



# ***In Dedication - Peter Brewer***

## ***“Of Course It Hurts”***

Before the plaid shorts and blazer, before the crazy hair, before the Fiesta, there was the Hawaiian shirt and khaki shorts, there was the beard, there was...Peter Brewer.

Last month we lost, as Chuck Woolridge so eloquently put it in a text message, a giant that was Peter Brewer. Peter was a rabid supporter of the Dublin Distance Fiesta and I would like to take this opportunity as the meet director to honor Peter and share a few stories.

I first came to know of Peter through his rankings that he would mail to the member schools of the North Coast Section when I was a junior at the St. Joseph Notre Dame High School. The rankings would go five deep and he would list us as “honorable mention” everytime and I think he bumped us

up to 5th right before NCS. We used that as a major motivating piece and ended up taking 2nd at NCS, becoming the first cross country team in SJND history to qualify for the CIF State Championships. Years later when I became a coach and mentioned to Peter that I ran at SJND, he said, “You were on that team with the basketball turned cross country coach that I pissed off enough to invigorate them to the State Championships.” I was floored that he could remember that.

I caught Peter one time at California State University, Hayward (now East Bay) while I was coaching at Skyline and still finishing up my undergrad at CSUH. He was sitting in the library tallying up team scores from the Castro Valley Invitational that had just taken place the previous Saturday. The results were stickers on poster boards. I figured I'd jam him up about how we had these things called computers nowadays. His response without blinking an eye - “Then how would I get to play hookie from work and have an intellectual conversation about technology with classy young academics such as yourself.”

The most impactful story for me personally that I can tell was during my first few years at Dublin High School, I taught at Valley High School, the continuation school in Dublin. We hired a woman there to also teach mathematics with me. During the year as we were getting to know each other, she found out that I coached track & field and she said she high jumped in high school at Castro Valley for Peter. She said she was a JV jumper at best and was a bit of a screw off at practice. The very next time I saw Peter, I named dropped her but doubted he would remember her. I even accidentally said her last name by marriage. Peter goes, “That wasn't her last name when she jumped for us. Her last name was (so-and-so) and boy we really struggled trying to get her over 5'. She was a bit nutty then, but she has beautiful children now and is doing great things for your district. Please tell her I said hello.” When I told her this, she almost came to tears. She said she had no idea how he knew about her family, how he could remember her as an athlete, etc.

This stunned me. A lot of coaches talk about caring about everyone they coach. Peter REALLY did care. After his passing, I read countless stories similar to my colleague about not only how great an impact he had on their lives, but that he remembered them and cared about how they were doing after they left his watchful eye. I can only hope my student athletes feel that I care that much about them.

Peter, losing someone like you hurts. And yet, I can still hear you say, “Of course it hurts!” At the Fiesta, when all of the competitors start to “hurt” in the race, I hope they all appreciate and gleefully embrace that “hurt” as Peter would want.

TO PETER!

Chris Williams - Dublin Distance Fiesta Meet Director