

A Little Something from Mama Kat

It's fall. My favorite time of year for a ride. The morning starts off cool and a bit foggy. Leather, gloves, my favorite HD hoodie over my t-shirt. As the sun starts to rise higher in the sky, the colors of fall start to show themselves. Beautiful reds, brilliant oranges, vibrant yellows and warm browns paint the landscape. The corn stalks, brown and crisp, roll to meet the pale blue sky of morning.

We blaze a trail through the leaves that are fallen on the road, the rustle of the leaves behind the bike is music to my ears. Amazing you can hear it over the pipes - maybe I'm just in tune with nature more than usual this time of year. I lean back a bit, taking in the view above - azure blue sky, small tufts of clouds dot the sky. Breathtaking.

Lunch at a local pub out on the deck. Good food, good friends and great view. Shed the hoodie as the temp is rising by this time. Back on the bike. More miles!!

Hay bales and pumpkin stands dot the landscape. Hmmmm - no room for pumpkins on the bike. I'll have to come back tomorrow in the cage and get some for the house. A local apple orchard has signs up for festivities, we make another stop. A carmel apple on a fall ride - what more could you ask for? As we are enjoying our treat, I notice a little guy and his Mom near the bike. She's pointing, his eyes are wide and a huge smile across his face. I pass my apple off to a friend and make my way back to the bike. I greet them and make small talk with the little guy. He wants to know how fast the bike goes! So cute. I tell him we don't know how fast it will go - we just know it goes fast enough to get us a speeding ticket every once in a while. OK so I didn't tell him the WHOLE truth - he's happy with the answer and so is his mother. I ask him if he would like to sit on the bike. He looks to his mom for approval, she says is OK. I lift him up onto the bike, he reaches for the apes. Can't quite reach, but he makes a good effort. I climb on behind him and ask him where we are going. He giggles and says "To get ice cream!" Mom laughs and tells him its time to go. I help him down from the bike, he gives me a hug and skips off with his mom. She looks back and mouths 'thank you'.

Back on the bike, its late afternoon. Time to head in the direction of home. The sun warms my face and the day warms my heart. Realizing this may be the last ride of the season, I close my eyes and listen to the roar of the engine, the rumble of the pipes, trying to commit to memory the sounds that bring me peace like no other. I breathe in the fresh air and watch the scenery as we putt down the backroads. Anyone who rides can tell you - every road is different on a bike than in a cage. No denying it.

Another pit stop on the ride home - refuel and say our good byes for the day. Next exit signals the beginning of the end of the day as some head for home. We are the last ones to pull into our own drive. We park the bike, retrieve leather etc from the saddle bags and head for the house. I shut off the lights in the garage and start to close the door. I hesitate, turn the lights back on and glance over at the bike - she'll sit for the winter now but won't go unnoticed. Detailing and a new chrome piece or two over the cold winter months pacifies me, temporarily. Until then I can close my eyes and try to relive this day. Recalling the scents and colors, the crisp air and warm smile of that little boy. I click off the light once again and make for the house. It was, indeed, a good day.



Biker 12 Days of Christmas

- On the first day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - The fifty that he borrowed from me.
- On the second day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Two brand new tires.
- On the third day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Three shots of jack.
- On the fourth day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Four case o' beer.
- On the fifth day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Five piston rings!
- On the sixth day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Six pack o' smokes.
- On the seventh day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Seven gallons of gas.
- On the eighth day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Eight paris of shades.
- On the ninth day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Nine Harley shirts.
- On the tenth day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Ten quarts of oil.
- On the eleventh day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Eleven foot o' chain.
- On the twelfth day of Christmas, my biker gave to me - Twelve headlight bulbs.

Laura the Potter

October 2010

A girl...just gotta have fu-un...oh yea! Just gotta have fun! And I sure did this summer! I can't believe this is for October's issue already...I need a new tire. Preacher gave me 2 tickets to the St. Croix Valley Chili Feed...and I had never been there. The week before I was at the ABATE of MN State Rally in Litchfield. I am truly blessed with the fine friends I have in ABATE! I always have a good time! One of my favorite things to do is ride around on the back of the Vespa owned by Dan Monson. It has quite a bit of exhaust...and he yells out "Mosquito Control!" I am quite disappointed in myself though...I entered the weenie bite contest at the Chili Feed with Tim Peters and the thing hit me in the nose! Damn It!!!! I can do this!!!! Oh Well. I would just like to keep this short...and include a bunch of pictures...and special thanks to the "Team" (Bob & Rex) for making my weekends full of fun and great riding. And of course, thank you Tony, you are the best!! Tomorrow, Tony is taking me to Seattle for a week! I haven't been on an airplane for 8 years so I am pretty excited! Attendance from both the Rally and the Chili Feed has gone down. I guess it's a sign of our times, along with the fact that there are just so many things out there to do if you ride! I feel bad for the vendors. Sometimes those people travel a long way, costing them quite a bit just to get a spot at these events. I just ask that you all help to support them...Take Care, Laura the Potter



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