

Autumn 2017

Number 125

# Le Trésor des Kirouac

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



Motherhood symbolization: biological and adoptive. Watercolour painted by fifteen-year-old Elizabeth Bei Nemitz, member of the Minnesota Curwick families.



Kirouac  
Kirouack



Kérouac  
Kérouack



Keroac  
Keroack



Kéroack  
Kyrouac



Breton  
Burton



Curwack  
Curwick



## ***Le Trésor des Kirouac***

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### **Authors and collaborators for this issue (in alphabetical order)**

Mercédès Bolduc, France Dumulon, Bernard Hurtubise,  
François Kirouac, Julie Kirouac, Pierre Kirouac, René Kirouac,  
Roxanne Kirouac, Germain Lafrenière, Jean-Yves Laurin, Gerald  
Nicosia, Elizabeth Nemitz, Kelley Nimitz, Marie Lussier Timperley

### **Graphic Design**

Front Cover: Jean-François Landry  
KFA Logo on back cover: Raymond Bergeron  
The bulletin: François Kirouac

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### **Layout**

French Edition: François Kirouac  
English Edition: Greg Kyrouac

### **Translation (in alphabetical order)**

René Kirouac (from St-Constant) and Marie Lussier Timperley

### **Proofreading/Editing English Edition**

LeRoy Curwick, Greg Kyrouac, Mark Pattison,  
Marie Lussier Timperley

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### **Publisher**

*L'Association des familles Kirouac inc.*  
3782, Chemin Saint-Louis, Québec (Québec) Canada G1W 1T5

**Legal Deposit, 4th Quarter 2017**  
Quebec Library & National Archives  
National Library of Canada

### **Printing**

French Edition: 165 copies, English Edition: 80 copies  
ISSN 0833-1685

### **Subscription Rates**

Canada: \$22.; United States: \$22.US; Overseas: \$30.

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# The President's Word

Our 2017 Kirouac family gathering is already over but what terrific success it was! At the Montreal Botanical Garden, 160 people gathered on a sunny Saturday, 9 September, in order to celebrate the works of one we all want to call our "cousin Conrad". People came from far and wide from the provinces of Quebec, Ontario and Alberta, also from the States and even from Switzerland. It has been the largest reunion since we met in Amos, Abitibi in 2007. And as I wrote last spring, our return to Montreal was more than overdue, after 25 years.

Everyone present appreciated the kindness and passion of those who welcomed us and guided us at the Marie-Victorin Herbarium. What an opportunity it was to discover and marvel at the importance of our cousin's legacy. I wish to especially thank Mr. Geoffrey Hall, coordinator of the Herbarium, and his dedicated volunteers who enrich and expand Marie-Victorin's work.

Many thanks also to Mr. André St-Arnaud, director of the youth program (Cercles des jeunes Naturalistes) and his assistant, Ms. Maryse Laurence Lewis, for their generous collaboration throughout the day. Their implication helped make the day not only pleasant but also memorable for all. Mr. René Pronovost, Director of the Botanical Garden could not be with us, but he wrote a welcome message which you can read on page 4.

Many thanks indeed to Mr. Florent Gaudreault, Provincial of the De LaSalle Brothers, for his wonderful presentation of Marie-Victorin's life and work. Of course Pierre Kirouac's excellent and witty presentation was a well deserved homage to our oldest KFA member but the youngest at heart, Mrs. Gabrielle Hurtubise-Lafrenière who will be 99 at Christmas time this year. He spoke in the name of

everyone present at the dinner and Gaby was moved by the honour and testimony.

Another person deserves our gratitude, Mrs. Angèle Coutu, who beautifully read after dinner, first a poem by Brother Marie-Victorin, *Les lys des champs* (The Field Lilies), and *Litanies de la Flore laurentienne* (Laurentian Flora Litany), a very clever poem by Lucie Jasmin (responsible for the KFA's Marie-Victorin Observatory).

In the following pages, you can enjoy some photos taken during our gathering. If you were there it will bring back happy memories; if you were not, well you can get a glimpse of our day, and it will make you wish you had been present with all the K/ cousins at the Montreal Botanical Garden on 9 September.

At last I wish to express the Board members' warmest gratitude to Mrs. Marie Lussier Timperley for this great success. Two more people deserve our gratitude: Mercédès (Bolduc) and Marc Villeneuve who welcomed everyone, gave out identification, programme and tickets, in short making sure all ran smoothly as they do so efficiently every year; besides all the behind the scene secretarial work before and after the big day: sending invitations, receiving registrations, supervising financial matters and preparing the final financial report. A great day with an almost record turnout are a challenge to do the same and if possible even better next year, when we meet in Quebec City to mark the 40th anniversary of our Kirouac Family Association.

As 2018 will be upon us very soon, it is time to renew your membership to the KFA, and why not encourage someone you know to do so for a first time. A membership form is included, please fill it ASAP and mail it before 31 December.



Photo : Collection François Kirouac

Do talk about our Association, its accomplishments and aims to your relatives. Invite them to visit our Website and become members. This is the best way to keep enriching *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, our family encyclopedia, and help carry on researching our family history and stories.

Before closing, I want to welcome Karyne Kirouac our new Board member. At the AGM on 9 September, Karyne accepted to become a Board member and Counsellor. Karyne and her twin sister Roxanne have been KFA representatives responsible for the greater Montreal-Outaouais-Abitibi region since autumn 2015. Why not read again the text we wrote about Karyne in *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, number 117, spring 2015, page 7. Welcome aboard Karyne! And in the following pages you can read the first part of Roxanne's adventures on Prince Edward Island.





# Merry Christmas and Happy New Year 2018

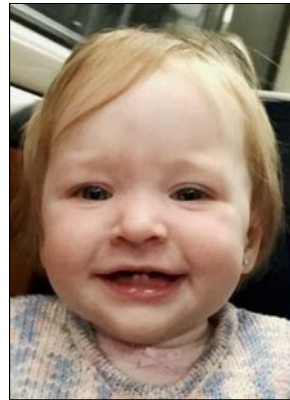
It is a heart-warming tradition to see our YOUNGER TREASURES  
all de Kervoach's descendants wish you  
HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY in 2018!



Gabrielle and Suny



Émy



Flavie



Samuel



Aurélie



Eva



Thomas



Nev



Ella Betty



Dilara



Aurélie and Laurent



## A Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary A Time for Celebrating and Sharing!



The Dumulons in front of what used to be Notre-Dame-de-la-Protection Church where the honourees were married on 24 June 1967. The church was 'recycled' into a concert venue because of its excellent acoustics and, today, is known as the *Agora des Arts* (arts place) in Rouyn-Noranda (Abitibi, Quebec). **First row, from left to right:** Loïc Dumulon, son of Louis and Cynthia (née Leclerc) Dumulon, and his sister, Floriane Dumulon; Louis Dumulon, son of Raymonde (née Kirouac) and François Dumulon; Raymonde Kirouac-Dumulon, François Dumulon, and their daughter, France Dumulon-Houde and her spouse, Martin Houde; **second row, from L. to R.:** Cynthia Leclerc-Dumulon, spouse of Louis Dumulon, and their daughter, Marjorie Dumulon; Juliette Houde, daughter of France (née Dumulon) and Martin Houde, and their daughter Éliane Houde; Yves Dumulon, son of Raymonde (née Kirouac) and François Dumulon; behind Yves, Louis-Philippe Dumulon, son of Yves and Brigitte (née Lapointe) Dumulon, and finally Brigitte, Yves' spouse.

On 24 June 2017, we celebrated the 50th Wedding Anniversary of our parents, Raymonde Kirouac and François Dumulon. We, children and grand-children, were chosen to provide the entertainment. It was a real pleasure to evoke how they met and their life together, then our youth, their various activities and accomplishments. We enjoyed a delicious meal, singing together old tunes and looking at lots of photos to better remember the important moments in the life of our parents and our growing up years as well. The Kirouac and Dumulon families, as well as many friends, shared these pleasant memories. It was really wonderful to spend an evening reminiscing together.

Raymonde and François' families faced many challenges over the half a century they spent together, some were particularly challenging: you may read, or re-read *A Wonderful Family Story*, in *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, # 82 (Dec. 2005) and # 83 (March 2006).

Other stories were more exciting. You may remember the article published about five years ago: *On the Sea Again* in *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, # 111, pages 27-29, relating the adventures of France and her family sailing in the Caribbean.

Nothing surprising about the fact that we like to launch out on such adventures, our parents are always there to inspire and guide us. Yes indeed and even now, they may be retired but they still harbour many projects so, as always, they are an inspiring couple!

Bravo to you both and may you share many more happy years together!

France Dumulon

<sup>1</sup> *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, number 111, Spring 2013, pages 27 to 29.

# MEMORIES OF EXPO '67

In the previous *Trésor des Kirouac*<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Lussier-Timperley wrote about the Montreal international exhibition in 1967 which brought back a flood of memories that I would like to share with you.

Well I was at EXPO 67! I was nineteen and I had the privilege to work with the public security team as a policeman and bodyguard to a number of dignitaries like Robert Kennedy and Charles de Gaulle, as well as kings and queens, in all some seventy personalities from various countries. (On the photo published in Montreal's French daily, *La Presse*, I am standing behind Kennedy). Also for one month I was in charge of security at the Czech Pavilion.

It all started in March 1967 with a twenty-one-day boot-camp at the Longueuil Military Camp on Montreal South Shore (now Place Longueuil, and Metro/subway/underground station). This was followed by training on the various sites of EXPO 67: Notre-Dame Island, Sainte-Hélène Island, Cité du Havre and La Ronde, the amusement park. Then in April, we received our certification from the City of Montreal and finally, work began in earnest with the opening of EXPO 67.

I was posted at Police station number three on Notre-Dame Island for the whole duration of EXPO 67, from April to October 1967. Then I was given the EXPO 67 merit medal. After that, I went back to my studies at Montreal University; however, working and studying proved too much so I had to resign my job; nevertheless, working at

EXPO 67 was such an extraordinary experience!

After a holiday in Paris in the spring of 1968, I went back to work with the Public Security at Man and His World<sup>2</sup> for the summer. In 1968, I also started working as a phys-ed teacher at the Longueuil College, at the Marie-Victorin Pavilion of course! I had attended the inauguration of that pavilion in 1960 by presenting an homage and flowers to Miss Marcelle Gauvreau, former secretary to Brother Marie-Victorin.

Later on, I held an administrative position with the Montreal Olympic Games Organizing Committee (the game were held in 1976); and also for the 1980 FLORALIES, the Montreal International Floral Exhibition, where I was in charge of agricultural tourism.

Those were wonderful experiences for me and it was during important periods in the life and history of

Montreal portent of Quebec's place in today's world.

Thank you Mrs. Timperley for your article that brought back so many memories of those terrific younger years!

Germain Lafrenière,  
Adm.A., Ph. D. sc.Pol.adm., M.A.  
sc.pol., M.A.adm, Leisure and politics

Hurtubise-Kirouac and proud to be!<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, number 124, summer 2017, page 38.

<sup>2</sup> The International Exhibition site became know by its theme: *Man and His World*.

<sup>3</sup> Germain is the son of Mrs. Gabrielle Hurtubise-Lafrenière, honorary president of the 2017 KFA gathering held at the Montreal Botanical Garden, on 9 September, and the grandson of Germaine Kirouac-Hurtubise (GFK 00842).





# Remembering Working at Expo '67 and at the Montreal Botanical Garden

By Bernard Hurtubise

In the past summer issue of the City of Montreal's administrative personnel bulletin, perhaps coincidentally, there is a photo of the Montreal Botanical Garden to underline Brother Marie-Victorin's 1935 speech. In 1933, during Depression, the work at the Botanical Garden had been interrupted due to lack of funds; therefore, in 1935, Marie-Victorin asked Mayor Camilien Houde (his former student), to resume the work at the Botanical Garden in order to be completed on time for the third centennial of Montreal in 1942.

"Mister Mayor, to this City, your city, you have to give a royal gift! Remember that Montreal is Ville-Marie\*, and Ville-Marie is a woman. To a lady, you cannot offer a sewage system or a police station. For God's sake, give her flowers. Lots of flowers; throw all the roses and all the field lilies into her arms". (\*original name given to Montreal when founded in 1642)

This article brought back memories of the implication of the Kirouac/Hurtubise in the history of Montreal: the Botanical Garden and the H  l  ne de Champlain\* Restaurant on Sainte-H  l  ne Island. Both were born in 1936 and under the same Department of Public Works for the district of Maisonneuve where I was involved at the time. (\*named in honour of H  l  ne, Samuel de Champlain's wife)

In our family, the first meeting between Kirouacs and Hurtubises goes back over a century. Germaine Kirouac, a cousin of Brother Marie-Victorin and H  l  ne Hurtubise, our father Alfred's sister, were both studying at the Congregation of Notre-Dame Boarding School in Pointe-aux-Trembles (east-end of

Montreal island). This is where members of our two families first met resulting in the wedding of Germaine Kirouac and Alfred Hurtubise in 1913. They had fourteen children including Gabrielle Hurtubise Lafreni  re who turns 99 years in December 2017. I am the seventh child of the family.

There was another memorable reunion between Kirouacs and Hurtubises, that was when Marie-Victorin visited his cousin, Germaine Kirouac-Hurtubise living

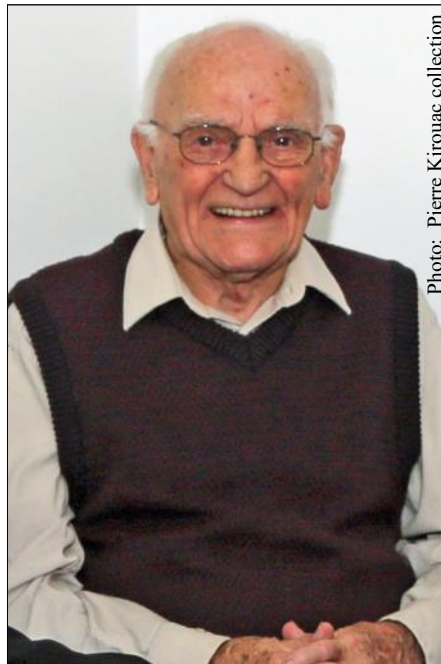


Photo: Pierre Kirouac collection

at 1668 Ville-Marie Street, possibly on his way to the Botanical Garden to see how the work was progressing or while visiting the CJN, the club for young nature lovers, at the Saint-Paul School in Viauville (then part of Maisonneuve district).

## H  l  ne de Champlain Restaurant

I was involved in the opening and administration of the famous H  l  ne de Champlain Restaurant<sup>1</sup>. I

also supervised the construction of the Botanical Garden's restaurant and the first shuttle service in the gardens. I was assigned these important duties by Mr. Claude Robillard<sup>2</sup>, then director of Montreal's Parks department. He was a man with a vision; for example, at the Botanical Garden, he created special floral exhibitions for Easter and Christmas, always free of charge to the public. A memorable reception always marked the opening of every exhibition.

Our son, Mathieu, was one of the lucky pupils to attend *  cole de l'  veil* (school of awakening) created by Brother Marie-Victorin and directed by Miss Marcelle Gauvreau, his secretary. The school eventually moved outside the Botanical Garden walls and then the catering division and restaurants took over that space. It was a memorable move and it was for me the occasion to meet the Garden's personnel, introduced by no other than Andr   Champagne, director at

<sup>1</sup> The restaurant was used as the official reception hall during EXPO 1967. It was closed in 2010. (Source: Ville de Montr  al)

<sup>2</sup> Claude Robillard (1911-1968) an engineer, was the first director of Montreal's Department of Park Services. We owe him credit for the *Jardin des Merveilles* (petting zoo in Lafontaine Park), Montreal's outdoor swimming pools, the outdoor summer theatre in Lafontaine Park, and landscaping of numerous parks, including: Angrignon, Jarry, Lafontaine, the park on top of Mount Royal, and the park on Sainte-H  l  ne Island. In 1953, he founded La Roulotte, an outdoor children theatre with Paul Buissonneau. In 1963, he became the first director of EXPO 67's planning committee (CCEU) but left the position after a few months. ( Source: Wikipedia)

the time, and a close colleague of Brother Marie-Victorin with whom he had been travelling on the day of his fatal accident in 1944.

It became very clear to me why the Botanical Garden's reputation was already so great when I met Marie-Victorin's team: Henri Teusher, Ernest Rouleau, Pierre Dansereau, Louis Dupire and others at the time. We collaborated to make the Hélène de Champlain Restaurant into a grand reception hall where representatives of the many exhibiting countries and foreign dignitaries were received and welcomed on their respective national day by Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau and by His Excellency Pierre Dupuy<sup>3</sup>, General Commissioner of EXPO 67.

My responsibilities were to insure that all went like clock work including the breakfast on the day following General de Gaulle's (in-) famous declaration: *Vive le Québec libre*. The Botanical Garden provided all the floral decorations for all the receptions organized by

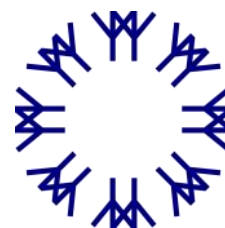
the City, or by the Commissioner General, during the six-month of EXPO 67.

The theme of EXPO 67 was *Man and His World*, and this became its official name after 1968. I went back to work at the Botanical Garden at the request of Mr. Lucien Saulnier<sup>4</sup> in order to modify the administrative process in view of the planned expansion. After these wonderful years particularly at the Botanical Garden, I was involved in the creation of Montreal's Sports and Leisure Department; later I was involved in the Cultural Department as assistant director until my retirement in 1984.

<sup>3</sup> Pierre Dupuy (1896 - 1969) lawyer and Canadian Diplomat, born in Montreal, studied law at Montreal University and at the Sorbonne in Paris. In 1922, he joined the Canadian Diplomatic Corps in Paris where he remained until 1942. Then he was transferred to London to work closely with various governments in exile. Afterwards he was Canadian ambassador to the Netherlands, 1945-1952; to Italy until 1958; and to France

until he retired from the Diplomatic Corps in 1963, when he was named General Commissioner of EXPO 67. He received the Order of Canada in 1967. (Source : Wikipédia)

<sup>4</sup> Lucien Saulnier was first elected to Montreal City Council in 1954. With Jean Drapeau he co-founded the municipal Civic Party. From 1960 to 1969, he presided over the Executive Committee and was Montreal's general director. He was instrumental in many major improvements: municipal transport, including the "Metro" i.e. subway/underground, urban and residential renovation, including *Petite-Bourgogne* housing project, EXPO 67, and the creation of a municipal government for the greater Montreal area. In 1972, he left politics to work for various Quebec governmental agencies: Industrial Development Society in 1972, Quebec Housing Council in 1975, Hydro-Quebec in 1978, and the Olympic Installation Complex and the James-Bay Energy Society in 1980. In December 1971 he received the Order of Canada. (Source: Wikipedia)



## DID YOU KNOW THAT

On 1 September 2017, Radio-Canada (French CBC) announced that the writer and film producer, André Fortier<sup>1</sup> was preparing a new film about the Mingan Islands, and that Brother Marie-Victorin was one of the characters. The film should come out in 2019.

<sup>1</sup> In 1990, André Fortier received the André-Guérin Prize rewarding an important contribution in the field of cinema and video and, in 2003, he received the Albert-Tessier Prize from the Quebec Government, an award honouring an artist whose career and works have greatly contributed to the reputation of Quebec movie production.

Editor's Note: Opposite photo is reversed; Marie-Victorin was right-handed.

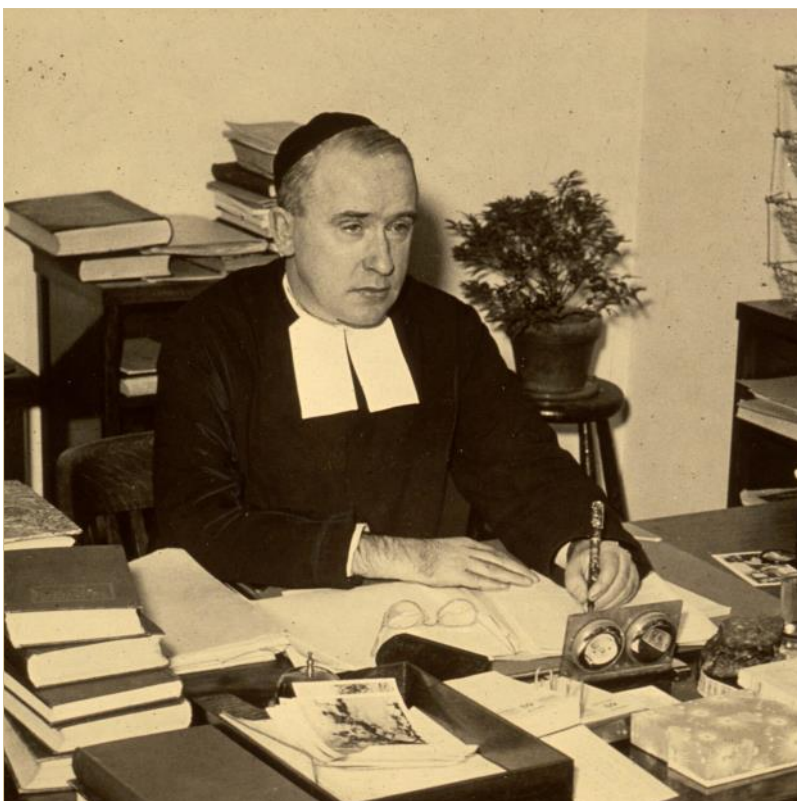


Photo: Jardin botanique de Montréal (Archives)



# Julie Kirouac, a Passion for Horticulture

The following article is a wonderful opportunity to discover **Julie Kirouac**. The readers of the **Trésor des Kirouac** already know her nephew, Vincent-Gabriel Kirouac<sup>1</sup> who, in April 2012<sup>2</sup>, started a journey across Canada on horseback. As a teenager, he used to spend his summer holidays at his aunt's home, when she was starting a new garden. He was rewarded for his help with visits to the surrounding stables also enjoying horse-riding on their sand trails. Vincent-Gabriel's passion for horses started then, thus he opted to study equine science later. Julie is very proud of her nephew and happy to have provided him with his first contact with horses.

Julie started her professional life in the hotel business in Quebec City; she was very successful at a time when administrative positions in the hotel business were usually held by men. Then she went on to pursue horticulture, her life's passion, and made it her main activity and lifestyle. So after visiting her important gardens, we can easily uphold that, within the Kirouac clan, there are many nature lovers besides Brother Marie-Victorin. Julie Kirouac, a first cousin, twice removed, is also one of them.

As Julie follows her ideas and dreams, we asked her to tell us about herself and her passion.

The Editor

My paternal grandparents, Émile Kirouac (1895-1971) and Léontine Marois (1895-1970) were both from Quebec City. They were very keen on traditions and very close to religious congregations as many relatives were priests, brothers and nuns. My maternal grandparents were Jean-Baptiste Simard and Jeanne Beaumont.

My grandfather, Émile Kirouac, first worked for the family enterprise, **J. A. Kirouac limitée**<sup>3</sup>, until it was dismantled around 1940. Then he founded his own company specializing in postcards and religious objects. Émile and Léontine had seven children: Roland (1919-2009), Simone, Raymond (1922-1993), Gabriel, Jean-Marie, Thérèse and Henri (1929-2008). I remember them as a happy family, loving nature, rivers and fishing. My parents were Gabriel Kirouac and Jeannine Simard (1926-2011).

Mon father, Gabriel, Gaby to the family, worked for **F. X. Drolet**<sup>4</sup>, a very prosperous smelting and casting firm, located at du Pont and Prince-Édouard streets. During the bitter winter month of January, from the windows in his warm office, we could watch Quebec City's Winter Carnival colourful Parade. My father was one of the top directors at F. X. Drolet and worked there all his life.

My mother, Jeannine Simard, was an artist and painter. She used to design her own clothes which were then made by a most talented seamstress.

I was born in the Saint-François d'Assise Parish in Quebec City, the eldest of six children. We all grew up in a large house my father bought in the area known as the Petit-Village<sup>5</sup>, I left home when I got married.



Julie Kirouac

In 1986, I moved into a condominium building on Chemin Saint-Louis (road), today called Grande-Allée Boulevard, next to 'Ruelle des Braves' (Braves' Lane)

<sup>1</sup> See *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, summer 2010, number 100, pages 30-33.

<sup>2</sup> See *Le Trésor*, summer 2012, number 108, page 30.

<sup>3</sup> *Joseph-Arthur Kirouac (1853-1935)*. See *Le Trésor*, summer 2008, number 92, pages 17-19.

<sup>4</sup> *François-Xavier Drolet*, husband of Émilie Lainez and father of Arthur Drolet (1889-1968) who was married to Blanche Kirouac, one of Brother Marie-Victorin's sisters. In *Le Trésor*, December 2001, number 67, pages 4-19, you can read an article about Arthur's grandson, Maurice Drolet.

<sup>5</sup> Petit-Village was named in memory of a 17<sup>th</sup> century settlement located at the crossroads of the road linking Beauport to Charlesbourg. Petit-Village known since 1672, when the Jesuits mentioned it in a story about some villages in their Seigneurie: "The smallest is the one called: le petit-village" as there were only six houses then and it appears on a map drawn in 1688 by Mr. Villeneuve, geographer. (Source: Quebec City, toponym dictionary).

# Julie Kirouac's Ancestors

## I



## II



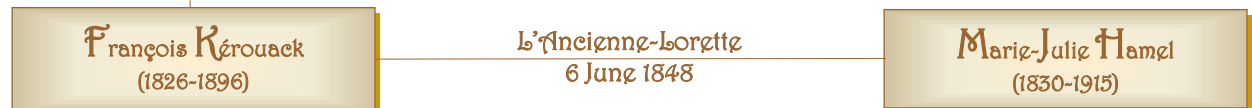
## III



## IV



## V



## VI



## VII



## VIII



## IX





and the Plains of Abraham<sup>6</sup> where I was in charge of the building's landscaping. At the time, the lane was under the supervision of the Quebec Premier's bodyguards, as those were the years when the Premier, Jacques Parizeau, organized famous evenings at L'Élisette (his home on Braves' Lanes) (NDLR: The name l'Élisette, was a play on words, referring to and meaning a small version of the Elysée Palace in Paris, France.). The building won Quebec City's top prize for its inner court beautifully decorated with flowered vats, cherry trees and geraniums.

### Childhood Memories

As I grew up, the person I admired most was my father Gabriel, as many girls did then. My friends were most impressed by his dynamism, his personality, and his cooking as well; his home-made French fries were the delight of the neighbouring children as he used to offer them around and no one has forgotten.

It is my father who showed me how to look after outdoor plants during the various seasons. Later on in life, his advice helped me prepare estimates and schedules during my various horticultural mandates. His theory was very simple, he explained that "in large spaces you multiply according to the needs". I always remembered that, and I saw the parallel when planning banquets in hotels; only the ingredients changed.

I did my elementary studies at the local school in the Petit-Village. I remember how the teachers were annoyed with me when, at recess, I would disappear from the schoolyard to pick apple blossoms. After completing my high school in Giffard (now Beauport, and now Quebec City since the 2001 merger) I spent one year studying arts in Sainte-Foy.

My best memories from my teen years are the summers spent at Sergent Lake<sup>7</sup> at my maternal

grandmother's house. There was a garden, flower urns, a stone-paved walkway lined with wild strawberries, ferns, day-lilies, daisies, forget-me-not, and sweet-Williams. Grandma also had raspberries and asparagus in her kitchen garden; I always enjoyed the lovely smell of the black earth. When thinking of her house, I fondly remember the pastel coloured bed linen, lovely dishes, her delicious soups and her great kindness to me, the coffee aroma percolating in the morning, the lovely round toasts, the wood-stove singing away; canoe rides at sunset; swimming in the evening under the watchful moon, walks along the mountain streams with my friends; so many wonderful souvenirs! The best memories. These were the best ever treats for the eldest of six who could not get used to daily town noises.

### Career

At the end of my studies, I worked for two years for the community centre in the Petit-Village giving art classes to children. Then I married a childhood friend, Claude Gauthier, whom I had met at my grandma's house during the summers. Once married, I started working in the hotel industry so my husband could complete his business studies. We had two daughters, Sarah and Elsie.

In the hotel industry, I held various responsibilities in the banquet departments in some of Quebec City's larger hotels. I started as waitress at Château Bonne-Entente, gradually climbing and later becoming banquet manager at Manoir du Lac Delage. I later studied hotel administration under various managers at the Institute of Tourism & Hostelry in Montreal.

While I was working, I took part in the marvellous yearly evening organized by the *Conseil Souverain* held at the Quebec City Hilton. These were historically inspired festive occasions attended by all of Quebec's who's who. I also enjoyed the music performed by great orchestras at the Auberge des

Gouverneurs, the balls at the Concorde Hotel, the many wedding receptions at Château Bonne-Entente; Champagne served by white-gloved waiters, the Alaska flambé ice-cream cakes, whole dressed salmons on buffet, it was all a dream come true.

The many Saturday weddings at Manoir du Lac Delage, a hotel surrounded by glorious countryside, all brings back happy memories. I would get there early on Thursday and come back home only on Monday morning. I would sleep in which ever hotel suites were free. Once my daughters spent a whole summer in a small house by the lake; for meals, all they had to do was sign up at the hotel restaurant.

After ten years celebrating Christmas and New Year in hotels, I felt I needed to make a choice. A car accident during a blizzard on my way home to be with my family for Christmas eve dinner, was the alarm bell: I had to choose, either hotel business or family life. So I left the hotel business and eventually decided that horticulture would fill my leisure time; it was a step towards a new life.

I registered at the Charlesbourg Trade School for professional training in greenhouse production. At the end of the course I mentioned to the director that I had learned very little about cultivating perennial plants and that I could

<sup>6</sup> The Plains of Abraham constitute the largest part of the Champs-de-Bataille area. It is the largest urban park in Quebec City. It is a plateau measuring 98 hectares (approximately two kilometres long by 400 metres in width = one 1/4 miles by 445 yards) made up of grassy vales and small cops. The plains are bordered by the Quebec Citadel on the east, Grande Allée Boulevard to the north, Mérci College and Gardens, west, and the Quebec sheer drop to the River on the south side. (Source: Wikipedia)

<sup>7</sup> Located in the Municipality of Sainte-Catherine-de-la-Jacques-Cartier, native village of the famous French-Canadian writer, Anne Hébert (1916-2000).



Elsie Gauthier Kirouac

easily give such a class. So, from 1986 to 1990, I gave that course. I also followed a private intensive course at the *École nationale de fleuristerie* in Montreal where I learned the Japanese Art of Ikebana. The school no longer exist but there I discovered new ways to trim my shrubs, conifers and trees. Since then, the first thing I do when tackling a new project is to study the lay of the land, plan how and where to flatten the ground to better enhance the beauty of the existing trees while respecting their natural growth; then decide what other forestry works is needed.

At one point, I met Jean Robert, President of *Saurev Inc.*<sup>8</sup> a non-for-profit company, to whom I sold home-grown perennial plants (grown at my grandfather Émile Kirouac's home) for the landscaping

of Villa Bagatelle<sup>9</sup> in Quebec. Let's mention that in 1984 it was very difficult to buy perennial plants.

Jean Robert offered me to be a partner in his firm, to plan a special floral garden at Domaine Cataraqui<sup>10</sup> and to accompany him when asking for government subsidies. It is while walking in the paths of this Domaine Cataraqui with the then Premier of Quebec that my future took a new turn. I fact, after receiving our request for subsidies, Premier René Lévesque came to visit the Domaine. He asked me what my plans were for the Cataraqui gardens. As soon as the government subsidies arrived, from Quebec, Ottawa, and the town of Sillery (now part of Quebec City) a wonderful story evolved; a story that ought to be better known and which I am very proud of because of the incredible results in spite of a rather 'green' i.e. unskilled workforce involved in the project.

It turned out to be a labour intensive horticultural project, creating and managing a production field of over 30,000 perennial plants at Domaine Cataraqui. To carry out our mandate, the greenhouses had to be renovated and the original plants, considered historical, had to be recovered and protected. In 1985, Cataraqui was a production field equipped with an irrigation system and protected in winter by fir trees. I installed this winter protection which is still used by Quebec City's Department of Parks.

At that time I studied the distances needed between perennial plants for best growth, and established a programme on how to use this data for teaching and planning. This data was examined by Mr. Jacques-André Rioux, Director of the bio-agronomy programme at Laval University (in Ste-Foy, Quebec). About my work he wrote:

"After examining with you the expertise that you have developed about the use of perennial plants in landscaping projects, I can say that, as far as I know, there is not a



Sarah Gauthier Kirouac

single teaching institution in Quebec giving one or more courses that would enable anyone to quickly acquire all information you have..."

This letter enabled me to teach without a diploma, just like Brother Marie-Victorin at the beginning. This study was also useful when planning the perennials to be planted in Bois-

<sup>8</sup> SAUREV = Société d'aménagement et d'utilisation des espaces verts. This not-for-profit company used to design green spaces under the supervision of the Van Den Hende (botanical) Garden. Jean Robert, indigenous plant specialist was then President of SAUREV. The company carried out many important projects, financed through millions of dollars in subsidies from various levels of government to provide work to unemployed people.

<sup>9</sup> The Villa Bagatelle is a historical house located at 1563 Chemin Saint-Louis (road) in Sillery, Quebec. The house and its English style garden is owned by Quebec City and used for exhibitions open to the public. (Source: Wikipedia)

<sup>10</sup> The Domaine Cataraqui is a historical property and garden located in Sillery, Quebec. It belongs to the Quebec Government and is managed by the Quebec City Parks Department. (Source: Wikipedia)



de-Coulonges<sup>11</sup> park in 1986; these plans were all approved by the Montreal Botanical Garden.

Using perennials from Domaine Cataraqi, we supplied, not only Domaine Cataraqi but also Villa Bagatelle, Bois-de-Coulonge Park, and Michel-Sarrazin Residence<sup>12</sup>, le Domaine de Maizerets<sup>13</sup>, the Jesuits' Residence<sup>14</sup> and many more locations in the Quebec City area.

To find a greater stability in my family life, I applied for a position with Quebec City Environmental Services where I worked for twenty years. There were over 300 parks and public spaces and I used to consider them as 'my babies' particularly supervising the one I created: the garden for the Michel-Sarrazin Residence.

Finally, at the end of my career, after 2,000 hours in professional training in Charlesbourg, for my own satisfaction, I asked for an official acknowledgement of my work as a recognized professor/instructor; it was immediately granted of course and with an honourable mention.



Maison Michel Sarazin (Palliative Care Home) in Quebec City. These flower beds are Julie's favourite creation. This is where Sister Cécile Kirouac, of the Congregation of Jésus-Marie, loved to walk along the cape. She loved those flower beds; however, never knew that they had been designed by a 'distant cousin'. (Photo: Julie Kirouac collection)

### Conclusion

I keep cultivating perennials with my partner, Mario, who is as passionate as I am, and always on the look out for new plants and 'the pearl-of-great-price'. It will always be a challenge in the up-coming years in the properties in Lévis, Beaumont and Saint-Michel-de-Bellechasse. I love wide open spaces, forms, sizes, colours and

textures. In our garden, I create images and dreams. We are two and we make a team, and the results are the fruit of our teamwork, you cannot separate one from the other. Here at home, the flowering pattern is ever changing from spring to autumn. There are thousands of perennials in our testing garden, and

<sup>11</sup> The Bois-de-Coulonge is a public park in Sainte-Foy-Sillery, now Quebec City. Located on the Quebec heights it overlooks the Saint-Laurence River. The entrance to the park is on Grande Allée West. (Source: Wikipedia)

<sup>12</sup> The Maison Michel-Sarrazin is a privately owned small hospital providing palliative care, located in Quebec City. Since opening in 1985, it has received over 7,000 patients. (Source: Wikipedia)

<sup>13</sup> The Domaine de Maizerets is an urban park of 27 hectares located in Limoilou, now Quebec City. The Domaine includes eleven kilometres of walking paths, no cyclists allowed. In winter, the seven-mile path is enjoyed by cross-country skiers and snowshoers. In 1997, an arboretum was created. (Source: Wikipedia)

<sup>14</sup> The Jesuit house is a historical building (early 18<sup>th</sup> century) located in Sillery on Chemin du Foulon, a scenic road along the Saint-Laurence River close to Samuel-de-Champlain Promenade, also a scenic road. It is part of the old Saint-Joseph Mission for the Amerindians. (Source: Wikipedia)



Aerial view of Julie Kirouac's property. (Photo: Julie Kirouac collection)



for best results we use leafy trees wood chip mulch<sup>15</sup>, this natural concept is the result of seventeen years of work. Added to our living environment are a number of cats, my companions, stray cats, tamed black birds, all sorts of other birds, rodents, skunks, foxes, white owls, snow geese and Canada geese by their thousands, ducks, and deer occasionally. These are the only visitors in our garden, except for a few very close friends. When solitude reigns, I call it my Compostela . . .

In short, I would describe myself as a passionate person always willing to work to make my dreams come true, sometimes to the detriment of my family life. My daughters seem to accept this, they have always been the bright sunshine in my life, now even more so with the addition of two grandchildren. I am passionate about life and life is really good to me.

Proud of my descendants and proud of my ancestors.

Julie Kirouac  
September 2017



Julie Kirouac (at right on this photo) welcoming Mrs. Suzanne Duplessis (photo centre), Tory member of the Canadian Parliament for Louis-Hébert County, at Domaine Cataraqui in 1985. (Photo: Julie Kirouac collection)

<sup>15</sup> Made essentially from crushing and grinding leafy tree branches, used as mulch in gardening, landscaping and restoration. (Source: Wikipedia)



(Photos: Julie Kirouac collection)



# IN JULIE'S AND MARIO'S GARDEN





9 September 2017

Message from the Director of the Montreal Botanical Garden

It is with great pleasure that I welcome you all to the Montreal Botanical Garden in this year marking the 375th anniversary of foundation of Montreal and also at the occasion of the annual gathering of the Kirouac Family Association.

For you, this day is an occasion to meet again and share souvenirs connected to important events or personalities of your great family.

The year 2017 has been a key one for the Montreal Botanical Garden. Recently, when the Chinese Garden was reopened, we inaugurated a special bequest from Shanghai. We also welcomed an internationally renown artist, Mr, Patrick Dougherty whose spectacular works you can discover in the arboretum, and of course you can admire the various collections which are the pride of the Montreal Botanical Garden.

Your day will have a great ending as you visit the Gardens of Lights where for the first time our three cultural gardens will be colourfully lit up: Chinese, Japanese and First Nations.

To you, all the members of the Kirouac families, I wish a memorable day at the Montreal Botanical Garden.

René Pronovost  
Director  
Montreal Botanical Garden

Montréal 



# KIROUAC FAMILY ASSOCIATION GATHERING AT THE MONTREAL BOTANICAL GARDEN SATURDAY, 9 SEPTEMBER 2017



René Kirouac, from Saint-Constant (Montreal, south shore), a proud Kirouac welcoming everyone at the Botanical Garden (Photo: Hélène Kirouac)

Every year, Mercédès Bolduc-Villeneuve and her husband, Marc Villeneuve, welcoming the participants and handing out identification badges and tickets during our annual reunion. Both are KFA Board members. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



A few members of the Hurtubise family, descendants of Germaine Kirouac-Hurtubise (GFK 00842). From left to right: Françoise (Michèle Legault's daughter) and her baby, Béatrice, Lucie (Claire Hurtubise's daughter), Michelle Legault (Claire Hurtubise's daughter), Josée Hurtubise (Robert's daughter) and Hélène Chartrand-Côté, Louise Hurtubise's daughter. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



From left to right: Jean-Marc Piette and his wife, Suzanne Kirouac-Piette, François Dumulon, and our webmaster, Réjean Brassard. (Photo: Hélène Kirouac)





Brother Marie-Victorin's nearest relatives made a bee-line for the Montreal Botanical Garden. From left to right: Danielle Girouard-Sauvé, grandniece of Conrad, her son, Benoit Girouard-Sauvé, her husband, Guy Sauvé, her daughter, Gabrielle Girouard-Sauvé-Duval and husband Jean-Philippe Duval, and their children, Aurélie and Laurent Duval. (Photo: Hélène Kirouac)



One of the KFA founding members and first KFA secretary (1978-1982), Jean-Guy Kirouac, standing by the statue of Marie-Victorin on 9 September 2017. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Louis Kirouac, former KFA representative for the Greater Montreal area (2003-2012) and his brother, Pierre, former KFA president (2002-2005). (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



One of eight groups of K/s visiting the Marie-Victorin Herbarium where many volunteers work; many of them gladly gave up their Saturday to welcome the Kirouacs, including the coordinator, Mr. Geoffrey Hall. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)





Welcome to the Kirouac Family Gathering! Anne-Marie Brouillet is really enjoying offering glasses of Breton Cider to the Kirouac cousins before dinner at the Planetarium. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Two cousins from Minnesota, Christine Curwick-Matimba and Kay Curwick, with Gemma Morin-Keroach, who generously provided room and board for five 'cousins' in her home during five days. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Greg Kyrouac and his wife Nancy from Illinois. Greg is the KFA Representative for Central USA and the specialist of the American K/ genealogy. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Jacques Kirouac, KFA founder, with Brother Florent Gaudreault, Provincial of the Brothers of the Christian School known as De La Salle Congregation in the USA. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Ella Betty Timperley, happy and proud of her grandmother, Marie Lussier Timperley, who organized the 2017 K/ gathering. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Lucien and Isabelle (née Dionne) Kirouac with their daughter, Johanne. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)





Mark Pattison, USA KFA representative for the Eastern Time Zone, came from Washington, DC, happy to meet his cousin, Jovette Jolicoeur from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, who came all the way to Montreal especially for the K/ reunion. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Two Kirouac descendants on the maternal side: left, Yan Lefrenière, whose great-grandmother was born Germaine Kirouac (GFK 00842); and right: Angèle Coutu, a cousin of Pia Karrer-O'Leary, her great-great-grandmother was born Philomène-Aurélien Le Brice de Keroach (GFK 01210). (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Jacques Coderre and Marie-Paule Kirouac who organized the unforgettable 2010 annual Kirouac family gathering in Sherbrooke, Quebec. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Catherine Poirier and Karyne Kirouac, KFA representative for the Montreal-Outaouais-Abitibi regions and newly elected to the KFA Board. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)

Some faithful participants to the annual Kirouac Family gathering, the nephew of Brother Marie-Victorin, Jean-Yves Laurin and his wife, Cécile Ferland-Laurin. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)







*Nephews, grandnephews, and great-grandnephews of Conrad Kirouac, Brother Marie-Victorin, f.é.c., with their spouses and partners, proudly standing by the statue of their 'uncle' on Saturday, 9 September 2017, during the KFA annual gathering at the Montreal Botanical Garden. (Photo : Pierre Kirouac)*

***I**t was marvellous to feel such a fresh breeze of rejuvenation during our last Kirouac family gathering at the Montreal Botanical Garden on 9 September 2017.*

*Seeing how fascinated everyone was by the guided tour of the Marie-Victorin Herbarium and so impressed to hear from those working there about the on-going development; then taking part in a celebratory dinner, made this day a most inspiring occasion and shows why we must ensure the future of the **Kirouac Family Association**.*

*Consequently I must underline the persevering work of our indefatigable president François Kirouac, of his whole team, in particular Marie Lussier Timperley.*

*The presence of so many grand-nephews and grand-nieces of Brother Marie-Victorin made this renewal real and visible; and Uncle Conrad must be very pleased. Present were:*

*The Canac-Marquis family: Louise, Michèle (who came from Toronto), Louis, François, Jacques as well as their spouses, represented their mother Pierrette Laurin Canac-Marquis, a niece of Marie-Victorin.*

*The Drolet family: Lise and her daughter Marie-Line, Sylvie, Martin; Danielle Girouard-Sauvé, her husband, two children, and grandchildren; and many others; by their presence all showed their renewed interest.*

*The presence of our cousins from the States is proof that we need to perpetuate and*

*develop the genealogy that François Kirouac, north of the border, and Greg Kyrourac, south of the border, keep enriching daily.*

*Of all those present, I was the only one who can still talk about his uncle Conrad, as such I want to congratulate those who organized this year's memorable gathering and*

***I invite everyone to Quebec City next year to celebrate the Kirouac Family Association's 40th Anniversary.***

***So see you all on Saturday, 8 September 2018***

*Jean-Yves Laurin,  
nephew of Conrad Kirouac,  
Brother Marie-Victorin*



Angèle Coutu is a very well-known Quebec actress and a Kervoach descendant on her mother's side. She was ever-so-happy to finally attend a KFA gathering. Until now her busy acting schedule always prevented her to do so. Born in 1946, daughter of Jean Coutu and Madeleine Morin, she graduated from the Montreal Conservatoire d'Art dramatique (French drama school) in 1966. On 23 January 2016, *Le Journal de Montréal* (popular French daily) wrote: "Her many extremely moving performances make her one of our very best actresses". She received prestigious awards for her leading roles in TV dramas and films. During the KFA dinner Angèle told us about her love of botany and plants instilled by her science teacher named Sister Marie-Victorin of the Congregation of Notre-Dame! Then she read *Voyez les lis des champs* (Look at the Wild Lilies), a poem by Brother Marie-Victorin, followed by *Litany of the Laurentian Flora*, a glorious and riotous floral bouquet in French, a real tongue-twister, put together by none other than Lucie Jasmin - untranslatable!



Aren't they wonderful these miniature houses built by Robert Hurtubise? Robert, one of Gaby's younger brothers, generously gave five newly built miniatures to be raffled during the K/ dinner at the Planetarium. Would you like to know the story behind these? Why not read the article written by Josée, Robert's daughter, published in *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, number 122, winter 2016, pp. 99-22. And go on the Internet to see the video made in 2016 by Anne-Josée Cameron about Robert and "his life-time passion of 87-year-young, Robert Hurtubise, who gifted 49 of his miniatures to the Museum of Civilization in Quebec City. See how a butcher by trade and an artist at heart, with a passion for recycling, built over 300 miniatures in the last thirty years." Oh, the five lucky winners who took home one of these after the K/ gathering last 9 September ... but Robert is always building more ...



# Homage to Gabrielle Lafrenière, honorary president, at the annual gathering of the Kirouac Family Association by Pierre Kirouac

**D**ear friends,

To mark the 375th anniversary of the foundation of Montreal, the KFA decided to hold its annual gathering in Montreal, at the Botanical Garden, a cherished endeavour, created by a visionary man born Conrad Kirouac but better known under his religious name, Brother Marie-Victorin. His work is being carried forward and all those who are related to him by near and far, are proud to say so and our reunion today is a testimony to this fact.

Conrad Kirouac was very close to his family. And since its creation, every year our association underlines one special event, this year we have chosen to pay homage to one of our most faithful members, Mrs. Gabrielle Hurtubise-

Lafrenière. I think everyone present today simply calls her very affectionately, Gaby.

When our president, François, asked me to present Gaby, I gladly accepted. But then somewhat I started worrying because Gaby can be introduced wearing so many hats, whether political, religious or as a business woman, it is impossible to rapidly scan her past life, all 99 years of it! So, I propose to bring to light certain stories. Then I thought: why not ask members of the Hurtubise, Lafrenière and Kirouac families who know her very well to talk about some of those special moments, funny ones too, in Gaby's life. Just before I pass on the microphone to others present, I will start by sharing with you the messages received from two

people who cannot be with us but were keen to send their good wishes to Gaby. The first one challenged Gaby to reach 100, as 99 years is simply not enough he says; this message comes from Ottawa ... and is signed by Justin Trudeau, the Canadian Prime Minister. The second message is from Dr. Philippe Couillard, the Quebec Premier, who says that 99 years is worth some special wishes.

Now let's get back to the family. If you go to Longueuil to visit Gaby or if you call her, you will be amazed by her incredible memory and her up-to-date knowledge of everyday news. Whatever the topic. She will question you and give you her opinion. Now for the family, I should really say families. The Hurtubise family is most important to Gaby, it is her father Alfred's family. Then there is the Kirouac family through her mother Marie Germaine born Kirouac; then there is Gaby's husband's family, Paul Lafrenière. She is very proud of all three.

One can truly give her the full name of Gabrielle Hurtubise Kirouac Lafrenière.

## **The Hurtubise Family**

Let's start with the Hurtubise. Gabrielle was born in Montreal on 27 December 1918. She learned to do business at a very tender age working with her father Alfred who had a fruit and vegetable stall at the Maisonneuve Market. On many



The oldest KFA member by years, but ever so young at heart, the honorary president of the 36<sup>th</sup> KFA reunion, Mrs. Gabrielle Hurtubise Lafrenière with her son, Germain, and her daughter, Pauline. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)

occasions, my wife and I have accompanied Gaby to the Jean-Talon Market and every time, she would say that whenever she is in a public market, she feels like a five-year-old girl.

*At this point, Gilles and Claire, paid homage to their sister, Gaby; followed by Pauline and Germain, Gaby's daughter and son. Then Gaby's grandsons, Yan and Cédric spoke, followed by Gaby's great-grandchildren: Kloé and Léanne, Gabriel and William.*

### The Kirouac Family

Many of you own a copy of the book **Bretagne 2000**. As you know that book tells the story of thirty-two Kirouacs travelling through their ancestor's homeland in July 2000, 3rd to 18th. That book is history. But today, I will tell you about some stories that were never written in it; I can only reveal a few.

A first revelation: In Brittany, we travelled by bus and some persons preferred to sit in certain seats because they suffered from road-sickness, etc. Thence we had to reach a consensus and cancel the seating rotation. Many generously accepted to sit at the back and to thank them for their goodwill they were granted the title of *senator* and I am happy to inform you that Gaby became a *senator* in Brittany. This is my first disclosure. Travelling in group always imply a very tight schedule. So one has to get up early if a change in the schedule is needed. But when one is called Gabrielle Lafrenière, nothing is impossible. Either you have conviction or you don't.



Germain, Gabrielle's son, with his own two sons, Ian on the left and Cédric on the right. Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Germain Lafrenière and two aunts: left, Claire Hurtubise-Legault, and right, Monique Hurtubise-Brouillet. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Bernard and Gilles Hurtubise, two brothers of Gabrielle Hurtubise-Lafrenière (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



On Saturday, 15 July 2000, after supper my cousin Gaby went to talk to the then president, Clément Kirouac<sup>1</sup> and presented him with a sledge-hammer argument: "Ever since the KFA has organized annual gatherings, Sunday Mass has always been part of the program". As we say in Quebec, Clément's legs were sawed off."

Oh, how Mister president listened carefully to the request. But Gaby always knows how to go about such circumstances. A solution always follows a request or a critic. She is clever. She suggested to go to Mass at the Basilica of Sainte-Anne d'Auray, which is not very far. It is a place she knows well because she had been there many times before.

Thus, under a perfectly sunny sky, we went to the Basilica of Sainte-Anne d'Auray, the most sacred place in Brittany. I can assure you that the Bretons are the most religious of all French people. Brittany is famous for its legends, but also for truths that are only passed on verbally between friends.

Let me tell you one of those truths. We were told that in a not-so-distant past, the Bretons invited Pope John-Paul II to Brittany and in order to receive His Holiness most respectfully, they built a highway, on which we travelled because it goes directly to Sainte-Anne d'Auray. John-Paul II accepted the invitation and in 1996, on the grounds of Saint-Anne d'Auray he celebrated a mass for 100,000 people. But he never travelled on the new highway; he was flown in by helicopter. I close the bracket.

But this is not the end of the story. Another surprise awaited us inside the Basilica. We went in most impressed by the organ music. The Basilica was overflowing with people. The celebrants entered and welcomed everyone first in Breton followed by many other languages, ending in French. And what a surprise then to hear the main celebrant welcoming the members of the **Kirouac Family Association** from Canada visiting Brittany, the land of their ancestor. WOW! But who had informed the celebrant of our presence? Of course, you already guessed that the divine intervention was that of Gaby.

Back on the bus, she told us that she had gone to the sacristy to greet a number of priests she knew, and who were getting ready to celebrate Mass, and, somewhat by magic obtained that the Kirouacs be officially presented to the whole congregation assembled in the Basilica of Saint-Anne d'Auray.

Since that day, the Kirouacs never doubted the exceptional gifts of their *senator*. To conclude, I will add that we were included in the prayers during that memorable ceremony, therefore I am announcing to those who do not already know it that our association and all its members here present tonight benefit from the protection of the good Sainte-Anne. End of a tale.

Many thanks to those who helped me to share with you a few anecdotes of such a full life built on convictions and passion. This is a very streamlined presentation of Gabrielle Lafrenière's past. We hope it is up to par with your



Happy 99<sup>th</sup> birthday!  
(Photo: Pierre Kirouac)

standards, Gaby, which have always been at the highest Olympic level.

Thank you Gaby for your long lasting and indestructible support of our Association which is so proud to count you as one of its members. This is the reason why we wanted to pay homage to you. Perhaps you would like to say something. Let us eat dessert, there is a birthday cake to be shared.

Pierre Kirouac  
9 September 2017

*Translated by Marie L. Timperley for Le Trésor des Kirouac, number 125, Autumn 2017)*



<sup>1</sup> Clément Kirouac was KFA president from 1994 to 2000 and responsible for organizing the trip to Brittany, the return to the sources, in July 2000, following the discoveries about the ancestor's identity.









Some of the 160 participants who were at the Montreal Botanical Garden for the annual gathering of the Kirouac families on 9 September 2017, a warm sunny Saturday. (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



## Brother Marie-Victorin Remembered

by Mr. Florent Gaudreault, Provincial of the De La Salle Congregation,  
presented during the KFA dinner at the Montreal Planetarium on 2017-9-9

I wish to thank the **Kirouac Family Association** for kindly inviting me to take part in today's special reunion and speak to you this evening.

Deciding what to talk about (it will be short and sweet, I promise), I first thought that perhaps it would be a mistake to take for granted that everyone, or most members of the Kirouac Family Association present here know very well Brother Marie-Victorin, Conrad Kirouac, an illustrious member of your great family. So I figured that you would appreciate it if I talked a bit about this most important member of your family. Some of you, of course may already know so much that I will not pretend to teach you anything new, or very little, please forgive me, and do look at it as a streamlined reminder.

Brother Marie-Victorin's legacy include three major achievements, first his book *Flore laurentienne* (Laurentian Flora), the Montreal Botanical Garden and ACFAS, The French Canadian Association for the Advancement of Sciences. These are the main gems crowning his career as a professor, researcher, writer and creator of scientific works, pedagogical works. Did you know that he also wrote a regular column for *Le Devoir* (French speaking intellectual daily newspaper) and that he always proudly talked about his national convictions. He was very keen indeed on the future of French culture in Quebec and of scientific education and he was most likely the first one to really

care about the importance and future of science (in Quebec).

One can say that before Marie-Victorin, sciences were not seriously considered (in Quebec) . . . It seems that human sciences were the only one worth promoting leading straight to law, priesthood, and medicine. Brother Marie-Victorin is a most important personality and was a landmark for Quebec's scientific development, particularly during the twenties and thirties. As you know, he died far too young in a stupid car accident. He was only 59 but he left us a most precious heritage.

On Internet (so, it must be true...) it says "that Marie-Victorin's genius was due to his vision for the future and his detailed knowledge of plants' makeup". For those of you who may not know it yet, (most likely the younger generation) Marie-Victorin was a member of the De La Salle Brothers. I want to add that the Frères des écoles chrétiennes (as they are known in French) have been working in Quebec since 1837 when they took charge of education in public schools. The Congregation was founded in France in 1680 by Saint Jean-Baptiste De La Salle.

As I mentioned before, Marie-Victorin is the author of the *Flore laurentienne*, which is still in print today, and has been updated. The 1000-page volume, often referred to as the bible of Quebec flora, includes over 2,500 illustrations hand-drawn by two collaborators also De La Salle brothers. About the book, it says and I quote: "It is a scientific and literary masterpiece



Brother Florent Gaudreault, Provincial of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the De La Salle Congregation in the USA, talking about Marie-Victorin during the dinner at the Planetarium on 9 September 2017.

part of our heritage and, for botany, a precious teaching tool in universities.

Marie-Victorin's sensitive clear, precise, transparent and easily accessible writing anchors us in the reality of the world we are born into, live and die." In 1935, the year the book was first published, its author was awarded a doctorate in sciences, the first scientific doctorate ever awarded to a French-speaking Canadian.

Brother Marie-Victorin is also known as the founder and first director of the famous Montreal Botanical Garden, where the first Mont-de-La-Salle used to be...). He was also a professor at the University of Montreal, where he had studied. He was a very talented writer and his two books of Laurentian tales and stories (*Récits laurentiens*, *Croquis laurentiens*),



are still delightful to read. He studied the flora of Cuba, with a French Brother who became a close friend and collaborator. He travelled to Cuba on many occasions to further his research there but always in winter for his health. The first time, he went by car all the way from Montreal to La Havane! (Editor's note: he had a driver, and, then, there was a ferry between Florida and Cuba)

In the twenties and thirties, he went to Madagascar to study the flora. It is still far away today but in those days it was like travelling to the end of the world. There was something about islands' flora that fascinated him because after Cuba and Madagascar, possibly about the same time, he studied the flora of Anticosti Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Mingan Islands (also in the Province of Quebec). I also want to point out that in 1931, for young people he founded a nature club called the *Cercles des jeunes naturalistes*, it was a natural offshoot of the *Société des sciences naturelles* (natural sciences society) he had previously created and directed during many years.

Nowadays people are very familiar with Marie-Victorin's name but, too often, without knowing much about the man and how he influenced our Quebec culture and scientific knowledge. His name is associated with so many things, for example, Montreal University's Department of Science is housed in the Pavilion Marie-Victorin, same thing at Sherbrooke University; there is the Marie-Victorin electoral county (Longueuil); there is a College Marie-Victorin; each year the Quebec Government awards the Marie-Victorin Prize to a laureate in scientific research; the 250 kilometre long (160 miles) highway 132 between Montreal and Lévis is

called Marie-Victorin; there is even a Bar Marie-Victorin along that road! Numerous streets and boulevards bear his name; there is a Conrad-Kirouac Street in Quebec City, and a Kirouac Street in Longueuil (Montreal south-shore); many more places are named in his honour: buildings, schools, lakes, rivers, islands, mountains, parks, notably in Kingsey-Falls (where he was born in 1885), which you should visit if you have not yet done so. In Belgium, the Centre Marie-Victorin, linked to a Belgian University, is an important research and teaching centre about nature conservation<sup>1</sup>. To this list, I could add "etc.", when looking up "Marie-Victorin" on Google, you will find at least half a million results...

His third major contribution to sciences which should be much better known is the important part he played in the creation of the ACFAS in 1923; he was its first secretary. With some researchers he created this association for the advancement of sciences; it is still very active today although its name was slightly modified in 2001, into Association francophone pour le savoir (French-speaking Association for (scientific) Knowledge). Every year, the ACFAS holds a very important convention attracting 3,000 to 5,000 mostly French-speaking researchers experienced and upcoming. A journalist wrote about Marie-Victorin: "as a great scientist he helped form the minds of many who later took part in the emergence of an environmental conscience in Quebec as well as kindle numerous environmentalist vocations."

Last May and June, on a number of occasions, I went to Mont De La Salle, the large 1800-student high school where FMV sometimes had lived. It was built by the De La Salle

Brothers in 1917; for the past fifty years, it has been part of the Laval School Commission (north of Montreal). To mark the building's centennial, a small park called Place Marie-Victorin has been created on the school ground. At the inauguration, I had the privilege to speak and explain that by such a gesture, simple but symbolic, the Mont De La Salle was paying homage to a great Quebecker, an outstanding scientist and humanist, a prominent erudite with an insatiable curiosity, a man of faith, who believed in Jesus-Christ and his fellow humans, a convinced educator who had a unique, remarkable and permanent influence on people, young and old, while he lived and still today.

These are but a few words about a famous notable personage a member of the large Kirouac family.

I wish you a very successful and pleasant occasion and I rejoice with you all about the influence that Conrad Kirouac, Brother Marie-Victorin, has had on the youth and development of Quebec's scientific culture.

Florent Gaudreault, f.é.c.  
Provincial of the  
Frères des Écoles chrétiennes  
in French-speaking Canada,  
known in English as the  
De La Salle Congregation

9 September 2017

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Translated by Marie L. Timperley for **Le Trésor des Kirouac**, number 125, Autumn 2017)

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(1) The Centre is associated with the University of Gembloux, Department of Agronomical Sciences and is located in various buildings in Vierves-sur-Viroin, at the heart of the Parc naturel Viroin-Hermeton.

# KIROUAC FAMILY GATHERING

Montreal, 9 September 2017

## FINANCIAL RESULTS

By Mercédès Bolduc

<b>REVENUE</b>	
Gifts	\$158.00
Various activities	\$7,528.00
Raffle	\$26.00
USA \$ exchange	\$63.54
Sale of white wine	\$255.00
Sale of red wine	\$240.00
<b>TOTAL REVENUE</b>	<b>\$8,270.54</b>
<b>EXPENSES</b>	
Hall rental at the Planetarium	\$675.00
Caterer for the dinner – 160 people	\$3,495.14
Botanical Garden day tickets	\$2,009.00
Wine: red and white	\$275.55
Breton Cider	\$241.20
Plastic glasses	\$34.49
SAQ alcohol permit	\$88.00
Plastic identification card holder	\$151.60
KFA lanyards (500)	\$603.62
Raffle Tickets	\$7.23
Gifts	\$59.00
<b>TOTAL OF EXPENSES</b>	<b>\$7,639.83</b>
<b>Surplus of Revenue over expenses</b>	<b>\$630.71</b>
<b>Amount given to the KFA</b>	<b>\$630.71</b>



# ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE MICHIGAN KIROUAC FAMILY IN AVOCA, NEAR DETROIT Saturday, 16 SEPTEMBER 2017



Leslie Kirouac (daughter of Roger Kirouac) married Barry Stern June 10, 2017. Here they are with her son Robert Downey and Barry's daughter Lauren Stern and son Garrett Stern plus Dexter the dog. They have graciously offered to hold the Michigan Kirouac Picnics at their home since Steve and Neysa Kirouac have not been able to do so for the last couple of years. So, we are passing the gauntlet on to the younger generation with the hope that they will continue to have these gatherings so as not to lose touch with the younger generation. Absent from photo: Barry's oldest daughter, Alyssa, and Leslie's daughter Alexis.



Mary Fran Kirouac, (wife of Jerry Kirouac, Cathy Kirouac Robinson's cousin) enjoying meeting up with family members this year and dreaming of attending the next K/ gathering in Quebec.



Leslie and Marie L. T. holding the Kirouac flag on 16 September 2017. Leslie and the K/ flag will welcome all Michigan K/ next year. So mark your calendar to join us next year as we celebrate our Kirouac family legacy on Saturday, 11 August 2018.



Cathy Kirouac Robinson (daughter of Jules Kirouac) and Rolande Kirouac (daughter of Jolicoeur Kirouac) identifying some old photos for future generations and Meaghan Ogonowski\* (daughter of Jennifer Kirouac Ogonowski) searching for refreshments. (\*See article in *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, number 104, Summer 2011.)

**See you next year on Saturday, 11 August 2018.**

# *Roxanne's Adventures on Prince Edward Island, Canada*

*Brackley Beach, 9 September 2017, 12:51 pm*

*Dear Readers of Le Trésor,*

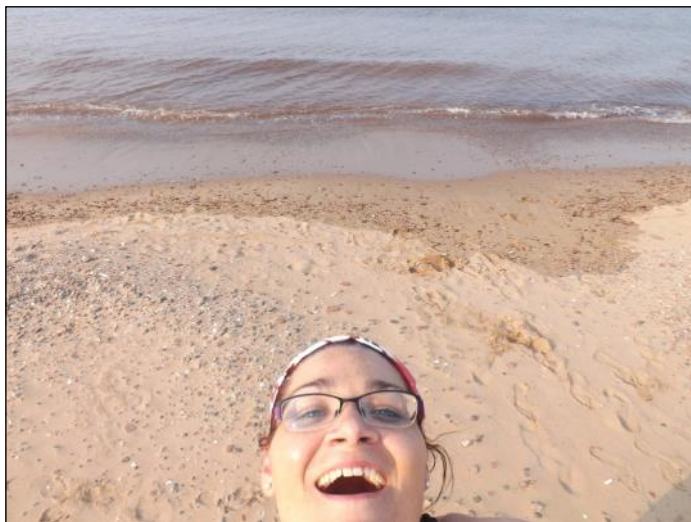
*Looking at the waves breaking noisily on the sandy beach and listening to the sea-mew (or is it seagulls?) I have never been able to see or hear the difference! I am sitting peacefully writing a first article about my adventures on Prince Edward Island.*

*Over the next ten months, I will be sharing with you my professional experiences and discoveries on The Island, my new 'homeland' for one school year. Are you ready to go 'on the road' with me? Buckle your seat belt, we are off!*

## *A New Year, a Turning-Point*

*Last January First, on the stroke of midnight, I made a New Year Resolution. Don't we all make resolutions? However, here is a difference; unlike most people, I was determined to do everything possible to make it happen. That night I promised myself to make my dream come true. I think that for the first time in my life I was really determined to do everything needed to achieve my dream. It was going to come true no matter what.*

*But in order for this dream to materialize, a choice was needed. First that meant to stop worrying about what*



*Roxanne Kirouac on Prince Edward Island,  
June 2017*

*other people would say or think. Let me explain how deciding to change my life, to start a new life, is very much a consequence of what happened during the last months of 2016 when my professional life was at a breaking point. Between October and December, I kept pondering who I was and what I was meant to do with my life. Frankly this question has always haunted me. Perhaps because I am a twin? I thought how very ungrateful I was thinking like that because I enjoy a rather pleasant life: I have an apartment, a cat, a steady job, a loving family, and friends ... But, in spite of it all, I felt an emptiness, a void, I could not understand nor explain.*

*Well, everything toppled over on 18 November 2016. For many reasons, it had been a particularly tough day at work, so I confided into one of my*



colleagues. She spoke to me about a Federal funded government program called Odyssey<sup>2</sup>. At first I did not really know what to think of it, so I put the idea on the back burner, but I was determined to think about it eventually.

A few days before Christmas, I remembered this conversation and thought about Odyssey being the way to change my life and get hold of my destiny. Perhaps this could be the key that would open the door to new professional endeavours and perhaps it could also be the way to achieve my goal of working and teaching outside of Quebec. So, I sat in front of my computer to read about the Odyssey program on the Internet.

After reading all about it, suddenly I found myself juggling with: “if I am selected” and “if I am not chosen”. There I was again falling into the same old rut. I got angry with myself and talked to myself, saying aloud: “Stop being afraid! The worst that can happen is that you may not be chosen. If that is the case, at least you will not regret anything because at least you will have tried.” As you can see, ifs and buts too often plague my life. I wish it were not so; nonetheless on that day, I decided to trust myself, trust life, and I applied for the job. Why not? After all, I believe that there is always a reason for whatever happens.

**Tuesday, 21 February 2017**

A few weeks went by and, at last the phone rang. I was invited for an interview on 15 March in Montreal. I so badly wanted to make a good impression that I put all my energy into preparing the required cultural activity. I chose a

Quebec folk tale, one of the best known entitled *La Chasse Galerie* by Honoré Beaugrand.<sup>3</sup>

On 15 March 2017, the province of Quebec was hit by one of the winter's worst snow storms. Montreal was literally paralyzed and those who lived through it, remember! Instead of discouraging me, I took that as a sign: “If you are going to live on *The Island*, today you are getting a taste of it!”

<sup>1</sup> Editor's note: When Confederation was created in 1867, the Canadian Constitution was signed in Charlottetown, capital of PEI. The inhabitants mostly of British origin, living on such an important island, other than the British Isles, would say with great pride that they lived on THE Island. Or would say simply that they were from THE Island.

<sup>2</sup> Beaugrand's version of this Canadian folk tale is the most popular. See Wikipedia to find out more.

So, smiling courageously, I got ready and walked to the subway / underground. The interview went well. I was pleased with myself. I was even proud of how I did in the oral part which was all in English. I felt rather confident and in charge of the situation through the forty-five-minute interview. And you know what? Those who interviewed me were flabbergasted by my performance. Great, isn't it?

### **Monday, 3 April 2017**

As I opened my emails, I saw that there was one from the Odyssey Program. My heart missed a beat; my imagination ran wild, and I could hardly think. So much so, that before opening the email, I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and made the sign of the Cross! And I read: (...) "We are pleased to inform you that you have successfully completed the first step, the selection interview. We are recommending your candidacy and your file has been sent to the Odyssey program coordinator of the following province: Prince Edward Island. (...)"

One more step completed. Now I had to wait one or two months before receiving the final reply. I just felt like a member of a team suffering from spring fever, like at hockey playoff-time. Nervousness was increasing daily but I could see the end of the tunnel, my goal was within reach. Visualizing was rather helpful during that ultimate waiting time.

<sup>3</sup> La Chasse galerie also known as "The Bewitched Canoe" or "The Flying Canoe" is a popular French-Canadian tale of voyageurs who make a deal with the devil, a variant of the "Wild Hunt". The best-known version is the one written by Honoré Beaugrand (1848–1906).

<sup>4</sup> PEI's potatoes are famous for their taste due to the quality of the earth!

### **Why Prince Edward Island?**

You may well ask why I chose an island in the middle of the Atlantic, in the Maritime? Yes, yes, I can hear you, you think I am hoping to meet my prince charming! Maybe, maybe not. Seriously though, there were rational reasons, and some emotional or instinctive ones, to explain my choice.

On the one hand, I wanted to live an adventure in a province I already knew, where I could use my car, and not be too far away from my family. I am a Scorpion, a steadfast and serious sign, and I needed to feel at home although in an unknown territory (since 2013, three times I vacationed on The Island). On the other hand, the main reason for choosing The Island is the need to be surrounded by water and green spaces. Added to that, my need to live in a calm, peaceful and inspiring environment, away from large cities where everybody seems to be in a constant hurry; where everything

### **Coincidences?**

- 1 Last year, in 2016, after telling my mother about the Maritimes for three years, my sister and I took her there for a holiday so she could see for herself how nice the Maritimers are and how pleasant the culture is. While we were there, I can remember my mother asking me: "If you had a choice, where would you prefer to live? On Prince Edward Island or in Nova Scotia?" At the time, I was unable to answer her question.
- 2 In 2017 we celebrate Canada's 150th Anniversary and I happen to be living in the very province where the Confederation was signed in 1867. I am a history buff. Did you know I love history? Well, now you do?
- 3 On 3 April 2016, the day I learned that my application had been accepted, I started reading Anne of Green Gables by Lucy Maud Montgomery.
- 4 At the beginning of August, again I picked up *Adélaïde*, the second tome of a three-part novel entitled *Le goût du bonheur* (A taste for happiness) by Marie Laberge. Three years earlier, I had started reading that book. On opening it, I found a page marker *Anne...of Green Gables*! In *Adélaïde* the action takes place mainly in Quebec City, the city where I went at the end of August for the Odyssey Program training session.



*must be done ASAP and rapidly; where, instead of being able to appreciate and savour life, one is being pushed around by the flow. Phew! That is quite a statement from a young woman in need of letting go, looking for inner peace and a new beginning; and who wants to discover who she really is and wants to rebuild her life and be the captain of her ship.*

**Wednesday, 24 May 2017**

*There was mail for me that day, and I noticed an envelope from the PEI Odyssey coordinator. I ran upstairs as fast as I could, opened it, and I found a postcard on which it was written: "Hi, Roxanne! Congratulations you have won a position as language assistant teacher with Odyssey. We are very much looking*

*forward to meeting you at the Pan-Canadian Training Session to be held in Quebec City! (...) The Odyssey Team, Gilles - PEI"*

*Dozens of times I had imagined that moment, and every time I could picture myself jumping for joy, shouting, singing... But when it happened, I did nothing like that. Quite the opposite, I fell to the floor in my bedroom (I read important mail sitting down on the floor. Why? Only God knows!) and I started crying for joy. Even my cat could not figure out what was going on, from a distance he looked puzzled. I was so proud of myself! I kept repeating: "You did it! You made it! Your new life is soon beginning!"*



Roxanne and her father, Pierre Kirouac, on Prince-Edward Island, 24 June 2017

Photo: Roxanne Kirouac collection

*Friday, 23 June 2017*

While most Quebecers were preparing to celebrate their national day (24 June), I was very busy with other matter. During the Saint-John-the-Baptist week, my father and I went to PEI hoping to rent an apartment. Through Kijiji website I had found some apartments and contacted some owners. One bit of advice to anyone searching for an apartment, a house or a cottage on the Web, do not fully trust photos accompanying the offers, you could be bitterly disappointed. Fortunately, one of the apartments I had previously selected was perfect and the owners were very nice and welcoming. To celebrate this important step, my father and I went to eat a delicious fish-and-chip at Merchant Man Restaurant in the port of Charlottetown.

During that key week-end, I managed to show my father that PEI is far more than a giant potato field<sup>4</sup>. Besides the port, I took him to visit Cows Creamery in Charlottetown and the school where I will work in North Rustico. He also saw for himself, that there are green spaces as far as the eye can see in PEI, also that many roads follow rivers and that farm animals, horses, cattle, llamas, domestic fowls abound everywhere even near towns.

*Thursday, 24 August 2017*

This is the day I officially left the kindergarten/preschool where I worked for five years. Emotions were raw that day particularly as I knew that I was turning a page, it was the end of an important chapter in my life. Of course, I was sad to leave my colleagues with



Photo : Roxanne Kirouac

whom I had built a real understanding, and the children, but at the same time, I did not feel an emptiness or loss, or any regret or heart pinching. When I left the building, I did not look back to get a last mental picture. I simply walked to my car, turn on the motor, turned up the radio and left.

*Wednesday, 30 August, Thursday, 31 August and Friday, 1 September 2017*

Before my official departure for PEI, I went to Quebec City for a special training session with 300 other new Odyssey language assistants chosen for the 2017-2018 school-year. I drove with Catherine, also a new Odyssey assistant who will be living the same adventure in PEI.

During the three-day training session, I stayed at the Hilton Hotel. My room had a great view of the Parliament building, the Plains of Abraham and the Château Frontenac Hotel. WOW! That was wonderful. I attended various workshops; all professors were dynamic, passionate, inspiring, even genial! One of the workshops was led by Mrs. Mariette Kirouac from Manitoba. Talking together I discovered that, like me, she



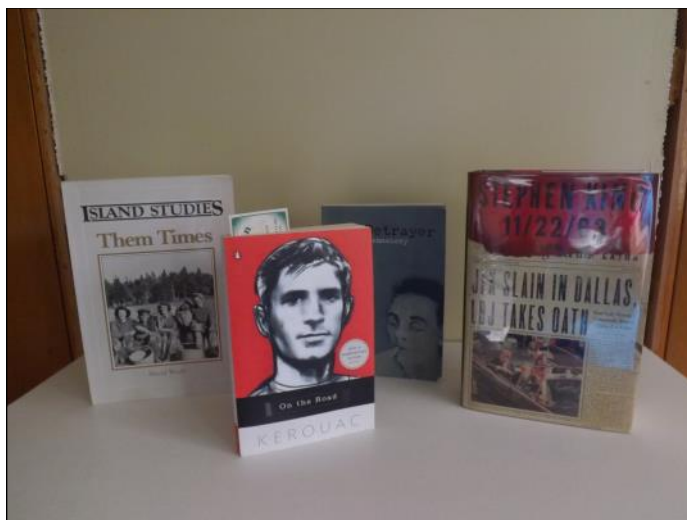
*belongs to Jack's branch of the family tree. What a surprise to meet her. What a small world we live in!*

*Hilton Hotel (Quebec City) 2 p.m.,  
Friday, 1 September 2017: Departure!*

*It was a very moving moment. My head was full of ideas, ambitions and dreams as I hit the road on the way to my new province. It was true. It was real. I was finally living what I had been anticipating for the past eight months. And no turning back!*

### *Conclusion or Omen?*

*The Sunday following my arrival, Catherine and I went for a walk in the port of Charlottetown. Walking down Queen Street, we discovered a second-hand bookstore. We decided to go in because, during our year on PEI, we both want to read in English, Shakespeare's tongue. Just before entering, in the window display I*



*noticed a book by Jack Kerouac. Jack was looking at me from the cover of an edition of On The Road. I had to buy that book! It was an omen. When the shop owner, Mr. Mills, handed me my books, he looked at me and asked: "Do you dream in English now that you live here?" I did not know what to answer. I hope to find out in the coming weeks. To be followed ...*

## **DID YOU KNOW THAT**

On 4 September 2017, during the TV show Medium-large\*, commemorating the 40th anniversary of the launching of the Voyager I Space Shuttle, Radio-Canada (French CBC) mentioned that a sentence taken from Jack Kerouac's book *On the Road* was included on the golden record put on board the 1977 space shuttle. The twelve-inch disc comprised songs and images chosen to represent life and culture. It is meant for extraterrestrials who might eventually find it. It included information about Earth and its inhabitants, animal sounds, newborn cries, winds, a thunderclap, a jackhammer, as well as "Good Day" in a multitude of languages; extracts from various literary works, including one from Jack Kerouac, as well as classical and modern music.

Let's say that "cousin Jack" is still and always "on the road" - and this time much further than he could ever have dreamed.

The 19½-minute French programme is available on Radio-Canada's website. Jack's phrase is at the 15th minute: "Nothing behind me, everything ahead of me, as is ever so on the road." (Source Wikipedia)

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\* <http://ici.radio-canada.ca/premiere/emissions/medium-large/episodes/388888/audio-fil-du-lundi-4-septembre-2017>

# *The Last Days of Jan Kerouac*

Gerald Nicosia interviewed by Oliver Harris<sup>1</sup>

**Editor's note:** On 30 Sept. 2016, Noodlebrain Press, California, published *The last days of Jan Kerouac* a 54-page booklet presenting extracts from Jan Kerouac's full biography that Gerald Nicosia is presently writing and due to come out in 2018. The following article is an interview of Gerald Nicosia by Oliver Harris, a British novelist and professor of American literature at the University of Keele in Great Britain. This interview was done for European Beat Studies Network.

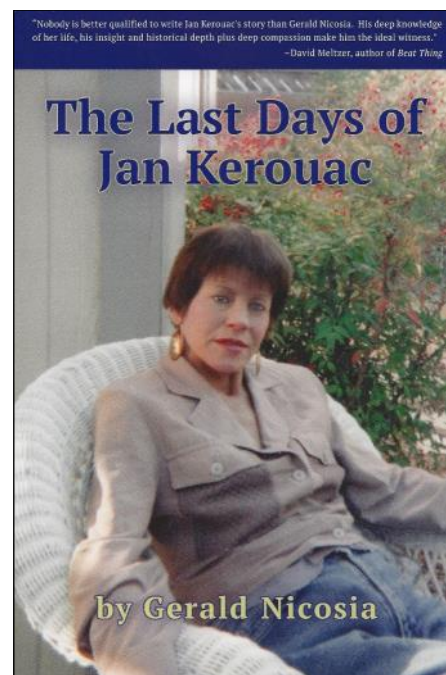
**Oliver Harris (OH):** Your work has long been driven by a passion for doing justice on behalf of those denied it, and your commitment to Jan has often meant placing yourself on the front line—most notoriously in bitter battles with the Kerouac Estate. *The Last Days of Jan Kerouac*<sup>2</sup>, however, seems equally driven by a desire for Jan to be given her dues as a writer, not just a writer's daughter. So can you say something about the place of Jan's work? Most people probably only know Baby Driver, so what kind of writer is she more broadly?

**Gerald Nicosia (GN):** Jan had a tremendous natural gift as a writer. When I met her, I was impressed both by her articulateness and by her love of words. She would spend hours reading dictionaries and encyclopedias; and as Bay Area poet Carl Macki once observed, she would literally get mesmerized by some words, "as if she could watch them spinning in the air in front of her," as Carl put it. Oftentimes she would stop a speaker in mid-sentence to ask if he or she knew

the derivation of a particular word they had just used. As is well known, she was fascinated by Lewis Carroll, especially by his *Jabberwocky*; and a lot of her poetry shows the influence of her inventing and deliberately misusing words in a similar manner. She could quote many lines from *Jabberwocky* and would sometimes interject them into a conversation when she was having fun with someone she considered pompous or square, or someone who prodded her one too many times to talk about her father. As for her novels, they came in large part from her storytelling ability, which was prodigious.

Uncannily like Jack in many ways, Jan tended to be quiet at a gathering if sober; she would often plant herself in a corner to listen. But if under the influence of alcohol, her tongue could be loosened marvelously, and she would recount a whole host of her past adventures. I sometimes had the impression that she would have certain adventures just for the joy they would give her in recounting them. Obviously, never having finished high school, there were large gaps in her learning, but she had read an impressive amount of what is called "serious fiction."

She loved James Joyce, and (again like her father) could actually recite lines from *Finnegans Wake*. She had also been greatly influenced by Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*, which she read at a young age, and the sort of exotic richness of his language and descriptions were something I think she



The 54-page book is available for \$10 plus Shipping & Handling from the Kerouac Family Association.

unconsciously imitated a little bit in her own writing. I remember reading a letter that Ishmael Reed had written to Herb Gold, in which Reed talked about meeting Jan in New York when she was nearly 16, probably just before she fled to Mexico, and how impressed Reed was with the number of important books Jan had already read.

**OH:** The coverage of Jan's writing in the field of Beat Studies remains extremely limited, despite the numerous major books that have come out on Women Beat writers in

<sup>1</sup> Original English version available on the Web at: <https://ebsn.eu/scholarship/interviews/the-last-days-of-jan-kerouac-gerald-nicosia-interviewed-by-oliver-harris/>

<sup>2</sup> See also *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, winter 2016-2017, number 122, pp. 34-35, English Edition, photos and article about the book launching in Lowell (MA) on 8 October 2016.



the past decade. Does it make sense to call Jan a “Beat writer,” and what hopes do you have of her work being more widely recognised?

**GN:** Jan was a post-Beat writer, just as I myself am. Beat was a specific generation, people who came of age largely in the Depression, or a little beforehand. World War II was one of their principal influences. The generation that came after, myself born in 1949 and Jan in 1952, were influenced by the Cold War in the Fifties, the weird combination of material prosperity with rigid values and mores, which led to the Flower Children rebellion of the Sixties, the whole counterculture madness of Vietnam War protests, free sex, widespread drug usage, and so forth.

The Sixties Counterculture was the principal formative influence on my and Jan’s generation. Of course, in America, that counterculture had a strong lineage to the Beats—hence the title, post-Beat, which I believe was coined by poet George Dowden but was picked up by a lot of other people in the small press scene, and which made a lot of sense to me. Billy Burroughs, Jr., of whom more later, was also a post-Beat writer. I do believe Jan’s work will eventually be read and studied far more widely than it now is, although she already has a sizable number of fans, many of whom have already contacted me on the internet or at readings. Her reputation and prominence would also have been helped if her heirs had not blocked the publication of the third novel, the capping work, in her autobiographical trilogy: *Parrot Fever*.

**OH:** One of the most striking aspects of *The Last Days of Jan*



Jan Kerouac and Gerald Nicosia, at the last picnic on 1 August 1982, in Boulder, Colorado, during a conference at the occasion of the 25th anniversary of publication of *ON THE ROAD*. (Photographer unknown)

*Kerouac* is your degree of identification with Jan. In terms of background and upbringing you shared certain things, and it is obvious that you respond with great empathy to a woman who was extremely vulnerable. Can you explain a little how the relationship worked?

**GN:** It’s impossible to analyze all the dynamics of a friendship, though with most of the people I have become close friends with, the friendship developed very quickly. I can feel very quickly that I am “in tune” with someone. I felt that way about Jan the day I met her, and clearly she had the same quick, instinctual judgment about me. We did have a lot in common—more than most people would have guessed.

We both had the experience of growing up in poverty in big cities—her in New York and me in Chicago, though her experience was poorer and more directly inner-city than mine was. We both had a sort of unconventional Catholic upbringing, my attachment to the Church had a

lot to do with Latin, chants, art, and incense, and hers with robbing the poor boxes on the Lower East Side.

But we also both loved the mystical side of the Catholic Church. Jan lit candles for people, living and dead, till the end of her life—as I still do today. And we both had a kind of black, satiric humor, and enjoyed making fun of all the goofy, strange people we had encountered in our life.

As for romance, that was a sticky matter. A male editor who knew Jan opined to me once that every man (non-gay) who’d ever met Jan had fallen in love with her to some degree, and I think that perception was pretty much on the mark. I certainly fell in love with her, as much for her extraordinary vulnerability as for her stunning good looks. But Jan, on the other hand, was really bothered by all the men who kept coming on to her, it was a huge nuisance in her life, which was only worsened by the increased attraction some men

found in her because of her being Kerouac's daughter.

Coming from such contrary places, there was bound to be some boy-girl friction between us, at least when we were in our twenties; but despite that, a little bit of romance between us managed to flame up briefly. As soon as Jan saw me starting to get serious about her, she took me aside for a "heavy" conversation. She patiently explained to me that I was "too nice" for her (ouch!), and that most of the guys she had fallen for were abusive creeps whose manner of neglecting her feelings and needs reminded her of her father. I suppose she could have been trying to let me down gently, but I honestly think had I been some kind of classic "bad boy" we might have had a full-blown love affair. But I also wouldn't be sitting here now writing a book about her and trying to get the world to remember her. Early on, I also became a literary adviser and coach to her. It is safe to say that over the years I evolved into more of a father figure to her, a role that suited both of us, since she badly needed someone she could trust, and I very much wanted to see her fulfill the enormous potential that was evident in her from the beginning.

**OH:** To most people, Jan is simply, reductively, "Jack Kerouac's daughter," and I wonder if you can say something both specific to Jan about what such an identity did to or for her, and more generally about the burden she had in common with Billy Burroughs, as the child of a famous Beat writer, and why it seemed almost inevitable they would suffer as they did.

**GN:** I'm not sure if you knew this, but I knew Billy Burroughs, Jr., too, as I also know John Cassady. I have even known some of the other Beat kids, like Parker Kaufman. All of them, including Jan, suffered enormously by people's expecting them to be some kind of special surrogate representative of their bad-boy genius fathers. The male Beat writers in general were terrible fathers, but you did not have to be a Beat writer for that.

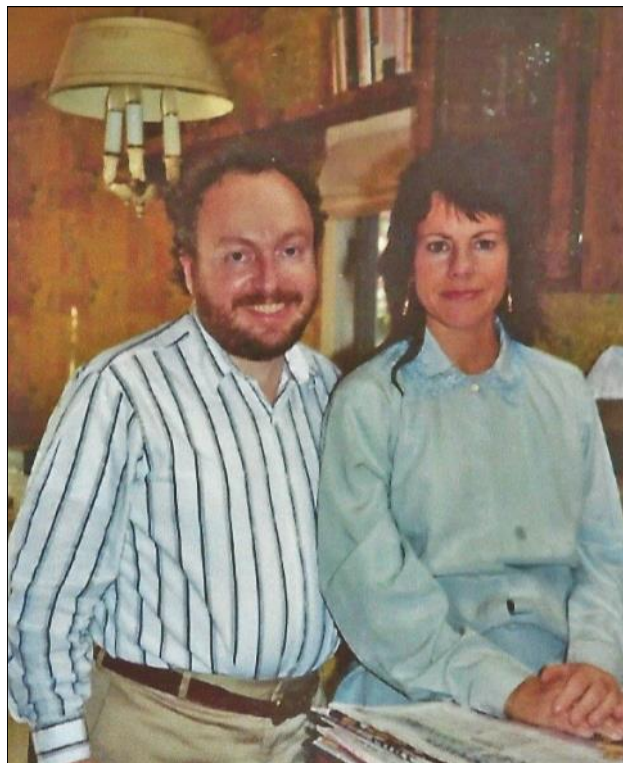
I remember how many horrible stories Aram Saroyan told me of his father, and I have also heard that John Steinbeck IV was partly driven to alcohol and drugs by the chaotic parenting from his Nobel Prize-winning novelist father.

For that matter, I have read Ianthe Brautigan's memoir *You can't catch death*<sup>3</sup>, and she too bears some deep scars from a father who too often was not there for her. I remember talking with Aram once about how writers have to make an extra effort to be good parents, because it is too easy for them to get lost in their mental worlds and neglect the necessary attending to the here-and-now of their children's lives.

But with the Beat writers like Kerouac and Burroughs, I think there was an added curse for their children. In the early years of their fame, those writers were stigmatized, if not actually hated, by large portions of American society, and yet it is an unwritten rule that children are supposed to defend and stick up for their parents. Children like Jan and Billy were put in the position of having to defend to the world fathers who were, in essence, treating them like shit.

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<sup>3</sup> *You Can't Catch Death, a daughter's memoir*, published in 2000, about Richard Brautigan, called the last Beat, American writer and poet who committed suicide in 1984, memoirs by his daughter Ianthe.



Gerald Nicosia and Jan Kerouac at the home of the author of *Memory Babe* at Corte Madera, California, on 23 January 1994. (Photo: Ellen Nicosia)



That tightrope act set up a kind of cognitive dissonance in both of them, of knowing what was true but having to articulate that truth so that it sounded like something different, something more acceptable, to the outside world. In Jan's case, she took the tack of trying to see inside her father, often by following in his footsteps, both to physical places like Mexico and Tangier as well as to reckless, often drug, and alcohol-fueled psychic leaps into the unknown, to try to find justification for the sort of man Jack Kerouac had become. In the end, that compassion and empathy for her father enabled Jan to put her life on the line trying to preserve his literary legacy, but that quest took a heavy toll on her.

I still remember how only a few months before her death she smashed the small altar she had always kept to him in her house, running through the house as she threw the shards about and screamed that he had destroyed her life (a story she told me on the telephone just after it happened).

**OH:** Three decades ago you wrote the first great critical biography of Jack Kerouac, *Memory Babe*, and you have written the "untold story" of *On the Road*, the story of Lu Anne Henderson, as well as being fantastically prolific with a host of other publications, from your own poetry to a history of Vietnam Veterans<sup>4</sup>; what is left in the Beat field that you want to do?

**GN:** I long ago reconciled myself to the fact that Jack Kerouac would not be done with me as long as I lived, nor I with him. My own life and work is permanently entwined with that of the Beats, which became a formative influence on my writing from the time when I

was still in graduate school at the University of Illinois, arguing with professors who refused to teach Kerouac in any of their classes there. First, I have to finish the biography of Jan that I am currently working on. Then there are all those interview tapes, which I finally obtained copies of after a costly 12-year legal battle with the University of Massachusetts, where I had placed the tapes for study in 1987, but which had been locked up in 1995 after threats from John Sampas. Listening to those tapes again recently, I discovered enormous amounts of information on them that had not been incorporated in *Memory Babe*.

For instance, when I interviewed poets like Robert Duncan, Robert Creeley, Kenneth Rexroth, and others, they often talked about their own work as well as discussing their experiences with Kerouac. But when I wrote *MEMORY BABE*, I only used the material that had to do with Kerouac. Yet those tapes tell the intimate story of many of these writers and other people in Kerouac's world that would be of interest in its own right, without reference to Kerouac.

I therefore hope to do a book someday using the previously untouched material from the interview tapes. I also spent many years working myself as a poet and writer among the Beat writers, mainly in North Beach but also sometimes in Boulder or New York, and many of these people, such as Bob Kaufman, Jack Micheline, Harold Norse, Ira Cohen, Janine Pommy Vega, and others, became my friends, with whom I had my own significant interactions. I'd like to tell some of those stories in an anecdotal book, because there was an active and exciting post-Beat

literary scene which the Beats moved in and out of, and whose story really has not yet been told, at least not fully.

That may just be the tip of the iceberg of what I need to do, or would like to do, before I die, and it all depends on how much time and energy I have left!

<sup>4</sup> *Home To War, a History of the Vietnam Veterans' Movement*, published in 2001, see on Web.

#### 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the publication of the book *On the Road*

A few lines from Lily Rothman's Time Magazine article of 5 Sept. 2017:

When Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* was released on Sept. 5, 1957, the TIME's critic wrote that the book was "partly an ingenuous travel book, partly a collection of journalistic jottings about adventures known to everyone who has ever hitchhiked more than a hundred miles in the U.S." Yet the work had something noteworthy within it... Kerouac, working out of his mother's house in Orlando, Fla., had finally put a literary face on the "beat generation", a world he was intimately familiar with... "... Kerouac commands attention as a kind of literary James Dean," the reviewer noted. As TIME then explained, the plot was an opportunity for Kerouac to expound upon a new set of moral guidelines for young Americans. ... It was Kerouac's ability to "create a rationale" for what seemed to many Americans to be a senseless streak of rebellion among the nation's youth that allowed *On the Road* to strike a chord even with readers who were not attracted to the beat movement and ...why, 60 years later, the book remains an iconic moment in American literature..."

TIME's Original 1957 Review available at:

<http://time.com/4919993/kerouac-on-the-road-1957-review/>

# A Much Desired Adoption!

## by Kelley Nemitz

**I**n 1994, I (Kelley) was living in Athens Greece. A friend had given me an English language magazine to read. At that time I was devouring anything in English I could get my hands on since it was hard to come by. In that magazine, I believe it was *Marie Claire*, there was an article about orphans in Romania that grabbed hold of me and would not let go. There was a picture of a child--a little girl with huge eyes that were so revealing, I felt like I could see all the way through to her soul. She haunted me for a long time. I wondered about her. I worried about her. I wanted to go get her. I knew then and there that I would adopt a child one day.

I come from a "mixed" family. I have five siblings. The oldest, David, is my mom's son from her first marriage at age 18. She married my dad in 1965 and shortly thereafter, started taking in foster children. Her parents, my grandparents, had always taken in foster kids. More than 20 over the years...mostly Native American kids from families who were really struggling. My parents wanted to help kids too. Around that time, my mom became pregnant. They also took in a newborn named Michael Francis as a foster child. When my mom was five months pregnant, she had a miscarriage. She was devastated but busy caring for David and Michael, and she soon became pregnant again. Michael

was a few months old and my parents knew they could never let him go. They contacted the agency and requested to adopt him. The agency said no. They were concerned that she was trying to replace the baby she had lost and asked them to wait until the baby she was carrying was born to see if they still wanted to adopt Michael. The baby (me) was born and of course they wanted to make Michael, already their son in their hearts and minds, official.

They went on to have two more biological children, Anthony and Sarah, and took in several more foster children.

Then in 1973, just after we had moved to Canby, they got a call from a local social worker. A nine year old boy had lost his parents in a car accident. He had no family who could take him in. He needed a home. My parents welcomed the traumatized young boy into our family and we loved him like one of our own. I was six and I remember the day he came like it was yesterday. We were so excited to have a new brother!

### Adoption is in my blood

After Ben and I had our third child, three c-sections later, we were hearing from the doctors that more pregnancies may not be safe for me. I remember sitting at the kitchen table with all of our kids one night, looking around at my beautiful family and having

the distinct feeling that someone was missing. When I told Ben, he let me know that he had been having those same feelings. We started talking about adopting.

I shared with Ben the story of the little Romanian girl and wondered if our child was waiting for us in Romania.

Around the same time, some friends of ours who had left the States to be missionaries in China had adopted a Chinese baby. We were captivated by their story... A baby girl, found by a street sweeper in a trash can, barely clinging to life. We learned about the plight of girls in China due to Mao Tse Tung's one child policy. It was Ben who said, "I think our daughter is in China."

We went to the Children's Home Society in St. Paul on my birthday. We applied for their China program. They asked us to choose a second country in case there was a problem with our first choice. We refused. Our daughter was in China. We did not want a back up plan.

It took about eighteen months. Then one day while we were home for lunch, the phone rang. Our daughter was ready for us to come and bring her home. Libby was in our arms on January 3, 2005. Our "Gotcha Day". Our family was finally complete. We are so thankful to God for all He has done for us!



# Nemitz of Minnesota Ancestors

## Generation 1

Alexandre de Kervoac  
circa 1702-1736

Cap-Saint-Ignace  
22 October 1732

Louise Bernier  
(1712-1802)

## Generation 2

Louis Kervoac  
(1735-1779)

Cap-Saint-Ignace (Québec)  
11 January 1737

Catherine Metot  
(1739-1813)

## Generation 3

Joseph-Marie Keroac  
(1775 - 1860)

Saint-Pierre-de-Montmagny (Québec)  
19 August 1806

Marie Gesseron  
(1784 - 1842)

## Generation 4

Polcarpe Kérouac  
(1815 - 1880)

Bourbonnais (Illinois)  
3 March 1862

Suzanne Bellegarde  
(1832 - between 1875 and 1880)

## Generation 5

Napoléon Curwick  
(1870 - 1956)

Saint Joseph (Kansas)  
29 October 1894

Caroline Patnaude  
(1876-1960)

## Generation 6

Leo Elmer Curwick  
(1899 - 1992)

Marshall (Minnesota)  
26 August 1925

Mary Valérie Bært  
(1907- 1981)

## Generation 7

Elizabeth Ann Curwick  
(1937 - 1996)

(Minnesota)  
7 February 1959

Donald Eugene Nemitz  
(1935- 1984)

## Generation 7

Benedict Raymond Nemitz

Canby (Minnesota)  
7 August 1999

Kelley Birk

## Generation 8

Elizabeth Bei Nemitz

# Life of Dreams!

Elizabeth Bei Nemitz

The text composed by Libby, Elizabeth Bei Nemitz, is a real cry of the heart. Libby read her patriotic text on Veterans Day, 11 November 2016, during the Ceremonies held in Canby, Minnesota. The convictions of this 15-year-old girl born in China and adopted by a white and Christian American family is a message of love, gratitude and generosity that resonates even more strongly as we are bombarded with negative news and selfish declarations. Libby's dream and goal is "to be a person who uses her talents to better serve others." Her commitment is the encouraging, inspiring and realistic solution greatly needed here and everywhere in the world.

*"To me, the American Dream is being able to follow your own personal calling. To be able to do what you want to do is incredible freedom." - Maya Lin. .»*

Maya Lin<sup>1</sup>,  
a fellow dreamer and artist.

Ever since I was a small child, I dreamed. I wanted to travel everywhere and see amazing places. I was quietly dreaming up plans for the future, and I knew it was going to be great. It never occurred to me that I lived an exceptional life. I was privileged in a way others were not. I did not know how it felt to live in poverty or hunger or fear. Like so many kids, I took my life for granted.

I was born in China, but my family adopted me when I was only one year old. They took me back to Minnesota, to a tiny rural town with little diversity, nothing like the big cities. I was one of two Asian children there.

Because of the story of how I came to be, I was unique. No one had an interesting adoption story, and I was happy to be special. The fact that I was Asian never bothered anyone, and it never bothered me. I was just a starry-eyed tiny girl with big plans for myself.

I never doubted where I stood as an American. All I knew was Minnesota and America. I was proud of our country; surely it was the greatest. This was the place to be. We were called the Land of Opportunity. The American Dream of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, was exactly what I yearned to have. Here I was not the "poor little orphan girl". Here I could be anything I wanted to be.

You could imagine how I felt when someone told me otherwise. I remember an incident at recess when I was ten. One of my classmates said, "You are not American!".

The words cut like a knife. I felt like I had been slapped. I was not mad at the kid. I knew they meant something entirely different, but the idea of my classmates not thinking of me as an American hurt.

When I told my mother, she was fierce. "Of course you are



Photo: Nimitz family collection

Libby dressed up for Chinese New Year in 2005. The smile of a very happy child! We encourage her to embrace her Chinese heritage and be proud of who she is.

American! They do not know what they are talking about!" She proceeded to tell me of the day I became a citizen of the United States of America.

"We went through all the paperwork," she told me. "But the part that sticks out in my mind the most, was when the lady said, 'Congratulations! She is an American.' I was just about to burst into tears!"

She continued, "I mean, people would give anything for that. People would die for it. People have died

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(\* Maya Ying Lin, sculptor, architect, artist, born October 5, 1959 in Ohio, Chinese American graduate of Harvard and Yale)



for it. You have no idea how lucky you really are.” It was enough to make me hesitate, but I still went on oblivious to my blessings.

One of my earliest eye-openers was when my older sister’s friend had stopped by our house. He was going off to join the army. It struck me that a boy, the same age as my sister who was going off to college soon, was going to be fighting and going on missions. I had always looked at the world through rose-colored glasses.

Those glasses started to slip off as I read about wars and PTSD, and I did not look at the world the same way after I learned of the Twin Towers or what ‘third world countries’ meant. I started to realize how blessed by God I really was. It dawned on me how the ability to dream and plan was earned through tears and sweat.

Coming to America was a free gift, an opportunity. I could make something of my life. I did not have to live in fear. The way I live could affect another person. I had a chance to be a light in the world. All the citizens of America are so incredibly fortunate that we have a chance to truly make a difference in the world. I do not ever want to take my life or my citizenship for granted again. Instead, I want to be the kind of person who seizes her gift and turns it into something absolutely beautiful.

So many people have fought, died, cried, and suffered to bring us where we are today. Police officers and firefighters risk their lives daily in order to bring safety and security to others. Men and women are fighting, not because they hate the enemy, but because they love their country. It takes a special kind of

love. I think what it means to be an American is to stand not only for bravery and courage, but for one another. “We the people” is what our nation is founded upon. I think we all continue to strengthen our beloved country through our hope that one day, we will be at peace. It is why I am still dreaming.

It is simply staggering to me how so many people go to fight and protect a little girl from Minnesota they do not even know. And who would have thought it would be for a ragamuffin of an orphan whom no one used to want? This is why I want to thank the people who battle every day for what is right. It is because of them that I am living the life of dreams..



Libby is a voracious reader. (Photo: LeRoy Curwick collection)

Text presented by Libby Nemitz on 11 November 2016 to members of the American Legion, Canby, Minnesota.



A recent family picture: from left to right: Alenni, Benedict, Elizabeth Bei, Kelley, Anthony & Jack Nemitz. (Photo: Nimitz family collection)

# The President's Annual Report

presented on behalf of the KFA Board at the KFA Annual General Meeting,  
Saturday, 9 September 2017, at the Montreal Botanical Garden

## MEETINGS

Since the last AGM, again this year, the Board held two meetings instead of the usual three, at Sainte-Foy, Quebec, on Saturday, 22 October 2016 and Saturday, 18 March 2017.

## KFA ARCHIVES

For a few years, the Board has been seriously thinking how to go about preserving the KFA archives, storing them and also classifying them. Next year, the KFA will mark its fortieth anniversary, and we are faced with a continually increasing volume of archives. Proper storage is urgently needed but also easy access for consultation.

In order to help us find solutions, last autumn the Board invited Jacques Kirouac<sup>1</sup> and Robert Kirouac<sup>2</sup> for their opinion and perspective on the matter, including what should be kept and for how long. Their generous and excellent collaboration is greatly appreciated.

Further to this meeting, the Board was very grateful for the volunteer contribution of Ariane Kirouac<sup>3</sup>, a professional archivist, who gave free of charge, her time and energy to further the inventory and classification of the KFA archives in order to eventually establish a conservation calendar. I sincerely thank Ariane for her hard work. Her contribution is most important for everyone.

## VISIBILITY OF OUR ASSOCIATION AND ITS PRODUCTIONS

As in past years, the KFA's greatest visibility was afforded through its website. In 2016, the KFA website was visited 5,604 times by 3,953 different people; an average of 467

visits per month, mainly from Canada and USA, but also from 114 other countries. All in all, 180 downloaded were completed and 317 pages were consulted. Of course, the most read pages were those about Jack Kerouac, which is not surprising. Here I wish to underline the excellent work done by our webmaster, Réjean Brassard, who makes this visibility possible.

## PROJECTS COMPLETED OR UNDERWAY

Again this year, we put a lot of time and energy in enriching our website. As you may well have noticed, a brand new special E-edition of *Le Trésor des Kirouac* about Sister Cécile Kirouac is now online. Another special E-edition is in the works and will be put on line in 2018; it will be about Chevalier\* François Kirouac, (\*Catholic Order of Knighthood).

Our photo galleries are being constantly enriched thanks to the persistent and capable work of Lucille Kirouac-Boulet. Thank you very much, Lucille, for adding the photos of last year's KFA gathering in Lévis, Québec, and also for adding those from La Broquerie (Winnipeg, Manitoba) in 1989. Online, now we can admire the photos from nineteen past KFA annual gatherings.

The English KFA website is NOW being put online<sup>4</sup>. More texts will be added during the autumn. Many thanks to our translators, Nathalie Kéroack from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Georges Kirouac from Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Marie Lussier Timperley from Potton Township, for their precious contribution.

Our genealogical dictionary is forever being enriched. Between October 2016 and July 2017, we added 696 descendents to our

Breton ancestor and 4,652 documents including certificates of: baptism, marriage, burial, census, death cards, photos of monuments and tombstones, etc. In 1991 our dictionary included 2,764 names; some 7,190 names have been added since. Our data base now comprises 9,954 descendents of Alexandre de Kervouch and over 24,523 files of all sorts.

Once more, I am inviting you to send me information about you and your family or to contact me if you wish to find out what we already have about your family in our database, you might be surprised and or you might be able to add to it. Thank you also for forwarding to me photos of members of your family that may appear in our next edition. The more you contribute to the KFA genealogical dictionary the more interesting and precious it will be for your family and your descendents.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To conclude, I would like to thank all those who, directly or indirectly, have contributed to KFA activities during the past year. First: our Regional Correspondents: Marie Kirouac, Lucille Kirouac, Mercédès Bolduc-Villeneuve, Renaud Kirouac, Georges Kirouac, Karine Kirouac, Roxanne Kirouac, Mark

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<sup>1</sup> KFA Founding-President

<sup>2</sup> One of the original fifteen KFA founding members and its first Vice President.

<sup>3</sup> Ariane is the daughter of André Kirouac, KFA Board member 2015-2017, and Director of Quebec City Naval Museum.

<sup>4</sup> On 9 September, the president mentioned that the English website would gradually be available online at the end of September. As of Dec. 3, we can say it will be on line in the New Year.



Pattison, and Greg Kyrouac; members of the KFA's Permanent Committees: Le Trésor des Kirouac: Marie Kirouac, Marie Lussier Timperley, Jacques Kirouac, Greg Kyrouac, LeRoy Curwick and Mark Pattison; History & Genealogy: Lucille Kirouac, Céline Kirouac and Greg Kyrouac, of course; Marie-Victorin Observatory: Lucie Jasmin; Jack Kerouac Observatory: Eric Waddell; Website Committee: Lucille Kirouac; and last but not least: our Webmaster: Réjean Brassard.

I also wish to thank our French editors: Lucille Kirouac, Céline

Kirouac, Thérèse Kirouac and Robert Kirouac; and our American editors: Greg Kyrouac, LeRoy Curwick and Mark Pattison, as well as our translators, Nathalie Kéroack, Georges Kirouac, René Kirouac and Marie Lussier Timperley.

Finally, my heartfelt gratitude to the Board Members without whom I could never fulfill my mandate: Mercédès (Bolduc) and Marc Villeneuve for organizing our annual gatherings (with help from Marie L.T. this year); Marie Kirouac for taking care of our bulletin since 1983; Céline Kirouac, First VP and for many years interim

meeting secretary; Marc Villeneuve, Second VP; André Kirouac, responsible for media, who recently left the board; and our treasurer, René Kirouac who has been keeping the KFA finances in perfect order for over twenty-five years.

Have a good meeting,

François Kirouac,  
on behalf of the KFA Board.

9 September 2017

## IN MEMORIAM

### DUQUET, PAULINE BORNAIS (1929-2017)

On 8 May 2017, at Pierre Boucher Hospital in Longueuil, Mrs. Pauline Bornais Duquet, died at the age of 88. She was the daughter of the late Armand and Régina (née Frigault) Bornais. She was the widow of Laval Duquet. She leaves to mourn her children, including Marc (**Johanne Kirouac, daughter of the late Gérard Kirouac (GFK 00621)**). Homage was on 17 June 2017 at Complexe Sylvio Marceau in Quebec City.

### FRADET-MAILLOUX, GEMMA (1946-2017)

On 7 May 2017, at Dolbeau-Mistassini Hospital, aged 71 years & two months, died Gemma Fradet, wife of André Mailloux. She was the daughter of the late M. Lucien and Jeanne (née Allard) Fradet. Religious service was on 12 May 2017 at Marcel Dion Funeral Parlour in Normandin. Interment of her ashes was at the Normandin Cemetery. Besides her husband, she leaves to mourn her children, including Patrice (**Anne-René Kirouac, daughter of Jacques and Rolande (née Lalancette) Kirouac (GFK 00313)**).

### KIROUAC, CLAUDE (1936-2017)

At the Laval Hospital, on 7 April 2017, aged 80, died Claude Kirouac (**GFK 01833**), husband of Liliane Vézina-Kirouac. He was the son of the late Arthur and Aurore (née Deschenes) Kirouac. He leaves to mourn, besides his wife, his son Daniel (Brigitte Bérubé); his two grandsons: Thomas and Antoine; his brother-in-law, Lucien Laperrière; his sisters-in-law: Charlotte Vézina and Cécile Sylvain (the late René Vézina); his nephew, gardian angel and like a second-son to him, Gilles Légaré; his cousin Pierrette Deschênes (Yvon Morneau). Funeral was on 19 April 2017 in Saint-Félix Church in Cap-Rouge (Quebec), followed by interment at Notre-Dame de Belmont Cemetery in Sainte-Foy (Quebec).

### KIROUAC, EUGÈNE ADÉLARD (1932-2017)

On 12 April 2017, Eugène Kirouac (**GFK 01671**) from La Broquerie, Manitoba died aged 84 at Villa Youville in Ste-Anne. He loved his family, was devoted to his community and will be



remembered also for his great sens of humour. He leaves to mourn his wife Lucie (née Gagnon); their children: Louis, Rolande (Jocelyne LeBlanc), Nicole, Monique (John Loïselle), Jean (Cheryl), Roger (Roxanne), Ginette, Liliane (Jeff Vilar); fifteen grandchildren: Danièle and Denis Kendall, Alexandre Luke, François, Sylvie and Chantal Auger, Michelle and Robert Kirouac, Stéphane Kirouac and Mélanie Nadeau, Jérémie, Mathieu and Philippe Chase, Élisabeth and Justin Vilar; four great-grandchildren: Isobel, Émilie, Liam and Félix; he was pre-deceased by Sébastien and Patrick. Also his sister Marie-Reine Vieville (Fernand); brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law: Annette Kirouac, Jeannine Kirouac, Eloise Lord, Evéline Gagnon, sgm (Montreal, Grey Nuns); Cécile Mulaire, Rose-Marie and Antonin Nadeau, Céline and Edouard Gagnon, many nephews and nieces. Funeral was on 19 April 2017 St-Joachim Catholic Church in La

Broquerie, followed by interment in the parish cemetery. **Eugène was the uncle of George Kirouac from Winnipeg who is the KFA Regional correspondant for Western Canada.**

**KIROUAC, GILLES  
(1957-2017)**

In Boisbriand, on 29 June 2017, aged sixty died suddenly Gilles Kirouac, son of the late Gérard and Lilianne née Barbeau) Kirouac (**GFK 01884**). He leaves to mourn one daughter, Marilyn, and one son, Jérémie, his brother Michel (Liliane), his sisters Manon (Mario) and Johanne (Raymond) as well as many relatives and friends. A memorial ceremony was held on 17 August 2017 in the chapel of Goyer Funeral Home in Sainte-Thérèse (Québec).

**KIROUAC, LORRAINE ANNE  
(née GILMORE)  
(1939-2017)**

Kirouac, Lorraine Anne (nee Gilmore) died on 8 September 2017 at the Hamilton General Hospital in her 79th year. Lorraine was the widow of Donald Kirouac (**GFK 02048**). She was predeceased by her son Marc Kirouac, her parents Henry and Cissie Gilmore, and her best friend Shirley Weaver-Scime. Lorraine leaves behind her long time companion Richard Thomas (Joey, Mandy & Fury) as well as sons Chris and Bill, grandchildren Christopher, Derek, Jake, Jesse, and Krystal, great-grandchildren Brody, Seth, Karley, Hailey, and Makayla. Lorraine also leaves behind her brother and sister-in-law Tom and Sue Kirouac, and nephews Michael and Ryan. She held various jobs while raising her boys, then returned to school and became a critical care nurse at the Hamilton General Hospital. Funeral service was held in the funeral home chapel on 13 September followed by entombment at Bayview Mausoleum, Burlington, Ontario.

**KIROUAC, THOMAS 'Tom'  
(1944-2017)**

It is with great sadness the family announces the passing of Tom (**GFK 02053**) on 16 September 2017 at the age of 73. Beloved husband of Susan (nee Broughton) for 45 years. Loved father of Michael (Andrea) and Ryan. Dear granddad to Ethan and Lauren. Predeceased by brother Donald, sister-in-law Lorraine and nephew Marc. A chapel service was held at L.G. Wallace Funeral Home in Hamilton, Ontario, on 20 September followed by private entombment.

**KIROUAC-DESCENT, FERNANDE  
(1917-2017)**

We are sad to inform you of the passing of Fernande Descent Kérouac, **wife of Roméo Kirouac (GFK 01404)**, on Sunday, 27 August 2017 at the age of 100. She leaves to mourn, her sons, Michel (Line), Daniel (Micheline), and René; her grandchildren, Geneviève (Olivier), Vincent, Évelyne, Marie-Soleil and Gabriel, one great-grandson, Siméon, many cousins, and relatives. At her request, there was no funeral and the interment was strictly private. Her souvenirs appeared in **Trésor des Kirouac**, number 93, autumn 2008, pp. 29-31.

**KIROUAC-JOBIDON,  
LAURETTE  
(1921-2017)**

At the Long Term Care Facility in Saint-Augustin, aged 94 years and 11 months, on 21 October 2017, died Laurette Kirouac (**GFK 01130**), widow of Émile Jobidon. She was the daughter of the late Édouard and the late Alexina (née Dubé) Kirouac. Funeral was on 28 October 2017 at St-Rodrigue Church in Quebec City followed by interment at St-Charles Cemetery. She leaves to mourn her children: Guy (Diane Simard), Pauline, Robert, the late Huguette (Dimitrios Moschopoulos); her grandchildren: Josée Rousseau, Claude, Line, Alain and Louise Simard; Philippe and Mathieu Jobidon and many great-grandchildren; her brothers and sisters: Charlotte (the late Arthur

Fiset) and Hélène (the late Roger Boucher). She was predeceased by her brothers and sisters: Thérèse, Yvette, Jeanne-D'Arc, Lucie, Robert, Léopold and Gonzague Kirouac.

**LAFLECHE-KIROUAC  
(née DAGESSE), BÉATRICE  
(1918-2017)**

With deep sadness the family announces the passing of Béatrice, on 25 July 2017 at the age of 98. She leaves to mourn: Diane (Denis), Richmond (Claude) and Rachelle (Fareed); five grandchildren: Ginette (Steve), Roland, Brigitte (Dale), Chanelle (James) and Dominic; and six great-grandchildren: Mia, Kai, Kane, Scarlett, Ella and Annick. She was predeceased by her husband, Jude LaFlèche, and her second spouse, Honoré Kirouac (**GFK 01643**). Born in Haywood, Manitoba in 1918, Béatrice lived most of her life in Winnipeg where she and Jude raised their family. She was a devoted mother and grandmother and a dedicated nurse. Known as "Auntie Bea", she will be remembered for her love and pride of her family and her "joie de vivre". Funeral Mass was on 1 August 2017 at the Précieux-Sang Parish, Winnipeg. Private interment at Assumption Cemetery.

**MATNEY, HELEN W.  
née TRAHOOON  
(1922-2017)**

Helen Matney, aged 94, of Topeka, Kansas, passed away 28 September 2017. She was born 26 December 1922, in Rossville, Kansas, the daughter of Louis and Theresa (McConnell) Trahoon. She graduated from Rossville High School and moved to Topeka in 1942. Helen married Gene A. Matney on 15 October 1948 in Topeka. He preceded her in death on 5 October 2009. Survivors include a brother, Rolland E. (Ruby) Trahoon; seven nieces, Janice Ables, Susan (Tim) Gaggero, Mellody (David) Harrison, Tammy (Jeff) Butler, Stacy Trahoon, Lisa (Mike) Firsick and Kelly Cole; three nephews, Steven Trahoon, Floyd (Debbie) Trahoon, Jr. and



Rolland (Deb) Trahoon II; several great-nieces & great-nephews; great-great-nieces & nephews; a brother-in-law, Dean Tregemba, Kansas City, MO. She was preceded in death by her parents and two siblings, Floyd Trahoon and Shirley Tregemba. Funeral was on 3 October 2017 at the Penwell-Gabel Parker-Price Chapel, followed by interment at Penwell-Gabel Cemetery, Topeka. **Helen was a great-granddaughter of Hippolyte-Paul Curwick (GFK 00178).**

**MONDOR-KIROUAC,  
GERMAINE (1944-2017)**

On 21 October 2017, in Brossard, Quebec, died at the age of 73, Germaine Mondor, née Kirouac, widow of André Mondor. Born in Esprit-Saint, Quebec, she was the daughter of Thomas and Rose (née Cimon) Kirouac (GFK 01425). She leaved to mourn, her daughters Claudia and Julie Mondor, her grandchildren Audrey and Alex; her godson Guillaume; her siblings and their spouses; numerous nephews and nieces and other relatives. There was no service and the deceased was interred in St-Thomas Cemetery on 26 October 2017.

**O'LEARY, PAUL  
(1933-2017)**

Paul O'Leary died 30 March 2017, in his 85th year at Victoria Hospital, London, Ontario. Caring husband and best friend of Pia, attentive dad to Stephen (Li Zhang), David (Shelley West), John, and Susan (Stephen Cheng) and playful Papi to Christina, Geneviève and Juliette, Abby and Myles. Punster *par excellence*, Paul is remembered for his quick wit and warm personality. Born in Boston, Mass. On 1 February 1933, he was drafted and served in the US Navy before graduating from Boston College (BA) and University of Toronto (PhD). He spent thirty years as a professor of philosophy at UWO's Faculty of Education. Avid reader and movie-goer he caught the travel bug (Pia Karrer) in 1961 and they shared many wonderful adventures around the world. Funeral Mass was on 8 April at St John the

Divine Church, London, Ont. Interment at St. Peter's Cemetery, London, Ontario.

**RICCI-LESSARD, DOROTHY E.  
née KIROUAC (1927-2017)**

Dorothy E. Ricci Lessard (GFK 02692), 90, of Lewiston, died Saturday, Sept. 2, at Montello Manor in Lewiston. She was born in Brunswick on June 20, 1927, daughter of the late Albert and Ida (née Morin) Kirouac. She received her education in the Lewiston school system. She married Antonio Ricci of Providence Rhode Island on 6 November 1943 in Lewiston. Antonio died on 26 November 1989. On 10 April 1992, she married Ernest Lessard of Manchester, N.H. She worked at White Rock Distilleries for 37 years until her retirement in June 1992. She is survived by her granddaughter, Lori Ricci Catalanotto of Warwick, N.Y.; and her great grandson, Casey Catalanotto; her daughter-in-law Jeannine Ricci; and her sisters, Connie Morin and Gloria Chaloux. Besides her parents, she was predeceased by her husbands; her son, Richard D. Ricci; and her brothers, Paul, Raymond, Roland and Marcel Kirouac. Service was held at The Fortin Group Funeral Home in Lewiston followed by committal service at St. Peter's Cemetery in Lewiston.

**VAN GILDER, MABEL IRENE  
née CURWICK (1929-2017)**

Mabel Irene Van Gilder, age 87, of Kankakee, Illinois, passed away on 8 July 2017 at home. She was born 2 December 1929 in Ford County, the daughter of Ulysses George & Edna Pearle Murphy Curwick. Mabel married Earl Lloyd Van Gilder on 5 July 1947 in Kankakee. He died on 25 January 2002. Her family was her life. She enjoyed cooking, baking, gardening and canning. Surviving are three sons and two daughters-in-law, Everett Van Gilder of Diamond, Fred & Marsha Van Gilder of Bradley, and Raymond & Sharon Van Gilder of Bonfield; three daughters and three sons-in-law, Joyce & Dan Benjamin of Kankakee, Bonnie & Jack Kohl of Manteno, and Bonita &

Glenn Morton of Salem, WI; three sisters, Carol Ginger of Bradley, Mary Bowen of Phoenix, AZ, and Betty Hardy of New Harford, NY; one brother, Delbert Curwick of Kankakee; eighteen grandchildren; twenty-eight great-grandchildren; and two great-great-grandchildren. She was also preceded in death by four sons, Roger, Earl Eugene, Vernon, and Kevin; one daughter-in-law, Margaret Van Gilder; four brothers, Charles, Donald, Paul, and Joseph; and four sisters, Lela, LaVona, Shirley, and Florence. Visitation was at Clancy-Gernon-Hertz Funeral Home in Kankakee, where funeral services was held 13 July 2017. Interment at Bonfield Cemetery in Bonfield, Illinois. Mabel attended the 2011 K/ Reunification gathering in Bourbonnais/Kankakee.

**VERRIER, SIMONNE née KIROUAC  
(1924-2016)**

Simonne Verrier (née Kirouac, GFK 01741) died at Bethesda Regional Health Centre on 5 September 2016. She was born on 17 April 1924. In 1947, Simonne married the love of her life, Edmond Verrier who passed away in 1996. She will be fondly remembered by a large family and an even larger extended family. She leaves to mourn her children: Lise (André), Aimé (Verna), and Suzanne; her grandchildren, Marius (Jan), Anita (David), Michael (Sharlene), Mélanie (Paul) and Pamela (Paul); six great-grandchildren, Daniel, Mystaya, Yvonne, Rhéal, Connor and Théo, as well as twins expected a few months later. She was predeceased by her infant son Armand in 1949, four brothers, two sisters and many brothers - and sisters-in-law. Mass of Resurrection was celebrated by Bishop Noël Delaquis on 17 September 2016 at St. Joachim Roman Catholic Church in La Broquerie, followed by interment in the church cemetery.

**OUR DEEPEST  
CONDOLENCES TO THE  
BEREAVED FAMILIES**

# GENEALOGY/THE READERS' PAGE

The KFA's computerized genealogical database comprises a number of persons' names for which we are missing either the spouse and/or the parents' names; therefore, answers to the following questions would enable us to complete our data. Feel free to consult our previous issues of *Le Trésor* and please forward us any relevant info.

*Many thanks,  
François Kirouac*

**Answer received from Mr. Richard Fréchette and Mrs. Michèle Kirouac.**

## **Question 552 (Autumn 2016)**

*What are the names of the parents of Huguette Nicole Kirouac, spouse of James Micheal Sweeney? They were married on a 14 July in à Val-des-Lacs (Quebec); we do not have the year of the wedding. Also, what are the names of the parents of James Micheal Sweeney?*

### **Answer:**

Nicole married James Micheal Sweeney on 14 July 1973 in Val-des-Lacs; she is the daughter of the late Guy Kirouac and the late Denise Provost. James Micheal Sweeney is the son of the late Hiram James Sweeney and the late Marielle Lavallée. Nicole and Micheal have a daughter Debbie Sweeney. In addition, Nicole has a sister, Michèle Kirouac, wife of Richard Fréchette; son of the late Louis Fréchette and the late Marie Girard. Michèle and Richard have two children Yannick Fréchette and Marylou Fréchette.

## **NEW QUESTIONS**

### **Question 619**

What are the names of the parents of Hélène Guay, spouse of Gilles Kirouac, son of Gérard Kirouac and Liliane Barbeau?

### **Question 620**

What are the names of the parents of Jacques Kirouac who married Jeanne Chevalier on 17 December at Montréal (Quebec). We need the year of the marriage. Also, what are the names of the parents of Jeanne Chevalier?

### **Question 621**

What are the names of the parents of Claude Kirouac who married Antonine Bouchard on 10 September 1979 at Montréal (Quebec). Also, what are the names of the parents of Antonine Bouchard?

### **Question 622**

What are the names of the parents of Raynald Rioux, spouse of Thérèse Kirouac, daughter of Adrien Kirouac and Jacqueline Fournier?

### **Question 623**

What are the names of the parents of Pierre Lalancette who married Sylvie Kirouac on 27 June at Trois-Rivières, (Quebec)? We need the year of the marriage. Sylvie is the daughter of Léopold Kirouac and Pauline Désilets.

### **Question 624**

What is the year of the marriage of Sylvie Kirouac, daughter of Jean-Paul Kirouac and Jacqueline Allaire, who married Normand Plourde on 29 June in Beloeil (Quebec). We need the year of the marriage.

### **Question 625**

What are the names of the parents of Suzanne Kirouac who married François Bégin on 18 August at Granby (Quebec). We need the year of the marriage. Also what are the names of the parents of François Bégin?

### **Question 626**

What are the names of the parents of Monique Kirouac who married Gilbert Poirier on 11 March in

Lennoxville (Quebec). We need the year of the marriage. Also, what are the names of the parents of Gilbert Poirier?

### **Question 627**

What are the names of the parents of Monique Kirouac who married Bruno Allaire on 22 May at Victoriaville (Quebec). We need the year of their marriage. Also, what are the names of the parents of Bruno Allaire?

### **Question 628**

What are the names of the parents of Gilles Langlois who married Monique Kirouac on 23 February 1963 at Sherbrooke (Quebec).

### **Question 629**

What are the names of the parents of Sylvain-Denis Turmel who married Danielle Kirouac on 26 May at Beloeil (Quebec). We need the year of the marriage. Danielle is the daughter of Jean-Paul Kirouac and Jacqueline Allaire.

### **Question 630**

What are the names of the parents of Marie-Rose Kirouac who married Joseph Fiset on 3 December at Quebec City (Quebec). We need the year of the marriage. Also, what are the names of the parents of Joseph Fiset?

### **Question 631**

What are the names of the parents of Marie Kirouac who married Joseph Ouimet on 14 July at Montreal (Quebec). We need the year of the marriage. Also, what are the names of the parents of Joseph Ouimet?

*If you would like answers to some genealogical questions, please send them to us and we can post them on this page if we do not already know the answers.*

*The Editor*



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31, rue Laurentienne  
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1190, rue de Callières  
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Telephone: (418) 527-9858

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140, rue de la Victoire  
Chicoutimi (Quebec) G7G 2X7  
Telephone: (418) 549-0101

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3782, Chemin Saint-Louis  
Quebec (Quebec) G1W 1T5  
Telephone: (418) 653-2772

### **COUNSELLER**

Marie Kirouac (00840)  
1039, rue Raoul-Blanchard  
Québec (Québec) G1X 4L2  
Telephone: (418) 871-6604

### **COUNSELLER**

Mercédès Bolduc  
140, rue de la Victoire  
Chicoutimi (Québec) G7G 2X7  
Telephone: (418) 549-0101

### **COUNSELLER**

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755, rue de Chevillon, # 5  
Laval (Quebec) H7N 6J3  
Telephone: (450) 933-5820

### **COUNSELLER**

Sylvie Houde  
3782, Chemin Saint-Louis  
Quebec (Quebec) G1W 1T5  
Telephone: (418) 653-2772

### **COUNSELLER**

Vacant

## KIROUAC FAMILY ASSOCIATION REGIONAL REPRESENTATIVES

### **Region 1**

QUEBEC, BEAUCE-APPALACHES

Marie Kirouac (00840)  
1039, rue Raoul-Blanchard  
Quebec (Quebec) G1X 4L2  
Telephone: (418) 871-6604

### **Region 2**

MONTREAL, OUTAOUAIS, ABITIBI

Karyne and Roxanne Kirouac  
755, rue de Chevillon, # 5  
Laval (Quebec) H7N 6J3  
Telephone: (450) 933-5820

### **Region 3**

CÔTE-DU-SUD,  
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Lucille Kirouac (01307)  
123, Chemin Rivière-du-Sud  
Saint-François-de-la-Rivière-du-Sud  
(Quebec) G0R 3A0  
Telephone: (418) 259-7805

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EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

Renaud Kirouac (00805)  
9, rue Leblanc, C.P. 493  
Warwick (Quebec) J0A 1M0  
Telephone: (819) 358-2228

### **Region 5**

SAGUENAY, LAC-SAINT-JEAN

Mercédès Bolduc  
140, rue de la Victoire  
Chicoutimi (Quebec) G7G 2X7  
Telephone: (418) 549-0101

### **Region 6**

ONTARIO AND  
WESTERN CANADA  
Georges Kirouac (01663)  
23 Maralbo Avenue East  
Winnipeg (Manitoba) R2M 1R3  
Telephone: (204) 256-0080

### **Region 7**

UNITED STATES

### ***EASTERN TIME ZONE***

Mark Pattison  
1221, Floral Street NW  
Washington, DC 20012 - USA  
Telephone: (202) 829-9289

### ***CENTRAL TIME ZONE***

Greg Kyrouac (00239)  
P. O. Box 481  
Ashland, IL 62612-0481 - USA  
Telephone: (217) 476-3358

## KIROUAC FAMILY ASSOCIATION PERMANENT COMMITTEES

### **LE TRÉSOR DES KIROUAC Responsible— Marie Kirouac**

Bulletin Production Team  
(alphabetical order)  
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*Founded: 20 November 1978  
Incorporated: 26 February 1986  
Member of the Fédération  
des familles-souches  
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Mail agreement Number 40069967 for Mailing Publications

Return to the following address:

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Le Bihan*

*Maurice Louis  
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**To contact us or to receive information about our activities:**

**Main office  
3782, Chemin Saint-Louis  
Québec (Québec)  
Canada G1W 1T5**

**Internet site  
[www.familleskirouac.com](http://www.familleskirouac.com)  
Email: [association@familleskirouac.com](mailto:association@familleskirouac.com)**

**Treasurer and Membership:  
René Kirouac  
Telephone: (418) 653-2772**

**FREE EMAIL BULLETIN SERVICE  
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**To receive information  
from the Kirouac Family Association inc.,  
Send your email address to:  
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