

60? Really? Doesn't feel that much different than 59.



Can you EVER get tired of this view? If I had a remote camera I could put anywhere in the world, this might be the place. West-side Old LaHonda.



Karen & JR on West Old LaHonda

I think, I could be wrong, but I think it possible that this year might go better than the last, cycling-wise. There was something about the threat (threat? As if something I could fight?) of turning 60 that finally got me in to the doc, first to get my Raynauds taken care of (my ice-cold hands & toes, which are part of an unusual, for guys anyway, circulation issue) and next, those awful-sounding lungs of mine that desperately search for every last bit of oxygen once the road tilts upward. The good news is that the Raynauds seems to have been greatly reduced in severity, and the last two or three rides have felt like there's been a bit less wheeziness in the lungs.

It's not like I'm setting the world on fire. That ain't gonna happen. But, just about the same time the sun has scared away the rain, I feel like I'm getting back the 20 or 30 watts I've been short of for a while. That's a good thing.

What's not quite so good is that Kevin's kidney issues have returned; he sees his urologist tomorrow and will possibly have one of those painful stents installed again (a stent is a piece of plastic tubing that's placed inside the body's plumbing that holds open an area where scar tissue has created an obstruction). But there was good news too; the renal scan, which shows how well the kidneys are actually functioning, is showing improvement! His two bum kidneys are starting to work better. That's a really good thing.

Unfortunately, this has kept Kevin off the bike for the past week, which led me to scrap this morning's planned breakfast at Alice's during our morning ride. Have to apologize to Karen, JR & Eric, who showed up expecting breakfast. Hopefully we can reschedule next week, as soon as Kevin's back riding again.