



September 2009 • Volume 44 | P.O. Box 656, Carstairs, Alberta T0M 0N0 | Phone 403-337-2800 | Fax 403-337-2418 | Email pat@pasu.com | www.pasu.com

My Father

As summer ends and we begin to grapple with the realization that the warm balmy days are soon to be replaced with cold, blustery and short days. This is the time of the year that my thoughts often turn to my late father.

Papa was born on the Island of Mauritius to a titled family that were modest in their means but yet well accepted in the societal hierarchy that governed the social agenda of this once French colony. Being the fourth and last child he probably had the last say. This formed his character and personality. All his life he had very little to say when in the company of strangers and he kept his own counsel. He had, however, a superb wit which he shared only with those he loved or liked.

He was in his mid-thirties when he discovered my Mother who was a divorcee. She was exotic, beautiful and a diva. The saying that opposites attract is absolutely true. The only thing they had in common was that they both were born on the Island of Mauritius and spoke French as a first language. I still wonder at the mechanics of this attraction and what kept them together all their lives. Their one child might have unwittingly had something to do with it.

Be that as it may, they settled down to a life governed by disputes and marital bliss each carving a personal sanctuary for themselves that the other respected. For my Father it was his work and his cactus plants. At one time he must have had thousands of them. Some were growing in pots and others, far too large for pots, were thriving in rockeries. I think he was attracted to this plant because of their prickly nature. True to their opposite natures, my mother grew African Violets and anthuriums.

Mum adored food, especially rich dishes which inevitably gave her weekly migraines. Mother's nemesis was a hefty feast of chocolate bars on Sunday after church. Ostensibly these were bought for the three of us to share. She consumed about fifty percent and the remainder was shared between my Father and I. Sunday afternoons was as peaceful as the Gaza Strip during a Palestinian uprising and just about as frequent. We instinctively knew that any peace settlements that had

been negotiated at the last uprising were gone with the chocolate fest and that we had between an hour or two after lunch before the onset of hostilities. I would disappear in the bush with my dog whilst my father would literally barricade himself in the work shop.

Father on the other hand was a food ascetic and would have been quite happy with a bowl of rice and a few vegetables. He read books on yoga, woke up in the morning and did his Sun Salutation long before anyone thought this was a cool move. This troubled Mother a great deal as she was convinced that he was about to trade his suit and tie for saffron robes. Being a devout Catholic she sensed that the only way to thwart his attempts at reaching a good karma was to ensure that he ate as much meat as possible. Hence we had animal protein at every meal.

Now one would assume that it would be logical for my father to politely inform his spouse of his reluctance to eat the flesh of other creatures but this was not a negotiable matter as far as Mother was concerned and, in his defense, he was a wise man. However, he won some small victory here. He insisted that he could not digest tough meat and so only the most expensive cuts would do. As our family income was on the modest side this represented a challenge to my mother who had to make do with the budget allocated to food. She would travel about forty miles into the back of beyond to a butcher shop that sold these cuts at a reasonable price. Nevertheless, the portions were moderate in size as they were still quite expensive. Thus my father got to eat less meat. That epitomized the nature of compromise in my home.

Everyone has a hero or role model that they would aspire to be or try to emulate. For my Father it was Albert Schweitzer, who was a medical missionary living in a remote African village in Central Africa. No surprises here. He was a vegetarian and did not believe in killing anything. I was regularly lectured about killing birds and poor old Albert would be figuratively paraded before me as an example and the role model I should emulate.

However, despite his sincere attempts at never deliberately taking another creature's life he hated flies with a passion that I have not observed in anyone and he would go on a diabolical killing spree. It usually occurred on a Saturday after lunch when he would be trying to take a nap. Being in the tropics it was always hot and he would have his shirt off. The flies would crawl over his naked torso. It drove him insane and he would spend the next hour or so swatting every fly in the house and felling great remorse at his lack of self-control.

My Father and I had a good rapport that grew as I matured. We both understood the value of comrades at arms, especially in the face of mortal danger from matriarchal domination. He persisted in rationalizing diva behaviour and trying to get some sort of perspective to it. He never wavered in his attempt to accommodate and rationalize irrational behaviour and to impress upon me that I should do the same.

In March 1977 we emigrated to Canada and my parents arrived two years later. My Father, now in his early seventies, was delighted to be reunited with his family and looked forward to spending the rest of his life farming and watching his grandchildren grow, and of course, continuing to educate me on the wisdom of accepting what you cannot change and change that which you can change. This in essence meaning, that you can only change yourself.

It was late September, about twenty years ago, and I was working near the dugout when a harbinger wind, a reminder that winter was on its way, blustered through the tall poplars stripping them of their last yellowed leaves, leaving them naked but still tall, proud and defiant of winters.

Papa died in 1998 of Parkinson's disease, tall in character, proud of his family and still defiantly trying to understand and explain the inexplicable. Bayete! Makulu Baba. Zulu greeting to great father and chief. This tribute has been long overdue.



Victorian Christmas Dinners

Sat. 28th November

Fri. 4th, 11th & 18th December

6.00 pm Cocktails @ 7.00 pm Dinner

Once again we will be presenting our elegant seven-course, plate service, English Victorian Christmas Dinner. The entrée will be a choice between Roast Leg of Lamb and Prime Rib. To create a warm and hospitable atmosphere our staff will be dressed in Victorian garb, candles and crackers will be placed on the table and the plum pudding will be flamed for all to see.

\$80.00 per person

Service & GST included in the above price.

AFRICAN EVENING

WITH
YOUSSEU SECK
AND HIS BAND

Youssou is from Senegal and he brings to us the life and soul of West Africa in the form of music, story and dancing. A truly talented artist that gives more than his best.

To complement this evening we will be putting on our now-famous

AFRICAN FEAST

SATURDAY OCTOBER 24

Cocktails from 6.00 pm • Dinner served at 7.15 pm

This is a pre-booked ticketed event

Tickets \$80 per person

includes meal, entertainment, service and GST

Let us do your

**PRIVATE FUNCTION or
CHRISTMAS PARTY**

We can customize a special menu and include entertainment of your choice. We would be glad to discuss your needs.

Call us at 1.800.679.7999 today.

Ladies' Night

An entertaining evening. Fabulous Buffet.
Fashion Show and Guest Speaker TBA

Saturday November 7

Cocktails from 6:00 pm Dinner at 7:00 pm

\$35.00

Reservations essential



NEW FOR CHRISTMAS

Every year we are challenged to find new and exciting merchandise. They have to meet certain criteria before we feature them in our store and have to be tried and true before they even get into our catalogue. Most of the product we carry is stuff that people need and will use. Of course there is also an interesting selection of fun things too.

This year we have a great selection and a visit to PaSu might solve the majority of your Christmas shopping list and you can enjoy a great lunch and experience our Fall Menu.

For those of you who prefer to shop online, visit our website at www.pasu.com. Make your selection online or by phone. We would be delighted to take your call and answer any questions you might have.

To all our customers, have a wonderful fall season and a comfortable winter.



Email Newsletter

At last we have got this email newsletter sorted out and working. It is now a monthly episode and features upcoming and future events. Each month specials will be offered exclusively to the recipients. This includes special discounts or offerings from the boutique as well as the restaurant.

It will also be a forum for the kitchen in which there will be posted recipes, some wine notes as well as tips on preparing food. It is hoped that some of you will share back and we can perhaps create somewhat of a food blog site.

Apart from the boutique and restaurant news, it will contain an occasional narrative, some short and others longer and continued from one month to the other.

Should you be interested in receiving this form of communication please visit our website and leave your email address in the form on our front page (www.pasu.com). The idea is to replace this hard copy and thereby reduce the time, expense and in the process, save a few trees.

If you wish to receive both communications – mail-out newsletter and email – just drop us a note. We would be delighted to send you both.

Just send an email to sue@pasu.com with your email address and your name. We will do the rest. Thank you.



Dinner on the Farm

We have decided to give the pretentious Fine Dining experience a break and replace it with an old-fashioned type of meal where the accent is on the integrity of the food. Having eaten in a few establishments that everyone seems to rave about I am appalled at the standard of fare one gets. Ours will be more of the old favourites that graced dinner tables before everyone became obsessed with absurd fusions, overstated presentations and ridiculously small portion sizes. I cannot believe that people are duped into accepting this as normal dining. The ethnic restaurants for the majority offer a wholesome meal at affordable prices.

We will be offering three courses – soup, salad and main dish – with three selections in each course for a reasonable fee of **only \$40**.

Dessert will be an optional fourth course for an additional cost of \$10. The emphasis will be on wholesome Alberta-grown and – where ever possible – organic food. Some of it will have come from our own gardens.

Available on the following dates:

3rd, 10th & 17th October

Seating between 6:00 and 7:00 pm

Reservations essential.



SHOPPING NOTES FOR CHRISTMAS

EXTRA SHOPPING HOURS

For your convenience we will be open in December on Friday nights for shopping until 8pm.

ALSO

The Mondays before Christmas we will be open from 11 am to 5 pm.
The restaurant will not be open on these Mondays.

OTHER LOCATIONS

As usual we will be at

NORTHLAND MALL

(Corner of Crowchild and Shaganappi, Calgary)

Mid-October, November & December

Please Note we will NOT be located in Northhill as we were last year.

AG TRADE RED DEER

November 11 -14

SPRUCE MEADOWS CHRISTMAS MARKET

November 13 - 15

November 20 - 22

(TWO weekends this year!)

And of course

CHRISTMAS TRADITION at

PaSu Farm

Years ago, before we had the shop, we used to have an **OPEN HOUSE** at the farm on weekends in December. This tradition still continues and we offer **FREE Christmas Cake and hot cider** *(in the boutique only)*. Let us take the stress out of your shopping by pampering you in a relaxed environment far from the maddening crowds.



Christmas Dinner Theatres

CAROUSEL PRODUCTIONS

Once again we will be using **Carousel Productions**. They are a professional group of actors that give their best in their performances.

Saturday 5th December

DIABIOLOGICA

Tonight all the staff and faculty of the Biology Department at prestigious Mountebank University have gathered at the luxurious Faculty Club for their annual "do". But put together a racy research assistant, an absent-minded entomologist, his makeover-happy missus, a suspicious physiologist, scripture-spouting animal technician and a grungy grad student and the party could become **DIABIOLOGICAL**.

Saturday 12th December

X + Y = MURDER

The faculty and alumni of the Department of Mathematics have gathered for a banquet to celebrate Mountebank University's centennial. Visiting Professor Dr. Vector Parabola has been stirring up trouble in so many ways. He has stolen the heart of Dr. Delta Rhomboid, resulting in the painful end of her relationship with Dr. Graff Radicand. Vector has plans to destroy the career of department head, Dr. Quinn Tupples. But Quinn's faithful secretary, Ms. Dot Product will sacrifice everything to prevent harm to Quinn. If X is jealousy and Y is vengeance then it is quite logical that $X + Y = \text{MURDER}$.

Saturday 19th December

IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK A LOT LIKE MURDER

The prestigious children's charity, Santa's Little Creepers, is having a wind-up celebration at the end of their preparations for the Christmas season. The party for underprivileged children was a big success, and now it is time for wealthy philanthropists to pat each other on the back and select a new Mr. and Mrs. Claus who will reign in honour and glory at next year's loot fest. Tension is running high and it does not look as if peace on earth and goodwill toward men will be evident at this affair.



Tickets are \$80.00

Includes GST & Gratuities on meal and show.

**Advance booking and
ticket purchase essential.**

Cocktails from 6:00 pm • Dinner served at 7:15 pm