National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls
Truth-Gathering Process
Part I Statement Gathering
Northwest Community College
Smithers, British Columbia

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Elaine Barbara Durocher

Statement gathered by Kerrie Reay

INTERNATIONAL REPORTING INC.
41-5450 Canotek Road, Ottawa, Ontario, K1J 9G2
E-mail: info@irri.net – Phone: 613-748-6043 – Fax: 613-748-8246
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### TABLE OF CONTENTS

Statement Volume 13  
September 27, 2017

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Witness: Elaine Barbara Durocher</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Testimony of Elaine Barbara Durocher</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reporter’s certification</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statement gatherer: Kerrie Reay</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Documents submitted with testimony: none.
--- Upon commencing on Wednesday, September 27, 2017

MS. KERRIE REAY: All right, we’ll get started. So this is Kerrie Reay, Statement Taker with the National Inquiry for Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls, speaking on the record with Elaine Durocher of the Key Band, Saulteaux Nation, of Buffalo Narrows, Saskatchewan, and currently Ms. Durocher resides in Vancouver, British Columbia. We are here in Smithers on September the 27th, 2017.

May I call you Elaine?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yes.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay. Elaine, you are here voluntarily today to give your statement in the matter of yourself?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yes.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And present with us is Robin Raweater (phonetic), who is your niece, ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yes.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- and Barbara Sevigny, the health support worker, ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yes.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- here with the Missing -- the National Inquiry.

Your statement will be audio recorded today
and you have allowed us to video record your statement, as well, and can you confirm that you are in agreement with the audio and that you are here voluntarily?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Yes, I agreed to everything and I am here voluntarily.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay, good. All right, with that, Elaine, ---

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** M’hm.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** --- where would you like to start?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Well, I’d like to say my name is Elaine Durocher. I’m a Métis from the Buffalo Narrows settlement which is a Métis settlement. And now, Bill C-31 in 1985 reinstated me back to the Key Band, Saulteaux Nation, which is my grandmother’s reserve.

I -- I’ll start off by saying by the age of -- I’m part of the Sixties Scoop. So they took us from my mother. There was four of us Métis. I got a hold of my older brother, [Brother 1]. He said that we were in three foster homes before my mind came to a the age of 3 at [Foster parents 1] in Preeceville, Saskatchewan.

Then my mother decided to take us back to the Keeseekoose Reserve where the St. Philips Residential School resides and at the age of six -- it would have been 1963, maybe ’62 -- my mother, [Mother], took us back from
the foster home to a reservation and that’s where we were introduced to the residential school.

So when we left the foster home, we were telling [Foster parents 1] not to send us away; that we would not break any more eggs, that we wouldn’t play with their bees, and we wouldn’t chase the chickens around. We didn’t want them to give us up because they were our mom and dad, but [Foster Mother 1] was crying saying that our mother wanted us back and I just kept saying, “You’re our mother. [Foster Father 1] is our dad”.

But I remember a big, black car pulling up and some Caucasian people getting out and they were pulling us off [Foster Mother 1]’s leg and off her dress and she told us to -- and she told us to just go with them. “Just go with them and remember I love you and that you’re going home to your mom.”

So we got into the back seat of the car, all four of us, and we were looking out the back window. I remember driving off and then getting to Keeseekoose Reserve. That’s where my -- my clouds became black. There was a black cloud over us.

We were brought into my mother [Mother]’s house with my step-dad, [Step-father], who didn’t want us. We attempted to call him dad and he just punched all four of us over as he lined us up and said, “Just remember, you
little bastards are in this house because I’m with your mother. I am not your dad”. So that set the pace.

When we got in trouble, he made us braid our own horse whips, all four of us, little Métis kids, and he hung them on the wall and whenever we got into trouble, we used to hide our horse whips. So if he didn’t find our horse whip when it was time to give us a good beating, he would pull out the boosting cables from the back of his trunk and he would just swing them around at us and we’d be all bloody and bruised and cut up and -- and he would beat us til he was spent.

So -- so we used to line up because my younger brother [Brother 2] had polio in one leg, so my step-dad would take it upon himself to call him an old, useless, crippled bastard. So when my step-dad was beating us, he put our older brother, [Brother 1], then we put my late sister Elizabeth and then me, so by the time he got to our younger brother; he would be so exhausted that he wouldn’t hurt him so much. And he liked to kick my little brother on his -- on his lame leg.

So from there, now, comes residential school. We were day students, so we were introduced to residential school. They took us upstairs at St. Philips Residential School and cut our hair and sprayed us with some powder for -- I guess for lice, told my mom how to
dress us with Oxfords and dresses. We had to always be --
I was -- I was going to the Roman Catholic Church. My mom
and my -- my dad, who was Métis, -- my mom lost her rights
by the way. My mom lost her status from full-blooded
Saulteaux for marrying my dad, so she lost all her rights
to her Key reserve. So from her being full-blooded because
she married my dad at the St. Philips Roman Catholic
Church, she became Métis. So then she moved with my dad
back to the Métis settlement where we were all born.

So my mom had seven of us from my -- I think
from my real dad. Maybe the set of twins was -- was -- I
don’t know -- somebody else’s. Then we had seven siblings
from my step-dad.

So when we went to residential school, which
was daily, we used to get in a wooden box with a team of
horses; Walter Stevenson (phonetic) rode it, and -- and he
had full benches on the side of a little wooden -- of a
wood-burning heater in the middle. And because the kids
along the road didn’t like us, he would make us sit up
front with him because he was our relation, so he actually
saved us on that little ride to -- to the residential
school which is a couple of miles. He picked up everybody
along the road who was day students. And the native kids
were quite cruel to us because we were half-breeds. We
were on their land. We -- yeah, we were on their land.
So we were basically -- well, this is what we learned. First, we went to the residential school and every day we were beaten. When recess came, all of us four little Métis kids would run and hide in any crevice we could find. If I got caught -- like, I don’t know about my sister, but when I got caught, the boys would molest me. They’d pinch my nipples, knee me in the crotch, pull my pants down. All I know is a lot of times I had wet panties and it wasn’t from peeing myself. So the boys would do whatever they wanted.

And then -- and then we were -- as little kids, we were made to go into the church, the Roman Catholic Church, and go into a cubicle and the cubicle is where you tell your sins. So by six years old -- by six years old, I didn’t know what a sin was. [Foster parents] never told us there was sins and we were bad kids. So the nuns and the priests tell us that we need to get into that box and we need to tell our sins so we can be forgiven.

Well, we didn’t have any sins, so we started making up what we thought would be sins. “Oh, I felt like slapping my brother,” which I never, ever thought of; that’s just an example. Or maybe we thought of smoking or whatever we were making up just so that we would get out of that cubicle because they’d keep you in there and there would be a priest on this side and he was just looking
right through. So the way they made it seem to me was that God was in everything. Even when I’d go pee, I’d sit on the toilet and I’d hide my -- my privates because I thought God was watching me. That’s how the Roman Catholic and the residential school put it that we were just little savages and they were gonna -- they were gonna assimilate us and we were stupid, dumb savages that if it wasn’t for them, we wouldn’t know anything.

But because I was Métis, in their school, I should know a little more because I have white blood in me. So when I got into trouble, they would use me as -- as an example and I would have to kneel in front of the classroom on my little knees at age 6, 7 and balance books and they would put three books on my hands and the teacher would slam his -- his yardstick on the desk and I would shake and my ears would hurt and then I would cry and I’d tell him I need to go pee and all he would do is put the yardstick under my hand and tell me my hands are unbalanced. So I need to go pee and I need to go poo and he wouldn’t let me, so I would just kneel in front of the class in my feces and in my urine all day. All day I was an example.

At the end of the day, the bus would leave and I’d be in school. So when I got home, my step-dad would beat us up because -- because we were all bloody and poop and -- and we -- so when got home, we would get beat
up. And nobody ever said good night to us; nobody ever
said good morning; nobody ever comforted us. We never knew
any love, not one ounce of love in my mom and my step-dad’s
house, but [Foster parents 1] was really, really loving us.
So we didn’t know what to do.

We just had to -- my step-dad raised race
horses, so we had to break them in. He’d set my sister up
there and snap the horse’s ass and if my sister fell off,
he’d go and pick her up and put her back on the horse and
call us wimps if we couldn’t stay on. We had to team up
the horses, put a long wooden box on, and go pitch hay for
the horses. We had to take care of the horses.

And through all this, when my step-dad would
fight my mom because my mom just kept having children -- my
mother had fourteen children, two sets of twins; my oldest
brother’s twin brother passed at birth.

And in 1972, September 2nd, 7 o’clock in the
evening, I was in a car with six people and a Caucasian man
hit us and killed all my family and took my sister, my best
friend. So he killed my sister Elizabeth Durocher, my
uncle Mike, my cousin Michael, my uncle’s girlfriend
Victoria and her brother Arnold and because I was fifteen
and didn’t know anything in court about speed or alcohol
and all that, the guy got off.

So back to the reservation. So now, at the
-- at a young age, oh my word, so this is what -- this is
what the priests and nuns would do to us when we got bad in
-- in residential school. They would take us downstairs to
this furnace. They did me. And they put my hands against
this big -- big belly of fire; it -- it was a big
incinerator where they -- where they actually burnt most of
the babies that women got impregnated by the priests. So
just to let you know, they were burnt in there. My auntie
-- my late auntie told me, [Aunt 1]. So they put my hands
like this and -- and put my hands close and tell me this is
what hell felt like if I did not follow their rules. And
then they’d take us back upstairs. The incinerator and
stuff are downstairs.

And then on the main floor, on this side,
was where we ate other ugly food. They fed us lumpy
oatmeal, lumpy powdered milk, dog biscuits; we called them
dog biscuits. Any slop that they put together, we ate.

And because we lived on a farm before I came
to residential school, we had fresh eggs, fresh milk. My --
- my mom and dad [Foster parents 1] had everything fresh on
their -- on their farm. So now when we come to residential
school and I’m telling you I’m kneeling holding my books
and pooping my pants because the food they were feeding us
was giving us diarrhea, was making us puke. We were always
dehydrated. We were always scared. We were always hungry.
I was hungry.

And because my mom had so many kids at home and my step-dad -- my step-dad ate all the good food. I think the dogs ate better than us. We got the scraps and when I mean scraps.

Yeah, hunger was a big thing; hunger and lack of love. When somebody’s not giving you affection and -- and loving you up, I started believing the nuns and priests that I was a sinner, for some reason, because we just never seemed to be doing anything right.

I have a scar on this left eye where I was running for my life in school and I was running so fast when I turned, I hit a brick wall and my head split open and I was pouring blood. And all they did was take me upstairs in the -- on -- in the residential school because this here was the elementary and they just cleaned me up, picked me up, and put me back in class and the next day, I had a headache and I couldn’t think. So now they send me to the office to hold my hands out to get strapped because I could not concentrate in school, but they didn’t know that I was dyslexic. I did everything they were telling me. I couldn’t -- I couldn’t comprehend. I couldn’t get it.

They’re making me stand up at this blackboard. Ms. [Teacher], she was my teacher for a few
years because I remember her being pregnant. So I knew I was in grade 1 a few years, maybe grade 2 a couple of years, maybe grade 3 a couple years. I know I was there at least five years. So anyways, Ms. [Teacher] had me up at the board to do fractions or math and I just stood there and -- and that yardstick just kept slamming on the table or the desk and I’m shaking with my pen and then I fainted. I thought they killed me. So when I came to, they were all on the floor and they took me up -- they carried me up to the residential school part and again, all I did was lay down on the couch.

I also have to tell you this, that when the boys used to sperm up my panties, the nuns used to take us up into the dormitory there, into the nurses’ thing, and when my eyes closed, all I could feel down there was cold and I don’t know if it was their fingers or what, but I’ll tell you the feeling that I got the second time that ever happened to me was when the doctor put a steel thing inside of me to do a -- a woman culture. So to me that’s the only -- the only thing I could think of that they were inserting in me was either their cold fingers or the steel thing. I don’t know what they were looking for. Then they would send me back to class and I had to just, kind of, go back and -- and be normal, whatever normal was.

I have -- I have very lots of medical
problems now. I’ve got a lot of mental issues, like a whole lot of anxieties. I have -- I have eating disorders. I’ve -- I’ve attempted suicide so many times that I can’t even count the scars and stitches on my wrists and my arms.

And -- and I have five kids from five different men and I’m not talking from bragging. I’m just telling you that I didn’t know better. The nun -- the priest in the school was making us, my sister and I, go into this canteen and touch his penis for candy. So when I didn’t want to because I didn’t want it to smell, then my sister would take over. It was like -- it was like they set pace for myself to know what to do when I was ten years old and on the highway hitchhiking that when the men would pick me up, Caucasian men, and want to have sex with me, well, eventually I learned to ask for money or food or lodging or something because this is what the priest had taught us in this little store at the residential school. “You do this to me, I’ll give you that.” So it set the pace for our life.

My sister and I learned to run at 11 years old from Norquay School. I learned to run from residential school.

Ten (10) years old, I was hauling hay with my brother and my step-dad had bought us new rubber boots. It was in the summer. We were playing and I would have got
killed if I fell under the wheel of the wagon because it
was a big hay wagon and I -- my boot caught, so it was
hanging upside down. My brother and I were playing, my
[Brother 2]. So now, we were very scared 'cause my boot
was ripped and I knew my step-dad was gonna, like,
murderize (sic) us, so we went to the barn. We wouldn’t
come in. We took -- we took all the hay loft and we were
out there and I -- and my older sister came out and we were
crying and she said, “What’s wrong?” and I said, “Well,
look at my boot. [Step-Father]’s really going to give it
to us. I think he might even try and kill us because those
are brand new boots. You know we’re not supposed to do
this. You know we’re going to get it”.

So my sister said, “Listen, I’ll go inside
and I’ll keep mom and [Step-Father] busy for an hour or
two. You take [Brother 2] and you go -- go to kokum’s. So
kokum is my grandma and she live on Key Reserve. I was on
Keeseekoose. So I put my little brother on my back because
of his leg and I carried him. I carried him to the safety
of my kokum’s house by -- by foot. We walked at least
whatever Keeseekoose is to Keys, about 10 -- to me it was
like 100 miles when I was a kid, but now when I go back
home; it’s about 10 miles or so. But we -- we had to hide.
We went through the bush all the ways that when my mom ran
away on my step-dad, I would follow her trail across the
river where we couldn’t drive down. We hid under culverts when the police came by and I wouldn’t put my brother down when he was tired. That’s how much I loved him. So I just put him on my back and I’d say, “Come on, I can carry you. Just hang on. Just hang on”. “Just hang on,” I’d say, “I’ll get you to kokum’s. We’ll get to kokum’s and kokum will save us.” So I was (inaudible). Kokum’s house is up there and we’re coming through the field and she saw us coming, so she come and met us. And she goes, “What’s wrong you kids; why are here?” We said, “Oh, we ran away on [Step-Father]. He’s going to kill us.” She goes -- she goes, “Why?” I said, “Well, because my rubber boot is ripped.” “Take those rubber boots off. What is wrong with your step-dad? What is wrong with [Step-Father]? Take those off.” And my kokum threw them in the bush.” She said, “You run barefoot. You don’t have rubber boots in the summer.”

What’s -- so -- so when my mom and step-dad come to get us, my kokum said, “No [Step-Father], you’ve been beating these kids senseless”. So my kokum wouldn’t let us go home, but eventually we did and then, somehow, my -- my younger brother ended up in a foster home on the reserve, Keeseekoose Reserve. I -- I went in the front door of my mom’s house and I think out the back. Somehow, I got back to my kokum’s reserve and I wouldn’t leave. And
then one day when I was 11, my sister and I -- somehow she come to my kokum’s and she -- and we were in Norquay School and when we got on the bus in Keys to go to Norquay School -- first, there was three reserves; Coté’s, Keeseekoose, and Keys, but my siblings and I were a free for all and if anybody wanted to rape, molest us, torture us, sodomize us because we were Métis kids on all that native land, they would just laugh at us and say, “Who you gonna tell? Who’s gonna listen to you? This is our land. These are our people. You don’t even belong here”. And they said worser things than that. So that just set the pace that there was nowhere we could run for help. There was no one we could depend on, so we just had to depend on ourselves.

So my sister and I conjured up a little -- a little thing in Norquay School. This -- this is after elementary school; now, we’re going to Norquay School, which is my kokum’s reserve, Keys, but the kids wouldn’t stop beating us up on the bus and so my sister and I -- excuse me, my sister and I was at school. We -- we said, “Okay, when we get to school, you let everybody run into the school and we’ll go to the railroad tracks.” And -- and on the railroad tracks, we would walk holding hands because nobody would come looking for us on the railroad tracks. It was very far from the highway, but it took us down the highway. So this is from Norquay, then you go
through Hyas; you go through Stenen and then you hit the main road. So we walked all along the railroad tracks and -- and now, I always hold a -- a special place for that because my sister and I got to hold hands and sing all our favourite songs and one of our favourite songs that we were singing as we walked on the railroad tracks was Elvis Presley’s “Suspicious Minds”.

So when I go to karaoke now, when I do it with my children, I sing that on behalf of my sister and I also sing that song “Oh Where Oh Where Can My Baby Be”. I sing that one for my sister. She was my -- she was my everything. She was my everything. Any time I had problems, my sister and I were just connected at the hip.

So at 11, we ran away to Yorkton and then I became in -- in [Foster Mother 1] -- sorry, excuse me, cancel, cancel. I became [Foster Mother 2]’s -- I went to her home -- foster home and there the boys would wait til everybody fell asleep and then they would come to my top bunk bed and molest me and this is two boys on me. One would be down in my crotch area and the other one would be on my upper part. By then I was already bloomed into a little girl; I was 12.

And so -- and so this man -- this -- these people asked us to go to a party and I’d had a little, kind of a boyfriend that I was so happy to get out of Yorkton
and -- and our -- my house to go to a party, so we went out of Yorkton, east. I don’t remember the town. I thought it was Selkirk; I might be wrong. But anyways, we went to this party and when we were leaving, the man in that house kept me. He sent everybody out. And I said, “No, I want to go with my boyfriend.” He said, “Stay”. And just something in him, I just stayed and he kidnapped me to the bush for six months. I was 12. He sodomized me. He tortured me. He electrocuted me with little things on my nipples. He held me with a -- with a butcher knife. He did whatever he wanted to me for six months and there’s nothing I could do ‘cause he -- he had a butcher knife and it laid on the table and he’d say, “If I found you, I can cut you up and the animals will eat you, so nobody will find you”. So I listened to him. I stayed there.

Now, this is in the spring, so by the time autumn started coming; we had to get money to eat, so we went to pick blueberries in Bowsman, Manitoba. So he had me in the bush close to Bowsman, Manitoba. And all the blueberries are on the ground, so you’ve got to crawl around, so he suggest -- he ordered that I keep my eyes to the ground. But of course, I was lonely, so I was looking around at people and right in front of me was my kokum’s sister and we called her [Kokum’s sister]. And I -- I didn’t talk to her; we just locked eyes and then he saw and
he told me to get my ass back on the ground and continue picking blueberries.

But you know what? Looking in her eyes, I had a glimmer of hope that I was going to be able -- somehow I knew I could -- that -- that I wasn’t alone in the bush, that my family -- ‘cause he kept me and I thought there was nobody around. He had me in a total seclusion, isolation, just a little -- little shack with just a woodstove inside. Everything was in one room. So when he left to do whatever, all he had to do was lay the knife on the table and I wouldn’t move.

So now, when we’re picking blueberries and I saw my kokum’s sister, autumn was starting. After the blueberry season, it started getting colder and colder, so I started begging him, “Please take me to my kokum’s reserve, to my kokum’s house; I’ll get my winter clothes and I’ll come right out”.

Now, this is a 12 year old begging for her life. “Please just take me to my kokum’s. I’ll get my clothes and I’ll come right out.” It -- it went on for, like, I think about a month that I just kept -- and it got colder and colder. So now, I’m standing like this behind -- in his house -- a heater and I burn my butt. I had a blister there. So my (inaudible), he knew this time I needed winter clothes. So he kept telling me -- I finally
talked him into it and on the way, he had this butcher knife in my ribs -- he was driving -- and he just kept poking it, telling me, “Remember what I said in the bush, that if I -- if I catch you and cut you up, that the animals will eat you. They’ll never find you”. Well, he kept using that -- saying that’s what he was going to do at my kokum’s house if I didn’t come out. He was going to come in and kill everybody. I just kept saying, “I understand. I will.”

And it seemed as he -- as he travelled, my hopes started getting up. As we travelled towards my kokum’s house, Manitoba into Saskatchewan, I didn’t even know where I was. All I know was we were in his car and we were travelling. That gave me hope. I just kept saying, “I promise. I promise. I will. I’ll come out, honest. I will. I’ll come out. I’ll just grab my clothes. I’ll come out.” And sure enough, he took me and closer and closer that knife went deeper into my ribs and he kept saying, “Remember. Remember”. So I said, “Yeah.” So I jumped out of the car, ran into my kokum’s house, and my mushum came out and cocked his rifle and that guy drove off. And nobody ever even questioned, “Who stole you? What did they do to you? Can we take care of you? Should you get counselling?” No.

And when my sister died in ’72 and there was
six of them in the car and I’m the only one that lived, no
one ever asked if I needed counselling. Never -- nobody
ever asked, so I had to take care of myself.

As a little girl on the reserve -- I got to
back up a little bit -- in order to kill the pain of the
residential school abuse and my step-dad’s abuse and my
mom’s, we started sniffing and it was called huffing. We --
-- first, we sniffed gas from the old cars. Then we started
finding glue in school; we started sniffing glue, then it
was nail polish remover, then it was wood glue, airplane
glue, paint thinner. Anything -- so can you imagine at
seven years old these little kids walking around the
reserve with -- where they put the gas in, all that around
-- was around our mouths because we’d be all huffing old
cars. We’d all take one each because they’d pile up the
cars on the reserve, the junkyard, right. So we’d go
there. “Oh, we better get home. We’re going to get in
trouble.” And then we’d get beat up because we had a -- I
don’t know how they never smelled the gas.

So that was the way we numbed the pain of my
mom and him having so many parties and the men would just
take advantage of us. Whoever was in the house at a party
would -- would wake me and my sister and we would have to
share rapes, so one night my sister would take over and
then the next night it was me. And then sometimes, my --
my sister would say, “Oh, she’s my little sister; just
leave her alone. I’ll -- I’ll take this tonight. I’ll
take the rape tonight.”

How do you -- so I lost my sister when I was
15. I had no one to understand what I was going through.
I had no one to save me. I had no shadow to follow.

So at 14, someone took me to -- to Storm
River, Manitoba, this guy from the reserve, and he had a
wife who was -- and he took me to Manitoba to Storm River
and he was keeping me in the house and then when this wife
showed up; he kicked me out, so I had to go live under the
bridge alone in Storm River, Manitoba. And then my
sister’s -- brother’s sister asked me to go drink with them
at the railroad tracks in Storm River, Manitoba and because
I know -- I didn’t know anybody, I said, “Yes”. And so I
went and because I was laughing and joking with her
boyfriend, she got jealous and when we -- when I went pee
behind the -- the boxcars -- because we’re on the railroad
tracks -- when I had my pants down, she jumped on me and
she took the bottle of beer out of her sleeve and she just
beat me, beat me so bad that she just smashed up my face
and she just left me there and her and her boyfriend walked
off.

And because I was under the bridge, I’d go
to this restaurant every day and I would just sit outside
and people would just give me whatever. I didn’t know how
to panhandle or beg; I just sat there. And then this old
man came out and he was being very nice to me, but I
thought he was going to molest me. That’s how my brain
worked. I was like, “No, I’m good.” He said, “I can take
you home and take.” I’m like, “No, no, no, no.” So after
a couple of days, it’s like an old dog; you kick them
around enough and you start giving them food, they -- they
gonna come to you. Well, he fed me and he talked nice to
me, said he would take care of my face cause I -- I just
had little slits. My face was like a -- a flat frying pan
that’s swollen. She had broke every bone in my nose and
just gouged up my face with a beer bottle and all over my
head. So I -- I finally said yes to that old man. I said
yes. And I sat in a couch -- in a chair in his house
’cause I didn’t know what his intentions were. So I sat
there and he saw that I was very scared. He said, “Oh, no,
you -- this couch is yours. I have my bedroom over there.
This is your private area. I want to take care of your
nose so you don’t choke at night ‘cause of the snot, broken
shut.” And he said for me to prop up on a pillow and
breathe through my mouth and he took care of me. And when
the swelling went down and my black eyes went away, he gave
me a bus fare for the Greyhound and he sent me home.

And it was very few and far between that
people were nice to me that didn’t want sex or -- or to use me in some fashion for their gain and I would have to pay. So I have to thank that -- in my prayers, I thank that man for looking after me.

So at 15, I had lost my sister and then I was lost and I was on my own. I just wandered around like a -- like a lost -- lost soul. I just -- I was always by myself. As long as I was by myself, I -- I wasn’t getting into trouble. As soon as I would look up at somebody, they would -- well, they would take advantage of me ‘cause I was quiet. I was timid.

In the residential school, you weren’t allowed to look up at the priests and nuns when they spoke to you. You had to look at the ground. You had to look at their shoes. So all my life when people talked to me, I’d just shrug and -- and that was my communication, just sit there. You say -- if I -- if you have any question and I was to say “yes” or -- or -- that was it; “yes,” “no,” or “I don’t know”.

So all my life I was very, very, very -- people could just take advantage of me because I just didn’t -- I didn’t know nothing. In school, I was illiterate. All the education in the residential school, I didn’t learn ‘cause I was dyslexic. I heard everything backwards. I wrote everything backwards. My numbers were
backwards. I’m still like that as an adult. I’m 60 years young. I’m a mother. I’m a grandmother. I’m a great grandmother and I’m still dyslexic.

At 26, I -- I had my six-year-old daughter in grade 1; I couldn’t even do her math. I couldn’t even read it. I would -- could do her numbers, but I couldn’t do the written problems. So I said, “Okay, I’m going back to school.” Didn’t know how to fill out a bank statement; credit and debit, didn’t know. So I went back to school, King Edward campus. I was 26 and I was in grade either 2, 3, or 4 level. It took me 16 years to get my grade 12 and you know what? I did that so that I could feel like I was part of society and that people would stop thinking of me as a stupid Indian. I just -- you’ll never find a bead or a feather or any kind of native stuff on me because -- because three reserves just beat the Indian out of me. And -- and in the city, they beat the white man out of me. So I couldn’t know where to go. I was just a lost soul when my sister Elizabeth died. I had no one to tell me no direction.

So from Yorkton foster homes, we went to Regina -- Regina. My sister and I, somehow, we hooked up. She would take me out at night when she was pulling tricks and she’d put me in the car and she’d tell me, “Don’t ever do this. I’m doing this because we have to eat and sleep”.

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But when she died, that’s all I knew how to do was sell myself, sell myself all the time and just give myself any which way they wanted me ‘cause I had to eat and sleep. I had to put clothes on my body.

I had a guy promise me in -- in the Fort Qu’Appelle Valley at the Ice Capades in the middle of winter, he promised if I’d come back in the middle of winter, I could stay at his house. So my kokum let me off on the way to Regina and he didn’t meet me. And this is Ice Capades, they’re making ice sculptures on the lake; they’re ice fishing, and I’m wandering around Fort Qu’Appelle Valley and I couldn’t find this guy and I wandered around all night. I was freezing and cold and I found this church and I found a cardboard box, so that’s what I laid on. I don’t know how I stayed alive. In the morning, at the bus depot, my toes and my hands were so froze, I couldn’t pull my pants up in the bathroom. So when I sat in the restaurant that woman who saw me the night before and she kept giving me free coffee. I had no money. I just had a bus ticket. So I went back home and I went to my kokum’s house and my mushum was -- and men were just having sex with me whichever which way they wanted.

So when I went -- ran away to my kokum’s house, my mushum and my uncles would just molest me, but my kokum wasn’t beating me. And as they molested me, they
said they loved me. They said they loved me. They said, “Don’t tell kokum ‘cause kokum won’t want you back.” I wasn’t going to tell my kokum ‘cause I wanted to keep coming to her house ‘cause she loved me. She -- she loved me.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Would you like to take a break?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** No, because then I’ll lose myself. I just need to tell you all I can remember.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Yeah, okay.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** So at 17, I became -- at 16, I became pregnant. My mom took it upon herself to beat the shit out of me and call me a whore and a slut and a good-for-nothing whatever. So I took my whooping from my mom. We had a fight and you’re never allowed to fight with your parents or talk back. So all I did was pack up my little suitcase, pregnant, and I walked to my kokum’s house, but this time I knew how to hitchhike down the freeway. I didn’t have to walk through the -- the way I went with my brother. This time I could hitchhike on the road. So I went, pregnant, to my kokum’s house. She wouldn’t even kick me out. “Here’s a bed. Here’s a bedroom.”

But my mom, eh, she was beating me that
night. She said, “You’re just a fucking (inaudible). In that car accident, you would -- you should have died instead -- you should have died instead of your sister Elizabeth ’cause I loved her more than you.” So I left my mom’s house and my mom and I never ever were friends again, ever. I got pregnant five times from five different men. My mom would not even give me one cent, not one (inaudible), not one Pamper, not one nothing. She said, “You made your fucking bed and you lie in it.”

So when I was in PA (phonetic) with my first child and I was eight months’ pregnant and his dad decided to kick me, like, lay the boots to me ’cause he was trying to have sex with another girl, well, he lay -- he threw me on the ground and kicked me around and I was just saving my baby. I said, “[Partner 1], stop. You’re gonna kill our baby. Do you want to kill our baby?” So he says, “Ah, fuck off” and he kicked me. So I had to walk home two miles back to that house, pregnant, wounded. I had to lick my own wounds, pick myself up, carry my baby in my stomach, and walk. So I phoned my mom and I said, “Mom, [Partner 1] is doing this”. “Ah, you made your fucking bed; lie in it.” I phoned my kokum. I said, “Kokum, [Partner 1] going to kill me and [Son 1].” “You go to the bus depot right now, my girl. There’s a bus ticket there for you.” My kokum always saved my life. She always saved my life. She
was always there for me. So I got on the bus and I went back home.

Now, when I was back home pregnant, everybody on the reserve was looking at me. All my molesters, they didn’t know who had impregnated me, but none of them had. I’d gotten pregnant from a half breed from PA when I worked on the Alberta vegetable farms. So it wasn’t them, but they all had felt enough guilt that they stopped molesting me, so that’s how the molesting stopped ’cause I became pregnant.

But from that, the kids’ dad beat me up. I was a stupid Indian. And then I thought well, this is a half breed; I’ll stop. So I went with white men, but I was just a stupid Indian to them and just a little squaw that knew nothing and if it wasn’t for them, I could have been somebody. So my hair was so long down to my bum and they would take me and cut it and perm it. I was like a little puppet. I would just do whatever they wanted. I had -- had no voice. I had no -- nothing.

So I lived in Kitsilano with my baby girl’s dad and -- and he was so loving with [Daughter 1] until I -- I had [Daughter 2] and then all of a sudden he was loving [Daughter 2] and beating up my little [Daughter 1]. So I came home one day from shopping with [Daughter 2] and my [Daughter 1] said, “Oh, daddy kicked me in the leg”. So I
looked and there’s a big bruise, so I just lost it. I beat him up so bad and he was like six something, but I could only reach this part. I put him in the hospital ‘cause I couldn’t quit punching him for fighting my baby girl. So he took the phone and he wrapped it around my neck and he’d blacken me out and he’d bring me to -- and this is in front of my two babies -- and he’d black me out again. He’d wrap it around my neck. He said, “You’re not fucking leaving here. You’re not going nowhere.”

And finally, when I unraveled that cord, I said, “Listen [Partner 2], you’ve either got to kill me, but stop torturing me. Just stop torturing me. Just kill me and get it over with or leave me alone.” So he picked me up off the floor like this and he said, “Get the fuck out of here”. He threw me, literally, on the patio and split my head open and I was bleeding and my little girl [Daughter 1] was standing in that much snow and this is February. She said, “Mom, I think we better leave mommy. Daddy doesn’t love us no more.” So I went in and I said, “[Partner 2], I’ve got to use the phone. I’ve got to call the police. I need out of here”. So before the police come, he stuck me in the shower; he showered me all up, changed my clothes, and I was 23. And we waited for the police and they came with the social workers. And then the cops asked questions, but I was so scared by then, I said,
“Listen, just take me, just take me and my babies. Get me out of here. I don’t want no Pampers, no milk; just take me and my babies”. And then I ended up at Powell Place in downtown Vancouver and I raised my three kids alone in Vancouver.

And then I had another son after -- after [Daughter 2] in Kitsilano, but I moved to Edmonton. And then I had him at 29 at the Charles Camsell Hospital in Edmonton and today I found out that that doctor that tied my tubes had not asked me. “Oh, you’re only 29; how about if you might want to get married and have more babies down the road?” No, he just burnt my -- my tubes. I could never undo it. I didn’t know at the time. He -- he burnt my tubes and I couldn’t ever have another child and then I heard down the road that the Charles Camsell Hospital got closed down because that doctor in there got charged for -- excuse me, I’m going to puke; he got charged for -- I got to puke.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: She’s really sick.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Sorry, guys.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Don’t be sorry.

Don’t be sorry.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah, I found out -- I found out from these women in Edmonton on the news that that doctor that had tied my tubes had literally
sterilized a lot of native girls against their will and
that’s the one that tied my tubes.

So when he did -- now, on top of somebody
taking my virginity in residential school, from being raped
and molested, from never having -- like the Roman Catholic
church, you have to be pure. You have to be a virgin when
you get married. You have to be married before you have
kids or the church doesn’t want you because now you’re all	tabooed up. So I always felt filthy.

Now I lost my train of thought.

**UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER:** Your tubes.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Oh, so when my
tubes were tied, I felt lost. Every time I found a very
nice man that loved me and he wanted a baby, I had to let
him go. I had to let him go because I could not reproduce.
So I let a lot of good men go in my life and I kept all the
shit ones.

But I raised my three kids alone in
Vancouver. I drank. I had so much sex with so many
different men ‘cause I thought every time they sexed me up,
they were loving me and boy, was I starved for love. Even
though I had kids, it’s like -- it’s like I was empty. It
was like I was empty. I’d eat food and I would puke and I
would eat food and I would puke and I’d eat food and I’d
puke and I put that onto my daughter. I up all night. I’d
be up all night. Every hour I’d smoke a cigarette because we were so molested, almost hourly, as a kid that I didn’t -- I had sleeping problems, had eating problems. I had trust issues.

I have high anxiety today. I see a woman every week today still. I just need to love myself. I’ve been alone 10 years, but I’m not lonely. I’m finally getting to know who I am as a human being because they sure beat everything out of me as a kid. They beat the woman out of me. They beat the Indian out of me. They beat the white man out of me. I don’t know what else they could take from me. But I was so empty all my life; I didn’t even trust my own people. You would never catch me with a native man. You’ll never catch me with a native or a half-breed man, never. I even have problems with white people. I actually love black people ‘cause they’re non-judgemental. They don’t ever put me down. But I’m just learning to fill this void that’s been empty.

One time somebody asked if I was spiritual. I said, “No,” ‘cause I thought it meant God.” Like, “No, no, no, bible. No God. No church.” I was so freaked out. She goes, “No, Elaine, spiritual.” Spiritual, I didn’t know what that meant. I thought that meant get on your knees and start praying to this God. I didn’t want to go there. I didn’t even know that I could pray without
praying to this God. I didn’t know. I didn’t know -- I
didn’t learn to pray ‘til a couple of years ago -- that I
could just pray to this Creator that I -- that I created.
I created my own Creator.

I have health issues. I’m on permanent
disability today because of mental issues, because of
addiction issues, because of alcohol issues, because of my
self-abuse.

I had to ask my kids to forgive me. I’m now
going to tell you that’s one thing I never did was molest
my kids. I never put that on my kids. I did raise them
with a heavy hand, but when I seen I hurt them with the
slaps, I started using a wooden spoon and then finally, I
just stopped hitting them altogether ‘cause I knew if it
hurt my hand, it must have hurt their ass or their bums,
sorry, their bums. So I stopped. I just stopped. And
today, my kids don’t beat their kids, so I’m so thankful.
My grandbabies run free. They don’t have to worry about
being slapped and shut up. You should be seen, not heard;
that’s how we were. “Shut up,” and we’d just go sailing.
When we got slapped, you knew you were going to fly. If
you got punched, you were over there. Like my step-dad,
literally, hit us with a fist, open hand, boosting cables,
horse whips, those big felt boots and that’s how the men
treated me growing up. I was just dragged around by my
hair, kicked, useless, stupid Indian. You know that’s how
the -- that’s how this -- the white people -- this is how
the fathers of my children talked to me.

And the one child, the one child that the
man never hit me -- I became homeless and -- and then I met
a man playing in a -- in a band, but he played the
orchestra in the back and he fell in love with me and I
fell in love with him and I got pregnant, but he went on --
on the road ‘cause they were on tour. He was from Toronto,
[Partner 3].

And then I went into a home for pregnant
women, a nuns’ home in Regina, and through my pregnancy,
the nuns told me that because I was homeless and had
nowhere to go that the -- it was in God’s -- how did they
say? God would be happy if I gave my child up for
adoption. It’s -- it’s God’s -- God would like that. So
they got me to sign the adoption papers for my baby.

So I went to Pasqua Hospital in Regina and I
have this beautiful, little girl called [Daughter 3]
Durocher. They let me hold her for, like, two minutes. I
stole the picture they took of me and her -- or her ‘cause
that’s all I had and I walked off. I lost my little baby.
That’s (inaudible). She’s 41 years old and I’ve never
found her and I don’t know if she hates me for giving her
up or she think I just abandoned her. I don’t know. I
don’t know. But every February the 27th, I light a candle for her and I tell her I love her. And I said, “I never meant to give you up. I just wanted you to have a better - - better life than me being homeless on the streets.”

So when I had my next babies, I was never going to let them go. I didn’t want to give up any more babies. So with all the beatings that their dads gave me, I -- I always left with my kids. I always left with my kids. I never left them behind.

So today, I see -- I still see someone, [Therapist].

But when my grandbabies used to hug me, I used to have to tell them, “Please, don’t hug me. I can smell that shampoo in your hair. Kokum’s getting sick. Please, put some perfume on. I can smell your underarms,” ‘cause I have a very hard time with triggers with odours.

And you guys should put that on your list. You asked about food and everything, asked what odours bother us. Shampoo, old cheap perfume, old cheap cologne, stinky arms, alcohol, stale alcohol breath, I just get sick. I get sick. And today, I have -- you know, I have so many -- I have OCD. I’ve got that PS -- how did you call that?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: PTSD.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: PTSD.
[Therapist] told me that’s what I have. I have high anxiety. I’m very sensitive. If you’re standing at my bedroom door and I’m sleeping, I will wake up ‘cause I can feel your presence. My -- my mom and step-dad beat us so much that -- there was four of us and we had to -- they didn’t tell us what to do; we had to read their minds. So I’m very highly sensitive to body language, the way people look at me with their eyes, their facial expressions. I can pick up on someone that doesn’t like me. I can pick up on someone that’s phony to me.

You know, I was raised lie, cheat, steal, bullshit, laugh at people, connive, beat, you know, and what I did through the years is just did a whole 360 on my life. Elaine has decided that she has forgiven all the people that raped her, molested her, sodomized her, called her stupid. I’ve forgiven all of them. I haven’t forgotten, but I’ve forgiven and I still see [Therapist] once a week to learn how to let go. I don’t know how to let go. I can forgive, but I don’t know how to let go and it’s just so embedded in me.

You know, the kids in school would take their high -- the girls would take their high heels -- and in the olden days, the high heels were all pointy -- and they would just literally beat my head wide open with the heels. And the nuns were standing upstairs in the
residential school and watching this and then they’d come by and ask how I was after I was all bloody. They wouldn’t come down and stop those kids at that time. So nobody was there for us, nobody. We couldn’t run to anybody. If we went to the teachers and told, then we got strapped because now, we’re just little storytellers, you know, “Don’t be a rat. Don’t be a rat”. So when people don’t believe you, you stop telling -- you stop telling people and you just start sucking it up and you just move along.

And I just picked myself up and at 15 years old, I stuck my thumb out -- my thumb out in Regina and I hitchhiked to Vancouver. So in 1972, May, I came to Vancouver with my thumb; ended up on English Bay, so May, June, July, two months. It might even been May, June, July, but I went back in July’72 and that September 2nd, I lost my sister.

But something inside of me took me out of Saskatchewan into BC. If I had stayed in Saskatchewan, I wouldn’t even be here to tell you the story today because when I go back home to funerals, I still see my predators and if I don’t see them, I see the wives who still run me off and still look down their nose at me.

But you know, at 12 years old when I was running for help, I didn’t ask them to take me into their house and their husbands rape me while their wife is
shopping. I come home and the wife caught me and I ran through the bush naked. She was going to kill me. So a little 12 year old is running through the bush naked, hiding, and then I’d wait til it’s dark and I’d go, “[L.], please give me something to wear”. “Elaine, what’s wrong?” I said, “Well, so and so was trying to rape me and I got no clothes on. She’s going to kill me.” “Get in the house.” And then her man raped me. Wherever I went for help, I didn’t get help; I just got molested and raped.

On my kokum’s reserve, I had a boyfriend. I must have been just -- maybe just before I lost my sister or after, so around 15. I went to the village on my -- my kokum’s reserve, which is Key Reserve, and I was hanging out with [C.R.] - [C.R.] (phonetic) or however you pronounce the name -- and I was riding in the -- in the bush with my boyfriend and four guys come riding up and I know their names and they told me to get off that horse. They stripped me naked and -- and they made my boyfriend sit on that horse and (inaudible) and they tied me four ways to trees and they all took turns on me. And when they left, they just left me there and they made my boyfriend ride off on the horse and they just left me there. But maybe I don’t even know if I had panties on.

Again, I had to wait for dark and I had to go the village and I had to knock on [C.R.]’s window. And
I said, “[C.R.], please, can you come outside?” She goes, “What’s wrong, Elaine?” I said, “Those boys tied me four ways to the trees and they raped me.” And she said, “Who?” And then I named all the names. There was [Perpetrator 1] (phonetic), [Perpetrator 2] (phonetic) and I can’t remember the other two.

That’s how they thought of us on those reserves. We were just nobody. As Métis kids, we were just free for all, free for all. I was known as a whore because everybody was raping me.

I had an [Aunt 2] (phonetic). Her husband was raping me in the grass and she come and found him. So now, she always wanted to kill me every time I seen her and when she died -- I was so happy when she died ‘cause then she wasn’t going to kill me. She’s with the man that took me to Swan River, Manitoba. I can’t go back to my kokum’s reserve because his kids still laugh at me. They say, “You were almost my mom.” I say, “No, it wasn’t -- that isn’t funny.” So that’s still how they think of me back home. But you know what? I hold my head down high ‘cause I’m not -- I’ve got nothing to be ashamed about.

But I did a lot of drinking and drugging. I stuck needles in my arms. I stuck coke up my nose. I took every Valium you could think of. People told me, “Oh, you’re just a hyper Indian.” So I started myself on
Valiums. Take Valiums to calm down, right. I didn’t realize I’m not hyper; I’m just easily excitable. When I’m -- when I’m excited, I get loud. When I’m sad, I’ll be the quietest person. That’s when you know something’s wrong. These people didn’t know. They were just saying, “Oh, you got to fix yourself. There’s something wrong with you. What the fuck’s wrong with you?” That’s why I never hung out with my own culture, native people because they would just always put me down like I was just stupid, stupid because I didn’t know how to talk and -- and be vocal like this.

You know being illiterate, if you don’t know how to read and write, you don’t know how to communicate. People were talking about Trudeau -- Pierre Trudeau, I didn’t even know who he was. I was 20 years old. All I know was he -- he was somehow helping the native people. You know I didn’t even know the names of singers. I could hum you a bar. I didn’t know the name of the song, but I could hum you a bar and then people say, “Oh, that’s that song”.

I had a good year, though. I could listen to songs and I could follow. I can sing any song to you and I can sing it exactly like it was on that record player that I played as a kid. I could play Queen and -- you know Queen -- “Storms Never Last” by Dr. Hook; Queen, “I Want to
Break Free”. I can do CCR just like I was CCR. I could do Tammy Wynette, Loretta Lynn because my ears were good. It was my mind to my -- to my hand to the pen on the paper, I couldn’t -- I couldn’t connect those.

So when it took me 16 years to get my grade 12, I, literally, had to pay my girlfriends to go on the computer and do my -- my eight-page essays for me. I would pay them. And when I did tests, I’d put all the answers on my arms and my legs ‘cause we’re in cubicles and I would look because I couldn’t remember everything. It was too much information to -- to digest. So I put little things and then when I’d do my tests, I would pass. But if I didn’t, I wouldn’t remember everything. I couldn’t -- I couldn’t comprehend every little thing they were saying. I couldn’t -- it wouldn’t stay on my brain. If -- if he said, “Oh, remember that (inaudible),” I didn’t know who to listen to. I still am like that. If too many people are talking, I can’t focus; I have to have silence.

So now, in the morning, at my home, I sit all morning til noon in silence because now I love it. At one time, everything in the house had to be turned on; the radio, stove, fridge, TV, loud. Now, I like silence.

Ten (10) years Elaine is just loving herself, just being able to look in the mirror and not see my mom’s face and I put Elaine’s face to it.
Yeah, 10 years I haven’t bought meat in stores because that meat’s killing me. I go to Saskatchewan and my brothers hunt for me and I bring it home with me on the bus, on the Greyhound.

My grandbabies all run to me. None of them run from me because I have not -- when -- I have anxiety and sometimes, I put that anxiety on my -- my grandkids, but they know where I’ve come from. They know what PSTD (sic) -- I hope I’m putting the letters right -- means. My 15-year-old grandson says, “Kokum, I know -- I know what that means. I know how you are.”

Eleven (11)-year-old [Granddaughter 1] -- I used to go to Karamount (phonetic), these healing circles at the woman’s centre, and little [Granddaughter 1] would sit beside me as I was telling my story and she wouldn’t say, “Oh, kokum, why are you crying or what’s wrong?”; she would just wipe my tears with her little, tiny hands and sit beside me. When we were doing the February 14th memorial march in Vancouver, my -- my little granddaughter would spread the roses in front of the -- the march and she was in newspapers.

I was in newspapers. I was all over the world because of the 2010 Olympics. So I know that today, I am somebody. I know I’m somebody’s mom. I know I’m somebody’s sister and I know I’m somebody’s aunty. I know
I’m someone’s grandma and I know I’m somebody’s great grandmother. I know I’m somebody.

So the government needs to know that when you send people in God positions to assimilate little Indian kids, that’s so wrong. That’s so wrong. How can one culture be more stupid than the other culture? I’m not the one laying on the beach today slathering myself in sunscreen to look my colour. If you government people (inaudible) there’s something good about me, you want to learn how to smudge like me, you want to know how to be spiritual; talk to us little kids that you had in residential school. Talk to us. We’re going to tell you it’s nothing about God. It’s nothing about Jesus. It’s nothing about the Lord and it’s nothing about the Bible and it’s nothing about the churches. It’s about what you did to us as human beings.

All my life I was lost and I still am. My grandbabies make me found. The last time I tried to commit suicide was 1997. That was only 10 years ago. I took all my -- all my prescription pills in 2 litres of coolers, then I went to bed, but I woke up. I woke up and my legs wouldn’t carry me and I was just holding on to the wall to go pee. I couldn’t sit on my toilet. So I told myself, “What did I do?” I went back to my bedroom and everything was on the floor -- I can’t even remember doing that --
everything; my alcohol, my pills. And then I was like, “Oh, no my legs, my body.” “What if I walk like this for the rest of my life,” I was telling myself. “What did you do to yourself?” I was so scared. So I walked like that all weekend and when I stopped, when I got my -- my strength back, I told myself, “No more”. And I got Bob Marley videos and music and you know Bob Marley: “Get Up, Stand Up,” “No Woman, No Cry,” he gave me strength and ever since then, I’ve never ever tried to commit suicide. Do you know why I won’t? Because I don’t want my grandbabies or my children or my great children to think that’s the easy way out of this life. Committing suicide doesn’t do any good; it actually hurts everybody that -- my children, my grandchildren, my great children. It would hurt them worse if I committed suicide.

I plan on living on this earth in a good way. Every day I pray to the Creator. When I walk on Mother Earth, I make sure I’m respectful and now I can be with my own people and love them. Not everyone, I still have problem. I still have problems, but at least I’m getting my trust back.

And my son -- my son-in-laws or my daughter-in-law, my son-in-law are Caucasian and they’re such beautiful people; I don’t ever look at colour. I don’t.

To me the colours of the people are the rainbows of this
world, of this land and each colour, each nation; whether
you’re from China, Peru, Australia, Aborigines, if you just
look around the world, you think of all the native people
that are trying to prove themselves. The damage -- the
damage that’s done, I wonder who’s ever going to fix that
damage or be accountable.

I went for my hearing. My lawyers asked for
$380,000. My lawyer from the government lost my
transcripts. She got mad when the -- the hearing started
’cause I wouldn’t swear on the Bible, but I wanted to
smudge so she got upset. So they listened to my testimony
and she recorded it and then she lost my recording and so
they threw it out and then I re -- how is that word? I
went -- I re-appealed, so I appealed that decision. So the
lawyer for the government said, “Oh, in your transcript,
you said that the nuns and priests made you a liar, so that
means you’ve lied through your whole testimony. So they
just threw it out. So I didn’t get one -- one red penny.
The residential school didn’t pay us because we were day
students, so I didn’t get nothing.

The foster care, they lost all my records.
When I went to the government, there’s nothing that says I
was ever in a foster home. They said they got rid of them
’cause they’re old. What bullshit. My -- my brother said
we were in four -- three foster homes before [Foster
parents 1], so I’m part of the Sixties Scoop. I’m part of the foster care for the Sixties Scoop and part of the residential school. I’m part of the healing process. Nobody ever come to me and said, “Elaine, you need to get healed.” You know who said they need to get healed? Me, me, me because I was having grandbabies.

My kids -- you know, I was just a drunk. I was just a -- I was just a drunk. I was just an alcoholic. I was just -- they didn’t understand. They didn’t know my story. I tell my story so that my grandkids will understand, yeah. I want people to understand that wounds -- open wounds, they -- they don’t heal; they just get scars. And believe me, I’ve got enough of my scars; not only on my outside, but in my spirit, in my heart, in my soul. I’ve got so many scars, I don’t know who is ever gonna love me. Who’s gonna want me?

Ten (10) years I haven’t had a boyfriend. I’m hoping somebody will love me one day just for the way I am and they’ll understand and not hear my story and then use it against me when they’re mad at me. I don’t have any other story to tell. I want to tell a good story. There’s no good story.

You know every time I go and see [Therapist], I’m crying. She said, “Well, let’s switch to happiness.” I don’t have any happiness. I don’t have any
happy story. I can tell you I loved being at my kokum’s because she didn’t hit me, but her husband was raping and her -- and her sons. How do you make a happy story out of that?

My kids are my happy story. Their dads’ beating me up, but I kept my kids. My kids kept me alive. My kids kept me. As illiterate as I was, I still paid my bills. I paid my rent. I made sure they had clean clothes. They never would have a snotty nose. ‘Cause of all the snotty-nosed kids running on the reserve, my kids were not allowed to be snotty, dirty.

My son had a long, blonde braid and he was blonde. His skin was as white as your (inaudible), so people thought I stole a white baby at the hospital from Edmonton. My brothers called my son “a little, white bastard”. So now I didn’t want to take my kids to the reserve because I had white kids. How can somebody be ashamed of the colour of their kids? I never was, but everybody else seemed to see the colour of my kids.

So anyways, my son had long braids and I cut his hair short and I left his long braid and because the kids made fun of him in school and called him a girl, my -- my daughters took him at night and cut his braid off. They cut his braid off and they never knew what they did to me. I fell in the closet and I -- I almost died because that
was all I had of my culture was my baby’s long braid.

In Saskatchewan, you French braid your hair. It was different from BC. So when they took my baby at eight years old and cut his braid off, they didn’t know the devastation they caused me. I had to go see some (inaudible). I still have his little blonde braid.

My kids thought they were doing me a favour. They thought they were doing my son a favour ‘cause the kids were teasing him in school.

The teachers wouldn’t let his name be [Son 2] ‘cause his name is [Son 2] Durocher. They said, “No, [Son 2]’s a girl’s name.” I said, “No, [Son 2] is a French name. He is French. His dad’s from Québec and I’m a Métis.” “Yeah, well, no, that’s a girl’s name. No.”

So still in ’86 -- no, ’89, ’90, still the schools in Vancouver were racist and they still are. They still are. They used to just love my son ‘cause he was blonde and blue eyed and fair and they just loved (inaudible) the first teacher conference and teacher-parent conference and when they saw the colour of my skin, they just started being mean on my son and they started putting him in the corner and saying what a rotten kid he was. And I said -- so I went and I said I was going to call the school board in Vancouver. And they said, “Why?” I said, “Because, you know, you guys -- I had all his letters he
was bringing home; what a good kid he was, how smart he was, you know, what a joy he was to have around and as soon as they seen the colour of my skin, now, he was the rottenest kid. He didn’t know how to listen. He was disruptive. They made him sit in the corner facing the corner in a little chair; he couldn’t even be part of the class at six years old. That’s grade 1. So I went to the school and I said, “I’m going to call the school board and I’m gonna tell on yous (sic), what yous are doing to my son”. So they stopped putting him in the corner, but they never stopped being mean on him.

They never -- my girls used to get beat up and I would just go right to those kids and I would just tell them, “Who the hell do you think you are hitting my kids? Those are my kids. If I don’t hit them; what makes you think you can?” and I’d slap the biggest person over (inaudible) beating my kids. I would just slap them and when I hit them, they went sideways ‘cause my kids were my kids. And when they said they were gonna call the cops, I said, “You come to my house. I’m gonna tell the police that you guys are gang beating my daughter over her jacket”.

So I lived in Vancouver for 37 years and my -- my son left 11 years ago and I lived in 20 different houses in Vancouver while I was raising my kids ‘cause
every time my kids got beat up in school, I’d move. I’d move to the point where welfare wouldn’t even give me a damage deposit anymore, but I didn’t care. I was saving my kids. Yeah, my kids was my life. And if I had a man who ever tried to order my kids around, he was out the door, yeah. And believe me, there was a lot men and I’m not saying that with no pride.

It just seemed like you learn -- you do what you learn. You do what you learn. I seen my mom beat me up, so I beat my kids up. I seen my men -- my mom, her -- my aunts with lots of men, so that’s just what I did.

It was just -- excuse me, but I never bed down with no Native man, never raped my kids, never molested my kids, never investigated what was down there. I said, “This is how you bath. This is how you look after yourself.” My kids will tell you. You ask them. Not one of them ever had me investigate them. I don’t know why adults need to investigate children. I had girls.

I had a Chinese -- had Chinese people in Vancouver get a hold of me and take me to a party. Those Ornamentals (sic) are just as bad. They raped me and sodomized me in a basement house. So I’m just saying anybody can do it.

Yeah, I have such a long story that it would take days and if I try to mention names of who -- who
molested me, I would do -- I would do a highway of tears
‘cause my names would be just everlasting, everlasting. I
can -- I could make a list from here to Saskatchewan of my
predators and my abusers.

Yeah, even to the welfare who thought I -- I
brought a little white baby from Edmonton. I brought my
son back and I reapplied here from Edmonton for welfare.
So when I went in the office, the social worker thought I’d
brought somebody’s little white baby in to get a welfare
cheque. So I was watching her body language. And my son
and I weren’t like mom and dad, right. He would still
(inaudible) the fish tank. And I kept saying, “[Son 2],
don’t touch that fish. [Son 2], don’t touch. [Son 2], no,
son.” She was watching and she was filling out papers, but
she kept staring and I knew. I was reading her body
language. And I said, “[Son 2].” “Oh, mom, please.” And
as soon as she heard the word “mom,” her whole demeanour
changed. And I said, “You thought I brought a little white
kid in here; didn’t you?” She said, “Yes.” I said, “How
stupid do you think I’d be that I would bring another
culture child in here to get welfare? Do you think I’m
stupid?” And she had nothing to say, nothing. She damn
well had to fill out my papers.

And see how people look down their nose at
you? In the hospital, they thought I stole a white baby.
When in Edmonton when I was dragging my son, “Come on, hurry up,” they thought I was kidnapping a kid in the mall until he would hear them. He would say, “Oh, mom, I don’t want to leave yet. I want a nana.” That’s his (inaudible). Then they would all stop because he said the word “mom”. Or they woulda had me in jail kidnapping a white kid and my kid would have been in welfare. They wouldn’t have asked any questions.

So while I’m on camera, I’m going to tell the government, you know, residential school took care of me as a kid. It put me away in foster care. You know what’s going on today? The welfare in Vancouver and all across Canada is taking our children out of the mothers’ arms and putting them into welfare. So now, the welfare is our residential school. Our kids are put into care, ripped from the breast-feeding mothers and put in care, made to prove themselves, live without a house, but have a house when your babies get out of care. I want to know what you’re going to do about that.

Stop lining the rich peoples’ houses; they’re owning the boats; they own -- all the vacations they take, all their summer homes, their vehicles. Our babies are paying for that and they don’t even get to talk to their parents or be able to cry. They’re locking the fridge door so our babies don’t eat at night, don’t drink
water so you don’t piss in bed. Well, you get enough
money, you should be doing the damn laundry and you should
be buying enough food that you sit it all over the house
that they can eat anytime they want. Tell the government
the damage is still happening. They’re not fixing nothing,
nothing. I’m not going to let you take my grandbabies; I’m
not, and I’m gonna fight for all the injustices that you’re
doing to our babies today.

So with that I’m gonna say, “You haven’t --
you haven’t taken my goodness from me. You haven’t taken
anything.” I -- I’m -- I wouldn’t wear leather; I won’t
wear beads, but that doesn’t mean I -- I don’t have my
brownness inside of me. You beat a lot of stuff out of me.
I’m very ashamed -- I was ashamed of my colour all my life.
I was ashamed. If -- if somebody said, “You look
Philippine,” I’d say, “Yeah, that’s what I am” or “You look
Oriental,” “Yeah, that’s what I am.” But today, I’m proud
to say I’m a Métis. And I’m only a status because of Bill
C-31, but I’m still proud to be a Métis. (Inaudible) my
relations, I’m (inaudible).

MS. KERRIE REAY: Thank you.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: I’m just wondering if we
can take a break?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.
MS. KERRIE REAY: And if you’re up to a few
more questions from me as I think it might also help ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: That’d be
great.

--- Upon recessing/L’audience est suspendue
--- Upon resuming/L’audience est reprise

MS. KERRIE REAY: Recording again.

There we go, okay. Okay, we’re back.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: (Inaudible).

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah, okay. And you
had a few moments to go outside and ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Breathe.

(Inaudible).

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- breathe and
(inaudible) in the water. That’s good. And I don’t know
if you want the cedar again.

So your story is very powerful and the
courage that it took to even come here, let alone talk
about so much pain in your life from when you were so
young. And as you’ve talked, I had questions.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Okay.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And I’m just
wondering if I can ask you some questions as a follow up to
your story.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Please
Statement - Public
Elaine Durocher

1. do.

2. **MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay.

3. **MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** All the questions you want.

4. **MS. KERRIE REAY:** And if there’s anything that you don’t want to answer, that’s fine, okay.

5. **MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** I’ll answer them all.

6. **MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay.

7. **MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** I have nothing to hide no more.

8. **MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay. So one of the things that you spoke about, at the very beginning, was -- is that you were in a foster-care situation with the [Foster Parents 1].

9. **MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Right.

10. **MS. KERRIE REAY:** Do you know what happened as to why you ended up in foster care?

11. **MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** The Sixties Scoop.

12. **MS. KERRIE REAY:** (Inaudible). It was the Sixties Scoop.

13. **MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Yes, my older brother verified when I called him a while -- a while back.
MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay. Okay. So then
when you went back home to your mom and step-father, ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- what did you know
about your mom’s experience; did your mom -- do you know if
your mom went to residential school?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Later on
in life when I went to my kokum’s reserve, that’s where
there was a residential school right outside my kokum’s
house. So I know that my mushum and my kokum were in
residential school because my -- my mushum was left-handed
and they called him “the devil,” so they tied his left hand
behind his back and they beat him. First they beat him, --

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- tied
it behind his back, and forced him to write with his right
hand because the left hand was devil.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Now, would that be
your mother’s brother?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: My mom --
my mom’s dad.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay. Okay. So --
but you’re -- you’re not aware of your mom’s history?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I -- I’m
-- okay, I’m very sure that my mom went to residential school because she ran the house just like the residential school ran their schools. She would bounce a quarter off the bed to make sure the -- the sheets are tucked in properly and no -- we had to iron our sheets, our pillowcases. We ironed our blue jeans. Everything was Cloroxed. Everything was washed with bleach. Everything was sprayed with this -- excuse me, with this stuff that made clothes starch.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Oh, yes.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: You had to starch everything.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah, I’m very sure my mom was raised in a residential school and as was my aunts and my uncles, ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- as was their parents, my grandmother and my grandfather.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay, thank you. And you -- you spoke about your step-father. Do you know your natural father?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I do now.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I -- I
didn’t meet my dad til I was 19; that’s what caused me to come to Vancouver. After 17 when I had my first son, my oldest brother’s there; our dad was out here, so I kept coming.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** So I ran away with my first son to -- out here when I was 17. When I went back to his dad, that’s when his dad said he’d kill me if I ever walked off with my child again, so I had to leave him behind and I was breast feeding him at 17.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** So do you have a relationship with your father today or is he still ---

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** I did. I -- I actually did. I -- I let my dad come and live with me in Vancouver in ’90 -- I think it was ’94, ’95, ’96 or ’95, ’96, ’97. We had a very, very good relationship.

He -- he’s -- he was also illiterate. He only knew about trapping. He -- his -- I think my mom and him were never together for 40 years, but he still called my mom his wife. When my mom was dying of cancer in 2004, my dad was living with me and my dad was phoning my auntie in Saskatoon saying, “Sister, sister, get a pen. My wife is dying of cancer in the hospital,” and this is 40 years later.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Forty (40) years
later.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Forty years later, they never been together, but my dad still called my mom his wife. I am my dad’s baby girl.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** So my dad never called me Elaine. He always said, “Baby girl, baby girl.”

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** That’s okay.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** So ---

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** So it sounds like you had a really good relationship ---

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** I did.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** --- with your father and sister.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** And he loved my grandbabies.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Is he still with you?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** I don’t know. Last time my -- Buffalo Narrows called me; they said my dad had dementia.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Oh.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** They wanted me to take him here in Vancouver, but I said I couldn’t because I had my own mental issues I was dealing
with and I was living in a one-bedroom apartment. So when
my dad lived with me, I knew he liked to go and gamble,
have a few drinks downtown. Well, because my dad’s
dyslexic, he can’t go read a sign of where he is, ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: (Inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- so if
he was -- had dementia in my city, I wouldn’t find him if
he got lost. So I had to say no and I, literally, cried --

MS. KERRIE REAY: I’m sure that must
have been very difficult.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: ---
because that was my dad.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yes.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And I
don’t know today if he’s alive because when I call back to
the -- to the settlement, nobody answers the phones. So I
don’t know. So that was in 2004, 5, 6, 7, 8. I went and
visit him in 2008. I went and spent two weeks with him. I
-- I went on the bus to à-la-Crosse. He come and pick me
up in Meadow Lake and I didn’t know there was no bus that
goes there. Well, my dad hitchhiked from Île-à-la-Crosse
to -- to Meadow Lake in the middle -- all day he walked for
me to come and pick me up in Meadow Lake. He got there 9
o’clock at night. And this lady that knew I was, like, not
from Meadow Lake, she said, “Oh, get in the car. I’ll take you to my house”. And just when she was backing up, my dad walked up. I said, “Dad, dad!”

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Nine (9) o’clock at night he gets in from Île-à-la-Crosse. He walked all the way to come pick me up.

MS. KERRIE REAY: You’re very special to him and -- and that must be a very good feeling for you.

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And gives you strength.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yes.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I could see he was (inaudible) because my mom always beat me up and said I looked like a stupid Indian, ugly like my dad. I had big feet. All my siblings have nice, tiny, petite feet like my mom. Well, I look like my dad and I look like my mom, but I’ve got the big Métis features; whereas, they got (inaudible).

MS. KERRIE REAY: Those aren’t big feet.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Well, somebody told ---
MS. KERRIE REAY: I have to tell you those aren’t big feet.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I had to meet my dad ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hmm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- to -- to know how -- why my mom was beating me up, calling my dad stupid and -- and whatever. And when I met my dad, first thing I said was: “Dad did you beat up my mom”? And he said, “No”. I said, “Well, she went around saying that you beat her up, so that’s why she left you in -- in Buffalo Narrows.” He said, “No, I was on the trap line. That’s what Métis people did.” And he was on the trap line too long and, like, my mom just picked up and went back to Key Reserve and from there, that’s when the Sixties Scoop took us. M’hmm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay. I have to say, you -- you had quite a smile ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: My dad --

--- when you talked about your dad.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I loved my dad.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yes, it’s really nice
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- after such a difficult conversation today to -- to see that smile.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: He -- when the twins were born ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- I have 20-year-old grandson twins -- he used to say, “Come here papa’s big men,” and he would say that to the 23 year olds. So he was a very good grandpa to them.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And your mom has now since passed away.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: My mom passed in 2004. My brother passed in 2000 and my mom, as a born-again Christian, so when I went to my brother’s funeral in 2000, my ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: I’m sorry to interrupt. You had an older brother and a younger brother?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I have 14 siblings from my mother.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Right. Right, I’m sorry; I was -- I was thinking in terms of ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- siblings when you
first talked about the four of you.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Oh, that

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So that’s my step-dad’s kids.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay, sorry.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: It’s all good.

MS. KERRIE REAY: I thought you had 14.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah, ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah, okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- my mom had 14 and then lost one, so she actually had 13 (inaudible).

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay. So of the -- of the siblings that were the four of you, at the beginning, ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- you had an older brother ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: [Brother 1].

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- [Brother 1] and a younger ---
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And then
Elizabeth, my deceased sister, at the end and my brother
[Brother 2].

MS. KERRIE REAY: [Brother 2], okay.
And do you -- do you maintain -- is [Brother 2] and -- and
---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I talk to
all my siblings ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Do you ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- and
then my mom had a set of twins, [Twins]; they’re in Regina.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: My older
brother found them years later.

MS. KERRIE REAY: So you’ve -- you’ve
had some -- I’m trying to think of the word, some
resolution to have a relationship with all of your siblings
now?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Because
I’m the -- because I’m the oldest sister ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- and I
kept going back to funerals and learn -- like, getting to
know my siblings, ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- as an older sister, I found after my -- after I came to some kind of calmness and stopped grieving so heavily over my sister who passed ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- I -- I found out that she’s my guardian angel, so that way I don’t feel sad about her. So what was your question ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: So yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- about my siblings? And I have a relationship with only -- I have a relationship with all of them because I choose to go back home to funerals ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- and when I seen their calmness and their goodness, I -- I felt comfortable around them. I realized that it wasn’t their fault that our mother and their dad was so rough on us because it was their dad. But I don’t say “my half-siblings,” ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I say “my siblings from my stepdad.”

MS. KERRIE REAY: And so your step-father, was he First Nation or Caucasian?
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yes. No, he was full-blooded as my mom was. My mom lost her rights when she married my dad in the Roman Catholic Church.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Church.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And do you know if your step-father went to residential school?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I don’t know. All I know is he was also illiterate.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah, my mom ran the house with her know how.

MS. KERRIE REAY: So-- so I always, sort of, wrote little reminders to myself to, sort of, try to trigger. So --so one of -- one of the things you said was that -- that -- I was wondering was: How -- how did you -- the residential school closed and so when the residential school closed that was how you ended back in a different school that wasn’t a residential school?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: No, no, the residential school was still open. What happened -- by the time we come to the reserve, ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- they had built another school outside of the residential school.
So now they had day students, day scholars. I’m a day scholar.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay. Okay,

(inaudible).

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** So when we came back from foster home ---

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** --- to my mom and step-dad’s, then right away we started school at the residential school day school. But we still ate their breakfast; we ate their lunch.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Right. Right.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** We got sick. We puked. We were always dehydrated.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Yeah.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** My step-dad never fed us at home, only leftovers.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Right. What was the name of that residential school?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** St. Philips, Kamsack, Sask.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay, because you talked about a -- another school that started with an N.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Oh, that was the elementary after residential school at my kokum’s
in Norquay, N-O-R-Q-U-A (sic).

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay. Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: That’s Norquay Elementary.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And then I was -- and then from Norquay Elementary, I went to Norquay High School. So ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay, so how -- what happened because those weren’t residential schools?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: No, those ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay, like a public school.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So those were in town. That’s with the white kids. We had to be bused from Key Reserve into the city.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Right.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: It was town, not (inaudible).

MS. KERRIE REAY: So I guess what I’m asking is: What happened that took you out of a residential school and -- and you went to these schools.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Because I learned to run and when I learned to run, I lived with my
kokum and my kokum lived on Key Reserve; that was Norquay.

So I went to Norquay School ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: School.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- on

the bus ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: ---

'cause my kokum took us in.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay, I just wanted
to make sure I have the stories.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah, my kokum and my mushum had 14 grandkids in their house all at once. They never -- when their kids -- when my aunts and uncles brought their kids, my -- mykokum just made room for us. There was no question that she couldn’t -- they couldn’t take us in.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay. So you talked about the time when you were kidnapped.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Your kokum knew you were gone?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Nobody knew I was gone. When I was picking blueberries, I seen my kokum’s sister ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Right.
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- and we locked eyes and that what gave me hope when I went back to the bush with him.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Right.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: See he had me so isolated that I didn’t even know that there was human beings out there ‘cause he had brainwashed me, ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- filled me full of fear. Like, you know, ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- so --

MS. KERRIE REAY: So I’m -- I’m trying to -- I’m try -- so had you been running and -- like, how old were you at the time that that -- I didn’t want to interrupt you.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I was 12.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I was 12 ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: (Inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- when that man stole me. I was in Yorkton at a foster home at Mrs. -- at Mrs. ---
MS. KERRIE REAY: [Foster parents 2]’s.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher: ---

[Foster parents 2]’s, yeah.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And [Foster mother 2] didn’t report you missing?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher: Nobody did. That’s why I said nobody was looking for me. Nobody cared. They -- I don’t know why [Foster mother 1] didn’t put out an alert -- I mean [Foster mother 2] -- when -- when my bed was empty. Like, we lived in her house with her daughter and her son and her grandson’s and ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: No social worker?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher: No, there was; [Social worker], he was a big red-headed guy. He was my social worker.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And even with a social worker involved, there -- to the best of ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher: Nobody --

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- your knowledge, there was never any ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher: Not one word was ever spoken when that guy dropped me off.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And when you were dropped off, I believe you talked a little bit about the
police, but did you actually lay a complaint?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** There was no police. I didn’t say nothing about police. I never said one thing about the police. They never came to my aid. They never even come to me. Nobody did.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** But did anybody report that you came home?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** No, nobody, no.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** No, no, not even when you came back?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** No, when you -- when you had your dirty laundry, you put it in the closet. You never said nothing.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** The rapes and molestations, we weren’t even allowed to talk about those things.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Yeah.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Yeah.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** And when this was happening, that was family members that may have been married to the men that -- that raped you or molested you; it wasn’t just the men, it was the wives?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** I had --
I had cousins. I had those boys that tied me four ways to trees. I had husbands.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** You just knew not to say anything?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher:** Say something and you’re dead. I learned to run, just always running. I mean, when I landed in Vancouver, I had enough running.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay. So you were speaking about 1997, which was the last time you tried to take your own life.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher:** M’hm.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** And 1997, it’s now 2017; you talked about 10 years of loving yourself.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher:** I just learned to actually look in the mirror in the last year ---

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** M’hm.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher:** --- without seeing my mom’s abusive face. I mean, I look just like my mom. Mom had (inaudible), short hair, glasses. When I hold my -- when I laugh, everything is [Mother]. But then if you put my dad’s picture beside me, I look just like my dad, so ---

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA Durocher:** ---
(inaudible). But I couldn't look in the mirror for the
fact of my mother's face always showed up and then finally,
when I started seeing [Therapist] three years ago, I can
look in the mirror now and see Elaine's face.

MS. KERRIE REAY: So what happened in
1997 after your suicide attempt? Was it the attempt on
your own life that -- that you decided that you count, at
that point, or was there something else that was happening
for you that gave you strength to ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I was
going to school. I was getting my grade 12. I was getting
myself together. I was trying to be a good parent. I was
having grandchildren now.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay, so do you think
it was the grandchildren that -- that sparked that need to
-- to take control back?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: No, do
you want to know what scared me? Was when I couldn't walk
after all those pills and alcohol, it was like I had no
control of my ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: (Inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- my
muscles ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- and I
walked like that all weekend or for three days ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: (Inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- and when I finally stopped, I had to -- okay, well first of all, I could have ruined myself. I would have had to, like, you know, I -- I worked in Saskatoon at 18 with two ladies in a wheelchair. Joyce had a broken neck, so she was paralyzed. Kathy had cerebral palsy, so when I’d make her laugh, her little limbs would fly all over.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah, okay. Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Well, I was their homemaker. So I mean I worked along the road and I worked in the bank.

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I was illiterate, so I took a bank teller’s course.

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Worked in a bank, but they didn’t give me a chance. I didn’t know how to speak to myself.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Right, okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So instead of quitting, I resigned. I didn’t quit and walk out. I resigned. I stood there for two weeks while they tortured me and put me down and, you know, wouldn’t let me
advance, but I left with my head held high. I was a single
mother. I had to keep going. There was no time to stop
and -- and lick my wounds.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Yeah.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** So at

‘97, when -- when my world come crashing down, it probably
had a lot to do with -- with my kids cutting my son’s hair
and -- and just everything in general.

Bob Marley’s music, I started --
somebody gave me his videos and I just kept constantly
watching them and I’d go to school and then I’d come home
and I’d just put Bob Marley on right away. I wouldn’t have
a chance to be sad.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Now, look at you
today.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** I had so
much sadness that it just -- you know -- and -- and I knew
in my heart if I committed suicide, it would ruin my
family.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** M’hm.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** How would
my kids be explaining to my grandkids that their
grandmother had taken her life; how do you explain the
pain? And ---

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** (Inaudible).
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- so
1 when my brain started thinking like that and listening to
2 Bob Marley’s music, ---
3
MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.
4
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- I
5 realized if I committed suicide, I’d be devastating my
6 family.
7
MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.
8
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And Bob
9
Marley’s words were telling me: “Don’t; stand up, be
10 strong; women don’t cry.” And those -- I took those words
11 literally ‘cause I needed something to believe in. I
12 didn’t believe in God. I didn’t believe in a church. I
13 didn’t believe in the Bible.
14
MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.
15
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I didn’t
16 even know that the Creator existed yet.
17
MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.
18
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I only
19 learned about smudging with sweet grass and -- not sweet
20 grass, sorry, with cedar because the coastal (phonetic)
21 natives at Native Ed did it. But when I walked in: “Ah,
22 who smoked a joint in here?”
23
MS. KERRIE REAY: (Inaudible). Yes.
24
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: They were
all sage. Well, when I was a little girl and the thunder
and lightning would come, my kokum would have a little
frying pan on the stove and she’d put her braid of sweet
grass there. So little things started coming to me. If I
seen my kokum being calm with sweet grass, maybe I’ll burn
sweet grass. If I’m going to Native Ed and they’re
smudging with cedar, well, maybe I’ll learn. Instead of
praying the way the religion -- the -- the residential
school taught us to: “Ah, close your eyes, get on your
knees and...” ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- no, I
pray with my hands open and I sit or I can do it in my
bathtub ‘cause now I’m -- I’m -- I don’t pay attention that
God’s staring at me. So I pray with my hands open, so that
my prayers reach the Creator.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And I
pray for the whole world; I don’t just pray for myself. I
pray for every animal, every tree, every water, every
mountain ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- every
human being. And I even tell Creator when I’m praying:
“Spread my arms around the world ‘cause I’ve got lots of
loving now. Just spread my arms around the world to
everybody that needs love and just hug them with my love.
Give them some because I’m overflowing now.” Today, I am --
I’ve replenished myself. I’ve got all this goodness and --
and my niece can tell you that’s what I share downtown with
poverty people.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** That
goodness.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** I -- I really think
that the Commissioners, when they hear your story, are also
going to want to know how it feels now that you’ve taken
control. You’ve -- you’ve got 10 years now of -- of -- in
different stages, ---

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** M’hm.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** --- but you seem to
be so full of life, you know. When we shut the camera
down, when we took a break, you were ready to get outside
and get some fresh air ---

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** M’hm.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** --- and -- and you
have such a positive (inaudible) and a laugh and a smile.
That’s not what they saw while you gave your statement.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Right.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** And so would you like
to -- to talk about that resilience, that -- that champion
that you -- that you’ve become for yourself and -- and let
the Inquiry know how you did it as a person, as a woman, as
somebody who had suffered great violence, great tragedy.
And look at you today; your grandchildren call you their
kokum, ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- right? And that
was a special person in your life. I mean look at the
smile.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I
wouldn’t let my grandsons call me kokum because my kokum
was so -- so special to me ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- that
I didn’t want to take her title and her ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- her
kokum plaque.

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So I had
[Grandson 1] and then a set of twins, [Grandson 2] and
[Grandson 3], and then [Grandson 4] and then came
[Granddaughter 1], a little girl. So when [Granddaughter
1] was born, first thing when she started talking, “kokum”
and I just melted and I said, “Yes, I want to be called kokum”.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** (Inaudible).

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** So she would argue with her brothers and she’d say, “No, no, no, that your grandma; that my kokum” ---

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Aw.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** --- with her little finger. And her -- her dad would say, “Hey [Granddaughter 1], I didn’t teach you to be selfish.” “But that is my kokum, right daddy?” And he’d say, “Yeah.” (Inaudible).

So what gave me strength is as I started healing, I went back to [Foster parents 1]’s farm.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** M’hm.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** They never hit us. If we got in trouble: “Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, okay, go to your room. Mom will call you when you’re hungry.” Or we’d hide up in the pine trees and he’d say, “Okay mom, cook dinner. When the kids get hungry, they’ll come down”.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** But we weren’t abused.

The church, we’d have it in the house.
My step-dad played piano. He played fiddle.

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And then all the people would come into the house and my -- my mom [Foster mother 1] would make the bread and cook the meals and we’d all -- they blessed the bread right there. They blessed the wine and everybody.

MS. KERRIE REAY: It was (inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: It was in the house, eh. So [Foster parents 1] give us so much love that after all that storm of being in -- back to the reservation, residential school, foster homes, having five kids on my own, drinking and drugging and abusing myself, that when I started to heal myself -- when I found out that my spiritual self had nothing to do with religion or the church ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- or the Bible or God and Jesus and the Lord, I started praying for everybody.

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I started praying that everybody would have strength, that everybody would take their blinders off, that -- that the government would take their blinders off and their sunglasses and,
literally, know of the catastrophe that they caused the
native people when they took their babies. What would they
do if we walked into their house and took their babies and
said, “Let us assimilate you. How about we take all your
babies and you go out there and you make a life for
yourself”? My kokum didn’t know how to be a kokum
and my mushum didn’t know how to be a mushum because
they’re in residential school.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** M’hm.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** When they
come home, there was no kids there; the house is empty. So
why do you think they were drinking and -- and carrying on?
There was no drugs back then, so it was just alcohol,
alcohol, alcohol. Well, my kokum just sobered up one day
and she was just so bright; her love also instilled in me.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** M’hm.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** I had a
Sunday School teacher at my kokum’s church, [Sunday school
teacher], and as a matter of fact, my daughter [Daughter
1]; her second name is [Daughter 1], [one sentence about
the identity of Daughter 1 redacted]. Her second name is
for my Sunday school teacher. And that lady, [Sunday
school teacher], would say, “Oh, Elaine, you run the Sunday
School. You know what you’re doing with the class.” So
she -- you know, people taught me love, along the road, in
between all those molestations.

It’s kind of like this big, cement
brick and then there’s a crack. Well, I was that crack.
In -- in that crack, I would remember, “Oh, [Foster mother
1] was so loving. She would just hold us and kiss us.”
And I’d say, “Oh, my kokum said I could sit on her lap and
she hugged me without any strings attached.”

Okay, so that was -- so as I was
healing as an adult, I would remember these little glimmers
of love along the road and I said to myself, “I used to be
a good person. Somewhere along the line, I was a happy
little girl. I used to run and jump and play and laugh and
then I lost my laugh, then I lost my light”.

And then my kids -- as I had my kids, I
started feeling like a woman because they took my
virginity. At six years old when someone’s having sex with
you ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah, you were taking
control back.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So as I
had grandkids, I realized I have to not be an alcoholic. I
can’t be a drugaholic (sic). I don’t want to tell my
grandkids, come kiss kokum with foam on the side of the
mouth like my ancestors, alcohol breath, forced to hug and
kiss everybody you didn’t want to.

Well, [Therapist] has taught me you
don’t have to hug anybody and don’t hug anybody too long
because they’ll take your good energy. I decided to keep
my own energy and if I want to hug you and give you some, I
will, but you’re not going to suck it out of me. People
all my life sucked out everything.

They -- I actually wrote poetry for
healing in 2002 in Vancouver. I wrote a -- I wrote a poem
that was read from Vancouver all the way to the tips of the
Prince Edward Island, all the radio stations. And it was a
poem about vultures -- vultures, how these vultures picked
at my body ever since I was six. They all picked, raped,
molested me, and everybody took something from me. And
when that was done, I was just a shell of bones and as I
started healing, I started putting myself back together.

You know, when somebody molests you and
beats you, you don’t feel like anything. You feel like
you’re just useless; you’re just garbage, a piece of shit.
Nobody even wants to come near you. I felt like that. I
felt like that because they took my virginity; they took my
-- they took my spiritualness (sic) and they took my
everything.

So when I started healing people, like,
I started going to counsellors, they had to be someone that
was molested like me, beaten, raised with alcoholic
parents. It couldn’t be -- I didn’t go to a psychologist
because he made me lay on a couch. I said, “No, you lay on
the couch. I’ll sit there and I’ll tell you how I feel.
Your book doesn’t tell me.” So I left.

So when I went and got my education in
-- in (inaudible), my grade 12, the counsellor there said,
“Elaine, I’m part of you. I’m part of your story”. And
that was it. For two years, all I did was cry every week
for an hour. Then she sent me to -- she said, “Okay,
Elaine, now that you’ve cried here, I think you need -- I’m
going to pass you on to a -- not a psychiatrist --
psychologist. She’s an art therapist. I know her very
well.” I think her name was [Art Therapist] at that time.
And she said, “She’s going to take care of you. She’s
gonna put perspective to -- to -- I’m telling her part of
your story so she has something to -- to understand who you
are.”

So I went to her and she said, “Elaine,
here I’m gonna do art”. She’d say, “Here’s a hole, now,
put yourself in the bottom.” She said, “That’s you stuck
in your pain. Get out.” And I’m like looking. I said,
“Well, I’m in the bottom of a hole. There’s no sticks.
How am I going to get out?” She said, “Think about it.” I
said, “I can’t.” She goes, “No, Elaine, you’ve got nails.
Dig, dig, dig; hand foot, hand foot.” And then she’d put me
-- draw myself on top of the hole.

She said, “You’ll never be stuck in
your pain again and you’ve got tools to get out. Elaine,
when you eat and puke and eat and puke and eat and puke
because you think people think people are going to eat all
your food, remember when you close your fridge door, it’s
your food. When you lay awake and smoke 10 cigarettes at
night, if there’s 10 hours, ‘cause you wake up 10 times,
remember when you go to the door and lock it, only you can
let in your predators. Nobody can harm you unless you let
them in and you’re an adult today, so you can say no.”

Growing up, there was no such thing as
no. You just had to obey. My mom hit me til I was 20. I
couldn’t even hit back. I couldn’t even answer back. At
20, she punched me off my -- my house that me and my
boyfriend were buying and my daughter, who is 40 now, she
punched me off my doorstep and said, “You get in that
house, that fucking house, and you look after your little
bastard”. On the way in, I said, “Remember that little
bastard, mom, is your granddaughter.” Went in the house,
packed up our suitcases -- I was a waitress at the Vagabond
in Regina -- got my last cheque, packed up my daughter,
went to the bus depot and never looked back. Seventy-eight
(’78), I landed in Vancouver and the rest is history. I
just never went back to the reserve.

When I went to -- to Yorkton to visit my mom, she would slap my kids. I’d say, “Mom, the kids (inaudible).” “Ah, yeah, well look; they missed; they missed.” I said, “Mom, they’re three and five or two and five.” “Yeah, well, if they’re going to clean, tell them to do it right.” And the last time -- I don’t know if my daughter was six or seven -- my mom had slapped her and then made her stand under the Christmas tree to take pictures and my -- my girl was -- you could tell she -- she couldn’t smile and she put her little hand to her mouth. “Stand up straight and put your hands down.” That’s residential school, okay.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** M’hm.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** That’s residential school.

So after that, I just put my kids on the -- I think at the time we took VIA Rail -- so that would have been from Regina -- and I never went back. I never took my kids to my mom’s again.

And now my kids missed out on a grandmother. You know my daughter got upset one day and said that I -- I kept her from her grandma in Saskatchewan. I said, “No, I kept you from being abused.” You see, they missed out on a grandma.
MS. KERRIE REAY: That they’re -- from what you’ve said, you took on a very difficult role to protect your children.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: But I did it in my drinking and drugging days, so somehow, along the road, they didn’t -- the oldest one especially didn’t feel like [Daughter 1]. [Son 1] and [Daughter 3] and then [Daughter 1] and then [Daughter 2] and then [Son 2]. So [Daughter 1], because she was the oldest and more responsible, she got the -- the heaviness of my ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- abuse and my discipline and my heavy hand. [Daughter 2] was three years later; she got it a little bit, and by the time [Son 2] come – [Son 2], my baby, he’s going to be 31 -- he can’t even remember me raising my hand to him. He said, “Mom, I don’t even remember you having a boyfriend.”

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: “I don’t even remember you ever you hitting me.”

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So my -- so my son and I got this special bond and my daughter [Daughter 2], we’re trying to feel each other out yet. She’s gonna be 37. She’s in Toronto. We’re still trying
to have a connection. And my daughter [Daughter 1] in Mission, we’re just breaking the ice for her and I to -- to be loving around each other and not shoot daggers at each other when we’re upset or -- or say real hateful things under our breath and ---.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** Okay, but this is about your healing process, right?

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Yes, as I see [Therapist] every week, as I talk to her about everything, she puts everything into perspective. She says, “Elaine, you have anxiety because of that PTSD.”

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** M’hm.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** “You’ll have it for the rest of your life. No, don’t medicate. Just know that when it’s coming up how to put a hold on it.”

So if my grandbabies come and things spill over and I freak out, I just say, “Okay, it’s okay kids. Kokum can wipe it up, but I cannot wipe away your sadness. So don’t worry, just leave it. It’ll evaporate.” It’s -- it’s not a big thing, but I still get anxiety.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** You’re also -- from what you’re saying, you’re also learning some tools or getting some tools, sort of, in your toolbox ---

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** M’hm.
MS. KERRIE REAY: --- so that you can cope with those situations as they come to you.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And that’s part of the resiliency I think we see here today, right? You’ve -- you’ve bared your soul; not only to the Commission, but to those of us who are sitting here and for that I want to thank you.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Thank you. I even learned to drive. Because of the car accident when I was 15, ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Right.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- I didn’t learn to drive til I was 30. But in Edmonton, my -- my son’s dad put sugar in the gas tank and ripped out all the wires of our car.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So he asked me, “What are you going to do about that bitch?” And that’s how he talked to me, right. I said, “Watch asshole.” So I went and I took a driving course. (Inaudible) 200, 400, went back to the 200. He wrote my learner’s there. I passed. He took me in Edmonton, six hours. He said, “Now, you go get your -- we’ll take you for your driver’s.” I’m like, “No, no.” But he said, “No,
just pretend it’s me.”

MS. KERRIE REAY: Oh, yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And this is a tall, slim, East Indian gentleman.

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Well, who gets into a car with a 300 pound Caucasian lady. He said, “Just pretend it’s me.” I went, “Okay.”

But she actually was very good. She gave me three tries for my parallel parking. I only got two dings; not slowing down in the schoolyard and not giving people enough time when I was signalling to jump in another lane; I would just jump, but I passed. So he wouldn’t let me go home after six hours. He said, “No, I still owe you four hours.”

So at 30 years old, I was still like a little kid. I didn’t trust myself driving. But once somebody made me do it, like the kid’s dad, I’ll show him and here I am today.

MS. KERRIE REAY: (Inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I can drive. I pick up my grandbabies from Vancouver to Mission. They can’t wait to come and visit me and when they go home, they compare stories. “Where did kokum take you special? Where did you go special? Where did you eat?” What -- you
know -- and this is, you know ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And they’re not jealous.

MS. KERRIE REAY: (Inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: They’re not arguing. They’re actually, “Oh, I get this (inaudible)” and they’re happy. So I treat my grandbabies very well.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Thank you. And -- and I think that there’s a piece there of [Foster parents 1].

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Oh, there’ll always be.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah. And -- and ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- have they passed on?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah, when my sister died in 1972, September 2nd, at 7 o’clock, [Foster mother 1] died that same day at 4 o’clock.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Aw.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So I think that [Foster mother 1] knew about my sister and took her to the spirit world ‘cause they went together. [Foster
mother 1] passed of cancer and my sister passed in the car accident. So to me that gives me ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Some comfort?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah,

that’s a good word, comfort.

And -- and then I went back to Preeceville to look for that old farm, but it was too early in the spring; them roads are too muddy.

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: But they say the farm is still standing, but it’s very tiny. I still want to go back because I just want to lay tobacco, sweet grass, sage. I want to thank [Foster mother 1] for really, really not separating all four of us because I think it would have been way -- I might not even be alive if we were separated ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: ---

because they just loved us. We couldn’t do nothing wrong. I don’t care how many eggs we smashed, how many bees stung us up; we weren’t beaten down and begging for our lives. Just, you know, the bee sting, you (inaudible) because they made their own honey.

My -- my dad churned milk and separated cream from milk and he collected eggs. So they sold honey,
sold their milk, sold their eggs. So everything was
produced. They killed their own cow. They killed their
own pig and everything was -- they made everything right on
the farm. So we didn’t even go into town, right. We were
just so happy to be on the farm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah, and that’s a
really good memory.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: It’s is.
I’ve just -- forever like.

MS. KERRIE REAY: And now you’re
passing that on ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: To my
grandbabies.

MS. KERRIE REAY: (Inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: You know,
listen, there’s another thing that a lot of us forgot to do
is when you’re eating and you drop food that means there’s
spirits, your ancestors are hungry.

MS. KERRIE REAY: M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So what
you do is you cook their favourite meal and you -- and this
is what I’m teaching my 15-year-old grandson and my 11-
year-old granddaughter is take a little bit of food off
each -- whatever food you make and put it in a plate and
pray and say, “This is for all the spirits that have gone
on before us, all our ancestors”. And I say “wesunin,”
(phonetic) so my granddaughter says “wesunin” and [Grandson
4], who’s 15, he says -- he prays and he said, “Okay,
kokum, I’ve prayed” and he says all my relations. And then
when my granddaughter is driving with her dad, she goes,
“Dad, I see an eagle. Where’s the tobacco? Where’s the
tobacco? Kokum says I’ve got to pray”. So she prays,
“Okay, open the window on my relations.”

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** (Inaudible).

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** So this
is me that’s teaching them this and you know they’re so
proud.

So I’m saying this because, along the
way, the religion has taken away how we laid out food. My
kokum would put tobacco out for the ancestors. They had a
tobacco can at the grave where they put the food. They had
another tobacco can for cigarettes. So this is what I
Teach my -- my grandchildren. I may not smoke a cigarette,
but when my niece is gonna have one, I’ll take the tip of
her cigarette and I’ll pray into that tobacco and I’ll
spread it to goodness.

**MS. KERRIE REAY:** It really does -- as
you talk, it really does give me a sense that you -- you
have found happiness.

**MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER:** Yes.
MS. KERRIE REAY: And that’s wonderful.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yes.

MS. KERRIE REAY: It must be a wonderful feeling for you.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: It is.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I’ve forgiven people that did this to me because if they didn’t do this to me with the -- you know, the molestation, sodomization (sic), the rapes, beatings, everything, cultural genocide, I wouldn’t be the strong human being sitting here right now.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And you know what? Nobody will ever take away what I’ve got inside of me today.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Right.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: No one can ever tell me I’m less than a human being. No one can ever call me stupid. No one can ever make me feel any way that I don’t want to feel ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yes.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- because I choose to remain happy. I sing and I like going to karaoke at my Elders’ group. If the women are having a
little bit too much of a kerfuffle, I just come up with a
song ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: And there you go

(inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- and

it just calms everybody.

MS. KERRIE REAY: So I’m wondering ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- one of the things

the -- the Inquiry speaks to is about ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yes.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- how to honour

your survival ---.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- and -- and where

you have brought yourself today. And we do have an art

appreciation -- sorry, I actually forget the formal name of

it. But if you wanted to sing a song to go with your video

as a -- as a legacy, as a testament to the artistic side in

you, ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: M’hm.

MS. KERRIE REAY: --- you can do that.

If that is something you would like to ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I can do

it sitting right here.
MS. KERRIE REAY: Well, but we could do it so that -- whether you have music or ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: No, well, you can just sing -- this is the way I was.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Oh, here it is. So it’s an open call to artistic expressions and ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Well, where do they do that; here?

MS. KERRIE REAY: Well, yes, yes. Petra (phonetic) is here and she can meet with you and ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Well, I’d rather just sing my song sitting here and you just put it on that and that’s it ‘cause I think I’m going to be too drained after.

MS. KERRIE REAY: All right.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Okay, so this ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: But it doesn’t have to be today. It could be in a week or two.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: No, I just need to get it over with.

MS. KERRIE REAY: All right.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So listen ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Away you go.
MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Listen to my song and it’s about the words. The words of this song is so important. I sing this at all the funerals I attend in Saskatchewan. I sing it to my grandchildren. I sing it to my friends. I sing it at my others meeting in Vancouver. I sing it when we’re doing marches and rallies for the homelessness in Vancouver. So this is going to be my song. It’s an old Ricky Skaggs song and it’s “I Wouldn’t Change You If I Could”. So here we go.

--- SONG/CHANSON

MS. KERRIE REAY: Oh, yay. Okay.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Beautiful.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I’m all good.

MS. KERRIE REAY: You’re all good.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I am.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I love singing and it makes me just calm down.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Yeah.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Yeah.

MS. KERRIE REAY: Would you like to do a second one?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: I know one and it’s by Queen.
UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Do you want to do the warrior song?

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Oh, let’s do it together.

MS. KERRIE REAY: (Inaudible).

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: How about -- this one we do in Vancouver and (inaudible), you’re going to be (inaudible) with me.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: And we don’t have a drum ‘cause it’s out in the vehicle, so we’re just going to ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Ah, okay.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: So this is the women’s warrior song and we do it on all our marches and rallies ---

MS. KERRIE REAY: Okay. M’hm.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: --- and we also did it on the “Highway of Tears” as we walked from Prince Rupert here to Smithers. So one, two, three. --- CLOSING SONG

MS. KERRIE REAY: Awesome. Awesome. Okay, I’d like to thank you and I’m going to turn us ---

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Thank you.
MS. KERRIE REAY: --- turn everything off.

MS. ELAINE BARBARA DUROCHER: Okay.

--- Upon adjourning

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LEGAL DICTA-TYPIST’S CERTIFICATE

I, Vicki Backman, Court Transcriber, hereby certify that I have transcribed the foregoing and it is a true and accurate transcript of the digital audio provided in this matter.

_______________________
Vicki Backman

Vicki Backman

October 16, 2017