

 Click to Print[SAVE THIS](#) | [EMAIL THIS](#) | [Close](#)

Silver medal spells relief for Lauscher

Published: January 22, 2008 12:26 PM

Regan Lauscher is a Red Deer native and a member of the Canada national luge team who is gearing up for the 2010 Vancouver Olympics. The World Cup competitions also a graduate of the journalism program at Mount Royal College. She is writing a series of columns for the Advocate.

Finally.

For the first time this season I feel like I raced. Really raced. That I got out there on the ice and fought. Like when you go that extra mile and make cue-cards with special highlighted sections to study for an upcoming exam.

I mean, leading into the first World Cup of 2008 after my two month struggle to break that icy beast, I wasn't naïve enough to think that I would just ease into the saddle and ride myself into the leader box. And I certainly never read that the Chinese horoscope believed 2008 to be an auspicious year. However, after a solid week of consistent training I was a Matador ready to face that stomping, snot-blasting bull. Mano-a-mano. My opponents and the time clock were merely innocent by-standers. It was game time. Me, 1,500 meters of slick ice, no brakes, and an edge smaller than a skate blade were ready to duke it out.

Friday kicked off the weekend's events. First, the Nations Cup (a fancy name for the one-run qualification round). Things went very well and I finished cozily in third. I mean it wasn't the 'big show' but it gave me back some of that confidence that had abandoned me in the first half of the season. The World Cup was next up on Saturday where I finished fully satisfied in ninth. To keep this concise, given all factors such as start time, weather, equipment and performance, ninth place was fairly dealt. Sunday wrapped it up with the team event where we finished second, losing the gold to Germany by eight-tenths of a second.

And, just like that, that pure unadulterated euphoria that I feel when I'm on my sled, and that seemed to be mysteriously absent up until this point, had finally decided to show up. I was back in the game and couldn't help but wonder how I ever fell out of it. Like when you find a ridiculously hideous shirt hiding in the darkest depths of your closet and you're suddenly awestruck at how diverted your good sense must have been to give such a reckless piece of fabric a home in the first place.

Since the race, we've been intensely training and preparing for the quickly approaching World Championships next weekend in Oberhof, Germany. It's usually the highlight of the season much like the Olympic Games. However, this year it's taken a back seat to the fact that we are counting down days until we hit the ice in Whistler for the first time.

But at the end of the day, like anything, we needed a 'break' from thinking about sliding. And coincidentally, while our 'line of work' brings us all over the world, we try to make time to experience the culture and see rare relics of history. And by rare I mean standing on the very ground where Hitler's home stood over 60 years ago, and holding a piece of marble rubble and camouflaged tree netting from its ruins.

We're in Berchtesgaden, Germany and, less than the entire drive down Gaetz Ave, is Obersalzberg, the site where some of the most heinous crimes against mankind were brainstormed, strategized and executed. We trudged through Hitler, Goring and Bormann's underground bunkers — an intricately woven and indestructible combination of tunnels, prison cells, guard dog kennels, sniper posts, bathrooms, sleeping chambers, even kitchens.


We saw the log cabin where Hitler orchestrated Mein Kampf. Even at our hotel, I open my window to a view of the Eagles Nest — Hitler's summer home. I mean I felt like I had opened a history book from eighth grade social studies and accidentally fallen right inside the pictures. I felt a confused cocktail of fascination, disgust, intrigue, sympathy and hatred.

The mini-series Band of Brothers, which was appropriately filmed here, is now on my shopping list after it apparently depicted the events with exceptional accuracy.

Our field trip made me think. Success is always the ultimate goal in life no matter who you are. But in the end it comes down to your approach. And the ones who not only approach their goals with passion and determination but also with realism, acceptance and humility are the ones who will most likely reach them.

Find this article at:

http://www.albertalocalnews.com/reddeeradvocate/sports/Silver_medal_spells_relief_for_Lauscher.html

 [Click to Print](#)

[SAVE THIS](#) | [EMAIL THIS](#) | [Close](#)

Check the box to include the list of links referenced in the article.

Copyright ©2008 Black Press. All rights reserved.