

ROLAND JOMPHE

n the Mingan Islands



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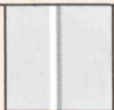
Roland Jomphe was born at Havre-St-Pierre, on the North Shore, on August 26, 1917. Having completed his formal education at the age of fourteen, he did like most of his contemporaries and entered "the school of life". He married Adeline Vigneault who gave him two sons and four daughters. Bright and determined but always a dreamer, he first took up the fisherman's trade and became secretary-treasurer of the local United Fisherman's Co-op., helmsman on a merchant marine cargo ship, sacristan of his church and secretary-treasurer of his municipality. Vigilant observer of the evolution of his surroundings and full of the experiences of life, he began turning local folklore into poetry. This talent won him the distinguished Order of Canada award in 1981. Now retired he continues to be a proud and convincing exponent of his heritage.



n the Mingan Islands



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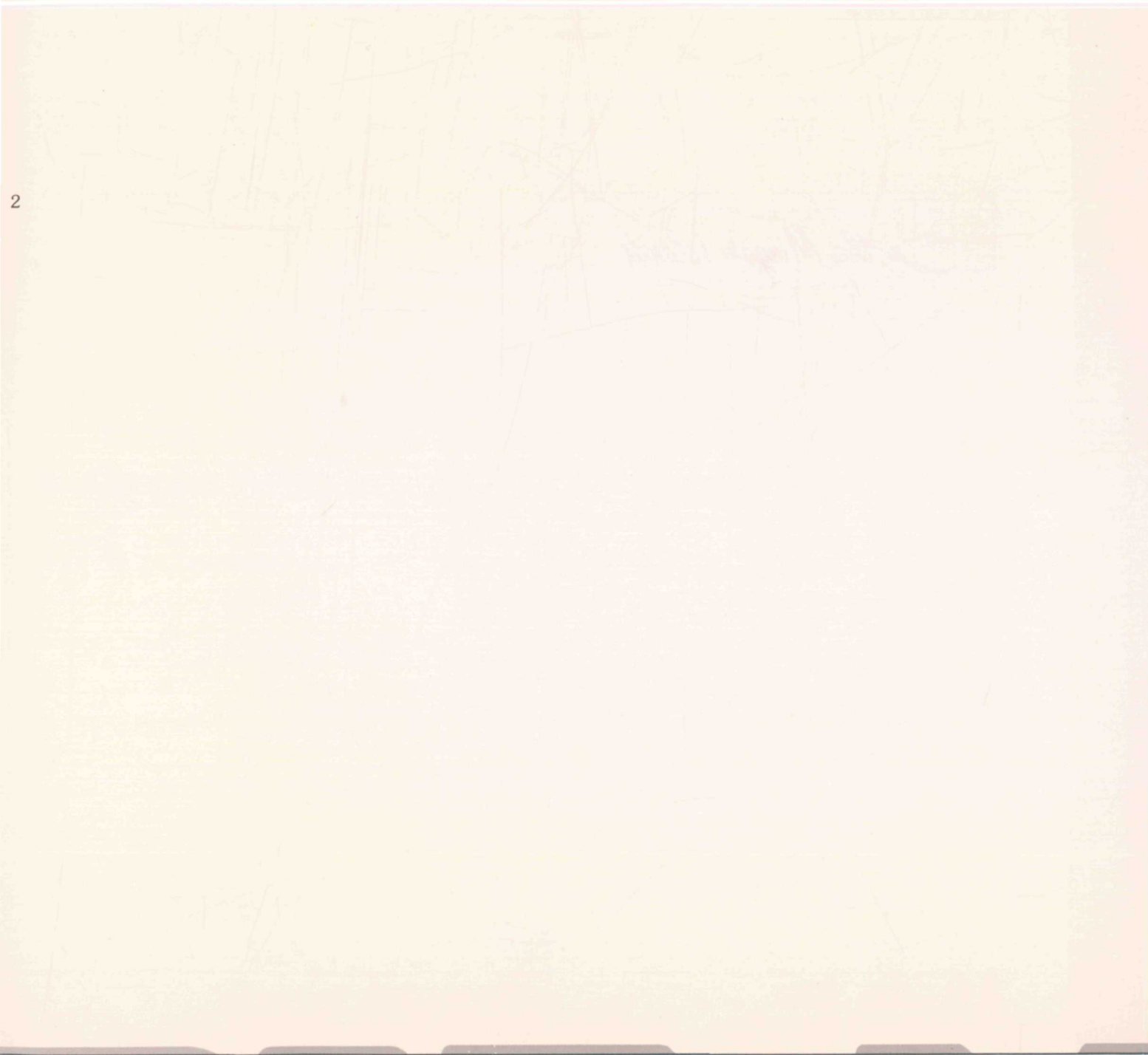


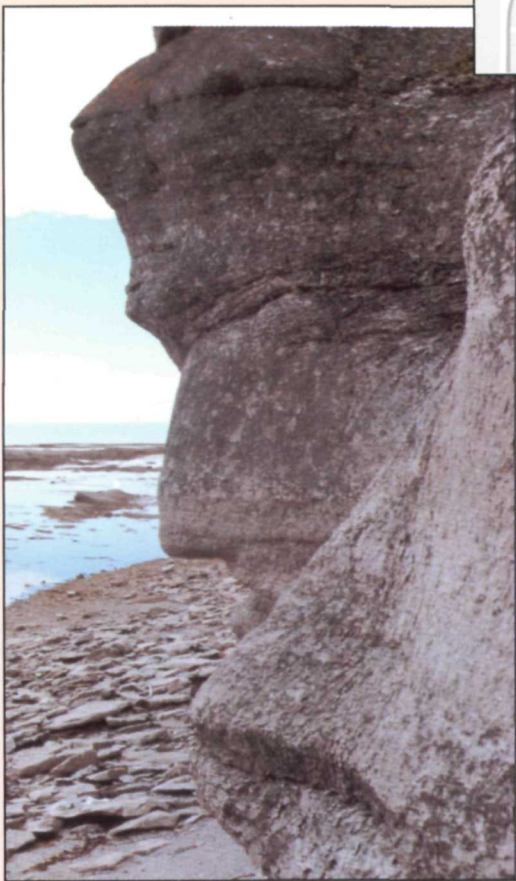
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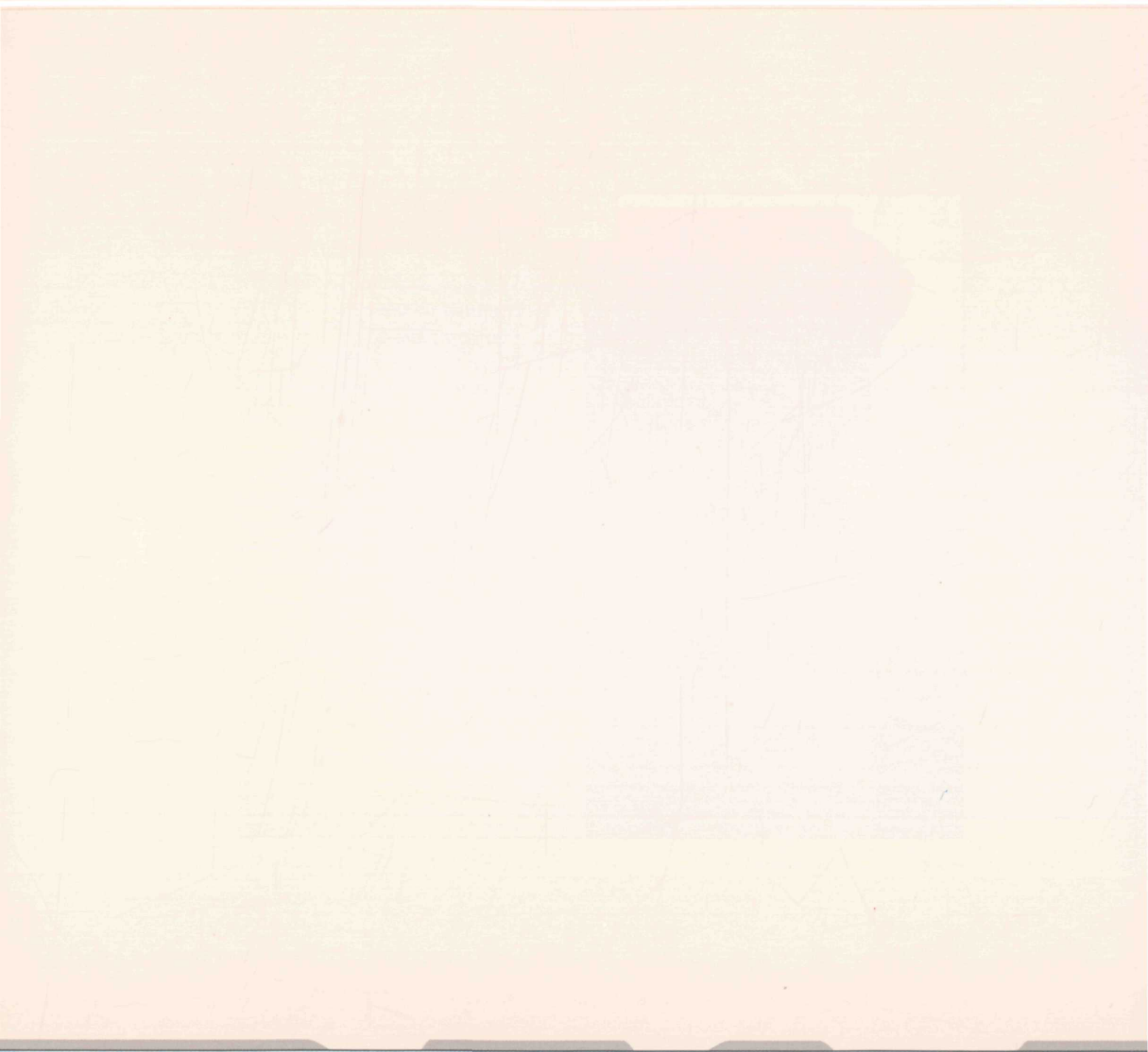




P

rofile

*Buffeted in silence
I contemplate life
Hope to hope leading
At anchor, and at home*



It is in the language of needs, of his life as a fisherman, that Roland Jomphe, the poet of Havre-St-Pierre, presents the Mingan Archipelago. In a confidential tone he recalls for us his innumerable trips through the islands, his discoveries and his sense of wonder. Roland Jomphe shares a vision of nature that is both raw and grandiose: first, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the inland sea that still governs the lives of those living along it; then Havre-St-Pierre, sheltered from the fury of the Gulf; the long apprenticeship by the sea; and the Mingan Islands themselves.

The poet guides us across shoals and reefs and shares with us the reflections that the islands have inspired in him and the messages he receives from them. Each strip of shore, each rock evokes a memory which he converts into hope.

Beyond the sculptures of the sea, Roland Jomphe perceives the apprehensions of the Acadians when, under his pen, the Mingan thistle affirms its uniqueness and makes an appeal for its future. To modern man, faced with the turmoil of life today, he sends from the Mingan Islands the touching invitation to "*breathe on the coast the grandeur of wide spaces*".

As trustee and guardian of the natural beauty of the Mingan Islands, Parks Canada takes special pleasure in contributing to the enrichment of the oral tradition of "Mingan Patch" by sponsoring the publication of this collection of poems by Roland Jomphe, the impassioned bard of the archipelago.

Bernard Maltais
Parks Canada

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n the Mingan Islands



An archipelago of twenty-three large islands and some twenty smaller islands encircling them at various spots in the archipelago. Across from Havre-St-Pierre, the islands are scattered over some fifty miles; they are parallel to the coast and about one mile from land. They look like something that Nature created for her own amusement. Erosion, tide and wind have carved the contours of the shores. . . From them have emerged different shapes of people and animals. There are also beaches, fields, flowers and birds. Coming upon the shores, coves and rocks, you cannot help but admire the powerful Artist who drew upon the patience of the ages to model this region.

At a time when the people around here lived from hunting and fishing, the Mingan Islands were used for many things, depending on the needs of the day. They had no special importance then for visitors or companies.

They remained wild, left in peace. Hardly ever did anyone mention them. . . We lived for many years around these islands, meeting others from the region who plied the same trade as we: fishing and hunting! From Sheldrake to Natashquan, we would meet on fishing boats in the Mingan Islands, in little harbours. . . after spending the day at sea. . . Many a hunting or fishing story was retold during the evenings or on a stormy day in the shelter of these islands. It was there we came to know the people from the Shore; it was there that we met in the evening, on the same shores. . . we would chop wood at the same chopping-blocks, we would draw water from the same streams. We spoke the same language: did you have a good day. . .? What is the weather going to be like tomorrow?

The language of the fisherman, the language of needs, the language of life. . . with so many

words and expressions buried in the silence of the past.

After we had lived through the entire fishing period of the older days, after we had spent many days and seasons around the Mingan Islands. . . these islands spoke to us from their silence. The erosion of nature, the sculptures and the beaches were part of our life.

One day in the autumn of 1948, a company came to where we lived to build everything they needed for mining a hill of titanium that lay behind our village. That was when I realized the salt water in the veins of a fisherman; the fishermen abandoned their time-honoured trade to get on the payroll as day labourers. The young people went to work for the mine; those who were too old stayed on the beach, looking out to sea. . . I saw tears running down the cheeks of these stout-hearted old men, the fishing boat anchored at the boom, its nose dipping into the water,

shifting with the current of the tide, waiting to die on the shores of time.

We must remember,
not speak about it,
especially if the future
here changes everything.

From 1948 on, since the fishermen abandoned their trade of fishing, the Mingan Islands remained quietly in the shadows of life. A few hunters, with the coming of autumn, would go to the islands to set their rabbit snares and hunt duck in the lakes and on the rocky headlands. Having lived around the islands like so many of the old-timers, I kept a rowboat in memory of those days. . . Then, in 1950, I took a job as sacristan at the church; it was then that I began to show to strangers the beauty of the Mingan Islands. Priests, friends of priests, relatives, the clergy of St-Viateur and others could go home

to tell of the wonders they had seen, created by the erosion of nature around our islands.

As time passed, I often received letters with souvenir photos that these people sent me after spending memorable days in the Mingan Islands. One day, I said to myself: Why could I not take the photographs I make possible for them. . .? And after that, I began to take my own pictures. . . I could not have guessed what an important decision this was. In taking these photos, I realized that I would also have to give them names to distinguish or describe them. That is why you find names in accordance with what the rock suggests by its form: The Duck, the Waiting Bear, the Old Soup Cauldron, the Table, the Wolf and the Lamb. . . and all the others that you discover in passing by the shores and in thinking about the resemblance to birds and

animals that these eroded forms call to mind. The first time that I stopped to look at these rocks, I was only five years old. I remember that my father held me by the hand, saying, Come and see these fine-looking women over here! We called that place the Old Women's Cove. . . Many times afterwards I would go to these islands with my father and my uncle Joseph. We lived by the ancient trade of the fisherman around these islands. . . I have continued through the years to make it possible for priests and other visitors to see all the wonders that the islands have revealed to us.

Roland Jomphe
Havre-St-Pierre
April 1984

From what science and nature tell us, the Mingan Islands emerged from the sea, they come from the Gulf; the salt water surrounding the islands is the Gulf.

Down through the entire history of the Earth, across the thousands and thousands of years of the Earth and this country, what are we to think of all that . . . ?

One day, sitting beside the water, looking out at the Gulf before us, I asked: And you, what do you think, majestic St. Lawrence, in your silence and your grandeur, what have you to say about all this? The sea, the ocean, the water that has given life to all nature since the world came to be, where do you come from, the river that flows into the Gulf to join all the oceans of the globe? I thought I heard this: That is the history of the world, and the Gulf replied:







Words of the Gulf

*In the Great Lakes or in the River itself
I am a drop along with others with so many others
I am the river following the Gulf the immensity
I am the sea or the ocean just like the others*

*I fell with the snow with the rain
In the seasons of my land or of the Earth
In subsiding the vast nothingness of my idea
I do not know I am not seen in the atmosphere*

*I am salt and sweet water mixed throughout
I am life with death in my spirit
I am strength and vigour with the overflow
Like a rage and power in the night*

*I am union and discord in life
On a road that is made or remade
In the dreams of friends I am nostalgia
In a springtime that is born or reborn*

*Ever since man has looked to science
For all his dams to create energy for heat
I have been forgotten or polluted in existence
Along with the rain that falls from above*

*I am the river or rather the gulf of a land
Along the course of the planet's nations
Through the efforts or errors of our countries
I am the life or rather the death of a planet*

"All of the Mingan Islands are beautiful but each of them also has its own special form or function". Some represent highly significant geological formations, depending on how science or the visitor wishes to view them; others are there, representing another type of needs. If we are to speak of île du Havre, it does not have exactly the same attraction as do the others; its erosional features are not nearly as beautiful as those of the other islands. Yet again, it has its history

as the main island of the archipelago for those who have lived in the village since our forefathers arrived at our point of land, sailing from the Magdalen Islands. This is the île du Havre that allowed the newcomers to settle on the sandy point where we live today and gave us the fine village of Havre-St-Pierre.





le du Havre



*You are shelter for our values
As through life we travel,
Shelter of our labours
In the season of survival.*

*The islanders' sea
With your fine port you divide,
Unite soul and iron
As our efforts you guide.*

*Your shores and your branches
Seen over swirling waters and foam,
Amid islands and boats
You're the haven we call home.*

*As we look to tomorrow
You preserve by-gone ways
By turning our thoughts
To all our yesterdays.*



Mingan Islands

17

*Without you, in my village
There'd be no port to draw us;
In the tide, in the wind
There'd be no centre for us.*

*The ways of our ancestors
You have kept alive within us
For the ways of the Acadians
You have kept love within us.*

*In erosion and silence
Isles of dreams or of substance
Along the course of existence
In the Creator's designs*

*They were born of the sea shadows
Many centuries ago
Like winter's odd phantoms
Bearing the imprint of changes slow*

*In the beauty and nature
Of the St. Lawrence North Shore
With their scenery and sculpture
They rise gently from the Gulf floor*

*Between Quebec and the Ocean
North of Anticosti Isle
Our own, the Mingan Islands
Watch infinite seasons pass by*



The University of the Deep Seas

The University of the Deep Seas

To the south: Anticosti, the Gaspé

To the north: the North Shore, the Mingan Islands

To the east: Newfoundland, the Ocean

To the west: Quebec, the Province, our Homeland

Above, no cover

No ceiling but nature

Space, height, infinity

Lighting

Night, stars, moon

The light of the entire world

To the lapping of the waves, the seconds

No windows, no curtains,

No window frame, no bars,

No walls; the horizon, the mirage,

The fog, the clouds, the open seas

One storey only, no stairs

Everybody on the same floor

The Mingan Islands arose from the sea, and so they are called daughters of the sea; they surely have salt water in their veins. The water encircling them is the water of the sea, the water of the Gulf: salt water.

The Mingan Islands are the markers of the high seas; they are part of the sea's décor, they are part of the life that we have lived.

On the nautical charts that we used in the fishing season, you could see the islands with their names written in English; there too we found the name Mingan Patch; it was there that we learned our lessons in the school of life, in the classroom of the open water: the university of the deep seas.

In the basement

A great museum,
The Museum of the Tides:
Whales, halibut,
Cod, herring

All kinds of life
It is spacious, it is moving
It is deep, it is alive

These are the classrooms
The gallery of life
The universe of the deep seas

Lessons

They begin at daybreak
Following the shore, skirting
rocks, every day

In the open seas of morning
Each had his spot in the room
In the open seas of night
Each with his dream in his heart

Teacher

Always the same: the Eternal
Life, truth, reality

He who was
He who is and ever shall be
He who looks, listens and waits
Life, nature, sea,
Sky, the air of all time,
Thoughts, days,
Thousands of years

In the silence of the depths,
Having known many old-timers
Between shore and shoal
In the hopes of the Acadians

In the memory of the swell
With the razorbills and seagulls
The time passes or, rather, flows
Like eddies in a current

In the rolling of the tide
A sound of oars or pulley
With dream or thought
The memories or the
forgotten moments

In the mirage of the open seas
A full life is in the sea
It is the existence of a village
On its hope's course

As in a children's school
You have marked the days
of summer
Free to listen to the wisdom
Of the universe

To visit all the Mingan islands, you would have to spend several days.

The few photos you will see in this book are meant to give you an idea of the beauty of these islands; the photographs were taken simply by an old cod fisherman; they are pictures seen by everyday eyes, eyes tired by salt water, in the fishing season, in the hunting season or in a shelter, in the islands, waiting for the weather to change. . .

I pay homage to the Creator who gave us this wonderful nature, I pray that it will be protected and understood; I hope that those who come to see us can both admire and understand the value of this region and all the importance that should be attached to it.



les du Sanctuaire

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*Strolling the shores of the island
Under a warm May sun,
Along the shoreline quiet
When I chance this way to come*

*Gulls of all shapes and sizes,
Terns and so many more,
Parrots and murrens overhead
Swoop to their nests by the shore.*

*It's a scene of nests and of life
Once more in thought or memory,
With cries of survival in the air
Of the birds in this sanctuary free.*

*Now, when the hint of a breeze
Tells of the season at hand,
All forms of life grow so proudly
At the edge of the beach's
dry land.*

*All the sparrows and then
all the larks,
The swallows and sandpipers as one
From the edge of the water
to the spruces*

*Staying awhile or stopping over
From sunset to a new day,
A season is stirring to life
In the tide and in the garden
in May.*

*In seaweed or in the wrack hidden
A short way above the tide line,
Surrounded by the seasons
and erosion,
With grasses and woodlot behind,*

*As nature again wakes to life
With the eider at first light of dawn
Following the course of our
homeland
In morning or when day is done,*

*Thus nature slowly revives
To follow the destiny time brings,
And all life around us joins in
In the hopes of a warm day
in spring.*

*Are seagulls with silvery wings —
Hundreds of birds you can see,
Making their nests in the open
On logs, in the brush,
near the trees.*

*The immensity and the great
beauty
We see in these islands of ours
Whether in springtime or summer
Reflected in swirling Gulf waters,*

*In silence or in words of grandeur;
At the moment when life's
at its peak
On Ile aux Calculots and around it,
Of the ways of the Creator all
nature speaks.*



The Gates of Time

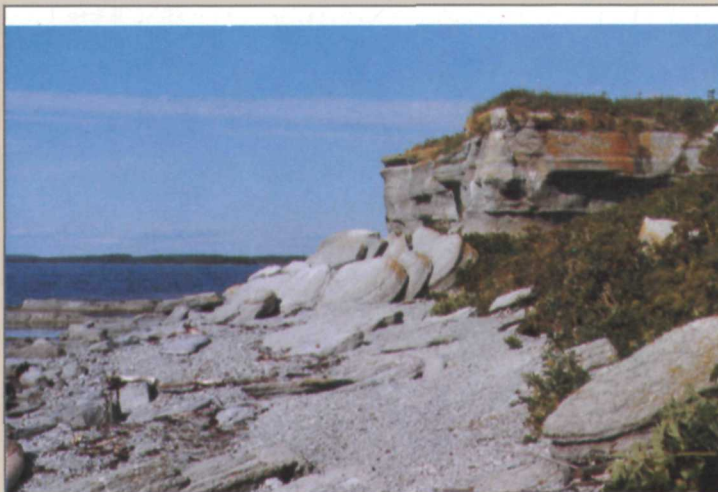


*At the gates of time
Memory calls me to follow
I listen to the spring
Watch the flight of the swallow*

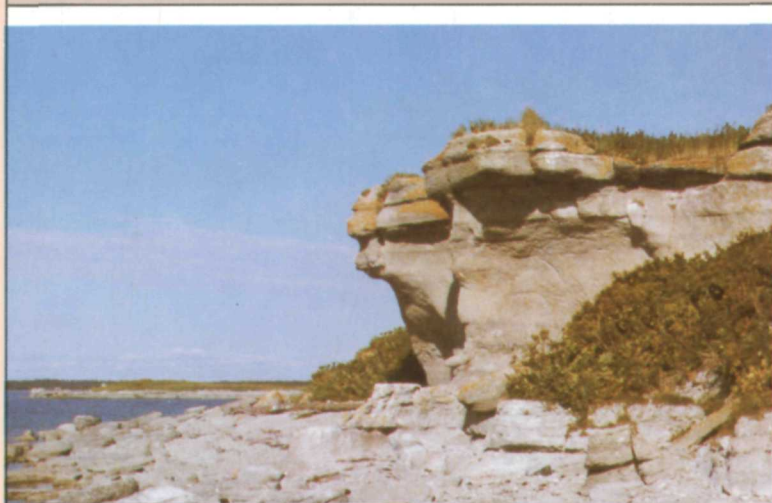


he Plates

*In spring or in autumn
To the infinite horizon
Love hums or shivers
With the change of the season*



The Cat's Head



*In the ledger of the seasons
All destiny is cast
For life and all comers
Of the universe free and vast*



he Full Dome

Laboratory of nature
Curiosity of our shores
With flowers and sculpture
You grace our outdoors



he Fallen Dome

With ice and tide
Time overcame stone
With patience and centuries
Leaving traces alone



↑
Ile St-Charles

In tune with life and their craft,
'Round the dip at the back of the cove,
Old fishermen at home with nature
Of the weather and their experience tales wove.

At the heart of the island, at the salt lake,
In woodland and in the long grass
The seasons came and went, each with its changes
And present turned slowly to past.

On the sandbank or the beach at low tide
With shovel and clam pail in hand,
Hard at work while the tide was still out,
We'd dig the shells from the cold, wet sand.

Across from the cape, along the shore
You could fish for squid at St-Charles
While sailing along the North Coast
With lines or net trailing far.

The island of St-Charles, isle of history:
When once this era is ended
These days will remain always with us
Like a half-dreamed life remembered.

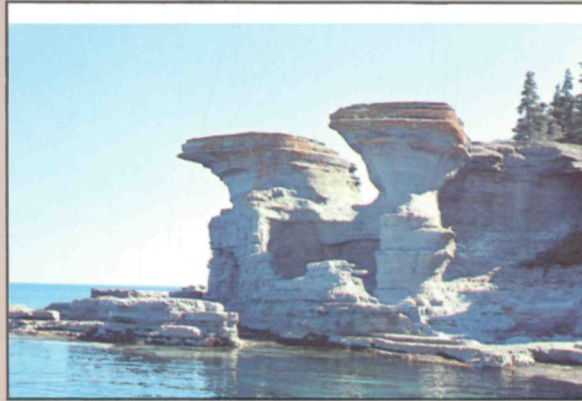
Cap Saint-Charles

In this little spot
Near the St. Lawrence
Dreams and friends
Quietly pass by



The Pillars of the False Pass

In the dying stillness of evening
The tide of life ebbs away
And the soul of time settles down
On the edge of the sleeping bay



↑
Iles à Marteaux

When you approach or leave the village you see two lovely islands. Petite Île à Marteau is also the lighthouse island: a lighthouse was built there in 1914 and was lit for the first time on August 11, 1915. A very pretty island called Grande Île à Marteau is right next to the smaller island, just as you approach or leave port. It is there that the old schooners used to winter over, waiting for the seal hunt on the icefields of the Gulf; it is there, too, that fishing boats of today tie up on

summer nights so as to be able to head out to sea in the morning, close to the deep water, where their day's work awaits them.



le de la lumière

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Petite Marteau

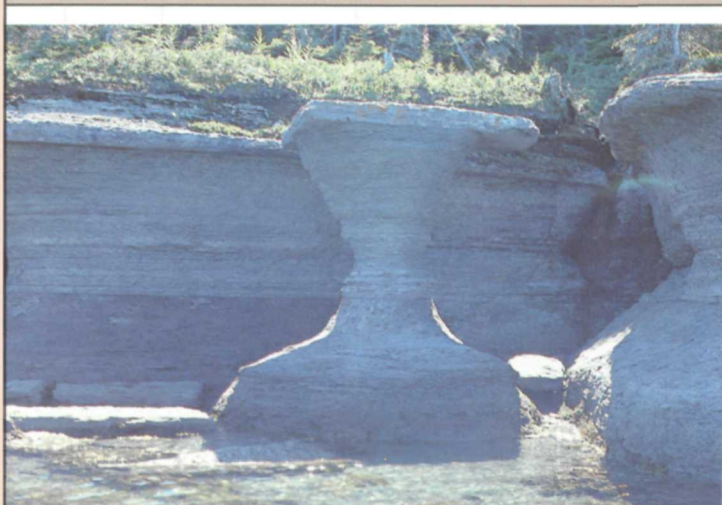
*Overlooking the village,
You're called "little Marteau",
You remind us of the courage
Of settler-sailors long ago.*

*You are the tiller separating
The strong swell from the port,
You're the tiller channelling
The open seas about the port.*

*In your shelter, truly grateful,
We've known happy days;
Old fishermen have watched there
The pale light and foggy haze.*

*Passing by often,
Your changes we see
And gaze upon your scenery
As we approach or leave.*





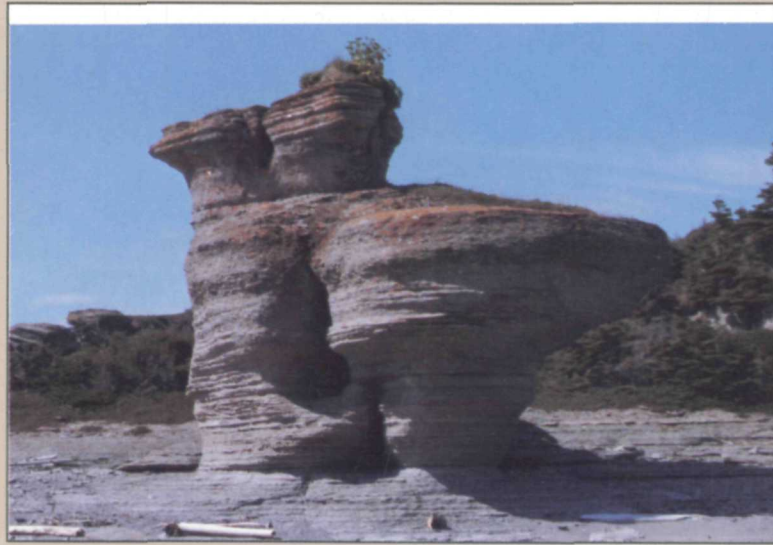
The Chalice

*On the altars I am prayer
Like the goblet of wine
I am rock and limestone
Unchanging as my destiny.*



The Hen

*Seeing the birds of the seashore
Wander in the foam's churning
I think back to the green of the steeple
And of the weathervane turning.*





↑
le aux Goélands

You're named after seagulls
That flock 'round your shores
Waking memories of the tackle
And the needs of days of yore.

While the birds and sea urchins
Are your sea bank's wild creatures,
In the sculptures of your design
We distinguish your features.

The many trilobites embedded
In your rock tell your age;
In the fossils of the years
We retrace every stage.



he Pottery

*From the pottery on this bank
With the artist or craftsman
Comes a memory of the middle ages
Between shoreline and ocean*





Gastropod



*You lived in this region
As a slug or a snail
Buried in our erosions
We see your outline frail*



Cephalopod

*Imprisoned in the limestone
Remains of octopus or squid
In the rock or in a pond
All Earth's history is hid*



↑
Ile du Fantôme

Ile du Fantôme, isle of the phantom,
Taking your name from a ship wrecked nearby
Over on the Cape, or from the formation
A strange and phantom-like form implies.

So with the weather, the years and their
changes.

Seasons passing, one by one,
Your worn face now bears the markings of time,
The tideline's endless work redone.

Strange curiosity rising from the coast,
Venerable phantom, years in the making,
Shaped by erosion, a scenery of sculpture
Towering over the waves at your base breaking.

It was by chance or it was by nature
You were once formed many centuries ago,
Carving the traits of your ancient features
In years gone by, with changes so slow.

Gradually eroding your traits from hard rock,
Creating your sculpted appearance so odd,
Imagine the snow, the sleet and the rain
Fallen through the ages on your summit proud.

Old-timers, how many of them did you know!
Year in, year out, fine weather and storm;
All the boats passing that you have seen
Moored in your shadow, in your waters roam.

Many good fishermen, all our grandfathers
Out in their boats would drift by your rock,
With our fathers or with our brothers,
Your name's often mentioned in
day-to-day talk.

You give much pleasure to all who behold you,
Smiles come to those who look upon your face;
Yet in your tomorrows, say echoes of the future
You will have lost, or changed, your appearance.

So in our hearts there is a sorrow
Knowing that you will soon be gone;
One thing, though, now we know is certain:
Change does not mean your life is done.

Phantom so lovely, you can do nothing
All that you have is your existence continuing
One day at a time, much like the dome
That in the past fell into ruin.

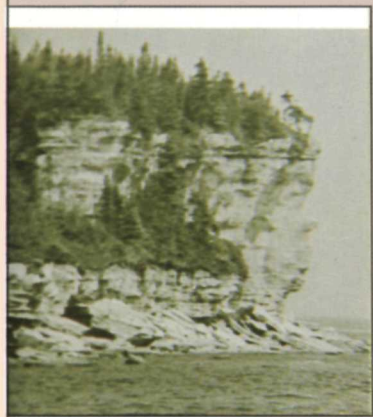
As time passes, so with our old men,
Those who have known you in this form,
They, too, will pass on from our ken,
Slip to the depths of seas unknown.

Those who have then not yet been born
Later will ask you about your name —
Why were you named the Phantom Island,
What ancient phantom of fate is your fame?

There was a shipwreck once of a boat
Run dead aground upon your shores
From your rock sculpture or from the vessel
Comes the heritage you leave for us.

Sailing all around, following your coast
No more shall we ever see you there
So in the future, of your beautiful face
Even we, too, shall be unaware.

Telling you now the regret that I feel,
Nature most beautiful yet also so hard,
There's no reversing life's destined course;
For all our regrets, how dear you are.




e cap du fantôme

*During the last week of November 1963
the profile crumbled, the nose fell off*



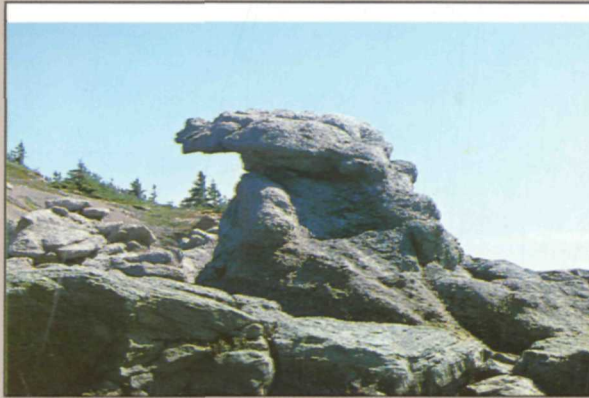
he Chinaman


*In the morning and freshness
With light or with fog
Each carries in his heart
A touch of mystery or love*



he Grandfather

*How much time, how many seasons
Have left their imprint on our beaches
As much time as there are seasons
In the erosion within the waves' reaches*





le de Niapisca

In the seascape of the years
In the windings of remembrance
With the hope of each new day
In the best times of our existence

With the first wave of the morning
We set sail for youth's horizon
To our destiny in the distance
With a guiding sail of wisdom

On the weather-beaten rocks
Small joys in the outdoors free
Time dreams at the water's edge
And the day goes peacefully

Having lunch on the pebbly beach
At an erosion-sculpted table
On an outing or a course
In the horizon's lessons cradled

And when the day, too soon, does end
Our thoughts must turn to getting under way
Niapisca then invites us all
To return again another day

To time's corner in this setting
As in a dew drop caught
On the boat or on the shore
Hidden in a drop of thought



he Caveman

41



*While the years made our region
Following a decree signed by nature
The islands rose up around the erosion
Like true phantoms, in their wonderful sculpture*



he Niapisca Columns

*In the depths of the horizons
The memory roams free
With the echo of our seasons
On a course of wonder at sea*



o the Sea's Décor


*In the language of life
From the past's silence hinted
Is it love or some longing
That destiny imprinted*





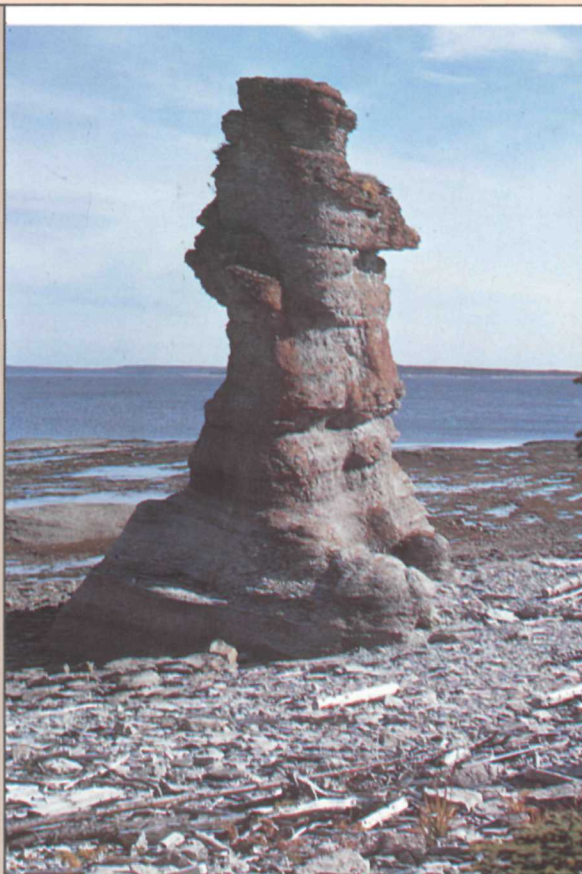
The Lady of Niapisca

*Echo of open seas or of life
In patience or a mirage
Love for the Mingan Islands I feel
As I recall still another page*



The Gentleman of Niapisca

*Keeping watch on the weather
At the helm of day's unfolding
Life and springtime approaching
Once again, the return of love*





he Seal

*With the waves of winter
Pounding shore and channel
The swell rolls in at evening
In life's daily pattern*



Layers of Limestone

*With the tree rings in the logs
And the lines in the stone
Mother Nature keeps account
Of how the Earth has grown*



↑
Ile de Quarry

At the edge of the St. Lawrence waters
Ile de Quarry or isle of the quarry
In the erosion or in the wind
Near the shoreline or the tree clearing

In the erosion of nature we see
The flowerpots or the pierced rock
In the monolith, home of the sculpture
On a shoreline turning back nature's clock

In following where destiny leads
On a course from one day to the next
Toward the real or the uncertain
In mirage or on the tide's crest

When sailing along in the morning
Accompanied by the dreams today met
That are born of the ideas or years
Of a season we never forget

A friend or a wave or two
Are wandering the edge of the ocean
Just as a passing thought
Will stir a smile, or some sudden emotion

When out in a day of freedom
The spirit soars, following the current
The depth of the water, the immensity —
Around the world in a corner of the
St. Lawrence



Quarry's Percé Rock

*Oh, how the swell comes from afar,
Along life's shorebanks rolling
By nature or destiny, following on
The course of our homeland's calling*





The Mirage

*The day wears on, time slips by
As with life, as with hope
And in the evening, with our dreams,
In a mirage frail we float*



he Recluse

*In the triangle of life
Looking a distance out to sea
A great survival artist
In thought or destiny*





he Flowerpot

*The centuries and seasons
A whole history create
Between sea and horizon
A whole life is shaped*



Looking to the Horizon

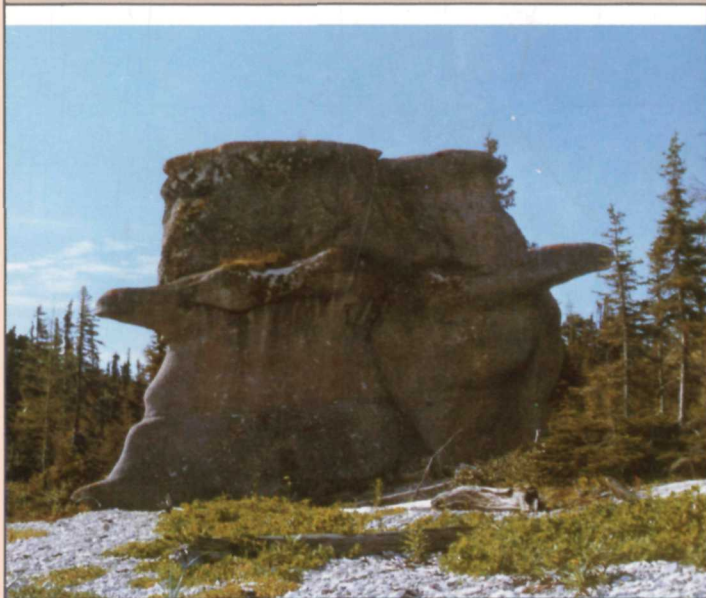
*Looking at the day
At noon-time beaches
Listening for the love
From infinity's reaches*



La Grande île

The largest of the islands of the Mingan Archipelago was called Dead Frenchman's Island because an old Frenchman who lived here suddenly died while out for a walk on the island. This island is very beautiful; it has fine lakes and very beautiful monoliths of erosion; in the east, southeast and southwest parts, the beaches are lovely and very easy to walk on. It is good to breathe the fresh air, looking around at all that Mother Nature left here. We have spent

many days and evenings waiting for the wind to fall or for the fog to lift, before going back to our spots on the grand banks of Mingan Patch.



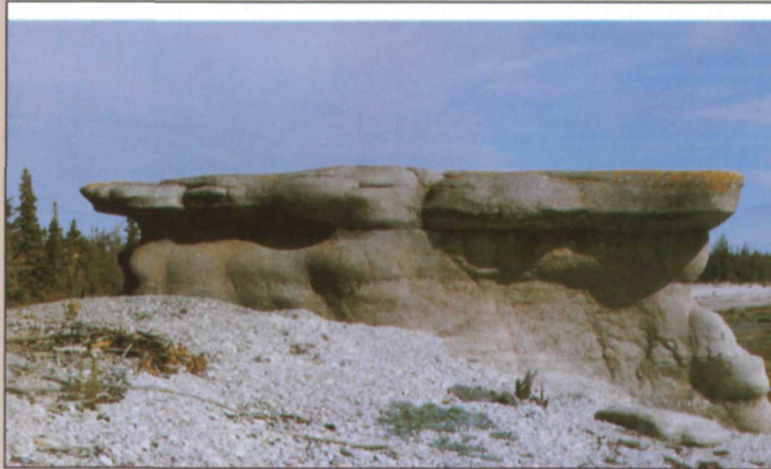
The Old Cauldron

*With the evening a page is turned
Around the weather or the seasons
Listening to memory or a mirage
In the glow of our minds' reasons*



he Table

*Returning from open seas
Following the morning's course
Viewing the décor of the beach
As we pass the nearby shores*





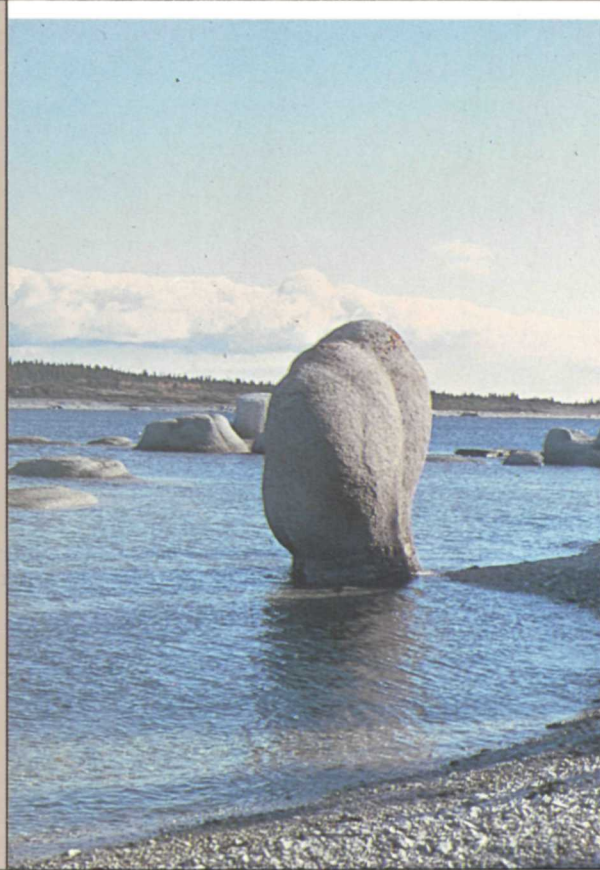
The Waiting Bear

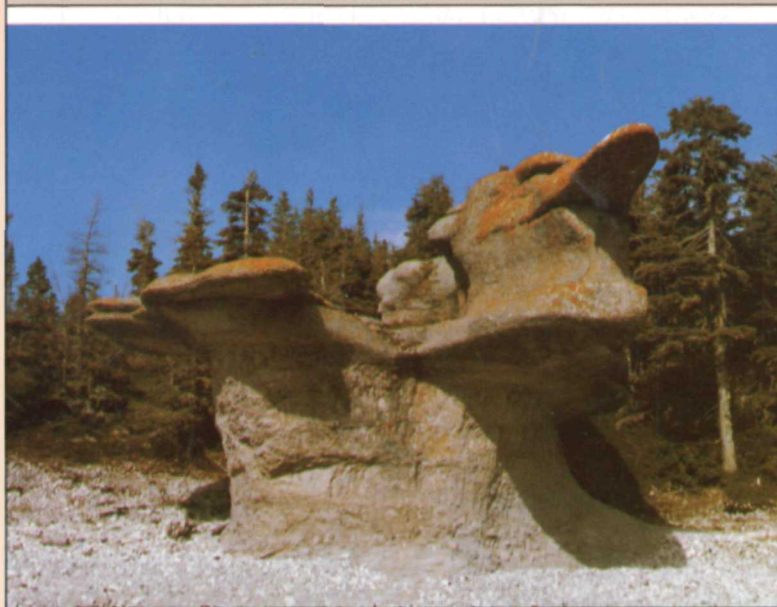
*For a long time here I've waited
Seen the wind and felt tides' spray
In the murmur that I hear
Are waves of open seas or days*



he Elephant

*In the desert of our seasons
One day flows into another
Following the course of the erosions
One idea flows into another*





The Duck

*Along the edge of the sea
Obeying nature, its lessons
In summer or in winter
Through tens of thousands of seasons*



he Turtle

*Gently, slowly time disappears
In the wake of life
Silently time disappears
In the hope of life*





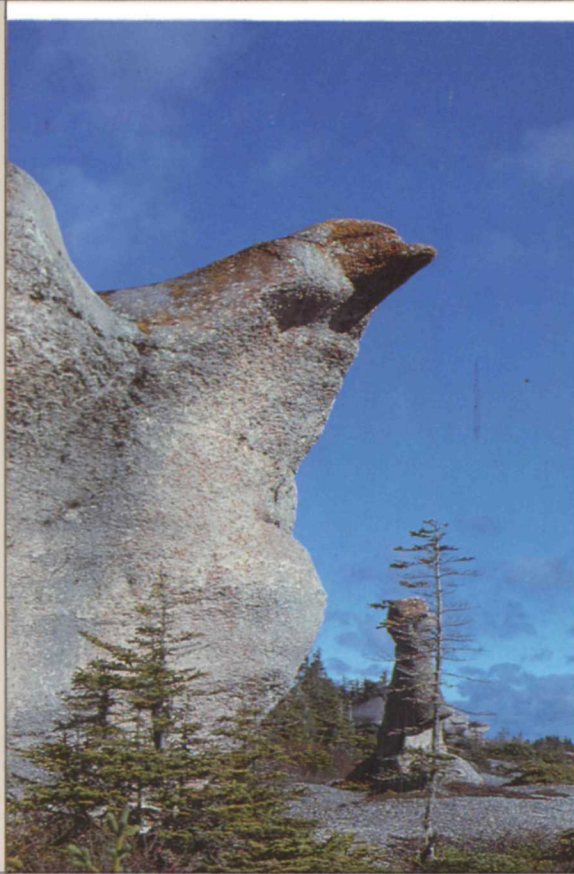
he Bird in the Nest

*Between love and value
With wood and salt water
Between cold and warmth
In the spirit of the tide waters*



he Eagle

*Between space and the infinite
In the sky or the valley
We ponder the finite
In the season of a thought*





The Old Tomcat

*As the coastline's seen as a mirage
Of a morning or an evening
All the life of these surroundings
Is in hope's mirage unfolding*



The Lamb and the Wolf

65

*At dawn or at night
And in the tide's run
Life is reflected
As is each new day begun*



Murmurs from the Shore

When our forefathers settled here
They came in with the tidewater clear
All the olden days 'round these islands
Can be seen on the shores of the years

Nature and her lessons guide us
As we study the changing skies
Reflective or emotional in mood
As autumn and spring arrive

In the morning or in the evening
Listening through the seascape blotted
Contemplating many hopes
With the swell of the open water

In the current or the season
Our spirit with the foggy sea blended
Squinting at the line on the horizon
The challenge of a long day near ended

So the stars begin to fade
As the light of dawn appears
The boat that is leaning under its sails
Far away on its course disappears

Rolling on the waves of time
A haven of hope or good fortune
How much longer will time have
To keep life's forces in proportion

Through openings in space itself
So many friends have departed
On a course ahead of us still
To waters yet uncharted

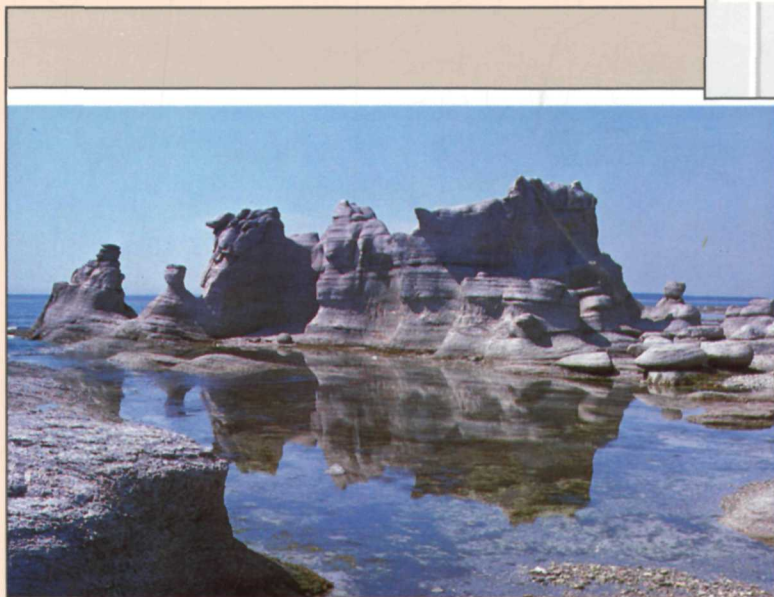


Murmurs from the Shore

67



*Following the course of the tide
Where it leads 'round the corner of the cove
Each has his own ideas
Adrift between echo and hope*



he Old Castle,

*While the rigours of time have softened the seasons
Listening to life's story in the murmuring waves
Men and the castles have conquered the regions
Bringing their value on the backs of the waves*



The Thistle of Mingan Patch

*I live in the region
Am of the thistle family
Like a flower or a friend
I must be conserved
I live only in the Mingan Islands
I must be protected*



A fter many centuries of erosion and silence,
the Mingan Islands will tell all the world
a tale printed in the rocks of its beaches.
Until then, much water
will run under the bridges of the rivers
listening daily to the hope of yesteryear. . .
and hoping that, later and further ahead,
its friends
can contemplate with joy and love the beauty of this area,
and on the coast breathe
the grandeur of space.



he Boot

*After my tired legs
Have walked my whole
 life through
Remember thoughts of me
O friend of the Mingans true*

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