



Bob "Bobby" Kelly May 9, 1947-January 4, 2015

"On a quiet night you'll hear the roar of his bike and his laughter in the hills of Sturgis, South Dakota" Bob Kelly, 67 is now riding his Harley through the pearly gates. Bob passed away Sunday, morning, January 4, 2015, in Spafford, Arizona, with complications from a spider bite. He grew up in the Syracuse area. He has lived in California, Washington, South Dakota, Hawaii, and he ended up in Duncan, Arizona. Bob attended Eastwood High School, served in the United States Navy, returned to the Syracuse area until the 1970's when he

ventured west. He lived and worked in Sturgis for several years, of course working on bikes. He returned to Sturgis year after year where he worked at the bike rally. He was a member of the Council (Syracuse). When he returned to this area he always made sure he saw some of this old Council buddies. His most recent adventure was in Arizona, where he opened a bike shop, a cafe, restored a 76 gas station, a print shop which is now a bakery and opened a ceramic business, and his last project was to restore the old movie theater. The old seats were still in side, buried under the debris of the roof. The last time I spent time with my brother, he talked for hours about things he has done in his life. He told me "I have NO regrets, I would not change a thing about my life, I have done anything and everything I have wanted to."

Be sure to check out Sturgis Raw, (you can find it on Amazon) season 1, episode 5, about 10 minutes into the show. Yes Bob made national tv. If you knew him, you will really appreciate the news clip. So, again --"On a quiet night you'll hear the roar of his bike and his laughter in the hills of Sturgis, South Dakota"

Written by his sister, Nancy



Bob was a builder. Clean and sober 35 years since 8 December 1979, he built motorcycles and log homes and cared for his 3 wives, with children and several grand kids. Lynn was his first wife, and Bob took care of Angel and Davina, her two daughters. When he married Midge in 1980, he swept her off on his 1956 Pan-head wearing biker boots and formal wear. He built his first log home in Shelton, Washington, in 1987 after Lena and Lysle were born in 1984 and 87'. At age 59 he relocated with Sharin to Duncan, Arizona, and brought back several old buildings including a river rock bungalow, a 200 square foot bike shop, a restaurant/pool hall, and several other buildings. (This was a passion with Bob, this was his dream, a vital ghost town, great roads to ride his Harley, beautiful countryside. If you ever get the chance go to the middle of NO WEAR and ride till you drop.) On his last trip to Washington during the fall of 2014, he spent quality time with Hunter and Zoey, his natural grand kids, and helped Dan, his son-in-law, with repairs on the family home in North Bend. He also delivered a Harley to biker buddy on that trip, although his health was failing and the 3000 mile trip in his old Toyota truck and trailer was a major ordeal. Bob was a dreamer, and he realized most of his dreams through education and hard work. He was an institution at the biker rally in Sturgis, South Dakota, where he built a second log home for his family in 1989

and made a living fixing and building Harley's thru the summer of 2014. He also builds muscle cars at his shop in Duncan and owned several body shops in his younger years. Bob spent a year on Maui introducing many tourists to the joys of yachting world and friends from A Cubed Technologies, Inc. the successful America's Cub team from 92'. Bob became a licensed realtor in Washington in 1996 and made a living as an IT professional from 2000 to 2006. He was also a skilled carpenter, renovating homes in Auburn, Renton, and North Bend, Washington. The kitchen cabinets he built for Midge in the log house in Shelton, were based on skills he learned in New York. Bob served in the United States Navy between 1964 and 1966 and taught his son Lysle to hunt deer in Washington in 1999. He also worked as a jet plane mechanic at Boeing but had to quit and more to Strugis when Washington passed a helmet law. Several hundred biker buddies ran with Bob over the years. This biker culture built many bonds closer than family. No matter where Bob traveled he knew someone or the people he met became friends instantly, like you knew him forever.

RIP Bob Kelly, You will be missed throughout the land!!!

Written mostly by Billy Roseler, father-in-law

"This is Bob Kelly 51 weeks out of the year he is the only motorcycle mechanic in Sturgis, South Dakota. He is 67 years old and had 5 children, 3 ex-wives and an old lady of 20 years. He owns 12 Harley Davidson's, 3 houses and purchases of the last 20 acres in the Black Hills. He has sciatic nerve damage, a heart defibrillator and rheumatoid arthritis yet he still rides over 15,000 miles a year on his bikes and at speeds of 100 plus mph. He's a 1 percenter and a true hardcore biker... the kind that Hollywood makes movies about. When I landed in Sturgis today the first thing I did was drop my stuff at the hotel and started the mile walk into town. On the way I saw what looked to be a junk yard... a rat bike heaven of old random motorcycle parts. A voice reached out from behind the stack of exhaust pipes. It was Bob. He asked if I ride. When I told him I did but didn't have my bike here he stood up and said "Well, hell. Wanna go for a ride?" I didn't even think twice. We hopped on his 1990 HD RXR and off we went. Everyone in town knew who he was. He showed me Main Street, introduced me to the oldest custom bike painter, showed me where bars used to be and where the new ones are now. He talked about how things were 30 years ago and complained the Sturgis is too much like 'Disney' now. He rode me over to the Buffalo Chip and walked right into the owner Rod Woodruff's office like he owned the place and sat on his couch to chat and rest. We rode to his cabin and sat on his back porch in 2 old lazy boys and watched as the sun set over the mountains, then we put on our leathers and road into Deadwood. We sat on Main Street and ate ice cream and talked about living and dying, regrets and hopes. 6 hours before I didn't know this man even existed and now I have a friend for life. And that's what I love about motorcycles and why I ride, because of the people who ride too. If you don't ride you will never understand the connection or respect that teach rider has with one another. I will forever remember this day, not just because it was my first time ever to Sturgis but because I feel so lucky to have run into one of the last few and original Rally motorcyclist there. And he treated me as if I belong.

Written by:

Leticia Cline