



SUMMER 2019

CHAINLINK

The Magazine of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association

in this issue:

mike's new bike *page 4*

bikers and angels *page 11*

creation – does it *really* matter? *page 18*

the farmyard 2019 *page 26*

Partners with CMA UK

We are supported by, and support, the following organisations:



Open Doors is an international ministry serving persecuted Christians and churches worldwide. We supply Bibles, leadership training, literacy programmes, livelihood support and advocacy services. We also seek to mobilise the church in the UK & Ireland to serve Christians living under religious persecution.



We make Scriptures available where there are none. We work to help the church engage with the Bible more effectively. And we endeavour - through the arts, education, media and politics - to make the Bible available, accessible and credible in our culture.



Our mission is to make the life-changing wisdom of the Bible understandable and accessible to all.



World Horizons exists on behalf of places and people not yet prayed for, churches not yet planted and cross-cultural workers not yet sent. We are a prayer based, pioneering, prophetic, pastoral mission movement.



For 150 years The Evangelization Society (TES) has served the UK as a major evangelistic organisation - seeking to see men, women and children brought into the Kingdom of God.



CHAINLINK SUMMER 2019

In this issue...

Partners with CMA UK	2
National Chairman, CMA UK	4
Official Stuff...	6
From the Editor's Garage	7
Bikers Service, Cornwall	8
Testimony on Bike Display	9
New Bike for Pete	10
The Branch, the Biker and the Angel	11
World Horizons - Thumeries	12
Geordie Memorial Magic	15
Spring Harvest 2019	16
Our Beliefs About Creation - it really matters!	18
The River of Your Mercy	19
Dolau Afon (Len's Run)	20
Thank you Holy Joe's!	21
Life on Two Wheels - part 2	22
Travelling Light	24
Farmyard Party 2019	26
Beaford Bike Show	28
Biker Bible - Who Pays?	29
God's Garden	30
EMC Rally	31



As always, a very big 'Thank you' to all who have given time and effort to contribute to this issue of *Chainlink*.

As you read through each article, our hope is that you will be encouraged and challenged in your walk with Jesus.

~~~~~

The views expressed in *Chainlink* cannot be taken as official CMA policy on any subject. The magazine is published up to four times a year, to provide information for CMA members and to encourage them in their personal walk with God. We pray that this magazine will also stimulate non-Christian readers into thinking more about Jesus Christ, and also seeking Him for themselves.

The Bible says: 'Seek and you will find' · St Matthew chapter 7, verse 7



Recently, Sandy and I started praying about changing our white BMW GS 1200 Adventure; we do quite a few miles and always look for a second hand replacement with very low mileage. It's incredible how God has answered such everyday requests and enabled us to share the Gospel with everyone who has bought or sold us a bike.

Firstly, we found another BMW GS 1200 Adventure water cooled TE, one year old with 65 miles on the clock.

Next I listed the white bike on the *Motorcycle News* website, prayed for the buyer God had prepared and waited with great expectation. I

had specifically asked God to show us His Providential hand at work – we didn't want to just 'sell someone a bike' we wanted this to be a Holy Spirit led moment in someone's life – as well as ours!

After 48 hours I got a text from Sergio in Portugal to say he was interested and eventually we agreed on a price; which was £5.00 more than the lowest price we hoped for. A few days later I picked him up at Newcastle airport and took him home for lunch before he would begin his long ride home to Portugal (1,500 miles). As we chatted I shared about the ministry of CMA and how I had been praying for whoever would buy the bike.

**He asked, "What difference has Jesus made in your life?"**

It's an incredibly simple yet profound question.

But if we are unable to give an answer why would anyone give a second thought about Jesus?

What would you have said?

I have – *Peace, Life, Forgiveness, Joy, Purpose, Security, Love, Mercy, Grace, Faith, Assured of Heaven, etc., etc., etc.*

Sergio considered Jesus from a philosophical position, a religious process – but God wants a relationship with him.

Our day together was quite stressful as we worked through the red tape of bank transfers, arranging him three days insurance to ride home that cost him

£230. It all took much longer than we expected and he was eager to start – especially as a heavy rain storm was forecast. Before he left

I had the privilege of giving him a Portuguese Biker Bible that just 'happened' to be on my desk. There was a very scary moment when he began riding on the wrong side of the road but I led him south to the motorway and saw him on his way. Two days later he arrived in Lisbon at 2 a.m. safe and grateful for our prayer support.

### "What difference has Jesus made in your life?"



Sergio on his way back to Portugal

So why have I shared this with you? Over the years I have come to realise that there is:

*No area of our lives that God is not interested in.*

*No circumstance that He cannot use to reach a lost biker.*

*No distance too far to catch their attention.*

*No prayer that goes unanswered.*

*No language that God doesn't speak.*

*No limit to His Love.*

**'For the Son of Man came to seek and to save the lost.'** (Luke 19:10 NIV)

So if someone asks you "What difference has Jesus made in your life?"

What would you answer?

Let me share a little of what Dr S M Lockeridge said in his spontaneous prayer, known as

**'That's my King, do you know Him?'**

*"He supplies strength for the weak.*

*"He's available for the tempted and the tried.*

*"He sympathizes and He saves.*

*"He strengthens and sustains.*

*"He guards and He guides.*

*"He heals the sick. He cleanses the lepers.*

*"He forgives sinners. He discharges debtors.*

*"He delivers the captives. He defends the feeble.*

*"He blesses the young. He serves the unfortunate.*

*"He regards the aged.*

*"He rewards the diligent, and He beautifies the meagre.*

*"I wonder if you know Him?"*

(The rest can be found online – it's incredible.)

God bless us as we all commit our daily lives into His hands and see His Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven.

*By the way, Sergio was the only person who responded to our advertisement!*

Mike



CMA UK National Executive

|                    |                 |                        |
|--------------------|-----------------|------------------------|
| National Chairman  | Mike Fitton     | thefittons@aol.com     |
| National Treasurer | Rob Urand       | 4roberturand@gmail.com |
| National Secretary | Paul Gardiner   | natsec@bike.org.uk     |
| Exec Member        | Ian Cameron     | i.cameron@ntlworld.com |
| Exec Member        | Oliver Hamilton | ohamilton@ntlworld.com |
| Exec Member        | Amy Stalker     | amybstalker@aol.com    |

CMA UK National Officers

|                                 |                    |                            |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Membership Secretary            | Ted Russell        | ted.russell@btinternet.com |
| National Administrator          | Bob Hudson         | bikerbobhonda@talktalk.net |
| Merchandise                     | Andy & Naomi Hogan | aunovation@yahoo.co.uk     |
| Chainlink Editor                | John Hodge         | john@hodge.uk.com          |
| FastTrack                       | Steve Clarke       | fasttrack@bike.org.uk      |
| Webmaster, Workbook & Publicity | Ian Cameron        | webmaster@bike.org.uk      |

CMA UK Branches

|                            |                   |                                   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Bedford                    | Keith Sanders     | keef.sanders@talktalk.net         |
| Bristol                    | Ian Brailey       | ianbraileyishome@gmail.com        |
| Cambridge                  | Vacant            |                                   |
| Carlisle                   | Richard Lowe      | rilowe6@yahoo.co.uk               |
| Devon & Cornwall           | Stephen Bamfield  | devonbranch.cma@gmail.com         |
| East Midlands              | Colin Wood        | colwood@ntlworld.com              |
| East Yorkshire             | John Metcalfe     | metz1@live.co.uk                  |
| Forth & Tay                | Jamie Gordon      | jamie_gordon21@hotmail.com        |
| Gloucester                 | Alan Robertson    | robertsonharry@blueyonder.co.uk   |
| Hampshire & Dorset         | David Allen       | slingshotboy@btinternet.com       |
| Hampshire & Surrey Borders | David Ball        | davidmarkball@yahoo.co.uk         |
| Lakes 'n' Lancs            | James Holbrook    | james.holbrook84@yahoo.com        |
| Most of Essex              | Phil Roberts      | philipvictorroberts@mac.com       |
| Norfolk                    | Steve Clark       | steve.clarke@ymail.com            |
| Norfolk Borders            | Wayne Taylor      | taylorw121@outlook.com            |
| North Cheshire             | Sid O'Neill       | sid.oneill@outlook.com            |
| North East                 | Gary Humphries    | ploweryork@aol.com                |
| North Wales                | Bob Hughes-Burton | cmabob@btinternet.com             |
| Northern Ireland           | Roy McGarvey      | roy_ermentrude@msn.com            |
| South Lancs                | Phil Parker       | philandannparker@blueyonder.co.uk |
| South Wales                | Steve Lillyman    | stevelillyman10@hotmail.co.uk     |
| Staffordshire & Shropshire | Diane Raven       | dianeraven.cma@gmail.com          |
| Suffolk                    | Steve Clarke      | steve.clarke@ymail.com            |
| Sussex                     | Tony Knight       | xt660z11@gmail.com                |
| Thames Valley              | Heike West        | heikes@live.co.uk                 |
| Towcester                  | Mark Coupe        | chair.tow.cma@gmail.com           |
| Tyne & Wear                | Tim Cannon        | tim.cannon@talktalk.net           |
| West Midlands              | Rob Jones         | r.jones382@btinternet.com         |
| West Yorkshire             | Oliver Hamilton   | ohamilton@ntlworld.com            |
| Bikers Church              | Sue Brown         | ducatisue@hotmail.com             |



CONTACT US:

CMA UK  
PO Box 8155  
Loughborough  
LE11 9AR

Freefone  
0800 015 4479

cma-admin@bike.org.uk  
www.bike.org.uk



CMA UK is part of the  
CMA Worldwide International  
Outreach Ministry

Registered UK Charity  
1080911

Acknowledgements:

Front cover artwork  
**Yasser Abu**  
Unsplash

Printed by:  
**Heritage Print**  
Merseyside  
www.heritageprint.co.uk

I've been thinking again about God's creation and amazing design, especially when it comes to you and me – our bodies, *et al*. Well, in the distant past, I've been involved in various types of technical and construction work: qualified in some, competent in most.

So, as often as I remember to, I thank God that, for me, the electrical system is functioning OK apart from the memory banks failing a bit, the plumbing is definitely OK but showing signs of age. The central heating is working but these days the insulation, or lack of it, means the internal boiler has to work a bit harder, especially during the UK winters! The audio/visual department is still functioning but with noticeable deterioration in the visuals, with some dropping off of upper registers in the audio. (I'm talking about my body, of course – come on, keep up!)

Apostle Paul, in his first letter to the saints at Corinth, says this: *'... but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.'* (2 Cor 4:16)

So, even though this old body is a good bit over-the-hill, its foundation is still as sure today as it was when I first accepted Jesus Christ as Saviour and began to build my life upon the Rock.

I have recently been reminded of that great old hymn with the line that goes, *'It is well with my soul'*. Now, it may not always be well with the old body, but I'm convinced that the well-ness of my soul has a positive influence over my body. How is it for you?

Ride safe, keep more-or-less upright, be a blessing and be blessed!

John

**'though our  
outward man  
perish, yet the  
inward man is  
renewed day by  
day.'**

**The deadline  
for submission  
of items for the  
Autumn/Winter  
2019 edition is  
30<sup>th</sup> Sep 2019**

Articles for Chainlink are most welcome, and should preferably be submitted by e-mail to chainlink@bike.org.uk

All images should be high resolution (originals from your camera/smartphone) and NOT embedded in a text document. Vector graphics are also welcome. Text documents should be unformatted rich text format (RTF) files. MS Word documents are acceptable, PDFs are not.

The sender must obtain permission for the inclusion of ALL names, addresses and pictures, especially of children, prior to submission and provide accreditation for all material that is not original. The sender takes all responsibility for all content and rights relating to all items that are submitted. If in doubt, please obtain verification from the National Chairman or the Executive committee. The editor retains the right to correct spelling and grammar as appropriate.



## Bikers Service, Cornwall

Philip Head, Devon & Cornwall

On Sunday, 7<sup>th</sup> April, CleerWay Community Church, which meets in the St. Cleer Primary School hall, hosted its normal Sunday meeting but on that occasion the meeting was sponsored by the Devon and Cornwall Branch of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association (CMA). CMA's ministry is to reach out to the motorcycling community, showing God's love in every circumstance and situation.

In addition to the normal congregation, an open invitation was made to all bikers in the area to come and be part of the church. The meeting was led by Philip Head, who showed a short video of Billy Rivers, a drug addict, thief and club biker whose life was

changed when he entered into a relationship with Jesus Christ. Stephen Bamfield (Chairman) brought a short address of the history and the ministry of CMA. Matt Parsons from Cornwall's Lifeline Ministries brought the word of God to us. Rebecca Dickson led us in worship.

In the photo, left to right, are Vince Neale (Member), Stephen Bamfield (Chairman and Treasurer) and Philip Head (Secretary) of the Devon and Cornwall Branch of CMA.

After the meeting, several met together for food and fellowship at Chequered Flag, the bikers' café on the A38 near Liskeard. 🏴󠁧󠁢󠁥󠁮󠁧󠁿



## Testimony on Bike Display

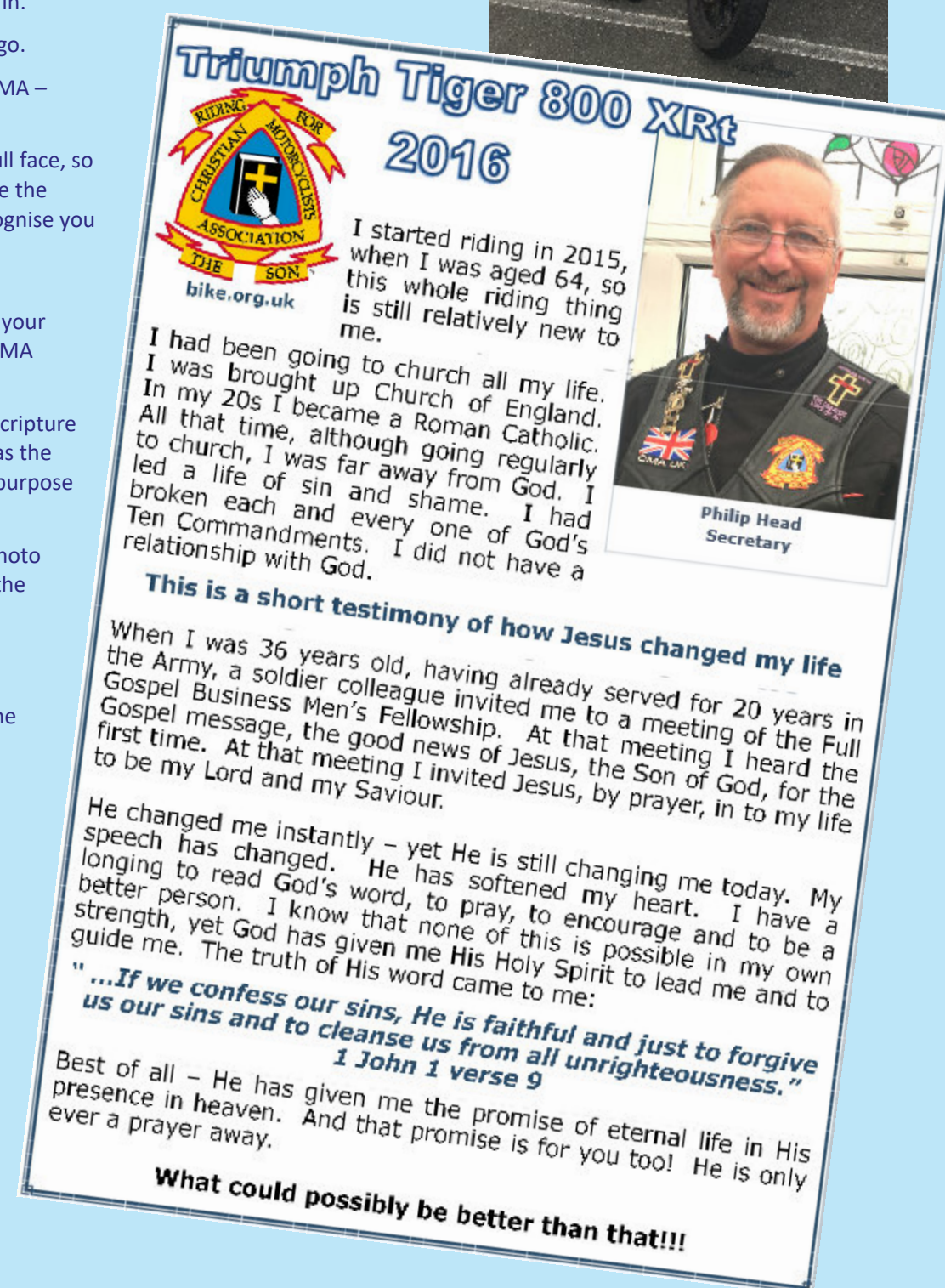
Philip Head

When I met up with Mike Fitton at Minehead for Spring Harvest this year, he introduced me to the 'Fitton' testimony for displaying on the bike, as in the picture. I hope it might help others to follow this example if I may share the component parts of the testimony, which are as follows:

Make the heading the make, model and year of your bike. That will draw people in.

- Include the CMA logo.
- Include the url of CMA – bike.org.uk
- Make the picture full face, so that people who see the testimony may recognise you and engage you in conversation.
- Put your name and your involvement with CMA under your picture.
- Include a relevant scripture in your testimony, as the Word achieves the purpose for which it is sent.
- Print it on glossy, photo quality paper with the best possible print quality.

An example is shown here, together with a picture of the testimony 'in action' on the bike.





# New Bike for Pete

Ed.

Pete Bressington, Secretary of North Cheshire Branch, collected his new (to him) Tiger Sport from York Triumph back in May. It was a dull but fast and dry ride from Merseyside to York. The ride back home following the A59 through Harrogate and towards Preston was anything but dull! A fantastic ride for the two of us. I don't mind saying there were occasions (only a few) when I had a job keeping up with Pete. Didn't take him long to get used to his new steed.

We were looked after well at the shop and enjoyed a quick bite to eat in their café before we left for home. A great afternoon out! 🙏



## Tiger Sport Specs

- Engine & Transmission
- Type Liquid-cooled, 12 valve, DOHC, in-line 3-cylinder
- Capacity 1,050 cc
- Bore 79 mm
- Stroke 71.4 mm
- Compression 12.25:1
- Max Power EC 126 PS / 123 bhp (93 kW) @ 9,475 rpm
- Max Torque EC 106 Nm @ 7,000 rpm
- Final Drive X ring chain
- Clutch Wet, multi-plate, assist and slip
- Gearbox 6-speed



# The Branch, the Biker and the Angel

Paul Gardiner, Secretary, Hampshire & Dorset

At a recent Branch meeting in Dorset one of our members, Anna arrived with a sick bike. Naturally some of us left the Bikers Café and formed a huddle around the machine and listened to it fire up.

Werner 'diagnosed' a faulty plug, plug cap or plug lead. We felt it unwise to attempt a roadside fix as this would require removal of the fuel tank. Trouble is, it's the wrong tank for the bike so Anna advised it's always difficult and messy with inevitable spilling of petrol. A sub-huddle then formed which felt that Anna's bike really needed to be looked over by a professional asap.

During prayers at the end of the Branch meeting David prayed for a guardian angel to provide Anna with a safe passage home.

Let me tell you the story of that night...

Anna & I decided to ride together for the first few miles but sadly we only made it to the Sainsbury's Roundabout about 15 mins ride away before her bike packed up completely. Deep frowns and quick prayers!

We decided to phone another member, Steve, to see if he was close enough in his pickup to effect a rescue, even though it was now passed 10:00 p.m. he kindly offered to return.

When Steve and Hazel arrived we started to look for a bank (i.e., a piece of raised ground not somewhere to keep money) so that we could roll the bike up the bank, across the tailgate and onto Steve's truck.

However, there are no banks in that area—more deep frowns and quick prayers!

Enter the Angel...

At that point we noticed a scaffolder driving his loaded lorry into the Sainsbury's car park (other supermarkets and car parks are available). Anna set off in hot pursuit to do her 'damsel in distress' impression. This, naturally, worked and the enormous scaffolder told us to help ourselves to his scaffold boards whilst he did his late night shopping. The CCTV footage of that night must be interesting, two people in motorcycle clothing legging it out of the car park with scaffold planks on a shopping trolley.

We were able to roll Anna's bike up the 4m long scaffold planks and secure it in Steve's truck (BTW, Steve is much stronger than he looks!).

The 'Angel' then appeared, reclaimed his planks and drove off into the night. PRAISE GOD!

Amazing! So God DID answer David's prayer to provide a Guardian Angel but not exactly in the way I was expecting. Another lesson for me.

But this is where the story really starts...

The next morning Steve dropped Anna's bike off at a motorcycle garage.

As Werner had recognised, the guys at the garage confirmed that there was an issue with faulty plugs, caps & leads.

When Anna went over to retrieve her bike and whilst chatting to the guys she discovered that one of them has a health issue. We now have this guy firmly in our prayers and hearts.

Anna is convinced that the whole episode has been designed to ensure this mechanic receives the prayer he needs and an opportunity to feel the love of Jesus in his life. 🙏



# World Horizons – Thumeries

around the ramparts, moseyed around the town, tasted the food and drink and went to the Royal British Legion service at 8:00 p.m. where those fallen in the wars are remembered. That service happens every day of the year at the Menen Gate in Ypres. People come from all over the world to be a spectator of this remembrance.

On the Sunday morning those from Château Blanc and local townspeople gathered with those at Château du Paradies for a morning service, followed by a shared lunch. The afternoon was a time of fellowship together. During the evening David showed a presentation of the work of World Horizons and some other films, which, together

with shared grub made for the end of a very pleasant day together.

Although some needed to leave early on the Monday to head for the tunnel, a large number of our CMA group joined with local Christians at Château Blanc for an hour of prayer and testimony before leaving at around 10 – 10:30 a.m. for Calais and the ferry home.

The pictures are of Château Blanc and a number of us with our backs turned at the Calais dock, waiting to board for Dover.

Philip Head

A group of 26 from CMA UK joined with David Gallagher from World Horizons at the small town of Thumeries, just south of Lille, in the north of France. Although some went via the tunnel and one travelled by train, the majority met at Dover to travel together via ferry to Calais, and from there by road some 80 miles to Thumeries, which is about 16 miles south of Lille.

We were accommodated in two properties owned by World Horizons. CMA UK is a regular supporter of World Horizons, whose mission is to put people in to countries abroad, firstly to integrate by learning the language, becoming known, loved and

part of the local community; then to bring Jesus in to that community. There are two World Horizons properties in Thumeries – ‘Château Blanc’ and ‘Château du Paradies’. Our party was accommodated in both properties.

We travelled on Friday 24<sup>th</sup> May, meeting up late in the afternoon, settling in and enjoying dinner together at a local hostelry.

On Saturday we were free to do our own exploring. Some wanted to stay at the châteaux and relax; others went sightseeing; I went with a friend to Ypres, where we visited the cathedral, walked





## Geordie Memorial Magic

Rob Oates, North East Branch

I have been a member of the Geordie Chapter [HOG] for over 13 years and decided that I needed to get involved with the chapter on a more meaningful basis and get the CMA a bigger profile in their minds and hearts. So after a few years I took on the role of chapter photographer and got involved in the chapter committee. Over the time I have been with the chapter I have arranged for a few memorial rides for lost members and have always been asked to say a few words to the bikers that have taken part, but I wanted this to become a more permanent occasion.

In January after tragically losing another member in an accident, the committee decided it was time to create a lasting memorial to the valued members that we have lost over the years.

After speaking to Gateshead Harley Davidson it was decided that a memorial bench would be a fitting tribute, it would be put in position and securely fixed at our dealership, not only would this let our members remember their friends, it would also enable their loved ones to still be able to remember the good times they

enjoyed as a chapter member.

We managed to source a good sturdy bench that would be long lasting, but a small problem we had was compiling a list of the past members and what year they had passed away.

After getting the chapter members and a few past directors involved we came up with a list we could give to the engraver for the name plates.

Once we had got them back, they were securely placed and fixed to the bench along with a few more coats of oil to help preserve the bench for years to come. A 60 mile circular ride from the dealership and back was planned by our road crew and the date of the unveiling was set for Easter Monday 2019.

The chapter director Barry said "We are also lucky to have Rob Oates as our chapter photographer, who is also a leader and member of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association North East Branch, who was able to say a few poignant words to help us remember our friends and loved ones."

It has now been decided that this will be put in the chapter riding calendar as an annual event. 🏍️



# Harley-Davidson







The Devon and Cornwall Branch was pleased to be able to respond to Mike's appeal for support at Spring Harvest. From all over the country CMA members made their way to Minehead in North Somerset to provide support. As well as raising the profile of CMA we were promoting Le Pas Opton, the Spring Harvest facility in France.

In the picture are Philip Head, Cliff Davies, Ted Russell, Steph Thomas and Mike Fitton.



## Our Beliefs About Creation – it really matters!

Gavin Cox, Creation Ministries International

When it comes to being a Christian and faithful follower of Christ, what should we believe when it comes to Earth's history and mankind's origins? Surely as followers of Christ we should accept Christ's teaching on these things as authoritative, even when He is at odds with secular thinking.

After all, Scripture makes clear He is both our Redeemer and Creator. Therefore, what Jesus said about creation is true, and Scripture's teaching about His creative power is true: "All things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made" (John 1:3), "for by him all things were created, in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible" (Colossians 1:16).



the future? This is a serious question, meaning we can't pick and choose: either everything He said is true, or it is all suspect. Jesus clearly stated, "My teaching is not mine... but his who sent me" (John 7:16). How can the Creator of all things mislead, or be mistaken about creation? Was Jesus merely a man of His time, as some are claiming today? We are faced with a stark choice—either we believe Jesus and His Heavenly Father, when it comes to earth history, or we say that They are in error—and that is tantamount to blasphemy!

In regard to earth history, Paul affirmed Genesis, "sin came into the world through one man [Adam], and death through sin" (Romans 5:12; cf. 1 Corinthians 15:21). But if the fossil record is evidence of billions of years of evolution, as secular science claims, then death was part of nature long before Adam's Fall. In which case, what are we to make of the Gospel text, Romans 6:23, "For the wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord"? If evolution is true, then death cannot be the wages of sin. The creation/evolution debate is therefore no side issue—it strikes to the heart of the Gospel, and Jesus as divine, free from error, when it comes to His claims about earth history. When Scripture is allowed to be the Interpreter, instead of man's opinion, supposed contradictions between evidence (rocks and fossils) and Jesus' testimony disappear.

If you want to know more—use [creation.com](http://creation.com)'s powerful search bar to access over 11,000 articles written by qualified scientists, theologians and others who uphold the Genesis account as authentic and reliable history. And for those who would like to delve into the theological issues glossed over in this article, Philip Bell's new book *Evolution and the Christian Faith* lays bare the folly of mixing evolution with the Bible.

*Reproduced here with kind permission from the author and Creation Ministries International.*

[www.creation.com](http://www.creation.com)

During Jesus' debate with the Pharisees over divorce, He clearly upheld the Genesis record regarding earth history and the origin of mankind: "he who created them from the beginning made them male and female" (Matthew 19:4, quoting Genesis 1:27).

Jesus upheld the Genesis account of man's creation "from the beginning," as opposed to secular views of mankind evolving billions of years after earth's formation. He also likened His second coming to the days of Noah, upholding the Genesis Flood account as global, not local, declaring, "the flood came and **destroyed them all**" (Luke 17:27, my emphasis; cf. Matthew 24:37-39).

In John 3:12 Jesus challenged Nicodemus, "If I have told you earthly things and you do not believe, how can you believe if I tell you heavenly things?" If we can't believe Jesus about history, why should we believe Him about

I am not worthy of your love  
That you shower down so free  
You hold me in your mighty hand  
And place your seal upon me

Sometimes I do not feel your hand  
Lord, why am I standing alone?  
Inside I'm feeling vulnerable  
Where is the strength I've known?

When I'm going through the storm  
And crashing waves won't cease  
I remember all you've done for me  
Your compassion and perfect peace

For I know you're standing with me  
Even though this battle is long  
Your strong arms supporting me  
When my legs just won't carry on

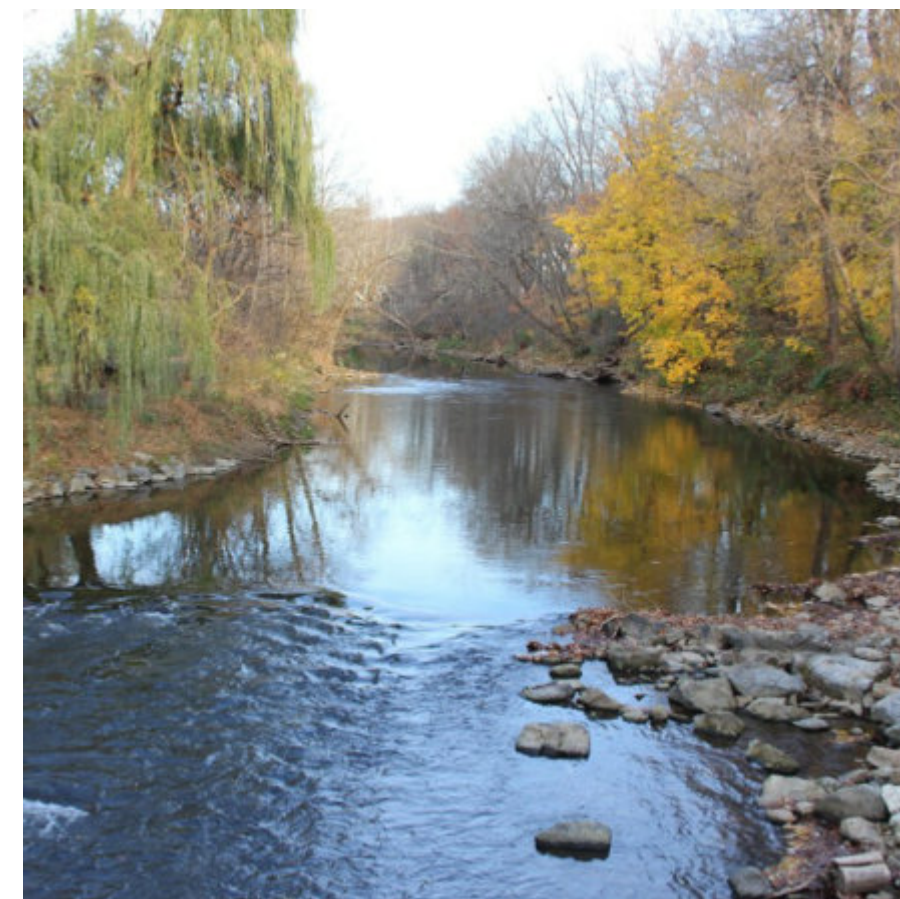
Although I may not see your face  
Or feel your presence by my side  
Your mercy wipes away my tears  
No matter how long I have cried

Lord I give to you my feeble heart  
And you fill it up with your love  
You pour your spirit inside of me  
Now I'm protected by your blood



## The River of Your Mercy

By Stephanie Thomas



Such forgiveness and compassion  
You give to me your child each day  
In the river of your mercy  
You wash all my troubles away

Firm but gently you teach me Lord  
How I can be more like you  
You will rub away my jagged edges  
Until Your image is shining through

You give me strength and courage  
To stand up and to be strong  
Your grace has touched me deeply  
I know with you I belong

When I give you all the pieces  
Of my brokenness and shame  
You give me back a miracle  
And make me whole again

You are the God who fights for me  
And I will never ever stand alone  
When I say 'your will not mine Lord'  
It's then your presence is known



## Dolau Afon (Len's Run)

For Bristol Branch, by Philip Head

Friday 28<sup>th</sup> June saw a merry group gather in Chepstow for a cuppa and to travel together to Dolau Afon, just south of Aberystwyth. Liz travelled by car, which was really good, as Penny's barbecue would have been at risk of falling off the back of her bike if Liz hadn't put it in the boot of her car!

This is the second annual event of its kind, arranged by Penny Cavill from Bristol Branch. An invitation had been extended to all at CMA UK.

From Chepstow to the site we rode some amazing roads with stunning views. There were so many sweeping curves through these Welsh country roads that the journey truly was a delight. Thank you, Penny, for showing us the way through such beautiful scenery.

At Dolau Afon many camped; some stayed at the nearby Miner's Arms; two stayed in the *cabbin* across the road (yes, I know how to spell 'cabin', but this is Wales, remember).

Friday evening, after we had settled in (apart from Robert who didn't arrive until 10:30 p.m.) we headed off to the Miner's Arms for dinner and a time of fellowship together.

Saturday morning was a time for breakfast and relaxation; however, at around midday, Vernon, the owner of the site



mounted his bike to lead us all on a half day tour with Jill, his wife, riding as tail-end-Charlie. We saw some lovely sweeping roads, picturesque hill-top views and some beautiful coves and beaches. A buffet lunch of gigantic proportions had been booked for us so it was a bit of a struggle getting the bikes uphill after that. But we managed. Well, most of us did. Then an ice cream stop and home to Dolau Afon again at about 6 p.m.

The Saturday evening was barbecue time with masses of salad, drinks, burgers and sausages galore to be put into bread rolls. Again, a BBQ of gigantic proportions.

On Sunday morning, having packed for the road, we had our own on-site Christian time of Bible reading, communion, prayer and sharing around the word. It was at the end of this time together that Penny suggested, with the support of Liz, Len's wife, that in future we call this weekend 'Len's Run', in memory of Len Osgood, the former Chairman of Bristol Branch. (There was a double-page report of Len's life in the Spring 2019 edition of Chainlink.)

In the photo from left to right are: Robert, Penny, Anne, Michelle, Pete, Liz, David (World Horizons), Vernon (host), Philip (Devon & Cornwall) and Chris. Unless mentioned all are from Bristol Branch.

Also with us on the weekend were Linda (David's wife, World Horizons) and Jill (host).



## Thank you Holy Joe's!

Sandy Angel-Jones-Fitton

Every year, we have a wonderful bunch of CMA men and women volunteer to help with MAG duties in the No Fires Field and Tango Gate, as well as the Holy Joe's tent at the MAG rallies. June was MAG's Farmyard Rally which has around 6,000 bikers attend.

Holy Joe's is open from Friday 8.30 a.m. to Sunday around midday and the team begin and end every 4-hour shift with prayer, then they serve tea, coffee and 'the best hot chocolate on site', according to our lovely rally goers – honest!

We all know that whilst we serve drinks, biscuits and chocolate, we are really serving the love of Jesus with a smile, a hug, an ear to listen, prayers for anyone who needs them and Biker Bibles.

Everyone does this with humble loving care and whilst no-one expects any praise or glory for their contribution, I thought I would encourage you all by sharing the comments of the two MAG Marshall coordinators here:

Be encouraged, your work for the Lord doesn't go unnoticed. Thank you for being such an amazing bunch who can be trusted to be a place of warmth and safety – you have obviously left the fragrance of Jesus in that place.

By the way – Stormin is coming up 30th August to 1st September 2019 – any takers? I would love to hear from you: email: [sandyfitton@icloud.com](mailto:sandyfitton@icloud.com) or text 07778 165694.

God bless,

Sandy



And yes, there is a man with a giraffe on his head!

Hi Sandy,  
I just wanted to drop you a line to say a massive thank you to you and all your CMA members who work so hard during our events (and before) to make sure everyone is happy and safe. You all put in so much and I sometimes think you all get a little forgotten in the grand scheme of things. Thank you, thank you and thank you all again for making Holy Joe's such a warm, warm and welcoming and safe place to be. You are very much appreciated by us all.  
Love,  
Carol x

Hi Sandy,  
I would also like to say thank you to yourselves and the other CMA volunteers for all your hard work, the volunteers for the CMA went above and beyond this year with the help and hard work they offered and put in, and it has been very much appreciated all round.  
Many thanks,  
Jayne



# Life on Two Wheels – part 2

George Russell, Liverpool

## Part 2: Time for a change

It is a tribute to my parents that in all the years of poverty – we are talking beans on toast as the only meal of the day on occasions – they never took anything without paying for it. They frequently had to take me back to places from which I had ‘borrowed’ sundry items when they found out. I got progressively skilled in avoiding being found out.

The Grammar was a fairly tough school but not as bad as the kids who had started the year before had told us. Most of the staff were psychotic; corporal punishment ruled OK. In the years I attended the school I was caned almost daily, hit with a blackboard eraser, cuffed across the head enough to produce a bruise and temporary loss of hearing and kicked and thwacked on the head with a dictionary. I should point out that my behaviour was far from perfect and got worse as time progressed. I got so many canings I lost count of them. I was caned for being late, for fighting, for being ‘cheeky’ to teachers, for breaking things, setting off fire extinguishers and many more. I took up Judo then Chinese Kung Fu, not to keep fit, but to improve my ability to bully others. I used to plunge my hands into buckets of sand and rice to turn them into weapons as the tutors suggested. I hung around with some sociopaths from the Marsh Lane area who got their kicks from violence and vandalism, many of whom ended up in court and rightly so.

At the age of sixteen my value system took a twist; I became ‘Spotty Muldoon’ and simultaneously interested in the opposite sex, not a symbiotic combination. Also my nose was big, it still is and I had this dilemma, proboscis related. You could buy a decent motorcycle for the price of a nose job. I would never ‘pull a bird’ with a snout like mine but neither could I cruise along Queen’s Drive on a nose-job. If you have read Part 1 you’ll know the outcome!

On the day the A level exams finished, we tanked up on cheap wine in the park then returned to school to look for trouble. Wash-basins and toilets were smashed, doors ripped off their hinges, any coats in the cloakrooms were ripped

from bottom to top and then we went looking for staff to harass. The outcome was that three of us were suspended then expelled from the school; the others in the wrecking spree turned state’s evidence and grassed us up. My reaction may surprise you; pride in having achieved fame at last! How sad can you get? I’d not long been expelled and was still basking in the street credibility this afforded me: this was the level of self-delusion I was wallowing in. Unknown to me, my mum had asked some of her friends from church to pray for me. As I regressed socially and morally these people were regularly asking Mr Big to do something about it. Mum was so devastated by my suspension and expulsion that she asked me to go to church with her; although what she hoped to achieve from this I had no idea. I had no interest but agreed to go with her for a couple of weeks.

Church was, as I suspected; full of old people in suits and as boring as watching

Scanning the congregation he couldn’t see, his scrawny neck and prominent Adam’s apple wobbling, he pointed across the auditorium in my general direction. ‘There is a young man here who is a sinner.’ His voice rose in pitch as he said ‘sinner’: this was nothing new, I knew I was one. ‘You need Jesus!’ he screeched. ‘Like a hole in the head’ I thought to myself, but even as I thought it, I could feel my eyes watering. ‘Hay fever’, I explained as I borrowed my mum’s handkerchief. I was annoyed with myself; this horrible little Welshman had invaded my agnostic cool. Theologically I was neither a believer nor an atheist. I could not imagine how the world around me with all its complexity could have come into being from a piece of snot from outer space and a few million years. The obvious design in nature implied a *Designer*; religion may well have some truth hidden behind the boring people that embraced or propped themselves up with it, but it was irrelevant to me. It didn’t bother me that this old goat called



paint dry – a waste of time as far as I was concerned. The speaker for the evening was small, wizened and Welsh. He had bifocals that seemed very wide apart enabling him to resemble a chameleon, but his worst characteristic was his voice, a sing-song Welsh screech as he got excited, accompanied by the dull thwack of his fist on the huge pulpit Bible as he punctuated the screeches. Eventually he shut the Bible with a dull thud, a good sign that the torture was nearly over.

me a sinner, but the idea of Jesus loving me enough to die for me was like a kick in the belly. I don’t recall anything else about the meeting other than a driving urge to get out of it.

When I eventually got to bed I couldn’t sleep. Hammering at my subconscious was ‘Jesus died for you’. But I didn’t ask him to! What relevance did a Jewish martyr from some 2000 years ago have to me, a would-be scientist waiting to

see if the university would kick me out before I’d even started? Suddenly I saw the situation without the filters of delusion, stupidity and arrogance. I had taken advantage of my dad’s illness to go completely off the rails. I was getting a buzz from terrorising others. My years of vandalism and violence had all but finished off any chance of a reasonable education. I was just a sad, lonely fool. I sat up and said to the wall, “God, if you’re real then do something with me.” A crazy thing to do? Yes, even crazier because He did! What happened next changed my life, my thought processes and my motives. A sense of peace flooded over me and I fell asleep. The next morning it was still present, I felt different; the truth is I was different. My mother was pleased and so were her group of praying fishwives. My peer group of fellow bikers and scallies were not; most of them feared me as a loose cannon, a ‘nut job’, but they were unable to cope with me at all as a Christian. One positive thinking acquaintance informed me that it wouldn’t work as I was such a nutter. Some years later I visited the Black Tulip pub in Batley, Yorkshire. The place was packed, mainly with a chapter of the local ‘Satan’s Slaves’ motorcycle club. As we were leaving a ‘Slave’ noticed the ‘Jesus Saves’ on the back of my friend’s leather jacket. He remarked to me as I passed him, ‘Been there, done that, didn’t work!’ I quickly replied, ‘Been there, done that, still working after 20 years!’ He walked away, scratching his head and blinking like a toad in a sand heap.

My peers first of all had no idea what a Christian was. They thought everyone that lived in Britain, a nominally Christian country, was automatically a Christian. Wrong! Others thought that people who went to church were Christians although going to church doesn’t make someone a Christian. If you sat in a garage with a mouthful of antifreeze and a dipstick up your ass, would that make you a car? I don’t think so! So how does living in the UK or sitting in church make a person a Christian? Short answer, it doesn’t! Christians are those who have realised that their behaviour is unacceptable to the God who made them; the Bible calls this ‘sin’. This sin makes any relationship with God impossible but by accepting the death of Christ on the cross on their behalf, the relationship is restored. A genuine Christian will see others as God sees them and will respect life and want only the best for them. They won’t be

perfect but they will be working at it. If at the end they are mistaken and God does not exist they will still have lived a good life, enjoyed peace and joy and will have contributed positively to the good of others. Similarly a person who believes we are all products of chance, basically pieces of meat with eyes, is likely to have no qualms about abortion of the innocent, euthanasia of the sick or elderly, or manipulation of the simple to their own advantage. They will answer to nobody but themselves. But if at the end of their lives they are mistaken about the reality of God, they are in deep trouble.

So I was now a Christian. I still met my old mates but they were freaked out by the new me, not that I was Bible bashing them; I didn’t know enough to lay anything on anyone, other than something weird but real had happened when I asked God to sort me out. I guess they found me boring because I no longer wanted to steal, fight or cause trouble. I found others suspicious because I tended to arrive on time, work hard and I no longer bullied others; almost ‘wussy’ although no-one risked saying this to me. I realised later in life that anyone who does the right thing will automatically prick the conscience of the layabouts, the dishonest and the disobedient. Try dieting, regulating your drinking or giving up smoking and see how your peer group try to get you to reverse your decisions and be like them.

## As a Christian I had to rethink my motives and attitudes

Unknown to me God had a plan to sort out many of my unacceptable attitudes. At this time the Bootle docks were extremely busy with ships from all over the globe unloading and picking up stuff to take back. I was introduced to a guy called Stan who visited the ships in the Bootle docks every Thursday evening to talk to the different nationalities about his faith and offer help or hospitality to those that wanted any. Before I became a Christian I was a racist yob, even though one of my good mates at school was Chinese. As a Christian I had to rethink my motives and attitudes; because God loves all nationalities and

sees us all as equal, I had to. I now do. To work with the ship visitation team was a good opportunity to get to know and help people from other cultures and ideologies. The church leaders said I should be different as a Christian, including my appearance, so at university, I wore a big black coat and black leather gloves all the time, even when I was eating. Before eating I stood up and said grace loudly: not surprisingly I sat by myself for most of the first term and was considered a total nutcase by all I met and why not?

To summarise: I was born mid World War 2, I slept through the May Blitz, was bribed to attend Church, I lost my dinner on the Isle of Man boat, I stood on a dead horse washed up on the Cast Iron Shore, I was bashed with a cricket bat until it broke, I lynched a neighbour, I formed a skiffle group, I was blamed for everything at school and was expelled from the same school, I got a chemistry degree at Liverpool University, I worked as a research scientist for twenty years, I was poisoned by a ship’s cook, I performed operations without qualifications, I met the Son of God, I endured two sinus washes, I was sacked from my first job, I freaked out on Catherine Street, I totally lost my memory, I watched my mother die and thought I was dying, I was attacked by a grizzly bear and buzzed by a shark in the USA, I lectured on computer applications for 15 years, I was swindled out of thousands of pounds, I had eight motorbike crashes in one year, I spent thirteen years on the dole, I was attacked by a mad knife-woman, I was transformed into a Klingon. I survived a brain haemorrhage despite the consultant’s gloomy predictions that I was unlikely to survive. I also survived skin cancer and a car crash which resulted in my car being written off.

So you’ve heard my story, all of it wacky but true. Do you think it’s a load of twaddle, self-delusion or reality? Many think that the world, the universe and beyond is the product of a cosmic accident. Or perhaps we are all figments of other people’s imagination or that aliens did a ‘2001 Space Odyssey’ on our Neanderthal ancestors? I believe we are not products of chance; we are special creations responsible to a Creator. So I leave you with the words of Larry Norman, musician, prophet and creative genius: ‘Why don’t you look into Jesus? He’s got the answer!’ ✚



My job takes me all over Europe, the Middle East and North Africa, building connections with partners across the region. After a while, travelling becomes a burden. As I catch airport buses, go through airport security, passport control, find local transport, have late night meetings, sleep at hotels and guest houses, wake up early to catch flights, experience delays, all this does get to me. So, is it all worth it? YES! Here are some stories that show why it is so worthwhile.

In March, I visited some CMS mission partners who recently started working in the Middle East. They



love the Lord and are passionate about ministry among refugees. There are many refugees in their context waiting for the UN to find them a country to move to – some have been there for over six years. They can't really find a job or start school: they're living in limbo.

What really touched me was the ministry our mission partners have started with young people. They have started a group for people between the ages of 15 and 21 where they provide educational opportunities. They teach Maths and English and hope to add more

subjects. When I visited the group, I asked the young people about their ambitions and goals for the future. One wanted to be an actress, others wanted to be doctors, engineers, journalists and musicians. Sadly, it will be very hard for them to accomplish these things because of their limited access to education.

Later that evening I attended an Ash Wednesday service and most of the young people were there, serving in church with big smiles. They taught me a lesson about hope and perseverance, to be thankful for what I have and to stop complaining.

One of the other people who really touched my heart was our driver. He and his wife left their home country five years ago because of persecution, with only \$500. This driver managed to get refugee status and was supposed to move to the USA, but because of the restrictions on travel from certain countries they were not able to go, even though they have the necessary papers. In order to help his family, he worked hard doing odd jobs until he was able to buy a car and use it as a taxi. This man loves the Lord and wants to serve him, but it has not been easy – and he has just found out that he has cancer. He hopes and prays that the Lord will heal him and he still has hope that his life will change.

Later in the trip I was reminded that God puts people in our lives for a reason. While at our mission partners' house, I met a Dutch woman who is married to a local man. She is a psychotherapist working in new sensory methods to help children with special needs. I connected her with another

mission partner doing similar work elsewhere in the Middle East and we hope it will be a fruitful connection. God is good!

The next day I travelled to another city and met with M. M has been in this country for over 20 years and is fluent in the local language. He has helped plant churches in the area. He told me the story of Ali.

Ali is a local man who loves Jesus. The church he attends meets at the local Anglican Church. Ali had the idea of opening the church up during the day, standing outside and inviting people to come inside.

something different. They asked M what to do next, so M suggested that they read the Gospel of John.

A week later, they showed up for a special meeting for people who are seeking to know more about Jesus and Christianity. Once the meeting started and one of the attendees (who is Muslim) asked about Jesus, the two brothers started quoting verses from the Gospel of John and answering the questions that other people had. M did not have to do anything other than sit and listen to the brothers talking about Jesus. A month later, M noticed an elderly couple sitting in the front row and listening with excitement

**“Trust the Lord for he is good  
and is with you all the time”**

Inside the church they set up a table with free Bibles in the local language. In just one year, over 50,000 Bibles were taken. It is amazing, such a simple idea. I am encouraged by such commitment to sharing the gospel.

M also told us about two Muslim brothers who came to church and sat through the whole service. After it had finished they came to M and told him that they had found what they were looking for. They explained how their journey of discovery had taken them to many different religions, but now they are happy because they feel like they've found

and passion. After the service the man came to M and said, “This is amazing, now I understand why my two boys have changed, I love it and we want to be part of it.”

Mission is about being genuine about our faith; not scared, not shy, but transparent. When people see Christ through us, they ask questions and their lives will start changing. Trust the Lord for he is good and is with you all the time. So go for it and be a light.

The burden of travelling becomes light when I remember the privilege of seeing what God is doing wherever I go. 🙏

Although not directly motorcycle-related, this article was submitted by Tanas as part of the ministry he is involved in. Remember – the ministry of CMA is primarily, but not exclusively, to the biker community. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to the 'whosoever'. Ed.



# Farmyard Party 2019

George & Caz Laws, Debbie Anderson

## Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> of June

**Caz and Si went for a walk around the campsite because Caz felt led to 'walk and pray' over the campers. Si agreed with enthusiasm, always keen.** They spoke to a few bikers about their bikes and how they were enjoying the event. After about 15 minutes they started chatting to a couple called Rick and Janet. Caz told them both her and Si were born-again Christians, working in Holy Joe's. With a look of sadness on their faces Rick said they had been robbed of over £300 the previous night. The money had been taken from their tent while they slept. Caz told them there were good people in the world as well as bad people. As the four of them chatted, two bikers, both men walked towards them. One of the men asked,

"Were you the ones that were robbed last night?"

"Yes, it was us," Rick said and told them that the people in the next tent had also been robbed. The second man offered the couple a bundle of £10 and £20 notes. The man said he and his friends, camping opposite, had had a 'whip-round' and collected money for them as they felt terrible about their situation. Rick refused the money at first and thanked them for their generosity. The two men said they couldn't understand any biker doing this to a fellow biker. Not taking 'no' for an answer, the two men persisted and gave the money to Janet. The couple then got emotional and so did Caz and Si. The men then asked if the couple would like to join them later at their area of tents.

As the two bikers left, Caz asked if they could pray with the couple. Their reply was nervous but positive.

"Err... yes," said Rick. Caz prayed and thanked God for the people who had collected the money. She also prayed that the robbers would be gone from the site. Finally she thanked God that they had had the opportunity to witness the good in people and for being right there in that situation.

They then left the couple, who were very emotional, but after a few steps Caz told Si,

"We need to walk back and offer them a Biker Bible." Caz told Rick about the testimonies at the beginning and the end of the Book/Bible and that there was a New Testament in the middle. Rick accepted the Bible and thought

about the situation while Caz talked to Janet.

"Can I give you something?" Caz asked. Janet nodded so Caz gave her a pink friendship bracelet she had made with the words 'Jesus Loves You' written on it. She told Janet "It says 'Jesus Loves You' on the bracelet and do you know what, He does." Janet was quite emotional and thanked Caz for the bracelet. Rick looked interested in what Caz was giving Janet so she gave him a bracelet as well, black instead of pink.

Both Caz and Si prayed as they walked away from the couple, thanking God for the opportunity—feeling the intensity of the Holy Spirit within them as they walked.

## Tom Anderson, The Lone Stranger

A lone Mountie came to Farmyard from far-off parts, (Sunderland) to clean up the tables and hand out coffee and tea to those that needed it. As he set up home in the field, he discovered endless numbers of people needing prayer and hot beverages. With the power of God on his side he could help people in a way the town had never seen before. This was no ordinary man; this was Tom, the Tyne and Wear County Mountie.

## Mike and Sully

For many years Tom, our man from Canada, (although we don't hold that against him) only had a 1200 V-max to

play with. Then to his wife's utter surprise and wonder, a light blue 1500 Goldwing joined the family. Due entirely to its size and colour it was christened 'Sully' after the character in the film *Monsters, Inc.*

Finding it increasingly difficult to trawl around big rally fields because his knees were shot, Tom looked for some alternative transport to use. Not a Segway or the usual mobility scooter, or even a normal golf cart would do. It had to be a 'special rally vehicle', according to Tom anyway. Having a friend like Steve, who makes finding anything possible, he came up with an unusual looking trike-like vehicle painted green (well, mostly green). Tom and his ever-suffering wife Debbie immediately saw possibilities and named it 'Mike' after Sully's smaller companion.

## Mike the Barista

Tom's idea was to transform Mike into a workhorse for rallies so he could travel around and take hot drinks to all the Marshals, especially during the evenings when they needed a hot drink most. Tom and Steve spent hours putting in new batteries and then a new control panel bought, where else, eBay. In no time Mike was raring to go. A front pouch was added to hold sugar and other essentials, with a flask mounted on each side of the pouch. This, I'm told, took a bit of metal work and a lot of drilling. Next was the horse's saddle, which was put in place of the original seat, which had seen better days. Why a horse's saddle I haven't a clue. Tom was, in fact, Canadian not American. Perhaps he was in touch with his inner Mountie, who knows. After further investigation his wife of 46 years, who knew him better than anyone else, had no idea either. The final touch, for health and safety reasons I think, was a very loud bicycle horn.

## The Lone Stranger Rides

It was High Noon when Tom first set out amongst the town's folk, with his trusted steed Mike by his side. Actually it was about three in the afternoon but near enough. At the Farmyard rally Tom and Mike had a whale of a time, going out at all hours, including in the middle of the night, delivering hot drinks to workers at far flung gates; picking up the odd drunk along the way. On his many travels Tom talked to a lot of people who knew he was working at Holy Joe's. Just being out and about as a witness; cross on his back and CMA and Canadian flags flying high, seemed to work for Tom.



## Rise up like an Eagle

He generally spent as much time as possible looking at bikes and talking to bikers, praying for people and encouraging them. He had a chance to give out many prayer cards and talked to people about anything they needed prayer for. One group of four bowed their heads and closed their eyes in the middle of the chaos that is Farmyard, while Tom prayed a short prayer over them.

## Tom the First-aider

One night on his way to a far-off Marshal's gate, away from all the tents, Tom came across a man laid out on the ground. Not sure if he was dead, Tom fetched the Marshal and, utilising his advanced first-aid training, he got the Marshal to poke the man until he came to. They gave him coffee and left him sitting on a log trying not to fall off... err... to sober up.

## Mike will ride again

'Mike' will continue to help Tom out at the *Heart 'n' Soul HOG* rally in North Shields in July and at *Stormin'* at Witton Castle in September. In the meantime Mike is not parked on the drive, under a cover, behind the house or even in a shed. He stands pride of place in the middle of Tom and Debbie's office floor. I guess it could be worse, he could be in the living room watching the cartoons.

## Sully, not so much

Sad news about Sully – he has lost fourth gear so Mike the Trike is on his own now. No one wants to repair such an old Goldwing and those that might attempt it have been advised that the cost is more than the bike is worth. Good news is that Tom is on the lookout for another Goldwing, possibly an 1800 so Mike... err Tom, shouldn't be lonely for long... what am I saying—it's just a bike, err... trike... I think. 🙄

Arranged by George Laws and written by Caz Laws and Debbie Anderson





## Beaford Bike Show

Philip Head, Devon & Cornwall

Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> June saw the Devon and Cornwall Branch in full swing at the Beaford Bike Show in North Devon. This is a very relaxing, laid back, small show where there is plenty of opportunity to get alongside others who have stalls and the visitors to the show. This is our third successive year at the show so there was the opportunity to renew old friendships and to be available for prayer for those in

need. Chainlinks and Biker Bibles at the ready, it was a really worthwhile day out, all the more as the weather was exceptionally kind to us.

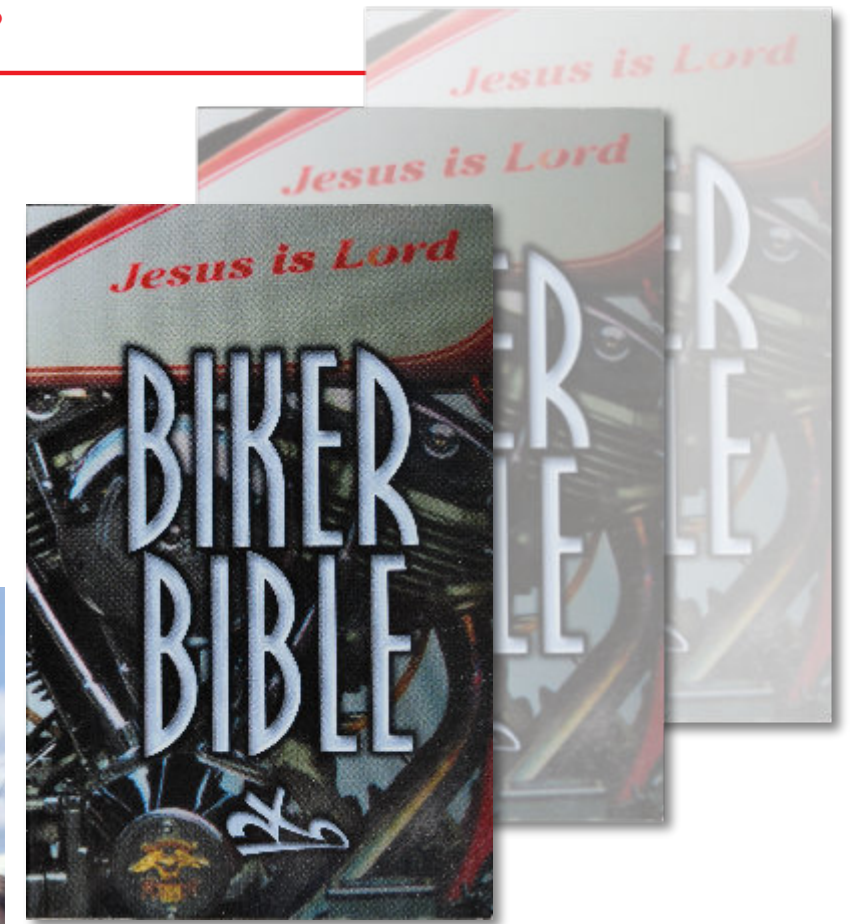
In the picture below are, from left to right: Stephen Bamfield (Chairman and Treasurer), Paul Pope (GDPR Officer), Ross Mackenzie (Supporter), Philip Head (Secretary), Vince Neale (Prayer Co-ordinator) and Rose Pope (Supporter). ☮



## Biker Bible – Who Pays?

Philip Head, Devon & Cornwall

**At Devon and Cornwall Branch, the Chairman has invited all members to pay a monthly contribution towards Biker Bibles. This is readily done by adding an appropriate amount to the monthly contribution for our meeting premises which**



**we are encouraged to do by monthly standing order to the Branch account. We then order our Bibles from the Branch Chairman. In this way there is sufficient money in the branch account to contribute to the national Biker Bible fund for the Bibles we order.**

**We understand that this is not the only way to do it but it seems to work well for us.**

**Philip ☮**



## God's Garden

By Stephanie

Every step of our lives, every mountain top or valley deep, God is with us. Through the wilderness and through the fire. In fact at every stage of our lives, God is there watching over us. Tending to our every need. He never leaves our side. We are beautiful and very precious in his eyes. All very different. Unique and loved beyond measure. We are like a garden of flowers and trees, all colours, all shapes and sizes. And our God, He is the gardener. Creator of all things. He prunes us when we are growing in the wrong direction, wild and unruly, with His mighty hand. Like secateurs he cuts away all the unruly and messy bits and this can be so painful... and at times, truly awful. We must trust God for he knows what he is doing. Like a gardener God is watching, planting, cutting, shaping us. With tender loving care he waters us when we are becoming dry and thirsty – refreshing and reviving us. He shines upon us when we are cloudy and grey, giving warmth, strength and hope, keeping us growing upright towards his marvellous light. And yes, we do don't we—keep on growing. A beautiful garden of flowers and strong tall trees. Yes, some of us are a bit wild, some of us have been battered, trod upon and have lost a few petals. Branches have fallen off. But the gardener is amazing, isn't he! He nurtures us, breathes life into us and makes us a whole new creation. Where once only thorns and weeds grew, now such a lovely sight, where people can come and sit and get shade and rest. A place others admire and come and stay too. Some never leave: BUT! . . .

It wasn't always like that, for it was once a rubbish tip where people came to dump their rubbish and mess. Where they piled all manner of broken, dirty and dangerous stuff there; things that damaged the soil until it was a place where only weeds and thorns would grow. No birds or insects. No sun or rain. But the gardener was faithful though and so very kind. He could see what the wasteland could become and so he cleared all the rubbish away. Bit by bit. All that had gathered there over the years, all that had been thrown and dumped there by so many people. The wasteland was a horrible place to go to. But the gardener kept clearing all the rubbish away, took a long long time and he had to burn most of the rubbish to get rid of it. But one day it was all gone! The wasteland was totally clean, nothing but ashes remained. The gardener then set about creating a beautiful garden from the ashes he could see there: planting beautiful flower seeds of all kinds. Trees too, acorns and grasses. It took a lot of sunshine, rain and tending of the gardener to get things to grow. With his hand, he lovingly sowed all the seeds. At first the garden looked bare, like nothing would ever grow there again. People came by and stared, shook their heads and left.

But the gardener knew long ago how the garden would look, how it would all turn out. You see, he had a plan, a great and mighty plan, things no one would know about. The gardener had dreamt about the garden a long time ago and had planned every tiny detail. Every single flower, every tree he knew. So it was no surprise to him when suddenly roots of many kinds started to grow, not upwards at first, but deep down into the ashes there. You see—strong, tall trees and beautiful, lovely flowers needed strong roots. The gardener knew this and he also knew it would take a while of pushing down deeply to get a firm foundation. He waited. Then one day green shoots started to appear in the empty garden. Little by little the shoots sprang up and grew—up and up they came, strong and tall and then—a rainbow of colours popped out of the top of each flower and began to open like the wings of a butterfly. Beautiful flowers everywhere, swaying in the gentle breeze. Trees started to grow upwards, strong branches, lush and green. What a sight to behold to anyone coming to the garden; and many would come. Birds, bees and all kinds of insects arrived to live in the garden as well. The gardener knew this would happen and he was pleased. All in his plans. What a wonderful garden it was becoming and it could be seen from miles around. Many came to see and be blessed there. Many came and found peace and rest. Some of the trees started to grow fruits of many kinds for the people who visited the garden to enjoy; giving nourishment to many.

The gardener smiled and carried on working hard, day and night in the garden. He never slept or slumbered. Good job he didn't because sometimes thorns would start to grow again and weeds threaten to choke the beautiful flowers growing there. Some of the people visiting would still throw their rubbish away and dump their mess. But the gardener was faithful and would come and clear up the mess, pulling up weeds and cutting off branches with thorns. Clearing all the rubbish away again and again. It took a lot of love, care and nurturing from the gardener to create such a lovely garden but he loved his flowers and trees, every single one of them. They were all precious in his eyes. He was never far away from his garden either and would always know and see how it was coming along. Always ready to help and He would never give up coming, never stop helping the garden to grow. The gardener would often stand back and sigh. He was very, very pleased with what he had created—his treasure and he smiled and looked on lovingly at all he had created and said that it was good. ✝

## EMC Rally

Are you going to the EMC 2019 Rally at Lenchwood? Here's a selection of some pics from the 2010 EMC at Storthe's Hall. Can you spot yourself or your friends?





# CMA(UK) Ladies Conference 2019



Friday 1st  
to Sunday 3rd  
November 2019

Hayes Christian Conference Centre, Swanwick,  
Alfreton, Derbyshire, DE55 1AU, UK

**Cost:** £160 (all inclusive of breakfast, lunch, supper and  
tea/coffee breaks, ensuite room, conference facilities)

**Contact:** Sandy Angel-Jones-Fitton  
email : [sandyfitton@icloud.com](mailto:sandyfitton@icloud.com)  
or text/whatsapp (UK code) 0777 8165694