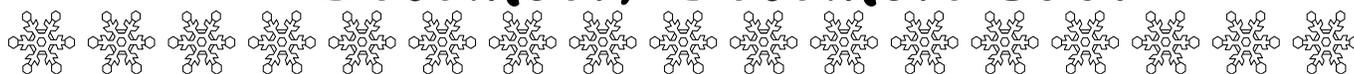


The Golden Thread / Le fil d'or



December / Décembre 2001



Fall on college and university campuses across Canada is always one of the most exciting times of the year, and this fall was no exception.

On September 19th, Simon Fraser University started a new tradition with the first annual Terry Fox Day. On this day of celebration, the entire university community recognized and honoured one of its best-known students' courage, determination and marvellous accomplishments and his valiant effort to raise money for cancer research.

Terry Fox Day featured a number of activities : A campus bbq, a basket lottery to raise funds for student bursaries, a Terry Fox Run/Walk and the awarding of two Terry Fox Gold Medals. The culminating event of the day was the unveiling of a specially-commissioned nine-foot bronze statue of Terry - by Terry's parents, Betty and Rolly Fox, SFU President Dr Michael Stevenson and Chancellor Dr Milton Wong - created by the Harman Sculpture Foundry (who also cast the Terry Fox memorial statue in Ottawa). Funding for the statue was generously provided by the university, the SFU Alumni Association, students and donations from friends of the university. It was truly a historic occasion to see one of Canada's favourite heroes and the namesake of this program honoured by his academic community.

The following month, Betty Fox was awarded an honorary degree at Simon Fraser University's fall convocation. Our heartfelt congratulations go out to Betty and her family.

We have just received the wonderful news that one of our alumni, Kimberly Brownlee ('01, McGill), has just been awarded a 2002 Rhodes Scholarship for the province of Québec. Kimberly will begin her three-year doctorate in Philosophy at Oxford. Congratulations to Kimberley and to all our alumni who are continuing to make a difference.

After reviewing the Summer Questionnaires, I want to extend my sincere appreciation for the hundreds of hours of volunteer humanitarian work done by our recipients. I was also very pleased to see that many of our Terry Fox Scholars were able to take part in Terry Fox Runs in their areas. Thank you all very much for all that you do to make this program a success!

On another note, a small but important point has come to my attention which I would appreciate your taking special note of. There seems to be some confusion by some as to where the funding for the awards comes from. On several occasions, recipients have indicated that our program is somehow connected to the Terry Fox Foundation. This is not true. While the Terry Fox Foundation is a wonderful organization, we are not nor have we ever been connected to them in any way. To set the record straight, Terry Fox Humanitarian Awards are funded by a program established by the Federal Government in 1982.

As the year rapidly draws to a close and we begin to anticipate what the new year will bring, I would like to take this opportunity to wish you and yours a happy, healthy and prosperous 2002. May you all enjoy enormous success in everything you do – in striving for personal achievement and in your humanitarian efforts to help make life a little more joyful for others.



History Repeats

By SANJA MACGILLIVRAY ('00)

Tuesday, Septemeber 11th, a beautiful sunny day. The sky was clear and I was full of confidence as I walked down to my Organic Chemistry class. Determined to persevere over the pain in my shoulder, I courageously made my way to a seat next to my friend Sarah. After a whole summer of sickness and long days on bed rest, I was happy to be back in school, even though organic molecules made me nervous. Who could have known that just a few hours away, my spirit would crumble once again?

As I stood in front of the TV in the lounge watching the World Trade Centre towers topple over, I relived my own nightmare of eight years ago. The familiar, sickening knot settled in the pit of my stomach as I recalled the Parliament building burning in downtown Sarajevo. I was 10 years old and that was my first glimpse of the evil that wars bring. For the next five years, the streets of Sarajevo were filled with dead bodies, broken dreams and shattered lives. My eyes filled with tears as I remembered the playground in front of my house where nine of my friends were killed. The broken slide was all that the mine had left standing...

As the images on TV replayed the horrifying sight, I thought about all the lives lost and all those left behind in the ruins, desperately searching for a glimpse of hope and comfort. How do you even begin to heal after a tragedy like that? Where do you start looking for answers? Whom do you turn to for comfort?

The silence that surrounded me in the lounge was terrifying – no one moved, and no sound was heard. We all just stood there shocked and paralyzed with fear. The terrorists killed thousands, wounded many and left families torn apart. But their crime didn't end there; they also shocked and horrified people all around the globe. Today there are many more children whose lives were damaged and scarred that Tuesday morning, their senses of safety and security rocked forever. A political matter that couldn't be resolved at the negotiation table ended up on the streets of New York and Washington, leaving innocent civilians to pay the price – a Holy War once again proves lethal to all. Someone once again took God's word and used it as an excuse, a justifiable reason to kill.

War took my childhood some eight years ago. I grew up with the memories of guns, fear and terror that only those who've seen their friends die on the playground can know. But war also taught me that comfort cannot be found in the ruins of a building or behind a gun; true peace and comfort lay only in God's love and the kindness of total strangers.

I believe that Americans will pull through this one and emerge from the ashes stronger and wiser, united with all humankind to fight for the peace and security of all. And as for me, I learned that my past would haunt me forever, and that no matter how much I want to forget the pain I witnessed, it will always be a part of me. But that's ok, because this way I am stronger and maybe my story will help someone else find comfort.



Affirmation

By NICK HARDY ('01)

I believe the best things in life are not free
I believe the only way to have a friend
is to be one
I believe it's not the bat, it's the balls
I believe that communication breaks down the barriers

I believe that with maturity
comes responsibility
I believe education is one's first priority
I believe life is like a box of chocolates
I believe you never know what you're going to get

I believe to get to the top,
you have to get off your bottom
I believe there's life after death
I believe if it's not broken, don't fix it
I believe you can lead a boy to college
but you can't make him think

I believe in peace on earth
I believe Canada is the best country

I believe that with maturity
comes responsibility
I believe education is one's first priority
I believe life is like a box of chocolates
I believe you never know what you're going to get

I believe miracles happen in mysterious ways
I believe friendship is the best medicine
I believe family comes first
I believe a teacher is a great friend

I believe that with maturity
comes responsibility
I believe education is one's first priority
I believe life is like a box of chocolates
I believe you never know what you're going to get

Bonjour, mon nom est Daniel
Boudreault et je suis un
nouveau récipiendaire du
Prix humanitaire Terry Fox.



Aujourd'hui, je vais vous
parler de ce qui est le plus précieux pour
moi : La vie.



La vie, c'est l'élément essentiel pour
exister. Je crois qu'il faut la préserver, en
prendre soin pour passer au-dessus des
divers obstacles qui nous sont présentés à
certains moments de notre grand chemin
sur terre. Par exemple, j'ai été malade du
coeur pendant un long moment de ma vie.
J'ai dû donc espérer énormément, j'ai cru
en la vie. C'est un cadeau extraordinaire qui
nous est donné dès la naissance.



Les épreuves de la vie
permettent d'avancer plus loin encore. Un
rôle primordial serait probablement d'aller
au bout de ses rêves. Quelqu'un qui n'a pas
de rêves n'existe pas. Il est essentiel de
rêver pour admirer toutes les beautés du
monde et mieux vivre. Il ne faut pas trop
s'attarder aux laideurs que ce monde nous
propose - changeons ces laideurs en une
grande beauté. Travaillons ensemble pour y
accéder.

Finalement, je voudrais conclure avec ceci :
'Soyez le meilleur de vous-même, restez
positif avec votre entourage car la vie,
c'est l'énergie absolue.'



By JULIA MacKENZIE ('00)

I just thought I'd add a little bit of humour to the Golden Thread. This year, I am living in a house with four other friends. Most people figure that university students who live together are messy, reckless and loud - and to a large extent, this is true - however, there also comes a great deal of trust, compromise, responsibility, maturity and growth as a person, not to mention becoming exceptionally close to the other people in your house...

Having said this, I would like to share a little anecdote. I hope you enjoy it...

THE CASE OF THE MISSING CANDY

One of my housemates always keeps a small bowl of hard candies on her desk as a little study booster. About four days after settling in, she noticed that her candies kept going missing every time she left her room. She asked us if we were doing it and of course we all said, 'No,' but day after day, they kept disappearing and she thought we were taking them to be funny. She started to get pretty annoyed but we all swore we weren't taking them.



In the late summer / early fall, when we all first moved into our house, we would always keep the front door open because it gets so hot and humid in Kingston. One day, while I was in the kitchen making some Kraft Dinner, I heard my housemate shriek from her room. Quite alarmed, I ran quickly to see what the problem was. She was standing on her bed with her blankets wrapped around her looking horried and pointing at her desk. I glanced over to see three fat, very non-scared squirrels munching on the candies from her bowl.

I guess I surprised them slightly because they started running towards me to get out of the room. Startled, I jumped and ran out the front door hoping the squirrels would just leave and scamper away. Luckily, they ran right out - but not without a candy in each of their mouths...



My housemate, feeling horrible, apologized to all of us. I guess we all know who was taking the candies for so long. Not only do we all make sure that we know the facts before we start accusing people of silly things, but now we always our doors and windows shut, too!

CASE CLOSED

keep

A True Survivor



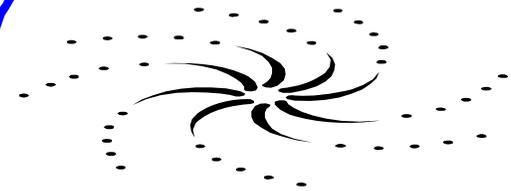
By JENNIFER PATRIQUIN ('01)

Have you ever known anyone who has overcome every obstacle thrown at them, yet has the strength to help others? Someone who always puts themselves second and everybody else first? Someone who's always wearing a smile and knows just what to say at the right time?

According to Webster, a survivor is a noun. It means 'to outlive' and 'to remain alive.' Obviously, Webster was not fortunate enough to have met Tracy MacLean (another Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Recipient) or her name would have appeared in his definition. Tracy has outlived and remained alive despite what life has thrown at her.

Tracy is a 20-year-old student at Saint Francis Xavier University. She is in her third year of a Bachelor of Arts program and over the past three years, I have had the opportunity to meet and befriend Tracy. She has lived through events and overcome obstacles that most people couldn't even imagine, yet she has not only had the strength to continue pursuing her own dream of one day becoming a teacher, but she is determined not to let others give up on theirs.

Tracy has given many people so much – her time, a smile, a helping hand, encouragement and most of all, her friendship. She has made such a contribution to so many lives, her communities (Margaree Forks, NS where she lives as well as Antigonish, NS where she attends school) and to the world, just by being in them! Tracy is a survivor and an inspiration and I feel I am a better person for knowing her. I salute you, Tracy!



SPECIAL PEOPLE

By RICHELLE HALBGEWACHS ('01)

Special people in our lives,
Do not often come along,
But when they do they touch us,
Just like a lovely song.

A song filled with meaning,
That moves our very soul,
A song of inspiration,
That helps us reach our goal.

A song that makes our spirits sing,
A song that gives us light,
A song that gives us courage,
So we do not give up the fight.

A song that makes us smile,
When we are feeling blue,
A song filled with laughter,
Makes us feel brand new.

You are like a lovely song,
So soothing to the heart,
A song composed by God Himself,
A priceless work of art!



The Last Valentine



Submitted by Elisabeth Lee ('01)

Text by James Michael Pratt - Source Unknown

February 13, 1945, Philippines

Dear Son,

I wanted to write you this letter even though I know that you are not old enough now to understand. I may not be able to come home after this war. Your mother will tell you all about me, about this awful world war and what happened to me – why I couldn't come home. I want you to know that, with all my heart, I do want to come home. I want to come home to Marengo Avenue and to play with you under the giant magnolia, be with you, take you to school, to baseball games... I want to be your dad.

Sometimes bad things happen to good people. It's just part of life, and though it seems unfair, it's really not. I've learned that there are things more important than life... although I never thought I would. Father O'Donnell, at Saint Andrew's on Raymond Street, he will tell you what I mean if this letter doesn't make sense.

I've found some truths I want you to know about. I've written down many things in the letters in the ammo box where I store them, but especially in this one, my last, I want to explain some deep feelings of mine. I want to speak to you somehow, and right now this is the best way.

I've found the meaning of love while I've been at war. Now that I've known your mother, now that I've experienced combat and death in the air, at sea and now on the ground in the Zambales of the Philippines, I think I know the meaning of the most important four-letter word in our language. Love.

Here's the secret : Love is found when you don't have to give it. It is the emotion of generosity and kindness that is compelled by no one. It is performed on the battlefield, in our daily tasks, in the marketplace, the factories, at school, in the offices and in the halls and corridors of government... But only when one truly gives of himself and without compulsion. No force, no law, no coercion can cause one to love... It cannot be arranged. It is freely chosen and freely given and not given only when life flows along like a song.

True love is like a metal tested in a fire. Fires of adversity surround us daily. Are we to love when it is merely convenient? Like gold or silver, which very hot fires must heat to purge them of impurities, love must be thrust into the fire from time to time to make it purer, stronger and more resilient. And in the same way, love shines its brightest right out of the flames.

The beauty of the rose and its fragrance? There's another example of the quality that I'm trying to explain to you. The fragrance is found in the blossoms of the rose. The

blossoms are found after the rosebud opens. Notice the stem on the rose bush. Notice that the bud doesn't even open until the thorns, those prickly things that can stick you and cause you to bleed, are fully formed. It's as if the rose bush is saying, 'No! You can't have my beautiful flowers and the sweet smell of their petals. If you try to take one, I'll hurt you!' Is it worth risking the thorns to have the rose? It's where the blossoms dwell. Above the thorns, you will find the prize.

So it is with life. The thorns, the prickly problems of life, cause us to strive to rise above them and then, as we do, we learn. We learn to exercise true compassion, true kindness – or the thorns, if we let them, cause us to brood, to mourn over our trials. Then we plant the seeds of bitterness, hate and ruin – weeds. We may reach up for the rose or down to the weeds... the weeds in life that tangle us, strangle us and cause us to lose hope.

The great discovery I have made is that we are all free. All of us experience disappointment – the thorns in life – rich, poor, male, female, it doesn't matter. And we may either praise God for the opportunity to reach for the prize or curse him for our fate. I've heard God's name used in a variety of ways in this war. Some men praise Him and others blame Him, but when a man is under the gun, his life is on the line, all believe in Him.

Father O'Donnell once told me something very important before I left for the war. He quoted a Scripture from the Old Testament. In Proverbs chapter four verse 23 you will read : 'Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.'

I didn't know what he meant then, but I do now. It has to do with knowing what really matters in life, what matters most. Then as you do know what things really matter to you, you possess the key to the door of happiness and satisfaction.

The choice will be yours, Son. Never doubt that I love you. And when you face the fires, when you feel the stabbing pain of the thorns, someone will be watching, and hoping that you choose to reach for the rose – the symbol of love.

Choose love, my son. Choose to give generously and then live with the consequences. I want you to be a good man. Love your mother. Treat others like you would have them treat you. You are always in my thoughts. I love you... very, very much!

Forever your loving father,

Lt. Neil Thomas Sr., USN

By JOEL THIBERT ('00)

I would like to tell a real life story that I've been a part of for the last few months and that is in fact not over yet. It's not extravagant or anything, but it certainly made me believe that I can make a difference. I am originally from Montréal, but I did my last two years of high school in Toronto, ON. During those two years, I participated in a tutoring program with inner-city kids and was transformed by it, and decided that I would try and start up something similar in Montréal.

In June of 2000, right after I graduated, I met with the principal of my old high school and told him about my project. He was very enthusiastic and encouraged me to go along with it. And so I went on a quest to find a primary school that would want to participate, but as it turns out, it wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. Many schools were afraid that the tutors would bring in drugs, others said it was too much trouble and so on.

It took more than six months to find a school that was interested, and after we'd met with the school councillor, we were told that the school could not participate in the project because the tutors were from a private school and the school board forbid the collaboration between public and private schools.

Dumbfounded, I asked the principal of my old high school to contact the school and try to come to an agreement, but his calls were never returned. I met with the school councillor again explaining that the goal of the project was precisely to give private high school students an opportunity to get involved in their community while helping out kids who needed it. But the school's principal had already made up his mind.

I was disheartened at first but decided not to give up. I wrote a letter to François Legault, Québec's Minister of Education, explaining the situation. I was convinced that the letter would end up shredded but as it turns out, the office of the Minister replied to me personally. The letter was passed on to the school board administrators and two weeks later, I got a phone call from one of the executive members of the Montreal school commission offering to help start up the project. That was a month ago and now the project is under way. In a few weeks, 20-30 children with learning disabilities will be tutored one-on-one, which goes to show that a simple letter *can* make a difference!

From My Angels

Sometimes it might feel like you need to worry, but you don't. God takes care of all of our worries.

If you have a chance to practice positive meditation, we know that it all works out. It may seem negative not to consciously pray, but here are some suggestions:

I don't pray.

I don't pray because I think of my friends anyway (God is my friend).

I don't pray because I know that God already hears our thoughts and words.

I don't pray because our hearts will become what they want to be.

I have so much power in God. I trust.

Jesus already saved me.

Who is the next one?

Why do some people think that money means love?

How do fools read minds?

What does it take to be the scribe of The Great One?

Let my spirit out tonight.

- By Tina Haerle ('99)





LIVING NOW, NOT LATER

By Tasneem Buksh ('01) and Laura Faulkner ('99)



Hello to all Terry Fox Humanitarians! Congratulations to all the new recipients of 2001! I hope that everyone had an enjoyable summer and is doing well.

It is hard to believe how fast time passes. Recently, I had some time to do some soul-searching and I realize now more than ever how important it is to live in the moment. When I first got burned six years ago, I made a pledge to myself that I would cherish every minute life would give me, good or bad. But I'm human, and sometimes I forget to live in the moment. When the hijacked airplanes plunged into the World Trade Centre and the Pentagon, I was reminded of how fragile life really is. In this human tragedy, so many innocent, young, old and healthy people lost their lives, many of whom had dreams still to fulfill.

The truth is that life is short, and you never know where it may take you to next. So live each moment as if it were your last.

If I Had My Life To Live Over...

I would have invited friends over to dinner even if the carpet was stained and the sofa faded. I would have eaten the popcorn in the 'good' living room and worried much less about the dirt when someone wanted to light a fire in the fireplace.

I would have taken the time to listen to my grandfather ramble on about his youth.

I would never have insisted the car windows be rolled up on a hot summer day because my hair had just been teased and sprayed.

I would have burned the pink candle sculpted like a rose before it melted in storage.

I would have sat on the lawn with my children and not worried about grass stains.

I would have cried and laughed less while watching television and more while watching life.

I would have gone to bed when I was sick instead of pretending the Earth would go into a holding pattern if I weren't there for the day.

I would never have bought anything just because it was practical, wouldn't show soil or was guaranteed to last a lifetime.

Instead of wishing away nine months of pregnancy, I'd have cherished every moment, realizing that the wonderment growing inside of me was the only chance in life to assist God in a miracle.

When my kids kiss me impetuously, I would never have said, 'Later – now go get washed up for dinner.'

There would have been more 'I love you's...', more 'I'm sorry's...'

But mostly, given another shot at life, I would seize every minute, look at it and really see it... live it...and never give it back.

This poem was written in honour of Women's History Month and in memory of Erma Bombeck, who lost her fight to cancer (1927-1996).



Peanut Butter Squares

By Julie Rogers ('99)

Hello Everyone!

I hope you are all having a wonderful school year so far. I'm really enjoying my third year at Queen's University in Physical and Health Education and Mathematics. I've been very busy this year with extra-curricular activities, but I've come to realize more and more the importance of participating in activities that you enjoy. I'm finding the classes that I'm taking this year more interesting, making it a more enjoyable learning experience!

I have also realized that although people keep themselves extremely busy, it is very important to take some down-time to do relaxing, enjoyable activities - my housemates and I have had a lot of fun with baking this year. Here's my favourite recipe that I know you will all enjoy (especially all you peanut butter lovers out there!).

I hope you all have a wonderful year - good luck and beset wishes to you all!

Peanut Butter Squares :

Melt 1 cup of margarine in a large pan

Add and blend :

4 cups of icing sugar

1½ cups of smooth peanut butter

1 cup graham crumbs

Press mixture evenly into bottom of 11x 16 cookie sheet. Melt some chocolate chips in the microwave and spread evenly over the mixture, or you can decorate with coloured M&Ms (ie. red and green for X'mas). Refrigerate, cut and remove from sheet when cool. Enjoy!

The Freshmens' Perspective:

By SHAYNA ZAMKANEI ('01)



Two Months Down, Six Months to Go...

Everybody always says the change from high school to university is monumental, but it's one of those things you have to experience – believing just isn't enough. Throughout high school, teachers and mentors continually cautioned those 'wet behind the ears' to make the 'right' choices : Don't drink and drive, don't do drugs, etc. But they never mentioned how to make the 'right' choices when doing things to benefit our communities.

Imagine my surprise when I attended activities night at my university and I discovered three floors of the student centre were filled with tables, each one promoting a different club. Many of the tables were volunteer organizations and I was overwhelmed by the number opportunities there were – I was like a kid in a candy store! I grabbed at everything I saw and only realized what I was getting into during a conversation with my mother.

Even though I wanted to volunteer in 10 different organizations that I thought were tailored to my interests, it took a few days to settle down and realize that I should choose only one or two groups if I had any intention of keeping my sanity throughout the semester.

Now, after months of university, I've learned to become really active in a few activities rather than spreading myself too thinly. Not only is it more beneficial to the volunteer organization, it gives me more of an identity in my volunteer and school communities.

By GLEN ROBERTSON ('01)



Dear TFHA recipients,

Well, so far I've survived. I'm a freshman in a big world and I still have a lot to learn. My experience here at University has been a great one but of course it has come with downfalls.

When I arrived on campus, I knew my life was going to change quickly, and it did. New friends, new environment and new pressures, all wrapped up in a big challenge called University. It has been hard dealing with my problems on my own, but lately I've begun to realize that this is what it is all about. We all move on to university to study a field, but we learn so much more about ourselves. I have found out that I am not invincible and I need my friends, my family and my parents. Of course I need to make sure I am there for them, too. It is amazing, because I have learned so much so quickly and the experience that is university life has just begun.

I live in residence and, well, some would call me a 'poster boy' for res life. I cannot tell you how good of an influence it has been for me. I have made so many new friends here at this university. These are friends whom I can count on throughout the whole year, and probably for the rest of my life. If I could give one piece of advice to new university students, it would be to fully consider residence. It has made me a better person and a better friend.

Some of the lessons we learn here at university will be hard, but if we brave the storm, keep our heads up and remember our goals we will all make it in the end. Have a great year, work hard and have fun.



By GREG HARRIS ('98)

As I get closer and closer to finishing my first university degree, I find myself frequently contemplating the process of growing up and really moving into adulthood. Am I ready for this next step? Am I moving in the right direction? How can I have as much fun in this next stage as I've had up to this point? While struggling to answer these questions, I suddenly realized that I'd done this before. I'm getting the same feeling I did after high school in anticipation of moving away to university. I also felt like before starting high school. In fact, I've felt this way before every first day of school. The cycle is beginning again.

During the last few months, I've been lucky to get a sneak preview of the next step. In March I decided to accept an internship job offer at an optical communications start-up in Ottawa. By participating in the Queen's University Internship Program, I work for 16 months from May 2001 to September 2002 and then return to campus to finish my degree in Electrical Engineering. In addition to the job itself, I've also had the experience of relocating to a different city for the second time in the last three years.

The first day at work followed the familiar pattern. There I was, sitting at the front of the bus, all dressed up and not quite sure where to get off. I even had my lunch packed in a little brown paper bag. After arriving, the first priority was of course to learn my way around, washrooms and the cafeteria being of prime importance. There was the initial awkwardness of not knowing people's names, which quickly faded as I made new friends. Looking back on it makes me laugh and wonder how I'm not yet an expert at the process.

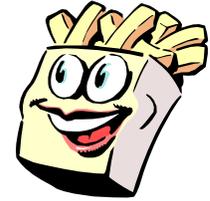
Since then, I've become used to the 'nine-to-five' lifestyle. In fact, I now have a hard time sleeping in because I'm so used to getting up bright and early every morning. Oh well, I'm sure that a couple of weeks back on campus will correct that habit...

Seriously though, my time in the working world has taught me a few things I'd like to share :

- You can be the most brilliant person in the world, but if you have trouble relating to people, you'll have a rough go of it.
- The boss likes to have fun too! (Really!)
- Drawing a line between being a hard worker and a workaholic becomes even more important than in university.
- Learning facts and figures in university isn't half as important as learning how to learn and adapt.

When I go back to school next September, I'll welcome the return to student life. However after I graduate and move onto other things, I think I'll look back on this experience and take

Would You Like Fries With That?



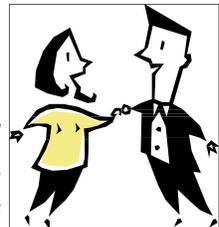
By JASON ALEXANDER ('99)

It always surprises me when out of the blue, lessons we've been taught for years finally sink in and present themselves as realities in our lives....

It was not a particularly good day...Actually, as I recall, I woke up on the wrong side of the bed (which is any side of the bed before 10 :30) and had a couple of errands to run, so I was taking my time walking down the streets of Kingston. I always find it amusing walking downtown or in malls or anywhere there is a large concentration of people and everyone is in a rush to get where they're going without paying much attention to their surroundings. One this day, I found myself falling into the same tempting rut.

However, as I passed the sweet aromas of fast food my stomach started to grumble, and I was taken out of my robotic trance. Just then, outside of my nemesis fast food chain McDonalds (I hate it, yet strangely I'm a recovering addict), a young man approached me and asked if I could spare some change for a coffee. 'Sure,' I replied, 'If you would be so kind as to join me for lunch.' He opened the door and we proceeded to grab greasy food and talk about each others' lives. His name was John and he'd been living in Kingston at a friend's place for five months now. He was a struggling poet and artist trying to get his work noticed...his work was in fact quite good!

After lunch, we shook hands with full stomachs (they were still grumbling, mind you, because it was McD's) and departed with smiles on our faces. From there, I realized I was in a much better mood, took my time taking in the surroundings and was no longer tired. I continued with my errands quite pleasantly and about an hour later I saw John telling jokes with friends and playing Hacky. I joined in for a while and noticed that many of these people whom I'd passed by on the street an hour earlier had had cheerless expressions. With a word, I left the now cheerful crowd and saw some of my friends who, like many others today, were not having the greatest of days. In my now healthy mood we quickly broke out in laughter and parted once again with smiles on our faces. This trend seemed to continue for the rest of the day...



The next afternoon, I decided to run an experiment. I sat on a park bench and observed the meeting of friends. I took note of the moods of each individual as they encountered a companion and realized that each person fed off the other's being. If one was cheerful and the other subdued, the one who was subdued would almost always feed off the other's happiness until they themselves were quite cheerful. This in turn would raise the spirits of the cheerful one even more. Then it happened : After 21 years of hearing the power of the ripple effect, it actually sunk in!!!! When one person is in a good mood it rubs off on those they encounter and so on. I finally realized how powerful each encounter, each thought and each emotion can be...and how far it can carry if we will it to.

I realize now that there are probably many who are rolling their eyes right now saying to themselves, 'I've heard this before,' and trust me – it took hearing that message a thousand times before I finally understood it. As Terry Fox Humanitarians, I wouldn't be surprised if a large number of you have long goals that would in effect change the world, but it took me this long to realize that if you wish a tidal wave to flood the world with change, it must start with a ripple.

The Trip Of A Lifetime



By LINDSAY ROY ('00)

Hello Everyone! I hope your summer was good and now that we are in a new school year, that all is well. This summer went by quickly for me but I really had a wonderful time and I would love to share that with you.

I started the summer working for a landscaping company where I spent many long hours out in the sunshine. It paid pretty well and it was nice to be outside, but in August, I was one of 24 students from the University of Lethbridge who participated in a course to go to Paris, France and study art history. It was a chance of a lifetime and one of the best opportunities I've ever had. I am currently taking my Bachelor of Arts and Education degrees, majoring in art, so this was the perfect opportunity to get credit for such a wonderful art-filled trip. We stayed in the American residency (the Canadian one was full) at the Cité Université de Paris. We spent the entire month going to museums, touring the city and travelling around France and some of the other nearby countries during our spare time.

I feel so blessed to have had this opportunity and I want to thank the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program for the increase in the award money, which made it possible for me to save what I made during the summer to put towards such a wonderful trip. It was absolutely amazing for me to be able to see all the paintings I had studied and admired in my textbooks in real life and to walk down the streets of Paris and take in the surreal atmosphere and artistic nature of the city.

I did everything that could be done in Paris, maximizing my time by seeing and experiencing as much as possible. I went to the Eiffel Tower and had an exquisite French meal at one of the restaurants. We went to mass at Notre Dame Cathedral and later went to an organ concert there and toured the building. I stood under the Arc du Triomphe and spent the afternoon shopping down the main streets. We went to the Louvre numerous times, as well as to the Orsay museum, the Rodin museum, the Paris Opera House, the Picasso Museum, the Pompidou Centre and the Museum of Modern Art.



One of my favourite memories was riding the metro everywhere. The crowded and stuffy little trains made for a great place to build memories with my fellow classmates as we tried to navigate our way around Paris. It was a real adventure and a lot of fun! I made some wonderful friends on the trip and got to know so many people in and around our residence. On the weekends and for the last week of August, we were free to travel. During this time I went to Versailles, Giverny (the home of the famous Impressionist painter Claude Monet), Amsterdam (where we went to the Van Gogh museum, among other places), Disneyland Paris, the town of Chantilly, the town of Chartres, Belgium and the Netherlands. This experience was one of the best in my life and I am so glad I was able to travel and see Europe as I did this summer.

I hope everyone else had a wonderful summer as well. Best of luck with your studies and congratulations to all the new recipients of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award!

By LUC GALLANT ('99)

La saison est revenue! Le froid aussi!

Par contre pour moi, ce n'est pas seulement le début d'une nouvelle année universitaire, mais aussi le début de ma plus grande occupation à titre d'Ambassadeur de la campagne de financement de l'Arbre de l'Espoir.

Je vais vous donner une petite introduction de ce qu'est l'Arbre de l'Espoir comme tel. C'est une grande campagne de financement (grande considérant la population du Nouveau-Brunswick) de l'Hôpital de la région pour optimiser les soins destinés aux traitements pour le cancer et pour acquérir l'équipement nécessaire pour assurer la continuité du développement du centre d'oncologie qui se termine par un radiothon, en collaboration avec Radio-Canada, où plusieurs musiciens partagent leurs talents pour animer la journée.

Avec les années, la population (surtout la population francophone, mais de plus en plus la population anglophone aussi puisque les patients au centre d'onco sont de 50/50 francophones/anglophones) a adopté la campagne de l'Arbre de l'Espoir comme un événement annuel qui vient toujours avec l'arrivée de Noël.

Par contre, la campagne de l'Arbre de l'Espoir est beaucoup plus que ça; pour moi cela signifie beaucoup de travail, de nombreuses conférences dans les écoles pour sensibiliser les jeunes, des discours publics pour sensibiliser la population et pour faire la promotion de la campagne. Plusieurs communautés à travers la province travaillent à faire des activités dans le but de remettre le plus gros montant d'argent possible au Radiothon à la fin de la campagne. C'est une journée de musique, de rire, de plaisir, de rasage de tête, de tartes dans la face, etc. On y retrouve des témoignages de survivants et des témoignages de patients combattant le cancer. Des plus jeunes aux plus vieux, c'est le partage d'une expérience qui change la perception de la vie de tous. C'est une journée d'énergie où tous le travail qui a été fait tombe en place comme les morceaux d'une cassette-tête. C'est une journée où tous se tiennent main dans la main pour aider un inconnu. C'est une journée de compassion, de courage et d'espoir.

Joyeux Noël à tous!

Luc Gallant

PS : I would send you all a piece of that chocolate truffle cheesecake that my mom makes every Christmas, but I'm afraid that the mailman would eat the best of it! If you happen to be in NB during the holidays, give me a ring - I would love to meet you all! Oh yeah - for those who will be coming, there's cake!





Youth Summit On Sustainable Development



By MYROSLAVA TATARYN ('00)

This summer I had the privilege of attending an International Youth Summit on Sustainable Development in Hong Kong. Three other Queen's students and I were among 130 students representing 41 universities around the world who came together at the University of Hong Kong to share ideas about what we as students can do and are doing to promote a vision for communities that is ecologically and socially sustainable. Needless to say, it was an incredible, unforgettable experience!

As part of our application package, we were asked to write a proposal for our vision of sustainable development. I would like to take this opportunity to share a part of this vision with you. It discusses the need for actions to be taken at various levels – personal to international – but today I will only share the 'personal and local' portion of our proposal with you because I think these are the most important ones and the best to start with. Here it is :

We strongly believe in the significance and importance of our daily individual actions on the rest of the world. All four of us recognize the need to first change our own attitudes and behaviour before we can expect anyone else to change theirs. In the words of Mahatma Gandhi, 'you must be the change you wish to see in the world.' An ecological mindset and sustainable lifestyle are crucial in the establishment of a sustainable society. This mindset manifests itself in our attitudes and daily actions. It includes being vocal about our concerns, questioning the status quo and most of all, living by example, hopefully encouraging others to adopt a simpler, more sustainable lifestyle.

As individuals become comfortable with a personal ecological mindset, the next step in the development of a sustainable world is implementing change locally. This could be in one's family, school, city (or all of them!). Again, using Gandhi as an example, we look to his *swadeshi* communities : Self-sufficient communities where each member contributes to the physical and social atmosphere of the village. While it may not be realistic to expect the world to adopt this exact model, these values of interdependence and cooperation need to be promoted in our society if we are ever to see the development of a more sustainable world.

As a team, we are involved in the 'Science '44 Co-op,' a student housing co-op here in Kingston, ON. Our co-op allows students of various disciplines and nationalities to live, work and play together. It is owned and operated almost exclusively by students. This structure demands individual accountability and responsibility and various daily tasks – such as cooking, cleaning and administration – are shared by all members. This type of flexible and integrated set-up allows and encourages each member to engage in the discussion and implementation of all sorts of creative ideas. It is the members themselves who need to recognize the problems facing them, and through a sort of small scale model of participatory action, students are challenged to care.

If you would like to find out more about co-operative student housing, please visit our website, www.science44co-op.com. Or, if you're interested in what other youth in Canada and abroad are doing to help ensure a sustainable environment, I would recommend checking out www.youth2002jeunesse.unac.org. Don't forget about resources on your campus such as the local Public Interest Research Group ('PIRG') office – found on most campuses in Ontario, BC and Nova Scotia.



The Fibre-Optic Forest

By MATTHEW MATHESON ('01)

Walking through the fibre-optic forest
Where the coniferous trees all glow
Dreaming of being a fibre-optic florist
As through the sparkling woods you go.

The fibre-optic grass
Is soft beneath your toes
It tickles as you pass
On a path that glows

Walking through the fibre-optic forest
Where the plastic flowers all glow
Dreaming of being a fibre-optic floriest
As through the sparkling woods you go

The fibre-optic ferns
Dazzle in every hue
As their coloured light turns
Green, gold, red and blue

Walking through the fibre-optic forest
Where the artificial plants all glow
It's so peaceful in the auroral chorus
As through the sparkling woods you go.



THE 12 DAYS OF CANCER By PAMELA FINNIE ('01)

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
A BROVIAC FOR MY CHEMOTHERAPY

ON THE SECOND DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
TWO BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS

ON THE THIRD DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
THREE SPINAL TAPS

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
FOUR FUNNY NURSES

ON THE FIFTH DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME,
FIVE BONE MARROW ASPIRATIONS

ON THE SIXTH DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
SIX MOUTH SORES

ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
SEVEN PREDNISONE PILLS

ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
EIGHT X-RAYS

ON THE NINTH DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
NINE L-ASPERGANESE

ON THE TENTH DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
10 PHYSIOTHERAPISTS

ON THE ELEVENTH DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
11 HORRIBLE HEADACHES

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CANCER,
MY DOCTOR GAVE TO ME
12 STOMACH ACHES.
(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

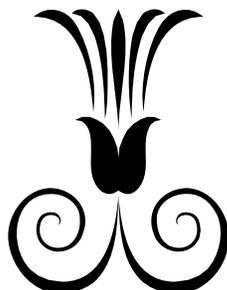
CANCER IS SOMETHING THAT AFFECTS EVERYONE, WHETHER YOU ARE YOUNG OR OLD, TALL OR SHORT. AT ONE POINT IN YOUR LIFE, YOU WILL BE AFFECTED BY CANCER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY. MOST PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF CANCER — THEY THINK IT IS AN AUTOMATIC DEATH SENTENCE — WHILE SOME OF THOSE WHO HAVE GONE THROUGH IT THINK OF CANCER AS A LIFE-SAVER; A NEW OPPORTUNITY AND OF COURSE A LIFE-ALTERING EXPERIENCE. FOR ME, CANCER CHANGED MY PERSPECTIVE ON LIFE COMPLETELY : IT WAS A KEY THAT OPENED A DOOR TO ANOTHER ME THAT WAS JUST HIDING INSIDE OF ME, WAITING TO ESCAPE.

BEFORE I WAS DIAGNOSED WITH CANCER, I WAS THE SHYEST PERSON YOU COULD EVER MEET. IN CLASS, MY TEACHER WOULD HAVE TO TELL THE CLASS TO STOP BREATHING WHEN I SPOKE SO THEY COULD HEAR ME. AFTER MY CANCER, I REALIZED I CAN'T SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE BEHIND MY MOTHER OR MY FEARS AND DECIDED THAT I WAS GOING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EVERY MOMENT, BECAUSE YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT CAN HAPPEN TOMORROW.

I STARTED WRITING TO EXPRESS MY FEELINGS, SINCE I WASN'T YET READY TO TALK TO SOMEONE ABOUT THEM. EVENTUALLY, I REALIZED THAT THIS WAS HELPING ME DEAL WITH MY CANCER, SO WHY COULDN'T I USE IT TO HELP OTHERS DEAL WITH THEIR CANCER TOO? I THEN DECIDED TO TAKE MY DIARY AND MAKE IT INTO A SCRAPBOOK THAT I WOULD USE TO HELP OTHERS. THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF MY INVOLVEMENT IN SUPPORTING CHILDREN AND TEENS WITH CANCER.

SINCE THEN, I HAVE DONE AS MUCH AS I CAN TO GET INVOLVED, ALTHOUGH IT WAS HARD BECAUSE I LIVED THREE HOURS AWAY FROM THE NEAREST TREATMENT CENTRE. WHEN I WAS IN CALGARY FOR MY TREATMENTS, I WOULD GO VISIT THE OTHER KIDS IN THE HOSPITAL AND TALK TO THEM, SUPPORT THEM. I STARTED DOING PRESENTATIONS IN MY COMMUNITY ON CANCER TO HELP INFORM THE TOWN ABOUT CHILDHOOD CANCER SINCE THERE WAS A SURPRISING NUMBER OF KIDS DIAGNOSED WITH CANCER THERE. IN 1998, I WAS INVITED TO DO A PRESENTATION ABOUT DEALING WITH CANCER IN MONTREAL AT THE CHILDHOOD CANCER FOUNDATION CANDLELIGHTERS CANADA INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE. WHILE THERE, I WAS ASKED IF I WOULD BE INTERESTED IN BECOMING A PART OF A NEW SUPPORT NETWORK FOR TEENS WITH CANCER, AND OF COURSE I DID. NOW, I AM ON THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE FOR THIS GROUP AND I AM A PROVINCIAL REPRESENTATIVE FOR ALBERTA. OUR FIRST MAJOR GOAL IS TO INITIATE A 'VISITEEN' PROGRAM AT ALL THE TREATMENT CENTRES ACROSS CANADA TO SUPPORT NEWLY-DIAGNOSED PATIENTS AND TO VISIT THOSE IN HOSPITAL.

I HAVE ALSO BEEN INVOLVED IN THE TERRY FOX RUN SINCE 1995, DURING WHICH TIME WE HAVE RAISED MORE THAN \$16,200. TERRY FOX IS MY HERO AND I HAVE LOOKED UP TO HIM FOR MANY YEARS. HE IS MY SOURCE OF INSPIRATION AND I AM DETERMINED TO HELP TERRY'S DREAM COME TRUE. CANCER IS SOMETHING NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO GO THROUGH — ESPECIALLY CHILDREN — SO I WILL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO SUPPORT THOSE DEALING WITH CANCER AND TO HELP FIND A CURE.





Summer Wanderings

By RAYLENE LOWEN ('98)

This past summer presented an amazing opportunity for me. It was a period of growth and development, especially after having been diagnosed with depression. I've struggled a great deal with depression and sometimes I still do, but I realize it's something you have to accept, and once that's accomplished, you are able to move on with your life. That's when I decided to travel and discover different parts of the world.

I travelled around Ireland, Northern Ireland, Scotland, England and France. I met amazing people and learned a lot about myself and the countries I was backpacking in. Of all the places I visited, I would have to say that the South of France was by far my favourite. The lifestyle there is incredible! Bakeries on every corner, the beach just five minutes away and three-hour lunch breaks!

At first, the three-hour lunch breaks were annoying because in Canada everything is so convenient, but after a while you get used to it and it made me realize that the French have a more relaxing lifestyle that everyone should adopt. People should spend more time doing what they love and less time worrying about money.

Next summer I'm thinking of moving to Scotland – the scenery is magical and the people are incredible – I may even finish my degree there. My brother once told me that sunsets seem to be more beautiful on the other side of the world, and at first I had to agree. But on looking back, sunsets only *seem* to be more beautiful because of the lack of stress from everyday life that seems to occupy our minds wherever we live. If a person can get by that and learn to discover their surroundings as if they were brand new, then they would see that a sunset is beautiful no matter where you are – as long as you learn to appreciate it.

Some of Tara's Favourite Quotes... (Tara Zieleman ('01))

THERE ARE THREE TYPES OF PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD:
THOSE WHO MAKE THINGS HAPPEN, THOSE TO WHOM THINGS
HAPPEN AND THOSE WHO NEVER KNEW WHAT HAPPENED!

Life is 5% what
happens to you and
95% how you react to

*Don't frown - you never know
when someone is falling in love
with your smile!*

Yesterday was the *past*, tomorrow is
the *future* and today is a *gift* -
that's why we call it the *present!*



DEAFLYMPICS



By KRISTEN PRANZL ('99)

Hello everyone!

I hope this finds you all well and keeping your heads above water (in the homework sense). I will share some of my experiences of the Deaflympics in Summer 2001. I was one of the lucky four members chosen to represent Team Canada in the swimming part of the 19th annual Deaflympic Games that took place in Rome, Italy.

This was a goal I had been working towards for two years now, and it was an awesome feeling to be chosen – it's always great when the hard work pays off, and all of those 5am mornings become worthwhile! The Deaflympics are a smaller version of the Olympics, and Deaf people from all over the world come to participate in various sporting events such as swimming, athletics, tennis, basketball and soccer.

When we finally arrived in Rome, it was only the beginning of a three-week odyssey that became the ultimate experience. We had one week to adjust to the time difference, train and yes, sightsee! I was able to fit in the Vatican City and the amazing Sistine Chapel among a few other sights, however the magnitude of being there hit hard at the opening ceremonies : I was overwhelmed by the spirit and unity of all the Deaf people from all the countries – some with only three or four representatives (such as Belarus) and others with more than 200 representatives, such as the United States.

Even though we used different sign language (like spoken language, sign languages is not universal and each country has its own variant), people were meeting each other and making new friends and new memories they would never forget. The competition itself was of course nerve-wracking, but it was an awesome experience and the chance to gain some international competition experience benefitted me greatly. I hope to be able to attend the next summer Deaflympics taking place in Australia in 2005.

In light of the recent events in the United States, I hope everyone is taking it easy and making sure to enjoy life. I have realized that life is too short to take for granted, and that everything should be enjoyed to the fullest. This way, we get to appreciate the finer things in life!





When They Told Me I Couldn't...



By LISA TERPSTRA ('01)

I was told Turkish people despised those in wheelchairs. I was told I would be the victim of harsh discrimination. After warnings of discrimination, inaccessibility and impossibilities, my trip to Turkey this past July was not what I was told to expect...

For the past three years, the Christian Reformed Seminary of Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Michigan has elected 35 high school seniors from across North America to be a part of their Facing Your Future summer program. The program was developed to give youth with Christian leadership skills a taste of church ministry. Three weeks are spent in Michigan at the Seminary where the students attend daily lectures, have panels of pastors and missionaries come in and talk, go to a variety of soup kitchens to help out for the afternoon and experience other unique events.

We, the group of 2001, spent an afternoon with an Islamic leader at a local mosque, enjoyed a morning with an instructor at a Jewish temple and witnessed the city's fireworks with our American friends on the Fourth of July. After the three weeks spent in Michigan, we departed for a 10-day tour of Turkey, a tour that would give us an intense look at the historical background of the Christian faith. The other 34 students were anxiously anticipating our departure for Turkey while I was quite hesitant about the looming challenge.

The program's leaders informed me a few weeks before I left for Michigan that I would not be able to take my electric wheelchair to Turkey. I was crushed. Anyone who is reliant on a wheelchair can sympathize with the meaning of this – my wheelchair is my confidence, my freedom, my source of energy and my mode of life. Without it, I can't feel like myself; I am quieter and burdened. I was told I could bring my manual wheelchair, but this was no consolation. I feel trapped in my manual chair and feel reliant on others for everything. It's this feeling of dependence that burdens me when I am without my wheelchair. I was very apprehensive about going without it, and I didn't fully understand the difficulty in bringing it until I had a meeting with two of the leaders about a week before our departure to Turkey.

My leaders told me about the opposition they were facing in trying to bring my wheelchair to Turkey. They had searched everywhere for even one single story of someone in a wheelchair who had travelled to Turkey or lived there. They needed to find something to give them hope that it could be done. Travel agent after travel agent denied the possibility of taking an electric wheelchair to Turkey. They warned of hostile discrimination of Turkish people towards those in wheelchairs. Some travel agents implied or even bluntly stated to the program's leaders that they should never have even bothered to accept me into the program in the first place, because they were now faced with an impossible situation. One even asked, 'What is she trying to prove?' I wasn't trying to *prove* anything – I was just trying to go to Turkey with my 'legs'...

Continued from previous page...

W

e fought every barrier they threw at us, and regardless of what everyone advised, I took my electric wheelchair to Turkey. The country itself was not friendly to a wheelchair, but I found Turkey to be full of smiling people, of caring people, of people who would go out of their way to help me in any and every way. When I was faced with stairs at one of the hotels, four Turkish men literally ran to help me. When I was shopping at Istanbul's open-air market and came up to a step, people nearby left their shops to make sure I was able to get down. I never once received a scowl – all I noticed were the smiles and the amazed gazes of those who were looking at something they had never seen before. Their faces lit up as children's faces do, and they would watch me and my wheelchair as I passed. The Turkish people showed absolutely no discrimination – the only discrimination I had faced had been from the handful of North Americans themselves who had been so narrow-minded and hostile towards me.

What really made this trip possible and incredibly rewarding were the members of my group. Before leaving for Turkey, the 34 other students and six leaders had made it clear they were going to help me out whenever I needed it. A handful of the students even formed a group themselves to be my personal 'helping crew.' I rarely needed to *ask* for help while in Turkey because someone was always there offering it before I uttered the words. Though I was able to take my wheelchair into the hotels every night, I could not take it into most of the mosques, museums or to the different archaeological sites. My FYF friends were always there for me though : When we visited an ancient underground home in a small Turkish town, my friends took turns backpacking me through the low, narrow tunnels. At one point in the underground home, my friend Steve was backpacking me on his hands and knees, inching along through an immensely tight tunnel while another friend, Josh, was holding my legs up behind us! It was an amazing experience! I could tell story after story of the selfless acts of friends and strangers along this trip...

After venturing more and more into the world, I am also facing more and more challenges I never knew existed. Sometimes I have to live with defeat against challenges, but in situations like this one, I take with me an even more powerful victory and experience. Though hedging on a pep talk, I encourage you to face things never before faced and to recognize and appreciate the support network in your life. This world is full of amazing people and cultures, so travel whenever possible and creep into another realm!

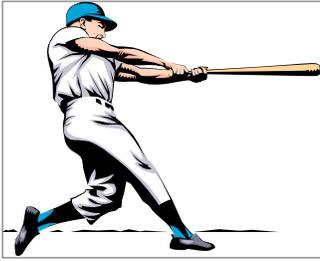


The next Deadline for submissions is
February 1st 2002.

Your transcript and Confirmation of
Registration form are due January 22nd 2002.

La prochaine date de tombée pour le Fil D'Or
est le 1er février 2002.

Le relevé de notes officiel et la Confirmation
d'Inscription sont à rendre le 22 janvier 2002.



Play Ball! By Becky Reiber ('01)

July 1st – School's done, and as my dad says, 'Welcome to the Real World!' It's going to be a hectic summer : I start my first full-time job plus I get to play in the Midget Softball nationals in Lashburn, SK. Work 8 to 5, ball 6 to 10, five days a week – when will I have time for my boyfriend?

August 10th – Life's slowing down, ball is done – what an awesome experience! A full week tournament – there were tons of friends, laughs, excitement and stress – I loved it! I went to the National Championships thinking this would be such a great learning experience for playing ball. I left the National Championships having learned about volunteering and how a town so little can have so much pride.

Lashburn is a small town of 700 people, and the thought of a town that small hosting nationals was crazy; the bigger cities said it couldn't be done. More than 290 volunteers and a week later, the players and fans from across Canada were amazed! During the week of nationals I became an honorary resident of Lashburn, and as such I experienced this town's volunteerism first-hand as I feasted on the meals the 'Grandmas of Lashburn' had prepared for our team all week. Every organization in town pitched in to help out the 'Girls of Lashburn' and even former residents returned with pride to lend a hand. Every game we played, regardless of the time of day, packed the stands with around 800 fans. At the end of each night we all experienced the only traffic jam the town of Lashburn knew : Leaving the ballpark.

This experience exposed me to what volunteering can accomplish, what it feels like to have proud roots and to know where you come from.

Canada in Cuba By Thao Nguyen ('00)

My name is Thao Nguyen, and I received the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award in 2000. I would like to take this opportunity to say hello to all the Terry Fox Scholars and to share my Canada World Youth experience.

Canada World Youth is a non-profit organization that provides young people with an opportunity to participate in international education programs and gain relevant work experience in Canada and overseas. I went to Swan River, Manitoba where I taught adults with learning disabilities to read and write, and in Ciego de Avila, Cuba, I taught Canadian culture and English to students in grades three and four. I've always wanted to be a teacher and through the program, I learned what it takes. I also gained valuable skills such as personal growth, adaptability, flexibility, inner-cultural sensitivity and cross-cultural awareness. Last but not least, I've learned to appreciate Canada so much more.

Now I'm back at school with the highest gratitude to the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program. Did I mention Cuba has a Terry Fox Run? Yet another example of how Terry helps people around the globe...



The Alumni Page La Page des Anciens



A big hello to the "old" Alumni and all of the newcomers to our widely expanding group! It has been some time since I attended a regional gathering of recipients and alumni however I am looking forward to getting together with some of the TFHAP "family" again in the future. I still have very fond memories of the magic that was shared at the National Meeting in Edphy (has it actually been eight years already?!?). So much has happened in all of our lives since that time and it's neat to read about the things people have accomplished since university -- both personally and professionally. For many of us, it seems there aren't enough hours in the day, but if you can find a spare minute or two, drop a line to Sabrina at the TFHAP office (terryfox@sfu.ca) and give her an update about your whereabouts, births, marriages, accomplishments, etc. so that she can include it in the next Golden Thread and keep the alumni up-to-date.

A very happy holiday season to you and yours,

Carolyn Chin (1987)

P.S. For those with whom I have lost touch over the years, if you get a chance I'd love to receive an email from you (or, heaven forbid, a 'snail mail' letter!).

My email address is carolync@cancer.ab.ca

(Carolyn went overseas in 1996 where she worked in Angola for Creative Associates International doing international development work with local community groups in the province of Huambo. She returned to Canada in 2000 and is now working in Calgary with the Canadian Cancer Society as the Director of Communications for Alberta/N.W.T.)

Where Are They Now? We've lost touch with the following Alumni. If you know where they are, please ask them to contact us!

Natasha Affolder ('93, U. of Alberta)
Christine Baunemann ('92, Queen's)
Annie Bélanger ('93, U. of Montréal)
Anthony Capuccinello ('89, U. of Western Ontario)
Christine Ciona ('93, U. of Calgary)
Terri-Lynn Convey ('95, McMaster)
Ronald Crawford ('95, UVic)
Stephen Crummey ('89, Memorial U. of NF)

Sigurd DeBruijn ('93, SAIT)
Karin Derouaux ('97, McGill)
John Diakogeorgiou ('88, Concordia)
Marie-Claude Dion ('86, U. du Québec)
Claire Doucet ('85, U. du Québec)
Martin Duchaine ('93, École Poly. de Montréal)
Gaylene Dueck ('92, Central Pentecostal Bible Studies)
Anita Elash ('83, Ryerson)



By SHAINUR PREMJI ('01)

During one of my last English classes in high school, my teacher read to us something that his high school teacher had read to him when he was graduating. His hope for us was to move on from high school, to work hard and to strive for our dreams. He believed this was the reason that kept him going through university and kept him steadfastly working towards his dream. I believe it worked, as he is the youngest full-time teacher at the school and one of the most respected by both his students and his fellow co-workers.

These past few months at University have been different than high school, but whenever I need a reminder of some of the more meaningful things around me, I just read this and I find it makes the situation a little easier...



Desiderata – by Max

Ehrmann

Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.

Speak your truth quietly and clearly, and listen to all others, even the dull and ignorant : They too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the fate of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in a sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive him to be. And whatever your labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.

Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.