

Everything's better on a bicycle. Even the weather.

I never imagined I could feel so good after 7 hours sleep as I did this morning! The alarm went off at 6:57 (I still remember how much nicer it was to get up at 7:05am, but when there are two of us riding, not just me, I need to allow a bit more time) and I just felt great. Totally rested, totally awake & aware. I know what they say... that you can't catch up on lost sleep with just one night's normal sleep, but they're wrong. I can go several days on not enough sleep and definitely feel the effects as the hours wear on, but just one single normal night and I'm fine. Even better than fine sometimes. And this morning was one of those sometimes.

Of course, it would be nicer if I didn't know exactly what was going to greet us as we opened the garage door. It's days like these where I'm thinking we only have 7 months of really great riding weather, writing off November, December, January, February & March. That's nuts; our winters are extraordinarily-mild compared to most! But sometimes you start to feel sorry for yourself; the stiff(er) joints, the lungs work even less well than usual, and you put on a few pounds. Nothing that keeps you off the bike though.

Eric, Kevin (the pilot), Karl, George, Todd, Jim, Marcus and the other Kevin (my son) were out there this morning, heading up the hill at a pace best-described as "semi-casual" with nobody looking like they wanted to go too fast. Surprisingly, I was doing better than (not the pilot) Kevin, waiting a bit twice on the climb. I haven't rubbed that in at all. Not too much. I mean not nearly as much as I could. I'm sure I passed up at least one or two chances to mention it to him.

Yes, a bit cool at 33 degrees, just under 40 up on Skyline, but pretty darn pleasant when you're prepared for it and ride at a consistent pace. And it helps when you're riding with others who share similar feelings about how wonderful it is to start the day with a bike ride.