

Emotional Quadrant

Substitute Home Placements, Foster Care, Adoption

The “Sixties Scoop”

By Freda Lepine

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT policies, later known as the “Sixties Scoop,” saw Aboriginal children taken from their homes and placed in foster care, given up for adoption or into other forms of substitute home placements. These policies lasted from the 1960s (perhaps as early as the late 1950s) to the mid-1980s. They enabled a rapid and forcible removal of Aboriginal children into child welfare placements. They were particularly frequent during the 1960s when many children were literally scooped from their families, homes and communities without the knowledge or consent of families or First Nations.

“I remember being taken away in a white station wagon and my mom was crying, I was crying and my sister was crying and she was put into another vehicle. I remember my sister saying I will find you someday, don’t cry.” (A repatriated adult)

It is believed that the number of children removed exceeded 11,000. We now understand that these Aboriginal children went largely to non-Aboriginal homes and were dispersed across Canada, the United States and Europe, many to church organizations throughout the United States.

Some argue that current child placements are an extension of the “Sixties Scoop.”

A substantial number of these adoptees face issues relating to cultural and identity confusion because they were socialized and acculturated into a euro-Canadian middle-class society. Through repatriation workers and services, many of the adoptees (now adults) sought, or continue to seek, to be reunited with their birth families, to be repatriated with their community, to reconnect with their language and culture, to share their stories and do something to ensure that this does not happen again. More funding is required to complete this work.

Removal of these Aboriginal children is argued to be similar to the removal of children to Residential Schools — that it is, in fact, an extension of the Residential Schools Effects. Parents lost their ability to be parents because of Residential Schools, a government practice based on colonial policies supporting assimilation and integration. The effects on many Aboriginal children adopted or placed in care are similar but different from the effects on First Nations people who attended Residential Schools.

Their experiences included multi-home placements; loss of identity and culture; permanent removal from birth family and communities where ties were already established; being subjected to abuse, neglect, discrimination and enduring these experiences in isolation. Some have died, opted for the escape to street life, or ended up in prison institutions as a direct result of their experience in adoptive and foster homes. Some died in prison.

The long-term social, emotional, cultural, physical and spiritual effects of the substitute home placements remain of high concern. The effects continue to be felt in Aboriginal communities in Canada as parents and children deal with the problems of searching for lost relatives and for many, a loss of quality of life.

Now as adults, many of these adopted and fostered individuals, or even their children and grandchildren, are searching for their families, trying to find out about their culture and attempting to resolve their identity and deal with former abuses. At the same time, many birth

families, grandparents, mothers, fathers, siblings, and extended family are searching for their children lost to adoption or placed in care.

Despite the fact that Aboriginal adoption and displacement has been identified as an ongoing outstanding issue by various political bodies and non-governmental agencies, few opportunities have been provided for those that have personally experienced the effects of their removal as Aboriginal children. There is an ongoing need to share their stories and work toward a collective and individual healing process.

Although funding was provided by the Federal Government for 10 years to help in the search for these children, the funding ran out long before the work was completed. Before being reunited, it was important to prepare the children and families so they would know what to expect. For many, it was a culture shock to return home; for some it was like another loss. Parents and families welcoming lost children home were also frustrated as some of these children needed medical care that they could not provide in their local homes. Some required housing in places where there was already a shortage. Social workers had to be trained in ways to assist the families in the repatriation process.

This was only partly completed when the funding ended, leaving many of the former adoptees, as well as their children and grandchildren, still wondering where their birth families are. At the same time, many families at home are still hoping some day to meet and reunite with their lost loved ones.

Like the Residential School children, these children are also suffering the effects of being removed from their families. Even if they were lucky enough to be placed in a loving home, they grew up knowing they were different and always wondering why they were taken away and where their family is out there. ■



For reflection and discussion

- 1) What stood out for you in this article?
- 2) What was your understanding of the “Scoop” of Aboriginal children before reading this article?
- 3) What would it mean to you to be scooped from your family, community, culture?
- 4) How would the identity of a Native person be affected by being scooped and placed into a white setting?
- 5) What would be some alternatives to “scooping”?

Freda Lepine is a Cree Woman, born and raised in a small Metis settlement in Northern Manitoba. She had to leave home at 14 years of age to attend high school so knows the experience of being lonely and in a totally different setting. She worked with the Manitoba Keewatinowi Okimakanak (30 First Nation Communities) Repatriation Program for 4 years; assisted in developing a training manual and provided training for 34 Child and Family Service Workers as well as doing presentations to the School of Social Work in Thompson. She has been involved in Family Issues for the better part of her life.

Creativity and Our Path to Healing

Ruth Yellowhawk

CREATIVITY IS A vital place to continually revisit on our path to healing. Making our visions live and breathe reflects our gratitude to be part of life. To be in a continuum of creation is one of the greatest gifts to humanity, nature and the universe.



Notice how the shell gleams underneath the surface of its protective shell. The same is true of the Human Spirit.

As we heal, we sharpen our ability to give back to one other and to lift one another to the highest vantage points of our selves. We only need to observe a healthy plant to see what can happen with appropriate nurturing. Participating in a creative process allows us to fertilize and water ourselves so that we too can bud, blossom, and bear the kind of “soul fruit” that sustains us on our journeys.

Art reflects our Creative Spirit at it's finest. In most Native languages there is no word for art. Rather art is viewed as part of the everyday way of creating order, balance and integrity in the world. Many marvel at the extraordinary beauty of the accouterments of dance and culture — the beadwork, porcupine quillwork, and such, as well as baskets, pottery, weavings, jewelry, and many other things that Native minds and hands have dreamed and made. And while the items in and of themselves certainly reflect beauty, what is often missing is the understanding that such things are meant to be used. The relationship and identity are intrinsic to the maker.

I believe that art today leads us through a process of “remembering.” “Member” is such a valuable word to describe what happens when art is used for healing purposes — as it reflects all possible definitions: 1) bringing someone back into family and human relationships, 2) putting vital organs back into place, (even the most vital of organs of creation), 3) being a separate and distinct part of a whole, 4) becoming a beam wall or other possible structural unit, and 5) becoming an equal part.



Providing the means to remember is the hard part. This is what many of us who work in Indigenous communities are doing — finding ways to bring art into a setting that can create wholeness. Doing this is an art which requires our ability to face the anguish that lies beneath the surface of our hearts. It requires the courage to examine our past, to know the paths we have walked, and to discern the patterns that have been shaped by forces outside of ourselves. The journey also requires that we soften our hearts in order to release and transform our hurts. It requires patience.

We have found resilience and strength in revitalizing Indigenous processes for talking together. One of the best ways that we have been experimenting with using the arts in a healing process is by creating safe spaces to reflect on our relationships to art and to one another. In the quest to reclaim healthy Native Lifeways, we draw strength and wisdom in reviving and evolving the practice of talking circles. Alongside friends and relatives we work to hold each other accountable to our own thoughts and feelings as we experience art, film and books.

We formed a group called The Indigenous Issues Forums (IIF). Indigenous Issues Forums work to provide safe and respectful, family-centered environments to talk through complex issues. We believe in the power and beauty of the Human Spirit, in the transformative purpose of language, in noticing what can happen when people are given the liberty to break through false constructs and constraints that too often serve to dis-integrate identity, place, and nature.



Resurrection by Jim Yellow Hawk opens dialogue about the effects of boarding schools on Native and non-Native peoples.

Our gatherings support natural movement towards wholeness, mirroring a disciplined and family centered approach to our growth. We use guidelines and a talking circle process to talk together. And we use art to unify.

When folks experience art and are freed to simply feel what rises up for them, it can be liberating and scary. Our circles are designed to honor these emotions and allow individuals to connect to those feelings in order to make positive progress on their journey.

We’ve shared visual arts, many paintings my husband has made specifically to spark reflective dialogue on themes as far ranging as addiction and alcoholism, boarding schools, gangs, dealing with the systemic oppression of government agencies, racism, humor, transcendence, and protection of mother earth.

We’ve also shared documentary film and poetic film, and other creative media that explore tribal issues. Recently we played audio tapes of elders sharing their experiences on boarding schools while folks were looking deeply at the piece called Resurrection. Books also serve as catalysts for reflective thought and healing. We run a seasonal reading program that allows anyone to lead circles using

Native Authors as a starting point. Once we lead a very powerful poignant circle with Native Hawaiians that started with an artful table arrangement of poi pounders, paddles, flowers, and taro leaves.

A sense of what is right can emerge through art dialogue. Just as art can encourage us to look at historic injustices, art can also offer a balm to us, a vision of what can be as we begin nurturing healthy identities and imagine truly constructive purposes for our lives. This takes us into the powerful realm of making art, everyday art, just as our ancestors did. *Art can nurture us on our paths to becoming both whole and beautiful to behold.*

These days it feels as if so much of our lives are marked by separation — we can spend whole days separated from the natural world, from visiting, from singing and dancing. ▣



When South Dakota began allowing hunting permits for Mountain lions the first lion killed was young mother who left behind three cubs. Students wanted to show what life with mom could look like and created this mural.



For reflection and discussion

- 1) What did you learn from this article?
- 2) How has Native art influenced you?
- 3) Name some ways that your own artful expression has been meaningful to you?

Ruth Yellowhawk is Co-Director of the Indigenous Issues Forums, a group of Native facilitators dedicated to community building practices. An Ohio Native American of Huron/Wyandot/German ancestry, Ruth lives in a cabin the Black Hills with her husband Jim, an internationally acclaimed Lakota/Iroquois artist, and their son Gabriel. As a family, the Yellowhawks follow the Pow Wow and Native American Fine Arts circuit. They enjoy music, reading, kayaking, traditional dancing, motorcycling, and walking around the Black Hills.

Reflections of a First Nations woman

By Janet Sigurdson

“I HATE BEING AN Indian,” he exclaimed as he stomped off to his bedroom and slammed the door. I listened to him, heard his frustration and pain, and just sat there. Welcome to your rite of passage, my little one. My son Gavin was eight years old when he made that statement. It impacted my life, as did other events, such as my sister, Starla, bathing in bleach so she could have some friends.

My name is Janet Deiter-Sigurdson, eldest of six daughters born to Walter Deiter, past chief of the National Indian Brotherhood and initiator of many programs for the betterment of Indian people. He was an influence on many lives — so honest, brave, loving. My mother was Inez Deiter, maiden name of Wuttunee, who also had an impact on my life. Both were products of the Indian Residential Schools.

We were the first urban Indian family living in Regina and I have to say that this was one of my hardest challenges, especially as a small child. How does one describe the hatred, so accepted by the general public, thrown at you daily? How do I explain sitting in history class hearing about the wild savages, and the bravery of the settlers? How do I speak about my neck and ears turning red, learning to count “one little, two little, three little Indians.”

How do you describe the dread that you hold for your younger sisters, knowing that there is not much you can do? I grew up in an environment where we had to take care of ourselves. I learned at an early age that as we did not go to the police for protection. My cousin

was taken from her yard by two caucasian men, repeatedly raped and dumped back at her house with alcohol doused over her. My uncle was furious, and she got a beating, for she should have known that a young Indian girl did not venture out after dark.

At home, cleanliness was drilled into us. Impeccable manners were instilled. I remember us girls having to walk with a book on our heads for posture. We were not rich, but we were not poor either. We would head off to see Grandma and Grandpa at the farm, which I now realize was the Peepeekisis Reserve. My grandparents were the real trail-blazers of this country for they survived in toxic surroundings, experiencing death, theft, unbalanced economy, and much else at the hands of their oppressors. Yet they never exposed their family to hatred. I remember being loved and feeling like one in the community.

We were expected to attend church on Sundays (Wanakepew United) and could that church sing! We had sopranos, altos, baritones resounding throughout the church. We had our blind organist playing all the hymns with a gusto that would be envied by present day churches. We were alive and bursting with the Spirit. That church was about love and survival. I reflect on this time of fellowship in the church, realizing the love and the common bond that was present there.

Introduction

If we had been the savages that we are portrayed in history books, we would not have taught the newcomers how to live on the land, what clothing to wear, what medicines to take, what animals to hunt, what plants to gather and eat, how to travel. We were once so invaluable on our land, but later became expendable. Where we saw gifts from the Creator to be shared by all living creatures, they saw wealth. My people felt you could not own anything as spiritual as Mother Earth, while the early settlers lusted for ownership of the land and its possessions.

Some of our people were exterminated, the rest were rounded up and coerced onto reservations run by the government and overseen by an Indian Agent. If you wanted to leave the reserve, you had to apply for

a permit. Often, if riches were found on the reserve you were assigned to, it was taken over and you were moved to a different location.

Prior to this my people were community-based. The hunt was for all. No one within the camp would be hungry for all the meat, berries, vegetables were evenly distributed. The camp was circle-based where everyone was respected and listened to, including women and children. Prayer was important and the Creator was always there in daily lives. When a new baby (spirit) entered into the circle, there was much celebrating. There were ceremonies initiating young girls and boys into adulthood. We danced and sang, rejoicing in our lives. After being outlawed by Canadian policies until 1951, our dance, the Powwow, has been revived, along with many of our ceremonies such as sweats, sun dances, rain dances, and vision quests.

Our rights to hunt, gather and fish were taken away and replaced by rations which were sometimes held back for favours such as sexual, artifacts or seizing our children. It is a sin to covet anything within my culture, but a bigger sin if you had something that someone else wanted, so the article was given to the person that wanted it. The Indian agent could not understand this concept, and did all that he could to kill this practice. It was unheard of within his society that you would not hoard all that you had.

We were not permitted to carry on our cultural practices. When children were born, religious groups would race to the home to baptize them into their faith. Families were broken with this practice as sisters and brothers in different faith groups were told not to speak to the others. My grandfather, Fred Deiter, could not speak to his sister Nimpha as they were of different faiths.

The worst chapter in our history was the implementation of the Residential Schools. When our spirit was not broken with the reservation system, the government decided to use our children to further the assimilation process with the aid of the religious organizations who zealously got on board. To “kill the Indian within the child,” children as young as four were taken from their loving parents and placed in an institution where they would learn how to live as the White Man. They could not speak their language, and were punished severely if

they were caught. They were separated from their siblings if they were not the same gender. Assigned a number, schooling was the norm for half the day, while the other half was kitchen duty, carpentry, livestock, or laundry. Religion was pounded into them daily. Visitations were restricted or even prohibited. Many children were exposed to beatings and sexual horrors.

My grandfather, Fred Deiter, was a product of a Residential School. He was on the way to Lebret to be sold for the grand sum of \$5, when the Indian agent found out the Presbyterians were giving \$20 per child, and a bag of flour. So he went to File Hills Residential School. He went on to be a very successful farmer. He had royalty visit him. He was the first man in his area to own a vehicle, and had a white hired farm hand. He bought land in the nearby town of Lorlie in hopes of escaping the act requiring Indian children to attend Residential schools. But all of his children attended the File Hills school. My grandfather stopped in at the school one day and saw one of the supervisors severely beating a young girl, and he intervened promptly. Later on, I questioned his action because the Indian was considered a non-human. Where did he get his strength? I learned later that one of his children, my uncle Russell, was beaten to death by a supervisor.

My father did not speak often about his days in the Residential School. He chose to tell us about the good times, blotting out the vicious memories. My mother attended an Anglican Residential School. She was eight years old when she entered this institution, and was never tucked into bed, was never held, never had toys, was never loved. She tells us that for every commandment that was beaten into them, they learned how to break them for survival. The children were taught to distrust their parents' cultural practices. She was often slapped on either side of her head resulting in a hearing defect. She lost a brother and sister to the Residential School system. My mother speaks of the school with disdain. She learned how to hate. The survivors that I speak to continue to amaze me with the strength they had as small children. It breaks my heart that no one was there to hear them cry; no one was there to help them; no one was there to stop the horrors.

Like my grandparents, my father was a trailblazer. He joined the army

during World War II, but contracted tuberculosis. Many First Nations men enlisted in the war, although they did not have to, according to the treaties. Upon their return, they expected the same benefits as their white comrades, but this was not the case. Where the white population received land and money, Indians received less money and were told they already had land on the reserve.

But they came back stronger and ready to challenge the protocols that were in place concerning the Indian people. My father was a strong advocate for his people. My mother related the story about the two of them going to the Indian Affairs office where the Indians had to sit behind a gate. My father was discouraged when white people were served before him, so he jumped over the gate and proclaimed that it was because of him that they have jobs. My father was served, and the gate was removed soon after.

Present day

My father was a huge influence in my life. I never set out to be a minister but I was always an activist when it came to issues that hurt my people. In my working life, I was hostess/producer for a half hour television show that dealt with First Nation issues. I was a music coordinator at the Saskatchewan Indian Cultural College where I incorporated Indian words into the Kodaly Method of music. I was involved with the planning committee for the World Assembly of First Nations held in Saskatchewan in 1980.

My father passed away in 1988, and spirituality was calling me. I tried to connect with my inner self but found this truly difficult. I was led to the Dr. Jessie Saulteaux Resource Center in Manitoba which dealt with the bible and with traditional teaching. I had found a home. I completed the five-year course and spent quality time with my people in the White Bear First Nation. These people nurtured the inner child within me by providing much-needed spiritual roots. They patiently taught me about the practices of the old ones. I read a book by John Spong called *Reading the Bible with Jewish Eyes* and it led me to read

the bible with First Nation eyes. I was ordained by the United Church of Canada in 1998.

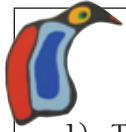
Before ordination, I was compelled to honour my people so that I would never bring harm or shame to their legacy. Through the blessings of my dreams and visions, I completed a vision quest, a four-day, three-night ceremony where you fast and continually pray. I received much guidance in my life due to this. When I first went to meetings with the national church members, and tried talking about our history, I found doubt. In retrospect, it must have been difficult for these members to imagine that their country was so hateful, and their ancestors not so pure.

I did find advocates within the church who retold my history and I found ears that would truly listen to my stories. I see changes regarding my people happening in my lifetime. I see the churches forming alliances with Indigenous people for creation of an inclusive world, one that was intended by the Creator. They advocate for Aboriginal justice. We are community.

Canada has recently apologized to the First Nation people regarding the Residential School system. Many tears, including mine, were shed that day. I had a dream several weeks ago — a bearded white man who just smiled. This smile sent warmth throughout my body and I could feel the love that radiated. I needed this dream for it led me to the realization that angels are not specifically one race or colour. Do not block your ears to voices that come from a race that is seen as the oppressor, for they might bring you closer to Our Inclusive World.

My son Gavin is a changed young man now, not that angry young boy I spoke about earlier. We were on our way to Regina and Gav was driving when we chanced upon a herd of buffalo. What was so amazing about this running herd of bison was the young white buffalo running with them. I was dumbstruck as the white buffalo calf holds great significance for my people. It tells of a coming harmony amongst all people. Mother Earth will be purified and there will be a balance. I was in awe that my son and I were witnesses to this vision and proceeded to offer cloth and tobacco. I asked my son if he still hated being an Indian. He just smiled and spoke about the pride he has for his people. ▣

All my relations, *ninaskomon*. Janet Sigurdson



For reflection and discussion

- 1) This article is a rich description of Native women's life. Name a few things that stood out for you.
- 2) Why is important to tell and hear stories like this?
- 3) Name some things that made you uncomfortable in this story.
- 4) Name some of the hope you felt in this story.
- 5) Where did you see racism in this story?

Janet Sigurdson is a long-time activist, following in the footsteps of her father, Walter Deiter. She and her husband, Garry, have four children — Walter, Jennifer, Garrison and Gavin, all of whom have extensive knowledge of First Nation history. Janet is the co-chair of the KAIROS Indigenous Rights Program Committee and involved with both the Canadian Council of Churches and the World Council of Churches. She is the United Church minister for Kipling/Windthorst charge in Saskatchewan. Janet is very committed to an Inclusive World as the Creator has intended.

The Worldview of Indigenous Peoples

By José Zárate

WORLDVIEW IS THE knowledge, the philosophical base, with which a culture defines itself. Worldview contains the beliefs that form the central core of a culture's understanding of the world, and worldview shapes the cultural enactment of those beliefs.

There is a communal ideology and unique worldview between and among the Indigenous Peoples of the world. This common thread is inherent in most Indigenous cultures despite the severity and sustained duration of the colonial impact or the variance of spiritual practices. In Indigenous Peoples' worldview of societal and cosmological relationships, there is an acute understanding of respect for self, other people and all of nature, especially the land and the water. This philosophy is the pivotal element of sustainability and balanced harmonious living, grounded in a spiritual relationship to the land.

Indigenous people occupied the land for thousands of years before contact with Europeans. During this period of pre-contact, their ancestors developed ways and means of relating to each other and to the land, based upon a very simple and pragmatic understanding of their presence on this earth. If they failed to consider what the environment had to offer, how much it could give, and at what times it was prepared to do this — they would simply die. This basic law held for every living thing on the earth. All living creatures had to be cognizant of the structure of the day, the cycle of the seasons and the effects on all other living matter. The consequences of this relationship with the earth and

its gifts are a profound, intimate and respectful relationship with all living things and a deep reverence for the mystery of life.

In Indigenous ways, spiritual consciousness is the highest form of politics. Culture identifies Indigenous Peoples who continue to maintain their own cosmology, worldview, language, ceremonies, government, economic system, health systems and traditions. These are rooted in their specific land base and have existed from antiquity. Indigenous peoples have a specific way in which they perceive reality, and that reality is based in ancient beliefs about how this world originated and how beings should conduct themselves on this earth. A people's culture contains a deeply rooted complex set of beliefs, customs and traditions which belong to them and are continued by them because they are integral to life.

It was not that long ago that the majority of Indigenous communities in the Americas exercised a full system of development, enjoying the fulfillment, integration and dignity that come from having a strong and stable self-sufficiency. Based on historical observers, the pre- and early post-contact conditions distinguishing American Indigenous societies were those of good health, sanity, familial security, honesty, chastity, sobriety and socioeconomic self-sufficiency. In correlative terms it was a societal form free of the need for hospitals, insane asylums, nursing homes, orphanages, police forces, prisons, brothels, half-way houses.

Native peoples in many lands were decimated by war and disease, relocated against their will and their children taken to boarding schools to inculcate "civilized" values. In Canada, about 150,000 First Nations, Inuit and Métis children were taken from their families to attend the schools from as early as the 19th century to 1996. Most were run by missionaries from the Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and United Churches. European settlers, for the most part, did not understand or recognize the very different value systems and worldviews of Indigenous people in colonized lands. In recent decades, a number of governments have acknowledged the damage done over centuries to their Native peoples and sought to redress past wrongs.

The apology by Prime Minister Stephen Harper on June 11, 2008, provided an opportunity for all Canadians to learn about this sad chapter

in Canadian history. Until the Prime Minister spoke, outlining the tragic history of the residential schools, many non-Indigenous Canadians might have seen the Indigenous peoples as a source of seemingly endless petitions and lawsuits and land claims. The Indigenous communities have not been valued as a people trying desperately to deal with a legacy of dependency promoted by a government policy whose goal was to "kill the Indian in the child." The negative consequences of that legacy remain a daily reality within aboriginal communities, taking the form of substance abuse, one of the highest rates of suicide in the world and generations of families condemned to play out a history of abandonment and despair.

The Indigenous Peoples Development Program of The Primate's World Relief and Development Fund (PWRDF) of the Anglican Church of Canada promotes partnership with Indigenous communities. This Program aims to strengthen Indigenous communities through supporting project initiatives designed to build stronger, healthier and more self-reliant communities. The Code of Ethics that defines the Program's relationship with Indigenous Partners is based on recognition, respect and support for their rights pertaining to the protection and conservation of their natural and cultural resources and to the enjoyment of fundamental dignity and wellbeing. PWRDF supports a variety of Indigenous initiatives that promote women's and youth empowerment, Indigenous languages and cultural revitalization, promotion and preservation of traditional knowledge, and health and wellness. ■



For reflection and discussion

- 1) Before reading this article, were you aware of your own worldview? That others held a worldview that may be different than yours?
- 2) Explain some details of your worldview through your specific cultural perspective.
- 3) In this article, the author suggests a common thread throughout most Indigenous cultures of the world as *“an acute understanding of respect for self, other people, and all of nature, especially the land and the water. This philosophy is the pivotal element of sustainability and balanced harmonious living, grounded in a spiritual relationship to the land.”* If the Canadian government held the same worldview, what might some reparations to Aboriginal people look like?
- 4) From your perspective, describe the dominant Canadian societal worldview? Is this the same as the worldview of the government of Canada?
- 5) Describe the worldview of your denomination as you see it.

Dr. José Zárate is the Coordinator of the Indigenous Peoples Development Program at The Primate's World Relief and Development Fund of The Anglican Church of Canada. A Quechua from Peru, José has been involved for the last 30 years in designing, managing and monitoring international and domestic community-based development projects, including training programs aimed at capacity building and institutional strengthening. He has been working mainly with Indigenous peoples in Canada and Latin America towards their goals of economic development and self-sufficiency.