



PASSION ~Part 1

Greetings, Bruce Demers here, relatively new to this party! Wayne and Kat have invited me to share some of my concepts with the readers of [The Magic Happens](#) and I have most graciously obliged! It sure is delightful when someone gives you carte blanche to discuss what ever you choose!

I have done a fair number of things over the years, Highland Heavy Athletics, played cricket, rugby, was a basketball referee as well as a race car driver on dirt in the northeast USA and Niagara Canada. Which brings me to today's topic. **Passion.** (Part 1)

No two people are alike, and I most certainly am unlike most to start with, so upon pondering this I came to 2 different types of passion in one sport, car racing. First, for this month's installment, the technical, adrenaline rush, fever, passion end of it. It consumes you, they say it is maybe 2 nights a week in the garage and Saturday race day, but it is far from that. You clean and inspect every single part of the car on Sunday. Fix damage on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday re set all the alignment and go over the geometry in micro detail. Why? Why do we do this? I cannot answer for every fellow that races, but I always wanted to do just that wee bit better than I did last week. One half pound difference in air pressure, stagger, caster, camber split, record every detail and decide what to do this week.



When you get in the car all bets are off, you have a nervous excitement, your heart POUNDS, eyes on gauges, did I forget anything? Radio on? IS THIS THING ON? Ok, yes it is, you sit awaiting your call onto the track, eyes darting to your competitors, whom are also your best friends, for the next few minutes anyway. The car rumbles, quakes and vibrates. All you want to do is unleash all those horses! You sit, alone with your thoughts, maybe strategize, maybe not, that always depended on your starting position. You tighten your belts, and re-tighten them and tighten them again just in case. We all know these open wheel cars go over easily and I may be the one tonight to cartwheel over a fence. Man its hot in here, I hope we get going soon! Finally my race has been called. Here we go!

The parade laps are nice, you can feel how the dirt and your tires are liking one another, oh, hang on, during the parade laps the starter wants us to wave TOWARDS the crowd *if* our radios are working. I always thought that was sort of bogus, the crowd thought we were waving at them, but really we were waving at the starter so he knew we could hear him.

(Deep breath) Here we go, close in on number 18's bumper, I'm starting 3rd, I figure I will shift in turn 4, hope he gets on the gas fast or I will run him over. Tongue inside teeth, don't want to bite it off if I am hit from behind, thumbs out, no broken wrists wanted.....

In to turn 1 we go.....oh *ohhhh*, that didn't feel right, I'm loose. Gather yourself up Bruce, you can correct in turn 4.....I go down low into turn 3 figuring the inside will be moist. Oh NOOOOOOO, the rear end "broke away" and am spinning right in front of 20 oncoming cars.....

I genuinely have no recollection of what happened next. I do know the car came to a final resting place on its right side. I saw twisted suspension, looks like a broken rear axle, my bumper is over *there*, and it's a long walk back to the pits. You know it isn't good when they need 2 *tow trucks* but what happened next will amaze you!

Someone's girlfriend gave me something to drink, and to my astonishment a host of people gathered around my car, not to gawk, but to put it *back together* and get me back out for the next race! There were 2 people on each corner, a welder put my bumper back, I saw an axle, new wheels came from others trailers, kids hammering bent sheet metal. *I can do this!*

I began to put a fresh set of tear offs on my helmet, my heart began to pound again, I heard someone start my car, and take it for a spin around the pits, seems the axle is ok, thank goodness! Wally and Dave, my best friends there, took me aside and asked what *exactly* the car was doing when I spun. When the Navy Reserve sponsored 877 arrived back to my stall Wally lifted the rear with his jack and cranked a good 30 pounds into the right rear, and took about 15 out of the left and who knows what he did to the left front?

I got back in the car, shaking, starting dead last in the 'B' Main. I hung back, and tested to see how everything felt.... Hey not bad! 12 laps, I gotta go if I am going to salvage this night. The green flies and so am I! Holy cow the car has never felt this good! I put the car into a slide and the right rear gripped! Alright! Here we go! Elbows up! The cars working well up high, and well down low, time to start passing these guys! I'm getting one on each straightaway and doing a slide-job in each turn picking off one more! I CAN WIN THIS THING MAN! Yellow flag flies, *thank goodness!* I can pull up on the leaders! 4 laps left, I can do this, lined up third I gave the leader a tap on the rear to let him know I'm here.....no shifting.....I am ready go and if he doesn't pick up the pace I will just push him. I can taste that checkered flag now, I have never won one of those yet, this is the

closest I have ever been. I give the leader another tap and he is motioning something to me...I don't think it was complimentary.



I backed off to give him some space and myself some room to get a run on him, which ever way he goes I will go opposite and we can sort it out in turn 2. Where are my gloves? Looks like I forgot to put them on in all the rush to get out here, now I can feel the dirt and

stones hitting my knuckles... doesn't matter, *this is my race!*

Green flies and YES he went high, I stepped on the gas, the left front hooked the soft stuff and I just hugged the rail, man I love this, sideways and flat out on the gas! I came out in front in turn 2 and never saw another tire. The rest of the race was like a time trial. Running my line, beautiful slides, drifting toward the wall, rev limiter kicking in at exactly the right spot... White is showing.....I wonder if anyone is behind me? How close? What if I spin? Did they fill the tank? IS THIS RADIO ON? Oh please, no flats. I see the crowd is standing, *is that for me? Oh my goodness! MY FIRST CHECKER! MY FIRST WIN!*

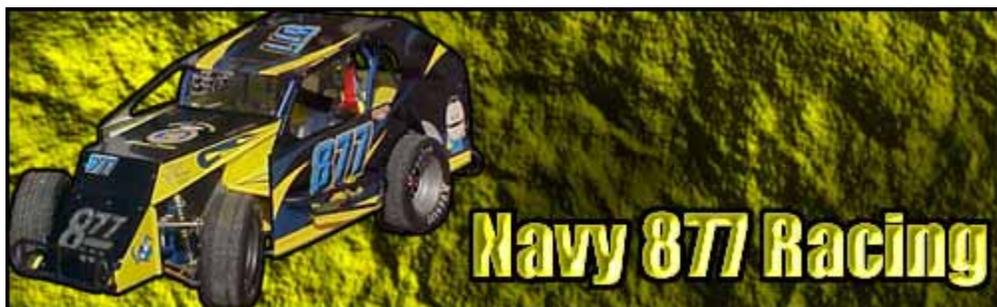
Pulling into Victory Lane I was teary eyed. I was fumbling with my belt, I couldn't unhook the radio from my helmet. To my astonishment, *THE PITS EMPTIED AND JOINED ME TO SHARE THE MOMENT!* Wally and Dave were first there to help me from the car, and congratulate me! That meant more than anything, peer recognition, best friends. How do you like me now says Wally?!

I hesitate to say that was the best day ever, but it sure ranks right up there!

From last to first, wreck to win, and over 200 people congratulating me. The crowd waving flags and cheering.

I can't wait till next week!

[Bruce Miller](#)



Bruce Demers is a 45 year old totally eligible bachelor! Living in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, currently employed as a Supervisor/Foreman in a machine shop. A single father raised 4 children while living in Windsor, Ontario, close to Detroit Michigan and has headed west to fulfill his Powerful Intentions

To learn more about Bruce and his Powerful Intentions and to see why his nickname is “Awesome-Man” visit his website at: [Bruce Miller](#) and feel free to roam around his site, read the blog, check out the photos and send him a message!