

Sun, Shadows & Fog. I'll miss Summer when it's gone.



This picture must be torture for all those who have experienced my favorite roads and moved on, and over time, come to wonder if their memories were better than reality. Nope. The riding really is as awesome here as you remember.

Riding home from the shop Monday night, I felt like I'd turned the corner on feeling old & slow. I was making good speed heading up Jefferson, and made it home in 13 minutes, 01 seconds, agonizingly-close to a 12-something time. I was really surprised; Sunday was a bit of a slog (my ride to the coast) but maybe it was just a high-gravity day.

This morning, the good feelings in my legs continued as I climbed over Jefferson to the start of the ride. Fastest time to the top of Jefferson since May, and I wasn't riding solo that time.

JR and Scotty showed up and set a moderate pace up Kings. Not so fast I couldn't talk from time to time. Beautiful day, no clouds, no fog until we got to the start of West Old LaHonda, where we briefly entered, and subsequently exited, what you see in the photo above.

Life is good. But life will be better in a couple weeks when Kevin is back on his bike again, after recovering from his busted arm.