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Hello everyone,

Thank you for coming to celebrate Peter Lawson — Pete — with bright colours, jerseys, and the kind of smiles he could coax out of anyone.

Pete was born in Calgary on January 22, 1968, and he left us in Canmore on January 28 of this year, at 58.
Facts are tidy.
Pete never was.
He was big-hearted, loud-laughing, endlessly encouraging, and somehow always mid-story, mid-laugh, or mid-project with grease on his hands.

He turned a weekend hobby into Ridgeview Cycles, the bike shop that became a clubhouse.
Kids came in for a tune-up and left with a mentor.
He organized charity rides not to put his name on a poster, but because community and generosity felt like air to him.
If a trail needed love, he'd be there with a rake at dawn and a coffee for whoever showed up next.

He was my husband for eight years, my best friend, my adventure buddy.
We built a joyful, blended home — me, Jenna, and our Lily, who's twenty now and still rolling her eyes at his bad dad jokes while secretly saving them for later.
He was a cherished son to Ruth, and "Uncle Pete" to a wild, lucky pack of nieces and nephews.
He made all of us feel like part of the team — because to him, that was the point.

My favourite memory?

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A sunrise ride up Sulphur Mountain.
We climbed in that pink light that makes the world feel brand-new.
At the top, he did a drum solo on his handlebars, declared us champions of absolutely nothing, and on the way down he pulled out a camp stove in the parking lot and flipped pancakes while blasting 80s rock.
People stared.
He waved them over and handed out extra flapjacks.
That was Pete: mountain biking in Banff, camping wherever the sky was big, backyard pizza nights that ran long, and quiet evenings tinkering with a vintage frame until it purred.

He believed in showing up.
If you were racing, he was on the corner with a bell.
If you were moving, he had the truck.
If you were stuck, he'd fix the chain and your mood with the same easy hands.
He found fun in ordinary days and made it feel like a shared secret.

What will we miss?
His contagious laugh that could topple a room.
Spontaneous road trips that started with, "We've got gas and snacks — what else do we need?"
The way he'd stand at the shop door when someone new walked in and say, "Welcome. You're in."

Today isn't only a goodbye.
It's a carry-forward.
If you knew Pete, you know the assignment: wave people in.
Share the tools.
Leave the campsite better than you found it.
And ride — even when the weather's iffy — because the stories are usually in the "iffy."

After we share a few more stories, we'll put on a playlist of Pete's favourite songs.

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He’d want you to sing off-key, talk too loud, and make plans for the next ride before you leave.

Pete, you gave us momentum.
We’ll keep pedalling.

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