

Who Made Me?

My mother was a beautiful First Nations woman from Lennox Island, Prince Edward Island. She was one of many children of David and Dorothy Bernard. Her brothers and sisters live all over North America and have contributed their strengths and skills to the communities they are a part of as homecare workers, daycare workers, lobster fishers, carpenters and fleet managers. One is even an elder who represents all the Mi'kmaq people in PEI and Nova Scotia. Many share their culture and traditional teachings and many of them take it upon themselves to look after the elders in their communities. Each one has something special inside that they share each and every day.

This makes me think of how special my mom must have been to have grown up with all these wonderful siblings. Her oldest daughter, my sister Darlene, has gone beyond success in everything she has done in her life. She is the Chief of Lennox Island First Nations and performs this role with her power of vision for the community's future. Her commitment to her community runs hand in hand with her commitment to her family. She is a woman who I look up to as a leader, as a friend and as an older sister.

Now comes the hardest person to talk about, when I talk about who made me, and that is my father, my mentor, my daddy, Louis Pellissier. Growing up, he was not only my father; he had to also be my mother after my mother passed away. He was born in Valley Stream, New York and after a few short years