

Motorcycles On Main ~ Through New Eyes

April 7, 2017 ... Life has brought changes... I had to step away from the Community in 2014, to take more care of dying parents, continue healing and cross train. I am a Reiki healer now. Deep breath!

I had let my editor, Betsy, know I was available for reporting again... So when she called me to cover Motorcycles on Main Street in Mesa – I jumped at the chance. I had never been, even though it is literally down the street from my condo.

Wearing my vest and attaching my reporter badge after so much time was an experience in & of itself. I love motorfolk. I love to write event stories. My vest felt like a spiritual hug, as my memory Angels Embraced me. This is the life I missed so much. This is my village.

I parked and fell in love almost instantly. My cheeks leaked with love and my spirit soared to see the bikers. My side street was full of scoots and leather. The bands rocked and our heads bobbed to the beats. I passed fragrant Food trucks – selling tastiness ~ BBQ, Mexican, Hawaiian ice, and Italian coffees Mmmm!

I got to the corner and gasped at the view. Looking both ways - Oodles and Oodles of bikers. Sturgis in Mesa. A plethora of seller tents were everywhere. New shops too. A Micro Brewery! A Psychic, a Yoga shop, Jewelry & Poetry readings inside an

art gallery – WOW! And curios and a music shop, too. An artisan village with street bands and even a t-shirt silkscreen shop! My head was spinning with new awareness of downtown Mesa. Pure Awesomeness.

New friends and new venues, plus street vendors hawking everything from double pane windows and doors, to clothing, jewelry and Nail art! But no motorcycle venue would be complete without an ABATE booth, Injury Attorneys, Motorcycle gear, and custom bikes. Everywhere I looked, I saw love.

I hugged my longtime friends, Michael Shearhart and Wes, who were manning the ABATE booth. The next old friend was Red Dog from the Freedom Riders. As I walked on, I smiled and purred with fond memories. Who else would I see? Then in the Trikes section by Subway, I teased my Old friend Guff, Road Captain of Brothers of the Third Wheel. I had not seen him in forever. He did not even know about my stroke in 2009. Suddenly, I reflected on my life as a reporter. I started in 1996, with the *MMA Motorcycle Patriot*. 20-plus years of love. Motorcycles on Main is the perfect event to come to and fall in love with Motor-folk. It's well organized, orderly, friendly, and full of awesome people.

Enjoying more wellness – I am *Lady Jewells*

