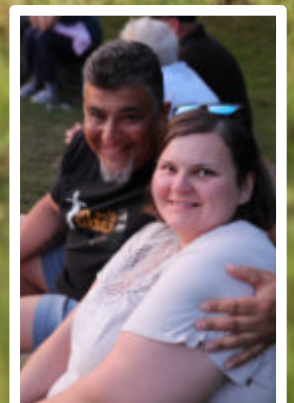
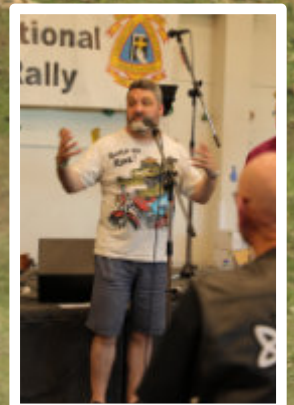
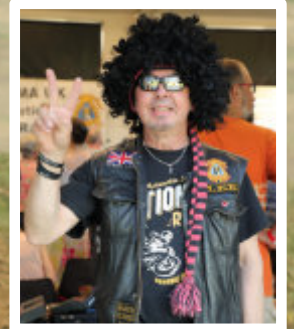




CHAINLINK

The Magazine of the Christian Motorcyclists' Association UK

Summer 2025



More
National
Rally Pics
inside...

Summer 2025

Contents...

Issue No. 84

'God in us' 5 <i>Mike Fitton, National Chairman, CMA UK</i>	CMA Rides in to One Life Church. 19 <i>Philip Head, Devon & Cornwall Branch</i>
What A Difference a Towel Makes 6 <i>Iaen Skidmore, Carlisle & Isle of Man Branch</i>	Our Brother in Heaven 22 <i>Annamária Stakes-Lewis, Hants & Dorset Branch</i>
World Horizons May 2025 8 <i>Linda Chaplin, West Yorks Branch</i>	CMA at Christ Church Eston 24 <i>Rob Oates</i>
What's the Difference? 11 <i>Fraser McDougall, Forth & Tay Branch</i>	Alec's Pages 26 <i>Alec Raven, Secretary, Bikers Church</i>
Invisible Wounds 14 <i>Stephen Hughes-Burton, North Wales Branch</i>	Oliver's Mount 2025 28 <i>Caz Laws & Ann Hendron, Tyne & Wear Branch</i>
CMA National Rally 2025 15 <i>Andrew Bulloch, Chairman, East Midlands Branch</i>	A Hug from Jesus 32 <i>Stephanie Thomas, Hants & Dorset Branch</i>
Fathers' Day Testimony 16 <i>Rob Oates, NYV&D Branch</i>	Our Spiritual Receptivity 34 <i>A. W. Tozer</i>
Into the Valley 2025 18 <i>Brian Jenner, Gloucester Branch</i>	A Stone's Throw 35 <i>Fraser McDougall, Forth & Tay Branch</i>
National Rally 2025 18 <i>Brian Jenner</i>	

From the Editor's Garage

One of the main aims of the IAM is to 'make good progress'. It's always satisfying to me to shave a few minutes off Google Maps' ETA, when following a pre-planned route. This can be done, whilst observing speed limits, by taking advantage of filtering, overtaking where possible, and other actions learnt on advanced rider training.

An end-of-ride personal debriefing is always a good thing if we want to learn from our own mistakes – or just improve our riding skills. Always learning. There's a spiritual analogy here, surely. Many years ago, a well-know preacher said that, 'All truth is parallel'. As in the natural, so in the spiritual.

Consider group riding – see if you can put a parallel with your spiritual walk with the Lord. I made the following observations:

- Best with two or three people of similar riding abilities – make for 'good progress'. A larger group changes the dynamics, reduces progress. A large crowd becomes unmanageable – better to separate into smaller groups.
- Taking the easy route ('broad way?') – long and straight, maybe fast, but boring (like the M40), squaring off the tyres, not using their full potential.
- The more challenging route ('narrow way?') – twisty, some fast, some slow, more varied roads, more interesting scenery. And using much more of the available resource on the tyres. The tyres are made for this.

Can you see the spiritual analogies? It may be that you don't agree – or you might want to add a few more. Please email the editor with your comments, in confidence. I want to 'make good progress' in my walk with the Lord!

As always, keep more-or-less upright on the road. Be blessed, and be a blessing!

John

In this issue, I've taken on board comments received at the April AGM & Fellowship Weekend about dyslexic-friendly text and layout. Whilst these colour combinations may not run throughout the whole of the magazine, I would be interested to hear from those of you who are affected by dyslexia, and also those who find certain colour combinations difficult to cope with. My late father-in-law and one of my nephews both were/are affected by colour vision deficiency so this condition is not far from me.

I'm sure you'll appreciate the challenge in reaching a balance between making it easier for those of you who have these difficulties and producing a design layout which is both attractive and communicative to the majority.

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 text or rich text format (RTF) files. MS Word, OpenOffice and WordPerfect documents are acceptable, **PDFs are not**.

The sender must have permission for the inclusion of ALL names, addresses and pictures, especially of children, prior to submission and be able to 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.

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For a complete and up-to-date list of all UK branches please check out the CMA UK website – see the link in the footer of this page.

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



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‘God in us’

Mike Fitton, National Chairman, CMA UK

‘The Message we share is foolishness’

For the message of the cross is foolishness [absurd and illogical] to those who are perishing *and* spiritually dead [because they reject it], but to us who are being saved [by God’s grace] it is [the manifestation of] the power of God.

1 Corinthians 1:18 Amplified Bible

The 2025 CMA UK National Rally at Quinta Christian Centre was a very special time. Over 150 attended, including Ineke from CMA Netherlands, and a ‘Band of Brothers’ from CMA Ireland.

The weather was hot and sunny, the fellowship was second to none, the worship, prayer and preaching rightly challenged us all. The meals by Grace and Charles were delicious as ever and the swimming pool was understandably very popular.

Thank you for the huge turnout at the morning prayer meetings – it reminds me of this quote from Max Lucado:

‘Our prayers may be awkward. Our attempts may be feeble. But since the power of prayer is in the One who hears it and not in the one who says it, our prayers do make a difference.’

On behalf of CMA UK, I presented a gift of £6,000 to our mission partners ‘World Horizons’ to provide more motorcycles for their workers worldwide.

On Saturday evening we had a ‘Gift Giving’ collection toward the ministry of Open Doors supporting the Persecuted Church, it totalled £5,500. Incredible!

On Sunday morning we had a collection to acknowledge the hard work of Grace and Charles in the kitchen. It totalled an incredible £808. To say they had tears would be an understatement. I am constantly blown away by the generosity and sacrificial giving of our CMA family.

Our rally theme was **‘GOD IN US, THAT IS HUGE!’** taken from Colossians 1:27.

There are numerous verses in the Bible that at first glance are quite scary or too big to truly comprehend why God would give us such responsibility. This is one of them.

‘God in us’, does not make sense and is beyond human comprehension, but **true** nonetheless.



Francis Chan said, **‘Something is wrong when our lives DO make sense to unbelievers!’**

God in us, through faith, must affect every aspect of our lives and if we are faithful, He will impact those we connect with in the motorcycle community. You will never waste your time turning up at a biker café, show, race or rally, God is at work through you, so keep going.

‘God in us’ means, when we feel weak, His Strength works in us and through us, giving Hope to the world.

‘God in us’ means, when we are unsure, His Wisdom will make a way, when there appears to be no way.

‘God in us’ means, His Peace will uphold and sustain us in times of turmoil.

‘God in us’ means, His Hope will show His promises are faithful and true.

Every aspect of that is foolishness to a not yet Christian biker.

But to us who are being saved [by God’s grace] it is [the manifestation of] the power of God.

So, keep going, let nothing stop you **‘Reaching the World one heart at a time’**.

PS. Don’t set out to be weird because they think we are foolish – if we live a Christ like life, without compromise, we will be weird enough to the world.

If you didn’t manage to make it to the National Rally this year, please do everything you can to be there next year, you won’t regret it.

The dates for the next two years at Quinta Christian Fellowship, near Oswestry, are:

2026 – 10th–12th July

2027 – 9th–11th July

Sandy and I look forward to welcoming you on site.

What A Difference a Towel Makes

Iaen Skidmore, Carlisle & Isle of Man Branch

A lesson in humility

'He laid aside his outer garments, and taking a towel, tied it around his waist. Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash his disciple's feet.' [John 13:4-5 ESV] What a difference that towel made.

It was my first visit to the Fellowship Weekend and AGM and what a great weekend it was too. Our journey to the site was wonderful. When you live on a small island just being able to go somewhere different and be able to ride a good distance is something to be savoured. However, it also turned out to be a lesson in humility.

When Steve 'Sat Nav Extraordinaire' Parker and I attended the National Fellowship Rally and AGM this year from the Isle of Man, neither of us had read the instructions properly regarding the contents of the accommodation. We arrived at the rally site fully expecting there to be bedding and towels, etc. Of course, when none of this was there, I began to get a lesson in humility.

The response to, 'why is there nothing in the room?' was, 'Oh! Did you not read the emails? Never mind, we will get bedding and towels for you before the end of the day'.

Romans 12:13

'When God's people are in need, be ready to help them. Always be eager to practice hospitality.'

Like so many of our modern conveniences, you don't appreciate something until it's not there. Not having something to dry yourself with in relation to cleanliness was an issue. However, by this time, I was beginning to realise that this situation was of my own doing.

True to their word, members of the North Wales Branch went home and brought us all that we would need for a good night's sleep and dry ourselves after a shower. What a difference a towel makes.

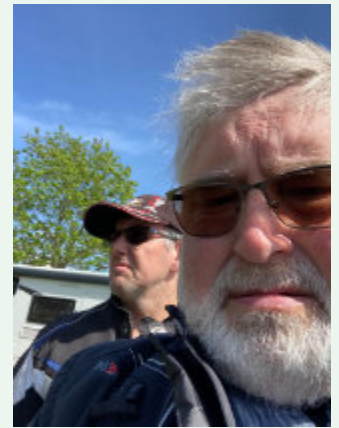
'He laid aside his outer garments,

and taking a towel, tied it around his waist. Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash his disciple's feet.' [John 13:4-5 ESV]

What a difference a towel makes!

This was on top of everything else the host branch was doing to keep the event running smoothly. I suspect washing our feet may have been pushing things a bit much. We would probably have been sent on our way with a suitable blessing from Bob.

We were humbled by their generosity of spirit and servant hearts. I would like to



Llyn Tegid (Bala Lake)

offer our thanks to the North Wales contingent for looking after us so well at the weekend. You were all such a blessing.

What else was a blessing was the exuberant evening worship. Talk about making a joyful noise unto the Lord! Folks were singing at the top of their voices – not contrived but genuine praise and worship. The worship band leader drew out the best in us through a mixture of music and conversation. Mike Fitton preached thought provoking messages. It certainly generated a deep conversation between Steve and me.

And you know, our God has a sense of humour as well. When looking around the room where items had been donated, I found a travel towel ready to use. The Lord blesses with abundance.

Our journey back to the Island took in some unintentional Welsh scenery in the form of Bala Lake. The Sat Nav, Steve, successfully re-routed himself and off we went, arriving at the Ferry Port via some interesting back streets in Liverpool. †



Bike parking at Bala Lake

World Horizons May 2025

Linda Chaplin, West Yorks Branch

Two Wheels, one Passport, and a slightly terrified rider: My trip from Yorkshire to Lille and back.

If you've ever thought, 'You know what sounds relaxing? Riding a motorcycle from the damp hills of Yorkshire to a tiny French village hardly anyone can pronounce', rest assured; you're either an optimist, masochist, or in desperate need of a passport stamp. I happen to be all three!

Thumeries is 20km south of Lille but I guess we call it the Lille Trip because that's easier to say! I've never been abroad on a motorcycle before although I used to ride a bicycle in various countries many, many moons ago. And I haven't had a rideable motorbike for quite a while, what with family and other stuff taking up too much time. But, as a recently-returned rider (now 64 years young!), I'd just bought a new motorcycle as well as re-joined the CMA, and wanted to go abroad. I wasn't sure I was up to it but the fact that our branch chairman, Oliver, suggested I should go, was the reassurance I needed that God thought it was a good idea!

So I set off around mid-day, armed with a recently purchased navigation unit, a rucksack full of questionable travel snacks, and the unwavering belief that British rain can't possibly cross the Channel. The plan was to ride with Chris and Oliver – we are all CMA members from the West Yorkshire branch and they had both been to Lille before. We were to take it easy down the A1, stopping at Cambridge for one night before setting off for Folkestone. I arrived at Chris's house in Wakefield. Chris, or 'Grandad' as he also came to be known, had a backpack, his 12 year old grandson Rehaan. We had a set plan to follow – meet Oliver at Ferrybridge Services, spend 30 minutes there then set off for a stop at Stamford for tea and cake. Next stop, Cambridge Services for our overnight stay. Lesson No. 1; plans don't always go to plan. When we got to Ferrybridge we had our lunch and two or three coffees later, our fourth companion arrived. We set off a bit later than expected but at least we didn't have to rush to get Le Shuttle – that was the plan for the next day.

The Journey to the Eurotunnel

We rode to Cambridge Services with me in the middle of Chris and Oliver but getting stuck at some traffic lights I missed the roundabout turnoff for the A1. Panic would usually have set in at this point, but,

somehow, I managed to get back to where I should be, albeit I was now on my own. After what seemed an eternity but was probably only 20 minutes, I found the Cambridge Services and the rest of the team where we spent a few hours relaxing and rejoicing (for me at least) in reaching the first destination relatively unscathed.

The day's first goal was to reach Folkstone by 09.50 because we had strict instructions to arrive an hour early. But, in time-honoured fashion, we were an hour late. I was partly to blame because I had forgotten how difficult it is to carry heavy, bulky luggage – saddlebag, panniers, and helmet – up and down stairs and negotiate closed doors with one's hands full of said luggage. It didn't quite matter because we got the next train. The downside was, we had less time to get to our destination. Riding just within the speed limit wasn't exactly what I'd hoped for. It turns out that motorways on a motorcycle are a special kind of purgatory. Every passing lorry was a personal airstrike, and the vibration levels could've qualified me for a part-time job as a human paint shaker. Frustratingly, we had to queue for some time when we arrived at Le Shuttle. Getting through passport control and customs was easy enough but I wondered afterwards why no-one had advised me to take a clothes peg. I'd seen many other riders use one to attach their paper ticket to their windshield – otherwise it's a bit of a juggling act trying to hold on to it when riding.

Bonjour, France!

Arriving in France I made two observations: 1. French roads are gorgeous; 2. French drivers do not mess around. Trying to adjust to driving on the right while being tailgated by a Peugeot driven by a rally driver is an unnerving experience for the not-so-experienced motorway rider. Finally, we found Thumeries – a charming village, full of quaint homes, quiet streets and one café. We lined up our trusty steeds in front of the stately-looking Château –

engines ticking, exhausts cooling, and one of them leaking something suspicious (which we all agreed to ignore). The scene had the majestic air of a biker gang who'd accidentally booked a wine tasting.

The building is impressive inside as well as out. It had the sense of a place where time had stood still with all its antique furniture and creaking staircases. But the mood was welcoming and peaceful. With all ten of us assembled around the large dining table we were treated to a delicious home-cooked evening meal prepared by Naomi. The rest of the evening was spent tasting locally-produced beers and getting to know each other.



Saturday

After a dry run down from Yorkshire to France on Thursday and Friday we had nothing but rain all day in Thumeries. So, after breakfast, we ventured out into the damp village in our waterproofs to buy lunch ingredients and practise our French. We stood out a mile when we ended up pointing and waving because none of us had paid much attention to learning foreign languages at school. But we successfully bought some fruit, veg and cooked chicken at the market. Feeling satisfied that our French wasn't that bad we boldly entered the café thinking that 'cappuccino' and 'Americano' were universal phenomenons. Only to find that all that

was on offer was a small black coffee, with a bit of milk if we were lucky. Thankfully, the rain eventually stopped by late afternoon and the roads dried enough to tempt us out on our bikes. We rode to another town about half an hour away. I don't remember much about it apart from being a welcome escape from the rain.

Sunday

After our usual breakfast of tea and croissants we were treated to a memorable and unique worshipping experience. We joined a Sunday morning service at the Chateau with the locals and sang the same hymns at the same time but in our

own languages! Jonny bravely stepped up to give his talk which, being in English, had to be translated into French. This was skilfully achieved after every sentence by an interpreter which slowed down the pace and enabled us time to digest the Bible's teachings about holding fast during the storms of life.

After lunch a small group of us went for another local ride. Oliver, Chris, and grandson Rehaan went on their planned ride to Ypres and stayed for the evening service. I had chosen to go with the rest of the 'gang' to an Asian restaurant about half an hour's ride away. This was my last meal with them as Chris, Rehaan, Oliver and I had to set off early next morning to catch the 10.50 Shuttle – and we needed to arrive an hour early! We hadn't planned an overnight stay on the way back and it turned out to be a very long journey home.

Going home

Chris was leading and Oliver was the backmarker. Despite the expected hold-ups we got to Le Shuttle on time, in fact, shock horror, we were early! But back in England the motorway traffic came to another standstill. Filtering in England is different to France – like Moses parting the waves, the French move out of the way for motorcyclists. But try as we might to stay together, Oliver got stuck behind two lorries that wouldn't move apart enough to let him through, and Chris and I carried on seemingly unconcerned. In France, Chris's satnav had virtually given up but mine had been very reliable. Now back in England I was following Chris because, he's done this route before, so there shouldn't be a problem. Right? And that's how we ended up in the middle of London! Eventually he worked out that his satnav was set to 'No tolls', but it wasn't intelligent enough to know that motorcycles don't pay to use the Dartford tunnel! Oh, how we laughed. Not!

The rest of the journey became a bit of a blur as we dodged lorries emerging from the slip roads and travelled through all weathers. Oliver did make it back before us but obviously he'd followed a satnav that wasn't set to 'no tolls'. We'd left at 07.30 and it was nearly twelve hours later when I reached Yorkshire. By this time I was weary, wind-blown, and feeling like a two-wheeled Napoleon returning from battle, yearning for a hot bath and a strong beverage. Would I do it again? Absolutely... but next time I'd like to take the slower, slightly more scenic route through

France. A final word from Chris; 'God took us there and back with no issue. Even the dodgy tech didn't stop us, nor the occasional wrong turn. Despite the appalling traffic, road works, detours and rain, we had fun and we got back safe and sound. Awesome God is our God'. †

A 12 year-old's perspective:

What I liked best about the trip was enjoying the countryside views and fields, trips to places like Belgium were incredible, amazing food and extremely nice people. The chateau was amazing, big and cozy rooms with nice people and places to relax. The village we stayed in was wonderful, there were markets, shops, patisseries, and a great burger bar! The trip back was amazing – I met lots of wonderful people and I would most definitely go there again, 10/10. †



Rehaan, Chris's grandson and pillion passenger

Jesus told a parable: “There was a man who had two sons. The younger one said to his father, ‘Father, give me my share of the estate.’ So he divided his property between them.

“Not long after that, the younger son got together all he had, set off for a distant country and there squandered his wealth in wild living. After he had spent everything, there was a severe famine in that whole country and he began to be in need. So he went and hired himself out to a citizen of that country, who sent him to his fields to feed pigs. He longed to fill his stomach with the pods that the pigs were eating, but no one gave him anything.

“When he came to his senses, he said, ‘How many of my father’s hired servants have food to spare, and here I am starving to death! I will set out and go back to my father and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son; make me like one of your hired servants.’ So he got up and went to his father.

“But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him.

“The son said to him, ‘Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son.’

“But the father said to his servants, ‘Quick! Bring the best robe and put it on him. Put a



ring on his finger and sandals on his feet. Bring the fattened calf and kill it. Let’s have a feast and celebrate. For this son of mine was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.”

What’s the Difference?

Fraser McDougall, Forth & Tay Branch

Now, you’ll have seen that I’ve entitled this, ‘What’s the Difference?’ and my intention is to try to show the difference that believing in Jesus makes. I suppose the most authentic way for anyone to hear that is for someone like myself to highlight the comparisons, from my own experience. I’ve been a Christian for over 40 years, but I still remember vividly my life before I was a believer in the Saviour. Before I was brought to faith in Christ I had many opinions about the folk who went to church. I thought that they were all hypocrites for a start. Now I

didn’t have much in the way of evidence to support my claim that Christians were all hypocrites, other than my experiences with human nature. How could anyone, based on my experience, dress themselves up for church on a Sunday and be all nice and good, yet behave (I assumed) in the way I knew humans to behave? So, in my mind, they must be pretending to be good, therefore hypocrites, because that’s the meaning of the word – stage actor, one who pretends.

Comparison #1

This is a distinct case of pot vs kettle. You

see, I too, was an actor. I too, dressed the part I was playing. Long hair, biker jacket, (although I was one of the 'bikers' who actually did own a bike!) I claimed to be free, and I lived the part too, however limiting that actually was. Very limiting, as it turned out. The number of times I've looked back on my life in those days and realised that were it not for having to maintain that persona, I could have done so many other things, gone to more places, listened to a wider variety of music, met more people, etc. But these would have been, in my opinion at the time, places, music and people that 'bikers' don't associate with. What a caged little hypocrite I was, in reality!

Another thing I thought about Christians was that they must always have an agenda. They're up to something. This attitude of mine came into sharp focus when my formerly alcoholic mother came back to our home town after leaving my father and us a few years before. She came back, all sobered up and talking about this Jesus guy like he was her best pal. She was so excited about Him! She talked about Him all the time, kept telling us to 'stay close to the Lord!' talking us into going to the 'Charismatics' – what even is that!? My agenda detector was going haywire! There must be some kind of sales pitch going on here! The only problem was that I couldn't see one! I mean, she wasn't religious like those other churchy folks I referred to earlier. Didn't go to her meetings with a blue rinse and a fancy hat, wasn't posh, still smoked cigarettes, could still have a laugh with me and my mates – what's going on? A real person (my very own mother!) and she's been smitten by Jesus!

Comparison #2

Religion vs the 'Real deal' – where do you hide? Friends, here was someone who wasn't just 'doing church' or going through the religious motions. Here was someone who was genuinely affected by the God she talked about, this Jesus. Of course, I'd heard of Jesus from school assemblies and stuff, but none of it had stuck with me. Now, my mother is back, and she's stopped drinking and not only that, she has what amounts to a new love in her life, and He's called Jesus.

Now I had a problem. You see, it turns out that I was the one with an agenda, and that agenda did not involve living right before God; or realising I was a sinner in need of a

saviour, or admitting that maybe I had been wrong all along about at least some of the people who called themselves Christians. Turns out that there is a reality to this Gospel message and those who try to live it out as best they are equipped. Those who love God and love their neighbours, whoever they are.

But I kept on resisting. I've shared the story many times about the condition I got into through my so called 'free' lifestyle. The drug abuse, the paranoia, the serious mental health issues that went undiagnosed but which everyone could see. In many real ways, my journey was like that of the prodigal whom we read about. Let's go back to the story Jesus told. The story looks a bit like mine, because you see, figuratively, I too had gone off to a distant country and fallen into great need. The young man in the parable came to his senses – I didn't quite come to mine, not yet anyway. But I did start to do what he did – inwardly. I started on my way back to my father. There came a day for me where I also, like the prodigal, began to rehearse my own religious formula for being accepted by Him. 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son; make me like one of your hired servants.' And, armed with this faint hope, I also set off towards my father's house.

I had come to a point where I decided that I did truly want to be free from my own foolish hypocrisy. I decided on a course of action. I was going to find a quiet place to pray, and I would do that for a whole 30 minutes, because that's what you do if you're 'spiritual' isn't it?

So, that's what I did. I barely managed the thirty minutes and thought, "what now?" So I started another prayer, an unrehearsed, spontaneous confession that I needed my Father's leading in my life. I had got half a sentence out and, BAM! Explosion! Joy! Laughing, jumping, singing, shouting JOY!

Look at the story – 'But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him.'

The young man, even while his father was pouring out his love for him, began his acceptance speech, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no

longer worthy to be called your son.'

But it's almost like the father can't hear it! He's so moved by the return of his son that all he wants to do is celebrate – bring the fatted calf, prepare a feast, put the best robe on him, put a ring on his finger and sandals on his feet, 'for this son of mine was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.'

Comparison #3

While religion might seem like a safe formula for acceptance, a loving relationship with your Father is the only true place of refuge.

Some more words of Jesus – *'I tell you that in the same way there will be more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who do not need to repent.'* (Luke 15:7) Rejoicing in heaven over one lost sinner. Isn't that a wonderfully strange concept to our worldly minds? Yet it's absolutely true folks, that while I was ecstatic with joy at the new-found reality of the love of God in me, heaven was partying because I'd come home!

So what now that here I am, in the family of God our Father? Does he stop rejoicing over me now that I'm back in the house? Now that I've been reeled in, dragged ashore, cleaned up, fed and sent to bed? No way! I'm on a different path now folks. Have been for the past 40-odd years, as mentioned earlier. Have those years been perfect, now that I'm a cleaned up believer? Um, no. Turns out that I'm still a flawed human being, just like you. A work in progress, as it were. Turns out that I make mistakes and have sinned on many occasions. As an outsider looking at my life, or indeed the lives of many Christians, you might not always think that there's much difference between an average believer and



an average non-believer and, if we're honest with ourselves there's sometimes a fair comparison going on there. So, what's the difference?

Comparison #4

The difference is this folks, that in returning to God our Father through trust in His Son Jesus Christ and His work of saving us, we as believers have access to His righteousness, peace, joy, hope and love in ways that we never before imagined. When we do slip up—and we do—there is recourse to forgiveness and cleansing through Jesus to the love of our Father. Religion says, 'I messed up, my dad will kill me' but relationship says, 'I messed up, I'd better call my Dad.'

In Him there is also comfort. I mention comfort because I've lived a bit folks. How many of us know that in life we should learn to choose our battles? It's so true, we should do that. But how many know that sometimes life picks our fights for us, and we have no way of continuing except to battle through them? Yes. Comfort. I honestly don't know where I would be now without the arms of my Father around me at times of need. Sometimes those arms are wrapped in human flesh. That's what family is for folks. I don't think religion can do this. Religion wouldn't have done it for me. I'm done with acting. Give me the real deal. Give me God's love and the reality of His presence, in my life and in the life of the Church – and CMA! 🙏

Invisible Wounds

Stephen Hughes-Burton, North Wales Branch

Riding with invisible wounds:
bearing one another's burdens in the brotherhood of the road

The roar of an engine. The wind on your face. The road stretched out ahead, open and unbound. There's a kind of freedom we riders know that's hard to explain to someone who hasn't felt it. It's raw, honest, and personal. And for many of us who ride under the banner of Christ, there's something sacred about that journey – something that speaks to both the ruggedness of the road and the grace that carries us through it.



But not all wounds are visible. Not all battles are fought with leather, steel, or road rash. Some of them are fought in silence, behind calm eyes and forced smiles. These are the battles of those among us who live with hidden disabilities – chronic pain, mental health struggles, emotional trauma, neurological disorders. You may not see them when we roll up at a rally or gather for prayer, but they ride with us every mile.

Recently, I had to face this reality in a deeper way – not just as a rider, but as a brother or sister in Christ. A conversation left me feeling unseen, dismissed, even hurt. It wasn't that someone meant to wound me. That's the thing with invisible pain: people often don't know it's there, so they step on it without realising. But the impact is real. The weight is heavy. And sometimes – though I hesitate to admit it – the spiritual toll can become so great that I find myself trying to replace it with physical pain. Just to focus. Just to breathe. Just to feel something that makes more sense.

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not writing this to blame anyone. The brotherhood (and sisterhood) of Christian motorcyclists has been one of the greatest blessings in my life. It's because I trust this community, and because I believe in the power of Christ working through us, that I feel the courage to speak up.

Ephesians 4:15 calls us to 'Speak the truth in love', and that's what I hope this is. A truth spoken in love – with grace, not grievance.

Because if we truly are the body of Christ, then we are called to carry each other. Not just when the tyres are flat or the engine's busted, but when the soul is tired. When someone's riding with a heart full of broken glass.

We often say, "Keep the rubber side down." But maybe we should also say, "Keep your hearts open." Open to the stories you can't see. Open to the brother who rides alone because crowds are too much. To the sister who flinches at loud noises, not because she's weak, but because she's endured more than she'll ever say. To the rider who stays behind because he's afraid of being judged if he speaks about his mental health or physical limits.

This isn't about guilt. It's about awareness. Compassion. Growth. We have an opportunity as a ministry—as a family—to be different from the world. To see the unseen, to honour the silent battles. And to remind each other that Christ does not overlook the wounded – in fact, He draws especially near to them.

So if you've ever felt invisible, I see you. If you've ever been hurt in a place where you should have found healing, I hear you. If you've ever hurt yourself just to quiet the deeper pain – you are not alone.

Let's ride together compassionately, friends. Eyes open, arms ready, hearts soft.

Because the road is long, but grace goes farther. †

CMA National Rally 2025

Andrew Bulloch, Chairman, East Midlands Branch

Here are some thoughts about the recent National Rally at Quinta Christian Centre.

The thing that's really special for me about the National Rally, besides the fellowship, the morning prayers, the campfire and surroundings of the old house, is camping. Regardless (yes, honestly) of the weather there's something really special about the simplicity of a bike, a tent and a gas stove.

When I was preparing to come to Quinta, I was in the midst of installing a new kitchen in the two bedroom bungalow that I share with my wife. I was also getting ready to fly out to Malawi to help lead a team of volunteers from two schools in Fulham, who had signed up with Mission Direct to help build a resource centre for children with special needs.

Travelling to Quinta and setting up my tent enabled me to unburden myself of the kitchen project and just rest for a while.

As Christians it's very easy for us to become too busy and overwhelmed with stuff. Camping for me is the antidote to this exhausting way of living. Camping is a reminder that we are not meant to be grounded in the comforts, the attractions and the stuff of this world. The Apostle Peter urges the people to whom he is writing to live good lives as strangers (or aliens) in the world, preparing to go home to be with their Father, while engaged in the raging battle against sin (see 1 Peter 2:11).

I'm writing this article from Malawi. The kitchen back home was usable, but not completely finished when I flew here. The programme the two other leaders and I have arranged for the Mission Direct volunteers has time built into it to rest up, relax and reflect upon what we are seeing and doing here in Malawi, the 'Warm Heart of Africa'. ✝



Father's Day Testimony

Rob Oates, NYV&D Branch

The Destiny Centre Church in Norton, Stockton-on-Tees invited the NYV&D Branch to bring a few bikes along and give our testimonies in a morning service at the church.

Jonathan Harris, their senior leader and also one of our new branch members, asked if we could attend their Father's Day morning service, so we managed to get seven motorcycles into the auditorium that morning.

They laid on hot sausage buns and hot drinks, and sorted out a table for us so we could display our literature, Chainlink magazines, Biker Bibles and tracts.

During the morning, Jonathan got our branch on to the stage and interviewed us about CMA and its outreach to the biking community. Three of us gave our testimonies.

Altogether a lovely service with a great message by the pastor, Faith, on 'Finishing is better than starting', from Ecclesiastes 7:8. She even managed to get to sit on a Kawasaki 650 by the end of the morning.

All the children loved seeing and sitting on the motorcycles under supervision too.

A big 'Thank you' to the Destiny Centre staff for all their efforts that morning in getting our branch and bikes safely into and out of their church.

ps: The Kawasaki 650 was Faith's dad, Jonathan's, but she had never had the pleasure of sitting on it before. I understand her fiancé is interested in one now. †





Into the Valley 2025

Brian Jenner, Gloucester Branch

Many people were praying for Into the Valley. What happened?

I thought my contribution was minimal. However, my travel was safe and largely uneventful. I spotted a moving load on my bike and was able to secure it better in time. My tent survived the wind battering and the new proofing kept the rain out. I had conversations with a few people. I joined Simon to pray for a team member's back. I was given a task by MAG on Sunday morning which I was able to do. I joined a MAG team later taking down the products marquee. I kept safe during serving campers (we are dealing with boiling water) and was able to make the fire extinguishers more visible and accessible.

I am sure there are more examples of answers to prayer. I did see some young lads prayed for and Bibles taken. †



National Rally 2025

Brian Jenner

God moved both my wife and I by some words in one of the worship songs about 'family'. I



went for prayer with Philip and another, for prayer for family members who do not know God. I felt led to give 'a little more' in the Open Doors offering and prayed that I would not be alone. The offering came to over £5,000, Praise God. I am sure others will tell of the joy of sharing time with our brothers and sisters, of the swimming pool, country surrounding and food. Graham, Mike, Dan and David gave us their all with encouragement, challenge and news. I met at least two members in better health and mind than when we last met, I didn't recognise one one of them at first. I note now I am in a more positive mood in mind and health. I am reminded of a song by a Christian band with the refrain 'I came here empty and I went away full'. Roll on the E.M.C. †

CMA Rides in to One Life Church

Philip Head, Devon & Cornwall Branch



What a welcome for the Devon and Cornwall Branch at One Life Church, Barnstaple on Sunday 15th June, Father's Day!

At this time, whilst their main building needs refurbishment, the church meets in a village hall at Fremington. Whilst the hall was being set up inside, under the leadership and guidance of Helen Tippetts, our Chairman, we were setting up the gazebo and CMA station out in the car

park. Once the station was set up, the bikes were positioned in and around the station, setting the welcoming scene.

Bacon butties and tea were served from 10 o'clock, followed by prayer and the service starting at 10:30 a.m.

At the appropriate time of the service, the Pastor introduced Helen, who in turn introduced a short ice-breaker video, introducing CMA. She then introduced Philip Head, who spoke about the relationship between the church and CMA. Then Helen shared her vision for the Devon & Cornwall Branch and introduced Nigel (Niggy) Yelland, who shared his testimony of coming into a relationship with the living God.

At the end of the service – and bearing in mind we were a visiting ministry with no track record there – the Pastor invited all CMA members to come forward to pray for those asking for prayer.

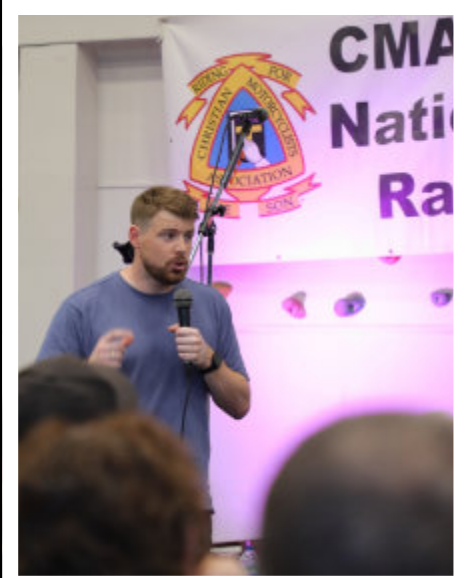
The Lord be praised! One Life Church unreservedly supports Christian evangelism and has promised to become an Affiliate Church and to support the ministry of CMA. This was a wonderful breakthrough for practical and spiritual support in North Devon. Hallelujah! †

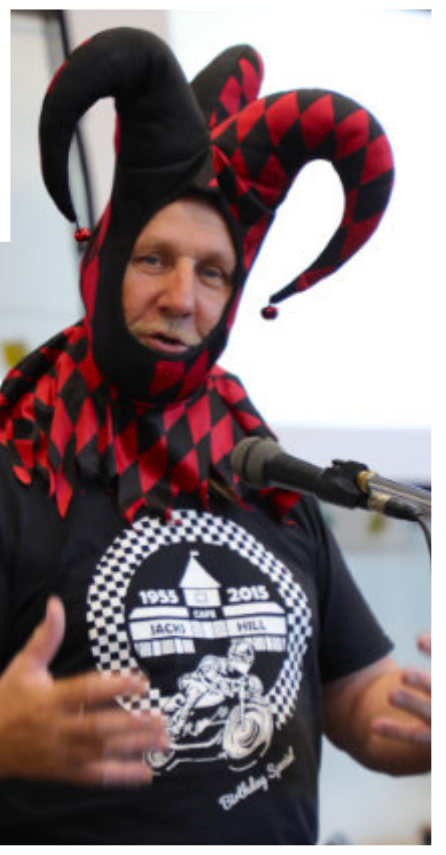
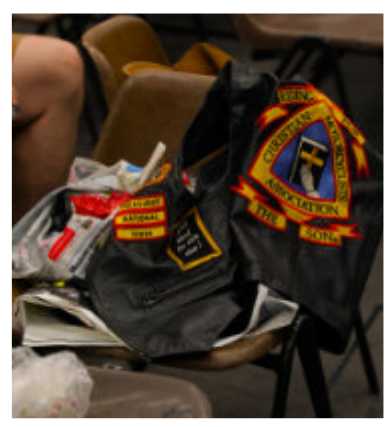


Nigel ('Niggy')



Here is a small collection of photos taken by our very own George Laws, Rally Photographer, at the CMA UK National Rally 2025





Our Brother in Heaven

Annamária Stakes-Lewis, Hants & Dorset Branch

Our beloved Colin,
a.k.a. 'Sparks'

A year ago...

As we were riding to the rally this year, it really hit me that this year you were not going to be there. Not physically. But as I followed the route we rode together two years ago, all the memories were just flooding my heart and though fighting with tears, these memories put a smile on my face.

I remember you showing up with your bike, packed just like a good old mule, random items bungeed on as you carried not only your gear but a friend's as well. I remember as I was leading the group, all of a sudden you disappeared... Then with a cheeky smile you turned up and reported that oh well, some of the stuff just got detached, but nothing to worry about, it is all secured again.

Your bike was not great on fuel, so you fitted an extra tank on her. In a top box. It was hilarious watching you pulling into a gas station, popping the leather top box open and sticking some petrol into it...

I remember, 15 minutes after our last break you pulled up beside me with another cheeky grin announcing you needed to go for a wee... I frantically started looking for a suitable stop for this break. Passing that pub this time squeezed my heart... But I know you were there riding on a cloud. Not in your physical body, but in my heart.

I remember you were ready for mischief any time and nothing could stop you when it was about sweets, biscuits, cakes. With that spark in your eyes, you just ambushed my half-eaten biscuit and before I could blink twice that half eaten biscuit just disappeared in your mouth.

I remember last year you arrived so late to the Rally- or rather early, we put up your tent. You arrived in the middle of the night, switched off your bike and the rain started.



I remember you turning up on your bike at one of our monthly meetings, riding all the way from Poole to Southampton with your guitar strapped on your back. Bringing a friend often. Pulling a properly crumpled up Bikers' Bible out of a pocket of your waistcoat to gift it to those in need of God's Word.

You were so faithful until your last breath. Following you on your last ride was something which drew me closer to our Heavenly Father. Something felt wrong though. You were not riding behind me like before, I was riding behind you. As we reached the meeting point for those who wanted to ride with you for the last time, I really understood what an enormous impact you had on so many lives. The layby was full. Nearly 90 bikes followed you on your last ride.

We were waiting to carry you. One of the funeral directors noted that you must have been a very special person as he had never seen so many gathered to wave farewell.

And he was so right. You were very special. You left a huge legacy behind for us to carry on with. We accept that our Heavenly Father called you home to Him, you cannot be at a better place, but very selfishly I feel sorry for all of us you left behind on this Earth.

You could make anyone laugh, even after you left your earthly frame behind. Even when we were gathering around your casket. The memories, the funny glitch with the music... then when we walked out in the end, head down, there was a rainbow in the sky. It was a beautiful autumn day and the Lord sent us a rainbow with His promise and made us look up!

As so many of us carry you in our hearts I feel your presence. I see that cheeky spark in your eyes, that playfulness, I hear your voice. You had so much love to share and you carried Jesus everywhere you went.

This is our turn to continue your work on Earth until we see you again on the other side of the Golden Gate. †



Colin Young passed into the Lord's Presence on 29th September 2024.

He was for many years with the Knights of Antioch, before joining CMA Hants & Dorset.

CMA at Christ Church Eston

Rob Oates

One of our members, Michael, attends Christ Church Eston and we got a request from their minister to see if we could bring some motorcycles along to help with their Community Fun Day, talk to those attending and also share our faith.

So on the day, five of us took our bikes, set up a table with CMA Chainlink magazines, Biker Bibles and other information.

It was a lovely warm day as we prayed in front of the church and the folk started to walk in.

We shared our stories and discussed our motorcycles, made sure the youngsters had their photos taken with the bikes and generally had a great day sharing with others what CMA and our ministry is all about.

The day was a great success for the church and many locals who had never set foot in the church came along for all the stalls, games, free teas and coffee and also hot dogs, that were provided by the church.

On the day, six Bibles were taken, most of our Chainlink magazines and a few tracts too.

Our God is an amazing God! †





Christ Church Eston
Church Hall

Christian Motorcyclists Association
North East Branch
Charity Number: 1080911
www.bike.org.uk



Alec's Pages

Alec Raven, Secretary, Bikers Church

Hi everyone,

Mission Impossible

"Your mission is to go to Romania, visit six high security prisons, and preach about freedom. The freedom only found in Jesus Christ."

The other day, we asked Colin Pownall, "How did it go in Romania?" and he responded, "I'm not telling you, not now. I'm saving it for Bikers Church on Sunday."

All we know is that he has some amazing stories and you are going to have to come to Warrington on Sunday 6th July to hear what happened. For those who can't get there, it will all be on video,



live, from 6.30pm. Also available, afterwards, for 30 days on Facebook, or indefinitely on YouTube.

Check those tyres before you ride

Have you seen the price of this motorcycle? That's inflation for you!



I hope you are as pumped up as us about Bikers Church Stoke this coming Sunday, 20th July. It should be a good one – after 3 years we are just about getting the hang of it! The atmosphere will be great.

Stoke Bikers Church was initiated by Malc so it's only fitting that he should be our speaker this time.

Obviously I'm assuming that you know who Malc is by now. He is very down to earth, says it like it is – the chap next door. If he doesn't come, we'll be stuffed!

Of course, there is a whole team behind Bikers Church and we would be struggling without them too. Not just behind, but up front as well, hosting and leading worship. We definitely need those round the back in the kitchen serving drinks, etc. The Bikers Church mugs don't sell themselves, either. We would be let down without them all.

If you join us online, this is only possible due to the technical expertise upstairs, sorting out the sound, video and song words, quite often under pressure.

I wouldn't want anyone to feel deflated to find that the next Bikers Church in Warrington won't be on the 1st Sunday in August. That's because we've had to move it to the following Sunday 10th August when it will be a very special musical treat with the return of Whiteraven.

Something special for August ...
... an evening of inspirational music,
worship and testimony with Ian & Jen



10th August (2nd Sunday)
6:30pm

St Martin's Church, Gig Lane,
Woolston, WA1 4EE

'Whiteraven'
at Warrington

Bikers
Church

www.bikerschurch.org.uk

Bikers Church is odd – that's probably due to some of those who attend! Everyone is normal... until you get to know them!

Bikers Church is unusual – that's the whole point. A traditional Church is not always an environment where bikers feel comfortable. We understand that and cater for it, so you're welcome in your leathers (and waterproofs)! Just come as you are.

Bikers Church is strange – yet strangely, it's where folk feel at home. And quite a few of those wouldn't consider themselves bikers.

Bikers Church is different – well, the next one in Warrington is. For a start, instead of the usual 1st Sunday in the month, it will be on the 2nd Sunday – 10th August.

But the main difference, this time, will be a special music experience. Whiteraven—Ian and Jen—have been invited to lead an evening of inspirational songs and testimony. And we will have the opportunity to join in with a few and raise the roof! We haven't had an event of this type since 2019.

Bikers Church is extraordinary – maybe not, but we do share an extra-ordinary message about a super-natural Father who offers us all forgiveness which we don't deserve and the free gift of eternal life that we could never earn.

So you would be crazy to miss out on this opportunity on Sunday 10th August at 6.30pm. Don't expect to be greeted by smartly dressed folk handing out hymn books, or someone in a dog collar leading a formal religious ceremony – that would be weird! †

YouTube



Bikers
Church
links

FaceBook



Editor's note:

Alec's announcements for Bikers Church events refer to events already having taken place, hence the dates being in the past. We include his announcements as reports of what's been happening at Bikers Church. Just so you know what you've missed! All good stuff. You can usually catch up with all the Bikers Church videos on YouTube.



Oliver's Mount 2025

Caz Laws & Ann Hendron, Tyne & Wear Branch

Witnessing at the Cock o' the North
Road Race at Oliver's Mount, 2025

'The Lord is righteous in everything he does;
He is filled with kindness.' Psalm 145:17 (NLT)

Kindness is one of the most beautiful things you can show. It can be as simple as a smile or the way you look at someone. It shows love and acceptance to the person on the receiving end and makes them feel noticed and valued. Telling them that God thinks they're precious must be the most basic thing Christians can do, but the rewards to that person are

immense. Kindness shows that the Lord values everyone. The gift of kindness has nothing to do with the person. Kindness is about the undeniable fact that Jesus died for all of us and we are precious and valuable to God. If we focus on Jesus, we can take the emphasis off ourselves and more towards the person we feel drawn to. This way the Lord can

show us the needs and hurts in the lives of others. Every act of kindness can draw people closer to the Lord and bring healing into their lives.

Caz's story

For days leading up to Oliver's Mount, I prayed about what 'Blessings' I should make to give out to bikers, people supporting them and spectators. I really felt God telling me to focus on females. OK, I thought... what should I make? Then it came to me! Little organza bags with a keyring in and other bags with wooden 'Pocket Hugs' in – and so I set about printing, cutting and laminating things to put in the 'Blessings Bags', along with the keyrings and 'Pocket Hugs' I'd bought.

Saturday 26th June was a very hot day, forecast with a few showers. It was a very humid day. Often, I witness alone at Oliver's Mount, so it was nice to have company. Walking around an event with a big white cross on your back isn't always easy but I knew that every step of the way God was with me.

I'd arranged to meet Ann, a CMA member at Oliver's Mount at about 10am, but she'd had a few issues so met her about 11.15am. Vicky, a friend, phoned me saying she had a problem entering Oliver's Mount, so Ann and I met her at the pay kiosk at the entrance and sorted her ticket for her. She had Steven, her dog with her. I gave Ann some 'Blessings Bags'. Some of the little white organza bags had a 'Pocket Hug' wooden token in with a little CMA logo in. Other 'Blessings Bags' had a keyring, along with a laminated 'statement' telling the recipient 'The diamond on the back of this keyring symbolises how precious You are to God', and a small laminated *You Are Precious* token with CMA logo on the back. I gave Vicky some 'Pocket Hug' bags as she wasn't going down to the Paddock where Ann and I would go later.

We all walked up to the top end of Sheene's Rise, just after the trade stalls. Ann got talking to two women standing next to her, a mother and her daughter and gave her two 'Pocket Hug' bags. The women thanked Ann for the gifts. The mother said her husband had died last year in a motorbike accident and came to Oliver's Mount regularly.

I asked the daughter if she knew if Lissy Whitmore (a motorbike rider) was here today. She said she was. I've met her before. I felt excited. I prayed she would be here, and she was. I intended going to see her later.

Ann's story

Two ladies by the fence

Mam and daughter had visited Oliver's Mount, TT and Ireland races for years with their hubby and dad.



The mother had been riding her bike behind her hubby when he was killed. She still has PTSD. This was two and a half years ago. The daughter used to ride pillion with her dad, thankfully not that day, and was desperate now to get a bike. Mam wasn't keen on this but said she would think about it. They said they had been given a Biker Bible at the TT Races some years ago. I discussed God's healing power regarding grief and PTSD and told her I would continue to pray.

Caz's story

After a quick lunch, Ann and I walked around the paddock and saw quite a lot of females. To each female we saw we gave them one of the 'Blessings Bags', talked a little about us belonging to CMA and asked how they were doing. We said to the (mainly male) bikers that we'd pray for them that they'd have a good race and that they'd 'keep safe out there' in their races.

We met Abi, a sidecar passenger, we chatted and gave her and her friend a 'Blessings Bag' each. They were really pleased with them and thanked us. Another woman in the sidecar paddock said she'd seen me a couple of times and again, thanked me for her 'Blessings Bag.'

Ann's story

Sidecar Paddock

Caz and I chatted to an elderly woman in the sidecar paddock who was sitting in a garden chair and had two walking sticks next to her. She was very happy we'd stopped and spoken to her and given her a 'Blessings Bag'. She expressed that she felt that if God was real, he must be very disappointed in us all. It was an opportunity to witness about God's



amazing grace towards each of us despite our flaws. I went to use the 'Ladies' and when I got back, I was excited as I had witnessed to a lady in the toilet, near the sink.

At the Café

When I got back, I noticed a lady sitting on a picnic bench outside the café. She was a female marshal called Deborah. Caz and I got talking to her. She had lost her twin sister due to a respiratory disease a year ago. She said she'd always meant to say to her, 'I love you. You are so precious,' which made her cry when Caz said the words on her 'Blessings' token, 'You are precious.' Deborah was feeling guilty that she was alive and felt very alone without her sister. We ministered the love, grace and healing of God to her and gave her hugs. She was so grateful to have met and spoken to us despite her tears. We glorified God for using us.

As we walked around the paddock we didn't leave out the gents. We gave them a CMA card with a biker's prayer on, and prayed for the rider's safety, protection and blessings. We told them that God loves them so very much, like us all. "Praise God and thank you Jesus!"

It was a great experience to give out the little blessings tokens whilst sharing that we were from

CMA and the difference Jesus has made in our lives. It often takes me hours, days, months to open up and share Jesus the way I did here as the gifts were blessed, I believe and fast-tracked his Gospel and goodness. Therefore, I am so pleased that I said 'yes' to the call out for service at Oliver's Mount. Shadowing and supporting Caz has not only encouraged me but I feel empowered to share my faith with strangers as it had some powerful results and to boot it was my first time at Oliver's Mount racing. Well worth a visit.

Caz's story

At the Café

At the cafe we chatted with a female Marshall called Deborah and gave her a 'Blessings Bag'. I said, "It has a little 'You are Precious' token in it with a diamanté on it. I told Deborah, "You are as precious as a diamond to God". She started to get upset and started crying. I said I was sorry. She made a 'thumbs up' sign towards me and when she was calm, she began talking to us.

Lissy Whitmore

Whilst at the café it started to rain but we were under cover. The rain was refreshing in the humid heat of the day. Once it stopped, I asked Ann if she'd come and find Lissy Whitmore with me, the young female motorbike racer I mentioned earlier. I'd spoken to Lissy a couple of times before and given her a CMA card and a keyring. George had told me where to find her in the paddock as he'd seen her earlier... his directions were 'spot on!'

When we found Lissy she was talking to a woman she knew, about which upcoming events Lissy wanted to take part in. The woman started to say, "Not just now. We are having a meeting." As soon as Lissy saw me her face lit up and she said, "Oh, hi" and smiled as though she was glad to see me. Then she said, "You gave me a keyring, and I used to wear the charm (Jesus Loves You) on a necklace, but the necklace broke, and I lost it". I said, "Well, there's another one" and gave her a 'Blessings Bag', with a 'Jesus loves you' keyring inside. She was so happy and thanked me. I gave her friend a bag too and they both smiled.

Caz's story

Walking back up 'Heart Attack Hill' (the steps from the paddock to the top where the trade stalls and food vans are) I saw a young woman sitting on a grass mound



with clothing not really suited to a Bike Race event. She had cream linen trousers and a pale blue linen jacket. Most people at race events wear 'biker' t-shirts and jeans or bike trousers. We smiled at each other as I passed her. Then like a dart, I was stopped in my tracks. Jesus told me to go back to the woman and give her a 'Blessings Bag'. So, I walked back the few steps and said, "Do you mind if I give you one of these?" I told her it had a keyring in and a little 'token' saying, 'You are Precious' and that's because you are precious to God." I then said, "I'm from an organisation called Christian Motorcyclists' Association. There's a little CMA logo in the bag." She quickly looked at it and thanked me. As I was walking away, I glanced back, and she was looking at the things in the bag. I don't know why I had to go back to her... but God does!

Ann's story

After walking back up 'Heart Attack Hill' I met Vicky back at the café near the fence. Vicky was chatting to the café owner again. We had witnessed to her

and had given her a pocket hug before lunch.

We spoke with a gent called Lee. He was a regular at Oliver's Mount. Said he loved it. He was not on a bike due to ill health. He had been in a serious car accident in 2019 and broke his back in several places. He can ride but finds it very uncomfortable. Vicky encouraged him to seek correct physio, and we witnessed about God's healing too. We gave him a prayer card.

Caz's story

Well... I didn't know at the time why I'd made those 'Blessings Bags' but God knew!

Wonderful Father, make me aware of the way I am speaking to others. If I'm not honouring You, please forgive me and show me what is in my heart that needs healing. Remind me that my worth and their worth is in You and I need to believe, as You do, that everyone is precious. Thank you, Lord, for laying these 'Blessings Bags' on my heart. Amen. ✝



A Hug from Jesus

Stephanie Thomas, Hants & Dorset Branch

I saw an amazing sunrise
To welcome this brand new day

I heard the birds singing a symphony
That truly took all my breath away

The flowers in the field were dancing
Moving in the gentle breeze

My God my Father my majestic Holy King
Your creation brings me to my knees

You created such beauty all around me
Cotton clouds floating in a sky so blue

You are awesome holy and so magnificent
Even the leaves clap their hands to praise
You

Oh the glorious splendour of your majesty
Such beautiful works made by your hand

Jesus I will proclaim your greatness
unending
As I worship You
in your presence I stand

I will sing and praise You forever and ever
The God of my life
Jesus my Holy King

As I lift up my eyes towards heaven
You lift me up high
on eagles wings

You cover me with a royal robe of
righteousness
Oh the depth of your unfailing love

Your beautiful kiss lingers upon my face
And I feel the tender embrace of your hug

Amen



Psalm 145

A song of praise

I will exalt you, my God the King;
I will praise your name for ever and ever.
Every day I will praise you
and extol your name for ever and ever.
Great is the Lord and most worthy of praise;
his greatness no one can fathom.

Our Spiritual Receptivity

A. W. Tozer

'Be still, and know that I am God.' (Psalm 46:10, ESV)

Spiritual receptivity is not a single thing; it is a compound rather, a blending of several elements within the soul. It is an affinity for, a bent toward, a sympathetic response to, a desire to have. It can be present in degrees, depending upon the individual. It may be increased by exercise or destroyed by neglect. It is not a sovereign and irresistible force which comes upon us as a seizure from above. It is a gift of God, indeed, but one which must be recognized and cultivated as any other gift if it is to realize the purpose for which it was given.

Failure to see this is the cause of a very serious breakdown in modern evangelicalism. The idea of cultivation and exercise, so dear to the saints of old, has now no place in our total religious picture. It is too slow, too common. We now demand glamour and fast-flowing dramatic action. A generation of Christians reared among push buttons and automatic machines is impatient of slower and less direct methods of reaching their goals. We have been trying to apply machine-age methods to our relations with God. We read our chapter, have our short devotions, and rush away, hoping to make up for our deep inward bankruptcy by attending another gospel meeting or listening to another thrilling story told by a religious adventurer lately returned from afar.

The tragic results of this spirit are all about us. Shallow lives, hollow religious philosophies, the preponderance of the element of fun in gospel meetings, the glorification of men, trust in religious externalities, quasi-religious fellowships, salesmanship methods, the mistaking of dynamic personality for the power of the Spirit: these and such as these are the symptoms of an evil disease, a deep and serious malady of the soul.

A W Tozer, *The Pursuit of God*, 1948

The Pursuit of God, by A. W. Tozer, will cause you to pursue Jesus and draw nearer to our loving Father in a practical way. In each chapter Tozer strikes upon an aspect of our pursuit of God – and how God actually wants to be found! Like a Father playing hide and seek with his child – God won't hide very long from you. May this book change the way you live – not merely increase what you know. Whether you are thirsting for more of God or do not yet know of the 'mighty longing after God' that so consumed A.W. Tozer's life and ministry, *The Pursuit of God* will draw you into a deep, abiding relationship with the One who 'nourishes the soul'.

'Tozer lived for and preached Jesus Christ. Contemporary Christians can benefit by discovering – or rediscovering – his writings.' Dr. Franklin Graham

A Stone's Throw

Fraser McDougall, Forth & Tay Branch

Just a stone's throw away
where the olives are pressed
there's a young man who prays
sweating blood in distress
as he enters a day
where integrity fails
with a kiss to betray:
there the darkness prevails.

Just a stone's throw away
there's a mother who weeps
for the son she has raised
but does not get to keep
as they put him on trial
in a dishonest court
where the rough and the vile
make his groaning their sport.

Just a stone's throw from there
is a man in the throes
of such anguish and care
while denying he knows
or has walked with this man
through his highs and his lows,
who had sworn he would stand:
then three times the cock crows.

With the book on my desk
a tear drops on the page,
I can't bear the grotesque
yet somehow I engage
with this man being scourged
by these soldiers at play:
but I hide on the verge,
just a stone's throw away.

(Luke 22:41)



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60 years of serving persecuted Christians

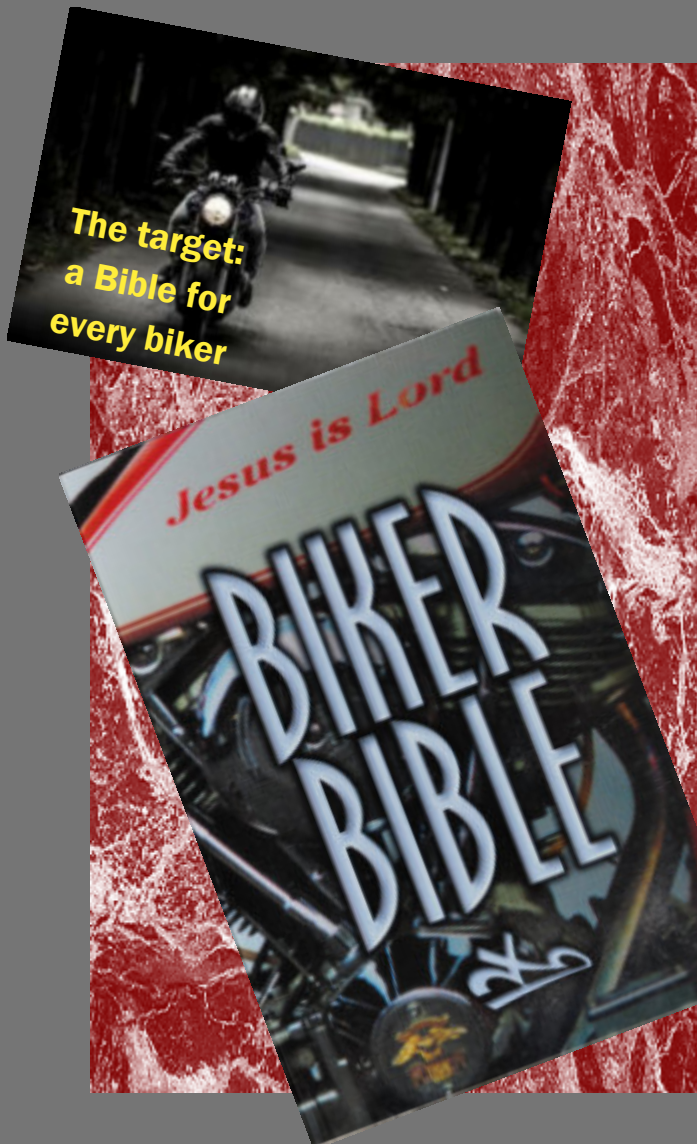
Open Doors is an international ministry serving persecuted Christians and churches worldwide. We supply Bibles, leadership training, literacy programmes, livelihood support and advocacy services. We also seek to mobilise the church in the UK & Ireland to serve Christians living under religious persecution.



For 150 years The Evangelization Society (TES) has served the UK as a major evangelistic organisation – seeking to see men, women and children brought into the Kingdom of God.



We make Scriptures available where there are none. We work to help the church engage with the Bible more effectively. And we endeavour – through the arts, education, media and politics – to make the Bible available, accessible and credible in our culture.



Our Daily Bread

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Our mission is to make the life-changing wisdom of the Bible understandable and accessible to all.



World Horizons exists on behalf of places and people not yet prayed for, churches not yet planted and cross-cultural workers not yet sent. We are a prayer based, pioneering, prophetic, pastoral mission movement.