

## Article, Church Slaughter of 60,000 Native Canadian Children 11-6-2024

**Slaughter of 60,000 Native Canadian Children Coverup**, Kevin Annett as reported in *Before It's News* [Slaughter of 60,000 Native Canadian Children Coverup | Crime All-Stars | Before It's News](#)

I first met the architect of the Great Canadian Coverup in June of 2010 in Winnipeg. He had just stuffed a large pastry into his mouth. “Excuse me, Mister Sinclair,” I said to him. “Can you tell me why you just shut off the microphone of these residential school survivors when they started talking about burying dead children at the Sandy Bay Catholic residential school?”

Murray Sinclair gaped at me like a deer caught in headlights as he quickly tried to gulp down the confection. Then he glared at the survivors in question, who stood with me. “I’m a judicial officer and there are some things I’m not allowed to raise here,” he blustered.

“Not allowed by who?” one of the Sandy Bay Cree cried. Murray scowled at the man and then turned and waddled back to the head table. It was the opening session of the misnamed ‘Truth and Reconciliation Commission’. (TRC)

Official Canada is shedding rivers of crocodile tears this week after one of their most loyal native puppets passed on to the infernal region where traitors end up. A seemingly endless torrent of praise for the chubby lawyer is pouring from pale politicians, newspaper columns, academics, and other bought and bossed ab-originals like himself.

It’s small wonder. For Murray Sinclair single handedly saved White Canada’s genocidal ass. As chair of the TRC for seven years, Murray led the biggest obstruction of justice in the history of Canada in order to conceal its biggest crime: the deliberate slaughter of over 60,000 indigenous children by Church and State. ([www.murderbydecree.com](http://www.murderbydecree.com))

“When he cut us off with that stupid grin on his face, it felt like I was being raped and beaten all over again,” said one of the Sandy Bay Cree women. “And he’s supposed to be one of us.”

Murray, *indigenous*? Well, maybe on the outside. But he’s been a consummate “good Indian” from early on, as a residential school informant and goon, then a lawyer, judge, and eventually a Senator with strong cabinet connections. When it came time for the government and churches to officially whitewash the growing evidence of their mass murder of half of the children in the Christian gulags called ‘Indian residential schools’, Murray was just the man to do it. As the TRC chairman, Murray’s job was to sell a Big Lie to the public: that genocide in Canada wasn’t so bad, no-one was to blame for it, and all is forgiven.

In the spring of 2008, our movement against this big lie escalated its ten-year campaign by occupying the guilty Catholic, Anglican, and United churches in Vancouver and Toronto. We demanded the criminal prosecution of those churches for genocide. In response, the government quickly announced the formation of the TRC to ‘investigate’ the residential school crimes. But

the fact that the perpetrators of the crime were the ones setting up the TRC to ‘investigate’ themselves didn’t sit well, especially when the churches that had killed generations of brown children got to choose the three TRC Commissioners. (Seriously)

*“Like the serial killer appointing his own jury,”* as I said to the press, who didn’t quote me.

Not surprisingly, the first federal judge asked to chair this absurdity, Harry Laforme, quickly declined, citing how the TRC mandate was “unlawfully restrictive”. Why? Because it prevented the TRC Commissioners from issuing subpoenas, conducting criminal investigations, or summoning witnesses. The Commissioners were even barred from gathering evidence that named names, referred to dead children, or accused anyone of a crime!

Obviously, the half-decent Mr. Laforme didn’t want to incriminate himself in such a blatant whitewash and obstruction of justice. So then the feds turned to their loyal hatchet man, Murray Sinclair. “Hatchet” is accurate. As the TRC’s Major Domo, Sinclair slashed and burned any incriminating eyewitnesses and evidence from the residential school death camps while protecting the Catholic, Anglican, and United churches responsible for killing half of its little inmates.

Murray kicked off this effort by giving the churches six months to sift through and censor their own records from the ‘schools’, even though the churches had been spared litigation for their crimes only by agreeing to disclose all their evidence. Then Murray got the federal Privy Council to officially seal all government records related to the ‘schools’, like the evidence of the Church and State sterilization programs against natives stored in the National Archives in Ottawa.

Meanwhile, at the TRC’s so-called ‘public hearings’, native survivors were allowed only a brief ten minutes to tell their story, but only after they had submitted their statement to the TRC Commissioners for vetting and editing. Church officials, contrarily, got all the time they wanted, uncensored, to spew justifications for their century-long torture and murder of indigenous children. Any native survivors who challenged this charade were quickly silenced by Sinclair, banned from the hearings, and even physically assaulted by TRC security.

The official subterfuge continued behind this heavy barrier of deceit and intimidation. “It was all a big show,” recalls Shawna Greene, a Cowichan native woman who attended the TRC event in Victoria, B.C. in the summer of 2012. “There were more white people there than native people, and lots of music, food, and corporate sponsorship signs. I counted only four or five actual survivors there and only one of them ever got to speak, and then only briefly.”

Shawna grew tearful and angry as she spoke. “But the worst part was that asshole Murray Sinclair. He was just a stooge for the churches. When a Catholic bishop was at the microphone going on about all the ‘good’ they’d done in the residential schools, a few survivors began shouting, *‘You’re lying! Sit down! You killed our friends!’*. At that point, Murray stood up and started yelling at the survivors to be quiet and show respect to the bishop! Show respect to your rapist, can you believe it? The survivors looked totally crushed. One of them even killed herself that night. It was all a big re-traumatizing event for the victims so they’d stay quiet. I guess that was the whole point of the TRC.”

None of the trained seals of the Canadian media ever reported such incidents and greatly aided Murray in his duplicity and criminality. For the press, the TRC was all love and light, “*a genuine effort to reveal and help heal a sad chapter in our history,*” to quote a typically false account from the *Globe and Mail*. Whether in Canada or abroad, the media reports of the TRC rarely if ever corresponded to its reality. And the big lie only grew worse.

As the TRC stage show wound its way through over \$80 million to say nothing and conceal much, Murray Sinclair let slip that the survivors’ statements and other evidence held by the TRC would not be made public, as was originally guaranteed, but would remain in the hands of the government.

Early in 2014, just before the TRC concluded its moribund existence, the Supreme Court ruled that any of this TRC material could be legally destroyed, even though it constituted confidential evidence from crime scenes! Canada’s whitewash of mass murder was now lawful.

If Canada operated according to the rule of law, a lot of people connected to the TRC would have gone to jail, starting with the rotund Mister Sinclair. But all of that is fogged here in the Great White North, where a traitor to his people and to 60,000 slaughtered children, and the head of an enormous criminal conspiracy to aid and abet genocide, now dwells as a hallowed hero of the crime scene called Canada. How else does an entire guilty nation behave?

In closing, I remember the outrage that the TRC hearings caused among the grassroots native people who I live and work with. Their anger, of course, quickly turned to despair and resignation that, once again, the child killers and their aboriginal accomplices had won. All except for a Cree man named Frank Ermineskin, a buddy of mine in Vancouver.

One evening in the Carnegie Center, Frank got up and kicked his booted foot through the TV screen that was broadcasting a TRC hearing. Later that night, Frank said to me, “Among my people, anybody who hurt a child or protected somebody who did would get taken outside the village and you’d never see that person again. That’s what we need to do to that Murray Sinclair asshole.”