

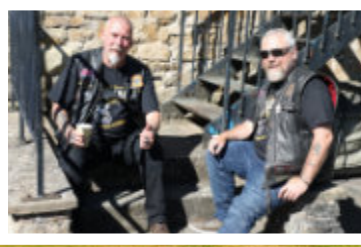


CHAINLINK

The Magazine of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association UK

SUMMER 2022

National Rally 2022 Special Edition



More Rally Pics Inside

summer 2022

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From the Editor's Garage

So, the blue one has now been replaced with a red one – another Triumph Tiger Explorer, that is. Much lower mileage, many more gizmos (as Steve Wilds would put it). I now don't have to crank up the rear suspension pre-load every time Chris accompanies me – the semi-active suspension adjusts it for me. And my garage welcomes a clean, sparkling steed in place of what was a very blemished model. I hope I can keep the garage happy.

Of course, it's not all about the outward appearance (although it is rather nice) but about what goes on beneath the surface. The engineering, the improvements, what makes it go, what makes it stop, what keeps it planted on the tarmac – you know, the important stuff.

It was like that with one of my favourite Bible characters, David – shepherd, musician, king. Our Father God looked into his heart, not at his outward appearance. If God looks into my heart, what does He see? If He looks into yours, what's He going to discover? Scary, isn't it? We can't hide a single thing from our Heavenly Father – there are no secret compartments in our lives that He doesn't know about.

Very often, we give ourselves away by what we do and by what comes out of our mouths.

Luke 6:45 reads, *"A good man out of the good treasure of his heart brings forth good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart brings forth evil. For out of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaks"*.

Our dear brother Tanas has much to say about this in the Summer 2021 issue on pages 24 & 25 – check him out if you still have a copy (if you haven't, there are still a good few left).

John



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

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

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

“Do you mind if I join you?”

Mike Fitton, National Chairman

Acts 20 v24 The Message Bible: *‘What matters most to me is to finish what God started: the job the Master Jesus gave me of letting everyone I meet know all about this incredibly extravagant generosity of God’.*

When the apostle Paul wrote these words, he faced imprisonment and knew that his days on earth were limited. He refused to let the obstacles around him

restrict the purpose to which he had been called, namely, to preach the Gospel.

I love the way the Message Bible puts it here – Paul said, ‘What matters most to me’ – the passion within Paul was declaring that his daily driving passion is to make Jesus known. ‘I may be in chains, but I can still talk to the soldier chained to me’.

Sometimes our plans don’t work out as we had hoped and we have to prayerfully change our approach. This happened at the North West 200 Road Races in Northern



Ireland during May. Normally we would have a CMA pop-up tent in the paddock area surrounded by the race teams and merchandise stalls; thousands of spectators visit the paddocks every day and God-ordained meetings occur. Over the years we have had some incredible opportunities to share the Gospel.

However, due to unforeseen circumstances this year, it wasn't possible to be in the paddock. I admit I was initially disappointed, but Sandy encouraged me to prayerfully reconsider the situation and ask God to reveal His purpose. Like Paul, I refused to allow the obstacles around me to restrict the purpose to which I feel called. I love to share the Gospel and at times I am quite shy (no, really! – it doesn't always come

easy), but each heavenly encounter is worth the effort.

One day, very early in the morning, I went down to Portrush on the race circuit near York Corner to pray about who I would meet. As I finished praying, I saw a man on his own sat at a bench 50m away and I instantly felt the Holy Spirit prompt me to go and sit with him. I went across and said, “do you mind if I join you?” I had no idea how he would react, but I knew God had a plan. He invited me to join him and immediately began to pour out his heart to me. I sat there with a smile on my face, utterly stunned by what he shared. After 45 minutes he stopped and said, “I’ve no idea why I’m telling you this.” I told him God had planned this encounter and that the only way he would find peace in his pain was to invite Jesus into his life. Our time together was incredible and I felt so privileged to be able to share with him the undeserved generosity of God’s Grace.

God’s planned encounters at the NW 200 didn’t stop there; I had numerous encounters every day, even on the ferry. One occasion was during a practice session – I stood at Metropole in torrential rain talking to Pete. He was easy to talk to and spoke of five friends who had died as road racers. Our conversation easily centred on the Gospel.

It reminded me of the letters of the word ‘Gospel’

G - God’s
O - Only
S - Son
P - Perished (that we may have)
E - everlasting
L - Life

The Gospel message is about the *incredibly extravagant generosity* of God who sent His Son to die for the sins of the world that we might be saved.

If this doesn’t move me or motivate me to ‘go’, then I know nothing of this LOVE that SO LOVES me.

It was a simple question that opened the flood gates of Heaven.

“Do you mind if I join you?” – one question well worth asking.

God Bless you,

Mike ✝

Official Stuff...

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

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



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CMA UK is part of the
CMA Worldwide International
Outreach Ministry

Registered UK Charity
1080911

**The deadline
for submission
of items for the
Autumn 2022 issue
is 15th Oct 2022**

Acknowledgements:

Front cover image:
George Laws

Back cover image:
Fraser McDougall

National Rally photos:
Fraser and George

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

Please can everyone book next year's dates
in your diary now!

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

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

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

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



My God Sorted It

Colin Wright, Gloucester

I wasn't going to the National Rally, but God wanted me there. *An email from Mike asking me to bring my PAT testing equipment meant I went.*

My God sorted it.

I arrived and found I had left my medication at home. *A word from Bob Hughes-Burton meant I was able to order my medication from a local Pharmacy in Oswestry.*

My God sorted it.

My mind was totally screwed up for quite a few weeks before I came, with headaches and brain fog. *After a time of prayer before the next meeting, my mind was as clear as a bell.*

My God sorted it.

I had a fear of rejection. *But after a time in the Prayer Room and sharing with Ineke, by the next morning the fear had gone, and it has not returned.*

My God sorted it.

The Prayer Room became a special place for me. The presence of the Holy Spirit gave me a real peace in that room. I didn't want to leave there.

Thank you all for your prayers and fellowship.

We have a wonderful family in the CMA.

Colin Wright (Roly the Charioteer) †



A Rambling

Steve Clewer, Hants & Dorset

Wow! What a National Rally we just had, you could feel the presence of God throughout the site. OK, some might have had a rough night's sleep with people dreaming they were motorcycles (snoring) but the fellowship was great, meeting old and making new friends.

How about you coming next year? Yes, you! You'd be most welcome.

You may have spotted the HD shirt in the photo opposite.

I have been wearing my Harley Davidson shirt for about fifteen years now, with the occasional journey to the washing machine. My wife mentioned that it's a bit faded, but you get used to old comfortable clothing. So it was

decided it needed to have a last ride to the local charity shop. There it stayed for a couple of weeks.

Our friends came round for coffee, "Steve I thought you might like this!" Yes, you guessed it (or heard me tell you the story). He brought back the old Harley shirt for me. I did not have the heart to tell him it's **my** old shirt.

You know, you and I have been redeemed – bought back from Satan by the Blood of the the Lamb of God dying on the Cross for us. Do you know, when you think you've passed your sell-by-date or you are tired or feel not good enough, you can still be used in God's service? You have been redeemed! †



God calling

Robbie Stewart, Northern Ireland

My wife tells me she's off to see her mum; I think, 'an evening's peace!' Off she goes and I get my dog at my feet, a good stiff drink (of tea) and I start to think how two years ago I had been planning on going to the NABD rally with CMA North Cheshire but with a minor setback like Covid 19 (anyone heard of it?) NABD was cancelled.

I decided to look into that later and settled down to explore Netflix, something like 'Hacksaw Ridge' or something manly when the good lady was away.

As I searched for a film, '90 Minutes in Heaven' caught my eye so I looked into it. A true story (which I like) about a pastor driving to Bible Study and clashes with a semi truck (or articulated lorry here in UK). He is pronounced dead at the scene but another pastor prays over his body for 90 minutes – I don't want to spoil it for you but to cut a long story short the pastor survives.

A lot of pain and hard times lay ahead of this guy but he made it through. A lot of his story reminded me of what I went through when I fell out with a lorry on the road back in 2000 – pain, multiple operations, depression, set backs, total change of life. Not just me but what my family went through too with three young children, not knowing for weeks if I would even be able to communicate, let alone talk, running to hospitals, physio and nurses coming into our house. Not to mention my job was now gone and the loss of my wife's business.

You can read more of my testimony in the July 2020 edition of Chainlink.

A clip near the end of the film shows this pastor attending his church on crutches (as a member of the congregation). He sees a guy in the far isle in a wheelchair with the same metal frame on his leg that he had worn for months (similar to what I had had on my neck). He told his wife he would be back in a few minutes. He hobbled around to



at the National Rally 2022

the guy and encouraged him and told him he would make it through and it was worth the struggle.

As he turned and hobbled away he spoke over the scene and said this was now his ministry, to speak to people who were going through similar experiences to what he had gone through.

'WOW', this spoke directly to **me** – God seemed to be standing right in front of me, speaking to me.

There was no question about NABD now; I booked online and then looked into ferry tickets (Belfast to Cairnryan). So, Thursday 5th May I was off to Cheshire answering (what I think is) God's calling.

God speaks to me in unusual ways; Netflix this time, sometimes through a person, a book or even Facebook.

I thank you Lord, I pray I can always read, understand and interpret your messages correctly.

How does God speak to you? †

A Weekend to Remember!

David Gallagher, World Horizons



Prelude to a weekend to remember!

I bought my first motorbike when I was 14, rode it on private land until I was 16, and ever since then, for the last 57 years, I have been riding motorbikes! In the early days it was all British bikes – BSA, Triumph, Norton to name but a few. At school, my friend and I had a reputation for buying and selling bikes!

In 1970, aged 21, I bought my first BMW and a love affair started.

Fast forward to my early forties... I am now married to a lovely wife and have three lovely children, and motorbikes are not a part of my life, until, like so many, I have a mid life crisis and buy one! My love affair with BMW is rekindled and for the next 26 years, I experience the joy of riding these lovely machines until severe arthritis strikes my knees, hips and back and I'm finding it more difficult to get on and off my GS. So, in February 2021 the aforementioned GS went on eBay, sold immediately for more than I expected to get for it, and I found a Triumph Bonneville T120 at a dealership in Blackburn. This bike was kitted out with full luggage and a touring screen – perfect for me as I do a lot of touring.

On the day I collected the bike I realised that I had never even sat on a Bonneville, never mind ridden one! I needn't have worried though, for as soon as I set off, the grin on my face got bigger and bigger with every mile I covered.

In recent years, I have organised an annual ride for CMA members, lovingly called 'The Lille Trip', to a chateau in Thumeries, near Lille in France!

This year, after a two year break (I wonder why?!) we finally got back there, this time with me on my Bonnie instead of a BMW. As I have done on a few previous occasions, when everyone else heads back up to Calais on Monday morning, I travel south to Arras and meet up with my best friend Neil. This year, we head on south to Dijon, to have a few days

enjoying each others' company and riding the lovely French roads. And we do have a lovely time... until the day we set off back up to Calais when I would find that riding a retro bike with tubed tyres could be a bit of an adventure!



Collecting the new bike

What a Weekend!

Friday 3rd to Monday 6th June 2022

We had enjoyed a few days riding our motorbikes around the Dijon region and now it was time to head home. It all started so normally that Friday morning as Neil and I left Dijon to head towards Calais where we would get the train through the Channel Tunnel on Saturday morning.

We had covered about 190 miles and were nearing Reims, having come off the auto-route A26 and onto the auto-route A4, when I needed fuel. I had noticed the bike wobble as we exited the A26 and fed onto the A4. Fortunately there was the Reims Champagne Nord service area just up the road so I pulled in and stopped alongside the fuel pumps. Neil pulled up beside me and said, "Your back tyre's flat!"

We filled up with fuel and then got the bikes into a parking area where we could attend to my problem. We attempted a repair with a temporary repair kit but because my bike is 'retro', it has tubed tyres and

the temporary repair wouldn't work. At this point (about 12.30pm) I rang my Breakdown Insurance Company (Axa) in the UK. The last time that I used their services, 14 years ago, they were exemplary. Just one phone call and they did the rest – organising breakdown recovery, hiring cars, etc.

Not this time I'm afraid!

After my first phone call, I had to ring again to chase them up, only to find that because I was on an auto-route they couldn't just call a breakdown company. I had to personally request one through emergency services. This I did and was told someone would be there in half an hour. An hour later I rang again as there was no sign of anyone.

Finally a truck turned up!

While we were waiting we managed to contact the local Triumph dealer in Reims who told us that there were no correct size tyres for my bike to be had in the whole of Reims!

At this point Neil and I made the decision that he would leave me with my bike and carry on to Calais, otherwise he would miss the train we had booked the following morning.

The breakdown truck driver put my bike on the back of his truck and we set off. Not very far up the auto-route, we stopped in front of a broken down Citroen towing a trailer. The driver hooked the Citroen to the back of the breakdown truck and now we were towing a car and trailer! Coming into Reims, we stopped at a multi-franchise motorcycle dealer to see if they had a tyre for my bike. They said, 'no' and confirmed there were none in Reims, so we continued on to the breakdown truck's garage where I attempted to contact my insurance company again.

When I finally got hold of them, I told them what we had found out and if they acted quickly, they could organise a hire car so that I could drive to a ferry port, hand in the car, go on the ferry as a foot passenger, pick up another hire car in Dover and drive home.

By 6.00pm, with the garage closing, I had had no decision from Axa so I booked a local hotel for the night. At the hotel, I finally got hold of Axa again and told them to get me a hire car for the morning and I could be on my way. They were reluctant to do this

and insisted that they would get a tyre fitted for me, even though I kept telling them that there were no tyres available. I agreed to wait until 10 am Saturday, after which I needed to be moving.



My bike on the breakdown truck

Saturday morning arrived.

Neil texted to say that he had got an earlier train and there were no other bikes on it. He sent a picture of his bike looking very lonely!

10 am came and went, so at 10.30 am I contacted Axa yet again. They promised to ring me back in half an hour with an update on the situation. An hour later I rang them again. Now I'm getting pretty fed up with doing all the running about; I also had to be out of my room by midday but I persuaded the manager of the hotel to let me stay until 1 pm, at which time he said I had to go as the room needed to be cleaned and re-let, and no, there were no rooms available that night. I subsequently found that there were no hotel rooms available in the whole of Reims that night.

Eventually, after ringing them yet again, Axa admitted they had found no tyres in Reims. Car hire companies were closed for the Bank Holiday weekend (Monday 6th June is a Bank Holiday in France) so they told me to take a taxi to Paris and get the Eurostar to London and get a hire car there to drive home. They insisted that I would be home by the evening. As it transpired, this was a disastrous decision!

At least it was a comfortable Mercedes saloon that took me to Paris. What was not so comfortable was

the fact I got dropped off at the wrong station! After much sweating and humping my heavy luggage around a couple of stations I eventually got to Gare du Nord, the Eurostar terminal.

When I asked the girl at the ticket desk for a ticket to London, she informed me they were fully booked until Monday. Aargh! Two nights in Paris before I could get home! She looked again and said that she had found the last remaining ticket for Sunday – at 1.13 pm. I didn't hesitate and took it. Several people were coming in, trying to alter bookings to earlier times and being told the train was fully booked.

I sat in the office and quickly found a hotel for the night, even though it was a mile or so away – all the local hotels were full. By the time I left the office, the earliest bookable departure date for the train was now Tuesday lunchtime! "Phew! I thought. At least I'll get home tomorrow night!" How wrong that would prove to be!

A taxi took me to the hotel where I settled in and then I went out to a restaurant just down the road. While there I witnessed the mother of all thunderstorms, teeming rain, huge flashes of lightning and immediately an enormous crash which sounded as if something had blown up just outside the restaurant!

However, after a good night's sleep, I had breakfast and got another taxi back to the Gare du Nord. Attempting to move through a large throng of people, I came across some tape barring my way to the escalators where I needed to go, to get to the Eurostar check-in. By now I was immune to barriers and I just stepped over the tape and went up the escalators only to find a long stationary queue of people. It was here I found out the storm, the previous night had caused mayhem across Paris, and as a result, no trains were running at all. I got there at 10 am and at about noon we were told the engineers were working to resolve the problem but it was unlikely that any trains would run before 4 pm that afternoon. Indeed, as time went by, I found out the 1.13 pm train and all those after it had been cancelled. By this time, I had realised by jumping over the tape earlier I had inadvertently come into the queues for all the earlier trains up to 11.13 am. I determined to stay and see what happened.

At 3.15 in the afternoon a great cheer went up as at last there was movement and the queue started

moving. By 5 pm I had got to the ticket barrier where a very kind lady checked my 1.13 ticket and surreptitiously changed it to a 12.13 so that I could at least get a train that evening.

Finally, at 7 pm I boarded the train and eventually left Paris!

I now had a new problem. The hire car I had booked to collect at 3 pm from St Pancras station, London, had not been confirmed. When I rang them, I found out the office was closed, so no chance of a hire car tonight!

While I was still on the train my wife, back home, had an inspired idea. My sister-in-law has a brother who lives in Islington and on having the situation explained, was happy for me to stay over, so I got yet another taxi!

Monday morning and I thought, "Last bit! It'll all be fine now."

Oh, but I forgot! There was a tube strike that day, resulting in all the roads in London being gridlocked so my taxi was late picking me up. And then, only when we were en route back to the station, the driver asked for cash payment. Also, maybe because of the strike, he wanted nearly double what I had paid the night before. I didn't have the cash so he pulled into a filling station and made me pay for fuel to the value of the fare!

It took nearly an hour to get back to the railway station, yet it had only taken 5 to 10 minutes the night before. I was so relieved to get to the Europcar depot; I walked in, gave my name, and the man said, "You're in the wrong depot!"

I didn't explode but I did say that it was the last straw, I wasn't going to a different depot and started to tell him about my weekend. To his credit, probably because he didn't want to listen to my tale of woe for the next two hours, he immediately played on his computer and changed the booking to his depot, which was the depot I had asked for in the first place. He upgraded the car and within 10 minutes, I was in it and on my way.

Well, on my way out of the car park!

It took me two hours to do the 9 miles to get out of London and onto the M4. After that the journey was relatively straightforward, except for a horrendous

downpour of rain between Swindon and Chippenham, which slowed all the traffic right down.

Finally, at 6.30 Monday evening, I arrived home. Only three days late!



Cool number plates

Postscript

Of course, that's not the end of the story, is it?

I was home but my motorbike was still in Reims! The following morning I was on the phone again trying to find out when the bike would be back with me. Nobody could tell me and for the next two weeks, I rang daily. I was told repeatedly that someone would call me back, and most times they didn't, prompting me to ring yet again!

I also found out that the garage my bike was sitting in charged an absolute fortune in storage fees so I was telling Axa to get it out of there as quickly as possible. I realised too that the CMA National Rally was fast approaching and I needed the bike to get there!

Finally, on June 30th, I was informed the bike would be collected from Reims but because Axa only cover the first £100 of storage fees, I was expected to pay the remaining £550. Yes, it cost £650 for four weeks' storage! I naturally refused as I had frequently informed them that it was

not my problem for the delay in collecting the bike. To their credit, they didn't argue the point.

It was far more important for me to know when the bike would arrive at my house. Well, finally at 4.30 pm on Wednesday 6th of July (I was leaving on the 7th to head up to the National Rally!) a van arrived with my bike. Relief all around! However, not only have I now got to fit a new rear tyre myself, but somebody had left the lights on and completely flattened the battery and killed it.

Wednesday evening was spent sweating profusely as I struggled for the first time in many years to fit the new tyre and tube. At 73 years old, I really should have left this to somebody much younger! Anyway, the tyre was successfully fitted, and, after trying to charge the battery overnight, it remained stubbornly dead. I went over to my local bike dealer first thing Thursday morning and bought a new battery. This solved the problem and I finally got to leave home on the bike at lunchtime and enjoyed a faultless ride up to Oswestry to enjoy a weekend of fellowship and renewal of friendships at the National Rally.

The moral of what you have just read is this:

I encourage all who come on 'The Lille Trip' to make sure that their bikes are roadworthy and serviced, and that they have adequate breakdown insurance. This cost me only an extra £21 added to my insurance premium this year. My claim to Axa for expenses incurred over that fateful weekend was £1,000. It cost them at least another £1,000 to bring the bike home and £650 in storage fees. A total of £2,650. Not a bad return on a £21 outlay! †



Your Package Has Been Delivered

John 'Topbox' Finan, North Cheshire

'Your Package has been delivered...! (but the fruit might be a little bit bruised).'

I am in a tent at this year's NABD* Rally, it's 4 am Friday, and I bolt upright in my sleeping bag still mulling over what needs to be set up in the Holy Joe's before it opens in a few hours to serve 2,000 thirsty bikers. 'CUPS!' is the prompt. We need more CUPS!

We have enough for Friday and most of Saturday but where can I get another 1,000 cups in time for the Sunday morning rush? Quick, consult popular online shopping outlet run by some guy called Geoff. Expected delivery tomorrow, Saturday, perfect. I will send them to my work address – it's only about 20 minutes drive away. Sorted.

It's now 11 pm Friday night and I am at the supermarket petrol station in Northwich with the editor of this magazine who is filling up his trusty four-wheel steed with bacon, eggs and beans to be delivered to our more than capable CMA catering team back on the rally site. TEXT message – 'Your order of cups will be delivered on Tuesday'. What! 'Tuesday – you said Saturday'. Panic and gut sinking feeling. I am in trouble, my inner voice telling me I have one job to do, to make sure we have enough supplies for Holy Joe's. I have blown it. It's going to be an embarrassing failure and CMA will never be invited back to the NABD. Does anyone else responsible for Holy Joe's reading this have these thoughts...?

Well, I need to calm this tale of woe for a moment but also get serious...

I am sure you must have had nights where things are going through your mind and you can't settle and get to sleep, yes? Then I would encourage



you on occasion not to be too hard on yourself or treat it like it's a problem. What we often see as worry and doubt around an issue can be nothing more than a natural response for someone who is conscientious and genuinely cares about a situation or person. For a long time on my Christian journey I often carried this weight of responsibility that everything and everyone I encountered had to have the best outcome possible and hence many an unsettled night. 'Nothing wrong with trying your best,' you might say, except I now realise that worldly conditions mean we are in constant conflict with how we want things to be. The non-Christian may ask, 'Why the conflict if God created a perfect harmonious world? Well, put simply, we can't control everything and we make mistakes or miss the mark. We still have glimpses of the wonderful creation in the natural world and in each other but one man's sin really caused a disaster. Perfection and harmony, now reserved for Heaven, God needed to start afresh with the flood; we got death, thorns and toil, to name a few of the judicial consequences of God's response to sin. But equally mercy and grace increased and abounded and a place in Heaven is available for those who choose to accept God's

* **N**ational **A**ssociation of **B**ikers with a **D**isability

one-man rescue package, Jesus. (Actually I believe God's grace and mercy continue to abound on all of us or this show would have been over by now.)

Back to my package... I am back on the rally site; it's 3 pm in the afternoon on Saturday and I have just had a conversation with Dawn Hughes-Burton about my mistake with the cups and attempts to rectify it. Questions are coming at me, "Topbox, have we got any more cups?" "Er, well, I will just check my emails." I signed in, and no emails about cups been delivered as if by some miracle they would have been. Utter dejection and I press on 'sign out of emails' on my phone. As the screen closed, I kid you not, TEXT message, 'ping'!

'Your package has been delivered'. Eh, what's going on? "Dawn come here and look at this".

(What was I saying about miracles?)

Some might say, big deal, so what? You should have been more organised and expected a blessed weekend but this is personal. Me and God. Goosebumps, hugs and tears quickly followed and a further, more positive, indeed, joyful conversation with Dawn. No doubt, God had intervened. Doubting Topbox received another sign of reassurance. When will I get it? – God is good all the time and pulls us out of holes and through situations because He is Good.

Now, my NABD weekend was stressful but that's down to me, not God. I am needing a fresh delivery of the fruit of the Spirit because relating to me it's been bruised, dishevelled and often absent since losing my wife but, 'What a God we serve', the timing of that text was no coincidence – it's a God incident. He knows how tough it is for us and He also knows our motives when we are striving to do the right thing. Keep running the race. †



Success

Tanas Alqassis

How do we measure it? I believe many organizations talk about success, return on investment, key performance indicators and so on. Our world is built and influenced by successful people. In the business world some admire people who, according to the world, are successful – such as Bill Gates, Jeff Bezos and many others. What about the Christian world, how do we define success? We look at amazing preachers like Billy Graham and others and we admire their success in reaching people. We do have many successful evangelists/preachers who have ended up with huge failure. Just recently, one of my favourite preachers, Brain Houston, had to quit his role because of his behaviour. Now, was he successful? I will answer this at the end of the article.

What does success mean to you? Our society measures success by money and wealth – we see people with nice cars, motorcycles and homes and we often assume they are successful. When someone is 'successful', it often means they are financially successful or successful in business. But what does that really have to do with success?

We know that, according to the Bible, financial or business success is a tiny part of success.

Webster defines success as simply 'a favourable or desired outcome'. Granted, it also goes on to include the attainment of wealth in the definition, but I think it's evolved into that based on society's view of success.

The question isn't 'what does success mean to the world?' – the question is, 'what does success mean to you?' Is it important? And how important is it to you?

Albert Einstein once said, 'Try not to become a man of success but rather try to become a man of value'.

Does success even matter? From a biblical perspective, attaining wealth isn't the ultimate



goal, though it's not a bad thing. Some of the greatest people from the Bible had great wealth. So how should Christians measure success?

We may consider one Christian more successful than the other if he or she seems to be better at keeping the commandments of God. Oh, I know we would never admit to that, but we do it – subconsciously if nothing else. It is easy for us to compare and measure our success against other people – I am guilty of measuring myself up to other Christians.

When we are serving at Holy Joe's or in the church don't we sometimes ask ourselves, 'How did I perform today?' Or if we see someone doing much better than us then we may just say, 'well at least I don't sin as much as that person'. People envy others who are more successful but we always find an excuse to put them down or justify our reaction to their success.

These are things that go through my head, and hopefully I take hold of these thoughts, nail them to the cross, and find better things to muse on, but often I don't. Often, I don't realise I'm measuring my

success in this way until I've been doing it for a while.

I have, however, found a way to gauge success as a Christian that seems to be both biblical and effective. It serves as a great reminder

How then do I measure success as a Christian?

There is nothing I can do—no way I can perform—that will make God love me any more or less than He does right now at this very moment. I cannot contribute to my salvation since it has nothing to do with me and everything to do with Christ.

That being said, we can measure our success by asking a few questions:

'Am I growing in my understanding that Christ did everything for me, and I can't do anything to save myself?'

'Is my character growing every day in a way that aligns with God's Word and plan for my life?'

'Am I acting in a Christ-like way towards others (feeding the hungry, serving the poor, etc.)?'

'Am I committed to serving the Lord and being available for the ministry?'

Recently I have interviewed new believers from other faith backgrounds and asked them what attracted them to Christianity. Almost 99% of them said, 'because of their behaviour'. You see, people watch us and see how we behave and act so for us to be successful we need to walk our talk and represent the cross we carry on our backs. In another meeting I asked some of the believers to introduce themselves and say what they do. I was blessed when the first person said, 'I am a missionary doctor', followed by others saying, 'I am a missionary teacher', 'car mechanic', 'engineer', 'police' and so on. Knowing our priorities determines our success.

'For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me.' **Matthew 25:35**

As Albert Einstein said, it's better to measure our being a person of value than our success.

Value and character go a long way and both are more important than success. In fact, even the unbelievers will tell you that character is a requirement for true success. True success and

happiness can only stem from good character and true faith.

That being said, what about all of the business and financial success? Is it wrong to strive for that? What does the Bible say about success?

Christianity isn't about living 'your best life now', or building up material possessions to 'show people what God did for you'.

However, God wants to bless us, and this type of success often comes with having a full and fruitful life. I'm investing for retirement. I have money saved. I like to buy nice things, and I'm sure you do too. The key point here is to not make this type of success your primary focus in life. I've read too many articles about how diligent and focused you have to be on your number one goal to be a success. I'm sure if I developed a product and focused on nothing else for five or ten years, I could make a lot of money and live in an amazing house and own an amazing car or bike.

As Christians who want to grow and become better versions of ourselves, we want to set goals and crush them. That's great, we should, but we have to keep Jesus at the centre, or it's all going to be in vain.

Proverbs gives us a great starting place:

'Commit your work to the Lord, and your plans will be established.' **Proverbs 16:3**

The Psalms tells us that God will give us our heart's desires if we delight in Him.

This is great news because it means we don't have to worry about all of these things. We only have to worry about focusing on God.

God will trust us with the number of riches, prosperity and success that we can handle...

'One who is faithful in a very little is also faithful in much, and one who is dishonest in a very little is also dishonest in much. If then you have not been faithful in the unrighteous wealth, who will entrust to you the true riches?' **Luke 16:10-11**

And all will work itself out for good when we trust in Him.

Don't worry about not being successful enough, starting late in the game, or having a fewer dollar or pound signs than you would like on the end of your retirement account.

Continued on page 30...

How I came to the CMA

Alison Deeley, Thames Valley

I grew up in a Baptist family in Lancashire where I finally made my commitment to God at the age of 16 in 1987. I was baptised the following year. We were a bit of a motorcycling family with both my dad and elder brother, Tony, riding. Dad had a couple of vintage bikes along with a BMW K100 and Tony owned a succession of progressively faster and larger bikes. My own biking journey began in 1989 and I bought my first bike, a Suzuki GP100, on my 18th birthday.

Motorcycling became part of my identity despite marrying a non-biker when I was 20 and starting a family soon afterwards. During that time I considered reaching out to the CMA but simply didn't have the spare time to commit.

Fast forward to 2020 and my life was in a very different place.

My kids were grown up and I was divorced back in 2014. I hadn't owned a bike since 2012 though I had briefly ridden my son's GS500 a couple of times. We were in amid the COVID pandemic and my job, in the airline industry, was looking more than a little uncertain. We had been allowed to form social bubbles and I made one with close friends, Sue and Ian, near Bristol. I was spending a precious weekend away with them at their home. As a lovely sunny afternoon gave way to an evening BBQ and a couple of glasses, or maybe bottles of wine the conversation turned to motorcycles. I had previously talked about when I used to ride and Sue asked what sort of bike I would choose if I was to ride again. I explained that a sporty middleweight like an SV650s would be my first choice. At this Ian's eyes lit up and he beckoned me to their garage. Inside was a pristine SV650s. Ian had barely had a chance to ride since buying it on a whim 3 years earlier. He didn't want me to pay anything like its true value and so, just a few days later, it was mine.

Was it foolish to take on an extra financial commitment when my job was uncertain? Maybe... but it was a step of faith and a symbol of hope during the scary times. In fact, I named her 'Hope'.

The weeks that followed were some of the most heart-wrenching of my life. Many of my colleagues lost their jobs and many others were furloughed for long

periods.

There was one night in the midst of the

uncertainty that I kept going into a dream/nightmare where I was being told I was redundant. At 4am and awake in floods of tears I could not take it any longer so I showered, put on my bike gear and headed out. With no plan or destination in mind I just rode. All through the Cotswolds from sunrise through the morning and eventually into the Malverns, arriving at Great Malvern in the early afternoon. At 3pm, on the summit of Great Malvern I was finally calm. At peace, finally able to pass on my burden to God.

I strongly believe one of the main reasons God provided my bike at that time was because he knew the day was coming and he knew it was what I would need to get through that day.

In any event, I worked full time throughout the pandemic and I was able to keep up the payments for the bike/mortgage/life throughout.

It was my Mum that reminded me of CMA. We had been chatting about how I was riding again and maybe I could use the bike for God, so I searched for my local branch online and got in touch with the lovely Heike from Thames Valley Branch. Of course, we were still under pandemic restrictions. Meetings were online or in small groups outdoors but it immediately felt like I had joined a special group of friends and found somewhere I could begin to use my love of bikes for God.

This is my journey so far with the CMA on MY beautiful SV650...





Sadly, not quite.

About a year had passed. I was enjoying my time with CMA and my bike helped my release from the stresses. I loved my bike. However, my work had imposed a pay freeze that was starting to bite and on top of that I was developing a repetitive strain injury which was making riding difficult and eventually impossible. By October 2021 I had a bike I couldn't afford and could no longer ride. After a period of prayer, I felt it right to sell the bike and clear my debts but keep full involvement with the CMA. I was able to go pillion on a couple of the autumn ride-outs and was kindly loaned a bike for the Reading Toy Run but I still didn't quite understand what had happened. Why had God given me a bike, only to take away my ability to ride it? Through prayer over the Christmas break I finally began to understand what I had done. I had made the bike a thing. In the style of Gollum, it was **MY** precious thing. I had completely forgotten it was God's gift he let me use. It was time to get on my knees and say sorry.

How I came to the CMA, and the dangers of being a 'Gollum'

On New Year's day, God told me to reassess my finances. I realised I had made an error in my budget which would allow for repayments on a loan. I was aware the bike I had been loaned for the Reading Toy Run was up for sale and it didn't aggravate my repetitive strain injury. The error in my budget matched the amount I needed to buy the bike. I was being given a replacement. A lovely F800st which is, in many ways, a more suitable bike for me. Ironically, a bike I test rode back in 2006 but could not afford at the time.

As the world slowly returns to some kind of normality, I am enjoying finding my place within CMA. I'm helping in rallies and bike shows with Holy Joe's and stalls along with enjoying the fellowship at our branch meetings and rideouts.

What lesson have I learned? That God gives freely and personally but will also take away if necessary. Yet, he will give again when we are right with him. ✚



59 Club Celebration

Phil Roberts, Essex

Picture the scene 60 years ago. Ace Café, just off the North circular road in London. The sound of Triumph and Norton exhausts, Rock'n'Roll blaring from the jukebox, shouts and laughter, the roar of bikes racing to Hangar Lane and back before the record runs out – the noise, the fumes and the whole café racer culture. The very culture hysterically portrayed by the press of the day as anti-social, and destroying the morality of post war youth.

And into this melee of noise and fumes rides a 39 year old vicar—the Rev Bill Shergold—on his 1959 Triumph 500cc Speed Twin. On seeing the clerical collar one young biker shouts, “Oi, get out of it! We don’t want the likes of you in here” but as soon as the young tearaways realise he rode a bike he could do no wrong! And so starts the story of the famous ‘59’ Club.

Bill was typical of a clergyman in the 60's on a modest income, his mode of transport was two wheels, not four. He believed that in a Christian spirit he should reach out to bikers, including the dreaded 'Ton-up kids' who congregated at the Ace.

The 59 Club was founded as its name suggests in 1959, originally based in a church hall at the Eton Mission in Hackney Wick, East London. A more dynamic youth club than most, the 59 Club attracted hundreds to its Thursday night meetings, occasionally attended by celebrities like Cliff Richard and Princess Margaret.

In October 1962, 'Father Bill' or 'Farv' as he was becoming known, opened a new section of the 59 Club specifically for motorcyclists, on Saturday evenings. Eventually, the motorcycling completely took over the 59 – and the club we love today matured and grew under the eye of Bill Shergold and other clergymen like Rev Graham Hullett, a Norton aficionado.

So fast forward 60 years... a clergyman is still the chairman of the '59' – the Rev Sergiy Diduk, the passionate vicar of All Saints Hanworth, a 20th-century-built Anglican church in West London and a former pastorate of the Reverend Bill Shergold. Sergiy and his wife, Colleen, ride motorcycles! Early in his ministry the couple rode up to the Ace Café and bumped into

the directors of the 59, Dick Bennett, Gary Hall & Mark Wilshire, [who is also the owner of the Ace Café]. Upon realising Sergiy is not only clergy, but the resident priest in Father Bill's old church, they exclaim, "You're an answer to prayer!". Clearly, this was no coincidence – of course, we know that God doesn't let things happen by chance!

Rev Sergiy is passionate about sharing the Christian Gospel. I first met him at the Ace Café Carol Service which for some years the various CMA branches have supported and run. Sergiy and Colleen are a fantastic couple whom I am blessed to name as my friends. It is Sergiy's passion to put the Christian message back at the heart of the 59 Club which despite its Church links for many years has really been a no more than a social fellowship. The long standing members of the club are respectful of the Club's Christian heritage, and Sergiy has expressed his desire to see the CMA working alongside the club – his analogy quoted to me, 'I'll plough the field if you come and plant the seeds!' Already HSB branch has been supporting this link with



biker services held at All Saints and there are many thoughts of other outreaches in Sergiy's mind!

So with this background and with Sergiy's determination to bring the Club back to its Christian roots, he took advantage of two significant anniversaries. In 2019 the anniversary of the founding of the original 59 Club was celebrated in a special Evensong service at St Paul's Cathedral in London, preceded by a special bike ride out from the Ace Café to St Paul's, at which several of CMA folks attended. Covered by BBC London (during which a terrified yours truly found himself having his 10 seconds of fame as part of a news item on the Beeb), it was considered a great success.



Then this year, on the 8th May, a second Evensong service was dedicated to the 59 Club and the anniversary of the very first 'Blessing of the Bikes' ceremony from May 1962. Some pictures of that event accompany this article. It was a wonderful day, the sun shone, and the A40, Hyde Park, Park Lane and Mayfair reverberated to the roar of a procession of over 200 motorcycles riding from the Ace to park up in front of the iconic Abbey. And I got to ride my Triumph Bonneville T100 for the occasion, in keeping with Club history (OK, OK, I know it's a modern Hinckley Triumph, but it's a Triumph and it looks retro – so there!). As you will see from the photos, an Honour Guard of the Imps Motorcycle Display Team was standing to attention as we walked into the Abbey, and parked in the nave was a special edition Triumph Bonneville T120 with a custom paint job with 'Father Bill' scripted across the tank, and commemorative 59 Club patches on the side panels. Unfortunately, we were not allowed to start it up inside the Abbey...

I was deeply privileged to be given a personal invitation by the Club's directors to attend as a

representative of CMA UK. On taking our seats in the Cathedral—quietly at the back, of course—suddenly Mark Wilsmore came rushing up and ushered us to seats reserved on the front row! (in front of the whole congregation – so much for trying to be invisible!) One of the Abbey ushers

remarked with a smile, 'in the Bible it says the first shall be last and the last first eh?' Never was a truer word spoken, and it reminded me forcefully of the deep privilege that we are called by God to serve him and represent Christ publicly when we are really nobody in ourselves. Let it be a reminder to us that the glory goes to God when others recognise us – our standing and privilege are in His gift, the gift of imputed righteousness from His Son.

After Evensong was complete, the Canon in Residence prayed a blessing over the assembled bikes from the doorway steps of the Abbey. I noted at least four other collared clergy in bike leathers who had arrived on two wheels in the throng of bikers.

I wonder how many of the assembled 'old' rockers and aficionados of the 59 Club saw beyond the ceremonial aspect and listened to the clear words of the scripture publicly read and of the prayers and sermon? We were able to talk with several bikers and give away some Biker Bibles. Please pray that the word when shared will be read and the Holy Spirit will work in the hearts of bikers and 59'ers. It would be an answer to the many prayers of Rev Sergiy and folks in the CMA branches close by, to continue the rich connection between the Christian faith and the bike world that so wonderfully came together in the 59 Club. Please pray for the Directors and members of the 59 Club, that they will not only know the great camaraderie of a wonderful club, but that they will come to know Christ, the motivation of that quiet clergyman, Bill Shergold and his successors in reaching bikers then and now.

Now where did I put those Eddie Cochran & Billy Fury records? †



With acknowledgement to the authors of 'Ace Times' ISBN 978-0-9555278-6-9 for the historical text

'No Limit' At the TT

George Laws, Tyne & Wear

***'If there's one thing that I like,
it's riding around on a motor-bike,
I'm a speed king, when I once begin.'***

(*'No limit'* by George Formby)

Unlike George Formby I'm not a speed king – well not on an 1800 Goldwing. Taking my time, I set off to meet fellow CMA member Paul Wedgewood at Scotch Corner for our epic ride to the TT. I wasn't Paul's first choice of riding companion but owing to his friend being called home to God I was asked if I wanted to join him, which I agreed to straight away.

As a professional photographer, I always contact the organisers of any racing event and ask for Media Accreditation. On this occasion, I was told they wouldn't accept Chainlink as an official magazine, so accreditation was refused. This left me in a quandary. Why did God want me to go to the TT if not to take photographs? My wife told me in no uncertain terms, 'God will show you why he wants you there in His time.'

Filling up, I realised fuel for the bike now costs twice as much as it had only a few months ago. Conserving this precious liquid, I arrived at Scotch Corner ready for a coffee and a short wait. It's funny but every time I approach COSTA the counter is empty until only a few feet away. From out of nowhere eight people stormed the coffee shop demanding all kinds of time-consuming beverages, making me wait an extra half hour. It was like something from the Truman Show. When I finally got my triple shot latte, skinny, character roast, extra hot, to go, I was forced to pay the exorbitant price of £4.50 by the 'licenced bandit', sorry, Barista, in the coffee shop. After checking my wallet on the way out I finished my brew and headed for the meeting point, the truck stop, on the A66.

While waiting I began talking to a man whose friend had a motorbike. I explained about CMA and where I was going, the TT. After seeing the cross on my back, he knew where else I was going as well. Just when I started to talk about the cross, Paul arrived.

Taking our time, we headed for the first stop which naturally was breakfast. Paul demolished all the toast and had a second cup of coffee. I noticed a sign which read, 'Pay for 9 meals, and get one free'. I think Paul was up for the challenge.

It's strange the things you see when you are out on the bike. While riding a country lane I



noticed a horse tethered by the roadside. Thinking this strange I was gobsmacked when I turned the corner and saw about thirty other horses similarly tethered. It was one of those sights you may never see again and would have been worth a photograph if I could have stopped. There wasn't any place to pull in because of all the horses so we kept moving. I was once told that the best time to take a photograph is there and then when you first see it – you may never get a second chance. This, I have found, is true for so many other things in life.

As we headed for Heysham it began to rain but thankfully it wasn't too heavy. The long wait to board gave Paul a chance to talk to a chap who had been to similar places to himself. Finally boarding, we tethered our bikes to the hitching post on board and headed for the café where a seat had been kept for us by the chap Paul had been talking to. The journey was long and I had to visit the on-board shop a few times to have a go at their aftershave testers – the heat in the café area was unbearable, considering everyone wore full riding kit. Doused in Paco Rabanne I fell asleep sitting upright.

It was then that we found out that Welsh rider, Mark Purslow, 29, was the first to lose his life after an accident in practice during Wednesday night's qualifying session. It was his second TT event. He crashed in the Ballagarey area of the circuit, just before the fourth mile. Mark was inspired to race by his father's love of the sport. He typified the spirit of the privateer TT racer, preparing his machinery with the support of friends and family.

Four hours and chicken and chips later we disembarked and met up with Mike Fitton who showed us where our B&B was in Peel. Stopping for fuel Paul and I were surprised to see several brightly dressed cowboys surrounding Mike. Strange, the things you see on TT week. Mike didn't seem to be fazed, as if this were a common occurrence.

The Thie dy Vea Retreat House lived up to its reputation. The advert invited us to *come and be refreshed... find peace... and discover more of our purpose for living*. The accommodation was warm and friendly and the continental breakfast was more than we could have asked for. After trying out the single beds we decided to swap mattresses as Paul's was too hard and mine was too soft. It was late at night, so we pledged not to tell anyone.

On the first day (Saturday) we spectated at Goose Neck. It was the first time I had been there and I was apprehensive. We were blessed with hot weather and had a good view of the race. I burnt my arms and Paul, for some reason, burnt his knees. Seeing me taking photographs Paul suggested that God just wanted me to go to the TT to be, not to do. As usual with good advice, I forgot about it and continued to battle for a good vantage point to take images from. Why I haven't a clue. No one had asked for them. God needed me there and He had a plan. I just hoped I wasn't too busy to listen to Him. It was then that the sidecar race started, and stopped. It had been red flagged.

We later found out that Cesar Chanal and Olivier Lavorel, who were both new to the Isle of Man TT Races, had crashed on the first lap of the event at Ago's Leap, just under one mile into the circuit. Chanal, a Frenchman from Lyon, was killed outright and his passenger and fellow TT newcomer Lavorel was in a critical condition. The problem was, their identities got mixed up and everyone was told that the wrong person had died. The men's injuries were so extensive that the doctors couldn't identify either of them using photographs provided by the race organisers. The sidecar race was abandoned, to be re-run later.

We met Steve, an ex-racer, who was a member of CMA and owned a cycling and outdoor adventure shop. Walking into Ramsey for a meal, everyone seemed to know him. The highlight of the meal (Chinese) was when James Whitham and friends came in and sat behind us. After sneaking a quick selfie, I sent it to members of CMA on WhatsApp saying I was having a meal with James Whitham. Filled with Chicken Szechuan we headed back and noticed the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen. Owing to the lack of communication between us, as we rode, we didn't stop to photograph it. I felt God telling me again that I wasn't there to take photographs and to rest in Him. He was in control.

On Sunday there was no racing, just a charity ride which I assumed was designed to stop people going crazy on Mad Sunday. We went to Sulby Church and had a BBQ afterwards. Mike was talking and all the people were friendly.

The Church was filled with motorbiking memorabilia and felt comfortable to be in. Eating a burger and watching hundreds of motorbikes ride by felt relaxing. I was trying to *sit and be*.

Returning to our B&B we got talking to a chap called Dave who was a paraplegic. He rode a Yamaha R1 outfit, which housed his chair. He told us he was a Christian and was living the best life he could have. While I was wondering why I was at the TT – he was enjoying it. Walking to the shops we heard that two Irishmen, who had arrived that morning from Ireland on a Rib, fell into the harbour after a full day's drinking. Only one made it back out again. Sadly, the other drowned.

On the second race day (Monday the 6th) we watched from the Hillberry stand. We had to book the tickets in advance, which were £25. I have to say that I can't recommend this to anyone that wants to watch the racing. It was comfortable enough, with food available and toilets, but there was one problem – the entire view in front of you was the trees opposite. If you looked left all you saw was the people next to you and the same if you looked right. Straight ahead was a view of a bike passing at about 140mph – which is no view at all. To compensate for this the organisers had a large screen set up so you could watch the race as it happened. Unfortunately, the screen went all green and then stopped working. I was finding it difficult to just *sit and be*.

It wasn't long before the dreaded red flag was shown again. This time, on the 27th Milestone section of the Supersport race, Davy Morgan, 52, from Saintfield in Northern Ireland, who was making his 80th TT start, crashed and died of his injuries. He had a racing career spanning over 30 years. He had previously claimed victory at the North West 200 during the 250cc race in 2005 as well as two victories in the same class during 2012, and 2017 in the Ulster Grand Prix.

Ramsey Sprint on Tuesday was glorious and we were welcomed by the sun and Mike Fitton who had a tent and table with Bibles set up for anyone that passed and looked interested. After taking some images of Dave who was the chap from our B&B who rode the Yamaha R1 outfit, I returned to the CMA pitch and sat, waiting for God to use me. I waited for God to let me know why I was at the TT. I sat and waited on the Lord.

Paul felt the Holy Spirit as he talked to two lads and was drained after praying with them. I was still wondering why I was there when I noticed Paul talking to a group of people and Mike was also similarly occupied. An elderly man almost ran through the crowd and rounding on me said, "We need to pray for our Davy who just

died in the TT race". As he spoke, he began to cry. Taking a deep breath, I began praying with him out loud and started to get choked up myself. I don't know how good the words I had said were but he seemed to appreciate it and, feeling better, thanked me. I gave him a Biker Bible and he seemed reluctant to take it. "I've got a few of them at home," he told me. I put the Bible in his hand and said, "Yes, but this one's for Davy". He thanked me and left. Feeling a little drained myself I sat trying to get my breath. It was then that I started to question myself. Did I say what God wanted me to say? Was I too filled with emotion to help the chap who so needed God's love? Or was it the Holy Spirit working through me? I'd forgotten to take the man's name but have prayed for him since, remembering that God knows his name. Later, Mike told me that I may have found the reason why God wanted me to go to the TT – to pray for that man and his family. Had I travelled all that way and been refused Media Accreditation to pray for one man? All I know is that we need to be where God wants us to be and do what God wants us to do. It reminded me of Jonah – wherever Jonah had decided to go, he was going to Nineveh whether he liked it or not.

After working on the stand for some hours Paul and I decided to go for a coffee and, to our surprise, COSTA informed us that they had no coffee. Either the machine was broken, or they had run out – I wasn't sure. Instead, we walked a little further and had a coffee at Conrods, a coffee shop owned by Conner Cummings. Lo and behold, as we sat Paul got talking to a chap from Ireland. Could that be the reason COSTA had run out of coffee?

After we had packed away the stand and eaten an ice-cream, purchased by Mike, we were invited to have food at a CMA member's house. (I haven't asked her for permission to use her name in this article so will have to leave it out.) The food was good, and the fellowship was even better.

On Wednesday and still upset with our previous viewing problems, we decided to watch from a different stand which cost £10. This was at Braddon Bridge. The church side we were on had limited viewing but better than Hillberry and £15 cheaper. We got to see two races, the Supertwin and the second Supersport race.

Walking around the paddock Paul bought a 151 base layer and almost passed out putting it on – it was that tight. He managed to remove it before he lost consciousness – just when I wish I'd had my camera. He was able to exchange it the following day.

On Thursday we went up to the Bungalow in the hope of seeing some racing, but it was called

off owing to bad weather. Instead, we headed up to the Victory coffee shop and Joey Memorial. It's worth a look in but make sure you ask for filter coffee – the instant coffee is bad.

On Friday 10th we were back up at the Bungalow to watch one race and half a sidecar race. There was another red flag. This time I was getting upset that I had sat in the cold waiting for a race that never materialised. Later I came to regret my emotion when I heard that the race had taken the lives of a father and son. Roger Stockton, 56, and his son Bradley, 21, died in the exact place the previous sidecar outfit had crashed at, Ago's Leap. It was the pair's second race at the event, which took the overall death toll to five. It was the highest death toll in a single year since 1970 when six riders lost their lives.

The final race took place on Saturday while we were making our way home. Peter Hickman took his fourth TT victory of 2022 in the Senior TT, having won the Superbike, Superstock and Lightweight races earlier in the week. This has added four TT wins, a second and a third and three fastest laps to his collection of road racing trophies.

A total of 265 riders have died at the Isle of Man TT since 1911. 1982 was the only year without a single death. This year, 2022, five people lost their lives in races or practice sessions.

'So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand.'

Isaiah 41:10, NIV

We need to hand over our fear, whatever it is, to God. As we allow Him full rein in our lives, and trust Him completely, we can receive the fullness of His love for us, the perfect love of God which drives out all fear and fills us with a peace that is not of this world, but from God.

'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid.'

John 14:27

Jesus said,

'Don't be afraid, just believe'

Luke 8:50

'Father, thank You that my life with You can be fulfilling, fun and even exciting. Thank You for making Your power available to me through Jesus. Please help me to know how to walk in Your ways and not mine. Please show me how to go in the direction You want me to be going in, in Jesus' name, Amen.' †

Safeguarding

Safeguarding Officer, CMA UK

At an interview recently, I was asked, “What is the difference between *Safeguarding* and *Child Protection*?” I am ashamed to admit that I fudged the answer, although I got there in the end via a very roundabout route.

Safeguarding is the responsibility of all of us, all of the time. Child protection, on the other hand, is about individual children and the protection they need in all sorts of eventualities. As I say, I got there eventually but it made me think.

I wondered what the Bible had to say about safeguarding. Deuteronomy 10:17-19 tells us,

“For the Lord your God is the God of gods and Lord of lords, the great, mighty, and awe-inspiring God, showing no partiality and taking no bribe. He executes justice for the fatherless and the widow, and loves the resident alien, giving him food and clothing. You are also to love the resident alien since you were resident aliens in the land of Egypt.”

God compares himself in these verses with the gods of the surrounding nations. One of the distinguishing features about God is his care of the vulnerable and marginalised in society, (the fatherless, widow and immigrant). No other god in society at the time claimed to care for these groups. So, God stood out from all the other gods as a God on the side of the powerless and a God who sought justice for the poor.

What does this have to do with safeguarding?

Loads! Safeguarding is about ensuring that some of the most vulnerable people within our society: children, vulnerable adults and ex-offenders, are given a safe, appropriate and secure community to be part of! As we commit ourselves to the principles of safeguarding, we are embracing the culture that reflects our God! To relegate safeguarding to a

purely legal or tick-box exercise is to misunderstand or neglect the nature of our God and his dealings with people.

In the New Testament, Jesus uses the words of the Jewish Shema prayer and teaches that the greatest commandment is to, ‘Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength,’ and that the second is to, ‘love your neighbour as you love yourself.’

So, we need to put God first in our lives and to love God above everything? That’s fine. But we are also called to love horizontally – in fact, the way we love others authenticates the fact that we truly love God. As a result, loving our neighbour, the vulnerable adults we come into contact with at rallies, PTSD sufferer within CMA, the children of ourselves and others we encounter at the National Rally, and the ex-offenders who visit us at Holy Joes – these are not optional extras to our devotion to God. These are in fact, practical examples of our love and devotion to him. To say we love God and yet to ignore the ‘poor and marginalised’ within and without our organisation is evidence that our love for God does not run very deep.

My point is that CMA is a family, in much the same way as our church families are, although logistically spread much wider. As in our church families, safeguarding is the responsibility of every one of us as we reach out to the vulnerable, seek to love our neighbours and to do God’s will where he has placed us. ✚

Fuel for Thought

Tom Anderson, Tyne & Wear

As many of us do, over the years I have stopped on a few occasions to help bikers who have run out of fuel or are having mechanical trouble. My trusty old van (now clocking 167,000 miles) is so useful because I have had to load a motorcycle into it a few times to get the bike and rider safely back to their families.



Heading for home one afternoon I spotted a motorbike on the other side of the dual carriageway. The rider had pulled over into a layby quite safely, but he was on his phone and looking a bit agitated. I

came back on myself at the next roundabout and stopped to make sure he was ok.

Turned out to be a young rider still on an 'L' plate who had run out of petrol. He was trying to ring someone to come and help him but couldn't get through to them. Fortunately, I didn't live far away so I was able to go home and pick up a fuel tin and return to fill him up without too much delay.

He felt bad because he didn't have any money with him to pay for the fuel, but I explained that this is

something we do within the Christian Motorcyclists' Association, and it wasn't a problem.

It was good to talk to him and also reminded me that I need to always carry extra fuel with me in the van, as I used to do, to make things a lot quicker and easier. I had gotten a bit slack about this as it only happens once in a while.

He was happy to take a Biker Bible and a prayer card when he left after we had a chat about local bike meets. Hopefully, I will see him again at one bike meeting or another.

I have found the prayer cards to be a real help when talking to bikers. Everyone recognises the unique dangers of motorbiking and I have had some really good feedback from bikers who always carry the cards with them.

The prayer cards originated a few years ago after a visit to a Bikers' Breakfast hosted by a church at Torver, Coniston. [Mike Fitton highly recommends their biker service and breakfast on a Sunday at 9am LA21 8AZ]. The group had a prayer card which I thought was such a good idea and I amended it to appeal to my more non-

religious biker contacts; it also incorporates part of my favourite verse [Isaiah 40:31]. George Laws from our branch did the photography and brought the card to life. ✚

Children of God

Steve Wilds, South Yorks & North Lincs

So it was on the 10th June that five of us set off for the coast. Whitby was our destination and the weather was glorious. It was a joint excursion between West Yorkshire CMA and the new twig for South Yorkshire and North Lincolnshire. We stopped on route at Strawberry Fields, a well known biker stop, where coffee and biscuits set us up for the day, well at least until we had our lunch time fish and chips at Whitby.

The white crosses we carried on our backs identified us as a group of Christian bikers and it was good to be together in fellowship as well as enjoy the delights of our two wheeled machines.

Our conversations ranged from Bible based thoughts to the quality of our riding, and the joys of the chippy. A great day.

During one of our 'in depth' discussions one of our group told us of an accident he had witnessed on the Humber Bridge. A young person on a bike came off twice, not once but twice! As we say, 'once is an accident but twice is careless'. Thankfully unhurt they continued on their journey. The interesting part of this account was that the rider carried a back patch saying, 'Don't knock me off, I'm someone's father'. My response was to point to my back patch saying, 'I am someone's son'. Thank God that as disciples of Jesus we are God's children, brought into the family of God by the spirit of adoption. It is always a thrill, a matter to rejoice in, that we are children of God. He even knows the ever decreasing number of hairs on my head – I guess in my case He has to do a regular recount. How wonderful that the God who created the vast universe knows each one of us, knows our name and cares for us, how great is that!

There was a time in my work life that a child adoption could only go forward, in my locality, with my signature. I had to look to see that the needs of the child were best met by the proposed new arrangements. The spirit of adoption was to ensure that all would be well for the child—not the adoptive parents—but the child. My review of each case was

child centred; I had to be satisfied that the right decision was being made for the child. So it is for us as adopted children of God – He has adopted us, He is focussed on us, entering into the family of God is the best thing for us, and what joy that adoption brings. Jesus has made a way for us, through Calvary; He has taken our guilt and shame and all that sinful history is in the sea of God's forgetfulness. Adopted children become full members of their new family, they are given all the rights of a naturally born child, equal in every respect. We too are heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ. Now that is something to rejoice about. What love God has for us, not even angels have been given the right to be Sons of God, but we through Jesus are the children of God!

So our journey continued from Whitby, leaving a brave couple from our group who decided to walk up to the Abbey, the rest of us heading south to Scarborough. We sat on the sea front with our 99's – ice cream with a chocolate flake, typical tourists, watching the world go by. We were content, not just in our enjoyment of the day and our friendship and fellowship together, but that we knew we were safe in our Fathers hands.

So let us continue to carry that white cross emblazoned on our back as we ride out – it is a witness to who and what we are. We will never know what the reaction of some will be as they see us pass them by, but we know for sure that we will be seen as different from others who carry back patches with secular messages. The cross we carry is empty but it points to the means of our salvation which is Jesus and also to His resurrection some three days later. How privileged we are to be in THE FAMILY! ✠



Festival Manchester 2022

Andy Harrison, South Lancs

I can't exactly remember how I first came to know about Festival Manchester, quite possibly a Facebook advert, but I was drawn in by the promise of Manchester's Largest Free Music Festival over three days at the start of July. With the addition of a fun fair, extreme sports, Battle of Britain fly pasts, a beach(?) all free and with the promise of 'A Christian Message of Hope', why would I not want to be part of this! I suggested that my church (Bolton South Salvation Army) should attend one of the days, to which church leader (and fellow CMA member) Captain Mark Godwin agreed.

So, Mark and I attended the Festival Manchester launch meeting at *Audacious Church*

in Manchester and came away armed with posters, flyers and prayer plans to distribute around the community. Mark suggested at a CMA meeting that we should attend the pre-event 'Friendship Evangelism' course as we could take what we learned onto the motorcycle mission field. So one Friday night in May, Mark, Ian Francis and I attended *The Edge Community Church* in Wigan, where at the end of the event we approached the organisers to introduce the CMA ministry and to ask whether it would be possible to have a gazebo on site where we could witness to bikers at the event. I was given an email address of the festival manager to contact and eventually had a telephone conversation with Luke, who said not only



could we have a stand, but asked whether we would be able to supply some bikes as the festival had tried to have a classic car show, but had been unable to arrange it. 'How many bikes, 5 or 50?' I asked. 'As many as you can get your hands on,' Luke replied. And so the 'call to arms' went out to North Cheshire, North Wales, Lakes & Lancs and Shrops branches for any bikes that could attend on any day of the weekend.

And so to Friday, Day 1. Several of us met at Bolton South for lunch and to pray for Festival Manchester and our presence there. We set off following Mike who assured us he knew where Wythenshawe Park was. Good plan, but we lost Mike on the motorway somewhere but eventually found the turnoff and heading towards the park also found Mike. After nearly thirty minutes of circumnavigating the park to find a way in (it's huge), we decided to scoot along a footpath at slow speed and eventually found an entrance and two security guards who asked for passes to enter the arena. 'Err... what passes?' I asked. 'Come on mate, they've got crosses on their backs!' shouted a passer-by to the steward. Eventually an email on my phone to 'Luke' secured our entry. Now where do we go? We headed toward the (massive) stage and stopped to ask a festival steward (Andy) where we should set up. Turns out Andy rides a VFR and heads up Wythenshawe Bikers (we became good friends over the weekend). So we set up on the edge of the main arena site and even before the gates opened we were inundated with Festival staff inquiring who we were and what our mission was. However, this was nothing compared to when the general public entered. For five hours we talked and listened to stories of bikes, Jesus, faith, life journeys, failures, successes and at the end of the evening we were worn out.

The event was attended by Christian TV Channel, TBNUK who were keen on interviewing someone from CMA to link in with their coverage of the event. With no-one keen to do it, all fingers pointed to me as chair of South Lancs branch and so reluctantly, I had a camera, boom mike and clapperboard thrust into my face. The interview was a nightmare. I started off on the wrong foot when I was asked the question 'Who am I and what is my job'. I thought they knew I'm Andy Harrison, but why do they want to know that I'm a civil servant by day? I quickly realised that 'job' meant biking role. Under pressure I answered that I was the

local chair of a (I think I said) 'a motorcycle organisation made up mainly of Christians'. 'What? Mainly Christians', I thought as the next question came in. Why did I say that and not just introduce CMA? Desperately trying to recover, I stuttered and stumbled through their next two questions, knowing the damage was done. After about three minutes the interview was a wrap. The crew were really pleased with it – I wasn't and immediately took to our WhatsApp group to apologise for letting CMA down.

From there I bumped into Gareth from *Konnect Radio*, who I had met previously on a launch event of the new Christian based internet radio station. He said he wanted to do an interview with me for the station over the weekend. I told him my tale of the mishap interview with TBNUK and jokingly asked for full editorial rights (thankfully, Gareth collared Chainlink Ed John Hodge for the interview).

Saturday and Sunday saw a larger gathering of bikes as more members and supporters were able to commit to the event. Burger Bob and Colin had the opportunity to pray for someone who wanted to re-dedicate his life to Jesus. Hundred of Biker Bibles were handed out, countless photographs of kids with the bikes taken and finally, when Matt Redman hit the stage late on Sunday evening, we breathed a collective sigh of exhaustion and prayed that for every conversation we had, Jesus would impact in someone's life. It was a full-on weekend, especially for those who were able to attend Friday to Sunday and whilst we do our ministry with the hope of salvation for even one lost soul, despite the cost to our time and finances I must pay a special thanks to Bob and Dawn from North Wales. Bob answered my call to bring the trike for one of the days (I knew it would pull in the crowds) and they came to Manchester for three days, staying at a local hotel. God bless you both, your dedication and commitment was recognised throughout the branches and appreciated by everyone.

So as the event drew to a close, voices were raised that we will do it again next year; sadly as Festival Manchester stated, it was a once in a generation event. 65,000 attended the festival and over 3,700 made a commitment to finding out more about Jesus and with God's provision, CMA were there to share the gospel. There is no plan B. 🙏

... continued from page 17

'Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, rejoice. Let your reasonableness be known to everyone. The Lord is at hand; do not be anxious about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus.' **Philippians 4:4-7**

Again, don't worry or be anxious about these things. I say this, because I know I have tend to worry about such things...

'Am I going to get that job, promotion, raise, etc.?'

If you stay focused on God, His will is going to be done in your life.

'Will I be able to give my family the lifestyle I want for them?' They don't want the lifestyle as much as they want you. Maybe you're working too much?

It comes down to seeking the Kingdom of God first:

'Therefore do not be anxious, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?' For the Gentiles seek after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them all. But seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added to you.' **Matthew 6:31-33**

I'm not saying it's easy, but it's simple. If we seek to please God, He will bless us in the ways He sees fit.

What do we do with what we have?

We can easily measure our success by one standard: what we've done with what we've been given.

You're probably familiar with the Parable of the Talents...

'For it will be like a man going on a journey, who called his servants and entrusted to them his property. To one he gave five talents, to another two, to another one, to each according to his ability. Then he went away. He who had received the five talents went at once and traded with them, and he made five talents more. So also he who had the two talents made two talents more. But he who had received the one talent went and dug in the ground and hid his master's money. Now after a long time, the master of those servants came and settled accounts with them. And he who had received the five talents came forward, bringing five talents more, saying, 'Master, you delivered to me five talents; here, I have made five talents more.' His master said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant. You have been faithful over a



little; I will set you over much. Enter into the joy of your master.' And he also who had the two talents came forward, saying, 'Master, you delivered to me two talents; here, I have made two talents more.' His master said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant. You have been faithful over a little; I will set you over much. Enter into the joy of your master.' He also who had received the one talent came forward, saying, 'Master, I knew you to be a hard man, reaping where you did not sow, and gathering where you scattered no seed, so I was afraid, and I went and hid your talent in the ground. Here, you have what is yours.' But his master answered him, 'You wicked and slothful servant! You knew that I reap where I have not sown and gather where I scattered no seed? Then you ought to have invested my money with the bankers, and at my coming I should have received what was my own with interest. So take the talent from him and give it to him who has the ten talents. For to everyone who has will more be given, and he will have an abundance. But from the one who has not, even what he has will be taken away.' **Matthew 25:14-29**

Straight from the mouth of Jesus. It's apparent then that God measures our success by what we've done with what we've been given. So how does that apply today?

If we have enough money to feed and clothe our family, we should be giving. Arguably, we should be giving even if we don't. If we have a lot of free

time, we should be spending a lot of time doing the work of Jesus.

I'm not calling anyone out, just giving a few examples of what I think this means.

As Christians, many parts of our life are backwards from the rest of the world.

Happiness is often idolized as the ultimate goal, yet as Christians, we should strive for **joy** over **happiness**. Joy in the fact that we are forgiven owing to the work of Jesus.

However, we can be happy and joyful just knowing that we have eternal life, no matter what we are going through and that for me is success. Even in prison, we can be joyful...

'I thank my God in all my remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all making my prayer with joy, because of your partnership in the gospel from the first day until now. And I am sure of this, that he who began a good work in you will bring it to completion at the day of Jesus Christ. It is right for me to feel this way about you all, because I hold you in my heart, for you are all partakers with me of grace, both in my imprisonment and in the defence and confirmation of the gospel. For God is my witness, how I yearn for you all with the affection of Christ Jesus. And it is my prayer that your love may abound more and more, with knowledge and all discernment, so that you may approve what is excellent, and so be pure and blameless for the day of Christ, filled with the fruit of righteousness that comes through Jesus Christ, to the glory and praise of God.'

Philippians 1:3-11

We are always to be growing in our faith and relationship with Christ, and that's where true joy sparks from.

Along those same lines, we measure success differently from the rest of the world. And that's OK... it's great because success measured by material wealth never leads to happiness or joy.

It's OK to be different. As Christians, we should get used to it.

While there's nothing wrong with obtaining financial and business success, this shouldn't be the first category that comes to our mind when we picture success.

In conclusion, if we look at Jonah's life and mission, can we say he was successful? I believe yes, he was, but the question is, when did he become successful? For me, he became successful when he surrendered to God in the belly of the whale when he recognized his weakness and selfishness, and submitted his will to the Lord.

We become successful when we submit all to the Lord and do the work He asked us to do. So when we are serving with CMA, it is not only about the number of people we talk to or pray with but the amount of time and commitment we put into serving the Lord. It is about sowing the seeds.

Was Brian Houston successful? Yes he was until he took his eyes off the Lord, then he failed. We do need to keep our eyes focused on the Lord to be successful, so smile more, walk your talk, love more and show the Jesus in you. †



Longing for Heaven

Steph Thomas, Hants & Dorset

Jesus, when I stand before you
will I be overwhelmed?
Will I dance for you, Jesus?
Will I leap and will I bound?
Maybe I'll sing to you a love song
As you cradle me with care
Jesus, I will run into your arms
The biggest hug with you I'd share

Jesus, I will bow down before you
I will kiss your holy feet and cry
I know I will be so amazed
when into the air with you I fly
O Jesus, I know you love me
And Lord, O how I love you too
As I stand with you face to face
This broken body you'll make new

Jesus, will I shout out your holy name?
Or not be able to utter a sound
As you hold me in your loving care?
Will my feet lift off the ground?
Lord, I'll stand in awe and wonder
As I walk down the streets of gold
No crutches needed to assist me
I'll be walking upright and bold

And there'll be no pain or sickness
As the old things pass away
Walking in the garden with my Jesus
Angelic voices singing all the day
Jesus, I know that I'm not worthy
to stand right there by your side
But your overwhelming love for me
Is the reason that you died
Jesus, I'm so very humbled
'Cos on the third day you rose again
And I will dance with you forever
One day, in heaven without an end

Amen

by Stephanie




Image by John Redman



Yes, down on one knee, Cliff popped the big question at the National Rally!



CMA(UK) Ladies Conference 2022

A silhouette of a woman with long hair, wearing a jacket and holding a helmet, stands next to a motorcycle. They are positioned on a beach or coastal area, looking out at the ocean during a vibrant sunset. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and purple, with the sun low on the horizon. The motorcycle is partially visible in the foreground, with its handlebars and mirror clearly silhouetted.

Friday 4th
to Sunday 6th
November 2022

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

Cost: £185 (all inclusive of breakfast, lunch, supper and
tea/coffee breaks, ensuite room, conference facilities)

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

Rally & Events Diary for 2022

Rally/Event	When	Where	CMA Contact
Yorkshire Pudding Rally	Friday 5 th to Sunday 7 th August	Escrick Park Estate, Escrick, North Yorkshire, YO19 6EA	Oliver Hamilton chair.westyorks@bike.org.uk
European Motorcyclists for Christ (EMC) Rally	Friday 5 th to Sunday 7 th August	Kasterlee, Belgium	emc2022.be
Hoggin' the Bridge	August, dates TBC	Caldicot, Monmouthshire, Wales	Tony Williams cma.bristol.treasurer@gmail.com
Manx Grand Prix	Sunday 21 st to Monday 29 th August	IoM TT Circuit	manxgrandprix.org
Thunder in the Glens	Friday 26 th to Sunday 28 th August	Aviemore, Scotland	Amy Stalker secretary.forthandtay@bike.org.uk
Stormin' the Castle Rally	Friday 2 nd to Sunday 4 th September	Witton Castle, Co Durham, DL14 0DE	Mike Fitton chairman@bike.org.uk
Dolau Afon Camping Weekend	Thursday 8 th to Sunday 11 th September	Dolau Afon, Pont, Llanafan, Aberystwyth, SY23 4BQ	Penny Cavill cma.bristol.chair@gmail.com
Brighton Burn-Up	Sunday 4 th September	Ace Cafe, London and Madeira Drive, Brighton	Stephan Powell chair.sussex@bike.org.uk
CMA UK Ladies Conference	Friday 4 th to Sunday 6 th November	Hayes Conference Centre	ladiesconforg@bike.org.uk

Please send any revisions and/or additions to the Editor at chainlink@bike.org.uk in time for the next issue.



**National
Rally
2022**