

It's not a real ride if it doesn't have mountains

I've mentioned in past entries that sometimes I don't look forward to getting up early to go climb Kings with people who are going to finish a day earlier than me, and how sometimes the first half of the climb I'm wondering just what the heck I'm doing.

Today was not one of those times. Thank goodness for that silly 100-mile perfectly-flat ride on Sunday! It made me appreciate again just how special it is to climb a mountain, to be on top of the world looking out at the bay on one side, the coast on the other. Flying downhill, speed limited by my nerves and not my legs. It felt good. Really good.

Karl, Karen, Todd, George & Marcus this morning; neither of the Kevins (don't know where the pilot's excuse was, maybe work, but my son has suddenly developed some sort nasty kidney pains again, requiring a visit to Kaiser for testing and pain meds). What a beautiful morning it was... warm enough that, for the first time this season, I could do the morning ride without leg warmers! No record time up Kings (28-something) but I felt OK, and our alternate route down Tunitas to the "plateau" and return via Swett was actually fun, especially since Karl and George were being kind to me (Karen, Todd and Marcus had turned back at Star Hill to get back earlier).

Hard to believe that just two weeks earlier it was wet & 40 degrees up on top. This weather is a change I like! And mountains... another change I like. Never would have appreciated them as much if not for that 100 mile flat ride two days earlier.