

Lieutenant Colonel Kevin Keith Bryant

*Extract of Eulogy Supplied By His Daughter Marianne
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Kevin Keith Bryant was born on 20th September 1928, the only son of Clarice Ivy and Samuel Edwin Keith Bryant. Kevin was a devoted son and loyal older brother of Rosemary. The family lived down the road in Carnation Avenue Bankstown and attended this church. Kevin dearly loved his family and his character was forged through stable and loving parents.

Kevin was a likeable lad with a cheeky sense of humour. He liked to play on words and enjoyed a ditty. He once stood up in class to recite 'The boy stood on the burning deck, his pockets full of crackers...' which didn't go down too favourably with the teacher.

Kevin Bryant, the public man, had a strong sense of social responsibility and a keen belief in mateship. He joined the Citizens Military Force soon after leaving school and his talents were soon recognised as he was promoted through the ranks to Sergeant, Officer and Battery Commander. To improve his knowledge of Army and to be better able to train his troops Kevin went to Vietnam as an observer in 1968. During the course of Kevin's Army career, he further developed his knowledge and expertise through service with other Army units. Against strong competition, Kevin was selected to proceed to Lieutenant Colonel, and soon thereafter he became the Commanding Officer of the 23 Field Regiment. Kevin was regarded as a good leader of men who never lost the common touch nor the support of his fellow officers and men.

Kevin had a strong sense of civic duty. He was a Life Member of the Liverpool Lions Club, and in his better years he performed the role of Treasurer and President. Kevin enjoyed the Lions Club for the friendships he formed, the social engagements, and the avenue through which he could contribute to the local community. His contribution was recognised in 1990 when Kevin was made an Officer of the Order of Liverpool.

Kevin was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in his early 40s. It was a dreadful shock and in his later years very debilitating. Despite this, he was never self-pitying, rather he worried about the effect it had on his wife who cared for him in a way that was ever watchful of his needs, but respectful of his desire to retain his independence. Ian remembers his strength, his fortitude, his dignity. Neil admired the way he pushed through his physical disability to cross the road to say hello to neighbours. I marvelled at the way he would muster himself together when one of us was in crisis. He was our rock.

I would like to leave you with a few of my father's words of wisdom: 'Do you have a hanky? Got your money? Do you have your keys? And don't forget your lunch.' With those few simple words each morning, my father sent us off into the world - prepared.