Already 12 years since I started my first import to Ibiza, then Maui, then Montreal. I was born in Canada, and was lucky at a young age (like 13) to live in Kathmandu for a year. Of course that changed my life. So being a little smart at languages, I managed to skip a few years and when ready for University, I travelled. Studying languages in college helped. Of course Kathmandu was on the top of my list so doing it via Europe turned out to be a whole year trip. (1978). I left with John, and under Mom’s (via Dad’s) orders I was to come back with John or come back. That probably saved me from a few bad stories. We made it to Kathmandu of course and I made a few acquintances with my good old connections, my uncle was a diplomat there, and developed a few bad ones, Kathmandu was swarming with all kinds of traders, trying to make a quick buck, if you know what I mean. . .

And I met Lucio, the crazy Italian, great dancer, fierce lover, incredibble jeweller, total coke fiend and the father of my girls. I was young and enjoyed his energy and craziness. Unfortunately, cocaine was stonger than my love, I had a carreer and needed a better example for the girls, who turned out great FYI, so had to move on.

By then, I had followed my father’s tracks and become a lawyer. I worked for a very prestigious firm, on private Gouvernment contracts, it was great satisfaction. Big mandates, big money. I liked to be the research queen behind the scenes, I did not like the camera and the media.

So Canada was my home, really till I was well in my prime age with 2 children and a well established law career. I had married once for my Mom really, once for love with Lucio and then I met Luc, the doctor.

We married, my hobbies changed from travelling to be really home based. Luc had a phenomenal memory. We took our piloting license together and then built an Airplane. And we found a piece of virgen land on a private lake and built a cottage on it, nice memories. Luc moved on. I was sad, and in between contracts. Lucio had moved to Ibiza so on a girl’s summer trip there, I thought I would visit one of his friends, Michael, who had offered to host me.

Wow, it’s a long story.

So there is the connection. I went to Ibiza, to visit Michael. He invited me on a 10 days walking treck in the Himalayas. He was quite an athele and I suppose that was a test. Anyway, I stopped smoking and went on the treck. Next, he invited me to Maui, stopping in Canada on his way. I received dozens of flowers and just fell for him. He was a South-African world traveller with connections to Kathmandu, Maui, Australia, Ibiza and his passion was travelling.

I never thought I was or had anything artistic in me, but being with very artistic men I suppose developed that talent in me. Michael was so critical of my tastes because he was particularly sensitive to nice environment and had the means to afford nice things. When we separated, I was not interested in going back to Canada, the cold and long hours working. The separation did not happen suddenly, I had prepared and started a business that I believed in and thought I could become a leader from Kenya in beaded leather good exports as they were so few good exporters.

So my first import was to Ibiza, where we lived most of the time. Micheal had a fabulous in Maui, where I also developed some market, extending to the West coast of the USA. Being from Montreal, I send a few shipments there too so I had distribution points in Canada, the USA and Spain. I went to the Swimwear Show in Miami for 4 years in a row and made a few worldwide contacts.

I bought a property in Kenya in 2015 but realized I needed a place in Spain, where I had managed to get a working visa. Ibiza was too expensive and I wanted to be on the mainland. I ended up in Javea, just across the sea from Ibiza, and I love it here. I bought my house, in the center of the old town, where I established my shop downstairs. So from 2016 I would spend the winters in Kenya and summers in Spain with a trip to Canada to visit my family. I am now a grand-mother of 3…

Oh, and while in Kenya, 3 years or so ago, I met Peter and fell in love again. A wonderful man, large family, loves the land and has lots of if. We were to get married in June in Spain. I left Kenya in March, he was supposed to come and meet me in April, but …

But then the whole world entered into this new era, the PANDEMIC. Here in Spain, under the strictest lockdowns in the world, I spent April May, June alone. July relaxed the measures, but we all have to wear masks, social distance and it is just not the same. We can’t recognize anyone, half the world is not working anymore. I have the shop open, summer in Spain is still busy, I suspect this month of August to be busy but then, what will September be like?? Most borders are closed, no visas, it is all a nightmare.

I continue to manufacture in Kenya, while in lockdown. My girls there are happy to get some work, and hopefully we will get back to a normal world and not just a new normal.

I preferred the 60’s...