

Featured Member

Dennis Bauer Chapter 9 Chaplain

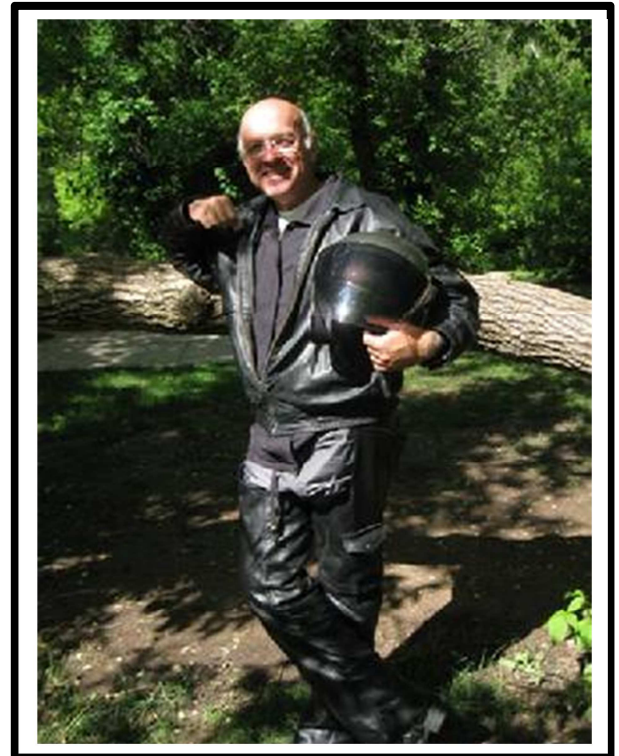
As far back as I can remember I have been fascinated with Motorcycles. As a kid, I would attach balloons or cardboard to the front fork on my bicycle so they would rub against the spokes on the wheels, making a sound like a motorcycle. I would pretend to torque the right handle grip as if I were revving the motor, making motor sounds with my mouth. But, I never thought I would actually ride a motorcycle.

When raising my family the thought would cross my mind, but, being the practical, sensible guy I am, the thought would be pushed out of my mind. After all, I was the glue that held the family together. I would not take the risk of having an accident and leaving my family vulnerable. Still, in the back of my mind.....? Then, one day, about 3 ½ years ago, I had two cars “die” on the same day. The thought of two car payments was more that I wanted to handle, so I said,

“I’ll get a used van and a motorcycle.” Craig’s List was consulted, a 1984 Honda Goldwing was offered at the right price, my son-in-law went along to test drive it and I now owned a motorcycle. So, all I had to do was license it and learn how to ride a 600 pound machine, when the largest bike I have ever ridden was a putt putt trail bike. With lot of trips around the block, never leaving 2nd gear, a hot weekend training course with the St. Charles Parks department and three months later I was, very tentatively, riding a motor cycle. As if I had to convince myself it was real I found myself thinking, “I’m riding a motorcycle. I’m, really, riding a motorcycle.”

Watching my Son-in-law, Bob, my daughter and many others ride and noting the passion with which they approached the experience, I often wondered just what it the allure about riding. Then, one day, on the way to my office, it struck me. I called Bob and excitedly said, “Bob! I think have realized the mystique of riding. You’re setting on a machine that has all the power you would want. You are in complete control (and a man has to feel like he’s in control of something) and you can have that machine take you anyplace you want. It’s sort if like a man and his steed, just the two of you working together.” His response was, “That’s it. Now you understand.” The desire to ride was born in me that day.

In January of 2009, at the encouragement of Pete Petri, I attended a Road Riders for Jesus meeting. I was immediately welcomed.



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I was immediately welcomed. Then I joined the group, went on my first group ride (telling Jack Ross to be gentle with me), got better acquainted with these great people and started joining in the comradely. I even got in on heckling Rich Aubuchon and enjoy some of his cornball jokes. The, when there was an opening for the chapter Chaplain, Jack asked me to fill that until the next election. I had found my place. Having been divorced, I thought my preaching, and pastoring ministry was over. Now, the Lord gave me another flock to tend. And they were a praying, loving group of people who shared my passion for reaching out to people and for riding.

It was also in 2009 I met the woman, who is now my wonderful wife. I discovered she was interested in and had owned a cycle, herself. (A match made in heaven) Through Road Riders for Jesus and with Barb by my side, I am blessed beyond all measure. Praise to our God of “second” and “third” chances.

Submitted by Dennis Bauer