

8 days to go, down to 165lbs, grease belongs in bearings not hair

Recovery/Psycho-babble section

Tuesday, April 2nd- the day my riding starts. I hope. Yesterday I got out on a very long (ok, not that long, probably just a mile or so) dog walk with my wife, using only a cane. Felt good. Later I found myself going from room to room without noticing I'd forgotten to use it! And today, at the shop, I find myself misplacing it. I hobble a bit (without a cane or crutch) but just a tiny hint of pain. Obviously, I feel like I could get out and ride right now.

I'm still going through some of that retrospective/introspective stuff I wrote about in the last entry, but think I've found ways to see good from the angst and hope to be steadily moving forward, starting to feel a bit better each day, instead of worse. Even so, there will be peaks & valleys along the way.

I honestly don't know how people with longer-term disabilities do it. I've spoken with a few customers who understand exactly what I'm going through, but given that they've been "out" for a much longer time (like my customer this morning who will finally be able to get back on the bike nearly 6 months after a broken hip), there's a feeling that i haven't earned these... feelings. Just 6 weeks allows for a pretty clearly-defined beginning, middle & end.

Weighty issues

For YEARS I've kept a close watch on my weight, modifying my intake to keep within a fairly narrow range. This started maybe 15 years ago, when it became obvious that that harmless middle-age guy thing of adding just one pound a year... well, if you live long enough, that starts to add up. As of about 10 years ago, I've achieved a stability in my weight of approximately 168 in the summer and 173 in winter. The lowest in recent history was a 163.5 after a really tough ride (yeah, that's cheating, I know) and highest about 178 after a week of not riding.

The fact that, after a month of NOT riding, I hit 164.5 the other morning... shows how messed up I am right now. 164.5 and ZERO muscle tone. If I shake my leg (back in my bike racing days, one girl used to refer to me as "shaky legs" because I had this silly routine), there are no ripples, just "leg" bouncing around. I am living proof that muscle is MUCH heavier than fat.

The good news is that it should help with my recovery, since dragging extra weight up the hill is the last thing I need to be doing. But, I don't want to, ever, lose weight again through stress & anxiety.

Grease belongs in bearings, not hair

Hard to believe I used to have long hair. REALLY long hair. Kind of like you'd see in depictions of Jesus. I got sensible about the time I hit 20 or so, mostly because I couldn't stand the way my hair would filter out all the smoke in a smoke-filled room (hard to believe people used to smoke in places I'd allow myself to be. Yuck.). And it took so long to dry after a shower. These days, when it gets just a bit too long, heading over a collar or my ears, I get antsy. And I've been antsy for several weeks. This morning I finally made it down to Supercuts. Someone I'd not seen before cut my hair and didn't ask if I wanted "product" in my hair (gel), just put it on. What the heck? They've always asked before, and a couple of the stylists know to not even ask, just don't. So now I can't wait to get home and shower this stuff off. If it ever comes off. I'll probably have dreams about greasy hair.

It's Raining Again

Yeah, I'm kinda done with rain. You'd think it would make it easier, the idea that who'd want to ride in this muck, so being forced off the bike shouldn't be so bad. But that's not me. I've actually enjoyed pushing myself in the muck. If I live in fear of anything, as a result of my crash, it's that I might reconsider things and become more of a fair-weather rider. So, time to lighten things up a bit and link to a great video from the way-back days.

YouTube Video: [YouTube.com/watch?v=YZUE4_PtOk0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YZUE4_PtOk0)