

Words for Babette, from Babs Bluett-Duncan

We were very different, Babette and I, despite almost having the same name...

To me, she was a 'force of nature' with a powerful presence and a determination to never leave things unchanged – you could never be unaware of her, and that was a part of her gift and her magic.

I found her immensely challenging and came to realise that this is exactly what I needed – I appreciate the time she took, and her effort to find the 'real Babs' who would prefer to hide in the shadows!

There are so many things I would have loved to talk with Babette about; to apologise for withholding myself from her at first, not understanding that passion and presence or my own reluctance to engage, but I do feel that she understood me quite well (one of the things I grew to love about her was her great desire to understand those around her).

So many memories remain vivid – her love of life, of people, of excellent food – excellence in all that she did – was evident and infectious. Memories of her playing the piano with immense gusto and getting all of us shrinking violets to join her in her delight of singing! I see turquoise and remember how lovely she looked in that colour. So many things bring her to mind, and I already miss her so much although of late seeing her so little lately.

Thank you for the opportunity to share a few of my thought and memories – Babette was clearly loved by so many and I'm sure we all have memories (and if memories were colours, probably turquoise ones) of things she has said or done that have enriched our lives.