

Member Spotlight...



Cindy & Lynn Harris

When I was about 14, my first encounter with a two wheeled powered machine was a mini-bike that a friend had. I rode it a couple of times to impress his sister, which did not work. That would be my last encounter for many years. Unlike many of you I was not smitten with the wind in my face on the mini-bike.

While in the Air Force in 1972, a fellow airman kept talking about going to Daytona Bike Week and he and I would talk for hours about it. I knew about Daytona, my brother was there and I visited during summer vacations of high school. Right after he got back he was so excited that his enthusiasm caused me to want to go buy a bike. The weekend he and I were to go together and look at them, he was run off the road with some friends by an inattentive driver and killed. That ended my enthusiasm.

Later in 1973 another airman friend purchased a Honda 750 and asked me several times if I wanted to go for a ride to which I declined until one day, he was persistent so I said yes I would go. It was much different than my mini-bike days and I fell in love. Sadly, just after that ride another friend was killed riding and I was too scared to buy a bike.

Deep down that feeling you have, like falling in love with that special person, kept bubbling up from time to time and in 1976 I purchase a brand new Kawasaki 440. It was so much fun. I rode that bike rode all over the South East.

Over the years, I rode everywhere I could, mapping out campgrounds within 90 miles and going most every

weekend. In 1988 I sold my car and only had the bike to use as my main transportation for 16 years.

In 1999 I met Cindy and she loved motorcycling with me and my 1982- 1100 and my 1400 Intruder. The Wing had arm rests that we would bungee together as she would fall asleep and I was fearful she would fall off.

In 2000 we rode up to Deals Gap in North Carolina; you know 318 curves in 11 miles. Well we were on the Intruder and Cindy was not asleep as we were laughing and enjoying every inch of that asphalt. At about turn 280, she asked me if I thought she could ride her own bike. Being an MSF Instructor and seeing a new riding buddy I said sure, so she went through the safety class in late November and after about a month of riding stop sign to stop sign and all back roads to get the feel for the bike, she absconded with the Intruder, only because the keys were not in the Wing, and she could not straddle the seat.

Since that time she has owned three bikes and is closing in on 75,000 safe miles and she too is a MSF Instructor. I have over 525,000 safe miles.

We joined GW in 1999 and have enjoyed it immensely. We have held several offices within the local chapter in Daytona. We were Regional Directors for a group called the Retreads and we were officers in the Christian Motorcyclist Association in Daytona. We are AMA Field Reps too.

We love riding and camping. Our home is currently a 5th wheel toy hauler at a campground near Decker Lake. We also have a Bunkhouse camper I pull with the ST.

Cindy has a son and daughter, the daughter is in Spring and her son is in Japan with the Navy. I do not have any children, I am brat enough for Cindy. Our hobbies include riding/scuba/camping/photography and woodworking.

We moved to Austin because my company asked me too, I manage medical office buildings on the Seton Hospital Campuses. The buildings are privately owned and managed.

Cindy works for a company that distributes coffee and creamers to convenience stores such as Speedy Stops and 7-11. She is the Administrative Assistant and Bookkeeper for EIEIO.

We enjoy being members of GW, the friends we have made over the years are priceless and now with Chapter O, we feel we have found a home again. While work keeps me from attending some of the rides, we do enjoy the campouts, rides, and people we have met. If there was only one group we could be part of, GW would be it.