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## 8 Years Ago Today

Posted by mitchwebster52 - 2008/07/02 17:37

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I Shall Be Raising My Glass To Joey Dunlop Tonight On The Eighth Anniversary Of His Passing. RIP Joey.

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## Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by corserrep - 2008/07/02 18:52

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Seems like yesterday....heres to a true legend, Joey Dunlop ;)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kbWevU43sCw>

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## Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by DaveyM - 2008/07/02 19:04

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RIP #3

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## Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by Ruth McPherson - 2008/07/02 20:31

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He was a really nice person to meet can not believe is 8 years today. R.I.P #3 :(

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## Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by WACEY - 2008/07/02 21:40

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### JOEY.GENIUS PLAIN AND SIMPLE

In the field of pure road racing he was the King of Kings  
An ordinary person doin extra ordinary things  
The news brought raw emotion then sadness and dismay  
From the orange men on Drumcree hill to the Ulster G.A.A

Folk from every walk of life declared themselves a fan  
This was the uniqueness of this hero called 'Yer Maun'  
On the Island he was master with twenty six T.T's  
And at home he was untouchable with twenty four Grand Prix's

Beating people half his age, getting faster every year  
His passion for the sport he loved finally cost him dear  
he never sought the limelight, his interviews were brief  
No flirting with the glamour girls to cause his Linda grief

He learned his trade the hard way from humble poor beginnings  
He never measured his sucess by monetary winnings  
His death some folk have likened to that of Princess Di  
But surely these comparisons in the face of logic fly

While she would seek attention for her charitable acts  
Joey shuns the limelight as his battered van he packs  
And setting off at midnight he travels all alone  
To the orphans of Romania to whom he was unknown

Albania or Bosnia wherever there was need

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His kind heart just responded when there was mouths to feed

He had conquered ever summit in this very dangerous sport  
And he still went to Estonia to lend them his support  
Not for glory or hunting, not for wealth and fame  
But simply for his passion for his well loved racing game

His refusal to retire the people thought him mad  
To live on his past glories his fans would have been glad  
But this stubborn streak had made him the pick of all the crop  
It was doing things his own way made him JOEY DUNLOP.

Unknown Author

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## Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by billyblade - 2008/07/02 21:54

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RIP Joey - still the King.

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## Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by mitchwebster52 - 2008/07/02 23:10

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WACEY wrote:

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Unknown Author

Very Touching, Almost Brings A Tear To The Eye.

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### Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by corserep - 2008/07/03 01:44

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last look, 168 views,6 comments....

and we wonder whats happening to road racing...  
Shall I tell you what it is..... folk can't be bothered...  
They'll gurn plenty when it finally ends, but what good is that now....?

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### Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by Savo - 2008/07/03 08:36

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A true legend. Eight years.....were has that time went ?

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### Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by Bigdog - 2008/07/03 09:52

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difficult to see who will ever be able to match yer maun. not that that would really matter.  
never had the pleasure of meeting him. admiration still just as big anyway.

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### Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by SwideRR - 2008/07/03 10:18

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RIP great Joey Dunlop..

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### Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by fastandy - 2008/07/03 13:32

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the unfortunate thing is we will be saying the same thing in 8 years a bout his wee brother!

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### Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by corserep - 2008/07/03 13:55

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fastandy wrote:  
the unfortunate thing is we will be saying the same thing in 8 years a bout his wee brother!

and god only knows who else.....:(

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## Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by DaveN - 2008/07/03 16:16

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Nice poem wacey

RIP

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## Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by Lenny - 2008/07/04 11:57

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Eight years already. Time does pass by so fast. I remember coming home and telling my mother about it to which she replied..

"My generation will always remember where we were when JFK was shot now your generation will always remember where they were when Joey passed away".

Some comparison but he was held in the highest regard by fans and general public alike.

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## Re:8 Years Ago Today

Posted by Lenny - 2008/07/04 13:55

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BORN TO BE KING.

He was born to be king, king of the roads,  
On two wheels he courted disaster,  
When forcing the issue he could not be beat  
The wee-man was born to be master.

Be it two stroke or four, twin barreled or more,  
The breed of machine won no pardon,  
He tweaked and tuned by the light of the moon  
In his shed at the end of the garden.

When dawn came around he still could be found  
In duds that were oil stained and tattered  
With a fag in his gob as he surveyed the job  
Being prepped for the task is what mattered.

Then away up the road like a shot from a gun  
He was off to test out his endeavor  
Both man and machine in a tantrum of speed  
As they tasted each others displeasure.

Wee man and machine giving all they got  
With no punches held into the bargain  
To pinpoint the cause of what might be classed  
As cracks in their unitized armour.

Two halves of one unit joined at the seat,  
Vying each other for valour and zest  
Proverbially speaking, two masters in arms  
About to engage in the ultimate test.

The big dashing Honda with fairings sublime  
And a powerplant to daunt the weakhearted  
The wee man with tresses blowing wild in the wind

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And a glint in his eye that would startle.

She was handsome alright like no other bike  
With titanium holding her steady  
A long wheelbase frame that bore Curly's name  
She was raunchy and stylish and heady.

The dashing young pair could be found anywhere  
That a championship field needed lacing.  
The took on the best as well as the rest  
And taught them the art of road racing.

Meanwhile to the island he carried his trade  
And began a campaign of enrapture  
The King of the Mountain, the titled he earned  
And the hearts of her people he captured.

Yes they loved him as if he was one of their own  
They were charmed by his nonchalant nature  
When he scorched round their circuit he thrilled them to bits  
He was a truly magnificent racer.

Twenty six tourist trophies they lauded on him,  
Ant the sword that would deem him their champion,  
Immortalized hero of racing folklore,  
He will reign in their legend and anthem.

The Balkan war impacted on his conscience,  
He took up the plight of countless starving orphans,  
Packed his van with food, clothes and medical provisions  
Then set off to play his part on his one man mercy missions.

He was forty-eight when he lost his life in Estonia  
Far away from the glens and his loved ones in Ballymoney.  
The tragic news that broke our hearts is a nightmare not to savour,  
When men pit their wits against odds not in their favour.

So come on you would be Kings  
Before you take the sport up,  
Before you praise yourselves and spread your wings  
You will always be measured to JOEY DUNLOP.

THE KING OF THE ROAD FOREVER ALWAYS REMEMBERING.

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