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Gary Wadding

Objects Are Closer Than They Appear

My first motorcycle had everything that I wanted. It was bright red. It had shiny chrome fenders. And it only cost me \$250. What more could I want? It wasn't all that big by today's standards, but back then a 350cc wasn't too bad. One day when I was enjoying a ride, I noticed a Highway Patrolman trying out his blue light from behind me. I pulled over, certain that he was just trying to get past me in order to pull over some nasty lawbreaker. No such luck. He was after me! He walked up and announced that I was riding an illegal motorcycle. I was flabbergasted and bumfuzzled. I bought it with cash money. It had two good tires, a headlight that was turned on, and a valid license plate. He pulled out a large book of rules and showed me that it was also required to have at least one mirror. I didn't have one and had never heard of that law. He was a decent guy so he gave me a warning and a card to mail in later. I got an aftermarket mirror from my local bike shop. It wasn't anything fancy, but it was enough to make me legal again.

Since that time I've had quite a few bikes with various kinds of mirrors. Some were stock. Some were aftermarket. Some were stylish and some were ugly, but practical. At one point my wife and I had two Honda Silver Wing Interstates that were almost identical. For my bike I bought flat surface mirrors so I would have a wider, more normal view when I looked behind me. Vicky's bike had the standard kind of mirrors that are concave (or is it convex, or is it convoluted?). They made things look a little smaller and further away. Either set would work fine, but they were certainly different. Switching back and forth between the two bikes caused me real confusion at times. I never was too sure which bike I was on, or whether that car was right on my back end or a mile away.

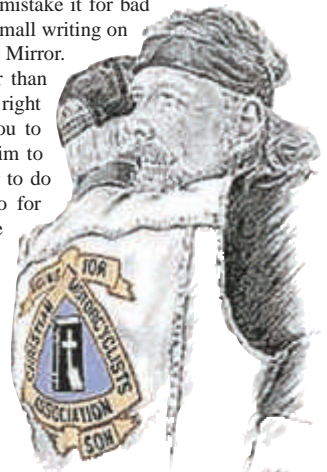
I don't know if you ever had a problem due to those curved mirrors, but most of us have a very similar problem spiritually. We think we are young forever, invincible, cat-like reflexes, etc. We don't need to worry about eternal spiritual things until we get really close to the day we enter eternity ourselves. That stuff is all far, far away, isn't it? We think our life will eventually end with us lying in a big old bed at the age of 108, with all our great grandchildren gathered around, and a kindly old minister praying with us as we finally make that

GOD'S HIGHWAY



important decision to give our life to Christ. (At that point there is hardly any life left to give to anybody, but that's what we plan to offer God.) Wake up, dude! That day isn't nearly as far away as it appears in our mirror. It's much, much closer. (More people die with their boots on than with their pajamas on.)

We also see Jesus as being a long way off. We think He lives a million miles away in Heaven and has no real place in our daily lives. He appears to be really far off in regard to time; far in the past during Bible days, or else far away in the future. I've got some real news for you. It's great news, although some of you will mistake it for bad news. Look closely at the small writing on the bottom of your Spiritual Mirror. It says, "Objects are closer than they appear." Christ is right next to you, waiting for you to humbly call out and ask Him to take over your life in order to do what you aren't able to do for yourself. The changed life that God promises isn't far off at all. It's right there for the asking. Look in the mirror. Read the words. Make the call. Choose to ride on God's High Way, where He is always close to those who look for Him.



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