

Andrew Trudeau

METIS VETERAN AND HIS PASSION FOR DRAWING

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My father was born in 1924, and from the age of 3 he lived on one of the Thirty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay. Being raised on an island in the 1920's was very different from today. His ancestors relocated to Penetanguishene in the late 1820's from Drummond island. Although my father was not aware of it at the time, his way of life truly mirrored how our ancestors would have lived. They lived off the land, hunting, gathering, and harvesting to provide for their family.

My father being the youngest of 12, spent a lot of his time alone with my Grandmother, and he would have been the one to catch the fish, trap, hunt, and take care the household chores. I wish I had of spent more time as a child asking questions about his growing up, but as a child, that wasn't of much interest to me.

It wasn't until my father joined the Army that he learned the basic skills of reading, and writing. It wasn't much, but it was enough to take him through life and it didn't hold him

back with anything he set out to do, living and making a life on the bay for his family, which consisted of guiding, trapping, carpentry, masonry work, caretaking.

I will skip ahead.

My father entered a nursing home when he was in his 83rd year, and after living all his life up the lakes. Much to our surprise he took the transition very well. My father loved to sing, and on many occasions when entering the nursing home, you could hear him singing as he booted down the halls in his wheel chair to greet me.

It wasn't until my father entered the nursing home, that I really sat and talked to him about his childhood. On one of my visits, my father asked me to bring him in paper and pencils. He had been talking with one of the individuals who resided at the residence, and was trying to explain to them what a scoot was, and thought if he could draw a picture of the scoot, he could explain it better.

The next day when I went for my visit, I could not believe what I saw. My father had drawn this amazing picture of a scoot. This man who has two very crippled hands had produced this beautiful drawing of a scoot. From that day forward, he drew every day. This was his salvation. He would start a drawing in the morning and would work on it all day. He worked every day. He even held an art exhibit at the nursing home.

The drawings are a clear picture of my dad's way of life. He drew the boats, scoots, planes, wild life, fish, and cottages, that were part of his life. My father drew pictures for the last two years of his time in the nursing home. He passed away May 29 2013.

I have his first picture and I have his last picture, but most off all I have my memories.