

Heart to Heart



HeartCycle Annual Meeting and Luncheon

Saturday - October 22, 2011

**Mt. Vernon Country Club
24933 Clubhouse Circle
Golden, Colorado**

Cash bar opens at 11:30 am and lunch will start at 12:00 noon

Members: \$10.00 Guests: \$20.00

Guests joining HeartCycle at the luncheon will receive \$10.00 credited to their membership! Good for the remainder of 2011 as well as all of 2012.

The program will include an overview of the upcoming 2012 tour schedule with tour highlights provided by the tour leaders.

You can register for the luncheon at the HeartCycle website.

Pay by credit card online or send a check to the club Registrar at:

HeartCycle Registrar, PO Box 100743, Denver, CO 80250-0743

An Annual Meeting Registration Form is attached at the end of this newsletter.

There will be a 25 to 30 mile ride before the luncheon starting at 9:30 AM, meeting in front of the Mt. Vernon Clubhouse.

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Notes from the Board

Looking Forward to a New Year of Great Cycle Touring

As another year of Colorado HeartCycle touring comes to an end with the running of the Pennsylvania Autumn Harvest tour this month, the 2012 HeartCycle touring schedule is already coming together. The 2012 touring season will feature several Spring tours to the Southwestern US as well as a European tour when HeartCycle returns to the popular cycling Mecca, Mallorca, Spain. Tours are schedule during every month from February through October and there is sure to be one (or two) that meets your cycle touring needs.

At the annual luncheon meeting in October, the program will include a preview of the 2012 HeartCycle tour schedule including highlights presented by many of the tour leaders.

Also planned is a slide show with a sampling of photos from past HeartCycle tours.

The festivities will begin with the annual group ride starting at 9:30 am with riders gathering in the Mt. Vernon Country Club parking lot.

See ya there!

Exploring the Door

By Caroline C. Fuller

No passes. No rain. No flat tires. Virtually no traffic. Granny gears optional. Great trip. Great leaders and SAG drivers. Great company.

That was our experience when our group of 22 intrepid cyclists, plus Jay and Deb Wuchner, our fearless leaders, and Anne and Steve Burchby, our faithful SAG drivers, explored Door County, the "Cape Cod of the Midwest."

The start to the incredible support began when Jay provided continuous transport to and from the Green Bay airport, about a 15 minute drive from our starting point. Those of us who arrived a day early had a great time exploring the farm country and roads along Green Bay, followed by a group dinner at a local brewpub. The next day, about a dozen of us headed for the local rails to trails bike path, only to find that Jay's directions proved to be less than perfect. We had fun meandering our way south and west of Green Bay, [thanks to Joanne for bringing a map along] making our way to the 20-mile path that follows the Fox River. The day was hot and humid, while we accumulated 45 miles of cycling before the official ride even began.

Day 1 - Green Bay to Sturgeon Bay; or How Corny Can it Get?

The heat and humidity continued on our first and longest day - 55 miles riding through corn and soybean fields, to our first stop in Sturgeon Bay. The highlight of the day was the stop at Renard's cheese shop, where we sampled a variety of local cheeses, including cheese curds, thanks to Karl. Lunch was in Potawatomi State Park, with beautiful views of Green Bay and Sturgeon Bay.



Day 2 - Sturgeon Bay to Fish Creek; or How We Spent 6 Hours Cycling 30 Miles

For those of you who have not yet had the pleasure of an easy HeartCycle ride, Day 2 sets the perfect example. After a departure at the frightfully early time of **9:30**, we cycled a grueling 12 miles to our first stop at Door County Coffee. The much-hyped pecan nut rolls were nowhere to be found, so we had to make do with cherry turnovers, cherry yogurt muffins, cherry pie, and cherry bars. So disappointing. After struggling an additional mile - yes, 1 mile - we finally made it to the second stop of the day - Schopf's Dairy, where we practiced our milking skills on Cookie, the fake

cow, and hand-fed the local goats, sheep, and calves. And of course sampled the local ice cream - because you know we burned a lot of calories on that 1 mile ride. Another 12 miles took us to our lunch stop on the bay in Egg Harbor. Another 4 miles and we arrived at the Edgewood Orchard Galleries - an art gallery with beautiful sculptures and paintings, all out of our price range, but fun to look at anyway. Another 4 miles, and we finally reached our destination for the day mid-afternoon, beautiful Fish Creek.

The fun wasn't over, as we went to a performance of Guys on Ice by the American Folklore Theater, a local theater troupe that writes and produces its own musical theater. Intermission - "One, two, three, okeydokey" - resulted in Dave being called on to answer some stupid question or other. But, when asked how he was, and the answer was "amazingly well," and then asked, "why?" the answer was - "because I'm here with my beautiful wife Lynne." All together now, "awwww."

The show contained many, many jokes about ice fishing and Packer-mania. An example - Marv is carving a hole in the ice, when he hears a voice quietly say - "There are no fish down there." Marv ignores the voice and keeps carving, when the voice says, more loudly and insistently, "There are no fish down there." Marv ignores the voice and continues to carve, when the voice screams at him - "THERE ARE NO FISH DOWN THERE!" Marv finally looks up and asks: "Who are you?" The answer: "The skating rink manager."



Day 3 - Out and Around Fish Creek - or How We Survived Wind, Cold, and 10% Grades, Well Maybe 8%

Yes, Door County has hills, and we found them on day three, a loop ride out of Fish Creek that took us to the northern end of the peninsula that is Door County. We battled head winds and cross winds, and brisk fall temperatures, and found all the hills there are in the County, including the lovely left turn out of Sister Bay onto a state highway, now forever named "Oh [Expletive Deleted] Hill." Lunch was on the beach in Ephraim. We enjoyed the beautiful countryside, and bay and lake views all along the way.

Our evening entertainment was a Fish Boil in Fish Creek. A fish boil, for those who haven't had the pleasure, consists of red potatoes and white fish, boiled in a big pot over a bonfire fueled by kerosene-infused sawdust. The mild white fish comes out lightly salted, the potatoes were perfectly

done, and the meal was accompanied by cole slaw and cherry pie. Bob, the fire guy, was the highlight of the event. Having been the fire guy for 10 years, he claimed to have been asked every question imaginable. Anne quickly blurted - "What's the capital of California," and was crushed when Bob the fire guy promptly answered, "Sacramento."

Day 4 - Fish Creek to Bailey's Harbor - or How we Got our Elevation Gain of the Day

The day began with the pecan nut rolls that were so absent from our stop at Door County Coffee two days before, Yes, Deb ordered the rolls for us, and Jay was up bright and early to drive back to the coffee shop to pick them up for our breakfast. Now, those are great trip leaders.

We started the day cycling through beautiful Peninsula State Park - one of the highlights of the trip. We made our way to the Lake Michigan side of the peninsula, with an exploration of the Cana Island lighthouse. While we encountered a few hills, the true elevation gain of the day came from climbing the observation tower overlooking Green Bay and Lake Michigan, and to the top of the lighthouse on Cana Island.

As the winds finally died down for good, four in the group went back to Egg Harbor for sunset kayaking, while the others relaxed at the Yacht Club, and had a leisurely dinner in the metropolis that is Bailey's Harbor.



Day 5 - Bailey's Harbor to Algoma - or How We Spent Our Last Evening Together

Breakfast at the Sandpiper was, hmmm, overwhelming? French toast, pancakes, scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage, and hash browns with ham and cheese - all served family style. It's a wonder anyone could even get onto a bicycle after that.

But, we did, and rode another 50 miles along Lake Michigan, stopping at stunning Cave Point State Park, with views of the cliffs and caves along Lake Michigan. We rode miles of sun-dappled country lanes, with virtually no cars in sight, ending in Algoma which, we'd been told, is the coldest place on the peninsula - presumably because it's not sheltered by a harbor or bay. Fortunately the weather was beautiful and temperate, and gave us the chance to enjoy the Algoma Wine Festival, with funk band Men in Suits, inexpensive wines, and regional crafts. We celebrated our final full day together with a delicious meal at Caffe Tloza.

Day 6 - Algoma to Green Bay - or How We Said Goodbye to Old Friends and New.

Our last day, we awoke to a stunning sunrise and a double rainbow. It was back to Caffe Tloza for breakfast, and then a quick 30 miles back to Green Bay. Yes, there are hills even near Green Bay, evidenced by the 35 mph speeds reached on one lovely downhill stretch. We saw more corn and soybeans, and sheep and cows vied for our attention. We had time to linger at the van, and sample local frozen custard, before the trip officially ended.

On behalf of Doug, Barbara, Dave, Lynne, Karl, Barb, Chuck, Kathleen, Ed, Patty, Paul, Paul, Lynda, Carolyn, Michael, Janet, Joanne, Jim Pam, Jim, Caroline, and myself, a very heartfelt thanks to Deb and Jay for scouting and arranging such a great trip, with special attention to local cultural offerings, tourist attractions, and the ever-important shopping opportunities; and to Anne and Steve for providing incredible food, including local cheeses, breads, fruits; with sag stops and lunch ready and waiting for us when we arrived, and luggage unloaded before the first cyclist rolled in at the end of the day. We couldn't have asked for a better trip. We look forward to the next one.



Pacific Coast: Border to Border - Part I

By Judy Siel

Bridges, Boats, Beaches, Berries, Bikes and oh yeah, Devils!!

First leg of our Border to Border tour finished one week ago in Bandon, OR. Two weeks earlier 44 bicyclists and 2 gutsy sag drivers gathered in Vancouver, BC for the largest tour HeartCycle has ever sent down the roadways. We didn't realize how many obstacles we would encounter on the bikes as we headed south to the Canadian border on the 9/11 anniversary.



Suislaw River Bridge, Florence, OR



Yaquina Bay Bridge, Newport, OR

The first of many bridges we crossed on this tour was a *cable-stayed* bridge just south of Vancouver which was followed by some difficult route finding along the bike trails getting out of town. Every day for two weeks, we crossed bridges including: *arch, floating, cable stayed, truss* and *half bridges* as we moved south through Washington and Oregon. Some of those bridges had narrow sidewalk bike lanes and others we just took the lane to navigate over the many rivers, chasms, and waterways of Puget Sound and the Oregon coast. Views from the bridges were fantastic if you took a moment to look away from your narrow lane and were not too afraid of heights.

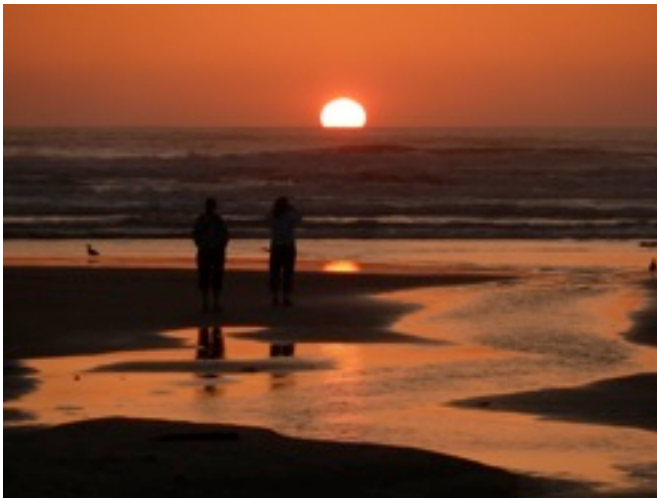


Waiting for Ferry at Friday Harbor, WA



Washington State Ferry

The next unusual bike tour transportation mode was the Washington State Ferry system which included 4 ferry rides as we worked our way to San Juan Island and back, to Whidbey Island and across the Columbia River. The first 3 ferry rides had us bungee cording our bikes on the sides of the lower deck and having warm cozy seats in the cabin. We often had to start a days ride in the dark and coolness of the morning in order to meet the ferry schedule or risk missing out on those wonderful sag stops and lunches. Our final ferry was a small open deck craft where we were exposed to the fog and mist of the Columbia River crossing.



Sunset at Cannon Beach, OR



View from Ecola State Park, OR

After several days of rain in southern Washington and along the Columbia River to Astoria, Oregon, we finally glimpsed our first beach at Seaside, Oregon on a beautiful sunny day. The northern Oregon coast had many big, flat beaches and cute beach towns. Our day off in Cannon Beach had many cyclists taking a day off their bikes for strolls on the beach and tide pool explorations. Small wonder the shops sell so many kites for hours spent playing on the breezy beaches. Several days later, the scenic beach at Pacific City was enveloped by fog just before sunset. This was a hint of future days along the coast where many lighthouses were obscured by the fog and clouds.



Wild Blackberries



Picking Wild Blackberries

One of the unexpected delights of scheduled rest breaks or just at the frequent road pullouts was the ubiquitous wild blackberry bushes and bicyclists picking berries off the bush for extra snacks. Our fantastic sags, Carol & Kathleen, even got into the act, providing some wild blackberries for dessert! One hazard of the ever sprawling blackberries is the thorny vines encroaching onto the road shoulders and becoming a tire hazard for the unsuspecting bikers. We are sure our leaders, Jerry & Steve planned this tour for September just when the blackberries were ripening and ready for us!



Climbing Hill on Chuckanut Rd., WA



Lunch at Cape Meares Lighthouse, OR

Our enthusiastic group of bicyclists rode many hills and almost every day met some fairly steep ones of 11 to 15%!! But none of the climbs were too long, so we knew that a downhill would be just around the corner. Every day was filled with beautiful green forests, moss dripping woods, fall colored trees, rivers, water views of Puget Sound, Oregon's rugged coast and beaches. There were the usual problems of flat tires and broken spokes and the unusual bee sting on the tongue and railroad track crossing crash that kept our sag drivers and leaders doing a little extra driving. But what a fun group to make all the sightseeing, sag stops and afternoon social hours enjoyable!!



Looking into Devil's Churn, OR



Devil's Punchbowl, OR

**Sags - Carol and Kathleen Serve Lunch****Carol & Parker Present Jerry's B'day Cake**

Last but not least are the *Devils* of Oregon: the last three days of biking we passed Devil's Lake and viewed "Devils Punchbowl", "Devils Churn", "Spouting Horn" for unusual rock formations in the ocean. The *Seven Devils Road* which took us to our final town was filled with some steep hills and presented us with the only headwind of our entire two week trip. It was a tired but intact group that packed up in Bandon, Oregon after cycling 760 miles south from Canada. Next year we will reassemble in Bandon for another adventure heading south along the coast into California and the Redwoods.

**The Border to Border Gang in Bandon, OR**

Reflections on Pacific Coast: Border to Border - Part I

By Cathy Jones

Pedaling my bike under the crisp Colorado blue sky and breathing the scent of autumn's rabbit brush I have been reflecting on our grand adventure: Border to Border, Part One. It is impossible to single out any one event that topped all, instead my lasting impressions are multi-faceted.

First, my mind was free to focus on riding. What really sets apart any vacation is escaping daily cares and responsibilities, no thought about what's for dinner, the book club, or the latest family drama. From September 11th through the 24th the only thought was *just ride*. The directions were all laid out, the distance prescribed, terrific lunch and sag stops were indicated on the queue sheet, and lovely accommodations awaited each evening. I didn't have a care in the world because all the details were taken care of.

The single-mindedness of riding led to complete immersion in the wonder of the surroundings, excitement for what's around the bend, and the camaraderie of sharing the experience with like-minded friends. The endorphins also kept me completely high! Senses were sharpened on the splendid scenery, from Chuckanut Road to Slab Creek Road and everything in-between: exciting high bridges, pastoral farms, scenic ferry rides, quaint boat harbors, the stray camel, moss-hung enormous trees, costal vistas with crashing waves and churning froth, hill climbs (7 Devils) and descents, prolific blackberries to gorge yourself on, occasional missed turn, and of course the pouring rain. The Pacific Northwest is a world away from Colorado! Relaxing over my favorite refreshing beverages at day's end and listening to garrulous pontifications on all subjects, including jokes about the retired guy's Cheetos and the ferry boat navy, all contributed to immense satisfaction.

The ride was more than great scenery, nice people and good food. For me, the single most outstanding part of the journey may be my sense accomplishment. Being brand new to HeartCycle and never having done *any* organized ride before (of this length), the prospect of the all the miles was daunting. In my mind this ride is for a bunch of old "hard cores!" Yet, I truly felt the spirit, "We're all in this together." A high bar motivated me to rise to the challenge. It's a simple pleasure to do what we set out to do, and the training and anticipation were rewarded. Along the way I receive a friendly smile here, an encouraging word there, and found genuine people going out of their way to be more than just polite (transferring flash card pictures to DVD at Cosco and the gift of toe warmers). A special thanks is due (to Parker) for the cream, saving my ASSos. I truly didn't know what I was capable of, until tested. This ride has added to my personal reserve of strength and I have the memory of my success to encourage me as I meet continuing challenges. Until next year...

Registration Form
Colorado HeartCycle Annual Meeting

<input type="checkbox"/> Non Member \$20.00	<input type="checkbox"/> HeartCycle Member \$10.00
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Name _____

* Address _____

* Email address _____

* Optional

No of Non -Members		X \$20	\$
No of Members		X \$10	\$
Total enclosed			\$

Please mail with your check to:

Colorado HeartCycle Registrar

PO Box 100743

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