

What's worse than Kevin ditching me?



It gets kinda old, this thing where your kid can, on a whim, ditch you on nearly any climb. I still recall looking forward to the day when he'd be stronger than me in the hills, but when that day came, let me tell you, it really wasn't that much fun. The "proud dad" thing, I later realized, was predicated in the belief that it wouldn't be a constant. That there would be days he'd be faster, and days I'd be faster. The reality is that his climbing improved in what appeared to be an unstoppable trajectory. I had to get used to Kevin finishing up at the front, with guys I used to be competitive with, while I finished a couple minutes behind. I got used to it, but I never liked it.

But what I like even less is Kevin not doing so well on a climb due to an issue with his kidneys or his epilepsy. Today was one of those days. His first day back on the bike after having to spend time in the ER (again) for a mysterious pain that, in the end, was never figured out. This is a pattern that's been going on for a few years now, but the good news is that he's had so many tests that it's pretty certain his kidneys are actually improving.

Getting back to the ride, just a few of us this morning; myself, Kevin (not the pilot), Eric and JR. Kevin was suffering on the climb through the park, and I wondered how long he'd keep going. Pretty sure he was hoping I'd ask if he needed to turn back (which in fact he later confirmed)... and since I never did, he just kept going. It seemed dreadfully slow, but the reality is that we arrived home not much more than 15 minutes later than usual. Kevin gradually felt better through the day, and I think, on Sunday, we'll be back to the usual. Me trying to keep up with Kevin, not the other way around.