

I have always loved custom motorcycles. I like anything from the simplistic to the sublime. I like simple custom painted motorcycle jobs, racers, choppers, cruisers and hogs. Custom Harley Davidsons, however, are my favorite. I have dreamed of owning a custom Harley Davidson motorcycle ever since I was a boy. I think it started off with my uncle.

My uncle was a big motorcycle aficionados, and an amateur custom motorcycle builder as well. My parents loved him because he would get me off of their hands on the weekends, and I loved him because he was always working on something interesting. I would go over to his house and see the garage strewn with custom motorcycle parts. My parents were extremely fastidious, having to put everything in its proper place at all times. My uncle, however, had a very different philosophy of life. He loved to make a mess, particularly when he was involved in something hands-on. And he was always involved in some sort of hands-on project or other.

Most of his motorcycles actually weren't custom Harley Davidson bikes. He was a big fan of Indians, and he had one he was always working on. I watched him put that custom Indian motorcycle together from ground up. It was impressive, but I was waiting for him to build a Harley hog. It wasn't too long before my prayers were answered.

He actually got an order for a custom Harley Davidson from one of the neighborhood kids. Although there were more highly ranked custom motorcycle builders out there, there was not anyone else who would do a good job for such an affordable price like my uncle would. You see, he didn't build custom motorcycles for a living, but as a hobby. It was a labor of love for him, and as such he would always do a solid job. That is how he got the custom Harley Davidson order in the first place. Some kid had inherited his dad's old bike, and wanted to fix it. He didn't have the skills himself, so he asked my uncle to help him out. I spent the whole summer helping him build that bike. My body was always streaked with grease from those custom motorcycle parts that I was handling. I was restless and grubby, but I was a happy kid. As a matter of fact, it was one of the best summers that I ever had!