

42 degrees and windy. I'm thinking of Mark Twain's quote about coldest winter...



Yes, it's a blur to me too! Need to remember to keep something handy to wipe the camera lens from time to time. This was one of those mornings where, going over Jefferson, you wonder if you're going to make it to the top of Kings. Just didn't feel like I had it in me. Of course, such feelings don't matter; worst-case scenario, it's only a matter of time and whatever it was that seemed impossible will be an earlier accomplishment. It's not like I felt good going up Kings, but this was definitely one of those rides where, the longer you went, the better you felt.

Karen, on the other hand, felt good at the start. She took off, fast. Eventually JR went after her, with Karl in-between myself and Eric.

Cold? Not terribly, but 41.8 degrees, after how warm it had been just 10 days ago, seemed a bit rude. Windy? Oh heck yeah, although truthfully we never felt it, just heard it in the trees above.

In fact, my hardest ride of the day came much later, after my Complete Streets Committee meeting in Redwood City. By 8:30pm there wasn't much left in the tank, but it was time to head back up the hill home, and into a very, very strong wind. More than once I got a strong-enough sideways gust that forced me to recalibrate my line! Hopefully the winds will be behind us soon. Right?