

Short ride after a long night



Such a deal! There was a chance this ride wasn't going to come off at all, and sometimes, those are the rides that just absolutely have to happen. Last night (this morning?) I was with my mom at Kaiser from about 11:30pm until 3:30am. Her husband (not my dad; he passed away 32 years ago, and mom remarried 8 years ago I think?) was having some issues that might be rooted in a lung infection that somehow causes disorientation and a degree of dementia. Weird stuff to be sure. He'll be in the hospital for a few days but should be ok. Safe to say I slept in a bit this morning, and upon waking up, had more issues to deal with regarding mom and her husband.

I was close to giving up on the idea of riding, thinking why bother? And then... do you really want to start out the first week of the new year like that? No way. Riding out to the coast wasn't going to happen, especially solo (my son had a nasty cold and, unlike me, if he feels miserable he doesn't ride), but so what? You can still have fun. I seriously didn't think I was going to have fun, doing a modified version of "the loop", but I did. Got out there and my legs actually wanted to work! I figured two hours on the bike, nothing too challenging, but heading through Portola Valley I got thinking about how long it's been since I've been up Alpine and "walking" Joaquim. What the heck. Go for it. And I did. Alpine felt great. I was able to push hard the whole way. Joaquim? Ouch. Any climb where I have no choice but to use my lowest gear isn't fun. Doesn't happen often. Really not at all. Except Joaquim. Maybe if I wasn't pushing myself so hard before I got to it? But you still have that wicked downhill to look forward to.

The fun continued on Arastradero; I was still find I could push my legs harder than expected. It was fun. Nice day to be out on a bike.