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To: [Clerk](#)
Cc: [Councillor Mammoliti](#); [Councillor Doucette](#); councillor_debaeremaker@toronto.ca; [REDACTED]
Subject: EX29.55 350
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To Mayor Tory

The Red Oak has stood for many years, it has stood witness as my ancestors travelled this land, it has stood witness as we joined forces to ensure that this land remained free, it has witnessed humanity sprawl and grow, witnessed the birth of a city. We talk about reintroducing nature back into society, especially in urban centers. This tree is an example of nature's determination toward that same goal.

This remnant tree was part of the ancient forest that was on the traditional Territory of the Mississaugas of the New Credit First Nation.

My understanding is that it and its sister red oak were markers of the historic Toronto Carrying Place Trail.

Former Chiefs Carolyn King and Bryan LaForme have had the honor of visiting this red oak. My understanding is that there is a possibility that this area where the tree is located could be made into a parkette to honor all those who fought and died side by side in the War of 1812. A war in which the Mississaugas Nation played an integral part supporting the British against the Americans.

We hope that the city of Toronto will work with the present owner of the property to obtain a firm selling price so that crowdfunding can commence.

This tree's roots and branches are intertwined in the history of the Mississaugas of the New Credit First Nation.

Yours in unity

Chief R Stacey Laforme

Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation

I have seen many winters
 I am not old, but neither am I young
 I have stood witness as the sun rose and fell
 I have seen the moon in all its glory
 I have seen the children of the earth
 And the children of their children
 I have protected them from the wind and rain
 I have shielded them from the sun and heat
 They have played and squabbled around my feet
 And I have held them in my arms
 They once honored me
 Sang songs to me, spoke to me
 Of all the things I have come to love
 It is them that I shall miss most of all
 I will of course survive their passing
 I will see a world without them
 In time I will heal, my pain shall subside
 But I shall never forget the children of the earth
 Nor shall I forget the children of their children
 And how much joy they once brought into my life
 Their bodies may leave this place
 But their spirit shall remain
 I shall remember their songs and their drums
 And I will sing for them and their place upon our mother
 I will not remember them as they are now
 I will remember them in their youth, in their joy
 R. Stacey Laforme