

I N G R A T I T U D E

Even now as I take my pen to direct these few words to the born from whence I came I hesitate for there will be those that will say it is for a political cause.

Yet let those few who may choose to criticize me remember that I did not live in Saba as a politician. I did not labour in Saba as a politician but as Henry Every who was willing to dedicate his entire physical and mental strength to his island without personal benefits.

Although for days I had noted on my writing-pad that today was the blessing of the church on Hellsgate due to the fact I was very busy it completely slipped my mind until 3 o'clock in the afternoon I became suddenly aware of it again. And while my thoughts flew over the ocean I typed out a cable and sent it. At 4 o'clock I received a cable from the community of Hellsgate. I suppose it is a bit hard to write on paper what I felt in my heart.

To-night for once I beg of all those that should read this forget for a moment that I am now a politician. Just remember the Sabian that loves his country.

Perhaps I was not all my people expected of me. My imperfections I did not conceal. But then I am not a hypocrite. I guess it was because I openly and honestly faced any responsibility that might be mine that my enemies could use my truthfulness and straightforwardness as a tool to destroy me in order to be undisturbed in their evil. I had one burning desire and that was to see the most we could achieve from the money we received. Be it from His Lordship the Bishop and our church, be it from the government I always wanted to see something substantial, something beautiful from the money that was for our community. It is also well known that not only the church I am a member of but for the Anglican church at Saba I was personally appointed to control and report to a cousin of that religion, who made an important contribution towards the repairs of the Anglican Churches in Saba, the progress of the desired achievements. No, it is not politics that made me interested in my island affairs both spiritual and temporal.

To the community of Hellsgate and the Catholics of Saba I want to say also "thank you". Amongst my souvenirs I have placed your cable but in my heart is placed forever the gift you gave me when I worked alongside you bringing stones and sand for the erection of this church. The gift of determination and unity and the knowledge that from this things of beauty issue. How long ago is it since I knelt with you in a wooden shack? To-day in its place stands one of the most beautiful churches in our islands which now is a fitting tribute to God. Windwardside may also your dream come true.

It was an official honour to me to lay the corner stone of this church yet Henry Every personally was far more privileged to share in the gathering of the many other stones in comradeship with my fellow Sabians. This world is large and there is much place for him who is willing to use his hands and head but if I never return to work again among you then I will always feel bound to you in this building of stone that will be forever warm with the love and dedication of the many Sabians who moistened and mellowed with the sweat of their brow cold stones into an object of love. My reward was to be able to be there.

From Saba I was banished because I knew not how to approve the stealing of governments property. The band of robbers will never touch the spirit of Henry Every.

Yes, though I am the least of the apostles I am proud of my Roman Catholic Faith and will profess it openly for this is one of the freedoms we fight for that we may serve God in our way in the religion we think right. The faith I hold dear grew in spite of fire, dungeon and sword because God in His Almighty wisdom deems it right that strength must come through struggling. That my struggle for right may grow also is my earnest prayer that I may not have lived in vain.

Sometimes when the wind sighs and whispers in that tower I was so anxious to see completed but because of my untimely removal I was not privileged, listen when you are there on bended knee and pray for the soul of one who also sighs and yearns someday to be in body again where now only his spirit is borne on the breast of the soft breeze that caresses a work which had all his love.

A tower of strength, a tower of stone, looks out over the sea and though I was sent in a political exile I gather strength across the waves that roll out from the shores of my native island from that emblem of strength where Sabians struggled and laboured together in unity for a just cause before the eyes of the Supreme Judge, the Almighty God.

Curacao, May 10th. 1962.

Henry C. EVERY

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Not the responsibility of the Editor)

Dear Mr. Editor,

The following was a piece entered by "A woman voter of Saba" and published in the Windward Islands' Opinion of January the 27th. 1962.