No More Regrets: TRANSCRIPT

My Mooshum signed everything with an “X”. Everything he knew he learned by experience; farming, trapping, hunting, fishing and setting nets. You didn’t need to know how to read or write to do these well. You didn’t need to know how to read or write to show and teach these things either. I learned so much from my grandpa, I went everywhere with him. He would take my hunting, fishing, getting wood, cutting and stacking wood. He would tell me stories and I would listen. This is how I learned. Mooshum also told me about the time he was returning from trapping, to his land in St. Paul. A squatter shot him, the bullet smashed straight through his tooth, and they had to pull it out of his throat. “I guess he thought I was pretty scary all dressed up in buckskin, carrying a bundle of furs”, he told me. Shortly after that, Mooshum was forced off his land in St. Paul and he moved his family to Fishing Lake. But that “X” would haunt him. He didn’t need his signature to hunt or trap but times were changing. Sometimes he wouldn’t know what he was signing. He told me that he might of signed away his land with that “X”. It was his life-long regret. It was because of this he told me, get an education, get your grade nine diploma. After that, you’re a man. Those lawyers, they have their grade nine, you should too. We don’t want to lose our land again. So, I went back to school and eventually on to university, it wasn’t easy, but I kept going, motivated by his story and his one regret.