



BIKE SOURCE
For the Ride of Your Life



RMCC ENTERS A NEW DECADE

by Mark Michel

For many long-timers, it's hard to believe the club is entering its 17th year of existence. While much has changed over the years, the core program philosophy of the club has remained the same—to provide a wide variety of rides that enables you to develop as a cyclist, have fun while doing lots of miles, and to make new friends who share your interest in riding. Enclosed with this month's newsletter is the 2010 ride program., which aims to achieve these goals better than ever.

There are a number of changes in 2010. What hasn't changed is that the RMCC provides the most diverse set of rides of any club in the area, and possibly in the country. The rides range from weeknight social rides, to 40 and 50 miles recreational rides, to challenging centuries, and well as ultra-endurance type events. These are the new things to take note of:

- The March ride start time has been moved back to 10:45 to better catch the warmer parts of the day (and to give us more sleep!).
- Several of the Aurora rides have been reconfigured to use roads with less traffic and to offer greater route diversity.
- We are continuing the process of moving some of the Littleton rides to Ken Caryl to reduce the "junk miles" at the start and end of rides.
- For Golden weekend rides, we needed to find a lot with more parking. As such, we have secured permission to use the CoorsTek parking lot, which is just across the street from our old Parfet Park meet point. Please do not park at Parfet Park for weekend rides in the future.
- For the RMCC Challenge Series there are two major changes: The Copper Triangle timed rides have been removed (no impact to the regular club rides doing this route) and have been replaced by a Golden to Mt. Evans Summit event, perhaps the ultimate pure hillclimb event in Colorado! Second, the RMCC 1-2-3 series has been moved into the summer months to attract a wider range of riders and to reduce scheduling conflicts with the brevet series.
- For the RMCC Colorado Brevet Series, there are, as always, more events! The major feature that we now offer is way to complete two brevet series (a 200K, 300K, 400K and 600K) in the same year.

There is one other improvement we are looking to make in 2010—our maps. The system we have been using for over 10 years has served us well, but has been showing its age. Bob Barday has been doing yeoman's work on our maps the past few years, but he saw the need to find a better way. In stepped Sargent McDonald, who does maps for a living. He has introduced us to some GIS tools that would enable the creation of more accurate and helpful maps with less work. That, combined with the fact that we are now spreading this work among more people, should lead to better maps. Hopefully that will help newcomers and people who are doing rides with which they are unfamiliar. Do note that it will take 2-3 years to move all of the maps over to the new system (we have over 100 of them!).

A final note. The schedule is put together with the best information we have available the fall. However, unforeseen circumstances can always lead to a change in a route and event a start point. As such, you should check the website each week for any last-second changes that may need to be made to the schedule.

See you on the road!

Editors P.S.: Don't forget to volunteer to start rides!



Rocky Mountain Cycling Club

Rider Profile

Name: Jim Kraychy

Occupation: Environmental Field Engineer, Carpenter.

Bicycle(s): Jamis Eclipse (converted to fixed gear), Seven Axiom, Colnago C40.

How long have you been riding: At all: since before I can remember; Seriously; about 11 years; Racing: 3 ½ years.

How you got started riding: At all: my dad took the training wheels off; seriously: stress relief while looking for work; racing: Tim Kalisch suggested I try it.

How much do you ride: Anywhere from 100 to 700 miles a week, maybe 300 average.

How long with RMCC: Since 2001.

How you found out about RMCC: A friend told me about the web site.

First ride with RMCC: I don't remember, except it started in Lyons, where I lived at the time. Must have been in 2001 or maybe 2000.

Favorite rides: (In no particular order) Mt. Graham, AZ, Mt. Evans, RMCC Spring and Summer Contrails, Cuyahoga River Valley, New Year's Day Century on the fixed gear, The Grand Loop, Chamonix to Bourg d' Oisans and back, Porcupine Rim Loop from Moab, the Strip in Las Vegas at lunch time, Meridian, uphill finishes, La Manga and Cumbres Passes, Slumgullion and Spring Creek Passes (Gunnison to South Fork), Chama to Taos, my once a year (at least) Ice Box ride (although I probably over did it last year (again) - both water bottles froze solid), El Tour de Tucson, North Pass (Saguache to Gunnison), doing laps up at Brainard Lake, Scottsdale to Payson and back, Denver to Limon and back in the winter, almost any criterium, and so many more I can't remember.....

Least favorite ride: Any road with no paved shoulder and drunk drivers (still have the occasional panic attacks).

Most epic rides: June 4th, 2005; June 22nd, 2005; July 12th, 2008.

Most memorable / inspirational rider(s) you know: (in no particular order) Bryan and Linda Boldt, Tim Kalisch, Heath and Mindy, Steve Rudolph, Sargent McDonald, Randy Ellis, Tom Groves, Charlie Henderson, Bob Fournery, Chris Grealish, Mike Fulton, Mike Brewer, Bill Kellagher, Bill Herwig, Steve Birnbaum, Bob Pinkerton, Jerome Contro, Ken Reardon, Mark Lowe, John Lee Ellis, John Hughes, Brent and Beth Myers, Harris Rosenthal, Kelly Shannon, Val and Robin Phelps, Matt Herzberger, John Hornick, Tom Maruco, Mark Leyden, Cary Stewart, Mike Prendergast, Robin Gregory, Mark Michel, Kenny Brecheisen, Wade Dollar, Stuart Krooenberg, Paul Foley, Vernon Smith, Bill Lehman, Robert Kelly, Mike Perry, Sherman Towsley, Sy Katz, and uncountable others. Anyone who gives back to the sport by helping others to improve. Anyone who pushes the pace. Anyone who doesn't quit.

What's in your water bottle: Water.

Favorite post ride recovery food: Chicken burrito from Chipotle - or Dairy Queen. Maybe one beer. Chocolate milk and Fritos for an immediate "fix". Mid ride: breakfast burritos at the truck stop in Antonito.

What kind of riding do you enjoy most/cycling goals: Anytime, anywhere, anything; especially criteriums and road races, long hill climbs, riding on very windy days so I can laugh (there are much worse things in life than a little wind). Dirt roads. Faster. Stronger. Farther; until God says "that's enough".

Suggestions for newer riders: Good bike fit is an important factor that will help you (you have to be able to put in the saddle time, and riding hard hurts enough as it is), along with eating enough and keeping hydrated. Be patient with yourself – changing your physiology takes time; don't be afraid to push yourself HARD enough to puke, but give yourself time to recover. Sitting in and drafting (sucking wheel) all the time won't help you improve as much as pushing yourself sometimes; the pain from effort will ease (eventually); everything is relative (ie. there is always somebody faster, everyone gets dropped sometime). Riding slower hurts, maybe more than riding hard (at least you can get off the bike quicker the sooner you finish). Nobody can do the work for you. One of the hardest things to learn is how to ride at someone else's pace. Never, ever overlap wheels.



OH HOW SHE FLIES

By: Anna L. Moore

Shortly after her 48th birthday, Ronaele Foss, my mom, was diagnosed with breast cancer. On February 14, 2000, she underwent a full mastectomy on one of her breasts, and then came the very painful recovery. This life altering event changed her outlook on life.

On May 30, 2004, she went on her first of many bike rides. The riding was suggested by my sister Katrina Knight. She found a freedom and a challenge with bike riding. She is a survivor. So far she has accomplished 550 long bike rides (each ride 100+ miles). Since she's been riding she has had many struggles and injuries but she never gives up.

On May 7, 2005, she unknowingly broke her pelvis; initially they thought it was just bruised so she had to use crutches to get around. This happened after she had slipped on some sand while riding her bike. Despite the fact she was unable to get on and off her bike without help, she found that she could ride without pain. 10 days after this happened she rode a century. 2 weeks later they finally did an MRI and discovered the fracture, she ended up on crutches for a couple more weeks. But she continued riding despite the broken pelvis. Later that year In November 2005, she had a severe bike accident, the first question she asked the doctor was "Can I still ride my bike?" She had broken her back in 3 places and her neck in 3 places. It took months of recovery but once again she got back on her bike.

In 2006 she did over 6000 miles on the bike, amazing for anyone who suffered the injuries she had. Again in 2007 she had another injury, she broke her femur in 3 places. After much physical therapy she once again was able to get on her bike. She never gives up!

On her bike she finds her wings and freedom. There is no stress on the bike, and she refuses to give up on her goals to do a century (100miles) in every state and also to qualify for the Paris-Brest-Paris Brevet which is a 1200k ride. She also hopes one day to do the race across America. Her main goal is to leave a legacy for future generations of our family.

In 2008 she did the complete brevet series, which is a series of races. This is a huge accomplishment for any rider. Also in 2008 her total elevation gain while riding was 376,101ft. Her fastest average speed on a century to date is 18.5 mph, and she's only been riding for 4 years.

The bike riding has not only improved her health but it has eased her stress and improved her asthma. She is now considered a marathon bike rider and we are all so proud of her accomplishments and her will to keep going no matter what tries to stop her. She is so determined and driven and everyone has been inspired by the fact that no matter how many times you fall, you can get back up and improve. She keeps a pink ribbon on her bike because she is a survivor.

So far, since 2004, she has ridden over 26,171 (to date) miles and her average speed has been 13.12mph. So far she has worn out 2 bikes and has over 8000 miles on her current bike. The bicycling continues to be a healing force in her life. She inspires everyone to keep going no matter what and to never give up on your hopes and dreams. She started riding at 52 years old, proving it's never too late to follow your dreams and to find your wings.

In June of 2009 she suffered a grand mal seizure with a partial stroke which she is currently recovering from, it forced her off her bike for 3 months but recently she accomplished yet another century and is determined to get back into shape and continue riding.

Her nickname is "Pinkie"; the reason for this is that her bike is always pink. She does this to show support for breast cancer research and survivors. She is a survivor and proof that you can do anything.

This woman is my mother, my best friend and my hero. She's living proof that it doesn't matter who you are or what's happened to you, you can find healing and learn to fly, and she does, on her bike.

MEMBERSHIP CORNER

By John Klever

Big News

The big news for this newsletter is that two other members, Carol Gerber and Leslie Sutton, are helping me with the membership process. They are now mailing all the mailed expiration notices and the membership card letters and emailing the emailed expiration notices. Every now and then I email them a file and, viola, you get letters and emails about the state of your membership. Please join me in thanking Carol and Leslie for their kind assistance.

Other Changes

Since the July newsletter there have been some changes. In late August online ordering became a reality. The initial expiration notices are now being sent by email. The text detailing personal information is now more readable.

Online Ordering

After a few dips and turns, online ordering is now possible. The links are at <http://www.rmccrides.com/membershipmain.html>. So far, new memberships, renewals and new membership orientation kits may be ordered conveniently over your internet connection, and other items, such as events and club clothing, will be added as needs dictate. There is a small fee for on-line ordering, which is 30 cents plus 2.9% of an item's cost. A single membership for the year with a cost of \$25, for example, has a transaction fee of \$1.06.



MEMBERSHIP CORNER

(continued)

Expiration Notices by Email

The zero-cost – no postage, no paper, no ink, no printing, no folding, no stamping, and no sealing – emailing of the first expiration notice allows us to notify you that your membership is about to expire. Since it is sent out well in advance of your membership's expiration date, you can renew your membership with the confidence that you will always have an up-to-date membership card and not be dropped from the rolls. If you do this soon enough, you even will save us the time, trouble, and cost (58 cents) of sending the following month's expiration notice in the mail.

More Readable Membership Letters and Emails

The text changes make the presentation of personal information easier to understand and less computerrific (computer + horrific = computerrific, not to be confused with the more complimentary computer + terrific). For example, on a family membership when the significant other is not known, the message reads, "You have not listed a significant other." When there is a significant other, the message reads, "Your significant other is Jane Doe." If a membership is not a family membership there is no message about a significant other. Similar language is used to describe, or not, the email address, the RUSA identification number, the mailed newsletter preference, and the number of people in a family membership.

The Membership Process

By now the membership process has gelled. If we have your current and valid email address, two months before the month of your membership expiration, we email you an expiration notice. If you did not renew or we do not have your valid email address, one month before the month of your expiration, we send you a printed and final membership expiration notice through the US mail. Shortly after we receive your renewal, we update the database and mail you a membership letter, which has your membership card embedded within it. And that's it until the next year.

Renew or Else

Everyone on our membership rolls now has a valid membership card. If have not received this multi-colored card with my signature and a future expiration date on it, it's time for you to renew.

For Your Winter Reading Pleasure

RMCC member Paul Wollerman has written a most entertaining article about his tour of Grand Mesa and western Colorado on the Bicycle Tour of Colorado this past summer. To get your thoughts out of the snow and cold and to the coming summer cycling season, check out his article at <http://www.janesreport.com/index.php/cycling>.

Until Next Time...

In my next article I will detail the advantages of electing NOT to receive a mailed newsletter, and why our having your current email address is so useful to you.

If you have any membership issues, be sure to contact me at rmccmembers@gmail.com, at 303.321.1265, or at 2279 Krameria, Denver, Colorado 80207.

Until next time, happy trails, and may the wind always be at your back.

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LAST CHANCE STORY

by Brent Myers

Faces in the dark greet us at the Comfort Inn in Louisville just after 2 AM. What a strange looking bunch they are, with different outfits of reflective gear with underlying spandex. Each bike is a specialized individual piece of equipment that makes one wonder just how many hours of thought and work was put into each machine that will transport the rider for the next 1200K. Our own mode of transport, our DaVinci tandem, carries 2 people. With the preparation in the last hours before the ride I only question the preparedness of our own bodies to get us thru the 1200 kilometers. We have prepared by doing the full Brevet series in June, riding 700 miles on the summer contrail, and riding long rides in the darkness and heat of August. With 5500 miles total for the year we have reached the culmination of our goal to ride the Last Chance. There has been some discussion of fears by my partner that we aren't ready for this. I logically try to explain that we should just take it from one checkpoint to the next. The veterans say this is the way to complete the ride and we have heard from a number of them. They have all been a valuable and knowledgeable source of information and encouragement.

We quietly leave Louisville with no fanfare. Our bobbing lights probe the darkness and are a strange sight to passing motorists. Little do the motorists know of the effort that will be put forth in the next few days. Beth and I take up our position in the rear of the group for two reasons, one we haven't ridden in the last few days, and two we want to warm up slowly. A few miles into the ride I develop a short in my new SON dynohub lighting system. We stop at the local convenience store for tape and we are soon on our way. The lights of Brighton appear as we continue on Bridge Street knowing we have to get to Bromley Lane to the south. Out of the darkness we pick up another lost rider and work our way back to the route to the south and east on 152nd. We soon pick up more riders on our way as the sun begins to rise. It's amusing to think of how different the ride is at night on roads that we have done countless times during the day. Amusing myself I wonder what we will feel like on the same roads on our return trip.

The first check point in Byers arrives quickly with Charlie providing great encouragement. We quickly move out feeling good hoping to cover the distance to Anton, which we have ridden for practice, quickly. I am staying on top of my electrolytes and food since I know the temps will reach the low 80's. Anton arrives and we partake in Juan's burritos. We take in as many calories as we can stand since I know we can't keep up with just liquid calories. Beth discovers that a bean and cheese burrito from the microwave is a good round food that can help cover many miles. I can only do a few or else Beth will be in trouble. Fifty-five miles to Cope and we are covering these miles easily and picking up the pace. We stop in Cope along with others and sit down to eat again. Jerry Phelps shares his Jell-O and we decide it tastes GREAT. My motto is to never pass up real food.

It is early afternoon and the Kansas state line come easily with our group of five (Robert Sauve, Jerry Phelps, Alan Becke and ourselves) working into the wind. Our progress is on schedule and St. Francis is up ahead through the valley. I call out "snake" as a large reptile of unknown heritage has taken up residence on the road. Given the evidence of previous ventures of snake explorations this usually ends badly for the snake.

The DQ at St. Francis is happy to provide us with our first evening meal. I sit down and finally feel fatigue setting in and wonder about the wisdom of stopping. The urgency to get going and get in to Atwood pushes us along. The daylight fades quickly. I had hoped to finish with daylight left but forgot to consider the time change. We have left one water bottle at the DQ in St. Francis so I bum formula baby water from a nice person in Bird City. The last 20 miles are in the dark. There is a river that we descend to. We are caught on the shoulder inside the rumble strips. At this point there is more debris and a large sandbar that we pass over safely and I know I have found the limits of the lights at about 35 mph. This is a mistake I vow to not repeat. Immediately the climb out of the valley slows our progress and being in unfamiliar territory I can't judge the extent of this effort. So we enter the safe zone of exertion as we are not able to see the top of the rollers. This can play hell with judging the exertion level on the tandem. Atwood plays hide and seek as the rollers make our destination appear and disappear with frequency. I soon learn that when the tops of the radio towers disappear from sight, it means more of a climb out. We are trading pulls with Robert Suave and finally crest the last rise and descend into Atwood. We arrive to find a beaming Charlie and an ever helpful Dan Shields who have prepared a feast of pizza, fruit and sodas.

In bed by 9:30 PM and plan to wakeup at 2:30AM to ride by 4 AM. I really wanted to "sleep in" another hour but Beth was my best "conscious" alarm clock. We leave in the dark only to begin climbing first thing. Beth can attest to my grumpiness before breakfast. As we play in the rollers heading towards Oberlin, I have my first experience of momentary sleep as the captain of the tandem. I fight to stay awake and am soon amused by the fog in the hollows of the hills along with the momentary cold. I see lights ahead but they disappear and I am left with the thought that I might be hallucinating. I am soon relieved by seeing two lights dancing towards us. The lights belong to those who have made a night long push. I am in awe of the limits that they can push. Beth and I just want to finish the 1200K and are very conservative as we don't know what our limits are yet. Another hour of riding and we encounter our friend Tom Knoblach returning from his all night ride. It is pretty cool to see him riding at this level in just a few years.

We get to Oberlin and find one place open at 6 AM for breakfast. We find the Olson brothers with the same idea of eating that we had and they already had their order in. I am so hungry that we both get omelets and we both soon regret this decision as there is some discomfort. I have looked at this day as just a double century with the hopes of getting back before dark. We get to Phippsburg in good time and from there begin to see more riders returning. Feeling the urgency to join them, we go onward to Kensington to mail our postcard.

We arrive in Kensington and mail our postcard. It is a good feeling to be halfway towards our daily goal and not be suffering any at this point. Soon I am pulling a piece of steel belt out of my front tire and fixing what I hope will be my last of the flat tires. The benefit of the flat is that it provides me with the opportunity to grab another bite to eat of my favorite food, PBJ. With spirits high we pedal our way back to Phillipsburg and stop for more food and calories including a Juan's burrito and Glenn's favorite, Starducks Mocha Frappachino. Yumm. So I



am following my food plan. Eat. Eat. And eat some more. My goal is to consume 400 calories per hour. So far this hasn't been an issue.

Leaving Phillipsburg we begin a series of short climbs along and see the Olsen twins, Robert, and ? ahead of us. The sky begins forming the afternoon storm clouds but don't seem to be too threatening. As we climb a short rise I try to get us on top of the gear and get that good momentum going but nothing happens. So I comment to my partner that I need some help from the back. Usually the response is amenable but this time the response is not and we are off to the races with the first of our tandem meltdowns. I soon realize my error in that the wind had picked up and kept us from increasing to our usual 18-20 mph. Slugging it out at 10 mph is very discouraging when wanting to again finish before dark. We attempt to get the group of riders together but this doesn't seem to work. So I just put my head down and push through hoping the winds associated with the storm clouds will dissipate quickly. We finally reach Oberlin and we are again hooked up with a Denverite, Robert Suave, who is a great person to ride with and great company on this next stretch. Robert has chosen to go further than Atwood with his wife, and I am incredulous as I couldn't imagine going further. We push on into the twilight knowing of the rollers to Atwood. The wind has calmed some from the fierceness of before, but the headwinds are ever present. Funny how it works to have calm winds outbound but headwinds returning. Come to think of it, we had headwinds on the outbound yesterday afternoon. Can't seem to catch a break. Again I am judging the tops of the rollers by the headlights of the oncoming cars. The bad part is the rollers in between the cars that are 5 miles in the distance. Tired and famished as we pull into Atwood at 8:30 PM two hours past my plan. We feed again on gourmet pizza, cookies, fruit, and sodas and bid Robert adieu and wish him good riding to Norwood. Dan, the very tired and dedicated support in Atwood gives us encouragement and updates us on the riders ahead of us and when they left westward. I have a new found admiration and respect for the faster riders since we are hours behind them. I have gotten "by" on what I would call minimal sleep, for some the hours of sleep have been much less.

We leave Atwood at 3 AM on a drizzly morning to climb up and down the ever present rollers. I quickly develop knee pain in my right knee on the back side. It is excruciating and I ask myself if this is the "deal breaker". Yesterday I had ridden with a neoprene seat cover from QR that had my tush feeling pretty good. I question the adage, knee pain front, raise the seat, knee pain back lower the seat. Is this what it is? I sit next to an ammonia tank in McDonald, take two Tylenol, and press on with the coaxing of my great partner, Beth. I readjust my pedaling so that I minimize the excruciating pain. My focus becomes maintaining myself to Bird City. The sun begins to rise and we find the first diner open for breakfast and one we won't miss. Not long after my second cup more riders arrive. We are all a curiosity to the farmers of the area. I am not in a hurry and we leave with Jacob for the ride to Idalia.

Within a few miles the clouds darken and the light showers become a steady hard drizzle. With all of our clothes on and shower caps we press on getting very damp but not chilled. Forget missing the puddles as there is so much of it I didn't think it mattered. Jacob, Beth and I pull into the first diner in Idalia, soaked to the skin, chilled to the bone and to our limit.

Much to my surprise Robert is there finishing his breakfast. The proprietors sense our plight and kindly offer to dry our clothes, as they can see us peeling off the wet layers. The café is tied to the motel. We sit down and order coffee, hot chocolate, and tea just to get our senses back. Jacob sits down and begins to shake badly as the first stages of hypothermia set in. Our waitress comes over and asks if he would like a blanket, Jacob turns and politely says yes. When she comes back with the warm blanket, Jacob looks up and blurts "will you marry me?" Since she is sweet and in her seventies, she blushes and politely declines.

Others arrive in the downpour and a lifetime resident lets us know that a drenching rain is very uncommon in this area. Robert complains that he has "monkey butt" and I offer him Beth's neoprene cover after asking Beth. I do mention to Robert that he needs to lower his seat if he uses it. So at this point I go out and lower my seat finally to try and relieve my knee pain and give him the other cover.

A "miracle" soon arrives in the form of Charlie Henderson who is carrying all of the Atwood drop bags. Dry clothes and whatever rain gear we have is soon on our bodies so that we can continue. We forge ahead into the rain. Jacob and Robert are with us for a while but I am amazed at how quickly the knee pain has gone away after lowering my seat a fraction. The rain lets up briefly and we pick up the pace and the two begin to drop off. After trying to keep them on our wheel I realize it is difficult to not stay in our comfort zone. I try a few times to get them back but it is harder to go slower. We arrive in Cope remembering our outbound stop. It is reassuring that we are going to get back since the rain seems to be letting up.

I think of the next 20 miles to Anton and then the next 55 to Byers. We are both feeling good but tired, I believe we are in that place where with food and water we could just keep going and going. Leaving Cope the clouds look very dark and are roiling. We are soon fighting the winds that are pushing the clouds east. We push on at 7 mph and I am calculating that Anton is now 3 hours away, not the one hour I optimistically endeavored to cover. We climb the final hill into Anton at a blistering 3 mph pace and collapse at the feet of Eric Simmons and his Italian wedding soup. Beth is wet and cold and cradles the soup in the front seat to get warm. Our riders that we left behind are beginning to pull themselves in. We make the decision to stay in Anton if there is any place to stay. There is a place but it is privately rented. Arrangements are made for us to stay and we see others off to complete the journey into the wind. The folks who own the motel are very kind and even allow us to mail our payment since we had run out of cash. As soon as I get Beth into a warm bath I am sure of our decision. She finally stops shaking from the cold and drops off to sleep. We set our alarms for 11:30 PM for a midnight start.

It is midnight and the sky is clear with the stars keeping us company. With renewed strength we begin to tackle the remaining rollers to Byers, 55 miles away. The winds have not abated and the going is slow. The rollers that we came out to train on in August have grown in height and length. Our progress against the wind takes forever as I look at the power plant beacons in Brush and look for the lights of the elevator in Byers. Both take forever to get to, especially the arrival of Byers after first seeing the light 15 miles away. How different the terrain is after this many miles. Spent and hungry we find the motel room with Leslie and Eric with a bountiful spread of food. I am too tired to eat and lie down and doze for a half an hour. My human "cattle prod" gets us up and moving at 6:30 AM for the final push to Louisville. I have in my sights the Sod Buster café for breakfast some 40 miles away. We pass Enrique, the gentleman who was lost in Brighton the first morning again and I admire his tenacity as we passed him coming into Byers in the dark and we pass him again 30 miles later after our stop for an hour.

We had joined forces in Strasburg with David Penegar since he had missed the turn north. It is nice to have this be "home turf" for us since navigating the maps when exhausted could be difficult with the uncertainty. I'm looking forward to the day when Garmin will have the long brevets on a little SD card so that finding the route is no longer an issue. We again meet up with the Olson's at the Sod Buster and as a group



replenish ourselves with hearty breakfasts. We soon depart with the warming sun and proceed to Platteville to the northeast. Along the way we again pass Enrique and I am dismayed that he is with a tube tied to his helmet. The three of us keep moving but have to fix another flat on the tandem in Keenesburg.

Our hearts are definitely lighter as we get closer to Louisville. The hills that we have covered at night during the earlier brevets at night seem to be easier in the daylight. I'm sure the adrenaline we feel getting close to finishing helps also. We struggle to climb the last hill to John's house. I say to myself "We only have this last hill to climb. I know we can do it!" I'm going to ask John to move into the lower part of town. With a cheery face John presents us with our first 1200K medals. I bend down as John Lee puts the medal around my neck and glow with pride as he commemorates it with a photo. Beth gets her medal and grins from ear to ear. I know Beth and I have just done something very special! I feel now that we can accomplish just about anything. Thanks Beth! Thanks Charlie! Thanks Dan, Eric, Leslie, and John Lee! You got us thru.

Please visit rmccrides.com/brevet.htm for the complete listing on the 2009 Last Chance including rider stories and photos.

RMCC CHALLENGE SERIES FOOTHILLS CLMBFEST **(81.1 miles & 7500 vertical feet)**

The late summer Foothills Climbfest (81 miles & 7500 vert. ft.) was staged on Saturday August 5. Congratulations to overall winner Mark Lowe(4h26m). Mark's time was 16min faster than his spring time and his speed of 18.28mph is amazing for this challenging course. Congratulations and thanks to all the participants who competed in this RMCC Sportif.

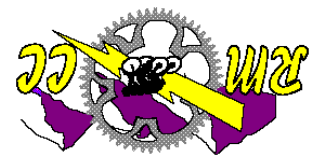
<u>OVERALL RESULTS</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>SPEED</u>
1 Mark Lowe	4h26m	18.28
2 Josh Horwood	5h15m	15.43
3 Cary Stewart	5h34m	14.55
4 Greg Holland	5h47m	14.00
5 Lloyd Jones	6h13m	13.03
6 Ron Sheng	6h34m	12.33
7 Gerry Newton	6h46m	11.97

RMCC CHALLENGE SERIES COLORADO TRIPLE CROWN RESULTS **Colorado Triple Crown Epic Three Stage Series**

This year we started the first Triple Crown three stage series (612 miles and 44000 vert. Feet) where the lowest cumulative time for the three stages (Denver-Aspen, Death Ride, Grand Loop) determines the Colorado Triple Crown winner. Congratulations to Mark Lowe with a winning 2009 time of 37HR 40MIN, 2nd Dick Wiss -2HR 58MIN, 3RD Ray Rupel-3HR 10MIN, 4TH Patrick Nourse-7HR 23MIN. Congratulations to all four for completing the Triple Crown in one year.

<u>OVERALL RESULTS</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>DIFFERENTIAL</u>	<u>SPEED</u>
Mark Lowe	37HR 40MIN	0	16.25
Dick Wiss	40HR 38MIN	-2HR 58MIN	15.06
Ray Rupel	40HR 50MIN	-3HR 10MIN	14.98
Patrick Nourse	45HR 3MIN	-7HR 3MIN	13.58

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Wheat Ridge, CO 80034



(Jim Kraychy rider profile continued)

What have you learned about life through cycling: Cycling is a good life analogy.

Comments: Things that have helped me most improve: Meridian and the Bus Stop rides; encouragement from others. Taking some rides slower. Keep it fun. Don't take yourself (or anyone else) too seriously. Be considerate of others.

