

LOVE FUNERAL

Sometime in 2021, I created a website to pay tribute to my Mother, Antonine Bédard, and my Father, Gérard Parent.

ANTONINE187.COM

For several reasons, or so I claim, reasons which I do not feel it is relevant to detail here, for several reasons, I decided that, unlike all my other sites, this one would be in French only.

The site features many photos and several scripts revolving around my mother's **funeral**. There's one I like more than all the others. Its title is «**LOVE**».

In these troubled times, one could hardly count the « savant teachings » of the enormous clique of scientific prophets and others from all walks of life who make a career out of the «EVERYTHING IS GREAT » mentality. Being a prophet these days, a high-profile prophet, whether on the «S*ITTY FLY » side or otherwise, pays off (\$\$\$\$). And it has become so frequent, so commonplace, that I felt the relevance to invent a word to describe it:

U-N-P-R-O-V-A-B-L-E-I-S-M

— — «TIME DOES NOT EXIST», «AN EXOPLANET 28 LIGHT-YEARS AWAY», «MIND-BLOWING DISCOVERY IN THEORETICAL PHYSICS», «WHAT IF THERE WERE NO BEGINNING», «REALITY DOES NOT EXIST », «WHAT WILL THE EARTH BE LIKE IN 250 MILLION YEARS», «AND WHAT ABOUT BEFORE THE BIG BANG?» — —

and I must confess that the musician in me has a weakness, a big weakness for

«THE UNDISPUTED PROOF THAT **THE PRESENT DOES NOT EXIST**



So, faced with so much dazzling, overwhelming, chloroforming, homogenizing, and distracting knowledge, I thought to myself, especially thinking of young **LOVERS** everywhere, that a small testament of genuine **LOVE**, that of my parents, might perhaps spread a little balm everywhere, given that

SINGING, I'm thinking here of my mother's favorite song, she was a singer, and my father's favorite song, he played Hawaiian guitar, namely

« **PARLEZ-MOI D'AMOUR** »

and also given that

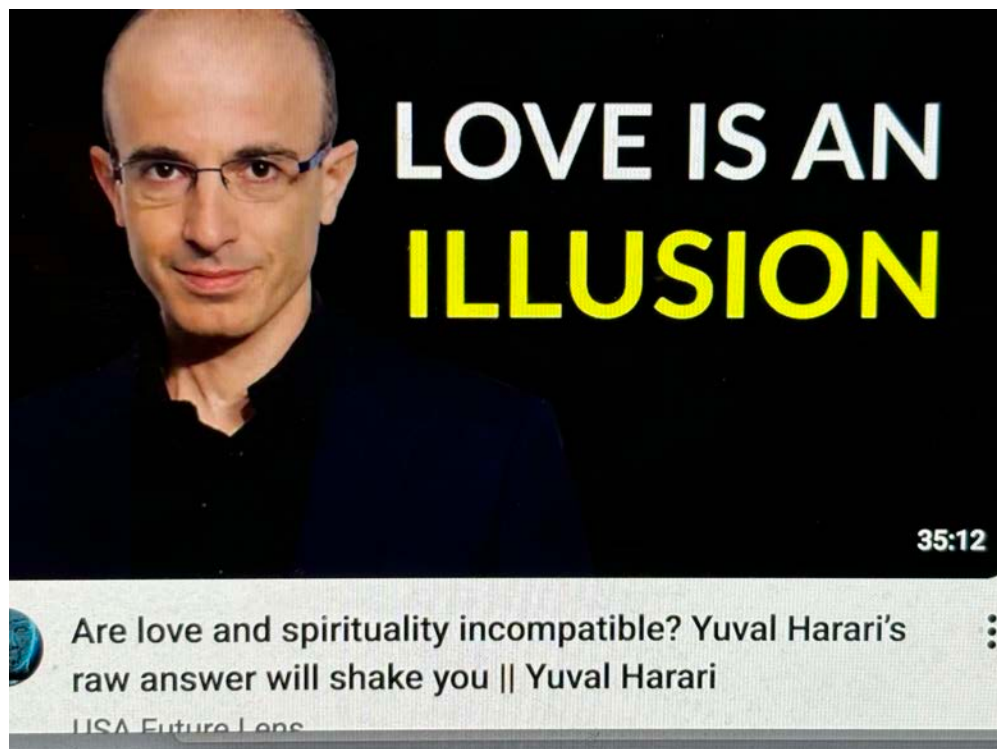
SINGING, It's like spreading balm.

SINGING, It's the first physiological signature of the human species.

SINGING, It's the best way to demonstrate one's freedom.

Having heard all this, I thought that proposing an English version could probably make sense.

Then, a simple **?coincidence?** probably, a monumental piece of nonsense found on YouTube became the trigger signal:



How can someone be so stupid and narcissistic at the same time?

In any case, here is the announced English translation.



Funeral

This shows how the death of a **LOVED** one can become a launch ramp. This shows how **GRIEF** can become a landmark, even a safe, lasting, enlightening and enriching refuge. This shows how a **LOVED** one, whom we have **LOST** can become a guide. This shows how all the vital forces of life are nourished by **LOVE**.

My mother died on March 2, 2011. She was 93 years old. The day before, if he had still been here, my father would have been 98 years old, and I have no doubt that, "Cheek to cheek," as the song says, she and he would have danced to their favorite song:

LE TEMPS D'AIMER

Have you taken the time to love,
the time to laugh and sing
along the fragrant paths?
Have you taken the time in the bushes
to listen to the song
of the nightingale and the chaffinch?
Darling, I love you.
It's a poem .
Always the same
Eternal refrain.

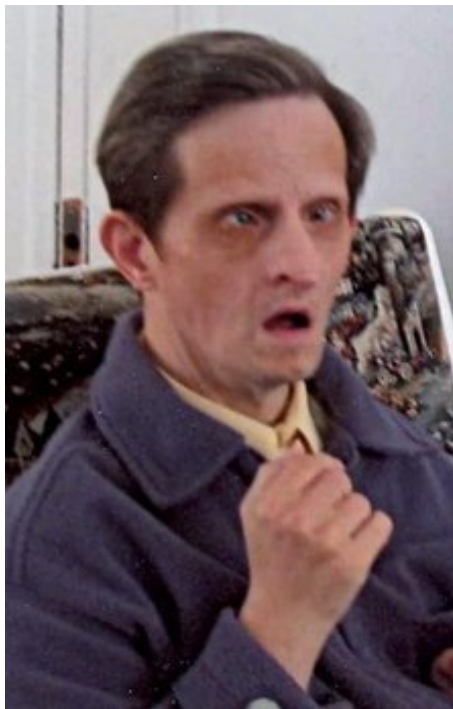
Jean Valenti - Léon Raiter 1950 - - - - Anny Flore (1952), Georgette Plana (1968)

On March 3, I was contacted, as were my two sisters and my two brothers, by the Fabrique de CharlesBourg, the organization to which the Church of the Parish of St-Charles Borromée legally belongs, the one where I was an altar server for five years (primary school).

Why were we contacted? The Parish Priest, Mr. Daniel Gauvreau, wanted to meet with us in order to better prepare his Homily for the Funeral Ceremony on March 7th.

My sister Jolène, who worked in Montreal, wasn't at the meeting. However, she was there from the 5th onwards for the viewing at the funeral home. My other sister, Ginette, wasn't there either. She had to take care, full-time, of my brother Pierre, also known as Pierrot, who has Down syndrome.

ABY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON, PIERROT ANSWERED
(the very first audio recording in history, in 1860)



Pierre Parent - September 1 1954 / October 7 2010

The meeting, which was supposed to last an hour, didn't even last ten minutes.

Before getting to that, given what was said there, given how it happened, I must first clarify a point whose importance will become clear a little later. Here it is.

My parents married in 1938 and my father died in 1985. Their exceptionally harmonious love story thus lasted 47 years. "47," the 15th Prime Number.

I was born in 1945. Assuming that what I'm about to say about my parents dates back to when I was, say, three years old (1948), that means that, on this March 3, 2011, I was able to testify for a period of approximately 37 years (from 1985 to 1948). For my brother Gaétan, the period was longer, and for Michel, the eldest in the family, even longer.

The priest had prepared several questions, as was easily seen on his small, pale yellow square of paper. But, strangely and beautifully, he only asked one. Here it is!

Having been informed that my father had died 26 years earlier, the priest wanted to hear about the relationship that my Mother ANTONINE BÉDARD and my Father GÉRARD PARENT had maintained, let's say on a daily basis.



Oddly enough, and I say this because I wasn't used to speaking for my brothers, oddly enough, I immediately took the floor. Here's roughly, so certainly not a word-for-word transcript, what I replied:

« For one thing, I can say that, throughout my entire life, I have never, and when I say never, I mean never, have I never seen or heard, not once, I

insist, not once, not even remotely, have I ever heard my Mother and Father argue. Not once. Never! ».

The priest looked at my brothers. They approved without reservation, and not only without reservation, but also, it was obvious, proud, happy, and also relieved that I had managed to summarize what was also completely obvious to them.

Since everyone agreed, I didn't give the priest time to ask another question. I immediately added, *"My parents never, ever hit me, not once."* Gaétan said, *"Not once! Never!"* Michel: *"Not once! Never!"*

Then I said, "I have nothing more to say." Michel said, "There's nothing more to say." Gaétan: "Everything has been said, and said well."

We looked at each other. We chuckled to ourselves, happy to see that our brotherly bond remained intact.

So, quite naturally, pleased as we were with the brevity of the "interrogation," without having planned anything in advance — — improvisation is the highest and noblest musical form there is — — the three of us suddenly, in a sort of gestural synchronization that came from who knows where, a theatrical synchronization that we wanted the Priest to see, and he quickly understood, it was a handshake once, a handshake twice, a handshake three times and bye bye the company.

ANTONINE BÉDARD

At the Saint-Jean-Eudes Residential and Long-Term Care Centre, on March 2, 2011, at the age of 93, Mrs. Antonine Bédard, wife of the late Mr. Gérard Parent, passed away. She resided in Quebec City. She leaves to mourn her children: Michel Parent (Maurice Morand), Gaétan Parent (Aline Rochette), Ginette Parent, Nil Parent (Andrée Langlois, former spouse) and

Jolène Parent; her grandchildren: Marc, Stéphane, Hugue, Aude, Elsa, Charles (1979-2007), Carl-Olivier and Anthony; and her great-grandchildren: Véronique and Geneviève.

ADDENDUM

LOVE IS IMPRISONING!

BORIS CYRULNIK

What you just read, I posted on antonine187.com on October 24, 2025, October 24 being the official date of the creation of the United Nations in 1945. Now, three days later, on YouTube—simple coincidence or perhaps a phenomenon of synchronicity, who knows—I find an infamous statement from none other than the highly celebrated Boris Cyrulnik, ethologist*, neurologist, and psychiatrist. No less!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RqkhUt5GSzY&t=98s>



LOVE IS IMPRISONING!

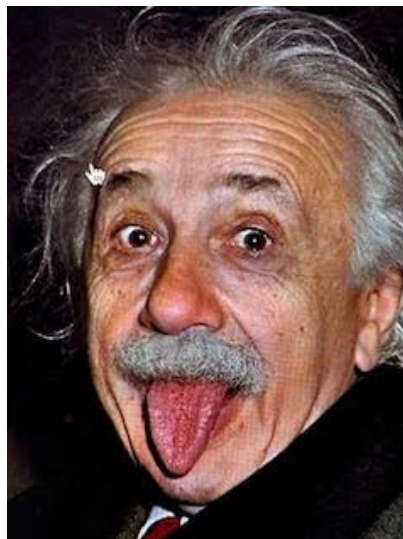
In light of what I just said about my parents, it's easy to understand why I find this peremptory and despicable statement absolutely revolting, disgusting, stupid, and so completely out of touch with reality. I pity its author! I pity his emotional poverty. Clearly, he doesn't know what he's talking about. Clearly, he has never been in love, or, as is sadly so common these days, he has never been loved.

**«An ethologist is a scientist specializing in ethology, the scientific study of the behavior of animal species (including humans) in their natural environment or in captivity. They observe, analyze, and research the mechanisms, causes, and functions of animal behavior to understand their needs and well-being.*

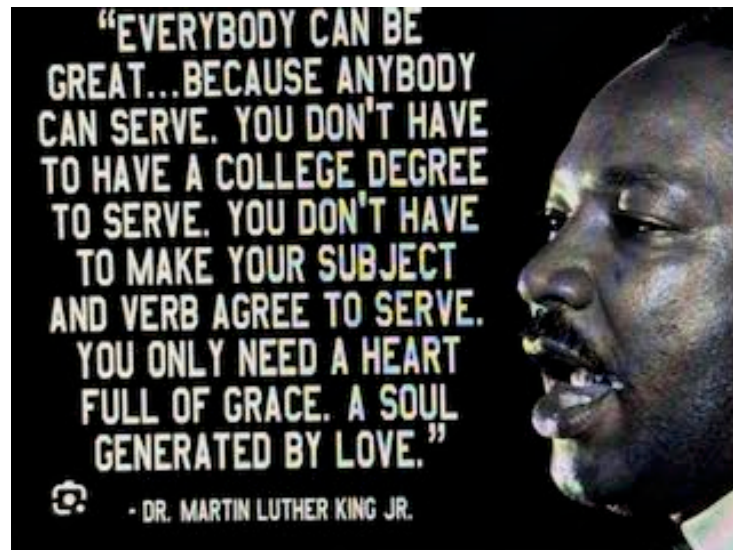
COMPILING IS NOT KNOWING!

Knowledge is acquired through experience; everything else is just information. Information is not knowledge. The only source of knowledge is experience. You need experience to acquire wisdom.

ALBERT EINSTEIN



What shocks me most is that he dares to speak of the soul! But certainly not in the sense that the great Martin Luther King gave it:



And Cyrulnik adds more, confused as he is, exponent « IMPRISONMENT ». Just imagine if you can:



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT IS A LIE!

I'm starting to wonder if our budding scientist might have done a Master's, or even a Doctorate, in Philosophy, Platonic of course.



Love is a serious mental illness

