



CHAINLINK

The Magazine of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association UK

AUTUMN 2022



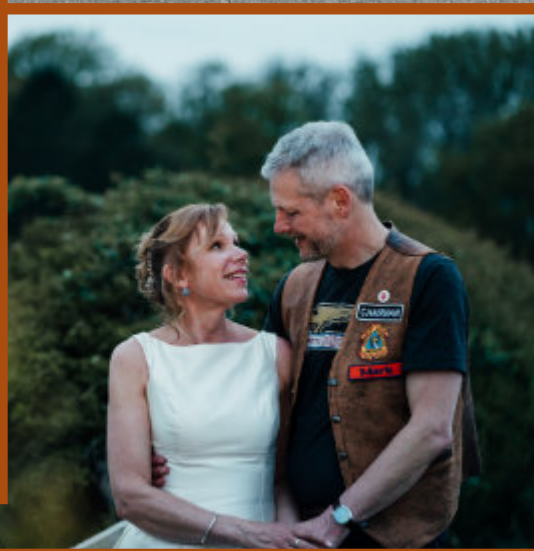
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See page 20 inside*



*Want to know more?
See page 27*



*Look who got married!
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From the Editor's Garage

So, two weddings and a funeral to report on in this issue. I don't mean that to sound flippant at all but all three events bring their own celebration. By the time you read this, Anna and Tim will have celebrated their first year of marriage, Mark and Lizzie celebrated their wedding earlier this year and we have just celebrated the life of one of our esteemed members of CMA, Rob Urand. Esteemed, not just because of the tireless accountancy and other work he has done for the ministry but because he was a real gentleman – in fact, he was a lovely *gentle man*! Rob passed into the presence of the Lord Jesus on the 28th September. I was privileged to attend his Memorial Service in Colchester.

I should also mention the promotion to Glory of our brother Paul Cooley from Thames Valley Branch. To date, I have not received any details of Paul's Funeral.

When I turned 70 a few years ago I realised I am now in 'extra time' and it falls on me to make whatever time I have left to count for the Kingdom of God. Consider what apostle Paul wrote to the Philippian church:

'For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. If I am to live in the flesh, that means fruitful labour for me. Yet which I shall choose I cannot tell. I am hard pressed between the two. My desire is to depart and be with Christ, for that is far better. But to remain in the flesh is more necessary on your account.' [Phil 1:21-24 ESV]

These are sobering words indeed – but we have no control over whether we live or die since our lives are truly in our Father's hands.

I also realised that, in the Kingdom of God, there is no retirement. Now that to me is good news because I still love doing things for others. I am convinced that our Creator God delights in seeing His creation being creative! Now, that surely takes some effort, doesn't it?

Be blessed and be a blessing,

John

oops!

Sincere apologies for a couple of big *faux pas* in the last issue – I incorrectly attributed the article on Safeguarding to our very own Chris Houghton instead of our equally very own Kate Moore – so sorry to you both! Additionally, because at the very last minute before going to press, I had to insert an four extra pages for our dear friend David Gallagher's most intriguing article, this resulted in the '*Continued on...*' and '*...continued from*' for Tanas' article being four pages out. It goes to remind me that none of us are perfect! We can only strive for excellence!

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 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.

They Stood Out from the Crowd

Mike Fitton, National Chairman

'Has this world been so kind to you that you should leave with regret?

There are better things ahead than any we leave behind.'

C. S. Lewis

In the weeks leading up to this edition of 'Chainlink', we have been mourning the loss of two long term members of CMA UK who recently passed from this earth into Heaven and the presence of Jesus – Rob Urand and Paul Cooley. They will both be missed by us all. Please continue to pray for their wives, Sandra Urand and Chris Cooley, their families and friends.

Rob and Paul made a huge impact in my life for a variety of reasons, and I shall never forget them. I thank Sandra and Chris for sharing their husbands with us. Our lives have been all the better for knowing them as friends.

Like you, I have had the privilege of meeting many Christians who stood out from the crowd and quietly served the Lord, never seeking public recognition. Their lives were truly well lived for the cause of Christ and if truth be known their lives probably drew more to Jesus than their words, like the well known phrase,

'Preach the Gospel at all times and when necessary, use words.'

That quote is often attributed to St. Francis of Assisi – however his actual words were:

'It is no use walking anywhere to preach unless our walking is our preaching.'

He went on to say:

'I desire this privilege from the Lord, that never may I have any privilege from man, except to do reverence to all, and to convert the world by



obedience to the Holy Truth – rather by example than by word.'

Look beyond the old phraseology and see what Francis was saying, we can talk all we like, but if our life isn't 'Christ-like' and lacks love and grace – our words will be empty and without substance. As Paul wrote to the church in Corinth, he emphasised this in the following verse:

'If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.'
1 Corinthians 13:1

There are many qualities listed in the Bible as a godly lifestyle and I think Rob and Paul can be summed up as having a godly character, a consistent faith, an assurance of Heaven, being rooted in love, desiring to know more of God each day and that others may know that love too.

Whenever we lose a loved one it leaves a huge hole in our hearts. It can be hard to reconcile our emotions that they are gone and we will never see them again on this earth.

Please note – I make this next statement with sincere love, it may seem harsh, but it isn't intended to be. If we could get – even a glimpse of where our loved ones are with Jesus in Heaven's Glory – we would never ask them to return.

Martin Luther put it this way:

'I would not give one moment of heaven for all the joy and riches of the world, even if it lasted for thousands and thousands of years.'

The Bible reassures us that if we have put our trust in Jesus, we **will** meet them again one day!

Revelation 21:3 reads:

And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, "Look! God's dwelling place is now among the people, and he will dwell with them. They will be his people, and God himself will be with them and be their God".

Finally, I like John Newton's thoughts on entering Heaven –

'When I get to heaven, I shall see three wonders there.

The first wonder will be, to see many people there whom I did not expect to see.

The second wonder will be, to miss many people whom I did expect to see.

The third and greatest wonder of all, will be to find myself there.'

As we remember the lives of our friends, let us do all we can to do as they did, by living godly lives to the full for the Gospel of Christ. †

Love is patient.
Love is kind.
It does not envy
or boast.
It is not proud,
rude, or self-seeking.
It is not **easily** angry
and keeps no record
of past mistakes.
It does not delight
in evil.
It rejoices in the **truth**.

Official Stuff...

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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

Rob Urand first became involved in CMA in the late 1980s and remained in membership until he died on 28th September this year after his cancer could no longer be controlled or treated. He was a consistent presence across those decades, making many contributions at both the local and national level. This included at one point holding the posts of Branch Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer all at the same time for the branch covering parts of Essex and Suffolk, and serving as National Treasurer, Trustee and a member of the National Executive after he took early retirement. Perhaps even more significant was the care, support and encouragement he gave to many of us on a one to one basis.

A service of thanksgiving was held at Colchester Baptist Church on 24th October 2022. In addition to a family tribute the service included tributes from Open Door* and CMA, all of which spoke fondly of him, highlighting his care for others, his faith, his commitment to his family, and his significant contributions to the organizations he supported. The church was full of Rob's family and friends, and over 50 people who knew Rob through CMA. His wife Sandra and family were very appreciative of the number of people from CMA who attended the service, or who have been in touch with them separately.

For those who were unable to attend, the CMA tribute provided by Brian Carbonero follows on page 8...

In Loving Memory of
Rob Urand

31st October 1949 - 28th September 2022



* Open Door, Colchester, is a Christian charity which has been offering help and support to people in Colchester since 1986. The charity seeks to ensure everyone, regardless of their personal or social circumstances, has access to the right support and a listening ear. This includes providing informal and individual support in a cafe at the church Rob attended.

<https://www.opendoorcolchester.co.uk/>

Tribute to Rob Urand

Brian Carbonero, CMA UK Trustee

When I was 18 I started dating my now wife, and her local church in Tiptree was where I first met Rob and Sandra. That was 36 years ago and since then, as well as living in the same village, Rob and I served together as Church Elders, helped as group leaders during Scripture Union summer camps for 8 to 11 year olds, and have ridden thousands of miles together – normally through our involvement in the Christian Motorcyclists' Association, where we have worked together in local and national roles. There are literally hundreds of people in CMA across the UK—and overseas—who knew Rob, not least in his role as National Treasurer, a member of the National Executive, a Trustee, but also as a friend.

I consider myself fortunate to have counted Rob as a close friend, and I have picked out a few of my many fond memories of him to illustrate different aspects of his character, and who he was.

Style

Rob was comfortable in his own skin. His bike gear was always chosen for practical reasons, not to emulate a particular style or to follow a trend. He would often wear a formal shirt under his leathers, as I'm demonstrating today, but he was also seen at times wearing a pair of bright orange and white camouflage trousers – although not at home! His hair was always impeccably styled – even after he'd been wearing a crash helmet! His neatness also extended to his ability to pack all of his gear for a weekend (including a tent) on his beloved Ducati sports bike.

His sense of humour showed itself when he was seen in various outlandish fancy dress outfits at the Scripture Union summer camps, and when wearing a reindeer costume over his bike gear for various Christmas charity events. Last year he decided that when marshalling in a car park in the middle of Witham for our CMA National AGM, he would do it dressed as a snowman. Before he knew it passers-by were asking him to pose with them for selfies!

Navigation

Technology was another area where Rob felt no pressure to change with the times. Smart phones, social media and even satnavs held no interest for

him. He loved maps, working out routes, and then using the traditional approach of navigating using written instructions on top of his motorbike's tank-bag.

He generally did a great job, and we had some really interesting journeys together. Sometimes they were more interesting than expected when we found we had diverted off the route he had planned!

During one long weekend trip to France with about six of us on bikes, we went around a roundabout in a town centre close to a train station, where an elderly man was sitting on a bench nearby. A few minutes later, either that town had two identical train stations or we were back there again – although from a different direction. When we went around the same roundabout for a third time – and from a third direction, the elderly man sitting on the bench looked at us, looked at the bottle he was drinking from, looked at us again and slowly shook his head.

Later that day when we'd pulled over so Rob could consult his map, someone asked him 'are we lost?'. He replied, 'No. I know where we are – I'm just working out how we get to where we should be... '.

Motorbike maintenance

Rob loved maintaining and tinkering with his motorbikes. I am sure this was at least partly a result of him liking bikes that needed a lot of maintenance – often at the roadside! I know I'm not the only one here who has helped bump start at least one of them.

Most recently he designed and built from scratch a sidecar outfit based on one of his much loved Velocette motorbikes. His sense of humour again showed itself as he installed a panel with four buttons for the sidecar passenger to use; buttons which are the same as those that *Wallace and Gromit* have in their sidecar. In 'A Close Shave' the sidecar becomes detached from the bike and, as it plummets off a cliff, Gromit presses all the buttons and the sidecar transforms into an aeroplane. I asked Rob whether his sidecar would do the same and he replied, 'not yet...'. So, Sandra, if you find a small propeller and a set of retractable wings in the garage, you'll know why.

Although he was very skilled in the art of motorbike maintenance it didn't always go smoothly, such as the time he used one of these (*PICKS UP TIN*). It's a tin with a thick layer of a waxy lubricant in the bottom which is used to

clean and maintain motorbike drive chains. You put the tin on a cooker, gently warm the wax until it melts then put the chain in it, where it is cleaned and lubricated.

Once, when Sandra was out for the day, Rob decided to clean the chain on one of his bikes. He put such a tin on the cooker in the kitchen, put his bike chain into it and then went back across their hall and into the garage.

Now Rob was skilled at many things, but cooking wasn't one of them. This is perhaps understandable given how good a cook Sandra is. It probably also helps explain what happened next.

Before long, Rob was rushing back to the kitchen to investigate a strange smell and loud noise. The wax in the tin was on fire, and smoke was filling the kitchen. Now the lid of the tin has the following warning – 'DO NOT OVERHEAT – flash point 232 degrees Celsius'. The tin had got so hot that not only had the lubricant caught fire, the glass top of the cooker had exploded, and bits of glass had embedded themselves in various kitchen cabinets. Rob described this as 'quite impressive'.

He told this story with a mixture of sheepishness and wonder, but always ended it by saying, 'but the motorbike chain was fine'. He never said what Sandra's reaction was when she returned home to a devastated kitchen; let's go with 'surprised'. I always picture Sandra standing there very 'surprised' with Rob saying, '... but it's OK – the bike chain is fine'.

Communication

I have only ever heard people say positive and complimentary things about Rob. Many have described him as a gentle man who cared about others, and have spoken of when he had taken the time to speak with them, or call them with words of advice and encouragement. This could relate to personal or practical topics, and those receiving his advice never felt criticised. For example, advanced motorcycle rider training was something he continued to do throughout his life, and I picked up many tips from him on improving my riding. His comments were always constructive, and never came across as, 'you're not doing that right'.

He was calm and reasoned in response to any situation – something that was invaluable in the local and national roles he held in CMA. He was someone that others listened to – we knew that what Rob had to say would be important and useful.

I remember a topic he covered in a CMA regional meeting which showed both his sense of humour and his approach to handling a potentially difficult subject in a positive way. It was about the need for everyone to work well together, for which he had brought along a DVD to illustrate his key

points. Imagine if you will a room with about 30 motorcyclists in it. Now motorcyclists are generally wonderful people, but they can look quite scary in their bike gear – and that's just some of the women! Rob put on the DVD, the TV screen came to life – and it's Peppa Pig! The episode was about everyone needing to play nicely together in the playground. The fact I can remember it shows it was clearly a good way of getting his points across. It also shows that he was paying attention all those times he watched Peppa Pig with his grandchildren!

His faith

I cannot finish without talking about Rob's faith in Jesus Christ, and how the words of the Bible were a constant and important part of his life.

When telling others about his faith he would recall how, as a child, he saw some boys who were distinctive from others in how they lived their lives. He wanted to know more and found they were Christians, which was one of the things that led him to his own faith in Jesus. Rob's own life was distinctive in that same way. He would study the Bible each day to understand it and apply what he read to his life. He was clear that by doing this he had avoided many of life's problems.

His faith also gave him confidence that when he died he would be in heaven. This was not because of any good works he had done, but was based entirely on his acceptance of what Jesus had done to put right his relationship with God. It was also very important to Rob that others should get to know the same good news that is contained in the Bible, not just to have confidence in what happens when we die, but also because of the difference it makes to our lives.

One of the Bible verses he regularly quoted was from John chapter 10, where Jesus says that He has come that we may have life, and life in all its fullness.

I know Rob would want all of us here to have such a life, and if you haven't yet put your faith in Jesus Christ, then he would want you to take the opportunity to find out more about it.

In finishing, Rob is greatly missed by me and many others. The number of people here from CMA is proof of that, with some having travelled a long way from across the UK. There are many others who wanted to attend but have not been able to. On behalf of everyone in CMA I want to thank you Sandra—and your family—for allowing us the opportunity to attend this service today, to pay our respects, and make our own tribute to a wonderful man. Thank you.

Footnote – During the service Sandra noted that when she returned home on the day Rob had the bike chain incident, he met her at the door saying, 'Now this is nothing to get excited about, but...'. A whole new kitchen was the final result. †



Greetings from Ireland

Jerry Dargan, President, CMA IE

Greetings to all our CMA Family in the UK From your CMA Family in Ireland

Six members from CMA Ireland travelled to Quinta, Oswestry, Shropshire to your National Rally and had a very blessed time. Blessed by the fellowship, the prayers, the teaching and meeting with the family of true believers who share this wonderful platform and commission to take the gospel to the highways and byways. We have a lifesaving message to take out there to the lost. One heart at a time.

It was just a short weekend and it went so fast. We felt so welcomed and were blessed seeing the bigger team at work and everything falling into place. Our CMA family in Ireland is much smaller but have a heart for this ministry. The family that came with us helped out where there was a need. They have embraced the slogan 'Here if you need us'. All of us who went to your Rally were blessed and want to say 'Thank You' for all the prayer and action put into this year's National Rally. We look forward to connecting with you again. Soon.

One member P.J. (Patrick Joseph) who came with us had to leave early on Sunday morning to get an early ferry to be home timely, in order to be ready for work on Monday morning. I would say these are our plans but the Lord sometimes has different plans for us. P.J. made the ferry and arrived in Ireland

safely. Many of those on bikes got away quick but P.J. got placed between two trucks in a long line of vehicles exiting the ship. Customs were doing their job and there was a long delay. By the time P.J. got to customs the bike cut out and there was no starting it. The customs man waved P.J. to come on but P.J. said, 'I am in trouble here' to which the customs man said, 'its not my trouble, it's yours – get that bike out of here'. P.J. got off the bike and pushed it about one mile to the Circle K service station, parked it up and

made several attempts to start it. He then called his son and asked him to hitch up the horse box to the Jeep and come to Dublin – he told him the bike would not start – he had broken down. His son said, 'no problem, Dad' but he had to come from Waterford to Wexford to pick up the horse box and then head to Dublin. It could be about 3 hours before he would get there. It's a very busy port as there are sometimes two or three ships on the move with hundreds of vehicles disembarking at the same time, plus all the works on



the port roads make very tight lanes with no room for bikes to safely move around trucks. A large group of bikers was passing the garage and as the last one was passing, he pulled into the service station and got chatting to P.J. who told him that he had broken down. The biker said, 'I remember you from last Friday when we were waiting to board on the Friday morning for the 0805 hrs ferry'.

This biker then asked, 'what is this patch that you are wearing' and P.J. proceeded to tell him about Jesus and that he is part of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association. After P.J. had finished the biker asked

P.J. how could he join CMA. They shared stories and contact details. This biker was concerned about getting P.J. out of Dublin Port but P.J. insisted that his son was on the way and that he would take the bike home in the horse box. P.J. had a *Hope for the Highway* and he passed it on to the biker and said that they would keep in contact. His son finally arrived and they got home safely. The following

evening, P.J. and his son took the bike out of the horse box

to try and solve the problem. The battery was OK and was charged. P.J. turned the key as his son was standing by and his son heard a click. The bike did not start (could not start) as there is a safety lockout and the evening before, the lockout came into play because it was idling for too long with the brake pulled and just cut out. P.J.'s son said, 'just pull the left brake lever, now start the bike' and it started straight away. The

Lord has work for you to do and He will use circumstances in your life to bring that about. †



Thoughts on CMA UK Rally 2022

Billy Stephens, Calvary Chapter, CMA Ireland

I open my few thoughts on CMA UK Rally 2022
'A unique bond as brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus'

Although years have lapsed, we just picked up where we left off and swinging into gear our time together was rich and genuine.

Laughter formed part of everyday along with shared praise, prayer and rich preaching of God's Word.

Close fellowship in Holy Joe's at those sumptuous meals, gave way to testimonies of God's grace, alongside openness to burdens shared with tear drops wiped, God again stepping in, lifting that heaviness and that hug filled with empathy.

That time when you sensed His prompting, 'Come aside and rest awhile' then heading out around the lake and reclining on the bench with a team mate to pray, praise and take a fresh view on God's creation.

To all who fulfilled their part in making this Rally an enjoyable memorable occasion, many thanks.

Most of all, praise God for taking us out—rich blessings received—and returning us safely, refreshed and ready to continue the ministry entrusted to us. †



A New Song

Fraser McDougall, Forth & Tay

Towards the end of my acid days
I stopped to rest where the padre prays,
I listened in while his heart was torn
And realised I was not yet born.

I asked the man what a prayer was for
If not for hope and the end of war,
He said, "War, my son, is the state of Man,
Inside our self is where hate began,

"And it lives in you, though you search for peace
By occultist means and through false release,
There's no drug on earth that can even start
To unchain the soul from its prison heart."

As I turned to leave he said, "One more thing,
There's a song in you that one day you'll sing,
But not 'til Christ has unlocked that cage
Of bitterness and of childhood rage."

As I mounted up with my mind on fire
I became aware of a fresh desire;
At first a whisper, but soon a shout
That came bursting forth as my song rang out.

A 100,000 mile Ducati

Rob Urand & Brian Carbonero, Essex



Foreword by Brian:

As Rob's Ducati approached its literal six figure milestone he planned to write an article about it. Unfortunately some recent time off the road for repairs and then Rob's failing health meant he was not able to write it as planned, and instead I agreed to write it for him. I will always treasure all the time we spent together over the decades I've known him, including over the last few weeks of his life when we would enjoy recalling travels together (almost all of which were CMA related) and I'd capture notes for this article. I hope it's both interesting and, for those of you fortunate enough to have ridden with him, is an opportunity for you to recall your own journeys with Rob on his 916 or any of his other bikes.

The Ducati 916 Biposto is a fully faired sports bike, manufactured

from 1994 to 1998, with a 916cc fuel injected 4-valve desmo liquid-cooled, 90° V-twin engine, and a trellis frame with a single-sided swingarm.

Some credit this bike as having saved Ducati. In the early 1990s Ducati was part of the Cagiva group, and at times was on the verge of financial collapse. The 916 was unveiled at the 1993 Milan show to a rapturous reception, but when production started in 1994 numbers available were low due to the state of the company. The demand for the 916 is cited as a key reason why the Texas Pacific Group investment firm acquired a controlling stake in Ducati in 1996, which in turn helped consolidate Ducati's fortunes for the next decade.

The 916 is considered an automotive icon and is a mainstay of 'best motorbike' / 'best looking bike' lists or videos. MCN's highlights for this bike start with 'One of the best bikes ever built', followed by 'Styling is a Tamburini masterpiece'. Even the bike's Wikipedia summary ends with 'the 916 is frequently cited as one of the most beautiful motorcycles ever'.

Reviews note that to prevent reliability issues the bike requires careful looking after which, combined with its iconic status, means that bike mileages are generally low – and are getting lower as more and more remaining bikes are obtained as investments. Now, 24 years after production stopped, a total of 34 Ducati 916s (all models) are apparently

currently licenced for use on UK roads, and models with 25,000 miles are considered to have been well used. This article is not about one of those bikes.

The bike featured in this article was produced in 1996, and arrived in the UK to its first (and only) owner – a Mr Rob Urand. Rob believed that bikes are to be ridden, and so this Ducati has done 100,000 miles in almost all weather conditions. It has been well looked after, but not pampered. There is a rumour that Rob never cleaned his bikes. This isn't true, but it was such a unusual event that it always drew comment from Rob and/or those of us who regularly rode with him – and the idea of polishing them was definitely a step too far!

The bike was used for all types of journeys, the two longest were to attend European Motorcyclists for Christ (EMC) rallies in the south west of Germany and in Spain. It was a masterclass in packing to see how Rob managed get all his gear on this bike for a long camping weekend in the UK or abroad with just a tank bag!

There is a joke which runs 'Ducati – turning motorcyclists into engineers since the 1950s', and in terms of servicing this bike Rob did a lot of work on it himself. He also kept detailed records of what was done and when, from which here are a few highlights:

Including those on it when it arrived, it's had 11 front and 12 rear tyres, 4 replaced due to punctures. Early on Rob noted that the bike turned better with a 180 rear rather than the 190 it came with, and the most recent tyres are Michelin Pilot Road 4s. It has had 5 new front brake pads and 3 rear pads, along with 2 new front brake discs and 1 rear. Other regular consumables have been 6 new drive belts, 5 new chains and sprockets, and 8 new front wheel bearings. The clutch basket and plates have been changed twice.

One of the more unusual items is that the side stand foot had worn off and needed replacing at 82,500 miles. Around this time Rob also upgraded the bike's lights. The bike's separate main and dip headlights were replaced with High Intensity Discharge (HID) units and the rear bulbs with 2 x 16 LED units. Rob notes that both were 'much brighter', which I can confirm – as from this point I refused to ride in front of him in the dark to avoid being blinded by the reflection of his headlight in my mirrors!

Preventing the bike from overheating at low temperatures in hot weather was an ongoing challenge. The location of the oil radiator in the bottom of the fairing means it is particularly prone to having its fins blocked or bent with whatever the front tyre throws up. Improved radiator protectors and Muzzy cooling fans greatly improved things, as long as a blown fuse of wiring issue didn't cause them to stop working.

Rob notes that the normal average fuel consumption was 53mpg, although this went up to 69mpg when riding along free flowing motorways.

In terms of riding position, Rob was clearly the person the 916 was designed for. He always said it was comfortable; so much so that more than once we had difficulty getting him to

stop when the rest of us were in need of a break! Be warned though – you may not have the same experience. Rob noted that more than one friend who took a 916 for a test ride returned after just a few miles saying it was far too uncomfortable to go any further.

Finally, in Rob's own words, taken from the bike information sheet that was put on his bike at events / bike meets:

'Biposto means 'two place', or two seater, but the pillion passenger for whom the seat was designed seems to have been about the size of the average seven year old. The 916cc engine is a V-twin, with four valves per cylinder, double overhead camshafts, and desmodromic valve operation; so it's pretty crowded at the top of the engine. There is a six speed gearbox, and of course the amazing Italian styling.'

I bought the bike new in December 1996, they were in short supply at the time and it had taken me two years to get one. It was my first new bike, and the only bike newer than seven years old I had ever owned, so was it worth it?

The good points are the engine, gearbox, styling, build quality, roadholding, handling, torque, sound, and reliability. It's an excellent piece of design engineering. The bad points are the cramped riding position, headlights (one is dip, the other main beam), mirrors (about half to two thirds is usable if you tuck your elbows in), brakes (good but should be better; braided stainless hoses to be fitted), handgrips (standard ones are rock hard), and it doesn't come with any form of

rear mudguard (hugger since fitted). The good points far outweigh the bad points.

The bike is ridden in most conditions, it is not for sunny Sunday morning rides. It will tour, carry full camping equipment (instead of pillion), and I can cope with long journeys. Are you a potential 916 owner? Do you have long arms for the stretch to the bars and a flattish stomach which doesn't get in the way of the tank? Also you need to be reasonably supple to compensate for the riding position, particularly on long journeys.



Perhaps owning a 916 seems a bit too much of a lifestyle commitment to you, in addition to the expense. It is worth it, but it's not everything. For me the most important thing is my relationship with God, that's eternal. Everything else will fade, rust or decay, but God promises to those who put their trust in him that they will have 'life in all its fullness,' both here on earth, and with Him in heaven. Does that appeal to you? If so, ask one of us on this stand about it, because we have all experienced it ourselves. What have you got to lose? Get a life; real life, life in all its fullness. Take your copy of one of our free Biker Bibles and check it out for yourself.' †

Opening Doors

Paul Wedgewood, North East

Hands up all those who can remember what you did, last week? Good start, last month? Magic, what about 14th August 2022 at 5.00pm? Well, I can – it was the end of the day at Whitby Regatta and Jan Robson, our Chairwoman, was just rallying the troops to pack away our display tent etc., after a successful weekend of talking to anyone who would listen.

The weekend of the Regatta had two Classic Motorcycle Shows, one on the Saturday and, you have guessed it, one on the Sunday. The North East Branch had been running the display tent at the Regatta for around eight or more years under Jan's supervision, but this was the first of the newly formed North Yorkshire Moors and Coast Twig.

We were busy packing away with only a few banners on the ground and a flag or two fluttering in the breeze, waiting to be packed. A couple noticed them and introduced themselves – one as the President of the Stokesley Rotary Club. They inquired about CMA and asked if we would be willing to come to their Charity Classic Car Show.

The up-shot of our conversation gave us a way into this untapped potential.

A little planning and organisation resulted in a display tent, resplendent with new flags and bikes all polished and ready, appearing at 8.30-ish on 18th June at the event.

As it turned out, there were plenty of bikes on show that day as well as a lot of cars and plenty of people willing to talk. We also renewed acquaintances with a few of the guys who come each year on CMA's coach trips.



What did we learn? Take God with you, be organised, smile a lot, don't be afraid to stand there and be counted as a Christian and if a door opens after prayer, it has opened for a reason.

Matthew Chapter 7 verse 7; (the words of Jesus), 'Ask and it will be given to you, seek and you will find, knock and the door will be opened to you'.

I love it when Jesus gives us the 'will' statements, because Jesus isn't someone who gives a 'maybe' or a

'might do' or 'it's possible'. Jesus is the Lord of the positives.

So, that was our first event as a new twig, Jan picks the events we can man or woman effectively and professionally, rather than spreading ourselves too thinly. God wants us fresh and happy when we are showing the face of Jesus to the world.

So, God bless you and have a great year. †



No Motorbike for Old Men

George Laws, Tyne & Wear

The smell of coffee and freshly cooked bacon and sausage sandwiches filled Tom's nostrils. The sound of a motorbike could be heard thundering past outside, screaming and bullying its way through the tightly packed traffic. The last remaining rush-hour traffic passed, thinning out as it made its way home. As Tom looked out, he noticed that the cloud covering had thinned to a light haze. The light was turning red on the horizon as the sun began its descent. The air was crisp and cold but nothing his textile jacket couldn't keep out.

Fastening the black helmet in place he tentatively swung his leg over the seat of the giant motorbike parked in front of him, leaning slightly at an angle on its side stand.

'Not as young as I used to be', he thought as he felt the pull in his leg muscle. Slowly he adjusted his sitting position behind the giant plastic windscreen. The dashboard was as complicated to him as any Boeing 747 would be. Some buttons he still hadn't identified but pressed them occasionally just to see what happened.

The engine of the night-black 1800 Honda Goldwing purred into life as he pulled on his gloves over the jacket sleeves. After a moment's fumbling he flicked his toe and selecting first gear, slowly released the clutch. Looking over his shoulder for on-coming traffic, the machine moved steadily away from the curb. Taking the centre of the road his toe continued kicking through the gears. Twisting his wrist, the 1800 engine accelerated smoothly beneath him.

The slipstream immediately grabbed at his Kevlar jeans which hung loosely around his leather boots. Where the boots stopped two bands of cold skin complained as the wind crawled up the material to find exposed flesh.

For a moment he felt a sensation of apprehension as he gripped the tank with his legs. At once he was part of, and unprotected from, the trees and houses that flashed past on either side. The comforting feel of the helmet's padding squashed his cheeks; the visor protecting his eyes from the on-rushing wind.

During the short run through the streets and roads leading out of town he showcased his experience-filled riding skills, manipulating the

bike, forcing it to head in the direction and speed he demanded.

He rode steadily and at a law-abiding pace, sticking to speed limits, keeping the bike steady, filtering and manoeuvring around the traffic, with a slight movement of his body.



Leaving the town behind he passed the 'National Speed Limit Applies' sign and kicking it up a gear, twisted the throttle as he went. The machine bucked under him and seemed to have a life of its own as the force threatened to throw him backward in the seat. An observer would have thought he was more like a passenger than a rider in control, but the truth was far from it. Clinging on tightly, the slipstream forced him to lean forward behind the plastic of the windscreen, making his body as small as possible. The air turbulence hammered at him like a pugilist, trying to unseat him at every turn. The road, a black blur only inches from his feet, played out before him.

For the briefest of moments he was no longer old and disabled. He was young again, free to move about without pain. Tom knew who he was but from an observer's point of view he was young and foolish once again. Only the cross on his back told them otherwise. Once they had seen it and registered its meaning he

was gone, lost in speed and traffic.

The whine of the engine was a constant scream and the heat from it attacked the side of his right leg as he filtered through the traffic. Vehicles exploded past in a rhythmic melody, inches from his elbow; the slipstream buffeting him sideways.

The many lights of an oncoming HGV dazzled him for a second then passed, as he slotted the bike through the gap that threatened to close on him at any time.

Breaking free of the traffic, trees on either side of him disappeared, passing in a swirl of motion like ghosts in the darkness. The sun disappeared over the horizon bringing with it a curtain of grey that washed over the greenery as the road bent towards the left. Rolling the bike to one side the tyres gripped, as the force held him in place helping him to take a rather tight bend. It reminded him of the Isle of Man TT and Ramsey Hairpin as he leaned as far as the bike would allow. Pulling the bike upright the road straightened out before him. Without hesitation he gave it more acceleration, more power. The pitch of the machine, and exhilaration, increased with the gathering of speed.

Traffic tail-lights threatened his vision, so he passed them by as if they weren't even there. Nothing seemed to be real for him except the machine and the road it gripped hold of. He had left one plane of existence and ventured into another, with only God to keep him company as freedom stretched out all around him.

Having taken an advanced rider's course he was taught to ride the speed limit, whatever road he was on. As he turned into the single-track country road, leaving lane markings and well-maintained tarmac behind, he was forced to move out as far as he dared on a left-hand bend so he could see oncoming traffic before it was on him. In contrast he took a wide line on a right-hand bend for the same reason, hugging the curb and giving him that extra split second to make an evasive manoeuvre if he needed to.

'Now this is fun,' he thought as he checked his speed. He was just touching sixty as he moved over to observe round the next corner. At each junction he flicked his head towards the road as soon as it appeared between the trees, checking for emerging traffic. The adrenaline filled him, and he had to calm himself down as the bike threatened to speed up over the limit.

Approaching a blind summit, he slowed and moved over to the left, ready for what might be on the other side. He remembered during one lesson approaching the same hill. As soon as he had crested it a giant tractor filled his vision. He braked and remembered seeing the instructor nearly smash into the back of him.

'Was that his fault or mine?' he thought. Funny he never mentioned the incident during feedback. As soon as his vision was clear he twisted the throttle and flicked back up the gears.

As he continued to move from one side of the road to the other, he enjoyed maximum vision of the road ahead and was able to plan for any slower moving vehicles in front. Three Fiat 500s loomed at him out of the approaching darkness, their red rear lights bathing the road in an eerie wash of crimson. Blocking Tom's advance and not able to take the road as quickly as he could he slowed as he approached. With a look over his shoulder he pulled out onto the other side of the road. Checking in front of him he throttled past them without hesitation. Strangely, they were red, white, and blue, like a scene from the *'Italian Job'* but in reverse. Tom wondered briefly if they knew or was it just coincidence?

Once past, the thought left him and he concentrated on the twisting road ahead. Two more junctions appeared on his right and he gave them a quick look before continuing up to the speed limit. They were gone as quickly as they had arrived.

The wind playfully whistled through a gap in his helmet as he focused on a quickly approaching bend. Rounding the corner, a forty mile an hour maximum speed sign loomed in the distance. Giving the right wing-mirror a cursory glance, he slowly braked moving smoothly down the gears until he had achieved the correct speed. With a split second to spare he passed into the local speed zone with a quick glance behind him for good measure. There was no sign of the Fiats, red, white, or blue. He didn't think there would be.

'Who said a Goldwing was an armchair on wheels?' he thought. 'Looks can be deceiving,' he said in the confines of his helmet, as he turned onto the motorway. Twisting the throttle, he moved into the right-hand lane and headed home. †



The ABR 2021 & 2022

Chris Houghton, Secretary, South Lancs

Guessing if you're not in Soul (short for South Lancs Branch) you won't have heard much about the 'ABR'.

I could go with acronyms and say it is the most 'Awesome Brilliant Rally' but that would misrepresent the truth, however much it is just that. The ABR is the 'Adventure Bike Rally', which takes place in the Ragley Hall Estate just South of Birmingham. It happens on the last weekend of June each year.

So, what is it and why should you be bothered about attending it? It's a full weekend totally committed to everything off road – talks, stalls, traders, food, live music and rides. When you attend, there's the option of taking your own bike on a 20km route round the estate. There's a novice option and experienced option at all the tricky bits but what is also awesome is that if you are up bright and early each morning there's the option to try out any brand of bike that's represented there. You can do a 15-mile country lane test ride or you can take any bike of your choice around the off-road route on the estate. Believe me, it is great fun. People



turn up on all sorts of bikes from ratted Hondas, Groms, Classic C90's, all the way through to Goldwings—I'm a Honda DCT bod so pardon my restrictive description—I'm sure you get the idea.

Why is it important that you consider coming? Well, from a CMA UK perspective this is our target clientele – the off-roaders and under 40's. Though at 58 there's a lot of folk I could relate to.

However, these are a hard group to reach, unlike the usual 1%-ers. They are a group of bikers that love the adventure of lone green-laning and off-road and are highly self-sufficient and very independent. They will pitch up anywhere allowed and leave no trace on their departure. But their vulnerability is their curiosity for a new, more fulfilling and exciting life experience.

In June 2021, within 20 minutes of pitching up, two ladies arrived, circa 40-ish. I helped them pitch up. This began a very interesting 3-day breakfast dialogue with them about faith and Christianity. They had felt very alienated from 'Church' as they were a monogamous lesbian couple. What ensued were amazing conversations about the Love of God for each of them. Their closing comment to me was, 'You're nothing like a clergyman that we have ever experienced'. I'm taking this comment as a compliment. Just reflecting on the conversations I had with these two ladies the attendance at the rally was worth the journey and cost. I never heard from them again, but this sometimes emphasises how we are seed sowers. It's not always for us to be the reapers. I still pray for them.



The queue to get in...



When I recounted my brief testimony, they often shared their astonished comment, "And you still believe?"

This year I prayed for opportunities to connect with people and yet again I was blessed. Having a 'Lone Rider' tent became one of the opening opportunities to strike up conversation. The other was riding a Honda VFR4 Cross Tourer DCT (the best of all bikes of course...). I can hear you laughing raucously – don't dis a VFR4). Often the dialogues were around either drinks or meals (and the options for meals were very good and card payment accepted).

I connected meaningfully with seven folk who rode the Honda Cross Tourer and eventually folk began to say they had spoken to other Cross Tourer riders who recalled speaking to a clergyman who rode a Cross Tourer. My fame or infamy went before me. On each occasion I'd slowly get round to talking about faith. As always, the dialogue often turns to suffering in the world. When I recounted my brief testimony, they often shared their astonished comment, 'And you still believe?' My life has had its challenges, which are for another article. What came

out of these conversations were questions that each of them had about their own life experiences and how they had felt bereft of support and abandoned by any sense of Deity. In these instances, attentive listening is really important, it's through this that they know they are being heard and valued. Sharing how I knew that God had not forsaken me through my life seemed to be inspirational to them. None of them would accept a Biker Bible, however all of them took a 'Business' card and each of them were happy to know that I would be praying for them.

Join me on the adventure next year.

You can find the ABR on Facebook and on Instagram with lots of inspirational photos and videos.

<https://www.abrfestival.com> †

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Some of the trade stands

Thunder in the Glens – back with

Fraser McDougall, Forth & Tay



After three long Covid years, Scotland's biggest motorcycle rally, and Europe's biggest HOG rally, Thunder in the Glens, came back with a bang. The first bang Roberta and I heard was when our aged boiler burst its contents all over our kitchen on the morning we were leaving, cue frantic clean-up and a cold shower for yours truly! Thankfully our friendly handyman, Roberta's brother David, had a new boiler fitted by the time we got back.

The next bang (series of bangs!) came when one of the wheels fell off our Holy Joe's trailer about half a mile from its base in Arbroath, the wheel studs having stripped suddenly and given way like gunshots! Thankfully, we were right outside the local tyre depot and one of the guys tentatively put the wheel back on so that we could get it back to base, with the intention of hiring a van. Cue the second bang, halfway back, when the wheel came off again, leaving the trailer high and dry on a double yellow line at a busy junction! Back at the Windmill Christian

Centre, we were about to phone the breakdown service and local constabulary when a friend of the Windmill rang, "Is that your trailer beside the road? Don't bother with breakdown, I'll see you in ten minutes!" Twenty minutes later Derek arrived in his Land Rover, towing the trailer! He had gone to the trouble of tapping out the holes for bigger studs, good enough to get the trailer back to base. Van loaded, support car tagging along behind and me on my Harley, we headed off for Aviemore, over some of Scotland's most scenic roads, including the Cairn o'Mount and the Lecht.

Having owned the Harley M8 Lowrider for nearly two years I hadn't managed any significant distances on it and I'd been wondering just how we would get on together on such a journey. I needn't have worried, we got on just fine! It's no sports bike, but it can't half get a wiggle on when required, and as we were now four hours behind schedule, there was plenty of wiggling required.

Since we were so late, we didn't manage to open on the Thursday night as we had so much to do erecting our own tents as well as Holy Joe's, which was a bit of a faff at first as none of us could quite remember what went where for a bit – hence the application of coloured coded tape



on the main joining pieces for next time.

Speaking of main joining pieces, our new members John and Geraldine joined us at Holy Joe's for the first time, together with supporters Eck and Kizzy. We were further blessed with the help of Geraldine's dad, Jerry Dargan, whom some may know is the president of CMA Ireland. So, with five new faces and four 'weel kent'* faces, namely Amy, Roberta, Jamie and me, you might wonder how we all got on as a substantially new team? In short, just like me and the Harley, we got on famously. Everyone mucking in, everyone willing to learn, everyone taking turns at serving or getting food in, everyone having a laugh at appropriate times, praying when prompted, chatting and sharing as needed. We saw a few folks take Biker Bibles, more taking tracts from the tables, some even joined us during our Sunday worship time, completely unfazed and relaxed in the company. We lost count of the number of people thanking us for what Holy Joe's means to them and for what CMA do there.

There was to be another bang, however, but thankfully not a snap, as Geraldine went over on her ankle on the Saturday night, necessitating a trip by ambulance to Raigmore Hospital to get x-rays and bandages, followed by an earlier than planned trip home after the service on Sunday, a real shame since she had been having such a blessed time, but she did manage to keep her good humour going, even though in obvious pain. What a trooper!

Speaking personally, CMA in Scotland has been over a bit of a

[* translation for our English readers: 'weel kent' means, 'well known']

rough road in recent years, at times it looked as though the wheels had fallen off but just look at the new thing that God has done in us – new friends, new members and supporters, and a spirit of good humour, willingness and co-operation that is humbling to witness and be involved with.

As I write this, I'm reminded of a verse which the Holy Spirit led me to this morning from 1 Kings 3:5, where God appeared to Solomon and said to him, 'Ask for whatever you want me to give you' which was when Solomon asked for wisdom rather than riches, honour or the death of his enemies, a request which pleased God greatly. In thinking on this, I wondered how I would have responded had God asked me the same question. After running through my mental shopping list of 'spiritual' wants, I found that when I reached the end of all that, one further, deeply sensed prayer brought me to tears: "a harvest, Lord, let there be a harvest from all that you lead us to do, from all that you carry us through, Lord, let there be a harvest for you."

May the Lord bless and guide all of CMA in all of your service, in Him. ✠



Triumph Factory Visitor Experience 2022

World's Largest Female Biker Meet

Jaimee Nix, Hants & Surrey Borders

Wendy, Rachel and I from Hants and Surrey Borders branch booked our places on the above event in anticipation of a great ride out and meeting up with fellow female bikers. We caught up with Marianne from Thames Valley branch there and re-acquainted ourselves with ladies from the Motorbike Women FB group whom we hadn't seen since before Covid.

The purpose of the gathering was a World Record attempt to break a previous record which stood at 1,132 ladies attending. They were hoping to reach over 2,000.

The event was widely publicised and riders from across the country and over the water joined in. Some riders made a sensible decision to stay in accommodation in the surrounding area to break up long journey times. This however, for some, proved to be a disaster.

Once news of the first bike being stolen on Friday night was put on the FB page everyone was on the alert.

A Hilton hotel receptionist saw thieves taking a couple's bikes from directly outside their entrance and did not call the police.

Four bikes were stolen outside another accommodation by youths, the culprits posted their prize on Facebook and were promptly caught.

Best Western at Ullesthorpe allowed the bikes to be locked inside their delivery yard.

Sketchley Grange Hotel allowed the

whole group to bring their bikes inside the reception area.

Another ladies group fended off the same thieves three times in the night.

From the evidence, it was shown that the thieves were well equipped with disc cutters and other cutting equipment and knew how to carefully move bikes apart before returning later to cut them free, especially the ones with alarms.

A white van was seen patrolling the area following the youths on bikes on the lookout for parked bikes. All of this in the Hinckley, Coventry areas and all because of the publicised event. In all, twenty bikes were stolen that weekend.

Getting back to the event. They had numbered stickers ready for the bikes as we rode through the start gate. A great cheer went up as the current record was broken and an even louder one at 3 pm when the 1,549th bike went through.

The bike thefts cast a shadow over the event and has made some of us unsure whether to participate next time.

All we can do when staying at overnight accommodation is make it as difficult as possible for thieves to take our bikes. The opportunist ones, like the youths, are probably easier to deter but the professionals are a different kettle of fish. Wendy and I always pray over our bikes and for our Angels to be on guard. And we use bike covers to hide them and chain them together. 🛡️



Bike and the Wedding

Annamária Stakesby-Lewis, Hants & Surrey Borders

It has been ages since I last shared anything and probably nobody is interested in a list of pathetic excuses and explanations, like 'oh, nothing really happened this Summer' or 'I didn't have time to sit down and scrape my thoughts together...' but sure enough I was quite busy with life. The last eight months, although nothing much happened if I have to measure it in miles, but how far I got cannot have this kind of measurement. And as always, when big things happen, *Bike* is part of it.

So here is the story of 2021 as it started at the beginning of the year.

Back in February Tim suggested a ride to Calshot. As we are trying to build some traditions it sounded like a nice idea to go again where we went on *Bike* for the first time a year before. It was a chilly but nice afternoon and we were just sitting on the beach watching the boats sailing by. Then he asked if I would marry him! He really planned this in a wonderful way and truly I couldn't have had a more perfect moment. I must confess, riding home with shaking hands was not the easiest.

In December 2020 we joined Southampton Lighthouse International Church. They are truly an amazing bunch of people and we immediately felt part of this church family. Of course, we didn't know we were getting married then, but by Spring we approached them to ask if it was possible to have our wedding there. They happily agreed and the preparation then started. Oh, how much they helped, it was amazing, we are so grateful for them!

Normally you start your planning with hunting for

venues, finding a dress/suit, ordering food, selecting songs, asking people to take on different roles, thinking about the decoration, etc. Oh, wait, decoration? Yes, that was the first thing to discuss! The most important detail. Could we have *Bike* in the church as part of the decoration? A few seconds of silence followed the question, then an uncertain, hmm, let's ask if anyone had any objection as this was a rather unusual request, but they took it surprisingly well. I never asked what was their first thought about this, maybe a hint of panic, that oh, Lord, what sort of lunatics have You let loose amongst us, but in the end they agreed!

The rest of the preparation could then go ahead as this major detail was all sorted.

To be honest, I don't even remember how we got through the year as we were running around trying to keep everything under control regarding the wedding. Tim was on the job hunt, I had long hours at work, with no time off booked and by September I was completely drained. So much to decide, to organise, to think about! No surprise I had nearly no energy left for a ride.



The months flew by so fast but everything came together in the end. We received so much help from our church, family and friends, we could not have done it without their contribution. Even though our wedding was a small event as we decided to keep it simple, it still needed a lot of work that we could not have done alone. As I'm recalling the memories of our big day, I feel overwhelmed by the love and care of Surjit, who helped so much with organising the food, Dave and Mark who sorted those amazing samosas after the service, Joan, who did the flower decorations, Peter, who was there as the greatest support and was my witness, Anna, who made me the most beautiful bouquet on earth, Betti, who stepped up as our

photographer last minute, our church family, who were there running the service, doing sound, playing worship, serving snacks and drinks and hosting the event on Zoom, Alan and Karen—Tim's parents—who did the decoration at the venue of the reception, Debbie, who baked our amazing cake and also styled my hair, James, who took on the role of Tim's best man and chief decorator, Steph, who convinced me to get some pretty shoes and even bought them for me... the list would go on and on!

And where was Bike in all of this? Oh, he was right in the middle of it. The day before the wedding my dear big bro, Cliff, came to get Bike ready for our big day. Cliff's bikes are always so immaculate, but to make mine so sparkling was not only due to the thorough scrubbing and polishing, but the love and care he put into it! When the Beast was ready, I rode over to church for the rehearsal. We pushed Bike to the front, the flowers and other decorations were put up, we went through the agenda and when everyone was happy with their role, we all went home. Bike was left there all alone in the empty church building.

Finally the big day had come. The morning was busy and seasoned with yet another God-incident: I had to pop back home to pick up something I forgot to collect the night before and in those ten minutes I spent in the flat the post came through with the confirmation letter that my application for British citizenship had been accepted. I had been waiting for this letter for months and it arrived not on just any day, but on our wedding day!

I have to confess, walking down the aisle was very touching and I was so grateful for Gabi who didn't let me do it on my own and suggested that Peter could give me away. To see all my beloved people who played an

important part in my life was truly overwhelming!

The ceremony went smoothly, we were nervous but it all went in a cheerful and friendly way.

As we requested, our guests wore smart casual or biker gear and I was so happy to see some leather amongst the invited. Well, after all, this was a bikers' wedding and at the end we had the Beast to take us home instead of some fancy car! Tim still giggles when we recall this – the white dress came off rather quickly and was replaced by the good old leather gear.

Again, a God-incident: on the way home we caught up with Cliff, Steph and Martyn so thanks to Steph, we have some photos of this journey! Maybe this is not the traditional way of departing your wedding ceremony, but if you know me well enough, you wouldn't be surprised!

The rest of the afternoon and evening went very smoothly. I was a bit worried the reception would be a bit too low key, but neither of us are into partying and after all everyone enjoyed the evening. The food was excellent and plentiful and it was great that we had the chance to go around and have a few words with our guests. There was even a surprise

speech by Cliff which really made me very happy.

When you feel your life is hopeless and all messed up, be encouraged by my story. I never



even hoped this could possibly happen to me but our Father God had another plan. When I eventually reached my limits a couple of years ago and gave up fighting on my own, He lifted me out of despair, bandaged me up and blessed me with this new life! It has been such a long journey that I had to take on two wheels, on my knees, sometimes face down on the floor holding on to my Saviour's hand. †

Meeting John Pridmore and joining the CMA

Michael Carter, Bristol

I had been trying to rediscover my faith when, in 2011, whilst looking at the Clifton Diocese website, I read about John Pridmore (a former gangster). Interested in what I had read, I researched more about him on the internet. I found out that he had a book published, entitled, 'From Gangland to the Promised Land', so I ordered a copy and read it.

Earlier, in 2010, I had picked up another book—the *Biker Bible*—at a bike show in London but John's book really put me on a road back to my faith. I did try to join the CMA in 2012, but it didn't happen for me at that time.

In 2011 I heard of a newly ordained Priest, Fr Isidore, who was from Nigeria, and was a priest at St Michael's Church in Highworth, Wiltshire. He is now a good friend of mine and is currently at Holy Family Church, Swindon. Somehow, after talking to Fr Isidore and influenced by John Pridmore's inspirational book, in 2012, I went over to Knock in Ireland. I took my Biker Bible with me and showed it to several priests there.

Still trying to find my road to faith, in 2013, I went on a few retreats and sold my Bandit 600 motorbike. Later that year I had some health issues which preoccupied me for some time.

In 2014 I saw a motorbike advertised for sale in Yate, near Bristol. It had been mothballed. I was interested in riding again and my friendly bike mechanic told me, 'Buy it and have some fun'. So, with a 'new' bike to enjoy, I joined a branch of The Royal British Legion riders.

In 2015, one of their organised trips was to Leap, in Belgium. Someone else on the trip, called Scotty, came along for the weekend. Then, a few months later, I met Scotty again at the Calne Bike Meet, at the CMA stand. Together, we went over to Northern Ireland to see the Ulster Grand Prix, where we also went to the CMA stand. There, we met Robbie Stewart and we all chatted over a cup of tea. He had 'Jesus' written in bold on the back of his trike. Hmmm, it made me think!

In 2018, I heard from Fr Lucas, who was at that time the parish priest at Sacred Heart Church in Royal Wootton Bassett, that John Pridmore was to be a speaker at a Youth Convention at St Joseph's College in Swindon the next weekend. It happened to be the same weekend of the Calne Bike Meet. So, I rode to Calne that weekend and picked up another 'Biker Bible' from the CMA stand and then rode straight back to Swindon.

I met John Pridmore, and give him the Biker Bible, for which he thanked me.

I then enquired about joining the CMA and was invited to a CMA meeting and I joined.

In July 2022, I found out that John was coming to Swindon again. He had been invited by Fr Lucas, who was now my Parish Priest at St Peter's Church, to talk at a Youth Convention and also at masses in the church.

John told the story of a homeless man who went into church every day talking to Jesus. For a number of years the parish priest provided him with a drink and a sandwich. For some unknown reason the man stopped coming to the church.

The priest found out the later that the man was in hospital. A parishioner at the church was a doctor in that same hospital. He told the priest that, while the man was there, he could feel the presence of our Lord in his ward. Sadly, the homeless man passed away in hospital.

When he was gangster, John used to carry a gun everywhere. Now he carries a rosary. †



Ride to the Wall 2022

Michael Carter, Bristol



Up to three times a year, close on 6,000 bikers congregate at the National Memorial Arboretum in Staffordshire to pay their respects and recognise the sacrifice made by the 16,000 plus service men and women whose names are engraved on The Wall of the Armed Forces Memorial (The Wall). The Wall is a 43 metre diameter stone structure with two curved walls and two straight walls faced with panels containing the names of those honoured by the Memorial providing recognition and thanks for those who have given their lives in the service of the country since the end of the Second World War. The Ride has taken place since 2008 and is the only charity raising money specifically for the National Memorial Arboretum. To date it has raised over £1.2m. This was the third time I took part in Ride to the Wall – in both 2016 and 2018 it had poured with rain. I and the other riders from Wiltshire and Oxford left the M40 service station near Oxford at 8.30am and rode together for the next hour and a half behind designated outriders. As we approached, marshalls were in place to guide us and we met up with many other small groups of bikers along the route. People waved from bridges and the roadside and we waved back. It was very

moving to see the crowds and was a fantastic experience to share with other bikers. We arrived at 11.00am, parked and then walked together to the Wall, joined by about 8,000 people who had come by foot or car, known as 'Wallers'. We could hear the Military Wives Choir singing in the Accessibility area. I made a personal pilgrimage to the Memorial of the Burma Railway, the Sumatra Railway Memorial and the Royal Hong Kong Police. The exhibition of the Burma Railway brought back memories of a visit to the River Kwai in 2009. I also visited the Lisbon Maru Memorial which had been opened in 2021, dedicated to the 828 prisoners of war from Hong Kong who were locked in the hull of their sinking ship by their Japanese captors in 1942. The formal service lasted just under three hours. It included music from the Band of the Irish guards, a Bugler and a Piper and prayers. Military Padre Rev Huw Evans delivered the service and the closing prayers. As the event came to a close, veterans and families laid wreaths at the Memorial. It was a privilege to share the spiritual experience with veterans, their families and families of those remembered at the service. †

Fabulous Ireland

Steve Wilds, South Yorks & North Lincs

So, three good men and true set off for a week in Southern Ireland, which turned out to be a fabulous time. The biking was great, the scenery spectacular, but the weather was wet, wet, wet (thought they were Scottish). At the same time, there was a hose pipe ban in Great Britain – that's because Ireland had cornered the market in rain. Thank God for our wet gear. We headed for Holyhead, crossed on flat water to Dublin and then travelled to Macroom which is a fair run beyond Cork, staying in the Castle Hotel – a great choice.

Despite the rain, the sights seen and the views were spectacular – the wonders of God's creation. How could anyone believe that this world was just an accident? The Dingle Peninsular was magnificent as was the area around Bantry Bay. Good riding, good views and great company. If you want a biking trip of a life-time and don't want to travel too far, Southern Ireland is the place to go. Apart from anything else, our wet riding skills became highly honed.

We stopped by a lake with a view across to a stone church at the foot of the mountains. It looked just beautiful. We had to go into the church, of course, a Roman Catholic Church surrounded by small caves where the monks used to live. We sat in silence in the Church and we each could feel the presence and peace of God in the building. I am not very familiar with Roman Catholic Churches, having been brought up in a very 'orange' tradition in Liverpool. However there was such a feeling of peace and tranquillity that we all felt as we spent a few moments in silent prayer. Outside the church was a cross—not a crucifix—an empty cross, which I guess is less common in Roman Catholic circles. I was reminded of the words we sing, '*an empty cross there is to prove my Saviour lives*'. We commemorate the death of Jesus at the communion table but also celebrate His resurrection and His victory over sin, death and hell. Thank you Lord.



The rain continued to fall, solid rain for almost all the time we were there. Looking back, the rain must have been showers of blessing because we had such a great time of fellowship and fun together, so much so that we plan to repeat the trip sometime next year.

Time rolled by quickly and soon we were setting off again back to Dublin to catch the ferry to Holyhead and then riding back to Yorkshire. Once again the water was flat, no sea sickness, and then a problem-free journey home – three tired but well satisfied guys having had a great biking holiday.

The following morning of course was clearing up day – cleaning the bike and doing the laundry. I made good progress sorting my things but then couldn't find some of my clothes and concluded that I had left some of my 'dirty washing' in my room. I rang the hotel and was reassured that they would go up to the room and pop the clothes in a bag and post on to me – great service! However, within five minutes the hotel receptionist phoned back saying there were no clothes left in my room – what a mystery. I found them in the washing machine – it must be my age, or maybe just that pleasant tiredness from a great week away. †



A Very Happy Day

Mark Coupe, Towcester

After a prolonged courtship, what with my solicitors and CoVid-19 taking up far too much of our time, Lizzie and I got married on the 30th April 2022 surrounded by friends and family. A bit of a novelty after all the restrictions of the previous couple of years.



Lizzie and I met through Christian Connections and whatever your views are on dating websites, I can't see how we would have met without it, despite only living ten miles away from each other. Being able to find such compatibility in faith, outlook and ambition is such an amazing blessing and we constantly thank our gracious God for bringing us together. It wasn't apparent that Lizzie had any interest in motorcycling at the beginning, and I didn't push it, but it turns out that she is a brilliant pillion. We had a couple of 'lessons' on my old CG125, (bought to teach Mercy on), and she would fly through her CBT if she was inclined to do so.

I proposed to Lizzie at Scotch Corner but not the one sign posted on the A1. Rather it was in the grounds of a small chapel on the side of the North Yorkshire Moors overlooking the Vale of

York (off Sutton Bank). Built by John Bunting as a War Memorial it is a hidden gem and a lovely place for a picnic.

Our wedding was slightly unconventional, it is me after all, in that the Best People were my two daughters, Mercy* and Frances, whilst Lizzie stuck with her sister, Alethea, and best friend, Sarah, who had been her bridesmaids for her first wedding. It was very unfortunate that Alethea went down with Covid the day before and had to stay away. She was quickly added into the prayers during the service.

[* Mercy attended the Spain (Tarragona) and Latvia EMC Rallies on the back of my Honda Deauville, and the Netherlands EMC Rally on her Lexmoto Assault 125. She got married to Nathan in 2021. Frances was on the back of the Deauville at the Netherlands EMC Rally]

The church of St Lawrence, Long Buckby, did us proud and we were married by the local vicar, the Reverend Graham Collingridge. After a little bit of negotiation with Graham during the weeks before, the well-known CMA personality, and Towcester Branch member, the Reverend Jay Phelps gave the talk. Somewhere along the line Graham misheard Jay's reference to me being a Ducati convert and started talking about catalytic convertors. It made us chuckle, once we worked out what was happening. Everyone commented that it was such a light and joyous service, and that the presence of the Holy Spirit was strongly felt.

It was a blessing, as I was constantly assured, that the sun was shining and the wind was still, which meant that all the ladies were comfortable in their outfits. (Being a Northerner I would have preferred a bit of cloud cover, as would our photographer, Kathryn.)

Weddings don't have to have a theme but we decided to take things down a folk music, barn dance/ceilidh route. We had had a great time at the Towersey (Folk) Festival before lockdown and have been holding onto our tickets for the next one for three years. This decided, we were able to call upon the services of the multi-talented, and brilliantly named, Melody Coupe, (no relation), who is a star on the violin/fiddle (and many other instruments not called upon this time). She, with assistance from Mercy, played the theme from 'the Detectorists', written by Johnny Flynn, for Lizzie's entrance music and Lizzie and I exited to 'Frogs Legs and Dragons Teeth' by Bellowhead. If you haven't heard them look them up, they are excellent. Colour-wise we took inspiration from the forget-me-not flower for blues, yellow/oranges and white and Lizzie created our own invitations hand drawn with the flowers in an impressionist style.

Lizzie and I went for the traditional wedding attire, me in a three-piece suit and Lizzie in a 50's style wedding dress. There was a general feeling that Towcester Branch members, and particularly the ladies, wanted to be in their finery after a couple of years in lockdown, but a few white crosses appeared during the photographs outside the church. The opportunity for a departure on a classic Ducati was avoided by me not getting it fixed in time and a 1963 Rolls Royce Silver Cloud III was pressed into service. More comfortable and practical.

The breakfast and evening event was held at the Harlestone Village Institute, which we fell in love with as soon as we saw it. It is characterful

and ideally suited to both the meal and the evening Barn Dance, for which my friends from my village of Welton put their Ceilidh band, (the Weltones), back together. I have to say that my contribution to the preparation was greatly surpassed by all the hard work Lizzie put in, she has the real creativity 'vision' thing. I just mucked in where I could, offered careful advice, climbed ladders to string up the Lizzie-made bunting and encouraged everyone. Fran's friend Olivia was an angel especially when the Lizzie-made wedding cake needed finishing touches between the wedding breakfast and the evening event.

The opening dance was a waltz but owing to me getting Covid two weeks before the wedding we had only practised going in straight lines and a 'box' turn was no longer on the agenda. We danced the night away. I strategically swapped the suit for jeans, t-shirt, and waistcoat before I got too hot and the chilli and rice supper arrived; Lizzie stayed in her wedding dress, and somehow missed out on the food. To be fair what with the length of the day, the energetic dancing and the average age of the attendees it didn't matter that the village had a request for the proceedings to complete before midnight. We were tired and happy and content.

We had all the trappings we needed and nearly all our family and friends managed to get there, but at the centre of it was our Lord and Saviour and without Him it would have meant nothing. All the prayers offered for us and the wedding by our friends and family, in our church, our house group, our branch and at the National AGM were answered. We are truly blessed to be His children.

Supporting links:

<http://john-bunting.com/memorial.html>

<https://www.harlestonevillage.co.uk/institute.html>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q58Gm18-IMY> Theme tune from 'the Detectorists' – Jonny Flynn

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_4Ntoeufxwk Frog's legs and dragon's teeth – Bellowhead (Album version)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ebVmBIRLYSg> Frog's legs and dragon's teeth – Bellowhead Live at Towersey Festival (and me and the girls are in the audience!)

<https://www.onechurch4parishes.co.uk/benefice-churches/> St Lawrence's Long Buckby



Our Website

Philip Head, Webmaster

Our Website can be a much forgotten about resource, but the webmasters work hard to keep it up to date so that it can be a useful resource for us all.

The Members' section, which I will come back to later in this editorial, is loaded with extra information and resources, but first, let's take a look at what is in the pages:

Home Page

- Against the map, there is a drop-down box where we can find our local Branch.
- There's an introductory video from the National Chairman; it is planned to refresh this video periodically.
- There's a quick link to the Events & Activities Section.
- There's a quick link to the Members' Section for copies of Chainlink.

About CMA

- Our Vision and Mission.
- Details of our leadership and organisation.
- Details about membership.
- Members' stories.
- Mike's travels.
- The relationship between CMA and the church.
- Chainlink magazine.
- Our mission partners.
- The history of CMA (UK).
- Certain downloads, available to all.
- Bikers' Church.

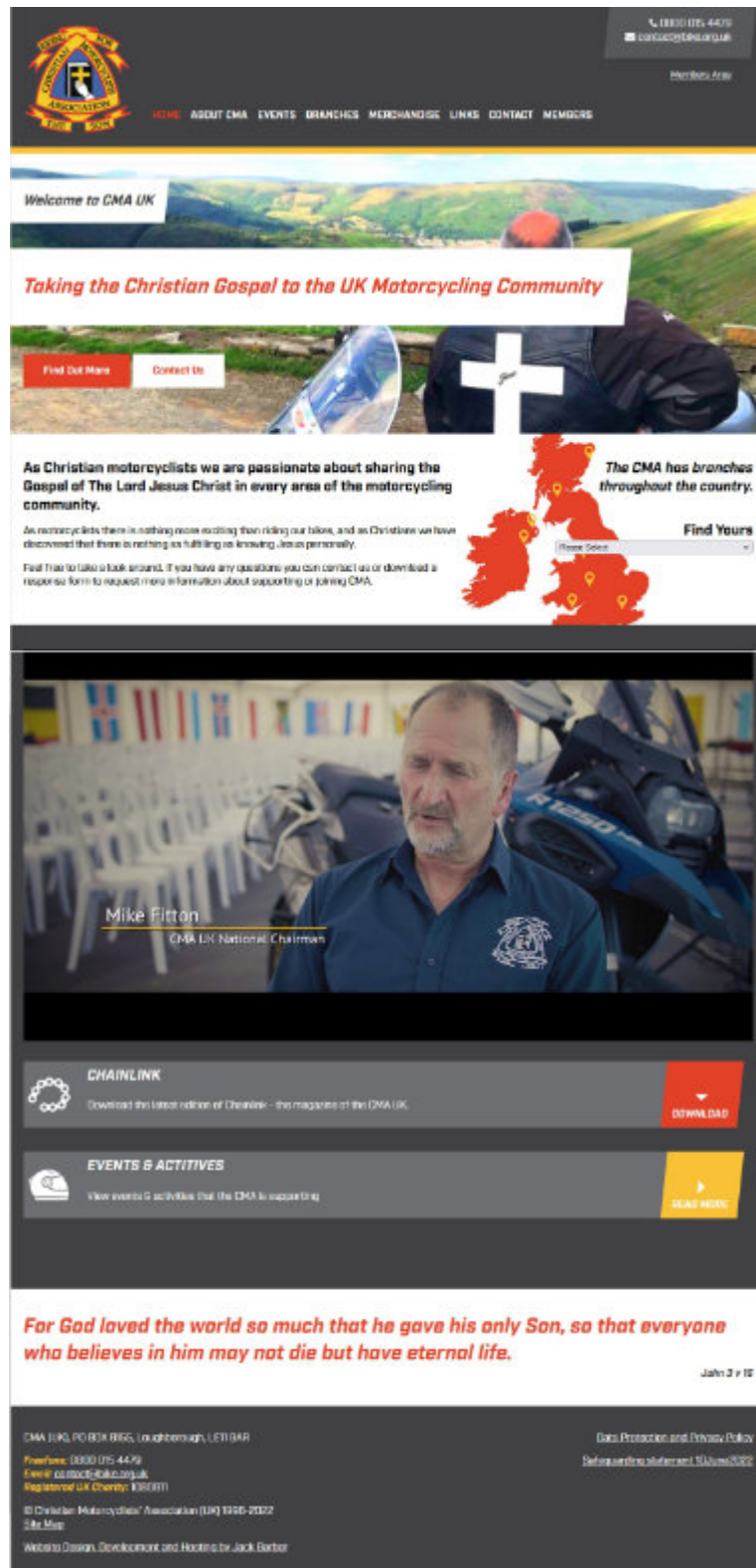
Events

Here you will find details of national and international events, normally with registration links included.

Branches

Here you will find details of every Branch, and when a Branch is clicked on, the outline and contact details are shown.

Branches post their own local events in this section.



Merchandise

This takes you straight to the Merchandise page where you can sign in to proceed or register for an account with the new shop.

Links

There's loads here:

- On the main page you will find links to the various other CMA facilities in Europe and around the world.
- On the left are:
 - [Details of various motorcycling publications.](#)
 - [Links to motorcycles of all known makes and manufacturers' details.](#)
 - [Links to biking information and e-zines.](#)
 - [Details of some biking holiday organisations.](#)
 - [Details of various other biking clubs.](#)

Contact

As you would expect, here is a form by which members or non-members may contact CMA (UK). These messages are directed to the National Secretary.

Members

Finally, there is the Members' section, which requires a login email and password. In this section may be found:

- The Chainlink archive.
- Our logo, which may be downloaded for official use.
- Details of CMA officials: National Officials; The Executive Council; Trustees; Branch Officials – Chairmen, Secretaries, Treasurers and Prayer Co-ordinators.
- Suppliers to CMA (UK).
- Video interviews between Mike Fitton and members of the Exec and with Trustees. A must to watch, if you want to get to know those people just a little better.
- Forms and documents, which include:
 - [Details of Exec members who oversee each Branch.](#)
 - [Application forms for Members; Supporters; Church Affiliates; Youth Members; Contact and Consent; Gift Aid; Standing Order forms.](#)
- Patch application and terms & conditions.
- Risk Assessment forms.
- Safeguarding documents.
- Social Media policy.
- Complaints policy.
- Data Protection and Privacy policies.
- Downloads for:
 - [The CMA \(UK\) Handbook.](#)
 - [The CMA \(UK\) Constitution.](#)
 - [The CMA \(UK\) Rules.](#)
 - [Our insurance details.](#)

Please don't forget this wonderful resource. It is there for the benefit of one and all. †

YAA Fundraiser

Janet Robson, NYM&C Twig

On Saturday 9th July our Twig had organised our very first fundraiser for the Yorkshire Air Ambulance. We held it at the bandstand in Whitby. Kieran and his colleagues Ian and Val came with a stand. We had Biker Bibles on a table in front of the bandstand. The weather was amazing, Jonty and Veronica (Veronica is from our Twig) sang secular and Christian songs. Some of the worship group from Veronica's church (Whitby Christian Fellowship) and from Paul's church (Guisborough Christian Fellowship) came and sang. We were given a stereo from a lovely old gentleman from my church (Hope Whitby) so we were able to play 50's and christian music, but to be honest the stereo wasn't used that much, as Veronica and Jonty both sang lots of great songs. Paul and Della brought their Can-Am, Rodney brought his Velocet and Andy came on his Harley, which all brought a lot of attention as you can imagine. Also, my son David popped down with his VW Scirocco, which also caused a bit of a stir. I gave a short testimony of when Andy came off his bike and how the Yorkshire Air Ambulance saved his life. The guys from the Yorkshire Air Ambulance said they had never been to an event where they were entertained as well and are looking forward to doing it again next year, as we are. All in all, the conversations that we had were amazing. Lots of Bibles went, the music was fantastic, we couldn't have wished for better company and we raised £488.68. So thank you to all who helped, for all of your hard work and God bless. ✝



Our Queen

Stephanie, Hants & Dorset

You gave of yourself endlessly
Always dignified full of grace
A woman who loved the Lord
His light shining upon her face

Many years of faithful service
Never once did you shy away
From many events and meetings
Always taking some time to pray


We saw that amazing authority
That came from heaven above
Your compassion for another
Your attention your care and love

I pray Holy Spirit come in power
Change hearts in higher places
That the Lord Jesus will be visible
Come shine Lord upon our faces

Jesus your name on her lips often
Reaching out to a broken world
To those who are weary and tired
The good news spoken and heard

Dear Queen you were a blessing
Our country has lost a light
I pray that many flickering flames
Will spring up and shine so bright

And we will never forget you
We know you're gone now to rest
With our God almighty forever
Until we meet again good night
And God bless 🙏



Please can you all put next year's
dates
in your diary now!

The CMA UK National Rally
Friday 7th – Sunday 9th July, 2023
Quinta Christian Centre
Weston Rhyn
Oswestry
Shropshire
SY10 7LR

The advance setup team will be on site from
Thursday afternoon 6th July, we would love
to have you join us.

Please begin to plan a branch trip to Quinta
next year,
you will not regret it.

The National Rally is the key event of the
year to
engage together and realise what God is
doing UK wide.

