

No Country for Old Men

October 11, 2025

For the Love of the Game



Ed Tom Bell 208 Miles

Welcome to No
Country for Old
Men ultra bicycle
race.

This is truly a race
of endurance as
well as physical
and mental chal-
lenge. NCOM is
born from RAAM
experience. You
will discover parts
of the route that are
reminiscent of the
Moonscape terrain
of Tuba City and
Kayenta, climbs
similar to the Yar-
nell Grade and the
wide open vastness
of the Colorado
plains. Enjoy the
ugly beauty, appre-
ciate the desolation
and respect the rug-
gedness of this im-
mense land.



“Life is not a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside, thoroughly used up, totally worn out and loudly proclaiming: WOW.....WHAT A RIDE!!”



NCOM Outlaws 2025

208 Solo Male	Home Town	Age	Number
Branyon, Thomas	San Antonio, TX	33	240
Garcia, Albert	Del Rio, TX	60	203
Gross, Gregory (R)	Ft. Worth	60	241
Spaeth, William (R)	Eureka, CA	65	242
Kiser, David	Bastrop, TX	66	250
208 Solo Female			
Zimmer, Brandy	Spring, TX	44	243
208 2 Person			
Team Grammy-T/Larry	Houston, TX		T-200
Team Lozano- Adolfo/	Alice, TX		T-201
383 Solo Male			
Stauffer, Jeff	Monroe, WI	59	348
Crawford, John	New River, AZ	60	350
383 Solo Female			
McKnight, Vanessa	Quitman, TX	38	347
Maas, Sylvia	San Diego, CA	62	330

This year's NCOM is dedicated to celebrating the life of Thomas 'Wheels' Busch.

He was diagnosed with Glioblastoma Multiform (GBM), a Stage IV primary brain cancer, in November of 2020. He was 57.

Wheels knew it was a fatal diagnosis.

He went through two craniotomies. His days consisted of chemotherapy, chemotherapy pills combined with an experimental electromagnetic field treatment (called TTF) worn 18-hours per day.

But Thomas kept going. He completed the following while going through all this:

- RAAM Official in 2021, 2022 and 2023.
- Hoo Doo 300
- Climbed Mt. Evans and Pikes Peak
- Hoo D00 500
- World Time Trials 24 Hour
- Texas Hell Week
- Texas Longhorn 200
- Natchez Trace 444

Tom lived with the disease on his own terms, and he did what he loved.

Wheels Busch.
Recipient of the
2015 Murder Maverick Steer Award



Time Station Procedures

Text War Room immediately upon Time Station arrival.
509-750-3792 . Secondary number 830-765-8622

Text should include:

- Racer's name
- Racer's NCOM number
- TS number and location
- TS arrival in military time

Example:

Joe Racer

#111

TS1 Study Butte

15:15

War Room will provide confirmation. It may not be immediate. Keep in mind that cell service might be very limited and the window of opportunity to call in TS arrival could be very short. If text or call does not go through, keep trying. Document your arrival time in your route book.

Discover Your Magic

Ed Tom Bell 208 Mile 10,210 vertical feet

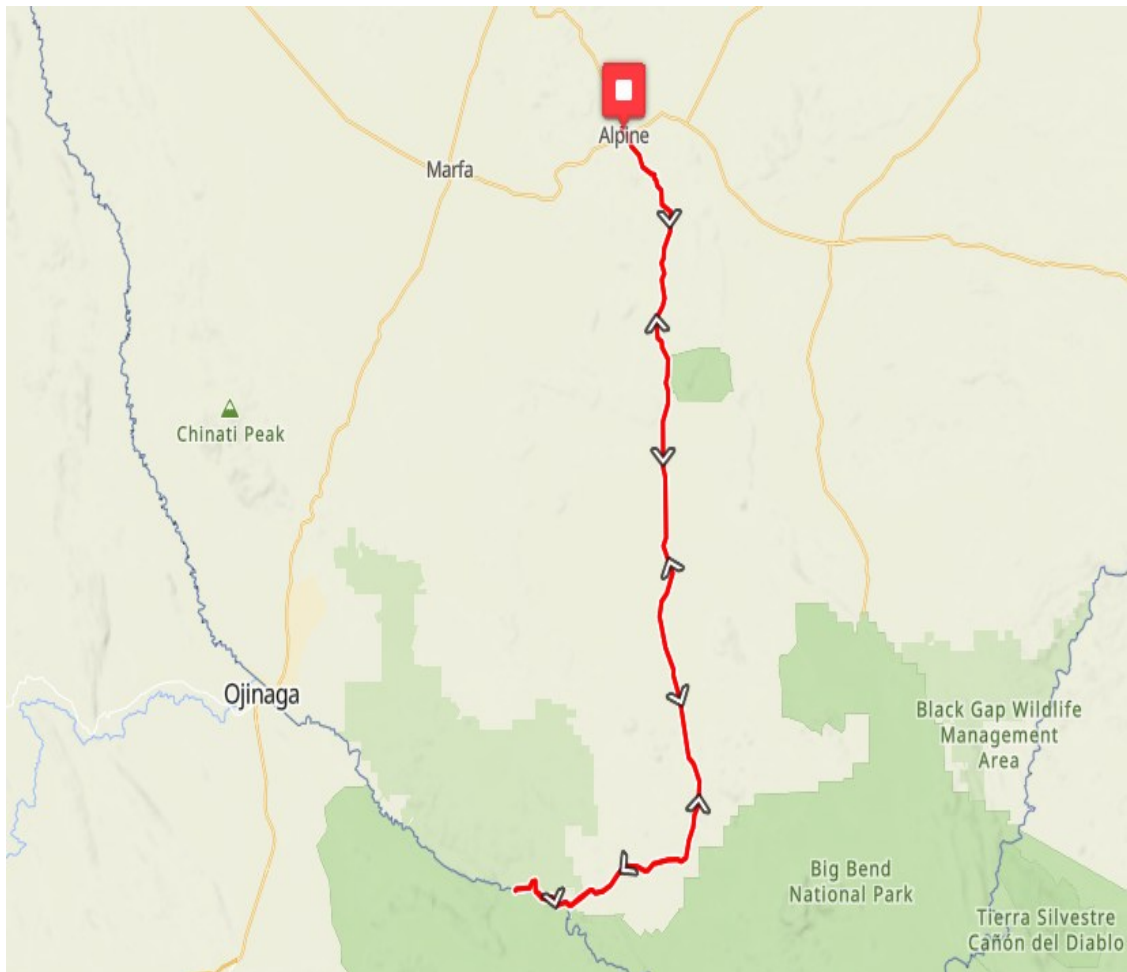
Time Stations:

Start: Kokernot Park

TS1. Study Butte 79.3 miles

Grassy Banks turnaround 105.7

TS2. Study Butte 131.7 miles



Start to TS 1 Study Butte 79.4 miles 2,449 vertical feet.

Accu- mulated miles	Time station miles	Action	Con- trol	Comments
0	0.0			Start line/Kokernot Park'
0.2	0.2	Left turn	Stop sign	Stop sign; Hendryx St.
0.3	0.3	Left turn	Stop sign	Hwy 118
1.4	1.4	Left turn	Flash- ing red light	Hwy 90 E./Holland Ave
1.8	1.8	Right turn	Flash- ing red light	Cockrell St./118 S.
1.9	1.9			Railroad tracks
2	2.0	Bear left		Stay on 118 S.
15.8	15.8			Border Patrol Checkpoint
19	19.0			Picnic area on left
27.6	27.6			Picnic area on left
68.7	68.7			Begin steep climb
79.4	79.4			Time Station #1. Study Butte. Big Bend Motel on left. Text or call War Room. Reset trip meter.



Fact, folklore and fiction about the No Country for Old Men region.

Of course the race name comes from the book No Country for Old Men, by Cormac McCarthy. It is a story set in the 1980's about the ensuing results of an illicit drug deal gone wrong in a remote desert location. Several scenes from the movie are filmed in the NCOM race region.

"To ride or not to ride?What a stupid question!"

Kokernot Field Start/Finish

The starting line of NCOM is in the shadow of Kokernot Field, a baseball stadium built in 1947 by Big Bend rancher, Herbert Lee Kokernot Jr for his semi-professional baseball team. Red clay for the infield was hauled in by boxcar from Georgia. Native stone quarried from the Kokernot Ranch was used to construct the outfield wall and grandstand. The Kokernot Ranch "06" brand was incorporated into numerous decorations throughout the stadium along with intricate ironwork of baseballs complete with painted threads.

The field has been called "the Yankee Stadium of Texas" by *Texas Monthly* magazine. An estimated 6,000 attended a 1951 exhibition featuring Satchel Paige's St. Louis Browns versus the Chicago White Sox. Future Major Leaguers Norm Cash and Gaylord Perry also played on Kokernot Field. The field is currently home to the Sul Ross State University Lobos.

"Who dares wins!"

Safety should always be of the utmost concern for both Racer and Crew.

- Be prepared at all times to shift up to your big chain ring in order to sprint away from chasing Panthers.
- Please do not feed the Bears
- Never, ever hit a Javelina broadside. It is like riding into a brick wall.
- Always be aware of falling cacti as you climb through the rock cuts.
- It is against the law to adopt Coyotes as rescue pets.
- Those are NOT speed bumps you see in the roadway. Those are Western Diamond Back Rattlesnakes. Please slow down when crossing.

"If the bone ain't showin', keep on goin'"

TS1 to TS2; 208 Study Butte to Study Butte 52.6 miles 3,427 vertical feet

Accumu- lated miles	Time sta- tion miles	Action	Control	Comments
Accumu- lated miles	Time sta- tion miles	Action	Control	Comments
79.4	0.0			Bear right on FM 170
84.0	4.6	Cont. Straight		Terlingua Ghost Town on Right
84.2	4.8	Cont. Straight		Passing Wind on right
95.0	15.6	Cont. Straight		Big Bend Ranch State Park on left
96.1	16.7	Cont. Straight		Lajitas on left
97.0	17.6	Cont. Straight		Presidio County Line Expect 15% grades. Use extreme caution
102.3	22.9	Cont. Straight		West Contraband Trailway on right
105.7	26.3	Cont. Straight		Grassy Banks on left/Turnaround
108.9	29.5	Cont. Straight		West Contraband Trailway on left
115.1	35.7	Cont. Straight		Lajitas on right
116.2	36.8	Cont. Straight		Big Bend Ranch State Park on right
127.2	47.8	Cont. Straight		Terlingua Ghost Town on left
132.0	52.6	Cont. Straight		TS2 Study Butte. FM 170E and Hwy 118N Text War Room. Reset Trip Meter



Lajitas and the Beer Drinking Goat and Mayor of Lajitas!

Clay Henry III was not only a beer drinking goat, but he was also the Mayor of Lajitas. Clay Henry III took office in 2000 and took on a greater role than his predecessors. Not only did he drink beer, he began acting as a marketing tool as well. Smith's restaurant serves "Clay Henry Queso." His bar is called "The Thirsty Goat" and it features the "Clay Henry Margarita." People come from all over to stand outside Clay Henry's pen and feed him beers all day long. There is no other good reason to be in Lajitas.

Then Clay Henry III, beer drinking goat and mayor of the west Texas border town of Lajitas, was attacked by local Jim Bob Hargrove and castrated. Hargrove committed the heinous deed after seeing the goat drinking beer on a Sunday, when the area's blue laws prevent the sale of alcohol to humans. Tourists had apparently been feeding Clay Henry his usual staple of Lone Star longnecks RIP Clay Henry!

"The ultimate thrill was peeing on the bike, snot coming out of my nose, chewing on my Power Gel and farting at the same time!"

When You Gotta Go, Go! But please don't do it in the middle of the road!



**"Man who run behind car get exhausted"
"Woman who run in front of car get tired"**

TS3. Study Butte to Finish at Kokernot Park. 79.6 miles 4,295 vertical feet

Accumulated Miles	Time Station Miles	Action	Control	Comments
132.0	0.0	Left		Hyw. 118 North
183.5	51.5	Continue		Parking area on right
192.1	60.1	Continue straight		Parking area on right
195.3	63.3	Continue straight		Border Patrol Checkpoint. No Wise Cracks
209.8	77.8	Bear left		Racing ends at Ave H immediately before the bear left to stay on Hyw 118. Document your time. 12 minutes will be added to obtain your official finish time at Kokernot Park. You must continue to follow the route book to Kokernot to complete the race.
210.0	78.0	Continue straight		R/R ltracks
210.1	78.1	Continue straight	Flashing red light	Holland St.
210.2	78.2	Left turn	Stop sign	East Ave E
210.6	78.6	Right turn	Flashing red light	5th St.
211.4	79.4	Right turn		Marfa Street
211.6	79.6	Left		Fighting Buck Ave./Finish line
Congratulations.. You Are Rugged Enough!				



The Murder Maverick Steer

The legend has been told many a times around a campfire. Supposedly the Murder Maverick is an omen of death. It is a big steer, sometimes red, sometimes black, sometimes another color. It is branded on one side with the word MURDER 'in letters a foot high.' If a man or woman gets close enough to read the brand, either that person or someone close to him or her will soon be murdered. According to the legend, two ranchers, at a roundup, disputed the ownership of the steer. The dispute became a difficulty and one of the men was shot and killed. The other escaped. Cowboys who worked for the dead man roped and tied down the steer, then branded it with the word MURDER. According to the teller of the tale, the brand didn't truly scar the hide, but killed the color-producing cells in the hair follicles, so that when the hair grew back it grew in white. The Murder Maverick then began following the murderer everywhere he went, until he had to leave the country entirely. It then went off into the mountains in the trans-Pecos area. It only appeared occasionally, but when it did and the brand was read, someone would be murdered shortly afterward. As you race through the hills of NCOM, be on the lookout for the Murder Maverick Steer. Don't get close! Don't stare him in the eye!

Some are weak and limited and ride with their legs.....others are strong and enduring and ride with their hearts.

Blood Sucking Chupacabras, Mutants, and Mangy Coyotes-

The word chupacabra literally means goat sucker. The creature so often spotted in Castalone and Lajitas is credited with sucking the blood of livestock, especially goats. The Chupacabra has been roaming the abandoned silver mines of Terlingua for decades. Some say the hideous vampire beast is nothing more than a mangy coyote. Others think the beast is a mutant result from alien spacecraft crash that slung debris all across the region over 50 years ago.

Mexican folklore has passed down the legend of the Chupacabra in several forms. Most popular are the lizard-like being description and the hairless dog description which is commonly reported in Big Bend as well. In Mexican culture the lizard-like Chupacabra is said to have leathery or scaly, greenish-gray skin and sharp spines running down its back. The creature is said to be approximately three to four feet tall and hops like a kangaroo. This Mexican monster has been described as having a panther or dog-like face with large teeth, and a long, forked tongue. The beast is said to hiss and screech when angry or alarmed. Beware the Chupacabra. Call in to the War Room immediately if you witness one on No Country for Old Men. Do not approach and definitely do not attempt to apprehend without professional assistance.

"There's a light in you that's meant to move---through the wind and the rain and the heat, under the sun, under the moon, under the stars, forever. There's a place where everything flows, and no one can tell you how to get there but you. The light's already in you---let it burn."

NCOM Course Records

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell Male Solo

2014. Andrew Willis.
21.44 mph. 193 miles 9 hrs. 0 min.

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell Female Solo

2018. Ariana Khu
206.6 miles. 18.28 mph. 11 hours 22 minutes

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell Male Solo Recumbent

2015. Jim Reeves.
13.63 mph. 193 miles 14 hr. 14 min.

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell 2 person team

2015. Cycling Center Dallas. Max Sawyer and Richard Wharton.
20.53 mph. 193 miles.
9 hr 23 min.

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell 4 person team

2016. Crotch Sprockets. Deanna Brown, Ismael Vargas, Patrick Zimmerman, Nathan Cochran.
208 miles 15.25 mph 13 hours 36 minutes



"Speed is sex. Distance is love."

383 Mile Anton Chigurh Male Solo

2013. Scott Luikart.

18.26 mph. 385 miles 21 hr. 04 min.

383 Mile Anton Chigurh Female Solo

2016. Sarah Cooper.

17.48 mph. 383 miles 21 hr. 54 min.

383 Mile Anton Chigurh Tandem

2014. Pat and Charley Jenkins.

12.92 mph. 384 miles 29 hr. 42 min.

383 Mile Anton Chigurh 2 Person Team

2016. Desperados. Joe Sitterly, Doug Randel

383 miles 16.72 mph. 22 hrs. 52 minutes

383 Mile Anton Chigurh 3 Person Team

2018. Kicking Asphalt. Antony Croston. Tomas Canny. John Sandness.

386.3 miles 13.84 mph. 27 hours 57 minutes

383 Mile Anton Chigurh 4 Person Team

2016 VIM Racing. Oscar Salazar, Alex Gibson, Von Doria, Russell Potter.

383 miles 19.29 mph. 19 hrs. 51 mins.



Glowing Jackrabbits

There's even the glowing jackrabbit explanation. Under that theory, the jackrabbits race across the desert with a coating of phosphorescent dust or glow worms clinging to their hides. In the absence of a more definitive explanation, legend and folklore have been known to sprout like tumbleweeds. Fortunately, several of these theories can be discounted because they don't apply to the West Texas region. For instance, while jackrabbits are abundant, phosphorous is not, and volcanic activity in the area ceased about 30 million years ago. Also, although jackrabbits are known for their speed, they are not known to fly or outrun cars, and both pilots and motorists have reported being chased by the lights.

“I can’t sleep. I dream too loud.”

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss Male Solo

2014. Chris Hopkinson.
13.89 mph. 1000 miles. 71 hr. 58 min.

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss Female Solo

2019. Dorina Vaccaroni
11.77 mph. 1000 miles. 84 hr. 55 min.

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss Female Solo Recumbent

2019. Sandy Earl
10.54 mph. 94 hrs. 50 min.

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss 2 Person Team

2015. Amy Russell, Tom Lavallee.
14.13 mph. 1000 miles 70 hr. 45 min.

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss 2 Person Recumbent Team

2018. Red Pearl Racing. Sandy Earl. Bill Spaeth.
999.7 miles 13.36 avg. mph. 74 hours 49 minutes

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss 4 Person Team

2017. RRT4G. Dan Rocco, Dave Rocco, Tim Piechel, Tim Barrow.
1000 miles. 17.88 mph. 55 hours 55 minutes.

Murder Maverick Steer Recipients

2014: Dustin Dinh
2015: Wheels Busch
2016: Perry Braniff Sr.
2017: Roger Foote
2018: Albert Garcia
2019: Chris Potter

Don't Stare'em in the Eye

"The Dogs of Terlingua" (copyright Moore, 2006)

There's dogs in Terlingua, dogs by the score,
Dogs underfoot and dogs at the door.
They sleep in the shade and they sprawl on my floor...
So many but there's always room for more.
We've got dogs.

There's litters of puppies, old gray-faces too,
And all the cute bitches that the Don Juan dogs woo.
Some dogs are neutered, some of them spayed,
But the dogs of Terlingua have all got it made...
Yes, they've got it made!

Some dogs are alpha, some of them, not.
They tip over trash cans! They never get caught!
Duke of Earl will steal pizzas; Brown Dog might bite.
Once in a rare while there's a dog fight...
Yes, there's a dog fight.

Some dogs are from Texas, some, Mexico.
The border is closed, but the dogs, they don't know
So they slip 'cross that river, swim to and fro.
Not a one has a green card, they just come and go...
The dogs come and go!

The dogs are all hungry; they want to be fed.
They eat what's in their bowl and roll in things dead,
Just disguising their smell, the better to hunt,
And I've heard the best dog is always the runt...
He's always the runt.

There's dogs that have left us, dogs that passed on,
Dogs we remember, of which we were fond.
There's Toby and Bam Bam, Mayor Joe, too.
Dogs have short lives; it's sad, but it's true...
Sad, but it's true.

My dog is old, and although she seems
Arthritic and slow, she still has her dreams!
Chasing those ravens, she's faster than light...
When she runs in her dreams, I know my dog's alright...
I know she's alright!

The dogs of Terlingua have their own style,
Short-haired or shaggy, sweet-tempered or wild.
Why not play with your dog or just pet him and smile,
For you know that your dog's only with you a short while.
It's such a short while...

There's Sugar, Bessie, my own Sage Hen,
Cody and Big Dog, Petie and then there's
Rocky, Chupi, Kinky and Beau,
Ruby, Mabel, Bear, Ocki and little Leo,
Diablo, two Angels, low-slung Poco,
The Duke of Earl, Jesus, and his momma MoMo,
Roger, Sonora -let's not forget Bob-
Lobo and Rio and it's a big job
To recall all the dog friends I have here and so
I'll just name a few Terlingua dogs that I know.
And they're DAMN lucky dogs...

NCOM Staff

Dex Tooke Race Director	830-313-6453
Scott Anderson Assistant Director	432-208-5685
Lisa Anderson Marshal	432-208-8330
David Michael Marshal	210-954-5987
Mark Biggs Marshal	830-734-1919
Shawn Urban War Room	509-750-3792

**"Of course it's hard!
It's supposed to be hard!
It's the hard that makes it
great!"**

Exercise physiologists and athletes have long debated the science vs. myth of the 'runner's high'. Some scientists stand behind the 'endorphin rush' while some athletes contend they have been running decades without ever achieving the runner's high. So I decided to lend my two cents worth. This is an article published in *Runner Triathlete News* in November, 1994.

Jonathan Livingston Buzzard

By Dex Tooke

I awoke at 1:00 p.m. Not much rest considering I had gotten to bed at 8:00 that morning. My thoughts quickly reminded me of the day of the week and that I wouldn't have to return to work that night. At least that was good.

I stumbled into the kitchen. Set the microwave on two minutes and started that most important first cup of coffee. Grabbed the half and half out of the refrigerator and went ahead and covered the bottom of my cup with the cream so not only would I be prepared the instant the two minutes had expired but I wouldn't even have to waste the energy stirring.

I peered out the kitchen window to check the limbs on my favorite tree to see how bad the wind was blowing. Bent nearly double. Coming from the southeast again. Must be at least 20 m.p.h. and gusty. Doesn't the wind ever stop blowing in Del Rio? The countryside was parched brown in color and the temperature was already over 100 degrees. Another beautiful day in the neighborhood. The coffee was ready.

105 p.s.i. in my 23c tires. Water bottles filled. I put on my faded shorts and grabbed my unwashed, salt-caked, body-odored jersey. "Ah, smell that! Isn't cycling a glamorous sport?" Shoes, helmet, sunglasses, chaps tick. I'm out of here.

The first few miles went slow as I gradually worked the cobwebs out of this ill-treated 44-year-old body. Living in the "land of manana" for seventeen years on the Texas/Mexico border had taught me it didn't pay to rush into anything. Easy spinning. 15-17 m.p.h. The wind hot and gusty. The desert hot and dry. The bunch grass brown and thirsty. A lone jack rabbit competing for a small area of shade beneath a mesquite tree.

That first bead of sweat began forming on my temporal region and slowly trickling down the side of my face. The heat rising off the pebbled asphalt as the tar began to melt. Pushing a little. Heart rate near the 150 range.



Then after about 30 minutes a strange transformation started to occur. The wind went dead calm. The temperature dropped. I was headed south toward Tlaloc the Mexican rain god and as I topped the railroad bridge near the International Boundary and Water Commission I could see a solid blanket of purple covering the countryside. A sea of purple waves. The Ceniza was in full bloom. And shooting out of the purple sage was the long slender arms of the brilliant red Ocotillo. The large yellow flowers of the prickly pear sprinkled the desert floor. The thick single shaft of a germinating Agave rose 18 feet into the blue sky. And the air was so clear I could see some of the white rock facing on the cliffs of the Sleeping Lady over 70 miles in the distance. The Chihuahuan Desert was at her best.

As I approached the riff-raff of the dam I noticed a small buzzard sitting atop the guardrail. Expecting him to fly off as I got close, he surprised me with his boldness and remained on the guardrail even as I passed. Then I saw several more buzzards ahead. Now believe me, seeing buzzards on Amistad Dam is not unusual, but I had never noticed this many. They were everywhere. And all seemed bold. They all stood their ground. I couldn't tell if it was in defiance or fear.

As I passed through American Customs and crossed the dam I observed something different about these buzzards. They were all small. No. young. Some of their feathers appeared immature. Baby feathers. As if they were molting. The pigment of their ugly faces was more pink than the dull red of an adult buzzard. These were fledglings.

It didn't take long to figure out the occasion. These young Jonathan Livingston Buzzards were perched atop this 200 foot dam looking down into the canyons and water of the Rio Grande trying to work up enough gumption to take their maiden plunge into the flight of life. They were there to learn for the first time about wind, lift, velocity, and atmospheric navigation.

It was neat. They were there to discover the essence of their existence, and I was there, too. It was as though I was a part of their world. A world that I had never been curious about or even thought about was suddenly unfolding before me.

I rode atop the dam. A mysterious metamorphosis transpired. My red taped aero bars seemed to grow a projection similar to that of a large ugly beak. My STI shifts expanded horizontally to form a wingspan and my helmet became a cocks comb. The dynamics of my cycling position molded into the image of my feathered friends. I was bonding with the buzzards.

And then suddenly, No friction! The silence. No longer the sound of chain and freewheel. No click of index shifting. I looked beside me. They were there. Soaring side by side. The wind beneath our wings. I was pack riding with buzzards. The flight. Dipping our wings first one way then the other. Learning navigational tricks. Confidence building. Tucking in close behind one of my compadres and utilizing his draft to gain velocity. As our skills improved we began to dive down faster and faster, daringly close to the rock cliffs, then banking at the last second to glide back over open airspace. Then, pushing the envelope, we dangerously lowered our latitude and flew wing to wing inches above the cold water of the Rio Grande at speeds that kept the adrenaline flowing. I felt true freedom. I felt the rejuvenation of enthusiasm and passion long lost to the hectic life-style of mere man. I was a buzzard.

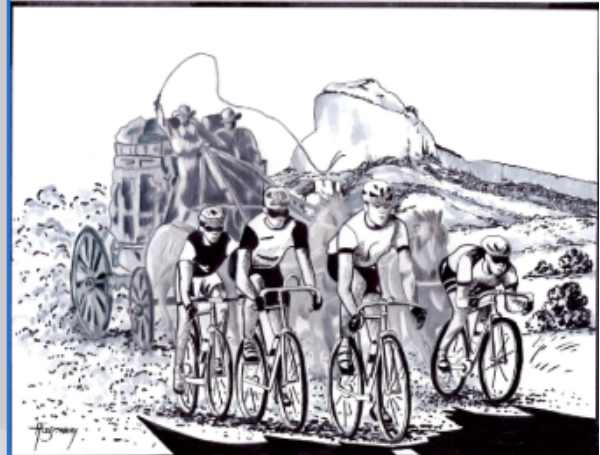
As I journeyed home and got within a couple of miles of my house I again felt the hot, gusty, 20 m.p.h. wind blistering my face. I gazed and saw the familiar brown of the thirst ridden desert. No brilliant colors. No cacti in bloom. Not even a jackrabbit stirred. Another dreary summer day.

I opened the refrigerator door, pulled out a 32 ounce grape Gatorade, grabbed two oranges, a banana, some chocolate chip cookies and an Eskimo Pie. The bennies of being a calorie burning tri-geek. I relaxed under the cool, refrigerated air. I picked up the latest edition of RTN and began reading an article entitled 'The Myths of Endorphins and the Runner's High.' An eerie presence swept over me. I glanced out the window. A young buzzard was perched on the fence post.

NCOM Hours Passed

1	Sat. Oct. 11			Sun. Oct 12			Sun. Oct 12			Mon Oct 13		
2	8:00:00	1		0:00:00	17		16:00:00	33		8:00:00	48	
3	9:00:00	2		1:00:00	18		17:00:00	34		9:00:00	49	
4	10:00:00	3		2:00:00	19		18:00:00	35		10:00:00	50	
5	11:00:00	4		3:00:00	20		19:00:00	36		11:00:00	51	
6	12:00:00	5		4:00:00	21		20:00:00	37		12:00:00	52	
7	13:00:00	6		5:00:00	22		21:00:00	38		13:00:00	53	
8	14:00:00	7		6:00:00	23		22:00:00	39		14:00:00	54	
9	15:00:00	8		7:00:00	24		23:00:00	40		15:00:00	55	
10	16:00:00	9		8:00:00	25		Mon Oct 13			16:00:00	56	
11	17:00:00	10		9:00:00	26		0:00:00	41		17:00:00	57	
12	18:00:00	11		10:00:00	27		1:00:00	42		18:00:00	58	
13	19:00:00	12		11:00:00	28		3:00:00	43		19:00:00	59	
14	20:00:00	13		12:00:00	29		4:00:00	44		20:00:00	60	
15	21:00:00	14		13:00:00	30		5:00:00	45		21:00:00	61	
16	22:00:00	15		14:00:00	31		6:00:00	46		22:00:00	62	
17	23:00:00	16		15:00:00	32		7:00:00	47		23:00:00	63	
18												

18												
19	Tues Oct 14			Tues Oct 14								
20	0:00:00	64		16:00:00	80							
21	1:00:00	65		17:00:00	81							
22	2:00:00	66		18:00:00	82							
23	3:00:00	67		19:00:00	83							
24	4:00:00	68		20:00:00	84							
25	5:00:00	69		21:00:00	85							
26	6:00:00	70		22:00:00	86							
27	7:00:00	71		23:00:00	87							
28	8:00:00	72		0:00:00	88							
29	9:00:00	73		1:00:00	89							
30	10:00:00	74		2:00:00	90							
31	11:00:00	75		3:00:00	91							
32	12:00:00	76		4:00:00	92							
33	13:00:00	77		5:00:00	93							
34	14:00:00	78		6:00:00	94							
35	15:00:00	79		7:00:00	95							
36												



Get Your Mojo



Notes

Learn hurt, trust pain and embrace struggle.

push yourself until the pain comes and then go on until you think you cannot survive.

here, the ego will let go , here, you will be purified, here is the moment of true prayer

for you will feel the power of the universal language, it is here that your quest begins and ends

Notes

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***See you
next year
at NCOM***

