

I Said No

I was on a Sunday afternoon cruise, I lived in Houston, the Gulf Freeway to Galveston and back. A five lane paved surface in excellent condition, three lanes for traffic with breakdown lanes on both sides, the perfect place to exercise a “super bike”.

Any one who has ridden much on one of those awesome machines knows that 115 mph is no big deal. That’s where the needle was pointing on my Honda V65 Magna when it happened.

I had been down to the beach, drank one beer and had a few tokes, perfectly mellow on a warm sunny day. Headed back, I’m quite comfortable on a bike, and was stretched out with my feet up on the passenger pegs. I cruised at about 100 mph with occasional swoops to bypass traffic clots. I had stepped down to 4th gear and blasted up the right hand breakdown lane and was coming back to the traffic lanes and in the process of shifting back up when I ran over one of those little reflective lane markers, they call it a “high speed wobble”. I had a little Plexiglas wind screen attached to the handlebars that made it go extreme. The front wheel slammed the stops right and left like a jackhammer, two guys who were behind me said the back wheel jumped back and forth a foot at a time. That went on for less than a second, natural reflexes stuck out the right fingers towards the front brake, WRONG!!!

It was like an explosion, I went this way and the bike went that way. Sliding on its side, it crossed into the fast lane and rear ended a 70 mph auto.

There was an instant that
I had the ticket to ride
My life passed in front of me
And this was how I died

God took me in his hand
He was cool and oh so mellow
”Come son your trials are through”
I smiled at him and said No

I was slammed down in the middle of three lanes of 70 mph traffic. I was coming off the bike semi horizontal right side first, arm above head, the initial contact was the foot with full length contact then rolling across the shoulders to the left calf, thigh, knee, hip and forearm. My Wells Lamont customized deerskin glove got a hole about the size of a dime at the heel of the left hand as I pushed off to come up onto my feet. I stopped and spun to dodge oncoming traffic but had plenty of time to jog off the side of the road.

I was wearing Levis, a ¾ sleeved football jersey and tennis shoes. My body had 20-25 % 3rd degree road burn and the big triangle bone in my right ankle was cracked. There was a spot on the back of my head where the hair was rubbed off but not skinned as it touched in the roll. A helmet that had been bungeed to the sissy bar was shattered.

This is a testimony to Faith, I lived because of the Faith that it is my choice. I believed I could live while looking into the face of death. I've had several opportunities to die since then and also chose Life. You say it's not my time and I say I choose the time and will choose no time to die.

Faith, you can have some of mine but you can't shake it. Put a bullet through my brain and your faith in the bullet might be stronger than mine at that moment and I'd die. Otherwise I see no reason for and have no interest in dieing. I'm reserving an option for when I'm 250 in case of my failing to change the "direction" of Society. It would be awful shitty here on Earth by then.

Faith in Life, you cannot imagine how strong it is in my knowing about the "direction" of Society and what changing it will bring about. We will have the power that created Life at our disposal.

I'm trying to teach about it now to get help to make it happen. When it does happen the knowledge will become "common" and we all will Live with higher intelligence.

You say I'm crazy and making it all up? What if I am and we join together in Faith and just make it happen? I can make a logical statement about it, it is a possibility. Whether it is a predestined fact now or we make it happen with Faith there is no difference. Here and now if we make the choice to go to a higher level of intelligence, nothing can stop our Faith.