He's got a ticket to ride... this Sunday!



My cycling exodus is nearly over!

It was with some measure of fear & trepidation that I emailed my ortho doc this morning, giving a progress report and asking if I could maybe start riding Sunday, a few days ahead of the 6 weeks I was supposed to stay out of the saddle. As you can see above, he said I could!

It's not going to be much of a ride; I really don't know how my hip/pelvis/hamstring area is going to feel. If it's really painful, I'll cut it short, maybe even call in a sag wagon. I don't want to set back my recovery. But if it feels OK, the plan (remember, there's always a plan) is to start with "the loop" and, if at the far end of "the loop" I feel good enough, continue on down to Los Altos before turning back. It could be anywhere from 20 to 35 miles. Don't think this will be something that goes into the way-beyond-expected category, but I won't entirely rule that possibility out. I'm pretty stupid that way.

Karen (my wife) will be very happy to see me get back into a normal routine. I've had way too much extra energy bouncing around inside, creating the anxiety that I've mentioned previously and creating something that could be considered almost "clingy" in our relationship, and that's definitely not like me. Except that, these past couple of weeks, it has been.

I look forward to getting back to normal, or almost normal. While the introspective opportunities have been excessive, I've learned a few things about myself, and my relationship with Karen, that I can do a better job with. Not quite sure if this episode has qualified as a late mid-life crisis. Or maybe I hope it's exactly that, mid-life, so I'm going to be around for quite a while.

Whatever. Sunday, I ride! --Mike--