Shine Brighter Terminale

File 5 Canada's lost children

Extrait p.48 – Article *Orange Shirt Society*

About Phyllis Webstad

Part 1: Childhood

I went to the Mission[1] for one school year in 1973/1974. I had just turned 6 years old. I lived with my grandmother on the Dog Creek reserve. We never had very much money, but somehow my granny managed to buy me a new outfit to go to the Mission school. I remember going to Robinson's store and picking out a shiny orange shirt. It had string laced up in front, and was so bright and exciting–just like I felt to be going to school!

When I got to the Mission, they stripped me, and took away my clothes, including the orange shirt! I never wore it again. I didn't understand why they wouldn't give it back to me, it was mine! The color orange has always reminded me of that and how my feelings didn't matter, how no one cared and how I felt like I was worth nothing. All of us little children were crying and no one cared. […]

[1] school set up by the Canadian government

Part 2: Adulthood

Because my grandmother and mother both attended residential school for 10 years each, I never knew what a parent was supposed to be like. With the help of my aunt, Agness Jack, I was able to raise my son and have him know me as his mother.

I went to a treatment centre for healing[2] when I was 27 and have been on this healing journey since then. I finally get it, that the feeling of worthlessness and insignificance[3], ingrained in me from my first day at the mission, affected the way I lived my life for many years. Even now, when I know nothing could be further than the truth, I still sometimes feel that I don't matter. Even with all the work I've done!

I am honored to be able to tell my story so that others may benefit and understand, and maybe other survivors will feel comfortable enough to share their stories.

Phyllis Webstad, *Orange Shirt Society*, 2023

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[2] *guérison*

[3] lack of importance

Extrait p.50 – Livre *These are the stories*

Aanii, Christine nitiishinikaas. Peguis nitoonci. Mashkedebijiki ni totem. (Hello my name is Christine Miskonoodinkwe Smith. I am from Peguis First Nation and Buffalo is my clan.) My Anishinaabe name is Miskonoodinkwe (Red Wind Woman), which I received later in life when I returned to the teachings and language of my culture. […]

As a First Nations woman who went through the ‘60s Scoop of Native children being removed from their families, I grew up without any knowledge of my heritage and culture, and when I was subsequently[1] returned to the care of Children’s Aid Society at the age of ten by my emotionally, physically and spiritually abusive adoptive parents, writing became an integral part of my journey to healing and wellness. As a child, I always knew that I wanted to be a writer and that writing was my gift. I recall that when I was locked in my bedroom for hours on end, I would feverishly write poetry and short stories and slip them under my bedroom door for my sister to read.

Years later, I began writing essays to tell the story of my life. Writing these stories was part of my healing journey and when my first story “Choosing the Path to Healing” was accepted for publication in the United-States in 2006 it gave me the confidence to continue with my writing.

Because I struggle with the post-traumatic stress disorder, depression and anxiety, my recollections of some dates and details in my life are a bit foggy, but writing became my voice, and my way of saying, “I will not stay silent anymore.”

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[1] then

In these stories, you will find repetition, the same story told again in a different way. In Indigenous storytelling, stories are often repeated; they are never just told and that's the end of them. Though repeating a story, especially when it means so much to an Indigenous person, it is a way of holding onto a thought, a memory or event. […]

It was through the writing process that I learned to find the voice I had buried out of hurt, anger and shame for so many years. To tell my stories is a way of not only healing but allowing other Sixties Scoop survivors to see that they are not alone in what they may have experienced.

Christine MISKONOODINKWE-SMITH, *These are the stories*, 2021

Extrait p.52 – Statement by Prime Minister Carney of Canada

"Reconciliation is a generational task, lived and practised every day. On this National Day for Truth and Reconciliation and Orange Shirt Day, we honour Survivors and the children who never returned home–and we reflect on the devastating legacy and the ongoing impacts of the residential school system.

Residential schools are a truth that Survivors carried when governments would not. A truth recounted more than 6,600 times before the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, so governments could no longer say 'we did not know'. During this long and painful chapter in our history, more than 150,000 First Nations, Inuit, and Métis children were separated from their families, communities, languages, and cultures.

As a government and as a people, we match remembrance with responsibility. The federal government is moving forward on the important work of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission's Calls to Action, including supporting Indigenous communities to uncover unmarked and undocumented graves and burial sites at residential schools. We are advancing the Calls for Justice from the National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls and the implementation of the United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples Act.

We are building together –in health care, housing, education, and economic opportunity– upholding[1] Indigenous rights and empowering communities with security and prosperity. Canada's new government will be a steadfast[2] partner by respecting self-determination, by prioritising Indigenous equity and co-ownership as vital principles of building, and by recognising that true partnership first requires shared

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[1] maintaining

[2] *indéfectible*

understanding and that building Canada requires Indigenous and non-Indigenous voices to lead in the shared stewardship[3] of this land.

Because it is vital that we build, but equally vital how we build –with Indigenous leadership, prosperity, and opportunity being foundational. Reconciliation is a generational task– lived and practised every day.

We pledge[4] to build a future where Survivors are honoured with remembrance, with justice, and with a stronger Canada."

Statement by Prime Minister Carney of Canada on the National Day for Truth and Reconciliation, 30 Sept. 2025

[3] management

[4] promise

Extrait p.60 – Roman, *Five Little Indians*

Kenny has just run away from the residential school.

"You know, me and your mom, we never had to go to the Indian school. Your grandfather made sure of that. He would take us out on his fishing boat every fall for a few days when they were coming to collect the kids. Never wrote our names down anywhere so the government didn't have us on their list." Clifford picked up the shirt and wrapped it around Kenny's shoulders. "We knew it was no good, but not this."

"Why didn't Mom come to see me? You could have brought her on the boat." Kenny looked away, feeling the tears pressing at his eyes again.

"We did. The year they took you, we went down during the halibut[1] season. We docked right there at the school. The principal —don't remember his name—"

"Father Levesque."

"Yeah, that's right. He wouldn't let us see you. He said he would send us a letter saying when we could see you and if we came back before then, he would call the police. Your mom never got a letter."

"So you just gave up?" Kenny broke down, sitting in a puddle of khaki, sobbing.

Clifford put his arms around him and rocked him gently. "No, Kenny. Your mom wrote that school every day. She walked to town every day to mail her letters, asking about you. She even wrote to the Indian agent in Terrace. She wrote you letters, too. Sent you money. Even presents at Christmas. That principal never wrote back.

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[1] a fish (*flétan*)

Kenny rubbed his eyes with the heels of his hands. “I never got any letters, Uncle. Not one. Nothing.” The tears started again. “Please don’t take me back. Please.”

Michelle Good, *Five Little Indians*, 2020

Évaluation de la compréhension de l'écrit – Guide pédagogique

Extrait – Article de David Mortimer, *theglobeandmail.com*

I'm coming to terms with being a survivor of the Sixties Scoop

The week earlier, I travelled 2,200 kilometres to meet a mother that had been in search of her son for over 50 years. I was that son.

Linda was a kindhearted woman in her late 60s who'd endured a difficult life. She had an infectious smile and a laugh that could fill any room. She explained how her son –she called me Davy– was taken from her at two years old, along with her newly born daughter, Dorothea.

That was in 1969. Linda herself was not yet 18 and a product of a child welfare system filled with systemic racism and policies that included the Indian Residential School System and targeted child apprehension programs, now commonly known as the Sixties Scoop.

Davy was placed into foster care, moved across country and eventually adopted. Linda was told Dorothea had suffered complications and would not survive. The fact is, she did. Dorothea was a healthy baby girl who was placed into immediate adoption within weeks of being born.

Nothing could prepare me for Linda's side of my story. She found me after searching for over 50 years. I never knew I was adopted until one of my sisters made a DNA connection to my son several months before.

Sure, I heard of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission and read some articles about the 94 Calls to Action. At the time, I thought none of that really concerned me on a personal level.

My childhood was difficult. I grew up in a dysfunctional family living in the inner city1 and was out on my own at 18. All of that was a lifetime ago and I felt I had left it far behind. I certainly did not identify myself as being adopted –never mind one of an estimated 20,000 children taken from their mothers during the Sixties Scoop. […]

While my personal reconciliation process continues to this day, I have fully accepted my truth and know who I am as a person: I survived Canada's child welfare system and its failed Sixties Scoop policy.

David Mortimer, *theglobeandmail.com*, 2026