



Video - Seeing the stories of our health: Perspectives of First Nations, Inuit, and Métis youth - Destiny Henry-Rinsma

Description

The NCCIH undertook a national digital storytelling project, *Seeing the stories of our health: Perspectives of First Nations, Inuit, and Métis youth* to better understand what health and well-being mean to Indigenous young people. These resulted in eleven digital stories. The youth expressed multiple and intersecting topics in their digital stories related to their health and well-being.

Bio

Destiny Henry-Rinsma

My name is Destiny Henry-Rinsma. I am originally from Telegraph Creek but I was born and raised in Prince George (BC). I am sixteen years old. I am aiming and working towards becoming a doctor.

Transcript

Destiny Henry-Rinsma: I never really knew my dad, so I grew up without him. When I was seven, I started playing hockey, and for a while it felt like my escape.

But everything began to fall apart on March 20, 2019. My mom was diagnosed with cancer on November 18, 2018. Losing her at the age of 10 broke something inside me and my six older brothers. After she passed, it felt like all the pain turned into smoking, drinking, lying, stealing. I used to be the golden child, but then I tried to be someone I wasn't: a gangster, trying to fit in, trying to be cool, trying to numb everything. There were times I wanted to end it all, but somehow, something deep inside me wouldn't let me.

When I was 13, something really terrible happened between me and my brother. With carrying so much darkness, I ended up living with my aunt. At first, I never really trusted her. I pushed her away, lied, and I stole from her, but she never gave up on me.

One day, I finally let her in. It felt like a piece of me was finally found again. I don't know how she did it, but she reached into my darkness and pulled me out. She didn't just rescue me, she made sure I faced my trauma, step by step. She held my hand, shined the light, and let me lead the way. I've cried



harder than I've ever thought possible since my mom died. But my aunt always made time for me, for her son, her husband, and everyone she cared about.

Later, I moved back in with my brothers. All the feelings I buried came right back. But this time, this time was different because I knew how to deal with it in a healthy way. My health was shattered physically, emotionally, spiritually, and mentally, but with the right support and the right mindset to keep going, I survived. It was hard – I'll never lie about that – but I made it through.

Your health matters. You matter. This world can be brutal, but it's up to you whether you want to just survive it or truly live it. Just remember, it's not about finding yourself; it's about creating yourself.

The National Collaborating Centre for
Indigenous Health (NCCIH)
3333 University Way
Prince George, B.C.
V2N 4Z9 Canada

Tel: (250) 960-5250
Email: nccih@unbc.ca
Web: nccih.ca

Le Centre de collaboration nationale de la santé
autochtone (CCNSA)
3333 University Way
Prince George (C. - B.)
V2N 4Z9 Canada

Tél : 250 960-5250
Courriel : ccnsa@unbc.ca
Site web : ccnsa.ca

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