

Did we forget about Spring? 32F up on Skyline... but I felt pretty good



Some day I'll get tired of taking pictures here, West Old LaHonda. I don't think anyone's going to get exposed to the Corona Virus in this place. A safe place to escape to in a crazy world. Tuesday we thought we'd get out ahead of the rain, like the weather forecast said, and instead ended up on Skyline very wet and very cold. Why do we ever believe the forecast? Then last night what do I do? Check the forecast again. And it says a low of 46. Taking out the garbage a bit later, the air had that feeling, that bite, that said "I'm coming for you." And despite the forecast, I took it seriously. Glad I did.

Waking up I looked at the current outside temperature on my watch (because telling time is just an excuse for wearing a computer on your wrist). 39 degrees. So it was three layers up top (base layer, jersey, jersey/jacket), heaviest gloves, toe warmers (booties might have been a better choice). And watch the temp on our Garmins decline as we rode toward the start. Karen met up with us; "Pilot" Kevin was off on what might be one of his last flights, this time to New Zealand. Since it's Thursday we ride through the park, but since it's Corona Virus world parks are closed so we had to ride up Kings the whole way. Not sure we really had to; there were no barricades as we passed the park entrance on the way up.

I felt OK, not great, but OK, and generally better than I've felt for a while. Kevin and Karen evidently felt a bit better, as I lost their wheels almost exactly halfway up the hill. Hate that, but I don't think I could have kept with them much further. And I didn't want to completely blow up. I kept them mostly in sight until the final push to the top, finishing about a minute behind. No rest for the wicked; I immediately turned south onto Skyline and tried to recover as we went. Somehow I kept on their wheels, having to think, for the next 5 minutes, how it's a lot tougher to have to chase after losing a wheel than staying on it.



Lance the Corgi, getting a walk on Canada this morning. And it was getting COLD. Dropped down to 32 up top, and stayed that cold all the way to West Old LaHonda. But we were dressed for it, and it was one of those things where it was more "interesting" than bad. Plus it was really pretty out.

Power levels gradually coming back up, which is a good thing. And every time I think of slacking off, I remember how much I need to keep my lungs working really, really hard, because it literally strengthens them, it allows me to overcome their deficiencies by breathing more often. If I do catch Covid 19, I need to be in a place where my lungs are more asset than liability.

An added bonus at the end of the ride- Lance the Corgi was out for a walk! Lance used to get out with his fellow Corgi Tiger, but Tiger passed on a couple years ago. It's been a long time since we've had a Lance sighting, so it was a relief to see he was still with it. Lance & Tiger. Yes, Lance was named after Lance Armstrong, and Tiger after Tiger Woods. Both pre-dating the downfall of each. Curiously Lance is still with us, while Tiger has, I guess, resurrected himself both figuratively and otherwise.