

The Golden Thread / Le fil d'or



December 2002 / Décembre 2002

Life Beyond the Hospital: By Christopher Blackmore (02)

The diagnosis of cancer is becoming more and more common among teenagers and children in recent years. Due to this, the efforts to find a cure are ever increasing and the success rates for such a diagnosis are on the rise. However, with all of the research money going towards curing the disease physically, one important factor is often overlooked; cancer also has a large psychological impact on its victims.

Many young cancer patients leave the hospital after treatment, cured physically of the disease. Often though, they are left with lowered self-esteem, depression and a feeling of loneliness. These feelings are usually brought about by the side effects of the disease as well as cancer drugs such as chemotherapy, which cause hair loss, and steroids, which cause weight gain.

In the past, cancer patients would have been left to cope with these psychological effects on their own. But thanks to the vision of Dr. Sylvain Baruchel of the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children, there is great hope for the treatment of cancer's psychological scars. Dr. Baruchel has pioneered the idea of adventure therapy to help young cancer survivors cope with those scars. The basis of adventure therapy is to take cancer survivors on outdoor adventures such as expeditions through the Arctic, and kayaking trips. These programs are designed to build the confidence of the young survivors by challenging them physically and mentally. At the same time, adventure therapy also provides a forum for the cancer survivors to get together and support each other. The friendships formed and the support gained is priceless in combating the scars left behind by cancer.

As a personal testimony, I had the privilege to attend one of these adventure therapy program on Ellesmere Island in the Canadian Arctic. It was the experience of a lifetime and it gave me back all the confidence that I lost during my cancer treatment. I also had the opportunity to meet many amazing individuals on this expedition.

Adventure therapy is a concept that is not confined only to the treatment of cancer. It could be applied to all types of diseases and disabilities, or any other situations that leaves behind psychological scars. It provides great hope for the future generations and hopefully it will

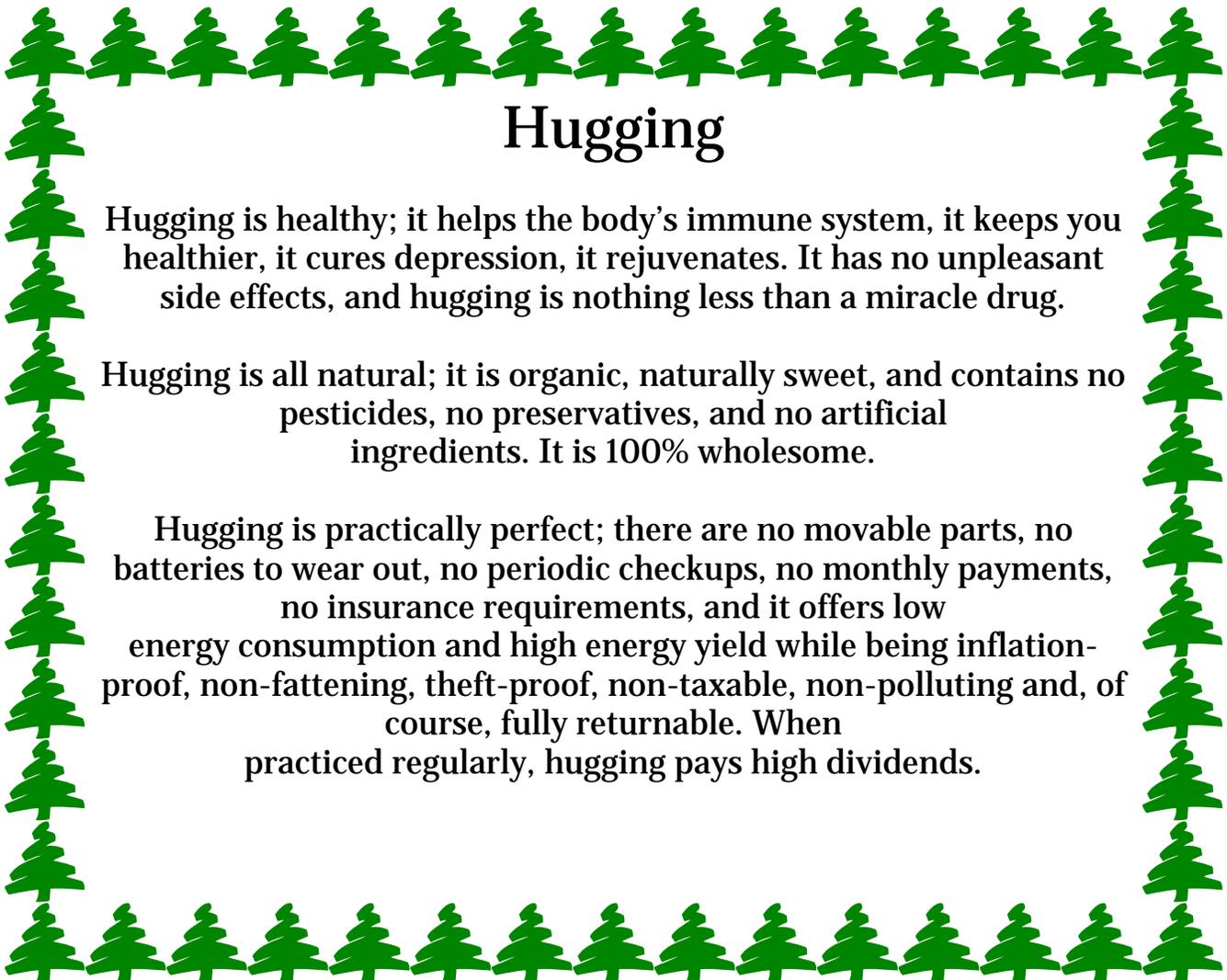
SUBMITTED BY: RICHELLE HALBGEWACHS (O 1)

HUMANKIND HAS NOT WOVEN THE WEB OF LIFE.
WE ARE BUT ONE THREAD WITHIN IT.
WHATEVER WE DO TO THE WEB, WE DO TO
OURSELVES.
ALL THINGS ARE BOUND TOGETHER.
ALL THINGS CONNECT

Dear fellow THFAP Recipients,

I think the below text on “Hugging” is suitable, as I am sure that we will all need a few hugs in the coming weeks and months as we enter another exciting, but probably stressful, school year. So, take the time to give someone a hug and be sure to have a wonderful school year.

Janice Dicks (01)



Hugging

Hugging is healthy; it helps the body’s immune system, it keeps you healthier, it cures depression, it rejuvenates. It has no unpleasant side effects, and hugging is nothing less than a miracle drug.

Hugging is all natural; it is organic, naturally sweet, and contains no pesticides, no preservatives, and no artificial ingredients. It is 100% wholesome.

Hugging is practically perfect; there are no movable parts, no batteries to wear out, no periodic checkups, no monthly payments, no insurance requirements, and it offers low energy consumption and high energy yield while being inflation-proof, non-fattening, theft-proof, non-taxable, non-polluting and, of course, fully returnable. When practiced regularly, hugging pays high dividends.

Submitted by Elizabeth Lee (01)

When you look at me, your eyes become mine. For I can see what you see and how you see it. You are not alone. Breathe with me; I shall listen to the breath like a melody of love. Together we shall take in new oxygen; a new scoop of life force. Let it spread through your spiritual body. Let it connect with all it may connect with.

Cry with me for you are not alone. We, together, shall hold firm the ground and bathe in its healing. Sing with me for you and I are one. We can only breathe together. We are the sun, the moon and the dancing stars.

Fly with me for we are angels in this spiritual journey. You and I are the same. You and I are one. You are my neighbour, my brother, my sister - let me wrap you in my love and warm you with eternal compassion. You are not alone for you and I are one.

—Steve Maraboli—

The next deadline for the Golden Thread is **February 3rd** (post-marked).

Transcripts and Confirmation of Registration for Spring are due by
January 13th.

Check out our website: www.terryfox.org

La prochaine date de tombée pour le Fil D'Or est le **3e février**
(cacheté par la poste).

Le relevé de notes et la Confirmation d'Inscription pour le printemps sont à rendre le
13 janvier.

Visitez le site web: www.terryfox.org

There is no Laundry Fairy and other realizations of first year Alison Agar (00)

These are a few of the realizations that I made first year - and I hope they help those of you in first year, and give those of you who have been there a look back.

- 1 There is no laundry fairy and no matter how many clothes you put under your pillow, they will still be there in the morning unfolded and not laundered.
- 2 You can feel alone in a residence full of people - but it will get better!
- 3 The best pictures of your friends are candid ones.
- 4 There is always someone to procrastinate with
- 5 Lunch trays make the best sleds
- 6 Cafeteria ladies can be surrogate moms - they remind you on your way through the cafeteria to always eat your vegetables and drink your milk!
- 7 The best time to go for a walk is at 12:00 at night
- 8 Fun can find you when you least expect it - especially during 3am fire drills
- 9 Nickels, dimes and quarters do add up and can make up for some much needed cash at the end of the semester!!!
- 10 When your first year is finally done it feels like you've climbed a mountain! :)

The Great Play

Matthew Matheson (01)

Exploring the world I make in my sleep
When slumber entangles my thoughts buried deep
All the things I wish I could say while awake
Are spoken in snooze without consequences' sake
I am much braver when the villains I face
Will vanish at sunlight with nary a trace
I am much more dashing before I wake up
I find what I see is what I make up
A dream is a drama that I direct, write, and play
It is better than life when we have lines to say
And yet if I am told the most romantic line
I know that it is no other voice but mine
So even if consensus is a harrowing reality
The smiles it brings true joviality

*Submitted by Becky Reiber ('01):
October is a bad month for me... it is the month that
my Mom passed away, and I came across this poem
and it brought tears to my eyes. So here is a poem
for all of you who have lost someone you love....*

*If tears could build a stairway
And memories were a lane,
I would walk right up to heaven
To bring you home again.
No farewell words were spoken,
No time to say goodbye,
You were gone before I knew it,
And only God knows why.
My heart still aches in sadness,
And secret tears still flow,
What it meant to lose you,
No one will ever know.*

Author Unknown

A Hero Is

A hero is someone who
Doesn't bend when the pressure's on
A hero is someone that is strong,
Not only on the outside but on
The inside too

A hero has a big heart
A is someone who is smart
A hero is there to inspire or help you out
Even if you have the slightest doubt
In someone to you a hero might just come out

To those who aren't so sure
That a hero might be the cure
I have just one thing to say,
Never fear your hero will someday
Be here

Your hero could be an athlete,
Or a doctor, or a friend, or a neighbour,
Or even a family member
But no matter what, in your eyes
That hero to you
Will always come through

Brad Pennington (02)
Cancer Survivor

It's hard to think positively and be happy all the time, but it sure does make life a little more bearable! Here's a little story I've recently read and would like to share with you. It is entitled "The Optimist." Enjoy. -Julia Mackenzie (00)-

There is a story of identical twins. One was a hope-filled optimist. "everything is coming up roses!" he would say. The other twin was a sad and hopeless pessimist. He thought that Murphy, as in Murphy's Law was an optimist. The worried parents of the boys brought them to the local psychologist.

He suggested to the parents a plan to balance the twins' personalities. "On their next birthday, put them in separate rooms to open their gifts. Give the pessimist the best toys you can afford, and give the optimist a box of manure." The parents followed these instructions and carefully observed the results.

When they peeked in on the pessimist, they heard him audibly complaining, "I don't like the colour of this computer... I'll bet this calculator will break... I don't like the game... I know someone who's got a bigger toy car than this..."

Tiptoeing across the corridor, the parents peeked in and saw their little optimist gleefully throwing the manure up in the air. He was giggling. "You can't fool me! When there's this much manure, there's gotta

Review of my trip to Portugal

Joanna Rekas (01)

This summer I decided to go for a change in scenery - far from the humidity of Ontario. Portugal was my chosen destination for three weeks of August. Let me tell you a little bit about my trip.

Portugal is like a tropical island, in that an ocean (the Atlantic) surrounds it, it has beaches almost all the way along its shores, it is full of palm trees and other exotic plants, and has a diverse climate for such a small country. The southern region is hot and arid, and the northern is similar to maritime climate.

The beaches have fine, soft sand mixed with a variety of shells brought ashore by the vigorous cold and salty waters. The sun beats down on the ground and the wind blows intensely. In fact, a 'must have' for the beach is a 'wind stopper' - a large piece of canvas held upright by poles to block the violent wind. In the Algarve (southern Portugal) the beaches are enclosed by giant cliffs and dotted by haphazardly deposited boulders. The cliffs and rocks are made of sand stone and are riddled with fossils of shells and creatures that date back hundreds of thousands of years.

The general scenery in Portugal is stunning. There are many unusual and vividly coloured flowers and plants. Everywhere you look there are palm trees, cactus plants, citrus fruit trees, pines, and eucalyptus trees. In the region where I spent most of my time (the North), houses are commonly one or two stories high and have red tiled roofs with exterior 'azulejo' (a type of porcelain tile that is painted with individual designs) as opposed to siding. There are a few high-rise buildings except in major cities like Lisbon, Oporto, and Aveiro.

Portuguese food is diverse and delicious. Fresh baked breads with olives and a variety of cheeses constitute the common appetizer at most restaurants. Seafood is a main course speciality in the towns and villages along the coast due in part to the availability of the rich fishing grounds in the Atlantic. So, now I've tried it all - oysters, squid, barbecued sardines, eel... The most popular side dishes include cooked vegetables and fresh cut French fries (we're not that different after all). Delicious fresh, moist pastry desserts and dry coffeecakes are common in their availability and diversity in all of Portugal. A regional dessert that I enjoyed most was a pastry with a very sweet filling made of egg yolks, sugar, and cinnamon (it's called "ovos moles"). Wine is as commonplace a drink with a meal as an espresso is with dessert.

There is plenty of entertainment, whether it is at a café with live Latin music, dancing all night at a club, watching a comical puppet show in the town centre, or watching artists draw caricatures of people for donations. Some people prefer a calmer and more romantic nightlife, like taking a long stroll down the beach guided by the moonlight. My favourite activity at night was going to a café and meeting people with whom I could not converse by any other mean other than sign language and facial expressions. It was fun!

Portugal is a country that is still modernizing. Evidence of this is seen everywhere but especially in the southern region where tourism has become very popular. Some things I found distinct are the mopeds with an attached box in the back used to deliver pizza, and alcohol that can be purchased at a local vending machine (yes, like the ones we have with chips and pop). There were no drawbacks except the extremely narrow streets that the extremely fast moving traffic races through.

I find it difficult to change from the routing of sleeping in, going to the beach for the day, and then going out for a late night, to getting up early, going to classes all day, and then doing homework at night. I miss Portugal dearly and I hope to visit it again soon. I would like to finish this review with a caution for those who will be travelling to Europe. Ensure that your PIN code for your debit/bank card is no more than 4 digits (banks in most European countries do not allow you to enter more than 4 numbers and hence, you cannot withdraw money if your code has 5 or more digits). Trust me, I'm speaking from experience!

In September, I received a forwarded e-mail and came across the poem "Slow Dance", written by a young girl who is battling cancer. This young girl wrote this poem because she wanted to let people know that time is precious and people should live their lives to the fullest because no one knows when their time on earth will be up. Having to overcome several obstacles of my own, I found this poem very inspirational as it reminded me to enjoy life no matter what path it takes, to take a deep breath, and to "slow down and smell the roses". - Tasneem Buksh (00)-

SLOW DANCE

Have you ever watched kids
On a merry-go-round?
Or listened to the rain
Slapping on the ground?
Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight?
Or gazed at the sun into the fading night?
You better slow down
Don't dance so fast.
Time is short.
The music won't last.
Do you run through each day
On the fly?
When you ask, "How are you?"
Do you hear the reply?
When the day is done
Do you lie in your bed
With the next hundred chores
Running through your head?
You'd better slow down.
Don't dance so fast.
Time is short.
The music won't last.
Ever told your child,
We'll do it tomorrow?
And in your haste,
Not see his sorrow?
Ever lost touch,
Let a good friendship die
Cause you never had time
To call and say "hi".
You'd better slow down.
Don't dance so fast
Time is short.
The music won't last
When you run so fast to get somewhere
You miss half the fun of getting there.
When you worry and hurry through your day,
It is like an unopened gift...
Thrown away.
Life is not a race.
Do take it slower.
Hear the music
Before the song is over.

Hello Everyone!

I am currently in my final year of Physical and Health Education and Mathematics at Queen's University. I can't believe that I am almost half way through my last year here! Throughout this semester all of my classmates and I have been struggling with decisions for next year's plans. This is the first time in my life that I don't know exactly what I want to do with myself! I have several options for next year - and I'm still deciding which opportunity I want to fulfill. Some students find this decision extremely stressful - but I've realized that I have to take advantage of the fact that I have different possibilities! With all of my options of travelling, teacher's college, grad school, and working - my decision changes every day. When the time comes, I believe that I'll make the right decision... and if that doesn't work out, the I'll try "plan B" the next year! Following this paragraph, I have attached a quote that I find appropriate for anyone frustrated with making decisions in their lives - and who may need a friendly reminder. I hope you are all enjoying and taking advantage of the opportunities that you meet in your lives. Take care everyone!

Julie Rogers (99)

To be who you are is to be enough

To share who you are is to share enough

To do what you love is to do enough

*There is no race to win and nothing to be proven,
only dreams to be nurtured, a self to be expressed, and love to be shared*

By: Donna Newman

It's Up to You

Submitted by: Leah Stadnyk (02)

One song can spark a moment,

One flower can wake the dream.

One tree can start a forest,

One bird can herald spring.

One smile begins a friendship,

One handclasp lifts a soul.

One star can guide a ship at sea,

One word can frame the goal.

One vote can change a nation,

One sunbeam lights a room.

One candle wipes out darkness,

One laugh will conquer gloom.

One step must start each journey,

One work must start each prayer.

One hope will raise our spirits,

One touch can show you care.

One voice can speak with wisdom,

One heart can know what's true.

One life can make the difference,

You see, it's up to you!

- Author unknown -

Hi everybody! I hope that life is treating you well in this new school season. This is a story that was always able to encourage me to believe in my dream and to help others to believe in their own. I hope you enjoy it as much as I do each time I read it! - Kristine Rasmussen (02) -

To Track Down My Dream

It was the district track meet - the one we had been training for all season. My foot still hadn't healed from an earlier injury. As a matter of fact, I had debated whether or not I should attend the meet. But there I was, preparing for the 3,200 - meter run.

"Ready... set..." The gun popped and we were off. The other girls darted ahead of me. I realized I was limping and felt humiliated as I fell farther and farther behind.

The first-place runner was two laps ahead of me when she crossed the finish line. "Hooray!" shouted the crowd. It was the loudest cheer I had ever heard at a meet.

"Maybe I should quit," I thought as I limped on. "Those people don't want to wait for me to finish this race." somehow, though, I decided to keep going. During the last two laps, I ran in pain and decided not to compete in track next year. It wouldn't be worth it, even if my foot did heal. I could never beat the girl who lapped me twice.

When I finished, I heard a cheer - just as enthusiastic as the one I'd heard when the first girl passed the finish line. "What was that all about?" I asked myself. I turned around and sure enough, the boys were preparing for their race. "That must be it; they're cheering for the boys."

I went straight to the bathroom where a girl bumped into me. "Wow, you've got courage!" she told me.

I thought, "Courage? She must be mistaking me for someone else. I just lost a race!"

"I would have never been able to finish those two miles if I were you. I would have quit on the first lap. What happened to your foot? We were cheering for you. Did you hear us?"

I couldn't believe it. A complete stranger had been cheering for me - not because she wanted me to win, but because she wanted me to keep going and not give up. Suddenly I regained hope. I decided to stick with track next year. One girl saved my dream.

That day I learned two things:

First, a little kindness and confidence in people can make a great difference to them.

And second, strength and courage aren't always measured in medals and victories. They are measured in the struggles we overcome. The strongest people are not always the people who win, but the people who don't give up when they lose.

I only dream that someday - perhaps as a senior - I will be able to win the race with a cheer as big as the one I got when I lost the race as a freshman.

Ashley Hodgeson



Kathryn

By Sarah Foley (02)

She's beautiful, she's elegant,
She's everybody's friend.
She's thoughtful, she's strong,
She never cared to lend.

She's modest, she's brave,
She can sing very pretty.
She's smart, she's kind,
She never wants the pity.

I don't know why I am so lucky
To have a mom like this.
There's never a better feeling
Than her hug and her kiss.

Her values and her morals
Were proper and so pure.
Why did this come her way?
Why didn't they find the cure?

The agony, the pain
It never seemed to erase.
That smile and the sparkle
That was present on her face.

I often try to understand
Why she went away so fast.
But I guess her personality
Was too good to last.

If God needed another angel
He took the perfect one.
Her motherhood and parenting
Are never really done.

I know that you are watching me
And proud of what I do
For mom if there's an angel
That's watching me, it's you.



Heroes

By Candace Yanishewski (02)

In a world of technology
computers and plastic
We often mistake fame for
heroism

The active mouths of
magazines and television
form heroes out of
actors
and musicians
like the hand of an artist
paints pictures of things that
do not exist

Forlorn children seek guidance
in moving pictures
form lives based on those
they will never meet
those who have carefully put a lock on their
chest of faults

The truth is that
real heroes
work silently
without praise
and remain vigilant in the eye of
tumult and terror
who
in noble determination
risk their living
so others may live

These are heroes who carry the flag of humility
rather than
fame
who themselves become prey
so others are no longer
preyed upon
these are the sinew of society

These are not plastic heroes
whom millions turn to and call
but the living, breathing heroes
who
with grace and truth
believe they are not heroes at all



La Course Terry Fox

Ayant récemment déménagé dans la ville de Montréal, j'ai eu la chance, en septembre dernier, d'être bénévole, pour la toute première fois, à une course Terry Fox. Je me souviens encore de l'incroyable énergie des gens qui, malgré une température froide et pluvieuse, se sont déplacés pour venir courir. Je me rappelle avoir parlé à des personnes qui, depuis de nombreuses années, reviennent annuellement. Je me souviens d'avoir vu des gens qui, un an durant, ont sensibilisé leur entourage à la cause de la recherche sur le cancer et ont amassé des fonds parmi leurs amis, famille et collègues de travail. Ces moments resteront gravés dans ma mémoire et, depuis ce jour, la Course Terry Fox est devenue une tradition pour moi aussi, une tradition que j'entends observer durant de longues années encore.

Alexandra Soroceanu (02)



Submitted by: **Becky Dolton (02)**

Well what can I say? My dream of post-secondary has finally come true. As a little girl I often wondered how I was ever going to make it to college or even university for that matter. Everyone would always tell me that I worried enough for the world. To tell you the truth, I still worry a lot. Coming from a family who had to work for every penny we got, I really did not think I would ever have the opportunity to attend college. I could never imagine how it must feel to be a single parent raising three kids (teenagers for that matter) and trying to figure out how to feed, clothe, shelter, and even for that matter put them through college. To emerge from a situation where you did not know where you were going to get money for groceries for the week or how you were going to get your kids to school is an accomplishment all on its own. My mom is my inspiration, even when our lives had reached the lowest point she was always standing there with her head held high saying "we would make it one way or another". To me my mom is like Terry Fox. Always working for their dreams and when the odds seem unbeatable, both Terry and my mom seemed to blow right by the limitations. As I sit back and reflect on my childhood I realized I wanted to make my mom's as well as my dream come true.

That is when I decided to apply for the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award. It took me about a month to fill out the application. When I was finished I remember mailing it thinking I would never hear another word from them again. Lo and behold some time in April when my hopes were slowly diminishing I got a letter in the mail stating that I had an interview with some representative from the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program at the Four Seasons Hotel. Receiving that letter was one of the happiest days of my life. My mom and I made the dreadful trek down to the hotel not knowing that it was the day of the Vancouver Sun Run. I lost my mom in the midst of the thousands and thousands of people. There was one thing wrong though; she had the address and I had the room number. It was about 8:40 am and my interview was at 9:00 am. Eventually I made it to the hotel with about 4 minutes to spare. I had the interview and went home.

Waiting for the answer from the interview was pretty hard. I kept thinking about the award and having my dreams come true. On June 2nd 2002, I got a phone call stating that I had been granted a scholarship for the 2002/2003 school year. I had a flood of emotions running through my body. I told my mom that I had received the award and she broke down in tears. A burden was lifted off my mom's heart that day knowing that I would be going to college. If anyone gets anything from reading this entry, I want it to be that nothing is out of reach. No matter how far or how impossible something may seem, go for it. I am living proof that dreams come true.

Thank you Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program

Videos, Vanity, or Volunteering

By: Paige Muttersbach (02)

In the news today brutal images and harsh sounds of ceaseless conflicts, increasing crime rates, political crises, crumbling family units. In the news today the sadness lasts for as long as the news and disappears as abruptly as it came. I am just a teenager and even if I really wanted to, what could I possibly do to make things right?

What a sad and pathetic statement; even if I really wanted to, what could I possibly do to make things right?

My belief is that my generation must learn to buck up, must show a little gumption, must learn to care more and must begin to believe that it has both the capacity and duty to alleviate suffering. Only then can a generation be rescued from apathy, and a world from suffering. I believe our current lack of caring does not stem from a generation full of heartless ice kings and queens. The current generation does not do enough to alleviate global suffering because the previous generation did not do enough and the future generation will not do enough to ease global suffering if we don't. Studies suggest that teenage apathy finds its origins in societal views that we inherit. One such existing societal view is yes, it's all very tragic, but there is nothing we can do. How many times have you heard a person who wants to fix the world labeled affectionately but dismissively as "a dreamer", "an idealist" or "a do-gooder"? How many times have you heard the expression, uttered with a hopeless little sigh "what can you do, eh"

Given this powerlessness, society teaches that we might as well do everything we can for ourselves. and leave others to provide for themselves. The government of Canada allots only 0.7% of its budget to alleviate suffering in the third world. The average Canadian citizen gives only 2% of his/her income and percent of their time to helping others through volunteer organizations. On the other hand, stores selling luxury items like mechanical pets are doing a booming trade.

Society teaches us that we should not feel guilty about these pleasures; since we live in a prosperous nation we should be entitled to all the benefits the country has to offer even if we do nothing to earn or deserve them. This sense of entitlement convinces most of us that everything good about life should be presented to us. For some odd and disturbing reason we tend to feel that individuals who are less fortunate may not be entitled to the same benefits as we are.

This sense of entitlement is very strong in my generation, probably because in the 21st century society teaches us that a teenager's role is to be a teenager. The rights and responsibilities of adulthood, the duty to contribute that my grandfather shouldered at age 14 are now postponed to age 23, 34, or even 44. It's a function of being a teenager that we're apathetic, we like to roam around at malls and we know absolutely nothing! Reports from Statistics Canada and various research projects across the US claim the average teenager spends 27% of their spare time attending movies or concerts, 35% spent shopping and 25% going to parties or other social events. While I too like the odd moronic and vulgar movie, I also feel teenagers have the capacity and duty to help alleviate suffering. So I ask you how do we defeat teenage apathy and help save the world in the process?

I would like to present you with one radical solution. In Switzerland, all students after graduation must serve a term of two years in the army. I am recommending a similar program be implemented in Canada with one major difference. Instead of serving in the army, all Canadian youth upon graduating from high school will be required to donate one year of life to community service. By community I mean both the local community and the global community. I am aware that there is already a community service program implemented in all Canadian schools but this program is a token; a bone to throw at the notion of "giving". In my school, students received community service hours for picking up their own garbage. Real service would mean any activity whether artistic, physical or intellectual that would enhance our world. Examples would be painting a mural on a wall downtown, building a school dormitory or tutoring younger children.

Research suggests that community service increases self-esteem and a sense of responsibility in all participants. In contrast, a generation that is only capable of cruising the mall probably feels itself to be worthless and powerless. Statistics from a volunteer organization called Youth Unlimited show that community service lowers the rate of teenage crime by about 15%, pregnancy by 19% and drug and alcohol abuse by 30% as teenagers now feel a sense of purpose and do not need to turn to these detrimental options to fill an empty void in their life.

In the time of Darwin, a famed academic by the name of Herbert Spencer claimed "The great aim of education is not knowledge but action." and community service teaches children what the classroom and teachers cannot. Things like becoming sensitive to human rights and cultural differences, the ability to solve cultural disputes without violence and gaining an understanding of civic literacy, politics and democracy and finally understanding and accepting their role in the global community. In conclusion, community service has a positive impact on the intellectual, social and psychological growth of children. It eliminates the sense of apathy and entitlement, which causes many individuals to turn a blind eye to the hardships of others. By helping the world gradually become a better place, young people would become more caring individuals with a little gumption who would take an influential role in our future society and upon whom future generations would model their own behavior. In the news today a team of teenagers built a new well in Indonesia and a team of youths cleared garbage from a creek bed in Sooke.

In the news today an individual makes a difference; an individual who understands what Albert Einstein once stated, "Only a life lived for others is a life worthwhile."

The Healing Process

*Glamour, Shimmer, Shammer
Is not why I'm here, I'm not here to
Speak person to person but it's heart to heart that
I fear.*

*I appear to be a grown woman
With words of wisdom... apparently to say
But quite honestly, it's just a little girl
Who stands here in great dismay*

*A child who once loved life wholeheartedly
And enjoyed every day to the fullest
Feels, now that she has lost her zest for life
It's been snatched away
She was forced to grow up too fast and see too
much
Her senses became like clay*

*I was a child who chose not to be in the limelight
but was
A child who did what she did from the pureness of
her heart*

*It's a real person that she wanted to be
She pushed herself to be the best that she could be*

*I was a dreamer waiting for a dream
A drifter waiting to find my way
A person just waiting for somebody to say
I believe in you*

*She was in a maze, waiting on the edge of time
There was a hunger within her, waiting to
Be satisfied. It was the kind of rush that terrifies.
To fulfill this emptiness
She turned to the people around her
But you all failed to see the big picture*

*She approached everything with a smile
She tried to move ahead but was paralyzed with
fear*

*She battled everything head on
But obstacles kept presenting themselves
Mountains formed from thin air*

*My overflowing emotion
Led me to make deals with God
Sometimes destiny finds us and throws us a stray
Spins us in circles and leaves us in gray*

*Why am I lonely?
Why am I talking, talking to the air?
What am I looking for... it just isn't there
Get by on wishful thinking
Please oh please help me from sinking.*

*So many times the world I created
Made me feel tired and cheated
I didn't know how to make my spirit elevate
What my spirit felt was nothing but cold, hated
and unappreciated*

*Drifting, fading and melting away
Wasting away in my skin
I've learned that this is all a part of life
And the answers will come from within
I'll keep searching and searching until I find some
closure
By writing this poem I've brought myself one step
closer.*

- **Raju Bains (02)** -



I wrote this poem to incorporate it into my Valedictorian speech which talked about my life and a lot of the obstacles I've had to overcome in my life. It basically was similar to what I shared in my Terry Fox Application. I stood there in front of parents, fellow graduates and staff, and cut myself open and it truly was a big step and a part of the healing process. Many people in the audience that night whom I had known for a large portion of my life, for the first time, truly learned about the life I had lived.

Beauty By: Shagna Zamkanzi (01)

It's impossible to be oblivious to how our society revolves around superficial appearance. Magazine Covers, billboards and commercials attack our senses with near-naked "beautiful" people advertising products ranging from fat-free pudding to cleaning detergents, yet at the same time, we're told real beauty comes from within. I tumbled upon a poem often quoted by Audrey Hepburn about "beauty tips" that reminded me of the true definition of beauty.

For attractive lips, speak words of kindness.

For lovely eyes, seek out the good in people.

For a slim figure, share your food with the hungry.

For beautiful hair, let a child run his/her fingers through it once a day.

For poise, walk with the knowledge that you never walk alone.

People, even more than things, have to be restored, renewed, revived, reclaimed and redeemed; never throw out anyone.

Remember, if you ever need a helping hand, you will find one at the end of each of your arms.

As you grow older, you will discover that you have two hands; one for helping yourself, and the other for helping others.

- Sam Levinson -

"Complete Me" is particularly significant for me because it was the first poem I was able to write in the midst of a painful time. I felt that I was not a complete person and that I needed (very badly) to get better from my cancer. I wanted to heal both physically and spiritually from the pain I had been experiencing while going through chemotherapy. I felt that the only way I was ever going to really live again was if I got out of that darn hospital. As I was looking out my hospital window (the kind that doesn't open) I saw people walking around on the University paths below. It was a beautiful autumn day and I longed to be outside getting some fresh air. I wrote this poem with the mindset that I would soon be free from cancer and would be able to enjoy every minute of every day and the rest of these beautiful seasons. I made a promise to myself and to God that if I ever did get better I would never again take life for granted. I would always appreciate the beauty of the seasons and the kindness of others and I would rise up and do great things with my life. I am happy to report that I just had my 3rd Year Remission on Oct 25th and I am now able to walk those beautiful University paths with the rest of my fellow students, while taking that extra second to breathe in the sweet breath of life.

- Sarah McIvor (02) -



Complete Me
*Like a splendid leaf
Changing colours in the Fall,
Soaring through the air
With gracefulness and power.
I dream of such changes,
Where golden yellow
And burnt orange
Are as brilliant in my world
As they are in theirs.
To rise again,
In the fullness of the Sun.
To meet the challenges
With a new mind, body and soul,
Like the crisp cool air
Of an Autumn day...
The ever changing season
I will breathe new life again.*



Ernie's Kids

I would like to begin this article by saying that the pride I feel in writing this is sincere. The Terry Fox Run is something that I personally have participated in every year since I was five years old, so for me it has been fifteen years running, no pun intended!

This past June, I underwent foot surgery which took months, rather than weeks to heal, and so I was not in walking shape for this year's run. I tried to come up with ideas of what I could do to help, and it was my sweet, and very logical cousin Nicole at the age of nine years old who brought the obvious to my attention. "Jill, why don't you come home for the run, we'll help you!" OK! What a great idea. So, I returned home to a small Metis community called the Turtle Mountains in southwestern Manitoba and to my family to take part in the fun, I mean run.

The group is a small one, but powerful. There are only maybe a dozen or more involved, but this year, we ranged from 5 or 6 years old, through teen years, to a young adult which was me, through middle aged people, right into senior citizens. I must say, how beautiful it was to see such a committed group, so humble and loyal to the cause. You see, the community that I returned to is a tight-knit community. I was fortunate enough to grow up in such a place for the first 15 years of my life, and everyone is a 1st, 2nd, or 3rd cousin, and aunt or uncle, a grand parent, a sister or brother, and even those who are not blood relatives in the area, quickly become part of the family. We are a large, loving, and very happy community of friends and family, but like everyone else, our lives are occasionally touched devastatingly by cancer.

Returning to this community for this very special and worthwhile event was beautiful for me. Our group is called "Ernie's kids", and let me assure you, Ernie's kids, young and old have done their part whether big or small to serve a cause, and the millions of people affected by it.

The run takes place on a two mile stretch of road from the Main Beach at Lake Metigoshe to Ernest Goodon's home. The walk is filled with laughter, and yet the people are somber. An adult leads in a vehicle, or on bike, to make sure no one is hurt by oncoming traffic. This is where I was, although I was not driving (they won't even let a blind woman drive at two miles an hour!) And a vehicle at the back to again make sure no one is hurt. Uncle Ernie drives his four-wheeler in the middle to keep some semblance of order, and this year he decked his bike out in such things as a large flashing bulb to let everyone know that Ernie and his kids were at it again.

The walk ends at Uncle Ernie's; a beautiful home surrounded by thousands of trees, as most are in the Turtle Mountains of Manitoba, and we had a lunch fit for a king: hot dogs, chocolate cake, and tea. There was more food of course, but come on, let's not lose track of where this article is heading. One of the runners this year was quoted as saying, "This year we raised \$836 at the Turtle Mountains Terry Fox Run. It was an honour to help raise money for Cancer Research. Also it was an honour to have Jill LaPlante walk with us, who won a Terry Fox Humanitarian Award two years ago. Ernie is very proud."

As so, I must say as Jill LaPlante, that the honour is mine. To run with such a group, who does not need to have huge recognition, is a pleasure. They do this for themselves, their families and friends, their country, their world. This is my home, my family, and I will continue to go home to run with them every year. It is wonderful, and it fills your heart with pride to know that you have taken part in something so filled with energy and vibrancy, something so loving. These people do not have to do this walk, no one would ever know the difference, yet they do, and have for 5 years straight, and have not given any indication of stopping. Their goal is to get bigger and better, to involve more people, to raise more money, and to help in any way they know how.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Ernie and his runner. The runners who participated were: Christina, Gordon and James Racine, Chelsea and Lacey Leforte, Nicole Denbow, Dakota Klassen, his brother Christian, and Tamara Bell. The adults who helped out this year were: Maire Denbow, Francis Challner, Margaret Olson, Celia Klassen, and Bob Bell. And of course, who could forget our Uncle Ernie.

All of us who took part this year know as well that we could not have done it without the support of everyone in the surrounding area who have their pledges and support, so thank you to them.

If there is one lesson I have learned from this community of people, and by taking part in this walk, it is that love is not about taking or giving, it is about sharing and caring. You don't have to be big to leave your mark in this world. Terry Fox proved that.

This past summer I lost my mom to cancer. I was lucky to have been surrounded by many wise friends who shared with me some of the knowledge that they have acquired in their lives. A friend of mine sent me this story, and after reading it I realized that there are only two ways we can look at life. Either we can sit back and allow the tough times to grab a hold of us, or we can take life's challenges one day at a time, learn the lessons these challenges have to offer us, and take a step up from it...

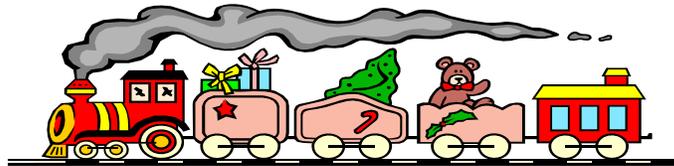
- Shainur Premji (01) -

Shake it off

One day a farmer's donkey fell down into a well. The animal cried piteously for hours as the farmer tried to figure out what to do. Finally he decided the animal was old and the well needed to be covered up anyway; it just wasn't worth it to retrieve the donkey. He invited all his neighbors to come over and help him. They all grabbed a shovel and began to shovel dirt into the well. At first, the donkey realized what was happening and cried horribly. Then, to everyone's amazement, he quieted down. A few shovel loads later, the farmer finally looked down the well and was astonished at what he saw.

With every shovel of dirt that hit his back, the donkey was doing something amazing. He would shake it off and take a step up. As the farmer's neighbors continued to shovel dirt on top of the animal, he would shake it off and take a step up. Pretty soon, everyone was amazed as the donkey stepped up over the edge of the well and trotted off!

Life is going to shovel dirt on you, all kinds of dirt. The trick to getting out of the well is to shake it off and take a step up. Each of our troubles is a stepping stone. We can get out of the deepest wells just by not stopping, never giving up! Shake it off and take a step up!



I've recently discovered that one of the hardest things in life is something we all have to do. We all have to grow up; it is the one thing in life that is inescapable.

I'm 18 years old and I've just left my hometown, and everything that is familiar to me, to move across the country to attend university where the unknown awaited me. The day I left home, nothing was scarier than the realization that those who meant so much to me, my friends, would be so far away. Who would I run to with all my problems? Who would let me cry on their shoulder for hours after a boy broke my heart? Who would support every decision I made, even if they knew it was wrong? I spent my last hours at home hugging my best friend as we both cried and knew it was the end of an era.

In a speech at my senior prom someone said, "Who will wash my clothes? Who will prepare my meals? Who will ground me when I break curfew? What curfew?!?" I live on my own now. Even something as simple as when to go home becomes that much harder when no one makes the decision for you. Sometime during the trip from St. Lawrence in rural Newfoundland, to the big city of Edmonton, Alberta, I picked up a whole new world of responsibility that comes with growing up.

As we grow up we learn so many things that we really needed to know earlier. If I had known that leaving my friends was this hard, I would have made sure to spend more time with them and make sure they knew how much I really cared and appreciated everything they'd done for me. Somewhere between all the procrastination, the tests, the homework, and the sports, I think that I forgot what high school was really all about: the friendships! In my valedictory address, the most important thing I told my classmates was to "remember your friends and family because they helped make you the person you today, and they are what it's really all about." They say that once you move on, you discover who you can still call anytime, night or day, and just cry as they listen to all your problems, are true friends. Everyone else were just acquaintances.

I've been a university student for more than a month now, and if I learn nothing else this year in school, I will have learned this: you meet new friends, who will let you cry on their shoulders and even act like your mother when they know you need it. You don't forget your old friends but somehow these new friends get a special place in your heart too. Sure, growing up is hard, but it's something we all gotta do.

- Pamela Slaney (02) -

As a refugee from Vietnam, I've always shared this connection with other refugees and I've found Narin's story to be so touching and I would like to share his story with Terry Fox recipients.

- Thao Nguyen (00) -

Narin's Story

"For most of my 13 years, Cambodia was a homeland I knew only from the stories I heard. What it was that Cambodia was a country at war. A country where people die. A country where people become refugees like me. For most of my life, my home was Site 2, a big refugee camp in Thailand. I am not sure if I was born in Site 2. My brother and sister were born there and that was where my parents left us. But Site 2 was not that bad. We used to have a good life until my father was arrested five years ago. I was number one in class. I studied very hard because education leads to good job. When my father was sent to jail, my mother sold the family's food coupons to pay for him to be released. Later she sold my sister to a couple who had no children so that she could pay for food. When my father got out of jail, he told us he had to go to Cambodia to earn money to get our food coupons back. But he never comes back. So instead I went to a cemetery to look for mint to sell or exchange for cane sugar, and then we would exchange the sugar for rice. During this time, my mother was so sad that she was always drinking. She bought liquor with the money we had earned for food. One day we had no food at all and my mother was drunk. So they took my brother and me to an orphanage. The orphanage asked the people who bought my sister if they wanted us too. They refused. I learned then that my mother had gone to live with another man. Because I missed my sister so much, I went to where she was living. I went in and asked for a drink of water and I saw her face. I did not tell the couple that was my sister even though I was so sad. Today, I live with my brother in an orphanage in Takhmu District, about seven kilometers outside of Phnom Penh. I have a good life in the



Best Friends for Life

I have often, while sitting alone in some random café by a lake or an ocean or while drinking a cup of tea, pondered upon the meaning of life. Why are we here only to live briefly, then pass into another existence (if this in fact be the case). What purpose does this all serve? More specifically what purpose do I serve?

After thinking such thoughts, I often find myself struggling harder to do all I can in order to try and make a difference. I try to validate the life that was given to me. However, this summer, after I had just put down the book "Living and Dying the Tibetan Way", I got a tap on my shoulder that has changed my life forever. I got the news that my best friend, Ian had passed away. I have often dealt with death; being forewarned as a cancer slowly claims one that I love. However I suppose that on this particular day death had another, more impatient avenue it wished to explore. I had known and loved my friend Ian since the age of six and assumed that I would know and love him until we were old and weak.

I felt sick and couldn't breathe. I could not believe it, would not believe it, but it was the truth. I felt it in the depths of my being. Many times have I thought of that day and the countless others we had shared. From that day much have I learned about life, about death, and about myself:

Life... man how we can get into a fuss about life. I cannot count the times that I have caught myself getting frustrated, upset, anxious or worried. Upon asking what could possibly merit me feeling such negative emotions, I come to the conclusion that I have only myself to blame. I have wasted too much time stressing about life and now sit down only to realize that this stress is pointless. I laugh at the fact that I get upset or anxious and angry. What purpose does this anger serve?!? Why do we take on so much that we do not enjoy and don't want to do? If we die tomorrow would it make a difference? That is what Ian has taught me. He left this world enjoying life to its fullest. He relished every moment of life and because of this zest for living, memories of his laughter and excitement have become the legacy that remains with those left behind. He has taught me to look at life through new eyes that do not feel anxiety or anger. If you truly live by the philosophy "Seize the Day" then you can understand that tomorrow may not come. So, savour every moment and do not waste time with words, thoughts, or emotions that are idle or cause harm. If you can come to the realization that we are not immortal, than you will understand that life is too short to waste. I do not want to leave this world with angry words or have my last experience with anyone to be a negative one. My friend did not and ensured that he could face death with open eyes, for that is how he faced life. Kudos to you Ian; you have lived the way I aspire. Thank you for all you have shown me.

- Jason Alexander (99) -

When my father passed away, my best friend John was really there for me, encouraging me to keep going on and to stand up when I'm ready to take that step. He wrote this poem for me during that hard time in my life, reminding me that saying "I can't" and giving up is easy, but saying "I can" and accomplishing it is what feels so great.
- Ruth Proulx (02) -

I Think I Can By: John Sorrenson

I've found something inside
within my soul, it speaks to me
it says you've never been here before
as I block myself off with the I can'ts
it starts to sing
I think you can, I think you can as I close my eyes
my heart trembles
and everything tingles
I haven't fallen
But I have a strange feeling inside me
like I've stood up for the first time
I'm ready to take a step

Achieving a Dream

I am about to achieve a dream, but first I am going to tell you how this dream came about and why I have such a dream that will change many lives.

My first 2 years in high school were rough. I had no self esteem and had a large chip on my shoulder. I even hated each and every day I was in school. I then began to blame everybody else for my failures: family, friends, and the whole world, but never myself. I wanted to quit many times. If it wasn't for my mother and other great influences in my life such as Ms. Lise, Leona Purcell, and our principal Ms. Teasdale, I would have quit.

They showed me that by working diligently and improving my attitude that I was sure to learn that it can make you or break you. Then if I had improved on this one point then I would achieve anything I set my mind to.

Another reality check for me was when I watched my fellow classmates graduate twice. This was sure to make me feel like an idiot, so I knew that I had to buckle down and work hard if I was going to achieve my dream of becoming a Social Worker.

If I had worked hard from the beginning I could have been in my second year of university and well on my way to obtaining my dream of helping people and youth like myself.

As a Social Worker I hope to help Homeless youth and youth who have mental and physical issues that prevent them from achieving their goals, and also provide them with a firm foundation so they will have all the opportunities that I had as a youth.

"If you think or doubt yourself, you will fail. But if you think of yourself as an achiever you will achieve." If I have walked 500 miles to get here, then I can walk 500 more to achieve my dreams.
- Keith Torrey (02) -

Les Jeunes, L'instrument Vital Pour L'avenir!!!

Nous sommes les jeunes, l'instrument vital pour l'avenir! Ce sont les jeunes qui inspirent la vision et l'idéalisme de la nouvelle race d'Hommes. Nôtre société nous démontre avec des preuves suffisantes que la génération des jeunes possède les capacités nécessaires pour construire l'avenir. Les jeunes peuvent endurer les conditions difficiles; ils possèdent une vitalité, une vigueur et une aptitude qui leur permet de s'adapter aux circonstances locales. Ces jeunes ne sont ni orientaux, ni occidentaux, asiatiques, américains, européens ou africains, mais appartiennent à la société globale. Les jeunes portent une très grande responsabilité envers la paix et le bien-être du monde futur. Cela pour plusieurs raisons, parmi lesquelles j'élabore sur quelques unes si-dessous.

D'abord, l'esprit jeune est plein d'idées fraîches reliées à la liberté, la démocratie et aux problèmes socio-économiques. Les jeunes sont toujours pleins d'énergie et questionnent souvent la vie. Ils cherchent des solutions aux problèmes auxquels ils font face, et apprennent des fautes du passé. Ceci les aide à transformer les conditions de vie, pour le genre humain, et souvent pour le mieux. Leurs nouvelles idées galvanisent leur propre membres à orienter leur vie envers le service dans leurs communautés et sociétés. Nous voyons ce phénomène à travers tous les âges: dans les écoles, les lycées, et les universités. Par exemple, nous avons des étudiants qui prennent en charge l'organisation de projets pour les personnes désavantagées. Cela est même évident dans quelques pays où des organizations sont dédiées à la réunion des jeunes du pays pour qu'ils discutent ce qu'ils veulent pour leur futur.

Aujourd'hui les jeunes sont plus avantagés car ils peuvent envoyer leur message à travers des chemins de communication à grande rapidité comme l'internet. Ils peuvent transmettre leurs idées dans tous les coins du monde pour aussi inspirer les autres jeunes vers les mêmes idéaux. Quand les jeunes planifient leur futur vers la paix, il y a toujours de l'espoir dans l'humanité; les citoyens du monde se sentent plus en sécurité car ils sont convaincus de la sécurité de leurs enfants.

La jeunesse se développera en un instrument puissant pour mettre les projets envisagés en exécution. En effet, par ces qualités distinctives, elle peut devenir le fer de lance de toute entreprise et la force motrice de toute opération, soit locale ou nationale, à laquelle elle participe. En étudiant les statistiques, il y a plus de jeunes dans les pays en voix de développement que d'adultes. Et ce sont ces jeunes dans les pays en voix de développement de leus pays. Dans le monde occidental, la population est plus âgée, et eux, ils vont amélioré les conditions du monde au present, en utilisant la technologie avancée qu'ils possèdent.

Alors, c'est donc évident que la jeunesse joue un rôle très important dans nôtre société. Cela n'est pas exactement pour nous mais pour le futur de nos enfants. Ce sont les jeunes qui peuvent changer le monde et ce sont eux qui rendent possible d'avoir de l'espoir dans le bien être de l'humanité.

Paricher Irani (02)

While in Scotland this summer on my co-op exchange I got the opportunity to learn more about myself and what I wanted in my own life.

I started my adventure abroad on May 2002, when I arrived in London, England to a new world with so much to explore and to learn from. Travelling on your own isn't quite as easy as it seems, and right from the start I learned that I had to watch out for myself and make sure I was safe.

When travelling to Aberdeen, the northern city in Scotland where I lived and worked for four months, I was entranced by the Scottish; their wonderful accent, their carefree way of life, and warm, friendly attitude. I was also VERY lucky during the first week of my stay, as I had the most wonderful weather; clear royal blue skies, sun (yes, sun!!!) and a nice breeze from the coast. I later realized that this would not be a constant, as it's very true that Scottish weather encompasses all four seasons!

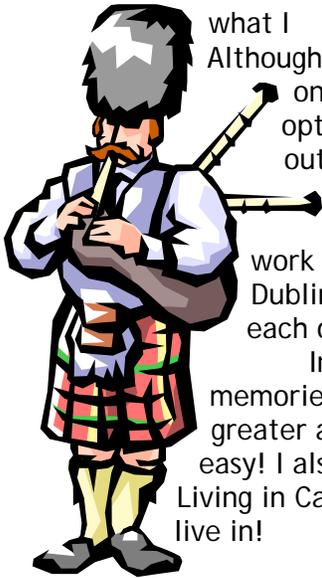
As well, I realized that the only way I was going to be satisfied with what I do is to do what I want to do, and to stop following the group and what they wanted to do.

Although this seems simple enough, in many ways this took a lot of courage for me, as I went on my own travels to visit the sites and areas I wanted to see. I had to keep myself optimistic and needed to stay in control to ensure that I was safe, getting what I wanted out of my experience and was organized to make sure I was connecting to the right flights and getting to the places I planned to!

In addition, I learned that sometimes I had to work as a group, and that to work together we can get further than working alone. So I remember when I went to Dublin, and I thought my roommates and I thought we were lost and stranded. By supporting each other and being optimistic, we all stayed focused and found our way.

In the end of my four months I grew as a person and gained some life lessons and memories I will always keep close to me. I knew when I arrived back in Canada that I had a greater appreciation for the efforts of my parents who had made my life in Mississauga so easy! I also really enjoyed the warm September we had, since I missed having a summer !!

Living in Canada is a blessing, as after all my travels, I can say that Canada is the best place to live in!



- Ami Shah (00) -

Dear Friends, I came across this small anecdote and found much wisdom in it. I believe it reflects the character in all of us.
Thank you.

- Sanja MacGillivray (00) -

Feeding Wolves

An old Cherokee is teaching his grandson about life.

"A fight is going on inside me," he said to the boy.

"It is a terrible fight and it is between two wolves. One is evil - he is anger, envy, sorrow, regret, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority and ego."

"The other is good - he is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion and faith."

"This same fight is going on inside you - and inside every other person too."

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather,

"Which wolf will win?"

The old Cherokee simply replied,

"The one you feed"

