

If you would like to ride God's path to Heaven, the one you will never forget, recite the following prayer and mean it with all of your heart.

Heavenly Father, I come to You in the name of Your Son, Jesus. Thank You for sending Him to die for my sins, an incredible act of love performed just for me. I am sorry for sinning against You. I believe that You are a forgiving God, as Your Word says, and that You forgive me of all my sins. I believe You raised Jesus from the grave, overcoming death, which allows me to accept Him and receive eternal life through Him. Jesus, please come and reside in my heart and be my Lord and Savior. Amen

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BIKE RIDE TO ETERNITY



For the wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.
Romans 6:23



A little over twenty years ago, our town installed a wonderfully scenic bike path. Fortunately for me, its beginning stretch passes a mere half mile from my home. There was high excitement and heavy usage when it first opened as locals and visitors pedaled, roller-bladed, and walked their way over the course, testing its every turn. Seeing as how I had worked part-time in a bike shop during the previous year, I was especially interested in utilizing this new path to promote cycling and the many accompanying benefits. But of all the times I've used our new bike path to this day, two decades later, there is one particular ride that will never, never, never be forgotten.

It was one of those first days after it opened. I was coasting along on my ten speed, when I came upon this one man ahead of me—a his bike was a virtual sound machine. As I got closer, I realized he was riding an “old-timer” bicycle that must have been resurrected from his cellar. As I rode alongside of the man and his squeak mobile, he surprised me with, “Excuse me, sir, have you got a bicycle pump I could borrow?” With a glance, I saw that his tires were nearly flat. I decided to offer him a better option than the hand pump under my crossbar. Since we were a short spin from my

home, I invited him to follow me there to use the quality floor pump I had in reserve.

After casual conversation with my new friend and pumping both of his tires, we headed back to the bike path where we continued to talk in general. Soon after we reached the turn-around circle at the end of the course, the topic shifted to of all things—God. He admitted spending a lot of time praying and seeking God, but his outreach always was somehow to no avail. One thing led to another before I asked if He knew Jesus as his personal Savior. He explained that he didn't but if there was any way to do so, he would be willing. An invitation like that is rare, indeed. We rode along, side by side, while I led him in the sinner's prayer. When he finished accepting Christ as his Lord and Savior, I could clearly see how the real oil of the day was the Holy Spirit, lubricating his heart, lovingly removing the squeak from his soul.

As I said, my ride wasn't just an ordinary one as they often tend to be. It was unforgettable. It wasn't about a casual ride, noisy joints, air for a man's tires, or some good deed. It was about God applying His brakes to one of His lost souls on a chosen bike path.