

Robbie Vinson

To my friends, supporters and loved ones,

My apologies that I have not kept many up-to-date so far. As of now, I still have not finished. I am currently broken down in Fairbanks. Rather not discuss how I got here. HD will finally make repairs tomorrow and I will continue on my way to Homer. Roughly 700 miles to go. But, if on par so far (and I choose to not listen to others), the route will probably be closer to 900 or 1,000 miles lol. I have had my trials and tribulations on this course for sure. Lovely Pam has probably called it the closest. She was not only sure I would come back a different man, but she was truly concerned – if not afraid – that she will no longer know me as I was. I am here to tell you that will most definitely be the case! Not even sure I will be able to share many portions of this journey for a long time, if ever. Thinking I may choose to invite people to one night where I will go over the route with maps and what stories I feel I can freely share. This was more than an endurance run and more than just a race. Jim Red Cloud had tears in his eyes at the riders' meeting when he shared the truth of his intentions. Many did not believe him, many quit after the first day. So many more quit every day after that. We no longer knew who was even on course. The rumors are out of control that this was a scam. For it to be a scam only means that my selfish brothers who share this planet with all of us were exposed for who they are. This was never about a chance to win a half million dollars, nor was it ever a chance to prove you could be the first person to Homer. It was exactly what it became. A chance for men and women to prove their honor, integrity, guts and determination. It became an issue of propping up your fellow rider and convincing them to ride on against all odds. At the same time it was a challenge not to ride away from your brother in the desire to win. I was caught in both of these dilemmas many times. My friend Ken Greene has a list of bikers' creeds on his My Space page. One really hit me hard after realizing his loss of life so close to the finish. It was this, "If you ride too fast you only guarantee that you will ride alone." I lived to regret that same thing exactly. When four of us were piled up in Montana, I chose to ride off into the night as they bedded down. As I entered the most desolate and longest stretches of this journey through BC and the Yukon Territories it became real for me. With broken ribs, a broken starter, two day of freezing rain and temps not to rise above 40 degrees, I found my demons. Still other members of our society came to my aid when I was down the most and was ready to give up. When I say give up, let me illustrate: Have you ever looked at a bear alongside the road and, in a crazy moment, thought it would be easier to wrestle him than to go on for another mile? Never thought I would either.

This is not over for me yet. Red Cloud was honorably seeking real men and women of strength and integrity to help repair the Native Medicine Wheel. Not part of my direct culture or upbringing but perhaps part of a past life or true genetics. Being adopted at birth I have no idea of my heritage. I did take on Red Cloud's challenge to collect spirits and return them to a central point for the specific travels home. I will be going there to let them know I am willing to do this journey a hundred more times before my life ends if there is any truth to my ability to help. Currently I may have a number of spirits along

with me. One of whom is very powerful and not just a ghost rider beside me like others. This man, "War Eagle" from Oklahoma joined me in the hills of Arkansas. When I say joined me, it was like this. Just above War Eagle Creek south of Huntsville, Arkansas I felt his energy at what was a natural stone arch – not unlike those you see in the sandstone of Utah. I let out an Indian whoop, waved my arms and said, "Come with me." That spirit totally entered my body from head to toe! Chills overcame me, hair stood on end and I was not able to stop crying for over ten miles. These sensations have not left me until this day. He and I have some similar values for sure! I still think my accident, BTW the only time I have ever gone down in a street bike in my life of street riding (which is over 25 years), was due to his trying to adjust from riding a pony to riding my steel horse. Let's just say he only gets one half of the controls for now. Never knew a spirit would love riding as much as I do. This man loves to go fast maybe even more than I do. You should feel the chills he gives me when he thinks it is getting really good! You may question the previous entry. But, I have had events (some of which are documented on tape) of how all my technology was taken away from me for this journey. Along with other unexplainable things that took place. But made me prove myself even more the hard way!

As for the Medicine Wheel, it is broken: man is greedy, self-centered and willing to screw his neighbor in a second if it leads to his own personal gain. This must be overcome!! I truly believe in the fact that a change is coming. Not a change in the sense of the end of the world, but a change in the sense of an end to the world as we know it. Our current generation has just witnessed the best time on the planet that has ever yet to be seen. When this change comes fewer of us than you can ever imagine will come out the other side. Yes I believe there is hope that after this happens life on the planet may be the most peaceful ever. I have chosen long ago never to pro-create, yet I still feel a need to help bring change. Perhaps this was the beginning of that for me... Ride on my brothers and sisters, as only the few who know the feeling of the open road can truly understand even portions of what little I have been able to share here. I am still on my way home, even if I don't know where home is any more.

~ HOKA HEY,
Robbie Vinson