



# GOD'S HIGHWAY

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DO YOU LOVE YOUR MOTORCYCLE?

I can look back on every motorcycle that I ever owned and say that it was special. Some had reliability issues. Some had comfort issues. I had a blast on every one of them, large or small. Two stokes were great in many ways “back in the day”. Electric starters were a wonderful step up for me back in 1983. Each bike represented a whole new chapter in my motorcycling book, and I have great memories of every one. I really hated to part with any one of them, even when it was clearly time to move on. I “loved” my motorcycles.

Even when a bike would give me some trouble, I knew it could be fixed. I’ve had my Harley blow apart and make enough noise to be its own Fourth of July celebration (although I wasn’t enjoying the fireworks). The Goldwing has let me down in places that you couldn’t make up with the greatest imagination. In spite of the pain, I knew I would eventually be back on the road with it.

Part of the reason for my devotion was financial. I simply couldn’t afford to just go out and buy a new model when I felt like it. Another part was appreciation for the years of faithful service the bike had given to me. There were the amazing memories of rides worthy of a movie or a book. How could I let go of the partner that had made the trip with me?

Today I was thinking about the biggest problems that I have to deal with. Although the Honda is having a slight problem right now, that isn’t the worst issue I have to deal with. It’s people! You can replace a bad fuel pump in a motorcycle, but how do you get rid of a crummy attitude in a person? A little polish will make a dirty machine a joy to be around, but what do you do to improve a dishonest character?

Although people are the biggest troubles, they are also the greatest joys. My two grown boys gave me plenty of fits growing up; but they are both very good to me today and make me proud. The two grandchildren are a nuisance some days; but they also warm my heart and make me glad that I’m their granddaddy. My wife thinks like a woman, and you know how frustrating that can be at times; but she is the one that I know will always be there for me. I don’t get rid of any of them when they mess up. I work with them to restore the love.

If a bike’s problems get bad enough it can be traded in for a better model. When marriage hits a rough spot a great many people use the same kind of logic. What began as the Ideal later seemed to be an Ordeal. And all too soon people start looking for a New Deal. That’s the saddest thing I can think of, giving up on a person, someone who is infinitely more valuable than any motorcycle. I hate to see a bike just falling apart due to neglect, but a human being is even worse. I know

because I was in that condition earlier in my life. Neglected, rejected and defective. People who were very dear to me had walked away and left me in terrible condition.

The word “love” has little real meaning today. People say they “love” their Harley. They “love” their Honda. They “love” pizza. They “love” their new plasma TV. All of those things are just things. They can’t “love” you back. They can give you some degree of pleasure, but they can’t give you “love” in return. They’re just things.

I once heard it said that God gave us Things to use, and People to Love. Too many people seem to have gotten that one backwards today. They “love” things and use people. They put enormous effort into restoring an old PanHead, but they throw away family or friends when they display their human weakness.

This is more than just an article reminding you to value the people in your life. It’s also a look into eternity. They Bible says that the Heavens and the Earth will one day pass away. What will God get out of all this if the cathedrals and churches are gone? All He gets out of this is People! Although He could have just thrown this human mess away and started again, He loved you so much that He decided to make it possible to be restored instead. Jesus died and poured out His precious blood so we could know REAL LOVE. I never knew love until I knew Jesus. I was never able to really give real love until I knew Jesus.

I don’t “love” my bike anymore. I really enjoy it and like it, but now I “love” my wife, my kids, my grandkids, my good friends, and my Savior Who put something in me that my Harley never could manage. Do you “love” your motorcycle? It’s time to switch over to Someone who can love you back, Someone who will never leave you or desert you. Give in to Jesus and find what LOVE really means.

