

Native Language Instructors' Program

Lakehead University



Yearbook 1997

Coordinator's Message...

Aanii/Boozhoo:

Well, we finished another great and busy summer. Students were involved in pot luck suppers, baseball games and craft sales. Our Graduation supper was held at the Prince Arthur Hotel with many students attending. It was a huge success!

For students who will be returning for the second and third years of the Native Language Teacher Certification Program please be certain to have your practice teaching forms filled in and signed by the appropriate school official and send the form into the NLIP office. Your teaching contact days are an important part of gaining professional experience and are part of the requirements for being awarded a Certificate of Qualification (limited/restricted) by the Ontario College of Teachers. **Please apply to the Ontario College of Teachers for your registration as soon as possible. Please call toll free at 1-888-534-2222.**

We encourage all students who have been awarded the Certificate of Qualification (restricted) to come back for the fourth year so that they can obtain the Native As A Second Language Diploma.

Students who have already taken Year 4 should be certain to complete the assignments for the Education 1599 winter practicum as soon as possible and send them into the NLIP office. In order to receive the Native As A Second Language Diploma at the Spring 1998 Convocation, you need to get the assignments into the office and marked.

I extend special thanks to Sonya, my secretary. Her devotion and commitment to the Program is greatly appreciated!

I look forward to seeing you again next summer.

Wanda White, Coordinator
Native Language Instructors' Program



**David Bates, Dean
Faculty of Education
Good Luck in your retirement!**



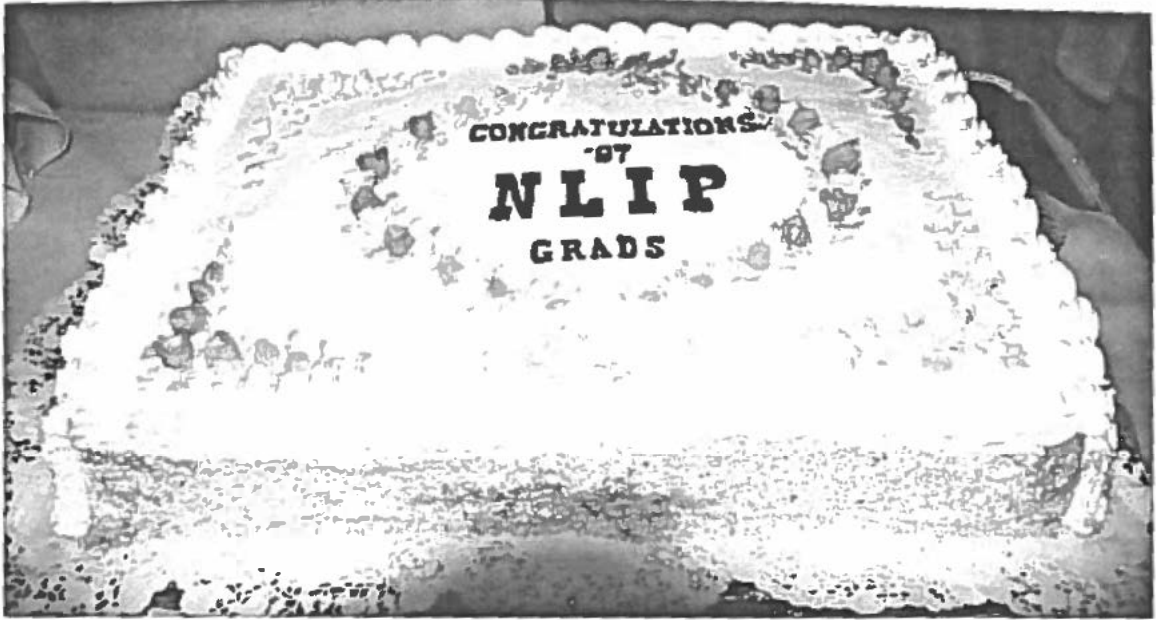
NLIP Faculty and Staff



**Native As A Second Language Diploma
Year 4 Graduates**



Lucy Beardy - Muskrat Dam
Stella Bouchard - Thunder Bay
Lilly Bourgeois - Peterborough
Jeanette Commanda - Blind River
Mary Dokis - Cambridge
Agnes Hardy - Thunder Bay
Joan Kakegamic - Sandy Lake
Dorothy Mishibinijima - Toronto
Ronald Morrisseau - Thunder Bay
Hilda Nadjiwan - Sudbury
Angela Neveau - Sault Ste. Marie
Christine Okimaw - Attawapiskat
Dean Peters - Pikangikum
Myrna Poile - Gull Bay
Mary Sakanee - Lansdowne House
Teresa Shawanda - Wikwemikong
Helen St. Pierre - Moose Deer Point
Frank Wassegijig - Wikwemikong



We have always maintain our Anishabwe Languages and Culture. We grew up listening to our Grandparents and Parents talking in the language.

The language is the sweetest music and we are continuing of what have been passed on to us. We are the Strength and most of all Respect of what is OURS and will continue to speak our Anishinaabe Languages of what the Creator gave.

All My Relations Florrie L. Sutherland

Once Again we all meet, the students that have attended before its always great to see you return. The new first year students that are here, always great to see that your willing to keep the Anishinaabe Language ALIVE!!

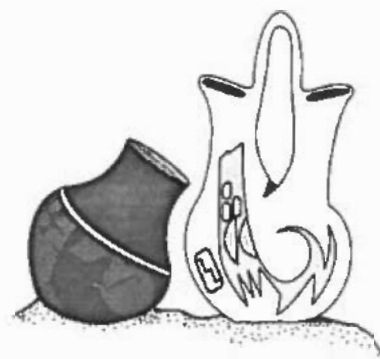
We are departing again, going back to our communities, towns and cities, and the memories of the NLIP summer students will be with us.

We came to know friends, faculty, staff and the children. Everyone have a safe journey home and we will see each other again next summer.

Always a pleasure getting to know the student teachers and the children.

In Kind Principal for summer school

Florrie L. Sutherland



Aanii! Boozsho!

As another summer of intensive learning and teaching of NSL is winding down, I would like to convey my reflections of Class 97.

True, we have all worked hard, at one thing or another. Some information, or psychologically speaking, "the organization of sensory input to comprehend the environment" is rather mind boggling that we begin to fret and worry. Take heed! There is a light at the other end ... home! sleeping in! and a diploma.

I have had two enjoyable summers here, new acquaintances, new ideas and wow! the city, I'm out of isolation (not hospital). My AQ class of Diane Morgan, Laura James and B.J. Eachum have been a challenge and an inspiration. It is my sincere hope, that they acquired "something" to help them in their profession. Diane I will miss your bubbly character. Laura, you are a store-house of knowledge, very quietly stored away. B.J. - slow down, the police are not always going to rescue you. The year four (4) methods class, you are exceptional. Each one of you have great potential to excel in the vast field of education. A unique bunch indeed, your sometimes quiet then boisterous behavior I will not easily forget (especially Ron's winking at me?).

As we head in different directions next Friday (July 25), I will be heading for the East Coast for my vacation. Being in the north has allowed my husband and I to establish a friendship with Newfoundlanders, a truly wonderful group of people. Last summer when I left here I proceeded on to Alaska for the month of August. The highlight was back-packing on the Chillkoot Trail in Skagway.

Teaching is wonderful! - you only work ten months, then you can holiday. Summer school? (you say) — well that's only for one month. Think positive, think \$, it will be worth it all in the end.

Miigwetch!

Georgina Nahwegahbo



NLTC Year One (Western)



NLTC Year One (Central/Eastern)



NLTC Year Two (Western)



NLTC Year Two (Central/Eastern)



NLTC Year Three (Western)



NLTC Year Three (Central/Eastern)



Institute Program



Additional Qualifications Program

I have written some poems focusing on my Native spirituality, I am proud Ojibway woman who respects her culture and way of life. I wish for others to experience my feelings through my poems. If you like any of my writings and wish to publish them please contact me at the address below. Any constructive criticism will be greatly received and appreciated..

Miigwech,

Charlotte Tookenay
Pic Mobert First Nation
Mobert, Ontario
POM 2J0

Buffalo

Guidance field of Binoojiiyog.
Play in spirit of laughter,
Walk and learn of the parents,
Respect for the Teacher.

Guidance field of Chi Anishnaabe
Wisdom, Journey of time.
Medicine, Healing, Life.
Respect in Death.

Guidance field of Kwe,
Care for the fire of the young,
Make a home for the tired,
Respect is for her Mother.

Guidance field of Nini,
To feed the tribe of family,
Who carries the spirit of the kill,
Respect is for each other.

Guidance field of Niibo,
Spirit walks with the Creator,
Lives on for our direction,
Respect Buffalo Carry.

Creator's Helpers

I see them coming
They came up with the sun,
Four warriors carrying their bundles,
They came with a message,
They are happy,
The people of the land before.

I see them coming,
Nature and our cry,
They have heard, so they came,
To lead us in a better way of life,
A new you, a new me,
Smile Anishnaabe, smile.

I see them coming,
We are the people of the land,
Handle your bundles with pride,
Truth lies within us all,
We are taken care of,
Believe and walk.

They are here, Creator's Helpers.
Sitting around our sacred fire within,
"I carry the message no longer"
They speak "For you know it now"
"You asked with your cry," we listened.

We are here, we sit in each direction,
Stand up and we will pray!

Dream Maker

Dream Maker roared a great thunder,
For miles around I see,
Selfishness and cruel living bodies.
Trapped in a powerful mind,
Without a heart, as I awoke.

The message within the dream,
Is to see what is in front of you,
And to speak from the heart,
There you'll find freedom and love.

I prayed to the Dream Maker,
To provide us with shelter,

To protect and keep us away,
From the pain and suffering I have seen.
This is my Dream Wish for all

Dream Maker roared a great thunder,
Lightning struck in front of me.
Remember the Dream, Dream wisher,
Everyday is a ceremony.
"Wake", you are the Dream.

Fire Life

Four Grandfathers hear my song,
Spiritual helpers dance with me.
Sacred fire I hear you call,
Spiritual name, this is me.
Tobacco in hand, pray for grace.

To touch the gift of love,
See the beauty of my child,
To hear the voices of ones I love,
Taste the food my mom has cooked,
Smell the sweet grass is burning.

Creator hold me, keep me close,
Spirit World the door of life,
I pray for respect, forgive myself.
Surrender the control, I give to you,

Tobacco in hand, pray for grace.

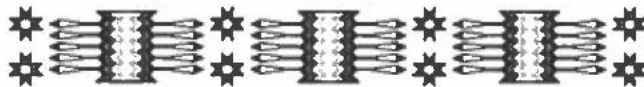
Fire Keeper relay my prayer,
This is I, fallen one,
Walk on the path, here I come,
Fire doorway to heart, no mind,
Sacred fire I sing my song.

Grandmother Moon

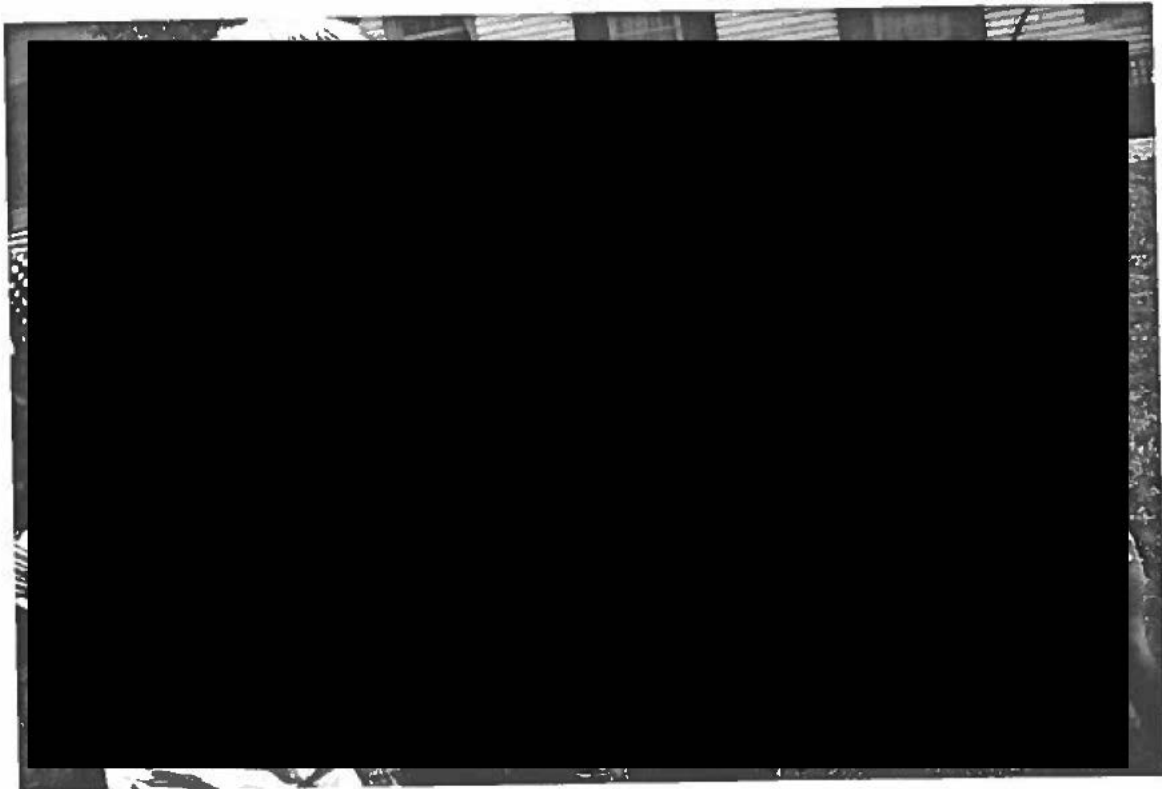
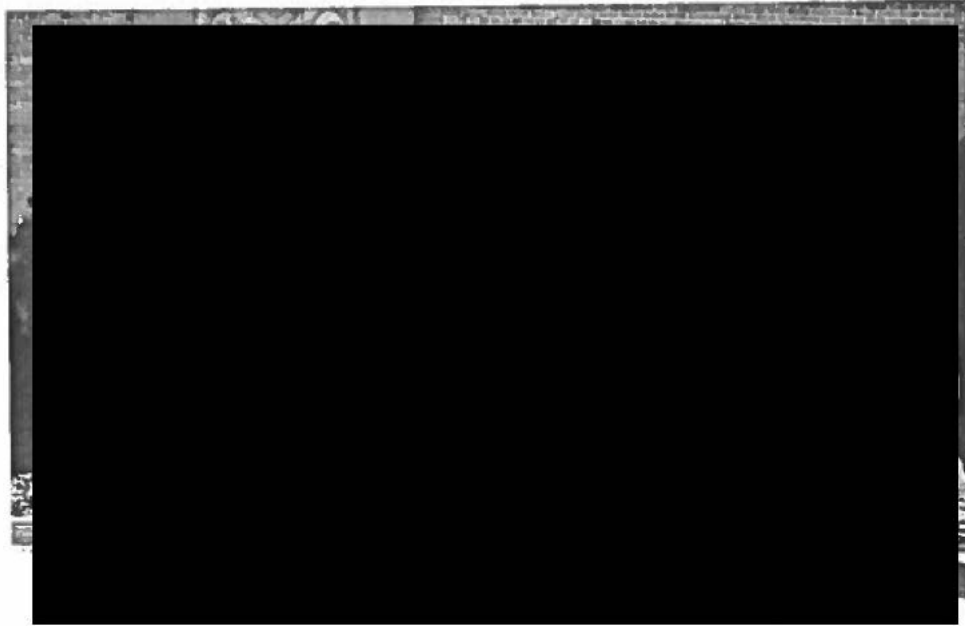
I call you anishnaabe,
She watches us being born,
and she'll watch us die.
She will be here long after
we leave this material world.
I call you anishnaabe-kwe.

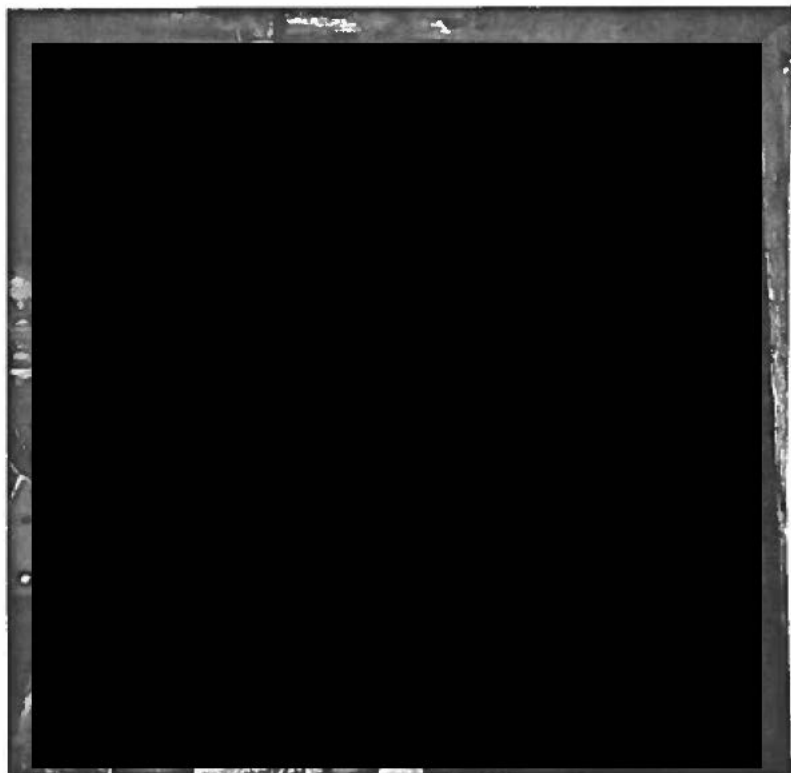
I call you anishnaabe,
Women carry her spirit of ceremony,
Women who call her name: "Nokomis",
Call for teaching in her light,
I call you anishnaabe-kwe.

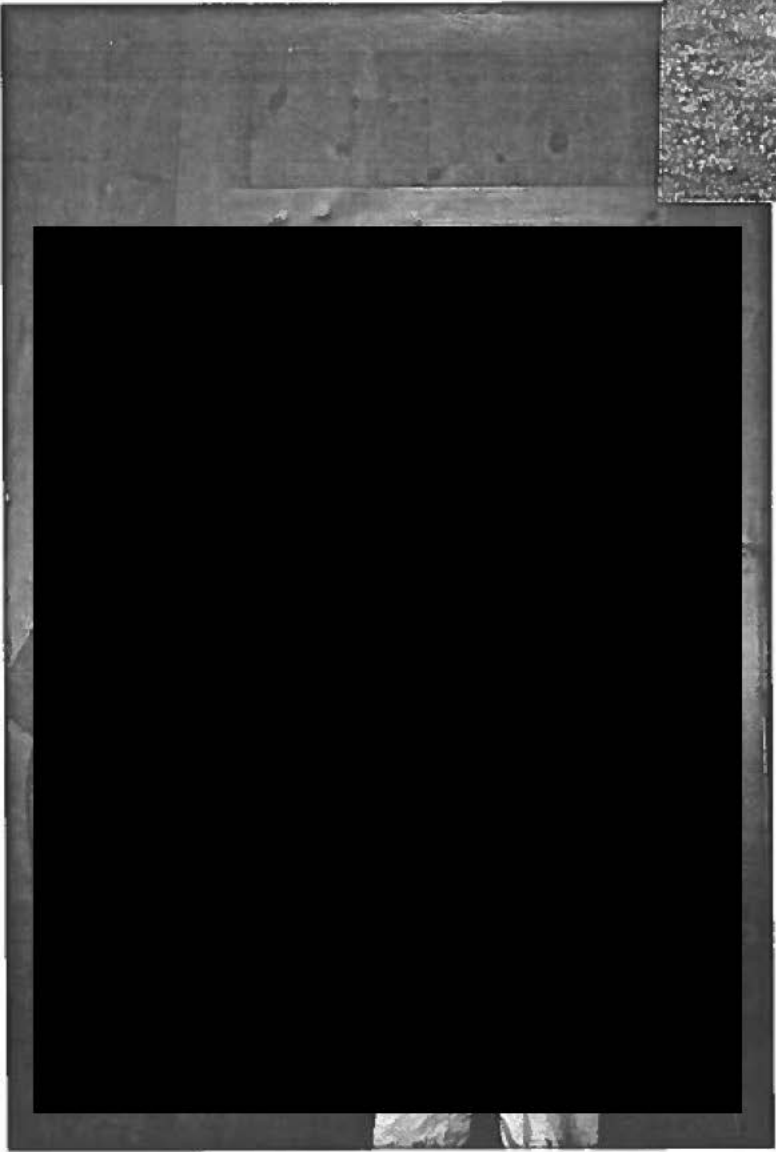
I call you anishnaabe,
Over the night sky with stars,
Grandmother of women's children,
Moon time, ceremony for you,
I call you anishnaabe-kwe.



Children's Program







Noopnadan Gmiikan

Gzhe-minidoo kii-miingowaa miikan waa-noopnadmeg
ji-naadmawdwaa kina bemaadzijig.

Gdaa-kinoomaage, gdaa-naanaagdawenmaa yaakzid.

Gdaa-namhetwaa nebood.

Weweni noopnadan gmiikan.

Maawnjisdoodaa gdanmewninaan manj go ezhi-debwewendmang.

Gzhe-minidoo kina kii-miingonaan naanaagdawendmowin.

Mii go kina naasaab ezhi-bgosendmang pii nbooying
ji-mno-daapnigying Gzhe-minidoo.

By: Ernestine Proulx

Reflections on Aging

Remember old folks are worth a fortune, with silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys and gas in their stomachs.

I have become a little older now and a few changes have come into my life. FRANKLY, I have become quite a frivolous old gal. I am seeing five gentlemen every day. As soon as I wake up, WILL POWER helps me to get out of bed.

Then I'll go down the hall and see JOHN, next CHARLIE HORSE comes along, and takes a lot of my time and attention. When he leaves ARTHUR ITIS shows up and stays the rest of the day. He doesn't like to stay in one place very long, so he takes me from joint to joint.

After such a busy day, I'm really tired and glad to relax with BEN GAY .

What a life?

The preacher came to visit me the other day. He said, at my age I should be thinking of the "hereafter". I told him , "Oh, but I do all the time" no matter where I am, in the livingroom, upstairs, in the kitchen or down in the basement! and then I ask myself "Now What AM I HERE AFTER" -source unknown

Submitted by : Hilda Nadjiwan Year IV

Bmosendan Gda-nwewin Binoojiinhyag Nji!

Gaawiin mzinilganing wii-ndinziinaa'aa

gda-binoojiinluninaanig:

Waa-zhi-zaagidwaad

Waa-zhi-anisluuabemowaad

Waa-zhi-pemmondaadwaad

Waa-zhi-naadmaadwaad

Waa-zhi-gzluwaadziwaad

Waa-zhi-gaavendiwaad

Waa-zhi-naagdawendiwaad

Waa-zhi-mshkawendimawaad

Waa-zhi-debwe'endmawaad

Waa-zhi-mshkawgaabwiwaad

Waa-zhi-aasgaabwitaadwaad

Waa-zhi-gchi-piitendizwaad

Waa-zhi-maawlookiwaad

Waa-zhi-zoongde'ewaad

Waa-zhi-gchi-piitenmaa'aad gchi-piitziinjin

Waa-zhi-miigwechwendimawaad

Kina gegoo gaa-bgidnamaagooying maampii gitkamig.

Zhinoomawaadaanig aapji zaagtoowing

Anisluuabe Bmaadziwin miinwaa gda-nwewininaa.

Ni-aankenawaadaanig mkawaataagziwin

ji-ni-zoongninig baakdemmoowin, aankaaj

ji-ni-aankenawaad da-binoojiinluniwaan

gaa-zhi-kinoomaagaazwaad.

Giinwi aabdig kwii-waabdawaanaanig

miinwaa kwii-kinoomawaanaanig

kina nanda.

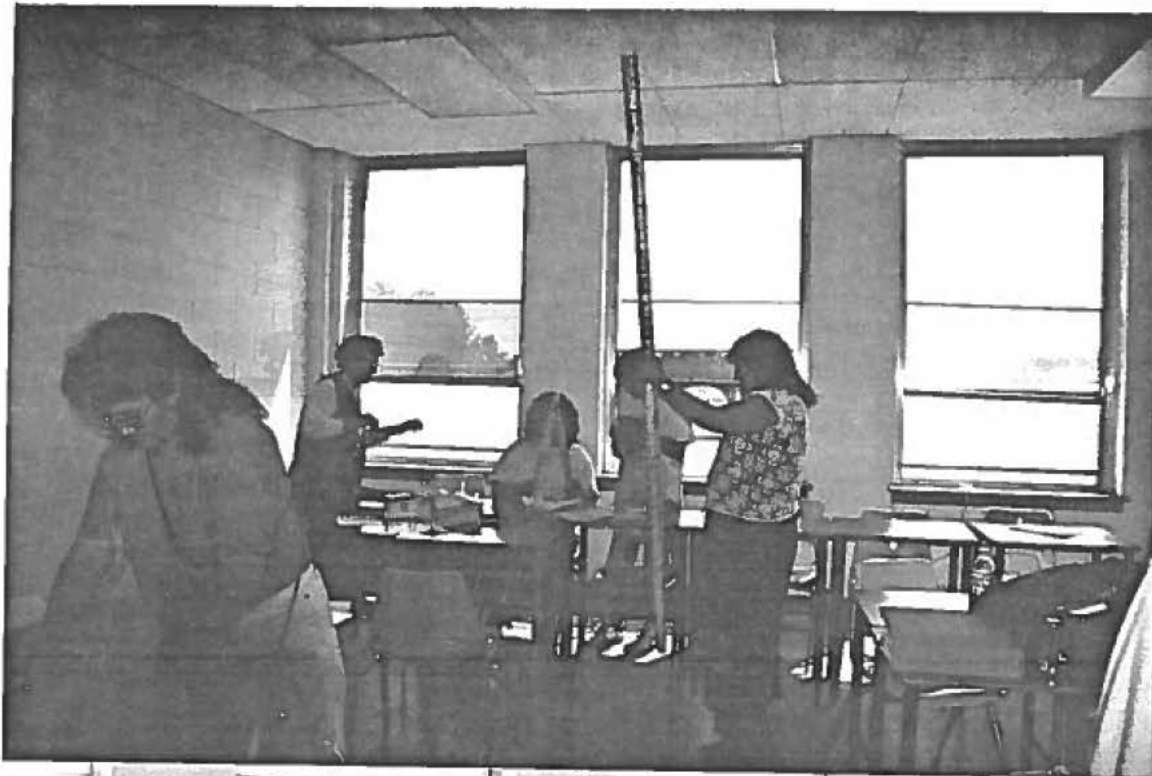
Zaagididaa, Zaagoodaa gda-kimnaa!

Mii gwa mbe!

by: Rose Trudeau

Year 4 Student's Projects





Naaboob

By
Allan Crow

Mawiisha ko kiikwiiwi sansiiwiyon, giinitaa aundopii auko daawiinon iiti kawiishinopiimiiwong. Goojigo naanon giitaasaapiiponaanatoog iiyapi, gii augaashiiw. Giiwaabamatoog maawiin aubitting iiti piiwajiiptood. Miitaashigoo aupaana gaa iinatamoowaanan iiti jiipi ojiibatood. Naaboob gii ishinnikaazo au animoosh. Giishawaanima wiinga au daawiinon. Gii ozowisi, ooskatig iitaash oojaaning auko, kii waabishkanni. Kiikinowaaniwan kaaya wiinison. Kiiwaanishishi aupiji au Naaboob.

Wiinga naako giijiikaandum waabamug Naaboob piisaakiiyapatood iima noopiiming. Shamaag ko piikwashkonotaag kaawaabamid. Kaaniin taash ko taapipinaa. Gooting ko kiibaagiishiik iiti giinaanamaatub pii ugg au animoosh. Mii ayzun ka ishichigayan kiibaniibin iiyapi kiikwiiwisansiiwiyan. Aupanaa ayzun gii oojaanimanima au Naaboob. Giisaagi au kaanish. Aupitting itaash iigo, kaawiin kiitaagooshisi au dayans. Niimama giipi audawaabamik kii aunitibikuk. Wiinga doojaanimadum, kaagagoo nimaaw.

“Waabung maagisha taatagooshin,” diig nimamaa. “Pipii aukon minawa kiigishab.”

Wiiba gii oonishkaa aniwaabong wii oopi ugg Naaboob. Niiogoon iiway gii ishichigay, kaawiin kii pii ooji taagooshizii dayans. Miitaashi ii kaa ishi wiindaamaagoowan kaawiin minawa wiika taabitaagooshizii au Naaboob. Wiinga naa giikichimaaw. Nimamaa gaagwa kiishkowa igg.

“Kiigichi auya awi Naaboob,” iikido. “Jitaago chini iishod oowayti ayaanid iinni Kiishamanidoon.

Kaago maawikan, minooyaa kiidayans.”

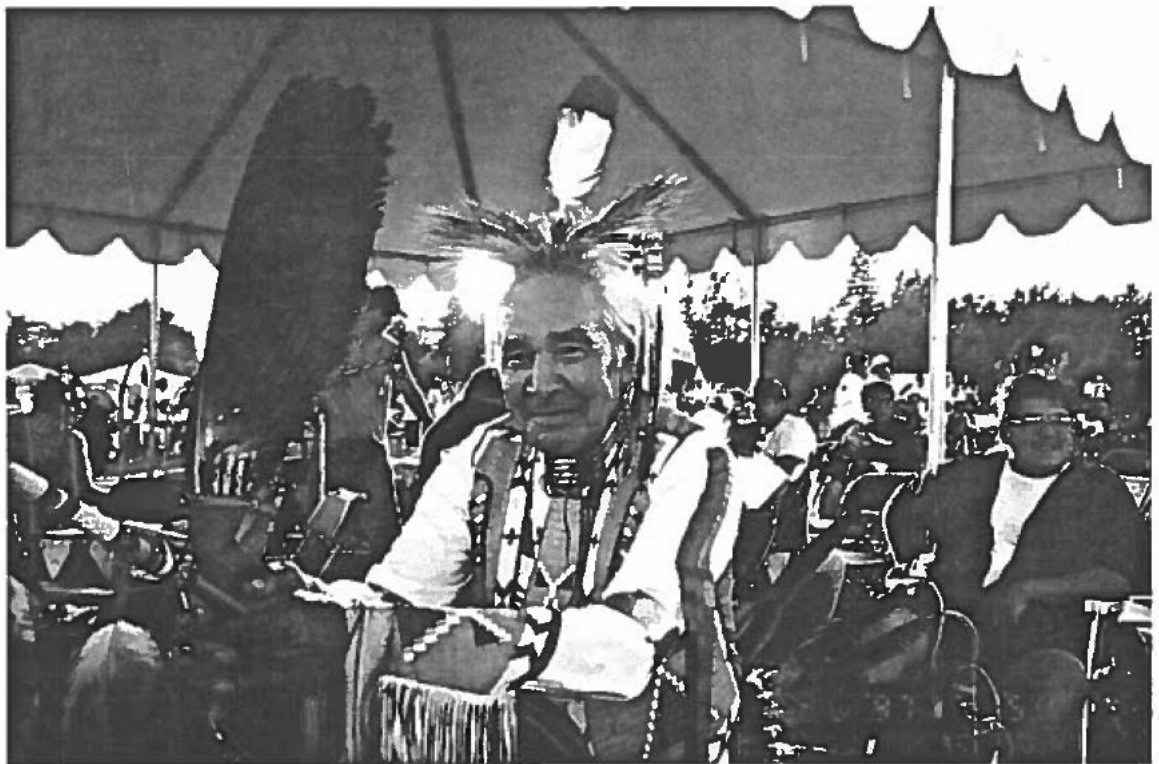
Wiinga giikwinowanima Naaboob piinish kii auni giichi kwiiwisansiiwiyan. Mii iitoog iima kaa auni ooji kikandamaan auwiya kiisaagii ind. Bizindawaag iigiyaa nimamaa dada taash, oozaam gikandaan giisaagi iyaad. Iisaagi aug nimisaywaag, shiigo nisaawayug, nishiimaywug itaash. Kaanaash mii iimaa kaa ooji kikandamaan auway animoosh kaagiishawaanimid.

Noogoom, gooting iiko kiiyaabi iiti diisha kaagiitishibii oowaan maywisha kii augaashiiwiyan.

Paakaan iishinaagoot, kaan kiiyaabi noopimiiwaazinoon, paabashkwa. Jiikandum ko maamikwanimug au dayansibun.

“Miigwetch!” ko dinaa kiikaakinaa aumowid saagi iitoowin, “Naaboob.”

Miisago Wi ii



NAABOOB

A long time ago when I was a little boy, I used to go and wait for our dog at the place where the forest began. I was about five years old at the time. I was very small. I must've seen the dog come out of there one time. Then I thought that was where he would be coming from when he came home. Our dog's name was "Naaboob." Translated, it means soup. I loved that dog very much. Naaboob was light brown, close to red, and his forehead was white down to his nose. He had long hair that bounced when he ran. He was a beautiful dog my Naaboob.

I used to be really happy to see Naaboob come running out of the forest. He would come and jump on me as soon as he saw me; and I would grab him and hug him and play with him. Sometimes I sat there all day waiting for the dog to come home. My mother, and other people, tell me that is what I did all summer when I was a little boy of five. I was always worried about Naaboob. I loved that dog.

One day, my dog did not come home. I waited and waited, but my Naaboob never came running out of the forest. My mother came and got me when it was too dark to wait any longer. I was so worried, I was close to tears.

"Maybe he'll be here tomorrow," my mother tried to soothe me. "You can come back early in the morning to wait for Naaboob."

I came back real early, as soon as there was light, the next morning to wait for my beloved beautiful dog, Naaboob. I did this for four straight days, but Naaboob never showed up. Then I was told that my dog would never return. I cried hard that time. My little heart was broken. My mother made the tears stop with her loving and understanding ways.

"Naaboob was an old dog," she told me as she wiped the tears from my babyish cheeks. "His time had come for him to answer the call of the All Mighty. Don't cry, your dog is doing just fine wherever he might be."

In time, the pain of losing my dog began to fade. But I missed my Naaboob even as I got older. I guess this is where I learned what loving others is all about. From that time on, I always tried to do what my mama and papa told me to do, for I knew they loved me. I love my parents, and I love my brothers and sisters. I learned about caring when I was a little boy from that beautiful dog who loved me. To this day, I still visit the old place where I used to sit and wait for my dog to come running out of the woods. It looks different now, the trees have been cleared away to make room for community expansion. I am happy just standing there and remembering my dog.

"Thank you," I whisper to that dog who showed me so much about caring, "Naaboob!"



Year 4 Graduation



**Wiikwedong Singers
Hometown - Lakehead University
NLIP - Native Language Instructors' Program**

The Wiikwedong Singers are a group of student teachers and staff who enjoy singing together under the guidance of staff member Violet Shawanda. This past July, they performed at the Talent Night held in the Bora Laskin Auditorium at Lakehead University. The other place saw them at the Canada Jamboree '97 (Boy Scouts) Nahanni subcamp. Georgina Nowagaabo, "remarkably" emceed that performance. Considering the group has only met four times, both public performances were professionally done indeed. They were well received by their audiences. Their selections are varied, ranging from hand-drum songs to traditional. All of their "word" songs are sung in their Anishnaabe language.

Gchi-miigwech kina enchiiyeg!

by Violet Shawanda



CJ '97 (Boyscout Jamboree)



Opening Ceremony
Dan Bannon,
Ovide Mecredi,
Jim Baxter



Ovide Mecredi Shaking Hands
with Native Contingent
Thunder Hill



The Universe in The Bottle

Our world is a mere toy
Our benefactor a mere boy
We are specks unseen
The expanse a billion light years between

We are a pretty sight
A child's delight
Like goldfish, a bottle is our home
Ours alone to roam

The bottle is full of gel
Preserving us well
Air pockets here and there
Mankind is going nowhere

Forever we will gaze into the stars
Hoping to find others like us
Only to find we cannot go beyond Mars
But we are safe all of us

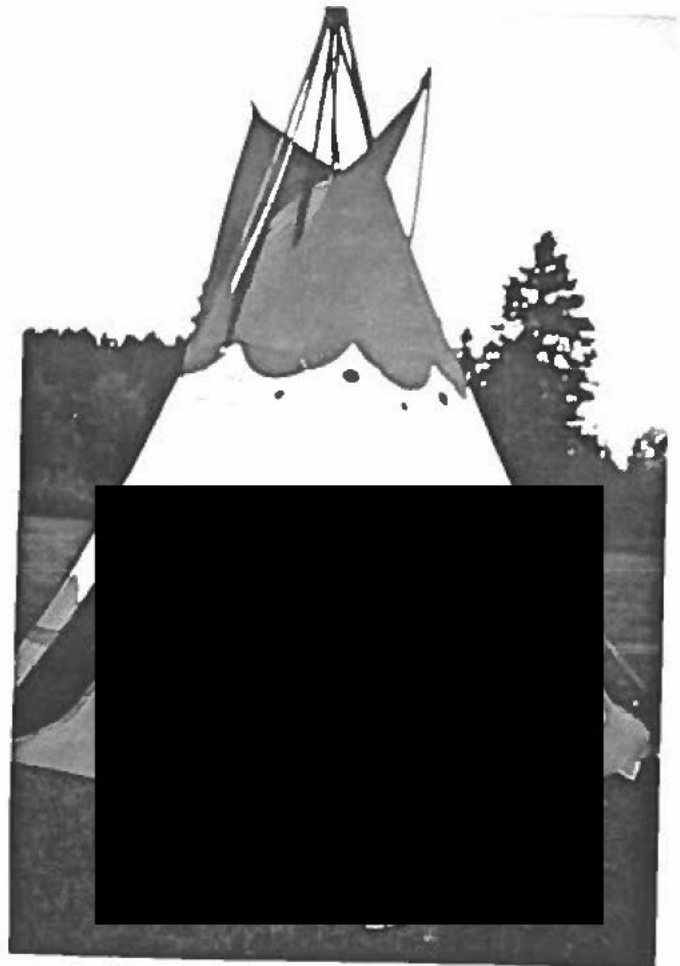
The black hole is where the cap is for
It is left open for our air
For our keeper is full of care
It is the gateway to heaven afar

Others like us may exist
We strongly insist
But in jars of their own
Contact never to be known

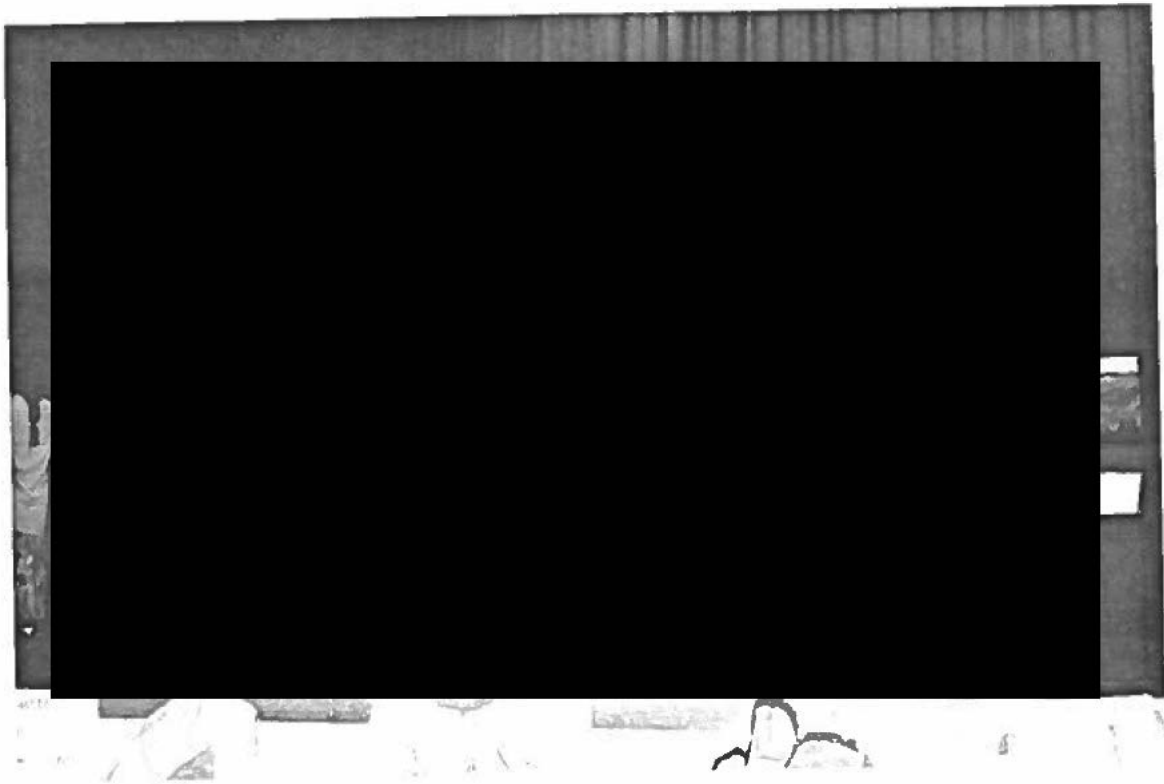
The Creator is watching over us all
The maze we call life is his work
The mysteries of the universe will never fall
Mankind will never unravel its secrets

One thing we can count on
Our keeper will never let us down
Children will take care of the things they love
This child loves the Universe in the Bottle

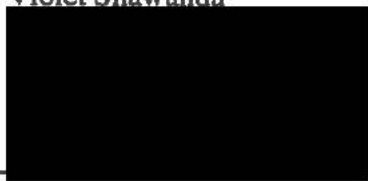
Allan Crow

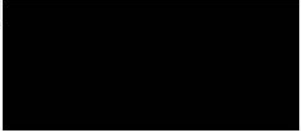
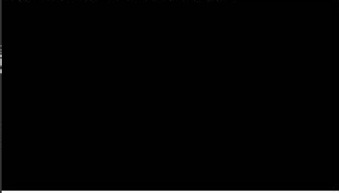


Children's Graduation



1997 NLIP Faculty and Staff

Angela Moore 	Violet Shawanda 
Tom Beardy 	Wanda White 
Rubina Naogizic 	Gary Hannam 
Steve Chase 	Helen Wassegijig 
Georgina Nahwegahbo 	Ronald Kelly 
Isadore Toulouse 	Lena White 
Emma Oskineegish	Reta Sands 

Susan Sandau 	Florrie Sutherland 
John O'Meara 	Donna Fiddler 
Randy Valentine 	Stella Koostachin 
Tony McQuilter 	

SURNAME

GIVEN NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

PROV

POSTAL**PHONE # (HOME)**

PHONE # (HOME)

SURNAME

GIVEN NAME**ADDRESS**

CITY

PROV POSTAL

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