

## It's what I do & who I am



The Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride on the lower section of west-side Old LaHonda

How do we define ourselves? Is it the things we've accumulated over the years? Our education? How much we weigh, whether our hair has turned gray (if it's there at all), having to wear reading glasses... ok, this is heading more towards defining our age. I think that's a guy thing, or at least guys spend a lot of time talking about getting older. If women do spend time talking about this stuff, it's not around guys. Getting back to the subject...

I ride bikes. That, aside from family stuff, is really what defines me. Sure, my brother and I own a pair of bike shops, and I've had to become much more savvy as a business person over the years to keep things afloat in a world that has increasingly less room for error. But if I were suddenly transported into another culture, an alien planet, or maybe Arkansas, it would ultimately be my cycling that defined me.

Today's definition included the usual Tuesday ride up Kings, stopping for a few minutes halfway up while Kevin (my son, not the pilot) had a seizure (which happens more often than not lately), followed by an enjoyable dash across Skyline, descent on 84 towards the coast for a few miles, then the always-pretty ride up west-side Old LaHonda before diving back down into Woodside.

I wasn't feeling great for the first part of the ride; something about 53 degrees showing on the bike computer that explained why my lungs were working worse than usual, but finished fairly strong, including the final sprint at Albion, contested primarily by Kevin (my son, not the pilot) who surprised me by flying past early. Thankfully too early, because I was able to come up to his rear wheel for a moment or two, giving me just enough draft to slingshot past at the line. It was close. Too close. But a win is a win. I'm not dead yet.

I am a cyclist. It's what I do & who I am. Â --Mike--