

PTA Reflections 2019-2020

## My Proudest Moment So Far

By

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In the year 2019, mid-August, it was a hot day. I was worried and excited. An experience that I will remember forever is about to begin. I was worried about the fact that it was a 7.2 mile race. I hadn't even trained for it! It was a hot by cloudy day. I've watched my parents run it every year of my life. Even though I have taken a car to Woodshole and Falmouth a million times, I had never run that distance before. When I lived on Cape Cod all year long, I memorized the track. I was grateful to have some knowledge that others didn't. I entered the race. I was proud that I even got to run with 11,000 other people. At the same time my mind was also thinking of the worst that could happen. I know the race had begun. The first mile we talked and chatted. Once we hit the second mile, there was a big hill right next to Nantucket Sound. It drained some of my energy. I could tell that my parents were tiring too. By mile 3 we were all exhausted. To make it worse the hardest part of the race came and the sun came with it. Then a soldier from the marine corps ran by me. He handed me the American flag. The moment the flagpole touched my fingertips, it gave me a new strength I didn't know I had. I ran all the way to mile four without stopping. I had to wait for my tired parents. I handed the flag back to the man and kept jogging. I felt proud and honored throughout the race. We finished with a festival. I had no idea they could ever make it that gigantic. That was the proudest moment of my life.