

Victim Impact Statement:

Cambria Harris

My name is Cambria Harris, and I grew up here in Winnipeg, Manitoba: like my mother Morgan Harris, who was murdered by the sadistic individual sitting in this very same court room. I'm here to tell you the deep profound impact this devastating and atrocious tragedy, has had on my family over the years; since we found out my mom was stolen from us.

I would say standing here in this room is a waste of my breath, but I know my mother was not. She would have wanted me to speak on her behalf, for her: I will do just that, and I will scream her name at the top of my lungs UNTIL my last breath. Until I see the day, that her and our family are reunited again.

She was worth the words she deserved to live and the many stories she lived, and deserved to continue to tell. I will start off by saying, this being is an absolute vile monster, if I could even call him that, but no words in man's language will do it justice; as he is far more worse. Just like how no court room, can ever take back these women, and every moment he spends in this courtroom breathing, free even in shackles: is another moment my mother is not. While he gets to stay there, surrounded and protected; my mother continues to lay in a landfill: the very place HE put her. Where he discarded of her, and treated her like GARBAGE.

My mother was robbed, of every having the chance of knowing her youngest son she birthed a few years previously to this all. She was robbed of ever knowing her granddaughter , my kid. She had every opportunity taken from her: to ever find that safety and stability she deserved. Most importantly: she deserved to be alive. But instead her daughter is here standing on a court stand, sharing the memory of her spirit and who she was. A fierce mom of five, with an every burning fire In her heart. My mom is so much more than being known as a victim of a homicide. She was sacred. She IS sacred.

She was loved by many on the streets: those same streets that monster picked her up off of. She grew up hiding from those monsters that lurked in the shadows of society: just like him. She grew up hiding from sirens and people. She had mental health, her mind was sick. But her kids always rooted for her no matter what. They knew their mom was worth more, they knew she had a chance, and deserved that chance to gain stability. Her favourite song was truly madly deeply, that she'd sing in love of us; her children. She was always on a mission, and everyone on the streets knew her. Just like the same monster, who took her life after admitting to preying on her: taking her home: and murdering her as well as three other women. One who remains unidentified. Buffalo woman. I think of my sisters who

have spoken up over the last two years to try to get our mom of a garbage dump.. and how this is their sad reality.

I think about how different her life could have been in the last year and half+ since we found out she was missing.. to when she was murdered. All those nights we spent searching for her: only to find it was a dead end because someone cut her life short beyond that. My heart literally sinks, thinking of her and as a family all you can do is think of what you could have done.. but what about his actions? What could be have undone? Why was her entire life, in the hands of this sociopath who should of never been able to get to her in the first place? He preyed on her and THIS very same system fighting for Morgan currently, could have been so different if she had support from the start.

This has all been emotionally numbing for me. I thought I had been through it all, growing up: until I lost my mom. Everyday I wake up, she's my first waking thought. I wake up in pain, not just emotionally but physically from the sheer amount of stress this cause caused onto my body. Some days I don't even want to wake up, and I keep thinking this is just a bad nightmare. But it's my everyday living reality. The impact this has had on my mental health, is cruel. A lifetime of suffering and grief I and my family have to live with, because he stole her life. I remember the day I got the announcement of her homicide and my world shattered. As a survivor myself, who always grew up with that fear of going missing or murdered; realized this just became a reality not for me: but for my mom the system had failed repeatedly. She grew up always needing love and stability. She was failed from the very start of her life; being pushed into the child welfare system: to losing her kids to that very system that stole her innocence and childhood.

Two years ago, my life got put on hold. I dropped everything to be my mom's voice. That meant I had to sacrifice time with my own daughter: to see my mother's justice and legacy carry on: beyond the grief. Beyond the tears. Beyond the sorrow. Beyond the guilt, that I live with knowing that I am standing here today and she isn't. I feel disgusted everyday knowing, the monster who stole her life: would of stared at her children's names tattooed on her body. Would of known she was loved. That she had a voice, that she had children. This was no accident on his part.

Morgan deserved a chance, and all the resources to do so. But instead the shelter kicked her out at 1am and waved her goodbye, as if she was worth nothing . That Monster saw the full scope of that, and took advantage of it: and stole her life and three other women.

He's a cold blooded and relentless coward. A coward, who couldn't face his own mind and instead used it to his worst destruction to our Indigenous women, specifically my mom. All of his very own beliefs, contradict the very same religion he claims to believe in; and I hope the very same god he believes in; judges him right until the very end for the sadistic reasons

he committed those genocidal atrocities. Yeah. I'm calling it that. No religion, god, or afterlife; will save him; and I hope he suffers forever beyond this lifetime for what he's done.

HE stole everything from her. He stole her, and robbed her of what she could have become. He took every opportunity she had from not only her as a mom, but her children who were waiting to one day be reunited with her..

She was failed from the very beginning of her lifespan, and was failed until the end: as I'm standing here today telling you her story: in hopes this guy stays behind bars forever and beyond that. She should have been here.

I thought I lost everything growing up, in the system. I didn't realize I would have to fight a whole different one, to get my mother out of a garbage dump; where HE put her. With HIS twisted actions. He put them there..

Like trash

Like garbage

Is that what women are worth to him? To society?

Let's use that Ideology and turn it to his side..

Would that not..

Make him garbage?

Make him trash ?

Does preying upon, murdering someone, and desecrating their bodies: make them just as bad as that same act they commit?

I feel sickened to know that his victims and SURVIVORS, will forever live with the trauma, grief, and scars they will forever face by the harm he had caused not only to them, but to our Women: like Morgan. How many other got away?

He might not care, and I could give two craps about that. These words aren't for him, he isn't worth mine. They're for who does care: our loved ones.. My mother cared. Rebecca Cared. Mercedes cared. Buffalo women cared.

Our families care. And these women, deserved so much more than what his dehumanizing hands could force upon them. They deserve more, than what any of our families or court room could do: they deserved to live. To be loved. To live free. Not have their life cut short.

Countless nights.. spent laying awake. Wondering where my mom was. Praying she had somewhere safe to sleep.. She had a beaming red target on her back, in a black and white

world where indigenous women after often overlooked and kicked aside systematically. The man sitting over there, took full advantage of that, and just like the sociopathic monster he is: he preyed on her. And more than likely often promised her safety: somewhere to sleep. And took my mother home, and stole her life.

You think this system would have broke me: but I was already broken. This gave me strength to keep going. This gave me back my power. I am a survivor, and my mom will not be silenced. I will bring her home: out of that landfill he put her in. With or without, help. As my aunt always said: Morgan is not garbage.