

Don't spend a week off your bike



The LaHonda duck pond remains covered by red "something" but whatever it is, it doesn't seem to bother the ducks.

Doing the "Coastal Classic" should be pretty easy; after all, we've done it so many zillions of times before. But last Sunday we did a mostly-dirt ride on 'cross bikes which, while significant in effort, wasn't too many miles (less than 40). And since then, I've spent time at the IBD (Independent Bicycle Dealer) Summit in Phoenix, where I spent just a few miles, on two days, riding mountain bikes (and one of those days was mostly carrying a mountain bike while hiking, due to lack of belief it was possible to actually ride such rocky terrain). Plus not one day commuting to work & back.

30 years ago, missing that week probably wouldn't have mattered. Or at least not mattered much. But at 58, yeah, it matters. Life at 58 really isn't that much different from life at, say, 25, except that "use it or lose it" is no longer an abstract concept, it's a reality. Which doesn't mean you can't take time off, but when you do, you won't be starting up where you left off. Which means we rode up Old LaHonda at a pretty leisurely pace (25 minutes) and Haskins not much faster (12 minutes). About 3 & 2 minutes slower than normal.

But the food at Pescadero Bakery was as good as ever, the giant cookies just slightly smaller than normal, the fierce headwinds on Stage died down and Tunitas wasn't easy, but it wasn't all that bad either.

Perhaps the best thing about the ride was that Kevin had no seizures, a significant departure from the past several days, where he's had several pretty gnarly episodes, both at work and at home. So yes, there's some evidence that his cycling is actually good for his seizures.

The other interesting thing about riding with Kevin is that, whether intentionally or otherwise, he finds some part of the ride that would best be described as "redeeming." Today, it was the top of Tunitas. He was flying on that part, eventually dropping me about a mile before the finish. For me, rides rarely have any single section that offers redemption; rather, it's the ride as a whole, and without exception, post-ride I'm always glad I rode, no matter how tough it was.



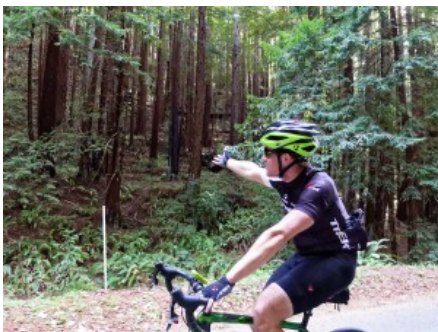
A bird I hadn't previously noted, identified by Betty Buhr as a Green Heron..



The obligatory view of Skyline while climbing Stage Road from San Gregorio up to Highway 1.



That Pepsi truck far left has been a Tunitas Creek feature for as long as I can remember.



Kevin pointing to the Forrest of Endor