From: Joachim Selma
Date: November 4, 2023 at 2:59:58 PM ADT
Subject: my story

hello inquiry team,,
my name is Joachim Selma
i was raised in sheshatshiu
i had two sisters and a little brother, my story goes like this,,
in the 70's my brother was flown too st anthony because he medical issues as i was told,, but never was flown back,, as far as i know a priest in sheshatshiu had my mother sign a paper and told her that they will send my brother peter back,, but little did my mother know, she signed the adoption papers, according too what i know now,,
the system screwed my family, big time,, the system rob us (my family) from growing up without my brother, and my brother grew up without us in his life,,how can the say they did the right thing for my brother,, his was rob from his (language, his culture, his family) as for us and my family, we were rob as well, they same way my brother was,,
as i grew older, i myself one time when too see the social worker, asking questions,, trying too find out where my brother peter was, but nothing came out of it,, i was only told, by the social worker "your brother will be the one that will try first if he wants too come home" you know what? Peter was told the same thing,,,,
i always wondered in the back of my mind how my little brother was doing,, "was he treated right? is he living a healthy lifestyle? those kinda question i asked myself alot,, yes my questions were answered when i got together with my brother,
he grew up with a nice foster parents,, but told us when they first brough peter too them, he was malnurished,, in between the day the flew him out and the time he was brought too the foster parents that raised him,, goes too show he was treated bad,, i remember my brother,, he was chubby,,
i was in my late 20's when we knew where my brother was, in toronto,,
my mother and my sisters flew too toronto too meet him,, my mother was so happy that day when she first hugged him for so many years,, her tears where running down her face,, she didn't let go of him for the longest time, i'm guessing she saying i her mind "i won't lose you again"
the sad part of it is she lost him again, this time for good,, my brother died from drinking, and taking medication at the same time,, and what really kills me inside in my heart, my mother and my brother peter,, couldn't communicate with each other, my mom didn't speak english and my brother only spoke engish,,, every mother in our culture should be able too communicate with her child,, thats so wrong is so many ways when mother and child can't communicate,,

when i first met my brother, my little brother was into drinking and doing drugs,, but was trying so hard too impress my mother,, deep down he too was scard for life, the boy growing up without his real family, and thinking why was he given up? he must've asked himself so many times that question,,
i do asked myself a question "why did they only took my brother, why not us too along with my sisters,,
my brother moved back too sheshatshiu after so many years,, he tried too fit in,, yes he made friends and had a little family of his own,, but there was a big gap in between,, the gap that would hurt him the most,, he kept on drinking, and doing what god knows,,
he told me one time,, "i hate it, i was taken away from our mom,, and today i can't even talk with mom, those words broke me,,,, i can't even respond too that,, no one can respond to that,,i think thats why he kept on drinking and doing what he was doing and that was slowly killing himself,,
the system took so much from us, it took my brother from me,, i didn't have a brother growing up,, no brother too play with, no brother too make him cry,, lol,, but most of all,, no brother too share my feelings with,, in my life time,, i only met brother 5 or 6 times because i didn't live in sss at that time, but i did do one thing for my brother, i was the one that closed the lid on his casket when he died,, i tried too cry but couldn't,, because how can u cry for someone u only met 5or 6 times, yes he was my brother,, the system took that away from me,,,
and the system is still doing that too our ppl,, and looking back o it,, i wish i grew up with my brother,, today i'm 53 years old,, it still hurts when i think about it,, the way the system screwed my family....
nin joachim selma
my brother was Peter Joseph Selma
but they changed his last name too Organ,,