

Journey to the centre of the earth and back.

**Journey to the centre of the earth
6,371K's
At least it seemed that far to me!
Queensland & back 9,700ks.**

For His Glory:

I would like to share the most amazing experience of our Lord's Sovereign protection. I stepped out well beyond my capacity, mentally, emotionally & physically with only 60%-75% of my heart functioning. I went in **obedience to our Father God**. Each day at the end I was already wrecked by riding most 1,164 k's then pitching a swag was hard enough each night & two times in the dark was exhausting, however I slept very well! Maria, Lili, Lianne, Cherith & Luke & my brothers in Christ the CMA wanted me to fly, certainly the sensible thing to do.

However I believe the Holy Spirit over three days pressed me in the spirit to ride over. When the Holy Spirit gives you a conviction to do something He is persistently unrelenting He never gives up until we obey & then only peace is restored. If I had taken the plane, instead of being able to share the love of Christ to just two people (*one on the flight over one on the way home*), I was able to share the resurrected risen Christ and the soon coming Christ to 49 individuals easy count since I printed 50 tracts all the Glory unto to Him who died for us. It is not a boast, God forbid, I'm just telling the story to you as it is. Amazing stories I will give just one later.



Madura Pass,

It was a wet road with very light rain & misty fog like the Adelaide hills. You could not see the bottom of the bottom of Madura Pass, that is certainly the best view going east excluding the Great Australian Bight. Kangaroos, standing about 3 k's after the Madura roadhouse **as if frozen on white line** the left hand side of the road in three groups of three.

One bounce and curtains for Keith at 110 kph or at least a stuffed M/C with broken bones or another collar bone & ribs thrown in for free!

This revved up the *stick heart valve syndrome* to about 8,000 rpm right on the red line, that got the blood flowing and saved any exercises that day!

You cannot stop a motorcycle quickly in the wet (no ABS) unless your name is Andrea Dovizioso (Ducati), remember Japanese GP.

All I could say each time within this 3 k's with this three groups of three kangaroo's eating the green grass on the verge, with lots of water for a drink as well, was *thankyou, thankyou, thankyou Father*.

Kimba, SA half way point - to Wilmington

One wombat in South Australia walking across the road at night and five dead that made me literally cry. No vehicles that kill His Creation in the millennial reign or used as weapons of mass destruction.



Ye Old Wilmington Pub - Flinders Ranges SA



Great place to stay however you may have some unwelcomed guests at night from time to time, now that's a story! I'm sure Wayne, Phil & Liz (*as they are Royally know*), Richard, Jeff, Don and all of CMA SA know this place well, it's a great ride up the pass from the coast as long as there are no semi trailers or caravans on the way up.

S.A & NSW Border.



Broken Hill, Wilcannia and to **Bourke**, famous Australian names in far western NSW. Goats around 750 - 1,000 near plagues of the suckers. Most goats stood still however some were bent on trying to kill me. Goats, sheep, emus, kangaroos, wallabies all mixing and grazing together!

Never have I seen this before, mostly in groups of five to ten and nearly every kilometre or two and some in herds of up to 50-100, over a 500 kilometres stretch going east as far a **Walgett**.

The wildlife were there on the side of the road because there was plenty of pooled water & lots of lush green grass as tucker just off the verge with a mostly wet road. In the dry would have been OK, however a bit spooky & dangerous with the often wet road over this 500k stretch. This continued

with two goannas over one metre & one 1.5 metres (*komoda dragon stuff*) biggest I have ever seen in the middle of the road warning themselves when the sun came out.

I prayed gave the Lord the Glory, each day of six days over and five days home. "*Father you are my Creator God I love you far more than your creation but I also love your creation Lord, please don't let me hurt any one of your creation*".

Thousands of parrots in flocks of 20-50 and **not one dead**, along this 500 kilometre stretch, in NSW some flying around, over & under the BMW, some passing a few centimetres me and the windshield constantly ducking to keep my head on my shoulders and **not even one** little beautiful parrot killed, out of thousands flying in flocks, along the Darling River catchment. Some seemed bent on trying to kamikaze me. Beautiful majestic Sulphur Crested Cockatoo's, that never came west, Major Mitchells, Rosellas, Twenty eights, Lorikeets, Cockatiels, Pink and Greys, White corellas, some budgies green & gold and some very small parrots budgie size however not budgies as they had red on their back that you only saw when they flew away, not even Magpie, Murray Magpie, or a little sparrow harmed, no Kangaroo's Red's or Greys, Wallabies, emu's, goats, sheep, goanna's, stumpy tails in 9,700k's all the way across and back Australia. **All Glory unto Him.**

NSW Boggabilla / QLD Goondiwindi Border



Photo is the **Wobbly Boot Hotel**. No my boots weren't wobbly just full of water a few days before and it didn't have a lovely blue sky like this. My mobile phone was drowned by rain lost all 350 odd contacts. **More on the phone later also all photo's gone.** Just before border and many times over the my time in Queensland so I waterproofed my boots, very simply 4 x Spudshed strong plastic bags, end result, perfectly waterproof boots more importantly dry socks. Dry stinky socks for bikers are almost acceptable, but warm wet stinky socks are hard to bare! Oh I don't mind, I'm fine, but everybody else may object when the boots come off at night **ie** at the CMAQLD Dakabin Campsite Queensland.

Therefore I made sure I had six pairs of perfectly clean socks with a dry sealed plastic stink proof bag, because my room mate known to some as **Daryl**, was 6' 17" tall and about 120 kilo's & would easy make it onto the front row for the Queensland Maroons.

Watson Park Convention Centre Dakabin Queensland CMA Run 2017.

An incredible, inspiring time.

Many thanks to Steve, Chris, their CMA team in Queensland the attention to detail and planning was impeccable. Their hospitality and kindness we all experienced. The Old Boys Gospel Band & Ps Wally.

Bruce Warrington has always encouraged all CMAWA members to attend the annual national runs every year no matter what state or how far to go. CMAer's all over Australia came all ages, with the most senior I believe, Brian a South Australian Academic riding on a **CAN AM Spyder** towing a trailer all the way! What a tremendous effort.

CMA is part of that *"many membered man"* also known as *"the Body of Christ that He is the Head"*. We are a para—church organisation representing **Jesus Christ to all Bikers** in every state of Australia. The Lord rebuked me for talking too much about CMA not enough about the head **Jesus Christ**. When an opportunity to share my testimony I now say it was **Jesus Christ** that saved my life from Hodgkin's Lymphoma, racing motor cycles and on the road, I should be have been a dead many times over.

Years of negative oppressive electronic media in all forms has influenced the masses against our Father God and His Christ. It is increasing difficult to ask people to church from any vocation, social status, friends, family, work colleagues no matter who and get them to come. We are in a war ladies & gentlemen against an exceedingly deceptive & cunning enemy and we know his name he is the father of lies, however we also know who wins and who has past tense already won the final battle it is our Father who art in Heaven, Jesus Christ & the Holy Spirit. We are already equipped by His Holy Spirit and He has given unto us great men and leaders such as Kerry Gibson in the CMAUSA to give us long term strategies to win this war, not short term tactics that fail overtime. All we have to do, **is do!** As *"faith without works is dead"* **James 2:20 & 26**

This is our niche, Bikers always talk to Bikers. Unless you ride a Japanese Motorcycle and you are trying to talk to a biker riding a Harley Davidson. Some may talk to you most won't. That's easy don't bother. Find a Japanese Bike rider. If you ride a European motorcycle most Harley riders will talk to you but some still won't, so find the ones that will. This still leaves thousands and thousands of Bikers in every state that will talk to you. We start by being equipped with **1) A phone** or a **pocket notepad** **2) Ask questions.** Rehearse them. Start talking bikes first, ask them about their bike. They will soon open up. **3) Their phone number,** ask, *"we have a ride on soon may I have your phone number so I can text you what time where to come"*. Don't carry a ride calendar or look on your phone for the date, the objective is to **get their phone number** first and name, so you can follow them up.

Ask them on a ride, a barbeque, sausage sizzle, film night, a **Bikers Barbeque Brag night**, where we have a camp fire ask the locals to come with their motorcycles and get their wife or vice versa to come bring the kids in the car, all welcome **ie** CMAWA AGM 2017 Kojonup

Well we didn't get many locals but I can assure you the ones that came were affected by Christian Bikers who never shut up bragging (*testimony*) about our Lord. How do I know it worked well because I went back to Kojonup and asked the locals non Christians and had a chance to hand out Bikers Gospel of Mark and give out another written testimony that came with follow up, all praise to Him.

Non Christian Bikers all get to brag about who's bike is best but we also get to **brag about our Lord** and **give our testimony.** Rev 12:11 *"and they overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony and they loved not their lives unto death"*. These **saints** were serious, they were fervent, boiling hot and passionate about Christ .

Remember we are part of the Body of Christ and **His Word** applies to us and when we humble ourselves **fast and pray** our Father listens. In other words we employ exactly what **Kerry Gibson** said. Also Ride Captains plan the ride and fish where the fish are, go where the Bikers gather.

Place the Lord in charge of your chapter do everything by **prayer**, that often means pray and wait for an answer before you act. Expect great things and great things will happen when you please God the Holy Spirit.

Back to the Ride home: Wilcannia Post Office on the Darling River.



I had no Google Maps and was riding home by myself as immediately after the camp I spent two days on the Gold Coast staying with my Aunt Katja. Aunt is 96 still walking down the street to the Fore-shore at Paradise Point to share the Love of the Lord to the Lost! Some South Australian's had headed for the Birdsville Track or gone home. Don was first to go and I believe Richard was soon after..

Anyway coming into Wilcannia that is 200 k's east of Broken Hill, I was still about 60-70ks east of Wilcannia and a **Dejavu rainstorm** hit me....

same spot 18 months prior bringing the BMW from Queensland to Safety Bay. Sky turned black at a distance about 20K's away. Thought I had plenty of time to get wet weather Belstaff on, wrong again, barely got back on the road when it hit, not tropical rain like at Beau-desert 29 degrees and pouring lovely warm rain. Far west NSW & desert, temperate dropped in ten minutes from sunny sky 28.5 degrees to 18 degrees and black I have a temperature gauge on the speedo.

This rain was torrential vertical and the heaviest rain I have ever ridden in, very frightening stuff. Nowhere to stop over this stretch as road was built up in most places from 1-2 metres from ground level because of, yep you guessed it flooding. Broken road edges and worse still three semi-trailers each with two dogs coming towards me at 100kph. I just held my breath cried out to the Lord for protection for probably 15 seconds each that seemed like 1/2 minute. I was completely riding blind because of the spray. Also there was that much water as I said torrential rain running off either side of the road. I rode in the middle with no more than 1 metre either side of the middle broken white-line that was the only spot that I could see bitumen. Off of the white-line the water was 20-30mm deep, Very very frightening stuff. Anyway I made it into Wilcannia drowned and I do sincerely thank the Lord for His protection. I pulled up into the Wilcannia Motel where I stayed 18 months prior also drowned yes same spot in rode down the driveway to number 9 and there was a motorcycle pulling a single wheel trailer parked next to the unit next door to mine!

Richard Woller CMASA! Spoke to Richard and in the morning we left for Broken Hill, I told him about my dead phone and no Google Maps, Richard led the way became **my Google maps** all the way to Adelaide. Richard even guided me through a Billion odd dollars FED government funding of major road construction north of the city and said to me, *"I'll point where South Rd is, stay on South Rd and it will take you all the way to your to Flinders University, up Sheppard's Hill Rd and your sisters"*. Is Richard an Angel? don't know ask his mates, but he was to me & he was great company. Our Lord had Richard **in exactly the right place at exactly the right time**, as I would have got lost trying navigate the Adelaide maze!

"Thankyou Father for Richard for his help even when he was going via Mildura". *"Thankyou Lord for **Pastor Wayne's** encouragement friendship in QLD & help with best place to go to obtain a new back tyre in Adelaide. Also Tar Lord for **Liz & Phil, & Jeff** always at CMA Annual Runs, **Don** who assisted me with electronics on the BMW at the camp and also highly educational video's on Bush Mechanics"*.

Ceduna S.A; Central jetty in Town—Perth 1,964 K's



I rode into Ceduna just after dark & pitched my swag behind a disused truck weigh station to get out of the cold southerly coming off the southern ocean, 3 K's out of town. I was asleep in 15 minutes about 8.30pm, then awakened by a truckie with a flat tyre at 1.00am really annoyed with himself because he forgot his blocks of wood & wrong size socket for his rattle gun, to jack one of his two dogs up behind his semi. So I got up out of my cosy warm swag & sheltered spot and offered to help because bikers & truckers get along. We worked from 1—3am not making much progress, since the mud guard was bent and we didn't have the tools to fix it, "Mick" picked up his phone a dialled for help from White-Line (his trucking company) and their set mechanic in Ceduna. I said "see you in the morning Mick", thinking he would probably be gone. About 6.30am no mechanic showed up, just Mick & I again.

He was a big boy with even a way over standard truckers huge pot belly dangerously unhealthy. I had to do most of the work as I thought he was going to have a heart attack he was puffing that much and he constantly had to stop. We managed to get the mud-guard out of the way and I finally managed to get three nuts on, as Mick came out from underneath the Truck to help me. He was literally wedged and stuck on his back jacking up a dog with four solid grey flat concrete slabs 800 x 800 that are used for garden-paths. He stacked up the four slabs with the jack on top. Now it was about 7.00am, Mick broke loose from his chassis wedge underneath the first dog and he stood alongside of me.

I said "I know what's wrong Christian Bikers often stuff this up, **we should have prayed first** instead of **when all else fails we pray**" so I prayed, "Father we need your help please look after us and please help us to fix this spare tyre, Amen", 30 seconds to 1 minute maximum later as Mick was about to go back under the first dog to continue jacking, there was a mighty loud **BANG** as all four concrete slabs disintegrated under the load and the jack fell to the bitumen and the truck dropped 40–60cm.

Mick went white, it was past 7.00am plenty of light I could see his face clearly & he said "if I had have been still under the trailer I would have been dead, it would have crushed my every rib".

I said "**thankyou Father**". Mick gladly received our Christian Bikers Gospel of Mark, my testimony in print when prior to the **BANG** he really didn't want to know. 30 minutes later Mick with a big smile on his dial and was on his way. I have his mobile & spoke to Mick today **19.11.2017** & guess what, **He is certainly listening now**. "**Thankyou Father for placing me in exactly the right place at exactly the right time**", like Richard. All Glory to you Lord.

Esperance — short cut—long cut. South from Norseman to Hyden turn off hoping to take the short cut direct on the dirt about 200k's to Hyden in the Wheat belt, only to find road closed to 4 x 4 only. The short cut became a long cut via Esperance without going into the town this is an old photo above. More rain again at Lake Grace up the Albany Hwy still raining in the dark to home.



When you literally step out beyond your limit of faith, our Father will answer you. Just like Peter stepping out of the boat to meet His Lord walking on water. No water for me, just camping out in the semi arid desert alone by myself, not in caravan parks. This was a great practical lesson for me, as I still had many fears prior to leaving. I am not as brave at 62 that I was at 30. It seemed like the El-Gibhor – the pre-immanent Christ's protection was around me just like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, when Nebuchadnezzar said "**but I saw four men loose walking in the midst of the fire and they have no hurt and the fourth is like the Son of God.**" Dan 3:25

I know that Christ the El-Gibhor was **not** actually there, however I had an incredible peace, a peace that I have never ever had experienced before and He protected me. Too many incidents, too many times of what seemed to me miraculous preservation. Far too many to be "**coincidences**", however it was **Gods Providence**.

Our Lord cares for you just as much as me remember; the Kojonup CMAWA AGM. He loves you as much as me. There is **no one calling or vocation is higher or more important than the other. No Pastor, Teacher, Evangelist, Elder, Deacon, Song-leader is more important, than the church bathroom cleaners, coffee & tea ladies & men, car park ushers, church gardeners, IT & sound-jockeys, church secretaries.** All are equal in our Fathers eyes all add their unique value to the Body of Christ. **All are precious & purchased with His Blood with none higher than the other** or there would be favouritism by our just impartial Father God. If we esteem Pastors, Priests, Reverend's, Teachers, Evangelists, Song Leaders higher, then we are in danger of setting up a church hierarchy & we would be Catholic or High Church of England in persuasion. There is no Final Authority nor scriptural basis whatsoever for this position. **You are precious in His Eyes.**

Also Thinus, Brian, Bruce supported me when I **faltered** in QLD, thanks guys.

What does **Falter** actually mean? My circumstances; no work, no business gone, 12 months ago. Never in my life since I was 16 have I not worked. So I got out of the boat just like Peter did, then looked at the storm, just like Peter. My storm was I went out in **fully extended faith, right on the "red Line", "value bouncing stuff"** for me anyway.

To bikers; that knew the days of Japanese two strokes "**ran on the smell of an oily rag**" in other words they ran at almost no cost. I set out from Perth, with \$650. Fuel alone was \$450 for the 4,850 actual k's I travelled. Slept in my swag and took a lot of prepacked nuts, figs, dates & one meal a day. When I got to the Gold-coast at Aunts I had \$50 & no money to go to the camp, fees minimum \$275. At breakfast Aunt, without me asking, just gave me on the spot \$500 cash + my \$50 = \$550 balance, less \$275 camp = \$275. Bike parts for a service that cost me around \$150 so I was back to \$125 to get to Adelaide. **Big, big storm in force 12 +** on the Beaufort scale. I have experienced this well past 12+ at sea, spooky stuff. \$125 just won't get me to Adelaide. So what do I do, well just like Pete did, had his eyes on the storm, I did the same, fear, doubt, worry. Solution: ask your mates. Thinus & Brian were there and immediately came to my rescue & offered cash with a mild rebuke, fair enough too. "**You should have planned**". I couldn't look at them, so ashamed, so looked away. Until I looked through my tears of disgrace, I felt Peter's pain. I felt so ashamed so full of sin, big boy, big statement of faith before I left WA. Well I refused the cash offer feeling so guilty. Well "**Man Plans his ways but the Lord directs his paths**" Prov 16:9 There is; **Faith, Foolishness or Presumption.** If you have got this far you know the story. Which one? You discern.

Camp over, back at Gold-Coast for two days prior to leaving for Adelaide, still \$125 only. Then Aunt asks me to come & share the Word at a ladies meeting run by Gloria, normally about 12-16 women. I shared the Word had no idea what would happen, facing the thought of 12-16 women that's scary enough. But I must say these "**saints**" ...*(I emailed Rose to pass on an article I wrote on; who the saints are, they aren't all St Francis of Assisi)...***passed around their ladies hat** and \$400 and a few days later I made it to Adelaide to my sisters with \$50 to spare. This is the "Many Membered Man" the "**Body of Christ**" in action.

What about you? How can you extend your faith, to serve Him more. He wants you to grow in both **Grace & Truth** If not voluntarily then our Father will assist you for your benefit. I hope this letter has blessed you, given a chance I would do exactly the same again by being **Obedient to Jesus Christ who died for us.**

Special thanks to **Pastor Dave** CMAVIC President who has given to Dr Maria & I such wonderful continued support with Bikes for Pastors. Thankyou Dave, **Jo and Butch** and all that help with Bikes for Pastors.

We need to **obey Him** and use our vocation & calling for His Glory in these very last of last days. God Bless. **Pastor Keith Rowlands**