

Just another pretty picture



If you leave your video camera on long enough, eventually you get a pretty picture. You can have those days where it takes 38 minutes to get up Kings, and it never gets about 39 degrees, and the roads are a mess from earlier rain and debris from trees that had fallen across the road and just recently cleared, and maybe you might wonder, as you're heading up Kings towards that 38 minute time, why are you here? Why did you get up an hour early, have to put on extra clothes to try and stay warm and sorta dry, and have to ride your heavier rain bike but that's not an excuse as Kevin rides away from you because his bike has got tank wheels on it?

You keep on going up the hill because you know everything changes once you get to the top. Not always for the better; it was actually colder up top! But nearly all the climbing is done so you can relax a bit and draft behind the two Kevins (both my son and the pilot were with me today).

But mostly, the point of riding is that it's just so darned beautiful out there. And you're not just seeing it in-person (making it better than a picture) but you got there under your own power. The people commuting to work in their cars, windows rolled up, heaters turned to blast-furnace setting, dressed like eskimos and looking like they're dreading life at the moment? Those are the people for whom you should be wondering, "What's the point." The idiots out there on their bikes, sometimes in crazy conditions? There's more going for that than you might think.