach stopped the black flatbed pickup near the cow, which stood alone a quarter mile from the corral where Caitlin and Harlan waited for the vet. She was weak and blind in one eye and stood quietly. Head lowered, she made no attempt to move away, even as the truck approached. The engine went quiet, doors creaked open in the

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Chapter 5 : Blog " Dirt Sweat N Tears

Find helpful customer reviews and review ratings for Dirt, Sweat & Years at www.nxgvision.com Read honest and unbiased product reviews from our users.

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: That was when Del stepped in to help. In his last year of high school, he was fresh from vocational agriculture classes that had honed his mechanical and welding skills and provided an introduction to agriculture basics. Del had an aptitude for mechanics that became evident even in high school when he tackled projects in his agriculture shop classes that were beyond the skills of his friends. But running a farm, even a small one, was a big responsibility for someone his age. Flush with youthful optimism, he plunged into the work, planting, harvesting, and putting up hay. He bought a few cows. He also brushed aside the realities of a complicated and controversial war half a world away, even as military service remained obligatory. For two years after high school, Del lived his dream on that farm, and the experience he gained would prove invaluable. He had thought about trying to obtain an agricultural deferment. Maybe he could have gotten it, but in the military was bulking up in Vietnam. Beleaguered draft boards in rural counties with small populations were desperate for recruits. When the letter arrived, it was a jolt of reality. Basic training was a nightmare, as it was for everybody, but the army, recognizing his mechanical aptitude, then trained him as a helicopter mechanic. His year in Vietnam proved surprisingly uneventful. The base was rarely shelled. It was a lot better than the guys out in the jungle. The South China Sea was a short distance away, and to relax he and his buddies made frequent excursions to the beach. But the site was isolated, and by the time his tour of duty was over he was ready to leave the war behind. Del had been away for almost two years and he was anxious to get away from the war and helicopters. After his discharge, the first thing he did when he arrived home was drive out and look over the farm, walk the familiar fields of his youth, and start putting the chaos of war behind. When he left the army, Del was offered several civilian opportunities in aircraft mechanics, but the farm beckoned. He felt the pull of open spaces, big skies, and his own land beneath his feet. He knew he would farm. He also knew he needed money. You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

Chapter 6 : Confessions of a Closet Athlete: Dirt, Sweat and Beers - Race Report

Dirt, Sweat & Years is a warm, humorous portrait of an ordinary, hard-working man whose keen sense of decency is always evident along with his ever-present sense of humor and an extra large amount of patience.

The life and times of an endurance junkie. Some on the short list were: Yes it was a tough one, most if not all in attendance agreed that it was by far the worst conditions they have ever ridden, er, I mean dragged a mountain bike through the woods in, including solo Pro winner Jeremiah Bishop who managed to do 4 laps in the muck. It just never worked out for me. I made it a point this year and headed out early Friday towards Fayetteville to get a pit spot and to ride the course. The weather had been horrible for about all of Tennessee for the last month with rain and lots of it. I had already heard the stories from the last DSG race and about how bad the mud was but hey, this was a new year and the forecast was decent. They had a lot of rain recently. I got to the venue, set up my stuff and grabbed my Jabberwocky for a ride. The first portion of the course was in a field and it was wet in places but not bad. On to the singletrack and there was more wet, actually it was quite slick in spots especially on some of the numerous techy climbs that made getting up them difficult. I got a hint of the sticky side of the mud and had to stop once to clean out my chainstays. The course was really rocky. This one was different and reminded me a bit of the Snowshoe West Virginia course which stands in my mind as the most evil course ever. It had a lot of rocks and the mud covering them that demanded your attention. After my lap, I went back to my pits and had dinner and just chilled out for the evening. I formulated a plan of action for the race and called it a day. There was a lot of technical climbing and the only thing that bothered me about that was my gearing choice of 32x19 might be a little stiff. My rationale was that the smaller knobs may not pack up as bad with mud. After the usual pre-race prep, we lined up for the start and sure enough, 8: We started the race with a LeMans start I am actually getting better at those, although the run at DSG was a short one and I worked my way into a decent position before the singletrack. There was water everywhere and people sliding all over. About a mile into the woods I went down hard on a small but steep descent. I jumped back up and got going having lost a dozen or so places. Virtually all the climbs were unrideable because of traction issues so I was just trying to finish the first lap and not stress too bad about who was riding what. Near the end of our first lap something happened that sealed our fate. The rain stopped and the sun came out. That was probably the worst thing possible. I rode through my pits and changed one bottle for a fresh one I had another that was untouched and went straight out for lap 2. My first lap was about 1: Boy was I wrong. My tires were loading up bad with mud and I had no traction at all. I was having trouble riding a straight line I had already dropped the pressure in both tires to about 20lbs each. Into the singletrack, I had major problems. No traction and my tires were packing up badly. I had ridden peanut butter mud before but this stuff was incredible. On another steep descent, I crashed hard again. This time I saw stars and impaled myself on a small stick. I got up and assessed the damage and walked the rest of the hill. Unable to start back up because of the mud, I continued to walk For the next three hours! By now the mud was unbelievably thick and collecting on bikes and bodies at an amazing pace. Pushing my bike, it gained roughly one pound every 5 to 10 feet. At one point, my bike easily weighed 80 lbs and I was scooping off mud in 5lb handfuls at a time. I came across a number of riders calling it a day and quitting. I determined to finish the lap and then decide. The further I went, the more clear the decision was, I was done. I kept telling myself to keep going, not to quit. There was food and relief at hand but I forced myself to go back into the woods. The odd thing was that even though my last lap took nearly 4 hours, I only got passed by a couple of people. It was the most impossible and surreal situation I had ever been in on my bike. In the last mile of the lap, I was finally able to get back on my bike and ride something. It felt good to pedal again after walking so long. Bonked and sore, I rode through the finish and called it a day. Jeremiah Bishop won the Pro Solo with four laps. I felt bad for the promoter because the venue was great and the course was good. It would have been a good race if it was dry. Most of the feedback I heard from others was positive though. I guess the look on my face says it all Through it all, I had no mechanical failures whatsoever. Completely encased in mud, my drivetrain still worked. God I love singlespeeds! Posted by Duckman at.

Chapter 7 : Dirt, Sweat & Tears

Hytch has quietly provided bike transportation and support for two years! Watch this video to learn about their mission - to defeat traffic and defend clean air with technology and cash incentives.

Chapter 8 : www.nxgvision.com - the world centre of cycling

Dirt. Sweat. Tears. It was the same long lonely runs that made me the runner I was thirty years ago. Two decades later it's the sand and the dirt, the cinders, not the rubber lined faded.

Chapter 9 : NPR Choice page

Blood, sweat and basketball | Louisville's Dirt Bowl through the years. 7-footer Jim McDaniels, formerly of Western Kentucky University reached to block a shot by Mike Silliman of the Carolina.