The Different Names of Mosesie Qappik

Mary Etuangat

A paper submitted in partial fulfillment of the degree of Master of Education

University of Prince Edward Island

ED 618N Leadership & Reflective Practice

Instructors: Fiona Walton, Alexander McAuley and Shelley Tulloch

April 2013

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Title of Signature Project: The Different Names of Mosesie Qappik

Name of Author: Mary Etuangat

Department: Faculty of Education

Degree: Master of Education **Year:** 2013

Name of Supervisor(s): Fiona Walton, Alexander McAuley, Shelley Tulloch

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Abstract

In the mid-twentieth century, the forced relocation of Inuit from small hunting and fishing camps to larger, more central settlements shattered the longstanding ways of knowing and being that had defined relationships between people and their environment (Qikiqtani Truth Commission, 2010; Nunavut Tungavik Incorporated, 2012). Incorporating family trees, oral history and vivid autobiographical narrative, the author of this paper explores the impact of this relocation in the eastern Qikiqtani on her immediate and extended family. She concludes with the need for healing and the promise that it can happen.

Key Words: Qiqiktani, healing, cultural grief, relocation, Inuit

Introduction

Currently, comparative statistical information shows Inuit are more likely to die by suicide, abuse substances, and commit and experience violent crime and sexual assault than Canadians as a whole. We are more likely to leave high school before graduating, live in overcrowded housing in need of major repairs, die from smoking induced lung cancer and heart disease, and experience shorter lifespans than non-Aboriginal Canadians. In 2008, the Nunavut Economic Forum reported that for the most part, health and social conditions in Nunavut have improved only slightly since 1999, if at all (Nunavut Tunngavik Incorporated, n.d., p. 5).

In this day and age, Inuit struggle to survive in this unforgiving world of pain. Many Inuit lack wage employment and at the same time are losing the traditional hunting or sewing skills that have been in their blood for thousands of years. Inuit are tired of the negativity towards them heard all over the world. It has not always been like this, as Inuit are a precious people. They have survived for thousands of years in the harsh, unforgiving, cold weather climate, living in igloos in those long dark winters, being innovative living under different circumstances or seasons. Their clothing was made of caribou or seal skin, their tools made of the only available source to them, stones and animal bones. They have survived while travelling by foot with their husky dogs, by boat, and by kayak made of sealskin. The Inuit want to be known for who they are. There is beauty we can see of the Inuit, a peaceful people who help one another. We, the younger generation, need to understand and respect what our parents have gone through with the drastic or traumatic change in their lives, as they were moved from their homes and camps; that they have lost their source of transportation, dignity for who they are as Inuit, and the loss of trust from some people. We need to try and find a way to forgive the people who chose to move the Inuit from their families and from their homes and to be moved to one settlement where

leaders and different cultures had clashed. We need to make peace through healing those wounds for a thriving Inuit so that we can show the world what we have overcome and are no longer to be looked down upon, so that we reverse those sad statistical numbers to a peaceful healthy Inuit. Hope is a good thing.

In one of the bedrooms of my parent's three-bedroom house in the early 1970s, I twitched and rubbed my feet against the floor all the while crying. There we go again, my brothers and I scattering, running from the fighting of our parents. Where they ran to in the house I don't remember, but I was alone in that room. Nobody taught me how I was feeling, but I was tired, tired of my parents' fighting. I was too young to know, but I believe it was a type of dislike that I felt towards my father. I disliked him for hitting my beautiful mother. I hated him for being drunk, very drunk as he came home at night. I believe that was the beginning of my life where I became more and more distant from him because I didn't trust him anymore. I thought he loved me, I thought he loved us. At this stage in my life, I believe I was four to five years old.

Mosesie, son of Martha and Iqalujjuaq

Mosesie was born and raised in *Iqalulik*, a remote area in Cumberland Sound on Baffin Island in the Canadian Arctic, where his parents and grandparents and ancestors had lived for generations, where there was no electricity or running water. Their home, a *qammaq*, was made from sealskin and store-bought canvas for the outer layer. They used an old sealskin tent for the inner layer and heather for the insulation, gathered in the fall. Nails were used to secure the wooden frame and old magazines were pasted to the inner *qammaq* using flour and water to make it bright inside. My father's grandfather's name was Shoapik; he had two siblings, Kullu and Palluapik. Shoapik's wife's name was Mikijjuk and she had one brother whose name was Tulimaaq. Shoapik and Mikijjuk's children's names were Iqalujjuaq, Alookie Ishulutaq,

Aitainnaq Angmarlik, Elisapee Naulalik, Sailua Atagoyuk, and Aapik (See Figure 3). My father's father, Iqalujjuaq, was a respected Christian leader and hunter in their camp, and his wife's name was Martha, who was the youngest of four other siblings, Aqiggiarjuq, Nuvujjuaq, Ippiijuk, and Aksaayuq (See Figure 10). They were the children of Alivaktuk and Miqqut.

Mosesie's family

A mother's nurturing instincts are to protect and care for the baby even as it is in her womb. Naming the child is an important part for mother and father, whether from their family name or loved ones who had passed on. Inuit rarely call upon one another through their names, but rather through kinship names and respect for one another, speak to one another using that line through family. A name given is like setting up a pillar where the child belongs in their life and in this world. A name also helps us to find unknown family members as it helps us to trace them by their names. Mosesie is the third oldest of six siblings (See Figure 4); most of their names were derived from the Bible. His late oldest brother was Simeonie. To my knowledge everyone respected him, and he passed away in the late 1970s. Rhoda, wife to David Veevee, was close to my heart. She was a well-known seamstress who embroidered traditional pictures on many parkas, *amautis* (baby carriers), vests, and *silapaas* (outer layer of the parkas); she worked at the Sewing Centre in the '70s, which closed in the early '80s, then when it closed she worked in the Weave Shop. Rhoda played accordion. My father's younger brother, Solomonie, who showed so much love to everyone, was an artist, a printmaker who worked at the Pangnirtung Print Shop. Their youngest sibling, Imoona, lives and works in Iqaluit. Imoona is also a printmaker, and he plays guitar.

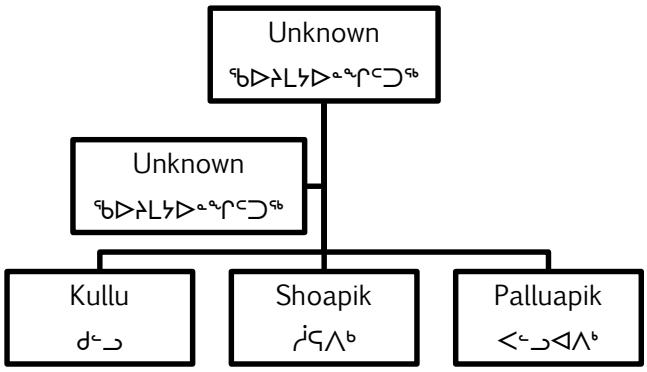

Figure 1. ᔪᓯᓯ ᖃᐱᐅᓴ ᐊᑕᑕᖏᑕ ᐃᖃᓗᐊᔾᔨᐊᓴ ᐊᑕᑕᖏᑕ ᓯᕿᐱᐅᓴ ᐃᓪᖏᑦ
Mosesie Qappik's Paternal Grandfather's Family Tree

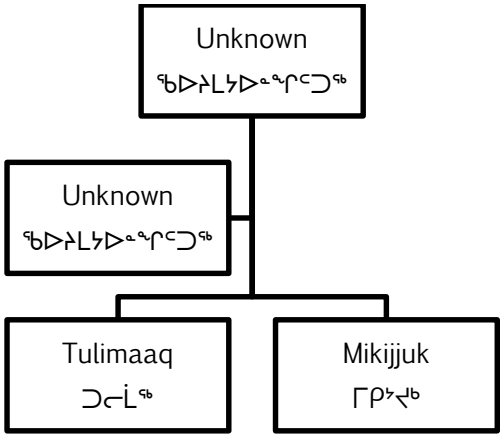

Figure 2. ᔪᓯᓯ ᖃᐱᐅᓴ ᐊᑕᑕᖏᑕ ᐃᖃᓗᐊᔾᔨᐊᓴ ᐊᐅᓚᖏᑕ ᒥᑭᔾᔪᓴ ᐃᓪᖏᑦ
Mosesie Qappik's Paternal Grandmother's Family Tree

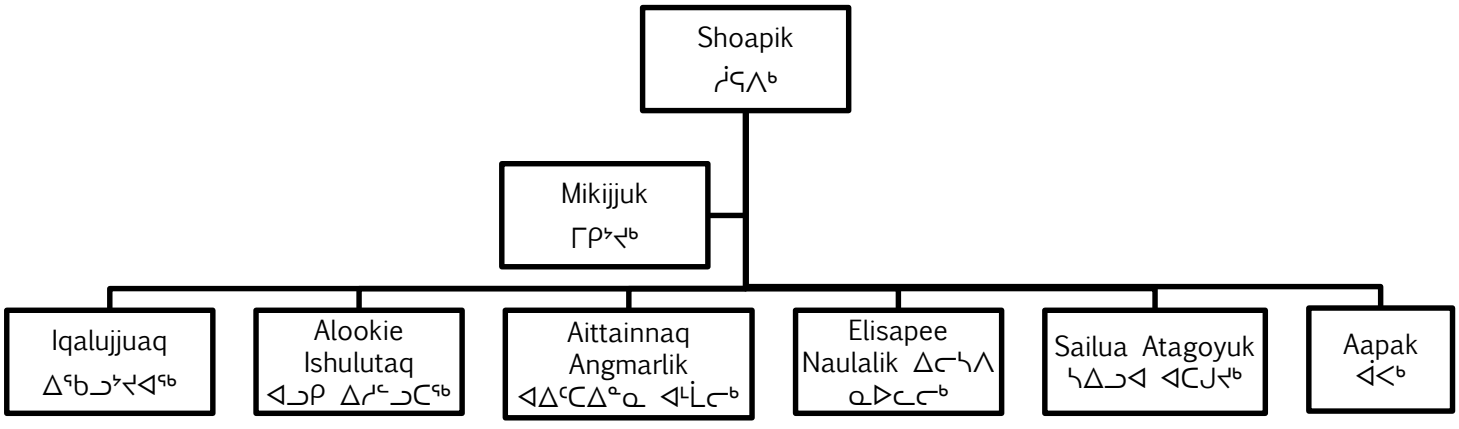

Figure 3. ᔪᓯᓯᐅᓴ ᐊᑕᑕᖏᑕ ᐃᖃᓗᐊᔾᔨᐊᓴ ᐊᖏᑦᔨᖃᖏᑦᑐᒃ, ᖃᑕᓂᔭᑎᖏᑦᓪᓗ
Mosesie's paternal grandparents and children

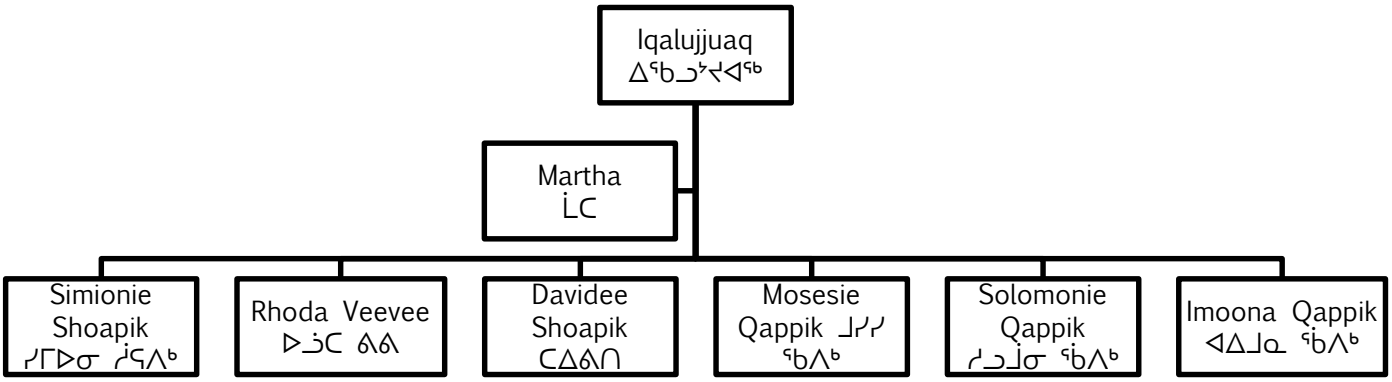

Figure 4. ᐊᑦᑕᒪ ᐊᑦᑕᑐᖏᑦ, ᐊᓱᓇᖏᑦ
Mosesie's father Iqalujjuaq, mother Martha and their children

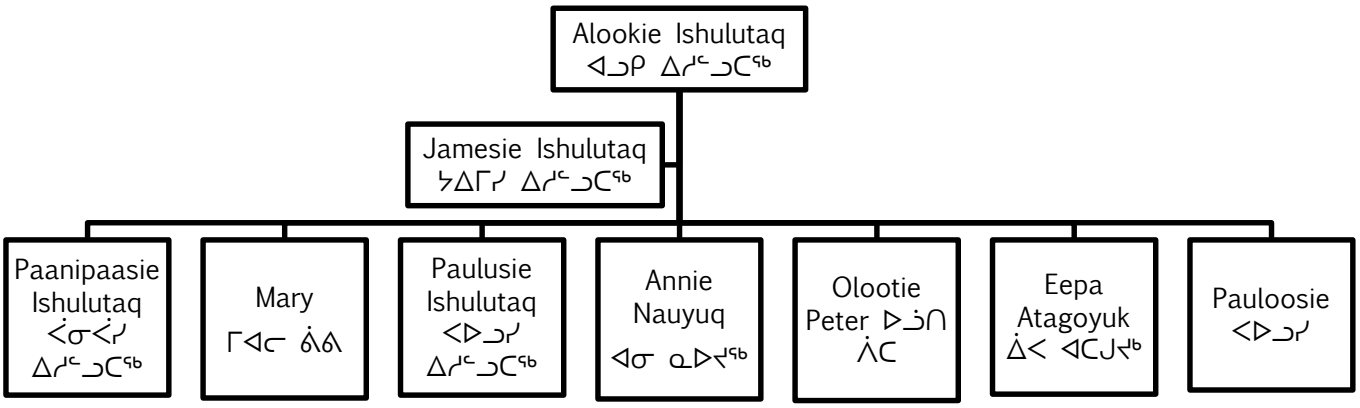

Figure 5. ᐊᑦᑕᒪ ᐊᑦᑕᑐᖏᑦ ᐊᓗᑭᐅᐳᐸ ᐅᐃᖏᑦ ᔭᐃᒥᓯ ᐃᓯᓪᓗᑕᖅ, ᖃᑐᑦᖏᑦᑐᑦᓗ
Mosesie's paternal aunt, her husband Jamesie and their children

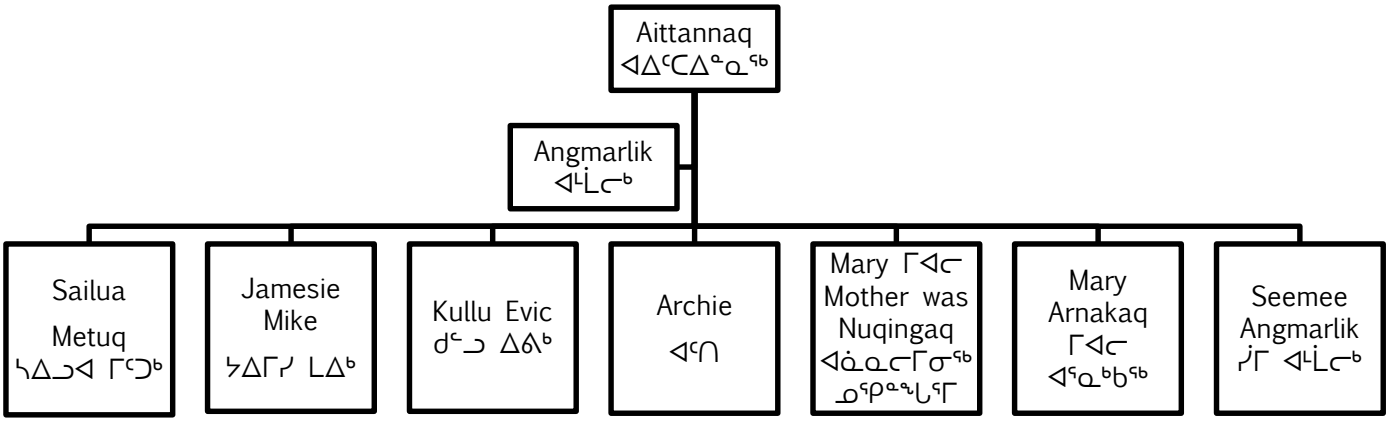

Figure 6. ᐊᑦᑕᒪ ᐊᑦᑕᒪᐃᓇᖅ, ᐅᐃᖏᑦ, ᖃᑐᑦᖏᑦᑐᑦᓗ
Mosesie's paternal aunt Aittainnaq, her husband Angmarlik and their children

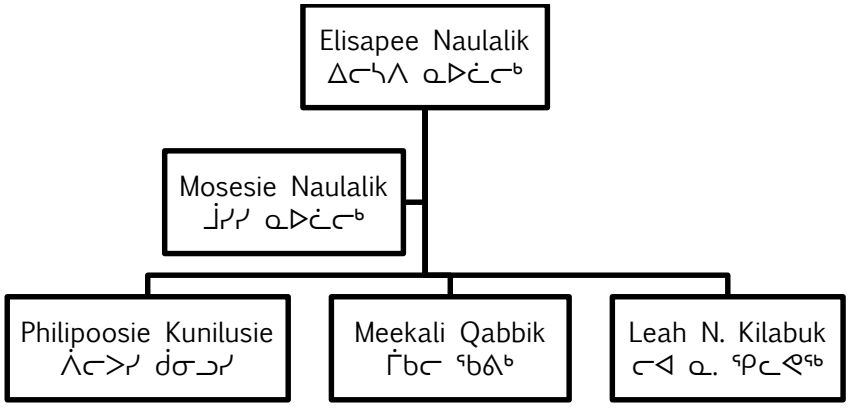

Figure 7. ᐊᑦᑕᒪ ᐊᖅᑕᖏᑦ, ᐅᐃᖏᑦ ᔪᓯᓯ, ᖁᑐᖅᖏᑦᖁᓪᓗ
Mosesie's paternal aunt Elisapee, her husband Mosesie and their children

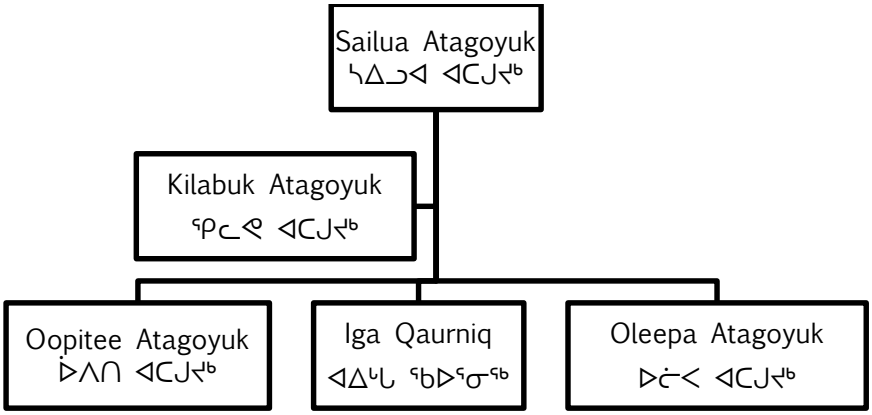

Figure 8. ᐊᑦᑕᒪ ᐊᖅᑕᖏᑦ, ᐅᐃᖏᑦ ᖁᓕᕐᖅ, ᖁᑐᖅᖏᑦᖁᓪᓗ
Mosesie's paternal aunt, her husband Kilabuk and their children

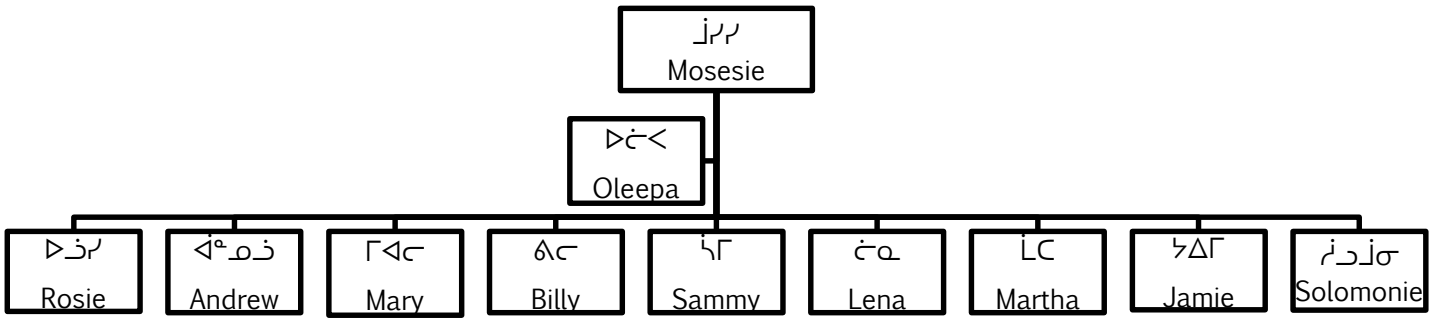

Figure 9. ᔪᓯᓯ, ᓄᓕᐊᖏᑦ ᐅᓪᓴ, ᖁᑐᖅᖏᑦᖁᓪᓗ
Mosesie, his wife Oleepa and their children

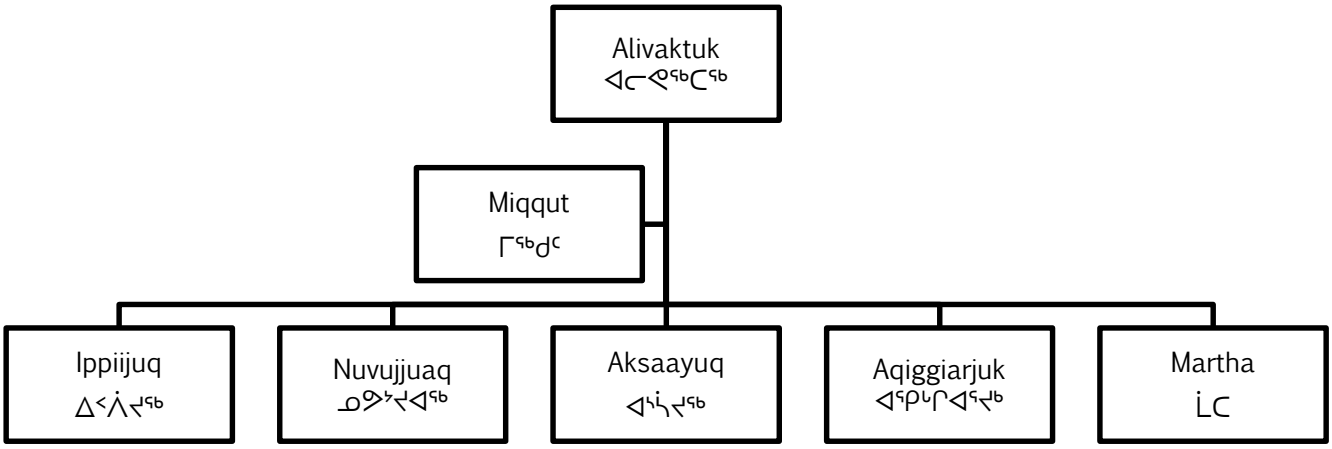

Figure 10. ᐊᑕᑕᒪ ᐊᓐᓇᓗᑕ ᐊᖏᕐᔪᖅᑲᖏᑦ ᒥᖅᑯᑦ, ᐅᐃᖏᓗ ᐊᓕᕕᖅᑕᖅ ᖃᑐᐊᖏᓗᖏᓪᓗ
Mosesie Qappik's Maternal Family Tree, Martha's parents, Alivaktuk and Miqqut, and siblings

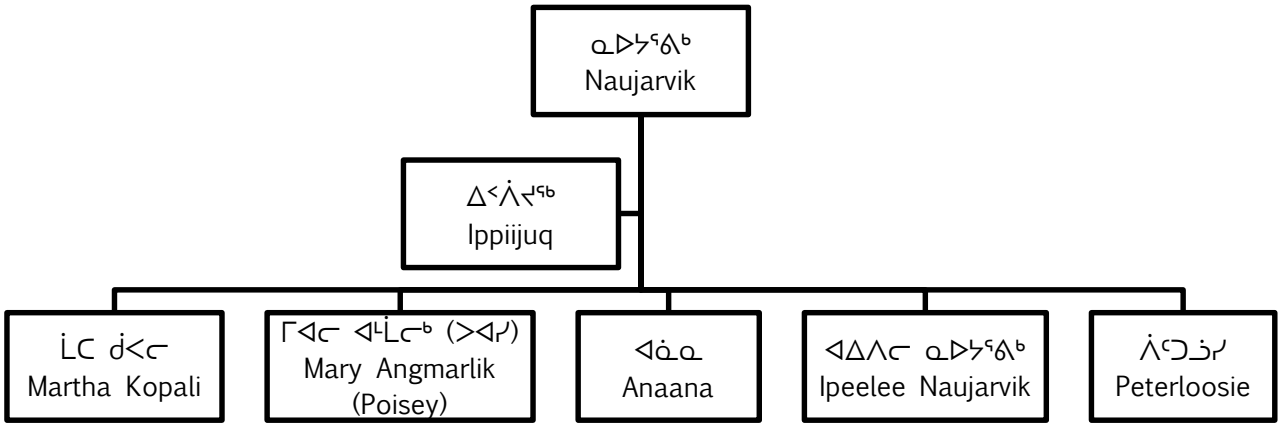

Figure 11. ᒍᓯᓴᐅᐸ ᐊᔨᓐᑲ ᐃᐸᐱᓴᐸ ᐅᐃᖏᓗ , ᖃᑐᖏᓐᓗᖏᓪᓗ
Mosesie's maternal aunt Ippiijuq, her husband and their children

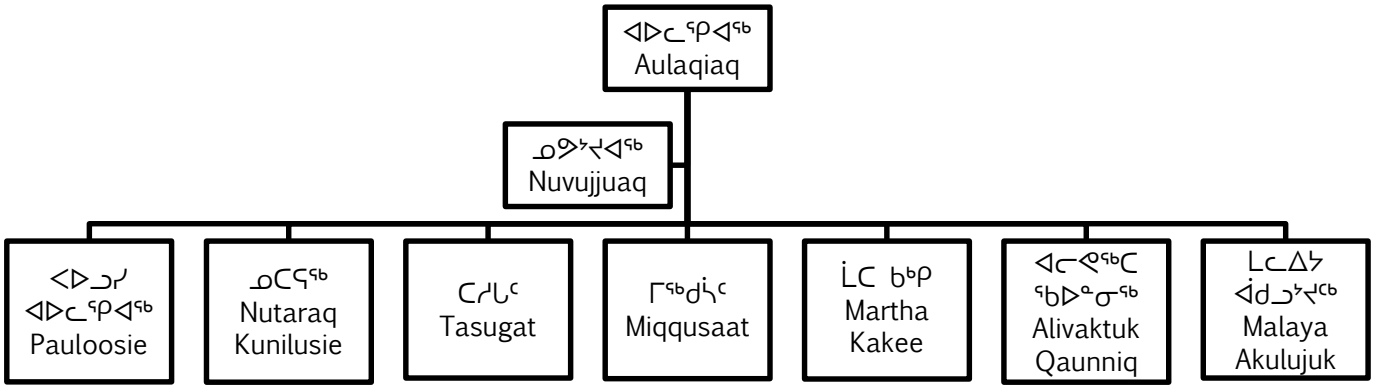

Figure 12. ᐊᑦᑕᒪ ᐊᖏᓐ ᓄᕕᔪᐊᖅ, ᐅᐃᖏᓗ ᐊᐅᓪᖃᐊᖅ, ᖃᑐᖏᓐᓗᖏᓪᓗ
Mosesie's maternal aunt Nuvujjuaq, her husband Aulaqiaq and their children

Figure 13. ᓄᕐᔪᐊᖅ, ᐊᑦᑕᒪ ᐊᖏᓐᓇ
Mosesie’s maternal aunt Nuvujjuaq.

Figure 14. ᔪᓯᓯᐅᑉ ᐊᑦᑕᖏᑦ ᐊᐃᑦᑕᐃᓐᓇᖅ ᑕᓕᖅᐱᐊᓂ ᐊᓵᓕᖅ ᐊᓚᒪᓗ ᕿᓂᖏᑦ ᓴᐃᓗᐊᒥᑦᑐᑦ, ᓴᐅᒥᐊᓂ ᓯᑕᓯᖓᑦ ᓴᖏᑦᓂᑐᖅᑐᓂ

Mosesie’s paternal aunt Aittainnaq on the lower right, and her daughter Sailua Metuq with a child in front of her.

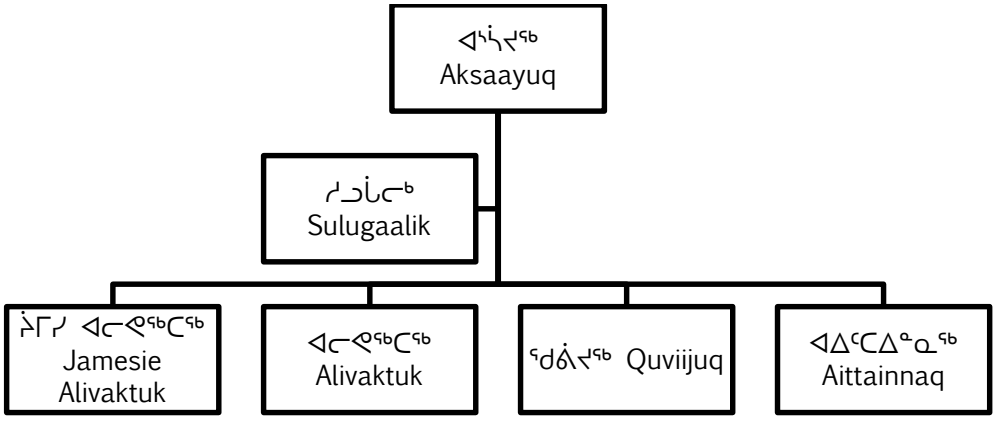

Figure 15. ᔪᓯᓯᐅᑉ ᐊᖏᖏᓪ ᐊᓵᓴᔪᖅ ᓄᓕᐊᖏᓪ ᓯᓗᒍᓕᒃ ᖃᑐᖅᖏᓪᓗᓕᒃ

Mosesie’s maternal uncle Aksaayuq his wife Sulugaalik and their children

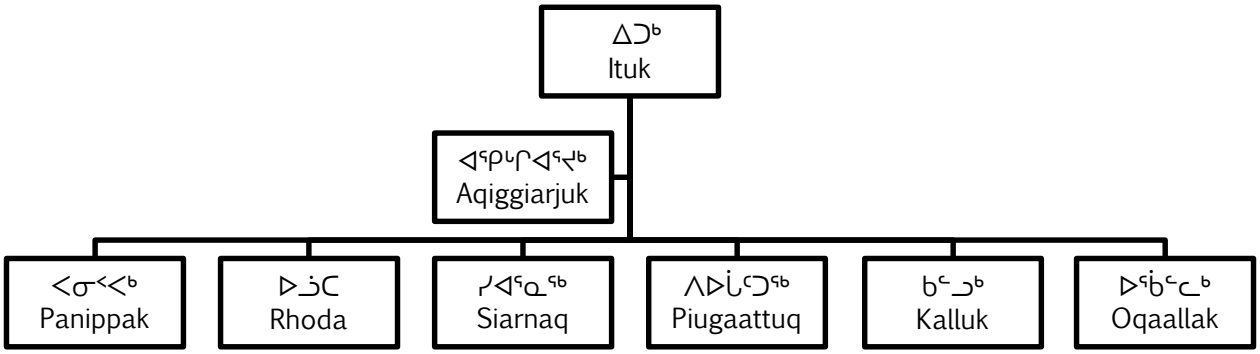

Figure 16. ᒧᓱᓱᐅᐸ ᐊᔪᖏᓪ ᐊᖏᑫᑎᐊᖅᓯᒃ, ᐅᐃᖏᓪ ᐃᑐᒃ, ᖃᑐᖅᖏᓪᓕᒋᓪᓗ
Mosesie's maternal aunt Aqiggiarjuk, her husband Ituk and their children

I cannot quite imagine most of what these family members looked like or who they were. They lived in a totally different era than the lives we live today. My father's mother was the youngest of her siblings, and some of them lived in different settlements around Baffin Island. The following quote from the *Qikiqtani Truth Commission Report* (Qikiqtani Inuit Association, 2010) provides some insight into the lives our people, the Inuit, must have lived at that time.

> Their deep connections to each other and the land sustained a rich culture and language. Extensive and specialized Inuit knowledge and skills passed down from generation to generation ensured their survival in the Arctic environment. They also spoke passionately and eloquently about the ties of kinship that united members of each *ilagiit nunagivattangit* (camp). Each person within a kinship group was valued for his or her contribution to the group's wellbeing to success. Excellence was highly respected, whether it was hunting, problem-solving, leadership or serving. (p.8)

These family members may have had some communication with *Qallunaat* when trading with the Hudson's Bay Company, the R.C.M.P., and the Anglican ministers, who had been around for almost twenty years by the time my father was born. Some of these family members travelled around the eastern Baffin Island by dog team, so we therefore have relatives in Pond

Inlet, Arctic Bay, Clyde River, Qikiqtarjuaq, in Iqaluit, Cape Dorset, and here in Pangnirtung. There is a history of Scottish and American whalers that came each year and introduced many new things to the Inuit in Cumberland Sound years before. Rev. Edmund Peck, known as *Uqammak* to the Inuit, brought in the Inuktitut writing system in 1896 in Black Lead Island in the southeastern part of Cumberland Sound. Our ancestors learned to read mainly on their own in syllabics from the Bible. Our families today say that they spent a good part of their time in their *qammaq* with each other practicing to read and teaching themselves from the Bible.

Disconnect and shattered

The Inuit have been in harmony with the land and with their family, and with the people they love. However, as the *2010-2011 Annual Report on the state of Inuit Culture and Society* states,

> The Government of Canada used manipulation and force to relocate many Inuit families into permanent settlements after World War II, causing social instability that was further compounded by residential schools and invasive diseases such as tuberculosis. This is a traumatic and unresolved chapter in the collective memory of Inuit, and it forms the backdrop of contemporary social challenges." (Nunavut Tunngavik Incorporated, n.d. p. 35)

Inuit are here today as the result of our ancestors' will to survive and care for one another and it's up to us to carry on their legacy and be survivors like they were. Mosesie has lived through and witnessed the drastic changes the Inuit had to endure within his seventy-two years of life and I believe that we, the younger generation of the Inuit, young or old, even non-Inuit, would come to understand more of the struggles, the pain, the lifestyle of the Inuit survival, strength, patience, humility, then and now. Who are we, "The Inuit", and who have we become?

We cannot keep blaming the people who may have hurt the Inuit people. We cannot keep blaming the government if we want to heal. It is not healthy to carry a heavy heart. I believe it is healthier to help the hurting and try to understand what may have caused that pain and what it may be causing other people to get hurt. We need to find the will to forgive those who did wrong to us.

My father was heartbroken when he was about twelve and his father of died of sickness. Doubt came to his heart; “How will the family eat now?” Knowing he was still too young to go hunting by himself, he asked, “Who will teach me?” because his role model had left him. You see the men were great hunters and provided their families with country food, skins for clothing, and oil for the *qulliq* lamp. For warmth, they put up *qammaq* and were excellent *igloo* builders. They helped one another. We have learned that my father’s cousin, Jamesie Alivaktuk (See Figure 15), and family took my father out hunting and taught him the skills a young man needed at his time, and he spent a lot of time with him. To this day, my father has been forever thankful that Jamesie and his family took him as their own in his time of need. He tells us of his fond memories the time he went hunting and travelled by dog team to other camps with his cousin Jamesie.

He has often told us about one of their travels when they came to a camp and found that a family was starving. They were so weak that none of them even went outside to greet them. Jamesie and my father fed them, and they survived and to this day, we see one of the survivors live here with us in our community of Pangnirtung.

Shifting gears

When my father was about sixteen, a man named Pauloosie Qappik from another camp came to marry his mother, Martha. This was the custom carried on by many Inuit to help and

support one another, especially in the Arctic, where the winters were long and cold and clothing, food, and shelter were very much a necessity. He brought her and her young sons Mosesie, Imoona, and Solomonie, back to his camp called Nunataa. West from their camp, Nunataa is more inland on an island southwest from Pangnirtung. Suddenly, my father came to have stepbrothers older than him, who are Peterosie and Joanasie Qappik, the late Pauloosie Qappik, and stepsister Anna Akulukjuk. There were about six or seven families living there in Nunataa at the time and my mother's family was one of them.

Nunataa was different from Iqalulik and the surrounding hunting and fishing areas where my father grew up. My parents were approved for marriage and later lived together in my mother's late grandfather Keenainak's small *qammaq*. Mosesie and Oleepa Qappik were married on May 26, 1962 along with many older couples, in one big setting by an Anglican minister, as they went there to pick up rations of tea and flour in Pangnirtung. My parents were expecting their first child. That year, December 3rd, Rosie was born, and they named her after my mother's older half-sister. Rosie Qappik was born in the Pangnirtung hospital, and they found that she could not suck from her mother's milk. One month later she had to be sent out for further tests and care to a hospital in the south, leaving my mother and father in Pangnirtung. There were no telephones at the time, and it was a waiting game. One month later they received word that Rosie passed away in Montreal, Quebec, in February 1963. To this day, my parents have not seen her little body or know where she had been buried. Back in that time, there were no daily flights in and out of Pangnirtung, which was why her body never came back and this has left my parents with a void in their hearts. They have been left to wonder many times what their daughter would look like today. My mother said she once dreamed of meeting Rosie for the first time, long after

she left and was all grown up and healthy. This had left her thinking and wondering if she might still be alive.

Yes, I have once tried to locate the whereabouts of her grave. Before I could do so, I needed proof of her birth, so I had to find Rosie's birth certificate and found it with the help of a local Hamlet employee, who searched the papers in old files in an old building. When the paper was given to me, I hugged the certificate feeling as though I had found her, and that she really did exist. Another paper I had to locate was her baptismal certificate from the files in the local church. When the minister came to my workplace and handed me the copy of the certificate, I hugged it and tears came to my eyes feeling as though she was there in my arms. I felt a sense of closeness to a sister I never met before. At the same time, I wanted to smell her, and it felt as if she was there with me. With the help of Nunavut *Tunngavik* Incorporated, I was given a name of an Inuk woman who lived in Montreal that gave her own time to help the Inuit who needed to find loved ones who were never returned home. With her help, I had contacted a couple that looked after a gravesite near Quebec City over the phone. Although it was exciting to see that we may have got close to finding her, they could not find her name!

Their second child, Andrew (See Figure 9), was born in a *qammaq* in Nunataa, feet first in February 1964. He was a healthy boy, to my parents' joy, after their sad experience with their loss. That summer day in August in Pangnirtung, my parents were waiting for the tide to come up because they were going back to Nunataa after having gone to the Hudson Bay Company to pick up supplies good for the summer. Without prior notice, the Federal Government selected them to look after Inuit children. The children were picked up from Nunataa, Bon Accord, Saunirtuuraarjuk, and Iqalulik the next month from their parents' camps, so they could go to Federal Day School in Pangnirtung. Their feet were grabbed from beneath them, and moved

away like they were dolls, to leave the strong foundation of the family and the small camp environment that looked after one another. I have asked myself over and over these past few years in MEd, "When they stepped onto that new life in the settlement, did they think of what lay ahead of them? Did they think they would come back to their home in Nunataa? Did they know what they were getting into?"

> For many years now, Inuit Elders in the Qikiqtani region have been haunted by a deep sense of loss, shame and puzzlement as they remember how their lives changed in the decades after 1950, when *Qallunaat* began arriving in large numbers. Before then, most Inuit families lived on the land in dynamic and tightly knit kinship groups ranging from five to thirty people. Moving by dog team or boat, depending on the season, in pursuit of wildlife that supplied them with most of their needs – food, clothing, shelter." (Qikiqtani Inuit Association, 2010, p.8)

Mosesie couldn't go back to get his belongings in Nunataa, not even their *qulliq*, their oil lamp. They were not allowed to get his tools or even his dog team, they were left with what little clothing and blankets they had with them as they were told that they would get new ones in Pangnirtung. To this day, my father has not got back a dog team.

Settlement life

1964 was the year my parents were forced to settle in Pangnirtung, as my mother was busily tending to her newborn son and all the while looking after six children who were not hers, four girls and two boys ranging in age from five to eleven, in a selected home near the school. As we have heard of the residential schools, my parents were care workers/parents who looked after a house, theirs and all the children's clothes. My mother also had to learn how to cook healthy

Qallunaaq food for a group of children. The wife of a social worker came to teach her and guide her in their new place.

The children came from their camps and ate mainly country food. They had to get used to everything. This was all very sudden and new to both my parents and for the young children that had been stolen from their parents' upbringing. Imagine what the children encountered as they entered the school building for the first time with other children they've never really met before and were expected to speak in English. How did the children react to all this, and how did my parents deal with it, young as they were?

Soon after, my father Mosesie found work, or he was found, as he was taught how to drive one of the few trucks in the community. He started working for the government delivering and collecting ice for water and then collecting honey buckets from the homes or buildings in the scenic fiord of Pangnirtung. He drove a big Bombardier vehicle that had skis in the front. My mother worked day and night in their residential home, as she was not to leave the children, when she realized her husband started staying out late exploring what the settlement had to offer. By this time, there was the Federal Day School, the hospital that Inuit around the Arctic were brought to for treatment, the HBC, the Anglican Church, houses that belonged to the doctor and the minister, the store managers, a few teachers, and houses of about two hundred people. Construction of houses and roads were already up, with an electrician in the community. When Inuit came in from camps, the town would show movies to them in a dome building.

Blooming

Mosesie Qappik stops to talk to people, young or old. He is interested in how people are doing. The young men here seem comfortable approaching him and can talk to him about anything, mostly about hunting or fishing travels. He is also a retired mechanic and people like to

ask for his help. My father is not big in stature, but he has a heart. He is good at receiving and giving light- hearted jokes, and he smiles and laughs easily. He does show his concern and can tell it like it is.

Last spring, my parents brought me fishing with them one Saturday, as my father said, "Mary, it's time you take a break and go fishing with us." In the *qamutik* are my mother (Oleepa) and I, as my father is driving us with his snowmobile. Along the way to the lake, we have to travel on hills and valleys. There is a number of other people and families ahead of us or behind us. Once or twice, we had to walk up a hill too steep for the hauling of the load of the *qamutik*. So my father stops at almost every family who has either stopped to rest or have coffee and finally my mother tells me, "He has to stop and talk to everyone. Now is the best time to catch fish and all he's doing now is talking." All I can do is smile.

In the aftermath

I would wake up with a big gulp of breath, and feeling like my stomach is going up to my lungs and the boat I'm in is going up in the air and then down again. I don't remember when that first nightmare came, but this is the third or fourth. I begin to ask, "Why has that nightmare been following me?"

I am sitting in my NTEP [Nunavut Teacher Education Program] class one morning in Pangnirtung, listening to our instructor, when suddenly the tears come flowing down my cheeks, I blink my eyes to try and stop but, I can't; but I'm not crying either. Everyone is so quiet and the tears feel so warm and feel so comfortable too going down my cheeks, but with no tissues around I think, "I hope no one sees me!" I am frozen, I can't move.

That morning I was thinking back in life. Growing up, I realized my father never even apologized to the family or myself all those years, and I thought, "No wonder, he was too drunk each time that he didn't remember anything that had ever happened to him or us."

At this time, I was trying to make peace between my husband and me. I wanted to live a better life. I was tired of being unhappy, and I had three small children at home already. I was tired of my depressing life that I blamed all on my unhappy childhood and then the unhappy relationship I was having with my husband. It was time to forgive my father. Tears still streaming down my face that morning, I felt guilty, guilty because I had hated my father all those years. I began to cry. I was still sitting on that lone chair, I couldn't move, but I was crying in the middle of class and I couldn't stop. Nobody understood what was happening to me because I couldn't say anything.

Letting go

I cried for too long. Everyone left the room, but I can't remember who stayed back trying to console me. I cried it all out. I don't quite remember how I stopped and how everyone came back and class resumed. All I know is that old pain spilled out in an unlikely place. It no longer has room or place inside this heart that had searched for peace. As I walked home that sunny, cold, crisp lunch hour from the college, I just felt so light. I looked down on the side of my feet checking to see if I was on the ground! This had never happened to me before, and when I entered my place, it was like I came home for the first time, and I looked at my children as if I had never seen them before. They were beautiful. All I could do was say 'I love you' to each and every one of them. I saw them with brand new eyes, and I just felt so light and joyful. I didn't want to look back.

Healing and Reconciliation

"Healing and reconciliation are only possible when the party responsible for past wrongs fully accepts its responsibility and commits to restoring the relationship with those who have suffered as a result of its actions" (Qikiqtani Inuit Association, 2010, p. 32).

One week later, my mother called to say that our father had apologized to her for all the things he has done that may have hurt her and his children at any time. You see, I never had to tell my mother of what I had experienced the week prior. She didn't know what had happened to me. I then truly believed in the act of forgiveness. My father has faced his demons and not run from them. He has gone through healing and forgiveness over time. He has done this through prayer and talking about them and crying it out, especially with my mother. One time after having moved back to Pangnirtung from Coral Harbour and Qikiqtarjuaq, as he was a hired mechanic to these communities during the mid-eighties and nineties, he asked for a family meeting. He asked every one of his children to come at a certain hour one night. He wanted all six of us to tell him how we have felt towards him. He said, "Don't be afraid, spill it all out, I am here, I lay myself before you. Say what you have to say. Say what you have been wanting to say if I have hurt you or caused anything to hurt you, so that you can forgive me and for me to forgive you. It is for your good." So we did, one by one. All that pain came back so fresh, it all came back. I felt like a child as my body cringed as I told him my part and I cried as if the sound of my crying was so tangible and carried that pain out. Each one said what they wanted to say, some of us didn't say much, but we could understand one another from our crying. He cried too, he agreed and responded to us individually what each had to say. We hugged our father one by one, and so we did. The years of heartache slowly turned into love and have been growing over the years since. Today we can see the sun does shine.

No, I am not saying we are a perfect family, but we are a family that has longed for one another, and enjoy one another's company and helping each other, as our mother does not take lightly every one of her children's and her husband's accomplishments or birthdays. Yes our father has slipped here and there, but today we know that we will come out of it and choose to live a healthier life. It took time for us children to start trusting him because we were not used to our father showing us that he can go on living in a different light. I only knew him to be closed up in a shell, because in the past he hardly talked to us, he didn't tell us stories about his family who they are/were or the life he lived prior to moving to Pangnirtung.

Today, whenever I introduce my father to others, I can freely say that he is my friend. It feels good to have a relationship, a healthy relationship without feeling any resentment or feeling like there is a wall between us. I've enjoyed getting to know my father more. These past three years, the M.Ed. cohort members have held my hand, and I have realized that I missed out on knowing how much my father has done to help other people, his community, and his family.

It is possible to heal from the past wrongs that have been done to you or your family. All too often we hear of the negative news. Nunavut has the highest of this and that. For example, "Rates of heavy drinking in Nunavut are four times those in the rest of Canada." Another one, "Smoking is another widespread addiction: an estimated 65% of Nunavummiut smoke daily – the highest rate in Canada" (Qikiqtani Inuit Association, 2010, p. 45). Nunavummiut are tired of this. Our parents didn't teach us to drink or limit drinking or smoking; these things came to them so freely that they didn't know the destruction it would cause our people. In addition, there was a communication gap between our parents and the *Qallunaat.* Our parents didn't know, no one taught them. The pains our parents have carried or are still carrying have been or are still being handed down generation to generation. The pains of being removed from their homes, their

camps, the pains of losing their source of transportation, their dogs, plus all the other disconnections with close-knit family, culture, Inuit language, and the loss of self-worth or identity.

Each Inuit camp had leaders, men leaders who were great hunters making sure the families in the camp were fed and taken care of. These leaders spoke with those who did wrong to others in their camps, and they were dealt with accordingly. When the people had left camp and were in the community in the fifties and sixties, the men were getting bored. Most men had no transportation, the leaders felt uneasy. They were not used to staying in one place because they were nomadic people, hunting in different areas depending on the season. They felt deprived.

To displace that betrayal or pain, which has left us scarred and in bondage to inferiority, it is up to each and every individual to step out of those chains. We have a handful of Inuit healers who are willing to help people, so that we are the people who we were meant to be and more. Thankfully, there are local people in each community that people can go to for help; some are there to listen, the local churches we can go to. There are well-known Inuit healers, like Meeka and Abraham Arnakak, Eva Lepage, Elisapee Ootoova, and the late Mariano Aupilarjuk, just to name a few that travel when the communities ask for them. We are also hearing of the Residential School Survivors gatherings, which for the most part deal with going through forgiveness and healing. We need to believe that we can heal, that we can prevent ourselves from making mistakes, prevent abuse, and prevent our children from making the same mistakes that we have. Justice Canada has written,

> For adults, prevention often works in tandem with healing. Adults that commit crimes or anti-social actions often need ‘healing’ because their actions were a symptom of an

> underlying ‘imbalance’. For many youths this may be the case as well, if they have already begun offending. (Giff, 2000, p. 7)

Wellbriety! White Bison’s Online Magazine reports that Dr. Maria Yellow Horse Brave Heart, has come up with four major components for interventions to heal historical trauma, which are “1) Confront our trauma and embrace our history, 2) understand that trauma, 3) release the pain, and then 4) transcend the trauma” (2005, 5). All too often, we see the pain of our Inuit ancestors seeping through us today; we may and have been carrying it unknowingly. If we want healthy Inuit, it is time to understand the trauma that they have felt as we see the ripple effects in the violence, depression, low self-esteem, victim identity, anger, et cetera. Let us release so that we are no longer victims, but let us instead be victors. We can create healthy lifestyles for our children and their children’s future through our actions today by deciding to forgive and heal so that we keep walking through the storm of life. We may fall down or get lost in the storm, but let us walk and keep the qulliq burning.

I have learned that Mosesie Qappik helped to build the airstrip in Pangnirtung in 1965. He became a certified mechanic through Fort Smith in 1974. He went to the Inuit Tapiriissat of Canada meeting in Pond Inlet and was in the same plane that ran out of fuel that landed near Frobisher Bay thirty-five years ago. He was one of the people that helped to get the Pangnirtun*g Alaniq* Radio Society in the 1970s. In the 1970s to the 1980s he drove sick people any time of the day or night to the nursing station without ever getting paid. He has been a member of the *Kanguit* Justice Committee, which counsels victims and those people who are being dealt with by the law; he also listens in on the court party and helps make recommendations to the court or to the charged. He has been a hunting guide to these people, as well, and to young people or to the school spring camp. Mosesie has been a mayor of Pangnirtung, has been in different boards

in the community and to Inuit Corporations, and he has been a lay reader in the church since the 1990s. I am certain that there is so much more he has done to help others, but I hope this is enough. *Qujannamiik ataataak.*

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