

The
GOLDEN THREAD

Le
FIL D'OR



**The Terry Fox Humanitarian
Award Program Newsletter**

**Le journal du Programme du
Prix Humanitaire Terry Fox**



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Cover photo of Christine LaChance in Guatemala

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When is it Good Enough?

By Brandon Gillespie

Adolescents and young adults in present day society have an obsession with appearance, attitude associated with appearance, and that of pleasing those around them. Whether it be their parents, friends, mentors, or people they don't even know; young people aim to please sometimes to the point of exhaustion and self-destruction.

Every day young people dress and perfect their appearance in their quest for the ideal "look". More often than not the desire to achieve this look is not associated with their desire to look good or fit within their idea of "style" but instead to please those around them. Young adults want to look good, attract attention, and fit within the societal norms which claim that they do indeed dress and act correctly. The sad truth is that people in their quest for such material and shallow ideals, lose their individual fervour and unique identity. I, myself have witnessed people who spend hours preparing themselves to run an errand, or go to a class. Why do people put forth this effort? The answer is simple: society sets standards upon the ideal appearance and attitudes associated with gaining and maintaining such an appearance. People feel as if they are not good enough when they do not maintain the ideal appearance in the classroom or the grocery store. Why must every male in a university of 20,000 students wear American Eagle brand clothes, and Nike shoes? The answer: we as a society have constructed what we feel is "correct" in terms of appearance. People who do not fit this image are often viewed as not good enough or inferior and this is why people who aim to constantly uphold the "correct" image feel as if they are never good enough and never equitable to those around them who they believe easily fit such an image. In reality those who appear to look "perfect" all the time face the same struggles and battles every morning when they have to appear before their friends, peers, and the ever judging mirror. All of this is not to say that one should not look professional or clean-cut but why must we all fit the same image? Why is there a set standard that everybody must uphold or else be laughed at?

How do we get away from the feelings of depression and anxiety in the morning when we believe we appear less than or different from the masses around us? The answer is simple: just don't feel that way. You are who you are, regardless of which shoes you wear or how silly that annoying pimple on your nose looks or you think it looks. Why worry about what others think about you not fulfilling the ideal image

when you can create your own image. At the end of the day the girl or boy who decides to spend their time with you is going to appreciate and love you for who you are, not what you wear or which way you go about styling your hair. Some people are much too concerned with how they and others appear and leave the moral fibre of someone as a second to that of their appearance. These people have yet to realize that because someone does not fit a standard or because a person chooses not to fit such a standard that does not mean that they are less than or below that of others who have chosen to or easily fit within their ideals of the "correct" image.

So, when is it good enough? When do people have the right to stop conforming? The answer to both questions is whenever *they* feel it is good enough. Stop trying to please those around you, stop trying to fit the ideal image, stop stressing and beating yourself up over fitting such images. Be who you want to be not who others believe you should be or want you to be. When one has the ability to make such a choice you can't help but wonder why everyone seems to conform. There are people who do not have such freedom and are forced to view the world from less advantageous positions. They do not get the opportunity to light up someone else's world much less be inspired by others themselves. It is good enough when you make it good enough, fit *your* image whatever that may be and perhaps one day we can all realize what true beauty looks like; beauty that comes from within a person expressed through their individuality.

Dream Come True

By Ryan Sloan

Playing and winning a gold medal for team Canada is something that almost every hockey kid dreams of doing. This was no different for me. One afternoon my father and I were browsing the web and stumbled upon a website for amputee hockey players. I am missing my elbow in my left arm so this instantly sparked my interest. After we researched it a little further we realized that I was eligible to play and we made contact with the team within the next few days. I was invited to an open tryout in Toronto for the Team Canada Standing Amputee Hockey Club. This was a new concept to me; I had heard of sledge hockey before, but, it never appealed to me because I am

able bodied and love to skate up and down the ice. Having the opportunity to play with and against players in my position was an exciting thought. I accepted the invitation to the tryout in Toronto and went in June of 2009.

When I stepped into the dressing room the first day there was a completely different atmosphere than I was expecting. Every player was so happy to have the opportunity to play hockey again there was only a positive vibe that surrounded the room. It was such a relief because my last couple years of hockey involved a negative connotation between players and coaches. Not only did it look as if they were friends their whole life, they treated me as if I had been there all along making it easy to feel comfortable. I could not believe the skill level that some of the players displayed at the tryouts. I was going with the expectation of a much lower caliber of hockey. Much to my surprise players missing legs were skating by me with ease and players missing one whole arm or both arms were shooting the puck harder and more accurately than me. When the first camp ended I went home with a new appreciation for the sport. If these men can work so hard to adapt to their disability, and have such a positive outlook on hockey and life, then so can I and everybody else.

Before I left for home the coach informed me they were interested in having another look and asked me to the second tryout being held in Montreal. I said yes without even blinking an eye. When I went to Montreal the remaining players struck conversation immediately without hesitation because of the intense bonds that were formed. Every person on the ice has had to adapt in their own way to be able to play the game. Some have had accidents that resulted in their amputation or they were like myself and were born that way. These similar adaptations and life situations are the underlying factors to the friendships and closeness of the team.

Before I left for home the second time the coach notified me if I was interested a spot was available on the team. I happily accepted the offer and was ready to come back to Montreal for Worlds in April 2010. It was hard to believe when I threw the maple leaf over my chest for the first time and it had my name on the back of the jersey, the feeling is indescribable. Even in amputee hockey Canada is a feared opponent and we went 5-0-0 to win the World Championships. Winning a gold medal with the players who you have been training with for so long and put so much effort into was truly an amazing experience. I will play for this team as long as they feel I am an asset and am

grateful for the lessons they taught me and the new friends and teammates I have made along the way.

First Snowfall

By Stacy Topouzova

A pair of wool gloves and a hat from Tibet arrived in the mail. Though still cautioning me to stay inside, my family wanted to make sure that I was prepared. I knew of the impending danger: it would not be long before Montreal would be transformed into Goryanchikov's Siberian camp. But I would not be its prisoner.

When the first snowfall came, I decided to take to nature. Though not the Carmanah Valley – anchored by giant sequoias, behind the protective veil of Sitka spruce – the Quebecois landscape is a beautiful sight. To walk through here in the depths of winter is to engage halcyon.

I was the only one there – to the human eye, I am the only one to think it wise to trek through a forest at winter's time. But the truth is in nature no event, or creature, stands alone. Estuaries merge, wetlands converge...in the end, there is no separation between forest and ocean, between the creatures of the land and those of the sea. Every living thing responds to the "ecological rhythm", as Wade Davis writes in his accounts.

When Davis delves into the Tlingits' narratives, (I am an anthropology student, so forgive my tendency to lapse into these sorts of accounts), he talks about a people who "living in nature, but lacking the technology to dominate it, watched the earth for signs. The flight of the eagles helped fishermen track salmon. Sandhill cranes heralded the onset of herring runs. The flowering of certain plants brought families to the shore to gather clams." Between humans and animals there was a constant dialogue. The Tlingit addressed plants as spirits. The land was alive, a dynamic force as the domain to be embraced and transformed by the human imagination.

The physical world presents one face of reality. Right now, it is one burdened by highly commercialized, glittering-shimmering-caroling gadgets that purport to bring happiness and make the world a better place. Behind it all, exists an inner world of meaning – a place reached through transformation, a passage.

These trees are called "old growth" not because they

are frail, but because they house our history and embrace our thoughts. I found them to be the best keepers of snow, and the most beautiful containers of winter.

Klimt hangs on my wall, opposite Kandinsky, but it is the real *Tree of Life* that inspires me every day.

What I Left Behind

By Katie LaForce

Editor's Note: Written when Katie was entering grade 12. She has struggled with a physical disability all her life. Every day she is in pain however, she walks around with a smile and has the face of an angel. Katie decided that she would participate in a mission trip for the poor. She was nervous about it because of her health, however wanted desperately to reach out and help the poor. This is the reflection she wrote upon returning from her journey. When you witness her gratitude you see the divine that dwells within her. She is an awesome inspiration!

“Love the life you live, live the life you love.”

I've never been one of those kids who knew what they wanted to do since they were in kindergarten. I want to be a doctor, I want to be an artist, and I want to be an astronaut... Through the DREAMS experience I still don't know what I want to do as a career but, it led me to new interests and taught me new things. DREAMS has taught me that I want to see the world, I want to be exposed to new things and experiences, I want to feel the struggle that people are constantly living in, I want to learn, and I want to teach.

I was born with a physical disability which effects my left limbs, there's not a day that goes by where I am not in pain and nor will there ever be a day I live where there is no pain. It's not something that can be changed or go away, I will always have my disability. I think having a disability is the best thing that could have ever happened to me because I see things completely different from the average person. Most of the time I forget about my leg and my arm until I can feel someone's eyes following me but like everything, you get use to it. I am very fortunate to receive good

health care like every other Canadian, seeing the hospital for treatment nearly every two months.

The Dominican Republic health care system is not comparable to the Canadian, and that's the saddest thing that I've learned. The fact that only 60% of child delivery takes place in a hospital setting with the assistance of doctors or nurses depresses me. I have become aware that there are other large issues that exist within the Dominican Republic other than healthcare such as poverty, famine and education system. The biggest thing that I took from my experience in the Dominican was being grateful for the life that you have. Yes, I was given a leg that limits me sometimes to even simple things like walking but, there are others that are worse off than I am, and I should be thankful for what I have, two legs and two arms.

I've learned I should be in creditably thankful for the life that I was given because it's a good life. Due to my disability I wasn't going to participate in DREAMS because I thought that I wouldn't be physically capable. I got nothing but support and enthusiasm when I told Mr. Morrison and Chaplin Tassi, the founders of DREAMS, that I wanted to be a part of the DREAMS experience. They replied by saying you are perfect for the programs, and there the DREAMS experience began.

Alterations were made when we were in the Dominican Republic for me, as opposed to building I was fortunate to be able to spend my week at the local school in the village. I was teaching English, observing the class and playing with the children at recess. It was without any exaggeration the best week of my entire life. I absolutely loved working with these children. This experience answered the question that I have been struggling with, what do you want to do with your life' I answer with make people aware of the issues that exist in the world today, the issues in the Dominican Republic and the issues in all developing countries. To be honest I really don't know how I am going to accomplish this yet. All though it could be through writing, teaching or law but, this is what I want to do with my life.

I got to experience the real life of the average Dominican for 5 days and I loved every minute of it, I got to make friends with the Dominicans and meet new and interesting people. The Dominicans have

very little; they have things that they need like a pair of shoes and clothes, where we have 50 pairs of shoes and a wardrobe that could last a month without repeating. Although this is hard to comprehend this is the real life of an average Dominican.

I will never forget the experience that I had in those very Mountains in that very village. I won't forget the people, those faces; it's something that cannot be forgotten even if I tried. It's hard because not a day goes by where I don't think about those children in the village, where I don't think about what they learned today, where I don't think about what they had to overcome today. Although my life moves on from the Dominican, it is forever changed but, what will not change is the memory of those children that lay in my heart. Not a day goes by when I don't think of what I left behind.

“How I almost treated my patient” – Confessions of a Third Year Medical Student

By Matthew Cheng

“Welcome to medicine.” Those were the first words that I remember. It was seven o'clock on a grim, rainy and unpleasantly cold Monday morning. I was still half asleep when a short, rambunctious and feisty hematologist entered the room. I'll forever remember the expression on her face, for her keen smirk instantly destroyed all hopes of a fun and pleasant month. “The days will be long”, she began, “very, very long.” She then turned to me, smiled, and said: “on most days, you won't even see the sun.” I looked around, the resident to my left appeared depressed and I'm pretty sure that the student on my right was suicidal. “You will often make mistakes,” she promised, “and I will catch you. And punish you.” I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I was freaking out. The hematologist then continued on with a grocery list of tasks and responsibilities for students: none of them enjoyable. She concluded her orientation with a final warning: “you will not cure every patient you meet,” she said in a low, raspy voice. She then paused, looked out the window, and continued: “but you will change their lives, and they will change yours.”

The first few days flew by, and I honestly began to believe that I was going to have a good time. That is, of course, until I experienced my first night on-call. Unlike most stories, it wasn't Friday night. Instead, it was Wednesday. But don't let the day fool you; it was a horrible experience nonetheless. The night began at five o'clock, when one of my patients went into cardiac arrest. I quickly realized that medical students were good for one of two things during emergencies, either doing chest compressions, or doing chest compressions. Four cardiac arrests, two admissions and a thousand chest compressions later, I was sitting in our conference room, starving and exhausted. I looked meagerly at my cafeteria “Sheppard's pie”, and despite my howling stomach, I just couldn't bring myself to eat it. The taste of carpet and sawdust was too much to endure. Did I mention how I hated hospital food? I began debating the pros and cons of trying to force a bite down my throat when my resident came prancing in. “Guess what I have?” he mused. “A new admission?” I replied. I tried to appear enthusiastic, but I was secretly cursing him. “Tell you what”, he offered, “you do the admission, and I'll grab us some McDonald's. How 'bout it?” I really didn't want to do the admission, but since I had very little say in the matter, I figured I might as well get a free hamburger out of it.

It was two o'clock in the morning when I entered the patient's room. A skinny, grey-haired and fair-skinned woman smiled at me and gestured for me to enter.

“I'm sorry, did I wake you?” I asked.

“Wake me?” she replied, “No, to wake me I would have needed to be asleep, and I can't waste my final days sleeping! No sir that simply will not do!”

Not knowing anything of Ms. V, I asked her what made her think that she was going to die. She answered that she had a high-grade lymphoma which had spread to virtually every organ in her body. She added that she failed every possible chemotherapy regimen there was to offer. I was shell-shocked. Not knowing what to say, I then proceeded, as a well-trained third-year medical student, to obtain a comprehensive history and perform a thorough physical exam. As my hands passed over the numerous masses in her abdomen, I realized that she was telling the truth. She may only have a few days left to live indeed.

After finishing my “official” duties as a clerk, which I realized were completely useless, I decided to pull up a chair and talk to her. My Big Mac could wait.

“I hope this isn't inappropriate of me to ask,” I began, “but why aren't you in the palliative care

department? Or even at home, with your friends and family?"

She smiled at me and said: "Son, this is my home." I began to stutter: "I... I don't understand..."

"About a year and a half ago," she replied, "I spent seven months, in this very room, receiving all kinds of treatments. I learned to love the staff, to love the nurses, to love the orderlies, the transport men and the unit coordinators. This *is* my home."

I was stunned and bewildered by her answer. I didn't know what to say.

She chuckled a little bit and continued on: "When I left here the last time, I made the staff promise me that when my time came, that I could pass away here, in the comfort of those who treated me so well. Besides," she added, "my friends and family can always visit me here."

"I don't understand," I stammered, "the palliative care ward can offer you a morphine drip for the pain, more nursing care and a much cleaner room! Why-"

"Matthew," she interrupted, "palliation isn't about the drugs, or the personnel or the room. It's about the care, the compassion and the love."

I felt foolish. I immediately stopped arguing.

"What can I do then?"

"You can start," she smiled, "by taking this damn IV out of my arm."

Over the next few days, I spent my time battling nurses not to insert IVs into my patient and with the orderlies to add extra Jell-o to her tray. By Monday, Ms. V had clearly deteriorated. Her blue eyes were surrounded by a yellow tinge and her skin was drying up. That morning, the chief hematologist dropped in to see Ms. V, the same hematologist who scared me silly seven days ago. She wasted no time seeking me out and requesting a meeting with me in the conference room.

"You know," she began, "Ms. V isn't only my patient. She's also my friend."

"No, I didn't know," I replied.

"In fact, she's not just my friend. She's one of my best friends. And now she only has a few more days to live – at most. So what are you doing for her?" she asked, angrily.

I didn't know what to say. I looked out the window.

"Well?!" she demanded.

"Well I read the newspaper for her this morning," I answered, "and later I'm going to play bridge with her husband and son."

"Alright," she smiled. She then got up from her chair and headed for the door. As she was about to leave, she glanced over her shoulder and said: "Congratulations. Welcome to medicine."

Meet my Family

By Melanie McPherson

"You'll quickly find that this place will become your home and the people on this floor will become like your family", said the don of my floor as we met with those we would be sharing living space with for the first time. As she said this though, smiling at the front of room with such confidence and excitement at the prospect of our newfound relationships, I sat at the back terrified. I was terrified because I knew she was wrong. I knew that no matter what happened, these people could never become my family. They could never become my family because they could never, EVER learn my secret. See, even amongst the thousands of frosh who converged on the University of Western Ontario campus for that first day, I felt truly alone. Although I had long since decided that I could never hide my Cerebral Palsy from them, I had promised myself that I would hide one thing from them, ALL of them.

When I was 13 years old, long before Western even entered my mind I underwent a major knee surgery to repair damage to my knee joint related to my CP. As a result of this surgery I was left with nerve damage, and have since lived with chronic knee pain almost **every** day of my life. So while I was in fact completely and utterly thrilled to be going to UWO, and to be moving into residence, meeting new people and chasing my dream of earning a Western degree; I was at the same time horrified at the prospect of revealing to these people just how much pain I had to go through on a daily basis in order to not only function as a university student, but just as an active member in my community in general. Like a little kid starting her first day of kindergarten I thought to myself, "what if they think I'm a freak, what if they think I won't be able to pass university this way, what if they think I'm a wimp and most importantly, what if they think I'm a burden?"

In the presence of my own, biological family, I never had these worries. Because, really how could I ever think that my own family would think of me in this way? These new people though, these people now being referred to by the don as my "rez family", they could never know about my pain. I would not allow it. This is the attitude that I adopted through my whole Orientation Week (or as some like to call it Frosh Week). I got involved in all the activities I could, met lots of new people, and even explained my disability a few times, but never did I reveal just how severe my pain could become, if it had been up to me they would have never known that.

In spite of all my efforts though, to conceal the nature of my pain, just four days into my first official week of university, my pain took over. I found myself on the floor of my rez room in more pain than I'd bet even the toughest of football players could handle. Laying on the floor alone in my room I was forced to face the fear I had held onto for months. I needed to tell someone. Thinking quickly I sent three text messages, two to two of the friends I had met earlier in the week and one to the don of the floor. Almost as quickly as I had sent these messages, I found the three of them, along with some of my roommates staring down at me on the floor. "What can we do to help, Mel" they insisted. "Ice, and my medicine" I responded through grit teeth.

These things were quickly arranged around me, at which point they came down on their knees and offered something I had never expected to hear from such newly acquired friends. They insisted on staying by my side until more help could arrive and then offered me a hand to squeeze. How was it that they could have possibly known that, after being in pain for what had felt like an eternity all I wanted was someone's hand? At this point they began telling me stories of their own medical adventures or their own fears about residence and I suddenly began to realize just how much support I really had. Since that day I have come to see, that I was never as alone as I thought I was.

Living in residence isn't just about having a place to live and study at the end of a long school day. Living in residence is about coming together, and supporting each other. In just the 2 months that I have lived here I have laughed, I have cried, I have failed, and I have succeeded, always with the knowledge there are always at least 45 people who will back me up, and who I would do the same for in a second. Friends will watch each other's backs, friends will be there for each other, but only family will give you a shoulder to cry on, only family will jump up and down like a crazy person when you succeed and only family will make you feel as if no matter what, you are never alone. The residence of 2 South, Essex Hall these people are not my friends; these people are my family.

Thanks Guys. You make me believe nothing is impossible.

The Homework Song

By Matthew Dyck

I am very grateful for the privilege of pursuing post-secondary education, and words cannot express my thankfulness for organizations such as the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program who have financially made it possible for me to pursue my educational goals.

However, I must admit that one aspect of university education which is often discouraging is the fact that final exams always fall during the Christmas season. While others are out shopping for gifts, attending Christmas concerts, and watching holiday classics, I often find myself studying and writing tests until just a few days before Dec. 25th. Since some sentiments are best expressed in song, I hope you enjoy this parody of Mel Tormé and Robert Wells' well-loved piece, "The Christmas Song."



The Homework Song

Papers piled upon your bedroom desk,
Due dates whirring in your brain,
Reports and essays that are stacked in a pile,
With notes on pulmonary veins.

Professors know that quizzes and a bio lab
Help to make their students groan.
Pupils determined to earn decent grades
Will work till half-past twelve, alone.

They know the stress exams can bring,
It hits at Christmastime and then again in Spring.
And it seems professors work behind the scenes
To make sure that those tests are downright tough
and mean!

So pay attention to this helpful phrase,
And note it if you want to pass:
Work hard night and day, when you hear teachers say
"It's for marks now, dear class!"

A Poignant Day

By Hayley Pipher

December 26, 2004 was a picturesque day. I was walking through a tropical rainforest with my uncle and father on a small island called Ko Hong in southern Thailand. I vividly remember never wanting to leave this paradise. Yet my internal bliss was suddenly interrupted when screams erupted from the shores. I was terrified when I realized that my sister and aunt were sunbathing on the beach. I looked into my father's eyes before he bolted to find them, leaving me with strangers. At this moment, I became a part of an infamous disaster known around the world that killed nearly 250,000 people and misplaced and injured countless more.

Only minutes later, a family of five whom I had never met before noticed that I was standing alone looking bewildered. They asked me if I was by myself and after I told them I was, they immediately offered to look after me. As we heard what appeared to be an aftershock wave, we looked at the ground and realized that the water was quickly making its way up the path. We knew we had to climb to higher ground. We frantically scrambled up a narrow rock slope in just our bathing suits and sandals. I hoped that my dad would somehow find out where I was.

As I reached the top, I didn't fully understand the solemnity of the situation I was suddenly immersed in. I was confused and distressed, yet we just sat and waited. It wasn't until a man was lifted up to where I was standing when I realized how grave this was. He was carried up by three people and at first sight he appeared to be fine; yet when they lay him on his side with his back facing towards me, I saw he had significantly deep scrapes across his whole back. As I stood transfixed by this sight, I couldn't comprehend how only minutes prior my biggest priority while snorkeling was counting how many stripes each fish had on its scales. Yet now here I was, staring at a man lying at my twelve-year-old feet who was most likely only minutes away from his death. As I stared, I could tell from his appearance that he was probably a local man. I pondered whether he was the only one in his family who was educated. He might have been working tirelessly for only dollars per day. How was his family going to recover from this? I started feeling overwhelmed as I realized that this tragedy was happening in an underdeveloped part of the world which already is faced with so much adversity. It's one thing to grieve, but I couldn't even fathom the burden of mourning while also worrying about a delicate financial situation. For a quick moment as I looked at this man, I

wondered if my own father was in the same state. I immediately let that thought drift, as I knew it was too overwhelming. I subsequently turned away as I numbly stared at the ground and prayed.

For the nearly two days that I was missing, many thoughts fretfully traveled through my mind as to whether my family members were still alive. Although my family survived the tsunami, I know there were countless others that were not as fortunate. Many of those families live in destitute communities and were unable to recover from this disaster. As horrifying as my tsunami experience in Thailand was, I have grown from this incident and gained insight to circumstances I never before would have considered. It has certainly changed my perspective on life by motivating me to advocate for underprivileged communities and to take action in times of crisis. I am now studying at UBC hoping to obtain a degree in Global Resource Systems majoring in International Trade and Development as well as Africa. I aspire to one day work in international aid, helping to establish schools and health clinics in rural Kenya. Although my tsunami experience was traumatizing, this is now a poignant memory that inspires me to seek my life's purpose on a daily basis.



Above is a picture of my family four years later on Boxing Day, 2008.

Mushrooms... What's So Great About Them Anyways?

By Laura Vollet

They are rubbery, slimy, chewy, weird looking, and worst of all... they are a fungus! Who would want to eat that? It is no wonder that so many people do not like mushrooms and besides, does anyone actually know if they are good for you anyways? I recently worked on a project about mushrooms and found that mushrooms are actually surprisingly good for you. Here is some of what I found:

Mushrooms have no fat or cholesterol and are very low in calories, carbohydrates and sodium. They contain soluble and insoluble fibre and they are the only non animal source of natural vitamin D, which is important in calcium absorption.

Mushrooms are also fairly good sources of other vitamins and minerals. They are a high source of B vitamins, especially riboflavin (4-5 medium fresh white mushrooms have 24% of your daily value). Besides being good for you, mushrooms can actually taste good! There are many different varieties to choose from and each variety has a different taste and texture. The hardest part is deciding what type you want and the choice is up to you. Here is a list of the most common types of mushrooms to help you decide:

White "Button" Mushroom: is the most popular type of mushroom and it has a woody flavour that gets stronger with cooking.

Crimini "Brown" Mushroom: has a more intense flavour than white mushrooms that is meaty and earthy tasting.

Portobello Mushroom: is the largest of all domestic mushrooms and has a meaty texture with an earthy taste. This mushroom makes a great meat replacement.

Shitake Mushroom: has a woody, meaty flavour and gains a meaty texture when cooked.

Oyster Mushroom: has a very mild, delicate flavour and a velvety texture.

Enoki Mushroom: also has a mild, delicate flavour but has a crunchy texture.

King Oyster Mushroom: has a delicate, woody and sweet flavour. It is chewy but stays firm when cooked.

One of the biggest mistakes people make with mushrooms occurs in cleaning. Mushrooms should be wiped with a damp cloth or quickly rinsed under cold water and pat dry with a paper towel immediately after. Mushrooms should be cleaned right before they are to be used or else they may turn brown and rubbery.

Now that you know a little more about mushrooms here is a great recipe to try at home.

Golden Chanterelle Sauté

1 tsp	olive oil
1 med.	onion, chopped
2 cloves	garlic, minced
1-1/4 lbs	chanterelle or Portobello mushrooms, sliced
1/2 lb	small button mushrooms
3 whole	sun-dried tomatoes, softened and chopped
3/4 cup	chicken broth
1/2 cup	dry white wine
2 Tbsp	lemon juice
1 Tbsp	sweet Hungarian paprika
1/2 tsp	caraway seeds
2 Tbsp	fresh parsley, chopped
Salt and Pepper to taste	

In large skillet, heat oil over medium heat; cook onion, stirring for 2 minutes. Add garlic, mushrooms and tomatoes; cook for 2-3 minutes.

Add chicken broth, wine, lemon juice, paprika and caraway seeds; bring to boil. Simmer over low heat about 15 minutes or until slightly thickened, stirring occasionally. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle with parsley.

Makes 4 main-dish servings or 8 side-dish servings.

Doubly Blessed

By Troy Woods

When I think of Terry Fox, and the courage, selflessness and the utter determination that he showed in his battle against cancer I see humanitarianism in its purest form. Terry took a potentially devastating situation that was forced upon him and turned it into an inspirational story that fed hope to people across the country and around the world. I am honoured and humbled to be considered a Terry Fox Scholar as I use his story everyday as inspiration to assist me in my own battle against cancer.

On November 27th, 2009, in the Emergency Room at the Health Sciences Centre I sat with my dad and received the most terrifying news of my life. The doctor told us that my bone marrow was spewing out immature unhealthy cancer cells that served no purpose other than to invade the space held for my healthy blood cells. The result was anemia, susceptibility to infections and the inability to clot blood properly. This translated into a diagnosis of Acute Lymphoblastic Leukemia (A.L.L.) and a whirlwind of confused emotion.

Initially, the diagnosis was an emotional rollercoaster. The seconds following the poor doctor's apologetic speech were coupled with shock and disbelief. After the realization that it wasn't some sort of cruel joke I asked one question, "Can I beat this?" and with some calm reassurances my fight began. I was admitted to an isolated ward solely for cancer patients and was "carpet-bombed" with a broad spectrum chemotherapy drug in order to save my vital organs and potentially my life.

Cancer does not play favourites. There is no answer to the question "why me?" Its victims are as random as the weather but its impact is as destructive as a hurricane. That is exactly how I felt, like a hurricane had just run through my life and uprooted everything. However, with the support of my family, friends and all those around me I never had any doubt that I would get through this ordeal.

After weeks of stabilization in the hospital, I was told that I could go home with my family for Christmas. From this point forward my treatment would be given on an out-patient basis. I looked at this as a long road to recovery. Some days were good, some days were bad and some days were utterly unbearable as I suffered the common effects of aggressive chemotherapy.

There were many things that were stolen from me by

this horrible disease. I made a vow to myself to get all of those things back. Finally getting back on my skates is one of the first steps in my plan to return to hockey next September. I am in the midst of planning a trip to Europe which will serve as compensation for the trip to Italy that I missed with my graduating class. Every time I go out with my friends it is all the more enjoyable because for so long I was isolated and denied this simple pleasure.

The reason that got to see my eighteenth birthday can solely be summed up by one word – research. Clinical trials, which have been ongoing for decades have produced evidence based protocols for treatment of cancer. These protocols have been built on the backs of courageous cancer patients who took on this battle long before me. Successes, yet so many failures must have been encountered before an effective treatment was established. The costs of this research have been phenomenally high, and without initiatives like the Marathon of Hope and many others like it, my treatment and my survivorship would not have been possible. For this my family and I are eternally grateful.

Living up to the Meaning?

By: Kathleen Zawaly

The Merriam Webster Dictionary defines Determination as a "firm or fixed intention to achieve a desired end." Terry Fox's far reaching vision, and its actualization in the Marathon of Hope, clearly encompass this word in a profundity that most people in their lifetime never encounter. As though his original plan to run across Canada and raise 10 million dollars were not enough, Terry actually increased his goal to 22 million dollars during his Marathon in 1980. To date, he has raised over 500 million dollars.

The desired intention was obtained, and is on display every year in September when thousands of feet slam in unison onto the pavement in solidarity with Terry's dream, and made possible through his determination.

While participating this year in The Terry Fox Run, I couldn't help but ponder the meaning of such words as determination. It is hard, when contemplating this concept in one's own life, not to feel that the definition will lose its original meaning. The word 'Determination', it seems, has no bearing to me, personally, when compared to Terry's outstanding achievements. This begs the question of whether our definitions are too vague or relative, or whether we, as human beings, are simply too apathetic to live up to their meaning? On the other hand, perhaps we limit ourselves by focusing on the comparison, and should instead ponder the situation at hand, and the relevant

aspirations and actions to which this may lead us. Removing the aspect of comparison shatters the defining ghost lurking in the shadows with its feelings of inferiority, leaving one to move forward with cultivated passion.

As Terry said, "I'm not a dreamer, and I'm not saying this will initiate any kind of definitive answer or cure to cancer, but I believe in miracles. I have to." Without a sense of belief, there is no determination. Without determination, there is no drive to improve the world, and no hope. If we all believed in our own small, personal miracles the world would be a different place; humanity would be determined in the greatest sense of the word.

Graduate's Generosity and Continued Support of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program is Greatly Appreciated

A statement which I have very proudly heard our graduates make many, many times over the years is "If I had not received my Terry Fox Humanitarian Award I would not have been able to attend university and attain the education so I was qualified to perform my chosen profession." Each award that is granted provides the badly needed financial assistance for the recipient to achieve their career dreams and goals.

Those of us who have had the privilege of being involved in the selection of candidates and the granting of the awards are extremely proud of the true humanitarianism and success of each and every student who has been granted an award since the Program's inception in 1982. Many of our graduates have made outstanding efforts to assist in the betterment of their community and to also show great compassion towards individuals who were badly in need of support and assistance. They, without hesitation, are carrying on the marvelous tradition of humanitarianism established by Terry Fox.

Over the past number of years a tremendous number of our Terry Fox Scholars graduates have distinguished themselves in their chosen careers. Many of whom have become teachers, university professors, nurses, lawyers, dentists, business men and women, scientists, media or marketing specialists, law enforcement officers, doctors, world class surgeons and variety of other professions.

Many of our graduates have generously contributed financially to the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program in an attempt to assist and encourage future award recipients. Graduates who have been extremely generous include Dr. Kelly McCaul (1987-1991), Dr. Susan Christoffersen (1985-1989) and Alan Chen

(1986-1990) and his family. In addition we have had several individuals who annually contribute sums of money ranging between one hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars. A number of our graduates are also currently contributing, to the program each month by their personal credit cards. The magnificent generosity of each of these graduates has prompted others to ask "How can I personally help future Terry Fox Scholars financially?"

There are several ways you can be of a great assistance to help others achieve success. One of the ways is that we have recently established a "Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Endowment Fund" to which we hope that all of our graduates will contribute to help future Terry Fox scholars achieve their dreams and goals. **It should be noted that all donations to the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program are tax deductible!**

An endowment, as you may be aware, is a fund which the principle is not spent. The money contributed to it is invested in low risk Provincial or Federal bonds. The interest that is accrued is then used to provide awards for future students. The current total of the Endowment is \$11,000. While the total amount is not large at this time, it is our ultimate goal for this fund is to build it up to over \$1,000,000. At 4.5% interest this would eventually provide the Board of Directors and annual sum of \$45,000 that would provide funds to grant six and a half more awards each year.

By supporting the endowment you are encouraging talented young men and women by rewarding their dedication and applauding their desire to seek academic achievement. There are other methods of contributing that you might like to explore such as "Leaving a Legacy" by including a charitable gift to the Endowment Fund in your Will.

A variety of other gift giving opportunities are also available to those who wish to contribute to the TFHAP. These include bequests, gift annuities, charitable trusts, gifts of public and private shares, and real estate. **All of which are tax deductible.** It is important to note that it would be very wise for an individual to hire a lawyer or notary familiar with charitable giving when they write your will.

Many thanks to the Graduates who, as Terry Fox Scholars, have given generously to help assist future Terry Fox Scholars. My most sincere best wishes to all of our current Award recipients and all of our Graduates for a Happy, Healthy and Highly successful 2011.

Warmest regards,

W. Lorne Davies
Executive Director

Recipes

No Bake Cookies

½ cup butter, no substitute
2 cups white sugar
½ cup milk
3 cup oatmeal
1 cup coconut
½ cup cocoa
½ teaspoon vanilla

Boil butter, white sugar, and milk together for 2 minute (no longer!). Add the remaining ingredients to boiled mixture and mix well. Drop by spoonfuls onto waxed paper.

Crab Stuffed Mushrooms

40 button mushroom tops
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup shredded Cheddar cheese
1 tin crab meat
1 teaspoon onion flakes
¼ cup rich milk
1 tablespoon salad dressing

Melt butter in pan; Stir in flour. Add milk, lemon juice, and dressing until it boils and thickens. Add cheese and stir to melt. Stir in crab meat and onion. Fill mushroom caps. Bake in 450°F oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Crab Spread Appetizer

½ cup sour cream
2 tbsp. dry onion flakes
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce (or less)
Chili sauce
2 cans crab meat or shrimp
2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese
1 8oz package cream cheese

Mix cream cheese, sour cream, onion flakes, mayonnaise, and Worcestershire sauce together; spread onto a 12-inch plate. Top with chili sauce. Spread with crab meat or shrimp. Top with shredded cheese. Chill before serving. Serve with your choice of crackers.

Where are they now?

While we are in touch with so many of our wonderful alumni there are still many that we have no contact with because we don't have their up to date information. Please take a moment to visit the Alumni section on our website to see if you know anyone for whom we don't have current contact information (their names are in red). If you do know someone, it would be greatly appreciated if you would let them know that we'd be very happy to get back in touch with them.

THANK YOU!!