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Good afternoon, everyone.

I’m Ryan’s big brother, and for as long as I can remember I’ve also been his sidekick, his taste-tester, his ride to the beach, and the person he’d text at midnight with a photo of a questionable sauce and the words, “Trust me.”

We grew up shoulder to shoulder in Halifax, scrapes on our knees, salt in our hair.
That never changed, even when life did.
He was born on July 21, 1990, and he left us far too soon on December 10, 2025, at 35.
But what he fit into those years could fill a much longer life.

Ry trained as a chef right after high school and chased flavour the way some people chase sunsets.
He moved to Vancouver and brought the Atlantic with him—pop-up dinners where scallops tasted like home and chowder arrived with a wink and a twist.
He championed local farms and sustainable seafood long before it was printed on menus.
If there was a grower with a bumper crop or a fisher with a story, they had a place at Ryan’s table.
And if the table was full, he dragged over another one.
That was his way—adventurous, big-hearted, hilarious, and always making room.

He built community instead of just a career—supper clubs where strangers left as friends, and kitchens where the playlist mattered almost as much as the mise en place.
He cooked with kindness, plated with creativity, and ran a pass line where everyone felt included.

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That’s what he believed in: kindness, creativity, inclusivity, and showing up for the folks who grow and make the food we love.

My favourite picture of him is not framed.
It’s a morning at Lawrencetown Beach—dark sky just blushing pink, the two of us jogging across cold sand with boards under our arms.
He paddled out like a kid on Christmas and came back grinning, hair everywhere, breath fogging the air.
On the drive home we cranked his latest playlist—always something new, always just right—and we talked in that easy way brothers do, about nothing and everything.
He’d point out a perfect wave, a trick of light, a great lyric.
Surfing, live music, photography, and a new recipe to test on unsuspecting friends—that was Ry in motion.

He loved big and simple.
Bear hugs that lifted you off the ground.
Spontaneous gatherings that started with, “You around?” and ended with twenty people and Murphy sleeping under the table.
He could turn a Tuesday into a memory—one candle, one record, one bowl of something that tasted like he’d been thinking about you all day.

To our parents, Eileen and Bruce, he was a loving son.
To Claire and me, he was our little brother and our best friend.
To Jasmin, he was a partner who made room for her dreams as fiercely as his own.
To Murphy, he was the guy with pockets that always rattled.
He was proud of that little family, and proud of the family he built in every kitchen and on every shoreline he touched.

What we’ll miss most are the things that looked ordinary but never felt that way with him:
the last-minute texts,
the overflowing table,

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the way he noticed who hadn’t spoken yet and passed them the mic, or the ladle.

He asked for bright colours today, and it’s perfect.
Ry was colour—on the plate, in the room, in the way he welcomed people in.
If you want to honour him, wear the bold shirt, invite the neighbour, buy from the farm stand, learn a maker’s name, and set one more place.
And if you can, donations to Feed Nova Scotia are welcome—he’d like the thought of a full pantry more than flowers.

Ry, you showed us how to gather, how to try the wave even when the water’s cold, how to turn a good idea into a shared meal.
We’ll keep doing that.
We’ll keep your seat open, your playlist loud, and your kindness at the centre of the table.

Thank you for every ordinary night you made unforgettable.
We love you.

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