

Yeah, really really long time, I know. Too much going on; prioritization issues?



Yet another beautiful view on West Old LaHonda How long has it been? Weeks? How many rides? Many. Anything really interesting going on? Yes, I dropped out of a ride 1/3rd up Kings on Thursday. What's going on?

- The shop. OMG. We knew it had to happen some day, the actual move. A date's been set. And there is an impossible amount to get done. Enough that it's adding more more thing to the "sleep is a concept" issue.
- The shop. It is so tough on us, all of us at the shop, dealing with things we can't help with. All the kids bikes we couldn't get for people for Christmas. We're a bike shop, Christmas is all about bikes for many, and we let kids down. Not really our fault; we had hundreds of bikes on order, but the bike shortage is so extreme we've got bikes scheduled out beyond a year.
- Covid 19. What a game-changer. Wearing masks all day, with my breathing issues, not a whole lot of fun. But maybe it makes my lungs stronger. It's certainly caused us to reconsider everything we ever thought we knew about customer service.
- Personal stuff. Things began to unravel a bit, or more accurately, pile on. The answer to the question of whether I've been too patient with things I should be for most of my life? Yeah, well, turns out there are limits. I think most hit those limits much earlier than I did, but I think it's a good thing to find those limits and get help on some things you just can't get done on your own. I had a really good run without any health scares (that ended 3 years ago) and a slightly-longer run where I'd thought I'd never be that person who sees a therapist. The two may be related, but likely aren't. Well actually they are, but not the way you'd think. Thoughts of mortality hit hard initially, but you settle in and, in my case, it turned out to be pretty much a non-issue (I should live a long time). But it makes you think about things you let slide for too long.
- France. It hurt not making it to France this year, a year when so much was going on and I really needed something to seem a bit normal, and for me, strange though it might be, France is that "normal."

I'm sure I could just keep going on and on and on. OK, one more. Not keeping up with the Almost Daily Diary! I've reprioritized my time to put more into my marriage (ouch, did I really say that???) but the problem is, I write because I need to write. Getting things out on paper (paper?) has always kept me from boiling over. It's forced me to distill complicated things into something more-easily-understood. Not just for those reading, but for me. Writing has always been therapeutic to me, so there's the irony that spending less time on the computer in the evenings so I could spend more time with my wife, has cut back on my self-therapy, creating a need for the stuff you have to pay for? That sounds like either a downward spiral or a problem with balancing life. The latter, I'm hoping, and I'm hoping this is the beginning of a correction, a move towards the middle.

And that's kind of what I'm all about, the middle, finding common ground, a place where there's common sacrifice (although that's a bit misleading because people aren't sacrificing something that's common; their sacrifices are unique to themselves. It's the act of sacrifice that's shared).

Meantime, Sunday was one heck of a nice ride, with (younger) Kevin and Colin doing the traditional Pescadero/Tunitas loop. Had a lot of fun, doing the uphill interval thing, waiting for Kevin & Colin to catch up, then doing it again. The funny thing is, it felt like either I do that, or get dropped. Doesn't make much sense. Sometimes, that's my life.

OK, I think I've said enough, probably too much. Hopefully you'll see more of me going forward. --Mike--