

The Golden Thread / Le fil d'or



June 2003/juin 2003

Where Do I Go From Here??

Well, there are only 17 days 'til graduation... how scary is that! My four years here at the Royal Military College of Canada have flown by. It seems like yesterday that I arrived here as a very frightened first year. I thought that leaving my hometown in PEI to venture to basic training and then to RMC was going to be the toughest thing in my life, and that that meant I had to grow up. I soon realised that I went from my family down home to a bigger family right here at University! The friendships I've made here are just as strong as those I made throughout my childhood. My friends and I have helped each other through some of the toughest times in our lives.

But now I feel like I'm at another fork in the road of life. Now I'm leaving this family as well. Since we're all in the military, with a force of 60 000 across the country, we'll probably run into each other in the future, however we're all in different elements right now. Some Army, some Navy, and a few of us (including me) are Air Force. My life as a student will soon be over. It's scary to look back and realise that being a student is what I know how to do...After 16 yrs of formal education, what do I do when school is over??

I will be heading to my new unit at the end of May... the frightening part is that I don't know what unit that is going to be. I could be posted anywhere from Comox BC, to Goose Bay NFLD. The uncertainty of my future is nerve wracking. I know that the first day will be the worst, but, like most things, it will get better with time. Our graduation ceremony in about 2 weeks time will be our entrance in to the Canadian Forces as commissioned officers; from a student to a leader. Many recent RMC graduates have ventured to Bosnia, Afghanistan, and one girl is serving an exchange with the British army, and she is in Iraq. These operational tours are the reason that many of us joined. I hope to do at least one tour in my first five years, and to try to make a difference.

Graduation has always seemed far away, and sometimes unattainable, however the time as come. I will be proud to march off the parade square as Second Lieutenant Heather Mahar, an Air Force Logistics officer, ready to face the challenges that lie ahead. I wish you all the best of luck in your future endeavours and I thank the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program for helping me through the last four years. I will be the first person in my family to receive a university degree, and I thank the TFHAP for helping me achieve this honour.

The Best of Luck to you all!

Heather Mahar (99)

Congratulations to the new Terry Fox Humanitarian Award recipients!
Félicitations aux nouveaux récipiendaires du prix humanitaire Terry Fox!

Brianna MacLean, Nanaimo BC - Dover Bay Secondary School

Gillian Cooper, Richmond BC - R.A. McMath Secondary School

Christopher Baptiste, Calgary AB - Crescent Heights High School

Jeffery Beaton, St. Albert AB - Bellerose Composite High School

Justin Fichter, Regina SK - Archbishop M.C. O'Neill High School

Nicole Watt, Melfort SK - Melfort and Unit Comprehensive Collegiate

Darlene Oshanski, Anola MB - Springfield Collegiate Institute

Cameron Adamson, Winnipeg MB - University of Winnipeg

Colleen Crawford, Oro Station ON - Eastview Secondary School

Josh Vander Vies, Sarnia ON - Northern Collegiate Institute

Jessica Sachse, Uxbridge ON - Uxbridge Secondary School

Margot Catizzone, Toronto ON - Northern Secondary School

Kaley Roosen, Pembroke ON - Bishop Smith Catholic High School

Katie Graham, Brockville ON - South Grenville District High School

Veronica White, Oakville ON - St. Thomas Aquinas Catholic Secondary

Chris Gaulin, Laval QC - Dawson College

Cynthia Ene, St. Romulaud QC - Champlain - St. Lawrence

Jessica Astle, Metis Beach QC - Dawson College

April Hubbard, Yarmouth County NS - Drumlin Heights Consolidated School

Jordan Sheriko, Wolfville NS - Horton High School

Angie Peters, Oromocto NB - Oromocto Senior High School

Roberta Maclean, Travellers Rest PE - Three Oaks Senior High School

Michael Godsell, Marystown NL - College of the North Atlantic

Colleen Connors, Corner Brook NL - Herdman Collegiate

Summer is upon us and I hope everyone has had a chance to go out and enjoy the lovely weather. This year we had an extremely high number of applications, many more than in previous years, making the selection process particularly difficult. However, we are very pleased to welcome 23 new recipients to our program and wish all of our recipients and alumni continued success your volunteer, academic and social endeavours.

The selection process is never easy. Countless hours are spent reading and re-reading each application form to create a 'shortlist' of high calibre candidates. Then, we call upon our alumni and graduates of the program to participate in Provincial Interview Committees to meet with potential candidates and gather information for the Selection Committee of the Board of Directors. These interview committees are very important as they become the 'eyes and ears' of the board and provide very valuable information in their final deliberations.

I would like to take this opportunity to say 'thank you' and give special recognition to those Terry Fox Alumni and Scholars who so generously provided their time and expertise in the interview process. Your kindness, dedication and effort and greatly appreciated :

Tammv Corness	Susan Elsinia	Jennifer Bizzarri	Aaron Marsaw	Vickie Martin
Jennifer Power	Marianne Hawkins	Daniel Heuman	Erika Burger	Tara Neal
Jane Jona	Sherrie Lvnv Svenson	Mateva Trinkaus	Anita MacPherson	Nadine DeRoche
Anaela Lander	Laurel Rose	Susan Christoffersen	Michelle Mahonev	Randy Oldfield
Lynette Stime	Stefanie Wiens	Sandra Gordon	Jana Chaffey	Brenda Arsenault

At this time of year, we also bid a fond farewell to graduating Terry Fox Scholars as they begin the next phase of their lives :

Laura Faulkner ('99)	Yashina Jiwa ('99)	Albertina Haerle ('99)	Jennifer Power ('98)
Kristi Hansen ('99)	Julie Rogers ('99)	Greg Harris ('98)	Luc Gallant ('99)
Tracey MacLean ('99)	Nicole Gerroir ('99)	Heather Mahar ('99)	Tim Adam Green ('99)
Cheryl Porter ('99)			

I hope that everyone connected with the program – our current recipients, graduates and alumni – all have a happy, healthy and relaxing summer. Please keep us informed of your activities, achievements and events.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE PROCRASTINATION... AND THE **incessant forwards...** AND THE FRIENDSHIPS... AND THE CALLS TO EACH OTHER COMPLAINING ABOUT **EVERYTHING!!** SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE phone calls to **old friends...** AND THE "I miss you"s, THE "I love you"s AND THE "**What are we doing tonight?**"s... AND SOMEWHERE BETWEEN ALL THE CHANGING, GROWING... SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE COMMITMENTS... (AND THE **IGNORING COMMITMENTS**)... AND THE STUDYING FOR EXAMS, AND THE PRETENDING TO STUDY FOR EXAMS... AND THE DOWNRIGHT **NOT STUDYING FOR EXAMS...** I FORGOT... I FORGOT WHAT **UNIVERSITY** IS ALL ABOUT. I FORGOT WHAT IT MEANT TO **CRY...** I FORGOT THAT **PRETENDING TO BE HAPPY DOESN'T MAKE YOU HAPPY...** AND THAT **PRETENDING TO BE SMART DOESN'T MAKE YOU SMART.....** I FORGOT THAT **YOU CAN'T CONTROL FALLING IN LOVE...** AND THAT YOU CAN'T MAKE YOURSELF FALL IN LOVE. I LEARNED THAT **I CAN LOVE...** I LEARNED IT'S OKAY TO MESS UP.... AND IT'S OKAY TO ASK FOR HELP..... AND IT'S OKAY TO FEEL LIKE CRAP... I LEARNED IT'S OKAY TO COMPLAIN AND WHINE TO ALL YOUR FRIENDS FOR A WHOLE DAY..... I LEARNED THAT SOMETIMES THE THINGS YOU WANT MOST **YOU JUST CAN'T HAVE.** I LEARNED THAT THE GREATEST THING ABOUT LIFE ISN'T THE **PARTIES** OR THE **DRINKING** OR THE **HOOK-UPS...** IT'S THE **FRIENDSHIPS**, WHICH MEANS **TAKING CHANCES.....** I LEARNED THAT SOMETIMES THE THINGS WE WANT TO FORGET ARE THE THINGS WE MOST NEED TO *talk about.....* I LEARNED THAT LETTERS FROM FRIENDS ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS. AND THAT SENDING CARDS TO YOUR FRIENDS MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER. **BUT, BASICALLY, I JUST LEARNED THAT MY FRIENDS...** Both **OLD** and **NEW.....** ARE **THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE TO ME IN THE WORLD.** AND WITHOUT THEM, I WOULDN'T BE WHO I AM TODAY... SO THIS IS A **THANK YOU** TO ALL OF MY FRIENDS.

By: ROBIN LLOYD

Submitted By: Jacqui Lukas

ON LIVING

Submitted by Sarah Blacker ('00)

I chose to submit one of my favourite poems by the Turkish poet Nazim Hikmet (1902-1963). I believe that this poem expresses the type of consciousness exemplified by Terry Fox and the dedicated recipients of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Awards in their humanitarian and community service work. The excerpt of this poem I chose to submit speaks of the notion of living for others, selflessness instead of selfishness, and the ability to perceive and work to fulfill the needs of others, even if these needs are foreign to one's own experience.

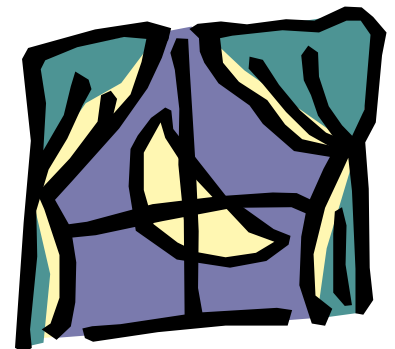
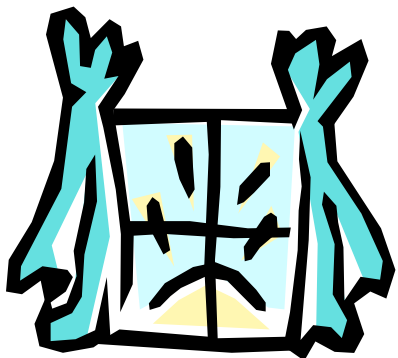
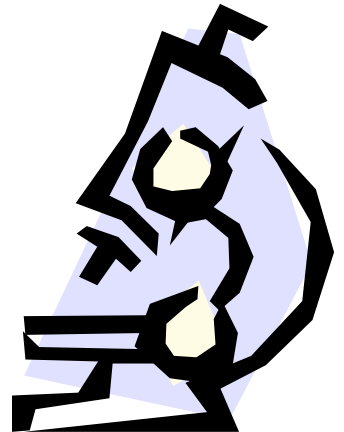
'On Living,' by Nazim Hikmet

*Living is no laughing matter:
you must live with great seriousness
like a squirrel, for example –
I mean without looking for something beyond and above
living,
I mean living must be your whole occupation*

*Living is no laughing matter:
you must take it seriously,
so much so and to such a degree
that, for example, your hands tied behind your back,
your back to the wall,
or else in a laboratory
in your white coat and safety glasses,
you can die for people –
even for people whose faces you've never seen,
even though you know living
is the most real, the most beautiful thing.*

*I mean, you must take living so seriously
that even at seventy, for example, you'll plant olive trees –
and not for your children, either,
but because although you fear death you don't believe it,
because living, I mean, weighs heavier.*

*Let's say we're in prison
and close to fifty,
and we have eighteen more years, say,
before the iron doors will open.
We'll still live with the outside,
with its people and animals, struggle and wind –
I mean with the outside beyond the walls.
I mean, however and wherever we are,
we must live as if we will never die.*



Meds 101

Terry Fox recipients derive personal satisfaction from performing humanitarian service by assisting those in need. So, it is not surprising that many scholars pursue careers in health care related fields. Last September, I set out to join the crowd by commencing medical school at the University of Western Ontario in London.

A major hurdle to overcome in attending medical school is the financial commitment - approximately \$15,000 per year (for four years). Living expenses, equipment and books approximately double that sum and there is not sufficient free time for jobs to adequately supplement ones income. Needless to say, I consider myself very fortunate to have received undergraduate funding from the Award Program, without which medical school might not have been financially possible.

Gaining acceptance to medical school gave me a sense of direction and commitment. As an undergraduate, I took courses from a variety of disciplines but obtaining admission placed me a more defined career path. Besides the renewed sense of purpose, there were a variety of challenges and surprises which awaited me.

On the first day of classes, the dean suggested that no one could possibly learn all there is to know about medicine. When we received our timetables we soon understood what he meant. 15 hours of class per week is usually standard for an undergraduate. Time spent in class and in the lab in medical school easily doubles that. More class means more material to master, and so it's not a big secret that you can expect to have your nose in the books, especially around the exam periods (we have four exam periods per year).



In first year we cover a lot of basic science - anatomy, physiology, pathology, biochemistry etc. To add some balance, we also devote about 1 day a week to clinical examination skills and patient centered learning. We sometimes go into the wards to apply what we've learnt and this is definitely an exciting part of the program. The year ends with an opportunity to explore rural medicine by spending a week in a small Ontario community.

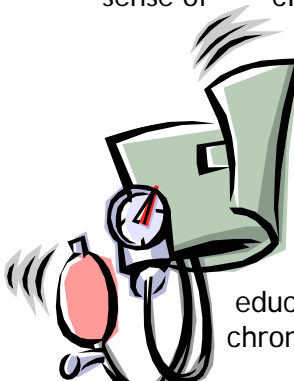
Spending so much time each day with the same group of people fosters a remarkable sense of class camaraderie. Coming from a large undergraduate university, I was pleasantly surprised at how quickly I made friends within the class. I was also amazed at the diversity of interests, backgrounds and talents that exist. There are varsity athletes, accomplished musicians, physicists, engineers and actors all in our class of 133. As in other walks of life some are also dealing with health challenges to themselves or close family, and some deal with personal physical, emotional or psychological challenges.

As first year medical students, we don't have the knowledge to directly help others medically. However, there are many opportunities for involvement ranging from educating young teens about sexuality and sexually transmitted diseases, to helping with chronic care for the aged.

For me, the most rewarding aspect of medical school is involvement in primary health care and the opportunity to touch lives and perhaps one day even save lives. Ultimately I hope that this will make the long hours poring over the books worthwhile.

Miller (00)

Saul



L'ergothérapie, une profession méconnue

- Salut, qu'est-ce que tu fais dans la vie?
- J'étudie en ergothérapie à l'Université de Montréal.
- Eh, ergothérapie ? C'est quoi ?
- Je me fais poser cette question si souvent! Donc par cet article, je souhaite faire connaître un peu plus cette profession des plus intéressante, mais méconnue du public : l'ergothérapie ou *occupational therapy*.

L'ergothérapeute fait partie de l'équipe multidisciplinaire de réadaptation dans le système de santé. Il œuvre auprès des gens qui vivent des situations de handicap dans leur vie quotidienne. Cet état peut être causé par une condition médicale soudaine, congénitale ou chronique. Nous traitons donc toute sorte de gens : ceux ayant subi une amputation, un accident vasculaire cérébral, une lésion de la moelle épinière, une lésion sévère de la main, une maladie de type Alzheimer, ou encore un trouble affectant l'intégrité de leur santé mentale comme une schizophrénie, un trouble bipolaire, un trouble obsessionnel compulsif, une dépression majeure ou de l'autisme. Au moment d'être référé à un ergothérapeute, ces gens éprouvent de la difficulté, variant d'une personne à l'autre, à faire leurs activités quotidiennes, comme par exemple se laver eux-mêmes, de se faire à manger, d'aller seul au marché. L'ergothérapeute tente donc de leur réapprendre à vivre avec leurs incapacités.



Mais quelle est la différence avec le physiothérapeute ou le psychologue ? Une autre question très populaire... Les ergothérapeutes sont formés pour avoir une très bonne connaissance du corps et de l'esprit humain, mais surtout de l'activité humaine. L'activité est à la base de notre société, chaque être humain se définissant par ses occupations et son métier. L'analyse de l'activité est au cœur de la pratique ergothérapique, et c'est ce qui fait notre spécificité. En effet, une analyse de l'activité permet de cerner les capacités qu'une personne doit posséder pour pratiquer cette activité. Si une personne ne les possède pas, et que cette activité est significative pour elle, il est possible de travailler avec elle pour tenter d'obtenir les capacités manquantes ou alors de compenser l'incapacité au moyen d'aides techniques. Cette activité peut aller de brosser ses dents seule à reprendre son travail de boulangère par exemple. En fonction des désirs et des besoins de la personne, on peut travailler en collaboration avec toute l'équipe de réadaptation pour augmenter les amplitudes articulaires, les aptitudes à la communication ou la planification pour effectuer l'activité de façon sécuritaire. Les traitements se font à partir d'activités ayant des objectifs précis. Ce qui est intéressant, c'est que l'activité permet à la personne de se changer les idées tout en étant en traitement actif. Une étude a démontré qu'avec la motivation, donc l'utilisation de l'activité significative, on pouvait augmenter de 20% l'efficacité du traitement.



Lorsqu'on travaille avec des humains, la personne doit être centrale dans notre intervention. Chaque personne voit ses incapacités affecter différemment sa qualité de vie et c'est en le scrutant qu'on intervient dans l'essence même de la personne. Ne travaillant pas avec des protocoles précis pour une pathologie particulière, il ne s'agit pas d'un malade atteint d'une maladie précise qui se présente devant nous, c'est Monsieur ou Madame X avec ses habitudes, ses valeurs et ses buts qui lui sont personnels.

L'ergothérapie me donne l'impression d'aider vraiment des gens, et à l'image de Terry Fox, je sens que je permets à ces personnes de rêver, ou plutôt, anticiper des jours meilleurs.

Mathieu Carignan (00)

Music is certainly an integral part of most people's lives. Whether listening or playing, music brings out emotions we cannot express otherwise. I recently had the opportunity of seeing the effect of music on geriatric patients at the hospital and was blown away by the change. While the sound of jazz and oldies filled the room, it seemed to briefly dissolve the health and emotional problems with which they were fighting. Even the most pessimistic patient, who is convinced that he is going to die within a day, could be seen singing along and tapping his feet. Everyone working was taken aback by the change that had occurred under music's spell. The experience reminded me of what it was like to be at the Terry Fox run -- while some of the runners were battling diseases, they were still putting up a fight, raising money for their cure, under the same optimistic sound of music.

Shayna Zamkane (01)



Kara, the teacher: Submitted by David Antle (01)

The value of volunteer work to the individual who is volunteering is often overlooked. Many people assume the greatest benefits in the volunteer-patient relationship go to the patient. However, I do not believe this is so.

I have been volunteering at a with an organization known as Ronald McDonald House, which offers accommodation to families with very ill children with diseases such as cancer. While at the house the children in these families are often going through a lot of painful and stressful treatments at the hospital, yet many of them still seem so bright and happy while at the house.

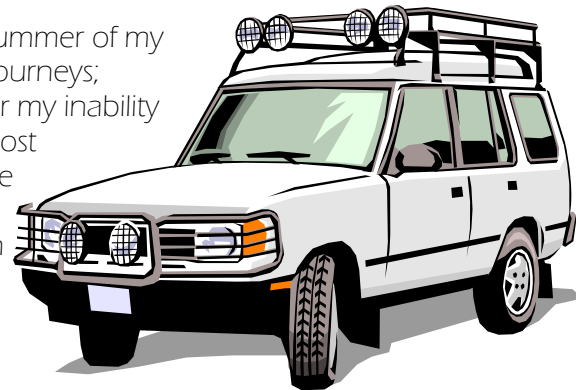
There was one very special case, a little girl staying at the house who had been going through chemotherapy treatments for several weeks. She had unfortunately lost her hair and needed to take several injections a day as a result of the treatment. Under these circumstances you could expect the girl to be very unhappy and unsociable. However, she was the brightest little girl I have ever met. She immediately looked for other children to play with, and in the case that there wasn't she looked for a volunteer to entertain her.

On my weekly Sunday shift I had the pleasure of working with the little girl, whose name was Kara, and played lots of games with her. All the things we did together over several weeks, some would say I must have taught her a lot, but she taught me more than I could ever teach her: She taught me that no matter what is wrong in your life, you can still be happy and try to enjoy life. Despite the hardships of cancer she persevered to live the life she wanted, much like Terry did.

I pondered how people could be so negative in life because of their problems; Kara was able to overcome hers. Take university students for instance; we complain about workloads, social life's, sports, and other life situations not nearly as critical as cancer and often complain. University student's problems are so insignificant compared to Kara's, yet we often complain and become unhappy. We should take a lesson from Kara, I have.

It is my mission, should I choose to accept it, to get my driver's license this summer even if I have to walk through the fiery pit that is known as ICBC to do so. Before anyone should come to the conclusion that I am a complete halfwit as I do not yet have my novice license despite the fact I am going into my second year of university, let me explain.

I did manage to succeed in earning my learner's license in the summer of my grade eleven year and proceeded to embark on that most splendid of journeys; learning how to drive with my parents. I am not blaming my parents for my inability to capture the coveted "N", but since the driving thing was the single most traumatic experience we have shared in our lives, and I am including the forty plus major surgeries I have had since the time I was born, this is significant. The scary aspect about getting behind the wheel of a "high powered vehicle" is the abrupt change in personality one seems to suffer. You are possessed by a brash and cocky air that is both unbecoming and insanely annoying and feel as though nothing in the



universe has the power to harm you and your 1985 vintage Toyota. My parents endured a slightly different personality change when dealing with me as driver which I personally found very intriguing. My mother is a nurse and my father is an R.C.M.P. officer and they routinely encounter life and death situations, all the while conveying a calm and collected aura. This composure in the face of danger and stress apparently does not apply to teaching your progeny how to drive.

I still have nightmares about my mother screaming "BRAAAKE!!!" at regular two minute intervals. At times her cries became so high pitched that only dogs could pick them up. My dad just seemed to become unnervingly silent; horrified beyond the capacity for rational discourse, his only reaction the sweaty indents he left on the car's dashboard.

Let's you think my parents are the only obstacle in my way to achieving my goal, there are several other factors that come into play. First of all, I use hand controls, which according to ICBC is an oddity in the Greater Victoria area, actually on the entire island. Eventually I found a place that was qualified to teach young drivers education and was familiar with hand controls. My instructor, to my great relief, is far less hysterical than my parents.

The second and by far the most heinous of my encumbrances, is my neck brace which I must wear at all times in the car. I have had two cervical fusions and decompressions and have titanium rods running the length of my cervical spine. As my bone growth is about as slow as my ability to get my driver's license I wear this brace for safety purposes. Normally, I would consider this a neat safety feature to prevent whiplash, but I cannot tell you how impossible it is to do shoulder checks when you cannot turn your head at all. To rectify this matter, we installed numerous and various kinds of mirrors on the car so I could get a 360 degree view of my surroundings. The arrangement may not be pretty (the car resembles a circus fun house) but it is nonetheless very effective. ICBC, to my chagrin does not share my enthusiasm for mirrors and still wants me to be able to do shoulder checks and back up sans secondary means.



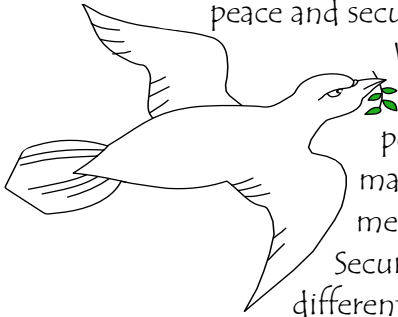
After reading all of this you are probably asking yourself how does she intend to foil ICBC's evil plot to thwart her every move to attain the "N"? I am going to wear them down! They will become so sick of peering down at me over their counters and will exhaust their human resources (the poor instructors that must be in the car with me), so they will have no choice but to give in to my demands and grant me that green letter I so richly deserve.

Honestly, I am a very safe driver, if I may blow my own horn (pun intended). I have been driving for three years now with company. In fact my parents can actually sleep beside me while I am driving, they are that relaxed, or maybe sedated, I haven't thought to ask. The only mishap I have endured was a mild altercation with a yellow pole outside a Starbucks. The car needed painting anyhow so I just sped up the timeline a little.

If all goes according to plan, by September I should be driving solo. So when you pass a shiny rose-beige vintage Toyota with a small, very upright person behind the wheel beep your horn and wave; I've won!!

For this Golden Thread submission, I decided to write a reflection to inspire thought in regards to current trends and issues. My work was screened and corrected by a graduate of history and political science, so that I express myself using the correct terminology and being as non-judgmental as possible. Enjoy!

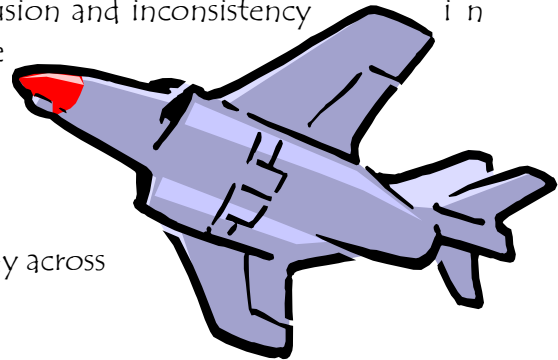
Recent events in the world have incited much discussion of peace and security amongst the many people I encounter in my daily life. What has repeatedly caught my attention is that in each instance the desire for these two conditions seems to be unanimous, despite the differences in meaning and methods in which to attain them. This has led me to question what is it that we truly mean when we speak of peace and security.



With regards to peace, it seems that in each instance the reference is made to a situation in which ones finds itself in the absence of war. Thus, from the outset peace lacks any substance on its own. Hence there are no fixed properties or markers that highlight this condition. Peace is defined 'negatively', by deriving its meaning from the 'lack' of those traits which define a condition of war.

Security is a similarly ambiguous condition. In each instance security is defined differently. Moreover, the matter which presents a danger to our security is also ambiguous, ranging from states (like Iraq) to diseases (like SARS). When people discuss the concept of security I notice that they are neither consistent about whom or what is to be secure, nor what constitutes threat.

This leads me to conclude that there are very unclear concepts about peace and security and that this lack of clarity has, and is leading to a great deal of confusion and paranoia in both the social and political worlds. On the surface it seems all are in agreement that peace and security are desirable conditions, but beneath this superficial consensus is a web of confusion and inconsistency in meaning. I think we should be making clear what we mean by peace and security before we engage in their pursuit; especially when we hold these conditions up (along with freedom) as the 'noble justifications' for our actions.



After all, if peace, security and freedom can justify the deaths of hundreds (perhaps thousands) of innocent civilians half way across

We tend to take things for granted and hold things off for another day. In the past few years, I've learned that you never know what you have until it's gone. If you love someone, if someone brightens your day, if you look up to someone, tell him or her. Just a few words could mean nothing for you to say, but could mean the world to whomever you said them to. This quote is one of my favourites and I hope you all take it into consideration.

Sarah Foley (02)

*"If you were going to die, and you could only make one phone call,
Who would you call and what would you say?
And why are you waiting?"*

I found this poem a couple of months after my father passed away. It has since become one of my favourites as well as the rest of my family. It has a message that we should all learn to live by. We must live each day to the fullest, remembering that it could be our last.

Jody McLaren (02)

The Dash
By: Linda M. Ellis

*I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on her tombstone
From the beginning - to the end.*

*He noted that first came the date of her birth
And spoke of the following date with tears
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years.*

*For the dash represents all the time
That she spent alive on earth...
And now only those who loved her
Know what that little line is worth.*

*For it matters not how much we own:
The cars... the house... the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.*

*So think about this long and hard
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left,
(You could be at "dash mid-range.")*

*If we could just slow down enough
To consider what's true and real,
And always try to understand
The way other people feel.*

*And be less quick to anger
And show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives
Like we've never loved before.*

*If we treat each other with respect,
And more often wear a smile...
Remembering that this special dash
Might only last a little while*

*So, when your eulogy's being read
With your life actions to rehash...
Would you be proud of the things they say
About how you spent your dash?*



Viet Nam

December 15, 2002 was my first time returning back the Viet Name after 13 years. I left Viet Nam as thousands of Vietnamese did without any regard to the dangers represented by coastguards, storms, pirates and sharks, all in hope that I would be united with my parents in Canada as they fled the country earlier from the poverty stricken conditions after the war. When I left Viet Nam I brought with me a memory of beautiful countryside, lush rice fields untouched by the material world. I remembered that my village was very poor but the people were hard workers, and were a tightly knit community. I was very young when I lived in Viet Nam so I don't know any other places other than my village, and my village was a place where there was no such thing as drugs of diseases such as HIV and AIDS. My village did not have nightclubs or any drinking establishments; it was a place where people had to work hard in the rice fields or fish in the oceans day after day to survive. Although my parents told me that "the village had changes, due to relatives overseas sending money home and people now can afford to build two-story houses, and the economic conditions is better than when we were there," but the changes I was about to see terrified me.



I stepped out from the airport looking at these four men; they looked familiar, but not as I remembered them, then realized they were my grandfather, two uncles, and my little brother waving and calling my name. Despite that, I still couldn't believe that I was actually there. There was a moment of silence and tears ran down my grandfather's and my cheeks. As we sat waiting for our taxi, I then realized that I was in Viet Nam and I was on my way to see other relatives. My plan was to spend as much time with my grandparents as possible, and the rest would be reserved for my brother, since he was the reason I came back. I worried about him for years, and there is not a day that goes by that I don't think about him. I knew he had changes, and our relationship would not and could not be the same because we grew up in two very different worlds. However, I expected to do many fun activities with my brother and I wanted to share many experiences of joy and sadness with him. I wanted to connect with him, to make up for the time we'd lost. I wanted and assumed that he would want to do the same thing, and I had many fantasies of how it would be just like when we were little.

A week later, I had visited every relative in the village and shared the same bed with my grandparents, just like when I was little. During that time, my grandparents informed me of things I should be aware of about my brother. I still did not believe them, and had to see it for myself. This was the same problem that my parents had tried to warn me of before my visit to Viet Nam, and it had me worried for months. It had kept me awake nights, because I simply didn't believe them. The told me that my brother had become a drug addict and he may have already contracted HIV. I couldn't believe this, because my brother is the smart one and the obedient one, and he's such a strong person that there is no way that he could have fallen victim to this epidemic. I had read articles from various places stating that the AIDS epidemic is growing in Asia, and countries like Viet Nam have been his especially hard. In certain areas of Viet Nam. 80% of the youth between 16 to 30 have the AIDS virus, whereas other areas the statistics are unknown.



What I had read in those articles had become the reality, and my brother is one of the statistics. My village and its people are forever altered from my memory. My village now has more drinking establishments and Karaoke bars than it has temples. There are larger homes, yet there are more homeless people. I rarely saw girls wearing 'ao dai' but rather Nike t-shirts and jeans. Women no longer wore the soft flower design scarves to cover their face from the sun, but now they use a funky design bandana. Teenagers no longer help their parents in the rice fields, but are mostly drug addicts and would rather spend time in a Karaoke bar. Most parents, the ones that relatives overseas, no longer work in the rice fields because they receive money from their relatives and can afford to buy their own rice. Viet Nam and my village had become a strange place to me. I admitted my brother to a detox centre, and two weeks later he was released and returned to my village. My brother cannot escape the norm of the village and has chosen to use drugs again. All I can do now is become involved in organizations such as the Asian Society for the intervention of AIDS and stay informed on the issue; a typical western reaction. If any of you have any suggestions on how to help, or good programs or detox centres in Viet Nam, please let me know.

Thao Nguyen (00)
thaonguyen_js@hotmail.com

Well what can I say? I have finally finished my first year of college, and I'm happy to say I passed with flying colours. I have accumulated so many memories that will last a lifetime. I hope all of you have had a wonderful year and have also gained as many memories as I have. Have you often wondered that if you were to leave today, whom would you miss the most? Well, I often think about that question, and the person I would miss most is my best friend Christina Zurba. I know a lot of people would miss family members or spouses, but for me it's my best friend.

At the start of the year I wasn't doing so well; I was worrying a lot, thinking that I had no place on the earth and that no one loved me. Well, being my best friend, she picked up on the cues and tried to comfort me in all the ways possible. I can never seem to hide anything from her, no matter how big or small. She has been with me through thick and thin, through the good times and bad (and boy have there been many bad times). I can't see my life without my best friend. She is in a way my soul mate, someone that I can go to for everything. Advice is plentiful when she's giving it, emotions flow freely when talking to one another and there are always a lot of laughs that go along with the sad times.

Often in life, there are people you come into contact, where you know right off the bat that they will be part of your life forever. When I met Christina I knew right away that she would be around for a long, long time. I have lost a lot of people in my life, but nothing would compare to losing my best friend.

I hope that everyone had a good year, and are now making plans for the summer. Hope the school year was fun and rewarding, and best wishes to everyone.

Rebecca Dolton (02)



TOP THREE THINGS YOU WILL ONLY SEE IN NEW YORK

EARLIER THIS YEAR I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO TRAVEL DOWN TO THE ENORMOUS CITY OF NEW YORK. ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE CITIES I HAVE SEEN! YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THERE. IT IS EXTREMELY OVERWHELMING, AND VERY EXCITING. IT IS TRUE, BY THE WAY, WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT NEW YORK TAXIS. IF YOU'RE EVER IN NEW YORK, NEVER, AND I MEAN NEVER TAKE A TAXI, UNLESS YOU WANT A HEART ATTACK! THEY'RE CRAZY! WHILE I WAS DOWN IN THE STATES, I MADE A LITTLE LIST OF THE TOP THREE THINGS YOU WILL ONLY SEE IN NEW YORK.

3. SIGNS THAT SAY "NO HONKING ZONE" IN RESIDENTIAL AREAS. WHO NEEDS TO HONK THEIR HORN DRIVING DOWN A LITTLE SIDE ROAD?

2. PARKING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. IF THERE ARE NO PARKING SPACES AVAILABLE, PEOPLE WILL PARK RIGHT IN FRONT OF ANOTHER CAR OR JUST STOP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD AND GET OUT... IF YOU DID THAT HERE IN CANADA YOUR CAR WOULD BE TOWED IN FIVE MINUTES.

AND THE NUMBER ONE THING THAT YOU WILL ONLY SEE IN NEW YORK... THIS JUST MADE ME LAUGH...

1. SIGNS THAT SAY "PLEASE YIELD TO PEDESTRIANS ON CROSSWALKS"... DO THEY NOT GET THE IDEA FROM THE CROSSWALK SIGNS?

SO THAT'S MY LIST. SOME OF YOU MAY NOT AGREE WITH ME, BUT THESE WERE THE THREE THINGS THAT I THOUGHT WERE ABSOLUTELY CRAZY WHEN I WAS THERE. BESIDES THE TAXIS AND THE ODD PARKING, I HIGHLY RECOMMEND THOSE WHO HAVE



Well, time has gone by fast. I've certainly learned a lot about myself and life in general by attending Bishop's University for the last four years. Next year, I am happy to return again to Bishop's to complete my two degrees. I have decided to include the following story, from the book "God's Little Devotional for Graduates," for it illustrates what I believe: that nothing is unreachable. If you want it bad enough, and work hard for it, you will in time be able to obtain it.

"A young man who was discerned about the uncertainty of his future and in a quandary as to which direction to take with his life, sat in a park, watching squirrels scamper among the trees. Suddenly, a squirrel jumped from one high tree to another. It appeared to be aiming for a limb so far out of reach that the leap looked like suicide. As the young man had anticipated, the squirrel missed its mark-but it landed, safe and unconcerned, on a branch several feet lower. Then it climbed to its goal and all was well.



An old man sitting on the other end of the bench occupied by the young man, remarked, "Funny, I've seen hundreds of 'em jump like that, especially when there are dogs around and they can't come down to the ground. A lot of 'em miss, but I've never seen any hurt in trying." Then he chuckled and added, "I guess they've got to risk it if they don't want to spend their lives in one tree."

The young man thought, A squirrel takes a chance- have I less nerve than a squirrel? He made up his mind in that moment to take the risk he had been thinking about...and sure enough, he landed safely, in a position higher than he had even dared to imagine."

Some risks are worth it. Strive and achieve. I would like to thank the Terry Fox Humanitarian Program, fellow Terry Fox recipients, friends and family for all their support throughout the years. Good luck to all.

Cheryl Porter (99)

*To laugh is to risk appearing a fool
To weep is to risk appearing sentimental
To reach out for another is to risk involvement
To expose feelings is to risk rejection
To place your dreams before the crowd is to risk ridicule
To love is to risk not being loved in return
To go forward in the face of overwhelming odds is to
risk failure
But risk must be taken because the greatest hazard in
life is to risk nothing at all
The person who risks nothing at all, does nothing,
has nothing, is nothing
He may avoid suffering and sorrow, but he cannot
learn, feel, change, grow or love
Chained by his certitudes, he is a slave
He has forfeited his freedom
Only a person who takes risks is free*



Submitted by Nicholas Hardy (01)

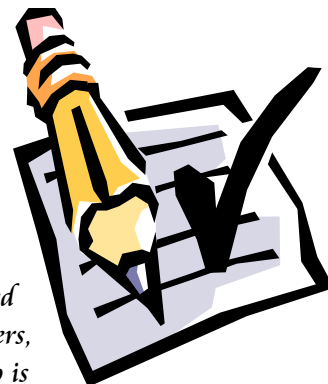
As I write this, I fondly look back over my first year at UCC. I stopped to ponder what I have learned this year, and I am once again reminded that the most significant lessons that we learn in life are not those studied for a course. I encountered a story that reminded me of this very thought, and since it made an impact on me, I thought that I would share this with each of you.

The Most Important Lesson

During my second month of nursing school, our professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions, until I read the last one: "What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?" Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark-haired and in her 50s, but how would I know her name?

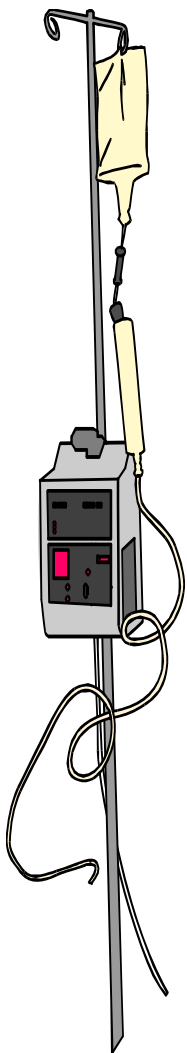
I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank. Just before class ended, one student asked if the last question would count towards our quiz grade. "Absolutely," said the professor. "In your careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say 'hello'."

I've never forgotten that lesson. I also learned that her name was Dorothy.



The Fight For My Life By Brad Pennington (02)

It was only a few years ago when I was told that I was going to die. They said the odds were very small in favour of me surviving cancer. I was told that I wouldn't even be able to walk, let alone live to see my 18th birthday. Today I'm 20 looking towards my 21st birthday this July, coupled with my third full cancer-free and tumor-free year. The cancer I had came in the form of a malignant germ cell brain tumor, which, at the time, was considered very rare. To make things even worse, the tumor was sitting on my brain on the back of my head near the spinal cord. When the tumor started to bleed, I went into emergency surgery where I spoke to the doctors as they sawed my head open in order to remove that thing in my head. We were told that 98-99% of the tumor was removed and that they wanted to hold me for observation before I left. After a few months, the tumor reseeded, and this time embedded in my brain, eventually travelling half way down my spine and carrying the cancer with it. It was at this stage where I was given my odds and almost all hope seemed to fade away with surgery after life-threatening surgery. In my year and a half battle, I endured 36 surgeries and a double team of chemotherapy and radiation therapy. After leaving the hospital, life has steadily improved. I'm getting back into the shape I used to be in before I got sick, and I'm basically 100% recovered both physically and mentally. I will never forget my bout with cancer, the many friends who visited me in my weakest days, the new friends I've made, and all the people who supported me who gave me a huge reason to fight my hardest in order to survive and be with them today. It has been a long time since the road of life has looked so good, and now that I'm back on it, I will treasure every moment that leads me to my future.



In Memory of Christian

On one evening in March 1993, our grade 3 class experienced a very traumatic experience when one of our fellow classmates had a terrible accident while out playing with some friends. Then the following day we came to school to only learn of the tragic death of our friend Christian.



Little did we know we would lose a bright smiling face from our graduating class. This is the dedication that I have written on behalf of the 2002 graduating class in Christian's Honor.

“On March 29, 1993, it was unfortunate that we lost our fellow classmate, Christian Morris, due to an accident. Christian would have been a member of our graduating class. Even though he can't be here with us tonight, upon this stage. There is a spot for him up here in our hearts on this stage tonight. Christian is our guardian angel that has helped us reach our dreams and goals so far. Christian will always be remembered and never forgotten.”

Keith Torrey (02)

One of the most valuable experiences an individual can have is to essentially “walk in another person's shoes.” We are all born into different circumstances, which shape who we are in the present and determine the decisions we make in the future. However, since all of us follow a unique path, it is difficult to truly understand the life of another; to grasp the source of their motivations, most inner desires, and dreams.

When I began to volunteer with the Children's Aid Society this past October, I didn't know what to expect. The only previous knowledge I had regarding the agency was through mainly television shows and movies - not the most realistic view. However, I quickly discovered that my duty was to “walk in another's shoes.” I had to see the world through a child's eyes; a child who had neglected, abused and hurt. Though my own childhood was difficult at times, I couldn't begin to understand the emotions and thoughts of another individual who had ex

perienced so much in in such a short time.

As the months went by, I was amazed at how much more in tune I was with the emotions of the children I worked with. It became evident when they were uncomfortable, upset, or overjoyed. Through their continuous displays of emotion, the children allowed me to experience what it was like to live a moment in their young lives. I doubt that anyone could ever feel the same emotions or think the same thoughts as another, but volunteering with the Children's Aid has allowed me to be more aware and thus more sympathetic with an individual less fortunate than myself. As I see the lives of these children, I'm thankful for the childhood I was able to have and am inspired to help them get a second chance at the life they deserve.



Have you ever grieved for a long period of time for someone who has passed? If so, this poem is for you. I read this poem at my youth pastor's wife's funeral and it made me feel a lot better. For you who read this and have lost someone, I hope it does for you what it did for me.

If Tomorrow Starts Without Me...
(Author Unknown)

*If tomorrow starts without me,
And I'm not there to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
All filled with tears for me;
I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today,
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say.
I know how much you love me,
As much as I love you,
And each time that you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too;
But when tomorrow starts without me,
Please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name
And took me by the hand,
And said my place was ready,
In heaven far above,
And that I'd have to leave behind
All those I dearly love.
But as I turned to walk away,
A tear fell from my eye,
For all my life, I'd always thought
I didn't want to die.
So much left yet to do,
I seemed almost impossible,
That I was leaving you.
I thought of all the yesterdays,
The good ones and the bad,
The thought of all the love we shared
And all the fun we had
If I could relive yesterday
Just even for a while*



*I'd say good-bye and kiss you
And maybe see you smile.
But then I fully realized,
That this could never be,
For emptiness and memories,
Would take the place of me.
And when I thought of worldly things,
I might miss come tomorrow,
I thought of you, and when I did,
My heart was filled with sorrow.
But when I walked through heaven's gate,
I felt so much at home.
When God looked down and smiled at me,
From His great golden throne,
He said, "This is eternity,
And all I've promised you."
Today your life on earth is past,
But here life starts anew
I promise no tomorrow,
But today will always last,
And since each day's the same way
There's no longing for the past.
You have been so faithful,
So trusting and so true.
Though there were times
You did some things
You knew you shouldn't do.
But you have been forgiven
And now at last you're free.
So won't you come and take my hand
And share my life with me?
So when tomorrow starts without me,
Don't think we're far apart,
For every time you think of me,
I'm right here, in your heart.*

I hope you enjoyed this poem, and I hope if you are grieving for someone, it is a little bit easier now. Take care everyone and good luck in your schooling.

Rebecca Dolton (02)

Where are they Now?

Throughout the last 22 years of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program, we've had well over 700 students come through our program, many of whom have gone on to bigger and better things. However, 22 years is a long time and, as often happens, we've lost touch with many of the alumni of our program. Since we're coming close to the 25th anniversary of the program, we'd very much like to track down some of the alumni who have fallen through the cracks. If you have any information on any of the alumni listed below, please send us any information you have, or have them get in touch with us.

Affolder, Natasha	Fernandes, Jude	Lane, Deanna	McNally, Catherine	Skublics, Ken
Baunemann, Christine	Fillingham, Ann	Lavallee, Micheline	McNamara, Jeffrey	Smart, Gaylene
Beauchesne, Audric	Flynn, Mark	Lawless, Bernard	McRae, David	Smith, R. Les
Billingsley, Jason	Ganovsky, Nancy	Lazar, Cynthia	Moore, Charlene	Spence, Carolyn D.
Burdeniuk, David	Grange, Jeffrey	LeMay, Adrienne	Murray, Mona Lisa	Stewart, Jesse
Cameron, Donna	Gregoire, Daniel	Lepage, Sébastien	Normandin, Chantal	Straforelli, Philippe
Cassidy, Heather	Groves, Tina	Lindsay, Laura-Jean	O'Donnell, John K.	Suri, Rakesh
Ciona, Christine	Hagan, Mark	Luke, Cynthia	O'Neill, Kiley	Thompson, Elisabeth
Convey, Terri-Lynn	Hawkins, Laura	MacDonald, H.	Oke, Catherine M.	Thompson, Katherine
Crawford, Ronald	Hayden, Michael	Karieanne	Penney, Scott	Thompson-Goodman, Krista
Crummey, Stephen	Henderson, Cory	MacGillivray, Catherine A.	Pepperett, Dorie	Tompson, Trevor
De Bruijn, Sigurd	Herbert, John	MacKenzie, Leesa	Rogers, Shannon	Travers-Smith, Laurel Ann
Decelles, Chantal	Hicks, Alexandra M.	MacMillan-Baker, Wanda	Ross, Alan	Villeneuve, Jean
Depocas, Renee	Hollohan, Kirk	MacPherson, Darcy	Rush, James	Waite, Sandra
Derouaux, Karin	Howse, Corey	Mailhot, Louise	Savage, Martha	Wessels, Robyn
Diakogeorgiou, John	Jacobsen, Darlene	Malo, Farren L.	Seguin-Giroux, Wendy	White, Andrea
Dion, Marie Claude	Jarry, Anne	McCaw, Sarah Dianne	Sheedy, Colin	Wilkins, Krista
Doucet, Claire B.	Keough, Gaylene	McDonald, Heather	Sheppard, Sarah	Wilson, Donald
Duchaine, Martin	Kicia, Kenneth	McIntyre, Faith	Siegle-Asbil, Tracie	Wiseman, Roxanne
Dueck, Gaylene	Kitchen, Norman	McLaughlin, Patrick G.	Sheppard, Sarah	Zinck, Beverly
Elash, Anita	Koski, Lisa	McLoughlin, John	Siegle-Asbil, Tracie	
Engler, Karyn M.	Krasowski, Shannon	Grant	Simand, Harriet J.	
Faust, Christine	Lambert, Peter			
Fenton, Robert				

DON'T FORGET TO SEND US YOUR TRANSCRIPTS (JULY 4TH)

CONFIRMATION OF REGISTRATION (SEPTEMBER 15TH)

AND SUMMER QUESTIONNAIRE (NOVEMBER 3RD)

THE TERRY FOX RUN IS SEPTEMBER 14TH

N'OUBLIEZ PAS DE NOUS ENVOYER VOTRE RELEVÉ DE NOTES OFFICIEL (9 JUILLET)

CONFIRMATION D'ENREGISTREMENT (15 SEPTEMBRE)

ET QUESTIONNAIRE D'ÉTÉ (3E NOVEMBRE)

LA COURSE TERRY FOX EST LE 14 SEPTEMBRE

Although your heart is hurting
And you feel you can't go on
Know in that very moment
Your loved one wasn't alone
For God was there beside them
Holding onto their hand
As the time drew nearer
For them to leave this land
He held them close and whispered
"My child, your time is now"
But how will my loved ones go on?
He whispered, "I will show them how.
I will give them strength and love
And comfort in the night
I will fill their hearts with peace
Knowing you had wings as you took flight
You no longer walk amongst them
For now you fly above
With all my Heavenly angels
Spreading ever lasting and eternal love"
(Author Unknown)

This is a poem I had sent to me when I lost my childhood best friend. It brought comfort into my life, knowing she was with God and was watching over me.

Brianna Vandeweghe (02)



"Ode to my home"

There once was a girl from the west
Whose time had come to leave the nest
She got in her car
And drove very far
Without even taking a rest

The year at Queen's flew by too fast
April exams are in the past
Wrote this little ode
While driving on the road
To my Saskatchewan at last

Darla Kalenchuk (01)

Simplicity

The wind - a glance,
The waves - a shrug,
The world is turning around us.

The stars - a smile,
The sun - a dance,
The world is turning with us.

The moon - a touch,
The mountains - a kiss,
The world is turning for us

Jessica Tuomela (02)

Hello all

Just wanted to let you know I'm doing great. I've gotten through two years of my degree and I'm looking forward to my third but if I've learned anything it is to appreciate summer!!!

Enjoy the season everyone and be safe. I wrote this not too long ago, hope you enjoy it. :)

The Little Things

The little things, they truly are the best
They make life worth living, they put you to the test
They make you laugh and they make you smile
But the bad one always seem to form a pile
They can bring you down and put you out
They can make you cry or even shout
These little things they are quite the problem
But taking it day by day will definitely solve them
So keep your head up and remember to look back
Remember the great day you ate 23 Big Mac's
Be open and honest to the the people you meet
They may just become the friends you keep
These friends may be many or they may be few
But their little things will continually mold you
So enjoy the company of friends, until the day is done
Don't worry about the little things, relax, and have some fun

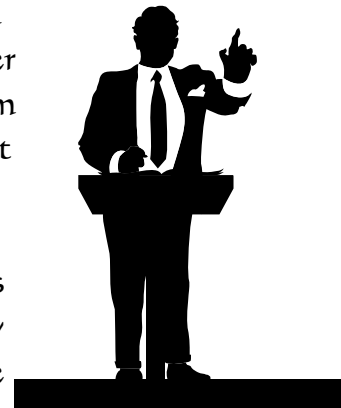
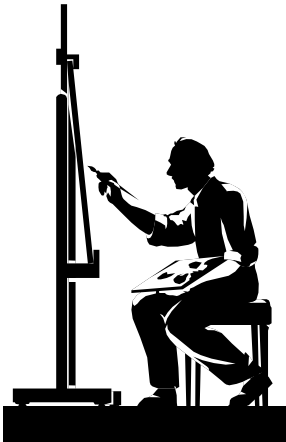
Glen Robertson (01)

ENRICHING THOUGHTS

Submitted by Shainur Premji (01)

The most destructive habit Worry
The greatest joy Giving
The greatest loss Loss of self-respect
The most satisfying work Helping others
The ugliest personality trait..... Selfishness
The most endangered species Dedicated leaders
Our greatest natural resource..... Our youth
The greatest "shot in the arm"..... Encouragement
The greatest problem to overcome..... Fear
The most effective sleeping pill..... Peace of mind
The most crippling failure disease..... Excuses
The most powerful force in life..... Love
The most dangerous pariah A gossip
The world's most incredible computer The brain
The worst thing to be without Hope
The deadliest weapon The tongue
The two most power-filled words "I Can"
The greatest asset..... Faith
The most worthless emotion..... Self-pity
The most beautiful attire..... SMILE!
The most prized possession..... Self esteem
The most powerful channel of communication.. Prayer
The most contagious spirit..... Enthusiasm
The greatest fortune..... Contentment
The greatest asset..... Health
The meanest action..... Revenge
The cheapest trait..... Miserliness
The most powerful action..... Charity
The most obnoxious disease..... Arrogance
The lowest of the low..... Pride
The deepest intoxicator Power
The highest coverer of defects..... Wealth
The most unpredictable..... Customer
The crown of greatness..... Forgiveness
The greatest sin..... Not believing in God.

The most



INSPIRATIONS & THANKS

By Kelly Sheppard (nee: Whalen) 1995

As we journey down life's long and sometimes rough path, we come across people who make a difference in our lives. It may not be something truly remarkable, but the little things that make the impact. I am writing this note to recognize, thank, and commend these individuals, and given them an idea of the difference they have made in my life.

Eight years ago, in June of 1995, I graduated high school at Jackson-Walsh Memorial High in Western Bay, Newfoundland. Throughout my years in school, each and every staff member was extremely understanding, helpful, and encouraging; but one special person towered above the rest. Mr David Bishop was the guidance counselor at our school at that time, and was the most caring and dedicated person I have ever met. He would not only help me, and the rest of the school with any problems that may have been encountered, but was also a good friend and provided encouragement every step of the way. For me, Mr Bishop helped me to realize that in the face of adversity, I still can succeed, and was a tremendous support especially with helping and encouraging me to apply for and ultimately receive the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award. Mr Bishop, along with the rest of the staff at Jackson-Walsh, were, and still are truly remarkable people, and I would like to let each and every one of them know of the lasting impression that they have made on me and my goals in life. Thank You!

Apart from the very important individuals at my school that helped shape my dreams and goals, there are another group of individuals who have made a huge, and possibly the biggest impact on my life - my family and friends. Throughout my life, my parents have continued to support and encourage me to pursue whatever dream and goal I may have made. Although there were times I may have wanted to give up, they stood behind me and encouraged me in the decisions I made. Thank You!



Apart from my parents there is one special individual with whom I live and share my life. Three years ago, I met and married the most wonderful man. Not only did he stand by me, and love me for the individual that I was, but encouraged me (and often times did a little pushing) to become the individual that I could be, and for this, truly grateful. Thank You!

There are a few special friends who stand out above the rest, who have encouraged and cared for me throughout my life, and then there are some "new" friends who I have met recently that have also made a difference, and continue to do so. These special and new friends have made such an impact through everything they do - from the long "heart-to-heart discussions" of lifelong friends, to the supportive and encouraging "chats" of special social work classmates. Although they may not have done anything extraordinary or truly special, as the saying goes, "it's the little things that count", and it's these little things that have truly made the difference and I will remember each and every friend forever. Thank You!

In addition to my wonderful family and friends, there is a team of individuals whom I have come to know as my "second family". At the age of 3 when I was diagnosed with Cystic Fibrosis, a very special, caring, dedicated and supportive team of individuals came into my life. The Cystic Fibrosis team at the children's hospital have always encouraged me, in spite of the adversities that I may face, to pursue whatever dreams I may have. Although I am not a patient of the children's hospital anymore, to this day, I still receive the encouragement and support to fulfill my lifelong goals. For this encouragement, support, and thoughtfulness, I Thank You!

Finally, I would like to acknowledge and thank a very important group of individuals who deserve a great deal of recognition - those at the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program. With help and support from these individuals, I have been encouraged and determined to pursue my educational goal of becoming a social worker. I received the award for four years (1995-1998) and I am very grateful and touched that I was chosen as a recipient. Although I did not complete my studies during those years, I have been successful, and have completed a Bachelors of Social Work at Memorial University of Newfoundland at present. I feel that without the help from such a great program, I would not have been as determined to live up to my dreams and goals. For this boost of confidence and encouragement - Thank You!

For each and every individual that has touched my soul; for the thoughtfulness, support, dedication, and encouragement...

THANK YOU!