



## NUMB 2007

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Beautiful Southwest Nebraska called us to the “dozen-year” ride upon our spinning steeds. Rolling hills and Curtis, Grant, Benkelman and Cambridge would be our delight, indeed! We started with “warm-up breeze” to Eustis, east from Curtis for parade and lunch. First surprise, this was a serious ride, “These are real hills!” was heard as sighed.

NUMB was once again for meeting and greeting special people doing God’s work

while becoming friends with all; like Matthew Karges - his three had a great time! Others experienced “adoption” into Froggies, a much-energized group with rhyme. Jonathan & Ann sang the “NUMB Ride Blues”; Oh yeah, our family was together again!

Day One began with second big surprise for us - our trail was “clouded” in fog! Yet, scary road soon offered fun for everyone, was the slope up hill or down? Gaining vision of our route, we added picture-story memories and knew that sweat of this day was really an easy price to pay, considering those for whom we rode.

“Numb sounds” of zippy zippers, clicky cleats and whir of sprockets announced that we were on our way to another great day as we rode out of town in good spirits, next morning. But we soon crossed the dam and began “that Hill” with sigmoid shape and never-ending climb. “Flat” Nebraska was far behind (or ahead?); with big wind up front, temperatures rose.

Hard test for all, but wonderful time of community for family and friends who found that drafting (a little?) got them through Day Two; team work was at its best - with little rest! Like for father and son who rode and bonded there and met each challenge - together. Or having loan of a twelve-speed, repairs and SAGS with food and water, thanks guys!

From Day One to Four we saw hills, range, crops, creatures and road kill; 111 were the count. Dead skunks were on the road, along with snakes and turtles of the trail some days. One skunk coming out of the ditch and a slithering snake made cyclists alter their ways. Yet, crops grew, birds flew and deer, llamas, cows and horses watched as we watched too!

SAGS, like concerned hens with chicks out-of-nest willed their chick-cyclists over the hills and through challenges of tire snakes, head winds, heat and just “the road” to next town. As always, Stan, Russ, Dale and Bill were heroes caring for gear, and for our recovering rider. That homemade ice cream in Cambridge, a welcome treat from great hosts and easily downed!

To all hosts and sponsors – thank you for helping us rise to the challenge of our ride. For alleviating some world hunger (here in Nebraska, too); we couldn’t do it without you. Our flats, bumps, bruises and clips going wrong seem pretty small concerns – others go hungry in a throng – but it was our small price to pay, when doing it our way.

What a Pain-Train this 2007 NUMB became with its surprises and struggles, skunk sprayed anyone?

But good times were there and next year we’ll all be in better shape for lots more and better fun! We will be riding our Number Thirteen Tour with plans for everything to be great and we’ll push our total for hunger support to the most ever! We hardly can wait!