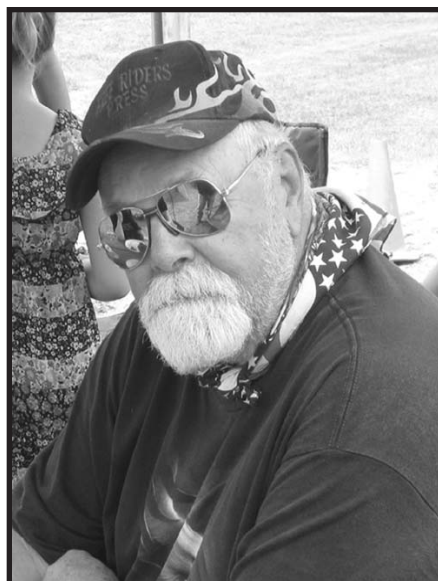


**The Good Sam**

Jaysee loved the biker lifestyle, and took advantage of every opportunity to ride the open road, feeling the wind in his face and the freedom it exemplified. Usually he could be found with the other dozen or so who were known as the Brotherhood of the Wind, as they cruised the highways and byways, viewing this magnificent world God has designed from the saddle of a motorcycle. They knew that if all you could see was viewed through the glass of a windshield, you were missing about 90% of the experience. When you are on a bike, all five of our natural-born senses are at work, and sometimes a sixth sense kicks in when danger or something extra-special takes place. Jaysee loved riding at the head of the brotherhood, leading them here and there to enjoy life and be helpful to others, but today he had taken off alone, exploring some vacant wilderness along a seldom used road.



The scenery was spectacular, and the weather was almost perfect for this low-desert part of the country. There were a few fellow travelers, but they were driving in a couple of air-conditioned mini-vans and top-down convertibles, and weren't content to stay behind Jaysee's leisurely pace for long. As Jaysee topped a rise, he spied a stalled scooter along the side of the road, with its rider lying alongside the bike, trying to make repairs. That sixth sense pinged in Jaysee's mind, but he thought he couldn't just pass by a fellow biker, apparently all alone, in distress - he never had, and he never would. So he pulled off the pavement, dismounted, and walked over to find out what the trouble was. The biker on the ground was fiddling around with the exhaust system, banging on it with a long, heavy wrench, and he began to get up as Jaysee approached. "Hey, how's it going, friend?" was all that Jaysee got out before he was tackled from behind and thrown to the ground. There were at least two guys who were kicking and slugging the prone Jaysee, while another held him down. The last thing he remembered was the heavy wrench hitting him just above the left eye.

Birds were chirping in the nearby brush, as the sun rose over the eastern hills. The lonely road stretched, it seemed, to infinity in either direction. There was no sign of life along this desert road except for the birds and an occasional turkey vulture who circled expectantly, waiting, and waiting for the right time to swoop down on the pitiful remains which promised the certainty of breakfast. Lying next to the shiny Knucklehead which had been kicked off into the ditch (after having kicked themselves crazy trying to start it), was the inert body of Jaysee, victim of a small band of Lucky's Demons," who had done their best to destroy one whose reputation as a peacemaker and advocate for the poor and downtrodden.

A small speck to the west gradually took form and brought assurance to the birds, at least, that help would come to the prostrate figure which worried their idyllic existence. The biker who came along was a member of a "religious" club, but when he saw the unmoving body, he decided there was nothing he could really do, and since he was already running late on the way to his club meeting, he left the unknown rider where he lay, promising himself that he would call authorities when his meeting was over.

Soon after this disturbing event, another rider approached from the opposite direction. Seeing the obviously badly injured rider lying in the ditch, he stopped his bike to take a closer look. He had seen accidents before, and his first thought was that he had wrecked. But the evidence suggested a beat-down of some kind, and figuring that maybe the unknown rider might have deserved what he got, the poser decided that he didn't really want to get involved. Besides that, he had on his new leathers and jeans, and didn't want them messed up, so he got on his scoot and took off.

About mid-day, the driver of a small, dilapidated RV pulled to a stop near the desperately broken Jaysee. He saw his leathers, splattered with blood, and the disfigured and swollen face, and felt great sympathy toward him. Although he was wary of anyone who rode a motorcycle, his heart went out to this helpless man, unconscious on the side of the road. He cleaned his wounds, put salve on the cuts and bruises, loaded him and his cycle into the RV, and took him to the nearest motel. He stayed with Jaysee until he was out of danger and on the mend. Out of his time, resources, and wallet, he cared for a complete stranger, who he genuinely thought was probably a lawless biker, who deserved nothing from him, a non-respected non-biker. No one could know what was really in his mind that day, but a small, ancient sticker on the left corner of the windshield simply said, "Good Sam Club."

"Which of these three, do you think, proved to be a neighbor to the man who fell among the robbers?" He said, "The one who showed him mercy." And Jesus said to him, "You go, and do likewise." (Luke 10:36-37) We can ask ourselves the same question today. Which of these really displayed the marks of true brotherhood? If we care about one another, nobody cares what we ride or drive. It is time to care, even as Jesus Christ cares for us, and gave Himself for us, that we might live, and not die, by trusting ourselves to His care. Go, and do.

Pastor Sam

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Let me know what you think.

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**Some thoughts from Gypsy****Save thousand on your purchases\_\_ how to buy stuff at rallies**

How much do you spend on your hobby each year? Three, four, grand, maybe more? If I can teach you how to save a thousand dollars a year you can pay for that big trip.

**LED's, Handle bars, pipes, etc.**

Here's an example. You've always wanted to do the bike in LED's so you get to the rally, you go downtown the first night and see all the LED lit up bikes. That's it, you're going to get some tomorrow. Wrong, you're going to wait because everybody else showed up at the same time. Do as I say and save 30 to 50 percent on those lights. The common wisdom is that things get cheaper on the last day, nonsense. Services like this, ESPECIALLY, things like LED lights, are very competitive and the price is completely dependent on how busy the vendor is. Do you know how much just the lights cost? No you don't. LED lights are very inexpensive it's the labor and the cost of setting up for the rally that makes the vendor asked one, two, or three hundred bucks. If you pay attention to the time of day and the day you approach them to get them put on you can cut a deal for half of what they would want on a busy Friday or Saturday. Don't feel bad about dickering at these slow times. The vendor has to make hay when the sun shines come when it rains( figuratively). They need to pay those guys sitting around and as long as you're flexible they will do it. Everybody sleeps in and shows up at the same time or makes an appointment convenient for themselves. The vendor knows how many competitors he has at a big rally. Get this stuff done when the vendor is doin nothing.

**Tires**

Big rallies are a great place to get tires. They operate on volume and the opposite is true of tire sellers. Almost all the cost is the tires. They don't have the overhead of a big shop and they are fast. I talked to a tire seller once and I was amazed at how many tires they did. The same thing is true here never go when they are stacked up with business.

**Custom seats and Pinstripers**

The same thing holds true for custom seats. I have a friend who does the best seats anywhere. Master Lugo. I'm going to plug his stuff in another article because he may not appreciate what I'm telling you about getting deals. Although the seat guy has a lot more money in materials he will still give you a deal if he is dead. When I tell you dead I mean dead. Even slightly busy or talking to people about seats is not what I mean by dead. Get there on the first day right away. Once these good guys start goin they are non stop. Pinstripers are artists. They are very pissy when it comes to dickering. Go when it's not busy and whine a little. They will knock something off.

**The most important tip**

**BE NICE AND POLITE.** If you even slightly suggest you know he'll do better because he's got too much stuff, you'll get nothing or worse, tossed out of the booth. I'm just giving you tips on how to do better. Setting up at these shows is costly and for these hardworking vendors to make money it requires trying to stay busy for as long as they can. Don't presume you have the answers. Just explain that you're on a budget and ask nicely if you can get it done a little cheaper. NEVER say "I'll give you 50 bucks" for something they originally wanted 150. If it's something you really want make a fair offer and be prepared to walk. You'll find it somewhere else. Also vendors will never negotiate with other customers around. Think, is he supposed to announce to everyone he will drop his price? Another great tip is shop with other people. If a couple of you are interested in jewelry or boots all vendors will do a little dealing. If they won't, walk.

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