

Back in the saddle again



Pretty warm on the bay side, pretty cool on the coast



Kevin checking out bikes at the Ride for Ravenswood event this morning. We had a really great start to the day; excellent coffee provided by the support crew at the "Ride for Ravenswood" benefit ride. Kevin and I were there to check out bike, which means mostly airing up tires and explaining to quite a few that it's "normal" to have gear noise when in the large/large combination. Not a huge turnout, likely due to the Jens Voigt Gran Fondo yesterday, but a good group of enthusiastic supporters for health care that's not limited to those who can afford it.

A few hours later, we were off on the usual. Old LaHonda, Pescadero, Tunitas. It wasn't going to be super-fast; last week was a bit short on mileage, and I'm breaking in a pair of new shoes (Bontrager RXLs with the new BOA tighteners; very cool!). On the other hand, Kevin started going hard about halfway up Old LaHonda, and it was about time I do something semi-respectable. Best part was that my breathing actually felt slightly improved, something I haven't been able to say in quite a few years.

This time, no broken gears at the Duck Pond like last Sunday (which resulted in a shortened ride and missing my 120 mile/week target). Pescadero... well, dependable as always. Chicken club (split between us), two cokes, two oversized cookies. Then off into the headwind heading north on Stage Road. By the way, the usual route into Pescadero, North Road, is under heavy reconstruction. As in, totally gone, just dirt. Recommend that you ride all the way into town on Pescadero Road instead of making the turn that takes you past the goat farm.

Tunitas? Not great, not terrible. I felt pretty good on the steep middle section, still breathing better than normal. For the first time in ages, it was my legs that were holding me back a bit, not my lungs. I can deal with that. Easy to get stronger legs. Not so easy to deal with the lungs. Kevin finished about two minutes ahead of me. One of these days, when I pull up ahead of him on the early parts of the climb, I'm just going to keep on going and see if I can stay ahead. This bit of holding back for him and then watching him sail past gets old.

We'll see Tuesday morning if my breathing continues being not-quite-so-bad. It's nice to feel the legs burn again, and watch my heart rate climb up to where it should be with a maximum effort. --Mike--