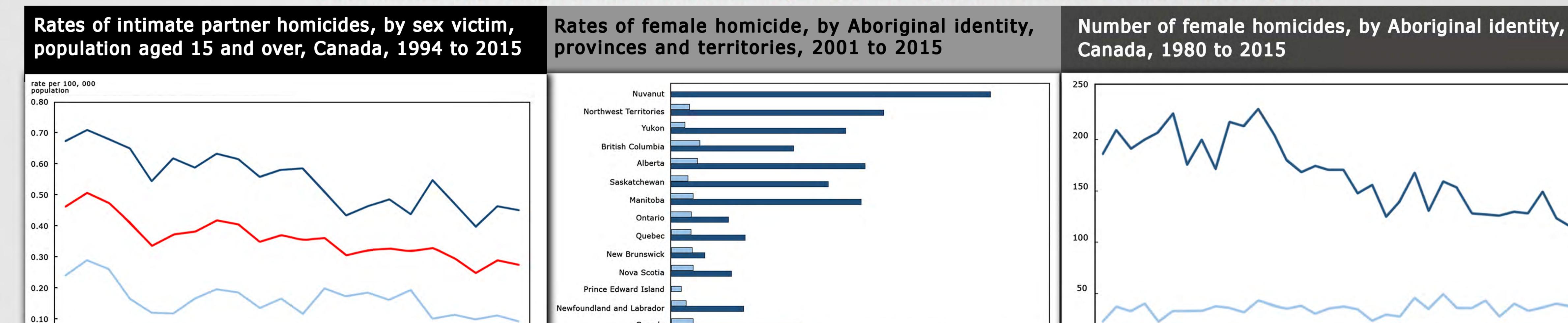


Women in Canada: A Gender-based Statistical Report (89-503-X): Women and the Criminal Justice System



Canada

-TOTAL

FEMALE VICTIMS

• In the 14-year period from 2001 to 2015, the homicide rate for Aboriginal females was nearly six times higher than that for non-Aboriginal females-4.82 per 100,000 population versus 0.82 per 100,000 population.

rate per 100,000 population

ABORIGINAL FEMALE HOMICIDES

N-ABORIGINAL FEMALE HOMICIDE

ABORIGINAL FEMALE HOMICIDE:

• 62% of Aboriginal females were killed by a current or former spouse or common-law partner or by another family member.

NON-ABORIGINAL FEMALE HOMIC

• 10% of Indigenous women and 3% of non-Indigenous women said they had experienced unhealthy conflict, abuse or violence committed by a spouse or common-law partner in the previous five years.

## Stats Canada, Homicide in Canada 2013:

For both victims and accused persons, alcohol was the most common substance. About one-third of victims (32%) and four in ten accused persons (41%) were under the influence of alcohol at the time of the homicide.

## STOP THE VIOLENCE NOW. BREAK THE CYCLE.



MALE VICTIMS

Alcohol-fueled Domestic Violence can lead to Domestic Homicide, by accident, or by intent.

Visit www.lisalheureux.com to see what you can do.

This One Is About Domestic Violence, Lisa L'Heureux ....how I escaped

When I was twenty-ish I was beaten after a party at my house. It was in the early morning hours when the party was over and almost everyone was gone. I had only met my attacker briefly as three of us were standing outside my back door talking.

As I was laying in the hospital thinking that day, I could not recall anything directly leading up to the assault. How I came to be in the hospital was fuzzy and it was not because of the drinks I had had earlier during the party. I likely sustained a brain injury. As the years go by I remember my attacker and realize that he had beaten me because he does that. He was not nice. Time has paid a visit to this old attacker and it has not been kind.



My Mum, the woman who adopted and raised me, came to see me in the hospital and as I saw the shock and grief in her eyes I was ashamed. I had the blackest, most swollen eyes with red blood pooled in their beer-bottle-brown depths I have ever seen to date. I hadn't seen how I looked because I had been laying in the hospital bed since the last I could remember. I didn't realize how bad it looked. This was the first and last time she would ever see me like this.

Not so long ago, not so very far away, a young Indigenous woman has been stomped to death. For some reason, I cannot get her tragic killing out of my head. Maybe it is that her Dad found her and he did not even know at once it was his daughter, for she had been unrecognizable in death.

My attacker got away with what he had done to me. I had never named him. Over the years, I have gotten to know him quite well, as many of my acquaintances have been friends with him. We have been at the edges of each other's circles. I have never seen or spoken to him again face-to-face and for this I am glad. Different times we were at the bar at the same time, he never came close, and stayed at his own table on the other side. Does he know? Does he remember?

That was a random assault, I thought; The only time I was ever beaten by a strange man.

## V Lisa's e-Store and More



When I began to write out notes for this book and get serious about writing it, I realized there were a few other times I was assaulted by strangers. Mean, hateful and scary people are out there. What about when they are in the house every day? What about when they are eating at the dinner table? This is the norm for many.

What I did was tell some of my own story about two men who said they loved me. This is more of my story. It has affected who I am and what I am about today.





http://lisalheureux.blogspot.ca/

