

First post-65 ride... took a LONG time to warm up!



So as you get older, after each birthday your first "real" ride is supposed to your age in miles. Well, I turned 65 on Wednesday and Thursday's ride couldn't count, because not enough time and not that nice a morning either. Even had to cut off the West Old LaHonda section, making that first post-65 ride a bit of a letdown. So lots depending on Sunday.

From a month ago I recall that a Half Moon Bay routing ended up being about 62 miles... that's pretty close. Also considered reverse Pescadero plus West Alpine, which is I think 67 miles. But Collin wasn't too interested in West Alpine, and I wasn't sure how well I'd hold up to something quite that tough. So Old LaHonda/San Gregorio/Higgins-Purissima/HMB/Los Lobitos/Tunitas it is. And gotta tell you, Old LaHonda just kicked my butt. Hard. Felt like just turning tale and heading home. Seriously. Collin and Kevin went up ahead, chasing a bunch of young kids, and I made it to the top about 4 minutes later. Personal best of Collin, and Kevin was fast enough he began thinking maybe he doesn't need to lose weight to get faster.

All the way out to the coast I was sucking wheels, either Kevin's or Collin's, gradually regaining a bit of confidence. Not a lot. But by the time we started climbing Stage Road heading north from San Gregorio, I at least felt like I could finish this ride. Really, the first part was that bad. Not the way to start you "golden" years, y'know?



Beautiful views of the coast as we descended toward Tunitas Creek, with all of us noting we had to fight our bikes a bit as we continued north on 1; we're all so used to making that right turn onto Tunitas! We got off highway 1 for a bit using Verde, then looped back into Higgins Purissima for the first climb that I felt OK on. Couldn't quite keep up with Kevin but Collin drifted back a bit before the summit. Then downhill into Half Moon Bay, where we visited a bakery and coffee shop I hadn't been to before (which really shouldn't be a big surprise because I'll bet I haven't ridden into Half Moon Bay more than 15 times in my entire cycling life).



Then back on Highway 1 with a nice tailwind to Los Lobitos. Darn, I almost thought I could get to Kevin on that one. I started out pretty slowly but began making up some ground as it went, Kevin weakening a bit, me getting stronger. But, as they say, the hill ended too soon. Didn't feel like it at the time though!

And then Tunitas. Finally, I thought I had something. Tons of other cyclists climbing Tunitas on Sunday, and I couldn't help myself, I was going into target acquisition mode. Some of them, I explained to Kevin, weren't targets, just victims. Going slow enough it was a foregone conclusion you'd pass them. But not all. And eventually, I look around and Kevin's not there anymore. Quite a bit behind. I kept going but apparently not strongly enough... I wasn't trying to show off or anything. And after a couple minutes, out of the blue, Kevin blows by me. What the heck? He had to have really put the hammer down for a few minutes! Kevin paid for that effort; all day today at the shop he was complaining how his legs and lower back hurt. Serves him right.

By the time we got back, we were at... 63.2 miles. Not enough. I worried that might happen. So it was like 6 laps around the block I think, to get the needed mileage.

A good ride, another ride where I finished way stronger than I started. Glad I have the patience to stick it out long enough.