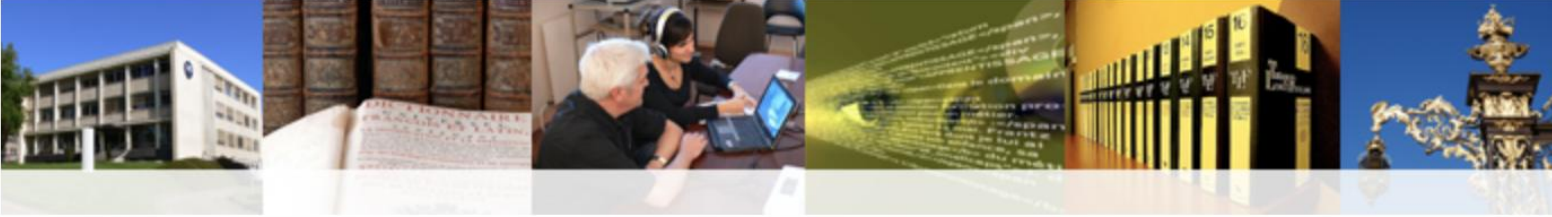


First, thank you. I am moved, honoured, a little shy. Grateful to my brilliant Éloïse her portrayal of me 'in a better way'. To Luc, of course, always. To the exec too, of course. You can guess that I miss you, especially today. Imagine that I project myself, glass in hand, to celebrate "Rabelaisian" style with you, my very illustrious and very precious colleagues. But here I am, more soberly and more distantly, with this speech, to thank you.

Once again, the Canadian Society for Renaissance Studies marks a turning point in my life: my second life began with the Edmonton Congress in 1998 and my Canadian post-doc (thank you Danièle and Brenda). And, as it happens, I am celebrating with you this evening the maturation of my medical leave into an early retirement from the University of Victoria. Two milestones, 1998 and 2025, which define a career. And this award gives meaning, color, and depth to what happened between the two. A career, by all names. Thank you.

Let's start with the *Thesaurus of the French language* at the entry 'career'.

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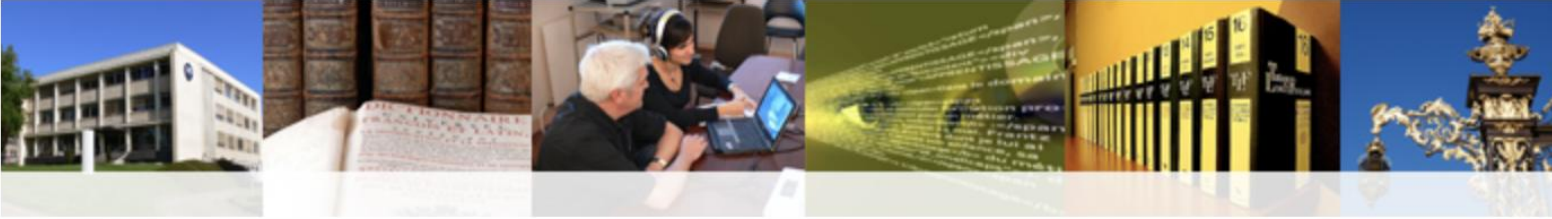
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CARRIÈRE, *substantif féminin*

- 1. A. *vieux, littéraire*. Terrain entouré de barrières et aménagé pour des courses...

*Good. Perfect. **Meaning 1 A:** A field, landscaped, protected, for races and Intellectual exchanges, that is. A common ground. Each of us understands the word Renaissance in their own way (great, vague and promising word, which has served as a career! Which has served our meetings, dialogues, achievements, ... and our freedom! So often we were racing, running, galloping.*

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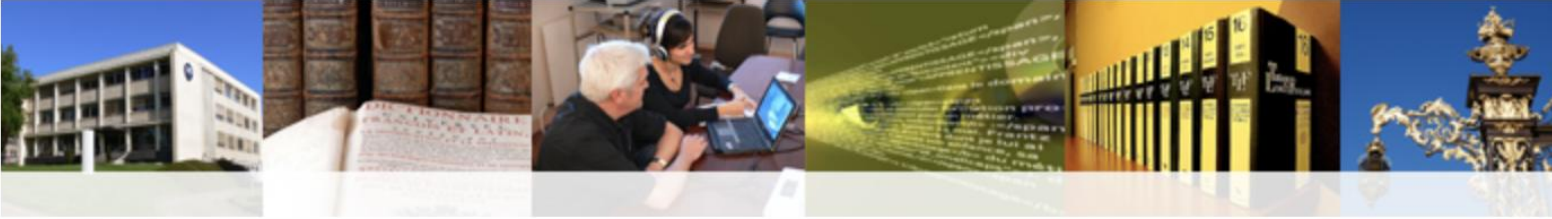
Carriere 1. B. Terrain pour les courses de chevaux.

- *Par métaphore.* Ouvrir, fermer la carrière.

Which leads us to 1. B. Gallops, when we had to organize, hold, and celebrate our meetings. Coordinating, finding the banquet restaurant, checking we are all there. We have galloped together. And it was great! The training of our teams, in the stables of our research projects, the preparation to run in parade in front of colleagues, committees, universities. The milestones, strong, emblematic moments. Like tonight's.

Come on, let's move on to sense 3, by metonymy and analogy.

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3. Par métonymie.

a) *Vieux*. Distance qu'un cheval peut parcourir sans perdre haleine

b) Espace à parcourir dans une course. Courir sa carrière...

- **Par analogie.** La distance parcourue, la trajectoire d'un astre.

*The distance a horse can run without losing its breath.
Metaphorically, the itinerary of a star. Over the years, the
CSRS inspired my research about the history of childhood,
women's rhetoric (thank you Diane), Reformation writing and
publishing (thank you William), humanist friendship (thank
you Konrad), collegiality, thinking of you and with you. An
academic citizenship.*

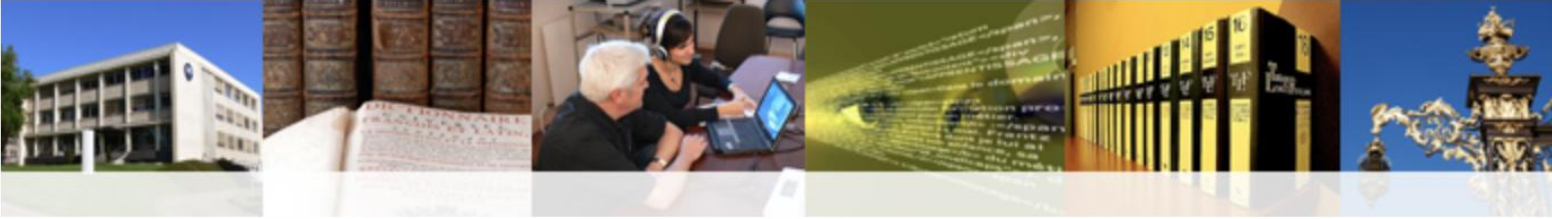
I remember my 'first time' with you. Patricia Demers had organized my trip, I listened to Joseph Khoury and Danièle Letocha talk about Machiavelli (if I remember well), I pretended not to be shy and ... I loved everyone, right away. You were welcoming, intelligent, learned, open, all of you. Bliss. I had found you and I had found my Canada! I have never left you since. Oh, I didn't understand everything, I didn't know my Shakespeare, nor the Pietists, nor the Florentine confraternities, nor the Italian comedies, nor the epistolography. I listened to you, admired you, followed you, learned, collaborated, and I did everything to see you as often as possible. With gratitude, and with friendship. And I ran and ran on this career, I ran after writers, humanists, sources, copies, allusions, pseudonyms, connections.

And, with time, the Society has become a sort of extended family, diverse, always warm, extended with the journal Renaissance et Réforme. My 'good colleagues'.

What extraordinary people I met at the CSRS meetings, on the career trail, in the stands, in the stables! remember those fits of laughter at night with Brenda and Marie-Alice, I remember those haikus at the lifetime achievement award given to Don Beecher, I remember the visit to the pataterie in Wendake organized by our excellent Luc Vaillancourt. Thank you! Now, no name dropping. No lengthy remarks (ever!). You can hear, discerning ears, my qualms and regrets about not mentioning, Eva, Elizabeth, Margaret, Claude, Judith, Ron, Renée-Claude... but shh, I must be brief. Let's keep galloping, and they will recognize each other without being named. I miss some of them forever. But what a joy to have you, all of you, in my life! I have a confession to make: I was never bored at CSRS!

You have created and continue to create the second meaning of the word in the Thesaurus, my 'profile,' my continuity, my territory. Thank you for this career!

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Au Figuré. Cours de la vie. Profession où l'on s'engage...

Dans l'Occident désert, quel fût devenu mon ennui — allusion à un vers de Racine “Dans l'Orient désert, quel devint mon ennui”...

Dearest colleagues, thank you for this life. You have inspired me, put up with me (I always go over time...), supported me, taught me, published me. And you have made ideas and projects possible. And you answer 'present' even when I miss our meetings! Thank you.

A warning to you: it may be the end of a journey, but this is not the end of friendship, nor of dialogues, debates. Nor of loyalty. Reading, transmission, creation, this is the permanent Renaissance (as we speak of permanent revolution) and our society continues to run.

I am honored to have participated in it, grateful. And now crossing the prize pole, I open with you my third life: freedom off the racetrack. Let the merry-go-round go round again! As I greet you and raise my virtual glass, I thank you, and I kiss (virtually only) the gentle and generous Luc Vaillancourt. And of course, I thank Éloïse. Cheers!