

A really nice morning

Hard to believe things are so messed up when Spring has finally hit; 60 degrees, still in leg warmers but just a jersey and short-finger gloves. It is just so nice out there; this is what keeps me going. I am not thinking about two hours down the road, opening the shop, answering the phone a zillion times because people want to get their old bikes fixed so they can do something other than walk around the block 5 or 6 or 10 times. And that's what many of them actually do; I see it from my kitchen window.

But when I'm out on my bike, on a morning like that, very few people on the road, the sun is shining... for a couple hours of my day, I'm not thinking about how crazy work is, I'm not thinking about the shelter order that prevents us from getting our new location fixed up so we can move into it. I'm not thinking about all the little and big stresses that life has thrown at me the past few years.

Instead, I'm thinking this is something I have control over. I can go faster, I can take it easier. I can ride at a conversational pace or I can bust my lungs apart. Let's see, I'm 64 right now, started long-distance riding and racing at 15. That means next year I'll have spent 50 years at this? Kevin (pilot) was on the ride with me this morning and asked how many times I've climbed Kings over the years. It's pretty ridiculous. But as long as I can keep coming back for more, it's kind of like a way of stopping the clock. I'm not actually getting older if I can still do the same things, right? Even if just a bit slower.