

I especially loved people-watching as I sped along the river. Though a few people brought books or laptops to entertain themselves on park benches, those who sat alone mostly just stared out at the river. I felt a kind of secret kinship with these people, who I liked to believe had brought themselves to the water's edge for the same reason I had, to heal.

I, too, often sat on the edge of a dock on the Esplanade before making the three-mile return to my cinderblock dorm room. It's hard not to feel existential, in a good way, about how small you are compared to everything else, how even the most challenging classes or relationships will eventually fade and flow away. Sometimes, it's okay to not be okay. It took me a long time to realize that I deserved to find my "happy place"—not a theoretical white sandy beach, but a physical place I could go to when I felt overwhelmed, and a mental state in which I could be content. But when I found it (on the banks of the Charles, no less), I still felt like I was unwittingly involved in an experiment about Murphy's Law, though this time in reverse. What happens to a 20-year-old college student when she stops noticing that everything goes wrong, and pays attention instead to the little things that go right? The answer is that she laces up her shoes for a jog.

Perhaps it was this fortuitous reversal that brought me to the 10K that rainy Sunday morning. A friend's mother had signed up for the race but couldn't make it, so I used her bib and ran in her stead. There was something incredible about racing in such inclement weather with thousands of people. Given the ubiquity of indoor exercise equipment, something about pounding the pavement must draw each runner for a different reason. Were some of these folks the lone river-watchers I had observed on my own journey to a clear mind? I ran the race without headphones, eager to process the sights and sounds of a real race uninterrupted. And yet, I often found my mind floating away for a mile or two at a time, and I couldn't place where it had gone along the route. What I did know is that it made the burning in my legs and the raindrops down my face disappear. It may have taken me an hour and 20 minutes to run the 6.2 miles, but I didn't stop to walk once. Somehow, I had found the peace and rest my body needed while continuing to move forward.

Once I'd finally dried off after the 10K, I



New Fellows


The magazine's Berta Greenwald Ledecy Undergraduate Fellows for the 2015-2016 academic year will be Jenny Gathright '16 and Bailey Trela '16. The fellows join the editorial staff and contribute to the magazine during the year, writing the "Undergraduate" column and reporting for both the print publication and *harvardmagazine.com*, among other responsibilities.

Gathright, of Bethesda, Maryland, and Lowell House, is concentrating in economics and also pursuing East Asian studies and Mandarin. An active member of Kuumba Singers and a peer advising fellow, she is also a former columnist for *The Harvard Crimson* and during spring semester helped to found *Renegade*, an online magazine for Harvard students of color (renegade-mag.com). Following prior summer experiences in Shanghai and on an organic farm in Hawaii, Gathright worked in Washington, D.C., this past summer—at the suitably named 1776, a venture seed fund and incubator of start-up enterprises.

Trela, of New Harmony, Indiana, and Currier House, is pursuing a concentration in English. He is board co-chair of *Fifteen Minutes*, the *Crimson's* magazine, and a features-board member of *The Harvard Advocate*. During the summer of 2014, he interned at Dumbarton Oaks; this past summer, he was assistant technical director of the Harvard-Radcliffe Dramatic Club.

The fellowships are supported by Jonathan J. Ledecy '79, M.B.A. '83, and named in honor of his mother. For updates on past Ledecy Fellows and links to their work, see harvardmagazine.com/donate/special-gifts/ledecy.

met my parents for a mid-afternoon lunch. (They did a great job of pretending not to be very confused that their daughter had run six miles of her own volition.) Though I was aching more than I let on, when the waiter brought me a plate of eggs sunny

side-up, I couldn't help but beam right back. I had earned them. 

Berta Greenwald Ledecy Undergraduate Fellow Olivia Munk plans to run a half marathon this October, and will need all the luck she can get.