



MY MOTHER SAID

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

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Keywords: Indigenous youth, Indigenous reincarnation, Indigenous spirituality, grief and loss, intergenerational connection, Nuu chah nulth storytelling, eagle teachings

Acknowledgement: We raise our hands in deepest respect and gratitude to the ancestors and families of the $\text{lək}^w\text{ə}\eta\text{ən}$ and WSÁNEĆ 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.

Lillian Hubert 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 2021.

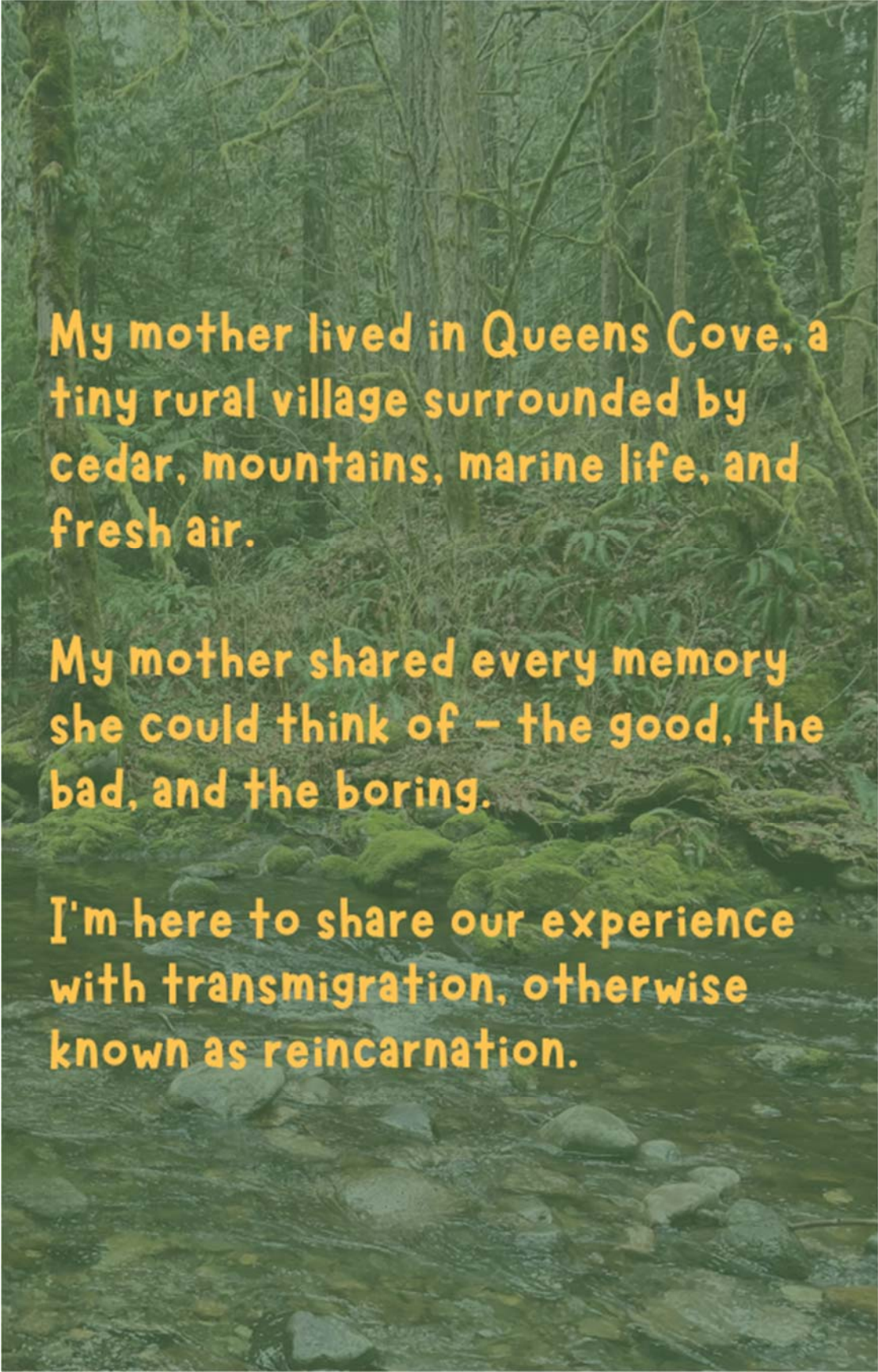
Please contact the Kinship Rising project: kinshiprising@uvic.ca



**My mother said:
"When someone passes
on, they come back in a
different form."**







My mother lived in Queens Cove, a tiny rural village surrounded by cedar, mountains, marine life, and fresh air.

My mother shared every memory she could think of – the good, the bad, and the boring.

I'm here to share our experience with transmigration, otherwise known as reincarnation.

**My mother told me about all
the animals that lived there:**

ʔawatin/eagle

íkaaʔin/crow

čums/bear

q^wayacik/wolf

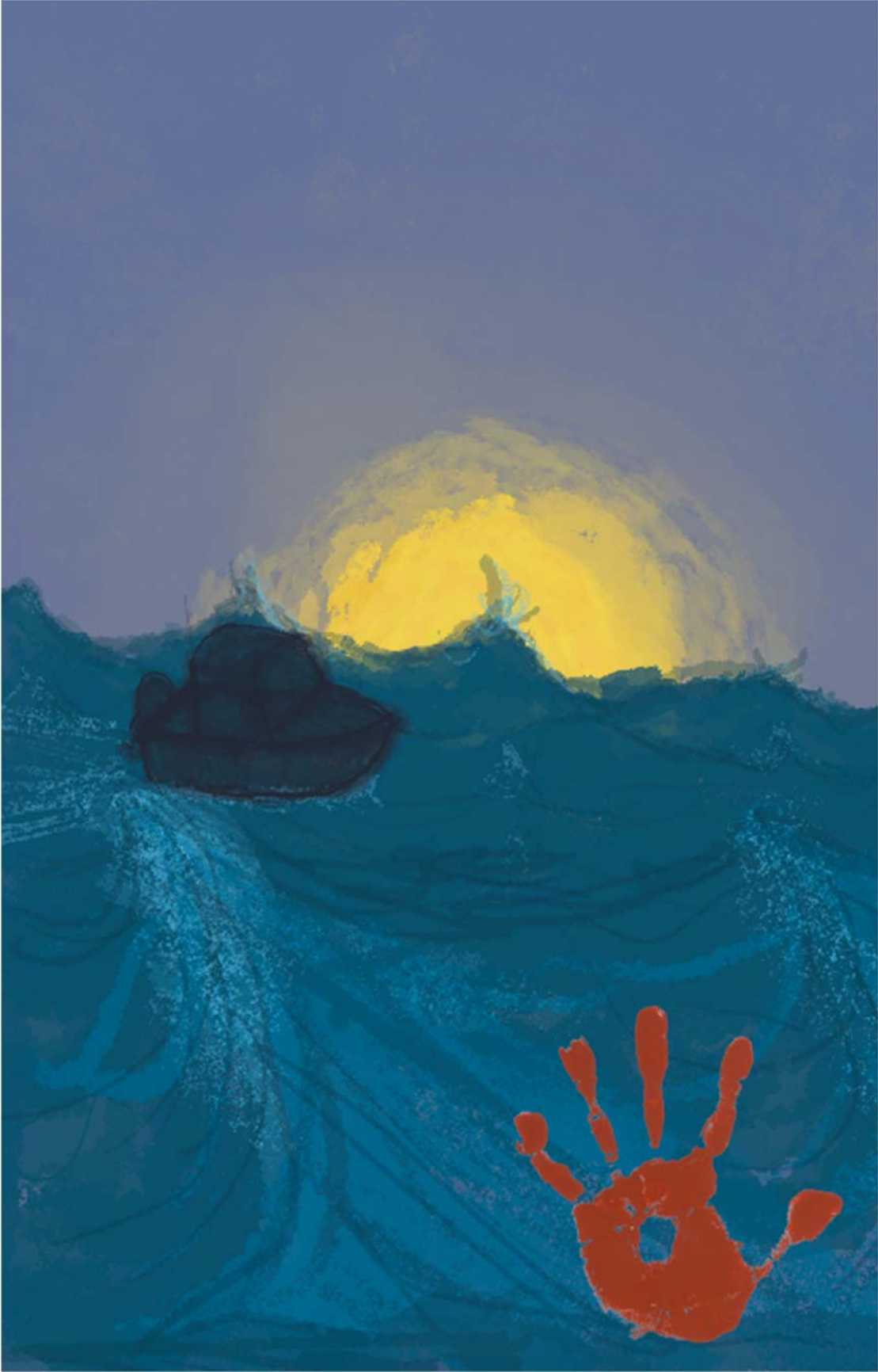
quʔušin/raven, and

muwač/deer

One year, she took the family to Queens Cove to stay in her old house. It had been condemned due to poor living conditions, water damage in the roof, and broken windows.

The easiest way to get to Queens Cove is by boat.

When we arrived, we saw a dock, 5 residential homes, a generator shed, and a church.



As the boat pulled up to the dock, I seen two eagles sitting on a tree behind one of the houses.

Once we set up all the gear that we needed, I went outside to explore.

While I was out, my mother walked up to me and said,

"My mom and dad always told me that when they pass on, they will watch over me to make sure I'm okay, and I always believed them."






She gestured up to the two eagles sitting in the tree and said,

"See the ?awatins, those are my parents."

That one (she pointed to the bigger eagle) is my father, and that one (she pointed to the smaller eagle) is my mother.

As the day went on, the eagles stuck by us – observing us, protecting us.

When we left Queens Cove, my grandparents flew over the boat and sat at the end of the peninsula to say farewell.



**Thank you for reading
my story.**

**Take care and remember:
Our loved ones are never
really gone.**

