

BUXTON-FRIENDSHIP EXPRESS

APRIL 2011

CHARTING A NEW DEVELOPMENT PATH

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24 July —1 August 2011

CRISP BUSINESSMAN

Heeding the advice of his father, 34-year old Enchiri Blair is poised to become a very successful businessman in the near future. He is the sole wholesale vendor of Banks DIH beverages in the village and a producer of two popular snack treats—channa and nuts—which were also staples of a popular café operated decades ago by his father, Sherman Blair, now deceased. The young entrepreneur is one of fourteen children—twelve boys and two girls—fathered by Sherman. His mother, Millicent Blair, nee Baird, also now deceased, bore seven of



Enchiri Blair

them—six boys and one girl. Enchiri, who exhibits the workmanlike trait of his late father, thanks him for instilling a strong business acumen in him and some of his siblings. He related how Sherman

would beseech his children to pursue self-employment and “not to work for anybody”. He also urged them to carry on the family business past his own expiration. He drew their attention

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SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- *Enchiri Blair shares his passion for business*
- *Quintin discusses kites*
- *Buxton embarks on project to replant Mangrove “Courida” trees along its seashore.*
- *Heritage Week events calendar posted*
- *Remembering Jean Marshall-Hope, Keith Simon and Lucille Primo-McKenzie*

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TIPPERARY MOVING UP



The picture, at left, shows construction work on the building as of 19th April while, above, is the artistic rendition of the completed building.

CRISP BUSINESSMAN

(Continued from page 1)

to a tradition in the Indian-Guyanese family where businesses tend to survive through generations and chided “Black people children” for not doing the same.

For many years, the older Blair operated a popular café on Buxton Middle Walk, near the railway junction. It was a popular liming spot for young men. His tasty channa wrapped in a unique paper funnel, delicious peanut punch and music box were major attractions to those out and about, treating themselves to the customary Saturday night extravagance.

Carrying out the wishes of his father, Enchiri earnestly tried to keep the family enterprise alive, peddling plastic-packaged snacks of channa and nuts along the streets of

Georgetown. He would also ply his goods at big sporting events. He explained how he would spend long hours preparing and packaging large quantities of his “Crispy” snacks for sale at major events.

Though this line of business was fairly successful, this young son of Sherman’s was on the lookout for other avenues to ease himself the exhausting task of walking the streets, in often scorching sun, in pursuit of an income.

He recounted how he carefully observed a good number of villagers as they went across to neighbouring Annandale to purchase beer and other beverage supplies for retail sales and party events, since there was no longer any wholesale distributor in the village. He said that he studied this pattern for

some time and thought this was an area he could move into. He figured that operating a wholesale business in this community, with a very large consumer base could be profitable and, more importantly, it would be more convenient for residents to obtain supplies closer to home.

Barely 30 years of age, he approached the manufacturing giant, Banks DIH, to negotiate a contract, and he was doing this during the crime wave that had engulfed the village. In very short order, the company dismissed his request. But, he did not give up.

Shortly afterwards, Enchiri, like many young male Buxtonians, was forced to flee the village to save his life. One family member had barely escaped with his own life before the building which had housed his father’s

café was set ablaze. An older brother, Dave, was gunned down and the lives of other family members were seriously

threatened. Enchiri spent more than two years in exile, in Barbados, and returned after the violence subsided. He immediately resumed manufacturing and selling his nuts and channa.

In 2009, he decided to approach Banks DIH again with his request. And, once again, it was denied. Company officials were adamant that Buxton was not a safe place for their employees to enter and conduct business.

He kept on returning to the company until one day he was able to engage a representative in what turned out to be a fruitful discussion. The official, he recounted, told him bluntly that the company’s trucks were not going beyond Annandale because they were very concerned about the perception of Buxton as a criminal haven. Enchiri, not pleased that fair consideration was being given to the concerted efforts by residents to rid the community of bad elements, undertook to refute the notion that, only in Buxton, crimes were being committed. He quickly pointed out to the official that, during the previous week, a Banks DIH truck had been robbed in Kitty. He also addressed the fact that none of the alleged

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At left, Enchiri's wholesale beverage outlet at the corner of Buxton Middle Walk & Embankment Road.

CRISP BUSINESSMAN

(Continued from page 2)

perpetrators were from Buxton. He went further to present more cases of the company's trucks being held up away from Buxton, and questioned why Banks DIH continued to do business in these areas.

The official could not come up with any credible answer to Enchiri's question. The presentation by this son of the late Sherman Blair was most impressive, and it forced the company to immediately reassess its policy on Buxton.

The company decided to grant limited approval to Enchiri's request. Limited, in the sense that while the young businessman was able to obtain the company's products at discount prices and, more importantly, have its trucks deliver them directly to his location in the village, he was not allowed the usual credit privileges extended by the company to large-scale customers. He was also informed by the company

that a number of former customers in the village had failed to honour their debt obligations resulting in heavy losses to the company. Nonetheless, both parties are now comfortable with the way things have gone since the new wholesale Banks DIH beverage outlet was established in Buxton, on 23rd December, 2009. Mr. Blair is happy that he can get his deliveries from Banks DIH delivered directly to his Buxton Middle Walk and Embankment Road location. Banks, on the other hand, is reportedly pleased with the patronage since, according to the business proprietor, there is a high demand for the company's line of products.

He also disclosed plans to set up shop in the new market tarmac which will soon be opened across the street from his current operation. And while, he has since discontinued peddling his "Crispy" channa and nuts along the streets of the City, he however, continues to

vend them at major public events.

He further expressed gratitude for the support his business enjoys from villagers. He is, however, hoping for a resurgence in customer patronage from residents outside Buxton.

The young businessman is also a very civic-minded individual. He expressed concern for a shortage of programmes in the community to assist young people in their social and economic development. He shared plans of his own to sponsor initiatives which would benefit youths. One of the programmes he plans to kick off soon is an inter-block football match.

He opined that it was not an easy task to work with youths of today, since, he noted, they were misguided into engaging in destructive behaviour. "They cannot help destroying things, though



Enchiri Blair

they know that they come from a great village and are aware of the efforts being made to restore it," he explained.

He would also like to see much more participation by overseas-based villagers in helping to inspire the young ones and greater investments in mentoring and after-school programmes, cultural activities and social grooming.

There is little doubt that Enchiri Blair is a smart and progressive young man. We hope that his ambition, zeal and goodwill will serve as an inspiration to his peers and as a model for entrepreneurship in the community.

...by Lorna Campbell

NEW KOKER FOR BUXTON

According to a recent press report, the Government of Guyana is set to construct a new sluice (koker) in Buxton to improve drainage in the area. In recent years, the

community and much of the coast have experienced severe flooding following heavy rainfall.

The Kaieteur News report (2011-04-20) also revealed that bids were submitted

by several contractors for the estimated GY88.45 million dollar or US\$442,250.00 contract.

QB COLUMN: KITE FLYING



On the Rise Again!

*Naked of decency, they
paraded their lunacy
with guns revealed.
Flabbergasted, villagers
watched with dropped
jaws
and covered mouths and
watery eyes.
Youngsters with no
decent direction
robbed, raped and
murdered
to the cheers of the
foolish.
Sadism flourished while
the innocent perished.
Abandonment ensued.
A pride-filled
community faced ruin
by the known and
unknown.
Acquiescent villagers
finished business by 6 pm
for darkness is the friend
of evil.
An unspoken law clearly
spoken.
But, though danger
lurked and brought pain,
the village is on the rise
again.*

By Haslyn Cadogan

Easter weekend is another one of those holidays that I miss celebrating in Buxton. I surely miss the hot cross buns, but most of all, I miss the kite flying activity.

As a child, I vividly recall going to church on Easter Sunday and praying that the priest truncate his sermon so that I could leave soon to fly my kite. Children are always magically fascinated by the science of flying a kite. Yes, it is a science!

Constructing a kite entails manual dexterity, an abundance of patience, a high level of creativity, and a good understanding of the principles of aerodynamics. The loop is the engine of a kite. If the loop is not properly designed, the kite will not soar. I have seen several gorgeous kites immobilized due to faulty



loops. A kite maker must have that special touch to tailor a loop to facilitate the size of the kite in accordance with the wind force.

Kites come in all shapes, sizes and colors. There are huge kites and there are small kites. There are kites that are mild and those that are wild. There are kites that are ferocious and kites that are gentle. There are kites that sing songs of wisdom and there are kites that sing songs of confusion. Some kites are peaceful and some are just cantankerous. Some kites are like ground-doves and some kites are like eagles. There are simple kites and there are sophisticated kites.

The simplest type to piece together is the Pacy Kites. They are assembled by using pointers, thread, grammar-cherry, paper and a piece of string, preferably torn from your mother's old dress.

The more complex and puzzling kites are framed with lightweight wood that is thinly planed, and twine is used for hoisting the device. This kind would carry a head, a tongue and some frills. Kites with tongues and frills can be impressively entertaining; but, by the same token, they can be daunting and sometimes grow into annoyance when left to roam over residences all

Dr. Clayton Quintin Bacchus

night long.

The most dazzling, yet dangerous, kites are the dancing ones with razor blades placed on their short tails to destroy well designed kites.

Framing and pasting of a kite can be time consuming. The Star Point Kite is the most challenging. It necessitates the configuration of many diamond shapes and a kaleidoscope of coordinated color. If the colors are not harmonious, the kite would be deemed "canwa." Having a 'canwa' kite can spoil your entire Easter; spectators would taunt you to the point where you would want to destroy your own kite.

Kites seem to have an affinity for coconut trees. Try as you may to prevent this cozy relationship, a kite would find a coconut tree to rescue it from turbulence. Flying kites at the Buxton seawall is always a special joy. Great breeze to fan the engine and no coconut tree to obstruct its climb and endurance.

This Easter, as we engage in flying an assortment of kites, let us remember that, like the resurrection of Christ, Buxton is on its way to the skies of excellence again.

Triumphant Easter!

MANGROVE RESTORATION

The Government of Guyana, last year, launched a Mangrove Restoration project to help protect the country's coastline from the rising sea level, driven by climate change.

Mangrove trees are known to thrive in salty environments, and they help stabilize the shoreline. Of the many species of the plant, the Black Mangrove, also called "Courida", is said to dominate Guyana's seashore.

Last month, the Mangrove Action Committee held its first orientation workshop at Guyana School of Agriculture, and Buxton was one of seven communities represented. The keynote speaker was

Agriculture Minister, Robert Persaud. According to press reports, he stressed: "the country's vulnerability of being below the coast must never be taken for granted hence, the reason for huge investments in mangrove restoration, since it is also deemed as a low cost option in protection of sea defences".

The Buxton Community Environmental Group oversees the project in our area. Its members include Mark Ageda, Jacqueline Andrews, Kenneth Assanah, Randolph Blair (NDC), Evelyn Edwards, Lyndon France, Yvette Herod, Owen McGarrell, Sylvia Nelson and Barbara Thomas-Holder. The community group is

expected to receive a GY\$1.5 million grant to embark on a project of its selection. The development of a waterfront recreational park with a bandstand is among the popular suggestions.

Free seedlings are being handed out to persons interested in nurturing the plants, and \$100 will be paid for each usable one. Educational grants are also being offered for research study. In addition, a ranger will be hired to monitor the development of the plants and enforce protection. For more information, visit the web site at:

www.mangrovesgy.org

...by *Lorna Campbell*

VISION

"To augment Guyana's sea defence by protecting, restoring and managing the natural coastline barrier provided by our mangrove forests."

INCENTIVES

- \$100 for each usable plant
- Grant for research



Spring into Summer

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HERITAGE WEEK 2011



2011

The year 2011 marks 170 years since Friendship was purchased and amalgamated with Buxton to form the premier village community in the country. This year has also been dedicated by the United Nations to the People of African Descent. "It aims to promote greater awareness of, and respect for, the diverse heritage and culture of people of African descent," declared UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon. Buxton-Friendship was purchased by African ex-slaves and remains largely an African-Guyanese community.

These observances, together with the 173rd Anniversary of the Emancipation of our ancestors from slavery, will be the main features of the Buxton-Friendship Heritage Week to be launched on Sunday, 24th

July in Buxton.

The calendar of events will commence with a religious service at a church in Friendship to mark the 170th anniversary of the purchase of the former cotton plantation. In honour of our heritage and the dedication of awareness to the culture of people of African descent, persons planning to attend are encouraged to wear African-styled attire.

On Sunday afternoon, there will be an extravagant African Affair featuring creole food, cultural fashion and music. Some of the other events on the calendar are a Children's Day Camp, Youth Empowerment Event, Tea Party for the elderly, Family Affair, Prayer Breakfast, Day of Sports, Panel Discussion and Socio-economic Conferences.

There are also plans to stage two excursions. One will be a Day at the Museums with stops at the African Heritage Museum and the National Museum in Georgetown culminating with a visit to the National Heritage Museum in West Demerara.

The other trip will be to the Berbice region for a cultural exchange visit.

The mission of the event is to sustain our cultural heritage while working to enhance the lives and livelihood of the residents of Buxton-Friendship and its environs.

In Guyana, the celebration is being organized by the Buxton-Friendship Restoration Committee in collaboration with other groups in the community. All members and friends of the community will be gladly welcomed.

HERITAGE WEEK CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES

Date	Day	Time	Event	
24 th July	Sunday		Morning Church Service / Afternoon Cultural Affair	
25 th July	Monday		Children's Day Camp / Evening Symposium	
26 th July	Tuesday		Edutainment—Education through Entertainment	
27 th July	Wednesday		Day at the Museum	
28 th July	Thursday		Tea Party for the Elderly	
29 th July	Friday		Groundings with the Family	
30 th July	Saturday		Prayer Breakfast / Berbice Link-up	
31 st July	Sunday		Day of Sports / Campfire / Cultural Show & Midnight Libation Ceremony	
1 st August	Monday		Emancipation Service / Feast & Drumming	

DEM SEH: FALSE NAME

Dem seh everybaddy ah Buxn gat false name. Dah nah truh. Most ah dih ooman dem ah Buxn nah gat false name. False name ah maan ting really. Most maan ah Buxn gat false name. If yu nah gat false name, yu odd or yu baad. Den again, dah nah really truh, bekaas dem gat maan who get name bekaas dem odd. Dem gat maan who nah gat false name an yu can andastaan why. If maan like Seetred, fuh example, had false name, who woulda trouble am? Who woulda dare call Seetred "Lap head" or something lakka dah? Certain maan had baad maan privilege. Dem seh Taam Pearson name he self. He gee heself false name. He real name sound lacka false name suh he christen heself Taam Pearson. If yu call Taam Pearson by he right name, Theophilus ar whatevva it wuz, ah waar. Yu gaffu call him Taam Pearson. It always use to intrigue mih as to why some people nevva get false name though. Ah something mih still ah ponda. When mih figga it out, mih guh tell yu.

But ah suh dem seh.

Dem seh dih false name ting invent ah Buxn.

Me nah know if a lie or truh,

but wha meh know ah dat Buxn gat Zoo.

We gat lian, Mountain lian, Tigah, Wolf, Panta an Zoo cat,

an we gat Maad Bull, Marudi Monkey, Bata Crappoe an Bull Rat.

If dah nah enuff fuh float yu boat,

Yu gat Kaduri Goat belly an plantain an Banana goat;

Yu gat Kitty Santapee an Septic Yowarie.

An yu gat Baad harse an stray daag.

How peeple get false name

ah something dat difficult fuh explain.

It nah gat rules

suh dem nah gat tools

fuh deesypha am.

Yu can get name bekaas ah dih shape ah yu face,

dih size ah yu waist,

or yu taste

in clothes;

Or dih size ah yu nose.

Who knows?

Anyting goes.

Ask Jahn Bose.

An suh yu gat Tennis Roll BT an Nevva Done sweetie ;

Yu gat Woodhead, bake head, world head, bone head an sweet head.

Yu gat Bull bhair, Bull pig, Tusty bull, Taras bulba,

an Bull ah bull ah hah.

Yu gat Jimmy nose Nostril an Tipperary nose hole.

Yu gat Sex, Sexy, Peep dih sex, Gimme lil sex an Sex an soul.

An yu gat walk about, Stir about, Nack About an Empty mouth.

Talk half, lef half.

By Owen Ifill

*New Book
"Dem Seh...
Buxton Tales"
By Owen Ifill
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MYRNA JEAN MARSHALL-HOPE



Sunrise: 11th April, 1957

Sunset: 23rd March, 2011



Myrna Jean Gloria Marshall-Hope, aged 53, lost her battle to illness and died on 23rd March, 2011 in New York City, NY.

Jean, as she was popularly known to villagers, was born on 11th April, 1957 to Randolph (Pato) Marshall and the late Ivy Laundry-Sancho. She attended Buxton Congregational Primary School and later Co-operative Republic (County) High School.

She was married to Joseph Hope (Channa Pocket) and their union produced four children—Abena, Esan, Ayanna and Joseph.

She migrated to the United States in 1983 and resided in New York until the time of her passing. There, she worked in the healthcare and movie theatre industries.

She enjoyed cooking and telling stories to her

children and grandchildren. Family members and friends remembered her as a very compassionate and inspirational person.

She leaves to mourn her loss her four children; ten grandchildren; thirteen siblings; father, Randolph Marshall; step-father, Brenthnol (Dudu) Sancho; step-mother, Joyce Marshall; aunt Una Laundry-Samuels; several nephews and nieces, other loving relatives and kind friends.

Children (4)

Abena Hope-Gilkes, Esan Hope, Ayanna Hope-Duesbury and Joseph Hope

Grandchildren (10)

Abigail, Kelvin, Cameren, Kera, Jordan, Kaelah, Jamel, Damani, Caidyn and Deandre.

Siblings (13)

Brothers: Monty, Keith,

Clement, Michael and Terrence.

Sisters: Ingrid, Bevney, Constance, Joy, Beverley and Vanessa.

Children-in-law

Damani Gilkes, Gina Hope and Kelvin Duesbury

Siblings-in-law

Penelope Marshall, Glenda Sancho, Richard Duke and Arnold Hope.

Cousins

Philbert Laundry, Merle Grenada, Carlos Rodrigues, Cheryl Hazel, and Kenneth Wilkinson; also Elvett (Baba) Abrams, Fay French-Seaforth; Tessa and Monica (Thomas) Boston and several others, the names of whom are too numerous to be listed here.

Her remains were entombed in Buxton Cemetery on 3rd April, 2011.

PASSING OF SYLVIE LAUNDRY

Mrs. Sylvie Laundry, 83 years old, died on 15th April, 2011, at St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital, Georgetown, Guyana. She was born on 18th June, 1927, and lived on Brusche Dam, Friendship and in Ontario, Canada.

She was the wife of the late McLeren (Mack) Laundry; mother of Philbert (Bonny) Laundry, Joyce (Fazie) Jeffrey, George Laundry, Rachel (Junie) Piggott, Rennison (Allay) and Joseph Laundry; stepmother of Wenceslaus Laundry. She is also survived by several grandchildren and other relatives.

“Miss Sylvie” will also be fondly remembered for her delicious black pudding, mauby, cross buns and many other mouthwatering delicacies, which she vended at her small roadside shop and around sea defence projects for many years.

The life of Sylvie Laundry will be celebrated at a memorial service on Tuesday, 26th April, 2011 at St. Augustine's Anglican Church, Friendship, starting at 3:00 p.m. (15 hours).

Our thoughts and prayers are with the family during their time of bereavement.

May her soul rest in peace!

KEITH RANDOLPH SIMON

Keith Randolph Churchill Simon, also known as "Skinny Moon", and former resident of Toronto, Canada and Friendship, Guyana, died on 16th March, 2011 in Guyana. He was 57 years old.

Keith was born on 7th November, 1953 to Randolph Simon and the late Izola Dorsett.

He was also the reputed

husband of Della; father of Mohamed, Keith, jr., Issachar, Judah, Akeem, Kalifa, and Prince David; grandfather of Tafila; brother of Treon, Trevor, Lorraine, Robin and Roland; stepson of Emily Simon; brother-in-law of Denise Simon, Marlice Simon, Leon McLennon and Deirdre Simon; uncle of Kendesi, Abike, Amifa, Candace, Corey,

Treden, Kalonji, Ezenma, Trawn, Trevis and Trelice; nephew of Alphonso Marcus, Myrtle Fox (Sissy), Patrick Simon, Thaddeus Simon and Norma Simon.

He is also survived by several other relatives who include the Dorsetts, Edwards, Peters, Simons, Rubens, Sobers, Jordans,

Sunrise: 7th November, 1953

Sunset: 16th March, 2011

Spencers, Scotts, Gills, Foxs, Morgans, Marcus and many others.

The funeral for the late Keith Simon took place on 28th March, 2011 at St. Augustine's Anglican Church, and his body was interred in the churchyard cemetery.

Buxton: Our Heritage

Friendship We Treasure

HERITAGE WEEK 2011

Commemorative Magazine

Struggles Waged by the Village Movement

Purchase, History & Landmarks of Friendship

Pioneers of Social & Economic Development

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LUCILLE PRIMO-McKENZIE

Jerry Seinfeld, well known for his propensity to see the lighter side of life...and death, once pointed out that "According to most studies, people's number one fear is public speaking. Number two is death. Death is number two.... This means to the average person, if you go

to a funeral, you're better off in the casket than doing the eulogy." I think this time Seinfeld is very close to the truth. It is no easy task to eulogize my own sister.

Lucille Claude Primo-McKenzie, my sister, was fondly referred to as "Poojay". Her sister, Donna, reminded me that she was given that name by our grandmother, that is our father's mother, Rosa Primo, whom we called "Punn". It was said that Lucille resembled Punn, that she walked like her, that she talked like her and that she displayed all the mannerisms for which our grandmother was known. Above all, Lucille was said to have approached household chores, from which many of us shielded away, with the same fiery enthusiasm and endless energy which characterized my grandmother's approach to her daily household routine. Lucille embodied this up to the time she became ill.

Lucille was a thoroughbred Bux'on woman, having been born at Buxton Sideline Dam on 31st December, 1946. She attended Friendship Methodist School and County High School in their heyday and, as she matured into a very graceful young woman, it was said that she turned a few heads. She was the first of four children of her father, Albert, now deceased, whom we shared in common. She was also the first child of her mother,

Princess, who is also now deceased. She has now gone to join them both.

Her maternal siblings included four sisters: Wendy, Donna, Carrie and Merlyn; two brothers: Andrew and Ossie. She was the second mother for these siblings as they looked up to her for guidance and counseling. Her paternal siblings included three brothers: Maity, Andy and Stafford; two sisters: Wellie and me. She also had a large number of nieces and nephews. If I were to commence calling their names, we would be here until midnight.

Lucille was the mother of a single child, Sharon, who resides in Florida where she pursues a successful career as a Labour and Delivery nurse at Memorial Regional Hospital in Hollywood, Florida. This daughter stands as one of Lucille's prized accomplishments, made, even more so, by the fact that she has gone well beyond the accomplishments of her mother by providing Lucille with not one, but three grandchildren—two boys and one girl: Brandon, Blake and Brielle. She also adopted her son-in-law, Nigel, as the son to which she never gave birth.

In Buxton, Lucille will be remembered as one of the early employees of Kent Garment Factory in Guyana. And those of you who grew up in Guyana and are old enough will remember that the name Kent became synonymous with men's

shirts in those early days! She was very fashionable, though never outrageous in fashion. You could trace the unfolding of successive fashions by a simple review of her wardrobe or, as we called it in those days, her 'wall drove'. She made a fashion statement at every party, be it in Buxton, Friendship, somewhere else on the East Coast, or in Georgetown. She was always decked out in the latest hairdo, as part of that fashion statement. And, of course, with the circle of friends and her popularity, she frequently threw her own parties which, as you would expect, were always well attended and generated a lot of fun.

I can recall our teenaged years when Wellie and I wanted to go to night parties and our father was most reluctant to let us out of his sight. We would find Lucille and solicit her help. We would encourage her to go to our father and to tell him that she would be attending the party and that she would ensure that we behaved ourselves. She was often a reluctant participant in these enterprises, especially when she already had different party arrangements. In such instances, she admonished us not to let her down, and we did not. We, not only ensured that we were on our best behaviour at the party, but also kept the strict time she worked out for linking up with her to make the trek back home; to all intents and purposes, returning from the

(Continued on page 11)



30th December, 1946

1st April, 2011

*Eulogy delivered by
Pansy Primo-Griffith
Sister of the late Lucille
Primo-McKenzie
at the funeral service
held on 9 April, 2011
at St. Agnes / St. Paul
Episcopal Church,
East Orange,
New Jersey, USA.*

*Lucille was later laid to
rest at Fairmont
Cemetery in New
Jersey.*

LUCILLE PRIMO-MCKENZIE

(Continued from page 10)

same party when big sister supposedly kept an eye on little sisters. Such is the burden often borne by an understanding big sister.

Lucille was a very caring person. She opened her heart and her purse quite easily to those who seemed to be in need. I am told by those who were close to her in her last years, that they were of the view that she was too quick to help and even when, in their opinion, the stories of tragedies told to her did not seem to add up, she was all too willing to give the benefit of the doubt to the person requesting assistance. I am told that this has, on occasion, been cause of regret, but she seemed always to wish to give the benefit of the doubt to those who sought assistance rather than risk the prick of conscience which she would suffer by withholding assistance on the grounds of suspicion and discover later that she had turned her back on someone who genuinely needed the help. The world will miss her kindness.

Lucille immigrated to the United States in January, 1982 and lived throughout that period at 129 Sunset Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, also the home of her aunt, Lucia Pollard, who is also the oldest surviving relative. Lucille had grown to love a stable life and had put much into the effort to accomplish and maintain this. This is clearly reflected in her long tenure of

employment at St. Ann's Villa as a nursing assistant. And where she worked for over a quarter of a century. I am reliably informed that her employers at St. Ann's Villa had a high degree of respect for her competence and integrity to the point where a recommendation from her to a prospective employee was always well received.

Her primary responsibility at St. Ann's was the care of retired and sick nuns. Surely, they must have put in more than a good word for her to ensure that, as she crossed over to the other side, she would be welcomed to the abode of well deserved eternal rest and peace.

Her abounding energy, coupled with her ambition for improving the quality of her life, did not leave her satisfied with a fulltime job as a nursing assistant with the tireless responsibility of caring for the elderly. She thought she could do more. And so she did. She invested in, and developed, her own business—T&L West Indian Grocery, located on Chancellor Avenue, where she spent what would have been her spare time, now converted into time on a second job. Such was the strength of the woman and her ambition for continued improvement in the quality of her life and those around her.

Perhaps, it is the sisterly connection that I had with Lucille, but I sometimes think that her abounding energy made her somewhat

of a superwoman. Despite the fulltime job and her investment in a second job, she maintained a love for cooking, baking and the occasional party. I recall that she made the very best roti, the most tasty, spicy curry and a mouthwatering peppercorn. Her blackeye cook-up was unparalleled, with plenty of obstacles, and her signature fried rice, no one could duplicate.

As we entered adulthood, and we all charted our different course, the geographical divide between the Caribbean and North America denied us the opportunity to see each other and communicate as often as we wished. However, that distance did not interfere with the strong bonds of friendship which persisted among us. Maity and Wilma were soon able to reconnect with her once they followed her footsteps and migrated to the United States. I have come to believe that her brothers, Maity and Andrew, felt a special affinity to her. It is difficult to find words that are acceptable in polite society to describe the extent to which they guarded their friendship with her. You will therefore have to pardon me, if I seem to use the more colourful language of my parents and fore-parents, which I believe is still intelligible to some in explaining just how close they were. The legally trained mind would say that their relationships were inextricably woven.

No one, and I mean **no one**,

could get between those three—Maity, Andrew and Lucille. If you want to get on the wrong side of Maity or Andrew, you only have to say something uncomplimentary or negative about Lucille within their earshot. Similarly, if you wanted to get on Lucille's wrong side, you merely had to make unflattering comments to her about her brothers. The defence of one by the other was often quick, sharp and final. That is how close they were. I am aware, therefore, how devastating Lucille's transition is for Maity and Andrew. They have lost, not just a sister, but also their closest friend and confidant.

At age 62, Lucille was diagnosed with scleroderma. She courageously battled her illness for three years and finally succumbed on 1st April, 2011. Gone too soon!

She lived a good life. She fought a brave fight. It was time for her to go. I feel that the words of the poet, Henry Scott Holland, sums up what, in my view, she would want to say to us:

Death is nothing at all.

*I have only slipped away
into the next room.*

*I am I and you are you,
Whatever we were to each
other, that we still are.*

May her soul rest in peace!

...Pansy Primo-Griffith

Buxton-Friendship Express

April 2011

2011 Calendar of Events

Date & Time	Event	Venue	Details	Organiser(s)	Contact Info
May 28 10:00 p.m.	Saturday Evening Memorial Dance	WISDOM BANQUET HALL 5401 Annapolis Rd Bladensburg, MD 20710, USA	Music by Bobby's Music Machine Ticket: \$20 (advance) More at the door	CIMBUX, Inc.	240-381-5190 240-601-3892 240-508-6388 240-486-6341 240-988-4941
June 18 6:00 p.m.	BUSH COOK <i>An Evening of Buxton Spice, Rhyme & Rhythm</i>	454 Vermont St Brooklyn, NY 11207, USA (Blake & Sutter Aves)	Country Cuisine Folk, Steel Pan, Soca, Reggae, R&B Books & Souvenirs	Buxton-Friendship Heritage Fund, Inc.	718-342-0040 646-894-4256 646-727-5937 347-881-7055
July 24— August 1	HERITAGE WEEK	Buxton-Friendship Guyana	See page 6	Buxton-Friendship Restoration Committee & Heritage Fund, Inc.	592-274-0052 592-220-3411 592-639-9035

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