

It felt good to hurt

I don't think I'm ever going to allow myself 10 days off the bike in March again! It's only this past few days that I've begun to feel like myself on a bike, and that doesn't mean that I'm going fast, but rather that I'm in control of what my body can do. If I want to go faster, I push myself harder, limited only by pain and not that awful feeling of not being able to torture myself enough that I really feel it later on.

Sunday and today, I really felt the effects of the ride later on.

Big group this morning, including but not limited to Karl, Kevin, Kevin, Karen, Jon, Eric, George, Todd, Michael and at least one other I think. Kevin (my son, not the pilot), Michael and I somehow found ourselves out ahead of the rest at the base of the climb, and we just kept on going, thinking they'd catch up to us fast enough. The reality was that they were taking their time today, so Kevin & Michael never did get caught, and just kinda cruised to the top in 25:48. Eric did pass me up about 3/4 of the way to the top, but I was pretty happy to get a 27-something time (27:57).

Because west-side Old LaHonda is still being worked on we rode over the top and down Star Hill to its dead end, and back up, adding another couple miles and 500ft of extra climbing to the day. As they say, it's all good! Especially since I was able to get my heart rate up to 175 (which is pretty much my absolute max) and really feel it in my legs. Up to this point my lungs have been the limiting factor to my climbing, so my legs never really got that feeling later in the day that stairs were something to be avoided.

Finally, I'm looking forward again to my Tuesday/Thursday-morning rides!