

Rolling to Remember 2025

By

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As the sun rose on Friday morning May 23, 2025, a group of new and older members gathered at WaWa on Newton Rd for our annual trip. Our HOG chapter was headed to Washington DC to participate in the Rolling to Remember 2025 event. Seven of us pulled out of WaWa around 8:00 am and made our way up to our first stop going through the Hampton Roads Bridge Tunnel and over the Coleman bridge to the WaWa in White Marsh, Va. The ride that morning was cold and who would have thought you would have to put on a long-sleeved shirt near the end of May. We got hot coffee, water and stretched our legs before we proceeded on. Our next stop was for gas and more refreshments if you needed it before we made a push to our lunch stop in Fredericksburg, Va.

We picked up two more of our members at our lunch stop, Fred and Sandy Honeycutt and after lunch we went to our first Harley dealer, Old Dominion Harley Davidson. At the Dealership we spent time looking at the clothes, shirts and the motorcycles that they had on the showroom floor. After the quick break we got back on the road and headed further north and west. As we were taking the scenic route off in the distance you could see the Blue Ridge Mountains. We pulled into the next Harley dealer, Bull Run Harley Davidson, and we stocked up on shirts and souvenirs. Once finished at Bull Run Harley Davidson, we started our final push to the hotel where we would be staying for the weekend. As we arrived at the Hotel we ran into friends that we had not seen in a while, Eric and Lisa Hutchings. They arrived the day before us and had come up for the event.

Saturday morning started with a visit to Patriot Harley where you could get your 2025 Ride of the Patriots shirts and other accessories to make you and your bike sparkle. Once we got all the goodies we wanted at Patriot Harley some of the group headed onto the next stop, which was Washington DC Harley Davidson. I stayed behind as I had some new artwork added to my motorcycle by the artist Dave "Letterfly" Knodere. I had been thinking about what I wanted done to my motorcycle since last year and I have to say that it turned out great.



While I waited for the art to dry, I kept in touch with the group and about 45 minutes after the group left, I was on the road to catch up to them.

As I arrived at Washington DC Harley Davidson, I found the group and made sure to stop in and see the United States Marine that would be at the demonstration on Sunday. Harley Davidson had a demo truck with new bikes to ride plus there must have been a hundred or more riders that were at the dealership with more coming and going all the time. Food Trucks were set up just in case you got hungry from doing all the walking around. After, everyone stopped in and picked up any goodies they wanted, seen the Marine and had checked in at the Pin stop we made our way to a rather shady-looking lunch spot. The food was not bad, but it is yet to be determined if we will go back to that place.

After we had a chance to eat and talk and maybe get a few good laughs in we headed into Washington DC so that we could visit Thunder Alley. As one would expect, the traffic was horrible. We were dodging cars left and right trying to get to our exit. Thankfully we didn't have any accidents but at least once or twice we had a close call. Even the people walking on the sidewalks just didn't seem to care and would step off in front of us. Finally, we made it to the ball field, and everyone got a needed break. We made our way into Thunder Alley, and I have to say it looked even smaller than the year before. Of course, AMVETS were selling shirts for the ride and if you looked hard you could find a few different colored rockers with the year on them. But no new patch it seemed this year at least I didn't

see one. After the quick pass up and down Thunder Alley we started off on our next adventure.

Weeks before we left for this ride one of our members, Joey Vargus, mentioned that if we made it up to Washington DC to come and see him. He would be around the Lincoln Memorial and would have a surprise for us. So, after we got done at Thunder Alley we split up into two groups and went searching for Joey. It was almost like a miniature scavenger hunt, but we had no starting point. We got to the Vietnam Wall and some of us went right and some went left. As we were walking toward the Lincoln Memorial, we stopped at a sign that had a red poppy flower on it. Eureka, we had our first clue, we went toward the sign and off in the distance we could see another sign and then another. After our third sign we finally found the USAA Poppy Wall of Honor and off in the distance we found our member, Joey.

As we walked up to the trailer we were handed red poppy flower pens to put on our vests. Joey told us to look at the trailer and when we got down to the end he would have a surprise for us. Each panel on the trailer talked about a war that the United States had been in. Showing how many had passed away, how many were missing and other facts. As we neared the end of the trailer there was a video playing on one of the screens. We all watched the video and had a moment or two of silent reflection about it.



As we were finishing up at this last panel, off in the distance we could see Joey and he was escorting an older gentleman. It turns out that the older gentleman, Allen "Doc" Hoe was the one from the video we just watched. We talked to him and had the honor of having our photos with him. What made this so moving was the story of the flag that we saw from the video. Mr. Hoe was a Vietnam veteran that lost his entire unit, 18 members, in battle on Mother's Day in 1968. He was given the American flag that you can see in the picture and carried it with him for 57 years. In 2004 Mr. Hoe's son was serving in Iraq and his son asked if he could have the flag as a way to honor Mr. Hoe's unit. On the very day that Mr. hoe's son received the flag he was killed in Iraq. The flag was recovered and sent back to Mr. Hoe, and he allowed USAA to display it and his story for the first time this year.



Above you will see photos that the group took with Mr. Hoe and below is a group photo from the Poppy Wall of Honor.



After we had the chance to get our photo and say goodbye to Mr. Hoe and thanks to Joey for setting this all up, we made our way out of Washington DC and went back to the hotel.

As Sunday morning arrived it was an early one for the group. We needed to be up and at Patriot Harley early so we could stage for the ride to the Pentagon. At 9:00 am the engines came to life on hundreds of motorcycles at the Dealership and we started making our way down Lee Highway and onto Interstate 66. Young and old lined up along the route that we took to the Pentagon and it was good to see the turnout of all the people. We arrived at the Pentagon parking lot and there were a lot of motorcycles already in the parking lot. It seemed that the turnout might have been larger than the previous year. As always, we walked around the parking lot, looking at the artwork on other motorcycles and having a good time. At Noon the engines came to life and hundreds upon hundreds of motorcycles left the parking lot and roared through the streets of Washington DC. We stayed in contact with as many of our group as possible and after the ride we headed back to Patriot Harley Davidson and onto lunch. We all started to get a little sad as the weekend was ending and some friends we would not see again for a while.

As Monday morning dawned, we started to say our goodbyes, pack our motorcycles for the ride home, check out of the hotel and most importantly put on our rain gear. We had anticipated it would rain on for the entire ride back home but thankfully it did not happen. We ran into a few sprinkles here and there but it did not pour on us like in years past. One by one as we got closer to home riders waved off and said their goodbyes. As we got closer

to the Hampton Roads Bridge tunnel the group had dwindled to just a few riders left. On the other side of the tunnel two of us waived off and for the most part the ride was over, and I was a little sad. But I was also looking forward to the ride next year and hope to see new members participate.

If you have never been to this event, I urge you to come at least once and see for yourself what goes on. I tell you it is an eye-opening event, and I have had the pleasure of going for the last few years. I am proud of our HOG chapter for going each year and I am looking forward to next year.