

Hello,

I am sending my writing on the residential school apology in the attachment. Here is my bio below:

Kelly Roulette is a lawyer who has practiced law in Ontario and most recently in BC. She joined the West Coast Aboriginal Writers Collective last year but her writing skills date back to the 1990s where she worked as a broadcast journalist for UTV's *UNews at Six*, and reported as the West Coast Correspondent for the CanWest television program *First Nations Magazine*. For two years, Kelly also produced and hosted her own weekly radio program called *the Aboriginal Spirit* at York University radio in Toronto, after receiving hands-on training at CBC's National Radio Newsroom. In addition to her law degree from Osgoode Hall, Kelly has graduated from Langara College for Journalism, General Studies at Capilano College (now university) and obtained a Bachelor of Arts Degree majoring in English from Simon Fraser University.

In February 2011, Kelly's writing and artwork appeared in the WCAWC anthology *Salish Seas*. Her painting *Red Woman* was the artwork chosen to promote the art show and anthology release which took place at the Gallery Gachette in Vancouver. She has a number of short stories that have yet to be told and feels she just beginning to hit her stride as a story teller and writer.

Kelly is Ojibway from the Long Plain First Nation in Manitoba. Her Indian name is Manito-maquaquay, which translated means Grisly Bear Woman. She is the proud mother of a five year-old daughter.

The potential for forgiveness

An apology comes with consequences. Sometimes it may be just enough to say “sorry” but in other cases, forgiveness can all depend upon the follow-up actions of the apologizer.

There also can be a time limitation on an apology. In some cases, it can take only a second to forgive, other times, it could take a lifetime maybe even an eternity.

Yet forgiveness it's not always dependant on the gravity of the offence. Some people have been known to forgive the killer of a loved one, others can't even forgive a slight imagined or not.

For some people it may be just enough to move on without an apology or forgiveness, like the old adage says, sometimes the best revenge is living a good life.

My mom is a residential school survivor. A few years back she earned the distinction of being the youngest person ever to go to residential school. Her mom died when she was two and that seemed to be the best place for her at the time, or so it was thought.

Unfortunately, my mom would live most of her adult life tortured at the thought that her dad never came to get her. She would grow up with a loneliness from being separated - not just from family - but from the other students who were older than her. Even during summers off from residential school, staff would ship my mother off to a non-native family with no small children to play with.

She told me later that's why she decided to have a lot of kids, five in total. She would create her own family to make up for the one she lacked as a child. It was only when my mom decided to make a residential school claim, that she found out her dad had come back to get her, only to be turned away by school staff. Eventually, he was successful when my mom turned 11 – and she had an instant step mother and step siblings to care for.

Being the youngest residential school survivor did not surprise me as my mom has always been a bit special in one way or another. Someone once told her she was born under a lucky star.

Another time, when she had blood tested for some minor medical reason, staff at the lab called her to ask if she had some sort of disease. Of course she didn't - but they asked on the basis that her blood had the most unusual chromosomal pattern they had ever seen in 25 years of lab work. My sister and I chuckled at the thought, no doubt that was our mother.

After residential school, my mom would go on to have a great life, great kids and eventually overcame the adversity of her initial life start. Her perseverance would no doubt weigh against her said the lawyers who refused to take on her residential school claim - citing her lack of broken bones or sexual abuse by staff. My mom was one of the lucky ones at school, but that is only in comparison to children who suffered horrific emotional, physical and sexual abuse.

My mom was somewhat spared because she was being groomed to become a nun, likely due to the healing nature she exudes to this day. Although healing is what we would think nuns are supposed to be, Canadians would later find out that wasn't necessarily the case. Nonetheless, a papal life wasn't what the creator had in store for my mom as she would marry my dad a few years after school at the age of 16.

Then it came time for the national apology made by the prime minister of Canada to all survivors of the Indian residential schools. Listening to his explanations of what occurred to our children made a lot of people cry including myself.

I have to wonder if there were any native people who didn't tune in to television that day. I had to watch it at work along other staff, so I wasn't able to be with my mom that day – which I sometimes selfishly think was a good thing - as it might have been too emotional a day.

Months later - upon asking my mom of what she thought of the national apology she remarked “it didn't mean a damn thing.”

Maybe there are just some things that cannot be forgiven.