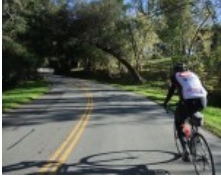


The light at the end of the tunnel isn't a train!

Sometimes we try to be "thankful" for something at Thanksgiving out of rote. It's just something we're supposed to do, and we search for the usual, the mean on the table, those who prepared it, the roof over our heads, whatever. I don't want to trivialize Thanksgiving too much, but sometimes it's more of a Hallmark Holiday than it should be.



Kevin riding through Woodside on Mountain Home Road

But not today. Because today, Kevin got out on his first bike ride. After I did the morning 58 miles with Claude, Kevin suited up and we did a 24 mile version of the extended "loop" through Woodside & Portola Valley. First time for Kevin on a bike in, what, 9 weeks or so? And just 4 days after having his kidney stent removed, and 2 days after getting off the all-too-powerful pain meds. He did impressively well! We didn't push it hard, but he was riding at a near-normal pace, complaining only about a bit of pain when he breathed, partly due to the cold (although it wasn't that cold this afternoon, around 51 degrees or so) and partly due to getting over quite a bit of congestion caused by his meds (narcotics depress respiratory activity, which can cause the lungs to congest, as his certainly did).

So Saturday you may see him working again at the shop, and Monday he'll be back at school again (which, just like his cycling, will be after a 9-week absence). This is something we are truly thankful for.