

## Into the Wilderness - Unexpected Company

The world today has become so advanced by education, technology and science that many people would look at these happenings as unbelievable. Many a modern man does not like to accept the possibility of supernatural occurrences, but the veil which enshrouds heaven's portal is but thinly transparent in some places. Jaysee's campsite in the desert was near such a place.

The day was going to be a scorcher. Jaysee had risen before dawn and ridden across the arid valley, skirting the shifting sand dunes, to the plateau near Hackberry mountain. From there he could see the sun come up over the Black Mountains and the Colorado River Valley. He imagined he could see the placid waters of the Colorado, even though it was probably 50 miles over there, and there was too much landscape in between. He liked watching the sunrise in the desert - almost every color in the rainbow made an appearance as the fiery orb began its daily march across the copper sky. Besides, it was the perfect excuse to fire up the Knucklehead and ride across the desert. There was no way you wanted to ride after noon, until dusk. It was like riding in a convection oven, with hot wind burning any exposed skin in a matter of minutes. Even in an air-conditioned car, it could be uncomfortable if you were sitting next to a sun-facing window. Jaysee explored the desert every day from the back of his bike, making sure to be in camp by about noon, when it really got hot. He had been over to Las Vegas and Laughlin, down to Needles and around Oatman, and was now exploring around the Providence Mountains where there was supposed to be buried treasure. The weeks he had been out had been uneventful and even restful. His spiritual quest had revived him in many ways, and he had found that he could commune with God more easily on the back of the Harley than he could sitting around camp.

But sitting in the shade around camp was the best way to handle the heat of the afternoons in the wilderness! That's exactly what Jaysee was doing on this particular afternoon. He had been in the desert alone now for a number of weeks, and had a pretty clear idea of what he was going to do when he got back home. God had been gracious to speak to him and had provided for his needs. Jaysee had already known that he could go without food, but never for this long. He was the kind of person who could be so focused on a job that he would forget or neglect to eat for days at a time. He had experienced before the weakness or headache of the first couple of days without food, which reminded him to eat a little something. He had never intentionally "fasted" but knew he could go without eating for a few days. Now he knew that the weakness of the first days would pass, and he felt stronger than he did almost six weeks ago. After the first three days, he had felt no hunger and had really not thought about food at all. Well, except for the ride down the strip in Vegas and the Taco Bell in Needles. Out here, nestled on the east side of the Providence range, there wasn't anything to eat anyway, so he hadn't thought about it - only about his purpose in being here.

Off in the distance, Jaysee gazed at the perpetual mirage suggesting that the valley was a seaside resort. The shimmering heat waves distorted one's perception and made it appear that water on the ground was as real as any ocean. Many a pilgrim was fooled into thinking his thirsty ordeal was at an end, but Jaysee knew better. Yet, there was a different quality - an eerie quality - about it today. Out of the midst of that heat wave, Jaysee perceived a speck of something becoming larger. Where nothing but sand existed moments ago, there was an onrushing presence now, seeming to have materialized from the glistening veil



of vapor which continued to dance on the distant landscape.

As if riding through an invisible door, a black-clad biker straddling an evil-looking machine rode, in dead silence, up the valley toward Jaysee's campsite. No rice burner was ever so quiet as this; there was no hum or hiss, just silence. Neither was there a plume of dust, to Jaysee's amazement. If he had not been alert, his enemy could have come upon him with no warning at all. But as the biker approached there was the appearance of choking exhaust smoke, as if the machine were burning straight oil or running on diesel - yet there was no noise of a motor running. Jaysee went to the edge of the gravel road to check out this unexpected company, although he was fairly sure of his identity. "Lucky" had ridden far to meet Jaysee - his mortal enemy - out in the backside of the desert. He had left the "Legion" at the Lair, sure of his ruthlessness and his ability to handle Jaysee by himself. It was to be the showdown now. To see who was the stronger - to see who would rule the motorcycle world! Proud of his reputation, "Lucky" leaves nothing but malice and mayhem everywhere he goes - and he leaves no tracks in the sand! Silently he stalks us, leaving no evidence of his existence behind except broken hearts and destroyed lives. And he was here to break Jaysee and destroy his plans.

Jesus said: The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. John 10:10

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## A Few Words From Dave.

Here is hoping all is well as you cherish this awesome riding season. I write to you during my 6th day in Sacred Heart Hospital, Eau Claire. You gotta know, Preacher that Free Rider Press showed me how to do some long distance riding.

We had a great time to the National Coalition of Motorcyclists Annual Convention at Houston, TX. It was the best NCOM Conference ever. The largest breakout session was the Coalition of Christian motorcyclists - over 200. The NCOM cohesiveness & camaraderie among the 2000 plus clubs and organizations, which included each of us, was fantastic.

Here is hoping that you are completing your stops on Abate of Wisconsin Poker Run and the American Freedom Warrior Monument tour. Contact Abate of Wis. for information. There is still time to sign up and do some excellent riding with purpose.

Thanks for the splendid response to my Free Rider Press article about ordering military ribbons, medals, medical and personnel records for Veterans and their descendants. Feel free to stop me on the road, since I carry the SF-180 forms with me at all times.

For the record, my 1991 FXRT mileage is at 950,350 miles.

"May the Lord put a shield around you to protect you from harm and a hedge of thorns to protect You from evil."

May you have Hunger in the Heart, Fire in the Belly and Souls absolutely on Fire! Dave Zien-NCOM Legislative Task Force and Speakers Bureau

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