

Some races go as planned. Some do not. This race was both for me.

My original swim estimate was 0:55, which I revised to 1:00 because I opted to go sans wetsuit because this was a wetsuit optional race and I've done so many 1hr and 1.5mi swims without a wetsuit without issue. The main reason to go without was because I didn't want to start 25 minutes later in the wetsuit wave, which would put my run that much later into the heat. I had my Garmin set to alarm every 0:15 and it beeped the fourth time as I was exiting the water. Woohoo, I hit my goal. The swim went exactly as planned and I felt great.



My transition lasted more than a minute longer than planned because I wasn't used to the tight quarters, all gear was under the bike instead of alongside, and my neighbor kept talking while she was fixing a flat. Lesson 1: check your tires during setup, especially when checking your bike in the day before. Lesson 2: know how to change a tire so you don't get a pinch flat on the only spare tube. I walked away with her still talking and knew I'd blown my T1 time because I was trying to be polite. Lesson 3: ignore your neighbors.

My bike estimate was 3:34 (15.7mph avg). The first of three loops went as planned at an average pace of 15.7mph. I was a bit shocked to see that pace because I was concerned I'd held back too much because I felt so good. Thank you Kristen Lawrence and my husband Mike for the bike handling skills. When Mike saw how many turns and U-turns were in the bike course, his comment was, "This is cruel." I had no issues with the turns, but did get annoyed with the super slow riders at the turnarounds.

The second loop started well. Then the winds picked up and irritated my respiratory system, which had been compromised by bad allergies during the two weeks of taper. It was becoming increasingly difficult to breathe and my nose was closing. I normally don't stop on the bike and I stopped twice during the second loop to get my breathing under control, clear my nose and get my heart rate down. It was tough to go out on the third loop, but I was determined to finish. At 38.15mi into the ride, I stopped a third time because I was gasping and coughing. I sat on the curb and started doing the math and it didn't look good considering my decline. My second loop averaged almost 4mph slower than the first and I knew it was going to get worse. The coughing wouldn't stop and my heartrate wouldn't go below 132. Course support came along and tried to encourage me to DNF. After 10 minutes with little improvement, I made the tough decision to let him call it in. My lungs hurt and my heart ached! Still hurts to not have a medal for all the work I put in to get to the start line. What was within my control went well. What was out of my control ended my race.

You can see the change in how I felt by looking at my bike photos.

1<sup>st</sup> loop



1<sup>st</sup> loop



2<sup>nd</sup> loop



Swim	1:00:14
T1	0:05:20
Bike	---
T2	---
Run	---
<b>Total</b>	<b>DNF</b>

Saw a doctor when I got home because my lungs still hurt and breathing continued to be difficult. I was diagnosed with asthmatic bronchitis and have another 4-6 weeks to let it run its course.



Donna Lorenzen's Race Report  
Ironman 70.3 Arizona  
October 18, 2015



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