**Director’s Statement: ‘Lloydie’**

*Lloydie, The Boy From St.Thomas*  was shaped by the intimacy that developed between myself and my estranged maternal grandfather, spurred on by his terminal illness.

When I finally sought a relationship with this family pariah – who subjected my grandmother to endless abuse, resulting in divorce and hostile relations with his three children – I was taken aback by his approachable disposition. The lively raconteur issued piles of anecdotes on Jamaica’s toothsome mangos and the country’s violence, attributed to envy, racism, too many John Wayne movies, and the pervasive absence of fathers. Some of the latter, cultural details explained the burning stigma of his name on a fractured family.

My knowledge of granddad Lloydie’s own paternal relations is limited to his oral and written testimonies. But what I recognised was that the violent actions of a father he harboured immovable hatred towards were inherited and gushed out onto the family he built in England after migrating there in 1959.

There’s an underlying desire for reconciliation; something my mum attained after decades of sharp acrimony. Dedicated to her, my grandmother and the titular figure, *Lloydie* navigates the memories of someone dealing with guilt when cornered by mortality, asking if we can find compassion amid the consequences.