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Alex

The sleepy motorist locked up the brakes on his car in time to slip back into the lane to pass the single red light off on the shoulder. Alex stood there in complete amazement and watched the veering car go down the road and disappear into the night. He looked back at his sled and swore at the thought of his scoot being hauled down the road by the motorist who had fallen asleep at the wheel. "Maybe leaving the running light on was a good idea," Alex sighed. He dropped his smoke and rubbed it into the pavement with the heel of his boot. "Well, that's what I get for riding at night," he muttered under his breath. He fired the scoot into life with a single kick.

Alex had been lately traveling at night to get away from the excessive traffic. It had just become an extension of his road trip. Things at work and at home had become too much. So, in the middle of an argument with his ole lady, he walked out to his scoot, fired it up, and left. He had been on the road for quite sometime.

ON THE STREET

The old scoot was comfortable enough, and with the leather bags overflowing with his gear, Alex was on his own. The tent strapped on the back fender saved him on nights when he was too tired of listening to the blues in some old hotel room over some bar. His days were mostly spent on the highways, his nights at dance halls. Coffee was the morning meal and dinner was capped off with longneck beers at night. Occasionally he called his ole lady long distance. Trouble was, he would forget the problems and hurt he had caused and would exaggerate his own wounds. Each morning he realized that he was just in another town along the road.

Every once in a while he'd meet someone in a bar. He was easy to talk to as he had no place to go. He tried to be friendly, but most folks would stay to small talk. They figured he was just there for the night and in the morning he'd be gone. He had an uneasiness about him because of what he'd walked away from.

On one morning's ride he thought about looking over his shoulder, but he was tired of seeing the life he left behind. It started to rain but he still plugged on. A flashing bar sign got his attention. He hadn't realized it was dark. He had been so lost in his mind during the ride that he didn't notice the time.

Alex pulled in, got a longneck, and viewed the situation. A quaint little place with two pool tables, a jukebox, and some blue-plate specials for dinner. He quietly ate as people came and went. Problem was, the rain was getting heavier with no ending in sight. He

Alex

asked a barmaid if he could sleep in the bar after it closed. No luck this time, but it had worked before. She did say he could camp in the back lot, though. "Well, sleeping in a tent in the rain is better than no tent at all," Alex thought as he set things up.

When he went back into the bar to escape the weather, he saw some other scoots sitting in front. Inside he saw a couple of bikers shooting pool. He grabbed a stool nearby to watch. It seemed one of the bikers was talking to the other about his ole lady. Alex smirked about his own problem, grinned, and thought this was goin' to be interesting.

The one guy was telling his bro that his ole lady didn't understand why he did the things that he did. He said his new life was so awesome, but she just didn't trust it enough to try. Alex thought that being a scooter tramp was OK, but the awesome freshness of it had worn off long ago. Alex then heard the guy say that he was content to continue by remembering the little things. His bro answered, "Remember to consider her feelings. They will be different than yours, so don't make your feelings the standard of her heart."

Alex was confused. His ole lady was the queen of his night but he always got upset when she didn't feel the same way he did. Here is this guy talking 'bout his ole lady as if he wants to reach out to her, not push her away. Alex smirked when the guy said to his bro that his wife's love was a gift to him and it was not his place to judge whether her gift was right or wrong.

ON THE STREET

Alex started to get pumped and was ready to offer this guy his view on things when the guy's comment startled him. The bro said, "Remember Ephesians 5:25-33." The words were so clear. Then Alex became spell-bound as the guy recited; "And you husbands must love your wives with the same love Christ showed the church. He gave up his life for her to make her holy and clean, washed by baptism and God's word. He did this to present her to himself as a glorious church without a spot or wrinkle or any other blemish. Instead, she will be holy and without fault. In the same way, husbands ought to love their wives as they love their own bodies. For a man is actually loving himself when he loves his wife. No one hates his own body but lovingly cares for it, just as Christ cares for his body, which is the church. And we are his body. As the Scriptures say, 'A man leaves his father and mother and is joined to his wife, and the two are united into one.' This is a great mystery, but it is an illustration of the way Christ and the church are one. So again I say, each man must love his wife as he loves himself, and the wife must respect her husband."

Alex bolted out of the bar and stood in the pouring rain. He didn't fully understand what he had just heard, but he knew in his heart he had to make the call. After a couple of rings the phone answered with a quiet, shaky voice. Alex simply said, "I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I am on my way home to take care of the little things."

Bells

In these times we all are lookin' for that extra help. That little something that will produce the desired edge. Everyday we find ourselves staring at one mystery or another, mysteries with no obvious solution, and we will go to extremes for the slightest chance of help.

On occasion you'll notice a motorcycle with a bell. It's not there to help clear the sidewalk. Some believe there are evil demons on assignment to harass even the nicest motorcycle enthusiast. Sometimes I think these demons have thought they have special feet that lock them onto our scoots. Your scoot has a problem? Must be a demon. Sometimes the ignition switch on the ole shovel doesn't work, and the turning signals never work on an AMF Harley. That demon will cost ya nine dollars from Daytona's Mr. Blue. I have a fine bro in Dean. He always rides behind me to pick up the pieces that fall from that ole vibrator of mine. Could it possibly be demons?

ON THE STREET

Biker lore tells us that demons cannot hang on in the presence of a bell. While they're suckers for that wrapped-around feeling they get from the inside walls of the bell—aahhhh, so nice and cozy—the demons develop ASP, acute sound paranoia. The constant ringing of the bell and the open ended shape of the bell sends them to the loony bin. The demons lose their grip and eventually fall onto the asphalt. Some think that is how potholes in the road are formed.

I don't give demons that much credit. They are more like road rash. With the demons gone, a snap of the bell will say, "Next customer, please."

Hey bro, the bell is a legend. The Good News is that Jesus Christ, His Father, and the Holy Spirit not only protect your scoot, but they protect your very life. Best of all, they are real! Yes, there are demons hanging around us daily, demons that try to deter us from living our lives to their potential. But they are not there because of the bell.

It is so cool to know that with the presence of Jesus in our lives, there is no room for the demons. The awesome power of our Father will always cast our demons on their heads and right into the trash heap. Demons will try to form gaps in our travels, but your faith in God, powered by a daily relationship with Jesus and prayer without ceasing, will make those demons powerless. You may try to cast out these demons on your own, but think about it. Here you are trying to control

Bells

what happens to you. On your own, you don't even come close to the awesome power of the Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit can be in your life. All a bro has to do is to ask Jesus into their life. You don't have to wait for someone to give Him to you like a bell. God has already given Him to you. "For if you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved. For it is by believing in your heart that you are made right with God, and it is by confessing with your mouth that you are saved" (Romans 10:9-10). Just check it out in Life's Manual. That is the only way to be rid of those demons!

Heaven Bound

I am a traveler on a mission, I'm free and on a ride.
For most of the lost and unknowing,
I'm just a blur on the road passing by.
I'm one of the last chances for society,
if you are going to be free.
I am a follower and believer,
I'm of the faith from which man usually flees.

I cherish personal freedom,
And have a soul that refuses to fit.
I have been shunned by society,
For my beliefs and my dress.
I ride along the highways,
And relish the coolness of their winds.
Where no one forgets the value of freedom,
I am with Him and not them.
My scooter and I putt in harmony,
My rides are filled with love.
I can never get enough of the motor's rumblings,
I am a biker.

Heaven Bound

I find my church along the highway,
Where the rubber meets the road.
I'm a Christian like my brothers,
Jesus knows me by name.
I am memories and am at peace,
I am youthful even in old age.
I am not on your road path,
I am holding unto His own.
I am a biker.

I'm jammin' on a mission,
I've been booked on the ultimate scoot.
I'm a scooter bum up on two cylinders,
Blastin' on a majestic run with all deliberate speed.
I am filled with the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
I am covered with His blood while on an eternal ride.
I cherish His freedom, and with it His peace.
Which makes me what I am,
I am a biker, heaven bound.