INQUIRY RESPECTING THE TREATMENT, EXPERIENCES AND OUTCOMES OF INNU IN THE CHILD PROTECTION SYSTEM

Transcript | Interview | Private Session

Commissioners: Retired Judge James Igloliorte, Dr. Mike Devine and Anastasia Qupee

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COMMISSIONER DEVINE: So the crew's got you all set up?

J. G.: Yeah.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Sorry, I didn't get your name.

J. G.: Javaron.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: How do you spell it?

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: (Inaudible) spell it, too.

J. G.: J-A-V-A-R-O-N.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: J-A-V-A – Javaron, yeah.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: And last name?

J. G.: Gregoire.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Gregoire.

Are you related to Rose Gregoire?

J. G.: Rose? I don't know, (inaudible).

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Mary (inaudible), right, is your grandmother?

J. G.: Yeah.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: She spoke to us already.

So, okay, have you been around this morning, hearing any of the –?

J. G.: Yup.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Okay. So, basically, this is your time to tell your story.

J. G.: Okay.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: And I understand you mentioned you want to talk about CSSD experiences that you've had.

J. G.: Yeah.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: So if there's anything else that you want to talk about, you know, to your life experiences, we're open to that.

You're fine to speak to us in English?

J. G.: Yeah.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Okay.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Is this yours?

J. G.: Yeah.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Okay. So do you want water or anything before we start?

J. G.: No, it's okay. I'm good.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Okay.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: And if at any time you need to take a break or anything, then just let us know, we can do that. If you find, too, that you might want to speak to us later, we're not back until the spring, probably in March, just so you know that. But we will be back, so you'll have that opportunity also. Okay?

J. G.: Okay.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Any questions before you start?

J. G.: No.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Okay.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Date of birth is December 5, '96?

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: December 5, '96.

Okay. Javaron, okay.

J. G.: Okay, do I start?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Yeah.

J. G.: Okay.

The first time in CSSD, I think I was eight or nine. I don't remember how we got taken away and I don't remember how we got to the foster home, and I don't remember leaving the foster home. I remember being there, though. I think it was because domestic violence, we were taken away. I don't know if it was after the foster home or before the foster home, but I think it was before, when we were taken away, me and my sister and my brother.

It was a good home. I liked it there. We liked it there. We lived with Morris Randell and Belinda Randell. They were good foster parents. Some foster parents, they do fostering because they want to get paid. Like, they need a job, so they do foster parenting, but these foster parents were doing it because they wanted to help us, I think. They were very good. My foster dad let me drive a bus all the way from St. Anthony to Bide Arm. That was cool.

I remember being sad though, there, like, the first nights. The first few nights in foster care away from home is always the hardest. I remember feeling like that. I don't know about my sister and brother though. I got used to it fast though. We made friends, grew closer to friends, foster parents and their family, became part of their community; it felt like home.

Then I missed home, too, Natuashish. I missed my friends and family there. And then I got taken away again from the foster home, then it was like the same all over again. I grew closer to them, make friends, and it was the same all over again. Except I felt like Bide Arm was my home, like I was gonna stay there forever, and then we got told we'd have to go back home. I don't know where we went, I think it was Sept-Îles, or – I really don't remember. But I remember missing – not wanting to go back home. Like, wanting to go home, but not wanting to go back home.

Then I was back with my mom, I think, in Sept-Îles, with my stepfather, Simon (inaudible).

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: I'm sorry, your stepfather, what?

J. G.: Simon (inaudible).

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Okay.

J. G.: I was in LCC last week; met up with the counsellor there. He asked me: What do you think about the worst times in your life, the one that makes you angry, sad, depressed? That's where I'd always think about with my mom, Simon (inaudible), my two siblings, yeah.

It was in Sept-Îles, basement apartment, we were doing good for a while. My mom was sober; they were sober. Then just one day out of nowhere there was a knock on the door, it was somebody delivering alcohol, beer. I guess my heart sank, 'cause I know what would happen. Then he only brought in two cases of beer and then he went out again and he brought in 10 more cases.

I was begging, like, my voice was shaking, begging my mom not to drink. She reassured me, saying it's only beer, not liquor. Liquor is only – people go crazy when they drink liquor, but beer is only to relax. And I believed her.

Then after a while they started getting drunk and my stepfather played music. He turned up the volume. I'll never forget that song; it's (inaudible) by (inaudible). He turned it up and he started beating my mom, like, all night, and that music was playing over and over and over again. They had Febreze air freshener, and they would spray it so there wouldn't be any alcohol or smoke smell.

It always – he always said, like, a phrase. Like, my mom talking to us, we were giving her attitude because she was drinking. We were mad at her. Simon would always say: Respect your mother, in Innu. But those three things, every time I smell that peach Febreze, it always – I feel that same fear I felt, like, helpless, like panic-attacking, like anxious. And every time I hear that word respect, respect your elders, respect people, it always reminds me of that night, those three days.

Every time that song plays, same. It's all the same. I don't know what I would do if all those three things happened all at once. Maybe I would – I think I would go crazy. Like, somebody yelling respect your mom, while there's that smell of peach Febreze while that song is playing? I think I'd go crazy.

But those are the worst memories of my childhood. And then we moved to (inaudible) and I remember, my CYFS worker gave me a pen, a pen with the number on it. I remember my mom were drinking, she'd have somebody watch us, different house. I always kept that pen with me, and then I'd try to call that number for help to get us out of there. I tried to call that number; it was busy. So they said the number was no longer in use.

The only time I ever tried to ask, tried seeking help from CSSD and I couldn't. I couldn't get hold of them. And that's – I threw that pen away, 'cause it wasn't (inaudible). Then after that, how I got here – I remember how I got out of (inaudible). My brother said, Grandma, Grandma out there? She came to get me. She came to (inaudible) to get me. My brother said he was happy, he was excited, 'cause he thought that she came there to get all of us – me, my sister and brother – but he said she only took me. I guess there wasn't enough room (inaudible). I don't remember much more after that.

Those are my first time with CSSD. The second time, I think, when I was 13, I was – I guess I wasn't listening to my grandmother, I don't know. But I was sniffing gas a lot and my grandmother didn't know what to do with me. So she called CYFS to try and help, see what they can do for me. We were just out – I was out with my friends walking around town. There was a truck, this truck out of nowhere pulled up right beside me and asked me to get in. They took me to my grandma's house; they told me to pack up – pack what I wanna take. They sent me off to Ontario with the Broken Arrow, same one with Munik.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Right.

J. G.: There again that same feeling, being pulled away from your home, being put in another home. That same feeling the first night. It was so – it was raining. It was a thunderstorm and the thunder scared me. The house was shaking because it was so windy, and I just cried. I cried there all night. I got used to it. I got used to the home fast, though.

Then I went to school, and they did all that what she said, like, check the ears, teeth, eyes and health. They forced – I didn't wanna go to the dentist, but they were forcing me to. They were grabbing me and pushing me to the dentist's office, and I didn't want to. I didn't want to go. Munik said it's the same as residential schools, except there's no physical, sexual abuse. I disagree with her on the physical abuse. There's still physical abuse, it's just – they're just masking it now, saying: You aren't being co-operative, so we have to use force.

For me, when my kids don't want to go to school, or don't want to go to the dentist, I'm very patient with them. I comfort them, telling them it's gonna be fast, it's gonna be okay. I try to be sympathetic towards them, because I know it's scary to go to the dentist, the doctors. But in Ontario, they just say: No, you have to go. If you don't wanna go they push you, they pull you; like, they force you to go, instead of being patient.

The same with – I just wanted to go for a walk one day, my worker was stopping me. He was holding me, like, bending my arm like that, holding me, he thought I was gonna run away or something. I just wanted to go for a walk, to – 'cause we had problems, I was mad at them – I just wanted to go for a walk to clear my mind, but they just wanted me to, like, stay there.

That's what I usually do when I'm mad; go for a walk, listen to music. Usually music. My dad brought me an iPod there; he came for a visit. He came for a visit there and he brought me an iPod. And after I went home, back to my foster parents, they took that iPod and they used it against me. Like if I do good, do chores, do, like hygiene, then I can

use my iPod. But I wanted to use it all the time, because it had music, the music helps me, like, calm down and not think about stuff. Not think about home.

It was too strict there. Some of them were good, like, only one pop – one can of pop a day. That was for my own good, I understood that. Hygiene, I understood that. I had to brush my teeth every meal, shower first thing in the morning, shower before bed, clean up my room. I understood those 'cause that's the same, what I had to do in Bide Arm. I was okay with that. To some – some things I didn't agree with.

Like, I had to have a worker follow me everywhere I go and I had to speak English when I was with other foster system kids.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Other Innu foster kids?

J. G.: Yeah, we weren't allowed to speak English [read: Innu] They claimed they have to know what we're saying so we don't plan – so we're not planning on running away or something. And after the workers said speak English and stuff like that, we didn't – we were going to Wonderland, Canada's Wonderland, and we never spoke to each other at all, not once, me and the Innu kids, because we weren't allowed.

It's just weird to speak English to another person who speaks Innu. It would be like you – both of you, like, trying to speak French to each other and your first language is English. It would be weird for you guys to speak French with each other. That's how it was. So we just never spoke. It was supposed to be a good time, Canada's Wonderland, it was – I just couldn't wait for the day to be over. I had no interest in the rides. We weren't allowed to be – almost like, we weren't allowed to have fun. I don't know why they took us to Canada's Wonderland.

One time I was out with my friends, and I was out too late. It was, like, almost midnight when I went home to foster care – foster home. I told them I might sleep over. That's the one privilege I liked most, 'cause we weren't allowed to sleep over anywhere. They let me sleep over at my friend's house sometimes. I told them I might sleep over at my friend's house, but I changed my mind. I went – it was a long ride, like, a one-hour ride on a bike.

I went back to my foster parents. They were quiet, and my foster mom picked up the phone and she said: It's okay now, he's here. He didn't go AWOL. And I got mad. I got really mad that they didn't trust me. So I swore at her and told her she was – she said something, I don't remember – and I said, fuck off you motherfucker, and went straight to my room. My foster dad, like, stood up right away, and I know he was going after me.

I tried to – I closed the door, but there was no lock on the door. So I tried holding the door so he wouldn't come in. So that's when he pushed the door in and then I was scared. I didn't wanna face him. I don't know what he said. I told him to fuck off and then he grabbed me on the throat – by the throat, like that, and he pushed me on the bed. He said something else and pointed his finger at me, but I dunno what he said.

And after that, I – like, before I was okay with being there. I was going to Army Cadets. I wanted to be a helicopter pilot. I was determined to finish school, go to flight training – flight school. After that happened, I just wanted to go home more. All I'd think about is home.

And there was a weekly meeting, or monthly, and social workers came to see how everything's going, and I told them – I told the workers that Bob choked me. And they turned, like, the other way, pretending they didn't hear me. You know, I know they heard me. They just tried to change the subject and they didn't, like – that's the only time I told them Bob choked me. I felt like they didn't care, so I never bothered telling them about it again.

I think that's when I hated to be in there. I even asked to move to a new home. They said I'm doing okay there. There's no reason for me to move. And after I turned

16 – I was about to turn 16, they gave me a chance to – if I wanna stay and if I wanna go home. They gave me my birthday presents early, my foster parents. They were trying to convince me to stay. They were like – they were anxious. I guess maybe they knew I would tell – tell about when Bob choked me. I guess that's why they were like that, anxious, like when people have too much coffee.

They said they'd buy me a TV, a new bed, if I stayed. They said I was the best foster child they ever had, like, you're gonna miss it when you're gone. You're gonna wanna come back. I still said: No, I wanna go home, all because of – that happened. I would've stayed – I think I would've stayed if that never happened, so I could go to flight school.

Then I went back home, here, and after I got home, it's that same – like, I missed my foster mom, my friends and my worker. There was one worker, he was a good worker. He let me – he went home when I went to school, like, this one would trust me, I won't run – I'm not gonna run.

So when I got here, I started missing – it felt like the same way it feels like being taken away from Natuashish. It's the same way it felt being brought back home from Ontario. I guess I fell into a depression. I started drinking and sniffing a lot. I tried to contact them sometimes, my foster parents. As soon as I went back home, they moved. They moved away. I don't know where to, but my worker said they're somewhere in Parry Sound, Owen Sound? I don't know if the foster dad's still alive though; he was old. He had a pacemaker. He was very old.

I forgot what I was gonna say.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: You said that when you went home, you started drinking and sniffing a lot.

J. G.: Yeah.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Then you got depressed, and you tried to contact them.

J. G.: Yeah.

I was in jail last week. They asked me – someone asked me: Who do I blame? Who do I blame for, like, the way I feel all the time. And I think about the worst memory, and I always blamed my stepfather 'cause when I'm drinking, when people start yelling – especially men, when they start trying to, like, raising their voice, being mad, I always – I'm always the first one to stand up. It's because it reminded me of what happened with my mom, and I guess I was looking for revenge and closure, without knowing it.

What I really wish would happen is that I could go back in time the way I am now, you know, and tell my stepfather to try it again. But that's never gonna happen, ever.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Is he still alive?

J. G.: I don't know.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Is your mom still living?

J. G.: Yeah, she's here.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Okay.

J. G.: She's a referral clerk.

I didn't know it was – a choke, I didn't know I got assaulted, 'cause I thought assault was when you punch somebody, hit somebody. It was only recently, I got charged with assault, then I knew what assault was. Assault is when you push somebody or pull them or smack. Like basically, when you just lay your hand on somebody, that's assault.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Without consent, yeah.

J. G.: Yeah.

And then I realized, thinking about what happened in Ontario, I thought: Holy shit, I got assaulted. And I didn't – I wanted to tell my grandmother about that, but she gets really, really mad when us – her children

and her grandchildren – like, are beat up or disrespected. She's scary when she's mad.

I realized a lot in jail though, like my search for closure and revenge. That it will never be satisfying, no matter what I do. Even if I hunted my stepfather down and got my revenge, it would still not be satisfying.

I was listening to one of the inmates in the sharing circle. He said his – one of his family members got molested and he was crying. He said he was charged for manslaughter. He said I wish – he wishes he could talk to him and tell him he's sorry, and that he's never gonna get that satisfaction of knowing if he's forgiven or not.

So what hurts him most now is when his daughter got molested. So it's his choice, by the way – he's never gonna get that answer if he's forgiven or not from his victim. The only way for his closure is to forgive that man. And he's – the counsellor said: Today you found peace because you know what forgiveness is truly about, and your brother would have forgiven you, if he heard you today.

That moved – like, I don't know how to describe it. It made so much sense that I almost felt emotional. I felt emotional. I was gonna speak, but I didn't want to 'cause I would've cried. Then that's where I got my answer for, like, why I'm so violent, why I'm so angry and hurt people, especially with my words. That's where I decided I'm just gonna forgive everyone. I said a prayer.

My hunt for closure and revenge is over now. I finally see; I finally understand. And I said a prayer. I felt okay in jail. I felt this strong sense that I'll be released. This is what I'm in jail for, to hear that.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: That's the first good thing I heard someone say about jail.

J. G.: Yeah.

So I wasn't gonna come here, I didn't think. I was probably gonna be out there drinking and hanging out with drug dealers. I can't stop thinking about that man, like, how does he have the courage to forgive what happened to his daughter. How can he forgive that man? Like, I would never. If that happened to me, if that happened to my daughter, I think I would do life in jail.

How could he forgive? It turns out he was sorry, what happened to his brother. The only way he can feel that sense of forgiveness is by forgiving that man. And I thought, that's the only way I'm gonna be peaceful is by forgiving everyone, forgiving the CYFS, the police, my parents, my grandmother, Simon (inaudible) stepdads.

So now I sleep good; I sleep well now. I used to have sleep paralysis, like almost every single night. I was dreaming about the past, sometimes about the future. What I'm afraid of, that's what's gonna happen. I got sleep paralysis somehow. It's calmed down now. I sleep all throughout the night. Yes, I'm at peace now. (Inaudible.)

I think what I have to do now is, like, help people. I don't know – I don't know where to start. I don't know who to start with. I guess here is my start, I guess. I still have a lot more years to go. I've done a lot of bad things growing up, lots of drugs, lots of fighting, lots of hurtful words, especially to my parents. I told my mom I forgave her for what she put us through. I don't know how – I guess she's thankful. She shows it by even still being sober and still talking to me. I show it by not being mad at her anymore.

That CYFS, they think – they do a lot more damage than they did good, but sometimes – just sometimes, they do help. They do save lives, sometimes. Out of all the foster Innu kids when I was in Ontario, they're all addicts now. One committed suicide, another one froze to death, and the rest of us are, like, mad, maybe.

But sometimes – once in every 100 times, I think CYFS does manage to save one. I think that's why they work. Most of them work for the money, they need a job. But some of them really want to help. Those few people should start an organization of their own.

Like, the government, white people, they think they know what's best for us. That would be like me knowing what's best for an African kid from Africa. But the African kid's people knows better, knows what's best for him. Like, we can take care of our own.

We have our own little system. It's not (inaudible). When parents – when a parent is unable to take care of a child, the parent passes on the child to their grandmother. When the grandmother is unable to take care of the child, she passes it on to one of her kids, our aunts, our uncles. That's our rules. That's our own, very little own version of CYFS for Innu people.

But the CYFS system is, like, take the child away from their people, put them in with the white people, give them a little culture shock where everything is different. It's really two completely different worlds, being on the reservation and being in suburbs or a city.

Like, I have to teach sometimes – when I'm in St. John's, I have to teach one of – people what to do, like, cross lights and restaurants, and anywhere, the mall. It's not meant to be that way. But they don't – CYFS doesn't trust us enough with our own kids. Like, they think it's better for them to be taken away from family, from the culture, to their culture. The child grows up, 16, 21, and then it's out of their hands. Bye, see you later.

Here it's a lifetime. It's – my grandmother, she took me in when I was a newborn. Even to this day, she still takes care of me. She keeps me busy. I do what she says, what she tells me to.

One good thing about Ontario is the friends and Army Cadets. It was very racist there, though. But they said they're trying to toughen you up. They called me a chief. I didn't have to cut my hair. It's against the law in the military, I guess, telling a Native person to cut their hair. I always had my hair long, and that makes me an easy target. Like, see a person in uniform with long hair, it's automatically: Oh, a Native person.

I was in Camp Borden, and I had my hair long. Sergeants in the higher ranking would always tease me. They'd call me chief, and they would speak in that stereotypical Native accent, like: Aho, from the mountains I come. They called me Chief. They all laughed; everyone in the platoon laughed and I hate it when people laughing at me.

One of – there was a Native girl there and she stood up for me. So then after that, I cut my hair 'cause it was a constant thing, to speak to me in that Native accent, that movie Native accent. It just got annoying, so I cut my hair. I got a jarhead haircut.

I don't know what else. Anyway, I was in Sept-Îles, too, with foster care there. This old man, he was cool at first. Then he downloaded some movies. I don't know if he did it on purpose or accident, but he gave me a bunch of CDs, movies, *Fast and the Furious*, and then one of them was a porn – porn on there. I don't know if that was an accident or on purpose. That's one memory of that. He wanted to take me gun shooting, though. He was a cool guy.

It's almost the same. I agree with Munik. It's almost the same with residential schools and foster care. The priest and the police would come to the house and forcibly take the kid away, even if the mom and child were begging to stay. I see videos on Facebook, and it's then priests, it's the CYFS now. It's still the same police, but a different uniform. Same goal, just different era. Take the kid away 'cause they know what's best for them, and hopefully they'll come back.

I don't know what they're trying. It's a mystery to me. Are they trying to make us more into white people or are they trying to keep us safe from the violence and drinking or whatever it is they planned. If they are trying to keep us safe from the violence, at least get a family member, at least let us have a little bit of control, power.

My mom couldn't take care of me, so she put me up for – to my grandmother. And when my grandmother couldn't take care of me, she gave me up to my aunt. When I got

older, then I went back with my mom. But she still had problems of her own. That's how CSSD – that's when CSSD stepped in. They were like: We know what to do from here.

I think that's about it.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Do you mind if I ask about your own children?

J. G.: Yeah.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: How many do you have?

J. G.: Three.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: And you mentioned before that if they were scared about something, that you would be patient and calm. Who do you think you learned that from?

J. G.: I think my grandmother, yeah. She would comfort me and reassure me that it's okay. CYFS, they don't care if you're scared. You're going in there whether you like it or not and you're gonna be on time. I don't now what would happen if I kept fighting and missed the appointment. But that's assault too, right, when they force you. They mask it as: You were being uncooperative, so we had to use force.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: They're only supposed to use force if you're gonna hurt yourself or someone else.

J. G.: Oh. I just didn't want to go in there, and I had my teeth done before, and it hurt bad.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Yeah.

J. G.: I would've went if maybe my grandmother was there, or if they were patient with – like, confident and patient. It just made me more scared, like they were forcing me, like my life depended on it.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Right.

J. G.: They were grabbing me and pushing me. And I ran away from – twice I ran away from Ontario with the exact same thought like Munik. I googled how far Labrador was and it was about 2,000 miles or kilometres, and I calculated how long it would take to walk, and I thought about – it would take about over a month to walk non-stop, and I was ready. So we ran away, me and Aaron Nuna, but they caught us. The police were mean, too.

I think that's about it. I was working on a pre-sentence report.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Mm-hmm.

J. G.: And I lost that book in jail. So I'm just trying to think about – trying to remember, because those are – were blocked memories, trying not to remember them.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: When we go back we're gonna have all this typed up, we can send it to you, if you want?

J. G.: Okay.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Can I add?

J. G.: Yeah.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Okay, thank you for coming in. I really appreciate you telling your story, and, for me, it's certainly good to hear you talk about, on the last of it and how you've come to peace.

I'm thinking you've had some great insight into that, because one of those things – we just met this morning very briefly, when you said you wanted to speak to us.

J. G.: Yeah.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Then you got a ride with us at lunchtime, and when we were going for a ride, you very quickly said you just got out of jail and (inaudible), so you're very open about it, which I think is quite amazing of you. Because the thing is, that you do have a very quiet spirit about you, like that's – just from those couple of brief encounters and here now.

So understanding about that other side of you that comes out, I think, you know, it's a great insight for you, the way you've talked about it. So I think you'll do good, and you've been talking about getting to the point of helping other people. 'Cause from your own experiences, I think that that, starting from there, you've got a lot to give to others.

J. G.: Yeah.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: So (inaudible). Thank you so much. It was great to meet you.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: It was really nice to meet you and, you know, before we heard from Munik this morning, we really didn't hear from many people your age or her age. So it's really helpful to us to hear from people your age because the older people is valuable, too, you know? Like, it's really helpful for us. But what happened to you is more likely to be happening today than what happened to your grandma, you know?

J. G.: Mm-hmm.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: So we're – at the end of the day, when we're finished all this, we want to make recommendations to the Innu, because the Innu is going to be taking over CYFS eventually, and we wanna – they want us to help them by talking to people and learning about things and what young people like you went through is helpful for us to hear about it.

So if any of your other – any of the other Innu kids that were there with you, if you wouldn't mind encouraging them to come forward, we'd like to hear from them, too, 'cause you have a lot of insight and a lot of value and you're a pretty smart bunch of kids.

J. G.: Yeah.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Not that you're kids, you're grown up, I know. But when you're old like me, you're a kid.

J. G.: Yeah, like when I said when CYFS tries to help, one out of 100 they manage to help. Out of all of us that were at Ontario with Broken Arrow, I think I'm one of the ones that made it out, I guess.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Yeah.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Mm-hmm.

J. G.: Because all of us, you know, have drinking problems and drugs –

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Yeah.

J. G.: – and relationships, toxic relationships. Some of them committed suicide.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Yeah.

J. G.: Yeah, it wasn't no help at all.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Yeah.

J. G.: Sending us away there.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Yeah.

J. G.: I can't think of one person right now who was in – who has a stable life because of CYFS. Apart from me, but not because of CYFS. Partly because of CYFS, but mostly because of the sharing circle in LCC.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: And maybe because (inaudible) your grandmother.

J. G.: Yeah.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: And your mother and your auntie, maybe they all helped to make you a calm person here today.

J. G.: Mm-hmm.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: So thank you so much.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Yes, thank you. We hope to see you again next time we're here.

J. G.: Next summer?

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: No, next time, which will probably be March.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: The spring.

J. G.: (Inaudible) now.

COMMISSIONER DEVINE: Okay.