

Good Day Harold from your mate in the USA! I talked to Steve about putting an article in your paper. I made a correction since, if it's not too late. (the spelling of erg to urge and added the last line) Thanks for considering letting me be a part of your HOG paper and keeping in touch with everybody. ride on gary gennetta

The Ride Back - No Regrets

(by Gary (g-man) Gennetta)

Milwaukee's 105th anniversary of the birth of Harley Davidson motorcycles was termed "The Ride Home" for Harley owners all over the world. This was a different "Ride Back" from Milwaukee to Colorado for three riders trying to beat death!

I just returned from a 9 day camping trip in Sturgis, South Dakota a couple weeks before when I stopped into a bar called Kim's Pixie Inn in Pueblo Colorado. He and three other guys were leaving the next day to celebrate H-D's 105th and had an extra room booked that their buddy wasn't able to use.

So when an opportunity of a life time presented itself, I had to make a snap decision. I told him, no, I wouldn't be able to go since my dad was in the hospital recovering from his second hip surgery in a year and a half. After talking to the family and seeing that he was progressing fine with his rehab, I agonized and prayed over it and finally decided to go.

It was a two day trip there with us stopping after 12 hours in a little town in Missouri for the night. A couple days before our return, my mom calls and said dad had taken a turn for the worse and was asking for his girls (granddaughters) to say goodbye! I was a mess feeling trapped with no quick way home. I talked to dad on the phone telling him I was about three days away, for him to hang on. Six of us were heading out at 6am on that Monday, Sept 1st, and I would be back Tuesday night sometime. We lost Kim & Rojo right off the bat in Madison Wisconsin after they made a wrong turn. We lost Tom in Des Moines, Iowa when he went the wrong way. We kept pushing on and were relieved to find out the three lost souls got back together but were about 2-3 hours behind us. They decided to spend the night in Nebraska but I had a mission and my two remaining partners were right with me. Hang on dad, I'm a day away if we can keep up this pace!

Talk about amazing, I rode back with two guys, Frank, aka Cisco, whom I had only met the week before and his friend, Garry, whom I'd only met that day riding back. What was so amazing was that Garry was deaf from birth. He can talk to you but you have to face him when conversing so he can read your lips (which he was very proficient at doing). Not only that but he was riding with a prosthesis on his left leg after losing it in a rock climbing accident. He was the most pleasant guy with the best attitude of anybody I've ever met! He has a tattoo on his arm of a leg with wings that reads "No Regrets". After 1400 miles and 20 hours in the saddle only stopping for gas and a pee break, riding through 4 states of wind and rain, sun and darkness, even a time zone change, these two guys stuck with me the whole way! When my legs starting hurting after passing through Nebraska's rain storm and turning dark and cold, all I had to do is look over at Garry and be inspired to push on. At the last couple of stops I'd urge them to stay but they wanted to see me through.

On one stretch through Nebraska we met a mate from Down Under named Doc who rode with us for several miles. Doc's job is to travel around on a motorcycle and write articles for a magazine there called Heavy Duty. We joked about how Nebraska and Kansas in the States reminded me of the outback in Australia. He said he'd put us in the mag if I'd send him the pictures and an article about our journey, so I'm up at 2am doing just that.

Later on, we met up with a lady that followed us in a cage most of the rest of the way through Nebraska and into Colorado. Turned out she was moving from Minnesota to Boulder. Since we were doing 80-85 mph on a 70 mph highway, she really covered our back side and she said we were helping to keep her awake. We finally hit Denver around midnight. Feeling exhausted, cold and fatigued we only had another 120 miles to go. The nice thing was, Denver's traffic was at a minimum at that time of night and the usual 2-3 hour trip to Pueblo took us only 1½ hours.

I made it to the hospital at 1:30 am, went through the security process and got to see my dad. I got to tell him thanks for waiting for me and that he would finally be at peace with the Lord after his long battle with Parkinson's and the two broken hips. He passed on around 4am with the family at his bed side.

After 9 days camping in Sturgis, a week in Milwaukee and a couple days at my moms, I'd wake up in the middle of the night and have to convince myself I was really in my own house! It took me about two weeks after being in Australia to do the same thing. I haven't got much sleep, with my dad passing that mourning (what a play on words!!), and then with all the funeral arrangements, but I feel at peace with it all.

As Garry would say, "NO REGRETS"!



Gods blessings and peace on all those who read this.

Ride on.....g



Gary (g-man) Gennetta, Doc Robinson, Garry Ferguson, Frank (Cisco) Chavez



Stephanie from Boulder



Joe (Rojo) Romero, Frank (Cisco) Chavez, Kim Griffith, Carlos Gallegos, Tom Ware, Gary (g-man) Gennetta



Dad - Chuck Gennetta