

## Visiting ex-Pilot at physical rehab, power but no power



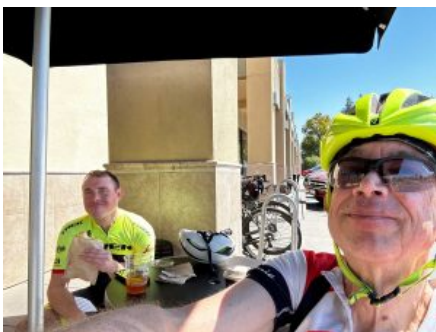
About 10 days ago ex-Pilot, Kevin K, didn't show up for one of our Tuesday/Thursday morning rides. Not that big a deal; he sometimes goes on later rides when it's a bit warmer. Nice being retired, right? But I texted to see what's up and got back this reply- "At Stanford hospital." I ask what's up and don't get a reply until the next day- he'd fractured 6 ribs and his L1 vertebrae helping a friend cut trees at his house. One of the big limbs nearly removed his own.



So Kevin and I did a pretty ugly ride, heading down to see ex-Pilot at the rehab place in Santa Clara. Not such a bad ride to the end of Los Altos, and then, taking Homestead for 6 or so miles, endless stoplights, all of them red. And every street after Homestead, same thing. It took FOREVER to get from Los Altos to Santa Clara! I'd used Strava route map to create the course, with, thankfully, a different return.

It was good seeing ex-Pilot. He's lost a lot of muscle tone; his legs look like twigs. In just 12 days. But no permanent damage, and he should be out of rehab in a few days. It's going to be tough for him to get around as he can't walk without a walker, and his home's second floor is going to be impossible to access. His plans for bicycling in Italy in two weeks are obviously gone. But things are healing up as they should, no funny issues.

We got food at the Hospital (no, not hospital food; the Salvadoran Pupusas from a food truck were excellent!



An hour or so later we were heading back, fortunately using a much better route... far fewer stop lights! Stopped off at the Peet's in Los Altos for a quick coffee, then on to the final 18 miles. It would normally be about 23 miles back, but we stuck to the more

direct, much-less-interesting route, sticking the Alameda instead of looping up through Portola Valley. Even though we were heading back into the wind, I was feeling pretty strong by the time the headwind was straight-on. Only I have nothing to show for it; for some reason my right-side power pedal wasn't transmitting so my power levels were exactly half what they should have been.

It will be nice to get back into the hills and over to the coast, but until Kevin's (my son, not the ex-pilot) knee is feeling better, that's not in the cards.