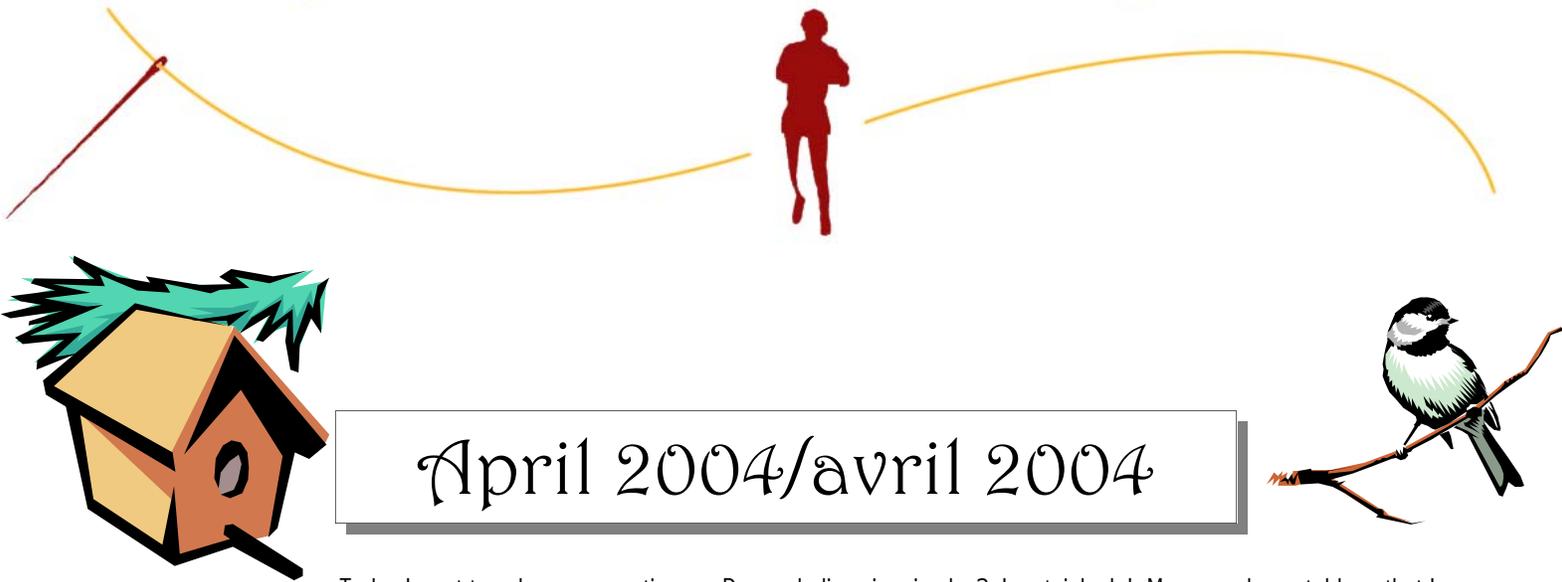


# The Golden Thread / Le fil d'or



April 2004/avril 2004

Today I want to ask you a question... Do you believe in miracles? I certainly do! My mom always told me that I was a miracle child even when I was just a little girl. I was identified as a gifted child and had a bright future stretching out in front of me. Everything was going great until I turned 11 years old. Then a CT Scan showed I had this life threatening condition – an AVM (Arteriovenous Malformation; a congenital defect that acts upon the linkage between the arteries and veins). It was a miracle that they found my malformation before I had a serious bleed. It was a miracle that I survived not one, but two bleeds after that... the second being extremely severe, I've been told. It was a miracle that I almost totally recovered from the first bleed and then from the radiation treatment I underwent to try and rid my brain of this devastating malformation. It was a miracle that I was lucky enough to get the best neurosurgeon at Sick Kids Hospital assigned to my case. It was a miracle that I was 12 years old before I even had my first bleed, as chances of a bleed increase about 4% a year from birth onwards that an AVM sufferer will have one. It was a miracle that I made it home the night of that second bleed on my bike, from a distance of almost 2 kilometers. Doctors gave little hope for my survival, let alone to recover as much as I did. It was a miracle that I did recover, graduated from OAC in high school and got accepted into a great university. Originally I had applied to three other universities and got turned down because my marks had dropped so much since my second bleed. No one had realized the extent of the damage from the last bleed on my neuropsych and memory.

It was a miracle that on the night of the second bleed that I knew enough to hurry home on my bike. I made it home with the help of my guardian angels and luckily, both of my parents were home. As soon as I got home my mom took one look at me and started phoning neurosurgery at Sick Kids Hospital. I ran into the washroom screaming in pain and my dad found me there minutes later in a coma.

It was a miracle that the fire department & first aid guys came so quickly, that the emergency department at Oakville Hospital was empty and that the ambulance waited for me to bring me in to Sick Kids. At Sick Kids, they had an open CT scanner and an operating room available. There was even a bed in critical care for me. Another miracle, my aunt was off work for two weeks so she could take care of my siblings.

It's a miracle that I wasn't blinded from the second bleed, although I do suffer with double vision now. But despite all that, it may be possible for me to even drive one day!

Yet another miracle was that my friends stuck by me throughout the whole ordeal. They were all a major contributing factor to my recovery.

It was still another miracle that, just by asking to fundraise at a school, it led to my first major public speech, which in turn led to my public speaking at every chance I get. Years ago, I never would have even dreamed I could stand up in front of people and tell them my life story, because I was so shy! But I got over my shyness and just a few years ago I helped to raise over \$25,000 for Sick Kids Connection doing such a speech.

It was a miracle that I could make a gym full of rowdy high school students be totally silent as I told my story at last year's Connections Conference. You could hear a pin drop it was so quiet!

All this fundraising and giving speeches really gives me a reason to be here I think. I feel that the reason for the miracle of my survival is so that I can show people that there is always hope, no matter how bad things seem, and that they should never give up. As a matter of fact, the theme for my speeches is just that – never give up hope. One of the boys that was recovering in the same rehab centre as me had been hit by a car while on his way home from school. He was told that he would probably never walk again. He watched me and listened to what I was doing and had been through. Just this past spring, he told me that I had been his inspiration to do what the doctors said he couldn't, then he stood up and walked. It was only a few steps, but they were a few steps closer to getting out of his wheelchair permanently. I cried to know that I had made such a difference in someone's life. And just a few short months after that, I saw him again when he walked into our support group meeting with a quad cane! He said that he never would have tried if it had not been for my inspiration. I feel that I am truly making my difference in the world. I sure have made my difference in his life!

Being the recipient of so many miracles makes me feel that I am very blessed. For this, I am extremely thankful and it makes me want to keep making a difference in this world!

Veronica White (03)



Paleoanthropology Division  
Smithsonian Institute  
207 Pennsylvania Ave  
Washington DC, 20078 USA

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your latest submission to the Institute, labeled "211-D, layer seven, next to the clothesline post, Hominid skull."

We have given this specimen a careful and detailed examination, and regret to inform you that we disagree with your theory that it represents "conclusive proof of the presence of Early Man in Charleston County two million years ago." Rather, it appears that what you have found is the head of a Barbie doll, of the variety one of our staff, who has small children, believes to be the "Malibu Barbie."

It is evident that you have given a great deal of thought to the analysis of this specimen, and you may be quite certain that those of us who are familiar with your prior work in the field were loathe to come to contradiction with your findings. However, we do feel that there are a number of physical attributed of the specimen which might have tipped you off to its modern origin:

1. The material is molded plastic. Ancient hominid remains are typically fossilized bone.
2. The cranial capacity of the specimen is approximately 9 cubic centimeters, well below the thresh old of even the earliest identified proto-hominids.
3. The dentition pattern evident on the "skull" is more consistent with the common domesticated dog than it is with the "ravenous man-eating Pliocene clams" you speculate roamed the wetlands during t hat time. This latter finding is certainly one of the most intriguing hypotheses you have submitted in your history with this institution, but the evidence seems to weigh rather heavily against it.

Without going into too much detail, let us say that:

- A. The specimen looks like the head of a Barbie doll that a dog has chewed on.
- B. Clams don't have teeth.

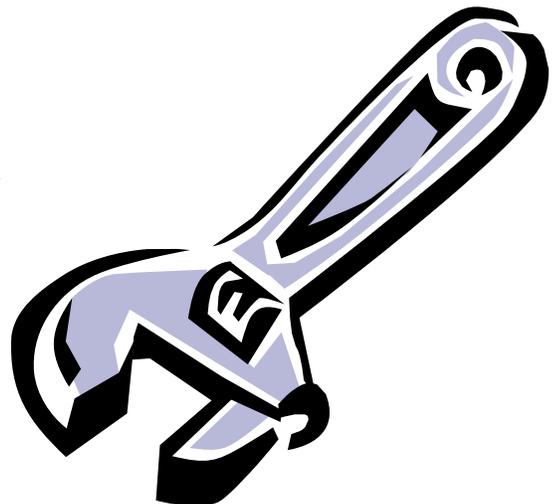
It is with feelings tinged with melancholy that we must deny your request to have the specimen carbon dated. This is partially due to the heavy load our lab must bear in its normal operation, and partly due to carbon dating's notorious inaccuracy in fossils of recent geologic record. To the best of our knowledge, no Barbie dolls were produced prior to 1956 AD, and carbon dating is likely to produce wildly inaccurate results.

Sadly, we must also deny your request that we approach the National Science Foundation's Phylogeny Department with the concept of assigning your specimen the scientific name "Australopithecus spiff-arino." Speaking personally, I, for one, fought tenaciously for the acceptance of your proposed taxonomy, but was ultimately voted down because the species name you selected was hyphenated, and didn't really sound like it might be Latin. However, we gladly accept your generous donation of this fascinating specimen to the museum.

While it is undoubtedly not a hominid fossil, it is, nonetheless, yet another riveting example of the great body of work you seem to accumulate here so effortlessly. You should know that our Director has reserved a special shelf in his own office for the display of the specimens you have previously submitted to the Institution, and the entire staff speculates daily on what you will happen upon next in your digs at the site you have discovered in your back yard. We eagerly anticipate your trip to our nation's capital that you proposed in your last letter, and several of us are pressing the Director to pay for it. We are particularly interested in hearing you expand on your theories surrounding the "trans-positatingfillifitation of ferrous irons in a structural matrix" that makes the excellent juvenile Tyrannosaurus Rex femur you recently discovered take on the deceptive appearance of a rusty 9mm Sears Craftsman automotive crescent wrench.

Yours in Science,  
Harvey Rowe  
Curator, Antiquities

**Submitted by W. Lorne Davies, Executive Director**



**Planning, Praying and Panicking**  
**By Paige Muttersbach (02)**

Have you ever had one of those days where you seriously regret a past decision? I am sorry to say I had one such day last week where I regretted my position as President of an university advocacy group. I am enthusiastic and honoured to be given the opportunity to promote awareness regarding disability issues on campus but when the planning process begins for an event like Disability Awareness Day, the thrill is gone and the panicking starts full tilt.

Disability Awareness Day, provided it goes off without a hitch will be a tremendous vehicle for raising awareness and encouraging understanding among the students and faculty on campus, so I am not sorry for the event itself, I am merely repentant for the entire process that occurs before the actual day.

The first difficulty I encountered was the fact the Organizing Committee consists of only four members including myself. I personally would have preferred a larger committee to spread out the workload but nonetheless I had the good fortune of getting the four hardest working and most innovative people in our group. The whole creative, idea-generating process is not the most troublesome part; it is the implementation of the event and naturally I would be the first person to make an organizational error.

The first job assigned was to book a venue for the event, which at first glance seems like a pretty easy task, but in a university full of political angst and rebellion (relatively speaking), obtaining a suitable place is far from being a walk in the park. I was pretty proud of myself when I got the Organizing Committee's first choice of venue but I should have known it was too good to be true. I received a call the next day and the message was somewhere along the lines of the room having been double-booked and therefore we could not have it. To further complicate matters, my second and third choice location plans had also fallen through.

It was at this point in time that I realized I am incredibly susceptible to developing stress ulcers in the space of a few minutes. People were depending on me to make this happen and I could not let them down. Therefore like any mature and self-sufficient twenty year old, I panicked and spent the next five hours attempting to find some place, any place to host the event. Eventually, by some miracle of divine intervention and possibly the expression on my

bloodless and clammy little face, I was able to acquire the Student Lounge, a large and accessible space perfect for Disability Awareness Day.

The point to this rather sad and hopefully sympathy generating tale, is that sometimes your plans do not always unfold the way you would like them to and this can cause a great deal of stress and frustration. What you have to remember is that a major part of growing up is learning how to deal with unexpected and unpleasant situations in a mature and responsible manner with a minimal development of ulcers. (I am kidding about the ulcers by the way). This developmental process is not always simple or straightforward and you are definitely going to make some grandiose mistakes along the way.

One of my expectations in holding this event is that I will increase the skills I already have in adapting to my environment and start being able to apply them to the other aspects of my life. Disability Awareness Day will be a wonderful opportunity to raise the level of understanding on campus and within the local community; a bonus to this event may well be my chance for some personal growth as I stumble my way toward becoming a contributing member of humanity.



*This is just a little reminder to take the time to remember what's important in life. P.S. Don't be afraid to run in the rain.*

A little girl had been shopping with her Mom in Wal-Mart. She must have been 6 years old, this beautiful red haired, freckle faced image of innocence. It was pouring outside. The kind of rain that gushes over the top of rain gutters, so much in a hurry to hit the earth it has no time to flow down the spout. We all stood there under the awning and just inside the door of the Wal-Mart.

We waited, some patiently, others irritated because nature messed up their hurried day. I am always mesmerized by rainfall. I got lost in the sound and sight of the heavens washing away the dirt and dust of the world. Memories of running, splashing so carefree as a child came pouring in as a welcome reprieve from the worries of my day.

The little voice was so sweet as it broke the hypnotic trance we were all caught in "Mom, let's run through the rain," she said.

"What?" Mom asked.

"Let 's run through the rain!" She repeated.

"No, honey. We'll wait until it slows down a bit," Mom replied.

This young child waited about another minute and repeated: "Mom, let's run through the rain,"

"We'll get soaked if we do," Mom said.

"No, we won't, Mom. That's not what you said this morning," the young girl said as she tugged at her Mom's arm.

This morning? When did I say we could run through the rain and not get wet?

"Don't you remember? When you were talking to Daddy about his cancer, you said, 'If God can get us through this, he can get us through anything!'"

The entire crowd stopped dead silent. I swear you couldn't hear anything but the rain. We all stood silently. No one came or left in the next few minutes.

Mom paused and thought for a moment about what she would say. Now some would laugh it off and scold her for being silly. Some might even ignore what was said. But this was a moment of affirmation in a young child's life. A time when innocent trust can be nurtured so that it will bloom into faith.

"Honey, you are absolutely right. Let's run through the rain. If GOD let's us get wet, well maybe we just needed washing," Mom said.

Then off they ran. We all stood watching, smiling and laughing as they darted past the cars and yes, through the puddles. They held their shopping bags over their heads just in case. They got soaked. But they were followed by a few who screamed and laughed like children all the way to their cars.

And yes, I did. I ran. I got wet. I needed washing.



**Submitted by Katie Graham (03)**

*It's all about change!*

*At the start of this new academic school year, I made some drastic decisions regarding my future. I began at Queen's as a politics major, however, at the end of 1st year, my interests were sparked in another field. I had taken 2 geology courses for electives and enjoyed every minute of them. An occupation in the sciences had never interested me before, hence, I hadn't prepared in high school for the challenges of university science courses. This lack of preparation presented a huge obstacle for me in pursuing my wishes to transfer into geological sciences. However, I took the plunge. I took on the challenge to transfer into a program without having the back ground because I knew I would forever regret it if I had never tried.*

*So in September, I came back to school, no longer an Arts major, trying to tackle a few first year sciences as well as the stresses of 2nd year geology. As the semester progressed and the workload became more and more challenging, I, at times, regretted my decision, believing that perhaps politics was my strength. Now in January, having survived the 1st semester, I have this wonderful confidence. I feel I have overcome a great fear; the fear of not knowing the outcome and the possibility of failure. However, I made it and along the way met some awesome friends, encouraging professors and realized what I can achieve. This experience has shown me that change can be a wonderful thing and fear of change should never prevent a person from following their dreams!*

*Holly Vinnall (02)*

## Helping Hands

Terri-Lynn Langdon '01

He does not want to take off his coat.  
He is hungry, exhausted and cold.  
He cannot show his weakness; his stride is exacting and bold.  
He intends it to be that way.

He looks around to inspect the place.  
He is greeted by a worker.  
He does not know what to say,  
At a loss for words he hides his face,  
In an effort not to show that he is vulnerable.

He is introduced to another staff who offers him a meal.  
He begins to feel a sense of comfort.  
But, his pain is transparent and his poverty is real.  
In a tattered jacket, and holes in his shoes,  
he struggles to hold his head high.

But, somehow he manages to save face.  
And, although the feelings are there, when he is sad he cannot cry  
Because his home was filled with violence, so he left without a  
trace.  
He does not want to be found.  
He does however, dream of the day when he would turn his life  
around.

He would live in a house; not on the street.  
But, this dream sometimes melted away.  
He was overburdened by hunger, exhaustion, and cold everyday.  
He wished that he did not feel unloved.

And though our actions this could come to be,  
If we turn this story around to see,  
That the lady who fed him showed him kindness,  
might lead him past the blindness of his hopelessness.  
The person who asks him to share his hopes and dreams lends  
their ear,  
And the future of this youth becomes clear; that he can succeed.  
But, someone had to tell this youth that he was worth their time.  
When that seed was planted that youth was given the gift of the  
belief that he could succeed.

But do not be deceived.  
For the evils of homelessness are not solved by these simple acts  
caring.  
But, when these actions are absent the face of humanity is

## EITHER DAY BY DAY OR YEAR BY YEAR

By: Brad Pennington (O2)

4 years cancer free,  
In June that's exactly  
What I'm going to be.  
Remissions end is almost  
Here, by June it will  
Be just one year.

The first few years  
Were filled with fear, with  
Every ring of the phone  
Or every appointment  
I prepared for the words  
That would bring me to tears.

After each year probable tears  
Turned to heart-warming cheers.  
The countdown began year  
By year, and now I see  
The number 4 and myself  
Are very near.

At first it seemed so long,  
5 whole years, before the  
Threat of cancer could most likely  
Be gone. Either day by day  
Or year-by-year it's getting  
Closer to 5 whole years.



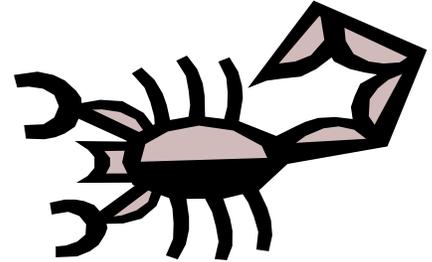
**A Scorpion Moment**

**Author Unknown, Submitted by Kristine Rasmussen (02)**

There was this Hindu who saw a scorpion floundering around in the water. He decided to save it by stretching out his finger, but the scorpion stung him. The man still tried to get the scorpion out of the water, but the scorpion stung him again.

A man nearby told him to stop saving the scorpion that kept stinging him.

But the Hindu said: "It is the nature of the scorpion to sting. It is my nature to love. Why should I give up my nature to love just because it is the nature of the scorpion to sting?"



Don't give up loving.

Don't give up your goodness.

Even if people around you sting.

Commencement speech made by Pulitzer Prize-winning author Anna Quindlen at Villanova University :  
Submitted by: Shainur Premji (01)

I'm a novelist. My work is human nature. Real life is all I know. Don't ever confuse the two, your life and your work. You will walk out of here this afternoon with only one thing that no one else has. There will be hundreds of people out there with your same degree; there will be thousands of people doing what you want to do for a living. But you will be the only person alive who has sole custody of your life. Your particular life. Your entire life. Not just your life at a desk, or your life on a bus, or in a car, or at the computer. Not just the life of your mind, but the life of your heart. Not just your bank account but your soul.

People don't talk about the soul very much anymore. It's so much easier to write a resume than to craft a spirit. But a resume is a cold comfort on a winter night, or when you're sad, or broke, or lonely, or when you've gotten back the test results and they're not so good.

Here is my resume: I am a good mother to three children. I have tried never to let my profession stand in the way of being a good parent. I no longer consider myself the center of the universe. I show up. I listen. I try to laugh. I am a good friend to my husband. I have tried to make marriage vows mean what they say. I am a good friend to my friends, and they to me. Without them, there would be nothing to say to you today, because I would be a cardboard cutout. But I call them on the phone, and I meet them for lunch. I would be rotten, or at best mediocre at my job, if those other things were not true. You cannot be really first rate at your work if your work is all you are.

So here's what I wanted to tell you today: Get a life. A real life, not a manic pursuit of the next promotion, the bigger paycheck, the larger house. Do you think you'd care so very much about those things if you blew an aneurysm one afternoon, or found a lump in your breast?

Get a life in which you notice the smell of salt water pushing itself on a breeze over Seaside Heights, a life in which you stop and watch how a red tailed hawk circles over the water or the way a baby scowls with concentration when she tries to pick up a Cheerio with her thumb and first finger.

Get a life in which you are not alone. Find people you love, and who love you. And remember that love is not leisure, it is work. Pick up the phone. Send an e-mail. Write a letter.

Get a life in which you are generous. And realize that life is the best thing ever, and that you have no business taking it for granted. Care so deeply about its goodness that you want to spread it around. Take money you would have spent on beers and give it to charity. Work in a soup kitchen. Be a big brother or sister. All of you want to do well. But if you do not do good too, then doing well will never be enough.

It is so easy to waste our lives, our days, our hours, our minutes. It is so easy to take for granted the color of our kids' eyes, the way the melody in a symphony rises and falls and disappears and rises again. It is so easy to exist instead of to live. I learned to live many years ago. I learned to love the journey, not the destination. I learned that it is not a dress rehearsal, and that today is the only guarantee you get. I learned to look at all the good in the world and try to give some of it back because I believed in it, completely and utterly. And I tried to do that, in part, by telling others what I had learned; by telling them this:

Consider the lilies of the field. Look at the fuzz on a baby's ear. Read in the backyard with the sun on your face. Learn to be happy. And think of life as a terminal illness, because if you do, you will live it with joy and passion as it ought to be lived.

– Anna Quindlen

**Quiet Please...**  
**By: Chris Gaulin (03)**

The official leans over and calls out "PLAY." Three footsteps can be heard along the left side of the court, followed by the sound of rubber rolling across the hardwood floor. Without missing a heartbeat Paulo Monteagudo and his two teammates throw their bodies into the path of the ball.

Sound like a different type of sport? That's because it is. Goalball is a specialized sport played all across the world by people who are blind or visually impaired. The sport was invented in 1946 by Hanz Lorenzen of Austria and Sepp Reindle of Germany in an effort to help rehabilitate veterans blinded in WWII.

The game was officially introduced at the 1976 Special Olympics hosted in Toronto. Competitions take place at the Olympic, international and national levels and are regulated by the International Blind Sports Association.

The IBSA rules allow for one fully sighted player per team, but the remaining players must be blind or visually impaired.

A regulation Goalball game is played by two teams of three players. The game is conducted on a gymnasium floor within a rectangular 9-metre by 18-metre court outlined with tactile tape and string. Goals are placed at both ends of the court and span the full width of the playing area. The object of the game is for each team to roll a ball containing three bells across the court and past their opponent's goal line. The opposing team must defend their goal and prepare for a return throw. All players are blindfolded throughout the game to create an equal playing field.

Paulo Monteagudo, a Business Administration student at Bishops University plays Goalball with other post secondary students at the Montreal Association for the Blind. "It is a good way to keep in shape and it gives us something to do," he said. Monteagudo participates in the sport in his spare time and enjoys the leadership of being a team captain. "It is fun to get a team and to win with them," said Monteagudo, who can often be seen diving several metres to aid a teammate with a defense.

Monteagudo became involved in the sport after being challenged to a game by a member of the Quebec Goalball Team. "He setup a court for use and showed us how to play and some tricks," he explained, referring to the first game he played with some of his classmates. Monteagudo has been playing the sport for four years now at the Montreal Association for the Blind.

"I'm not really interested in playing in competitions, it takes the fun away from all of it," said Monteagudo. "I did take a team to a charity competition in Montreal once, we did good," he said. The competition he participated in was one organized by the provincial team to raise funds for the national championships that take place annually. Each year, local businesses and sports enthusiasts are encouraged to gather a team and take part in a tournament refereed and planned by members of the Quebec team.

There are three places where Montrealers can become involved in Goalball. The first, where Monteagudo plays, at the Montreal Association for the Blind. The MAB hosts a recreational Goalball league for students between 14 and 25. Games are non-competitive and are open to the public. The second is with the Association des Sports pour Aveugles de Montréal. ASAM is the Quebec body responsible for operating the provincial team. These "games are very competitive and focus on training and skills development," said ASAM coordinator Clifford Doody. "Many [of our] players are also on the Canadian Team," he said.

Monteagudo said he is quite intimidated by the provincial and national teams. "I have seen them play and it's dangerous," he said. As the level increases, the speed of the game and skills demanded increase drastically. "We can take up to eight seconds to throw the ball back [to the other team], but the Quebec team does it in two or three seconds sometimes."

"Our games are lots of fun and surprisingly people don't get hurt very often," said Monteagudo about the games played at the MAB. He invited his classmates to the games on a regular basis and sees it as an opportunity to sensitize them. "They learn about the sport and also about blindness by being around us," he said.



# TECHNICAL SUPPORT

Actual calls to computer technical support centres  
Submitted by Melissa Ratcliff, Administrative Assistant

- **Customer:** "I need help with this dialer. The police have already shown up to my office twice today."

Police? Ok, whatever.

- **Tech Support:** "Ok, let's check out the settings. Do you have anything entered for getting an outside line?"
- **Customer:** "A nine."
- **Tech Support:** "Do you need to dial a 9 for an outside line?"
- **Customer:** "I'm not sure. I think so."
- **Tech Support:** "Could you double check?"
- **Customer:** "Sure. (pause) Nope. Turns out we don't need it."
- **Tech Support:** "Ok. Then remove it. What do you have for the area code?"
- **Customer:** "One and then [area code]."
- **Tech Support:** "Uhm, you don't need the one. Windows 95 automatically adds that."
- **Customer:** "Oh. So you mean..."
- **Tech Support:** "Yes, your computer was dialing 911 and then the phone number."

- 
- **Customer:** "My computer crashed!"
  - **Tech Support:** "It crashed?"
  - **Customer:** "Yeah, it won't let me play my game."
  - **Tech Support:** "All right, hit Control-Alt-Delete to reboot."
  - **Customer:** "No, it didn't crash -- it crashed."
  - **Tech Support:** "Huh?"
  - **Customer:** "I crashed my game. That's what I said before. Now it doesn't work."

Turned out, the user was playing Lunar Lander and crashed his spaceship.

- **Tech Support:** "Click on 'File,' then 'New Game.'"
- **Customer:** [pause] "Wow! How'd you learn how to do that?"



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Gateway color codes their connectors as well as their ports. Yet:

- **Customer:** "I'm looking at the back of the system, and I don't know where to plug in the mouse. There are two holes that are the same size as the mouse."
- **Tech Support:** "Ok, what color is the tip of the mouse plug?"
- **Customer:** "Orange."
- **Tech Support:** "Do you see the orange 'hole' on the back of the computer?"
- **Customer:** "Yes."
- **Tech Support:** "That is where the mouse plugs into."
- **Customer:** "Oh. How about the keyboard?"
- **Tech Support:** "What color is the plug on the keyboard?"
- **Customer:** "Purple."
- **Tech Support:** "And do you see the purple 'hole' on the back of the computer?"
- **Customer:** "Yes."
- **Tech Support:** "That is where the keyboard plugs in. The tips are color coded."
- **Customer:** "I see. How about the speakers?"

Moments in Life

Submitted by: Pamela Slaney (02)

*There are moments in life when you miss someone  
so much that you just want to pick them from  
your dreams and hug them for real!*

*When the door of happiness closes, another opens;  
but often times we look so long at the  
closed door that we don't see the one  
which has been opened for us.*

*Don't go for looks; they can deceive.  
Don't go for wealth; even that fades away.  
Go for someone who makes you smile,  
because it takes only a smile to  
make a dark day seem bright.  
Find the one that makes your heart smile.*

*Dream what you want to dream,  
go where you want to go,  
be what you want to be,  
because you have only one life  
and one chance to do all the things  
you want to do.*

*May you have enough happiness to make you sweet,  
enough trials to make you strong,  
enough sorrow to keep you human and  
enough hope to make you happy.*

*The happiest of people don't necessarily  
have the best of everything;  
they just make the most of  
everything that comes along their way.*

*The brightest future will always  
be based on a forgotten past;  
you can't go forward in life until  
you let go of your past failures and heartaches.*

*When you were born, you were crying  
and everyone around you was smiling.  
Live your life so at the end,  
you're the one who is smiling and everyone  
around you is crying.*

*Don't count the years - count the memories...*

*Life is not measure by the number of breaths we take;  
but by the moments that take our breath away!*



Cancer

**Cancer comes to claim my life.  
It stabs my heart like fifty knives.  
I stand to fight with all my will,  
Which one of us will be killed?  
Chemo fights as my ally.  
Will I win, or will I die?  
Supportive parents, awesome friends,  
Stand by me from start to end.  
One question now, why choose me?  
Who holds my fate? Who guards my key?  
I'm tired now I can't go on.  
I can hear the angels sing my song.  
I cannot leave, I have to stay.  
It's so hard and I'm so afraid.  
Where is my life going to lead?  
Is this the start or end for me?  
I'll stay strong, I will survive.  
I'll beat the odds, I'll stay alive.  
My battle's won, but is the WAR?  
I guess I cannot know for sure  
Cancer tried to make me blind,  
To take my heart and steal my mind.  
I'll stay strong with fears well hidden.  
With dreams held high and fate forgiven.**

**By: Chris Baptiste (03)**

The Gift of a Smile

By: Colleen Crawford (03)

This year at Brock University I have been involved with S.N.A.P. (Special Needs Activity Program). Once a week I am privileged enough to play with children whose lives have been affected by physical or mental disabilities. I look forward to Tuesday mornings every week. For two and a half hours I am given the chance to touch the heart of a child that has not been given a fair chance at life. We have fun together just being kids, whether it is playing on scooters, trampolines, participating in sports or in any other activity that sparks the interest of a child. The best part of the experience is I get to see the beautiful smiles and hear the squeals of innocent laughter that echo off the gymnasium walls.

Every day at school these children are teased, mocked, and alienated by their peers because they are physically or mentally different. Their peers fail to see the true beauty of the soul that lives inside every child. These children who visit from across the Niagara region glow as they step off the bus to meet their partners and quickly run to the closest gymnasium. For the morning they have the opportunity to meet other children just like them and be paired up with a university student who has dedicated their morning to making a child smile. With us they are not judged, alienated or discriminated against for being different. They are equal and I often admire the courage and stamina that these children possess. They often impact my life; teaching me things that I have never known before and encourage me to fight with the realization that if they can face the challenges in their lives at such a young age then I too can stand up to mine. They evoke from within a passion for life that I have never seen and give me a sense of strength. They are encouraged to play, be active and try new activities despite their disabilities.

A month ago I was blessed with a partner who needed a walker to assist her with her daily activities. She had an amazing attitude toward life and never let her disability interfere with her passion for life. No matter how difficult the activity was, she rose to the occasion. This particular morning she wanted to jump on the trampoline and asked if I would bounce her as her legs were not strong enough to jump by herself. As she climbed on the trampoline, she looked at me and asked, "do you think I can try it myself today Colleen? I have never jumped on my own before, but I think I can do it." To her amazement, she did it. With gratification in her eyes she looked at me and exclaimed "I did it, I did it!" I have never seen so much pride and joy burst out of such a young child. She was smiling from the inside out and her eyes sparkled as she reached for the sky. There was no limit; she could do anything she set her heart on. This little girl conquered the world that morning. No mountain is too high and no river is too wide because "if God brings you to it, He will bring you through it." With the proper perspective and attitude any dream can become a reality.

The contest lasts for moments  
Though the training's taken years  
It wasn't the winning alone that  
Was worth the work and the tears  
The applause will be forgotten  
The prize will be misplaced  
But the long hard hours of practice  
Will never be a waste  
For in trying to win



You build a skill  
You learn that winning  
Depends on will  
You never grow by how much you win  
You only grow by how much you put in  
So any challenge  
You've just begun  
Put forth your best  
And you've already won

W.A. Clennan

I am an athlete on Canada's national team for figure skating and a full time university student pursuing a career as a medical doctor. There have been many times in my life when I thought my goals were out of reach and I lacked the motivation to continue, but this poem has often helped to redefine my mindset. My parents gave me it years ago when I was a young girl with very big dreams and asked me to read it whenever I lost sight of where I wanted to go. It's applicable to every instance in life and has offered comfort, confidence, and renewed desire in my life.

Nicole Watt (03)

Gone Too Soon

In a dark room I sit alone  
watching a TV that is too small  
like a window into life  
I watch them all get ready  
they talk about big things  
but I never get that channel  
it's only in the morning  
I watch them clean their faces  
I watch them brush their teeth  
I should have realized  
I should have seen  
Small steps  
Small moments  
Small things  
now nothing  
just me and this TV  
too small  
but I can see  
Submitted by:  
Brianna Vandeweghe (02)

Everyday Heroes  
By: Jeff Beaton (03)

There are people in this world that go about their routine business,  
touching hearts and changing lives.  
They don't do it for recognition, nor for glory,  
they simply do it with a smile on their face.

They teach us the importance of getting up one more time than we  
fall, and extend our vision and inspire us to higher levels of  
achievement.

They personify the best of what we want to believe about  
ourselves,  
and prove that our grandest goals are achievable,  
to them the sky is no longer the limit.

These people simply show us that the tragedy of life is not that it  
ends too soon,  
but that we wait so long to begin it.

These are the everyday heroes,  
No words or gifts could amount to what they give us

There's something new and something different,  
Something that makes me smile.

There's something deep and something strong,  
Something that leaves me in awe.

There's something sincere and something sweet,  
Something that leaves me speechless.

There's something moving and something real,  
Something that has reached me.

It's that something in your voice, your touch, your eyes,  
It's that something in your words, your laugh, your kiss.  
It's that something that has made me stronger, braver, freer,  
And it is that something that has made me trust you, want you, love you.  
It's that something that has left me complete.

By: Jessica Tuomela (02)



Oblivious Existence

Overlook the morning dew.  
Shun the day that hasn't dawned.  
Surrender to the fleeting time,  
let it rule you; be its pawn.

Fall into the line of traffic,  
move to coloured lights.  
Someone else will solve the problem,  
-you haven't the time to fight.

Refuse to answer the letters,  
from the friends who just pretend.  
It couldn't be they actually care,  
-are just too scared to touch your hand.

Let the friendships drift away.  
Sail the sea of complacency.  
Wave to those in front of you,  
the one's you'll never truly see.

Walk this world an actor,  
mold an expression to your face.  
Live without ever questioning.  
Exit without a trace.

Sometimes we fail to see the beauty in, and take for  
granted the simplicities in life and our relationships.  
Sometimes we forget we are in control of our own  
lives; can make a difference, and can leave the world  
having changed some piece of it.

~Darlene Oshanski (03)

"Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has"

- Margaret Mead

"Each time a person stands up for an ideal or acts to improve the lot of others he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope and crossing each other from a million different centres of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

- Robert F. Kennedy

**Congratulations! Today is your day.  
You're off to great places! You're off and away!  
So be your name Buxbaum or Bixby or Bray  
or Mordechai Alie Van Alley O'Shea  
You're off to great places! Today is your Day!  
Your mountain is waiting, so get on your way**

- Dr. Seuss

These were a few of the better quotes from my residence life advisor manual for 2003-2004. I'm an RLA (Residence Life Advisor) this year and, well, it's been challenging, sometimes even seeming impossible. But I've rallied behind some good people and I'm going to make this year a success.

The year has been full of great times with friends and family. But being in the position I'm in, it's hard to describe how much change you can influence. You're a role model 24/7 which is an experience like no other.

I'll always remember the late night chats, feasts, and laughs. I'll never forget our trips to the rink, caf, and the emergency room. And I'll always remember the difference you can make, no matter how small.

I hope that your year finishes like mine will. I know I'm going to make the most of months ahead.

Have a great semester

Glen Robertson (O1)

Avant d'étudier la médecine, j'imaginai la formation médicale de façon optimiste. Pour sûr, me disais-je alors, les cours de médecine seront intéressants, et intégreront science et humanisme. Je m'attendais, bien évidemment, à devoir apprendre par cœur le nom et la structure moléculaire de dizaines d'antibiotiques, mais j'étais alors persuadée que l'enseignement ne perdrait pas de vue le patient et que chaque sujet, chaque cours, aurait aussi une composante plus humanitaire. En commençant la médecine au mois de septembre, je me suis vite rendue compte que nous parlions plus souvent de molécules et d'interactions entre tel et tel médicament que des patients que nous devrions un jour aider. De fastidieuses heures de cours, durant lesquelles la science est infusée dans nos cerveaux au goutte à goutte. Dans tout cet acharnement académique, il serait facile de perdre de vue que la raison-même pour laquelle j'ai choisi la médecine à la biochimie était justement le contact humain. Heureusement, à chaque semaine, le cours d'introduction aux patients vient relativiser toute la science apprise. Durant deux heures, chaque mercredi après-midi, nous pouvons aller en cours et simplement écouter. Deux heures de cours qui ne seront jamais demandées en examen. Deux heures par semaine durant lesquelles nous parlons de vrais problèmes auxquels les patients font face. Parfois des patients viennent en classe pour partager leur vécu avec nous. Parfois c'est nous qui nous déplaçons à l'hôpital, par exemple pour visiter le département de soins palliatifs. Parfois nous parlons. Les thèmes abordés sont variables : des maladies terminales chez les enfants, à comment vivre avec une maladie débilante. Ce sont deux heures par semaine qui « ne comptent pas », et pourtant, c'est de ce dont on parle durant ces deux heures là dont je me souviens le plus. Chaque mercredi à pres-midi, le cours d'introduction aux patients me rappelle que la raison pour laquelle j'ai voulu devenir médecin, c'est avant tout pour aider les autres.



**Alexandra**

Submitted by Margot Catizzone (03)

"Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities have crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; you shall begin it serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense."

~Emerson



Early in the school year I was approached by my co-researcher - she had been doing some internet searching and found a conference in Bangkok, Thailand that would perhaps bring a whole new perspective to the research we're doing. As 3rd year psychology students, we are very fortunate to have an academic journal article in the making! Currently doing research on dating violence among western Newfoundland high school students and being the study-stricken university students that we are, we jumped on the opportunity to escape from the midterm madness. So, on October 3rd, we hopped on a plane and went to the 2nd Asia Pacific Conference on Reproductive and Sexual Health in Bangkok.

You may be asking yourself, what did this conference have to do with high school students in Newfoundland? Let me tell you, almost nothing, but the trip was an amazing experience, and a real eye-opener. After two days of flying, we were immersed into a culture quite dissimilar from our own. Everywhere we looked, there was poverty. Everywhere we turned, there was another stray animal scrounging for something to eat. As a tourist, which was very evident by our white skin and blonde hair, we were continually begged for money by people that had made their homes on the streets. But, on a more lightened note, we were greeted with the warmest hospitality I have ever experienced. I was amazed to see how people who could have been so disheartened by their living situations and the poverty that surrounds them, were actually smiling, laughing, and taking pride in their children, or playmates. At the conference, we learned about the sexual and reproductive health practices among Asians. I was once again amazed with how they were able to get the word out among youth, and even adults. Family planning has become the involvement of everyone. Monks, teachers, and well-accepted ordinary people are distributors of birth control pills. Half a million school teachers are educated on contraception every 5 years, games that follow the same rules of Snakes and Ladders have been introduced - Mom takes pill... move 1, Sis gets pregnant... move back 10. They have mobile vasectomy vans - men weren't going to get vasectomies, so vasectomies were brought to the men.



When I thought about all the simple routes professionals are taking in Asia to combat HIV/AIDS and unwanted pregnancies, I realized just how little our country, at least my province, is really doing to educate the public. With just a small amount of money, Asians are being educated through innovative and fun ways on the dangers of STIs and the adverse effects of unwanted pregnancies. In Canada, millions of dollars are spent each year to educate the public, but why are rates of STIs continuing to rise? Are we perhaps spending money on posters that are read once and a talk from a public health nurse in grade nine? Where is the innovation? How is it that an underdeveloped Asia is successfully combating their rates of HIV/AIDS and unwanted pregnancies with so little money, while rates in Canada continue to climb? All I can say is 'Hats off to Asia,' - They are doing an excellent job. Imagine what they could do with a million dollars of sexual and reproductive health education.

Janice Dicks (01)

"A Letter From Heaven"

*My Dearest Family  
Some things I'd like to say, but first of all to let  
you know that I arrived okay.*

*I'm writing this from heaven  
where I dwell with God above  
where there's no more tears or  
sadness, there is just eternal love.*

*Please do not be unhappy  
just because I'm out of sight,  
remember that I'm with you  
every morning, noon and night.*

*The morning I had to leave you  
when my life on earth was through,  
God picked me up and hugged me  
and He said, "I welcome you.*

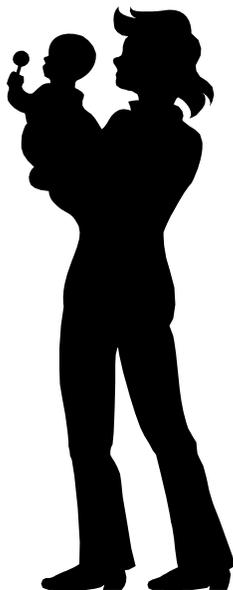
*"It's good to have you back again,  
you were missed while you were gone,  
as for your loving family  
they'll join you later on."*

*Then God gave me a list of things  
He wished for me to do,  
and foremost on that list of mine  
is to watch and care for you.*

*And I will be beside you  
every day and week and year,  
and when you're sad, I'm standing there  
to wipe away the tear.*

*And when you lie in bed at night,  
the day's chores all put right,  
God and I are closest to you  
in the middle of the night.*

*When you think of my life on Earth  
and all those loving years,  
because you're only human  
they are bound to bring you tears.*



*But do not be afraid to cry,  
it does not relieve the pain,  
and remember there would be no flowers  
unless there was some rain.*

*I wish that I could tell you  
of all that God has planned,  
but if I were to tell you,  
you wouldn't understand.*

*And one thing is for certain,  
thought my life on earth is o'er.  
I feel as close to you now  
as I always was before.*

*To all my many friends,  
trust God knows what is best.  
I'm still not far away from you,  
I'm just beyond the crest.*

*When you are walking down the street  
and you've got me on your mind,  
I'm walking in your footsteps  
only half a step behind.*

*And when you feel the gentle breeze  
or the wind upon your face,  
that's me giving you a great big hug  
or just a soft embrace.*

*And when it's time for you to go  
from that body to be free,  
remember you're not going  
you are coming here to me.*

*And I will always love you  
in that land way up above.  
I'll be in touch again soon.  
P.S. God sends His love.*

**Jody McLaren (03)**

A Message Sent to Calm Me

You know those days when you stop and stare at a couple walking down the street or the elderly person who is shoveling their sidewalk in -50 weather and you are amazed...you know those days where you run into an old friend and it feels really good to find out how they are doing and you feel energized...you know those days when you get off the phone with one of your family members and you just feel loved --- those are just some of the times when we are stopped in our tracks for a reason and are able to take a good look at the meaning of life. I truly believe that those of us who have experienced "an obstacle" and have had to overcome challenges that have forced us to take a good look at the meaning and purpose in our lives have gained the skill of *awareness*. Awareness takes practice and it takes an open mind and heart. Not everyone in this world practices awareness but when you do you find that life feels a lot clearer. The following words speak to those times when I have found myself pondering life's moments and in return have found clarity and meaning. I wish all of you many moments of



Hello Everyone!

Hope all is well and school is going great. Have you ever wondered what you would say if someone walked up to you and asked "why am I the way I am?" With that question in mind, how would you respond if the question was asked of you by an individual with an intellectual disability? For myself, so many things would be running through my mind. I could say "we are all born different and unique; we all have our own special talent," but what is the correct answer? Is there one? I can only imagine what it must feel like to not be understood, acknowledged, respected, or to be a part of something. Well, the startling truth is that a lot of individuals who have an intellectual disability face situations like that every day. It is individuals like us, everyone who has won the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award to make a difference in the lives of those individuals. We have all done it one time or another. We do it all the time in our volunteer work. I just want to take this opportunity to make it clear that individuals who may look different, sound different, and function differently are still human. We all bleed red, no matter what we look like, sound like or how we act. When walking down the street and you come across some of these individuals, say Hi. You never know, you can make a difference. Hope all goes well for everyone in the upcoming year. Never give up!

Rebecca Dolton (02)

A Message Sent to calm Me

The time that God grants us  
Between Life and Death  
Never ceases to amaze and humble me.

I live my life trying to understand  
Where I fit in and  
What my purpose might be.

I feel God's calling now  
Because I have been listening ~  
I've prayed for the strength  
To pay attention, and  
The peace of heart and mind  
To hear the answers.

I am still baffled daily  
By our existence.  
I do not understand why some of us  
Live and some of us die.  
I choose to have FAITH,  
And I believe that this is God's way  
Of calming my soul  
And letting me live  
The Life meant solely for me.  
-Sarah McIvor (02)

Faith

By Matthew Matheson (01)

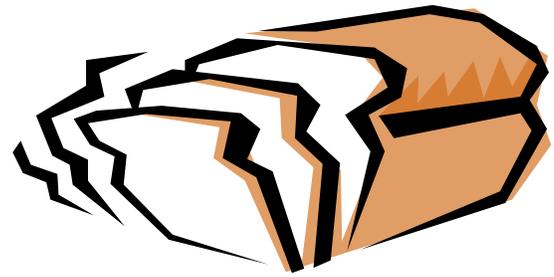
The smell of a *bakery* before the **morning** train comes  
The *sound* of a bumblebee as each wing **hums**  
The **stillness** of the lake that lives inside my soul  
When *everything* I need comes **as one** to make me  
whole

The *song* that I am **about** to hear  
The **blessed** *thought* that there is no fear  
The *cautious* voice when addressing an **almost-friend**  
And the hope **wrapped** in a letter to send

The sweet **taste** of a reed when practicing *alone*  
The touch of a blanket **against** the wind's moan  
The **wisdom** to conquer each challenge I *meet*  
*Catching* sight of a **light** on a dark, scary street

The sensations and thoughts I **need** to be *alive*  
The belief that in **each** *going out* I will arrive  
The *moments* when I feel that **something** special gives  
That is when I know in my heart that **God** lives

The *smell* of fresh **bread**  
A *new* **song** ahead  
**Wise** words *being* said  
*Life* where I was dead



Aids The Silent Killer

By Cynthia Ene (03)

Do you hear the distant cries?  
Do you hear the distant moans?

Moans muffled by the media.  
I hear them...

They speak of a dying nation  
They say there's a murderer running loose  
A murderer that causes commotion as he  
sweeps though the nation

He comes for the mothers and then the  
babies too.  
He kills the youth by sunrise and by  
sunset too.

His hunger never ceases.

I hear whispers that pray for mercy!  
I hear screams of utter disbelief!

Voices muffled by death.

I hear them well and wish that you could  
hear them too.

They call him the silent killer  
They say he has no preferences  
A killer that leaves no witnesses as he  
sweeps through the nation

He comes for the leaders and beggars too.  
He forces himself on girls and little  
boys too.

His hunger never ceases.

It pains me to hear their voices but it  
pains me more that you don't  
Will you only listen when he comes

**The Stories About You**

**Author Unknown**

**Don't wait for your life. Don't long for it.  
Be aware always and at every moment,  
That the miracle is in the here and now.**

**Each instant is a place we've never been.  
Your appreciations are your possibilities.  
Life is a promise, fulfill it.**

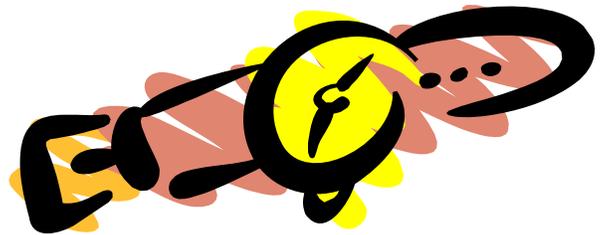
**Embrace your uniqueness  
Time is much too short to be living someone else's life.**

**Do not wish to be anything but what you are  
And to be that perfectly.**

Hello Everyone. I hope by now everyone is settled down for second semester. I hope things are going well. I would just like to say good luck. The following is a poem I came across over the holidays that really caught my eye. I want to share it with everyone, hoping it might hit someone and make a difference.



Remember, no matter how stressful school gets, keep you head up and relax.  
Good luck!



*When I sat down to write my submission to the Golden Thread, I really had no idea what to write. I could not think of any quotes or poems or touching stories to share with my fellow recipients. I had no inspiring verses or magical words. As I searched and searched for something, anything to say, I remembered the words of one of my former teachers. Before I share her words of wisdom with you I think I should first explain that I am a worrier. I always have been and probably always will be. It was during a particular stressful time that this teacher came up to me and asked me this question, "In five or ten years, will you remember the particular thing that is worrying you?" Now whenever I feel overwhelmed with stress and little thoughts of doubt I ask myself will I remember this in five years and it helps me put things into perspective. It makes me realize what is really important in my life and helps me to stress over all the little things. I hope my teacher's words will also help you when your life is hectic and you are feeling completely overwhelmed.*

**Jessica Astle (03)**

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*Before I ever made any significant decisions in my life I reflected on the passage below. It has given me the strength to lead an unordinary life - a life similar to many Terry Fox Humanitarian Award recipients.*

**Michael Godsell (03)**

**They Say**

How many utterly drab and uninteresting people are there in the world who might have developed real personalities if they only had the courage to do and be something different from the crowd.

Every single forward step in history has been taken over the bodies of empty-headed fools who giggled and snickered. If you have anything really valuable to contribute to the world, it will come through the expression of your own personality - that single spark of divinity that sets you off and makes you different from every other living creature. A noted English schoolmaster used to have as his motto: "Never explain, never retract, never apologize. Get it done and let them howl."

It is a motto not altogether to be commended. He who governs his life according to it will not be an agreeable companion or accomplish the largest service under a government where the will of the majority must finally prevail. But there is a rugged spirit of independent embedded in it that many men would do well to adopt. You can afford to have a decent regard for public opinion, but you can never afford to let yourself get into the pathetic condition where what "they say" or may say will keep you from doing what ought to be done. It is a hopeless condition to be in, because that "they say" today is not what "they said" yesterday or "will say" tomorrow.

**Bruce Barton**

**To See the World in a Grain of Sand**



Melissa Ratcliff - Administrative Assistant.

If you've ever called the Terry Fox Humanitarian Program's office, then no doubt you've already talked to Melissa. From answering all the e-mails and phone calls, to reading hundreds of application forms every year, to putting together the Golden Thread, she's always busy with something. In addition to her various jobs with the Terry Fox Program, Melissa is also an army reservist with the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada. Every month or so, she'll come into the office on a Monday morning exhausted and walking gingerly on her sore feet, talking about the night she spent 6 hours walking up a mountain in the pitch black.

Now, if all of that weren't enough, Melissa is also an accomplished musician. She studied flute performance in the Bachelor of Music program at the University of Alberta. She has performed with many different groups, including the University of Alberta Orchestra, and the Loyal Edmonton Regiment Band, and has sung with a number of choirs. Recently she has joined the SFU concert choir here on campus, and both sang a solo and performed a piece on the flute at their last concert.

So, if you ever have a question or concern about the program, give her a call and she'll be there to help you out.

RRGGGH... 125 ...



RRGGGH... 5,200!



Dr Norman Wagner, O.C., Ph.D., LL.D. - Chariman of the Board

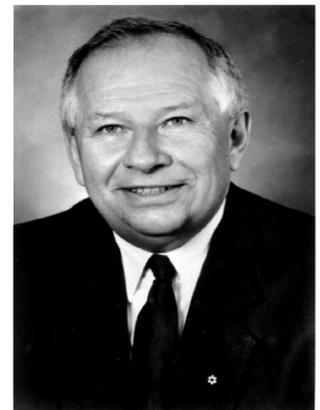
Born in Edenwold, Sask., Dr. Wagner received his bachelor of arts with a major in divinity from the University of Saskatchewan in 1958. He received his master's in 1960 and his Ph.D. in 1965, in near eastern studies, both from the University of Toronto.

Dr. Wagner was president and vice-chancellor of the University of Calgary from 1978 to 1988. From 1962 to 1978, his academic career was in Eastern Canada at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ont. -- first as professor of near Eastern languages, literature and archaeology, and then as dean of graduate studies and research.

The private sector beckoned in 1988, and Dr. Wagner became chairman of the board of Alberta Natural Gas Co. Ltd. In 1991, he became chairman, president and chief executive officer of the company, leaving in 1994.

From 1996 to 2000, Dr. Wagner was president of the Corporate-Higher Education Forum, and is now chairman and CEO of knowledge@work, chairman of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program, and chairman of the board of Knowledge Navigators Inc.

He is an officer of the Order of Canada, President Emeritus of the University of Calgary, has an honorary law degree from Wilfrid Laurier, and is honorary patron of Ecole Biblique et Archeologique Francaise, Jerusalem, the Library Project.



## ALUMNI CORNER

As another school year is drawing to a close, we at the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program have been in the process of selecting the newest recipients for the award, but we can't do it without your help. Every year, a panel of 3 alumni from every province assists us in interviewing the shortlisted applicants in their province, so that we can make a more informed decision on who receives the award. I would like to express my gratitude to everyone who has made themselves available for this important task, and would like to urge all alumni to volunteer to assist us. This year, as in the past, we have had a great deal of difficulty finding people who are available, and hope that you will consider showing your support in helping us out, particularly those of you from the more sparsely populated provinces.

### WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Also, through the years we've unfortunately lost track of a number of the alumni of the program. As the 25th anniversary of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award fast approaches, we would like to get in touch with these people again. If you have any contact information for the following people, please forward it to our office, or have them get in touch with us: phone - 604-291-3057, fax - 604-291-3311 or e-mail [terryfox@sfu.ca](mailto:terryfox@sfu.ca).

Thanks again for all the generous assistance provided by the many alumni of our program!

Christine Baunemann	Sébastien Lepage	Gaylene Smart
Heather Cassidy	Darcy MacPherson	Jesse Stewart
Terri-Lynn Convey	Faith McIntyre	Rakesh Suri
Renee Depocas	Leonard Molczadski	Laurel Ann Travers-Smith
Ann Fillingham	Mireille Morin	Robyn Wessels
Dr Laura Hawkins	Dorie Peverett	Krista Wilkins
Gaylene Keough	Alan Ross	Roxanne Wiseman
Micheline Lavallee	Tracie Siegle-Asbil	Beverly Zinck

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It's an unexpected, unwelcome kind of freedom. At first anyway. I say unwelcome because at the very beginning I didn't want this freedom at all. It was an interruption. I didn't want a taste of freedom just to have it taken away again like the others. Now four years later it's a freedom that I will never be able to express to you in words. Something very, very few people that I know can relate to. It's the freedom to eat as many bananas as I want, and the freedom to drink the entire can of pop. Very small things. Not having to plan three weeks in advance for a weekend away—deciding on a Thursday night to go away and just going. But it's a freedom with a time limit. No Guarantees. Sure I don't think about the time limit—that would be paralyzing. It's more of the type of thing you do lying awake at three in the morning. If this all ended tomorrow would I have any regrets? I can't think of many so far.

Submitted by Alison Agar (OO)