

## Beautiful day for a bike ride! Yet again, more eventful than planned.

We didn't really have a solid plan for today's ride; the past two weeks we'd done 100+ miles and knew that wasn't in the cards today. Not that there's anything wrong with riding 100 miles, but Karen (the wife) made it known that she'd like to do a short ride with me as well, and that's tough to pull off arriving back home around 6pm (not to mention that, once home after 100+ miles, you really don't feel like getting back on the bike again).

But even without a formal plan we still had the idea of heading out to the coast, the usual Pescadero/Tunitas loop, a ride that you just kinda fall into. And we probably would have done that ride, had Kevin not had a fairly significant seizure heading up Old LaHonda, the type where he loses consciousness for a short amount of time (about a minute and a half) and as he comes out of it, talks about wanting to head straight back home after finishing the climb. This is where I win or lose the "Dad of the year" award, depending upon your perspective, because I wouldn't have any of that; I knew that in less than half an hour Kevin would be completely back to normal, and that continuing to ride gets him back to normal much faster than taking a rest.

It was very unfortunate that he got that seizure on Old LaHonda because he was doing really well, probably heading towards a personal best on the climb. But we got up and over the other side, where we saw one heck of a lot of gray. Fog. Like we haven't seen enough gray this past few months! So when we got to LaHonda, Kevin suggested that he'd like to try for a good time (meaning a fast ride, not partying) up West Alpine, and then drop down Page Mill and head to our Los Altos store, where his sister (Becky) was working today, and then wind back home through the foothills. Works for me!

Amazing how much difference 20 minutes can make. From feeling exhausted and wanting to go home to flying up West Alpine. And fly he did; 45 minutes, 51 seconds from bottom to top. I was impressed, especially as he got faster as he neared the top. I don't think I'm going to be doing the Sherpa-thing this July in France; he's going to be carrying his own stuff!

I'll have a video up shortly, this time with first movement of Beethoven's 6th Symphony. It's taking me a bit to figure out how to time things correctly and make cuts according to the music. Eventually the plan is to have 5-10 minute videos of each of our major climbs in the area. Don't expect much, but hopefully you'll recognize things and maybe have a laugh (at my expense).

Oh, right, the stats. 60.7 miles, 5800ft of climbing (plus another 12 miles for the short ride with the Wife, and about 880ft). --Mike--