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THOUGHTS ON PRESIDENT CHEDDI JAGAN'S DEATH

6.55 a.m. Sunday 9th March, 1997

by Joan Collins

I stood on Main Street as daylight slowly began to fade, turning into that in-between time of twilight, with shadows beginning to form between the leaves of the majestic Samaan trees lining the avenue. The wind, the cool wind, softly caressing the bodies of the never ending flow of people who have silently moved with respect and sadness since the dawn of day.

Before day clean they came, from village and town, fancy homes and squatters' shacks, beginning this flow that has continued. Never stopping, seemingly never ending throughout the day. From the warm morning sun to the heat of noon day that was cooled by ever blowing wind.

And now at twilight, I am part of that flow. A flow quietly flowing to say farewell. To say farewell and to pay respect to a man, a simple man, yet a man of stature - a man of stature.

There is a beauty to that flow. A beauty quite like that of the silent dark Pomeroon. The Pomeroon that flows quietly, seemingly endlessly. A demonstration of unity that encompasses all the races, all the classes, all the ages of our country.

Maybe, just maybe in his death, our President has begun a new life for our country. A new life in which we will truly be one people, one nation with one destiny.