

I'm going to miss this on Sunday



We needed George Kennedy to get our plane to the gate tonight. Oh. Wait. How many people reading this have seen the movie "Airport?" Or even know who George Kennedy is?

I write this from a too-warm hotel room in a too-cold place... Minneapolis, Minnesota, where I've come for Frostbike, an event put on by one of our distributors. Thankfully, I did get in the regular Thursday-morning ride before heading to the airport. Not-so-thankfully I'll be flying back on Sunday, when it's supposed to be 70 degrees and my son will hopefully not have come up with an excuse for not riding.

Nothing spectacularly-fast this morning, but not terribly slow either. Eric, JR, Kevin (my son, not the pilot) and Chris, who might become a more regular regular now that he's got a faster bike than the heavy-duty 'cross machine he was riding before. Eric and Kevin did get away from me on Kings, but not too far ahead, at least not so far ahead that Kevin's brief seizure near the top didn't allow me to catch up to them.

There's much more to the ride than two brief paragraphs, but my mind's a bit scrambled from the day's travel and the icky stuff outside. I have a very tough time figuring out how people, well not really people, but cyclists, can survive winters in places like Minnesota. Yeah, I know, cross-country skiing, Fat bikes, and somebody's got to keep Budweiser in business. But I'll stick to Northern California. --Mike--