

Letter 503c
The Trip To Astoria Day 3
I Rode, And It Weren't No Dream
(see photo)
2016-09-01

Dear **Yeshua**,

Last summer I had a dream in which I was riding a motorcycle, with angel Gabe riding one of his own. This was one of those dreams that seemed more real than reality, and I was disappointed when I woke up. But I was very grateful for the dream, because 2015 was the twentieth anniversary of the motorcycle wreck in which Satan destroyed my ability to ride a motorcycle. See Letters [291](#) and [379](#).

So it was that I became both surprised and elated when, after many years, I was able to ride a motorcycle again, if even for a very short time.

The opportunity came about in this manner. Before we left on the trip to Astoria I wanted to sit on (CB18)'s Kawasaki, (which he had parked at my house during our absence) to just remember what it was like to be on a motorcycle again. But (CB18)'s bike has a back rest for both the operator and passenger. I just couldn't swing my leg high enough to clear the front backrest. So I stopped there and thought no more of it.

After we returned from the trip and were in the process of transferring gear out of the trunk of the car, I thought I would try again to get on the bike. But I still couldn't quite get my leg high enough to clear. Then (CB18) said:

"MAYBE WE CAN TRY THIS."

He pulled out his key to the bike and inserted into a keyhole on the side of the motorcycle. This unlocked both the back seat and front back rest. He removed them both, and with one swing of my right leg I was over and sitting on the saddle, gripping the handle bars and in a few seconds getting re-accustomed to becoming one with the machine.

Then, two things happened simultaneously. I started to push the bike backwards onto the street, and the thought of actually riding the bike occurred to me. All this time (CB18) and I were chatting. When I got the bike to where the pavement of the street began, I looked at him and asked:

"CAN I HAVE THE KEY?"

He obliged, and I fired up the 1700cc engine. Then, I pushed a little more backwards, and the bike and I became "road actual".

Then, for the first time in 15 years I powered a full size motorcycle onto the street. I cruised around the cul-de-sac, then went out on to the main road of my housing development. I sped up to about 25 MPH and cruised around the block, then back to the house.

(CB18) would have let me taken it out on to the freeway, except the display console was flashing a low-fuel sign. So I parked the motorcycle back on the drive-way and thanked my brother rather vigorously for letting me ride his Kawasaki.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus