



CHAINLINK

SUMMER 2020



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CHAINLINK

The Magazine of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association UK

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Summer 2020

Thank you again to all who have contributed to make this Summer issue a really interesting read. By sharing your stories, testimonies and thoughts you are bringing blessing, challenges, help and instruction to other members and readers. Please keep them coming as we try for **four** issues this year!

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

National Chairman, CMA UK

Mike Fitton

'We cannot always trace God's hand, but we can always trust God's heart.'

Charles Spurgeon

My last article in the Spring edition of Chainlink was written just as the Covid-19 Lockdown began, it was a worrying time and none of us really knew what the days ahead would hold for us, our friends and families. At the time of writing, twelve weeks have passed, and it appears that things have started to improve, the death rates have dropped, and the R number is wavering just below 1. Although some of the restrictions have been lifted and we can finally see our family and friends, Covid-19 has not gone away. We still have to be vigilant and wise.

I wonder if the faith we expressed at the start of this terrible time was different from the level of faith we expressed during the worst period of lockdown when death rates were increasing by the day, new hospitals were built and ice rinks were being converted into temporary storage for the thousands expected to die.

It's understandable that sometimes unexpected events that are just around the corner can catch us off guard and cause our faith to wobble a little.

Trust is easier when those we love are safe but when they aren't, we cannot always trace God's hand at work. At times like that we have to dig deep and rest in the faithfulness of God, always trusting in God's heart that will never let us down.

It's the same when we ride our bikes; I've lived on the North Yorkshire Moors for thirty six years and I know the roads really well, but if I'm about to lean the bike into a tight corner and at that crucial moment I become distracted by a grouse flying low and slow across my path (and they do!), it's unlikely I will get round the bend as smoothly as I should, unless I ignored the grouse. Do you see what I mean?

My riding skills are still the same, the bike is in good condition, the road hasn't changed—it's just a distraction that can catch me off guard and caused me to wobble.

If you have taken the 'Institute of Advanced Motorcycling' course, you will know how much of the training is about anticipating unexpected events and taking action in advance to counteract any dangers. The more observant we are, the safer we ride. If we want to ride faster, we have to increase our observation and look further ahead. It's a simple process and works well.

A rider should never fixate on a bend but look beyond the bend; never look at the low flying grouse or you will collide with the grouse.

During this pandemic we have been confronted by a mass of information and new regulations, no one truly knows what is around the next bend except God, so in the uncertain days ahead don't fixate on the fears but fix your eyes on the Lord Jesus Christ who goes before us. (Hebrews 12)

Let your faith increase in times of doubt – God cannot let you down.

Let's relax in His love, knowing His heart is for us.

Let's rejoice in His grace that we don't deserve and that leaves us breathless.

And let's proclaim His mercy, that never comes to an end, to a world that is fearful of tomorrow.

Proverbs 3:5-6 (Amplified Bible) –
Trust in and rely confidently on the Lord with all your heart
And do not rely on your own insight or understanding.
In all your ways know and acknowledge and recognize Him,
And He will make your paths straight and smooth
[removing obstacles that block your way].

Watch out for Covid's 'low flying grouse', your faith WILL carry you through whatever is beyond the bend. God has His hand on you, and He will not let you go.

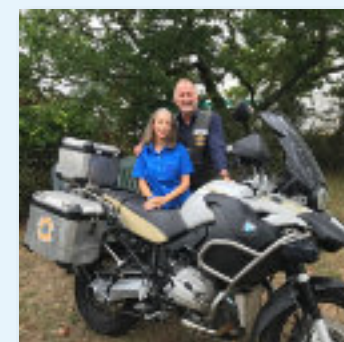
Don't forget 'We cannot always trace God's hand, but we can always trust God's heart'.

Isaiah 26:3 (Amplified Bible) –
You will keep in perfect and constant peace the one whose mind is steadfast [that is, committed and focused on You—in both inclination and character], because he trusts and takes refuge in You [with hope and confident expectation].

PS. If you haven't been through training with the Institute of Advanced Motorcyclists, I highly recommend it.

God Bless you,

Mike and Sandy
National Chairman CMA UK



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Why, 'From the Editor's Garage', you might ask? In company with a couple of bikes, an extensive collection of hand and power tools, hardware and general repair stock, a biker might feel at home – in safe and familiar surroundings, alone and with time to contemplate on the important things of life.

What, then, would be more important than my relationship with my Maker? Faced with a possible threat of infection from an alien virus, feeling the consequences of the current lockdown, the safest place to be is not my garage but the '*secret place of the Most High*'. I guess that Psalm 91, probably written by Moses, is one of the most read and quoted Psalms during these unprecedented times.

What comfort, what assurance, what truth, what power, what an awesome reality of life in the Kingdom of God!

Perhaps a more accurate translation for '*shadow*' would be, 'shade'. Perhaps Moses was thinking about this when the LORD shielded him in the cleft of the rock when He passed by in His glory.

God has given us His Spirit not just so we may be comforted but rather that we, by the same Spirit, might be a source of comfort to those around us – those who are yet to know something of the intimacy of the presence and glory of the almighty Creator of this world. Hallelujah!

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

John

“ He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will abide in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say to the LORD, “My refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust.”

For he will deliver you from the snare of the fowler and from the deadly pestilence. He will cover you with his pinions, and under his wings you will find refuge; his faithfulness is a shield and buckler. You will not fear the terror of the night, nor the arrow that flies by day, nor the pestilence that stalks in darkness, nor the destruction that wastes at noonday. ”

Psalm 91:1-6 [ESV]

Articles for Chainlink should be submitted by e-mail to chainlink@bike.org.uk or john@hodge.uk.com (preferred).

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 text or rich text format (RTF) files. MS Word, OpenOffice and WordPerfect documents are acceptable, PDFs are not.

The sender must have permission for the inclusion of ALL names, addresses and pictures, especially of children, prior to submission and be able to 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.

On the Front Line

Vince Neale, Devon & Cornwall

Being a nurse on the front line at the moment is very daunting at this difficult time.

It is uncertain what the outcome will be, lockdown being gradually downgraded but still frightening nonetheless. As nurses, we are facing an 'unseen' enemy, making our patients safe, keeping them safe to the best of our ability and trying to keep ourselves as safe as possible, not knowing what's around the corner.

Although I served in the Reserved Armed Forces (Royal Air Force) at RAF Lyneham, I didn't see conflict as such, but being in the healthcare profession, we are seeing it all the time.

Working in the local hospital is difficult at the moment. Every day is a new challenge, ensuring patients are kept safe and out of harms way. Dealing with this enemy Covid-19 is a real battle. Nursing is a definite calling I believe, and to be a nurse is something to be proud of. Having all said and done, I never cease or fail to see God's hand on my life during this pandemic. His grace and mercy, and most of all, his protection on my life. Being his child, I'm confident that God is protecting me. I'm encouraged to hear, read and see God's promises in scripture on how He protects not just me, but all of us.

2 Thessalonians 3:3-5 springs to mind, which incidentally was my Baptismal Promise in 1987. It speaks about how faithful He is and how He will strengthen us and protect us from the evil one. There are a few more that I like – Deuteronomy 31:6 says about being strong and courageous in God. He is a good God so whatever you're facing at this time, draw near to God and He will draw near to you. Keep well, keep safe and keep reading God's word, that's my encouragement to you. Hope to see you all next year at the CMA National Rally.

God Bless you & thanks for reading, Vince ✝



Samaritan's Donkey

Nick Wright, Towcester

The Towcester group meets on Zoom and starts by reading Jesus' parable of the 'good Samaritan'. I allow myself to daydream a bit and, with a little poetic licence, imagine Jesus substituting the donkey for a bike. If he were to re-tell the story today. After all, there are some parallels between bikers and how they are viewed by wider society now and Samaritans and how they were viewed by Jewish society then; dodgy heretics, not quite the real deal, viewed out of the corner of the eye with scepticism and suspicion.

I have to confess that I hadn't really noticed the donkey before. The narrative draws our attention naturally towards the human beings in the drama: the person who gets beaten up, the people who don't help and the outcast, solitary stranger who does. The message of the story is clear: be like the outcast, the one who showed love, compassion, in action. After all, the parable paints a vivid picture of Jesus himself, the ultimate Divine stranger who finds himself outcast too, who meets us at our point of need and saves us.

So where does the donkey, the bike, fit in? That's the question that catches my attention this time around. The bike is the vehicle by which the stranger carries the broken person to safety. The bike is used to fulfil a God-given mission, call, purpose – whatever language we prefer to use. And that gets me thinking. I've owned 22 bikes, crashed 19, and been saved by God more times than I can remember. Yet how far have my bikes been vehicles to be used by Jesus, rather than simply objects for my own pleasure and fun?

At this point in the group, folks tell stories in which their bikes and Jesus are integrally linked. It's humbling and inspiring to hear. One gets bits of his old bike restored and, at each stage, uses the opportunity to tell the mechanics and paint-sprayers about Jesus.



Another decorates his bike with miles of tinsel and lights and takes it out at Christmas, armed to the teeth with sweets and a loud bell, to share the joy of Jesus. Another, living in the Philippines, uses a bike to take relief supplies to destitute people in the jungle.

One joins funeral processions for strangers, to show love and solidarity at their greatest point of hurt and brokenness. Another used his bike to travel to a dance, where he meets his partner who leads him back to Jesus. Another gives thanks to God for helping him after a bad motorcycle crash and uses that account as a testimony to Jesus' power to save. Others wear white crosses on black leathers and minister, quietly, to bikers at a truck stop. Many attend motorcycle events under a CMA banner to offer practical help.

So back to the story now. The good Samaritan, the biker; the donkey, the bike. Let's give all to Jesus. In the striking words of Jasmin, a Filipina who's part of the Towcester group and lives closely with Jesus among the poor: 'Whatever status or power you have, use it for those who are vulnerable; whatever money you have, use it for the poor; whatever strength you have, use it for the weak; whatever hope you have, use it to bring hope to those who live without hope. Speak up for justice and truth – whatever the cost. Pray.'

Nick Wright

If you would like to read more about Jasmin in the Philippines, who has featured in previous editions of Chainlink too, have a look at A Radical Heart: <http://www.nick-wright.com/a-radical-heart.html> ✝

Don't Let Any Man Tell You What You Can't Do

Robbie Stewart, Northern Ireland

THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY 2000, a date that is always in our mind; whenever we look back at an event or time, it is always before or after this date.

I woke up, I didn't know where I was, the room was unfamiliar, I could hardly move, someone was talking beside the bed, I was able to make out who through my blurred double vision, it was my minister. He talked about the weather—and whatever you talk about to an unresponsive bundle of bandages lying on a bed (I had a tracheotomy at the time so couldn't speak, my left arm was useless and heavily bandaged, I had a halo cage on my head/neck and could see two of everything). Then he said a prayer and bid me God's blessing and left me.

I drifted in and out of consciousness for a while, then my wife (Heather) was by my side. She told me I'd had a motorcycle accident, I collided with a lorry when the driver pulled out on me and T boned me at a T junction (sorry didn't see ya mate). I had damaged my brachial plexus (my what?), I had lost my spleen (what's that?), broken my neck in two places C1 & C2 (yeh the very top of your neck) and for good measure damaged my brain (scars all over the surface of your brain).

She told me this many times before I could take it all in (my brain was in bad shape). Because of brain damage I didn't know I had three kids until she told me, I didn't know what kind of a house I lived in (and I built it), I had to learn to read and write again at a tender age of 32.

I had a lot of cognitive skill problems then and still do have a fair few, but God is good.

I found out later that I was hit on my left side and flung 50 feet across the road, bounced off the road and down a bank. Cue my first miracle – an off-duty paramedic came across my accident, he drove past the line of cars and told the police who he was, this Good Samaritan saved my life a thousand times (I believe God timed it perfectly). A policeman was already attending me – he had his hand



inside my shoulder trying to stop the bleeding.

When, after coming out of intensive care, I was moved to another more specialist hospital (Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast), the notes on my brain injury were left behind and I wasn't treated for a brain injury for over a year. I believe God was working here because I was sent home after five weeks and one day. I think my wife gave me care that was second to none. I was at home with my family, with Heather's home cooking and she pushed me to do things on my own with one arm and a dodgy brain (imagine sitting on the kitchen floor with a tin of peaches, a tin opener, a hammer and a screwdriver at 2am and you want those peaches, yeh, I got them and not too much blood spilt, you wanna see the tin).

Meanwhile I was taken to the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital in Stanmore, London. I had three operations on my arm – two of them didn't work so my arm is of limited use **but** one operation did work, the one to my hand. This operation gave me the ability to grasp something. I can't lift my arm but I can hold onto things like a handle or a bar, yeh, you got it, a handlebar. I had the ability to hold on to a handlebar, I couldn't clutch or use indicators but I could hold on (God is good).

God is good to me because shortly after I woke up I decided to change my life and follow our Lord Jesus and devote my life to Him. He has blessed me so much in all the trials and temptations life has thrown at me since.

At the time my biggest hurdle was being told I would never drive again because of my injuries. The day the Doctor told me was (I thought) the worst day of my life; it was like being hit with a navvy shovel (he had the bedside manner of the same shovel).

I loved driving, this was big, how could I survive without a licence?

I was in the darkest place I have ever known, I couldn't see a way out of this, I did think about ending things but I couldn't do that to my beautiful wife and kids. I sat feeling sorry for myself in a field – it was a lovely day but I couldn't see it. I prayed and prayed, then I said to myself, "I'm not going to let ANY MAN tell me what I can't do, it is up to Jesus if I get my licence back". At that, my world brightened up. I started praying a gimme prayer, gimme my licence Lord, gimme my licence.

Seven and a half years after the accident I was still praying that prayer, then one Sunday morning my minister said something in church and – ping! (lightbulb moment). I realised I was praying wrong.



In Avoca where the TV programme 'Ballykissangel' is filmed

I started thanking our Lord for my licence; I was 100% sure it was coming and I told Him I would put it to good use.

I also got my trusty Yamaha XJ650 out of the garage (now a trike) and got it ready for MOT. At the same time I approached my GP, I told him I wanted to try for my licence. He studied my case and put me in contact with DVLNI. They started things rolling – I had to have tests – eyesight test, cognitive skills test, drive a car on public roads, just to prove I could (first time in nearly eight years) and prayers (many of them).

Eight years and one week after my accident I got my licence back. That day I got my XJ out of the garage and hit the road.

The next year at a bike show in Belfast I came across some guys/gals from CMA and I joined



At the Key Vipers Charity Run in Carrickfergus



The yellow trike is my old XJ650



Parked up near the Giants Causeway, N.I.



Our first European trip

their ranks (I did promise our Lord I would use of my licence to do good). I have made many friends in the CMA, we have a great brotherhood and (as I have experienced) a great prayer fellowship, right across the world (a story for another day).

A year later I told my wife I wanted to tour Europe. We bought a Triumph Rocket III in



Me, picking up my new toy



This is me now, Saturday 16th May 2020, delivering PPE

2009 and converted it to a trike. We have been in most countries in Western Europe from Croatia to Norway; we've given out some Biker Bibles along the way too. Mike Fitton gave me some German bibles to give out one year. God blesses me all the time – I have now left the trikes and it's good to be back on two wheels again. I bought a Honda with a DCT gearbox and, with little adaptations I am road legal again. I'm now planning on the EMC rally next year in Norway.

All credit to our Lord but Heather needs some credit too, she saw too much that day, she was at the scene five minutes after the accident. She was with me every step of the way, every hospital appointment, every dressing change, every time I/we cried. She

told doctors, nurses and physios all about my condition (a professor even got her to address his interns one day in Stanmore). This lady doesn't stand in my way when I get on my bike to go to England to the CMA rally, or for a quick spin at the weekend (30mph). My wife Heather is a very strong, brave lady, full of the Holy Spirit.

I have some people to thank. Heather, the paramedic, the policeman, ambulance service, doctors, nurses, all other medical staff, the twelve people who each donated blood for me, the many people who prayed for me, and last but certainly not least, our Lord Jesus.

Don't let any man tell you what you can't do!

God Bless you. ✝



Somewhere in Switzerland

Life-changing Little Machine

Anna Herczig, Hants & Dorset

As the world is on hold for an unknown length of time, this has given me the opportunity to stop and meditate a bit. So unfamiliar, as I have never had the chance to really rest and not feel guilty about it or pressured. It is such an alien thing to me, but I decided it is probably the time to sit down and gather my thoughts, and to summarise the last few years' life-changing events.

This story probably began in 1999 when I first sat on a bike and the desire followed me for the next 17 years. I have done so many different things, lived in Egypt working as a dive guide, finished a university course, became a Christian, worked for a cruise liner company and travelled a bit, moved to the UK and in general tried to find myself. Some of the listed had given me the buzz for a while, but I soon lost interest and was searching again for something to give me a new challenge.

In 2016 the situation started to be so depressing I felt absolutely aimless, unsuccessful and useless and this was the time when my life was changed by this lovely little machine.

Two cylinders, no faff, a faithful rumble.

Bike joined my life, a real gift from my Heavenly Father.

At first, I didn't want to believe this old dream of mine really came true. But he was there, ready for his mission, to turn my life upside down and it really gave me a lot to be excited about. I could fiddle for hours, being very shy at first, terrified I would break something, then getting a bit braver, cleaning, polishing, repainting. With him a brand new life opened up for me. I found new friends, went for rides, gained more experience as a rider, even taking a pillion now and again. I enjoyed everything about him!

I still didn't know what to do with my life but I knew how much I enjoyed working on *Bike*. When my dear friend saw my enthusiasm, only God knows where he got the idea from. He told me I should go and fix cars—then he kept telling me this. I laughed at first, then laughed again and again, but the thought stuck in my head and after probably a year I made a life changing decision: if God helps and wants me to be a car mechanic, crazy as it sounded, I do have enough faith to believe, it would happen.

In November 2017 I started volunteering in a local garage one day a week. I had no



knowledge, no vocabulary, I didn't even know the name of the tools in English—quite frankly in any language. I had no clue what was under the bonnet of a car, but I was up for it! At first, week after week all I did was hold the torch and watch; sometimes ask, but in most cases I did not understand the answer. I didn't give up and turned up week after week. It went on for nine months from November until July 2018 when the miracle happened: I was offered a full time contract as a trainee car mechanic at the garage! It was wonderful, I knew it was going to be a great challenge but also knew I would love every minute.

From September 2018 I started college as well, I set up a structure and goals to reach. Everything went so well and I was so happy. In January 2019 I was made redundant. That was a huge blow and I needed every morsel of my faith to get me through this time. Hopeless as it seemed I kept saying to myself and to everyone it would be fine and I would never be defeated.

I must confess, it was a tough test and I didn't know how long it would be, but I had the conviction God didn't just give me something for a few months, watching how much I loved it and then taking it from me. I never believed that for a moment! Nevertheless, I had a very difficult month in February, Boris, my car got broken into. I managed to drive into someone, which was not my fault, but both events happened for

my benefit. The break-in happened just a few days after I lost my job. I was on the edge of giving up, close to sinking into depression but because I knew Boris had to be fixed, I had to focus on that and take my attention off myself and my misery. I must say, God bless that thief who smashed my car's window!

At the end of February I started to see the light at the end of the tunnel. I was recommended to another garage and to cut the long story short, by the end of March, I got a full time contract as a Trainee Car Mechanic yet once again!

I know this career is not usually the dream of any woman, I feel my limits every day, lack of physical strength and experience, but I'm so proud I'm still in the trade. I'm learning every day and getting stronger too, although I'm fully aware I will never be as strong as the guys.

And all these had started with my little machine turning up in my life!

I would like to thank those who helped me through these life changing events: to Joan, who

gave me *Bike* and with her loving heart watched me growing; to Jon, who helped me to get to know myself more and more and actually came up with the idea to get into the Motor Trade; to Paul, whose patience and encouragement in teaching me so much when I was losing heart has been priceless. To my dear friends from the Christian Motorcyclists Association for their support to help me grow as a biker and to find the way I can share my faith with others and to the Tyre Shack Team to make me feel valued and appreciated. Above all, to my Heavenly Father who blessed me without measure!

If you, dear reader, would like to read more about *Bike*, I do write about the adventures we have, also about *Bike*'s younger big brother, Bob, who joined us last year. I hope you will be inspired by the stories!

<http://annamariaherczig3.wixsite.com/bike1> ↗



A canvas motorcycle boot & a walk through the Bible!

Whilst stopped at the petrol station I was asked if my shoes were fit for purpose? If I thought it was SAFE to wear canvas boots to ride my motorcycle! I explained that they were in fact motorcycle boots with full protection and even let the gentleman stand on my foot to reassure himself but the question stayed with me and led to the following biblical reflection on my footwear which I hope will encourage you.

COMFORT

First out of the cupboard came my slippers – my most comfortable footwear.

Psalm 23:4 Even though I walk through the darkest valley, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

Isaiah 40:1 Comfort, comfort my people, says your God.

God is our comforter and we are also called to comfort others. The comfort of scripture is HOPE.

DANCING

Next out of the cupboard came the High Heels, I only ever use these for dancing!

Psalm 30:11 You have turned my mourning into joyful dancing. You have taken away my clothes of mourning and clothed me with joy.

Ecclesiastes 3:4 A time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance.

I was reminded that God takes us from mourning to dancing, then from dancing to praise...

Psalm 149:3 Let them praise his name with dancing and make music to him with timbrel and harp.

Praise is not just dancing and singing it is paying tribute to, and speaking highly of! It is not just a

verb but an attitude of thanksgiving.

Ephesians 5: 19-20 Speak to one another with psalms, hymns, and songs from the Spirit. Sing and make music from your heart to the Lord, always giving thanks to God the Father for everything, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Hebrews 13:15 Through him then let us offer up a sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of lips which make confession to his name.

God takes us from mourning to dancing to praise and we are called therefore to confess His name. So once again God does something for us and we are called to pass it on!

A SEASON

Thirdly I took out my Flip Flops which here in Norway can only be worn in the summer season.

A season consists of something coming forth, growing, fulfilling its purpose and eventually dying.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-4 To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to



laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

Spring is when the soil is ploughed and made ready and seeds are planted. In Summer, the plants are nurtured and grow. Autumn is the time of maturity and time to harvest and Winter is the time of regeneration when waste is used to fertilize. The farmer now sells his crop to benefit his family. In our lives there is a time frame allotted for ALL things to happen.

This time we firstly use what God has given to us to benefit others and we are then in turn blessed by God.

MUD

My fourth footwear was my Wellington Boots. Usually donned for working in the muddy garden.

Psalm 40:2 He lifted me out of the slimy pit, out of the mud and mire; he set my feet on a rock and gave me a firm place to stand.

The thing to remember about mud is that it was where God took us from! Mud was used in the bible in different ways:

Genesis 2:7 The LORD God formed man out of the clay of the ground and blew into his nostrils the breath of life, and so man became a living being.

Isaiah 64:8 We are the clay; you are the potter; we are all the work of your hand.

John 9:6 Then he spit on the ground, made mud with the saliva, and spread the mud over the blind man's eyes.

Mud is both treacherous and therapeutic, you cannot build on it because of mud slides but mud has many uses: Mud Packs, Mud Wraps, Mud Baths; it can be home to worms, snails, frogs, clams. It helps pigs, elephants and rhinos who use it to cool down, it

protects them from insects and prevents sun exposure.

Mud is something messy! Many people's lives are a mess. Being salt and light means we have to be part of their lives so sometimes we have to walk through the mud beside them. Do not be afraid of a little bit of mud!

SUREFOOTEDNESS

My final footwear was my trusty snow boots complete with snow grips to keep me upright during the Norwegian winter. They keep me surefooted, giving me a strong hold.

Psalm 18:33 He makes my feet like the feet of deer and sets me on high places.

Habakkuk 3:19 He will make my feet like deer's feet, and He will make me walk on high hills.

2 Samuel 22:34 He makes me as surefooted as a deer, enabling me to stand on mountain heights.

Psalm 18:2 The LORD is my rock, my fortress, and my deliverer; my God is my rock, in whom I take refuge, my shield and the horn of my salvation, my stronghold.

No coincidence that we are told not to build our houses on the sand and that the Church will be built on this rock, both emphasise that we need to be surefooted and keep our thought and focus on Jesus. †



I Needed a Biking Family

James Manning, Towcester

I always thought bikes were dangerous. They only had two wheels and why would you use something that fell over when you left it?

That was one of the many opinions I now gladly don't still have. Like many people I have gone from one extreme to the other in my life, luckily in the right direction. I used to go to church every Sunday with my mother but only for the 50p I was given to sing in the small choir. I was close to my mother, who stayed at home to bring myself and my sister up while my father worked hard running his own massive manufacturing business. I had a nice, big house with horses, dogs and two cars. I always had nice clothes, a good meal and a very happy childhood.

That was shattered when my mother was admitted to hospital with terminal breast cancer. I sat in that cold and clinical room just days after my 17th birthday and watched her slowly give in to the cancer that had spread throughout her entire body. I was trying to find an even keel in life when my father lost his fight to lung cancer less than 2 years later. I don't remember much of that time, most of it was spent staring at walls and doing nothing.

I had worked hard in low paid jobs because I hadn't finished my education after losing my parents. I moved to a better area where an old school friend lived with the promise of a new start. I found better paid, but still unsatisfactory work and tried to start my life again. I was 22.

A landlord I stayed with only owned a motorbike, a 1996 GSX-R750. He boasted about it, and finally persuaded me to go pillion. I enjoyed it and soon it was me pestering him to take me out to places. We did ride outs and biker events until one bank holiday Sunday when he lost control on a slow bend and dropped the bike. I was pinned under the back and it broke both bones in my right leg below the knee. I had to have it surgically pinned with a metal rod that is still there now. He apologised and suggested I claimed against his insurance. I declined; he was a friend after all.

Unfortunately, his sister and co-landlord didn't agree. She threw me out after three weeks because I couldn't pay rent. Homeless and temporarily disabled I was taken in by a neighbour, until he was evicted by his ex-wife. Homeless again I forced myself to walk and was back at work after only 5 weeks and finding a cheap flat from someone I knew.

I kept working but I always felt alone. When my friend was told to evict me from his flat, he stopped speaking

to me. With reluctance I claimed on his insurance and used the money to pay off the debts I owed. With no family local to me, no friends outside of work, and no company at home I drifted through life for a few more years.

I used the compensation money to get my first motorbike, a 2002 Honda NSR 125. This connected me with new people, one of whom became a good friend. He was recently divorced and looking for company and with me trailing behind his CB600 we rode many happy country miles. I wasn't bothered that he left me behind. I knew he would wait for me to catch up.

My biker friend finally met an old school girlfriend and he moved from the Midlands to South Wales. I didn't hear much of him until he insisted I met him in Liverpool. There, both my friend and his girlfriend had set me up with a blind date. I was sceptical, but my first thought on seeing her was 'she's cute'. Although we had little in common at the time, I still agreed to see her more often and after 2 years we were married.

Being from a very Christian family she easily persuaded me to go to a local church. There I found a family that were warm, friendly and including. Without knowing it, the wounds and pains were easing as God gently rested His healing hands on me.

I passed my full motorbike test and found my first big bike, an ageing ZXR750, but it was too unreliable so I sold it. Being without a bike I missed the company of those it had connected me to, so when the long awaited inheritance from my father came through, ten years after his death, a bike was top of my list. I had said from the start when I first rode the GSX-R that I would own a hyperbike. With my wife's help I found my own, a 2009 ZZR-1400. In-spite of the comments about how soon I would lose my licence, or my life, I had the bike delivered to my house from South Wales and started looking for people to ride with.



I was working in one particularly dreary job when I finally gave in. When the machine I had to watch for ten hours broke down, as it did with boring consistency, I went outside into the cool and a part of the Lord's prayer came to. Not my will but yours be done. At that moment I bowed my head, held out my arms and said 'Lord, my way doesn't work. Show me yours'. It was like



Deborah Manning becoming a member of CMA

taking off a heavy backpack after a long ride. I felt free, even in the uncertainty, it was like hearing an old but well loved song.

I went from bad jobs to good. I decided to challenge myself and picked a home study degree in astronomy. This made me more interesting to

employers and after a few false starts I found an employer who almost didn't hire me because he said I was too good for the position. Now I work in a job I like, and they are already considering promoting me because of my abilities. I had a church family, and now a work family. All I needed was a biking family.

One sunny day at a massive motorbike event in Rugby, near where I live, I met a group of strange men with white crosses on their backs. After only five minutes speaking to one of them I knew this was something I wanted to be a part of. I joined the CMA Towcester branch the following year and not only have they welcomed me as an equal, but they have welcomed me as a brother in Christ.

So, at the age of 37 I feel complete after my son was born on December 22nd, 2019. I had drifted alone for a good portion of my life but I was never truly alone. It took some time to sink in but I have a calling and now I am finally listening to it. It must be loud because my non-biker wife now has a scooter and has joined the CMA as well! ✚



Have You Been Powdered?

Steve Wilds, West Yorkshire

Are you a good rider, do you try to improve your riding and maybe even do RoSPA or IAM training? I have undertaken RoSPA and IAM training and really enjoyed both. I don't claim to be a great rider (*he's OK – Ed.*) but I am certainly better having been trained and enjoy riding much more as I try to do things well and safely.

ROADCRAFT is a book, often called the *bible* for advanced riders and used by the Police for their training. It's a good book and has a lot of good advice contained in its pages. One piece of that advice is 'POWDERS' checks. These are the checks a rider should do before a journey to make sure everything is in good order. These checks are :

- P** for ensuring you have enough **P**etrol:
- O** for having plenty of **O**il in the engine:
- W** is for **W**ater, this really requires you to check coolant:
- D** is a **D**amage check:
- E** is **E**lectrics, is everything working okay:
- R** is **R**ubber, are your tyres legal and inflated correctly:
- S** is **S**uspension and **S**elf, (two checks for S).

These are all good and sensible checks when going on a bike ride. Miss any out and you could well have a problem. Make sure they are all okay for a trouble free and enjoyable ride.

As we travel on life's journey, what are the things we should do to maintain our Christian health. If we do pre-ride checks on our bikes, how much more should we ensure we are roadworthy for our journey of faith to reach our heavenly destination.

I learnt that 'POWDERS' is a good process for the bike, could I also apply it to our journey in Jesus Christ. Are there any important aspects of our life that we should regularly maintain and keep up to standard?

- P** is for **P**ray and **P**raise:
- O** is for **O**bedience to the will of God:
- W** is for **W**orship:
- D** is **D**iscipleship:
- E** is to **E**xalt his holy Name:
- R** is to **R**est in the shadow of his wings:
- S** is to **S**erve.

In my life I praise God for the gift of biking he has given me. Biking brings me great joy and I love the freedom on the road. We should regularly do our POWDERS checks to keep riding safe and keep us on course. Maintaining these spiritual POWDERS checks will keep us safely on the road to reach the most important destination of all – our heavenly home and in the eternal presence of Jesus.

- P** — *Pray and Praise*
- O** — *Obedience*
- W** — *Worship*
- D** — *Discipleship*
- E** — *Exalt*
- R** — *Rest*
- S** — *Serve*

Travel safely and may God bless us all. 🙏



Honest Conversations

Amy, daughter of Cliff Davies, Hants & Dorset

Oh Lord my God, my Father,
I do not understand,
The deaths I see before me,
The absence of Your hand.

You say you love us dearly,
You say each one's Your Child.
So how come we are seeing
This virus running wild?

It kills the old, the young,
And any in between.
It kills those trying to fight it
It still remains unseen.

We fight an invisible enemy
More frightening than ever before.
Our lives have changed completely
Lock-down is our vital chore.

It feels so tempting to give up,
To join those in unbelief.
But still I find I trust in you
To bring us all relief.

You are a good, good Father,
You do not send bad things.
We have free-will to choose
And all of us have sinned.

It's sin that brought this broken world,
A choice made long ago.
Still it feels you have control so,
You could stop this don't you know?!

But although you see what's going on,
You weep with tears of despair,
You need to let this pan out
For the world, it needs repair.

We destroyed our stunning planet,
With pollution, trash and sin.
Now we need to stop and listen,
We need to stay shut in.

And in that time you will renew,
The Earth to it's full beauty.
You will honour and will bless
All those who do your duty.

For those who fight the greatest fight,
For those who don't make it through,
They will see your Kingdom God,
They will meet with you.

You'll give them all your praise
As they stand at Heaven's gates,
For loving and for caring
And for protecting others' fates.

One cold rainy and windy
Autumn morning Wendy and I
set off from Farnborough to
ride to Newcastle for a birthday
weekend. Wendy rode her Fazer
600 and I rode my Ninja 250. We
both had heated grips and I also
had muffs on my handlebars.
We stayed off the motorways
and only used A roads, purely
for the pleasure.

Do Angels Drive White Vans?

Jaimée Nix



By the time we got to Leicester there was a lot of surface water around and our gloves were getting soggy from constantly wiping our visors. My right hand however, was getting quite hot. The muffs were keeping in the heat and I couldn't move my hand because engine braking came on immediately I let go the throttle. By the time we got to Newcastle I had a blister strip across my palm below my finger joints. That was the least of my problems.

After Leicester, along a dual carriageway, I yelled to Wendy through our intercom, "It's got me!" She was in front so answered, "What's got you?" I answered with, "The muff, the muff's got me, I can't take my hand out to wipe my visor, I can't see". So as soon as she saw a layby we pulled in. There was a large lorry there but room for both of us to be safe. I used my right hand to pull my left hand out of the muff and found the Velcro strap on my glove had fastened itself to the fluffy inside.

That sorted we readied to leave. My bike wouldn't start: absolutely dead. Immediately I thought it was an electrical fault. My previous Honda had a broken wire in the loom which had given me an intermittent fault by cutting out all electrics. I thought, 'Oh no, not again'. Wendy held her umbrella while I removed as much of the fairing, seat, etc., as I could and investigated the wires. No joy.

Fortunately there was an emergency phone in the layby. Despite the swooshing of traffic and patter of rain I got through to my insurance to find there was no help to come. We walked back to the bikes, I put my bike back together again we looked at each other and prayed, "Lord what do we do now?" Wendy handed me her brolly while she reached for a water bottle. POOF! A large lorry passed us and turned the brolly inside out, we laughed and continued to stand there rather soggy.

A white transit van pulled in to the layby. A man got out and came over to us. He looked at the bikes and said, "Oh, I don't do bikes". We were a bit puzzled, he had no paperwork, wasn't from the insurance and in an unmarked van. We explained the problem, my bike wouldn't start, and he took my alarm and immobiliser fob and disappeared into his van. He came back shortly, gave it back to me without a word, got back into his van and drove off. Wendy and I stood there dumbfounded watching him go.

The rain had stopped by then so after a few minutes Wendy said, "Just try it". I pressed the fob, 'beep, beep'. Tried the key, Vroom! Big smiles. We rode off, making sure of course that my glove did not stick to the muff. And some of you may have guessed my problem. My alarm, immobiliser had got wet. We think the man (or angel) had dried it out. 🙏

I Should Have Been Dead

Ian Turvey, Towcester



I was reflecting with friends during lockdown, what was my/their best bike, and why? And what one modification would you make to it to improve it? (I'd be very interested in answers from readers on these questions too!)

I named my old (owned it around about 1983 when I was first in CMA with Andy and Rose Clarke) Yamaha XS250 (see photo). It's not a very inspiring bike these days, but coming from an old RS100, it was practically a racing machine!



So what did I like about it? I didn't die when I wrote it off.

What modification would I make to it? With hindsight (and I've got a good dollop of that these days) it needed better brakes!

Let me elaborate.

One sunny summer day in 1983, I was a student getting a proper education at a Polytechnic (youngsters, go Google it!) in those days. I had a summer job as a motorbike dispatch rider out of the Angel Islington and I was riding up to work on the M1 in the fast lane (it was called that back in the early 80's).

As I neared Scratchwood Services and as the van in front of me accelerated away, I got down on the tank and went for full throttle. Suddenly the brake lights on the van came on, rapidly followed by a lot of smoke from the rear tyres. He was doing an emergency stop right in front of me.

I hit my brakes, but didn't stop quickly enough (hence the modification suggestion). I hit the back of the van, hard, burying the front wheel in his rear doors and flew off the bike.

The next thing I remember, I was face down on the M1 flying forwards at speed; my visor was ripped off my full face lid and I got a great view of the tarmac. I knew I was on the M1 and recognised the risk of other vehicles so as soon as I could I rolled right and grabbed the barrier in the central reservation and clung on for dear life.

I remember praying during this very quick series of events. It wasn't complicated, just, "Help!"

The van I had rear-ended came to a stop behind me. The rest of the traffic also stopped safely. The van driver rushed to me. "Are you alright?" and, "God, you're alive!" he shouted.

He helped me up and across to the hard shoulder. "You flew over my roof mate, you should be dead" he helpfully explained.

I remember laughing until I cried. I thanked God—a lot. I didn't get to work that day, but I'm sure it was a miracle that I got home in one piece. And that's what I liked about my old XS250.

I believe that God answers prayers. The answer may not always be what we want or when we want it but He does answer and He is always eager to hear from any of us. By us, I mean you and me, not just church goers. These strange lockdown times are making a lot of us think about life and what the point of it is.

If you haven't prayed (had a chat with the God of the Bible or His very special Son, Jesus) recently, I'd encourage you to consider that. Pick up a Bible and start reading—maybe starting at the book of John (it's in the New Testament (second half) of most Bibles (and online too these days) and tells you a lot about Jesus that I'm sure will excite and challenge you. I for one would not be surprised if God answers your prayer as He did mine on that day back in 1983. 🙏



Living Life in Lockdown

George Laws, Tyne & Wear

As an evangelical Christian I understand that it is our role to go out and spread the word of God. Psalms 96:3 states, 'Declare His glory among the nations, His wonders among all peoples.' All peoples, not just the ones we feel comfortable with. I have always had a problem talking to people and memorised jokes as a way of introducing myself and starting a conversation. This got to the point where I was asked to do some 'stand up' for a variety of groups. Both the North East branch and the Tyne and Wear branch having sat through a session during a Christmas party, can bear witness to my talent. This still didn't help with evangelising until I discovered that people liked to talk about motorbikes. After joining CMA I took my wife to many motorcycle events so she could witness and hand out bibles. This seems to have worked great until Covid 19 struck. Not only can we not meet but we can't go out on the bike.

Work was the first to change and as an English and Maths teacher, I was given the task of running my lessons using Teams and Zoom. I can quite happily say I taught an adult English class while only wearing a tee shirt and shorts. I felt like Ron Burgundy from *Anchorman*.

Bethany Christian Centre, the church I attend, held online live sessions every Sunday morning. This meant sitting in front of the TV with a glass of wine, a slice of bread, watching the talk and singing the hymns. I did feel a little self-conscious at first as for the first time I couldn't hide my singing voice in the group of people around me. It was then I realised how bad I was. Let's just hope it is a sweet sound in His ear, although I can't see how. My wife, Caz,



enjoyed the *Breaking of Bread* although she did object to me handing out a collection tray after the service.

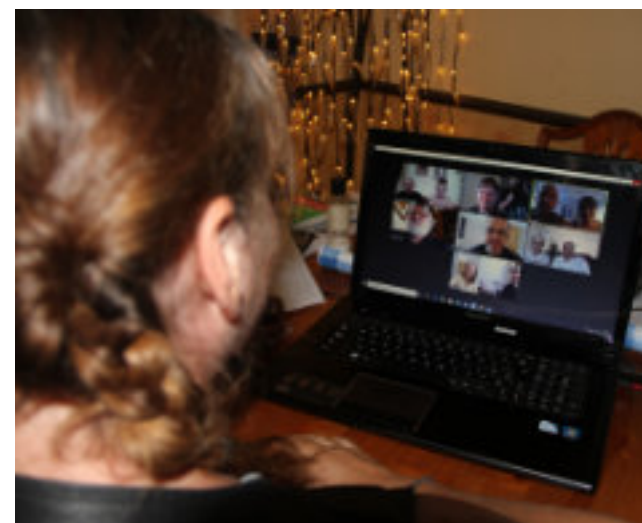
As a *Blood Biker* volunteer I did get a chance to ride an FJR 1300 delivering blood, samples, medication and – yes – samples of Covid 19. Standing in a path lab in Newcastle waiting for a pick up I looked to my left and realised I was standing next to a large sign saying *Danger, COVID 19*. Sheepishly I side stepped away and taking my box of samples backed out of the lab.

Thursday night clap was also a new event and one we could share with our neighbours. It wasn't until the first or second week of lockdown that I realised my wife had been in contact with the family on our right and the old lady on our left. Exercising social distancing she had stood on a chair and shouting over the fence had a good dialogue with both sides. Easter saw Caz using her craft skills mixed with her teacher's knowledge producing a number of games for the family next door to help teach their child. It seems that after travelling all over on the motorbike to witness, God wanted us to talk to the people next door. Strange the obvious things you forget when you have a lot of other things to do as well. The young lad next door would hit a spoon on a pan to make noise instead of clapping. I thought I'd get in on the act and took out a tambourine I had bought from a Christian youth camp but never used. It has a switch to make it light up in the dark. Cool! Well at least I thought so.

Shopping was fun and our weekly visits meant standing in the middle of a car park for twenty minutes before being let in. Looking around at the car park devoid of cars and people scattered about two or more meters apart reminded me of a certain 1978 George A Romero film and gave me goose bumps. Had the world finally come to this? Is this how the Rapture would look to the people left behind? I'm glad I won't be one of them. I choose life! After putting on our masks and rubber gloves Caz and I played a game of slalom getting round the aisles, making sure we followed the arrows and avoided anyone who had the effrontery to stop and look at something. Caz glared annoyingly at anyone that ventured too close to her. Finally buying our groceries, making sure we weren't seen as stockpiling, we got home. As soon as we walked in

Caz told me we had to strip in the hallway and wash ourselves and our clothes. I didn't mind but decided to shut the front door first before getting started.

After a while in lockdown there came a time when the local CMA monthly meeting was due to take



Quiz night during a CMA meeting

place. One member of Tyne and Wear, Paul, booked us on a Zoom meeting and normal service seemed to resume. The only difference was the coffee was better and Rob didn't take all the good biscuits. The following meeting involved a lengthy discussion and a quiz. I forget who won, but it's not the winning

that counts—I'm a Christian; it's beating anyone in the group who was Welsh. Seriously, it was a good night and felt normal talking to a group of friends without having to watch where you were standing and who was closing in on you.

Finally, Chris Whitty told us we could go out and meet in small groups of people so a short ride out was organised with three bikes. It was good to get back on the road, out in the fresh air and back among the traffic. Heading round the twisting roads a biker came towards us and gave us a sign. Police speed trap up ahead. Checking our speed, we were all under 30... well almost under. Nodding and waving we passed the checkpoint and stopped at the next village for a 'social distance' picnic. Heading back home felt good having been able to be a part of God's creation all-be-it for a little while.

During lockdown Caz told me that she wasn't bothered about going out on the weekend until the government told her she couldn't. She understood why people walk on grass when they see signs that say don't. It's not until something is gone do you appreciate it and want it. Isaiah 55:6 'Seek the LORD while He may be found; call on Him while He is near.' I'm told that it's called FOMO by those hip enough to know. It's the Fear Of Missing Out and I don't want anyone to miss out. 🙏



The Tyne & Wear county Mountie sporting a lockdown haircut

Thank You to Andy and Naomi

Mike Fitton, National Chairman

I wanted to add our personal thanks to Andy and Naomi Hogan for their dedication and commitment in producing the Merchandise for CMA UK since 2004. Right from the start they knew what they wanted to do and set about making it happen.

The standard they have attained is testimony to their love for this ministry; I'm sure that some members mistakenly thought they worked full time for CMA, rather than juggling Merchandise around their own very busy jobs, home life and church leadership.

We mustn't underestimate the task involved in setting up the stock at the National AGM and National Rally, manning the stand and packing it down before heading home. In recent years the difficulties they have faced due to Naomi's ill health added extra burdens they could have done without, but they hung in there and didn't let us down.

*Andy and Naomi,
Thank you so much for all you have
achieved, it has not gone unnoticed.*

This is now an exciting time for Merchandise to be handed over to Kobus and Catriona from Thames Valley Branch. Please be patient as they settle in; pray for them to put their mark on this vital ministry.

God Bless you,

Mike

National Chairman CMA UK

Serving in a National Role

CMA UK Trustees

As you may well be aware from a recent email to all membership in May this year, we welcomed **Naomi Hogan** into the role of CMA UK Trustee, effective from 18th April 2020. We also thanked Penny Lowery who stepped down as a Trustee that month and who had served us all well in this role during a particularly busy time for everyone in national roles.

You will probably also be aware that Naomi has been one half of the CMA UK Merchandise team and more is written on this elsewhere in this edition. You may even remember that Andy and Naomi married at the 2004 CMA National Rally. However, even though we think we know somebody well, there is always more to find out and many of us have experience and talents that most people are not aware of.

In Naomi's case this involves serving as the Treasurer of her church (Family Life Church, Thirsk) and also as a trustee of that church since it became a charity in 2009. This includes holding the role of lead trustee and liaising with the Charity Commission and HMRC.

The role of trustee is just one example of a national role where people are needed to serve so that we in CMA can be effective in achieving God's purpose, expressed in our mission statement as 'changing the world one heart at a time'.

In the same way that a Branch needs people to step up to carry out the Branch Official roles, it is important that all national roles are filled for CMA UK to work well and to ensure people are not overburdened. The current CMA Handbook provides information on these roles, and the 'Role of the Trustees' article published in the Autumn/Winter 2019 edition of Chainlink provided an overview of how CMA UK is organized.

In addition to these roles there is always the opportunity to serve by putting specialized skills, knowledge and experience you may have to good use. The National Executive can co-opt people to help out with specific projects or areas where help is needed; you may have seen requests sent out from time to time by email.

As such roles are all filled by volunteers, we are reliant on people being willing to step forward to do them.

One thing we have often seen is that people who turn out to be very good in roles are the last people to consider that their name should be put forward for them. This may be because they don't see in themselves what they have to offer, or because they assume that there will be someone else in CMA who will do a better job than they could.

With this in mind, we would ask that you not only consider how you could serve in one of these national roles, but more importantly that you consider those people you know in CMA and encourage them in considering how they could serve.

We, Mike Fitton our National Chairman or any of the National Executive would be very happy to provide more information on specific roles or to discuss how your skills could be put to good use. We look forward to you getting in touch!

Brian Carbonero, Naomi Hogan, Fraser McDougall & Rob Urand
(CMA UK Trustees)



Naomi Hogan



Webmasters for the CMA UK Website

Report by Philip Head, Devon & Cornwall

Ian Cameron stepped down from managing CMA's website service (www.bike.org.uk) in April. Sincere thanks to Ian for his hard work in maintaining our website for many years.

The new contact for policy matters on the website is Les Jones. Philip Head and Stephen Hughes-Burton have taken over the organisation and population of the public and members section pages on the website.

Any new (or revised) material for publication is to be sent to Philip and Stephen by email at webmaster@bike.org.uk. Submissions should be in plain text with images added as attachments, not embedded in the email. Images need to be of high resolution; images downloaded from Facebook are never suitable.

Branches continue to have responsibility for editing and populating their own Branch pages with local details, events, images etc., and due regard to data protection and privacy is to be observed at all times. If in doubt, please submit a draft to webmaster@bike.org.uk for guidance.

There are many resources available for download, so if you haven't looked at the web site for a while, why not take a browse around and see what there is on offer. If you've forgotten your login details for the Members' section, there is a 'password reset' facility on the login page.

With every blessing,

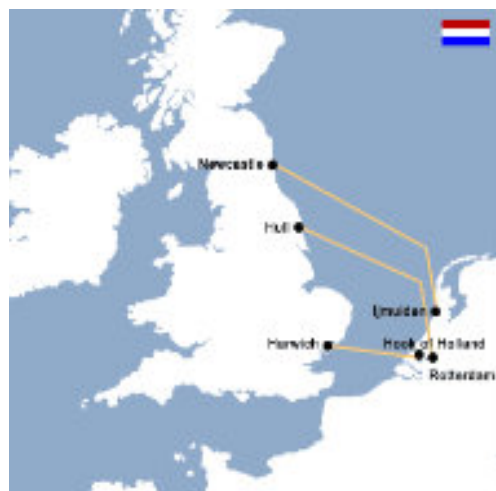
In the Lord's service,

Philip Head
Stephen Hughes-Burton
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<https://www.bike.org.uk>

This week [in May – Ed.] we received the inevitable news that EMC 2020 in Sweden had been cancelled due to the Corona pandemic. Whilst this was disappointing and has meant many have had to cancel their travel plans, some of you have found that your ferry bookings could not be refunded but could be re-booked for a future date.



Unusually the dates for EMC in Norway in 2021 will be 24th – 27th June 2021. For those of you thinking about coming to EMC 2021 in Norway but not sure how to get to Norway from mainland Europe, where in Norway you need to get to or how much time you will need to allow for your journey, here is a little info which we hope you will find helpful in deciding when you should rebook your ferries from the UK to Europe. We usually travel from UK to Holland (DFDS / Stena), although it is possible to drive the entire way from the UK via the Channel Tunnel, through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark & Sweden. There are, however, a number of ferry options along the way. For those who have not yet thought about making the trip we hope that you might be encouraged to consider it.

Ferries to Norway from Denmark

There are 3 places to catch a ferry from Denmark to Norway which will bring you in to 1 of 4 different ferry terminals in Norway which are within fairly easy driving distance from the EMC 2021 venue (Fyresdal Kurs og Leirsted in Telemark).

Copenhagen to Oslo is operated by DFDS Seaways, it runs 7 times a week & takes 17 hours 15 minutes.

Frederikshavn to Oslo is operated by Stena Line, it runs 7 times a week & takes 9 hours 15 minutes.

Hirtshals to Kristiansand operates 2 routes:

1) Is operated by Fjord Line, it runs 3 times a day & takes 2 hours 15 minutes.

2) Is operated by Color Line, it runs 14 times a week & takes 3 hours 15 minutes.

Hirtshals to Larvik is operated by Color Line, it runs 14 times a week & takes 3 hours 45 minutes.

Hirtshals to Langesund is operated by Fjord Line, it runs 7 times a week & takes 4 hours 30 minutes.

Ferries to Norway from Sweden

Strömstad to Sandefjord operates 2 routes:

[Color Line](#), operates 4 times a day & [Fjord Line](#) runs 14 times a week.

Both take 2 hours 30 minutes.

Ferries to Norway from Germany

Kiel to Oslo is operated by [Color Line](#), it runs 7 times a week & takes 20 hours.

Oslo is around 250km / 4hrs direct driving distance to EMC. Kristiansand, Larvik, Sandefjord & Langesund are all under 200km / 3hrs direct driving distance to EMC. We have asked some of the folk in Holy Riders Norway to plan some scenic motorcycle routes from each of the ferry ports to the venue to make sure you get to see the best of the Norwegian scenery en-route.

Limited time or don't want to drive? – No problem – Come by Air

You can fly to either Oslo Gardemoen or Oslo Torp (Sandefjord) airports direct from Manchester, London & Aberdeen. Airlines running direct flights (around 2 hours) include Ryanair, Norwegian & SAS. Car Hire is available from both airports and most airlines have a car hire partner with preferential rates. The venue offers accommodation in rooms with private bathrooms, so you don't even need to bring camping gear with you!

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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.



"Lew's Run" DOLAU AFON

<http://www.dolauafon.com>

RESCHEDULED 3rd Annual Fellowship
Camp. (COVID permitting)

September 18th, 19th,
20th 2020

For details of site see the website.
To book contact Penny Cavill
penny.cavill@talk21.com

