WWW.FREERIDERSPRESS.US

He was standing in the corner where the shed came up against the house, with his forehead against the wall and his eyes closed. He was counting, as fast as he was able; eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-seven.

... He would eventually get to a hundred and call out - for all the neighborhood to hear, "Ready or not, here I come!" Of course, his mates were not only ready, but long gone by then. But the hunt would go on, and usually because of someone's boredom in his secure hiding place, an impatient victim would be tagged out before he could reach home base. Then the ritual would be repeated, with the hunted becoming the hunter, until time for dinner.



You may recognize that rite of passage which virtually every adolescent of years gone by has endured. I don't know what the kids of com-

puters and cell phones play, since they are more into "virtual reality" nowadays. I can just imagine Johnnie having his hiding place found out because he forgot to turn down his cell phone. Or Billy tricking Joe Bob into texting his hidden location. (Why does my computer NOT want to spell "texting"? Isn't "texting" a word?) But the point of this essay is not to gripe about new technology or lost childhood - (I'm still living mine out, BTW) - but to let all you normal people know that Spring is here, and here come the bikers, ready or not. That's right, we're on the way out of our winter holes, and we KNOW the world isn't ready for us.

And guess what? There are more of us now than there were last year. Yes, gas has taken a nose dive from the sky-high prices of oh-eight, but we know that they can manipulate those prices back up for no reason, so more of us are going on two wheels now. You'd better really be watching out for the newbys, too, because they really don't know how to ride yet - just like some people can't figure out how to drive. When you see someone coming down the highway on a motorcycle, why don't you assume that it's a newby, and be careful and courteous - I won't be offended if it's really just me. And pardon me if I ride around you like you haven't figured out how to drive, just to be on the safe side.

I know that some of you may be disappointed because this essay seems to be on the "lighter" side. It's just that I've been trying to lose some weight so my Harley doesn't think we're overloaded BEFORE my wife gets on. Besides that, I'm still trying to figure out what happened to Lucky and Jaysee when they rode through that shimmering mirage out in the desert. That was one of those "Ready or Not" moments that comes along unexpectedly, and I don't want to take it "lightly", so I am writing about something else for a change. Of course, that brings us around to another "Ready or Not" moment that we should all anticipate. I started to say we should look forward to it,



but that only applies to those who would be ready. If you aren't ready, you would do well to either avoid it, or take whatever steps might be necessary to get ready. You think I am talking about being ready for spiritual reality, and I don't want to disappoint, so I'll give you a few verses: "So keep on watching, because you don't know on what day your Lord is coming. But be sure of this: if the owner of the house had known at what watch of the night the thief was coming, he would have stayed awake and not allowed his house to be broken into. So you, too, must be ready, because at an hour you are not expecting him the Son of Man will come." Mat 24:42-44

The days we live in are what many experts call the "Last Days." Before mankind utterly destroys his world and all life forms, God will intervene and save us from ourselves. Those who have heeded God's call on their lives will be prepared for that day which will come suddenly. He is gonna do it! Ready or not!

BTW, I was really thinking about that "Ready or Not" moment when the snow is melted, the salt is washed away, and the sun is shining down on that long and winding road ... that is calling me to come out and play. But you needed the Word from God right then. Just so you know ... Pastor Sam Downey - P.O. Box 557 Adams, WI 53910 608-547-8198 - fbcaf@aim.com

