

What happened to "Summer?" And what happened to Kevin?



Sunday we were enjoying mid-70s on our ride to Santa Cruz. This morning, winter came back.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. Well, OK, closer to worst, if you were going to compare this morning's ride in the drizzle and fog to Sunday's rather awesome ride to Santa Cruz and back. But that's not right; anytime on a bike isn't going to fit into a "worst" category, except maybe that time I got caught in the freak storm on Sonora Pass back in, what, 2000? OK, this is going a bit overboard. It really wasn't all that bad this morning, more like a normal winter day. And not even all that cold; I think 41 was the lowest temperature I saw.



The one highpoint for this morning's ride- the two Corgis near the start/finish came out to play!

But unfortunately not a great day for Kevin (my son), who was having some kidney issues again, pretty nasty pain that put him at the back of the group climbing Kings, and causing us to have to shorten the ride a bit, skipping the West Old LaHonda segment (the best part).

Hopefully Kevin will be back to normal shortly. This is nothing new; he'll get checked out again, probably go through more scans, and whatever it is will go away as mysteriously as it began. It just seems nuts that he can be so strong, riding 112 miles one day, then two days later he's nearly incapacitated with pain.