



Les Chabotteries

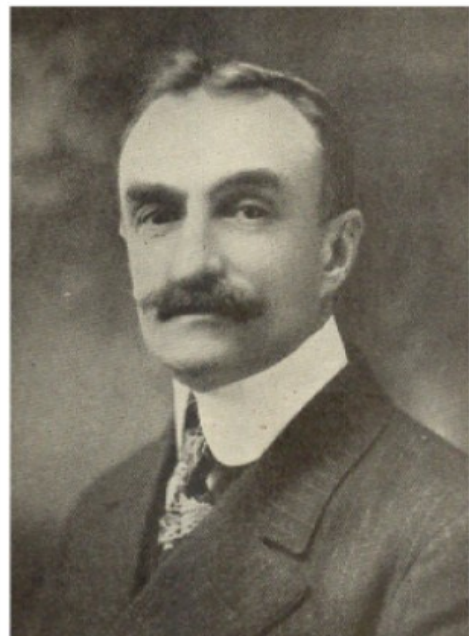
Association des Chabot

N° 39 Summer 2017

Member of parliament of Canada



*The Honorable
John Leo Chabot*



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

Association des Chabot et Les Chabotteries

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Regular Membership (Canadian)	\$25 CA	1 year
Membership (outside resident)	\$35 US	1 year
Regular Membership (Canadian)	\$110 CA	5 years
Membership (outside resident)	\$160 US	5 years

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Message from the President



Dear members,

I wish you all a wonderful sunny summer surrounded by relatives and friends . We look forward to see you all in Sherbrooke on Sunday, September 24, 2017 to celebrate with you.

It has been already 10 years since Claude Chabot and some members founded the Association des Chabot. The members of the Board of Directors would like to thank all who have preceded us for all that they have done for the association since its since the beginning.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since June 18, 2007, date of receipt of our letters patent, and our first Foundation Assembly, held at the Chabot Sugar Shack Chabot in Neuville on October 14, 2007. We went through moments of joy at times more sad, even close to closure of our beautiful association. Members rolled up their sleeves and decided that the Association was here to stay and for a long time. We are celebrating our tenth anniversary and we are confident that we will be there for many years to come.

As I have already mentioned several times in the past, I must tell you about the renewal of your membership. If the renewal is done at the right time, you will not miss a single issue of our review Les Chabotteries and moreover this will allow us to improve the proper functioning of the association.

We need you to talk about recruiting new members to replace those who have died or for those who cannot follow our activities because of illness or even read our magazine. If each member could recruit only one person, we could prepare additional activities for our members. We will get back on this sujet in a while.”

Together, preserve our history and be proud of our roots”, and thus ended the words of the

founding president of the association, Claude Chabot, in the first issue of the magazine Les Chabotteries, published in December 2007.

We would like to be more close to you over the next few years by simply by small gestures that I would like you to discover them.

You have just received the magazine number 39 of Les Chabotteries. You will find in the central pages all the information concerning the celebration of the 10th anniversary of your association at La Halte des Pèlerins (translation: Pilgrims Halt) in Sherbrooke. <http://www.haltesdespelerins.com/>

We hope that many of you will join us on this festive day. Why not invite your relatives and friends to participate in this day of festivities!

Friendly yours,

Maryo Chabot-Tremblay

Recruitment! This is the watchword we have been giving ourselves for a long time. Recruiting a new member for the Chabot Association would be the mission that each of us could give ourselves: make the effort to convince a brother, sister, son, daughter, cousins or friends. Let us ensure that our Association regains its strength of ten years ago.

Your directors and I, of course, are volunteers who care about the continuity of our association and devote a great deal of our energy to it, but we can not do it alone. We really need each member to make the extra effort necessary to ensure a new vigour for our association.

May the celebration of the 10th anniversary of the Association be the occasion for a new beginning rather than just a culmination!

John Leo Chabot, member of parliament of Canada



The Parliament Buildings in Ottawa are the ultimate symbol of Canada. Flanked by the East and West blocks, the Centre Building of Parliament — with its distinctive Peace Tower and Library — is familiar to Canadians and people around the world. Although the buildings are alive with the drama of modern day debates, the echoes of times and personalities long since past still inhabit its rooms.



The Honorable John Leo Chabot is one of those who shaped the history of our country, leaving its mark there. Born February 21, 1869 in Ottawa, son of Pierre-Hyacinthe Chabot, merchant and Marguerite Ethier.

He studied at the University of Ottawa and McGill University of Montreal where he obtained his doctorate in medicine. He subsequently practiced medicine in Ottawa and was commander of the Ottawa General Military Base Hospital during World War I. He has won distinction as chief surgeon of the Ottawa General Hospital as several times, he was surgeon for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and for the Ottawa police and also physician for the University of Ottawa. *He was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the 5th Princess Louise Dragoon guards* which was a regiment of cavalry formed in the Canadian Army as part of the Militia. He was the first French-Canadian to be president of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Ontario.

John Leo Chabot has also left its mark on the political scene. He appeared at the Canadian federal election in 1908, which was the eleventh general election since the Canadian Confederation in 1867 and was held on October 26, 1908. Representative in the electoral district of Ottawa for the Conservative Party which Sir Robert Borden was the leader. Mr. Chabot was also defeated in 1910, but he did not give up and he came back again on the election on September 21, 1911 as Deputy. In the 1917 election, he defeated Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who ran for Ottawa as well as Quebec. In 1925, he was again reelected. He was appointed to the Queen's Privy Council for Canada on July 19, 1926 on the recommendation of Prime Minister Arthur Meighen, but was not appointed to cabinet. His career as parliamentary deputy ended in 1926 after 11 years of loyal service.

John Leo Chabot was married twice: at first to Mary Devlin on June 20, 1894 in Ottawa until her death in 1915 and subsequently he married Hope Brunel on January 7, 1916. From this latter

marriage were born three stillborn children. Despite all his medical knowledge fate has meant that he did not have descendants. He died December 8, 1936 at the Saint-Vincent de Paul Hospital in Ottawa cause of a cerebral hemorrhage.

John Leo Chabot's Family tree

John Leo Chabot	married on June 20, 1894	to Mary Devlin at Ottawa, Ontario
	married January 7, 1916	to Hope Cecilia Brunel at Ottawa, Ontario
Pierre Hyacinthe Chabot	married on August 21, 1865	to Marguerite Ethier à Ottawa, Ontario
	married on July 2, 1889	to Rose Delima Denault at Montreal, Qc
Pierre Hyacinthe Chabot	married on October 19, 1829	to Magdeleine Bertrand at Vaudreuil, Qc
Pierre Chabot	married on June 30, 1788	to Marie Louise Gauthier at Vaudreuil, Qc
François Chabot	married on May 24, 1756	to Marie Anne Cadieux at Laval, Qc
Michel Chabot	married on November 6, 1724	to Madeleine Coron Frontigny at Laval, Qc
	married on August 26, 1738	to Catherine Lamoureux at Laval, Qc
Michel Chabot	married on January 23, 1690	to Angelique Plante at Château Richer, Qc
Mathurin Chabot	married on November 17, 1661	to Marie Mesange at N-Dame of Quebec

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<http://www.lop.parl.gc.ca/ParlInfo/files/Parliamentarian.aspx?Item=6e53a5bb-3ad7-4029-8f31-a5197bd338ef&Language=F&Section=FederalExperience>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_L%C3%A9o_Chabot



Diane Chabot Pard (09)

Diane Chabot, from Saint-Raphael, the gatherer



**Diane and Richard on July 24, 1999,
Billy's wedding day, their eldest son**

Diane was born on May 31, 1952 in Saint-Paul-de-Montminy, Quebec. She is the seventh in a family of thirteen children. At the age of two, she escapes Mom's eyes and fall down from her high chair and loses consciousness: her eyes are fixed, her head and shoulders turn together, she was not taken to the hospital and it took an hour before she regains consciousness. In the absence of a doctor, it is Mom who took care of her and Diane will suffer after-effects of this accident for the rest of her life. Thereafter, she will have shingles in her face and some pneumonia.

In her youth, she will do housework in private homes. She will even spend a year in Springfield, Mass., with her brothers Guy and Claude who live and work there. She married Richard Thibault - born in Montmagny, May 2, 1954 - June 2, 1973 in Saint-Raphaël of Bellechasse County. In 1976, they settled in Cap-Saint-Ignace and both worked at the Pizzeria of Montmagny, her as a waitress, and him, in the kitchen. It was during their stay in Cap-Saint-Ignace that Diane gave birth to their two boys, Billy and Keven, born by Caesarean.

We celebrate our parents 40th wedding anniversary (Paul-Émile Chabot and Irène Lemelin, who were married on January 21, 1943 in Saint-Gervais of Bellechasse) on Christmas Day 1982 at the restaurant well-known À la rive de Montmagny, it is Richard who cooked dinner for 40 guests. The restaurant was closed for the day and the owner left it with confidence, as Richard was the cook. A superb anniversary which still engraved in our good souvenirs!

After eleven years in Cap-St-Ignace, it is a departure for Sainte-Germaine-Boulé, Abitibi in 1897 (around 608 miles away); Diane cries, but it's the work that brings them so far: Richard works at James Bay (360 miles more far away), as a blaster. Diane feels very alone, she then decides to open a snack-bar, next to their house, in the country road where they lived. It allows her to see many people and it is a good job on weekends. Six years pass before their return to Saint-Raphaël in 1993 when they bought Ferdinand Roy's grocery store in the village. A great disappointment strikes Diane before her move, our mother Irene is victim of a brain aneurysm. What saddens Diane is that her mother will never see her in her business.

Diane and Richard have been working in their grocery for 17 years. What made them successful were the pies that Diane made herself, what it gave her backache by dint of rolling the dough, their prepared cooked dishes that she used to do in team and had a lot of success with their customers. They doubled the turnover of their business because Richard made the best sausages in the area. His brothers told them: If one day you were no longer there, we will miss you because you are the gathering place of Saint-Raphael.

After the sale of the grocery store, Richard leaves to work in the Abitibi mines in 2010 while, you retired, you live in Saint-Raphael and Richard returns home every 16 days.

In 2015, due to the closure of the mine, Richard returned to Saint-Raphael and found a job as a school bus driver. A few months later, the owners of the Bonichoix supermarket in Saint-Raphaël solicits its services to prepare cooked dishes and resume the production of sausage which had made his reputation. Then it was your turn, Diane, to accept in May 2016, the offer of Bonichoix to work with Richard to do prepared cooked dishes

You are now grandmother of four grandchildren: Jeffrey, Fanny, Molly and Charly. Two remain in Abitibi and the two youngest are in Saint-Raphael. You enjoy to babysit them, and once in a while to spoil them, you love them so much and little Molly calls you granny bidouche.

Diane, has a beautiful smile, she has a social skills and she's a good worker; she's the one who gather our family together and who almost always took care of the New Year party.

Diane is also a very proud woman who has a lot of taste for home decoration. During winter, she devoted to one favourite hobby, knitting. She also make buckles for wrapping gifts for several people. Despite her health problems, she's 65 and she still a beautiful woman.

This is a short overview of your life, my dear Diane, and you continue to raise my admiration.



Hélène Chabot, member no 103



The Board of Director wish to their members, their spouses or parents, a very happy birthday for those who celebrated their birthday during the last quarter. Wish you Good health and long life !

We also offers our deepest condolences to those who have lost a loved one.

A Godpelle in Africa (Part 1 of 2)

From 21 to 30 July, I'll be in Abidjan, Côte d'Ivoire, Africa. Why? Because I was selected to represent Canada at the 8th Jeux de la Francophonie!

Held every four years, this event brings together Francophone athletes and artists from all over the world to compete in over twenty sporting and cultural events. Being a published writer for nearly 13 years, I will line up in the "literature" category, with a short story specifically written for these games.

Titled "Bloc mémoire", this short story transports the reader in the future, in a time where climate change would have completely transformed the Saguenay-Lac-Saint-Jean's ways of living (and probably of the entire planet's as well). Individuals from different origins would have gradually gathered together by the fjord's shore, driven by the same survival instincts and similar ideals for freedom. Deeply rooted in their territory's nordicity, perfecting the fine art of snow sculpture (an idea I liked because I practiced it for a dozen years) which they would have become an integral part of their ways of living. They would have transformed into a unique tribe, with their own culture and traditions, the Godpelles. This is context in which the main characters of my short story, an old woman and a young couple, will evolve and go through an event with decisive consequences for the future of their community.

I'm unsure whether this text will be well received by the jury as I took a risk by writing the story in a French dialect that is certainly not spoken in Parisian literary circles, or in any French-speaking country for that matter. Trying to anticipate some of the possible transformations set to impact our society, I imagined how our language could evolve over the years. Given these linguistic challenges, I sought advice from Anne-Marie Beaudoin-Bégin, a brilliant intellectual, specialized in the French Quebec sociolinguistics, who helped me shape a language that does not yet exist.

Although I'm a bit concerned that the experimental approach and language used for this short story may turn the jury off, I'm unapologetic of my choice and approach. As a writer from Quebec, I know that the French language's future in the Americas will play itself out here. As a result, anticipating the impact of societal metamorphosis on the spoken language by my characters is not only an audacious gesture, it is also a necessity. Regardless of what the future will bring, the language of our descendants will result from both our resilience and our ability to adapt. Our language will express our collectively created worldview. And that's the vision, the vision of an imagined Quebec that I wanted to share with francophones from all over.

If all goes well, this story will not end here. The universe of Godpelles is too rich to be fully captured by this short story, their tale too beautiful not to continue. That's why I intend to start writing a novel (titled "Godpelles") building on the elements set up in this short narrative to further expand my ideas and reflections on the current world state and the future of our society.

Gabriel Marcoux-Chabot,
born in Saint-Nérée, Bellechasse County



Maurice, my beekeeper's brother

One day, as I was told, Adrien, then a teenager, spotted an enormous swarm of bees near the paternal house (or was it under the porch of the stable). Since he was always ready to try new experiments, he had no difficulty to convince his elder brother Maurice to recover this buzzing swarm and to start breeding honey bees.

They ran to a someone in the village who had a small apiary for advice. This latter, this caring person. agreed to help them. He even accompanied them to the house, and, having a long experience, had no difficulty to transfer all the deserters bees, without forgetting their queen, into the hive he had brought. Probably surprised and happy of the initiative of these two young boys, of their curiosity and their interest, he proposed them to keep the hive if they were interested to take care of these little malicious bees, but producing an incomparable sugar. He even promised to help them if necessary, to give them advice and even to provide them equipment, for if he himself could face the flocks of bees without covering his face and his arms, and it was not the case of everyone...

Thus began this adventure, and the number of hives increased with the passing of the years and the swarmings. In my memory, we could count up to ten certain years, on the other side of the garden, under the few fruit trees, wild cherry trees, plum and apple trees. At first, Adrien undoubtedly take care of them, because without fear, he had the natural quality of coaxing small or large animals. He even delighted in frightening his young sister Madeleine, who was running like a crazy woman, and struggled when she saw one of these bugs, when she was in the middle of the apiary, his bare chest, opening the covered hives lids and removing the frames, without getting stung or very rarely... But Adrien had other occupations, and Maurice soon succeeded him.

Less brave than his brother, Maurice covered himself from head to toe when he inspected the hives and check stock of production. Sometimes during summer, I saw him put on his costume and his veiled hat, and then set fire to a jute cloth embedded in a bee-smoking container and thus they were tranquilized while he withdrew the frames and then examined them. When the working bees had filled all the honeycomb frames of the lower hive section, they added a second, a third, and sometimes a fourth one. It also happened that a group of bees, attracted by a new queen, leave the hive to form a new swarm. When he had the chance to see it fly away, he followed it and recovered it to form a new hive.

When the autumn came and when harvest sounded he brought down from the attic the honey extractor, a kind of centrifuge container which was driven by a crank mechanism. With the help of his wife Bernadette, he inserted the frames on supports inside the container after removing the beeswax covering the honeycombs with a hot iron. Then he turned the crank vigorously and a thick, golden liquid soon dripped on the walls of the tank. The extractor was equipped with a large tap at the base to collect and to let the precious nectar flow into jugs. Some were kept to satisfy the needs of the house, giving or selling the rest to neighbors and acquaintances. If my memory serves me right, he put aside the wax that was used to seal jam pots.

Bees are sensitive to cold. Thus, before the first frosts, Maurice, helped by papa (always a little nervous), moved the hives in a corner of the basement where he had built large shelves for this purpose. I remember that he poured white sugar into hives so that the captive bees can feed themselves during the five or six winter months and then blocked the entrances to prevent the mice to do some damage.

Despite these precautions, there were always some losses.

All this time I lived with my parents on the paternal farm (until I become resident at the college around the age of 14), Maurice continued to take care, with enthusiasm, year after year, of its foraging bees, all descendants of rescued swarm. He often told me this anecdote about an American cousin (son of aunt Maria², my Dad's sister) which was visiting us with his mother. He was strongly advised not to approach the hives located around 30 meters (around 100 feet) from the house. But the young city-dweller, aged seven or eight years old, found these pretty little white huts very pretty, and he not only approached them, but decided to open one, then two... Then the bees disturbed in their quietude attacked him and then cries and screams sounded. It was Dad, I believe, who came to the rescue of the unfortunate boy who had suffered several painful bites. Despite the warnings he had received, his mother, a strict and experienced woman, did not pity him too much. The lesson he had received, he would remember it!

Maurice was not afraid to try new experiences, he learned quickly, listening to the advice of the elders, observing them and reading everything that he could get his hands on. He had subscribed to two small newspapers called *La Terre de chez nous* et à *La ferme* (translation: "our land" and "the farm"), and got all the brochures produced and distributed by the Ministry of Agriculture on the different types of production and progress in agriculture. In the middle of his life, with his fourth grade, he could have easily do a thumb their nose. as they say, to many university graduates.

1. Maria, the second child of Pierre Chabot and Aurelie Bilodeau, was gone with her parents and the whole family for Somersworth, New Hampshire, in 1898 or 1899 with the hope of a better life. After the lost of four of their children in less than four years, the couple, believing that they were the victim of a certain curse, decided to return home around 1903 (the article *From dream to American nightmare*, published in issue 22 of the magazine, recounts this event), while Maria, already married to Pierre Lambert, remained there. Her progeny has merged into the *American melting pot* and the French language or French culture; possibly that these descendants were integrated into their adopted country...

2.

Photos taken from Wikipedia



The apiary



Exam of a honey frame



Honey extractor

Marcel Chabot, member n° 96



The members of the Chabot association (2nd heading)



From where our members are and what have they become?

From the 300 people who joined the Chabot Association between June 1, 2007 and May 31, 2009, including 212 were from June 1, 2007 to May 31, 2008, 197 more were added from June 1, 2009 to April 30, 2017, when Mr. Sylvain Trudeau from Lachine borough in the City of Montreal became our 497th member.

Our first 497 members

The analysis of our database allows us to determine the distribution - according to the age they had on the day they became members - the 464 of our 497 members who gave us their date of birth on their Membership form for the association. As these members represent 93.4% of our members, we can say that they give us a good picture of the age of our members at the time of their membership:

- 48 were 80 years old or older (9.9%) and the oldest was 100
- 83 were between 70 and 79 years old (17.9%).
- 134 were between 60 and 69 years old (28.9%).
- 118 were between 50 and 59 years old (25.4%)
- 35 were between 40 and 49 years old (7.5%)
- 34 were between 31 and 39 years old (7.3%) and
- 12 were 30 years old or under (2.6%) and the youngest was 17.

Their geographical origin

The last known address of our members allows us to see how the first 497 members are geographically located:

- **England:** 1
- **France:** 1
- **United States:** 36 (Florida 7, California 7, Massachusetts 4, New Hampshire 3, Connecticut 3, Wisconsin 2, Michigan 2, Virginia 1, Colorado 1 and New York 1); Our members in the United States represent 7.8% of all our members.
- **Canada, outside Quebec:** 47 (Ontario 24, Saskatchewan 8, Manitoba 6, Alberta 6 and New Brunswick 1); Our Canadian members outside Quebec represent 10.1%.
- **Quebec:** 412 members represent 16 of the 17 regions of Quebec.

Our members living in the Province of Quebec represent 88,8%.

Here are the number according to the administrative region of their last address:

Outaouais 11 (2.7%)	Montréal 31 (6.7%)	Montérégie 46 (9.9%)	Chaudière-Appalaches 116 (25.1%)
Eestrie 26 (5.6%)	Laurentides 11 (2.7%)	Côte-Nord 5 (1.2%)	Abitibi-Témiscamingue 11 (2.7%)
Mauricie 6 (1.5%)	Gaspésie-Les-Îles-de-la-Madeleine 2 (0.05%)	Lanaudière 12 (2.9%)	Bas-Saint-Laurent 5 (1.2%)
		Laval 5 (1.2%)	Saguenay-Lac-Saint-Jean 4 (1%)
		Quebec 111 (24%)	Central Quebec 10 (2.4%)

From June 1, 2009 to April 30, 2017

Active Members

On April 30, 2017, 115 of the first 300 members of the Association (38.3%) are still active, and it is the same for the 88 of the 197 (44.7%) new members since June 1, 2009. They deserve our thanks for their loyalty. From June 1, 2009 to April 30, 2017, the number of members increased by 65.6%, but unevenly: It has more than tripled in the United States (11 to 36) and it has more than doubled in Estrie (10 To 26) and in the Montérégie (from 22 to 46). In Quebec, the regions of Chaudière-Appalaches (from 78 to 116) and the Quebec City and its surroundings (from 85 to 111) who recruited the largest number of new members. These two regions, *count by themselves*, 49.1% of the whole members of the Chabot Association.

On April 30, 2017, we know that at least 31 of our former members have passed away and we currently have 203 active members. From November 1, 2016, to February 10, 2017, we contacted more than 100 former members who had not renewed their membership over the past three years. About fifteen of them have renewed their membership for one, two or five years.

Since February 10, 2017, telephone calls have been made to members who were less than 12 months late in paying their dues: a dozen of them took over their membership cards.

We would like to extend our warmest thanks to our new colleague of the Board of Director, Claudette Chabot, who has done remarkable work with our former French-speaking members: she has made more than 150 calls. Our thanks go also to the secretary of the association, Clément Chabot, who re-launched our former English-speaking members.

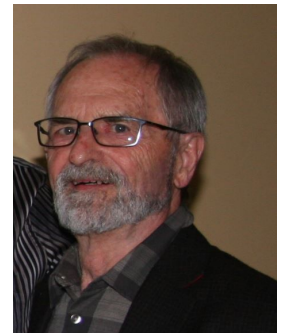
These telephone contacts brought us closer to many of our members, many of them have expressed their satisfaction of work done since October 6, 2015

when the members decided, at an extraordinary general meeting, not to put an end to the existence of their association.

Your Board of Directors is now animated by a new breath and the celebration of our 10th anniversary will help us to share better links with our members whom they are the reason of our existence.

In the next heading will talk about the role that each member can play in increasing the number of members in the Chabot Association; by taking an active part to the recruitment of new members in order to give us a greater exposure.

Jean-Louis Chabot, member no 190



Gleaning 5 - The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France

Always by coincidence, as I sliding, such as a furtive spider, on the large web, nowadays almost as large as our Universe, I made an unexpected discovery on one of the most illustrious representatives of our great family, Philippe Chabot, Admiral of France under Francis I (I remember having published a small article about him in the previous version of the association's website to indicate that this character had appeared in one of the episodes of a television series devoted to Henri VIII of England, broadcast on Radio- Canada¹).

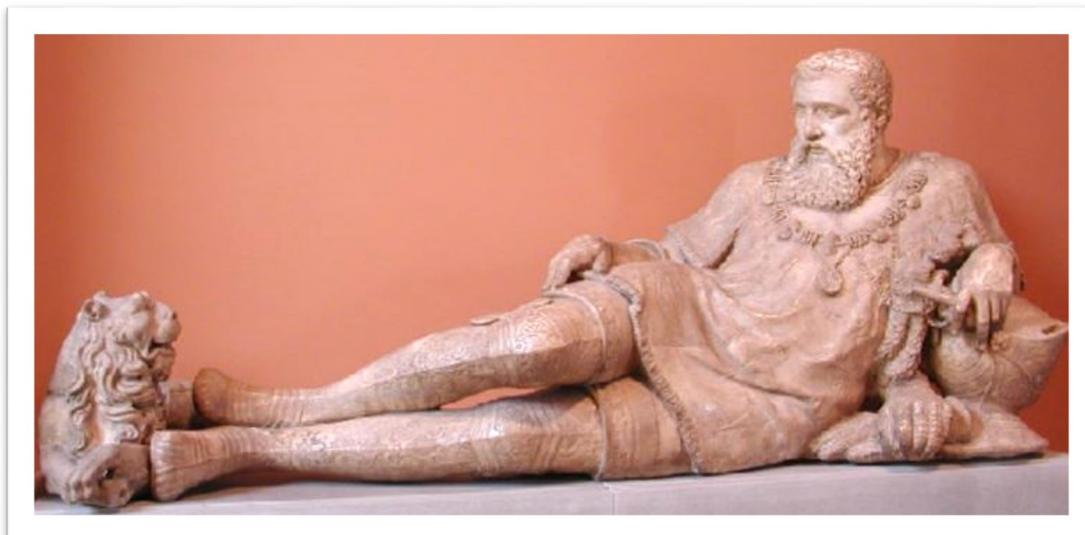
In an article titled *The Tragedy of Chabot* by George Chapman (1639), the authors Gilles Bertheau (Versailles University - Saint-Quentin, France) and Christine Sukic (Burgundy University, France) make an analysis of this play by bringing out the great righteousness of this man, intractable on this point, and impermeable to the intrigues of the court, which has led him to be falsely accused of treason and imprisoned, to be finally exonerated of the faults attributed to him, thanks to his wife and loyal friends, pardoned and has been reinstated by his King. Strongly marked by the dishonour he had experienced and weakened by the rigors of the dungeon, he died shortly afterwards. This play by an English author, undoubtedly inspired by the greatness of the man, is intended to illustrate the fact that probity and the refusal of compromise, with regard to the conduct of the State, are capital virtues which even surpass the royal power.

In this regard, our current leaders, from here and elsewhere, would have in Philippe de Chabot a fine example to follow, by stopping constantly to tack between truth and falsehood. We can observe it every day!



Written in verse before 1639, this play is certainly a difficult reading for someone who, like me, does not perfectly master Shakespeare's language. Fortunately, I learned that it was recently translated by a French academic, Gilles Bertheau (associate professor of English at the University of Tours). I bought the book² which, in addition to the translation (French text compared with the original English text), contains a long introduction which outlines the context in which the piece was written. The translation, like any translation which aims to respect the spirit and the letter of the original, is a little burdensome. But, all in all, it seems to me well done, as far as a layperson can judge it.

Philippe Chabot (1492-15 June 1543), also known as : Admiral de Brion, Admiral of France, Lord Brion and Aspremont, Count of Charny and Buzançais, Knight of the Orders of Saint Michael and of the Jarretiere, Governor of Bourgogne and Normandie, and Admiral of France under Francis I.



At the Louvre Museum located in the center of Paris in France

short text that appeared in the Blog section:

1. Here is the

"A funny little fact: I watch with interest the very interesting The Tudors series which is broadcasted on Saturday evening on CBC television (winter 2009). In a recent episode, Philippe Chabot de Brion (the scene lasts 2 or 3 minutes), ambassador of the King of France, Francis I, announced to Henry VIII, King of England, that his suzerain rejected his request that his daughter Elizabeth be promised to the Duke of Angouleme (son of King Francis), to seal an alliance between France and England. Ann de Boleyn's daughter, that Henry VIII had married despite the Pope's refusal to invalidate his first marriage with Catherine of Aragon, Elizabeth was thus regarded by the Christian world as a bastard, which rendered her unworthy of a king's son! Hence the schism which has led England to Anglicanism.

However this is the same Elizabeth who eventually succeeded her father Henry VIII and, having remained single, she had the second longest reign of all the sovereigns of England. "

According to the Wikipedia encyclopedia (http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Philippe_Chabot)

2. George Chapman and James Shirley (who revised the text and made some additions). The tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France - The tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France, edited by Gilles Bertheau. Classics Garnier, 2016, 389 pages. I had to order it from the French publisher who does not have a representative in Quebec, I was told.

As for our English-language readers, they can find, in the Amazon.com online store, new or used copies in English (pocket book or hard binding) of the same play at prices ranging from 15 to 40 dollars, shipping not included.

Source:

According to the Wikipedia encyclopaedia (Http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Philippe_Chabot)

Marcel Chabot, member n° 96



Marriage of the sun and of the snow (second part)



They are also the griots who are going around the villages to announce an event such as a wedding, a baptism or a funeral. You told the griotts that they were getting married and they obviously scattered the news throughout the city. I also know that when a trader wants to buy, say sesame at harvest time in a village, he will ask a griot to go around it to announce what he is looking for and what price he offers. In traditional marriages, it is, therefore the griottes women who sing the blessings, prepare the food, and so on. And it is the griot men who plays music.

At a certain time, the griottes and many women filled the living room where I was. The few moments that followed, were certainly the most emotional moments and disconcerting of my marriage. The women were all around me. An old woman told me to crouch and get up three times. She held my shoulders.

All the women sang intensely Muslim songs around me by clapping their hands (I have movies for those who are interested). Once I had finished squatting and getting up, I sat on the floor and the old woman put on and removed a white veil over my head three times, for finally dropping it on me. They subsequently explained to me that if I had been the second or third wife of my husband, I would not have squatted three times, and I would not have had the veil placed on my head three times but rather, the first woman would have been sitting on a mortar in the courtyard, a tradition that must allow the good understanding between the husband's wives.

Seated on the ground with the veil on my head, women sang blessings in Arabic and Dioula. I had tears in my eyes to feel this intense and overheated African atmosphere around me and especially, for me. The women sang, shouted and clapped their hands. It was a torrid heat, especially under that veil moreover that it was only in the middle of the morning. The old woman next to me was gently shaking the veil while another was waving a folded newspaper to bring me fresh air. The songs lasted at least about fifteen minutes. All the women then went out, except the old woman who stayed to make me some air. Adjaratou came back later on to continue her henna work. I could hear the preparations going on in the courtyard. The griots were also there to sing praises and play djembe. Youl is a musician, not a griot and he is the leader of a troop composed of several young griots.



They covered my head 3 times

The day then continued, many dozens of women visiting, especially, those who came to greet me. They ate and danced outside while I was the reason for all this festive day but I could not participate!!! A woman came to feed me, but compared to all that had been prepared, I have tasted very few things!

Abdoulaye, Youl's half-brother, who is a teacher, also came that morning with his pupils. All the children came to greet me; it was very kind of them and also very funny!



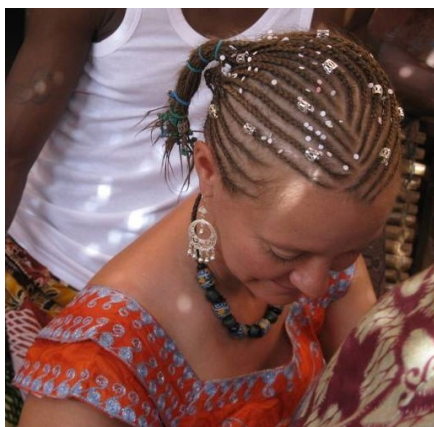
A little later during the day, the women came back for another ceremony. They covered me with a loincloth that I had bought the day before, and one of them wiped my hair. Obviously, my face should always be covered. I can tell you that at that moment I really got hot: it was 40° Celcius (104° Fahrenheit) in the house, I was covered with my white veil and loincloth. In spite of all this heat they put me socks on my feet to keep the henna on them sweaty, the griotte made me suffer by roughly braiding my hair! I felt the sweat flowing abundantly on my body and I could not wait that this hairdressing session was ending... to stop this pain...

At the end of the day an old blacksmith came to pick me up, I still had the white veil on my head, she bring me out into the yard and she let me take a shower. At this point, it is said that women will "wash the bride's hair." In fact, the old blacksmith (it is traditionally the role of blacksmiths) brings you into the shower with your new thongs, the new sponge, the new bucket and you wash yourself (actually this is what I have presumed, because the old woman did not speak French, she did not say a word!). When I came out of the shower, I had to be always veiled, then she took me home ...Finally, all the materials that I bought the day before and then been used on that day (bucket, loincloth, wicker basket, etc.) have been given to this blacksmith.

There were so many people who came to the wedding (a few hundred), that food intended for the civil wedding had been all used.

Therefore, this is how this day of my traditional Muslim marriage ended. The evening was spent with my brother, his girlfriend, my husband and some friends in the Youl's family yard which was a little more quieter.

The Civil Marriage - Preparations



The civil marriage took place two days after the Muslim wedding, on February 20, 2010. On the 19th, the women began to prepare food for the next day, and I got natted hair as the model I had chosen.

In the morning, my witness came to offer us a goat and a rooster well appreciated to feed all the invited guests (and uninvited guests !) for the wedding reception.

The wedding at the town hall was scheduled for 9:30 a.m. I think the only time I was a little nervous on those wedding days; it was that morning, when I had no idea how the day will evolve, the time at which we had to leave and the time that I have to start prepare myself. At 8:30 a.m. I was not dressed yet and those who were there were not mandated to tell me when I had to start preparing!

Abdoulaye, Youl's half-brother, who was our "protocol." So it was him who managed and coordinated the different steps of the day and he was also the one who tell us what to do. The Mercedes car of Youl's friend came to pick us at home. Plenty of people were obviously already there to celebrate. Another friend had lent us his little bus to pick up the old people from the neighbourhood and take them to the town hall. The mayor had also asked, and it was a premiere in Dedougou that the musician griots could be present at the town hall because it was an artist who was getting married. So the musicians got on the small bus and played all along the road, it was fantastic!

At the Town Hall

Arriving at the town hall, there are friends who have opened the doors of the car. The guests were starting to fill the room until there was no place left. Some people had to remain standing. The children leaving the school came and they jostling at the door to attend the ceremony. All our friends, my colleagues from Engineers without Borders and the Union, Youl's music and dance troupes, his family, my brother and his girlfriend were present. It was so awesome and amazing to see all these people gathered for Youl and me to celebrate our wedding.

The ceremony at the town hall lasted less than an hour. All the good advice and obligations of each one were given to us. We have signed the register of marriage and so did the witnesses. The deputy mayor made it clear that the world is still small, that people from different countries could get marry together and that we were an example for Dedougou. The family notebook was given to me. The rings were shown to the witnesses and to the whole assembly before being exchanged between us. Then there was the first kiss of the newlyweds under the enthusiastic applause of the guests!

At the end of the ceremony, the griots began talking about love and started playing djembe (goblet drum). Then we went out, we have been sprinkled with confetti, acclaimed by shouts of joy and the blessings of one and everyone. It was amazing to be able to celebrate with all this joy of life and to be on arm of the one who I love so much and who makes me so happy!



At the exit of the town hall, a session of many photos with families and friends took place. Everyone wanted to be on one of the photos. I think I could not even identify the place where the shooting took place, that I no longer controlled anything and everyone did what he wanted! A technician affiliated with my union surprised us by arriving on horseback. The atmosphere was fabulous"



Wedding photo with my brother, his girlfriend and Youl's children : Harichata and Michaëlla



Wedding photo with Youl's family members

We went around the city to get to the restaurant (maquis) called the Robinet, where the feast was to take place and it was more than extraordinary. We were sitting on the front seats, in our Mercedes, the musicians were following us, striking hard on the drums, still on the bus, and many dozens of motorcycles were behind and honked loudly! We went around the market where everyone stopped to look at us and greet us. I was totally overwhelmed by the events!

Celebration

When we arrived at the maquis (restaurant), our friends, who were in charge of the organization, told us that there was no more room and he did not know where to seat the guests. We had distributed a hundred invitation cards to the "important" people we wanted to invite (district officer, deputy, minister, pastors, priests, judges, imams, hotel owners, etc.. . all of Youl's relationships who must be invited), but then anyone can join the party. Youl being very well known, respected and very appreciated in Dedougou, all its relations wanted to participate in the celebration. We were simply overwhelmed by the events! The older ones were sent to Youl's families yard so they can eat there, but it was not easy to manage all these persons and our friends had a lot of work to deal with all this.

Inside, the owners of the restaurant did the set-up of the room and the table of honour for us. Not far from us, were seated our witnesses, my colleagues from ISF (having white colleagues is always important!) and Union and older friends (the priority of elders is very important here).

Regarding the details of the rest of this memorable day, it would be too difficult to enumerate everything in the order of things. I know that I did not eat much, because I was solicited from all sides. At the table of honor we had salad, French fries, meat and small biscuits. On the other hand, there was also rice and tô (very common meal in Mali, Ivory and Burkina Faso) served to some of the guests. One drink per person was offered (we had planned for 200 people). For us, we also had few beers from Quebec and alcohol (Johnny Walker and champagne offered by I do not know who).

The musicians of Youl's troupe were present and took place on the stage in the center of the room which is usually the dance floor. There were therefore traditional instruments: djembes, drums and balafons. As there are some very good musicians who plays with Youl, when there was one beginning to strike the djembe with all his strength, the atmosphere was really incredible!

Throughout all this, the griots and griottes (story tellers and musicians), began to make “atalaku” and thus to sing the praises on all they could to collect money (traditional obligations). Thereafter, Youl and I jumped onto the stage to play djembe (kind of drum) ourselves. In terms of Youl's performance, it was excellent, but in my case, they had been able to see my disability to play anything interesting!



After having warmed up the atmosphere, was the time to cut the wedding cake. Our names, Youl (Souleymane, its real first name) and mine, were written on the cake. Youl and I, guided by a Youl's family member, who laid down his hand on ours to help us cut a small piece of cake, as if we were unable to do it ourselves...! Then, I had to give a bite of cake to Youl and he had to give me one in return.



Later came the gift-giving time. Each person with a gift to offer came to give it on stage. However, the gifts were not opened in front of the guests. Finally Youl and I left the maquis (restaurant) around 2:30 pm. I must confess that I do not understand why we left so early, but this is a tradition in Burkina Faso; meanwhile all the guests stayed to keep the party going.

A little later, we opened our gifts with some friends at home: terracotta plates, dishes, loinclothes, a painting, masks, a sheet, etc. We were blessed having people so generous!

The evening

In the evening, we were invited to dance in a maquis (restaurant) by my Union's colleagues. We had also invited many of our best friends to accompany us too (in Burkina Faso, when you invite people, you have to pay for them...).

The time went by after the ceremony and when I was walking around the streets people keep calling me “cousin mouso” (the new bride); or also I heard people talking to each other about our marriage. Here in Burkina Faso, when you are married, you are even more respected; and when a white woman marries a Burkinabe, it enchants people who say that now I am one of them. They often called me Mrs Coulibaly “Madame Coulibaly” of Mrs Youl.

I have to confess that in my dreams I always wished to find the right person who could bring me happiness and fill my life. I believe that I found it, it is called Youl!



Rosanne Chabot



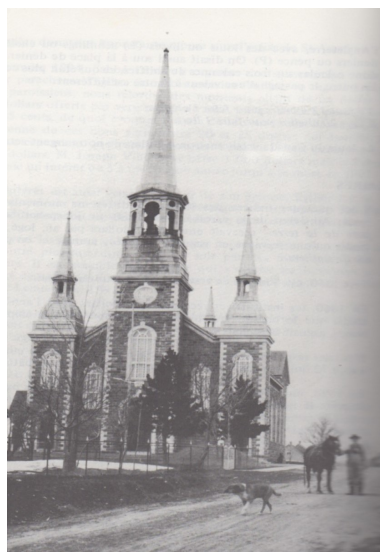
Eugenie's sayings, my mother'

The linen cable - 1884

When I was a child, Mom, who greatly admired her mother-in-law Aurelie² with whom she had lived several years after her marriage, brought back certain memories concerning her, for example, the blessing of the new church bells, in 1884. The sentences that follow are a condensed account of what I remembered from her remarks after these long years³ ...

Many women in the nascent parish have made an important contribution at the time of this event, notably to form and braid the cable used to hoist the large bell in the church steeple. Five experienced spinners worked tirelessly to spin the necessary linen fibers, assemble them, and then braid them, as this cable had to be made entirely with this fiber. Its diameter, to support such a load, must have at least one inch (2.5 cm). And, of course, the threads used for such a work had to be absent from knots. To obtain the desired cable size, the threads chain had to measure not less than a half mile length (not less than 2,840 feet or 800 meters) before being twisted (twisted to form a rope, a cable). With a string made with so much art, the bell has been brought to the top by valiant arms without a hitch. My mother-in-law, Mrs Pierre Chabot (Aurelie) was one of the spinners. It was herself who once told me this story. She was chosen because she was known as an excellent spinner. It was in St. Magloire - where her husband, Pierre, and her had settled in 1879 - that she had probably learned to cultivate, to harvest, to treat and then to spin linen.

1. Daughter of Marcel Chabot and Rose-Delima Goupil, when Eugenie was born, her parents lived on a small road called "rang du Petit-Buckland", in the extreme south of the parish. Her and Dad were distant cousins and they probably got an exemption to have the right to get married at the Church.

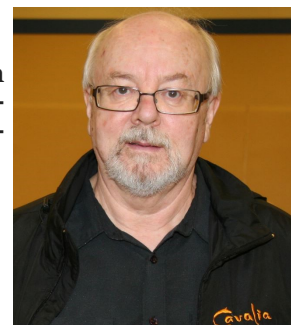


Church of St. Lazare in 1924.

2. Aurelie Bilodeau was the daughter of Andre Bilodeau, a merchant in St. Lazare, and Ozine Larochelle.

3. When writing this text, I remembered that it was question of this fact in a book titled "***In the heart of Bellechasse County – Saint-Lazare – 150 years of Parish life***" which Eugene Cote, son from the Parish of St. Lazare is the author.

Picture taken from the book quoted above. The man holding the horse by the bridle is Mr. William Labrecque, is one of those who built the church. Picture courtesy of Father Letourneau.



Marcel Chabot, membre n° 96

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