

The Golden Thread / Le fil d'or



December 2003 / décembre 2003

The Rules Of Being Human, Submitted by Sanja MacGillivray (00)

YOU WILL RECEIVE A BODY

You may like it or hate it, but it will be yours for the entire period you're around.

YOU WILL LEARN LESSONS

You are enrolled in a full-time informal school called life. Each day in this school you will have the opportunity to learn lessons. You may like the lessons or think them irrelevant and stupid.

THERE ARE NO MISTAKES, ONLY LESSONS

Growth is a process of trial and error, experimentation. The "Failed" experiments are as much a part of the process as the experiment that ultimately "works".

A LESSON IS REPEATED UNTIL LEARNED

A lesson will be presented to you in various forms until you have learned it. When you have learned it, you can then go on to the next lesson.

LEARNING LESSONS DOES NOT END

There is no part of life that does not contain its lessons. If you are alive, there are lessons to be learned.

"THERE" IS NO BETTER THAN "HERE"

When your "There" has become a "Here", you will simply obtain another "There" that will, again, look better than "Here".

OTHERS ARE MERELY MIRRORS OF YOU

You cannot love or hate something about another person unless it reflects to you something you love or hate about yourself.

WHAT YOU MAKE OF YOUR LIFE IS UP TO YOU

You have all the tools and resources you need. What you do with them is up to you. The choice is yours.

YOUR ANSWERS LIE INSIDE YOU

The answers to life's questions lie inside you. All you need to do is look, listen and trust.

YOU WILL FORGET ALL OF THIS

Unless you consistently stay focused on the goals you have set for yourself, everything you've just read won't mean a thing.

Author: Unknown

Information Please

This is a wonderful story I know you will all enjoy.

When I was quite young, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighbourhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbour.

Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at
The stairway. . . The telephone!

Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear.

"Information, please" I said into the mouthpiece just above my head. A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear.

"Information."

"I hurt my finger..." I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience.

"Isn't your mother home?" came the question.

"Nobody's home but me," I blubbered.

"Are you bleeding?" the voice asked.

"No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."

"Can you open the icebox?" she asked.

I said I could.

"Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math. She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts.

Then, there was the time Petty, our pet canary, died. I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled.

I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly,

"Paul, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in."

Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone, "Information Please."

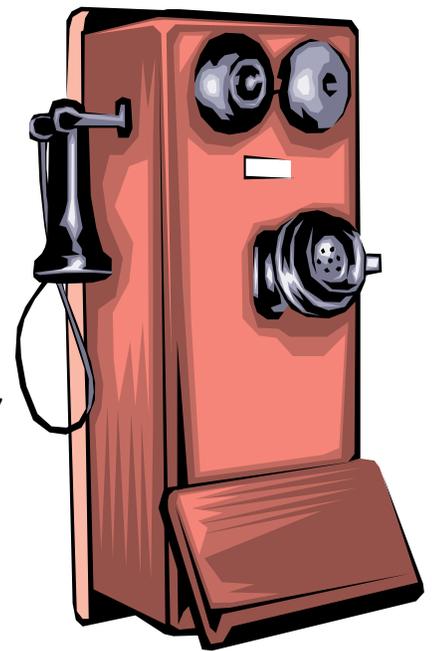
"Information," said in the now familiar voice.

"How do I spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific northwest.

When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston.

I missed my friend very much. "Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall.



As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me. Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now.

Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown Operator and said, "Information Please." Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well.

"Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how to spell fix?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?"

I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your call meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls."

I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister. "Please do", she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered, "Information." I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" she said.

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this", she said. "Sally had been working part-time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago."

Before I could hang up she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Paul?"

"Yes." I answered.

"Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you."

The note said, "Tell him there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean." I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

Never underestimate the impression you may make on others. Whose life have you touched today?

They say it takes an hour to like someone, a day to love them, and a lifetime to forget them. You make more of an impact than you know!

Lifting you on eagle's wings. May you find the joy and peace you long for. Life is a journey. NOT a guided tour.

Submitted by Tara Zieleman (01)



Anniversary - by Brianna Vandeweghe (02)

*I remember the times that we laughed so hard we cried
The crazy nicknames that changed weekly
And the movie marathons that brought us to the sunrise*

*I remember the snickers across the classroom
The nights we pulled all-nighters studying for exams
And the endless chats about which boys were cuter*

*I remember the love and friendship that we shared
The promises that we'd be friends forever
And the pain I felt when you broke that promise*

*Exactly three years ago you took your life
And shattered my world and broke all of my dreams
I changed when I lost you and I will never be the same
But even thorough all this hurt I still forgive you*

In memory of my best friend who took her life exactly three years ago today

"If"

If you can value all the simple joys in each new day,
If you can see the gift in everything life brings your way,
If you can find your strength and all your answers deep within,
If you can trust yourself enough to let your dreams begin,
If you can learn and grow from every challenge that you face,
If you can know each moment is the perfect time and place,
If you can recognize yourself in others' hopes and fears,
If you can feel compassion for your own and others' tears,
If you can understand your thoughts help shape the world you see,
If you can sense that you create your own reality,
If you can comfort someone else and be a friend who cares,
If you believe real wealth comes from the riches that one shares
If you can live life fully and enjoy it heart and soul,
If you can just accept those twists and turns you can't control,
If you can show integrity in every choice you make –
Then your journey will be filled with joy, whichever paths you take.



Submitted by: Laura Faulkner (99)

"WE"

By: Jessica Tuomela (02)

I will never forget the fateful day when I met Jetta. I was sitting on my bed in the residence at Leader Dogs for the Blind in Rochester Michigan. I had always wanted a Leader Dog, but it had taken me a few summers to be able to find enough time for the three and a half week training I would need to be able to handle my new dog. My instructor came into my room and told me my dog's name was Jetta. He did not tell me any more, and took the leash I had been given three days before when training had started and said he would be back. When he returned, he told me to call Jetta. I could hear the dog panting and pulling on the leash. The instant that black ball of fur jumped onto my lap, I was in love. My instructor informed me that Jetta was a one and a half year old female black lab. He left me lone with her so we could bond and came back a few hours later to see how we were getting along. I told him I was frustrated because she wouldn't let me pet her. She could hear him talking in the hall and would not come near me. He told me it would take time. He was right.

Jetta and I completed our three and a half weeks of training and went home. At the school, we had made a lot of progress and I thought everything would be fine when I went home : I was wrong. Jetta and I were home for only a month before we moved out to live in residence at Wilfred Laurier University in Waterloo, eight hours away from home. We both encountered many obstacles and there were many times I wanted to give her back, but her instructor kept in touch with me and encouraged me. He knew I was having a hard time, but he also knew that Jetta was an amazing dog. He wanted it to work just as much as I did. Between her misbehaving, getting very ill and us getting lost, Jetta and I have come a long way. It is no longer myself and my dog, Jetta and I have become "we." Our bond is impressive and continues to improve. We have just come home from our first year of university and I am happy to say that we both made it. I must admit though that I would definitely would have been lost without my ball of black fur. She is not only my eyes, safety, confidence, but my best friend. And although there are still times when we have disagreements about whether or not she should visit someone in harness, or eat an enticing stick, she has made my life easier and fuller. Without Jetta, I would not be the same



What Should I Fear?
Submitted by Sanja MacGillivray (00)

I used to live in perpetual fear of losing things I had, or never having the things I hoped to acquire in my life.

What if I lose my hair?

What if I never get the big house I want?

What if I become overweight, out of shape, or unattractive?

What if I lose my job?

What if I am disabled and cannot play ball with my child?

What if I get old and frail and have nothing to offer those around me?

But life has lessons for those who listen, and now I know:

If I lose my hair, I will be the best darn bald guy I can be, and I will be grateful that my head can still stimulate ideas, if not follicles.

A house does not make a person happy. The unhappy heart will not find contentment in a bigger house, while the heart that is merry will make any home a happy one.

If I spend more time developing my emotional, mental, and spiritual dimensions, rather than overfocussing on my physical self, I will be more beautiful with each passing day.

If I cannot work for wages, I will work for the Lord -- and His benefits package is unmatched.

If I am physically unable to teach my child to throw a curve ball, I will have more time to teach him to handle the curves thrown by life, and this shall serve him better.

And if aging robs me of my strength, mental alertness, and physical stamina, I will offer those around me the strength of my convictions, the wisdom of experience seasoned with adversity, and the spiritual stamina of a soul that has been carefully shaped by the hard edges of a long life.

No matter what losses or broken dreams may lie in my destiny, whatever burdens shall be my fate, I will meet each challenge with dignity and resolve. For God has given me many gifts and talents, and for each one that I may lose, I will find ten more that I never would have cultivated was the course of my life to always run smoothly.

And so, when I can no longer dance, I will sing joyfully; when I haven't the strength to sing, I will whistle with contentment; when my breath is shallow and weak, I will listen intently and shout love with my heart; and when the bright light approaches, I will pray silently until I cannot pray; alas, it will then be time for me to go to the Lord.

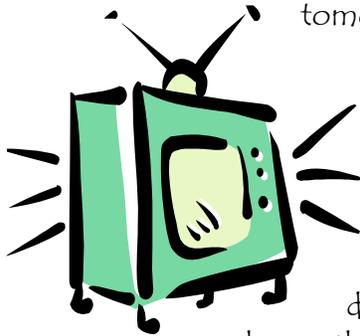
And what then should I fear?



HOPE

By Angie Peters (O3)

Everything in life happens for a reason, though the reason sometimes more difficulty sought after. As such, it is in our hands, as individuals, to both discover the meaning and to honour the truth in all. I strongly feel that each of us have a purpose for which we are in this world today. Whether it be through healing the sick as a doctor or through taking a step towards eradicating evil in this world as a judge, it is within our ability as well as our will to reach out to others in their time of need, to change the life of another. I truly believe that if it is love which we give today, it will be in love that we live tomorrow.



We've often seen their eyes, empty, looking back at us through our television screens. Their faces pleading, their hope fading as their chances diminish. These are the forgotten children of the world. Through that image is where I witnessed children staring back at me in pain, in suffering, and in anguish. While contemplating whether or not sponsorship through World Vision truly made a difference, I realized that I had the opportunity to, through a simple donation, change the life of one child forever.

On the morning of my decision to sponsor a child, I found myself crying tears of sorrow for the children that I could not help, yet tears of hope and faith that, child by child, the world is becoming a better place. I am now the very proud sponsor of a beautiful young boy in Tanzania. Hamisi, only four years old, will now have the opportunity to begin school next year while his mother and father receive adequate training in order to efficiently farm their land. Through a small gift from the other side of the world, a tiny family thousands of miles away has been given a chance at life.

I feel that all of us have been given an extremely special gift, not solely through scholarship, but in knowing that we as individuals possess the same admirable attributes as Terry Fox himself. As such, we have now been given the confidence to reach out, to change the life of another. Much the same as Terry Fox changed the world for hundreds of thousands, it is now in our hands to change the life of even one.

Although I know that not everybody has the financial means while in school to sponsor a child, I urge you to join me in spreading the message to the businesses, organizations, and individuals in your community. Furthermore, I ask you to make a commitment to yourself and to those children in need that you will become a child sponsor in your lifetime, whether it be after graduation, after you have children of your own, or after you have seen the world through all its ages. The urgent need in the lives of these children must be known.

I cannot begin to describe the immense feelings of hope and faith one both gives and receives through changing the life of one child, thousands of miles away. We as young people have a voice in the world, this is our time and as such it is our will to comfort these innocent children, needing someone to protect them from the hurt and the pain. These children are worth fighting for.

Crystal Dreams

By Matthew Matheson (01)

*I had a funny thought one night
That I pass to you as it came to me
All about a crystal dream I built
And shortly sent into the sea*

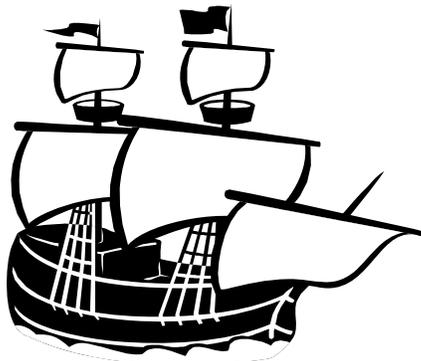
*For dreams are fragile teams of glass
Tossed about on seas of days
Until they wash upon your shore
Completely changed in many ways*

*Their corners hard, unyielding, sharp
That once were boundaries of their form
Are smooth and glossy in your palm
Ready to roll in a fresh new form*

*They prance and bounce and hop and skip
When thrown back to the ebb and flow
What amazes you is when you see
How much faster than in their first form go*

*In the thought that I had that night
I watched what I thought think itself something new
So I figured that you should be given due note
Of what crystal dreams are wont to do*

*Thus a ship of glass makes a lovely dream
But so oft turns out not as it would seem*



Friends Forever

**I'm leaving today, this time forever,
Think that I'll ever forget you all? Never!
I know that I'm leaving but don't be blue,
Gone forever, but I'll never forget you.**

**We've had so many good times, you & me
Memories as far as I can see
You're all some of the best friends I ever
knew,
Gone forever, but I'll never forget you.**

**A few bad times, but mostly good, Each other
we always understood.
After the tough & the good times we've all
been through,
Gone forever, but I'll never forget you.**

**And though there's darkness
You will find,
Our friendship can never
Be left behind.
Friends forever
And until the end,
I couldn't have asked
For some nicer friends.**

**This poem is dedicated to all the friends and
memories I made throughout my high school
years**

The Washing Machine By: Cameron Adamson (03)

When I learned I would be required to submit something for the Golden Thread, I was unsure of what I should send in. Should it be funny? Should it be serious? Should it be long? Should it be short? I had no idea.

In the end, I decided I should write something funny. No jokes, mind you, mainly because the only jokes I know aren't quite suitable for the Golden Thread. Did you ever hear the one about the penguin, the car and the seal? Instead of jokes, I plan to tell you the funniest story you will ever hear. Now I know everyone says that, but this time it's true. This really is the funniest story ever and, most importantly, it's 100% true!



Now, one thing you need to understand is that I was born missing the lower part of both my legs, which, obviously, makes me a lot smaller than everyone else. Anyway, one day I was in the basement of a house in Hamilton Ontario doing my laundry. Now, as you know, I'm not exactly Mr. Tall, so to reach the washing machine I had to stand on the edges of this big detergent box, then reach down between my feet to get some laundry detergent with the scoop, and then through it into the machine as best I could, as even with the box, I was barely able to see the top of the washing machine. So, as I'm doing this, I happen to drop the detergent scoop into the washing machine. Now, I still need it, so I try to reach it from my position on top of the box, but I can't. So, instead I begin to pull myself on top of the washing machine, balancing precariously on the edge of the machine and hole where the clothes go. As I'm balancing, I reach down, trying to get the scoop. That's when I fall; head first, into the washing machine. That's right, **HEAD FIRST!** Now, I managed to stop myself from going all the way in, so my little feet are dangling on the outside of the washing machine, but I cannot get the rest of my self out. So there I was, halfway in the washing machine, with my feet sticking out of it. Well, long story short, I managed to get myself out before anyone saw. THANK GOD!!!

Going for Gold!!!

I now am 100% sure that I want to be a teacher!!! I got the privilege to be the head coach for a rep softball team of girls aged 10-12. What an experience it was! The girls made me come alive! I loved being someone they looked up to, I loved being able to teach them and yes... even to discipline them if they got sidetracked during a practice. The season went from the end of April until mid-July, and in those three months the girls had improved immensely. The girls had come such a long way; it was an amazing experience to watch them grow as athletes, ball players, and as young girls. In the beginning of the season we didn't even know if we should go to "A" Provincials, but at the end of the season, when we stood for our picture with the Provincial "A" gold medals around our necks, we knew we had made the right decision. If any of you get the chance to coach any team, I recommend it! I can't wait for next year, I miss the girls already!!!



Rebecca Reiber (01)

When I was first diagnosed with juvenile arthritis, I turned to this quote for support and guidance. Today, several years later, I still find it helpful as a reminder that even though life changes, we need to have confidence in the future, and take the knowledge which we have learned from the past with us on our journey.

Roberta MacLean (03)

“To let go isn't to forget, not think about, or ignore. It doesn't leave feelings of anger, jealousy, or regret. Letting go isn't winning and it isn't losing. It's not about pride and it's not about how you appear, and it's not obsessing or dwelling on the past. Letting go isn't blocking memories or thinking sad thoughts, and doesn't leave emptiness, hurt or sadness. It's not giving in or giving up. Letting go isn't about loss, and it's not defeat. To let go is to cherish memories, but to overcome and to move on. It is having an open mind and confidence in the future. Letting go is accepting. It is learning and experiencing and growing. To let go is to be thankful for the experiences that you had and all that you will soon gain. Letting go is growing up. It is realizing that the heart can sometimes be the most potent remedy. To let go is to open a door, and to clear a path and to set yourself free.”

Author

The Golden Box

Author Unknown

Submitted by: Tasneem Buksh (00)

Some time ago, a man punished his 5-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of expensive gold wrapping paper. Money was tight and he became even more upset when the child pasted the gold paper so as to decorate a box to put underneath the Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift box to her father the next morning and said, "This is for you, Daddy." The father was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, but his anger flared again when he found the box was empty. He spoke to her in a harsh manner, "Don't you know, young, lady, when you give someone a present there's supposed to be something inside the package?"

The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and said, "Oh Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into it until it was full." The father was crushed. He fell to his knees and put his arms around his little girl, and he begged her to forgive him for his unnecessary anger.

An accident took the life of the child only a short time later and it is told that the father kept that gold box by his bed for all the years of his life. And whenever he was discouraged or faced difficult problems he would open the box and take out an imaginary kiss, and remember the love of the child who had put it there.

As human beings, many of us have been blessed with a similar golden box filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, family, friends and God. There is nothing more valuable one could receive.



At the end of April I arrived home from 8 months of study and work in Ghana, West Africa. Before traveling to Ghana I was warned that the only people with disabilities I would see would be begging on the street. For the first few weeks of my stay in Accra this seemed to be a frightening reality. However, slowly I began to meet people with disabilities who have managed to make a life off of the streets and soon it seemed that there were such people everywhere: musicians, NGO employees, teachers and children both rich and poor.

Through my explorations regarding the perception, self-perception and treatment of persons with disabilities in Ghana I was taken to the Resource Centre for Persons with Disabilities in the northern Ghanaian town of Tamale. I was accepted there so warmly that I decided to complete my four months internship with them. The Resource Centre is a place for people with various physical disabilities, hearing impairments and visual impairments to meet, to discuss issues, lobby for support and get different skills training. The Centre is funded by a British NGO called "Action on Disability and Development."

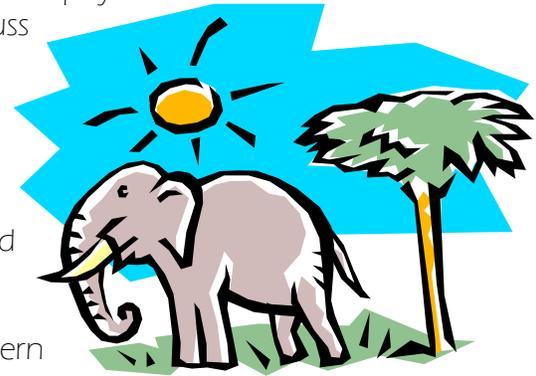
Despite the fact that this organization and others have been working hard to improve the lives of people with disabilities in Ghana it is still commonly acknowledged that Ghanaians with disabilities are the "poorest of the poor." Poverty is often directly linked to discrimination and discrimination is deeply rooted in traditional ideas of appearance, family priorities, what makes up a full (and useful) person as well as access to technology. Here in Canada and elsewhere in North America and Western Europe disability issues have been shifting from social ones to medical ones,

we see more energy put into rehabilitation and cures rather than changing the crippling ideas people have towards those of us with obvious physical differences. When as a child is born with a disability in Canada she is sent immediately to a specialist for a diagnosis; in Ghana it depends on the child's family or community whether they will be allowed to live, kept in the house forever or treated like an equal citizen. All of those options and everything in between happens. Due to my experiences last year I feel, more strongly than ever, that both here and in Ghana the bulk of our emphasis needs to be placed on confronting prejudices. As a Ghanaian woman wrote in a newspaper commentary, "I can find ways to live with [my disability], what disables me is the attitude of able-bodied people." I think that if Ghanaians follow the exact path of North American and western European countries by placing many resources into rehabilitation it many overlook the opportunities that exist to work at changing societal perceptions in order to allow persons with disabilities to develop their own potential.

There are a lot of very aware and radical disabled advocates and activists but one of the main problems is a lack of exposure, forum for expression and clout largely due to a lack of higher education. In other words, there are people that are willing and able to advocate for their rights in society but they can rarely get a job in government or an official NGO because they do not have university degrees. There are funds available from various donor organizations for vocational training, but there are no funds for school fee support.

I often asked myself (and others) why someone with over a decade of formal schooling should be forced to drop out and learn basket weaving when they were a few months away from a diploma in accounting? I think that there is tremendous need to establish a scholarship fund in Ghana (which would probably need outside financial input, especially at the beginning) that would provide a number of financial awards to students with disabilities who are enrolled in post-secondary education and are experiencing financial difficulties. I was actually thinking that it might be possible to create such a fund as a sort of partnership between the Resource Centre for Persons with Disabilities in Tamale (where I worked) and Terry Fox recipients and alumni. If this sparks any ideas or comments in your head please let me know! In fact, if you'd like to ask me any questions or give me feedback of what I've written please get in touch with me at slava@riseup.net.

Myroslava Tataryn



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Lessons from an Oyster

Author Unknown
Submitted by:
Kristine Rasmussen (02)

There once was an oyster
Whose story I tell
Who found that some sand
Had got in his shell.

It was only a grain,
but it gave him great pain.
For oysters have feelings
Although they're so plain.

Now, did he berate
The harsh workings of fate
That had brought him
To such a deplorable state?

Did he curse at the government,
Cry for election,
And claim that the sea should
Have given him protection?

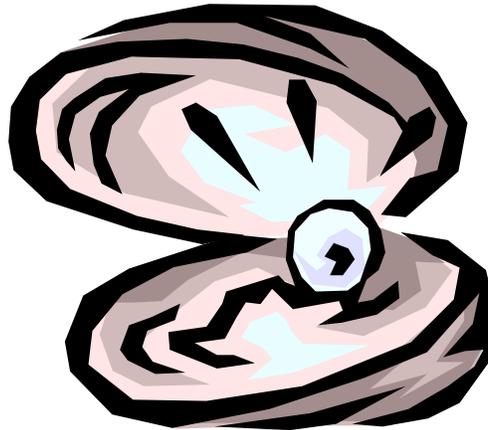
'No.' he said to himself
As he lay on a shell,
Since I cannot remove it,
I shall try to improve it.

Now the years have rolled round,
As the years always do,
And he came to his ultimate
Destiny stew.

And the small grain of sand
That had bothered him so
Was a beautiful pearl
All richly aglow.

Now the tale has a moral,
For isn't it grand
What an oyster can do
With a morsel of sand?

What couldn't we do
If we'd only begin
With some of the things
That get under our skin.



Friends

By: Chris Baptiste (03)

Friends are someone you can trust,
Like, honour and be there for.
They're there in good times and in bad,
Lift you up when you're feeling sad.
The greatest thing about a friend,
You can laugh and hang until day's end.
You can befriend whom you choose,
A choice in life you cannot lose.
The hardest thing about a friend,
It when time with them is at an end.
It's when they leave; it's when they go,
And once again, you are alone.

"In the midst of global crises such as pollution, wars and famine, kindness may too easily be dismissed as a "soft issue," or a luxury to be addressed after the urgent problems are solved. But kindness is the greatest need in all those areas - kindness toward the environment, toward other nations, toward the needs of people who are suffering. Until we reflect basic kindness in everything we do, our political gestures will be fleeting and fragile. Simple kindness may be the most vital key to the riddle of how human beings can live with each other in peace, and care properly for this planet we all share.

Bo Lozoff

Submitted by: Julia MacKenzie (00)

To laugh often and much, to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children, to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends, to appreciate beauty, to find the best in others, to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch... to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded!

- Emerson

*Submitted by
Margot Catizzone (03)*



Homeless

On October 13th, 2003 I was at an outing with my friends having a good time laughing and carrying on. Then one of my friends informed me that one of my other friends who had just broken up with his 17 year old girlfriend, with whom he had a 6 month old baby. I was also told at this time that she and the baby were left homeless as she did not have contact with her family. So then I thought to myself this can't be happening, what a sin, and God knows what will happen to them. I said that I have to do something about this. I left the outing with my friends and began to drive the streets around town looking for her and the baby, I found them after a while, in the spot where they had spent the previous night. I began talking to her about what had happened and asked her if she and the baby were ok. She then asked me to take her for help, and of course I agreed to. I had then taken them to the local Department of Community Services to seek shelter and support. The unknown could have happened to these two people, in such a dangerous situation, being at such a risk. This was a rewarding experience for me as I was given the opportunity to make a huge difference in the lives of two vulnerable people.

Keith Torrey (02)

The Miracle Lady

By: Colleen Crawford (03)

This past September the journey towards my dream began; my first year of University in the Health Sciences program, one step closer to medical school. University is the beginning of a new stage in life, the turning of a new leaf. For me it was a chance to leave everything behind and start over, but there was one thing that I would carry with me; the greatest lesson in life....

Life has challenged me over the past few years with many obstacles to endure and overcome. Losing my mother to cancer was the biggest hurdle I have ever faced on the road of life. Coming from a single parent family, this situation shattered life as I knew it and forced me to slowly collect the pieces. My mother fought her battle for three years when she was only expected to live for a short few months. To the nurses and patients in the chemotherapy unit she was known as the "Miracle Lady." My mother had a love for life and a great deal of compassion for others. She was determined to beat her battle and not give up her fight. After many different rounds of chemotherapy, radiation and clinical trials that hospitalized her for many weeks, she was still determined to win. One day she got tired of fighting and lost the strength to survive. After three hard years of fighting her battle ended at the young age of 48, leaving behind two daughters, as well as family and friends who loved her dearly.



My mother has taught me the greatest lesson in life that I think I will ever learn. Attitude is everything and you can accomplish anything that you set your mind to. Whatever the odds, no matter how hard the challenge, it can be overcome. To this day people still approach me and tell me that my mother taught them one of the most important lessons in their lives. They tell that she taught them never give up hope, never stop fighting and to never let it win. Many of these people were convinced that their lives were over and were ready to succumb to the cancer. My mother was a source of inspiration and had a profound impact on their lives. They tell me that if she had not touched their hearts they would not be in remission today. This hope and stamina is the same hope that Terry Fox possessed on his "Marathon of Hope." It can be used in all aspects of life. Hold your head high, fight your battles and work hard for your dreams. Even when you falter take a step back and learn from your mistakes. The foothills and forks in the road of today will only make you stronger and give you the stamina to endure to mountains of tomorrow. With a positive attitude ANYTHING is possible!

If Dogs Ruled the World

By: Paige Muttersbach (02)

It is easy these days to look around and notice a world that is increasingly devoid of redeeming attributes. From the plains of Iraq to the streets of Vancouver, humanity seems to be enduring one continuous nose-dive. It was watching the news one night that I turned my attention to my four dogs and realized how simple and content an existence they led. The thought crossed my mind that the world would be a great deal happier if dogs were in charge.

My family owns three border collies and a cairn terrier. Bandit and Soot are the two male collies and while slow-witted, (contrary to what border collies are supposed to be) they are wonderful companions. Frazier is what my uncle refers to as the "Little Prince" and Mouse, the youngest of the collies and the only female, could reasonably give Michael Jackson a run for his money in the nuttiness category. Although they have their flaws, they seem to be quite satisfied and accepting in their little society. There are no prejudices (except for their intense dislike of Airedales), no poverty, no conflict (any fights are quickly settled with minimal damage to both parties), and no religion; for all intents and purposes they dwell in a canine utopia.

I started to think what the world be like if dogs were in command. There would definitely be fire hydrants on every corner and no leash laws anywhere. The human race would undoubtedly be expected to join them for walks, clean up their fecal indiscretions and take them to the vet on a regular basis. The only law would be to remain faithful and considerate to one's pack no matter what the cost, and failure to do so would result in being shunned from all the best parks. There would be no money, no capitalism, no hunger and no hollow rationalizations of indecent decisions on the basis of economic gain. Wealth would be measured on the happiness of the individual and the people and animals whose lives they touch.

Above all else however, dogs would teach mankind about humanity in its greatest form. Loyalty, love, nobility, kindness, strength are all virtues of man's best friend. In their own simple and unassuming way dogs are conveying the message that we should lead our lives as if the world were as it should be; to show the world and its people what it can be. In a dog's eyes you can see an image of a world free from anger and malice and full of people striving to reach their full potential without sacrificing their principles along the way.

This the world spread before me when I watch my dogs running along the beach, playing fetch with my younger cousins or just sitting together in companionable silence, and I must say, I like what I see.

Tomorrow

Submitted by Nureen Ladhani (02)

If we might have a second chance
To live the days once more,
And rectify mistakes we've made
To even up the score

If we might have a second chance
To use the knowledge gained
Perhaps we might become at last
As fine as God ordained.

But though we can't retrace our steps,
However stands the score,
Tomorrow brings another chance
For us to try once more.



BONJOUR A TOUS ET A TOUTES! LA SEMAINE DERNIERE, UNE AMIE M'A ENVOYE PAR E-MAIL LES PENSEES SUIVANTES. ELLES M'ONT BEAUCOUP FAIT REFLECHIR, ET J'AVAIS ENVIE DE LES PARTAGER AVEC VOUS. =)

ALEXANDRA SOROCÉANU (02)

J'AI APPRIS QUE LA VIE EST COMME UN ROULEAU DE PAPIER DE TOILETTE: PLUS ON APPROCHE DE LA FIN, PLUS ÇA VA VITE.

J'AI APPRIS QUE L'ARGENT N'ACHÈTE PAS LA DIGNITÉ.

J'AI APPRIS QUE CE SONT LES PETITES CHOSES QUI SIGNIFIENT LE PLUS.

J'AI APPRIS QUE SOUS LA CARAPACE DE CHAQUE PERSONNE SE TROUVE QUELQU'UN QUI A BESOIN D'ÊTRE APPRÉCIÉ ET AIMÉ.

J'AI APPRIS QUE D'IGNORER LES FAITS NE CHANGE PAS LES FAITS.

J'AI APPRIS QUE D'EN VOULOIR À QUELQU'UN LUI PERMET SEULEMENT DE CONTINUER À TE FAIRE MAL.

J'AI APPRIS QUE C'EST L'AMOUR ET NON LE TEMPS QUI GUÉRIT TOUT.

J'AI APPRIS QUE POUR CROÎTRE JE DOIS M'ENTOURER DE GENS PLUS BRILLANTS QUE MOI.

J'AI APPRIS QUE CHAQUE PERSONNE QUE JE RENCONTRE MÉRITE D'ÊTRE ACCUEILLI PAR UN SOURIRE.

J'AI APPRIS QUE PERSONNE N'EST PARFAIT JUSQU'À CE QUE JE TOMBE EN AMOUR AVEC.

J'AI APPRIS QUE LES OPPORTUNITÉS NE SE PERDENT JAMAIS: QUELQU'UN SAISIRA CELLES QUE JE MANQUE.

J'AI APPRIS QUE SI TU T'ABONNES À L'AMERTUME, LE BONHEUR FUIRA LOIN DE TOI.

J'AI APPRIS QUE J'AURAIS AIMÉ DIRE À MON PÈRE QUE JE L'AIMAIS AVANT QU'IL NE DISPARAISSE.

J'AI APPRIS QUE MES PAROLES DEVRAIENT ÊTRE DOUCES ET TENDRES, PARCE QUE JE POURRAIS AVOIR À LES REGRETTER DEMAIN.

J'AI APPRIS QU'UN SOURIRE EST UNE FAÇON ÉCONOMIQUE D'AMÉLIORER MON APPARENCE.

J'AI APPRIS QUE JE NE PEUX PAS CHOISIR COMMENT JE ME SENS, MAIS QUE JE PEUX CHOISIR CE QUE JE VAIS EN FAIRE.

J'AI APPRIS QUE TOUS VEULENT ÊTRE AU SOMMET, MAIS QUE LE BONHEUR ET LA CROISSANCE PERSONNELLE SE TROUVENT DANS L'ESCALADE.

J'AI APPRIS QU'IL EST PRÉFÉRABLE DE NE DONNER DES CONSEILS QUE SI ON LE DEMANDE OU QUAND UNE VIE EST EN DANGER.



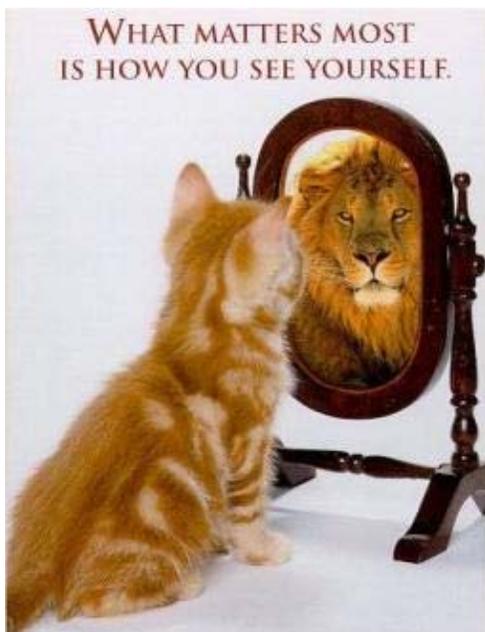
Hello to all the Terry Fox Humanitarian recipients ~ new and old.

I decided to submit this excerpt from my summer journal because it reflects an important part of many young kids lives ~ a summer camp. The underpinning of this excerpt communicates how I feel about our youth and I felt it appropriate to share it with all of you. I know that many of you have strong connections with the youth in your community and I thought it would be nice to acknowledge, in my own way, all the things they give to us. None of it materialistic ~ all of it from just being them.

Sarah McIvor (02)

A Place of Happiness

Working as a camp counselor and camp director for the last six summers at Camp Tapawingo on Candle Lake, Saskatchewan has been an inspiring experience. I was a privileged young girl who was given the opportunity to go to this particular camp when I was six years of age. I never looked back. Every spring I would start to get soooo excited about the week that I was going to spend at camp that I would dream about who would be my counselor and all the friends I would make and the fun I would have. If you have ever had the experience of being a young kid at camp then you would know the utter excitement that is felt the night before the "big day". It is this pure and total surge of energy that has carried me into my adult years and given me the courage to pursue a working relationship with Camp Tapawingo. The motivation and inspiration for remaining a part of this camp has come from the spiritual threads that have been woven so delicately in this place of nature and love. These threads have brought more smiles to children's faces than I can possibly count. A camp is nothing without the campers and their laughter, excitement, faith, and tears have made my last year as their camp director a time to rejoice and celebrate. These young boys and girls are the true inspirations in this world. I witnessed more great ideas, more amazing insights, more love for humankind than I can put into words. These special people have taken the skills they have learnt from their "fin in the sun" and their late night talks, to the lessons they've learned from watching and learning from their counselors, and are applying it to their everyday lives. Every child should have the opportunity to go to camp. I wish this could be true. If you ever have the chance to participate in a camp environment or to help a child become part of a camping community— don't pass it up. Being a part of Camp Tapawingo has been a gift for many. Translated Tapawingo means "a place of happiness"... could anything be more real and pure? After every full day at camp I ask myself, "Is this the real world?" "Can this be the real world?" I hope it can. These children and adolescents have shown me that it can. It is a beautiful thing...really beautiful.



I received this picture in an e-mail a long time ago. I saved it because it reasserted a philosophy by which I live - that one is only what they perceive themselves to be. I find it very inspiring that one's view of the self can affect the way others view him/her. If I viewed myself as a strong and useful member of society, then that self-image is likely to influence the view of others. One should dream big, live big and see oneself as capable of surpassing the impossible.

Joanna Rekas (01)

My grandfather is in a nursing home. He has been lost to my family and I for five years now. His silent captor; Alzheimer's Disease.

My grandfather taught me all of the little things that are important in life. How to tie my shoes, what foot to put them on, how to eat a bowl of porridge Grandma style, how to plan, take care of, and harvest a garden. He taught me how to pick flowers, how to ride a bike, how to walk, and talk.

I spent many of my younger days with my grandfather, and he was all things strong, powerful and intelligent to me. I naively believed for years that both of my grandparents were immortal.

I was born three months premature, and when my parents finally brought me home from the hospital after a very long stay, my grandfather ran to meet the car. He was the first family member other than my parents to hold me. Now, I hold my grandfather, he is the one who needs protection and guidance.

My grandfather is on an Alzheimer's floor in a nursing home, and when I go to see him, although it is difficult, I have found a way of communicating with him; I sit, and I play the piano. My grandpa has always loved music and dancing. Although he cannot stand to dance or sing anymore, music seems to touch his soul in much the same way it did during my childhood. He sits in a chair by the piano and I play. He taps his feet and loses himself, probably in thought, or perhaps even memory. When I play for my grandpa and the other residents on his floor, they all seem somehow to become peaceful and reminiscent in their own special ways.

There are those that just cannot help but to criticize the music, but I take this with a grain of salt and a smile. There are others who sit quietly and probably try to find themselves somewhere in the spiderwebs that have invaded their minds. And then there are those who offer praise, because the music brings them back to a place in time that is clear to them.

I enjoy playing the piano, but when I play for these people, it becomes so much more than that. It becomes not only relaxation and song, but years of memories, years of laughter and love, and most importantly, I feel a time for me to take these people by the hand and walk down a passageway of their mind that at other times is so dark and narrow, they do not dare tread.

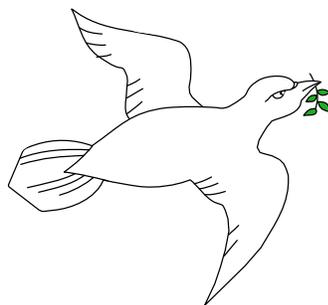
The point of me writing this is not only to honour my grandfather, but also to express how I feel about finding alternative ways to communicate. A touch, a word, a look, a song, I believe deep down that my grandfather has fleeting moments when he knows I am his little girl, when he knows that the song I play is special for him. I know he is proud of his family, of himself. This brings peace to my own heart, and I only play to his as well.



*God saw you getting tired,
When a cure was not to be.
So he put his arms around you
And whispered "Come to me"*

*A golden heart stopped beating,
Gentle hands now at rest
God's garden must be beautiful
For He only takes the best.*

*In tears we saw you sinking
We watched you fade away
Our hearts were truly broken,
You fought so hard to stay.*



*But when we saw you sleeping
So peacefully free from pain,
We could not wish you back here
To suffer that again*

*So keep your arms around her Lord,
And give her special care
And make up for all she suffered
And all that seemed unfair.*

*- Anonymous
Submitted by:
Colleen Crawford (03)*

Expanding Horizons of Cancer Treatment

Over the past few decades, cancer has become much more prevalent amongst individuals in our society. However, the success in cancer treatment has also been on the rise. Because of the research being done, the medical aspect of cancer treatment has drastically improved, allowing for radical procedures such as bone marrow transplants to be done on a regular basis. On top of this, there has been a large movement towards the importance of post-treatment therapy for cancer patients. This aspect of therapy is often overlooked, but very important, since cancer treatment often isolates individuals, and lowers their self-esteem and confidence.

This past summer I was given the opportunity to volunteer at a camp specializing in post-treatment therapy for teenagers who have had cancer. The camp, which was created by the Kids Cancer Care Foundation of Alberta, is called SunMaker Extreme, and it's the first of its kind in Alberta. The idea of the camp is to place young cancer survivors in an extreme environment where they are forced to live outside their normal comfort zone and develop advanced outdoor skills, while bonding with other kids their age. Ultimately, the goal is to push the limits of these teenagers, and to show them that they're capable of accomplishing anything.

Upon arrival at the camp, I was amazed to see the group of teenagers (age 14-17) who I would be spending the next 10 days with outdoors. They all seemed to be very introverted, and completely unprepared for sleeping in tents in the middle of the woods. In fact, I could have sworn that I saw one individual who had a hairdryer in their bag. In total, there were 19 cancer survivors in our group. However, when they were seen from the outside observer, they seemed much more like 19 groups of one.

At first, the separation within the group held strong. But as the week went on and they were forced into the outdoor environment, something amazing seemed to happen. While they were learning to cook their meals on mini stoves, fetching water, white water rafting down the class 3-4 rapids, horseback riding and building tents, a sense of unity and accomplishment began to form. All the teens began to develop a sense of pride in their work and new found abilities. They began to work as one after learning that it takes a lot of organization to cook a meal for 19 people on small little stoves, and strong bonds were forming after spending numerous nights with others in the confines of a four person tent.

Eventually the 10 days came to an end. However, that end was more like a new beginning. Looking back on the observations I had made on the first day, I was shocked at the final outcome. When the campers all left, I didn't see any introverted or shy people. Rather, I saw 19 outgoing and confident friends, and I knew that what they gained at SunMaker Extreme would be brought with them through the rest of their lives. I too had learned some important lessons which I will remember forever. Firstly, I learned that believing in yourself is the key to success, and secondly, I learned that there is no use for a hairdryer while back country camping.

I believe that programs such as SunMaker Extreme and others like it are an important step in curing the victims of cancer, and I hope that Terry Fox would be proud to see how far his dream has come.



Chris Blackmore (02)

I spent July and August volunteering on an ambulance overseas. Like any place, I was interested in the land, the people, the customs, similarities and differences. My new friends, who were in their late teens and early twenties, were no strangers to pranks or jokes, to going to clubs, bars or parties. They were, *are*, young, why shouldn't they have fun?



Two nights before I returned to Canada, a bomb exploded in a bus, killing tens of people and wounding many more. Paramedics rushed to the scene, were witnesses to a fresh human graveyard in the middle of a road, survivors too shocked to grieve. They treated the injured, even found an unconscious baby lying under a corpse. Lives were lost, lives were saved. The victims were known, but the paramedics?

They are the same people you might meet at a concert, or a club; the jokesters, the party-goers, the adolescents who want to have fun. It was amazing to see that these two moulds could form one person and one so young, for that matter. The desire to help others prevails and the perseverance found in Terry Fox, I have discovered, can be found worldwide.

Shayna Zamkanei (01)

REALLY GOTTA WANT IT

By: B4-4

SUBMITTED BY: JUSTIN FICHTER (03)

THE WORLD IS FULL OF WANNABES
THEY COME AND GO LIKE A SUMMER BREEZE
THEY WANT THE MONEY, THEY WANT THE FAME
BUT YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA EARN IT
EACH AND EVERY DAY

IF YOU CAN CONCEIVE IT
(IF YOU BELIEVE)
THEN YOU CAN ACHIEVE IT
NO ONE'S GONNA GIVE IT TO YOU
GO AND GET IT

YOU REALLY GOTTA WANT IT
YOU JUST GOTTA HAVE IT
YOU JUST GOTTA BE COMMITTED
YOU GOTTA LIVE IT AND BREATHE IT
YOU REALLY GOTTA MEAN IT
NEVER BE DEFEATED
IF YOU WANNA REACH YOUR DREAM
AIN'T NO ROOM FOR IN BETWEEN
YOU REALLY GOTTA WANT IT

THEY SAY STOP, YOU SAY GO
YOU SAY YES WHEN THEY SAY NO
WHEN THEY LAUGH, MAKE FUN OF YOU
YOU JUST WORK HARDER
YOU'VE GOT THINGS TO PROVE

IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT
THEN YOU CAN RECEIVE IT
DON'T LET NOBODY STAND IN YOUR WAY

THE FIRST AT PRACTICE, THE LAST TO LEAVE
WHEN OTHERS DOUBT
THAT'S WHEN YOU BELIEVE
IT'S GONNA TAKE BLOOD, SWEAT AND FEARS
BEFORE YOU'RE GONNA HEAR THE CROWN CHEER

To My Aunt

By: Brad Pennington (02)

*Written in memory of Barbara Jo Dent
June 2, 1947-August 27, 2003*

*I just wanted to say goodbye,
You know I'll miss you.*

*I hope your spirit will always fly high
As you dance up in the sky
Why did cancer choose you?*

*I'll never forget the last time
We spoke, I told you to keep up the
fight. You answered, "you bet" with a smile and a
hug.
On my heartstrings your memory still tugs.*

*I remember when I was young,
Before cancer had entered both our lives.
When we played basketball on the net
Hanging from your garage. I knew that day
That you were more than just my aunt,
You were my friend.*

*In every tear that falls from my eye
Comes a memory from years passed by.
My Aunt, my friend, and now my hero
The one who faced a disease with her head held up
high.*

*Your pain is gone and as you rest
I hope you know you are the best, it's
Always hard to say goodbye, but in my heart
Your memory will always stay
Alive - - Goodbye Aunt Barb
My you rest in peace,
Love Brad.*

A Sweet Little Twist of Fate

I never did believe much in fate. My view on the world is that you get out what you put into it. But every once in a while, fate jumps in to push you in a direction you weren't planning on going, but in the end, you're sure glad it did. My story begins with the first year in high school I took the local wheelchair bus to school. Like some in the same situation, I did not fully accept my new status as a person with a disability. As a result, I failed to notice the lack of self-esteem I possessed along with it. I thought that since my life was somewhat "harder," I had the right to be in a bad mood at times. This view changed with the help of a younger girl who rode the bus with me.

She too had a disability, even more severe than mine, but the thing that really set her apart was the amazing sense of happiness she conveyed. Our daily interactions had started to take me out of my bad mood. Now, I could not find a good reason to be upset for she suffered the same fate and was more joyful than most other people. This feeling she granted me was amazing, but something even more amazing followed. One day on the bus, the girl's mom had come on to tell me how much my daily influence had meant to her daughter. Apparently, the girl had taken on a much better attitude as well.

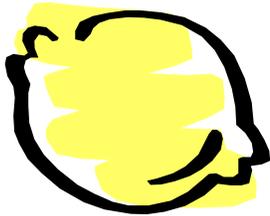
This completely boggled me. How could I affect a person's life without even trying? In fact, how could that very person be the same one who influences me in the same way? This gave me an incredible feeling of accomplishment, pride and purpose. She gave me something no one else could take away; the knowledge that I, as an individual, could make a difference. For if one could affect an individual with simple interaction as powerfully as we did for each other, what is to prevent people from changing the world? This simple interaction has helped me in discovering my love for volunteering as well as my future career choice in the field of psychology. It is really funny the way things work out, but I am sure glad they did.

Kaley Roosen (03)

Making Lemonade from Life's Lemons

By: Candace Yanishewski (02)

Life can be stressful. There's no way around it. No matter how many don't-sweat-the-small-stuff-and-look-on-the-bright-side-you-can-do-it seminars, conferences, and books you invest in, life will always throw you days when you wish you could just stay in bed. Life as a college student can be full of those days. There are days when you fail your mid-term, your roommates are driving you up the wall, you're in a fight with your boy/girlfriend, you burned supper, you have bad hair and no clean clothes, and you're late for work. And they say school is a vacation. Sign me up.



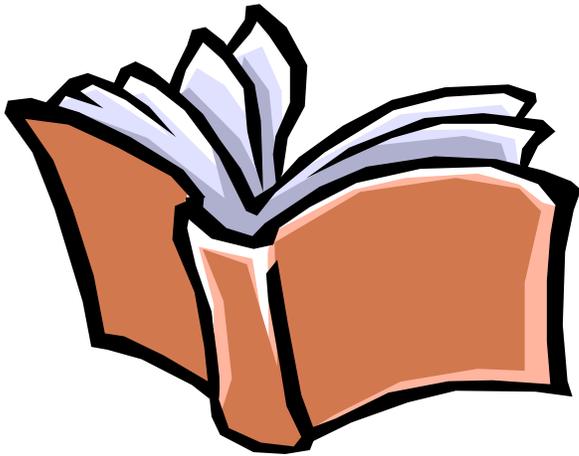
Though we may not be able to control the course of our day, we can control how we deal with the issues that life throws at us. Ever since I've begun the post-secondary process, I've learned that there are three big points to living a less stressful life (notice that I didn't say stress-free, as stress-free is simply a figment of the self-help industry's imagination).

1. Don't Procrastinate: This is enormously effective. It eliminated the "it is five minutes before class and my assignment is due and my computer froze and my printer is out of ink" stress. I've experienced this stress more than my share, and I've found that if I'm late, everything from my computer, to my stapler, to my car, to the toilet will unavoidably break down. Don't let this happen to you. Use a planner, sticky notes, anything. Just get stuff done ahead of time and life will be easier
2. Take a time out: This is my favourite. Sleep, work out, visit a friend. A body cannot successfully function when all that it does is homework 24 hours a day. Do something different and then come back. It makes the time you do spend studying much more effective
3. Remember what's important: In the constant shuffle of everyday life, it's easy to forget what is really important. Here's the way I see it; when I'm lying on my death bed, am I going to be wishing that I spent more time stressing out over my introduction to Biochemistry quiz? Probably not. Maintain your relationships with friends and family, and don't isolate yourself from society just because you're in school.

Stress creeps up on me all the time, but I really do enjoy going to college, despite the days when I just want to stay in bed. You can probably relate. The fun and the great people definitely make up for everything else. It just takes time to realize that bad-hair-day-late-for-work day last week really wasn't so bad after all.

To This One, It Matters

Recently, I have started volunteering with an organization that promotes literacy. They run a reading circle program once a week, where children in the community are able to come and have university students read with them and help them improve their reading skills. Now, the same children do not always come every week - sometimes two children show up, and sometimes twenty show up. But every week so far, a little boy named Eric has been coming. He is five years old (the youngest child there) and cannot read very much yet. The first time he came, I paired up with him, and I am so thankful that I did. This little boy is one of the most amazing children I have ever met. He is always so eager to pick out books, loves to tell me how parts of the book relate to him, and just loves to have someone listen to him and do activities with him. The following weeks that he has come, he doesn't even take a glance at the other students - he waves at me with a big smile on his face when he comes in, rushes over to grab a book, and sits down beside me. I am so glad to be making a difference in a child's life, even if it is only one day a week. This new experience reminded me of a story I know, that I would like to share with all who will listen.



“One day, a man was walking along the beach. The tide was low, and because of this, many of the sea creatures dwelling on the ocean floor had been washed up onto the beach. This beach happened to be covered in starfish. Down the shoreline, the man noticed a little girl. As he approached her, he noticed that she was picking up the starfish, one at a time, and throwing them back into the water. This puzzled the man, so he asked the girl what she was doing. “Little girl, what are you doing? There must be thousands of starfish all over this beach! You cannot possibly save all of them, so what does it matter?” The little girl looked up at the man, clutching the starfish in her hand, and replied, “To this one, it matters.”

My volunteering once a week at the reading circle is not moving mountains. But to this one - this little boy named Eric - it matters. So never underestimate the time you give to others - it is *always* worth it. As Helen Keller once said, “I am only one, but still I am one. I cannot do everything, but still I can do something.”

Jessica Sachse (03)

The Things I'm Thankful For

By: Ruth Proulx (02)

*I woke up this morning wanting to explore,
The things in my life that I'm truly thankful for.
As I remember my past and look to days to come,
I will try to see the beauty of each and everyone.*

*When I remember my first day of school,
My mother and father tried to keep a cool.
And when I was learning to ride my first bike,
My daddy told me I was a big girl and not a little
tyke*

*When I got in trouble for the first time in grade
three,*

*My parents were there to help discipline me.
Now my parents are just one thing to be thankful
for,*

So let me tell you just a little more.

*When I see the sun rise and the sun set,
It reminds me that little things are not to fret.*

*When I see the mountains and the sun shine,
My heart starts to race for I really want to climb.*

*When I see a plane flying though the blue sky,
Travel has blessed me, I'm so happy to be I
The snow and the evergreens surrounding my
home,*

The 24 hour light in the summer, I'm free to roam.

*My friends, my health, my family are one thing
not to ignore*

*My fun, my hope, and my happiness are also
things I do adore*

*And just just one more thing before I have to go
I have been truly blessed in my life, and for this I
have to show.*

