

30 degrees just isn't that big a deal



This is what 29.4 degrees looks like, Not very impressive



Now this looks cold, but it's actually a balmy 32 degrees! Funny how cold your house can feel at 60 degrees, after the heater's kicked off, and you've climbed into bed. You want a couple of blankets and you may even consider snuggling, even if you're not the snuggling type. Later, say 3 or 4am, it's considerably-colder, yet you don't notice when you get up to use the bathroom. "Cold" seems to be very much relative to the situation. And so it is that you go to bed, cold, thinking about how bitterly-nasty it's going to be in the morning, but knowing you're going to ride anyway. But the funny thing is, sure, it really is that cold, the "bitterly nasty" variety even, but you face it stoically, just something you have to do, and once out there, it really doesn't seem so bad.

Which is a good thing, because if you thought much about it, 30 degrees really should feel that bad! January 3, maybe just three months since it might have been in the low-60s, maybe 5 months from when it will be that comfy again. When it is that warm, in those wonderful few months between May & October, you just can't imagine what it will be like again to be riding all bundled up, seeing your breath and watching out for black ice on the road.



You actually entertain thoughts of wanting to be someplace else, as if the weather in the winter here is something you should flee from. How spoiled we are! Sanity creeps back in though, sometimes shortly after the shower after getting home, sometimes a few hours later, when you realize how good you feel because you rode, how great the fresh clean air feels against your face when you're flying through it at 35 miles per hour, and how you've managed to keep your winter weight to within just a few pounds of your summer "fighting" weight.

So against that backdrop, you wonder why nobody else showed up for the ride this morning, just myself and Kevin. Are they sensible, or us nuts? On a normal winter morning, we'd have 6-8 people on our ride, and see half a dozen or more others descending Kings as we're heading up, or cresting the east side of Old LaHonda as we finish the west. But not today. That's OK, we still had a very nice ride, at a modest pace, with me forcing myself to stay seated the entire time (my normal "style" is to spend at least 25% of the time climbing out of the saddle). Good day for that, although I did find myself walking a bit stiffly when we made an unscheduled stop at Sky Londa so Kevin could use the bathroom.

Turns out there was someone else out on the road this morning; as we hit the top of Old LaHonda we found Millo waiting for us. He'd mistakenly thought it a good idea to leave 15 minutes earlier, to make sure he wouldn't get dropped off the back on the climbs. Not something he had to have worried about this morning!