

## **Grief and the MMIW by Jasmine Benedict**

In one particular small Indigenous community nestled somewhere, there was a sense of constant sorrow and grief. For years, the community had been plagued by the disappearance of their women and girls, without any explanation or closure.

Mothers wept for their daughters, sisters mourned for their siblings, and fathers searched endlessly for their loved ones. The disappearance of these women and girls had become an all-consuming tragedy that touched every single person in the community.

Despite their best efforts, the authorities seemed to ignore their cries for help. The families of the missing women and girls felt abandoned and forgotten, their pain and suffering ignored by the outside world.

As the years passed, the sense of loss and hopelessness grew. Every time a new case of a missing woman or girl was reported, it only added to the grief and despair of the community. And when a body was eventually found, the pain of the families was almost unbearable.

The community tried to rally around those who had lost loved ones, but it was difficult to know how to offer comfort in the face of such an overwhelming tragedy. The pain and sorrow seemed to seep into every aspect of life, casting a dark cloud over even the brightest moments of joy and celebration.

As the years turned into decades, the community never forgot the women and girls who had gone missing. They continued to hold ceremonies and vigils in their honor, and to demand justice for those who had been lost.

But the sorrow and grief remained, a constant reminder of the injustice and tragedy that had befallen their community. And the memory of those who had disappeared lingered on, a testament to the enduring strength and resilience of the people who had loved them.