

EMPIRE CITY MOTORCYCLE CLUB

**In
Remembrance
and to Honor**

In Remembrance and to Honor

John Lawrence, Chris Towns, Jurg Mahner,

*Bob Browne, Jack Brusca, Ken Keyser,
Mike Pezzuti, Ed Bresnehan, Dan Magee*

and Jim Newhard.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

October 12, 1998

WELCOME Jeff Arnold

INVOCATION Reverend Mark Wind

Eternal God, through Whom all life was created and in Whom all life reaches its completion, be with us as we gather this day.

We thank you for the memories of those whom we have loved who have gone from us. We recall with glee the times which we shared together, memories of joy and laughter, of difficult days and occasional misunderstandings, of hopes, dreams, and even the frustrations life brought us. All of these things were part of the journey we shared with our club brothers.

We confess that our memories bring with them a certain sadness because the time we spent with them was too brief and ended too painfully. We miss the company of our brothers and the times we could have shared with them.

Through *Your* presence here today, encourage us to continue to recall our precious memories. Be with us in the pain of our loss. Finally, sustain us with the assurance that one day we will share with them the goodness of everlasting life, in that place *You* have prepared for all time.

THE 23rd PSALM (In Unison)

*The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want,
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me besides the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
He guideth me in straight paths for his Name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear not evil,
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou hast anointed my head with oil, my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*

READING of the NAMES and LIGHTING of the CANDLES

John Lawrence, Chris Towns, Jurg Mahner, Bob Browne, Jack Brusca,
Ken Keyser, Mike Pezzuti, Ed Bresnehan, Dan Magee, Jim Newhard.

PRAYER of DEDICATION

Leader: We recall by name all those we have lost.

Leader: Loving *God, Father, Mother, Spirit* of us all, we remember the gift of life *You* shared with us through our loved ones who have died. We ask that *You* hold each of them close to *You* and fulfill in *You* all of their hopes and dreams.

Group: Be with us in our loss. Send your good spirit to hover over us, gently touching our pain. Fill the empty spaces of our lives with Your loving presence. And bring us into full union with *You* and those we love. Amen.

MOMENT of REFLECTION "Into His Presence Would I Enter Now"

LITANY of REMEMBRANCE

Leader: We gather in remembrance of those club brothers with whom we have shared, in part, their life's journey and who have died because of AIDS.

Group: We miss them deeply and regard highly the many gifts that our brothers have shared with us.

Leader: We remember our club brothers with whom we shared so intimately. We miss the warmth of their presence.

Group: We mourn the loss of their gentle touch, the quiet moments which we shared, and the brotherhood that we celebrated.

Leader: We remember our club brothers with whom we shared fond times.

Group: We remember with fondness the times we spent in laughter, good times and happiness.

Leader: We remember our club brothers with whom we rode in harmony by adding their names to all those names remembered from the past memorialized in Quilt Panels.

Group: We honor those club brothers whose lives we shared by creating panels for the AIDS Quilt for each one.

Leader: We add today a panel for the Reverend Jim Newhard who shared our lives and character and gave us part of himself.

Group: We honor all our club brothers who have passed on because of AIDS. They may be gone, but their memory shall be with us forever.

PRESENTATION of the PANEL Jeff Bosacki
The Names Project, NYC

POEM "Welcome Home" read by José Reyes
BENEDICTION

Go into the world this day being strengthened by the memories of joy and laughter you have shared with your loved ones. Live courageously, for it is the presence of the Living God which sustains you now and always. AMEN

We present this panel today to The Names Project, NYC

JIM NEWHARD

E.C.M.C. Member, 1988-1995

remembered by Club members

Jim served as Club President and Corresponding Secretary and had a wonderful way with words. He contacted and began our long relationship with Leake and Watts Specialized Foster Care. Jim had been married with two children that he visited frequently. In the late 1980's he moved in with Bob Browne, his "significant other". Both became members of Empire City M.C. For several years Jim was a member of the Board of Directors for Valinor Farms Inc., "Country Living for People Living with AIDS" and helped formulate plans. Bob donated two computers to Valinor before his death from AIDS. When Jim's health deteriorated, he resigned from the Board and moved back with his family in upstate New York for his final days. Jim's faith was strong; he knew there is "a better place"; and he knew that to be Heaven. On his death, he left a generous annuity to Valinor Farms for the continued operation of its AIDS residence. He will be sadly missed and fondly remembered.

BLOCK OF QUILT PANELS #00885

JOHN LAWRENCE (December 1985)

E.C.M.C Member

remembered by José Reyes

"Think big!" he would tell me, "If we don't believe we can do it, we can't do it." Every time the politician in me wanted to compromise to placate a constituency, he would be there reminding me that without trying, both success and failure are impossible. His confidence was infectious and that's what made him such a positive force. He always made you feel you were somehow more than what you believed you were, that even those traits you considered negatives could be turned into positives. I know he always thought big; in his business, in his motorcycles and in his choice of partners, friends and lovers. His Harley truly suited his personality; brash, confident and uncompromising yet an honest and faithful friend.

Rich DiCurci, Excelsior M.C.

Dean Sanford, Excelsior M.C.

Terry McNulty, Excelsior M.C.

CHRIS TOWNS (February 1987)

E.C.M.C. Member

remembered by Club members

Chris was the type of biker that thought a machine should never have any problems, even when operating his bike at it's limits. His view of himself, of his body and mind was very similar. He had a drive that seemed to strive at denying the existence of time and exhaustion. When he learned of his illness, he seemed to speed up; as if trying to accomplish his life long aims and goals in as short a time as possible. The long hours, and two job schedules were continued and additional assignments were added. Yet Chris had another side, a quiet, calm, almost serene nature which was most evident when relating to the being around friends. He appreciated his friends and had a sense of responsibility for maintaining and cultivating relationships which were reflected in his giving of his time to help and comfort others.

He like Japanese food and we would spend hours at a sushi bar eating and drinking. At these times he would sometimes discuss his need to get ahead and do better than his parents. Having been raised to minimum comforts, as his family was not well off financially, Chris felt that he must make up for what he had not been able to have while growing up. His most relaxed moments, however, were on his motorcycle rides and trips. After a long, and in most cases with Chris, a fast ride you could see the smile as he stopped and got off the bike. Chris seemed able to derive a sense of total control over his environment while on his motorcycle. This, he felt was not always possible under other circumstances. In Chris we had a friend and brother biker whose loss still hurts, yet a friend whom we are all thankful for having known, if only for too brief a time.

JURG MAHNER

E.C.M.C. Member

remembered by Club members

"To be truly cultivated is to think reasonably, to live grandly, to love greatly, to shun pettiness, to condemn prejudice and cruelty. In short, to be cultivated is to be alive in the very largest sense." Dorothy Farnan.

Jurg's career with the United Nations meant frequent international travel and, as travel broadens one's perspectives, so does the traveler enlarge the perspectives of those he comes in contact with. A non-judgmental, caring and concerned outlook is seldom equated with sophistication, yet Jurg could be both worldly and down to earth at the same time. His adventurous nature made the parameters of his experience broad and the scope of his acquaintances varied. He was equally at ease with a diplomat as with the Sunday afternoon crowd on West Street. Jurg's gift to all who knew him is that he gently forced us to consider alternatives, open our minds and hearts to others and, most of all, to remember that this is indeed a small world and we all have a stake in making it a better one.

Al Cataldo, 1988 Wheels M.C.

Bill Kelly, John Griffith, Bill Smith, Joe Lepore, Rob Day & Bob Miller, Tridents M.C.

BLOCK OF QUILT PANELS #03771

John Hartogh 1952-94

ROBERT B. BROWNE (November 7, 1957 - November 19, 1994)

E.C.M.C. Member 1988-1994

remembered by Jim Newhard

Bob, my partner and friend for nine and a half years, was a very active and enthusiastic member of the Club. Bob joined the Club in March of 1988 and served in many ways to make the Club a better and more widely known organization. He was our Road Captain & Recording Secretary, but is known best for his beautifully executed computer graphics which resulted in outstanding full color posters, programs and I.D. cards for Club events and its members. Bob was the founder and president of his own small computer business "Smart Office Solutions, Inc." and also operated a computer bulletin board service out of his home office.

Bob was the proud owner of an 1100 cc 1983 V-65 Magna which is now owned by another Club member. Bob fondly christened his bike "Deuteronomy". He will be remembered as a hot spicy Irishman who always had a wink and a smile for everyone. He is sadly missed and fondly remembered.

JACK BRUSCA (November 18, 1937 - July 31, 1993)

E.C.M.C. Member 1992-1993

remembered by Charles Savage

Handsome in the craggy-faced and square-jawed way, Jack personified the no-nonsense, direct approach to life. His steel-blue eyes engaged you, demanding succinct responses and reflecting the process of simultaneous evaluation. Although impatient with indecision and irritated by independent expression, he possessed a discriminating charm and the capacity to hold close those for whom he cared most. At the nucleus of this circle of devoted friends was his loft-household comprising his brother Ken, former lovers John, Raoul and Mark, often one or two studio apprentices - the young Brazilian "Sidge" being the last, Puck - a long-haired Dachshund, and a brightly plumed macaw. (Minus the dog and bird) tanned and well-muscled, these men were surrounded by admirers when and wherever they went out. Perhaps to broaden his experience, Jack purchased a Harley-Davidson *Sportster* and joined the Club in 1992.

This Harley was not Jack's first motorcycle. In partial settlement of a debt due him in 1983, Jack accepted a fine 1978 BMW R100, brown with full fairing. Traveling with this writer (a neighbor on West 26th Street) to Jones Beach, he learned to ride the bike throughout the summer of 1984 and eventually qualified for his license. But at the end of the riding season Jack sold this bike to José Reyes, then about to pledge Empire City, to pursue his more creative work.

Jack's obituary - *New York Times* (Aug. 2, 1993) - celebrated his work as a painter and designer of ballet sets and costumes as well as jewelry. His work is included in major public (the Whitney Museum of American Art) and private collections. The 1991 Alvin Ailey Company season will be remembered for Jack's costumes for Louis Falco's *Escarpot*. But his brothers in the Club will remember the pleasure Jack took in the Club rides out of New York City and will treasure the tee-shirt that bore the design he created for a Club event, now a collector's item as well. How we miss his exhortations to be more attentive at meetings and not to stray from the subject at hand. With his special leadership skills it is tempting to imagine, had he lived just where he would have led us.

ED BRESNEHAN (December 7, 19 - September 1989)

E.C.M.C. Member 1974-1989

remembered by Dan Magee

With his shaved head, handlebar mustache and his lithe, lean body, Ed stood out wherever he was. Even more though, when you got to know Ed, he stood out for other than physical appearance. A hard core leather man and serious biker, Ed taught fifth grade children; a job he loved. Ed also loved the arts, especially the opera and was thrilled to share his knowledge and experience of music with anyone. The key to Ed's personality, was his dedication and sense of purpose which manifested itself in his black belt in Karate. His years of commitment to his goals and sense of achievement was a source of his inner peace and ability to cope with the cards dealt him in life.

DANIEL F. MAGEE (January 9, 1950 - March 28, 1995)

E.C.M.C. Member 1980-1988, 1992-1995

remembered by Charles Savage

In his first eight years of membership Danny grew from a 650 cc Honda to a 1200 cc Moto Guzzi. He held several of the Club's most responsible offices, Road Captain and President among them. His executive skills and unique focus, honed first at New York State's Office of Motor Vehicles where he wrote much of the drivers' manual as we know it today and then as the head of personnel at the State Insurance Administration, were brought to bear upon, first, the organization of Empire City's riding schedule and biking events and then, the shaping and guiding of Club policy. So complete was his dedication to the task at hand that, when in 1988 the burgeoning Lesbian and Gay Center moved into its present home on West 13th Street, Danny took leave of Empire City to participate in the rehabilitation of the Center's new building. However, he and his "Guzzie", *La Testa Rosa*, continued to participate in Club events in and outside New York City, earning him the title of "Club Groupie". His assistance was always welcome. With the Center established, he re-applied for Empire City membership four years later, was re-admitted and promptly lost "groupie" status.

Danny brought his gift of concentration to his personal relationships as well. Selflessly he supported his first lover's (the late Max Miller, a former member of the Club) battle against alcoholism and substance abuse. In 1992 Danny and Joseph Incao took advantage of New York City's recent partnership ordinance, in a religious ceremony following the civil procedure Danny and Joey repeated vows in the presence of their mother, Gloria Magee and Mary Incao, and then offered the group of well wishing relatives and friends a delightful champagne supper. Joey and Augie, a sweet Golden Retriever, survive.

As his awareness of the effects of the AIDS virus grew, Danny centered his efforts upon ways to ameliorate its devastation. A Board Member of Valinor, Inc., an extended care hospice in the countryside of eastern Pennsylvania for PWAs, he worked hard at fund raising and management issues. Through a series of amendments which he sponsored to the Empire City Constitution, the geographic boundaries and membership requirements were extended to reflect the Club's tacit intention to sustain the good work at Valinor Farms. Shortly before he entered Mount Sinai Hospital for the last time he had arranged to volunteer at Housing Works and, had he been given the opportunity, would have been engaged in personnel work there.

Lest it appear that Danny was without a lighter side, no one took greater pleasure in the glories of The Night(s) of a Thousand Gown and the Imperial Court of New York. Nor is it inappropriate to remember the morning on the Long Island Expressway when, as the new Road Captain and at the head of the formation, he hit his emergency motor cutoff switch accidentally. Surprised bikers and bikes managed to stop just ahead and beside him while those further back jammed up behind him. No one was hurt and nothing was damaged but the feelings of the man who was writing the New York State Drivers' Manual.

With his adamant sense of what is right and his focused tenacity, Danny effected change. He is missed.

KENNETH ROBERT KEYSER (Ken) (March 24, 1942 - December 28, 1992)

E.C.M.C. Member 1968-1992

remembered by José Reyes

He played the harpsichord, learned how as a boy. Unable to buy one, he purchased a kit and built one. Ever respectful of things of beauty, and music to him was such, the instrument was never left behind as he moved. It's at his sister's now and sounds as good as the day he tuned it for the first time.

He played the pipe organ, self taught, practicing at church during off hours. Feeling comfortable with his ability, he bought a 400 pipe organ. Over twelve feet high and eight feet squared at the base, it would rattle the house (not to mention the neighbors), whenever he played.

Enjoying communicating with people of varying backgrounds, he became a ham radio operator. Late at night he talked to people in South America, Asia and Europe. When a six foot antenna was not sufficiently strong enough, we placed a fifty-five foot tower on the roof upon which he placed an array of antennas totaling 1,000 square feet.

He felt that New York City did not have a leather/levy/biker bar that appealed to his taste, so he established one, *The Spike*. It's still there, and while not the same since his passing, he worked hard for twenty years to make it the place to go in NYC.

He saw beauty in the common things that most of us fail to notice, so he bought paints, canvas and brushes. His painting showed the beauty that we sometimes miss in our haste. Ah yes, did I mention that he taught himself to paint.

He grew up poor, but felt that this situation could be changed. Working hard and long hours he was able to live comfortably by the time he was 30 years old.

He believed that the world was there to be seen and enjoyed and that motorcycling was the best way to do that. He rode his bikes throughout Europe, Africa, Alaska, Canada, and six times across the U.S. These were among his most treasured moments.

He believed that there is good in everyone of us and while disappointed and confused when the actions of others, especially those he knew, contradicted this philosophy, he refused to be bitter about it.

His name was Kenneth R. Keyser - lover, friend, companion, and brother.

DR. MICHAEL FRANK PEZZUTI, JR. (November 6, 1953 - August 8, 1993)

E.C.M.C. Member, 1991-1993

remembered by Mark Wind

Michael was a Club member till the day he passed. He was a loyal, loving and generous friend, an incredible cook, an extraordinary gardener and yet a humble man. He was also quite independent and not particularly fond of formation riding; often one could view a blur on a big, loud, black Suzuki Intruder zipping by, breaking formation only to meet up with us later on. He rode his motorcycle daily and crossed the country twice in his two years with the Club.

He was quick to volunteer for tasks for which others would hesitate. This was true even at work for Bergen Pines Hospital, where he was Medical Director of Geriatric Psychiatry for a year and a half, despite at times his incapacitating symptoms.

Michael excelled at all that he performed and I'll always remember his hydroponics and incredible pecan pie.



1998 Officers

President: Jeff Arnold

Vice-President: Brian Wagner

Road Captain: Neal Rosenberg

Treasurer: Mark Wind

Recording Secretary: Leonard Vogt

Corresponding Secretary: Charles Savage

The Club gratefully acknowledges the Reverend Mark Wind, Brian Wagner, Charles Savage of the Empire City Motorcycle Club and Jeff Bosacki of The Names Project, NYC for making this service possible.

To Those I Love and Those Who Love Me

*When I am gone, release me, let me go
I have so many things to see and do.
You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears,
Be happy that we had so many years.
I gave you my love, you can only guess
How much you gave me in happiness.
I thank you for the love you each have shown,
But now it's time I traveled on alone.
So grieve a while for me if grieve you must,
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for a while that we must part,
So keep the memories within your heart.
I won't be far away, for life goes on,
So if you need me call and I will come.
Though you can't see or touch me, I'll be near,
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear
All of my love around you soft and clear.
And then, when you must come this way alone,
I'll greet you with a smile, and say*

"WELCOME HOME"