

A Canadian Indian girl sings of her native Manitoba :

# Home

by Iona Weenusk

---

*My home, where the aurora borealis  
Pulses with vitality  
Where the bright stars shine  
Against a midnight-blue sky,  
Where the full moon illuminates  
The broad expanse of pine trees  
On which shrouds of sparkling snow hang,  
Where the snowbirds rest peacefully,  
Where the wild animals pad softly  
Looking around curiously or searching for prey.  
This is my home.*

*Home, where the frost bites cruelly, despite  
The sun's shining vigorously.  
Where the dog teams race,  
Where the ski-doo's glide across the ice  
And narrow snow tracks,  
Where the airplanes take off  
And fly against the force of the rising wind.  
This is my home.*

*I cherish even more  
That land of freedom,  
Where I found that peace of mind  
That carefree feeling  
That intense life and beauty  
And that sweet contentment,  
With the knowledge  
That it was won so dearly  
And reserved for me.  
For this, I am thankful to the Great Manitou.  
May we learn through His great love, strength and wisdom  
To cherish our liberty and to live for peace.*

---

Our cover picture is of Iona Weenusk, whose death at the age of 21 brought to a tragic end a life of great promise. We reproduce her poem above and an autobiographical essay on page 10. CANADA magazine is indebted to the Star Weekly, whose contributor Betty Campbell writes:

When Iona Weenusk was born on May 18, 1951, at the Oxford House Indian Reserve in northern Manitoba, it was to the land and traditions of her Cree forefathers. Today the isolated settlement, in the midst of hilly wilderness 380 miles northeast of Winnipeg, is scarcely changed from the one Iona knew as a child. The Cree residents still trap and fish for their livelihood and live in homes strung out for five miles along the crescent-shaped shore of Oxford Lake.

No roads lead to the reserve, but three times a week a small plane

*Continued on page 10*