

Angel ON A HARLEY

A story in *Leadership Journal* by Craig Brian Larson told about a decision by Dodie Gadiant, a schoolteacher for 13 years, to travel across America and see the sights she had taught about.

Traveling alone in a truck with a camper in tow, she launched out on her journey. One afternoon, rounding a curve on Interstate 5 near Sacramento, Calif., in rush-hour traffic, a water pump blew on her truck. She was tired, exasperated, scared, and alone. In spite of the traffic jam she caused, no one seemed interested in helping.

Leaning up against the trailer, she prayed, "Please, God, send me an angel ... preferably one with mechanical experience."

Within four minutes, a huge Harley drove up, ridden by an enormous man sporting long, black hair, a beard, and tattooed arms. With an incredible air of confidence, he jumped off the motorcycle and, without even glancing at Dodie, went to work on the truck. Within another few minutes, he flagged down a larger truck, attached a tow chain to the frame of the disabled Chevy, and whisked the whole 56-foot rig off the freeway onto a side street, where he calmly continued to work on the water pump.



The intimidated schoolteacher was too dumbfounded to talk. Especially when she read the paralyzing words on the back of his leather jacket: **Hell's Angels – California.**



As he finished the task, she finally got up the courage to say, "Thanks so much," and to carry on a brief conversation.

Noticing her surprise at the whole ordeal, he looked her straight in the eye and mumbled, "Don't judge a book by its cover. You may not know who you're talking to."

With that, he smiled, closed the hood of the truck, and straddled his Harley. With a wave, he was gone as fast as he had appeared.

Given half a chance, people often crawl out of the boxes into which we've relegated them.

– Beecher Hunter