

Kevin takes a week off and still kicks my butt



This has not been an easy winter for me; my weight's kicked up a bit and my climbing has predictably slowed. It's quite likely some, perhaps most can be attributed to a winter that began a bit colder than normal, plus taking two weeks off in November and another 8 days in December. When you talk with those amazing guys in their late 80s and early 90s who keep putting in the miles, and ask them what's the secret, it's always the same. Don't stop. Ever. Just keep on riding. Maybe as I approach 60 I'm getting close to that "don't stop" age. There are worse things to be told!

Kevin (my son, not the pilot) had taken a trip to Disneyland with his sister, so until this morning he hadn't ridden in a week. You'd hardly know. He took it fairly easy going up Kings, nevertheless casually pulling away from me (along with Eric & Karl & I think MarkP). The other Kevin, that pilot guy, was shortly behind. Me, I'm just trying to keep them in sight.

It was on West Old LaHonda where Kevin really picked it up though. Karl did his usual thing, increasing the pace until people began to fall off the back, leaving just himself, younger Kevin and MarkP. Karl dropped off somewhere along the way, and in the upper forest, Kevin simply rode MarkP off his wheel. Or so I am told; it's been some time since I've been a witness to such things!