

This is my thank you letter the people who donated on my behalf:

As I start writing this it's been a little over 48 hours since the end of the ride. I have a hard time comprehending the whole thing at this point. Somewhere around mile 50 on day one I started to ask myself why I did it. Pain and fatigue had set in, a reminder of how far I had come on the day. And at that point? What was in front of me was, well, I did ask myself if I could make it. Then I thought a bit. Last year I felt worse at the same point in the ride and I got through. This year I was stronger and wiser and had proven that I could do all that lay in front of me. And it's funny, just like the prior year, I felt better at the finish of the day than at that 50 mile mark. In fact, both years that was the low point, from then on the ride got better and better.

It's kind of ironic the thoughts one has out on the road when undertaking this kind of endeavor. Not just thoughts of what was ahead, of the aches and pains of the travel, but also of life in general. It's an amazing experience participating in this ride. It's small in comparison to other events, just over 120 riders. This lets us get to know each other, helps develop a sprit of camaraderie. Never on this ride did I ever feel alone. Whether it be the other riders, the support staff on the road, the massage therapists waiting for us at the end of each day, there was always someone there encouraging me and me doing the same for them. My first year on the road I learned that no one gets left behind, that we all finish. And I guess that's a big part of what MDA does as well, ensures that no one gets left behind. No matter the issue, whether it be a quick stop on the road to check my bike, a flat tire, or otherwise, there would always be someone there to ask if I needed help and to provide it. And I was happy to offer the same in return.

This year I dedicated my ride to my grandmother. She had rheumatoid arthritis. It is very different than MD, but in some ways the same. Over the years her bones deteriorated, it getting harder and harder for her to move, to get things done in life. On the ride I thought about her, that no matter the pain she never complained, she did what was necessary to take care of herself and her family. I thought a bit about my dad as well. Through the many years of his life he worked through thick and thin, illness and health, because it was what needed to be done. And I guess this is part of what got me through the ride, what I learned from them, that you don't quit no matter how much it hurts. That the goal, fulfilling the need is what is important, not the pain of life's journey.

So.... How did things go? Thanks to your support I've raised \$2345 so far, well past my goal of \$1750. Overall the ride has raised over \$162,000 to date. I've included a few details of my ride below, but at the end of the day it was nearly sixteen hours on my bike covering nearly 240 miles.

Oh, and one more thing.... When I was wondering why I did this? I never doubted that I'd ride again next year and more than likely for many more years to come.

Finally, thank you again for supporting me on this ride and contributing to MDA of NH. Your dollars are going to help a lot of people.