

On August 12, 2024, I received the kind of phone call that many close to this cause will never forget. After experiencing symptoms since March of 2023 and months of uncertainty with doctors, my dad called to tell me that he had officially been diagnosed with ALS.

At the time, all I knew about the disease was a vague memory of doing the "ALS Ice Bucket Challenge" back in college. Little did our family know the journey that still lay ahead. But through our faith, our sense of calling, and the deep love we share, we feel led to face this fight with purpose—and to encourage and uplift as many people as we can along the way.

As a runner from a long line of runners, what broke me most in that moment was realizing there would come a day when my dad wouldn't be able to do what he loves. He began running in junior high and soon invited his dad—my late grandfather—to run with him in the park after work. What started as a simple father-son routine became something greater. My grandfather fell in love with the sport my dad introduced him to and subsequently ran 30 consecutive Peachtree Road Races and many marathons until the age of 79. Eventually, many other members of our extended family, including me, found this same love for the great sport of running.

I've now run five marathons and four half-marathons, and my dad has been there at the finish line for nearly all of them.

If you feel led, we'd be so grateful for your support through a donation. If not, we're still incredibly thankful that you're here. It would mean the world to us if you shared this page with your friends and family.