

In Remembrance of Kevin 'Keivan' James Hickey

20th October 1972 - 29th September 2006

Blod

When I first met Keivan we hit it off instantly and became good friends very quickly. Keivan had a charismatic quality about him that made him fun to be with, he was compassionate and caring but mischievous as well. Keivan was a loyal and considerate friend to have, often skint himself, he'd share his last pint or tin of beans with you and anything else he had. I feel lucky to have known Keivan with his compassion, sense of justice and fighting for what was right, balanced with his sense of fun, he brought something very positive and real to my life and many others.

I was also on a fair few demos with him and supported him through his animal rights trials which ended in him serving a prison sentence, which he got on with without any complaint or self pity. These so called 'crimes' were in fact heroic, compassionate, selfless acts of bravery; fighting for the release of the beagles at Consort, running away from Hillgrove Farm with Margaret the ginger breeding cat under his coat (hoping to secure her freedom at the risk of his own) and demonstrating against the live export trade for which he was arrested along with many others at a protest in Daventry.

Angie Eyre

I met Keivan at the sanctuary I was working at near Hastings, it was a hard job for us all, but Keivan and others made life so much easier. His silly antics, abundance of love and amount of charity he was willing to give others was never ending. He was one of life's natural carers, be it animals or humans, if you needed him he would do his best to help. Keivan loved parties and often was the life and soul, but there was so much more to him. There are far too many stories to mention, and people and animals to list for whom Keivan loved and helped. But I know I can speak for them by saying we all love and miss you Keivan.

Rob

I met Kev sometime in 1993 when we were both involved in anti-fascist stuff. We quickly became friends due to our shared love of ranting! For a time I shared his flat in Coventry, the housing association providing all our electricity from a socket placed conveniently just outside his front door. Then the ghoulish trade of live exports came to Coventry airport and so many other of Kev's stories began...

I'm certain I wouldn't be the person I am today if it weren't for meeting Kev. The world was set to rights so many times. I'm sure he planted the seeds of the a want for a better world in the minds of many he met.

Nice one mate, you'll be hard to forget.

Claire

I will always remember Keivan as someone you could have a good 'knees-up' with! He was a joy to be around.

Carol

Kev has always been one of my absolute favourite people. He was a character. He was an activist in everyday life, with everyday people, speaking out for the underdog - but didn't take life too serious. I'll always remember the first time I met him, in 1995 at Baginton Airport in Coventry at the camp against live exports, following Jill Phipps's death. It was my first animal rights direct action and Kev welcomed me straight away with such warmth. I think about Kev, the way he laughed, I wish he was here.

Julie

Kieven entertained us all with his crazy antics and even crazier stories, which still make me laugh out loud when I think of them. You only had to walk down the street with him and it wouldn't be long before he would start laughing or debating with a complete stranger. But he was also a very caring and thoughtful person, which he showed in his work for both animals and people. On a personal note I remember when my dog Bess passed away, I hadn't seen Kieven in a while but I received a lovely card from him, which he had made himself, saying how sad he was that she was gone. I still have the card and I will always treasure it. Miss you Kieven.

With Love Julie

Drew

I've had so many literally riotous and smashing times with that cheeky scamp Keivan (or as he was described by the Daventry police "baby face" Kevin Hickey) that it's hard to pick out just one to mention ... when the pair of us were staying in Woodhill prison, the screws came around one night and asked if anyone wanted to go to the gym ... now we'd been before to play badminton and it was a chance to get off the wing, so we said we'd go. Out we trooped with a contingent of our most brawny fellow prisoners, across the yard and into the Gym ... both of us looking forward to a bit of a laugh ... when things took an unexpected turn. Instead of going into the sports hall we walked past the door and continued on ... we exchanged puzzled glances, but worse was to come. We were led into the weight training room, a mirror walled room run by a shaven headed screw in tight lycra pants and a little vest top who wouldn't have looked out of place in the Village People. He turned on a tape player and cheesy electro disco music started pumping out as the brawny bodybuilding murderers and assorted rogues started to seriously pump iron accompanied by much posing in the mirrors. It was so surreal ... try to imagine it ... all these muscle goons and the pair of us skinny vegan ragamuffins. We spent the whole hour on the rowing machine trying not to laugh. Kev is one of the funniest people I've ever met ... one of Coventry's finest sons.

Ki-Li

Kieven was one of life's passionate people. Things affected him deeply and he wasn't afraid to show it. He was fiercely loyal to those he cared about and for these things I'll really miss him.