Translation

Thursday, March 15, 2018

Public volume 69

Érica Bégin, Daniel Petiquay, Jean-Marc Quitish, Antoinette Flammand, Francine Flammand, Francine Dubé, Lucie Dubé, Angèle Petiquay & Desneiges Petiquay, In relation to Marie-Paul Petiquay, Thérèse Flammand & Julie-Anna Quitish

Heard by Chief Commissioner Marion Buller and Commissioners Michèle Audette & Brian Eyolfson
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APPEARANCES

Assembly of First Nations  Daniel Cunningham (Legal Counsel)

Assembly of First Nations Quebec-Labrador (AFNQL)  No Appearance

Concertation des luttes contre l’exploitation sexuelle  No Appearance

Conseil des Anicinabek de Kitcisakik  No Appearance

Directeur des poursuites pénales et criminelles  No Appearance

Government of Canada  Sarah Churchill-Joly (Legal Counsel)

Government of Quebec  No Appearance

Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami  No Appearance

Innu Takuaikan Uashat mak Mani-Utenam (ITUM)  No Appearance

Naskapi Nation of Kawawachikamach  No Appearance

Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, Saturviit Inuit Women’s Association of Nunavik, Ottawa Inuit Children’s Centre Quebec Native Women  No Appearance

Regroupement Mamit Innuat  No Appearance

Les Résidences oblates du Québec  No Appearance
Public Hearings
March 15 2018

Witnesses: Érica Bégin, Daniel Petiquay, Jean-Marc Quitish, Antoinette Flammand, Francine Flammand, Francine Dubé, Lucie Dubé, Angèle Petiquay, Desneiges Petiquay, In relation to Marie-Paul Petiquay, Thérèse Flammand and Julie-Anna Quitish

Heard by Chief Commissioner Marion Buller, Commissioners Michèle Audette and Brian Eyolfson

Commission Counsel: Fanny Wylde

Grandmothers, Elders and Knowledge-keepers: Melanie Morrison (NFAC), Sarah Nowrakudluk (NFAC), Laurie Odjick (NFAC), Sedalia Fazio, Louise Haulli, Audrey Siegl, Pénélope Guay, Kathy Louis, Oscar Kistabish, Évelyne St-Onge, Bernie Poitras Williams, Laureen “Blu” Waters-Gaudio, Martha Greig, Moreen Konwatsitsawi Meloche, Patricia Kaniente Stacey, Michael Standup, Elaine Kicknosway, Charles-Api Bellefleur, Edouard Chilton, Sharon Tardif-Shecanapish, Winnie Bosum and Priscilla Bosum

Clerk: Maryiam Khoury

Registrar: Bryan Zandberg
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LIST OF EXHIBITS

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Exhibits
(No exhibits filed)
--- Upon commencing on Thursday, March 15 at 3:44 p.m.

**MS. FANNY WYLDE:** So, dear Commissioners, I’d like to present to you the sharing circle for this afternoon, made up of members of the Attikamekw Nation. These family members will come to tell the story of five Indigenous individuals, including three women, who died near Manawan, Quebec in 1977.

The five individuals were apparently involved in a motor vehicle accident and drowned.

However, to date, all family members reject that theory, and they’re here to tell you of their understanding of the events, their theory, the repercussions it has had in their lives and the recommendations.

I would like to remind the Commissioners of how we’ll proceed. I’ll ask everyone to introduce themselves, first name and last name and their community. We will then swear in each person, although our traditions, when entering a sharing circle, we’re de facto sworn in, but for the purposes of the Inquiry’s work, we’ll swear them in.

I’ll ask a first question. I’ll ask them to share what they want to share about their loved ones who they lost, a second question on the impact that loss has
had on their lives, and finally, I’ll give them some time for their recommendations.

So without further delay, I’ll ask the first person here to my left to tell us her name.

**MS. ÉRICA BÉGIN:** Érica Bégin, representing the family of Marie-Paul Petiquay.

**MR. DANIEL PETIQUAY:** Daniel Petiquay, my sister Marie-Paul, grandmother Quitish, my sister Julie-Anna Quitish.

**MS. ANTOINETTE FLAMMAND:** Antoinette, the daughter of Thérèse Flammand.

**MS. FRANCINE FLAMMAND:** Francine Flammand, the daughter of Thérèse Flammand.

**MS. FRANCINE DUBÉ:** Francine Dubé. I’m Lionel Petiquay’s aunt.

**MS. LUCIE DUBÉ:** Lucie Dubé, Manawan.

(Indigenous language spoken).

**MS. ANGÈLE PETIQUAY:** Angèle Petiquay, Manawan. I’m Denis Petiquay’s sister.

**MS. DESNEIGES PETIQUAY:** My name is Desneiges Petiquay. I’m... Marie-Paul from Manawan was my sister.

**MS. FANNY WYLDE:** So just to help the Commissioners understand, the loved ones whose families are here are Marie-Paul Petiquay, Thérèse Flammand,
Julie-Anna Quitish, Denis Petiquay and Lionel Petiquay. They are the loved ones who will be discussed.

Could the Registrar please swear in the witnesses?

MR. BRYAN ZANDENBERG: Okay, so, as I understand it, you want to swear in using an eagle’s feather. Is that right? Yes? Okay. So, I’ll provide an eagle’s feather. There are nine witnesses, so I’ll hand out an eagle’s feather to each group of three witnesses to swear everyone in at the same time, to make it easier. Is that okay? Yes? Okay.

So, it would be good to hold the eagle’s feather with a partner next to you. That’s it. Yes, like that is good.

So does everyone solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

MS. ÉRICA BÉGIN: Yes.

MR. DANIEL PETIQUAY: Yes.

MS. ANTOINETTE FLAMMAND: Yes.

MS. FRANCINE FLAMMAND: Yes.

MS. FRANCINE DUBÉ: Yes.

MS. LUCIE DUBÉ: Yes.

MS. ANGÈLE PETIQUAY: Yes.

MS. DESNEIGES PETIQUAY: Yes.

MR. BRYAN ZANDBERG: Thank you very much.
MS. FANNY WYLDE: So, the first question I’d like to ask you is what you’d like to share with the Commissioners today about your loved one?

MR. DANIEL PETIQUAY: My sister, I think of her... I was the first one to get in the car. The panel was blue. I got in. When I got in the car, I saw a box of... I just saw the 40-oz box that was in it. I didn’t see much beer. I searched and I found... that was all I saw. I saw cases of beer. It was the non-Indigenous people who had that.

After that, I moved to the front. On the driver’s side, I looked underneath. I saw revolvers underneath, while on the other side, I found knives under the seat. That’s what I saw in the car. They were hiding those knives. They came to the community to pick up Indigenous people, people from Attikamekw, because they wanted to kill them. It was about 7:00 a.m. when they left the community. This was done by non-Indigenous people. They had them drink a lot before leaving with them.

I saw my aunt Guyana... I only saw my aunt get in the car. I didn’t see my sister get in the car. She was in the car. But I saw my aunt get in. I stayed sitting outside the house because I saw that they were going by there. Maybe they were “braking.” We saw red lights. That may have been when they took them by force and put them in
The next day, I heard that my sister had been murdered. They asked that we go identify them, the Sûreté du Québec, because they had retrieved them from the river, and a fire had been built there. The white people, they said that they had made a fire to dry their clothes. It’s strange that they did that.

My mother was advised. My father was still alive. He was alive. My father became angry, very angry. It’s strange that they didn’t look for what I found in the car, because they didn’t do an investigation. There was no investigation. That’s what I really think. There was no investigation. Maybe the knives and all that, and the thieves, maybe they’re in the river. They didn’t look. They didn’t search. The guy left. He asked me to tell the story. His name was Philippe Flammand. He was the one who asked me to tell, because he went with the police to investigate. There were marks in the back, he said, on their backs, because they had been stabbed in the back those who were sitting in the car, those who were taken.

I can’t say that it was an accident. They were murdered. That’s a lot. That’s really heavy, because they came to get Indigenous people. I don’t know why they did that.

My mother always... there was a lot of
substance use, and she always said “My daughter was murdered.” My grandmother also said the same thing.

And now, I can say today that it was a dagger to the heart, still today. That’s what we feel, a dagger to the heart. And I can also say that that may be why I’m sick. I drink to forget, to try to forget, to not think about it. I still drink.

I now suffer from a bad case of diabetes.

**MR. JEAN-MARC QUITISH:** Julie-Anna was my sister. She is the same as Daniel. Certainly he too, what he saw is the same as what I saw. Everything he saw, there was a lot. There was a lot of alcohol. In particular, there was a lot more in the back of the car.

My sister arrived and got out. She came to get her purse and I told her “Julie-Anne, don’t go. Take someone else. He’ll be here soon.” I waited... there was... because there was always one arriving to... he brought groceries, a person from St-Michel brought them. We were waiting for the groceries and she was told “We’ll get in with him, because him, he’ll take you right where you want to go with him. You’ll be safer where you want to go. It’s safer.” She didn’t listen to me. And I told her “At least our little girl Marie-Paul, she’s really young and you’re taking her. What’s she going to do there? What’s she going to do alone in town if you take her?” Again, she didn’t
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listen to me, and she said “I’ll take her anyway.”

And her aunt told her to get out of the house, because she lived with her aunt, whose name was Emma-Louise. She told her to get the child out whom she had custody of. Julie-Anna took the child. It’s true that it’s all... she took her. That’s why I think about her sometimes.

Now, the car, there was no accident. It was not in the water like that on its own because before the car was in the water, they were murdered because when we went... we went to the scene... there were a lot of people who were around to see how it happened for there to be an accident there. The tracks that were there; it’s as though the vehicle had backed into the river because we saw tracks where there was effort... a lot of effort to push. That’s according... to me; it’s because they were murdered and then they were pushed into the river.

Because the white person there, he came to get one of his friends here in Montreal to return. Maybe that person was more... found it easier to do something, maybe a God I could say.

They arrived in Manawan. It was a Ford that arrived. There were large “spots” on the car when it arrived. There were other Indigenous people there, tow trucks. And he told me, “Why don’t you go after the
non-Indigenous people? Come see what it looks like in the
car.” We went to see the car with the driver. He didn’t
come to get his rifle. His rifle was still in the car.
There was blood all over in the car. Why was there blood
all over in the car? That’s why I said they were murdered.

I often think about my sister. Why didn’t
she listen? I often ask myself that. She went to die there.
That’s it.

Thank you.

MS. ANTOINETTE FLAMMAND: I also want to talk
a bit about what we went through.

INTERPRETER: She is reciting the Lord’s
Prayer to have more courage, strength, to be able to
continue the sharing.

MS. LISA DUBÉ: Ask our Mother Mary to give
us the strength to continue, because the story that we will
tell should... it’s a story that is very hard to tell. That
is why we’re asking for help from the Virgin Mary to help
us, to give us strength and light.

INTERPRETER: She is reciting the Hail Mary
in Attikamekw.

MS. ANTOINETTE FLAMMAND: At the time of the
events, I was with... I was with my mother. We had left our
house. We had been at Joséphine’s, at the house. I had been
with her at Joséphine’s. We stayed for a bit at
Joséphine’s. And I remember, at the time, Joséphine had
told my mother... she had told my mother, “Your daughter
will sleep here and you, go alone to find what you are
looking for.” She was also looking for my father.

And me, I didn’t want to stay there. I
didn’t want to let my mother go alone. I followed her, my
mother, because she was going to look for my father. She
had been in another house trying to find him.

I saw the car driving around the village. We
got into it too. We drove around the village to try to find
him. Manawan wasn’t that big. It wasn’t as big then. There
was just the part of the woods there. We went around the
houses. We went around and the police told us to get out of
the car and we got out. We left. And then, later, we saw
the car come back and the white man who was there, he
stopped. He told us to get in and we got in. We did not go
far. That was where he stopped. The car stopped. I tried to
get her out of the car with me. I told my mother to get
out, but she didn’t listen to me. I pulled her by the legs.
She didn’t want to get out. She stayed in the car and one
of the white men who got out, he got us out of the car. He
got me out of the car and sent me to the side of the road.
After being forced out, after that, he slammed the door
shut.

He took off immediately after that. That’s
where he left me all alone. And it was already dark and I
didn’t know where to go. I remembered where my sister
lived. That’s where I went. Because it was dark, I didn’t
know where to go. I was at my sister’s. I went to bed
there, and slept there.

That’s where I woke up early in the morning.
I ran home. That’s when I saw that there were a lot of
people at my father’s house, and the neighbour, and at
André Dubé’s house, there were a lot of people. That’s when
I heard... I learned that I no longer had a mother. I had
lost mom.

And it hurts a lot when I talk about that
and when I talk about it, even just thinking about it. My
mother should have listened to me. She should have listened
to me when I told her to get out of the car. She should
have listened to me. I was eight years old at the time of
those events.

MS. FRANCINE FLAMMAND: It’s really hard to
hear my little sister tell her story because she was the
last person to have touched my mother.

The last time I saw my mother, she was
drinking and she took me to the neighbour’s house, our
neighbour. I’ll speak in Attikamekw.

The last time I saw my mother, she had taken
me to a neighbour’s house. She told the neighbour, whose
name was Margo... we called her Kokum Agnes (Ph.),
Grandmother Agnes. “You’ll help me watch the children.” She
took me to Margo’s house herself. “That was always what I
did. I always helped those who had a lot of children.
That’s what you’ll do too, help families, big families.

And I often wonder why she had taken me
there? She had 11 children. She left them. She left her
children. She had 11, 9 girls and 2 boys, and she left just
like that.

Sometimes, I feel bad for my father because
I always saw him all alone since my mother’s death. I have
never seen my father sitting with another woman. I have
never seen him stay with another woman. I sometimes think
that maybe he had too many... a lot of children. Maybe
that’s why he never looked at another woman, because he
loved our mother a lot. Maybe that’s why he never wanted to
be with another woman. We never asked him why, but it was
his choice.

In the beginning, my sister, she was very
young when she left Manawan and the other sister, Nicole.
She was the one who watched my younger sisters. She had a
child too, and my mother had two grandchildren that she
saw, my sister’s children, and Nicole’s children. She had
seen her two grandchildren.

As for my sister Nicole, it was her who
babysat... her who kept an eye on us in addition to her own children. She had a lot of children. She may have been 18 at that time. The other one was 17, the first sister, and the baby of the family, she was only four when our mother left.

I always heard my brothers and sisters trying to find out... they asked questions. They asked to see their mother. I always saw the one who was four years old. She looked out the window. She called “Mommy!” And they told her “Your mom isn’t here anymore.” And she pointed to the door because she wanted to go out. They stopped her so she wouldn’t go out. They kept her in the house.

And the other one, the second-last child, they stayed together, crying, and looked for their mother. They went from room to room trying to find their mother, crying.

One of my brothers also found it very hard. Once, he climbed somewhere very high. We went up and got him. We asked him, “Why did you climb so high there?” And he then replied “I want to go see mommy in heaven.” And then he climbed again on an electrical pole and was electrocuted. We asked him, “Why did you climb up there?” He replied, “I want to go see mommy in heaven. I want to go see mommy.” He got three third degree burns. He
had third degree burns.

My father went to see him at the hospital.

He stayed a long time at the hospital. He went to stay with
my brother, the boy.

Those are the repercussion we suffer when we
have no mother. All kinds of things happen, all kinds of
accidents.

I had a lot of difficulty too as a girl. I
attempted suicide too. I don’t know how many times I tried.
I don’t even know.

When I turned 35 years old, I don’t
remember, because my mother was 35 when she died. She was
almost 35 years old. And then, I don’t even know, when I
turned 35 years old. I don’t remember. Maybe I was
completely lost. I didn’t touch drugs, but I consumed a
lot, drank a lot of alcohol. That’s what I used a lot.

Three are gone. My sister’s name was Lina.
She’s gone, and Micheline, my sister, and our brother
Jacques. There was a fatal car accident. He had five
children when he had the fatal accident. He had a baby. He
was seven or eight months old when he died. It was really
hard then because we felt bad for our young cousins because
they had just lost their father. We relapsed again right
away then, when we lost our mother.

I have a lot of pain. He always loved the
children. I always saw him watching them. I don’t know how many grandchildren he would have, her too, to watch them. Sometimes my father is all alone at home. I feel bad for him. I think there would have been a lot of people staying with him. It hurts me that my sister Marie didn’t come. She was unable to be here.

My mother’s death was on June 26, 1977, that’s when she died. Three days later, she was buried. It’s as though we were in a hurry to bury them. My mother, it was actually her birthday. Her birthday was June 29 and that was the day she was buried. We were supposed to have a family meal that day. It’s as though... what’s her birthday like now? It’s the gift we received from the white people. That was the gift they gave us, to go bury her on her birthday. That was the gift we received from the white people. That’s what I find really hard.

I admire other women who celebrate their mothers’ birthdays. Sometimes, I’m jealous.

I always talked to my mother. I always said, “Let me meet a man with a big heart; help me find that young man, that man.” Sometimes, I think that she listened to me, she heard me because the guy that... the man that I married is a very, very good man. He has never beaten me. He has never said anything to me, or his father, he is the
same type, just like him, his behaviour. He is not a violent man. I have never heard that about my father. They saved me, that’s true. Maybe I would have been dead a long time ago if I had continued to act that way. He helped me a lot so that I would go back to school in La Tuque. In the beginning, I didn’t want to stay there. I didn’t want to stay in La Tuque because I was afraid, was scared, of non-Indigenous people. I was told, “Wait for me outside while I’m in school. Sometimes I went to see if he was there. “If you leave, I will quit school.” I’ll leave. He did that for three months. He came to wait for me in the morning and at noon. He came to see me inside.

I had a lot, a lot of difficulty at that time because I was still really afraid because I was still afraid of non-Indigenous people, whites, and at some point it went away. I felt a bit better. Finally, I was able to go alone. I stayed by myself in La Tuque while he went to work in Manawan.

I have never told Daniel, but I still have a severe addiction. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen a psychiatrist, a psychologist. I had nothing left to say. It’s as though I was only going to get a prescription. That’s what I think. There’s a medication that I’m completely addicted to, a pill. I have been using that medication for a long time because I had a lot of anxiety.
I still take it now. I didn’t have any children yet when I started taking that medication, using it. I still use it now. Now, it’ll be... I began taking medication in ’80 or ’81, and I’m still taking it every day, particularly in the evening. And I tell myself, I’d like to... I’d be happy to stop taking it, but if I stop taking the medication, I could relapse, relapse into anxiety. I had a lot of anxiety and so, if I stop the medication, I will fall back into that.

That’s my wish. What I want the most is to stop taking that medication, but I can’t. I’m not even able to walk alone in town. Even when I go to the mall, I can’t do it. I’d panic. I’d panic when I went there alone.

I think that’s the impact it had, what happens. That’s enough for now.

MS. FRANCINE DUBÉ: Hello. I’ll speak in Attikamekw.

I’m also here to talk about my nephew, Lionel Petiquay, because he got in with the three women too. Lionel was in the car. That’s why I’m here, to represent the family.

It’s true that it’s hard. Even 40 years later it’s hard. It weighs on you. It weighs heavy when we talk about it. It’s hard.

Listening to those who have spoken, about
what they’re feeling, what they’ve experienced, it’s hard.

We were sick over it. And I feel bad for my sister, the one sitting behind me, and my brother-in-law. It was their son who was lost. I was 16 years old at the time. Now I’m 57 years old, and it still hurts inside when we think about it. There’s a lot of pain. It’s hard to talk about it. I listen to the others talk about it too and it’s really hard.

When it happened, they weren’t told anything at all. The police didn’t come to see them to give them any information. They only heard about it from the children. It was one of my young cousins who went to his parents to tell them that his brother had been in a fatal accident. It was one of their young sons who told them the news.

The SQ didn’t do their job right. They didn’t do their work in a professional way. They never met with the police, with the SQ officers. They were never told anything... they could never explain and recount their child’s last 24 hours. They always tried to find out what happened. It was too vague. The event was too unclear, what happened. We say that they were murdered. We know that. The elders who said... they tried to find out from those who were already dead. They went to see. The elders said, “They didn’t drown. They were murdered.”

That’s what’s hard to think about. It’s hard
to think because we know that there wasn’t a proper investigation. We were scorned. There was no respect, the respect for the investigation. We weren’t respected. The investigation wasn’t done properly. That’s why we asked that an investigation be opened. It didn’t work. The SQ always replied “The investigation won’t be reopened.”

The time was only taken recently to reopen the investigation. Today, that’s what’s harder to talk about.

We faced a lot of problems when we tried to find out what happened, and the families who are sick, and others are drinking. They try to drown their feelings. There’s violence, fighting in families. Accusations are made and everything.

And what I’m saying, what I think, when I lost my nephew, because he loved life. He was happy. He was always smiling. We’d see him everywhere because he was always talking. He liked other people and his life was taken from him. His life was cut short. But he was very happy, full of life.

That’s why I think that the SQ, my sister was prohibited from going to see the pictures that were taken... the pictures that were taken when they were taken out of the water. Pictures were taken of the victims, and my sister was prevented from seeing the pictures. She was
told, “You’re not allowed, have no business looking at the pictures that were taken.”

Even after that, he was the one who went to dress them after. The elder is still alive and when he went to dress them, he saw... he knew that the bones were broken. When he dressed them, he knew... they watched carefully to not uncover the body too much because the body was hidden from them, but they didn’t say what it looked like. How were the five victims? What condition were they in? Because they were hiding how they were injured. And the elder who dressed them told us, “I found... I felt that the bones were soft and they weren’t in the right place.” For example, the knees weren’t in the right place where they should have been.

That’s what my sister always asked, and the children. What... why did they do that to us? Why did they act like that toward us? Why did they hide things from us? We’re human beings too. Why did they treat us like second class... we have a heart. I don’t know why... how they were able to do that, to have... acted that way toward the five victims. They said at St-Michel, “Why are they...” Yet St-Michel is not in that direction. The town of St-Michel was in the other direction. Why did they take that road?

They had been... my sister went to see the scene of the accident, my sister. They saw too that it
wasn’t an accident. They doctored the scene because, if there had been an accident, you see everything on the ground, all the splatter there would be and, at the scene, it wasn’t in that condition. There was no sand disturbed. It was... they just saw the tracks that went... the tire tracks that led into the water. There were a lot of signs that showed that it was not a drowning. They were killed, murdered.

We know, we think very strongly that the actions of the non-Indigenous people, the white men, because they didn’t go to the SQ right away when they arrived in St-Michel. First, they went for a coffee at the restaurant and then said that there had been an accident. That’s when we saw that, for them, that Indigenous lives were worthless. And the SQ said at that point that there were Indians who were dead there, “Let’s go see.” And he was a witness too. He was told what he had to say, to tell what he saw. Even the police told him what to say. That’s what I said earlier. That’s what I said earlier; we find it strange. People are sick over it.

We don’t have the time for our... because it’s hard to grieve when we don’t know the truth. We don’t know the truth, what really happened. We feel that there was injustice in this.

I feel sorry for my young cousins who lost
their brother because they found it really hard when they lost him, and they want to know what happened. And we don’t know either because the SQ investigated; it was the same result. And it’s even worse; it’s like someone slapped us in the face. That’s how we feel. It’s always the same thing. They say they drowned. Even now, it’s even more painful to be told that because we weren’t believed. They don’t believe what we say.

There you go. That’s it. Thank you.

MS. FANNY WYLDE: Commissioners, before we continue, a witness has requested a break. So if you could give us a five-minute break?

So we’ll take a five-minute break. Please respect the five minutes. Thank you.

--- Upon recessing at 4:46 p.m.

--- Upon resuming at 4:59 p.m.

MS. FANNY WYLDE: Thank you Commissioners for giving us that break.

So I would ask the next witness to proceed.

MS. LUCIE DUBÉ: Hello everyone, everyone in attendance. I’m pleased that there are many of us, that there are many of us who want to discuss and talk some more.

My name is Lucie. They call me Grandmother Lucie. My name is Lucie Dubé. I’m from Manawan.
At the time of the events, when we lost those who departed, my son as well, in the afternoon, while I was at home, while I was doing laundry, he... I told him, “You’ll help me.” Because doing the laundry was very hard then. And he told me, “I need to leave, Mom. I want to go see my friend, Lionel. He’s all alone at home.” I told him, “Don’t be too long. Come home after.” He had his coat over his shoulder and he left. I called out to him, “Don’t be too long because we’re going out. We’re going to see your father at work.” That wasn’t true. It wasn’t true that we were going out. It was just so he’d come home as soon as possible. Until evening, evening came. That was in the afternoon.

In the afternoon, I saw the car drive by my sister Annie’s house. That’s where the car stopped. I spoke with my sister Annie. “Who’s that?” And she told me that it was Naser (ph.). I saw them going there. I saw them both come toward me, Lionel and my son. And I told Naser, in fact, because he was a police officer at the time, “Tell him to go... don’t let the two boys get in the car with the two white men who were there.” That’s what I told him.

Then, at one point, I couldn’t see the car because they had left. It was almost blue. The panel that was there, it was blue. I waited for my son and, at one point, they stopped in front of our house. My son got out
of the car running. And I asked him, “Where are you going?” I was standing in the door. “We’re going for a ride. Our friends are with us.” They weren’t his real friends. They found friends. “I’m coming for my tape to play in the car.” And I told him, “Don’t get in. Stay here and come home.” He told me, “No, I won’t leave. I’ll ask them to drop me off here.” That’s what he told me. He didn’t come home that evening.

We went to bed, me and my daughter. And at one point, I woke up. Three hours after midnight, I woke up. I went to look in his room. He wasn’t there. I woke up my daughter, “Wake up. We’re going to look for your brother. He didn’t come home.”

I met with a lot of people to ask what they had seen. They replied, “No, we didn’t see him.” There were a lot of people who were walking about the community of Manawan. There were a lot of people who were walking about. There was even one, I got in Naser’s car. He let me get in. He said, “Get in, we’ll drive around to look for him.” Marguerite got in too. We called her Grandmother Marguerite. We drove around. I called those who were there and asked, “Is Denis there?” “No.” We didn’t find him. We didn’t find him in Manawan. I said, “I’ll get off at our house because I don’t know where he is.” I returned to our house, but I was unable to get back to sleep. I always
waited for him to return. Sometimes we stood outside on the porch until the sun came up. I sat outside on the porch of the house on a chair because I was watching because I thought he’d come back.

Until the afternoon, I sat on the chair and, at one point, the car... not the car he got in. And the car took care of patients, the white man. He was the one who drove people who had appointments. He stopped... he didn’t stop the car right away. He stopped at one point. Two girls got out, my daughter and my sister’s daughter. I called them right away. And I said, “Have you seen your brother?” My daughter came running. She came and said, “Mom, you look terrible. Never again... I will never see my brother again.” And I said, “Why didn’t you...” He had been to St-Michel. “Why didn’t you watch your bother? You always stayed there.”

I don’t really know; it’s as though I fell backward, fell on my back. The last thing I remember, when she called “Mom,” after that, I don’t remember anything at all. I woke up. There were a lot of people. There was a woman named Suzanne. She came. She came to wake me up by putting a lot of water in my face. I had called my mother at that point, who was coming. They went to get her. She came to see me. And then she told us that we had been whipped by our Creator. That’s what she told me. That’s
what we say, whipping, so people can live quietly. That’s what my mother told me.

My husband was not there because he was working. He worked for the council. He worked for the council in the woods.

I was afraid. I was very afraid. And then I thought what will he think when he gets the news? I don’t remember if he arrived. I don’t remember very well.

That’s what happened to me, the feelings that I had. I think I’ll stop there.

Is that it, Angèle?

It’s true that there were no elders to go tell because, in the past, it was the elders who would go tell... go give the news to the person. For example, it could be the police. That’s not what was done. No one came to give us the news.

That’s it. Thank you again.

**MS. ANGÈLE PETIQUAY:** Hello everyone.

Me too, it was my brother Denis who I lost in this event. There was just one year difference between us. I was always close to him.

At the time, there were several people living in St-Michel, like my sister, and they said, those who lived in St-Michel, when the girls went to St-Michel, when the road was built... that’s why my mother also
defended her daughters because they always said... my father always said, “Watch...” because he wanted to leave for work, he always said, “Watch our children.”

And that time, I stayed home too and when I saw my brother, I didn’t think, that would be the last time that I would see him. He came to get... he said, “We’re listening to music.” There were cassettes. He had several because he listened to music a lot. He had a lot of cassettes, records. He liked listening to music.

Sometimes, he had me do errands, because it was my last year of school, and he had errands. That’s at the end of the school year. And he asked me to do errands because he gave me money because he was working at the Bay, at the Hudson Bay store. He worked there. He gave me money to buy records, cassettes, for him.

When he came to the house that time, they arrived in a car, the van that came to our place. I was there. I had gone to see them because he had gone into the house to get his cassettes. Lionel was sitting in the car. There was no back seat. There were cases on the floor. Lionel was sitting on them. He said, “These are our new friends. We met them, some new friends. We met new friends. Now, we’re going to drive through the village. We’re going to drive around the village.” That’s what my brother said, “We’re only going to drive around here to listen to music.”
Maybe... I think that it was about late afternoon when he came to get... it was almost sundown when he came.

What the white people said, I don’t believe that either. It wasn’t an accident. I don’t believe that either. They said they were going fishing when they arrived in Manawan. There were five Indigenous people hitchhiking to go to St-Michel. That’s when they took the... that they had the accident at kilometre 16. Several people saw my brother there, in St-Michel. They were in St-Michel. Maybe they came back during the night. They could have been killed anywhere. That’s what I have to say about the statement; there’s only one person, a white man, who made the statement. The other one only signed at the bottom of the page. He corroborated the statement. They were not met with individually.

Why don’t I believe the report? My brother was a very good swimmer. He could dive. He could swim across the lake out front. He was able to swim across the lake.

Once he fell. There was a plane that crashed. My brother got on it. He was 13 years old when he had that accident. The plane crashed, and my brother told how he had woken up completely at the bottom of the lake. He could only see the weeds in the water. He said, “I
looked up” and he saw the reflection of the plane and he
went there. The way he saw it, he even helped others, even
the pilot of the plane. He helped.

That’s why I don’t believe the report. And
he always worked out. He was very muscular. He was very
thin, but was very strong, he worked out, because he
exercised. Like bags... flour bags, he filled them with
sand. He worked out with that. Sometimes he lifted up my
brothers and did push-ups. That was when... it was when
Bruce Lee was his idol. He wanted to be muscular like Bruce
Lee. He was muscular from working out.

That’s why I think about it a lot. I think
he was murdered, killed, because if he had only had an
accident where he fell into the water, he would have been
able to save those who were in the car. Even him, he was
sitting in front, next to the driver. That’s how they found
him. Those who were at the scene saw him in the front.

And then we got a shock. That’s why my
mother also didn’t know much about it. We don’t really
remember much. Everything that happened during the
funerals, we don’t remember very well.

Me, I still think they were murdered. I’ll
never forget that. My brother, he may have already been
dead when the car went into the water. The way we saw it,
we call it the Petit journal du sapin, before the Journal
de Montréal. That is where his picture was in the paper. That newspaper was very painful for us, because what the police did the minute they got out of the car; it’s as though he wasn’t a man. It’s as though he received no respect, my brother. That’s what really hurt us. No pride in it for us because we were not informed by the authorities.

At the time, he told us, “We won’t be there long.” He told us, “We’ll be back before long. We’re just driving around the village.” That’s what I don’t believe at all.

There are several things that I asked to see from the testimonies. I asked people what they saw during my brother’s last 24 hours. They were seen in St-Michel. They were in St-Michel, along with the other people who were with them.

And what’s in the white man’s statement? “We went fishing. We went to Manawan to go fishing. There were five Attikamekws who asked to get in and they got in and got lost. I turned left instead of turning right.” If that’s true, no one would have seen them in St-Michel.

I’ll stop there for now. Thank you.

MS. DESNEIGES PETIQUAY: Hello everyone.

My sister was 15 years old. She was too young to leave. She was too young to be killed, but my aunt
Julie-Anna was too young. She had a young baby, my aunt. She wasn’t even two years old, my cousin Valérie.

For all these years, I’ve kept inside me...

I’ve suffered. I had post-traumatic shock for years. I even left my community when I was very young. I went to the residential school. After that, I left when I was very young, in 1985. That was 32 years ago. I turned 50 recently, in December. For all those years and when they began talking about the case of the five deaths, two or three years ago, I saw it on TV. It’s a bit like... I felt like I’d been brushed aside, while my sister Janine and I... my sister Janine, she’s lived in Montréal since she was 17 years old. We always talked about that, my sister Janine and I, when she was living in Montréal, when I came back to live in Montréal in 1989. We wanted to bring it out while my mother was still alive and my grandmother.

After, we said maybe the other families won’t hear about it. Maybe it will hurt them too much... they’ll hurt too much. There are still people who were alive at that time, who were there for that drama.

I must have been nine years old in 1977. I was born in ’67, and my sister Marie-Paul, she was living with my aunt, my mother’s sister. She was older, my aunt Emma-Louise. And she always had problems there where she lived, and in the morning, she came back from there. As I
remember, there was someone... I don’t know... who had told her, “Why did you come back without shoes?” My brother, I think he already spoke about it, my brother Daniel.

After, she stayed at my grandmother’s and my aunt too, Julie-Anna, came back from where she was living to my grandmother’s with your young baby. It was the morning.

And me, with my aunt Julie-Anna, I had good times with my aunt Julie-Anna. My God, I adored her, my aunt. It broke my heart when I couldn’t see her anymore, my aunt.

That morning, my kokum told me, “Don’t go.” That van was already driving around, I don’t know, maybe they were looking for young women to get in, young women to go I don’t know where. My aunt had said, she said, “I’ll get in with them, with your sister Nicole.” But I told her, “You’re too young” like my uncle Jean-Marc told her. I begged my aunt not to go. I told her, “Valérie is too young.” And she told me, “The kokum will watch her with you guys, Valérie.”

It’s like when I saw them get in the van, it’s like after I told myself that I’d never see them again.

And I saw a woman... I think it was their mother who was already in the van, and I never saw them
again until the next morning, the next morning or afternoon, the police chief was Naser Flammand who came to tell my parents “Something happened and your daughter Nicole was there.” Nicole, that’s Marie-Paul. I always called her Nicole. She was in it too. He said, “I think the five who died were killed, drowned.” I heard that too. I’ll never forget it.

My father, cried like an animal cry, wanting to say “They have killed one of my daughters.” My God, it’s as though I can still see my father saying that, crying and telling my mother, “It’s your fault, you didn’t want to hold them back. You... you always gave away your daughters.” That’s what he said. Because I was living with my aunt too. That’s what happened.

For several months, my father, he began drinking a lot, a lot, until a few months later, he was killed too. That’s what I’ve never forgotten. It was always on my mind.

Until I left the community, I was often angry at my family. I just stayed with my sister Janine. Janine passed away in November 2004. Throughout that time, we always talked about it, me and my sister Janine. We never forgot, because our father, he loved us a lot.

And my aunt Julie-Anna, I begged her not to go. I told myself, when she got in the van, it’s as though
I’d never see her again because I often slept with her. She often took care of us, her nieces whom she loved a lot.

For years maybe... I don’t know how long... I saw my little cousin Valérie. She had grown up. I always wanted to talk to her about what happened that morning, but I never could.

It was years, years. It’s like when they started bringing it out, 40 years later, I told myself, I need to talk about it too. It’s like they took on the Sûreté du Québec, I believe, with a lawyer. But for me, justice, I don’t believe in justice. I can’t believe in it anymore. They were killed. For me, they were killed. That’s what I tell myself. That’s what I’ve always told myself, years of pain. Even my sister, she suffered a lot, my sister too.

I’m sorry for... I think that’s what I wanted to say... what I wanted to tell you.

But just talking like that with my daughter, my uncle and my grandfather, I’m with them. I’ll continue to be with them if they ever reopen the investigation. I’ll be with my family. I’ll be by their side.

I think that’s all. I’m tired. My memory...

I’ve like forced my memory a bit too.

Thank you very much.

**MS. ÉRICA BÉGIN:** I’ve been part of
Marie-Paul’s family for 23 years. I’ve always lived with my mother-in-law. In the beginning, I didn’t understand what she was saying in Attikamekw. She always talked about her daughter, Marie-Paul. I didn’t understand what she was saying.

One day, I asked my husband, “Who’s Marie-Paul?” He told me, “It’s my sister. It’s my sister who I didn’t know either because I was only two years old when she died.”

I saw my mother-in-law cry a lot. When she arrived, she cried for her daughter. She suffered a lot.

My children, my nieces, my nephews, they often talk about their aunt who they didn’t know, who they would really have loved to know. It affects me.

I don’t believe it either. I don’t believe it was an accident. I’ll stop.

**MS. FANNY WYLDE:** We’ve now come to the second question. Many of you, however, during the first round, spoke about the events and what that caused in your life.

So, if you agree, maybe we can move on to the recommendations? Does everyone agree? You can also speak if you want to add to the repercussions that it’s had on your life.

**MR. DANIEL PETIQUAY:** When my sister died, my
mother, my father, they were angry. I don’t know who... it
wasn’t them... I told myself it wasn’t them. It was the
white people. They were the ones who killed them. They did
something.

My father, at the time, he said, because he
was angry, he told me, “I won’t live long, two months.” Two
months after the events, he died. My father died because he
had said, “I’ll follow your daughter. I want to follow them
to the other side.” And he lived two months, and died on
September 22. The event happened in July. It was very fast,
very fast, because he truly loved his daughter. That’s
ture. He told me, “You wanted your father to...” But if you
had heard him, because he was angry at the white people.
You didn’t see him. It wasn’t long... it wasn’t long before
he was gone. That’s true. He told the truth.

That’s still what I see. I believe that,
that he did not feel well. He always heard the police
coming to tell him, “That’s it, they’re going to

When I got in the car, “What did you see?” I
saw knives. There were several knives on the floor. There
was a revolver, and there was a 40 oz box. There wasn’t a
lot of beer. That may be why they got drunk really fast.
The white men had them drink hard liquor so they could kill
them, because alcohol is stronger than beer and they got
drunk faster.

In '77, I lost my uncle Pierre. His small baby, he was on a hammock. I was watching him. There was no electricity when he went into the water too. He went into the water with his car. I lost a lot like that.

That was really hard to bear. That’s what I tell them. It’s strange. Maybe we’re not rich enough to try to find out. If a white man does something to a white man, they come right away to find the Indian to lock him up, send him to prison. That’s what they do to us. However, when a white man has nothing, he becomes depressed, discouraged. Me, I don’t care. Me, I don’t like that. Me, I don’t feel well when the white men give us trouble.

Maybe I’ll go take food in the territories. Maybe that’s how they think. Maybe they say, “We’ll be owners of the territories.” That’s how white men think. It seems to me that they shouldn’t mock us like that because, for him, as soon as he has something, it always goes to court. They’re fine, but on the Indigenous side, when we do something, they never believe us.

I’d like it to work better, so they can investigate. I’d like the investigation to be done, not just this one, but all the others, that the investigation be done over. It would be nice to have the right answers. This has caused us pain for a long time.
Sometimes, I wait for things to be the way they should be. That’s very, very hard when... what we bear. It would be good for us to have some help now. Then, we’ll feel better. We’ll have some release if we have help.

That’s it. That’s what I wanted to add.

Thank you.

MR. JEAN-MARC QUITISH: Hello again, everyone.

I wanted to talk again about Julie-Anna, and my little niece Valérie. When I think about my sister Julie-Anna, and about Valérie... I think of her... I think sometimes... I don’t know how happy she’d be to see her daughter, and her grandchildren growing up. And I think about that, I say she should have listened to me when I forbade her to go. But maybe today she would have seen, if she were still alive, if she had listened. She wasn’t very obedient. And she didn’t know... she wasn’t aware of that, that white men were dangerous because they weren’t afraid to kill, to murder people because he is very, very good at telling lies.

Like this, he murdered, killed five people, a white man. And I was there... she was taken to St-Michel, and the white man had asked me, “Why don’t you take the white men to court who did this?” Because he killed them. There were no tools. There was no way of doing that. I
Érica Bégin, Daniel Petiquay, Jean-Marc Quitish, et al.

didn’t ask anyone to help us.

When I ask someone for help, it takes money, money to prepare texts, so we can go to the police, all that. Always... every day, “Did you ask? Did you go see the police?” I said, “No, no one can help me that way because it’s the white man.” It’s as though I was... because I’d seen the car, what it was like, everything, what position the rifle was in. There was a 12-gauge shotgun inside the car and it was covered in blood. There was no blood in the car, because when there’s an accident in the water and all that... it was stained with blood. It was terrible to see the car.

I was never... my mother wanted me to go show her the car and I said, “No. You won’t forget it if you see it. I can’t.”

Today, we’re sitting around here, there was no proper report done saying what really happened when the police took out... it’s as though it was... it’s as though it was an animal, a rabbit, because they took them out of there and they loaded them like animals. They didn’t put anything. They didn’t put them in caskets, in bags. They didn’t put them in it. They put them in the pick-up like that. I knew them. I knew the police officers. One has died and the other is still alive. I don’t know how old he’d be. That’s what I say... that’s why I say the white man, I
don’t know... I think if she had seen her grandchildren...

Sometimes, it’s as though when I’m sitting,
sometimes it’s as though I were there.

And I wish all that were clarified, because
me, I’ll never forget that. It was a very bad memory for
me, particularly the white man who is still alive, the
non-Indigenous man who has not died.

When I tell Valérie, if it were me, If I
knew him, I wouldn’t hesitate to... even it if were at
night, during the day, anytime, that’s all I told her, “I
wouldn’t hesitate to...” When I talk, I always look down.
The memory always comes back to me when I see the car. I
always ask when... when I look there, I see who is at
Valérie’s. And I tell myself... I’d like it to be... that’s
why I say now that what we’re doing here today is a very,
very urgent thing, very hard to bear. It’s hard to
shoulder. It’s hard.

When I hear others, me too I have... what
I’m saying, I knew Denis. He was my friend. We went
fishing, because I went to see them sometimes while they
were fishing, all that. He was my friend. They were my
friends, the same as their mother, Christine. She was my
aunt. She was my aunt. It’s Isidore who was... that’s why I
say that I lost a lot, not just the five, because I also
lost my brother. And I’ve never found out what it was. I
think about that sometimes.

I always go to the store to try to find out why my brother... but I won’t get into that. That’s all I wanted to say. It’s already hard enough to live with that.

Maybe... I hope they do this right, redo another investigation. I think it would be better to redo it. If it works, at least I’ll be free, but I’ll come again. Even though I have emotions like right now, I’d like... because I’m shaking a lot because I’m diabetic, and have a pacemaker. That’s why... I’m sweating right now. I’m sweating.

I’ll pass the microphone to her. Goodbye everyone.

**MS. FANNY WYLDE:** Antoinette, it’s your turn now. Your recommendations please.

**MS. ANTOINETTE FLAMMAND:** I thought... I met once when working at the youth home, and an employee who worked with me told me, “You see the big truck at the convenience store?” He told me that the five dead, that was him. I didn’t say anything. I got up. I looked at the truck. I left the youth home. I went to the convenience store. I went in the main entrance and left by the other door. I looked at the guy who went in because he was there to deliver gas. I asked him his name. “Is that your name?” He said, “Yes, that’s my name.” And I asked him questions,
“You remember the five who died? The little girl who was crying, that’s me.” He just looked at me. I wanted to tell him more, but I couldn’t speak. It’s as though there was a barrier. I could only look at him and then I left. I looked at him a lot and he looked at me. I think I stopped four or five times until I reached my mother-in-law’s. I stopped again. I looked at him again. He looked at me again at that point. I was angry. I wanted to say something to him, but I couldn’t because I was afraid of him. Maybe he’d do the same thing if I went to town. If I went to St-Michel, maybe he’d do something to me if he recognized me when I was in St-Michel. He might try to kill me because now he knows what I look like.

I was angry to see him there. And I thought, after that, I should have thrown a match at him so he’d burn with the gas. And I thought about it after, I said, I’ll throw a match while he comes to deliver gas.

I didn’t stop looking at him. When I got to the youth home, I looked at him through the window too because I looked at him and the person working with me, “Did you see the guy? Yes, you saw him? You saw his face again, everything?” And I said, “Yes, I looked him right in the face.” “You should have gone across, to go tell Joséphine. Maybe they saw him too.”

And then I went there to tell her where the
white man was, where he was then, because he was delivering
gas.

That’s it. That’s all. Thank you.

MS. FRANCINE FLAMMAND: I’m thinking about
today, what our life looks like. Maybe it would be better
today, because we live all over. So there are four who left
to live in town. One of my sisters went to live in Joliette
and has two children. One committed suicide. She died too,
but my boyfriend died and one of his other children is an
orphan today. He has a girlfriend and has children. And the
other died, he had four children. They were all placed in
Manawan. They came to get them, youth protection, social
services. They were placed outside the area. Our nephews
were taken away because they had already been placed. One
of my sisters was keeping them, and we kept some too.
Antoinette kept one. Nicole... I know my father kept one.
He kept his grandson. Now they’re all outside the area.
They’re not well because they were placed with a foster
family. They’re not well.

When they turned 18, they were let go and
they can’t do anything now. How can they manage when they
are kicked out right away? They try to go to school. They
can’t anymore because they weren’t taught anything in their
foster families, the Quebecers in whose homes they were
placed.
And my other sister, her name is Noëlla. Her
too, she’s completely... we don’t see her often. I don’t
know how to describe her to you. She’s completely
intoxicated. We can’t go get her. She never comes to
Manawan when we go get her to bring her to Manawan, because
it’s been a long time for her too since she left Manawan.
She came back when my sister Micheline died. We tried to
keep her there. She returned to Joliette. That was the last
time she came to Manawan. Her health isn’t good. She’s
diabetic. She catches all sorts of.... because she drinks a
lot. She’s diabetic, and she has cirrhosis of the liver.
She has high blood pressure, and high cholesterol. That’s
what the doctor told me one time when I stopped to see him.
He told me, “You’ll have the illness of an alcoholic.” And
he didn’t... that’s what he told me. It’s true that my
liver hurts. I don’t smoke. I quit smoking a long time ago,
but it was hard. I drank beer. I have been in therapy twice
and there has been improvement. There’s a lot of time
between my periods of drinking. I only drink beer
occasionally.

Maybe we could have all succeeded when we
went to school. Maybe we would have all graduated if our
mother were alive. She would have encouraged us. Maybe she
would have told us, “Go to school and I’ll watch your
children.”
I’m very proud of one of my aunts. She told her daughter... today, all those children are working. Her daughter is working. They all work in education. Those children are doing very good work because she told them, “I’ll go watch your children. Go to school. I’ll take care of... I’ll watch the children.”

That might be what our mother would have told us if she were alive. She would encourage us.

But the white men ruined all that, because we had our mother.

I don’t believe it either about the accident. It wasn’t an accident. It’s true that they were murdered. They were killed. I feel bad for the other women, the girls, the girl who was very young, and Julie-Anna. They may have been raped first, the three, before they were killed. Their underwear was found in the woods, near the 60-kilometre mark. Their underwear was found hanging on the trees. That may be where something happened.

I think about that sometimes. Light a small fire to dry something? I don’t know. Because it was different back then and today, because today, matches, it wasn’t the same. It was different back then.

I found a match at the flea market. It’s true that when it’s put in the water, it dissolves completely. I don’t know why they believed their talk about
matches. They didn’t say “lighter.” They said “matches.”

I read the report myself. It was badly done. It wasn’t credible. It was as though it was a child who had written the report. That’s how it was done. It wasn’t serious.

That’s what I wanted... that’s what I’m asking for, me, to know the truth, to tell the truth about what happened on June 26, 1977. That’s also when I’ll finish my grieving, when they finally tell us the truth. We haven’t done our grieving. We’re still in pain. It’s going to continue. We need to find the truth.

Thank you.

MS. FRANCINE DUBÉ: Hello. Hello again, everyone.

There are a lot of things when we think about that. Today, what happened is really big, all that the families went through, what was done to them. The family was torn apart because they blamed each other. It was a form of domestic violence. There was enormous violence in that because they said... they blamed each other when they... drank. They blamed each other and the violence increased with substance abuse.

Last year, we had a commemoration for the five victims. A headstone was made. We purchased a headstone. A headstone was made to always remember to think
about them. During the commemoration ceremony, my sister was there, the one sitting in the back here... that’s my sister, my big sister, her son Lionel. She had heart attacks because it was so hard on her. She was taken away by ambulance. That’s the impact that we suffered, because there was anger. They developed illnesses.

We also want to know... the recommendations we want to make, there will always be a wound inside us. We will never be healed until we are told what happened. That’s what we don’t know. What happened? Why did it happen? What was done to them? We’re blocked when we want to find out something. We’re disrespected.

I once saw a coroner who had written for another man, he said, “There’ll be no autopsy, no investigation, because it costs too much. Indigenous people cost too much.” It’s as though we’re a burden on the government. That’s what I don’t like. We think about that. It really weighs on you.

The recommendation, we want investigations to be done properly, in due form, so they respect the Indigenous people, for them to respect that, because they are human beings. The work has to be done properly for them to treat us like humans now. They can’t say that we’re worthless. Because mathematically, it’s impossible for five Indigenous people to die and two white people to survive.
It’s impossible. Mathematically, it’s impossible.

We really don’t believe it. That’s what we want to know. That’s why we came here, because we want the truth so we can really grieve, for there to be healing in relation to this event.

I thank you for listening to us. Thank you for sitting and listening to us. Thank you very much. I love you all. Thank you.

**MS. ANGÈLE PETIQUAY:** The repercussions on us, it was very hard for me to lose my brother because we were proud because he was good at everything. He was good at writing. When he went to school, he was always in the library. He read the dictionary. He was always looking in the dictionary. And at the same time, he showed me words that I didn’t know. He was the one who wanted to show me. He told me something, and sometimes I said that he would have been a good employee in our community if his life hadn’t been taken away.

I’ll talk again about the statement by the white man. I want to come back to that. As she said, it’s as though the report was thrown together, like they had written whatever they wanted. There’s one thing, it’s marked June 26, 1976, and it happened in 1977. That’s what I wanted to say, and that there were a lot of feelings of injustice. That, that marked us, what happened to us.
We were left in the dark because the investigation didn’t give us a proper report. That’s what hurt us, a lot. My father too, it hurt him. He drank a lot too because of the pain. That’s it. He blamed himself because everyone was trying to figure out what could be done, what could be said. My father drank a lot. When he was drinking, he talked about it with my mother, and my mother was already hurting enough from what had happened. My father too, it hurt him.

When he wasn’t drinking, when he was told, he would take my mother because he felt bad for her and he would take her in his arms. That made him suffer a lot.

I worked where my brother worked. He asked me to work a long time on it. I was only 17 years old when I began working. But I didn’t want to work. I didn’t want to be permanent. I was offered a permanent position because I still wanted to go to school. I was finishing Secondary III and I was starting Secondary IV again. What I had, I was strong in math, in accounting. I was very interested in that to be able to go to school, to go as far as possible in education. My father didn’t let me go. He told me, “Work because you’re being given a job. Do it. And then you can leave. You’ll stay with your children.”

At the time of the events, at that time I was pregnant, but I still finished my school year, even
though I was pregnant. And I had said that I would return to school after I delivered, but I wasn’t allowed to go. I listened to my parents. I always thought “They aren’t encouraging me to go back.” I always think about that. I even thought about that because my father had told me “You’ll watch your baby. You’ll see your children every day. Your mother will watch them when you go to work, and every day after work, you’ll have your baby.” That’s why he thought of that, because he didn’t want me to leave. That’s what he wanted, his wish, for me to not leave.

And I listened. I worked. When he left, that’s when I continued my training, and I was happy to have completed it. Yes, I wanted to go, I wanted to be in accounting. It’s the first time I’ve said that.

My mother also told me, but I cried a lot when she told me about her pain. My mother told me “It’s your fault they killed our boy. You sold your boy because you wanted to have money” because he talked about compensation. That’s what hurt my mother. I love her a lot. I love my mother a lot because she is very strong. She has always helped. That’s what she draws on to say... for her to heal, to find her strength, at least heal a little bit, because she wants to share her knowledge with us. She helps us.

In 2015, I think we were ignored again. The
police ignored us until there was a report on television. It was then that they called us to reopen the investigation. A lot was done for us to be comfortable, but we all relapsed. There were sharing activities. We worked with the Menerwin (ph.) program. Menerwin is health and life. Social services worked with us on the commemoration project that we were preparing. That was with the monument that we installed, and the needlepoint on the wall. We all worked together on all that. That’s what we did as an activity to try to heal, to feel better, so we would feel better.

Our recommendations, if there were Indigenous justice, that it be done properly, to not be discouraged. If it doesn’t want to work, inject funds in cases like this one involving Indigenous peoples because how much can Indigenous people withstand for it to be done right?

Managers should try to find out so we can review the investigation, and the investigation that was conducted. It didn’t work. Maybe that’s why they didn’t want to spend money, because they didn’t like Indigenous people. And we want to know the truth. What happened? What happened to them? I’d like to know that.

We already talked so that we would feel better; it’s about finding out the real truth. What do we
know today, what they can do when they try to find out what
happened to someone who died, someone passed away, how they
died. We’d like that too, for that to be done.

Thank you, Mom, for sitting here with me
today. It’s for you, what you told me. You should try to
find out what happened to your brother. That’s why we’re
here.

I thank the Commission very much. Thank you,
Commissioners. Thank you, Fanny. I love you all. Thank you
all for listening to us.

MS. DESNEIGES PETIQUAY: Hello again.

The impact... there were a lot of
repercussions on my family. That’s what’s I’m hearing here
now. Even me, my sister and I suffered a lot too, a whole
lot. Like I said earlier, we wanted to talk about it, but
it’s as though we didn’t... in the ’90s we wanted to talk
about it, my sister and I, before she died.

We also talked to Mom, who came to see us
sometimes in Montréal and Mom told us, “We’ll reopen a
wound that we suffered that year, and we don’t know if
others will want to talk about it.”

Already, my mother had drank a lot, a lot,
even my father before being killed. I saw them. Even my
grandmother, she had also drank a lot. For years, I saw
them before I left my community, before I went to stay in
the residential school.

That’s how it was that year when they killed them; it’s as though there was no investigation. I mean I heard my father say, “We don’t know anything about what happened.” As women here said, two, three days, they just put them in boxes. After that, they... there was no autopsy.

There’s a man in my community, today he decided, that man, he told me twice that... he told me... it was in Joliette, I don’t know what year that he spoke to me about my... that he had gone to identify the five dead. He arrived from St-Michel-des-Saints and he went to identify the five people who drowned. Twice he told me that, that my sister was alive, but she was covered in bruises, that she had been beaten. Even the other two women, he told me that was it, his sister-in-law too, the poor man. That’s what that man told me. I would have liked him to be alive today and to tell the truth. Maybe someone told him not to say anything. Maybe he was threatened, that man. That’s what I’ve always believed.

I know that most are dead. They’re not here. I know that he might have told the truth or not have said anything at all. That’s what I think. I found that very hard. Leaving my community... living in the city, I thought about it sometimes, I forgot about it, I thought about it
sometimes and I suffered... not I suffered... I mean I
drank for many years. It’s only when drinking that I talked
to anyone else. “You know, my sister was killed. My aunt
was killed. There were five deaths.” I talked with
Quebecers, friends or people from other Indigenous nations
who I know here in Montréal said, “Why don’t you talk about
it?” I don’t know why. I said, “My sister is with me too.
My sister knows about it.”

So, I say to myself, recommendation. It’s
like the woman said, there should be a fund to better help
Indigenous people when they’re killed, murdered, or I don’t
know, to have fair justice for Indigenous people because
they are the ones who have to manage when something happens
because it’s not the same with a white person.

When something happens, they don’t
understand what the Indigenous person is saying when he
doesn’t speak French. That’s what I tell myself, that there
should just be a fair law for Indigenous people. I’m not
racist in saying that, but I believe that so many things
have happened in my family.

It’s like earlier, my uncle Jean-Marc said,
my uncle was killed... who had an accident there too, a
mystery. After, it was my father who was killed. Again,
another mystery. I was young, but I kept everything inside.
For years I suffered from a lot of depression, for years. I
saw doctors. They gave me antidepressants until I saw my psychiatrist who’s behind me, Anick. But before that, I’d gone to see another psychiatrist to talk about it. That’s what helps me, I think, talking about it and letting everything out, letting everything out that I suffered in my youth, because it ruined my youth. I didn’t have a youth with all the drama that I experienced. I suffered for many years. Sometimes I told myself, “Why am I in this world? Why wasn’t I... instead of my sister Pauline who died, why not me? I should have been in her place. That’s what I told myself. That’s what I often say to myself.

Since I left Montréal, I’ve lived in Chateauguay. I’ve begun having faith. I’ve begun talking to the priest, my priest. I’ve begun reading the Bible a lot, things like that. I’ve begun going to pow-wows, listening to traditionalists, dancers. And what saved me, I think, is my granddaughter who’s 11 years old and my grandchildren. I think it’s them who keep me alive and my grandson who’s 18 months old. I mean I need to... my granddaughter, she often says to me, “Mama, I need to study to become a lawyer or a judge.” That’s what she tells me. That’s her dream. I need to guide her. I need to help her. That’s what I tell myself.

There have been a lot of injustices. That’s what I’ve seen and heard. In any case, I’ve heard other
families talk. It’s like us too, we’re with them. I’ll stand with them. I’m going to see them often, more often. I know that I need to go see them more often. I haven’t been to my community for two years.

That’s all I wanted to say. Thank you very much for listening to us.

**MS. FANNY WYLDE:** Thank you.

**MS. ÉRICA BÉGIN:** My recommendations, I’d like to recommend that all Indigenous peoples in Canada continue not to give up on those who have disappeared, because we don’t give up. We won’t give up.

Thank you. Thank you.

**MS. FANNY WYLDE:** Migwetch.

Now it’s time for the sharing circle. I would invite the Commissioners to share any questions or comments they may have. Thank you.

**CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER:** First I want to say how thankful I am to all of you for coming today.

What you’ve told us, what you’ve shared with us is very important. So we’re very grateful.

(SHORT BREAK)

**CHIEF COMMISSIONER MARION BULLER:** Thank you.

I will repeat what I started.

I want to thank each one of you for coming
today. What you have said today is very important and I am grateful that you shared all that you did with us today.
That is from my brain.

From my heart, I want to thank you all very much. I know this is very difficult for you, and we can’t turn back time, but we can move forward with love in our hearts.

So I thank you from my heart for coming today.

COMMISSIONER BRIAN EYOLFSON: I also want to thank each and every one of you for coming here today and sharing with us about this terrible incident that happened, and I just want to acknowledge your strength in being able to tell us about this and shed some light on it, just not telling us but sharing with everybody who is watching. It’s such a difficult thing, so I really want to acknowledge your strength in doing that.

Also, I just want to acknowledge everybody that’s here with you for support. I just admire the way that you’ve come together in this circle to share with us in a supportive way.

So thank you so much for coming here and telling us.

COMMISSIONER MICHÈLE AUDETTE: Thank you very much.
So, I’ll speak in French. I imagine Mr. Shilton will be able to translate for you. In passing, he’s done a remarkable job.

Like my colleagues, I join in saying, my spirit, my heart and my love for what you have shared with us, what you have shown us about the suffering, the injustice, the incomprehension of feeling isolated for all these years.

Twice this week I have heard that it’s because of or thanks to the media that our case or our injustice has resonated with authorities, while in real life we hope that when we request something, it should happen.

So a nod to those who have supported the families.

And I have also heard you when you spoke about the fact that there were no autopsies. As a Commissioner, I need to seek a better understanding of what happened. I need to see the report. I believe you mentioned a coroner’s report. You’ll send it to us, so it will be an official filing as part of this exercise as evidence. So we’ll read it.

We have a person joining the team in a position within the Inquiry, Maryse Picard, along with Fanny’s work. I need to understand that and the entire
background of it.

Obviously, we know that there are people in the Government of Quebec who are following the work of the National Inquiry, and there will be places where we will be able to discuss, question and surely we’ll have informal responses, but there is a formal way through institutional hearings and such.

So, that’s what I want to understand and know.

And what concerns me is healing. You have lived with this for decades. So, in your recommendations, I didn’t hear about being supported, but I understood somewhere that talking about it helps. So, I don’t know what your... in terms of health and social services for your nation, what support there is to help you through that loss, but also the silence from the justice system. So, what concerns me is what support is there for you.

For our part, you know, the Inquiry has a beginning and an end. So, again with Maryse Picard, we will ensure that your support when you return to the community, that an intervention plan is in place or has already begun with the team... it’s a small team, but a dedicated team, Natasha and Maryse. So, that’s important to me.

I know that Fanny is very dedicated to the families. She remains in contact with the families, and my
office is across from her office. So I’ll ask her where we
stand with all this.

And regardless, I know that there are women
here outside the circle. In the circle, we have already
been in touch over social media. So, I say again, I’m
available to see if I have any questions too as part of the
Inquiry’s mandate.

You have all my admiration and the
commemoration that you held for your loved ones, you did
that and it’s also part of the Inquiry’s mandate to propose
recommendations to the government on how we should honour
our stolen sisters, our spirit brothers too, as in your
case, and you have given a good example.

So people across Canada have heard you, and
there are already people are also doing what you are doing.

I thank you very much, very much, and I’m
happy to have seen my kokum here again, who whispered to me
“Hello, my sister.” So I’m your aunt, in the end, and not
your little sister. If I ever return to Manawan or
Wemotaci, it would be a pleasure to see you women again.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: I have a question.

There was someone who was supposed to take part in this
circle. He was the Chief at the time. He apparently has
information. Can he send it in writing to add to the
information on record?
COMMISSIONER MICHÈLE AUDETTE: Yes, yes, yes.
The process is still open for the truth-gathering process.
It is still open. We will make an announcement soon in the media, on the website, when it will close, but you still have time. It’s important that that be done. Thank you very much for the information.

So, I’d like to invite my kokums... yes, sorry, Angèle, yes.

MS. ANGÈLE PETIQUAY: With the commemoration we had this summer, on June 26, we also made bookmarks. Throughout the movement, fundraising, in all our activities, we always used the title [translation] “Remembering, supporting.” That was our slogan. And now we have the poem from Victor Hugo:

“You are no longer where you were, but you are everywhere I am.”

And it’s in Attikamekw too. It was translated into Attikamekw. And I’ll leave you with that. If anyone wants it, we would be pleased to share it.

COMMISSIONER MICHÈLE AUDETTE: If you accept, it will be part of our travels, this bookmark, here in our spiritual items that are given by families, your items, and you can also always put, in the basket there, as we say, artistic expressions, a poem, a painting, a drawing, a text, a song, a CD, anything that is created to honour our
loved ones. That is truth for us too, proof.

So yes, we’ll take it with...

We’ll ask Fanny... our grandmothers will come to the front. Our grandmothers will come here. And Ms. Wylde, Fanny, will call a family at the same time to come receive, if you accept, a gift from the National Inquiry on behalf of Marion, Brian, Qajaq, me and the entire team.

**MS FANNY WYLDE:** Before we give out the gifts, I would like to ask the Commissioners so we can adjourn this session? Thank you.

So the session is adjourned, please. Thank you.

**(GIVING OF GIFTS)**

--- Upon adjourning at 7:06 p.m.
TRANSCRIPTION CERTIFICATE*

I, Nadia Rainville, certify that this is a true and accurate transcription of the digital recording provided of this hearing.

Nadia Rainville

March 26, 2018

* This certificate refers to the original transcript in French.