

Bugs and Jaysee

I recently saw a bumper sticker somewhere that said, "You are unique; just like everyone else." That reminded me of the vast differences that exist among members of the human race, and especially among bikers. There is no way to stuff us all into a "one size fits all" box, and if you could we wouldn't stay there. What fun would we have if we were all exactly the same as everybody else? How monotonous would life be if we looked and acted the same? We are not lemmings marching to the same drummer down the same path to the same destiny. For many of us, a nice, balanced life, experiencing the "American dream," is just not going to happen.

I remember a guy we called "Bugs." We didn't call him that because he was funny looking, but he was a different kind of kid than the rest of us. Don't get me wrong, we did a bunch of idiot stuff growing up, but we didn't have a need to taste everything, either. Bugs was an experimenter - he not only wanted to know what a grasshopper felt like, but wanted to taste it too. He would eat flies, beetles, slugs, snails (not escargot!), or anything else that crawled out of the woodwork. We didn't share lunch - he was a hard guy to be around at mealtime. We used to ride our bikes around the county, and Bugs would ride with his mouth wide open, hoping to score a big juicy one. When some of us adopted windshields, Bugs just shrugged, like, "You don't know what you're missing."

When he grew up, Bugs moved to the desert. It was natural for him to gravitate to a place where a lonely light bulb would attract a crowd of insects almost any night of the year. He studied Entomology, I guess, so he could identify what he was having over for dinner. He also rode the scariest "rat bike" I ever saw. I asked him once what kind of bike he had, but he couldn't tell me. He picked up pieces here and there and put them together with baling wire and duct tape. The frame and motor were off an old Harley, but nothing else matched, or mattered to Bugs. It ran down the highway looking like a mutant insect, with Bugs grinning that open-mouthed grin of his.

Bugs wasn't much of a fashion plate either. He never bought a set of clothes. I think he skinned out some road-kill and made some leather pants and shirt from it. Parts of it still had hair on it. He did wear a thick, black, biker's belt upon which he hung assorted tools that he might need for eating or working on his bike. He was quite a sight going down the road, and even weirder around his place. Let's just call him "back to nature," and leave it at that. For a number of years, Bugs was content to be left alone, to keep watch on his lonely vigils, to listen for a mysterious voice, and prepare for an abrupt, confrontational life-goal. He would ride out one day to challenge the status quo, and give all his energies in promoting another's rise to prominence. Bugs didn't care about fame; only about riding that rat bike, eating what bugged him, and accomplishing his purpose for being.

Being somewhat eccentric, Bugs had seldom found reason to bathe. His mantra had been, "Once a month, whether I need it or not." One day, all of that changed, and Bugs began daily forays to the river, to walk down into the water, get wet all over, and encourage any passersby to do the same. He began to speak to any and all who would listen, which was so out-of-character that it attracted a crowd. So was the message that he delivered:

"Change your minds and actions, for a great change is coming soon. The leader whom you have looked for, the special one whom you have expected, is coming soon; prepare to meet him by changing your ways, trusting him implicitly, giving up your former ideas and rules, correct your errors, and set right your lives, remove everything which may be annoying to him. A great person is about to come here; I am announcing his coming. Clear the way, remove every barrier, and get everything ready for him."

People were stunned at this announcement, but many received it as truth, and signified their agreement by being dipped in the muddy river's water, a symbol of cleansing and the changes they were willing to make. As the days passed, the crowd grew, the cleansings increased, and the religious leaders' opposition intensified. Then the storm broke. Bugs' cousin, Jaysee, showed up. They were not real close, even though family, but they both had a passion for motorcycles,

and for their respective purposes in life; one the forerunner, the other, the fulfiller of all righteousness. Bugs was somewhat reluctant, but Jaysee insisted that he be dipped in the river, even though he was always impeccably clean, as an example to all who would eventually follow him. What happened after that you wouldn't believe if I told you. You will have to read it for yourself, in the Book.

We live in those same type of days now. This election year finds all candidates promising change of one kind or another. The truth is that none of those running for office can really bring about change. The only change-agent alive, who can provide hope for our future, is Jesus Christ, the fulfillment of prophecy. He is the one who died on the cross for our sins, was buried in a tomb, and rose to life on the third day. He is the hope of life for all who will trust in him. He is ready to come again to finally make everything right, to the glory of God. Will you be ready when he comes? Bugs still speaks to us today.

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