## **BONES LAST RIDE**

By: Skypilot VNV M/C USA

Well my Brother, Friend and Amigo passed over November 8, 2010 at 10:50 a.m. the Cancer finally took him, but he gave it one hell of a fight.

Yesterday November 13, 2010 I performed his service and preparation for his last ride. Early on in his fight I was at the point where I told myself "I can't cry any more". Well yesterday at one point when I was reading a passage I felt myself fixing to let the tears flow, well I thought no this isn't going to happen. I took a drink of water, a deep breath and

I have performed three other services for Brothers, but due to the closeness Bones and I shared this one was very hard to do. Months ago my friend asked me to perform his last service for him, so I've had a lot of time to prepare for this. I started by going to the hospital and sitting

with him and got all the important things he wanted said and the music he wanted to hear. You would for throwing ourselves onto the floor in a fit of tears and heartbreak not believe how many times I'd start typing, then delete and start again, but when it was all said and done, it was what he requested.

Someone ask me yesterday why I never became a priest. Well for one I practice two types one being from my Cherokee background and the other from the Catholic. Another reason (and I have no ideal how clergymen do it) I could not perform finale services for people.

I can say this without sounding cruel and a total jerk. I left the hospital last Sunday when I got a call in the change of his condition. So that night I ask the Great Spirit and God to please that night or by the following night to take his breath away and just let him go and be done with the pain and suffering he has endured over the last few months. Well they answered my prayer, because at 10:50 Monday November 8, 2010 (the very next morning).

To those of you who have disagreements with family and friends, do your self a favor and make things right with your loved ones. Life is to short to carry on with bad blood between yourself and those you love. When you see a friend, family member or a BROTHER go up to them give them a big hug and kiss and let them know how much you love them, because that might be the last time you see them.

Thank you my friends for reading my articles and our paper and please keep doing it. Please say a prayer for our Service Members through-

out the world, that they are watched over and return safely to their loved ones. Until we meet on the road we travel I say "Keep On Triken'"

May the Good Lord, Great Spirit or who ever you put your faith to look over you and keep you all well.



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## Vietnam's Daughters - By Jen Owen

Please forgive us,

for not understanding the vacant look in your eyes when we stood before you as little girls spinning in our pretty new princess dresses and asking you to slay the dragon and keep us safe in our castles... We didn't realize your dragon was bigger,

than we could have ever imagined ours to be...

Please forgive us,

for mistaking your one word answers from pursed lips, as "I don't care." instead of "I wish I knew how to talk to you... how do I talk to you..please...tell me how to talk to you?" Please forgive us,

as we discovered the drawings

we worked so hard on for you at school for Father's day, and lovingly taped to the refrigerator were covered up with war propaganda posters... If we had known how to draw helicopters blowing up people in jungles... instead of stick figure Daddy's and their little girls fishing together under blue skies,

with big billowy clouds and smiling yellow sun-shines... we would have drawn those for you instead.

Please forgive us,

for not knowing that when you said "I'm taking a nap...wake me at 4" you meant "Stand at the foot of my bed and call my name until I wake up so that when you quietly walk to my side and lovingly touch my shoulder unaware...

YI don't immediately bolt upright before your fingertips even touch the fabric of my t shirt, grab your wrist and twist it behind your back and reach for your throat with the other hand with a look in my eyes you will never forget." Please forgive us,

for not knowing that when you said "If he hurts you...I'll kill him" while eyeballing the pistol on the top shelf of the closet...

You weren't trying to show off...

you were actually telling us you loved us more than life itself without actually having to say those words out loud...

Please forgive us,

for trying to figure out why...

every time we came home from a date or worked late - ou were sitting up watching 'Saving Private Ryan' or 'Heartbreak Ridge'... and didn't bat an eye as we walked past and said goodnight... but somehow knew we were home safe...

because the machine gun fire blasting from the television set would be silenced...

the moment our bedroom lights turned out. Please forgive us,

for growing up resentful of our friends who's fathers went camping with them, came to their track meets and talent shows and hugged and kissed them goodnight -

.....even in high school -

while we sat in AA meetings with ours, where we eagerly awaited your turn to talk so at least for 10 minutes a week we got to hear about your life even if it was always the same story.

Please forgive us,

for feeling jealousy first...instead of joy when we watch our own little girls lifted up into the air by our husbands, as they walk in the door from a long day of work laughing and hugging and kissing cheeks... We don't know what that feels like and we feel ashamed for being angry at you about it.

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