

# Introduction

For last year's words belong to last year's language and next year's words  
await another voice. And to make an end is to make a beginning.

**T. S. ELIOT**, *Little Gidding II*

**L**ong ago, your life lay before you like a limitless horizon. You couldn't then know all the turns, dips, and switchbacks your life would take. Today, you stand with a full view of where you have been, and a new horizon, and you are once again filled with a mixture of anticipation and uncertainty.

A familiar voice whispers, "There is something I have designed just for you." The voice has become louder and more frequent, and as you stand here, a part of you wants to reclaim the girl who saw herself as a force; another part of you is not sure that girl still exists.

Yet you sense that your life has led you here, and miraculously, you have landed exactly where you are supposed to be—the right place, and the right time. This is what gives you the courage to explore, laugh, reinvent, reclaim the girl who lives just beneath your skin—to listen to her, find your joy, *Run Like a Girl*.

I invite you to consider, for a moment, the girl in you. What is she saying? And what will you do when you find her?

**Kathy Vick**, *Certified Life Coach*


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*run like a girl*

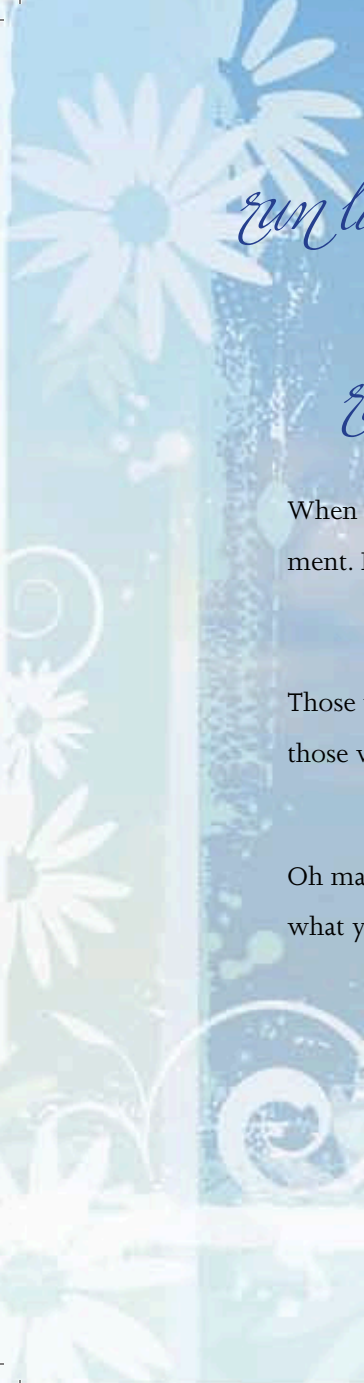
Before I shaped you in the womb,  
I knew you, before you were  
born, I set you apart.

JEREMIAH 1:5 NIV



If you surrendered to the air, you could ride it.

TONI MORRISON



*run like the swift river that flows to the sea,  
run like the gazelle over the savanna,  
run like the stars jetting across the sky.*

When it's over, I want to say: All my life I was a bride married to amazement. I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.


MARY OLIVER, *When Death Comes, New and Selected Poems*

Those who are wise will shine like the brightness of the heavens, and those who lead many to righteousness, like the stars forever and ever.

DANIEL 12:3 NIV

Oh man! There is no planet sun or star could hold you, if you but knew what you are.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON




*Getting out of my car on a warm September afternoon in the mountains, I was swept back to the scent and color of my childhood in Central Oregon: juniper, fir, and pine trees paired with a landscape of gold, orange, copper, brown and green. Memories came alive; of a little girl framed in high desert and mountain air. A girl enchanted with school, autumn, running and playing in the foliage, hiding behind the juniper trees, making forts in the bushes —free with the wonder of life!*

EVADNE WOODSIDE



Who can hold back a woman that knows who made her and for what?



*When I was ten I ran bases with the other kids on our street. I was light and fast and not afraid of falling. We played until dark and our parents called us from the porches like shepherds across mountains. When I was twenty I ran across a big wooden floor, learning how to move without touching the ground. When I was thirty I ran from my marriage, because it had stopped cold, lost in a cul de sac.*

*When I was forty I ran from everything I knew to catch up to and keep my soul's friend in this life. Now I'll run against time's river, to see how far I can get up that stream.*

**TERRIE SHATTUCK**

*run toward the wide horizons,  
and the whispers of dreams.*

Twenty years from now, you will be more disappointed by the things you did not do than by the things you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover.

**MARK TWAIN**

When you have a dream, you've got to grab it and never let go.


**CAROL BURNETT**

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.”

**JEREMIAH 29:11 NIV**

It's the dream that you had at ten years old and still dream at fifty that you need to pay attention to.





*run up the mountains of your  
imagination, and silence the voice  
that says: "You can't."*

The possible's slow fuse is lit by the imagination.

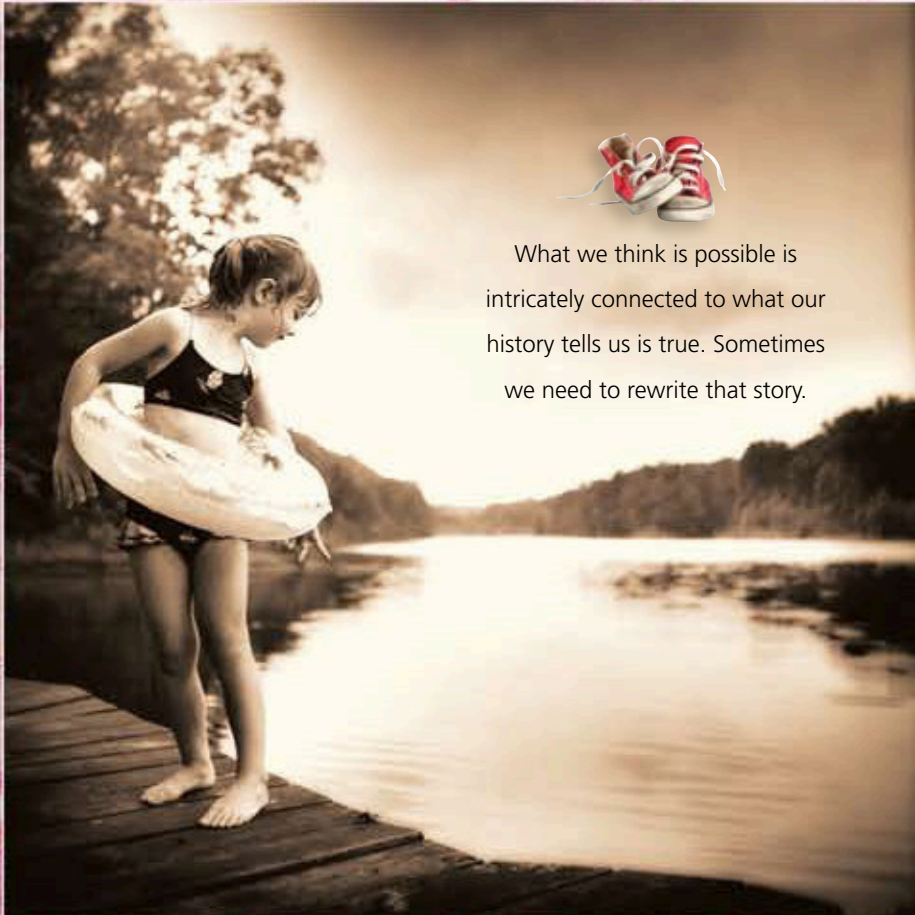
EMILY DICKINSON

When Jesus said, "Woman, thou art loosed," He did not call her by name. He wasn't speaking to her just as a person. He spoke to her femininity. He spoke to the song in her. He spoke to the lace in her. Like a crumbling rose, Jesus spoke to what she could, and would have been. I believe the Lord spoke to the twinkle that existed in her eye when she was a child; to the girlish glow that makeup can never seem to recapture. He spoke to her God-given uniqueness. He spoke to her gender.

SERITA JAKES, T. D. and *Serita Jakes Speak to Women*, 3-in-1

I tell you the truth, if anyone says to this mountain, "Go, throw yourself into the sea," and does not doubt in his heart but believes that what he says will happen, it will be done for him.

MARK 11:23 NIV



What we think is possible is intricately connected to what our history tells us is true. Sometimes we need to rewrite that story.



*There's something satisfying about that stringy little wisp of hair that gets stuck in your mouth when you're running. When I was a child, I remember racing through a field in a white flower-girl dress. It was weeks after the wedding, the bride was long gone, the guests had gone home, the tent was down, but the dress was going strong. With my heart racing, I put one scuffed, white, patent leather shoe in front of the other. The dandelions became my audience; the wind my band. And those little pieces of soggy hair were proof that beauty isn't about appearance, it's about the experience.*

Laura Speidel

## *running is more than the race,*

What keeps you going isn't some fine destination but just the road you're on, and the fact that you know how to drive.

Barbara Kingsolver

Racing is a matter of spirit not strength.

Janet Guthrie

Use what you have to run toward your best—that's how I now live my life.

Oprah Winfrey

Do you not know that in a race all the runners run, but only one gets the prize? Run in such a way as to get the prize.

1 Corinthians 9:24 NIV



You can tell a lot about a woman just by the way she walks into a room.