

Maybe being 63 is tougher than I thought / not what I wanted to hear from Ortho doc

This has been a really rough few days since my birthday last Sunday. I think most of it, nearly all of it, comes from dealing with being off my bike for 4 weeks, and today I just got the news that there's no "early release" for me; I've been told I need to stay off my bike the full 6 weeks. I'd really been hoping that yesterday's new x-rays, which I requested to try and prove I was ready to get back to normal, would show a miraculous healing and I'd be told it's time to get back on the bike.

No such luck.

My healing is progressing "normally." Things look good, but no evidence of alien DNA that magically repairs the body. The only alien influence are an inability to escape a focus on darker things and a lack of fight. It's really odd; here I've got a chronic bone marrow condition, and it's not even in the back seat. It's been left behind in some other country. And thinking about it doesn't hold my interest for a second right now. The focus is entirely on the four weeks I've been off the bike, and now, the two weeks left ahead of me.

It's not like I'm not improving. A major milestone happened just over a week ago, when I could finally sleep on one side. And then, for the first time, last night I was able to sleep on my other side. And yet sleep has been elusive, because I've been feeling nervous/anxious about things that really shouldn't be bothering me. I'm stronger than that, except that, without the regular challenge, both physical and mental, that cycling brings to my life, it's kind of like I'm all revved up and no place to go. It's like there's this giant ball of energy that should be fueling my pedaling up steep climbs, but it's not, so it's accumulating and turning rancid.

My weight obviously started going up in the first few weeks, but it's gone the other way since. But there's no shortage of visible fat! What's it going to feel like, that first real day back on the bike? Two weeks to go. Maybe when it gets down to a few days, I'll start to get excited and turn the corner.

Intellectually, feeling sorry for myself is absurd. A good customer came in today to get his bike checked out after a serious crash. Over three months ago. He's still in a neck brace. And he seems to be of totally sound mind. If he can do it, I should be able to. Notice I didn't say, if he can do it, I can. I hope I can! I hope tonight is that first night where somehow I feel like I've turned the corner, get enough sleep, and wake up ready to take on the world.

April 2nd. That will be the end of my 6-week exile from cycling. It can't come soon enough. --Mike--