

It really was Flag Day on West Old LaHonda!



Flag Day does have some special meaning to me; it would have been my Dad's 87th birthday I think. Sadly, he didn't quite make it to his 57th, passing away far far far too early 30 years ago. I remember very well, just over 5 years ago, creeping up on the age he died. Very odd to think I'm living a stage in my life he never got to. To some extent, I consider this "bonus" time, although with the irony of knowing that it was an MPN (myeloproliferative neoplasm) that did him in, and it was just over a year ago that I found I, too, have an MPN, fortunately a variant that's much easier to deal with, and hopefully one that doesn't progress, as his did, to something worse. But in the meantime, I can say, in true Star Wars fashion, "I am an MPN warrior, like my father before me." :-)

As you can see in the photo it was pretty dreary "up on top" again; what you can't see in the photo is we had a bigger group than we've seen in a while. 5 of us today; myself, Kevin (kid), Kevin (pilot), JR and Karen. Kevin (kid) and Karen did their thing, heading up Kings at a reasonable clip, while the rest of us took it much easier, finishing several minutes later.

I'm really looking forward to leg warmers and base layers being the exception rather than the rule. It didn't get that cold, about 45F, but would be nice to be back up to 60 like last week!