

## Seizures, kidney issues, double-vision... what's next? Obviously, more riding!

The plan (remember, there's always a plan) was to head out with Kevin (my son, not the pilot) shortly after 9am and do a ride similar to what I did alone last Sunday (head up Old LaHonda, down to Pescadero, Highway 1 to Gazos Creek, return to Pescadero via Cloverdale, north on Stage and back over the hill on 84). But about that time Kevin had developed some pretty strong double vision (one of those potential side effects of meds that you assume happens to someone else and not you) followed by a nasty headache. A reasonable case could be made that he was in no shape to ride a bike. It was suggested that I head out on my own (like last weekend) but instead I decided to wait this one out, however long it took. And it took a while. It wasn't until 1pm or so that he was up to getting out on a bike, which kinda killed off a 78-mile ride, but it did give me time to figure out what Google adwords are all about (supposedly the best way to advertise to your customers) and fix a few things on the website.



I lied when I said I didn't bring a camera on this ride; I captured this Poppy-fied hillside on Stage Road near San Gregorio with my iPhone's camera.

It was a stunningly-beautiful day when we finally got out on our bikes. Mid-to-upper 60s (dropping as low as 57) and clear skies. The type of day you're really glad to have your camera with you, the one you discover you forgot at home. Hate that. Probably my first ride without a camera in years. It should have felt a lot better to be out riding on a day like this than it did, at least at first. Something about being "ready" at 9am but not getting out until 1pm, being quite literally all-dressed-up-with-no-place-to-go, made the ride seem a bit mechanical for a while, but eventually we settled in to an enjoyable ride... up Old LaHonda, over Haskins to Pescadero, north on Stage Road and back to Woodside via 84.

No stop for refueling in Pescadero; Kevin figured we'd be fine riding straight through, but I did make sure he ate some ClifShots before the long run back on 84. 61 miles total, probably less than 5000ft of climbing, so not really that challenging a ride, were it not for issues that Kevin continues to face. It's taken a lot of patience on my part, rearranging my plans and expectations, but those are mere inconveniences compared to the stuff he's been through. His kidney issues (thankfully behind him now) and now double-vision, both related to his meds for epilepsy, have been challenges no kid should have to face, but once on a bike, life somehow seems to become normal for a while. That's probably the main reason I'm still doing the July gig in France, following the Tour de France bike race with him. Something "normal" that he can look forward to.