

Three days, three rides, three missing almost-daily diary entries!



Sunday, Monday & Tuesday... three days in a row on the bike. Can't get a whole lot better than that! But it wasn't anything like the epic nature of such things in the past; in a "normal" year I would have had two round-trips to Santa Cruz under my belt by now. This has been anything but a "normal" year though, starting out with the end of the 4 or 5-year-long drought (which put quite a bit of pressure on the business), followed by a series of family medical issues. Eventually I think it did take a toll on my riding, cutting back both on mileage and intensity (but not frequency; if it's a Tuesday or Thursday morning, I'm out riding... same thing for Sundays).



The spectacular view of the coast from West Alpine



This past Sunday would be the start of getting Kevin back on the bike; he'd been off for the past two weeks following his first two brain surgeries for epilepsy (just one more to go!). A relatively-easy ride up Old LaHonda, south on Skyline, dropping down Page Mill and looping back home. He was pretty apprehensive about it at first but got stronger and stronger as the ride went on. Plus, he actually enjoys descending Page Mill! Go figure.

Monday the shop was closed (Memorial Day) so a slightly-more-challenging ride, up Old LaHonda again, then down to the LaHonda duck pond, up West Alpine and north on Skyline. Definitely a tougher ride! West Alpine was at what should have been a pretty easy pace, but no matter what speed, that hill's always a brute. Kevin was doing pretty well, too well perhaps, as he challenged

the climb up from where Old LaHonda hits Skyline, getting a new PR for that segment and doing a number on his left knee.



This morning I got him up and... well, his knee was just not up to it, so I rode off alone into, surprisingly, fog! Where did that come from? Carl, Karen, Eric and Kevin (pilot) showed up to torture me up Kings. I did fine as far as the park entrance, after which I was in survival mode to the top. Definitely over-dressed as the fog burned off quickly; at the top I removed the leg warmers and enjoyed the mid-60s temps. Summer is here.