

Age is just a number and it doesn't have to control your dreams

I'll be 56 next month, but I feel like I have more in common with a 40 year old than 60. Denial? Possibly. But despite slowing down on the climbs, despite the obvious passing of the torch to my son, I'm still having a fantastic time on the bike, and I still feel that, if I really set it as a priority, I could be in better shape next year than I was when I was 35. That would take some doing; at 50 I did in fact manage to pull that off. Or at least I fooled myself into believing that!

This morning's ride did nothing to change that feeling. Sure, the climb up through the park was tough, with the steepest sections taking their toll while the flatter grades gave me a chance to recover and catch up. But anything near 10 minutes from the start of Greer Road to the park entrance on Kings lets me know I'm still alive, I'm still in the game. An AARP card in the mail isn't going to change that.

I love pushing myself. I enjoy helping others discover their limits are often created in their minds, not their bodies. And I truly do believe that cycling is the answer to almost everything. An arbitrary number called "age" isn't going to change that. Besides, it's obvious I'm getting younger every year. Today, Keith, the fast young guy from Strava, is 27. At 55, I'm twice as old!!! But two years from now, he'll be 29 and I'll be 57, no longer twice as old.