

WINTER IS COMING

By: Skypilot

As much as I hate it winter is upon us. Have to winterize all the toys (RV, Bikes, except one) and let them sleep through it (wish I could). As you can tell I HATE winter, nothing at all about it do I like. If I were well off I'd pack up and move to Jamaica. Had a nice surprise the other day, got a call from Preacher asking what I was doing tomorrow? Nothing that I know of and he stopped in the next day and night for a visit on his way back to the mid-west. It is always good when a friend stops by to see you. Then after he left the next morning on his journey another friend and his lady stopped. I told Texy we were truly blessed to have such great friends. One good thing if this winter is like the last few we should be getting better weather in two short months, if not of noooooooo. I remember growing up out in Illinois I loved winter, all the great things to do and see, but in my older years I just can't stand clearing the snow, the idiots that try and drive in it and end up causing all the crashes, its just not worth it any more.

I'd like to thank everyone for the prayers when I was in the hospital a couple months back it really helped knowing I was going in for major surgery and not knowing what they were going to find. I was lucky cause a lot of Brothers I've heard of them contracting cancer, liver problems and so on, I beat it no cancer. Still working on trying to regain the forty - seven pounds I lost in a week and my over all being, I guess I'll get there.

Well those of you that brave the winter months and get out to ride, I say be careful and may you ride under a cloak of protection. I try and go out every New Year day for a ride to welcome in the year and look at what God has given me. Sometimes I'll ride for a few hours other times it is down the hill turn around and come home (to bloody cold or snowing).

This month I'm brain dead on this, I just wanted to let everyone know I'm still out here and still kicking. Again thanks for the prayers. Please remember our Troops serving this great nation and our POW-MIA who are still waiting to return. " Keep on Triken " Skypilot

**A Soldier's night before Christmas**

Twas the night before Christmas, he lived all
alone
In a one bedroom house made of plaster &
stone.

I had come down the chimney with presents to
give
And to see just who in this home did live.

I looked all about a strange sight I did see,
No tinsel, no presents, not even a tree.

No stocking by the fire, just boots filled with
sand,
On the wall hung pictures of far distant lands.

With medals and badges, awards of all kind
A sober thought came through my mind.

For this house was different, so dark and dreary,
I knew I had found the home of a soldier, once I
could see clearly.

I heard stories about them, I had to see more
So I walked down the hall and pushed open the
door.

And there he lay sleeping silent alone,
Curled up on the floor in his one bedroom
home.

His face so gentle, his room in such disorder,
Not how I pictured a United States soldier.

Was this the hero of whom I'd just read?
Curled up in his poncho, a floor for his bed?

His head was clean shaven, his weathered face
tan,
I soon understood this was more than a man.

For I realized the families that I saw that night
Owed their lives to these men who were willing
to fight.

Soon 'round the world, the children would play,
And grownups would celebrate on a bright
Christmas day.

They all enjoyed freedom each month of the day,
Because of soldiers like this one lying here.

I couldn't help wonder how many lay alone
On a cold Christmas Eve in a land far from
home.

Just the very thought brought a tear to my eye,
I dropped to my knees and started to cry.

The soldier awakened and I heard a rough voice,
"Santa don't cry, this life is my choice;

I fight for freedom, I don't ask for more,
My life is my God, my country, my Corps."

With that he rolled over and drifted off into
sleep,
I couldn't control it, I continued to weep.

I watched him for hours, so silent and still,
I noticed he shivered from the cold night's chill.

So I took off my jacket, the one made of red,
And I covered this Soldier from his toes to his
head.

And I put on his T-shirt of gray and black,
With an eagle and an Army patch embroidered
on back.

And although it barely fit me, I began to swell
with pride,
And for a shining moment, I was United States
Army deep inside.

I didn't want to leave him on that cold dark
night,
This guardian of honor so willing to fight.

Then the soldier rolled over, whispered with a
voice so clean and pure,
"Carry on Santa, it's Christmas day, all is
secure."

One look at my watch, and I knew he was right,
Merry Christmas my brother, and to all a good
night!

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Jan 10 - Springfield, OH
Swap Meet
8am - 3pm
Clark County Fairgrounds / exit 59 off I70
Admission: \$6.00

April 11 - Springfield, OH
Swap Meet & Show
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Clark County Fairgrounds / exit 59 off I70
Admission: \$6.00

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