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Stress Relief BY: Skypilot

Last weekend I had the privilege to go on a fellow Chapter's Brotherhood run down to Sanford North Carolina. One of my close Brothers from that Chapter about a week or so before the run told me, "Brother why don't you ride with us to North Carolina to get some Stress Relief, I can tell you really need it". So I told him "that he had hit the nail right on the head, that was exactly what I needed and I'd be glad to ride with them". So the next day I started on "THE PLAN", changed the oil, filter, checked the tire pressure, checked all my bolts and nuts to make sure everything was up to snuff. I even had my Trike packed, cleaned and ready to roll two days before we planned to leave.

We pulled out of the "Flying J Truck Plaza" in Carlisle, PA at around 6:40 a.m., after having a good breakfast at their restaurant and lots of coffee. We headed south on 81 and a bunch of other roads which I can't remember, but at any rate rode through some of the most beautiful areas on the East Coast. I rode at the back of the pack most of the way due to my Trike being to wide for someone to ride next to me and be comfortable, that was fine with me I love riding Tail gunner. The only problem that I could think of was just a day before our ride it had rained down in the area we were headed for and I saw that they had five feet of water in places. We got down to Sanford to check in to the Motel and the area were bone dry which was great, but the weekend was around ninety degrees. I checked in to my room with my Brother who had invited me to ride along, unpacked the Trike, got a nice cool shower and headed to a local restaurant next to the Motel and had one heck of a great meal and a few cold ones. We spent the rest of the night just relaxing and shooting the breeze. The next morning we all headed out to meet a bunch of our Brothers from North Carolina and just enjoyed the Brotherhood that we had headed down for. It was at an old grain mill and what looked like an old saw mill. It was really great to sit and talk with some of my Brothers I hadn't seen in awhile and talk with a few that I had met for the first time. Later that night back at the Motel we all pulled the room chairs outside and spent most of the night shooting the shit.

My Brother was definitely right it was exactly what I needed. By Sunday morning I was so relaxed I could have stayed at least another week or so. The only problem I had to be back by Monday for a doctor appointment at Lebanon VA. Well we headed down for

another good breakfast and more coffee before we loaded up to head back up north. As we were about ready to leave one of the Brothers had a problem with his clutch, but we were able to get a local Brother with a trailer to come out and take the bike to his house until the Brother returned with his truck and trailer to haul it back and fix it.

When we pulled out it was already around the mid-eighties so we knew we were in for one hot ride going back. No problem for a bunch of guys who had spent time in a hot jungle years before. We kicked the Bikes up to get the air flowing and on our gas stops we took out the ice cold water bags from the cooler (which was hard ice just hours before) and soaked our

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bandanas till they were dripping wet and tied them around our necks to keep cool for awhile.

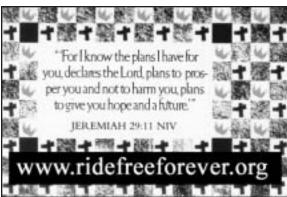
We reached Chambersburg exit off 81, my one Brother and I broke off from the pack and headed east on 30 towards our homes (he lives about eight miles from me), which for us was shorter then going back to Carlisle and back down to our place. Unfortunately my Brothers Soft tail started spitting out white smoke from the front pipe, when he got close it smelled like diesel, so I asked "Brother are you sure that last gas stop you didn't get the wrong pump?" oh course he hadn't, it seems that he cracked a ring or two, but the Bike got him all the way home which was very cool.

That weekend was the best thing I have done for myself in awhile, I really needed it. Besides my psychologist, Beverly Miller PhD that I mentioned last month always told me "Your Trike is the best Stress Relief you have, I can always tell when you walk in my office if you rode or not". She also was right, it is the best relief I have and you that ride a lot know what I mean. The important thing when we are out on the highways is always remember to be safe first, then enjoy the ride. Like the old saying goes "Ride Hard, Live Free".

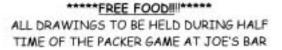
Well again I ask that you pray for our Troops deployed through out the world and their safe return home. I also ask as always lets remember our POW~MIA and their families who wait for their return home, remember "THEY FOUGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM, WE CAN NOT FORGET THEIRS".

Until next month "Keep on Triken'" and ride safe. May the Great Spirit always ride with you. GOD BLESS THE USA!
Skypilot









Run"

All proceeds to be donated in Roger Stroik's name to the American Diabetes Association

