

To Whom It May Concern.

July 14 1999

My Tribute to my Sister Nellie [Sands] McDowell. A true and Sad Legacy of a Life-Time.

I just found out my sister Nellie passed away on June 25<sup>th</sup> 1999, through my cousin from Detroit Mich. My children called their cousin Fred Jr. Nellie's son. Her request was if she didn't make it out of her last Hospital internment, he was not to tell anyone of her Death, and to donate her body to science, which he did.

At the time of her death my sister Nellie and I were not on speaking terms due to my letter to Bernice Logan.

I am not trying to belittle her in Death this is not my intention. I do feel I need to explain myself on our unusual relationship. I hope people will understand my feelings and my thoughts.

I am writing and saying this from my heart. I only met my brother in-law Fred McDowell a few times, he was always so nice to me and my family, not always so with my sister Nellie. We were two entirely different personalities, due to her dual personality. This was my reason for staying away from her all these many years, except on a few occasions we would get together.

I wish it could have been different. But these are the same problems that was so prevalent in the Indian families of people who attended the Indian Residential Schools of Canada. A very sad and tragic situation for so many Indian families.

In the Indian Residential Schools, we were never taught "Love, Caring, Understanding or Forgiveness". What we did learn was how to hate someone. The sad and "Shameful Legacy of Shingwauk" and all the other Indian Residential Schools of Canada. Damn the Churches especially the Anglican Church and the Canadian Government.

Nellie in life could have had a brilliant career, she was blessed with a brilliant mind. As great as that mind was she could not solve her one great life long problem. "The Tragic Indian School Syndrome", which was so tragic and so devastating to her, which she carried to her Death.

I envied her brilliant mind, I also despised her tragic and self inflicted use of her great mind. She had this great ability with her mind all her life, where my mind didn't click in until 1996 thanks to Bernice Logan.

My sorrow is not as great as it should be for my sister Nellie, because we were not a close knit family, as most families are. If the Death of my sister Nellie had happened before 1996, I wouldn't be writing this letter. As my chance encounter with a Bernice Logan in 1996 changed my life, my feelings and my thoughts have changed.

I am now writing this letter as a tribute and a memorial to my sister Nellie. My feelings are not of guilt, regret or remorse. But I do wish things could have been different in our family. Why does Death have to be the bearer of these untold feelings and messages. Why couldn't life have been the messenger instead.

I want people to know and understand that my feelings are the result of my years at Shingwauk. One of the Indian Residential Schools of Canada, this is the direct cause of tearing and keeping families apart, for some a life time as in my case.

I hope where ever she's at she has finally stopped her running as she did in life.

I hope that in her tragic Death , that she is finally at peace with herself. I firmly believe this is something she has been looking for all her life, and never quite achieved it. It always seemed just beyond her grasp.

I hope for the sake of all her family and my self, that the "Great Spirit" will finally grant her "Peace"

I do hope when we finally meet again with the "Great Spirit" and no "Shingwauk" around, we will be the family we should have been in our Life-Time. These tragic stories of the Indian people should never have happened in the first place.

May the "Great Spirit" for ever watch over her.

To Nellie [Sands] McDowell from your brother Donald H Sands

Donald H Sands