

About Rob du Bois

Kind. Generous. Honest. Intelligent. Humorous. Serious. Melancholy. Caring.

These are the words that come to mind when one says “Rob du Bois”. You can’t really describe how a person was or what he meant to you. It’s like trying to put into words a piece of music or a painting. One has to have experienced them to really know them. We met Rob on a rainy day in Holland the last week of February 1981 (32 years ago). He was sitting at his desk at the BUMA, waving one hand in the air while talking on the telephone. There was a problem we had with a broken concert contract and a friend of ours took us to meet the man she said could fix it. She added that he didn’t like dishonesty. It was the best problem we ever had because it led us straight to Rob and, ultimately, to most of you who are present today. (And, by the way, he solved the problem.)

Rob was unique. He was a man one would have had as an older brother. He was always looking after everyone. He took people into his house; he fed them; he helped them find jobs; he listened to them; he worried about them. At last December’s extravaganza, he was in a real Holiday mood. Well-dressed, smiling, singing along with the grandkids. It was a fine evening! We were very happy to be there.

The last time we saw him was barely a month ago, on July 29th. We had decided to make a one-night stop-over in Holland on the way back from Barcelona in order to see the Du Bois. Marco picked us up at our hotel and we drank our first jenever of the evening at the Spruitenbos one our after landing at Schiphol! Rob was in fine spirits the whole evening and, as usual, ready to stay up all night. We left at midnight. We never imagined our last sight of him would be Rob waving to us as we drove away. It is odd to realize that we first laid eyes on him waving his hand while talking on the phone, and our final sight of him was Rob waving at us once again.

Rob du Bois was one of those rare people who make you think that the human race has possibilities. He was always himself but he was always there for others: for Cent, Renée, Pauline and Xander. He was there for all the grandchildren. And he was there for all the rest of us --- his lucky friends.

And he always will be.

May he rest in peace.