

Pastor on a Harley

Pastor Fred went on a trail ride one bright and sunny day.
On his 4-legged horse who went wildly astray.
Up in the air our Pastor flew broke a couple ribs before he was through.

He put his horse to pasture back at the farm, where that old horse
could roam free without doing anyone harm.
Pastor slowly walked back to the barn, sat on a bale of hay and thought,
so far, this is not a good day.

He cried out to the Lord "What am I to do?"
The Lord answered "I rode a Harley, so why don't you?"

Pastor stood up and walked over to his 2-wheeled pard
that had not been riddin', just sittin' in the yard.
Pastor looked at his pard in shame for he knew his Harleys disrepair
was his to blame.

His Harley was covered with grime and dust and the Lord said to
Pastor, "this is a faithful horse you can trust."
With a new resolve to rescue and repair, Pastor wrenched and polished
his old pard back to its original flair.

The pan-head engine put-put-a-putted in a smooth refrain.
The front end chopped with ape hanger handle bars above
the front of the frame.

The extension of the seat, the color of black to ensure his
Rebecca sat holding onto his back.
With fish-tail exhaust pipes along each side Pastor knew his hog was
ready to ride.

Pastors old pard, ready and running like a charm, with a heavenly purpose, Pastor hopped on and thundered out of the barn. Thus as Pastor Fred on his Harley go down the road this saga begins and will continue with more Godly tales to be told.
(to be continued)

Written By: © Karen Kachel
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