

Lockdown, Loss, and the Meaning of Life
By Jamie Black

The cancellation of race events is something huge for most of us, and something that most people cannot understand the magnitude of, for those of us who suffer from this loss.

The truth is... I'd race or work on just about anything right now. Give me a car, truck, big wheel, lawn mower... snail racing anyone?! Life in this pandemic has changed everything we know, everything we want, and everything that we do. Events... cancelled! Social gatherings... cancelled! Dinners and meetings with friends (that have no clue how much they actually mean to us)... cancelled!

RACING... CANCELLED!

This is so much more than just a hobby. It is an outlet for stress (and sometimes a cause of stress ☺). It is our joy. It is where we get to work with our hands. It is where we work together for the benefit of the whole group or team. It is where we get to put our skills (or lack of skills) on display. It is friendship and FAMILY!

These are the people and things that we get up early for, stay up late for, and sometimes don't sleep at all for. This is what we travel for, the people we travel with, the people we snore in front of, eat with, lose our modesty with (I have become very good at peeing on the side of the highway), learn new things with, and adjust and adapt with, to make the best of any situation. This is where we learn commitment, and where others, hopefully, see what drives us — and what we drive ;).

I am blessed to have been born to people who had to build things, rather than just buy them. We built homes. We built Frankenstein mini-bikes out of whatever we could piece together. We built skateboard ramps and dirt tracks. And, we built community! We had cars that “may not make it all the way to town,” we popped hoods, changed tires, and learned to diagnose that “gawd awful” sound, or thump. We learned to fix things. And for as long as I can remember, my dad taught us about racing. He taught us to “drive” before we could reach the pedals. He taught us cornering and braking, and he instigated our family's involvement with this club and racing in general.

In my experience, the racing community embodies the best things in life... family, friendship, teamwork, commitment, building, adrenaline, and fun. I was part of this club long before I ever got behind the wheel... a support person, and at one of the hardest times in my life, you all gave me the support and confidence I needed to go out and “embarrass” myself. Whether it's asphalt, dirt, desert, or sand... my best friendships and most of my favorite people have come into my life because of cars and racing. I am beyond grateful for all of you, for this club, for my bad hippies, and for McLaren Racing. This is what it's all about. This is the best life.

We will gather, we will socialize, and WE WILL RACE AGAIN!