

A Bond

I have a bond between a very good friend and myself. It started a long time ago. We meet in the military. We both had a common interest in motorbikes. Our mutual interest, grew with time into affection. Though our time spent together, we developed an understanding, which led to our respect for each other. We shared, in the next 40 years experiences, emotional support, and more time together. When time, finances, and proximity to each other permitted, we rode our motorcycles. Visiting, sharing a meal, good company, and a ride, proved beneficial. This seemed to increase our well-being, reduce our stress, and improve our mental health.

Today my friend is the brother I choose. My family.

By
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