AHCAHK ISKOTÊW

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**Mavis Aubichon, Sunflower Song,** is connected to the Kinship Rising research project as the Youth Council Coordinator in the Fall of 2023.

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by Mavis Aubichon
Finding and winding a pathway through the constructs of our collective colonial Canadian story, I discovered ceremony.

Hidden inside Indigenous traditional teachings is the medicine that we carry as creatures who were created with a sacred profound beginning.

This beginning was described in a teaching that arrived to me by way of a book, *Nationhood Interrupted: Revitalizing nêhiyaw Legal Systems* by Sylvia McAdam (2015), the person who began the Idle No More movement.
The book’s introduction outlines Cree Indigenous birth teachings, and when I read this it explained why I am motivated to light a candle for most every circle I hold.

So I wrote a little story to go along with this understanding, and the idea is that it is a flip book that animates and illustrates the teaching.

Imma call this story ahcâhk iskôtêw, and so here we go...

Start flipping!!
Our Cree
Indigenous
birth teachings
tell us we each have a sacred and profound beginning.
That we come from the place of the stars,
the place where the Creator resides.
And when it was time for the arrival of humans on earth,
the Earth Mamma, together with the Creator, designed and prepared for the arrival of this new creature.
When all the physical earth preparations were complete, then it was time,
and the Creator prepared in the spirit world a big flame that I saw as blue ~ahcahk iskotêw~ translated from Cree to English as the soul flame.
I saw each spark that rose up from this flame as a spirit ready to take on a physical form.
Our ~ahcahk iskotêw~ carries life ~pimitisiwin~ and hidden inside is a gift from our maker to live the good life ~ miyo pimitisiwin~, to taste the foods of the earth, to feel the wind on our faces, and the water tickling our toes.
And so to experience this good life, when we are born into our humanity, we arrive to a container and we are born to a first nation ~our First Nation~.
And it is in and with this container that we have what I am calling $R$ to the exponent power of 3 -- $R^3$. 
A Right, a Role, and a Responsibility.
$R^1$ is the right to land and language.

And with this we understand that land informs the language, and that in turn, language governs our code of conduct in relationship to that living thing. And so with access to $R^1$ we find our role, $R^2$. 
$R^2$ is our gift or our talent -- what we like doing and what we are good at. This is our purpose. If you have ever experienced being at work, but it did not feel like it was work -- this is $R^2$. 
With \( R^1 \) and \( R^2 \) in place, we come to find \( R^3 \)-- Our Responsibility-- to share our gift with our container for the survival of our container, our First Nation.
It would be considered a privilege to reach $R^3$ inside a lifetime, and especially sacred would be to dance inside the promise gifted to us by our Creator at our birth, to live the good life and honor our ~ahcakh iskotêw~. Eh he.
These are our Cree Indigenous birth teachings as understood by Mavis Aubichon, in reading *Nationhood Interrupted: Revitalizing nêhiyaw Legal Systems* by Sylvia McAdam (2015).

Eh he. Teniki. Kakithownitotemak. All my relations.
I am an Urban Indigenous and therefore speak the languages as an urban learner. In respect, my deepest gratitude extends to the language warriors who continue to teach their people the original languages. I will continue to learn from you, Eh he.
I am Mavis Aubichon, a Cree Metis Canadian woman originally from Buffalo Narrows in northern Saskatchewan, chinning from the unceded, traditional territory of the K’omoks-Puntledge, Leeksun, Sahilat, and Sasifla—what is known today as the Comox Valley in BC, on beautiful Vancouver Island. It is a privilege that I can call this territory my home and much gratitude is given for this gift.

I was transplanted here by way of the 60’s scarp and the Saskatchewan child welfare program known as AIM (the Adopt Indian Metis program), as is typewritten on my adoption records. This early childhood event interrupted the natural development of my human being journey as an Indigenous Cree Metis woman. It also interrupted the growth potential of my twin brother, who was born half an hour before me, and who entered the world severely affected by the intake of alcohol that our biological mother consumed during her pregnancy. At the young age of 33, she passed to the other side, transitioning from life to death, from cirrhosis of the liver—collateral damage from her attendance at a residential school disguised as a convent in Isle a la Crosse, SK. She also suffered from tuberculosis that required her to stay in a TB sanatorium not once, but twice. Knowing what I know now of those involuntary stays outside of her home and family, I have compassion for her capacity and her choices. I am her daughter and a twin sister, and I am also a granddaughter of many, a mother of 3 and adopted by many, a puppy mom to a mini-dachshund, and most recently, a grandmother to a grandson. Eh he.