

Randolph Lenny Prieto Father Figure, Stalwart, Disciplinarian—

He struggled to overpower death but succumbed on Tuesday 23rd, 1999 about 9:00 p.m. He had a way with words. His vocabulary exquisite and his handwriting superb. If you came in contact with Mr. Prieto or Priets as he was fondly called by many, you would ponder what a delight – his charm, his politeness, his graciousness, his charisma, his precision, his diplomatic approach – as he was attached to the “Trinidad and Tobago Embassy, his dress for the occasion – suit, tie, hat, zipped case, handkerchief – well groomed, clean shaven, meticulous. He walked deliberately with Shoulders Square – you get the picture – a tailor by profession, fitting ladies and men. If you visited his home – simple but exquisite taste. He guided you to your seat then you were entertained – calypso music, cricket/carnival video, snacks, brandy or something to quench the thirst. Then you would be blessed with his wit. Then on leaving – “Take One For The Road” – he paid attention to every detail while you were in his domicile. If he was displeased about something – you would know it “I Am No Deep Freeze” as he would say. He would escort you to the lobby or parking area. That was the Priets Way.

As a father he had his hopes for all his children as any good father would. He said to me, “Patrick I am handicapped but they are all here, but Steffan you know Jean’s Son that “Guy” would do well in this Country.”

As he said this Prieto would pull his handkerchief, remove his famous captain’s hat from his head, wipe his neck, forehead and head in one motion and re-position his handkerchief in his back pocket and say “But God Knows Best.” He was a devoted catholic – loved the church, attended Sacred Heart and visited the Basilica of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception Periodically.

He had a plan for his grand children – that all members of his family must be under one roof – high ideals, which he explored but which were not realized. His regret though was that he could not locate his eldest daughter Grace Mitchell who migrated to London.

He had his way – I disagreed with him once on a particular delicate subject and he responded – you are a very nice fella, but I am telling you – your are a “Damn Fool”.

As I capture the man whom I admired for over 34 years in spite of his shortcomings, I can truly say he left his indelible mark and I hope I did justice...

To his wife, children, sons-in-law, daughter-in-law, grandchildren,
sisters, nephews, nieces, family, extended family, friends, well
wishers, I admonish...

Remember him....
How you can
Even though you did not agree with him...
He was always right
His advice, his stature, his dominance, his vision, his
wisdom, his forthrightness ---
Remember him – how you can ----
Even though you did not agree with him...
He lived his dream, his plans, his desires,
his wishes, his secrecy....
Remember him how you can...
Even though you did not agree with him...
He loved family..
He loved life, living and giving...
Remember him how you can...
He endureth – endureth....
Peace ...Be strong...
Remember him....
Do not weep
He wept...
Remember him..
Priests we love you....
Always

Patrick Bathersfield
11/24/99