

JAMIE'S RUNNING

Looking for an Expedition Title Sponsor - jamieramsay@live.co.uk



1st July – 6 August 2015

Days Run **242** **KM Run** **10378** **Money raised** **c. 12,000**
(06/08/15)

PLEASE CLICK [HERE](#) TO VISIT MY FACEBOOK PAGE AND "LIKE" IT – IT HELPS WITH SPONSORS!

Find PHOTOS from the expedition [HERE](#)

Find lots of VIDEOS from the expedition [HERE](#)

A LINK TO A CALM ARTICLE – More Stats Yet Still No Strategy...



"The finding that 1,239 men took their lives whilst in contact with mental health services is in itself tragic, but this number indicates that a further 3,619 men in 2013 weren't in mental health services, yet took their lives." **Jane Powell, Chief Executive of Campaign Against Living Miserably, CALM**

When I see the numbers below it makes me think about how many people are suffering from depression or contemplating taking their own lives and don't fall into any statistics. The other thing that jumps to mind is how many people (friends and family) are affected by a single suicide. When you do the maths it's a big number!

*Rates of suicides: UK

Age	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54	55-59	60-64	65-69	70-74	75-79	80-84	85-90	90+	total suicides
Men	7.0	14.3	15.9	19.5	23.6	26.9	26.8	24.7	23.3	18.4	11.5	13.0	12.3	14.4	22.4	23.0	4,858
Women	1.6	3.5	3.4	4.9	7.2	6.7	7.7	6.9	6.4	4.2	4.0	3.5	4.0	4.7	5.4	5.5	1,375
																	6,233
																	Avg. ratio
Ratio male to female	4.4	4.1	4.7	4.0	3.3	4.0	3.5	3.6	3.6	4.4	2.9	3.7	3.1	3.1	4.1	4.2	3.8

The National Statistics definition of suicide is taken from Office for National Statistics

Deaths of non-residents are included in figures for the UK

Figures are for deaths registered in each calendar year.

Source: Office for National Statistics, National Records of Scotland and Northern Ireland Statistics and Research Agency

Read the full article here - <https://www.thecalmzone.net/2015/07/more-stats-yet-still-no-strategy/>

Flying home then flying back to the road – It's been a while since I last put together a newsletter. The reason for the long gap is because I returned home for my sister's wedding. Due to some miscalculations I arrived in Panama City a month early (26th May) and with a flight booked for the 19th of June I had to make some changes. I couldn't afford to change my flight so I had to come up with a productive way to spend my time. My first decision was to run the final stretch of road from Panama to Yaviza where the Pan American highway comes to an abrupt end and the infamous Darien Gap begins. Unfortunately that was only another 300km and only took a week to complete. If something amazing hadn't happened then I would have had a week to kill in Panama – not a bad thing but a drain on my limited resources. After sitting in the Lunas Castle Hostel in Panama telling a group of other travellers my dilemma one of the girls present came up to me after and handed me an envelope. I accepted it and went upstairs to my room wondering what this stranger had given me. To my surprise and amazement it was the exact amount of money needed to change my flight with a note telling me to go home and spend more time with my family. Obviously my first reaction was to give the money back but after she refused to take it back I immediately booked a new flight home. I've met some amazing people on my travels but this person was truly awesome. To give such a gift to a complete stranger without any expectations in return is a truly selfless act. Something I am sure we can all learn from.

My sister's wedding was a triumph and it was amazing to spend so much time at home with the family, though I must admit getting things ready for a wedding felt like harder work than actually running every day! While I was at home it became apparent that I had caught a parasite in Panama. My stomach was in turmoil, the smells repugnant and in general I just felt awful. This lasted for much of my time at home and meant that I was unable to keep my training up.

After I returned to Panama I had to get to Colombia (full story outlined below). I finally managed to get back on the road on the 7th of July, one month after arriving in Yaviza. During my time in France and my forced immobility due to illness my body had lost a lot of form. One my first day of running I only managed 30km and after the second I was suffering from signs of Plantar Fasciitis. This was going to be an ongoing problem and one that would manifest in lots of different aches and pains.



The physical element might have been impaired but the mental side was on fire. Ever since I have been back on the road I have woken each day with a renewed enthusiasm to continue my journey south. Over the last month I have only taken 3 rest days and have averaged over a marathon per running day. I am on target and loving life.

PAIN, It's what you do with it that matters – Pain is obviously something I have to deal with pretty much on a daily basis. When I first started this run I freaked out every time I felt a little niggle or a strain. I would think the worse and start popping pills and generally just panic. I have always seen pain as a sign to stop but overtime I have started to realise that there are different types of pain and the more you get to know your body the better you can judge it. After a year on the road I now treat any signs of pain as a sort of warning light, my body telling me that there is something not quite right. It's advising me to investigate and make necessary changes or adjustments. For example if I run for four days in the same pair of shoes and start to get a little pain in my foot then I just change to my other pair of shoes and the pain goes away. When I start a day running my knee can sometimes be a little stiff and sore. If I acknowledge the pain and ease myself in, slightly change the way my foot strikes or maybe do some extra stretches then the problem generally goes away. If I know I have pain I never start the day by taking painkillers or anti-inflammatories. I like to spend at least 10k assessing where the pain is and then I decide if I am going to pop a pill, more often than not I don't. When I can feel where it is I can start to take the necessary steps to fix the problem. If the body wants me to stop it will make that happen but luckily this has only happened a couple of times on this expedition.

Looking for a Title Sponsor – I have tried and am trying to fund this expedition as much from my own pocket as possible but after nearly a year on the road my funds are getting a little strained. I am looking for a Title Sponsor to make a small cash injection to help me get to Buenos Aires

and help me raise awareness of my expedition and in turn funds for my chosen charities. I think I have managed to squeeze every bit of charitable donations from my friends and family and to reach my fundraising target of £20,000 for CALM, Macmillan and WaterAid I need to spread the word of what I am doing and the charities I am aiming to help.

I have put together a document that outlines what I need and what a Title Sponsor will get in return – [click here to view](#). If you are a potential sponsor or know someone who might be then please email me on jamieramsay@live.co.uk. My exposure is increasing and have a number of press opportunities all coming to fruition over the next few weeks/months. If you want to get in front of good, wholesome people and be part of an amazing adventure then this could be a cost effective way of achieving that!



Some media

Here are some links to a couple of recent press articles:

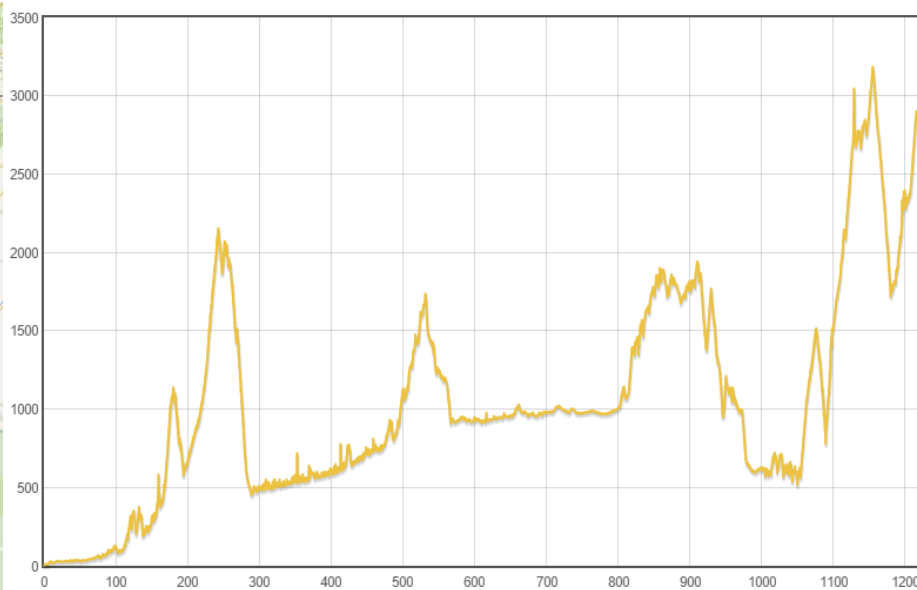
Microsoft Devices Blog – <http://lumiaconversations.microsoft.com/2015/08/12/how-lumia-is-helping-jamie-ramsay-run-from-canada-to-argentina/>

Men's running UK - <https://jamieisrunning.files.wordpress.com/2015/08/mens-running.jpg>

The Route:

This month of the expedition took me from Turbu in North Colombia to Ipiales in the South. Below I have included the map, an elevation graph and a few stats.

Minimum Altitude	0 Metres
Maximum Altitude	3184 metres
Total Ascent	32957 metres
Total Descent	30065 metres
Total KM	1223 km
Running Days	28
Running Day Average	43.7 km
Days off	3



A few events from along the route

There are literally so many different events and scenarios that would qualify for inclusion but I have to be selective and pick just a few, so here goes.



Crossing the Border from Panama to Colombia – When I arrived back in Panama I had to get myself and my stroller to Colombia. There were a few options: 1) Fly direct to Medellin, Colombia and then get a bus to Turbo where the Pan American starts again 2) Get a sailing boat through the San Blas Island to Cartagena, Colombia 3) Get a speed boat to various places along the coast from Panama to Colombia and then across to Turbo. I opted for the third option as I thought it sounded the most adventurous. My route entailed getting a 4WD from Panama City to Carti, an eight hour speed boat to Puerto Olbadia, get through customs, enter Colombia, a 45 minute speed boat to Capurgana and then a two and a half hour speed boat to Turbo. Simple! I embarked on this mini adventure and made it as far as Carti before things started to go a little wrong. After a long drive from Panama we arrived at the port and there were no speed boats going to Olbadia that day. I was instructed to get a boat to a local island and wait with a chap called Negra, he was going to be my go to guy. The island itself was amazing (put link to video) as it was home to the Kuna people. Every inch of the island was taken up with huts, shops, restaurants, schools and dirt tracks. It was so crowded that the bathrooms all jutted out to see. However, despite the amazing island things weren't moving. On the second day there were no boats which meant more waiting around twiddling my fingers. On the third day there was a boat but the only problem was that my man hadn't notified them that I wanted to be on it. I asked about the next day and it transpired that there was not a boat. I think it is safe to say that in a very calm and controlled fashion I lost my shit. I packed up my stroller, jumped on a speed boat back to shore and got a collective taxi to Panama.

Once back in civilisation I booked a flight straight to Puerto Olbadia which annoyingly cost so much less than the route I failed to make. The next morning I was on a twelve seater plane flying to the Colombian border. The plane made a spectacular landing and we (I met a fellow traveller on the same journey) made our way to the immigration. After a slightly irritatingly long process we finally found ourselves on a wooden pier lowering my stroller on to a speed boat. We then spent 45 minutes pounding and surfing huge waves along the coast of Colombia to the beautiful little town of Capurgana. Here I spent a lovely evening in a very chilled hostel and prepared myself for an early start. I had bought my ticket (approx. \$25) the night before but was advised to get there early to secure a good seat as the journey could be rough.

I arrived a rather overly enthusiastically 2 hours early. After a quick breakfast and super sweet coffee I was in the line to get on board the boat only to be hit by two disappointments. Firstly, the order you got on the boat was the order you bought the ticket and secondly I was hit with a further \$25 charge for my stroller. After watching

everyone else get the best seat I pushed my stroller to the boat only to be hit with yet another charge. Slightly held to ransom I handed the chap an additional \$10 for my stroller. On the plus side a nice couple I had been chatting to in the line had saved me a seat at the edge of the boat and near the back. I spent the crossing to Turbo admiring the beautiful costal scenery while watching in terror as my stroller jumped back and forth with every wave we hit. Luckily all ended well and we arrived safely in Turbo and at the beginning of the final stage of my expedition! Everyone piled out of the boat and onto a bus. I secured everything on my stroller and ran 30km to the next town. I was back in my element!



Running in Colombia - I know it is a bit of a cheat to put the whole of Colombia into one entry but I just love this country and I can't pick and choose which part deserves to be highlighted. This was my second time to Colombia and once again it has been my favourite destination so far. Colombian people are amazing, the scenery breath taking (just look above) and as a runner there have been some pretty awesome challenges.

Running a country makes you see a country in a very different way. If you were to ask a backpacker where they visited they would probably list off about 10 places where every other tourist goes. My run probably took me through one or maybe two at a squeeze. As a runner I can only travel between 40-70km in a day and I am averaging about 42km. This means I stop where I stop and this takes me to places that I can't plan for. Santafe de Antioquia, Anza, Buga, Villa Rica are just a few of the towns I ended up in that will bring back good memories. Being able to visit these places that are untouched by mass tourism gives you a better insight into what a country. You stay in hotels the locals stay in, you eat in the same restaurants and you are not hassled by people trying to entice you into some activity or take you to local site. Villa Rica was probably my favourite of the list and it was the first place that I wished I had company. The town is situated in the Cauca Valley where they grow a lot of sugar cane and its inhabitants are mostly black. There is a main town square where everything seems to happen. As the sunsets, the town comes to life. The music levels increase and the dancing gets hotter. There is just a super fun, happy atmosphere that is contagious.

It's not just the fun places that makes the adventure rewarding. Sometimes it's the more sketchy places that give you a good insight into the region you are in. Santander is a perfect example. I would never return there but I am really glad that I got a chance to stay there for one night. I arrived at lunchtime and the market was in full swing. The streets were lined with stalls presided over by colourful characters trying to sell their good. Boys ran around the streets with wooden wheelbarrows moving new stock to the right places. As the day continued the energy subsided and the workers evidently spent some of their earning on beer. Street sweepers took to the street with the unenviable task of cleaning the streets ahead of the market the next day. Vultures hopped around trying to salvage tasty morsels from the heats of garbage. It's not classic sightseeing treasure but to know a country you need to see all angles.

I think backpacking has changed a lot over the years. The first backpackers went to exotic places and explored the unknown. As the years have gone by backpacker hostels have been established, travel guides and the interest have defined the route and now people just follow each other from one hot spot to another. I am glad I get to see the vast gaps in between. If I need a reason to run I think that is it!

Acts of kindness:

The thing that has been the most amazing part of this trip is the number of people who have gone out of their way to make my life that little bit easier. These include, and this is by no means definitive:

- Tony and Kim for the two nights free accommodation, laundry service and delicious breakfasts at your amazing hostel in Popayan. Aren't Scottish people great
- Tony and Lizzy for letting a complete stranger in to their house and treating him like a prince. I had an amazing night. Thank you to David Russell and Christian Lindsay for making this possible
- The manager of Koala Inn, Pasto, for giving me a gas canister for my back-up cooker
- The fruit lady in El Bordo who kept giving me more fruit and the lady who gave me some pesos
- The couple in the car who stopped and gave me some pesos and a coke
- The three traveling to Pasto who gave me water and chips
- Matt and Jess for handing out my stickers and paying for my dinner – Sorry we ended up in such a terrible restaurant!



Charities:

There is obviously a serious aspect to this trip and that is to raise money and awareness for the charities I have chosen. So far we have together raised about **£12,000** for all the charities. Thank you for all your donations so far. Hopefully by the end of the expedition we will have got closer to the £20,000 I would like to raise.

Click on the logos for a reminder of the charities:



To donate please click [here](#)

Thank you to the companies that have helped me:



To find out what products I am using go to: <http://jamieisrunning.com/companies-that-have-assisted-me/>

Reminder about Dad's webpage:

Please check it out by clicking [HERE](#)

Jamie is running

You can contribute to Jamie's supported charities on his web site



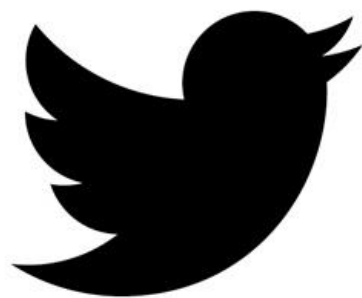
How's he going?

Days so far:- 261 Running days:- 193

Kilometres run:- 8125



Where you can follow:



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A Quick Beard Update:

As many of you know I am trying not to cut my beard while on this expedition. Here is the latest on its progress:



Photos from the road:



Landing in Puerto Olbaldia, Panama/Colombian Border



A very primitive loo on a island just of Carti, Panama



Island living, Panama



A view from the road just north of Dabeiba, Colombia



The local bus service in Capurgana, Colombia



A butterfly in Northern Colombia



My running shadow



A local Embera community in Northern Colombia



My Thule stroller at 2000m in northern Colombia



Bandeja - traditional Colombian dish



Beautiful valley on way to La Pintada, Colombia



A cemetery in Palmira, Colombia



Hanging Chorizo sausages in Santa Rosa, Colombia



The Black Christ Icon in the Basilica of Señor de los Milagros



Sugar cane trailers in Cauca, Colombia



A beautiful field in Colombia



A butcher's stall in Villa Rica, Colombia



That's what I am running!



The View on the way to Pasto



A roasted Guinea Pig



Las Lajas, Ipiales

To see more visit my Microsoft OneDrive photo page by clicking [here](#)

THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT

And sorry for typos and grammatical errors – I am always very tired when I write this and the blog!!