est our heart rates got was when we were nearing the designated feed zone and it appeared closed. Thankfully, it was a mirage. We proceeded to consume the requisite number of simple carbohydrates at the local donut shop. Unlike the old times, we both had to hurry back to take care of our kids.

There are many people who jump through hoops in order to ride or race their bikes. Getting up at unworldly hours to train or to drive themselves or their kids or loved-ones to races; organizing care-giving, time off work, car pools...somehow we manage to do it. The more I ride and help other people reach their potential, the more I realize how much I love this sport. When I feel the sincere appreciation of the riders I coach or those twinges of fitness I used to have, it makes it worthwhile. Riding keeps me grounded. Two-year-olds have a way of making you feel absolutely wonderful and insanely crazy.

By the way, when I was washing the bike I noticed that the big ring was just as filthy as the small. This could mean that I am fitter than I think or that I need a bigger gear just to hang on to the group. I would like to think that it is the former.

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