

CHATTANOOGA'S

KICKSTAND UP!

For Riders Only

MAGAZINE



Moleman Memorial Issue

FROM THE EDITOR



Hello Everyone,

It is with great sadness and a heavy heart that I write this Editorial. My old friend and riding buddy has left the building. Jimmy "Moleman" Cornett was one of a kind. I wanted to memorialize him with this Special Edition of KSU Magazine.

This issue is very personal for me. Jimmy "Moleman" Cornett was my best friend and riding buddy for close to two decades. We met at Randy Webb's FuturFit in 1991 and were friends to his last breath. He was loyal and I could always count on him to have my back and keep me in line when my temper got the best of me. I loved him and he was my Brother. It's hard right now for me to imagine a world without him, but I know he is in a better place with no pain and a failing body. His fighting spirit kept him alive much longer than the medical personnel predicted. It was a hard thing to watch, but he died with a smile on his face holding Lori's hand. I was the last one to talk with him before the pain medication rendered him unable to speak.

I want to share with you photos from my personal collection. There are a few by others that I collected off of Facebook posts. My photos mainly cover the years when we were partners in Road Rash Magazine because these were the years that we logged the most miles and travelled the most together. There are also many photos of Jimmy at various charity events and MCIC meetings. The Road Rash years were the best years we spent together. Jimmy had recently received his transplanted liver and his health was good. We were having a blast and on top of the world. He always used to say "Let's Rock 'n Mole

Bro." We rode them like we stole 'em and logged tens of thousands of miles together.

In many of the photos you will see my wife Julie "Pebbles" Land and Alan "BooBoo" Kelly. Moleman is the one who gave Julie her nickname. After dubbing her Pebbles he quipped, "Rock & Pebbles . . . the Rolling Stones." Jimmy and I took BooBoo on his first big trip and gave him his nickname on the morning of the second day of our ten day trip to Yellowstone. Jimmy and BooBoo roomed together and Jimmy mentored him on the basics of long distance travelling Rock 'n Mole Style. Times were good and the roads went on forever.

I must say that the last four years of his life were his happiest. He married Lori Cornett on 11/11/11 and he was happier and more content that I had ever seen him. Just the year before, he was near death due to his HepC flaring up and she nursed him back to health. His health was good until June of this year when he had a minor stroke and his transplanted liver started declining. The rejection medicine he took for his liver transplant for 15 years finally took a toll on his kidneys. When he left the hospital for the last time on November 27th he was diagnosed with state three renal failure and end of life liver disease.

Jimmy was so thankful for his new liver that he never touched another drop of alcohol after his surgery. He was active in the New Life AA chapter and ending up forming and being the first president of ARM in Chattanooga.

Rock
rock@kickstandup.com



The Rock 'n Mole Tour of 2003 was taking us through seven states in four days. We rode in the rain for four solid days, but we did it with smiles on our faces. We were doing what we loved and having a ball just riding and being together on the road. Mole was riding his Road King and I was riding my first of many Geezer Glides. After Mole wrecked his Road King in 2005 he went Geezer. Our matching black Electra Glides were seen everywhere during our years with Road Rash Magazine.

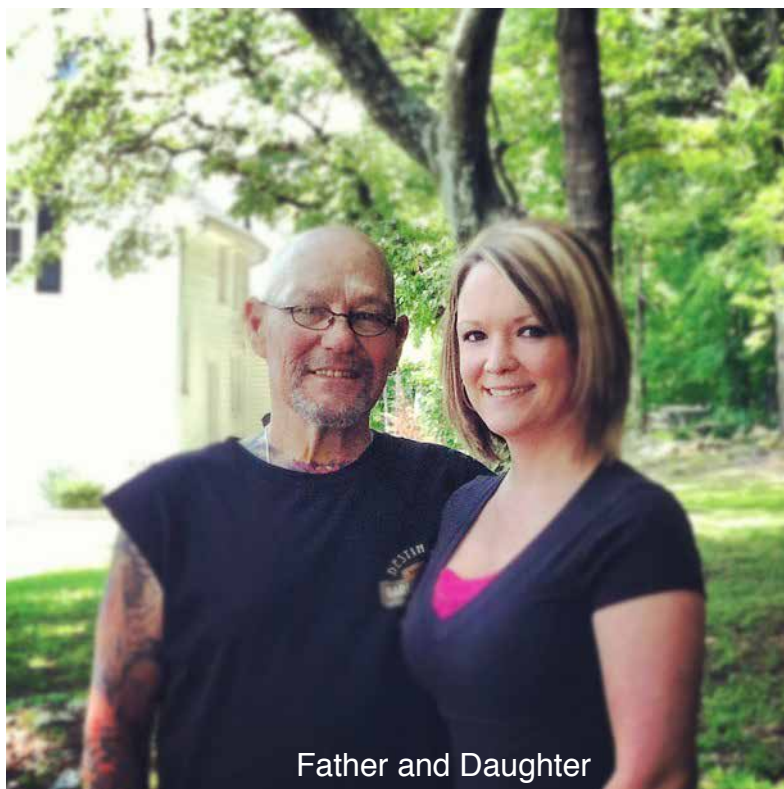
- rock



Father and Daughter



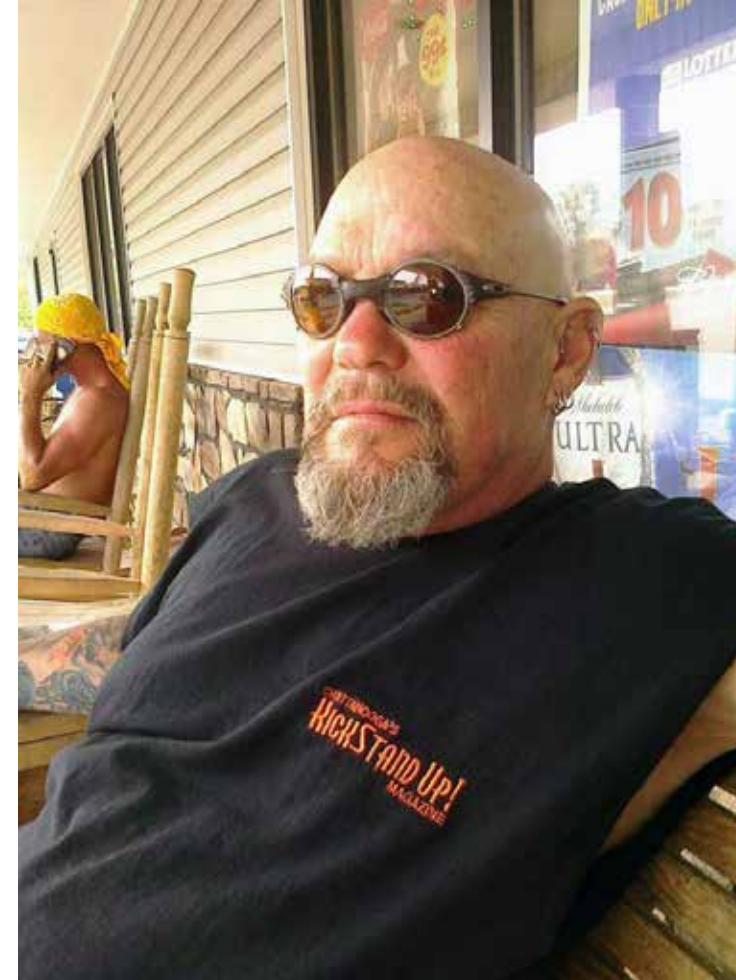
Father and Daughter



Father and Daughter



Jimmy and Grand Daughter





The Ledge

I am grateful for the opportunity to share a story about my friend Jimmy that has had a lasting impact on my life.

We first met in 07 through his best friend Rock. I somehow managed to get an invitation to tag along on one of their weekly Wednesday rides. I am still convinced to this day that they periodically asked a newbie to tag along on one of their day rides just to see if anyone of them could hang with the true "Road Dogs". I somehow passed that test, and was asked to join on others that followed over the course of the next six months.

In the early summer of '08 they asked if I would join them and Rock's wife Julie on a trip out west. They wanted to share their passion for cross country riding with a true newbie. Having never been west of the Mississippi, not to mention on a bike, of course I jumped at the opportunity. We were heading to Bear Tooth Pass, Yellowstone, Badlands and points in between. It was decided that I would be Jimmy's roommate for our trip.

The first leg was approximately a 700 plus mile day to Independence MO. We arrived late afternoon with no problems and checked in at our hotel to rest up a bit before dinner. This is when the reality of trip like this really hit home with me. I just rode 700 miles with these guys I had not known for long and here I am in west Missouri. Have I lost my mind? Call it nerves, home sick? Plus I'm rooming with this guy Jimmy that I don't really know! I remember thinking how can I get out of this? If I leave first thing in the morning I could be home for dinner, I have made a mistake!

I am convinced that Jimmy had a sixth sense and picked up on my nervousness. It probably didn't hurt that I had a turned a few shades paler. I did confess that maybe I had lost my mind doing this trip. He reassured me that we were going to have a great trip. It was okay to be nervous and getting out of your comfort zone is a healthy thing. Your day to day realities will be there when we get back. "Hang in there, you are going to have an experience that few people have the opportunity to complete". Jimmy talked me off the ledge and man was he right! It was the trip of a lifetime. I can still remember looking back in my rear view mirror and see Jimmy back there with that grin. It was very reassuring to look back and see that grin all the way back home.

The advise that I received from my friend Jimmy the first night of our trip has had huge impact on me ever since. It has applied to so many aspects of my life, work, personal relationships, and simple day to day things. Relax and enjoy the ride!

Thank you again to my friend Jimmy the best roommate ever,

Alan "BooBoo" Kelley



It was the summer of 2005 and the Rock 'n Mole Road Show was headed to California to visit a buddy of mine in Victorville, California who owned the Road Hog Saloon. On the way we had planned on visiting Dr. Dave's son Jason who was attending MMI in Arizona. Our first night was in Mountain View, Arkansas in the pouring rain. The next morning we left in the rain, but it cleared up a few hours later and the day was sunny and clear. As we were approaching our half way point, Enid, Oklahoma, tragedy struck.

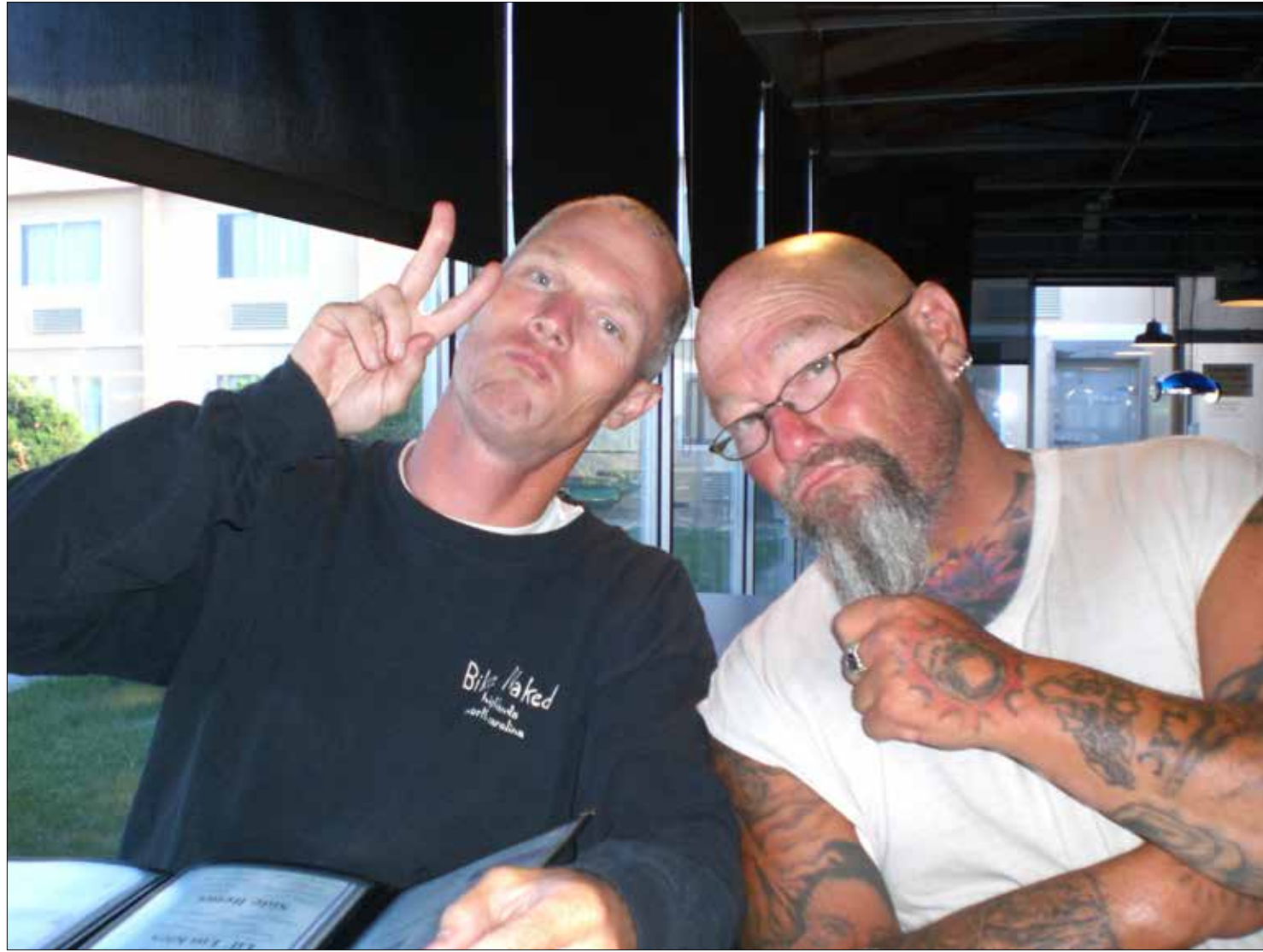
We were on 412W cruising in the right hand lane running about 90 mph. Suddenly I noticed myself closing real fast on a slow moving van, who it turned out was going 40 mph on a 75 mph divided highway. I checked my mirror turned to check the lane and then twisted the throttle passing at close to 100 mph. Mole who was watching me instead of the van checked his mirror and then looked up to realize that he was going to hit the van. He barely clipped the left rear of the van sending his bike sideways in the passing lane.

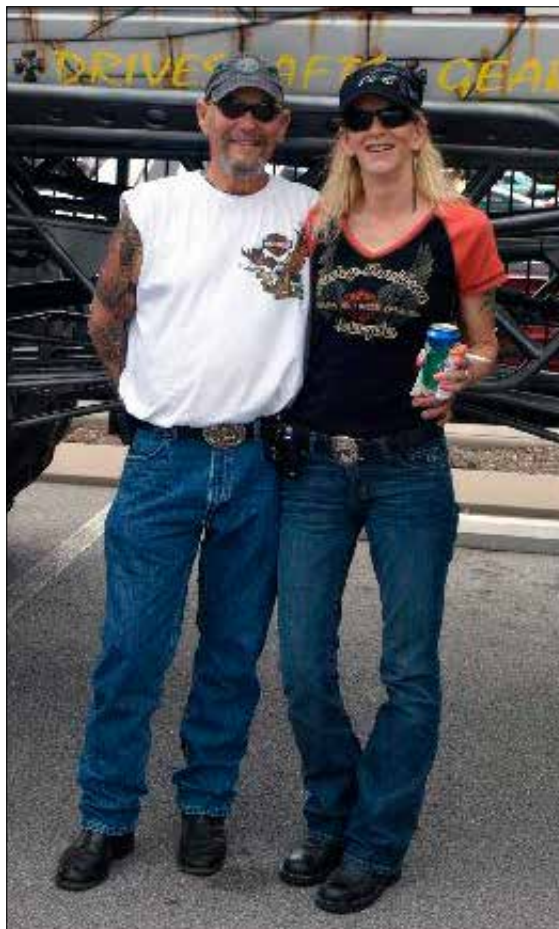
When I checked my mirror for him I saw him airborne as his bike high sided him. My blood ran cold, I knew he had to be dead. We were helmet less and wearing sleeveless shirts and jeans. I finally got stopped and my knees buckled slightly as I ran back toward the scene. All I could see was his bike laying

in the left lane and a large object in the road which I thought was him. As I got closer, however, I saw him standing on the shoulder being attended to by people that had stopped behind him. He obviously wasn't dead, but both arms had all the skin scraped off and he had a cut over one eye which required 5 stitches. His bike was totaled so he left it and we flew him back home. I cancelled the rest of the trip and took the long way home. My wife Julie nursed his wounds until I returned a few days later. - rock













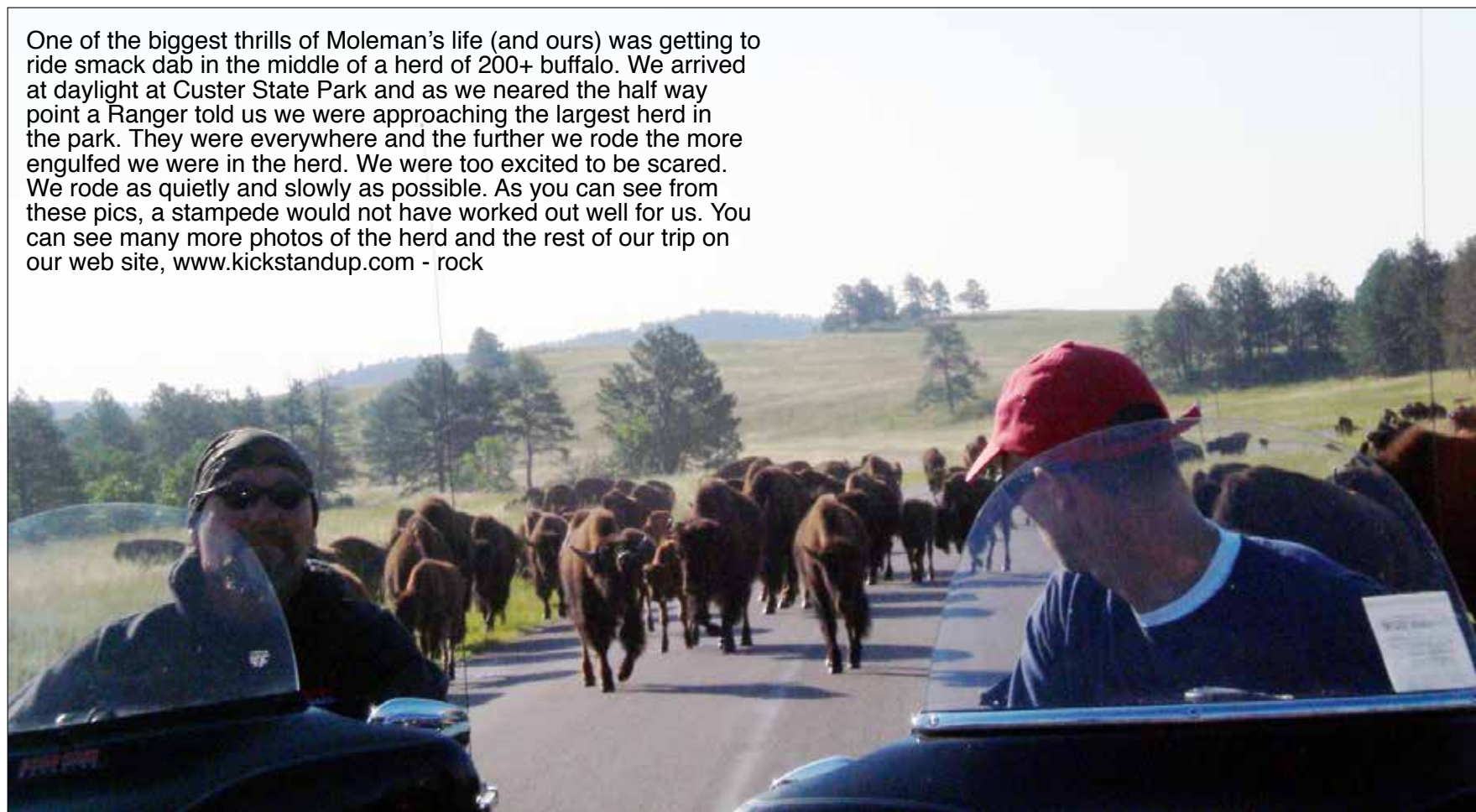


The Badlands, SD - 2008



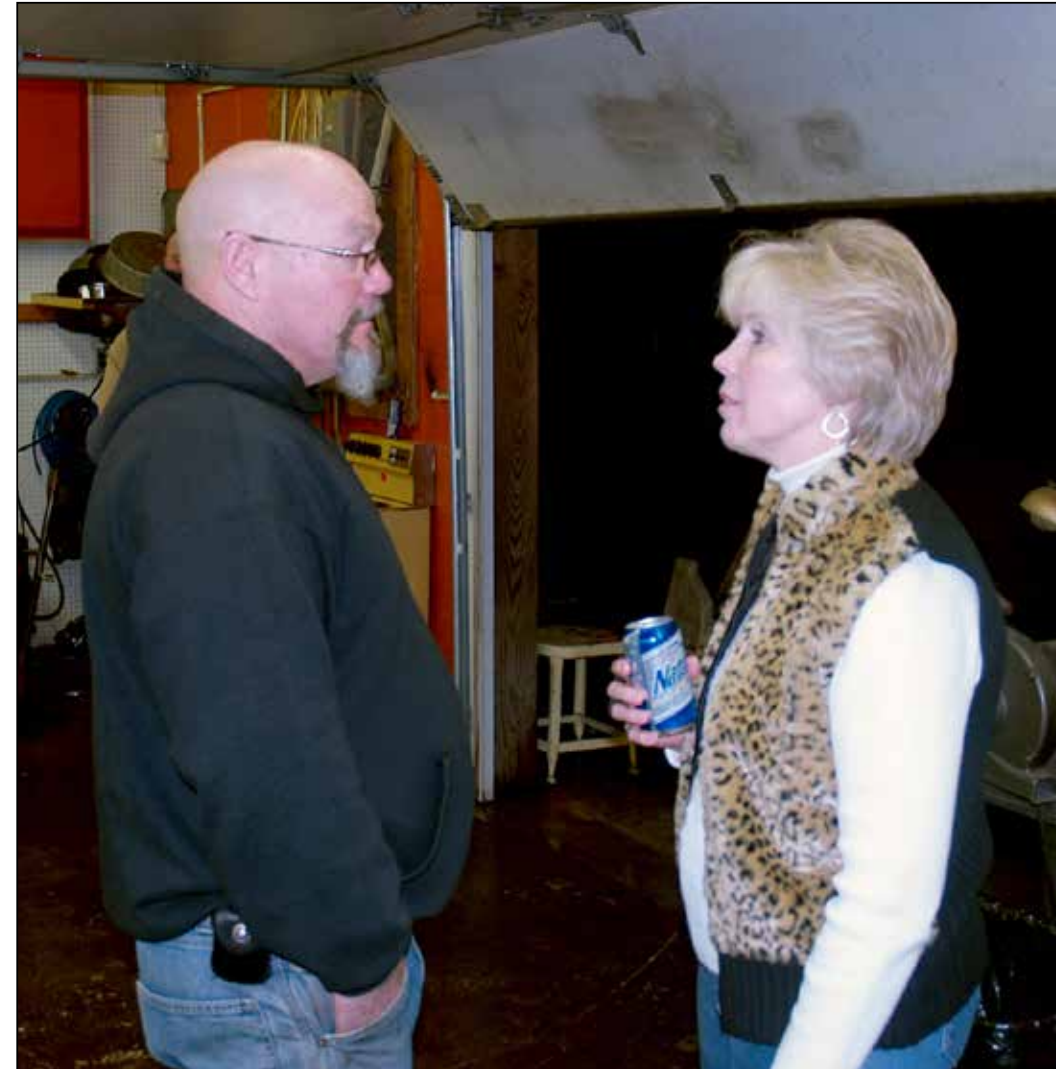
The Badlands, SD - 2008

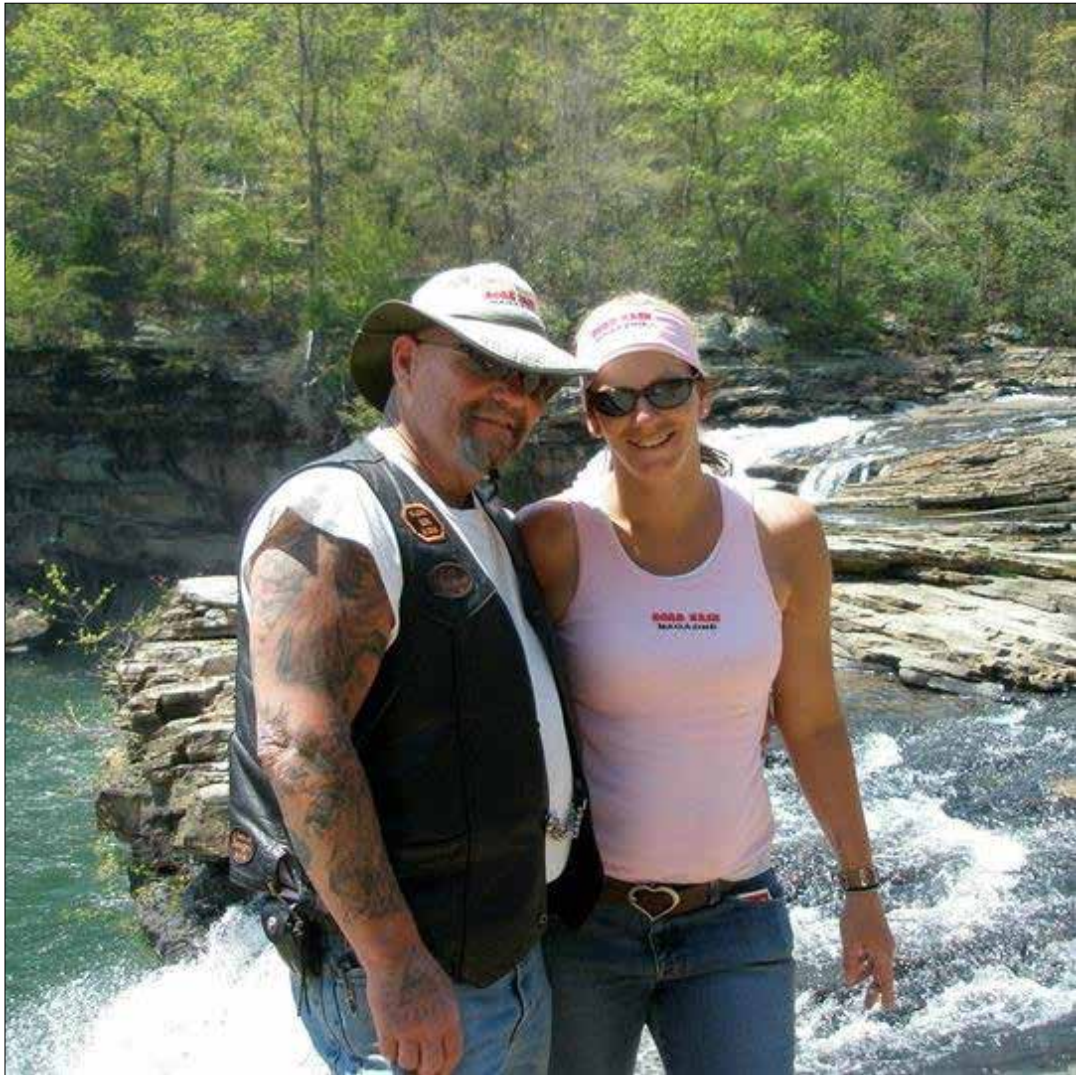
Moleman's Favorite Pose

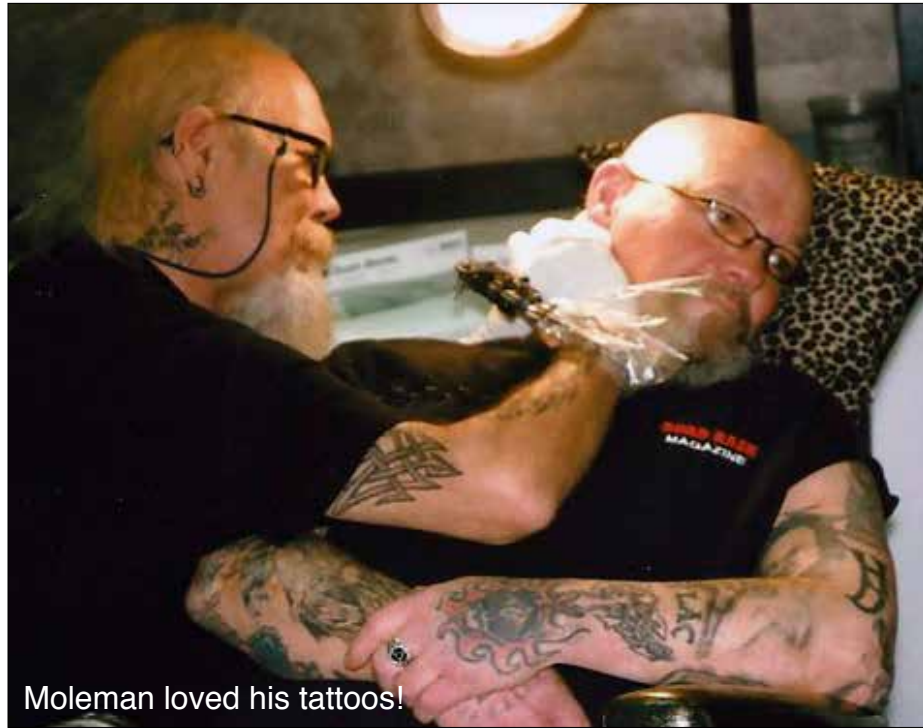


One of the biggest thrills of Moleman's life (and ours) was getting to ride smack dab in the middle of a herd of 200+ buffalo. We arrived at daylight at Custer State Park and as we neared the half way point a Ranger told us we were approaching the largest herd in the park. They were everywhere and the further we rode the more engulfed we were in the herd. We were too excited to be scared. We rode as quietly and slowly as possible. As you can see from these pics, a stampede would not have worked out well for us. You can see many more photos of the herd and the rest of our trip on our web site, www.kickstandup.com - rock

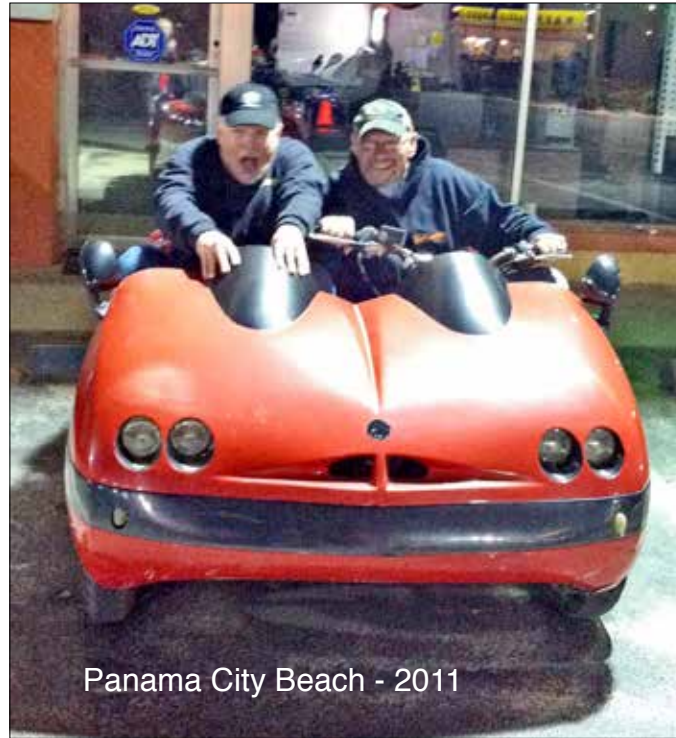








Moleman loved his tattoos!



Panama City Beach - 2011



Rock's chair w/ Max



Panama City Beach - 2011



You Won't Be Forgotten

Ride In Peace Bro

