Clara Martin,
In relation to Delilah MacDonald

Statement gathered by Debbie Bodkin

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NOTE

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Carol Martin
(Delilah MacDonald)

Richmond, British Columbia

--- Upon commencing on Friday, April 6, 2018
at 4:38 p.m.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: It's Friday, April 6th, 2018. It is 4:38 p.m., and we are in Richmond, B.C., and I'm Debbie. I'm the statement gatherer for you here today.

I'm going to do a little bit of formal readings and so on in the beginning, but after that, Carol, you're in charge of the room. We will all take our cues from you when you want a break or anything like that.

But before I get started any more, I'm just going to pan the camera around and just get everybody to introduce themselves and say what your relationship is to Carol if you don't mind. So, I'm starting over here.

MS.[Daughter-in-law]: I'm [Daughter-in-law], Carol's daughter-in-law.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Thanks, [Daughter-in-law].

MS.[Daughter 4]: I'm [Daughter 4]. I'm Carol's daughter.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Thank you.

MS. VERONICA: Veronica, friend and elder.

MS. SHEILA NYMAN: I'm Sheila and I'm
South Métis, and I've been working in and around same places as Carol for many years.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Awesome. I'll come back to you, Carol.

MS. EVELYN YOUNGCHIEF: I'm Evelyn Youngchief. I've been her friend since '93. I'm -- we do a lot of the same work.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Okay, thank you.

MS. [Daughter 3]: I'm [Daughter 3]. I'm Carol's daughter.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Thank you.

MS. [Daughter 2]: I'm [Daughter 2]. I'm Carol's daughter.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Okay, wonderful.

That's everyone. So I have the camera positioned. So it's really just Carol, so nobody else has to worry about it. Okay. So just a little more formal stuff.

Carol, I gave you that form to read which sort of explain the different forms of your statement as far as sharing it or not, and you said you are comfortable with the video and audio recording.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: Yes.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: And you felt that your statement, you were comfortable with having it public and
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whatever the inquiry needs to use it for.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: I think that's one of
the reasons I'm giving you a statement -- is to give you an
idea and capture what we go through. And so, if you can
understand and relate to what I'm talking about, then you
understand what we're going through.

And you've already signed the form. So, I've already
mentioned to everyone, make sure your cell phones are off.
I want it to be a safe space for you, Carol, and as I said,
you are in charge, not me. I know it takes a great deal of
courage and strength to share these types of stories and
I'm honoured to be able to be a part of that.

But, again, if you need a break, if you
need me to stop the equipment, by all means, I will. I'll
try not to interrupt you at all. And if you see me taking
notes, it's -- I may think of questions that I want to ask
you again, but I'll try very hard not to interrupt you and
go whatever direction you want.

So, I don't think there's anything else
for me to say. If you would like to start out just with
your name, your background, your family, and then go in the
other direction you want from there.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: Okay. There was a
really good question you asked me when you asked me about
do I need a break or I could control what happens here. I wish I could take a break from my life.

My name is Carol Martin. My dad originates from the Hazelton area. My mother's from the Nisga'a Nation, and my grandfather originates from Alaska, so I know that part. My mother married my dad, but we never really knew him because they separated when my sister was just a baby, and we moved to Prince Rupert.

My mother was not -- because she had a lot of problems, and I didn't understand it until I got older. She used to travel around a lot, and lugging me and my sister around, and we lived in hotels and stuff.

I was trying to go through my story last night in my head and it's just like I was getting a little confused, you know, about the time frames, you know, when I was bouncing back from mother to my grandmother and trying to figure out, you know, the stories and how it impacted our lives. She was very neglectful. She neglected me and my sister, and she was mean. And I just remember a lot of things about her when she used to go drinking a lot. She'd leave us at home for days by ourselves.

But how we came to be with my grandmother was she abandoned us in a hotel in one of the hotel rooms
in Prince Rupert. My sister was just a baby still in diapers, and I was a little older and, you know, when you're hungry and you're abandoned, you know, I guess she forgot us there. And if this little Chinese guy hadn't heard us, you know, crying or -- my sister crying the most because wet diapers, hungry, and I guess I probably was as young as I was, I probably did not how to use the washroom then.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: How old do you think you were?

MS. CAROL MARTIN: I think my sister was just in her -- because we were only a couple years -- I was just two years older than her, so I must have been a year and a half maybe. Maybe -- yeah, somewhere around there. Maybe 2 and she was 1. Something like that. Or 3 and 1. She was just a baby still in diapers.

And my mom had abandoned us and forgotten us in the hotel. And if it hadn't for this Chinese guy, I don't even know what would have happened to us. But they contacted my grandmother in Gingolx, and we were handed over to her, and we lived with her and I think she had nine sons, and none of the sisters were living there. They had all left home. We grew up with all of them. It was a good life. There was a good part of that. Very close-knit
community, but a lot of issues behind closed doors. And we were subjected to sexual abuse and --

I want to talk about the good life part of that life, though, first because we grew up with no electricity; we had wood stoves, and we lived off the land and learned a lot. I felt so close to Mother Earth, like you can smell the dirt when my grandmother used to pull the vegetables and stuff off from the garden. And she had a flower garden and she had a smokehouse and, you know, there was all that beauty in it.

We used to go to the mountains for water and we'd go and set the nets out and we'd watch our uncles throw the nets out because they would carry us on our shoulders. And we'd go to them when they pulled in the nets and all the fish and everything. It was great. That part was so great, you know. But there was also that really dark side, you know. We were subjected to hands in the dark, you know. I never played games. I hate playing games even to this day because those hands were always reaching out and touching you.

My sister was so small. I was so busy running away from probing hands and games and, you know, things I -- I remember we hid around the house a couple of times. One time, I took her and we hid under someone's
house and the whole village went looking for us. And then we just found comfort underneath our grandmother's house, you know. We need time away. You know, the dogs slept under there. We felt safe.

And going to the mountains, we felt safe, you know. We'd wander off. My sister was still too young for me to take her off into the woods, but I would go. In wintertime, you got to know all the berries, what berries to touch, what berries not to eat, you know. The winter times were really cold. There's a good side and a bad side to that.

I've seen a lot of sexual abuse. I've seen a lot of violence. You know, I remember sitting there. We'd all be like this and all of a sudden, my uncle would be in the bedroom with his wife, and all of a sudden, you would hear this screaming and hitting and slapping and I'm wondering how come -- even as a child, it's like the curiosity of what's going on, and then, you know, to witness the black eyes and the bruises, you know, and no one doing anything about it.

And at night times, it was horrible because it was small rooms -- small house. You know, sleeping all in the same room and hands coming and touching you at night. And you know, I lost track of my sister even
though we were living in the same house because I was so busy not understanding what is going on but understanding, knowing that these hands are doing things that, you know, that didn't feel right. They didn't feel comfortable. They hurt you.

I love my grandmother and grandfather dearly. I love that side of what they taught me. You know, they taught me how to be kind and gentle to people even when -- the whole good villages, they have their fights too. And I always knew who my grandmother and them were fighting with or if someone passed away, they would send those over with big pots of food, tell us to wait for the pot.

We were brought up really well, you know, things that were instilled in us. You know, we never left anybody out. When a boat came in, loaded down with fish or whatever, one family member from each house went down there and got whatever was needed for each family or big -- the seal, you watch the seal being cooked by how many families members were there. We went berry picking. We took extra buckets so we can pick for some elders who couldn't go out. That was a good life.

Like, I loved that part about that. But the sexual abuse and the sexual abuse that we witnessed and
the violence we witnessed, you know. And then we were
given back to my mother. I never called her my mother
until she died. I used to call her [Mother’s first name]
or that woman. We had to go back with her because my
grandfather started getting sick. My grandmother couldn't
look after us.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: How old were you when
you went back to mom?

MS. CAROL MARTIN: I think we must have
been about 5 or 6. My grandfather's health started going
down. There's a lot of travelling, I think to Port -- no.
What was that place they used to travel to? There's one
hospital that they send all the Native people to Miller Bay
area or somewhere because I remember we stayed with an
auntie who lived near there because my grandmother had to
bring my grandfather to the hospital.

So, we were given back to my mother, and
she moved us down to Surrey, here in Lower Mainland area,
and same thing she started doing to us. She would leave us
for days and she was mean. She got meaner. She took us
away from our family, from my grandmother. That's what I
felt at the time. And she was mean. She got meaner. She
starved us and she beat us. If you didn't fold clothes
properly or hung it properly, you know, oh, boy. If you're
sleeping -- I remember sleeping on top of a bunk bed and
she'd come home drunk and you'd hide under the blankets
because you're scared, and all of a sudden, you're yanked
by your hair and pulled off the bed. She -- oh, my God,
she'd beat us, make us stand in the bathroom all night. I
couldn't understand why she was doing all this.

I didn't know where to go. I didn't. You
know when you're scared as a little child. And at that
time, I think she had me and my sister, and then she
started going out with this white guy. And then she
started having more kids with him. It got worse. It got
worse for me and my sister. I didn't mention my sister
because I said we would be talking about her too. Because
we went through a lot. You know, my sister being a baby
and, you know, dealing with sexual abuse, I think she was a
sex toy for everybody through her whole life.

But anyways, we moved, we moved, we moved.
My mother used to drink a lot and she would leave us for
days. And she told us,

"You don't answer the phone unless I
ring it twice, and then the second
time around it rings, you pick it
up."

And I remember one time, I picked it up by
accident because, you know, when you're young and you're responsible for kids and looking after kids, it's just -- And the reason I say responsible is because I remember when I was young, younger living on the reserve, and everybody went out and got drunk. I couldn't figure out how to pin on the cloth diapers, and I remember trying to build a fire to keep them warm, and I couldn't understand why the paper burned, and the stove didn't burn like the way it would. And I seen the adults burning the stove, so I'd be burning paper not understanding why isn't it burning, you know.

So, like, I keep telling people my dolls were live babies when I was a little girl. So here I am with my mom having to look after my sisters. My half-sister, [Half-sister] and my sister. There's my sister and I from my father [Father]. And then, she married a white guy, [Step-father].

So, we were in Surrey. I think he went to jail because he was gone for a while. I don't know what happened, but I used to be happy when he was home because she wasn't as mean. When I say mean, like she didn't care what she grabbed. She grabbed a pair of shoes or a pot or a pan, and she would beat us, just grab your hair. If you didn't comb your hair properly, she'd grab your hair and
cut it. And she'd just grab it and cut it anywhere, like
how she grabbed it, she would just cut it. And I remember
hiding my face a few times because she would always get
something and start whacking your face. She tied me up to
a chair because I kept covering my face from her. She used
to torture my poor sister.

And when we used to take baths, she'd try
to make us scrub ourselves so hard. It would hurt. She
would make me and my sister scrub each other and she'd put
us in the tub together, and she'd be there belittling us,
making us feel bad about who we are, poking at body parts
and our private parts and making us stand in front of her.
She did a lot of bad things.

You know, I remember one time, when we
moved back to Prince Rupert, we got into this house here,
and she went out drinking and she phoned me and she told me
she lost the key, and I was supposed to stay awake. It was
just snowing like crazy. I was so tired. It was like
three, four in the morning when she got home. Or maybe a
little after that because it was snowing so hard and I fell
asleep and I'm so young and so -- she told us not to touch
the food. We knew it was there. We couldn't do things.

So, she was banging on the door and it was
just snowing like crazy. It was just blowing and
everything. And I got up. I got so scared. My heart was just pounding. I went and opened the door, and she was so mad. She grabbed me by my hair as soon as I opened the door, told me how cold it was. And she's slapping me around and telling me that I'm going to feel how cold it feels out there and made me take my clothes off. She was strong, you know. She was throwing me around by my hair, grabbing me, slapping me, punching me, everything, all the way to the back of the kitchen, which is longer than this. And she made me take all my clothes off and she threw me out in the back in the snow. And I didn't understand. I just -- I didn't know where to go. I didn't know what to do. I'm crouching on the snow there with no clothes on. The morning dawn was starting to hit. So I just stayed crept down by the door until I thought maybe she fell asleep, and then I snuck back in the house.

You know, trying to survive in that environment, you know, I remember my sister used to be put in the bedroom all the time by herself, and I think my stepdad was touching her. They kept us apart. She was always locked in the room or the bathroom or somewhere up by herself. I think I was going on to 7 or 8 then. You know, at that time, we used to go to school.
My mother, when she hit you, she'd grab shoes, anything, pots, and -- I'd go to school with big mats of blood on my hair. Lips were out like she'd smacked me and hit me, punch me, black eyed, and the schools didn't do nothing. They didn't ask me anything. They didn't -- and you go to school and you're sitting there and you're like -- you're dazed, you're hungry. You know, you're beaten up and no one is saying anything.

I think when we moved to -- when we were living in Surrey, this is before we moved back to Rupert, we were so hungry going to school. We'd go home for lunch and she'd have one tablespoon of food or something for us. And she didn't have anything for my sister. She'd make us get up five o'clock in the morning. We'd clean. We actually used toothbrushes to clean the toilets. Did the laundry. And the reason I went back to that is because we were so hungry. My sister started stealing food for us, other kids' lunches. Then she'd call me around the school there and she'd feed me.

Or sometimes when we went out to play, we'd go walk along houses by houses. And I remember one big white house she'd came up to, walked into this huge white house, and she opened the door and she went into the house and she got food for us. But that's all we took, was
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1 just food. Then we went back to the play area. She looked
2 after me. She took a lot of the beatings for me. And I
3 couldn't even protect her when people were touching her
4 because I was so busy. At that time, I wasn't thinking
5 about her, about them doing that to her.

But I had an auntie who knew what was
7 going on and she -- she protected us. My poor auntie. We
8 would all come home drunk. They'd come home drunk and we'd
9 all be there and my auntie would say,
10 "Come on, leave her alone."
11 She'd say,
12 "Come over here with me."
13 And then she'd tell us to go upstairs. We
14 hid under the bed a lot. She died. She died on the
15 streets in Terrace. And I never thanked her.
16 I never got to thank her. You know,
17 there's so much you can escape from when it comes to sexual
18 abuse in families. She protected us as much as she could.
19 Those probing hands are still there. I don't know how -- I
20 think my sister took it the hardest, and it was back in
21 Prince Rupert when we were back with my -- with her. You
22 know, she still drank a lot. She was still with that white
23 guy and we lived under horrible, horrible conditions,
24 reminding us constantly with beatings that there was a
white man in our house, and we can't live like this, and we
can't be stinky and smelly, and the house has to be
sparkling clean.

We had to live under the fact that we had
a white man living in the house. And my -- at that time,
not only had she had another daughter with this guy, she
had two sons. And that's when things just started going --
it escalated. You thought the beatings were bad then, they
just were really, really bad. I remember one time she beat
me so bad, she wouldn't stop. And she sent us to Sunday
school one time. And I remember them talking about mercy,
and I didn't really understand what it meant, but I
remember this person was getting beaten in the bible and
asking for mercy. So I fell down to my knee. I asked her
for mercy. I thought it would work. And she just went
livid. She just went totally crazy on me.

She was hitting me with the heel of her
shoe. And I thought I'd just let myself go. And so, I
laid there and I think I dissociated myself because all I
could feel was my body moving. She was hitting me. She
was hitting a body. I'd remove myself from this, so I
wouldn't feel the pain. And she wouldn't stop. She
wouldn't stop hitting me, but I could feel the hits, but I
was not feeling it because I know myself for some reason or
somehow, and she wouldn't stop. She wouldn't stop. She did that to my sister too.

   Anyways, my sister ended up getting taken away because she had so much bruises. I think that's what they told us. Or maybe she went and talked to the school or something. She was dealing with sexual abuse, I think, from the white guy. I avoided him. I try not to get stuck in the same room with him or at home by myself. And I eventually couldn't take it anymore, so I ran away from my -- ran away from her. Ended at my [Aunt]'s house.

   [Aunt] was my saviour. She took me in and I remember [Mother] coming into her house and I was so scared. Oh, my God, I was so scared. I thought [Aunt] was going to open the door and let her take me home, but I told her I couldn't go back. I didn't want to go back. And I told her what she was doing to us. Anyways, she called the social workers and they came and took me and were put in the group home.

   We were put in a group home, a white group home. I went to the same group home where my sister was. I think I was in grade 5, almost completing 5 or 6. I don't know. I'm not sure, but I'm not accurate about the whole -- but we were put in there, and you know, you think you'd get away from abuse, and you get put right into the
system again where you hear racist remarks, you know. They would let us go home to go visit my grandmother. My grandmother used to say when Grandpa -

"When daddy gets better,"

she says,

"We're going to come and get you."

I held onto those words. I held onto those words.

And you think you get through one situation as a child, then your parents, the sexual abuse, the beatings, the starvation, the abandonment, you know, and you get put in this group home. My sister was there already. I don't know how long she was there before I went there. And you know, things are all, you know, very white. We had to wash our hands. We had to take baths every day. We had to put on these aprons when we ate. We had a big play room where we were allowed to -- we couldn't go into the front room, but we could go through the kitchen or to the dining area. You know, the situation's the same, colour of the people are different, but they're the same scenario.

These two old people, they drank a lot. I know. I was wondering why are they drinking -- they must really like club soda, I was thinking, you know. And then
things started happening, you know. They separated me from my sister. They put her way down at the end, and I was down in one room. And I remember my sister started acting up and Mrs. C was going to hit her with something. And grab her. I said,

"Don't you touch my sister."

And I didn't know what was going on until after, you know, that there was sexual abuse happening in there until their son who was away at college down here, he came home and all of a sudden, he was leaning over me one night and wanting me to do things, and I got really scared.

You know, when I first went to that group home, it was really freaky because I'd go to bed in my pajamas, and then I'd wake up in morning and I'd be all dressed, but my zippers won't be done or my buttons won't be done up, but I'd be laying straight on the bed like this. And I'd wake up like what the hell, what happened here? You know, my bed would be all made really nicely. And it's like it really fucked my brain up. And I still to this day don't know what happened. I don't know. And it happened like many times.

And I started locking my door. I put a bar, you know, the bed of the bar and put it by the door.
But then my sister was way down the hallway there and strange things started happening. There's a closet there, and I'll just use -- we called them Mr. and Mrs. C. They were foster parents. And he'd be tickling one of the older women, and then, you know, then they'd close the closet door, and all of a sudden, it would be quiet, and all of a sudden, this feeling hit my stomach. I remember running to my room and closing my door and sitting on the bed. You know, that familiar feeling comes over you, you know, what things you've seen, things that happened, or things you witnessed. Things that you've seen. They are not right, you know.

So, I remember running down the hallway and sitting in my room and the door was closed and I was scared. I didn't know what to do. You do not know what to do because you're in a white place, and it's not -- you're not familiar with people, and you don't know -- you don't know. You know, you think you've been removed from someplace, you know, and it's there, that feeling comes up in your body. It's like a case -- it's like a feeling, you know.

And then one time, we were all upstairs, and the son came home from college. And, you know, this girl named Peggy was downstairs and she was in her room.
She shared a room with me. So, our movie was over upstairs, so we all went downstairs. And then, that's when she told us. She started telling us things that he was doing to her and she really got graphic with it. And I'm sitting there thinking, like, it was real because she was actually showing us what he was doing to her.

We didn't know what to do. I remember one time when he did that to me, you know, I woke up with him touching me, and I got up and I told him he needed to leave. They put him right across the room from me too. And when he went out of the room, I locked the door, put that board down. And before that, when he had done this to me before, I started wetting the bed. And Mr. and Mrs. C would take turns waking up at night to wake me up.

I remember that night, they came after he had left. I was so scared. And all of a sudden, I fell asleep, and all of a sudden, I jumped up because someone was trying to open the door, and it was Mr. C and he was coming in and he wanted to know if I was -- like, I was wetting the bed and they made sure I got up to use the bathroom. So he was coming in to wake me up and use the bathroom. And he started banging on the door, and Mrs. C woke up. She came down and she got really mad at me. She was asking me,
"What was going on? Why are you locking the door?"
And I was just sitting there and I didn't know if I should tell them or not. And she was getting angry.

So I told her. I said [the C’s Son] is just in here trying to -- I woke up and he was feeling me up. And she got really, really mad at me. And she made me feel dirty and she made me feel -- like,

"Why would my son want to do something like that to you?"
Not that

"Are you okay? Are you hurt?"
It's like she just turned on me and just made me feel like I did something wrong.

Anyways, another girl came in there. You know when you don't realize with people when they talk like that to you, how they make you feel about yourself and your body. And she made comments like -- you know, she always had -- and that irritated me. When we'd come home, she'd hold something over her nose and she'd say,

"Don't they have water over there?"
Or

"What's that smell?"
We smell like Indian food. She made us feel so bad about when we came back from the reserve. You smell like a reserve Indian, right? But she'd make us feel so bad about it. She would always hold things over her nose when she came around us. We had to take a bath. We had to wash our hair. The way she carried our clothes out of the room.

Anyways, they actually got fired because I am not sure what happened, but I can guess what happened. She might have caught him with someone or I don't know, but she threw one of those radios at one of the girls. Her name was Madeline. I think she was from the Yukon or somewhere in that area. She threw a radio at her and she reported it to the social workers. So we ended up --

You know, none of us said anything -- I don't think any of us said anything to the social workers about what was happening there. We got put into another home, permanent home for young girls, and I thought, What does permanent mean? And they told us, well, that's when you're too old to be adopted out. So, we were put out in this -- it's called [Home M] home, and we thought -- it was worse there. A lot of neglect there. We weren't allowed upstairs. There were East Indian people. There's a lot of us downstairs. And it was dark and dingy. And there was a
big chair like this against the door that went outside. There was bars on some of the windows. And it was just so gloomy, and that's all we had.

It went from worse to worse to bad. Total neglect. And the reason I say neglect is because they didn't care for us as much. You know, the first morning I woke up, I was going to high school then. What we had for breakfast was two pieces of dried fish sticks and watered down grape juice. I hate that watered down grape juice.

Oh, my God, it's the worst thing.

And there was a lot of us there. That's where Alex was living with me there, Alex and Madeleine. There was another guy and three little other kids. Stanley was there; his sister was there. Reno and Peggy. There was so many of us there. Anyways, I don't have much to remember about that group home because I just went to school and just went home.

But a week before Christmas, we had a babysitter there, and I don't know. I still don't know to this day how the fire started. I was sleeping in my room, and I keep my door locked all the time, but I fell asleep with the light on, and all of a sudden, I heard this big noise and I woke up and all this black smoke was coming out from underneath the door, and I was listening, trying to
see out, and my window had a bar on it. It was opened up just a little on the side like this. And I was so skinny then. I was so thin.

And so, I put my hand out, and I'm looking around like this, and I looked I could see the window over here open because you can see the big black smoke coming out. So, I'm trying to get out because I thought maybe the kids got out. They must have gone out because the window's open. And so, I'm pulling myself through because we were told about fires, not to go out. And the smoke was so black, coming through so fast. And I'm looking around and I don't see anybody, and all of a sudden, someone is banging on the window up there.

It's the babysitter. I don't know who she was. And you can hear the crackling. You can hear the fire burning. And all I see is a white face like this, and I'm yelling at her,

"Go to the door and go around and I'll meet you."

She said,

"No, it's too dark or too black."

She wasn't familiar with the building, with the house because she was a new babysitter. And she was scared. I think she would get lost. It was so black,
the smoke. And I was telling her,

"Hit the window, hit the window.

Break it somehow."

And I could hear the fire crackling and
burning in my head, and I can smell the smoke. And so, she
finally broke the window and I told her to jump and she got
scared because it's, you know, up on the second floor.

And I'm telling her to jump, jump. I
don't even know who this woman was. I don't even know who
she is to this day. And I told her I would catch her. And
I did. I finally convinced her to crawl out of the window
and I told her to jump.

"Let go. Let go. Let go."

She let go and she fell -- we both fell
to the ground. And I jumped up and I went running around
the building.

By that time, people were coming out of
their house. Someone called the fire alarm or the fire
engine. And I see this one guy there. This poor white guy
must have just -- I don't know what -- I wonder about him
sometimes because I stood there and I just started freaking
out on him because in my mind, he looked like Stanley. And
I'm asking him where are the other kids because I thought
they had gotten out of the window. And I'm just freaking,
just freaking out on him, screaming at him, asking him where are the other kids, Reno, Linda, Stanley.

At that time, I didn't know Dee Dee and Peggy, the older sister, had snuck out of the window and they had taken off that night, and I didn't know that. And I'm running around looking for everybody. And I ended up in the hospital, I guess. And they kept me sedated for -- I don't even know how long.

And in my mind, I woke up, and they were telling me the kids were okay. And then, I woke up. I don't know how long I was there for. And my first question is: Where are the kids? How are they? How are the kids?

They told me, you know, just go to sleep. We'll talk about it again. I knew. But in my mind, I dreamt that they were okay. And they wouldn't tell me for a while. I don't know how long I was in the hospital for, but they kept me sedated, and I went home and they gave me sleeping pills.

Poor kids died in the home. We didn't have no fire alarms. We didn't have no fire extinguishers. We had no escape routes and some of windows had bars on them. I was lucky I was skinny, so I was able to fall out. And I thought about those kids for a long time. I used to get scared, you know, to dial that phone number. I was scared one of those kids would answer. You know, you don't
realize how long you carry that stuff with you. And this
call happened the week before Christmas.

I still think about those kids to this
day. I could feel -- what if I had opened the door, what
if I had gone, and you know. But I didn't hear anything.
I didn't. I still think about them, you know. I never
forgot their names. Reno used to be so meticulous about
his clothes, and he wouldn't let us touch them. He
wouldn't let us help him. And if he folded something and
if we tried to fix it up, he'd take it and he'd fix it back
the way he did it, like he controlled what happened to his
stuff. And Stanley, his sister, Linda, and another little
boy named Gideon. Cute little guy. I could still see them
in my mind.

No families came to them. No families
came to visit them. No families. I don't even know who
their families were. I don't even know who the lady was I
saved. I don't even know her, who she was. And I don't
know what happened to that other young girl. There was a
third young girl that I think had taken off. I think she
might have been the last one to leave out of that window
and left it open.

So, I lived with this white couple until I
was 21. They were good. They were good to me. She took
me in. She was one of the babysitters from before. So there I was going to high school, trying to live, trying to live a life. I started work when I was 15. She took me in. We moved into another building where the old folks home were, right next to the first group home I was in. They're different people working there then. So that's where we lived until I left, left her.

I got into a relationship with [Daughter 1]'s dad. We had a child. We lived on a reserve called Masset. There was armed forces there. And they were very, very particular about certain people going into their stores, into their bars. It looked like a really bad movie, you know, where Natives weren't allowed over there.

And I really think that they did a lot stuff to the water there because there was some babies who were just deformed or -- I remember the one baby when I was pregnant, had a tailbone or something, and they had to do an operation. So I got a little scared and I went back to Rupert just before I gave birth to my little girl. She was born with the missing valve and hole in her heart and blood were going everywhere and she died.

We worked. We both worked at the RCMP, and we just -- you know, you don't know a lot about anything when you've been abused. You don't know anything
about relationships. You don't know anything about sex or, you know, because when you're dealing with sexual abuse, you don't think about those things when you're in a relationship.

Anyways, we had another child, [Daughter 1]. You know, then I moved back with my grandmother for a while, and I thought I would get to know my family. Of course, you know, at Christmastime, there's drinking and there's a lot of stuff happening. And I had this guy friend, who's my boyfriend at the time, and of course, we were drinking with my family, and I guess I passed out. [Daughter 1] was over at a babysitter. I pass out and I woke up with my uncle on top of me.

As soon as I woke up, he moved off of me and dropped to the floor and crawled out of his room. I felt so violated, you know, for someone to take advantage of you when you're passed out. I just -- I wanted to get away. A lot of embarrassment, a lot of shame, a lot of -- feeling violated, feeling like -- it's a horrible feeling to -- so, rather than deal with it, I was working with the RCMP. I just packed up and I just moved. I gave my notices at my two jobs I was working at. Didn't even want to talk to the police about it. And I moved to Vancouver.

And I connected back with my sister who...
was living down here. And I didn't want to go down to
Hastings, Main and Hastings, because a lot of my people
were down there. And at that time, I didn't realize what I
had become. I was so white like an apple. I didn't want
to see that, what was happening with my people down there.
A lot of drinking, a lot of this, a lot of that. And I
would avoid downtown. And my -- I keep calling her my
daughter -- my sister. She worked down there, did
volunteer work down there. You know, she was really
connected down there. She went and got me to go down
there. You know, me and my little skirts and little high
heels and -- like a --

And I eventually started going downtown,
got to know people, and I realized everything I was
embarrassed about, everything I was ashamed of, everything
that I could relate to what people were going through down
there for some reason. I thought, That's my past I'm
hiding from. That's my past that I'm ashamed of. Those
are things that happened to me, you know. I'd sit there
and talk with people. And you know downtown, downtown Main
and Hastings is where I actually found myself. I didn't
realize I was looking out of white eyes, and I could go to
the mirror and I could fix myself up. I always wore skirts
and nylons and heels and try to be really well dressed
being presented really well.

And I didn't realize how conditioned I was, how brainwashed I was. And when I started looking out of Native eyes, I couldn't look in that mirror at myself for the longest time because I felt all those years of everything that came up to ugliness, feeling dirty, worthless, drunken Indian. All those things you heard growing up. I remember hearing a lot of that in the white school I went to. Drunken Indian, lazy, dirty, smelly, everything. And it just bounced off of me because I learned how to, I guess, dissociate from myself and just -- and the reason I say that is because I wondered how I got through grade 10 and 11 in high school because I don't remember it.

When I started looking out of white eyes, I couldn't look in that mirror for the longest, longest time. I wouldn't wear anything that represented my culture. I felt disgusted with myself. That ugliness, that horrible feeling of how you felt about an Indian person. Everything that's been pounded in you, everything that's been -- everything that reminds you of who you are, the colour of your skin, smells, or food, or Indian food, or cooking it, or even wearing stuff. And so, I actually lost myself. And after finding myself, I started drinking
a lot. Then I think I put my kids through the same thing I did my mother did because I left [Daughter 1] with the kids a lot.

And I didn't know how to love my kids. I didn't know how to say. So I went to see this therapist and she worked through a lot of things with me. I remember screaming a lot at my kids. And I thought I'm not going to hit my kids the way my mother hit them. I'm not going to do a lot of the things she did to me. Then I tried to balance that in my life. Then I kept them away from my family because I knew what I went through; I didn't want my kids to go through.

I tried to be the best person I thought I could be because I didn't know how to be a good person. I think I put my kids through a lot or they carried a lot of what I carried. At that time, I didn't understand a lot about the residential schools. You know, the self-hate, the self-sabotaging. It wasn't till after I went to -- that I understood that, and I seen it playing out in my life. I hated myself.

I hated the colour of my skin. I hated everything about who I was. But I didn't know that. And I think we pass these things onto our kids without knowing that because of how we act, the things we do. And I got
Statement - Public

Carol Martin
(Delilah MacDonald)

lost in alcohol. And if you had to hear the stories from
my children about how they dealt with that because I know
how I dealt with it with my grandmother and my mother.
What came with it. I want to make those changes.

So I had five beautiful girls and one son, but I was in a really, really abusive relationship. I
think the way I felt about myself is what I looked for in a relationship. But I didn't realize that at the time. He
used to beat me all the time. The first two years were okay. I didn't realize he was hooked on drugs. I didn't
know he was going to be abusive. And I didn't know he was doing things to me when I was passed out. I didn't know.
We'd go out drinking.

We drank a lot when I had [Daughter 1]. And I don't know what he was doing to me when I passed out,
but I would wake up in the morning, and I would know something went wrong. But he used to beat me all the time.
And one time, he beat me so badly I ended up in emergency. And all my family came. They thought they had to operate
on my eye because they thought this was broken and they thought my eye was going to sink in. It was so bad. And I
still -- I never called the police on him. It never occurred to me to call the police.

You know, when you don't know those
things, you don't think about them. But after that, I
started standing up for myself. And he'd come at me and he
punched me, and I'd try to punch him back, and I couldn't
hit him because I remember what it felt like to hurt. When
you punch someone, how it hurt. I couldn't hurt him. You
know, you just want the hurt to stop, so you don't do
anything to hurt people.

I remember I wanted to punch him so badly,
and I stopped halfway because I remember what that felt
like because he just punched me. So, after so many years,
when I started standing up for myself, he didn't look so
big and strong after that. And I started standing up for
myself. I ended up having to walk away from that
relationship because I thought my kids can't keep seeing
this. And that was one of the hardest things I had to do
because you know I love them so much.

I loved them so much, but I had to walk
away. There was that good side of him. And every time I
would see him, you know, I would be going to work and I
would see him. He'd jump on the bus; I would jump off the
back. And I would be just shaking just like I was when my
mother -- I used to see my mother in the group home. I
remember being scared all the time. I used to be scared
when I used to go to the movies when I was in the group

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Just seeing my mother would just make me shake. Like, I was just so scared. You know she was over there and I'm here. But, you know, it's just the fear. It felt the same thing with him because I remember running with [Daughter 2] in the buggy. And that movie, every time that movie comes on, Enough, when that woman's running to the bus with the baby. I'm trying to run away from [Ex-Partner 1] at the time with [Daughter 2]. He caught me. He brought me back home. I remember hiding so many times with the buggy. I didn't know where to go. I didn't know who to talk to. And I have all the kids and I'd be so scared walking down the street, sitting at bus stops and parks, and I'd be scared to go home.

Every time I watch that movie, I cry really hard. When I walked away from him, that was the hardest choice in my life at that time I thought that I had to make. And I thought my kids can't keep seeing this. Can't keep -- I can't keep being screaming and yelling, getting beaten up. And I walked away from it. I was working at the women's shelter too still at the time. You know, I'd leave how I felt at the door, and I became really good at that, do the work smile, you know, help people. I knew a lot of the women because I used to drink around
before with my sister.

I'm glad the women's shelter was there to support me, you know, but even working there, you don't realize how much -- even your own people like you, the men, like how they make you feel, make you feel dirty and they make you feel unclean. They used to accuse me of being a lesbian because I worked there. He accused me of all this stuff. I told him stuff about, you know, when I was growing up, and he'd become really suspicious of me with anybody I talk to, even old people if I was generous and I gave a piece of something to someone. And he accused me of fooling around with them, like Oh, my God. And I told him things that happened to me when I was a young girl, and he threw that all back in my face and just used everything against me.

So anyways, I was working at the women's centre. And I started getting educated about, you know, abuse, the cycle of violence, they call it. We had that circle. So even when you're in a abusive relationship, if you see things and you read it, it's like, oh, you know. So even if you read it for a minute, even if you get one word in or something that just made sense like abuse, you know, you're learning as you're moving along. You're understanding. You're educating yourself about, you know,
what you're going through.

So I worked at Crabtree, and then I worked at -- I did volunteer at Carnegie before that, and then I started working at the women's centre. The women centre has been really, really supportive with me through a lot of what I've gone through. A lot of them didn't know I was in a abusive relationship though, and I didn't tell them. But I got to know a lot of the women downtown. And I started listening to them because I worked on the floor. We started talking to them, started getting to know them. And I remember names like Hallmark. I remember the card, the Hallmark card or, you know, [Person S], names that if I wanted to remember the women's names, I'd affiliate something with their names. And I remember the Hallmark one because I thought, Oh, Hallmark card. I know that one.

I knew so many of those women and so many of them have died. Their hurts, the struggle, you know, you hear from them. When I first started working down there, there was a lot of people who weren't connected to themselves. They weren't, you know -- they had circles; they called it "Women Surviving Together"

and everybody would just sit everywhere, and they would talk, and one person would be recording what
they were saying. They asked me to do the circle with them.

And then, so I did it with them for a while, and then one day, I said, "Why don't we all just sit in a circle because we're all equal. Let's just all try that."

And I said, "Maybe you should just put the pen down,"

I told the lady, and I can see her face in my mind, but I can't remember her name. I said, "Maybe, you should just put the pen down and let's just let the women talk."

And then Reta came in and she started working there and started bringing the medicine there. And I co-facilitated the group with her.

But it's been a really tough journey.

It's been -- I think the first time I -- it's nice when people notice you and they acknowledge what is going on with you because I didn't know how I was carrying myself.

And I remember when I first started working at Crabtree, I was sitting there like this, and Betty McPhee, she goes,
"Carol,"
she says,
"Why don't you relax?"
And I go,
"I am relaxed."
And she says,
"No, you're all bunched up there,
and you're all like -- you can see
the tightness in your leg,"
and, you know -- and I'm just the way I
carried myself. And I go,
"What are you talking about?"
She says,
"Put your feet down on the ground,"
and I'd go like this. She says,
"Just relax."
It's like, holy.
And then, she says,
"Sit there with your legs on the
ground,"
but I didn't realize I was doing that. I
just wanted to puke just talking about it. I don't know
why. But I'm sitting there, and then all of a sudden, she
says,
"Give your feet a little tap."

And all of a sudden, I just felt something come into my body that's like -- I didn't realize I was tapping myself back into my body. I didn't realize I was dissociated for so long. You don't realize those things. You know, like, you're walking with your body, but it's -- you know.

And so, that was the first experience I had, tapping into my body. I tapped my legs, and she said, "Do that every once in a while," and I'd just sit there. But the first time she told me that, I just felt something move into me. It was like whoa, what just happened? And so, I forget how I got to know -- what's her name -- Audrey Cook, and I made an appointment, and I started going to see her. I did a lot of work on that house, the stuff with the house, with the kids.

But she wanted me to take some pills so that I could remember more and do some more work, and I didn't want to take the pills because I didn't trust it because we tried something. Hypnosis or something, but I noticed that when she was doing it, my finger kept going like this, I kept tapping it to -- and she would say,"What are you doing with your
fingers?"

And I say I don't know. She was trying
to do some hypnosis work or something or something like
that. And I'm sitting there and she's taking me on a --
trying to relax me. And I just kept tapping my fingers on
my feet and on my leg. But we did a lot of work and we
started talking about what happened to me and what happened
as a child in the group home.

I think the hardest one, the hardest thing
I tried to work on was with my mother because when I was in
Toronto in 1999, I went to see a counsellor there because I
felt I needed to go talk to someone. And she said,
"What would you like to talk about?"

And I said that woman I call [Mother's
first name] because she was still alive. So, we tried to
do some work, and I think my mother did a lot of stuff to
us that were done to the kids in residential school, you
know, the sexual abuse because when I was first seeing the
therapist, I remember being walking out after talking about
her, and as I'm walking down the street, I can almost
visualize myself in her stomach and something was happening
to me and I just wanted to step out in front of the trucks.
And I don't know what stopped me, but -- because we're
talking about her --
In Toronto, I was talking to a therapist there. She said this woman -- we talked about a lot of things that happened. She said,
"What would you like to work on today?"
And I said,
"The woman, the [Mother’s first name] woman."
She asked me one of the difficult things about -- what would you like to talk about, and she was the one I mentioned, [Mother]. But I said I'm scared, and I didn't know what I was scared about.
So, she said okay, visualize this big bubble around you. Nothing to penetrate it, nothing can come in. So I sat there, and she did this visualization with me. So, I'm sitting there and I can feel something in my cheeks. And I'm supposed to feel protected in this big bubble. So she said, okay, are you ready? And I said yeah. And she says the door's going to open and your mother is going to walk in. As soon as she said that, the bubble went right towards me and it just collapsed around me. And I couldn't talk about her. I said I couldn't do it. I just -- I don't know why that happened.
Anyways, before she died, I put in a
little capsule that I loved her still and I forgave her. She died some years ago. She had diabetes. She was a
diabetic and her skin started discolouring. I didn't even recognize her sitting there, my grandmother's. Anyways, that was my first connection into my body when that lady from Crabtree told me to tap into my body. You know, all these years, my grandmother, whenever I go home to visit her, she used to always say she's waiting for me to come home. And I would tell her but I was just home. I was just home.

And then my grandmother passed away. I can't remember when. My sister passed away. I wanted to talk about my sister first.

My sister didn't disclose to me until I was working at the women's centre there, I think Rita Andrews was doing some work with her. She wanted to take Mr. and Mrs. C to court because of what Mr. C had done to her, sexually abused her in the group home. And she was using drugs.

She's been using drugs since she was 14, 15, something like that when she took off. And she came down here. And she used to come see me all the time. She was like my rock; do you know that? Whenever I fell, every time I drank, every time I had thoughts of suicide, I would
always go down there and I'd sit in one of the bars and I'd
wait for her to come, and she always brought me flowers.
I'd sit there and I'd tell her, you know, this is how I'm
feeling, this is what's happening.

Because you don't realize the effects of
what happens to you and how you carry it, you know. I
always had thoughts of suicide and I would tell her, and
she would always talk to me and push me back up and tell
me,

"Get back up, you're not like that.
Don't think like that,"
you know. She would just push me back up.
And she used to do that to me for so long down here. I
called her my rock. And it was a joke at first. I used to
tell her you're like a rock. I can't even get a penny out
of you, but you sure as hell could get something out of
you. And then, I'd make a joke like, you know, you're like
a rock. You know, you can't get any water out of you.

And then I realized that she was actually
my rock. You know, she was just solid even though she was
hurting and using drugs and just carrying her pain. She
never had a slice. She never was given a life to live a
normal life, you know. She was, like, being touched when
she was a little baby by relatives that we were supposed to
trust. And then, in the group home, you know, when you're taken away -- I mean, and then in a home -- when that woman who's supposed to be your mother, you know -- because she told me about him. And then she told me about Mr. and Mrs. C. They lived in Delta here in Vancouver area.

And she told me, she said she was calling them every month, she said. Didn't matter what time of the month it was. And she told me the reason she was calling them was because she wanted to keep track of where they were because she said she was going to press charges against them. And I think she went -- when she was working at Native police liaison, about all that when we were in the group home.

When my sister died, I think she shocked the whole community because she knew she's been using drugs for a long time. And they said she overdosed. She was found crumpled on the floor. And then my cousin, Debbie and Margot were wiping her body down and preparing her body. The guy working there said she looked like she got hit in the head, in the forehead or something. She had a big thing on her forehead. I don't know. I didn't see. I thought I was going to die when my sister died.

You know, I still remember that night. We were living on 13th and Fraser, and two officers came and
they told me my sister was found. And I thought I was going to lose my mind. So when the officers left, I remember just standing there looking at this tree. And I gained all my strength from that tree. And you don't realize when you lose someone like that, going through childhood stuff and being there for you and you're going through so much, you don't realize you're -- you could lose it. You know, you could go over the edge and not come back.

And I remember I went to sleep after I'm focusing on that tree outside our house. I left the door open when the police officers left. And I remember I fell asleep on the couch. And Carlos had come over and he lit a candle and left it outside. I closed the door and laid on the couch and fell asleep. And I woke up. I don't know if I woke up in my brain or if I woke up in my mind, but my sister was laying in my arms just solid, just -- and I was holding her like this. I don't know. I don't even know if I was awake or if I was dreaming. But I remember, in my mind's eye, I looked and she was there just cold, laying there beside me. And I cried. I broke down and cried.

You know, I went to school at Native Ed and I took this course on Native Studies, and I understood a lot about the residential schools. And I look back on my
life and I realize I don't hate my people for what they did
to me. I don't hate my mother for what she did to me. I
actually cried because her life that she never got to live,
the mother and daughter connection that we never had, and I
cried for [Ex-partner 1] and us not having that
relationship. There was so much that was taken from us
that I didn't know if I'm going to explain that properly,
but something was robbed from us.

You know, a lot was taken from me;
spiritually, mentally, physically, sexually, culturally, my
identity. A lot of ugliness was inside of me, a lot of
self-hatred, self-sabotaging. But I didn't want to hurt
anybody and I didn't want to hate anybody. So when I
started educating myself about a lot of this, I cried more
for what they went through rather than what they did to me.
I cried for the loss of their lives. I cried for the loss
of their connection to their families. I cried for so much
lost that had happened to them rather than what happened to
me.

I'm glad they have those little Native
Studies, you know, where they teach us about the
residential school. And if we can capture the essence of,
you know, the intent and the essence of it, it brings more
understanding to why people do the things they do. And,
you know, I started working down at the women's centre and I started really educating myself and not getting so caught up in the white man's world so much, although you know I'm still trying to decolonize myself and still trying to find my roots because for years, I always felt like I was floating around like I didn't belong anywhere.

A lot of thoughts of suicide, a lot ugliness about myself, a lot of -- I didn't understand a lot of that. I started educating myself about, you know, sexual abuse, alcohol, and drugs, and then the puzzles of my life started falling into place. But it's a lot of work. You say oh, I'm healed. You're not healed. You're healing every day over something in your life. You're healing every day about something that affected you or how someone made you feel or what they did to you or -- you know. Every day is a healing. You're healing over something that happened to you.

And you carry it with you. You know, a lot of the hurt and the pain that happened to me, I tried to numb it with drinking and popping Tylenol, you know, pills, and it never went down. I never tried any drugs although I tried a few times, but it didn't work out. I wasn't meant to do drugs. So I started working downtown, started getting to know people, listening to their stories,
and, you know, really just listening to them. People need 
someone to acknowledge them for who they are as human 
beings.

You know, this whole system is based on 
labels and stereotypes of who they believe we are. 
Everything that I've gone through and everything that they 
made me feel. Everything that they programmed me so well. 
They programmed me; they brainwashed me to think a certain 
way, to act a certain way, to behave a certain way, and I 
became that person. I lost myself, my identity, who I was. 
I didn't know --

And then you can't fit in both worlds.

You know, my family used to say, oh, go back to your own 
kind. What kind is that? I'm sitting, there like, what 
are they talking about? It's living with white people and 
becoming cognizant to being like a white person, to live 
like a white person, act like them and behave like them, 
dress like them, you know. And I didn't know that at the 
time. And so, that was really hurtful, you know, hearing 
family members say that.

"Go back to your own kind."

People who you married into the family, 
go back to your own kind, you know.

So, I started learning a lot about
downtown, a lot of the women educated me. A lot of women.
Oh my gosh, hearing their stories like -- and what can I
say about downtown? I love the people downtown. I love
them because they were there for me. I love downtown
because people were real down there. Even though they were
in their addiction or drinking or whatever, they were real.
It was a strong community down there. People took care of
each other down there. And I remember when the women all
started going missing there. It's like -- it's unreal.

And then you go through your daily life.
You go home. You get beaten up. You come back to work,
and you see another poster up there and it's like, you just
take it in. It's just another layer on top of you and it
doesn't feel real. That's not happening, here. It can't
be happening here. Then you go through life, you're
walking home. You're trying to figure out how you're going
to survive making it home or how you're going to stop
thinking of, you know, hurting yourself or constantly
trying to live each day, trying to make it through another
day, another week, another month, another year.

It's horrible living like that because you
have no sense of identity, you have no sense of grounding,
no sense of anything. You don't learn nothing because I
keep thinking How the heck did I get through all that? And
even to this day, how did I get through all that?
You hear a lot of violence downtown, like
I became -- I started standing up for people downtown.
Started standing up for someone the way I wanted someone to
stand up for me, you know, like if you come in and you're
hurt. Come into my office. I don't judge you. People,
you know, come in and say, oh, I need money for food. If I
see someone drinking, you know what, that was their life
out there. Just leave it there. I'm not going to bring it
in here.

They came in here. They want to talk to
me. I'm not going to judge them on what they did or what
they've done. It's like when a person comes in, I see this
broken little soul coming in and they just want
acknowledgement, they want someone to hug them, they want
someone to -- just listen to them. And that's how I work.
I work with women like that, and I try to do everything I
can for them.

You know, it was not too long ago after
going through all this stuff that I realized I left my kids
behind. I was so focused on my life, my struggles, my
survival. Getting rid of the thoughts of suicide, trying
to make me feel good about myself, I realized I left my
kids behind under healing, healing with me. But you don't
know those things. You don't know. You don't know those things.

And I watch my kids and I think, you know, you don't realize you pass things onto them. You don't realize those things. But now it's there to depend on me; I know that now. And you want to make changes with it. You want to teach them about unconditional love. Good, bad, or ugly. People have to accept each other. We have to all accept each other for how wherever we are in life. And that's how I work sometimes too.

And, you know. There's a lot of issues in the Downtown Eastside. And I'm going to tell the raw dirty truth, even about the National Inquiry, and people who work in the organizations because a lot of those women who were very vulnerable in a very vulnerable state, and, you know, everybody just seeing them as labels. There's a lot of stereotype, a lot of racism, prejudice, even against your own people. These women couldn't get into safe places like shelters or anything. I know that because I tried to get them in. A lot of them are red flagged, and I brought it to the Elders Council. They asked me to help, you know, be part of that. And we had a meeting with the community and we took over the women's centre and we have a shelter now for women. We had to keep the shelter at night in the
centre, and then we would drop in during the day and now we have a space for the shelter.

But when you become a figure downtown, people start asking to come and do things. So the reason they told me to come on with the elders is because our very Native women who were in those positions were taking advantage of our elders, and when people see us as a strong person, of course, they'll say I need your help here. So, of course, I was the one that they asked and the person didn't like that I spoke up, and the elders trusted me enough to say it has to stop. We've taken the advantage of these elders. You know, they're digging in our pockets, they shouldn't be doing that, you know, and I spoke up.

I see that happen a lot downtown. You see when you look at the foundation of what the residential school has done to our people, an apology does not make that okay. When you look at the problems, I always say we became a reflection of the system because of things they did to our people. You know, we became what they were. We became a reflection of the people who ran the residential schools. And then they started pointing, said, Oh, look at us. Look at all those bad people, those bad Natives. You know, making us feel like dirty people, like we're drunks, we're lazy, we're no good for nothing, and all this and all
And the reason I say this is because I know of some people who are doing ceremonies who are using that mentality of the residential school when they use the Bible to sexual abuse our kids and brainwash them and do all this stuff. I see some people hiding behind some of the -- doing ceremonies and doing that to a lot of the vulnerable women in the Downtown Eastside. I see the problems with the residential school played out in their people when we do things. I see a lot of lateral violence and we're always talking about violence against women when the very people who are speaking out about it are sometimes the people who are doing it.

And I think right now -- because I deal with a lot of those organizations when it comes to our women having to deal with violence. I feel like I'm coming up against some of those organizations because of the way we treat our Native women. You know, they bar them, a lot of racial profiling, a lot of -- just treating them really, really, really bad. And I remember I seen this one ad in the newspaper about the frontline workers and how much support we need.

It's like, if I work in that field, I have to be accountable and I have to be able to have a wellness
in plan for myself because I have to understand the work I'm doing. And if you're not doing that, you could be part of the problem too that contributes to a lot of what is happening with our women. But we forget about the women, like some organizations hire women to do outreach, and these women are dealing with frontline stuff before it even comes to us at the women's centre because some of us only work 9-to-5.

But you never think of those women who were put out on the street to do the outreach with a lot of what is happening out there, like SWAG and WISH and all these places that hire these women to do outreach. What's in plan for them; what's in place for them, you know. Because it's horrible working down there because, you know, when you see a body that comes out of the window, like me as a worker, I've seen three bodies come out of one hotel.

One year from each other. That's Ashley's body and then Verna's body. One year from each other. In the back and in the front. And you can see the differences when a person falls down out of the window, they fall straight down compared to when a person gets thrown out of the window, their body is further away than when the body just fell out of the window. And that happened twice, I think. The body got thrown out. I'm not sure about the
third one, but they landed quite a ways on this side from
the sidewalk.

I've seen people with broken ankles, their
bone sticking out because they got punched out and their
body twirled. I've seen a person get stabbed right in
front of me. I've seen going to a bus stop another person
got stabbed right there, and a woman's holding it, the
blood -- he was stopping the blood. I've seen bodies
covered down there. I've heard of one woman being thrown
out of windows. I've heard of one woman getting
decapitated. I've heard of -- and the women who ended up
at the Pickton farm before he even went to trial, we got a
list of how all those women were found. And I still have
that list. And I don't want to remember those women like
that.

And how is it that this world, how is it
people in this world, how is it that we're not -- they're
not -- how is it that they don't have their eyes open to
all this? You know, when I look at the bucket, you know, I
don't want to remember somebody in there or a hand or some
body part in the fridge or freezer. I don't want to
remember how those women were because those women were
someone's daughter or someone's mother, grandmother,
auntie, niece, cousin.
You know, I remember this one guy. He was called "The Balcony Rapist" or something, and he was released around the same time maybe I think Pickton was going on trial. And they were telling graphic stuff about how the women were found as the trial was going through and silence, nothing. And then they release this Native guy who they called The Balcony Rapist and all these women went and they were rallying and marching and everything.

And when they had that last -- the inquiry before this, you know, they just showed you how our society and how the system portrays the First Nations women, that we're all hookers, that we're all disposable, that anybody can pick us up anywhere and do whatever they want. You know, and they gave WISH $780,000 and they put two workers to work at the City Hall, and it's like nobody is angry about this? No one is upset about this? That, you know, this is how the outcome of the last inquiry that, you know, that this is how we're seen? It's like -- it's unbelievable.

You know, when you go down there, you want to talk about anything. Homelessness, so many of our people, right now as we speak, people are getting evicted
from Native housing. And, you know, you have all these
people here who are rallying and marching for homelessness,
but they're -- it's all just lip service. There's nothing
congrave in place. Where are they when that people is
getting evicted over there? Oh, my God, there's so many
people getting evicted from places. So many people in
addiction. Like, where's that -- where's the outcome of
that? Where do people go when they want to quit drinking
or doing drugs? They all focus on harm reduction and it's
just probably one -- just one thing holding it up. There
should be like three or four of them in place.

They're so easy to give out needles and so
easy to give out anything that has to do with using drugs.
But where could people go? What can they do? Who can they
call? I want to get out of here now. Where do I go? Who
can I call? You know, the women were talking about that.
And they're so focused on -- I don't want to call them the
word, what they call them. I don't --

I always think that women are pushed into
those positions where they have to, you know, try to make
money to try and survive. I don't see them as that. I see
them as an end result of the social problems and where we
push them. And they're not that. They're not that.
They're not. Even if they're there, they're not that.
They're a daughter. They're a human being. They're trying to survive.

But we allow that to happen, you know. We allow that to happen. You know, and our children who continuously get taken. Do you know for 30 something years, I fought the system to keep my kids together? 30 something years. And now, I'm starting it again with my grandkids. And they racially profile us because when I moved back to Commercial and Pender, I had my youngest daughter. [Daughter 3] was with me last night. And it never -- never a day went by when I would get a call or something or a card was there, having to deal with social workers. Social workers constantly undermining me, making me feel worthless that I'm not worthy of having kids or, you know, the kids are better off somewhere else, you know.

But I fought hard for my kids, to keep them together, and I think every social worker in Vancouver probably knows me because of the way I treat them because I can't stand them as far as I throw them. And you can't sit there and tell me that there is a good social worker because their only mandate is to remove the kids from you if you're involved in any domestic violence. And they don't even look at you. They'll just look at you as an unworthy person incapable of being a mother or looking...
after your children. But I refuse to let them make me feel like that.

And now, I have grandchildren, and so, I fight really hard for them. Four social workers and five police officers showed up at my house trying to take my grandkids. I wouldn't let them in my house. I asked them for paperwork. And when they said they didn't have it, as far as I'm concerned, you're all predators and pedophiles and I said,

"you officers"

-- because they called for more policemen. Yeah, [Daughter-in-law] and [Daughter 4] were there with me. [Daughter 4] put the kids in the back room, all five kids, and [Daughter-in-law] locked the door and stood there, and she was thinking, If they got by my mom, they're not going to get by me.

So, we stood up, you know. And they called more policemen. And it scared the heck out of us. Scared me because I was shaking. And when this big officer came to me, don't talk to me, I don't even want to talk to you. He just turned and walked away and I said call your supervisor right now.

And her only remark is

"I'm sorry, Ms. Martin, but we have
to take the children."
I said no, you don't. I said,
"You have no documents to remove them
from me."
I said,
"You can give them the orders to
knock me down, handcuff me, kick me,
beat me up, whatever,"
I said, but they're not going to take my
grandkids, I said. And so, they went away with their heads
down, their tails between their feet, their -- whatever.
And from that time on, it was a battle.
I had six weeks off and it was a battle
with them. They made things up. We went into the office --
this is how they work. We sat in an office. They said
this is what we're going to bring up in court. And I said
okay, okay. So, we're sitting there, sitting there, and
then [Daughter 2] had to go to court herself. I said I
want to see those documents when I get off work. When I
looked at the documents, I fucking threw -- went through
the fucking ceiling, I swear. And I was just livid. I
phoned him up and I said,
"I don't know what meeting you were
at, but like hell are you going to
take my daughter and tell them that
she's neglecting her kids, the kids
are at risk of sexual abuse or the
kids are at risk of being abused."

He had four things down. And everything
were not anything we talked about.

And I said,

"You little chicken. You better call
me right now ASAP because your name
is on that document,"

I said. So, within three days, he tried
to get his supervisor to call me, and I refused to talk to
her because her name was not on that document. Within
three days, they changed the document. And then, I told
them all of my daughter's support that she had in place. I
named them all off. Me, her sister, [Daughter-in-law], you
know. And [Daughter 2] went to her lawyer, tried to get
them to change one little item on there, and the lawyer
said he couldn't do it.

And I thought, How is it possible? I got
them to change the whole document that they presented in
court, and a lawyer couldn't even remove something that
said that I was the only support that she had. So I phoned
them up again just mad. Oh boy. I tell them what is
[Daughter 2] supposed to do? Carry two babies up the stairs while doing laundry or doing something, you know, or wait till I got home.

They just set up everything to fail, but I kept accurate information about everything they did, and I called them on everything. And I told them, I said -- because we asked for the documents for them that they said that they sent to the band office, and they said the band office approved the court documents. So, I said,

"[Daughter 2], can I have a copy of the letter you sent to the band that they approved?"

"Oh, we didn't send them one, but it's just --" I forget what she said. It's just something we present to the judge to -- I said you're committing perjury here. And they also wrote a report when they showed up at my door. They said that they removed the kids from [Daughter 2] and they said that because they couldn't find a home for all five kids, they said that they placed them with me.

Oh my God, I made note of that. And so, I said to the social worker, when I go in front of that judge, I'm going to tell them -- I'm going to show them you
guys are committing perjury, you're writing inaccurate
reports, you're misleading and your misinforming them. So,
I guess they though about it and they withdrew from court.

And they sent [Daughter 2] a thing saying
that her kids were back with her when they've always been
with her. And then, they turned around. They tried to buy
me. They wrote me a letter to get the family allowance.
She sent me a big list of all the stuff they would buy, and
they said I would get $500 per child. And I thought, What
is wrong with you guys? You just sent my daughter a thing
saying she got the kids back. Why would you want to make a
home visit to do everything --

Because they have a new system in place
where they do home visits, and then they have to -- you
have to fill out all these reports and get -- I think what
two or three people fill out some kind of form for you.
And I thought, Why would I want to pull all my friends into
something like this? And they wanted to check everybody
who lived there and do a police check. They sent me a big
list of all the stuff they were going to buy me. I told
them my kids are not for sale and I'm not for sale. You're
not going to buy me like that. I said,

"You're not taking the rights away of
my daughter."
So -- and I told them I'm going to stick around my daughter as long as I have to with my grandkids. If you guys don't come around and bother them. You see, the reason I fight so hard for my kids is my grandkids because I understand how the system works because I've gone through it and I see what happens.

And working downtown, I see a lot of the kids who have aged out, and I see a lot of families who fight really hard to try and get their kids. And even trying to keep them off the pills they try to put the kids on to control them or try to cut their hair because they're boys and they should have short hair. I've had to sit with families fighting for those things.

I just see them stealing our kids. That's a fact. They're still stealing our kids. The residential school has not dissolved or gone away. They just replaced it with the welfare system where I think more of our children are in care. And they don't allow the families to come with the child. They don't allow you to have that relationship as a family. They disintegrate the family unity. They just separate everybody. And then, two weeks before a child is going to turn 19, they call the parents and it's like all of a sudden, oh, can you come meet us in the office here? You know, we want to talk about your
child. Meanwhile, the child is going to be aging out in two weeks. They have no education. They have no job. They have no homes to go to, and they've been totally isolated from their families and plus they might be using some kind of drugs that -- where it calms them down they say, and they can control them a little bit more. And a lot of these kids end up on the streets.

And then the residential school, another story, I see a lot of this downtown, this is how I know about all this. The impact of the residential school, the impact of all the women who died and went missing, the impact of our children who continue to get stolen, the impact of taking families away and destroying families, the impact of the residential school, what's happened to all the elders, and, you know, the money, the horrible, horrible -- the assessment that was done on them. Like, how is it that you can how see if a person got anally raped or beaten up or sexually abused. And they gave them points. Everything was based on points.

How could they do that to our elders? How could they do that to a kid, women who are really old now and they can't hear because they lost their hearing in residential school. They give them like $50,000. And the whole life and how it impacted their lives.
And my interaction with police. Yeah, they sure know how to show their power, man. They were just horrendous downtown before because, you know, you would see them lining everybody up; you see them emptying purses out. They just grab your purse away and just pull you against the wall. They did that to my daughter when she was young. She went to court once and they slam her on the car because she's not allowed -- they give her a zone area where she's not allowed --

And one time, I guess they slammed her against the wall and she got a gash on her neck. And we were downtown, she got pepper sprayed by a girl, so we went to the police station right away. And the officer, you know, goes,

"Oh, what happened here?"

And she goes,

"One of your police officers did that to me," she says, and he was quiet really. They sent the dogs after them when they seen -- the thought -- you know, the girls are walking down the street there, and I remember my daughter telling me a story when they were walking, and the police sent the dogs after them. And they just went booting at and stood against the wall, and the
dogs come running around the corner. So when those stories that were told to me --

And one time, I think it was like 25, I can't remember. I was doing my criminology course. And my sister was still alive then, and my friend came to pick me up and he parked his car up by the police station, which was by 312 Main Street. He came down to Gastown to get us, and I went on to go by Pigeon Park there to see if my sister was around.

And there was so many policemen and people; the bars were all closing. And I'm looking, I'm looking, I'm looking, then I see all these officers here. And they had some guy and he had his face against the wall and they were kicking at him, kicking at him. And I started yelling around,

"What's going on here? Why isn't anybody helping him? You can't do that."

They handcuffed me.

Well, he told me if I didn't "Shut up, bitch,"

he was going to throw me in the drunk tank. I wouldn't shut up, and he grabbed me, and I tried to grab onto the tree. And he handcuffed me and he threw
me in the smaller part of the paddy wagon because on that side is a big empty space and this is the wall here, and I'm sitting here with my arm behind me. And I guess they wanted to take me -- I thought they were going to throw me in jail. Of course, that's what you think.

Well, they took me for a ride, and I didn't realize, and I must have fell asleep. And when they stopped, I moved like that, and I woke up. Then I thought -- it was so dark, and I could hear the cars, I'm listening, cars above me. I'm under a bridge. You can hear boom, boom. They're going over, boom, something. And all of a sudden, my heart just started pounding. You can hear it just pounding. Someone is getting beat with that noise up there.

So I started kicking on the wall. And the first thing that came to my mind is my friends are gone to the police station, they got your badge number and licence plate, and I'm listening. I can just hear the traffic. And they must have been talking about it. So I kicked it again. I said the same thing. I was hoping my friends had done that. That was the first thing that entered my mind.

So next thing you know, they drove off. I must have dozed off because next thing you know, the doors open and it's like bright like that morning like that, but
you can tell the lights got an orange to it. It's ready to
go off the street lights. And all I see is his back. All
I remember is seeing his back and then I looked, and that's
all I see was the street. I don't remember getting out of
the van. It was morning. I don't even know how I got
home. I was so scared. I was so scared.

And then, I went to Toronto in 1999. I
came back after 2000, I moved to 13th and Fraser. I moved
to 49th and -- I get up on Fraser or somewhere. Then I
moved to Surrey. I moved back to 54th and 9th, and then I
moved to 49th and Butler. I got home from work. And
Hallmark gets a call on the phone, and they ask me if Carol
Martin's there and I say yeah. I'm Carol Martin. And I
said,

"How did you get this number?"

And they said,

"Oh, we punched your name in."

I said,

"Who is this?"

He said,

"Constable from the Vancouver City
Police."

And I go,

"What are you calling me for?"
And he says,

"Oh, we have your daughter."

"You have my daughter? Why do you have my daughter?"

He said,

"You reported her missing."

I said,

"I didn't report her missing."

He says,

"Well, ma'am,"

he says,

"We have your daughter here. Are you going to come pick her pick up?"

I said,

"I didn't report her missing."

And then he goes,

"Well, we can throw her in the --"

juvie thing or whatever he called it.

And I said no, no, no. I said bring her home. I guess she didn't want to talk. She didn't talk to them, tell them where we live or anything, didn't even give them my number, but they managed to find [O.]*'s number. Then he says,

"What's your address?"

I said,
"You just -- who the fuck is this?"

Sorry for the language. I said,

"Quit playing fucking games here."

I said,

"You know, this is not serious,"

I said.

He said it's Constable from Vancouver City Police or something, he was saying. And I thought, If I reported her missing, why don't you guys have my phone number or my address? And he says,

"Ma'am,"

he says,

"Do you want us to drop your daughter off?"

And I said,

"Yeah, I can't come pick her up,"

I said. So, I gave them the address and I said,

"I want to talk to you. I want to know who you are,"

I said.

But they only asked me two questions. I don't know if you remember how they look or their numbers or anything, but they picked her up when she was like 12 or
13. And only two questions,

"Are you Carol Martin?"

Yes.

"Is that your daughter, [Daughter 4]?

Yes. Open the door. They wouldn't answer any other questions in mind and they just drove off after they dropped you off. So I found that a little odd, you know, that they would do that. And I'm still a little puzzled about that.

But, you know, it just gives you -- it reflects a lot of what our people have gone through, you know, from being a child growing up in the foster home, in a white home, trying to connect back with your family, with your culture. Lost. I think they say a lot of our kids didn't come home from residential school. You know, that's true. A lot of them died and a lot of them got lost inside of themselves. We got lost. We were lost. We are lost. I don't think any of us have come home.

Although, I understood, when I went to the sweat lodge, my culture really grounded me and started making me find out who I am. I went to sweat lodge with this elder, these two elders. One has gone to the spirit world, and my grandmother used to always say she was
waiting for me to come home. And I went to the sweat
lodge. And of course, you know, elders, they want to go
eat, so we went to the restaurant. And I went to reach for
something. And I noticed my hands and I said wow. I said
look at -- and they were both sitting there, and I said,
"Wow, look at my hands. They're so
brown. Look at them."
And I heard the elder whisper to the other
one. He says,
"It sounds like she's come home."
And right then and there, I knew what my
grandmother was talking about. I'm still there looking at
my hands. I realize I was a brown person. It looks so
beautiful and so nice. So now, I know what my grandmother
meant, you know, when she said she was waiting for me to
come home.

And, you know, as an Indigenous woman, we
endure a lot. We hold ourselves up, but we fall, we
crumble. I know me. I still have thoughts of suicide, but
now it's not so. It doesn't last a long time. Like, when
the old women's centre opened up, all of a sudden, it's
just -- it came over me and I felt like -- I was walking
down the street, and I couldn't wait, and I see all these
familiar faces. I just couldn't wait to go see them.
And all of a sudden, my cousin popped out of the corner and he says, 
"Carol!"
Oh, my God, I was just thinking, you know, I was going to work at the old woman's centre because I took that same street I went down, and then I lost track of time. I couldn't remember -- I thought Friday was Saturday because I got Saturday off that week, and I didn't show up for work. And they didn't even miss me. They thought I was out doing work.

And then, I went and I drank, and I got drunk. I got drunk and I lost myself for a while. Just for a moment. Just for a moment because that opened up a lot in here. I pulled myself back up. I got drunk that one night. Pulled myself back up, but it was before -- when I used to get drunk, I would drink, drink, drink. I pulled myself back up, but I was still in that. I didn't realize I thought I got rid of all that crap.

I'm doing the FOT training at the Justice Institute and I did some heavy work on myself and I thought, Doesn't the healing ever stop? It never stops. It's like you think you deal with it, and it's like something else pops up, and it's right there.

And then I had mixed feelings about the
National Inquiry because you know so many issues are social problems that they put on us. I always say the government got really smart, and, you know, created all these problems, and then all of a sudden, he wants these big reports written about, you know, what happened, how has it happened, when they know what they've done. They created all these problems. And all of a sudden, I'm going to give you all this money to write a report. We're going to find out what the problem is.

I had mixed feelings about the National Inquiry. You know, I'm on the coalition for the missing and murdered women. I'm on Sister Watch. We actually tried to take over the women's police station when Chief Jim Chu was there because a lot of inaction and how they were treating people. 20 years of that at that time.

And so now, we sit at the table with the Chief of Police, try to bring awareness. I always tried to pull Ronnie in there or Evelyn or a lot of our sisters from the streets got filtered out of there, and I thought that was a horrible mistake. Because then they became focused on the working girls, and it left out -- you walk down the street, you're walking with girls, and if they're not working girls and they exit out of there themselves, they always say they feel left out.
So, there's a lot of things that happened down there, that they really focused on working girls, but it leaves out a whole bunch of other women who are not working girls. And they feel left out and they feel like they're not being helped or just left to the side. But then they get treated the same way the working girls get treated.

When the National Inquiry started, working within all these other organizations and the organization I work with, I felt like we -- there's no communication. There's no transparency. There's no structure in place that we could visually see. I even offered to help them because I help coordinate the February 14 Memorial March.

And you know that as a First Nations woman, you come up across a lot of other First Nations women. And this is where the raw truth is going to come out and this is where something you're going to have to listen to because I like honesty and I like transparency. There's a woman that somehow befriended -- I guess she's friends with the commissioner. And then, from that, a lot of things flowed from that.

There's not a lot of women who like me. They say they don't like the way I work, but I like honesty; I like transparency; I like to work that way, and
I like to acknowledge people. And even if I'm mad at you, I forget about it the next day. I'm happy to see you, you know, but the true fact is that there's a lot of lateral violence within our communities.

There's a lot of sexual abuse; there's a lot of incest; there's a lot of stuff that happened from residential school that have not been addressed in any way or form. We haven't acknowledged all that. Yeah, the government got up and acknowledged that yeah, they were sexually abused, yeah, they were this, yeah, they were that, but no one has -- there's no groundwork that has been put in place that is helping a whole group of people. Might be helping a bit here and a bit there, but we need something like big to address a lot of the issues that are going on.

I'm actually really disappointed with the National Inquiry when I came here because there are people who have known me out in that community, and on for some unforeseen reason don't like me because of this one particular person that got hired on. And so, when you're walking, you get this feeling that hits your stomach. And you walk in here, and it hits my stomach. It literally hits my stomach because people have been told about me or they don't -- they don't know me, but they've been told
about me.

And so, when a person reacts to that, you can feel it when I'm walking by the registration bin, there's a couple of them, and I feel that feeling or if I say hi to someone when I'm going by, that person that don't want to acknowledge me, don't want to say hi to me, and she works for the inquiry. And it's like it hits my stomach and you walk around with that feeling. You know, you walk around with that.

And she's hired a lot of her family and friends and people who are affiliated with her. So when you come in here, it feels like one person is controlling this whole inquiry for some reason because she has all her friends and families and everybody working here, and this is my truth. This is also the truth of women who have come to me and told me of how they've been treated by people over the years. Some of them have died off.

And to add more salt to the wounds, I've been really vocal about how they have not been including the Downtown Eastside because I always stood up for the Downtown Eastside, and I was told -- I was called downstairs to an office where I work by a manager, and she said I would be expecting -- I'd either have an e-mail sent to me or I was expecting one. So I said,
"What is this about?"
And she says something about the justice system and our funders. And I looked at her and I go,
"What about them?"
I'm supposed to stop what I'm doing on Facebook, social media, about how people downtown are not included in anything, any form or anything, especially with that 44 place, how we haven't been informed about it. People from downtown who were not informed about it. There were no leaflets sent out to us. I've only seen it on Facebook. And of course, my mouth went off, and she said they want me to stop what I'm doing and I was like really?
So what I did is I went on Facebook and I removed some of the stuff because it scared me. It scared me because I've seen what the police can do, what they did to me and when they picked up my child. How did they affiliate my child with -- and I started getting like -- I'm coming here on the SkyTrain, and this white dude gets on the SkyTrain. I looked up and all of a sudden, I went like this because he's just walking back and forth. He had a bag. And I thought, Okay, what's he going to do? And then, when I was standing by the SkyTrain there, I'm drinking my coffee and all of a sudden, I become aware of people around me, and I thought I moved away from the side
of the train track.

I never thought like that before, but for them to do that to me? So I called someone who I know in Filo (ph) and I asked her about it, and then she got back to me, and she said,

"Nope, your funders would never do something like that or even the justice --"

anyone from the justice because we have a board of directors there. She said that they would probably go to them first to come to me.

But that didn't happen. The manager came to me, so I thought, someone from -- who's working here, who's seen all this stuff I'm doing to Facebook, called my boss. And this is what they told me. And it's like, how is it that they want to shut me down like that, instill fear in me like that, and they're working for this thing.

And so, I was telling my friend here, I said,

"Do you know what happened to me?"

I said,

"Someone from the JI called and someone from our funders --"

but I said I'm not sure about it yet,
though, but this is what I was told, and I said,

"And my ED is going to call me. Once we drop in on Thursday, she's going to have a talk with me."

But when that woman from Filo went to check on stuff for me and came back to me, it's like everything, all this relief just left, just came over me.

And I thought, Holy shit. Do you or do you not understand what they put me through? You know, the fear I felt, you know, when I seen this -- I thought this white guy was going to do something to me on the SkyTrain. And then I thought someone was going to come push me off the SkyTrain. I said, oh, and I hugged this person and I felt a relief come over me. I even told my daughters, I said,

"If anybody picks you up, if the police pick you up, you have to call me right away,"

and then I was going to give them -- what's the lawyer's name here.

MS. EVELYN YOUNCHIEF: Breen.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: Breen. I said -- I wasn't even going to give them Breen's phone number if they ever got picked up by the police or anybody. So, that was
my impression of the inquiry when I came to this hotel and
seen that person. I sat there and I thought, She's related
to her. She's related to her. Oh, she's got all her
friends. Oh, my God.

MS. EVELYN YOUNCHIEF: They did it across
the Canada, okay.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: And then, they have one
person who works in the medicine. She's working for the
medicines here, and this is what happened. After hours
came, the police came, we worked with the car 68, the
social worker, and of course, you know, I see this little
white social worker, and of course, and my mouth is just
going a mile a minute there, you know, and she wants to
come in.

I won't let her in, but I'll let the
officer come -- he can look around because I know social
workers, they have very critical eyes. They critique
everything from how -- Oh, there's smoke over there. Oh,
it smells like marijuana. Oh, this -- and everything blows
up into the report, so I don't trust them. So anyways, I'm
beaking off on her and this is the Creator's honest truth.

He steps around her and he hands me a
card, two cards. He said,

"Here's my card, ma'am."
I said,

"Don't call me ma'am. I'm not your ma'am."

And then he puts another card down, and I look and I fucking flipped. Sorry for swearing. I said,

"Take this piece of garbage off my doorstep. It's just garbage. This puppet, this token Indian,"

I said and I threw it down on the ground and he picked up it and he goes,

"She's not a puppet. She's my friend."

I was just so mad. And it was [Person X]'s card. We have a person named [Person X] doing the medicines downstairs. It was her card that he handed with his -- and I go,

"You're starting to use our women to --"

what did I say

"-- build a bridge, come and take our children now."

I said,

"Take that token Indian puppet person card. It's littering my doorway,"
I said. I was so mad.

And I told one person that. That person went and told another person that I was spreading rumours about her, but I don't spread rumours. I can only speak the truth. I only speak of what I know, just like when I get up and speak, I speak on what I've been educated about or what I learned or what I've felt, what I've seen, you know, like the truth about how women are being treated, you know. How they're being racially profiled, how they get barred, how they become targets downtown, how they -- they're not allowed in certain places and they're not allowed -- they're red flagged or --

But you know what I find really odd is since the National Inquiry started, that fentanyl was surfaced on the ground, on the streets, and a lot of our people had died. So you deal with visuals of violence, you see actual blood, you see broken bones. You see people being stabbed, being thrown out the window. You see posters of women, missing and murdered, and then all of a sudden, people are just dropping around here, just dying. You go to work, and there's a memorial table there and there's pictures on there all that time for women who are dying. And it's men and women too dying down there.

So, you know, I'm tired on how Canada is
treat our people. I'm tired of the fact that they come and depopulate us. They use us as guinea pigs still for a lot of their diseases and their medications and their operations. And I'm tired of them. You know, you got to look at Hollywood too because they did damage to image too as First Nations people.

You have to look at the foundation of these scientists and all these people who laid that foundation, that First Nations people were seen as less than, that white women, blonde-haired, blue-eyed women dominated the screens of Hollywood, and how they made us look, that we were worthless, and they can use us for anything. And if they can't find any use for us, we're disposable and it's all justifiable on this Canadian system. I always say this occupied land they call Canada.

I don't trust the system. I don't trust the justice system. It does not work for our people. I would like to meet someone who says that it does because look at the courtroom systems where families are fighting to get their kids back, where women are incarcerated. Look at the jails there, look at the men, you know, look at the group homes, look at the psychiatric wards, look at all these places that -- where they're putting our people.

Look at the graves. I see the toll it's
taken on our women when I'm going to memorial marches or
when I look in the grave or look in the coffin, you know,
and see a person, a warrior who has fallen and struggled
through this system that just did not acknowledge or
recognize them, you know. They've taken so much from them.

You know, it would be good for our people
to start recognizing that some of us are not well, you
know, that the residential school has done a lot of damage
to us. And, you know, I see it. And when I see it, you
know, when I walk in here and I see. I see someone given
some power, and it's like okay. This really tainted the
elements of what I have, what the National Inquiry should
have been doing.

You know, one high recommendation that I
would like is our First Nations people to start being part
-- being recognized first and acknowledged as First Nations
people as human beings, that we have a connection to
somewhere. That I am this guy. I'm Gitxsan. And my
brothers, I call them my brothers, they met me in Hiwou
(ph), and I walked from Prince Rupert to Smithers.

And they came out there and they drummed
for me, and they acknowledged me. They said my name. They
said where I came from. They talk about my delinace (ph)
of where I came from and they spoke of who they were and
how they were connected to me and where I came from and where I belong.

And I'm hoping CFNR has a copy of that because they recorded it all. And I cried and they gave me a medicine pouch, and he's a hereditary chief. And I thought, Wow, this is what our Native women need, for our men to stand up and remind the world. So I'm hoping they have a copy of that because I would like a copy of that to actually stop us, drum for me, acknowledge me as a human being and who I am. My roots, my connection to the community, to the people, to the culture, to the clan, to them, where they came from. And I was like so powerful. And I thought, Wow.

I can see this happening to all those women who died and all those women who were struggling and all those women who were yet to be born. And that needs to take place and that's what the government needs to do. But, you know, I don't expect too much from him because I watch them from a distance and I don't partake in their --

it's all about divide and conquer and that's something that's been put in place. And they did that to me. They divided me and they tried to conquer me. They tried to brainwash me and make me feel like I was a white person, that I had no connection to nothing. And
so, if we don't recognize that, we're not going to heal.

And I've stood up against a lot of people, and of our people too, but I love my people, but I understand the foundation of where they're coming from. I just want to grab them and just say smarten up. You're so powerful as a leader, but when that white side comes in, that ugliness kicks in, then that takes over. But I always see the goodness in everybody.

And I want our people to heal our people because it's our wounds that's going to heal us. It's going to release us. I want my grandchildren to stand beside me when I'm a little old lady, 70 yeas old, going like this to the government and standing up against Kinder Morgan.

MS.[Daughter 4]: 85.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: Protecting my land and our water and our salmon. My grandbabies are already learning to drum. Anna sings the warrior song, doesn't she? So, I do hope my kids become like me.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: I hope so too.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: I do hope they become outspoken. We really need our own healing centres run by our own people who are traditional. There's a difference. You got to know there's a traditional healing. There's
traditional medicine. There's -- what is that other one called?

MS. [Daughter 4]: Western medicine.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: It's something you use out into the public. A lot people ride with their medicines and they shouldn't be doing that. Political medicine and spiritual medicine.

MS. EVELYN YOUNCHIEF: Eagle.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: Yeah. Big difference.

There's traditional elders and then there's other elders. You got to really know the difference if you're going to work with our people to make change. You have to know what's coming from the heart. What is coming from there. You got to talk to the community. Find out about these people if you're going to work with them. You have to. Because when I walked in here, it just saddens me to see who were put in place, who were given that power to do what is happening.

And then for them to silence me and then instill fear in me, for a while, it grasped me. But then, after a while, I just felt relief. I thought I got to find another job. That was my first thought.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Well, I am honoured that you came forward and shared all that truth.
MS. CAROL MARTIN: We need people -- we need the social workers to stop doing what they're doing to our families because right now, we had a meeting on domestic violence and what they want to do is they want to work in collaboration with specialized services like me and the police. And I thought. I was vocal all that day and not one social worker who worked at Bacfast (ph), she kind of stormed out of the room because I kept getting up. I said not once have I ever known social workers to work in collaboration with anybody. They're only working for their benefit, what they can benefit from it. That's more access to information. And so, if domestic violence happens in the home and the police get called, they're mandated to call the social workers if children are involved. And they're focusing on Section 13, which is Emotional Harm.

So you got to look at all the changes that are happening and everything that's affecting our children, our families, our youth, and our young girls. We just had a young girl who took her own life. She hung herself just maybe a week before this happened. And it reminded of my son's girlfriend in Calgary. She just turned 19. Where her daughter was taken away and taken to her mom, but her mom wouldn't allow her there so she was kind of isolated.
from her own family, and she actually hung herself in their hotel in Calgary. So that triggered some stuff more for me.

And I see a lot of things that happened here, like some of the families that know me, recognize me, but I can also tell who's been influenced by this one person about me. She's painted a picture of me because now I see this one family who I knew her -- I knew her sister so well, and when I met her, she came to me, hugged me, and I would tell her stories about her sister because I was hired on as a one-to-one worker.

And now, I see her. She keeps her distance way over there because she's friends with that person and the other family now who have painted a picture of us. And so, I can still say hi to them, but they kind of keep their distance over there now. And I have stories to tell her about her sister. I have stories to share with her about her. I worked with her. I know her. I seen her in the community. You know, I pulled her up. I helped her, you know, but I want to tell the good stuff about her, about what she doesn't know, you know, but it's saddens me.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Well, I do still have hope, at least I do, that the inquiry will make some positive difference, some positive change. I know it's not
MS. CAROL MARTIN: If you guys ever need help writing down that report, I'll help you because I understand. I understand so much about it. I see everything. We can sit here and talk about anything.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: I appreciate that.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: Even the problems that we face with our own people. And I understand the roots of it.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Well, thank you again.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: One more thing I would like is -- you know, when monies are given to organizations, they should be Native organizations to begin with. And also, there should be something measured. You know, when you put money in place, like I'll give you something, and you're going to help all these women here, and what I want is two things from this.

You see, they don't hold people accountable when you give money. I want women to know that you can come here and there's help here. I want that -- kind of self-measurement put in place. Okay. So, you know women should be able to have a voice about what is happening when you access this centre. Maybe they got turned away, maybe the person treated them badly.
MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: They need that feedback.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: They need their piece to be heard, and also to -- how is this person putting this to work, to ensure the safety of women and not hold things personal because we can go in there with a mean heart. We can go in there with a self-hatred and that racism and that stereotype because when I walked into Native -- I don't know how many times I walked in with Native women. And it's like, you people. What? You people? Watch how people interact with other people. Talk to someone. If you watch them, if I'm watching you talk to her, and she goes away and she's like this. You know, I'm going to say, hey, what's going on? Is there any way I can help you? And I go to her, you know, can I help you? What's going on? You know, we need to start doing something concrete to start making the change. I want to feel it. I want to live it. I want to be able to walk down the street with my grandkids without someone calling the social worker because they think I -- oh, she yanked her kid there. She did something. I want to be able to go to the police and the police to be able to look at me and say, "Hey, Ms. Martin, how are you doing?"
What can we do to help you?"
Not come in assuming and, you know,
right away call social services. Or the schools.
The schools are really bad at that. And
when I moved up to 49th and Butler, it's like, why do you
have to call the social worker? Am I not a human being?
Why can you not talk to me? Because one of my kids had
hair lice or something, and they called the social worker
right away. It's like something concrete needs to be in
place to acknowledge us as human beings. We're human
beings.
We're probably the first human beings ever
to be here. We are so connected to Mother Earth. And our
culture needs to be brought back to us by very traditional
people. And the government needs to recognize our
hereditary chiefs and not use those puppets he's got
playing and stealing our land from us. I can get really
political here.

MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: Well, I think you're
going way beyond the inquiry.

MS. CAROL MARTIN: One more thing. Just
one more thing though. But it is. That is where it goes.
They got to stop trying to control our people by a
government, church, or police. And if you guys want to
1 really talk to me face-to-face, and if that's you, Ms.
2 Audette, listen to me, please call me. I know you're on my
3 Facebook. But I love her. She's got a good heart,
4 Michelle Audette. Peace out, ladies.
5 MS. DEBBIE BODKIN: It's 7:21 and I'm
6 going to shut this off.
7 --- Whereupon the proceeding concluded at 7:21 p.m.
I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT I have, to the best of my skill and ability accurately transcribed the foregoing proceeding.

Jovelle Domanais, Court Reporter