

Time stands still



This is what I get to look forward to, twice a week. It never gets old. Unlike me. Maybe that's what makes it so special. Time stands still. The view from this spot hasn't changed since... ever. OK maybe 60 years ago you wouldn't have seen the road on the other side, and there a couple of houses if you look really closely. But for the most part, this is a timeless landscape that I enjoyed in the way-back days, and my son will enjoy for the next 40 years.

A quick ride report- typical Tuesday morning group, but atypical pace. Complete lack of testosterone today, enough that I could almost talk riding up Kings. Probably helped that my son wasn't there, stoking somebody's desire to go faster. Funny thing about an easier pace though. For some reason you get hungry, almost to the point of bonking, which never occurs on a fast ride. Good to know there are still things to figure out after riding seriously for 40+ years.