

Honest, it looked more like a Fox than a Coyote in person



If you look really hard, bottom left, you'll see what looks more like a Coyote than the Fox I swear I saw on Olive Hill as we finished our ride this morning. The good news? It's been a while since Kevin's had a seizure. The bad news? He's just riding away from me again on the climbs.

Karl, JR, Kevin (not the pilot), Eric and Marcus this morning, although as usual, Marcus is there just for the climb up Kings before rolling on Skyline for a mile or two with us and then splitting off for home. Doesn't matter; it's on Kings where he does his damage, usually with both Kevins in tow.

After Sunday's ride, where I rode unexpectedly-strongly on the steeper parts of Page Mill, I found myself back to normal climbing Kings. A bit frustrating that I've lost a full minute off my best times from last year, and making me wish Strava had a "rolling" list of personal records that kicked in as you get older. I mean seriously, should a 60 year old be chasing demons from when he was 48 or so? Didn't think so!



These readings might seem like no big deal for most, but for me, it's very good to see. On West Old LaHonda Karl took off with Kevin on his tail; it wasn't too long before Karl was watching Kevin ride away, like I'm so used to doing. It's good to see Kevin get his confidence back, especially descending. Hopefully that will continue; evidence that his new brain implant is actually helping to stop his seizures.

And at my end, while my breathing certainly isn't getting any better (the move from Qvar to Singulair didn't seem to make a difference), my blood pressure at least seems to be under control. Riding is clearly good for me. Life is good.