

It shoulda coulda been a good morning to ride hard

This week the rain actually cooperated quite well for our Tuesday & Thursday-morning rides; what had been threatened to start early in the morning was eventually postponed to 1pm or so. Still, not a large group; just myself, Kevin (the kid), Eric and JR. I was hoping, after Tuesday's ok time up Kings, that maybe the Qvar and Albuterol combo might actually be helping me breathe; maybe I could do OK this morning too!

Hope is a good thing, right? Reality sometimes gets in the way. I did feel OK, maybe even a slight bit better than normal, but JR had burned too many matches the day before so he was dragging a bit, and since I don't like to leave people alone at the back, I waited for him at the wide-open area about 2/3rds of the way up. Eric and Kevin had long since gone ahead, although surprisingly, JR & I caught up to Kevin before the top. Seizure? No. He was being slowed down by what's looking like another kidney stone episode. Hate that.



Fingertip at the left in the photo is an example of a Raynaud's-afflicted digit. The white area isn't getting much blood.

With Kevin looking a bit green and riding ever-more-slowly, I bid adieu to JR & Eric while Kevin and I shortened the ride by heading down 84 into Woodside, skipping the West Old LaHonda loop. I'm just guessing it could have been really nice there; the last chance to see a bit of sun, with storm clouds coming in from the ocean.

The surprise of the ride, for me, was the first return of my Raynauds symptoms since beginning the new meds 4 months ago. It's possible that there's an interaction with Albuterol that renders the Raynauds meds ineffective; I'll have to experiment a bit to figure this out. Icy hands or terrible breathing, my pick. --Mike--