

In Search of a Biker Bride

By Bob "Streetlight" Nelson (Sgt, USAF 1966-1970), Reader Submission



I rode bikes for quite some time. In 1972, after the service, I bought a 1971 Honda 450 from a good friend. It had shorty pipes, Z'd handlebars, and extended forks. It was bad ass, especially leaving the bars. (Mind you, I was 25 years old and far from wealthy... still far from it). 1975 brought me a new Honda 750-4 with drag pipes, apes, and a sissy bar. The following year, my wife got a new 1976 Honda 550-4.

Come 2005, we had both retired and my wife had cancer for many years. By 2006, those bikes were long gone, kids, go-karts, 4 wheelers, dirt bikes, you know the routine. In 2007, I bought a used 2006 Street Bob and started riding the roads again. (Both our boys have Harleys.) Soon after, in 2007, I bought a new Softail Custom and added BossNoss to it for an extra kick. In 2008, after 20 years of cancer, my wife passed away. We were married 39 years, 11 months to the day.

Now the fun begins, looking for a new mate. After being out of the dating arena for over 40 years, I decided to try Harmony, Match up, Bikers talk, etc, etc..... Here are just a few Honeys out there:

- 15 plus years older than her picture! Hey folks, I'm getting old but NOT senile.
- Dressed 20 years younger than she was. I wasn't hip enough and she left the restaurant. "Good-bye Dear."
- The nanny; no house, no car, no money, and been married more times than a polygamist (NO offense.)

• The biker Chick? When I said, "I'll pick you up on my bike," she exclaimed, "I don't want to date no biker trash!"

• The real estate Baroness who said to call back, but could never be reached.

• The best for last; a dental tech who said she wanted someone for her brains rather than her body. Well good luck with that.

After weeks of searching and many dollars spent, I found her. This woman, Brenda, was sewing patches at a bike shop in Garland. I collected some from Stugris,

Milwaukee, Florida, and other places. I walked in and there she was, like Cinderella working by a hearth. Needless to say, I took her away and we later got married. She has overwhelmed me since. Now we have our own patch shop, B&B Expresssions, and truly loving it. The moral of the story is something about the trees from the forest.

So if you happen to ride east of Dallas, stop by and see us in Terrell at East Texas Choppers. Have a beer, burger, and oh yeah pick up a patch or two and

get them sewn on while you wait.

A note from Brenda, the bride...

While working there I got to meet and know some of the most interesting and unique people. Bikers are a special breed of individuals who live life to fullest and have more compassion for fellow human beings than any other group of people that I have ever met. When he walked in the shop that day I knew that had finally met my knight in shining armor on an iron horse. I fell in love with patch sewing and the people I met so we decided that we would open a shop of our own. We opened in November 2010 kind of slow time for bike riding but word is starting to get around and is picking up the closer warm weather arrives. I do believe that by this summer things will be great. I have two machines and one of them is for sewing inside those much needed pockets that so often get sewn shut. We are sell patches, leather riding apparel, t-shirts, and are willing to order anything that a biker might need. I enjoy the many clubs out there and will patch out any member for only \$25. Any and all clubs are welcome.

Love ya all, Bob and Brenda. Peace Brothers and Sisters and have a safe ride.

