

BORN TO BE . . . FREE!

I found myself living out on the frozen tundra of Wyoming with my wife and new daughter. It was the fall of 1968, and we had gotten stranded on our way to California. I got a job working on a drilling rig, exploring for uranium under the prairie of eastern Wyoming. Since I was originally from Southern California, nothing in my life had prepared me for what I was about to endure. Sparing you the details, I will just tell you that working outside during the winter in Wyoming is not one of the smartest things I've ever done. Especially making \$1.10 an hour! About halfway through the winter, I was offered a job building and repairing oil well pumps, which meant I would get to be working indoors for much of the day. I took it. All was well for the next few months, as my body slowly thawed out, and we settled in to being a family with a new baby. We underwent the normal struggles of kids being married with major responsibilities, and I learned that I was totally inept at adulthood. Then it happened. Not only was my body thawing out, but so was the air, the river, and the ground. It was starting to warm up, and I was going to be stuck inside for most of every day, all summer, repairing pumps.

Becoming restless, I told my wife that I wanted to buy a motorcycle to drive to work. You know all the reasons why. I made them up as I went along. Good gas mileage - after all, gas was up to about 25 cents a gallon in those days. Easy handling in traffic - I was having to drive during the dreaded Wyoming rush hour. No parking problems - this baby was so small that you could just park right next to the door. Did I mention that I could drive it to work - even though the company provided me with a company car? After bombarding her with all kinds of information, she agreed to go along with the idea. Now all I had to do was find one I could afford, which was to prove about as difficult as convincing her to buy one in the first place. When I checked out what motorcycles were going for, I was shocked. It hadn't been that long since I had bought a good running, late model station wagon for about \$500. As I looked at the ads, I found out that a motorcycle in good-running shape was going to cost at least that much, and I didn't have enough money. I found out that an acquaintance had a Honda 305 Scrambler for sale, and the price sounded about right for me. I rode it home that day.

Born to be wild! I can't begin to explain the excitement that was mine as I rode that bike around town, then out onto the prairie, where I got to see what she could really do. My wife and I rode together up into the mountains, and thoroughly enjoyed a new freedom that only comes from the wind in your face and two wheels on the pavement, not to mention a babysitter with the kid. I had not realized that I missed my boyhood, when my transportation had been all about handlebars, pedals, and two wheels speeding over the ground. I had grown up riding my bike everywhere, and now, after 5 years of being confined to a cage, I was back. The restlessness of my inside job was now balanced by the freedom of riding, and I was determined to make the best of it.

Being away from biking was like dying inside, and getting it back was like being reborn. That was an illustration Jesus Christ used to describe something that was lost by mankind, and then rekindled in those who learned the truth. The innocence man enjoyed in the beginning was lost for a period of time, because of sin. We all are aware that our lives are tainted by wrong thinking, wrong attitudes, and wrong doing. The call of God to each of us is to come back to the innocence of bygone days, by coming back to God. We have lost our freedom to the cares of this world. We are now enslaved to the world's system of injustice. God calls us to return to the liberty that is found only by faith in Jesus Christ. "And you shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free." Reborn to be free! Yeah!

Pastor Sam

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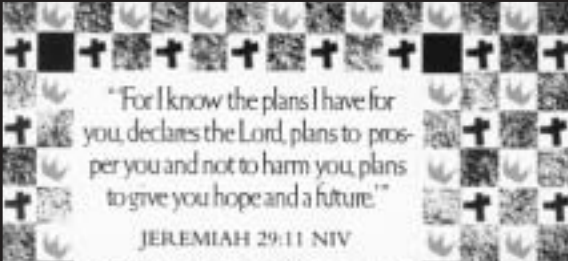
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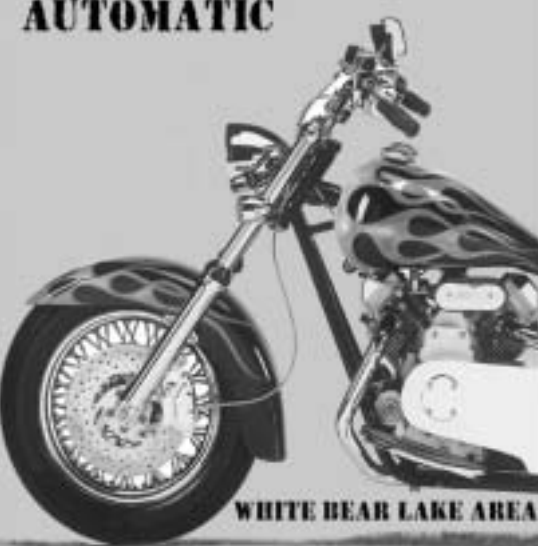
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