



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

N° 44 Fall 2018

Outcome of a contact in British Columbia



*The family of Richard and Nicole Charpentier
and their six grandchildren*

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

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Resident of Canada	\$110 CA	5 years
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Message from the President



Dear Members,

I hope you've all enjoyed the Summer. By the time you read this magazine, we will be a few days away from Fall. As you probably know, on September 30th, we will gather for our annual brunch and our 11th general meeting. We hope to brunch with many of you.

We want to thank all those who have helped preparing for that day.

You will find all the necessary information about this activity in the central pages of this issue. Please make your reservations by September 15 to be sure of getting you seat.

Creating perfect harmony in an organization is always a challenge, no matter what the organization is. Pleasing everybody is nearly impossible, but rest assured that we do our best to achieve it. Your Board of Directors is presently comprised 5 members who take the functioning of your Association to heart. We're all volunteers aiming to serve you to the best of our abilities.

As always, there will be elections to the Board at the next meeting. Why not give some of your time to the Association, be it as a Board member, or to help with recruitment, or with translations, or whatever you can contribute? I must say that it is important to have fresh blood on the board.

Board members can only serve so long. Personally, I've been on the Board since 2012; Clément since 2014; Jean-Louis, since 2015; Claudette, since 2016; and Alain since 2017. I don't want to frighten anybody but for the greater good of your Association, it is important to get involved.

An Association without members can't exist.

Thus, no members means no Association. This is why it is important to renew your membership every year. It is now easier to do on our website. You should also talk about your Association your parents, your cousins, etc.

It is also very important to notify us of any change of postal address so we can reach you in case we need to. We will insert in a future issue a registration form that can be returned by mail or internet. It will ask for such information as birth dates, email addresses, etc. Please fill and return it.

We wish to than you for supporting your Association.

We hope to see you Sunday September 30, 2018.

Maryo Chabot Tremblay

Outcome of a contact in British Columbia



From left to right: Claude Chabot, Richard Chabot and Laurent(Lou) Brochu

Since my early days in genealogy, my method has always been to get in touch with people directly. In order to achieve this, I still need to know who to contact and my accomplice Diane Chabot-Pard was the one who made sure to put me on the road to this beautiful meeting.

This story began with an email from Diane telling me "Claude, I contacted on Facebook a Mr. Richard Chabot who lives in British Columbia; he accepted me in his contacts and I think he speaks French". Diane being an outstanding researcher, a few clicks on the internet and it was enough for her to find his phone number. "Here's his number, are you tempted to call him?"

Having consulted my computer database of the Chabot, I was able to discuss with him and explain to him my approach and especially the purpose of my call. Basic question: are your parents Raymond Chabot and Florence Boivin? Are you part of this family of ten children? and we continued our conversation for almost an hour. We exchanged our email addresses, I promised to give him a gift by sending him his genealogy and this in exchange for him completing a montage that I would send him, asking for dates of marriage, birth and death. My policy when I get in touch with someone is to prove to them that I am a good guy and above all that I always keep my promises.

Richard Chabot is married to Nicole Charpentier, they have four boys and they all speak French. Very active, with communicative smiles, people who bite into life with full teeth and also people true to their word; they responded quickly to my questionnaire. After a second call, I learned that in August of this year they would make a big gathering of cousins; an event they have repeated every two years in recent years.



Later, Diane told me that they intended to come to Quebec to celebrate the eighty years of Nicole Charpentier's sister, who is a nun. Their goal was to visit several places during their stay in Quebec and also to visit me.

Despite my 70 years, I was as excited as a child to have the opportunity to meet people from British Columbia. When starting my journey back in time as founder of the Chabot Association, I would have never thought that I would make friends with people with a history so different from mine that it would be our Chabot family name that would bring us together.

During their visit, I made sure to share my passion for genealogy with them by using my computer database to explain why we needed their help and also considering the distance that separates us that is 5,150 km. or 3,200 miles.

I will long remember this beautiful meeting and above all, I am convinced that at their next family gathering they will talk about us and that they will continue to help us by sending us missing information about their family, photos of their ancestors or maybe even old mortuary cards.



In the photo that precedes my story, there is a Mr. Laurent (Lou)

Brochu who is married to Madeleine Charpentier who is the son of Charles Brochu and Cécile Chabot, Richard Chabot's aunt who is married to Nicole Charpentier who is Madelaine's sister. Richard is the son of Raymond Chabot, Cecile's brother. Ha ha ha, I hope you follow me?

Claude Chabot, membre n° 1



Before electricity came...¹



I was six years old when a power line was finally installed in the fifth rank of Saint-Lazare-de-Bellechasse. It was in the summer of 1949, if my memory serves me right, that a team of young men came to plant poles, two of them not far from the house, and hang copper wires from them. Sitting wisely on the steps, I was excited to see them climb up like squirrels with spikes attached to their boots to fix the braces and insulators.

Meanwhile, an electrician was busy wiring the entire house, from the attic to the cellar, and installing the plugs,

switches and other fixtures. He was a nice gentleman (who was said to be a bit alcoholic) who answered my questions nicely while playing a spin, a chisel or a screwdriver. After the house, it was in the stable, the sheepfold and the shed that he ran a whole network of wires protected in a thick sheath.



And then, we who had hitherto only known the lighting with the kerosene lamp, we waited impatiently for the day when, the installations being completed with all the inhabitants of the rank, we would see the light. That day arrived and I remember that, in the evening, we went out to admire the spectacle of all these windows diffusing a yellowish light which announced a new era ...

Indeed, it was a real revolution! Gone were the oil or naphtha lamps and the old water pump that always had to be primed ... The one that had replaced it, powered by an electric motor, supplied water to livestock and humans for all domestic needs . Soon after, a bathtub was installed and a refrigerator bought because, until then, baths were taken in a tank half filled with the water drawn from the "boiler" of the big Bélanger stove and meat and vegetables were kept in the cellar in winter and in the fresh water source during summer. It was the end of salted herbs and bacon and of preserves of all kinds, meat and wild fruits. Soon other household appliances, stoves, washing machines and, soon after, television sets invaded the house ... So that just ten years later, at the dawn of the 1960s, the old world had made way for an all-electric world.

I am certainly part of a minority of (old) people who knew this medieval era before the time of machines powered by electricity and other electronic gadgets. My children and my grandchildren to whom I sometimes mention these memories can hardly believe me, open their eyes wide, a smile heard on the lips as if saying "granddad is loosing his marbles...", they who were born after the "Quiet Revolution" had already shaped a modern Quebec. I hear them sometimes blame us, baby boomers, for having saddled them with debt for decades and to have enjoyed the manna ... It's a bit unfair because it is they and their children who will benefit, thanks to our demands, from the multitude of services which are now at their disposal notably in education and in health (universities, colleges, free medicare) ...

I think you have to be old to have a sense of history ... When you're young, it's life in front of you that matters, life that is believed to be eternal ... It is true that we lived more lavishly than our parents, but when I observe the way of life of my offspring, I conclude that they are far from the rough life of my parents and their ancestors from France, even of mine, because as they say, I did not always have it easy.



1. Entry into force of the Rural Electrification Act (May 24, 1945)

The Union Nationale government of Maurice Duplessis established a \$ 12 million fund to promote the creation and development of electricity co-operatives. The application of the law was entrusted to the Office of Rural Electrification.

Between 1945 and 1955, the proportion of farms connected to the grid increased from 19 to 90 per cent. This legislation of the Unionist government long remained etched in the memory of Quebec farmers. [...]

Source: <http://bilan.ussherbrooke.ca/bilan/pages/collaborations/1079.html>

2. Of course, we knew about electric lighting, because the village had benefited from this service for several years.

3. I remember my poor father Alpheus, who morning and evening, with a yoke wedged on his shoulders, carried from the neighboring spring, the water required to water the cows, horses, pigs, sheep, and chickens. A grueling task that he discharged faithfully without ever complaining.



Marcel Chabot membre (96) janvier 2016

Richard Chabot's family

Sheep breeder and shearer

Dad always kept sheep and so did Maurice when he took the farm over. In these difficult times, when the last bit of income was needed for the subsistence of the family, I suppose that this breeding, even modest, proved unavoidable, given the relative frugality of these animals that can make do with poor pastures. Was this custom of keeping sheep a legacy of Peter's grandfather, I do not know, but it is probable.

Composed of seven or eight ewes, their calves, and the master of the house, the ram, the flock spent the summer in a pasture behind the barn, which had not been entirely cleared of trees and stones (named the "sheep enclosure"). In the center, there were some large spruce trees under which the animals could shelter from the sun and the rain, and at one end a natural spring seeped between stones and allowed them to drink, unless there was a long drought. I remember wandering feral dogs sometimes scared the little pack before attacking a lamb, slaughtering it and devouring it. I also remember that in my early childhood, the poor animals wore a shackle or some kind of impediment that prevented them from escaping, I suppose. When Maurice took the reins of the farm, he put an end to this cruel practice.

The lamb meat being famous in the city, we took great care of pregnant ewes who were housed in the henhouse-barn, during the winter period. When they were born, we had to make sure that the mothers accepted their offspring (which sometimes was not the case), otherwise there was no alternative but to find a nursing mother for the orphan or to bottle-feed them, which was no sinecure. So we raised sheep for their meat, but also, of course, for their wool.

So I come to my subject. It was Maurice, always him, who was entrusted with the difficult and delicate task of shearing all the adult sheep when the hot days were back. To that end, he had procured, I do not know where, a mechanical shearer, an apparatus equipped with a sort of serpentine at the end of which was fixed the shearer proper and which, until the arrival of the electricity, was operated by dad or Roger, using a crank. I do not know how or from whom he learned how to do it, but he did it exactly as I later saw in television reports. He immobilized the beast between his two legs without hindering it, held it with one hand, grabbed the clipper with the other and in a few quick and precise movements back and forth, shaved the thick fleece that rolled on the floor in one piece. His gestures were safe and he rarely that he scratched the animal. When he let it go, it snorted a little before joining its peers. He then passed to the next and in less than an hour, the young and not so young and even the grouchy ram were lighter and ready to leave for the summer pasture.



...to follow on page 9



Eleventh General Assembly of L'Association des Chabot



When: Sunday September 30, 2019, at 10h

Where: Centre culturel Larochelle de Bécancour
4000 boulevard de Port-Royal
Bécancour, QC G9H 1M1

(See map of the area on page C4)

Cost: 25.00\$ per person (free for children under 12)

Program

9h30 Welcome, registration, Chabot genealogy and merchandises stands

11h20 Opening remarks by the president

11h30 Brunch

13h Eleventh General Assembly of L'Association des Chabot

14h15 Meeting closes

14h30 Guided tour of the heart of the Saint-Grégoire village for groups of 20 persons or more that so desire: 8\$ per person or visit of the Acadian genealogy center.



Reply coupon (must be returned by September 7, 2018)

Name: _____ Surname _____ member # _____

Name: _____ Surname _____ member # _____

Address: _____

City: _____

Province or State: _____ Postal Code/ZIP: _____

Tél.: ____ - _____ Email: _____

Number of persons: Adults _____ Children under 12 _____

Please return this coupon and your cheque or your money order (**payable to l'Association des Chabot**) to the following address:

**Association des Chabot
3, rue De Gaulle
Lévis (Québec) G6V 3K9**

One can also reserve online by filling the appropriate form, and paying by credit card, Interac or PayPal (please follow the indications on the website of the Association)

Itinerary

Page C2

Bécancour is the gateway to the Centre du Québec, when coming from Trois-Rivières. Autoroutes 40 (Félix-Leclerc, on the North shore of the Saint-Lawrence river) and 20 (Jean-Lesage, on the South Shore) are the fastest way to get there, whether coming from the East or the West. Highways 138 (on the North Shore) and 132 (on the South Shore) allow a better view of the river and the villages.

Below is a map of the area, where one can see the names of the old parishes and villages, prior to 2000. Our General Assembly will be held in the heart of the village of Saint-Grégoire. We suggest you take the guided tour after the meeting.



Have a great trip!

Québec Winters in numbers
by Gaétan #4229-mav

Ah, the Québec Winter! At times freezing, at times milder, it strikes the imagination with its spectacular snowfalls, its terrible storms and its unexpected mild spells. Whether one loves this unique season or not, it never ceases to fascinate Québécois! Here are a few facts and numbers about winters in Québec.



The city which receives the most snow: Sept-Îles. The area in the province where the most snow falls over winter is Sept-Îles which receives an average of 377 cm of snow each winter.

The coldest winter: 1993-1994. The 1993-1994 winter was particularly cold in the province. On Boxing Day in 1993, a freezing wind dropped the wind chill factor to -50°C in places, according to the Weather Network. The intense cold wave lasted into February.



The warmest month of March: 2012. Do you remember what you were doing in March 2012? The month saw an exceptional heat wave, both in intensity and duration. All previous temperature records were broken, notably in Montréal where the province's striking students assembled in short sleeves for a demonstration on the March 22, 2 days after winter had officially ended.

The coldest city in January: Schefferville. Over the years these data have been recorded, Schefferville is the city in Québec where it is the coldest in January, with average temperatures of -29°C . This compares with $-14,7^{\circ}\text{C}$ for Montréal and -16°C for Québec City.

The smallest snow accumulation for a city: Montréal, in 1979-1980. Montrealers must have complained less about winter in 1979-1980, since it marked the record for the smallest amount of snowfall in the province. Only 93cm of snow fell on the city during that winter.

The smallest average snow accumulation for a city: Montréal. It is also in Montréal that the least snow falls normally, with an average of only 210cm per year.

The worst ice storm: 1998. In January 1998, over 100 mm of freezing rain fell on Southern Québec over a period of many days making roads impassable and forcing the closure of schools and daycare centers. In addition, frozen trees fell on electric wires and thousands of homes found themselves without power. In the Montérégie region, the most affected, many homes had to be evacuated for lack of heating as temperatures were plunging. One week after the start of the crisis as many as 500,000 Hydro-Québec customers were still without power.

A particularly cold winter: 2014-2015. Winter 2014-2015 also broke records for low temperatures according to Environment Canada. In Montréal, temperatures remained below freezing for 43 straight days. It remains the coldest winter in 20 years.

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The storm of the century: 1971. In March 1971, province experienced the worst snowstorm in history and even if the snow accumulation was important (up to 80 cm in places), it was the combination snow-wind-blowing snow which contributed to its "storm of the century" status. In Montréal, some 47 cm of snow fell, and winds of more than 100 km/hr raised snowbanks to the second story of houses. Many were left without power for days and 17 persons died.



A particularly mild winter: 2015-2016. According to Environment Canada, the winter of 2015-2016 was the second warmest winter since records started being kept across the country in 1948. A persistent "super" El Niño was the cause of that very mild winter. You probably remember Christmas 2015, when winter coats had been replaced with sweaters...

A memorable storm: March 2017. On March 14 and 15, 2017, a major storm savaged the province. About 60 cm of snow fell on the south shore of Montréal, that is more than during the "Storm of the Century" in 1971. Autoroute 13 South was closed because it was impassable, which forced over 300 drivers stuck in the storm to spend the night in their cars. In total, 6 persons died during the storm, most of them in their car buried under the snow.

The largest snow fall: 99 cm in Tête-à-la-baleine. According to the Weather Network database, the largest snowfall in the province occurred at Tête-à-la-baleine, on the North Shore. Indeed, some 99 cm of snow fell there during a violent storm in 1964.

Lowest absolute temperature recorded in the province: -54,4°C. On February 5, 1923, a record low of -54,4°C, not taking account the wind chill, was recorded at Doucet, north of Lac Saint-Jean, according to statistics of le Centre de ressources en impacts en adaptation au climat et changements climatiques (CRIACC). Brrr!

Largest snow accumulation over 24 h: 74 cm. On January 19, 2007, the town of Gaspé was hit by no less than 74 cm of snow ... in a single day! This is the most spectacular snowfall since the Tête-à-la-baleine event.

Denise #2233-mav

Baie-Saint-Paul, February 18, 2006

We wish to thank Gaétan and Denise Tremblay from l'Association des Tremblay d'Amérique



Bernadette, his wife, hastened to slip all the fleeces in jute bags which, the next day, one would carry to the carding mill some villages further away. There, the wool would be weighed, washed, processed, carded, and come back in light bundles of fluffy wicks the size of a little finger that would feed the spinning wheels of the two women of the house during the whole winter.

Maurice was certainly not spinning, because it was a woman's work, but I am sure, curious and jack-of-all-trade as he was, that he would have liked to try to turn the big wheel with a steady movement of the foot while sliding the fine wool wick be-

tween his fingers which, twisting it and turning it into, would a very solid wire ready to knit, just to see ... He may have done in secret, who knows ...

Small reminder: it is Intendant Jean Talon who around 1660, at the time of the establishment of the ancestor Mathurin on the island of Orleans, urged the inhabitants to use sheep's wool, linen and the hemp which he forced them to cultivate to produce the clothes they required without the having to resort to the mother country.

Marcel Chabot, Member No. 96, March 2016

- I just remembered: the inhabitants of the fifth row did not all have a herd of sheep ... that is to say that if this breeding was widespread, it was not practiced by all.

Legends:

Page 1: The device in question was similar to the one shown in this illustration.

Page 2: Man stripping a sheep from its fleece.

Marcel Chabot, membre n° 96, mars 2016



Yvette Chabot, life's archivist



Yvette Chabot created this triptych on the death of Julien, her husband, in 2008

At 82, Yvette Chabot has lived a thousand lives, in the intensity of creation, love and teaching. Living on the 16th floor of a Grande Allée building, she rejects simple contemplation. She continues to paint, carve and dream, while archiving the exciting chapters of her long life.

"I'm an original," launches the tireless octogenarian, a New Yorker, the kind who offers champagne in the middle of the afternoon. In another era, however, she was a nun. She left her community in the middle of her Bachelor of Fine Arts because her status prohibited her from painting nudes. This is to say the importance of the arts in her life.

During the 1973-1974 school year, she taught fine arts at Bellevue College in Quebec City. She opens the yellow yearbook of the graduating class, she designates faces she remembers, then she grabs a binder in which she collected the drawings of her best students.

The whole life of Yvette Chabot is filed and listed this way in dozens of notebooks with laminated pages rigorously aligned in her cupboards. Her sense of order, inherited from her father, is exemplary.

The same goes for her art. Yvette has created fascinating montages that correspond to each period of her approach (figurative, romantic, fantasy, mineralogical, electronic, carved cardboard, sculpture). She has grouped on large framed panels photos, clippings and reproductions of her creations. These works of memory are priceless.

The artist lives in a 2-bedroom apartment overlooking the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec. She has before her eyes the construction site of the museum's enlargement, the ring of the Plains of Abraham and the St. Lawrence. "I want to die here," she says.



These works on a wall in the living room reflect the artistic evolution of the lady of Grande Allée. THE SUN, YAN DOUBLET



This montage illustrates the figurative summer period of the artist. THE SUN, YAN DOUBLET

Following her heart

But as you walk through this bright apartment, you can see that Yvette is inspired more by her heart and her past than by the landscape and the city. Her latest work is a triptych that synthesizes her love for the man who was her husband for more than 30 years, the ceramicist Julien Cloutier, who died in December 2008.

The photographer asks her to sit on the ground in front of this triptych called Silent Planet. She accepts with joy, confidence and a form of abandonment in front of a young professional whom she considers, obviously, as her equal, as an artist in short.

Yvette Chabot taught until 1980: education, family pedagogy, arts.

She was involved in the opening of the arts sector at the Notre-Dame-de-Foy Campus in Cap-Rouge. And she never stopped trying to improve.

She learned ceramics with Julien Cloutier, who would become her "love" after several years. He left the priesthood for her. "I showed him everything," she says with slightly theatrical candor.

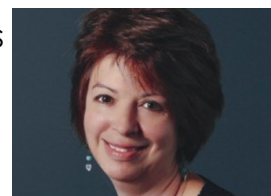
Throughout her many lives, Yvette has lived in West Africa between 1958 and 1961. "I threatened to become a missionary if I was forbidden to teach the arts," she says. She ended up in Cameroon.

Later, with Julien, she lived in Rwanda as part of an expert mission sponsored by various charities. It was before the genocide. She brought back monumental wood sculptures that she integrated into her universe.

Yvette has been making her living as an artist for more than 30 years, since the year, in fact, when the Concorde hotel commissioned her a piece of sculpted cardboard and three serigraphs for each of her 400 rooms. Today, she no longer exhibits in galleries. "Collectors come to see me," she says.

Satisfied, the lady of the Grande Allée? "I cherish the dream of opening a children's art gallery," she whispers, ever the educator who is always on the lookout for talents, arousing vocations and promoting beauty.

We thank Mrs Laferrière, for having authorized the reproduction of this article published in the Journal le Soleil on Saturday 18 January 2014



By Michele Laferrière
Le soleil



The Board of Directors wishes a very happy birthday to all their members, their spouses and parents, who have aged (or become younger!) by one year during the last quarter. Good health and long life to you!

The Board of Directors also offers its deepest condolences to those who have lost a loved one.

A New Life For Dominique



PHOTO JEAN-FRANÇOIS DESGAGNÉS

Dominique Chabot savor every moment she can walk in the forest, she has endured a terrible leg pain for five years before being diagnosed with bone cancer.

STONEHAM | After five years of suffering terrible leg pain, Dominique Chabot was finally diagnosed with bone cancer. Thanks to technology, nature and her children, she can walk in the forest again.

Dominique Chabot, 49, escapes into the wild at Stoneham a few times a week. Nothing seems out of place at first sight, but her left femur has been replaced with a titanium bone.

"For me, a birthday is not adding a wrinkle, it's the happiness of having survived prognoses," she says.

One evening in 2005, Ms. Chabot felt a very sharp pain in her left leg. "It's like someone had taken a hammer and planted a big nail in my bone. I kept screaming", she says.

For five years, doctors did not understand why she was in such so pain. They suspected a pulled muscle, a nerve stuck in the spine or a simple "manufacturing defect".

During a stay in Italy, a doctor told her that she should really have her leg X-rayed, which had never been done before. It was only after that that Quebec doctors were able to diagnose her cancer.

She had put up with her pain for almost five years when in 2010 she received a call from a doctor.

Without even asking her if she was sitting or was with someone, the doctor told her that she had a tumor 13 cm in diameter in her femur.

"I then sagged. My boyfriend restrained me so that my head did not smash on a piece of furniture", she says.

His five years of suffering in the leg, however, was nothing compared to what was ahead.

Surgery

A month after learning that she had cancer, she had her thigh opened lengthwise by Quebec City surgeon Norbert Dion to replace a large part of her femur with titanium. All she has left of the original bone is a small piece that goes into her knee.

"They took a picture of my bone, sent it to the lab to get an exact copy, but in titanium," she says, impressed by the science.

She was lucky in her bad luck because had she been diagnosed with her cancer two or three years earlier, she would not have this titanium bone installed and would have been amputated instead, according to what experts have told her.

In the end, during those five years she was a martyr to her pain, she was saving her leg.

"It was worth it! With all the horror, there was a positive side", she says.

Chemo

After two months of convalescence, Dominique Chabot underwent six months of preventive chemotherapy, even if she had no sign of cancer elsewhere than on the thigh.

It was a horrible time for her. Her children Jules, Simone and Cyrille were aged 6, 9 and 10 at the time.

"Chemo got me more worn down than when I had the tumor. My immune system was totally whacked. I often went back to the hospital emergency because I was too weak. It was hellish. I had no hair, no fat. I had lost a lot of weight", she says.

Cancer never returned after chemotherapy. Her doctor would like to follow up every year, but Ms. Chabot has convinced him to see him every two years.



He may be afraid that the cancer will come back. "But I trained so hard during chemo not to think too much about tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, that I easily get back to order. There are no guarantees when living for the present moment", she says.

The importance of feeling well

Dominique Chabot lives at the foot of the ski center Stoneham, in a small cottage-like house. Contact with nature, the presence of her spouse and their three children has helped her recover from cancer.

Tears quickly come to her eyes when she talks about her children. They are her reason for living and have often brought her back to the present mo-

ment.

"When I felt like I was going to die and was choking, I thought about my children. At one point, I had a pipe tucked into my heart because the chemo was so strong that it could have burned my veins", she says.

However, seeing her children continue to bicker and make jokes led her back to a more normal life and this allowed her to forget the disease.

Nature

It did him good to have something other than pitying her. The mountain where she lives has been good for her too.

"Nature, for me, is harmony. Air quality, calm, animals, all this helps me a lot. Here, the smell of evergreens in summer is a fragrance. When chemo gives you nausea, you go out and smell that, it really helps", she said.

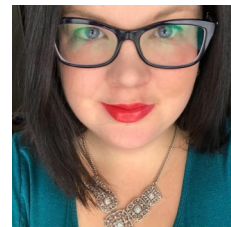


Dominique Chabot is more in tune with herself than before cancer.

"Now, if I want to cry, I'm cry. Before, I did not cry. I tell that to myself when I'm discouraged. If the cleaning is not done and I am tired, I go to bed and I do not do it. If I'm hungry, I eat", she says.

We thank Ms. St-Yves, for authorizing the reproduction of this article published in the Journal de Montréal on Monday, April 3, 2017

Par Amélie St-Yves
Journal de Montréal



Dear members,

It is with great sadness what we announce the passing of Jean-Louis Chabot, on June 30, 2018, at the age of 78.

The members of the Association's board of directors wish to thank Jean-Louis for everything he did since joining the board in 2015.

We would like to extend our deepest condolences to all the families that are touched by the passing of Jean-Louis.

Thank You Jean-Louis!

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