

On the Wings of a Prayer

By Daniel L Wiedenfeld

"I should be home tonight around 2:30" Keach spoke into the phone as he closed the phone booth's glass door behind him, shutting out the sound of the semi-trucks pulling in and out of the truck stop. "2:30 in the morning?! No Honey, can't you just stay over at Carl's for the night and come home tomorrow when you've had time to rest? The weather is supposed to be better tomorrow too" Sally replied over the phone. "I want to get home tonight, that way when we wake up tomorrow, we will have all day Saturday and Sunday to be together" Keach told her. "Oh honey, be careful. I want you here now too, but I would rather have you home safe tomorrow than have anything happen to you on the way home tonight!" she said sounding worried. Chuckling softly to himself, the concern in his Baby's voice had touched his big hardened heart and Keach told her; "I'll be careful Baby now don't worry and give Billy a kiss goodnight for me too." "I will Honey, see you soon, I love you." Sally spoke into the phone. "I love you too Baby." Keach told her as he hung up the phone. Turning around in the phone booth, Keach's jaw instantly set to stone.

Standing around his Bike were 4 young Punks. Standing around his 'Insane Chopper' the 'Extreme Pro' model with its; * Ultima polished 113 cubic inch motor at a 135 horse power, 6 speed Rev Tech transmission, S & S Supper G carburetor, its custom fenders, Avon Rear 250 tire, with an Avon 90 front tire, and with SMW Spade wheels. They were a rag bag looking mix of young men, with a mix of leather jackets, hotrod shirts, baggy pants and sneakers, with a skate board under each of their arms. They looked harmless enough but one of them was getting too close to the saddlebags on the Bike. Keach had added them himself so he could carry his 'Tools of the Trade' along with him. And now, the taller of the bunch was getting too close to the saddlebags for his liking.

Stepping from the phone booth he growled at them; "Step away from the Bike!" The taller one tried to act tough moving closer to the Bike. Keach could see right through him, either you were tough or you weren't! There wasn't any act you could put on that would make you appear tough. Keach could look at a man and tell right away whether he had it or not, this kid, half man, half boy, didn't have it. Stepping up to this young man, Keach took the first two fingers of his right hand and poked him hard in the sternum. The young man cried out and recoiled as if he had just been punched! "Hey man?! Chill out! We were just looking at your ride that's all." He whined to Keach rubbing his chest. Not impressed, Keach looked him square in the eye and told him; "Look all you want, but from back there..." Keach now stood between the young Punk and the saddlebag that held his Ruger P345 semi-automatic, a 45 caliber with a nasty punch. And the 5 extra clips, loaded with 10 rounds each of additional fire power, if he ever needed it. He already felt more relaxed, knowing they couldn't get to the handgun now, maybe he had overreacted?

The rough looking kid in the hotrod shirt having more sense, grabbed his taller buddy by the arm said; "Come on Bro, let's go inside and get us a cup of coffee, forget this guy man!" Together the four of them tripped off into the truck stop acting tough. As the Punk in the leather jacket stepped inside the front door he turned, flipping Keach the Bird. If Keach wasn't in such a hurry to get home, he would have headed inside himself, for a hot cup of coffee, and to teach that young man a hard lesson of life, to respect your elders!

Throwing his leg over his Bike, he fired up that big powerful V-Twin engine. It always brought a smile to his face whenever he fired it up, what a sweet sound. Even some of the truckers turned to look over at him as his Bike rumbled to life. One of the truckers gave him the thumbs up sign. Shifting the Rev Tech transmission into 1st Keach eased out the clutch and turned his wheels for home. His mind had already forgotten about those four young hard asses, as his thoughts turned to the long ride ahead of him. Glancing to the skies, he thought it was looking like rain.

Merging onto the Interstate, Keach power-shifted through the gears bringing the Bike up to speed, merging in amongst the semis on the highway, he blended into traffic. It was getting late and the truckers were starting to pickup the pace wanting to make some good time themselves. 85 in a 65 zone, Keach could live with that, for now.

2 ½ hours and 2 gas stops later Keach waved goodbye to a trucker he had been running with for about the last ½ hour. He peeled off onto a two-lane highway that would take him right into his home town. The trucker blew off a couple short snorts of his air horn, bidding Keach so long. The skies had finally decided to open up and started to rain. Keach zipped his leather jacket all the way up tight around his neck. He was in good spirits even though it was starting to rain; he had ridden in the rain before, many times.

GOTTA LOVE THE FICTION



He had made good time and only had another 40 minutes to go before he would be home with his Baby and his little boy.

Sally sat on the side of the bed tucking Billy into the sheets. "What's wrong Mommy?" Billy asked; even at 4 years old he could tell when something was bothering his Mommy. "Oh Honey, Mommy's just worried about Daddy riding home tonight, the weatherman said it was supposed to rain tonight." Looking outside the window she could see that it had already begun to rain. Billy said; "Don't worry Mommy, Daddy will be alright, you'll see, don't worry Mommy." Sally smiled in spite of herself, her little boy was sure brave, and he definitely took after his father. Kissing Billy on the forehead she told him; "Alright Honey, now you go to sleep, do you hear me..." Closing the door behind her she thought; "Even at 4, he didn't need to have the light left on any more to protect him from the dark."

It was cold and wet and dark out, as Keach pushed his Insane Chopper through the driving rain. I'll be home soon he thought as he approached the last leg of his trip. But it was also the worst part of the trip. Hilly, curvy, and now soaked with fresh rainwater, the tire grooves in the highway filling up with water, making Keach have to try riding on the high sections of the highway, slipping down into the tire grooves would cause his front tire to weave and lurch about unnervingly from all of the pooled water on the road! The driving rain made his visibility even worse. Keach down shifted a gear as he started to climb up into the hills, but his mind was 30 miles away, at home with his Baby and his little boy.

Coming around a nasty lefthander he was blinded by the high beam headlights of a truck coming around the curve from the other direction! On top of that, the trucker was crowding the centerline! Keach had to bring his bike up slightly to miss the left front bumper of the truck. By the time he could lean back into the curve, he had to lean the Bike over even harder, so it could make the curve. But in leaning the Bike over harder on the rain soaked highway, both the motorcycle's tires lost traction and started to slide out from under him.

Keach was a good rider, and even as the bike went out from under him he worked it around the curve, much like a rider drifting his bike around a dirt track. Almost clearing the curve, his bike had slid so far out to the side of the road that its right front foot peg caught on one of the guardrail posts. Another foot and he would have made it through clean, but it was not to be. The 8 by 8 inch guardrail post grabbed a hold of the Bike's foot peg and brought the rest of the Bike upright and slammed it into the remaining end of the guardrail. Keach and his beautiful Insane Chopper went crashing through that remaining end of the guardrail and flew out over the side of the hill's rocky cliff wall. A tree branch hanging out over the side of the cliff struck Keach on the side of the head knocking him unconscious and separated him from his Bike, both fell as dead weight now, both continuing to fall down the 300 foot drop to the jagged rocks below.

At home tucked safely into bed, Billy folded his little hands in prayer, looking up at his bedroom ceiling he whispered into the darkness of his room; "Dear God, could you please look after my Daddy on his way home, because Mommy's worried about him. And I know if you would send one of your Angels to look after him, that Mommy would start to feel better. Oh and Jesus, I hope that you are happy too! Amen." Pulling his blanket up to his little nose, Billy watched the rain hitting his window and fell softly to sleep.

God, surprised that there were still any little girls or boys out there that would even pray to him anymore, was so moved by Billy's prayer, that he immediately dispatched one of his favorite Angels to help watch over Keach on his long ride home.

As Keach's motorcycle struck against the jagged rocks, its metal frame bending and twisting, it burst into flames! The Angel swooped down and caught Keach just before his limp body hit and was ripped apart on the jagged and serrated rocks below. The Angel wrapped its wings around Keach's body as they soared up into the sky, protecting his body from the burning flames of the huge fireball that rolled up from the exploding gas tank. The Angel then laid Keach's unconscious body gently down on a level piece of ground. Rising back up into the sky, the Angel whispered into the wind; "Hello, I'd like to report a motorcycle accident." The police dispatcher on the other end of the telephone line asked; "Are there any injuries?" The Angel whispered to the wind again; "It looks like he has a nasty cut to the side of his head that will need some stitches, but I'm sure that he will be alright." The dispatcher

recorded the location of the accident and when he looked at his phone's monitor to see where the call was coming in from, he was surprised to see that no phone lines were being used for the call.

As the Angel continued to rise up, back into heaven, it looked back towards Billy's house and whispered; "Your Daddy is alright Billy, tell your Mommy not to worry." Billy woke up, rubbing his sleepy little eyes sat up in his bed, he smiled looking up at the bedroom ceiling and said; "Thank you God."

Until the next wet, rainy night ride, Keep the Shiny Side Up, the Rubber to the Road, and Ride On!
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