

Bryan White - 1962 – 2008 - Rest in Peace

I first met Bryan about 4½ years ago when I had just started to ride my very first motor-bike. And boy did I need advice and a boost in my confidence.

His friendly manner and his passion for motorcycling were infectious

Although we were from completely different walks of life with completely different backgrounds, we soon became good friends, with him not only mentoring my riding skills but also always encouraging me to ride, and supporting me when I couldn't.

As I moved off my first bike and on to my second, he was there taking me out riding, ensuring that I knew what to do.

In 2005 we headed off to Phillip Island for the Moto GP. It was my first big ride and it was Bryan's interest and friendship that kept the group together. On that trip we made more friends from Adelaide who shared this fervour. It was Bryan who did this. Who could listen to him and not get caught up in the way he embraced riding?

Bryan was known by most of the motorcycling community in Adelaide and probably around the state, if not the country. People would contact him from everywhere to see how the riding in South Australia was going.

If Bryan nodded to an oncoming bike, there was a good chance that he knew the rider, so it was more than just a cursory nod,

Bryan always had the enthusiasm to get people out riding socially just for the fun of riding, and that enthusiasm has rubbed off on many people. His love for bikes, I think was unparalleled, and I would like to think that we, as social riders will carry on his dream, for social riding and fund-raising and just having a great time on our bikes, and with our friends.

When we first started social riding, he was excited to get 10 riders along. Slowly the numbers grew and we were consistently getting 20-30 bikes. Now a small ride group is getting about 30 bikes and a large fundraising run, over 100.

One quote that will always be remembered is his saying after one of his favourite rides - Delamere to Victor Harbour – as we stepped off our bikes, he looked at the smile on our faces, and said, "How fucking good was that!"

Bryan loved all of the rides that we did but he also loved some of the places we visited on our rides. If the town had a bakery, he would know where it was and if the pies or cakes were good, then on the ride we would accidentally stop there for a morning leg stretch, lunch or an afternoon leg stretch. The Black forest donuts of the Clarendon Bakery were one of his favourites. In 2008, our hills "chockie" run's route was changed. Why? To get in more lolly shops.

Who else but Bryan could get SABERS adopted by a whole country town. After reversing the travel flow last year we were welcomed by Robertstown and pampered and catered for by the bowls club. We even made the local paper and their web site. We are due to ride there in a few weeks time and this for many of us will be a difficult ride, our first Sunday ride without our beloved rides captain.

Though there were some tough times for him recently his enthusiasm for social riding never decreased. Social motorcycling was what he was about. Riding for the sake of riding, getting out there and enjoying life, the open road and of course, the twisty bits in between.

A few years ago Bryan lost his closest riding mate Tim. Tim and Bryan were at the forefront of social riding in South Australia. Tim's death from leukaemia hit Bryan hard, but on the whole, this event spurred him on and he started organised fund raising social rides, two per year for the leukaemia foundation.

Miriam, my daughter, almost idolised him, she loved him very much, as did everyone who knew him.

We were both always welcome at his house - come to think of it - it was almost my northern home.

More recently Bryan had become a father, something I don't think he ever expected to be. He was overjoyed at this and after the birth of Emily, Bryan and Marie asked me if I would be godfather to Emily, something I had no hesitation in saying yes to.

His partner Marie and daughter Emily and the rest of his family and friends will sorely miss him. I certainly know that I will.

Bryan White, 1962 – 2008, rest in peace, my friend, my mate

May you ride eternally forever on the big 'bird in the sky'.