

Celebrating the life of  
*Errol Harris*

January 5, 1938 - December 12, 2020

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Prepared by Carla

## HUSBAND & FRIEND

*sharing*

Every day, we lived a life of adventure and excitement. We woke every morning and checked on Morne Diablotin - was she clear and majestic or clothed in white clouds? Errol enjoyed sharing his beautiful Dominica with me.

Errol, from the depths of the ocean we dived your favourite spots; Scott's Head pinnacles, Champagne and the Canefield wreck, to the majestic mountains where we hiked your beloved Delaford, Seaman's Gate.

*Seaman's Gate*

Nothing could beat our forest limes and lessons. *resilient*  
I remember once on our way back from La Plaine we stopped at Pond Case and walked part of the Morne Trois Piton trail looking for the perfect spot to have coffee. We sat close to huge trees that had fallen after Hurricane David. You showed me how they sent out new shoots and continued to grow into huge trees. You said the forests were like the people of Dominica, resilient and that life must go on...

*Your Wife, Marcella*



## BROTHER & FATHER FIGURE

*together*

Errol, Joffrey, and Otto... I think of us as 'JOE'. We had an extremely close bond. We moved together as one. Errol was not only the big brother but was the father figure to us in Roseau as Dad had to be away managing the estate for long periods of time.

*big brother*

Errol was the one from whom we got direction, inspiration, and protection. Mentally that bond will never be broken. Love for him will always be in my heart.

*protection*

Though our group name has now become JO instead of JOE, I am comforted that the sound JOE/JO remains the same.

Errol, may your new world be a peaceful one with you shining as you did down here.

*Your Brother, Otto*

## BROTHER & SKILLS GIVER

*family*

Errol always put Family first in his considerations and decision making. In discussions and decisions involving family members he insisted that everyone was treated equally and fairly. Mum and Dad had the rule that among the eight children, each child was responsible for looking after those younger than him or her. Errol took this responsibility very seriously!

*skills*

He was also very diligent in passing on his knowledge and skills set to anyone who sought it or who demonstrated by their performance that a transfer of knowledge and/or skill would be beneficial to the recipient!

*generous*

Errol was generous with his possessions. When Daddy (Grandpa Hugh) needed transportation for pepper shipments to Bello Factory, Errol let Wentworth and me use his Vauxhall Victor as a truck! He cut off the metal supports for the back seats so that we could pack the pepper crates from the luggage boot to the passenger area.

Errol considered all of this to be quite normal - peppers needed to be transported and the Vauxhall Victor could handle it - that was all that was needed to be considered.

*Delaford*

Errol also taught me how to shoot flying ramiers with a shotgun. Judging the continuously changing distance, rate and angle of flight vertically and horizontally to the ground are critical aspects which he carefully demonstrated to me in "real time", by talking as he demonstrated an actual shot at a ramier. He also made it very clear that patience and fluidity of motion in swinging the shotgun into action was critical and he gave me the opportunities to practice by giving me access to approaching targets which he himself could have easily taken had he opted to "take the shot".

*ramiers*

## BROTHER & SKILLS GIVER

*phenomenal*

He was phenomenal with animals! I was walking with him and his dog, Devil one day on Delaford when he gave the command "front". With that one word, Devil executed a complex routine - forward along the track about 50 yards, cut across the ravine, up the side of a banana field on the hill, into the windbreak and back until it was in line with us and came to heel on Errol's left side - and all this just with one word "front!".

*assisted*

There is another recounting (I don't remember the person) who gave the instance when he assisted a struggling pregnant heifer to give birth to her first calf. The way the incident goes is that the birth was proving too much for the young mother and the vet at the time was considering surgically removing the calf in order to save the mother's life as she had become at this stage very agitated and begun to struggle with the handlers. Errol, on coming upon the scene, asked to approach the mother and gently gave her head a hug to his chest and smoothed her neck with his hands. The result? The heifer quieted down and with a little help from Errol quietly gave birth to her first calf.

*fortunate*

I was fortunate to share these many happy and learning times and many others, with my big brother, Errol. I miss him and will continue to do so until we meet again (I presume to be allowed the same destination?!). It is a consolation however, to know that he will very likely be already assisting others to acquire new knowledge and skills, and to surmount their individual hurdles in their time as each develops, from one stage of their total existence and life to the next stages. May God's blessings continue to be with you, Errol; and may you continue to be in His Almighty and Blessed Presence.

*Your Brother, Cary*

## BROTHER & CARER

*big brother*

Dear Errol, I miss you, I miss you, I miss you! I will hold you in my heart whenever I pray the Our Father, your much loved prayer. The joy, love, the teachings that you gave us as a big brother will never fade.

*Queen's Scout*

You became a Queen's Scout at just sixteen; I was eight, you fascinated me from then with your knowledge in so many areas. One of my favorite memories was being amazed watching you start an outside fire made with dried leaves, twigs and small branches without using a single match and then cook tasty porridge.

*Ham Radio*

My homesick days in Canada were softened by you as you put me in contact with a Canadian Ham Radio operator friend of yours in order for me to speak often with mum and dad. Thank You!

Your sincere caring for family, relatives, friends and acquaintances did not go unnoticed and will always be remembered. My brother you have journeyed ahead of us. Rest in Peace with your Creator.

*Your Sister, Francine*

# BROTHER, BIG BUNDA

*hero*

My darling Errol,

Big Bunda, hero of the forest and animals; my Black Tarzan, it always seemed like you knew everything; could do everything. You see, Delaford Estate was home for me and there I can see you riding the horses bareback, slinging your special small cutlass up into the dwarf coconut trees to pick coconuts for us, building that tree house. Yes, that tree house! Then you would sling up the little ones, me included, using a rope and let us feed the birds right from our hands. Oh Bunda! You loved us so much.

*riding horses bareback*

Mom used to say, "Errol has such a big heart!" Your love, your caring, your giving nature seemed to have no end. And that giving heart went beyond family, to so many people in need. When I was home in 2017, how many people would stop us to ask about you, then recount wonderful memories of your giving nature.

My darling, my hero, my "twin", I love you so much. I will carry you in my heart always and when I need a lift, I will see your smile, feel your hug, hear your heartfelt laugh.

*laugh*

Look, the angels are there, with open arms, music and angelic rhythms waiting to receive you. Enjoy!

*Your Sister, Amah*

# BROTHER, KWEME OF HUGH & BERYL

*kweme*

I always looked up to all my siblings and still do. In the family hierarchy, as Alison Boyd once referred to me, I was the "denier kwass" of Hugh and Beryl Harris, hence, Errol was the "kweme" or "pwemier zenfant" and I always respected and looked up to him.

When I was young, Errol was like a superhero to me. He lived like a black Tarzan and a Phantom on Delaford Estate; like Tarzan, because he had a tree house, a huge bow and some arrows that he had made, as well as, a well-balanced cutlass with which he did things that I have never seen anybody else do; also, like a phantom, because whilst we walked through the estate he would suddenly disappear and reappear minutes later ahead of all of us because he knew the land like the back of his hand.

*Demitrie River*

I will never forget when he used to pull me up with a rope into his tree house that hovered on the cliff edge overlooking the steep track down to the Demitrie River. When I was even younger living on Old Street near the Old Market, I will never forget him stretching his hand down to pull me up from my bunk bed into the small attic where he developed his own film as a very young man himself.

*animal husbandry*

I remember that long before there was a qualified Veterinarian in Dominica Errol was the Animal Husbandry man and on his BSA motorcycle he went through the length and breadth of Dominica helping farmers with their sick or problematic animals even when he was called late at night or during the early hours of the morning.

*irreplaceable*

God bless Errol, an irreplaceable being, who will be in our hearts as long as we live. May his passage to the heavenly realms be peaceful and pleasant - I love you Errol and always will.

*Your Brother, Ray*

## FATHER & SOUNDING BOARD

Daddy,

You've etched so many memories into my heart and mind that selecting for this note was difficult.

*protector*

You were a public person yet you were able to protect us. You were always available to share your time, knowledge, love and generosity. You were always available to your family. You nursed us when we were sick with our period and stayed with us till we felt better.

*nurse*

You listened...oh did you listen! You were my sounding board, my trusted advisor on all matters. You taught me the importance of trust and integrity and the need to never send your team to battle without being prepared to do whatever you ask them to do.

*trust*

I trusted you implicitly. I remember the day you slaughtered a sheep in the garage in Canefield and you told me I could eat the sheep liver. I looked at you with great curiosity and you promptly ate a piece...of course I followed suit and thought it tasted great although everyone around looked at us in shock and awe. When I'd call and rant you always listened and reminded me that being fair was paramount even if it was not popular and that looking out for my team was important and the rest would fall in line...that is/was so true.

*leadership*

You always found a way to make things happen, you made things better after hurricanes, you found a way with limited means to give us a second opportunity with Mommy....so on the evening of October 9th, 2016, I thought you would find a way to make it all better....but I guess my concept of better had to morph into deeper faith, closer family - if ever that was possible....and then peace trusting that all would be well.

*family*

Daddy, I will always love you and cherish our memories. Rest in eternal peace Daddy.

*Your Daughter, Steph*

## UNCLE, MAN OF THE FAMILY

Uncle Errol was the first of Grandma Beryl's children and by the time I came along Grandma was already the matriarch and Uncle Errol was the man of the family. He was looked up to and respected, as the first born, by his siblings and their families; and the love and admiration he had for his siblings' children made him seem more like a youthful grandfather than an uncle. Uncle Errol seemed to spread his wings around the entire family even the extended family who lived abroad. I suspect Uncle Errol found, kept in touch with, and/or assisted every member of our family in some way or another. His commitment to family was tangible and he whole heartedly accepted and fulfilled his role as the first born - always there to lend a hand, to show support, to share information, to give guidance and to just make sure that everyone was always ok.

It's hard to choose memories of Uncle Errol that stand out 'cause he was the kind of person that made every interaction memorable. But it does seem like all my most memorable "nature" experiences in Dominica centered around uncle Errol. His knowledge, appreciation and passion for all of Nature was perhaps his most prominent characteristic. Uncle Errol loved and respected every animal and its habitat whether on land, in the air, or in the sea. When we went bird watching he knew all the birds by their flight, their song, their feather pattern. I think he knew the name of every animal and plant found in Dominica. We would often take a picture of a plant or leaf or peculiar looking animal and send it to uncle Errol asking what it was and he would respond with an encyclopedia-like answer.

I remember my first trip on the Aerial Tram in Dominica was with Uncle Errol. The forest came alive for me on that tour - it was hard to believe that we'd only been looking at forest trees. I was so impressed that when a friend visited from Barbados, I decided to take her on the Aerial Tram. While the tour was still good, and the guide was knowledgeable, I soon realized that what had made the original tour so awe-inspiring was Uncle Errol. He had been able to fill in the gaps in the guide's knowledge, and he'd done all this without upstaging, belittling or disrespecting the guide. He'd done it in a way that made us think that all of that knowledge had come with the Tram.

## UNCLE, MAN OF THE FAMILY

When Uncle Errol took up scuba diving his knowledge and appreciation for nature grew even more. I remember a family snorkeling trip to champagne when, as we anchored, all the nieces and nephews got into the water and Uncle Errol was the first adult in. He undressed, strapped his knife to his outer calf, dove into the water and instantly transformed from my “grandpa” Uncle Errol to a Waterworld Peter Pan. He was Aquaman! He was as quick as a fish, but he paused to tell us what fish to look out for, what not to worry about, and what he was hoping to see. Then he was off!

Uncle Errol’s love of nature also meant he had ZERO tolerance for people who destroyed, disrespected or unnecessarily damaged any part of nature. He used his harshest words to describe people who recklessly killed or endangered wildlife (especially turtles) and he would visibly hurt whenever he saw the results of cruelty or disregard for life. And of course, as children, we always looked forward to visits to Uncle Errol’s farm. He had chickens, ducks, turkeys, snakes, tortoise, dogs, cats and pigs. As a child visiting with Uncle Errol was like a trip to the zoo.

I heard stories of how Uncle Errol and his brothers were taught to shoot at the tender age of 6 and that by the time he was 10 he was responsible enough to take his two younger brothers out hunting. Uncle Errol never lost that love and respect for guns. The nieces and nephews were all taught at a very early age about the dangers of firearms and there was no tolerance for carelessness. We were taught to shoot rifles and handguns before we were teenagers and Uncle Errol was the head “cowboy”. We developed the skill and appreciation for shooting without the careless fascination that many young people seem to have. We were taught to respect all living things. By the time we’d come along, Uncle Errol had already stopped hunting and was only shooting animals with his camera.

As a child, I was told of how Uncle Errol had sharpened his cutlass to such an extent that he could pick coconuts by sending it into the tree. He could throw his cutlass and slice a banana tree in half. Uncle Errol was into guns, knives, cameras, photography and technology.

## UNCLE, MAN OF THE FAMILY

He was the first person I knew to have a telescope, a ham radio, a palm pilot. He appreciated things of old, cherished History but moved swiftly and effortlessly into modern times. I remember he built a fully sustainable “home” for an environmental project once and I just marveled at it. Everything he did seemed second nature to him. His work and his life brought him joy and all his achievements seemed effortless.

On top of that, Uncle Errol was loving, kind, generous, and caring to everyone. I will never forget how, in that month or so that Uncle Errol spent in the hospital, in the early stages of his illness, every day a patient, or visitor or hospital staff would pass, recognize him and say, “that’s Mr. Harris?” and it would inevitably be followed by “Boy, that man helped me so much when....” and then “I will never forget him for that;” or, “I really love and respect that man”. There was always gratitude and compassion. I was amazed at how many lives one man could touch... so many different people from so many walks of life and in so many different ways. I knew he was caring and selfless with his family, but I had not realized, until then, that he had extended his heart and himself to everyone he met.

Even when Uncle Errol was sick he still put himself last. I remember on the day he was being discharged from the hospital telling him that he was going to go home to Aunty Ursula’s in Morne Bruce, and, instead of looking happy, he looked disappointed. I asked him if he wanted to go by Aunty Ursula and he shook his head. I asked him if he wanted to go to his home to Morne Daniel and he shook his head. I asked him if he wanted to stay in the hospital and he nodded. I was puzzled, so I asked him why? Then I remembered that Aunty Marcella had said that, on the night he’d got the stroke, he had fallen and when she came to try to pick him up he discouraged her cause he knew that she would hurt herself trying. So I asked him, do you think you are going to be a burden? And he nodded. I spent the next few minutes convincing him that he could never be a burden because we all loved him so much and we wanted him home for Christmas. I had to tell him that he and Marcella would be keeping Aunty Ursula company and that we’d all be able to see them more often.

## UNCLE, MAN OF THE FAMILY

I told him we were going to have Christmas lunch by Aunty Ursula so it would be a win win for everyone. That satisfied him and he agreed to be discharged to Aunty Ursula's.

During Hurricane Maria, when Aunty Marcella and Aunty Ursula were struggling to keep the door shut and to keep Uncle Errol from getting wet, Aunty Marcella talks of him signaling for her to help Aunty Ursula instead of attending to him, although he had fallen off the bed. She tells of his look of total frustration and disappointment because he could not help them.

This spirit of caring and protection was strong till his last few moments with us. Even at his lowest, Uncle Errol held on until Stephane assured him that "it is well" - that all his children were grown and could take care of themselves, that we all loved him, knew that he loved us and loved each other, that we would all be ok, that we just wanted him to be at peace, and that we loved Marcella and would take care of her. Only then did he relax and let go.

Although after the stroke he could not talk, walk, or move much, Uncle Errol's spirit remained very strong until the end. And I believe his spirit was felt by everyone who cared for him. His caregivers would always say how much they liked him and at first I would wonder if they had known him before the stroke; but, when these same statements started to come from St. Vincent, I realized that they were talking about liking him now... they were loving his spirit. Uncle Errol did have a very loving and gentle spirit that could connect and find favor with everyone. Some people say that when your body gets weak your spirit gets stronger... maybe that's what happened in his case.

Overall, I think Uncle Errol represented what a man is or ought to be. He was strong, he was kind, he was caring and he was honest. The most impressive wedding speech I've ever heard was when Uncle Errol said at my cousin's wedding (his goddaughter) *"I am a widower. I was married for 23 years to my first wife. I am married to my second wife now for 17 years. And I am proud to say that the only women I have ever been with during my marriages are my wives.*

## UNCLE, MAN OF THE FAMILY

*And this is what being a man is. A lot of our men think that it is manly to have a lot of women. That is nonsense. There is nothing manly or macho about that.”* He told the groom that being a good husband meant being a man and being a man meant being faithful to his wife. And this wasn't coming from just any man, this was coming from the John Wayne of Dominica, the snake man, the Indiana Jones, the Aquaman, the Tarzan and protector of nature... it was coming from the most manly of men!

Uncle Errol cared for all God's creatures, including people and he saved the very best for his family. We loved him and will continue to love him very much. We appreciate the impact he had on our lives and the richness he brought to them. We are forever grateful to God for giving us Uncle Errol. And we will miss him soooo much.

“It is well”, Uncle Errol... Because of all that you were and all that you taught us; because of all the love you gave; because you showed us how to love each other; because of all the work that you did and the example you lived; because of the man that you were... it is well !

Rest in everlasting love Uncle Errol. I miss you.

*Your Niece, Joelle*

## UNCLE DADDY

It's been a pleasure just sharing space with such a wonderful person.

You loved me like a daughter...and for this I will be forever grateful.

*advice*

Your wise advice has allowed me to excel in so many ways in my life. The love you've expressed to me has truly been a blessing.

Carla, Steph and Toni...thank you so much for sharing him with me. He will always be my one and only, Uncle Daddy. Love.

*Your Niece, Wilda*

## UNCLE ADVENTURER

*agriculturalist*

Uncle Errol was like if Indiana Jones was an agriculturist. I loved being around him and it was an added bonus being on the farm with him. Everything was a mini adventure as well as a learning process.

*Ham radio*  
Among the many memories, I enjoyed him showing me the Ham radio room with the rifles and before the days of cellphones and internet, it was cool how he could talk to people around the world.

*rifles & shotguns*  
Absolutely, I will never forget the shooting lessons. I remember the first time he gave me a shotgun to shoot, I looked at him like, "you're sure about this?" The thing was longer than I was at the time and I had no confidence in my *me*g arms nor the bird chest, to withstand what I saw happening when Kwame shot it. But he explained everything, from the basics down to dismantling a shotgun shell to show us what was actually in there and how it worked. We are both similar in that we like to know how things work, so I could listen to Uncle Errol explain anything. He was like National Geographic in person.

*photography*  
His love for photography always resonated with me as I also take pictures of everything, a leaf, wind blowing, everything! He had a way of staring at nature with a look of complete fascination. Always deliberate, calm with a gentle smile. He had a special expression that could really make someone know he was pleased with you. Always listened to what you had to say, regardless and spoke genuinely from his heart.

The energy and attention he gave made you feel like he cared about every part of the conversation even the most trivial parts.

## UNCLE ADVENTURER

I also loved the way he made children feel as important as grownups. Grandpa, Grandma and Uncle Wentworth were all like that too and made me feel like a little big man. Endless blessings and eternal love to them.

*special connection*

Uncle Errol could get lost in a conversation with the smallest person in the group. At times that was me, so I know what that's like. I feel blessed to have a special relationship with all my uncles and aunts and I genuinely feel a special connection to all of them. None can be replaced and Uncle Errol is a special love that truly can't be replaced. I'm thankful for the experiences we shared and deeply sorry we won't be able to share any more.

I humbly pray that the Almighty Father blesses and encircles you always, Uncle Errol. Love.

*Your Nephew, Omari*

# UNCLE

One of my earliest and fun memories of uncle Errol is in Morne Daniel when mom and dad visited, and I was so excited to see the ducks in the pond and collect the chicken eggs. I even fell and broke my arm once while running up by his first house.

I was amazed as a child at how he had trained his chickens to press their beak on a lever so they could drink water. As I grew older I began to see him as a superhero, someone who always did the most amazing things. I began to appreciate him even more. He was always ready to give me some manly advice and scolding too.

When I had children and got married, he embraced and loved my family. We would always look forward to him and aunty Marcella attending our family functions. He would always have his camera ready to take or show pictures/videos.

I always admire his love for nature, and life on a whole! He did what he loved, loved what he did, and always gave it his best. Many people thought he was my father because we look alike. I am proud and honored to say that he was like a second father to me and we will miss him dearly.

Rest In Love Uncle Errol!

*Your Nephew, Gareth*

## UNCLE & GOD FATHER

I have only lovely memories of Uncle Errol. From a childhood memory of him selflessly carrying me on his back up the Canefield road due to road works preventing traffic; to him giving me crucial advice on my budgies, ducks, turtles and cat; to simply each and every time we met (including a serendipitous meeting in Barbados after Emma's birth) - I felt we were always wholeheartedly happy to see each other. I always left his presence with a warm feeling in my heart.

I think of Uncle Errol with much joy and much love.

Author Merrit Malloy writes:

*"...when all that's left of me is love  
Give me away."*

Uncle Errol gave a lot of love to be shared.

*Your Niece & Goddaughter. Carelle*

# GRANDFATHER

Dear Grandpa,

I miss you.

I am proud to call you my Grandpa. You've taught me so much, how to catch a lizard with a leaf, how to feed and look after the snakes and animals on the farm, how to harvest eggs. You even got me my first chicken, Lay-Lay. In the mornings we would go and collect eggs from her for our breakfast.

I will never forget the Summers, Christmases and Birthdays with my Grandpa on the farm.

Before the stroke the last you saw me I was entering 7th grade (1st Form). I wish you could have been here to see how much I've grown since then. How courageous, intelligent, caring and kind I have become. All qualities I say I got from my Grandpa.

I will always miss you... I will forever think of you with every decision that I make. The day you died it rained heavily, and it reminded me of a song that I'm sure you would have loved...

*"When raindrops fell down from the sky, the day you left me, an angel cried, oh she cried, she cried."*

I like to think that your angel is Grandma Olive and her tears are tears of happiness; and as time passes my tears will evolve to be tears of happiness.

Grandpa I love you. I love you with my whole heart and soul.

*Your Granddaughter, Kee* 

## GREAT UNCLE

It is hard to BELIEVE that someone you loved is gone and never coming back, that you will never be able to see them again.

To me uncle Errol was a great uncle, he made me smile EVERYTIME I visited. After I was told he had an accident it broke my heart. I then saw him in his bed laying there not being able to move and I wanted to cry.

After he was moved out of Dominica to see other doctors, I was given some hope. Little by little I was told of the progress he was making and I hoped that someday he would be just as good or better than before.

After Corona started I was terrified for him, but I was still hopeful.

One thing I can say about my uncle is that when he was alive he was carefree and cheerful and glad. I pray that he lived a happy life. I hope I was able to make him smile before he left, just as much as he made me smile. Yes, I wish I could have spent more time with him but I am glad for the time I did get to spend with him.

After four years of waiting for him to wake up he is gone and I hope he is in heaven and watching after each and every one of us.

To me my uncle died four years ago, the only difference is that there used to be a possibility of him coming back. I wish there was a possibility of him coming back now, but since there is not, the only thing I know is he would have wanted for all of us to go on with life and to live for us and for him.

Love you Uncle Errol.

*Your Greatniece Dide*

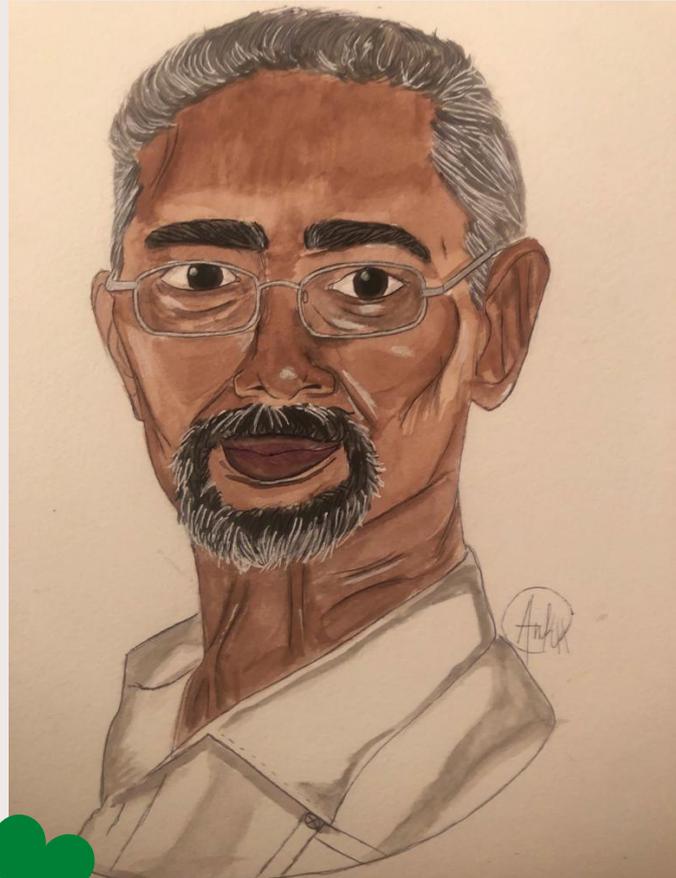


GREAT UNCLE



Love you Uncle Errol

*Your Greatniece Cici*



Love you Uncle Errol

*Your Greatniece Ayana*



## COUSIN

Every time Errol spoke to someone you could feel he was always giving of himself. The reason people call and offer condolences is because Errol contributed positively to their lives.

My first memory of going out with Errol was with my brother, Cecil. We spent a day with him. At that time they were building the road to La Plaine. And it was astounding to us how well known he was - even in a place where at that time people considered was 'behind God's back' - I mean it used to take almost a whole day to get to La Plaine then! But on our way and even when we got there - people would stop him and talk to him or hail him by name. Errol was well known, well respected and well loved.

*Your Cousin, David*

## COUSIN

Some of my fond memories of Errol are at our meetings at a number of WIDECAST (Wider Caribbean Sea Turtle) conferences, in the USA, Mexico, and the Caribbean. Prior to this time, I had only met some of the Harris family in Dominica once or twice. However, at our first meeting, which I think was at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, Errol came up to me and gave me a huge hug and such a warm welcome that you would have believed that we had grown up seeing each other every day.

We spent some enjoyable days at the conference and this started our annual meetings, with him and Marcella, at several more Widecast events.

When Mummy died, I brought Daddy to Dominica for a week to just help him deal with her loss in small doses. Errol and Marcella were quick to visit us at Auntie Ursula and take us sightseeing, to the Trafalgar falls, the Fresh Water Lake , etc.

I will always remember Errol fondly, and I miss his smile, his turtle talks, his wit.

Rest in perfect peace.

*Your Cousin, Marie Louise*

## COLLEAGUE & FRIEND

It is with a heavy heart that I share the news that our dear friend and conservation champion, Errol Harris, Founder of the Dominica Sea Turtle Conservation Organization (DomSeTCO), has passed away. I had the privilege of working closely with Errol – and his wife Marcella – for many years. His indomitable spirit, energy, and love of the natural world drove his many decades of service to his island home. Errol and I received a series of USAID grants about a decade ago, which resulted in several publications specific to sea turtle conservation, tourism, and strategic planning in Dominica. Errol penned this “bio” (below) for USAID and I share it in his memory. Also, I’ve attached some photos from WIDECAST’s 2012 marine forensics (“CSI”) workshop in Mexico, and an earlier shot of Errol doing what he loves more than anything – educating about sea turtle conservation.

Errol, you are dearly loved and dearly missed. Hugs, Karen

*Colleague & Friend Karen Eckert*

## COLLEAGUE & FRIEND

Dear Marcella,

This is Mark Thomas here. Carla (Armour's) husband. I was so sorry to hear of Uncle Errol's death. Please accept my condolences. He was such a special person. I knew him best when I was working under him in the Botanical Gardens in 1983-85. This was really my first experience of working in or with a civil service. Over the years I have worked with many more.

Just two special things about Uncle Errol I want to mention. First, he really cared about our work which meant he saw the bureaucracy as necessary but never to be used to stop doing what needed to be done. In fact he was always looking for ways through it and around it. What a great guy to have to show me how it could be done. I have tended to judge civil servants by his standard ever since and few have matched up.

Second, he really cared about us, his troops, however young and experienced and often foolish we all were. Believe me, he had to help us out of some real scrapes.

Great guy, great contribution, great life.

May he rest in peace. All the very best to you and the family.

*Colleague & Friend Mark Thomas*