

6:30pm and it was time to kill the dream. Kevin and I aren't flying to France this Thursday



Things weren't looking good for my 2020 trip to the 'Tour early on; the shop moving to its new location was moving way way WAY off-schedule with Covid-19 disrupted everything, and I figured Kevin and I would have to skip heading to the 'Tour because we'd be in the middle of our big move. Then things went totally bonkers; bike shops became unbelievably busy so how could we leave the shop at a time like that? And besides, with Covid-19 going crazy in Europe, what chance was there that the 'Tour could go ahead anyway?

And then, a miracle. The 'Tour was postponed, from the normal July dates to September. Maybe that could work! I put a plan together, made reservations, bought airline tickets (cheap!). And then, within a month or two, having a USA passport suddenly became a really bad thing. Nobody wanted Americans coming into their country, as Covid-19 infections accelerated across the USA. The woman who owns the apartment we stay at in Grenoble was understanding and sad when we cancelled; she knew it was coming, and said she was surprised the 'Tour was still on, since everything else had been shut down. I cancelled the apartment and two hotel reservations a couple weeks ago, but I couldn't yet bit the bullet and kill the airline tickets. I still held out an irrational hope that things would change, the bike shop would calm down, the date of moving in firm up.

Maybe part of it was hoping the 'Tour would give up before I did? But the 'Tour did go on; it started, as expected, in Nice last Saturday... despite a "code red" situation in that part of France, regarding the number of Covid-19 cases. And tonight, at 6:30pm, I finally called United to cancel my reservation.

It's going to be tough following the 'Tour, on TV, the days Kevin and I would have been there. I had this trip dialed amazingly-well, using Grenoble as our base for the Alps. Figured out how to do it without even using a rental car, despite the distances between and to some of the stages.

For now, time to get to bed, so I can get up early enough to watch the race head over the Port du Bales, the first mountain Kevin rode up and watched the 'Tour on. 2007. 13 years ago.