

**Bikes Have Feelings Too**

The other day, a friend and I took a ride, to scout out a route for our annual CMA Run for the Sun on May 1st from Mauston, WI to The High Ground. We were trying to determine an interesting and scenic route, find a good stop spot (for the ladies, of course), and get a general idea of how long it would take to get there. The day was beautiful, overcast, chilly, with a few showers in the area. A typical Spring day in Wisconsin, the likes of which we can expect until at least 4th of July.

On the ride back home, we decided to stop by a local bike shop where my friend, whom we will call "Jim," had seen a really nice motorcycle for sale. "Jim" is always thinking about upgrading his ride, just like most of the rest of us, and is always on the lookout for the "deal of a lifetime." When we pulled into the shop, and began checking what was available for sale, it was obvious that the "deal" he had seen on a bike the week before was no longer there. We were told that it had been gobbled up in ONE day. The only thing that might interest "Jim" was a bike that had just come in and wasn't ready for sale at that time. After some arm-twisting, (in this economy?) the proprietor was persuaded to show us the bike that would soon be for sale. At least "Jim" would have something to think about on the ride home.

When we embarked on our Tuesday adventure, we were confident that the Lord would lead, guide, and protect us on the ride, and up to this point there was no reason to suspect that He would do otherwise. That was until "Jim" made a tactical mistake - committed an unpardonable sin. We walked from the back of the shop, through the sales floor, out the front door, got on our bikes, and began to ride away, with nothing to look forward to but an uneventful and pleasant trip back home. But "Jim" made a sudden U-turn in the parking lot and cruised back to have one more look at the almost-for-sale bike. He pulled his ride right up next to the new prospective ride, dismounted, and began telling me all the good stuff he could think of about the new, compared to the old. He stood there and gawked some more, then we . . . yes, we took a picture. His old, faithful steed, standing there in the . . . the Shadow of . . . of the gleam in his eye, reflecting off the NEW Black Beauty. The old "Skunk" solemnly eyeing the grand "Stallion."

Don't tell me you haven't had those same feelings. Every biker I've ever known knows what "Jim" was thinking. The thing is, . . . you can't just gush it all out right there in front of your old mount. Especially if you've got to ride her home. It is best, if you're going to do this, to isolate the old scooter from the celebratory accolades. Words like "Finally," and "It's about time," and "Old and worn out," and "Wow, etc." are better left unsaid than uttered in the presence of the soon-to-be-rejected. Especially if the



new ride is still soon-to-be-for-sale, and you've got to ride soon-to-be-rejected home.

I really like the resonate sound of a Harley, or other big-twin, but any motorcycle sounds bad when it is whining. I have never heard such whining and complaining as came from "Jim's" bike on that ride home.

Have you ever been riding alongside of someone whose bike's "note" clashed with your bike's note? I hadn't noticed it before, but "Jim's" bike was not rumbling, it was grumbling, all the way back to Friendship. There were times when I thought Oh! Blue had developed a miss because the other bike was clashing so bad. I realized that it was in mourning. I suspect it could read the handwriting on the wall, even before "Jim" knew it. It could envision itself back behind the garage with an old blue tarp slung over it. Or sitting, piecemeal, at the Salvage yard, waiting for the scavengers. Or, horrors . . . sold to a middle aged family with a teenage son with no common sense. Who likes to go fast. I could hear it whining, "Just put me out with the trash, I'm but a Shadow of my old self." It is tough to witness the psychological collapse of a motorcycle, but at least, we made it home without a mechanical breakdown. Bikes have feelings, too, you know.

Unfortunately, even human beings sometimes experience those same feelings. We feel the rejection of others, and we lash out in rebellion against them. Or, we may feel that others are justified in rejecting us because we feel we are worthless. While the world around us is often unfair in rejecting those who are different and unique, God has incomparably crafted each of us to fulfill His unique plan and purpose for us. He is calling us to turn from the world's futility, and come to His Son, Jesus, to find that purpose. When we come to Him, in faith, seeking His plan and purpose in our lives, He will not cast us away. Trying to find meaning in this life, we may be used or abused, and sent away . . . put out to pasture. When the brotherhood we have been seeking eludes us once again, we can turn to Jesus, who promises to receive us, and not reject us.

"All that the Father gives me will come to me, and whoever comes to me I will never cast out." John 6:37

More information?

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9 AM - 11 PM

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**BIKE SHOW INCLUDES:**

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