

Summer 2019

Special Edition 8



Bulletin of the descendants of Alexandre de K/voach
Witness to Kirouac Activities since 1983



JACQUES KIROUAC
1927-2019



Man falls. His works stand. (Author unknown)



Kirouac
Kirouack



Kérouac
Kérouack



Keroac
Keroack



Kéroack
Kyrouac



Breton
Burton



Curwack
Curwick



INTRODUCTION TO THE 8TH SPECIAL EDITION

The eighth special issue of *Le Trésor des Kirouac* is an homage to the Kirouac Family Association's founder, Jacques Kirouac, who died on 21 July 2019. Within these pages we wish to demonstrate his keen attachment to his roots, his boldness in creating the *Kirouac Family Association*, his open mind to all descendants of Alexandre de Kervoach's throughout North-America, his determination and his faith in the future of the great family encompassed in the KFA.

The original idea to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the ancestor of the Kirouac families in New France germinated in his mind during the autumn of 1977. And thanks to the exceptional work he did with the help of the members he gathered around him, the association was born a year later in 1978. Then on 16-17 August 1980, over 700 people gathered at L'Islet-sur-Mer on the St. Lawrence Lower south shore to celebrate this anniversary. After that, the idea flourished, took a life of its own and finally produced all the information we now have about this long elusive and enigmatic ancestor.

In this special issue of *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, you will find a number of homages read when Jacques died and one written for his 90th birthday. But we start with a biography published in 2008, in *Le Trésor number 91* (revised translation) and we complete this with photos of many events attended by Jacques, photos that should bring back happy memories. You will also find a story of his friendship with Janet Michelle Kerouac, Jack Kerouac's only daughter, and the fight to save her father's papers. We hope these texts will enable you to better know the man behind the *Kirouac Family Association's* founder.

François Kirouac, *Kirouac Family Association*

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Biography of Jacques Kirouac

Taken from *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, Spring 2008, Number 91

Marie Kirouac and François Kirouac

We know who is our Association's founding president, but do we really know him? On the 30th anniversary of the **Kirouac Family Association's** foundation, the Editorial Team of *Le Trésor* would like to take this opportunity to introduce Jacques Kirouac, the person behind the persona, the discreet gentleman with a warm personality.

Strangely enough, even within the pages of *Le Trésor*, only once did we read about Jacques Kirouac, that is in 1992, when he resigned as President. At the time, the article was mainly about his contribution to the Association, with only some brief biographical notes. After all these years, it seems right to



Photo : Jacques Kirouac collection

Jacques Kirouac at Bic,
Lower South-Shore Resort, around 1932

introduce the man who held an official and strategic position within our family.

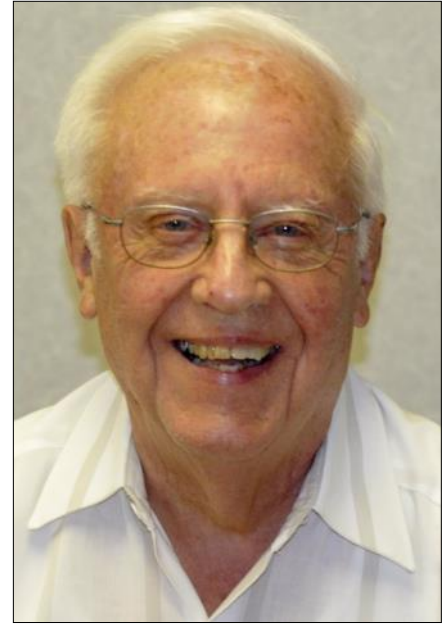
FAMILY

Jacques was born on 3 June 1927 at Lac-au-Saumon, a village located south of Amqui in the Matapédia Valley. He is the eldest of four, born to Thomas and Alice (née Morin) Kirouac; the others are Gaston, Yves and Pierrette. In 1974, Jacques lost his brother, Yves, and his sister, Pierrette, died in 1996. So, it is understandable that his relationship with his brother Gaston is valuable; they are the two pillars of the family.

Jacques's father, Thomas, was born in 1896, in L'Islet-sur-mer, the son of Joseph and Odélie (née Leblond) Kirouac. In September 1900, Odélie died in Montmagny after giving birth to another child, as it often happened at the time. And Thomas, only four, was orphaned. However, in July 1904, Joseph married his second wife, Ernestine Couture in Charny. Thomas worked as a telegraph operator for Canadian National Railways and later became a Station Master.

Jacques's mother, Alice Morin, born in Rivière-Blanche in 1901, was a teacher. She started her teaching career in the Matapédia Valley, then on to Clarke City, and later in Sept-Îles (Seven Islands on the North Shore), until she got married. During the first part of the twentieth century, women teachers had to be single; consequently, if they wanted to get married, they had to abandon their teaching career.

Jacques did not really know his paternal grandfather, Joseph Kirouac, originally from L'Islet-



Jacques Kirouac (Photo: KFA collection)

sur-mer. His only memory is rather vague as he saw him only once standing by the elevator at the Laval Hospital in Sainte-Foy, Quebec, where he was a patient at the time. Joseph, like Thomas, was a telegraph operator also working for Canadian National Railways. Strangely enough, in 1942, Jacques' future father-in-law, Isidore Garon, attended his grandfather's funeral in the Saint-Jean-Baptiste Church in Quebec City. Most likely, they would have met at the Laval Hospital where Mr. Garon was working when Joseph Kirouac was a patient.

Jacques' maternal grandparents were Joseph and Alvine (née Quimper) Morin. They were farmers in Rivière-Blanche, near Matane (Lower St. Lawrence). They had five children, four daughters and a son. Through this grandmother, Jacques' ancestry, on his mother's side is also from Brittany.

Of his four grandparents, Jacques knew only one well, his maternal grandmother. She was the postmistress in Rivière-Blanche. She had been a teacher in Saint-Léandre, a village about twenty

kilometers inland, south-west of Matane. Jacques remembers her as a very dignified lady, who spoke beautifully, slightly authoritarian, but distinguished and very courageous. She was widowed very young; her husband, Joseph Morin, died in his thirties so Jacques never knew him. She brought up her five children alone.

STUDIES AND CAREER

Because of his father's work, Jacques' family had to move many times. The family first lived in Lac-

au-Saumon, also in the Matapédia Valley, and in various towns and villages: Le Bic, Charny, Jonquière, Grand-Mère, Albanel, Daveluyville, and finally in Sainte-Foy, where his father retired. Jacques says that his enthusiasm for traveling comes from moving so often as he grew up.

Moving regularly also meant that Jacques often changed schools. He started his studies in Le Bic and went on to Charny. He studied with the Brothers of the Sacred-Heart in Jonquière for three years and with

the Brothers of Christian Instruction in Grand-Mère for another three years.

After that he did his classical studies (eight-year course including high school and college) at the Seminary in Trois-Rivières. It is interesting to note that he completed his last year at Saint-Dunstan's University in Charlottetown, Prince-Edward-Island. That year on PEI brings back wonderful memories to Jacques.

At the time at the Trois-Rivières Seminary, there was a special tradition. Students were given the chance to do their last college year outside the province of Quebec, giving them the possibility to experience life in a completely different setting.

During this last year of studies, the students had the added opportunity to improve their knowledge of English because all classes were taught in that language ... Except for confession that was in French! At the end of the eight-year "cours classique", the students received their Bachelor of Arts degree from Laval University.

Jacques remembers traveling to Charlottetown by train, thanks to his father's free railway pass. During that year living outside the province of Quebec he discovered that English mentality was very different from the French-speaking mentality. Life at St-Dunstan's University was simple and at a slow pace. There, religious values were prominent. Mass had to be attended every morning. Sport was also very important. Discovering other people's eating habits was quite an experience because it was so different from what he had been used to until then. That year spent away from home left some unforgettable memories and gave him a new and larger perspective on the world.

Family Ancestry: paternal and maternal grandparents



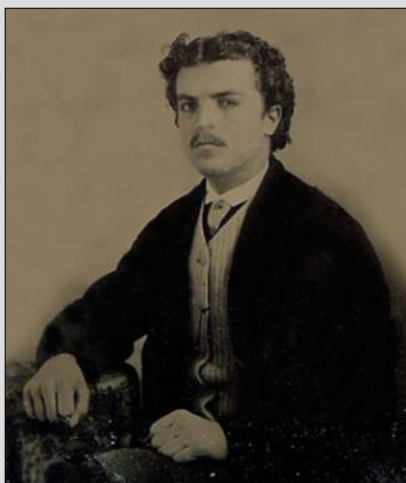
Odélie Leblond (1871-1900)



Joseph Kirouac (1871-1942)



Alvine Quimper (1879-1961)



Joseph Morin (1874-1910)

Photos: Jacques Kirouac collection

Ancestry of Jacques Kirouac

Generation 1

Alexandre de Kervoac
dit le Breton
(circa 1702 - 1736)

Cap Saint-Ignace (Quebec)
22 October 1732

Louise Bernier
(1712 - 1802)

Generation 2

Simon-Alexandre Kervoac
dit le Breton
(1732 - 1812)

L'Islet-sur-Mer (Quebec)
15 June 1758

Élisabeth Chalifour
(1739 - 1814)

Generation 3

Simon-Alexandre Kervoac
dit Breton
(1760 - 1823)

Cap Saint-Ignace (Quebec)
18 November 1782

Marie-Ursule Guimont
(1765 - 1820)

Generation 4

Simon-Alexandre Kervoac
dit Breton
(1783 - 1871)

L'Islet-sur-Mer (Quebec)
4 November 1806

Constance Cloutier
(1789 - 1843)

Generation 5

Joseph Kirouac
(1815 - 1881)

L'Islet-sur-Mer (Quebec)
24 February 1835

Catherine Lebourdais
(1813 - 1901)

Generation 6

Simon-Alexandre Kirouac
(1847 - 1933)

Saint-Roch-des-Aulnaies (Quebec)
23 November 1869

Marie-Henriette Caron
(1847 - 1935)

Generation 7

Joseph Kirouac
(1871 - 1942)

Lewiston (Maine) United States
5 July 1892

Odélie Leblond
(1871 - 1900)

Generation 8

Thomas Kirouac
(1896 - 1985)

Saint-Ulric (Quebec)
29 September 1925

Alien Morin
(1901 - 1991)

Generation 9

Jacques Kirouac
(1927 - 2019)

Sainte-Foy (Quebec)
31 December 1960

Alberte Garon

After obtaining his BA degree, Jacques chose the teaching profession and took on a course to get a Bachelor in Education from Laval University (1955-1956). At the time Laval University was still located on Auteuil Street in Quebec City, while the new campus in Sainte-Foy was being developed. At first, Jacques was hired as a teacher by the Quebec City School Board; however, it was as a substitute teacher and, after only one month substituting, he quit as the schedule was too unsure. He went back to university, this time to complete a Master in Education.

While studying for his Masters, he accepted a teaching position in Sainte-Foy starting in December. After two years teaching in the public sector, he quit because "it went against the grain" as one would say.

He taught math from 1957 to 1964 at the Jesuits College, in the first three grades of the eight-year "cours classique" which included

Latin and ancient Greek. While teaching at the College, he followed the training course at the Military Base in Farnham (Quebec), to become a reserve officer in the Canadian Armed Forces. During four summers spent at Farnham, he trained cadets also teaching them to fire a gun.

For a few years, during evenings and weekends, he trained cadets in Montmagny, Lévis, and Quebec City. As a Lieutenant he worked at the Quebec City Citadel, at the Military Drill Hall in Montmagny and at the Military Drill Hall in Lévis as well as at the Valcartier Military Base.

In 1964, he left the Jesuits College and accepted a post at Laval University (Sainte-Foy campus) to teach statistics. After a year, he became Director of Bachelor of Pedagogy. In 1966 and 1967, he spent a year studying in Toronto and a year studying in Ottawa to complete a doctor's degree in Academic Administration.

Upon his return to Laval University, he taught administration for many years before working as a professional administrator in the Vice-Rector's office, in charge of student and professors' affairs. Jacques retired from the Department of General Graduate Studies* at Laval University in 1993. (*Direction du baccalauréat général).

ALBERTE ENTERS HIS LIFE

In 1959, while involved with the Boys Scout movement in Sainte-Foy, Jacques met Christophe Garon, of the Garon Company Ltd. The two young men became friends; and this is how Jacques met the whole Garon family including Alberte, Christophe's sister.

Alberte, daughter of Isidore and Blanche (née Beaulieu) Garon, was still single and working as a secretary in the family business.



Jacques Kirouac, scout leader
(Photo : Jacques Kirouac collection)

Cupid was around ... and Jacques asked his friend, Christophe, to introduce him to the lovely Alberte.

They met on 28 December 1959. What a date and a day to remember that was! After a walk around Lake Saint-Joseph, Jacques and Alberte went for dinner at Le Vendôme, a renowned restaurant on Côte de la Montagne in Quebec City, in business for a few years. Then on to the Cinéma de Paris, to see the film Raspoutine. A year later, on 31 December 1960, they were married in Notre-Dame-de-Foy Church in Sainte-Foy, Quebec. Jacques and Alberte left for New York, the first of many trips together to the Big Apple. And only God knew that this was the first of many more trips to come.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES AND TEENAGE YEARS

Of all the towns where Jacques lived, Grand-Mère is the one he loved best. At the time, Grand-Mère was a very small town of about 10,000 inhabitants. It had a human dimension as everybody knew everybody else. It was a pleasant place to live and practical too as one could find everything one needed.



Jacques Kirouac, Grand-Mère, 1939
(Photo : Jacques Kirouac collection)

In the school in Grand-Mère, Jacques was called a “half-boarder”. Although his parents’ apartment was across the street from the college, he ate at home but slept at school, hence the expression “half-boarder”. To this day, Jacques is grateful for the set up and the training he received at the college ran by the Brothers of Christian Instruction.

He remembers particularly well playing hockey on the college skating rink. It lasted until springtime, for as long as there was a thin coat of ice on the rink. Jacques also remembers playing the clarinet in the school band. Though he never really mastered the instrument, nevertheless he very much enjoyed being in the brass band. His taste for military music, waltzes and marches comes from that experience. It is also at the Grand-Mère College that he developed a love of books, especially reading authors like Jules Verne, Léon Ville and Charles Dickens. While studying there, he and his brother, Gaston, started a stamp collection which helped him discover history and those who make history.

Jacques loves to talk about the years he was a Boy Scout, first in Grand-Mère, then at the Trois-Rivières Seminary and also in Daveluyville. Thanks to scouting he took part in the Eucharistic Congress in Quebec City in 1938 and also went to Trois-Rivières for the Royal Tour of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1939. Taking part in numerous scout camps left unforgettable memories: the dark nights only lit by the crackling campfires and the isolated places reached with a compass as there were no roads. These were precious years that left a deep imprint.

Jacques remembers that in Grand-Mère he also discovered the Middle-Ages, in a way of speaking. Around 1938, a town crier still turned up in the town centre towards the end of the afternoon. He arrived in a horse drawn cart, rang a bell and shouted the news. That colourful tradition lasted until so-called progress brought in a loud speaker attached to the roof of a car driven around town.

Other memories: the three superb white horses galloping at full speed through the streets of the town

pulling the fire-men's ladders. Children took great pleasure in running behind the fire wagon to see the conflagration. It was a very sad ending for those beautiful horses when fire trucks took over and the horses ending their career pulling garbage carts!

Grand-Mère was also witness to his first boyhood ‘crushes’. One of his classmates, the Station Master's son, had a sister. During the summer, every Wednesday evening, there was a concert in the municipal park. It was the perfect occasion for boys to meet girls. Years later, Jacques met this girl again, by then she was a nun at the Ursulines convent. These concerts were also the chance to spend the pocket money received from his parents: a nickel; in those days, that was enough to buy French Fries.

As a teenager in 1942, he got his first job at the *Ferlandière*, a canning company in Berthierville (Lanaudière County). From 1943 on, he was a coach in youth summer camps. He spent that summer, 1943, at Camp Bruchési at Lake L’Achigan, in the Laurentians, north of Montreal, where over 600 youth were camping. After that, from 1944 to 1947, every summer he worked as a coach at Lac-à-la-Tortue (Turtle Lake) near Grand-Mère.

IMPORTANT PERSONS IN HIS LIFE

When talking about the people who had a great influence in his life, his mother comes first. Jacques admired her for her education, knowledge, pride and the quality of her spoken and written French which she relentlessly instilled in him. As for his father, a reserved man, he admired his sense of duty and his unbending honesty.

Another person he will always fondly remember is Brother Alphonse Rodriguez, the Director of the Sacred Heart College in



Jacques Kirouac collection

Jacques Kirouac and Alberte Garon, Sainte-Foy,
31 December 1960

Grand-Mère; of Breton origin, he was from the French Islands of Saint-Pierre and Miquelon (in the Gulf of Saint-Lawrence). Above all Jacques was most impressed by the dignity and culture of Brother Alphonse and, to this day, is very grateful to him because, when Jacques was only ten years old, Brother Alphonse very early diagnosed a severe earache; so Jacques was operated on immediately which prevented some serious medical complications.

Another person who had a definite influence on Jacques is Jan Kerouac. Before meeting her, he had a certain vision of life. Jan helped question that vision. He had never before been close to human misery, and what he saw and discovered as he met and got to know Jan, was the poverty in which she lived, her previous history of drugs, prostitution, begging, as well as her stays in reform school and a psychiatric hospital; this forced him to deeply search his soul. He asked himself how come such an intelligent woman could have had such a miserable life. There was only one answer: she was a victim and not guilty.

She spent her whole life searching for her father through the men she met; they all betrayed her, used her, and deceived her. Jacques then concluded that, in life, some are blessed and others are less lucky and, if one is fortunate, it is important to recognize it. From his meetings with Jack Kerouac's daughter, he learned an important lesson: we need to help those who are less fortunate than us instead of judging them. In doing so, the world would be a better place to live!

Another person he will never forget is his mother-in-law, Blanche Beaulieu Garon who died at the ripe old age of 101. What he remembers of her is her great serenity and her deep faith throughout her life. She was very gifted and generous and worked late in the night for the well-being and comfort of her twelve children.

TRAVELS

For Jacques, traveling was always very important. In 1968, after obtaining his doctorate, he enjoyed his first great voyage. He had a three-month holiday before starting the school year at Laval University, so he and Alberte spent June, July and August in Europe.

Those were the days to travel, he gladly remembers, when there were far less tourists in Europe. It was easy to park one's car and it only took a few minutes to find a pleasant and reasonably priced hotel room. This is no longer so. Everything has changed so much.

Since that summer of 1968, once a year, Jacques has traveled outside of Canada. When asked which countries he appreciated most, he first mentions France because of its history and diverse scenery; next comes Italy, for its colours, warmth, beauty, exuberance and monuments. Turkey, the gate to the Orient, comes third with Israel, the Holy Land where Christ lived. Finally, he adds one more country, Vietnam, for its cultural contrasts and its people. He always traveled with his wife, Alberte, except recently.

CONCLUSION

One of the things he is most grateful for in life is to enjoy good health, he cannot remember using even a single day of sick leave in all the years he taught. He also traveled as often as he wished and not once was he ill. He believes he owes his good health to his father's genes as well as discipline in his everyday life that enabled him to keep a good tab on stress. All in all, he thinks he has been as lucky as his dad who was a very calm man, who never talked much and always kept a cool head.

If you ask him if he would choose the same road if he had to start all over again, he answers that in hindsight, he could picture himself picking out other careers. He would have liked to be a geographer or a sociologist but, at the time, there were very few openings in these fields. He certainly does not regret the path he followed because it has been more than positive. Being philosophical about it: he adds: "We do not really lead our life, it is really life that leads us. We depend on circumstances and we have to adapt to them and learn to make the best of it".

Given that he never had children, his role as an educator through teaching, within the Scout movement, working in summer camps and with the Army Cadets, was extremely important all things considered. Being a teacher means shaping lives and it is very fulfilling.

Jacques is also very glad he was able to contribute so much to our family association. This is an important part of his life's works.



When considering the first thirty years of our Association, he asks himself one question: “What would his life have been without the *Kirouac Family Association*? What about the Ancestor’s identity? How much would we know about our roots? What about all the relationships that flourished with so many people, the ensuing friendships and the resulting kinship?”

Well, there is only one valid answer to all these questions: “It was absolutely worth it to invest so much time and energy thirty years ago to create our family association and, today, it is just as important and meaningful to invest oneself for future generations.”

(Revised English Translation, 2019)

Seated: Thomas Kirouac and his wife Alice Morin; standing: their children, L. to R.: Yves, Pierrette, Jacques and Gaston. (Photo: Jacques Kirouac collection)



Photo : Jacques Kirouac collection

The family of Thomas and Alice (née Morin) Kirouac in June 1954, photo taken the day Gaston Kirouac celebrated his first Mass. Left to right: Jacques Kirouac, Thomas Kirouac, Gaston Kirouac, Alice Morin-Kirouac and her mother, Alvine Quimper-Morin, Pierrette Kirouac and Yves Kirouac

JACQUES, A MAGNIFICENT KIROUAC NONAGENARIAN

TEXT WRITTEN FOR JACQUES' 90TH BIRTHDAY ON 3 JUNE 2017
BY ROSAIRE GARON, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW

Once upon a time... Oh! That was a long time, very long time ago. In another century. In 1927, a heavenly child was born. No, not in Bethlehem, but at Lac-au-Saumon (Quebec). Some babies are brought by storks, other by Amerindians, others are born in a cabbage patch, others, exceptional ones, are born along the railroad track. And this is what happened to Jacques because his father worked for a railroad company. As a result, the family often moved and lived in various parts of the province of Quebec like the Matapédia Valley, and the towns of Charny, Jonquière, Grand-Mère and Daveluyville. Hence, very young, he developed a taste for travelling by rail, and road, and sea, and air.

Jacques, the son of Thomas and Alice (Morin) Kirouac, is the eldest of four children. He has two brothers, Gaston and Yves, and one sister, Pierrette. Let's mention that Gaston was the Director of the Trois-Rivières Seminary and was also the parish priest in a very large parish for many years.

Now, let us look at some milestones in Jacques' life. We will not be indiscreet, as propriety is required. We will start in Jonquière where he lived in his youth.



Photo : Jacques Kirouac collection

Jacques Kirouac, official college graduation photo in Trois-Rivières in 1946.



Photo: Pierre Kirouac

Alberte Garon and Jacques Kirouac, photo taken on 8 September 2018, when both, for the last time, took part in a KFA annual reunion.

Very young, Jacques learned to sleep away; away from home. When he was studying at a high school ran by the Brothers of the Christian Instruction. The school was located across the street from the family home. He pretended that he slept at school across the street from the family home, to give his sister and brothers more space! These were the half-boarder students. It is worth pointing out that the school offered a number of very interesting activities for young men like sports, social activities and a well-stocked library. That is where Jacques developed a taste for reading, which he enjoyed through his lifetime.

Jacques the University Student

Preliminary school and high school were only the first step, to be followed by 'classical studies' at the Trois-Rivières College, where he was a boarder. Then he went on to do two years of philosophy at Saint-Dunstan College on Prince-Edward-Island, to improve his knowledge of the English language. Then on to university, even universities. He crossed the border, that is the Ottawa* River, to study in Toronto and Ottawa, where he obtained a doctorate¹. Afterwards he came back home to Laval University (Quebec) where he was hired to teach. So, Jacques is a PhD but not a medical doctor; therefore, he could not cure just any illness, but one of the worst, "ignorance". Through his training, Jacques became familiar with a great many technologies linked to teaching, starting with the most

¹ Doctorate in school administration.

primitive, chalk and slate/blackboard, up to tables & charts. But he did not cross into the world of digital technology. Oh! Those machines endowed with artificial intelligence, daring to correct natural intelligence and, even, talk to us. (*Called Ottawa River on the Ontario side but Rivière des Outaouais on the Quebec side).

Jacques the Professor

Jacques' teaching career started in a high school on Church Road (Route de l'Église), then on to the Jesuits' College where he taught mathematics, and, finally, at the great Laval University in Quebec City where he taught statistics and school administration.

Jacques Under The Flag

When only 11, Jacques, being a member of (Catholic) Crusade, came to Quebec City for the 1938 Eucharistic Congress, wearing a white cape, to proclaim his faith on the mythical Plains of Abraham. Later on, he wore the boy's scouts shorts first in Trois-Rivières, then in Sainte-Foy. Later on, he wore khaki military pants as a reservist in the Canadian army. Very little is known about his military career and his feats of arms. But we know that at the Canadian military base in Farnham (Quebec), as an officer he trained cadets. As a good marksman, he was prepared and wanted to train young recruits to defend their country.

Jacques the Traveller

As Jacques' father worked for the railroad, the family, parents and children, could travel free on the trains. And Jacques made the most of his free rail pass when he was a student; perhaps not as much as he would have wanted to. Nevertheless, Jacques looking at those parallel tracks going straight into the horizon wanted to discover what was at the end. He never stopped dreaming of discovering where the rails went; he wanted to discover what was at the end of the road, at the end of the world. Jacques always yearned for travelling. He loved short trips and long journeys. He loved going for a (car) ride along the lovely Quebec country roads. He particularly loved the Gaspé peninsula which he visited almost every year. He also loved to drive along the American East Coast. And what about flying to faraway destinations? and going on cruises? He roamed the planet, Europe, the Western world, the Middle East, the Holy Land and Russia, as well as from the Saint-Lawrence to the Nile in Africa.

In 1967, with Alberte, he went to Europe on a three-month journey. They were booked to leave of the FRANCE but, because of troubles, in Paris, the cruise was cancelled and, instead, had to fly to Rome. When in the Holy Land, they were the guests of Gaston; and he lent them his car. Imagine this: for three months, they travelled by train and car, on a daily budget of \$20. for the two of them, including transportation, meals, lodging and tips!

Jacques and Alberte

How did Jacques meet Alberte? Jacques, having reached the age when a man thinks about a wife and a life-time companion, was very keen to make the right choice. Therefore, he asked for advice from an intermediary with



Lieutenant Jacques Kirouac at Missisquoi Bay on Lake Champlain around the mid-Sixties.

Photo : Jacques Kirouac collection

good contacts, but not on Facebook, it did not exist at the time; but advice from one with contact with heaven. Thus, Father Hamelin, the boys scouts' chaplain, and the resourceful Christophe, played matchmaker, and hatched a plan for Jacques to meet the president of the Sainte-Foy parish group called Enfants de Marie (Mary's children). And this is how Jacques met Alberte and picked the best bloom available; and Alberte became his wife and life companion on 31 December 1960.

Jacques and the Kirouac Families

Pride, Dignity and Integrity, as per the *Kirouac Family Association's* motto. Another of Jacques' passion: history, the history and *the stories of the Kirouac families*. He founded the *Kirouac Family Association* and was its president for many years and still works with the editing of the KFA bulletin. As Jacques said, as president of the 250th anniversary celebration of the Kirouac ancestor: "It is interesting to study how a family from Brittany settled in New-France and learn its history and unique and particular contribution to our national heritage."² He was also (two terms) president of the Association des familles souches du Québec (Quebec Founding Families Association).

Within the Kirouac family, Jacques was particularly interested in two famous and legendary personages, with completely opposite values and living styles. One is the Franco-American author, one of the most

² In *L'album, Pensées des descendants de Maurice Louis-Alexandre le Brice de Keroack depuis 1730*, by Raymonde Kérouac-Harvey, 1980.



Jacques Kirouac, sister Cécile Kirouac and Marie Kirouac at the Montreal Botanical Garden in 1985, commemorating the centennial of Brother Marie-Victorin's birth.

important writers of the 20th century and one of the best-known members of the Beat Generation, Jack Kerouac. The other one, Conrad Kirouac, lived a rather more sedate life. He was a famous botanist, better known as Brother Marie-Victorin, his religious name, who founded the Montreal Botanical Garden. Jacques worked very closely with Gerald Nicosia, who wrote Jack's biography *Memory Babe*, and with Jack's daughter, Jan. As for Brother Marie-Victorin, Jacques went to Cuba In the Footsteps of Marie-Victorin, the first organized tour on that theme in order to better understand the life of this botanist who liked to escape the Quebec winters for health reasons and study the Cuban Flora.

Jacques' Daily Routine

Reading has always been a passion of Jacques. He particularly likes books on history and geography. Possibly remembering Saint Thomas Aquinas' phrase *Timeo hominem unius libris*, which means *Beware the man of a single book*, Jacques always alternates reading two books at the same time.

Who does not have secrets? Jacques and his longevity? Among his secrets, the first one is his philosophy of life: Take things as they come and when

they come. He is a philosopher, and as it suits him, he borrows the teachings of the stoics as well as the epicureans! As a stoic, he wants to be happy without having to fight off what does not depend on him but can accept what is inevitable. As an epicurean, he looks for happiness and finds it in small everyday things. Here are some examples of his daily routines enabling him to enjoy a calm life, without stress. He believes in a daily walk to keep his body fit, then he reads to feed his mind adding a daily McDonald's coffee, for a little extra pep. The McDonald's coffee is a daily well-established ritual. Something he has been doubly enjoying for many years.

First, he loves to savour a good cup of coffee, it gives him the extra energy needed to face important decisions, like where should he go for a walk and what will he do during the afternoon. But there is more to this, the boy in him likes collecting the stamps attached to the coffee cups. He carefully pries away the stamp from the cup and sticks it on the supplied form. And with seven stamps he gets a free coffee, yes, free, and looks forward to the one he will choose, "café au lait", coffee with hot milk. There you see, small things can be the source of great "little pleasures" if you know how to appreciate them.

Food Pleasures

It is impossible not to mention the pleasures of food and Jacques will easily justify this with quotes from the Gospels: At the wedding in Cana, before *fast food*, of course, Christ had to provide more wine because the host had not bought enough. At the Last Supper, of course, there were no sandwiches. Perhaps Jacques' great love for his mother-in-law, Blanche, had something to do with the delicious meals she always provided when he visited her.

How he appreciated her invitations. Isn't sharing a good meal a true sign of friendship? However, while Jacques loves good food, Alberte always made sure he ate the right food, and that most likely contributed to his resplendent health.

One Important Hidden Quality

We are all aware that Jacques is careful with money, only spends wisely, never compulsively. Whenever money is concerned, he always uses judgment and discernment. However, what few know, is how extremely generous Jacques is, discrete generosity, very discrete indeed but with an open purse. As our parents used to say: "giving does not make you poor, quite the contrary, charity will enrich you." Those who know him well, know this and many in his family can witness to this. I have been a recipient of his generosity when he offered me a one-year subscription to *Le Devoir* (the Montreal daily).

Like Jack Kerouac, Jacques went *On the Road*, i.e., travelled, and like his father, was *on the (right) track*. Like Conrad, Brother Marie-Victorin, Jacques loves being *in the garden...* to be precise, in the kitchen garden.

At 90, Jacques is still hale and hearty. He very actively takes part in meetings. For him, it is not unusual to be asked at the last moment to thank a guest speaker. He sees very clearly, in all meanings of the word, and foresees just as well. Healthy and beaming with happiness, Jacques is good to reach 100 ... just like his mother-in-law.

Jacques The Magnificent, the whole family wishes you a happy anniversary and many more long, happy years.

Québec, 3 June 2017

WHEN JACQUES WAS AT THE FFSQ (FEDERATION OF QUEBEC FOUNDING FAMILIES)

1990-1993

Jacques Kirouac

He is known for his great loyalty, devotion and ability to get consensus ! He spent many years teaching all the secrets of mathematics at the Jesuits College in Quebec City, then he went on to the university grand "cenacle" where he was professor of school administration in the Faculty of Education. Afterwards, he worked for the Academic Department, vice-principal's office. In the last few years he was in charge of the Dept. of Bachelor of General Studies (BGS) in Education.

After talking about it for so long, finally in June 1993, he will retire! Founding-president of the Kirouac Family Association, he was its president for thirteen years. In the past three years, as president of the FFSQ, Federation of the Quebec Founding Families, the amount of work he accomplished is incredible and priceless. All those who worked with him and met him will never forget how exceptional he is at team-work; the same can be said for all those involved in various family associations who benefited from his awesome availability and his amazing talent. Jacques, we thank you, thank you.

Source: Published in April 1993 in the FFSQ's bulletin La Souche, on FFSQs 10th anniversary, page 9. (*Roots)*

HOMAGE TO MY UNCLE JACQUES KIROUAC

By his nephew, Jean Doré, at his funeral, 31 July 2019

I have been asked to pay homage to my uncle in my name and in the name of my family.

This is very easy indeed.

I must have met my uncle, for the first time on 3 or 4 January 1961...

It is a rather vague, well, I was two days old... but I already felt that we would enjoy an excellent relationship.

Many years later, he invited me to go around the Gaspé Peninsula by car ... for a week ... so I was on the road with Jack Kirouac.... the real one ... rather few people can boast of doing that.

Have you ever heard him laugh? Well, I have many times. His instant laugh and such a catching laughter.

Recently, when he was in hospital, I was going through my belongings, and I found his military uniform among MY things...

I had to ask him: Uncle Jacques, did you fight in the war...????

He told me that his military conscription papers arrived as he turned 18, the same month, (i.e. June 1945) He briefly explained that he became an officer. Luckily, the war ended in 1945 so he did not have to serve overseas; that possibly explains his longevity. I would definitely say so, but added to this, my uncle's way of life.

At 92, he went into the hospital for the first time in his life; stayed just over a week and died there peacefully.

If everyone were like him, hospitals would be half-empty and many doctors unemployed.

My uncle loved travelling and history and was a fervent nationalist. I never asked him to explain his reasons, afraid he would convince me.

My uncle obtained a doctorate in education, something rare in the Sixties (in Quebec).

My uncle taught school directors! Something I was so proud to tell my friends.

My uncle taught mathematics at the Jesuits' College; afterwards he worked at Laval University as head of the baccalaureate department, until he retired.

He was one of the founders of the Kirouac Family Association.

Uncle Jacques was always smiling and generous and in a happy mood.

Generous. Even more than money, he always gave of his time and affection, which is priceless.

Don't you remember whenever you visited him or he came to visit you, the air would immediately and automatically fill with fun and laughter.

This is how I will forever remember him.

Thank you, uncle Jacques!

HOMAGE TO JACQUES KIROUAC

FOUNDING PRESIDENT OF THE KIROUAC FAMILY ASSOCIATION

by Marie Kirouac and François Kirouac

After three unsuccessful attempts at getting together a few people to plan a special event to commemorate what we thought then to be the 250th anniversary of our common ancestor's arrival in New-France in 1980, Jacques Kirouac finally managed, on 20 November 1978, to plant a seed that would grow into the Kirouac Family Association, incorporated in 1986. Jacques had an idea, he planted a seed and a team got working to develop it! The work is still on-going and will long survive Jacques; and it will grow as long as there are descendants of Alexandre de Kervoach, who care to keep alive the memory of our Breton ancestor. In a way, like Alexandre, Jacques is also the father of our family clan.

After leading our Association from 1978 to 1992, he kept being involved with our news bulletin **Le Trésor des Kirouac** which he contributed to create in 1983. He never missed to put his input in every issue including the very last one, the present number 130. Less than three weeks before dying he was with us sharing his ideas about the content of our latest issue of our "Family encyclopedia". Every editorial committee meeting was for him an occasion to meet and share with us always stressing how much he appreciated us and the work we were doing. And we certainly felt the same about him. Over these many years we have enjoyed planning the content and working together on each issue of Le Trésor. Yes, his departure leaves a large void in our life.

Right from the beginning, Jacques was devoted to the Association he founded and he was to his last breath. Not only was he involved in planning the gatherings in L'Islet-sur-Mer in 1980 and in Cap-Saint-Ignace in 1982, but also in the organization of every reunion in the greater Quebec City area in 1986, 1994, 1998, 2008 as well as last year, 2018. He was on the planning committee of the millennium gathering in Cap-Saint-Ignace in 2000. He also backed every committee from 1979 to



Jacques Kirouac and Céline Kirouac representing the **Kirouac Family Association** when the Marie-Victorin Street was officially dedicated at Sainte-Foy, Quebec, on 14 June 2008, during the celebrating our streets day in 2008: *Nos rues en fête, 1608-2008*. (Photo: KFA collection)

1992, until he gave up the KFA presidency and let André Kirouac from Sainte-Croix-de-Lotbinière take over.

Still, his contributions to the life of our Association did not stop there. His generosity knows no bounds, the same can be said of his wife, Alberte, so this remarkable couple created the *Fonds Jacques Kirouac* to benefit our Association. For the last fifteen years, the Fund was administered by the KFA and provided our association with substantial revenue enabling the KFA to remain financially healthy.

Jacques was so happy and proud to travel to Brittany in July 2000 like the 32 K/ cousins visiting for the first time their ancestor's land. This return to the sources followed the discoveries of our ancestor's birthplace in Brittany, which was the result of the research started in 1978 at the same time the KFA was created.

Jacques was particularly happy to be where our ancestor had left for New France in the 18th century. He would have loved to repeat that experience.

Among the many files he took great pleasure in contributing to, there is one in particular that has to be mentioned, that of Jack Kerouac's family. And we say Jack Kerouac's family because not only was he interested in the author himself, but also in his only daughter, Janet Michelle, whom he admired so much and whom he met on a number of occasions, including on 17 December 1988 in Quebec City when Jan charmed Jacques and everyone else present at the time. From then on, their friendship grew and many times they took part together in activities regarding Jan's battle for her father's inheritance and her attempt to save his archives from being sold piecemeal.

Their friendship led to Jacques meeting Gerald Nicosia, the American author and Jack Kerouac's biographer. All readers of *Le Trésor des Kirouac* know Gerald Nicosia because he regularly contributes articles to our family bulletin. And it is also thanks to Jacques that the international known author will eventually publish Janet Kerouac's biography on which he has been working for many years. Jacques was extremely keen to see Janet's biography published. As he would regularly repeat to us: "Gerry is the only one who can write Jan's biography". It is sad, of course, that Jacques will not be able to see one of his dearest dreams come true.

Thanks to Jacques' work and contribution, the name Kirouac shines beyond the confines of our family association. From 1988 to 1990, he was vice-president, then, from 1990 to 1993, he was president of the *Fédération des familles souches* (federation of founding families), today known as *Fédération des associations de familles* (federation of family associations).

Jacques was a humble man. Have you ever heard him say he held a PhD? A few weeks before dying he clearly said to us that if one day we intended to publish something about him in *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, just keep it to the minimum. But there is one thing he



17 December 1988, when Jacques met with Jan Kerouac at the restaurant *Chez Camille*, 1384 Ste-Foy Road, Quebec. (Photo: Marie Kirouac)



24 February 2007, annual *Federation of Quebec Founding Families* fair at Laurier-Québec shopping mall; from left to right: Jacques Kirouac, Lucille Kirouac, Mercédès Bolduc-Villeneuve and Marie Kirouac. (Photo: François Kirouac)

wanted mentioned, his pride in being a lieutenant-officer in the Cadet Corps in the Sixties.

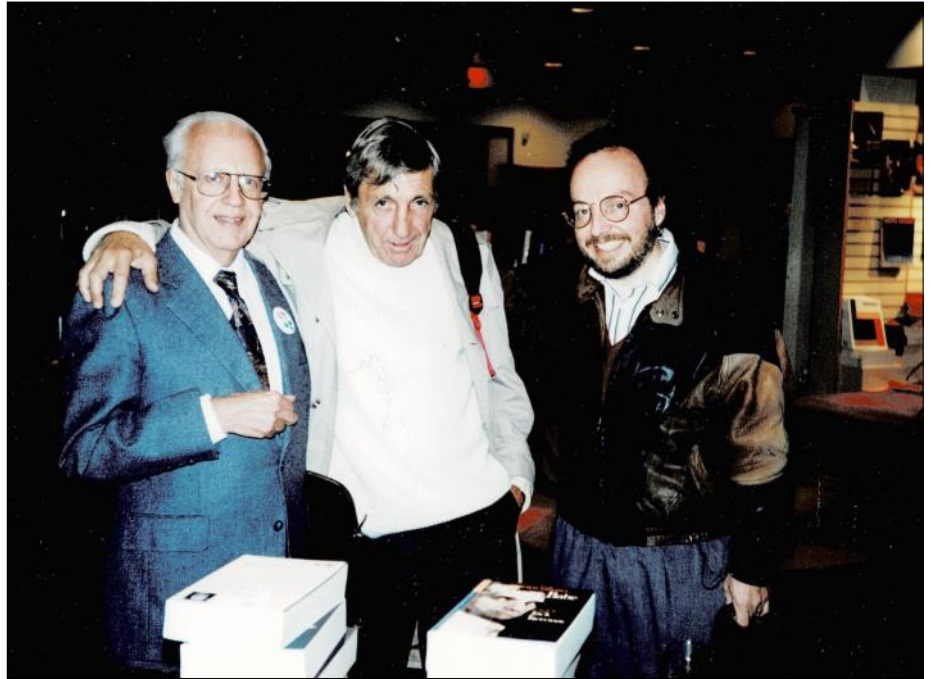
Well, it is impossible to only say that after all that he did to make sure our Association would keep going with the same momentum after the great gatherings in 1980 and 1982. From his celestial abode, we hope that he will forgive us for sharing with you his exceptional contribution to the *Kirouac Family Association*.

So long, Jacques!

Jacques Kirouac and the Trip to New York to "Save Jack's Papers" In June 1995

It's hard now to remember those days when Jan was still alive and we were fighting so fervently to try to save her father Jack Kerouac's literary archive. In 1995, Jacques and I knew each other much less well than in the years that followed; we had only met in 1987, at *La Rencontre Internationale Jack Kerouac* in Quebec City. In the fall of 1994, my wife Ellen and I had traveled to Quebec for the publication of my Kerouac biography **Memory Babe** in its French translation by Québec-Amérique, and it was on that trip that I got to know Jacques much better. One of our points of connection was our concern for Jan Kerouac, whom we both loved dearly as a friend. When Jan talked about Jacques, it was clear that he was even something more to her than just a friend. Her father had been absent for most of her life; and for Jan, Jacques became the French father-figure she had always needed so badly. He had her last name--his name almost sounded like her father's--and she once told me he even had the same blue eyes her real father had had. In point of fact, Jacques was close to the age her real father would have been, had he lived. Jack Kerouac was born in 1922, Jacques in 1927.

When we spent time together in 1994, I remember how deeply concerned Jacques was about Jan's kidney failure, and the fact that she needed dialysis four times a day to



Jacques Kirouac, Graham Cournoyer McKeen, and Gerald Nicosia, at book signing for the French edition of **Memory Babe** at the Champigny Bookshop in Montreal, October 3, 1994. McKeen was a French-Canadian who had lived in New York City, worked as a jazz pianist, and was quite good friends with Jack Kerouac. (Photo by Ellen Nicosia)

stay alive. He had met her in 1988, when she visited Quebec City with my French translator Marcel Deschamps and his two sons. Jacques loved to tell the story of how, having read Jan's first novel **Baby Driver**, he had expected her to be a sort of female version of her father--rough-talking, sloppily dressed, and badly mannered. Instead, he said, he was astonished to find that she was well-dressed, carried herself well, and spoke with gentleness and grace. He said that he understood at once that she was not to blame for the difficult childhood her father's neglect had forced upon her, and he admired the

fact that she was trying to be a good person in spite of all the misfortunes in her life.

Jacques and Jan had bonded very quickly. She explained to him that she wanted very badly to connect with the French heritage that had been lost to her when her father abandoned her. Jacques showed her around Quebec City, and gladly offered to help her learn more about the French culture she had lost. She wrote somewhere that, after years of feeling like an orphan and an exile, she finally felt that she was part of a family again.

For Jacques's part, he was worried about the poverty and fragility of

Jan's life. He had seen the nearly empty rooms she was living in in Stone Ridge, New York--a house that a friend had lent her for a few months--with a mattress on the floor, little furniture, and not much food to eat. He worried that Jan needed a real home. When, through legal action in the late 1980's, Jan finally won a small share of her father's royalties, she did not enjoy the prosperity very long before kidney failure once again made her life very difficult and fragile.

It seemed to me that when Jacques first heard about Jan's quest to gain legal rights to her father's estate, probably in mid-1994, he did not fully understand the fierce opposition she was about to encounter. He seemed to think that the courts would soon correct the error that was made in giving Jack Kerouac's literary properties to the Sampases, and once the courts had looked at the truth of the situation, Jan would have no more problems in that area.

Thus, when Jacques heard that Jan wanted him to join her at the Jack Kerouac Conference at New York University, in early June 1995, he initially declined, because he did not see what use he could be to her there. NYU, which was sponsoring the conference in collaboration with the Sampas family, made clear that they did not want either Jan or myself there. But Jan was determined to go, and bought a ticket to the conference, which cost her \$120, and I had agreed to accompany her there. At that point, I think, Jacques felt that it would be better for Jan simply to let the courts resolve the matter of her stolen inheritance. I think he was also optimistic that the courts would rule



Gerald Nicosia conferring with Jacques Kirouac at *La Rencontre Internationale Jack Kerouac* in Quebec City, October, 1987. This photo was taken on the day that they met. (Photographer unknown)

in her favor once all the facts had come to light.

Jan, however, had an earnest phone conversation with Jacques, explaining to him that she could not make this fight in New York without him at her side. I think this was when Jacques first began to understand that what Jan was immersed in was more than just a legal battle over rights to an estate. He saw that for Jan, the effort to overturn her grandmother's will was an effort to reclaim her family. And that was when Jacques agreed to meet us in New York.

When Jan, myself, and her assistant, a Vietnam vet named Bob Waddell, got to the Doubletree Hotel on Times Square, we were surprised that Jacques was not there. We went out to dinner that night, and I remember when we returned to the lobby of the Doubletree, Jan suddenly froze in her tracks, her eyes locked on to the

eyes of a small gentleman standing by the glass doors. "That's Jacques!" she cried, and ran to hug him. It turned out he had gone to stay at the Edison Hotel a few blocks away, because it was less expensive than the Doubletree. A couple of months earlier, I had put on several benefits for Jan in San Francisco, which had allowed us to pay for the Doubletree.

It was a couple of days before the opening of the conference, and a lot of work had to be done, passing out flyers, talking to the press, and meeting with various people, including Rodney Phillips at the New York Public Library, who had told Jan he was eager to buy the entire Jack Kerouac archive for the library's Berg Collection. Jacques would meet us early each day, and help us with any of the tasks where he might be useful.

The day after Jacques arrived in New York, June 3, was Jacques's



Gerald Nicosia, Jacques Kirouac and Jan Kerouac, in Washington Square Park, just after they had been thrown out of NYU's Jack Kerouac Conference, June 5, 1995. Jan had changed into a T-shirt emblazoned with the words of Jack Kerouac's final letter, dated October 20, 1969, and written to his nephew Paul Blake, Jr., in which Kerouac wrote that he did not want the Sampas family to get "a dingblasted thing" from his literary estate. (Photo by Duarte Moniz)

68th birthday, and Jan was so grateful that he had come that she declared we must take him out to a fine French dinner. I am not sure who made the choice of restaurants, but that evening we ended up at a very well-respected place called La Métairie in the West Village--an area of New York City where Jan's father had spent a great deal of time. It was made to look rustic inside, like a French farmhouse, and the food was well-prepared. But it was even more special to see how happy Jan and Jacques were in each other's company, telling stories

of their respective lives. It was as if Jan had found the father she'd spent her life looking for, and he now had a daughter. For at least one evening, we put the troubles of the Kerouac lawsuit out of mind, and we all had great fun giving Jacques a happy birthday.

The next day, while I did more chores to get ready for the conference, Jan gave Jacques a tour of all the places of her childhood. She showed him Tompkins Square Park in the East Village, where the Puerto Rican girls used to beat her up, and also the church where she would steal money from the poor box, because many times she had no money for food. It seemed like Jacques was also a priest hearing her confessions. But it was Jacques who was impressed with the goodness of her heart. He told me the story of how, in Tompkins Square, her purse had spilled on the ground, and her money lay scattered all over the pavement. He offered to help her pick it up, but she stopped him. "Leave it there for the poor," she told him. "They need it more than I do."

Jacques told me how deeply impressed he was by this generosity in her, especially since she was not at all well. Her health suffered greatly on this trip--she was only a year away from her death, though none of us knew that then. In fact, Jacques confided to me

Janet Kerouac and Jacques Kirouac, Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, NYU, June 5, 1995. This shot was taken when Jacques and Jan had just arrived in the auditorium, before the start of the conference. Both were expecting a happy conclusion to her plan to speak to the audience about placing her father's archive in a library. Both were wearing the family crest. Note that Jan is still wearing her conference nametag. Soon after she and Jacques were removed from the conference, Jan angrily threw her nametag into a gutter of the street outside. (Photo by Gerald Nicosia)



privately how shocked he was by her appearance--she was so thin now, her skin was extremely dry, and she even walked unsteadily at times. On top of everything else, she had a sore on her foot that refused to heal, and even taking small steps caused her a great deal of pain.

That trip to New York was a steep learning curve for Jacques. Even though neither he nor Jan had been formally invited to the Jack Kerouac conference--he too had purchased his ticket like an ordinary participant--I think he felt that at least a certain amount of respect would be shown them since they were the only two genuine members of the Kerouac family there. But when we got to NYU the morning of the conference, we got a cold reception from all the officials and staff of NYU. I think Jacques was a little shocked that he and Jan were being treated as outsiders, when here they were, at a conference supposedly honoring Jack Kerouac, a member of their own family--and in Jan's case, her own father! For the first time, I think Jacques really understood the dynamics and the politics of the situation he had become a part of--that people who were not Kerouacs had laid claim to Jack Kerouac's legacy, and were seeking to take it away from the people it rightfully belonged to.

What was happening at NYU that day, in Jacques's eyes, was more than the legal challenge to a will; it was an assault on family, something that angered Jacques as much it did Jan. I also think that, for the first time, he realized that what Jan was struggling so hard to achieve, despite being so sick and weak, was to preserve the connection to family the very thing, I believe, that

had motivated Jacques to found the Kerouac Family Association years earlier. From that moment on, Jacques was as committed to Jan's quest as Jan herself.

Still, none of us were prepared for the ugly scene that followed in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium. John Sampas had been claiming for months that he had to sell Kerouac's letters and manuscripts to collectors and dealers because no library would pay money for the Kerouac archive. Jan and I had recently learned that both the Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley, and the New York Public Library were willing to pay a million dollars to acquire the complete collection of Kerouac's papers, or even as much of it as was still left intact. Jan wanted to make this announcement from the stage at NYU so that John Sampas would no longer have an excuse for breaking apart and selling off Kerouac's papers in small pieces that could never be put back together again.

So when Allen Ginsberg took the microphone to open the conference, Jan intended to approach the stage and ask Ginsberg, who had become her Buddhist godfather in Boulder in 1983, for a few minutes to address the audience. And to show her serious purpose, Jacques agreed to walk beside her. In truth, what could have been more appropriate, the Jack Kerouac conference being opened by Kerouac's own daughter, as well as the Founding President of the Kerouac Family Association? At the same moment as Jan and Jacques started for the stage, Bobby Waddell and another friend of Jan's, Mary Emmerick, unfurled a large blue-and-gold banner at the back of the hall, which read, "SAVE JACK'S PAPERS."

John Sampas, who was seated beside NYU's Programs Director, Helen Kelly, immediately jumped up and yelled, "Get them out of here!"

On stage, Ginsberg then leaned into his microphone and said, "Yes, get



Jacques Kerouac and Gerald Nicosia with "SAVE JACK'S PAPERS" banner in Washington Square Park, June 5, 1995. (Photographer unknown)

them out of here! They're irrelevant! We don't need this disruption."

Angry, I stood up and said, "Allen, you can't take Jack Kerouac's daughter out of a Jack Kerouac conference!"

Then Sampas yelled, "Get him too!" and Helen Kelly directed two policemen to grab me by the arms and escort me out of the hall, just behind Jacques and Jan, who were also being led out by the police. As I recall, they took us down to the floor below and told us we would not actually be arrested if we ceased any further attempts to disrupt the conference. I will never forget the look of shock on Jan's face. She could not believe they had the audacity to drag her, a sick woman, out of a conference about her own father. A few minutes later, out on

the street, Jan threw her conference badge, which she'd had to pay \$120. for, into the gutter of the street.

We quickly took our things and led our friends across the street to Washington Square Park, where we again unfurled the banner, spoke to the press, and held court for the rest of the day. I remember Jacques suddenly going into high gear, full of energy and determined to help Jan in any way he could. He would take turns holding one end of the banner with me or Buddah, a poet friend of Jan's; and later in the day, Jacques helped gather signatures on a petition that asked NYU to allow Jan time to speak at the conference. Although we gathered several hundred signatures on that petition, NYU ignored it, and Jan never returned to the conference.

I believe Jacques's four-day stay in New York was an eye-opening education for him. He saw that certain people were not playing fair with Jan, and in fact were using dirty tricks to keep her from claiming the legacy that was rightfully hers. He also understood that maybe the worst thing these hurtful people were doing was taking Jan's family connection away from her, and ever afterward Jacques was determined to support her and show her that no one could truly remove her from the Kerouac family, because she would always belong there.

Shortly after we both got home, Jacques wrote me, "I am very satisfied with that trip. If I had to do it again, I would do so without any regret. I learned much . . ."



5 June 1997, Nashua (NH), anniversary mass for Janet Kerouac's death; from left to right (all rows merged): Bouddha, a friend of Jan, Brad Parker, friend of Jan, David Bowers, Jan's half brother, Paul Kirouac, Maxine Bowers, wife of David, Claire Robert and her husband, Jean-Yves Kirouac, young Miles Bowers, Jan's nephew, Alberte Garon and her husband Jacques Kirouac, Reverend Steve Edington, Clément Kirouac and his wife, Éliane Tardif. Following the Mass, Jan's ashes were interred in the Old Saint-Louis-de-Gonzague Cemetery in Nashua, NH. (Photographer unknown)

THE LETTER JACQUES WILL NEVER READ

BY JAQUELINE ARRUDA SOARÈS

I first got in touch with Jacques Kirouac when I was working on my Final Project during my final year of study in Brazil. The topic was “*How Jack Kerouac's On the Road Influenced My Generation.*”

Jacques was always helpful sending me books and copies of any material that could help me on my research. Then, I found out about Jan Kerouac. There was so little written about her but Jacques had been a good friend of her. We started projects about her that will keep going.

We exchanged letters for 5 years and in October of 2018, I was able to meet him and his lovely wife. Jacques organized every detail of that trip because he wanted me to see Quebec from his perspective.

He showed me his passion for the city and his pride in being a Québécois. Jacques was always very kind; he cared a lot about people around him and was always trying to help them. When I needed to finish my research, he helped me. When I wanted to visit Quebec, he helped me. He made many people's dreams come true, not just mine.

His kind eyes were able to see through my soul the things unsaid. I remember he was using all his energy to show me around and introduce me to as many people he knew in Quebec as possible. He was a great listener and made me reflect on things I never thought about. He taught me a lot about life and how to slow it down a bit.



Jacqueline and Jacques shared a common admiration for Janet. This photo shows Jacques and Jan Kerouac, in December 1988 sharing a meal with the KFA board members. (Photo: KFA collection)



On 11 October 2018, Jacqueline Arruda Soarès and Jacques Kirouac while working on a page about Jan Kerouac to be eventually posted on the KFA website. (Photo: KFA collection)

I cannot ever thank Jacques enough for everything he taught me and I will never be able to find words to describe how much he will always mean to me. But when his family told me about his death, I wrote this letter... “the letter he will never read” because our connection started through letters:

“Dear Jacques, this is the one letter that you will never read. But it connects me to you somehow. So, this is it. It took me 5 years to be with you for only a few days. This is the way it was supposed to be, right? This was God's plan for us.

Words cannot describe how important you are to me. I will never forget our conversations, the lessons you taught me. I wish you were here. I cannot believe that you are gone. But our plans will always be our plans. I will get that Master's degree in Quebec for both of us. And you will be shining in the skies when I get there. Never thought this moment would come. Never thought that I would have to handle life without you.

Thank you for everything, as I said so many times. And you don't know how much you mean to me. Did I already tell you today how much I love you? Can you please keep guiding me from heaven? Because I feel kind of lost without you here on Planet Earth.

So I won't say “goodbye”. Instead of that, I will take you with me wherever I go. Because the light that you gave me will ever glow.”

In memory of Jacques Kirouac. You will always be in my heart.

HOMAGE TO JACQUES KIROUAC

by his friend, Eric Waddell
Responsible for the Jack Kerouac Observatory

Jacques would call me regularly, to talk about the saga surrounding the estate of the Beat Generation author Jack Kerouac, Jack the Beat writer, and the fate of his daughter Jan. He would invariably start by saying that he had a number of points to raise with me, and our conversation ended with the suggestion that we arrange a meeting with François, the KFA president. Such meetings would be accompanied by a cup of coffee and they would often be followed by a meal in a restaurant on the Côte de Bellechasse or in the shopping centre near his home in Sainte-Foy. I always enjoyed talking to Jacques, because he was very curious, open minded, and keen to initiate a new project!

Yes, I liked Jacques. Even more, I admired his keen mind, his energy and his desire to listen and to learn. Do you know anyone else of his age 92 years who possesses such qualities? I very much doubt it! I respected him for his venerable age but even more so for his love of this land. Jacques's Québec roots plunged deep into the earth, but, at the same time, he was open to the whole world. When I think about him, I inevitably think of Gilles Vigneault's poem:

*From this vast and solitary land
Before I am silenced, I announce
To the inhabitants of the whole world
That my house is your house
Between its four frozen walls
I occupy my time and my space
To prepare a fire, and a place
For the peoples on the horizon
As all human beings are of my race*

Yes, Jacques was profoundly Quebecois; hence French-Canadian, Franco-American... and a citizen of the world. French Canadian, so profoundly Catholic. His religion was in his DNA and he assumed it in with simplicity and ease. It defined his links with the past, his interaction with today's world and his vision of the future. His Catholicism was kind and generous.

It was because of our common interest in Jack Kerouac, the King of the Beats and the author of the 20th century literary classic, *On the Road* that our paths crossed. It was in the mid-Eighties. I was active in the Secrétariat permanent des peuples francophones (SPPF) at the time, an organisation created in 1976 by René Lévesque's first government in order to strengthen ties between Québec and many French-speaking communities elsewhere in North America. To facilitate its task, the SPPF created a

number of regional associations: Association Québec-Louisiane, Alliance ontarioise de Québec, Association Québec-Acadie, etc. In the case of New England, rather than create another such group it chose instead to establish the Club Jack Kerouac, this in order to illustrate the role played by Franco-Americans in creating the North American modernity. That was in 1984. Jacques soon joined our group and, in 1986, he joined a joyful group of Jack Kerouac aficionados in a trip to Lowell in the footsteps of the Grand Jack (see photo). For Jacques it was the first of a number of visits to Lowell and the beginning of long fascination with this unique personage.

In October 1987 the SPPF organised the Rencontre internationale Jack Kérouac in Quebec City. Beats and Beat lovers from both sides of the Atlantic attended the memorable the four-day event. In addition to being an active participant, Jacques organised a day's excursion to the places of origin of Jack's ancestors': Cap-Saint-Ignace, Saint-Pacôme, Kamouraska... For our friends from America and Europe it was a real eye-opener. Pier Vittorio Tondelli, an Italian writer, recounts the journey in an issue of the magazine *Dolce vita*, the text headed by a group photo that includes a meditative Jacques: "*Photo di gruppo di lontani parenti, vecchi amici, ammiratori stagionati durante una sosta del pellegrinaggio on the road davanti alla casa della madre della scrittrice.*"¹

The story of Jack Kerouac's family and the links that Jacques created with them didn't stop there. The following year, Jack's daughter, Jan Kerouac came to Quebec City, invited by the Club Jack Kerouac. Jacques was there to welcome her. For both there was the spontaneous sentiment of experiencing a family reunion. For Jacques, it was like meeting a long-lost relative from the States and for Jan, a woman who had "drifted" more or less alone for much of her life, there was the sentiment of finally finding her true home and a long wished-for family. I still have a copy of the letter Jan wrote to "Dearest Jaques [sic]" on her return to the USA, with "a little story of my visit to Quebec". Here are two excerpts:

"Hey! This is my kind of town. Upstairs in an enormous room I met a great collection of people, all very warm and simpatique. And in the midst of them all were two sky blue eyes beaming at me like a beacon of

¹ Photo of the group of distant relatives, longtime friends, and great admirers, during a stop during the pilgrimage on the road to go to the writer's mother's house.



Members from the (Quebec) Club Jack Kerouac in Lowell (Mass.) in October 1986. From left to right: first row: Jacqueline Duval (Quebec), Rémi Ferland (RIJK, Laval University), Robert Perreault (Manchester NH), Eric Waddell (RIJK, Laval University), Nicole Paquin, Claude Mailloux (Laval University); second row: Louis Dupont (RIJK, Laval University), Yvon Fortin (Quebec government employee), Bertrand Marotte (Globe and Mail, Toronto journalist), Frédérique Garnier (France), Francine Adam, John Landry (students), Jacques Kirouac (KFA). Photographer: Jacques Nadeau (*Le Devoir*, Montreal daily).

recognition... my cousin Jaques Kirouac, the President of the Association. When I met him and held his hand, I instantly felt a bond much closer than I feel to my grandmother or my uncle! Looking into Jaques' eyes, I felt as if I was staring into a mirror." And she ends with: "And now I have the Québec Nationalist flag hanging in my window in Kingston, New York. [...] It's a bit tattered on one edge, so maybe I'll be a Cannuck Betsy Ross and sew it back together before I return. Whenever Hockey comes on the TV now, I always look to see if the Montreal Canadiens are playing -- and if they are I root for them. Maybe it's my imagination, but they seem to be more energetic than the other players. This summer I will visit Rivier (sic) du Loup and the ancestral home. Then perhaps I too will become a Habitant (sic).

Yes, Jan felt she was back home among her own people in Quebec.

Why do I tell you this story? No doubt because I have always known Jacques



Photo taken in 2012 in Quebec City, at the celebration marking the 25th anniversary of the first and only French speaking international Jack Kerouac conference held in Quebec City in 1987. From left to right, Jacques Kirouac, founding president of the Kirouac Family Association, David Amram, world famous composer of orchestral and chamber works, Marie Kirouac and Marie Lussier-Timperley both KFA Board members. At the back on the left, talking to visitors, J.A.Michel Bornais, KFA secretary. (Photo : KFA collection)

through the lens of her biological father, the famous Beat writer. It was in response to Jacques's invitation that I accepted the responsibility of heading the Jack Kerouac Observatory for the Kirouac Family Association. With time, I slowly realized that Jacques had two families, his own of course, but also that of all the North American Kirouacs. This is why, in order to bring together this expanded continental family, he founded, in 1978, the Kirouac Family Association, in order to bring together this expanded family.

It was in this new, much enlarged context, that the Jack Kerouac line assumed an ever-expanding place among his preoccupations. Everything was there; the Continent-Quebec, the great American adventure, the quest for the lost homeland, the need to discover his European roots... and the place of Quebec as the homeland within the large, sometimes noble, sometimes tragic, human adventure of the French-speaking peoples. Of North America. This is why Jacques remained very active within the KFA until the very last weeks of his life.

Jacques left us only a few weeks ago. He has gone through the looking glass, as the Kanak of New Caledonia say. We won't see you anymore Jacques. However, you will always be there for us, and you will continue to watch over us too. Next time François and I meet to talk about the Jack Kerouac Observatory, I will thank you Jacques for being there with us. I promise you.

Eric Waddell
Saint-Vallier, Quebec

SOME PHOTO MEMENTOS OF JACQUES



L'Islet-sur-Mer, 16 August 1980. Opening of the celebrations of the 250th Anniversary of the Ancestor of the Kirouac families in New France. The local mayor, Jean-Pierre Caron, speaking, while Jacques Kirouac, and the Emcee, René Kirouac from Warwick, look on. (Photo : Raymond Bergeron)



The great gathering of 1980 created lasting links between the participants. In summer 1981, Bruno Kirouac organized a corn roast at Renaud Desrochers sugaring shack in Warwick where all the organizers of the event and their families were invited as well as a few other guests. From left to right: Bruno Kirouac, Jacques Kirouac and Marie Lussier, proudly wearing a Breton costume, having joined the TRISKELL Breton dance group which had performed at L'Islet-sur-Mer the preceding summer.

SOME PHOTO MEMENTOS OF JACQUES



16 August 1981. Visit of the Kirouac-Pépin house at Warwick.
(Photo: François Kirouac collection)



Cap-Saint-Ignace, 5 September 1982, Jacques Kirouac with the municipality mayor, André de la Durantaye, at the opening of the event marking the 250th anniversary of the marriage of Alexandre de Kervoach with Louise Bernier. (Photo: Raymond Bergeron)



Québec, 3 August 1986, Jacques Kirouac presenting Quebec City alderman, Yvon Vézina, with a gift at the opening of the exhibition on Chevalier François Kirouac, held at Maheu-Couillard Historical House. This exhibition was prepared by the City of Quebec in collaboration with our association. To the right of the photo, Marie Kirouac. (Photo: KFA collection)



Photo: Bruno Kirouac collection

Conclusion and presentation of the results of the KFA annual reunion held at Montreal in 1987 at a social event at Sarto Kirouac's home in Sainte-Foy (Quebec). In this photo, Jacques Kirouac addressing the members of the organizing committee. Seated, Jean-Marie Kéroutac (1906-1994), who organized a regional reunion held in Saint-Eugène-de-L'Islet on 26 August 1979, in preparation for the 1980 giant event in L'Islet.

SOME PHOTO MEMENTOS OF JACQUES



In order to prepare the *Rencontre Internationale Jack Kerouac*, to be held on 1-4 October 1987 at Quebec City, many members of the *Club Jack Kerouac* travelled to Jack's native town, Lowell, Mass., in October 1986. Jacques Kirouac was in Lowell with the group where he met Jack Kerouac's great friend, Father Armand (Spike) Morrisette, o.m.i., Here together on this photo.

(Photo: Eric Waddell collection)

Jonquière, 1988. Jacques Kirouac with some members of the organizing committee of the KFA annual reunion, from left to right: Bertrand Kirouac, Jacques Kirouac, Béatrice Laberge, Françoise Gaudreault, Mariette Laberge and Émilienne Kirouac. (Photo: KFA collection)



La Broquerie (Manitoba), 5 August 1989. Jacques Kirouac with Georges Kirouac, who organized the first, and so far only, KFA annual reunion held in Western Canada.

(Photo: KFA collection)



7 July 1991, Hollis, New Hampshire, Jacques Kirouac presenting a book on Brittany to Joy Stephanie Carter, who organized the KFA annual reunion. (Photo: KFA collection)

SOME PHOTO MEMENTOS OF JACQUES



Dégelis, Quebec. 23 May 1992. Jacques Kirouac with the family of Gonzague Kirouac on the day the municipality of Dégelis, presented the extraordinary strong Gonzague with a plaque recognizing his many exploits in dynamophily, i.e., weightlifting and many other feats). (Photo: François Kirouac)



Old Quebec City, Place Royale, 17 July 1994, during the KFA annual reunion: François Kirouac, Virginie Kirouac, Véronique Bergeron, Jacques Kirouac and Marie Kirouac. (Photo: KFA collection)



Photo: Marie Kirouac

Québec, 21 April 1996, Jacques Kirouac signing the guest book of the Maison François-Xavier Garneau (historical house) during a special visit organized by the KFA.



Photo: KFA collection

29 August 1999, Nashua, New Hampshire, book launching of *Kerouac's Nashua Connection* by Reverend Stephen Edington. Jacques often represented the KFA in the United States. From left to right: Reverend Stephen Edington, Reverend Roland Côté, Réginald Ouellet, Roger Brunelle, Jacques Kirouac and Jean-Yves Kirouac.

Jacques Kirouac, founding president of the *Kirouac Family Association*, greatly helped Reverend Edington to write his book *Kerouac's Nashua Connection*.

SOME PHOTO MEMENTOS OF JACQUES



9 July 2000, Huelgoat, Brittany, France. Jacques Kirouac with Pierre LeBris, whom Jack Kerouac had met in 1965 while in Brittany. This trip eventually inspired Jack to write his *Satori in Paris*. Following the discoveries made between 1996 and 1999 about the Kirouacs ancestor, 32 people, including Jacques Kirouac and his wife Alberte, travelled to Brittany; their journey *Return to the Sources*, took place 3-18 July 2000. (Photo: Marie Kirouac)



10 September 2000, KFA annual reunion at Cap-Saint-Ignace. Jacques Kirouac with Jean-Yves Kirouac, Emcee during this weekend and future KFA president. (Photo: KFA collection)



14 July 2001, Hollis, New Hampshire, Gerald Nicosia, Brad Parker, a friend of Janet Kerouac, Jack's daughter, and Jacques Kirouac during the KFA annual gathering held in Hollis. (Photo : collection AFK)



2 August 2003, Longueuil (Montreal south-shore) Jacques Kirouac speaking at the KFA annual reunion marking the 25th anniversary of the Kirouac Family Association. (Photo : Marie Kirouac)

SOME PHOTO MEMENTOS OF JACQUES



5 August 2006, Jacques Kirouac at the Berceau de Kamouraska (cradle) where a monument in the memory of our ancestor was unveiled during the KFA annual reunion. In the background, François Kirouac, KFA President and Patrice Royer, Marie Kirouac's husband.



7 July 2006, on the front steps of Saint-Roch church, Quebec City, works by Jack Kerouac were read, an initiative of Mrs. Abigaëlle Friedman, American General Consul. From left to right, Marie Kirouac holding her granddaughter, Corine, Céline Kirouac, Jacques Kirouac, Mrs. Abigaëlle Friedman, American General Consul, Michel Bornais and his wife, Yolande. (Photo: KFA collection)



4 August 2007, during the KFA annual gathering held at La Ferme near Amos in Abitibi (south-west region of Quebec); from left to right, Jacques Kirouac, his wife, Alberte, and Céline Kirouac, KFA first vice-president.



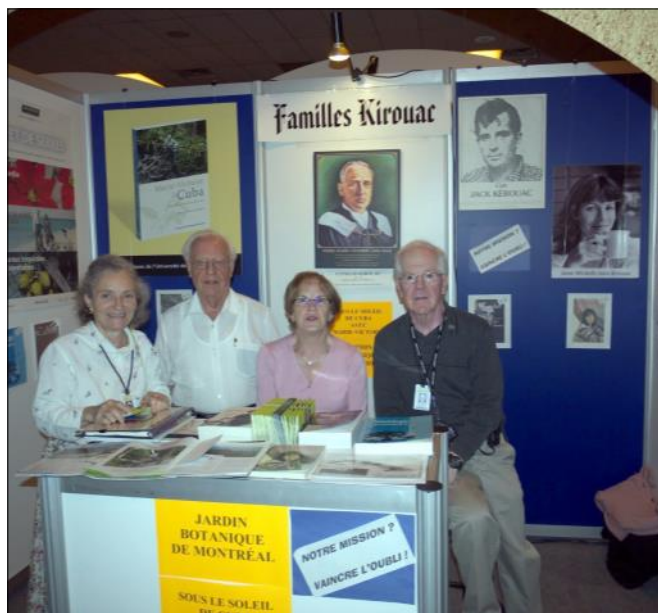
30th anniversary of the Association, Quebec City, 2 August 2008; seated: Robert Kirouac, Herman Harvey, Nathalie Kirouac, Raymonde Kérouac-Harvey; standing: Jacques Kirouac, Eric Waddell. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)

SOME PHOTO MEMENTOS OF JACQUES



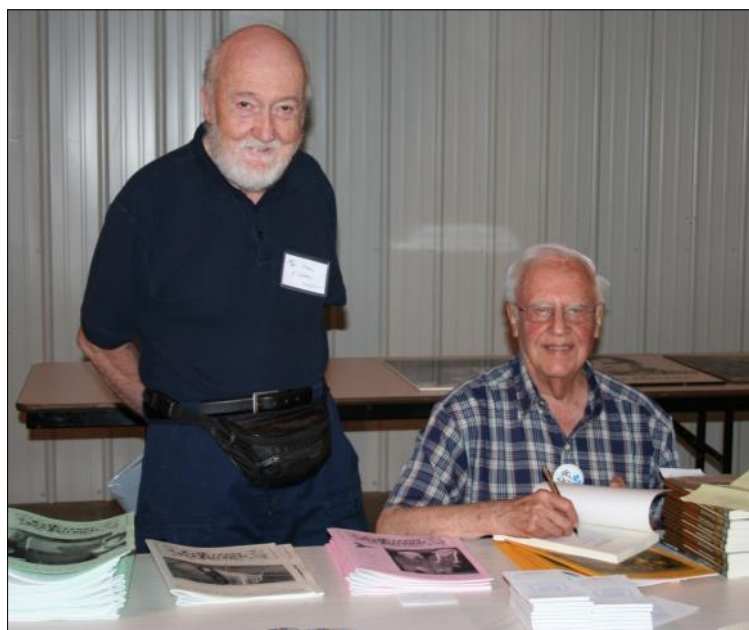
Photo: KFA collection

Quebec City, 25 October 2008, Recognition Evening to thank Jacques Kirouac and his wife, Alberte. The occasion was organized by the KFA Board members to emphasize their exceptional contribution to the *Kirouac Family Association*.



August 2009, as part of the ten-day EXPO-QUÉBEC annual agricultural fair, Jacques Kirouac with Marie Lussier-Timperley and Yolande and Michel Bornais, then KFA secretary.

In summer 2009, Cuba was the guest country invited to EXPO-QUÉBEC. The KFA accepted to represent the Montreal Botanical Garden in the Cuban pavilion to promote the current exhibition *In the footsteps of Marie-Victorin in Cuba* held at the Montreal Botanical Garden in 2009. (Photo: Michel Bornais collection)



Kankakee, Illinois; 18 June 2011, Paul O'Leary and Jacques Kirouac dedicating Gerald Nicosia's latest book, Jan Kerouac, *A Life in Memory*, in which Gerry talks about the first time he met the daughter of author Jack Kerouac. (Photo: François Kirouac)

Photo: François Kirouac



Warwick; Jacques Kirouac signing the guest book at the Kirouac House during the visit by the participants in the KFA annual gathering in Warwick on 30 June 2012.

SOME PHOTO MEMENTOS OF JACQUES



Jacques Kirouac with Marie Kirouac and Marie Lussier-Timperley photographed in a cemetery in Cuba in February 2010, during the first trip *In the footsteps of Marie-Victorin in Cuba*, organized by the Montreal Botanical Garden. (Photo: KFA collection)



At *Village québécois d'antan* near Drummondville on 18 July 2015. From left to right, front row: Patrice Royer, Jacques Kirouac, Pierre Kirouac and Renaud Kirouac; behind: Marie-André Lavigne-Kirouac, Alberte Garon-Kirouac and Denise Pépin-Kirouac. (Photo: François Kirouac)



Lévis, Quebec, 10 September 2016. Jacques Kirouac with (left) Renaud Kirouac and (right) Jacques Boulet. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Montreal Botanical Garden, 9 September 2017. Jacques Kirouac with Brother Florent Gaudreau, Provincial of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Marie-Victorin's religious congregation (De LaSalle Brothers in USA).

Photo: François Kirouac

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IN HOMAGE
TO THE FOUNDER OF
OUR FAMILY ASSOCIATION
JACQUES KIROUAC**

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