

You can't see the wind, but you can sure see what it's done



West-side Old LaHonda on a windy day
The worst thing about a windy night? Not getting much sleep. It's not the noise (although the sound of garbage cans getting blown over gets a bit tiresome/worrisome as you wonder if the heavy chair you put across the lids kept them in place or not), but rather all that stuff blowing around. Even with closed windows, somehow all the various things that your body reacts to (ok, allergies) get through, or maybe just trick your mind into thinking they did. Whatever, it's on windy nights that I find myself most restless. Why adding rain to the mix makes it otherwise is a mystery to me (but thankfully no rain in the near future).

Just Kevin (Pilot Kevin; my son still felt ill) and Todd with me this morning, a very relaxed pace up the hill, at least for them. There were a few places on Kings where the road was essentially narrowed due to debris, but nothing like Skyline or west-side Old LaHonda! A couple of times we were thankful we had helmets for protection from the stuff coming down from the trees. Unfortunately, I didn't have my video camera on at the time.