

Now Kevin knows how I feel

Today was Kevin's first day back on a bike since...January 24th (just checked it out on Strava). Two and a half weeks! First it was a kidney thing, then a throat thing (tonsillitis leading to a tonsillectomy) and then the plague (sore-throat version, nice thing to add on top of a throat already raw from tonsil removal). But today he was back with us, and yes, he did suffer. He had been hoping that a few pounds of weight he'd dropped while sick was going to help him on the climbs, but that wasn't the case; he made it up just barely over 30 minutes (30:08 I think) and really wasn't in any frame of mind to try and get those all-important 9 seconds back. But for Kevin, 29:59 probably has zero credibility anyway; he's routinely doing mid-26s this time of year.

Me? I was finally feeling alive, as in legs worked, lungs sorta worked. I waited a couple times for Kevin on the way up, and then again, surprisingly, on Skyline when Todd mentioned to me that Kevin had been blown off the back. He (Kevin) claimed that he doesn't mind riding alone, but that Dad thing still prefers to keep him in sight and, besides, I try to monitor the back of the ride and keep things together.

I also experimented with Instagram today, trying to take photos while riding. Not so easily done! The combination of winter gloves and trying to use a phone as a camera with one hand doesn't work too well (especially tough to trip the shutter button in the middle of the phone, while trying to hold it steady). You can see the results on the Strava page.



Be thankful I blurred the very ugly toenails! Roll call? Quite a few today. Karen, Karl, Eric, George, Kevin, Kevin, Todd, Marcus, definitely missing someone here.

Best news of the day was the scale; it's very rare that I see a sub-170 weight during the winter. Sunday's ride took off a couple pounds and hopefully they'll stay off!