*The first time I left for residential school,
my mother* *carefully prepared my
little suitcase* *. She took care to put in it everything
I would need* *. My clothes, some
toys I* *would never see again. I was
six years old on* *this first trip.
In my* *little suitcase, my mother had also put
all the love she* *had, without forgetting the love from my father.*

*There were also embraces,
tenderness,* *respect, for me
and for others* *, sharing, and many
other qualities* *she had taught me.
The trip lasted* *12 years.
When I* *returned home, my
little suitcase* *was heavy. What my
mother* *had put in it was gone; love
embraces* *, all those beautiful things had
disappeared.* *They had been replaced
by hatred* *, self-rejection, abuses of all
kinds* *(alcohol, drugs, sexual abuse) by
violence* *, anger and suicidal thoughts.
That is* *what I carried for
a long time.*

*But I've been cleaning out this
suitcase* *. I put back everything my mother had put in it when I  left the first time: love,
respect for* *myself and others, and a great
many other* *qualities.*

*Oh yes...added sobriety and
especially* *spirituality. My little
suitcase* *is very light. It is full
of good* *things I can
share* *with everyone*

*I meet along the way.
Regardless of* *skin colour—
white, red,* *black, yellow—we
are all human* *beings, we
are all* *God's creatures.*