

From Honda to Harley Motorcycles

with Garry Lunn

I purchased my first motorcycle shortly after graduation from Dentistry in 1975. It had always been a dream to own a motorcycle—I mean, what kid doesn't think about it when they have their first bike and how cool it would be to have it motorized? Or put a playing card in the spokes so it makes a sound when riding?

My first bike was a four-cylinder Honda 500. Honda was just getting into motorcycles and was claiming its piece of the action on being smooth and dependable. And my Honda was that.

The bike was strictly for pleasure, not my main mode of transportation. My older brother had also bought a Honda, so we hung together on the bikes. No long trips, no destinations—just riding for the sheer pleasure of cruising around and feeling cool!

In a few years I upped my game to a 750 Kawasaki for a little more power on the highway. I continued to ride this bike for more than 10 years and then sold it as I had moved to a larger city (traffic intimidation), married, and having a child all influenced the decision. Time passed, but the desire to ride continued.

On my 50th birthday I went over to my brother's home in Vancouver to go golfing with him, my wife and my dad. Golf, dinner ... you know the drill. I was excited. When I arrived at my brother's house and



walked into the main entrance, there was a Harley Davidson Springer Soft Tail with a manikin sitting on it, fully dressed in leathers!

My brother had recently bought a Harley Davidson Deuce and I was with him when he made the purchase. As we



were looking at the bikes he asked me which bike I liked ... Springer it was! His Harley was in a custom shop having a major makeover, so when I saw this Soft Tail in his entrance way, I was thinking, "Wow, that is some makeover, and how did you get it back so soon?"

Not! His bike was not out of the shop.

The bike was for me, from him! The leathers and accessories were from the rest of the family. So yep, no golf game. We geared up, (he had rented a Harley for the weekend) and we took a spin. Heaven!

The joy still continues for the last 15 years, but has morphed into weeklong destination rides with the two of us and our cousins touring Western Canada or the U.S. Pacific Northwest annually. The posse was five bikes at its peak, but we are now down to myself and just one of my cousins. My wife drives the SAG wagon (support and gear), while my cousin's wife rides on the back with him. For years my daughter (who now lives in Toronto) rode with me on the trips and still wants to go for a ride when she comes home for a visit.

For me, riding my Harley is such a joy and complete release from everyday pressures. ■



Garry Lunn, #402-1338 W. Broadway, Vancouver BC, V6H 1H2 | garry@drlunn.ca