

# Media Kit

**The Long Walk Home with the Ceinture Fléchée** *The Arrow Sash* is a genealogical adventure story and memoir with elements of joy, grief, suspense and pathos, a true testament to the endurance of faith, family and traditions. Get a copy of Paula Grandpre Wood's memoir of "Coming Home."

## TITLE

# The Long Walk Home with the Ceinture Fléchée

## The Arrow Sash

## AUTHOR

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# About the Book

## Title

THE LONG WALK HOME WITH THE CEINTURE FLÉCHÉE The Arrow Sash

## Publishing Company

Self Published by Amazon

## ISBN

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## Format

Paperback, Hardcover, ebook

## Price

Paperback \$20.00  
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316

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How can a sash bind an extended family together? Join Paula Grandpre Wood as she tracks down ancestors, pieces together their stories, and finds herself enfolded in the tradition and reality of this treasured family heirloom. This colorful sash creates an unbreakable bond, linking together the generations of her extended family.

**A genealogical adventure story and memoir, this book has elements of suspense, pathos, joy and grief. It is a testament to the endurance of faith, family, and traditions.**

Journey back in time to La Rochelle, France, and learn of Paula's ancestors, who lived through the Siege of La Rochelle, migrated to New France (Canada) and began a life in the New World, enduring some of life's biggest challenges. Her ancestors survived the Acadian dispersal and later returned to Quebec and thrived there.

In discovering family homes, gravesites, and stories, Paula grows to understand that her ancestors were helping her find her way back home—home with the Arrow Sash—the Ceinture Fléchée.



## About the Author



## Paula Grandpre Wood is an author, physical therapist, wife and a person who heard the call of her ancestors!

Paula was born in Pawtucket, RI close to the train station where her De Grandpre ancestors arrived from Quebec. Her family lived in Central Falls, RI in a tenement house, as her father's family had when they immigrated to the United States. She became "The Girl from Central Falls," not to be confused with the actress Viola Davis, who also grew up there.

Paula's Meme showed her the Arrow Sash when she was nineteen. Passed from father to son through generations of the De Grandpre family, Paula bonded with the Sash that day. Paula had no idea that she would someday visit far-flung cemeteries searching for her ancestors and their stories.

While learning about her ancestors and the Sash, she found her way back to the Catholic Church. The Blessed Mother Mary called her to travel to Medjugorje, drawing her home to Jesus, to her roots. Every step of her way, she knew her ancestors were praying for her.

North Central Massachusetts is where Paula lives with her husband Michael and their three energetic dogs. The dogs get her outside in every kind of weather where they can run free.

Learn more about Paula, her journey and The Sash at [paulagrandprewoodsash.com](http://paulagrandprewoodsash.com)

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## Sample Topics and Questions For Discussions

**Genealogical adventure**

**Faith, family and tradition**

**Memoir**

**Spiritual Journey**

**Healing Wounds of a Lifetime and more**

**Walking home to the Catholic Church**

**Hiking the Long Trail in Vermont/A Spiritual Pilgrimage**

**Talk to Paula about her journey with her ancestors.**

**What inspired her to write this book.**

**What she learned about the Ceinture Fléchée and her ancestral heritage.**

**What her ancestors taught her.**

# After a life altering injury Paula discovers the road to healing, both physically and spiritually.

**A**t this time, I asked a friend what she would do if she were me. She suggested a PT in Glastonbury, CT, who was trained in body work based on osteopathic manual therapy. This was that clinic's specialty, and I had heard of this work. I had seen in-services on it and knew there were courses in it that, as a PT, I could take. I had not been interested in it enough to pursue it; now I had no choice but to give it a try. It was an hour-and-a-half drive for me, but I had to get there. At first, I went three times a week for this gentle work, hoping I could start to heal and get some of my life back. Gradually, my real pain started to seep through, the root of my back pain. You see, this gentle body work will help you heal the whole person, not just a body part. Who knew that the root of my pain had been walled off long ago to protect me. Just like the walls surrounding La Rochelle to protect the citizens, the walls I built were to save my soul, to save me. I started to have dreams of a man who frightened me. He threatened to harm my dogs in the dreams. I now had a memory of sexual abuse that happened when I was very young; it was this man from the dream who did it to me. I later learned that he was a friend of my great uncle and step-grandfather on my mother's side. I dreamed of the house where it occurred repeatedly, over the years, when I was a child.

Before the body work, if you had asked me if I thought I'd ever been sexually abused as a child, I would have told you absolutely not. That was how well it was buried deep

inside. The body work continued to gently reveal more of this deep wound. The memories came to me through dreams. I started, for the first time in a long time, to feel a sense of spirituality welling up inside me. That began my spiritual quest, though to what end, I had no idea. I knew I had to learn more about this spiritual side of me. As the memories surfaced in dreams, I realized God only gave me as much as I could handle at the time. Too much, too fast could have been detrimental. I was fragile, and I thanked God for Mike and the peace I could find in my home. I always said, during that time, that what didn't kill me would make me stronger, and it did. Each time deeper memories surfaced, things I thought I couldn't bear, I somehow did. God was with me, and I would be safe now. The walls that closed off the memories were crumbling down, and the story of my missing years was being told. Now I knew why, at eight years old, I'd become anxious and neurotic, why I was broken. Going to daily Mass, God had saved me then and He would again. I'd always wondered why I couldn't be fully present, why I would drift away. Someone would be talking, and I'd be somewhere else, only partially hearing what they had said. It was a great survival technique at that time, when it was needed, but now it kept me from truly being with those I was with, never giving all of myself to the moment, just being a partial shell.

