



**Afro-Caribbean Men: Stories of Triumph and Empowerment, PART II**, with Patrick Lemoine, Haiti (*Fort Dimanche, Dungeon of Death*). Moderator: M.J. Fievre, ReadCaribbean coordinator. In Haitian-Creole, with English transcript provided. Sunday, November 21, 2021, available on demand at 12pm on <http://www.sosyetekoukouy.org/koukouy-tv>

## INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT

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**00:30**

**MJ Fievre:**

Good morning, everyone! My name is MJ Fievre. Welcome to Read Caribbean, a program brought to you by the Miami Book Fair Online and Sosyete Koukouy, a pillar in our community. Through the Read Caribbean program, we interview Haitian writers and experts in various fields—we confer to the Creole language all the honors and merits that it deserves. Since its establishment in 1985, Sosyete Koukouy of Miami, Inc. has made the commitment to preserve Haitian culture in the United States through education, artisanship, and cultural activities. Its mission is to preserve and perpetuate Haitian culture and, in support to this mission, we host many cultural events in Creole. For more information about Sosyete Koukouy and ReadCaribbean, visit us at [Sosyetekoukouy.org](http://Sosyetekoukouy.org).

Once again, my name is MJ Fievre. This year, the Miami Book Fair is taking place online and in downtown Miami on the Wolfson Campus of Miami Dade College, our home since 1984. Miami Dade College's commitment to access for all has guided our vision of an inclusive, attentive, sustainable community of writers, readers, and collaborators across all disciplines and cultures in South Florida. A Miami connected to the world, and a world connected to Miami, through a vibrant, accessible exchange of ideas.

And so, we welcome all of you on behalf of our College President Madeline Pumariega, the MDC Board of Trustees and the staff, advisors, and supporters of the Miami Book Fair. We wish you the very best, and hope you enjoy this program and all the others we are presenting this Fair.

Today, we will chat with Mr. Patrick Lemoine, the author of *Fort Dimanche, Fort-La-Mort*. Patrick Lemoine grew up in the Bois-de-Chêne neighborhood, in Haiti. He also lived in the United States in the 1960s, and later returned to Haiti where he met his wife and started a family. He was arrested in

1971 and spent six years in jail, four of which at Fort Dimanche. Today, we will talk about his imprisonment.

Mr. Patrick Lemoine, I am truly thrilled to welcome you to the Miami Book Fair, and I thank you for being here today with us.

**03:33**

**Patrick Lemoine:**

I should be the one thanking you today for giving me this opportunity to keep a promise I made to my companions while I was in jail. As you know, in jail, there are many social frictions. I was incarcerated at Fort Dimanche, and the other inmates told me that I would forget about them as soon as I was released and reintegrated into a normal life. I gave them my word that if I were ever released, I would become a whistle blower to expose the unbearable living conditions at Fort Dimanche and the general suffering of the people in Haiti.

Once again, I wish to thank you for allowing me to share with the public the difficult times that I, and many other young men, had to live through, and to bear testimony to the hundreds of deaths at Fort Dimanche. So, thank you for your invitation and I am... I'm here. I'm glad to be here with you.

**04:40**

**MJF:**

Thank you very much, Mr. Lemoine. My first question was about your reasons for writing the book, and you addressed it already by talking about the promise you made to your prison mates. I cannot imagine how painful it must have been to write this book. I still remember reading the first edition in the 1990s, and as I read it again recently, I must confess that my heart broke all over again. Before we delve into the book, let's go back to the beginning and discuss your arrest. Why do you think you were arrested?

**05:32**

**PL:**

In that era, there was no prerequisite for an arrest in Haiti. You might get arrested simply for sharing the same last name as someone else, a family member who's been a "troublemaker." You might get arrested because someone does not like you. They didn't need a specific reason. In my case... In fact, they said they were "nipping something in the bud." I was very good friends with Addy Seraphin whose father disappeared during the Duvalier reign, and people were saying that Addy was holding

the government in contempt for that reason. The government wanted to curb a rebellion at the source, to avoid future agitations. Therefore, I was taken to the barracks for my interrogation without having seen a judge. They didn't have any charges against me. They simply accused me of a bunch of things that didn't make sense.

**06:40**

**MJF:**

Many [members of our audience] were not alive back then, under the Duvalier regime. I was still a little girl, for example, when the son, Jean Claude Duvalier, fled the country. I heard the stories, but I didn't live through them. Could you tell us more about the atmosphere in Haiti back then? Were you afraid of Duvalier and the Tontons Macoutes before your arrest? What were your conversations like about the political situation and the regime of terror that prevailed under Duvalier?

**07:24**

**PL:**

There is no doubt that in the days of Papa Doc, the situation was much more dire. Under Papa Doc, it was a mess. The people had no freedom of expression, nor the right to gather. Systematically, Papa Doc's regime chased all young people who had progressive ideas for the development of the country and accused them of communism. The regime got rid of these men as well as the political parties. I believe that at least 40,000 people were victims of the regime during this period. I am not saying that they were all killed, but they were victims of the system in one way or another. At Fort Dimanche alone, the dead numbered in the thousands. During the three years I spent at Fort Dimanche, hundreds of people were killed, just so you know.

During the reign of Jean Claude Duvalier, there was a minor change. I will be honest and admit that there was a certain relaxation in the dictatorship, but despite that, the infernal machine was always running. For example, the husband of one of my cousins was arrested. Even today, whenever he talks about politics and Duvalier, he whispers. There's no doubt that the dictatorship of the Duvaliers [left a mark]. There were differences between father and son, but the fact is that the infernal machine was running and, in that sense, both regimes were similar.

**09:18**

**MJF:**

A lot of things caught my attention in the book. At the beginning, you write about spending two years in the barracks, and then being transferred to Fort Dimanche. You share many details with the reader, and I would like to discuss the process in writing the book. What surprised me the most is your candor

in the narration of the facts, in the expression of feelings—your fears, your sadness, your anger: an amalgam of emotions.

Let's talk about your writing process. How did you decide what to reveal in the book and what to keep to yourself?

**10:15**

**PL:**

While I was still detained in the barracks, I was held in the dungeon. To understand what a dungeon is, imagine keeping your arms wide open, and feel your fingers touch the walls around you. That was the width of the dungeon. When you lie down, your head and feet touch the opposite walls lengthwise.

They locked me up in that small space with a ragged mattress. What mattress? A rag they handed you to sleep on. I was in total despair. I completely lost track of daytime and nighttime because there were no windows in the dungeon. Believe me, the living conditions were repugnant. I used a small paint container as a toilet. The guard would push the food plate with his foot, just to diminish my humanity even more. Many times, I thought about committing suicide, but I did not have the necessary logistical means. I even thought about tearing up the mattress to make a rope, but I could not climb up to hang myself as the ceiling was too high. I even thought about tying one end of the rope to my neck and the other end to my feet to stretch it off, but I was too weak.

So, I spent days wanting to die, until I got used to the idea that I would be the biggest loser in history if I died, and that my family would suffer. Thus, I decided to find a way to survive and struggled to get out of this hell. I developed many techniques to help me cope with my pain.

I avoided urinating and defecating too often to reduce the reek in the dungeon. I also started to do breathing exercises. But most importantly I disconnected myself from the outside life. I stopped thinking about my wife or my son, who was only 29 days old when I was arrested. I tried my best to block these images from my head. Only then was I able to gather the courage to survive two years in the dungeon. Being placed in the dungeon is a terrible situation because it meant that I was still under investigation, and the guards could be back for interrogation and torture at any time. Sometimes the guards would come armed to take away prisoners, so I was on alert during my captivity in the dungeon.

Despite all, I tried not to think about life outside the prison. I focused on surviving to see the next day while promising to myself to get out of this place alive to see my son, my wife, and my family.

**13:30**

**MJF:**

You are raising a very important point here. I was very surprised to read that, to cope, you chose not to think about life outside the prison. I would have thought the opposite to be true. So, when facing

extreme adversity, detachment can help us survive—I think this is a very important fact to know and understand. How did you feel when reliving this experience? How did you manage to keep yourself together and not give way to despair while writing your story? How did you manage to get through all of this?

**14:21**

**PL:**

I talked a lot about the dungeon because people could not believe that I felt better in the dungeon than in a cell at Fort Dimanche. The loneliness was heavy, but it allowed me to face myself without any influence, neither from the outside world, nor from the other prisoners and their problems. It was therefore easier for me to be in the dungeon than to be in a cell at Fort Dimanche. At Fort Dimanche, others often took their anger out on you, and it was difficult to keep my inner peace.

Just as an aside: At Fort Dimanche, I had 18 squares of toilet paper per month. Imagine that: 18 squares of toilet paper per month! Instead of using the toilet paper, I crushed my portion of rice and water, and smeared it on the toilet paper to harden it and turn it into some sort of parchment. I would also cut out a piece of the aluminium food plate; I rubbed it on the floor, mixed it with urine and used it as black ink for writing. I started gathering the names of the people killed, etc. However, on many occasions, during raids, the guards would be despicable enough to take away my things from under the mat where I'd hide them (a mat was all I had). If they caught us writing, the situation would be worse, so much so that each time I heard there were raids, I would eat the papers with haste before they searched my cell.

I made a joke out of it; I told myself that by eating the paper with the names of the prisoners, they continued to live inside me. And that upon my release, it would be easier to remember their names. The list of names in the book is correct because, sometime after my release, I arranged to meet at least one other prisoner from each cell. These former inmates gave me the names of every prisoner in their cells who had died. The list of names I published in the book is therefore correct and reflects reality.

**17:25**

**MJF:**

This was one of the ways you used to denounce the system without getting caught. You also explain how you managed to communicate with others during your incarceration at the barracks and at Fort Dimanche. At the beginning of the book, you wrote that you were kept isolated in the dungeon, and I was impressed by the techniques used by the inmates to communicate, including relaying messages from one inmate to another, all the way down the hall. It is very inspiring to see so much ingenuity, allowing survival in such precarious conditions.

Now, let's discuss your transfer from the barracks to Fort Dimanche. When you think about Fort Dimanche, what face comes to mind? Whom do you see? Who represents Fort Dimanche for you?

18:42

**PL:**

Well, Fort Dimanche... On January 10, 1974, they came to get me, along with some other prisoners that were there too. The guards put me into a truck, and that's where I saw my friend Addy Séraphin. Also present were Marcus André, another friend, and Jean-Claude Duval. I saw them in the truck. It was probably around two o'clock in the afternoon. They transferred us to Fort Dimanche.

When Addy saw me, it'd been two years since he'd last seen me. He'd been in another building where there were other jails too. When I saw Addy, he said, "Patrick, they're taking us to Fort Dimanche to die." I replied to him, "Addy, I don't know about you, man, but I'm not going there to die. I will do my time. As you know, I have a son that I must absolutely meet one day and talk to one day. I have no intention of dying there. I will do my best to get out of there alive." Addy answered to me, "Man, you are right; we have to fight to get out of this alive."

Then all the other prisoners took part in the conversation, including Marcus who said, "I have little hope. I have already been to Fort Dimanche: I know what to expect." Jean-Claude said that he had been ill for two years now: "I'm not going to make it." These two were convinced that they were going to die there. Indeed, within three or four years, they were dead. Addy and I barely came out alive.

There was a young man called Mouton; I cannot remember his full name, but he was elected senator when Aristide became president. He was unresponsive. Mouton fell into a coma; he was even on the verge of death. Fortunately, his family was able to arrange to get him out, a week after his transfer to Fort Dimanche, and they saved his life.

When I arrived to Fort Dimanche, we were 106 prisoners; three years later, only six of us were still alive. Everyone else was dead. They were all dead! I do not know if that answers the question.

21:27

**MJF:**

Do you think that it was your will to survive that made a difference?

21:33

**PL:**

There is no doubt that my will kept me going. It was not only my will, but also the satisfaction of getting out alive and thus proving to the executioner that he cannot eliminate us all: Some will come out alive and bear witness, and denounce this tyrannical prison system, the injustice and the impunity that reign in Haiti. Moreover, the worst comes from forgetting. In Haiti, we tend to report the facts verbally; it is only recently that we started to write things down. (I would like to take this opportunity to thank the various organizations that support us with the promotion of reading materials so that knowledge can be transmitted without regret and with full knowledge of the facts.)

Due to rampant ignorance, some say that we had a better quality of life when Jean-Claude Duvalier was president, but I do not really understand this reasoning. The cancer started with the arrival of François Duvalier. However, a patient who has cancer continues to live as the disease spreads, but we all know that the disease will eventually kill them. During Duvalier's regime, life was tough, but the people were alive. However, in the post Duvalier era, the country is in a deplorable state of corruption—kidnapping, terror, and gangs abound everywhere. This is because of Duvalier's actions, which destroyed the judicial system in Haiti and the departments; Duvalier also closed the other ports of the country, concentrating everything in Port-au-Prince. I think we have a mission here: to continue to fight injustice, impunity, and lawlessness in this country.

We must all face a mirror and ask ourselves: What can we do for the country? How can we eliminate this lawlessness in the country? Because it has become unbearable.

24:00

**MJF:**

What was your reaction when you learned that Jean Claude Duvalier had returned to Haiti—that he'd been allowed to return there to live with impunity?

24:10

**PL:**

For many years, several organizations tried—and so did I personally, along with Gloria Legros who also lost her father at Fort Dimanche—to prosecute Jean-Claude Duvalier. We'd met a lawyer, who'd agreed to represent us, but Jean-Claude Duvalier received protection from the French government who stripped him of the funds he had stolen and, when the funds were exhausted, sent him back to Haiti. It is a shame.

Although I am not advocating for revenge, I thought there should be a judicial system capable of putting him to trial. Unfortunately, they seemed to have made a pact to protect each other: the [Haitian

government] did not prosecute him because there was nothing for them to gain from an arrest, and they also did not want to create a precedent. The worst comes from the fact that not only Jean Claude Duvalier's deeds went unpunished, now they want his son to become our president. That would really be the last straw.

Haitians seem to have forgotten the past, alas!

25:37

**MJF:**

I really think Haitians have a short memory. More and more people are talking about the Duvalier dictatorship as if there had been nothing to it. Hence the importance of books like yours, *Fort Dimanche*, *Fort-La-Mort* to help them remember the horrors of the Duvalier regime and of Fort Dimanche, and of the system of injustice that prevailed there. To go back to the survival strategy you were using, you mentioned some of your friends who were in jail with you, like Addy, Marcus, and Jean-Claude. Did you make any new friends at Fort Dimanche? Did these friendships also help you survive emotionally and mentally while in detention?

26:40

**PL:**

Sure. I was in cell 5 at Fort Dimanche, and I met some great people including Tikòk (Lionel Livert), Tidyab from Croix-des-Bouquets. They taught me many things, and they helped me a lot. When I was sick, they took care of me. I had a violent fever that raged every afternoon and the men treated me with urine. I had a foot wound that had become infected; they devoted themselves to healing me with urine, and lime that they scraped from the walls of the cell. They helped me a lot. We had planned to meet again upon our release, but unfortunately, they did not make it out alive. They weren't so lucky. For example, Philippe Dulaurier fell ill in July or August. We all knew that he was due to be released in a few weeks, but he had stopped eating.

At the beginning of September, there was a commission that came directly from the National Palace to inspect the premises with a few military guys. They did not even enter the cells; they sent two inmates from each cell to speak to the commission. I spoke to them. There were Acédus Saint-Louis, a man named Thomas, and another named Coicou. I told them to ask the president to pass the amnesty quickly, and I lifted my shirt to show them the walking skeleton that I was. I must not have weighed more than 100 lbs, even though I am six feet tall. I told them that if they did not hurry, there would be no more survivors left to benefit from the amnesty. They told me that they would submit their report to the president.

Philippe Deslauriers also met with the commission, and when he returned to the cell, he started eating again, as if the hope of his future release gave him the will to live. We used a bucket as a toilet,



something like a 5-gallon bucket that we had to take out every day. At one point Philippe already had enough strength to take it out. On December 16, one or two prisoners were released, but Philippe died on December 19. They were good friends to me, most of them came from Cazale, which is known for the slaughter committed there, near Arcahaie. The people of their village had been slaughtered. Philippe died as well as another detainee, a man named Blanc; they were the first two to die in the cells.

**30:20**

**MJF:**

Patrick, how are you doing? After having experienced so many difficulties, how do you feel? How are you?

**30:29**

**PL:**

I wake up every morning thanking God. I do some stretching, like yoga. I am fine, and I have no hate in me. We each have our burden to bear; some people are mean, some are selfish, and some are cynical, and it is their choice. Me, I feel at peace with myself. The Lord has given me the chance to still be alive, and I am aging well in his grace. About ten years ago, I had brain surgery; people thought that I was going to die, but I got yet another chance at life. Unfortunately, I am not in Haiti. For the past ten or fifteen years, I've been dreaming of going back to my country, but the more days go by, the more the country slips away from my grip.

I retired from my job in the United States, and instead of going back to Haiti to live my old age, I had to take refuge in the other part of the island. One thing that caught my attention were the posters in the streets, which read: “*We*, Dominicans!” In contrast, in Haiti, we say, “*I*, son of Dessalines.” We still have a lot to learn, and there’s hope, thanks to organizations working in Haiti, like Devoirs de Mémoire, and other groups like our sponsor Sosyete Koukouy. I thank them for the excellent work they are doing, and I hope that there will be awareness in Haiti through these organizations—to honor the memory of all of those who lost their lives, all of those who were victims of the Duvaliers, and all of those who are still victims of the system. The number [of victims] continues to increase, and no one is exempt. A few days ago, fourteen people were kidnapped on the same day, and yet people will have me believe that life was better under the Duvalier regime.

I hope people will awaken... I do not think that I will see any change in this country during my lifetime, but I still hope that the youth will research and learn our history and demand that justice be done, that inequalities and racism be eradicated. I hope that the new generation, while not seeking revenge, does remember our past. I hope that a justice system is established to tackle persistent problems; and thus, we will learn not to repeat the same mistakes while building a better future.

33:54

**MJF:**

When was the last time you went to Haiti? Have you been there since your release from prison?

34:00

**PL:**

I returned to Haiti after the departure of Jean-Claude Duvalier in 1986, but I was still afraid. I borrowed a car from a friend to visit the city, and I went to Champ-de-Mars. But when I arrived on Rue Capois, near my old house, I was distressed by fear, and I hurried back home. Subsequently, I went back there a few times; my last trip dates to when Aristide was still president, and once while Préval was president. Unfortunately, the new leaders had already forgotten the terrors of the Duvaliers. Instead of tackling the problems they should have tackled, they were more focused on demagoguery and lawlessness. I think this was the last time I visited Haiti. I was enormously disappointed with the laxity of certain people whom I trusted to lead the country better than the Duvaliers and improve the fate of the people. They kept going with the same demagoguery and every new government seems worse than its predecessor. Additionally, we must deal with natural disasters, alas!

35:38

**MJF:**

Patrick, in twenty, thirty, or fifty years, your book will still be relevant. What message would you like to send to a future reader after your experience of imprisonment in Haiti?

36:00

**PL:**

First, I would not wish my experience on anyone. Second, I think... by the way, right now I am working on a project with a friend who is determined to make a movie about Fort Dimanche. Unfortunately, in Haiti, we have a tradition of passing down facts orally to the next generation. I want this project to be carried out even after my death, so that a wider audience can be reached with visuals. I would also like to take this opportunity to tell my fellow Haitians that it is time for a wakeup call, because what happened to me could have happened to anyone, regardless of their social background. Prison is for everyone in Haiti, not just for the less fortunate. Mutual support, collective awareness, and unity are crucial elements in our development and pride. In an obsolete system like ours, a system as rotten as ours, no one is exempt and my fate could have been the fate of anyone, and adversity has

many forms. Let us work to move forward and regain our honor. If we are willing and able, we can improve our fate to emerge from poverty and deal with this catastrophic situation.

**38:00**

**MJF:**

Your courage is a real source of inspiration, and I am honored to meet you today. As I was reading the book, I felt like I knew you personally because of the way you shared your story with the readers; I felt connected to you. As I was reading your story, as you were in the barracks or at Fort Dimanche, I was looking forward to your release. Tell us about the day when you heard you were going to be released. Do you want to tell us about that day?

**38:43**

**PL:**

As you know, in the Haitian culture we believe that our dreams are premonitory, especially when you are in prison. It is an incredible thing. I remember that it was either February 16 or 17, 1977, when I dreamed that one of my aunts came to pick me up and drove me to Port-au-Prince, and I was looking at the lights in the city. She dropped me off at a hairdresser or somewhere to get taken care of, and later took me somewhere else. The next morning, I told my dream to the late Claude Rouzier, who also wrote a book on Fort Dimanche (he spent eleven years in prison at the National Penitentiary before being transferred to Fort Dimanche). I told him about my dream, and he said, "You're getting out! You're getting out!" I said to him: "Although I dream often, I think that this one will come true." The same evening, around 10 p.m., a truck arrived in the courtyard at Fort Dimanche; the door opened, and they called ten people, except me. Claude and I exchanged a glance and at that very moment they called Addy Séraphin and Joseph René. I then knew that I had won the jackpot. Immediately after they called my name, and the guard said to me, "You there! Light skinned guy with the flat ass, get out of the cell!"

They put us in the truck, and I got to see all the city lights that I'd seen in my dream. They stopped at the National Penitentiary and dropped off the first ten people they had called. Meanwhile, the suspense was unbearable. I was wondering about my fate when finally, they brought me to the barracks. It was February 17, 1977, and I said, "Aaaah." I had become very thin; I was sick with lung problems. I had to be treated during seven months at the barracks, and I was lucky. A doctor examined me and prescribed 80 to 100 pills to me, in addition to injections every morning. Our food ration was doubled: because we were too thin, they really had to heal us before releasing us.

I remember how difficult it was to receive my first injection, how they had to push the needle under my skin because I had only skin on my bones, no muscles. I did not even have to laugh for my teeth to show. I was a real corpse; I do not think I weighed 82 lbs. I was released from Fort Dimanche just

in time, thanks to the perseverance of many people and organizations, including the people of New York. A lot of organizations put pressure on the government. Part of what helped my release was the intervention of the Representative of the United Nations in the United States, Andrew Young. The organizations contacted him, and he took the necessary actions that resulted in my transfer and that of the ten other detainees in the barracks.

Now I laugh about it all, without any hard feelings. I think we each have our own destiny and we live according to our choices. I have not forgotten anything, but I am not looking for revenge. I am convinced that it is possible to establish a judicial system in Haiti. That justice will be one for all, no matter the social origin of the person. If they commit a crime, theft, corruption, if they steal land, they will receive the adequate sanction to demonstrate that order is possible in the country.

**43:26**

**MJF:**

It must have been quite a challenge for you to reintegrate society after your release. How did you manage it?

**43:37**

**PL:**

One day, one of the inmates asked me, “What are you? What were you doing out there before you were put in jail?” I told him that I was the manager of a processing plant. He retorted, “A position that reflects your privilege! What is your profession? What did you study?” There I realized he wanted to insult me. When I got out of prison, I went to live with my mother in New York. I was told to look for a job, but I decided to take advantage of the fact that I was still alive, and that my mother was supporting me, to go back to school. There I majored in aircraft engineering, and I have spent my entire career in the industry.

Thanks to education, my strong will, and especially, thanks to that friend who thought he was doing me wrong, but who in fact did me good because I followed his advice.

**44:45**

**MJF:**

What makes you happy these days, Patrick?

44:49

**PL:**

That I am alive! Life itself! That I can walk! Well, unfortunately, as I mentioned, I now live in Santiago, Dominican Republic. The work I do here, I should have been doing in Haiti, because I am making a great contribution here in Santiago. I meet many Haitians in the area almost every day, and they help me grow my crops. I am well, I breathe fresh air, I feel good, and God has spoiled me. I am in good health, I exercise, I read, and I thank God. I wish to share my joy with those around me. We can denounce what is wrong; however, as I often say, I am not looking for problems, I am looking for solutions. As soon as there is a problem, if the solution exists, I will try to find it. I do not want any problems. Let us open our hearts, be courteous to others, and help each other. We need each other.

I used to go to Cap-Haïtien, but my blood pressure increased every time I went there, so I decided not to go there anymore. It was sad; I went there to take pictures but each time the photos were uglier. The garbage was piling up higher. What a shame! I had to stop taking pictures. I do not think it is too late for a wakeup call, so that we can remove the country from this abyss.

47:00

**MJF:**

Thank you very much for your participation in our show today, Patrick Lemoine.

You are a source of inspiration for many people. Your courage, your perseverance, and your jovial attitude touched me a lot when we first spoke. Although you faced adversity, you kept the joy in your heart, without hatred and without anger, and you showed gratitude to God for His blessings and His grace. You knew how to rebuild your life from the ground up. I think you are a symbol of success for Haitian people, and as you said, I hope Haitian people do not forget the past. Thanks to your work and the sharing of your difficult and traumatic experience in your book, you've contributed to keeping the memory of our past.

48:32

**PL:**

With your permission, I would like to mention my website, [www.fordi9.com](http://www.fordi9.com). I have neglected it a lot lately, but it is a platform for the victims to share their stories and the events that took place in Haiti. I will start updating it again soon, because I have received testimonies and photos from thousands of people who lost parents, friends, and relatives. It is my duty to keep the memory of the victims alive. I hope that God extend to you the same blessings He has graced me with. Thank you for inviting me and allowing me to spend this time with you. Thank you. This is second time I receive an invitation from Sosyete Koukouy to appear on the show and I'm thankful.

49:52

**MJF:**

Thank you, Patrick Lemoine, and see you next time.

49:57

**PL:**

See you next time.

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