

Terry Meyer

Honor, Integrity, Dignity.

When I left Key West, FL on the Hoka Hey Challenge as Terry Rogue, I knew I had my hands full. The Challenge would be dedicated to my mother and father, Ron and Linda Meyer, who were killed on their Harley Davidson in a horrible accident in 2003. I would have to dig deep emotionally, physically and spiritually. The hardships I would face in this Challenge would, in the end, help me grow to be a better man, friend, husband and father. They would also remind me of what is special in my life; the things that most take advantage of day to day. I can tell you now that I am grateful for the opportunity that Jim and Beth Red Cloud gave me. I am humbled by my experience in the Hoka Hey Challenge.

The difficulties of this Challenge brought forth what my father had taught me, through the years of our racing together. He taught me to be strong and to always believe in myself, even though there were times during the Challenge that I second-guessed my decisions. He also taught me that quitting was never an option; in the end, as long as I gave 110% I would never be upset with myself because I knew in my heart I did the very best I could. What my mother had taught me also helped me to the end of my journey during the Challenge. Her love, devotion and strength to stay strong through rough times, as well as her pure happiness, beautiful smile and love for life were my “Push” as we called it during the Challenge. The friendships I made along the way were amazing. Jeremy Sawyer, Robbie Vinson, Cherie (Messenger) Cross, Sheila and her dog, Trixie and Jim known as “Sucker Punch Sally” were my riding crew. Assuming the name “The Wolf Pack,” we helped each other through different parts of the Challenge and the stories we could tell became monumental in our journey. We stood together through difficult times to persevere.

An amazing group friends who believed in me helped make the dream come true. Kevin Pyles, owner of Team Trampstamp, pulled the finances together so it could all happen; in the end he was just glad I finished alive. Paul Wideman and the crew from Bareknuckle Choppers believed in me enough to build a hardtail race chopper for the Hoka Hey Challenge when no one else believed in me. Most bets said I wouldn't make it out of Florida; to arrive in Alaska left most people amazed to say the least. My mechanics, Steve and John, helped me and the bike continue on to the Canadian border. Once at the Canadian border I was on my own, and I was happy to finish what I had started by myself. So many friends and family supported me along the way. Every day, all we asked for was positive vibes. It kept me going when I had nothing left. Even after all the crashes and continuous bad luck I somehow stayed positive.

My wife, Cassiopeia, would pull me through to the end – sometimes love has no boundaries. She helped me study and train, and stood by me through the roughest time in my less-than-forgiving life. She was by my side and believed in my hopes and dreams. My dream of being the best in the world was dashed, but I never gave up and I achieved my goal to make it to the finish line at any cost. Our strength pulled me to the finish. After 15 days and 23 hours of the most brutal ride of my life, Cassiopeia was at the finish

line waiting with open arms and a huge smile. She told me to “welcome the pain” and, in the end, be the man you were meant to be. And I did. After seven years, I went to the gravesite of my mother and father for the first time since I had buried them. I wrapped my yellow Hoka Hey bandana around their flower vase and walked away a proud son. I had finished what I started ... I left Key West as Terry Rogue and come home Terry Meyer... Hoka Hey.

Family First,

~ Terry Meyer, St. Louis, MO