

Quand l'amour frappe

Coup de foudre, Coup bas, Coup de poing

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Biography excerpted from my copyrighted book

Biography and testimony

What you read in this book is a true story. It is my story.

I wanted to share my story with people from all walks of life, wherever they may be, because violence against women and domestic violence is never condemned enough. I condemn the emotional, physical, verbal, sexual and economic violence I suffered for close to four years. It was a descent into hell. I first set my story to paper from my room at a women's shelter in 2006.

Fortunately such places exist to welcome us and take care of us from all aspects, because often we have nowhere to go, in the end our homes are the street, the hospital or the cemetery. I continued writing my book from my parents' home after being separated from them by my ex-husband, who threatened that they would die a slow death and that he would destroy them if I made contact with them. I went without seeing them for three years in order to protect them.

They welcomed me with open arms on March 26, 2007. I took refuge in their home after a last and final assault.

I couldn't take it any longer. I had a visceral need to see my parents, my children and my friends.

I am a woman, an artist, a mother. I was born in the Outaouais, in Hull, into a middle-class family. I had loving, wonderful parents who instilled good values in me. I am a singer-songwriter, producer and writer. I gave birth to my first son, Olivier, on February 7, 1986, and to my second son, Sacha, on December 1, 1987.

We already had our share of suffering and misfortune, as Sacha was born with cystic fibrosis. It never occurred to us that one day a man claiming to love me and my children would enter our lives to attack us, to threaten to kill us, to destroy us until I said "I'm going to kill myself"—in the words of my abuser, word for word. Fortunately, he was not able to break the loving and respectful bond that united our family.

My life passed through the fire, leaving only ruins. It can be said that when Michael H. came into my life I thought I had found the man of my dreams: he was sweet, kind, polite, charming, engaging, he was a good salesman, filled

with ideas, promises, a bright future and love with a capital L—the man I’d been waiting for. Unfortunately, he was just the opposite: heartless, spineless, unscrupulous, irresponsible, dishonest, a liar, manipulative, controlling, violent, cruel, selfish, an alcoholic, a gambler, abusive in every sense of the word, unbalanced, a failure, a pervert, a twisted man.

The word “disadvantaged” took on full meaning for me at every level: psychological, physical, economic, social and familial. I was completely isolated from the rest of the world, especially my immediate family. I belonged to him, I was his slave, his property, his ATM, his punching bag, his sexual object (as a victim of sexual assaults).

Michel Hamelin was convicted on April 5, 2007, of uttering death threats to me and my eldest son, assault, three counts, two years probation without being able to drink any alcohol for six months, from April to October 2007, two years probation and a criminal record. Unfortunately in June 2011 he re-offended and beat a woman for four hours. He has to serve a sentence of 18 months, inform future partners of his violent past, he is banned from carrying or possessing weapons until 2022 and must provide a sample of his DNA. He applied for parole after serving three months of his sentence. He will present his request on March 31. Needless to say that at this stage of his sentence releasing him would be very dangerous and is unacceptable in terms of our own lives and others to follow.