



Photos Above and Below

↑ On February 3rd, nearly two hundred Black Sheep and friends attended the monthly So. Ca. regional breakfast in Pasadena, CA. On this particular occasion, national president Marty Edwards (holding the mic) invited all of the...uh...fuzz challenged gentlemen to the platform to show off their beautiful heads. Pictured from left to right are: Chrome Dome, Kojack, Joe Slick, Mr. Clean, Rick the Bick, Eggbert, Casaba Pete, Curley, Hairy Hank and Mike the Melon. *



"Who you callin' a yuppie!?"

→Kudos to Black Sheep's hardest riding member, Mike Teague (Superstition Mountain Chapter/AZ). The man changes his bikes more than he does his socks; putting over 50,000 miles on his ride in 18 months. Mike is seen here on his brand new Hardly-a-Davidson hardtail. Let's see how many miles he can put on this one! *

Sturgis Opportunities Continue

When was the last time you went to Sturgis? Too expensive? Too much of a hassle finding a motel room within a hundred miles of the action? If you are a member of ANY Christian motorcycle organization, we have good news for you! Black Sheep member Mark Cruse (Illinois) is representing Wheaton College (Wheaton, Ill) who has opened their Rapid City campus during bike week at very reasonable rates! The bad news is that this is the third year they have made such an offer and the cat is out of the bag! Rooms are going fast! Contact "Cruizer" at (630) 668-3286 or by email at: mcruse1@msn.com Slow Dog says, "I'll see you there!" *

Western States Rally: July 13-14Book Rooms NOW!



We have never returned to the same city twice – until we went to San Luis Obispo and Morro Bay! Join us (members and non-members welcome) on July 13th and 14th for our Western States Rally! Live band, guest speaker, poker run, bike

games, door prizes, beautiful riding and of course, the "Ride for Pie!"

Event registrations won't be coming out for a few months, but you need to book your rooms between now and May 15th. Last year all rooms sold out – so call early! Simply tell them you are with Black Sheep: Harley-Davidsons for Christ to receive these special low rates. So far our motel options include:

The Sands (805) 544-0500	\$89-\$98
Travelodge (805) 543-5110	\$105-\$115
Los Padres (805) 543-5017	\$99
Super 8 (805) 544-7895	\$109-\$119-\$129

You may also choose to take advantage of some free housing made available by local Black Sheep members and friends from El Morro Church of the Nazarene. For this option call: Scott Wilcox (909)596-0869. *



Nancy Cuen '06 WSR

New Members Join The Flock



Jerry and Linda Post are some of Black Sheep's newest members from Whitewater, Wisconsin. The Posts have been married for 29 years but Jerry has been riding since 1972.

Jerry has been a fulltime deputy sheriff for 19 years with the Walworth County Sheriff's Department located in southeast Wisconsin. He started New Life Prison Ministries in 1997 and served our country in the United States Marine Corps. Jerry heard about Black Sheep from his patrol sergeant who

became aware of the ministry after visiting California. Linda Loves being a passenger. The couple put 17k miles the first year on their new 2004 Ultra.

Jerry met with Mark Cruse and Kent "Hawkeye" Hunter after hearing about Black Sheep. Mark and Kent are Nomads in northern Illinois. They hope to ride together this summer and experience the brotherhood of ministry. We're asking our members to send Jerry and Linda a "welcome to the flock" by emailing them at: blacksheephdfchrist@yahoo.com *

Our National Directory

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Uh...
Moo?

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● = Chapter President ○ = Area Contact

Rocky's Story: The Quiet Man Speaks

Alan Huffington, who prefers to be called "Rocky, is a quiet and polite man, one of the first twenty riders to join this ministry. His bike was anything but quiet and "polite" - a customized Fat Boy with more horsepower and doodads than most bikes. Rocky is intensely loyal to BSHDFC, but was always uncomfortable with crowds of people and so, many don't know him well. Since Rocky is currently dying of cancer, we thought it was time for him to tell his story. Here it is in his own words: (Edited from 8 pages)

"On my 55th birthday, I went to an appointment with an internal medicine doctor because in the course of a normal physical I found that my liver function test was abnormal. When I got to the doctor's office he asked me how I felt and I told him that I had a terrible headache. He fooled around with his stethoscope listening to my chest and then asked me to come down the hall.

When I got home there was a message from the doctor asking me to call as soon as I got home. When I called, I was told that there were a lot of abnormal findings and that they would be holding a bed for me in the hospital so that they could run some further tests. When Karen got home from work the evening of my Birthday, we drove back to the hospital and they checked me in for the night. They pulled a lot of blood samples, ran a lot of tests and the next day a doctor who never told us his name came in and said to Karen and I that I had numerous masses in my lungs. They had taken biopsies and found them to be cancerous. I also had a mass in my liver and in my sinuses that they had to assume were cancerous as well. What had started as lung cancer had already spread to my skull and to my liver, which meant that the cancer was advanced. There were so many tumors in my body that there was nothing that they could do for me. I was told that I should get my things in order and that it would be their goal to keep me alive for the next six months .

My name is Alan Ernest Huffington and I was born In Newport, Rhode Island on December 8, 1951. I view my mother as a very loving person while my father seemed intent on destroying me.

My father had been raised by uneducated rural farm folks who eked a life out of the land. As most farm people do, they viewed animals as tools to be used, and in

some sick way I believe that they viewed their two sons as animals too. There is a story that I have heard often where my dad was walking in from the fields and his father (my grandfather) hauled off and hit my dad over the head with a shovel - just for a laugh. It has also been told to me that my Grandfather (Melvin Huffington) was known as the meanest man in the six surrounding counties. I think that meanness was just inherited, passed down from my grandfather to my father. From my grandparent Huffington's point of view, things that did not have a definite useful purpose to aid them in their struggle on the farm were not worth keeping. My father saw me as having no value and placed me into a category of worthlessness very quickly after I was brought home from the hospital.

If there was to be one quality that defined the difference between my father and my mother it would be that mom was empathetic towards everyone around her, while my dad was completely unaware that, at least I, had any feelings at all. Dad was a "rage-a-holic" who demanded perfection from me and used whatever means were available to him to make sure that he was at peace while I was in constant turmoil. I often saw my sister Anne showered with love and affection, while I was regularly beaten physically and emotionally. A lot of the physical scars still show on my body but the scars that do not show are the ones that hurt the most. The emotional scars from his verbal demeaning of me left me almost unable to live a normal life. My entire life I have had his words ringing in my ears that I was worth nothing at all. [Editor's Note: We'll stop here because the descriptions of Rocky's escalating abuse become increasingly intense and graphic, including his father forcing nails into his son's hands.]

In the summer of 1967, when I was 16, I went to a party in Palm Springs. Sometime in the middle of the night I started hitch-hiking home but on that dark, unmarked desert road I had gone in the wrong direction! I woke up in the back of a truck in Flagstaff, Arizona and decided to just keep on going east.

In my high school years, I was asked to leave three different high schools. (Savanna, Western, and Buena Park high school.) Mostly I was kicked out because I kept getting into fights. So I spent the last couple of years in what was called Continuation School. Continuation School was where they sent the girls that had become pregnant and the boys who were just plain too much to handle in a normal school environment.

When I graduated from High School, I knew that I was using more drugs than I could pay for. My friends were spending a lot of time in jail and some were even dead. I had friends who had died in fights, car accidents and from drug overdoses. I knew that I had to get out of Orange County and the Navy seemed like a good thing. Because I had my emancipation document I was able to enlist at 16. I signed up and reported to basic training in San Diego, CA. After basic I was ordered to board a ship named the USS Higbee, whose home port was Long Beach, CA. The Higbee was a destroyer and as soon as I reported aboard we were headed for Viet Nam.

When the Higbee sailed it was just before my 17th birthday and America had been deeply involved in the Viet Nam "conflict" for a long time. Most of us thought that being on a Navy ship would mean that we would be insulated from the war that was raging on the ground in Viet Nam, but I found out that this was not entirely true. I was ordered to "brown water duty," where I served as a navigator on one of the small boats that patrolled the rivers up the Mekong Delta. At first I was scared, but I soon learned that pain and fear did not matter - or at least could be so well hidden that no one would ever know.

When my first tour of duty ended and I returned home, I sent in several requests for transfer back to Viet Nam and for awhile they all came back denied. Finally

one came back as approved and after 17 days at home I was allowed to go back for another tour. At some level I think that I was still trying to impress my father and on the other I truly thought that by going it would keep someone else from having to be there. I volunteered for brown water duty more and more as the second tour rolled by. I actually found that I liked it and I was good at it. Viet Nam was a period that I have very few memories of ...except for how it ended.

As I was nearing the end of my second tour of duty in Viet Nam I was swooped up in a drug raid at a house in Viet Nam. During the raid a firefight erupted and two of the arresting officers and some of the guys being arrested were killed. At the time of the raid I was asleep in one of the back rooms and everyone knew that I had nothing to do with the deaths. But while the MP's were sorting it all out it became obvious that I was a drug addict. For this, they made me a deal that they would take away all of my medals, seal my records and give me an honorable discharge - if I left the service and never said a word about the raid.

One day when I had just had my usual dose of drugs and was nodding off in a back room, I heard my mother's voice calling out for me. With everything else out of focus from the drugs, I clearly saw my mother enter the room and she said, "Alan I want you to come home with me." She had walked right into a biker's drug house where the baddest of the bad were! She had at least a dozen guns pointed at her head and yet she calmly reached out and took my hand and led me through the bikers. They parted before her just like the Red Sea had for Moses and together we walked out of that place and into her car. I didn't know it at the time, but on that day my whole life changed.

For so many years I had been trying to be a tough guy, like my dad, and there before me I saw true love and compassion at work. I know that my mother was terrified of my father, because of what he could have done to us. But as soon as her kids were out of his reach, she left him and started to build a life for herself. That day when she pulled me from the bad life that I was beginning for myself, I got to see that there was not much that my mother was really afraid of. Still to this day, I

believe that she was the bravest person that I had ever known.

My mom had left my dad while I was on my second tour of Nam and was living in a small seedy apartment on Beach Blvd. She took me there and kept me until one day I woke up out of my daze and told her I was going out to get a job.

[Years later] I looked in the phone book one day and I found a little Baptist Church. When I called, they said that they would be starting their Wednesday night service in less than an hour. I rushed over and sat through the service and afterwards cornered the pastor. He willingly stayed with me until four o'clock in the morning and answered every question that I had ever had and he did it right out of his own well worn Bible. I saw for the first time in my life the power and love of God! I knew that whatever I faced, He was there with me and that all of the times that I should have died, He was there! He was the one that kept me alive until the time when I would open my eyes to Him. There was in God a love that ran so deep that it covered all of the times in my life where I even hated myself. He knew me and still loved me! I could barely believe it, but I did! At last life made sense! Every word in the Bible was true! In that little Baptist church early on Thursday morning, September 18th, 1985 I gave my whole life to God to make of it what He could. I have stumbled along the way, but I have always known that there is a God in heaven and that He loves me! Even when I could not find it in my own heart to love myself, God still loved me!

cont.



*With love,
Rocky*

This last year I have found the love of my life in Karen, and I'm saddened that I will be leaving her so soon. [Rocky and Karen have been married less than one year.]

I know that my mother's prayers kept me alive and safe through many times when I should have died. I can truly say that my mother turned my life from one of violence to one of love. When I found out who Jesus was in that little Baptist Church in Idaho, I knew where my mother got her strength. I have followed Jesus as closely as I could and without His saving grace I could not now look forward to my death.

I have been to the tomb of Budha and he is still inside. I have been to the Dome of the Rock where Ala is buried and he is still in there. I have also sat at the Garden tomb, where Jesus was buried and Jesus is not there! He Is Gone! He alone had the power to overcome death and to rise on the third day - just as He said He would! Choose you this day whom you will serve!

I give all of the praise and glory to my Lord and my Savior Jesus Christ who is and always was the Christ, the anointed Son of God. If you the reader have gotten anything out of this, I hope that it is the knowledge that no matter what you have or have not done, God loves you and He is waiting patiently until you are ready to listen to His Good News.

But God will not wait forever, I believe that the day of the Lord's return is fast approaching and to wait any longer to decide really means that you have made your decision already. Out of all of the people that I have known in my life, God alone is worthy of our utmost trust. * *Written with Love, Rocky (01-15-07)*

John "Geezer" Perona
by Slow Dog



I was standing there in front of more than a hundred Black Sheep when I said, "Guys! I have a problem! There's this man who loves the Lord and loves this ministry. Problem is, even though he has ridden Harleys most of his life, he's too old to ride them anymore. In fact, he's so old, he actually landed on the shores of Normandy during WWII. He's so old, his nick name is 'Geezer.' What am I going to do with him?" One by one the flock began to stand to their feet, clapping and cheering, honoring this man who loved his country, his God and now this ministry. "Patch him!" they cried out! "Put a patch on his back!" At this I asked John Perona Sr. to come to the microphone. Anticipating what our members would say, I had his vest ready to go. He accepted it with tears in his eyes. Geezer was only a member for a few years but he wore that patch everywhere he went. He always had a smile on his face and a warm handshake.

Geezer passed away last week. He was 90+ years old! A week before he died I sat with him in his hospital room and we talked about the war, motorcycles and his kids. (John Jr. and wife Linda are still members of the Lake Elsinore chapter.) As I left that day I asked him, "Geeze, can I get you anything? A soda, a burger, a magazine...a WOMAN?" He laughed and said, "No, I'm good to go." Goodbye Geezer! We're going to miss you a lot! *

Nobody is getting out of here alive! Are you good to go?
Nobody is getting out of here alive! Are you good to go?

BSHDFC
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(Right) Singer/Songwriter Bryan Duncan is welcomed into membership by Riverside, CA Pres. J.D.Wire



(above) Josh Mason joins our growing membership in the greater Atlanta area!

