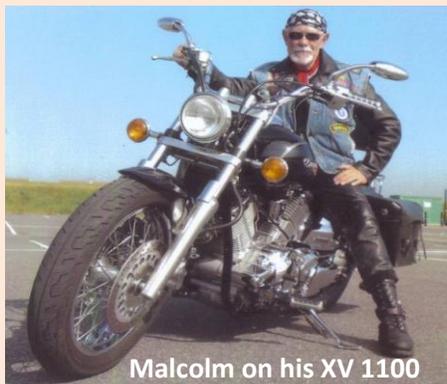


A Tribute to Malcolm

It was one of those nights when the CMA stand at the famous Poole Quay Bike Night was not going as planned. Though the CMA team did their best to stop the Gazebo from blowing away while trying to talk to bikers, the evening looked like a disaster.

Yet one of the bikers who showed an interest was a friendly guy who rode a Yamaha XV 1100. This man was fascinated by the 'Indian' motorcycle of one of the CMA team members, despite the fact that this representative of CMA looked decidedly dodgy. Not to be easily put off, the biker's



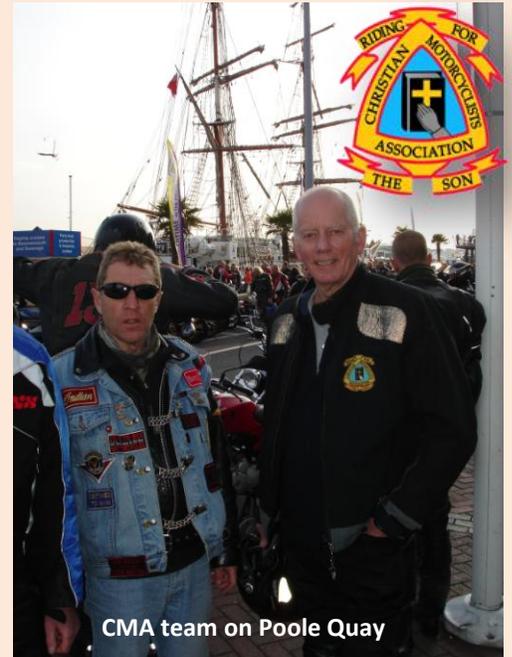
Malcolm on his XV 1100

attention moved from the bike to the Bible. Malcolm gratefully accepted the Biker Bible and said goodbye. We promised to stay in touch.

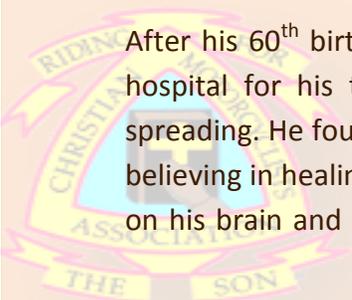
Over the next few weeks we got to know Malcolm, who was happy to come along with his friends to some of our rides. As our friendship developed we learned that Malcolm was living on borrowed time. He had been diagnosed with terminal skin cancer. As the weeks went by Malcolm became interested in Christianity. With our CMA team members providing spiritual care, his faith begun to grow. No longer able to work, he spent time in his garden praying to the Lord. What he especially enjoyed was walking to Church on Sundays. He always listened attentively and felt free enough to stop the preacher by asking a question, or add some encouraging words of wisdom. The people loved him and he loved them. He thought that CMA was a wonderful organisation.

At one of our HAND branch meetings, he encouraged us to consider that what we thought was an evangelistic disaster on Poole Quay, turned out to be an opportunity for him to discover Jesus. His message to our CMA members was: *You are all in my prayer. May your every ride be a safe one in Jesus.*

After his 60th birthday we noticed that he was getting weaker. He was reluctant to go to the hospital for his tests and scans because the news were never good - the tumours were spreading. He fought bravely and everyone was rooting for him, calling upon God for a miracle, believing in healing. One morning he rang us in great distress, the hospital discovered a tumour on his brain and he was no longer allowed to ride his motorbike. It was a great blow to him.



CMA team on Poole Quay



From then on Malcolm knew that time was running out. Yet he still walked to Church, though it cost him all his strength. He wanted to be there and was always the first to arrive on Sunday.

Life became such a struggle for him that he forgot that the Church had a special event elsewhere. As usual, he walked to his spiritual home, arriving exhausted at the Church door only to find it was locked! When we found out the next day, it broke our heart. There was this man using all his strength to be in time for Church on Sunday, while other able bodied people arrive in their cars - half an hour late!



Two weeks later the HAND branch arranged a Biker Service. By then Malcom was seriously ill, but he wanted to be there. Since he was no longer able to ride two-up, we arranged for him to be picked up by a trike and rode in convoy to the Church which had provided a special easy chair for Malcolm. After the appeal at the end of the message, Malcolm struggled slowly to his feet and, with all the dignity he could muster, walked to the front of the church.

With the aid of his CMA friends, he publicly confessed Jesus as his Lord, asking to be forgiven and be baptised. Part of his prayer was: *'...and Lord when it comes to dying, receive me into your eternal heaven where there is no more sorrow or pain...'* With tears in our eyes we baptised him there and then in the name of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The journey home was a wonderful event, as friends and brothers on their bikes escorted the dying man on his last journey, riding dignified, lights blazing, using all the lanes, wishing the journey would never end. The next day we presented Malcolm with an honorary CMA supporter badge, which he received with gratitude and joy.



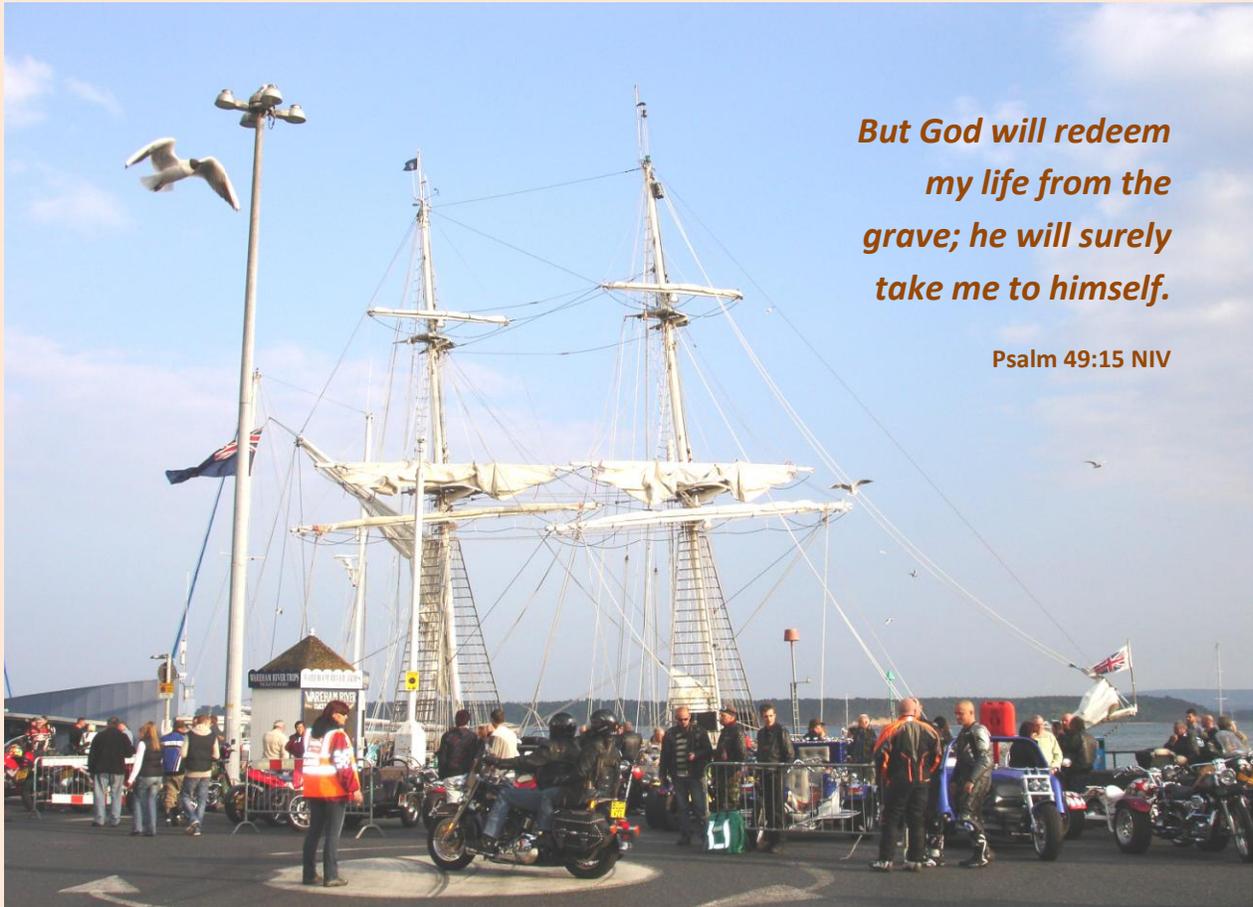
Shortly after that Malcolm was taken by ambulance to the Macmillan unity in Christchurch. One of our members had a verse for Malcolm which became his favourite Scripture and prayer in his last hours: *'But God will redeem my life from the grave; he will surely take me to himself.'* (Psalm 49:15 NIV) And quietly he said, what was to be his last word, 'hallelujah'. Malcolm died the following Monday evening and passed into the presence of his Lord, who granted him extra time, so he could find salvation, forgiveness and – eternal life.





The following Tuesday was also the last bike night on Poole Quay. Despite the fact that one of our HAND members had his bike in the finals of the Bike Of The Year Competition, it was a quiet affair - even though there were thousands of bikes. We were all mindful of the great privilege of having been able to walk with a brother and fellow biker the last mile of his life. And though we could not share his pain, we all shared the faith and hope of a better tomorrow.

In remembering Malcolm we also give thanks to the great team at the HAND branch who did CMA proud in their faith and loving care which they showed in their day to day ministry as members of the Hampshire and Dorset (HAND) branch of the Christian Motorcycle Association.



***But God will redeem
my life from the
grave; he will surely
take me to himself.***

Psalm 49:15 NIV

Malcolm and his wife Jean, two-up on Poole Quay astride the Yamaha XV 1100. We shall remember the family in our prayers.

