



Seine Schwester über Clemi

How do you start describing your brother that died aged 23? Is not every word going to be tainted with bias?

I wrote to him a few weeks before he died, and gave him my opinion of him.

“You are not a person that reads newspapers and takes on other people’s opinions, parroting them and regurgitating them without understanding them, but you are able to take information and form your own opinion from this.”

“You are able to motivate people for things that you are interested in and you will not take no for an answer. One good example is that despite the fact that people might believe that Monopoly is a game of luck, you manage to win every time. “

“You have a variety of interests that you have developed throughout your life (football, rugby, skiing, wakeboarding), but you have kept these very separate from your academic life. You have shown an incredible ability and willingness to work from a young age onwards. You have a drive to prove yourself, probably partly due to your dyslexia, and you will go to any lengths to be successful. “

“You are independent. You have been able to make decisions independently from a young age onwards, and have not needed to be babysat. If you want something, or are interested in it, then you organize it. Be this a ski tour, a Grossglockner visit, or an internship. You have the drive to find out about it, research it and then apply or organize it. Also, once you have made a decision, you stand by it, and you are able to explain why you did this.”

“You are prepared to encourage the weakest link (up the Grossglockner or wherever) in a manner that will ensure that results are achieved. “

“You are results orientated and you like to get things finished and done properly. You are not the person to do a job half heartedly. And when you do something, you always make sure it is the best you can make it. “

So that is what I thought of him when he was still alive. Since Clemi died I have tried to keep my memories of him as pure as can be. It has only been three months since he died and already I have heard anecdotes and characteristics that have been altered by word of mouth. Clemi did not love Mont Blanc above all other mountains, come on, a French mountain above all Austrian ones? And he did not cycle to my grandparents on multiple occasions, he did it once. Any story I tell will only add to the confusion for others, or it will be changed by others, and this I do not want.

Do I think any differently of him now that he is dead? I don't, but I want to make sure it stays that way. I want to remember everything about him, the good and the bad. I do not want him turned into a two dimensional character made up of extreme characteristics. Clemi had moods, he could be fun and cheerful but he was also grumpy and quiet. Often he was monosyllabic, but when he said something it was worth hearing. Clemi was a more sensitive soul than he allowed many to see and he was a deep thinker. He was a many faceted human being with a real and deep character. That cannot be summed up in a few words or stories.

Clemi was real and he was alive. He was my little brother and shared my life for 23 years. To me, he will always be the strong young man with the half smile on his face, the picture of health, asking a million and one questions. I could fill a book with memories about him, about how we grew up and how we played "William and Sophie" or the lakes we created in Zambia, our basketball matches, his weirdo dance style, his hatred of smoke, his interest in shooting, his love of sports, the deer we shot together, his visits to London, our cup of tea on the floor, our trips to Victoria coach station, his patriotism, our trips to museums in London, his silly signatures in visitors books, his cutting comments, our lunches at Deloitte, the soups he cooked, his sometimes slightly awkward manner, his funny beard and curly hair, his dress sense, his love of ice cream, the list is endless.

Whatever I write will never do him justice because you cannot sum up a person in a few lines, especially if that someone was your little brother. I cannot say that he was funny or brave, because he was not always funny nor always brave. But one thing I can say for certain, and this always holds true: Clemi was loved.