

Our Coach

You don't truly appreciate the impact someone has on your life until they are no longer there. The thought that PT wouldn't be there in the morning to coach like he has been every morning for the past 3+ years is still hard to comprehend.

For most of us PT was our coach for all but the first year of our rowing career, he taught us how to race and how to win consistently. When he first took over he insisted we needed to "stop rowing like a bunch of girls and row with more grunt!" If there was any whinging he'd offer you a big tube of suck it up, and tell you to "toughen up princess".

Most importantly "No talking in the boat!" Our squad became very good at following this rule. Often to PT's dismay even when he asked how things were feeling in the boat, he would be confronted with absolute silence. If pushed on the matter he might get a "good".

In contrast, anyone on or around the bay pre dawn would know our crew was on the water from the booming voice crying out "Breathe up" and "Legs! Legs! More Power!"

Off the water was a different story. When we would inundate him with rowing questions, "what are we going to do about this, PT?" his regular response was "Don't catastrophize, God will provide."

Pete took his role of coach seriously and beyond the water. He made a point of knowing about all aspects of our lives and always gave advice; advice on everything from on / off water training; to relationships, weight management, careers and finances. He was always keen to teach practical skills - how to put air in your car tyre, how to tie good knots, the correct pressure for our bike tyres and how to click in & out of pedals with cleats.

In addition to seeing him at the crack of dawn most mornings, we become accustomed to his regular weekly phone calls to touch base. There would be some rowing discussion but he would also want to know how late you were working, how much sleep you were getting and if you were eating well.

They say first impressions count. For two of PT's crew their first encounter with him definitely left an impression. As novice rowers, out on their first unsupervised row, their 2x came to an abrupt halt. Turning around they discovered the bow of their boat was sitting on top of a 1x (oh dear!). The single owner was protesting loudly that he was sinking. Thanks to a rescue team both boats returned to the LRC pontoon safely. It was only a few weeks later they were introduced to their new coach, Peter Trives (the guy in the single!). The incident was not mentioned by either party until a year later at a crew brunch. The best concession the girls could get from PT was 'mutual fault' with a big smile. Looking back who would have thought such a close friendship would form with the cranky guy in the single.

Like any close relationship it wasn't without some fiery moments. On numerous occasions he'd shake his head and say "sometimes I just don't understand girls!" (Sometimes we just didn't understand him either). However to PT's credit, he never stopped encouraging us to be the best we could be as individuals. He helped to foster a real team spirit within our crew, leading bike rides and impromptu breakfasts or post regatta beers, not too mention the caps he bought us to mark the end of yet another season. He would even sit with us and offer words of encouragement or just engage in banter while we did ergs or a weights session.

Rowing will never be quite the same; we will miss him very much and will always have fond memories of our time with him.

From Peter's Squad