



Goodbye dear Wibb. Mourning you is like witnessing the most amazing sunset. Yes, there is sadness that the most beautiful day is over, but the abiding memory is of vivid, deepening colours...wonder, awe and the deepest, deepest gratitude. You always took our breath away.

Thank you for all the beauty and joy you brought to our lives. Thank you for burning so brightly and so brilliantly. You inevitably awakened that quality in all who crossed your path, lighting the way for them to find their own joy and aliveness in music and in life.

Thank you for your humour and for never taking yourself too seriously. Your childlike playfulness, alongside the gravity of your musicianship, integrity and intelligence as one of the world's greatest artists, is both intoxicating and humbling. Thank you for caring so much.

I am heartbroken that you are gone but I know that when we lose the ones we love, the love returns in different forms. Last week with the PSO we played Debussy's La Mer and Ravel's Mother Goose. I felt the love return in the beautiful melodies, hushed tones and moments of grace. How fortunate we are to make music -- to live in that realm, to be connected still.

It has taken me a while to find the words to be able to speak of your passing. I thank my friend, Jenny Steele, for posting on my behalf as I am not on social media. I know the internet has been lit up by so many beautiful remembrances and I wanted to add my voice to that outpouring of love. In the words of the great writer, Maya Angelou:

"People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel."

ELephant...PARadise... WONderful...TAXi...

Who could forget those words! While in time, we may forget the minutiae of lessons and masterclasses, or the specific details of concerts, we will never forget how you made us feel:

utterly,

wonderfully,

alive.

Oh...how I LOVE you. 😊

xxx