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I get older, but "it" never does. Why we ride.

This morning on West Old LaHonda

You can ride the same road over, and over, and over again, and it's still special. And so it was again this morning, my first "regular" Tuesday/Thursday morning ride after last Wednesdays tragic accident in which Joy Covey lost her life. I spent a lot of time these past few days dealing with that, and wondered how I'd feel this morning. Well, it felt good to ride. We talked a bit about the incident when we were in the area, but it wasn't the focus of the ride. I think it's reasonable to be able to separate riding from anger, and we did.

A number of us out there this morning, including Todd, Eric, Kevin (pilot), Zack, Jan, JR, Karl and... Karl's friend who works with him at REI... Chris? It was Thursday so we rode up through the park, made a bit easier by it being one of those rare times when the lower gate was actually open for us. No records broken today, but I'm feeling better than I have for quite some time, despite not riding last Tuesday & Thursday, and despite a pretty easy 40 mile ride last Sunday.

There are some mornings I'm not looking forward to Kings Mtn, but once I get into it, things change. It's always there, waiting for me. My roads. They're reliable. They challenge me, they bring me incredible views, they keep me young. As long as I can keep on riding, I remain young. I plan to keep on riding.