

And on that ride up there, so sweet and dear
The dogs and the trucks he will not fear.
He will then understand the words from oh so long,
"The race is not to the swift or the battle to the strong."

Now up there you will miss him
If you look toward the back.
For with his brand new legs
He'll be leading the pack.

As he circles around with his hand held high,
They will know for sure old speedy's arrived.
They will hear him holler as in past years
Then someone will yell, old speedy's here.
And they all looked, and to their surprise,
There was he and old Jim, riding side by side.

Now there they go, full of joy and pride,
Riding like they did on the Jim Kruse Ride.

Old Jim said, "hi,"
And someone said, "Wow, look at 'em riding,"
"Just two old pals."
... they just keep on biking.

And finally, as he circles on out;
And through Victory Lane,
Someone yells, "He's riding again."

In his new found body and on his brand new bike,
He just keeps on biking where there is no night.

So, in biking and in life
May we hear it like a song;
"The race is not to the swift or the battle to the strong."

Finally, blessed in our biking; and all of its thrill,
The greatest blessing comes in the life that we live.

Andy Miles