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Mon grand-père et moi

My grandfather and me

by Richard Banahan

J'adore mon grand-père. Il est l'homme que j'aurais aimé être. Quand j'étais jeune, il m'emmenait à l'aéroport voir les avions décoller. Pour nous rendre à l'aéroport, nous prenions le chemin le plus long, parce qu'il savait que j'aimais être dans la voiture. Je me souviens d'une musique irlandaise couvrant la bruit du moteur : « Is é mo chaoi gan mise maidin aerach, Amuigh i mBéarra i m' sheasamh ar an dtrá, Is guth na n-éan 'o m' tharraing thar na sléibhte cois na farrage, Go Céim an Aitinn mar a mbíonn mo ghrá. Is obann aoibhinn aiteasach do léimfinn, Do rífinn saor ó ana-bhroid an tláis, Do thabharfainn droim le scamallaibh an tsaoil seo, Dá bhfaighinn mo léirdhóthain d'amharc ar mo chaoimhshearc bán »... cette chanson en gaélique qu'il apprit à tous ses petits enfants. Je me souviens que nous observions les avions, mon grand-père vêtu de son pull de laine et de son chapeau irlandais. À ce moment-là, nous étions les seules personnes sur la terre, tandis que toutes les autres s'envolaient vers les étoiles. Mon grand-père mettait son bras autour de moi et à ce moment-là je savais avec certitude qu'il m'adorait. À l'heure du coucher, nous rentrions à la maison. La lune remplissait la voiture de nuances de bleu. Je tombais lentement endormi, bercé par les mélodies irlandaises. Mon grand-père sourirait. Il était content et moi aussi. J'adore mon grand-père.

I love my grandfather. He is the man that I want to be. When I was young, my grandpa used to take me to the airport to watch the planes take off. We would take the long way because he knew how much I loved to drive in cars. I can still hear his Irish music over the sound of the engine singing, "Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling, From glen to glen, and down the mountain side. The summer's gone, and all the roses falling, It's you, it's you must go and I must bide. But come ye back when summer's in the meadow, Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow, it's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,-Oh, Danny boy, Oh Danny boy, I love you so,"... a song that my grandfather made all of the children learn. We would sit there for hours without saying a word. I can still remember him watching those planes in his wool sweater and Irish cap. At that time, we were the only people on the ground, while everyone else was traveling towards the stars. My grandfather would put his arm around me and I knew at that moment, that I was safe and that he loved me. As the day got ready for bed, we went home. The moon would fill the car with shades of blue. I would slowly fall asleep to Irish lullabies in the background. My grandfather would just smile. He was happy and so was I. I love my grandfather.