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## THE WHITE RAVEN

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INVINCIBLE: Our Voices from Care. A Storytelling Project by Indigenous Youth in Care

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#### THE WHITE RAVEN

#### Jewel Lavan



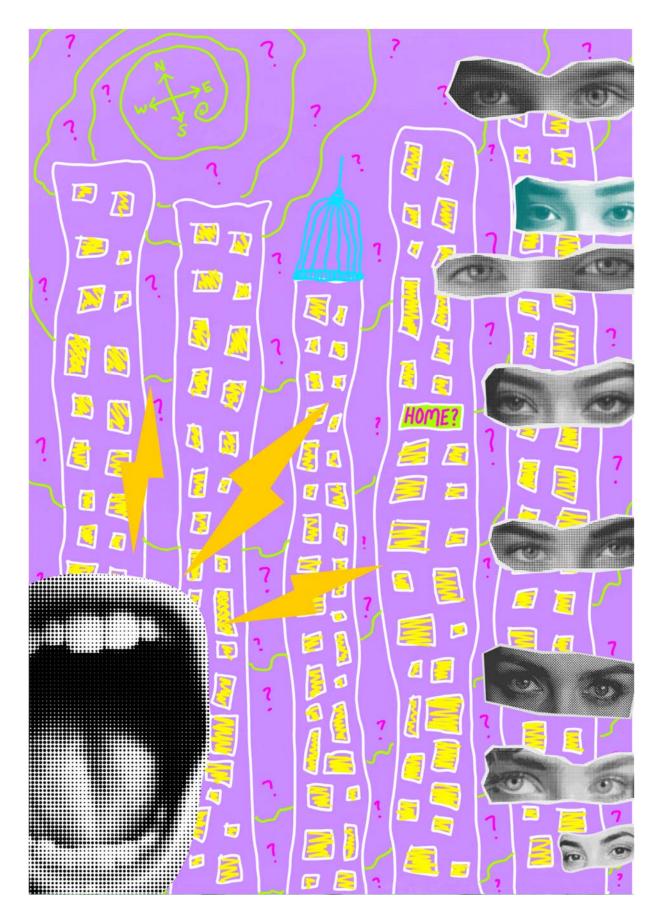
**Keywords:** Indigenous children/youth in care, urban Indigenous youth, urban Indigenous identity, Indigenous belonging

Acknowledgement: We raise our hands in deepest respect and gratitude to the ancestors and families of the ləkwəŋən and <u>WSÁNEĆ</u> nations and to our own ancestors and Nations. We raise our hands to all Indigenous children and youth who have grown up in colonial systems, to those we have lost, and to those who survive, resist, and imagine justice and resurgence. INVINCIBLE is grateful for funding provided by the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada (Insight grant 435-2020-1191) and the Canet Foundation.

**Jewel Lavan** is an Indigenous youth in care and an INVINCIBLE youth storyteller/researcher who has been working with the Kinship Rising research project at the University of Victoria since 2023.

Please contact the Kinship Rising project: kinshiprising@uvic.ca





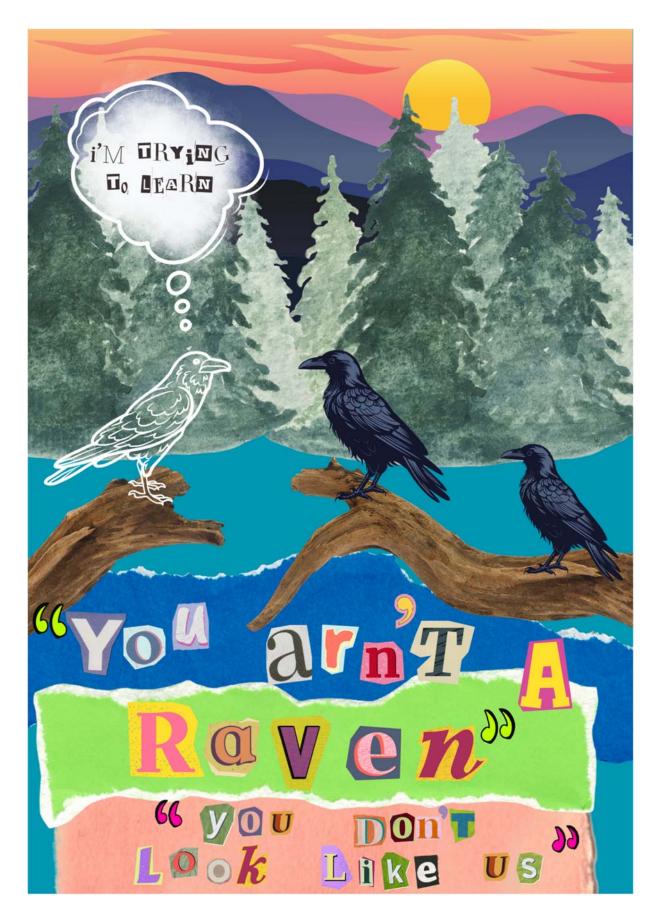


Born into a world where I didn't belong. I am lost. In this city surrounded by strangers, with eyes that don't look like mine.

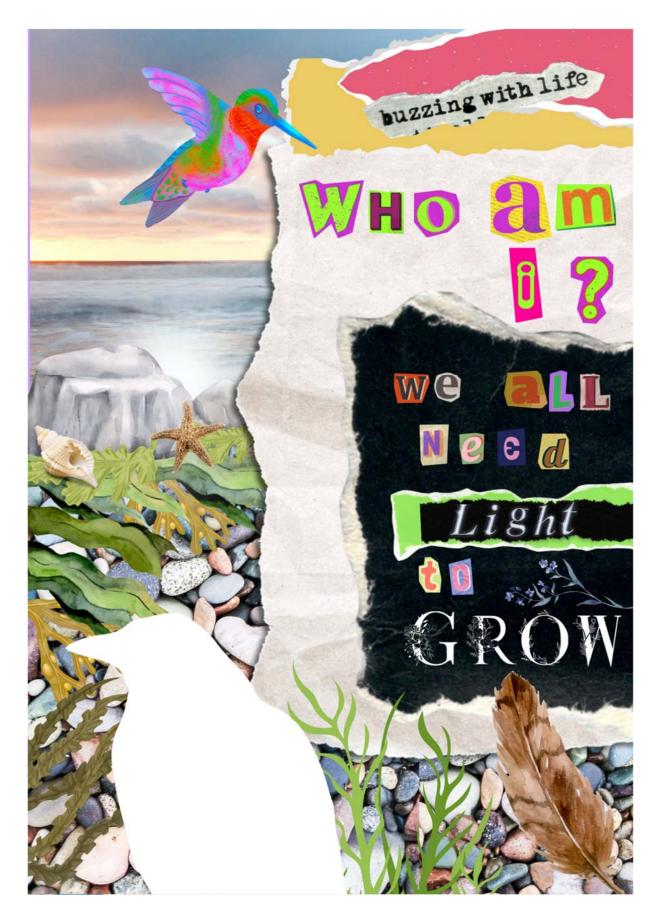
The ocean is the only thing that makes me feel at home but why do I still feel lost? Am I an imposter?

I was raised by the moon, sun and stars. I am different from my family, I'm a white raven and they weren't ravens at all. They say its because I'm special.

My dads a raven. But he's lost too so I was never taught how to be a raven.







# The moon, sun and stars encouraged me to be a raven.

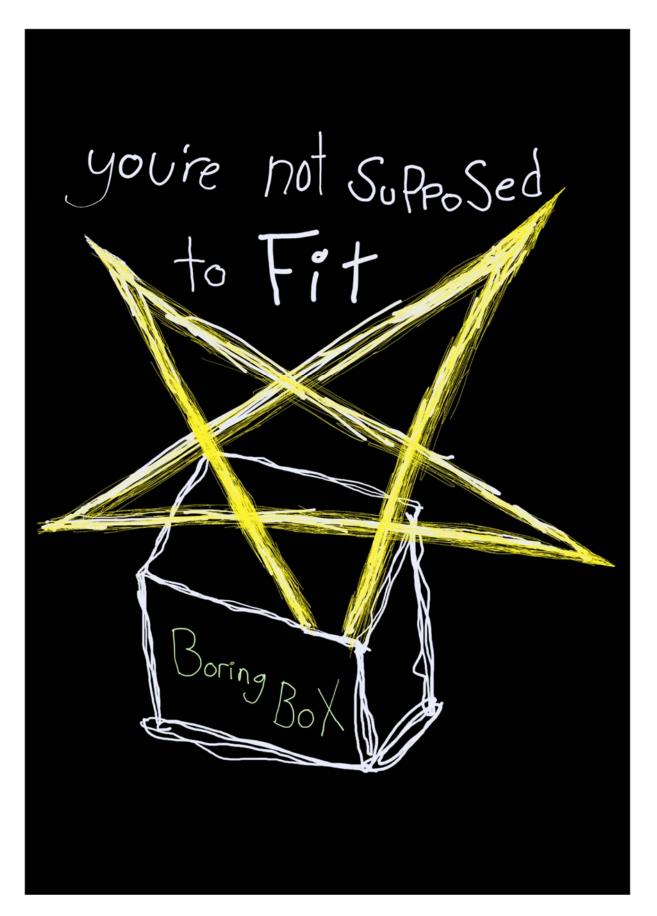
The other ravens could see I wasn't the same as them. They called me names and told me I couldn't be a raven because we looked different and that "I glow like the sun"

> I just wanted to belong. I wanted to learn to be a raven, whatever that means.

> > Tried

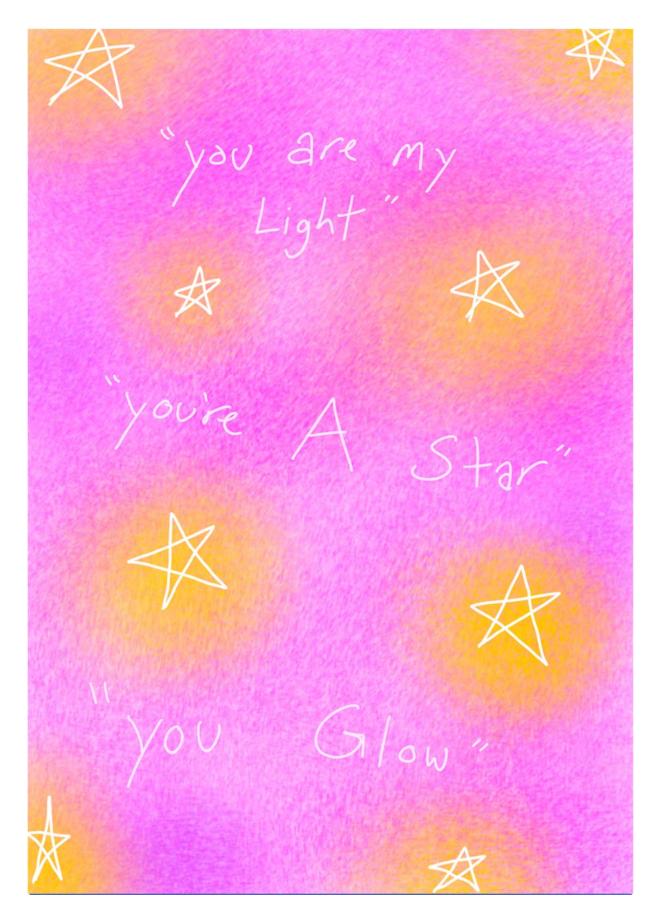


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I felt alone until I met a white, black bear, named Spirit. Spirit felt alone too, we were both lost. We could understand each other. We shared stories with each other and taught each other what we knew. Together we realized our appearance didn't affect our value. We became family. We are special.





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## I'm an Urban Indigenous!

I am not an imposter and I do belong! This is who I am, I am not lost!

I am exactly where I'm meant to be. I am still learning and wish to continue learning for the rest of my life.

This is just part of my story;





I'm extremely proud to be able to share this short story I've written and illustrated about my personal experience being an Urban Indigenous Youth that didn't quite fit the "image". I hope my story can remind people that you are never alone! You aren't supposed to fit in a box, especially not the boring box! Embrace your differences as that's what makes us who we are, be proud! We are strong, we are warriors, we are INVINCIBLE!

My name is Jewel Lavan, I am Cree from the Flying Dust First Nations as well as Metis on my biological Fathers side. On my Mom's side I come from strong Irish roots. I was born and raised in Victoria and am eternally grateful to have the privilege to work, learn and play on the beautiful unceded land of the Lekwungen peoples. I encourage you to take a moment to practice mindfulness whatever that may look like for you. :)



