



National Leadership Summit III - 2005

"Hey Marty? We're 60 miles out and we're riding in two inches of snow!" That's what Slow Dog's phone message said – a message from Ten Dollar Dave, just an hour or so after he and Dan Chapman had left their homes in central Oregon. Things were not a whole lot better in Temecula, but wind, rain and even a rare funnel cloud could not dampen the spirits of some seventy leaders from around the country. Members from nine states road, drove and flew in for the event. Local members served as hosts for many of those attending. Some even stayed in motor homes and trailers.

The annual weekend included business, "how to" talks, testimonies of lives changed, reports from key leaders, times of prayer, worship and communion. Those from the summit as well as a good group of local members went to "Sweet Lumpy's BBQ" on Friday night while the rain subsided just long enough to make room for some ribs and chicken! The following morning, nearly 200 attended the So. Ca. Regional Breakfast. L

National Directory

National Office:

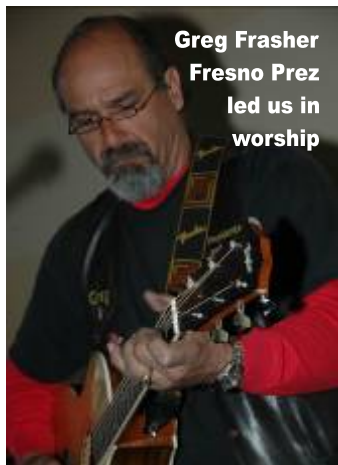
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**Greg Frasher
 Fresno Prez
 led us in
 worship**



webmaster



Mario having fun

cont. page 2



**70 Leaders
 from 9 States**

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More from National Leadership Summit IIII



California



Arizona



Tennessee



Nevada



Learning - Laughing - Praying - Sharing



Oregon



Florida

No More Running To The Mountains

by Marty & Debbie Edwards

Psalm 11 says, "In the Lord I take refuge. How can you say to me: "Flee like a bird to your mountain. For look, the wicked bend their bows; they set their arrows against the strings to shoot from the shadows at the upright in heart. When the foundations are being destroyed, what can the righteous do? The Lord is in His holy temple; the Lord is on His heavenly throne."

Everybody has a "mountain," that is, a safe place, a retreat, a manmade source of protection and security. It is a place they consider to be higher ground; high and protected from the floods of life below. It is usually their first line of defense; the first place they go when something sounds the alarm.

In the days of old, higher ground always made the best defensive position. From there, a soldier had a better view, his weapons were more effective and his enemies were forced to fight an uphill battle. Today's mountains may vary according to one's resources. The rich man's mountain is his wealth and influence. The strong man's mountain may be his strength and ability to intimidate. Even addictions can be a form of defense against a perceived enemy. At best, however, these "mountains" are still only manmade and therefore far from true security.

Debbie and I were riding along the Northern California coast and it had been raining off and on all day. We were cold and hungry and just a few miles south of Fort Bragg, eager to arrive and get a room for the night. The little town seemed busier than one might expect for its size. The streets and restaurants were full ...and so were all of the motels! Unbeknownst to us, there was a statewide youth soccer championship being held there. The place was crawling with kids, mothers and SUV's.

It was fifty miles to the next town and now it was beginning to rain pretty steadily. I was so cold as I approached a motel parking lot that as I put my foot down, my half frozen, stiff leg hesitated for a moment and I almost dropped the bike. As my wife and I sat staring at the "No Vacancy" sign which flashed without mercy, we pondered what to do. (It was the third motel we had stopped at since being in town.) Perhaps we could offer to pay double the rate or volunteer to sleep in the lobby. We even considered spending the night drinking endless cups of coffee at Denny's or attempting to negotiate a night at the police station. But alas, these were only our man-made "mountain retreats." Instead, we sat there at the end of our rope and we simply prayed, "God, please help us! We need a refuge, a shelter and a place to sleep." I must admit that my faith was tiny as I walked into the motel lobby. (The hum of the flashing sign seemed to mock me as I approached the door.) The night manager was on the phone, so I waited more out of fatigue than patience. When he hung up the phone, I asked if there might be a room available. To my complete surprise he answered, "You're the luckiest man on the North Coast tonight. There are no rooms available for 200 miles but that phone call was a last minute cancellation. How many of you will there be?"

Luck had nothing to do with it! I knew that! Prayer opened the way for God to bless his children. Never has a hot bath felt so good. Outside, the cold rain was coming down and we were inside wrapped in warm blankets. We can rest secure when our help and salvation is also our best friend. (



Pennsylvania

We regret that photos do not represent all of the cities and states that were in attendance.

Bike Nite At Sweet Lumpy's (NLS3-Friday Night)



Hook Up With Black Sheep In Laughlin This Month!

The **Laughlin River Run** is THIS month; April 21-23. Black Sheep have been there for the last 5 years, sharing Jesus in one way or another. This year you can catch up with us at three times and places;

- Friday Night Dinner at the Edgewater Buffet @ 5:30.
- Saturday Morning Ride to Oatman; leave at 10am from the gas station (Chevron?) across from the Harrah's entrance.
- Or come see us anytime at our booth at the Avi (shared with our members Jeff & Betty from "Made for Shade!")

Congratulations Mr. & Mrs. Chris Blair: Santa Maria Chapter



Website Growing!

Have you checked out www.BlackSheepHDFC.org lately? More and more chapters are getting the hang of adding information and photos to their respective areas. Many have included their schedules on the calendar which is provided. Check it out! \

The Black Flag Run: Remembering Christ's Sacrifice

Don Wiseman; Pres. South Bay Black Sheep (Photo below)

Editor's Note: Several of our chapters around the country chose to celebrate Good Friday with a "Black Flag" ride; a slow moving parade of bikes with large black flags attached, commemorating the death and sacrifice of Christ. Here's one chapter's story.

Have you noticed the bikers wearing patches that state: "In Memory of..."? There really seems to be an honoring of those fellow bikers that have gone before by a remembrance of them. In fact, there is a motorcycle club in New York that has an annual funeral ride to the cemetery where some of their brothers are buried. This ride is mandatory regardless of the condition of your bike. They honor their fallen brothers by bringing a bike built from pieces of the bikes they rode, have a drink on their behalf, and start the bike up on their grave. This really borders on ancestor worship. We have something better!



We all know a brother and a friend who has died on our behalf, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Not only did He die for us, He rose from the dead for us! At the Last Supper, on the night Jesus died, Jesus passed the bread and the cup to His disciples and said as often as we partake of the bread and the cup, we proclaim His death till He comes; 1Cor 15:23-26. With proclaiming Jesus' death in mind, the South Bay chapter organized a ride from Buena Park to Long Beach, Ca.

We wore black arm bands and attached black flags to our bikes that stated in white letters: "In Memory of Jesus Christ". In an ever increasing secular world on a day which it seems most people consider just another work day, we wanted to proclaim what Jesus did for us on the day we know as Good Friday. We rode through the downtown Long Beach business district with flags flying. Jesus said in John 12:32 if He is lifted up...He would draw all peoples to Himself. On Fridays, there is an open air market on the promenade bustling with activities and lots of shoppers. We stopped at The

Blue Café, a local bike hang-out that features live blues rock bands on the weekend.

We took up one side of the seating area in the bar and shared communion. Share communion in a bar!? Yes, we were right there proclaiming Jesus' death among the staff and other patrons. As a matter of fact, we were received and treated very well. We did this ride in the name of and because of Jesus, honoring Him, and for His glory. Truly, it was a blessed Good Friday! ☺

CHAPTER FOCUS: Fresno, CA

Meet the Fresno chapter led by Greg Frasher (seen on page 1 with the guitar). The Fresno Black Sheep came to be because of a "coincidental" breakdown in February of 2003. Jon Anderson (AKA Chrome) was traveling from Fresno to Pismo Beach when one of the attached bolts on his FLSTC's saddlebags broke. The next Harley shop was Gary Bang Harley Davidson in Atascadero, CA. So with his saddlebag bungee corded to the bike, off to the shop he went.



A couple of weeks before this, Marty "Slow Dog" Edwards had business in Santa Maria, CA, and had decided to stop at Gary Bang's to drop off some newsletters. So as "Chrome" walked into the shop to get his bike fixed, he found the Black Sheep newsletter, and in his words "began the repairs on

my soul." Jon received a patch in April 2003 when Marty went to Bakersfield in support of Jim Melton's (Bakersfield Chapter) Black Sheep efforts.

The Fresno Chapter Activities include a weekly Bible study held every Thursday night at 6:00 PM (All are welcome to attend) Also every 3rd Saturday, Breakfast at Apple Annie's in Tulare with Black Sheep from Bakersfield... Every 4th Saturday we have Breakfast in Fresno at Carrows on Shaw & 6th at 8:00 a.m. This Breakfast is shared with other motorcycle ministries.



Officers include: President; Greg Frasher, Vice President ; Vince Sanchez, Secretary; Jon Anderson, Treasurer; Kellie Frasher and Road Captain; Carl Shipley. Other members include: Pastor Bill and Dorca Sanders, Chuck Jones, Holly Anderson, Gary & Michelle Gray, and Carl & Dawny Shipley.

This is an active and happy chapter with a hunger to serve people as they serve Christ. **Pictured above** is VP Vince Sanchez who was asked to help a wish come true for a blind woman by giving her a ride on a Harley-Davidson. "What a blessing!" was Vince's reply." We are proud to have chapters such as Fresno serve alongside all of us in BSHDFC. ☺

Fresno Black Sheep



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