

Too sick to work Saturday, but Sunday, you gotta ride!



Hero or the goat? Maybe I should have taken this as a sign. More goats in one place than I'd ever seen before! (Towards the top of Sand Hill Road)



Saw this guy on West Old LaHonda. Seemed appropriate or symbolic or perhaps both.

If you'd asked me Saturday mid-day if I thought I'd be out there riding today, I would have said yes, but I'd have been lying. Something hit me Friday; sore throat turning into nasty head cold. Not breathing kinda kills you. And given that I've missed maybe 5 days total in 35 years of work due to sickness, yes, I must have been pretty bad off.

Even Saturday night I wasn't feeling great, but I was feeling better, and come Sunday morning, I was ready to get out and ride. Of course, the weather wasn't cooperating. Wet roads, lots of wind. It was supposed to stop raining by 4am or so, and the wind should have dried things off by 8 or 9, but looked like things got delayed a bit... so Kevin and I got delayed a bit, finally getting out there just past 10.

The plan? Well, to be truthful, I thought I was going to the coast. That's just what I do. I figured start out with an easy ride up Old LaHonda, maybe 28 minutes, and just keep going. Not sure I can do 28 minutes up Old LaHonda though; we did just under 25. I'm thinking maybe this will go better than I thought! But heading down the other side (West Old LaHonda) it not only got cold, but it looked like it was still raining out on the coast. If I was firing on all cylinders, that wouldn't have been a problem; you ride at a consistent power level and you stay warm. Without that, you could get pretty cold, so we rode back up 84 and then looped through Portola Valley.

Not much of a ride; just over 39 miles, but it felt like I was coming back from the dead, and that's one heck of a lot better than the

opposite!