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From the Desk of ABATE of Wisconsin's PR Guy

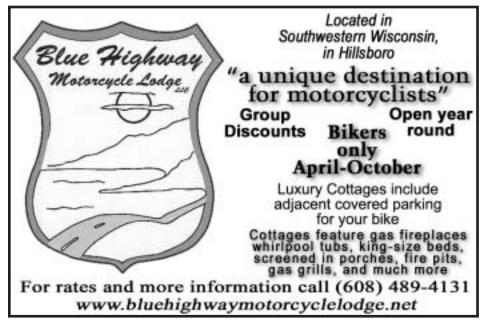
Apathy; lack of feeling, want of passion or emotion. This word may not be exclusive to bikers, as I see a great amount of it hiding out in every corner of our society today. Personally, I will shout till I'm hoarse and write 'till my fingers bleed before I let anyone take my freedoms away. Now, does this mean that unless you're standing on a soapbox letting all bikers know what gross injustices are lurking in the shadows you're apathetic? I sure hope not. Maybe we should chalk up most bikers' apparent indifference to their freedoms and safety to today's society. A society that has made blame shifting an art form and taken away all individual responsibility away. A society that lets insurance companies and lawyers dictate legislation. Over two hundred years ago Ben Franklin wrote "those who are willing to give up freedom for security deserve neither freedom nor security" but it seems today everyone is more than willing to give up their basic freedoms so they don't have "stress" about everything. Can't life just be simpler? Won't the government fix everything for me? Does anyone really know when to say enough is enough? How long should we wait for the constant infringements on our way of life to go away? I hope 2009 is the year you



choose to rise up and take control of your destiny. Let's show everyone that bikers' are not apathetic, we were just waiting until we got really pissed off to start shouting "enough is enough". Vigilance, not apathy keeps us free. With two years of Wisconsin law enforcement and WI DOT ignoring the penalty enhancements and awareness provisions of Wisconsin Act 466 and a helmet law introduced at our southern border I think the time has come to start shouting.

I've had a great time running the ever present red lights by my house in the past two years. Unfortunately it was the only part of Wisconsin Act 466 that bikers could find useful, or find at all for that matter. If you were looking for right of way violations to serve up stiffer penalties as written in Act 466, quit looking, because you won't see it. Besides not being clearly listed in the bond book, right of way violations can be written up many different ways depending on how law enforcement at the scene of the crash views the incident. Failure to obey a signal, operating left of center and inattentive driving are also tickets that can be issued and none of them carry over a hundred dollar fine or any motorcycle awareness classes. Of course at this time, I am only aware of a handful of mandatory motorcycle awareness classes being given to those convicted of right of way violations in the last two years anyway. A judge that attended a recent meeting I attended actually spoke of an online awareness program that he was looking at using in these cases. Let's not bother to look into the successful Share the Road program that we run. Sixty percent of this comprehensive legislation has been ignored. A biker's life isn't worth putting another couple of sheets of paper in the bond book. Does this make you mad?

We shouldn't have to use the word apathy when so many of our basic freedoms are being infringed upon. Bikers wrote the book on strength, spirit, and passion. The days of hoping things will just go away are gone. Let 2009 be the year you decide to get involved. I hope you attended our lobby day last month, and if you didn't please take the time to call your legislators in support of our efforts. We will start our awareness campaign in late April with motorcycle awareness rallies throughout the state and then focus our efforts in May adding even more items to our regions awareness materials to let motorists' know that we're out there. Although our nation has cried out for change, we must remember that all change is not good. Vigilance and action keep us safe and make us free. Make 2009 a year of action. Until next month...Ride



Last Ride July '08

Not pre judging you, I'm not God, only asking you to realize how much life is worth when someone take's your space and time away.

Seeing your children's faces when they realize their family is breaking apart due to someone else's mistake, especially a stranger. Pain is so real when the strongest pain med's don't work. Flash backs don't go away from Summer July ride.

When the moon was shining so bright on the dark winding country roads. When someone takes you down "in their cage", while you wait at a red light. Blacking out and waking up seeing your husbands lifeless body. Is he dead? Feeling my body on the cold cement & wake up Red Dog. Why God, please don't break us apart, my soul mate. Let me die.

Only a Biker knows the feeling of the Last Ride.

