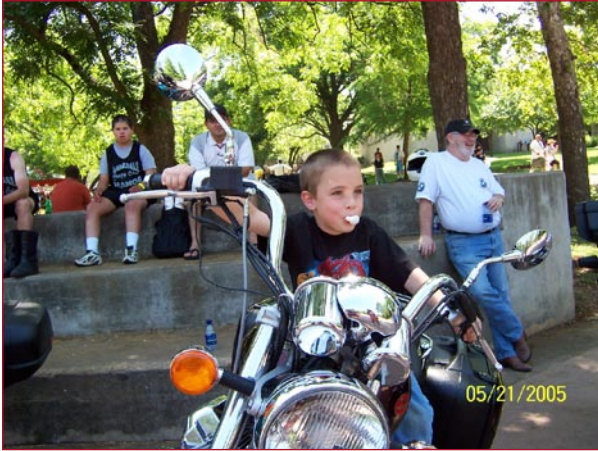


A Special Ride for Special Folks...



The Olympics are Special - May 21, 2005

Every four years athletes, representing their countries, compete for gold, silver, bronze medals and most importantly world recognition. But there are other Olympic competitions held worldwide for Special Olympians. Ones who will win medals and other people's hearts but never get that world recognition. Just such an event was held May 19 – 22 in San Marcos, Texas and members of the HCBMWR were there.

This was one time that the destination was better than the journey. I was part of a group of BMW riders whose sole aim that Saturday, May 21, was to bring smiles to the faces of others, competitors and their supporters at the 2005 Special Olympics Texas. But I am getting ahead of myself.

The day started for me at 7AM, in north Austin, after a rigorous night of sleeping. An hour later, I kissed my wife goodbye, mounted my trusty 14 year old BMW motorcycle and headed south on I-35, a most direct and dangerous route to exit 206 and Jim's Restaurant. My goals were to not get run over, keep up with traffic and meet a rather questionable assortment of other HCBMWR members.

Upon arrival at 9:06 AM, according to my watch, at Jim's, I found the place closed and no one around. While I was riding around San Marcos, the motley crew was enjoying a nice breakfast in an air-conditioned eatery. After meeting them at the Athletes Village, I learned that I missed them by one minute, according to Del's watch. The gang of 6 consisted of Del Grosenheider, Bob Barnett, Chuck Durant, Eric Brubaker, Carla Cay Krull a.k.a CC, and Robert Odendahl, a.k.a. me.

We set up our bikes near the river in the shade and waited to be discovered. CC immediately began cleaning the bugs from the front of her RS. I could say something about women's work, but... It paid off because an impromptu poll of sightseers voted her RS as the prettiest bike there. It received two of the three votes. The pristine Moto Guzzi came in second with one vote.



After several exhausting hours of watching Special Olympians, their friends and family, climb over our bikes, we were fed free gourmet meals consisting of turkey sandwiches, water and ice cream sandwiches. No beer. Something about the 18th Amendment or a dry county or both. No problem for me because I was the designated driver.

It was a fun time for all, especially the free lunch.

~ Robert Odendahl

Editor's Note: Final score for the "Favorite Color Bike of the Day": Chuck's Moto Guzzi won – had to be all that chrome!!

