

Dear Yves,

They tell me that we can't expect you to come back, that we shouldn't wait for you, that we won't hear your voice on the telephone any more, telling us that you're passing through Montreal and we just have to get together and sit down over a meal to talk about mountains, horizons, love and life.

I have to tell myself over and over again that you have remained close to nature, this time in silence. I have to accept that the raging river kept you for itself, like a treasure so precious it refused to share you. The roaring rapids make me angry and jealous—but I suppose they truly understood what an exceptional being you are.

If you think you're alone where you are, you're mistaken. How many young people, of all those you spoke to in schools, will think of you when they tell themselves never to give up? How many climbers and nature lovers will dedicate their adventures to you? Your memory will remain alive for all Quebeckers who celebrated your successes, your exploit. I have never clapped so hard as when they honoured you in the St-Jean Baptiste parade. I dare to hope that the winter winds will whisper your news to me. I dare to believe that the summit of Everest will remember your steps.

I miss you, Yves. We both miss you terribly.

Bernard Verger *Yves*



Bernard is congratulated by Yves when he returned from Antarctica, in January 1996.
Yves was the first Quebecer on top of Mount Everest, exploit realized in May 1991.
He passed away in the summer of 2003, during a river expedition, in British Columbia.