

I *am* the weakest link. Good-bye!



A couple days late in this report; maybe the ride took more out of me than I thought!

It was a beautiful morning, no leg warmers needed. Karen, Karl, Eric, Kevin (pilot), and... uber-fast Keith and up & coming Jeff showed up. Ouch. Apparently it was Keith and Jeff at the top, with Jeff probably a bit confused about why it's such a high honor that Keith was playing with him. I was nowhere near them; as you can see in the photo, I lost contact about halfway up.

I actually felt halfway decent on the section through the park, despite the fact that I forgot to use my Qvar inhaler before the ride. Warmer weather is definitely a help for me, no question.

On West Old LaHonda I came so so so close to hanging onto the fast wheels on the upper section, but just couldn't quite get there. I'm trying to remember the three ahead of me; Keith for sure, Kevin (pilot) I think, and that would make the last one Jeff? I was too wasted to sprint up that last bit at the end, the one part of this ride that I "own."

Update on Kevin (my son, not the pilot)- Next Tuesday morning he gets his MRI and finds out just how damaged his right hand really is. It's possible that our upcoming trip to France could be without bikes, which would certainly change the nature of it. Spectators, not participants. But I'm hopeful that, somehow, Kevin will be back on a bike before then.