



Rede seiner Mutter

beim Begräbnis in Stift Rein am 19. August 2011

Clemi was not perfect. But he was nearly perfect. He could be argumentative and occasionally even grumpy. He wasn't a good loser - especially at tennis. But this was happening less and less frequently anyway. He was a grand master in winding people up. He specialised in his own family and Rachel had become his new, welcome, victim! His writing was close to illegible and I was always the postmistress that had to address and send his spidery thank you letters. He was so careful with his money, but I am loathe to call him a miser as he was the most generous of us all when it came to giving. He was very untidy. When you walked into his room you were confronted with a mixture of clothes, books, letters and unanswered invitations. And his dirty socks were legendary. But. He was nearly perfect. He had hundreds of friends and touched the hearts of many, across social barriers and generations. The children at the summer camps worshipped him as the Adonis that he liked to think he was. The fact that so many of his friends have travelled so far and are here today is a testament to him. Going to Ampleforth was a turning point in his life. And I am not just saying this because Father Gabriel, his former housemaster and headmaster, is breathing down my neck. His dyslexia was recognised and he was given the extra help and support he needed. With this his confidence grew. And there he also discovered rugby. I shall never forget his phone call one Saturday evening to say that he had had an accident playing rugby and had needed stitches near his eye. "Are you still at the hospital?" I asked. "No. Matron stitched me up at the side of the field" was his cool answer. Of course he continued to play on afterwards. He worked hard and was focused in what he wanted and how to achieve it. Having failed to get the Deloitte scholarship first time round he applied again while doing his Austrian military service, and was accepted. His first class honours degree from Bristol University arrived through the post the day after he died. His future looked rosy and bright and he was full of optimism and enthusiasm. He was loyal. To his family and friends, to

Austria and his football team, Sturm Graz. He was steadfast, friendly and interested. Interested in politics, religion, business and history. He had an encyclopaedic knowledge of football, both English and Austrian. He was a great sportsman himself – played tennis, golf, volley ball, football. Rode his bike from London to Rodmersham about 90 kilometers to visit my parents for lunch! He loved wake boarding and spear fishing. Our Bahamian holidays will never be the same without him. But skiing and above all ski tours were his passion. He loved nature, the mountains and going shooting. He was a fantastic son and dearly beloved grandson and brother. He may not have been perfect. But in my eyes, he was!