

Ontario. Christmas, birthdays, and other holidays were exciting times, as I knew there were Acadian books coming.

The story of my people became alive, how a few families left France for a new life in a faraway country. How generation after generation moved from one place to another. How the ravages of nature, weather and mice, only made them more intent to survive. How the tyranny of man only slowed them down, but they survived. How success came and went, and they survived. I remember researching one particular family, and within a few months, five of their children passed away, then the mother died. A little while later, the father remarried, and a whole new family started to arrive. How from tragedy he found some happiness in life.

I was reading recently about the journeyings of Father MacEachern. How he would travel from Malpèque to St. Andrews, then back to Malpèque. Taking days and weeks, travelling by canoe, or snowshoe, horseback, and foot. Now we think nothing of jumping in the car and driving to Charlottetown for supper. One summer day we drove to Montague, then to Souris, up to East Point, over to Three Rivers, St. Peter's, and Rustico, back to Charlottetown and then home to Summerside by way of Borden. The next day we drove up to Tignish and back through Baie-Egmont and Mont-Carmel. And finally to Miscouche before returning home. I thought how it took my ancestors several generations to go from Port-LaJoye to Summerside. I can do it now in a few hours.

Every day, I scan through *The Journal-Pioneer* for Acadian articles. I check out the obituaries and funerals. I compare any new information with the records in my database and add or correct them as required. I regularly check out

the books available at the Centre J.-Henri-Blanchard, the Acadian Museum, the used-book stores in the area. In the past little while, we have been fortunate to see several excellent new books published. With great local historians and authors such as Georges Arsenault, Cecile Gallant, David Le Gallant, Jacinthe LaForest, and the late J. Henri Gaudet, we are regularly blessed with new and exciting publications. I thank them for their work and encourage them to continue to publish their research.

Sad to say, I have relatives and friends who mock the Acadian flag and shun their Acadian heritage as an embarrassment. I take pride in the fact that as a people we have a national flag, a national anthem, a national day. I take my young son with me to places such as the Acadian Museum, and the Centre J.-Henri-Blanchard. He looks up to me with his big brown eyes : «This is the Acadian place, dad?», he asks. He watches for flags and can identify our Canadian flag, the Summerside Flag, the Prince Edward Island flag, and our Acadian Flag. One day I bought one of those tricolor ties at the Acadian Museum. When I got it home, he claimed it as his own; it is his Acadian tie. I hope and pray he and our children throughout all the land will be proud of their Acadian heritage as I am.

As I continued my research, I was not and still am not satisfied with only knowing names and dates of my ancestors. I need to know more. I need to know how they lived, what they ate, what kind of clothes they wore, what they did for a living, etc. Were they farmers or fishermen? Did they have a trade? Were they merchants, or did they earn their wages working for someone else? Was their house a log home or a framed building? Did they have glass windows? Did they love lobster as a food or use it only as

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