My Loving Mother Anne Clémande Julien

Who was Anne Clémande Julien?

It is a magnificent story about a loving mother and a wonderful caring person. First of all, she was a very beautiful lady, in Haiti, we said, "she a MARABOU, Fanm Creole". Anne Clémande Julien was a very caring person both for her family and at large for our neighbors, friends, the community and for travelers with whom she shared a lot of things without hesitation. I came to this wonderful world into her womb. She is also "My Loving Mother". She was a very friendly and kindly person. She was for people and especially for me, my family and relatives a real "golden heart" and "a precious pearl". She was a fantastic and hard-working person. She was always happy and very sensible. Her heart moved always in pity when she saw people in need, she passed away seven months after I left my country in 1987. I will never forget one of my good friends and advisers.

One thing is very certain; Anne Clémande Julien will be always in my mind. She was one of my best friends, my adviser, my teacher, and my mother. She died nine years ago. She still stays for me a great personality, a good example, a joyful, happy and proud lady and an untiring woman. She always had something to do. She hated to be passive. When she did have not really important things to do sometimes, she sang, whistled or called people and especially kids to recount stories to them.

She was a very interesting person and a beautiful lady. I was and am still proud to carry her picture with me in my pocket. She was very friendly to people. Everybody respected her. Because of her, at any place we went, people respected my brothers and me and gave us any kind of help we needed. People said:" He is the son of aunt Man'n, take care of him/them, respect him/them and be his/their bodyguard and helper any time."

She was a hard worker and she did in fact as so many women in Haiti are still doing, a lot of male roles. In my country, some jobs are supposed to be performed by men and some specific others by women. My mother did both. She was a tradeswoman, a merchant. Many people came to my house to open an account with my mother. She gave them a short-dated loan to buy things in the countryside like corn, beans, coffee, cacao (cocoa) and other things. After a week or two, they brought whatever they bought to my house. My mother had people working with her to take notes about the things people who took the loan bought and brought to my mother's house. After arrangement and control, she paid them their commission and gave to them n money to buy things again. Sometimes my mother's employees began to check their loan account at four o'clock in the morning and continued almost all day.

However, my mother never stayed in bed until seven o'clock in the morning. She was always awake at four in the morning. She used to wake me up at 5 o'clock to have my coffee with bread or light breakfast. When I didn't have to do my homework or to go to school, I went back to bed and slept again before having my real breakfast. Doing my homework this morning I did exactly what she did for me when I was a teenager. I woke up at four o'clock. I had my coffee and light breakfast at 5:00 and before I went to the College at nine, I had my breakfast.

What is more, she was a gift for people of my town in Haiti because for any kind of problem they had, they came to my mother for help. She often smiled and was always ready to welcome people in her house. Sometimes, I said to her:" Man'n (her nick name) I can't understand that you welcome always people". She answered, "What do you want me to do, they are in need and they come to me when I have the opportunity, I help them for God. Even we can't do anything for them it is very important to listen to them."

Nevertheless, the most interesting thing was in the fact that people came from the neighborhood to share the light breakfast with her every morning. Some of them were poor but others were not. It is a way in Haiti to get together before going to work. They talked so much about all the political news of what is going in the country. We knew about all the political news from these people. In Haiti, people call this kind of way to share the news: *"tele djol"*, "*word of mouth*". We translated the news from mouth to ears. The news went very fast in this way. When Haiti was under the power of Papa and Baby Doc The "tele djol" was the official way to inform the people about everything and especially about political events.

However, one day I said to my mother: Man'n, why didn't all those people come here every morning to have coffee and food? Why did also they invite you one morning to go to their houses and have breakfast with them? Did they do the same things for you? I was very jealous of one of my relatives, my aunt Odette Toussaint. For this reason, one day my mother used these words to answer me: "my son, God has given me the facility to have things. My mom expresses that it is a "*pleasure for me to share with others the gifts I received from the goodness of the Lord*". Sometimes, she took the time to tell me a big and long story about sharing with people. And she asked all my brothers to share all the things we had with our friends. In fact, she practiced what she wanted us to do. She was a good model, a prototype for us. My mother was a source of learning for all of us.

As a woman, my mother possessed the real sense of her responsibility. She knew what to do as a mother for her loving children. She loved us and showed us the way to always be happy. She cared about us and taught us a lot of methods about the philosophy of life. Those approaches consisted of respecting people, to do concession with them, to have time to listen to them and to know our rights and our duties. She let us know when to say yes and when to say no, thank you!

Moreover, in other think, I liked very much in her teaching, is to be very smart and very kind with people sometimes and other time to be strict and strong. She always told us, "We get better to know exactly what to do at the good moment." In other words, she taught us how to use our brain positively to get whatever we want for our goods. Doing things as a human being with our reason is the way of the wisdom she taught us.

My mother was also a good adviser and friend to me. I still have her voice on a tape recorder. She gave me some good advice. She educated me to take care of myself at an early age; to work very hard, to respect others and especially adults and to obey God's commandments. During the Summer, she created an account and she said: "Give it to Mr. X summertime the countryside to buy things for you. Then you can double it twice a month from July to September. In October you should have enough money to

pay your scholarship. Be a dependent person and never an independent one. You must go to Port-au-Prince to buy things for me." To be educated in this way was a gift for me. In fact, I had never been independent. I fund the good way to have money any time I need it. Consequently, before classes began in October, I had enough cash to pay my studies for the year. At the same time, I found another way to make money: I bought used books and sold them after.

On top of that, she was separated from my father. She never asked him to buy anything for us. She always said: "I will do everything possible to take care of my five sons". In fact, I never remember a day we were really in great need. She provided us for our needs. I thank the Lord every day for my mother because many people live in extreme misery.

Furthermore, my mother had a great personality. Everybody respected her because of her sense of life and especially because she was a very kind woman and hard worker. She loved what she was doing particularly helping people in need. She was proud of herself and happy to have the opportunity to serve people with love. Therefore, I understand, in the time why she named me << Ridly = <u>Ride li</u> in Creole, <u>Aide-lui</u> in French and <u>help him</u> in Shakespeare's language>>. The reason was, that it was a pleasure for her to help people. I am very proud of what she did. Even I left my country and she died since May 1988, I met people in Canada, Boston, Brooklyn-Manhattan, West Palm Beach and Miami who treated me very nicely because of my mother's name is Anne Clémande Julien, the one they knew when they were in Haiti. They keep her in their memory.

Finally, my sorrow was deep when one Wednesday, seven months after leaving my country and in transit at Miami, the telephone rang. It was a collect call from Haiti. Mr. Richard Beloth wanted to talk to Mr. Sylvain, one of my brothers. I said to the operator," We don't accept the collect call and Sylvain wasn't home." I said, "please can he leave a message for him." He said, yes go-ahead Mr. Beloth! "Tell him her mother, Madame Davius, Anne Clémande died last night". Presently she is in the funeral home in Jérémie. I said "I accept the call Mr. Beloth. Tell me the story Mr. Beloth, what happened to her"? He said she felt very bad and we sent somebody to ask the ambulance to come urgently to drive her to the Regional Hospital. As she was going to the Hospital, she died. I felt the world crash over me and take a breath and told him to call the funeral but to give us time to make up our mind as I was calling my other siblings to plan the funeral. The same we got together and decided to flight the next day to Haiti so we can finish our planning for my mom funeral.

My mother is still alive in my heart. I have her picture in my room and in my pocket; when I feel to talk to her, I talk to her as she was alive. When I think about her and remember some great moments, I feel the need to say hello to her picture, kiss it and to tell her how much I love her. She is still my friend and I will never forget her. I will remember her loving heart, her courage and her sense of responsibility. She was a precious pearl for me and for others. May the saints of God come to her aid, may angels lead her to Abraham side, and May the Lord give her Eternal rest and let his light shine on her forever.

Peace and love to my mother and to all mothers on the earth.