

Hello to all who read this
My name is Kimberly Ann Fyke
[REDACTED]
The Sault Tribe of Chippewa Indians

I attended Holy Childhood of Jesus School in Harbor Springs, Michigan

I'm here for those that can't, or won't talk about Holy Childhood of Jesus.
I am number 10 of my Indian Mother's 10 children, 2 of her children died young, but the other 8 of us all attended Holy Childhood of Jesus School. Being the youngest of the 10, I do have a different Father than my siblings, I'm unsure of the dates my siblings attended, but I was there from 1970-1974, we were taught white peoples ways, also the Beliefs of the Catholic Church

Growing up, the only Indian left in us, was our Blood and skin color.

My Mother passed away in 1970, my Father remarried a woman who had 12 children and her 5 youngest also attended Holy Childhood, a daughter and 4 boys, us girls were brought together by the nun and told we were sisters now because my Father had married her Mother.

My Father passed away in 1974, left the school for his funeral and never returned.

After living with my Stepmother for awhile, I needed out and ran away.

My sister number 2 of the 10, took me in and then in 1976, we moved to Fairbanks, Alaska where she adopted me. I spent 20 years in Fairbanks, 20 years in Anchorage.

After 40 years, my own daughter, and 2 grand daughters I came back home at age 55.

Now learning what our ancestors really went through at this Holy Childhood of Jesus School, all over the world.

I am so Angry!

Of course my experience was nothing compared to my ancestors. The mental, physical, sexual abuse was still happening, by the people we were taught to be Holy people, Righteous people, Celibate people at Holy Childhood of Jesus School. We experienced the Pure Evil, in the Catholic Priests, Brothers, and Sisters of Notre Dame.

I may have been at the end of this school being Federally Funded, because we had to write letters to rich people asking for money.

We children had cores, running Industrial Equipment, we stripped and varnished all hardwood floors, Industrial Kitchen Equipment, all food prep, Industrial Laundry Equipment.

We were given needles and thread when first getting there and have to sew a number on all pieces of clothing we had, numbers changed each year.

We were completely terrorized on Halloween, by the Holy people. I recall Sister Diane who took care of the youngest boys, bringing in a Black Bear's head on a silver platter, bleeding from its nose, at dinner time and rubbing the bloody nose all over a girl telling her that The Devil was going to get her. After dinner getting ready to leave the dinner hall we were told not to touch the Devil powder, that was everywhere from door of dinner hall, 3 flights of stairs to our dormitory, entering the dormitory it was totally torn apart like a Tornado had hit it. Sister Diane came to our dormitory with the front paw of the Black Bear and was pulling the hairs from it, putting them on our beds telling us The Devil was going to get us. One year I found a human leg bone in my bed with my name written on it. Was told also The Devil would get me. One year, Sister Diane took all the girls in the back of a truck up to the Harbor Springs cemetery and dropped us off in the dark, to find our way back to the school. Holy Witches came out from behind trees and Tombstones to get us. I was running with a girl, who tripped and fell on a

Tombstone an cut her knee wide open. By the time we made it to the school, the blood down her leg was drying, they wouldn't take her to doctors.

We had to find our belongings before bed, clean up their mess. After lights out the Holy Witches would come out of every where to get us.

Also remember another girl and I were told to go to the walk-in cooler to get cupcakes, we entered the cooler and the door was slammed shut, an light turned off. We were in there seemed like forever, but also would hear someone unlock the cooler, as soon as we moved toward the door it would be locked again. This happened multiple times. We both thought we would freeze to death.

I also remember hearing boys crying from the infirmary all the time, but no one was ever sick enough to be put in the Infirmary.

I also remember Sister Naomi/Maxine tell all of us girls, that someone sold money from her living quarters and we had to knee in the main isle of our dormitory on the hardwood floor to pray that who ever took it would admit it. No one ever said they did it but we knelt and prayed until we would no longer, we couldn't feel our legs anymore and all started falling over in pain.

Again, I'm here to talk for those who can't, or won't talk about Boarding School.

For my healing, I want to see Churches give up all Records from these schools, and Churches being held Accountable.

Thank you to all who are finally listening to us.

"Thank you to the Natural Resources Subcommittee for Indigenous Peoples of the United States" for giving us Survivors of these Boarding Schools opportunity to speak our Truth, and listening to our testimony.

Kimberly Ann Fyke