

The Lost Weekend



90 inland, 66 on the coast. Gotta love those Bay Area Microclimates! Two amazingly-awesome days to ride, Sunday & Monday, what an opportunity! With the shop closed on Monday, I'd been looking forward to this weekend for some time. Maybe get back to the Sierras again; it's been quite a while since I've ridden either Ebbets or Sonora Pass. Or at least something challenging 'round here. That would be logistically easier, since we no longer have a shop van, so no way to transport bikes.

But instead I've got a very slow 12 mile ride on Sunday and a 45 mile ride today (that wasn't quite as fast as I'd hoped for but I certainly suffered!). Kevin's kidney procedure last Wednesday involved installing a temporary stent, a different sort than he's had before because this one quite literally has strings attached. And those strings cause a great deal of pain, enough that he was hating life pretty badly the whole time on Sunday so what was supposed to be an easy "loop" through Portola Valley instead made it out to the end of Mt Home before having to turn around.

I was hoping today would be different, that Kevin would be back on his feet, but no such luck. I delayed as long as possible, and spent a number of hours trying to figure out the logistics of a trip to Africa that Karen (my wife) has had on her bucket list... finally, at 3:45pm, I just had to stop doing that and get out and ride.

Hot? Yeah, it was hot, about 90 out there, 87 going up Old LaHonda, and maybe it was the heat that was slowing me down a bit and driving up my heart rate, but more likely I'm just out of shape. Hate that. Hate that I get into awesome shape in France, come back, and life just gets in the way for a while. But I pushed it pretty hard, including the long stretch out to the coast into a headwind. A headwind that made me hopeful that maybe I'd get a push up the lower parts of Tunitas, but of course that wasn't the case!

But I did get that feeling after the ride that my body had recalibrated a bit, that I had managed to avoid further deterioration, dodged a bullet. Especially appreciated that I was able to get my max heart rate back up to 174; I'd thought 172 was the best I could do. That's a really good thing. But it really did seem close to not riding at all today, and I just cannot imagine the damage that would have done. :-)