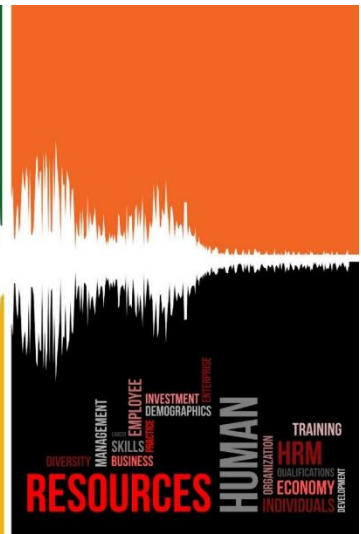




VOICE

Keeping Abreast with
Human Resource Management

" NAFTA NOON "



In memory of Mr. Felix Henderson who passed on Tuesday 10th November 2020

ESPEWEYANS KWEYOL his program
Two days in jail, his idea
"Under the stars" as a paro
This icon to us, we hold dear.

Felix played a crucial role
Bringing kweyol to the fore
"Nafta noon" his signature greeting
"Oh my finger" is no more.

Forty years and counting
Dedicated to the core
He worked his fingers to the bone
Making DBS a "major".

Hailing from South City
From a heritage quite poor
His God given talent
For him opened doors.

His commercials, so creative
His humour, so fun
One had to laugh on listening
To these amusing "radio runs".

Co-founder of KEK
For Felix one goal was won
When Creole Day was established
Here, in October 1981.

Louisiana 1983
He further had his say
At the Kweyol Forum
Proposing: International Kweyol Day.

The twenty-eighth of October
The world celebrates Creole Day
From the Seychelles to French Guiana
Dominica having led the way.

So proud are we of Felix
Putting DA on the kweyol map
His passion for his native tongue
Has bridged a generation gap.

His "Soul Express" on Wednesday nights
Blessed many a listener
It was one way of reaching the lost
Of taking the gospel further.

Felix's heart of compassion
Caused others to be happy
His brainchild the "Vagrants Dinner"
Brought smiles on the faces of many.

In October 2020
He realized a dream
Launching his autobiography
Sharing his life from within.

BECAUSE YOU ARE WITH ME
Relates in a riveting style
The life of a son of the soil
No one can deny.

He's gone but not forgotten
His creative works live on
Sweet and Salty, Sixty and up,
Why Christmas...the list is long.

So sad to see him go
But his part he played
The creole language has some hope
A legacy has been laid.

We bid you farewell Bro Felix
Your work for God was not in vain
Go rest in His fatherly arms
Until we meet again.

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2020



Late Felix Henderson,
Dominican Cultural Icon and Broadcaster

About the poet- JERMAINIA COLAIRE-DIDIER

The poet has been a French teacher and lecturer for over 25 years. She has always been passionate about reading, which has served as a springboard for her creative writing. She has taken part in several writing competitions. She was awarded first place in the English poetry section of the 2020 National Cultural Division Independence Literary competition. Featured are two of her poems, including the winning piece 'Do You Read Me?'

DO YOU READ ME?

Imagine,
I have stood here
Since 1906
A symbol of leisure
A symbol of peace
A place where minds are nurtured
Where solutions are found
A place of information
Where learning abounds.

Yes, do you read me?
In Andrew Carnegie's heart
I was conceived
Philanthropy played a part

A goal was achieved
Designed by Sir Hesketh Bell
I took shape and became
A space where reading was fun
A place of public acclaim

Just one of five in the Caribbean
What a great privilege
I stand out in architectural design
With my wooden rails
My gabled roof
My verandahs, wide
My big airy windows
My fretwork,
shown off with pride.

My adjacent garden
Once the talk of the town
With my fountain spouting
Refreshing the grounds
Ladies strolling their children
Friends chatting with glee
Young people swinging over the wall
From my tree, facing the sea.

For many years,
I enjoyed the silence
Of readers lost deep in thought
Enraptured by the pages
Oh, the pleasure they got!
But I also welcomed
The tiny little tots
Running about in the garden
Trying to connect the dots.

Then came that monster David
With his strong winds and rain
Giving my body a bashing
Filling me with much pain
My windows he broke through
My roof he left bare
With water pouring in
It was disaster everywhere.

The role I played was important
So, I could not be ignored
Back on my feet in due time
Service to my patrons restored
Everyone was happy
It was such a delight
Standing proud as a peacock
I was back in the limelight.

Do you read me?

I had the monopoly
Until the internet came
Choiceless, I followed suit
And got into the game
Computers were installed
Technology had to be obeyed
But precious books on the shelves
Still, a major part played.

She then chose to make her landing
September 18th, 2017
That wicked hurricane Maria
Leaving me broken and beaten
What would become of me?
My entrails all a mess
No answer was forthcoming
I choose to wait with bated breath

I trusted that like after David
Help would come my way
But here I am, three years on
A skeleton, to this day
What a pitiful picture
Sad, so sad to look at me
Standing there like tarnished gold
I look so derelict, can't you see?

And to think that someone
Would add insult to injury
By putting fire to my frame
Further helping to destroy me
Not once, but twice it happened
I thought that I was cursed
But I held on in suspense
Thank God, it was not worse.

Please Dominica, here is my plea
I have done all I could
With the resources given me
To many I have been good
Helping countless patrons
Complete their needed tasks
I now need help in return
Is that too much to ask?

Do you read me?

I represent our heritage
Which needs to be preserved
For future generations
A legacy reserved
Do not allow them to trash me
My beautiful frame to burn
Do not let them destroy me
My tradition to spurn.

I cry out for mercy!
I cry out for help!
Do you read me!

Do not leave me hopeless
Your petitions have strength