

REYNARD (DENTY) EZEKIEL JONES December 8, 1940 - December 6, 2015

Last night, I learned with profound sadness of the passing of my first cousin Denty Jones. Not only was I saddened by this tragic loss coming so soon after the loss of his younger brother Matthew, but with introspection, I realized that I was also mourning another crumbling block in the foundation of my youth.

You see, for most of my late teens, there was a single word that encapsulated the life and times of my generation of *Villagers* - ElsaandDenty. One word. We limed, debated, partied and honed skills which serve us well today, all at ElsaandDenty's. We were young, smart, socially adept and could solve the problems of the world (or at least the country) in one evening at ElsaandDenty's. When we gained statehood in SVG, there was a committee formed to select the locations of the places at which we'd memorialize the occasion with a 3-day long party. ElsaandDenty's was one of three such locations selected.

So you get the picture. This word became as much a part of our Village lexicon and our life as 'GP's mango tree'. I don't want to dissect this word, I don't want to analyze it. I just want it to be. It was our safe word, our safe place. Elsaand doesn't sound the same.

Denty was a harmless old grouch even when he was young. I left home before he turned 30, and he was already an accomplished old curmudgeon; but when he was a part of that word, he was a gracious and generous host, relative and friend.

Elsa with whom I share much in common was the calm but resolute one, knowing just how far she could push before backing off. She was the perfect complement to Denty's Alpha male. Together, they made each other better people and made our lives so much better for it. It would be impossible for me to pay tribute to Denty without paying tribute to Elsa.

Count on Denty to speak his mind, but count on Elsa to soften it when she thought the need was there. Denty felt free, as family, to tell you just where to go; but would defend you to the hilt if someone else had the temerity to do so.

Denty, my cuz, my friend, may flights of angels sing thee to thy rest. I will forever keep ElsaandDenty as part of my living memory until we meet again.

Rest eternal, grant unto him O Lord. By Mak Richards