

June/July

2011

PRAC TICE CROSSFIT



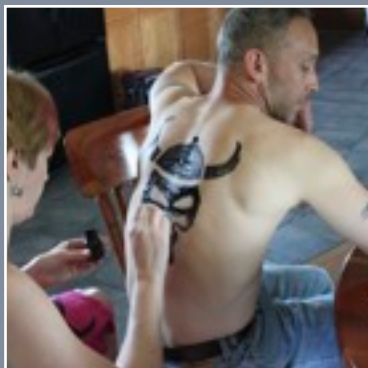
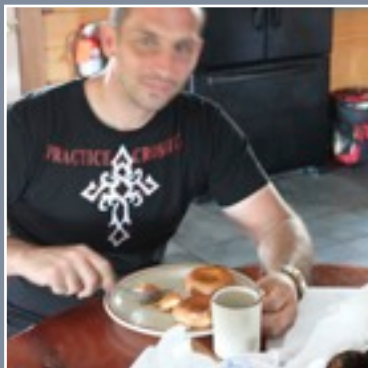
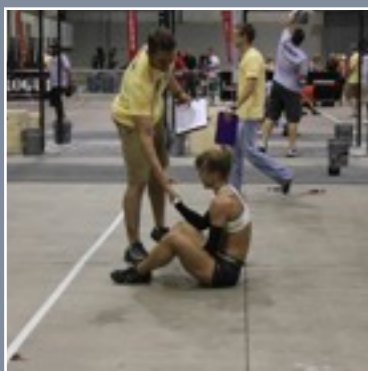
Volume
38-Special
Edition.
"Regionals
2011"

"THE
PRACTITIONERS
GUIDE"

“A REGIONAL PERSPECTIVE”

Bonnie McMaken/Various

“It is your worst fear...your greatest desire...a prized possession you'd kill to protect...and the "more" you don't even know you yearn to become.”



For the last few years I have personally had numerous experiences in the CrossFit community, both in and out of a competitive setting. This year, as I surveyed my surroundings at the Central East Regionals, I had to smile. I'm sure anyone who has ever been to such an event as a part of Practice CrossFit can attest to this. Practice folks have a tendency to infiltrate the scene. No matter what the job description or duty, no matter where you happen to be looking – there is someone in the vicinity that we, as Practitioners, are blessed enough to see on a day-to-day basis. What a fantastic opportunity, then, to hear about this exciting event as seen through someone else's eyes.

Let's start from behind the organizational reins on game day. The responsibility of making sure athletes and judges are where they need to be, and when. Then matching them up to make sure there's coverage and everything flows smoothly. This aspect of the regional competition was phenomenal this year and largely to thank is one of our own.

Event Staging – Nicole Rhoades

When talking to someone that crossfits you never have to explain the feeling and passion that comes with it. The undeniable anticipation before a WOD, the wanting to push a bit harder during Murph but your body just can't do one more pull up cause there is blood dripping down your arms and no time to clean it off cause you know there is another damn mile to run soon or the feeling that your whole body is about to burst into one big charlie horse as your rolling around in a pile of your own sweat after doing Fran, or any other nasty bitch for that matter. To most that sounds like hell in a hand bag but to us insane crossfitters that is the best part of our day. It has been an amazing pleasure to meet so many great people that actually share this weird addiction to self-mutilation to better ourselves!!

I have been fortunate enough to see the crossfit community from many sides. From being on a team at the games, judging at events and staging athletes and judges. Regionals this year for me was an experience like no other. Mike and Brian trusted me with more responsibility than I could have imagined they would. Gathering the athletes is quite the job. Their minds are in one place and that is on the WOD ahead. So...when I am screaming out their names, they are not hearing me at all. At first this frustrated me a bit, but then I thought back to July of 2009 in California and compassion came to me very quickly. I got to know each competitor enough that I could find where they were and maybe crack a joke or two with them to relax them a bit.

As for placing judges, well i was at an advantage there cause we all know that PCF represented 70 percent of the pack. Those that were not from PCF I got to know very well very quickly and this was a plus cause I had to do more than just put them with athletes, I had to watch and make sure they actually knew how to judge. How to be strict and uphold crossfit standards even though they wanted the athlete to succeed so bad.

At times this was hard to tell someone that wanted to help so bad that they just needed to set out a bit but maybe the next WOD with different movements would be more their thing. Brian's watchful eye and radio in my ear was the best tool to guide those decisions. In the end though everyone, judges and athletes alike, all seem satisfied.

I was unsure about how everyone took my "Nicole" forwardness until the following week when my Facebook exploded with friend request and thank you post on my wall from the athletes. I made a lot of great friends and had a blast doing it. I have been lucky enough to be a part of this for many years and all I can say is it just keeps getting better. From the athletes to how Brian and Mike run it. Crossfit is definitely moving forward and it has been a pleasure to be a part of it.

How about behind the scenes? Being a volunteer is an immensely important part of the event. Without these folks the transitions between workouts and weights would be a hassle. They tend to everything that needs done, from set-up to sanitizing equipment between WODs. Not to mention how spectacular it is to have people available for the unexpected little occurrences – to attend to whatever needs done and go get whatever needs got. And what better reward than a ringside seat for all the action?

Event Staff – John Noel

Since I didn't quite make the cut to participate in the 2011 Central East Regional, I decided to sign up as a volunteer. I figured it would be fun to get behind the scenes, up-close to the action, and also a great way to represent Practice CrossFit (PCF).

I arrived at the expo center on Thursday afternoon to assist with the set up. The rig was already assembled when I got there and was very impressive to say the least. My duties included but were not limited to: hanging and zip-tying banners around the fences and entrance ways and setting up displays. These jobs weren't the most exciting but every little bit helped.

On Friday morning the place started to light up as all the athletes began to arrive. It was easy to see that nerves were high and the athletes were tired of waiting and wanted nothing more than to hit the floor and do the work.

My duties at first were to make sure everyone had a wristband or as Justin called it a "CrossFit bouncer". My bouncer duties allowed me to roam so when JB, 10, Mindy, and Mitchell hit the floor for the first event, I wondered over and cheered them on. JB was the first one off the rower and I was so excited I couldn't even stand still. I can't even begin to tell you how awesome it was when they finished first in the heat. It made me so proud that I could barely hold my emotions!

Next, my duties included hanging out in the staff area and cleaning the equipment between heats. Luckily, this was when Kara was up. The guys I was working with were from CrossFit Faith. I was telling them how I was from PCF and that Kara was a badass. When she got to the handstand pushups, they shook their heads and were like, "you weren't lying, dude!" and all I could do was smile as she smoked her heat!

After this we set up for the thruster ladder. This turned out to be one of my favorite events because of how the whole crowd, including me, cheered on whoever was lifting no matter where they were from. This happened a lot over the weekend and it made me proud to be a part of CrossFit. After watching Chastity lift some heavy weight, I was off to work in the ticket booth.

The ticket booth was by far the least favorite duty by all the volunteers because you couldn't see any of the action. Unfortunately for me, I missed seeing Darin and the entire men's thruster event but I knew what I was getting myself into so I had no problem with it. I talked to a few other volunteers in the morning that were so excited about the events to come that they could not fathom having to work the ticket booth. They took their staff shirts off, bought tickets and attended the events. After my hour of being the lone soldier in the booth, I was relieved and went back to wiping down equipment and prepping everything for Saturday's events.

On Saturday it was easy to see that PCF came out in full force. Everywhere you looked you would see someone from PCF and it was like that pretty much all weekend. Nicole directed and coordinated the judges and was all over the place all weekend. Many of the judges were being relieved of their duties by now due to obvious reasons, but still you couldn't look out and watch a heat without seeing our PCF comrades. Whether it was Bonnie, Nalin, Jen D, Justin, Kerry, Amelia, or Tyler it seemed as though one of them was always on the floor. I give you guys mad props. I wouldn't want that job even if they paid me to do it. It was also nice to see Sam and Kara on the floor running the clocks and collecting score sheets from the judges.

When the team event came up, PCF overtook one area. Ryan pointed out the huge gathering and I noticed there were four or five sections of fence with people standing at least four or five deep behind them. It was impressive!

It seemed like Saturday flew by. I met a lot of cool people from other CrossFit locations over the weekend but none of them compared to working with my fellow PCF comrades as volunteers. Dave and I did a two-hour shift in the ticket booth and it seemed like

15 minutes! After our time in the booth we joined Dana, Rick, Val, and others in wiping down and changing out equipment for the remainder of the day.

On Sunday, the final day of the competition, the field was cut down and the action was intense. Wiping down the pull-up bar seemed to be my main duty on this day. Mostly because I could reach it without a ladder! After the awards ceremony, I helped brake-down equipment for a while then hit the road.

Looking back on the event as a whole I would say that it was a success. Mike Flaherty and the guys from Rogue couldn't have been nicer. They thanked us many times for the great job we did all weekend long. I was just glad that I could help out and had a great time doing so!

Judging – a powerful and humble job, rolled into one. The best athletes in the world are at their mercy, because inevitably, they cannot proceed without a discerning nod to give them the go-ahead, but really judges are there for the athlete. And, of course, to uphold CrossFit's standards. They are an active part of every second, which requires focus and energy – draining, but oh so rewarding.

Judge's Perspective – Kerry Penner

This year with the new CrossFit Games Open Sectionals format, I had hopes, if somewhat unreasonable, of at least making it to regionals as part of the PCF team. Although I was unable to make the team, I still wanted to go to the regional competition and be as helpful and as involved as possible. I volunteered to judge as soon as the opportunity opened up. Those of us who do not yet have what it takes to get there on our own strength and skills often live vicariously through more impressive athletes; and other than those actually competing, no one is closer to the action than the judge.

From the beginning, the director of the competition was on each of us as judges to be sure we understood standards and would not allow athletes to relax the standards. Before the workouts, we were introduced to the athlete we were about to judge. Most athletes wanted to go over standards and clarify how I would be looking at each movement and how loudly I would count. Many wanted to show what their movements looked like to ensure they were meeting the standard. Some were mentally already there and just needed me to stay out of their way.

I was constantly impressed by every athlete assigned to me with their ability to not only consistently meet standards, but make adjustments mid-stride. Not deep enough, they went deeper. Not far enough, they went farther. Not locked-out or fully open, next rep it was

there. No argument, no slowing down. Constant, consistent effort from "3, 2, 1, GO!" through completion or the call of "TIME!"

For me, the teams were probably the most fun to judge. In the course of one workout I would have the opportunity to see either 2 or 4 individuals perform the same movements to standard, but with their own style. It did seem to me with the athletes I had to opportunity to judge that the women were more flexible and more consistent with meeting standards than the men. I called fewer "no reps" with them and they were a little more deliberate, and overall a bit more consistent. While the men were faster and would just go on to the next rep and make that one good, the women would often make slight adjustments at the end of a movement to ensure every effort counted. Different strategies, similar result.

Always at our backs were Brian, Mike and Bill (who were running the event) ensuring that we, as judges, were looking at EVERYTHING, and missing nothing. Every now and then I would hear a little whisper in my ear: "make sure he's locking out both arms," or "her hips have to open more." Other times I would see one of them opposite me and I'd make eye contact as I was counting reps. All it would take was a slight nod of the head to know my calls were good. Only a couple of times did I see something different than one of them. A quick explanation was usually enough and I'd get a thumbs-up and would keep counting.

Overall the experience as a judge at regionals was a very positive one. We did not do the work the athletes did, however there was very little down-time. We ate and drank as opportunity presented itself, and we were always on-call, even when not judging a particular heat. Still, I would only have traded the experience for the opportunity to actually compete. I am reminded of a quote by Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919) (26th President of the United States): *"It is not the critic who counts: not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly, who errs and comes up short again and again, because there is no effort without error or shortcoming, but who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, who spends himself for a worthy cause; who, at the best, knows, in the end, the triumph of high achievement, and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least he fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who knew neither victory nor defeat."*

The responsibility of maintaining and enforcing standards is challenging, but it also brings with it a new appreciation for those standards and the athletes who demonstrate them consistently rep after rep. CrossFit is first and foremost about the athlete and I was given the opportunity to witness up-close the fitness, strength and efficiency of the many participants I observed over the weekend. I came away thoroughly impressed with these people who will go through a workout with 400 repetitions and make sure they hit the exact same standard on the last rep as they did on the first. How many of us in our daily WODs can honestly say we do that?

We know the standards that "games athletes" are held to and seeing this all first-hand is a humbling yet inspiring experience. For those of us who don't quite make it, volunteering to get out there on the floor with another athlete, helping them make every rep count, is a great experience and it reinforces the community aspect of CrossFit.

What does it feel like to march into battle solo? To train every aspect of you to compete against the rest of the best, with no one to rely on but yourself – at least once the clock starts. Consider the mixed thoughts and feelings of taking the floor with the region's elite – in competition, but also as a learning experience – absorbing all that you possibly can from the amazing athletes who surround you.

Individual – Kara Foster

Making Regionals legit every year "just because I can" is a goal I'll fight my mind to set for myself until my body says "no". While I

don't aspire to ever make the CF Games as an individual, this annual event is an underestimated growth opportunity...because even missing your goals among those athletes makes you better...once you allow it to.

Once again, Regionals were both a humbling and an inspirational experience. To watch team PCF earn the chance to play all three days. To take on that monster of a DL who I feared and kick most of its ass. To realize (once again) that 40% of the event staff was PCF. To hear the roar of so many supporters each time PCF's name is called out. To be filled w pride as strangers seek you out to thank your box for providing an image of strong, gutsy women of all capabilities that they long to breed at their own gym. To be part of awarding an awesome, genuine dude like Dan Bailey a well-deserved first place in the regional community. And, yes, even to be humbled by your own performance...that feeling of desperation that overcomes you when you hear your team in the crowd trying to will you up the pull-up bar, swing the damn KB for you, or pick up your bar...and you just can't. That moment when you're reminded loudly - and with chest-crushing clarity - that this "thing" is much more than a game. It is your worst fear...your greatest desire...a prized possession you'd kill to protect...and the "more" you don't even know you yearn to become.

How about the approach as a member of the team? Some may feel this is the way to go because you can play to everyone's individual strengths to make up an indomitable whole. Others may experience a heightened sense of personal responsibility because there are five others whose success is

dependent upon them. Or both. What is it like to hit mainstage united as PCF's team?

Affiliate Team Member – Melissa Mitchell

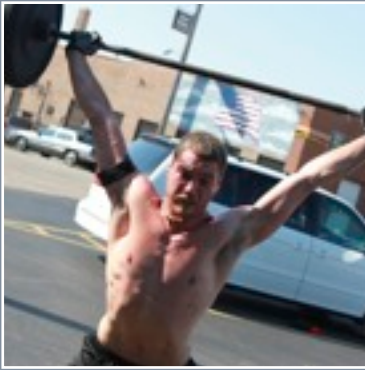
Day 1: Workout 1, Heat #1: I scan the room. A sea of gray and yellow shirts. Most worn by familiar faces. Other teams glance at us as their judges wish US luck. Nervous? No. Excited! Seems like no time and it is my turn on the rower. I hear our group cheering as I try to maintain the lead Josh and Chris got for us. I row faster than I ever have then try to get out of the way for Mindy. As I try to catch my breath I realize Mindy is already finishing! We rush to the wall...Josh and 10 do almost all the HSPUs, just like we planned. I kick up thinking "please don't fall off the wall on the first one." Instinct takes over and I exceed the minimum number I was assigned. Mindy finishes them off strong but due to a miscommunication with our judge Josh does one more before we head back to the rower. Again the guys finish in a flash. My turn again? Really? I pull as hard as I can until I see stars then somehow stumble across the line, tagging Mindy. As soon as I can stand I join the rest of my team cheering her on as she rows to win the heat! I am in awe of her strength to pull us through. She gave all she had and is rewarded by a ride off the field compliments of Josh. Change in focus, time to refuel and cheer for Chas and Darin in the thrusters workout. They power through, leading us to our highest placed event of the weekend! (3rd) It is the end of day one and we are in 5th overall.



Day 2: Inspired by Chris and Chas in a tough DL/Box Jump workout I try to focus on staying hydrated and timing my meals. Nervous? YES! I am almost 10 hours off my normal workout time. Too much time to think. What if I can't do my share of the pull-ups? What if I get no-repped on all my kbs? Mindy is the picture of calm and helps me stay focused. She tolerates my millions of questions and Darin is patient as I change my mind 6 times about whether I am going to jump to the pull-up bar or not. I start to tear up. The pressure is getting to me. I call Matt (Mr. Mitchell)...he loads the kids in the car and is on his way. They arrive in time to wish me luck and watch us power through the longest workout of the weekend. Although we did well, I can read the frustration on one teammate's face. I am thinking the same thing but we decide to focus on what we can control and move on. The day is over and we have qualified for the finals.



Day 3: I watch in amazement as Chas knocks out 4 mups her first time on the rings. Josh demonstrates the beauty of the snatch and they both fight through one of the most difficult workouts I have ever seen. I am so proud to be on their team and when they are done the team greets them with hugs in the athlete area to tell them how great they did. They finish 5th, another great showing. Time for the final workout. I scan the crowd and catch Chas' eyes. She gives me a nod as if to say "you've got this" and since I believe everything Chas says, that helps! I continue to scan, I finally see my sister, mom, husband and kids; the 5 most important people in my life. Deep breath, seeing them helps calm me. Here we go! Darin is off the rower in 30 seconds! I swear he is almost halfway through the burpees before I even get my feet in the rower! I can't help but think I am in big trouble if I don't finish the burpees before he completes the dumbbell station! I just barely make it. I get to rest for 3 whole reps before he is done. UGH! My turn on the dumbbell station. My teammates know this was my biggest obstacle of the weekend. As I pick them up I think of my new necklace, "weakness is a choice." Here we go...10 reps! Rest. I hear someone yell "pick them up Mitchell!" so I do. When I finally finish all 30 I move on to the T2B. Without Darin there to lift me up (literally) the bar seems so high to reach. I make it through, as do all 4 of us, finishing several minutes faster than when we practiced this workout. In the end, we finished 9th



overall. No trip to Cali this year, but nothing but pride for the efforts and accomplishments of everyone.

Words cannot express how proud I was to be a member of this team and to represent PCF at Regionals. I have so much respect for my teammates. Everyone pushed and gave it everything they had. The constant support for each other was overwhelming. I cannot believe how many people gave their time to be volunteers and spectators this weekend. We could not have done it without you. I hope we made you proud.

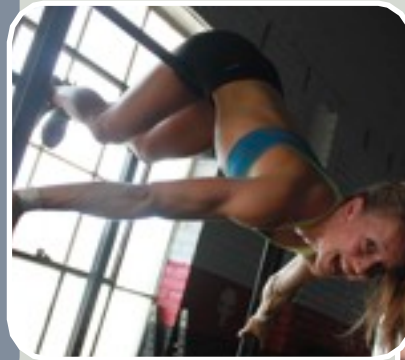
Last, but certainly not least, is our spectator. What would such an event be without a crowd! Taking in the feats being performed by the incredible athletes before you, and cheering your ass off for those from your box. As well as the motivation you take away from the experience – new goals to achieve.

Spectator – Shelly Poling

Attending the CrossFit regional competition was a one-of-a-kind experience. I wanted to be there to support some of the people who are my biggest cheerleaders. But what I gained from this experience as a spectator was immeasurable. Watching these athletes that don't quit, give their hearts and souls for the love of CrossFit and each other was one of the coolest things I've ever seen.

I remember a year ago when my sister, Betsy O'Neal competed in the sectionals @ the Arnold...I didn't "get it". Why would somebody want to work out at least 5 days a week and then do EXTRA workouts...in a competition...in front of people...on your "off time"? OMG goodness how my opinion has changed. I TOTALLY get it now!!!!

CrossFit, specifically PCF is SO much more than "a workout". It is a sense of being, a purpose, a confidence, and a family like no other I've ever seen. It was such an honor to be in the presence of such great athletes, judges, volunteers, and spectators. I LOVE what I now choose to do in my "off time". Is there really a better extracurricular activity??? I say, definitely not!



"PRACTITIONER OF THE MONTH"

"Shelly"



Shelly showed up as part of a package. She arrived with a sister already celebrating CrossFit. A brother-in-law killing WODs every morning, and a brother venturing in off kilter to get measured as he proceeded down his path to weight loss. Shelly had a lot to live up to, and she hasn't disappointed.

Like everyone else Shelly gets the hiccups from time to time. I know of some diet strains and snags she has realized that she may not even know I am aware of. What Shelly may not be aware of is the fact that we all have been there in some capacity. The devil is still the devil no matter the shape he takes, and we all dance with him from time to time.

The honor bestowed on Shelly this month comes for many reasons. Her ability to take advantage of others is one of those reasons. And not the selfish asshole way that a lot of us engage in, more the I am smart enough to be aware of my very fragile, very vulnerable human state, and I know I need help, and I don't just say I want to get better, I really want to get better. These kind of people can take advantage of me all day. These kind of people go on to be taken advantage of...these kind of people will begin to change others.

Recently Shelly completed a challenge. A challenge so many of the arm chair detractors of the world would never try because they are so scared of failing...so scared of living. I am sure Shelly wasn't perfect, but that's not the point. Losers only try things they know they will be perfect at. Winners don't use perfection as an excuse to fear the unknown...they go head first...they fall...they get up.

I received new found communication from Shelly over the course of her challenges which are clearly much more than some little drop in the bucket five week Paleo event. I, and others continue to witness a stronger version of Shelly. Someone who isn't sinking anymore. Someone who started the challenge floating, and now is swimming.

Continue to watch Shelly swim to the shore. The shore that is far enough away to have shark attacks along the way, but with the way Shelly is learning to swim, I have no doubt we will all witness her find her island, then make it her paradise.

“Raging Rhabdo”

Justin Coby Pharm D

“So, as Crossfitters, how do we avoid rhabdo? Extreme exercise, basically, is what Crossfit is all about right? You got it, but think back to your first Crossfit workout. Typically, it would be scaled and taken at an appropriate pace. If you’ve never done cocaine before, I wouldn’t suggest you split a tableful with Al Pacino.”



Every culture seems to have a disease that is specific to them. African Americans have Sickle-cell, Caucasian Europeans have Huntington’s, Asians can’t handle their booze, and Crossfitters have Rhabdo. By rhabdo, I’m referring to rhabdomyolysis and, lately, this topic seems to be all the rage. In fact, I’ve had so many questions about the condition that I feel it necessary to thoroughly discuss what it is, and how we can avoid its terrible clutches.

Cause

Rhabdomyolysis is a condition in which damaged skeletal muscle tissue breaks down rapidly, leading to breakdown byproducts, mostly myoglobin, released into the bloodstream. Myoglobin, a protein that binds both iron and oxygen, is found only within muscle tissue and may be released only due to muscle injury. Muscle injury can be caused by crushing (i.e. car accident, lying immobile for a long period), loss of blood supply (i.e. embolism), extreme temperatures, drugs (i.e. statins, anesthesia, antipsychotics, drugs of abuse), severe infection, inflammation, and physical exertion (i.e. Fran). Myoglobin is filtered successfully by the kidneys, however, at very high concentrations; it is toxic to the renal tubules (think of these as the piping that makes up the sewer system of the body). Typically myoglobin is escorted out through the kidneys by its dance partner haptoglobin, but once the myoglobin hits a certain concentration in filtered urine (0.5–1.5 mg/dL) it exceeds the amount of available haptoglobin to dance with. Like booger-eaters at the junior high sock hop, myoglobin are on their own, and once they reach a concentration of 100 mg/dL the urine becomes visibly discolored. This discoloration is known as myoglobinuria and is one of the major symptoms of rhabdomyolysis, brown colored urine.

Signs and Symptoms

The symptoms of rhabdomyolysis depend on the severity of the condition, and whether kidney failure develops. Milder forms of rhabdomyolysis may not cause any muscle symptoms, and the diagnosis is based on abnormal blood tests in the context of other problems. More severe rhabdomyolysis is characterized by muscle pain, tenderness, weakness and swelling of the effected muscles. As myoglobin leaves the muscle tissue, rapidly sodium and calcium ions influx into the muscle cells sucking fluid with them. The swelling due to fluid may cause other muscle tissue damage, while the calcium causes excessive and continuous contraction

of muscle tissue, leading to even more damage. This domino affect will eventually cause extreme swelling of a limb or section of the body, and if the body becomes unable to filter the fluid out, may lead to compartment syndrome (the compression of nerves, blood vessels, and muscle inside a closed space, or compartment, within the body). This specified swelling, muscle pain, and discolored urine are all the physical signs of rhabdo. Clinically, the evidence of rhabdo is measured by the amount of creatine kinase (CK), an enzyme in muscle used for energy conversion, found in the blood. At CK levels above 5 times the upper limit of normal (~100,000), the progression of rhabdomyolysis is considered severe.

Treatment

Severe rhabdo leads to renal failure, and unfortunately, renal failure leads to death. So yeah. Rhabdomyolysis must be treated and monitored by healthcare professionals, in a facility that will allow such. In other words, it will land you in the hospital until CK levels return to normal. Typically, treatment is purely an IV flush with normal saline and close monitoring.

Avoidance

So, as Crossfitters, how do we avoid rhabdo? Extreme exercise, basically, is what Crossfit is all about right? You got it, but think back to your first Crossfit workout. Typically, it would be scaled and taken at an appropriate pace. If you’ve never done cocaine before, I wouldn’t suggest you split a tableful with Al Pacino. This is where Crossfitters get into trouble, taking on an inappropriate workload after a hiatus, or their first time in a CF box. There are some special cases, where individuals are genetically predisposed to rhabdo due to intrinsic muscle enzyme deficiencies; however, these situations are typically discovered in childhood.



“Get Skilled”

Theres a lot to learn to be the best CrossFitter you wanna be.

Theres a lot we can naturally pick up with day to day class instruction. There is also a lot we just naturally suck at. Its these things that may require that “extra” effort. That off the clock attention.

“Get Skilled” will take place Wednesdays @7:30pm, and Saturdays @10am every other week. Each class will be the same format so you do not need to come to both, but you can, after all you can't work what you suck at too much.

When the limiting factor is a little off the clock practice...“Get Skilled”

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