

Chosen Marathon for Adoption

October 29, 2011

New Braunfels, Texas

By Talaya Frazier

I intended to run this race at a relaxed pace in honor of the foundation for sick children I am starting: The Cheyanna Foundation for Children (named after my now HEALED daughter, who suffered for years with illness). However, my coach Paul Carmona had different goals for me. He wanted me to try something MAJESTIC. He wanted me to WIN. But he did not tell me this until race morning. I thought he was crazy when he told me what he wanted me to do. But then again, even though I hesitated at his request to "GO and WIN IT" (*not to try to win...TO GO AND WIN IT*), I knew **Coach Paul** was the one who inspired me to try my first marathon, coached me to five Boston Marathon finishes and encouraged me to try a half-ironman triathlon which led to the Halfmax World Championships in Australia... all of which I thought were impossible but he knew were attainable. So after fighting the negative battle in my head, I decided to reflect upon my favorite verse. Phil 4:13.

All things are possible through Christ who gives me strength... I decided to have a positive attitude, and with God's will...WIN.

Spectators at Mile 13 told me that I was the first woman at the halfway point...I knew I still had 13 miles to go! But it gave me hope. At mile 24, the official bike escorts came up to notify me that I was in first place and they were here to help encourage me to the finish line. At this moment, I had a surge of emotion as I reflected on my daughter's journey from sickness to health, my journey of racing the past 5 years for children through World Vision charity, to now forming a foundation of my own for sick children, and lastly the journey of running marathons to now being "chosen" by God to have the health to WIN. As I closed in on the final mile and heard people screaming, cowbells ringing and the sound of my forced breathing, tears began to flood my face. I was in awe... the LORD had CHOSEN me today to WIN, it is HE who gave me the ability to do so. And to have my own father's arms embrace me at the finish line and my Heavenly Father giving me the endurance to get across! My dad and I were both hugging and crying tears of joy at the finish line. I never wanted to stop hugging him. So blessed I am to have my dad! He is always supportive of my racing and had flown in from New Mexico to run the half marathon and see me finish the full. Neither of us knew what God planned for us. It was *just the two* of us at this race and a moment I will **NEVER EVER** forget!

This marathon was for ADOPTION! CHOSEN parents to adopt GOD'S children to nurture, to hold and to cherish. How special these children must feel to be CHOSEN! How majestic are these parents who listen to their calling to adopt them.