

**RIGHT
TO
FOOD
ZINE**

Spring 2023
Issue 33



**A Bee in
Times of War**

**Hidden
Knowledge
Holders**



**Healing Power
of Food**

free

COVER ARTIST BIO

Keenan Marchand is a Syilx, Secwépemc and Mixed European multidisciplinary artist closest with their Syilx roots, currently based in so-called burnaby on the stolen land of the salilwata (Tseil Waututh), and k ik ə əm (Kwikwetlem) Stó:lō and x mə k əy əm (Musqueam) peoples. They are also based professionally and relationally in so-called east vancouver on the stolen lands of the skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), salilwata (Tseil Waututh) and x mə k əy əm (Musqueam) peoples mainly in the K'emk'emelay and Skwachàys areas. They are from Nk'mapłqs (Head of the Lake) and a status member of The Okanagan Indian Band of Vernon.

They have completed visual artwork for the cover of National Urban Indigenous Coalition Council's first publication *Stories Have Always Been Our Governance*. They have created various pieces for Vines Art Festival, creating a piece depicting elder Seis^'lom as part of an installation and tie-in with the film *Lake of Dreams* as well as the poster for the 9th Annual Vines Art Festival. They have created an artistic map of the Hastings Folk Garden in partnership with the non-profit Hives For Humanity. They are a member of the Kama Creative Aboriginal Artist Collective and have had their artwork displayed as part of the syilx exhibition *Unsettle the Settler: Dismantling Systemic Oppression*. Their work is that of a storyteller and is stylistically diverse yet often surreal, introspective and expressive. They often incorporate elements of nature and symbolism in their work, touching on the joy, grief, anger, beauty and chaos of existence.

As a musician they have performed at different venues with acoustic sets but have been branching into electronic compositions since they debuted this artistic shift at the 8th Annual Vines Art Festival.



Game, photography, digital mixed media by Mildred German

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Cover art by Keenan Marchand

French bistro with sunshine yellow and high hung mirrors. Rows of gleaming and tinkling wine glasses suspended over steel counter... We went for lunch that day, arriving and leaving separately. Afterwards I walked to work in that red winter coat I always got complimented on...the snow fell so softly amongst my curls ...It was such a lovely lunch but our relationship completely fell apart soon after that beautiful lunch. I can't recall the single thing we eat or drank, we were both broke but still splurged on an appetizer main course and dessert. We were both going to work afterwards so we only had one glass of white wine each.

Scott used to make spaghetti with lentils. it was the meal that he used to woo all his (many numerous) girlfriends....He used lentils as he was drowning in student debt and saved every cent he could, not because he was a vegetarian.

When we started living together, I always used to prep the salad for dinner. We often played music in the background that sounded like instruments played over water and wind. We listened to Acadie by Daniel Lanois on tape on an old ghetto blaster over and over. I always made the salad with shredded carrots and sunflower seeds. I always loved the colour of the orange flecks on green romaine leaves. I remember how heartbroken I was when he told me he really did hate the grated carrots in the salad.... how could that be when I felt that the carrot was just the thing to make the salad have a visual statement...

Remember that Greek restaurant in the neighborhood.. there was a quiet neighborhood restaurant still un-

MY DINNERS WITH SCOTT

BY ANTONIETTA GESUALDI



discovered. They had this amazing mussels-in wine-sauce platter on the menu. The staff were super attentive and eager to please. Back then only 2 or 3 other tables were occupied. Within a few weeks the restaurant got reviewed in the local free weekly newspapers, and then the place was packed. We went there every Friday we could afford it, for a few weeks in a row before it got discovered but as it got popular the mussels suffered... overly salted and not quite as grand portion like the beginning...for a while after we broke up, (I broke it off because you didn't have the heart to do it even though you were sleeping around with numerous other women). I couldn't even look at the place when I walked by.

Meals for Daniel

Shortly after we moved in together, I had one of my kitchen days. I wake up and head to the kitchen and start cooking and I just don't stop. Pancakes, soup, breaded chicken drum sticks a la "shake and bake", roasted potatoes, baked pasta. I couldn't stop cooking and you said, good because I can't stop eating...You weren't a passive eater either, always asked me about flavors and cooking methods. You talk about that breaded veal cutlet sandwich to this day, 17 years later when I randomly see you in the DTES.

I was always the breadwinner in the relationship. Even supported us for a brief stint after the baby was born. You had managed to get a handle on your addiction and moved back in with us and went to work at that artisanal glass factory. I made you breaded veal cutlet sandwiches, nicoise salads, meatball subs, huge chicken salads. You said the men complained to their wives: why didn't their lunch look like that. (yeah I made him the salad with the grated carrots too). You always relished my food with gusto, but there was a power dynamic that one month you went back to work briefly. You asked me for all the food receipts and went over each item line by line. Was it necessary to buy both white sugar and demerara sugar? Why did we need two types of sugar? You power tripped so much considering it was your first time bringing home the bacon. In the end you relapsed after your first paycheck and we separated shortly thereafter. You still talk about that breaded veal cutlet sandwich



Desserts and disgust with R.

First thing I made for you was a neapolitan dessert I had never heard of, Eggplant casserole layered with chocolate. It took quite some scouring on the internet for me to find a recipe. You were so touched at my attempt. You said you hadn't had it in months and it felt like home. You mentioned how thoughtful it was to take the time to look it up and then actually make it. But you never liked a single thing I made for you after that. I didn't put enough oil on the salad dressing. None of food ever had enough salt...it was insipid you declared. When our friends came over and I made spaghetti and clams and mussels, everyone sighed with pleasure. Your silence was noted and when prompted, you sighed and said it was "ok"...

You never believed I was a cook. How could you have loved the first thing I made for you and hated absolutely everything else?

The Healing Power of Food

By Matthew Davidson



Food is one word, but means so much more than just a simple word.

"The creator created everything with love, free will, and the knowledge of sustainability, it's up to us to use that knowledge of sustainability and free will to guide us to the internal love and healing that our souls ever so greatly need"

Every living creation on earth needs food to thrive. We consume food every day, we consume food when we gather to celebrate, when we are sad, and when we are mourning. Basically, food is in every part of our lives.

Most species have a natural habitat for food; on the other hand People are the few species that have to cultivate their own food. The process of developing a sustainable food system is a very daunting task to do, but could that struggling feat made possible for mankind to excel in evolution? Food can play an important role in our existence.

Food is easy to access in this day and age but it wasn't always that easy, human civilisations had to work hard to keep a good source of food available. That struggle though, has built strong civilisations because we gained resiliency which made it capable for us to thrive and to create massive cities and food in everyone's home in the modern world. Along the way we kind of lost that knowledge of how we got here and lost the insight where our food really comes from and how hard it is to grow for sustainability. Most food today also lacks the nutritional value we need for a healthy immune system which many diseases have surfaced in society. Now we have to look back on a time where our ancestors held the knowledge and practice of sustainability and study those times as a reference to achieve a healthy sustainable food source available in this modern world again.

It takes a lot of work to have bountiful yields of food and caring for seeds and delicate plants providing them with nutritious soil, clean water, and protecting plants and the valuable resources it needs to grow. A person can almost relate to taking care of plants to taking care of themselves by providing similar needs for us to reach our full potential just like plants to produce healthy food. I slowly learnt this personally from my own struggles as a human trying to find meaning in this world.

My journey was far but easy, like anybody else's journey. I always felt that I struggled alone with my insecurities in life, which created trauma to my soul. Trauma is something we all deal with one way or the other, thinking we are dealing with it alone and somewhat we do. We throw bandage after bandage on our traumatic experiences, hoping to fix that ache. But Trauma always finds its way through. I've learnt the best way to deal with adversity is to acknowledge it and be vulnerable to feel the pain so your body can heal it or find a way to fix it, kind of like ripping off the bandage to

let the wound heal naturally and provide the best environment the wound needs to heal.

Being patient while the process completes itself takes time and energy, overcoming that difficult situation could heal your wound so it's bearable, and possibly become stronger as well. That pain can drive you to become someone that has great importance and is more resilient. Growing food can be that environment with the care and kindness we bestow onto plants we bestow on to us from that care and kindness acts.

Growing up on a hobby farm was a blessing in disguise, I didn't think of it at the time but I see it clearly now. The amount of hard work and teamwork I saw my Mom and Dad do to operate our little hobby farm and raising seven kids, was a learning experience. Tasks of caring for a farm can be extremely difficult and ongoing. I could list every task but it would be easier writing the dictionary. Even though I experienced it through a small window, I got just enough knowledge of knowing the difficulties it takes. Watching my Mom hand rototilling our family's large garden plot for hours, it gave me an appreciation of how hard my Mom worked.

She worked hard tending and operating the hobby farm. I witnessed a strong woman go through a lot to feed and take care of her children the best she could. I remember my Dad trying to get our milk cow up off the ground because she slipped on ice and couldn't get back up, but I remember to this day the thought process and actions he did to get her up. It was amazing to see the courage and ingenuity he displayed that day. Watching my parents working together to feed and care for their children in these situations left a lasting impression to this day, and gave me inspiration that anything is possible.



I always was a shy kid with too much energy, impatient, emotional and anxious but I was a dreamer and always tried to make everyone laugh and get along, even trying to prevent my parents from fighting when times were hard.

But I also was hiding a big secret from far back as I remember, I experienced pain in my body that scared me because I didn't know why or had no explanation for this pain I just knew that I had pulsating pain that would come and go throughout my childhood and to this day, I grind and bared it for years and years to a point I wouldn't do some activities with friends or had a lot of trouble sitting on hard surfaces in school and focusing.

I only disclosed this troubling situation when I had to see the doctor because I hurt my back at work when I was an adult which was frustrating because I felt content doing the job and rather enjoyed the physical labour part but once visiting doctors and them taking years to come up with a procedure to fix or try and fix this condition I was away from work for some time. This is when I really felt the depression set in, realizing that I may not be able to work there again, because that job made it capable of buying my own place with a great yard and a good living.

When I had to re-evaluate my situation and what I could possibly do with the rest of my life, the options were slim because I did poorly in school. Anything academic was out of the question. I tried and failed at many other jobs dealing with my pain, it was too hard to grasp. I sank very low and almost ex-

pected I may never find anything I could develop into a fulfilling career; the devastation was hard to bear, just when I almost lost hope something happened.

I had a strange feeling in my soul that urged me to start growing food and preserving for winter, it shocked me to the core and gave me some life again. I knew that something inside me was guiding me to do something with importance. I found myself going through doors and windows of opportunities which would open unexpectedly. Following this path, I felt my life dramatically changing and started the transformation physically and mentally.

I attended university English along with swimming and yoga that got me out and socializing again that eventually started building confidence within myself, and next thing I knew I was taking a horticulture program in an indigenous community. That opened my eyes to reconnecting with my indigenous heritage from my Mom's side, and another level of sustainability, community sustainability. This led me to do some very impactful things, I found purpose and the mindset that anything was possible, by not being afraid to do things you were once afraid of. I also realized that my condition was another blessing in disguise and not the curse I once thought it was for the longest time.



Food is more than a simple word, it has so much more meaning to society, from nutrient to healing qualities and even community connection. I think growing food for sustainability can indeed heal many people and Communities with the pursuit of regenerative practices. By reconnecting with our food system, soil, each other and the connection with our mother earth, that would create a common unity amongst humans and a chance at evolving the modern world to a world of food security and oneness with all things that make this world worth living in. We all have a part to play, big or small, but a direction we must strive for.



MY FILIPINA MOTHER AS MY FIRST COOKING TEACHER

By Mildred German

In the Philippines, we have a beautiful saying referring to the mother as “ilaw ng tahanan.” In English, its literal meaning is “the light of the home.”

MAY 14TH IS MOTHERS DAY

Looking back in the midst of the COVID-19 isolation, I never knew how I persisted and worked in numerous small, crowded, knife-wielding, and overheated kitchen workspaces in the busy world-class city of Vancouver.

The four walls of kitchen life in the big city surely bring many adventures, and misadventures--that the back breaking work in commercial kitchens has provided me tons of skills, memories, and personal reflections.

Cooking is one of my longest relationships. I have had my share of intense appreciation for the harmonic movement of the pans all tapping on the stovetops, swirled by busy chefs' arms maneuvering in rush, multi-tasked as flames and plates danced in sequence, doing repetitive tasks over and over again, order per order, as chefs yell calls on top of each of our voices.

There is art and grace in the splash of wine on the pans for the flambe' and fierce against raging fires. I learned the art and grace of the splashing of wine on the pans for the flambe' and fierce determination against raging fires. I learned the mouth-drooling temptations of butter...as in lots of irresistible butter.

I had my share of supervising the sizzling of the nice cuts of meat as they cooked perfectly on the flames. With blood dripping from the butchery, fish scales on our skin and uniform, the overwhelming mountains of vegetables and fruits to peel, I was an apprentice, training in the professional cooking trade.

The kitchen environment also functions like a regiment---and yes, professional cooking can teach a lot of discipline. From wearing proper uniforms, polished working shoes, and nicely tied neckerchiefs. From hair properly washed and tucked in the kitchen hat, apron properly worn, and chef coats nicely pressed.

I have worked many late night shifts, and felt the burn of a kitchen-full overworked bodies. I too spent many closing nights hearing the cheers of my co-workers, drenched with kitchen pride and egos of--- "we didn't mess up anything"--- and ultimate perfection.

I lived life knowing it is a sin to be late. I learned to wake up early. I also learned to stay up late. I learned to sacrifice breaks and take it when needed. I learned to forget time passing by, and to focus on the clocks of busy service periods.

I AM A FILIPINA CHEF IN LOVE WITH FINE DINING

I have fallen in love with the smell of freshly baked macarons and all other pastries. I became meticulous with carefully calculating the exact recipes. I fell in love with the smell of sugar and butter in the air, of burnt sugar for the caramel, leche flan, and creme brulee, and making confectionaries. I fell in love with the flakey pie crusts doused in butter, that are melty to touch in the mouth. I enjoy the fresh fruit fillings, the perfectly whipped cream, and perfectly tempered chocolate. I love perfectly roasted nuts, and perfectly cooked eggs.

I have great passion for great food, fine dining, and outstanding food experience. That I am not surprised, I am this young Filipina dedicated to learning to cook. I have sought mentors and worked with veteran chefs, scoping those who truly care about developing young chefs of color in the industry.

My life revolved in the kitchen. For much of my culinary career, I was a working student who worked days and nights in tandem with long hours of grinds. It was not an easy journey, and never easier when you're a woman and brown in the kitchen. Looking back on the many discouragements, kitchen burns, cuts, and accidents, cooking also doesn't fulfill many promises in the hopes of higher earnings and wages, stability, and higher social status. Cooking is a profession that demands a lot of persistence and willpower.

To my excitement, I finished chef school, when almost half of the class were cursed not to graduate. That along this journey, there are more I need to understand more, and that will surprise me more as I keep growing.

'YOU ARE ALWAYS ON MY MIND'

I am reminded of the times as a child growing up in the Philippines and how I always admired the nice photographs of foods from the magazines which I once wondered how these foods tasted like. My mother and I have spent much time compiling, cutting, and pasting together recipes from the newspapers, magazines, and backs of the discarded can labels in scrapbooks. Such memories still remind me of the good times we spent together back in our homeland.

Amidst migration to Canada, as many memories can be deeply forgotten and side-tracked in the newly found big city life, I almost forgot these handmade cookbooks and recipe collections. As my mother came first to Canada, and I reunited with her after, it was truly a surprise when my mother kept all these recipe scrapbooks from my childhood, and presented them to me in time for my chef school graduation.

With the pages of my handwriting and drawings as a child contributing recipes to my mother's cookbooks, I remember my mother was my first cooking teacher. I too am reminded of the good times we spent together in the Philippines, when my mother said, "there is no surprise you've become a chef?". I am humbled.

I then knew as I graduated— even far away, my mother remained my light through the years.

And that I shall always sing "You Are Always On My Mind" by Elvis Presley.

I love you very very much, Mama.

Remembering Chrissy

By Bobby Arbess

From a tribute to Chrissy Brett, outstanding community leader, Nuxalk matriarch of the unhoused, a fire for justice that will never be extinguished

I want to acknowledge the sacred Lekwungen lands we are on and give thanks to everybody who came today to honour Chrissy. My deepest condolences to Chrissy's children Jacob and David who are with us. May the love for your mother that fills this space today, surround you and protect you.

My name is Bobby Arbess and I knew Chrissy from her tireless and outstanding work as a grassroots community leader in the homeless encampments here in so-called vic. And I am so glad that we can come together like this, to hold space for people to share our love and our sadness and loss and to honour the outstanding person Chrissy will always be to us. Of course, many of the things that we can say about people we love after they pass may be things we never said to their faces because praise may not have been what they were looking for. But the often sudden and unexpected passing of loved ones remind us to take the time to tell the people we care about how we feel about them.

It's comforting to be here in the company and community of people who have known Chrissy and who have also been touched by the rare spirit of the unrelenting, bad-assed warrior she was, by her power and her presence, her active caring and her courage to not shrink in the face of power and injustice, her deep compassion and her determination to bring a better life for the most marginalized and disadvantaged and to resist the daily normalized, racialized, gendered and class violence of a colonial- capitalist system that systematically prioritizes wealth and power over people and the web of life that supports us all.

Not only did she dream the possible, of a society that upholds the basic human rights of housing for all, but she did everything within her power to make that dream come true. She walked the talk more than anyone I have known, except maybe Tsasitlqualus. She went the full distance. She sacrificed her comfort zone to be hands-on in organizing community amongst the folks with nowhere else to go than the street. She always upped the ante and stuck around for when shit hit the fan and took the arrest to take her stand, refusing to cooperate with unjust authority.

She operated with dignity and grace. No matter how messy things got she always looked her best and dressed with flair. She was a fierce frontline advocate who chose the lived experience of someone unhoused so that she could be in true solidarity with the people who cannot possibly access a brutally exclusive housing market becoming more unaffordable with each passing election cycle. That she strived to address the housing unaffordability crisis by living rough herself and gathering the unhoused together into mutual aid camps, I believe, is the highest expression of both advocacy AND solidarity.

Chrissy, as an indigenous woman, uprooted from her Nuxalk community in the 70s scoop, and growing up in a white supremacist culture that has sought to destroy everything Indigenous, had the strength to still able to rise above the forces of oppression to directly confront colonial property relations at the very root of the housing crisis.

Standing with Chrissy, you were standing against the whole 500 year old system of genocidal land theft that has displaced people since first contact, instituted a system of private property and market economics, that has turned land and a roof over a family's head into a commodity that all too many cannot afford.

For Chrissy, who knew all too well, that before



colonization, there was no homelessness, that everybody in a community was cared for; nobody was left alone to fend for themselves with no support, that leadership assumed responsibility for the wellness of the people, not just the people on the top--safe, decent and affordable housing for all on these lands, this is especially important to consider as the 1/3 of the homeless population that is Indigenous.

Chrissy Brett gave her life for social justice, spearheading and sustaining pop-up and long-term encampments at Super InTent-City, Camp Namegans, Strathcona and Oppenheimer parks in so-called Victoria and Vancouver. These direct action camps resisted the routine displacement of the unhoused by law enforcement and provided a safe sense of home and a political voice to people who have neither.

I first met Chrissy at the SuperIntencity, where I would bring firewood in my truck and straw for the mudpaths. I was instantly struck by her warmth and lovingness. She had a way of greeting people with affection--literally a hug on the first meeting--and without judgment and making them feel that they belonged. Through her warmth and her mothering love and the way she could gather people together, she knew how to build community.

She cared for everyone as if they were her own family. She was loving, tough, creative and effective. She would maintain a strong negotiating stance in dealing with authorities. She knew that without direct action and 'tent cities', political mobilizations of the homeless to uphold the federal Supreme Court ruling

on the right to sleep, that people in the streets would be continually facing the daily harassment and displacement by law enforcement and be more at risk of dying from overdoses.

Literally, from her tent, she advocated and negotiated on an individual case basis for housing placement for people living in tents, as authorities worked around the clock to try and break the camps with injunctions and arrests. I would say that she achieved more results in getting affordable and supported housing units to open than any housing bureaucrat in the province. She left a lasting legacy that will always be remembered.

It is truly an honour to be here today with all of you who share the gifts that Chrissy left in our hearts and to honour her for the strong warrior, life-giver, matriarch, mother, grandmother and change-maker she was and to acknowledge her life work and huge contribution to community on these Coast Salish territories.

Everyone has their time to go, but the truth is that Chrissy left way too young, like too many people do, because of shitty social conditions, a society that kills those with negligence that it wrongly considers negligible. Missing and murdered. Fentanyl deaths. Poverty and racism and misogyny. It isn't right! In the spirit of Chrissy we all gotta keep coming together the way Chrissy pulled people together and carry on her work and keep up the fight!

May her memory always provide the strength to continue the struggles for basic rights and justice that she gave her life for. Thank you Chrissy!

Shelley Fitzpatrick, White Supremacy and the Racialization of Justice: The Story of a Pipeline

By Anushka Azadi

The Transmountain pipeline (TMX) was known as the Kinder Morgan pipeline from 1953 until it was purchased by the Canadian federal government in 2018. The cost of the pipeline continues to balloon, in dollars, deaths and days of incarceration. According to public record, since 1953, the Kinder Morgan pipeline has leaked once every 2-3 years. Its construction has killed and otherwise injured workers in Burnaby and Alberta, accidents, fires and erosion on the route have killed civilians and the depletion of wild salmon populations caused by ongoing pipeline construction and accidents have killed and displaced many more.

The TMX pipeline crosses over 400 waterways and through the territories of at least 100 Indigenous Nations, most of them unsundered and without any treaty with the federal government. It is no secret that the pipeline has never been consented to, not in 1953 and not in 2018 when it was purchased by the Canadian government and funded by every single tax payer in this great country.

Injunctions Make Way

Over the last 3 decades, there has been a sharp rise in injunctions granted by Canadian courts to mines, pipelines, logging and fish farm companies actively encroaching on hunting and fishing grounds, traplines, watersheds and on lands with no treaties. Increasingly, judges ruled that possible economic impacts on resource corporations outweigh the provable irreparable harm caused by their extractive activities. Precedent builds on precedent. Practically, this meant the courts had over time been bought out by resource centric corporate interests and that, as a result, a reasonable bias through precedent had been built up over time protecting industry's right to profit from irreparable harm against actual irreparable harm.

Community leaders, land defenders and legal scholars alike have criticized the transformation of a tool once used to protect Indigenous lands from exploitation to one used for displacement and ongoing —

Canada the Corporation

This pathway becomes even more thorny when we consider that the Canadian government itself has bought the pipeline, effectively becoming, itself, a resource extractive corporation.

The corporation uses the Land to make the money that pays the taxes that pay the government, the government appoints and pays the judges. The judges like their jobs. And when there are still People on the Land raising children, harvesting medicines and berries and growing food, they are in the way of a pipeline and company profits. So judges pass injunction after injunction to favor Canada the corporation and not only does Canada make the money, it maintains its nationhood through the displacement of Indigenous People on territories that have yet to be legally settled by the government. If no one's there (remember the discovery doctrine that founded Canada), no one can claim jurisdiction and the land is settled without the need for cost or consent to the government.

Shelley Fitzpatrick Likes her Job

The construction of this pipeline and all that has come along with it, is one of the most current examples of the application of Canadian law in Canadian courts to legalize acts of genocide including but not limited to death, displacement, imprisonment and family separation. And

now that the Canadian government (i.e. the Canadian tax payer) has purchased the pipeline, a much larger amount of the money of ever Canadian is also used, to fund acts of genocide including but not limited to displacement, imprisonment and family separation.

Enter white supremacy, colonization and acts of genocide personified, Judge Shelley Fitzpatrick, of the British Columbia Supreme Court, and the federally appointed judge for a long list of TMX pipeline cases since 2019. Over the last 4 years, Shelley has been incarcerating Indigenous Nation members and those supporting them while they have been expressing, often in ceremony, the ongoing lack of consent to build a pipeline on unceded territories. She has further, taken it upon herself to increase the sentences of incarceration given from one or two days to 28 days and over, often lamenting in open court that she could not give more time because the Crown did not request it. Death, displacement, imprisonment and family separation.

This is not Shelley's only instance of favoring corporate interests over those of the (often racialized, most often Indigenous) People that end up having to live with the irreparable harm these projects inevitably cause. For further knowledge, please see Northern Pulp Pictou Mill decision. Devastatingly, it is not a unique position to take either. It is in fact, the position of most politicians lobbied and paid, all police officers whose first and arguably only priority has always been property, and many, many more in positions of authority and with a monopoly on (legal) violence. This proliferation of white supremacy through so many aspects of modern society life is not as

much an issue of race but an issue of disease, of considering capital profits supreme over life and the clean water needed to sustain all of it, of removing connection and replacing it with the supremacy of ownership and the destruction and desecration of anything that does not comply.

While in Kamloops, a city built in Secwepemc territory and the site of the first mass grave of 215 Indigenous children found, Shelley Fitzpatrick, white supremacist, refutes, in open court and on record, that any bodies were found and continues on to sentence Hereditary Secwepemc Chief Sawses and Matriarch Miranda Dick to jail time.

In the process, Shelley also refuses to consider that the 10 plus years Chief Sawses spent imprisoned, as a child, in the Canadian concentration camps called residential schools might count as time served against the 28 days in jail she deemed appropriate for participating in ceremony on his own territory. —

Nothing Ever Ends

It is not surprising that in Canada, a country that has never legally settled the question of the land, when it comes to who has jurisdiction and why, that white supremacist policies and laws have remained a fixture for this country. It is worth asking yourself and others, how exactly did Canada come to acquire total, violent and white supremacist jurisdiction on Indigenous Land? How does someone like Shelley Fitzpatrick walk in, like a thousand other white judges and act like she has authority over the People of that Land despite having no treaty, deed or anything else backing her up except the 10 armed courtroom sheriffs and the threat of more state sanctioned violence.

Indigenous Nations, languages, ceremonies, Warriors, Mothers, Children, Elders, Hereditary Chiefs and all of the Indigenous relatives that live alongside all of us, the wild salmon, the old growth forests, the sacred mountains, the forever rivers, will always be here. You are a part of this. “Judges” and “countries” will come and go but we will always be in Indigenous Territory. It is worth asking yourself, and others, what does it mean to act accordingly?

HIDDEN KNOWLEDGE HOLDERS

By Jared Qwustenuxun

Everyone just saw a drunk Indian,

One of my close family friends was quite the drinker when I was young. I remember him being so far gone one night that he passed out in his bowl of soup. There were times when we'd drive past him passed out on the side of the road, down black bridge, or in the jungles. Some people even referred to him as a jungle bunny at some points in his life.

Many times my dad would pick him up and bring him home and we'd feed him, nurture him, and bring him back to life. Only for him to be out a week later in the same state. All these years later I think of him often. Not because he was drunk, missing teeth, or homeless, but because he was a knowledge holder.

People think of knowledge holders in stereotypes. People expect elders, or upstanding indigenous people, to be knowledge holders. Truth is I get told all the time that I am younger than people expected. But no one thinks of people like my friend as a knowledge holder. A drunk homeless guy, dressed in rags, living under the bridge.

But there are probably as many, or more, knowledge holders that fit the latter description than the former.

My family friend told me about old fishing sites. He knew where all the ancient fishing weirs were and when he was sober he could tell me what families owned the weirs. He knew about salmon runs and species. He talked about different smoking methods and woods for cooking and smoking. He told me about how his Elders talked about the many waterfalls that were once on the cowichan river, he even knew about the old up river village sites. He knew how to make a spear with only bushcraft, no metal or string. He knew more than he ever shared with me, and he shared so much with me that I wouldn't be myself without him.

He had children that he loved, that were taken away. He had a partner that he loved that left him. He had a home that he lost. All from drinking. All from a trauma that he never talked about. In my life I spent countless hours with him, but he never talked about his youth, his time in a residential school, nothing about himself. I can only assume it was buried at the bottom of a sea of addiction.

Last year I was talking to him. He was mostly sober and still homeless, but seemed happy and content. He told me of the S'amuna weir, on the reserve where I live. He wanted to take me to it and show me the remains still sticking out of the mud. But, I was with my kids and so I said another time.

Two months later he overdosed and died on his 60th birthday.

Don't judge people who are suffering, some of them are the most intelligent and beautiful people you'll ever meet, and you'll never meet them if you don't give them a chance.

I've said it before. If you saw a holocaust survivor drunk on the street chances are you might try and help them. It should be no different with the survivors of residential school. Hurt people need compassion, love, and respect, just like the rest of us.

“Addiction is not a choice that anybody makes; it's not a moral failure. What it actually is: it's a response to human suffering.” Gabor Maté.

This picture reminds me of how the world may have changed, with all its lights and streets. But the sky has stayed the same and the moon, as beautiful as it is, is almost obscured by the streetlights.

Jared Qwustenuxun
Qwustenuxun.com



A BEE IN TIMES OF WAR

Mildred German

*I am but a bee in the city
I feel I am getting less
And less welcomed
The pollution is getting higher
Each day, the air conditioning
These machines are always on
Everybody now a days
Are closing windows, doors
And nobody cares about changing
The world, or giving a spare care
Meanwhile, I will be
Pollinating seeds, spreading
Creations, meant to blossom I am
a bee, friend of the flowers I
mean no harm, I am not an enemy I
just want to say Hi
I am not a remote-controlled bomb
Not a flying bionic drone spy
Not a bullet butterfly
In these times of nuclear war cries*



*Buzzed, collage art
by Mildred German*

FOOD AND HEALTH

by Sino General
Keeping Our Bodies Clean
Dangerous Chemicals

In today's society, the majority of the food we consume is packed with dangerous chemicals that can harm our bodies. From GMOs to carcinogenic additives and preservatives, it's essential to be conscious of what we're putting in our bodies and take steps to keep our bodies' terrain clean.

One of the biggest issues with our food supply is that we cannot trust most grocery store food. In fact, foods made by corporations absolutely cannot be trusted. The chemicals inside their foods are often mislabeled, making it challenging to know what we're consuming. It's essential to take matters into our own hands by cooking our own food and growing our own food.

Convenient food is what will take away your health, making your own food and growing your own food is the only way forward. The government's health recommendations cannot be trusted, nor can their foods deemed safe be trusted. Your health is on the line, so when you're eating, you always must be conscious of what you're putting inside your body's environment.

One of the biggest dangers of our food supply is the prevalence of GMO foods. These foods are genetically modified to resist pests and disease, but the long-term effects on human health are still unknown. In addition, most foods cooked in vegetable oils become carcinogenic and can cause inflammation inside the body.

Another danger to our health is the use of non-stick and aluminum pots and pans. These materials can leach into our food and cause neurological damage like Alzheimer's and dementia. Instead, it's recommended to use cast iron or wooden utensils to keep your body in pristine

condition. It's important to treat food as medicine and consume clean, organic food. Water is also crucial to keep clean. We can no longer trust any water that comes out of our tap. It has to be filtered and have minerals inserted. We also have to have a good mind while we eat because our energy and what we say around our food affects the food and the atoms, right down to the molecular structure.

Starting your own garden is a great way to ensure that you're consuming clean, organic food. Not only does it allow you to control what goes into your food, but it also provides a great opportunity for exercise and stress relief. You don't need a lot of space to start a garden, and there are many resources available to help you get started.

In addition to starting a garden, it's important to be mindful of the cooking utensils you use. Non-stick and aluminum pots and pans are dangerous and cancerous, and can have long-term effects on your health. Instead, use cast iron or wooden utensils to ensure that you're not exposing yourself to harmful chemicals.

It may take some time to get into the routine of consuming clean, organic food and being mindful of the products you use to cook with. However, it's a must if you want to keep your body healthy and avoid chronic diseases like cancer. By being conscious of the dangers of foods, you can make the proper choices for your family and create a better habit of consumption.

THE GREAT DEBATE!

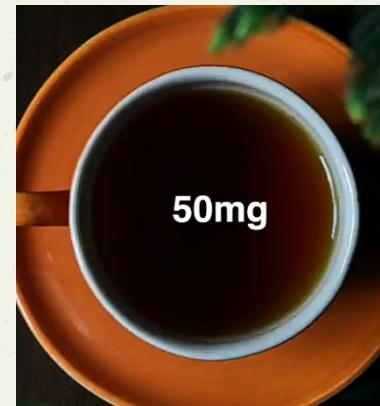
COFFEE OR TEA, TEA OR COFFEE?

By Jennifer Cooley

One of our many centuries oldest, most loved debates, on which one is best? Tea was first recorded in history books harvested back in 2700 BCE, (but as we know life on earth has been around far longer than that, so likely these plants have a larger history than we can imagine, but for here and now I will use the information found in the books) so coffee was discovered in the 10th century! Now add to that time, all the sugar and milk and cream that's been added to our cups for those of us who simply just can't do black or straight, and constantly forget to look to honey for an alternative solution and what do we get? A lot of information we should have probably taken into a much stronger account sooner, and adjusted in our coffee and tea drinking lifestyles!

Today we are seeing publications on How excessive sugar consumption can lead to impaired memory, linking it to an increased risk of dementia. This made me realize it was time to write something about it for everyone! We need to choose wisely what we eat and drink if we want to be strong and healthy and live longer and have much better lives! To start I would like to tell you all a little something good that few people probably know about how to drink your delicious hot beverage and enjoy it better and that is WHAT we drink our tea and coffee from, and how we make it and the water we use? I will use tea for this example!

If you use a styrofoam cup it reduces the flavor molecules, which ruins the tastiness of your tea. Colors of the mug in which you drink from, Red vs White etc... Affects our brains reaction to what we are tasting and experiencing! Red mugs = us experiencing the taste of sweeter tea! (meaning it adds to the ripeness & sweetness) of it for us!



Many people have hard water from their taps and water system and even the kettles we use depending on the age and use and time water spends sitting in them before each deep cleaning treatment and ... well this is a recipe for disaster. As it can and usually does cause a gooey little film to take over the top of your cups (once you've stopped stirring and let your hot drink sit and cool while you sip away slowly at it,) the result is a hard water effect! AND ICK none of us can enjoy drinking what's in our cups when we are looking down at that! So it is recommended that if one can FILTER their water FIRST before boiling, this will help to eliminate such a result; so that we can go right on enjoying our cup many minutes after we've poured and stirred it!

Steep Time: Herein lies our problem... Who in the world dying to take that first sip of their delicious hot drink actually wants to wait the appropriate time before drinking their cup of heaven? Well whether you choose to listen to my advice or not at least I've done the honors of respecting the tea itself for the time it needs by telling all of you, and then you do you and see which kind of cup you end up with? :-)

The perfect steep time for a wonderful black tea is actually about 4 to 5 minutes! If you are not drinking a caffeine tea then you can steep your bag for about 2 to 3 minutes to get it's full effect! And in both cases if you wait you are promised to get a fuller, stronger flavor tea from each bag used! (well at least we know now where the use and trend of using 2 tea bags at once stems from! I mean who really wants to have to reheat their tea in the microwave again just to save on tea bag use and full flavor effect?) So take your pick, you decide?

As for me I will confess that I personally am a 2 bag tea drinker indeed, I like my full flavor and best benefits right away, when it's one of those days, or me coming down from one of those days, the last thing I want to do is sit there and wait; I personally don't want to have a 5 minute conversation with my cup of tea, when I'm really needing that first sip and then those few glorious gulps after identifying that it is now safe to drink larger amounts without burning my tongue off! But that's just me! On the other hand I do have a wonderful friend I love dearly who is completely the opposite of me. She will use the same tea bag, and just keep it in her cup and keep adding hot water and thinks it still tastes just as good as it did when it was brand new 2 to 3 cups of tea later! So her example really does teach us that with a little more patience we can get a bit more bang for our buck! So the question now that is left to be asked is which kind of tea drinker are you? ☐

In short if you are not brewing or steeping your tea properly then you are not getting all the nutrients and benefits of what comes with drinking your tea! (Meaning that drinking tea may not be so much less complicated and easier to make and drink then coffee as we may have all thought it was)? So to end my recent journey in exploring the answers to tea and how to enjoy it to its fullest, I will tell you that the best temperature for the tea to be boiled and steeped at is 175-180 degrees... anything ABOVE 200 degrees fahrenheit can actually DESTROY the beneficial nutrients of tea! Not so easy compared to coffee now is it? ☐

O.K. switching now it's Coffee's turn...

I will start with the obvious of course: that if we misuse our coffee, it will become our enemy number 1 of quality sleep and a few other things!

You see our circadian rhythm functions off of a regular 24 hour pattern. Cortisol (the stress hormone) helps you get up and stay awake for the day, while Melatonin (the sleep hormone) eases you into sleep and keeps you sleeping throughout the night! So 4 cups of coffee a day should be ones UPPER LIMIT because our daily maximum amount of caffeine from coffee should be no more than 400 mgs!

However that being said, we are essentially safer to leave it at 3 cups because of our other daily intake of things, we really should save about 100mgs for those other caffeine & sugar products like Pop and foods we eat that we don't usually plan on having! Ya know that irresistible can of Pepsi that comes with the sale of the cheesedog (with the works) you ordered on a whim from a hotdog vendor during your lunch break, (instead of eating the lunch you made) or the chocolate you found on sale at a store you dropped in to for a few items on your way home for the day?

Caffeine works by blocking adenosine, to help keep us from getting sleepy, then the adenosine build up once caffeine wears off will make you sleepy, causing those oh so famous Caffeine crashes that many of us know too well! You see coffee has 2 to 3 times MORE caffeine in it than tea does, so if we don't learn how to use it and when, then we are likely going to continue to face the repercussions and complications that come with drinking coffee wrong! The best time of day to begin drinking coffee for you coffee lovers out there is NOT FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, right when you wake up! I mean come on confess how many people love their coffee so much that they actually have their coffee makers set to the time of when their first morning alarm goes off, so that coffee is ready to pour by the time you get down to the kitchen for that first cup of the day?

Well, this is actually the right time to use decaf coffee first if we really, really, must have that first early morning coffee of the day to get us going, as I'm certain so many of you do! :-) But the reality is back to our 24 hour hormone release pattern you need to WAIT for about 1-2 hours after waking up (which of course means many of you will already be at work by then and I know that's a very big difference from that first cup in the morning at home alone still in

your pj's with messy hair wonderful experience) but if we ingest that big gulp of caffeine anytime before that you're actually being counter-productive to the purpose and need of the Cortisol in your body taking its full affect! And THIS my friends answers the mystery to why so many people suffer from those caffeine crashes, right in the middle of our morning or day at work, and find ourselves wanting to lay our heads down on our desk in front of us for just a few minutes! SIGH!

This now leads us to what the best ways of drinking and using both (coffee and tea) are? The answer I'm afraid is not something new, just something many of us don't like the thought of much less the taste, but the best way to benefit fully from both coffee and tea is to of course drink both of them BLACK! The bonus here for black coffee and tea drinkers is that it won't affect those of you who do enjoy intermittent fasting in the morning's, it will actually help curb your hunger and aid in weight loss!

Sensitive or not to Caffeine whether in coffee or tea what is the solution?

On the flip side of this whole thing there are of course those of you who are sensitive to caffeine, and that's where what time you start drinking coffee & tea and what time you end drinking caffeine will vary a bit between coffee and tea drinkers! But I will just give a general frame safe for everyone to follow for the sake of time and space in this article!

However for those of you who simply cannot tolerate coffee or the affects of the caffeine from it and are straight up loyal tea drinkers, (congratulations, pat yourself on the back, because these rules on how to balance your life with both simply will not apply the same) and you only need to concentrate on your one and only tea drinking love and the amount of trips you are willing to make to the bathroom throughout the day for the sake of your guilty pleasure and habit and how much of it you want to drink in a day? ☐ But the hours recommended here and how you start and end are pretty much measurably the same!

1

Try waiting until around 9 am before having your first cup of strong caffeine drinking products to begin your day!

2

One's last cup of coffee should be around no later than 4 pm. (for those sensitive ones you know yourself best, so you decide what time you need to quit coffee in order to be able to relax and still get to sleep at night, maybe a few of you need to stop at 1 or 2pm?) But generally we are all pretty safe in having no problems in relaxing and coming down for the day and being able to fall asleep and get a good night's rest if we stop our coffee caffeine intake by the time noted here!

3

Stay active, keep fit, get fresh air, go for nice walks, or keep a modest workout at the gym type of routine and you should be good to go!

The answer in the end about the Great Debate of both and which one to drink? Well, quite simply it is the obvious one; since the recorded use of both back in the 2nd & 10th centuries ... we should actually be drinking the RIGHT AMOUNT OF BOTH! In doing this we will be able to get all the right benefits they have to help in our well-being and maximize all of our health needs! The recommended amount of tea one should be drinking is about 3 cups a day if you are just drinking tea, whether it has caffeine in it or not! So if you take into account your coffee drinking for the day and your caffeine intake with food and drinks, you can measure what TYPE of TEA you need and at what time you need it. This all comes down to re-training our brains to learn how to re-think and practice our use and thoughts of both in order to truly get this whole tea and coffee war in our lives to finally be over and balance right!!

Now my research shows that black tea has about 50 mgs of caffeine in it at full steep, and green tea has about 25 mgs of it at full steep, so if we started our mornings off with a black tea instead of coffee (which a 6

ounce cup has between 75mgs to 100mgs of caffeine in it) we would avoid those midday caffeine crashes altogether, and have an overall better day, remain alert, feel rested and able to concentrate on our tasks and get our work done for that day and still have a nice calming soothing way to start off our mornings` while at home in our PJ's, before work! And if we drink our green tea or calming and medicinal herbal teas in the evening after 4 pm, when we have stopped drinking coffee for the day, We will be helping our digestive system during meal times, with less indigestion and complications with heartburn, digestion and so on! Leading to a smoother and much more relaxing evening ahead! Yes it may mean a few more trips to the bathroom over all for the day, but I promise you your guts will love you, because things in the bathroom will work better then they ever have before!

And as for our memory improvement skills as we live and age in life, it will probably be near the end of the day just before bedtime or when you are in bed itself that you are feeling the full beneficial effects of your new tea drinking habits, when you now find yourself remembering more things throughout your days as you look back over them and think through all that you did and notice that you are not forgetting stuff like you used to when you were just drinking coffee! So whether you are a student in school always doing homework and cramming for tests (while juggling a job) or well into your work-force years, you will see an improved work performance and overall better lifestyle change. Now young or old, how can any of us go wrong with that?

As for those select lucky few who can drink coffee or tea any time of the day and night and not have any problems with your washroom trips, activities, energy or daily functions right up until you go to bed and snuggle in under the blankets and still fall fast asleep for the night, if only there was a way you could give all the rest of us some of your magical body chemical chemistry, so that everyone could have it made like that? :-)

As a community partner, we are deeply interested to hear from you and what you feel is important. Get in touch with us by emailing rtfzine@gmail.com or connect with us on Facebook or Instagram. We are our own media and completely volunteer-led.

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Unceded territories of the Squamish (Skwxwú7mesh
Úxwumixw), Tsleil-Waututh (səlilwətaʔ) and Musqueam
(xʷməθkʷəy̓əm) Nations

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THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
Community Engagement

Sarah Bradshaw: Wise Woman Seeds



Sarah was phenomenal and wonderful. She would say of the carnival of life that she went on all the rides. She was loving and supportive. She won Mother of the year in Calgary in 1981. She organized nursing mothers to breast feed in public. She was a talented seamstress who made and sold clothing. She curated seeds and ensured the preservation of heritage variety strains. Her knowledge of homeopathic remedies and herbal medicine was legendary. She taught naturopathic remedies, both formally and to anyone who was interested.

She loved to read. She transported the equivalent of a small town library around most of Alberta and B.C. She was always reading something and frequently that included the obituary column, where she often saw names she recognized. She had many friends and supporters. She would probably be surprised to find her name joining them here in this column. Although, like a true Gemini she would be even more surprised if it wasn't. She will be dearly missed. She was at home when she died.

She is survived by 3 sisters, 2 brothers, 4 children and 5 grandchildren. There will be a ceremony in her honour on May 28 at the Splatsin Community Centre in Enderby,

With a heavy heart we announce the passing of Sarah Bradshaw, a cherished member of our zine family, someone who has greatly inspired my passion for our right to food, in my work as a seed saver and garden life coach. Sarah was a fountain of knowledge in regard to self sufficiency. Each and every day I would look forward to her daily garden advice and planting & harvesting strategies she shared on facebook. With her we lose an immense amount of knowledge and she will be missed dearly as a community member and leader. My good friend Ben Fulton, Sarah's son, has shared her obituary with us and invites you all to join us in celebrating Sarah's life and all her contributions to the betterment of society on May 28th, Enderby BC. Details below.

Sarah Bradshaw Born May 28, 1954 in Terrace, B.C. Died Dec. 18, 2022 in Tappen B.C.

5767 Old Vernon Road From 2:00PM - 4:00PM with pot luck refreshments to follow. Please bring what you can. All are welcome

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Right to Food Zine's mission is to promote the human right to food that is healthy, nutritious, affordable, and presented with dignity.

Our voices reflect the diversity that is the Downtown Eastside (DTES). Our articles, research, and recipes speak to the DTES residents, social justice groups, and beyond. We inform our readers, while fostering the desire to know more and to become more engaged. As part of the DTES community, we strive to be a tool for community-building.

