

Cold, beautiful, and for once, not the weakest link

There really wasn't any good reason to expect I'd be feeling better this morning. It was darned cold last night taking out the garbage, and I knew it was going to be even colder in the morning. I had a good idea that Kevin wouldn't be at the top of his game, since he'd bailed on Tuesday's rain ride, but when Karen showed up, well, that can get him moving. But, not today.

I felt OK getting over Jefferson to the start, and I almost felt OK on the steep section through the park. Almost. I thought I'd made it, that I wasn't going to get that grinding-to-a-halt feeling, that by the time I crested the steep part I might be able to just keep going. Nope. My breathing went crazy, like it usually does at that point, and the lead I held over Karen and Kevin quickly evaporated. As usual. But this time, I didn't fall off the back; I was able to grind my way back up to them so, by the time we reached Kings, I was feeling OK.

As you can see in the video, Skyline was quite beautiful, with the fog highlighting the sun's rays through the trees. Nice to see a picture here that doesn't come from West Old LaHonda too!

After a whole lot of rides that seemed to be either ever-slower or just treading water, it was great to feel like I was, well, back on the bike again.