

Regina PhotoVoice Project 2007

Public Showing

**CATALOGUE, DECEMBER 3, 2008
Part 3 of 5**

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Contact Prairie Women's Health Centre of Excellence, Regina, Saskatchewan
pwhce@uregina.ca, (306) 585-5727, or 535-9570 regarding use of photos.

Notes to Display

All photos were taken in Regina.

People in the photos signed a consent form.

For some photos the person being photographed posed for the photo to illustrate the situation.

Education and Opportunity



A Quiet Strength

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Education is one of the basic rights and yet the opportunity to get it is not equal. What if there were policies in support of everyone who wished to have an education? Think about how this would improve the lives of individuals, families and communities.



Back to School

A painful part of the year for many parents is that time to provide your family with what they need for the school year.

Cool binders, neater notebooks, a package of pencils, a different calculator than last year, 'all essays must be printed on computer', every child must bring Kleenex. The expectations rise.

Back to School. Back to feeling different.



The Harsher Realities of Higher Education © 2007 by JA of PhotoVoice Regina. All rights reserved.

One student learned from higher education... "... it's not exactly easy, if you don't come from money."

It seems to me the stores add to the burden. They take over from the teachers in the earlier grades. 'Buy the best computers, furniture, appliances.' Education comes down to: if you can't pay, you can't play.

You're out of the picture.



Escape © 2007 by SG of PhotoVoice Regina. All rights reserved.

Sometimes the only way to escape the harsh life of poverty is to step into a new dance with the judicial system. Escape into a life in the jail system where the struggle of the life on the street is lessened. Every night you know where you will sleep, every day you know you will eat, and the dance goes on with dependency growing stronger and stronger.



The Poverty Cycle

"I have lived in poverty for the last 44 years. As a disabled person, I have found it to be an ongoing battle to feed and clothe myself. There are barriers to my employment potential because of my disabilities. My poverty caused by disability has caused depression which in turn has led to my hospitalization. This also makes my jobs short term. Although I appreciated the funds available to me (Social Services) it falls well below what I need to survive."

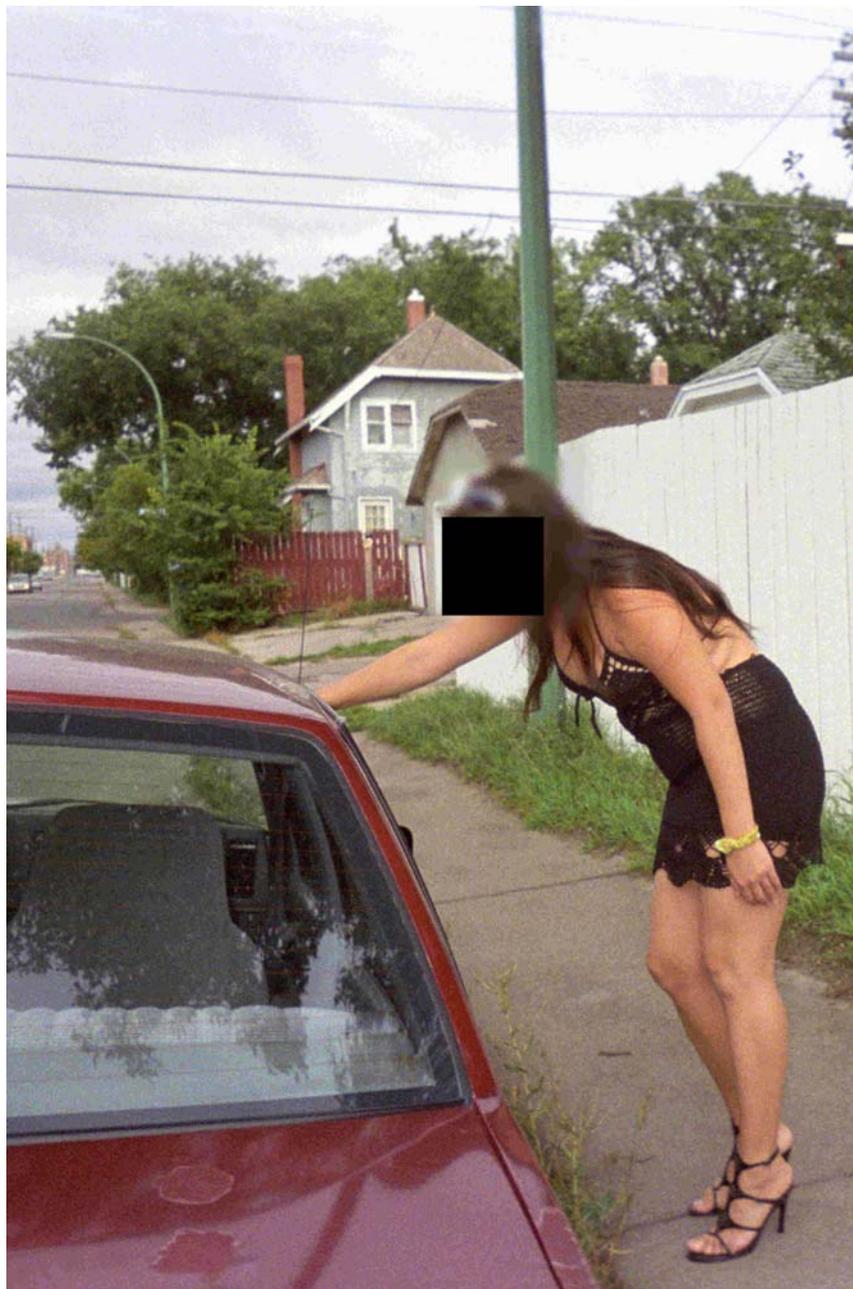
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Freedom To – Freedom From

Staff at the CMHA and an Employment Equity group assisted my friend to get a casual job at the call centre 6 ½ years ago. Later this became her first full-time job. There were a lot of applicants for the job and when she got the letter of acceptance at first she didn't believe it. Everyone was congratulating her and supportive! In the past she would go to work placement and they would let her go after six to eight weeks. The group at the CMHA was the best thing that ever happened to her and it opened a lot of doors for her and others. Side note: the Employment Equity support group was discontinued shortly after it began because funding ran out.



Since she became full-time her hours of work have been from 10 AM until 6 PM Sunday to Thursday. Her employer has given her a supportive work environment. But now there is talk of a variation of hours and shifts for her work. This is a problem, as she can't get a Paratransit bus on stat holidays until 12 PM. It's hard when they want you to start anytime from 10 AM until 7 PM. Now, she is wondering if she will continue to have a job when they change the work schedule. Recent cuts to Paratransit services will influence services to people with disabilities and she is wondering if she will be able to have reliable transportation to and from work.



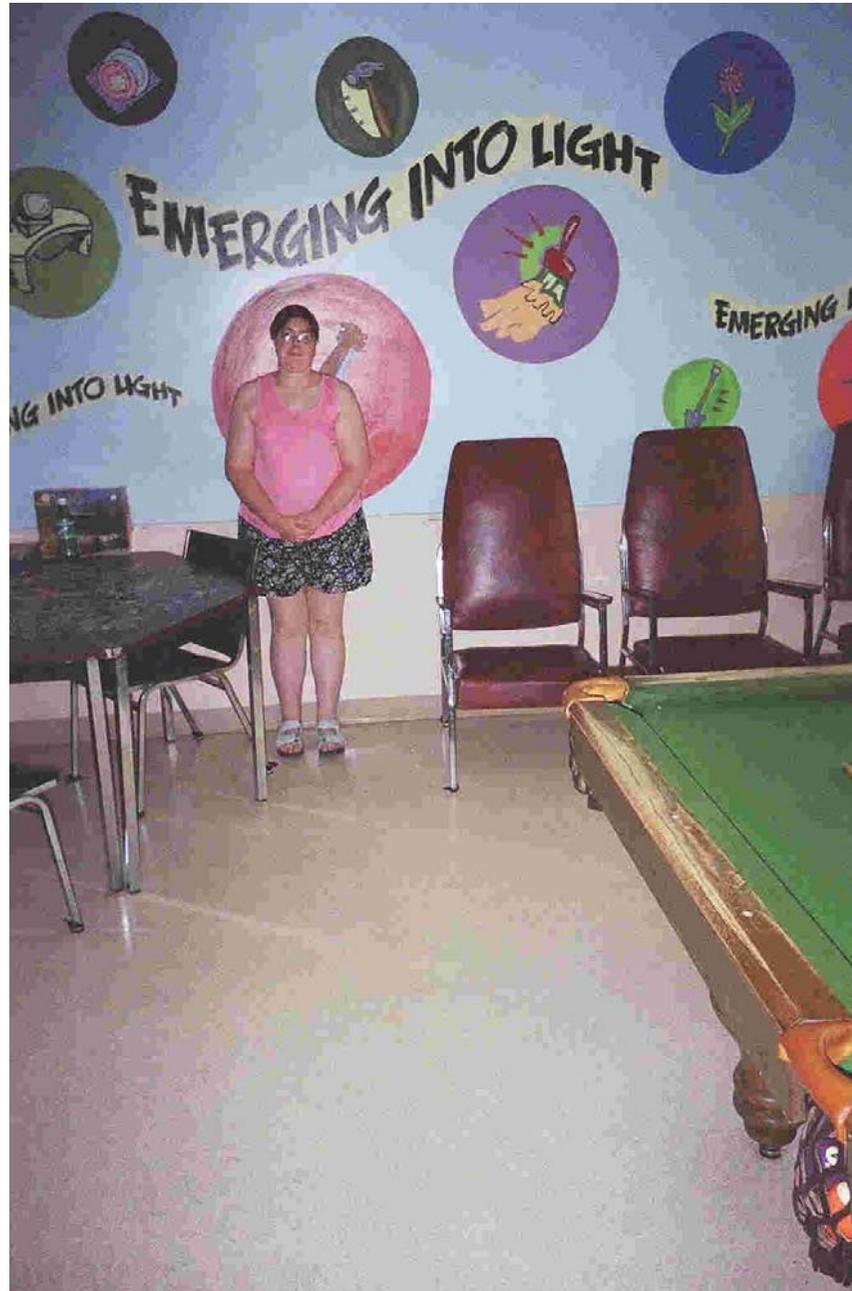
Untitled

Our sisters living in pure pain
Holding on to what they can
Using what they know to survive
Daily fighting to stay alive

We continually ask "why"
They do what they do to get by
While inside I cry

As my sister stands alone
I know now not to pass judgement or condone
My sister is a warrior and yet she walks all alone

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Saskatchewan Hand to Mouth Shuffle

"Growing up on a poultry farm, times were tough. After leaving there, I found employment in a green house. I am a trained Teaching Assistant but am burdened by mental and emotional disabilities. After I had an accident my medication and rent are about all I can cover on E.I. That makes for some lean and hungry times. Travel is a burden to me as well. I have to spend a further 57 dollars out of my budget, as the system has disqualified me from the \$15 discount bus pass. I've fallen through this cracked system."

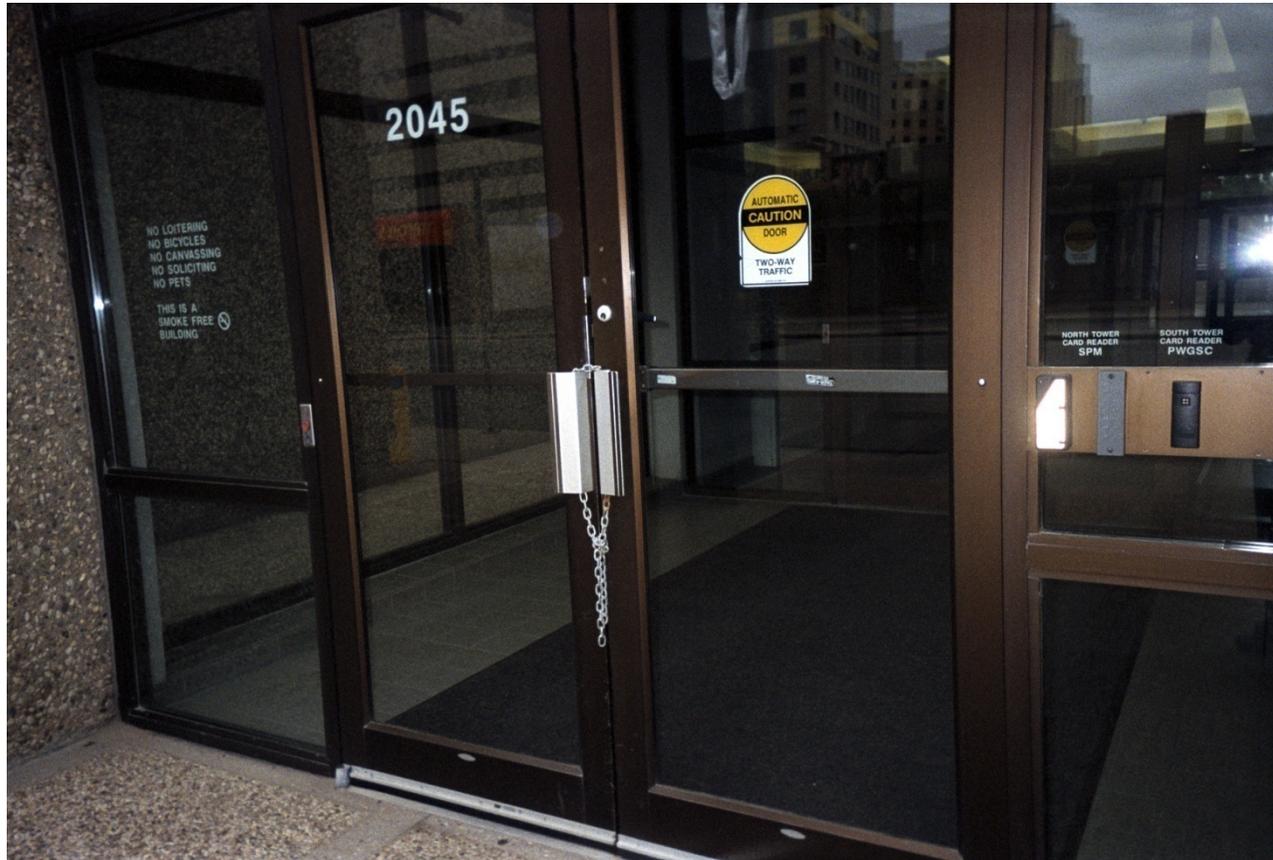
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Locked In

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I was born into poverty. It was all that I knew as a child, and then I was further integrated into the system by becoming a long-term ward of Child and Family Services. From there I became a recipient of Social Assistance. The dance with dependence began before I even knew how to walk. The dance embraces you like a jealous lover with no intent of ever letting you go, keeping you locked in a shroud of intimacy.



Locked Out

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After struggling with the embrace of poverty to gain an education the doors to employment remain locked. The chains remain either locking me in or locking me out. The real life experience that I have had with dependency has no relevance but truly ensures that the door will remain locked and the intimate embrace of poverty continues to hold me tight in its grip. The equity positions are filled ensuring that the doors are closed for other First Nations people. The token Indian has been consigned and chains placed on the doors.



Standing by Myself with Emptiness

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Ladders! Stepping up into a more productive and prosperous existence! Poverty is always going to be a constant step up to achieve those specific goals for each of us. Poverty is a long ladder that does not seem to end and it takes a long time to get out of the endless route. It is truly sad that a ladder can symbolize a struggle to rise to the top, however it represents an unreachable goal for many. The top would be nice to reach instead of the struggle to climb. Individuals with disabilities struggle to reach the top with very little, alone and no supports in place - this is poverty for the disabled.