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Feb 4 2018

I have a Dream

I had a dream once, I grew up with my family.

I had a dream I was back with my mom.

I never was I was taken away by the Ministry and placed in so many foster homes a child should ever experience. Telling my story over and over to social workers that it became a joke because there were high turnovers. Eventually I stopped telling my story, I felt no one cared.

I had a dream it was just my mom my brother and my sister and I and we never left each others side.

I wish my sister never passed away and we had never gone through a terrible loss that put my mom through her mental breaking point. I had gone to family for a bit and my brother to my aunts. I thought this was the dark point, but then bad things tend to happen in threes, I was abused and instead of being able to tell my mom. I did not want to bring more hurt to her, so I hung on to this. Then my mom was reported to Ministry. My brother and I were split up and my brother was lucky enough to be with one foster family until he was 18, he was with them for 13 years. I got to live with them a short time. But we grew a part and we don't talk to each other. I wonder what he is doing? I hope he is happy. I hope we can be brother and sister again one day.

I had a dream we were surrounded by family, my three aunties and uncle and so many cousins that we all grew up like sisters and brothers.

Not watching my aunts, uncle and many cousins fall to the despair of Alcohol and drugs and most died too young or are in and out of the prison system. Its sad to say but all this loss has sort of become the normal for us.

I would later learn there was a connection to all this, Residential school. I always wondered why I had more hardship than most of my friends who were non-indigenous. They always were with their parents and had a big family, always happy and could be kids. No one in my family talked about residential school, until I was older and started asking questions. I had asked my gran about the residential schools and she didn't want to talk about it but all she would say is that she was not treated as bad as others and this she was grateful for. My gran has had a hard life, she's experienced her husband most of her children die. Now that I am a mom I could not imagine being as strong as she is. It is sad to think what our families, culture, our roots have gone through and in most cases still going through.

I have a dream that we all can connect as Mamalilkulla members, learn from our elders, teach and help one another, teach our children our culture, stories and songs again. Because all this hardship our people went through should not be for nothing, we need to learn from it and learn to stand up for one another. We need to become a family again.

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