

There will be no Labour Day weekend show.

The saltshaker is still lost.

When Monday came it wasn't all right.

We will always remember exactly where we were, and what we were doing when we heard of your passing. It hit us so hard, collectively our hearts were broken.

Being a PH isn't something you become, but something you are.

You gave us a purpose, not just to party, but to open our hearts and give back to those in our community in need of our help. You encouraged us to take care of our environment, and to leave the world in a better place.

As members of PHINS we gave back.

We forged lifelong friendships.

We lost some of our most cherished members.

And found romance.

You changed our attitudes.

How many times have we had to explain just what a PH is? We do it with pride, as we ruffle our tailfeathers.

When we heard you were in town we flocked to the show. We booked our vacations around your tour schedule. It was Christmas and New Years rolled into one.

We couldn't wait for the tailgate party. We would get our site set up, get those frozen concoction makers humming, grill our cheeseburgers, put on our hula skirts and coconut bras, strangers became good friends.

When not at a show we visited our Mecca, Key West, with our first stop Margaritaville, or for some, a stop for lobster bisque.

How many of us took pictures of us going crazy on Caroline St.?

We dropped by Shrimpboat Sounds hoping you were there.

We listened to your tales of sailing, visiting exotic ports, hold-ups and life, hanging on to every word.

We read your books, visited your restaurants and hotels. We dreamed of maybe owning a home in one of the Margaritaville Villages.

We bought your merchandise, oh did we buy merchandise. Everything from T-shirts, hats, shoes, mugs and glasses, cocktail machines and almost anything Buffett or Margaritaville related. Shopping trips often required finding a local Big Lot's store, hoping they would have new merchandise.

We made sure we had Heinz 57 on hand.

We decorate our homes in the island lifestyle, we build Tiki huts inside and out.

We did all this as Parrot Heads and devoted fans.

We will continue to help those who need us, we will continue to honour your legacy, there will be no stopping us. You gave us the gift of extreme escapism.

Some it's magic, some of it's tragic, but you had a good life all the way.

Sail on sailor, to that one particular harbour. RIP my friend.

