"Well, there is a severe inflammation in your meniscus, so you'd better not do distant running anymore."

I could hardly believe the doctor's diagnosis until I fell on the track during a running training again. That was the most helpless day in my life and finally, I quitted the school team. Seeing my former teammates run faster and faster, I was moving in the opposite direction.

Farewell to running, time seemed to run faster. After six-months' depression, I accepted the reality and decided to end my negativity by enrolling in the Yongdong Club, a campus sports community. Because of my injured meniscus, I was only offered the logistic support work. From an energetic runner on the track to a supporter of fundamental matters backstage, I felt the dramatic change in my role and had been slack in the job which successfully aroused the President's attention.

"How do you think of running?" asked the President who was also a former fellow man in the running team.

"Cool, and rewarding," I replied.

"Sure! But how could the runners achieve their fulfillment and success?"

"Hard efforts and gifts."

"Perhaps also because of the help of logistics staff. We are a team and everyone is a contributor to the whole success, regardless of different duty content. Off the "stage", you still mean a lot just as the runners do."

President's words made me realize that I've never truly accepted the fact that I could no longer run, though I joined in Yongdong and worked logistically. It was an escape to a certain extent. My overwhelming depression even made me forget the most common trait of a runner: face up to the past and confront the unknown future bravely. Realizing the problem, I finally started to treat my job seriously.

As a qualified logistics provider, I should find and help solve all the potential and existing problems for our "warriors"—the runners and other athletes, offering the best exercising environment. I went into them and accompanied them in training, aiming to find problems and improve. Considering different class timetables of the athletes, I rescheduled the training plans to maximize the training attendance. And to provide better training condition, I wrote seven emails to the school principal, trying to get his permission of using the school gym freely, which never happened before. I finally won his assent and I became the most persistent man in his mouth. I know this is the trait that my past running experience taught me.

With improved training field and time schedule, the whole training performance increased by 20% in two months. And I could clearly feel the increasing morale in the club. Certainly, some peers were stuck in the confusion. When Lee, a runner in the club, came to me and expressed his dismay about failing to catch up with others despite his great efforts.

"Competition is not the only thing in sports, Lee. Try to find the other things it offers you. At least you still could run, not like me, a retired man." We both laughed. At that moment, not only Lee found a new sense of running and sports, I also was relieved about my physical injury in the real sense.

In the next year, I was selected as the club President. I initiated the orienteering team and led them to attend the amateur competitions. To expand our influence, I recruited unprofessional runners and even encouraged girls to join us. This new success made the club stronger and stronger and helped me gain a new me, one that completely got rid of the trouble of failing to run.

The experiences in the club made me understand that sports exist in different forms, as long as you devote to it. And I had successfully transformed from a narrow-minded "me" to a man that can bring common good. Thanks to the injury.