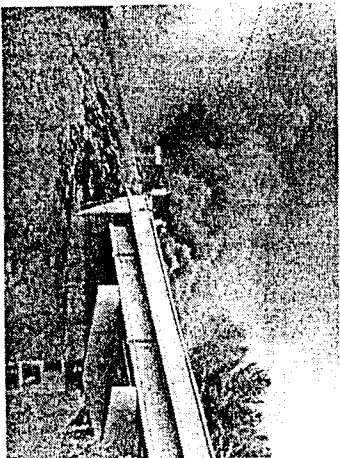


You try living in this knowing that
this is just happening one house
away from you!



Hello God,

I called tonight

To talk a little while

I need someone who'll listen
to my anxiety and trial.

You see I can't quite make it

Through a day just on my own...

I need your love to guide me,

So I'll never feel alone.

I want to ask you please to keep

My family safe and sound.

Come and fill their lives with confidence

For whatever fate they're bound.

Give me faith, dear God, to face

Each hour throughout the day,

And not to worry over things

I can't change in any way.

I thank you God for being home

And listening to my call,

For giving me such good advice

When I stumble and fall.

Your number, God, is the only one

That answers every time.

I never get a busy signal,

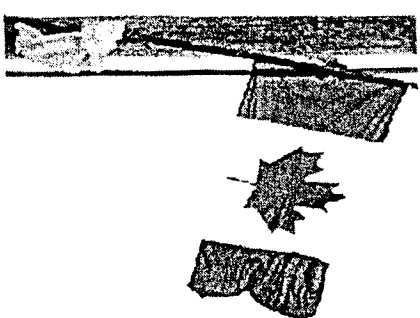
Never had to pay a dime!

So thank you, God, for listening

To my troubles and my sorrow.

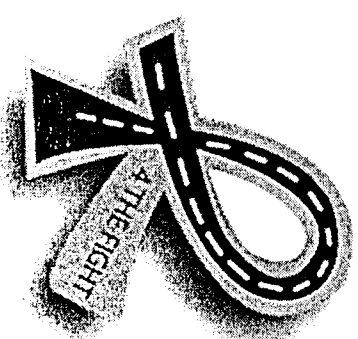
Good night, God, I love You too,

And I'll call again tomorrow.



Road of Hope

Help the 6th Line!



Help The Road Fight For
Justice!

For 14 years I have been living on this road, and that's how long I have been alive ! But only 13 years have been happy years. Ever since February 28th /06 my whole life changed. Having to be almost literally locked inside my own home, I was terrified to even look out my own window. Close your eyes and imagine. You're looking out your own laundry room window and you see the tall beautiful oak trees on your neighbors property, but when you look higher up you see the darkest biggest blume of smoke you have ever seen. You run into the living room to look out that window and find almost 50 cars lining up and down your street and Natives walking everywhere. They're pulling in your driveway, not even on the right side of the road, you even see a 12 year old driving a car past, but you can't do anything. You can't call the police because they can't help you. You're locked in your own home. A few days later, when it calms down, you have to go to school. But you can't

get to school by bus anymore so you have to drive a 30 min. ride to school when it only took 2 minutes unless you went through the blockade. But you could only do this if you had a pass, but even when we got one, it was whether they felt like letting you go through or not. If they did let you go, it was like you're in prison, gates everywhere, men with masks over their faces only to see their eyes. Men holding bats some even with guns, it was a living hell. I had to live through that. You don't know what life is like until you have lived through it. I'm a competitive dancer, and love to dance outside on the side lawn, but I wasn't able to unless I could take the pressure of getting stares or firecrackers thrown at me. Now I take medication and go to counselling because of all of this. A 14 year old should not be doing that!

Its these things that hurt, because its not just my family in pain its all of ours on the 6th line. There are 7 children on this road ranging from

10 months to 15 years old. It's very sad when the 14 and 15 year old are told that if ever a native came into OUR house and tried hurting us and we defended ourselves by fighting back, we would be the ones being arrested! Not the native!

People in Caledonia think its quiet on the sixth line but they have it all wrong! Its nothing like it! People on the 6th line have not had a good night's sleep for over a year now!!! That's sad! This is why we need your help! I'm 14 years old and I will fight with as much power as I have to get police and justice back on my road! I know Mr. Peterson made the mistake of taking it away and it's sad when he can't fix his own mistakes and that I am, a 14 year old girl trying!

