



DALAL CHAHOUD 5 October 1935 – 24 October 2007

In July 2005 our strong and healthy mother heard the words “you have stomach cancer”. Just like that. Cancer is so unfair.

Yet this uncompromising, unconscionable and unrelenting disease does something completely unexpected – it binds us. In some way every person in every pocket of our world has experienced cancer.

Now it was our turn to be part of the experience. We started this journey, as a family with our beautiful mum leading the way. At no stage did she allow her love for us, her strength of character or her dignity to be compromised by this disease. She remained firmly in control when on the Wednesday afternoon in October 2007 she decided it was time to continue her journey on her own.

Our mother would be proud to dedicate a snapshot of her life in the Book of Hope:

Dalal Nadour was born in Safita, Syria. In 1952 our father, Ibrahim (Brian) Chahoud returned to Syria where he met mum. Mum had just completed her Baccalaureate (Higher School Certificate) and they married.

In February 1954 they arrived back in Australia. Mum was 19 years old and eight months pregnant. In March she gave birth to their first son, Edward. By the age of 30 our mother had 7 children (five boys and two girls). At the age of 46 she had been married for 29 years and was a widow.

From 1960 to 1976 our family owned the ‘Cedars Delicatessen’ in Belmore, Sydney. Dad and mum were the first in Australia to produce burghal (crushed wheat) which they retailed and wholesaled all over Australia. Mum described these long, hard and successful working years as the ‘happiest years of my life’.

What all her family and friends remember and cherish about mum is how kind and generous she was, particularly with her time. Her women friends have always described her as ‘their sister, their friend, their confidante, the one they could always rely on.’ She loved to help people.

In early 2007 when mum was told she now had only six months to live, her first words after leaving the Oncologist’s office were **‘I am not afraid, I believe in God but I want a second opinion.’** That is the calibre of our mother!

Cancer is a mere snippet of our mother’s life (and the life of everyone affected by the disease). It did not define her life; it was a small part of her journey. Mum is a ‘tayta’ to 14 grandchildren; her life journey will not end.

Humankind’s cancer journey will end with a cure. Until then, cancer binds us.

Your loving children, daughters-in-law, son-in-law and grandchildren