

Members of the Clergy, Members of the Ollivierre and Thompson family, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am grateful for the opportunity graciously accorded me by Gloria to Speak from the Heart on this Blessed day of Reflection ,Remembrance and Prayer. .... My dear brothers and sisters I have lost a bosom friend, We have lost a people's man, our Country of origin has lost a genuine patriot and a man whose navel is deeply embedded within the Rocks and the Sands of our sister Island Bequia in the Grenadines. This adopted Country of ours, Canada, has lost a man who tirelessly and quietly contributed to the advancement and progress of this nation. My heart is honestly troubled but my Faith is Strong therefore as my dear friend sleeps, I am comforted by the peaceful and reassuring words of the Master himself (JOHN 11:25) "I am the Resurrection and the Life, He who believes in me will live, even though he dies"

Mc Vain and I have been very close friends for 55years, we met during my first year as a student at the Emmanuel High School in St.Vincent where he had already completed two years of tuition. This gentleman, my buddy, was a person who was extremely kind hearted, ambitious and forgiving. In all my years I am yet to meet someone who can tell me that Mac was anything but a person with impeccable integrity, passion and intelligence. While I was on a vacation in St.Vincent some years ago and prior to his arrival in Canada, I had an opportunity to go on a field trip with him when he was the Fisheries officer in St.Vincent And The Grenadines and I was proud to see Mac so completely in his element and comfort zone by readily understanding the problems of the complaining fisher folk and finally solving their issues with unimaginable patience and empathy. That same evening, I met some of the boatmen and they told me "Sir, if it was not for Mr Ollivierre we would not learn anything, he teaches us and speaks to us with respect and dignity".

Mac was an ultra disciplinarian and this I can assure you was acquired at the Emmanuel high school because of the strict rules applied, defined and autocratically administered at that institution by our Principal and Mac always had the tendency to conform. During his last year in high school he was made a PREFECT and with that comes POWER. His inner friends namely Cosmos Cozier, Winston 'Push' English, Denzil 'Lad' Winsboro, Ulric Alexander and Moi thought that it was nice that our friend was a PREFECT meaning that we ourselves would be spared the agony of being punished. Well, WOULD YOU BELIEVE that my disciplinarian friend Mr Ollivierre was kind enough to punish little Moi by giving me 100 lines which I had to complete after school...Although I deserved it...I or we, the friends, just thought a Waiver would have been more appropriate. This is the decent road to success my friend followed.....HE WILL NEVER SURRENDER HIS MORAL PRINCIPLES in exchange for a known wrong..... He will always find a way to Resolve, Resolve ,Resolve , and he will always call a Spade a Spade.

After leaving High School, Mc Vain was employed at the Post Office in St.Vincent while the rest of the "boys" found employment in other places but we continued to connect with each other daily especially on 'half day' Wednesdays and W\Ends. However, as the year progressed we noticed that Mr Ollivierre was absenting himself from some of our escapades and he would give us the plausible excuse that he had to work late, even on half day Wednesdays . Now during the week he had a habit of getting a ride with me up to Montrose for the one hour lunch break at noon but that in itself became very sparse and far between which now prompted our friend Cosmos to ask what is happening to the Rocket? (which was our nickname for him)....Nobody had an answer until a 'spotter' told us that he thought he saw Mac

and a Lady going up to McKies hill. At first we did not believe, only because WE did not think that Mac would EVERYDAY climb that hill which has about a 20 degrees slope and a midday sun of 90 degrees in the shade, just to walk a lady home, then return later, to meet her just to walk with her down the hill and back to work for 1:00pm.....Well, my Brothers and Sisters, this was in fact the very beautiful beginning of a magnificent love story. The truth is that Mac, a very eligible bachelor, well schooled, polite, resilient and full of courage had met a brilliant, charming, elegant and forward thinking lady. MAC at this time, only had ONE vision and that was to put a Stamp and a Seal on that Thompson Lady who also worked at the same facility. And the rest is history... They were married here in Montreal and happily lived their lives afterwards with their two children, now adults. Mac was always so proud of the path he took and the life he accomplished with his family.

Gloria, Mike and Tammy, on behalf of my entire family, please accept my heartfelt condolences and may you find strength in the coming days when you reflect on the joy that Mac brought to his family and friends and the knowledge that he touched and transformed the lives of so many people.

Brother Mac, your work on earth was well done, your passage through the Gates is ensured.....The Lord never takes anyone before they are needed. You will also remember dear brother " That naked you came from your mother's womb and naked you shall return." (Job 1:21)

AU REVOIR Mc Vain! AU REVOIR My friend! SALUT !

Monty Sandy



## A TRIBUTE TO MY FRIEND MACK

I first met Mack about fifty-eight years ago as a twelve year old jostling in a queue for places in form two at the beginning of our junior school year. With 'Push' English we established a friendship that has lasted all these years – sadly Mack is no longer with us. In addition to us three my late brother Ronnie and Monty Sandy completed a sort of fraternity that was indeed part of a larger group of which people like Cosmos Cozier, Ulric Alexander, Earl and Tyrone Crichton and Gregor Brisbane were a part.

Our school days were filled with the rigours of mastering the three R's and 'Push' excelled - the rest of us trundled on. But it was our extra curricula activities that defined us all and played such an important part in our development. Ronnie's backyard gym provided us with the opportunity to pump iron in a vain attempt to build muscles. With the exception of Ronnie no one achieved the Adonis appearance that we were striving for. In those heady days of the sixties when distractions were few, sport filled our lives and we relentlessly pursued the joy of competitive sport – cricket, football, volleyball and table tennis filled our days and a few of us attained some high standards in these games.

Lazy days were spent swimming at Villa and Indian Bay, but our visits to Bequia sleeping six to a room at Mack's home, slaughtering goats and chickens and having cook outs crowned them all. Not to mention the trips to Trinidad and Guiana on Cosmos's father's boat, 'Turtle Dove' - as crew members. I unfortunately missed out on the latter because of my commitment to sport on the mainland.

Schooling completed – plans for the future occupied our thoughts. 'Push' stayed at home and established his own successful business enterprise. Ronnie and I migrated to England and Monty and Mack went off to Canada. We became husbands and fathers. Mack became Godfather to my first son Dino and although we were miles apart the bond between us held firm. Our links remained intact and we visited each other in the diaspora and at home in SVG.

We were a band of brothers bonded together by warmth, affection and loyalty to each other. Ronnie has gone and now Mack joins him. We mourn the loss of our dear friend. We share the pain that Gloria and her family is experiencing at this moment. But our love for Mack will continue and he will never be forgotten.

Mack lived a principled life guided by a strict moral code. A considerate and thoughtful individual whose word was always his bond. He is gone but he lives on in us, loved cherished and honoured by all.

May his soul rest in peace.

*Ladd Winsborrow.*

## TRIBUTE TO MY FRIEND AND BROTHER Mc VAIN OLLIVIERRE

My name is Winston English aka 'Push', and apologise for being unable to attend the Funeral.

Mack as he is affectionately known by everyone, last visited St Vincent in February last year, and was his normal self, and now a year later he has succumbed to the 'Killer' disease, Cancer; and is now with his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Mack and I first met and became friends when we started at the Emmanuel High School, Kingstown. He was from Bequia, one of the Grenadine Islands; and I from Georgetown, located under the La Soufriere Volcano, in the North East rural area of St Vincent mainland. The other students quickly referred to Mack as Bequia Kitty, and myself as Country Bookie. Those were the names given to all who lived in those areas.

Most students stayed with relatives and friends of their parents in Kingstown, and went home on weekends. My Mom migrated to Trinidad to seek employment to keep me in school. I was the only child for my mother, and was only attached to my relatives the Lawrences, where I lodged. Mack invited me to spend a weekend with him in Bequia, and though afraid of crossing the sea in those small boats, I gladly accepted. I was warmly welcomed by his Mother Mary, and his 6 Siblings. Mary had 2 sons after, and I became a family member. I was at their home almost every weekend, and on every school holidays, no more Georgetown for me.

Mack and I became very close, and we looked so alike, that some people called me Mack and Mack was called Push.

Mack was so nice that he invited other school friends to his home on weekends, and all enjoyed their stay. Mack taught me to fish and sail. We had a 8ft sail boat, and one day while teaching me, I was on the tiller, and he told me to go to Port

(Left), I went to Starboard (Right), and the boat capsized. Oh he was mad, and I had most of the work to get back the boat in ship shaped.

Mack's Father Ocarold and his uncle Athneal, the Whaler, owned a 100 tonner, two masted, wooden schooner, named 'Turtle Dove'; they traded from Surinam in the South to as far north to the Virgin Islands. Ocarold was the Captain from January to June, and Athneal from July to December. Athneal had to be home January to April to hunt the humpback whales, that migrated from the north during the winter.

It didn't matter who was Captain, Mack and his friends were welcomed to Vacation Cruises, but you had to work along with the Crew. Mack was our Skipper, more of a 'Straw Boss', if you get on his wrong side, you got the difficult tasks or no shore leave. I wish I could have told you more of these cruises, they were a lot better than those on today's modern cruise lines. We learnt a lot about the people and their culture in the different islands.

Mack was a serious guy, very disciplined, and mannerly. I remember when we partying and you feeling nice, and someone else feeling nicer, Mack will draw it to the attention of the others, and say time to leave, end of party. If our pranks were getting out of hand, he was the one that cautioned us.

Then Mack's Girl friend migrated to Canada, and it wasn't long after, Mack followed Gloria; they were happily married soon after, and brought up 2 lovely children, Mike and Tammy. Mack was a Loving and Faithful husband. Gloria only complained that it was hard catching up with him, he was fast; he walked very fast, most times he was in the lead, and if he turned a corner and you didn't know where you were going, RUN, don't get him out of your sight. The only time Gloria will be at his side is when they were holding hands.

Mack made frequent visits back home, and he was the same person as if he was never abroad. He remembered everybody. Mack's memory was so good, that I will call him in Canada, and describe someone we haven't seen for years, and he will give me the name and an anecdote about that person. I believe that Mack's memory was as a result of his genuine love for people. Mack will bring gifts for as

many people as possible. He will find time to make visits to their work places or homes, especially the elderly. Mack did not depend on a ride, he walked up hill, downhill, most times to see a shut-in, and when he returned he will tell you how many acquaintances he met on the way.

I respected Mack for his humility. I will be forever grateful for him sharing his home with me, and his family for accepting me. You have played a major role in the molding of my life. Your death can never erase the memories of knowing you, and I will always cherish them.

I know, I will no longer need to look over my shoulder, because I believe you will be our Guardian Angel, and I will hear your words of caution "Winston stay on the Straight and Narrow".

God Bless, my Friend and Rest in Peace.