

# Rory Michael Brown

SEPTEMBER 5, 2022

Rory Michael Brown was a B.C. boy who loved the outdoors and adventure in all its various shapes and sizes. He was born in Prince

George, British Columbia on November 26, 1966 but spent most of his life in Kitimat, British Columbia. He grew up skiing, snowmobiling, racing and playing "tree tag". He worked as an electrician at Rio-Tinto Alcan and over the years ran a number of different businesses on the side but Rory was the first person to offer help when anyone needed anything. His friends were his family and he had a lot of them. Rory went out of his way for the people in his life. On his last bike trip, when one of the group lost their phone on the side of the road, in true Rory style, he got on his Harley and rode back over 40 miles to find it. Rory was also known for his heart and his compassion. He continuously gave people who hurt him another chance, always hoping for a different outcome.

His biggest hero was his grandmother Elizabeth Alice Hawke, who worked a trap line well into her 70s and is still fiercely independent today at 95 years.

Rory suffered with a disease called Occipital Neuralgia. He was in incredible pain 24-7 but you wouldn't know it. He hid his pain from his friends and family never wanting to burden them; instead he chose to deal with it privately. He tried everything from Botox injections to electrocution to reduce the pain but it never went away.

In 2017, Rory followed his heart to Ontario but he continued to miss the mountains and the "corners" that all riders love. The highlight of each year was the bike trip he took with his friends from B.C. He would pack up his bike and head west for



about a month. Rory was a veteran biker who crossed Canada more times than anyone could count. He also taught his spouse, Lori, how to ride and didn't complain too much when she bought a Harley that was faster than his!

Rory was loyal to a fault, despised bullies and was a champion of the underdog. One of the causes closest to his heart was an organization called "Guardians of the Children". A group of motorcycle enthusiasts dedicated to helping and supporting children who had been abused. When a child called, Rory was always there.

Rory loved animals, particularly dogs and they loved him back. If Rory was at someone's house and they had a dog, that dog was on Rory's lap in a matter of minutes, no matter how big or small. Rory combined his two greatest passions when he got an all-black German Shepard puppy and named her Harley.

Rory died doing what he loved... riding. On September 5, 2022 on his way home from an epic ride up and down the U.S. West Coast, Rory died in a bike crash near the Alberta/Saskatchewan border. God is going to have to wait just a little bit longer to give his newest angel his wings, because Rory is going to carve up some curves on the way to Heaven and take a little more rubber off the sides of his tires.

In lieu of flowers or memorial donations, when you see a rider at the side of the road, please stop and offer support in Rory's memory.

Rory's last Essex County ride will be Saturday, October 1, 2022 departing from the CMC017 Clubhouse at Walker Road and North Talbot Road, Windsor, Ontario. Kickstands up at 1:30 p.m. The ride will end at the Moose Lodge at 777 Tecumseh Road West, Windsor, Ontario where we will lift a glass to "Redneck".

## Messages of Condolence

We were so blessed to have Rory “Redneck” join us in our fight to a save the children. He was a fighter for justice and a friend with out judgement. He will be missed greatly. Ride on and watch over us ☐

— **Susan**

The Last Ride

I stood and watched as my brother rode by  
It wasn't the way it should be  
He rode not his bike, but in a long black cage  
And he rode by himself not with me.  
But I shed not a tear for this brother of mine  
For he lived free and loved his lifestyle  
So ride on my brother and Rest In Peace  
Till we meet again after awhile  
And when my time comes to take that last ride  
You can bet that it'll be with a smile  
Cause I love to ride and I'll be going home  
So I'll enjoy it to the very last mile.

Redneck

— **Sadie**

Sending love and condolences. So many memories and laughs over the years. A treasured brother and friend who will always be missed.

— **Scott and Gloria Cook**

My heart is heavy... as I miss my brother dearly. Rory and I will always be Brother and Sister. He was the best uncle to all our 4 kids(now adults) he drove all the way from Ontario just to wire our new kitchen... who does that? Rory. He drove all the way from Kitimat when I had a serious MVA... it was December 21st.... He was there for our kids. Who does that? Rory. He rode all the way from Kitimat in 34+degree weather, just to surprise Collin and I for our 25 anniversary... showed up with the reddest sunburned nose! who does that? Rory. All these above comments are so true. Rory was always there to lend a hand.... Didn't matter how far away he lived, he'd jump on his bike in the summer or drive his pickup in the winter. "I'm on my way!" He'd say. "Just tell me what you need, and I'm there." And he was.

During my grade 7 year in Kitimat, Big brother Rory would hang a licken on any boy who he didn't approve of.... Rory was very protective over his family and friends. Heart of gold, my brother.

He died doing what he loved... and is no longer in pain. You will forever be in my heart. Love you ☐

— **Tammie Wilson**

Rory seemed to have a piece of a lot of people's hearts, mine as well. He always had a smile and something funny to say. He was also one who always embraced my hugs.

Still so hard to believe he is gone, he will be missed.

— **Tawnia**

Rory, you were a true gem and gone way too soon. Rest well my cousin ☐ Jewls

— **Julie Johnson**

Rory was my oldest friend. When I moved to Kitimat he was the first person who I met and became fast freinds with.

He introduced me to alot of people that I still consider friends to this day.

As long as I knew him he was always standing up for those who could not stand for themselves. I am glad to hear that he was a part of the gaurdians of the children.

The day I heard of his passing I was in a state of shock that took a while to clear.

Still don't quite know how to process his passing but I do take solace in the fact that he died doing the one thing he loved the most.

So my old friend tonight I will lift my glass to you and our memories.

If any of his Ontario friends wish to trade stories about Rory feel free to message me.

— **Kevin Martin**



<https://www.myalternatives.ca/obituaries/brown-rory-michael>

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