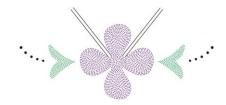
National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls



Enquête nationale sur les femmes et les filles autochtones disparues et assassinées

National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls Truth-Gathering Process – Part I Public Hearings Sheraton Vancouver Airport Hotel – Elmbridge Room Metro Vancouver, British Columbia



Publication Ban

Saturday April 7, 2018

Public Volume 107: Maggy (Margaret) Gisle

Heard by Chief Commissioner Marion Buller Commission Counsel: Wendy van Tongeren

INTERNATIONAL REPORTING INC.

41-5450 Canotek Road, Ottawa, Ontario, K1J 9G2 E-mail: info@irri.net – Phone: 613-748-6043 – Fax: 613-748-8246

Publication Ban

A ban on publication is in effect on the name of the young woman spoken about in the testimony of Maggy (Margaret) Gisle, as well as anything that would tend to identify this young woman.

This ban on publication was ordered by Commissioner Brian Eyolfson on August 22, 2018 pursuant to Rule 55 of the Commission's Legal Path: Rules of Respectful Practice.

III

APPEARANCES

Assembly of First Nations	Jeremy Kolodziej (Legal counsel)
Government of British Columbia	Leah Greathead (Legal Counsel)
Government of Canada	Anne McConville (Legal Counsel)
Heiltsuk First Nation	Non-Appearance
Northwest Indigenous Council Society	Non-Appearance
Our Place - Ray Cam Co-operative Centre	Non-Appearance
Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada	Non-Appearance
Vancouver Sex Workers' Rights Collective	Non-Appearance
Les Femmes Michif Otipemisiwak / Women of the Métis Nation	Non-Appearance

ΙV

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

Public Volume 107: Maggy (Margaret) Gisle

1

Heard by Chief Commissioner Marion Buller

Commission Counsel: Wendy van Tongeren

Grandmothers, Elders and Knowledge-keepers: Kathy Louis

Clerk: Bryana Bouchir

Registrar: Bryan Zandberg

LIST OF EXHIBITS

NO. DESCRIPTION PAGE

Witnesses: Maggy (Margaret) Gisle

Exhibits (code: P01P15P0406)

Folder containing four digital images displayed during the public testimony of the witness

1	Vancouver, British Columbia
2	Upon commencing on Saturday, April 7, 2018 at 1:36 p.m.
3	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Hello? Hello?
4	Hello?
5	Good afternoon, Madam Commissioner. Good
6	afternoon everybody. Welcome to the afternoon session
7	here. It's April $7^{\rm th}$, 2018, and this is the first session
8	in the afternoon at the Sheraton in Richmond, British
9	Columbia. And I have the honour to be the Commission
10	counsel in the presentation of the evidence of Maggy Gisle.
11	That's G-I-S-L-E.
12	And I apologize. I am not sure if you
13	wanted to swear on the Bible or affirm with the eagle
14	feather.
15	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Oh, no. I'll
16	do an eagle feather. Thank you very much.
17	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Okay. So Madam
18	Registrar?
19	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: Maggy, do
20	you promise to tell your truth in a good way this
21	afternoon?
22	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yes, I do.
23	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: Thank
24	you.
25	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Okay. So Maggy, I

1	know that you've been friends with people in this room for
2	30-40 years plus, and I've only known you since well,
3	probably the spring of last year.
4	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: M'hm.
5	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: And but I feel
6	like I've known you for a long time. You've it's been a
7	wonderful experience.
8	And I want to start off by thanking you for
9	staying in touch with the Inquiry, and also helping us
10	tremendously because you're so familiar with the Downtown
11	East Side, and Vancouver and the services that are provided
12	there, and so it helped us develop some of the services
13	that we're presenting during this week and the next few
14	weeks.
15	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Statement
16	takers.
17	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Yes.
18	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yeah, that too?
19	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Yes. So thank you.
20	You're one of a core group of women who have played a very
21	significant role.
22	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Thank you.
23	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Okay.
24	So so I happen to know because I've been
25	hanging out with you for a while that you were born on

25

June 28th, 1965. 1 MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: 2 MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: And you're here to 3 basically tell us about your life. 4 MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yes. 5 6 MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: And you know that 7 there is a number of objectives, and one of them has to do -- has to do with you eventually shaving your head at the 8 9 end of this, which is a healing process for you, to tell your story as part of your healing? 10 MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: 11 MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: And the other one 12 relates to the Commissioner, that fine woman who's across 13 from us. 14 15 MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yes. MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: She has a job with 16 17 the fellow commissioners. And -- and Chief 18 Commissioner Buller also resides in British Columbia, as do I and you, and you're a B.C. girl. 19 MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yes. 20 21 MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: So the question is, of the safety net, like the protectors, whose job it is to 22 develop policies, legislation, rules, resources so that 23 24 Indigenous women and girls stay safe in British Columbia --

1	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: M'nm.
2	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: in that
3	experience in the experiences you've had that you can
4	remember from 1965, when you tell your story, please tell
5	us about your experiences with the agencies as well.
6	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Both my parents
7	are residential school survivors, my birth parents.
8	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: So you're going to
9	start now?
10	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: But can we
11	start with Joanne?
12	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: No. Absolutely.
13	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
14	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: I'm just telling
15	you that
16	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay. Yeah,
17	I'm hearing you.
18	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Yes. So
19	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yeah.
20	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: tell your
21	truth.
22	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Understood.
23	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: I'm going to get
24	out of your way.
25	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yes.

1	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: I'm going to
2	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
3	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: you know
4	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
5	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: and you're
6	going to have the floor for sure.
7	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
8	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: So I am just doing
9	a little introduction.
10	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
11	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: But I'll end there
12	
13	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
14	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: and you start
15	with the story of your life.
16	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
17	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Okay. Thank you.
18	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay. My name
19	is Margaret Jacqueline Gisle. I was born June 28 th , 1965.
20	I have an identical twin sister. We're less than three
21	minutes apart. I am Nisga'a Tlingit. I'm from the Nass
22	River.
23	Both my parents, my birth parents, Johnny
24	Lincoln, Sr., and Annie Lincoln, were residential school
25	survivors from a very, very young age, before kindergarten

1	until Grade 13 here on the Coast. I don't know which ones.
2	I know that they ended up in the end years that they
3	ended up in Alert Bay.
4	So I was born Jacqueline Joyce Lincoln. My
5	twin sister was born Mercy Maureen Lincoln. It's not known
6	100 percent how many brothers and sisters I have. At one
7	time, we thought it was 27, but now, talking with my other
8	brothers and sisters, that number is up to 44.
9	And all of my brothers and sisters, we all
10	have the same father. My dad was a is a horrible
11	pedophile. He's still alive.
12	I'm here today because I come from such
13	brokenness, I come from such a horrible place, and the
14	people that were supposed to take care of me abused me,
15	hurt me or sent me back to the abuse I came from.
16	My mom went into labour with us, and when
17	she found out no, she didn't go into labour with us. My
18	mom, Annie Lincoln, when she found out she was pregnant
19	with twins, tried to abort me and my twin sister.
20	I weighed 3 pounds and 11 ounces. I mean,
21	3 pounds, 11 ounces, and my sister weighed three pounds,
22	three-and-a-half-ounces. They flew her from Prince Rupert
23	to Vancouver, and she was born in Grace Hospital we were
24	born in Grace Hospital. It's the reason why we're still

alive because Grace Hospital today is the children's

1 hospital.

We spent many months in incubators, but they gave us back to our mom and our dad after what she had done, knowing that my dad was a horrible pedophile. They kept giving us back. Taking us away, put us in foster care for a couple of months, and then one -- either our mom or our dad would come and get us and take us away and run away to an auntie, and then they would just -- nobody would come and look for us.

I'm here today because so many people have harmed me, and I was so brutalized that I didn't care about myself. I begged to die. I didn't want to be here.

 $\label{eq:And I -- and I believed I was incredibly} $$ ugly. I believed I was -- like I believed I was like a $$ freak.$

My dad penetrated me before I was 6 months old. I'm deformed in the female area because I have my hymen still intact sticking out of my privates and they look like these little soft fingers like inside of your mouths.

I have what's called a double-horned uterus, and there is a channel on this side where you can see my dad and uncle's penises went in inside me on both sides of my uterus, and it's called a double-horned uterus from abuse. I was sexually abused from 6 months old until I was

1 3 years old by my dad, by his friends, by my uncles.

I suffered from malnutrition. I had my feet crushed with a hammer by my dad because I was less than 3 years old and I couldn't carry a Christmas tree out of the bush. And my twin sister, she got a hammer smashed into her head because she couldn't carry a Christmas tree out of the bush.

I remember -- my first memories are watching my baby brother, Jessie, die of hypothermia when I was 3 years old. It was the third time that my birth mom had taken us into the bush and left us there.

And what would happen is that our dad would be out fishing, weeks of fishing, and my mom would have her kids, and she knew he was coming back. So she would take all her kids, and then by this point she had nine children and two had passed away at the hands of our dad and our uncle.

I have an older set of twin -- one girl and one boy, 2 years, so I would have been a year-and-a-half old when they were killed. And they were killed up in the bushes at the hands of my dad, and I am not sure who else was there.

But -- so my mom, when she knew he was coming in, she would run with her kids and she would take them to aunts, she would take them to uncles, she would

hands of my dad.

1	take them to friends. But she wanted to drink when she got
2	left with kids and she didn't want to bring them home
3	because she just wanted to drink. She would take us up
4	into the bush and leave us there because it was better for
5	us to die at the elements than to be brutalized at the

We were sodomized, we were raped, we were beaten. I remember a room -- our house on the reserve had wood floors. We had no walls. We had these sheets that were pinned up that made the rooms, and there was a pot belly stove. I remember drinking out of the crib out of a big huge bottle of wine because I knew my dad was coming.

My memories are -- are graphic. I have like an incredible memory, and...

My -- my brother, I don't know why he was on the floor. All he had was a diaper on. He was less than a year old. He was on the floor right there, and I was up on a table that was about this high, and it was a little bit smaller than that there.

And me and my twin sister, we had these cloth diapers on too, but we were 3 years old. And I was on the left and my twin sister was on the right. And there was a bucket of water.

And I can see my baby brother, his little arms and little legs, screaming and crying, and he's red.

- 1 And I drift off and I can't reach him because it's so cold.
- 2 My ass is stuck to the table. I'm literally -- the diaper
- is frozen to the table because it's leaking from the
- 4 bucket.
- 5 And this is the third time my mom's left us,
- and this is the first time someone died. And I watched my
- 7 baby brother die.
- 8 And I come to. I can see the window beside
- 9 the door where you come into the cabin, and the door to the
- 10 cabin keeps opening and closing. I can see the reeds of
- 11 grass coming up through the floorboards, and I can smell
- the earth. I can hear the wind.
- And I'm trying to huddle with my sister, but
- I keep falling asleep. And I can see my baby brother
- 15 crying. And I -- I wake up and I look for him, and he's
- really crying now. He's blue in the face, blue around the
- 17 lips, and his chest is red, and his hands are blue, and his
- 18 feet are blue, and he is just screaming, screaming and
- 19 crying. And I can't reach him. I can't get him to me. I
- can't keep him warm.
- 21 And I fall asleep again. I wake up and I
- look down for my brother. He's not moving. He's spread-
- eagled and face turned away from me. And I don't know what
- to do. My sister won't wake up.
- 25 And I'm there, and I look out the door, and

1	all of a sudden, the door opens, and I see this massive
2	figure, and it was a green parka and he had red curly hair
3	and he had a big huge green backpack on his back and he was
4	a really tall man.

And he came in, and I watched him scoop up my baby brother. And he took off his backpack and he took off his shirt and he wrapped my baby brother up in his wool shirt and he laid him down. And he checked on me and Lisa, and he wrapped us -- he took stuff out of that backpack and he wrapped us up.

And he put me on the left side and he put my twin sister on the right side, and he stuffed us inside this backpack. So I looked over this shoulder, my twin sister looked over this shoulder, and he carried my baby brother. And all the way down, out of this bush, I was overlooking at my dead brother's face and I could see the bushes bobbing up and down, and the path, and smelling the grass and everything.

I don't know, somewhere during the journey I must have fallen asleep. I think it was because I closed my eyes and I didn't want to look at my baby brother.

He took us to the hospital. They took us. My parents have never done time for what they did to my baby brother.

That was the last time I was taken away. I

1	was malnourished, I was underweight, so was my twin sister.
2	I spoke Nisga'a Tlingit. I didn't speak much English.
3	And the system, they took us away the last
4	time. We went to a different foster home for unadoptable
5	children from 3 years old to 6 years old, because my twin
6	sister and I were so terrified of the dark. We'd been

thrown in blackberry bushes, I mean, like -- I mean, just
treated horrendously, absolutely horrendously as children,

as babies by the people that should protect us.

Jessie has a voice. Jessie had a right to be here. If they'd have taken us away the first time, he'd still be here. That's who failed us.

But they failed us again. At three-and-a-half years old we were in a special foster home for unadoptable children because my twin sister and I had so many fears and we talked in our own native language and we always had to be touching each other.

And were adopted by Carl and Ingrid Gisle,
Norwegians. We were taken from Prince Rupert, flown to
Powell River and flown -- I mean, flown to Vancouver and
then flown to Powell River where I met my brother, Patrick,
my sister Ellen. Later on, I met my brother Pierre.

But I remember that plane ride and I remember looking at my brother, blonde hair and blue eyes, and I never seen white skin before. He -- I thought he was

beautiful. I just -- I was just -- he was like a -- like
I don't know, I didn't think he was real. I mean, I kept

poking at him and trying to touch him and stuff like that.

But anyways, I'll go back to -- because I just needed to take a break -- I'll go back to the hospital. And that man, I want to know who that man was, because he just walked away. He dropped us off and he stood, and he made sure that they were going to take care of us, and then he disappeared. I am so grateful to that man.

I -- when I was adopted, the Ministry of Children and Families back then, or whatever you call them what they were back then, they changed my identity, they changed my history, and they told my adoptive parents that my mom wasn't married to my dad and that I had no other brothers or sisters and that there was no history of abuse in my life story.

I was three-and-a-half years old and I was wetting my bed because I was redreaming my brother die every night. I was redreaming the abuse at the hands of my dad and whoever else was around him, you know, and I kept dreaming it over, and over, and over again.

And -- and I would tell my adoptive parents these stories and they would beat me because I was lying.

Actually, not they, my mom, Ingrid, would beat me. My dad

1	would try and take me to another doctor or you know, and
2	he just couldn't understand.
3	At first, he didn't believe my stories
4	because he didn't believe the Ministry would tell them as
5	adoptive parents that that's a lie. That you know
6	And so I automatically realized that what
7	was going on with me was something that I needed to hide.
8	I needed to hide that I was abused, I needed to hide that I
9	wet the bed every night until I was almost every night
10	until I was 12-years-old, and I needed to hide and act and
11	pretend as if I was okay.
12	But my photographic memory and redreaming
13	everything over and over again. I had insomnia as a child.
14	I would fall asleep in school and get punished. I'm
15	lefthanded, so I got punished for that too.
16	My my birth parents have never done any
17	time for my story, myself, my sister and my family. My
18	birth father only did time for assault against my sister
19	younger sister, Theresa, who just passed away last year,
20	and he did four years. And that's between Theresa,
21	Channery, and Johnny Lincoln, Sr. I don't know when he did
22	the time, but he did.
23	My dad was a horrible pedophile, who had no
24	preference of girls or boys, and hence, how many children
25	he had.

1	In my birth family, I I felt ashamed, I
2	felt dirty, I never felt good enough, and then going into
3	my adoptive family My twin sister, she went the opposite
4	way. I remembered everything, and my twin sister forgot
5	everything from before we were on the plane to Powell
6	River. So she did not remember any of the years of abuse
7	that until she was 27.
8	And my adoptive mom had problems. She took
9	"mother's little helper" and she was constantly going to
10	the doctors. And my mom was raised during the war in Oslo
11	Norway, and she lived in in a prison in Northern Norway
12	from about 12-years-old until she was a teenager. She
13	fought for the Resistance in Northern Norway with my dad.
14	And they used to ski, and they grew up together, they were
15	childhood sweethearts.
16	My dad is the salt of the earth. And I got
17	to say, Stevie Cameron, you got it wrong, and you need to
18	make it right with me. Because my dad, Carl Aut (ph)
19	Gisle, did not abuse me. It was my birth father, Johnny
20	Lincoln, and you need to make that right with me.
21	I just had to say that, because it's one of
22	the things that bothers me.
23	That's going to be down the line. Please
24	remind me about media later because I think there needs to
25	be restrictions on what media says when somebody's going

1	through a like a nuge trial. So we'll get back to that.
2	So from three-and-a-half years old until I
3	was 16, I lived with the Gisle's. And I wanted for
4	nothing. My dad worked in the mill for 47 years in Powell
5	River. My mom was a domestic engineer.
6	We went to the Anglican Church. I was in
7	I took Catechism in the Anglican Church, I was a
8	pallbearer. We actually really had I didn't know we
9	were well off. Like I was in gymnastics, I was in
10	swimming, I was in karate, I was in not no, sorry,
11	not karate, in gymnastics, cross country running, football.
12	We did everything. We absolute there wasn't anything we
13	weren't in, Brownies, Guides, all of it.
14	In appearances, we looked wonderful. We
15	looked really good. But at night, my mom would drag me and
16	my twin sister out of our bed an average of two to three
17	times a week, and she would be screaming at us about the
18	sins of what we had done wrong, and she would beat us, and
19	she would put us out on the porch in our nighties, out in -
20	- you know out in the cold at night.
21	And we would be out there from 1:00 in the
22	morning until about half an hour just before my dad got off
23	work, because my dad worked permanent graveyards. And then
24	she would haul us back in and she would beat us, and we
25	weren't allowed to tell him.

1	Well, that was me and my twin sister's big
2	secret, was what my mom was doing to us. And it was
3	always, "Be good, Maggy, your mom's sick. Be good Maggy,
4	your mom's sick." And so I got it into my head that
5	because my dad kept telling me to be good then it must be
6	something that I was doing bad, you know, that was making
7	her sick.

Because as far back as I can remember, my mom used to stand over my bed and we used to have these beautiful birthday parties for me and my twin sister, and she would have a chocolate cake and I would have a white cake and everybody in the school was invited, like in my classroom. I mean, 27 other children were invited. And we'd have this absolutely beautiful birthday party and we'd get all of these gifts.

Well, my mom would make us give gifts back. By the end of the night, I had to pick out -- and it was whatever number she had in her head -- that I could keep and all the other gifts we had to give away. I never knew where those gifts went.

And she stood over my bed and she would tell me the sins of Maggy, not only on that day of my birthday, but she would go chronologically back to the day I was adopted. She was verbally abusive, physically abusive.

She would get mad and she'd chase me with a knife, a bread

- 1 board. I mean, she was...
- 2 And my dad -- she was -- constantly taking
- 3 her to one specialist, one doctor after another. But my
- 4 parents were foster parents. During all of this, they
- 5 fostered all kinds of children and they adopted us because
- 6 me and my twin sister were unadoptable, and they wanted to
- 7 have older children.
- 8 And their heart was in the right place, but
- 9 my mom's mental health was in no state to -- and it was the
- other elephant we didn't talk about, you know, was my mom's
- mental health.
- 12 My mom was raised in a prison in Northern
- Norway. She was raised by her grandparents because her mom
- had gotten pregnant with twins and my mom was jealous when
- 15 the twins were born, and she kicked her, and she broke her
- hip. And so my mom -- her mom couldn't manage my mom and
- 17 the twin babies, so they sent my mom at 12-years-old to a
- 18 prison.
- 19 And something happened to her during the war
- that she became phobic of people, and that phobia
- 21 progressed as she was raising us.
- Okay. I'm going to stop for a second, and
- I've got to look on my phone because...
- I was a bully. I was so full of anger. I
- 25 beat the shit out of my twin sister on a regular basis just

1	because I was angry. I would defend my twin sister during
2	the day at school because she had a lisp, and then I would
3	fight somebody that was teasing her, and I'd beat them up.
4	I might have three, four fights a day and then go home and
5	fight my sister.

And I didn't know why I was angry, but I kept going and I kept telling that, you know, I'm dreaming about this and I'm dreaming about this. And it came to a head.

At 9-years-old I was molested on a paper route by Old Man Falsey (ph). I told my dad, Carl Gisle, what he had done, and he smacked me in the face and asked me what I did to ask for it. And that is where I got the signal that I must have done something. I was 9-years-old delivering the paper and I was collecting money for the paper route. And so that's when I realized that you better not talk about that, you know.

And I was afraid of falling out of his eyes because my dad -- I competitive swam from I was 5-years-old until I was 16-years-old. And that came about because being in Norwegian family, we all -- you know, my parents during the war -- we all shared the same bathtub.

And at three-and-a-half to five years old I couldn't stand, my dad would bath, then my mom would bath, my sister, Ellen, would bath, my brother, Pat, would bath,

1	then me and my twin sister together with all the shavings
2	and stuff like that and the foam and the soap. And it was
3	really gross. And we only bathed once a week.
4	And when I found swimming and that I could
5	join the swim club I could have a shower every day. So I
6	became a passionate swimmer. From 5-years-old, because I
7	was scared of people, because of my anger, I would do
8	100 laps of butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke and
9	freestyle. I'd get up at 6:30 in the morning every day and
10	do that, and I did it religiously and then when I turned
11	9-years-old, I decided I wanted to be the best swimmer in
12	the world that I could be, and I was doing it again in the
13	afternoon.
13 14	afternoon. And I'm partially deaf. That happened at
14	And I'm partially deaf. That happened at
14 15	And I'm partially deaf. That happened at 5-years-old from an operation to clear out our adenoids and
14 15 16	And I'm partially deaf. That happened at 5-years-old from an operation to clear out our adenoids and they damaged both my ears. I can lip read.
14 15 16 17	And I'm partially deaf. That happened at 5-years-old from an operation to clear out our adenoids and they damaged both my ears. I can lip read. I'm just taking a pause. And sign language.
14 15 16 17 18	And I'm partially deaf. That happened at 5-years-old from an operation to clear out our adenoids and they damaged both my ears. I can lip read. I'm just taking a pause. And sign language. Tlingit is my first language. English was my second.
14 15 16 17 18 19	And I'm partially deaf. That happened at 5-years-old from an operation to clear out our adenoids and they damaged both my ears. I can lip read. I'm just taking a pause. And sign language. Tlingit is my first language. English was my second. Reading lips was my third. Then Norwegian.
14 15 16 17 18 19 20	And I'm partially deaf. That happened at 5-years-old from an operation to clear out our adenoids and they damaged both my ears. I can lip read. I'm just taking a pause. And sign language. Tlingit is my first language. English was my second. Reading lips was my third. Then Norwegian. We had a very traditional family with you
14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21	And I'm partially deaf. That happened at 5-years-old from an operation to clear out our adenoids and they damaged both my ears. I can lip read. I'm just taking a pause. And sign language. Tlingit is my first language. English was my second. Reading lips was my third. Then Norwegian. We had a very traditional family with you know, celebrating Easter and Christmas and things like

I was molested at 9, I was raped at 12. My

1	brother's best friends I don't if it was a older or a
2	younger brother raped me in Cranberry Lake and almost
3	drowned me when I was 12-years-old.

I was a hopeless romantic. Being raped at 12-years-old, even though I knew that I had been sexually abused by my father -- I mean, I didn't know it was true yet, I think that's why. I thought I was still a virgin. So being told that, you know -- getting raped at 12-years-old and being a hopeless romantic and wanting only one man and, you know, and forever, and true love, and things like that was -- I was devastated.

I became suicidal. I slashed my wrists.

Both of them. I couldn't take pills. I went crazy. And could tell no one. No one. I told my twin sister and I told my best friend, Michelle.

And there are some other things that happened. When I was running home from after being raped in Cranberry Lake, I managed to grab my top and my shorts back, and I was barefoot, and I had these little tiny shorts and this halter top that you tie around your neck and it was all torn. And I was running for all I was worth to go home because I was so ashamed.

I remember the wall that came up between me and my family and the rest of the world, because I couldn't tell them the truth, and how separated I felt.

1	And I was two years I was about a year
2	later I was assaulted by my best friend's uncle and he
3	tried to rape me. And I told Michelle, and she smacked my
4	face and she never talked to me again.
5	Well later, Michelle charged him, herself,
6	many years later for sexually abusing her. And he was
7	convicted, and things were done about that. But that was
8	later on in her life story.
9	But in mine, I when I was 14 years old, I
10	lived down the street from Jocelyne Haines. I ran to her
11	house, we were going to have a water fight, and I $\operatorname{}$ and I
12	took my older sister, Ellen's bikini, who was 12 years
13	older than me, and I stole her bikini to go in this water
14	fight at my friend, Jocelyne Haines' house.
15	Well, she led me down to the basement. She
16	said she had something to show me. I was 14 and she was
17	15. I don't know how old Pat was. Jocelyne held me down
18	from behind and held my shoulders down while Pat raped me
19	three times.
20	I had nobody to tell. I had nobody to help
21	me. I had everybody saying that I was lying, I was over
22	imaginative, I was a bully, I was attention seeking. And I
23	was going back and forth, back and forth, you know, and
24	then, you know, with slashing my wrists, and stuff like
25	that. My dad finally got me a child psychiatrist,

1 Dr. Almon.

And Dr. Almon had to open up my Ministry

files. And -- because he said that my -- he interviewed me

for a year, twice a week for an hour-and-a-half for a year.

And after that year, he determined from his interviews that

the abuse that I was speaking of was real and it was

something I didn't make up. And he fought for me to get my

Ministry files opened to see if they were true.

So the only thing they opened of my Ministry of Children and Family files was my medical files. Me and my twin sister's is high. Broken bones, smashed head, lice, malnutrition -- I mean, it was just -- it was this high.

And I thought knowing the truth was going to make me okay. But not knowing that all those dreams and what I thought I could remember, when I was suspended in that that might not be real, then I had a closer chance of being more normal, and then finding out that it was all true, I just went crazy. And I've learned at a very young age how to look good, how to sound good and everything.

 $\mbox{And I -- I got into a relationship at 14}$ with an -- a man who was older than me, five years older than me. And I got pregnant at 15.

My mom had Dr. Leese (ph) say that I was physically incapable of having a child because of my female

1	deformity, and she got another doctor to say I was mentally
2	incapable of having a child. Well, I was trying to hide my
3	pregnancy from my family and my mom caught me at about
4	two-and-a-half months pregnant. For some reason, she was

aware of that I didn't have my cycle for a while.

My mom beat the shit out of me almost every night for two months, trying to force me to have an abortion. And I told her I was too far along, so she got these two doctors to sign these things.

And I was 15-years-old and I was past fiveand-a-half months pregnant and they injected me with a saline solution because they were telling me that I was less than that, and I was telling them that I was more. My son was born alive. He was this long. His skin was all burned and peeled away. His -- you could see his veins and his muscles, his heart.

And it took a while for my son to die. He was between my legs. I had the umbilical cord still attached to me. He was still a part of me. And nobody would come because the nurse that took care of me was Jim Giffin's aunt. And she said that if I ever fuckin' did this again, she was going to make sure the doctors took out my hardware so that I couldn't have children again. And she left me in the maternity ward for hours with my dead son.

1	I cried myself to sleep and they snuck in
2	and they took my baby away. There is no grave marker for
3	my son. I don't even know what they did to his body.
4	How my mom talked me into having an abortion
5	was my dad had always talked of taking me and my twin
6	sister and my mom to Oslo, Norway, and we had already
7	bought the plane tickets, and we were supposed to go when I
8	was going to have the baby. And my dad would have never
9	gone to Norway if my if I was having a baby.
10	And my mom kept beating me on my back and
11	kicking me. And my mom beat me a lot, and for some reason
12	I never turned around and raised a hand to her. Even
13	though I was violent with everybody else, I would never
14	turn around and strike her. And I think it was because I
15	didn't want my dad mad at me, because I cared more about

I want a marker for my son. I want his life acknowledged. They didn't have the right to take my baby away from me.

what my dad thought about me than -- but I didn't want him

to not love me if I hit her.

My family went back after the baby -- after -- I actually had to have an emergency D&C after they cut the cord because my placenta was so large because my uterus is deformed that they actually had to take me in for surgery and that's when -- I mean, I almost died. I got an

infection.

I had so much hate in me. And you know what

kept me going all these years is I remember hiding in a

closet and crying and I had no reason to believe in love, I

had none.

I was less than 3-years-old and I was hiding with my sister in a closet trying to not be sexually abused. And deep down inside of me, love, kindness, compassion, and I went I know there's a good love, I know...

And I'd tell Lisa, there is -- they're going to find us, someone's going -- and there is goodness, there is goodness. I had no reason to know that goodness, other than the Creator.

All my life I wanted to be somebody else. I wanted to have blonde hair, blue eyes, big boobs, long legs. I mean, I was a stripper and I was doing Tina Turner specialty features. I mean, I didn't want to be me.

My twin sister, at 15-years-old, got away from Clifford Olson in Powell River. I don't know when it was, but I do remember when it happened when my friend, Pat Smith, when his sister, Rose Smith, got murdered. Pat's my age. He's testifying here somewhere today. She was beautiful. I really liked Rose.

And -- and then there was another young woman that was thrown off of a bridge in Eagle River. We

were around somewhere between 12 and 15 when that stuff
went on, I think.

But my twin sister put a scar in Clifford
Olsen's head and he actually went to the complex and picked
my sister up at the complex and said that he knew my dad,
Carl Gisle, and he worked with him down at the mill and dad
couldn't come get her.

And he took her back in behind Timberlane and tried to rape her, but she took her skate guard off and smashed him up the side of the head and then she took the skate and she smashed the window out and she ran like a deer, and she ran to me and my boyfriend.

This happened just before -- I was actually in the middle of being pregnant. So she ran to my boyfriend's house that was just straight down the hill and a quarter block over. And my dad, he never called the cops, but he ran around town in his truck with a shotgun looking for the man that had tried to rape her.

And we had determined many years later that it was Clifford Olson because he actually had a paycheck that he'd never picked up from the mill that -- and the description of the vehicle of the registration was the vehicle that Lisa described that she had been in.

I had so much hate and so much anger and so much of it towards myself, but I had to hide it and I had

to pretend and act as if.

2 And I went to -- I graduated from Grade 12.

I was a B-plus average, but the education system in Powell

4 River was -- I say something to be desired at the time back

then, because we had -- we had special classes for Grade 8

to Grade 12 Aboriginals. It was called Native -- Native

Ed. No. They first -- the first couple of years it was

Native (indiscernible), it was Native Ed, and then they

changed it to -- what was it called again -- Special

10 Education.

5

6

7

8

9

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

And we were -- we learned Grade 7 all over again in Grade 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and our academics for math, English, social studies and all that. And I graduated with a B-plus average, but when I took the criminal justice program in Victoria, I didn't know what made a sentence, or you know, a paragraph or a Klingon verb. You know, I didn't have the basics to make it.

And I was living with my sister, Ellen, in Victoria. I was raised Christian/Anglican. I used to go to summer camp. And when I went to university, to college, I'd failed again miserably, and all I heard is I didn't make it.

And I was taken by the people on the streets because I was raised -- I was grizzly twin, I was ugly twin, I was always associated to something ugly, and I used

24

1	to run home and I would go, "Mommy, mommy, why am I so
2	ugly?" And she'd go, (speaking Norwegian language). And
3	that just means, "Ah, that doesn't apply to you." But what
4	she didn't explain to me that it was prejudice because I
5	was a native child in a white community and that I was
6	different. And you know, I mean and that I was so
7	angry. You know, I mean, she just didn't explain things.
8	She wasn't very good at communicating.
9	And so I was failed again, you know. And
10	that's part of what my story is, is that you know
11	Because I have a basic belief if we put in
12	our public education systems age-appropriately from wee
13	little babies to Grade 12 how to love yourselves, positive
L4	affirmations. We can't assume anymore that they're being
15	taught it at home because a lot of people out there in the
16	world, are like me and pretend to be okay, and they only do
17	with looking okay.
18	Well, I'm taking a pause now because I've
19	got a rough part in my story.
20	So I come from this place where I'm so ugly,
21	and you know, grizzly twin, ugly twin, Number 6 and
22	Number 7, and I get to university to college and guys are

girl he's talking to; right? And I was taken aback by

asking me out. Good looking guys are asking me out. And

I'm like, "Are you talking to me?" Or I'm looking for the

1 that.

And I went to this Taekwondo club, and I got introduced to this Taekwondo club and I started hanging out with these Taekwondo people in Victoria on Yates Street, and they were older good-looking men. And I was 16. I wasn't yet 17. And -- no, I'd just turn 17 because I graduate -- I'm born June 28, so I graduated, and the day after I graduated I turned 17. So I was just 17 years in college.

And I got -- I made these friends in between September and October, and I was, you know, failing miserably at school and making these friends at night, going to the bar, under age. And I didn't really drink, I just went to hang out and to make friends, because I wasn't used to people, you know, wanting to talk to me or wanting to be around me because I was always associated -- you know, I was always -- I had a bad rap because I was a bully, you know, and I was beating people up, or -- you know. And I wasn't -- I wasn't people's first choice for a friend.

So I was gang raped by -- through meeting this kickboxing -- I mean, through meeting this Taekwondo club, I also met people from this kickboxing club. And they had this house, it was like a party house that had a basement.

1	And they insisted that I come with them.
2	And we all went down to the basement. And I was not a
3	drinker, and I had two sips of a drink and I came to, and -
4	- underneath a man with a line up of men that were still
5	there.
6	I fought. I kicked. I screamed. I
7	punched. And I don't know how the hell I beat the shit out
8	of that man and got out of that little window, but I did.
9	I limped down the street buck naked,
10	screaming for people to help me, and nobody came to help
11	me. I was kept walking. I don't know how long I walked
12	buck naked, bleeding from all over the place.
13	And this van pulled up, and this man, he
14	gave me his shirt, and he gave me a chocolate bar, and he
15	dropped me back off at my sister's house in James Bay where
16	I lived in the apartment.
17	Well, I showered for three hours and I
18	cried. But that block came up again between me and my
19	sister, so I had to leave. I couldn't face her. My shame.
20	My guilt. So I ran to the streets.
21	I didn't know that this other person was a
22	part of this group. Like I knew he knew them and stuff
23	like that, but I didn't know that he was involved with
24	selling drugs with them or anything like that. I didn't
25	know that these people in the Taekwondo were into drugs or

1 anything like that.

And I'd gotten hooked up with a man that -that convinced me when he was having a heroin overdose and
we were in Bateson's Karate School and I had to drag him
over to the showers. And he was telling me what to do, and
shower him with cold water and, you know, get him up and
walk him around. I had no idea.

The police left me in Bateson's Karate

School and they kept asking me when they came in -- I was

really, really sick. I had double pneumonia from sleeping

days on the streets and underneath bridges, and things like

that before I finally had hooked up with my friend that -
you know, let me sleep on a couch in Bateson's Karate

School. And then he overdosed.

And well, we ended up getting a place together and I was trying to file for Ministry and I found out that I would have to get my parents' consent. Well, they just told me to come home. And with what I had on my plate, I couldn't come home.

Richard woke up. He'd done a smash of cocaine while I was sleeping, and I woke up him with a knife to my throat, straddling me, telling me that I was going -- I was a fuckin' rat and that I told the cops where he was, and all this other stuff.

And it was not possible. I was seven days

			-		_					-
1	delirious,	ın	and	out	Οİ	consciousness,	sıcker	than	а	dog.

- I mean, I didn't even know what a rat was and what the hell
- it was that I was supposed to have ratted him about.
- 4 But that's how I ended up on the Downtown
- 5 East Side, was running away from my demons in Victoria and
- frunning away from my family because I was so angry, and I
- 7 was so hurt.
- I had a lot of moxie. I walked from one end
- 9 of Granville Street all the way to Davie, and from Davie
- 10 all the way down. And I walked around and went "Hey, do
- 11 you know where I find a loan shark? Hey, do you know where
- I can find a loan shark?" And people would tell me, "Ah,
- fuck off. Go away."
- 14 And it's like -- and I got all the way down
- 15 Davie Street -- I was halfway down Davie Street and -- that
- 16 place, right by KFC.
- 17 And this tall man was standing there, and I
- 18 walked up to him and went, "Hey, can you -- you know, where
- 19 can I find a loan shark?" And he looks down at me and
- goes, "And what the hell do you need with a loan shark?"
- 21 And I said, "Well, I can dance. I love to dance." I said,
- you know, "And I can strip." I said, "I need the money for
- tapes, and I need the money for costumes, and in two weeks
- I'll give you your money back." And he looks at me and he
- 25 goes, "These streets are going to eat you up and spit you

1	out." And he goes, "I don't know about a loan shark," he
2	goes, "but I can give you a job."
3	And he helped prevent me from being a
4	prostitute. I sold dime bags of weed in Seymour Billiards,
5	and for every dime bag I got, was \$5 a dime bag. Well, it
6	only cost \$75 to pay for a hotel room for a week. So
7	that's like 15 dime bags; right? I think my math's right.
8	So all I had to do was sell 15 dime bags so
9	I could have a hotel for a week, and then once I had the
10	hotel for a week, I could do all this amateur stripping,
11	lip sync contest, mud wrestling, you know, all the fun
12	stuff.
13	Well, that went on for a while. I was an
14	under-age stripper for the Rose Agency. I got busted at
15	18, and I took off to Calgary.
16	The first time I did drugs, it was in was
17	in Victoria before I was no, after I was gang raped.
18	That was part of the fight, because Richard got mad because
19	he thought the first time that I did it should have been
20	with him, and that's when he went all ballistic and pulled
21	a knife on me, and stuff like that.
22	I actually didn't get in heavy. I mean, I,
23	you know, tripped here and there, and you know, but I
24	drank mostly. I didn't try heroin. I don't I don't
25	I want to be awake. But once I came back to Vancouver,

after I had spent just over nine months in Calgary, I got into -- I got -- actually, it was in Calgary -- I got into MDA.

And Calgary scared the shit out of me because, I mean, the closest I came to prostitution was I was with Ivan James Hewitt, and we were living on the streets and we're, you know, paying for hotels nightly, or weekly, or whatever. And I was waiting for him. He was standing on the corner where the boys stand, and I was waiting for him, and he told me some bullshit story about what he was doing. And I had no idea what I was doing. I just knew whenever he went away and came back that he came back with money and we were all good.

Well, while I was waiting for him, this guy rolled up on me and asked me if I knew where I could get him a boy under 12. And I looked at him and I said, "What do you want to do with a boy under 12?" And he goes, "You know, for sex." He goes, "I'll pay you, I'll pay you good." And I was horrified.

When I finally hooked up later with Ivan and I told him about this man who had approached me and offered me money to bring him a young boy, Ivan got really mad.

And he goes, "Where were you standing?" And I said, "Over there." And he goes, "Go there again," and he goes, "and if he comes back," he goes, "tell him to go over there."

1	Well, he did come back the next day. I
2	jumped into his vehicle and I went over there by the bush
3	and I told him to roll down the window and, you know,
4	someone's going to, you know, talk to him. And I was in
5	the process of undoing my seatbelt and he jumped out of
6	Ivan jumped out of the bush, grabbed the guy by the
7	shoulder, knocked him out.
8	Then we cuffed him we handcuffed him to
9	the cars. We wrote horrible things. "Bugger". We wrote
10	nasty things all over them and we robbed him, and we left
11	him there.
12	Well, we did this a few times. More than
13	10. And the only ones we picked on is the ones that wanted
14	little boys. And we would write this stuff on their faces
15	and chests and handcuff them and sometimes. And if we
16	didn't have the stuff to write on them, we'd take their
17	clothes off and leave them handcuffed to the steering
18	wheel.
19	And so nobody came back after us about
20	those things that we did.
21	But I got caught once. We rolled up and I
22	was taking the seatbelt off and I couldn't get the seatbelt
23	off. And Ivan went to go punch him in the head and the
24	guy's head went back and he didn't blink.
25	I'm like this, "Oh, my god," and I can't get

1	out. And so Ivan hits him again, and it was like he
2	went and the guys just looking at him. And I'm stuck
3	and I can't get the seatbelt out. And it got wrapped it
4	was wrapped around my arm and I tried to get out. And he
5	dragged me about maybe 50 feet before I was able to get my
6	arm out, and then I decided that was the last time I was
7	doing that.

And -- but we were doing that to support our MDA habit. And I loved MDA because I could stay awake and I didn't dream.

And so when I came back to Vancouver, I -- I fell into cocaine. So now, I was of legal age, working for the Rose Agency, still doing amateur strip contests, back in Vancouver, still selling dime bags of weed at the Seymour Billiards, and mud wrestling. I mean, it was a fun time.

One of the things that stripping gave me was that -- an okayness [sic] with my body. I mean, at the beginning it didn't because I mean I always wanted -- I mean, I was doing Tina Turner specialty features.

My years on the street, I became Jackie.

Crazy Jackie was my name on the street. The first people that I met was Sarah Jean deVries, Holly. There was a whole bunch of people on the streets that I met that were prostitutes, that were heroin addicts, that were drug

1	addicts that did not judge me, that supported me. Even
2	though I wasn't the way they were, they you know
3	They would hoot and holler when I was doing

amateur strip night. When I would win amateur strip night, I would buy -- we would go to the after hours and I would buy \$100 worth of beer and let everybody drink. It was my way of saying thank you to them because they supported me at other -- not just the amateur strip.

And -- so I developed a community, and I fell in love. I noticed Doug Buchanan at the St. Helen's Hotel. It changed into, I think, to the Regis, or something like that. St. Helen's, St. Helen's. And he was a bartender and a waiter at the St. Helen's Hotel, and I fell in love with him at 19.

He was my friend for a year before we got together, and he used to go buy last round. He goes, "Aw, Jackie," he goes, "do I have to buy a six-pack of cider before we come home?" And he goes, "Let me know for last round." And I would get up and I would back door him. I was afraid.

Well, he gave me an ultimatum after a year, and he told me that -- that I was either going to go out with him that night or we were never going to go out at all. But I was going out with my friend, and her and I were going out together and partying, and we had MDA. And

1	I said, "Well, I was going to party with my friend, and do
2	you want to come along? We're doing MDA."
3	Well, that was the beginning of me and
4	Doug's relationship. We started injecting drugs in a pool,
5	the three of us in a row. I came to a few hours later,
6	high on MDA, and the friend that I was with, she was
7	frantically trying to do a fix, and we were literally
8	sitting in a pool of blood of water, cold water, and it was
9	the cold water that woke me up.
10	And I had no reference of that this is
11	wrong. I had no moral I had moral compass. So, so
12	many bizarre things were normal. You know like I
13	mean, if you acted like it was just something that you do
14	every day, then I just went along right with you.
15	And the streets never scared me for the
16	people on the streets, not until they changed the streets.
17	The streets used to be safe. They used to have hotel rooms
18	in the in the Downtown Granville and Davie that offered
19	short time rooms for either \$10 or \$20 for half an hour.
20	But the rooms got used to you, and if you
21	ripped of dates you weren't allowed to turn tricks in that
22	room, but if you were a date that hurt the women, you
23	weren't allowed there either. So there was a safety in
24	that. And and sometimes tricks would pay for hotels.
25	But the market of drugs was not 24 hours, it

wasn't all over the streets. You had to have a phone number and you had to know somebody and you had to have a really good contact to be able to get it 24 hours. But you couldn't get it 24 hours, 7 days a week, not in 1983 and not in 1984, not -- not in 1985. It wasn't until actually after Expo that the streets exploded.

When they shifted us from -- when -- they -there's the powers that be in the City of Vancouver that
have been navigating where the addicts live. Originally,
we lived on Granville and Davie, and then Expo, they moved
us over to Hastings, and they didn't like that, and they
moved us over to Broadway, and then after Expo being up on
Broadway they moved us down to Franklin Avenue. And we
never had a say of that.

And when the open drug market came, we were not prepared for that. Because we had jobs. I was a stripper, and -- you know, and I dabbled in drugs, and then I went back to my life. I mean, I was selling MDA at Numbers and Powell's for years and I was an underage drug dealer, and -- you know, and then I was, you know, of legal age.

And -- and -- but it wasn't -- we all had other jobs, you know. There were coat checks, and clerks, and you know, and you know. And sometimes they were prostitutes for three days and then they had their own, you

1	know, their own jobs and, you know, that was the days they
2	partied, or whatever. But it was never a 24/7 thing.
3	And the City of Vancouver created the
4	Downtown East Side. On multiple occasions, they moved us
5	around.
6	I have 64 friends on Vancouver's missing
7	women's list that I knew 10 to 12, 16 years. There's only
8	five on the list that I absolutely didn't know. Of the 64
9	that I know, there is 10 that I didn't know very well, and
10	the rest I knew, like I was just describing.
11	I remember the first time I met Sereena
12	Abotsway, Angela Jardine. I met Michelle Gurney, Janet
13	Henry in a recovery house, Jody Mills in a recovery house,
14	C. J. Julien on the streets. I've known Sarah deVries
15	since 1986.
16	I remember when 11 women were going missing,
17	and we knew about it. Like the powers that be are so
18	fuckin' powerful that there is 22 dead women that were
19	killed over by a B.C. sugar factory that's bodies were
20	dumped from 1987 to at least 1994 that I know of, and they
21	were hog bound and gagged from behind their back, and none
22	of them made the paper. Not one.
23	I seen one of those bodies, and I ran to go
24	tell somebody, and when I came back to show them it was
25	gone. They told me I was crazy, but I think I don't

1 know if the power -- I don't know if the powers that be -2 but it never made the paper.

In 1989, I seen an execution-style killing in Chinatown, and a man that was blindfolded with his hands tied behind his back on his knees sitting on top of a Smithrite in the middle of Chinatown. And it was actually not 1989, it was New Years Eve 1990. And he was shot in the back of the head twice.

I was sure that was going to make the news. I was terrified. I was hiding in behind one of those -- you know those planter things that they have for all the food and displays, I was hiding in behind there so that they wouldn't see me. There was five guys. There was three around him and two on top of the Smithrite when they shot him in the back of the head twice.

I actually got clean and sober and Dave
Dickson got me into Cordova Detox. Dave Dickson is the
only good police officer with VPD that I know. He has
visited me in many treatment centres, many recovery houses,
got me into detox. He's always been there for me, and for
so many other people. And he is a person that you need to
learn sensitivity training from.

I think the entire police force has to go through sensitivity training that he would provide, be a part of creating because he was a good man.

1	UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: He's the only one
2	that cared.
3	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yeah.
4	And he still walks a beat, because the women
5	that were there when he retired, there's some that are
6	still out there, and now he still walks a beat because some
7	of the women's children are still out there.
8	I just want to take a moment and look at my
9	phone because I know there is some other points; okay?
10	Oh, yeah. Okay.
11	In 1984, when I first came to Vancouver when
12	I, you know, was working at being a stripper, that was the
13	actual first time I was hurt by a VPD. I was hitchhiking
14	down what is that down Granville wanting to get to
15	Broadway to go down Broadway to go home, and the last bus
16	had left. It was like 2:30 in the morning, and I was
17	hitchhiking from the St. Helen's Hotel and I got picked up
18	by a man, and I told him I just wanted a ride, I told him
19	where I wanted to go, and he was going in the wrong
20	direction.
21	And I had my stripper bag and my tapes and
22	my high heels and everything, and I I was actually I
23	had my high heels in my I still had my high heels on.
24	Thank God. I had steel shanked I'm famous for my boots
25	and for my high heel shoes. Being a stripper, I ran in 3

1	to 5-inch stiletto steel shanks, and I could run like a
2	deer in high heel shoes.

This man beat the ever-living shit out of me

This man beat the ever-living shit out of me

This man beat the ever-living shit out of me

wouldn't fuck him.

He offered me money and I said no I'm not a -- I'm not a

hooker, I'm a stripper.

He beat me so bad. I had to put my back up against the door and I kicked him with my stilettos five times in his stomach. The length of my stilettos went right into him. I scratched his face.

And I managed to get the door open and I tumbled out, and he dove over, and he literally beat me all around the vehicle. He dislocated my hip, he screwed up my eyes. I was black and blue.

And when I got to the back of the vehicle, I looked up and I screamed at him, "I got your license plate remembered. I got you." And then he jumped in the vehicle and ran, and I said his license plate over and over and over again. I was running down the street screaming and crying and banging on doors trying to get somebody to help me.

I ran for two blocks before somebody would open their door. The man opened up the door and I kept saying the license plate over and over again. I said, "Write this down, write this down, write this down." I

1	said, "This is the man who hurt me," and I said the license
2	plate number and he wrote it on a chalkboard that was right
3	by his door.

And the police officer had already found the guy. My costumes were in the back, and everything like that. He was all bloody from the -- what -- you know, what I had done with the stilettos.

And he said, "What did you expect was going to happen to you?" He goes, "It's the nature of your job." And I said, "What do you mean, the nature of my job?" I said, "I missed my bus and was hitchhiking home." And he goes, "You" -- he goes, "Yeah." He goes, "You know, the other job of why you were really hitchhiking."

He drove me back to where I was staying and told me not to waste police time. I was beaten. My eye was almost hanging out of my head. He was supposed to help me. He wasn't supposed to judge me.

I -- my son was -- I fell in love with Doug, and during Expo we went to Toronto. We took a bus to Toronto. Somehow in the whole thing we had found a kilo of cocaine or a really large amount of cocaine in packing up our stuff, and we were frickin' high all the way from Vancouver, on the bus, banging on the bus, all the way to Toronto, and then we stopped, and we lived with his mom.

I got pregnant with my son, Franklin Gisle.

1	My son was born in Wellesley Hospital in Toronto. He
2	weighed six pounds, three-and-a-half inches, I mean,
3	ounces, and he was and he was 19 inches long.
4	I loved Doug. He never hurt me, he never
5	yelled at me. He was a very kind man. I adored him. I
6	thought he was my one man to love for the rest of my life
7	because he was the kindest man to me.
8	Our son was born September 13 th , 1986. I
9	used drugs with my son until I was five-and-a-half months
10	pregnant. I didn't know I'd gotten pregnant because I
11	believed that what the doctor said that I was deformed
12	and couldn't have a child. And Doug didn't believe Frank
13	was his. It wasn't until I miscarried our second child
14	that Doug actually believed that it was later on.
15	I can't remember exactly what happened, but
16	oh, yeah, I went home. I took my son home for 6 months
17	old to go to Calgary to see my twin sister because her son
18	is three months older. Our firstborns are three months
19	apart. And so I went to go see my twin sister and then
20	I went home to see my family, and I was clean.
21	My son I used drugs for five-and-a-half
22	months, IV cocaine. I used IV cocaine because I could stay
23	awake and not dream all my nightmares.
24	Toronto Police hurt me too. Doug and I got

busted a few times in a row for possession of a narcotic,

1 and we had large amounts, and...

VPD came in my house through the frickin' windows. They smashed through the frickin' four big huge bay windows. They came down the centre window. They rammed through our entrance door, and it was right out of a frickin' movie.

And my son was in -- he was less than -- well, he would have been a year old and he was in one of those playpens and I had a blanket over it. And he was way over there.

And we were sitting -- I was sitting with a whole bunch of people and we were waiting for a lot of drugs to come in, and they came smashing in. And they smashed Dough around. The took him -- they dragged him off in the bedroom and they beat the shit out of Doug, asking where the drugs are.

They had us pinned down. There was a whole bunch of us that were waiting for drugs, it was more than 10 people that they had in the kitchen and the living room, and my son was underneath the thing. And they ripped my place apart. They took knives to the furniture, they kicked holes in the walls.

They actually took a kilo out of a sealed wall in behind the door is what we got busted. We got planted with fuckin' evidence. And -- I mean, if we had a

1	kilo in our wall, we wouldn't have been sitting there for
2	four hours waiting for the fuckin' dealer.
3	Well, Doug was Doug Doug was beaten
4	and manipulated and yelled and screamed at. And they
5	actually threatened in front of Doug, they picked up my
6	son, and they said that four police officers was going to
7	grab each arm and they were going to rip my son apart
8	unless he told them where the drugs were.
9	The treatment the treatment. Like when
10	you think somebody's doing drugs, I mean, it doesn't
11	entitle you to do that to them. I mean, to threaten to rip
12	apart a 1-year-old baby. Hold him up in front of me and
13	take that baby away from me, and already have me handcuffed
14	and I can't protect my baby? I mean, I understand you want
15	to bust me for possession of a narcotic, but how did that
16	become this horrible scene of where you're going to rip my
17	child apart?
18	The I mean, in trying to police, they
19	commit crimes themselves against me, against my friends,
20	against so many stories I've heard.
21	I've been I've been brutalized a lot of
22	times in my life. There was a black man, when I was using
23	oh. I'll go back to the black man.
24	But my son my son didn't have a chance.

He had two parents that didn't have the skills to deal with

life on life's terms that had normalized drinking and using
drugs to the point that we were putting our son at risk. I
mean, a week previous or maybe a month previous somebody
offered us like $$40,000$ or $$50,000$ to sell my son, and I
chased him out of my house with a 2 by 4 and a frickin'
crowbar.

I mean, I was trying to stay above water and have clean and sober babysitters looking after him while we got high and stuff like that, but when we got busted Doug took the rap and I stayed home. And I was trying to raise Doug's bail and I didn't have very much money.

So I took my son and I took him to John Markovich's house, and he was the legal godparent to my son. And I said, "I don't know how long I'm going to be. I've got to come up with Doug's bail money." And it was a lot of money. And I gave him over with diapers and all kinds of food and everything like that, and I went back to the house and I started selling drugs by myself.

I ended up in a prostitution ring, held against my will, for two-and-a-half weeks, maybe three-and-a-half weeks. I was tied down to a bed naked.

And they first beat you facedown, and it's called breaking a hoe. You break a hoe. You're surrounded by the other -- all the other women that they control, and they stand all around you, and each one has a part in

1	beating you while you're strapped down, arms and legs
2	spread-eagled facedown. They beat you on your back first,
3	then they flip you over and tie you down again and beat you
4	on your front.

And then they put you in a shower and put pretty clothes on you and put you on a corner. I put myself on a corner to support me and Doug's habits and Rick's habits, but I didn't put myself on a corner to be pimped out.

We had a budget. We had to come up with a thousand dollars a day or we got beat. I've been beat three times because I didn't have the money.

I tried to get a hold of Doug. I managed to break away and make a phone call, and I told him I was being held against my will. And Doug went ballistic. And apparently, I -- I hear that -- from the cops later on that he was going down on the Lakeshore Boulevard and he was kicking in doors to find me, with his brothers.

Well, I had a woman that was on me that always had a knife, and she always had a knife in her pocket and she was always close to me. And during these times of, you know, a hoe beating, there was girls that had stab marks and scars from her with a knife, and they had stories. She was apparently very handy with it.

Well, she was always on top of me. And you

1	you always have a buddy. Until you're actually broken
2	in, you just obey. And I wasn't at that point yet, so I
3	always had a buddy the whole time I was contained.
4	Well, I after I got a hold of Doug, I
5	thought he's going to come find me, he's going to come find
6	me, he's going to come find me. I'm going to be okay.
7	A police officer found me, asked me who I
8	was, and asked me if I was Jackie, but you know, also
9	Margaret Gisle. And I said yes. And I was standing with
10	this woman who had this knife up in my ribcage that was
11	standing behind me, and I'm looking at this police officer,
12	and he goes, "So do you want to be here?" She's got a
13	knife in my back and I'm looking at him, and tears are
14	strolling down my eyes. I said, "No, I'm okay."
15	I was crying. I mean And he got so mad at

I was crying. I mean... And he got so mad at me. He goes, "You know how much hours you've wasted with the police? We've been going all over trying to save you and your partner has been banging and kicking down doors," he goes, "and I'm going to go back there and tell him that you want to be here."

How I got out of that prostitution ring, because I didn't get out at that point, and I went through my third hoe beating because of that police officer. That wasn't -- that was actually my fourth one because of the police officer thing. I went through four times. The

fourth one wasn't so bad.

A blackness came over me. A disconnection to myself. I was so incredibly lost, so incredibly

4 damaged, and so incredibly fucked up.

I communicated to a police officer. Once ——
I saw him in the parking lot and I knew he was a cop and I
walked over to him, and I was, "Ah no. You're a police
officer," and I walked away. And I stood over there, and I
thought, "I've never been charged with a crime before. I
don't have a criminal record. If I communicate to him, I'm
just going to get a little pink slip, or a blue slip and
I'll be released in 24 hours and I'll be back with Doug and
my son."

So I ran back to the car, and I told him \$100 for a blow job, blah, blah, blah, you know, and I gave him the spiel. And he looks at me, and he goes, "Why are you doing that? You know I'm a cop." And I said, "Let's go." I was like putting a seatbelt on and sitting up front with him. And he goes, "You realize you're under arrest?" I said, "Yes." And he goes, "And you want to be arrested?" I said, "Yes." And he goes, "Why?" And I said, "I'm leaving a prostitution ring." And he goes, "What?" And I said, "Roll down the window, please." And he goes, "Why?" And he goes, "Are you bailing on me?" I said, "No," I said, "I'm telling you, 'fuck you, bye'."

1	And I got out of the window and I and I
2	held onto his hand, because he wanted to make sure I wasn't
3	jumping, and I gave them the fuckin' and slid back in
4	the car and I sat beside him. I was so happy because I got
5	out of this prostitution ring, and I figured he's just
6	going to write me up a slip and I'm just going to be out of
7	there and I'm going to be back home with Doug and with my
8	son.
9	Well, I ended up in the 111 Disco Road,

Well, I ended up in the 111 Disco Road,
Women's Detention Centre, because I was denied bail. Well,
that was a whole journey.

Doug and I didn't make it. Doug got clean before I did.

And I got bacterial endocarditis. I got an infection in my heart, got infection in my lungs, got infection in my blood. I'm a victim of Ing, the drug dealer that was poisoning drug addicts.

He hated IV drug addicts, so he laced his cocaine with trace amounts of heroin, so you get wired to it, and miniscule trace amounts of arsenic. And when you keep using these drugs you slowly build up this level of arsenic in your body until it ignites, and your body has to be at a high certain temperature. Well, when you stay awake for days on end doing solid cocaine, your body rises, your body rises, and as you're going on Day 5, 6, 7, 8, 9

1	not sleeping, I mean, the more cocaine I'm doing you got to
2	get to a certain level before the arsenic starts poisoning
3	vou.

So I got -- severe arsenic poisoning and an infection in my heart, infection in my lungs, and infection in my blood. I was in the hospital. I weighed -- I weighed in at the hospital at 57 pounds. I was in a bubble for four-and-a-half months, double glove, double gown.

Frank wasn't able to visit me for the first while that I was in there. Frank -- Doug, because of his family, had chosen to put our son into foster care.

I was in jail when Doug did that, and I flipped out, I absolutely went ballistic. I ripped the phone right off the wall. I did. A big huge payphone, I walked up to it and I just ripped it right off. I was so mad he would do that to our son, and that he wouldn't take him with his mom and -- you know, and you know, and then we'd figure it out; right? You know.

And I got kicked out of a treatment centre because of a police officer in Buffalo, New York. My first treatment centre was in Pedobin Lodge down on the bottom of King Street, and my counsellor was Bambi. And I was so angry, and so hurt and so messed up because I still hadn't cried about my life story.

And gotten into this treatment centre. And

21

22

23

24

25

1	they do two weeks where you're not allowed no, it's one
2	week where you're not allowed out, and then after a week
3	they assess you, and then you're allowed to go, say to an
4	AA meeting or across the street to buy a chocolate bar or
5	go for a swim or a run.
6	Well, after my first week, I went back to
7	Bambi, my counsellor, and she goes, "No" she goes, "No,
8	Jackie, you got to really bad attitude, and you need to
9	think about that, and you need to work on that, and next
10	Friday maybe you can get out."
11	Well, I was on house lockup. For
12	six-and-a-half weeks I couldn't get out of this house.
13	Every Friday she had another reason why that I couldn't get
14	out of this house. She said I was male attention seeking
15	to get my needs. And I said, "I can't get out of this
16	house. Of course, I'm going to do male attention seeking
17	and bum off of men, and you know, see what I can manipulate
18	and handle. You what I mean? I mean, I fly by the seat of
19	my pants. I'm good at that and I'm good at meeting my

Well, I left with the maintenance man, only to come back -- because I really wanted to be with Doug, and I came back. It wasn't very long that I was with the maintenance man.

needs. I mean, you know, like why is that bad thing;

right?" And then it was my clothes were too tight.

1	He actually scared me because we got into an
2	argument and he went out, he walked around the block, he
3	came back with roses and a stuffed animal and he apologized
4	for his part of what he did wrong. And I looked at him and
5	I he spoke a language I didn't know, I didn't
6	understand. He scared me so bad. It was like he was from
7	fuckin' Mars, this really nice supportive kind caring man.
8	And I ran back to Doug. Because Doug was
9	the man that I knew and the man that I loved, and the man
10	that I wanted to be with.
11	They sent me to this treatment centre in

They sent me to this treatment centre in Toronto after Pedobin Lodge because I still wanted my son. And I was in there, and I met this man, and he kept yelling and screaming at me, and we had these horrible sessions, and stuff like that. And this police officer from Toronto was a VB -- no, Ontario Provincial Police police officer, who had busted me on three separate occasions and was a part of investigating me. He was in there for treatment and he said, "Get rid of her. It's bitches like her that put me in here." And two days later I was gone because a police officer said get rid of her.

And I found out later by his name that he was the police officer that was a part of my investigation and bringing me down. And you know -- and he said that I had got him here, that it was women like me that had got

him here. It was atrocious.

I never meant to hurt my son. I truly for

the first part didn't know I was pregnant, and then when I

had to come back from Ontario when my son was 6 months old,

I was pregnant with me and Doug's second child. I was

about four-and-a-half months pregnant, and my twin sister's

partner pushed me down the stairs backwards, and I lost

that baby boy.

So I was coming back from -- I mean from -- because I had visited my mom and my dad, and I had my son with me, and I had gone -- I had gone back to Toronto. I had nothing.

When -- when Doug left me, when I was -- I'm not sure if I was still in hospital or treatment. No, I was in treatment, and I had to send my son home because our adoptive -- the foster family was trying to adopt my son underneath my nose and they were compiling a file against me to label me an unfit mom.

And I hadn't had the chance to achieve treatment and I still had all these legal charges for the possession for the purpose of trafficking, possession for the purpose of trafficking, possession for the purpose of trafficking, failing to appear, failing to comply. And -- so I couldn't leave. I couldn't leave Toronto.

So I had my dad come and pick up my son.

And the reason why I had my dad come was because at
16-years-old my adoptive mom my dad had been taking her
for all her problems and "little helpers", and stuff like
that. And my mom had finally got properly diagnosed at 16,
just just before we went to Europe, and she lacked a
specific chemical in her brain and she had too much water
on her brain that made her violent.

And I was with my mom in the hospital when they shaved the side of head and drilled holes in and they took water out of her brain, and when they gave her the right chemical. And my mom changed overnight. There wasn't a mean, violent bone in her body, and she had no recollection of what she had done. And she became a loving and supportive mom.

But I didn't trust her because of everything that we had gone through. So I just had put mentally in my head that because she'd changed that I'd forgiven her, but I really hadn't. I still had a lot of anger towards her.

So because I knew my mom had changed, and that she was no longer abusive, because you know, she changed when I was 16 and now I'm 22-years-old, almost 23. I'm twenty-two-and-a-half with a year-and-a-half old. And I know, because of the way she was with babies, and her favourites, young children.

My mom, Ingrid Gisle; my dad, Carl Gisle; my

brother, Patrick; my sister, Ellen; and myself became the

parents of Franklin. And the three of us -- I mean, there

had to be a majority. Well, the majority was them and not

me because I couldn't get a needle out of my arm.

I was poisoned by Ing and -- you know, in the hospital and everything like that, and I remember, it was sometime later after -- after the Buffalo, New York treatment centre when they shipped me back when Ing got charged for killing all these addicts down in the States, but he'd done up in Toronto as well. And I got -- you know, like the bacterial infection and everything like that and the arsenic poisoning.

And Frank was in care. And the doctors told me that they could not save my life. I had gotten up to 72 pounds and they said all they could do was prolong my life. So I left the hospital and tried to go die. I sat in a hotel room and I loaded needles.

And I was with a buddy of mine that -- you know, that used to smoke it and he used to give it to me on a spoon. And I was loading one rig at a time with a whole gram of cocaine, and I would stick it in my arm and I would push it and then I'd pull it out and I'd throw it in the corner. And five days, I had this pile of needles that had -- because I couldn't do it, I couldn't do it.

And I kept seeing my son, I kept seeing my

1	twin sister. And I have a belief that if you take your own
2	life that you won't see the ones that you love that passed
3	before you, and I want to see Jessie. I wanted to see my
4	babies.

I finally went back to Vancouver. Doug stayed, and he went to a treatment centre. I can't remember what it's called. He's got something like 30 years clean now. He's married to Judy. I don't think they have any children.

I'm just doing a pause right now. Hang on.

I went back to Vancouver, and my parents had my son. And I stayed clean and I -- actually, I went to -- first to Powell River and I tried to get my son back. I went to all the Ministry appointments, and you know, I went to all the -- what do you call it when somebody has to sit with you when you have a visitation -- supervised visits. And I went through all that.

I got a job as a waitress, and we were living with my parents out in -- no. Frank was living out in Kelly Creek and I had a place somewhere else in Powell River, and I had rented an apartment for us. and I was -- I was signed up for taking courses, and things like that.

And my family saw that I wasn't ready. So they refused to give me my son. So I ended up running back to Hastings Street.

1	I didn't know how to live without my boy. I	
2	didn't know how to live without Doug. So I went back to	
3	where I knew them, and I waited for him to come.	
4	I didn't know that he had gone on with his	
5	life. I didn't know that he had gone in a dark hole and	
6	was barely able to take care of himself for a long time. I	
7	didn't know that. I just thought that he knew that I was	
8	there for him.	
9	Well my connections with Dominic from	
10	previously turned into where when I got back to the streets	
11	that I held up drug houses, organized crime houses that	
12	sell cocaine 24 hours a day. And a drug house will fail,	
13	and they need to send somebody in there to make it right,	
14	and sometimes they would send me.	
15	And I wasn't always with the same gangs.	
16	There was many of them over many years of my years on the	
17	streets. And four months in this drug house, seven months	
18	in this drug house.	
19	On good days, I was holding up drug houses.	
20	On bad days, I was a prostitute. But because I'm deformed	
21	in the female area and that, I tried really hard not to	
22	have sex, and because of my memories of my dad seared	
23	into my head.	
24	My memories come that I don't just dream	
25	them, I wake up and my belly is burning, I can't move my	

1	legs, and I can't breathe because I'm suffocating. And I	
2	can smell the wine, and the I can smell the cigarettes.	
3	And that's how I dream. It's so visual, it's so real.	
4	And and that is why I did drugs. It was	
5	because I couldn't deal with my demons. And the only thing	
6	that would keep me from having to scrape myself back	
7	together again was to just stay high.	
8	It wasn't because I didn't love my son that	
9	I wasn't there. It was that I couldn't couldn't stay	
10	clean and learn how to take care of myself.	
11	So I ended up in detox 22 times in the next	
12	between 1987 and 1998, 22 recovery houses. I've been	
13	sexually abused and taken advantage of, a director of a	
14	recovery house that took me in on three different times.	
15	But because he held me up like I'm so smart and I'm so	
16	beautiful, and I need you as a part of my team, because he	
17	knew how much I wanted to run a recovery house. He knew	
18	how much I wanted to be clean and how much I wanted to help	
19	people on the streets.	
20	I had many friends on the streets. I had	
21	hundreds of more friends than are actually on the missing	
22	women's list. I have 222 women that I tried to add to the	
23	list, and the powers that be of Vancouver capped the list	
24	at 69. And they refused to add more women to the list.	

But when I got clean in 1998 for the last

time, I was working with women on the streets because I

have survivor's guilt. I have severe PTSD. I have lots of

trauma issues and trauma triggers. It's taken me years of

counselling and years of therapy, and a desire for a better

life.

Recovery didn't come for me until 1998

because of the Vancouver missing women. I remember

standing in Carnegie when it was 11 women missing. I

remember being in an Oppenheimer Park when we were doing

the stakes in '94 when it was 13 women missing. I mean,

you know, I mean -- and these were women that I knew. It's

not in the order that they went missing, but these were

what I noticed and -- and so I have these numbers in my

head. And I literally got scared straight.

We had a camaraderie on the streets. We used to look out for each other. I mean, back in the day, there used to be -- you used to pay for short time rooms. There is that asshole down on frickin' -- on Hastings just off of Dunlevy there that owns the -- those rooms just in behind Oppenheimer Park that way. They were rundown rooms and he used to always rent short time. Holes in the ceilings, no running water, rats. Horrible, horrible place. And for 10 years -- oh, it was disgusting. And for \$10 a girl, he would rent out the rooms to -- for tricks.

Well, just before Expo, no, it was after

Expo, it was after Expo, he tore this building down and gutted it and rebuilt it and then he wouldn't let the girls anywhere near his building. He'd beat them and throw -- you know, call the cops on them and stuff like that. But he built that whole thing off the backs of the girls at the \$10 to keep them safe.

But you know, the streets changed, and we had no power over how the streets changed. I mean, from 19 -- I would say in all fairness 1987 until 1994, possibly until 1997, on a regular bus -- regular basis, a bus would show up in the Downtown East Side every Friday, and sometimes it was one bus, sometimes it was two busses, sometimes it was three busses, and they would bring in by the busloads all these people from mental institutions from all over the province. And they flooded the Downtown East Side. And they created an addict that was never there before.

These people never even had the choice of where they wanted to live. They had the keys for their hotel rooms and their little bags in hand. And some of them had never been out of an institution for over 20 years, and they got catapulted to the Downtown East Side.

They created a ministry office to dispense daily money right beside the other ministry office to deal

with the crazies. And they gave them \$12 a day food
allowance. Well, the streets, seeing that there's a lineup
of people getting \$12 a day of food allowance, was bringing
them the T's and the R's and the pills or whatever it is
they wanted and got these people wired.

I mean, at the same time, the powers that be in Vancouver opened up who gets to come into Canada. And the Mexicans came first, then the Guatemalans, then the El Salvadorians, but they came by the hundreds and the thousands, literally overnight. And they started selling drugs on our street for next to nothing, and they made it available 24 hours.

When it wasn't available 24 hours, we used to be able to take care of ourselves, or you know, you know, like land on our feet. But the fact that those drugs are available 24/7 all the time, and you know -- in that radius, is killing our people. But it's done because somehow it makes money.

I mean, I remember that, you know, this one time in this hotel room, this New Zealand Hotel, me and Darcy were having a hard time, and Darcy had a welfare cheque so me and him could stay in his hotel. So I sold my rent cheque to the New Zealand rooms, my \$350 rent cheque. I filled out an intent to rent, and I handed it over, and I gave it to him, and every month that -- they would give me

1	allowed to stay in the room.
---	------------------------------

There is actually hotels down there that

says they got seven, eight, nine floors, but they actually

only have four floors, and that seven, eight and nine are

the imaginary people that rent there that pick up a cheque

there, but they're not there. There's all kinds of

buildings like that down there.

8 UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Scam the government.

MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yeah.

And the organized crime. Like once it became an open drug trade, then it -- then organized crime turned around and had their response back as well. And -- and that's how there became more drug houses.

When they took -- when they had that rioting down on Broadway, you know, before I went to Ontario, before Expo '86, and it was shame the John's, and you know, and throwing eggs at us and stuff like that, we didn't understand why you guys were so mad at us. Because we didn't leave needles behind or -- you know, I mean, you know, it was like, you know, 8:00 in the morning and there was no trace of us had ever been there on Granville or Davie.

Because we had other things to do. We had - you know -- and with it being available 24/7, we lost the
ability to say no. We lost our choices. Taking our safety

25

1	away made our grind harder. It forced us out into alleys,
2	it forced us out into cars, it plummeted us out on the
3	streets. I never banged on the streets until after Expo.
4	I I've been brutalized many times on the
5	streets. A black man I was trying to find a place to
6	fix. And a black man in Vancouver, over in down past
7	Chinatown in one of the rooming houses, I went up the
8	doors were always open in this rooming house, so I went up
9	in there and into the bathroom, and I locked the door. And
10	I did a fix, and I was sitting there, and I wasn't
11	bothering anybody.
12	Then I put my stuff away, and I was trying
13	to decide whether I, you know, wanted to stay here or
14	whether I wanted to go somewhere else. And there was a
15	knock on the door. I thought, okay, someone needs the
16	bathroom.
17	So I put my stuff away and I got up and I
18	opened up the door and there was a black man there. Really
19	big black man, really dirty, stinky black man. Dreadlocks.
20	Much older than me.
21	And he waited he said, "You know, it's
22	not safe for you to get high here." He goes, "Why don't
23	you come over to my room?" He goes, "Just sit over there,"

he goes, "you'll be all right." He goes, "You'll be safer

there." He goes, "If somebody else catches you in there,

like they're going to beat you."

So I -- "okay." He raped me five times. He

beat me so bad. He dislocated my hip, fractured my

collarbone. He was going to throw me out this window. He

said that -- and I was yelling and screaming, and he was

laughing at me and he was, "Nobody cares about you in

here." He goes, "We'll just take turns."

And I didn't know who the "we" was in here because -- I mean, I didn't know if that door was going to open after he was finished and a whole bunch of others were going to come.

But I didn't have the strength to fight. I had the strength to get out, but I never had the strength to say what happened to me. I mean, I even took one of his condoms, because he wore condoms, and I tied it up and I hid it. And -- and I took one of my needles and I sprayed my blood underneath his chair so that I could prove that it was me that was there, and I took my hand and I put it in the blood and I marked up things, because I was fuckin' scared. While he was assaulting me, I was doing this stuff.

And when -- how I got out of there is I was fighting for my life, and he said that he was going to throw me out the window. And the window was those laurel trees, it was a really high laurel hedged, but it had been

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

1	like trimmed right off so it was just stakes of wood. And
2	he was going to throw me in this laurel hedge that had just
3	been like capped off. And I knew I was going to get
4	skewered and die.

And my brain was scrambling to try and survive, and I looked at him and I said, "You can't hurt me." I said, "I'm a child of God." I said, I said, I said, "You can't hurt me." I says, "You can beat me, you can break my bones," I said, "but you can't -- you can't touch me." And he goes, "What do you mean you're a child of God?" He goes, "What the hell's going on?" And I stood there, and I put my hands up and I said, "Go ahead." I stopped fighting, and I said, "Go ahead." I said, "You can't hurt me."

And I really freaked him out. And he said, "Go. Get out of here." He said, "Get your stuff and get the fuck out of here." And I grabbed my dress and I grabbed my stuff, and I even grabbed the condom, and I looked at where the blood was and where I marked everything up and I thought, you fucker, you're going to get it, right.

I limped down the street because my hip was fucked up. I actually had to sit down on a curb, grab and straighten my leq, and push around to get it into a point where I could actually walk. I ended up in hospital after 1 that assault.

But I got to this corner and I was holding

this condom, and I thought of what it would be like to

report to VPD what happened. I went, I'm crazy to think

that they're going to ever do anything for me. And I threw

it away.

Darcy used to beat the shit out of me. He was my partner on the streets after I left Toronto. And we weren't -- we weren't sexual partners, we were partners because I was waiting for Doug.

Well, I'd never had a boyfriend beat me before. I've had bad things happen, but not my boyfriend. So -- and I'd never seen that happen with other people. Maybe the girls on the street, you know, but -- like not to me personally.

The first time he beat me, I thought it was because he was high and -- or he was -- actually, I thought it was because he was dope sick. And I made all kinds of excuses of why he beat me. And I didn't know that was because I had low self-esteem or -- you know, I didn't know. It was just the way I existed.

Darcy and I went around the block a few times, and it ended when we got clean for a while and we went to Athabasca. And him and I were like seven months clean, or something like that, and we went to Athabasca.

And I was dropping a pipeline -- operated a chainsaw, and we were putting in a gas -- a natural gas line in. And we just finished 12 hours worth of work and we had just come in from the job, and we were coming into the hotel and I looked at Darcy, and we were seven months stone cold sober. I was getting pipes on me because I was operating a little chainsaw clearing this, you know, right-of-way, and we were making good money, and stuff like that.

And he turned around when I told him I was going to go down to the bar and say hi to the crew and then I was going to come and get dressed for dinner with -- with him. He goes, "You're just going to fuck them all." He hauled off and -- he gave me a huge black lip, like fat lip, and it cut the -- the -- my teeth cut into my -- my gum and I got this huge fat lip.

Well, I had always made excuses for him hurting me because of drugs or because he was -- didn't get drugs or because I got high and he didn't get high, or because he missed it. And you know -- and it was none of those things. Stone cold sober, he -- you know, he laid his hands on me.

Well, I'd already bought a truck at that point, and I had a 1972 Ford pickup truck and -- three-quarter ton, and I dragged him out of that fuckin' hotel and I beat the shit out of him all the way down the hall,

1	all the way down the parking lot. And I left him a black
2	and blue puddle of mess for fuckin' laying a hand on me and
3	I told him don't come looking for me again because next
4	time it would be a baseball bat. And I jumped into the
5	truck and I went back to Calgary to where my twin sister
6	lived.

I visited my son when I could for
Christmases and birthdays and Easter and Thanksgiving. I
missed a lot. My son always knew I was a prostitute and a
junkie in the Downtown East Side. He used to ask why you
can't bring my mommy back, and -- because I would come
back. I would, you know, get clean on the bus ride home,
be clean at home, attend whatever it is that we were doing
and then go back to Hastings.

And my dad -- my dad couldn't -- they couldn't keep me because I was so severely addicted, and they didn't know how to help me. So they started getting angry at me, and it was like I was the junkie, I was the hoe, I was the drug dealer, I was the stripper, and they found all kind of reasons to talk bad about me.

But my dad, Carl Gisle, wouldn't tolerate

it. He said, "When she's home, you talk nicely to her."

He says, "Don't push her away." And he always said as long
as I was clean when I was home I was always welcome home.

And my mom had changed. And I think part of

1	my coming back sporadically had to do with the fact that I
2	didn't trust that you know, I didn't trust that she had
3	changed enough for me to go back.

In 1989, I was severely, severely brutalized, sodomized and raped on Seymour Mountain by two serial killers. I didn't know -- all I knew that this man was -- was -- used to be my regular trick and pick-me-up on Fridays.

And they worked on getting at me, because he picked me up every Friday and he paid my \$100 for a blow job and he paid for the hotel room and he let me have the hotel afterwards, and he did that for six weeks. And then he came, not on the Friday, but on a Saturday, and I'd been on a run for a few days, and I was really sick.

And I was standing over in behind

Oppenheimer Park and Darcy was watching me. And -- because things were happening to women and stuff like that, he was writing down license plates and stuff like that, and we were trying to find ways to keep each other safe.

We had all these rules. Not to go on that side of the track, and -- you know -- I mean, you know, to try to keep each other safe. And Darcy had written down the license plate and I was given \$100 and I tied it up in my hair and I jumped in the vehicle. And I was roofied again.

1	We were trying to find a spot to park, and
2	they asked me if I wanted to smoke a joint, and I said no
3	thanks. And they kept asking me to drink a beer. So this
4	one beer was open, and they kept giving that one to me.
5	And I literally took two tiny sips and we
6	were just under the bridge at Clarke and Hastings talking
7	about where we're going to go back to, to go do this oral
8	sex and I came to going up the bottom of Seymour
9	Mountain.
10	They ripped me apart. My mouth was split.
11	I got scars on the inside of my mouth from biting down so
12	hard that I bit through both my lips.
13	And I was begging for my life. I talked
14	about my son, I talked about my twin sister, I I begged.
15	I pleaded. I told them I'm a student, you know, like I
16	won't do this again, like you know, I'll get out of here.
17	I won't you know, like just let's just like say this
18	was a bad day.
19	And and I weighed 62 pounds. I had track
20	marks all over my neck and all over my arms. I had really
21	lived up to the name of Crazy Jackie, staying awake 22,
22	26 days solid. I was a death wish runner. I begged to
23	die. And when I was faced with death, I didn't want to
24	die.
25	I saw my baby brother when I was fighting.

1	Ι	saw	mу	sister.	Ι	dove	out	of	a	little	window	that	was
2	01	oen +	this	much.									

I had both of them inside me, one in the

front, one in the back. I was brutally sodomized and raped

for -- from like 2:00 in the afternoon until the next day

at 6:00 in the morning.

It got so hot and we'd gone through so many condoms, and neither of these guys could get off. And I was trying to be nice and trying to coax them and talking about my kids.

But I was sitting on top of my casket that they were going to bury me in. There was a shovel in the back of the truck, and when I managed to dive out the window, somewhere they had parked, and that license plate that was on the back of the truck was gone.

I was on a plywood box that was nailed, that was about this long, and this wide, and this high that had yellow handles, which they were going to bury me on Seymour Mountain. But what scared the shit out of me is the conversation between the two of them when they were talking about other people that they had done this to.

I dove out the window, and he dove after me, and we were fighting like crazy and he wanted the \$100 back. And I was underneath his truck and I had a flash in my head, and it was like you're going to die over \$100.

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

1	So I dove underneath the truck, went up the
2	other side, ran around the truck and he was he was he
3	went the other way, so we were both running towards each
4	other. And I ripped this \$100 out of my ponytail in my
5	hair and I threw it.

And they had already thrown my dress, my shoes out the window. So he went running after the money and I bent over, and I picked up my skirt and my shoes and I ran straight to the road, because we were off the road and there was trees, but you could -- you could see the vehicles.

I was bleeding from all over. My lip was split. My eye was split again. My ear was streaming -was -- my belling hurt, my asshole hurt. I was -- I was a bloody mess.

I limped down Seymour Mountain, and the people that hurt me the worst were the people that wouldn't pick me up, wouldn't help me. I seen school kids with little uniforms in their little cars driving by with parents going like this, don't look, you know. And I'm screaming, "please, please help me, help me please."

A doctor from St. Paul's Hospital picked me up. He didn't tell me what his name was, he just told me he didn't want to help me because he was going to work and that he's a doctor and that I'm going to make him late.

I begged him to take me to the police. I

begged to take me to the hospital. I wanted out so bad, I

wanted help so bad.

He really didn't want to get involved, and I jumped into his car. And we actually chased a vehicle because we thought it was the truck because -- you know, because I wanted -- they must have gone in somewhere and put the license back on, or whatever, and -- you know, gone somewhere. But we had tried to catch -- we had tried to catch the truck, but I think he deliberately turned the wrong way because he really didn't want to get involved, so the truck got away from us.

And we were going down Hastings Street, and this doctor -- I'm like, "Please take me to the hospital, please, or take me to the cop shop." I said, "Just take me over there to the cop shop." And we were turning the corner on Hastings and Main at Carnegie and he leaned over, and he opened up the door and he kicked me out onto Hastings Street and pulled up and closed his door and took off on me. And I was getting kicked out of this car and I'm trying to run, but I end up wiping out and screwing up my knees on the curb, right on the corner of Main and Hastings.

And right there is Darcy, and he just fuckin' beat the shit out of me. He dragged me down the

1	street.	Took	me to) C	lay's	and	made	me	wash	up	and	fuckin'
2	dressed	me and	d put	me	back	on	the c	orne	er.			

I was on and off the streets many times.

Four months sober, in a recovery house, back on the streets for three months. Ten months sober, in and out of the recovery house, you know, back on the streets for seven months.

 $$\operatorname{My}$$ longest run holding up one single drug house on Franklin Avenue was 22 months. And I was with Black Winston.

And that's when I knew the fuckin' police were fucked. I knew they were before, because in 1983 and '84, Mutt and Jeff used to be -- they used to rob the drug dealers and beat them up, take them for a drive. And they were VPD, the famous Mutt and Jeff crew, and they'd literally rob you and beat the shit out of you and leave you in Surrey or leave you somewhere and let you limp back -- your way back, you know, to town.

And so I, as a stripper, used to run off stage out the back alley and go, "I'm a witness to whatever happens here," to try and help my friend to keep from getting beat up and robbed and left somewhere. Is that we would run out, and the only way that we could keep from, you know, them hurting is just by running out and saying, "I'm a witness to whatever happens here." And -- and

because, you know, I was a part of the bar and a stripper,
they -- they wouldn't rough me up. Sometimes they did if
somebody else tried that, you know, like -- but they were
notorious.

So I mean, I knew the police were corrupt, but I didn't know it 1000 percent until Winston, when he was stirring his cocaine talking to a police officer. And Winston told me that he played the police, and I didn't believe him until I seen him. I mean, they should have fuckin' jacked him up and charged him and thrown the keys away.

But Winston was my partner too that I did not sleep with. I used to go on these long runs, and I would crash after 22, 26 days, and I would crash for 34, 72 hours, and you couldn't wake me up. I have scars all over my body where Winston would put his cigarettes out on me. I've got them all over my arms, all over the place, these burn marks from Winston. I've got them on my chest, I've got them on my waist, I've got them on my ass, I've got them on my thighs. I've got them all over my legs.

And he used to bug the girls, and -- that we had in our drug house, and he would emphasize how he could do anything to me when I was out and that he could hurt me. And he would show them, and he would prove it.

And for the longest time the girls didn't

1	tell me he was putting cigarette butts out on me. Months
2	and months we did 22 months together, and I ended up one
3	big fuckin' sore after 22 months. That's where a lot of my
4	scars come from.
5	But the cops gave us permission to kill a
6	man. There was a guy named Jay that was hurting
7	prostitutes, and he was roughing up people in the streets
8	and jacking them up and robbing them. He was creating all
9	kinds of havoc for the police, doing B&Es.
10	He wasn't sticking to the rules because on
11	the Hastings, we had a code of ethics. You do crime, you
12	don't do it downtown, you do it somewhere else. You rip a
13	date off, you don't do it on Hastings, you rip them off
14	somewhere else and then come back to Hastings. And we had
15	these rules of how to keep it safe for the rest of us that
16	were down there that lived that lifestyle.
17	And
18	UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: (Inaudible).
19	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yeah.
20	And I'm sorry, I forgot what my point was
21	there for a second. Oh, yeah. The point was about
22	about they gave Winston permission to shoot Jay. That
23	there was an open open that they would not
24	investigate if he appeared dead, is the way they worded it.
25	And that was I mean, I ended up in a huge

scrap and a fight for my life because somebody on the other end of the building was trying to rob a dealer, and I got stuck in the building. I ended up ripping this poor girl's throat out trying to get out. She's sober to this day.

There was these 16 locks in this board that went from the ceiling to -- down to the door that blocked off, and there was all these locks and these beams that locked Cliff's door on Franklin. And Jay had overdosed, and his girlfriend was in there.

And his girlfriend worked for me, and -- she was one of my girls. And I thought that me providing drugs and a hotel room and making sure they ate, and -- you know, and they had a place to have safe tricks that I was nice to them. I didn't know I was hurting them, until somewhere around 19 months of holding up this drug house and I sat down getting high with my girls.

They were -- unfortunately, I found out later, they were 17 to 32 years old that lived in my house for 22 years, I mean, 22 months. And they got ravaged by drugs because of the availability that I made it that they had to get anytime they wanted.

And when I almost got killed by Jay, to get out I attacked his girlfriend and I punched these three fingers into the side of her throat, and my thumb into this side of her throat, and I shoved my hands in and I grabbed

1	a hold of her. But I did it from behind. I had my leg
2	wrapped around her and my arm wrapped around her, and I did
3	it from behind, and I had a hold of her with with her
4	neck. And I made Jay let me out.
5	And that girl had to have an operation to
6	repair her throat, and she sobered up, and she's still
7	clean today. That girl, she told me she was much older
8	than she was, and she was only 17 years old.
9	Dave Dickson is the police officer that
10	picked me up after that and got me into Cordova Detox. I
11	mean, he's picked me up so many times. That's called
12	sensitivity, compassion.
13	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: Maggy,
14	would you would you mind if I took a five-minute break?
15	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Of course.
16	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: We'll
17	take a five-minute break please.
18	Upon recessing at 4:02 p.m.
19	Upon resuming at 4:15 p.m.
20	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: It's
21	4:15, and we're ready to continue.
22	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Hello?
23	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: Okay,
24	good. We're good to go.
25	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Okay.

MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Can you read
back where where we did stop last? (Inaudible).
CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: You were
talking about Winston and Jay and escaping from Jay.
MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Oh, yeah.
CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: And you
got into Cordova Detox.
MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Detox.
CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: M'hm.
MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yeah, and that
girl got clean and that's when I had time to process and
get clean and think about what I did to those women. And
when I thought that I was helping them, and when I was
actually hurting them and saw how ravaged they were with
the picking of the bodies, and you know, and you know,
and how they were living and stuff like that.
And I was mortified with myself. Because I
had always been the junkie on the corner that would save my
fix. I was always that one that would go do a fix with you
or go and get you, or you know. I mean, I mean, I was -
- I mean but you know, I really had to re-evaluate what
I was doing to these women. And I cried, and I cried, and
I cried, because I had never, ever wanted to be a part of
oppressing and hurting women.

That was a real turning point for me in --

because I always believed that I was garbage and there was

-- you know, there was no better life for me, and stuff
like that. But my adoptive dad said you can do anything
you set your mind and you just keep doing it and don't ever
give up. And so I would just keeping going to a treatment
centre, and keep going to a recovery house, and I kept
trying.

Yet, on the streets, everything was changing. My friends were going missing and disappearing, and -- I mean, we were trying to cope on the streets. I would ask Dave Dickson looking for so and so and so and so.

And then I found that -- I'd been friends with Dawn Crey for a really long time, and I'd always passed her off as crazy. And -- but she had this ability of remembering, and she would look in this room and she would rattle off what you were wearing, what date it was and where you were on the streets the last time she'd seen you.

So you see the whole streets of Hastings running by her, and she'd be jibbering [sic] away and everybody thought she was just talking crazy, but she was jibbering [sic] real fast, but when she saw you, jibbering [sic] real fast when she saw you, when she saw you, and every single person that passed her, and then for the ones that she didn't know that were regular people, she'd do,

don't know, don't know, and she'd do this flick thing. And there was, you know, all these other people that she didn't know that she would refuse to acknowledge, but she acknowledged all the street people.

So once I realized how brilliant her brain was, I started going to Dawn Crey looking for my friends. I would sit down with a crack pipe, because that's how Dawn did her -- her coke, and I'd give her a rock and we'd sit down together in an alley. And I would ask her, you know, have you seen Rebecca, have you seen Jenny? You know, when was the last time? And she would tell me the exact dates, and stuff like. And she helped me find people or she'd help me be okay with -- okay, they're okay, she saw them yesterday, right.

And -- yeah, that was... She got burned.

Strangers drove by her on the corner of Main and Hastings
and threw battery acid on her on the side of her face. She
wasn't a prostitute. She was my friend.

There was so many of them that were my friends. They hung onto me at my worst. I was Crazy Jackie. I was the freaker and the tweaker that was doing it up and down alleys and -- you know, and in a mess and staying awake for so long. And they would drag me back to a room and go, "You gotta eat. Don't pick." You know, "Wash your face. Don't pick at your face."

1	And they I picked up things, you know,
2	that that I remember today. I remember Christmas and
3	the snowball fight, you know, at at the hoe down when we
4	had the fight with VPD and the whole building bailed out
5	and we're having a snowball fight with VPD and the women
6	that lived there.
7	And I was walking around, and slowly, piece
8	by piece, woman by woman, entire buildings of women were
9	going missing. Main Street, Cordova, Roosevelt, Balmoral.
10	I mean and like and just one by one here and there,
11	over there and over there, and then it got bigger, and it
12	got bigger and it got bigger.
13	And my experience on Seymour Mountain
14	cemented into my head that I didn't want to die, that I
15	actually I didn't want to go through all of this and not

actually -- I didn't want to go through all of this and not come to the part where I live a good life. Like I wanted to get to the part where I fall in love, I have a baby, I -- you know, I have a good life, I get a job, I -- you know. I become, you know, a productive member of society.

I always craved that. I always desired it. For no known reason, or for anything of any good life experience, it was all out of the fact that I'd never had it.

My parents raised my son, and my brother and my sister, Ellen. My sister, Ellen, raised my son as well,

1	and she was a nurse. My dad worked at the mill and my mom
2	stayed at home. But my mom's phobia of people was so bad
3	that she never left the property and she never left the
4	house.

They were good to my son, and they allowed me to have continuous contact with him. And they weren't allowed to speak bad about me when I was home.

I got scared straight. A friend of mine told me that his dad -- no. I got word from -- from the hotel down, I can't remember what the name of it is, that there was a message for me that my friend's dad had died, and my friend was in recovery living in Mission. And I was worried about him. So I went all the way down to this hotel, and I -- I got a hold of my friend and I asked him to come pick me up and I would go spend a couple of days with him.

And that was March 13th, 1998, Friday the 13th. I detoxed. It took me 21 days to detox 100 percent. After 21 days, I couldn't go back. I was on the streets -- my last month and a half on the streets I couldn't stand on a corner anymore. I couldn't stick a needle in my arm anymore. I couldn't turn a trick anymore.

And my last -- from 1994 when that went on with what happened in Franklin rooms, I stopped prostituting women and I stopped holding up drug houses,

1	and I lived in the hoe down. And every time I relapsed I
2	went back to the hoe down. And but I wouldn't go back
3	into prostituting or having other women work for me or sell
4	drugs anymore.
5	And my last day on the street, I seen Sarah
6	deVries on April the 13 th , I mean, February the 13 th . Before
7	that, in April, sometime in the end of April was the last
8	time I had seen Cara Ellis, my best friend. And I had
9	gotten clean for ten months and I relapsed because I found
10	Cara downtown.
11	And Cara and I, we used to hate each other,
12	originally and first on the streets, until we went to a
13	recovery house in Surrey together. She was a feisty little
14	tough
15	MS. EVELYN YOUNGCHIEF: Can I interrupt you
16	for a second?
17	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Oh. So Kara
18	Stone is the only one left?
19	MS. EVELYN YOUNGCHIEF: (Inaudible).
20	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Oh.
21	MS. EVELYN YOUNGCHIEF: (Inaudible).
22	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Oh. Thank you.
23	MS. EVELYN YOUNGCHIEF: I didn't mean to
24	interrupt. I just wanted to share that with her right now.
25	So I guess you didn't know. Sorry.

1	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yeah. No, I
2	didn't.
3	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: It'd be
4	great, if you spoke, if we knew who you were though.
5	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Oh, I'm sorry.
6	Here.
7	MS. EVELYN YOUNGCHIEF: Hi, my name is
8	Evelyn Youngchief, a very long-time friend of Margaret
9	here, Maggy, as we call her.
10	For me, Maggy I think of all the West
11	Coast sisters, she's the longest survivor that I know,
12	because so many of them are gone. So she's she's still
13	here with us. I don't think there's anyone out there that
14	I know that can share and that survived the worst of the
15	worst, because everybody we know is gone; right?
16	So I mean, there is others, there is
17	others that are still here, but Maggy has gone through the
18	worst, and for all these years she spoke up for them.
19	Because me, I haven't spoken at the February 14 march
20	like Maggy does.
21	So yeah. I'm really honoured to be sitting
22	here beside her. I came in and I was listening to her and
23	I started crying and I left and got myself together in the
24	bathroom and I came back to listen to her again.
25	And during the break, she grabbed me, and I

1	said I'll come sit with you. But I didn't think I was
2	going to be sitting up. But it's I feel so yeah.
3	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Yeah, okay.
4	It's okay.
5	Oh, yeah. We're going to go back to a
6	couple of things that happened. We're going to go back to
7	I got busted in '94, and it was the second time I was
8	busted.
9	That mugshot of me was the first time I was
10	busted a week ago that's up there that I'm holding. Yeah,
11	that was in 1994. And a week after that, I got busted.
12	And I was coming out of the Brazil rooms.
13	And the Brazil rooms, the stairs are literally like this.
14	And I come running down, and I put my four spitballs in my
15	mouth in the back, because I've got these spots where I
16	don't have molars where they can sit close to my tongue.
17	And I came running down the stairs and I had an umbrella in
18	my hand. And I had a little pink dress that had sleeves
19	like this, but it was really tight, and the back went like
20	this, so you could see my whole back, and you could see my
21	cleavage and that, and I had my 5-inch stiletto high heels,
22	and I'm down the stairs.
23	And I opened up the door and this police
24	officer fuckin' clocked me right across my throat as I came

out that door, but he clocked me above where the dope was.

1	So	he	actually	ended	up	helping	me	swallow	it	•
---	----	----	----------	-------	----	---------	----	---------	----	---

Well, I come out, and after he

3 (indiscernible) me and I'm coughing and I'm sputtering and

I'm -- like I -- you know, and I'm trying to stay up off

5 the ground, and I'm in the process of trying to swallow it,

and he handcuffs me. And he says, "Where is it?" And I

said, "I don't have any dope." You know, I was like, "I

don't fuckin' have any dope."

And he was pissed off because he knew for sure I did. So he walked me from the Brandy's down around the corner to the main police station to the holding cells, and he took me up in the elevator.

And I'm 62 pounds soaking wet. Five-foot-three-and-a-half, 62 pounds, wearing this little dress, and I'm handcuffed with my hands behind my back. And he smashed me from one side of the elevator to the other side, back and forth, beating me up in this elevator while we're going up.

We got out on the men's floor. I looked around, and right in front of me was that men's drunk tank holding cell right there, and there was like seven or eight guys inside there. Well, they see me coming with my little dress and my high heel shoes and they're banging off the bars, and woo woo, you know, it was like party. You know, they think that I'm they're fuckin' lunch or something like

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

that, some delivery of some prostitute to the cells. 1

And I'm handcuffed standing right in the 2 middle of this, you know, this floor, and there is this 3 4 railing here and there's six police officers there, and the guy goes around, and he leaves me there. And he goes -- he 5 6 goes, "Well," he was like, "who's going to strip search 7 him?" And they're like -- the guys in the cell are saying, "She's female," but the cops are having an argument in 8 front of me.

> And more cops come out. And now they're placing bets on whether or not I'm female or not. And I'm standing there, and I'm like, "What do you mean you don't think I'm female?" He goes, "Oh, you're a trannie, you're a transvestite."

Well, of course, I had no boobs. I was 62 pounds. At 140 pounds, I got no boobs, so I was like what the hell, you know. It's like I'm a trannie because I'm a flatsy?

So I was trying to process this stuff. then I started getting humiliated, catcalled and jeered, and they wanted me to pull out my dick, and -- you know, and they wanted to -- they were still trying to figure out who was going to strip search me, and I was adamant that I was female to the point that I was running away from them when they were trying to drag me into a cell to strip

1	search me, and I'm kicking these cops in the ankles because
2	I've got no protection, my hands are cuffed behind my back.
3	And I'm running around and kicking at their ankles.

And -- and they were jeering me, and they were saying that I was a transvestite. And because I was so insistent, and I was wiry and slippery as fuck, they finally called down to get a female matron to come up to check me out.

And she didn't even close the door of the prison cell that -- where you check people out. And she left the door wide open. So the prison cell is here, the elevator to come in is here, the prison cell that she strip searches me in is here, the tank where all those guys are is right here, and where all the cops are is right in front of me. So at least all these cops are watching her strip search me and taking my clothes off and stuff like that.

And I have long labia's and I have these things that come out from the inside of my privates, and she was like, "Is that a penis?" And I said, "Part them." It was like -- and that's when she freaked, and she went, "You don't have a trannie here, you have a 100 percent female."

And she took me and covered me with a blanket. I got dressed, she covered me with a blanket.

All the cops ran in all different kinds of directions, and

I was pushed into the elevator and let go of.

How can you trust people on one hand and then have them do that to you on another hand? What gives them the right? I mean, the powers that be in Vancouver don't only exist in Vancouver, they exist in every major city across Canada, and they also exist in the States.

I don't know how that system works, but I know it exists. There's a fuckin' system between the police, between the healthcare system, and between the streets and the whole drug trade. And somehow, they keep everybody happy. They're making money off of us.

Because we never wanted to be there. We wanted to go back to the lives that we had. And that -- and you know, that was...

You know, my -- I got clean so I got scared straight. Valentine's Day is the first day of -- of -- you know, my new year out of the Downtown East Side. And I've had a relapse, but this is 20 -- this Valentine's Day was my 20th Valentine's out of the Downtown East Side.

I'm an advocate and a woman's speaker. I'm in -- somewhere in between 27 and 52 documentaries because of the filming of Pickton and stuff like that, and all that. So from Spiegel TV in Germany, Norway, Japan, I mean, it's -- I'm in lots of documentaries.

I public speak, and I advocate for women and

1	youth, because I was a youth and I was a woman that needed
2	help that was failed so many times, because I have
3	posttraumatic and survivor's guilt, that I loved the women
4	that hung on to me. I have a better life today because of
5	all my friends on the street that hung onto me until I
6	could get out.
7	And I love them. I think of them. I think
8	of them every day. I think of the qualities that they had
9	and how they touched me.
10	My survivor's guilt made me, empowered me.
11	Instead of hurting myself with it, to think of things how
12	could have I helped my friend when they were on the street.
13	So I created the self-monitoring system. I created a piece
14	of paper with Pivot Legal Society, which no longer exists.
15	Okay. The self-monitoring system. Say all
16	of us are in this room are on Hastings Street and we're
17	all ravaged drug addicts and prostitutes and we want to
18	stay safe. Well, I know for a fact the reason why
19	predators come to Hastings is because they know that nobody
20	is going to notice when they take them. Even today, they
21	know that. They're spineless bastards that go after what
22	they believe 100 percent that they can get away with.
23	So I thought, what if we watch these women?
24	What if they check in, and that we notice when they go
25	missing? What does that look like?

I was raised I like I said, I did the
wild thing once when I was six weeks pregnant, and I got
pregnant with my daughter and it catapulted me into
recovery. I worked in at the Mission Indian Friendship
Centre and I taught youths alternatives to alcohol, drugs
and crime at six weeks clean. I taught them how to make
dreamcatchers, and I taught them how to make blankets.

And -- and I joined a woman's -- program for women that were pregnant in recovery, and I got an alcohol and drug counsellor and I got a grief and loss counsellor.

And I took all the tools of all the recovery houses and the treatment centres and my desire for a better life, knowing that I was filled in my belly with my baby girl that was born in sobriety. Because it was really important for me not to do to my daughter what I did to my son, or what was done to me and my twin sisters and my siblings.

And I had a clean and sober pregnancy. I had a relapse with my daughter when she was older.

I went back to school. I became a nurse. I went back to school and -- I took the home support caring course. I took that in 1999 after I had one year of sobriety. I came back to Powell River to have reasonable access to my son and for him to have reasonable access to me while I was raising a daughter.

I was in love with Henry. Henry John Martin

was my partner. We weren't married. He's [daughter's name redacted - Rule 55]'s father, was [daughter's name redacted - Rule 55]'s father. [Sentence redacted pursuant to Rule 55].

I caught him. He was abusing me, and in a backwards way I caught him. I woke up with him sexually abusing me and beating the shit out of me, and then when I started fighting back he acted like he woke up. He has a brain injury and he's got a scar on the side of his face, and I thought that he did that because of something because of his brain injury.

And so I made him go to counselling and stuff like that, but he did it again six months later. And I told him you need to go get help. And then he did it again three months later, and I had him charged for what he did to me.

But I had him charged because of what my daughter revealed happened between her and him. And he hadn't had sex with her yet, but he had put his mouth down there.

And I'd attracted a pedophile in recovery. That's why they say not to get into relationships for the first year because we're sick. I was really sick, and I attracted a person that was really sick, and I ended up with an amazing beautiful daughter.

1	But I fought for her. And he's got a sealed
2	file of women, I mean, girls, his girls, his daughters that
3	he sexually abused that Catholic Charities took away from
4	him and gave him his boys, because he was a preferential
5	pedophile and he would not touch a boy, but he would touch
6	a girl.

The Ministry knew my old man was a pedophile and nobody in the Ministry during my pregnancy told me. I had to find out after he touched her. And it was documented seven different times. I had the right to know that the person I was getting involved with was a bad man, especially being pregnant with his child.

So many ways I've been failed as a person, as a human being, as a woman, as an Aboriginal. Me, sitting here in my regalia speaks to my healing. I never wanted to be Indian. I never wanted to speak my truths. It speaks to my respect for myself.

I tell my stories to try and help others because there is a history that I have in my head. My recovery hasn't been easy. I've fought for every piece of it.

I got my dad back. Becoming a caring nurse,

I did about just over two years of palliative care of my

dad, Carl Gisle. I did four-and-a-half year Alzheimer's

care of my mom, Ingrid Gisle.

1	I took my daughter, after I relapsed, and I
2	had left her at the Y, [paragraph redacted pursuant to Rule
3	55].
4	She was 5-years-old, maybe four-and-a-half,
5	5-years-old, or 6-years-old when I no. She would have
6	been 5-years-old, almost 5-years-old when I relapsed, and
7	we were in Vancouver.
8	And I couldn't go back to using drugs,
9	though. I couldn't stick a needle in my arm. I sat there
10	for days, and days, and I smoked crack cocaine,
11	but I could not stick a needle in my arm. I was absolutely
12	terrified that I would end up back in hell again.
13	It was a four-and-a-half month relapse, and
14	I got clean. [Sentence redacted - Rule 55]. I took
15	Parenting Wisely, Strengthening Families, there was a

couple of other ones. There was a child one, where you actually had a dinner at the end of the thing. I can't remember what that one was called, but -- I went back to

12-Step programs, and we were okay.

My twin sister was assaulted by her ex-boyfriend and he broke her neck, and my twin sister is a paraplegic in 2008. Today, I do care of my twin sister part time. I'm on disability and I'm allowed to make 700 extra, well 800, but I make 100 at the CRCN and make 700 with my sister.

1	And but he promised five years before
2	2008 that he was going to kill her boyfriend. And in 2008,
3	he came barreling down the hill, and Lisa's car was parked
4	on the side of the road. They were out of gas and my
5	sister was in the car, and with the seat reclined.
6	And Dan was outside of the car flagging down
7	this big huge truck coming down towards him, and it was
8	Cliff LaPlere (ph). He shoved my sister's vehicle, parked
9	with the emergency brake on, about 180 metres into the
10	bush. He was doing somewhere between 190 and 240 when he
11	hit my sister's vehicle.
12	He broke her neck. She died. She has a
13	spinal cord injury, she can't walk.
14	She's bedbound now and she's at home, and
15	recovery has given us back our relationship, because we
16	parted ways at 16 because I used to beat her up, and you
17	know, and we parted ways and I decided that, okay, I'm a
18	better sister if I just leave her alone. And we're really,
19	really close. Recovery has given us that back.
20	I was assaulted. I was assaulted a few
21	times in recovery. I had a boyfriend. When [daughter's
22	name redacted - Rule 55] was visiting her auntie's, he
23	roofied me and sodomized and raped me in recovery. I went
24	through a really bad depression and a really bad fear
25	because [daughter's name redacted - Rule 55] could have

5

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

1	been	there.	Ιt	was	just	bу	chance	that	she	was	spending
2	the w	reekend	with	n her	alint	-ie					

I actually had to go to the doctor's because 4 my stomach and my asshole hurt so bad and my insides hurt so bad I thought he left something inside me. So I 6 actually had to go to the hospital and get them to check me out. 7

> In 2012, I got involved with a man that I had known for about seven months in recovery. Six-footfour, 247 pounds. I'm 5 foot 3, 132 pounds.

He wanted -- he wanted to have a last drink because he got released from jail and was ordered to go to a recovery house and he wanted to have a last drink. understand a last fix, I understand a last drink.

I'd never drank with this man before. I was in recovery and met him in recovery. And I took him to a friend's place so that he could have a drink, and I bought him an 8-pack of that 8 percent beer.

And six beers into it, that he drank in 40 minutes, he just went ballistic. He beat the shit out of me, he slammed my head through two walls. He beat the shit out of my friend, Neil, put him through a plate glass window, almost severed his artery. And I got marks on my neck from the burns from where he was twisting my necklace and choking me to death. And he dragged me out in the

1	backyard and he was kicking the shit out of me up
2	underneath the bush. And Old Man Ralph came out with a
3	baseball bat and hit him a couple of times with a baseball
4	bat, and Michael ran away.

But my daughter was just getting out of school and the bus was coming, and we lived on the other side of Wildwood, which was only about a 15-minute walk. And that's the way Michael headed, and I knew she was coming home to spend about 35-40 minutes, pack her bag with her best friend and then she was going to go somewhere else.

And -- but I didn't know that she had gotten to the other place safely, so I ran home. And he actually chased me part of the way, and then -- he's got bad hips, so I managed to get away from him.

And I got home, and I ran in the house and I locked down all the doors. [Two sentences redacted - Rule 55].

And I was all beat up and I told her -- I phoned 911 and they said, yes, we're looking for Michael Douglas, you know, we're going to get him, and you know, it's going to be okay. Stay where you are, we're going to send a cop car. Don't -- you know, just don't move and, you know, someone's going to come get you.

So I collapsed, and I laid down on my bed

while [daughter's name redacted - Rule 55] and Christine were still packing. And they had hit -- I made sure they had locked all the windows, pulled down all the blinds, and everything like that. And they were in [daughter's name redacted - Rule 55]'s bedroom which was beside mine.

And about an hour-and-a-half later, there was this bang, bang, bang on the back door. And I was dozing, and I went, oh, the cops, and I ran -- I went to get up.

Well, [daughter's name redacted - Rule 55] was ahead of me, and when he banged again, I was running after her, and I was just about to say, "No, [daughter's name redacted - Rule 55]," and she opened up the door and it was Michael. And she went to close the door and he's trying to push her in. And I get there and I'm pushing the door closed. So it's both me and [name redacted - Rule 55] trying to push this door closed, but we're fighting a 6 foot 4, 247-pound man, a 12-year-old girl and -- and me. And we lost.

I told [daughter's name redacted - Rule 55] to go to the bedroom, but she knew that Michael was -- he really likes knives, he plays with knives all the time. So when she ran away, she grabbed all my knives because they were in a knife chopping block, and she ran out and she went into the bedroom. And it's a weird bedroom because

1	there's this little balcony and these stairs, and you can
2	get outside. And she went out there and she threw the
3	knives in the back of this truck and she came running back
4	in and she locked everything back up.

And she locked herself in the bedroom with Christine, and she put Christine in the closet and covered her with clothes. And I had locks on the door for [daughter's name redacted - Rule 55]'s bedroom, and she locked herself in there.

And I was pushing him back, telling him,

"You can't touch me," you know, I mean, "like you can't

come here and fuckin' beat the shit out of me and expect to

come back in my life." I said, "The cops are called," I

said, "fuck off," like, "get out of here."

And he picked me up, he picked me up, turned me over, grabbed around me, and slammed down, picked his leg up and slammed me down on my head three times. I could hear bones smashing, crunching, and I fought each time.

And the third time he stood over me, he stood over me and he looked down at me and he said, "When I'm finished beating the shit out of you, and breaking you in two," and I took breaking you into two as in killing me, he goes, "I'm going to beat the shit out of your 12-year-old daughter because she deserves it." And then he put his hands on his hips and he looked down at me and he goes,

1	"Then I'm going to beat the shit out of your twin sister
2	just because I fuckin' can." My twin sister is paralyzed
3	in a wheelchair and 100 percent defenseless, and so is my
4	12-year-old daughter.

I laid underneath his legs and I looked up at him and I roared from the bottom of my soul. I said, "No, you don't," and I jumped up.

I grabbed him by the shoulder, I stuck my thumb right into his collarbone and I dug in real hard. I took -- I took these -- what did I -- oh, I took my fist and I -- I grabbed on and I punched him as hard as I could three times in his Adams apple. And he fell like a fuckin' tree.

And I kept my thumb while he was going down into his collarbone, and I sat on his chest and I went to smash his -- I went to smash his -- hello? I went to -- oh. I went to smash his nose up into his brain, but he turned his head at the last second, so I actually placed his nose underneath his eye.

And then I took these three fingers, while I was pressing down on his collarbone with my thumb in that spot that really hurts. And -- so I missed his nose and I took these three fingers and I bashed into his throat like I'd done that girl I told you about, and then I stuck my finger and the thumb, and I shoved my fingers in, and I

1	started pulling for all I was worth. And when I had a hold
2	of his esophagus with my hands in there, I I started
3	scratching up his face. And I had really long nails, and I
4	literally ripped him apart.

And I was going to kill him. I was like you're not hurting my family, you're not hurting me, you're not hurting my daughter, you're not hurting my sister.

[Sentence redacted pursuant to Rule 55].

[Three sentences redacted pursuant to Rule 55] -- I thought she ran back in the bathroom. And I got up off of him and I booted him as hard as I could in the head and I stumbled to the back door.

And I opened up the door. And there was at least nine Powell River police officers standing there that would not cross that door because they were having an argument with the landlord who was going to pay for the fuckin' kicked in door because they're going to have to take a battering ram because it's an iron metal door and it's like a whole -- really -- it's a really nice house. And so the landlord is preventing the police from breaking into the house to help me.

I was taken by ambulance. They took him in handcuffs. They actually didn't let him get medical help and he is scarred for the rest of his life from me. He is not a pretty boy anymore. He's got deep scratches in his

1	face; his nose is over here. Oh, I went to pull his eye
2	out too, so his eyeball is all fucked up, yeah, and he's
3	got the thing above his throat. But he used to be really
4	particular about his nose.
5	But he got served he served for all

But he got served -- he served -- for all those assaults and what he did, uttering threats and everything like that, he got 13 days time served.

And you know, I don't mean towards oh, it's because I'm native, or you know. I honestly don't know why. I just know that every time that I come into a system I come out on the short end of the stick.

And I was treated horribly after that because my doctor said that there was nothing wrong with my neck. I walked around for three years and four months with a broken neck. I walked like this around because I couldn't lift my head.

I was treated like a junkie. I was kicked out of hospitals, I was kicked out of those temporary, you know, what do they call those clinics, those -- yeah, and after -- walk-in clinics and after hours. I was kicked out. I was treated like I was totally drug seeking.

I actually -- before the assault of me -no. After the assault of me, shortly after, my daughter
went through a traumatic experience and she got bullied and

1	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: Maggy,
2	could I just stop you for a minute.
3	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Sure.
4	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: I
5	apologize for interrupting, but I know we have some other
6	people waiting, and I just want to make sure that they're
7	accommodated.
8	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
9	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: Because
10	we're eating up they're time as well.
11	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
12	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: So can
13	you just sit tight for a moment? I just want to make sure
14	that other people who have been waiting
15	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: Okay.
16	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: are
17	taken care of; okay?
18	(SHORT PAUSE)
19	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: Maggy,
20	thank you for that. I just don't like to keep people
21	waiting.
22	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: So I think Maggy
23	now is going to make some recommendations, Madam
24	Commissioner. Yes.
25	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: I have a lot of

1	recommendations and I was working on them for a long time.
2	And I have a computer that I was just typing and typing and
3	typing and I've been working on for a long time. And I
4	never saved it, and I went to save it before I came here,
5	and I deleted everything. So I kind of wrote them down
6	again on here.
7	And I wish there wasn't a statute of

limitations on crimes done against me. There's so many that need to face what they did. From my birth parents, at one time it would have been my adoptive mom, to who raped me when I was a child, to Jocelyne holding me down. Like there shouldn't be a statute of limitations. Like I shouldn't have to see these people still in our communities. Like...

So that's on a personal side. Like my dad's still alive. I have property up in Prince Rupert, and so does my sister, and I won't go there until he's not here. But more importantly, I want to finish this so I can have the strength to charge him.

Okay. So I got, Number 1, rebuild the self-monitoring system, the one that I was explaining about. It's like you sign in every 24 hours and then they know you're safe, and if you don't sign in, a red flag goes up. And it's a system that I created, and it needs to be running because it will help in every major city that is

1 drug entrenched.

The Ministry needs to open sealed files of children that were scooped -- because I'm also a sixties scooped child and so is my twin sister -- that were scooped from their families and adopted out into non-Aboriginal homes. There are so many of my adopted friends that didn't or don't even know they're native.

The Ministry needs to open the files of children that were adopted and tell the truth of where they come from and who they are and who their birth family is and if they have brothers and sisters. They can no longer get the right to remake our history.

Okay. We need to be able to identify our roots and culture. We definitely -- we need to make that legal piece of paper that I created with Pivot Legal Society that says, okay, "I, Maggy Jacqueline Joyce Gisle recognize Jody Knowles as a family member in the case that I go missing, because I've been estranged from my family for such and such a years." But that piece of paper, you could put it to somebody at Wish or somebody -- you know. I mean -- and -- and it enables to report people in a timely manner.

The Ministry did not report Cara Ellis missing until she was missing for 10 years, and then they handed her file over to the police. And then shortly

1	after, she was found on the pig farm.
2	It should be mandatory, because I'm sorry,
3	if you're on a in a drug-entrenched life you are going
4	to pick up at the latest by Friday. You don't pick up on
5	Wednesday, a red flag goes up. You know, you don't come on
6	Thursday, that red flag just got a little bigger. But
7	Friday, I'm sorry, your file should be turned over to the
8	police.
9	That is in practice right now at Main and
10	Hastings' Welfare Office, but it is in no other office
11	except that one, and it needs to be practiced in all.
12	Number 5, teach youths how to love
13	themselves, age appropriate, from preschool to Grade 12.
14	If I'd have loved myself, I would have stood up and had a
15	voice for myself.
16	Teach youths from preschool to Grade 12 age
17	appropriate life skills to deal with anger, hurt,
18	disappointment, success, sadness, and how to express all
19	their feelings in a positive way. We take for granted
20	these need to be in our school system. We can't take for
21	granted that these are being taught at home, because we
22	have so many homes that are damaged, and we got to heal
23	from the inside out.
24	Six, teach okay. No, I did that one.

Seven, teach our youth age appropriately

from preschool to Grade 12 about all religions and
cultures, age appropriately. And the reason why I say that
is because we have so many prejudices about what we don't
know, and we don't have openness. So age appropriately, we
need to identify what a Muslim is, what a Jew is, what a
Catholic is, what an Anglican is and what it is be Nisga'a
or, you know and all the age appropriately so that
we're not judging them, that we're understanding them.

Number 8, teach age appropriately from preschool to Grade 12 about all types of mental illness in schools. Identify the different types of mental illness and ways of managing and identifying mental illness.

Have mental illness assessments mandatory in school, is Number 9.

Number 10, in our prison system, if you are not a Canadian citizen and you've hurt our women or sold drugs and you've got multiple convictions and you're not yet a Canadian, kick them back to their country. They did that to my husband in 1994. He was charged with possession for the purpose of trafficking, possession for the purpose of trafficking, failing to appear, failing to report, but he was on the run from Mexico and he had illegal immigration papers saying he was from Guatemala when he had papers saying that he was born in (indiscernible), Mexico.

When the cops finally caught up to him, they

1	deported him and sent him back to Mexico and didn't put him
2	in this prison system. They released him to Mexico on the
3	condition that he serve time for his Canadian charges in
4	Mexico. And he was bing, bang, gone.

So that one is that one, age appropriate.

In our prison system -- okay.

Number 10, from preschool to -- oh, I got that wrong, the number wrong. From preschool to Grade 12, age appropriately, tell actual history of residential schools and sixties scoop. Needs to be told in schools as a part of their academic education and for the public. We need to help rebuild our culture in communities across Canada by rebuilding what was taken down, torn down, burned or ruined.

On that means bring back and teach about totem poles, basket weaving, button blankets, carving, healing, and you know, and about all cultures. Bring it back to the communities.

Like I see that as like a community sharing in the future where three communities, one a longhouse and with a little bit of government money and their backbone they build it. That was how they did it in Alert Bay to get the longhouse in Alert Bay. Sweat lodges, smokehouses, and longhouses need to be rebuilt in communities.

Have canoe journeys for youth that have

1	graduated and for people that want to change their life
2	direction. Help restore our language. Teach practical
3	life skills of how to do dishes, laundry, and pay the
4	bills, clean the house, garden, canning, and shopping and
5	budgeting, age appropriate chores in school.

Police sensitivity training that includes extensive knowledge of addiction, alcoholism and mental illness. And the police need to have a panel of the public that they're accountable for when there is grievances against them.

And we need way more female and youth detox centres. What we have right now is not even 10 percent of what's available for men in Vancouver, and we need to even those so that the women's is offering as much as what's available for the men in Vancouver, but across the country too.

Yeah, police -- that's the last one, the emphasis on police accountability and the public panel for grievances in every province.

I have other recommendations, but there is structuring, and you know -- I mean, there is packages that I'm going to have to turn in at a later date. But my recommendations are based out of that I was a person that didn't have a voice and didn't have support, and people that were supposed to be helping and supporting me failed

1	me. And I think that, you know, if I'd have loved myself
2	and respected myself and had learned those skills, that my
3	life would have taken a much different direction.
4	MS. WENDY van TONGEREN: Over to you, Madam
5	Commissioner.
6	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: Maggy,
7	I'm not often at a loss for words, as most people can tell
8	you. But I am I you're remarkable.
9	What I want to tell you is this, what you've
10	said today is so important to the work that we're doing,
11	and I thank you very much for making a fabulous
12	contribution to our work and providing a voice, not only
13	for the women of the Downtown East Side, those who are
14	still with us and those who aren't, but also advocating for
15	young people coming up.
16	Thank you so much. Your recommendations are
17	brilliant. Not surprising. So you've made a valuable,
18	valuable contribution to our work today, and I thank you
19	for that.
20	I want to thank you personally as well.
21	It's women like you that give me the strength to go
22	forward. Even though people are banging the table for my
23	resignation and putting an end to this national inquiry,
24	you help me get through all that. So thank you.

I also want to thank you for your humour

1	today. Please know in your heart that you're a beautiful,
2	beautiful Indigenous woman who is smart, who is strong, who
3	is resilient, and has accomplished so much and given so
4	much.
5	Because of how you've helped us this
6	afternoon I also want to say one thing, a very personal
7	comment to you, and I hope this gives you strength and
8	doesn't hurt you. Okay?
9	Some really bad things happened to you that
10	you didn't deserve and were not your fault. You're a
11	beautiful person. Please remember that.
12	So having said that, because you've given us
13	so much today, we have some gifts for you. First of all,
14	we have an eagle feather for you because as we all know,
15	eagle feathers will lift you up and hold you up when you
16	need it. And when you have dreams of doing something more
17	or something greater, the eagle feather will help you get
18	to that next level.
19	We also have some seeds. Now, I hope you
20	have better luck than I did.
21	MS. MAGGY (MARGARET) GISLE: I grow I
22	grow good.
23	CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER: Good.
24	I'm glad to hear that. When the commissioners and I
25	started this work, we hoped, as part of our work, that

1	there would be h	ealing, and out of healing, new growth and
2	strength. So we	decided that we would give witnesses who
3	come forward to	share their truths, seeds to plant.
4	I	f something grows, please take a picture
5	and send it to u	s for our archive. And actually, we're
6	having pictures	coming from all over Canada now. And
7	hopefully this w	ill bring new growth for you as well.
8	I	wish you years of good health, sobriety.
9	I wish all the b	est for you and your family. Thank you so
10	much.	
11	A	nd thank you to your support people who
12	have who have	been wonderful all afternoon. Thank you
13	so much as well.	
14	A	nd feel free to send Wendy your volumes of
15	recommendations.	I look forward to receiving them. Thank
16	you so much.	
17	A	nd we're adjourned.
18		
19	Exhibits (co	de: P01P15P0406)
20	Exhibit 1: Fo	older containing four digital images
21	d	isplayed during the public testimony of the
22	W	itness
23		
24		

1	
2	
3	LEGAL DICTA-TYPIST'S CERTIFICATE
4	
5	I, Suzanne Jobb, Court Transcriber, hereby certify that I
6	have transcribed the foregoing and it is a true and
7	accurate transcript of the digital audio provided in this
8	matter.
9	
10	Suzane Jabb
11	Suzanne Jobb
12	April 17, 2018