



— CMA - UK —

CHAINLINK

SPRING 2019



Life on two wheels

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The Dolau Afon Weekend

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Motorcycle Crash

PAGE16



CHRISTIAN MOTORCYCLISTS' ASSOCIATION
WWW.BIKE.ORG.UK/CMA

CHAINLINK SPRING 2019

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A big 'Thank you' to all who have given time and effort to contribute to this issue of Chainlink.

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

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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



Mike Fitton

## Think Big, pray Big and expect Big

Hi,

I have been reflecting on how God sent the Holy Spirit at Pentecost to empower the church and enable us to be effective in reaching the lost.

It reveals God's perfect strategy as the believers were together in one place and the devout Jews were in Jerusalem to celebrate the Festival of Harvest—only Heaven was waiting with anticipation.

No one on earth could have imagined what would happen on that day – in that place and for that purpose.

Somebody once said:

*Bethlehem was God WITH US*

*Calvary was God FOR US*

*BUT Pentecost IS God IN US*

God took Peter in all his brokenness and the Holy Spirit empowered a fisherman –

*He was no longer defeated but defended the faith,  
No longer a weakling but a Warrior,  
No longer afraid but fearlessly faithful.*

The first Pentecost sermon was:

*Delivered by Peter the one who denied,  
Empowered by the One who indwells,  
Received by the ones who repented,  
Given freely by the God of Grace,  
Rejected by hearts hardened by religion.*

Peter would look back upon that day numerous times throughout his life.

That same Power and Life of Pentecost is available for us today as we step out in faith and reach bikers with the Gospel message.

Matt Brooksbank from the band that leads worship at the National Rally once said to me "We are to



think Big, pray Big and expect Big." I've asked him to text that same phrase to me every week as an important reminder.

I've always loved A.W. Tozer's comment; *'We can be in our day what the heroes of faith were in their day, but remember at the time they didn't know they were heroes.'*

As we think Big, pray Big and expect Big we will be heroes of the faith in our lifetime.

Remember that without Pentecost there wouldn't be anything beyond Acts chapter 1.

With Pentecost Power the ministry of CMA UK will see immovable walls brought down and the hardest of hearts set free—we are serving the Living Lord and NOTHING is impossible to Him.

As we move forward together, ride safe, reaching the world one heart at a time.

God Bless you,

Mike

National Chairman  
Christian Motorcyclists' Association UK

Mike's testimony has been shown on Global Vision TV – [https://www.gv247.tv/web-tv\\_movie.htm](https://www.gv247.tv/web-tv_movie.htm)  
If you navigate to **The Weekend Show: Ep 86 - Crown of Life 11**, you will find him there. Check out also **The Weekend Show: Ep 69 - Bikers for Christ**

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My wife and I have been blessed with five children and, so far, fifteen grandchildren. Most of the time, there is a wonderful family harmony between us all. Once in a while, however, that harmony is broken by conflicts and differences of opinion. I absolutely hate it when I see my children at odds with each other. I might expect it more from the grandchildren, and step in to sort the peace, but my response to my children's differences is, "Why can't they just 'get on' with each other".

Our CMA family is no different—there are differences amongst us, and there are times when we fall out with each other.

I was nearly going to say it's like that in the kingdom of God too, I'm sorry to say—but *actually, it's not. The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.*

God's Word has a bit to say about it. Apostle Paul talks about being 'crucified with Christ'. He says, 'It's no longer I who live but Christ who lives in me'. He talks about 'dying to himself'—he's a dead man. Paul also exhorts us to follow his example. Now, there's an interesting thing. Have you ever tried to offend a dead man? It's impossible, as sure as eggs are eggs. Honestly, it can't be done.

Now, if I'm a follower of Jesus Christ (not just a fan – remember Mr Fitton's sermon?) then I should be living a life where I have crucified the 'old' man, the sinful man, and living the life of the 'new' man. Therefore, it should be impossible to offend me (you're welcome to try!), since you can't offend a dead man. Right? How is it, then, that many of us get easily offended by others? Apostle James in his letter has a lot to say about causing offence with our tongue. He says, '...brothers, these things should not be!'

Come on, brothers (and sisters), knock the old, carnal man on the head and put on the new, spiritual man. If I, as an earthly father, hate it when my own children squabble, how does our heavenly Father feel when He sees us, His children, arguing and fighting?

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

John

*Because of the  
LORD'S  
great love  
we are not  
consumed,  
for his  
compassions  
never fail.*

Lamentations 3:22

---

*Feeling tired and  
discouraged?*

*Not seeing any answers  
to prayer or fruit for  
your labour?*

*Check out pages 20 and  
30 and be encouraged!*

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**The deadline  
for submission  
of items for the  
Summer 2019  
edition is  
31<sup>st</sup> May 2019**

Articles for Chainlink are most welcome, and should preferably be submitted by e-mail to [chainlink@bike.org.uk](mailto:chainlink@bike.org.uk)

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

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

# A Brief History of CMA UK

Norman Jacks (a.k.a. Snowy), North Cheshire, Branch Historian

**This has been compiled for those interested in the work of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association UK.**

The Christian Motorcyclists' Association was organised for non-profit, religious Christian Evangelical purposes in order to:

- Proclaim the Gospel of Christ
- Stimulate motorcyclists to a greater appreciation of motorcycling
- To promote the acceptance of motorcyclists
- Encourage a greater awareness of road safety

CMA started from a local bike club, but at the heart is Jesus Christ. Through the witness of the Christian life and concentrated evangelism, motorcyclists will see the need of Jesus in their own lives.

We intend to make an impact on the motorcycling world, through the local branches, to the Nation. The vision of CMA is that you can (by the grace of God) become a light within the world of motorcycling, showing the way to peace with God. And that we want the Gospel of Christ to reach people from all walks of life. That includes bikers – we want therefore to take the Gospel of Jesus to all motorcyclists.

I hope this will help you see what we believe we are called to do, and how we try and fulfil our calling to God and CMA.

**Where did CMA come from?**

## The Vision

**Nigel Fish**, the first President of the Christian Bikers Association had a vision from God based on Isaiah 45:2-3.

*"I will go before you and will level the mountains; I will break down gates of bronze and cut through bars of iron. I will give you the treasures of darkness, riches stored in secret places, so that you may know that I am the Lord, the God of Israel, who summons you by name."*

This is what he saw:

'Many bikers and young people were in darkness sitting on their bikes in chains, they were trapped by drugs, alcohol, the cults and the occult. Some CMA bikers appeared in the middle of them bright with the Glory of the Lord bearing a cross before them. It was a spearhead of only a few, then as the riders turned to bring light into the darkness you could see a vast

column of riders behind, bright and shining with the Spirit to overwhelm the darkness.'

If you look at the 'National Rally Badge' it is the vision of 1979.

## A new vision during Alan Lowther's leadership

Today — have you caught the vision of 1999, of the Cross? If not, why not? Jesus said 'Take up your cross and follow me' Will you take up the cross and put it on your back? I hope that you find this helpful.

## Biker Bible

**Alan Lowther** introduced the first 'Biker Bible' and it was called '*Manual for Life*'.

**Mike Fitton** introduced a new version in June 2007 called '*Biker Bible*' (the one we have now) and in 2018 we have purchased 100,000 Biker Bibles.

## Background

In late 1979, a letter was printed in some of the national motorcycle magazines asking if there were any motorcyclists who were also Christians that were interested in getting together. The response was tremendous. Those in Avon got together, and after two meetings they decided to form a club. Letters were still arriving from all over the UK and it was decided to open branches in parts of the country and call the club the 'Christian Bikers Association' (CBA).

By 1980 CBA had three branches — Bristol, London and Preston, and then increased to five branches. It was soon found that there were too many branches for too few members. A national structure was created, hence forming the 'National Board' which could advise and control the club. Eventually, some branches were closed, and CBA re-thought its purpose and methods.

Gradually, as things moved on through 1980 and 1981, the real purpose was to be a motorcycle club with Jesus living through it and leading other motorcyclists to Christ. During 1982, many vital contacts were made. Help was received from the CMA in South Africa and the USA. Eventually it was agreed that we should link up with them on 1<sup>st</sup> January 1983, renaming the club CMA (UK). This was created from the old CBA.

Other vital contacts were made with evangelistic bodies including nationwide initiative in evangelism with British Youth for Christ and a similar motorcycle group in Scotland called 'Christian Bikers Fellowship'

who we now work closely with and share our 'Chainlink' with. We regard them as the Scottish branch of CMA. With our great sadness, the Fellowship of Christian Motorcyclists' London club didn't want to join with us, but the future lies wide open and exciting.

In recent developments, there is now CMA International and great news that CMA is now around Europe.

I hope that CMA will lead bikers to Christ, and to fulfil this we feel the Lord Jesus is leading us to large association with many branches throughout the UK. Linked together in unity and concord it is our hope that the churches in the UK accept our vital work and lend

their support to our efforts. We believe we are an extension to the church and that the local church is vital for new believers to grow in Jesus Christ.

### National Presidents

- 1980 – 1984     Nigel Fish
- 1984 – 1986     Nigel Cooper
- 1986 – 1987     Andy Clarke
- 1987 – 2004     Alan Lowther

*Title changed to National Chairman in 2009*

- 2004 – current   Mike Fitton

## National Rally History

| Books         | Year | Place                               | Branch               |
|---------------|------|-------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Genesis       | 1984 | Nuffield                            | Reading              |
| Exodus        | 1985 | Norwich                             | East Anglia (Turkey) |
| Leviticus     | 1986 | Norwich                             | East Anglia (Turkey) |
| Numbers       | 1987 | Sevenoaks                           | Kent                 |
| Deuteronomy   | 1988 | Stathern                            | Midlands             |
| Joshua        | 1989 | Stathern                            | Midlands             |
| Judges        | 1990 | Hollybush                           | North East           |
| Ruth          | 1991 | Hollybush                           | North East           |
|               | 1992 | EMC, Ipswich                        | National             |
| Samuel        | 1992 | Castle Donington                    | NASA                 |
| Kings         | 1993 | Castle Donington                    | NASA                 |
| Chronicles    | 1994 | Three Counties Show Ground, Malvern | Bristol              |
| Ezra          | 1995 | Priddy                              | Bristol              |
| Nehemiah      | 1996 | Southport                           | North Cheshire       |
| Esther        | 1997 | Llanyblodwel                        | CASA                 |
| Job           | 1998 | Southport                           | North Cheshire       |
|               | 1998 | EMC, Norwich                        | National             |
| Psalms        | 1999 | Forest of Dean                      | South Wales          |
| Proverbs      | 2000 | Stathern                            | East Midlands        |
| Ecclesiastes  | 2001 | Stathern                            | East Midlands        |
| Song of Solmn | 2002 | Stathern                            | East Midlands        |

|                                                                                       |      |                         |                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------|---------------------|
| Isaiah                                                                                | 2003 | Stathern                | National            |
| Jeremiah                                                                              | 2004 | Hollybush, CMA 25 Years | National, EMC Rally |
| Lamentations                                                                          | 2005 | Hollybush               | National            |
| Ezekiel                                                                               | 2006 | Hollybush               | National            |
| Daniel                                                                                | 2007 | Hollybush               | National            |
| Hosea                                                                                 | 2008 | Hollybush               | National            |
| Joel                                                                                  | 2009 | Storthes Hall           | National, 30 years  |
| Amos                                                                                  | 2010 | Storthes Hall           | National, EMC       |
| Obadiah                                                                               | 2011 | Storthes Hall           | National            |
| Jonah                                                                                 | 2012 | Storthes Hall           | National            |
|                                                                                       | 2013 | Cancelled               |                     |
| Micah                                                                                 | 2014 | Lenchwood               | National            |
| Nahum                                                                                 | 2015 | Lenchwood               | National            |
| Habakkuk                                                                              | 2016 | Lenchwood               | National            |
| Zephaniah                                                                             | 2017 | Lenchwood               | National            |
| Haggai                                                                                | 2018 | Lenchwood               | National            |
| Zechariah                                                                             | 2019 | Lenchwood               | National, EM        |
| Malachi                                                                               | 2020 | tba                     |                     |
| From 1984 to 2002 the Rally was held in September and in 2003 it was changed to July. |      |                         |                     |
| 1992, 1998, 2004, 2010 EMC Rally in August.                                           |      |                         |                     |



# Life on Two Wheels

George Russell, Liverpool

**Uncle Harry was a foreman in an engineering business. He lived in a hotel, had exotic foreign holidays and rode fast motorcycles. He helped me select my first motorcycle from Kings in Manchester which I bought without seeing it.** After several weeks I got a postcard informing me that it was arriving by British Rail at Bootle Station. My motorcycle had both tyres as flat as an M6 hedgehog. It was supposed to be blue but there was so much rust I was tempted to re-register the colour as reddish-brown. The battery was in the same state as the tyres – dead flat. I pushed the thing home and with help from a biker who lived up the street, I got the engine started. I had many a swollen ankle and knee joint, and was thrown off the monster, once as the badly set timing decided to do so despite the exhaust valve lifter. Nevertheless, yesterday I was a pedestrian geek, today a 'biker' with L-plates.

It was a Thursday morning and I decided to go to school on my mean machine. My mother shouted, 'Be careful!' as I shot out of the driveway and down the road. At the end of the road I attempted to slow down and then found out that neither of the brakes worked, so I shot into the traffic. I could hear the upper lips curling in the bus queue as I accelerated towards the roundabout at Fernhill Crescent: it's still there only now it's called the kidney island. The throttle stuck open, the brakes once again failed to obey me, so I banked the bike over sharply to take the curve. A footrest stuck in the ground, then snapped off. As I hit the ground something shot past me and into the railings outside the shops – it was the missile I used to call my motorbike. I lay there, my trousers changing colour, with blood, I hasten to mention. The impatient motorists were weaving past me as I lay in a heap; no-one stopped but some beeped me to get out of the way. A red face with bifocals loomed into view. A fat priest, probably wondering whether to pass by on the other side, do the last rites or go for the Good Samaritan of the week award. He chose the latter, helping me to the side of the road and get the bike upright. A friendly neighbourhood biker came over later and examined the bike closely. It was a real grid with twisted forks, badly

worn brake shoes and a worn swinging arm bearing that guaranteed problems for any rider. He made a list of things that were wrong and we returned it to Kings who promised to fix it.

**I still had the matter of passing the motorcycle driving test; I chose Liverpool City Centre test centre. As I moved into first gear, the clutch cable snapped and the test was over before it had started.** I managed to get a cancellation and passed the test a few weeks later on a mate's side valve BSA C11. This meant I could carry passengers, i.e., ladies, so I thought, but this was not to be. No one wanted to ride on the back of my bike or let me ride theirs. I guess I was slightly crazy at that time and had many crashes, eight of them in the space of a year, before I wrote the Panther off totally. **Several years later my affection for motorcycles led me to meet the girl who ultimately became my wife.** A friend had a Royal Enfield Crusader 250 and I was working on his bike one day when his sister brought us a cup of tea and a biscuit. From that instant my priorities changed. She liked me a little, which is more than could be said of her parents: as far as they were concerned, I was an oaf who was encouraging their son to ride his motorcycle, and was now interested in their daughter. I was what my American friends call a rat biker. Improperly dressed in anything waterproof and insulated, riding an old motorcycle with oil dripping from the sump. I used to put a drip tray under the engine to catch the oil slick that formed overnight, then poured it back into the sump in the morning. What mattered was that I was on two wheels and not four, not that I subscribed to this philosophy when pushing it all the way home from Southport with a flat tyre in the dark. As I mentioned earlier, my mate had an old BSA C11 which he kept under an overhang with a tarpaulin over the seat to keep out the rain. One morning I called for him and he wheeled the bike out of the back yard. Unknown to us, the local tomcats had got under the tarpaulin in the night and used his ripped sponge seat as a pissoir. Dave kick-started the bike, moved off then braked sharply. I caught up with him, his face was a mask of anger; as he had sat down, his weight had compressed the sponge and released



several pints of ice cold tomcat urine through his denims and into his boots. He sat by himself in the lecture hall that day.

One very cold morning I was on my way to the University and approaching the weird kink in the road opposite the Princess Cinema on Southport Road. The cinema is now a Bingo emporium and the bend in the road has long been straightened out. A scooter was slowly spinning to a stop on its side and the rider was sitting on the floor holding his head. I considered stopping to help but I was running late, so I accelerated as I hit the patch of invisible black ice which the scooter rider had found. The bike went over, the petrol cap came off as it bounced along and petrol spewed out. The bike was spinning on the footrest and throwing up sparks; I slid along the ice, right through the petrol until I ended up against the kerb. I was soused in cheap petrol and fully expected to do a Buddhist monk routine. Whether an angel extinguished the sparks, or the ice cooled the petrol to below its flash point, is a subject for discussion. I decided to return home and not push my luck as most of the students in my group were smokers and I was highly flammable.

**In 1963 I bought a BSA 650cc with a sidecar. On our first run I instinctively banked the machine over, which resulted in the sidecar floating just below my left shoulder and my wife screaming for mercy; but I soon got the hang of it.** My wife didn't like being in the sidecar, apart from when it was raining. I



had to stay in lines of traffic like a car, getting soaked and asphyxiated by the exhaust fumes. The fun had gone out of biking with three wheels; I considered getting a car, but took the sidecar off instead. We got around a bit but stepping out to go for a meal was tricky: we would smarten ourselves up then put on the gear and arrive with our clothes wrinkled and our faces spattered with dead flies and crud. I couldn't afford a car and a bike so the bike had to go.

Some years later, when I was using a bicycle to get to work, I saved a bit of cash and bought myself a Yamaha DT250. It wouldn't do much more than 90 mph, but it could go up and down a railway embankment with ease. I devised a route to work which utilised a large part of a disused railway cutting. Each day I zoomed down one side of the embankment and up the other, repeating this on the other line, then splashing through the marshy bit disturbing the frogs with my tidal wave. Using the same route daily I got progressively adventuresome. I started accelerating over the edge so the bike and I were in the air for several seconds before we dropped down onto the slope. One Thursday evening some anti-social jerk decided to tip a load of building rubbish down the slope; unfortunately, I only noticed this in mid-air as I blasted over the edge the next morning. As the bike hit the rubbish we parted company and I flew into a pile of bricks and the forks were horribly twisted. I straightened the forks and got to work to find that my locker and house keys were not in my pocket. I returned to the scene and searched through the rubble for over an hour until I found them: this I did in my usual calm manner.

I took some time off work to attend the Bulldog Bash with the Tribe of Judah, an American motorcycle club to which I belonged. The Bulldog Bash, run by the British Hell's Angels was held at Long Marston near Stratford. The disused airfield was reminiscent of the opening credits of the cult Sci-Fi series, 'The Invaders'. Men too long without sleep, alien craft from another galaxy and aliens, thousands of 'em! A collection of some of the meanest dudes in the country, if not the Universe, spread across a vast cracked mud plain: thousands of motorcycles, thousands of bikers representing tribal groups from across the globe. Long hair, shaved heads, tattoos everywhere, and I mean

everywhere, perforated ears, noses and eyebrows and that was just the women! Thousands of bikers stomping about in their tribal groups like a plague of disgruntled gunfighters, glaring at rival groups but behaving themselves in the presence of the Hell's Angels and the Patriots, the Law at the Bulldog Bash.

To my surprise the toilet facilities were excellent; I am lying of course! The Gents facilities consisted of two steel troughs, totally blocked by cigarette-ends so that the urine overflowed onto one's boots as one relieved oneself. An alternative facility next door had urinals made of painted chipboard which were coming apart, but at least you didn't warm your feet as you took a leak. The smell of these facilities could strip the chrome from a Dynaglide in minutes. To take the punters' minds off the squalid conditions, the dust, the state of the bogs and the overpriced, greasy food, there were several attractions. A Wall of Death, several gut-wrenching 'rides', but the thing that dominated the skyline was a twin towering structure which was called a reverse bungee. A hollow ball with two seats could be launched some 200 feet into the air by bungee power, then it oscillated up and down, all for £15 a time, compromising the stomach contents, central nervous systems and gastric retentivity of the victims. I marvelled at the psychological profiles of the nut-jobs that queued and paid to be tortured thus: whiplash injuries for all! Such treatment would be classed as an atrocity in some countries but with ten pints down the neck it probably does seem like fun.

Being a prospect for the Tribe was, as I expected, no holiday. I became a gopher, going for ice cream, drinking water, showering water and making the odd cup of tea for visitors. **The two questions I was asked repeatedly were, 'How did you become a Christian?' and, 'What is the Tribe of Judah all about?'** I talked to many who had poor self images, like a woman who hated herself; a young Welsh girl whose husband had ditched her and was on antidepressants; a young man, who couldn't understand what Christians were doing in a place like the Bulldog and Steve, the proprietor of Steve's Stainless Nuts and his squeaky daughter. Even as we were packing up, the Muslim businessman came over and asked me how I came to join the Tribe; I only got to how I became a Christian then he was called away. I even got to share my

faith with two strippers waiting for their 'turn' in the tent where the bands played. They invited me to see the show, assuring me that they didn't 'take everything off' but I refused politely and off they went. Many of the bikers spent their time drinking, head banging to the rock music or leering at the strippers. By 3 am many had partially sobered up and this was a good time to talk. It required a major effort for me to stay awake this long, but I managed it.

You tend to forget you have 'Jesus is Lord' in glowing letters on your back but the many observers do not. Carrying out the hard work in temperatures not far off 100°F, filling a water bottle for a disabled Hell's Angel whose peg leg was sinking in the mud around a standpipe, making tea for visitors and fetching and carrying is not hard line evangelism like sharing your faith with enquirers. Each time I moaned to God I got the same answer, 'You are doing the bum jobs in the Name of Jesus' which made the effort worthwhile. **I told more people how I became a Christian and what Jesus had done for me and my family in two and a half days than I had done in the last two years.** I was a prospect with the Tribe for more than three years but I realised there was no future in it for me. I had been a Christian biker longer than any of the tribe members but as I could not afford a motorcycle I could never become a full member of the Tribe. I could stay a prospect for ever, or take the alternative way out – I resigned from the Tribe, one of the most painful experiences of my life. ✚

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***This is Part 1 of 2 parts –  
Part 2 will be in the next  
issue of the magazine –  
Ed.***

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# The Dolau Afon Weekend—great fellowship and what a ride-out!

Penelope Cavill, Bristol

The idea of a CMA camping weekend in West Wales had been on my mind for some time. I have lived in Chepstow for many years and I have often thought about this on the way to visit my daughter Jenny in the small village of Llansawel near Llandeilo. I hoped to one day share the mountain roads and breath-taking scenery with members of our branch, particularly with Len our much-loved Chair at the time who I know used to love that part of Wales. Unfortunately, that was never to be, God has since called him home but he will always be with us just in a different way.



Last year Jenny was invited to a Bike Bash at her fiancé Seb's aunt and uncle's camp site near Aberystwyth. The invitation was extended to our branch but unfortunately, being fairly short notice, nobody was able to go, but it did lead me to further explore the possibility of organising that Welsh weekend I had been thinking so much about, especially as I now knew of a particularly biker friendly campsite! My vision of a branch trip had now expanded to include the 'Lille Fellowship' and our neighbouring

branches. For a few years now, I have had the pleasure of taking part in the Lille trip organised by David Gallagher from World Horizons, normally held the bank holiday weekend at the end of May. I can thoroughly recommend this opportunity to experience French roads, great ride-outs, fellowship and staying in a chateau! For me it has highlighted the importance for our ministry of just coming together to have fun and enjoy each other's company. To quote Mother Theresa:

*'Joy is prayer; joy is strength: joy is love; joy is a net of love by which you can catch souls.'*

Jill and Vernon kindly agreed to host the camping weekend and the date was set for the end of June. Jill needed an idea of numbers so that she could gauge whether she needed to get in extra facilities; the campsite being fairly new, only had one compost toilet and this was cause of much concern for our Gloucester branch Liz! For a while there wasn't too much interest so I decided to open up to other groups, a little late in the day perhaps, but the numbers soon rose from 12 to 26, so an additional, most welcome portaloos toilet was ordered. Unfortunately, after much fluctuation numbers were down to thirteen with many having had to drop out at the last moment. This caused me to worry about letting Jill and Vernon down. I didn't want to create a bad impression because I thought we might want to go back next year, and how right I was! In the end, despite the small numbers, five branches were represented: Bristol, Gloucester, South Wales, East Yorkshire and North Wales and I was delighted that David Gallagher and his wife Linda were able to be with us. Bob Hughes-Burton, Chair of the North Wales branch, joined us for the day on Saturday with some of the family.

Three of us from the Bristol branch, Paul Millard, Chris Potter and myself, left Chepstow at around 10.00 on Friday morning for the just over 100



miles journey to Llanafan, Aberystwyth where the campsite is situated.

Fortunately, this was during the spell of very hot weather we had this year so no need for waterproofs. We met Steve 'Lala', Chair of South Wales branch at Paddy's Snacks layby just off the dual carriageway on the A40 near Brecon, apparently, they serve excellent bacon sarnies, but then I wouldn't know being vegetarian. We then continued on what is often described as a twisty classic biker A road (but nothing compared to what was to come!) to the notorious bikers' meeting place, the West End Café in Llandovery for lunch. From Llandovery we took the A482 to Lampeter, a narrow scenic road with a very narrow bridge and tight bends, and then on to Tregaron on the A485 before joining a couple of B roads leading to the campsite.

My first impressions on arrival were that the campsite was private, sheltered, and very clean, even the compost toilet was appealing in its own way, and after a long trip most inviting! It is pleasantly situated next to the Ystwyth river which is great for cooling down after a long day's ride-out!

Our branch had offered to cater for everybody both nights with a barbecue on the Saturday. There had been plans for tents, cooking equipment and food to be transported to the campsite in a couple of vehicles but in the end that



didn't work out. Gloucester Liz and Alan's side-car proved to be a real blessing for a quick shopping trip to Aberystwyth on Saturday afternoon for food for the BBQ. Since transporting supplies on the bike had been too much of a challenge, we decided to take the easy option and pay a visit to the local pub, the Miller's Arms, instead, which is situated on the road to famous Devil's Bridge. This was a wise choice, it was really friendly, with good food and this all added to making it a really fun evening!

Saturday morning Vernon briefed us on the drop-off system that we were to use that day. He had been an instructor for twenty-five years and I think we all felt we had to be on our best behaviour! Jill was 'tail end Charlie' I believe you call it. I had already confidently assured Vernon, when he had enquired, that we were experienced riders and would be up to riding on the smaller roads. This 'we' had to include me of course, which became slightly worrying as we headed up the mountain, particularly when we got to the first 90 degree extremely narrow hairpin bend! Jenny's comments about me not getting round on my cruiser began to echo in my mind! In any case, I doubted whether we would be doing the same route (wrong!). In front of me was June from South Wales on her Dragstar trike, I wondered whether the bike could

make that angle at that gradient! The fact that June managed it made me think that she must be pretty experienced; apparently, it was only June's eighth time riding a motorbike! Then things just got more challenging and exhilarating! I loved it, but then I am a real adrenaline junkie! We kept climbing, the road got rougher until we reached a really spectacular view over a lake. I was so struck by the utter beauty of God's creation, such a sense of peace and His presence. We all stood in awe admiring the view until the realisation that the road went no further, the only way forward was down!

From here we carried on through spectacular scenery in the Elan Valley to the famous *Red Kite Café* where we had lunch. I was so busy chatting about the ride-out that I forgot all about the Red Kites! Shortly after this some of the group decided to take a short cut back. Seven of us carried on for many amazing miles in the Elan Valley, in all we did 160 that day. I found myself concentrating so hard on the road and the bike in front that I couldn't really have told you where we were going so fortunately Vernon has kindly supplied details of the route:

From the campsite we headed East to New Row and Pont-rhyd-y-groes, then through a back lane to Ysbyty Ystwyth and South to Tregaron. From there,

NW to Tyncelyn, N to Llanilar, E to Abermagwr, New Row and on to Devils Bridge, N to Ponterwyd and then West two miles on the A44 to the Red Kite Café. After lunch we headed back to Devils Bridge and then E to Cwmystwyth and on towards Rhayader, South to Newbridge on Wye and SW to Beulah. From there NW to Abergwesyn and on to Tregaron before finally heading North back to the Campsite.

Having returned early evening to the campsite we were able to spend some time with Bob & Dawn Hughes-Burton, their son Steven and grand-children, before lighting up the BBQ. Jenny's Seb who works in a butcher's in Llandeilo had kindly supplied the meat (Jenny, like me is a vegetarian!) and there was plenty to go around due to the last-minute cancellations. Despite the company of a vast number of midges, it was a really fun evening of fellowship. We all felt very blessed to have been able to spend this precious time together.

I woke early Sunday morning, at something like half past five to the sound of the patter of rain? No, it was in fact the sizzling of Chris' fry up, the full works! I had done well to remember to bring some cereal for myself! It was a beautiful morning and after a leisurely breakfast we gathered under the marquee for our Sunday





service. We had decided to hold our own that morning rather than go to a church. I was a little worried that I hadn't prepared anything but actually it really didn't matter, and perhaps in the end even allowed it to be more of a really beautiful time of prayer, and a sharing of our experiences of the weekend. We had all been struck by the beauty of God's creation, emphasised by the amazing bike riding, and we just wanted to give God thanks for this and the special time of fellowship we had enjoyed. Importantly, I believe we experienced and built upon that unity in the Spirit so essential if we are to effectively witness to others. These verses from John 17:23 came to mind:

*'I am one with them, and you are one with me, so that they may become completely one. Then this world's people will know that you sent me. They will know that you love my followers as much as you love me.'*

I invited others to share their thoughts about the weekend. Paul Millard commented on the things he enjoyed most:

1. *Ride to the site across Wales on some lovely roads (Wales is famous for them).*
2. *Great company with love and fun. Meeting new people and sharing their stories (and sharing their food as I hadn't thought to bring any apart from a packet of chocolate hobnobs that melted into a single lump (see 5 below).*
3. *The ride-out. Wow. Challenging roads, many miles covered, visiting the Elan valley.*
4. *BBQ with quality food.*
5. *The sunshine—what a weekend for it!*
6. *Watching Chris swim in the river!*
7. *Sharing together on Sunday morning.*
8. *A great weekend that it would be a shame to not repeat and grow.*

Liz and Alan Robertson had these words to share:

*We loved the weekend at Dolau Afon!*

*The site is idyllic, in a 'hidden' mid-Wales valley, with trees and a gentle river around much of the site boundary. It was great having the place to ourselves!*

*The weather was, of course, very warm and bright: clear nights and breath-taking days. We did our own thing on Saturday instead of the day-long ride out with the others. I had to see the sea so we headed due west and ended up at Aberaeron, a charming and pretty seaside village and harbour. There was even a free car-park! After lunch we rode north along the coast to Aberystwyth to top up our BBQ provisions, and then back to site.*

*The BBQ and the evening in general was a lovely time of laughter and chat; fending off the mozzies and delighting in the great food, fun and fantastic fellowship!*

*For us, one of best times of the whole weekend was on Sunday morning when we had an informal and moving time of sharing and prayer. It was a privilege to get to know CMA folk from several branches, some of whom we had never met before. And it was a blessing to spend quality, unhurried*



*time with fellow CMA members who love the Lord and are fellow workers in the CMA biker ministry.*

*We can really recommend this fellowship weekend for a relaxed and uplifting time with CMA brothers and sisters in one of the most beautiful areas in the UK. We've got our names down for next year already!*

Steve 'Lala' commented on Facebook:

***A great peaceful weekend at Dolau Afon campsite in the heart of West Wales, with our friends from Dolau Afon, Bristol CMA, Gloucester CMA, East Yorkshire CMA, North Wales CMA and World Horizons.***

West Wales is truly a great place for riding, we went through Devil's Bridge and around the Elan valley, as well as a host of other locations we would never have found had it not been for our friends at Dolau Afon riding with us.

A great time of fellowship and a time to be still and recognise God's creation.

This weekend will happen again next year between the 28<sup>th</sup>-30<sup>th</sup> June with a choice of mountain and coastal ride-outs; Jill mentioned something about an ice-cream parlour! I would love as many people as possible to join us at Dolau Afon, places will have to be limited so do book early with a firm commitment please. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Jill and Vernon for kindly allowing us to use their campsite and giving up precious time to take us on such an amazing ride-out! 🙏

For further information about the weekend please contact [penny.cavill@talk21.com](mailto:penny.cavill@talk21.com)

# Time to Change Gear?

Paul Hodge, North Cheshire



It was Saturday December 22<sup>nd</sup> and we were riding to the Raven Café (near Whitchurch in Shropshire) for our annual 'Frozen Knuckle' ride and *Christmas Carol extravaganza*! The conditions were pretty much ideal, particularly for the time of year. There were about ten of us and it was proving to be a most enjoyable jaunt. Today I was to do something I'd never before done and experienced!

**I'd actually been a little apprehensive on recent past rides as, to my shame, the bike was way overdue a full service and despite my confidence in its overall soundness, as an ex-mechanic who annihilated his first car (Austin A35) by youthful sustained high speed driving, I often have flashbacks as to the consequences of neglect and mechanical limitations.**

We were making good progress and probably about 10-15 minutes from a late breakfast when we got separated at traffic lights. The lights changed, it was a left hand turn and in front of me was an H.G.V. with ample clear road ahead. I pulled out and accelerated. The bike felt and sounded great and then just as I drew level with the front of the truck the bike lost power! My first thoughts were that I'd broken the bike and it rightly resented my lack of servicing and care. It never ceases to amaze me how fast the brain works in such situations. My eyes dropped down onto the instruments as a natural response I suppose and to my surprise and personal embarrassment, I had red-lined the bike! Milliseconds later, I'd clicked into second, completed my manoeuvre and was enjoying again the

clear road ahead. I then spent some moments reflecting on how good my bike was, going so well without complaint up to the limiter and how it continues to surprise and endear itself to me.

Some time later, I sensed the Lord speaking to me about the moment saying that 'It was time for me to change gear—to change up!' I knew immediately this was the Holy Spirit and it was such a release, just what I needed for the next phase of the plan.

The reflection continued. I realised that at the moment of the incident I had a choice as with everything in life. The alternative would have been to panic, not look to my instruments, throttle back and pull in behind the truck. Logically of course as a proper biker, always looking to make good progress, this wouldn't be an option. When panic and fear kick in however, we do illogical things. As children of God we can default to this position and end up stuck behind the massive obstruction that gets in the way of our vision and although it might be comfortable and safe we become restricted, stuck in a bad place. Our choices define who we are in Christ and our position in the Kingdom of Heaven. Maybe the Lord is saying, "It's time to change gear!" †

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## Philippians ch. 3

*13 Brothers and sisters, I do not consider myself yet to have taken hold of it. But one thing I do: Forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead, 14 I press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called me heavenward in Christ Jesus.*

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# Sad Goodbyes

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*Ian Brailey, Chairman, Bristol Branch*

It was a bright, warm, sunny day as over 30 bikes met in Shirehampton in Bristol. Unfortunately we were there to bid farewell to former Bristol Chairman Len Osgood as we escorted him to Canford Crematorium. Bristol Members were joined by members from Gloucester, Thames Valley and Bedford as well as others who had come from much farther afield. Members of The Brothers MCC also came along to pay their respects and they did an excellent job of marshalling us by stopping traffic at junctions so we could all keep together.

The service was led by Rev Andy Murray, vicar of St Peter's Church, Lawrence Weston where Len used to attend and where the Bristol Branch hold their annual Bikers Carol Service. A Poem was read by myself (which I think was the hardest thing I have ever done ), National Chairman Mike Fitton read the lesson and Rev Sean Stillman of the God Squad in Swansea gave the address. David Ball read a Tribute to Len which is reproduced in full below.

Afterwards we met up at the wake where a book of memories was signed.

## Tribute to Len

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*David Ball*

What can we say about our mate, Len? Born in 1951, Len was a Bristolian through and through. He grew up in Hartcliffe with his sister June. In 1968, he met Liz and they got married in 1971, and she has been his constant companion for 48 years of marriage.

**Len loved his family; Liz, his two sons, Peter and David and his future daughter-in-law, Louise. Len also loved being a mischievous Grandad to Maya, Angel and Theo, taking selfies with them and proudly posting them on Facebook. After all, a biker Grandad is just like any other Grandad, only cooler.**

Len worked at several jobs. Everywhere he went people liked his openness and willingness to stand up for what he believed in. At 16, he started as a messenger boy with the GPO where he rode a red BSA Bantam, learning to scrape the leg-shields round Bristol's roundabouts. He moved on to become a Postman and later worked at Do-it-all in Avonmouth. After that he trained to become a nurse for people with learning difficulties and worked at Chasefield House in Fishponds until he took early retirement. He then spent some time as a motorcycle courier before joining Vaultex as a Cash Handler. Len is one of the few people I know who handled millions of pounds in cash on a daily basis and mislaid it! After his stroke he decided it was time to give up work altogether.



Len was athletic and always liked to push himself. He used to be a keen cyclist including riding from John O'Groats to Lands End. When he gave up cycling, he took up running. He completed several marathons and 20 half marathons, along with countless 10ks. On a Saturday morning, he was a regular participant in the Park Run at Ashton Court. He looked forward to these runs and always encouraged others, however good or inexperienced. His love for running was such that, after his stroke, he was determined to take it up again and entered the Bristol 10k this year in aid of Bristol After Stroke. The race took place the day before his first chemotherapy. Typical of Len, he wouldn't let that get in the way, nor the injury to his hip and he managed to hobble across the finishing line with the help of David and another friend.



Len loved fishing. For last few years, he looked forward to his annual holiday at Clovelly Lakes. He would ride down from Bristol on the bike and Liz would drive in the car. Once they were there, Len would spend most of his days fishing by the lake and enjoying his own company. Liz would go shopping!

Len was a true biker. He never learned to drive a car, so he rode in all weathers and for all occasions. I remember him showing up at our CMA Christmas meal in Chepstow, completely soaked and the only one on a bike. He always rode to CMA events, even when it meant that he and Ian had to carry the gazebo, stand and Biker Bibles on their bikes.

Len loved watching MotoGP and Speedway. He enjoyed going to the British MotoGP or to Cardiff for the Speedway. Len always wanted the opportunity to go on the track himself. His wish was finally granted at the Festival of 1000 Bikes at Mallory Park. The only trouble was, he wasn't riding his bike but was in the back of an ambulance, having twisted his ankle climbing over a fence while helping at the CMA stand.

Len owned more bikes than most of us have ever ridden, but he was not a collector of bikes. Instead, he would buy a new bike and off-load the old one. During his life, Len had learned to resist all sorts of temptations, except the temptation to buy a new bike. We all said that he changed his bikes more often than he changed his underwear and Len never denied it. But there was one bike that he kept for the last few years and was always seen at the CMA Bristol stand, even when Len got to the stage when he couldn't get there himself. The little green Kawasaki kids bike he bought for his grandchildren became the star of the show and often attracted people to come and start talking to us.

For us in the CMA, Len was a legend, always encouraging us into doing things for Jesus. He took over the CMA Bristol branch when we were at a low ebb. Several people had moved on to other things but after discussion and a lot of prayer, Len threw himself into the task. Len had found faith in Jesus as his mate and he loved riding his bike, so there was nothing more natural for him to do than to combine the two. He faithfully showed up at events such as the Bristol Bike Show, Weston Bike Night, and Nailsea and turned up at all sorts of charity bike events. Over the last few years, Len also made friends with the Brothers. He also loved talking about the CMA in local

churches, especially if it gave him the opportunity to put a bike in church.

Len came to faith in Jesus when he wrote off to Sean for a free Bible after he saw an advert in a very non-PC magazine Back Street Heroes. So Len loved the Biker Bible and wanted all his biker mates to have one. He also wanted his biker mates to feel comfortable in church and so he encouraged us to start an annual Biker Carol Service to which everyone was welcome. On the Sunday before Len went into hospital for his last operation, he was encouraging me to start a Biker Carol Service in Hampshire and said he and Liz would come along.

Len was committed to his local church: for many years Emmanuel Chapel in Henbury and for the last few years St Peters Lawrence Weston, but Len's faith was never pretentious. His prayers were an example to us all. No religious nonsense. Just straight talking with Jesus, his best mate.

Able to connect with people of any background, Len was as happy chatting with the old ladies of Henbury as he was chatting with the Lord Mayor of Bristol. He had a wicked sense of humour and was ready to make a fool of himself, especially at events like Santas on a Bike.

Len always faced things with a smile and a positive attitude. These last few years after his stroke, Len found it really difficult to maintain this positive attitude, but he was so grateful to the support from Bristol After Stroke that helped him to cope. The last picture Len posted on Facebook sums this attitude up. Ready to undergo his operation, he sits on a bench at the hospital next to a statue of Wallace dressed as a spaceman and says 'Let's do this!'

Having chatted to him in church just a few days earlier, the support of his

friends, family, especially Liz, and the prayers of so many people around the UK and the world made such a difference. But it was his trust in his mate, Jesus, which gave him the knowledge that whatever happened to him in the operation, he would be ok. He said to me, "I am not worried about myself, I know where I am going." And I know that he would want everyone here to be able to know Jesus as their mate, so that whatever we face, we can know where we are going and that Jesus is with us as we ride through life.

As Len would have said to us today, "Ride safe and Keep the Faith". 🙏

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never  
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**Just straight  
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# Motorcycle Crash

Steve Grubb, Sussex

22<sup>nd</sup> June 2018, 14:15

**It's normal to look at a crisis and ask God why He allowed it. There's often no explanation that satisfies in the short run. We long for some sense of peace about what God may be saying to us in the midst of the suffering. Sometimes, it's hard to wrap our minds around why we were spared so much in comparison to others who've gone through similar circumstances. Our motorcycle accident appeared to have some miraculous outcomes, and we're still grappling with what it means and where to go from here. Here's the story...**

## The journey

A perfect day for a longer ride—sunny and about 22°C (70°F). It was a journey to Kent to visit a couple in our CMA branch who had an accident a few months ago. They didn't come out as well as us, and the wife had a shattered knee requiring surgery. We only made it about halfway there, 45 minutes from home.

## The crash

We were travelling along a pleasant road, the A267, at about 45-50 mph. A T-junction with the A272 was ahead and a young man pulled his VW with kayak on top out in front of us to make a turn onto the A267. As I realized he may not stop, I honked and braked as best I could. I think we were down to about 20 mph when we hit the right-front of his car. Thank you, ABS, for preventing skid.

## The initial reaction

The impact itself was surreal, and I recalled more the next day when bruises appeared. The oddest thing was that immediately after the impact, Renée was standing by the bike. She never hit ground (I was her 'air bag'), and the tilt of the bike allowed her to just put out her left foot and stand up without the weight of the bike falling on her. So one miracle was that both Renée and I were immediately able to painlessly walk around.

The young driver came out a bit angry, saying I should have ridden around behind him. His distance/speed

judgement was definitely lacking, as there was no time to do that kind of manoeuvre at that speed. Attempting it could have led me to drive right into the driver's door. I didn't respond to his anger at all, and just started taking photos. Renée was right there calming him down by saying we're okay, he's okay, God is with us, etc... A dentist pulled over saying his dash cam had recorded it, and we got that clip via e-mail later in the evening. Another couple pulled over and gave details to be witnesses. They made it clear to the young driver that he was at fault and that also helped dispel his anger.

## The injuries

Prior to the crash, Renée was already experiencing some tension in her neck and shoulders, and the impact made that worse. After several days, that was doing better, and the local doctor said it should be fine. I believe I hit the car flat on my left upper arm, then just sat down on the road (another miracle that neither my shoulder or elbow were injured). There were no tears in my clothing, but later I noticed a few scrapes on my left knee. The first pain was in my right thumb, as it took lots of pressure in the impact (hard to shake hands with anyone). Then I saw a swollen bruise on my left forearm. I also didn't notice until later at home some bruising on my left upper arm and in my left rib-cage (only gave stabbing pain when I sneezed or coughed or got up from bed the wrong way). We were both able to do some gardening the next day, and even went



for a jog/walk, so the injuries were already feeling better. After a doctor visit, we decided that the symptoms were too minor to warrant a personal injury claim (saves dealing with those lawyers).

## The bike damage

The front forks were bent in. I didn't notice how much so until I rode the bike over to a bus-stop pull-out across the road. The rubbing of the front wheel on the plastic fairing meant our insurance had to arrange a truck to come and carry the bike home. The rest of the bike came out with amazingly little damage. The side where it lay down on the road had a small scratch. The windscreen popped off and was fully intact, with just the plastic mounting bolts and another decorative bracket broken. The front fender had a crack in it. Even the front fairing that was bent back a bit from the wheel pressure flexed well, with only two small mounting tabs broken. Later, our local mechanic estimated the cost to replace the forks, fender and brackets on windscreen, and it came to nearly £3,000 (\$4,000). As the bike is 11 years old, I was thinking that the insurance estimators would propose that it be 'written off' (totalled). I thought they would only value the bike at somewhere between 3 and 4 thousand, and there's a 60% rule that insurance companies tend to go by when going for write-off. I really wasn't open to the option of buying back a write-off and re-registering it, because it was originally from Germany and only displays kilometres in a country that deals in miles (and it was also already due for some costly scheduled maintenance). More on the insurance scenario later in this narrative...

## The angels

We feel that angels were involved in minimizing the damage that could have been done to us and the other driver. Yet in that surreal moment of impact,

we felt ready for our time on earth being done. The people who stopped by to offer help also acted as angels. One taxi driver came back later as we were waiting for the recovery vehicle and offered to get us anything. We had just said to each other how much we needed some water, and that taxi driver came back again with water for us. The dentist who had the dash cam came by later also, just to make sure we were okay.

## Insurance dealings and further risks

I got a call from an agency that provides replacement hire-bikes while things are being sorted out. That would also mean they'd take my bike and do the estimate on its repairs. I was uneasy about this, thinking that they'd more likely have a higher estimate leading to write-off. Also, I was put off by the high excess (deductible) I'd have to pay if I were to damage the hire-bike (£600 / \$800). Also, I found that when I took the lower front fairings off my machine, I could ride it, since that left nothing to rub the front wheel (the mechanic said the forks would not bend more with normal riding). To make it legal, I also had to be creative in remounting the turn signal lights, as they were attached to the fairings. The first time out felt weird, especially as I was not used to the full pressure of wind at 70 mph. I later scrounged some hardware to reattach the windscreen. Nonetheless, I was not yet confident to ride it to the national rally. I thought I'd just do more local riding. However, I soon got the sense that my insurance coverage could be shaky if I'm riding a bike that may not pass the MOT.

In light of my not pursuing a personal injury or compensation claim, I asked my insurance to negotiate some leniency from the insurance of the guy at fault (i.e., stretch that 60% write-off rule). I also threw in a request that they pay for a replacement visor on my helmet. It has a few new scratches, and the replacement would cost £50 (\$67).

## Transitioning away from biking?

I really didn't want to have to find another motorcycle for under £5,000. I've had my 2007 since new, and would not have so much confidence in another used bike that may not have been broken in well or treated reasonably over the years. So, another long-time dream of mine and the little lady's began to come into focus. I thought, maybe it's time to make the shift from biking to driving a convertible car. As I perused various options, I landed on one that ticked all the boxes that appealed to me, and found it just under an hour away in Horley. The Nissan Micra was over 10 years old, but had only 41,000 miles. They stopped selling the UK convertible version in 2009. I was drawn to the hardtop, boot/trunk size, and the fuel economy (actually equal to my motorcycle). The cost was less than the repair estimate for the motorcycle, so we went for it.

Surprise, surprise! The insurance authorized the big repair bill—and even without any bargaining. I thought I'd have to decide whether to skip replacing the slightly-scratched headlamp, or a few other parts I could live with. But no, they gave a full go-ahead to the mechanic. When buying the convertible car, I was feeling ready to accept a write-off payment and give up the bike. I'm wondering if the insurance company was a bit extra generous because I did not pursue a compensation claim for the injuries that were so minor.

I keep wondering what God is trying to teach me in the midst of all this. I felt peace about transitioning away from motorcycling. Then the insurance surprise put me back into the foggy zone. We were never planning to give up the CMA, as we would continue driving our mini-van to haul the CMA display tents and kit to the big outreach events (it's stored in a shed behind our garage). I'm fine with serving onward as the treasurer for the



branch, and we would continue to enjoy the off-season Monday evening fellowship of the Sussex group twice a month.

Over the CMA National Rally weekend, I had some time to process these conflicting feelings within. We drove the Nissan with top down, taking favourite biking roads up and back, telling our satnav to avoid all motorways. While pleasant to be out in the wind without biking gear, and to interact more freely with the little lady by my side, I was missing that tilting 'dance' that we bikers enjoy on curvy country roads.

## My take – always

To close, here are some realizations from this story. I will continue to enjoy biking, especially through most of the year when UK weather is comfortable with protective gear on. I will also appreciate the new experience of longer and overnight trips with the little lady in the manner that suits her better—with the convertible. I now see that purchase as valuable in reducing wear-and-tear on our 18-year-old Ford Galaxy mini-van. We want to keep that Ford running for many more years (until we retire and return to the USA), as it serves well for group outings, helping friends move house, hauling CMA displays, runs to the tip (recycling dump), etc. I will also attempt to focus my instincts toward danger more clearly, assuming less, taking less for granted, etc., when wondering what other drivers are doing. And I will continue to praise Jesus for the undeserved graciousness He's displayed to us in His protection from serious injury, while at the same time being aware that my time could come soon and suddenly... 🙏



## Memorial Service

Tom & Debbie Anderson, Tyne & Wear

**The Wetlands Wildfowl bike meet was started 10 years ago by John Burnett and Jax Snax. John was both a biker and a committed Christian who wanted somewhere safe for bikers to meet up for a chat, to swap stories, or if anyone needed help with anything.**

The first night there were 20 bikes, the second there were 40 and from then on it snowballed; eventually going from one night a week to two. John died 9 years ago just as Tom and others started attending. The venue itself was having an anniversary celebration with stalls from Blood Bikes, North Air Ambulance and others. We asked if we could hold a memorial service during the evening and Jax Snax, the organisers, were very happy for us to do that.

We borrowed staging and a sound system from Bethany Church Sunderland and once we were all set up with our tent and equipment it was all looking

great. CMA North East lent us their big flag pole banner which added a real focal point to the whole area. A surprising number of bikers took a Biker Bible as well.

When John Buxton started the service, it seemed the whole crowd of 300 or more bikers turned and faced him. They were quiet and respectful during the prayers and short talk. During the reading of the roll call of 60 names and the minute silence afterwards, you could have heard a pin drop. Tom was supposed to blow a klaxon to signal the end of the minute silence but he was so taken up with the whole thing that he forgot. John noticed that Tom was nowhere near the klaxon so he had to guess when to say "Amen" and bring it to a close. These Canadians get so distracted!

People were hugging and there were some tears. It was amazing and awesome with a real sense of God's Spirit over the crowd. It was fantastic to see fruit from 10 years of ministry at this venue. ✝

## Reflections of you

Stephanie Thomas, Hampshire & Dorset



Child look into the mirror with me  
Who is the reflection you see  
A face that you've had for a while  
Is she staring back with a smile

Lord she looks a little plain I guess  
Her hair is rather quite a mess  
Brown spots she can't wash away  
Bags under her eyes here to stay

God says look a little closer and see  
The outside's not so important to me  
It's what's hidden away from view  
The real person inside that is you

For your heart is so precious to me  
That's what my dear child I can see

Its fullness of love an infinite treasure  
Kindness no one can ever measure

The faith as you kneel down to pray  
For those you help along the way

The hours of serving people in need  
Your endless giving to sow my seed

Willingness to stay up late at night  
Persistence not to give up the fight

Giving your all in whatever you do  
A fountain of love pouring from you

Child you're not the image you see  
But a faithful servant trusting in me

A river of mercy that's moving inside  
A steadfast faith that's flowing wide

Your acts of love and going without  
Calmness when the storm is about  
Leading others towards my cross  
A discerning spirit when all is lost

Inside of you child are pots of gold  
Bursting out for the broken to hold  
My spirit and word making all new  
A hope a purpose pouring from you

Walk to the mirror look now and see  
The heart that is full up with me  
Come closer child and really stare  
You'll see the image of Jesus there

Amen  
By Stephanie

# A Tribute to William Dunlop and Dan Kneen

George Laws, Tyne & Wear

**On May the 30<sup>th</sup> 2018, during qualifying practice for the 2018 Isle of Man TT, Dan Kneen died of multiple injuries in a crash, estimated to have occurred at 140 mph, on his Tyco BMW, at the Churchtown section of the circuit.**

Dan Kneen became the 147<sup>th</sup> competitor to be killed on the Mountain Course during the TT. The previous evening, he had unofficially recorded his fastest ever lap of the Course, at 132.258 mph, during Superbike qualifying. Every time I rode the circuit I couldn't stop looking at the floral tribute at the point where he had collided with a tree.

Dan Kneen was 30 years old and from the Isle of Man. As a photographer I had only captured images of him on track, at Oliver's Mount racing, or his back as he stood



Dan Kneen 1988 - 2018

talking to other riders. He was standing next to his bike and I thought, 'what a good shot', and quickly took the photograph, just as he turned away from me. I didn't worry and thought I'd have enough time taking another photograph as his career was booming. After his success earlier this year I'd more than likely see him at the TT. I got off the ferry on Thursday morning and

found he had died the previous night. I'd missed the opportunity.

**William Dunlop was only 32 and was also taking part in a practice session, this time for the Skerries 100 Road Races, in County Dublin, on Saturday afternoon on the 7<sup>th</sup> July 2018, when he too crashed.**

William's father, Robert, died as a result of an accident at the North West 200 in 2008 and his uncle Joey was killed in a crash in Estonia in 2000.

I was looking forward to seeing William Dunlop again, at the Isle of Man TT this year, but heard that he had left in practice week to be with his pregnant partner, Janine. He had been concerned about a 20-week scan but things had improved and the couple were looking forward to the arrival of their second child.

After returning home from the TT, I was stunned to hear about his death. Two big names in road racing were gone in the blink of an eye. I was so sad when I heard that he had died as a result of injuries received. I was at home watching an old 2007 TT video, when my wife told me the news.

I first met William at Oliver's Mount, at the Gold Cup, back in 2016. He always seemed to have a smile and laughed when I asked to take his picture, as if it had been the first time someone had asked for his picture. He was a very likeable man, filled with life and happiness. He even offered to sign my programme, which seemed strange to me, as I'd



never bothered asking anyone else before.

As a Christian I believe that when I die I will be called home to God.

John 11:25-26 Jesus said, *"I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and everyone who lives and believes in me shall never die. Do you believe this?"*

I believe this with all my heart and hope those I have spoken to and have died, also believe this with their heart. As someone who rides a bike regularly I have, myself, been involved in two accidents in the last few years and know how fragile the human body can be. Knowing where I am going, if something does happen, gives me great comfort and an ability to meet situations without panic.

But what of others I speak to? I need to renew my efforts to help those who don't know where they are going. I need to do this now and, unlike my photograph of Dan Kneen take the opportunity as it presents itself and not put it off. I may never have another chance. †

# Holy Riders National Pilgrims Rally

Kathie Tostrup, Holy Riders Vestfold

**I am writing to you to express my heartfelt thanks and the thanks, I am sure, of all of us in Holy Riders Norway. I want to thank you for enabling Mike [Fitton] to be in full time ministry, which in turn allowed him to come to Norway this summer and minister at Holy Riders National Pilgrims Rally. He brought us the true heart of God, strengthened us, anointed us and brought down Heaven's host of riches into our midst.**

The heavens were truly opened in a way I personally have never experienced before. As I rode into Fyresdal the skies were literally open and a palpable sense of the Spirit was all around. From the first word spoken God was powerfully in the house, there was no build up, no crescendo over the weekend as can happen at many conferences or events. Instead, there was a room of some 300+ people in complete silence receiving everything God wanted to give.

God spoke through Mike into the lives of many; those in need of healing, deliverance, encouragement, edification and salvation, with the Norwegian Route 66 franchisee who was visiting the rally asking Jesus into his heart. Many have shared verbally with me their experience and the profound impact it has had on their lives. Revival seeds were sown that will be nurtured and harvested in Norway and beyond and that revival will be your legacy because you willingly and joyfully support Mike and enable him to work in full time ministry. I saw a humble man who is a spiritual giant, open, willing and powerfully used by God, a *David*, standing firm and sure, speaking into the life of not only the club but individual lives, many of whom are now better equipped against the onslaught of the enemy.

In life many people blend their families and must learn to step-parent

the children of others. In Norway they are not called stepchildren but *bonus* children, which I love. I mean, who doesn't like to get a bonus after all? You have become the *bonus* brethren of many, in allowing your spiritual father to share God's love, wisdom and knowledge with all who attended. It is a gift that will continue to be treasured. Thank you for this gift so selflessly given, a gift that will be *passed forward* as hearts, homes and lives are claimed for Christ in Norway and beyond.

I have had the pleasure of meeting some of you personally but some of you I may never meet on this side of Heaven's gates, but I know we will meet in God's own presence when he calls us home. Then for eternity we will be bound

together as one family, with one heart, singing praise and worship side by side in our Father's holy presence. Isn't that an amazing thought? And as one of my favourite songs so eloquently says: *'One by one they will come, as far as the eye can see each one somehow touched by your generosity. Little things that you have done, sacrifices made, unnoticed on the earth, in heaven now proclaimed'*. Until that day, know how much you are appreciated, loved and held up in prayer because every time you have given, whether financially, emotionally, in prayer, in time, you are part of a ripple effect, wider and deeper than you can imagine, and to God be the glory. ✠

*Kathie is an English ex-pat living in Norway and a member of Holy Riders. She has this word from the Lord to share:*

“ I felt very strongly that God wanted to say something very specific to some people who feel that they are not good enough and feel that what they do or can ever do is very little and think that God can never use them or they have never led anyone to Christ and feel inferior, inadequate or invisible.

God wanted me to thank them for what they have done. He wants them to know that He sees them!

Mike was on the stage but he was transparent and there was a huge group of people behind him, some had only a penny in their hand, some were praying, wives were sending out husbands selflessly to go to rallies while they stayed home with children, some were smiling at a stranger who was going to commit suicide but saw God in that smile and turned back and with each act more and more saints were added to the number in heaven.

God was the head, Mike was the vessel and the people were the parts. Not finished parts like an arm or a leg but tiny bones or muscle. They were micro parts seemingly insignificant but then I saw a schematic of a foot and the human foot had 26 bones, 33 joints and more than a hundred muscles, tendons, and ligaments. Without a foot the body could not stand and the head and the whole body would fall to the floor. In Romans 10:17 the Bible says: 'So then faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God'. The stapes is a stirrup-shaped bone in the ear, and the smallest in the human body. Without it we would not hear, so think about its importance in the word of God – some of the most significant parts are the invisible ones!

”



# EMC Rally 2019

Les Jones, CMA UK National Sec.

## European Motorcyclists for Christ (EMC) Rally 2019 is in the UK

**EMC Rally 2019 is being hosted by CMA UK on Thursday 1st-Sunday 4th August 2019 (note that there will be no separate UK National Rally)**

The rally will be held at Lenchwood <http://www.lenchwood.org.uk/>, as in the last couple of years, in the beautiful north Cotswolds about 8 miles north-west of the town of Evesham in the English Midlands.

The address is: Lenchwood, Spitten Farm, Abbots Lench, Evesham, WR11 4UP. (Grid reference: Longitude 52.16°N / Latitude -1.99°W)

The rally is open to anyone across Europe interested in Christian ministry amongst motorcyclists – it is a family friendly event so please bring your friends.

### Facilities and Accommodation

The site has a large campground (over 40 acres/16 hectares) for tents, caravans and motorhomes with an excellent shower/toilet block including a wet room for disabled campers. There are facilities to plug into electrical supplies (blue/grey, 3-pin CEE 17 connector).

With larger numbers for the EMC Rally we will be hiring a marquee for meetings and worship/services.

This year the meeting barn will be used to host a rally market place with Mission stands (Including our partners Open Doors and World Horizons), Rally Merchandise, and CMA UK's Holy Joe's Café serving hot drinks throughout the rally from early morning to late at night.

Lenchwood is building some new wooden lodges (chalets) on the site which will be available in time for the EMC rally. These will be:

- 3-bedroom en-suite Lodges without a lounge, dining or kitchen area. These will cost £65/night for each room (minimum 2 nights).
- 4-bedroom en-suite Lodges with a lounge, dining and kitchen area. These will cost £70/night for each room (minimum 2 nights).

Lenchwood is already taking bookings for the chalets. To book, email [info@lenchwood.org.uk](mailto:info@lenchwood.org.uk) or telephone +44 1386 462220. Please supply Name, address and mobile number; Lenchwood needs to know whether you want a 3-bedroom or 4-bedroom chalet with a double room or twin room

There are also several hotels and Bed and Breakfasts nearby.



### Meals

Lenchwood staff will provide catering services in their restaurant facility, which will be extended to accommodate the increased numbers, as last year – so you know portions will be generous.

You will need to book breakfasts and evening meals in advance and there will be a snack service to purchase items over the counter at lunchtimes during the rally

### Rally Programme

The rally starts on Thursday 1st August and there will be a full programme of events ending in the morning worship service on Sunday 4th August. If your travel arrangements mean you need to arrive on Wednesday and/or stay until Monday, accommodation and meals will be available.

There will be worship, teaching seminars, prayer ministry, additional Christian music concerts; a selection of destinations to ride to in the area (Stratford-upon-Avon is not far away for starters and the Cotswolds are full of good roads and picturesque places to stop for a coffee) and of course rally games.

This year there will be a Ladies Meeting hosted by Sandy and the CMA UK Ladies Conference Team

A BOOKING FORM will soon be available – to let us know you are coming, reserve your Rally Tickets, accommodation, and meals during the rally. It will only take a few minutes to complete and you can pay by PayPal. (UK residents have the option of PayPal or cheque).

Please note Lenchwood does not permit DOGS, ALCOHOL or DRUGS on site.

Just come to the rally – relax – get to know other Christian bikers – worship together – eat together – sleep – smile... repeat!

Check the webpage for updates...

<https://www.bike.org.uk/activities/national-rally>

Any questions please contact us at [emcrally2019@bike.org.uk](mailto:emcrally2019@bike.org.uk)

*(Images courtesy Lenchwood and Fraser McDougall)*



# Trusting in the Lord

George Laws, Tyne & Wear

**Riding a bike at the best of times can be hazardous. Every time I hear of a bike accident and think of my own mortality I wonder when God will be calling me home. This is all well and good when you're riding by yourself but when you have a pillion and that pillion just happens to be the most beautiful woman in the world, whom you fell in love with and married, you start to question your own ability to protect her. Well—I did.**

After hearing about the recent accident of a Blood Biker, like myself, I instantly began to talk to God. At first I asked for a favourable outcome to the accident then asked for God's love and care for the family when the full story was made clear. I then began to think about my family.

At a recent Bike Wise event in Durham, where we (CMA Tyne & Wear) ran the helmet park, I talked to a

Things happened quickly after that and pretty soon I had taken part in an assessment ride and two lessons, the last round the test route. I was then put in for a pre-test and recommended for the final test.

That weekend I had a choice, going to Stormin' the Castle and working in Holy Joe's or practicing, by riding the route. I decided to serve God and worked at Holy Joe's. There I talked to Mike who encouraged me and told me he would pray for me. Before the test he sent me the verses below, which helped me a lot.

**Proverbs chapter 3 v 5-6**

*'Trust in the Lord with ALL of your heart and lean not on your own understanding, in all your ways submit to Him, and he will make your paths straight.'*

Arriving early for the test, the following Thursday, I prayed to God that I would pass, but only in his strength. I sat quietly in prayer and contemplation for half an hour trusting in the Lord.

The test came and went and to my surprise I passed first time. I feel that I am now a more confident rider and trust in the Lord more to protect both myself and my wife as we ride for him.

I would like to encourage others to improve their riding skills, whether by following more experienced riders and learning from them or by joining IAM and taking the advanced riding test as I did.

If you do, then trust in God with all of your heart. With God by your side who can be against you. Do everything in His strength as you are 'Riding For The Son' and 'Changing the World One Heart At A Time'.

George ✝



member of Durham Advanced Motorcyclists who advised me to join and take my advanced riding test. For me it was a big step talking to the man in the first place, but deciding that this was a good idea, I joined.



# Rainbows in the Gutter

Sue Brown, Bikers Church



**As a child (too many years ago to mention) I used to play a game called ‘Rainbows in the Gutter’. The game has long since gone, as have my shoes, all scuffed from dragging them toes-down through oily puddles.**

But, the thought continued with me down the years. In many ways, it could describe my soundtrack: *Rainbows in the Gutter*. Beauty for Ashes. Does your life have a soundtrack? It will do, but I wonder what it is.

It’s hard for me to write onto an empty page, so I can see you in my spirit as you’re reading this today. I don’t know what you look like and I can’t see where you are, but *THAT YOU ARE* is un-deniable, as I can feel your presence.

When I first met Jesus as an adult, it was nothing like I had imagined. He surrounded me with peace and opened something up inside me that had been on lock-down for a **very long time**. A bit like Forest Bank that day I went to visit someone. A lot of bad things happened, there was lots of noise and shouting, alarms went off and doors clanged shut with an echo

of finality that nobody could open. Lock-down there was like that. Always very **final**.

The day we met, I was in a small red car behind a now demolished pub in Hulme, in central Manchester. I was tired and had been crying. My colleague had been asking me about a past memory. I couldn’t answer without going back there and experiencing pain. I don’t like crying, even now. The tears sting my eyes and my chest, it isn’t something words can easily encompass, when the tears come from your stomach in gulping, ugly, wracking spasms you have not the power to control. So mostly I don’t go there – into memory, I mean.

Everybody’s got a story, so you don’t need to hear mine. [*actually, we do! Ed.*] And if the Book is true, then Jesus already knows all about it. And He knows about it now. Twenty-seven years feels like ages. And I guess it is: it is a lifetime. It is my lifetime. A lot can happen in a lifetime. There have been ups and downs and some of it, quite frankly, I would rather leave behind. But, twenty-seven years ago last February, there I was in that small car, crying, hurting, accepting solace from a man called James: he was an almost-stranger. And, in the borrowed words of a different sort of title, somehow *Desperately Seeking Susan*. I had no idea where she was or where I’d gone. Had I but known it then, I would cry again soon after, but the tears

would be different: cleansing, freeing, almost sweet to taste.

I’d never cried like that before and haven’t done so since. I don’t know if I’d want to, really—you can’t repeat a miracle. Not that sort of miracle, for sure. But there He was. Answering the almost-stranger’s prayer, “Come, Holy Spirit... come and touch Sue where she needs to know Your presence... come, Lord and be real to Sue today”.

And You, Jesus, came. You patiently unlocked my cell and held me close and bathed me with a peace that passes understanding. And You are with me now, today. You know all about my Rainbows in the Gutter, Jesus—all about my oily puddles and my dreams. So, my dear and precious Saviour, “Come, Lord Jesus... come now, Holy Spirit... bear me to the Father’s house and hold me as I rest there for a while”.

And that is my prayer for you today as you are reading: that you will pause awhile and close your eyes and know His peace and let Him bear you to the Father’s house so He can hold you while you rest there for a while.

For, in Jesus’ name I ask it please. Amen.

*Psalm 29:7*

*He says I am making everything new; write it down, mark this date for these words are trustworthy and true.*

Sue ✠



# News from Devon & Cornwall

Philip Head, Devon and Cornwall

## Catalyst Convention

**Saturday, 16th June** saw the annual 'Catalyst' convention at 'Heartlands' in Redruth. It was a wonderful opportunity to let the wider church know that CMA exists, to share about the ministry to those who wanted to know more and to pray for those who had needs.

The picture shows Philip Head, Branch Secretary, manning the stand.



## Beaford Bike Show

**On Saturday, 23rd June**, the Devon and Cornwall Branch was in full swing at the Beaford Bike Show in North Devon. A wonderful opportunity to fly the flag, to share the good news of Jesus, to pray for those in need and to offer Biker Bibles to those who expressed an interest. It was really good to be there with others on their stands, making friendships and forging relationships.

In the picture, from left to right, are Philip Head (Branch Secretary); Paul Pope; Rose Pope; Stephen Bamfield (Branch Chairman and Treasurer); Vince Neale.



## Christian Institute

**Wednesday, 11th July**, saw the Christian Institute at the Seymour Gospel Hall, St. Austell. Philip Head (Branch Secretary) was there to represent the Devon and Cornwall Branch and to raise the profile of the CMA in Cornwall.

After the official presentation, many people approached to ask about the CMA; what we do; how we do it; how we fit in to the church; how we fit in to the biking community; to ogle the motorcycle; to share their stories about their bikes and their biking experiences. Although the crowds gathered primarily for a different purpose, many were attracted by the bike and the CMA regalia and were pleased to learn more about the ministry of CMA.

## EMC The Netherlands 2018

**It was my pleasure and my privilege to represent Devon and Cornwall Branch at EMC this year.**

I crossed from Plymouth to Roscoff and spent two days riding the 640 miles on 'the other side', making a bit of an adventure out of the journey.

What I truly appreciate about EMC is the spirit; the spirit to communicate with one another, even though we speak different languages; the spirit to listen to one another; to pray for one another; to encourage one another; to build one another up. Although I spent a lot of time in fellowship with fellow Brits, I was

able to develop deeper trust and friendship with brothers and sisters from Latvia, from Norway and from Germany.

The attached picture shows me wearing my EMC shirt, endorsed with the slogan of the conference title, 'On the Move for Jesus' and my motorcycle with my new personalised CMA number plate.

Please note 1<sup>st</sup> – 4<sup>th</sup> August 2019 in your diaries now for EMC 2019, which will be at Lenchwood and with the title 'Victory in Surrender'. †



# CMA UK Ladies Conference

## 'Come to the Well'

In the 'olden days', traditionally, women went to the well to meet up with their contemporaries under the guise of gathering water. What they really did whilst gathering water was meet and catch up with each other's news, listen to each others concerns and gather strength from one another to face the day.

We invite all the women in or associated with CMA, whether it be your churches, prayer groups, friends or family, to our 8<sup>th</sup> CMA UK Ladies Conference to 'Come to the Well and to Gather Living Water'.

Here's what you will find at this well; biblical teaching in the form of workshops (that means more talking from you than the speaker), art and craft for those who are arty and crafty, time out to be alone with God, walks in the beautiful grounds of the hotel, plus great food and plenty of it.

You will have your own bedroom ensuite (if you book in time) and you will meet all of the other lovely ladies that come to the conference on a regular basis. Don't be afraid if it is your first time or if you don't know anyone, because I can guarantee that you will be drawn into fellowship and friendship within seconds of your arrival!

Please prayerfully consider coming; you may be the encouragement someone needs or you may need encouragement someone can bring—it's all good and it's all about God and our relationship with Him and each other.

Interested, but unsure? Please call me (Sandy) on 0777 8165694 and I will do my best to answer any questions you may have.


Interested and want to book? Just send an email to Pauline Lowery: [ploweryyork@aol.com](mailto:ploweryyork@aol.com) and Pauline will be delighted to book you in; but please

do this as soon as possible so we can guarantee your place and your own room.

The price (£160) is all inclusive and it would be wonderful to welcome you.

God bless you beautiful ladies!

With love, always,

Sandy and the CMA UK Ladies Conference team  xxxxx

## CMA (UK) Ladies Conference 2019

Friday 1st  
to Sunday 3rd  
November 2019

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

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

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





# Born to be Brothers

*The story about two friends who became brothers*

**Martin was born in a family of nine children and was the middle one in a row. Henk was born third in a family of four children.**

Henk and Martin became friends when they were about 17 years old. Henk's parents came to live in a village where the family that Martin was part of had lived for many years. Both families went to the same church on Sunday and that's how the boys got to know each other and they became friends.

It turned out to be a special friendship where Henk and Martin often made the same choices in life. For example, they both applied to join the police force; they both drove a motorcycle; they both had tattoos and both were baptized later in life.

Martin heard, when he was already married and already had children, that the man who had brought him up was not his biological father. It was a younger sister who told him that. The rest of the family turned out to have known this secret for a long time. But he was not told.

When Martin went to inquire with his parents, the story turned out to be correct. The man who had brought him up was not his biological father—who did not seem to be known.

For Martin there came a period in which he had to rediscover his identity and rewrite his history.

More or less separately, the friends became members of the CMA. Within the CMA they were often confused for each other. Apparently others felt that the friends looked alike.

Martin has long been searching for the identity of his biological father. His mother was apparently not able to remember and other family members appeared to be unable to tell anything about it.

Henk was aware of Martin's search. During an EMC Rally in England the topic was discussed again. While talking, they discovered that their parents had lived in the same city in the Netherlands around their births.



Yes, in the same residential area.

The friends then decided to do a DNA test. Actually, only to really rule out that they would be related to each other. A day was planned when the DNA would be taken. The photos of that moment mainly show the

faces of two men who did not really believe in a match and considered the whole thing more or less as a joke.

The results came on 7 September 2015. Henk and his wife do not live near Martin and his wife so they used Skype to open and read the email with the results at the same time and to share the results and each other's reactions via Skype.

What turned out: there was a match. The two friends turned out to have the same father and thus to be brothers!

What a special moment that was—being friends with each other for years while they were actually each other's brother. You can choose

your friends but never your family.

There was a lot to talk about. Martin suddenly had a new extra family. What he knew about this family was because of the friendship they shared but then you know a lot more things when it comes to being family.

They chose a weekend when they went out on their bikes and especially told Henk a lot about what their joint family turned out to be.

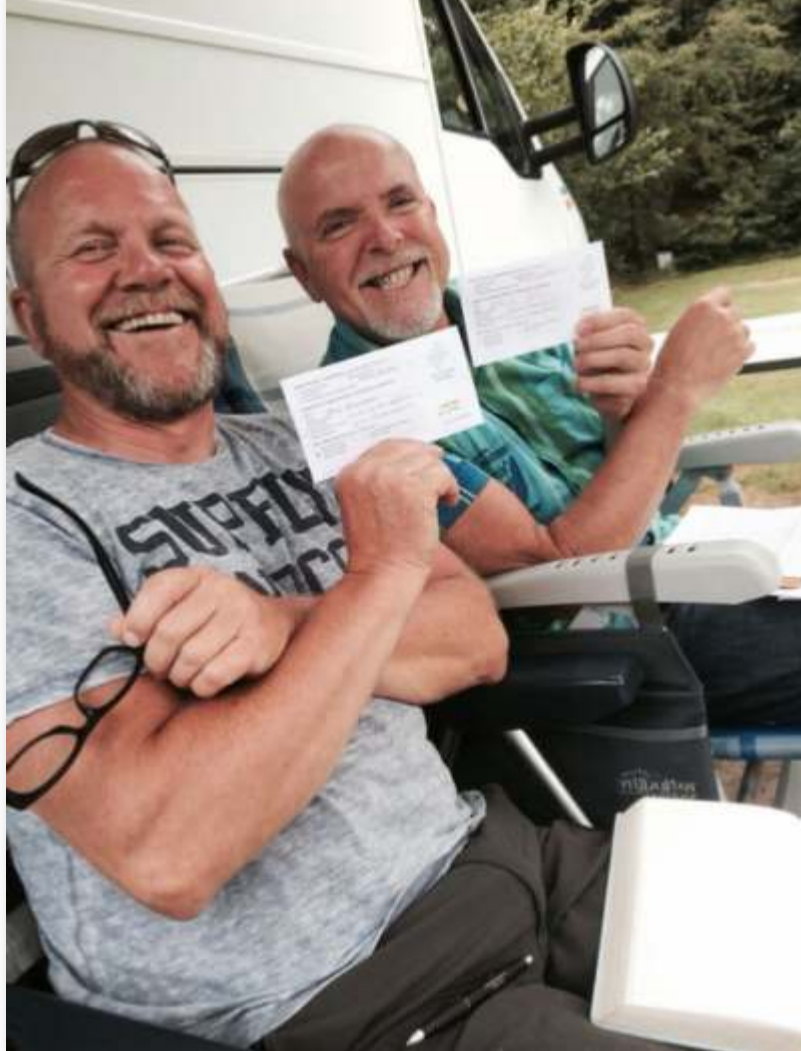
**This story is  
about two men  
who were  
friends for most  
of their lives and  
discovered later  
that they were  
more than  
friends, namely  
brothers!**



In order to make this real story even more special, Henk and Martin both got a tattoo on their right forearm. It is a text and it says: 'Born to be Brothers 07-09-2015'

In retrospect, there are many more details to tell. Martin was best man at Henk's wedding. He was also present at the funeral of Henk's father, who later turned out to be his own father.

What is most special about this story is how God leads and brings lives together. Although it is also a story about weakness, about difficulty, about shame and about what it might not have been like, it is also the story of God. His story. †



## If You Don't Ask...

Paul Cornforth, East Yorkshire

I have recently moved into a flat on a managed estate and on the first day I 'found' the residents' (under-used) coffee lounge. I thought it would be great to use as a CMA meeting place. Nice kitchen and lounge, TV, etc., plus parking outside the window. I mentioned it to our chairman Metz who advised caution and for me to get my feet under the table first.

So ignoring his advice and direction (like we all do) I asked the estate manager if I could occasionally have a few CMA motorcycle friends round, "No problem," he said, have your meeting here! He then said he would put it in the newsletter and also mentioned he was an ex-biker himself! Since the article I have become a bit of a celebrity as other residents say, "Oh you're the new one with the motorbike mates. When are they coming – we are looking forward to it."

*'Keep on asking, and you will receive what you ask for. Keep on seeking, and you will find. Keep on knocking, and the door will be opened to you.'* Mathew 7:7 NLT †

Item from housing association newsletter

### Motorcycle Group

**Don't panic!!!! I am not going to ask you to ride a motorcycle or become a confirmed Christian.**

**Instead, I would like to bring to all residents' attention that one of our new residents does belong to the Christian Motorcyclists' Association and occasionally personal friends who are also members of the group will visit him.**

**This means you may well see several motorcycles arriving on site, probably in the early evening as they will likely meet in the communal lounge for a coffee.**

**Don't worry, these are sensible and respectful riders—we are not being visited upon by Hell's Angels or Hooligans.**

# Sweet Dreams and Street Teams

Michael W Dymott, Hampshire & Dorset



Once upon one Christmas time  
I enjoyed a lively pantomime  
The venue was a nearby city  
Bedecked in decorations, very pretty  
But in the multi storey parking lot nearby  
I saw a man who caught my eye  
He had made his bed upon the floor  
A home devoid of windows and a door  
A home consisting of a pile of rubbish and a tent  
No sanitation, no expectation, but free from rent

In Winchester my Street Team Service is year three  
This was Southampton, and this man's plight it bothered me  
So intent to help I called a friend  
To join me on a venture to this end  
We piled a buggy with all we could  
And off we went to do our deed of good  
From street to street and place to place  
We met the many homeless souls face to face.

"We are from the Christian Motorcyclists Association" is what we said  
When giving blankets for a bed.  
"We have come to share the love of Jesus, our motorbikes we've left at home".  
And so it is with food and drink, bedding and clothes the city's streets we roam  
Whereas we began as two, our number now is three  
That's Anna, Cliff and me.

Each Wednesday night we travel into town  
Our hearts are light but our load, it weighs us down  
So many are the goods we carry, But still we find the time to talk and tarry  
To share the gospel, laugh and pray whilst we give our wares away.  
Biker Bibles given in our native tongue,  
Meet acceptance both by old and young.

It matters not what brings a person to be living on the street  
In giving out, it is through a wall of love we meet.  
Unconditional love, is what the saviour gave,  
By emulating Him we hope lost souls to save.  
C.M.A. it is our banner  
It is for our initials, Cliff, Michael and Anna.  
Being Christian Bikers makes for conversation  
Whilst we tend to their privation  
Oft' with fondness we are told  
Of bikes they've ridden both new and old.

I am so pleased to know the Lord above.  
Oh what joy to share his love!





# Encourage, Guide, Support

Russell Boyce, East Yorkshire

I have recently been thinking about church attendances and also getting more folk into CMA (Christian Motorcyclists' Association). It strikes me that both are similar ends of the same problem.



To get folk interested in the first place we must always show that we are not judgemental, we must demonstrate this not only by word but by our actions. If the truth be known we all have some skeletons in our cupboards, some more visible than others; and some that would not bear too close scrutiny! Part of being a Christian is acknowledging that to yourself and to your maker God. Often when speaking to bikers at rallies and bike nights they will reveal incidents that they remember well from school days or days being forced to attend Sunday School, often having rules rigidly enforced on them at that age, not really understanding why.

We need to make a positive point of being open, friendly and helpful. If challenged, we need to be able to openly acknowledge any wrongs we may be accused of if true, and if not gently set the record straight. I well remember talking to someone at an open day and having him tell me of the beatings he had received from Jesuit Christian Brothers. This had totally turned him against anything to do with Christianity. I also remember spending several hours with someone who had a dealing with Mormons just a couple of days after his mother had died.

He had been told that he would never have a chance of seeing his mother again if he did not come to their church. However we look at these things there is no justification for them at all!

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*Everyone of us  
has times  
when we feel  
low, or hit  
troubled times*

---

Assuming that we succeed in getting folk to come and join in our activities, we must then encourage them to take the first faltering steps into a fuller understanding and fellowship and not be critical of any small mistakes made.

We must gently give guidance when people get involved in our activities and keep giving them positive feedback. I personally stopped attending the Farmyard

because of a weekend full of comments from folk who should have known better in the marquee. When I totted up the cost of staying B&B and the Farmyard I came to the conclusion that it simply was not worth the expense!

I now see much of my service sorting out the dispatch of the Bibles although there are times when I wonder why with those!

Everyone of us has times when we feel low or hit troubled times. We should then be sensitive enough to realise when our brothers or sisters are struggling at these times. We need to actively show our support. A phone call, some flowers or a card can be a big lift at times like this!

If we do all of these things right and at the right time then the results can only be more folk interested in us and wanting to get involved!

Russell †





## Editor's page



You may recall an article and testimony from Stewart Menelaws (*Studio Scotland Ltd* and *Global Vision TV*) in the Spring 2018 *Chainlink*. Stewart and his wife Deborah invited Mike Fitton and yours truly to their studio to record Mike's testimony and also to interview us regarding the work of CMA UK. During the interview, one of the questions asked was, "What is the target audience of Chainlink?" Apart from the obvious, "for our members, for Christian bikers and other bikers who would care to read it", I remarked it was also for anyone else we thought would be interested.

A good friend of mine, Mike from East Yorkshire, a fellow Radio Ham and member of WACRAL\* (*you might be aware that both Bob from North Wales and yours truly are also of that strange breed of 'techies' that talk to people all over the world by radio*) had seen a request for prayer for CMA UK by **Our Daily Bread Ministries**. Now Mike, being a daily reader of ODB, was interested to know the connection between CMA and ODB. I gave him a brief explanation and sent him copies of the last three Chainlink magazines. Below is the response I received from him, with his permission to reprint it here:



I am writing to thank you for the literature and the Chainlink journals; I found them excellent reading, emotional, full of the love of Christ and in fact I could not put them down until I had read them all and now I am reading them again. (I sat in the doctor's surgery reading one this morning and nearly missed my INR briefing!)

The articles are so moving and enlightening, the work your members do is outstanding and the testimonies are so relevant to many people every day – some of which I can relate to personally as you know.



It is quite obvious from reading that members are totally committed and are being instructed by God so clearly when they meet someone who needs to know Jesus, that being the only way ever to seek salvation and as many of your writers say, 'to get my life sorted out'.

There is great importance in listening, and listening to ascertain when God is talking to you. I struggle with that sometimes and I have come to rely on the 'poke in the back' which seems to be my trigger to get the earphones off and listen to what the Holy Spirit is saying to me. I still have a long way to go.

I could go on and on just talking about the articles and it makes me want to join the CMA and be part of this fellowship (I do not have a motorcycle but I did ride many miles on a BSA 350 when I was in the military as a convoy controller and dispatch rider of sorts).

I have learned quite a bit from the pages of Chainlink, so sincere thanks for sending them to me.

God Bless, Mike



Every one of our members and supporters should be encouraged by this response—perhaps we need to be reminded that, even when we find it difficult and hard going in our service for the Lord amongst bikers, not a timely word, not a kind deed done in Jesus' name will be wasted. Only eternity will reveal the true fruit of our labours for the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. †

Ed.

\*World Association of Christian Radio Amateurs and Listeners

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**5000KM**  
**CHARITY RUN**



**SOUTH**  
**AFRICA**



**CITY TO CITY**

**SPORT**  
**TOUR**  
**CHOPPER**  
**OFF ROAD**

**Johannesburg**

**Durban**  
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