

Joy of the Lord

The Joy of the Lord

Sometimes I ramble too much. I know this. Please forgive me. But as I sit here and pout about the state of my business, my freshly torn up knee and all that it will mean this summer, I tried to focus on some of the really good things God has given me. And He has piled them on in the past! These are a few of the first to pop to mind.....

There are few things in this existence that excite me as much as riding. Very few things that push me to point of yelling out "Thank You God".

Sailing off the big center jump at Backwoods, tapped out in 4th. The feeling just as you leave the lip of the jump.....

Going away from the crowd in Paoli MX, headed towards the "Hole", blowing by lappers, head-shake like nobody's business, the bike skippsideways, the rear end kicks up, and there is no crash....

The air is crisp and clear. The sky is cloudless. The soil is damp and tacky. You are 6 miles out from S-Tree, headed for Turkey foot. You are still within striking distance of the 3 young bucks screaming down the trail ahead of you. The back and forth rythm of trailalmost hypnotizing you into a trance...

Wide open across the dunes at the Badlands MX, you drop over and glide down the back slope and land it perfectly....

Coming back towards the crowd in Taylorville, Illinois Camp. You flow through the tabletop section just before the finish line, and time it just right.....(which I seldom do)

Half way up 1/8th Mile Hill on Dale's Trail of Tears.....You loft the front wheel in 3rd gear...and hold it.....

Battling back and forth with a friend during a race. First he passes me, then I pass him back, then he again. Like 82 and I at Paoli this year. The sheer joy causing you to giggle inside the helmet! Hollering back and forth and feeling like a little kid again...

Landing the start straight tabletop at Oniontown like a pro....(again, seldom accomplished)

Going off the big uphill jump at Ohio camp and looking over at Dale just as he looks back at you with eyes the size of softballs, and a smile you can see thru the helmet...

Seeing one of the many good friends I have met through racing either do extremely well or seeing them crash hard while pushing and then get up unhurt!

How can someone experience these things and not cry out to The Lord with joy! These are the reasons I ride.

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These are some of my most compelling reasons to give thanks.

These are things no one but riders can understand.

To me these few moments are worth all the pain, effort, sweat, and money.

They prove God loves me over and over again.