



It was a sunny Sunday in September when Kevin Ward first came to Woodstock Prison. Unlike every other resident of Woodstock, Kevin Ward knew he was guilty and never once tried to deny that guilt. Kevin Ward was a quiet man who pretty much kept to himself. He caught the attention of the AFMC right away because of his tender face and soft pouty lips. When it came to Woodstock, the AFMC ran the joint. Kevin Ward couldn't have cared less.

Several days before Kevin Ward arrived at Woodstock, Andy Forrester had T-boned his R1200RT in Uxbridge down in swamp Yankee territory. Andy Forrester was the top screw at Woodstock and everybody knew you don't mess with Andy. Andy was assigned to transport Kevin Ward from Uxbridge to Woodstock, but without his motorcycle that would be a tall order. So Andy did what Andy was trained to do; he took charge and commandeered Kevin Ward's K1300GS. Normally Kevin Ward wouldn't have backed down, but the fear of being left in Uxbridge was enough to make any man (other than Andy) ride a Harley.

So there it was. Kevin Ward sittin' on the back of a Harley Davidson Sportster XS with a small smile on his face. Kevin Ward didn't do it to curry favor with the top screw at Woodstock Prison, he did it for reasons we would all only understand much later.

So the last detail left Uxbridge for Bath, Maine on Friday led by Andy proudly sitting atop Kevin Ward's blue bomber while Kevin Ward wrestled the Harley into submission. Rob and Urch St. John were not only on the staff of Woodstock Prison with Andy, they were also AFMC members with considerable authority. They accompanied Andy to make sure Kevin Ward gave him no trouble. The plan was to meet up with the work detail from Woodstock in Bath, Maine where Peter and Karen Brine had moved after their release from Woodstock. Peter and Karen had served their full ten year sentence and were trying to adjust and distance themselves from their sordid past with the AFMC. But as the AFMC is fond of saying.... "you can run but you can't hide". Karen Brine still twitched every time she saw a BMW motorcycle.

Frank and Barbara O'Connell were cell mates from Woodstock. They were in charge of renovating and remodeling all prison buildings. They had gone ahead to visit the Brine's since the Brines were experts at renovating and remodeling.

Heading in from Woodstock were Warden Rich and AFMC capos, Bob Kirby and David Bielman. The Sisters of AFMC (Jean and Kim) went to Bath by car and by way of LL Bean in Freeport. Whatever you thought of the screws of Woodstock it was the Sisters you really had to watch out for. Kevin Ward would learn this lesson on his first night.

Kim knew Kevin Ward's reputation for being a trouble maker. She knew he had texted the Warden the prior month with some sort of an offer in exchange for leniency. Kim was about to teach Kevin Ward a lesson about messin' with the husband of a jealous woman. There is no lesson more harsh than that of an AFMC Sister scorned. When Kevin would come to chow with a new set of bruises, we all knew better than to ask what had happened. Kevin Ward took it like a man.

The now conjoined detail gathered [on Saturday morning](#) at the Brine's hideout on the fog shrouded coast of Maine where Peter and Karen Brine lived a quiet life of stealing lobster pots and reminiscing about the glories of past rides. We ate breakfast quietly making small talk and pretending that Kevin Ward was not battered about the head and ears. Before leaving, I scratched into one of the over-

head beams the ubiquitous message, "AFMC was here".

We headed inland towards the town of Poland Spring. I had spent several formative years in Poland Spring as a young man. The place hadn't changed one bit. Kevin Ward had privately told me to look for a tree in a field next to a stone wall and that under that tree I would find a rock that had no business being in that field. We stopped in Poland Spring as Kevin Ward suggested and everywhere I looked there was a tree in a field next to a stone wall. Kevin Ward was an idiot so we went on, headed for Weld, ME.

Speaking of idiots, I should mention that my GPS plotted Weld, Maine some 40 miles to the northwest of it's actual location. So after an extra 90 miles riding around Rangely Lakes, Andy and I found our way to the Kawanee Inn on the shores of Webb Lake. The Kawanee Inn has the look and feel of a traditional Maine summer camp. Sitting on the porch at cocktail hour is a blood sport compliments of the local mosquitos. We all headed over to Cat and Doug's place for a typical [Saturday night](#) of drinking and shooting up the place with 22's and 20 gauge shotguns. Kevin Ward declined both alcohol and firearms. Such was the measure and patience of this man. Then back to the Kawanee for some fine dining on the screened-in porch. Kevin Ward sat quietly watching the AFMC members drink themselves into a stupor and tottle off to bed, hitting every door jam on the way.

[Sunday morning](#) dawned with the prophetic cry of the lonely loon coming from across Golden Pond. Kevin Ward breakfasted on baked oatmeal, eating like a man having his last meal. He readied himself for the long no-return ride into Woodstock. It was a beautiful autumn day with Maine foliage in full bloom as we headed up over Rangely Lakes and down to Lake Umbagog. Even for a quiet man, Kevin Ward was exceptionally silent that day. During lunch in Littleton, NH Kevin Ward barley touched his food. He had the look of a man deep in thought. As we headed down Route [5 along the CT](#) River, Kevin Ward slipped quietly to the back of the pack. It was as though one could read his mind. Stronger men than he had lost control of their bodily functions knowing they were heading into Woodstock. But Kevin Ward had a plan and he quietly rode with Andy without complaining to the O'Connell's Wyman Farm.

Everyone gathered at Wyman Farm joined by Sister Sarah. David Bielman tried to put a festive face on the evening by wearing a silly Hawaiian shirt. We sat on the porch as the sun sat over the ridge line and the mosquitos realized there was no more AFMC blood left to be sucked that night at Wyman Farm.

It was at the restaurant during dinner when Kevin Ward made his bold move. The sixth bottles of wine had been poured. The trip tales had all been told. It was that time of the evening when plans for future trips were being discussed. Andy's grand plan for a 2012 return to Turkey was on the table and everybody was feeling lighthearted. Kevin Ward let it be known that his trip back to Chicago would have to allow for a 500 mile detour through Uxbridge just so Andy wouldn't have to ride the Harley. Kevin Ward laid it out there with selflessness. I knew where this was headed. Kevin Ward is a genius. Before we knew it, someone made a motion to pardon Kevin Ward and in the flush of the moment...before anyone knew what had happened, the motion passed and Kevin Ward was free. Free to ride his GS back to Chicago. Free to hunt and fish along the way. And free to ride west with a light heart knowing he was once again a free man.

As for Andy, he awoke to find no trace of Kevin Ward. Kevin Ward had taken the key to the GS and while everyone was asleep at Wyman Farm, he slipped out quietly. All that was left of Kevin Ward was a Harley XS and a note with a simple message to Andy....."have fun."

Things in Woodstock were never quite the same. Eventually the O'Connells sold Wyman Farm and were left with only one farm. Barbara got so bored she agreed to take on the Presidency of the Calvin Coolidge Foundation. The Kirbys tore down there house at Bob's insistence and had David Bielman design a new spectacular and expensive house. Bob was soon thereafter admitted for psychological observation and spent his remaining years babbling about the cost of new carpet. Jean lives happily at the University Club in New York amongst all her friends on the staff. David and Sarah married and divorced and then married again. The St. John's were last seen headed for Uxbridge with Andy, but have never been heard from since. Some say Andy was spotted on Rob's GS several years latter on Martha's Vineyard.

Me and Kim.....we got a postcard from Kevin Ward and it said....."I figure it out...Dilly's old friend was really.....". But the last word was smudged and we never heard more until one day many years later on the beach in Xawatineo, Mexico where we ran into Kevin Ward and Mark Dilly, who were running a gay beach bar.....and as happy as I have ever seen them.