

As bad as I felt this morning, pretty sure I'm going to outlast this tree



On the left, what's left of the dying tree on West Old LaHonda today. On the right, January 31st, 2017. I've been around, I know how it works. I've been doing this ride every single Tuesday & Thursday morning since when? Since Tuesday & Thursday mornings were invented. That long. The idea of something really being a surprise is unfathomable. And yet, this morning, climbing Kings at a snail's pace, what I know in my heart to be true, that I'll feel better very shortly, that I get stronger as the ride goes on, well, I just wasn't thinking that. Such thoughts were nowhere to be found, the struggle seemingly so tough.

Thankfully, things did get better once on top. It wasn't all-of-a-sudden though. Normally, by the time we're heading south on Skyline, approaching Skeggs, I'm doing pretty good on that short uphill grade, and from there on, I'm fine. Today I was still waiting to feel fine at that point. Seeing strong shadows cast by a bright sun was beginning to help my spirits though, and I found myself beginning to take pulls as we neared the mild grade that precedes the descent into Sky Londa.

I was back. I took a very long pull at the front as we headed towards West Old LaHonda, and from then on, felt pretty normal. Alive enough that the poor tree in the photo really stood out. Kevin mentioned that it seemed to have dropped a couple more branches since last time, and I'm thinking yes, this tree is going fast. Not quite as fast as we thought though, looking at the photo taken 16 months ago. Yes, it's heading into oblivion, but at the rate of a branch or two a week.