

Days starts out drizzly & cool. Should have been happier with drizzly & cool.



One of two authorized spots on Skyline to stop and put on a jacket. OK, maybe three, if you include top of Kings. Also Bear Creek on the west side. That's it. No other places. This was the first real "rain" ride since... well, since quite a while I think. I missed several when I was off on a cruise with my wife for a couple weeks, and I missed a couple more after we got back, when I decided I'd rather sit on a trainer than be out in the rain.

That's not a good way to think. I've been told, with all that's going on with my wife's cancer, that I need to look out for myself, not just her. I get that, but what does it mean? Well, one of them would be not giving in, getting back to looking at the weather report, seeing something REALLY nasty coming in, and thinking, wow, hope it hits during my ride! It probably means pushing myself as hard as possible and trying to pretend I can slow down the process of getting slower as I get older. Basically it means, I think, not making excuses for myself.

And, at the same time, I also need to be available to Karen (my cancer-stricken wife) on-call, 24/7. That's the top priority. I think it's possible to do both; the key is that, when I make room for Karen and the bike loses out, I can't let it become something where, if it's convenient, I'll skip a ride.

How was it this morning. Hard. Kevin was doing better, but even he ran out of gas a couple times on Kings. We were running a bit late; took a while to get the rain bikes fully prepped. Not that it mattered much; there was no chance we'd be doing the full ride, including West Old LaHonda.. just not fast enough now. So we just stuck with Kings (which was hard enough!), Skyline, descend 84. Hopefully, Thursday, we can get in the full ride. And hopefully, sometime Thursday, we get word from the Specialist we're working with, regarding a plan treatment plan for Karen's cancer. Didn't have the best news today (this is where it would have been nice if it had just stayed drizzly & cool); the Oncologist called to let us know the biopsy results weren't good, that we were dealing with a fast-moving cancer. The greatest bike ride in the world, actually all of them combined, aren't a match for what I'd give up, for my wife's health.