

The Golden Thread / Le fil d'or



June 2005/juin 2005



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

Michelle Leong, Burnaby BC - Burnaby North Secondary School

Kathleen Lefevre, Nanaimo BC - Woodlands Secondary School

Lori Rasmussen, Merritt BC - Merritt Secondary School

Aimee Louw, Edmonton AB - Victoria School of Performing and Visual Arts

Jennifer Ross, Camrose AB - Camrose Composite High School

Shannon Sarro, Calgary AB - Bishop Carroll High School

Elysse Dennis, Holdfast SK - Schell School

Daniella Alexanders, Winnipeg MB - Fort Richmond Collegiate

Jaskiran Sidhu, Winnipeg MB - Miles Macdonell Collegiate

Eli Miller, Thornhill ON - York University

Elliott Gordon, Thornhill ON - Thornhill Secondary School

Danielle Campo, Tecumseh ON - Fanshawe College

Mark De Montis, Weston ON - York Memorial Collegiate Institute

Kevin Dawe, Severn Bridge ON - Innisdale Secondary School

Heather Muir, Walkerton ON - Walkerton District Secondary School

Anthony Carter, Dartmouth NS - Prince Andrew High School

Benjamin Gilbert, Halifax NS - James Lorimer Isley High School

Colin Matheson, Moncton NB - Bernice MacNaughton High School

Gillian Carr, Charlottetown PE - Colonel Gray Senior High School

Deann Bennett, Flat Bay NL - Memorial University of Newfoundland

Stephen Aylward, Mount Pearl NL - Holy Heart High School

Summer is upon us and I hope everyone has had a chance to go out and enjoy the lovely weather. This year we had a very high quality of applications, making the selection process particularly difficult. However, we are very pleased to welcome 20 new recipients to our program and wish all of our recipients and alumni continued success in 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 are greatly appreciated :

Melissa Friel	Michelle Mahoney	Anita MacPherson	Isabelle Desjardins	Luc Gallant
Gina McGraw	Danna Donald	Yashina Jiwa	John Monahan	Laurel Rose
Cynthia Lazar	Christy Stockdale	Lori Bargaen	Paula Anderson	Susan Clark
Kristi Hansen	Leah Soroka-Demkiw	Jennifer Bradbury-Lum	Tammy Corness	Maria Denholme
Marisa DiMeglio	Shirley Fortier	Sabrina Polletta	Kelly Sheppard	Karen Taylor

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 :

Cameron Adamson (03)	Alison Agar (00)	David Antle (01)	Tasneem Buksh (00)
Janice Dicks (01)	Pamela Finnie (01)	Nick Hardy (01)	Darla Kalenchuk(01)
Sarah Kearney (00)	Terri-Lynn Langdon (01)	Jill Laplante (01)	Sarah Mclvor (02)
Sara O'Neil (00)	Shainur Premji (01)	Rebecca Reiber (01)	Joanna Rekas (01)
Shayna Zamkanei (01)			

I would also like to take the opportunity to welcome Mrs Beth Webster to the Terry Fox Program's Board of Directors. Beth has been instrumental in being the program's point of contact with the Federal Government.

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.

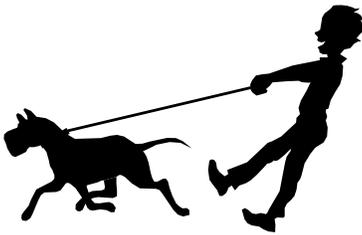
W. Lorne Davies, Executive Director

My Best Friend Maggie
By Brad Pennington (02)

It was about 14 years ago, the summer between grades 3 and 4, when I met the best friend I could've ever hoped for. This friend was a golden retriever we named Maggie. I'll never forget the night we picked her out of a litter of 4 or 5 other pups. I held her in my lap all the way home where my parents made her a bed lined with the clothes I was wearing that night, to keep her comfortable. I didn't realize it at the time, but it was that night that Maggie and I made a connection that would last forever. This is something I will never forget, much like the time when I said goodbye.

I never thought that I would have to do something like this, but if we didn't, she would have suffered even more with the tumour in her abdomen, which caused her to become anaemic. As the medicine took hold, she peacefully fell asleep in my arms as I looked at her one last time and said goodbye. Over the next few days, the house felt empty. Even our cocker spaniel Bo was looking for her every night around the house and outside. It wasn't until her ashes came back in a bronze urn that the house started to feel normal again, and in a dream that night, Maggie came to visit and we played outside with an old stick and ball.

This wonderful golden retriever named Maggie entered my life when I was just a kid and stayed by my side everyday. She even had a hand in my speedy recovery during remission. I am now considered cured according to my doctor. Maggie knew this as well, and came to terms with the end of her 14-year shift. She spent her last night in the doorway of my room, and passed the torch over to Bo, who has been watching and learning from the best. I feel blessed to have had a friend like Maggie, and when my time comes, I will come running back to her with open arms.



In honour of our family dog Maggie, 1991-2005

My fellow exercise partners,

With the school semester now over, we all have a little more time on our hands. As we gradually get back into our daily exercise routines after a long break, a healthy shake will give you that extra needed boost in the morning. This taste-but-satisfying, healthy drink will give you an extra summer refreshing kick for the day!

- 1/2 cup frozen organic blueberries
- 1/2 cup frozen strawberries
- 1/2 cup chilled green tea, unsweetened
- 3/4 cup plain low fat organic yoghurt
- 2 tablespoons flaxseed

- Combine all ingredients in an electric blender and blend on medium speed until smooth
- Garnish with fresh berries and serve



For those of you, like myself, who are lactose intolerant, substitute cultured soy for the yoghurt. Enjoy!

The Seven Wonders of Alberta

By Chris Blackmore (02)

At last the summer is nearing and we are dreaming of the wonderful things we can do and see during these next few months. Well, as a person who has lived in Alberta for the majority of their life, I can proudly say that my home province is full of wonderful attractions and beautiful scenery. Here are seven of the best things to do or places to see in Alberta for those of you who plan on stopping by for the summer.

1. The Royal Tyrrell Museum: Situated in the Badlands in Drumheller, this museum has spectacular displays covering the history of life on earth. It is famous for its displays on dinosaurs and it is a great place for people of all ages.

2. The Calgary Stampede: Running from July 8-17th this year, the Calgary Stampede is famous for being the greatest outdoor show on earth. There is something for everyone at the Stampede, whether you like watching the rodeo, trying out some fun rides or just playing carnival games.

3. Waterton Lakes National Park: Located in the very southernmost part of the province, this park has spectacular scenery, wildlife and recreational opportunities, and best of all... it's never as crowded as Banff. If you like to camp, this is one of the best places in Alberta to do it.

4. West Edmonton Mall: Calgary already has a claim to fame for the greatest outdoor show on Earth, but Edmonton wins the title for the greatest indoor show on Earth. This mall has everything! There is an ample supply of stores, a mini-golf course, a theme park, a waterpark, a skating arena, and more. You could even spend the night at the Fantasyland Hotel in one of the many theme rooms. Potentially, you could spend your entire vacation in this mall without ever setting foot outside (but then you would miss out on the other 6 wonders of Alberta).

5. The Banff Springs Hotel: Nestled in the Rocky Mountains, the castle-like hotel is unlike any other. The cuisine is amazing and they offer spa packages and a championship golf course. After spending a night here, you would never want to go back to the comfort of your own bed.

6. Kananaskis Country: Just south-west of Banff, you can find "K Country." This unspoiled paradise is full of natural beauty and wildlife. It is the perfect place to camp, hike, fish, and to escape from the busy city life.

7. Misty Mountain Adventures: Alberta is famous for its cowboys, and Misty Mountain Adventures gives you the opportunity to find out what cowboy life is like, City Slicker style! This is one of the Alberta's many dude ranches and it runs out of Pincher Creek.



*"Men at some times are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."*

-Cassius speaking to Brutus, Act I, Scene ii of Julius Caesar by Shakespeare

I've always enjoyed this quote, so as we all grow older let's not stand idly by and watch opportunities pass us. Let us be masters of our own fates and make the best of those opportunities.

Chris Little (04)

Get MOTIVATED and EXCITED about Life!!!

By Cynthia Ene (04)

I once heard a motivational speaker give a talk about how to keep oneself inspired and renewed to face the world of tomorrow. One homework she assigned to each of us was to go home and look up motivational quotes and to learn them and share them with our family and friends. So I started reading quotes on life, and here are the top ten that I really loved and wanted to share with you all.

William Londen - Ensure good health: Eat lightly, breathe deeply, live moderately, cultivate cheerfulness, and maintain an interest in life.

Catherine Ellis - If you think you can do it, you can. If you believe you can do it, you will. If you trust you can do it, you will make a difference.

Og Mandino - Take the attitude of a student; never be too big to ask questions, never know too much to learn something new.

Joseph Addison - What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. These are but trifles, to be sure; but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable.

David Feherty - It's how you deal with failure that determines how you achieve success.

Helen Hayes - My mother drew a distinction between achievement and success. She said that achievement is the knowledge that you have studied and worked hard and done the best that is in you. Success is being praised by others. That is nice, but not as important or satisfying. Always aim for achievement and forget about success.

H. Jackson Brown, Jr. - I never expect to lose. Even when I'm the underdog, I still prepare a victory speech

Earl Nightingale - We tend to live up to our expectations.

Dave Thomas - If there are things you don't like in the world you grew up in, make your own life different.

Tyron Edwards - Thoughts lead on to purposes; purposes go forth in action; actions form habits; habits decide character; and character fixes our destiny.



Nursing

Submitted by Angie Peters (03)

As a nursing student, I have seen the way in which some nurses have come to view the elderly, looking upon them as if only an empty shell exists. In my practice, I believe that all patients, regardless of age, deserve to be treated with care and respect. I feel that some nurses have lost this caring nature, treating all elderly patients as one, instead of as the individuals they are. Each elderly patient cared for in the hospital is a son or a daughter, someone's sister or brother, a mother or father, or grandparent. I often think of my own family members as they age and how I pray that each will be cared for.

I came across an amazing poem written by an elderly woman in Scotland before her death. It encompasses the emotions of an elderly patient, demonstrating how easily we can be ignorant of a person, of the joy they once felt in their life, and of what they brought to this world in their lifetime. The poem, simply titled "Old Woman", is a beautiful portrayal of the emotions of an elderly patient whose past and life is disregarded by the closed eyes of her caretakers.



Old Woman - Anonymous

"What do you see, nurses, what do you see?
What are you thinking when you're looking at me?
A crabby old woman, not very wise,
Uncertain of habit with faraway eyes?
Who dribbles her food and makes no reply

When you say in a loud voice, "I do wish you'd try!"
Who seems not to notice the things that you do,
And forever is losing a stocking or shoe.....
Who, resisting or not, lets you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding, the long day to fill....

Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse; you're not looking at me.
I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding, as I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of ten ...With a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters, who love one another.
A young girl of sixteen, with wings on her feet,
Dreaming that soon now a lover she'll meet.

A bride soon at twenty-my heart gives a leap,
Remembering the vows that I promised to keep.
At twenty-five now, I have young of my own,
Who need me to guide and a secure happy home.

A woman of thirty, my young now grown fast,
Bound to each other with ties that should last.
At forty, my young sons have grown and are gone,
But my man's beside me to see I don't mourn.

At fifty once more, babies play round my knee,
Again we know children, my loved one and me.
Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead;
I look at the future, I shudder with dread.

For my young are all rearing young of their own,
And I think of the years and the love that I've known.
I'm now an old woman ...And nature is cruel;
'Tis jest to make old age look like a fool.

The body, it crumbles, grace and vigour depart,
There is now a stone where I once had a heart.
But inside this old carcass a young girl still dwells,
And now and again my battered heart swells.

I remember the joys, I remember the pain,
And I'm loving and living life over again.
I think of the years ...All too few, gone too fast,
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.

So open your eyes, nurses, open and see, .
Not a crabby old woman; look closer . see ME!!

To My Mother

Life's Kite

*My mother always taught me to live life right
To live, to laugh and go out and fly a kite
For you handed me the kite of life
And said baby... HOLD ON TIGHT*

*But my kite won't fly,
Cause the wind won't blow
Because the sun does not seem to show*

*For my mother was the sun
Who shined so bright
But now someone seemed to
Turn off that light*

*Without that light my kite won't fly,
Without that kite... I have no life.
For I promise to never say goodbye
And I will never leave you behind.*

*I just want to know how to fly life's kite
For you won't be there to help me hold tight*

*Love Leah Sommerfield
February 2001*

*Written for my mother who passed away
June 18, 2004*



Grammar

By Tony Hoagland

Submitted by Elizabeth Lee (01)

When she walks into the room,
everybody turns:
some kind of light is coming from her head.

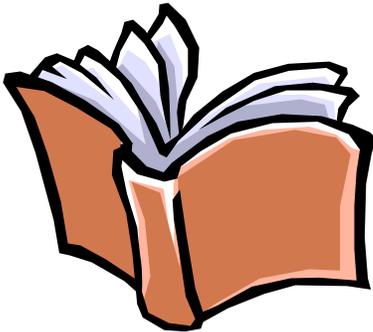
Even the geraniums look curious...
We're all attracted to the perfume of
fermenting joy,

We've all tried to start a fire,
and one day maybe it will blaze up on its
own.

In the meantime,
she is the one today among us most able
to bear the idea of her own
and when we see it,
what we do is beauty, natural:
we take our burned hands out of our pockets
and clap.

Stress Squashers
Submitted by Jennifer Cioffi (04)

1. *Develop a sense of the ridiculous. Learn to laugh at life's knocks and at yourself. Humour melts stress.*
2. *Learn to worry effectively. Hardly anyone breaks down from overwork, only 'over-worry'. Your attitudes and thoughts make you what you are.*
3. *Develop your self-esteem. Pin a medal on yourself for work well done. Do something special for yourself.*
4. *Imagine yourself on wheels. You'd never abuse your car the way you abuse your body. Pay attention to your diet, exercise and get enough rest and recreation.*
5. *Celebrate the temporary. Don't wait until you are retired to enjoy life. Celebrate now! Life is what happens to you while you make other plans.*
6. *Ventilate with vigour. Get a 'babble buddy', someone who will listen. Talk about your tensions and concerns.*
7. *Stay away from leaping contests with kangaroos. Cut down on your type-A personality. Don't compete with everyone all the time. Don't compare yourself with others, only with the realistic standards you set for yourself.*
8. *Take a trip on a rainbow. Look at all the beautiful things around you on the way. It's really a lovely world, if you take the time to look at it.*
9. *Take slow-down training. Don't be in a rush all the time. Plan more for everything including yourself, your work, and your family and friends.*
10. *Learn to daydream. It's OK to fantasize, if you don't do it all the time. Tomorrow's dreams take the stress out of today's burdens.*



You don't often see book reviews in the Golden Thread, so I thought I would write one for a change. The book I'm reviewing is *The Lovely Bones* by Alice Sebold.

The Lovely Bones is a compelling story, both beautifully written and thought-provoking, that will keep you turning pages for hours. Susie Salmon, a spirited fourteen-year-old girl, looks down from heaven and tells a story that is seemingly tragic, yet also full of hope and healing. When we are introduced to Susie, she is already in heaven. She looks down on Earth and witnesses life going on without her. She watches her killer attempting to cover his tracks, her schoolmates spreading rumours about her disappearance, her sister's struggle to be strong, and her parents' failing marriage, collapsing from loss. Susie tells us that every heaven is different; however, they all have counsellors to help new arrivals adjust, and find friends for them to stay with. Susie's heaven looks like a schoolground and has her favourite type of swings. Everything she has ever wanted appears as soon as she thinks of it, yet she cannot return to loved ones on Earth, despite her wishes. Susie watches her family and friends escape their grief and move on with their lives without her, except for her father, in his quest to find Susie's killer. *The Lovely Bones* is an endearing book told by Susie Salmon's unique narrative from the afterlife. I highly recommend this book to everyone, regardless of whether or not you believe in the afterlife, for it shows how hope, love, and even joy can stem from tragedy and grief.

Brianna MacLean

The tragic events which marked the end of 2004 have reminded us all how fleeting life can be and that we should be thankful for every minute we are granted with those we love. In light of this, let's try to not let a day go by without letting our parents, friends and all those we love know how important they are in our lives. I have included a poem on friendship, which is quite humorous, but still shows the crucial role friends play in our lives.
Jessica Astle (03)

Friends are like...

By Kasey M. Swing

Friends are like shoes
You can never have too many
yet friends are like watches
One can be plenty

Friends are like the Army
To serve and to protect
But they are also like the Navy
To whom we all respect

Friends are like big dogs
Loyal, fun, and true
And friends are like padded bras
They're very supportive of you

Friends are like chocolate bars
Good for the healing and sweet
Friends are like Halloween candy
A rare and special treat

Friends are like binoculars
To help keep your goals in sight
Friends are also like candles
When it's dark they give you light

Friends are like erasers
They're there for your mistakes
Friends are like cereal

They're more than good



SMILE

By BARBARA HAUCK, AGE 13

SHE SMILED AT A SORROWFUL STRANGER.
THE SMILE SEEMED TO MAKE HIM FEEL BETTER.
HE REMEMBERED PAST KINDNESS OF A FRIEND
AND WROTE HIM A THANK YOU LETTER.

THE FRIEND WAS SO PLEASED WITH THE THANK YOU
THAT HE LEFT A LARGE TIP AFTER LUNCH.
THE WAITRESS, SURPRISED BY THE SIZE OF THE TIP,
SET THE WHOLE THING ON A HUNCH.

THE NEXT DAY SHE PICKED UP HER WINNINGS,
AND GAVE PART TO A MAN ON THE STREET.
THE MAN ON THE STREET WAS GRATEFUL;
FOR TWO DAYS HE'D HAD NOTHING TO EAT.

AFTER HE FINISHED HIS DINNER,
HE LEFT FOR HIS SMALL DINGY ROOM.
HE DIDN'T KNOW AT THAT MOMENT
THAT HE MIGHT BE FACING HIS DOOM.

ON THE WAY HE PICKED UP A SHIVERING PUPPY
AND TOOK HIM HOME TO GET WARM.
THE PUPPY WAS VERY GRATEFUL
TO BE IN OUT OF THE STORM.

THAT NIGHT THE HOUSE CAUGHT ON FIRE.
THE PUPPY BARKED THE ALARM.
HE BARKED TILL HE WOKE THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD
AND SAVED EVERYBODY FROM HARM.

ONE OF THE BOYS THAT HE RESCUED
GREW UP TO BE PRESIDENT.
ALL THIS BECAUSE OF A SIMPLE SMILE
THAT HADN'T COST A CENT.

I CAME ACROSS THIS POEM A FEW YEARS AGO AND EVERY
ONCE IN A WHILE I READ IT AGAIN TO REMIND MYSELF HOW
ONE SMALL GESTURE CAN HAVE A BIG IMPACT.

NICOLE WATT (04)

Follow Your Dreams

Dreams really do come true, and I'm proud to say that I am now living my dream; a dream that I had since high school. Through growing up and having to face numerous obstacles, I realized the important role that caring health professionals had in my life. Although the obstacles that I faced were at times challenging and difficult, they have helped contribute to the individual I am today and have taught me qualities that have shaped me into a strong, caring and compassionate person. Therefore, I have endeavoured to achieve my person goal of working in a career that would allow me to give something back.

So, after 6 long years of University, on Nov 12th 2004, my dream and goal of becoming an Occupational Therapist was realized. It took a lot of hard work, determination, perseverance and support from my loving family, but looking back, it was all worth it. Some people have told me that I was crazy for staying in school for so long, but, for as long as I can remember, I have always wanted to help others, and to make a difference in people's lives, and now I am in a profession that allows me to do just that.

Through all of this, I have learned that, as my parents have taught me, to always follow my dreams, because all dreams are worth pursuing; to never give up (even though at times you want to) because you may live to regret it; and most importantly, to believe and trust in yourself because with this, you give yourself the confidence and strength to conquer anything.

There are no words to describe the extreme happiness that I feel, for not only accomplishing my goal, but also for knowing that I am about to begin a career where I will be able to feel each day that I have, in some way, whether it be small or large, contributed to someone's life.

At this time, I would like to say a great big THANKS to the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program for helping me achieve my goal and now to live my dream. I wish the TFHAP continued success and I look forward to serving in any way I can as an alumnus, and of course volunteering and participating in the annual Terry Fox Run.

Melissa Friel (MacKay) '98

Thanks to a wonderful Guidance Counsellor, from Immaculata High School, in Ottawa, who nominated me for the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program, which I was awarded in 1992. His name was John Dorner and I will always be ever so grateful for all of the opportunities he provided me while I was a student there.

That is also where I met my husband; 17 years ago on November 11th. Our Principal at the time wanted our whole school to go for the Remembrance Services at Confederation Park. We spoke with each other there and got to know each other a bit better while we were there. We walked back to school together and I invited him to my 14th Birthday Party. He came.

Things progressed from there.

In 1998, Marc, my fiancé at the time, went to Japan for three years as a JET (Japanese Exchange Training) member. I couldn't stay with him all that time unless I was dependant on him, so we had a wedding at their City Hall on November 9th, 1999, but we really don't count that, because on June 28th, 2003, we had it done again in our Parish and with all of our family and friends there.

We got so many compliments saying that the ceremony was very beautiful because it was very personal. Marc began the ceremony by telling a bit about how we met and related that to our chosen readings. Marc and I are both lectors, so we each read one of the two readings. We said our own vows and Marc, being in the Choir, sang "I Will Be With You" which I absolutely love. Marc prepared the script and selected most of the music. I helped with the music.

Finally, Marc and I were blessed with a beautiful baby boy whose name is Gabriel Joseph Coderre. His umbilical cord was being choked by the amniotic bands and this was

causing stress to his heart, so an emergency caesarean section was performed. Nonetheless, because of my physical disability, we were planning on having a C-Section done. Gabriel was born on August 25th, 2003 at 1:59 pm. Furthermore, because of the amniotic bands around his foot, he was born with a cleft foot on his right side, but he has had surgery and should be able to walk fine after all of the different casts. He'll be all done with the casts on December 23rd, 2004.

Marina Coderre (Molinari) '92



Acadian Cookies
Submitted by Kathleen Gaudet (04)

This past summer, for the first time in seven years, I had the opportunity to visit my grandparents in Summerside, PEI. While I was excited to see them, I had no idea how eye-opening the whole experience would be. As Acadians, my father's side of the family has a long history and rich culture in Canada, and being immersed in this way of life was one of the most valuable aspects of my time on PEI. I find it difficult to describe exactly what it means to be Acadian, because so many of my childhood memories and our family traditions stem from my father's Acadian roots, but music, food, language, and, of course, the all-important Bingo night are all examples of modern Acadian traditions that have woven their way into my life. Today, as I bake molasses cookies and practice my French, I can't help but feel honoured to call Acadian culture my own.

Molasses Cookies

Note: This recipe is more than 100 years old!

1 cup molasses
1 egg
1 tbsp baking soda
2 tsp. ginger
1 tbsp white vinegar
1 tsp. cloves
1 cup shortening
1 tsp. salt
1 cup brown sugar
4 cups all-purpose flour



Bring molasses to a boil. Add soda and vinegar. Blend well and let cool. Add shortening, brown sugar, egg, and dry ingredients sifted together. Roll out quite thinly and bake in a 350° oven. These may also be rolled in aluminium foil and stored in refrigerator until needed, at which time they are sliced and baked.

When Ambition is not Enough...
By Colleen Crawford (03)

From the time I was a little girl, I dreamed of becoming a doctor. Not for the salary, but for the gratification of helping people and improving the quality of life for those that you can. Throughout my high school years, my courses were chosen on the basis of entering a health-science undergraduate program in university. When the time came, I chose Brock University for its small class sizes and student population. I have now completed the second year of my undergrad and I am debating what direction to take in life. Many of my older peers have followed a similar path and have applied to medical schools, only to be rejected. It is somewhat discouraging when I look at these students, whose marks are slightly higher than mine and are just as active in other areas of their lives. BY no means have I given up or set aside my dreams, it is still the main target, but experience is warning me to broaden my horizons. I am involved in many extra-curricular activities, such as volunteering and organizing charity events, as well as taking on the role as president for my faculty council in the upcoming year. I dedicate a large amount of my life to my studies, yet it is almost impossible to obtain marks in the 90s at Brock, while still maintaining balance. If Canada is full of ambitious young students, with dreams and ambitions such as mine, then why is it so difficult to gain acceptance into Canadian medical schools? The doctor shortage across Canada is a well-known fact, yet so few students are accepted each year. Thousands apply and each school chooses a select few hundred. As a student I find this very discouraging and frustrating. I have a dream and have worked hard. Many older students, in their dismay, have told me that ambition is not always enough. This summer I am going to explore other careers in hopes of making a backup plan. Until then I will keep trying to beat the odds.

It's a Long Road By Colleen Crawford

Grief is a strange emotion that sticks with you for a long time. Many months pass in the summer and you convince yourself that you are done grieving, only for the winter to return along with a soul full of hurt and despair. This is the battle that I have faced over the past three years. I was really happy this summer; I was doing great and had not been depressed for many months. School started and life was great. Christmas time was just around the corner and the stress of winter exams started knocking on my door. It was then that my body decided to throw me into my annual cycle of depression. I was so proud of myself this year that I had made it to December and was still doing fine. I was convinced that I had it beat and had finally completed the toughest part of the grieving process.

Depression is an illness that affects your entire life. My head is constantly cloudy as I walk around in a daze. Sleepless nights are endless, where I awake everyday at 4 am like clockwork only to stare at the clock until the time when I am supposed to wake up to go to class. The days are long and stressful. Exhausted, my body can barely function at times. For the little stresses in life, I am the little climber staring at a peak from the base of a gigantic mountain while my peers just jump over that hurdle that is just an obstacle on the track of their day. I can study and read things as many times as I choose and couldn't tell you in two days what it meant. Depression affects short-term memory, which can make exams and grasping concepts extremely difficult.

As a result, other things in life start to falter; marks, relationships, friendships and family. As I start to fail at various things in life, I plummet. My confidence level takes a dive while my depression begins to thrive on the despair and blackness that takes over my days.

Before Christmas, I had a meeting with my neuroscience professor. Sometimes you need people to put things into perspective. It is nice to be reminded that I am normal. My professor told me to stop being so hard on myself, the grievance cycle is usually about five years when you lose your primary caregiver. I am only a little over half way through. We had a big talk and I learned many things about myself and some things that I could work on to get me through exams. I now realize that sometimes when I am feeling that I am a failure, I have

to take a step back and look at the big picture. I have to look at my path over the past 3 years. I have come so far. I have accomplished many great things in spite of my setbacks. Grievance is a natural process and is a long road. My advice to anyone who is walking the same road is to look back; look how far you have come. Take pride in the accomplishments you have made. To be in university, to have family and friends surrounding you and marks higher than the class average (in most cases) are things to be proud of. When you look at the bigger picture, repress your feelings of guilt and failure and focus on the accomplishments. I am just over halfway on my journey of grief, although I know it will never be completely over. Hold your head up and just work on one day at a time. There is light at the end of the tunnel; it just takes time to get there.

The phaomneil pweor of the hmuan mnid.

Aoccdrnig to a rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it deosn't mttair in waht oredr the ltteers in a wrod are, the olny iprmoetnt tihng is taht the frist and lsat ltteer be at the rghit pclae. The rset can be a total mse and you can sitll raed it wouthit porbelm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Amzanig!

Author unknown

Submitted by Michael Godsell (02)

Long Lasting Friendship

By Katie Graham (03)

I'm sure everyone has heard the quote *"People may come into your lives and quickly go, but it is only true friends that leave footprints on your heart". -Anonymous.* Although I have always believed that to be true, never has it been more apparent to me than in the last few weeks.

Being diagnosed with Leukemia has enabled me to make a great number of new friends, all of whom have touched my life in many different ways. Unfortunately, not all of them have survived their battles with cancer and January is a difficult month in terms of anniversaries of their deaths. Although still painful, as time goes on tears become less frequent and their memory always brings a joyful smile.

Needless to say, this has caused me to do a lot of thinking lately. As I reflect on my life, both past and present it is evident how much these people (both very much a part of my life today and those who have passed on) have affected me. In myself I can see traces of their spirit, as well as in others they have known. There are constant reminders of each and every one of them in my daily life. It is at times such as this that I think of the quote above.

I'm sure as Terry Fox Award Recipients you all know exactly what I am talking about. Whether through your own life experiences, or through your humanitarian deeds there are likely people in your lives that have had the same impact on you. It is my belief that we take a little bit of the things we admire most in these people along with us on our own life journey. Part of the reason I am the person that I am today is because I have been lucky enough to have so many exceptional friends in my life. For this, I thank them. It is their way of leaving their footprints in me, where they will remain until the end of time.

Terry Unincorporated

By Parry Malm (04)

As the 25th anniversary of Terry's Marathon of Hope passed by, I couldn't help but notice the lack of Nike, McDonalds, or Ford logos on the back of his t-shirt. After reading Douglas Copeland's new book about Terry, I soon realized that Terry did something that is rare, if not extinct, in today's branded world. He eschewed corporate sponsorship, as he didn't want his marathon to be about anything but cancer research. Still to this day, his wish for a cause free of corporate strategic philanthropy reigns supreme. Why should the myopia of a profit-seeking firm reap benefits from the fields sown by Terry's dream? When one thinks of Terry Fox, no logos come to mind. The same can't be said for many of his modern day contemporaries – Lance Armstrong = United States Postal Service; Bono = iPod; Terry Fox = courage, perseverance, and a legacy analogous to the Canadian identity – soft spoken, selfless, standing up for what he believed in.

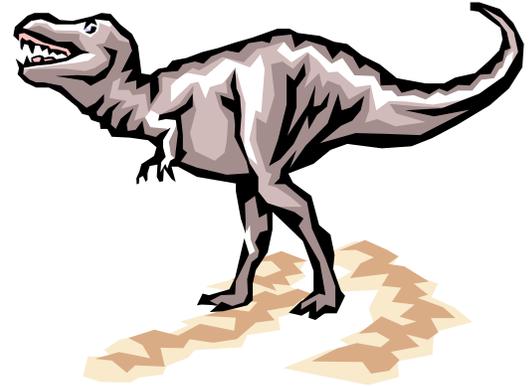


When I leave my house each morning and get into my Toyota™ while sipping on a Starbucks™ coffee, I begin my commute to school after filling up at Chevron™. My Panasonic™ stereo is playing a Universal™ recording artist, and my Oakley™ sunglasses block the sun. As I walk across campus to my class, I pass by the White Spot™ and notice the people in line, talking on their Nokia™ cell phones and clutching their Bic™ pens. I sit down in my business strategy classes, and hear about global success stories, like Nike™ and Wal-Mart™. I leave class and stub my toe, cursing the scuff on my new shiny Aldo™ shoes, while checking the time on my Citizen™ watch. Out of the corner of my eye, I spot a Coca-Cola™ pop machine, but go for Sprite™, since "Image is Nothing."

The loonie I popped into the pop machine to buy that soda wasn't a loonie after all – it was a Terry. This made me think – in the über-branded world in which we live, Terry remains one of the last bastions of honesty, integrity, and true humanity. Terry Fox doesn't need a ™ after his name, and never will. You can't trademark heroes, no matter what Superman™ may think.

My home province of Saskatchewan is celebrating its centennial this year. I often feel that Saskatchewan is overlooked by our fellow provinces. So, I thought that I would enlighten you with a few interesting pieces of information about my small but mighty province.

- 1) Olympic gold medallist speedskater Catriona Le May Doan, women's hockey player Hayley Wickenheiser and curler Sandra Schmirler and her team are from SK.
- 2) Scotty, the T.Rex skeleton, was discovered near Eastend, SK. The remains are 65 million years old, and they grabbed the world's attention when they were unearthed.
- 3) Prince Albert is the only constituency in Canada that has ever been represented by three prime ministers (William Lyon Mackenzie King, John Diefenbaker and Sir Wilfrid Laurier).
- 4) You probably don't know this, but Saskatchewan is one of the few places in North America where you can see magnificent whooping cranes relatively up close.
- 5) You probably did know this, Saskatchewan produces more than 54 per cent of the wheat grown in Canada.
- 6) 100,000 lakes and rivers (beat that, Minnesota).
- 7) Famed folk singer Joni Mitchell was raised in Saskatoon.
- 8) All RCMP in Canada are trained in Regina.
- 9) W.O. Mitchell, author of *Who Has Seen the Wind?*, was from Weyburn, SK.
- 10) Comedian Brent Butt, star of the TV show *Corner Gas*, is from Tisdale, SK.



Darla Kalenchuk (01)

Inspiring Quotes

One of my dearest friends, a breast cancer survivor, wrote a booklet of some of her favourite quotes and gave it to me while I was in the hospital over Christmas. I want to share some of my favourites with you; they put a smile on my face and I hope they brighten your day too.

Now and then it's good to pause in our pursuit of happiness and just be happy.

-Guillaume Apollinaire

We can't help everyone, but everyone can help someone.

-Dr. Loretta Scott

No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted.

-Aesop

Cheerfulness and contentment are great beautifiers and are famous preservers of youthful looks.

-Charles Dickens

Our greatest glory is not in never falling but rising every time we fall.

-Confucius

Kindness makes a fellow feel good whether it's being done to him or by him.

-Frank A. Clark

Submitted by Brianna MacLean (03)

What exactly is inspiration? The dictionary that I have with me at my university (Redeemer University College) defines it as “¹. The quality of inspiring or exalting; ². Divine guidance or influence exerted directly on the mind and soul of humankind”. While I absolutely agree with this, I would like to add my own thoughts to said definition...

To me, inspiration is a matter of the soul. A matter of the entirety of one's being. Inspiration is doing, being, or acting out something that is so incredible that people cannot help but take notice. Inspiration is something rare and beautiful.

Inspiration is people. It is Terry Fox or Martin Luther King Junior. It is people that make a difference by taking care of the little things in the world, like helping an old person cross the street or holding a door open for someone who has their hands full. Because, if you think about it, don't we all have our hands full every day – with the little details about our lives?

Inspiration is doing something. We, as individuals, cannot do everything that needs doing in the world today. That is certain. But we can all make a difference, no matter how small, and maybe even change the world for someone. Edward Everett Hale once said the following quote, which I feel sums up my point here quite nicely...

“I'm only one. But still, I am one. I cannot do everything, but still I can do something. And because I cannot do everything, I will not refuse to do the something that I can do.”

Edward Everett Hale, you hit the nail right on the head with that one. The lesson I learned while reading this is simple – it is that we, each and every last person on this planet we call home, must do that one thing that we can do in order to make that difference. We must give without thinking of what we might receive in return. After all, you have never really lived until you've done something for someone who can never repay you...

Veronica White (03)

A Cancer Story:

A Story One Remembers Forever

*Days of my life I'd like to forget - -
The day the doctors told me I was sick.
The day I had to tell my friends I was ill.
The day my hair fell out.
The first day after my surgery.
They're also the days I'll always remember.*

- Written by Kate Sawford

- Submitted By: Paul Cescon (04)



At the age of eight I underwent my personal struggle with cancer. I received my treatments in Hamilton, Ontario at the McMaster University Hospital - about an hour away from my home in Waterloo.

I have learned over the past 12 years (from my own battle and in working with others who have since gone through their battles with cancer) how important love, friendship, caring, compassion, and determination is to beating the disease. During cancer treatments - or, for that matter, any life-threatening illness, one learns how important it is to find their own way to smile each day and help those around them smile too. During my treatments in 1993, I met a young girl named Kate. She shared with me this poem that she wrote. Over the past 10 years I have shared it with hundreds of other individuals while speaking to school and youth groups. Today, I wanted to share it with you - the other Terry Fox Humanitarian Award winners.

I know I will never forget the hardest days of my life - my diagnosis with cancer. It will remain with me forever and has shaped who I am today.

Hello Everyone,

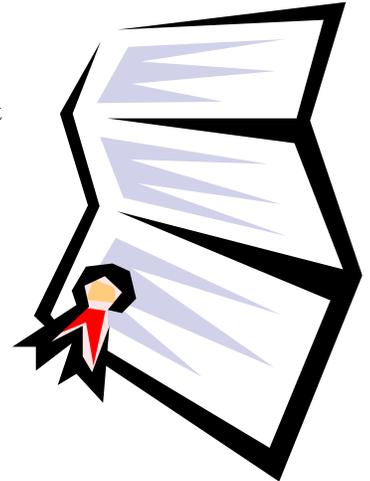
I have been a recipient of the Terry Fox Award since 2001. I entered Wilfrid Laurier University that year not knowing what to expect, and the unexpected makes me nervous to say the least.

In my second week of first year my dad acquired an eye injury that needed four surgeries to repair. The extent of his injury was not known until later. I am happy to say that he has regained enough sight to do most of the things he did before his injury. At the time of this injury, my dad was a demolition contractor without health coverage and my mom was unemployed. I also have a twin sister who had enrolled in Carleton University that year as well. Because of these circumstances, this was a financially hard time for us. If it had not been for the Terry Fox Award, our financial burden would have been much higher. Thank-You for all you have done.

Last year I failed statistics. I thought my scholarship was gone as a result of that grade, but, through a conversation with Lorne Davies, I was able to keep the scholarship for that year. Thank-you for that second chance. A learning assessment conducted in September showed that I had a math and spatial learning disability. Despite this, I achieved a B- in statistics this term. When life got complicated I would pick up *The Golden Thread* for encouragement. I have 1.5 credits to obtain in the September semester and I am also re-taking a law class; then I will have my degree!

I was awarded a service and care-giving award by the City of Kitchener just last week. My aspiration is to obtain a masters degree in a law or social work program. Keep doing what you all do so well. Thank-you for your time and energy. Melissa, you put together a great news letter and so much more. Take Care,

Terri-Lynn Langdon (01)



My Lesson By Sarah Ann Foley (00)

When tragedy strikes, life will never be the same. This may sound simple, but it took me three and a half years to realize it. When a tragedy strikes, what used to be normal is no longer possible, and to be truly happy, a new normal has to be accepted.

Before my mother passed away, life was very good for me. I had a wonderful family, good marks, multiple friends, no money problems and no problem making any sports teams I wanted to make. Christmas was filled with joy, a daily hug was taken for granted and female advice was a bedroom away.

After my mother passed away, I yearned for what I once had and searched to find that absolute happiness that I once felt. I felt sorry for myself and used my mother's death as an excuse for my mistakes. With three and a half years of therapy, thoughts and tears, I have realized that life is never going to be the same. What was normal before is not normal now. I have to get used to a new normal now. I can no longer yearn for that close to perfect life that I used to have. My mother is gone, tragedy struck and I should stop searching and start living. I no longer feel sorry for myself. I enjoyed Christmas this year. Even though it was not the same Christmas joy that was once felt, I could enjoy the holiday season without comparing it to what it should be or what it used to be. I still miss my mother and think about her everyday. I still respect her, love her and live my life as if she were watching. Now that I live with no comparisons of how it should be or how it used to be, there is excitement in my life. It is hard to get out of bed in the morning when your day is going to be a comparison. It is exciting to get out of bed in the morning when your day is up to you to discover. I can take things as they come. Open my mind to this new world filled with the unexpected. I have no excuses and no self pity. I can reflect on what I have now, how lucky I am, and what I have ahead of me.

My lesson has helped me to deal with many things. One situation in particular has to do with my father's relationship with his girlfriend. There was a point when I was not accepting to this. I did not want to see my father with any woman but my mother. I now know that for my new normal, it is the best thing that could have happened to my father and to me.

I hope you all will listen to my lesson, and make it your responsibility to make things happen. When tragedy strikes, look forward to discovering your new normal and continue to follow your dreams.

Prussian Blue

Although I am grateful for living in North America, there are times when I am thoroughly shocked and dismayed by some of the outrageous behaviour exhibited by other people in this so called developed world. I was listening to CBC the other day and the item of discussion was the increasing proliferation of hate music and literature; the most disturbing of which was the revelation that thirteen old twin girls living in California had started a band called Prussian Blue.

Two teenagers launching a joint musical career is not harmful in itself, until you consider the fact that the name of their group is the name of the by-product of the gas the Nazis used to execute millions of Jews and "undesirables" in the Second World War, and you get the distinct suspicion that this was not just an innocuous coincidence. The disquieting feeling increases exponentially when you hear the girls' music and lyrics, which they state promote the idea that white supremacists are not dangerous or scary, in fact they are actually quite "cool". When you hear their song that goes something along the lines of "hair is blond, eyes of blue, that is a good look for you", you come to the unhappy realization that North America is far from the utopian ideal. It is mind bending to comprehend how anyone who is as fortunate enough to live on this continent would be so narrow-minded as to start espousing anti-Semitic and racist material in the form of pop music. I really don't know what scares me more about this situation; that the kids are only thirteen and are well on their way to being important members of the KKK by the time they get their driver's license; the fact they want to achieve the same level of success as teen idol Hilary Duff, or that they are getting radio airtime at all.

While I do respect the fact we live in a free society and enjoy such liberties as freedom of expression, I also believe there is a fine line between exercising your rights and fulfilling your responsibilities as a contributing member of society. I do not feel that rights should be protected or upheld at the expense of the rights and negation of other peoples' tragic history. This same line is crossed when people attempt to disguise hate-mongering ideas in the guise of R&B, which is then disseminated through the airwaves and music stores (although I sincerely hope Prussian Blue does not have a recording contract).

I also think it is incredibly alarming that these band members are only thirteen years old and already devout followers of the doctrine of white supremacism, and are determined to spread their views as widely as possible. If our society is negligent or worse, apathetic to this type of activity among today's young people then we have the foundations of a very distressing problem, where the rights of the few crush the needs of the many. Suffice to say that if Prussian Blue, or any other band of similar orientation makes it onto the music charts, we are in serious trouble.

Paige Muttersbach (02)



A Late Summer Morning

The crunch of pebbles beneath your sandals, you can smell the freshness of last night's rain.
Your naked toes are met by the cool moisture, as you then trudge through the field to the dock.

Up just in time to catch the reds and yellows in the midst of their play on the horizon.
The crisp air drawing you from your sleepy trance, you're encompassed by the motionless lake
It has not fully awoken yet either.

The worm squirms between your fingers, as you show it to its sharp piercing end.

You cast out, briefly breaking the surface of the water, as the sun unveils itself from its shroud of mist,
Caressing your back with its gentle warmth, careful not to disturb your silence.

~Margot Catizzone (03)

University can be a very stressful time. You always feel like you have no time to do the most basic things like eat and sleep. But I think that we should all take time out of our busy schedules to cook ourselves a nice meal and just relax. So here is my idea of a nice meal that is easy, quick, and great with Caesar salad and chicken. Enjoy!!

Baked Mozza Rigatoni

1/2 cup milk
3 tbsp All-Purpose Flour
1 cup Milk
1/2 tsp. Salt
1/4 tsp. Onion Powder
1 cup Grated Mozzarella Cheese
4 cups Rigatoni (large or small tube)
10 cups Boiling Water
2 1/2 tsp. Salt
Paprika (optional)



Combine the first portion of milk and flour in a small saucepan. Mix well until smooth. Add second portion of milk, first portion of salt, and onion powder. Cook, stirring constantly, until boiling and slightly thickened. Add cheese, stir until melted.

Cook pasta in boiling water and second portion of salt for about 11 minutes, stirring occasionally until tender, but firm. Drain pasta. Pour into lightly greased 2L casserole dish. Pour sauce on top and sprinkle with paprika. Cover. Bake at 375° F (190°C) for 15 minutes. Remove cover and bake for 10 minutes until cheese is bubbling. Serves 4.

Amber Tiegen (04)

A Performance to Remember

It was a Saturday night, November 28th, I believe, and my family had made our way downtown to watch my brother perform with the University of Toronto's Hart House Theatre Company. When we went in, we asked the lady taking tickets (who also happened to be the manager) whether we could pre-seat owing to my wheelchair, to which she replied "I'm sorry, but people with disabilities are not allowed in the theatre." My mother, who had served for years as one of Ontario's busiest disability advocates, calmly asked why and was answered, "because there's no accessible fire exit." My mother accepted this fact and we offered to sign a waiver of responsibility to remove any risk that this lady was bearing by having me in the theatre. She said, in a very condescending tone, that she refused to do this.

By this point, we had the users, student helpers, and other theatre-goers behind us as we argued on a human rights basis, but this lady continued to dig her heels in. Luckily, so did we. We got an SOS to my brother backstage explaining the situation and he came out, in full costume, and said to her that unless I was let into the theatre, he was not acting. She continued to deny me access, at which point my brother went backstage and asked the rest of the cast to join him in a boycott. Being a cast of liberal university students, they jumped at the opportunity, making their request and intentions very clear. However, the manager was not budging and at this point called campus security to escort us off the premises. At this point, my father, who is usually calm and subdued to balance out my fiery mother, announces that we were going to go in, and if they wanted to come in and drag us out, they could. It was at this point that campus security showed up, which was a good thing in a way, because it looked as though my mother was ready to go ten rounds. Luckily, campus security agreed fully with my parents, and with assurances to the manager that they would put extra guards in the area, we were allowed to go in and enjoyed a wonderful play.

It was shortly after this experience that I decided to pursue human rights as a career option. I had stayed silent through the entire ordeal, and broke into tears near the end, but from that day on, I knew that I had to take a stand. And it is in large part because of this event that I have become more outspoken, opinionated, and willing to "step into the fray".

Tim Rose (03)

Washed Away by Isabel Mosseler

In my dream a vast wave came pouring
over the rock, emptying the sky of tears,
salting the face of earth
and I was hanging onto the rock
underneath an outhang,
sitting behind the wall of a waterfall,
and I saw the world wash by, and I had a companion
a woman crying beside me, the fruit of her womb
washed away
and she was losing her grip in desolation.
I asked her to hand on, to hold for awhile longer,
to live for her grief.

When I awoke, it was no awakening.
My hand clutched, still embraced,
the broken handle of the basket
which had disappeared,
taking all its precious future with it,
leaving a shadow in what was once my heart.

This great outpouring of Nature,
this vast reminder, to remind us all,
of how small,
how small,
how very, very small...
and in each heart that reaches,
a universe,
the song which unites us all.
Each broken leaf a broken heart,
each wandering child asking
where is my mother,
I have nothing, I have nothing, I have nothing... I
have nothing at all.
I have nothing.
I have nothing.

And our eyes awoke to all this nothing,
and we saw a You, a Thou, a Brother, a Sister,
a Relation.
We are burying and burning our dead
for they are Our Dead,
and sweeping the pathways clean of debris,
and it is our Debris,
and hoping to sweeten the waters of our wells,
and the earth will tremble, and the skies will still
darken,
and we will never know.
We can never know.
We must embrace it all,
and in the embracing hold all our relations to our
hearts,
never knowing,
never knowing,
when our lives may be blown apart.

No one is ever really prepared for disasters like
this to happen. But with effort we can all help the
victims of the tsunami overcome this tragedy;
sending our support financially and emotionally.
This poem encapsulates the emotions of not just
the victims, but many of the people witnessing
the terrible loss - around the globe. Hopefully its
message will resonate - long after today, so that
this event and its victims will never be forgotten.

Jessica Sachse (03)



Reflections on Four Years

It seems so unlikely that I will now be usured into the adult world. I feel so young, unsure, but nonetheless prepared. In these four years I have learned more then I could have imagined of the world that exists outside of the university setting. I have learned who to count on and who to laugh with, I have learned who to love and who to leave behind. The university experience passed so quickly. It was there and then gone, in far too much of a blink, just like everyone said it would. I have fallen in love with academics, and in a large part the TFHAP made that possible. Thank you so much!

This is a Happy Home Recipe that I had seen on the wall at a group home in which I was doing my work placement for school. I thought it would be nice to share with you all.

Happy Home Recipe

Serves All

<i>4 cups Love</i>	<i>5 cups Understanding</i>
<i>2 cups Loyalty</i>	<i>3 cups Forgiveness</i>
<i>5 quarts Faith</i>	<i>1 cup Friendship</i>
<i>2 tsp. Tenderness</i>	<i>5 tsp. Hope</i>
<i>1 cup Kindness</i>	<i>1 barrel Laughter</i>

Take Love and Loyalty; mix thoroughly with Faith. Blend with Tenderness, Kindness, Understanding, and Forgiveness. Add Friendship and Hope; sprinkle abundantly with Laughter. Bake with Sunshine; Serve daily with generous helpings.

*Author unknown
Keith Torrey (02)*

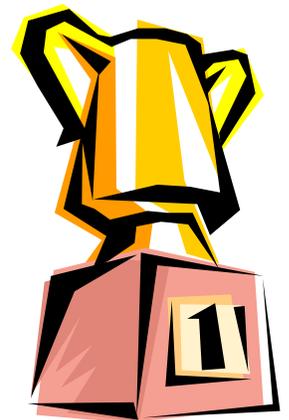
1. Name the five wealthiest people in the world.
2. Name the last five Heisman trophy winners.
3. Name the last five winners of the Miss America contest.
4. Name ten people who have won the Nobel or Pulitzer Prize
5. Name the last half dozen Academy Award winners for best actor and actress.
6. Name the last decade's worth of World Series winners.

How did you do?

The point is, none of us remember the headliners of yesterday. These are not second-rate achievers, they are the best in their fields. But the applause dies, awards tarnish, achievements are forgotten. Accolades and certificates are buried with their owners.

Here's another quiz. See how you do on this one:

1. List a few teachers who aided your journey through school.
2. Name three friends who have helped you through a difficult time.
3. Name three people who have taught you something worthwhile.
4. Think of a few people who have made you feel appreciated and special.
5. Think of three people you enjoy spending time with.
6. Name a half dozen heroes whose stories have inspired you.



Easier? The lesson: the people who make a difference in your life are not the ones with the most credentials, the most money, or the most awards. They are the ones that care. Make sure to thank the people who have made a difference in your life.

“Don't worry about the world coming to an end today. It's already tomorrow in Australia.”

- **Charles Schultz, submitted by Cheryl Edmunds (04)**

Three Extraordinary Wishes By Holly Vinall (02)

I recently had the opportunity to attend a presentation by Ed Burtynsky, a man who has shown the horrifying and disastrous effects of human industry on the environment. Through a series of extraordinary photographs, Burtynsky captures the reality of man's destruction of the natural world through open pit mining, oil fields, quarries, and other related industries that fuel our economy. Photographs taken of INCO mine tailing ponds, located outside the city of Sudbury, were most shocking to me since it was the area I had grown up in. I never realized how much the mines had transformed the lush forested areas of Sudbury to slag pilings and acidic ponds. For the first time in my life, I saw my childhood home as the industrial wasteland it had always been; an ugly scar on the beautiful landscape of northern Ontario. However, the disgust and sadness I felt was Burtynsky's intent, in many ways. It pointed out to me that most of us tend to turn a blind eye to the negative consequences of our actions, but, when faced with it directly, a moment of realization occurs. I believe most people, like myself, left that presentation wanting to assist more in environmental causes which are aimed at cleaning up the mistakes (if possible) that were made by mankind for our own economic gain.



However, another positive aspect was presented by Burtynsky that evening. He relayed to the audience that a few major players in the industrial world had given him the opportunity of a lifetime. He was to think of three wishes he had for the world and they would try to make his wishes a reality. Now, to an onlooker like myself, this chance seemed like a godsend; Ed Burtynsky was given the ability to do what most of us dream of. However, as he pointed out, an opportunity like this is wonderful, but is also a huge burden. With all the damage done by mankind, which one is in need of critical repair? What makes one cause more important than another? With these questions in mind, I realized the pressure that had been placed on Burtynsky's shoulders. I began to wonder what I would choose to do if presented with the same opportunity. In the end, perhaps we should all imagine we got the chance and work towards making our dreams for the world reality in our own lives and local communities.



**"For as long you live and high you fly,
for smiles you give and tears you cry,
for all you touch and all you see
is all your life will ever be."
-Pink Floyd.**

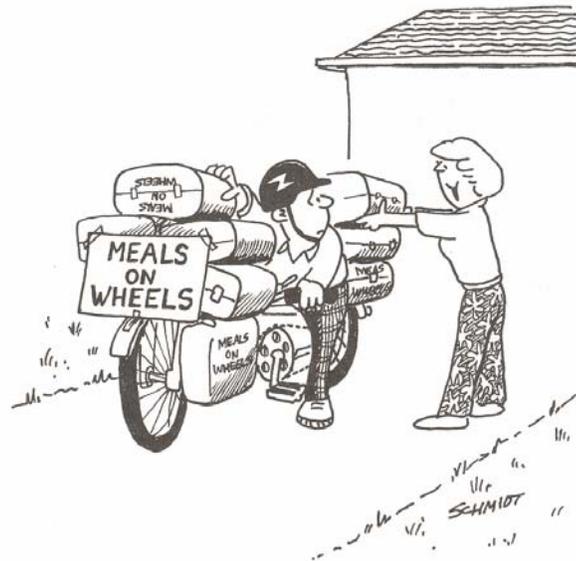
Jennifer Ciolfi (2004)

Meals on Feet

When we moved to our new house when I turned four years old, we met Auntie Norah. She lived right across the street from us, and was overjoyed at having new neighbours with young children. My sister, Lori, and I were immediately 'adopted,' and she has been our Auntie Norah ever since. One day when I asked her why it was the title of Auntie that she chose, she explained that she would never presume to take title of Grandma, as we already had two of those. Two, she said, was the perfect number of Grandmas to have, but you could never have too many aunts.

Every Sunday since we moved into our house 16 years ago, we have delivered dinner to Auntie Norah. Lori and I would go over, visit, help Auntie Norah set up her dinner and go home to our own meal. These past three years while I have been away at school have been very hard on Auntie Norah. She had a few emergencies, and was put on the waitlist for the only seniors' home available in Merritt. During my Christmas vacation, I went to visit her. She could not even remember my name, although she knew who I was. I stayed with her for a couple of hours, reminiscing about past times throughout the years we have lived beside her. At one point, she started talking to me about her "Meals on Wheels," telling me that they have never compared to my mother's home cooked dinners. Then, in her next breath, she said, "Do you know what I miss, Kristine? I miss you and Lori bringing me over my 'Meals on Feet.' They were extra special just because the two of you took the time to bring them over to me. I do not suppose that I will ever have grandchildren, but I can be satisfied knowing that you girls loved me just as much as any grandchild would. Thank you." Immediately, tears were rolling down my cheeks as I remembered her once telling me why she chose the title Auntie. Lori and I never really knew just how much a simple delivery, our "Meals on Feet," would mean to Auntie Norah. Lori continues this tradition without me there, but she tells me that Auntie Norah still calls it her Meals on Feet, and frequently reminds Lori of when it was the two of us girls, her "grandchildren," delivering her Sunday dinner.

Kristine Rasmussen (02)



"It's just until we get the car back!"

The image is from "Chicken Soup for the Volunteer's Soul" by Jack Canfield et al. and was reprinted in the book by permission of Jack Schmidt.

***Kristine Rasmussen received the TFHA in 2002, and her sister, Lori, who is mentioned in this article, is a new recipient of the TFHA this year.**



Dr Elizabeth Chard, Vice-Chairperson

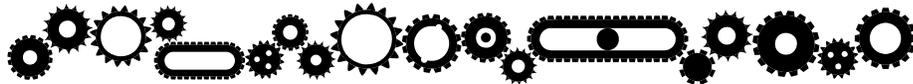
Dr Chard was born and educated in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where she has been extremely active in academics, athletics, humanitarian works and the church.

Dr Chard is a graduate of Dalhousie University, having received a B.A. (Hons.), M.A., and B.Ed. from that institution, as well as an honorary Doctor of Laws from St. Thomas University. She was the Associate Professor and Chairperson of the Department of History at St Mary's University for more than 10 years, and has been the Registrar at St Mary's from 1973, and will be retiring this summer.

Dr Chard has had a number of "firsts" including being the first woman president of the Atlantic Universities Athletic Association (AUAA), the first woman and first non-athletic Directors to be President of the Canadian Interuniversity Union (CIAU), and the first woman elected an Elder for life in the Presbyterian Church of Saint David.

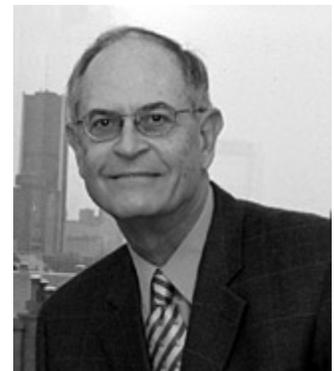
Dr Chard has served as the president of organizations such as the Canadian Association of College and University Student Services (CACUSS), the Nova Scotia Special Olympics and the Abilities Foundation of Nova Scotia, as well as being on the Board of Directors for the St Mary's University's Sport Hall of Fame. Dr Chard also serves on numerous committees at the Presbyterian Church of Saint David, including being the Superintendent of the Church School.

Dr Chard has been a member of the TFHAP Board of Directors since 1995, and has served on the Selection Committee, as the Secretary, Treasurer, and is currently the Vice-Chairperson



Dr André Bazergui, TFHAP Board Member

Dr. André Bazergui obtained his bachelor degree in Mechanical Engineering from École Polytechnique de Montreal in 1963 and a Ph.D. from the University of Sheffield (UK) in 1966 on an Athlone Fellowship and a NATO Scholarship. Upon his return to Canada, he joined the faculty of École Polytechnique where he reached the rank of full professor.



Dr. Bazergui recently completed his second four-year term as Director General (CEO) and Vice-Chairman of the Board of École Polytechnique de Montréal (one of the largest of the 33 Canadian Engineering schools with over 5000 registered students, and a leader in industrial collaborative engineering research in Canada). During his two terms as Director General he was the driving force behind École's two orientation plans. He chaired the National Council of Deans of Engineering and Applied Science of Canada and the Committee of Deans of Engineering of Quebec. He served two terms as a member of the Quebec Science and Technology Council. He was a member of the evaluation committee for Materials and Manufacturing Ontario Centre of Excellence, of the Expert Panel on Skills of the Prime Minister's Advisory Council on Science and Technology, and of the Scientific Advisory Board of Quebec's Research Fund for Natural Sciences and Technology (FQRNT).

He was awarded the 2000 Excellence Award from the Alumni Association of École Polytechnique for his overall professional accomplishments. He holds a Doctorate of Laws, honoris causa, from Concordia University.

Dr Bazergui has served on the Board of Directors of the TFHAP since 1998, and is a

ALUMNI CORNER

As the years have gone by, and students move out of our program, we find that sometimes we lose touch with the alumni of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program. We would very much like to get in contact with these people again, so if you have any information on them, please let us know, or have them contact us.

Natasha Affolder	Gregory Biniowsky	Gregory Chiasson	Lauren Clarke
Renee Depocas	Jude Fernandes	Mark Flynn	Nancy Ganovsky
Tina Groves	Mark Hagan	Dr Laura Hawkins	Darlene Jacobsen
Faye Karvat	Rozanne Koffler	Micheline Lavallee	Laura-Jean Lindsay
Leesa MacKenzie	Scott Manning	Kristin McLaren	Amanda McVey
Leonard Molczadski	Mirielle Morin	Erin Naef	Nathalie Parr
Jennifer Power	Kevin Rioux	Alan Ross	Aphrodite Salas
Alison Steele	Helen Tubrett	Lisa Vohra	Kenny Wong

We've also had a great deal of requests in recent years for more alumni activities. Therefore, we've decided to start up a new position - the **Provincial Alumni Representatives**. These representatives will be responsible for co-ordinating alumni in their respective provinces and organizing social events for alumni and current recipients. **Marisa DiMeglio** has offered to represent Quebec and **Michelle Mahoney** has offered for Nova Scotia, but if you are interested in representing any other province, please contact us at terryfox@sfu.ca or by phone at 604-291-3057. For those of you who are not available, we hope you'll participate in the upcoming alumni activities.

The many success stories of our alumni continue to grow with each year, and we hope you will continue to keep us updated about your lives - academic, professional, and family as we're always pleased to know how everyone is doing. We also hope, as your professional careers continue to progress, that you will include the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award in both your C.V./Resumé as well as your biography. For our current recipients, you can ask to have the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award placed on your permanent academic records - most employers and academic institutions are very pleased to see recipients of such a prestigious award.

Also, if anyone would like to speak about Terry Fox or the award program, we encourage any and all opportunities for you to do so. If, at any time, you would like material about the TFHAP, we are always happy to forward it along - posters, brochures, pamphlets and any and all background information. The more publicity and word-of-mouth we are able to generate, the more we will continue to attract outstanding humanitarians like yourselves to the program. We hope that you will look back on your experience with the Terry Fox Program with pride. As this award perpetuates the memory of Terry Fox's courageous dedication to finding a cure for