

offer. Of course they wouldn't be my friends if they didn't tell me the hard core truth of my detriments in personality, but there is never any malice in the feelings and my soul can tell that they care more about my goodness.

I have been focusing much of my energy on bringing to light the injustices Indigenous People face in Canada. I am learning how socioeconomic and social conditions play roles in how people develop. I learn about how our bodies work with passing messages throughout the body. I learn how to communicate effectively. Every day I fill myself with something new that reinforces that, in fact, what I had experienced was unfair, unjust, and not my fault. I see the connections. I want others to have it better. I want my son to be lighter. To be free.

I talk about white privilege. Not to be hateful or hurtful. I do it because I am looking for my allies. I want to know who I can reach out to. I do not want to call these people to the front line to fight for us. I simply need to feel the comfort of knowing they exist. I have a wonderful Instructor who I have learned so much from. He and I share the passion for social activism and can hardly contain excitement about tearing holes in the social fabric that we call Canadian society. I brought to him today a viral argument that had spawned from a comic strip explaining what white privilege looks like. The class joined in and everyone learned something new.

I learned of allies. They learned the gruesome and disheartening statistics pertaining to Canada's Aboriginal population.

I walked away feeling balanced. No fights. No animosity. No shame. No blame.

The one central important person in my life is my son. He brings the light to my life and love to my heart. I have never met anyone more ready to learn and to accept. He is happy and playful, teachers often say too playful, but I think he is perfect.

At times he has seen me belittled. He has seen the pain on his mother and instinctively comforted me. His little world all he knew was that he could make his mommy smile with hugs and kisses, that a long hug and some tissue would stop the tears. I have not hid my pain from my son, he needs to know how to survive those attacks.

He has been asking me to play with one of his best buddies at school. I finally wind up in the school at the same time as his mom and he want us to talk. As I walk to approach her, her face twists and eyes narrow. I get the up and down then the grinch smirk. It stops me dead in my tracks. I know what that means. I cannot move. As my son tugs on

my arm begging me to keep walking, he does not see the huge wall in front of me. He does not understand my resistance to approach her. In a split second I quickly reach down and hug my son while playfully singing one of our favourite Snoop Lion songs as I push him towards and out the door. When he is done giggling he asks why I would not talk to his friends mom. I tell him she did not want me to talk to her. I immediately start telling him of people I go to school with who have boys his age and we can start to hang out with them. I point out the other little brown boys walking with their moms who are more than happy to chat and have play dates. He continues to question. I tell him that some people will not want to talk to me but that others will talk to me. That suffices him, we move on to minecraft worlds and all the fun he has in them.

When I am home and dinner is done and he is content on his games.....I go to my room and I cry. Every day I am glad that he does not understand what is around him.

Anger, sadness, shame then guilt. TGIF?