FROM THE INSIDE

A couple of poems by Chester "Chuck" Brost

Old Biker Values
Hold on to old biker values
Don't let them slip away;
If there is no one to keep them,
They'll slip away today.
Old biker values have been proven,
They have a sense of worth;
Replace them not with new ones,
Which have been given birth.
Hold on to old biker values,
They're true and very sound,
Lest you begin to seek them,
And find them not around

LifeStyle
Love your biker lifestyle
With all your heart and soul,
And it will lead you on to find,
Your long sought cherished goal.
Have faith in it when things go wrong
And it will lead the way,
To drive away the clouds of gloom,
And brighten each new day.
A bikers lifestyle is not in vain,
For this is far from true,
It will be here for years to come
To guide and strengthen you.

Here are a couple more Brothers to write to if you got a little extra time.

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Keep sending us your stories (fiction or not), poems, and all around thoughts. We'll be glad to look into running them for you. Remember this is your section!



SEND US YOUR STORIES, PICTURES, IDEAS, JOKES, ETC. WE WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU FREERIDERSPRESS@FREERIDERSPRESS.US 1900A MADISON ST STEVENS POINT WI 54481

"SPIRITS ON SPOKES" DISABLED BIKERS & TRIKERS PROFILES RIDES - STORIES, "WISDOM IN THE WIND"

It was a late Sunday afternoon, a knock at the front door? It was a pastor from a church not far away. Pastor Nancy said, Wheelz I've heard a lot about you and the good things you do for down bikers. Well I have a down biker in my flock that has terminal brain cancer and is on her death bed, Would you please go take her for her last taste of wind and help me send her home?

Brenda lived not far away in a small town nearby, she was an Asphalt Angle and rode a orange sporty for years next to her husband on his shovel. As I followed the pastor to their home the chills in my back was feeling real warm. The garage door opened and as I backed the bone into the stall next to her sporty, the door opened up and her husband carried her out to the passenger seat on the Bone. He sat down with her in his arms with tear drops flowing down his face. He said brother, Brenda needs a ride home with the sunset in her eyes for one last ride.

Brenda had on her H-D shirt with her leather zipped up all the way, she was so weak from near death the helmet law wasn't in effect on this ride. Pastor Nancy stood by our side and prayed for Brenda before her last ride. AMEN TO YOU ALL! As we rolled out onto the black ribbon towards the sunset I popped in a Bob Seger tape to set the mood to overcome the blues that was filling me up slow but fast. As John held Brenda in his arms as we picked up speed to about 35 or so, the look on Brendas face began to smile more and more every mile. She had her eyes open the best she could and the wind was blowing free and doing us all so much good. As I looked in the mirror John said crank it on brother, I think the time is near? The song changed to Up on the stage again, and I turned the volume up as I twisted the wick to bring it up to speed to send her home. The sunset was fire orange, the bugs were thick splattering all three of

us, we all had tear drops blowing dry from the ride, the time was near and Brenda smiled one last time as John held her so tight, it just couldn't be any more right, up tight or out of sight!

death came upon us that day I had a chill of being a proud biker that day as her spirit let the free wind take her away. Let us pray Brother, she went home her way and this ride in the wind will forever be in our memories for



ever more and a day! By the time we returned her home Pastor Nancy had already known that she was on her way to the big blue highway that some day we will all call home. As darkness fell on the night, John fired up her sporty and throttled that V-twin to thank the Bone and me and shook my hand in brotherhood then wished us a good night.

Brenda was 35 years old with about 17 years in the wind, it's so very true that the good die young! While most of the rest of us look forward to the next run, be it cross country or down to the store, always remember folks that in this world of give and take, we need more Brotherhood willing to give what it takes! So if you know of a down Brother or Sister anywhere reach out with a helping hand, in the name of brotherhood and yesteryear we all can, Live to Ride, Ride to Live ...Again!

The Lone Triker, Wheelz

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