

We were young, lived in a one room cabin, as off grid as you could be in 1997. In what would be one of the last hold-outs of the march forward in developments around the ski area in Steamboat our cabin we rented cost us each 112.50 a month. An even \$225 together. Our heat was by wood fired stove, our water came from the bathhouse that was an even 50 paces to the east along a dirt path we lite with a string of white Christmas lights. We had an electric bill for lights and a seasonal cable bill that only was with us during the month of July so we could follow the Tour de France. It was such a simple time to be in Steamboat making ends meet with various jobs, sometimes 3-4 jobs all at once. We rode our bikes anywhere we could and only started our cars when we needed a grocery run or clean clothes for the next weeks. We shoveled our parking spots, walk ways, and roofs by hand. Bucking modern day conveniences like a snowblower in order to save anything we could.

My wife, whom I met at one of the jobs I had was a ski patroller during the winter and waited tables and worked at the bike shop during the summer. That bike shop was called Sore Saddle Cyclery. Birthplace of Moots. She was hired to rent out bikes to visitors as the perfect summer days and a bike path lured many to take a spin in the idealistic mountain town. After her morning went by fitting helmets and basic mountain bikes to people, it would be time for lunch. As I took my break from wrenching on bikes we would end up at the picnic table that sat out front of the shop at about the same time. Classic boy meets girl, girl meets boy and they talk about the things that makes each feel at ease. She liked me because I had nice legs and talked about my mom. Soon she worked up the courage to ask me out. Yep, I'm that guy that is a little too slow to pick up what she was putting down.

A pair of Sidi shoes; the sign of true love in 1995.

Yep, as we started doing a lot more than hanging out at the bike shop, I bought her a pair of Sidi Dominator II's. The hot shoe of that era. Well before BOA ratchets and soles that actually were made of rubber compounds meant to grip surfaces. The Sidi Dominator was the shoe to aspire to own and buckle to ones foot. In non-bike geek speak it was like getting a pair of Cinderella's slippers. She just didn't know it.

Bike Get Away---how romantic?

We both love to camp and that first awkward trip where you are not sure you smell or did you brush your teeth had to happen. We planned and thought of Rocky Mountain National Park to be our destination. We would camp on the west side (our side) of the park and take roads bikes to ride up to the visitor center at 12,000 feet.

