

Tribute from William Prigent

Dearest Sappho, John, Phoebe and Jacob.

I'd like to say with simple words the man he was to me when I was a little boy.... I looked at him with admiration and tenderness...

And he went away, travelling all around the world...

He brought us good LPS from the USA: The Shadows, Miles Davis, Coltrane, some free jazz, rock music

At the same time, I used to receive records from Aunty Jenny

I'm sorry I can't remember the name of that English band coming from Liverpool, but those songs are still my head: 'She Loves You', 'From Me to You', 'I Wanna Hold your Hand' and a real diamond, 'Yesterday'.

I remember when he came home with a marvellous guitar...I was thinking, I'm going to play this instrument too...

The door was opened and never will be shut.

I should also speak about books he had.

Sometimes we had disagreements in philosophy or political subjects, but it doesn't matter ...He was a part of those people who developed my ability to reflect.

Finally, he was my brother and the word means so much to me.

Memories...

He is still playing with us in Douglas and I can hear Auntie Jenny saying 'Oh Michel' with tenderness...

Now grand ma is looking for all the gang (Menzies, Ann, Jean, Alain, Ebeth, Celia, Douglas, John and Alan): 'Come on kids, pancakes are ready'.

What a hurry!

For myself I just tried, I was the wee one, to be in time...

I need to say that, in late fifties I was already greedy...

As a teenager he was unpredictable and so funny...

Later he was still the same and I remember laughing when he was telling jokes and amusing little stories...

I remember his voice, his smile... which I'm missing already

Thank you Michel....