

Liz's Story

In 2006 my ultra-fit, marathon running husband was diagnosed with cancer. To say it was a shock was an understatement. Faced with radical surgery, chemo and radiotherapy, he was determined that it wouldn't beat him.

It was during this awful time that I realised just how much running and indeed other runners helped both of us. Dave was a regular Runners World forumite and right when he needed them his virtual friends rallied. This is what happened, [200 miles for 200 minutes](#)

Within days of coming home from hospital Dave was out running, albeit just a mile, with his stomach tube strapped down with a heart rate monitor, but he was running.

Inspired? Who wouldn't be? It certainly got me up a few hills and made me run a few extra miles. Every time I felt like giving up I thought about the "mountain" he was climbing.

I spotted the following which says it all:

I run because I can. When I get tired I remember those that can't run, what they would give to have this simple gift I take for granted and I run harder for them. I know they would do the same for me...