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**The Terry Fox Humanitarian  
Award Program Newsletter**

**Le journal du Programme du  
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# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE MEDIA

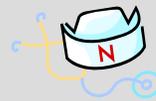


By Adam Bishop

Working in a newsroom has to be one of the craziest environments on the planet. Phones ringing off the hook, people running around frantically carrying scripts, reporters filling stories, and a general clamour as everybody tries to beat their deadline. Such is the day in a life of a radio anchor at BCIT's Evolution 107.9. Commonly known as a "desker," these anchors are responsible for taking in reporters stories, copying them, and building newscasts. Once this is done they are expected to go on "Air", and deliver in a calm, cool, and assuring manner. I have been living the life of a desker for the last month and a half, and I have to say it has been one of the most thrilling experiences of my life. The rush that surges through you every time a phone rings knowing that it could be the next breaking news story is unexplainable. The thought that you are on the front lines of what is happening in the world is unreal, and the responsibility vested in you to communicate those events in an unbiased way is immense.

The truth is, before I got into this program, I had a very different view of what the Media is. I believed that people in the media, especially reporters lacked a conscience. I believed that they would do anything, step on as many toes as it took, and dig as deep as necessary to get a story. I basically would have described the media as people without morals. It wasn't until I got into this program and started working as a broadcaster that I saw how wrong I was. Yes there are people in the media industry like I described, but they represent a minuscule percentage of people in the industry. The best of the best are the exact opposite, they do have a job to do, which is to inform the public of what is going on in all aspects of life. Instead of choosing to be the stereotypical reporter in the movies, they go about their work professionally. A good broadcaster or reporter pushes the envelope, but should only do so when it is in the public's interest to know what is going on. Broadcasters and reporters must follow crystal clear laws and rules when it comes to gathering information and broadcasting their materials. In most cases the only time a reporter or broadcaster should have a problem accessing information is when someone doesn't want something to get out. And that in

itself should be an indication to try harder or find another way to get the information. Such is a day in the life of the Media.



## THE NIGHTINGALE DECLARATION

By Kaeleigh Barney

*"We, the nurses and concerned citizens of the global community, hereby dedicate ourselves to the accomplishment of a healthy world by the year 2020."*

*"We declare our willingness to unite in a program of action, sharing information and solutions to resolve problems and improve conditions-locally, nationally, and globally in order to achieve health for all humanity."*

*"We further resolve to adopt personal practices and to implement public policies in our communities and nations, making this goal for the year 2020 achievable and inevitable, beginning today in our own lives, in the life of our nations and in the world at large."*

**A**s first year nursing student, I cited these words along with my fellow nursing classmates at our recent recognition and pinning ceremony. During this ceremony, we cited these words written by the late Florence Nightingale who was an outstanding nurse and healthcare provider, and during this time, we vowed to dedicate ourselves to the delivery of healthcare. During this event, when I received my pin, I realized how lucky I am to be entering such an outstanding profession. Although I have known that nursing was my calling for several years now since my battle with bone cancer, this special ceremony confirmed my dream of wanting to work in pediatric oncology. Although the workload in the nursing program is tough to manage at times, with three years left, I can very much see the silver lining, and am excited to begin my career as a registered nurse and work in pediatric oncology.

## DUKE

By Elliot Gordon

As young Canadians, we are often active in an array of different activities before and after classes each week. Maybe you're a competitive dancer or swimmer, have dreams of representing Canada at the Olympics for rowing, are an accomplished pianist...whatever your passion, you spend many hours each week preparing for that opportunity to shine. Like many students, you are probably not just involved in one activity, but many. However, what most students are unaware of is "The Duke."

"The Duke of Edinburgh's Award was founded in 1956 by HRH, Prince Philip, The Duke of Edinburgh, to help young people develop a sense of responsibility to themselves and to their communities. As of 2003, the Award operates in over one hundred countries across the globe and has become one of the world's most prestigious youth programmes known as The International Award for Young People in most countries around the world. Brought to Canada in 1963, the Award programme is open to all young Canadians between the ages of 14 - 25. The Award currently attracts some 30,000 participants annually and is operational in all 10 Provinces and 3 Territories" (The Duke of Edinburgh's Award, Young Canadians Challenge - [www.dukeofed.org](http://www.dukeofed.org)).

Now, the prospect of embarking on a journey to achieve a standard that may or may not prove useful in the future is often a deterrent for many students to get involved. However, from personal experience, signing up is usually the hardest part – the easiest being that most of you are probably involved in activities representative of the four required areas of each standard – Volunteer/Community Service, Sport & Recreation, Skill acquisition, and Expedition/Adventure. The best part about the program is that it helps one to grow and develop as a mature adult. In addition, one develops both strengths and weaknesses, while perfecting leadership skills.

I encourage each and every one of you to become an active participant with the Duke of Edinburgh's Award program. You may wish to contact the Award Office within your province or alternatively contact me for more information.

## SO WHY ARE YOU HERE?

By Lori Rasmussen

This is a phrase that I have heard many times since I began volunteering in Calgary. I've heard it from working with people with disabilities in their fitness routines, from coordinators of special events, and now from a homeless man to whom I was serving dinner. This is not, as you may assume, a philosophical question about life and our purpose in it, but rather a very direct and very sad question. Every person who has ever asked me this has really been asking, "Do you want to be here, or are you required somehow?" Many of the people who act as volunteers in many of the programs I participate in are practicum students or graduate students conducting research or company employees. Perhaps they enjoy what they are doing, but the people whom they are serving know very well that as soon as their requirements are filled, the volunteers will most likely not be back. I have found that particularly at the gym with the people with disabilities, they have come to accept this ebb and flow of volunteers. They acknowledge that many of the people in their lives are "required" to be there, whether it be case workers or medical professionals or therapists. I always feel foolish telling these people that I'm just a volunteer here to help them, because even that is not the complete truth. I'm not just there to help them; it always turns around on me and they end up helping me instead. They help me to be patient, to be understanding, and to appreciate what I am still able to do. They help me to realize that they are privileging me with their time, not the other way around. We may assume that because we are helping those who are in a more vulnerable situation than ourselves that we are the ones with the power, but I beg to differ. Knowledge is power, and the people that we serve will always have something to teach us. We just need to listen.

They help me to realize that I am privileged to be able to spend time with them, not the other way around.

## THOSE WHO INSPIRE US— SEAN COLLINS

By Colin Matheson

**T**he summer I was nine, my parents drove me two hours from home and left me at a place I knew little about and with no-one I had ever met. The first night at camp I cried and got my counsellor to call my parents to ask them to come and bring me home. However, I quickly became distracted by the wild activities, fun games, and new friends that I was surrounded by. From then on, I loved every minute of it! My parents, wisely didn't come to get me before the end of the week, and when they did, they had a hard time convincing me to come home with them. I spent five summers as a camper at Camp Rotary.

When I turned fourteen I was (sadly) too old to be a camper; but, I was able to participate in a Leader in Training program at the camp. The next summer I got a job as a counsellor at Camp Centennial, a day camp roughly a minute and twenty seven second bike ride from my house. This past summer was my fifth summer as a counsellor at Camp Centennial. It is a dream job! I got to experience all the joys of being a camper by playing games, singing songs, telling stories, and creating adventures with kids. As well, I was able to work through these mediums to pass on valuable life lessons to the children and teach them about having fun, working together, acquiring new skills, and having the confidence to use their skills.

Camps are detached from the real world; all stereotypes, prejudices, preconceptions, and connotations can be left at the entrance gate. At camp, kids can try new things, push their boundaries, and challenge themselves without the risk of embarrassment and ridicule from their friends or counsellors. They also get a great opportunity to expand their abilities, knowledge, and self-confidence with activities like canoeing, rappelling, hiking, and learning about the outdoors. As well, they get to experiment with acting, performing, singing, art work, and other forms of self expression. By the way, the counsellors get to experience, learn, and benefit just as much as the kids do.

This past summer I decided to return to my camping roots. I spent a week at Camp Rotary as a volunteer

counsellor during the Canadian Cancer Society "Camp Goodtime". All of the campers had either survived cancer when they were younger or were still fighting it. All of the boys in my cabin had fully beaten cancer and were in perfect health, except for one. A thirteen year old boy named Sean Collins was still in the midst of a fierce battle with a rhabdomyosarcoma (a rare and aggressive cancer of the connective tissue).

It was noticeably difficult for Sean, being tired, and confined to a wheel chair, when in previous years he was able to run, play, and fully participate with his friends. However, his desire and determination to spend the week at camp were astounding. When I talked to Sean during the week, his attitude surprised me again and again. Sean had a daunting daily routine involving many pills, tests, and rest periods. Cancer was certainly an imposing, controlling, and life threatening enemy. However, Sean saw his cancer simply as an obstacle or a challenge which he strived to not let slow him down. It was humbling and inspirational to spend a week with Sean.

Two days after I returned home from Camp Rotary, I read in the paper that Sean Collins had passed away. At first I felt shocked. It didn't seem possible, just days after he had been so courageous, active and engaged in life. Once the solemn news started to sink in, I was filled with sadness. For a couple of days, I found it hard to stay happy and enthusiastic, but it didn't take long for my sadness to be overcome by respect and inspiration. It amazed me, when I thought back on the week, that Sean was so motivated to come to camp and was able to have fun. I recently learned that Sean had set three goals for himself to accomplish before the end of his life. One was to visit Australia, which he was able to do, and thoroughly enjoyed. Another was to write a short book about himself. His book titled "Ten Needles" was released in November 2007. His last goal was to attend the 2007 Camp Goodtime, and I am awfully glad that he did. Sean obviously had a deep love and appreciation for all his experiences at camp and did not let anything stop him from being part of it one last time.

I have always found it difficult to express to others just how meaningful and important camp is to me. Without having been there, it isn't easy for others to appreciate the effect of a story I tell or a message I have learned. Sean's courageous story is a very strong statement of how meaningful and important the camp experience can be.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE



By Doug Gilbert

Hope everybody's having a great start to 2008! However, some of you might be under stress due to the arduous workload that is so common in University. Or maybe some of you are experiencing a little case

of the winter blahs (I am!). I thought I'd just put in some jokes and puns to help you forget your busy lifestyle for a minute or two. For those who may be doing just fine, keep it up, but take a look anyway! It has been said that laughter is the best medicine!

My dog is actually quite smart. I asked him what's two subtract two equal? He said nothing.

Did you hear about the kidnapping? They woke him up.

Tom had fallen for Clearly but the problem was, he was dating Lorriane. Unsure what to do, Tom was torn. One day, he and Lorriane were walking along a river. Suddenly, Lorriane slipped and fell into the river and drowned. After a moment of stunned silence, a grin broke out on Tom's face. He skipped home; he now can see Clearly after all.

I met an interesting man who had gone through several jobs. He told me his tale. He started out as a fisherman, but quit because he couldn't live off his net income. He then became a lumberjack, but he couldn't hack it so he got the ax. He then moved on to become a tailor, but work was so-so and he was always hanging by a thread. Soon he became a swimming pool maintenance worker, but quit because work was draining. Lastly he became an auto mechanic but quit because the work was exhausting.

A fifty year old man visited an eighty year old couple for dinner. Over dinner, the fifty year old man was impressed with the eighty year old man because he kept calling his wife all those nice endearments such as honey, sweetie, dear and more. After dinner, the

two men were in the kitchen. The fifty year old man expressed that he was impressed with him calling his wife all those nice names after all their years together. The eighty year old man then bowed his head and shook it and said "It's because I forgot her name ten years ago."

Know what I think of the Black Hole? It sucks.

Do you know why Simon Fraser University has the highest academic standard? It's on the top of the mountain.

Hope you all got a chuckle out of these jokes and puns. I should mention that I didn't make up or read them somewhere. I got them from my mentor, Elliott Richman. He has an uncanny ability of making a play on words, but what makes it even more impressive is the fact that he's deaf. Since deaf people can't hear, it's rare to see them enjoying playing with words. I've had the privilege of knowing him for over a decade now. He's had numerous puns and jokes, but the ones above are some of my personal favorites! Hope you all enjoyed them! Have a great semester!

## THE POWER OF INFLUENCE

By Kathleen Lefevre

Often, we forget how intertwined our lives are. We often see ourselves as a thinking thing that is isolated from all the other thinking things. In our world today, we have 6.7 billion thinking things, each meandering about with ideas, feelings, and thoughts...ticking away within each of us. However, it is just in the fact that this phenomena is happening within each of us that we can realize the commonality among all humans; all 6.7 billion humans existing today and all those who existed before today. It is within that natural capacity to be isolated entities that we can see we are not isolated in sharing such a phenomenon.

The world changed for me when I recently began to see it this way. I began to stop resenting my incompleteness and my loneliness by seeing that we humans are all such lonely and incomplete creatures. I began to understand humanity on an entirely different plain; began to develop compassion and endearment

for all of us, rather than love for some and hatred for others. How did such a change come about? In the only way it can come about: by giving myself away to others.

This begins with *trusting* a person. Just one person. A single individual can allow you to trust the entire race if you trust that individual enough. For me, it began this year with trusting a professor of mine. She seemed to carry with her a kind of peace and contentment that I lacked in all my frustrations of trying to comprehend the hows and whys of humanity. Of course, her peacefulness being foreign to me, I didn't understand it; but, I felt a natural inclination to it and, almost undecidedly, decided to just trust it with my whole being and soul. I began getting devoured in what she would say in class and what we would read. I began taking it to a personal level and digging, digging, digging. I began the painful process of admitting to myself all my inadequacies that are part of the human condition; all my uncertainties that I try to coax over with pretense; all my contradictions that I attempt to avoid with assumptions; all my pains that I work to deafen with the buzz of busyness.

It hurt so much, but I knew the influence of hers that I began to allow to run through my veins was the right thing to do. It was right in just allowing someone's blood to run with mine; right just in making myself that vulnerable to someone regardless of what is the particular opinion that characterizes the exact nature of that influence to which I am allowing to fully wash over me. It is the fact that I am allowing it to fully wash over me to the point of becoming a part of *me* which matters, because that is how this changed me. That water, from the genuine and sincere process of opening oneself up to others, is that which can dilute the denial and hatred in our blood and bring out the compassion and endearment within each person's soul. Plunging into that water has worked the water in and throughout me so as to stay with me, but only because I want it to stay. There is a peace associated with it that I now believe lies in the process of being forced to look so sharply at oneself to see oneself as truly as one can, that one is able to realize how much one *needs* others; and how beautiful this need is because we all share it! In losing the ego to just one other individual, or many others if one is so fortunate to be surrounded by so much beauty, we are able to see ourselves for what we truly are only to find out

how much we are like every other being on this planet. As a result, we develop prudence for what other humans truly are; prudence for beauty.

This is a power; a force in shaping ideologies; a majestic phenomenon that is where change lies. It is the process of a cycle; *it is* that cycle. It allows for death to allow for resurrection to follow. It allows for life to allow for further resurrection to follow. It is our capacity to communicate; it is our capacity to create; it is our capacity to be human, and not only that, but it is our capacity to be humans with other humans that spans through space and time. This professor of mine, Susan Babbitt, could never have shared this power with me had Terry Fox not shared this power with the world. She had been diagnosed with bone cancer in her right leg, just like Terry, and because of him and his beautiful influence on the world, was able to overcome it in 2006 with her leg intact. The first day that I spoke to her she told me that and then said: "It's all thanks to Terry Fox you know. He's the reason I still have my leg and maybe even my life."

## BRAWLERS AND BALLERS— SPECTATOR VIOLENCE IN SPORT



By Eli Miller

From body checking in hockey to uppercuts in boxing, violence is an ingrained part of many sports. Most sports purists and spectators alike believe that these behaviours are appropriate in the context of athletic competition and that without physical contact many sports are not exciting or enjoyable to watch.

However, there is a general consensus that any violent activity that takes place in sports should be restricted to the athletes themselves. Fans are expected to remain calm and placid throughout the course of any athletic event. Unfortunately, there are situations when spectators fail to control their emotions and vent their

feelings of frustration or excitement through violent behaviour, often with disastrous repercussions.

Many recent events have brought spectator violence to the forefront of the news. The effects of the 'Malice in the Palace', a brawl that took place in 2005 between Detroit fans and members of the Indiana Pacers basketball team, are still reverberating in the NBA today. Soccer violence and hooliganism abounds in Europe, as seen from the incident in the Italian Soccer League last year where a policeman was killed and the league was forced to temporarily suspend play as a result of fan violence. Even sports that are seen as non-violent such as marathon running are not immune; witness the Summer Olympics of 2004, where a fan attacked the leading marathon runner, causing him to lose the race.

Spectator violence is not a relatively new phenomenon. As early as 1912, professional baseball players (such as Ty Cobb) were known to get into brawls with spectators and hecklers during games. However, incidents of spectator violence have undeniably escalated in recent years, and this problem can not continue to be ignored. What can be done to resolve this issue?

I believe that the problem starts with the athletes themselves. Professional athletes serve as role models to many of the spectators, and when the players engage in violent behaviour, this incites fans to behave in a violent fashion as well. Consequently, the first step in reducing violence may be to impose restrictions on violent behaviour in sports, such as by banning fighting in hockey or imposing harsher penalties on fouls in soccer.

Of course, this measure alone will not solve the problem at hand, as fan violence is not limited to sports where athletes behave in an aggressive manner. It is clearly documented that most acts of violence in sports are related to alcohol consumption - that is, fans who drink more are more likely to behave violently and engage in the acts of notoriety that we see on the news. Therefore, the next step must be to limit the consumption of alcohol during athletic contests, and ensure that spectators are not permitted to bring in their own alcohol. As an additional precaution, we must carefully screen prospective spectators, and refuse to allow potentially violent spectators or fans carrying weapons to enter arena premises. Finally, as Terry Fox scholars, we must try to set a positive example in sporting endeavours and model appropriate behaviour, both when witnessing and participating in athletic events.

## Self-Love



By Jessica Benjamin

In North America today, society teaches us to love and take care of other people before ourselves. It allows us to think of ourselves at the end of the day when we are all tuckered out. Yet when we do think about ourselves, society tells us to think critically about our bodies, the clothes that we wear, what we think and say, etc. It is very easy to say that we love other people, but how many people truly love themselves in spite of their own perceived bad habits and flaws. The question that comes to my mind then is how many people say, "I love you" to themselves? I know it sounds a little bit out there, but just let me elaborate.

When you are experiencing low self-esteem, why not remind yourself of a good characteristic that you exhibit or a special achievement that you received. Or you can take it one step further and write them down and bring out that list whenever you are feeling sad, angry or disappointed in yourself. Examples can include, I am funny, I got an A+ on my science exam, or simply I make great pancakes. However, this may have an adverse effect on one's ego. This may lead someone to become arrogant since they now think that they are better than everyone else, which is when your support team, which can be friends and/or family, comes in. They will either give you a slight nudge or a swift kick to your hindquarters towards the nearest humble pie bakery.

It's all about balance since one cannot help others if they are not in top form themselves. This translates into eating healthy, exercising daily, getting enough beauty sleep, and it might even include saying, "I love you" to yourself every night before you go to bed. It may seem nerdy and weird but it truly can make you feel uplifted. At times when you feel that no one else loves you or cares about you, at least you know that you have your number one supporter and fan in your corner, YOU!!!

## BECAUSE I REFUSE TO DESPAIR

By Remzi Cej

**O**n December 10<sup>th</sup>, 2007, at 8:30 in the morning, I found myself setting up a presentation at Holy Heart High School in St. John's. I had graduated from Holy Heart in 2003, so visiting the school was a great chance to see the first teachers who had taught me upon my arrival in Canada as a refugee from Kosova. I was there for a series of five presentations on Amnesty International for seven different classes. My hope was that at the end of my presentations, the students in the five classes would feel so inspired by the power of letter-writing that they would write letters on behalf of Omar Khadr, a twenty-one year old Canadian man held in detention in Guantanamo Bay since the age of fifteen.

Before I started my first presentation, the host teacher whispered quietly in my ear: "Make sure you mention to them how important volunteering is for their future career." I stopped, shuffled my materials – a brochure, one of the few pictures that I had managed to bring back with me from Kosova, and a set of photocopies of a letter urging the Prime Minister Stephen Harper to call on his American counterpart to ensure a fair trial for Omar Khadr in Canada and not in Guantanamo Bay or the United States.

I reformulated the presentation in which I had intended to focus solely on my experience of escaping Kosova under terrible conditions and the role Amnesty International played in making the world aware of the killings and the violence that was taking place in my homeland at the time.

Instead, I turned to talking about why it mattered for me to volunteer for an organization that represented my values and beliefs. I remembered that, having survived the war in Kosovo, I had wanted to invest my energy in something that would help me make a difference in the lives of those who had not been in the same situation I had experienced in Kosova. Elie Wiesel once wrote: "Because I remember, I despair. Because I remember, I have the duty to reject despair." I, too, saw it as my duty to speak out on behalf of those who could not be heard at the cost of reliving the experience of war every time I spoke about it.

I have been volunteering with Amnesty International since 2001. Initially, I became involved with the organization because it spoke out on behalf of people whose rights were at risk. Members of Amnesty International believe that human rights are inherent, part of who we are, the reason why no government has the authority to take our rights away. This idea of universal care for fellow human beings truly appealed to me: I had just left my hometown in ruins caused by a government which believed in ethnic cleansing. I wanted to believe that wherever I went, wherever I looked, there would be people who cared for me not because I was Albanian, Turkish or Serbian, but because my rights were in danger.

In 1999, while sitting in my home basement, trying to mute the sound of grenades thrown at the Albanian homes by the Serbian paramilitary, I was amazed that Serbian mothers, sisters and wives held protests in Serbia, calling for the end of violence against civilians in Kosova. They were part of a greater movement, an organization called *Women in Black*, which sought a peaceful resolution to the Kosovar conflict. Their guiding principle was the belief that everyone deserved to be free and safe, regardless of their ethnicity.

That day, I remembered that since joining Amnesty International, I have only become more convinced in the power to change the world by promoting the universality of human rights. I have lobbied for human rights in Newfoundland and Labrador, Canada, Kosova, Serbia, the world. This is my cause, my *raison d'être* of sorts.

I told my story to the students, and added that high school is a particularly good time to adopt causes which affected them personally. They did not need to look far: Within their families, cousins and friends affected by housing shortage, cancer, HIV/AIDS, muscular dystrophy, multiple sclerosis; in their community, recycling programs that never quite got the government support they were promised during the election; in their school, cafeterias which did not offer healthy choices and promoted a junk food culture through pop and candy machines with no healthy alternatives.

The causes were everywhere around them: It was up to every single one of them to decide what issue they

were going to make their own. I reminded everyone again of something Elie Wiesel wrote on apathy: "The opposite of love is not hate, it's indifference. The opposite of art is not ugliness, it's indifference. The opposite of faith is not heresy, it's indifference. And the opposite of life is not death, it's indifference."

I repeated this quotation five times that day. Its repetitive emphasis was and sadly, still is, timely. While I spoke of the need to care, thousands of miles away, in western Sudan, the *janjaweed*, violent militia groups that had been attacking civilians in Darfur, continued to loot homes, continued to burn fathers and sons alive, and continued to rape mothers and daughters, and continued to destroy villages. Meanwhile, five years after Canadians had first heard about the emergency in Darfur, Amnesty International and STAND (Students Taking Action Now on Darfur) continued to plead for attention.

As I collected my materials at 3:00 pm on December 10<sup>th</sup>, I realized I was in grave need of taking a break and relaxing. Presenting five times on the same topic in one day can be awfully tiring. I thought about the 200 students who had heard my story and the story of millions of refugees possibly for the first time in their lives. I wondered if they would remember anything that I had said. At that moment, I realized: We had written and signed more than 200 letters and postcards for Omar Khadr on December 10, 2007, the International Day of Human Rights. As Canadians, we were outraged that a Canadian would not be tried in his homeland. On that symbolic day of the international celebration of human rights, we called on Canadian politicians to do their part. We had done our part. What more could one ask for?

*STAND has a campaign through which you, too, can do your part to change the fate of Darfur. Call 1-800-GENOCIDE and pick a Canadian politician, leave him/her a message outlining the steps you wish to see Canada take in ensuring Darfur does not become another Rwanda. 10,000 people have died. Now you know. Do your part. [more information on the speaking points for the 1-800-GENOCIDE call line at <http://www.standcanada.org/>]*



## INSPIRATIONAL QUOTES ABOUT PROCRASTINATION

By Kevin Dawe

Here are some inspirational quotes about procrastination as I know it sometimes gets the best of everyone.

"If and When were planted, and Nothing grew."  
*Proverb*

"Procrastination is the grave in which opportunity is buried."  
*Author Unknown*

"You may delay, but time will not."  
*Benjamin Franklin*

"In a moment of decision, the best thing you can do is the right thing to do. The worst thing you can do is nothing."  
*Theodore Roosevelt*

"Procrastination is the thief of time."  
*Edward Young*

"Procrastination is the art of keeping up with yesterday."  
*Don Marquis*

"You don't have to see the whole staircase, just take the first step."  
*Martin Luther King Jr.*

"Even if you're on the right track - you'll get run over if you just sit there."  
*Will Rogers*

"Procrastination is the fear of success. People procrastinate because they are afraid of the success that they know will result if they move ahead now. Because success is heavy, carries a responsibility with it, it is much easier to procrastinate and live on the "someday I'll" philosophy."

## FARMING IN SASKATCHEWAN

By Richard Boulding



If you were to ask any farmer in Saskatchewan to sum up their entire experience in one word they would most often say that farming is a rollercoaster ride. This is due to the fact that a farm economy is never stable, with indescribable market highs and lows, it can make even places like Las Vegas look like a safe bet. However, despite the risks involved in today's market, Saskatchewan is able to make up twenty-eight percent of Canada's grain production. In addition to this, Saskatchewan is also a major cattle and hog producer and is even able to compete effectively in the largest world markets. The province of Saskatchewan was forged through the work of farmers and it is without a doubt the farming within the province will remain strong with forty-five percent of Saskatchewan's total land area currently being used for farming.

### **Types of Farms in Saskatchewan**

In Saskatchewan, farmers have been blessed with not only fertile soils, but a variety of landscapes that are not only suitable to traditional crops, but are also able to support a variety of farming practices and livestock. The most well known types of farms in Saskatchewan are those that grow wheat and other crops. The wheat farms in this province generally produce hard red spring wheat that is planted in spring, grows through the summer, ripens and is harvested in early autumn. However, Saskatchewan is well known for its other forms of crops like cereal crops, oilseed crops, feed crops, and pulse crops. Another two types of farms in Saskatchewan are mixed farms and cattle ranches. On mixed farms crops are grown and livestock is raised, which means that the farmer will be kept busy all year-round. Cattle ranches are generally located in southwestern Saskatchewan where the land is not good for growing certain crops but does make suitable pastureland. In addition to these types of farms is the very well known dairy farm on which Holstein breed

dairy cows produce fresh milk that is sold in stores and as industrial milk (used in cheese, butter, yogurt, etc.). The last two main types of farms in Saskatchewan tend to be less well known but are nonetheless just as important to this province. These two types of farms are those of specialized farms and game farms. Specialized farms tend to focus on one specific commodity like chickens, turkeys, hogs, berries, seeds, herbs, spices, and even such things as Christmas trees. Game farms on the other hand are focused on raising specialized animals for meat such as elk, deer, and bison.

### **Crops Grown in Saskatchewan and Fertilizers Used**

In Saskatchewan, as I mentioned before, our landscapes are especially important to us in the way that they are able to support a multitude of crops. The largest form of crop grown in this province is wheat. Wheat belongs to the grass family and is used for bread and baked goods. Specific types of wheat like durum wheat have their own special purposes like making pasta. Another crop grown in Saskatchewan is flax, an oilseed crop used in paint, varnish, linoleum, linen cloth, and other products. Flax fields can be recognized in Saskatchewan by the light blue flowers which can create vast oceans of blue. In addition to these crops are others like canary seed and oats. Canary seed is used as food for wild and pet birds. In fact, Saskatchewan produces almost three-quarters of the world's canary seed. Along with feeding birds, is oats, which is grown to feed horses, hogs, and cattle, but rolled oats and oatmeal make delicious cookies and other baked products. The second largest crop is canola, whose seeds are used for salad oil, cooking oil, and margarine and whose meal is used as feed for animals. Along with crops like canola are cereal crops like rye, which is used to make flour for rye bread, food for cattle and hog, and for making rye whiskey. Another important cereal crop is barley. This is grown for livestock feed and is also used in the making of beer. Lastly are important crops like peas and lentils, mustard seed, sunflower seeds, and wild rice. Among the most notable of these crops is mustard seed, which is used as a spice and for making mustard. Saskatchewan produces nearly half of the world's supply of mustard seed and a mustard crop is yellow just like the mustard you eat. Peas and lentils are used in soups and sunflower seeds are used for snack food, bird food, and oils. Finally, a major example of a crop

that requires a specialized growing area is wild rice, which is grown in the northern Saskatchewan and is sold mostly to the United States.

When looking at crops within Saskatchewan, one must take into account the fertilizers that can help these crops grow and fight disease. In Saskatchewan, natural fertilizers are made from leaves, dead insects or animals, and sometimes fungi, mould and bacteria. However, the largest used fertilizers in the province are made right here as well from potash. Potash is an evaporate rock and like other evaporates (halite, gypsum, etc.), forms in arid climates where restricted sources of water are evaporated and their minerals deposited. Other fertilizers made and used in Saskatchewan are made from phosphate and nitrogen.

### Weather in Saskatchewan

Weather is very important to farming in Saskatchewan and with constantly changing weather, a farm's income can be devastated with one bad storm. In Saskatchewan the most feared of all weather by farmers is a hailstorm, which is also known as the big white combine. Such an event comes almost yearly and without warning. In fact, many farmers in the southern portion of the province recently lost almost ninety-five percent of some crops due to hail damage. Another important weather factor is early snowfall in the season, which can damage plants, hurt a crops yield, and even force farmers to leave entire crops in the field. The amount of rainfall is also very important. Too much rain at the wrong time, or not enough rain can hurt the crops. This can come in the form of either an absence of rain in the growing season or too much rain during the harvest season, both of which can lead to a collapse in the farm's economic bottom line. Lastly, the final main weather concern for farmers in Saskatchewan is winds which can both flatten fields and in times of drought can blow away precious top soil, an event that made farmers sell their lands during the "dirty thirties." Hence for these reasons, one can clearly see just why a farmer is always concerned about the weather and relies on short and long term forecasts to help him determine which crops to plant.

## FOREVER GRATEFUL



By Anita Kreutzwiser

Four years ago I came to University with only a few things: my desire to learn, my family's support, my belongings, and the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award. It is through the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award that I have been able to pursue my love of learning and gain many experiences that at the time were so foreign to me.

I grew up on a swine farm in Midwestern Ontario and as a result never experienced a vast amount of time in the city. I soon realized after coming to University that I was different than most students. I had experiences, skills, and a different perspective on life compared to them. I quickly learned that rural and urban life are separate from each other and one must adjust accordingly because just as I had my own experiences, urban folks had theirs. Luckily for me, I met some wonderful urban friends who provided insight into their life experiences and I tried to do the same with mine. A few of my urban friends have even made it back to the farm for chores!

Looking back on my four years of university I am so thankful that I applied to the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program. I have not only gained so much from receiving this award but I have been able to give more to my urban community as well. This year in particular, I have been able to become a 4-H leader, which as a youth I participated as a member. It has been such a unique experience being able to teach today's youth what I learned so recently. Within my four years of university I have been able to contribute to a wonderful literacy program within the elementary school system and I have also shared in making the downtown community a safer place by providing other students a safe walk home at night. In my mind, I have had numerous accomplishments over the last four years; however, my biggest one is not the number of hours I have volunteered or the grades I have worked for in school, but rather the power of knowing that I made a difference in many children/fellow student's lives through my various volunteer activities. I have contributed to a safer university environment and have instilled the love of learning in many children, to me this is more rewarding. I have been able to give back to society what it once gave me: hope. Hope to

pursue ones dreams and goals, hope to provide others with a brighter tomorrow, and hope to create everlasting learning.

This award provided me with the opportunity to reflect on my goals and desires. It provided me with a sense of worth and motivation to continue striving for greatness. It was a constant reminder that no matter what happens in life, one must persevere. Lastly, this award provided me with the opportunity to show others how much someone cares.

It is hard to believe that my university career will soon be coming to an end, but it is with great pride that I will be done. One day in the relatively near future I will be able to teach children in elementary school and hopefully provide them with a sense of hope and encourage them to become active citizens within their own communities, just as my parents once encouraged me. I cannot extend a large enough thank you to the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program for the opportunity they provided me. Thank you, and I wish all the other recipients a life filled with long learning!

## STEADY IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY

By Matthew Sheriko

**"T**o be able to triumph over adversity is an incredible feeling and one that will always stay with you." Jordan Sheriko is no stranger to adversity. He makes overcoming it look easy. His years playing University basketball at Acadia saw no shortage of frustration and difficulty, particularly his final two years.

Sheriko, a Wolfville Nova Scotia native, played for the Acadia Axemen for all four of his years at his hometown university. The 6'2" guard was captain for the final three years. Sheriko had grown up watching the Axemen play, so naturally when he had the opportunity to play for the team he, in the end, could not refuse. He took his large scholarships and stayed in Wolfville. In his undergrad years he was good at making himself busy, taking an honors in Psychology and a major in Biology. He also was involved in a number of volunteer initiatives including the founding of his own summer camp. He had to deal with the hardship of a father sick with brain cancer, and the demands to be a role model for his two

younger brothers. Sheriko's time at Acadia was in no way perfect, nor was it totally disastrous. It was an odd mix of intense highs and lows.

He was well versed and familiar with the style of play and the commitment that university basketball brought by the time of his third year. That doesn't mean it was all smooth sailing to that point. Going into that season, he and two other teammates would be under the command of their fourth coach in three seasons. "Third year was definitely a struggle for our team," Sheriko recalls. "The program was trying to find its footing after the coaching fiasco." It was hard for Sheriko, as a player, to get used to so many new coaches.

In that third year Sheriko's team looked much different in contrast to the previous two years. The team was young and inexperienced. The team needed Sheriko's leadership, but there was only so much that he could do. "There were many times when we (the veterans) were frustrated because many of the young guys didn't grasp what it took physically and mentally to play at this level," Sheriko recounts. The team didn't live up to their potential, only managing to win two regular season games all year.

In keeping to the theme of a roller coaster ride of a career, individually he had a stellar season, despite the negative letdowns. He was among the top three point shooters in the country, he played solid defense, and he led his team in minutes played. He capped off the season by being awarded the Ken Shields Award, for excellence in academics, athletics, leadership and community service.

Coming into his fourth season, Sheriko was optimistic. He knew this season would be different in terms of what the team would accomplish in the standings. At first their season didn't look too promising, going into the Christmas break at 3-3. The team bounced back and won eleven of their last fourteen games after the Christmas break. This is exactly the kind of results Sheriko had been waiting for. Although it was bitter sweet for him. He spent the balance of the regular season sitting well dressed on the sidelines. For the first time in his career, Sheriko was kept out of action due to a serious ankle sprain and a never ending back injury, which later was determined as a herniated disk.

This was extremely hard on him. He slowly started to feel disconnected and less a part of the team, because he could not participate. He just wanted his chance again to show that he could still contribute considerably. He could see the hole that he knew he could fill it. He was the piece

of the puzzle the team was missing despite their success. Sheriko would later get that chance when it counted the most.

He was there everyday watching practice and in physiotherapy, rehabilitating. He had finally worked himself back to the point where he could play in his final game on home court. He then entered the Atlantic Conference playoffs at the Metro Centre in downtown Halifax and put up a game MVP performance in a quarterfinal win over Dalhousie scoring 18 points.

Acadia was then set up to play St. FX in the semi-finals, a team Sheriko preferred to play and to defeat more than any other. He put up another great performance and earned a spot in the Conference Championship game versus Saint Mary's.

The Axemen battled through a thrilling game and ended up tied after regulation. With Acadia's two point guards fouled out of the game, Sheriko was placed at the controls for the overtime period. This was a considerable amount of pressure. Sheriko thrived on it. He stayed calm and guided his team to a nail biting two-point victory.

The defining moment of Sheriko's career was right there at those championships. He had shown his true abilities. He showed he could make or break a championship; and that nothing could keep him from reaching his goal. "It was a wonderful feeling to have gone through all my injury troubles that year and to have things come full circle, I couldn't have asked for a better finish to my career."

This title earned his team a spot in the national championships, on the same court for the 24<sup>th</sup> and final time. Sheriko had grown up watching and admiring those championships. To have the chance to play in them was a dream come true despite not doing overly well in the tournament.

So on a quiet Saturday afternoon his career would end in the venue and competition he wanted it to end in. Sheriko tearfully stepped off the court and parted with competitive basketball, one of the things that made him happiest. He knew it was time to walk away, and move on. The decision to move on to medical school only made sense for him, in part because he was now too prone to injury. It was certainly a melancholy departure. Not playing his final year of eligibility. On one hand, he was no longer an Axemen, and on the other, he was excited to start medical school. He learned a lot in those four years. He will never forget the things he learned and where he comes from.

## GO FOR THE GOOD, BUT GIVE FOR THE GREAT!!

By Katlyn Smith

Hardworking... very. Compassionate... I like to think so. Dedicated... without a doubt. But to be granted such a prestigious award as the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award... to be honest, I wasn't sure I was there yet. I may never be there.

I grew up in a small community in the eastern end of Prince Edward Island. My family has always been extremely supportive of everything I have done and they have taught me many lessons and values that I will take with me for the rest of my life. Growing up, it has always been work before play. We did our chores, and we did them with a smile on our face. And if for some reason that smile just didn't want to make an appearance, we did our chores until that smile couldn't hide itself any longer. No complaining. No arguing. That's just the way it was. Growing up, I never understood my parents' weird logic. As I'm getting a little older however, I am now beginning to understand the madness behind their teachings. Anyone can unload the dishwasher, cut the grass, or fold the clothes. But it takes a special person to show up everyday with a smile on your face showing everybody that you actually want to be there.

When the work was done, it was play time. Influenced by my father, I developed a passion for sports at a very young age. Much to his relief, my very first love ..... was baseball. Every father dreams of having a little boy who they can toss a ball around with, but no little boy around these parts could toss a ball quite as hard as I could. I had no interest in Barbie dolls or nail polish. Sports were my life and I loved everything about them. Along with teaching me the correct way to hold a bat and how to get more power out of my throw, my father showed me the importance of having a good attitude both on and off the field. Being a little competitive is healthy, but attitude is so important. It's what makes the difference between a good athlete and a poor one.

When I was eight years old, my father was diagnosed with a rare form of leukemia. We were shocked; he exercised regularly, ate a healthy diet, and never

smoked a cigarette in his life. I soon went from having my parents involved in every aspect of my life, to having to look out for my two younger brothers. My mother spent most of her time with him while he was sick for a year in the hospital before passing away. Not only was this devastating to my immediate family, but my whole community mourned his death. I was daddy's little girl, and at the young age of nine had already experienced a life-changing tragedy. I truly believe what got us through that difficult time in our lives was the love and support we received from neighbors, friends, and even complete strangers. I have experienced first hand how a stranger's kindness can change someone's life.

I was so touched and grateful for the support of those around us that I started to get involved in some volunteering of my own. At first my goal was to give back to my community what they have given to me, but I never in my life dreamed how I would be affected by some of my volunteering experiences. I have been involved in organizations such as Special Olympics and Big Brothers, Big Sisters. Some of these kids live lives that are so foreign and difficult that it is amazing if they ever could feel good about themselves. We offer them a friendship and a way to escape the reality of their own lives. The excitement in their eyes and the smile on their face makes it all worth while. It doesn't feel like a job to me anymore, but something that I actually look forward to each week.

When I first found out that I was selected as a recipient of the 'Terry Fox Humanitarian Award', it was a huge deal to my family, friends, school, and community. I was honored, and to be honest, a little shocked. Hardworking... very. Compassionate... I like to think so. Dedicated... without a doubt. But the 'Terry Fox Humanitarian Award' recognizes just 20 students from across the country. I was a small town girl with big dreams, but things like this just didn't happen to me.

On my graduation night, one of my teachers came up to me after the ceremony and told me that he wasn't looking at me when the announcer was reading the description of the awards I had received. I laughed and asked, "What were you looking at then?" "Your mom," he answered. At that moment I realized that even if I had not raised millions of dollars for cancer

research or built a shelter for the homeless, my mom deserved this award. My parents have taught me to make the best out of my life, whatever the cards are that I have been dealt. To put a smile on my face and embrace the day, each and every new day. Greet it with a good attitude and watch the difference that it can make. Having a good attitude empowers you and when you are empowered you can empower others you meet. No one feels like having a good attitude all the time, but it is during these hard times that having a good attitude matters most. Whether or not I deserve this award, I will continue to challenge myself to be the best person I can be, and to offer whatever services that I know how to those around me who need it.

## BREAKING BARRIERS

By Elizabeth Von Rosenbach

I AM ABLE. These are the words that I have lived by since I was a very little girl. When I was born, I was diagnosed with Cerebral Palsy, which, for those of you who don't know, is a neuromuscular disorder that causes muscle weakness and spasms throughout the affected area. Cerebral Palsy affects coordination, balance and smooth muscle movement. In my case, it affects the entire right half of my body, including my eye, lips, hand and foot. However, despite this, I have never thought of myself as being disabled. In fact, I have been able to transform my "disability" into a great ability. However, this transformation did not happen overnight. Let me tell you a little story about how this change came about.

In the spring of 2006 I went on an adventure that would change my life forever. I decided to take the risk and apply for a one month academic credit in the heart of rural Ecuador. I was going to go study biology in the Amazon! I would have to brave the heat, the mosquitoes (and the diseases!) to fulfill my love of learning and satisfy my grade 12 biology course requirements.

I had been dreaming of this trip ever since I heard about the educational program several years earlier. I

worked through my grade ten and eleven biology credits to make sure I had the right prerequisite courses to go on the trip. After two years of waiting, I submitted my application and then, after several *more* agonizing weeks, I found out I was accepted into the program. I was incredibly excited!

So, you can imagine how disappointed I was when, just a month before the expedition, I was contacted by the program administrators and strongly advised to reconsider participating in this trip. I was told that it would be far too dangerous for someone with a disability. As they explained some of the challenges I would be facing, I must admit I was scared. I was afraid that I would not be able to keep up with the group. I was afraid of the water that we would have to cross. I was afraid that my unstable ankles would make me fall. Most importantly, I was afraid of social rejection if I held the group back. Nevertheless, I had waited two years for this opportunity and I knew in my heart that it was something I wanted to do. So I persisted. I told them I could do it, and I made sure they kept me on that trip.

And I am so glad they did. Yes, I did fall behind, but the group waited. Yes, we did have to wade through murky waters, but someone held my hand so I wouldn't slip. And, yes, I did fall, but someone was there to pick me up. It was on this trip that, for once in my life, I was seen as an actual person, not just someone with a disability. I have always had to deal with social rejection, but for the first time, I was finally accepted for who I was, without any label. My entire life I have been excluded because I am "different" but, during this trip I was able to confirm what I've always known in my heart – that a disability only exists if you believe it to exist. I didn't try to hide my disability from anyone but I made sure that it did not get in the way of my enjoyment of the trip. Sure, it's true that I stumbled and fell – perhaps more often than the rest – but isn't it true that everyone falls, at one point or another? As long as we get back up again and keep moving forward, we'll all reach our goals in the end.

I try to apply that philosophy to my entire life. After returning from my trip to Ecuador, I had a little time to reflect before returning to the rigors of school. Looking back on the obstacles I had faced and overcome, I realized that I could do anything I wanted to. I didn't have to restrict myself to the limits that

others set for me. I took some wonderful photographs on my trip and I realized that the things that I enjoyed most, and was most proud of, were my skills in photography. For it is in taking pictures that I can turn my **disability** into **ability**. Since my eye muscles don't work together smoothly, I do not have the ability to perceive depth when I look at the world around me. However, a camera cannot perceive depth either. So there lies my advantage. Since the camera and I both "see" in the same 2 dimensions, I can compose and take photos faster and more effectively than a "normal" person. I can react quickly to a special moment and capture an image that others may not even notice! Sometimes it pays to be different. In the field of photography, my disability does not exist at all.



*Photos taken by Elizabeth during her trip.*



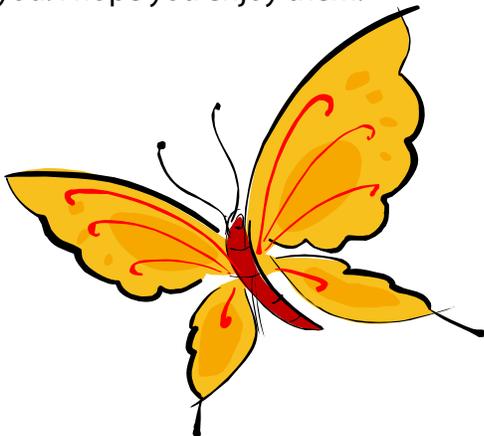
Barriers, however, are not restricted to disabilities. Everyone, in every culture, will face some barrier at one point or another in their lives. But I know that, if you believe you can succeed, you will. If I had let my barrier overcome me, I would never have had the chance to see monkeys and crocodiles, to swim with sea lions and sharks in the Galapagos, or to realize my dream of photography. A barrier only exists if you think it does. Now I am at Mount Allison University in New Brunswick, studying Fine Arts. After nineteen years, I have overcome my barrier.

## POETRY CORNER

By Sarah Steeves

I wrote these poems in high school, when I was going through my cancer treatment. The first poem (*The Long Journey*) I wrote in grade nine, when I was struggling with feeling ugly from losing my hair and feeling so sick. Like the little caterpillar, I was forced to search inside myself to find my true beauty, which I realized was far more important than the outward beauty the world values. I knew that someday my journey would end and I too would feel beautiful again. It was through this journey that I learned the most about seeing people for who they are, looking deeper than the surface and valuing them for more than just their looks. Although it was a challenging lesson to learn at the age of fourteen, it is a lesson I will carry with me and value for the rest of my life.

The second poem (*Experience*) I wrote in grade eleven, near the end of my cancer treatment. I wrote it as a sort of victory poem about my journey with cancer. It was an English class assignment and I had to model the poem after a sport I was interested in; I chose volleyball. I used words from this sport to walk through my cancer experience, beginning with the shock of finding out and ending with my victory in overcoming the battle. I thought I would share these poems with you. I hope you enjoy them.



### The Long Journey

One bright sunny day near the old cricket creek  
Came into the world a newborn;  
A fuzzy little caterpillar crawling along,  
Sad, alone, and forlorn.

A grasshopper hopped by, cutting him down,  
Saying he'll never be anything but slow.  
The caterpillar was crushed, thinking himself worthless,  
But he vowed he'd reach the other end of the rainbow.

So onward he went with bugs all around,  
Saying he was as ugly as scum.  
But he never gave up, never gave them a chance,  
For he knew in his heart he would overcome.

One day in the spring, as he was inching along,  
A beautiful butterfly flew by.  
Seeing the caterpillar the butterfly stopped to talk,  
But the caterpillar started to cry.

"Oh why did you stop?" the caterpillar asked,  
Wondering what the butterfly might do.  
"You looked very sad, so I thought that I'd say  
One day you too will look beautiful and brand-new."

The caterpillar smiled and was given new hope  
As he continued to crawl along on the limb.  
He would keep going on and never lose heart  
And his light never seemed to grow dim.

Along came a day with pouring rain and thunderclouds  
When the caterpillar knew it was time to go.  
But only for a little while did he stay away,  
Soon he returned with a joy that overflowed.

For while he was away he transformed himself  
From an ugly caterpillar into a beautiful butterfly.  
It was a wonderful change for him to behold,  
And deep within himself he was satisfied.

Life is too short to judge peoples looks,  
That's not what should be most important in life,  
It's what's on the inside that matters the most,  
In the past, present, and always.

## Experience

It was a sweeping smash,  
I thought it was merely a skinned knee.  
Nothing to sweat over,  
But it shifted everything.

The game had now begun,  
There was no switching over.  
Such a striking blow,  
Would I make it?

Filled with non-stop action,  
Never-ending, ceaseless movement,  
Painful, aching hits.  
Was I almost done?

Then the score got higher  
And the match was looking brighter,  
A glow that somehow tipped  
The shot inside my line.

That was when I heard it;  
The whistle's high-pitched echo  
Bellow out its jubilation  
Declaring I had made it through.



## La Fée de l'Hiver

L'aurore de la nuit, d'image malicieuse  
De figure voilée, d'allure pernicieuse  
Dérobe ce qui luit. La froideur délicieuse  
De sa voûte étoilée nous envoûte l'esprit.

En ce pays vivant, rafraîchissant, sublime  
Ce monde de Morphée candide purissime  
Magique, ensorcelant, riche, superbissime  
Une petite fée contemple l'air et prie.

Cet ange de blancheur, sculpté de joli verre  
Et de larmes glacées qu'avait versées l'hiver  
De parfaite fraîcheur couché dans son lit vert  
Possède mes pensées; mon cœur est épris.

L'air nocturne est empreint de sa divine essence  
De la lune, sa sœur, elle est l'incandescence  
De la nuit elle enfreint par sa luminescence  
La loi de la noirceur sans en payer le prix.

De ses lèvres givrées, minces, frêles, fragiles  
Un frais souffle d'argent s'échappe. Si fébriles  
Ses prunelles ambrées dérobent de subtiles  
Traces de sentiment. Preuve qu'elle a compris.

Ses cheveux frisottés sertis de cent bijoux  
Enchevêtrés dans l'or pur des princes royaux  
De soleil tricotés occupent les noyaux  
De mes pensées. Dès lors qu'elle sut, elle apprit...

Son âme de cristal, immaculée, limpide  
Douce comme le miel, de tout vice nous vide  
Du haut du piédestal de son monde splendide  
Cet archange du ciel dans son piège m'a pris

Si tu daignes jeter de ta grandiose tour  
Ton regard flamboyant, brillant comme le jour  
Ose me regarder te criant tout l'amour  
Qui me garde vivant. Mon ange je t'en prie...

Par Guillaume Lafortune, avril 2006

# RECIPE FAVOURITES

## Banana Chocolate Chip Muffins

By Gillian Carr

This is my third year living in residence and it doesn't exactly lend itself to gourmet cooking. Still, I can make a few things with my tiny toaster oven. One recipe I use is my aunt's recipe for chocolate chip muffins. It's really simple and easy to bake in a short amount of time. Perfect for a busy university student!

1/2 cup of vegetable oil  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 egg  
two bananas mashed  
1 1/4 cups flour  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
3/4 cup chocolate chips

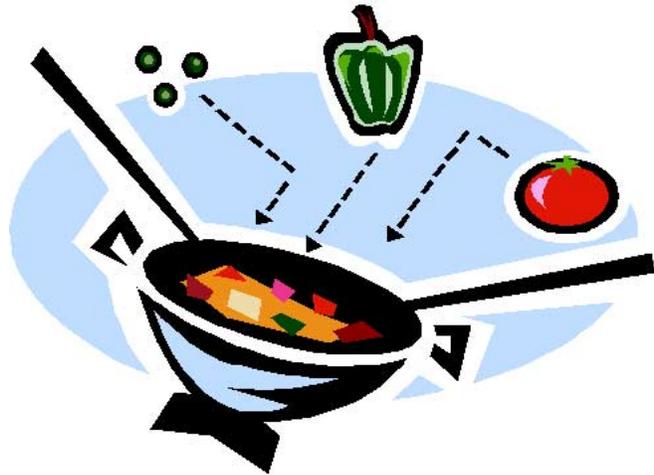
Mix all ingredients together. Bake at 375 for 15 min. and voila, muffins!



## A Great Stir-fry

By Brent Milljour

1 cup white rice (boiled)  
1/4 of a white onion  
1 green onion  
1 Chicken Breast (cut in small pieces)  
Sauce of choose (I prefer Sweet Chili or Honey Garlic)  
1 Cup Mozzarella Cheese Cubes (About 20)  
1/4 Cup chopped Tomato  
1/2 Cup Chopped Green Pepper  
1 Egg



Preheat a frying pan, add some olive oil. Fry the onions together with the chicken on medium heat until the chicken is done. Add the chopped tomatoes and the chopped green pepper pieces. Add the cooked rice to the veggies and chicken, and then add 1/2 cup of your favorite sauce into the pan and mix well. Then crack one egg into the mix and continue to cook over medium until the egg is cooked thoroughly in the stir-fry. Then add the cheese into the stir-fry, cook until the cheese is melted and enjoy!



# BRAIN TEASERS

Submitted by Michelle Leong

go it it it it

NINE  
CUMULUS

M1LLION

E more more more more

E E  
A A  
R R  
T T  
H H

XQQQME

give get  
give get  
give get  
give get

1.  
2. blame  
3. blame

ABCDEFGHIJKLM  
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ

# SUDOKU PUZZLES

Submitted by Bola Famuyide

		2	8	3			5	
8				5	2		7	
7		3	1	6	4	9	8	
5						2	1	
		7				4		
	2	9						5
	7	4	6	9	5	8		3
	3		7	8				9
	8			4	3	1		

3			8	9				1
	8				1		3	5
	9				6			2
9		8		1	3		2	
	1		5	8		3		4
5			2				9	
8	2		1				4	
4				3	8			7

Answers to Brain Teasers on Page: 19

## *Message from the Executive Director*

Once again, spring is upon us. I hope everyone has had a wonderful past few months and I'm sure you are all looking forward to the warm spring weather as much as we are. We have been very busy these past few weeks having just completed this years provincial interviews all across Canada.

We want to take this opportunity to thank the individuals who generously gave of their time to assist with the interviews.

### **British Columbia**

CS Ling  
Chris Fuoco  
Jennifer Bradbury-Lum

### **Manitoba**

Jill Laplante  
Norman McLean  
Brad Pennington

### **New Brunswick/PEI**

Angie Peters  
Brenda Arsenault  
Luc Gallant

### **Alberta**

Carolyn Chin  
Dalton McGrath  
Quinn Page

### **Ontario**

Saul Miller  
Katie Graham  
Liz Parry

### **Nova Scotia**

Michelle Mahoney  
Krista Wilkins  
Anita MacPherson

### **Saskatchewan**

Lori Bargen  
Paula Anderson

### **Québec**

Mathieu Carignan  
Jennifer Cioffi  
Marisa DiMeglio

### **Newfoundland**

Tara Morgan  
Jill Curran  
Chris Little

Without their help, many of the very deserving applicants who were interviewed may not have had that wonderful opportunity. We would also like to take this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude for the generosity of all the alumni who have contributed to our One More Award Campaign. We are very pleased to announce that as a result of those donations we will be able to give an additional award to a worthy candidate as well as the award provided by Dr. Kelly McCaul's donation. We hope that this campaign continues to grow and to gain support amongst the alumni so we can continue to offer awards to even more deserving young Canadian students.

Thank you once again to all those who assisted with the Provincial Interviews and to all those who have so generously contributed to the One More Award Campaign.

My best wishes to you and your families for success and happiness in all that you do,

*Lorne Davies*

missng you	no one to blame	forgive and forget
excuse me	down to earth	ready for more
one in a million	on cloud nine	go for it