

Eulogy for Kevin Dimmick

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Kevin was an amazing person to say the very least. Complicated but amazing.

When I first met him in May, 2001, he scared the living daylights out of me. He was gruff, in your face, questioning why he was in Nevada and what these Nevada people stood for. His first question to me was, and I quote, "What do you have that makes you BOLT material?" I was very forthright and replied "Hell if I know. My man hates wearing a helmet, so do I and we thought we might make a difference." He hugged me. We've been friends since.

Do not get me wrong, Kevin and I fought on a regular basis. He was very, very smart - a real intellectual. Me, not so much. Kevin became my translator. I would read something, make notes, and Kevin would tell me what it was in simple terms. I also relied heavily on Monty to interpret law for me. Yep, I was a woman with three teachers - Ted for logic, Monty for law and Kevin for everything else. I am a very lucky woman.

There were many times that Kevin would call me and I would not answer - a phone call with Kevin never lasted less than an hour. But there were many more times I did take his calls - I regret the calls that I avoided. I learned more about HIV, AIDS, cancer, helmet laws, California law, NHTSA rulings and more through Kevin. He would dumb it down for me - put it into terms I understood. I am going to miss that so very much. Kevin could actually speak "Jackie" - a rare skill.

Kevin came to Battle Mountain once for a visit, and we had a great time. His bike broke down - a gasket issue, so since he couldn't ride, he had to help us with the garden - sunflowers, beets, potatoes and onions. He really did have a good time. Then we went into the desert and he found a horned toad, captured it and took it to a friend in California.

In June of 2007 the Motorcycle Rider's Foundation had the Best of the West event in Elko, Nevada. Don Blanscet and Kevin were coming out for it. Kevin said he was bringing a female friend. Knowing Kevin, this sort of scared of me. You never knew what to expect from Kevin. He assured me that I would like her. I didn't believe him.

Turns out that once again Kevin was right. Ted and I REALLY liked Barb. She loved our animals, gardens, Nevada, and we talked for a long time. We also found another side of Kevin. He no longer had enough brass to be his own band, he worked very hard to make her comfortable, to be sure she had a good time, and that she was the belle of the ball in his world. It was amazing, amusing and so touching.

This is a side of Kevin we had sensed all along, but had only witnessed now and then. He would do whatever anyone wanted, on his terms of course, but he was always there for a friend, and even for a stranger. He just didn't want it advertised.

In July of 2007 he called and told us he had lung cancer. He was rather okay with it. I was mad, Ted was not pleased. Kevin had a plan. We went with the plan. HIV and cancer are very similar - they eat away at you. Kevin had had HIV for a long time. The two would kill each other, or so we hoped. He was right - HIV will kill cancer.

In early August he called us and said he wanted to get married. Okay, we planned a wedding. We had met Barb and liked her. They were married on August 11, 2007 in Virginia City, Nevada. It was a fantastic weekend. They were a great couple. Kevin was smiling and full of joy and love. Barb was cute, a beautiful bride, and life was good.

It was a BOLT wedding. I told Barb she had married into a very big family - the BOLT family. Don Blanscet *almost* got us thrown out of the chapel, Mark Temple took the photos, Sandra Temple, such a lady, was the audience. A great day. I admitted early on that I cry at weddings, and Kevin asked me to try not to. I did really well until the judge said 'until death do you part'. Kevin had been dying since I met him, and that really struck me hard. For the first time it occurred to me that Kevin was going to die, and I really didn't want him to. His reality and mine are very different. I just hadn't seen that yet, even though he had explained it over and over again to me.

When Kevin left us, his mother called me and I really didn't want to call her back. I'm a mom too, and losing a child is a pain I do not want to experience again, and a pain that I didn't know I could deal with for another mom. It turns out that Madge Dimmick is much like Kevin. Easy to talk to, smart and she loved her son. Within five minutes, I wanted to ease her

pain, knew Barb could, and I also knew that I would do anything to help her. Madge Dimmick has her memories of Kevin, and she is willing to share them with all of us. She asked me many questions about Kevin's biker life and I shared what I could. She told me things about Kevin I never would have expected.

But at the same time, Madge and I agreed on many things - Kevin was really intelligent. If it had not been for the ADHD, he would have been an excellent teacher. We agreed that Kevin was loyal, almost to a fault; very dedicated to what he believed in; an extremist - if he felt strongly about something he would give that cause his all; but most importantly, Kevin was a true believer that hard work and dedication would pay off.

Kevin also believed he was put on this earth for a reason. Madge, Ted, Barb and I agree that this was true. He fought many physical battles, more intellectual battles, and he did serve a purpose. Kevin made great strides in HIV research, cancer research, helmet law research, and, most importantly, he left us all still fighting.

Now, Kevin has left us all physically. Like Quig, he lives in infamy. He was one of the first Bikers of Lesser Tolerance members in California, he was an integral part of the Helmet Law Defense League. He was a member of Bikers of Lesser Tolerance of Nevada. He earned tickets to fight the helmet law. He fought in the courts to get his HIV POS license plate, which he won. He took on the Veteran's Administration to be sure he got what he believed was his due, and won again. He was working on another angle to the helmet law nationally, and he had emailed Ted and me with other things to work on in Nevada and nationally.

Kevin fought his cancer and on his own terms. He would not give up, and because of his faith we didn't give up on him. He took his medical treatment into his own hands, along with some great and innovative doctors, and he literally blew the tumor in his lung apart. This was radical - just the way Kevin wanted it to be. But all aspects could not be anticipated and the treatment was worse than the cure and we lost Kevin.

I repeat, we lost Kevin physically, but we still have the mental and metaphysical Kevin with us. He will be really angry if any one of us stops doing what we were working with him on due to his death. If he sees us slacking, he will make it known that we are screwing up. How many of us want Kevin Dimmick haunting us?

Kevin, you were loved, respected and admired in life, and are loved, respected and admired in death. I just wish we could have said this to you before you had to leave. Personally, I am grateful that you left in mid-stream. You were on your beloved bike, taking care of business and I am sure that you were more shocked and angry than all of us that you had to leave.

You fought the good fight to the end. Thank you my dear friend for everything and everyone you gave me. Just as you would want it, I am in your debt, and I like it that way. I bear your name on my arm, right below your friend and mentor (and mine) and I will think of you often with love, anger and regret.

In the words of Colonel Zapata - "It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees."

Rest now dear Kevin.