

Liz's Sierra to the Sea Bike Ride

This blog was adopted from emails that were created to let everyone know how Liz was doing on her brave bike ride that she did with the Western Wheelers, riding for almost a week, starting from Lake Tahoe and ending in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. I followed along in the RV filled with camping gear. Apologies to those who were not on the original email list, but here is your chance to "follow along" on the ride!



My BooBoo and My Sister Christine with her significant other, Jon

Days One through Three

Yes, it is true that it has been slightly warmer than we expected out here on our little camping/biking trip. I have never actually felt such oppression coming from above. It actually had weight to it as it struck us in Sacramento today.

So far we have only lost three or four people (out of 100 or so) to medicals during the trip. One woman broke her arm, and another was at my table for dinner on day 2, a little irritable. The other women next to me said that she noticed it as a symptom of heat stroke. I didn't know that one. So, I was about to ask the irritable women if she wanted to come with me to my air-conditioned RV to lay down, and paused a bit since I decided

it would sound like I was hitting on her. Before I got the chance to pop the question she got up and walked about 80 yards through a grassy area and laid down under a tree. Her sisters went out to check on her and called an ambulance. I am sure she is fine, but she never stood again, that I saw, before being loaded onto the pretty red fire truck.

The same day Liz was riding next to a great guy who got all the way to the day two camp site and didn't see the speed bump at the entrance and that's when he bought the farm. He ended up with "road rash" but it was bad enough that he left to go back to Colorado.

Liz is doing great. She took an alternate route yesterday, that was "unsupported" so I parked the Winnebago half way through the "unsupported zone" after filling it with gallon jugs of water, ice, cold grapes, bananas...everything but margaritas. I served about 12 people who took the "alternate, unsupported" route, which was not served by the "sag wagon" or with refreshment stations set up by the ride's administration and logistics team.

Indeed, one lady, who stopped when I told her I could put ice cubes in her water bottle she said, "You better not be kidding," with a very serious look on her face. Scary really. The group began to refer to me as St. Roger, the Supporter of the Unsupported. People are still stopping by the RV two days later asking me if I was the one they saw in a vision on Day Two. I think it was the fact that I let them use the bathroom that makes me so memorable.

Anyway, the whole group is pretty impressive. There is one guy who has ridden most of this route in a 200-mile one-day event he participated in one year. I asked him if it was this hot. He said no, and the first 20 miles were fine, and then it rained for the next 180 miles.

Liz did most of the ride today, but once it got too hot I met her near the train museum in Sacramento, and we had a nice lunch with my sister and her boyfriend before RV'ing on to the next stop here at the foothills approaching Calistoga from the Central Valley. It is still too frickin' hot as I write, but the air conditioner in the RV is hanging in there. I ran it all day today. Fortunately, we have power at this camper camp site tonight so we can run it without the generator running, which is quieter.

That's the report from the road (except I left out the parts about the Mint Its Its).

Bye for now.

Roger