

**Kevin John Woodward** – Area Rep, Editor, Mag stuffer, Postie & President – over 30 years! Life Member:

Two perspectives the first from his wife & life member Wendy Woodward, the second from his daughter Ally Costanzo.

**Wendy** – From the time we were married, we always wanted a Gold Wing & eventually we had enough money to buy our first one second hand.

The first was a GL 1100 from two Kiwi's who had visited Australia & didn't have enough money to get home, so Kevin bought the bike. The joy we both felt in sharing this new adventure was incredible! We had to pinch ourselves that we had the bike!

The second bike a 1200 was bought from a Ulysses member who could no longer ride & it was a side car.

The third bike was a 1500 & from a Canadian couple who had visited Australia & they didn't want to take it home. So, Kevin came to the rescue in each one of those occasions!

The club has been our life & the people we have met, will continue to be friends. Kevin welcomed people who had a "bike" it didn't matter what type & who wanted to go for a ride & experience friendship until they themselves were able to upgrade to a wing!

Whilst he was not riding our daughter Ally called him "GRUMPY" – Please see attached photo, as he was very proud of that name!! He even wanted to put the license plate on the bike, but I didn't want people to think I was the grumpy one!!

**Ally** – From my perspective, my father was an amazing human being who was like a force of nature attracting people to himself. He loved to "shit stir" everyone who he came in contact with & always either made you feel mad at him for it or love him for making you laugh. His quirky sense of humour most people did not know if they should take him serious or not! Definitely was grumpy, true to his name!

Why I am writing this for you from my perspective is because of the comradery that Gold Wingers share, & the feeling of being one big family. Most of you may not know that I met my ex-husband in 1992. He had a black SE Gold Wing & was in the navy. His ship the USS Independence came into Sydney & he wanted to do something different whilst he was in town.

He had a gold book & looked up members in Sydney & he found a guy that was in my dad Kevin's chapter (Western Districts). Kris Farrell was contacted by Thomas & like all good Aussies, Kris told him to get onto a train from Kings Cross & get off in St. Marys, where he would meet him & take him home to get a good old fashioned home cooked meal.

After being at sea for 6 months that sounded very welcoming. Thomas got on the train & true to his word Kris Farrell picked him up, gave him a meal & said you are lucky, we have a chapter meeting tonight. Kris & Thomas went to the meeting & that is where he met my dad & mum!

Thomas enjoyed listening to everyone & was then invited on going for a ride to the blue mountains. Thomas then invited anyone who could go to a visitor's day on the

ship & true to our Aussie curiosity a few wingers went & Thomas showed everyone around the ship including mum & dad.

Thomas & I got married & Mal Prior's (the then president) golden sidecar was my "limousine".

Dad was on the back, & after that day he decided he wanted to become president. Dad wanted to keep that comradery alive. He didn't want it to be just another club, he wanted it to become more than that. It was his greatest wish to see each member help others out.

Yes, it was getting together & planning & going on rides, but it was also an opportunity to hit the open road, feel the wind through the helmets & get off to have a cuppa/food with each other. It was & continues to be the opportunity to wave at the little kids in the car beside you when they peer out of their window & go whooo when they see the bike.

The feeling that you are more than yourself right in those moments of being able to help someone who may have had a flat tire or ran out of petrol & getting them up on the road again or even giving your bike for a yankee to ride for a weekend just like Kris Farrell did for Thomas, was dad's heart & inspiration for the club.

Dad to his dying day, still served the club & enjoyed each & every relationship he made with people in the club (whether it was for a short or long time).

To all of those who have Fallen, we all say, VALE & RIDE ON Brothers & Sisters!