



What's Afoot?

Stevens Creek Striders' Newsletter

Editor: Larry Myers

Winter 2010-2011

From the Editor's Desk

Greetings fellow Striders,

2011 has been an exceedingly busy years so far for your newsletter editor, as I am sure it has been for many of you readers. In the spirit of better late than never, here is a retrospective issue.

With spring fully underway, we are all excited about the upcoming running season. I hope you enjoy spending a few moments reminiscing about these events of the recent past.

Happy running,
-Larry Myers

Clambake Run

By Larry Myers

On Sunday Sep 12, Striders held our annual Clambake Run on the Skyline-to-Sea Trail, followed by a potluck lunch featuring yummy chowder at our exclusive beach picnic site near Waddell Beach.

Runners included Bill, Claire, Patrick, Randy, Sophia, Mike, Peggy, Peter H, Johanna, Noel, Lina, Pat, Christina, Peter B, Penny, Mareese, Curtis, and Eric. (Apologies to whomever I missed.) Rolling aid stations were staffed by Larry and John.

Upcoming events

4/30: Quicksilver Trail Endurance Run, San Jose. Striders host the Dam Overlook aid station.

5/14: Striders' Annual Picnic, Stevens Creek County Park, May 14th, 10:30 am.

Running conditions were good, and the beach was beautiful (not too windy this year). The chowders were especially tasty. Penny provided her famous salmon chowder, and Bill brought his clam chowder with an extra twist (the crumbled bacon really topped it off). Appreciation goes out to everyone who attended and brought potluck contributions.

Check out more pictures of the Clambake Run on the website!



7:00 AM starters at Saratoga Gap.





On the Skyline-to-Sea Trail.



Big Basin gathering spot.



Chow down on chowder at the beach.

Striders Help Maintain Our Trails

By John McKiernan

Stevens Creek Striders enjoy runs on some very popular trails in Santa Clara County and San Mateo County. The trails are popular with walkers, hikers, cyclists and runners for their challenging climbs (and descents), scenic environments, and well maintained but still very

natural conditions. The last are difficult to balance: we want an outdoor experience that is still in touch with nature without traveling large distances. In this sense, we're very fortunate to have such surroundings, and some very caring and capable guardians of the philosophy of protected access to assure sustainable use for the future.

Among the many trails we enjoy, two organizations have a large responsibility for the oversight of the use and maintenance. They are the Santa Clara County Parks (SCCP) and the Midpeninsula Region Open Space District (MROSD). If your not familiar with these organizations, their charters, their lands and their public involvement programs, take some time to browse their online pages at:

SCCP: <http://parkhere.org/portal/site/parks/>

MROSD: <http://www.openspace.org/>

Both groups get large parts of their funding from local, state and federal government programs, and we all know how variable and difficult that can be in difficult times.

Each organization has struggled with budgets and staffing for projects, including maintenance or development of grounds. When budget cuts and other income sources reduce scopes of work for the staff, they come to depend on volunteers to assist with the work required for their projects, including maintenance. That's where we can help!

Several times over the last few years, our club has worked with the SCCP organization to do volunteer work to maintain the facilities we enjoy so often. It's a rewarding experience for both groups: they get closer to meeting their objectives, and we get some directed work effort



on trails, picnic grounds, and such that are most important to us.

In March and October of 2010, we worked with SCCP to complete work on trails in Stevens Creek County Park. Approximately 24 Striders participated, clearing brush and hazards from trails and improving the appearance and safety for many future users. For our efforts, the SCCP organization grants usage credits that can reduce future costs for use of facilities, including picnic areas such as we use in spring and fall. By our history of enthusiastic volunteer work, SCCP has even suggested the group name be given to the Stevens Creek Tony Look (aka REI) trail, as REI is no longer a sponsor for the trail.

We had difficulty with shifting assignments in Fall 2010. The primary contacts were:

Ottone Luna (Sr. Maintenance)
(408) 867-6922 (Stevens Creek County Park)
(408) 867-4642 (Sanborn Park)

Tom Vorra (Maintenance)
(408) 867-9959 (Sanborn Park)

Contact data at <http://www.sccgov.org/portal/site/parks/contacts> was mostly incorrect. The only thing that seemed to work was calling the main office and trying to work down the contact trees, hoping to get calls or e-mail responses. Some we had worked with before had been reassigned, and others were working in a temporary capacity, so our future contacts may not be the same next time either.

Thanks to the Striders volunteers for helping to keep our trails in tip-top shape! We're looking to schedule similar work again in Spring 2011.



Striders volunteers declare victory over poison oak.

Local Class Runner Wins Regional Championship

By Lina McCain

I once ran the San Jose Rock and Roll Half Marathon. Based on my finishing time, I got an "age grade" number that corresponded to a designation as a "local class" runner (as compared with an average runner or a regional or national class runner). It seemed to fit perfectly with what my experience had been, and continues to be. To date I've run at least 34 ultras (trail marathons included) and I've won 3 races. All were local and poorly attended; one was uncontested, though it remains my 50-mile PR of 8:07:15.

Last year in an effort to show team spirit, I joined the Pacific Association of the USATF. It did not cross my mind that I might someday have a chance at winning the Ultra Grand Prix series. I thought it would be fun to have some team competition. At the time there were 3 other Striders that ran for the club in this series. My age group this year contains 15 individuals, more than any other age group. Listed in my group are Suzanna Bon, Beverly Anderson-Abbs, Roxanne Woodhouse, Rena Schumann (now Lantz) and Bree Lambert.



When I planned my racing schedule for this year, it was all about training for Western States. I chose Lake Sonoma 50 miler instead of American River 50, because it was more challenging and also very beautiful. So imagine my surprise when I checked the Standings after WS and found that I was in contention for the win. There were 9 races down and 9 races to go, but I was in second place behind Suzanna Bon. I am acquainted with Suzanna through mutual friends, and suspected based on comments she made that her focus this year was not the Regional USATF Grand Prix series, but her performance in 24 hour races at the National and International level.

So betting on Suzanna's lack of attendance, and hoping that no other superstars would rise out of the second half of the year, I chose several more races. I decided to hedge my bet by choosing local races that might be fun anyway, rather than traveling far and spending a lot of extra time and money.

Five weeks after WS, I began racing again. Skyline 50k was the first. It went really well, and I was actually disappointed that not too many USATF women in my age group showed up. I wanted to feel like I was fighting for something. Then my next selection, Headlands 50k, got cancelled. They offered Rio Del Lago 50k instead, but it was the same weekend as the Clambake. I entered a period of worry and calculation. Bree Lambert won Rio Del Lago 100 mile. Did I make a mistake by not choosing another 50 miler besides Firetrails? The longer the race, the more points you get according to your finishing status. I nervously watched the results. Linda McFadden was the second USATF woman to finish RDL 100.

Then disaster struck. On September 25, the same day that Linda McFadden finished the

Sierra Nevada Double Marathon, uncontested in our age group, I twisted my leg in that old funny way. I was on the ground before I could figure out what happened. There was so much pain that I could not understand how it happened until later. First I had to remember how to get my kneecap back in place. Unlike when I was 12 and again at 23, I was able to look at my leg and not think fracture was the root of this strange new look and intense pain. I could see the lump on the side of my left femur for what it was. But until I remembered to straighten the leg that was folded under me, gentle pressure on the kneecap did no good. Once back in, the knee felt better enough to briefly entertain the thought of completing this last training run before Firetrails 50M. But knowing how much swelling was on its way, I made arrangements for Charles to find another ride home and hobbled back to my car.

In the days that followed, I went through a rather backward series of the stages of grief. First I thanked the gods of running that I'd had so much fun this year and decided to be happy even if I could never run again. Then I got tired of secretly wishing for a spectacular recovery that would allow me to run Firetrails after all. As soon as I could go out and hike, I did. It was a great way to face the reality and try to manipulate it at the same time. I hobbled along, hoping that my ligaments and menisci were intact and that the little pieces of tissue that my orthopedist expected to need to surgically clean up were not there. Firetrails came along, and I volunteered at the finish line and watched Bree Lambert win that race also. After not logging any races on the circuit this year, Bree had won two races. I came up with an alternate plan. There were 3 more races left in the season. If I could maybe just finish them all, then I'd still be a contender.



Finally 3 weeks after the injury, the MRI results were in. Although there was some aberrant signal intensity in the medial meniscus, and there was no trace of the medial femoral-patellar ligament, everything else was limited to bruising. My doctor, who seemed a bit disappointed that there was no reason to mandate surgery, explained that he was certain that the changes seen in the meniscus would have been there a month earlier. He confirmed that the MRI supported my theory that the patellar ligament was destroyed by the time I was 23, if not at 12. Thus my position that surgery can possibly be avoided if I can manage not to twist again was reluctantly validated. He fitted me with a walking brace, but told me that it would be too uncomfortable to run in.

The following Saturday was Whiskeytown 50k. There was a storm coming. I had run once and it felt good. I was pretty sure that I was certifiably crazy, but drove up to Redding anyway. Bill Dodson had been up there for a week, camping out in between the Humbolt Redwoods Half Marathon and Whiskeytown. Bill amazingly competes in three USATF categories: Road Racing, Cross Country and Ultras. So I had called Bill and made arrangements to meet him at the motel he'd moved into for the night before the race. From the outside, the motel looked very rundown, but the rooms were better and cheaper than Motel 6. They gave me the same senior discount deal that they had given to Bill, thanks to his gentle persuasion.

Whiskeytown was cold and rainy, and much more hilly and technically difficult than either of us had anticipated. I didn't know how long it would take me, but expected to hike much if not all of it. I had correctly calculated that not too many USATF women would show up for the race. Only Roxanne Woodhouse, who had won Tahoe Rim 100 miles was certain to be there. She had

run too few other races to be a threat to the Grand Prix title. After much deliberation, I chose to start the race in the fairly rigid new brace. I'd been able to hike in just the ace bandage, but was afraid it would come unraveled. I carried the ace bandage with me, along with a lightweight neoprene brace. As soon as the rigid brace started to bother me, I'd switch over. Since the course was a modified out and back, I could drop the brace at one of the first two aid stations, and only have to carry it back a short way. But I never took it off. At the price of straining the hip, it allowed me to run slowly virtually the entire race. More important, it allowed me to cross the 20 stream crossings with relative confidence.

Neither Bill nor I had realized that there would be so many stream crossings! The course had been billed as mostly single-track and the elevation profile didn't look too bad. So instead of worrying about getting knocked over, I should have been worrying about slipping in the interminable stream crossings. It was the one point in the race when my usually good reserves of endurance seemed too distant to access. The course was quite pretty and would be breathtaking if clear, with views of Mt. Shasta. But I was thankful for two things in addition to the knee brace: that Bill, who I'd zigzagged with all day, stayed with me for the gnarly mass of stream crossings, and for the finish coming not a minute too soon. Most of the day was light rain, but toward the end the rain was getting stronger and colder.

Roxanne won the women's division, but I finished third in our age group. Bill set me straight on the Grand Prix scoring. The good news: I would not need to run the Quad Dipsea. The bad news: I would have to run the Helen Klein 50 miler and beat Linda and hope that Suzanna and Bree didn't show up. Could I



possibly pull it together for the 50 miles in two weeks? It didn't seem like it. But as the pain of recovery subsided, I resolved to go out to Sawyer Camp the following Saturday. Sawyer Camp held two advantages for training: paved bike path similar to the American River Parkway, and mile markers. Despite yet more rain, Ron Wolf kindly lent his companionship and we knocked off 18 miles at a 10 minute pace, me with only the ace bandage. It was the validation that I was looking for, but the last 6 miles were a struggle.

After studying Linda's previous results for HK50, I calculated that under 10 hours should be what it would take. I deliberated over how to do that and came up with a pace chart that would allow me to start at a 10 minute per mile pace and slow down by 1 minute per mile after each 10 mile segment. That turned out to be exactly 10 hours. The pace chart was not easy to make, because the course had been modified at the last minute to accommodate for bridge construction. Instead of 25 miles out and back, it would be 50k out and back, then 30k out and back. Some of the aid station locations had to be guessed at, because they were changed but not listed. The course would curl around the river at the bridge.

Bill and I drove together to Roseville on Friday, picked up our bibs at the school, had an early dinner and retired to our motel rooms for a good night's rest. Once again the possibility of rain was in the forecast, but it looked more likely to hit on Sunday. Saturday we rose to a clear night sky and needed flashlights but not gloves for the walk to the start. We gathered in the school gym before the race and with Bill's help I identified my competitor, having only a rusty memory of what Linda looked like. Norm Klein announced in the pre-race briefing that this would be the last year of Helen's namesake races. Norm has an endearing but combative personality and there was not a dry eye in the place after he confessed

that what he and Helen will miss the most about race directing is all the people they have met over the years.

So with a clear blue sky and warm temperatures looming, we started along down the American River pathway. Running felt good. Hitting my target pace at the first few aid stations felt even better. After about 6 miles, Linda tried to pass me, but I held her off without any trouble. It was a little worrisome, however. Then before I reached the 50k turnaround I saw Bree Lambert. I had not seen her in the gym. It was disheartening, but I resolved to continue to run my own race. After the turnaround, I calculated that Linda was 4 minutes behind. Continuing back to the school, I drew strength from the beauty of the day and the friendly people on the trail. I was still hitting my targets despite feeling achy since about mile 10.

After leaving the school again, I was suddenly behind my paces. But I calculated that Linda was about 8 minutes behind me. So breaking 10 hours might be out of reach, but all I really needed was to beat Linda and to not worry about Bree. It was only 9 miles to the next turnaround and now the course was familiar. It could be done. Just keep moving. The trees and water along the course were beautiful. I passed another woman. The guys around me seemed in just as much trouble as I was. I was stiff, achy and at times too hot. At this last turnaround, I regained the time I thought I had lost. Turns out my calculations were more accurate than the information that Norm put out there. We started at the bike path but turned around at the school, about a half mile further. Better than regaining time that I thought was forever lost, I had counted 6 minutes until I saw Linda, or about 12 minutes ahead. Desperately I wanted to walk, but I didn't dare except briefly out of the aid stations. I was intermittently dizzy and



convinced that it meant I wasn't taking enough salt, because I was drinking plenty. They had no salt capsules at the last aid station and I had run out. I grabbed a handful of pretzels and scurried out of there. I had a feeling that Linda was gaining on me, and felt no reserves to meet any challenge.

Tears came to my eyes as I finished. The clock said 9:59:15. Linda finished less than 1 minute later at 10:00:08. I received a large box with a decorative 2nd place age group award. It took me another hour to figure out that Bree had only run the 50k, and thus the USATF Championship really was mine. If only I hadn't wished for a bigger challenge back in August when looking at the Skyline 50k results. But for now I could be happy helping Bill to carry his large box with a 1st place age group award back to the car. The flu wouldn't hit me until the next day. The reality of an uncertain future in running has still not hit. Yesterday I ran half of the Quad Dipsea. The joy of being out there was undeniable. But my fear when running technical downhill is still a large obstacle to contend with. I did not enter the WS Lottery this year, but hope to do so again someday.

Turkey Relays

By Larry Myers

Thanksgiving is an one of our most treasured holidays, a time for family, togetherness, traditions, fine dining, ... and of course the Stevens Creek Striders' Annual Turkey Relays.

Mike Florence hosted the event at DeAnza College Track on Thursday morning. Teams of three ran the challenging interval legs. The competition was fierce yet friendly, and everyone finished happy and ready for a turkey dinner.



Running up an appetite at the Turkey Relays.

The Quad Dipsea Nov 28th 2010

By Penny Beeston

The Dipsea, the oldest trail race in America celebrated the 100th race this year. The 7.5 mile race starts in Mill Valley. After climbing 288 stairs up the side of Mt Tamalpais it descends into Muir Woods, continues through Mt Tamalpais State Park and Golden Gate National Recreation Area finishing at Stinson Beach. The race was first run in 1905. In 1970, the legendary Walt Stack introduced the Double Dipsea, an out and back over the Dipsea trail starting and finishing at Stinson Beach. In 1983 the Mt Tamalpais runners upped the ante with the first official Quad Dipsea – a double out and back of the famed Dipsea trail. That year there were 8 starters. This year on the Saturday after “turkey day” there were 230 starters and 204 finishers. We climbed and descended 9,276ft and 4 lots of 671 stairs over 28.4 miles for the 28th running of the Quad Dipsea.

Having the opportunity to share our passion for trail running with a great group of friends is such a wonderful extension to the thanksgiving season. A little inclement weather didn't dampen our enthusiasm for being able to enjoy



one of the most stunningly gorgeous trail runs around. The weather reports were ominous – all week the hourly weather report for the area had either 100% chance of precipitation or thunder, lightening and storms for the day. We started in the relative shelter of towering redwoods at Old Mill Park. As we headed up the path for the first lot of stairs (knowing we were going to be climbing more than a 50 story building in stairs before the day was done) the forecast proved right on. At least we were expecting the worst, so when the sun peeked through and the clouds dispersed a couple of times during the day we felt really fortunate. It was wet enough to keep the locals inside so they weren't there to cheer us on up the stairs and it was slow going at the start for we BOP (back of the pack) runners. No problem, we had all day and when the hamstrings start to burn and the heart rate is racing coming back up steep ravine for the fourth crossing, you should probably be thankful for the slow start.

By the time we reached the first aid station at the top of Cardiac Hill (mile 4.4) we were soaked through and caked in mud. It's a lively, cheerful and well stocked aid station. At this "high point" in the run Chris Miller, Chuck Wilson, Bill Dodson and all the other wonderful volunteers spent all day serving the runners in the wild weather conditions. At one stage their aid tent threatened to fly off into the Pacific Ocean. Each corner post had to be anchored by a strong volunteer. It must have been a long, cold day for them. We were lucky to have a short break in the weather while running along Hogsback before descending back into the forest and were treated to the spectacular view across the ocean. You have to love a run that features a Cardiac, Insult and Dynamite hill; a Steep Ravine; a Windy Gap and a Hogsback.

What is really neat about the Quad Dipsea is that you get to see all the runners three times. Everyone is always so friendly and encouraging. Some of the seasoned Dipsea runners are incredible the way they fly down the treacherous slippery, wooden steps three at a time and hurtle down the muddy slopes at speed. I gingerly tried to negotiate the steps one at a time and in spite of great care, slipped and slid through the quagmire, not always on my feet.

Even in these challenging conditions there were some remarkable finishes. Caren Spore easily won the women's division in a course record time of 4:38:33. Leor Patilat won the men's in 3:54:29, just two minutes shy of the course record and only the third person to do the course in under 4 hours (Eric Skaggs the record holder and Carl Anderson being the other two). There was also a runner who finished his 25th consecutive Quad Dipsea and a father and son team, Dan and Steven finishing strongly (Steven was the youngest runner, just 14 years old). As for the Striders, Christina Brownson finished her 9th Quad Dipsea and I relished my first. Lina McCain ran the double which was a fine effort with her knee injury and Pat Koren had to miss this year due to foot surgery. We wish her all the best for a full recovery so she and Christina can run their 10th Quad next year. Tom K has not only participated but also been a valued volunteer at the Quad Dipsea and his presence was very keenly missed this year that's for sure.

A huge thanks to RD John Medinger , assistant RD's Lisa Hensen and Errol "Rocket" Jones and all the fabulous volunteers at the aid stations, road crossings and start/finish line.



Holiday Party

By Gene Kiernan

On 12/11/10 we had our annual Christmas party and a great time was had by all. Mike Dhuey provided the music and video while Gregg Levin led a fascinating game of video bingo. And the accomplishments of those receiving awards was nothing short of spectacular. The Athletic Achievement went to Peggy, Penny, Christina and Pat for their unbelievable completion of the Vineman Ironman. Additional Athletic Achievement awards went to Larry Myers for his first try and completion at Western States, and John McKiernan for completing multiple ultra races and pacing at Western States. Randy Ison, who enthusiastically manages the web site, received the award for Service. Strider of the Year for athleticism/volunteering went to Lina McCain for her fantastic running performances and volunteering throughout the year. Lastly, the Striders lottery into the Western States went to Peter Hargreaves. A well done by all.



Where's the food?



Coming right up. Thanks, Chef Gregg!



Happy holiday party! You look divine! But I hardly recognize you without your singlet and shorts.

Christmas Relays

By Peggy Alfred

Ho ho ho! And off they go! Seven ambitious Striders ran the Christmas Relay Races in San Francisco on Sunday, December 12th. The course consisted of four, 4.6 mile laps per team around Lake Merced. Our women's team consisted of Noel R., Christina B. and Penny B....x2 (ran 2 legs, one being in place of this injured author!). Peter H., Randy I., Larry P. and Bill J. made up the men's team. All runners had times to be proud of and represented our running club well....go Striders!





Turn left, Peter! Follow the guy in the Santa suit!



Noel, Christina, Peggy, and Peter enjoying the Christmas Relays.

Here are approximate times of our folks (apologies, the author was too focused on taking pictures to get the exact finishing times!):

Noel: 42:00
 Christina: 42:00
 Penny: 36:00
 Penny: 36:00

Peter: 35:00 (and 40:00, 40:00 and 41:00!)
 Randy: 37:00
 Larry: 45:00
 Bill: 34:40

Our two teams came in together within 37 seconds of each other, and placed 195 and 196 out of 216 finishing teams.

Pretty darn impressive times given our, um, "seasoned runner status!" ;-)

A wonderful and very much appreciated amenity was provided by Christina and Terry, their warm and comfy motor home complete with fresh coffee, juice and a yummy assortment of snacks. Shasta, their 3 year old Malamute puppy was a cute race-day companion. She enjoyed the sights and sounds of all the high-energy runners as well as the other dogs that pranced through

the parking lot. Thanks to the Brownsons for sharing their nice home on wheels, so nice to have as a gathering and warming spot!

There were a few notable pieces from the day. This event is well-known for the young and fast teams it attracts, and this year was no exception. Some of the lead male runners were flying around the course in times of 22-23:00 minutes per loop, and the first female runner came whipping in at around 25 minutes. The over-all winning team completed the 4 loops in a time of 1hr. 30 mins and 10 seconds....that's moving, 5:03 minute miles average! One of the female runners had actually run in the 1500 meter race at the Beijing Olympics!

Folks also have fun dressing up for the event. We saw many Santa-stripped socks, reindeer antler, Santa's hats, tinkling sleigh bells and other garland adorning running clothes. The race has a serious but fun spirit to it and teams often costume-up and enjoy cheering each other on. Ever been passed by a lean-legged dude wearing a cute little Santa skirt? Kind of unique....except of course if you also run the Bay To Breakers!

Sometimes people even run more than one leg, you know....those ultra-distance types! Both



Penny and Peter ran extra legs; Penny double up to run for me, and Peter, well he just decided to run the whole thing to "get in some extra miles".....18 in total. I think this inspiration came from being awarded the Western States club ticket entry for 2011 the evening before at our annual Holiday Party. If you ask him, he will tell you his solid running performance at the relays came from fear and "Uh oh, I better get training!" Best of luck Peter with your arduous and wonderful adventure, both the training and running this incredible race. Of note: if he had not stopped to chat several times between laps....a British thing I do believe....his overall 4 lap run time would have beaten both our teams!

Christina, Terry, Peter and myself hung out for a bit after the race and kicked around the idea of having a tail gate Bar-B-Q in the parking lot next year after the race. It can be a bit rainy and cold that time of year but with a comfy motor home, warm food and fine friends, what could be a nicer way to wrap up and celebrate an effort well done? ;-)



Congratulations to the Stevens Creek Striders' Christmas Relays run teams! Ho ho ho!

Ask the Dietitian

By Claire Saxton, MS, RD, CNSD

Q: My friend has a stress fracture. Can anything in my diet help prevent stress fractures?

A: A stress fracture is basically an overuse injury, but it is important to have an adequate intake of calcium and vitamin D to maintain healthy bones. While exercise does help increase your bone mass, it is also essential to get enough calcium and vitamin D to slow the bone loss that occurs as you age.

Milk is a great source of calcium, and it is also fortified with vitamin D. However, many people are lactose intolerant and cannot drink milk. Other dairy products such as yogurt and cheese are much lower in lactose and can usually be tolerated. Or, it is not hard to find other products fortified with calcium and Vitamin D, such as orange juice and soy milk. Tofu, broccoli, and dark leafy greens are good sources of calcium. The recommendations are for 1,000-1,200 mg of calcium per day, and it is one of the few nutrients that you need more of as you get older. It is always better to get nutrients through food, but some people may need to consider a supplement.

Q: I've seen a lot about Vitamin D in the news recently. How much Vitamin D do you need?

A: Vitamin D aids in calcium absorption, and it is essential for healthy bones. This has been known for a long time. But Vitamin D is now being investigated for decreasing risk of various chronic diseases such as heart disease, stroke, diabetes, depression, and dementia. It is a hormone that affects many organs, but the effects of low levels of vitamin D are still being investigated.



The Institute of Medicine, the group that sets government nutrient recommendations, recently released a new report that increased the recommendation for Vitamin D from 200 IU to 600 IU for most adults. This is based only on the amount needed to maintain healthy bones. The committee did not find strong enough evidence for other diseases to factor them in.

Vitamin D can also be made by the skin from ultraviolet light. However, many people spend most of their time working indoors and then put on sunscreen when they're outside. So, decreased sun exposure may be contributing to low vitamin D levels. Few foods are naturally high in vitamin D. Fatty fish, egg yolks, and fortified milk, soy milk, and breakfast cereals are the most common food sources of vitamin D. Because of limited skin production and lack of availability in foods, this is another case where a supplement may be necessary.



Let me know if you have a question you might like answered in a future newsletter.

Claire

