

And Kevin kept riding...



Go figure; 22 year old guy who would love to meet a woman his age who shares his love of cycling (with zero success so far), and, after climbing up through Huddart Park on his way up Kings Thursday morning, comes across this group of women from Stanford.

And doesn't even slow down.

OK, so he's riding with Marcus and he's on his brand-new bike and wants to see how fast he can go, but... no thought to letting anyone know this is a regular ride for us, what time the ride starts, maybe some might want to join us sometime? Even if just for the run across the top of Skyline?

It's not as if I can help out, letting them know about our ride, without looking like some creepy almost-60 guy (especially so with my heavy breathing!). What can you do. I mean, yes, cycling is awesome, the most-reliable thing in your life, something that you have a great amount of control over. It's about as un-like a personal relationship as you can get. Why wouldn't I want him to just put everything into cycling, and forget about this girl stuff? I recall, a very very long time ago, become rather attached to the Simon & Garfunkle song "I Am A Rock", their version of Bob Dylan's "Positively 4th Street." Songs that have special meaning to you when you have, or think you have, broken up with someone. Why should I want him to go through that?

Hmm. When I think how much my cycling meant to be back in the day, rides done "with passion" because I was trying to forget, or just force myself strongly into a different reality... I'm not sure how I would have pulled through without my bike, my cycling. Wow. I started this out about Kevin, and turned it into something about me. Well what the heck, it is **my** almost-daily diary after all!
--Mike--