

ALAIN'S SONG

REFRAIN:

Alain's our family name
And proud of it are we,
For we are descendants
Of Alma and Henri.

Moise was born in 1908
The first of nine to follow,
He loved to doodle and to lead
The rest would have to swallow.

An entrepreneur was born in him;
The only one of all the eight.
He sold his goods and pumped his gas
It showed he had some class.

When years were lean he gave out credit
And never did complain.
When folks were late to pay their bills
He was paid when harvest came.

His yard was filled with his creations;
Artistic was his bent.
He even cut linoleum
The size of which was spent.

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In 1909 Louis was born.
It made his brother happy.
Now two could be mischievous
And make their mother snappy.

Louis spent his summertimes
On his Grandpa's ranch;
Riding horses, breaking broncos,
Driving them all ants.

He was good at farming
And raising cattle too,
Aberdeen Angus was his choice
It stuck to him like glue.

In '63 he gave it up
And moved to fairer land;
The oldest cried their eyeballs out
The youngest joined the band.

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Yvonne was tall and stately
1911 was her year.
She has her father's red hair
At telling stories she's a dear.

The only one of all the eight
The piano she did play
It made her mother happy
For she played it well, you know.

Yvonne wrote many a letter
Each embellished with some jokes
No one could do this better
Which brought laughter to her folks.

The only one for many years
~~To live on the West Coast.~~
She helped Darlene get on her way
Of that she sure can boast.

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Uncle Rolland we all knew
Was red as red could be.
He looked just like his father
His character filled with glee.

He always had a story
Like the time he passed a flask
It was Marcella's wedding;
The Scope sure did not last.

He named his calves as they were born,
Governor, J.J., Star,
He even used the Russian names
Of players from afar.

Twenty-two years driving school bus,
He never missed a day.
He joked around and teased the kids
And joined right in their play.

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Marie Paule came after Rolland.
She played with him a lot.
They even called her "tomboy"
When hockey was her lot.

She was a gentle person,
Soft spoken, quiet too.
You had to be reserved like her
To get to know her through.

She also lived in Flin Flon
Where they raised the Menzies crew,
Seven Men and Women
Who grew and grew and grew!

Now that she's retired
She has little time alone;
From Nova Scotia to Vancouver
She's always on the roam.

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Aunt Edithe was a good cook.
We all remember well!
She was just like her mother
The rest of us could tell.

Her garden was her pride and joy;
Her plot had ample room.
If bees were scarce to pollinate
She'd always use her broom.

She knew all songs on radio;
She'd sing them as she worked.
If problems came you'd never know
She never let them lurk.

Even when her back was bad
She'd always joke around
About her weight or something else
It never got her down.

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Berthe was nicknamed "La Corneil"
Because of her black hair;
She bore the name with dignity
She came out very fair.

She never took life seriously;
She saw its funny side.
~~Her humor and the tricks she played~~
Reached others in her stride.

They'd go to Texas every year
To miss the Flin Flon storms
And even there she'd lead her friends
Trimming down their girlish forms.

Root beer was her speciality
It made the family cheer
Now that bingo's taken over
She still runs in high gear.

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Paul was born in '21
The last of all the ten.
He was short and dark like Louis
But spoiled within the den.

Like his brother Smokey,
He was artistically inclined.
His hands he used in many ways
To shape ideas from his mind.

He also moved to B.C.
When his family was half grown.
Kamloops was the town they chose
And that was where they'd own.

He taught me how to dance one year.
I stepped all over his shoes.
He laughed and said he'd polish them
And make them just like new.

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The eight that lived were quite a bunch
They all had splendid spouses.
Who followed them where'er they went
And embellished all their houses.

Verna, Clara, Pat, Yvonne,
Angus, Gene, and Paul
Aunt Reine and all their children
Could fill Veillardville hall.

God has blessed our family
He's taken some away,
To teach us all a lesson
Life's but a shortened stay.

So while we're here together.
Let's sing and celebrate.
Forgive each other all our hurts
Get rid of any hate.

As we go along our way,
Remember we're a clan
We come from Alma and Henri
So let's strike up the band!

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