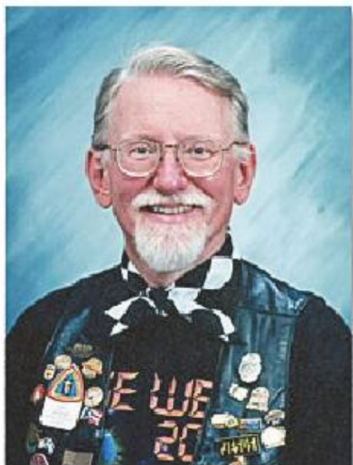


# GOD'S HIGHWAY



*Gary Wadding*

I recently took my grandson, Matthew, to the Leesburg Bikefest in Leesburg, FL. He's 10 years old and just about to enter the tumultuous teenage years when grownups are all old dinosaurs and don't "understand". I'm glad that we are still a bit short of those times, so we can still go off for a day together and have fun.

Sweetie Pie fed us a nice breakfast before we headed out, but by midmorning he was bugging me to stop at one of the sidewalk food vendors. Of course he had to have something to drink too, so I got a coke and risked it all on a Mountain Dew for him. (He didn't seem any more hyper than usual.) Soon we were sitting in bleachers watching the Fere motorcycle stunt show. The young man on a trial bike was good, and displayed his skills in a way that not only elicited awe from adult riders, but was also entertaining enough to keep Matthew interested. He had to wait in line later to get an autographed photo so he would have something to remind him of the fun time he had at the show.

As we walked the streets and looked at lots of bikes, we ran into lots of people who rode those lots of bikes. Matthew was surprised to see how many of these folks knew Granddaddy. I always introduced my grandson and let them know who he was, and how proud I was to have him with me. We would visit a few minutes, talk about old times and old friends, then we would head back down the street before Matthew might be tempted to bring out the dreaded word, "Bored". All in all, we did alright.

Quite a few people mentioned something that surprised me. They said they didn't expect to see me around now that I had stepped down from my national position with CMA. They thought it would be the end of me and motorcycle events. Although I was surprised by these comments, I can see why they might think that way. CMA is not just about motorcycles and motorcyclists; it's primarily about Jesus Christ. As a staff member, I was a minister of the gospel. A small percentage of ministers, preachers and evangelists have shown



the world that they are primarily about money, not Jesus. When they money stops, they stop. So this small 1% of ministers has made it hard for the 99% who are sincere, dedicated, committed, honest Christians.

These bikers on the streets of Leesburg were wondering which group I really belonged to. Here's the answer: I belong to Jesus. I might not be at as many events as in the past due to finances and some new responsibilities, but I still see bikers as my friends, and Jesus as the best friend any biker could ever find. Even though I don't get paid to do it, I still put my arm around bikers and tell them about God who loves them enough that He gave His only Son to die in their place. Don't be surprised if you find me at the next biking event you attend, walking the streets, looking at the bikes, starting a conversation and asking you a question. Have you sincerely asked Jesus Christ to be the Lord (boss) of your entire life, not just your Sunday mornings? Have you acknowledged that you are a sinner in desperate need of a savior? Has your life been changed so much that people could say you have been born again? Have you gotten off that deceitful Highway to Hell, and found the amazing alternative, God's High Way? It's not my job, it's my heart.



WHY DO I DO WHAT I DO?