



# Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

No 17 Winter 2012



The Administrative Board and its collaborators would like to wish you, your families and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year 2012



The gathering site...



The President, Luc Chabot, handing over to Mrs Diane Chabot-Pard, a directory of the Chabot Descendants to emphasize her strong commitment towards the Association

Feedback from the Annual meeting 2011



A large audience was very interested by our



Luc Chabot, Diane Chabot-Pard and her husband Francois, with guests coming all the way from California, Ms. Joy Chabot (black dress) and her husband, Chris Soldan



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**Association des Chabot and Les Chabotteries**

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Regular member (canadian)	25 \$ CDN
Membre (outside Canada)	35 \$ US

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## President's line



I would like to thank all of you who came to St-Cyrille-de-Wendover to attend our annual meeting, on September 25. We hope all of you enjoyed your day.

I would like to thank all of our volunteers and all of the Board of Directors who were re-elected and those who have served on the board in the past.

In the week following our meeting, I brought together the necessary documents to be sent to the Secretariat of the Governor General of Canada so we can start as soon as possible the stages of Registration with our coat of arms to the Herald of arms of Heraldry Canada, as it was approved unanimously by those members who attended the annual meeting.

We plan to make changes soon on the annual membership to the Association (See page 6). The subscription for all will now cover the period of June 1st up to May 31st of the following year. To achieve this result, we expect an interval of 18 months to put everything in place so that all the members will have to renew for June 2013. Thus, any new persons who want to join the Association after June 1, 2012 will be subject to this new policy.

The publication of this issue of the journal The Chabotterie scheduled for the month of December, I hasten, on behalf of Board and all the collaborators, to wish you all, dear members, a very Merry Christmas and an a Happy New Year 2012. We pray God to keeps you and your family well.

*Luc Chabot*

## Editor's line



Hi to all! Again this year, thanks to the organizers, the Annual General Meeting was a success.

Many members from different regions attended the meeting. Two important decisions for the future of the Association were made and approved by the

Executive and endorsed by the attending member's; the purchase of the commemorative plaque to be installed at "La Maison de nos Aïeux" (Ancestor's House) to the Island of Orleans, the birthplace of our ancestors, and recording of our Coats of Arms to Heraldry Canada. So this young association is officially recognized among those who make the promotion of the founding families of Quebec. The efforts devoted by Claude Chabot made this possible.

Let me reiterate what I said during the meeting on September 25th .

We expect all members to contribute their family stories to our magazine and website. We urge all those who wish to write an article or have a topic to get in touch with us.

The content in this issue:

**Luc Chabot**, our president, provides the minutes of the meeting and provides explanations on changes to the process of joining the Association.

**Claude and Jean-Louis Chabot** we have a collector Emeritus, Ronald Chabot.

**Marcel Chabot** reminds us of the good times during the Mardi Gras and the Mid-Lent period.

**Andre Chabot** continues the story of his eventful life, African soil, this time.

**Lynn Chabot-Long** describes the process which has led to the decision to donate a kidney to his brother.

We also have some photos taken by **Mrs. Diane Quintal** during the day of the annual meeting.

*Marcel Chabot*

## Report of the annual assembly of September 25th 2011



We had the pleasure of welcoming approximately 125 people at this year's general assembly held in St Cyrille-de-Wendover. We were well received and the luncheon was excellent.

Our guest of honor, M. Gilbert Prince, lecturer and native of St Cyrille, at the president's request, spoke fluently of the history of Drummondville as well as the 2 Chabot families from that area. These were the children of M. Armand Chabot who was Chief of the rail station in St Cyrille at the height of train travel. M Prince generously answered questions from our members. It goes without saying that we will invite speakers who are knowledgeable of the Chabot families in the region of the assembly in the future.

The assembly was called to order at 12:45. I would like to warmly thank M. Yves Chabot for cheerfully presiding with great skill as well as M. Marc-Andre Chabot who filled the role of secretary as our elected secretary was absent due to work related commitments.

The minutes of last year's general assembly were read and M. Jean-Louis Chabot, treasurer, presented the financial report. This year's surplus was \$1700 as compared to \$3500 the previous year. This is as a result of gifting the founders who were leaving the administrative council as well as the council decision to reimburse council travel expenses. The current board members do not reside in immediate Quebec region; two are from Belle-

chasse, one from Charlevoix and one from the region of Trois-Rivieres.

The sum allocated for travel is quite modest, at 20 cents a kilometer for meetings and other official duties. The cost is approximately \$1500/annually. If this amount is added to the current balance, the actual surplus would be about \$3200.

As for this coming year, we anticipate a lower surplus as we have already spent \$900 for the commemorative plaque and we must register our coat of arms with Heraldique Canada as was unanimously voted at last year's assembly. It must be mentioned that the fees for the coat of arms cover 21 years and unique to the registration.

We would like to have presented our theme song but this was impossible due to the absence of Mme Sylvie Chabot who took this on as a project last year. She informed me, mid week, that she needed to cancel her trip to St-Cyrille as she had the flu and her mother who was hospitalized was not doing well. We wish them a quick recovery and good health.

In introducing our webmaster Marcel who spoke about our revue, *Les Chabotteries*, we thanked him for his hard work as webmaster and coordinator. I at this time also sincerely thanked all of our colleagues who contribute material, review or translate articles as well as interview for *Les Chabotteries*.

A new amendment was voted on and added to our general regulations; this being the title of Honorary Member. It is with great pleasure that we name M. Claude Chabot, former president and founder of our Association as the first honorary member.

During the last year, we presented the commemorative plaque rendering homage to our common ancestor, Mathurin Chabot. It will be permanently exhibited at la Maison de Nos Aieux, located next to the church of Ste-Famille on the Isle of Orleans. The text inscribed on the plaque can be read in the 4<sup>th</sup> issue of this past year's revues.

All the members of the current council have completed their terms and no other candidates were proposed by the assembly, the current members were unanimously reelected. Each will maintain their current position.

M. Leon Chabot, present at the meeting, was solicited as financial auditor for the year 2011-2012. He willingly accepted and it must be noted that he has been auditor since the founding of the association. We thank him for his devotion and involvement.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all the Chabots who offered donations for this assembly; M. Charles Eugene Chabot, artisan, who donated an ensemble of 3 pieces of his work; Mme Deborah Armstrong who donated a one year membership to the Association; Mme Diane Quintal in the name of the Compagnie Voyages a Rabais.com and lastly for the direction of the administrative council of your association. Congratulations to all of our winners. The assembly was adjourned by the president at 14:20.

*Luc Chabot*



Our President, Luc Chabot, posing proudly behind the memorial plaque dedicated to the ancestor Mathurin Chabot, along with family members and participants at the meeting .

## Modification of Association memberships Prodecures

Please note that the members of the Board of Directors have responsibilities and that they do all that is possible to perform their duties correctly. On the other hand, it is also certain that the members of the Association also have responsibilities, and one of those is to remember to pay their membership renewal dues on time. As it is difficult to remember the exact moment each person joined, we have decided to simplify the task by setting a specific date for Association membership renewal.

We presently have to check the membership list every month to verify the names of those whose memberships will soon expire so that we can notify them that it is time to renew. That way of doing things is time-consuming and tedious, and we strongly feel that it would be easier for us and for you to end this and to set a fixed date for the renewal of membership.

Thus, the efforts that we devote to membership renewal could be done quickly and at a pre-determined date, which would save a lot of time. Moreover, during our yearly gatherings we would only have to collect the fees for the meals, for articles from our inventory, and for amounts received from new members.

We do not plan to raise yearly membership dues which are 25 \$. However, if we want everyone to be able to renew their membership on a fixed date, starting June 2013, we must apply the necessary corrective measures. Some will ask why we chose the month of June: simply because the fiscal year of the Association begins on June 1<sup>st</sup> and ends on May 31<sup>st</sup> each year.

Here is how we will proceed: we will pro-rate the amount by increasing or deducting 6 \$ per quarterly from the amount (25 \$) normally paid so that in 18 months we arrive at the desired result. Members living outside Canada deducting will be 8 \$ per quarterly from the amount of 35 \$ US

Thus:

– members whose renewal date falls in December, January, or February will have two trimesters /quarters to pay in addition to the regular annual fee of 25 \$ (= 37 \$) to renew their membership till 2013; (outside Canada 59\$ U.S.)

– Those whose renewal falls in March, April, or May will have to pay 31 \$, or 6 \$ for a trimester/quarter in addition to the regular membership fee of 25 \$; (outside Canada 43 \$ U.S.)

– Those whose renewal falls in June, July, or August will pay 25 \$, which is the regular membership fee; (outside Canada 35 \$ U.S.)

– Those whose renewal falls in September, October, and November will pay 19 \$ (25 \$ - 6 \$) (outside Canada 27 \$ U.S.)

All the new members who will join the Association after June 1, 2012 will have to pay 25 \$ (35 \$ U.S.) for their membership and we will give them all the issues of *Les Chabotteries* published throughout the fiscal year (June 1<sup>st</sup> to May 31<sup>st</sup>). Those who want to obtain more details about these changes can contact me at 819-840-6962.



The actual Administrative boards members, Jean-Louis Chabot, Gaétan Chabot, Luc Chabot and Christian Chabot stand behind the commemorative plaque. Réal Chabot was absent due to his work.

## Ronald Chabot, an eminent collector



Who in the world of collectors, museums and historians does not know of Ronald Chabot whose fame extends well beyond the borders of Quebec ?

Ronald died in Gatineau as a result of a work injury. He was co proprietor of the family company Pavage Chabot, and was mortally crushed by a truck tipper delivering asphalt on the 20 May 2010. He left a wife and two children. Born the 22 May 1947 in St-Zacharie , Beauce, he was the son of Leo Chabot and of deceased Yvette Morin. He resided in Levis.

According to those who knew him, Ronald was what we would call a "good guy" a bon vivant. Always smiling, absent of affectation and pretense, he was a very approachable man. He did not impose in spite of his great competence and knowledge acquired after many years in the antique world.

He was a passionate collector for over 40 years, having started at the age of 21 to amass a variety of antiques. It was seeing these antiques leave Quebec that lit the fire that devoured a good part of his life. However, since 1990, he systematically collected sales catalogues, post cards and wood stoves, above all. These catalogues were a witness to the time and reflected the culture and tastes of society during that époque. In comparing catalogs from different periods, it is easy to see the evolution and changes in our society.

Ronald Chabot probably began his catalog collection from Eaton and Simpson stores. At the time of his death, he owned many thousands of catalogs from LaBaie, la compagnie Paquet, Dupuis et Freres, Canadian Tire, PT Legare etc and many from foreign companies based in the United States, France and England.

Ronald explored antique shops, frequented flea markets and garage sales to find what he wanted and occasionally, he was offered treasures by the uninitiated that were rare and forgotten in their attics. It was a veritable taste for adventure, a fever for finding interesting objects that animated him.

To complete this presentation, we reproduce, with the permission of its originator, Madame Michele LaFerriere, a story and photo that appeared in *Le Soleil* on March 7 2008 concerning Ronald Chabot.

Jean-Louis Chabot  
in collaboration with  
Claude Chabot.



M. Ronald Chabot poses beside a magnificent collectible piece, a wood stove Royal de Belanger, constructed in 1915.

## The art of finding collectibles



Ronald Chabot does not need drugs and does not dream of spending his winters in Florida. He finds pleasure by "reviewing and regularly looking through" his boxes, which contain millions of

objects from his numerous collections. "I will never feel like a lost soul, he says.

Thermometers, card games, harmonicas, combs, missals, medals, catalogs, pictures of nuns, rosaries, shoe hooks, sheet music, church bulletins. "Do you have any mining certificates?", asks the photographer. Ronald Chabot takes a step back, moves a box aside, stretches his arm and waves, in less than five seconds, an authentic - yet tarnished - document.

He works in the paving industry, which leaves him plenty of free time in the winter to devote himself to his hobby. It's been 40 years since he started accumulating old objects. The basement of his home in Lévis looks like it's a moving day. There are boxes everywhere, everywhere, everywhere. Half open in piles, on the floor, on chairs. This is just a small part of the treasures he keeps in other houses, other storage spaces or that he lends to museums.

Ronald Chabot reigns over this mess with the satisfaction of a mycologist in a patch of chanterelles. "I lost control," he admits calmly. He still can find any trinket on request. But it is by chance that he put his hands on an address book that had slipped (!) in a mountain of old sepia photographs of nuns in cornets.

### Precious catalogs

What are the origins of this clutter? "I lent catalogs to Michel Lessard, and he returned them all mixed" says Ronald Chabot, who collaborated with the historian for his new Encyclopedia of

Quebec antiques. Catalogs reveal a lot about cultures and eras. Mr. Chabot has been collecting them for 15 years.

He opens a box, fumbles a bit, then comes up with a marvel in a plastic packaging: the first catalog of the Dupuis Frères store of Montreal, which dates from 1921. "I bought it last year in Saint-Alphonse-de-Rodriguez," he tells us.

«People quickly get rid of documents that are of value, such as cards and religious images», he observes. «I have no problem of conscience to pay \$ 5 at a flea market for an object that is worth 100 times more.»

Collecting is more than buying, exchanging and accumulating. "My best purchase adventures are meetings with people," says he. What a joy to know that an object will please someone else.

Ronald Chabot sometimes has the impression of being selected by the object or being the heir of it. He gives the example of the luxury toy car in steel (1930) he acquired from an 80-year old gentleman. The transaction was not completed in minutes. Ronald Chabot had to prove that he deserved the car. It appears on page 452 of Michel Lessard's new encyclopaedia.

At 20, Ronald Chabot was a truck driver. He often came across antique merchants behind the wheel of their trucks on their way to dump their cargo in the United States. "I decided that I would save some furniture," says he.

So he began to knock on doors, unannounced, in the countryside. "People were not suspicious, I had time to get into their bubble," he says. He started buying "everything and nothing," without knowing anything about antiques. "Over the years, I developed a selective vision and I found unusual collection fields, catalogs for instance.



Collections have been the school of Ronald Chabot. He says he has no culture, no education. At age 60, yet he has a rich historical, sociological and human background that is not learned in college. Museums are eager for his objects, furniture and expertise. His wife just tolerates the eccentricity of her Ronald and never sets foot in

his den. "She is what you could call a collector's widow," he says jokingly!

Reprinted with permission of *Michèle LaFerrière*, the author (picture p.8) and Le Soleil.



Serving or promotional trays appeal to bargain hunters. Sometimes they are worth several hundred dollars.

Photographer *Raynald Lavoie*

Le Soleil

## 150e Anniversary From Ste-Justine Parish

*The Ste-Justine citizen will celebrated their 150e Anniversary of the foundation of their parish in 2012. For those who would like to join them to have fun and to celebrate are more then welcome. The website created for this event included all the required information in regards to the activities that will be carried on all year around.*

*It is noted that Ste-Justine Parish is one of the main roots land of the Chabot family!*

<http://www.stejustine.net/doc/LesFetesdu150e.pdf>

## Mardi gras and Mid-Lent



I have visited the Coudres Island and the Magdalen Islands in recent years. I do not know why, but the islanders have maintained a simple attitude, a joie de vivre, a humanity that we lost, we the people of the continent. They also managed to protect and perpetuate

the cultural heritage bequeathed to them by their ancestors. Mardi Gras and Mid-Lent are part of these traditions that they take pleasure in reviving year after year.

At the time I was a young boy, Halloween was not yet known, at least not deep in my home countryside, Bellechasse. Also, with the help of my sister-in-law Bernadette, I disguised myself and would go pay a little visit to the neighbours, begging for a treat.

Mardi Gras, the eve of Ash Wednesday that marked the beginning of Lent. On that day, agitated youngsters wore masks and the most grotesque and extravagant costumes, and went from house to house, begging for a song, a jig or a declamation. It was an opportunity to take a little drink, flirt with the girls of the house and, of course, play tricks.

I am talking about a time, as the song goes, where there was neither radio nor television or film. According to my older brother, Maurice, who himself participated with friends in such unbridled expeditions, pranksters had a field day committing the most unspeakable pranks. And as it got later in the evening, hosts and hostesses would become more mischievous and would try to take the disguises off from these «devils» and «she-devils» who had invaded their home. Squabbles could ensue, but nothing too serious, because it was an evening of fun and, therefo-

re, laughter and good humor were essential.

The next day, Lent began. During the next forty days, all adults had to fast, that is to say go without food (take two to three light meals) and do not eat meat, only fish, often cod, still abundant at this time, but which was not always very fresh ...

Then, in the middle of this period of deprivation was Mid-Lent. Again, young people wore rags, put makeup on their faces and were off to visit the countryside. Again, they were warmly welcome by most people who enjoyed this short break in the middle of a time of penance. They allowed themselves to binge and to send a bowlful of spirit down the hatch. Our ancestors were not so stupid! They possessed the art of having a good time so as to deceive the gray and long wintertime!

I am talking about a time and usages that people who are less 60 years old are completely unaware and that they cannot understand. My children - who are approaching their forties - believe I'm senile when I talk about those things that I have witnessed!

Lastly, let me tell you a dream of mine: to replace - here in Quebec - the very commercial Halloween by a celebration of Mardi Gras and Mid-Lent, as it is still celebrated in our beloved islands. Isn't Mardi Gras still celebrated with great pomp in Brazil and several other Latin countries?

To learn more about the festivities in the Islands:  
<http://micareme.ca/en/index.php>

*Marcel Chabot*

## Andrée Chabot's Lively Life (3<sup>e</sup> part)



Once again we are on a charter flight for our return to Africa. Barely a few hours after our departure, they announce that we must land in Algiers because of a mechanical problem. The French do not need visas, and are transported to the hotel right away. As for us, we will have to wait and hope for the best. We are the only Canadians, and the surroundings are not very reassuring, especially for the children. The military are everywhere in the airport with machine guns in their hands, no doubt because of the coup three months earlier when Ben Bella, the president, had been imprisoned. Members of the flight crew take our passports to try to obtain visas for us. It is late and the children are tired and thirsty, but we must content ourselves with water that they bring us. Several hours later, it is our turn to go to the hotel. It is a beautiful hotel with a view of the sea. We will have plenty of time to rest because they had to send in a team from France to make the necessary repairs. This city, which in former time was prosperous and bustling with activity, no longer has the necessary resources. There is now only one ship in port, and there are almost no cars in the streets. The city has not yet recovered and gotten back on its feet since its independence in 1962.

Upon our return to Bouaké, the garden is unrecognizable. The shrubs which we had planted before leaving are practically trees. They grow during the rainy season! It smells like mildew in the villa. Everything that is made of leather is covered in mold and will have to be thrown away in the garbage. There are cockroaches everywhere. It is a little discouraging, but with the help of the "boy", everything will be quickly put in order.

Life resumes its little routines. The children go to school in their little dresses and their blue and white or orange and white checkered shirts which I had dutifully sewn for them during a whole week. The children have to wear a different color every day, to make sure that the clothing is clean, at least as much as possible. School holidays are

abundant, as everything is an excuse to close the schools: Catholic holidays (President Houphouët Boigny is Catholic), Moslem holidays, visits of presidents from any country, and there are many. In spite of everything, the children learn rapidly, so well that upon our return from Africa 7 years later, in addition to the year passed at North Bay, they will be much more advanced compared to the children here. No doubt because there is neither television, nor telephone, nor anything else to do but read, go to the pool and/or go to the movies, take dancing classes and/or riding classes. There is also a lot of homework to do at the house. They do not fool around with discipline. Teachers are not shy about slapping the children.

At the start of 1966, I realize that I am pregnant. Staying at Bouaké for the birth is out of the question considering the difficult experiences in the past and the primitive conditions available in this place. We will go to Canada for summer vacation, and I will return only after the birth of the baby. Good decision, but I will have to return before December 31, or the airline tickets will not be reimbursed.

Thus, here I am, a week before Christmas, in route with my 4 children including a baby of four weeks, all bundled up in their winter clothes. There is a stop in Paris where we must get our luggage back to transfer from Orly to Bourget in record time, and a stop in Dakar where we must all leave the plane with all our personal effects including our winter clothing which is no longer on our backs, and a stop in Abidjan where we have to take a small plane for Bouaké after having cleared our luggage through customs, obviously.

During the crossing, I put the baby in a small cloth hammock attached to the ceiling of the cabin (yes, it was that way in those days, next to the luggage compartment). We are all exhausted and falling asleep, but a woman behind us keeps on poking me with her finger to let me know that the arm of the baby is hanging out of the hammock. Tired of her little game, I remember telling her, "Oh well, let it fall".

(To read on page 15) ⇨

## Organ donation: A gift of life



### A donor is needed

I was brought up with my four older brothers in a rural area in Oak Creek, Wisconsin, USA. Being raised in a close family made me an independent, strong woman who truly believed that she was prepared for anything that life would throw at her. But then came

the news that would test those core beliefs.

In January of 1986, I received the news that would rock my world. My middle brother, Bill, went to our Dad and told him that his kidneys had failed. He understood that he could live a long time on dialysis, but weighing the pros and cons, he chose not to; and with that choice, his days were numbered. Down to only six percent kidney function, he could have gone on the national transplant list through UNOS, but the odds were against him that a donor would be found in time.

Bill's decision was accepted by the family, but around him a war was being waged. The fight to keep him with us had begun. We were not ready to lose him. Every adult in the family, including my husband and Bill's wife, along with half a dozen of his friends volunteered to donate a kidney to Bill. Many people joined our forces to win this battle. With a large pool from which to draw, it was decided that one of his siblings would be the preferred, ideal donor lessening the possibility of rejection. Also the closer the match, the less anti-rejection medication he would need. One of our siblings, Allen, had a different blood type, as did our Dad, so the remaining three of us would be tested for compatibility. As fate would have it, my oldest brother, Russell, and myself were perfect matches; and my youngest brother, Lee, was half a match. Any one of us could be the donor. This is a rare occurrence, to have so many matching individuals in one family. Many families turn up with no matches at all, and critically ill individuals have to languish for a long time, sometimes years, on the transplant list in hopes of getting a life-saving organ, often not receiving one in time.

### A brief history of Bill's disease

Bill's kidney failure did not happen overnight, and it was not an unknown issue in our family. Our mo-

ther's family is riddled with a hereditary kidney disease called *Alport Syndrome*. Until my generation, the women had been the carriers and the men were the ones to contract the disease. Starting in my generation, the women started contracting the disease; but it was a milder form; and has not as yet caused any of the women to need transplants. I have numerous cousins, both male and female, who have the disease. One family has three sons with it.

As Bill had a strong desire for privacy, we didn't know much about his history at the time. We did know that several years before the news of his kidney failure, Bill had a biopsy on one of his kidneys, but it wasn't due to the *Alport*. That's about all we knew.

### The decision

For whatever reason, it was not difficult for me to make the decision that I wanted to be the donor. My husband, Jerry, and my two teenage sons, Rick and Sean, would support me in my decision. None of this was so simple for Russell. The single parent of two grade school girls, Tanya and Jennifer, Russell was the sole support of his daughters. His daughters, being very young, were very frightened and didn't want their father to be the donor; but Russell had promised Bill a number of years earlier that he would get a kidney if the time ever came. Now that the time was upon us, could he go against his daughter's wishes? Could he break his promise to his younger brother? What would be the reaction to us deciding that the youngest and only girl in the family would do such a difficult and dangerous thing? This is a decision that must be supported by the entire family. There was so much to think about with no easy answers.

Bill's wife, Karen, called one day in complete anguish wanting to know the decision that had been made. I told her that Russell and I both wanted to be the donor, but a final decision hadn't been made. I tried to assure her that we would make the decision shortly. After much conversation, it became clear that there was to be no appeasing her, so without hesitation, I simply said, "I'll do it." I had just taken the decision out of Russell's hands. I felt terrible having done that. I felt that by giving to one brother, I had just taken away a precious gift from

the other. Later, after talking with Russell, we both realized that it was the right thing to do. He was upset for a while, but knowing how his daughters felt, he realized he couldn't be the donor.

Now our parents, Al and Lucille, would have to face the possibility of losing not one, but two of their children. Although, donation is generally a very safe surgery, it is not without its risks, one of which is death. I knew in my heart that would not be the case.

### **The transplant**

Today many kidneys are removed laparoscopically, through a small incision in the donor's abdomen. The kidney is placed in a cavity in the recipient's abdomen. The recipient's kidneys usually aren't even removed. Also, pain control medications and methods are so much more advanced today.

Our transplant was done before laparoscopic surgery. A 13 inch incision was made in my side, and a rib was removed, due to the placement of my kidney. My ribs were spread, and my kidney was removed and placed in my brother's lower abdomen through a nine inch incision. Seeing Bill had been very sick, and he just received a perfectly good kidney, his recovery was much quicker than mine. He was up the same day of the surgery. My recovery, as is the case with most donors, was much slower. I had a perfectly good organ removed from a perfectly healthy body. I was in the hospital for nine days and off work for six weeks. It is not uncommon now for donors to be in the hospital four to six days and off work for a couple of weeks (it varies with each individual). Many individuals have reported little to no pain after their donation.

Most of our family waited at the hospital during the surgery. Although the transplant went well, Jerry had a terrible scare when he first saw me. He had never seen anyone who had surgery, and although he was warned about how I would look, he wasn't told that I would have a breathing tube, but that's common procedure. As they wheeled me past him, he saw the tube, and saw me looking so pale. He thought something had gone wrong. He thought they had lied to him; he had just lost his whole world. As we got to my room, his knees gave way, and he sunk to the floor not even able to express his anguish. He waited outside as the orderlies dragged

me from the cart to my bed. I let out a loud yell from the pain. He would later tell me that was the most beautiful sound he had ever heard. I was alive, I would be alright. His world was safe.

Jerry would spend the next nine days right in my room with me, sleeping on a very uncomfortable cot. He helped me bathe; he helped me dress; he was there for my every non-medical need. He wasn't going to let me out of his sight again. My mother stayed at a nearby hotel, as the hospital was 90 miles from home. She wasn't going to be very far from her son and only daughter. Mom stayed with me the first week when I got home while Jerry went back to work.

### **Living with one kidney**

When the kidney is removed, the single normal kidney will increase in size to compensate for the loss of the donated kidney. The only way to know if this has happened is to have an x-ray. I haven't had the need or desire to do that.

*The American Academy of Pediatrics, American Academy of Family Physicians and the Medical Society of Sports Medicine* have suggested that people with one kidney avoid sports that involve higher risks of heavy contact or collision, which may also include extreme activities such as skydiving. Anyone with a single kidney who decides to participate in these sports should be extra careful and wear protective padding. They should understand that the consequences of losing a single kidney are very serious. I was also told that I shouldn't ride a motorcycle as that can be hard on the kidney. Being the owner and rider of two motorcycles when I was younger, this would be very good advice for me to heed. I did, however go skydiving several years ago. I am also an avid scuba diver. One's life does not have to be limited after donation. I have no dietary restrictions nor am I on any special medications.

### **Another organ donor in the family**

I met (through email) my cousin, Diane Chabot Pard of Montreal, Canada at the beginning of 2010. Diane contacted me when she discovered (through the internet) that I had been an organ donor; because her daughter, Melanie, had been a donor in 2009 when she died in a car accident. Melanie was

29 years old and one of triplets. She had let her parents know before the accident that she wanted to be a donor when the time came. It had come all too soon. I felt a very strong connection to her, even though we had never met. She had given the ultimate gift.

### Our commitment of Organ Donation

After 25 years, Jerry and I are still committed to organ donation. I wrote and published my book called *A Gift of Life: A Page from the Life of a Living Organ Donor*, because when I was looking for information, there was none out there from the donor's point-of-view. I wanted to solve that for others who may be looking for such information. I wanted them to at least have some sense of what it was like to be a living donor. I have since realized that it's helpful for those who are donor family members (family members of deceased donors) as well, so they may realize that their loved one, if here, would have been honored to be a donor.

### U.S. Transplant Games— 1998-2010

Part of our commitment to organ donation has been to get involved with activities sponsored by the *National Kidney Foundation*. The US and World Transplant Games are venues where transplant recipients are able to thank donors for their gift of life. They participate in sports activities much like the Olympics. Jerry and I attended the US Transplant Games in Columbus, Ohio, in 1998, and had a wonderful time. I was absolutely amazed when I saw the recipients participating in sports as if they were perfectly healthy. It was so gratifying to see.

We hadn't been back to the games since then; but because the US Transplant Games in July of 2010 were going to be just 90 miles from our home in Madison, Wisconsin, we decided we would go. We participated in and assisted with sponsoring activities before and after the games such as bowling and 3k walks.



Feeling that strong connection to Melanie Pard, it became very important for me to represent her and her family at the Transplant Games. As I was to represent myself as a living donor, I asked Jerry to represent Melanie and her family, which he did with great pride and humility. He

wore a pin with her picture for the entire time that we were there.

The first morning of the games, Jerry and I both walked in the 5K to support Team Wisconsin. I chose not to participate in any of the other sports venues due to a knee injury. Donors were allowed to enter just a couple events as they would have a very unfair advantage over recipients. We attended activities for both living donors and donor families, seeing both sides of the same coin. We had a wonderful time having lively conversations with other living donors, being supportive of donor families, and cheering on transplant recipients during their sports venues. We will remain dedicated to the efforts to make sure there are donors for all who need them.

### Be a donor, sign your donor card

Only 19% of the population is truly against donation. The remainder, who do not donate, either just haven't thought about it, or did not make their wishes known to their families.

Being a living donor is not an opportunity that many will have, but it was one of the most gratifying experiences that I have ever had. Although you may not choose to be a living donor, it is simple to be a donor after you die. In the US, all you need do is sign your donor card or sign the new National Donor Registry. In Canada, you may also sign a donor card. If you are interested in becoming a donor, find out the regulations in your state/province. Most importantly, let your family know your wishes, so that they are carried out at the time of your death. All too often, precious organs are lost at this crucial time. Please don't let that happen to yours. The question that I get asked most often is, "If you had it to do over again, would you?" I answer without hesitation, "In a heartbeat."



*Lynn Chabot-Long*

⇨ From 11 : **Lively life...**

She preferred to take the situation in hand. At the airport in Abidjan, the customs officials gleefully made me empty the big trunk which is our luggage. I hand them the key, but they refuse. I must empty it myself and fill it up again, of course. Thus, Marie-Claude must take care of the baby, and André watch his sister and our personal effects. They are six years old, and five years old, respectively. I suppose that I could have offered money to the agents, and that would have worked, but I was not in the mood to face accusations of bribery and corruption. The prisons in Africa are not a lot of fun.

My husband waits on the other side. At Bouaké, what a surprise! All the Canadian clan is there, including some who had arrived in September whom I do not know. They even prepared a Christmas tree at the house. It is a holiday celebration and it is marvelous. I suddenly forget all my fatigue.

The years passed by swiftly, all more or less the same, except that we passed the last three in the capital where I obtained a diploma of medical lab technician at the *Faculte de Medecine de l'Hopital Universitaire d'Abidjan*, the medical school of the university hospital of Abidjan. Having this diploma did not help much because we returned to Canada not long after, and it was not recognized there. It is a shame, as I was able to easily identify tropical diseases. I did not feel like starting over.

From there, I taught French as a Second Language at Berlitz, and then for the federal government. Then, my husband and I divorced, and I studied accounting while I learned English, and worked and raised my children. I worked at the *Bureau of Investigative Services*, then at *Canada Revenue* till the day I retired, which coincided with my departure for Georgia.

*Andrée Chabot*

*Who can be a member of the Association des Chabot*

It is not a must that your family surname be "Chabot" in order to join the "Association des Chabot". There are some people who want to join but they were told they can't because they do not have the Chabot name. If your ancestor was a female Chabot then she would have changed her name when married but she is still of Chabot blood and so are her children and grandchildren and so on. Presently, the association has several members who are in this situation. In addition, it is obvious that the very vast majority of spouses do not bare the Chabot name.

The Association of Chabot is open to anyone interested in preserving family heritage of their ancestors who came to Quebec, from France in the 1600's hundreds. We encourage anyone who is from the paternal or maternal side, or who are tied somehow to the Chabot surname under special circumstances targeted and invited to join the Association.

Send this information to your family relatives or friends who are reluctant to become members for that reason and invite them to visit the Association website for details more about this:

<http://web.me.com/chabotm/chabotsass/>

Also, we plan to publish double the amount of this issue of the newsletter *Les Chabotteries* so that you can give away the extra copy to encourage others to join. It is a great promotional tool. However, this should not significantly affect the operation cost.

*Maryo Tremblay*



*This plaque will be installed at « La Maison de nos Aïeux » at Ste. Famille village on Orleans Island to commemorate the arrival in New France of our common ancestor, Mathurin Chabot.*

**HOMMAGE À MATHURIN CHABOT (1637-1696)**

**Ancêtre des Chabot en Amérique**

**Arrivé à Québec en 1660, il s'établit à Château-Richer  
sur une terre du Sault-à-la-Puce.**

**En 1661, il épousa Marie Mésangé à Notre-Dame de Québec.**

**En 1662, les deux époux furent confirmés  
par Mgr. F. Montmorency-Laval.**

**En 1665, ils aménagèrent à St-Pierre,  
puis en 1674 à St-Laurent à l'île d'Orléans.**

**Leurs 13 enfants furent leur grande fierté.**

**Marie Mésangé décéda en 1692 à St-Laurent et  
Mathurin, en 1696, à l'Hôtel-Dieu de Québec.**

**Fiers de ce que nos ancêtres nous ont légué  
et qu'à nos descendants nous transmettrons.**

**Association des Chabot en 2011**

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