WWW.FREERIDERSPRESS.US

A little saomething to think on... The numbing cold caused Jim's excited breath to form a crust of ice on his beard as he rode his Harley home from work. There had been no indication that the Florida weather would turn so sour during the day, but such is life. At least he was able to ride, rather than park the red monster under the carport half the year, waiting for a balmy day to come around. He had had enough of that life before moving from the frozen tundra to the white sands of Florida last year.

Now he had the ability to ride year round, a dream he had shared with his Wisconsin friends for many years. The problems now facing Jim were of a different sort. Fighting rust and corrosion had taken on new dimensions

now that salt was literally in the air, rather than just on the wintery pavement certain times of the year. There was now a constant battle to keep the monster clean and waxed so the chrome and paint would resist absorbing the salt air. Jim has never considered that he would be washing and polishing more than riding, but it seemed to be true.

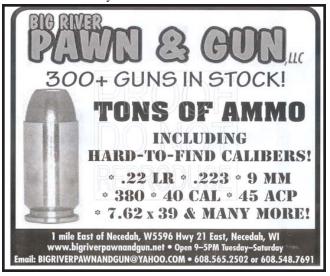
In years past, Jim had travelled far and wide to take on the challenges of motorcycle

riding in deserts and mountains, and even along the West Coast's Highway 1 following the ragged edge od the Pacific Ocean. He had explored Utah and Colorado and exhilarated over lofty mountain passes. He had challenged the "Dragon's Tail," and conquered Pike's Peak. He had ventured far and wide to prove is skills as a rider to himself, and to others. He had even sneered, from time to time, at the relative flatland riding available in his native Wisconsin. He had groused more than once about having to put away his riding clothes from November to April. Now he groused about the sameness of the roads he could ride all year long. The flatness, the traffic, the crowds, the heat. He found himself longing for the cool, winding pavement of Southwest Wisconsin, the bluffs overlooking the river, Wildcat Mountain, the Northwoods, home!

Now that he lived where he could ride all the time, it seemed that he rode less than he had for many years. There were so many other things to do that he was more content to leave the monster under the tarp, in the carport and go fishing, or boating, or borrow those wave runners again, or just drive to dinner in an air-conditioned four wheeler. More and more of the friends and neighbors were not into motorcycles, and, well, maybe it is just time to give it up and sell the monster to buy that cute sailboat.

The ice in his beard was all it took to bring Jim back to his senses. Sometimes, we all forget what life is really about. We get sidetracked in our quest for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Certainly, there are circumstances and situations that dis-

tract us from the things that are really important in life. Some may never find what is really vital, and others may find it and throw it away, but God gives us the opportunity to live life to the fullest, loving and serving Him. As we pursue what we feel is important to us, and ponder the choices we seem to have concerning our futures, have we checked the ice in our beards? Maybe God is trying to remind us of that which is really important in this life. Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no one comes to the Father, except through me." There is a true way to God - to Home through repentance and faith in Jesus Christ. Come home. Pastor Sam Downey





early for indoors

s Inc.

-2097

Woodridge, IL 60514

a mee

630-985

www.walneckswap.com

7923 Janes Ave..



Page 11