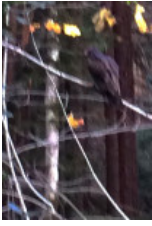


We stop for eagles



Fuzzy picture of a beautiful bird You just never know what you're going to see on our Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride. And maybe, at a normal pace, we would have flown right by, but today, it was just Kevin (my son), George and Marcus. Testosterone largely held in check by unknown (but welcome) forces. Maybe at a faster pace we wouldn't have even had a chance to see it, as the sound of my breathing might have scared it away before we got anywhere close. But not this morning. As we rode past a deer carcass on the right hand side, just a few minutes into the climb, we notice a large bird enjoying a morning meal. Someone thought Hawk at first, but then it flew, from the carcass to a nearby branch. This was no Hawk. It was an Eagle, with not just a large wingspan, but beautifully-shaped feathers that you couldn't help but notice, even in the brief second or two it must have been in flight. The branch it flew to was still quite close (although obviously not close enough for a good photo) so we circled back for a better look. The Eagle just sat there on the branch, waiting for us to leave so he could return to breakfast, until George's bike crashed to the ground as he tried to get his phone out for a photo, scaring the Eagle away.

I have never seen an Eagle up-close like that before; we used to see one up near the top of one of the trees on the section of Kings where it straightens out for a bit (1.41 miles from the top, not that anyone's counting). Not a bad way to start the morning. And good to see Kevin getting stronger again. Soaring like an Eagle, as it were.

The rest of the ride found us enjoying a morning that started out a bit damp but was quickly turning into yet another spectacular day to ride. Yes, I know, we need rain, but I'm going to enjoy the drought while it lasts. The drought's silver lining for future generations? California is only going to get more crowded, with greater demands upon our limited water supply. We will need to learn how to get by with less, and this provides an opportunity to start. Let's hope we don't waste it!



Kevin and George cruising up West Old LaHonda, discussing what? Maybe what it feels like to soar like an Eagle.