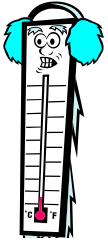


The Golden Thread / Le fil d'or



December 2004/décembre 2004



Fishing 101 - Starting Upstream

Thousands of fish are all swimming downstream, heading for the same destiny. They continue on, enjoying the view and good company as they go. Up ahead there is a huge waterfall that will surely end their lives. There is no way to go back up stream; the current is too strong and the traffic is too heavy. They're doomed! But wait, what is that up ahead? Fishermen! And they have hooks, lines and sinkers! Now, these fish are skilled at avoiding such simple contraptions, but decide to throw caution to the current and struggle for the bait. Knowing full well that continuing downstream would be their death and that these fishermen are their last chance to escape, each fish swims frantically towards the line, snapping at it without restraint. The fishermen are not interested in catching and cooking these fish, they are interested only in rescuing them. Hundreds of fish are saved, but, sadly, many fish miss the line and take the plunge over the waterfall. Looking back upstream, there are a few fisherman at the mouth of the waterfall, trying to prevent the fish from going any further. Alas, the stream is quite wide and there are only a few fishermen to stop their progress. Some fish are saved before they even realize what their fate could have been. Others are rescued when all hope seemed to be lost and the end was at their nest-front. Unfortunately, most fish cannot be saved once they are on the downstream trail.



In life, there are people working proactively to stop disaster from even beginning as well as rescuing those who have already experienced harm. We need the people near the end of the stream working for those in desperate need of a chance to be safe and free. However, having more people working proactively at the head of the stream to avoid disaster before it begins would reduce the harm to prevent tragedies such as bombings, gun fights, drug overdoses, and terrorist acts, and provides a sense of safety and security for society. We need to concentrate more resources and efforts on prevention rather than reaction. This message can be translated to any level of life. Whether it be in school, at home, in the community, in the nation, or in the world, proactive action limits the pain or disappointment experienced. Forget "I wish I did something differently" and remember "I am going to do something now."

Gillian Cooper (03)

Welcome to all of the new recipients and hello to all of the past recipients and alumni! As part of my continuing commitment to the memory of Terry Fox and to the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program, I always begin my year by sharing Terry's story with my new class. This year I am teaching Grade 4 at Dogwood Elementary in Surrey, B.C. I have had a few rough years, both personally and professionally, but I am happy to say that this year's students have helped me to remember why I became a teacher in the first place - to make a difference in the lives of the children I teach and to inspire them to go out and make a difference for others. I have decided that the theme for our entire year together will be just that - making a difference for others. Each weekend I ask my students to do something to make a difference for someone else and then to record it on our chart on Monday morning. So far we have compiled a list of twenty-four ways we have made a difference in just the last two weeks!

Of course, we have talked a lot about Terry and participated in the school's Terry Fox run. After the run I asked my students to write about Terry in any form that they chose. Although all of the writing was wonderful, one student's poem stood out for me and I asked him if I could share it with you. Sadly, this child lost his mother two years ago to cancer and his father told me that he expresses his feelings through his writing. I am sure you will be as touched by his words as I was.

Terry Fox

Terry is our hero because
Every one who has cancer needs money.
Running
Running
Yet, he still had no money.

For now every one thinks he is a hero.
On September 17th it is the Terry Fox run.
X He is excellent.

Man that brave to run from Newfoundland to Vancouver
And now we keep his dream
Running.
A strong active person like him, his family will raise a lot of money.

Terry gives us
Hope and courage.
O when we open our mind we will find him.
People will now know about him, I mean
Everybody in Canada.

By Charley Liao, Age 9

Submitted by Tammy Corness, '93



Boss or Leader?

The boss divides the workers,
The leader coaches them.
The boss depends on authority,
The leader on goodwill.
The boss inspires fear;
The leader inspires enthusiasm.
The boss says "I",
The leaders says "We".

The boss says: "Get here on time";
The leader gets in ahead of time.
The boss fixes blame for breakdown;
The leader fixes the breakdown.
The boss knows how it's done,
The leader shows how.
The boss says "Go",
The leader says "Let's Go".

The boss uses people;
The leader develops them.
The boss sees today;
The leader also looks to tomorrow.
The boss commands,
The leader asks.
The boss never has enough time;
The leader makes time for things that count.

The boss is concerned with things;
The leader is concerned with people.
The boss lets his people know where he stands;
The leader lets his people know where they stand.
The boss works hard to produce;
The leader works hard to let the workers produce.
The boss takes the credit;
The leader gives it.

Author Unknown

Submitted by Becky Reiber (01)

*At one time, I did not believe
In the powers that are or would be.
I'd never experienced anything like that,
So it just didn't exist to me.*

*Never before had I witnessed a miracle,
Or been saved when in dire straits.
Until the day when my life was turned upside-down,
And it made my thinking to figure-8s*

*I could now see miraculous tendencies
In what seemed to be normal, ordinary events.
And what I once had accepted as the every day,
I could now see had heavenly influence.*

*So believe what you like and I'll do the same,
We can say that, well things be as they may,
But, heavenly influenced or not, I think
(And I know) things are ultimately controlled from
so far away.*

Veronica White (03)



This was my farewell speech at my Graduation Banquet. The first part was given to me by a nurse during one of my hospital visits. **Andrea Crowe (04)**

Farewell Speech

Classic wisdom says that there is nothing weaker than water, yet when united it can become a titanic force, like a tidal wave. This is called the yielding overcoming the hard. However, water does not overcome because it yields, It overcomes because it is relentless. It perseveres and does not give up. It is constant. Just as water must be able to express its true nature in a relentless way, so too must we simultaneously and relentlessly express our true nature if we are to be successful in life. But how do we acquire such perseverance? We start small as drops.



Throughout our time here we have learned more than we ever thought possible, not from books or lessons, but from each other. We've learned that life is a blessing, not a right; happiness and a positive attitude can get you through anything; and things happen for a reason. We might not always know why, or how to handle it, but we get through it, with help from each other.

So as we leave here we will think not only of the friends we've had or the memories we've made, but also of what is to come in the road that lies ahead.

Lessons

Sometimes the experiences as well as the people in our lives shape what our life is to become. Their influence often has a remarkable impact on the course of our lives. This influence may single-handedly have the intensity to change the direction of our lives, or to reinforce our belief in what is right.

My clinical placement for my first year in the Nursing Program found me working with the elderly; a group of a dozen or so diverse individuals. Hospitalized for various reasons, their characters differed nearly as much as their ailments. Regardless, each had a lesson to teach us all, each in a unique way.

From the silent, I learned the significance of emotion. From the exhausted, I learned to wait. And from the frightened, I learned the influence of friendship. Although I am certain that most were unaware of the impact they gradually had on my life each day, their smiles and simple gestures assured me that I had also touched them in my own way.

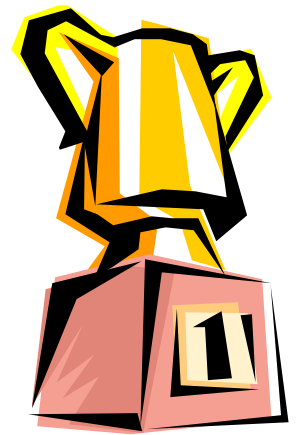
Memories of each patient that has touched my life remain with me in everything I do. The lessons I learned will never be forgotten, regardless of where life may take me. Throughout my career and everything that awaits me in life, each memory will hold its own place in my heart.

Angie Peters (03)

Winners are People Like You



Winners take chances
Like everyone else, they fear failing,
but they refuse to let fear control them.
Winners don't give up.
When life gets rough, they hang in
until the going gets better.
Winners are flexible.
They realize there is more than one way
and are willing to try others.
Winners know they are not perfect.
They respect their weaknesses
while making the most of their strengths.
Winners fall but they don't stay down.
They stubbornly refuse to let a fall
keep them from climbing.
Winners don't blame fate for their failures,
nor luck for their successes.
Winners accept responsibility for their lives.
Winners are positive thinkers who see good in all things.
From the ordinary, they make the extraordinary.
Winners believe in the path they have chosen
even when it is hard, even when others
can't see where they are going.
Winners are patient.
They know a goal is only worthy
as the effort that is required to achieve it.
Winners are people that believe in themselves.
They make this world a better place to be.



By Nancye Sims

Submitted by Anita Kreutzwiser (04)

"Always be the best, my boy, the bravest, and hold your head high above the others."

Homer, "The Iliad"

It is said that the quotation above from Homer's "Iliad," in which the Greek hero Glaucus recounts what his father told him as a child to the Greek hero Diomedes, inspired some of the greatest men in history. These men include the great Roman statesman and philosopher Marcus Tullius Cicero and, most notably, Alexander the Great; the greatest conqueror the world has ever known.

Cameron Adamson (03)

This year, as one of the recipients of the 2004 Terry Fox Humanitarian Award, I was asked to say a few words at the opening of the Terry Fox Run in my hometown of Markham, Ontario. I spoke about what this award means to me, and how this award, or more specifically, how Terry Fox himself has helped shape my life, as well as my hopes and goals for the future. In addition to being a guest speaker, I was also asked to be the official starter of the run. Although I was nervous, I am very proud of myself for being a special part of the Terry Fox Run, as I believe it is our responsibility as Canadians, especially as recipients of this award, to do everything in our power to support, and more significantly, promote the legacy of Terry Fox; his undertakings and his triumphs. By doing so, I strongly believe that we will help further Terry Fox's legendary dream, as well as aid in making cancer history. I have decided to submit my speech as my first contribution to the Golden Thread newsletter as it is a major accomplishment in my life, and is a memory that I will never forget.

Good morning everyone, my name is Kimberly Abdool and I am a second year nursing student at Ryerson University. I was asked to say a few words today because I am one of the twenty-three Canadian students who have been granted a 2004 scholarship from the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program. This award encompasses a great deal, as it is based on not only academics, but also participation in amateur athletics, fitness and health as well as involvement in humanitarian and voluntary projects.

I am extremely honoured to be a recipient of this award because, in my eyes, this award, and more specifically Terry Fox; the man that the award represents, stands for everything that I one day wish to stand for. Terry Fox epitomizes the very essence of selflessness, courage and perseverance. He was not afraid to stare cancer in the face and fight for his life, all the while stirring the pride and compassion of Canadians and individuals worldwide. Terry Fox is a legend, yet to him, his dream was not about creating a worldwide phenomenon, nor was it about changing the face of cancer research forever. To him, it was about reaching out to others and showing them that cancer did not mean defeat. He gave others hope, sparking a light that still burns bright to this very day.

Being a survivor of cancer, as well as losing my best friend Lida to cancer, I know first hand that cancer plays a role in the life of almost every individual, and this is the very reason why today is such an important day. I strongly believe that by carrying on the amazing dream started by Terry Fox, we will one day demolish this devastating disease once and for all. Thank you!

Kimberly Abdool (04)



*What Cancer Cannot Do
Cancer is so limited -
It cannot cripple love
It cannot shatter hope
It cannot corrode faith
It cannot destroy peace
It cannot kill friendship
It cannot suppress memories
It cannot silence courage
It cannot invade the soul
It cannot steal eternal life
It cannot conquer the spirit*



Give me FIVE!!!



This picture was taken during my summer internship with the non-profit organization Engineers Without Borders. More specifically, this was at the Chief's house in the Kpandi Community, in Northern Ghana, Africa, Planet Earth. I worked in collaboration with the Ministry of Food and Agriculture, Ghanaian government. The objective was to help farmers optimize production of improved variety seeds, and to optimize the efficiency of their traditional storage methods.

On the day of this picture, we had spent the whole day working in the farm and as we came back to the village the children clustered around me, surprised to see a foreigner that looked somewhat black like them. Seeing all of them, I decided to take that opportunity to play some games with them.

I love this picture because it is very typical of the kids in Ghana. They are very creative, joyful and bubbling with an unreal amount of energy. Even though life is tough they are so excited to be alive, and that really inspires me. While I lived with the local farmers in the various farming communities, I was so inspired and touched by the warm Ghanaian hospitality and friendliness. This picture, to me, represents a key part of effective development: One's ability to interact and collaborate with the local people.

Here are some life lessons that I learnt while in Ghana:

- Those that have little tend to give more.
- Effective development starts here in Canada. If you want to improve the standard of living for third world countries, take a close look at the little decisions you make here. What coffee do you buy? What brand named goods do you buy? Which fuel company do you buy from? How often do you ask your government what they are doing to bring about development change....
- Don't get too caught up in the race to accumulate more goods... the more you have the more you want. I miss the peace and tranquil lifestyle of the villagers. They don't have much goods, but at least, once in a while, they can stop and watch the rain pour.

Eye halve a spelling chequer
It came with my pea sea.
It plainly marquees four my revue
Miss steaks eye in knot sea.

Eye strike a key and type a word
And weight four it two say
Weather eye am wrong oar write
It shows me strait a weigh.

As soon as a mist ache is maid
It nose bee fore two long
And eye can put the error rite
Its rare lea ever wrong.

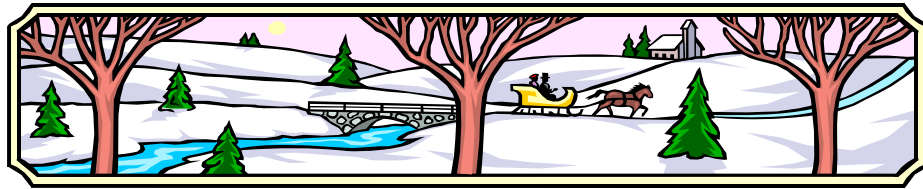
Eve have run this poem threw it
I am shore your pleased two no
Its letter perfect all the weigh
My chequer tolled me sew.

Source Unknown

*You gave on the way a pleasant smile
And thought no more about it.
It cheered a life that had been dark the while
Which might have been wrecked without it.
And so for that smile that was given there,
You'll have a reward sometime-somewhere
You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties.
It cheered a heart; new promise stirred
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for that word of golden cheer,
You'll have a reward sometime-somewhere.
You lent a hand to a fallen one;
Lift in love was given.
You saved a soul when hope was gone
And helped him on toward heaven.
And, so for that help you proffered there,
You'll have a reward sometime-somewhere.*

Author Unknown

Submitted by Roberta MacLean (03)



My Favourite Quotes

Submitted by Vanessa Millett (04)

Obstacles don't have to stop you. If you run into a wall, don't turn around and give up. Figure out how to climb, go through it, or work around it. - Michael Jordan

When you reach for the stars, you may not quite get them, but you won't come up with a handful of mud either. - Leo Burnett

Lot of people want to ride with you in the limo, but what you want is someone who will take the bus with you when the limo breaks down. - Oprah Winfrey

Although the world is full of suffering, it is full also of the overcoming of it. - Helen Keller

A friend knows the song in your heart and sings it to you when your memory fails. - Donna Roberts

People are like stained-glass windows. They sparkle and shine when the sun is out, but when the darkness sets in, their true beauty is revealed only if there is light from within. - Elisabeth Kübler-Ross

THE FENCE

BY DENIS O'BYRNE

HIS EYES PEERED DOWN THE OLD RUSTED
BARBED WIRE FENCE, HIS LOOK BECAME LONGING
AS IF IN DEFENCE, HIS DRY LIPS PARTED AND HE
BEGAN TO SAY, AS WITH THE FENCE HIS HANDS
BEGAN TO PLAY.

"TO SOME THIS IS A BARRIER, TO ME IT'S THE
STRANDS OF LIFE. EACH POST LINED UP TO SUFFICE.
SO EACH STRAND OF WIRE STRETCHED STRAIGHT AND
TRUE, NEVER GUARANTEEIN' THAT SOMETHIN' WON'T
GET THROUGH. YOU SEE THOSE BARBS THEY'RE FOR
DEFENCE, LIKE LIFE ITSELF WE ALL HAVE A FENCE."

THEN SLOWLY REMOVING HIS HANDS FROM THE
WIRE, HE POINTED OUT A POST THAT HAD CAUGHT
ON FIRE. PROOF THAT NOT EVERYTHING RESPECTS THIS
MAN MADE BARRIER. AS WE SEE SO MUCH IN LIFE
THAT WE ARE REJECTED. "BUT THE POST STILL
STANDS AND SO MUST WE, STILL BE TALL, PROUD,
AND FREE."

THE PLACES IT HAD BEEN MENDED WERE
MANY. "BUT THE FENCE STILL STANDS," HE
CLEARED HIS THROAT, "BECAUSE IT WAS NEVER
NEGLECTED AND FIXED WHEN IT BROKE.

"NURTURED BY HANDS THAT CARED, LIKE THE
HANDS OF GOD, THE GIFT OF LIFE HE SHARED.
SO LIKE THE FENCE IF WE TAKE HEED AND FIX IT WHEN
IN NEED IT SHALL GO ON."

"BUT NOT FOREVER, BECAUSE LIKE LIFE IT GETS
TOO OLD. THE MENDED PLACES NO LONGER HOLD,
BUT IN ITS PLACE A NEW ONE WILL BE BUILT."

HE THEN TURNED TO THE MOUNTAINS HIS FACE
WAS WORN AND JUST LIKE LIFE A NEW CHILD WILL BE
BORN.

SUBMITTED BY MARK HAVENS (04)



A SMILE costs nothing, but gives much.
It enriches those who receive,
without making poorer those who give.
It takes but a moment,
but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

None is so rich or mighty
that he can get along without it,
and none is so poor
but that he can not be made rich by it.

A smile creates happiness in the home,
fosters good will in business,
and is the countersign of friendship.

It brings rest to the weary,
cheer to the discouraged,
sunshine to the sad,
and is nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen,
for it is something that is of no value to anyone
until it is given away.

Some people are too tired to give you a smile.
Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so
much
as he who has no more to give.

Submitted by Sarah Steeves (04)



One Day At a Time

Make a promise to yourself

*To always choose the very best things in life...
To hold onto your dreams, believe in your ideas,
And follow the voice of your heart.*

Make a promise to yourself

*To always choose the things that make you happiest.
Make a promise to yourself to make every moment count,
To stop and smell the flowers along the way,
And enjoy life's simple pleasures
One day at a time.*

Author Unknown

Submitted by Pamela Finnie (01)

Le Chemin de L'Inca, Pérou

Il y a déjà plus d'un an que j'ai vécu la plus grande expérience de ma vie. La traversée du chemin de l'Inca a été le plus grand défi physique que j'ai eu à réaliser. Ce sentier se situe à une ou deux heures de Cuzco (3200m d'altitude). Pour ajouter à mon bonheur, j'ai eu la chance de vivre cette expérience avec mon amoureux.

La "Inca Trail" nous a permis de partir à l'exploration des Andes. La randonnée que nous avons fait a duré quatre jours, mais des alternatives plus longues et plus courtes existent. Bien qu'il est possible de partir par soi-même, la plupart des gens sont regroupés et accompagnés de guide.

Le premier jour, on nous amène par autobus jusqu'au sentier. Ce sentier a été érigé et emprunté par les Incas en pèlerinage vers la ville sacrée Machu Pichu. Il n'a été découvert qu'au XXe siècle. Ce chemin est bordé de sites Incas encore intacts. Le site que nous avons vu le premier jour était situé au creux d'une vallée. Très peu connu, c'était l'un des plus beaux sites Incas.

Le deuxième jour est de loin le plus exigeant. Les randonneurs accomplissent l'ascension de 1000m, pour atteindre 4200m d'altitude, dans les montagnes andines. C'est un escalier continu à gravir, pour ensuite redescendre sur l'autre flanc de la montagne. C'est la journée la plus difficile, mais elle est essentielle pour se rendre aux prochains sites Incas. Nous en avons rencontrés au moins trois le jour suivant. Notre guide, un expert du chemin de l'Inca, nous en a parlé longuement de l'époque où ces sites ont été habités.

Le dernier jour, le réveil est à quatre heures du matin. Ceci permet d'atteindre au levé du soleil d'où l'on aperçoit Machu Pichu. Il ne reste que quelques kilomètres avant de s'y retrouver.

Depuis ce temps, chaque fois que je rencontre une difficulté, je me dis que si j'ai pu traverser le chemin de l'Inca, je suis capable de surmonter beaucoup d'autres choses! C'est aussi pourquoi l'activité physique est devenue très importante pour moi. Je me rend compte aujourd'hui que si je n'avais pas été en forme, je n'aurais pas apprécié la "Inca Trail". Maintenant, l'activité physique fait partie de ma vie de tous les jours, car je veux pouvoir profiter encore de pleins d'expériences comparables au chemin de l'Inca.

Enfin, si je vous fais part de tout cela, c'est que je serais heureuse que le tourisme développe au Pérou. Puisque l'essor du tourisme aiderait l'économie de ce pays, je me fais un devoir personnel de rapporter ce que j'y ai vécu, afin que d'autres gens s'intéressent au Pérou. Alors, si j'ai bien fait mon boulot, peut-être que de nouveaux Canadiens fouleront le sentier de pierres des Incas l'an prochain!

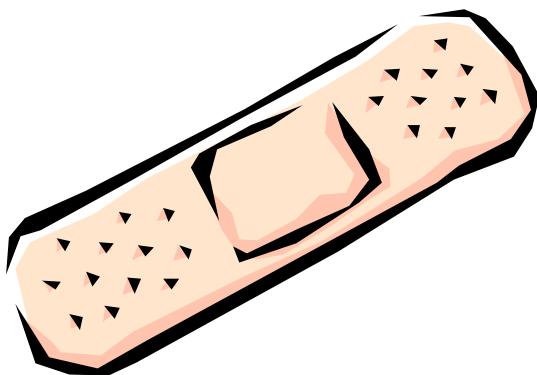


Maire-Josée Blais (04)

Political Outcry!

The other day I was outraged when I heard the anchorman on the Global news network report that our Ontario hospitals are increasingly focusing on revenue production. I understand that in addition to provincial and even federal subsidy, hospitals are encouraged to solicit additional funding from the private sector. This may come in the form of private donations, charity lotteries (as in the case of the Princess Margaret Hospital Lottery), and elective (cosmetic) surgery. There are many other forms, but it is this latter source which troubles me.

Currently, Ontario hospitals house the facilities, resources and specialists required for elective cosmetic surgeries paid for privately by patients soliciting such procedures. However, it was reported that patients requiring vital surgeries (those which potentially threaten one's life such as malignant tumour excision) are put on long waiting lists while patients requesting cosmetic surgeries are accommodated more rapidly. According to hospital officials, the rationale behind this phenomenon is that the profits arising from elective cosmetic surgery is necessary for the maintenance and future operation of Ontario's hospitals.



Does this sound familiar? Is it true that we, like our neighbours below us, have to resort to these profit-driven practices to prevent a funding crisis of our health care system? The argument could be easily made that to allow a patient to undergo a non-vital surgical procedure in public hospitals while others wait in prolonged agony with possibly life-threatening conditions is an immoral and unethical practice.

Playing devil's advocate for a moment, the claim may be made that without such funding from private sources, Canada's health care system is doomed to collapse under the weight of the health care demands of the 'baby boomer' generation. Despite the fact that the provincial government requested and received financial assistance from the federal government for health care resources, Canada's 'baby boomers' and patients with preventable diseases (i.e. lung and skin cancer) are excessively taxing the system. The high demand for health care resources and research exceeds what is available through public funding. Consequently, the government must consider other revenue-generating strategies to fund the system.

So what implications does this problem hold for the future? This complex issue does not seem to harbour a resolution anytime in the near future. It's a 'catch 22' type of situation where the health care system may fail to meet the needs of some population of Canadian citizens. Does the answer lay in taxing elective surgeries or reducing access to them? Are we setting the standard for profit-driven health care practices? You take your stance!

**I made myself a snowball,
As perfect as could be.
I thought I'd keep it as a pet,
And let it sleep with me.
I made it some pajamas,
And a pillow for its head,
Then last night it ran away,
But first -- it wet the bed.
Submitted by Sarah Kearney (00)**

The Weekend to End Breast Cancer

This summer I participated in the Weekend to End Breast Cancer in Vancouver. It was the first annual event in Vancouver and the second in Canada. It took place August 20-22, 2004.

This was literally one of the best experiences in my entire life! Honestly, I can't even begin to summarize this event, but I'll try my best. During this amazing weekend, 2,101 men and women met in Vancouver and walked 60 kilometres in a fight against breast cancer. It was a weekend of hope, faith and love. Many tears, both happy and sad were shed. The money raised benefited the BC Cancer Foundation for breast cancer research and patient care at the BC Cancer Agency. As soon as I heard about the event, I knew I wanted to be a part of it, though I never could have imagined what a phenomenal experience it turned out to be. I was a little apprehensive to register, because each participant was required to raise a minimum of \$2,000. I had never raised that much money for a single event before. Then I read a truly eye-opening statistic: one in every nine Canadian women will be diagnosed with breast cancer. That's when I knew that I had to participate.

At first I was afraid that I would never fundraise enough money. Nearly every participant was older than I was and most had managed to get corporate donations or generous donations from friends. Unfortunately, I couldn't. Instead, I went door-to-door collecting donations. There were some days when I was out in the hot sun for over four hours and only got \$10-\$20. I canvassed the entire area where I lived, then I drove to other areas that were too far to walk, and I continued to collect. This was the start of this incredible event, for, not only was it a test of my commitment to the cause, I met some truly inspiring people, including the oldest dragonboat paddlers in Canada (she survived breast cancer twice). In the end, I raised over \$2,120.00! I kept collecting until a few days before the event, even though I had surpassed the minimum 2 weeks before. I wanted to raise as much money as I could. The event itself raised \$7,027,000.00 for breast cancer research and care in BC! To this day, I still can't believe that figure!

It wasn't until I reached registration (Aug 20th) at BC Place Stadium that I started to understand the magnitude of this event. The stadium was filled with thousands of people, including participants, volunteers, crew members, family, friends, and supporters. The event hadn't even started yet, and people were already getting teary-eyed, hugging complete strangers, and telling these strangers some of the most intimate moments of their lives. We were all one big family, fighting for a common goal.

The walk itself was a phenomenal experience. As an endless stream of walkers walked through the streets of Vancouver, people driving by honked their horns and waved. Supporters sat along the route with painted signs, bubbles, refreshments, hugs, and many thanks for what we were doing. The first day of the walk (Aug 21st) there was a torrential downpour of rain, which spanned most of the day. We were soaked to the bone and shivering for hours on end, but the weather never dampened our spirits. The medical staff supplied us with mylar blankets to help keep warm. We fashioned skirts and coats out of the blankets and garbage bags (our coats were completely ineffective by this point) and we wound up looking like thousands of baked potatoes, smiling and laughing our way through Vancouver. That night all the participants and volunteers camped together on a large field. We danced the night away to a live band under the main dining tent, then ran to our tents to avoid getting too wet.

The most emotional part of the event was "holding." On the final day of the walk, all of the participants met outside BC Place Stadium and cheered until every last participant was there. We then walked the last kilometre together as a group, including all of the volunteers and crew. I remember rounding the last corner (entering holding) with my group, and the rest is a blur. There were thousands of participants and supporters cheering and clapping at the same time. There was motivational music booming in the background but it was barely audible over the cheering. That's when we all really broke down. Everyone was wearing the same shirt, so we were completely engulfed by blue and pink "I am the fight..." shirts. We passed through tunnels of hugs, high-fives, and even some kisses as we walked into the entrance of the stadium. Inside there were thousands more people clapping, cheering and congratulating us. I don't think that I've ever felt that happy and that proud in my entire life. Even now, my eyes are watering just thinking about it.

...continued on
next page

During the weekend, I walked in a group of 6 women, including myself. Four of them I didn't know prior to the event. I met them on the ferry to Vancouver on Friday, August 20th. The other was one of my managers at work. Her name is Linda, and she is a breast cancer survivor. Linda was another one of my inspirations to participate in this event, for she is one of the most amazing people I know. No one should ever have to go through a disease as devastating as breast cancer, but especially not people like her. She is just so sweet, kind, and upbeat. I idolize her, and I hope that one day I possess all of the wonderful qualities that resonate from her everyday. She is truly an inspiration to anyone who meets her. To this day, Linda and I talk about the Weekend all the time. It brought us so close to one another, and I feel like I have known her for years. We registered together for next year at camp on August 21st.



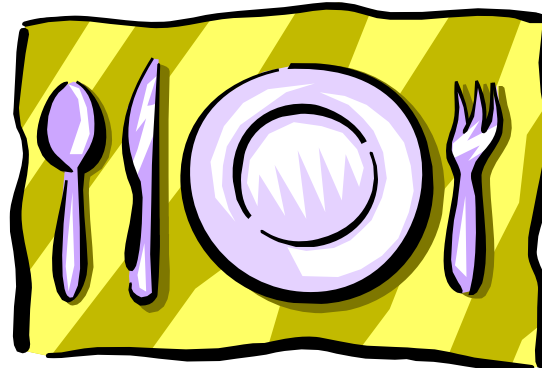
The Weekend to End Breast Cancer is a journey that I will never forget and I can't wait until next year. In the 2005 event I hope to double what I raised this year, even if that means canvassing every house in Nanaimo, the city that I live in. If any of you are interested in participating or donating, go to www.endcancer.ca. This upcoming year, The Weekend to End Breast Cancer is being held in Vancouver, Calgary, Toronto, and Montreal. I can't express in words, and certainly not in this amount of space, how much this event meant to me. I was moved to tears so many times from touching stories and constant random acts of kindness. It proved how much people care about one another and how far they will go to help a cause that is so close to all of our hearts. Together we will find a cure for cancer. We just have to keep fighting!

Brianna MacLean (03)

Hi EVERYBODY! My name is AMBER TIEGEN and I have been a diabetic for 8 years. When I was first diagnosed, I was afraid that I was going to be limited to a sugarless and tasteless diet. This is one of the first diabetic recipes I tried and I have been addicted to them ever since. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do.

DIABETIC BANANA CHOCOLATE CHIP MUFFINS

3 SMALL BANANAS
1/2 CUP SUGAR
1/3 CUP MELTED MARGARINE
1 EGG
1 1/2 CUPS FLOUR
1 TSP. BAKING POWDER
1 TSP. BAKING SODA
1/4 TSP. SALT
1/2 CUP CHOCOLATE CHIPS



MASH BANANAS. ADD SUGAR, MELTED MARGARINE AND EGG, MIX WELL. IN A SEPARATE BOWL, MIX FLOUR, BAKING POWDER, BAKING SODA, SALT AND CHOCOLATE CHIPS. STIR INTO WET INGREDIENTS UNTIL JUST MIXED. SCOOP BATTER INTO 12 MUFFIN CUPS. BAKE AT 375° FOR 20 MINUTES.

EACH MUFFIN: 31 GRAMS CARBOHYDRATES.

AMBER TIEGEN (04)

Ordinary Heroes

Our greatest heroes can be anywhere and everywhere we are. Their names and deeds are seldom spoke of, and rarely heard. They become heroes unaware by making a decision that will change their life, acting in the moment, battling a disease, working tirelessly to rescue, comfort, or to be a voice for those who have none. These ordinary heroes know how to fight with dreams, visions and prayer. With unbelievable bravery, courage and strength, these people appear in our lives without warning or fanfare and leave an imprint that lasts forever. They can be someone in our family, a co-worker, a doctor or nurse, a stranger on the street, a child, a teacher, a friend, and even a pet. Ordinary heroes walk among us. The world may know little of its greatest heroes, but in our hearts we know who they are. They are messengers from heaven. Their love, compassion, courage, and determination are God's touch upon humanity. They are a gift from God sent to show us the divine capacity of the human spirit, and for this we have been truly blessed.

Submitted by Sarah McIvor (02)

Based on the words by Flavia.

In Memory of my precious friend Lexi Gabruch.

In today's high-tech, always-on-the-run society, we often forget to look at our past and where we come from. Over the course of the summer, I had the opportunity to go back and rediscover my heritage and reconnect with my roots. For one month, I spent mornings in Italian classes, afternoons in art galleries and evenings eating gelato in piazzas. Yes, of course, all of this occurred in the historic and breathtaking city of Florence, Italy. It being my second visit, I already knew what to expect, but how it changed me once I started to adopt its lifestyle was sudden and surprising. As North Americans, we sometimes take for granted our nice showers, kitchens and air conditioning. When I got there, the apartment I was to share with my sister, cousin and friend seemed pitiful. Once I got my mind set on the fact that I was in Italy and that I had survived worse conditions in residence, the apartment soon took on the title of "home sweet home."

What amazed me the most was my ability to lose myself in this country. For one month, I had no cell phone, internet, television or car. Before leaving, I worried that I would be bored without my usual dose of internet or television, but somehow, I managed to not miss any of it while I was there. We occupied our afternoons and weekends with excursions to Venice, Elba, and Rimini, cooking classes, and, of course, catching up on much-needed sleep. What I miss most from my stay is the feeling of being in Italy and part of its society. I will miss the old man at the corner of the street, stopping whatever he was doing to tell us 'good morning' as we rushed past him every morning. I miss the aroma of fresh tomato sauce boiling in the apartment below and the sound of soccer matches echoing through the streets. It does seem like I am describing the typical fairy tale movie, but it was indeed that. From the moment I arrived, to the moment I left, I never lost the sense of magic that I felt every time I looked around and realised that it was in fact a reality, a reality I dream to live and experience again. Returning to Canada was difficult. It meant the return of routine and everyday rush. Every now and then, I think back to that magical month and look forward to being able to relive it.



C'est Magnifique (NON!)

Being born with a physical disability, it is only natural to assume there would be some restrictions on what I could and could not do. My family however, especially my mother, always told me I could do anything I put my mind to; I would just need to use a little creativity on occasion. So I have done many things; karate, skating, horseback riding, violin, sailing, T-ball, and golfing all in my own indomitable fashion. In fact, I have existed for almost 21 years under the delightful disillusion that I have been completely unrestricted in anything I wished to accomplish. This summer I hit the wall, in the form of French 300.



French 300 is one of those deviant academic entities that manage to exist solely to torment students, myself included, who must take it as a requirement for another program. I should perhaps qualify this statement by saying I have no antagonistic feelings toward the French. They are an intelligent and beautiful people with a rich and colourful history. I even look forward to visiting France one day in order to retrace Dan Brown's steps in The Da Vinci Code.

No, the only trouble I have with the Norman heritage is the language. Math and linguistics have never been my friend, and I thought I had done a fairly adequate job in avoiding both these subjects upon entering university. Imagine my horror upon registering for Honours History to discover that a prerequisite for this program was a reading knowledge of a second language. Quel surprise! All the repressed memories from Grade 12 French in all their nightmarish quality came rushing back. Now you are probably saying to yourself, "Why didn't Paige pick a language she did not have a dark history with?" The answer; Paige does not have another twelve years to obtain a grounding in Spanish, German, Russian or Latin. Remember, linguistics is not my friend.

My reasons for choosing French 300 were quite logical and compelling. It was an eight week summer course that ran four days a week for three hours. It would be like immersion, and therefore more enjoyable and beneficial (I told you I was delusional). I would be finished by the end of June and still have two months off to work and play, and best of all I would not have to be tormented by this course during the upcoming school year.

In retrospect it was not a terrible experience relative to say, the seventh circle of Hell. My professor was exceedingly patient and kind and my classmates shared my frustration and anxiety. I was almost sent fleeing in abject terror from the room the first day when I learned we had to do work in the language lab, the location of some of my most sinister high school memories. There is only a pass or fail in this course and I managed to pass, even though I will not be hired as an interpreter anytime in the near future. After all, where is there an opening for someone who translates a passage about nicotine addiction amongst the Swedes into a narrative involving Swiss squirrels and Swedish non-smoking wood nymphs?

The moral of this story is that it is healthy to be aware of your limitations and also embrace your "failures." I accept this fact, I am one with it. The crucial knowledge I gained this summer is that one should sample as many different things as possible; even if you end up despising them, they do contribute to your life in one way or another. If you do not seize every opportunity, you may also miss out on the one thing that is your passion and gives your life great meaning. Twelve hours of French a week seems worth the psychological anguish if it helps me find something I am truly good at, and more importantly something I truly enjoy.

So, in conclusion, Carpe Diem! Oh what, that's Latin isn't it? See, I told you I was no good at French.

Paige Muttersbach (02)

*Hope
Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all,*

*And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm*

*I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.*



*By : Emily Dickinson
Submitted by Shayna Zamkaneí (01)*

Dear Friends,

I'm in my 3rd year of university in the Faculty of Science and working towards admission to Dental school. This year has definitely been one of the most challenging, mainly due to my mother's illness. She was diagnosed with lymphoma last year and finished her treatments last December. Since January, she's been in remission and working to improve her health after the eight doses of chemotherapy and the twenty-some doses of radiation. I guess I never really understood the impact it can make on someone's life when a family member is diagnosed with cancer until it actually happened. In many ways, I am thankful for witnessing this. It's made me a stronger person and I've grown to realize that life really does need to be taken one day at a time and needs to be appreciated for what it is. I just wanted to share with you some inspirational quotes that have really helped me through this difficult year. I hope that for those of you who've had a challenging year (in any other way); these quotes will also help you.

"Grant me the power to change the things I can, to accept the things I can't, and the wisdom to know the difference." -Unknown

"A ship is safe in a harbour, but that is not what ships are built for"
- William Shedd

"Everything is OK in the end, if it's not OK, it's not the end."
-Unknown

"You must do the thing you think you cannot do."
- Eleanor Roosevelt

"Never, never, never give up."
- Winston Churchill

Wish you all the best for this coming school year! Much Love,
Paricher Irani (02)



A Lesson from Geese?

By Carissa Nikkel (01)

What exactly can human beings learn from geese? These amazing animals display qualities which exemplify the desirable philosophies and behaviours which humans endeavour to emulate. Geese can provide society with important lessons involving leadership, the power of group work, complimenting the abilities of others, and the power of encouragement. Who knew that a species as unique as a bird could represent what society should aspire to represent.

The power of community is undoubtedly a quality that is represented in a flock of geese. People who share a common direction and sense of community rely on each other to compliment strengths to ultimately reach a higher level of achievement. We, as recipients of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award must realise the importance of working together and must take on the role of being leaders in our communities.

While being leaders, we must also take note of the importance of assisting others and allowing others to assist us. People are interdependent on each other's skills, capabilities and unique arrangement of gifts, talents and resources. Success is dependent on the sharing of ideas which will result in a better world for individuals of today and the future.

When a goose is unable to fly with the flock for any reason, two geese will drop out of the formation to help and protect it. This is a prime example of the importance of standing by each other in difficult times as well as when we are strong. Terry Fox fell to cancer, but today, the other members of the flock have upheld his dream. His dream has been integrated into our daily lives, and the global flock is continuing to search for ways to eliminate cancer.



Terry Fox realised that the qualities of leadership as well as giving and accepting help were extremely important. He was influential in being a leader and presenting information to Canadians; that cancer research was a necessary step in fighting this devastating disease. Terry Fox also accepted the support of others along his journey across Canada while sharing his important story and his dreams for the future. Although Terry Fox is no longer physically in our presence, our hero has provided us with the reminder that we must stand by each other in difficult times and strive together to enhance the future.

I find that people become too easily discouraged if they are not frequently recognized for their efforts. It is worthwhile to remember that **YOU** can and **HAVE MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD** for someone because of the little things that you do day after day. And **THAT** should be our motivation, not a certificate, an award, or others' praise. Faber puts these thoughts to words much more eloquently than I have...

Margot Catizzone

(03)

“Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunities for good deeds are renewed day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.”

A Wonderful Message

By Dr. Bob Moorehead

Submitted by Laura Stephenson (04)

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers, wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more, but have less; we buy more, but enjoy less.

We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time. We have more degrees but less sense, more knowledge, but less judgement, more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values.

We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbour.

We conquered outer space but not inner space. We've done larger things, but not better things. We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice.

We write more, but learn less. We plan more, but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small character, steep profits and shallow relationships. These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes.

These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill.

It is a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

Remember; spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever. Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side.

Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only pleasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

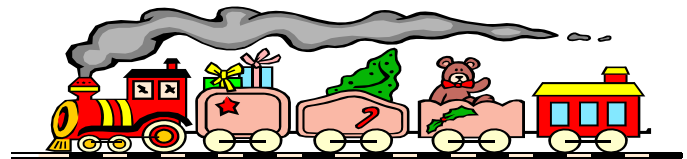
Remember, to say, "I love you" to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you.

Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again. Give time to love, give time to speak, and give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

What we do in life, echoes an eternity.

~ Russell Crowe, Gladiator



I have always enjoyed this quote from Gladiator (one of my favourite movies) because it is so true.

Everything we do in life will last forever, even after we are gone.

Cameron Adamson

My name is Jennifer Walsh and I have been fighting Cystic Fibrosis for 30 years. In my mind I imagine myself as a boxer in a ring. My opponent is CF. It is me and this disease duking it out. I am the prize. If it wins, it takes me away from everything and everyone I love. If I win, I get a brief respite to enjoy working and spending time with my family and friends. Maybe travel somewhere, or celebrate a special occasion, until the next round. There is always a next round. Cystic Fibrosis is a formidable opponent and it has all the advantages. It never gets sick, it never gets frustrated, it is never demoralized by loss or longing. Cystic Fibrosis is a patient opponent. It has all the time in the world, and when I am fighting strong, it just bides its time until the next opportunity to step into the ring.



When I was 26, it almost beat me. I was in teacher's college and caught pneumonia that put me into end stage lung disease. If you have ever seen a fight, you can probably imagine the point when one fighter looks beaten and keeps getting knocked down. He (or she) keeps getting up, slowly, with gloves in front of him, wobbling around, taking shots at the air, exhausted but still driven by something to fight. Watching him, you think; "He's got to be out for the count. How can he get up and take another hit?" That was me, staggering around the ring that CF and I battle in. Dead tired, hardly able to focus on my opponent, but dukes up. The only things that kept me fighting was the support of everyone who loved me, the determination of my doctors, and my hatred of this disease, which was trying to steal the prize.

In the end, a boy I never met helped me win that round. I received a double lung transplant on October 1st, 2000. I thought my boxing days were over. I no longer had Cystic Fibrosis lungs. I could hang up my gloves and spit on the beaten form of this #%\$&* disease.

Two and a half years later, I began to reject my lungs. No one knows why for certain, but my body has trouble absorbing the anti-rejection meds because of my CF-affected pancreas. This may be a contributing factor. Not only is CF a formidable and patient opponent, it is a crafty one too. No one knocks it out. I am a teacher and a wife and an auntie to all the babies my friends are having. I too am a formidable adversary. I hate that I have to put the gloves back on, but that is what having CF is; fighting all the time, for everything - every breath, every birthday, every day.

That is what having CF is like

At the clinic, and at special events, I see babies, small children and young adults with CF. I know that life will be harder for them; will always be a compromise and a fight. But I also see that they look healthier and stronger than I did growing up. This makes me very glad. It reminds me that I am not the only one in the ring. There are a lot of people fighting this disease; scientists, doctors, nurses, moms and dads. Maybe I was a bit premature waiting to hear the bell. I will share in the triumph.

Submitted by Colleen Crawford (03); this article was written by her cousin who has been fighting CF

Days Go By

By Keith Urban

Submitted by Candace Yanishewski (02)

I'm changing lanes an' talkin' on the phone,
An' drivin' way too fast.
An' the Interstate's jammed with gunners like me,
Afraid of coming in last.
But somewhere in the race we run,
We're comin' undone.

An' days go by:
I can feel 'em flying like a hand out the window in the
wind.
The cars go by:
Yeah, it's all we've been given, so you better start livin'
right now,

Out on the roof just the other night,
I watched the world flash by.
Headlights, tail-lights runnin' through a river,
Of neon signs, mmm, mmm.
But somewhere in the rush I felt:
We're losing ourselves.

We think about tomorrow,
Then it slips away, oh yes it does.
We talk about forever,
But we've only got today.

Oh, so take 'em by the hand, they're yours an' mine.
Take 'em by the hand an' live your life.
Take 'em by the hand, don't let them off like that
C'mon, c'mon now.

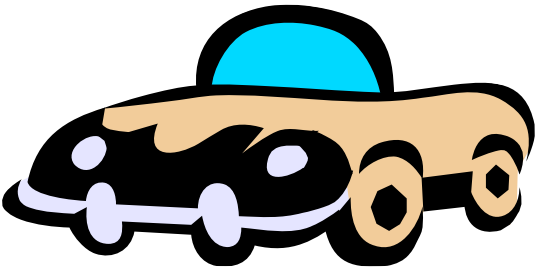
Gas Men

Two gas company servicemen, a senior training supervisor and a young trainee were out checking meters in a suburban neighbourhood. They parked their truck at the end of the alley and worked their way to the other end. At the last house, a woman looking out her kitchen window watched the two men as they checked her gas meter.

Finishing the meter check, the senior supervisor challenged his younger co-worker to a foot race down the alley and back to the truck to prove that an older guy could outrun a younger one.

As they came running up to the truck, they realized the lady from that last house was huffing and puffing right behind them. They stopped and asked her what was wrong.

Gasping for breath, she replied, "When I see two gas men running as hard as you two were, I figured I'd better run too!"



Stolen Car

A drunk phoned the police to report that thieves had broken in to his car.

"They've stolen the dashboard, steering wheel, break pedal, even the accelerator," he cried out.

However, before the police investigation could get under way the phone rang a second time, with the same voice came over the line. "Never mind," said the drunk with a hiccup, "I got in the backseat by mistake."

Submitted by Alexandra Sorocéanu (02)

Typically in the past, my submissions to the Golden Thread have been more on the serious and thoughtful side. However, I have recently been reminded of the purity, simplicity, and sweetness of children.

I can't remember how I learned about Terry Fox. My niece is six years old. She started grade one in the fall, and we all know that the Terry Fox Run is something that most schools take part in. Well, she had never heard of Mr. Fox before, and here is how she came to know of him.

Three years ago my mother had a heart attack, and as the family was rushing home from Alberta they almost had an accident while trying to avoid hitting a fox. Ever since then, my niece has been scared of foxes. This was not something the family knew until just recently. When it came time for her grade one class to take part in the run, her teacher gave the students forms and asked them to get pledges for the Terry Fox Run. My sister told me that when my niece showed her the pledge form she was pensive, and a little quiet. My sister didn't think much of it at the time, just that perhaps her daughter was thinking of who Terry Fox was. My niece approached her the evening before the run and told her that she didn't want to do the run. My sister asked why, and explained that it was important and considerate to do the run. My niece then demanded of her mother to know that, well if she had to do the run, she wanted to know right now whether this Fox was a real fox, or just a man dressed like a fox.

My niece was afraid to do the run, because of her fear of foxes, and a little bit of miscommunication. My sister sat her down and explained to her who Terry Fox was, what he did, and why we still run in his name today. She explained that just because his last name was Fox, it didn't mean that he was actually a fox, just as our last name is LaPlante, that does not make us a plant. Once my niece understood, she slept easy, and went to school and did the run eagerly.

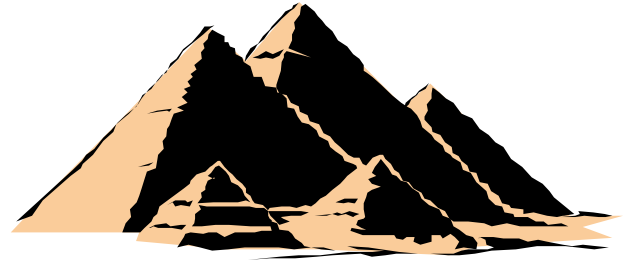
This is a short little story, but one that reminds me of how precious children are, how vulnerable they are, and how important their education is. I hope this gave you a smile, and perhaps a little chuckle.

Jill LaPlante (00)

Seven Wonders of the World

A group of students were asked to list what they thought were the present "Seven Wonders of the World." Though there were some disagreements, the following received the most votes:

- 1 Egypt's Great Pyramids
- 2 Taj Mahal
- 3 Grand Canyon
- 4 Panama Canal
- 5 Empire State Building
- 6 St Peter's Basilica
- 7 China's Great Wall



While gathering the votes, the teacher noted that one student had not finished her paper yet. So, she asked the girl if she was having trouble with her list. The girl replied; "Yes, a little. I couldn't quite make up my mind because there were so many." The teacher said, "Well, tell us what you have and maybe we can help." The girl hesitated then read, "I think the Seven Wonders of the World are:"

- 1 To See
- 2 To Hear
- 3 To Touch
- 4 To Taste
- 5 To Fell
- 6 To Laugh
- 7 To Love

The room was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. The things we overlook as simple and ordinary and that we take for granted are truly wondrous!

Author Unknown

Well, here I am, in my third year of University. Lately it seems as if all my classmates talk about is how they can't wait to finish school and get out into the real world. For the majority of their lives, they have been sheltered from the evils of the world. Those of us privileged enough to be in this program were not so lucky and are not so naive about this place known as "the real world." We have felt the pain of losing a loved one, dealing with an illness, or coping with personal obstacles, and we are stronger for it.

I have no false illusions about what life will be like after I have completed school. I wish only to take things one day at a time and squeeze every last minute of enjoyment out of my last days of youth. In my mind, we already live in the real world, for the real world is not some day in the distant future, it is there here and the now. The real world is what we choose to make it. The things that were important to your past may not be as important as you once thought they were. And the things which you hold dear now, the people from your past may never understand.

The hardest part of life is finding a balance between the past you left behind and the future you dream of having. Each one of us brings a little piece of home and our past with us wherever we go. An old saying goes that "when life hands you lemons, make lemonade." Well, I'm all for being optimistic, but sometimes the challenges life hands us can't be made into a pleasant tasting drink that's easy to swallow. I think we should revise the saying; "When life hands you lemons, eat them, but spit the seeds out." Because all we really know is that if something doesn't kill you, it can only make you stronger knowing you got through it.

In the end, no matter what happens, we all just keep pushing forward in search of that one thing in our lives that will bring us joy above all other things. So while some of my classmates are searching for the real world, I'll laugh inside because I already know the secret. The real world is about digging deep to find the strength, courage and conviction to adjust to the changes life brings us and still keep those people important to us close in our hearts. We don't have to wait

The Best Four Years of Your Life...

By Chris Blackmore (02)

When I discuss university with those fortunate enough to have finished, I am bombarded with a lot of mixed messages. Some say that it was brutally hard, while others claim to have done little studying and still did fine. Some claim that all they learned in university was lost minutes after walking off that stage with their degree, while others claim that they have been able to apply almost everything they have learned to their career and life. Despite these numerous mixed messages, there seems to be one commonality among all those I spoke with, and that is that university was the best four years of their lives. Each individual would regale me with stories about their "res" experiences, or funny pranks they played on the first years. So far I have been through two and a half years and my stories thus far are somewhat lacking. With this in mind, I have decided to compile a list of things to accomplish in my last few years of school. After all, these are supposed to be the best four (or maybe five) years of my life, and who wants to have to tell their grandchildren that the only story they have involves showing up for the first day of spring courses only to realize that there was a midterm that day (and that the class had actually been running for two weeks, you think someone would have told me!). So here's the list:

- 1 Raise my hand in the middle of class and ask the prof if I could please go to the bathroom (preferably in a lecture with more than 100 people).
- 2 Bring a large pepperoni pizza to class, share it with those around me, and then proceed to take notes for the class on the empty box.
- 3 Go to school with a pillow and sleeping bag and have a sleepover party in the library or a large lecture theatre.
- 4 Expand item number three into a competition to see who can go the longest without leaving campus (living in res doesn't count!).
- 5 Last but not least, I plan on asking my genetics prof to kiss my double helix tattoo (and yes, I have a double helix tattoo).



I hope that from this compilation of rather absurd goals that you too may be inspired to go out and turn your university experience into the most memorable time of your life!

Disclaimer: This list of things to do was written under the stress of four midterms, two lab assignments and a term paper. That said, I may change my mind in the future... but they seemed like a good idea at the time.



*You are a child of the universe,
no less than the trees and the stars;
you have a right to be here. And
whether or not it is clear to you,
no doubt the universe is unfolding
as it should.*

- excerpt from *Desiderata*

by Max Ehrmann

Submitted by Darlene Oshanski (03)

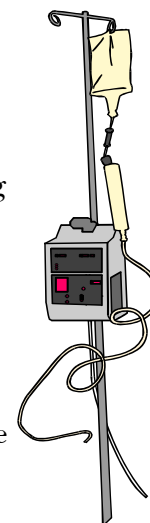
An Experience That Lasts a Lifetime

By Chris Baptiste

The journey that would, and will take a lifetime for me to complete started off at the age of five. Not knowing where I was going or even what was happening, I found myself in a deep, dark cavern with no hope of escape; this cavern known as cancer. Cancer is a strong word that should not be present in any child's life, yet it was deeply ingrained in my own. Deciding that it was time in my journey to either give up with no hop in sight or stand and fight, giving all that I had to win the battle. Choosing the latter, I decided to put my best foot forward, eager to fight the coming battles and win the war. The war that I was fighting as against Acute Lymphatic Leukemia, or A.L.L.. Being the age I was, I had no understanding of what that meant. The only thing I understood was that I was very ill, wasn't able to play with my friends very often, and had doctors and nurses hovering over me, giving me things that were making me throw up, and not letting me eat so that they could put needles into my spine. Although it was extremely hard at times, I tried to look for the positives and tried to keep a smile on my face.

After three years of chemotherapy, I was finally victorious. I had overcome all of the battles that were pushing me down and trying to defeat me, but it wasn't me who was finally beaten; it was cancer. I had won what I thought to be the end of the war; I was the champion. It turns out I was wrong. After having four years of a normal childhood, the enemy struck again, and this time came back in full force. At the time, I was in grade six, having fun with my friends, having just turned 12 years old and looking forward to Junior High School, which was just around the corner.

Everything that I thought I had overcome when I was younger, it had all been a charade, a game. It took nearly four months for the doctors to figure out what was going on with me, and I can still remember the night the doctors called me at home and asked me if I could come in the next morning to run a few more tests. I remember thinking that something must be seriously wrong, because what kind of doctor calls you at eight in the evening to schedule an appointment. The next day, I was back in the battle; a scene that was all too familiar. It seemed that I was thrown right back into the thick of things without any choice. After being really angry for about a week, I decided that I had fought this once, so I could do it again. After I got over my attitude problem, I was back into the swing of things. My attitude was positive, a smile was on my face, and I was ready and eager for a bone marrow transplant which the doctors and my family decided to be the best and most promising course of action. Eight years have gone by since that horrid experience. I was right all along - I had won the war and I was truly a champion. I know that sounds a bit egotistical, but when you've been through what I have twice, you have the right to give yourself some credit.



Although cancer is a word that, sometimes, I wish I had never heard, the reality is that if I had the chance to change the past so that I never contracted the illness, I wouldn't. The fact of the matter is that cancer is a part of who I am, and without it I wouldn't be the person I am today. Yes, cancer has changed my life in more ways than I can count, but I can't say that all the changes were bad. Sure, sometimes I wonder what I would be like if I had never had it at all, but then I look at all the things I would have missed out on: activities, camp memories, but most of all, friendships. When it boils down to it, in life you have to take the good with the bad, because if all we had was good, no one would appreciate it, and the good things in our life would never hold as much meaning or worth. The only way I can look at life, is that it is a precious gift; a gift that can be snatched from your fingers in the blink of an eye if you don't take care of it, or a gift that, if you take care of it and appreciate it, can be full of precious memories, life-altering experiences and unforgettable friendships.



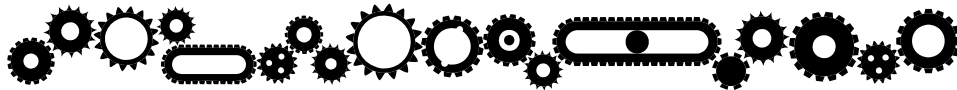
Hon. Senator Raymond J. Perrault, P.C. - TFHAP Board Member

A former member of the Queen's Canadian Privy Council, Senator Perrault was born and raised in Greater Vancouver. He is a graduate of the University of British Columbia, and was elected as a provincial party leader in 1959. He was elected to the British Columbia Legislature in 1960 and again in 1963 and 1968. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1968 where he served as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Labour, and to the Minister of Manpower and Immigration.

Senator Perrault was summoned to the Senate in 1973 where he served as Leader of the Government in the Senate and as a member of the federal cabinet between 1973 and 1981, serving on nearly a dozen different senate committees.

The Senator has been an active participant on numerous Canadian missions abroad. He has served as Canada's parliamentary representative and spokesman on the Special Committee of the United Nations, and the International Labour Organization deliberations in Switzerland. He headed the Canadian delegation to the United Nations Water Conference in Argentine, and participated in discussions with members of the European Parliament in Brussels.

Senator Perrault is a director of Citizens Trust. He is a former President of the Vancouver Canadians Baseball Club and is now Honourary Chairman of the team. He is an Honourary Patron of the Sustainable Cities Foundation and the Canada Pacific Russia Trade Centre. He served as director of Northwest Sports (Vancouver Canucks) for twelve years, and has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program since 1999. He and his wife Barbara, a former Vancouver city councillor currently reside in North Vancouver



Larry Regan - TFHAP Board Member

Larry Regan has always been active in the sport of hockey, being drafted as a player on the Boston Bruins hockey team in 1956, when there were only 6 teams in the NHL. His stick handling and playmaking abilities earned him The Calder Trophy as Rookie of the year at 27 years of age in the 1956-57 season.

After 5 years in the league, Larry retired and accepted a playing coach position in the AHL. Larry's intention was to get involved in the business side of hockey. He spent three years helping the Austrian government develop a hockey team capable of playing in the 1964 Olympics. When the NHL expanded in 1967 Larry found himself in the employ of Jack Kent Cooke and the LA Kings, first as a director of player personnel and then as general manager and coach. He was involved not only with the Kings but also other Cooke enterprises. They gave him an education he could not even dream of buying. He says, "I learned more about business from him than the average guy with a Ph.D." Following the Kings, Larry moved on to the GM position with the WHL's Portland Buckaroos from 1972-73 through 1973-74.

He went to work on a commission that investigated Amateur Hockey in Canada, which resulted in many changes in Amateur hockey in Canada. From there he set up the Association that oversees Old-Timers Hockey in Canada. He is still active in that association, the COHA, and was the organization's president.

Larry has been a member of the TFHAP Board of Directors since the inception of the program in 1981, and was instrumental in ensuring the success of the program during the first years. He and his wife Pauline currently reside in Ottawa.

