



TWIGG CYCLES RIDER'S CLUB NEWSLETTER

November, 2007
[http:// www.twiggcycles.com](http://www.twiggcycles.com)

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Our ice cream rides and dinner rides every month from April to September
Ice cream rides, 3rd Tuesday each month. Meet at Twigg Cycles at 7:00 PM and we will ride somewhere for ice cream.
Dinner Rides, 2nd Tuesday each month. We will meet at a restaurant at 6:30 PM. The ride will be your ride there. The location will be in the newsletter each month.
"Come Join Us"



President's Message

This President's Message again may be a short one. The only scheduled activity left for this season is the Club Christmas Party at Red Men Lodge. And the Club is winding down for the season. TCRC has had a very productive year in its activities. And everyone should pat themselves on their backs for a "well done".

Laird "Chief" Moulds have taken on the task to provide, once again, the logo embroidered shirts and jerseys. But there will be a new twist to this year's selection. If you have a favorite shirt or jersey, for a nominal cost, a logo can be embroidered. As usual, the name of the individual can also be added for a small cost. Should all efforts fall into place, at the November meeting, Chief will be taking orders. Please have cash on hand for the orders.

There is an Executive duty problem that will be brought out in the next meeting, which leads into my next question. Do all the members have access to or have "Robert's Rules of Order" book? This is the framework of our club and reference of our "Bylaws".

We seem to have some pleasant riding days for the immediate future, but alas, not for long. I hope that everyone is preparing their "Iron Steeds" (motorcycles) for the long cold weather that is coming in the next few months. For, there would be a terrible feeling felt, when trying to enjoy the next warm inviting riding day; and, you found that the motorcycle needs repair.

Until the next club meeting and riding day,

George Burkhardt, President

Secretary's Report

The May meeting was attended by 28 people including the Motor Maids.

The treasurer reported an on hand balance of \$1062.46.

Cory Eyler had DVD's to lend/buy to illustrate group riding. He also mentioned the staggered formation, 2 second space behind the leader and "don't lag too far behind" (to keep the group together.)

David Jones recommends that anyone Interested in the 3 day ride in June to contact him for hotel information.

Dee sent out some get well cards for injured bikers and we wish our own "Ed" a quick recuperation from a recent fall.

John Mazzocchhi has been greeting people at Twigg Cycles on Saturday's and even recruited a new member.

Angie Chase wants everyone to visit the Relay for Life website and sign up to help or make donations. (June 8,9)

The Governor of MD has declared May to be Motorcycle Safety Month.

TCI Open House details are coming together to include the HERO ride which Russ will lead.

Judy has volunteered to help with the upcoming picnic planning.

The 50/50 raffle of \$100.00 was split between the club and Russ. (CONGRADS AGAIN!!)

Carol Rethemeyer, Secretary

TCRC 2008 Schedule

DAY TRIPS

Leave from Richardson's Restaurant after our regular breakfast meeting the first Saturday of each month.

- April 5** Marine Corps Museum in Quantico, VA
May 3 Oatlands Plantation (circa 1803) in Leesburg, VA
June 7 Penns Cave, in Centre Hall, PA
July 5 Fort Bedford, in Bedford, PA
August 2 Union Mills Homestead, in Westminster, MD
Sept. 6 Luray Caverns & Antique Car Museum, in Luray, VA

OVERNIGHT TRIPS

Leave from behind Blockbuster on the dual hwy. in Hagerstown on Saturday morning. There is an AC&T gas station there to gas up. Departure times to be announced, probably 8:00 or 9:00 AM. Motel reservations will need to be made 4-6 weeks in advance. Detailed information will be available as they get closer.

- June 21-23** Smith Island, in the Chesapeake Bay. We will leave Saturday morning and return Monday evening, 3 days.
Sept. 27-28 American Mountain Theater and Train ride, Elkins, WV We will leave Saturday morning and return Sunday evening, 2 days.

Dinner Rides

Dinner rides are the 2nd Tuesday of the month. These are not group rides. We meet at the restaurant at 6:30 PM.

- April 8** Barbara Fritchie, Frederick **May 13** Mountain Gate, Waynesboro
June 10 Dave & Janes, Emmitsburg **July 8** Red Byrd, Keedysville
August 12 Blue Ridge Summit, Blue Ridge Summit **September 9** Family Restaurant, Greencastle

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Ice Cream Rides

Ice cream rides are on the 3rd Tuesday of the month. We leave from Twigg's at 7:00 PM for about an hour ride.

- April 15** The Meadows, Hagerstown **May 20** Potomac Creamery, Boonsboro
June 17 Debbie's Ice Cream, Smithsburg **July 15** South Mtn. Creamery, Middletown
August 19 Mikes, Greencastle **September 16** Antietam Dairy, Waynesboro

Club Events

- Annual Poker Run for charity
Club Picnic
Club Christmas Party

Community Service

Judy Cooper is with Children in Need, Inc. If anyone had clothes that they were clearing out to let her know. We take clothes to Goodwill a couple times each year, where they sell them. Children in Need gives clothes to needy families. So if your cleaning out your drawers for those clothes that don't fit anymore because you lost all that weight or your children have grown up and you don't have toddlers anymore please let Judy know. Her phone number is 301-491-0089 and email is jconahelix@hotmail.com and they will even pick them up.

BIKE FOR SALE

2005 Suzuki 650 cc, S-40 Boulevard
Black with subtle blue metal flake
Single Cylinder, 5-speed, Air Cooled, Carburetor
Original Owner, Under 3000 miles, Forward Controls
Boulevard Windshield, Low Profile Gel Seat, Padded Passenger Back Rest
Luggage Rack, Saddle Bag brackets, Detachable Leather Saddle Bags
Garage kept – heated - under blanket, Very Clean
\$ 3800.00

Contact Nancy Moore at nmoore@foxassociatesinc.com or 301-432-2519

"Why I ride a Motorcycle"

There is cold, and there is cold on a motorcycle. Cold on a motorcycle is like being beaten with cold hammers while being kicked with cold boots. A bone bruising cold. The wind's big hands squeeze the heat out of my body and whisk it away; caught in a cold October rain, the drops don't even feel like water. They feel like shards of bone fallen from the skies of Hell to pock my face. I expect to arrive with my cheeks and forehead streaked with blood, but that's just an illusion, just the misery of nerves not designed for highway speeds.

Despite this, it's hard to give up my motorcycle in the fall and I rush to get it on the road again in the spring; lapses of sanity like this are common among motorcyclists. When you let a motorcycle into your life you're changed forever. The letters "MC" are stamped on your driver's license right next to your sex and height as if "motorcycle" was just another of your physical characteristics, or maybe a mental condition. But when warm weather finally does come around all those cold snaps and rainstorms are paid in full because a motorcycle summer is worth any price.

A motorcycle is not just a two-wheeled car; the difference between driving a car and climbing onto a motorcycle is the difference between watching TV and actually living your life. We spend all our time sealed in boxes and cars are just the rolling boxes that shuffle us languidly from home-box to work-box to store-box and back, the whole time entombed in stale air, temperature regulated, sound insulated, and smelling of carpets.

On a motorcycle I know I'm alive. When I ride, even the familiar seems strange and glorious. The air has weight and substance as I push through it and its touch is as intimate as water to a swimmer. I feel the cool wells of air that pool under trees and the warm spokes of sunlight that fall through them. I can see everything in a sweeping 360 degrees, up, down and around, wider than PanaVision and higher than IMAX and unrestricted by ceiling or dashboard. Sometimes I even hear music. It's like hearing phantom telephones in the shower or false doorbells when vacuuming; the pattern-loving brain, seeking signals in the noise, raises acoustic ghosts out of the wind's roar. But on a motorcycle I hear whole songs: rock 'n roll, dark orchestras, women's voices, all hidden in the air and released by speed. At 30 miles an hour and up, smells become uncannily vivid. All the individual tree-smells and flower-smells and grass-smells flit by like chemical notes in a great plant symphony. Sometimes the smells evoke memories so strongly that it's as though the past hangs invisible in the air around me, wanting only the most casual of rumbling time machines to unlock it. A ride on a summer afternoon can border on the rapturous. The sheer volume and variety of stimuli is like a bath for my nervous system, an electrical massage for my brain, a systems check for my soul. It tears smiles out of me: a minute ago I was dour, depressed, apathetic, numb, but now, on two wheels, big, ragged, windy smiles flap against the side of my face, billowing out of me like air from a decompressing plane.

Transportation is only a secondary function. A motorcycle is a joy machine. It's a machine of wonders, a metal bird, a motorized prosthetic. It's light and dark and shiny and dirty and warm and cold lapping over each other; it's a conduit of grace, it's a catalyst for bonding the gritty and the holy. I still think of myself as a motorcycle amateur with professional credits; but by now I've had a handful of bikes over 38 years and slept under my share of bridges. I wouldn't trade one second of either the good times or the misery. Learning to ride was one of the best things I've done.

Cars lie to us and tell us we're safe, powerful, and in control. The air-conditioning fans murmur empty assurances and whisper, "Sleep, sleep." Motorcycles tell us a more useful truth: we are small and exposed, and probably moving too fast for our own good, but that's no reason not to enjoy every minute of the ride.

So many go through life afraid to test the waters. Afraid to do that one thing that can set them free from the everyday grind. I am glad I took my chance to be free. I applaud those that have joined me on that road. Let's saddle up.

This was supplied by Cory Eycler