



More Than a Hobby

Anybody who knows me knows that I have a passion for motorcycles. But truthfully, motorcycling has become much more than simply a hobby or recreational pastime for me. In some ways, it has become a way of life, a way of breathing, a way of recalibrating my soul when life becomes heavy.

I started riding when I was about fifteen years old. My brother and I shared an old Honda CB350, and to us, that motorcycle represented freedom itself. We eventually upgraded to a CB450 and then later to what, at the time, felt like the crown jewel of motorcycles: a 1976 Honda CB750. I absolutely loved that machine. The CB750 was the flagship motorcycle of its era, smooth, powerful, dependable, and beautiful in a way only riders of that generation can fully appreciate. I rode that bike everywhere, including long trips through Colorado and up into Canada, stretches of road where the world felt wide open and life still seemed filled with endless possibility.

Then life happened. Marriage happened. Raising children happened. Responsibility happened. Like many young fathers trying to do the responsible thing, I stopped riding for a long season of life. Motorcycles, after all, do carry risk, and when you are holding babies in your arms and trying to build a family, your priorities shift rather quickly.

Returning to the Road

Years later, however, when life became far more emotionally difficult and complicated than I had ever anticipated, I found myself drawn back toward riding almost instinctively. At first, I honestly did not fully understand why. I just knew that something inside me came alive again when I rode. It was not recklessness. It was not thrill-seeking. It certainly was not some stereotypical midlife crisis. It was something deeper than that.

Riding became therapeutic for me in ways I could not fully explain initially. At a time when joy had become muted and much of life felt emotionally heavy, riding demanded presence. Full presence. You cannot safely ride a motorcycle while remaining completely trapped inside your own thoughts. The machine calls you back into the moment. The curve ahead matters. The feel of the pavement matters. The weather matters. The sound of the engine matters. Your breathing matters. Everything else falls away.

For someone whose nervous system has carried decades of stress, grief, trauma work, leadership burdens, heartbreak, responsibility, and the emotional weight of caring for hurting people, that kind of focused presence becomes profoundly regulating. Motorcycling, at least for me, is not fundamentally about adrenaline. In fact, reckless riders often do not last very long. Good riding requires something entirely different. It requires calmness, humility, attentiveness, rhythm, flexibility, and flow.

Machines That Match the Soul

Over the years, I have discovered something interesting about motorcycles: not every bike fits every rider. There has to be compatibility between the machine and the soul riding it.

At one point, I owned a Harley Fat Bob. Now let me say this honestly: I absolutely loved the sound of that motorcycle. Good grief, the sound was glorious. Deep, thunderous, unapologetic American muscle. When that thing fired up, you felt it in your chest. It sounded like rebellion and freedom wrapped together in steel.

But beyond the sound, it simply was not the right motorcycle for me.

The bike felt too heavy, too clunky, too unrefined for the kind of riding I genuinely loved. No ABS brakes. Massive weight. Brutish in many ways. It had personality, certainly, but it was not my personality. Riding it felt like trying to force a relationship that looked appealing externally but lacked deeper compatibility underneath.

And honestly, motorcycles are a little like relationships that way.

When the fit is wrong, you know it.

The Harley was charismatic, loud, powerful, and iconic, but it never fully flowed with me. I respected it, but I never bonded deeply with it.

Then came my BMW RT.

Now that motorcycle suited me beautifully. Sophisticated. Refined. Balanced. Comfortable enough for long-distance touring, yet athletic enough to remain engaging and alive. I put nearly 90,000 miles on that bike in what felt like no time at all. It carried me through deserts, mountains, storms, sunsets, and long stretches of internal reflection. The RT became more than transportation. It became a trusted companion.

And now I ride what feels, at least for this season of life, like the perfect integration of who I am: my 2020 BMW R1250RS.

What an extraordinary machine.

BMW has spent decades refining that legendary boxer engine, a design lineage now approaching nearly a hundred years of evolution. The engineering is astonishing. The variable cam technology transforms the motorcycle almost like it possesses multiple personalities living inside one machine. At lower RPMs it can be smooth, composed, civilized, even elegant. But twist the throttle hard, let that engine breathe, and the thing becomes an absolute savage.

That bike is a rocket ship.

One hundred thirty-seven horsepower. Massive torque. Instant acceleration. The R1250RS does not merely move; it lunges. It devours pavement. It explodes out of corners with this snarly, almost feral intensity that honestly still shocks me sometimes. There is something gloriously untamed about it. The bike wants to run. It wants to stretch out. It wants to attack mountain curves and open highway with breathtaking aggression and precision.

And truthfully, that resonates with something deep inside me.

Even at my age, there remains a part of me that does not want to be overly contained. A part that still wants to go full throttle sometimes. A part that still craves adventure, speed, intensity, beauty, movement, challenge, and the raw exhilaration of being fully alive. There is still a wild side in me, and I honestly hope there always will be.

But what I love most about the R1250RS is that the motorcycle can also carry something else entirely.

When needed, it shifts effortlessly into sophistication. Into disciplined touring. Into long-distance comfort. Into refinement, restraint, composure, and maturity. It can become smooth, thoughtful, measured, and deeply civilized without ever losing the underlying power resting beneath the surface.

And perhaps that is why the motorcycle feels so profoundly compatible with me.

Because I, too, carry both.

There is still a wild side in me. But there is also a more seasoned, thoughtful, disciplined, and reflective side now too. The R1250RS somehow holds both realities together beautifully. It is both savage and refined. Both thrilling and dignified. Both explosive and composed.

That motorcycle fits me.

And maybe part of aging well is not losing the wildness entirely, but learning how to integrate it with wisdom, discipline, purpose, and grace.

Lessons from the Road

Oddly enough, many of the same principles I teach clinically through the NeuroFaith® model show up on two wheels. If you become overwhelmed, you tighten up. If you tighten up, you stop flowing with the motorcycle. And if you stop flowing with the motorcycle, you become unsafe. Motorcycles punish rigidity, but they reward coherence.

The rider who remains grounded, attentive, calm, flexible, and connected generally rides well. The rider who panics, target-fixates, overreacts, or dissociates often gets into trouble quickly. Honestly, there is probably an entire NeuroFaith® lesson hidden inside that reality alone.

Some of my clearest thinking has happened inside a helmet. Some of my deepest prayers have occurred crossing lonely stretches of Nevada desert. Some of my healing has happened carving through mountain roads with nothing above me except open sky and nothing beneath me except an engine and two wheels.

The Brotherhood of the Road

There is also something deeply meaningful about the culture of riding itself. Riders understand this instinctively, though it is difficult to explain fully to people who have never experienced it. There is something almost sacred about early morning cold air against your chest, the smell of pine forests rolling through your helmet, the silence at a remote gas station in the middle of

nowhere, or the simple nod exchanged between riders passing one another on a lonely highway.

There is a strange brotherhood among riders who may never know each other's names and yet somehow understand one another immediately. People who do not ride often misunderstand motorcycles entirely. They assume it is primarily about danger, rebellion, or speed. And certainly, for some people, perhaps it is. But for many riders, it is something far quieter and much deeper than that. It is freedom. It is clarity. It is embodiment. It is therapy with handlebars.

Awake Again

As I have grown older, I have come to appreciate something else about riding. Motorcycles do not care about your titles. They do not care whether you are a psychologist, an author, a leader, a successful person, or a broken man still trying to figure life out. The road equalizes everybody. The motorcycle simply asks you to remain awake, present, attentive, and respectful.

There is wisdom in that.

In many ways, I believe modern life pulls us away from embodiment. We live increasingly inside screens, schedules, abstractions, anxieties, digital stimulation, and endless noise. Motorcycles pull you back into reality. You feel temperature changes instantly. You smell rain before it arrives. You notice shifts in wind. You become aware of your body again. You become aware of your surroundings again. You become aware of vulnerability again.

Oddly enough, vulnerability is not always a bad thing. Sometimes vulnerability wakes us back up.

Perhaps that is part of why riding has meant so much to me over the years. It reminds me that life is still beautiful, that adventure is still possible, that joy is still possible, and maybe even that healing is still possible.

So yes, I love motorcycles. But more truthfully, I love what they have represented in my life: freedom, brotherhood, prayer, perspective, coherence, healing, and the grace of still being able to feel the wind against my chest while moving through God's creation.

That, to me, is far more than a hobby.

That is throttle therapy.