

Getting old...

Tuesday, 26 July 2011

Back in the 1960s I had a hit and became a Producer and discovered Morocco as did other pop people; often I'd bump into Mick Jagger or Marianne Faithful or Graham Nash or other music makers there.

In one of my favourite hotels there the room service waiter became night manager and then a junior concierge and finally Head Concierge. And a very good one he was too.

After many years successful service he became ill; the hotel changed hands (again - he'd survived three ownerships) and he retired three years ago.

I kept his home number and promised I'd have a coffee with him one day; when I stayed there recently I called him and he came over. The majority of staff are the same and were delighted to see him (he was very popular). He spent the entire day hugging friends and shaking hands - he could not have been happier. At times he became quite tearful. He'd not been back for 3 years and was delighted to have an excuse to return to his workplace of over 40 years. It was 1970 when we first met there.

We had many nostalgic memories and I caught up with his news - he has family all over the world and often visits his sons in Spain and daughter in Abu Dhabi.

A lovely day. It's not so bad getting old.

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