

*In Loving Memory & Honor of*



*Yves François Lubin*  
*aka Assotto Saint*

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*October 2, 1957 – June 29, 1994*

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*Wake*

*Monday, July 4, 1994 2:00 pm – 9:00 pm*

*Redden's Funeral Home*

*325 West 14th Street • New York, NY*

*Funeral Service*

*Tuesday July 5, 1994 10:00 am*

*Metropolitan-Duane United Methodist Church*

*201 W 13th St @ 7th Ave. • New York, NY*

# *Order of Service*

*SONG "Tears of Laughter"*

*by Jan Holmgren & Assotto Saint*

*Performed by Willie C. Barnes & Gary Paul Wright*

*POEM by Assotto Saint*

*Read by Other Countries*

*REMINISCENCES from friends . . . . . Maceo Anderson*

*Walter Holland*

*Essex Hemphill*

*SONG "Someplace" by Jan Holmgren & Assotto Saint*

*Performed by Sheila Dabney & Gary Paul Wright*

*REMINISCENCES from friends . . . . . Michele Karlsberg*

*Akhenaton*

*Sheila Guertin*

*Frankie Tucker*

*REMINISCENCES from the family . . . . . Marie Lubin*

*Rachelle Cassion*

*Guyt le Lubin*

*SONG "Light"*

*by Jan Holmgren & Assotto Saint*

*Performed by Willie C. Barnes & Gary Paul Wright*

*READING OF THE OBITUARY*

*SONG "I Shall Wear A Crown"*

*SONG "15 Gates"*

*Performed by the Lavender Light Gospel*

## ***NO MORE METAPHORS (PART 3)***

*(Statement delivered at the Superior Court of the District of Columbia on 4/28/93)*

Your Honor, I am very grateful for the chance to make this statement to the Court on why I felt it was necessary to block traffic on the Capitol grounds. It resulted in my arrest, along with 46 other people, on obstructing & impeding charges. The subject of the demonstration, as you well know, concerned health care.

I know something about health care on a professional level. From July 1978, I worked for the New York City Health & Hospitals Corporation until my pensioned retirement in October 1991, due to AIDS-related disability.

I also know a lot more about health care on a personal level. Since April 1983—an entire decade now—I have taken care of my closest friends: Counsel Wright, Jose Caballero, Dr. Michael Evans (aka M.E. Fuller), Redvers JeanMarie, & David Frechette. I have also taken care of my dear 13-year life-partner, Jan Urban Holmgren. They have all died of AIDS. Jan died on March 29, 1993, a month to the day tomorrow. No word could describe the helplessness, violation, & hopelessness that I felt as I watched him take his last breaths. I would have given my own life if that could have saved his.

I want to mention that I have also lost to AIDS many other close friends who lived outside of New York City, hundreds of acquaintances all over the world, & 21 neighbors in my building on West 22nd Street in New York City. I have watched all of them disintegrate—some faster than others. Many lost their jobs, apartments, belongings, friends, families, self-control, good looks, minds, & of course, their faith.

In March 1990, I spent five days & nights with my life-partner, I repeat FIVE DAYS & NIGHTS, in the Emergency Room of NYU Medical Center, waiting for a bed on a medical ward to become available for Jan. NYU Medical Center is one of the most prestigious institutions in the world & our affiliated doctors number among the best.

Three years later, in March 1993, I again spent five days & nights with my life-partner in the same Emergency Room, waiting for a bed on a medical ward to become available for Jan. Besides a few cosmetic changes here & there, nothing had much changed. Business as usual. This waiting game is a crying shame.

Your Honor, my life-partner & I had a combined income of \$85,000. We were hard-working, tax-paying, & law-abiding. We were both foreigners—Jan was born in Sweden, & I was born in Haiti—who cherished the concept of the American Dream. Jan & I had very good medical insurance, which covered us for the rest of our lives. We both strongly believed that every individual in this country, no matter what socioeconomic background he or she belonged to, deserves access to the best health care.

My illegal yet constitutional action this past Monday morning, to which I unashamedly plead guilty, was done on behalf of all the HIV-positive Haitians, who have been granted political asylum in the United States, but are being detained unlawfully & immorally at Guantanamo Bay. It was done on behalf of my late activist friend Ortez Alderson. It was done on behalf of my life-partner, Jan Urban Holmgren.

May the memory of their suffering, due to the inadequacy, greed, & stupidity of bureaucrats, finally bring much needed transformation to our health care system. May it have helped to save my own life.

So, I hope.

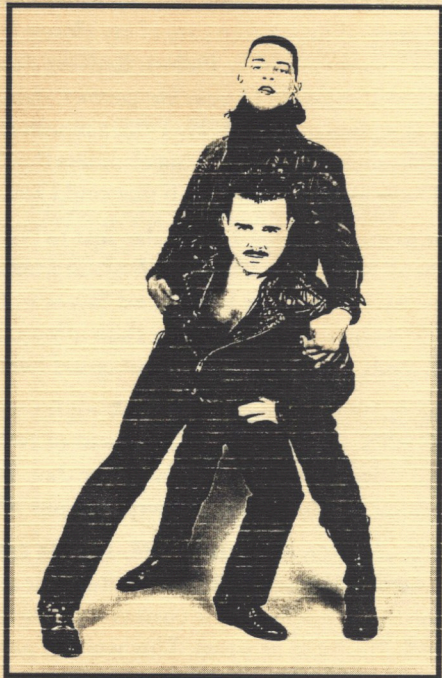
# NUCLEAR LOVERS

*"And the 20th century is dead,  
and the 21st century is dead,  
and the 22nd century is dead,  
and the 23rd century is full of fairies!"*

*— Carl Morse*

soon  
as they sound the alarm  
let us run  
to the river  
where we first met  
sat many a sunset  
there  
with bare hands  
we will dig a deep hole  
in the earth  
lay  
together  
centuries later  
when they excavate  
they shall hear two hearts  
regenerate  
love  
in the universe

*— Assotto Saint*



*Thanks for all your loving support  
Cherish the memories  
Act Up/Fight Back/Fight AIDS*

*Internment  
Evergreen Cemetery • Brooklyn, New York*