

Back in the saddle again!



Normally, this would be a depressing image. Watching Marcus and Eric ride away from me (those two little dots at the far end of the road), near the top of Kings. But not today!

Last week's whirlwind tour of Greece, Rome & Paris came to an end Tuesday, much too early Tuesday. As in having to get up when the clock said 5-something to catch an early flight home because later that same day, I had a meeting of the Redwood City Complete Streets Committee I needed to attend.

It's just a bit insane, getting up in Paris so early in the day, flying a quarter of the way around the world, heading home, take a shower, sleep for 2.5 hours and then ride to a meeting from 6pm to 9pm. That day wasn't a 24 hour day, it was 33, making it one of the few things I've done crazier than the time I rode a century in Wisconsin on a Saturday, then flew home that night and rode another century (actually 113 miles) on Sunday.

But today (Thursday) was "normal." Back to the usual Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride. Finally! Almost looked forward to the cold, to heading up that steep section through Huddart Park. It was actually easier than expected. Easier does not mean fast. Thankfully Eric was feeling tired so I was able to keep up with him until shortly before the top, when Marcus (who had joined us about half-way up the hill, flying up from behind as only he can do) kicked up the pace just a bit, or I slowed down, and they slowly began riding away from me. I was able to keep them in sight all the way to the top, which seemed not-so-bad for having been off the bike for two weeks.

Life is good. Now time to switch bikes as it looks like quite a bit of rain heading our way. Yuck, but I'm ready.