

He is taking us on a difficult path, but so far He has led us very gently. There is a whole account to share another time of how, over the past year He has been preparing us. We didn't realise it at the time but now it seems so clear. Even now our times of quiet with Him are so personal and real. Today I had a backache when I came to Him as well as the ache inside of missing Robert. After some time in prayer and reading

His word, both pains had been soothed. I don't know if the beauty and tranquillity of these times will last, or if it is just for this time when we need Him so much, but in the Old Testament (1Sam 7 12) during the wars with the Philistines, Samuel set up a stone and called it Ebenezer, meaning 'So far God has helped us'. All I know is that so far God is helping us, giving His peace and the grace to pray for all involved in Robert's death. This could not come from us in our own strength. Every good thing He does for us, by His Spirit or through the love of others, encourages us to trust Him for the rest to come.

We miss Robert. His former head teacher from middle school, Adrian Rodgers, a lovely man, summed Rob up so well at his Thanksgiving Service, and so personally when he said that some pupils get noticed because they attract the teachers' attention from time to time and need to be spoken to, but then they have that 'spark' that endears them and it was difficult to tell Rob off because you wanted to smile! To us Rob

certainly had that spark, He was a gift from God and we loved him. He gave so much to us; his acceptance, his love of life, his interest in practical things and much more. He must have felt secure with us because he was able to be himself, with all that entailed at times. He occasionally had difficulties but he had great strengths as well. It is only reading tributes to him since we lost him that we are finding out about some of these, how his humour helped put people at ease and how he helped others who struggled. He knew what it was to struggle, but he had the strength to overcome. It took me years to persuade him to get a holiday job to earn money towards the things he wanted, but once he showed great commitment even walking miles to work when his bicycle broke down.

He showed even greater commitment, with his studies. He had started off having some difficulty learning, understandable given the unsettled background he had had, but he applied himself and got good grades in his GCSEs. Out of 30 people who had started his college course, I understand he was one of only 12 who were sticking the course out and he was on his way to his ambition of studying Advanced Aerospace Engineering. Again, when his bike broke down, he was willing to walk the 4 miles or so to college and never complained. I feel very sad when I think of what a good lad we have lost I will never forget his love of biking

either, I wondered sometimes whether he just humoured me a bit, coming on the back of mine and again it saddens me that it is only now I have heard how he would imitate riding into his cloakroom at middle school and getting off his bike. The Tiger always seemed to handle better with him on the back. He had a way of leaning that increased my confidence and we had some great times.

Thank you so much to all of you who made the motorcycle escort for Rob's last run. It was magnificent and I'm sure he was looking down, enjoying it. Thankyou too to those who wanted to be there but couldn't. Please pray

for those at his funeral who don't know our Saviour. It was good to be able to share so much about Rob and to tell of his faith; there is a passage that says 'Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints' (Ps116 15). The knowledge of where our Rob is now and that our separation is only temporary is another great comfort.

We just want to thank everyone again for every act of love and kindness that has been shown to us since Rob first went missing and through the tragic events that have unfolded since. Many we know of, many more we don't. God bless you all. With all our love, Fred and Frances Gill.



EMC Rally Holland 2005



Picture taken in the USA during their Iron Mountain rally

The National CMA Rally at Hollybush Yorkshire

17th to the 20th July

National Rally at Hollybush, Thirsk,

North Yorkshire YO7 4DH

Full details:- www.bike.org.uk

look at Branches and select the branch close to you.

The National EMC Rally 2008 Sevenum, Netherlands

Near a village called Sevenum in the south east of the Netherlands.

The date is the first weekend of august (1, 2 & 3). The place is open on Wednesday (30th of July) and has to be left on Monday (4th of August).



An elderly Chinese woman had two large pots, each hung on the ends of a pole which she carried across her neck. One of the pots had a crack in it while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water. At the end of the long walks from the stream to the house, the cracked pot arrived only half full. For a full two years this went on daily, with the woman bringing home only one and a half pots of water. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it could only do half of what it had been made to do. After two years of what it perceived to be bitter failure, it spoke to the woman one day by the stream. 'I am ashamed of myself, because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your house.' The old woman

smiled, 'Did you notice that there are flowers on your side of the path, but not on the other pots side?' 'That's because I have always known about your flaw, so I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back, you water them.' 'For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate the table. Without you being just the way you are, there would not be this beauty to grace the house.' Each of us has our own unique flaw. But it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding. You've just got to take each person for what they are and look for the good in them. SO, to all of my crackpot friends, have a great day and remember to smell the flowers on your side of the path!

Our Great God has His eye on you!

by Author Unknown, (sent in by several people.)

Malachi 3:3

'He will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.'

This verse puzzled some women in a Bible study and they wondered what this statement meant about the character and nature of God.

One of the women offered to find out the process of refining silver and get back to the group at their next Bible Study.

That week, the woman called a silversmith and made an appointment to watch him at work. She didn't mention anything about the reason for her interest, beyond her curiosity about the process of refining silver.

As she watched the silversmith, he held a piece of silver over the fire and let it heat up. He explained that in refining silver, one needed to hold the silver in the middle of the fire where the flames were hottest in order to burn away all the impurities.

The woman thought about God holding us in such a hot spot; then she thought again about the verse

that says: 'He sits as a refiner and purifier of silver.' She asked the silversmith if it was true that he had to sit there in front of the fire the whole time the silver was being refined.

The man answered that yes, he not only had to sit there holding the silver, but he had to keep his eyes on the silver the entire time it was in the fire. If the silver was left a moment too long in the flames, it would be destroyed.

The woman was silent for a moment. Then she asked the silversmith, 'How do you know when the silver is fully refined?'

He smiled at her and answered, 'Oh, that's easy, when I see my image in it.'

If today you are feeling the heat of the fire, remember that God has his eye on you and will keep watching you until He sees His image in you.



Any one name the one on the left and if so could you give a caption to win that prize of 'wishful thinking'

Where to find a CMA Branch

Scotland

Forth and Tay
Rest of Scotland
Scottish Borders

Midlands

East Midlands
West Midlands
Stafford
Bedford
Norfolk

Northern Ireland

Northern Ireland

Isle of Man

Isle of Man

North East

West Yorkshire
Lincs. & East Yorks.
(East Yorks Twig)
North East
North East Derbyshire

North West

Merseyside
North Cheshire
Lakes N' Lancs.

South West

Bristol
Gloucester
Devon & Cornwall
Somerset & North Devon (twig)

Wales

North & West Wales
South Wales

South East

Kent
(Kent branch coastal Twig)
Most of Essex
& South Suffolk
(North East London Twig)
South East London
South West London
Surrey and Sussex
New Forest
Thames Valley



**CMA International
is established in the
following countries**

Argentina
Australia
Canada
Germany
Hungary
Ireland
Mexico
Namibia
Netherlands
New Zealand
Philippines
Poland
Portugal
South Africa
United Arab Emirates
United Kingdom
USA



Prayer Ride

by Paul and Dawn Baker, Kent Branch Coastal Twig



Praise
God, Isn't
His timing
perfect!

We
travelled
along the
c o a s t ,
stopping
at each
m a j o r
town to
gather for

Following on from many recent convictions regarding a prayer link around our coastline, Kent branch members Paul & Dawn Baker felt a strong calling from the Lord to move into concentrating on the coastal areas of Kent beginning with the stretch from Hythe around the coast through Folkestone, Dover, Deal, Sandwich, Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay and into Whitstable.

Therefore, on March 9th, 2008 ten riders on eight bikes, seven Christians and three Christians-to-be, started out from the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Railway car park in Hythe on a very cold and damp morning. Despite rain as we gathered, it stopped from the moment our prayer ride began and started again just minutes after we arrived at our final destination in Whitstable.

prayer, to ask God for His guidance and to open doors to us in that particular place according to His perfect will. We committed ourselves to this work, and acknowledging the hard work ahead of us in this new venture, we prayed for strength and wisdom as we launched this new work for Him.

In each location we stopped, we also handed out CMA leaflets and tracts to passers-by, which led to a number of conversations about who we were and what we were about. In Ramsgate we stopped for a warm-up at a local café which we discovered was run by a biker, who was very interested to talk and allowed us to leave many leaflets in his café. In Sandwich Guildhall, one very interested man who came over to us and started talking turned out to be

the vicar of one of the local churches. He just happened to see our crosses ride into the Guildhall and had to come over to ask us more! He had never heard of us so took some information and contact details, and said that he would love for us to come to his church and tell his congregation all about our work. Praise God, Isn't His timing perfect.

Our first prayer ride involved not only Christians but also Christians-to-be. We feel that this new venture should involve as many Christians-to-be as possible in relevant activities, as through the common interest of motorcycling we can draw close to

them and be a witness through both our riding and our conversations. Indeed one self-confessed pagan Christian-to-be has already begun asking members about their faith. Praise God - Isn't His timing perfect.

We plan to prayer ride this area of the Kent Coast at the start of each new biking season - and what better way to start it than to ask God for His continued blessing and guidance on all our many activities planned in this area throughout the forthcoming year. Please join with us in our prayers and check out the CMA website for news of how God is blessing His work in this area of Kent.



DEAL



DOVER



RAMSGATE

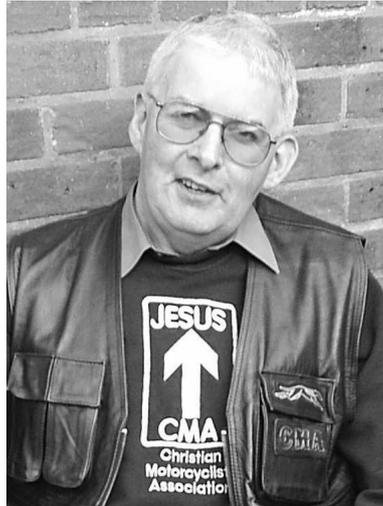


SANDWICH

Stonehaven Weekend

by David Hunter, Rest of Scotland Branch

Over the weekend of 4th-6th April several members of Rest of Scotland Branch, plus two from Forth & Tay and two from Scottish Borders, spent the weekend up in Stonehaven, where it is hoped to start a Twig in the coming year. As the weather forecast for the weekend was dire - with warnings of severe blizzards



hitting that part of the North-East of Scotland - it was with some trepidation that we set off on the Friday afternoon. The weekend was organised by Rev Bob Adams, minister of Stonehaven Baptist church, a keen biker and new member of Rest of Scotland Branch.

In spite of the forecast, the journey up on Friday was in strong sunshine and warm (for the time of year) travelling conditions. The only problems were caused by a petrol leak on my bike - fixed at Stirling Services - and then a sticking relay further up the road, which caused various problems with the engine running and lighting system. Despite these delays, we eventually reached our overnight accommodation with the sun still shining over a cloudless sky, a

beautiful coastline and blue sea out to our right. On Saturday morning the sun was still shining brightly as we assembled at Kinneff village hall between Inverbervie and Stonehaven for a ride-out, along with some prospective new members and friends. Bob had originally planned a ride up north, but,

due to the weather, opted for plan B, which was a ride south along the coast to Dundee, then on to Perth, before turning North again through Coupar Angus and Kirriemuir, then on some wee B roads through Edzell and Fettercairn, back to the A94(N) and Stonehaven. We had a great ride through strong sunshine - until we reached Fettercairn, where we ran into a blizzard. Within minutes everything was covered in snow, with a strong wind blasting the bikes and riders from the North West. When we got back onto the A94(N) towards Stonehaven each bike was canted over at a steep angle of lean due to the wind, and it was particularly 'interesting' for Klaus with his open face helmet and spectacles. Turning off onto an unclassified road near Kinneff towards Bob's home, I began



to think we were all completely mad, as the fields on either side of the road were white by now. Snow was lying on the road and the visibility was very poor. We put our bikes into Bob's large garage and hurried into the manse for welcome tea/coffee and nibbles. Within minutes the sun had come out again, the snow quickly melted and we were treated to a marvellous view of the coastline and sea from the picture window at the front of the lounge.

That evening, Bob had arranged a BBQ at Kinneff village hall, and we had a great evening together, along with friends from Stonehaven Baptist, who made us most welcome and kept us supplied with burgers, hotdogs and other goodies. Sunday morning brought more snow, which again quickly disappeared when the sun

came out, and we joined with the congregation of Stonehaven Baptist church and other Christian biker friends from the area for the service, held in Mackie Academy, Stonehaven. This was a lively and very enjoyable service, and we were very impressed by the warmth of the welcome, and also by the fellowship meal that the congregation laid on afterwards. I don't think I have ever been so well fed and encouraged to eat more! Afterwards we said our respective goodbyes and headed off for home in the sunshine again (thank You Lord!), although with a strong North-Westerly to keep us company on the ride South. We look forward to our next journey up to Stonehaven, and to the formation of an Aberdeenshire & The Mearns Twig in the near future. Watch this space.

"I've never had major knee surgery on any other part of my body,"
Winston Bennett, University of Kentucky basketball forward

Compromise

Sent in by Yvonne Miller, SAS Branch

[Anonymous, With thanks to Phyllis Page]

After you read this you will have a better understanding of what it means to compromise.

Some years ago when I was a pastor, I walked into my church office after a Sunday morning service to find a sandwich bag on my desk containing three chocolate brownies. Some thoughtful and anonymous saint, who knew my love for chocolate, had placed them there, along with a piece of paper that had a short story written on it. I immediately sat down and began eating the first brownie as I read the following story: Two teenagers asked their father if they could go to the theatre to watch a movie that all their friends had seen. After reading some reviews about the movie on the internet, he denied their request.

'Aw dad, why not?' they complained. 'It's rated PG-13, and we're both older than thirteen!' Dad replied: 'Because that movie contains nudity and portrays immorality, which is something that God hates, as being normal and acceptable behavior.'

'But dad, those are just very small parts of the movie! That's what our friends who've seen it have told us. The movie is two hours long and those scenes are just a few minutes of the total film! It's based on a true story, and good triumphs over evil,



and there are other redeeming themes like courage and self-sacrifice. Even the Christian movie review website say that!

'My answer is 'no,' and that is my final answer. You are welcome to stay home tonight,

invite some of your friends over, and watch one of the good videos we have in our home collection. But you will not go and watch that film. End of discussion.'

The two teenagers walked dejectedly into the family room and slumped down on the couch. As they sulked, they were surprised to hear the sounds of their father preparing some-thing in the kitchen. They soon recognized the wonderful aroma of brownies baking in the oven, and one of the teenagers said to the other, 'Dad must be feeling guilty, and now he's going to try to make it up to us with some fresh brownies. Maybe we can soften him with lots of praise when he brings them out to us and persuade him to let us go to that movie after all.'

About that time I began eating the second brownie from the sandwich bag and wondered if there was some connection to the brownies I was eating and the brownies in the story. I kept reading. The teens were not disappointed. Soon their father appeared with a plate of warm brownies, which he offered to his

kids. They each took one. Then their father said, 'Before you eat, I want to tell you something: I love you both so much.' The teenagers smiled at each other with knowing glances. Dad was softening. 'That is why I've made these brownies with the very best ingredients

I've made them from scratch. Most of the ingredients are even organic. The best organic flour. The best free-range eggs. The best organic sugar. Premium vanilla and chocolate.' The brownies looked mouth-watering, and the teens began to become a little impatient with their dad's long speech.

'But I want to be perfectly honest with you. There is one ingredient I added that is not usually found in brownies. I got that ingredient from our own back yard. But you needn't worry, because I only added the tiniest bit of that ingredient to your brownies. The amount of the portion is practically insignificant. So go ahead, take a bite and let me know what you think.' 'Dad, would you mind telling us what that mystery ingredient is before we eat?' 'Why? The portion I added was so small. Just a teaspoonful. You won't even taste it.' 'Come on, dad, just tell us what that ingredient is.' 'Don't worry! It is organic, just like the other ingredients.' 'Dad!' 'Well, OK, if you insist. That secret ingredient is organic, dog poop.'

I immediately stopped chewing that second brownie and I spit it out into the waste basket by my desk. I continued reading, now fearful of the

paragraphs that still remained.

Both teens instantly dropped their brownies back on the plate and began inspecting their fingers with horror. 'DAD! Why did you do that? You've tortured us by making us smell those brownies cooking for the last half hour, and now you tell us that you added dog poop! We can't eat these brownies!' 'Why not? The amount of dog poop is very small compared to the rest of the ingredients. It won't hurt you. It's been cooked right along with the other ingredients. You won't even taste it. It has the same consistency as the brownies. Go ahead and eat!' 'No, Dad, NEVER!'

'And that is the same reason I won't allow you to go watch that movie. You won't tolerate a little dog poop in your brownies, so why should you tolerate a little immorality in your movies? We pray that God will not lead us unto temptation, so how can we in good conscience entertain ourselves with something that will imprint a sinful image in our minds that will lead us into temptation long after we first see it?' I discarded what remained of the second brownie as well as the entire untouched third brownie. What had been irresistible a minute ago had become detestable. And only because of the very slim chance that what I was eating was slightly polluted. (Surely it wasn't, but I couldn't convince myself.)

What a good lesson about purity!

'Do not ask the Lord to guide your footsteps, if you are not willing to move your feet.'

The Call to Salvation

by David and Elise Whittall, East Midlands Branch



The call to salvation is an act of God. We are called internally by The Holy Spirit to respond to the external calling of the preacher or the written word. But we must respond positively and in faith and not just by mere words.

A conviction of Sin and repentance, and the need to be right with God; Faith in the work that Jesus has completed for us and within us on the cross. To be born again.

God desires for all people to come to Him, and so waits patiently for their response to The Call To Salvation.

Being born again (regeneration) and calling are acts of God and are felt in the heart. The external calling of the preacher/Christian is the calling of the person to accept Jesus Christ as

Saviour by faith. (Matthew 28:19)

The internal calling of the Holy Spirit is the calling of the person by God. It is by His Grace that we are given the power to respond. (Philippians 1:6). Both the external calling and the internal calling work together.

As Christians we must be prepared to tell people The Good News (Gospel) as the only way to be right with God. We need to be aware of our responsibilities and be a witness for Christ. We need compassion for the lost and to be Christ like in our work. He never turned anyone away, and neither should we.

If we don't tell people, who will? Remember the external calling and the internal calling work together.

My Call To Salvation (David)

About 11.00pm, one Sunday night several years ago, I slowly became aware that I was in hospital. At 5.00pm that day, I had set off on a run. After 1.5miles I was attacked by 2 young men as they left a pub in Wigston, Leicester. I have no memory of the day other than coming around in hospital at night. The attack left me with a broken cheek bone, broken nose, broken jaw in 6 pieces, and permanent nerve damage to one side of my face.

The old David would have gone after the 2 and sought revenge, but all I could think about was why me? My family and people I didn't even know wanted to take the law into their own hands and sort matters out. But I didn't want that and insisted they left it to the police. And still I kept asking myself why?

When I was getting better I started to walk about the estate and even jog a little. I noticed posters at the local church telling me about Jesus. One day I crossed the road and read one of them; it was an invite to a carol service. I went home and told my wife Elise that I wanted to go that evening to the carol service.

I listened to the preacher and testimonies by Christians and something happened inside. I gave my life to Jesus that night.

Why didn't I seek revenge?

God was at work within me (regeneration).

At the carol service I listened to the calling of the pastor and the testimonies of Christians. (external calling).

The Holy Spirit, God's calling, gave me the power to respond. I was convicted of my sin and the need to be right with God. By faith I put my trust in Jesus and His saving work on the cross. (internal calling).

A couple of months later, after seeing what God had done in my life and listening to a sermon one Sunday at church, Elise also gave her life to Jesus.

As for my 2 attackers, both were sent to prison. One was sentenced to 4 ½ years, and the other a short term on remand, then a community service order.

I have no bitterness towards them, and pray that by God's saving grace, they too will hear the Call to Salvation.

See also article in Evangelical News
<http://www.e-n.org.uk/2162-The-jogger-and-the-gospel-posters.htm>
David and Elise Whittall
On The Road For Jesus
www.ontheroadforjesus.org
East Midlands Branch of The Christian
Motorcyclists' Association.

"We've got to pause and ask ourselves: How much clean air do we need?"
Lee Iacocca

Prayer Ride Isle of Wight (IoW)

by Rob Barton, SW London branch

I'm a member of Southville Methodist Church, which is affiliated to the CMA (Christian Motorcyclist Association) UK, of which I'm a member. So as the local representative I felt I should give an update of one of the events we attended.



We stopped off at a couple of biker haunts to chat and witness to the local bikers. The weather was OK, although we did have a spot of rain, but nothing could dampen our spirits because we were riding for our Lord and Saviour. The people of the Island showed their support and waved

Recently, we were invited for a prayer ride on the IoW, by a guy called Denzil. Denzil is a member of New Forest Branch and our only member there. The crossing was smooth, We arrived early and filled up with fuel. We then made our way to the starting place, the L.A. Bowl in Ryde, not sure of how many riders would turn up. I was told later that 31 bikes and 2 scooters turned up some with pillions, including three Knights of Antioch who are Christian bikers also. All in all it was a great turnout for a first time event.

The ride around the island was brilliant. We went clock, wise around the Island, passing through Yaverland, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, St Lawrence, Niton, Black Gang Chine, along the Military Road to Freshwater, Totland, Yarmouth, Shalfleet, Gunville, Carisbrooke, Newport, Lussington, Wotton, Binstead, and back into Ryde, approximately 62 miles.

as we drove around in a safe group. I wonder what they thought as they saw us from behind, a mass of white crosses that we wear on our backs, witnessing for the Lord. Finishing the circuit of the Island we gave thanks to the Lord for keeping us safe, prayed for a safe onward journey and then we peeled off for the appropriate ferries, making our way home.

Many thanks to Denzil who organized the prayer ride and all those who took part. I can't wait for the next one.

Final note from Denzil:

Before we rode on that ride, here on the Island we were losing at least one rider a week, but since the ride we have only lost 4, so you can see that prayer really does make a difference. Moyna and myself are still the only members on the Island, but this is just about to end as there seems to be 3 couples and 2 single Full members, plus 1 affiliated about to join. Here's praying for more.

Keep Looking Up

by Sue Brown North Cheshire branch

You have me, Lord... All crutches gone save those I cling to,
 those as yet I have not kicked away.
 "Arise and walk - your sin is forgiven" I hear you say.
 There are no clouds to shroud me from such penetrating gaze.
 You see my truth, yet do not quail nor turn away from all still left to do.
 Your heart would tire of repetition, were you merely man.
 Teach me not to complicate or by motive thus degrade my worship, but
 instead to love your justice - and to come to you without disguise.
 Teach me to eschew the manacles of shame and find you at the Cross
 where once again my sin has pierced your hand.
 Enable me to hold your hand where you would take my soul.
 Enable me to follow, full of trust and light, to stand four-square with strength
 and might, humbly unafraid before your sight, transfigured by the blood of
 Christ, unto the Promised Land.

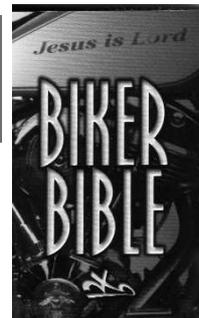
Till time bears me away by Sue Brown

Till time bears me away
 Hanging by this silver thread
 Tomorrow out of view
 I sometimes feel precarious
 And thinking what to do
 I try to guess at patterns in
 The patchwork of my years
 Where snow and sunshine leapfrog

Over happiness and tears
 But here I sit alone today,
 With Jesus, in my room
 My questions do not matter much
 For he has pierced the gloom
 His shards of light are answers
 Every moment when I pray
 And patient I will hold his hand
 Till time bears me away
 I love you, Lord x

Biker Bible - It's here, and it's free.
**It's available whenever you see us at the many
 rallies and biker events throughout the UK**

**The best book in town. Read it, live it,
 tell others about it. Yes and we give it away,
 Want to know more? look at www.bike.org.uk
 It also has many testimonies in full colour.**





A note from us at Merchandise :

A huge THANK YOU for your continued support. Our new lines were taken to the AGM and received with great enthusiasm. The patches are flying off the shelves!

We unveiled some new lines at the National Rally and are about to unveil some more!

There is a new logo out, available on T-shirts £10 (Black or White) or Sweatshirts £17.50 (Black or Burgundy)



Christian Motorcyclists' Association

A trolley coin keyring (same size as a pound coin - can fit in trolleys at the supermarket or lockers in the gym) £1.50



And the insulated camping mug - the perfect addition to your camping collection - These sold extremely well at the National Rally and were seen dotted around the Stormin' the Castle (MAG Rally) in early September so are already in use! These are going for a fantastic £5 each!



Hear Ye.

Now for our latest additions:

We have added some Sterling Silver Jewellery to our collection
(some of which are pictured here)



And... Finally we have managed to source some fabric patches
(these were handmade, machine-stitched, but not computer generated
- so show true craftsmanship)
These are available at £3.50 each.
They will go fast, so get in quick!



Caps and beanies are back in stock, with some extra colours and designs
available.

For more information, please visit the merchandise site at
www.bike.org.uk/cma/merchandise/ or email us at
merchandise@bike.org.uk

Break the Chain

by Yvonne Miller, SAS branch.

We thank and praise the Lord every day for His saving grace and blessings, and for His Holy Spirit who imparts guidance and wisdom in situations where we sometimes need our eyes opened, our minds to stay alert, and our hearts to stay filled with His presence.

Every morning we love to dress ourselves with the full armour of God, so that we are able to stand against the arrows of attack from the evil one.

Yet, there are days when our earthly "busy-ness" causes us to rush our prayer time, and this is when we become easy prey to the many dangers surrounding our lives.

Some situations are so subtly "innocent" that we truly believe them to be "blessings" to forward on to our many Christian brothers and sisters.

I have been a victim in these situations, and I want to share with you all how easy it is to believe that we are only wishing better things for our loved ones.

How many of you have received either by post, or by email, one or more of those so-called prayer letters, often with beautiful words and even more lovely images or pictures? You are asked to pray a specific prayer, then asked to forward the email or letter to 5 or more people and then you should receive good fortune, good news or an answer to



a specific wish you have made. One such email I received even had an image of the Lord Jesus Christ's face with the cross in the background, with the wording "this picture is sacred" It went on to say that if the message/prayer was not forwarded, something terrible would happen. For example, it was quoted that someone who failed to send it on had lost their job, yet another had died in a terrible accident, and

so on.

Oh yes, once upon a time I gladly forwarded these chain letters, and eagerly awaited the good fortune that was promised, and of course nothing ever materialised. There were times as well when I fearfully believed I had not sent enough copies on and that something awful was going to happen to me.

But after this particular chain letter, the Holy Spirit convicted me whilst I was in prayer, and I turned to the Word of God and He showed me through His Scripture just how wrong these chain letters are, not only to our physical well being but also to our spiritual welfare.

I had to send e-mails to my dear Christian friends who had sent me these chain letters to let them know that I no longer believe in these awful letters

and that I personally believe they are evil and anti-Christ.

The Bible tells us how futile fortune telling is, (seeking the future). Ecclesiastes 7:14 says: 'When times are good, be happy; but when times are bad, consider: God has made the one as well as the other. Therefore, a man cannot discover anything about his future.' And again in Ecclesiastes 8:7 'Since no man knows the future, who can tell (him) what is to come?'

Jesus Himself said in Matthew 6:25-34 that we should not worry about tomorrow (the future) because our heavenly Father knows our needs.

We are commanded not to use the Lord's name in vain (Exodus 20:7). We are also told in God's Word not to make images to worship (Exodus 20:4).

These chain letters have nothing but negative elements in them, especially when they warn of illness, death, loss of jobs and lives, accidents and much more unless we keep the chain going. The underlying element is also to send us guilt tripping unless we do what the chain letter says. This guilt comes from one source alone, Satan.

The Lord Jesus warns us about Satan's subtleness and deceit (Matthew 7:15-16).

God's Word is positive, it is filled with promises that God always keeps and it is filled with LIFE which is eternal.

Some chain letters show images which are supposed to portray the face of Jesus. in fact, it is the photographic face of some good-looking chap somewhere here on earth. It's amazing just how many folk believe these pictures are in fact the Lord Jesus' face and that the chain letter is blessed and sacred!

I was once an easy victim of these evil

chain letters, and I want to apologise right now to any of you dear friends to whom I may have forwarded some.

Because I have been delivered from this awful situation of keeping the chain going, I am urging you, precious brothers and sisters, to break the chain and throw these letters where they belong, in the trash can. I don't want to say 'recycle bin' because they must not be re-cycled, they must be destroyed.

Don't even bother to read them because it is so easy to be mis-led, and remember Satan is very subtle, very clever and very convincing.

Yet our Father God is bigger, wiser, more loving and powerful than anything that is thrown at us, especially when we trust in Him alone and faithfully acknowledge that only He is able to keep that which we have committed to Him.

I commit all of you to His perfect love and grace and pray that you will all break the chain if you ever receive one of those email or 'snail' letters. Be bold, be strong, for the Lord your God is with you! Don't be afraid of hurting the feelings of friends who may send you these letters. Let them know, in a loving, Christ-like way, that you do not wish to receive any more of these chain letters, and that you will not be forwarding them or reading them. If your friends are living in the Word and for God, they will understand and appreciate your love, concern and faithfulness to do only what is good, pure and according to God's purpose and plan for us.

God bless you all, and keep safe in His pavilion always.

Southend Shakedown 2008

by Stephne Hope, North East London Twig

Last year, the newly-founded North East London 'twig' attended the Southend Shakedown for the first time. The Southend Shakedown is organised each year by the legendary Ace Café. The weather was amazing and there were literally thousands of bikers present. As we were walking along the pier, we had such a deep desire to plan and action something to reach the thousands of people for the following year's event. As we are still a 'twig', the South East



the gazebo and peripherals, and Ade and I obtained all the other necessary bits and bobs that we would need on the day. On the actual day of the event, the weather was not great. It was very cold and sleet was falling at various intervals. Still, the Kent branch came out to support us. At one point, as the light rain started to come down, I had to pull the Biker Bibles into the tent to prevent them from getting wet. At that moment, we all stood back and saw God taking over. People were literally grabbing the Biker Bibles off the table.

Throughout the day, we had divine opportunities to testify about the love and grace of Jesus, while others were praying and interceding in the tent. It was a team effort and God made it all happen. A special thanks to the South East London Branch and the Kent Branch for their wonderful and faithful support.



London Branch has taken us 'under their wings' and supports us with all CMA activities, from branch meetings to intercession.

This year, a lot of prayer and supplication went into the preparations for the Southend Shakedown before the actual event. In faith, Dave Hope contacted the events organiser at the Ace Cafe and requested an annual CMA stand at the event.

God does answer prayer - a week later our application had been approved to have a stand at the Southend Shakedown. In the meantime, Phil has organised the banner and tables, Dave

Phil 4:13
I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.





Hi all from Ken at Norwich. Just to remind you of the events going on this year. To miss them is ok, but to go to them is awesome. Many will be at The Farmyard, and 'Stormin the Castle'. If you need help, contact your branch chairman; also available on www.bike.org.uk or contact me. I will assist with as much help and information as possible 01603 495277. There are many events around the country, many close to you, so ask for more details. You do not have to be a Christian or a member of the CMA; come and join other bikers. Come and see us; take a Biker Bible. We have just had another 10,000 printed to give away. Read the testimonies - inspiring.

SOMEBODY'S RAISING THEIR KID RIGHT!

One Nation, 'Under God' .

One day a 6 year old girl was sitting in a classroom. The teacher was going to explain evolution to the children. The teacher asked a little boy: Tommy do you see the tree outside?

TOMMY: Yes

TEACHER: Tommy, do you see the grass outside?

TOMMY: Yes.

TEACHER: Go outside and look up and see if you can see the sky.

TOMMY: Okay (He returned a few minutes later). Yes, I saw the sky.

TEACHER: Did you see God up there?

TOMMY: No.

TEACHER: That's my point. We can't see God because he isn't there. Possibly he just doesn't exist.

A little girl spoke up and wanted to ask the boy some questions.

The teacher agreed and the little girl asked the boy:

LITTLE GIRL: TOMMY, do you see the tree outside?

TOMMY: Yes.

LITTLE GIRL: Tommy do you see the grass outside

TOMMY: Yessssss!

LITTLE GIRL: Did you see the sky?

TOMMY: Yessssss!

LITTLE GIRL: Tommy, do you see the teacher?

TOMMY: Yes

LITTLE GIRL: Do you see her brain?

TOMMY: No

LITTLE GIRL: Then according to what we were taught today in school, she possibly may not even have one!

THAT'S RIGHT....YOU GO GIRL !

What have you got planned for 2008? What about 2009 even?

Let us have some stories of what you did in 2007/2008.

The CMA National dates we have are on page 25, so start planning your year for holidays and extra days off. Bring the family to the National, bring your friends from your church, bring your mates, let's make it the biggest yet.

Also look at the other branch events. Go and be part of their team as well, even for only part of the weekend. Lets be working together!

First Aid!

by Paul Wedgewood, North East Branch

'We know that in all things God works for good with those who love him'. Romans 8 v 28.

What does this have to do with 10 hardy souls battling the elements on a cold and windy morning in February? Well quite a lot.

We felt as a Branch that God loves us and he wants us to love others. Simple but sometimes difficult.

We, like other branches, run Ride Outs, from April to September, a big commitment. On these Ride Outs we have Christians and non-Christian riders and God has given us a bigger remit to look after them.

So February 23rd saw us working with the Cleveland Fire Brigade and the Great North Air Ambulance on a training day, -a 'First on the Scene' First Aid Course. Half a day class



room, and half a day outside with simulated crash scenarios. Great fun but with a serious edge. It also showed our failings and strong points. We ranged from late 50's to 17 years old and we took home, not only a certificate but real, useful First Aid.

We hopefully will never have to use our knowledge, but in the type of lifestyle we have, we might.

The courses are motorcycle orientated, easy to understand, practical and are run in a friendly manner. The trainers want you to be there, they want you to keep the casualty alive until the professionals get there. It may not be a road accident, it may be someone in your home. Get your group on a course. There will be one in your area.

God Bless you all in your travels,

Tea With Daddy. One day my mother was out and my dad was in charge. I was maybe a year and ½ old. Someone had given me a little 'tea set' as a gift and it was one of my favorite toys. Daddy was in the living room engrossed in the evening news and my brother was playing nearby in the living room when I brought Daddy a little cup of 'tea', which was just water. After several cups of tea and lots of praise for such yummy tea, my Mum came home. My Dad made her wait in the living room to watch me bring him a cup of tea, because it was 'just the cutest thing!' My Mum waited, and sure enough, here I came down the hall with a cup of tea for Daddy and she watched him drink it up, then said, 'Did it ever occur to you that the only place that baby can reach to get water is the toilet?'

'Remember... rev up the positive and decelerate the negative!'

Get involved

by Jason Bee, North Cheshire Branch

Meet New People and find out what's going on.

Following on from Chris Tenant at the AGM, I would like to take the chance to encourage everyone to get involved in other clubs outside of CMA.

There are no end of clubs and associations out there to cater for everyone's needs / interests.

There are major organisations such as MAG / BMF and NABD, all of whom support great causes and do great work for the Motorcycling community.

I would encourage you to take this challenge and get involved.

With the bigger clubs your involvement can be as much or as little as you want it to be.

You can just join, get the mags and have your say, or you can get very involved and join the local meetings etc., and have an influence on the way things are run.

With the current petrol situation and the police cancelling shows like the Welsh National. we need to be having a say and giving our support and input.

Along the way you will also meet



loads of really good people, make new friends or rekindle old friendships.

You can also get involved in smaller local clubs, for the same reason. That way you can find out what's going on in your area from the inside.

There are also the multitude of other type clubs like the BMW riders club, sidecar federation, etc.

If you're not being effective in your area and not getting the invites to events that you want, you need to go out and meet the members of these clubs, in a social setting, where they can get to know you as a biker and not just as a stereotypical religious nutter.

It will take time and effort to get involved and some time and commitment to be accepted and listened to, but you will find that the little effort can yield tremendous results and give you a new lease of life and some great mates, as well as having an impact on your local / national bike community, and helping to protect all of us from the government and local authorities.

Want to know more? then contact Jason or any of the Executive or the leaders of the branches.

Jason.bee@bethere.co.uk www.bike.org.uk
Skype Address: jason.bee

Hope and the Body of Christ

by Sue Brown, North Cheshire Branch

Apart from me turning 50 before Christmas (how on earth did that happen?), last October (2007) my daughter finally left home. Eight months on, I'm still getting used to (and sometimes basking in) the ability to eat at table listening to Handel's Messiah, Radio 4, or the blissfulness of silence, should I choose. I'll skate over that singular emptiness her departure left in other areas of life, such as the ache of a missed and easy intimacy that came with the blessing of our love...for this is balanced by the joy of watching from a distance as her womanhood unfolds. I suppose all things become memories eventually; some good, some less so, but is it only me - or when life becomes especially painful, do others sometimes find themselves revisiting old ways of being and behaving they had thought long past? Old pains, old habits, sin. I think on this quite often in a newly quiet home where the only witness to my successful overcoming or abject failure is God, and I'm struck by what we pass on that goes beyond the scope of DNA. My parents find very hard accepting the help that advancing age and diminishing energy levels has forced on them. I, too, am fiercely independent and this spills over into my relationship with God. At times of weakness over some damaging old habit, at that point of cross-roads when I could go either way, it seems that the sanctity of his



grace is sometimes the last place I will visit. And the consequence of not reaching out for grace in the moment is all too often failure to resist whatever habit or temptation I have nurtured, and then the self-perpetuating haemorrhage of shame. Deitrich Bonhoeffer said, "A man who confesses his sin to his brother realises he is not alone with himself. He experiences the presence of God in the reality of the other person. As long as I am by myself in the confession of my sins, everything remains in the dark, but in the presence of a brother or a sister the sin has to be brought into the light." We hope in Christ because His death and resurrection sets us free from the adverse laws of sin and death, which is our earthbound condition. The reality of hope is found among those who have been justified in Jesus and know the power of redemption, by his blood. So here I am tonight, humbled by the knowledge that today I did not "overcome" the thing that I have struggled with but, by God's grace and through confession with a friend, I strive in hope towards a more truthful and responsible tomorrow. We live out daily "boot-strap" faith when we are failing and life is hard. No-one is exempt from these times and all of us are faced by a choice to share the things we wrestle with a friend. Whether you live alone (as I do) or with other people, the challenge to let another person

know you fully is the same - as is the fear of their potential judgement or rejection, if you do.

Thankfully, Jesus promises us that "whoever comes to me, I shall not turn away" and the Bible is brim-full of people who have messed-up royally and yet for whom God has shown most infinite of love. During the times we feel least able is exactly when Jesus may be found in our most trusted close relationships. Standing on the truth of His promises, we are called to be real with our brothers so that Jesus can transact upon His victory and release the power of His grace here on earth, which leads to change.

As an individual believer, I am required to will myself onward towards to His throne, despite how I feel. It is not me but "Christ in me, my hope of glory", "the author and perfecter of my faith" "Who is faithful, and will do it". I will pull myself up, then, by my boot-straps, and BELIEVE.

The Scriptural basis:-

"We know that the whole creation has been groaning as in the pains of childbirth right up to the present time. Not only so, but we ourselves, who have the first-fruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly as we wait eagerly for our adoption as sons, the redemption of our bodies. For in this hope we were saved. But hope that is seen is no hope at all. Who hopes for what he already has? But if we hope for what we do not yet have, we wait for it patiently. In the

same way, the Spirit helps us in our weakness. We do not know what we ought to pray for, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with groans that words cannot express. And he who searches our hearts knows the mind of the Spirit, because the Spirit intercedes for the saints in accordance with God's will." Romans Chapter 8: 22-27 (NIV)

By His Grace

You've got to try, for the kingdom
You've got to try, for the kingdom
On high, you've got to try,
By His grace, by His grace

You've got to live your religion
Deep inside, when you try
For the kingdom on high
By His grace, by His grace

Open your mind to the wisdom
When you try for the kingdom, on high
By His grace, by His grace

Open your heart to the wisdom
In your mind when you try
For the kingdom on high
By His grace, by His grace

One day at a time, you got to try
Open your eye, it will come
By and by, when you try,
By His grace, by His grace
By His grace, by His grace

Van Morrison (Hymns to the Silence, 1991; Caledonia/Polygram)

To sponsor this magazine, or just one page, please e-mail the editor. This magazine is distributed all over the world, but is also on the web at www.bike.org.uk and we get many visitors to the CMA UK web site.

A Motorbike parade in 1945

by Rev. Bob Bogart, West Mid's. Branch



Rev. Bob Bogart

Lt. Ralph H. Bogart,

Seeing how this is a motorbike publication and how from time to time we reach back to some oldies, I rescued, from the non-digital shoebox, a picture of a motorcycle parade on VE Day in Norwich.

The two images are of the Ethelbert Gate, leading to Norwich Cathedral. One image was taken in 1945 and the other (taken by me) in 2005.

My father, Lt. Ralph H. Bogart, (Right) was a USAAF Military Police Officer during WWII. He was based in Norwich, though his duties took him to various airfields throughout East Anglia. One particular airbase was Metfield, home of the 491st Bombardment Group. In the Summer of 1944, the countryside was rocked

by a bomb dump explosion. My father was on the base at the time and later received a commendation for his rescue efforts.

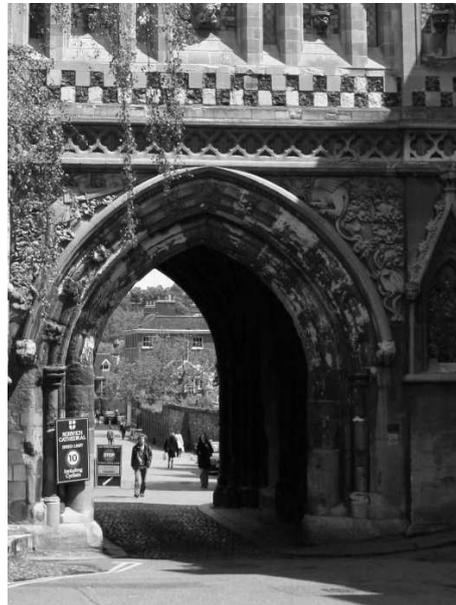
When the war ended and Dad returned to his home in Atlanta, Georgia, along with him came all the collected memorabilia and photographs of his time served in war-torn England. To my father, these were, indeed, the best and the worst of times. Until his death in 1974 he would often speak with fond memories of the years spent in England. My sister and I would marvel at his stories as we gazed upon black and white pictures and picture postcards of ancient castles and cathedrals.

Though my father often dreamed of revisiting this country and retracing some of his Army footsteps, time and cost would eventually prohibit such a journey back in time.

However, in 1999, my wife and I moved to England; first serving with the Liverpool City Mission and now as pastor of Kingshurst Evangelical Church, Birmingham. In the almost 9 years of living here, we have had the wonderful opportunity of exploring the length and breadth of this land. For me, the most nostalgic visit was the city of Norwich and the surrounding rural areas. Seeing, first-hand, the places my father would have most certainly been stationed was a joyful and somewhat tearful journey. I

carried with me several pictures that Dad brought back to America. When I reached the Ethelbert Gate at Norwich Cathedral, I sought to frame the exact image as the 60 year-old print in my hand.

As an American missionary living in England, the history which makes up this country is consistently marvellous. Most exceptional has been the joy of recapturing personal moments of a time long ago. There has been a binding tie between our two nations down through many generations. I am personally thankful to tie together two of those generations, and motorbikes were a significant part of both.



Showing the Cross at Lord Stones cafe

by Rob Oates, N.E. Branch

I got a text message from Mike Fitton the other evening which asked me if I would be available to get to the Lord Stones Café on the Tuesday evening. This café is situated on the hills of the North Yorkshire Moors, overlooking the Tees basin of



Robert and Ruth

Middlesbrough and the surrounding area. It's quite a spectacular view on the clear days and evenings that we get here in the North East.

The weather had improved and the café is a notorious beauty-spot. I decided it would be a great way to spend the evening. (They also do a cracking good Pie & Peas dinner too!) John who owns the site has promoted Tuesday nights as Biker Night and there is often a good crowd of friendly like minded chaps and chapesses of all ages mingling, chatting and admiring the vast array of different machinery that has made it's way to the top of Carlton Bank to the café car park for a well deserved rest.

I aimed to finish work in good time and get over to meet Mike for 6pm. As ever, the best laid plans don't always come off and I found myself still en-route at 6pm. Still, I got there at about 6.15 to find the car park quite full, about 40 bikers already eating and more arriving by the minute. Soon

there were about 120 there. Paul and Gary from the North East Branch were also there, tucking into, You guessed it, large plates of Pie & Peas. I parked my Harley behind some others and made my way through to say my hello's. Everyone

was as welcoming as ever and some old acquaintances were remade. There was also a group of my Harley Chapter buddies, as well as friends from the Cleveland Advanced Motorcyclist group I am currently training with.

As I was preparing to leave, a lady pillion, who's partner had just fired up his Harley Heritage and was preparing to leave with a group of half a dozen other bikes, came across to me and asked what the significance of the white Cross on my back meant. She had seen the four of us with our Crosses through the evening and had meant to ask but had not had the chance. I briefly shared the Jesus bit with her and gave her a CMA leaflet which she took.

Altogether, it was a lovely evening, showing the Cross, chatting with friends over food and hot-chocolate and the sun stayed with us until the ride home and it set in a lovely blaze of glory down in the west.

We All Need A Tree.

But the solution is giving everything to Jesus

I hired a plumber to help me restore an old farmhouse, and after he had just finished a rough first day on the job; a flat tyre made him lose an hour of work, his electric drill quit and his ancient one ton truck refused to start. While I drove him home, he sat in stony silence. On arriving, he invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands. When opening the door he underwent an amazing transformation. His face was wreathed in smiles and he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a

kiss. Afterward he walked me to the car. We passed the tree and my curiosity got the better of me I asked him, about what I had seen him do earlier. "Oh, that's my trouble tree", he replied. "I know I can't help having troubles on the job, but one thing's for sure, those troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home and ask God to take care of them. Then in the morning I pick them up again". "Funny thing is", he smiled, "when I come out in the morning to pick 'em up, there aren't nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before."





A Traversed Road So Long

by Bob Bogart, West Midlands Branch

From a Garden named Gethsemane
To a lonely hill, Mt. Calvary
And in between, the week would
bring
A traversed road so long

A donkey's colt so young and small
A valley with its sides so tall
An expectant gaze from one and all
A traversed road so long

The journey starts from garden fair
Across the wide expanse
The Kidron Valley plunged below
The Beautiful Gates on hill-top glow
A traversed road so long

Upon the entrance, through the gates
Are voices raised in song
Their cries, their cheers go
unrestrained
A traversed road so long

The teachers of religious law
Bemoan the accolades
They bring their protest to the King
Whose authority at which they fling
And accusations hateful ring

A traversed road so long

The crowds, they sing, Hosanna
King!

A branch, a leaf, a cloak
Is spread before the humble steed
So meek, so mild, fulfills its need
A traversed road so long

I've never known a day like this
It started out with calm and bliss
A gentle stroll turned into such
A frenzied crowd and such a fuss
Pushing, pulling with anxious thrust
A traversed road so long

The departure brought a needed rest
Of quiet thoughts and peacefulness
In Bethany so begins the test
A traversed road so long

My Lord, my Savior – Eternal God
Step by step the road He trod
From Olivet to Zion's thrill
Eventually, to Calvary's hill
And now in Glory, ever still
A traversed road so long



The Holy Alphabet:- sent in by Nigel Stephens, Ireland

Although things are not perfect
Because of trial or pain
Continue in thanksgiving
Do not begin to blame
Even when the times are hard
Fierce winds are bound to blow
God is forever able
Hold on to what you know
Imagine life without His love
Joy would cease to be
Keep thanking Him for all the things
Love imparts to thee
Move out of "Camp Complaining"
No weapon that is known

On earth can yield the power
Praise can do alone
Quit looking at the future
Redeem the time at hand
Start every day with worship
To "thank" is a command
Until we see Him coming
Victorious in the sky
We'll run the race with gratitude
Xalting God most high
Yes, there'll be good times and yes some
will be bad, but...
Zion waits in glory...where none are ever
sad!

"I AM Too blessed to be stressed!"
The shortest distance between a problem
and a solution - is the distance between
your knees and the floor.

The one who kneels to the Lord can stand
up to anything.
Love and peace be with you forever,
Amen.

No matter where you are in the biking world, no matter what you ride, or even if you do not ride, come and join us at our many meetings, rallies, ride outs, church visits etc. Whatever your interests are, I am sure the CMA have the place for you, including fellowship, friendship and most of all FUN. Also meet us at the Holy Joe's Cafe, at biking events around the country. Also look at www.bike.org.uk for more information.

Some of our Sponsors

CMA UK Web site

www.bike.org.uk e-mail us at cma-admin@bike.org.uk

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The maps are published by Roy O'Hara, a member of the CMA.
Profit from sales are going to CMA National funds. Members also
get a good discount. Phone 0800 0154479 and leave message.

We're here to help...



Andy Sennett, whom Ward Gethin are sponsoring this year in the National Superstock 600 Champs, with Neil John the founder of the BMF Biker Legal Line. Neil is a solicitor, at Ward Gethin, one of the largest firms in East Anglia, which is dedicated to serving the needs of bikers and their families. Ward Gethin has departments dealing with many areas of law, including personal injury claims, civil and commercial disputes, house sales and purchases, family law, wills and IHT planning. For friendly and efficient advice, from one biker to another, call either Neil in the first instance:- on 01553 660033.

Kings Lynn
01553 660033

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A message from Mike Fitton, President (UK) CMA

Hi my name is Mike FITTON I am the UK President of the Christian Motorcyclists Association. I'm glad you have had an opportunity to read our latest 'Chainlink' magazine and I hope you found something in it that encouraged you to see just how much God loves YOU.



Each member of CMA has a personal story to tell about how their lives have changed, in some cases dramatically changed since they began a relationship with Jesus Christ. The point is they have changed. Have you experienced that yourself?

Do you know forgiveness for all the things you have done wrong throughout your life? The slate wiped clean, your past forgiven, your present secure, your future eternal.

To literally have a personal relationship with Jesus the Risen Saviour of the World? Not following a series of religious rituals but knowing Him.

To be sure that when you die you are safe and will go to Heaven?

All this is available to you today, not because you are good enough, none of us ever could be, but simply because God says in:-

John Ch3 V16 "God so loved the world (that's you and me) that He sent His Son Jesus (to take the punishment for the sins of the world by dying on the Cross), that whoever believes in Him (His death and resurrection), will have everlasting life".

Romans Ch 10 v 9

'That if you confess with your mouth, "Jesus is Lord," and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved.'

God knows your heart. If you call out to Jesus Christ, He will hear you. You can ask Jesus into your life today if you wish. God will hear your prayers. If you have never prayed before, try this one.

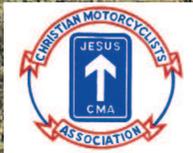
'Lord Jesus, You died on the cross so that my sins could be forgiven. I want You to come into my life and be Lord. Please forgive all the wrong things I have done, wash me clean and fill me with Your Holy Spirit. Amen.'

If you have prayed this prayer for the first time and meant it from the heart, well done. You may not feel any different at first, but it will be a good idea to tell the person who gave you this magazine. With God's help you need to find a good church that can offer you the support, understanding and friendship you need. You are now part of God's family. We want to support you and send you some teaching materials that will be very useful. You're now part of God's family and a Brother or Sister in Christ.

Contact:-

CMA UK PO BOX 8155 Loughborough, LE11 9AR

Free Phone 0800 0154479 e-mail: cma-admin@bike.org.uk Web www.bike.org.uk



Tel:
0800 0154479



See story on page 30

e-mail: cma-admin@bike.org.uk

Web www.bike.org.uk