

## No surprise that my Wisconsin friends come to Northern California in the winter/Yet another great day to ride!

It's almost difficult to believe that "normal" weather is shortly to return to Northern California, probably by the time you read this. For the past two and a half weeks or so, we've had simply spectacular weather... no rain, pretty darned warm for winter, simply perfect for cycling. Sales at our stores this past weekend were pretty wild, so it wasn't just me out there riding.



Eating lunch at the picnic area behind the Pescadero Bakery, with many other cyclists enjoying the fine day



Leaving Pescadero on Stage Road, heading to San Gregorio

Today's ride was the usual Pescadero/Tunitas Creek loop, and Kevin's first ride of length in two weeks, due to his recovery from a tendon or ligament issue in LaCrosse just over a week ago. As a result I wasn't really sure of "which" Kevin would be riding with me today, but it didn't take long to find out. Heading out Canada Road & Mountain Home it was Kevin taking the lead, and finally getting a respectable (for him) time up Old LaHonda, something just over 24 minutes. No biggie, except that his last couple times up the hill had been in the 28 minute range and he just hadn't been feeling like his old self. And the climb up Haskins Grade to Pescadero was even faster, under 12 minutes from the "Icy Road" sign at the bottom to the top. Last week, on my own, it took me just over 10 minutes on that same climb, and I wasn't holding back.



Kevin's still enjoying the climbs as we head up Stage Road to Highway 1

The Pescadero Bakery was full of cyclists, with a large group from the east bay (Grizzly Peak Cyclists) enjoying the coast. They had probably been concerned on the drive to their start (in Woodside) since it had been pretty foggy on the bay side in the morning, but it was certainly nice on the coast. The fog was sitting right at the coast, keeping things cool but not cold. There was a bit of a wind coming in from the ocean, something we had to fight against getting out to Pescadero, and then again heading north on Stage Road. I just drove into it, making sure Kevin was able to stay on my wheel, along with another local customer of ours out on his own ride. We rode with him all the way to San Gregorio, at a pace up the two Stage Road climbs that seriously challenged Kevin, but he hung in there. Not bad for as little real riding as he's had since things kinda fell apart for him when he had his kidney issue for three months.



Not perfectly clear at the coast, but still wonderful for the middle of winter



At the start of Tunitas, on the left side, you'll see a field with, if you look carefully, a horse, goat in the middle and another horse. Been that way for years.

On Tunitas we were aided a bit on the lower stretch by a mild tail wind (we'd never admit to a strong one!) and things went well until the climb started and it became apparent that had pretty much run out of gas. Not at all surprising, given how hard he'd pushed himself earlier. He kept at it, but about halfway up one of his epileptic seizures stopped him cold. Thankfully this one, as is the case with most, gives him enough warning to come to a stop and get off the bike, and he was back on within just a few minutes, but it's got to be more than a minor annoyance to him that such things can occur with some regularity.

In the end it was the usual 58 or so miles and 6100ft or so of climbing, so both the legs and the computer confirm it as a "tough" ride. Oh, the "Wisconsin friends" refers to another visit from some Trek folk this afternoon and tomorrow, who have flown out from not-so-sunny Wisconsin to help us out with making us a better retailer. They seem willing to fly just about anywhere during the winter, especially places that are warmer. And that means just about anyplace outside of Wisconsin. :-)