



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

N° 58 spring 2022

The monk's labour of a Saint-Roch bum



Since 2006, Robert Chabot has been repainting all the gildings in the Saint-Roch church for free. An outlandish project which has become his reason for living over the years.

The Chabotteries is a quarterly newsletter published by the Association of Chabot.

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Message From The President



Dear member,

We are almost at the end of winter, spring is upon us. Life is gradually returning to normal. We are preparing for the maple sugar season.

I hope you are all well and that no one has had any problems with this darn virus. We are still affected by this COVID-19 virus.

Three years have passed since our last meeting, in September 2019. But we will certainly be able to meet in Cap-Saint-Ignace in the beautiful region of Chaudière-Appalaches at 100, place de l'Eglise, Cap-Saint-Ignace (Quebec), G0R 1H0 for the 15th anniversary of the Association des Chabot. If we can.

You are all invited there with your parents and friends; don't miss this festive day. We will have our general meeting as always. We will do everything to make this day memorable. A souvenir for the 15th anniversary will be given to each person present and a special gift will be given to each member in good standing.

There will be door prizes, we will draw a five-year subscription for all new members as well as for those who have renewed their subscription between January 1, 2021 and May 31, 2022, as we announced.

It will be important to reserve your place to allow us to properly order the souvenirs so that everyone receives theirs.

Send us an email (info@association-chabot.com) or call us (418 440-8370) to tell us how many people will attend.

Your Association is doing well despite everything we have been through since our last meeting, we have lost members : some who have died, others have not renewed because of their health; and we have new members who have joined.

As always, we ask for your help in recruiting new members. And we need help on the board of directors and for various tasks: recruitment, translation, research on the history of the Chabots and testimonies. Everyone, you are all welcome.

Remember that your board of directors is not eternal. There are only four of us. If one of us became sick, it would be disastrous. Having a succession plan is essential for the association to continue.

We would like to thank all our members who have renewed every year despite COVID-19, and the sponsors for their support.

Maryo Chabot Tremblay
member #275

Attention !

Invitation not to be missed!
We will celebrate the 15th anniversary of the association on Sunday, September 11, 2022 in Cap-Saint-Ignace in the Chaudière-Appalaches region. If we can. Surprises, gifts, brunch and general assembly.

Book early!

The monk's labour of a Saint-Roch bum

"One summer day I walked into the church and found it drab. It was dead", explains this man who has no training in restoration.

There's almost nothing this repentant offender hasn't done. Thefts, use and sale of drugs, prostitution, domestic violence and five suicide attempts.

Coming from a dysfunctional family whose father was an alcoholic, he was influenced by bad associations.

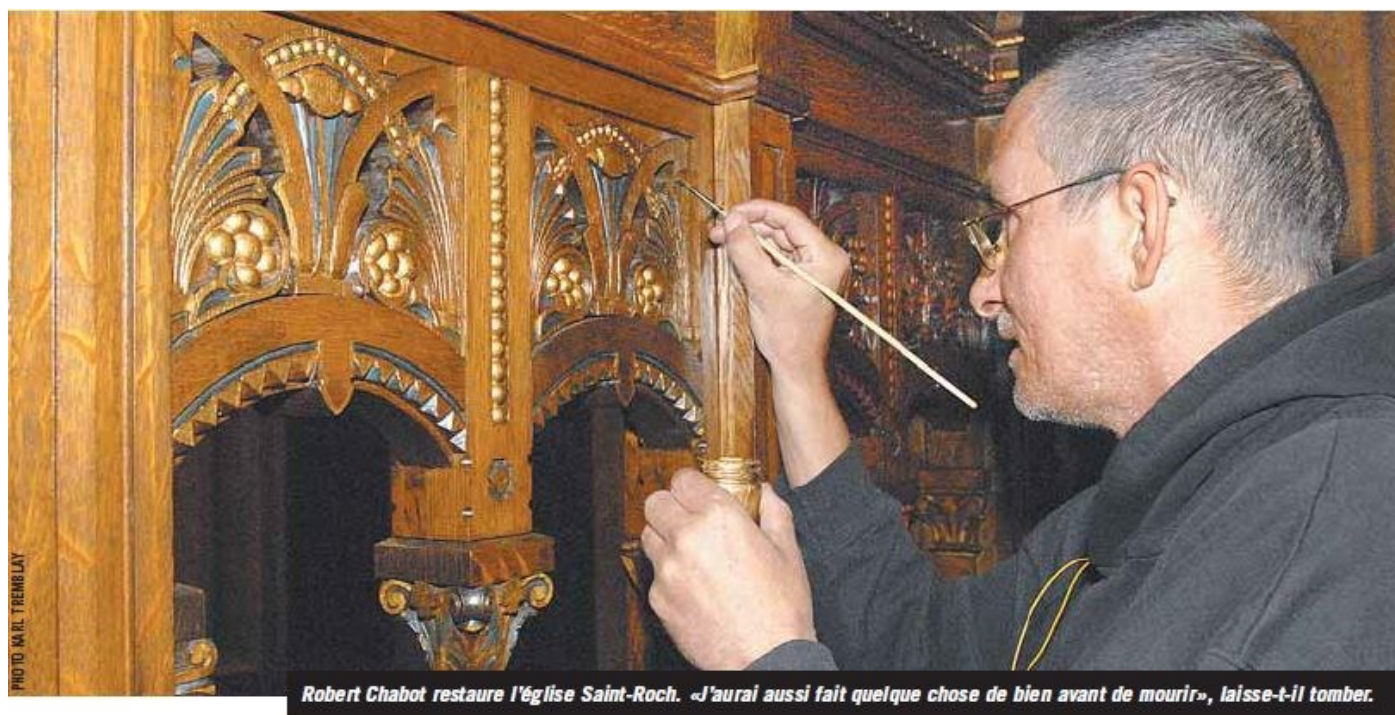
"I've been a bum all my life, like many guys in the Saint-Roch district. It was brewing in 1976 in my corner. But today, this project has become the only reason I have left to live and not put a rope around my neck," he confides to Le Soleil.

Mr. Chabot did not marry. He never had children or a stable job. He lived on welfare all his life. He lives alone, with his cat, in a HLM (public housing) in Saint-Sauveur. "I don't have any friends either," he says, pretending to put up with it, even if he feels lonely.

Emphysema

For 15 years, he has also suffered from emphysema, a lung disease that can be fatal. In 2007, his doctor only predicted him one year to live. He is therefore connected to a bottle of oxygen 18 hours a day and occasionally moves around in a wheelchair.

"I made a promise to my mother at her grave, I will keep it," he says, although this posthumous promise seems endless.



Robert Chabot restaure l'église Saint-Roch. «J'aurai aussi fait quelque chose de bien avant de mourir», laisse-t-il tomber.

At first, Mr. Chabot was only to paint a few elements, such as the tabernacle of Mary and that of Saint-Joseph. Because of his state of health, he cannot devote more than two hours a day to his project. Painting arabesques on the balconies requires a certain physical effort, but above all a lot of meticulousness, precision and patience. "The longer it goes, the less capacity I have," he says.

But from one year to the next, the list of his achievements grows longer. Five days a week at most, he climbs ladders as if to get closer to God. He breathed new life into the pews of the churchwardens, the choir and the niche of Saint-Roch. He even repaints elements of the decor that have never been decorated. "It's also a way of making amends for beating up two women in my life who didn't deserve it. That's what I regret the most... I think of them when I paint," says Mr. Chabot.

By Christmas, he plans to finish the top of the pulpit. "I will at least leave something behind me," he adds. One has the impression that he would repaint the entire Saint-Roch church if necessary, even if he is not paid.

"My salary is when people come to greet me and comment on my work," Mr. Chabot proudly points out. Father Grenier, the parish priest pays him for his brushes and the gold-colored paint, nothing more.

His project could however surprise more than one. Mr. Chabot is a believer, but not really religious. "I don't go to mass every Sunday, but I was baptized," he says. He believes in God, but not in the Catholic religion, which runs too much on money, according to him. He is rather connected to nature and the universe.

In 49 years of existence, this bum who has become almost a monk has perhaps too often believed those who promised him the moon. But when he talks about his project, we still see stars in his eyes.

Reference: <https://www.lesoleil.com/archives/le-travail-de-moine-dun-bum-de-saint-roch-11d2caa1e0e5248b69bf63ea943a0580>

MARIE-JOSÉE NANTEL Le Soleil October 7, 2009

Following this article, I went to meet Robert, hard at work in St-Roch Church, in order to find out about his roots.

He was the son of Adrien Chabot and Madeleine Matt; Adrien had taken part in the Second World War and had been taken prisoner there by the German armed forces. His grandfather Adélarde Chabot had participated in the First World War and was married to Irma Dessenders at Earnenger in Belgium on 05/01/1918. Robert was the last of a family of 9 children, he was born on 06/02/1960 and died on 01/25/2012.



Claude Chabot
Member #1

ZERO WASTE at your fingertips



Anne Chabot a fondé Demain Demain en 2014, une compagnie qui propose des produits éthiques et réutilisables.

Anne Chabot founded Demain Demain in 2014, a company that offers ethical and reusable products.

A former teacher, Quebecer Anne Chabot decided to promote responsible consumption by launching ethical and reusable products after being shocked by the mountain of waste generated by children at lunchtime. This is how Demain Demain was born, a company that offers reusable bags, placemats and other accessories.

Recycling woven fiber water bottles: this is Anne Chabot's vision when she created her company Demain Demain in 2014. She created an exclusive and waterproof textile, RECYPUL™, with the help of a Montreal manufacturer. "The manufacturer buys the yarn internationally and weaves it here. It's unfortunate, the raw material does not come from here, but there is no solution in Canada at the moment," explains the entrepreneur.



The tote bag, for example, is made from seven reused water bottles. The straps of the bags are made from fishing nets recovered from the oceans.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Aside from these reusable bags of different sizes, Demain Demain also offers planters, "No Ads" stickers and placemats."



Les napperons sont très populaires, car les gens les utilisent pour manger à leur bureau ou à l'école

Since COVID-19, placemats have become very popular because there are many people who have to eat at their desks and they want to keep their workspace clean."

All Demain Demain products are adorned with magnificent illustrations created in-house or by Quebec artists, via collaborations. "For us, it's a way to support and showcase Quebec art."



Tous les sacs de Demain Demain sont fabriqués à partir de fibre de bouteilles d'eau recyclées. Ils sont complètement imperméables.

EASE AND VERSATILITY

As Earth Day approaches, we asked Anne Chabot for some tips on how to reduce your daily waste. The founder of Demain Demain explains that it is important to opt for durable, high-quality products that will be used for several years.

"To make it easy too and so that people don't give up along the way, these products need to be easily cleanable. At Demain Demain, we have opted for prod-

ucts that can be put in the washer and dryer."

Finally, the versatility of the product is also important. "In an ecological approach, it is important to reduce the number of objects that belong to us. Fewer objects therefore, but which are ultimately used for more things!"

Tomorrow Tomorrow is first and foremost a vision, that of Anne Chabot, an entrepreneur at heart with a varied background. A former teacher, Anne quickly wanted to develop full-time environmental projects. A go-getter and visionary, she uses her business to raise people's awareness of issues related to sustainable development while offering a practical product that enhances their lives. After all, "taking care of our planet also means taking care of the people who live there".

Reference: Journal de Montreal 04/24/2021

Possible journalist: Hortense Des Dorides, special collaboration

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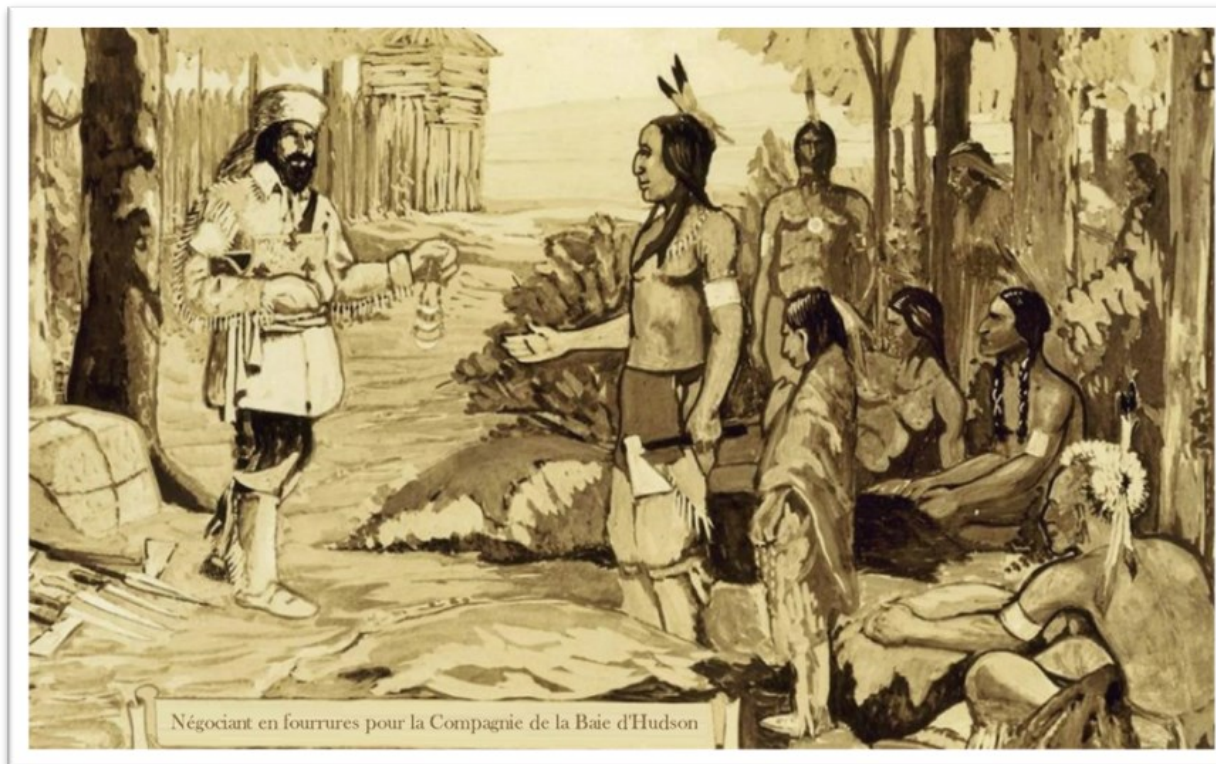
Other reference: <https://jdm.pressreader.com/search?query=chabot&newspapers=2527&startDate=2021-4-24&stopDate=2021-4-24&hideSimilar=1&type=2&state=0>

<https://demaindemain.co/pages/la-fierte-de-faire-autrement>

<https://baronmag.com/2019/05/tomorrow-tomorrow/>



Jean Baptiste Chabotte, expert rifleman and canoeman, tells of early days



I found this article in the Missoulian Journal (Missoula, Montana) where it was published on December 17, 1905. It is about one John Baptiste Jabotte. You may wonder, as I do, why we find Chabots and Jabottes in our history, so I will answer that I have only a vague idea. Our ancestor Mathurin Chabot knew how to read and write, but during colonization, education was not a priority. Surviving the climate, feeding oneself and being a good Christian were. Education was not essential, so even the priests lost their Latin along with their French trying to maintain the parish registers, which resulted in misspellings in the family names, or they simply wrote down what they heard.

John Baptiste Jabotte nearly 80 years of age, pioneer fur trader, famous rifle shot and one of the most skillful canoemen of that vast army employed by the Hudson Bay company, is spending his last days at the Missoula county poor farm. It was in 1847 that Jabotte first looked upon the Yellowstone the great plains and the Rocky mountains. It was in the same year that he made his way by river and land to the trading post at the present site of Thompson Falls. Something of a pioneer was John Baptiste Jabotte, but his visit to the northwest territory was not for the purpose of settlement. He came with his companions to trade with the Indians; to exchange beads and blankets and trinkets for prime furs of fox, beaver and mink.

Jabotte's life is as thrilling as a story book. The tales he tells are modest in the extreme and it is seldom that one can induce him to tell a story wherein he is the hero. Upon two things, however, he dwells with pardonable pride and those are his skill with the rifle and with the bateau.

Quaint old man

Jabotte wears his fourscore years lightly and there is still much about him to remind one of the hardy furtrader who has travelled the breadth of the continent depending upon his rifle to furnish him food. In those days it meant much to be a frontiersman. Cool judgment, a quick eye, untiring muscles and a nerve that never quivered were the things that made life possible for the hardy woodmen. When Jabotte left Montreal in the service of the Hudson Bay company, he was just entering his 20s. There were 36 in the party and of them all he alone has survived. There was a note of sadness in his voice when he reflected on the disappearance of his companions. He speaks with a French-Canadian accent and one has to follow him closely to understand fully. "I alone remain of all that brave company that left Montreal. There were three Irishmen, four Iroquois Indians and the rest Frenchmen. Four were lost in the rapids on the McKenzie river, one was killed by a grizzly bear and the others have scattered and have gone. I know not if there be any alive but me."

Although not versed in the lore of books, Jabotte was educated in a way not uncommon in those days. He speaks seven languages five of which are Indians tongues. He has conversed with the Esquimaux above the Arctic

circle and with the Piegans, Blackfeet, Chinooks and Flatheads.

The Artic Sea

After Sir John Franklin's ill fated expedition had been lost in the paleocrystic sea of the far north, many efforts were made to find traces of the unfortunate man. It was believed for years that a small party had made its way over the ice floes to land on the northern shores of the American continent. To search for these men, the Hudson Bay company sent out a large party which proceeded by rivers to the Arctic ocean.

Jabotte's account of that trip is one of his best stories. The start was made from a trading post on Lake Winnipeg early in the spring. They touched at Lake Athabasca, Great Slave lake and thence down the McKenzie river to McKenzie bay, Esquimaux were encountered who told a vague story of a white man who had escaped from the ice enemy and who had made his way to the main land from the frozen sea. The Esquimaux stated that they had seen other natives who had pieces of from believed to have been taken from the wreckage of Sir John Franklin's whaleboats.

The party returned without being able to find the strange white man who had escaped the sea. It was not until several years later that it was learned that Sir John Franklin had died near Melville Island in June, 1847, and that he had discovered the northwest passage. The two ships in the English expedition under Franklin, the Erebus and the Terror, were crushed in the ice pack.

Never Fought indians

Asked if he had even been attacked by hostile Indians, Jabotte smiled and replied that the Indians were his friends and that he had never fought them. His ability to acquire their language and his familiarity with their manners and customs gave him a big advantage over other traders. When the trading companies that followed in the wake of the Lewis and Clark expedition were unable to trade with certain tribes of Indians, the traders of the Hudson Bay company were usually unmolested and could traverse the wilderness in safety so far as the red men were concerned.

During the first years of Jabotte's travels he carried a long barreled flintlock rifle. He was known to the Indians and to the few white men in the northwest country at that time, as an unerring shot. Later he secured a Colt's rifle from the United States which weapon was coming into use at that time. It had a cylinder with six shots and was fashioned after the model of Colt's revolver only much larger. His reputation as a marksman, saved the life of a friend upon one occasion.

There was a German in company with Jabotte on an expedition upon which they were dispatched after horse thieves. A party of traders had split up and was scouring the country for the thieves who had run off with their horses.

Before the traders had reached the rendezvous, Jabotte and the German were surrounded by a party of Piegans who were then on the warpath. Jabotte easily explained that he was employed by the Hudson Bay company but it was not so easy to convince the Indians that the German was also. By way of introducing the celebration, the Indians prepared to burn the German at the stake. They told Jabotte that he could go his way.

Jabotte, however, refused to go unless his companion could go with him. He explained in good, serviceable Piegan that he purposed shooting the first man that applied the torch to the German's funeral pyre. By dint of argument, which was greatly assisted by Jabotte's reputation as a dead shot, and overawed by the new fangled gun, the Indians decided that burning the German, was too strenuous a game even for a war party.

Tells a Poker Story

It was not often that the traders saw civilization and when they reached a settlement of any importance, they usually indulged in wild and picturesque relaxation. How Joe St. Marie punished a card sharp is decidedly thrilling. Somewhere in his rambles St. Marie had learned the American game of draw poker and upon an expedition in northern Oregon they stopped at an American trading post. A game of poker was in progress and St. Marie exchanged several articles of value for chips or whatever they were using for chips.

A sharper in the game had won everything St. Marie possessed including his rifle, whereupon he announced that the game was closed.

St. Marie couldn't see it that way and expostulated with the gambler. There was nothing doing, however, and the fight started, St. Marie was big and strong and quick and the fight that followed was decidedly one-sided. To the gambler it seemed that somebody had suddenly snuffed out the lights. St. Marie proceeded to do a pedestal clog on the thorax of his prostrate enemy and it seemed to the gambler that a thousand stars came out and circled about him. When he was allowed to get up St. Marie had taken possession of his rifle and other belongings and had started to leave. The card player asked the post commander for help to see if there was anything to be done. St. Marie's explanation went something like this: "We'll start the poker game and play, two or three hours if necessary. St. Marie's arm was lightning fast with his card, what the Americans call a quickie. He played four kings, four deuces, Sacre Bleu! He had a fabulous hand. Seeing this, the card player stood up and left because he did not admit defeat. The post commander allowed St. Marie to leave with his belongings and the card player was ordered to leave the trading post.

Out on the trail

Jabotte stated that he had killed many bears in his time, but that he never cared to tackle a grizzly single handed.

"What would you do if you met a grizzly when alone?" he was asked.

"I would stand and look at him until he went away. A bear cannot look steadily into the eye of the fearless hunter."

"Would you stand until the bear got close to you?"

"Yes, many times. The bear would approach within 15 feet and seeing that I made no move, would drop to his four feet and run away. Had I moved he would have attacked me."

His method of scaring a bear did not strike his audience with any degree of favor and they were perfectly willing that looking a bear in the eye without moving should be left entirely to the "fearless hunter."

Jabotte stated that he esteemed roast dog as a rare delicacy. An Indian dog properly roasted was a dish that one should go out of his way to get. Noting the look of distress on the faces of his audience, Jabotte smiled easily and added that even to this day, he would prefer roast dog to pork.

"I think that more than half the corned beef you get today in cans is horse meat," said Jabotte.

"Are you overly fond of horse meat?"

"I like it as well as beef. I have eaten it many times on the trail when we could not get game and were out of provisions. I've eaten horse meat when it was 75 degrees below zero and I want to say that it tasted good."

Jabotte told of having shot the head of a grouse at a hundred yards after he had been out of food for two days and how his companions trembled lest he should miss his aim.

Speaking of cold weather, he said that the lowest temperature he had experienced was at Lake Athabasca, when their spirit thermometer registered 78 degrees below zero. He says that he enjoyed the cold and that he never felt better in his life than he did when everything was frozen out solid.

Call of the wild

Many years ago he loved a half breed Indian woman who was noted for her beauty. Like men who live close to nature he loved more ardently than common and he spoke softly of his married happiness. A year or so of wedded bliss and his Indian bride was taken away from him. With her death he felt that his loss was irreparable and he never married again. He loved only once he said.

"Why was it that you never settled down" was asked of Jabotte.

"Because my heart was in the woods and the mountains. I wanted to wander about through the forests and over the plains, to see strange parts of the earth and to keep on going. I loved the wild free life I led and that is the reason I never accumulated any property.

"Sometimes when the spring has come and the winter cold has crept back up the mountain side, I hear the voice of the woods calling me. The voices of the mountain streams released from the icy grasp of the frost enemy bid me to go forth again to the wilderness, and the trees with bursting buds seem to beckon me. Some day I shall go, I think, some day I shall go."

(The author of this article is unknown)

The last article I found on this man was dated October 16, 1921. To us the life of Jabotte seems exciting, thrilling, a succession of adventures, but the end was quite different. Then, there came an accident. It was nothing severe I would tell you, just a wounded foot, hurt in jumping from a wagon. Jabotte became a county charge in 1914 at the County Poor Farm after the accident, until the time of his death, he was 95. Blind and nearly deaf, he ended his days playing solitaire. On October 15, 1921, he probably fell asleep for the last time thinking about where he belonged, in the woods in communion with nature.



Diane Chabot Pard (09)

Master-bleeder

In the series, Maurice, my brother

Until the mid-1950s, my brother Maurice kept 2 or 3 sows whose litters, twice a year (if I remember correctly), varied from 7 to 13 piglets, depending on the age of the mother. Before the arrival of electricity, if the birth took place on a very cold day, I remember that anxiety reigned because the loss of 3 or 4 young was, in that time, a small disaster.

As soon as they were weaned, after a few weeks with the mother, the piglets were put in a separate pen and fattened. (About this time, the little males were castrated, an operation that was done cold, dad firmly holding the youngster who fidgeted and squealed to make one deaf, while my brother practiced the ablation of the genitals with his knife sharpened like a razor... A few drops of antiseptic and the job was done!). When they had reached the ideal weight, the time for slaughter had come.

On the morning of the appointed day, my brother was always gloomy. It was he who was going to be the sacrificer, who was going to take the life of these animals that he had fed and taken care of for several months. I speak of sacrifice, because I believe that the term is well chosen. It was a dirty job he was about to do, but necessary so that everyone could feed themselves. Watching him sharpen his long knife, I could tell he was pensive.

Then came the neighbor and brother-in-law Georges who came to help immobilize the animals during the cold immolation (their weight must have fluctuated between 70 and 80 kilos). We exchanged some news but without enthusiasm, the moment being, how to say, solemn.

Then the trio went to the barn where Dad already was, having prepared what was needed to scald the corpse before shaving it, then hanging it up and gutting it. Water was already boiling under the porch in a large cast iron cauldron placed on a home-made box-stove). When everything was ready, the four men entered the enclosure of the pigs whose fate was cast. While Maurice stood ready, the other three grabbed one of the chosen ones and tried to immobilize him. When it was done, Maurice knelt down and stared at the place under the throat where it was necessary to strike, plunged the knife to the hilt and more. Warm blood spurted onto his hands, but he held him firmly in place until the animal stopped screaming, which was hard to bear, especially for the child that I was then. Also, until the age of 10 or 11, I kept away from the show, but after that I had to attend it so as not to pass for a coward, a chicken.

As soon as the beast had breathed its last, its carcass was thrown into a half barrel filled with boiling water to make it easier to shave (we had to make it completely hairless, probably for marketing purposes) .



After a few minutes it was suspended from the ceiling using a hoist and, in a few minutes, the shave was accomplished. Without wasting a moment, Maurice, always hims, opened its belly carefully to avoid cutting the viscera and spoiling the meat. He never missed his shot to my knowledge and soon the heap of guts and innards was rolling into a large basin which was later disposed of. The liver, heart and other offal were kept because, as I recall, they were delivered with the carcasses.



Then we went to the second, third and sometimes up to the tenth or twelfth sacrificed. So the men were exhausted. It smelled of death in the stable where this multiple immolation had taken place. Once or twice, in the early 1950s, I had the courage (taking it with both hands!) to be in the front row to collect the blood that Mom made into an excellent blood sausage. And, fortunately for the weakling in me, I went to college as a boarder and this custom of butchering on the farm soon ended with the adoption of new sanitation regulations.

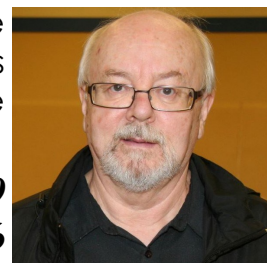
All the carcasses were then transported to the nearby shed and hung up until the wholesaler came to pick them up in his truck refrigerated with blocks of ice. It was urgent that this be done quickly, because especially in summer, the flies attracted by the smell of flesh were not long in coming to the feast. Different times, different habits.

And as he was recognized as a master bleeder, Maurice was the one, on the rank, who was asked to fill this office of bleeder. Because it was difficult to refuse to help a neighbor, he accepted even if it upset him, because he loved animals.

A little anecdote relating to the slaughter of pigs. At the time, pig bladders were used to make tobacco pouches. Emptied, cleaned and dried, it was renowned for keeping pipe tobacco always fresh. But the pig's bladder was used to make an object of which I am probably one of the very few living Quebecers who has owned a copy. With an old pipe stem, it was possible to inflate a pig's bladder that had first been emptied and thoroughly cleaned. Before tying the mouthpiece, we inserted a few hard peas and thus obtained a kind of rattle used to amuse small children. Thanks to Maurice, who had learned this old custom I don't know where and who liked to experiment with everything, I had the chance, so to speak, to parade quite happy with this unique toy. Who among our readers can say the same? Show up if so!



*Marcel Chabot, Member 9
spring 2016*



Lison Chabot ends her long career in the CEGEPS



Director of studies and student life at Cégep Beauce-Appalaches, Lison Chabot retired on Friday, April 9. She worked for more than 30 years in the college network.

At Cégep Garneau, Lison Chabot was a French teacher, educational advisor and assistant director of studies. She also worked at the Notre-Dame-de-Foy campus, as director of studies, and at the National Police Academy in the department of tailor-made training.

Arriving at Cégep Beauce-Appalaches in 2016, Lison Chabot worked on the partnership agreement with Cégep Champlain St. Lawrence for the implementation of the Accounting and Management Techniques program (bilingual course) at the Sainte-Marie campus.

Involved in pedagogical innovations such as active classes and high-fidelity simulation mannequins, Lison Chabot also gave time to the development of the new strategic plan for the Cégep.

"Without her involvement, it would have been very difficult to advance crucial files such as the new Sainte-Marie campus, or the authorizations to obtain the Animal Health Techniques and Pre-hospital Emergency Care programs", says Pierre Leblanc, General Manager of Cégep Beauce-Appalaches.

For Lison Chabot, the pandemic has been an opportunity for her teams to surpass themselves for the benefit of students. "Students and their success have always been at the heart of our decisions. I am really proud of what we have accomplished as a CEGEP in this context," she concludes.

We would like to thank Mr. Frédéric Desjardins and Beauce Media and L'Hebdo Régional for allowing us to use this text.





Update from the Chabot Association

As of December 2021, your Association had:

183 active members including:

4 honorary members;

8 life members;

171 ordinary members of (1 - 5) years;

70 deceased members.

26 new members have been added since the last general meeting held in September 2019.

We have produced 4 Les Chabotteries magazines.

We have modified the Association's website.

We have created for you:

a Facebook page, a Facebook group for everyone.

A private Facebook group (Members of the Chabot Association)

The Association membership database should be fixed. If you still find errors, please let us know as soon as possible so that we can correct them. **We have noticed a slight drop in the number of members.**

It is important that you check the date of renewal of your membership on the packaging at the back of your magazine so as to not miss your next magazine after the 3 months of grace.

Until next time
The board

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