

Gladys  
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## GLADYS RADEK

GITXSAN / WET'SUWET'EN FIRST NATIONS<sup>1</sup>

FAMILY ADVOCATE

BORN IN: 1955, Moricetown, British Columbia

INTERVIEWED IN: Terrace, British Columbia

*I picked up Gladys from her home on the outskirts of Terrace, British Columbia, and drove to our hotel where we spoke over coffee in the lobby. Save for a single smoke break and a moment when she paused to ask if I was okay after she shared a particularly harrowing memory, Gladys told her story in a low, gravelly voice with striking ease and strength.*

*Gladys is an active member of the First Nations community fighting for justice for the countless missing and murdered Indigenous women and girls in Canada, where Indigenous women are six times more likely to*

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1. See Editor's Note.

be victims of homicide than non-Indigenous women and girls.<sup>2</sup> Gladys focuses especially on the dozens whose lives have ended in violence or who have simply disappeared along what has come to be called Canada's Highway of Tears, a stretch of Highway 16 between the cities of Prince George and Prince Rupert in British Columbia, where twenty-three First Nations border the road.<sup>3</sup>

Terrace is also located on this stretch of highway. In September 2005, Gladys's niece, Tamara Lynn Chipman, went missing. For Gladys, Tamara's disappearance was the catalyst to start the Walk4Justice in Vancouver, which she organized with Bernie Williams, who lost her mother and three sisters to violence. This walk for awareness, and the work of others, helped bring the issue of missing and murdered Indigenous women and girls to the forefront of Canada's national conscience. Today, the scale and the severity of the violence faced by Indigenous women and girls is considered a national crisis. Growing up in the foster care system, Gladys's own life has also been dramatically shaped by this violence.

Research suggests that the heightened risk to Indigenous women and girls is yet another consequence of decades of government policy that have impoverished and fractured Indigenous families. According to Amnesty International, "Deep inequalities in living conditions and discrimination in the provision of government services have pushed many Indigenous women and girls into precarious situations where there is a heightened risk of violence. These same inequalities have also denied many Indigenous women access to services needed to escape violence."<sup>4</sup> Along

2. Human Rights Council, *Report of the Special Rapporteur on Violence against Women, Its Causes and Consequences*, 2019. For more on Indigenous missing and murdered women and girls in Canada, see appendix essay 2.

3. Prince Rupert is a port city of around twelve thousand in northern British Columbia. Prince George is northern British Columbia's largest city with a population of around eighty-six thousand. It is 571 kilometers east of Terrace.

4. Amnesty International, "Violence against Indigenous Women and Girls in Canada: A Summary of Amnesty International's Concerns and Call to Action," February 2014, [www.amnesty.ca/sites/amnesty/files/iwfa\\_submission\\_amnesty\\_international\\_february\\_2014\\_-\\_final.pdf](http://www.amnesty.ca/sites/amnesty/files/iwfa_submission_amnesty_international_february_2014_-_final.pdf).

*the Highway of Tears, poverty means low rates of car ownership and mobility, so people hitchhike long distances to visit family, or to go to work or school. This makes Indigenous women in the area especially vulnerable to predation. As a graphic reminder of this, a big sign above the highway near Kitsumkalum reserve just outside of Terrace reads: "Hitchhiking, is it worth the risk?"*

## HOSPITALS, INSTITUTIONS, AND FOSTER CARE

I grew up in hospitals, institutions, and foster care. I was born with tuberculosis, so I was placed in Miller Bay Hospital in Prince Rupert, British Columbia, at my birth in 1955, for three and a half years. My mother is originally from Moricetown. We're Wet'suwet'en. My father is unknown. My mother met my stepfather and moved to Terrace for a short period of time, when I was one or two, and then they moved to Prince Rupert where my mom worked all her life, at the canneries. My stepfather was the natural father of my younger siblings. He was a hard worker and a hard player. He was very much a family man, and he was my mom's true love.

I got out of the hospital in 1958 and I lived with my mom for a year. My older sister Peggy and I were looking after our two younger siblings, and our baby brother died in our care. Because of that, I was placed in foster care in 1959.<sup>5</sup> I was put into a home in Kitimat, BC, with some white people who treated us very well.<sup>6</sup> It was me and my sister-cousin, Terry—she's my cousin, but we grew up as sisters because she was with us when we were apprehended.<sup>7</sup> They kept Terry and me together, but they split me up from my siblings at that time. My first foster parents tried to adopt us, but my mom wouldn't

5. Gladys was most likely placed in foster care because her parents had put her younger siblings in her care.

6. Kitimat is 205 kilometers away from Prince Rupert.

7. *Apprehension* is the official term used in Canada for the removal of children from their homes by child protection agencies.

sign the papers.<sup>8</sup> My surviving brother was raised in foster care in Kitimat, a block away from where we were. We didn't even know he was there. My sister Peggy went into very abusive foster care here in Terrace at the same time.

I was moved to another foster home in Terrace when I was eight because the authorities wanted to put me with a First Nations family. My foster brother, Glenn, who was eighteen, started raping me two weeks after we got into that home. I tried to report my abuse to teachers, Sunday school teachers, and even to government officials. I went down to the social work office when I was nine. What happened to me at that second home didn't have to happen. If somebody believed me, things would've been different.

Our foster mother was beaten by our foster dad once or twice a week. She was a good mom, but she was also a victim. She had a broken neck. She had scars on her face. She was hospitalized, and nobody did anything. The foster brother was raping me. The foster dad was raping his stepdaughter Diane, who was sixteen. Drove her crazy. She ended up getting sent to the mental institution because she kept screaming and trying to keep her stepdad away from her. And their answer to that was to send her to an institution for shock treatment. I'm glad that didn't happen to me.

Terry and I knew Diane was being raped because we were on the top bunk while the foster dad was raping her. And we tried to intervene as little girls, but it didn't work. We were too little, and if we said anything, we'd get beaten. On more than one occasion, we tried to jump on his back while he was raping her, and we'd just get a backhand from him, sometimes knocking us out cold. But we would try. And Diane's parents ended up sending her away on three different occasions that I can remember. The last time that they sent her, she had her shock treatment, but she was also screaming so much that she cracked her voice box. So doctors surgically removed

8. For more on the historical and contemporary prevalence of Native children in US and Canadian foster care, see appendix essay 2.

it. She ended up only able to whisper. She died a few years later in a car accident. She was with a drunk driver. She was labeled "crazy." But she wasn't crazy, she was abused. We remained in that home for five years.

## ESCAPING VIOLENCE

I didn't meet my mother again until I was twelve years old. My foster mom told me that my birth mom was in the hospital in Terrace for a gall bladder operation. After school I walked to the hospital and visited her. That's the first time I'd laid eyes on her in years. At that time, I was pretty angry at the world, including my mom, because of the violence and sexual abuse in the foster home. We didn't make plans to see each other again.

When I was thirteen, I made plans to run away. Back then, there was one major hub that everybody escaped to, and that was Vancouver. Vancouver was calling me. I was going to hitchhike out of Terrace and fend for myself. And when my foster parents caught wind of that, they decided they didn't want me anymore. They didn't want me in the first place. They were in the business of foster care for money, and so they decided, *Well, if she's going to start running away, then we'll just send her back to Prince Rupert to her mom.* So the system ended up putting me back with my parents, but due to the anger that I was feeling, and the hurt and the pain I was going through at that time, there was nobody who could console me. I ended up staying with my parents for just a short period of time, two years off and on.

From there I was put into a group home, and then shipped off to Burnaby in 1971, to a reform school, the Willingdon School for Girls.<sup>9</sup> I was sixteen, and that was a real eye-opener for me. It was like a jail. Believe me, that's not the answer when you're dealing with kids who've been harmed. Jail just makes them angrier.

9. Burnaby is a city of around 232,000, thirteen kilometers east of Vancouver.



When I ran away after three months, I was introduced to the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver.<sup>10</sup> I learned how to play pool, I learned how to survive on the streets. I made friends quite easily because at that time there were a lot of us kids on the streets, escaping violence in our northern communities. I started bumping into my relatives, and everybody knew my last name because we had a huge family that had been migrating south to there since 1968.

A lot of my friends back then had turned to drugs, prostitution. Me, I hated men with a passion because of the abuse I'd experienced. I was a topless go-go dancer for a while, at seventeen. But I didn't like that, so I only did it for about three months. I had a friend from Kamloops who was also a dancer, and she and I got an apartment.<sup>11</sup> We had a roof over our heads. We had to do what we had to do to make money. I paid my rent. I had good food. I didn't have any real addictions other than drinking. I wasn't old enough to go into the bars, but I always found a way to drink. I could drink at the club I danced at.

Eventually I got caught and sent back to the reform school. This time I was seventeen. Again, I ran away after three months. I hitchhiked to Calgary, Alberta. I was dropped off in Alberta by the person I'd hitched a ride from at the Bragg Creek turnoff on the highway, west of Calgary. A cop picked me up. He said he stopped because it was pretty late at night, twelve-thirty or one in the morning, and I was not in a well-lit area. The first thing he told me was that he barely saw me there because I was so tiny. Then he raped me. After the rape, I couldn't say anything. I couldn't report it, because I was on the run. That left me vulnerable.

In Calgary, I started working at a pool hall because I loved to play. I found a big hall with a little café in it. It was called the

10. The Downtown Eastside is a neighborhood in Vancouver known for its high rates of poverty, homelessness, drug use, prostitution, and crime. The neighborhood has a large First Nations population.

11. Kamloops is a city in south-central British Columbia, Canada. It has a population of about ninety thousand and is about 350 kilometers northeast of Vancouver.

King of Fish, and since I was also worrying about getting food, I ended up being a waitress there. Paul and I met there in 1973. He pursued me. He knew I was young, but he didn't know how young because I told him I was of legal age, which in Alberta back then was eighteen.

The day before my eighteenth birthday, we got into a hit-and-run motorcycle accident on the highway. We were heading up to Sylvan Lake for my birthday party. Paul was a musician. He was going to play at a dance that night, and we'd just gotten our beautiful bike out of the shop that day. It was a 1200 Harley—twelve-inch forks, beautiful knucklehead motor, nice and shiny chrome—and we were heading over the last hill before Sylvan Lake. There was a driver who didn't like bikes, and when he came over the crest of the hill, he tried to wipe us out. My cousin, in front of us, was on a bike too. The driver just missed my cousin but hit Paul and me, and took off. Paul lost his right leg in the accident. He went flying one way, and his leg went flying the other. Our legs were caught between the motor of the bike and the motor of the car. The doctors tried to save mine. Four years later, after nine operations, I decided that I was tired of the operations and I asked them to amputate.

We got legally married on April 23, 1975, because I was pregnant. Back then, that was the thing you did. I had his son, Chris, in May 1975, and I left Paul on my birthday, June 9, 1975. We were married for a whole six weeks. It didn't work out because he kept on messing around. He had other women all over the place. And I raised Chris on my own. Paul didn't have anything to do with him.

### MY SPIRIT WAS BROKEN

I had met Tom around the same time I met Paul, before I had Chris. When I went into the hospital, Paul left town because he had a gig in BC. He left me by myself in the hospital, and Tom came up to see how I was doing. He was actually the first one to provide for my

son—a case of milk and a case of diapers. Tom picked me up from the hospital, and we ended up getting together.

Years later, I decided to go back to school. In 1984, I was at Alberta Vocational School in downtown Calgary for my high school upgrading and I hadn't quite finished grade twelve.<sup>12</sup> I started feeling nauseated in the morning, feeling really hungry, and I started craving grilled cheese sandwiches with ketchup. I went to the doctor, and sure enough, he told me I was pregnant. Tom told me when I met him that he'd had a vasectomy. And I thought I was scot-free with having just one child. And Tom, he doubted the baby was his, because he had had this vasectomy. I think he doubted me until our daughter was born, but she looked just like him so there was no denying that she was his. As someone from Germany, he was from the old school, and he wanted to be the breadwinner. I ended up having to quit school to stay at home with the kids.

Things were going well with Tom, but my spirit was broken. And in 1988 he convinced me to move back up to Terrace because he fell in love with the territory. We got married in 1992, when I was pregnant with my last one. I eventually had four more daughters with him. I had a beautiful house. I had everything I needed. I was a PTA mom, baking cakes for the whole community. My husband was a general contractor, so we had a business to run as well, plus fishing and hunting for the family. But anger was building up inside me. I couldn't deal with it because Glenn, my perpetrator, was still also living in Terrace. And the anger, the murderous thoughts that have always been with me, about what my perpetrator did to me, Tom didn't understand.

My spirit broke even further in Terrace, where I had to face not only my perpetrator but also his wife and kids. They found me. It's a pretty small town. His kids got attached to me, and they were crying to me about what their father was doing to them. Because he didn't stop with me, or just a few of us. He also abused his own children and

12. High school upgrading allows adult learners to complete the coursework necessary to achieve their high school diplomas.

his grandchildren. His kids call me "Auntie." They used to come to my house, and I sympathized with those kids. They had nobody else to talk to. The more I heard from my perpetrator's kids, the angrier I got.

In 1994, I'd bought Tom a rifle for Christmas. But I had an ulterior motive for buying it. I went out that winter and I got drunk one night. I drove to my perpetrator's trailer, and I had the rifle in my van, and I must have blacked out. I woke up just in time, when I was walking up the stairs of his trailer. It's a good thing I snapped out of it then, because if I hadn't, I would've shot him, and I'd be in jail right now.

That was when I decided that I had to leave. I couldn't face this guy every day. If I'd seen him on the street, I'd want to run him over with my kids in the car. There were so, so many murderous thoughts that I carried, and I just couldn't handle it anymore, so I left Tom and my children in Terrace and went to Vancouver.

### I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO SAVE MY OWN LIFE

I don't think it was the right thing to do, but I had to do something to save my own life. And that's where I really gained my voice. I started school again in 1996. And in 1999, I graduated. After graduating, I realized that I had to do something about the abuse, because it was going to eat me away. It was going to take my life. Two of Glenn's kids, two boys, had committed suicide, and I knew it was because he had sexually abused them. So in 2002, I went to the RCMP down in Vancouver, and I started the formal charging process against him.<sup>13</sup>

After pressing charges, one of the RCMP officers asked if he could meet me. I went to meet him, and as soon as he sat down, his tears broke freely. And I kind of thought, *What the hell? Why are you crying? This happened to me, not you.* He said, "It's nice to finally meet you. I'm the one who's been working on your case." I said, "What's up with the tears?"

13. RCMP is the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

"This is one of the most difficult cases I've done."  
 "Why? You probably deal with sexual assault cases all the time."  
 "You know how many people I interviewed who might have been victims of this man?"

"No, how many? Ten? Twenty?"

"Probably a hundred and sixty."

A hundred and sixty probable victims of one man. The officer went to the reserve where these victims were from, and he found other people who were claiming abuse there. Glenn lived right across the street from another reserve in Terrace called Kitselas. And he was abusing some of the kids on that reserve too.

I had to move up to Terrace again in order to proceed with the charges. The most disturbing thing that happened during the court case was when the judge asked Glenn, "Sir, did you go to residential school?" He started bawling. And he said, "Yes, I did go to residential school." Oh, well, that exonerated him right away. So, he got two years' house arrest, two years' probation, and a hundred and fifty community hours. Two of us, myself and his stepdaughter, had come forward and pressed charges against him, and that's what he got in our judicial system for raping us for over five years apiece. I'm a product of the residential school too. I don't know who my father is, but that's not going to make me a rapist.

I learned after the trial that the court tried to put a publication ban on it.<sup>14</sup> I said, "Hey, wait a minute. I want this publication ban lifted." And I wrote a letter about why it should be lifted. I wanted everybody in Terrace to know that this man is a perpetrator. I tried to give the letter to victim services.<sup>15</sup> They treated me like garbage. They slammed the door in my face and said, "Okay, we're done. You're on your own now."

14. A publication ban is an order made by the court to prevent anyone from publishing or broadcasting information that might identify a participating victim or witness in criminal justice proceedings.

15. British Columbia's victim services programs are available to anyone who has been the victim of a crime.

I was driving around one night, and I thought, *Wait a minute, I know where the judge lives.* And I went and knocked on his door. He opened the door, and I said, "I want you to take this letter. I want you to read it right now." He read it. And I remember crying and telling him that we needed this publication ban lifted because Glenn wasn't the only perpetrator in our community. I said, "You are going to be protecting your community by doing this." And he lifted the publication ban that week. But there was only a tiny little write-up in the Terrace paper about Glenn being charged. That was it.

My brother's daughter, my niece, Tamara Lynn Chipman, spent a lot of time with me, and she supported me through the court case. She and her dog came over every day to make sure I was okay. Tamara spent a lot of time hugging me. She'd be waiting for me at my house after the court day was over. She was seventeen going on eighteen.

### IT TOOK THE BREATH OUT OF ME

Throughout that time, I had a soulmate in Vancouver, Brent Houston. I was with him, and I promised him that I would be back. I gave myself one year to deal with all this, and then I went back down to Vancouver. But I came back to Terrace periodically because in 2005 Tamara disappeared from the Highway of Tears in Prince Rupert. And when she went missing, I got really angry. It took the breath out of me. It hit that close to home.

The reason that my sister-cousin, Terry, was in the same foster home as me when we were kids was because her mother was murdered in Vancouver, in 1959. I'd been hearing about it all my life. I knew a lot of people that had gone; a lot of my friends had been killed. And a lot of them were still missing. So there is a history. This is the history of our people.

I started meeting other family members who had loved ones who were missing or murdered, and I started compiling a database, and



of course hearing the RCMP's bullshit, because they're in so much denial. I had absolutely no faith in the police in the first place because they've never respected our people in northern communities. I was raped by cops up here twice. I was beaten by cops up here. Nothing was ever done. I got a licking from them I don't know how many times. Why? Because I wouldn't take any crap from them. I wouldn't take crap from anybody.

In February 2006, my cousin Florence posted online that she was going to be organizing a walk from Prince Rupert to Terrace to honor Tamara and the other girls who were missing from our reserve, Moricetown. There are more women and girls in addition to Tamara, but only three of them were acknowledged by officials. When I heard about it, I was involved with the United Native Nations Society in Vancouver. I was just starting to get involved with the Union of BC Indian Chiefs. I started meeting other activists, strong activist women. So, when my cousin said that she was doing that walk, I approached the Union of BC Indian Chiefs and told them I wanted to go, and they paid my way up there and back.

On that visit to Prince Rupert, Florence and I were sitting in a parking lot outside a little church. I said, "Florence, did you know that they're having a symposium in Prince George at the end of March?" Her walk was to start on March 11. She looked at me and said, "No, I didn't know anything about it." I said, "Well, there's a symposium, the Highway of Tears Symposium, starting March 30. It's supposed to be for our families, for our missing and murdered women. How would you feel about instead of just walking to Terrace, we walk to Prince George?"

She went running inside the church. She was gone for two minutes. She came back and said, "Yup, you got walkers." Apparently, there were walkers already meeting inside.

In March, we all walked to Terrace. We walked through, and we kept walking. And in Smithers, we met Mattie Wilson, Ramona

Wilson's mother.<sup>16</sup> And we walked from Smithers to Prince George, 718 kilometers from Prince Rupert, where we met my brother and a whole bunch of other family members who were there.

That symposium was the best meeting that I've been to in all these years—the very best in terms of hearing the families' perspective, how the families feel. We had these breakout sessions where the families would talk, and it was the families that made recommendations to the government. The first thing that stuck out was racism. We talked a lot about police brutality. We were calling the police out, saying that we were being ignored. A lot of northern community families feel helpless because of the racism. If they don't like Indians, they don't like Indians. You can't change a cop's mind.

*Research by Amnesty International suggests that police procedures for responding to missing person cases regularly fail to consider the pervasiveness and gravity of threats faced by Indigenous women and girls, which results in a failure to take timely and efficient action. In addition, police bias may contribute to a report of a missing person or a suspicious death being ignored, or an investigation receiving insufficient resources. According to Amnesty International, "The resulting impunity for violence against Indigenous women and girls contributes to an environment where such acts are seen as normal and inevitable rather than serious and criminal, and where women and girls do not seek justice because they know they will not get it."<sup>17</sup>*

More than a year and a half after the symposium, in December 2007, the government was failing to implement the recommendations that

16. Ramona Wilson (Gitanmaax Band) went missing June 11, 1994, at sixteen years of age. She was last seen at her home in Smithers, British Columbia, and her body was found in a wooded area west of Smithers airport on April 9, 1995.

17. Amnesty International, "Violence against Indigenous Women and Girls in Canada."



we had pulled together.<sup>18</sup> I thought, *Well, they're not listening to us*. I went to my brother John's place in Barrriere for Christmas that year.<sup>19</sup> John and I were driving to Kamloops one day. It was beautiful. Snow was out there on the highway, you got the river running through it, and I just had a feeling, and the words started coming out of me about this walk. I went back to Vancouver on January third, and I had this need to see my friend, Bernie Williams. I phoned her right away, and I said to her, "You know, people have been talking about how they feel it's necessary for a national public inquiry. How would you feel about walking across the country to advocate for that?" And she said, "Let's do it."

Neither of us even had a car. We didn't have anything. Me, I'm on public assistance. Bernie, she's a carver. She was making very little money with her art because she'd always end up giving it all away. She said, "Do it up. You need to write a mission statement." It took me just one day. I wrote down this mission statement, and I put it online, and I got a response seconds later from Ontario, from my friend Alfreda Trudeau in Sault Sainte-Marie.<sup>20</sup>

#### OVER TWELVE HUNDRED MISSING WOMEN AND GIRLS

I put a letter out saying this was all going to be done by donation and volunteers. We started approaching family members and asking if they were interested in walking. I mapped it out from Vancouver to Ottawa; we'd all walk ten kilometers a stretch. We did it leapfrog fashion. The families started coming forward, saying: "Yes, we do

18. The *Highway of Tears Symposium Recommendations Report* can be viewed at [www.highwayoftears.org/resources/documents-and-reports](http://www.highwayoftears.org/resources/documents-and-reports).

19. Barrriere is a town of 1,700, sixty-six kilometers north of Kamloops, British Columbia.

20. Sault Ste. Marie is a city with a population of around seventy-three thousand people in northern Ontario.

need a national public inquiry. We need to address the police. We need to address the lack of resources for our organizations." I've never looked back.

The mission statement that I wrote for Walk4Justice 2008 had the word *genocide* in it.<sup>21</sup>

And the general public agreed with that mission statement, including its use of the word *genocide*. When you think about it, our girls who are disappearing—age fourteen to twenty-five is the average—those are their child-bearing years. So, if we have three thousand women who are missing or murdered, and we have an average of five children per First Nations woman—a national average—that's fifteen thousand children that we are missing for future generations. It's genocide.<sup>22</sup> Right now, the RCMP is saying there are over twelve hundred missing women and girls. We know there's more than that. But even one is too many. So how do we stop it? How do we stop the violence against our women? Where can our women live a sustainable life? Not on their reserves. Violence is happening there. And when we leave those reserves and go into the cities, well, we're targets there too.

All the walkers that we've had throughout the years have been volunteers. We haven't been paid for doing this work. These walkers took months and months of time away from their families to walk, to honor our women. And we provided everything for them, anything that they needed: clothes, running shoes. We looked after our walkers the best way we could with the donations we received. But our main point was to get this inquiry, and to get Canadian society to realize that this is an ongoing problem in BC, in Alberta, in Sas-

21. The Walk4Justice statement can be found at <https://intercontinentalcry.org/the-walk4justice-needs-your-support>.

22. The final report of the inquiry into Canada's Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls was released in June 2019. The report's commissioners also claim that Canada's Indigenous women and girls have experienced a genocide through "state actions and inactions rooted in colonialism." For more on these findings, see Niigaan Sinclair, "Genocide by Any Other Name," *Winnipeg Free Press*, June 3, 2019.

katchewan, in Canada. This is not an isolated problem. It's a problem nationwide.

The families' voices need to be heard. It needs to be a "families first" inquiry, because each of our family members know what the problems are in their communities, whether it be poverty, addiction, or the lack of social services. This national inquiry isn't *my* request for inquiry. It does no good for our family because Tamara is still missing. There's nothing this inquiry can do for us. But we can implement recommendations that are going to protect our women from having to hitchhike, or to help them gain access to treatment for addictions instead of chalking us off—each one just "another dead Indian."

We know the North West Mounted Police were formed to control the Indian "problem."<sup>23</sup> Well, they're doing it now: they're allowing the killing of our women to happen. So this inquiry is supposed to be a working tool, so that we can live in the environment that they've given us.

Tamara's son, Jaden, has run away now. And even though we reported him as missing, when the cops found him they just let him go. They said, "He's okay, he's staying with friends." So they don't give a shit either. He's fourteen. I can totally see a repeated pattern: the history of my childhood, what I went through with the police and with the Ministry of Children and Family Development. He's a good kid who needs a lot of love. He's very angry about things that have happened. The murder of his mother is affecting him very much.<sup>24</sup> And it's hard to know what to do with him because there are

23. Prime Minister John A. MacDonald established the force in 1873 as part of his efforts to secure Canadian sovereignty and increased settlement in a region populated by First Nations peoples. The region, then known as the North West Territories, included all of present-day Manitoba, and parts of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Canada's northern territories. In its first decade and a half, the North West Mounted Police played a central role in convincing Indigenous leaders to sign treaties with the national government and to move their people onto reserves.

24. Tamara went missing from Prince Rupert in 2005. She is still missing today.

pretty much no resources for youths who've lost their mothers. He needs to have someone to talk to. He doesn't want to talk to his family about what's hurting him. He doesn't want to listen to anybody. I remember feeling that way.