

TOP CANADIAN RUNNER REBOUNDS FROM LIFE-THREATENING INJURIES

Run, Logan, run. Run down dusty ranch roads and up narrow, steep mountain trails. Run through forests and icy streams, and keep going over deadwood and around rocks, climbing above the treeline. Then run farther.

Run when your feet hurt and heart pounds, until filling your lungs at altitude is like trying to catch your breath underwater.

Run because every step is a celebration of your life—your spirit—because every stride takes you farther from that terrible

day 17 years ago. Run because you can.

Run, because running saved you and others need to know.

Logan Beaulieu did not start running to lose weight or get in shape. He wasn't trying to beat anybody or test himself. He wasn't hoping it would make him famous.

He began running because if he hadn't, he'd probably be dead or in a wheelchair, reliant on drugs and dwelling on the night his friend died in a car accident.

"They thought I was dead, too," Beaulieu, 33, says. "One of the ambulance guys

noticed I was still breathing."

When paramedics arrived 17 years ago at the accident scene in Penticton, British Columbia, where the car in which Beaulieu was a passenger had been T-boned, Logan's leg was sticking through the passenger door. The door was not open. His leg punctured it.

No alcohol was involved. No charges were laid.

Logan didn't quite die that warm night in 1988, but nobody knew if he'd survive the next one and the one after that.

He was airlifted to St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver and spent the next 16 days—one for each year of his life—in a coma. Logan's father, Moe Beaulieu, was there each night, praying that his son would wake up and, if he did, could function mentally and physically.

On one of those nights, Moe, 60, says, a stranger from Italy came into the trauma ward to visit her father. Moe asked her name and she told him, adding in her limited English that it meant "small miracle."

"So I said: 'Would you mind putting your hand on my son because we need a small miracle?'" Moe recalls. "She put her hand on his forehead and over his face."

On the 17th day, the Beaulieus got their miraele. Logan woke up.

No one knew how much neurological damage Logan had suffered, and doctors told him there was only a 10-percent chance he'd walk again.

Moe liked the odds. Beats zero, right?

Moe Beaulieu, now 60, separated from Logan's mother, June, around the time of the accident, and left his advertising job to take charge of his son's recovery.

Although still paralyzed on one side, Logan would be bustled into a wheelchair by Moe and ordered to use his good hand to wheel himself.

"I said: 'Son, if you stay in that wheelchair six months, you might be there the rest of your life," recalls Moe. "I said: 'You've got to get moving.' He was out of the wheelchair in three weeks."

Logan and his dad went for "walks" around a grassy clearing at the rehabilitation center in Vancouver. Moe half-carried Logan and Logan dragged his leaden left leg.

Gradually, Logan began to regain feeling on his left side. The Beaulieus moved to Victoria, British Columbia, and Moe pushed Logan to run.

"If you're physically fit and active, your mind kind of follows along," explains Moe, as if it were obvious.

As Logan got fit, his mind did follow.

"Apart from the endorphins rush, running is great therapy in itself," says Logan. "It's great for the mind, especially when I was going through school [after the accident] and found it difficult."

Moe, who now organizes a series of ultra trail races, has completed nearly 100 ultras, but didn't do his first until age 42.

Logan beat him by 21 years. Five years after his accident, he lapped a quarter-mile running track 401 times during the Sri Chinmoy 24-Hour Race in Victoria.

"I ran 401 laps in case there was a miscount," Logan says. "I wanted to make sure I did 100 miles. It was something I could do, something I could be good at."

Logan has completed more than 20 ultras since then. In summer 2005, he was second at the Keremeos Kruncher 50K in Keremeos, British Columbia, and third at the Lost Soul Ultra (100K) in Lethbridge, Alberta.

At the 2005 Canadian Death Race in Grand Cache, Alberta, he led for three legs before dropping—his first-ever DNF. He stopped 12 kilometers from the finish of the 125-kilometer race.

"I'd have done anything for a veggie burger or bologna sandwich," he says.

After bouncing between odd jobs for years, Logan now wants to focus solely on running. He has launched a website (www. Logansrun.ca), is seeking sponsors and may begin motivational speaking.

Logan, who now lives in Edmonton, Alberta, says he wants to help others who have suffered debilitating injury and battle the stigma of head trauma.

"I used to kind of hide from it," he says. "I suppose I still do. It was when I was 16, and so much has happened in my recovery since then. It's almost like it was a lifetime ago.

"People with head injuries go through depression and can easily turn to drugs or alcohol. I was fortunate to have my father as a role model and have strength inside. I'd like to be a positive influence on other people. I want to make people feel better about themselves."





