

Fighting Fatigue

According to Merriam-Webster, middle age begins at 40 and ends at 60. I am over the halfway spot nearing 54. Tired, lethargic, exhausted, weary and pooped are words that I've noticed more folks using of late. In reflecting on my physical disposition, I considered what could be the reasons for the seemingly universal fatigue.

For starters, people are doing more now than ever. There's not a lot of downtime in this dawn of the digital age. Everything is happening faster and more efficiently than ever before. Technology is enabling us to accomplish tasks faster; in turn, we use the extra time to take on more responsibilities and activities – no wonder we are sapped.

In my case, *fighting fatigue* is an ongoing process. There are give and takes. First, I take a minute and think about what's causing my excess tiredness. I try to keep my internal dialogue simple. How much am I working? What are the personal demands in my life? Have there been meaningful changes of late? Am I keeping up with the world of tomorrow? Am I eating right and staying properly hydrated? Are the daily vitamins I'm taking right for me? Have I raised the level of my fitness training? Do I need more sleep?

This past Saturday, I ran a 50K (31 miles) ultra-marathon in oppressive humidity. I trained diligently for this ultra, but the days beforehand I didn't feel myself. I showed up for the event anyway. I'm no different than anyone. It's Monday, the first day of the work week, and we are back to the grind.

Am I fatigued? You bet I am. This morning, I skipped my recovery training; I was simply too beat up. I made a decision to lighten my training load and I'll do an easy workout this afternoon. So there you have it; in my humble opinion, the first stop to *fighting fatigue* is thinking it through – then making the necessary adjustments to get back on track.



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