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Hope you were riding and not watching football!

It doesn't get a whole lot nicer than this. Our "winter" weather has been spectacular; on balance, much nicer than what we saw in Fall, when we saw a fair amount of rain. I don't even remember when it rained last, and while I know we need the water, I can rationalize that we also need to learn to conserve, sooner than later, because there will only be more people in California in the future.

Especially if we have more days like today! It started out at a "chilly" 55 degrees when I left the house, and got as high as 71 on the coast. This was the ride many describe as the "coastal classic"- through Woodside, up Old LaHonda & down the other side, over Haskins

Grade to Pescadero, Stage Road to San Gregorio & Tunitas, and back over the hill and down Kings. The plan (and yes, there's always a plan) was to ride with my son, but he got nailed by that nasty cold that's going around (and that I've somehow managed to avoid, so far). Without Kevin I was able to push myself a bit harder, and I had plenty of reason to do so after missing Thursday's ride due to a business trip to Wisconsin, which, being Wisconsin, also meant that I was eating stuff I normally wouldn't be eating, in quantities I wouldn't normally be stuffing myself with.

The high point of the ride had to be seeing so many of our customers out there on bikes we've sold them over the years. They were everywhere! Gives me hope for the future.

I was never riding with anyone else, but I was always coming across others, including

Darrio at Pescadero, a customer who cycling has transformed the shape of nearly as much as my son. He claims he used to be pretty hefty, but looking at him, and watching him climb, you'd never believe it.

Heading up Tunitas I really thought I had a decent time going. I knew it wasn't going to be a record, but I felt like I had a rhythm going, passing quite a few and not having anyone pass me (usually a good sign). But it turns out my 50 minute, 37 seconds from the coast to to the top is slower than a ride I did with my son early last summer. Darn.

OK, so that was the first 57 miles of the day. As soon as I got home it was time to turn around and head out with my wife (Karen)

for a short trip through Woodside, about 13

miles which got my total up to a respectable 70. The temps were still in the mid-60s but for her, that means long-fingered gloves, base layer, leg warmers. But this was one of those times where I wasn't going to be thinking she was riding too slowly; just heading back up over Jefferson (again) made my legs complain, and by the time I got back, I was wondering how I managed 92 miles last week. But the truth is that there is a huge difference in perceived effort between riding at 85-90% effort and near-100%, and while my time on the climbs this morning doesn't look like someone doing a 100% effort, you'll just have to trust me that there wasn't much more in the tank.Â --Mike--