
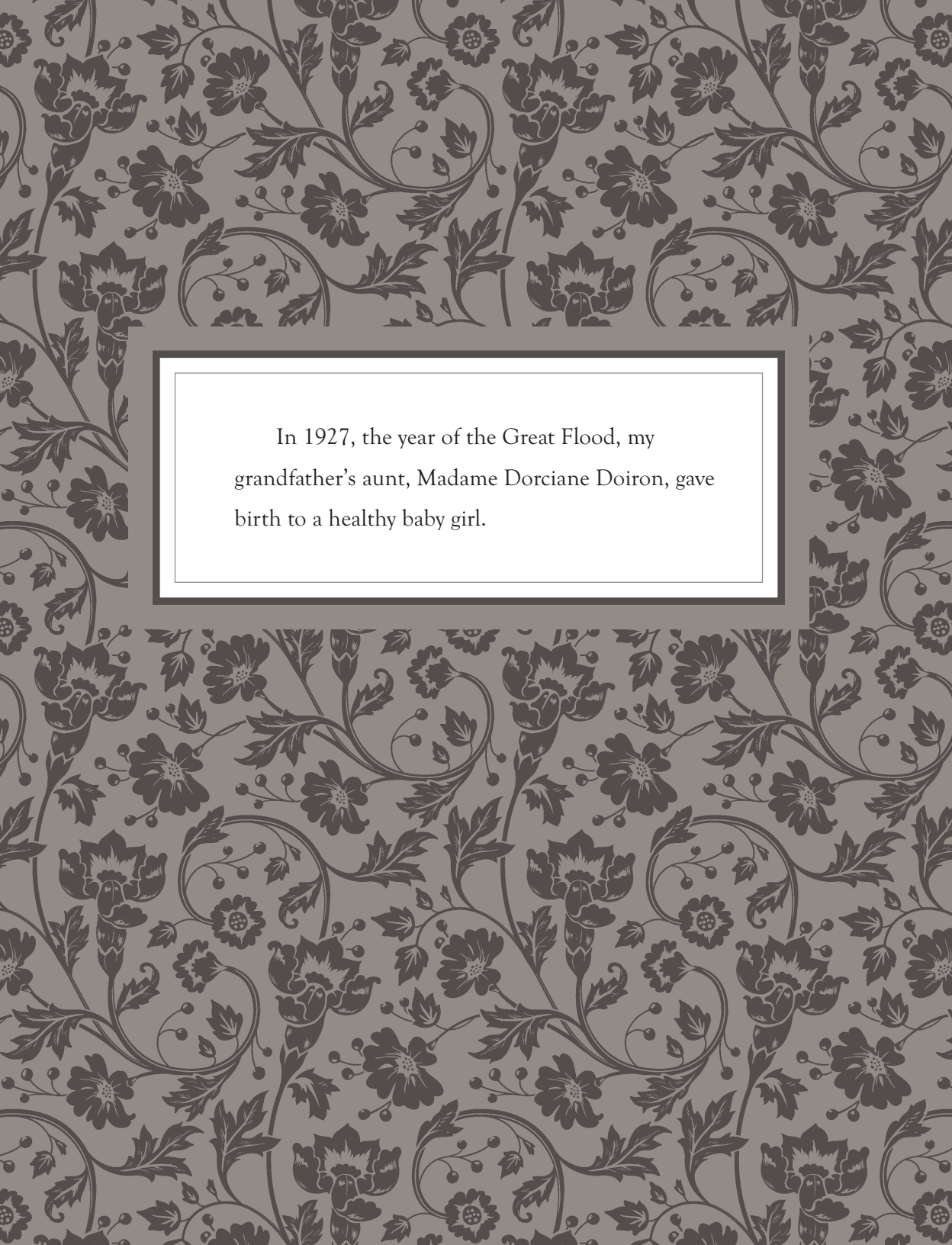


Sometimes it's the treasures you find.



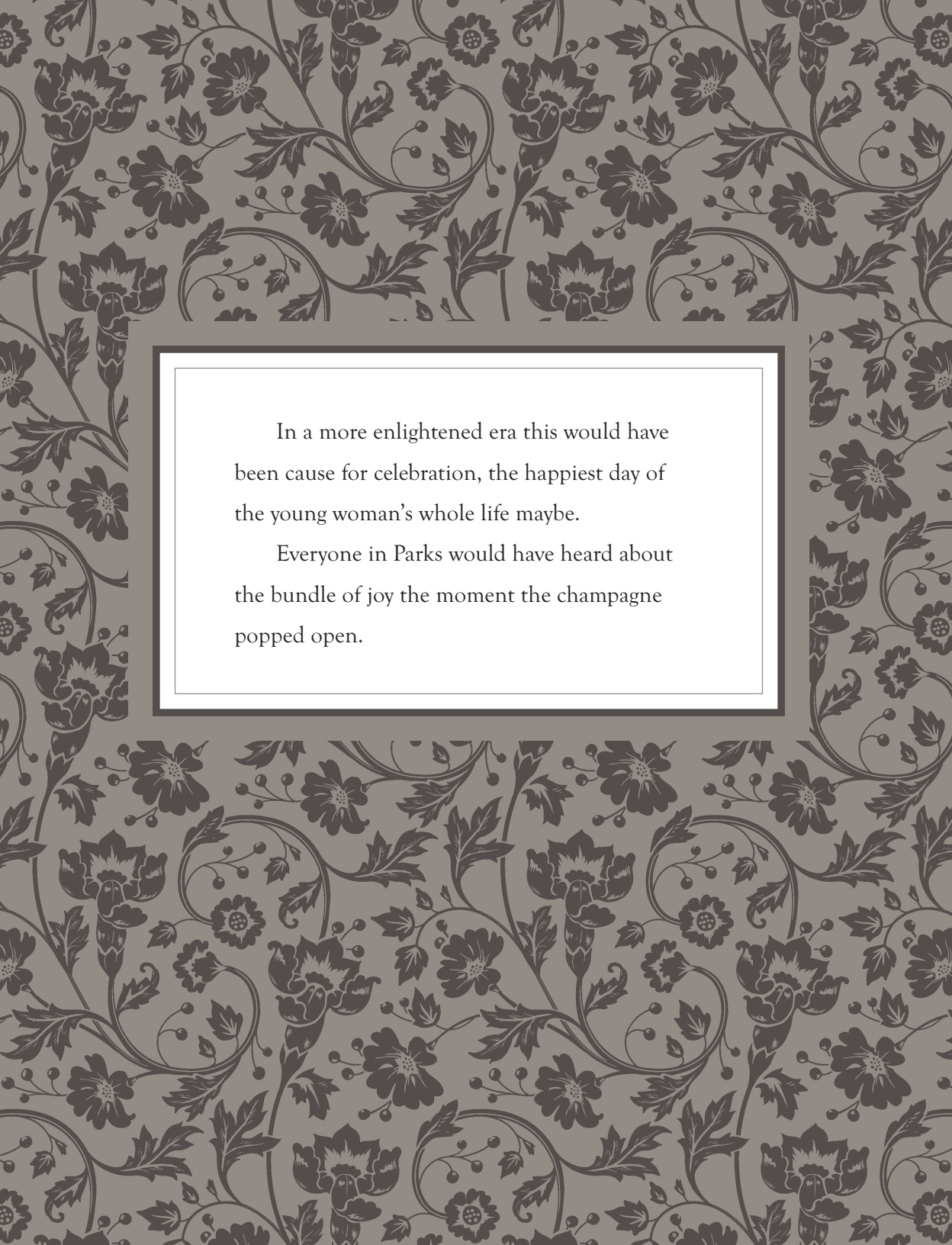
Sometimes it's the treasures you don't.





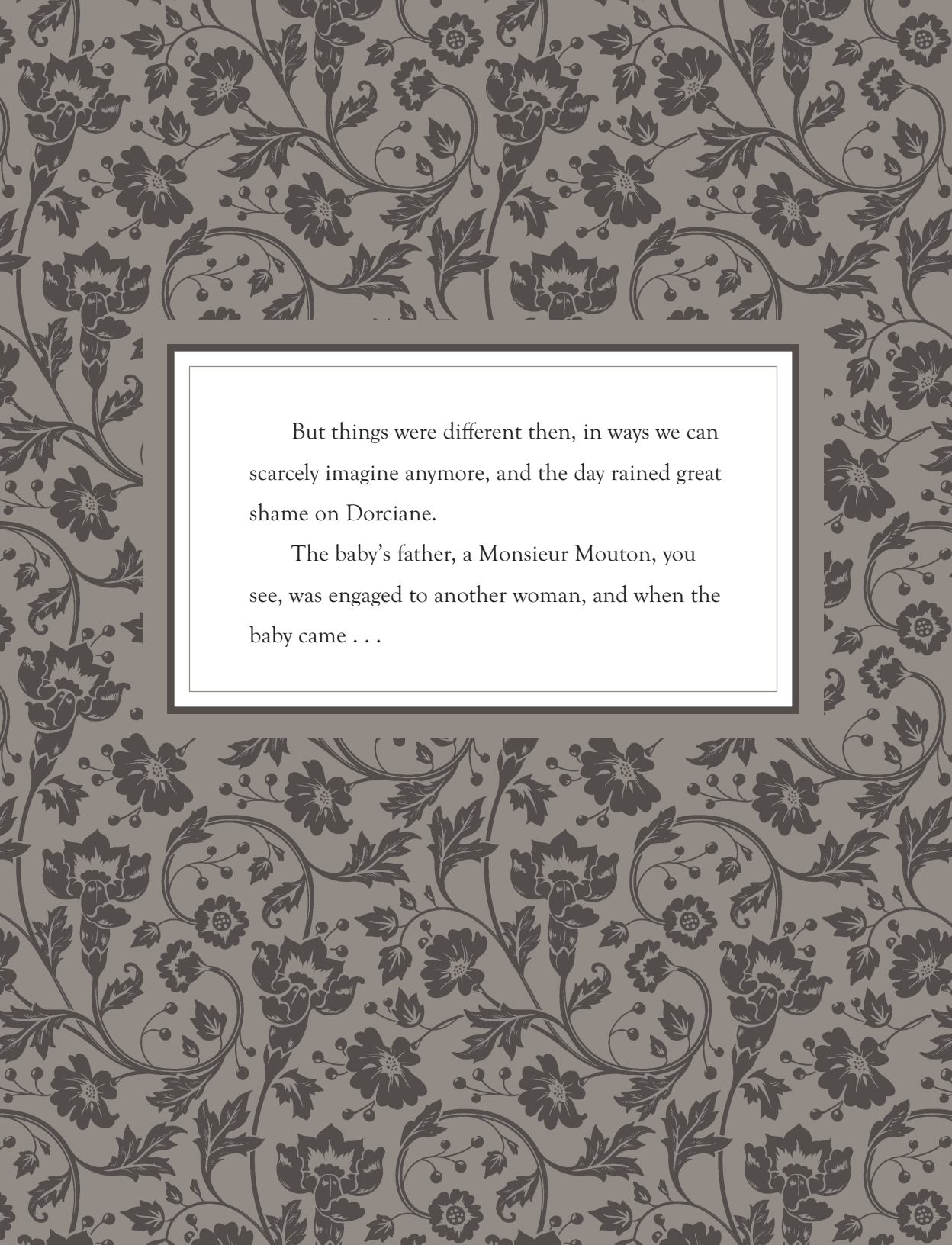
In 1927, the year of the Great Flood, my
grandfather's aunt, Madame Dorciane Doiron, gave
birth to a healthy baby girl.





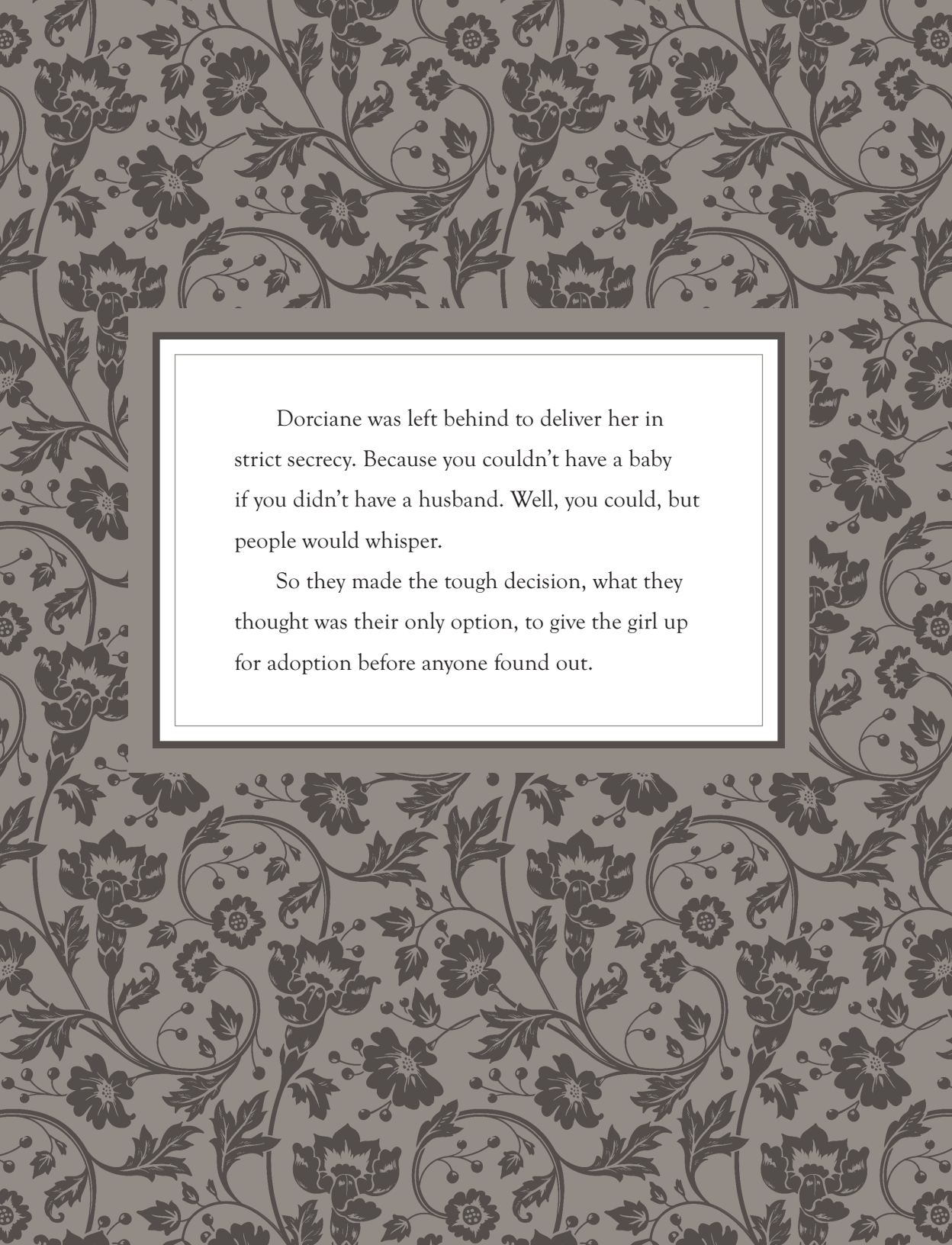
In a more enlightened era this would have been cause for celebration, the happiest day of the young woman's whole life maybe.

Everyone in Parks would have heard about the bundle of joy the moment the champagne popped open.



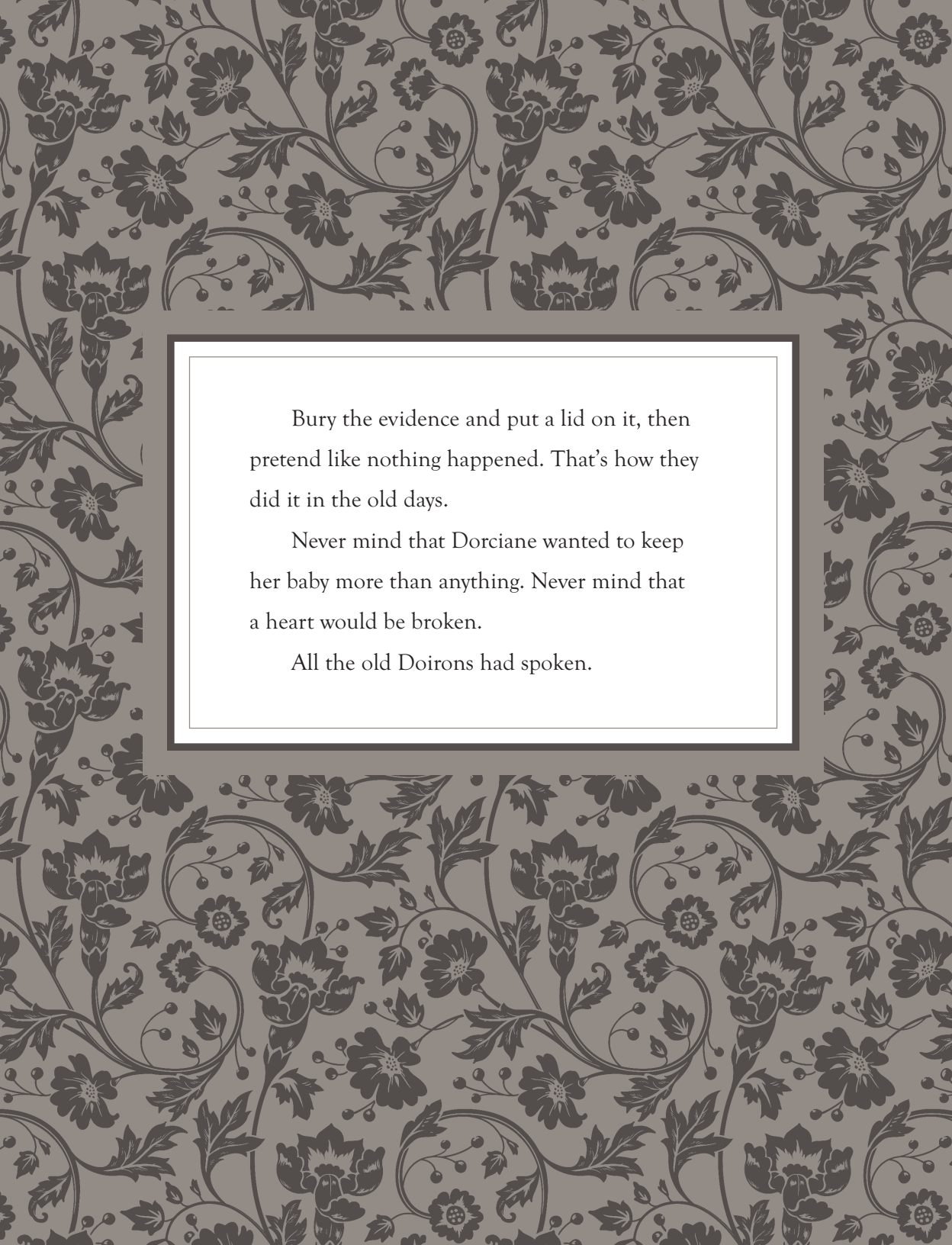
But things were different then, in ways we can scarcely imagine anymore, and the day rained great shame on Dorciane.

The baby's father, a Monsieur Mouton, you see, was engaged to another woman, and when the baby came . . .



Dorciane was left behind to deliver her in strict secrecy. Because you couldn't have a baby if you didn't have a husband. Well, you could, but people would whisper.

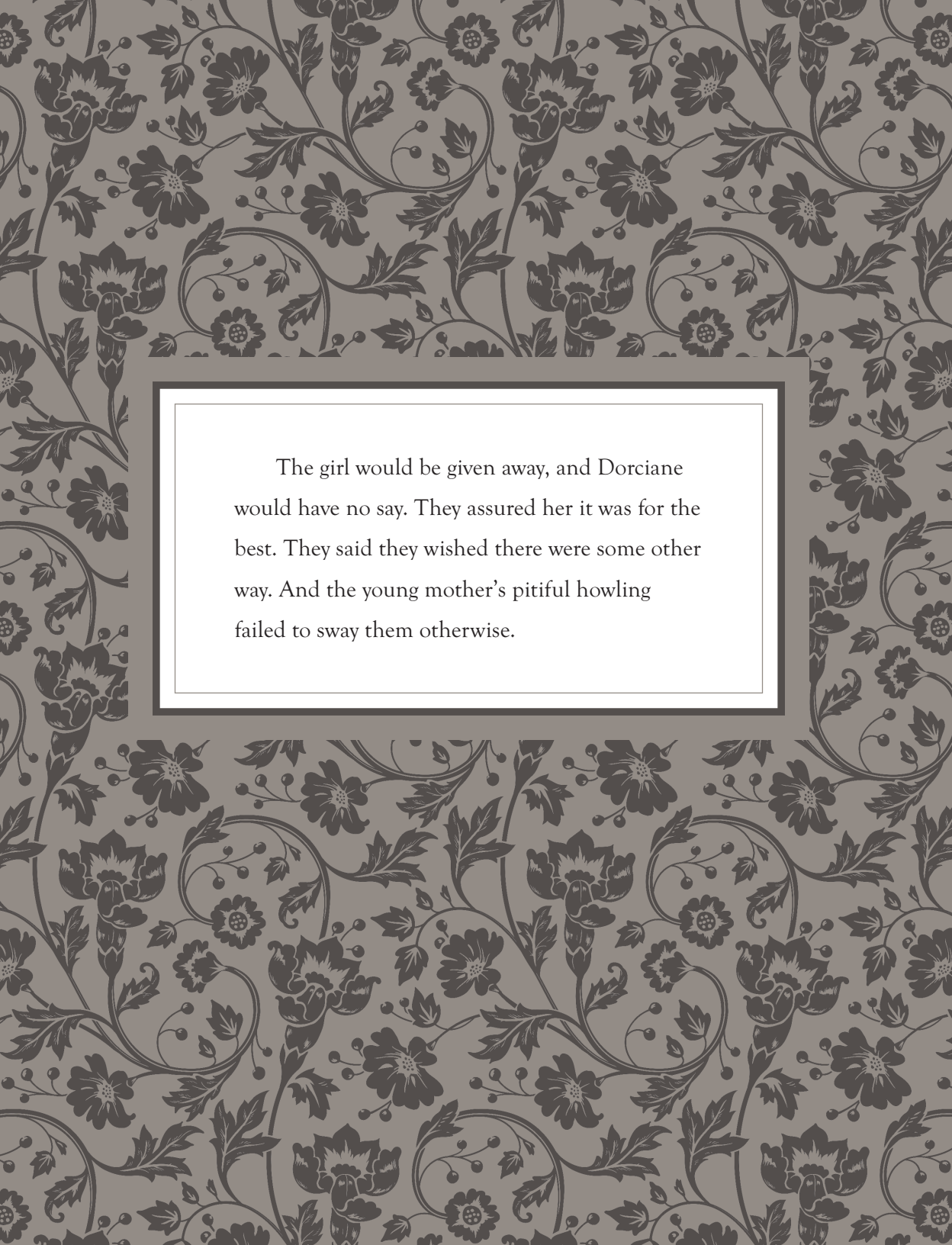
So they made the tough decision, what they thought was their only option, to give the girl up for adoption before anyone found out.



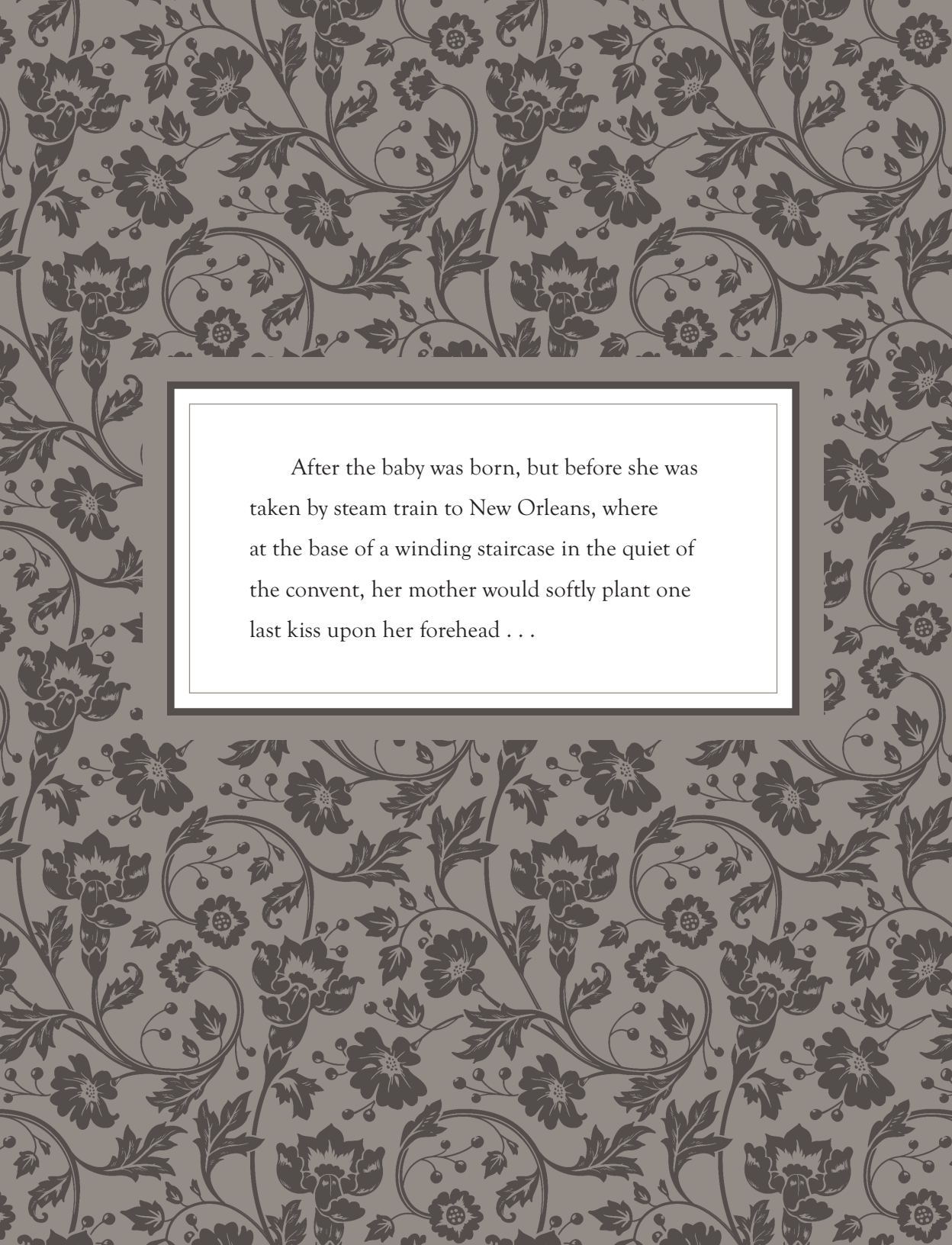
Bury the evidence and put a lid on it, then
pretend like nothing happened. That's how they
did it in the old days.

Never mind that Dorciane wanted to keep
her baby more than anything. Never mind that
a heart would be broken.

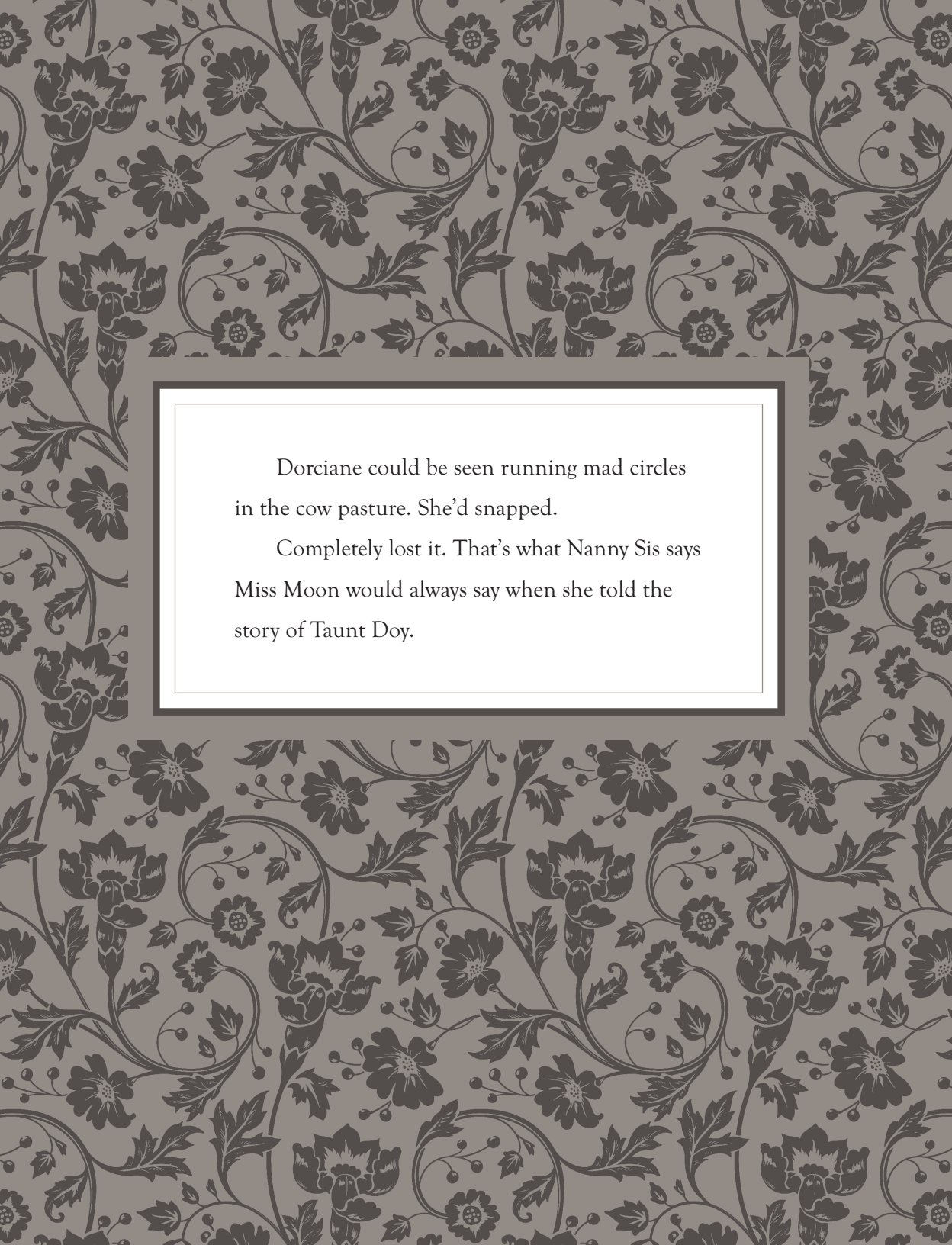
All the old Doirons had spoken.



The girl would be given away, and Dorciane would have no say. They assured her it was for the best. They said they wished there were some other way. And the young mother's pitiful howling failed to sway them otherwise.



After the baby was born, but before she was taken by steam train to New Orleans, where at the base of a winding staircase in the quiet of the convent, her mother would softly plant one last kiss upon her forehead . . .



Dorciane could be seen running mad circles
in the cow pasture. She'd snapped.

Completely lost it. That's what Nanny Sis says
Miss Moon would always say when she told the
story of Taunt Doy.

