

I?m ready for Indian Summer



On a gray morning, would it even be possible to get moving without black coffee? I've often said I need contrast in my life and perhaps that's why I like strong black coffee. It defines one end of the spectrum. Bright sunshine is at the other end, and this morning, we had the middle. Gray fog. Variably-wet roads. Cold but not epic by any stretch.

Just me, younger Kevin and JR this morning. The other dat I asked JR how old he was, having forgotten over the past few years, or more accurately not forgotten but rather stuck, stuck at 62, same age as me. But how long ago was that? 5 years. He's actually 67, and much faster than a 67 year old should be. Or maybe I'm slower than a 62 year old should be. At least today, I could hold my own against my son, who was taking it easy as his knee recovers, and a guy 5 years older.

I am left wondering if it will ever be safe to clean my bike again, as we continue to encounter drippy and foggy conditions on Skyline.