



AUTUMN/WINTER 2019

CHAINLINK

The Magazine of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association



inside:

**EMC 2019 NEWS
& PICS**
PAGES 8 TO 15

**MEMBERS'
TESTIMONIES**
PAGES 16, 20 & 31

**BRANCH
NEWS**
PAGES 28 & 34



In this issue...

National Chairman, CMA UK	3
Official Stuff...	4
From the Editor's Garage	5
Role of the Trustees	6
Lenchwood EMC 2019	8
A brief history of EMC	10
How the Rally Impacts your Life	11
EMC Rally 2019	12
God is Good!	16
Prayer and Fasting	17
The Miracles of the Messiah, part 1	18
We Raise a Hallelujah	20
Anatomy of a Bike Accident	22
'Ride Like a Girl'	24
Letter from Brian	25
The Miracles of the Messiah, part 2	26
Supporter Presentation at Hackleton	28
The Book	29
Conquering Fear, part 2	30
Si's Stormin' Story	31
O.T. Promises for Today	32
Jasmin (the sequel!)	33
CMA Sunday in Sussex	34
'Twas the Night before Christmas, for Bikers	35



The response to Paul Gardiner's request for articles from the membership was so good – we've had to add an extra four pages to this issue!

Keep it up guys – start thinking about your submission for the Spring 2020 edition.

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The views expressed in *Chainlink* cannot be taken as official CMA policy on any subject. The magazine is published up to four times a year, to provide information for CMA members and to encourage them in their personal walk with God. We pray that this magazine will also stimulate non-Christian readers into thinking more about Jesus Christ, and also seeking Him for themselves.

**The Bible says: 'Seek and you will find' · St Matthew chapter 7, verse 7**

## National Chairman, CMA UK

Mike Fitton

EMC Rally 2019  
'I've never felt love like it.'



“ Our love for God is measured by our everyday fellowship with others and the love it displays. ”  
Andrew Murray (Author of Quiet Times with God)

**I think Andrew Murray's quote sums up the atmosphere we experienced when CMA UK hosted the European Motorcyclists For Christ Rally (EMC) in August this year at Lenchwood Christian Centre near Evesham. The Presence of God was so obvious throughout our time together that lives were challenged and changed – we couldn't have asked for more.**

The EMC is an annual rally held in a different country each year and hosted by Christian bike clubs / associations often working together. This year we had visitors from the Netherlands, Finland, Sweden, France, Switzerland, Latvia, Norway, Portugal, Belgium, UK and Ireland; in total over 350 Christian bikers.

We had different languages and different cultures but we came together under one banner, *Galatians Ch3 v28 'All One In Christ Jesus'*. It was a huge success because everyone came with a servant heart and a desire to receive from Jesus.

A big thank you to Les Jones who was the Rally Coordinator, the registration team, the dedicated prayer team, our speakers, tech team, worship band, everyone who worked so hard to make it happen and packed up at the end. You were a credit to the ministry of CMA.

**The theme of the rally was 'Victory in Surrender'** - looking at Jesus' willingness to surrender Himself to His Father's will for the sake of mankind.

*Matthew Ch26 v38-39 Jesus said, "My soul is overwhelmed with sorrow to the point of death". Going a little farther, he fell with his face to the ground and prayed, "My Father, if it is possible, may this cup be taken from me. Yet not as I will, but as you will."*

His Honesty said – 'This is overwhelming Me.'

His Heart said – 'Take this away if you will.'

His Humility said – 'Not My will but Your's be done.'

That is **Victory in SURRENDER.**

'I willingly submit to You Heavenly Father.'

'I will hold nothing back.'

'I give You my all, whatever the cost, even my life at Calvary.'

One person that stands out for me at the rally is a 14yr old young man called Blake; his mum Fiona rides an 800cc VFR and recently joined the North East branch. [see pages 12 & 13 – Ed.] Throughout the weekend Blake watched everyone carefully and eventually said that he had never known love like he experienced at the EMC and surrendered his life to Jesus. There has been a big change in Blake and I have been invited to preach at his baptism in November. His dream is to have a bike one day and ride with CMA.

I truly believe that Andrew Murray's quote touched on what happened at the EMC for Blake, '*Our love for God is measured by our everyday fellowship with others and the love it displays*'. Never underestimate what God can do, as we love one another and share that love in its simplest form with those who have no understanding of Calvary.

When we Surrender our lives the outcome is unimaginable and the results are eternal.

DL Moody challenges us all with this statement:

*"No one can sum up all God is able to accomplish through one solitary life, wholly yielded, adjusted, and obedient to Him."*

In 2020 the EMC Rally will be in Gullbrannagarden, Sweden, from 30<sup>th</sup> July to 2<sup>nd</sup> August.

In 2021 the EMC Rally will be in Norway from 24<sup>th</sup> to 27<sup>th</sup> June.

Why not plan a road trip with your branch? You won't regret it.

God Bless you,

Mike

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Fraser McDougall, Rob Urand  
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In this Autumn/Winter edition there are a good handful of reports and stories from the EMC at Lenchwood. If you weren't there, you can read what you missed!

I love listening to stories of the saints. I'm talking about *saints* with a small 's' – that's you and me. The Bible calls us the '*called out ones*', those who are sanctified. Apostle Paul addresses some of his letters '*to the saints at...*' I occasionally hear fellow believers describe themselves as a '*sinner saved by grace*'. Well, it might be true but if the Bible calls me a 'saint' then who am I to say otherwise! Let's not put ourselves down in a sense of misplaced humility, rather acknowledge who we are in Christ – sons and daughters of Almighty God!

It's true to say that everyone needs to feel loved, and everyone likes to be appreciated. I had a nice comment from from one of the Trustees recently (more about the Trustees on page 6) about Chainlink: '*its a very professional looking and interesting read.*' Well, '*professional*' is OK and I'm pleased with that but '*interesting*' tells me that there is still much room for improvement – which is good. My desire in producing our magazine is to make it not just a '*shop window*' for CMA UK but to make it exciting, challenging, thought-provoking, a blessing, an encouragement and even a medium for our Father to speak His word directly to those who are listening for Him. So there is a long way to go, which is good. Every one of us is still a '*work in progress*'.

One of my objectives is to include at least one Bible teaching article in each issue of the magazine. In this edition I include an article from one of my offspring, Mark, also a biker (when his young family permits). This one could be quite thought-provoking!

Ride safe, keep more-or-less upright, be a blessing and be blessed!

John

Articles for Chainlink are most welcome, and should preferably be submitted by e-mail to chainlink@bike.org.uk

All images should be high resolution (originals from your camera/smartphone) and NOT embedded in a text document. Vector graphics are also welcome. Text documents should be unformatted rich text format (RTF) files. MS Word documents are acceptable, PDFs are not.

The sender must obtain permission for the inclusion of ALL names, addresses and pictures, especially of children, prior to submission and provide accreditation for all material that is not original. The sender takes all responsibility for all content and rights relating to all items that are submitted. If in doubt, please obtain verification from the National Chairman or the Executive committee. The editor retains the right to correct spelling and grammar as appropriate.

**Jesus is Lord. Hallelujah!**

He sees our inmost places  
He hears our secret cries  
He understands our troubles  
And He listens to our sighs

He knows when we are suffering  
He joins us when we weep  
Our lives are safe within his hands  
Our hearts are His to keep

He purchased us at Calvary  
He washes us with tears  
He breathes into our spirits  
And He saves us from our fears

He chose to die upon a cross  
To shed His precious blood  
He is forever with us  
In life's overwhelming flood

Although He knows that we are  
dust  
And crippled by our sin  
Yet, still He made a living way  
To God, and calls us in

So if you hear His voice today  
His grace, the sweetest sound  
If you are lost along life's path,  
Believe - in Christ, you're found.

Jesus is Lord. Hallelujah!

**Sue Brown**

## Role of the Trustees

Brian Carbonero, CMA UK Trustee

### How is CMA UK organised?

From time to time we receive questions about CMA UK's structure, and who is responsible for what. With this in mind, we've put together this overview to address them in a way that is available to everyone in membership.

An important point is that our structure has been developed over 40 years with one primary aim in mind – to be effective in achieving God's purpose for CMA. This purpose is often described as 'changing the world one heart at a time,' focused on the motorcycling community that we are all a part of.

Since CMA UK became a Charity in April 2000, this purpose has also been described in two 'charitable objects':

- To propagate the Christian Gospel;
- To provide teaching for motorcyclists and others in the Christian Faith as revealed by the Bible.

**Branches** are the main way we work to follow God's purpose for CMA UK so that these aims can be achieved. The role of **Branch Chairman** is a very important one, as their responsibilities include the spiritual leadership of the branch, and for ensuring it is run to achieve the 'charitable objects' through developing a strategic vision on how best to share the Gospel with local bikers, organise the branch and support the work of CMA UK nationally.

To do this they also assess the commitment and suitability of those applying for or renewing their membership, develop individuals who might fulfil branch or national roles in the future, and ensure that

CMA rules and requirements are followed, including the Rules, Constitution and policies such as Safeguarding. Branch Chairmen are elected at Branch AGMs and also approved by the National Executive.

Branches are supported by two national level governance bodies – the National Executive and the Trustees, as well as by other specialist national posts, such as Fast Track Prayer Coordinator, Membership Secretary, Chainlink Editor and Merchandise Officers.

Your **National Executive** members are called by God to help lead this ministry in accordance with the objects of the charity. In summary, the work of the National Executive supports Branches in serving their motorcycle community and sharing the Gospel within it.

Individuals are elected to these roles at the National AGM. One misconception has been that individuals on the National Executive are there primarily to represent the interests of their local branch. This is not the case – they are elected to a national post through which they

seek to serve God and everyone in CMA UK.

As well as working with the National Chairman on overall leadership topics, development, strategy and the oversight of CMA UK, the National Executive also carry out a range of tasks that are best done once on behalf of CMA UK rather than at the branch level. Examples of this are ensuring we have public liability insurance, and helping to prepare for the National AGM and National Rally. The National Executive may also appoint sub-committees as needed to carry out a particular activity or duty. Last but not least, the National Executive also provide direct support and guidance to Branch officials as needed.

It is also worth noting that whilst the responsibilities of our **National Chairman** include chairing the meetings of the National Executive, strategy and spiritual leadership, that person is not a member of the National Executive and so has no voting privileges associated with that body.



Brian Carbonero



Penny Lowrey



Fraser McDougall



Rob Urand

**Charity Trustees** are responsible for ensuring that the charity has a clear strategy, and that its work and goals are in line with its stated objectives. The Charity Commission for England & Wales summarises the Trustee role as being the charity's 'guardians of purpose', which in our case involves making sure that decisions made within CMA UK are focused on the needs of those we are seeking to share the Gospel with.

When CMA UK became a charity in 2000, the National Executive members at the time were appointed as its first Trustees, but with the aim of moving towards having a separate body of Trustees over time. Now, with that independence established, new Trustees are appointed by the existing Trustees, in accordance with normal charity practice.

This separation between the two bodies has a number of advantages; in particular it means that there is greater independent oversight of the work of the National Executive, to which the Trustees have delegated the day to day operational management of CMA UK.

We know that other people in CMA UK are Trustees of other charities. There are two main differences that stand out between CMA UK and other similar sized charities, particularly those focused on fund raising. CMA UK is almost entirely funded by its membership, and does not own or hold responsibilities for any properties. In many ways this reduces the complexity of the role and allows the Trustees to focus on ensuring that CMA UK is doing what it was set up to do and is running well.

More details on all roles can be found in the CMA UK Handbook, as well as the Constitution and Rules. "That's fine" you may say, "but how do we get to meet the people in these roles?"

Regional and national events provide a great opportunity to get to know other Branch Officials, members of the National Executive, Trustees, and those in various national roles – not least our National Chairman, Mike Fitton. These opportunities include the AGM & Fellowship Weekend, our own National Rally, the Ladies Conference, the European

Motorcyclists for Christ (EMC) Rally, Regional Meetings, and serving at Holy Joe's Café at bike rallies where help is needed from more than one branch – such as *Yorkshire Pudding*, *Farmyard* and *Stormin' the Castle*. They are also a chance to meet and build friendships with other CMA folk from across the UK, as well as people from the wider family of Christian motorcyclist organizations who have travelled from other countries to attend.

We encourage you all to make the most of these opportunities to meet with others. It may be that some clash with local events, but in such cases if even just one or two people from a branch attend the national event then that has been shown in the past to be really helpful.

We hope that this has answered at least the main questions, but if you have others then let us know through our mailbox – [trustees@bike.org.uk](mailto:trustees@bike.org.uk).

*CMA UK Trustees – Brian Carbonero, Penny Lowrey, Fraser McDougall, Rob Urand* †

## Lenchwood EMC 2019

George & Caz Laws and Tom & Debbie Anderson, Tyne & Wear

Last November when the new accommodation buildings were still just a twinkle in the builder's eye we emailed Lenchwood and booked our room for the EMC, as we no longer have the skeletal integrity to manage camping. What great additions to the facilities at the Centre. Beautiful wooden lodges with kitchen, sitting area and en-suite bedrooms. Also very handy for our camping friends to charge their phones and keep their choc ices frozen.

I didn't get to all the meetings and I think a memory I will always enjoy will be of sitting at the entrance to our lodge, fan on full because of the heat, feet up, and listening as the worship from the main marquee flowed over the site.

Meeting Christian bikers from so many different countries and associations was a new and valuable experience – sometimes enjoyed more in sign language than in the spoken word. It is

so good to know how many people are on the front lines all across Europe: taking the gospel to biking communities and their families.

We are looking forward to Sweden 2020: I wonder if they have lodges?

### Debbie and Tom

Friday morning at the European Motorcyclists for Christ Rally I rose to the sound of singing and ventured out to see my wife with a group of Finnish bikers outside the next lodge. The chap she was talking to was called Paul, who was half Finnish and half Swedish. Wherever we go Caz will find people to talk to whether they speak her language or not. Paul told Caz it had taken them four days of relaxing, enjoyable riding to get to the rally. They would spend four days at the rally and then it would take them another four days to get home. That's commitment. It took me five hours to

get to Lenchwood and I was exhausted and I came in the car!

As a thank you for their beautiful singing Caz gave the three women in the group a 'Jesus Loves You' bracelet she had made. Paul, feeling a little left out asked for one. He was over the moon when she gave him a black bracelet. Caz spoke to more people around the campsite and after fellowshiping handed out more bracelets.

Before the evening event, outside the main tent, Caz asked two men about their cuts, which had 'Soldiers for Jesus' patches on the back in bright yellow. Their names were Wannas and Samuel, their President, who had travelled from Belgium. Caz asked about their walk with Jesus and found that it was very similar to her own. Soldiers for Jesus will have been going 30 years next year. Another 'Soldiers for Jesus' member, Tiej came and joined in with the discussion and Caz



felt they should pray together. Agreeing, she organised them in a circle. Shoulder hugging, Caz prayed that even though they had never met before they were all brothers and sisters in Christ and God knew their names. Caz prayed that God would bless them and the work they were doing in his name. During Caz's prayer more people joined in the circle. She was pleased that it went on for longer than she thought it would have. Filled with the Holy Spirit it's amazing what you can achieve in God's strength when asking strangers in a field if they would all pray together.

The following morning Tim, Tom, Paul, Brian and myself, from Tyne and Wear branch, went into town to look for a motorbike shop that had vintage motorbikes for sale. After a brief visit and lots of male orientated banter, (aimed at Brian's small tent, but done in the best possible taste) we stopped off at a café. After being served, one of the patrons called me over and commented that it was a 'baby friendly' café and how strange it looked for five bikers, all wearing leather waistcoats with crosses on their backs to have entered. It was then I noticed all the small children running around the floor and the baby

gate on the door. I apologised but the couple said it wasn't a problem – it just looked strange.

While sitting outside some of us ate cake and drank coffee, as hardened bikers are apt to do. One of our members took a photo of Tom and Paul eating cake and uploaded it to WhatsApp so their wives could see what they were up to. No honour among bikers it seems. My feeling is what happens in a coffee shop on a rideout, stays in the coffee shop.

As we ate and drank and 'took the mickey' out of Brian's small tent, with matching kettle and heater, I wondered what had taken us to a baby friendly café. Then God answered. Our crosses attracted the attention of two women on the next table who were bikers. After a brief talk Tim stood and offered to pray

with them. With tears in their eyes they agreed. After grateful thanks for the prayer and Biker Bible the couple I had talked to inside came out and asked us about our crosses and faith. They too, it seemed were bikers from Australia and were on holiday. Again Tim prayed with them and we gave out another Biker Bible and CMA prayer card.

God, it seems, always has a plan for us and a way He can use us. We just have to be open to Him and what He wants to do in our lives.

**Caz and George** ✝



Tyne & Wear Branch

## A brief history of EMC

Philip Head, Secretary, Devon and Cornwall

The idea of European Motorcyclists for Christ (EMC) was birthed by the Christian Bikers' Association, when Jan Hochlin, a man from the USA who came to Europe in 1972 and rode with the Norwegian Holy Riders from 1981, heard about the Christian Bikers' Association in the UK who were working on starting a European witness. In 1983 an attempt was made to get it up and running, but without success. When Jan returned to Norway and mentioned the idea to his friend Atle Bednarz, Atle immediately saw the vision and became truly fired up about getting something birthed.

Jan and Atle decided to try to get something going for Europe. They put an advertisement in a Danish magazine, knowing there were Christian bikers in that country and got an answer pretty quickly. Two Danes came to visit them. It turned out they were in touch with a Dutch club, PS23. They in turn knew of some others, among them a club in the UK, possibly the Christian Bikers' Association. They agreed to meet up in Germany to see if they could get something going.

They got together near Soltau in Germany at a camp called Eurocamping, on the 25<sup>th</sup> to the 27<sup>th</sup> of August, 1989. (The campsite either doesn't exist any more or it has changed its name).

Jan took charge during the start-up, and they started making up a small pamphlet or club magazine which they called, 'Headlights – Showing the way forward'. Unfortunately, not many contributors were found and after a few years of being the sole editor, contributor and distributor, he had to give it up. Since there was no source of income, he wasn't able to continue, so it died an ignominious death.

One of the immediate results of the work was the formation of the Danish club, Kilden, where a bunch from Holy Riders were involved with practical help and advice. About ten of them went to South Jutland to assist with the formal establishment of Kilden and a great time was had with some really wonderful people.

The next, really the first, EMC rally was in Voorthuizen, The Netherlands from the 14<sup>th</sup> to the 16<sup>th</sup> of September, 1990.

The history of the rallies since then is shown below; there have been many interesting happenings, such as in 1993 in Norway, at Skottevig Camping outside Kristiansand. The meeting was blessed with wonderful weather; however, the preacher who had booked suddenly had to cancel, so they were allowed to have their Sunday meeting in the Kristiansand

Cathedral. A marvelous experience for EMC and for the local congregation!

We hope you enjoyed 2019 at Lenchwood Christian Centre, Ab Lench, near Evesham in the UK. We trust and pray you have been blessed of the Lord and with the fellowship, teaching, ride out, food, worship and the very presence of our living Lord and King, and that you have grown in 'Victory in Surrender'.

Sweden is the destination for 2020. There will be live music; games; scenic ride outs;

services; fun for kids; beach; barbeque. The venue is Gullbrannagården over the period 30<sup>th</sup> July to 2<sup>nd</sup> August. The conference theme will be 'Forgiving Freedom'. Further information on:

[www.emc2020.se](http://www.emc2020.se)

With thanks to Jan Hocklin and Jason Goodwill for their substantive contributions in the compilation of this article.

| Year | Host country    | Place                    |
|------|-----------------|--------------------------|
| 1989 | Germany         | Soltau                   |
| 1990 | The Netherlands | Voorthuizen              |
| 1991 | Denmark         | Mørklund                 |
| 1992 | UK              | Ipswich                  |
| 1993 | Norway          | Kristiansand             |
| 1994 | The Netherlands | Leeuwarden               |
| 1995 | France          | Neuwiller-les-Saverne    |
| 1996 | Finland         | Keuruu near Jyväskylä    |
| 1997 | Switzerland     | Basel                    |
| 1998 | UK              | Norwich                  |
| 1999 | Belgium         | Maldegem                 |
| 2000 | Sweden          | Drottingholm             |
| 2001 | Denmark         | Aalborg                  |
| 2002 | Germany         | Ittlingen near Heilbronn |
| 2003 | Norway          | Aal                      |
| 2004 | UK              | Hollybush                |
| 2005 | The Netherlands | Sevenum                  |
| 2006 | Finland         | Keuruu near Jyväskylä    |
| 2007 | Sweden          | Halmstad                 |
| 2008 | The Netherlands | Sevenum                  |
| 2009 | Czech Republic  | Mariánské Lázně          |
| 2010 | UK              | Huddersfield             |
| 2011 | Norway          | Kvam                     |
| 2012 | Germany         | Forcheim                 |
| 2013 | Denmark         | Tarm                     |
| 2014 | Portugal        | Fanhoes                  |
| 2015 | Finland         | Lohja-Vivamo             |
| 2016 | Spain           | Tarragona                |
| 2017 | Latvia          | Zalenieki                |
| 2018 | The Netherlands | Kamerik                  |
| 2019 | UK              | Ab Lench                 |

## How the Rally Impacts your Life

Karen Legge & Magali Ellis, MESS Branch



This year I attended the EMC Rally at Lenchwood in Evesham. The theme was 'Victory in Surrender'.

I was so blessed by the weekend in so many ways, amazing fellowship with brothers and sisters from all over the world. Thought provoking talks from a variety of different speakers. Worship that was lively, energetic and reflective. I really felt God present throughout the weekend.

God's timing was perfect as always – I had been struggling with a situation at work, battling with decisions out of my control, thinking I could handle it and at the rally I heard God say, "Hand it over to me – Victory in Surrender". As soon as I went back to work, I spoke with my line

manager and asked for a move off the team and now I am on a new team and again enjoying the work I do and the organisation I work for.

It was my first Rally but I will be back as it was such a lovely time of fellowship, friendship and fun.

Karen

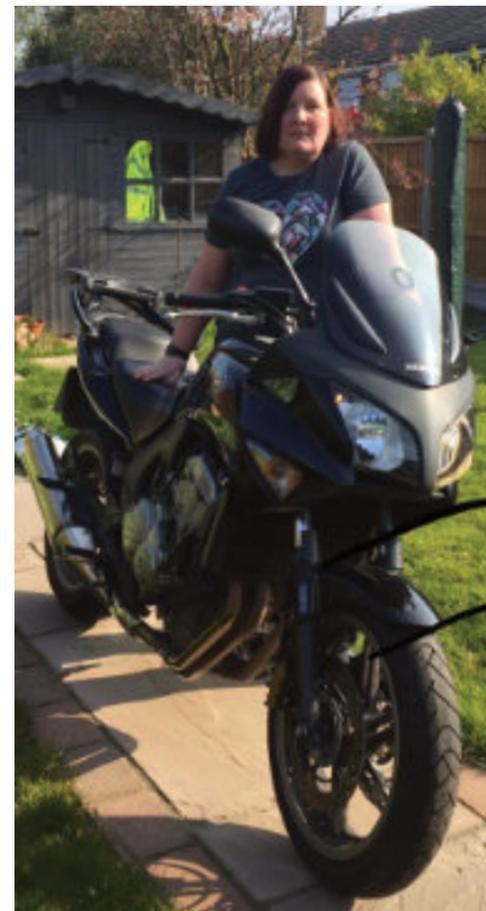
It was also my first CMA and EMC Rally this year and it was one of the most fantastic times of my life! I knew I had to attend the Rally as soon as I saw the theme of the Rally – 'Victory in Surrender'. It was an amazing time of fellowship with so many people both from the UK and from abroad and it was a privilege to serve and help make the event a great experience for everyone.

The services were mind-blowing on so many different levels! I stood in amazement watching so many different people from so many different churches and denominations coming together as one to worship God! The messages were so powerful, the music so inspirational and the presence of God was so palpable throughout the weekend: it was a truly special time with my God and fellow Christians.

Our MESS branch was well represented and it was a fantastic opportunity to get to know each other better too. I believe that the Rally helped us all to grow into a family in Christ.

If truth be known, I was not too sure about camping but, to be honest, it was brilliant to be on site with everyone and the camping was the fun part of the whole adventure! Going to the CMA National Rally and/or the EMC Rally is worth every single minute of it! In fact, I have already set aside next year's dates in my diary: 17-19 July 2020 for the CMA National Rally at Lenchwood and 30 July to 2 August 2020 for the EMC Rally in Sweden. Are you coming?

Magali †



## EMC Rally 2019

Fiona Preston, North East

Well, today I was asked by my local chairman to do an article about my first time at a rally. Of course, I had to say yes, as I don't think Gary would be very happy if I said no. So, what can I say? Well if I'm honest I really wasn't sure if I was going to come or not, as it's a long drive and the thought of camping at a rally wasn't my thing. I didn't even book as I thought I could make an excuse as why I shouldn't go. My son Blake who is 13 really wanted to go – he was looking forward to camping and seeing the motorbikes. He is mad on motorbikes but wasn't a Christian and he would very definitely say he was an atheist and didn't want to go to church at all. Well, I did in the end decide to go, and by the Monday I was excited about going. We arrived on the Wednesday and was met by people who very quickly put my tent up for me, so thank you to Gary, Pauline and Sid and to everyone else who helped.

Now sadly I didn't go on my bike.



So, all set up on the Wednesday and ready to go.

On Wednesday night I was having a look around and Gary showed me the Pilgrim Bike and met Fred. Well, I was totally blown away by this amazing testimony of Fred. It was an honour to meet such a lovely man with such a testimony of Gods strength. Of course, I had to introduce him to Blake.

So, what can I say about the rally? Well it was amazing and one of the best times of my life ever. Each night the worship service was just amazing, and the preaching was just first class, and I was so fortunate to have been able to play my flute as part of the worship which was an honour. For me one of the most amazing things was just how real God was, I've been to Christian conventions in the past like Spring Harvest and I can honestly say I have never felt God's love in the way that I did on this weekend. It was truly wonderful to be with so many people that genuinely loved God and showed it in such a powerful way. But for me the thing that has touched my heart the most is the way it has moved my son Blake. He has gone from being a non-believer into a Christian. God has touched his heart in a big way while we were at the rally. The thing that touched Blake the most was how kind everybody was, he was blown away by how people were just so nice, and how people like Sid took the time to bother with him and letting him ride on the back of the Tiger.



In the past Blake would just sit down in church if I'd have dragged him there. Well, he was stood up and singing the songs. For me one of the most touching times was to go to the field where the prayer stations were after the evening worship and sit in the chairs and listen to 'You Won't Relent' and talk about God and being a Christian.

We were both so sad to leave the rally and didn't want to go back home, Blake wanted to bottle that feeling but I did tell Blake that he was the bottle and that God will go with him, and that we hadn't left God behind.

Back home Blake and I have read the Bible together every night, and we went to our local Christian book shop so he could choose his own Bible. The funny thing is we are reading John's Gospel together and I am also getting so much

out of it through Blake's eyes. I had forgotten how wonderful the words of John are.

So, if you're not sure about going to the next rally please go. Blake and I have both come home amazed at Gods love. A 13-year-old boy's heart was touched in a way that he has never experienced before.

I would like to say a massive thank you to you all, for your ability to show Gods love in such a genuine and real way, but also to show Christ through your actions in such a way that it has spoken to my son. I would like to thank Mike & Sandy and Gary & Pauline and Sid and Colin and anybody else who went out of their way to make Blake feel so welcome. But most of all I want to thank God for his amazing Grace in transforming both Blake and I that weekend. ✠



*The Saturday morning  
rideout from the 2019 EMC  
at Lenchwood*



Liz Robertson  
in full flow...



...and finally gagged  
(sorry Liz)



Main marquee,  
EMC 2019,  
Lenchwood

## God is Good!

Bob Hughes-Burton, Chairman, North Wales

Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> April 2019 was a day I will never forget. We (Bob, Dawn and Stephen) arrived home about 4pm from a weekend spent in Liverpool for the CMA AGM; it was a very good weekend. We parked the caravan on the drive and the car on the road outside our house, unpacked and settled in for the evening a normal evening. This was disrupted by a phone call at 9.40pm informing me my stepfather Thomas has very suddenly passed. After I took in the shock I called the family and we headed over to Heswall, Wirral to be with my mother.

After a few hours we (Dawn and I) finally went to bed, we woke up early on Monday morning and started to make plans. After a short time, we agreed Mum should not stay on her own and we contacted family in Anglesey who agreed to have her stay there. Everything going well, or so we thought.

Shortly after leaving Heswall I (Bob) began passing urine uncontrollably; after a few hours things were very bad and I nearly crashed on the A55. But God was with us and I awoke right by the entrance to a service area, pulled into the services and after a quiet re-organizing of things Stephen took over driving for the rest of the Journey to Anglesey, of which I recall very little.

Arriving at my cousin's home we all went into the house and I sat in the conservatory where I promptly fell asleep. Unknown to me, the conversation was about how unwell I was. I awoke to hear my cousin say, "He must be ill, he is too quiet," which was followed by a barrage of diagnoses ranging from, 'he is having a stoke' to 'he is dying'. I needed to spend a penny, so Stephen assisted me in going outside to the toilet as I was very wobbly on my feet.

Having passed water, I noticed blood in the urine; Stephen quickly fetched Dawn and before you could

say 'boo' I was back in the car and on my way to hospital—again I recall nothing of the journey. Having arrived at A&E I again needed the toilet. Dawn pushed me in my wheelchair and when I passed water... it was BLOOD. Called into triage, showed the nurse the beaker in which Dawn got a sample and I was rushed through to the emergency department. From then until about 2.30am I recalled very little apart from having a catheter fitted.

Sketchy recollections were of being prayed for by our lead elder as well as Dawn and Stephen. I was later informed that I was also praying for myself. At 2.30am I came to in a hospital bed, sat bolt upright and said, "Why am I in hospital?" I did not get the answer until 10.00 in the morning when the consultant came to check on me. It transpired that I had Urinary Sepsis—I was told that I should not be alive and had been running a temperature of 48°C for 4 hours before getting under control. Dawn had been taken to one side and had it said to her, 'expect the worse; with his health already what it is, it is unlikely he will pull through.' Yet here I was having a conversation with the consultant about me and my battle with Urinary Sepsis. The consultant said, "Well what can I say?" I said it for him:

**GOD IS GOOD!**



## Prayer and Fasting

Heike West, Thames Valley

I'm writing this as I am breaking my fast on my last day of *prayer and fasting month* we have had at my church. Wondering if this article is worth reading? Well if you haven't tried fasting food before, then definitely read on. If you have tried it but struggled – again, read on. If you've tried it, got on swimmingly, found it rewarding and don't like to read about other people's struggles – then, yes, maybe you are someone that should turn over to the next article...

Fasting – I know we can fast anything, from Facebook to radio, coffee to chocolate. But I found there is something about fasting food altogether that is hugely powerful and rewarding. I know not everyone can do it for medical and other reasons, but if you don't fall into that category I'd encourage you to try. Sounds too scary? I hear you! But then it's not meant to be easy! It's meant to be a sacrifice to bring us closer to God. And for me – it totally does!

The first time I heard about fasting was when I was a very new Christian (weeks old!) and had to go through a court case. A good friend told me that she would fast for me that day. And it blew me away. It sounded like such a monumental thing to do! And she did it for me! But it was years and years later before I fasted myself. I found it just too scary!

I started with fasting Facebook and coffee for a day, and while that is a good point to start and works, I didn't find it as effective in reminding me to pray as an empty stomach does. Every time I feel hungry I pray – and the later in the day it gets the more constant I end up praying! Knowing that you are hungry for this reason makes it easier – I find, anyway. It gives you a purpose. I find my prayers are more focussed, I feel closer to God and hear Him so much more clearly! And of course you know it's not forever – just until 6pm or

whatever time you want to set yourself (I went with 8pm till 6pm).

Is it easy all the time? Absolutely not! Only last week I just couldn't do it. It was my day to fast and pray and by midday I was frazzled, lightheaded and my thoughts kept on wandering. I just couldn't keep a clear thought/prayer in my head. So I gave in and decided to break my fast after lunch rather than keeping going until the evening. It just wasn't meant to be that day. I still prayed throughout the day, very aware of my failure. It reminded me that we are far from perfect – and that is why Jesus died for us. So not a lost day at all, but brought me closer to God and how amazing He is on another level.

So this week I decided to get back on the horse but set myself a shorter target. I'll go till lunchtime and see, and then I kept going, and going – because I was back in my headspace. And when I went for a walk at lunch instead of eating, I had the most amazing conversation with God.

**Be  
expectant  
and ready  
to enter a  
new  
closeness  
with God**

So what I'm trying to say is – give it a go. Set yourself a small target and see where it gets you. Be expectant and ready to enter a new closeness with God that you haven't experienced before. Because it is different. Simply different. Don't wait for another prayer and fasting church-led opportunity to come round. Pick a cause, a problem, a friend and fast for this. I now like to fast for our rallies and pray for them.

And I know that a team of people is praying and fasting for the EMC at the moment. [Heike's article was submitted a week before the EMC – Ed.] It makes such a difference covering an event or a person in prayer this way. You'll know what I mean once you've done it. Would love to hear how you get on!

Much love, Heike ☪

# The Miracles of the Messiah, part 1

Mark Hodge, Liverpool

## Introduction

**Have you ever read some of the miracles in the Bible, and wondered why the Messiah did what he did? or why scripture tells us certain details? or why some things seem a bit random? In this article, I will examine some of the works of the Messiah to see what we can discover. But first, some context...**

## Background

In ancient times, the Creator, Almighty God invited a man, Abram, to walk before him and follow his ways. Abram accepted the invitation, obeyed God and later became Abraham, the father of a great nation through his offspring Isaac and Jacob. It was Jacob who was later renamed to Israel.

The nation of Israel was chosen to be an example to the nations on earth, of what it looks like when a people group choose to live under the rule of the Almighty and obey him. Blessings were promised for obedience, and curses for disobedience.

Israel grew and prospered, and because of this, were forced into slavery in Egypt by a worried Pharaoh. God chose a man called Moses to save and lead them out of slavery and bondage. Moses, being raised in Egypt under Pharaoh, was unfamiliar with the Almighty God who called him.

Moses wanted to know his name, so he asked "When the sons of Israel ask me, 'What is his name?' what shall I say to them?" God replied, "You shall tell them, YHVH, the God of your fathers Abraham, Isaac and Jacob has appeared to me". These 4 consonants are known as the Tetragrammaton and make up the proper personal name of the Almighty. When the Masoretic vowels from the ancient Hebrew manuscripts are used, it is pronounced 'YeHoVaH', or 'Yah' for short, which simply means 'He exists'.



Yah (God) made a covenant with Israel at Mount Sinai and gave them His instructions on how to live. The Hebrew word for instructions is 'torah' and is often mis-translated in English as 'law'. Torah is from the verb, 'yarah', which means 'to shoot or throw towards a target'. Thus, God's instructions were given to guide and direct his covenant people towards life and blessing, and ultimately, Himself.

These instructions were given through Moses, who was told to write them all down in a book. God himself wrote 10 of these words with his own finger on 2 tablets of stone. In fact, he had to write them again on another 2 tablets since Moses smashed the first due to Israel's disobedience.

To prepare Israel to enter the promised land, God told them not to learn to do the disgusting things of the nations who currently dwelt there. He said in the future He would raise up for His people a Prophet like Moses, from among their brothers, and that they were to listen to Him.

The Hebrew word for listen is 'shamah', which means 'to hear attentively and obey'. If one does not obey, then one has not truly heard. In Hebrew thought, you cannot separate one from the other, thus the evidence of hearing is obeying.

Why were they to obey this future Prophet? Because God would put his words in his mouth and he would speak to them all he had instructed. Twice, God told his

people not to add or take away from his instructions, but to be careful to do only what he had given. This point will become extremely important later.

We see from the scriptures that this chosen Prophet is none other than the Messiah to come. He is called in the prophets 'a branch from the root of Jesse' and this branch is described as a king, a servant, the son of man, the son of God and the coming judge.

The purpose of this prophet-king-servant-man of God would be to speak, represent and live out all of God's instructions on earth, to destroy the works of the false accuser and to reconcile men to God by saving them from their sins. The Hebrew word for sin is from the verb 'chata' which means 'to miss the target'. So it makes sense, that if we want to hit the target (i.e., not sin) we need to follow someone who knows what the target is, where it is and how to get there and hit it every time.

When we are diligent to follow such a person, we are, in effect, saved from missing the mark. The Hebrew word for save is 'yashah' which means 'to be delivered, set free and liberated'.

Imagine being lost on a ride out and stopping someone to ask for directions. If they gave you the wrong ones and you followed them, you would still end up lost. However, receiving the right directions is not enough; you then must remember (or write them down) and carefully follow them (not following the right ones has the same result as following the wrong ones). By doing this, you will be delivered and saved from going the wrong way and missing your destination. The scripture says the result of going the wrong way (i.e., our way) is death.

So far, I haven't mentioned the name of this Prophet, but the angel Gabriel told his earthly father, Joseph, what to call him before he was born. "You shall call his

name Yehoshuah because he will save his people from their sins". This name is a combination of the name Yehovah and the verb yashah (to save), which simply means 'Yehovah saves'. The reason this man was called what he was called is because that's what he came to do—save. That's what his specific purpose was.

Over time, 'Yehoshua' was contracted to 'Yeshua' and then transliterated into Greek as 'Iesous'. This then became 'Jesus' in old English, and more recently 'Jesus' in today's modern translations. For the remainder of this article, I will refer to him as Yeshua.

Yeshua is the Word who became flesh and dwelt among us. You could also say he is the Torah in living form. When he spoke to the crowds in Galilee at the start of his ministry, he made a point of saying, "Do not think that I came to destroy Torah or the Prophets, I did not come to destroy, but to 'pleroo'". This Greek word means 'to fill to the full, complete, carry into effect, bring to realisation'. This of course makes perfect sense as this is exactly what God said this prophet would do back in Deuteronomy and is the very reason we should listen to him.

*continued on page 26...*



## We Raise a Hallelujah

Dawn Hughes-Burton, North Wales

**Some years ago, about 12, I was diagnosed with a condition called Fibromyalgia and Complex Regional Pain Syndrome. I was already dealing with IBS. Prior to all of this I was fit and well and a happy loving wife and mother. I had become the full-time care for my husband who had in 1995 been diagnosed with Primary Progressive Multiple Sclerosis.**

Life was OK and I had a faith which admittedly had taken a back seat for some years, although it had started to re-immersed during 1995/6. By 1998 I was back in church fellowship full time and was very active with the church *Mum's and Tots'* group, eventually becoming one of the tree leaders of the group and taking on a Spurgeons childcare course eventually qualifying in childcare.

All the time my faith was getting stronger, I had a husband who did not believe but I along with others kept praying for him. Eventually, late in 1998, he went on an *Alpha Course* and in the third week of the course during a baptismal service he finally surrendered. I thought life would be that little bit easier now.

Well, how wrong can you be? Owing to circumstances we had to surrender our home in Birkenhead, and we moved back to my husband's birthplace, North Wales. We eventually were given a local authority house where we still currently live 19 years later. Ever since my diagnosis I had received prayer for healing many times with no immediate relief from pain. The consultants and doctors knew – and still don't know – very little about Fibro so just dished out pain relief in the form of tablets. These tablets did very little for me. I had been told by those who loved me to be careful of the dosage, but I didn't really pay much attention.

Eventually I started getting concerned over the symptoms not being relieved and spoke to my GP's but to no avail. They just told me to keep



Dawn today

taking the tablets. I later started having bouts of sickness which ended up me being very poorly and after some time a decision was made that I should have my gaul blader removed because of gaul stones. This was done but although I felt a little better and the sickness was less frequent the problems remained.

Prayers where continually being said for me by all those who knew me as well as my family. In recent months I decided we needed a holiday. We are licensed Amateur Radio operators and in late September there was to be an Amateur Radio Rally in Newark-on-Trent so we decided to attend. We are also members of CMA and we knew that CMA members were to attend this year's RTTW in Staffordshire so we booked to go to that as well.

The time came to set off on this 2-week holiday. We arrived at the campsite in Newark and set up the caravan on Monday evening 23<sup>rd</sup> September. During the evening I started feeling unwell. Wednesday saw me in bed and being very unwell again having violent bouts of vomiting and other things going on – *NOT* a great start to our 2-week holiday. By Thursday I had begun to show signs of improving but was not free of the sickness completely. Friday saw the start of the rally and we attended but it was not as good for me as it should have been. Saturday, the second day of the rally, I started to feel much better. All this time the weather had been very unsettled with heavy rain and wind. Thursday night we discovered a leak from one of the skylights on our caravan roof but it was only small so we thought it would be ok.

Saturday night that leak got worse and we had make a decision to cut the holiday short, so on Sunday we packed up and headed home. The journey was not the best – very heavy rain and the M62 closed due to an accident. We finally arrived home around 21.30hrs. On Monday, we got the caravan booked into the local repair shop and 2 hours later it was repaired so we loaded the van ready to depart for the second part of the holiday. By this time I was feeling much better.

Tuesday we set off only to receive a phone call advising us that, owing to the weather, it was recommended that we cancel. The site was water-logged and the projected weather

forecast said MORE RAIN and possible HURRICANE winds. We took the advice and returned home felling very low indeed. My husband said, "NO, we are going to have the rest of this holiday. We will find a hotel or B&B or something", which eventually I did. We ended up in a DAYS INN in Cannock, just off the M6 Toll. I have to say, an excellent place to stay. During this time away we visited places where my husband once lived and, on my birthday, we visited Twycross Zoo.

We are now home from are time away and the sickness has passed completely, but all this time I have had none of my many medications, some of which where very strong opiates. We made an appointment to see our GP where I told him that I had not taken ANY of my medications for 19 days. A look of surprise followed, then the question, "Had you had cold turkey?" "NO," I said, "nothing at all." Total bewilderment on his face and after some questions he agreed not to start them again.

The best thing is that since Monday the 24<sup>th</sup> of September I have had no pain at all, no adverse effects or any of the normal symptoms from Fibro, Complex Regional Pain or IBS. I am convinced that I have receive healing of all those conditions and give thanks to God.

**I Raise a Hallelujah! †**



Dawn last November

# Anatomy of a Bike Accident

Edward Bell, Thames Valley



## Introduction

This is primarily the tale of a bike accident, but it is also about my journey with God. I first came across CMA at La Pass Opton in France 2018, I felt prompted by the Holy Spirit to go the year before, but it was only after some additional funds came my way that I felt able to go a year later. There I met Mike and Sandy Fitton. I was looked after by a large group of people including Sally and Patrick, Tony and Trish and many other great people. As a result I joined the Thames Valley Branch around last November. I am now a full member of CMA, having completed the bible study and workbook.

I got myself IAM trained after some accidents in the 1990's. I have endeavoured to keep up my skills including taking a bike safe course earlier in the year. I have earned my living on a motorcycle in the past and done charity work recently with SERV Herts and Beds running blood late at night to hospitals like Lister and Bedford from Colingdale.

I am so grateful for the fellowship and comradery of CMA especially from the members of my Branch. The good-natured banter and genuine concern for each other's welfare is a great source of comfort to me. I got to help out at Holy Joes at two rally's this year and it was a great experience.

## On the fourth day of a new job

I was on my way home from my new job. A job full of promise, working with four directors who were all Christians along with the majority of their small office in Horsham, West Sussex. I had been enjoying long walks at lunch time in the clean air for the first time in years, having worked in Central London for so long, I forgot what clean air felt like.

It was a longer commute than I wanted, and I doubt anyone would

choose to commute around the M25 given a choice, but after eight weeks out of work it looked like a God-given opportunity, one I could not turn down. After years of fighting my way through heavy traffic in and out of London each day I felt it was quite a change for the better.

## A traffic hold up on the M25

I was heading home on Thursday the 1<sup>st</sup> of August approaching the A3 junction on the M25 when, the sat nav told me the road ahead was stationary. I took the A3 and went through Esher towards Ham, it was a route I knew well, slower than the M25/M3 but nicer scenery. My route took me through Bushey Park which is always a pleasure in the summer and on through Teddington and into Twickenham. The commuters around me at this point appeared to be losing their cool a little and I found myself using the horn for the first time to warn drivers about switching lanes without checking.

As I approached the railway station on the London Road (A310), I was again forced to use the horn as a guy in the right filter suddenly decided he was going to head straight on instead of turning as I filtered through. I got a black look but got through safely. It was around this point that my sixth sense telling me that all was not well and to be alert. If only I had paid attention to those forewarnings...

## The accident

I continued right on London Road Twickenham after the station and began to filter past the cars. I was at a comfortable speed, well within my own abilities and the speed limit.

As I approached the Chertsey road A316, one of the cars in front of me pulled to the right of the traffic lane. I could see a pedestrian bollard ahead

and two oncoming cars. I was no longer safe on the outside and felt the best place for me now was on the left, I felt sure the car had moved to the right in preparation for a right turn either at one of the junctions ahead or at the Chertsey road, so I dismissed it from my focus. I needed to be on the left ahead at the Chertsey road roundabout in order to go straight across so everything looked to be as it should.

My memory at this point is a little vague and some things came back to me much later, one outcome of a traumatic accident is that you go over and over in your mind trying to decide what happened and what if anything you could have changed. One moment I was in the left of the lane and I had a car to my right front. The next thing I recall is a stationary car directly sitting across my path, as most readers will be aware, time appears to slow when something has gone wrong and as I contemplated heavy breaking and as my right hand and foot began to react, I could see the car driver, I could see that while he intended to clear the road, something was preventing him, possibly a pedestrian or another vehicle. I could not see if he was turning into a road junction or a driveway. But I could see his eyes and I could see he realised what was about to happen. I remember my front wheel hitting his back passengers wheel arch. I had not even begun to brake at this point. I believe the rubber to rubber impact is what saved me from more serious injury.

## On the ground

I was thrown to the ground where I was helped by a driver and a passing

paramedic who then called for ambulance and for the police. The initial assessment passed over the radio was that I had life changing injuries.

## In the ambulance

There was a lot of pain as they moved me, and I was given morphine to help me cope. They took me to St Marys Hospital Paddington; it was the nearest major trauma unit. It seemed like ages and we stopped along the way to allow them to put a needle in my chest to relieve pressure on my lung. Despite all the pain and everything, I was able to talk to and listen to the ambulance crew and one of the policemen who rode in the ambulance with me.

The police were keen to find out my side of the story, but I was in no fit state to give them a proper account at the time. My wife had rung at some stage to find out why I was running late, and the paramedic told her what had happened and where I was being taken. I was later cautioned by the police in hospital, they could find no record that I was insured, this turned out to be an error by the insurance company which was soon resolved, but as a result the bike got taken to the police vehicle pound.

## A&E Paddington

Alison my daughter sent a message by WhatsApp to let the branch know what had happened and I was encouraged to see the kind responses and prayers that they sent with some making the long journey into Paddington to come and visit. Many of the branch were at the EMC and I was lifted to hear people were praying for me there.

I spent fourteen days in Paddington hospital, initially in the major trauma ward and then on to the adjacent ward where they taught me to walk with crutches. The staff and doctors were amazing, and I was grateful for the many visitors and for their prayers which sustained me. They helped me to keep a positive attitude and I was able to minister to others in the major

trauma unit encouraging them and myself to look in the bright side. I was certainly grateful to God that I had not died or been permanently injured. In fact, I recall from the outset praising God through all the pain and distress and thanking him for the support of my family friends and branch. I believe it was a close call and had I been speeding; I am sure I would not be writing this now.

I was given a document called the Trauma System Rehabilitation Prescription and it makes interesting reading. The following extract should help explain my injuries better than any words of mine:

*Following your accident, scans showed that you fractured your ribs 1 to 9 on the left side. Some of the ribs (6-8) were broken in two or more places (flail segments). You also punctured your lung when you fractured your ribs and blood and air (hemopneumothorax) collecting in the chest cavity between the lung and chest wall. A chest drain was surgically placed to help evacuate air & blood from the chest cavity.*

It goes on to say.

*You also fractured part of your hip joint (acetabulum) and pelvis (right pubic rami).*

In conclusion, I am now home and able to walk unaided around the house, but I find I need a stick to walk outside. It is still painful to lay down on either side, but I find I am able to sleep despite this. In many ways my recovery has been rapid, everyone I meet is pleasantly surprised to find me off my crutches and walking around relatively unaided. I am grateful to God for the rapid progress I have made. Sadly, it will be months before I can ride again, I know because I keep sitting on the bike to try to convince myself I can ride it, but my hip joint just gets inflamed each time I try, so I know it won't be any time soon. I am effectively retired as I no longer have a job and I can't work as I can't travel. It

has however given me time to assess many things, one of them being my relationship to the Father.

As well as my plans for work being scuppered, my plans to attend a Christian ministry course called DNA commencing this month had to be shelved. I am currently working with the support of my church to find an alternative ministry course – ideally one starting in January. Please do pray for God's guidance and direction in choosing the way forward.

The bike is whole and fully repaired.



One thing about a Harley is they are built to last. They did change a number of parts but overall it fared a lot better than I did. I am grateful to Warr's Harley Davidson because the bike is in better condition than it was before the accident.

In terms of the future, I have a heart for the young guys earning their living on scooters and motorbikes in London. They could be sitting at home living on benefits, but despite the risk they go out to earn what they can. It was the main reason I joined CMA and it was the reason I am keen to get some sound ministry training. Having worked for a year as a courier myself when I could not find other work, I know that they risk life and limb and financial loss every day. I would love to carry the cross of Jesus into the heart of London and to find ways to make life safer for this ignored group of riders. This period following my accident has been a respite, a time to gather myself in preparation for the next phase of my life. I feel sure God has a plan and a purpose that will be born out through all of this. 🙏

## 'Ride Like a Girl'

George Laws, Tyne & Wear

In the historically male-dominated world of motorcycling, on and off the track, saying to someone that they 'ride like a girl' has always been a put-down. It's meant as friendly banter, but it is insulting to women and a negative stereotype.

As a member of CMA I find it difficult to speak to people about God and often stand open-mouthed at the easy way my wife connects with people from the motorcycling world. For CMA to continue to grow we need more female riders and pillions. Women aren't just there to make tray-bakes and provide coffee, (although I do enjoy a bit of cake). After talking to a group of CMA women the thought of being involved in an accident puts them off riding or even sitting pillion. I've known husbands go to great lengths to protect their wives with all the latest armour and airbag technology just to get them on the back of the bike.

According to UK Statistics over half a million women now hold full motorcycle licences, which means women are definitely embracing the freedom and excitement of riding. At the recent *European Motorcyclists for Christ* rally there were about 340 people on site from 11 different nations. Women riders from all over Europe told my wife and myself that they became riders either from a strong family connection (husband, father or mother) or a need for freedom and excitement, to take part in something new.

As Christian bikers how should we view female riders? As our equal in all things except beauty. I lose out there every time. Unfortunately there is a perception in some MC clubs that a motorbike is masculine and should only be ridden by men. This point was put across to my wife (Caz) by the

President of God's Squad who stated quite categorically that they don't have female riders or even pillions in their group as it would be a barrier to their witness and they wouldn't be able to get alongside the 1% clubs if they had women members. Caz was a little shocked; she had heard this from riders she had witnessed to that wear the 1% patch. After a lengthy discussion she could see the point he was making but wasn't happy.

As an advocate for women's rights, especially regarding motorcycles, Caz has talked to all the wives of CMA members in our branch and convinced them to take a more active role in CMA. As I am an advanced rider Caz has used me as an example of the fun and excitement you can have by getting female members to sit on the back of my bike for a short ride out then progressing on the pillion of their husband's bikes.

Some excuses I have come across from women have been around the amount of safety equipment needed to be worn and the way it made them look. Also that old chestnut, 'What would happen if I dropped the bike and it's too heavy to pick up?' To answer the first, there's some really nice clothing out there, just ask my wife, and if you do drop your bike believe me there'll be a lot of people willing to help pick it up again, which can always lead to a good witness; an inroad by thanking them and maybe praying they'll be blessed for helping you.

The term 'Ride like a Girl' can still be a derogatory phrase but female riders seem to have embraced it, especially in the male-dominated sport of motorbike racing. It's almost turned a derogatory, sexist comment into a statement: 'We are female but we can race as fast as men or even better!'

At the NEC Motorbike show in Birmingham my wife met her heroine Ana Carrasco, a female racer she had followed the previous season and after a brief discussion presented her with a Biker Bible. 'Who is Ana Carrasco?' You may ask. Well, at just 21 years of age, Ana made history in



the FIM Supersport 300 World Championship when she won, becoming the first female to secure a world title. Ana's historical achievement will not only have an influence on herself but the whole motorcycling scene. She showed that winning a racing title at that level had nothing to do with her gender but her talent. Motorcycle racing is one of the few sports where men and women compete against each other.

Her championship-winning T-shirt proclaimed 'Ride Like A Girl' which she wore with pride and honour. †

## Letter from Brian

Brian Jenner, Gloucester

Dear all

I was camping in mid Wales last weekend. Twenty-nine bikes, mostly Enfields, stopped at a biker café. Earlier that morning Frank had stated his need for a shave and this was eagerly discussed.

A chap came up to me and, as you know, I am slow and have selective hearing. I thought he was saying, "I've been shaved. I've been shaved". The grey cells finally engaged and he was able to tell me how a couple of days ago he had been 'saved'. It sounds as if he has a good pastor near by.

The church had been praying for him for years as he had been taken but had then become quite a problem. I found out his name is Sean. He has a brother and a mother and his father is alive but has cancer and will not last long. I was able to encourage him in his new faith, support his pastor's advice and pray for him and his family there in the car park.

He found his grandmother's bible which he is able to read as he had read it as a child. I gave him a Biker Bible and said his testimony was greater than mine, he should take the Bible and would be able to give it to a biker who was interested. He could also look up the [CMA] website. His wife is Christian enough to understand what is going on and I suspect she may soon be encouraged further.

Brian †



## The Miracles of the Messiah, part 2

Mark Hodge, Liverpool

...continued from page 19

### Miracles

In light of this context, let's examine some of the works Yeshua did during his ministry on earth. There are details that quite often we miss because we don't realise the meaning of them. Nothing he did was without enormous significance, particularly to the religious leaders of the day. Every small detail was recorded for a reason.

### Turning Water into Wine

Take for example his first miracle: turning water into wine at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Why water and why wine? The scripture tells us that there were six stone water pots for the Jewish custom of purification, containing two or three measures each. Why six? Why used for purification? Why is the capacity given? Yeshua told the servants to fill these up to the brim. Why to the brim? He told them to draw out and take to the headwaiter. Why the headwaiter? and why are we told the headwaiter did not know where the wine came from, but the servants did?

Let's start with the science. For the chemists reading, you will know that water is H<sub>2</sub>O and wine, which is essentially ethyl-alcohol or ethanol, is C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>OH. The process of going from one to the other is called fermentation and it requires sugar and yeast. Sugar is found naturally in grapes and yeast consumes this sugar and releases ethanol + CO<sub>2</sub> + heat, the latter two escaping. This process can take one to two weeks, but here it happens instantly!

So, where did the C (carbon) come from? In organic chemistry, carbon is symbolic of life; every living thing contains carbon. Yeshua just gave life to the water! Quite often in scripture, six is the number that represents man, so the fact that there were six stone water pots is also symbolic that Yeshua is restoring life to men. Paul described this life as 'treasure in earthen vessels'.

Now let's consider the context of the wedding. We know it was an orthodox Pharisee wedding because

the water pots were used for 'the purifying of the Jews' or 'for Jewish ceremonial washing'. Why did the Jews need purifying you might ask? Well this was one of many rituals invented by the Pharisees and well-documented in their Talmud.

At this point I need to pause and explain the Hebrew term 'takanah'. One of the ancient principles of Rabbinic Phariseism is observing something called a 'takanah (plural takanot)'—a man-made legislative enactment that reforms, changes, adds to or negates biblical law. When scripture refers to 'commandments of men' or 'Jewish myths' or 'traditions of the elders', it's referring to takanot. It's important to understand that takanot are not Torah, since they are man-made.

So, the function of these water pots was to provide clean, uncontaminated, unfermented water for the ritual washing of hands prior to eating. If there was even a hint of fermentation detected in the water, it would not have been valid to use for the ceremony.

You may wonder why some translations say the pots held 'twenty or thirty gallons' while others say 'two or three firkins'. It's not clear exactly what the Greek word 'metretes' was a measure of here, so it's entirely possible that, given the designed purpose of these pots, they were small table-top vessels rather than large floor-standing.

You may also recall that later in his ministry, Yeshua was told off by the Pharisees for his disciples violating this takanah. He then proceeded to rebuke them for invalidating Torah by their takanot. In other words, Yeshua is practicing exactly what his Father instructed his people not to do: add or subtract from his word.

To make a point, to both his own disciples and the wedding servants, he deliberately violates this takanah by fermenting the clean water they would have used for washing. Typically, at Pharisee weddings, the head rabbi was the master of ceremonies, or as we're told here, the headwaiter, which is why the wine is taken to him first. If he had known that wine had just come from

those ceremonial water pots, he would have gone ballistic and shut down the whole party there and then, but instead he marvels at the wine quality and praises the bridegroom. No wonder we're told Yeshua's disciples believed in Him!

### Healing a Blind Man from Birth

In John 9, we see another example of Yeshua making mockery of Pharisee takanot. Scripture tells us that he healed a man who was born blind by mixing mud and saliva and applying it to his eyes. Then he told the man to go and wash in the pool of Shiloam. The man did and came back seeing. We're told that this occurred on the sabbath.

Unless we understand prophecy and takanot, what Yeshua did here will seem strange, almost like a cheap magic trick. According to Pharisee tradition, there were three miracles they considered to be 'messianic', i.e., only the Messiah would be able to perform: the healing of a leper, the casting out of a dumb demon and the healing of a man born blind.

The first thing Yeshua did was correct the misunderstanding of his disciples, who wrongly assumed that because this man was born blind, it was the result of sin—either the man's or his parents. Yeshua re-states his purpose, "I must work the works of Him who sent me". In order to glorify his Father and deliver a man from blindness, there must be a blind man to deliver, and in order to prove he's the Messiah, he must have a messianic miracle to perform on earth in front of the people.

Now, here come the deliberate violations of Pharisee takanot. In the Talmud, it is expressly forbidden to do the following actions on the sabbath because they are considered 'work':

1. Mixing of two ingredients, a solid and a liquid together to form a thick substance.
2. Anointing one's eyes with saliva for the purpose of healing.
3. Walking more than a sabbath day's journey.

According to Pharisee law, if you break these, you will have no part in the world to come. Why did Yeshua send the man to the pool of 'sent'? After all, there would have been plenty of water on the temple mount for the man to wash in, but he told him to walk a very



famous and busy road down to the pool that would have been bustling with Jews from all over Israel who had come to Jerusalem for the Feast of Sukkot (Tabernacles). This was to maximise the visibility of this miracle amongst the Jews as well as having the man walk more than what they considered too far to walk on the sabbath.

The significance of what Yeshua did here is enormous and left even the Pharisees in division and arguing between themselves. He had just performed what they taught was a messianic miracle, and he did it by breaking their own laws. It's no wonder they questioned whether the man was indeed blind from birth, rather than their own doctrines. What followed was a thorough investigation that sadly resulted in the ex-communication of the healed man.

While on earth, Yeshua demonstrated that man-made rules had no authority whatsoever over him. If you were going to tear down a rigid man-made religious system, this was the most ingenious way to do it. He was not some lovey-dovey figure that just handed out blessings willy-nilly, but he was a man on a mission, skilfully dismantling the religious system of the day with miracles that they simply could not argue with. Unfortunately, we still have this same issue today.

If you really want to follow the Messiah, then choose to listen to Him who said, "If you continue in My word, then you are truly disciples of Mine; and you will know the truth and the truth will make you free."

Free from what?

Man-made religion.

It's time to worship the Father in spirit and truth, not spirit and tradition. ✠

## Supporter Presentation at Hackleton

Mark Coupe, Chairman, Towcester

### Michael Dillow – new Supporter

The Branch Chairman/woman's role is not without its challenges, or opportunities as they are often euphemistically called; however there are many positives and for me one of those is presenting a newly enlisted supporter with their white cross and front emblem.

In Towcester I provide the cross and emblem as I believe it shows a part of the commitment and welcome that the existing team has to the new supporter. Depending on circumstances the presentation may occur at a branch meeting, one of our fellowship/outreach meetings or at the church of the new recruit. As a preference I prefer the church because it allows us to demonstrate our mission and to show that one of their congregation has been given a mission from God.



In September we visited Hackleton Baptist Church, part of the Carey Baptist Churches, where Michael Dillow has found himself welcome. Churches come in all different shapes and sizes and although we are all professed Christians the manner in which this is projected varies widely. It was our first visit so we decided to meet up with Michael at *Jack's Hill Café* for a stiffening cup of tea and ride over as a group.

Arriving and parking up on the grass I noticed that the vehicles in the car park were the usual assortment of small hatchbacks but as we ambled over to the entrance a new-ish black Mercedes convertible pulled up and a gentleman hopped out clutching an iPad (or similar). My jocular quip of "is it going to be that boring?" landed like a lead balloon. Oh dear, not the best of impressions for me to make. On a positive side it was a Café Church morning which meant that there was an array of food; something that had nothing to do with the number of Towcester Branch members, supporters and associates who had been able to turn up at short notice.

The leaders of the Church had placed our activity towards the middle of the service which gave us time to join different tables and get a chance to talk to the members of



their congregation before the songs of praise began. The first song was clearly a piece of divine inspiration for the chorus was about God riding on in Victory and the Thunder of his passing (or something along those lines – it was the first time I had heard it, I think). When it came to my part I was able to explain the significance of the first song in that Michael rides a Victory and due to conforming to the American cruiser image it was very loud, like thunder. This went down well and it was clear that this was a friendly church and one that, as we went on to discover through the rest of the service, was filled with the Holy Spirit and taking part in many outreach activities. Clearly a church that is



blessed and one that we pray will be a blessing to Michael. We had made a good impression on them, been a blessing for Michael in attending, and they had made a good impression on us. The Lord had blessed us all!

(For more information about Hackleton Baptist Church, <https://hackletonbaptistchurch.co.uk/>)

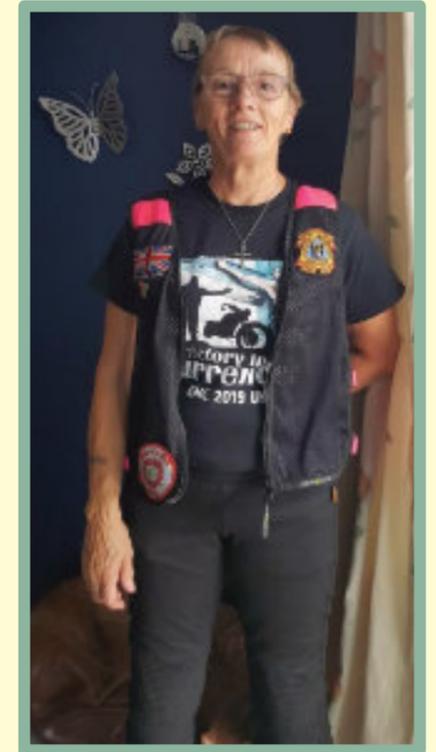
Jesus is with me, I know I can feel it  
You should have known me when I was without Him  
I was lost and so confused  
I did not know who was who.

What is a Mormon – should I be Jew?  
Are the Jehovah's Witnesses true?  
I know you're up there God  
I know of you  
Won't you tell me who is who.

Look at my book, He said, haven't you read it  
I said I hadn't and He said you'd better  
Look to the Gospels, Matthew to John  
They will show you who is who.

I started to read it and flicked through the pages  
Not all at once of course, slowly in stages  
Jesus who died for me now is alive  
Jesus is the who from who!

Jesus is with me I know I can feel it  
Jesus is with me I know I can prove it!  
No longer lost, no longer confused  
Now that I know who is who.



### The Book

Jaimee Nix, Secretary,  
Hants & Surrey Borders



## Conquering Fear, part 2

Tanas Al Qassis, Thames Valley

**I am sure, like me, many of you have been blessed by the EMC meetings; the preaching was inspiring, the worship was fantastic and the fellowship was encouraging. Thank you to everyone who worked hard to make it happen.**

Continuing on my talk about conquering fear, I would like to address the topic of **'Using the opportunities that God put in front of us'**.

Since July I have been wanting to sell my bike and get a newer one. I really felt it was time and with much prayers from friends and myself, my wife and I agreed that it would be possible. So I took my bike to *Harley Davidson* to see if I could do an exchange. Of course, they only offered me £5,000. Yes, my bike is old but it is awesome and so I decided to sell it privately. The highest bid I got was £5,500 which was £500 less than I wanted and budgeted for. In the end I made my peace with it and decided to sell for that price.

On Thursday at the start of the EMC rally, I was teaching at *All Nation Christian College* and that morning I received a text message on *Gumtree* from a potential buyer that had only the number 5777. At first I thought this was a scam and did not want to pay it too much attention but then the number 777 got to me, so I wrote back, 'Ok, let us talk'. The guy responded by sending me his mobile number, so on my way home I called him and he was so happy that I did and really wanted the bike. He even wanted to pick it up on Saturday but I told him that I would be at the EMC rally. Then I asked him how come he used 777? He said, 'because it's his lucky number', so I told that I was selling the bike but because of the 777 I decided to talk with him, and then asked him if he understood

what 777 means? He said 'yes it is something to do with Christianity', but was not sure. I tell you I took that opportunity to explain forgiveness, salvation, and Jesus dying on the cross and His resurrection. So I got home, met the Thames Valley guys and we rode to the EMC, I was so excited and happy as I got closer to what I wanted and was able to be a witness. I also found the bike I wanted and the deal was happening. While at the EMC we went for a ride and I noticed that my bike started stalling as soon as I come to a stop. I went to a garage and they said it could be the fuel filter or the sensor. I was really down as now I couldn't sell the bike and I have to tell Daniel (the guy who wanted to buy it) that the bike is not operating well. So I did the right thing and I called him and explained the situation and told him that I will get it fixed first and then he can buy it. His response was, 'do not worry, I will fix it, I will pay the mechanic, thank you for being honest and I will come and pick it up on Sunday.' WOW, I could not believe it, God is great, and the plan would move on so that I could buy the other bike. On Sunday Daniel and his partner came to my house and he picked up the bike and paid me the money, but he also left with a Biker Bible and CMA contacts.

On Monday, I took the train to Driffield to pick my new bike, early train and five hours later I arrived at the train station and was picked up

by the seller who is a policeman that works in the Fraud Unit. So went to his house, met his wife and saw the bike (which I loved). I gave him the cash I had and then did the rest in bank transfer. He took me with him to the bank to deposit the cash and be sure it was not fake and then we went back to the house. His wife checked the bank account and said that the money had not cleared yet so I had to wait; well that was the opportunity. I took my jacket with my CMS patch and cross on it and hung it on the chair and then took the Biker Bible out of my bag and gave it to the seller and his wife. Then I started talking about CMS, faith and my work. An hour later the money still had not cleared and it was getting late. The seller looked at his wife and said, we can trust him, he should go as he does have a long ride. I was very thankful and left them another Biker Bible, blessed them for their generosity and rode home. Half way to Oxford I got a text from the seller saying the funds cleared and thanked me for the talk.

My point in all of this is that God does give us many chances to share our faith – all we have to do is not to over-think it – remember the 10 second rule.

**Always be sure to declare your faith and what you believe with anyone that you meet so that you can set a platform for what comes next.**



## Si's Stormin' Story

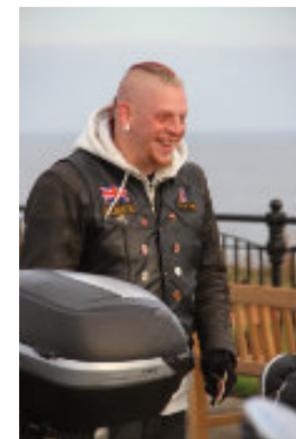
Simon, Tyne & Wear

**Growing up wasn't easy. I had a difficult childhood which led me down a bad path. I learned quickly how to fight to survive, and I became good at it. Deep down I knew it was wrong but it became an addiction and grew into an every-day occurrence.**

I worked but never at the same place for too long because of fighting. I attended college at the age of 16 to train as a chef. To supplement my income I also worked at a number of bars and nightclubs, which led to anger and rage problems. I tried therapy but nothing seemed to work. The only thing that worked for me was fighting. This came to a head at the age of 25 when I lost both my job and college position.

I tried locking myself away so I couldn't hurt anyone and used sports, rugby, boxing and cage fighting as an outlet. Instead of helping it just made everything worse. Losing control fueled my anger. In desperation I turned to drink, which worked for a short time.

A friend of mine (yes I still had some) loaned me a



pedal bike and I cycled most days. I enjoyed it because it felt dangerous and exciting and it kept me out of trouble. I remember when he asked me if I would go to church to help him cook, so I went. I always believed in God but never felt I was worthy of his love. As a child I was told God never got angry so neither should I.

St Luke's was amazing on the outside but as I entered for the first time it felt a little scary. I didn't know anyone and there were a lot of people there. After 3 months I was still keeping myself at a distance, which apparently made me stand out. It wasn't long before a man walked up to me and invited me to watch a play. The play was called *Roughshod* and looked at emotions, all of which I have experienced; abuse, anger, rage, etc. I wanted to fight again and never knew why so I stayed until I felt calmer. A strange thing happened that night. A group of people prayed for me and as I closed my eyes I saw Jesus walking towards me and placing a hand on me. Inside I knew I was loved. The anger left me instantly and I felt calm for the first time in a while.

In my early thirties I found friends in the biking community. I always wanted a motorbike but was told that I was too angry all the time so when I sat my CBT and passed first time I was stunned, but pleased. I also found a partner and now have a 6 year old stepson, 4 year old stepdaughter and a 2 year old stepson. They all play a huge part in keeping me calm while I learn new ways to deal with my anger. They also helped me pick my first motorbike, a Suzuki Intruder 125cc. We named her Baby Harley because she looks like a Harley Davidson and just like me she has many issues.

**My life now has completely changed. I attend church on a regular basis and I have an 8 month old daughter. I became a member of CMA (Christian Motorcyclists' Association) and we go on ride-outs, rallies and we support each other through everything. Every member has helped me become the man I am today.**

It's now 18 months since I started to ride with the Tyne & Wear branch of CMA and my life has changed so much over that time. Doing shifts at Stormin' for MAG was challenging as I had to deal with a lot of unhappy drunks, keep my cool and have patience with them. Doing a late evening shift in the main tent was definitely a test, first breaking up a fight between a number of men and calming things down, then persuading some overenthusiastic drinkers to allow the bar staff to close up on time.

I always know my CMA family are supporting me and God has worked wonders in my life. As much fun as I have had, I am glad to be going back to the long-suffering lovely Erin and our wonderful little family.

I am close to God and feel calmer. I have a verse that helped me in the past when I felt alone and read it to this day.

**Psalm 16 verse 10. 'Be still and know that I am God.'**

Every day is difficult but instead of fighting I try making at least one person smile. It fills me with a feeling of calm and peacefulness. ✠



## O.T. Promises for Today

Rebecca Pemberton, Devon & Cornwall

**Joel 2:25 “I will repay you for the years the locusts have eaten—the great locust and the young locust, the other locusts and the locust swarm—my great army that I sent among you.”**

I knew God as a child, growing up I had a strong faith of my own, and was surrounded by family who followed Him closely. Like so many others, sadly, in my teens I began sitting on the fence and eventually fell off it.

Without realising, throughout my time on the wrong side of the fence, my natural, God given, passions slowly leaked away. My husband and I had a few motorbikes in the early days of our relationship, but after a few CBTs and four failed tests I gave up the dream. I fell into a dull factory job at 16 without ever considering what I wanted to do with my life, and at 18 moved in with my husband to be, leaving all my musical instruments with my mum and dad. Music slowly leached out of my life.

I lived like that for the best part of 30 years, wondering on the futility of life: live to work to pay bills in order to eat so you can live to work... I got more and more depressed, found my way into uni to train as a teacher, eventually becoming a depressed teacher, having a breakdown and quitting teaching. I continued to pray, usually out of desperation, but through it all, somewhere in the back of my mind I knew what the answer was.

In God’s amazing way, he weaved my circumstances so that I ended up in a new church plant in my home town (no way this ex-troubled-teen

was going to a church where anyone would remember me!). From the second I walked in it felt like home. I knew I had another chance at another start. Slowly, God started giving me back the things I had lost, but hadn’t realised I was missing. I started playing again, my bass and guitar, and had a reason to play. More than that, He gave me new songs to sing.

I had never really known what it was like to have authentic friends, to be able to be honestly me and unafraid of judgement or rejection - it wasn’t even a dream because I didn’t know it was a possibility. He gave me a church family where this was a reality. Where I am free to be me, warts and all, and to grow.

He brought me (for better or worse) back into teaching again, and more than that, I’m using other skills gained during my break, but still in school.

Finally, he provided the funds to redo my CBT and enabled me to pass my mod 1 and 2 tests, despite being a bag of nerves. I never would have considered, 6 months ago that my husband and I would now be riding around on our own bike. It only struck me about a week ago, that God really is restoring what I let the locusts eat. He is giving me back everything I was passionate about. And as for the time... well I don’t know just yet, but I have faith.

It’s easy for me to feel like I’ve wasted all those years, where I could have been walking with God, and working for Him, but I know He is Redeemer, and Restorer, and the last few years He has been preparing me, giving me a story to sing and a road to ride with Him. He has given me a hope for the future... †



## Jasmin (the sequel!)

Nick Wright, Towcester

**Some readers may remember that I introduced Jasmin in the Philippines to Chainlink readers in the Spring 2018 issue. Jasmin is an ordinary, yet extraordinary follower of Jesus who grew up on a remote jungle mountainside and continues to live and work among the poorest people in that country.** The Towcester Branch of CMA has developed a special personal relationship with Jasmin over the past few years and I was prompted recently to offer an update on what she, and we, have been doing since. I offer a quick summary here—although every week seems to bring a new adventure!

In April 2018, we brought Jasmin to the UK to meet the group that she affectionately calls the *UK Christian Bikers*. Flying and travelling outside of her own country was a brand new experience for Jasmin and the Towcester group threw a surprise birthday party for her while she was here. Jasmin loved it and returned to the Philippines, thrilled at having met her UK Christian Biker family face-to-face. She had by now commenced studies at a university for the poor in the Philippines, training to be a teacher with a radical vision to influence social change among and on behalf of the poor.

The university students soon elected Jasmin as their Student President. She immediately set about transforming the dilapidated, earthquake-damaged buildings in order to improve the conditions for students and tutors alike. The Towcester group decided to sell old bike spares from their garages, etc., to raise money to support her. The priority was to cool the overcrowded

for eight standing fans and sixteen ceiling fans, including installation. One tutor was so inspired by the UK Christian Bikers’ example that she, too, contributed another eight fans.

I returned to the Philippines in October 2018 to help Jasmin with the classroom repairs and painting. Everywhere I went, students asked me to thank their friends in the UK from the bottom of their hearts. At Christmas, Jasmin returned home to her parents in East Philippines. A typhoon struck and their home was destroyed in a terrifying mudslide, barely escaping with their lives. The UK Christian Bikers, family and friends sprung into action and raised enough money in seven days to build them a new house. We also supported Jasmin to take relief supplies and gifts to a devastated jungle community.

In May this year, Jasmin’s parents moved into their new home. A close neighbour’s house was also badly damaged and, hearing of this, one of the UK Christian Bikers paid for their roof and walls to be rebuilt – a gift from Jesus. In the meantime, inspired by the UK Christian Bikers efforts to refurbish the university buildings, the

university’s leaders have managed to obtain government grants to continue and complete the work, including classroom insulation to protect from the heat. We thank God for this special partnership with Jasmin and the poor and the inspiration she has brought us too!

*If you’d like to hear more about Jasmin, or to join Towcester CMA in supporting her work among the poor in the Philippines, get in touch with Nick Wright ([nick.wright@abthorpe.net](mailto:nick.wright@abthorpe.net)) and have a glance at this short article: <http://www.nick-wright.com/a-radical-heart.html> †*



and overheated classrooms, so the CMA group sent funds



## CMA Sunday in Sussex

Steve Grubb, Sussex

It was a dry South Downs day, after weeks of wetness. Highs were expected to reach 12°C by midday. As riders approached, a fog rolled in that kept the inbound journey a cool 6°C. Some rode in from Dorset and Hampshire in the west. A couple came from as far as Ipswich in the northerly east... and others came from Surrey, Thames Valley and other London regions. Our beloved national chairman, Mike Fitton, rode in from Yorkshire, spending the Saturday night locally.

Nine of us met at the meeting point where the Sussex Branch often begins Sunday church runs: *The Chalet Café* on the A281 just south of Cowfold. Four of the Sussex Branch members were already at the church for worship band run-through, so two of us led the ride in to Burgess Hill. I took the rear so that my little lady could snap some pics from her pillion perch during the twenty minute journey (bless her frozen hands).

Gateway Baptist Church in Burgess Hill is one of the meeting points for our branch (every 4<sup>th</sup> Wednesday evening). They were so hospitable, offering coffee, tea and biscuits before and after the service. When everyone arrived, fellowship was warm and lively, and I counted about 25 bikers, including a few alumni of our branch.

The worship singing was led by Bob, one of Sussex's longest-term CMA members. Gateway is his home church, and the band combined some of their



musicians with the four from our CMA branch. Lots of energy, with most of us standing and glorifying our Lord through ten-plus songs.

Mike Fitton shared the message, challenging us to grow in sincere love and unity, through putting others above ourselves, sharing with those in need, hospitality, etc. As he read scriptures projected on the screen, he had us all yelling out the all-CAPS words.

After another round of coffee/tea and biscuits, we gathered for an impromptu group photo (a few had



already departed, and some were just about to do so, with their lids already on). A few lingered in town, sharing lunch at a nearby pub.

Thanks to all who joined in this event, and to all who made it possible.

Steve 🙏

## 'Twas the Night before Christmas, for Bikers

George Laws

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the pad,  
Neither triple or V cylinders roared, now that's pretty sad.  
Chequered scarf and helmet hung up in the traditional stocking routine,  
In the hope that big Santa would soon be on the scene

A TV dinner, stomachs packed with lentil salad and alcohol free beer,  
Caz and I crashed on the couch for some needed Christmas cheer.  
When out in the back garden there arose such a racket,  
I ran for the door and pulled on my armoured, Gortex jacket.

Well jingle my bells; I saw a stocky, red covered bro'.  
'Wait a minute, what's he riding, no sledge – Whoaaa!  
He was on a monstrous, bright red, Honda, 1300 Pan.  
Wearing leathers and boots, I recognised the outline of that man.

He hauled upon his extended bars, panniers brimming with sacks,  
The Pan landed on my roof like it was running on tracks.  
I couldn't help gawking; the old guy with the beard had class.  
But I had to go in I was freezing off my ass.

Then down through the chimney he fell with a crash,  
Soot everywhere, he adjusted his stash.  
Lowering his sack to the ground, he dropped out the loot?  
Left a Shoei flip for Caz and other aftermarket parts to boot.

Standing with expectation, in Del boy style, he only shook my hand,  
Without leaving a gift, spun on his heel and up the chimney he spanned.  
From up on the roof came a great deal of thunder,  
The massive engine ripped the silence asunder.

With indignation I braced myself and quickly ran outside,  
'What about me, where's my gift?' I looked up and cried.  
Pensively stroking his beard, stubble now brittle,  
He turned to me and smiled his hand removing a little spittle.

'Count your blessings you've got family, a house, bike ... and girl!  
He smiled and pulled the Pan off the centre stand with a whirl.  
Kicking it into first he slowly released the clutch,  
I shook my head and shouted, 'Well thank YOU very much.'

'God has given you everything you wanted, so don't vent your spleen,  
What more could I give, with Him you're living the dream!  
When he began to pull away I realised all I needed was God by my side,  
'So long as He's my navigator I'll have a safe ride!'

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