Things You Don’t Know About Me

Privileged

Women Artist Are Future

Women Should Be Equal

Armor Up

Your Life. Your Way.

Here I Am

Some things are totally artificial.

We’re not.

#I’m the Art
In the life of a butterfly, you start out small you are not big, and have no wings at all.
You get to know yourself as who you are
You may not be too pretty, but you carry high hopes by far
Life may get dark and you will turn away
You’re changing on the outside, but you inner self will stay
Then, all of a sudden, it’s time.
You break out of you cocoon, and with beautiful wings, you shine.

With all those high hopes you believed would be true
Are all coming to life, just look at you.
Your beauty and hopes show courage and trust
Just believe in your own metamorphosis, inner strength is a must.
We ALL wanted That Life
So we went there
Arm in arm
Hand in hand
Sistas gathered from all over the globe to touch the Elusive
Cheek met cheek
Double-sided kisses
From sisters of all mothers
And we grew like
God's newly planted garden
Mi familia y yo fuimos a acampar en la montaña. Fuimos a caminar y al regresar vi una serpiente. Seguí mi camino y al pasar de vuelta la serpiente tenía consigo dos bebes serpientes.

Jugando en el patio había un hormiguero con hormigas rojas. Varias se subieron a mí y me mordieron, y el dolor era muy fuerte así que me puse hielo y esperé a que pasara.

Embarazada de mi primera hija, hablando por Skype, sentí un dolor muy fuerte en el cuello. Una araña me pico y hasta ahora aún siento dolor de vez en cuando.

Mientras caminaba por el gimnasio de mi padre en la noche, vi salir varios escorpiones y salí corriendo a hablarle a mi padre para que los matara.
My family and I went camping in the mountains. We went walking and when we returned I saw a snake. I continued walking and when I turned back, the snake had two baby snakes with her.

Playing in the backyard there was an anthill with red ants. Several of them climbed on me and bit me, and the pain was so strong that I put ice on it and waited for it to pass.

Pregnant with my first daughter, talking via Skype, I felt a very strong pain in my neck. A spider bit me and to this day I still feel the pain from time to time.

While I walked through my father’s gym one night, I saw several scorpions come out and I ran to my dad to tell him so that he would kill them.
Why I am who I am

If you drink coffee it will stunt your growth.

My mom always had the nicest hair. She is 60 and there is no gray; it is also really curly and thick.

I grew up right by a lake in Alberta Beach. The smell of the country air is much different from the city. Any time I go back for a visit it reminds me of when I grew up there. I was involved in many activities outdoors and being in the country makes me feel at home.

Fishing
Gardens
Lakes
Cows
Mosquitoes
Music
Bonfire
Flowers
Skating
Ice cream
Swimming
Farms
Birds
Bears
Horses coyotes
Dirt roads
Farms
Our Encounter with a Bug

The younger me used to have bug battles, or as I described them “fights to the death”. My cousin Tanner and I would stalk, seek out two insects to be in a battle of who could survive in a Gatorade bottle together but with one dying and the other being the victor. One time we caught a wicked looking disgusting eight-legged white spider with black spots on it at, we also caught a beautiful green and yellow spotted dragonfly. Both full of so much life that looking back it was kind of cruel but . . . we placed them in the bottle, shook it up, and watched as they slowly fought each other. It lasted for about an hour or so. Then the disgusting eight-legged white spider with black spots killed the dragonfly. We then released the victor and buried the dragonfly in the sand parking lot.
When I was 8 years old I was scared to death when I saw a black diamond snake on the front steps of our house. I started screaming. My stepfather came to see what all the screaming was about. He went to the garage and he got a shovel. He hit the snake on the head with it and then he chopped it up into three pieces with the shovel. He got a garbage bag and put the pieces of the snake into it and threw it in the garbage can out in the back alley.

When I was 12 years old, my family and I, we went camping at Rocky Mountain House Park. While we were there, my two year-old brother was playing with a bear cub by a stump! My dad and stepmom got all excited. They picked my brother up and got my other brother and I and made us get under the camper trailer. I don't know how long we stayed there. I found out later that the mama bear and two bear cubs were caught in a big metal bear trap.
I would like to save to be able to go to Mexico to buy glasses for me, put my kids in good activities, just focus on what my kids need. Have a car so I can take my daughters to everywhere I need to.

I would also really like to save up for my eldest daughters Quinceañera.
Fall swarmed over the sky
As a young child
I wanted to save all that would fly
The air seemed mild
But the bright leaves showed change
Many cups filled with bugs
Which seemed strange
Into my mom’s house onto the rug
As I hear my mom scream
“Why Amber, why?!"
Sitting and watching my show,
When a sneaky critter crawls . . .
Silent, yet I hear nibble-scratch sounds;
   my ears perk to listen . . .
Eyes-wide → cautious;
14 years old I yell for my mom
we listen---
   Nothing.
Moments later, scratching from behind the couch.
   ---We move the couch.
A mouse!
   (The most sickest, disgusting creation
      known to man)
   ---we yell.
Mom grabs the broom;
   ---S L A P !---
   Dead.
I leave, forcing her to deal with that
gross BeasT.
   Life Goes On!
When my daughter was around two years old she planted some tulips with her grandmother.
Why I am who I am

Lip smackers lip chap. I cannot describe the smell very well, but when I smell it, or something that reminds me of it, it is like a blast from the past. It not only reminds me of my very close cousin, but also of my childhood, playing barbies, having fun, eating an entire stick of it one time because it smelled so good and having my mom yell at me. But mostly, it reminds me of the Spice Girls because, for a limited time, there was a picture of them posted across the stick. I was OBSESSED with the Spice Girls.

Respect
Memories
Family
Movies
Girl band
Cousin
Love
Step-father
Strict
Lessons
Driving
Family outings
Young
B.C.
Blue truck
Barbies
153 street
Beach
Courtney
Tooth brush
Plastic
Red
Gum
Corner store
5¢ candy
Chihuahua

Tough tittie said the kitty when his milk went sour.

She very seldom shaved her legs and I remember sitting on her lap all the time while we were both wearing shorts, usually in the car (yes, illegally) and her annoyingly prickly leg hairs would bug me so bad! I would constantly be repositioning myself and itching my own legs.
Visible Majority

Changes to the immigration act 30 years ago opened Canada’s door to people of every colour, faith and language. Without much fuss, we’ve become the most spectacularly diverse country in the world.

Canada takes in about twice as many people, in proportion to its population, as does the United States.

Rich multiracial cities, poor white rural areas: will these differences produce the racial resentment and political extremism so notably absent in Canada thus far?

Global village breakdown

- Toronto has one-twelfth of Canada’s population but one-quarter of the country’s immigrants.
- Immigration accounts for more than 92 percent of the city’s total population growth.
- One in five Torontonians arrived in Canada after 1981; one in ten arrived after 1991.
- Toronto’s citizens come from 169 countries and speak more than 100 languages (the top three foreign languages are Chinese, Italian and Portuguese).
- Toronto’s cultural and religious diversity is unmatched: Mass is now said in 35 languages; 200,000 Muslims observe Ramadan; 80,000 Sikhs march in the annual Khalsa Day celebrations; and the city is home to half of the country’s Jews.
- There are more visible minorities in Toronto than there are residents in any of the Atlantic provinces, Saskatchewan or Manitoba.

I feel safe and comfortable here,” says Rosemary Frimpong (left), a German-born daughter of Ghanaian parents who moved to Canada in 1988. “Canada is open and accepting,” says Frimpong. “I never feel left out.”
Philomene Moise was my great-grandmother who lived to be 104 years old. The eldest in Saskatchewan, whoa! My father’s grandmother; his mother’s mom. She gardened till she was in her 80’s and only stopped because she grew blind. She has been recognized in Canada by the prime minister, chiefs, and surrounding reserves. When I was a child I remember how she saved rainwater in large wooden whiskey barrels with metal bands. The water was so cold and fresh. We would visit and drink from those barrels from a cold, silver ladle. My great-grandmother saved water to grow her garden, she knew that all things are precious and not to be wasted.
WE'RE ON A MISSION TO

We want to trust our sources. We want to have the information to make meaningful choices.

We’re hungrier for them than we ever realized. We want to know where things come from. We care what happens to them along the way.

The time is ripe.

We are part of a growing consciousness that’s bigger than one that champions what’s good, and the greater good, too.

Where value is inseparable from values.

WHEN YOU PLANT a SEED YOU GROW a MOVEMENT

No one else could take that leap and land with such grace each and every time. And I want her to feel she always will.

When you never compromise, people notice.
Imagine if the world was a Matriarchy
Then all women’s voices would be important
We would value all of society
There would be fairness and equality for everyone
No oppression, no wars, no racism
Women would raise their sons
To value all women
They would learn that they aren’t
Superior to women
Women would raise their daughters
To value themselves, to fight injustice
Girls would grow up knowing that they are just as
Valuable to society as the boys, not inferior
Girls would know that they can strive to do
Anything they want and that they can do it
Just as well as a boy
Men would learn that they don’t have the
Right to control or force a woman to do anything
That she doesn’t want to do

This is the society I see, if we eradicate Patriarchy
Not everyday will be perfect, but everyday there will be something perfect you are thankful for.

Not every mother is perfect, but every mother’s child is their perfect.

There will be some type of an event in a lifetime that will challenge you. Mine was when I had a to drive from B.C. to Edmonton AB. I had not driven for 10 years and I had anxiety about driving. If I hadn’t drove from BC to Edmonton my son and I would still be living with an abuser. Now we are safe in Edmonton and my anxiety about driving has gone.
Savannah's and Junior Wishes & Dreams.
He is my Anger

He has no idea of his lasting impact
A feeling I will try to explain
It’s a fear, and a guilt
A very long time been built
And everyday it has left me with shame

He has no idea of his lasting impact
It sometimes haunts me each hour of the day
Seems I just can’t shake it, I just can’t break it
Like a nightmare that will not go away

He has no idea of his lasting impact
An anger I’ve been carrying high
He tore away my love
With one hard, quite rude shove
And now our bright future has been laid down to die
Why I am who I am

Fields
Trees
Grid roads
Dog
Cat
Wagon wheels
3 horses
Old barn
Broken shingles
Tractor
2 wood stoves
Large picnic table
1 “CROWE” sign at the road

"Because I said so, that’s why!"

My mother’s hair is brown, wavy, and soft to the touch. Yet clean and conditioned, she never had time to fix her shoulder-length hair. Always in a hurry, she’d twist it, half-way parted and clip it with one of her many mini hair clips from her hair clip bag.

The smell of cool, crisp water sitting in a wooden whisky barrel. The taste was sweet from rain clouds days before, drinking from a ladle. The water would be clear and looking clean as I could see the bottom of the barrel.

These images I remember would bring me to the season of fall.
WHY DOES SEXY HAVE TO BE SKINNY?

ONE SIZE DOES NOT FIT ALL

I AM WOMAN, HEAR ME ROAR!
Who said it was complicated?
Is that any different
From asking
Who said it was simple?
Everybody knows the works are loaded
Weighed down by rocks arranged to hold some
people in true places
But anger is clear as crystal
Sharp as a blade, a ray of light
Cutting through polite society

The would've, the could've, the should've
Waters down the urgency of fierce fire
Leaving only fear and despair
In its wake.

The empty inner space where anger
Once made its home
Leaves a lonely ache of a
Wished-for future and a slate
We wish we didn’t have to clear ourselves
Where are you now?
Your presence is known
But I can’t see you

As a child
You were a stranger
How?
Was I bad?
Was it cause I wasn’t a boy?
I did wish I was more . . .

Now!
Now I don’t need you
I lie to myself
It’s okay

It doesn’t matter anyhow
I survived
On my own

Raised by strangers
I am glad I am not you
Border issues grip this community as they never have before.
Every Penny Saved

I worked at 4-Directions as a casual childcare worker at $12/hour for 92 hours every 2 weeks on reserve. I worked hard as a mother of three and saved every penny for three months to buy a reliable vehicle so I wouldn’t feel trapped. It was a $5200 car that allowed us to be free.

Now here we are!