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GOLDEN THREAD
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The Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program newsletter
Le journal du Programme du Prix Humanitaire Terry Fox

Fall/Winter | 2006

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Terry do?"**

written by
Kathleen Courtney
2006 Recipient

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Tim Rose
2004 Recipient

"Every day you may make progress. Every step may be fruitful. Yet, there will stretch out before you an ever-lengthening, ever-ascending, ever-improving path. You know you will never get to the end of the journey. But this, so far from discouraging, only adds to the joy and glory of the climb."

Sir Winston Churchill

Off the cover...

What Would Terry Do?

Written by:

Kathleen Courtney

Growing up, my summers were spent running around outside, digging holes, creating caterpillar housing projects and swimming in Lake Huron. My family and I played hockey at home in Goderich, Ontario, until I was diagnosed with the same cancer as Terry Fox and lost my leg too. Everything I did growing up was with my siblings--Sheila, Leo, Des and Kevin. Spending years close to home was amazing. As I got older, I was keen to travel, and dreamed of taking the train or bus across Canada.

For a few years, I was committed to a pattern of plan making and plan breaking. In October of last year (before I decided to apply for the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award), I made the quick decision to buy a VIA Canarail pass early in the school year, to ensure that I would actually carry out the plan 8 months later.

It excited me to think of gaining a grasp of Canada's size, and having a glimpse of its beauty. Most exciting to me was to have a little idea of just what our hero Terry Fox had done, and planned to do.

I headed from Ottawa to Halifax. I went alone, and was pretty anxious about my prosthesis--what would I do with it at night when I had to take it off? What if I was uncomfortable sitting for two days straight? Would others be uncomfortable with it? What if someone took it? I over analyzed and tried to have as much security as possible!

Ottawa to Halifax was unforgettable! As I rode along, I would imagine Terry running in those early days in Quebec. I wondered what he thought about. I wondered about all of the things that happened, or things he thought of but never told anybody. I wondered what he could do to give his right leg relief.

During that first trip to Halifax and back, I wore my prosthesis as long as I could stand, and quietly took it off at night and covered it with a blanket. I didn't behave this way out of shame, I basically sought security and didn't want to stand out.



I did a longer stretch from Ottawa to Winnipeg. This time, I had someone sitting directly across from me. I had never removed my leg in front of a stranger before. I sent a slightly distressed text message to my

“ I wondered about all of the things that happened, or things he thought of but never told anybody. I wondered what [Terry] could do to give his right leg relief.

best friend Christine whose parents had both been diagnosed with cancer a month earlier. She messaged back a phrase we often use: "What would Terry do?" So I did it! I took it off right there, definitely surprising my neighbours!

From Winnipeg to Calgary, I would watch the amazing scenery and wonder how big Terry's following would have been here? What would he have been feeling, being closer to home?

I visited my brother in Calgary. There, I heard the incredible news that I would be a 2006 Terry Fox scholar! The news hit me hard, and later that day, my brother Des and his fiancée Rachel and I went to a truck stop on the Trans Canada Highway to celebrate--as we thought Terry Would have done. Two days later, I hopped back on the train in Edmonton to head to Vancouver. As an award recipient being dazzled by Canada's beauty, I felt like a Queen! The train was completely full. Terry's spirit guided me once again and I kept my leg off throughout most of the 24 hour trip. I sat and slept with it down on the floor, day and night. The neatest thing about it is that I didn't feel even slightly insecure or uncomfortable. I am so thankful to have felt the ripple effect of Terry's good heart so much in my life.

THE CHOICES WE MAKE

A Short Story By: Tim D. Rose

Mark sipped his coffee thoughtfully as he sat in the Chapters Starbucks, waiting for his meeting. The young doctor had to admit that, after three weeks in rural Zambia surviving on beans, energy bars and bottled water, the sweet flavour of an iced coffee seemed to hit the spot. And yet, there was something about the surroundings that made him uneasy, as if he felt just a little too relaxed.

He looked up as someone slapped him on the shoulder. “Hey Ryan,” he said, as Dr. Ryan Peters – Mark’s best friend and medical school roommate slid into the empty chair.

“Mark, good to see you home. How was Zimbabwe?”

“Zambia,” Mark corrected him with a smile. “It was fine, you get used to the cockroaches in your bed and the lack of sanitation after a while.” Mark could tell that his friend wasn’t buying it.

“Sure you do,” Ryan began with a sarcastic grin. “What about the twenty-nine hour plane rides or mine strewn roads, do you get used to them too?”

Mark always liked this debate. “It’s all relative. How are Tanya and the kids by the way?”

“Good as ever,” Ryan replied. “You should have been there for Dylan’s first birthday, he was so cute.”

“I wish I could have been, but it’s kinda’ hard to just slip away from the hut for a few hours and fly back to Canada.”

“You see, that’s what I don’t get about you, Mark. Why don’t you just be a doctor here? There’s about a dozen hospitals that would be dying to take you on, there aren’t too many who earned top honours all through med school, you know. You’re a wizard of a doctor Mark, there are guys in top ERs who would love to have your skills.”

“So?” Mark answered simply.

“So, why do you have to go running around Africa for work? There are better facilities here, a lot better pay, and you can settle down. Spend some time with Amy, be close to your mom and dad. Think about it man.”

“I have, but I just can’t do it. It’s not worth it to me,” Mark said, sipping his coffee.

“Not worth it?” Ryan repeated incredulously. “There are patients here too Mark, people in Toronto aren’t immune to illness. We could use you, and you know that you’d be better off.”

“Look, we all get excited by different things. You



When it comes to humanitarian work, there is no ‘normal way’.

get excited by Tanya, and by your family, and that’s awesome. But I get excited when I’m against the odds, when things suck. If I’ve got the shittiest med kit and have to save a life beyond all hope, that’s my excitement. That is the moment when medicine means something to me.”

Ryan wasn’t convinced. “You can play the humanitarian angle all you want my friend, but don’t tell me that you wouldn’t like to go to bed every night without having to worry about creepy crawlies.”

“Humanitarianism isn’t just about helping people,” Mark said with casual determination. “It’s not just the results of going to a shanty town and being their first doctor in months. It’s the thrill that I get while I’m doing it. I’m not a humanitarian doctor because I have to be, I’m a humanitarian because it makes me sure that I made the right career choice. It’s what I love.”

Ryan wanted to say something else, but he knew there was no point. “You always were the weird one, the one who wouldn’t do things in the normal way, weren’t you?”

“I guess I was.” Mark answered truthfully. “But hey, when it comes to humanitarian work, there is no normal way.”

A month later and Mark sat in the sweltering rear of a jeep as he bumped along a beaten dirt road towards one of Darfur’s largest refugee camps. As he looked down at his simple bag of supplies, his mind turned back to Ryan. He knew that his friend had a point, but he also knew that he was doing something which not a lot of people would do, and that made him feel good.





Conquering Storms

Written By:
Ramanan Arumugam



Life is a process of learning and discovering what we as a generation, as a human race truly give significance to. Life isn't just a state of existence; it's far superior to that.



When we commemorate what life is, it really comes down to a state of existence. Recognizing a battle is underway never really hits a soldier's mind until he is actually in the course of an attack. Seeing health flourish it's blooming self, often made me take life for granted until the day I got the gruelling news. There

was disease found in my body. Growing up, I'd hear of tales of the deadly thing, and of what it had done to people. Pity was the only feeling that comes to mind when such tales were told. Young or old, it didn't matter. If it got you, that would be it. When the physicians had made their decree, confusion and anxiety took their course. Is this it? What will I do? Are just some of the thoughts that began to overwhelm my emotions.

Bickering in my own thoughts, I wondered, is there any hope for me? It wasn't until I made the decision to grasp positivism, did I begin to see victory open its gates wide open. I started to associate myself as a healthy human being. All was well with me, there was nothing wrong. As positivism accumulated within me, joy leaped into my heart, as a grey hare leaps far into the desert sand. Acting as though all was well, and talking as if nothing could be better, became my total and complete absolute mentality. Life was mine and I wasn't prepared in any way or form to lose it. Compliments were given to me by parents and other care givers of children who were undergoing similar obstacles. "You don't look as if you're undergoing chemotherapy treatment. You look perfectly normal," they'd say. It wasn't until that moment that I began to realize what was happening. My health wasn't deteriorating, instead it was escalating, and it was all because the decision was made not to tolerate sickness.

It wasn't a pleasure to go through such an experience. Dignity towards change and motivation towards life was what embraced my inner thoughts. Looking back at the terrifying ordeal, there was hope for me. Recognition of the concept didn't quite reach me until I found myself in remission. There were doctors, nurses, and many others who had stood by me through my time of essential need. They had devoted countless hours of their time to coaching me back to health. If it weren't for these extraordinary individuals, it is beyond doubt that I would have survived.

The beauty of life is all in relation to educating ourselves towards the ethical aspect of everything. Life is a process of learning and discovering what we as a generation, as a human race truly give significance to. Life isn't just a state of existence; it's far superior to that.

What I have overcome does not even begin to express who I am. However, it does in fact verify my capabilities as an individual. The life lesson I acquired in all of this is that life can encounter storms that determine our survival. This heartfelt piece is dedicated to the person who has given up the fight to overcome. I pray that this piece will not only bless the hearts of the people it touches, but also that it may change the perspective that he or she has in life.



My Summer at Able Sail

Written by Kristen Barnes

There are those who would say that a smile can mean the world; to many people it is, and to others it is the smiles which truly inspire us.

This past summer, I had the pleasure of a both inspiring and rewarding employment. I worked as a Program Coordinator for a non-profit called Able Sail, located at the marina in Shediac, New Brunswick. Able Sail teaches sailing to youth and adults with disabilities. They also bring individuals out for leisure sails...

When I was first introduced to the thought of this job, I was excited and knew right away that it was what I wanted to do; I then turned down other offers for summer employment that were closer to home, because I knew that this was the position for me.

Although I knew it was going to be fun, I never dreamed of the reward of the experience I was about to encounter. It was definitely worthy of the half hour drive to and from work each day. When I first began, I was taken out on a boat which is specially equipped to accommodate the needs of many different people's unique challenges. Being visually impaired myself, it was especially moving to work with an organization so driven to help disabled individuals. Every client that came to Able Sail seemed to be anticipating the experience, and when they would return from their charter, some would book as many as five more because they enjoyed themselves so much!

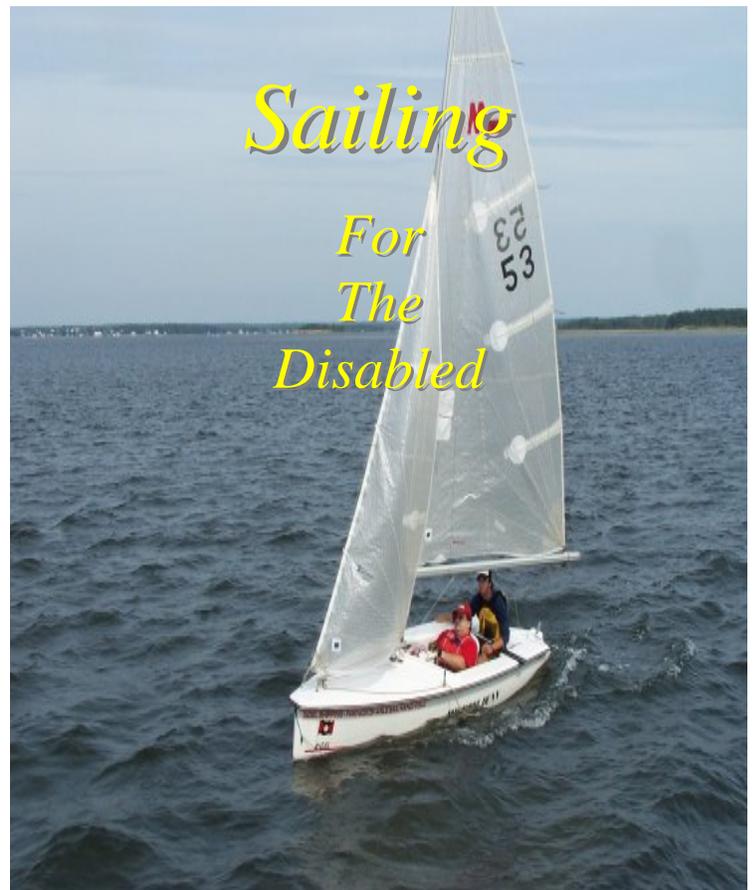
Anyone is able to experience this program, and absolutely any disability can be accommodated.

The part of the job that I remember the most were the smiles on the clients' faces. From infants, to children, to adults, everyone seemed to enjoy it. No matter how much pain there were in, or how much of a disadvantage they faced, the smile on their faces what worth a million dollars! Some of the conditions these people

were born with were almost unimaginable, yet they thought us that no matter what they were going through, happiness was always a possibility.

Organizations like Able Sail allow people with disabilities to do things everyone can. We represent the thought that you can do anything if you put your mind to it and that with a little help, anything is possible. The people we were able to serve this summer made every minute worthwhile and because of these people, I look forward to returning to Able Sail again next summer.

I guess they're right when they say that a smile can mean the world!



Essay for Funding FNI

by Deanne Bennett



I walked into the intensive care unit at Sir Thomas Roddick Hospital; there a ventilator took her breaths every few seconds. The heart monitors line showed weakness, her wrists and ankles restrained, her body swollen twice the size. A routine biopsy; we were told no longer than fifteen minutes, five done on average per week. Our biggest

fear was that the results would be malignant. On May 12th, 2004 as my grandmother lay on the operating table, my mother waited outside and the rest of us went about our day as usual. At 11:00 am her kidneys shut down, her lungs collapsed, the rest of her organs failed, her body began filling with fluid and she was not going to make it.

It was when I saw her that it hit me. She was my grandmother, my mentor, and by far my best friend. How could such a thing happen to a wife, a mother, a sister, and a grandmother. The woman, who held our family together, made us laugh when we were upset, was our shoulder to cry on when we needed it, and always had kind words of inspiration, and determination. The machines were mesmerizing, they were keeping her alive. The nurses spent their every minute with her. They tended to her every need which is what I always thought their job was, but it's so much more. They were there for my family and I. When they spoke to us about her condition, they made it easier to hear. Their smile was one of confidence, and empathy. As we sat by her bedside, they were there to listen to the stories we reminisced about. As our eyes became filled; and the tears fell down our faces, there hand on our shoulder and there empathic silence was comforting. Every beep and noise, brought them to their feet, they knew exactly what to do and their intelligence allowed them to be her primary care giver.

My decision to become a nurse came from my own personal experience with my grandmother. I

wanted to be there for families in the way the nursing staff was there for mine. I want to save lives, and cure the sick, when they are terminally ill I want to make their last few days bearable, and when the time comes I want to be there for their families.

Nurses make up the largest proportion of health care workers in Canada. Whether in hospitals home care or nursing care facilities, they play an integral role in the health care system, which touches the lives of every Canadian. These days they are under increasing pressure as their employers are faced with fewer resources to providing patient care. Several factors have come into play: a workforce that is fast approaching retirement; declining enrolment in nursing programs throughout the 1990's; and fiscal restraints.

According to the 2001 Census, the labour force for Registered Nurses in Newfoundland and Labrador consisted of 4705 persons. The unemployment rate for this occupation is a low 2% compared to 19% for other occupations. In 2000, 178 people graduated from the Bachelor of Nursing Program and the vast majority was able to find and maintain work in the nursing field. Some growth is expected in this occupation over the next five years, as a result of the large population of aging nurses, as well as new growth. The Association of Registered Nurses of Newfoundland and Labrador (ARRNL) indicate that a demand exists for Nurses not only in Newfoundland and Labrador but around the country. The Provinces health care boards report difficulty in recruiting nurses to practice in both urban and rural communities. New graduates of the Bachelor of Nursing program should have no difficulty finding work. From 2000 onward, an increase will be seen in the demand for nurses as many approaching the retirement age leave their position.

In September of 2004, I began the four year bachelor of Nursing Program at Memorial Universities Western Regional School of Nursing. I was one of the eight students accepted right from high school. With great determination, and the support of family I have been able to continue and succeed in the bachelor of nursing program. I have completed all the requirements for the course thus far and look forward to returning to my third year of studies in the fall of 2006.

The tremendous workload and heavy demands are hard to get use to. Not only was I a high school student trying to get use to university life, I was only 17 years of age at the time, battling a chronic medical condition and fighting the demands that is required in the faculty into which I was accepted. At the beginning I was unsure; did I make the right decision for me? Did I have what it took to be a nurse? With the support of my family and friends I persevered, it was not until the extended practice of first year that it began to piece together, the twelve hour shifts were exhausting, yet exhilarating; each patient was a new learning opportunity and will forever be remembered as a stepping stone in my educational journey. Since then I have completed clinical rotations in geriatrics, gynecology, pediatrics, obstetrics, as well as surgery. I have been able to spend a day at the pain clinic, endoscopy suite, polystar, as well as the operating room. I have been present for the happiest moments in a families life; the birth of their child. Experienced emergencies as codes were called in the operating room, and surgery; as well as been with families for the saddest of moments as they lost one of their family members.

Today I am sure that I have made the right decision for me. I look at nursing as an opportunity for the future. I stand by that decision I made in the intensive care unit that day. Her hand grasped mine, and I knew in my heart she would be okay. Since then my grandmother has stood by my decision, her encouragement and pride makes everything I do worth it. I want to be there when other families have to go through what mine has gone through, and when I am I hope that I am able to make a difference.



Key Facts About the Canadian Nursing Shortage

- The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that jobs for RNs will grow 23 percent by 2008. That's faster than the average for all other occupations.
- About half of the RN workforce will reach retirement age in the next 15 years.
- The average age of new RN graduates is 31. They are entering the profession at an older age and will have fewer years to work than nurses traditionally have had.
- RN enrollments in schools of nursing are down. In fall 2000, entry-level BSN enrollment fell by 2.1 percent, dropping for the sixth year in a row, according to the American Association of Colleges of Nursing.

"The Greatest Gifts"

Written by Ann Ness



If someone had told me that my life would change for the better when I was first diagnosed with Leukemia, I would have told them they were joking. Nowhere in my eleven year old mind could I have ever fathomed the idea of cancer being something that could bring so much to my life. Almost seven years later and two battles with the disease, I am at a point where I can be very grateful for the experiences in which I was given. I am the most grateful for the relationships which I was able to form throughout my illnesses. It was these relationships that helped me get through everything and it is these relationships that I will never forget.

When I was diagnosed with leukemia for the second time in 2003, I had to undergo a bone marrow transplant. I spent a month in isolation and for most of that time my mom was the only person I would ever see. When you are around someone for that long, your emotions can dictate how the other one may feel. From being around my mom for so long, I began to understand her emotions, and really begin to appreciate all the things she has done for me. Same thing with my dad, he was the one who would always drive me from our home in Kamloops to my check ups in Vancouver. These trips were something I always looked forward to because it meant that I would be spending time with my dad. I look back on those experiences now, and I can see how they have helped me to form a strong bond with both my parents.

Another person I am grateful to have in my life is my oncologist. She is truly my hero because she always told me the straight up facts about how my treatment was progressing and she always talked to me as if I were her equal. Because she always made sure I knew what was going on, I put my total faith in her and the rest of the medical staff at the hospital. I got to know much of the staff very well and when I was sick they became a second family. I really admire the doctors and nurses who I met along the way and due to their dedication to their jobs; I am considering a job in the medicine field myself.

Cancer also introduced me to one of my best friends. After my first illness, I was given the chance to attend a summer camp run by the Canadian Cancer Society in BC. At the camp, I was given a chance to openly share my feelings about my experience with the disease. In this environment, in which I felt entirely safe, I was able to form strong bonds with fellow campers. At my first year at camp, I formed a friendship with my camp counselor Katrina. Throughout the years we stayed in touch and when I relapsed she became a great pillar of support for me. Her support, along with the support of many other volunteers, has inspired me to volunteer and “pay forward” the compassion in which I am thankful to have received.

Conquering cancer is something I am very proud to have accomplished. I know I couldn't have done it without the support of my family, friends and the dedicated medical staff at BC Children's Hospital. The relationships I have made with these individuals are the greatest possession that I own. I made these bonds in unfortunate circumstances but through these relationships the circumstances have become something I am truly grateful for.



TERRY'S DREAM IS BEING REALIZED

written by: Elysse Dennis

I think as a young person in good health, I have often lost sight of the impact of Terry Fox's Run and of his dream. Although I know many people who have had cancer, I have been fortunate that no one really close to me has died from it. My grandfather had cancer 16 years ago, and has been cured. He underwent chemotherapy, but I was too young at the time to really understand the severity of his illness.

Last year in my hometown, a young boy who lives across the street from my parents house, developed a form of bone cancer. He is now 5 years old and in grade one. In early November last year he was having leg pains that his parents and doctor attributed at first to growing pains. As they worsened, he was sent for extensive testing and it was determined that he had a form of bone cancer that was eating away at his left femur and they also found spots on his lung. Rumours became ramped about his prognosis. Everyone worried that this young boy would likely die from this horrible disease before Christmas or his fifth birthday. Talk of flying out of province for proper medical care, amputation and or bone grafting upset everyone.

Before long local fundraisers had been set up everywhere to raise money for this young boy and his family, as they had few financial resources. It was amazing to see people come together and what one small town could do.

This young boy began treatments in early December in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. He wore a leg brace and was confined to a wheelchair to protect his leg from breaking. He attended his first Christmas Concert at his school last year in a wheel chair, which brought tears to so many, as no one knew what his fate would be.

He has been treated with chemotherapy for almost a year now which no doubt has been the most horrific year of this family's life. Along with the constant worry and heartache, there have been so many good things as well – the community support, a birth of a new brother, and significant improvement. This summer when I was at home visiting it was not uncommon to see this young boy riding his bike, digging in the dirt or running around the way young boys should.

I believe people like my grandfather and this little boy are living and enjoying life today because of Terry Fox's run and his dream.

A beautiful irony and one of the most incredible things that happened in the past year was on Sept. 29/06 – this young boy participated in his school's annual Terry Fox Run. He collected pledges, and actually **ran** his 2 km route. Even though this little boy still continues treatments, is improving and his prognosis is still unknown; "his hurting has stopped".

Set a Drift...on memory bliss??

Written by Jen Ross

Looking back on this summer almost feels surreal. Some of the memories and stories that come to mind don't seem like they could have actually happened but I feel that every one of them have changed me for the better. Camp Rotary is the kind of place that you can never go into for the first time and really be prepared for what you're about to experience, and when it comes to an end, it's even harder to put into words. It is a camp for kids and adults with physical and/or developmental disabilities, and it is truly a unique and AMAZING place to work.



I had the most amazing summer ever and I know it would have been very different if I didn't have the team of amazing people that are at Camp Rotary. So many of them helped me gain new perspectives and were there for new experiences that I honestly won't ever forget. One of my favorite parts (even though everything seems to be my favorite something...) is that even though everyone seemed to be from different walks of life and there was such a wide age range, none of that seemed to matter. Everyone was comfortable being themselves and that's just so unique now-a-days.

My next favorite thing is just how amazing the Campers are. I really loved how most of them live for camp and are so excited to do anything! Who would have thought that cleaning your own cabin could be sooooo fun! Also, I really loved just how much they could surprise you. It's too easy now-a-days to judge people from what you see but this summer taught me even more than ever that you should NEVER do that. I was amazed daily at just how smart and creative people are; no matter what their weakness might be, their strengths always surpassed them.

One of my Favorite campers came the very last week and he was so smart! He understood both French and English and was smooth enough to slide in his e-mail address when he overheard my friend Tiki and I talking about them! Through the whole summer I found that there were new things to learn and new things that truly astonished me. I couldn't be more grateful for the experiences I had and how amazing everyone at camp is. I really hope to keep in touch with as many people as possible and I know I will with many of them. Being a Camp Councilor is one of the most rewarding jobs you could ever have and really helps you see things in a new light and grow as a person. I can't believe how all of my experiences lately have been so positive, and every time it happens, I am truly grateful. If you are ever unsure of what to do one summer, I would suggest above anything, even though the money isn't great, to be a Camp Councilor!





Viewing the Game from a Different Perspective

By Christopher Beausoleil

Playing hockey makes you feel great. Stepping onto the ice and playing with your teammates with the same goal of winning the game. You play as a team, a unit. You play to please yourself and the others you play with. Scoring goals, making the perfect pass, ringing a shot off the goal post - all these are great moments in hockey as a player.

Playing hockey and coaching hockey are at opposite ends of the spectrum. When you play, you are out there to score, to pass, to hit, to win. Coaching is more of a motivational and teaching role.

This year I am coaching a Midget level hockey team and as a rookie hockey coach I am having a harder time adapting to coaching than I thought I would. As a coach you need to observe every aspect of the game, be able to tell what is going right and wrong, look for what the team can improve, plan what is needed for the next practice and motivate the kids to play their best and to play as a team.

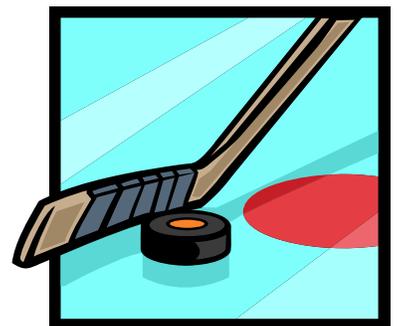
Since the age of four when I began playing hockey, I've never looked at the game this way and it is a rather difficult and new perspective. As a player I have always thought about where is the best place to be on the ice for my team, getting the puck out of our zone, grinding in the corners and scoring goals. As a coach you have to be more watchful, you don't always follow the puck like you would as a player. As a coach you need to follow all five of your players on the ice and you look to see if they are playing their position and doing their job.

When you play hockey, you see everything in first person. You don't actually get to see how you play or how your other teammates play as a team. You only know how well you have played by your personal plus/minus and by the score at the end of the game. As a coach, you see things in third person. That's why after a coach observes, he or she can give advice to the players such how to beat the opposing defense, read the play, and keep their stick on the ice! It's also easier for a coach to see what strategy needs to be implemented in order for the team to be in control of the game, because the coach views the whole game.

Now as a coach I'm forced to view the game with this totally different perspective. This makes it somewhat difficult for me to give advice because my natural tendency would be to talk about what I would do, when sometimes what I would do is not the best advice for everyone else. I have to think and give advice individually by watching how a player plays and advising them about specifically what they can improve.

I have come to realize how important the coach is to the game. If not for the coach, a team would not be able to fully operate in a competitive league. The coach can make or break a team by his or her team-building skills. A losing coach can be a great coach, and a winning coach can be a bad coach. It's a coach's job to teach the team to play as a team, skate as a team, work as a team, and win or lose as a team. It's your philosophy of the game and your attitude towards the players that counts when you're standing on the bench.

So ... let's play hockey!



Being Deaf in Today's World

Written by: Cole Sanderson

I am 18 years old college student and attending to Douglas College in New West. This story is about growing being deaf in today's world.

I think it is a lot easier to grow up in the deaf world today. The main reasons are that technology is much more advanced, families can sign a lot more than a few years ago, and also there is a very good social network for deaf people so I have the opportunity to do interesting things with my best deaf friends.

Technology: A long time ago there was no close captioning for TV so deaf people would not understand what people were saying on TV. Now approx. 80 percent of TV shows have close captions. Also there is now Rear Window captioning for movie theatres, so deaf people can go to movie theatre and ask for the RC/W and they will understand movies in the Theatre. Before, you would have to wait until a movie came out on rental before you could understand.

There were no TTYs a long time ago and deaf people will have to write a letter to families and friends. Letters usually take a long time to get a response. Now we use TTY to communicate with deaf people. If deaf people want to communicate with hearing people they can use MRC to talk with hearing people. Also there is new service: Video Phone and its video camera for deaf people to sign to the camera and other deaf people can see on the screen and sign back to the camera. Also there is VRS, Video Relay Service for deaf people to call hearing people through a Video Phone. So com-

municating instantly with people that are deaf is so much easier. Computers are the main technology for deaf people, I can't imagine what life was like a long time ago deaf people didn't have computer. Deaf people can communicate with their deaf and hearing friends on the messenger. It's the best and quickest way to chat. It is through MSN that I know most of my hearing friends because I can have full conversations just not the shallow short 1 or 2 words, or gesture. By using MSN or texting I can get to know hearing people very well. This wasn't the case a long time ago, you would have to write on paper, if you were in the same place, in order to get to know the person more, and that wasn't very realistic.

Families can sign more: A long time ago a lot of parents forced their deaf children to learn how to speak. In my time, parents want to support their kids to learn sign language. They also learn sign language to communicate with their other deaf people involved in their children's life. There are a lot of different sign language courses provided and parents or relatives can take sign language to learn to communicate with their deaf children. There were no sign classes a long time ago. It's very important for both parents to know how to sign in order to communicate with their children. If they don't know how to sign, there will be no connection with their children.

Families with deaf children socialize more: I met all my deaf best friends at the BC Family Hearing Resource Pre School (we called it The Elks) when I was a baby. The Elks School is a pre-school for deaf children and their family. When I was in grade 7 I wanted to set up the Deaf White Sox team so I could play with all my friends, and I did it! It was a great memory. We had that team

for 3 years. It was the first all deaf little league team in Canada.

Last Spring, we had a big Deaf Grad dinner and dance, as many of us deaf kids graduated from different high schools this was a way for us to all get together to celebrate our graduation in a signing friendly environment. All our old teachers and family were there together. The event sold out and we had many, many people there. It was much more special than any school grad, as it was both a family reunion and a graduation.

Recently, my family set up the thanksgiving dinner with all deaf families so deaf kids will get involved in the celebration not be left out. Usually I celebrate thanksgiving dinner with my family and nobody knows sign except my parents and sister. This past year, we had more than 50 signing people in a big hall, preparing the dinner together and then sharing and chatting. Now that we have all graduated from high school, this is a way for families to continue to get together.

Being deaf in today's world still has many challenges. But given the choice, I would sure rather be deaf now, than deaf 50 years ago!

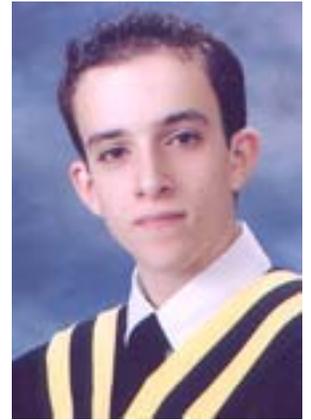


Cole Sanderson of Surrey B.C. delivers a speech at Deaf Grad 2006

Inspired By...

Written by: Elliot Gordon

As Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Recipients something, or someone, has most definitely inspired us to contribute to our communities and the world at large. My great-grandmother, grandmother, and mother – three generations of women who dedicated themselves to voluntary and humanitarian causes – have inspired me.



However, over the course of the past eighteen months, Marleine Kay has become an inspiration to my family and me, both in the way she devotes herself to humanitarian causes and in the way she carries herself.

While I have only known her for a short time, I have learnt a great deal from her, like a son would learn much from his mother. I am inspired by her zest for life, her eagerness to help those in need, and her caring nature which forces her to put others before even her most basic needs. In typical humanitarian fashion, Marleine is always humble and dismisses any recognition of her 'work.'

Marleine has inspired me to become an even more committed volunteer and has inspired me to pioneer new initiatives within the organizations that I am actively engaged with. Over the past two months, Marleine and I, along with a few other likeminded individuals, have been involved in the formation of a new voluntary organization called *Project: C.A.R.E.*, which is dedicated to humanitarian aid in relation to the homeless population in Toronto and the 3rd world, including aid in Zimbabwe. However, our organization will continue to have a broad mandate and will continue to serve all those in need, regardless of age, gender, race, or other dividing factors.

We all have a little 'Marleine' in us. Take the time to thank that person or those people who have inspired you to make our world a better place. The chances are they will dismiss your praise. However, by recognizing them (you have all been recognized for your efforts by this great organization), you are helping to share your Terry Fox Humanitarian Award with your inspiration.





Who is Your Hero?

By: Sarah Steeves

Many times I think we get caught up in the hustle and bustle of life and forget to appreciate and thank the most important and influential people in

our lives – the real heroes that so often go unnoticed. They are the people who have always been there for you through the good times and the struggles, the people you know you can depend on to help you when you need it, and the people who have truly sacrificed and given up part of their life, just to make your life better. For me, one of those very special people is my mom. Almost 6 years ago, I was diagnosed with leukemia. This experience turned my life upside down. Everything that I had expected to happen in my life changed in an instant and I had no idea what was in store for me. When I soon began my 2 ½ year treatment plan, my life was no longer the normal teenage life that all of my friends were living, but included countless hospital visits, nurses and doctors, needles, pills, and lots of chemotherapy. Through it all though, my mom was with me for everything. We spent hours in the hospital together, waiting for one thing after another: chemotherapy, blood transfusions, doctor visits, and lots of tests. But it was during these times that I came to appreciate her the most because she saw everything and knew exactly what I was going through. She was the greatest support I could have ever asked for. During our hospital waits, my mom always tried to make it fun for me, to take my mind off of my treatments. We had so much fun together, doing whatever we could think of to entertain ourselves: playing games, watching TV, laughing, making jokes, and just talking together. We created some lasting memories that I will always remember. Although many times

what I was going through was not a happy experience, my mom was always there for me and did whatever she could to try to cheer me up. Because my treatment plan was so intense, I had to go to the hospital for chemotherapy almost every day during the first year of my protocol. My mom took the whole year off from her job to be with me during my treatments. I don't know what I would have done without her. Her selfless acts of sacrifice, strength, courage, and perseverance were such an encouragement to me when I was not feeling well. We became so close during the time I was sick and we formed an incredible bond that I know will last forever. She is my best friend and I am so thankful for all of the sacrifices she has made for me. Having cancer was definitely the most difficult experience I will ever go through, but having my mom there beside me made such a difference in how I viewed and appreciated life. I know that I am a better person because of it and I would not change my experience with cancer if I had the choice. Although it was incredibly challenging and there were many struggles along the way, I know that God gave me an amazing mother to go through this experience with me so that I would not feel so alone. While going through her own struggles, she offered to me everything she had at a time when I needed her the most, and for that, I am truly thankful. Thanks mom for being my hero!





Driving the Highway

Written by: Heather Muir (2005)

I recently attended a ceremony that was honouring Canadians that were making a difference by volunteering and donating blood. The key note speaker was a man who spoke about his battle with cancer and the analogies that he used struck me. He talked about life being a highway and I could not agree more.

As we travel down this road of life, we encounter many things. There are moments where you hit a newly paved road with no traffic and nothing to hold you back. I often had times like this growing up. As a child, you get to act silly and no one cares. You have freedom to make choices even though some may be difficult, but there were always good times of celebration and memories to cherish. I will always cherish the time I got to spend travelling the world and the time I got to spend with my family. But even the smooth roads come to an end as you hit fresh gravel and other bumps in the road. Even amongst the bumps in our lives there is always smooth sailing ahead. The trickiest of times are when you hit construction--as most do in Canada. When you come by this construction, it's the detour that throws you off guard. A detour that is usually not foreseen, nor is it a road that you wanted to take but have no choice. Through my life I have had my fair share of detours. The hardest part is never knowing when your detour will come back to the main road. The key point to life is driving through no matter where you are.

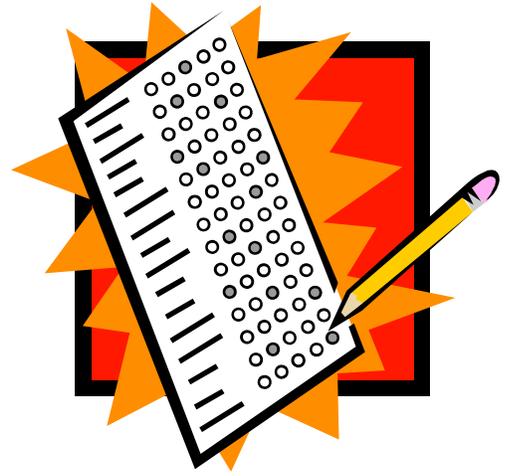
Life is a highway and it is one that we never travel alone. We are always surrounded by friends as we drive to get through the bumps. Even if we hit construction and end up on an unwanted detour, we are surrounded by others that get stuck in the construction with us. So as you head out on the wide open highway, enjoy the journey and where it may take you, but remember that you have the freedom of just being able to drive!



Exam Study Tips

Submitted by Eric Champagne

With the final exams approaching quickly, here are a few tips I found in the sixth edition of *Making your Mark* from Lisa Fraser. These tips might be helpful too you.



Exam Study Tips

Being prepared is the most important factor in exam success;
Do your homework in order to get practice;
Review your notes regularly;
Study your weakest subjects first to give you more time to deal with any problems that may arise;
Ask for help from your teacher or fellow students;
Understand the material instead of memorizing it;
Look at old exams if they are available;
Attend end of semester classes;
Brainstorm test questions with your classmates, compare notes and test one another;
Study frequently for short periods and take regular breaks;
Eat well and get plenty of rest the week of your exams.



Hints for Objective Exams

Multiple Choice Exams –

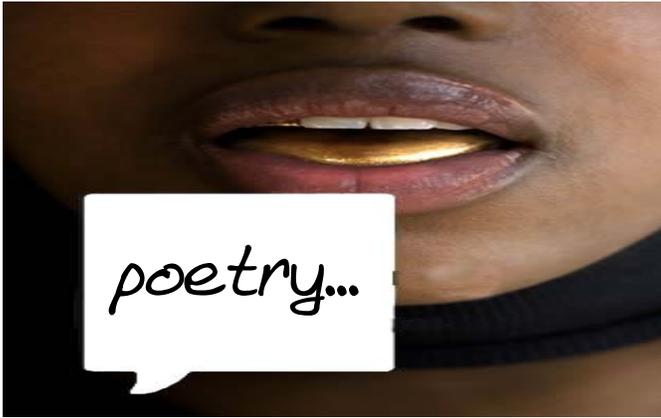
Try to answer the question yourself before looking at the answers;
Answer the questions you know first;
Your first instinct is usually correct so don't change your answers if you're not sure;
Take questions at face value; don't look for tricks;
Cross out both negatives in sentences containing double negatives.

True-False Questions -

There are generally more true than false answers;
Look for qualifiers (all, most, sometimes). The answer will depend on the qualifiers, and more often than not, questions containing qualifiers are true.
Answers that have "always" and "never" in them are usually false.

Good luck with your exams and remember: "Keep things in perspective. Although exams are important, they're not a matter of life or death..."





Submitted by: Cynthia Ene

In honour of the Introduce a Girl to Engineering Day: February 22, 2007

I take the vision which comes from dreams and apply the magic of science and mathematics, adding the heritage of my profession and my knowledge of nature's materials to create a design.

I organize the efforts and skills of my fellow workers employing the capital of the thrifty and the products of many industries, and together we work toward our goal undaunted by hazards and obstacles.

And when we have completed our task all can see that the dreams and plans have materialized for the comfort and welfare of all.

I am an Engineer
I serve mankind
By making dreams come true.

~Anonymous

(supposedly found pinned to a site hut during the construction of the Konkan railway)

Written By: Scott Baker (2006)

As the rain falls, a monstrous mass,
I sit sountemplating and watch through the glass,
It drip, drips like chemo running through an IV,
I simply can't fail, Triumphant I'll be.

This is not just an everyday run that I seek,
Not just for my health, or for a stunning physique,
I am looking to conquer my self-created plight
To engage in a battle, too many million must fight.

For this run is an ode,
Tis an ode to my past,
And as this past shall erode,
To others struggles which last.

Too many people locked in a battle of ail,
Without options or choices they simply can't fail,
Courageously carrying the weight of a tonne,
It is crystal clear; this is why I must run.

But then I'm brought back to the problem at hand,
My legs feel heavy, so weak as I stand,
Then I think, "Come on man! It's only 21k",
"Merely half of what Terry ran every day".

Ding! An idea! I strap on my shoes
And push concrete legs to a brand new statue,
Terry frozen in bronze, so determined, I muse,
He's not suffering at all, just doing what he must do.

Courageous and noble, the statue must inspire,
I know to keep running, thanks to a man I admire,
Still Terry lives on, reminding me I must try,
We're all here for each other, so we never forget why.

Running, I reflect on my inescapable mission,
Struggling up hills, I must maintain my ambition,
As I head for the summit, finally reaching the top,
I whisper "Terry, somewhere the hurting WILL stop."





Winter's Roads

By Ron Carnell

I cannot speak for all who stem

'Long roads less traveled as their way,
Nor question choices made by them
In days long past or nights long dim
by words they spoke and did not say.

Each road is long, though short it seems,
And credence gives each road a name
Of fantasies sun-drenched in beams
Or choices turned to darkened dreams,
To where each road wends just the same.

From North to South, then back again,
I followed birds like all the rest
Escaping nature's snowy den
On roads I've seen and places been,
Forsaking roads that traveled West.

This journey grows now to its end,
As road reflections lined in chrome
Give way to roads with greater bend
And empty signs that still pretend
They point the way to home sweet home.

But all roads lead to where we go
And where we go is where we've been,
So home is just a word we know,
That space in time most apropos
For where we want to be again.

For even home, it seems to me,
Is still a choice we all must face
From day to day and endlessly,
To choose if home is going to be
Another road - or just a place.

As a first year student, I realize there are ongoing choices and decisions to be made. At times, the thought of exams, labs, and assignments can be overwhelming but I remember I am here for a purpose and I am on the right path. These are a couple of poems I feel illustrate these feelings. Everyone must remember to follow their path, and overcome any obstacle in their way.

Ombolanle Famuyide
2006 Recipient

The Greater Thing

By Edwin Markham

Great is it to believe the dream
When we stand in youth by the starry
stream;
But a greater thing is to fight life through
And say at the end, "The dream was
true."

Make Your Choice

by [Michael Charles Messineo](#)

The winds of change are controlled by you.
Sometimes you wait for destiny's touch
to help pick your choices, decisions and such
change all your maybe's into yes's or no's
direct your own path that you should have chose

But waiting allows your goals to be tweaked
by weakened decisions preferred by the meek
your roads will be handpicked by unknown fate
and then comes regret, and by then it's too late

Your decisions and choices are easy to make
but your excuses are many, and reasons all fake
step up and stand tall, announce your decision
don't ever look back with mirrored revision.

THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

SUBMITTED BY NORMAN MCLEAN

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But held it up with a smile:
"What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"
"A dollar, a dollar"; then, "Two!" "Only two?
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;
Going for three—" But no,
From the room, far back, a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loose strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?
Three thousand, once, three thousand, twice,

And going, and gone!" said he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not quite understand
What changed its worth." Swift came the reply:
"The touch of a master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine,
A game—and he travels on.
He's "going" once, and "going" twice,
He's "going" and almost "gone."
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and the change that's
wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.

MYRA BROOKS WELCH

The Ship of Life
By Jessica M. Balcom

Submitted by:
Kathleen Gaudet

Across the shore awaits a boat Though sea's are rough, its still Afloat. Raise the sails, held up by
mast
Forget the troubles of distant Past As wave crash down upon the deck Steady the boat; not quite a
Wreck Tend the mast, and fix the
scratch
light the lantern with one last
Match
The storm will end, pull Anchor and rope Look up to see the stars of
hope.

Colleen's Curry Chicken

I'm in my fourth year of university and have learned to cook ONE dish.

I've become the rock star of community potlucks. My housemate, Sammie, begs me to cook this meal for her every week.

It is the main source of protein and veggies in my diet.

It's a diet that usually consists of cookies and chips and salsa.

The dish is **Colleen's Curry Chicken**.

So, please enjoy this easy, amazing meal. Choose your level of curry-ness. I like my eyes to run when I eat this dish, but you pick your own level.

So, get a big pot and turn it on medium.

Throw in a can of cream of broccoli, and two cans of cream of celery, or cream of mushroom. Whatever **cream of BLANK** you like best.

Then 1/2 cup of water or milk

Stir and simmer. Add a **bit of curry powder** and let it simmer.

Start adding your veggies.

I use **celery, broccoli, carrots and onions** (mushrooms could work, or any thing else you would like)

I add one of can of **chic peas**. I need my protein and they taste great.

Add **1/2 pound of cooked chicken** cubes. (don't limit yourself to chicken, try beef, shrimp or no meat at all)

And folks, that's pretty much it.

Every time you add a new veggie or cube of chicken, add a bit more curry powder. Keep it coming until it's all gone. Make sure to taste it every now and then to make sure it's not too spicy for you.

The key to this meal is . . . It's all in one pot.

It has to simmer for a while. You want your veggies bright and tender and your whole house to smell of curry. It's amazing. My neighbors can smell it a mile away.

Serve your masterpiece with rice, bread or noodles. I like minute rice best (its easy)



Submitted by: Colleen Connors

As I sit in front of my computer trying to decide what I need to do today, I cannot help but think of my favourite snack, cookies. Now, these are not just any cookies they are homemade cookies. These homemade cookies I speak about are **the most delicious and time consuming cookies around!** They have come from a great cookbook, *In the Sweetest Kitchen*, and provide all the warmth and comfort that a university student needs! These cookies have been my most valuable resource when midterms and final exams creep up. Since I know warm cookies can change my day around I will give you a pointer, from one cookie expert to another! Make a double batch of cookies and roll the second batch into two round rows. Then place each row into wax paper and wrap with tin foil. Place these rolls in the freezer and then you can take one roll out someday when you really need to enjoy warm cookies. Let the roll de-thaw and slice them onto a cookie tray. This way it is less time consuming and you can have the comfort of cookies anytime!

Oatmeal Chocolate Chip and Pecan Cookies

Makes 20-30 cookies

8 tbsp. unsalted butter at room temperature

½ cup packed brown sugar

½ cup white sugar

1 tsp. vanilla extract

½ tsp. salt

1 egg

½ tsp. baking soda

¾ cup flour

1 cup rolled oats

¾ cup chopped walnuts or pecans

¾ package chocolate chips (or however many you desire!)

Mix the butter, sugars, vanilla, and salt together. Then add the beaten egg, baking soda, and 1 tsp. water. In a separate bowl, mix flour, oats, nuts, and chocolate. Add to other ingredients. Transfer to a bowl that is just large enough and cover. Put in the fridge for four hours. After the fridge time, either bake them at 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes or roll and freeze! Enjoy.

Submitted By: Anita Kreutzwiser



Ways to maintain a healthy level of **INSANITY**

Submitted by Leah Sommerfield

- At lunch time, sit in your parked car with sunglasses on and point a hairdryer at passing cars. See if they slow down.
- Page yourself over the intercom. Don't disguise your voice.
- Everytime someone asks you to do something, ask if they want fries with that.
- Put your garbage can on your desk and label it "IN"
- Put decaf in the coffee maker for three weeks. Once everyone has gotten over their caffeine addictions, switch to espresso.
- In the Memo field of all your checks, write "for smuggling diamonds."
- Finish all of your sentences with "In accordance with the prophecy"
- Don't use any punctuation
- As often as possible, skip rather than walk.
- With a serious face, order a diet water whenever you go out to eat.
- Specify that your drive through order is 'to go'.
- Sing along at the opera
- Go to a poetry recital and ask why the poems don't rhyme
- Put mosquito netting around your work area and play tropical sounds all day
- Five days in advance, tell your friends that you cannot attend their party because you are not in the mood.
- Have your co-workers address you by your wrestling name, Rock Bottom
- When the money comes out of the ATM, scream out "I WON, I WON!!"
- Tell your children at the dinner table, "Due to the economy, we are going to have to let one of you go."



QUOTABLES...



Guess which one of these oft' quoting individuals said what...

Thomas Edison, Albert Einstein, Mother Theresa, Eddie Rickenbacker, Winston Churchill, Eleanor Roose-

- A. "Many of life's failures are people who did not realize how close they were to success when they gave up."
- B. "I know God will not give me anything I can't handle. I just wish that he didn't trust me so much."
- C. "Success is never final. Failure is never fatal. It is courage that counts."
- D. "The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."
- E. "Courage is doing what you're afraid to do. There can be no courage unless your scared."
- F. "There are only two ways to save your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as though everything is a miracle."



A. Thomas Edison; B. Mother Theresa; C. Winston Churchill; D. Eleanor Roosevelt; E. Eddie Rickenbacker; F. Albert Einstein

DIVERSIONS

Sit back. Relax. And do this TERRY FOX word search as fast as you can!

A	T	E	R	R	Y	F	O	X	Q	W	D	S	A	C	Z	M	N	K	B	A
Q	E	R	B	N	M	I	O	A	M	S	N	O	I	S	S	A	P	I	S	C
W	S	D	H	L	J	U	P	C	N	E	F	G	Q	H	E	A	Y	C	I	A
H	F	Y	G	K	Y	B	A	V	S	R	G	W	N	E	F	V	K	B	F	D
U	T	I	T	N	E	M	E	V	E	I	H	C	A	I	F	F	Y	L	K	E
M	P	U	T	E	I	D	Z	R	R	T	H	E	H	C	D	A	R	E	N	M
A	L	Y	J	N	Q	T	A	V	V	Y	J	R	E	H	X	R	L	B	Z	I
N	M	T	V	D	E	M	I	P	I	U	K	T	L	M	K	E	A	A	S	C
I	N	F	C	V	P	S	X	Z	C	I	L	Y	P	L	N	X	Q	W	C	S
T	B	R	E	O	B	V	S	Q	E	O	N	U	E	P	D	C	A	N	E	G
A	V	D	X	L	O	O	E	W	B	N	P	P	R	A	K	E	Q	O	T	R
R	C	Y	Z	U	T	Y	S	R	V	P	S	H	I	R	A	L	X	I	E	L
I	X	T	S	N	H	E	A	L	T	H	M	H	M	S	N	L	E	T	R	B
A	Z	I	A	T	C	X	Y	T	P	L	N	F	I	T	G	E	B	A	G	E
N	A	N	W	E	V	P	U	I	V	K	B	A	A	P	T	N	T	R	K	B
R	S	U	Q	E	F	Y	H	E	C	J	V	T	M	B	R	C	K	I	B	X
T	D	M	T	R	O	S	I	G	X	H	C	G	N	Q	W	E	W	P	W	S
G	F	M	W	V	R	H	O	A	Z	G	X	N	R	W	R	A	A	S	E	P
B	E	O	E	E	G	V	P	R	A	R	O	T	N	E	M	O	B	N	R	O
M	A	C	D	V	K	M	L	U	S	F	Z	V	A	P	S	B	E	I	E	R
L	F	A	N	R	O	Y	K	O	D	D	A	I	H	S	N	R	G	F	P	T
B	E	D	Y	C	X	I	J	C	O	M	P	A	S	S	I	O	N	Q	Z	S
L	F	E	O	V	K	R	H	G	F	D	S	K	S	T	B	I	A	B	T	F

ACHIEVEMENT	COURAGE	HUMANITARIAN	REWARDING
ACADEMICS	EXCELLENCE	INSPIRATION	SERVICE
CITIZENSHIP	FITNESS	LEADERSHIP	SPORTS
COMMUNITY	HEALTH	MENTOR	TERRY FOX
COMPASSION	HELPER	PASSION	VOLUNTEER

SUBMITTED BY: MICHELLE LEONG