

# PROPHECY — Dickey, Dee and Death

## By Jim Golden — Chapter Eight

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The fear in Dee's eyes will remain in my memory as long as I live. I was a force to be reckoned with in my youth. Not only was I a recent graduate from the California penal system, but I was an outlaw biker with "juice". I had proven myself by beating someone to death in a fight and maiming many others. Now, right in front of me was the source of many years of suffering and I found the dreams of revenge and rage that had fed me through much of my time in jail strangely waning in the moment of opportunity.

As she begged and pleaded for her life, all hostility just left me. I, to this day, am not sure what was going on in the unseen realms, but believe that even as an unbeliever God allowed me to taste his mercy and forgiveness for Dee. Suddenly I found myself forgiving her and simply asking her if she had any money she could help me with. She assured me she had a little, but she would have to go get it. As I let her go out that door, I was letting go of some evil presence that had controlled my life for so long.

Drugs and violence would remain a part of my life for a few more years, but my heart was never wed to them as it had been before that day. Before she came back with any money, the thought that she might come back with the police inspired me to attempt my journey home to Maryland with the resources I had in my pocket.

I don't remember much about the journey home except that there was this sense that my life was going to change. The next few years found me trying to resist this feeling through my association with a notorious motorcycle gang, which for reasons of safety, (my own) shall not be named. My involvement with this club became very scary. I was being groomed for a special position. It would eventually be my role to eliminate any undesirable elements within the club itself. You might say I was the enforcer for internal affairs.

It was during these days that God began to enact his plan to bring me to his precious Son, Jesus. In the midst of my excessive depravity I had hung onto some archaic value that a man should work for a living. At that time I was the manager of a small electronics company in Rockville, Maryland. This position came about through my association with Steve B., the owner. A personal friend and fellow member of the "movement" I spoke of earlier, we considered it an honor to wear the title of "freaks."

The company was growing and we needed to take on some new employees. Enter Scott and Karen, God's undercover agents in the war for the soul of yours truly, Jim Golden. As "fate" would have it, I was being evicted from an apartment I was living in, and Scott and Karen were looking for a place to live locally to eliminate their commute from West Virginia. They seemed like a very nice couple and were an asset to the company so I made them the offer. We soon found ourselves living together on Homewood Parkway in Kensington.

PCP was becoming a popular drug among the biker community and very lucrative as well. You could easily obtain or produce your own Hog tranquilizer. It became big business in the club, bringing in millions annually in just the chapter I was directly associated with. It was a very dangerous drug because it allowed you to function while, for all practical purposes, you were unconscious. I can remember leaving a party in Baltimore and not remembering anything until the beam from my motorcycle's headlight struck the garage

door of my house in Kensington.

It was like a madness began to sweep the area as fear and paranoia began to be the rule of the day. The president of the mother club had decided it was time for him to retire and felt that he could do that rather nicely with a few million dollars from the club's treasury. As a result my moment of testing had come. I had been given my first contract. A 30/30 was given to me and I was told to kill him on sight. It was during an annual party when all the chapters show up that it was to take place.

The scenario went something like this. Every year there was something called a mandatory run. Every member better show up on his motorcycle ready to party and renew old ties and commitments or risk "excommunication" from the club. This meant surrender of your "colors" and motorcycle to the club. After all, if you weren't going to ride with them, you weren't going to ride. Anyway, the intelligence reports said that the "old" man was going to show up for one of his "old ladies" while the whole gang was out on one of its "runs". It was my task to eliminate him when he did.

As hundreds of motorcycles thundered down the long dirt road to the black-top adjacent to the farm, evening was settling on the 250-plus acre property. Rumor had it that there were more than just a few bodies buried in back of the barns. It was to be my task to add one more to the collection of the defeated enemies of the club. Knowing the mesmerizing power this man had exerted over his followers caused me to spend the night pacing the grounds in fear. Not only was he clever and ruthless, but he had two highly aggressive and well-trained Dobermans, dogs for which I held a high degree of respect. However, the dawn found the air filled with the thunder of the returning warriors and the night produced no victim for my 30/30.

A few deaths from the wars with a rival club in Virginia and the commission of the burglary of the business I managed, while high on PCP rounded out my year. My attempt at enjoying my ill-gotten gain ended up in my arrest in a hotel restaurant by Cook County Police. Awaiting extradition in the infamous facility known as the Cook County Jail, I watched an epileptic convulse himself to death because the guard thought he was faking. I decided to sign the travel papers and return to Maryland for trial.

To my surprise I was released on my own recognizance because of my guilty plea. I was also released from any club activity while going to court. This was to keep any pressure off my partners in crime. During this time the prayers that Scott and Karen had been offering to God for my salvation were about to be fulfilled.

I had everything I believed I needed to make me happy. Yet I seemed to be miserable most of the time. On the other hand, Scott and Karen seemed to have hardly any of the things needed to provide one with happiness, and yet they were almost always happy. It was this attitude that provoked me to ask that "fatal" question. "Scott, you always seem so happy. Are you on some drug I don't know about?" I knew he and Karen were Christians but the definition of what a Christian was wasn't clear in my mind at this point in time. Nevertheless, I was not prepared for the answer he gave me.

"Yes, Jim, I take L.J.C. every day." "What the hell is L.J.C. anyway? I never heard of that one," I said. "Jim, L.J.C. stands for Lord Jesus Christ and he is better than any drug you will ever take." "Awe, don't give me that Jesus stuff, I've heard it all before. Christians are nothing but a bunch of hypocrites!" "Jim, that may be partially true, but don't judge Jesus because we don't measure up to his standard of perfection," Scott replied.

What happened next, I can only describe as the divine intervention of God. As I was

turning to go away to catch a buzz and go for a ride, I found myself spin on my heel and ask Scott when he and Karen were going to go to church again. He quickly answered, "tonight". I could hardly believe the next question that came out of my mouth. "Scott, do you think it would be cool if I go?" I don't know who was the more surprised, him or me.

The rest of that day saw the return of that feeling that my life was going to change. I had a date with destiny and its name was Jesus Christ. As I listened to the little old gray-haired evangelist proclaim the Gospel, the good news of God's love for me, it was like water to a thirsty man. I had never heard anyone declare that we had to accept Jesus as our Lord in order for us to reap the benefits of his glorious salvation. Ellen B., declared that to simply acknowledge Jesus as the Son of God mentally, wasn't good enough. The demons did that and trembled, but none of them would be saved or end up in heaven. You had to trust him with your life.

The ride home found me in a daze. I didn't know what was happening to me, it was as if time was suspended and the whole universe awaited the answer to some, as yet, unasked question. As I walked into the house Karen's inquiries as to what I thought of the service fell on deaf ears. Behind my bedroom door there was a "greater one than Solomon" awaiting me. Many have suggested what happened next might have been the result of residual hallucinogenic drugs in my blood stream. From time to time I have wondered, but my life has never been the same since I met Jesus of Nazareth.

When I closed the bedroom door behind me I was overwhelmed with what I now know to be the presence of God. I began to cry and ask him if he would forgive me and accept my life without any reservations. At the risk of being criticized by some who read this I will try to remain true to what happened. It is not my desire to appear special in any way, but what happened, happened.

I don't believe the ceiling in my bedroom was physically removed, but it did disappear and I saw, unhindered, through to the night sky. As if in answer to my plea, the very stars appeared to form into the face of Jesus. While there was no audible conversation or dialogue, like I had previously known, we communicated or communed together all night. The thing I remember most vividly was his eyes. Not the physical aspect, but what was behind them. When I looked into them, I felt only sorrow over my sin, and I knew the pain it brought him, but he only returned forgiveness and acceptance. At no time did I feel any condemnation whatsoever.

The majority of the time was spent in releasing my guilt to Him. I knew that he knew everything about me, but he seemed to want me to let him see it all. It was as if my shame could cover my sin from his gaze, but when I would, as it were, let him see all the evil, guilt and pain, he was then able to take it away from me. This went on all night long and the continual weeping seemed more like a river of cleansing than a river of agony. Sometime in the wee hours of the early morning, I fell asleep for a brief time. When I awoke I felt as though I had awakened for the first time. I was so rested and full of peace. The joy that filled my heart had me literally doing cartwheels on the sidewalk that day.

Not long after that I read in the paper that Dickey had been killed in Gaithersburg in a "gangland" style shooting. I had seen him only a few months before and had shared my new found faith with him. To the best of my knowledge he never responded to it. His body was found with that of a sixteen year old girl. She had been shot twice, once in the head and once in the chest. Dickey's life was ended by nine rounds from a 9mm pistol in the head and chest.

There is a song that goes, "Where would I be without you Jesus...Your mercy toward me

is more than I can understand. Where would I be without your love?" That just about says it all.