

Why Did You Give Them a Number?

Indian Residential School Insights

History in Context

By Michelle Stirling ©2026 Revised edition

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It was a lovely day when Brianna came home from school...

Just the kind of day when she usually dropped her backpack at the door, gave her Mom a quick hug and a kiss, and then raced outside to play in the park across the street.

But today, she threw her backpack in the corner of the boot room. She stormed past her mother, head down, not saying a word.

She made a beeline for her bedroom and slammed the door behind her.



Mom didn't know what was wrong!

Mom went to the door and gently knocked.

"Brianna, what's wrong?"

"Everything!" shouted Brianna.

"Then maybe we should talk about it," said her mom.

"I can't," said Brianna. "I can't talk to YOU."

Brianna's mom waited. She knew her daughter must have really been hurt to be so rude to her. Usually, they could talk about everything. Something bad must have happened.

"If it was something I did or said, I'm sorry," said Mom. "But I don't want you to be this angry and at me, and me not being able to try and make things right."

"Go away!" shouted Brianna.

Mom paused.

"You know what, I will go away. I'm making supper. Maybe you can meet me in the kitchen once you calm down." She paused again. "I know you are very upset, but it's only fair to me that I understand why. Okay?"

The only sound was a pillow hitting the floor and choking sobs.

Mom went back to the kitchen.

She was mystified. Brianna was such a happy-go-lucky girl. She loved school. She had good friends. She almost always confided in her mom. Keeping secrets and being enraged was so unlike her.

Mom thought it was best to just let things 'simmer' for a while. She smiled to herself as she looked at the pans on the stove. All of them were on 'simmer.'

"Maybe it's a sign," she said to herself.

Depression is anger turned inward.



Mom didn't like the uncertainty about what had happened to Brianna. She didn't like having closed doors between them. But rather than be too annoying, Mom thought that time and the delicious aromas of her special stew might draw Brianna out of her room and rage, sooner or later.

Sure enough, Brianna's bedroom door opened, gingerly at first, then it was flung open and banging against the wall as the young girl made a beeline for her backpack, storming past her mom.

Brianna unzipped the pack, whipped out a small paperback book and stormed back to throw it on the kitchen table.

"This!" she exclaimed, pointing at the cover of the book. "How could you?" she hissed, in a rage.

Mom looked down at the book. "I Am Not a Number," she read out loud.

The cover featured an image of a sad little Indigenous girl with the black robed hands of an unseen white woman, a nun, scissors in hand, cutting off the girl's hair.

History needs context.

“Look!” exclaimed Brianna. “They took her away from home. They cut off her hair! They fed her bad food! They burned her hands!”

Her mom let Brianna speak.

“Okay. How is that my fault?” Mom asked quietly.

“It was OUR CHURCH!” shouted Brianna. “Catholic nuns did all that to this poor little girl. To thousands of kids like that…. Kids like ME!”

Mom raised her hand to speak, but Brianna continued, enraged.

“They stole her from her family! They took away her language! Our church did that! Our nuns, our priests…how can you even want to be a Catholic anymore…or to make me be one. It’s so disgusting. I hate you!”

Brianna burst into tears as she plunked down at the kitchen table, head in her arms.

Her Mom was silent. In the background, there was the bubbling and hissing noises coming from the pots and pans on the stove.

Silence and simmering, broken only by the sobs of Brianna.

Her Mom got up and went to the stove, stirring the stew in this pan, turning the heat down on another. She poured two glasses of water and returned to the table.

Brianna looked up as her mom placed a glass of water near her.

“Can I look at the book?” asked Mom.

Brianna nodded and dropped her head back on her arms.

Everyone is a number.

Mom flipped through the pages of “I am not a Number.” The book was only 32 pages and most of the pages had a lot of transliterated text written in the Indigenous Anishnabe dialect of the home community of the main character.

Brianna’s accusations about what happened were confirmed. The story said the girl had been taken from her home, along with her two brothers, by the Indian Agent to the Spanish Indian Residential School on the North Shore of Lake Huron. Her hair had been cut when she arrived. She did not like the food; she was homesick and alone. The nuns punished her for speaking her own language. At one point the story says a nun specifically took the girl to a separate room to punish her by putting a bedpan filled with hot coals on her hands, burning her hands. The water-colored illustrations in the book were dark and oppressive. It truly painted a picture of a miserable, tortured life; an Indigenous child alone against imposing, powerful and heartless Catholic nuns.

But was it true? At the end, a short biographical piece outlined that this was the story of the author’s grandmother’s experience at that residential school.

Mom put the book down and then went back to the kitchen to check on supper.

Brianna raised her head.

“That’s it? Nothing to say?” Brianna asked sarcastically. “It’s a horror story, what we did, what YOU did to those kids.”

Mom took a taste of food from one of the pots.

“Do you want to eat something?” she asked Brianna.

“NO!” said Brianna. “I want to talk!”

Her Mom nodded her head.

“Okay. Let’s talk.”

Innocent or guilty?

“It’s a very shocking story,” said Mom. “There were a few things I noticed when reading it that don’t add up for me. I don’t like the fact that reading this book made you so mad….at me…and at our Catholic faith. I’m not sure that’s what should be taught in any school.”

“Are you trying to deny her truth?” demanded Brianna, getting angry again.

“No, I’m trying to find the truth,” said Mom.



“History needs context,” said Mom, “and I find that lacking in this book. So, things that happened in history, are understood much differently when the context is presented. For instance, remember when you went to summer camp a couple of years ago?”

“What’s that got to do with anything?” snorted Brianna.

“What did I have to do when you got home? Remember?” said Mom, gently.

Brianna thought for a moment.

“You cut off all my hair,” she said.

“That’s right. Do you remember why?”

“Eeuuuww…I had lice!” Brianna stuck out her tongue in disgust.

They both laughed for a moment.

“It took a couple of weeks for us to get rid of those little guys, didn’t it?” said Mom, reaching over to touch Brianna’s face and wipe away a tear.

“When I looked through the book, I found this part at the end. Did you read this in class?” asked Mom.

“Uh uh,” said Brianna.

“Well, it says here that the story is ‘based on the true story of my granny.’ I also says that the little girl’s mother looked after their fourteen children, in a modest house that had no electricity or running water.”

“So?” said Brianna.

“Remember all the special lice treatments and showers you had to have for about two weeks until we were able to get rid of those critters?” asked Mom.

“No kidding… I felt like my skin was being rubbed raw!” cried Brianna.

“Just imagine if you lived in a house with no running water, no hot showers and 14 children! Now, I’m not saying that she for sure had lice when she came to school, but it seems to me that if a school had so many children living in residence, that the nuns, the Sisters, would do EVERYTHING they could to prevent any new student from possibly bringing lice into the school,” said Mom.

There was a moment of silence.

“Oh.” Said Brianna. “So, they cut off the kids’ hair and scrubbed them down because they might have lice?”

“Makes sense to me,” said Mom. “Just think, you went to a modern summer camp that had showers and soap, good food and good hygiene – and you still came home with lice!”

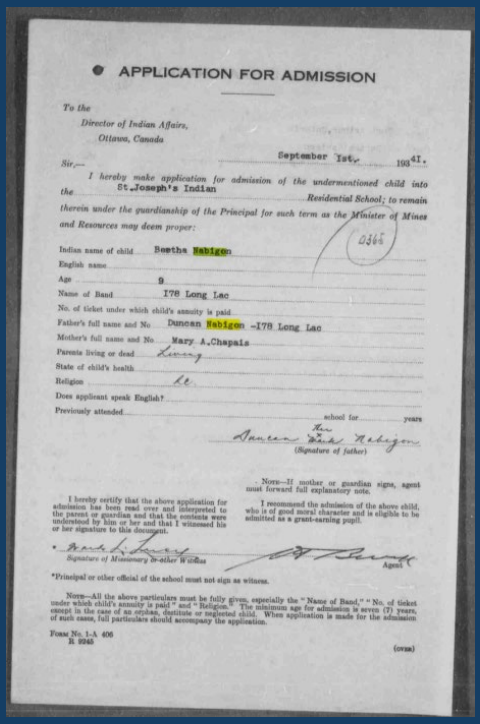
“But lice don’t kill you, do they?” said Brianna. “They were just so mean in how they treated her.”

“This story is set in 1928,” said Mom. “That was not too long after World War I. Your great grandfather fought in that war. It was called ‘trench warfare’ because the British and Canadian soldiers were dug in to trenches on this side of the battle line, and the German soldiers were dug into trenches on the

other side. They all got lice, and a lot of them got what is called 'trench foot' from their feet being in the soggy trenches, and also from having lice. Trench foot is a terrible disease that is hard to cure. I think people would have been very careful about lice after that war."

"Okay," said Brianna. "Then the hair cut makes sense. But why didn't they explain it."

"You know, before about the 1960's, in most of the Western world, children were to be 'seen and not heard.' Until about the 1930's, children were seen as just little adults – short people – but many adults thought they should be able to accept things as an adult would. Few people would explain anything. **And children were expected to do as they were told. That's it. No questions. No explanations.** In fact, pediatric medicine as a discipline wasn't even developed until the 1930's. Besides, having hundreds of children to care for with only a few nuns and some help staff was difficult."



APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

To the
Director of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, Canada

September 1st, 1941.

Sir,—
I hereby make application for admission of the undermentioned child into the St.Joseph's Indian Residential School; to remain therein under the guardianship of the Principal for such term as the Minister of Mines and Resources may deem proper:

0366

Indian name of child: Bertha Rabigon
English name:
Age: 9
Name of Band: 178 Long Lac
No. of ticket under which child's annuity is paid:
Father's full name and No.: Duncan Rabigon -178 Long Lac
Mother's full name and No.: Mary A.Chapais
Parents living or dead: Living
State of child's health:
Religion: RC
Does applicant speak English?
Previously attended: school for years

his
Duncan X Rabigon
mark
(Signature of father)

Note—If mother or guardian signs, agent must forward full explanatory note.

I hereby certify that the above application for admission has been read over and interpreted to the parent or guardian and that the contents were understood by him or her and that I witnessed his or her signature to this document.

I recommend the admission of the above child, who is of good moral character and is eligible to be admitted as a grant-earning pupil.

Signature of Missionary or other Witness

Agent

*Principal or other official of the school must not sign as witness.

Note—All the above particulars must be fully given, especially the "Name of Band," "No. of ticket under which child's annuity is paid" and "Religion." The minimum age for admission is seven (7) years, except in the case of an orphan, destitute or neglected child. When application is made for the admission of such cases, full particulars should accompany the application.

Form No. 1-A 406
R 9245

(over)

"Look at this," she said, handing the tablet to Brianna.

Brianna squinted at the screen. "What is it?"

"These are applications for admission to Indian Residential School, signed by the parents who wanted their children to be educated, just like I want YOU to be educated for the future," said Mom.

“Wow, they even list this girl’s family as Roman Catholic!” said Brianna. “I thought the kids were taken to these schools and converted there. That’s what our teacher said.”

“I like your teacher,” said Mom, “but unfortunately, lots of teachers have very little understanding of Canadian history.”

“And you do?” demanded Brianna, a bit aggressively.

Mom cast a baleful look at her daughter. “You know, maybe it was better back in the day when children were seen and not heard…” she said wryly.

Then they both laughed.

“I’ve always loved history,” said Mom. “It’s my hobby. And yes, those children were coming from families that were already Roman Catholic…or Anglican…or whatever. So, just like we send you to a Catholic school, so did her parents.”

“But she wasn’t sent! She was taken away!” protested Brianna.

“Maybe, maybe not,” said Mom. “Remember what I read you from the end of the book? ‘*Her mother looked after fourteen children*.’ **Fourteen!** This story happened in 1928, just on the edge of the Great Depression when many families were extremely poor. If you look at Indian Residential School records in that Great Depression time frame, you will find that the Canadian government increased funding for Indian Residential Schools because so many families were destitute – unable to feed their kids. At Indian Residential Schools, the families could be sure that some of their children would have **some** food, clothing and a place to live for 10 months of the year. I’m sure that sending 3 kids away to school, even for one year, would have been helpful to the sparse family budget.”



'4 Children for Sale' - original caption:[1] "August 5, 1948 - Chicago, Illinois: A big 'For Sale' sign in a Chicago yard mutely tells the tragic story of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Chalifoux, who face eviction from their apartment. With no place to turn, the jobless coal truck driver and his wife decide to sell their four children. Mrs. Lucille Chalifoux turns her head from camera above while her children stare wonderingly. On the top step are Lana, 6, and Rae, 5. Below are Milton, 4, and Sue Ellen, 2."

There was a silence. Brianna's mother said, "Remember the story of Hansel and Gretel? Life was so difficult in the past, that some people even sold their children."

Brianna sat back in her chair; arms crossed in front of her chest.

"But still, they gave her a NUMBER," she said. "Like in the Holocaust."

Mom jumped up and walked across the room to her desk. She ruffled through some files and pulled out a document. She placed it on the table in front of Brianna.

"They gave YOU a number at your school, too. Assigning numbers is not like the Holocaust," she said. "Did your teacher say that to you?"

Brianna nodded and looked down at the registration form on the table in front of her.

"See?" said her mom. "They gave you a number. Right here."

Her mom went to her purse and pulled out her wallet. She started tossing various credit cards and loyalty cards on the table.

"American Express gave me a number, Visa gave me a number, the Canadian government gave me a number…and they gave you a number, too…my gas station gave me a number, so did Costco and Best Buy …"

"But they don't CALL you by that number," shouted Brianna, jumping up from the table. "They don't call ME by this number at school," she said, whipping the registration form up off the table.

"Of course not," said her mom, sitting down and starting to put the credit cards back in her wallet. "And I doubt that they called her "759" either. Can you imagine how hard it would be to remember all those numbers rather than putting a face to a name? It may have happened here and there – especially when clothes and laundry were being handed out, but I don't believe it," her mom said, flatly.

“Why would they do it for clothes and laundry and not anytime else?” asked Brianna, resentfully.

“When you have a lot of students in a boarding school, all their clothes, their sheets, their towels, would have been marked with a number to make sure the right size went back to the right student after laundry day. I’m guessing they called out the number, and the student went and collected their stuff,” said Mom.

“But how would you KNOW that,” pressed Brianna.

“Well, there’s a fellow named Rodney Clifton who co-wrote a book about residential school history. He actually WORKED at such a school, and he explained in one essay that a big part of *his* job, besides supervising kids, was spending time in the laundry room, sorting shirts, underwear, dresses, pants, socks, towels and bedding by number. Imagine what a job that would have been!”

Mom picked up a small laundry basket sitting on the floor. “I haven’t even gotten through sorting this load of your brother’s sport socks! Think of a hundred or more students and their laundry!”

They both laughed.

Mom continued, “In Rodney’s time, the school had a little numbered cubbyhole for each student, but I think that back in the day, it would have made sense to call the kids by number to come and get their laundry.”

Brianna didn’t look convinced.

“I don’t believe you,” she said.

“That’s okay,” said her mom. “You don’t have to. But think about it. Some of the things in this book simply don’t make sense to me.”

“What about the who nun burnt her hands?” demanded Brianna.

Mom flipped back through the book. The girl’s story claimed that she was punished for speaking her own language, by a nun who intentionally put hot

coals in a metal bedpan, and who then made the little girl hold the pan in her bare hands until her hands were burned.

Mom looked at Brianna.

“Catholic nuns abide by the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule,” said Mom. “‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.’ It seems highly unlikely to me that a nun would do that to a child, even in 1928 when the strap was permitted.”

“But that’s what her grandmother remembered,” said Brianna. “How can you reject her truth?”

“Because it might not be true,” said Mom.

Brianna was outraged.

“That’s disgusting,” she said.

“Remember that time you broke your arm when you were a little girl,” asked Mom.

“Yes. That was when Billy tripped me!” said Brianna, pointing at her brother’s picture on the mantel.

“How old were you?” asked Mom.

“I was six.”

“Billy didn’t break your arm,” said Mom, gently, “but that’s how you always remember it because you’d had a big fight with him that day. You slipped on the stairs and fell down hard. That’s what broke your arm,” said Mom. “Billy had nothing to do with it, but you almost always accuse him.”

“You’re wrong!” said Brianna.

“I’m right,” said Mom. “I was the one who picked you up from the bottom of the stairs and rushed you off to hospital. I remember it all very well – and I have the medical documents to prove it. So, what I’m saying is that children can remember things from the past but often mix things up.”

“How could you mix up someone burning your hands?!” shouted Brianna.

“Look,” Mom flipped to another screen on her tablet. “This is a bedwarmer that they used in the 1920’s – a flat pan filled with hot coals. Residential schools had infirmaries for sick children; it is possible a child like her might have picked up such a pan with her hands, because the handle would have been too heavy and awkward for her and burnt her hands. Over time, as people have made more and more terrible accusations about Indian Residential Schools, what was once an accident became an act of violence in her mind.”

Brianna looked at the image of the bed warmer.

“It looks like a big metal frying pan with a lid and air vents on top,” she said.

“It looks like it would be too heavy for a little girl to lift by the handles. She might have put her hands under it, only realizing too late how hot it was.”

“You’re just making excuses!” cried Brianna.

“I think I’m providing historical context and common sense,” said Mom.

“Look at these historical records,” said Mom. “These Sisters adored the children they cared for.”



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“In Canadian history, the Grey Nuns were always dedicated to saving orphans and healing the sick. There’s still a Grey Nuns Hospital in Edmonton! And they started healing the sick and lifting up the poor back in 1765 in Montreal!”

“But this is her true story!” exclaimed Brianna. “That’s so cruel of you to even question.”

“Is it cruel?” asked Mom. “Look how angry it made you to read this story – made you angry at me, angry at our own Church and Faith! I don’t agree with statements that accuse people of such terrible things unless there is evidence, proof, to support it. That’s what we call ‘rule of law’ in Canada. It is meant to protect everyone from wrongful accusations and ‘false witness’ – **you are presumed to be innocent until proven guilty.”**

“What if it really happened?” said Brianna.

“What if she misremembered things, like I suggested above,” said Mom.

“Lots of other things don’t add up in this story, as I showed you, so why should we believe this accusation of horrible pain, purposely inflicted upon a little girl, when the Grey Nuns who served at Indian Residential Schools across Canada gave up everything, in the service of G-d and community,” said Mom.

Brianna was quiet for a moment.

“My teacher said it’s all there in the Truth and Reconciliation Commission Reports, that thousands of children were stolen from their parents, and hurt at Indian Residential Schools,” said Brianna. “So, it is official.”

“I showed you admission forms, so children were not stolen…but if you were a child, that’s how you might remember the pain of going away to a strange new place,” said Mom. “As for the Truth and Reconciliation Commission reports, it turns out that is only one side of the story. Many people had good experiences, like Eileen Ayoungman Clifton. There’s an internationally renowned artist – named Tomson Highway who went to Indian Residential School. He said that the Truth and Reconciliation Commission reports only gave us 7,000 sad stories. He said that the 7,000 wonderful stories, like his, were left out. Maybe we should read more about them,” said Mom. “Deal?”

Brianna thought for a moment, then reached out her hands to Mom.

“Deal.”



“Let’s eat,” said Mom. “I think we’ll all feel better. Your Dad and Billy are at the soccer field for another hour. Can you set the table for us two, please and thank you?”

“Hey, Mom? I love you,” said Brianna, giving her a big hug. “I’m sorry I was so mad.”

“Oh, I love you, too,” said Mom. “Thank you for being willing to listen and talk, Brianna. Now, let’s eat before I get han-gry!”

As Mom served up the portions of savory stew she turned to Brianna and said, “I have a very interesting letter in my archives that I can show you after dinner. One that your teacher should see, as well.”

“Oh! Maybe I can take her a copy of it,” offered Brianna.

“You need to read it first,” said Mom, as she set the food down on the table. “The most important thing is that you read it, because then you will have another perspective, from a different Christian denomination that also ran Indian Residential Schools, the Anglicans of the Church of England.”

“Mmmm, smells delicious, Mom!”

Mom smiled and sat down. “Thank you. Let us give thanks for all our blessings, one of my biggest blessings, is *you!*”

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The following is a 2002 typewritten letter from Mrs. Bernice Logan to Archbishop Michael Peers of the Anglican Church. She is writing on behalf of the Association of Former Indian Residential School Staff to protest the falsehoods being propagated about the schools and staff in the media. Despite the fact that she shared her letter with Peter Mansbridge, then chief correspondent and star anchor of CBC’s The National, she and her colleagues were never given a voice in the media. Thousands of dedicated Indian Residential School workers have been falsely accused, with no opportunity to clear their names, denied due process and presumption of innocence.
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Tangier, N.S.,
Dec.9,2002

Archbishop Michael Peers,
600 Jarvis St.,
Toronto, ON. M4Y 2J6

URGENT!

Dear Archbishop Peers:

Needless to say I write with a heavy heart, which is something all former staff of the Indian residential schools are afflicted with these days.

Mrs. Helena Kingston of Bay du Vin, New Brunswick, was at the residential school in Sioux Lookout from 1959 to 1972. She was appalled at what was written by Sue Bailey of the Canadian Press in the paper yesterday. I read the article "The Story of No. 11" to Mrs. Kingston over the phone. She is 93, very intelligent, and could not believe what I was reading.

If we can find someone who will interview Mrs. Kingston, I am sure the last thing she would want to do is embarrass Charlie Baxter. When I asked her if she remembered Charlie Baxter she said that he was a bright boy, "a smart boy", and a "sweet boy". She remembers that he had light colored hair.

Mrs. Kingston denied that children were called by numbers instead of their names, that they were slapped around umtil they understood what their "number meant", or that staff or older students were roaming around the dormitories as sexual predators. These terrible statements about the Indian residential schools cannot go on any longer.

I have approached members of the media to see if they would be interested in talking to former staff. I received a very kind letter from Mr. Peter Mansbridge. He wrote: "I can well understand how watching the news unfold would be distressing for you. I will share your interesting letter with our producers."

Why did we not speak up before? We could not, because we could not get a voice anywhere. I was denied an opportunity to speak at General Synod (my letter was not answered); I was denied a chance to speak at the Council of General Synod in Fredericton; and the organizers of our Diocesan Synod here in Nova Scotia said I could not have a table because I was not an organization. It did not take us long to form the Association of Former Indian Residential School Staff! When I told Dorothy Martin, a former student who was going to come down from Toronto to be with me at a display table, she said, "Why would they do that? It would help the Church". I had no answer for her.

We are too old to stand in front of churches or other public buildings with a sandwich board that reads "Talk to us. We count, too." or words to that effect. Mrs. Kingston is a delightful soul and for nobody to talk to her because she is a former staff member (and therefore cannot be trusted to tell the truth) will surely be a tragedy.

We who worked in the schools know that staff did not break the arms and legs of the children; did not have electric chairs to zap the children with electricity for punishment; did not put needles through their tongues when they spoke their language (as Dr. Ronald Chrisjohn wrote in his book The Circle Game; or put grasshopper legs and bird droppings in the porridge (as Prof. James Miller wrote in his book Shingwauk's Vision). These false statements being made about the schools must be stopped, your Grace.

I think the "abuse" the staff have suffered for the last ten years cannot be ignored, your Grace.

I have contacted Canadian Press and reporters from the local newspapers near Mrs. Kingston to see if they would interview Mrs.

Kingston. Itold her not to "go" yet- that we needed her. She said she would not!

General questions could be asked of Mrs. Kingston without implicating Charlie Baxter in anyway. Have the lawyers (who would do very well if the $12 billion lawsuit was successful) pressured him into saying these things? We can only surmise. All lawyers are not manipulative I am sure, just as all staff in the schools were not cruel and abusive. There must be a balance in the reporting of the work of the Indian residential schools. We will find it hard to forgive Tony Merchant for saying on national television that every time a staff member went by he/she grabbed a penis! That is pretty well unforgiveable!

Charlie Baxter is wrong when he says the government "first set up residential schools." The Rev'd Edward Wilson, a Church of England missionary, had the first two boarding schools for Indian children built in Sault Ste. Marie and Elkhorn. Chief Shingwauk travelled with Mr. Wilson throughout Southern Ontario getting donations from the Sunday Schools. They also went overseas to get money from England. Christian missionaries have always done three things wherever they went around the world. They provided an education, provided good health care, and preached the Gospel. Our Lord Jesus Christ's Church is truly in a bad way if this is now seen as cultural genocide.

Charlie said the schools were set up to "christianize and civilize" the children. I doubt if there was any parent who objected to the children going to church or Sunday school. Many of the families were already Christian before the children came to the schools. The children who came to All Saint's in Prince Albert came from reserves that had an Anglican tradition; children who went to the school in Shubenacadie here in Nova Scotia came from reserves that were Roman Catholic. Micmac loyalties to the Roman Catholic Church go back beyond the tragic Expulsion of the Acadians. It is wrong to suggest that the Christian faith was forced upon the children.

Charlie's statement that they had to go to school or "else" may have some validity. In Nova Scotia if parents did not send their children to school they suffered the same fate. This is still on the books today.

I find it hard to believe that Charlie was not given help in whatever form needed after he was finished his education. The Indian Affairs Dept. has always been there to help Aboriginal children (albeit perhaps not enough in the past,such as helping children from isolated areas to go home for Christmas) and I cannot believe they would not have helped Charlie. When the children graduated from Grade VIII they had the choice of going home for work at home,or going on to high school near the residential school. Many chose the latter.

We staff (even though we are getting old) are ready to defend the faithful service that was given in the past to the disadvantaged Aboriginal children.

Yours in Christian love,

Mrs. Bernice Logan

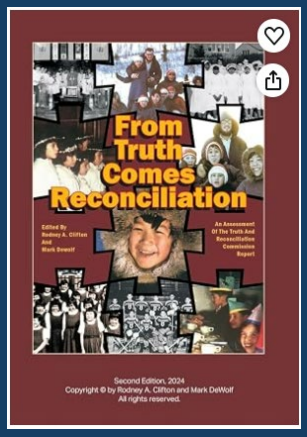
Mrs. Bernice Logan, on behalf of the Association of Former Indian Residential School Staff.

cc. Officials of Church and State
Archdeacon Jim Boyles
Anglican Communion Secretariat
Members of the media
Members of AFIRSS
The Archbishop of Canterbury

Special thanks to Nina Green for editorial review and historical research.

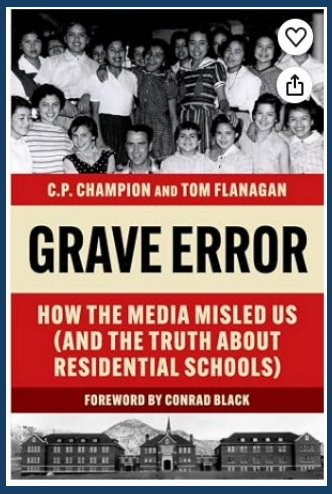
Nina's website: https://indianresidentialschoolrecords.com/

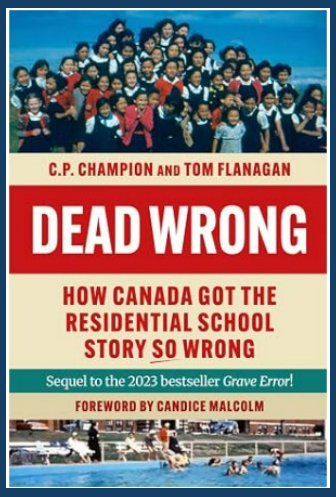
Rodney Clifton and Mark DeWolf's book:



Indian Residential Schools Research Group: https://irsrg.ca/

Read these best-sellers:





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