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Biker Bible first USA edition

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Biker Bible is a special edition from Bible for the Nations e.V.

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Bible for the Nations e.V.

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There are more than

1 million

copies of the Biker Bible in

23 languages

Since its beginning in 2001, the Biker Bible has become a classic in Europe, where more than a million copies have been printed in 23 languages. Bible for the Nations and CLC share a passion for reaching bikers and prisoners with the Biker Bible.



Where the idea of a Biker Bible was born...

During a road trip on the Autobahn in Germany in 1999, my wife Birgit and I were passed by a 1%er hardcore motorcycle club (MC). I started to think about how I could reach these guys with the message of Jesus. As I continued to drive the car, I discussed my thoughts with my wife and with Jesus.

The main feeling I had was that it would be impossible to reach these guys. I had no idea how we could even get in touch with them. Then I heard a voice speak to my heart, the voice of Jesus, saying "Make a Bible for them!" I asked, "What should it look like, and what should we call it?" Then I sensed his answer: "Call it the Biker Bible."



Sweden 2001 with 10,000 Biker Bibles

Up until that time I had very little knowledge of the MC culture, I wasn't even interested in motorcycles. But I knew that there was a Christian motorcycle club in Sweden. So in 2000, I contacted Happiness MC's president, Benny Gustafsson. We had a meeting and talked about making a Swedish Biker Bible. When we prayed about it, we felt a strong presence of the Lord.

We believed that we would be able to raise \$30,000 for the first printing of 10,000 Biker Bibles. That same year we were invited to a European Christian MC meet in Stockholm. That is where we held the first interviews with Christian bikers and took some pictures. We printed the first edition of the Biker Bible in June 2001. That summer we had a stand at the biggest Scandinavian MC meet, where we handed out more than 2,000 copies of the first edition of the Biker Bible.

There was enormous interest. All kinds of bikers came to get Biker Bibles from us. The Christian bikers were surprised that even the tougher guys wanted Biker Bibles, even some members from 1%er hardcore motorcycle clubs. It was a powerful experience to see bikers accepting the Biker Bible as "their own Bible."

More than 1 million Biker Bibles from the start 2001

The same year that I met Benny Gustafsson, I also met Mondo, who was the president of the Holy Riders MC in Germany. I asked Mondo a tough question: Could he be responsible for giving all the 1%er hardcore motorcycle clubs in Germany a Biker Bible? I thought he would say no, but to my great surprise he said he could do it. I know that he did his best, and many bikers in those clubs have received a Biker Bible. The Holy Riders MC in Germany have handed out over 50,000 Biker Bibles in the past 17 years.

A Christian MC club in a European country got a phone call from a hardcore motorcycle club, who asked them to bring their Bible stand to their party. The Biker Bible has truly reached all kinds of bikers in Europe. We are of-

ten invited to the biggest MC meets in Europe, where they provide us with a free stand for the network Biker Church Europe, through whom we attend many exhibitions and hand out Biker Bibles. A few years ago when we were at a large Motorcycle exhibition. I got to speak with a road captain from a 1%er hardcore motorcycle club. I told him that I visit prisons and hand out Biker Bibles. He asked me for an entire box of 50 Biker Bibles to hand out to his own friends who were in prison.



20,000 Biker Bibles in Rome, Italy

In 2013 we were at Harley Days in Rome, Italy. We were invited by the coordinators and they gave us the best spot, right at the entrance. For 4 days we handed out 20,000 Italian Biker Bibles. There was great interest in the Italian edition of the Biker Bible.

Many thousands of Biker Bibles have been handed out at prisons in Europe. One of the first big outreaches to prisons was in Albania, where we handed out several thousand Biker Bibles. We even got to drive our motorcycles into the prisons, where we also held church services. Even Muslims were happy to receive a Biker Bible.

Right now we are doing a huge outreach into the prisons in Poland, where we started the distribution of 10,000 Biker Bibles in October 2018. Our goal is to reach all of the 80,000 prisoners in Poland with the Biker Bible.

One of the first big outreaches to prisons was in Albania, where we handed out several thousand Biker Bibles.



Our vision for the Biker Bible in the USA, together with Christian MC clubs and churches and Christian organizations, is to reach all of the bikers in the US with the Biker Bible.

We also want to reach all of the USA's 2.3 million prisoners with the Biker Bible. They need the word of God.

Together we can make this happen!

God Bless You
/ Roul & Birgit Åkesson
Director, Bible for the Nations



ONE OF US WAS GOING TO
**DIE THAT
EVENING**

AND IT WASN'T GOING
TO BE ME!



I had to care for my younger brother and sister much of the time

I was born back in January of 1959 and raised in small town USA by Christian parents. My dad was a workaholic and my mother was in and out of mental institutions, which left me to care for my younger brother and sister much of the time. We all had fun going to Vacation Bible School in the summer & going to church on Sundays.

There was an emptiness and loneliness inside of me

Much of the fun & games were over when I was 12 and we moved from small town USA to the city of Binghamton, NY, which just happens to be the 4th most dangerous city in all of New York State according to Roadsnaaks.net. As a teenager living in a bad part of the city I started heading in the wrong direction. I moved out from my parent's apartment when I was 16 to do my own thing. There was an emptiness and loneliness inside of me that I selfishly tried to fill with sex, drugs, rock n roll, and alcohol. I was in and out of trouble with the law and lived life on the edge. Deep down inside I knew there was a god, but I was separated from God by my own choice.



I shot him in self-defense

In my later teens I noticed that some of my friends and their friends were dying at early ages for various reasons ranging from suicide, murder, drug overdoses, and disease. I never ever thought that death would come near to me because I felt I was immortal. That false sense of immortality quickly vanished when one of my drug-crazed friends kicked down my door and came at me with a big hunting knife. I was sitting on the floor, as that giant knife in his hand was just a second or two from my face when I shot him in self-defense. It was no joke that one of us was going to die that evening, and it wasn't going to be me! The Lord really got my attention when I was arrested & put in jail spending life in prison or the death sentence. This was my wake-up call.

I was miraculously delivered from my pit of despair

I escaped physical death and made a vow that if God would deliver me from the charges that I would do 180 degrees turn-around from what I was doing in the past and follow Him. That day in my jail cell I died to my old self so that Christ could live in me. The Lord heard my prayers and I was miraculously delivered from my pit of despair and given new life.



***Most of all, I have the Lord Jesus Christ
as my Lord and Savior***

Today I'm serving the Lord as a licensed minister that rides for Jesus with the Heaven's Saints Motorcycle Ministry (HSMM). I'm the North Carolina State Rep for HSMM and also the President of a local chapter in the South-Central part of North Carolina. I have awesome parents, wife, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. Most of all, I have the Lord Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior!

Biker George Daily Ride Devotionals

I'm also the author of the Biker George series of books. These include the Biker George Daily Ride Devotionals & the Biker George Clean Humor + Biker Jokes. The short devos are a great way to kick-start your day! The Biker Jokes book will give you a merry heart that does good like a medicine! The Biker George Books (Spanish & English) are favorites among Christian bikers & many others! You can find them on Amazon, eBay & many other book-stores.

Much Love & Respect,

Dano HSMM SFFS

NC State Rep & Prez S.Central NC Chapter
Heaven's Saints Motorcycle Ministry

- **HSMM HQ International:** www.HeavensSaints.com
- **S.Central NC HSMM:** www.HeavensSaintsMM.com
- **Get Biker George at:** www.amazon.com/author/dano

PRAYER

LIGHT IN MY DARKNESS

Jesus, fear and anxiety always creep in early in the morning.

I don't know where this anxiety comes from.

Jesus, set me free!

I open my entire heart to you.

Jesus, you bore all my anxiety on the cross when you died for me.

Thank you Jesus for taking my fears.

Set me free and let me see light in this darkness.

Protect me from my enemies; you know the things that I fear.

I want to be free from all evil and criminality.

I want to start a whole new life.

In Jesus' name I pray.

Amen.



GOD IS TRULY A
**GOD OF
SECOND
CHANCES**

Not many things slowed me down

My journey has been long and hard. From the time I was thirteen years old I used and sold drugs. Later in life, I rode choppers and chose my own lifestyle. Not many things slowed me down, not a drug bust in the 70s, a stint in the military, not even a drug overdose. In 1974, life as I knew it came to a halt, when I crashed my motorcycle into a stone wall. For the next eight months, while recovering from my injuries, I began thinking about God and the

meaning of life and about my youth and the life I had led. This became a turning point in my life.

I was already hooked on living a wild lifestyle

Rebellion had been a way of life. At fifteen I had my first experience with bikes. I was at a parade when more than a dozen hardcore bikers pulled up and began to party, defying anyone who challenged them. When a fight broke out with a rival club, I found myself actually rooting for them . . . like a Roman cheering the gladiators. I was already hooked on living a wild lifestyle. Proverbs 14:12 says: There's a way that seems right to a man, but it's end is the way of death.

Go to jail or join the military

At seventeen, my dependence on drugs grew stronger. I dropped out of school and hitch-hiked across the country, ending up at a large anti-war demonstration in Washington, D.C. I was busted for selling drugs to an informant, and the law gave me a choice – go to jail or join the military. I arrived at Great Lakes Naval Training Center less than two weeks later, but even the military couldn't completely change me. Within a few months, I was back to getting into more trouble. I did learn respect, protocol, and about the chain of command.

While in the Navy, I bought my first large street bike – an 850cc Norton Commando. I raced people for cases of beer and bags of weed and rode with a couple of bike clubs. It was during this time that I hit the wall. After being discharged from the Navy, I went home for a few months, but couldn't handle being tied down. I headed up to Alaska, but I was soon back in the party mode. Matthew 7:13 says: Enter by the narrow way, because wide is the way that leads to destruction. Anything goes on the "Highway to Hell". I also hung out with, and rode with some "Legendary" Motorcycle

Clubs, and was heading toward becoming a patched member. I also continued using and selling drugs, and getting myself in trouble frequently with the lifestyle that I had chosen.

I thought Christians were all geeks and hypocrites

One day a Christian girl invited me to her church. I thought Christians were all geeks and hypocrites, but she was cute, so I decided to go to church with her, thinking she would later party with me. Before meeting her at church, I smoked a few joints and popped a couple of pills, figuring I would go there and tell those Christians how deceived they were.

Although I didn't like preachers, this one seemed to be speaking directly to me. I was sure the Christian girl had told the pastor I was coming, because I didn't know anything about the power of the Holy Spirit. As I listened to his message, my defenses slowly broke down. I could feel something tugging inside of me. But I fought it. However, when the altar call was given, I ran down the aisle, accepted the Lord, was baptized in water and filled with the Holy Spirit, all in the same night. My customers would call all hours of the night asking me if I had anything. I'd say yes – and tell them about Jesus when they showed up. Romans 3:23 All have sinned, and fallen short of the glory of God.

My Christian experience seemed like a yo-yo.

My life changed radically. But I wasn't grounded in the Lord. Before I knew it, my 'old nature' started rearing its ugly head. For a few months I'd do great, then go back to partying, then make a comeback to the Lord. My Christian experience seemed like a yo-yo. Proverbs 26:11 says: As a dog returns to his own vomit, So a fool repeats his folly.

I sometimes didn't made good choices in life and of course didn't always do the right things in life. I made some terrible life decisions

- one of the most painful decisions was divorce. God's Word tells us that God hates divorce! Malachi 2:16 "For the Lord God of Israel says That He hates divorce, For it covers one's garment with violence," Says the Lord of hosts. "Therefore take heed to your spirit, That you do not deal treacherously." It totally devastates families, and especially hurts the young innocent children.

I am thankful that our God is good, full of grace and mercy. He is able to take the worst situations and make things new. After coming to the end of myself, I realized that serving the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart, mind and strength, was the only way to have peace and fulfillment in my life.

Bikers for Christ

Today I have a beautiful wife named, Esther. She is my soul-mate and partner in the Lord's work. I have three beautiful daughters, Melody, Sandra and Andrea, as well as a beautiful step daughter Carmen, and 3 great step sons, Ramon David and Fernando. Together in our blended family. Esther and I have 11 grandchildren, and one great-grandaughter whom we love with all our hearts, and who love us. I am also thankful for the close friends, brothers and sisters in Christ that are literally all over the world. God has opened some amazing doors of ministry for all of us !

In 1990 I was ordained as a pastor and I also founded BIKERS FOR CHRIST International Motorcycle Ministry. Since then it has grown to thousands of members in the U.S. and in many countries overseas. The Lord Jesus Christ has given our members a Holy burden to reach out to all types of people, including "normal" folks, hardcore and independent bikers, drug addicts, alcoholics, rebellious teens, rock n' rollers, punkers, satanists, and others to whom God leads us. We use our motorcycles as tools for evangelism & ministry, sharing the gospel with everyone we meet. I also serve as a volunteer Biker Chaplain to many Hardore M/C's that I really love,



and who love me, and trust me. As BFC M/M members – we truly live "Full Throttle for Jesus".

God is truly a God of second chances and mighty miracles.

Jesus freed me from the bondage of drug addiction and other sins, and I've found that living for Jesus and serving Him is the only way to have real peace and true purpose in life. Life is short, and we need to live life with eternity in mind. The Bible says that "life is a vapor" and we are only here for a short time. James 4:14 Use your time wisely – Seve the Lord !

Love and Respect

Pastor Fred Z.

www.bikersforchrist.org

www.rushingwindministries.org



BROKEN CHAINS

JEFF STULZ

All I wanted to do was drink and fight

I grew up with a father who was an alcoholic. When he drank he was abusive to my mother. He abused us kids mentally and verbally. In the summer of 1976 when I was 13 years old, I drank my first beer and smoked marijuana for the first time and so I was finally accepted by some of the “cool” kids. After that I would get high on a daily basis. I started boxing and weightlifting, determined to never get bullied again.

I joined the army when I was 19, and by then I knew that all I wanted to do was drink and fight. One time during a barfight I got shot in the leg. That kept me off my feet for some time, and eventually I gained so much weight that I didn't fit in with the other soldiers – so I hung out in the biker bars instead. That is where I finally found a place that I could fit in. I was big, I was angry, and I was violent. By that time I was also married, and just like my father I was abusive to my wife.

I became the president of the club

I was involved in drug dealing, stabbings and shootings, and eventually I became the president of a biker club. I held that position for 15 years. In 1993 I met my second wife, who had a six-month-old daughter. I fell in love with both of them. I adopted the little girl and became her father. When she was 4 years old, I felt like I had to leave the Motorcycle Club world. The problem was that I didn't also leave the lifestyle. I continued my life of alcohol, drugs and fights. When our daughter was 5, my wife had enough and she divorced me. The only thing that kept me from a total disaster was my daughter. I thought I was a good dad, spending every other weekend with her.

The problem was that I would take her, a 6-year-old girl, to the bars with me, where she would witness lots of violence and misbehavior. She also came with me when I went drunk driving on my bike. Things were fine for me financially by now, and I had things that lots of others could only

dream of: a beach house, trucks, trailers, boats and motorcycles. I thought I was living the dream.

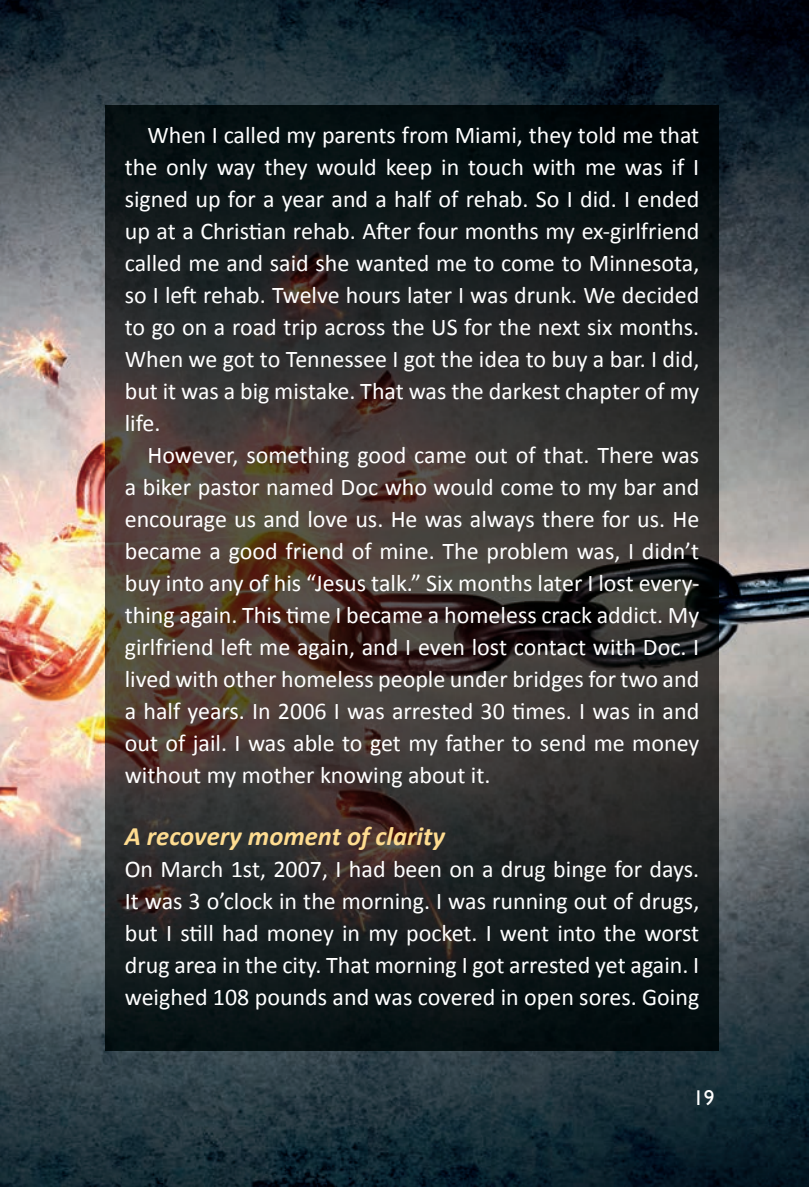
I sold everything I owned to get money for drugs

During Christmas of 2001 I tried crack cocaine for the first time. I was almost instantly addicted. I tried to get my parents to help me by giving me a loan for my business. They did, but then I lost it all. My ex-wife had moved, taking my daughter with her. She didn't let me know where they had moved. My former biker friends did not want to have anything to do with me anymore. They didn't feel like they could trust me.

My parents wanted me to go to rehab, so I did it for them. But I didn't last long in rehab. My parents helped me again financially, getting me a place to stay, a car, and other things I needed. But I sold everything I owned to get money for drugs. One time I snuck into my parents' house and stole the \$100 bills my mother intended as Christmas gifts for the family. It wasn't discovered until Christmas morning when they all opened the empty envelopes. I used it for drugs. When my mother found out, she bought me a one-way ticket away from home. She did not want to see me again. The last thing she did was to write down her contact information on a card and put it in my pocket so that if anyone found me dead, they could contact my parents.

It was the darkest chapter of my life

I went to Miami. By now I knew that I would either end up in prison or die on the streets.

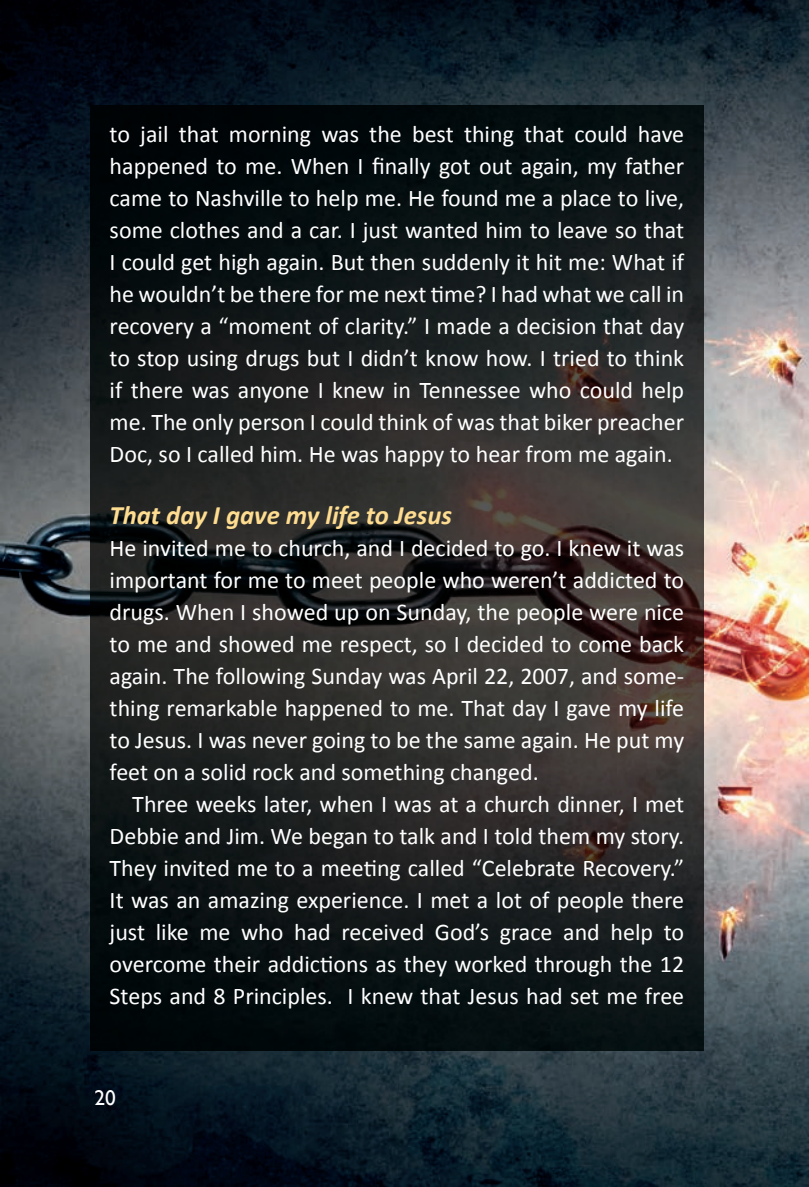


When I called my parents from Miami, they told me that the only way they would keep in touch with me was if I signed up for a year and a half of rehab. So I did. I ended up at a Christian rehab. After four months my ex-girlfriend called me and said she wanted me to come to Minnesota, so I left rehab. Twelve hours later I was drunk. We decided to go on a road trip across the US for the next six months. When we got to Tennessee I got the idea to buy a bar. I did, but it was a big mistake. That was the darkest chapter of my life.

However, something good came out of that. There was a biker pastor named Doc who would come to my bar and encourage us and love us. He was always there for us. He became a good friend of mine. The problem was, I didn't buy into any of his "Jesus talk." Six months later I lost everything again. This time I became a homeless crack addict. My girlfriend left me again, and I even lost contact with Doc. I lived with other homeless people under bridges for two and a half years. In 2006 I was arrested 30 times. I was in and out of jail. I was able to get my father to send me money without my mother knowing about it.

A recovery moment of clarity

On March 1st, 2007, I had been on a drug binge for days. It was 3 o'clock in the morning. I was running out of drugs, but I still had money in my pocket. I went into the worst drug area in the city. That morning I got arrested yet again. I weighed 108 pounds and was covered in open sores. Going



to jail that morning was the best thing that could have happened to me. When I finally got out again, my father came to Nashville to help me. He found me a place to live, some clothes and a car. I just wanted him to leave so that I could get high again. But then suddenly it hit me: What if he wouldn't be there for me next time? I had what we call in recovery a "moment of clarity." I made a decision that day to stop using drugs but I didn't know how. I tried to think if there was anyone I knew in Tennessee who could help me. The only person I could think of was that biker preacher Doc, so I called him. He was happy to hear from me again.

That day I gave my life to Jesus

He invited me to church, and I decided to go. I knew it was important for me to meet people who weren't addicted to drugs. When I showed up on Sunday, the people were nice to me and showed me respect, so I decided to come back again. The following Sunday was April 22, 2007, and something remarkable happened to me. That day I gave my life to Jesus. I was never going to be the same again. He put my feet on a solid rock and something changed.

Three weeks later, when I was at a church dinner, I met Debbie and Jim. We began to talk and I told them my story. They invited me to a meeting called "Celebrate Recovery." It was an amazing experience. I met a lot of people there just like me who had received God's grace and help to overcome their addictions as they worked through the 12 Steps and 8 Principles. I knew that Jesus had set me free

from drugs, but there was so much more than to stop getting high. The 12 Steps took me through a healing process, taught me how to live sober, how to handle this world as it is, not as I would have it.

My daughter showed up at my wedding

Not long after this I started handing out Bibles in the drug neighborhoods, feeding the homeless and helping out wherever I could. Then Christmas came and my mother wanted to see me for the first time in years. After a short visit, my mother asked me to come home again, so I moved back to North Carolina.

I plugged in to a church and started a Celebrate Recovery ministry. That's where I met my wife. The amazing thing was that my daughter showed up for our wedding. I was able to hug her for the first time in 6 years. I started to see healing and recovery in my own life and in other people's lives. God gave me back my family. I was able to pray the Salvation Prayer with my father before he died. I also got to be by my mother's side when she took her last breath. I'll never forget the day she told me how proud she was of the man I'd become.



A biker again, for His glory

My daughter does not have a mother because she died a few years ago, but she does have a father. I am happy to be her father. She has forgiven me for all the things I did wrong. In 2011 I was ordained as a pastor and today I work as a leader in the Celebrate Recovery program. My decision to accept Jesus into my life did not just change my own life but even the lives of my family, friends and many people around me.

Today I am a biker again, but this time I ride for Christ's sake. In 2016 God used me to start Broken Chains JC. We are a fellowship of bikers who have found hope and healing in Jesus Christ through the ministry of Celebrate Recovery, helping others to realize that change is possible. We are all saved by grace and God has used the recovery process to clean us up on the inside, finding the true freedom we've always desired. Broken Chains JC has grown a lot, even expanding outside of the USA. Now we have organizations in Norway, Canada and Mexico as well.

I am grateful to Jesus Christ and to Celebrate Recovery. I am so thankful for the people who helped me get where I am today – so far from the life I was living with no hope or future.

Jeff Stulz

www.brokenchainsjc.com
www.motorcyclemissionary.com

PRAYER

TORMENTED BY THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE

Jesus, I come to you.

*You know about these thoughts that are plaguing me.
Over and over again, thoughts of taking my life come upon me,
and everything feels so hopeless.*

*All of my problems become huge mountains and
I am gripped with fear and anxiety.*

I can't see any future for myself.

*But I reach my hands up to you and cry out:
Set me free from these thoughts of suicide!*

Give me a passion to live!

*Help me with these problems that seem
so impossible to overcome.*

I know that you will help me.

Jesus, I place my entire life in your hands.

I want to live!!!


In the name of Jesus Christ.





My story is
NOT OVER

It started out like any another ordinary day. My husband John, also called Z-Man by his biker friends, kissed me before going to work. But this day would not end like all the other days in our 42 years of marriage. John and I had a good life together. We had 3 children and 9 grandchildren. I loved being a wife and a mom, being there for my kids and taking care of the family. John was a carpenter contractor and had his own business. He was a strong, loving, God-fearing, healthy man. We were both very much into the biker life. John was the International President of the Heaven's Saints Motorcycle Ministry. We were enjoying life, living each day as it came, showing the love of Christ to those around us.



I could not take in what the sheriff had told me

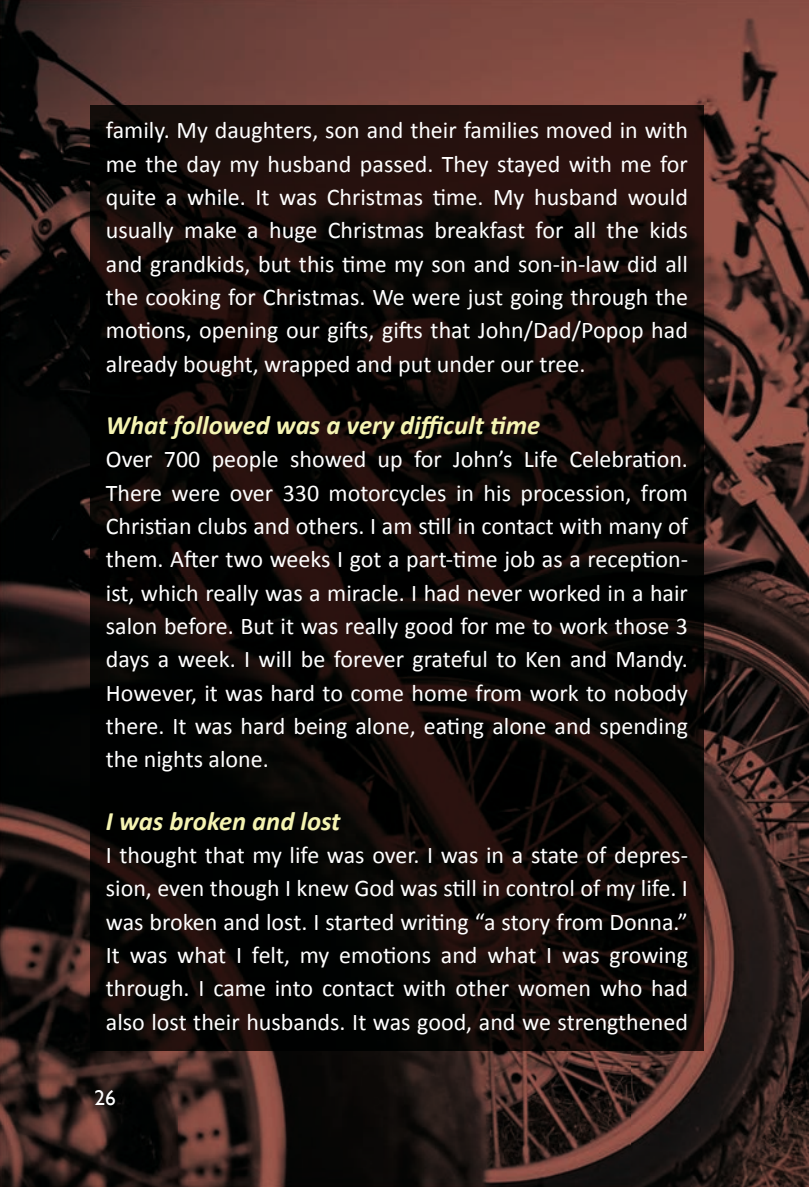
At 3 p.m. on December 20th, 2016, a sheriff's car stopped at our house. The sheriff told me that my husband had been in an accident at work. Later we found out that John had had a massive heart attack that caused the accident. My son and the sheriff had to carry me into the house. Soon my two daughters came home too. I could not take in what the sheriff had told me. I just sat on the couch, staring out in front of me. The wonderfully kind sheriff got me a glass of water and just sat next to me on the couch.

John was no longer with us

I just felt numb, thinking that it couldn't be real. The next thing I remember from that day was that my house was filled with people. The pastor from our church and his wife came, family, friends and others came by. The first people I called were our closest friends Marty and Jamie. They came over too. Later a group of us went to the hospital where they had taken John. He had already passed away when we arrived, but we stayed there for some time. My son took off my husband's wedding ring and gave it to me. I could not take in that it was true that John was no longer with us, none of us could, he was just here that morning.

We were just trying to make the best of the situation

During the next few days people were praying for me and my loved ones, coming by with food, coming just to sit with us, love on us. They just wanted to be there for me and my



family. My daughters, son and their families moved in with me the day my husband passed. They stayed with me for quite a while. It was Christmas time. My husband would usually make a huge Christmas breakfast for all the kids and grandkids, but this time my son and son-in-law did all the cooking for Christmas. We were just going through the motions, opening our gifts, gifts that John/Dad/Popop had already bought, wrapped and put under our tree.

What followed was a very difficult time

Over 700 people showed up for John's Life Celebration. There were over 330 motorcycles in his procession, from Christian clubs and others. I am still in contact with many of them. After two weeks I got a part-time job as a receptionist, which really was a miracle. I had never worked in a hair salon before. But it was really good for me to work those 3 days a week. I will be forever grateful to Ken and Mandy. However, it was hard to come home from work to nobody there. It was hard being alone, eating alone and spending the nights alone.

I was broken and lost

I thought that my life was over. I was in a state of depression, even though I knew God was still in control of my life. I was broken and lost. I started writing "a story from Donna." It was what I felt, my emotions and what I was growing through. I came into contact with other women who had also lost their husbands. It was good, and we strengthened

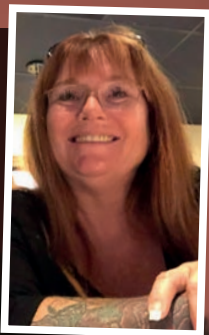
each other. For a long time I did not want to go out, but then I started joining our biker friends again. My family and the Heaven's Saints Motorcycle Ministry became my strength to continue living.

I never questioned God

The group of people that I surrounded myself with were very strong and they helped me carry on. I also knew that my sorrow and grief would pass, if only I kept on going. I never questioned God, asking him why he took John. I knew that John had a beautiful relationship with Jesus, and when Jesus decided to take him it was his time to go to his heavenly home. Actually, for every Christian, this is our final destination, to go home to be with Jesus. We both had that assurance of knowing that when we do pass, we will forever be with the Lord.

I was afraid I was going crazy

After about a year had passed, I went to the doctor because I was afraid that I was going crazy. I would be fine for a while, and then suddenly I would cry, feeling depressed, and then I would be okay again for a while. The doctor told me that I had "broken heart syndrome." She also said that my reactions were completely normal for someone who had lost someone they loved and were close to. She wanted to give me some medicine for depression, but I did not want it, I



didn't want to mask those feelings. I just wanted to make sure that I wasn't going crazy.

Joy came back to my eyes again

After this I started leaning on God more and less on myself and my emotions. I also felt a change taking place, I felt my heart being restored.

I started going out again, my friends even told me that they could see joy coming back to my eyes. I got more involved with the Heaven's Saints Motorcycle Ministry again, going to biker events at nights and on the weekends.

I was now able to take a deep breath, you know, the fill-your-lungs-all-the-way-up breath! I also had to let go of things, like not feeling guilty whenever I was happy or enjoying life again. I became convinced that God had a plan for my life. I was still here, I was alive, and God had something good coming for my life. I also had my beautiful family, friends and church. I was still around. I started to hope again.

We got married

I thought that I was only going to live for my children and grandchildren for the rest of my life. Then a friend that I had known for about 8 years, a man who had also known John, showed interest in me. I didn't know how to date, because the last time I had dated was when I was 17 years old. But I could sense a new hope and joy in what was happening





when Shawn came into my life. After dating for a few months we got married. It was like a new chapter in my life, although I did bring a part of my other chapter with me into the new chapter. Some things, like my life together with John, I will carry with me for the rest of my life, even though I can also enjoy living a new chapter with Shawn. My children and my grandchildren also mean so much to me.

Jesus has been there all my life

Today I do not fear death. I love to live! It is Jesus who gives me hope and light in life. I have the assurance that Jesus has prepared a beautiful place for me to come to when I pass. Jesus has been there all my life, he will be there to greet me when my life is over here, and I will enter into eternity.

Don't ever lose hope, and never lose faith in Jesus

If you are going through a hard time, or if you have lost a loved one, then my advice to you is: Don't ever lose hope! Even if your life feels devastating and hard. And it is, when you lose a loved one. We can only see a sentence, or maybe a chapter of the book God has written for each of us. But God knows the whole book. He knows what is going to happen. He knows who he is taking out of your life and who he is putting into your life. So don't lose hope, and never lose faith in Jesus.

Donna Brown Zammetti

GOD HAD A PLAN AND PURPOSE IN OUR LIVES

My dad was a Korean war veteran

I was the youngest of five. My mom and dad had Debbie, Jo, Bobby and then eight years later they had Lisa, and then eight years later they had me in 1972. My dad was a Korean war veteran. You never saw him without his hair being perfect, he was always clean shaven and looked like he was clean as a pen.

He was like the coolest thing that I had ever seen

My uncles were from the same era. Clean shaven, perfect parts in their hair, and always looked like a million bucks. When I was about twelve years old, my sister brought home a guy, and he had long hair, a big beard. He wore a black leather jacket and rode in on a 1977 Sportster that was chromed out, loud and had a custom paint job. Needless to say, he was like the coolest thing that I had ever seen. I did not know it at the time, but he was a huge drug dealer. Cocaine, pot, hash, LSD and everything in between.

I partied

Not too long after that, he introduced me to pot. I wanted to be like him, and I knew at an early age that I would one

day be a biker. He and my sister took me to local biker events, dirt drags and pig digs. When I was fifteen, I went up to the beer tent at one of these bike events, and I said that I wanted a beer. Because of who I was with, they gave it to me. That was powerful to me. My dad died when I was sixteen and my mom mourned for two years. I partied. I had already started experimenting with some of the harder drugs and I was living the life.



I became pretty good at it

I met a girl when I was eighteen and I slowed down a bit on the drugs. I bought my first Harley when I was nineteen, and I got married when I was twenty. I also got me a good job in North Carolina so I had to completely quit the drugs. I did the next best thing that was legal and that is “drink.” I became pretty good at it.

She wanted a divorce

After about six years of running the bars, I came home one night and my wife was crying her eyes out. She said that she did not want this life and she wanted a divorce. We each got lawyers, put a for sale sign in the front yard



and decided to call it quits. A guy at work (who happens to be a Baptist minister) told me that I was throwing my life away, because I was missing something.

My life was falling apart

He said I was missing a relationship with Christ and that if I said this prayer: “Dear Lord, I’m a sinner, please forgive me of my sins, come into my life and change me”, that He would. I knew I needed something, because my life was falling apart. It wasn’t instantly, but we started working on it.

God had a plan and purpose in our lives

We fired our lawyers, pulled the for sale sign out of the front yard and we actually fell back in love. We had a daughter, and we found that God had a plan and purpose in our lives. Now we both go out into the motorcycle community and we try to share our stories with others who are searching for something, and trying to fill that missing part with drugs, alcohol, sex and material things. Jesus is the only thing that can fill that void.

Phillip Morris

PRAYER

SET ME FREE FROM DRUG ADDICTION

Jesus, I am stuck in drug abuse. It's like a prison.
I feel so alone and powerless.

I know that you have conquered these demons of
drugs who want to destroy my life.

Jesus, I place my entire life under your command and I
leave everything behind me.

I want to be free from this addiction.

Jesus, forgive all my sins and give me a pure heart and
give me completely new thoughts. Light me up on the
inside and give me a new passion for life.

Thank you, Jesus, that you are now my Lord and my
Saviour.

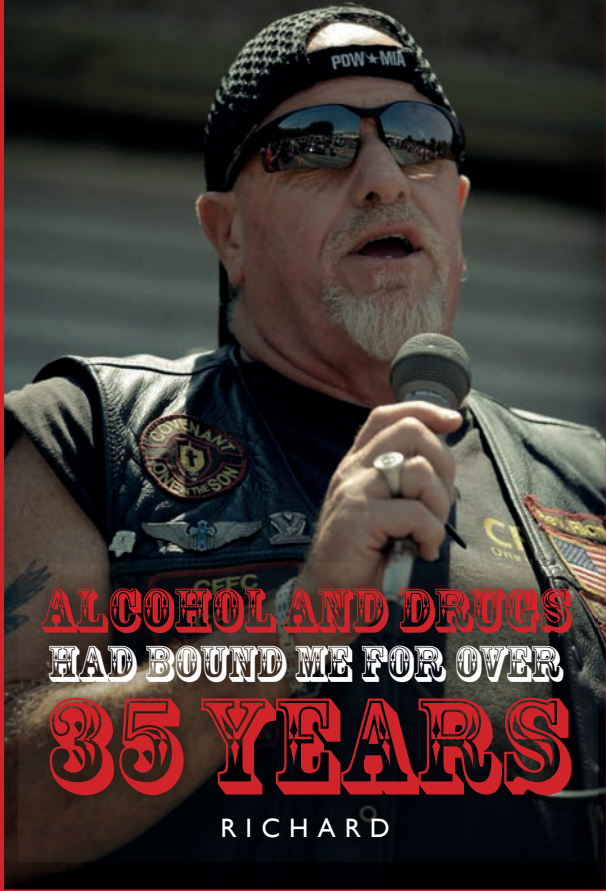
Jesus, I want you to lead me and to keep me away
from evil powers that want to pull me down into
destruction.

Thank you that your blood protects me.

Thank you for giving your life for me on the cross.

You have forgiven me all my sins and wrongdoings.

Thank you Jesus!



**ALCOHOL AND DRUGS
HAD BOUND ME FOR OVER
35 YEARS**

RICHARD

I got addicted to speed and cocaine

At the age of eighteen I bought my first Harley Davidson motorcycle and within a couple of years I was hanging out with notorious motorcycle clubs. I ran with them for twenty years. We did whatever it took to get money. We stole cars and sold large quantities of drugs and guns. In the process I got addicted to speed and cocaine.

I was ready to kill myself

I had a \$400-a-day habit of injecting drugs. I have survived many overdoses and car accidents and it is truly a miracle I am still alive. After a three-day crack cocaine binge in 2001, I was ready to kill myself. Right then I heard a voice tell me to call my sister. I did, and she helped me get into Teen Challenge in Brockton, Massachusetts.

I knew something was different

As soon as I walked through the doors I felt funny. I knew something was different. I was on Holy Ground. I fought the system at Teen Challenge for the first four months but then, by the grace of God, he filled me with the Holy Spirit and the rest is history. I was with Teen Challenge for 11 years as a pastor in all phases of ministry.

Covenant Motorcycle Ministry

Teen Challenge was the vessel God used to change my life and I give him all the glory, honor, and praise. After spending some time out in the mission field, God called me back to my roots to preach the Gospel to lost bikers through Covenant Motorcycle Ministry since 2009.



My wife and I worked with the homeless

I was also the Associate Pastor at Universal Missionary Church in Brockton where my wife and I worked with the homeless, drug addicts and prostitutes for 4 years. I am now the National Chaplain with Covenant Motorcycle Ministries, which has 17 chapters all over the United States and Canada.

God has brought me back to minister to the Motorcycle World

My wife Tara and I now live in Florida. We do outreaches to bikers and we minister at Daytona Bike Week, Biketoberfest, Leesburg Bike Fest, St. Petersburg Bike Fest and many more. So by the grace of God I have been clean and sober for 18 years and God has brought me full circle back to minister to the Motorcycle World.

REV. RICHLO

National Chaplain, Covenant Motorcycle Ministry

508-816-9638, Richard Longo is my skype

www.covenantmmm.org

PRAYER

SET ME FREE FROM THE DESIRE TO KILL

Jesus, you know about these feelings of hate that I am experiencing. I just want to kill.

Keep me from these terrible thoughts and let me have peace on the inside.

Heal me on the inside from all the wounds and shame that I have experienced.

I know that my life is valuable.

I don't want to kill anyone, you know that Jesus.

Set me free from these satanic thoughts.

I want to give my life to serve Jesus.

I want to do good deeds that give life and joy.

Jesus, cleanse me with your precious blood.

You died for my sins on the cross.

Cleanse me from all sin and evil.

Holy Spirit, fill me completely.

Give me peace on the inside.

I pray in the name of Jesus Christ.



MIKE FITTON

**NATIONAL CHAIRMAN CMA (UK)
CHRISTIAN MOTORCYCLISTS ASSOCIATION**

‘Always Running Away’

If I had to sum up my life before I met Christ in a single phrase it would have to be ‘Always Running Away’.

So many people are driven by the desire to be successful in business, gaining status, accumulating possessions, building their life's existence around personal achievements that they miss the one fundamental Truth that God is trying to get their attention. In my case I was so intent on finding the ‘answer’ I didn't stand still long enough to understand the ‘question’.

Still with me? Let me try and explain.

I grew up in a small country village, which had a large church in the centre, it appeared old, cold and irrelevant to my life, but I always had a sense deep within my heart that there was something I had to discover and it would bring me the satisfaction I craved. I called it ‘The Answer’

At sixteen I decided to travel round Europe drifting through nine different countries, I saw many amazing sights but none of it brought lasting satisfaction.

I had a brief encounter with a cult in Vienna based in a semi derelict building, they offered me a meal if I answered a questionnaire based on their beliefs, when they found out I was sixteen they kicked me out.

The next brief but memorable meeting was with a YWAM worker (Youth With A Mission) in Amsterdam. He approached me to go to a Christian drop in coffee bar called ‘The Ark’ I still have the tract at home. I didn't take any notice of what he said but his eyes have stayed

in my memory since 1975, he had something I longed for, at the time I didn't realise it was the Peace of God that passes all understanding (Philippians Ch4 v7).

I returned home disillusioned and decided that I would find satisfaction in an exciting career so I joined the Police Force to be involved in fights and car chases, I was hooked on adrenaline and needed a daily fix. I became involved in endurance sports always craving the next high if I didn't get it I descended into the depths of depression. I pushed myself hard to succeed physically. Rock climbing, winter mountaineering alone in the Alps and Pyrenees (stupid in the extreme!!) canoeing, riding motorcycles, endurance backpacking and cycling became daily habits sometimes climbing six hours a day until my arms wouldn't function anymore.

My Police career was taking a downward spiral due to my frustration with authority (ironic as I was in a position of authority) and a growing awareness that I was developing an often violent temper, taking it out on someone else was too easy.

So I decided to move to Alaska, surely living beside the Yukon river in a cabin I had built in the ultimate wilderness would be the answer?

But God had different plans.

In 1978 whilst I was on duty I met some Christians, their house roof blew off in a storm and they invited me in for a cuppa. I was taken by a verse of scripture on their wall 'If the Son will set you free, you will be free indeed' (John Ch8). I didn't realise at the time it was from the bible, I was just in there to skive off work. I saw in their eyes the same Peace I had seen in the eyes of the YWAM worker in Amsterdam. Over the next eighteen months as I skived off work in their home drinking tea, they taught me about Christ.

I attended a mission in the Wesley Chapel, Harrogate and heard a tough Welsh preacher David Shepherd speak about God loving me even though He knew all about my sin and violent temper.

The first two nights of the mission I ran out panic stricken with a deep fear of losing control, I wanted to live my life my way, but the following day I was drawn back again to hear more.

The third night I realised that Jesus had died for my sin, and everything I had filled my life with just made me thirsty, I carried a burden of guilt bigger than any pack I had hauled around the mountains, I ran from problems and left a trail of hurting people in my wake. I wanted to stop running, that night I walked to the front of the packed church and surrendered my life and asked Jesus to change me. I walked out of the

Church 'Free indeed'.

Returning to work the following day began years of ridicule, but it was the best training ground for evangelism anyone could ask for. My colleagues must have thought I had swallowed a bible overnight and knew all the answers, I had never read the bible so I had to begin with the basics. Over the years God did a work of Grace in my heart.

In 1980 during a missionary meeting at Keswick Convention I knew very clearly that God called me to serve Him as an evangelist, twelve years past by before that full time call finally came about. I was injured in a large fight and it left me with a weak right shoulder, I lost my Police career but this opened wide God's door to ministry.

I became a full time youth and children's evangelist / development worker in the north of England for ten years.

I have lead youth missions in Poland, and have been on short term mission in Spain. I spent two years as a full time evangelist in the seaside town of Whitby.

God blessed my life in a mighty way when He brought my wife Sandy and I together, we met when I preached in her church, Whitby Christian Fellowship. We have an equal passion to reach out to those who don't know Jesus yet and to encourage God's people to go deeper with Him.

My passion for evangelism and motorcycles led me to become involved with the Christian Motorcyclists Association (we ride a 1340cc Harley Davidson Heritage Softail Classic). Our mission is to make Jesus known amongst the biker community of the UK, to offer support and friendship to bikers and their families. In June 2004 I was called to become the first full time National Chairman of the CMA UK, an incredible privilege.

I no longer run away I no longer have to Jesus is and always will be the answer to every question I could ever imagine.

So what drives you?

What are you running from?

Who are you running with?

What direction are you running in?

Let me finish by asking; "If God really existed and loved you even though He knew everything about you, would you want to know Him?"

You would be crazy to say no.

God Bless you,

Mike

I DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE ANYMORE

HANS-PETER GEHRIG

PRESIDENT, RIDER 4 CHRIST
MOTORCYCLE MINISTRY, SWITZERLAND

TRAINED AS A CHIMNEY SWEEP

My mother was Roman Catholic and my father was Protestant, but religion was never a topic in our home. When I was old enough to start a career, I wanted to become a chimney sweep. Several chimney sweeps in our area offered training opportunities. The only one I really didn't want to train with was a chimney sweep who was in the Salvation Army. When it turned out that there was no other option, I had no choice but to accept the position as his trainee.

JESUS EXISTS AFTER ALL

At first I was a bit skeptical of him, but gradually the life of my boss and his family made a real impression on me. Maybe that's why, after two years, I went with them to an evangelistic event. The words penetrated my heart and never in my life had I experienced such peace. That same evening I decided to follow Jesus.

As a result, my friends – who meant everything to me – began to distance themselves from me. They made it clear that they didn't want to have anything to do with this Jesus. This caused me an enormous inner struggle. My friends were very important to me, and my faith began to get a bit shaky. However, deep down in my heart, I knew that Jesus existed.



MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT

My day-to-day lifestyle, however, did not reflect the fact that I knew Jesus. I led a pretty chaotic life, including very superficial relationships with girls. One of my friends and I set up a workshop where we spent our free time working on our Harleys. In the summer of 1991 I rode with another friend of mine to Belgium to attend a Harley Convention. On the way there, he got hit by a truck.

He survived, but he had a very difficult time after the accident. That's when the crucial question arose in me: "If I was in his situation, would I have been able to say, with a clear conscience, that I was ready for eternity?"

I had to say no. I was not ready. But still I did not sort out my life with God. After the sudden collapse of a seven-year relationship with a girl, I started doing drugs.

I DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE ANYMORE

I was 26 years old with no purpose in my life, so I decided I wanted to end it. I went to a park in Zurich where you could buy all kinds of drugs and I fully intended to give myself "the Golden Shot." On the way there, Jesus spoke to me and asked me once again: Are you ready for eternity? Inside me there was an enormous conflict and I knew that I was not ready.

This new revelation kept me from taking my life. Instead I went home, picked up my old Bible, started to read it and pray. A new peace took root deep down inside of me. I met new friends who were Christians. I determined that from now on, I wanted to follow Jesus with my whole heart and not replace HIM with anything else.

A FEW FRIENDS HUNG AROUND

I knew that this time I did have the strength to walk with Jesus. However, it cost me some of my best friendships. There were times when I was very sad about that, but I stood firm. Now there was nothing that could stop me from walking the straight path with Jesus. After awhile, some of my old friends caught up with me again. It was good to see that real friendships could withstand our differences.

Through my new circle of friends and my new wife, I came in contact with a church. It took time to recognize God's gracious work in me and to accept it. I resisted God's "invitation" for a long time. Quite some time passed before I could accept that God covered all my wrong choices and decisions.

In 1992, Christina and I got married and we have been blessed with four wonderful children. My old values were put in their rightful place. At one time my Harley was the most important thing in my life, but gradually Jesus moved more and more into the center of my life.

STREET OUTREACH

I started to get involved with "street ministry." I went out and met young people with similar issues I had struggled with. We had a coffee shop where we were able to invite these young people and have helpful conversations with them. I was fully involved in this kind of ministry for 15 years.

DISCIPLES FOR CHRIST

Around this time, a long-term vision came into being: the Biker ministry! The verse from 1 Timothy 2:4 expresses our heart for this ministry. The motorcycle fellowship was founded with the goal of offering bikers a new vision of faith.

That's how three of us started the ministry of "Disciples of Christ" in June 1999. In June 2016, a huge, fundamental change took place in the club. The vision that God had planted then continued after a one-year break, in a new place as the BIKER CHURCH organization with the name RIDER 4 CHRIST. That's how the vision of bringing the Gospel to the biker scene as a ministry and calling was revived.



Contact Address:

RIDER 4 CHRIST

Motorcycle Ministry Schweiz

Hans-Peter Gehrig

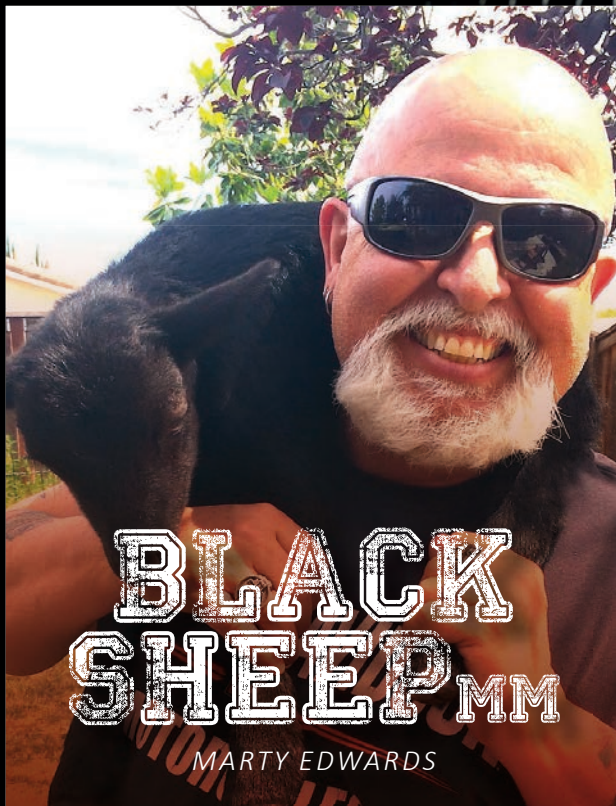
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I gave my life to Jesus at the age of 5

I'm one of those guys who gave his life to Jesus at the age of 5. I know it may seem strange that a child could com-

prehend what that means at such a young age, but we all grow in our understanding of Christ. During that first year of becoming a Christian, I even had playtimes when I would pretend to be a pastor leading a church.

I bought a Harley-Davidson and started riding

I've been in some form of Christian ministry for over 45 years. I've been a youth pastor, church planter and pastor. Twenty years ago, while I was still pastoring a church, I bought a Harley-Davidson and started riding.

Michael was killed in a horrible motorcycle accident

Soon after buying my bike, I walked out to my garage and discovered that the rear tire was flat. I called the dealership and asked them to send someone out to pick up my bike. Michael was a tall, hairy, tattooed biker with a bad attitude. On the way to the dealership I was compelled to share the Gospel with him, but I didn't because I was so intimidated by him. Two days later, Michael was killed in a horrible motorcycle accident.

I kept meeting employees who were open to prayer and talking through their grief

Immediately I went to the Harley-Davidson dealership to see if there was anything I could do. When I met the owner of the dealership at the door, he said, "Pastor, this place is so messed up by this, you can do anything you want to." As I moved from sales to parts to service, I kept meeting

employees who were open to prayer and talking through their grief. Michael had only been 19 years old and a bit of a mascot around the dealership.

HOG

In the coming weeks and months, more and more HOG (Harley Owners Group) members approached me for prayer or perhaps to visit a sick relative. I began officiating at weddings and funerals. Within a few weeks there were several of us Christians stepping up to serve our HOG chapter in various ways.

The black sheep of the flock!

My congregation began to see the changes in me. I had shaved my head and gotten tattoos and wore leathers. One day when we rode into our church parking lot, called The Lamb's Fellowship, our church secretary responded, "Oh look, here comes the black sheep of the flock!" The name stuck!

In over 40 U.S. states, Mexico and Australia

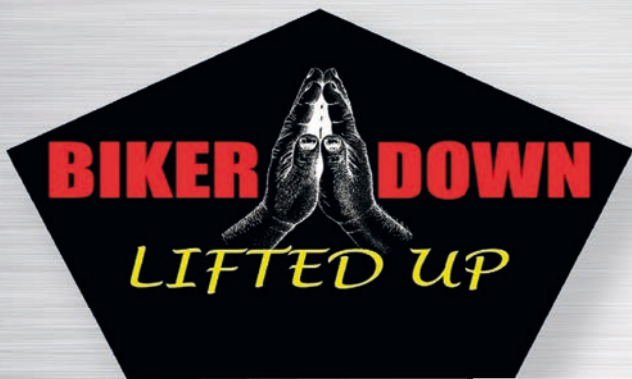
Within three years I needed to choose between pastoring the church or leading the Black Sheep; both were growing. Today, Black Sheep: Harley-Davidsons for Christ is in over 40 U.S. states, Mexico and Australia. Our primary focus of ministry is HOG but of course we are available to anybody.



To God be the glory

It all started with a little boy asking Jesus to come into his heart. Today, that little boy is over 60 years old and riding motorcycles for Jesus. To God be the glory! "Christo et Regno eJus!" For Christ and his Kingdom.

Marty Edwards



I took my bike and ran away from home

My journey in biking began innocently enough. I used a motorcycle for fun and also for work on my paper route. When I was 16 my father was diagnosed with terminal cancer and he didn't take the news well, especially after he lost his job of 25 years. He and I parted ways when his temper threatened my life. I took my bike and ran away from home and used it to get back and forth to various jobs that kept me alive. He was 58 when he died and I was 17. I finished high school living with my mom. At 18, I got my draft notice to Vietnam. Months before that I lost a close friend in Vietnam and I did not want to be drafted. Through the grace of God, I was given the opportunity to join the U.S. Air Force at my induction physical. Back in 1971, that was unheard of, but I was not in control of my life. I did end up in Southeast Asia, only a short distance from the jungles where I had lost my friend.

We feared no one

Coming back to America in 1973, I was stationed in the desert of southern California. While still serving in the Air Force, I got a second job, moved off base to rent my own trailer, bought a hippie-type of van and of course, a chopper. I was living the dream of the 70's and riding with men who, as veterans from Vietnam, were real killers. We all carried guns, drank what we wanted, and took whatever pills that made us forget the things we weren't prepared to learn so young. I'm not saying we were the Wild Bunch, but in 1975 in southern California, we feared no one and went wherever we pleased. I met my wife to be and I soon got orders to head to Denver, Colorado. We knew we had to settle down



We began to go to church because we both knew we needed to get back to God. We knew we had to settle down in a lifestyle conducive to raising a family. My military life turned into a civilian life working for the military teaching new recruits the technology I knew when I was in the service. I went to school and slowly began to get my degrees in technology and education. My bike, again, took me to work and school and I stopped living a sinful life.

One more step and I would have lost my life

I know now that God never left me. From the day I gave him my life and was saved, he was always in control. Whenever I was about to go too far out of bounds, he always saved me from falling all the way down. One more month and I would have lost my wife. One more week and I would have been hooked. One more day and I would have lost my job. One more step and I would have lost my life. God snatched me back from the abyss more times than I can begin to write about here. God never leaves you or forsakes you.

He said the driver was killed

As a Harley owner, I had pride in owning a cruiser. Sport bikes (crotch rockets) and their drivers drove me nuts. I hated them for the way they rode and the stupid stuff I always watched them doing. One night watching the news, I saw a highway patrolman talking about a sport bike that was laying in the ditch, knocked off the road from a head-on collision with a pickup truck. He said the driver was killed and his rider was in critical condition in our local hospital. He was commenting on



the infamous road in this county and how many riders use that road recklessly. I thought to myself and in my heart that they deserved everything they got. That same weekend I ran into my boss who asked me if I had heard of the accident. I laughed and said, "You bet I did, serves them right!" She said, "Did you know that was Jake and Felicia?" Jake was a good rider and owned Harleys, too.

They were 23 years old

My heart was immediately broken. Jesus took the nails from his hands and thrust them into my heart for saying and thinking my evil thoughts. I knew them both. They were 23 years old, beautiful Christian people and Felicia worked closely with me. Within 48 hours I had a website up and a new ministry established called BikerDown LiftedUp. That was nine years ago, and we are still going strong. Felicia is still in recovery after nearly losing her life to extreme injuries. She was unconscious for

weeks and hospitalized for months. Later, after Felicia woke up, we found out that Jake had swerved to avoid running over a bike rider in his lane.



Biker Down Lifted Up

God put a passion in my heart for motorcycle accident victims. I now lead other Christians with the same vision to glorify God serving others in this ministry. We don't care who they are, whose fault it is, what they ride, or who they ride with. If they are in the hospital, we do our best to visit, pray over, and financially assist them and their families. God uses those he calls to be his hands and his feet. He is the great healer and he makes the divine appointments for us to serve. I praise him every day for this ministry.

DocMonty

If you want to know more about us,
check out our website at

www.bikerdownliftedup.org

www.bikerdownwnc.org



BUT GOD HAD OTHER PLANS FOR ME...

I hardly knew what the songs even meant

I grew up singing in church choirs in a Baptist church in South Carolina, from the age of 4 all the way to adult choir. The choirs sang God's word and hymns, but I hardly knew what the songs even meant.

LSD and other mind-altering drugs

When I was 13 I got some drums and started a rock band. I was the singer and drummer. We mostly played songs by The Rolling Stones and The Beatles.

Although I had felt the hand of God on me several times, I still had no idea what it meant to be a Christian. My little band fell apart in the ninth grade when my guitar players were busted for marijuana possession. I was curious and by the tenth grade I began to experiment with marijuana myself and by the eleventh grade had used LSD and other mind-altering drugs, whatever I could find.

1950 chopped Harley Panhead

But I was soon to realize that God had other plans for me in the near future. I rode motorcycles everywhere I went and had quite a reputation of being a wild man on my 1950 chopped Harley Panhead. But because of God's protection I never overdosed or died in a crash, even though I had three really bad ones.

I know God has a plan for your life

I often saw my mother down on her knees praying as I walked past her bedroom to get to bed after a long day of doing drugs and tripping on acid.

She would tell me, "I'm not worried about you. I know God has a plan for your life. I have placed you in his hands." Every morning she would read from the Bible while my brothers and I were eating breakfast before school. She had a beautiful voice. I can still hear her singing, "Trust in the Lord your God and lean not on your own understanding. He will direct your path."

I prayed the prayer of salvation

During my first few weeks at college, Jesus really began to move on me. A young lady with Campus Crusade for Christ invited

me to go hear a Christian speaker named Josh McDowell speak on campus. She also shared the “Four Spiritual Laws” booklet with me. So on the night of the event I dropped some acid and went to enjoy the speech. The author spoke about the book of Revelation and I got very frightened. Two days later I woke up in my dorm room and I could feel the Holy Spirit all around me. I prayed the prayer of salvation to be born again and I became a new creation in Christ! Then I told God, “You will have to help me!” And he sure did!

Sherry

In 1972 I traveled to Florida to continue my art education. I had no idea what God had in store for me. Shortly after starting art school I met a pretty girl on the beach and we went to a party together. We got to know each other that evening and the next.

We really liked each other. On our third date I told her my testimony.

Sherry wanted to know how to become a Christian because nobody had ever told her before. So, I told her to ask Jesus to wash away her sins and give her faith to believe and make her a new creation in Christ. Within a moment she was filled with God’s Holy Spirit.

We got married three months later.

They showed us much love and understanding

After Sherry and I got married we got involved in a small church in Sarasota, Florida. I started work as a brick mason. I bought a brand-new Triumph 650 after selling my Harley Davidson chopper to have some money to start our lives together.

Every morning, I rode down Highway 41 along the west coast

of Florida for about 50 miles. It was a great time to think about how God had blessed me and Sherry.

The people at the church we went to showed us so much love and understanding as I was recovering from my drug-damaged brain.

Today I work as a musician

Later I began to try to write songs with my guitar to express the faith God had given me in Jesus. Later I began playing the piano. Now whenever I have the opportunity to sing for Jesus it is with a real, vibrant purpose. Today I work as a musician and travel in the U.S. and Europe.

By the grace of God, Sherry and I have been married for more than 40 years. We have three children, grandchildren, and a wonderful church family that supports our ministry. I really have an abundant life!

Follow Jesus!

Jesus has kept his promise to take care of me, just as he says in his word, the Bible.

In the Bible he promises to “Never leave us or forsake us.” He is a true friend who is closer than a brother. He also tells us that nobody, no power on earth or anywhere else, can ever take us out of his hands.

Follow Jesus! Call on his name. He will save you and never ever leave you.

Rob Cassels

www.robassels.com



CARLOS LABORDA
COVERED BACKS - SPAIN

FORGIVEN

I started to have feelings of rebellion

I was born into a middle-class family in 1975 in Palencia, Spain. From a young age, I started to have feelings of rebellion, without even knowing where they were coming from. This meant that wherever I was, I always got into trouble, especially with anyone who represented authority or rules. Starting in elementary school and throughout my youth, and even once I started to work at different jobs, I always showed a lack of respect and it made me defiant and uncaring about other people. I always complained about everything. Maybe that's why one of the first bikes I rode was a 49 cc Derbi FDS that I had stolen with some friends.

When I was thirteen years old, I started to drink and take drugs. It made me feel closer to the other kids and more accepted. The alcohol and the drugs also helped me continue my rebellious streak, but at night all I felt was loneliness.

Around that time I started to play the guitar and I was in a couple of bands with some friends. The songs I wrote were usually full of rage and misunderstanding. I wanted to try and explain what was going on inside of me. Then I started



to write songs that opened a door to the occult. I got involved with satanism and practiced spiritism and other similar things. At first it was like a game that made us different from other people, but very soon we started to get into trouble.

We had a strong attraction to death

In 1991 I met Eva who is now my wife and the mother of our two sons. Her background was similar to mine and at the time we both started to take occult practices more seriously. We spent hours in cemeteries at any time of the day or night. We practiced divination, worshipping the dead, and we even desecrated some graves. The origin of all of this was our strong attraction to death.

Inevitably, the things we were involved in led to problems. Two of our friends committed suicide. We were only seventeen years old, but our lives were very complicated, not only socially but also on a personal level. We both had behavioral problems that made us increasingly rebellious and aggressive, as well as having a lot of thoughts related to death. It was getting more difficult to relate to other people in a normal way. Thoughts of suicide and the inability to accept ourselves became stronger as time passed.

A few years earlier, Eva had been in contact with a group of Christians she met at an Ozzy Osborne concert. They spoke to her about the power of God to set people free from the kind of things we were going through.

Time passed and our lives were the same. One day, remembering the words that those people at the concert had said and thinking about their message, we started to spend more time with them. They shared the message of Jesus with us in a simple way, without any kind of rituals or liturgy, without cold or distant words like we were used to whenever anyone spoke about God.

They also introduced us to people like us, not to professionals who had to talk about God because it was their job, but to men and women who had experienced firsthand the

benefits of responding positively to the question that Jesus asked the sick man at the pool of Bethesda: “Do you want to be made well?” You can read this story in John 5.

The message from Heaven

At this time we were open to the gospel but we weren’t ready to commit. We didn’t take the words of Jesus personally. We thought that just thinking about Jesus in a sentimental way was enough and that everything was fine in our lives. Our idea was that the message from heaven did not have to mean a commitment to God. Maybe other people, whose lives were worse than ours, needed Jesus in a more real way, but for us thinking favorably about the gospel was enough.

So time passed and nothing much was going on. Our lives continued to be surrounded by depression, darkness, aggression and an incredible weight of guilt because we were unable to be normal like other people.

Starting in 1994, God began to confront us with our own lives and attitudes and to show us that we needed to respond to that important question: “Do you want to be made well?”

We were still open to the gospel and we even visited some churches and Christian communities from time to time, but we didn’t make a commitment to the message of Jesus; maybe because we were embarrassed by what our friends would say, or because of peer pressure since we were living a life that was totally contrary to the message from heaven. However, in 1995 we came to the point where we realized that accepting the gospel message was the answer we needed to resolve the problems we were facing in our lives.

God prepared the way to make us understand that we needed Jesus to come into our lives and sort out all the craziness. God reaches each person in the exact way to which they will best respond. In my case I remember that I was stealing at work to try and

FORGIVEN

make some extra money by selling the things I was taking. This made me think a lot about what I was like, and I realized that throughout my life I had turned my back on God.

I was trying to serve two lords

Up until then, I wasn't concerned about trying to join the two worlds together; God's world and my own. I had been trying to serve two lords. Up until then, I didn't think it mattered whether the word of God influenced you or not. I wanted to find something to hold onto but without changing my lifestyle: which, to call it what God calls it, was a sinful lifestyle.

I remember saying to God, "I'm too young to change my lifestyle and stop doing the things that don't please you. Let me live the way I want to and then when I'm about thirty-five or forty we can talk again about living in a way that pleases you." I didn't realize that all God wanted to do was to take away all the things that had been troubling me and bothering me for years and to heal my wounds. I was living like a "good religious person" on the face of it, pretending to be someone completely different from what was going on inside me. The way I was behaving was not like a real Christian at all.

That was when I felt that God was talking to me about how I had betrayed him.

I knew there were questions that I could say 'yes' to in my mind like "Do you go to Christian meetings? Do you love your family? Do you sing Christian songs? Do you help other people?" I could say yes to all of these questions, but I was still the same.

I knew God was saying "I need your heart. I want to forgive you and change you. I want to heal you and forgive you! I want to take away your burden of guilt!"

These words resonated in my mind and made me cry like a child, asking Jesus to come into my heart and make it clean. Now I understood his words. Everything made sense. I stopped being a religious person and became a new person who had a relationship with Jesus. I could feel that something

special had happened and finally Jesus became real to me.

I started to pray regularly as a way to relate to God, and to read his word (the Bible) to find out how to be closer to him and please him. I began to feel that I was of value to him, accepted and not judged. I began to experience God in such a close, loving way that it was impossible for me to think that it was just my imagination. At the same time, Eva was going through a similar process with God and facing difficult situations that made her accept Jesus as her Savior too.

Today, our lives are based on the words and message of Jesus. This doesn't make us super-human nor does it make us better than others, but our behavioral problems have disappeared. The occultism and everything relating to it is a thing of the past. We no longer need that garbage to feel that we are somebody. Jesus filled the emptiness with his love and peace. We have the hope and assurance that we are going to spend eternity by Jesus' side and that is something very special. There is no stronger feeling than having the assurance that you have been forgiven.

We love rock music, bikes and the culture that surrounds them. We love and feel loved by Jesus.

Currently, we are the presidents of the motorcycle club Covered Backs MM, and our greatest desire is that others can come to know Jesus in a personal way.



FORGIVEN

PRAYER

SET ME FROM ADDICTION TO SEXUAL PERVERSION

Jesus, I am so devastated, I feel so dirty.

I come to you with all my impurities.

You know that I want to be free from my sexual perversions.

Set me free from this evil spirit of impurity and immorality.

Jesus, I know that your blood can cleanse me from all my sins.

Jesus, help me at the computer, help me avoid pornography,
and help me when I'm watching TV.

Help me to stop buying porn magazines.

Set me free from my addictions.

You have created sex as a gift between a man and a woman.

Help me to live a life of fidelity.

Help me to always remain faithful.

Thank you for your idea of marriage.

I want to live a pure life. Empower me with love for and
faithfulness to the person I have promised to share my life
with.

Jesus, I want to be pure and free.

Thank you for helping me, Jesus.

Amen.

PRAYER

SET ME FREE FROM ADDICTION TO GAMBLING

Jesus, you know everything and you have seen my addiction to gambling. You know that I can't stop in my own power. You know the craving and attraction I have to gambling. You know my anxious soul.

Jesus, set me free from the demon of gambling that is holding onto me. YES, YOU CAN SET ME FREE!

Forgive me for all the time and money I have wasted.

It was time I should have had with you, my friends and family, my wife – my girlfriend – my husband – my boyfriend – my friends...

Forgive me Jesus. Forgive all of my sins.

Cleanse me with your blood, Jesus.

You died on the cross for my sake and bore all my sins and failures on the cross. Thank you that you are alive today and have conquered the devil.

I turn over everything into your hands, take care of my life and help me to figure out everything that is like a huge mountain in front of me. I tell this mountain of problems to disappear into the depths of the sea.

Thank you, Jesus, that you walk with me and give me the power to get my life in order. Jesus, I ask that my family and my friends would be able to forgive me for the trouble I have caused.

Give me the courage to talk with them.

Help me to ask them for forgiveness for all the pain I have caused them.

Amen.

PRAYER

SET ME FREE FROM THE DEMON OF ALCOHOL

Jesus, I come to you with my alcohol abuse.

I feel terrible and I want to get out of this abuse.

Jesus, set me free from the demon of alcohol!

Jesus, cleanse me from all my sins and the evil things I have done.

Forgive me all of my sins. Thank you for helping me.

Lead me to the right friends who don't drink; give me a free zone from alcohol.

Give me strength to pour out the liquor, beer and wine right now. I break off with my addictions today.

Jesus, fill me with your power and fill me with the Holy Spirit.

Jesus, I want you to be my boss (Lord).

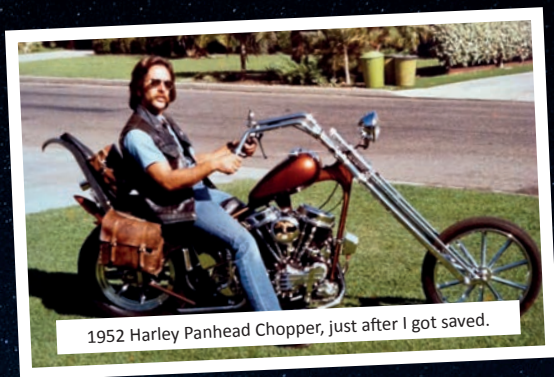
I pray for my friends and my family.

Forgive me for all the pain that I have caused them with my addictions.

Heal all of the wounds I've caused among my family and friends, so that we can become good friends again.

I pray for my children. Help them and protect them from all evil.

Amen.



1952 Harley Panhead Chopper, just after I got saved.

MY FIRST HARLEY MOTORCYCLE

PASTOR GREG DIAMANTI

I was born into a Greek orthodox family and I attended the Greek orthodox church. My whole childhood, I considered myself to be a good boy.

When I became a teenager, I lost all interest in church. After graduating high school, I moved to San Diego and enlisted in the U.S. Navy. I served in the Navy for two years. Then I moved to Santa Maria, California and bought my first Harley Davidson motorcycle.

Just call me

I met some bikers who were involved in violent activities, and I

started to join them, always carrying both a knife and a gun. At a party I met a girl who I really wanted to go out with, but she was dating a friend of mine. I gave her a piece of paper where I had written that if she ever wanted to go on a ride, she could just call me.

A few months later she called me at lunchtime. She said that she would love to come with me for a ride. I left everything and went to pick her up.

It turned out that she had just hit a guy so hard with a pool cue at a bar, that he lay on the floor bleeding. She jumped up on my bike and told me to go. As we were driving out of there, I could see the police on their way to the bar.

I am not living right

Later that girl moved in with me. I was around 23 years old. I started to ride around with even tougher bikers. One time after I came home from a biker event with a lot of outlaws, she was packing her bags to leave. I asked her if it was because I had not taken her with me to that biker event, but she answered: "No. I'm leaving because I know I am not living right. I went to church with a friend this morning and gave my life to Jesus." I did not have a clue what she was talking about. She tried to share the Gospel with me many times, but that did not move me. She moved out of the house and left me.

My lifestyle got crazier and I got into even more trouble. That girl tried to share the Gospel with me over and over. One time she came to my home just as I was headed out to ride for the weekend. She had her Bible with her and told me that she'd had

a nightmare about me and felt that I should not go. I was both upset and angry. I grabbed her Bible and threw it. When it hit the ground, its pages went all over the place. I started my bike and ran over it.

I knew I was going to die

I drove out onto the highway and onto the wrong side of the road. I saw that I was about to run headlong into a semi-truck and I knew I was going to die. I did not know what to do. But something happened. My handlebars jerked to the left and I went off the side of the road. I hit a rock and flew off my bike. The bike got crushed and I landed in mud and some ice plant. But after landing on the ground, I had no cuts, no broken bones, no serious injuries.

I crawled up the embankment and got to my feet. My friend went to find someone who could help us pick up my Harley chopper. As I was waiting for him, I smoked a cigarette. I was looking at a lake down the road. For the first time in my life, even though I did not believe there was a God, I heard God say something to me that shook me to my core: "This is your last chance."

I knew I had better keep my mouth shut and show respect.

I was not willing to turn to Jesus

After this, many people came up to me and talked to me about Jesus everywhere I went. One man at work was a passionate Christian. He really tried to talk with me about Jesus. And wherever I would go, work or drive, I met Christians who came up to me to talk with me about Jesus. I did not want to know anything

about this. I tried to get rid of all those Christians because they were really bothering me. I was upset, hearing them talking about this Jesus!

One of the Christians also told me where I would spend my eternity if I did not accept Jesus into my life. This frightened me. By now I was absolutely terrified. But I was not willing to turn to Jesus. Instead I tried to go to places where Christians would not turn up. But wherever I would go, there were those Christians, always trying to reach me with their Jesus.

I decided to kill myself

By now I was a man without any peace at all. In fact, I was paranoid and every few hours at night time I would get up with my pistol and go into the backyard to see if someone was there. After a while I was just so broken that I saw no reason to live anymore.

One night I was really depressed. Everything in my life had gone wrong. My girlfriend had left me and I did not see any reason to carry on. It was that night, November 4, 1980, that I decided to kill myself.

I went to my bedroom and got my pistol. I put it on the table in front of me. I was really scared. Just when I reached for the gun, the telephone rang. I was so startled that I shot a hole in my fireplace. It was 1:30 in the morning. On the phone I heard my brother's voice. I asked him what he was doing up so late at night, knowing he had to go to the coal mine at 4:30 in the morning.

He told me that he was lying in bed when he heard a voice telling him to call his brother. I had three other brothers, but

somehow he knew he was supposed to call me. I told him I was going to kill myself. We talked and cried together. He saved me that night by listening to the voice in the night that had told him to call his brother.

Jesus was my only chance

That night I also remembered that I had received a booklet from a Christian co-worker. I had stuffed it into the box of my old motorcycle parts. I went out and got it. It was called *The Four Spiritual Laws*.

Reading those pages in the middle of the night, I understood there is a God. I also understood that I was lost. One of the pictures in the book showed the meaning of the cross, where Jesus gave his life to set us free.

It became crystal clear to me in that moment that Jesus was my only chance. I fell to my knees and confessed everything bad I could think of, from my childhood to that very day.

Then I said, "God if you are real, and Jesus died for me, I would like to come to you." Then I asked the Holy Spirit to fill me. In that moment I knew that my life was different. At 4:30 in the morning I went to bed and one hour later my alarm went off to get me up for work.



This photo is from the time when I did not have Christ in my life.

What happened to you?

When I came into work that morning, a friend of mine looked at me and said, “What happened to you?” I told him, “Last night I asked Jesus Christ to come into my life and be my savior. I don’t really know what that means, but I am going to ask my friend Ben this morning and find out.” Ben was a dedicated Christian. When I told Ben, he dropped everything he had in his hands and hugged me.

I went to the church I had been invited to. The first time I sat next to a little old lady. She looked into my eyes and said, “I am so happy you are here.” This was just too much. I thought she would probably move away from me when I sat next to her. I was a hard-core biker.

Many other things happened after the night I asked Jesus to come into my life. I received a completely new life. After awhile I got rid of the biker lifestyle and I got rid of my Harley because it had been like an idol to me. I just had a strong motivation to do this.

The Black Sheep ministry

For 30 years I was out of the biker lifestyle, and I had no intention of starting up again. My life had really been changed on the inside. At last I had found peace with God. I had a good life and was really free on the inside.

In 2010, I was told about a ministry that served bikers, the Black Sheep motorcycle ministry. A friend asked me to be a part of this outreach. I asked God if that would be okay. When some others encouraged me about it, I realized that it could

be God's purpose for my life. I prayed to Jesus that if He really wanted me to get involved with this ministry for bikers, then someone would have to give me a motorcycle. Two months later I received a Harley Davidson, the same one that I still ride to this day.



Jesus would like to save and help every biker out there

My life is so different today. I have true peace in life. Living every day with Jesus is so much different than I thought it would be. It is not about rules "do this and don't do that." It is a fantastic relationship with the Creator of my life.

He loves me so much that he was willing to die for me. I am forever thankful that I got another chance to say yes to Jesus. Today I work as a pastor in the ministry of Black Sheep: Harley-Davidsons for Christ. It is a privilege to be among bikers with the great news that Jesus would like to save and help every biker out there.

Pastor Greg Diamanti
Black Sheep HDFC m/m

A woman wearing a red helmet and a brown leather jacket is riding a motorcycle on a dirt road. The scene is set during sunset, with warm orange and yellow light illuminating the background. The motorcycle is a cruiser style with chrome accents. The text is overlaid on the image, with a diagonal orange band behind the words 'president' and 'to mother'.

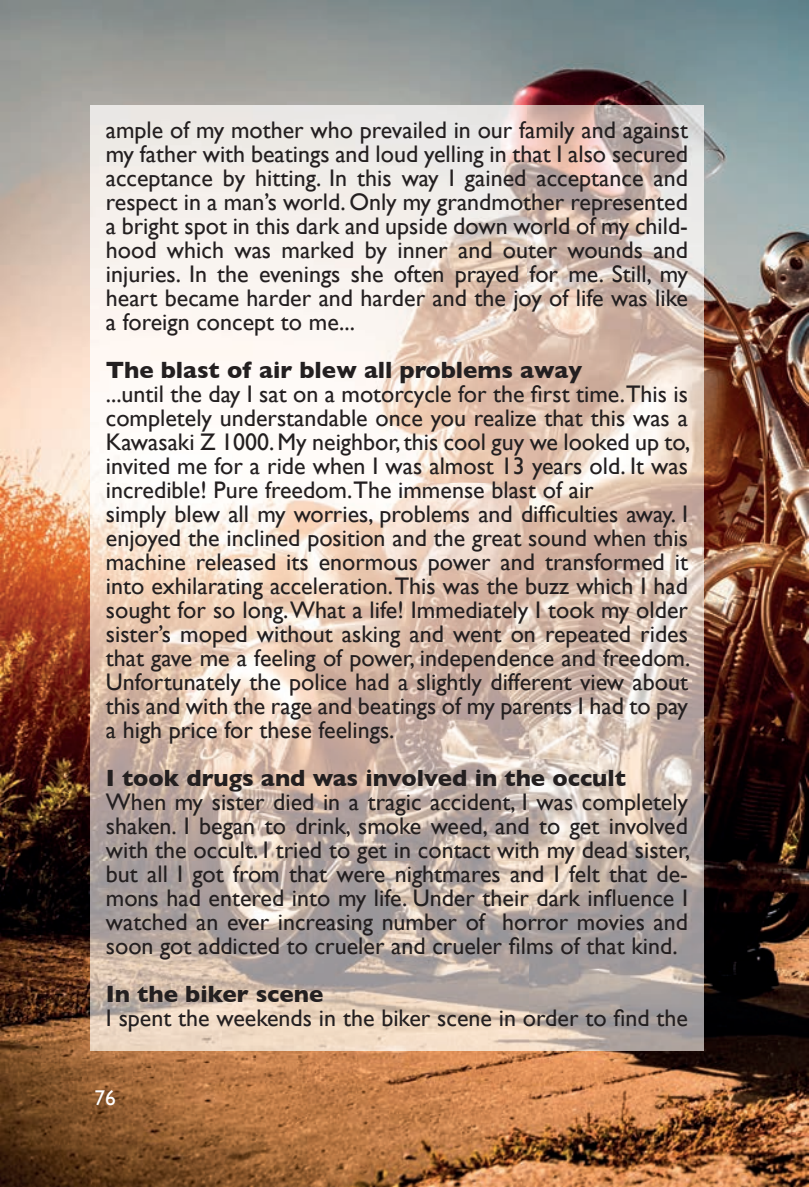
**From biker
president
to mother
of five**

“We are the ones our parents always warned us about.” This had always been the motto of my life and with this philosophy I had finally become the president of a biker club. By doing so, I believed that I had fulfilled the goal of my dreams. What more was there to accomplish? But everything always turns out differently than what you expect.

I stood my ground like a man

Born in 1963 as the fourth daughter instead of the son my parents had been longing for, I tried early on to fulfill their expectations. Their desire that I should have been a boy soon influenced my behavior. I played with an electric train and with the boys on the street where I lived. I followed the ex-





ample of my mother who prevailed in our family and against my father with beatings and loud yelling in that I also secured acceptance by hitting. In this way I gained acceptance and respect in a man's world. Only my grandmother represented a bright spot in this dark and upside down world of my childhood which was marked by inner and outer wounds and injuries. In the evenings she often prayed for me. Still, my heart became harder and harder and the joy of life was like a foreign concept to me...

The blast of air blew all problems away

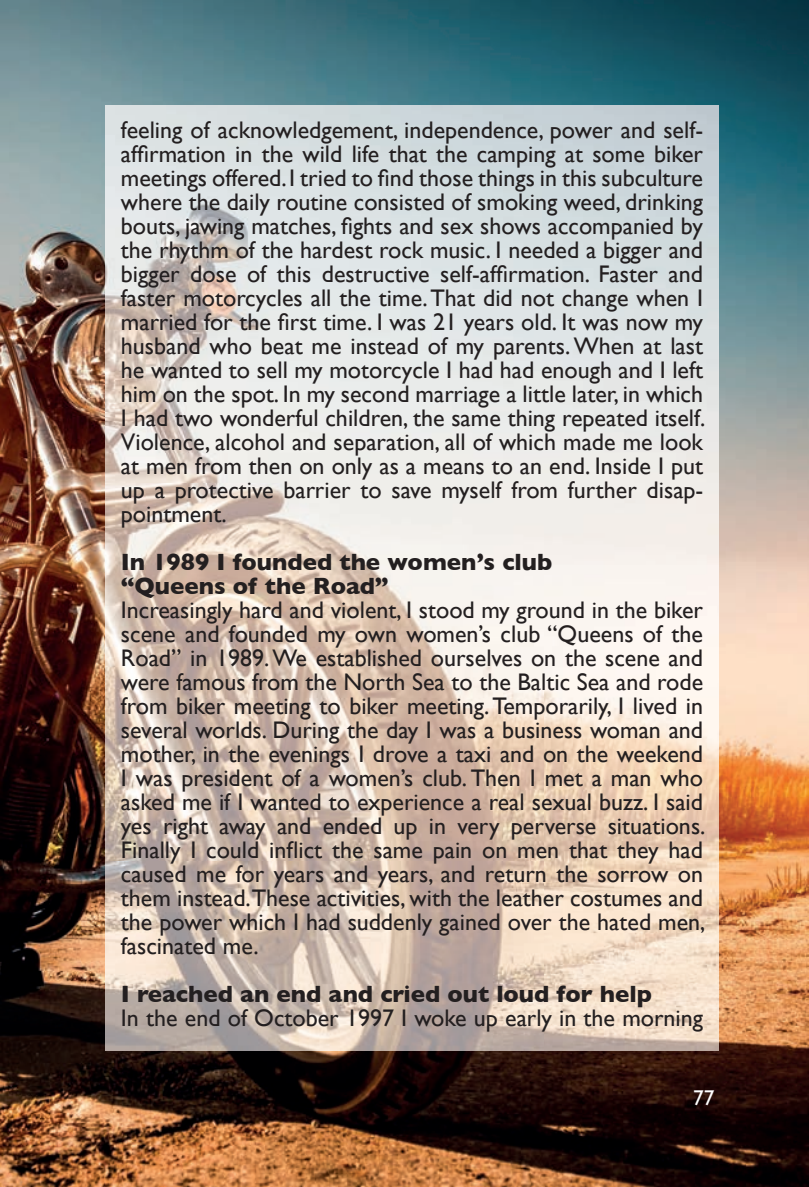
...until the day I sat on a motorcycle for the first time. This is completely understandable once you realize that this was a Kawasaki Z 1000. My neighbor, this cool guy we looked up to, invited me for a ride when I was almost 13 years old. It was incredible! Pure freedom. The immense blast of air simply blew all my worries, problems and difficulties away. I enjoyed the inclined position and the great sound when this machine released its enormous power and transformed it into exhilarating acceleration. This was the buzz which I had sought for so long. What a life! Immediately I took my older sister's moped without asking and went on repeated rides that gave me a feeling of power, independence and freedom. Unfortunately the police had a slightly different view about this and with the rage and beatings of my parents I had to pay a high price for these feelings.

I took drugs and was involved in the occult

When my sister died in a tragic accident, I was completely shaken. I began to drink, smoke weed, and to get involved with the occult. I tried to get in contact with my dead sister, but all I got from that were nightmares and I felt that demons had entered into my life. Under their dark influence I watched an ever increasing number of horror movies and soon got addicted to crueler and crueler films of that kind.

In the biker scene

I spent the weekends in the biker scene in order to find the



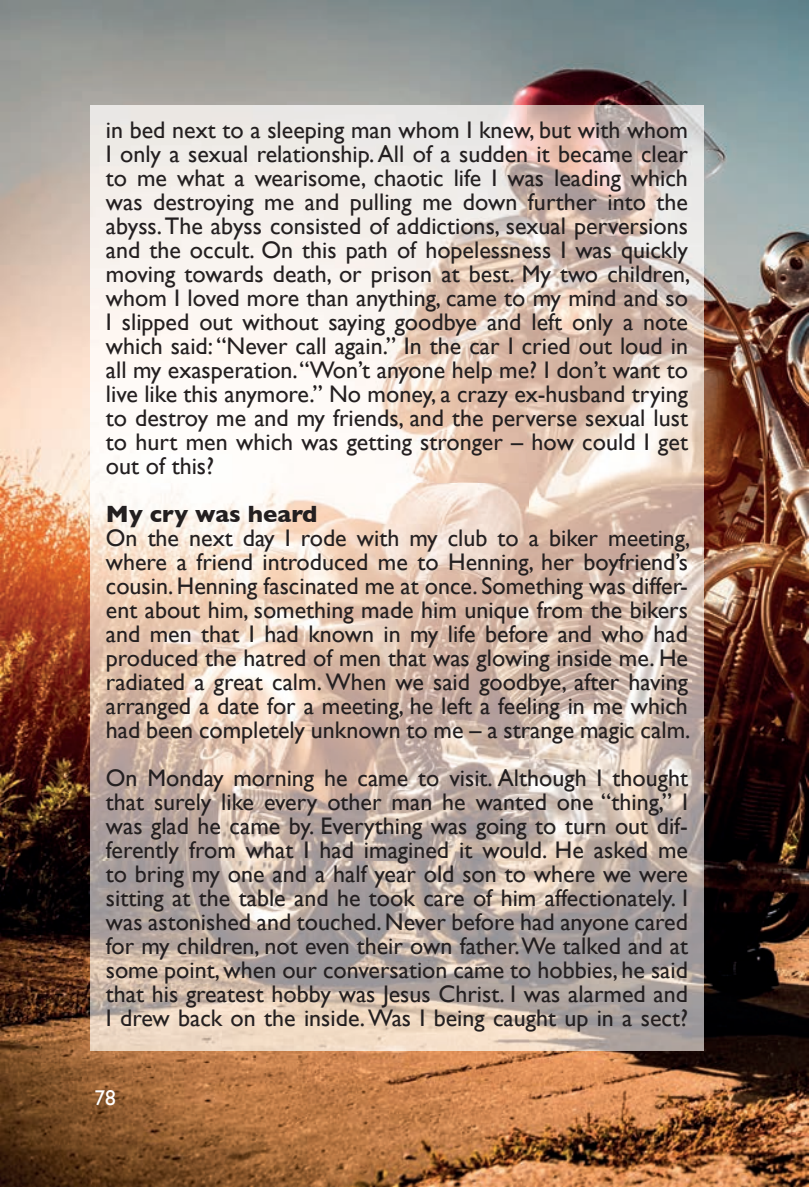
feeling of acknowledgement, independence, power and self-affirmation in the wild life that the camping at some biker meetings offered. I tried to find those things in this subculture where the daily routine consisted of smoking weed, drinking bouts, jawing matches, fights and sex shows accompanied by the rhythm of the hardest rock music. I needed a bigger and bigger dose of this destructive self-affirmation. Faster and faster motorcycles all the time. That did not change when I married for the first time. I was 21 years old. It was now my husband who beat me instead of my parents. When at last he wanted to sell my motorcycle I had had enough and I left him on the spot. In my second marriage a little later, in which I had two wonderful children, the same thing repeated itself. Violence, alcohol and separation, all of which made me look at men from then on only as a means to an end. Inside I put up a protective barrier to save myself from further disappointment.

In 1989 I founded the women's club "Queens of the Road"

Increasingly hard and violent, I stood my ground in the biker scene and founded my own women's club "Queens of the Road" in 1989. We established ourselves on the scene and were famous from the North Sea to the Baltic Sea and rode from biker meeting to biker meeting. Temporarily, I lived in several worlds. During the day I was a business woman and mother, in the evenings I drove a taxi and on the weekend I was president of a women's club. Then I met a man who asked me if I wanted to experience a real sexual buzz. I said yes right away and ended up in very perverse situations. Finally I could inflict the same pain on men that they had caused me for years and years, and return the sorrow on them instead. These activities, with the leather costumes and the power which I had suddenly gained over the hated men, fascinated me.

I reached an end and cried out loud for help

In the end of October 1997 I woke up early in the morning

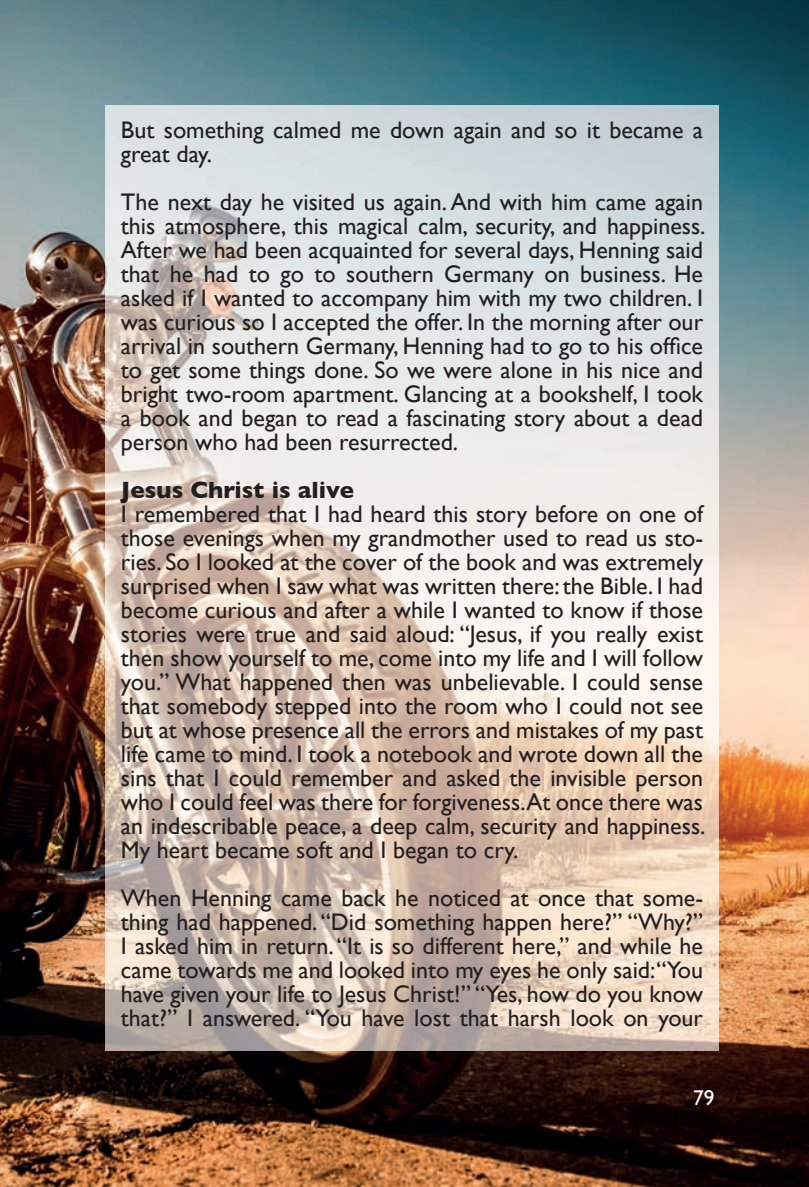
A person wearing a red helmet is sitting on a motorcycle. The motorcycle is gold and black. The background is a bright, hazy outdoor setting with some greenery on the left. The person is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants. The motorcycle is parked on a dirt or gravel surface.

in bed next to a sleeping man whom I knew, but with whom I only a sexual relationship. All of a sudden it became clear to me what a wearisome, chaotic life I was leading which was destroying me and pulling me down further into the abyss. The abyss consisted of addictions, sexual perversions and the occult. On this path of hopelessness I was quickly moving towards death, or prison at best. My two children, whom I loved more than anything, came to my mind and so I slipped out without saying goodbye and left only a note which said: "Never call again." In the car I cried out loud in all my exasperation. "Won't anyone help me? I don't want to live like this anymore." No money, a crazy ex-husband trying to destroy me and my friends, and the perverse sexual lust to hurt men which was getting stronger – how could I get out of this?

My cry was heard

On the next day I rode with my club to a biker meeting, where a friend introduced me to Henning, her boyfriend's cousin. Henning fascinated me at once. Something was different about him, something made him unique from the bikers and men that I had known in my life before and who had produced the hatred of men that was glowing inside me. He radiated a great calm. When we said goodbye, after having arranged a date for a meeting, he left a feeling in me which had been completely unknown to me – a strange magic calm.

On Monday morning he came to visit. Although I thought that surely like every other man he wanted one "thing," I was glad he came by. Everything was going to turn out differently from what I had imagined it would. He asked me to bring my one and a half year old son to where we were sitting at the table and he took care of him affectionately. I was astonished and touched. Never before had anyone cared for my children, not even their own father. We talked and at some point, when our conversation came to hobbies, he said that his greatest hobby was Jesus Christ. I was alarmed and I drew back on the inside. Was I being caught up in a sect?

A motorcycle is parked on a dirt path in a desert landscape. The background shows a vast, open plain under a clear blue sky, with some sparse vegetation and a small structure in the distance. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

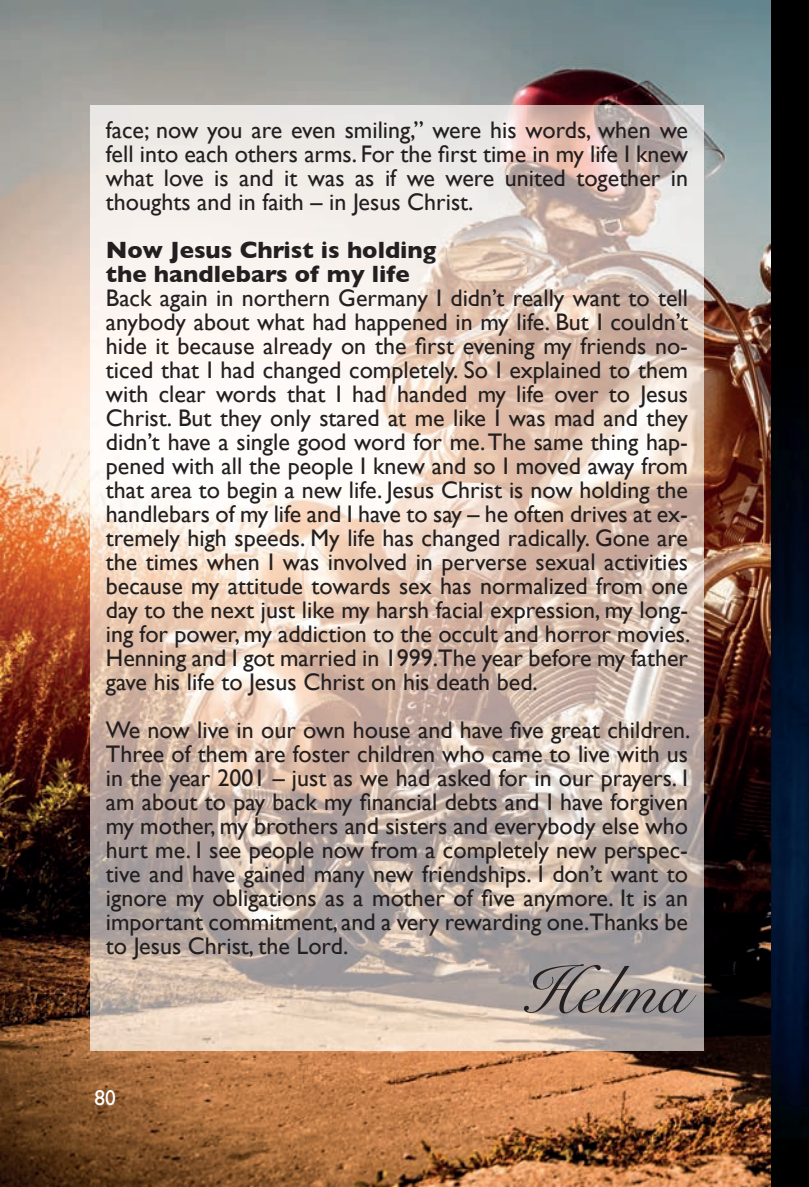
But something calmed me down again and so it became a great day.

The next day he visited us again. And with him came again this atmosphere, this magical calm, security, and happiness. After we had been acquainted for several days, Henning said that he had to go to southern Germany on business. He asked if I wanted to accompany him with my two children. I was curious so I accepted the offer. In the morning after our arrival in southern Germany, Henning had to go to his office to get some things done. So we were alone in his nice and bright two-room apartment. Glancing at a bookshelf, I took a book and began to read a fascinating story about a dead person who had been resurrected.

Jesus Christ is alive

I remembered that I had heard this story before on one of those evenings when my grandmother used to read us stories. So I looked at the cover of the book and was extremely surprised when I saw what was written there: the Bible. I had become curious and after a while I wanted to know if those stories were true and said aloud: "Jesus, if you really exist then show yourself to me, come into my life and I will follow you." What happened then was unbelievable. I could sense that somebody stepped into the room who I could not see but at whose presence all the errors and mistakes of my past life came to mind. I took a notebook and wrote down all the sins that I could remember and asked the invisible person who I could feel was there for forgiveness. At once there was an indescribable peace, a deep calm, security and happiness. My heart became soft and I began to cry.

When Henning came back he noticed at once that something had happened. "Did something happen here?" "Why?" I asked him in return. "It is so different here," and while he came towards me and looked into my eyes he only said: "You have given your life to Jesus Christ!" "Yes, how do you know that?" I answered. "You have lost that harsh look on your

A person wearing a red helmet and motorcycle gear is riding a motorcycle on a dirt road. The scene is set during sunset, with warm orange and yellow light illuminating the background. The person is in the foreground, slightly out of focus, looking forward. The motorcycle is a cruiser style with chrome accents.

face; now you are even smiling,” were his words, when we fell into each others arms. For the first time in my life I knew what love is and it was as if we were united together in thoughts and in faith – in Jesus Christ.

Now Jesus Christ is holding the handlebars of my life

Back again in northern Germany I didn't really want to tell anybody about what had happened in my life. But I couldn't hide it because already on the first evening my friends noticed that I had changed completely. So I explained to them with clear words that I had handed my life over to Jesus Christ. But they only stared at me like I was mad and they didn't have a single good word for me. The same thing happened with all the people I knew and so I moved away from that area to begin a new life. Jesus Christ is now holding the handlebars of my life and I have to say – he often drives at extremely high speeds. My life has changed radically. Gone are the times when I was involved in perverse sexual activities because my attitude towards sex has normalized from one day to the next just like my harsh facial expression, my longing for power, my addiction to the occult and horror movies. Henning and I got married in 1999. The year before my father gave his life to Jesus Christ on his death bed.

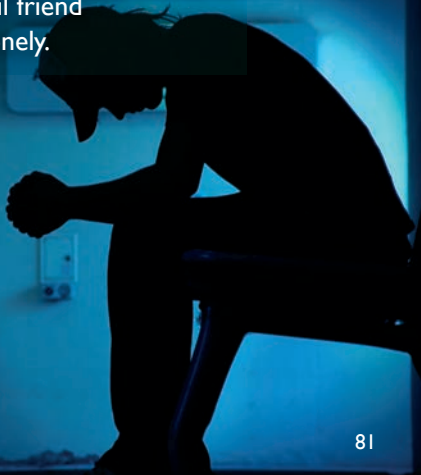
We now live in our own house and have five great children. Three of them are foster children who came to live with us in the year 2001 – just as we had asked for in our prayers. I am about to pay back my financial debts and I have forgiven my mother, my brothers and sisters and everybody else who hurt me. I see people now from a completely new perspective and have gained many new friendships. I don't want to ignore my obligations as a mother of five anymore. It is an important commitment, and a very rewarding one. Thanks be to Jesus Christ, the Lord.

Helma

PRAYER

LONELINESS

Where are my friends?
One can be in a city of millions
And yet loneliness is there like a shadow
That you want to shake off.
Imagine having someone to talk to.
Can you hear me Jesus?
Come closer, Jesus, I want to talk to you.
Push away my feelings of loneliness.
Talk to me, Jesus, I want to listen
I want to be a faithful friend
To those who feel lonely.



Saved at the gate of hell!



REBELLION

My motorcycle interest started when I bought a moped at the age of ten but it was a motorcycle accident that changed my rebellious life. I was born in 1960 in Finland. My rebellion started when my parents divorced – I was 13 at that time.

I came to Sweden at the age of 20 in order to get my dream bike, a Harley-Davidson. I started to hang around with bikers, and participated in starting a motorcycle gang in Stockholm. My bike, a Harley-Davidson, was not a hobby – it was a way of life. With it followed a lifestyle of lawlessness, violence and drugs. At that time I thought I had everything and nothing to lose, but in reality I didn't have anything and everything to lose.

In 1985 I had a terrible motorcycle accident. The doctors did everything they could to rescue my life but it was too late. All my bodily functions had stopped. Before this happened I heard a voice saying: "We will show you a movie with you as the main character. It's a movie about your life." "I don't wanna see that garbage!" I answered.

"THE END OF MY LIFE"

I understood that I had come to the end of my life against my will. I was on the way to another world. I was brought downward into great darkness, but could think clearly, make conclusions, and think of where I was going. I felt the same kind of pressure in my ears as when I was a young kid in an elevator, going down into a mine with my dad. After a while I was at the bottom. I took a few steps. From a distance I saw the mouth of a tunnel and from the other end there came a bright light.

I became aggressive. Was someone playing a game with me? I was not going to accept that, so I yelled, "What is this place?! Why have I come down here? Who's in charge here? I have a right to know and I demand an answer now!"

A VOICE ANSWERED: "YOU DESERVE TO BE HERE."

I didn't accept that answer and repeated my question. Then I heard, "You have come to Hades. There is no way out of here, now you must

go through the tunnel to the other side. You are accountable for your actions, what you have done and not done.”

But I didn't want to take orders from anybody, so I challenged the voice: “Come and stand here so that I can see you, then we will see who's walking through the tunnel, if it's you or me.”

“It doesn't matter what you say, you are going through the tunnel anyway”, was the answer.

WHY HAD NOBODY WARNED ME ?

Suddenly some kind of suction, “ a pulling force”, got hold of me and it was useless to fight against it. I was pulled by the suction toward the mouth of the tunnel. The closer to the tunnel I came the more uncomfortable it became. I desperately thought of a way to escape. At the same time I had serious thoughts about why nobody had warned me about this place. Suddenly I understood that I would be eternally lost on the other side of the tunnel. At the opening of the tunnel I threw myself on my knees and cried out: “God if you exist, please help me now!! I don't want to die this young!! If you help me I will repent!!” I promised God to stop violent behavior, taking drugs and drinking...(but not to give up my Harley-Davidson which had taken God's place as the most important thing in my life.)

The pulling force coming from the tunnel subsided as I was on my knees, until I had spoken out all of my promises. Then suddenly the pulling force drew me into the tunnel. I heard wailing voices from the other side. “Juha, don't come here! If you come here you will never get out of here.” Then I cried out in panic: “Ok God, I give up the motorcycle as well, whatever it costs!” At that time, I didn't know that there is a scripture in the bible that says:

“Call unto me in the day of trouble, and I will rescue you and you shall praise me.” Psalm 50:15. I just got to experience it – in my lifeless body, at the gate of Hell.

I FELT SOMEONE'S PRESENCE

When I gave up my idol, the darkness and the tunnel disappeared. Now after being drawn down to Hades I felt like I was being lifted upwards, and I felt someone's presence and I called out: “I know that someone

is here. Who are you?" Then I got the answer: "I am the Lord your God. The Son has prayed for you that you would not be eternally lost. Whatever the Son asks I will give Him because I love the Son. You will return to life and tell your friends and others about the Son and your experiences in Hades so that people will not end up there because they didn't know."

DIFFICULT YEARS

I woke up at the hospital nearly two weeks after the accident, without remembering anything of what had happened. The doctor told me that at one point I had been clinically dead. I didn't remember anything of my experience in the depths of darkness. I was back to life but not saved "yet". The impact of the accident was so devastating that I was signed in to the hospital for a ten month period.

For three difficult years I struggled with the consequences of the accident. I wanted to get my bike running again and get "back to the highway". But it became too expensive to stay in the club as the members moved into more expensive housing. Then I asked them to bring home my Harley. I kept it in my apartment and I became more and more isolated. After a difficult struggle I was able to stop taking drugs but after a few visits to fortune tellers I was followed by demonic supernatural phenomena. I experienced that parts from my motorcycle, which I had in boxes, started to move around by themselves. Everything I tried to eat in the apartment had a taste of human blood. After some time with these kinds of incidents I started to consider suicide.

I started to think to myself, "Before I do it I want to do a good deed." I collected a lot of clothes and brought them to a church. It was late but there were still two people left in the church after a prayer meeting.

"THE MEANING"

We started talking and after a while I told them about my life. They gave me a little booklet called "the meaning" and I decided to read it before my suicide. In it, I read about the forgiveness of our sins and about being born again. I thought – if it is as easy as it says here, then it is possible for me also.

Before I even came to the prayer of salvation and repentance at the end of the booklet, I already opened my heart and agreed that what I was reading was the truth and I wanted to receive the truth and the gift of salvation. The power of God came over me and I started to shake and I both laughed and wept at the same time. All the hardness of my heart, hatred, bitterness and agony disappeared, and I got peace.

It was not until about six months later that the memory of my experience at the gate of Hades came slowly back. Since then I have often shared about it. Many do not believe me but believers in Christ understand and many non-believers are touched and fascinated.

Now afterwards, I have thought how I, there at the gate of Hades, was made more accountable for what I had not done than the evil I had done. I had not accepted God's plan of salvation in Jesus Christ.

Dear reader: I challenge you to also realize that the Bible speaks the truth when it says:

“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son for whosoever believe in Him will not perish but have everlasting life.”
(Gospel of John 3:16)

BELIEVE IN JESUS' WORD IN JOHN 5:24:

“I tell you the truth, whoever hears my word and believes him who sent me has eternal life and will not be condemned; he has crossed over from death to life.”

CHRIST HAS DIED FOR YOU. IT IS WRITTEN IN THE SCRIPTURES.

Hebrews 9:27,

“Just as man is destined to die once, and after that to face judgment, and in

HEBREWS 9:28

“So Christ was sacrificed once to take away the sins of many people; and he will appear a second time, not to bear sin, but to bring salvation to those who are waiting for him.”

/ JUHA MATTISSON

PRAYER

HATRED THAT COULD KILL

How did it all begin?

Somebody hurt me, someone lied

Someone said something nasty about my dad

It started with pain, and then the bitterness came

Then the feeling of revenge, finally the hatred came

Oh so tough to hate, it only gets worse and worse

God, release me from my hatred

I want to love and to see the light again

I want to be able to laugh again,

Jesus, you died for my hatred and you loved your enemies

How could you do that?

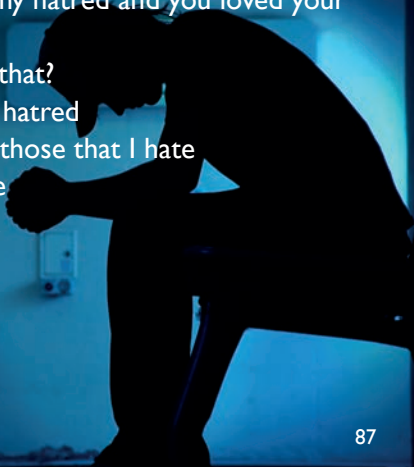
Jesus, take away my hatred

Help me to forgive those that I hate

Those who hurt me

Help, I can't forgive!

Help me to forgive.



The Way to Salvation



GOD CARES!

Some people don't think that God cares for them, but the Bible says that God cares so much for us that He sent his son Jesus to die in our place! We are so valuable to God that Jesus was even willing to die for us while we were still sinners. [Romans 5:8]

NOBODY IS PERFECT

No man is perfect, and we all miss the mark somewhere. This is what the Bible calls sin. It is our sin that separates us from God. Our sin is like a barrier that blocks us from having fellowship with God. Jesus came down to earth to restore the fellowship between God and man. He took our sins upon himself and died in our place. Since Jesus did this for us, the way to heaven has been opened so that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life - that means fellowship with God forever. As a result of what Jesus did we can now have our sins forgiven and get ourselves right with God to the extent where it is like we have never done anything wrong.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD!

Deep inside every man there is an emptiness that neither parties, material things, sex, drugs nor anything else here on earth can fill. Only God can fill this emptiness and give us real satisfaction - a satisfaction not just for the moment but that lasts for your entire life. If you choose to put your life in God's hands and devote your life to Him you will have personal fellowship with God.

That is what a real Christian life is all about! It is not a dry, boring religion but a living relationship with God! This means that when you choose to follow Jesus you will have a personal relationship with God.

GOD WANTS TO GIVE YOU COMPLETE SATISFACTION

It is no accident that you are reading this, because God has a plan for your life! He also wants you to get the most out of life. He wants to give you complete satisfaction. This will only happen, however, when you

come into God's plan, where you will find the ultimate meaning of what life is all about and be fully satisfied.

As long as you choose to go your own way, you will miss God's plan for your life. You will never be truly satisfied but will always feel that there is something missing. If you choose to devote your life to God, however, and lay your life in the hands of God, you will get the most out of life.

COME INTO GOD'S PLAN FOR YOUR LIFE

If you want to get the most out of life and come into God's plan for your life, you can pray a simple prayer to invite God into your life and make a decision to follow Him. If you do this and are serious about what you are doing, God will forgive your sins and you will have personal fellowship with God - fellowship that will last all the way into eternity.

YOU CAN PRAY LIKE THIS:

"Jesus I believe that you died and rose for me. Thanks for being willing to also die in my place. Forgive me of my sins. From this moment I will follow you and let you be the Lord of my life. Thank you for forgiving my sins. Thank you that I now have fellowship with you from this moment. Amen."

HOW WILL I HEAR GOD SPEAK TO ME?

We can talk to Jesus about anything and everything, and we can be sure that he will help us, both in everyday things and in the most important decisions in life. Finally, I just want to give you some tips on how you can let your relationship with Jesus grow, and how you can get to know God more and more. I also want to congratulate you for making the most important decision we humans can make: to ask Jesus to forgive our sins.



The Way to SALVATI

SOME IMPORTANT TIPS FOR YOUR LIFE TOGETHER WITH GOD.

- Read “the instruction book” (the Bible) or as someone said Best Instruction Before Life Ends
- Talk to Jesus often, and don’t forget to listen to his answers!
- Be sure to find Christian friends who can help you and support you!
- Tell others about your decision. Tell them about your faith in Jesus! (this is actually a part of salvation itself)
- Attend a church where you get to know more about God and grow in your faith.

Today I decided to place my life in Jesus’ hands and have received Jesus as my Savior.

Date: _____ Place: _____

I would like to get to know other Christians nearby.

Name: _____ Age: _____

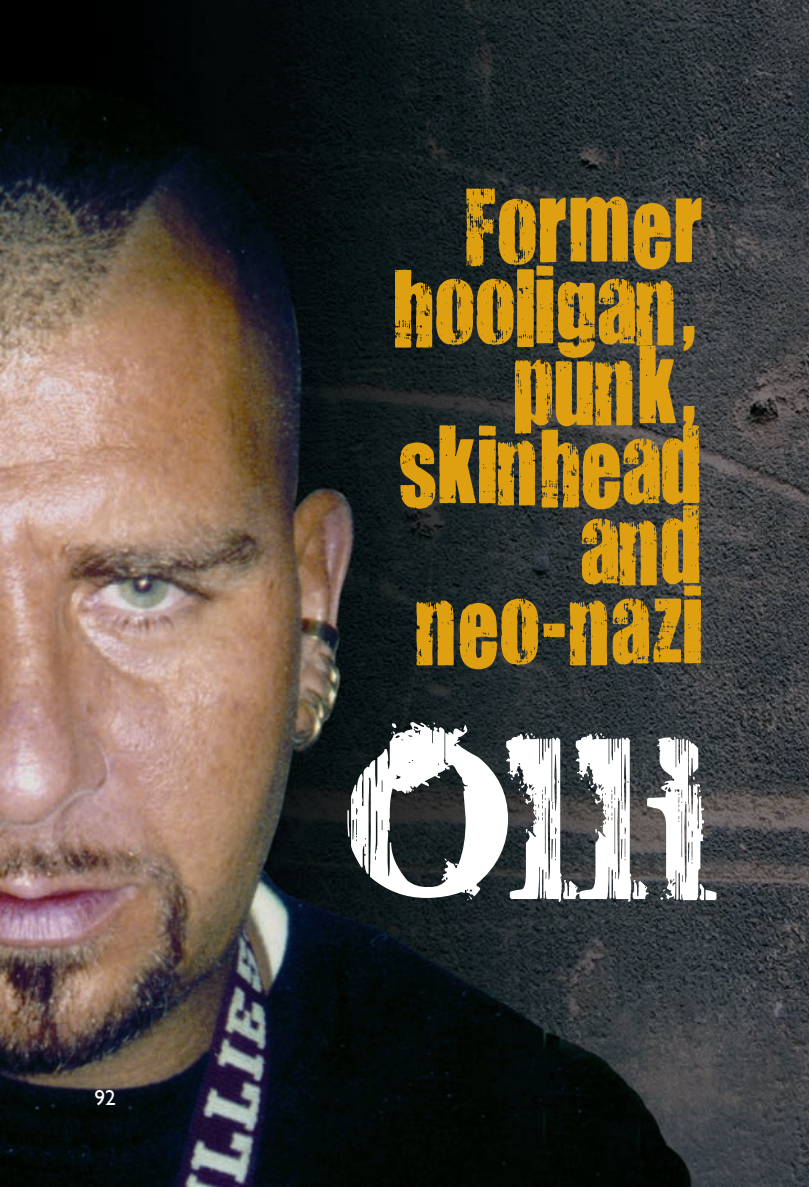
Address: _____

Tel: _____ E-mail: _____

Send to: Multi-Language Media, P.O. Box 1449, 701 Pennsylvania Avenue
Fort Washington, PA 19034

And one more thing: Don’t forget that God is always with you!

ATION



Former
hooligan,
punk,
skinhead
and
neo-nazi

011

I was born in an East German (DDR) family in Berlin-Köpenik. Though the DDR disapproved, when I was little, my mom sent me to Sunday School. To be honest, the only thing that drew me to that was their West German candy. By the time I was 10, my father was drinking heavily, and my mother divorced him. My mother, who taught Russian and English at a community college, had very little time for my seven year old brother and I, so we had to make it on our own. We did a lot of foolish things.

A LONGING FOR ATTENTION

In school I was the class clown. I wanted to be noticed in every way, and I barely made it through school. In time, I got to know some punks, and I became one of the founders of the punk movement in the former DDR. We didn't just see ourselves as people who scared others, but as enemies of the state.

Around that same time, I met some football fans who vandalised the Berlin football stadium. Here I came in contact with true violence. On the weekends we went around trying to start fights during football matches. We usually won, but I often came home with a broken nose and black eyes.

IN PRISON AT 17 YEARS-OLD

Shortly after that, the police found pamphlets, pictures and cassette tapes in my apartment that were considered a threat to the state regime. I was convicted and sent to jail as a political prisoner. It was rough—suddenly I was totally alone with no friends or gang. As a 17 year-old, I was sitting with hardened criminals who were murderers, rapists and perverts.

In prison, I grew hatred towards people. By the time I was released, my hate was deeply rooted. In addition to hating the state and the police, I also developed a deep hatred for myself.

SKINHEAD AND NEO-NAZI

The Berlin wall fell, but it didn't affect my way of life. I plunged deeper into the football hooligan gang. There were many fights, and I was often in court because of my actions. I also joined a skinhead gang. These extreme, right-winged skinheads shaped my worldview with their propaganda. I seldom missed a concert by right-winged bands, and I even participated in marches in Denmark and Sweden.

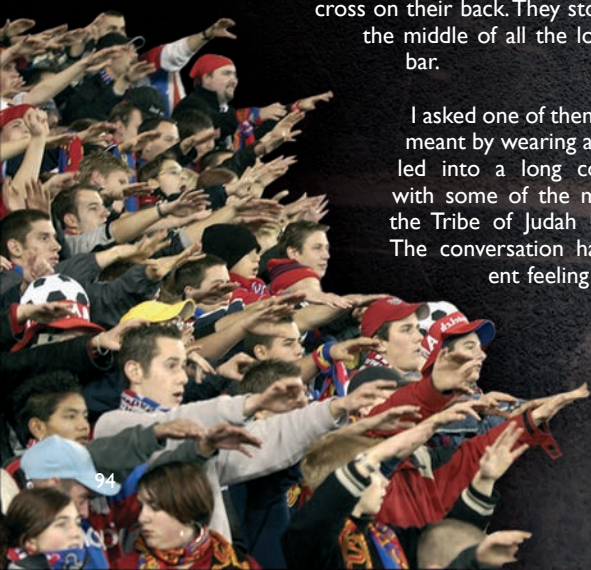
My life became more and more about partying, and I lost my footing completely.

It was as though I had sunk into a bottomless pit. Sometimes during the long hours of the night, I wondered if there was a God out there, somewhere.

A BIKER BIBLE

One night, I was invited to a biker party. I had a lot to drink and was sitting at the bar, when to my surprise I saw some guys wearing leather jackets with a large yellow cross on their back. They stood right in the middle of all the losers in the bar.

I asked one of them what they meant by wearing a cross. That led into a long conversation with some of the members of the Tribe of Judah Biker Club. The conversation had a different feeling to me, and there was a great



atmosphere where we were sitting and talking. Before I left, they gave me a Biker Bible.

When I came home, I placed the Bible on my bookshelf. But it was as if God was kept “knocking”. I tried to drown my anxiety and questions with alcohol, but I also used to watch NBC on Sunday, where a pastor named Wolfgang Wegert would preach at 12:30. Even when I came home in the early morning after a night partying, I set the alarm so I could get up in time for the sermon.

PRETENDING TO BE DEPRESSED

A friend and I started hooligan pub. I made my living there, and spent my evenings there when I wasn't at some other party. Soon, the pub began to do poorly, and on my friend's advice, I decided to claim sickness so I could receive government compensation. We hoped to use that money to improve the pub's finances. I decided to make up a story.

Since I wasn't too bad at acting, I succeeded in convincing a doctor that I was suffering from depression. I was diagnosed and given 10 months of sick pay. Eventually, the government refused to pay me more money. Instead, I was forced to go to a special hospital to get well. I didn't have any choice in the matter, even though it meant I wouldn't be able to be at the pub for six weeks.

BEGINNING TO READ THE BIBLE

I brought books and CDs with me for the stay, including the Biker Bible I received earlier. I knew that for six weeks I would have to play the part of a manic depressive as best I could. I knew it wouldn't be easy, and I actually prayed that God would help me.

I succeeded in playing my part well for the doctors, therapists

and other patients. But after about two weeks, I got tired of the role I was playing. I visited a church one Sunday, but the service seemed long and the people looked sad. Some evenings I flipped through my Biker Bible.

One Sunday when I was walking in the park, I took a new path and thought about whether God exists. I wanted Jesus to show himself, if he really did exist, so I cried out, "Jesus, show yourself to me!"

I walked uphill, continuing to say, "Where are you? Or do millions of people have faith in something that is just make-believe?"

A short while later I came to a large house almost like a castle up on the hill. It had a sign that read: "Faith Centre." It was a Bible school. I was astonished! At the entrance there was a small box with pamphlets that had scriptures about faith. I took one and began to read.

ARE YOU JESUS?

To my surprise, someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned to meet Jörg, who saw me coming from his window. He felt convicted to come talk to me.

He looked me straight in the eye and asked who I was looking for. I felt like my legs would give out under me. I couldn't say that I was looking for God! But before I said anything, he said, "I

believe you are looking for God”!

At first I couldn't say a word, but then I sputtered, “Are you Jesus?”

“No,” Jörg said, “But I know him well.” We spoke for awhile, and he invited me to come to a service a few days later.

Afterwards, I sat on a bench and read a pamphlet by Reinhard Bonnke all the way through. At the end of the pamphlet was a short prayer to pray if you wanted to give your life to Jesus. At 2:55 p.m. on November 21, 2002, I prayed this little salvation prayer three times—I wanted to make sure!

It was as though my whole life was played out before my eyes, like I was dieing. I saw all of the fights with football fans and all of the people I had hurt. I was permeated by feelings of guilt and disgust about my life: it was though I was stuck in the mess! But I also felt how I could leave all of my sin at the cross of Calvary. I sensed that Jesus forgave my guilt, and on that bench I received forgiveness for all my sin.

I had finally come home! I, a grown man, wept like a small child. I felt like a completely new person.

THE NEW OLLI

Repentance can be different for different people, but for me, when I stood up from that park bench, I was completely transformed. My entire worldview was new. Everything that happened to me up to that point belonged to my old life, and now something totally new had begun. It was actually as if I saw my surroundings and the landscape around me differently. Above all, I had a strong desire to read the Bible and to get to know this Jesus, to whom I had devoted my life.

Olli

BEN PRIEST

FOUNDER / INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT
TRIBE OF JUDAH

NO TIME TO DIE

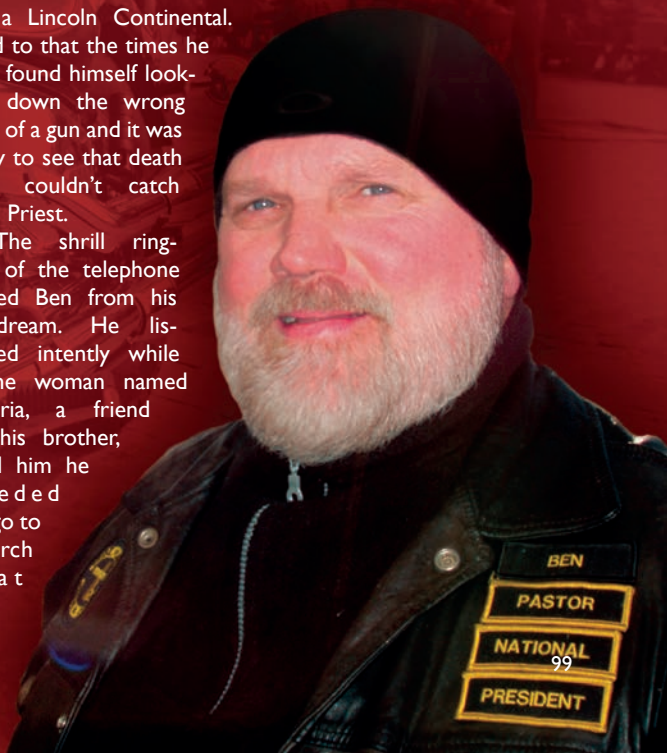
Ben Priest loaded a syringe with heroin. Slipping the needle into vein with practiced skill, he felt a familiar rush sweep over his body. How many times had he gone through these same motions? Thousands, no doubt. Yet Ben knew that this time would be different. Why? Because this day, May 11, 1980, was the day he would die.

Ben wasn't taking any chances about that. He followed the heroin with cocaine. Then, for added assurance, he injected crystal meth. Sitting down, he waited to die. It wasn't really death that Ben wanted, just an escape from the pain of living. He'd been searching for that since the day his dad walked out of his life at 7 years old. He had started with alcohol at age 11, then moved to drugs at 13. When drugs failed to satisfy, he joined a small club of outlaw bikers, hoping it would give him the sense of security and family he longed for. It didn't. Instead, the emptiness in his heart led Ben to more drugs, more violence and a stint in a dingy Louisiana jail. He'd been released from the jail on a legal technicality. But he hadn't been released from the pain. As Ben leafed through the pages of his dismal past, he thought of his younger brother. Three years ago he'd become a Jesus freak. He was pastoring a church in Louisiana. How strange, he thought.

Ben looked out the window at the Texas sky. He should be out cold by now. Instead, he was sitting here very much conscious and very much alive. The truth was, Ben never had been very good at dying. He thought of the time someone had fire-bombed a house he was in. He'd been too doped up to find his way out. He would have been incinerated if his grandfather hadn't arrived on the scene and dragged him to safety.

All his clothes – everything except the neck of his T-shirt and one sleeve – had been burned away. But strangely, there had been no burns on his body. Then there was the time a drug deal went sour and he was chased down and run over by a Lincoln Continental. Add to that the times he had found himself looking down the wrong end of a gun and it was easy to see that death just couldn't catch Ben Priest.

The shrill ringing of the telephone jolted Ben from his daydream. He listened intently while some woman named Gloria, a friend of his brother, told him he needed to go to church that



morning. Church? More likely he'd be going to hell. "Look," he told the woman, "I wouldn't know where to go to church." She replied, "I suggest Lakewood Christian Church there in Houston. The pastor's name is Osteen."

Ben hung up the phone and thought about the call. The drugs were taking their sweet time to work, so why not go? He had nothing to lose. Somehow Ben made it to the church. He walked into a sanctuary packed with standing room only. "You need a seat, brother?" an usher asked. "Don't call me brother!" Ben snapped. The man led Ben to a seat near the front. Ben listened intently to the sermon. "Just give Jesus a sincere chance to change your life," Brother Osteen preached. Even Jesus couldn't help me now. I'm too far gone, Ben thought. After the service, he went home and spent the afternoon pumping his system full of drugs. But still, his body refused to die. That evening, Ben walked back into Lakewood Church. "You need a place to sit, brother?" the same man asked.

"I told you not to call me brother!" Again, Ben listened to the sermon, knowing that for him, it was too late. Afterward, he walked outside the church and stood on the side of the road. He could feel the drugs taking their toll. The presence of death was unmistakable. This is it, Ben thought. Suddenly, he dropped to his knees and did something he never thought he would do. He prayed. "Jesus, I don't know if you're real like people say. But if you are, I give you my life." Instantly, a man appeared beside him. Ben was afraid to look in his face – somehow he knew, without being told, that the man was Jesus. "I saw him reach over to touch me," Ben recalls. His hand passed inside my chest and I felt something move. Suddenly I felt...clan. I remembered all the times I'd tried to wash my guilt away. Now, in one instant it was gone. Then he touched my head, and his hand passed into my mind. It felt like I'd awakened from a bad dream. All the confusion was gone. My thoughts cleared. I had peace. For the first time in years, I was in my right mind."

Then suddenly, a surge of power exploded through Ben's body. He figured he was dying. Gasping for breath, he opened his mouth to speak his last words – and to his amazement what came out was a language he had never heard. Seconds turned into minutes as the language continued to flow. It was wonderful! "Every time I breathed it felt like an electrical charge moved in and out of my lungs," Ben explains.

Instead of dying, Ben Priest was becoming more alive by the moment. "I was happy – but uncertain about what was taking place. I went to a nearby convenience store and tried to ask the woman behind the counter if she knew what was happening to me. But when I spoke, that same strange language came out of my mouth, and the woman fell on the floor." Ben looked down at her in puzzled surprise. He had no idea why she had fallen. He didn't realize that his encounter with Jesus had left him literally radiating with the power of God. Afraid that a passerby might think he'd attacked the woman, Ben rushed out of the store and went to see his partner, a fellow drug dealer. But he was no help either. Like the lady in the store, he took one look at Ben and fell to the floor. Bewildered, Ben left and headed across town toward his mother's house. Maybe she could explain this peculiar business. After all, she'd been acting pretty strangely herself lately. More than once, Ben had glanced out his window and seen her walking around his property with a Bible under one arm. She'd point at his house and declare, "Devil, you can't have my son!"

Ben was still speaking in the unknown language when his mother opened the door. He hadn't spoken a word in English in two hours. He reached out to take his mother's hand...and she fell to the floor. "Boy, what's the matter with you?" roared Ben's step-father. "Did you get messed up on drugs and knock your mother down?" He stormed across the room toward Ben, but 10 feet away from him...he fell to the floor. Just then the phone rang. Ben answered it speaking in tongues. "Ben!" he heard his

brother say, "You met the Lord!"

So that's what this means! Ben went home that night a different man.

"My partner showed up at my home between 2 and 3 o'clock that morning," Ben remembers. "The moment he stepped through the door, I knew he wasn't my brother anymore. He brought a batch of drugs. I told him I'd gotten saved and didn't need it. I picked up the coffee table with all our drugs on it and dumped the whole thing outside." From then on, Ben turned his back on everything he'd ever known. "I lost it all when I met Jesus," he says. "I lost all my friends. I lost my possessions. I lost my finances." Ben also lost something else – a lifetime of pain and loneliness. In its place, he found someone whose love for him surpassed his wildest dreams. And even more astounding, he found that love had been there all along. "I remember one time when I dropped by to visit my grandparents," Ben recalls. "My grandmother pulled out a little sack. Inside were scraps and pieces of material. She laid them out on the table, and I realized it was the neck and sleeve of the T-shirt

I'd worn the night of the fire." "Honey," she said, "Almighty God intervened in your life to save you. He has things for you to do." Then she pulled out a tattered calendar. His grandparents had marked the days and nights that God had awakened them to pray for Ben. The dates told their own story: How he'd survived the fire. How he'd miraculously lifted a Lincoln Continental off his stomach and walked away. Each miraculous escape from death was preceded by prayer.

Ben tried to comprehend God's love. A love that pursued him year after year. A love that wouldn't quit. "It seemed strange to me," Ben admits. "Love definitely wasn't the code I had lived by up to that time, but I wanted to change. About two weeks after I was saved, Kenneth Copeland arrived at Lakewood Church to teach a seminar. His topic was the love walk. That teaching laid a foundation in my life." Ben was so excited about God's love, he

told just about everyone he met. He kept a notebook, recording the names of each person who accepted Jesus as Lord. At the end of four months, his notebook held 1,000 names. Despite his evangelistic accomplishments, however, Ben still felt oddly out of place. He enrolled in Bible college – and graduated – but he couldn't seem to find where he fit in the Body of Christ. Exactly what was it God wanted him to do? About a year after he was saved, Ben learned the answer to that question.

“A woman had told me that God had spoken to her in a dream and told her to give me a motorcycle,” he recalls. It was a 1950 Panhead, orange with a black pinstripe, a classic Harley Davidson. “I poured a can of motor oil on that bike and anointed it for God. I dedicated it as a machine of war in His army. In my search for the security of a family, I was part of a real family of brothers and sisters. The Bible called it the Tribe of Judah.”

It has been more than 19 years now since Ben began Tribe of Judah Motorcycle Ministries. Nineteen years of preaching the gospel at motorcycle rallies and around campfires. During those years, some of the people Ben has preached to have wanted to hear the gospel. Others haven't. Laughing, Ben recalls one particularly rough character who demanded he keep Jesus in church, then backed up his demand shoving a shotgun in Ben's face. He even tried to pull the trigger, but he couldn't. Ben admits, he was a little disappointed. After all, to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord, and the thought of going to heaven brought a thrill to Ben's heart. In the end, the joy on Ben's face brought the shotgun-toting sinner to his knees and he was born again. It seems heaven will have to wait awhile on Ben Priest. He doesn't have time for dying these days. He and Jesus have too much living to do.

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Where to find help when . . .

Afraid : Mark 4 : 35 - 41

Attacked : Luke 23 : 35

Bereaved / Broken-hearted : Corinthians 15 : 51 - 57;
1 Thessalonians 4 : 13 - 18; Revelation 21 : 3 - 5

Bitter or Critical : Matthew 7 : 1 - 5; Romans 14: 10 - 13;
1 Corinthians 4 : 5

Contemplating Revenge : Romans 12 : 17 - 19;
1 Thessalonians : 5 : 15; Peter 2 : 23

Doubting : Mark 9 : 23 - 24; John 20 : 24 - 31

Far from God : Acts 17 : 22 - 30; James 4 : 8

Feeling Inadequate : 1 Corinthians 1 : 20 - 31;
2 Corinthians 12 : 9 10; Philippians 4 : 12 - 13

Friends Fail : Luke 17 : 3 - 4; 2 Timothy 4 : 16 - 18

Ill or in Pain : 2 Corinthians 12 : 9 - 10; James 5 : 14 - 16

Insulted : Romans 15 : 3 - 4; 1 Peter 2 : 23

Intimidated : I only know OT references, so although a good one, no NT references



Lonely : Revelation 3 : 20
Looking for a Job : Colossians 3 : 17 - 23
Needing Guidance : Romans 12 : 1 - 2
Needing Peace : John 14 : 27; Romans 5 : 1 - 5;
Philippians 4 : 4 - 7
Tempted to Commit Suicide : I Corinthians 3 : 16 - 17
Divorce : Mark 10: 1 - 12; Roans 7 : 2 - 3
Drink Abuse : I Corinthians 10 : 31; Ephesians 5 : 18;
I Thessalonians 5 : 6 - 8
Drug Abuse : John 8 : 34 - 36; peter 2 : 19
Envy : Galatians 5 : 26; Philippians 4 : 11; James 3:16
(* See note below)
Lie : John 8 : 44; Ephesians 4 : 25; Revelation 21:8
Sexual Immorality : I Corinthians 6 - 10 & 13;
Galatians 5 : 19 - 23; I Thessalonians 4 : 3 - 7
Steal : Romans 13 : 9 - 10; Ephesians 4 : 28; Hebrews 13 : 5
Thankful : Ephesians 5 : 19 - 20; Corinthians 2 : 14
Unemployed : Philippians 4 11 & 13
Wrongly Accused : Luke 6 : 27 - 28; Hebrews 12 : 3;
I Peter 2 : 19 - 24
Victimised : Hebrews 13 : 6
Wanting to become a Christian : John 1 : 12;
John 3 : 14 - 19 & 36; Acts 16 : 30 - 31
Weary : Matthew 11 : 28 - 30; 2 Corinthians 4 16 - 18
Worried : Matthew 6 : 25 - 34; Philippians 4 : 6 - 7


Where to find help when

The Strongest Friend

I remember seeing my brothers ride motorcycles in my early childhood. My oldest brother is 20 years older than I am. He rode all the time. When I was three, he took me along with him from time to time. I remember the sound of the engine, the smell of the exhaust fumes, the emotional surge, thrills, and adventures... My first motorcycle was a 1952 Dnepr M72 750 cc. Those were the beginnings.

As a teenager I developed an interest in heavy-metal music and the subculture that surrounded it. I enjoyed concerts and just having a good time. I had a strong desire to be a strong, solid dude, hanging with the tough crowd, living life to the fullest, and never growing soft. Eventually all kinds of things started to creep into my life: alcohol, some drugs, and at some point I added a heavy motorcycle. Along with my friends, we rode around spreading fear in the region. That got us going, revved us up,





providing a medication of sorts for all of my complexes. There came a time when I had to reap the consequences of what I was doing. That was not so exciting.

I met a person who had a profound impact on my life: Jesus Christ! It happened like this. Before, I knew that my religious efforts wouldn't be enough to get me right with God. So, I decided not to try diving deep into having a good time. When I got in trouble with the law, I was betrayed by my buddies and I disappointed others. I realized that I was no longer having as much fun. I discovered I needed to be rescued. That is when people told me about Jesus. They told me that no matter how I feel and no matter what I've done, he loves me and has a cool plan for my life.

I thought to myself, "Okay fine, but why are things the way they are?" Then I realized something new. Man is a sinner. Through sin and its consequences, man is separated from God and cannot experience what God has planned for him. That was my life story. The best part of it for me was what I read in the Bible about Jesus Christ. He was the answer to my problem. I learned that God sent Jesus to pay for our sins so that we could be saved. I just trusted Jesus and I understood that God was right and I wasn't.

Here is what I told God: Okay! Thank you for that.

I agree with you. I, on my own, am a sinner. I have no way of being righteous before you, but I accept what you have done for me and I ask you to direct my life. I decide here and now to turn away from sin and to put the handlebars of my life in your hands. Now YOU can drive my life. I just want to be obedient to you.

The next day, God miraculously liberated me from alcohol, drugs, scams, lies and cursing. I know that I have gained a new identity. I am reborn. That more or less equals trusting



Jesus. It means that sin is no longer my master. I also find it cool that God takes away at least some of my perversity. I used to drink a lot of beer. Now it's different. I have no need to get drunk. I have a new perspective. I have someone who is with me, someone I can trust. I don't want to depend on myself or on my abilities. I depend on Jesus instead. That does not mean I'll never fail in life. It happens. But then God helps me get up and continue to walk.

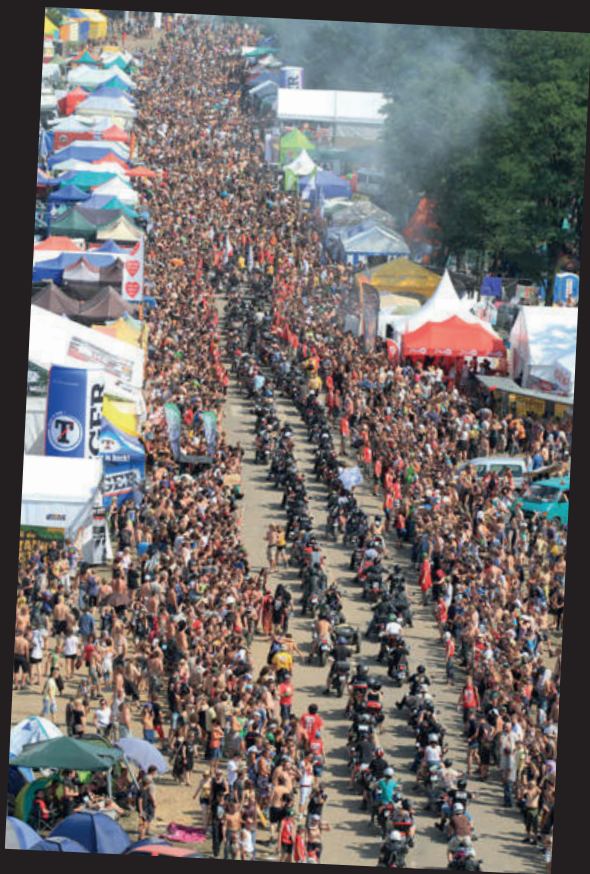
The most important thing is that since then, I know that my future is with Jesus in heaven. When I first got saved, I tried out what is written in the Gospel. It works! Check it out for yourself!

PIOTR

BOANERGES

Piotr Freza, frpiotr@wp.pl

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A man with a beard and sunglasses is sitting on a silver motorcycle. He is wearing a dark jacket and dark pants. The motorcycle has dual headlights and a large front fender. The background is a dark, metallic wall.

SVEIN COOKS KRISTIANSEN
PRESIDENT
DISCIPLES MOTORCYCLE
MINISTRIES

A man with a beard and sunglasses is sitting on a motorcycle. He is wearing a dark jacket and pants. The background is a dark, textured wall.

From inner restlessness to eternal peace

I felt like I was going to go crazy. I had grown up with a violent and alcoholic stepfather, I had been through the childcare system and in foster homes, a close friend of mine had died, family members had become fanatic Christians and I just needed a way out. I had made a mess of my life for many years already, and crime became a bigger and bigger part of my life. Working out, training and ultimate fighting became a major part of my everyday life, and it never led to anything but trouble. The main reason my life was a mess was because I had made the wrong kind of friends. They were always pushing the limits to try to fill up the emptiness inside, but that just pushed us on and on and never gave us any peace.

Wanted by the police

In the summer of 1988 I was told that the police were out to get me and that it was best to lay low for a while. They were looking for me because of my involvement in an armed robbery. Right after the robbery we barely had time to sit down in my apartment before someone pounded on my door and told me that someone had recognized me. My mind was racing and I wondered where I should go to hide out for a while. Then I remembered that there was a Christian tent meeting going on north of Oslo. My mother told me she was going there. She had gotten saved a few years before and became one of those “fanatic” Christians. I figured that nobody would ever

come looking for me there. So I packed my car and took off.

The hideout turned out to be my freedom

When I arrived at the campground almost no one was there. Most of the people were gathered in a large tent where they were holding a meeting. So I went over there to look for my mother and sat on a bench at the very back. They were about to finish the meeting when the man standing up front asked if anybody wanted to become a Christian. "It is so incredibly simple," he said, and continued: "You don't have to stand up or raise your hand or anything. All you need to do is to decide in your heart if this is something that you are willing to give yourself to." Well, I thought, anyone in their right mind would want to have contact with God the creator if he really exists! Plus, it couldn't hurt to have the creator of the universe in my corner whenever hurricane season started up. So far my life had been feeling like one long hurricane season. So I convinced myself that this would be the perfect opportunity to test whether God was really there and whether he wanted to have anything to do with somebody like me. I didn't want my mother to find out that I was "trying" to become a Christian either, so if nothing happened then I could just go back to my "normal" life without anyone bothering me about it.

The feeling of freedom was so much better than getting high

Inside me I said something like, "Okay God, if you are there then it is now or never for me becoming a Christian. If you really exist, you have to give me a clear sign." At that very moment it was like something started to float inside me from the top of my head to the tip of my toes. The only

way I can explain it is if you were to imagine a summer day so hot that it is hard to breathe, but then you step into a wonderfully cold, refreshing shower. That is what it felt like! It was like something connected on my inside and chased out the darkness and the evil that always was pushing me forward, and now it was coming out with my tears. Yes, incredibly enough, I was crying like a baby. I hadn't cried since I was seven years old. Me, a guy who was supposed to be so darn tough, was sitting on a bench in the back, bawling loudly and uncontrollably, so much so that I could no longer keep it hidden from my mother or anyone else for that matter. It was like a heavy backpack was lifted off of me. It was like I had been forgiven for a huge mistake – the mistake of following my own ways instead of the one God had for me through Jesus. Forgiven for the mistake of following my own plan that only led to disaster instead of the perfect plan God had for me where I had to let go of my control.

A new life

My life did not turn out to be just a dance on roses after that. I have discovered some thorns along the way. However, there is a big difference between today's thorns and yesterday's thorns. Problems are not problems anymore in the same way as before. Maybe you could call them challenges instead? What I feel now whenever I am faced with a challenge is that now there is someone who is guiding me through it in a safe and peaceful way. The Bible says, "He brought me out into a spacious place..." which is safe and solid ground that no one can move.

Before I became a Christian I had this perception that most Christians just sit there on hard benches every Sunday.

To me they were all a grumpy old aunt or a missionary in Siberia or in the jungles of Africa. I couldn't have been more wrong! First of all, there are some incredibly fantastic churches, full of life, music and dance. Second of all, it is okay with God that I do what I love most in this world, which is riding a motorcycle.

When I ride, it brings me so much joy. I don't have to push a Bible down people's throats along the way. My perspective on eternity rubs off on people around me in the form of peace and confidence, and they become curious about what I am doing. God doesn't ask me to be a big hero. He is the one who is big through me – so there is no pressure on me at all! I can just be myself around people and it all comes naturally. Jesus is the one who is big, the one who is worth living for. He gives hope and a meaning to life itself.

Double the freedom

I have been riding a motorcycle for over 25 years, even pretending to be a mechanic now and then too. That was what gave me the feeling of freedom before I became a Christian, but now with Jesus inside I have doubled that freedom feeling! It can't be described, you have to experience it!

I love the sound of my Harley and being on the road together with my brothers and sisters in the Disciples Motorcycle Ministries and other clubs. It is so amazing that we have Christian friends in our own chapters and in other clubs all over the world. We need the diversity and people in all cultures who stand out and choose to be light, with hands reached out for helping people in need. Then people will see Jesus as he is. The Disciples cannot do this alone, nobody can

do that, and that is why we need the unity that we are seeing emerge in Europe and the world today!

Disciples Motorcycle Ministries

Today I am married to an amazing woman named Eirunn and we have two sons. We live in southern Norway and are blessed with good jobs. God has helped us by giving us favor, cleaning up all my old messes and blessing my family. There have been some bumps in the road along the way, but he has never failed and always helped us through it and made us stronger.

I was also blessed to be a part of starting up Tribe of Judah MM in several countries in Europe during the past 15 years. Three years ago I took a break from TOJMM to ask God what his perfect plan is for our life ahead. During this time I was working with young people as a youth pastor in a local Four Square church in Kristiansand.

About a year ago, God started to call me back to the biker scene, and soon it became clear in my heart that he wanted me to do something new. That is how the Disciples Motorcycle Ministries began. My heart for bikers had been there all the time, and now it was lit up again. We all have a calling on our lives, no matter what club we belong to. So I found out how important it is that the organization and its politics do not hold back what God has planned.

That is why the Disciples was started. It is a tool for reaching out to people in need, while also shepherding a family of Christians with a heart for each other. It is also important to maintain a certain measure of freedom in politics for the different European cultures!

In Disciples we can ride whatever bike we want to or

have the finances for. We also have meetings for people in all levels of society. Most of our members may have had a rough past, but we are all living testimonies that God is still doing miracles today! We have a mission to stretch out our hands toward people in need, and to have as much fun as possible along the way.

If you are in need of help, we have contacts in prisons, rehab centers, centers for the abused, and churches. All Disciples members are bound to a code of silence, and your identity and situation will be treated with the utmost discretion. Contact us and maybe our experiences of getting back on our feet can help you too.

Fanatic Christian?

Becoming a Christian was so much more than I imagined. What used to be contempt for my family members who had become “fanatic” Christians has changed in a big way, because if “fanatic” can be translated to “incredibly excited,” then I certainly have become a “fanatic” Christian too!

Read Romans 10:9-10 and make a decision for your own life today!

God bless you with health, food on the table, clothes on your body, along with power and finances for all good deeds, in the name of Jesus Christ!

Your brother in Christ....

COOKS

Svein Cooks Kristiansen, President
Disciples Motorcycle Ministries

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www.bikersforchrist.org



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www.HeavensSaints.com



Biker Down Lifted Up

www.BikerDownLiftedUp.org



Christian Biker TV Network

www.BikerTV.org



**Disciple Of Christ
Women's Motorcycle Ministry**

www.HSMM.co/DOCWMM



Sons of Thunder MM

www.whatasavior.com



Christian Bikers Alliance

www.wingandaprayer2.wixsite.com/cba1



Dead End Road Ministry

www.ReyPerez.me



Sons of Soteria MM

www.GolgothaBikerChurch.com



Armor Bearers MM

www.armorbearersminist.wixsite.com/armorbearersmotorcyc



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www.disciplecmc.com




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BIKERS FOR CHRIST Motorcycle Ministry

– *“Some Wish to Live Within the Sound of Church or Chapel Bells, We Want to Run a Rescue Shop Within a Yard of Hell”*

Bikers for Christ M/M began in 1990, founded by Pastor Fred Zariczny (who was a former outlaw biker & drug dealer). Bikers for Christ Motorcycle Ministry is an: an **“ON-FIRE, LOVING, EVANGELISTIC, EXCITING, DYNAMIC, EFFECTIVE AND FUN MINISTRY”** with members all over the United States and overseas in many other countries.

Our members rumble around the world on their motorcycles proclaiming that Jesus Christ is Lord anywhere, any time, to anyone who needs to hear the message of salvation. Lord! We have literally thousands of on-fire, sold-out disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ who will share Jesus with “anyone” that God opens the doors for us to do so.

May the Lord bless you, as you look to see if this might be a good fit, for you and your ministries. The membership of Bikers for Christ Motorcycle Ministry (BFC M/M) is made up of men and women who have answered God’s call a calling on their lives to minister to those in the motorcycle community. BFC M/M is an outreach a non-denominational ministry of various Christian churches.

BFC M/M is designed to reach out to bikers, street kids, hookers, the homeless, drug and alcohol addicts, prisoners, and others that God would open the doors for us to minister to. the last, the least, and the lost of society. Contact us – we’re always interested in bringing more solid Christian men and women into our membership ranks, who want to turn their world right-upside down. If you sense God leading you to minister as a member of BFC, we’d love to speak with you. Go to www.bikersforchrist.org and click on “Chapters” to find the BFC chapter nearest you. You can also email us at: bfcintlhq@hotmail.com for more info.

Broken Chains JC riding for Christ's sake!



We are a fellowship of bikers who have found hope and healing in Jesus Christ, through the ministry of Celebrate Recovery helping others to realize that change is possible! Genesis 50:20

Broken Chains is not a “motorcycle club” a “riding club” or a “biker ministry”. We are bikers doing ministry. Our mission field is not necessarily the biker community. Our mission field is anyone struggling with a hurt, hang-up, or habit in their lives. We work to get folks plug in to the recovery process based on the actual words of Jesus from his most famous sermon, the Sermon on the Mount. These principles found and put to work in our lives through the ministry of Celebrate Recovery found in over 34,000 churches around the world. We believe recovery and Christianity are both a decision followed by a process. The process not only leads to the decision but helps us to realize the freedom we all crave so desperately as God uses the 8 Principles and 12 Steps to clean us from the inside out.

Our Patch:

JC stands for Jesus Christ, the Chain Breaker.

- The colors, black and white. Because in recovery/Christianity the middle won't do. We're either in or we're out, no gray area
Revelation 3:16; So, because you are lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spit you out of my mouth
- Broken Chains, our name and our patch reflect the freedom we've found from our hurts, hang-ups, and habits. Our Chains have been broken.
Psalm 116:16-17; you have freed me from my chains. I will sacrifice a thank offering to you and call on the name of the Lord.
- The Shape of our patch, circular, represents the unending outpouring of comfort. First to us and then through us.
2 Corinthians 1:3-4; Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves have received from God.

brokenchainsjc.com celebraterecovery.com



Go out into the highways & hedges
& compel them to come in, *Luke 14:23*



HEAVEN'S SAINTS MOTORCYCLE MINISTRY

HAS MEMBERS & CHAPTERS AROUND THE GLOBE. Our bylaws are the Bible & we do our best to guide others into a personal relationship with GOD through his SON

JESUS. We believe JESUS is the answer to ANY of the problems you're facing. We are more than happy to pray for & with others.

OUR MINISTRY CAN BE RECOGNIZED BY THE PATCH WE WEAR CONSISTING OF THE CHRISTIAN FLAG, WITH THE HEAVEN'S SAINTS ARMOR PATCH LOCATED AT BOTTOM, RIGHT HAND CORNER. The Christian flag symbolizes Christian unity. The "Armor" patch is for putting on the full armor of God: Eph 6:13-18.



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website: HeavensSaints.com & search keyword MEMBERSHIP. To find a chapter in your area click on CHAPTERS. Keep up with us on Facebook: [Facebook.com/HSMMofficial](https://www.facebook.com/HSMMofficial)



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In the USA, Bible for the Nations works closely with CLC Multi-Language Media. CLC Multi-Language Media handles the logistics and sales of BftN products in their web shop. There the Biker Bible is available in at least 20 languages. You can order target group NTs at www.multilanguage.com



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