The Legacy of Tom Goodin: (TRANSCRIPT)

I had never paid that much attention to our family history before. Sure, I’d listen and I’d nod along so I sort of knew who was who and left it at that. My great grandpa was well known in Fishing Lake. A great hunter, and trapper. And for his ww1 experiences as a sharpshooter. But he was also a man of dreams. A man who cared enough for his people to help establish a council. Some sort of organization, a way of dealing with political issues. Making sure metis people were at the table. He was the one of the few that could read and write. He was the go to person. I feel in my heart that I already know this man. I feel his strength, his compassion. I look in photographs and I see a man with the most beautiful pair of eyes. I see my grandmother in those eyes. My grandmother Rose was a very important part of my life growing up. She was strong, determined and gifted in so many ways. She only had grade 3 schooling but she was well educated in the traditions of metis people. And she loved her father very much. So much so, she found the will to actually write her memories of him in a letter. “I could remember in the fall he would leave by a team of horses to go hunting, leaving me with my grandmother and step-mother, alone until the snow came. To me it was like a lifetime had gone by. When he came home it would be late at night and he would get me out of bed to sit on his lap. We talked, we laughed and we ate candy and cookies.” Another time she remembers my great grandpa taking my mom and her on a sleigh ride to moonshine lake. He was out riding for the day and when he came home he was almost frozen to death. The next morning, he told my little Susan that we were going for a long sleigh ride. I didn’t know that he had got his moose. When we got to moonshine lake there it was. That was in 1970. It was the last moose he was to kill. My great grandpa Tom Goodin passed away in 1976. He left a legacy. Forged a path for us to follow in the years to come.