

# The Golden Thread / Le fil d'or



March 2003 / Mars 2003

Big Mud Puddles and Sunny Yellow Dandelions  
Author Unknown  
Submitted by: Sabrine Barakat

When I look at a patch of dandelions, I see a bunch of weeds that are going to take over my yard.  
My kids see flowers for Mom and blowing white fluff you can wish on.

When I look at an old drunk and he smiles at me, I see a smelly, dirty person who probably wants money and I look away.  
My kids see someone smiling at them and they smile back.

When I hear music I love, I know I can't carry a tune and don't have much rhythm so I sit self-consciously and listen.  
My kids feel the beat and move to it. They sing out the words. If they don't know them, they make up their own.

When I feel wind on my face, I brace myself against it. I feel it messing up my hair and pulling me back when I walk.  
My kids close their eyes, spread their arms and fly with it, until they fall to the ground laughing.

When I pray, I say thee and thou and grant me this, give me that.  
My kids say, "Hi God! Thanks for my toys and my friends. Please keep the bad dreams away tonight. Sorry, I don't want to go to Heaven yet. I would miss my Mommy and Daddy."

When I see a mud puddle I step around it. I see muddy shoes and dirty carpets.  
My kids sit in it. They see dams to build, rivers to cross, and worms to play with.

I wonder if we are given kids to teach or to learn from? No wonder God loves the little children!  
Enjoy the little things in life, for one day you may look back and realize they were the big things.

I wish you Big Mud Puddles and Sunny Yellow Dandelions!!!

**2002 Commencement Speech**

**By: Raju Bains (02)**

**Accompaniment to the poem "The Healing Process" from Dec 2002 issue**

Good Evening and Welcome Mr. Roach, Honored Guests, Parents and Class of 2002. It's a great honor to be speaking to you tonight at this auspicious occasion. Commencement is a time for celebration and time to rejoice on our accomplishments and cherish the memories that we have shared and that have led us to be who we are today. However, I also feel that commencement is a time for new beginnings. It's a time in our lives where we reflect on our past, learn from our mistakes and grow as individuals to continue the journey of life.

Even though I am very honored to be in this position, don't mistaken it for an accomplishment allowing me to be truly and sincerely happy. Now, this may catch many of you off guard. Mind you, I am happy; however, I also understand that the majority has given this position to me and there is a lot of room for scrutiny. But I would like you to know that regardless of how and why I am here; this speech is directed at every individual in this room tonight. I'd like you to hang on to my every word and truly listen to me from the bottom of your heart. Don't be shocked or disappointed... I'll tell you right now that this is not a cliché speech that is going to sugar coat everything and tell you the typical message of how we will all be friends, and we will end up where we want to or we'll be supported along the way... cause quite honestly we all know that this is not likely the case.

Speaking of new beginnings, I would like to start off our new beginning with being 100% real with you and not being scared to say what I feel and what I think. Tonight I am going to really let myself free and speak the unspoken. It's taken me 19 years to get to this point and have the courage to stand up here and tell you exactly how I feel. I've been on this stage many times for various reasons. But I want you to understand one thing... it was never for the glamour or fame. I truly feel that all my accomplishments throughout high school have been a direct result for my care for people. Along with the leadership duty came the duty of public speaking, but the way I will talk to you tonight will be very different.

Throughout our five years of high school, many have seen me and always assumed that I always got what I wanted. And everybody has seen me running around, smiling and doing what I wanted to do. But what all of you failed to see was past the outer shell. What I wanted you to see was me...Raju at heart. The girl, that carried a smile day in and day out for sole purpose of survival. However, I don't feel like many looked at me and saw the little girl who had to grow up too fast. Now wait a minute, first of all, I wasn't expecting you to understand but as each others peers, its our moral duty to support one another and second of all this is not directed at everybody.... There were many that truly appreciated me for me. Even though I stand here and speak of my own experience, don't fail to realize that it applies to everybody. We are all guilty of not looking at each other where it really counts.... At heart. Only when you can look into somebody's heart, do you realize who they really are and how weak/ strong they may be and how much they are craving your support. Being apart of the human race, we should make it our conscientious effort to sympathize, empathize and learn to be proud of one other's accomplishments.

It's important to realize that no matter what struggles are going on in life we need to be strong. We need to be able to not let anybody take our love of life away from us. However, in my case and in many other cases... its sometimes really hard when all you have seen in your immediate home life is the opposite or that is all you have ever been told. Many in this room tonight know bits and pieces of my story; however, nobody really knows the full story and many of you don't even know anything. But, when I attended university somebody told me that a big person is one that can overcome their hardships and be able to share his/ her story. So I will share my story.... Not all of it but enough to get my point across. It's almost impossible to share all of it.

I was a daughter after three girls and my parents expected me to be a boy. They tried extremely hard to overcome this little glitch in their plans by trying out various methods... abortion or adoption once I was born. Well, with God's grace I was born and they tried adoption and it worked. My own grandparents living in Scarborough decided to adopt me. I grew up calling them mom and dad. I never knew about my siblings and when I did meet my parents I'd call them aunt and uncle... not like they liked seeing me anyways. I grew up with a very functional family life. My grandfather and me were best friends. When I turned nine years old my parents decided due to societal constraints that they wanted to take me back in their custody... and they did... with force.

They showed up at my school and they forced me to live with them. Neither my grandparents nor I had a choice. I was told that I could see them on a daily basis but this did not happen.. I was forbidden to talk to them. I began living with my parents and siblings. They all resented me. My parents had their son and my sisters thought I really was adopted. I grew up being treated different from all my siblings. I grew up with the basic necessities of food and shelter and sometimes those were even compromised. I began working at the age of 13, had no support with my education (they didn't even want me going to school) and they'd often stop me from doing my homework. On top of that was subjected to all forms of abuse... you name it. I am now at the University of Waterloo paying for my own education and supporting myself. I have lived 11 years of suppression, guilt and unfairness. And at those times when I was involved, they forced me not to be, so my siblings could get the recognition. While I was president, they didn't even know for the first half of the year. This is not even 1% of my story and I can't even explain to you what I've seen, felt and experienced. And finally after so long I can tell you my story. Some of you have known me since elementary school and still had no clue. This kind of even seems surreal just telling you...but it's in fact too real.

Regardless of what was going on in my life, I wanted to be a positive influence. I didn't want to be a statistic. I didn't want to lead my life in the wrong path and get involved in drugs and other things to get rid of my problems. This is what I want to share with you as well. Sometimes in life, things get tough, and when the going gets going, it's too much too handle. But we have to be strong. Many of you may not even remotely know how it feels like to be in my shoes and others of you may have even experienced much worst... but no matter how big/small the problem...nobody knows how much it hurts except you. No problem is bigger than your own problem. We have to fight and make the best of our situations.

Many may wonder where I got my drive to do well. How and why I was so involved regardless how much I was hurting. It's because my dream truly is to help people and make people happy that I continued to do what I was doing. That is what we shall all do. We need to strive to be our best and never stop dreaming. Somebody very dear to me once said, everybody has the right to dream, whether that dream comes true or not is another story... but we all have the right to dream. And when nobody believes in us and our dreams, it really just takes one person to say that they believe in you. We should learn to believe in one another and encourage one another instead of using each others miseries to our advantages.

Being subjected to all forms of abuse constantly and can do a number on a person. I made my school my home and my family. And there were many times that I turned to many of you and you did fail to see the bigger picture. There were many that couldn't stand to see me up here and didn't want to look past that. Middlefield was our home. We saw each other on a constant basis. Now when we are in the REAL world... whether this be college, university or the work force... it's quite evident that there are many times that we feel alone and no matter how much we did or didn't like high school...it was our home. Half of the confidence and willingness to go on was from many of you. Whether it was a smile, an appreciative thank you or a gesture.... Your every action made me stronger and stronger by the day...this applies for those of you who also did the opposite of supporting me.

Everyday was a struggle for me. There were so many times that I would cry myself to sleep or not even sleep because I'd stay up doing my homework in peace while everybody else slept. Now when I'm at university, I've forgotten how to relax. I am constantly filled with anxiety or depression because now that I am out of that horrid life of 11 years, I am actually beginning to understand and realize things. I am trying to make myself better. I don't think anybody really does understand how much hurt and damage there is inside of me. I was alone since the age of 9...all alone. Nobody came to my awards nights, nobody encouraged me to do better, in fact I was told I couldn't do anything and if I tried they knew how to stop me. I learned to keep a smile on my face so that nobody could know. For some of those whom I did share my story with and exploited me with it, you should understand that when somebody tells you their problems, they are trying to make their load a little lighter. By talking about their issues.... It's a healing process for them.

One thing that we should always remember is to keep our faith in God and ourselves. When I had nobody else, I only had God and myself. Destiny does put us astray but it's okay. Do I have any regrets? Do I wish I lived a different life? Never. Yes it was hard; however, it has also molded me into the young confident woman that I am today. Never have any regrets or wish you lived somebody else's life. You are you and you are okay. One of my dear friends once said to another friend, you are perfectly imperfect and that is what life is. It's our experiences, our up and downs that make us who we are. WE should learn to accept that about one another.

On the Miramichi we have a language of our own. A man by the name of Doug Underhill has written a dictionary explaining our slang. I have taken some words out and would like to share them with you.

- Nick Hardy (01) -

Accent - What everyone except a Miramichier has when he speaks

Auspital - hospital

Big hat no cattle - A wannabe cowboy

bootin'er - In a rush: "Bootner to the outhouse"

cottage - what rich Americans call our camps

hockey - first choice of religion on the Miramichi, perhaps Canada

Miramichi - Only city where you can leave home, travel 15 miles to vacation at the cottage and still be in the city

Peel yer tires - One way of proving your manhood

Schoolin' - Education

very best - Miramichier's response to "How's she goin'?"

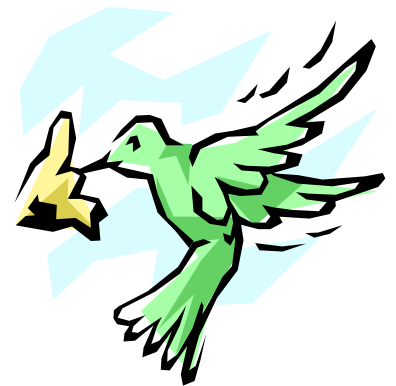
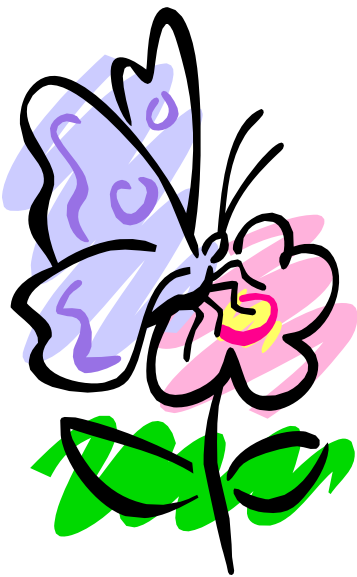
### Miss Me ~ But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road  
And the sun has set for me  
I want no rites in a gloom filled room  
Why cry for a soul set free.

Miss me a little ~ but not too long  
And not with your head bowed low  
Remember the love that we once shared ~  
Miss me ~ but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take  
And each must go alone  
It's all a part of the master plan  
A step on the road to home.  
When you are lonely and sick at heart  
Go to the friends we know  
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds  
Miss be ~ but let me go

Brianna Vandeweghe (02)



My Frog Prince is an Amputee and Other Stories...

By: Myroslava Tataryn (OO)

We have all grown up with fairy tales or stories of one sort or another and whether we realize it or not these stories shape how we view ourselves and others. Let's take the story of the Frog Prince for example. It's the story of a frog who asks a beautiful princess for a kiss. She refuses but he pursues her and finally she gives in, kisses him, he turns into a handsome prince and they live happily ever after. So I think the story is supposed to teach us to look beyond physical appearances (along the same lines as Beauty and the Beast) but why is it that the couple only marries and lives happily ever after AFTER the transformation into a handsome prince (Shrek is an exception and hooray for that story)? What would happen if the handsome prince was missing a leg and had to use crutches to walk? If they still married and lived happily ever after I think that society would not be so harsh to people with disabilities. Sadly, this is not the case, especially not here in Ghana (West Africa) where I'm currently taking classes.

In my conversations with people with disabilities here, the question of marriage almost always comes up: people with disabilities are not seen as suitable marriage partners meaning that they are excluded from one of the most important and central institutions in this society. Everyone is expected to get married, and yet 95% of blind women here are not married. 95% of these women do, however have children. Many choose to have children and raise them alone because they feel that their children will be the only people that they can trust as they grow old. These children are also the ones that lead them around the streets to beg. So the children are unable to go to school - continuing the cycle of poverty.

But amidst this dismal situation there are really amazing things going on. In a not-particularly affluent neighbourhood, people with disabilities run a resource centre/meeting place that includes a "school for guides." In the afternoon, the children/guides take their blind mothers into the shade to rest and they can go to school, for free, in this resource centre. The classes are taught by certified teachers who volunteer their time after teaching at government schools in the morning. These teachers all happen to have disabilities (they knew about the resource centre) but the fact that they teach at mainstream schools in the morning is very inspiring and positive.

So I'm here in Ghana until the end of April. If you'd like more information on what I'm up to

*Submitted by: Becky Reiber (01)*



*There are those who pass like ships in the night  
Who meet for a moment, then sail out of sight  
With never backwards glance of regret  
Folks we know briefly then quickly forget*

*Then there are those friends who sail together  
Through quiet waters and stormy weather  
Helping each other through joy and through strife  
And they are the kind that give meaning to life*

*Author Unknown*



# The Golden Thread - March 2003

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This September, I had a golden opportunity. The staff of Langevin School asked my mother if I could come in and speak to them about Terry Fox. I was honored.

The children were amazing. They had studied the life of Terry and were eager to share their thoughts on this hero. I was so touched that I asked if they wanted to share them with the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program.

With permission, here they are!

## Terry Fox Run Marathon of Hope! By Samantha

I think it's wonderful how there's a home on earth and a home in heaven for everybody especially Terry Fox. I wonder how cancer starts? I wish I could meet Terry Fox. I also wonder how old Terry was when he died? I heard that Terry died a month before his birthday! I don't understand how much love, courage, and power was put in his heart. I understand the part of finding a cure for cancer, but why was it him who was running? Why wasn't it young kipper or Abraham Lincoln? I wonder how old Terry would be if he was alive? I think Terry Fox had a good life, even if he had cancer. It's too bad he did not make it back to Vancouver. If I had a bro like him, I'd be real glad. If Terry didn't have cancer, he would have been able to go across North America! THE END



## Terry Fox By Meaghan Van Alstyne

Terry Fox lived in B.C. He had cancer on his right knee and had to get his leg amputated. Terry Fox had a dream that he would run across Canada and raise money for cancer research. Terry Fox started his run on April 12, 1980. Each day he ran about 26 miles, a marathon. Terry Fox had to stop his run because cancer spread to his lungs. He stopped his run near Thunder Bay, Ontario. Terry Fox died of lung cancer. He died on June 28, 1981. Terry Fox raised 4.4 million dollars. There is a Terry Fox run every year. I think Terry Fox did a wonderful thing.

## Response for Terry Fox By Alan Wong

Terry Fox is a great person and was willing to give his life for us. Terry is a hero because it would take maybe eighty or more or even less years to find a cure for cancer. I wonder how fast he ran? I think he two point four miles per hour. I think Terry would have survived cancer, because he has an active body. How on earth did cancer get to his lungs? It might be because when his leg got amputated, a cell of cancer barely got away knife and multiplied in his body. I hope one day we will find a cure for cancer. I think it would be kind of fun to run across Canada because there are so many beautiful sights all across Canada. Terry is a superman. He made so much effort to achieve! His goal to raise money for cancer research was not in vain because we're doing it as a tradition once we found a cure for cancer. We can do absolutely anything.

## Terry Fox Response by Shan



I know that Terry Fox was powerful. Terry Fox is a person who never gave up. If I were Terry Fox, I would be very happy. I think Terry Fox was kind because he ran for other people. Terry felt sad for other people with cancer. Every two miles he took a rest. I wonder when was his last birthday? How much money did he have when he started the run? Did he feel alone when he ran? I think that Terry

Fox is an unbelievable person.

## Terry Fox Story Response By Keelen

I think Terry Fox had courage. I mean he's running for other people. That is good. Running across Canada, that's a hard thing to do. I just feel that he's a great person. He was trying to find a cure for cancer. That's good. Terry Fox did it. He ran across Canada. He did it.

All of the students had unique and insightful ideas! Thank you all!

**Albertina Haerle (99)**



An Extra Special Christmas  
Lindsay Rempel (nee Roy) (00)

This Christmas was an extra special one. We were blessed far more and far deeper than many Christmases in the past. It wasn't that the gifts were that much more numerous or that much more expensive, it's that we were able to experience one of the most mysterious and most amazing gifts at Christmas - the art of giving.

Years ago when I was around nine years old, a family blessed us more than they could have ever known. My Mom was having a very hard time making ends meet, let alone buying Christmas gifts, as she raised us five girls on her own. Life had been hard for her and yet she always kept faith and believed God would take care of us. On Christmas Eve there was a knock on our small condo door. When my Mom opened it, she found no one, just a box of gifts and a hamper full of food. Each gift was wrapped and labeled to me and my sisters. Within the gifts was a beautiful card that simply said; "You don't know us, and we don't know you, but we want to bless you this Christmas." When we woke up Christmas morning we were overjoyed with our new outfits and new toys. I've never forgotten this kindness and vowed that some day I would thank them by doing the same to another family in need.

This Christmas was that Christmas. As my husband and I wrapped the gifts and prepared to drop them off, I realized the true beauty of giving. It brought tears to my eyes to remember how blessed my family was when someone just opened their heart and gave.

After dropping off the gifts and driving away before the door was answered, we decided we wanted to make this our own family tradition.

Thank you to all of you who gave to someone this Christmas, you never know what an impact it can make.

"It's the action, not the fruit of the action that's important. You have to do the right thing. It may not be in your power, may not be in your time, that there'll be any fruit. But that doesn't mean you stop doing the right thing. You may never know what results come from your action."  
- Ghandi -



Submitted by Elizabeth Lee (01)



He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has enjoyed the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of Earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.



Bessie Anderson Stanley (1904)

The life of a volunteer working in a developing country is a strange one indeed. You aren't a rich ex-patriot working for a large company or government organization, you aren't a religious missionary, you aren't a visitor or tourist and neither are you one of the locals. People don't understand why you have come if it is not to make money, or to preach, or to donate things, and therefore sometimes distrust your intentions. They laugh when you fumble over the local language, they smile when they see you on the street, they giggle over your trousers and peer into your lunch container, looking at your cold spaghetti as if it were from Mars. It is a life of many rewards, rich with experiences. It is sometimes frustrating, sometimes joyous, sometimes belly-upsetting and sometimes so full of colours, smells, sweat and wonderment that it is all you can do to make it home at night to let your poor body have a rest.

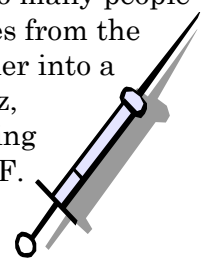
I am a Physiotherapist, working in Malawi. It is a small, peaceful country in Central Africa bordered by Mozambique, Zambia and Tanzania. About 12 million people live here on land roughly the same size as Nova Scotia, my home. I work for one of the two non-government organizations that provide services for the disabled, and am one of twelve therapists in the country - that means one of us per million people. There is very little here in terms of medical equipment or supplies and we have a workshop that uses local welders and carpenters to make wheelchairs and crutches out of old bicycle parts and iron bars.



Life is not easy here for the average Malawian. They live in abject poverty, where the failure of the season's crops can mean hunger for a whole village. Not all villages have boreholes, medical facilities are often worse than basic, HIV is reaching pandemic proportions and there is little industry on which to fall back on. 95% of the population live in rural areas and depend on subsistence farming. They have to travel long distances to reach educational and health centres, often carrying their babies or their sick family members on their backs. When life is this difficult for the able-bodied members of the society, it is impossible for me to imagine how it is for the disabled ones, my patients.

I work in the only in-patient rehabilitation centre in the country, as the only physiotherapist. I walk 5 km each way and work from 7:30 until 5 o'clock. I have 35 patients who come from all over the country and present with many different conditions from spinal cord injuries, polio, tuberculosis of the spine and strokes to paralysis resulting from HIV infection. Together with the six assistants who I am training and a volunteer occupational therapist, we try our best to get our patients to live as independent and full lives as possible. Our patients stay with us for a few months at a time, so we get to know them and their families quite well. We laugh together, struggle together, mourn together and sit and watch the rain together. Some days it really feels like I am doing something good. That in some small way, I am making a difference. That the lives of a few people are better because I am here.

But some days, it doesn't feel like that. Yesterday I walked home wondering why we are all here. The volunteers, the missionaries, the aid workers, the money-makers, the old colonial men in their knee socks. What are we doing in this desperately poor country? I look around and I see so many people making their fortunes off of the misery of the poor. Taking advantage of the aid that comes from the West and using it for their own greed. I watch as the rich get richer and the poor fall further into a poverty that I could never imagine. I ride my bicycle along roads filled with Mercedes Benz, BMW's and fancy United Nations four-wheel drives. I see ragamuffin street children begging on sidewalks in front of the offices of organizations such as Save The Children and UNICEF. They have lost their families to AIDS and have been left to fend for themselves. I see old, fat white men with beautiful young Malawian girls draped on their arms buying love with power and promises. I gaze out at a land that is losing its trees for firewood, it's animals for food, it's clean waterways for toilets and still the population keeps rising.



And I wonder what will ever become of it. After so many years of aid, have the lives of average Malawians improved at all? To me, it seems that they are as hungry and sick and illiterate as they ever have been. Have we done more harm than good?



I feel the weight of the late day sun on my back as I walk down roads lined with eucalyptus and flame trees, the air heavy with the smell of vegetation after the rain earlier in the afternoon. School children call out to me, "HELLO! HOWAREYOU!!!!!" and run up to stare at me and my trousers. I answer them absent mindedly, my head so filled with confusing thoughts. I pick my way along potholes and dirt roads, past fancy houses and their deplorable workers quarters, past tired looking mothers with limp babies on their backs. I know what those babies look like: their eyes are cloudy, their bellies distended, their skin full of sores and their noses runny. I wonder if we all should leave and start again. Let things fall apart in hope that it will force the government to take responsibility for its people. Oh, but the suffering that would result.



What can be done to solve all of these problems? How they must hate us for the mess we have created with our religions, our Structural Adjustments, our trade policies. What will become of poor, little Malawi?

Just then I heard something. I looked up from where I had been staring at my feet, lost in thought. I saw a lovely old man pushing his bicycle up the hill. He was wearing two different coloured flip-flops: one red and one blue. His shirt had been mended many times. He had such a sweet smile, which he gave to me like a gift. "Good morning, sir!" he said to me in his very best English, as the sun set behind us. I answered back, "Ndaswera bwino, a Bambo". Smiling back at him, I knew that as long as we are together on this earth, we have a responsibility to our brothers and sisters. That is why I am here. That is why we can't give up. For as long as we have hope, we can make things better. We owe it to one another.

**Erika Burger (1991)**

### Medicine Not Found In a Bottle

By: Kristine Rasmussen (O2)

This past summer, I was given the great privilege and opportunity to fulfill the role of a counselor in a camp for children with rheumatic diseases, sponsored by the Children's Hospital in Vancouver BC. This is a camp that has a limited number of spots available, and each spot is coveted by many arthritic patients from across BC. I was invited to be one of the five counselors.

The counselors received a briefing the day before the camp began. We were told to expect kids to come to us with problems, more so with the emotional difficulties than the physical. We were told to listen when they did this, as the kids looked up to us older, more experienced youths who happen to have a common type of disease. The day for the camp's commencement arrived, and Camp Capilano was filled with many different faces. Through the course of five days, I had the privilege to get to know the incredible people behind those smiles and tears. I was constantly amazed at the courage and determination that each and every child demonstrated every moment of every day. They

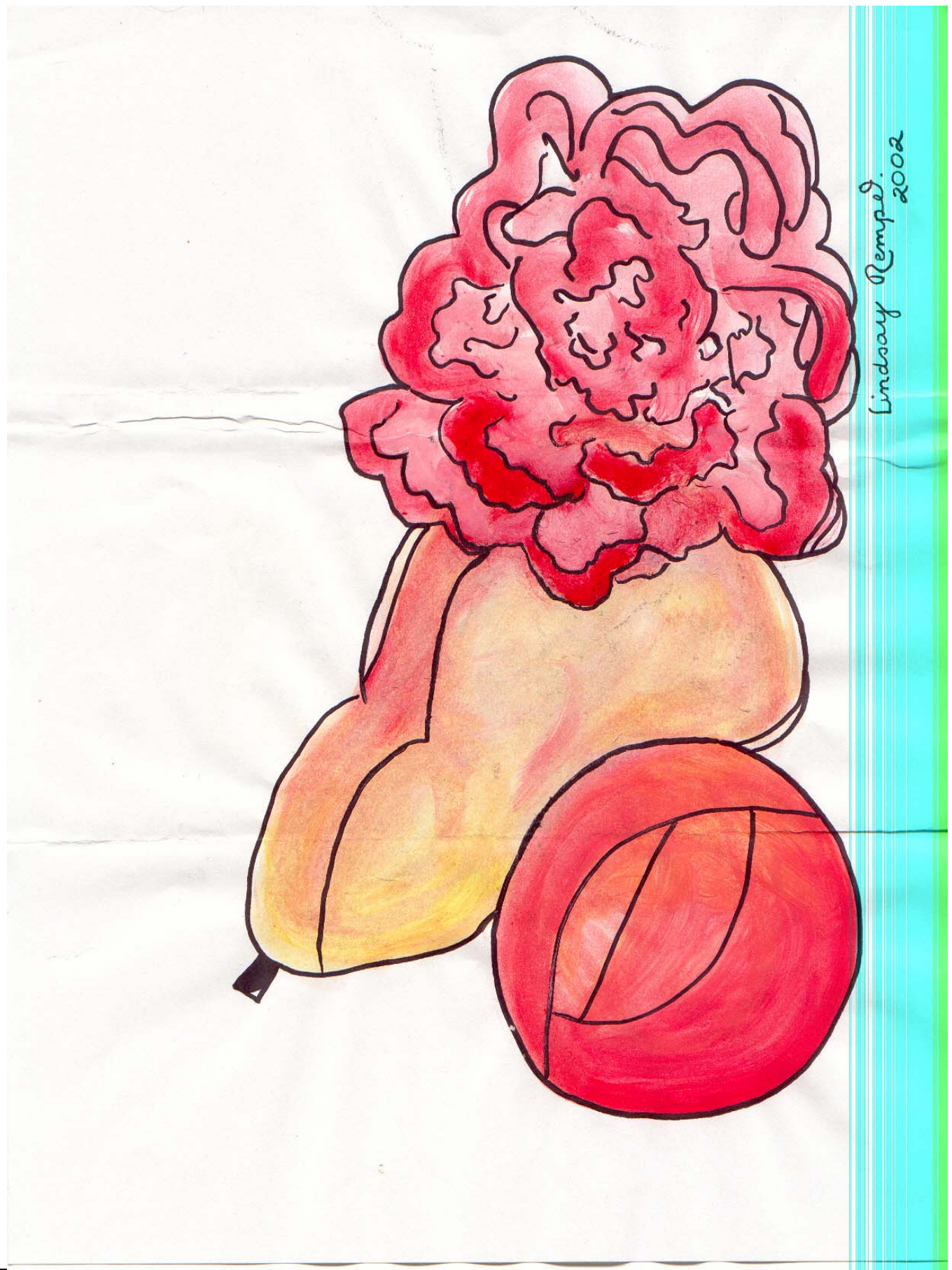


would

participate in each event with a smile, even if pain was present. They selflessly helped each other and willingly gave support to those who were in need, and in that giving, received a hope and confidence of their own. I was astonished whenever a child came to me with a problem, for often, it would be I who was the student and they the teacher. I may have gone to camp to be a counselor to those younger than myself, but by the time the camp came to an end, I felt that I had found my own counseling through the bravery of the children whom I was supposed to counsel.

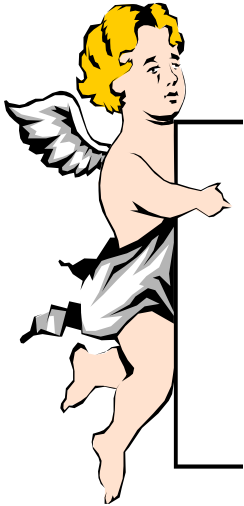


By the time camp was over, the entire group was like a family, tied with the bonds of a common thread. We all left the camp happy in our newfound knowledge that we were not alone, and in the fact that we could always count on our new friendships as an essential tool in the road to recovery during the hard



Lindsay Rempel  
2002

There are those rare people who come into your life and not only make a difference, but leave footprints on your heart forever. Mobina is one of those rare people. She came into my life much like an angel. During a time when I was fighting for survival, and circumstances wouldn't allow my parents to be physically with me, she lovingly welcomed me into her home, life, and family with open arms. Without knowing who I was, or even my name, she willingly stood by my bedside and held my hand. Mobina is a second mom to me in so many ways. She is a dynamic woman, a remarkable mother, friend, sister, daughter, wise, mentor, and without a doubt, a true humanitarian. This is a poem I had read to her on her 50th birthday this past November.



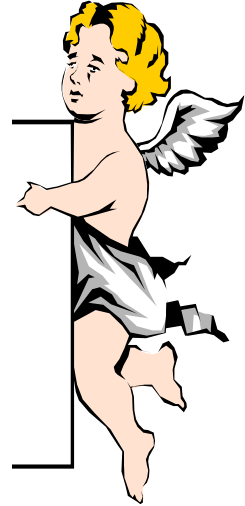
*I realize now I have been blessed with a truly amazing mother,  
And as I look, an angel's halo brightly shines above her.*

*I softly smile and ask myself,  
"Could this be an angel?"*

*She looks at me with such surprise, but she cannot deny,  
The truth that lies within her is in her loving eyes.*

*I softly smile and tell myself,  
"This truly is an angel."*

*The phone rings, I hear her speak, and soon I am at ease,  
Her gentle voice and words so wise are the best of remedies.*



*I softly smile and ask myself,  
"Can I call her angel?"*

*In my darkest hours she held my hand and never left my side.  
Through hospital beds, IVs and docs, she hugged me while I cried.*

*I softly smile and ask myself,  
"Do I deserve this angel?"*

*She began to wipe the tears away, erasing all despair,  
To Mobina's selfless and unconditional love, nothing can compare.*

*I softly smile and ask myself,  
"Where did I find this angel?"*

*To show all my appreciation, not enough can  
be said,  
And as I look, I still do see a halo above your head.*

*One last time, I ask to you,  
"Mom, can I call you angel?"*

*- Nureen Ladhani (02) -*





**Bunnywhat?!**

*A Look at Saskatchewanisms*

Darla Kalenchuk (01)

During the first semester I took a very interesting linguistics course on Canadian English. Prior to the course, I thought that English was the same everywhere. However, many differences exist between countries, and even within Canada, in the way that English is spoken. For a research project, my partner Joseph Manthuruthil and I conducted an email survey to examine my suspicion that certain words and word meaning are more readily understood in Saskatchewan than Ontario. For each word, we asked whether or not the respondent knew what the item was and if so, what was it? We then compared the responses to our predetermined "Saskatchewan definitions." The following are a few of the words we surveyed. Information in parenthesis was considered optional

and not required to indicate an understanding of the term

	SK	ON
bismark	78.7	7.7
bunnyhug	98.4	0
gitch	90.2	19.2
gonch	45.9	7.7
gotch	90.2	19.2
grid road	96.7	23.1
nuisance grounds	47.5	7.7
slough	90.2	15.4
stubble	85.2	23.1
sundog	63.9	26.9
Vi-Co	93.4	0



**Bismark:** a jam or creme-filled donut (with sugar coating or chocolate glaze)

**Bunnyhug:** a hooded sweatshirt

**Gitch, Gonch, Gotch:** underwear or underpants

**Grid Road:** a road forming part of a provincial grid or a gravel road (with north-south roads one mile apart and east-west roads two miles apart)

**Nuisance Grounds:** a garbage dump



**Slough:** a small marshy pool or lake produced by rain or melting snow flooding.

**Stubble:** the cut stalks (or cereal plants) left sticking up after harvest

**Sundog:** mock suns or bright spots (on a solar halo) occurring in pairs on either side of the sun (caused by reflection of light by atmospheric ice crystals)

**Vi-Co:** Chocolate Milk

I wanted to write a fun poem, one about a treasure, and eventually this came out. It is not a very deep poem, but I find it pleasing to recite. Anyway, I want to know what you think of it. Should I keep bombarding the *Golden Thread* with my poetry or try something else? Please let me know at [mjmlefty@hotmail.com](mailto:mjmlefty@hotmail.com). Thanks!



### The Treasure Poem

Something I am looking for  
Cloaks itself so I ignore  
Has absolutely no remorse  
And so I have to search off course  
Taking every path I see  
Zigzagging unendingly

Getting lost but never finding  
Ever on a search unwinding  
Doubtless you have begun to ask  
If any prize is worth this task  
Cheer up and know that it is best  
Having no end to my Quest  
Treasurehunting beats Treasurefinding

© Jan 8th 2003 Matthew Matheson (01)

### The Man Who Thinks He Can!

If you think you are beaten, you are;  
If you think you dare not, you don't!  
If you'd like to win, but think you can't  
It's almost a cinch that you won't

If you think you'll lose, You're lost.  
For out in the world we find  
Success begins with a fellow's will;  
It's all in the state of mind!

If you think you're outclassed, you are;  
You've got to think high to rise.  
You've got to be sure of yourself  
Before you can win the prize.

Life's battles don't always go  
To the strongest or fastest man;  
Sooner or later the man who wins  
Is the man who thinks he can

(Author Unknown)

I'd like to thank all my fellow THFAP recipients for the personal stories they've shared in the *Golden Thread*. Reading about challenges that others have overcome gives me renewed hope that all challenges can be overcome with the right attitude. This poem was given to me by a person very dear to me, during a difficult time in my life.

- Jennilee Gavina (00)



## Inspiration for the New Year: By Chris Blackmore (02)

The year 2003 has finally come and once again we are faced with yet another semester of school and hard work after a nice long winter break. I don't know about you, but I sometimes find it hard to drag myself out of bed some mornings, especially when those dreaded exams are nearby or when life doesn't seem to be going entirely your way. Here are some quotes I like to look to for guidance and inspiration during those rough times. All of these words have been said in the past, both recent and distant, but their wisdom defies the boundaries of time. I hope these quotes can help you to achieve all your goals in the New Year.

Be not afraid of growing slowly, be afraid only of standing still.

Chinese Proverb

They always say time changes things, but you actually have to change them yourself

Andy Warhol (1928-1987), *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol*

You may be disappointed if you fail, but you are doomed if you don't try.

Beverly Sills (1929- )

Success is the ability to go from one failure to another with no loss of enthusiasm

Sir Winston Churchill (1874-1965)

Go confidently in the direction of your dreams! Live the life you've imagined. As you simplify your life, the laws of the universe will be simpler.

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)

(Sleep is) the golden chain that ties health and our bodies together.

Thomas Dekker (1572-1632)

It is possible to fail in many ways... while to succeed is possible only in one way.

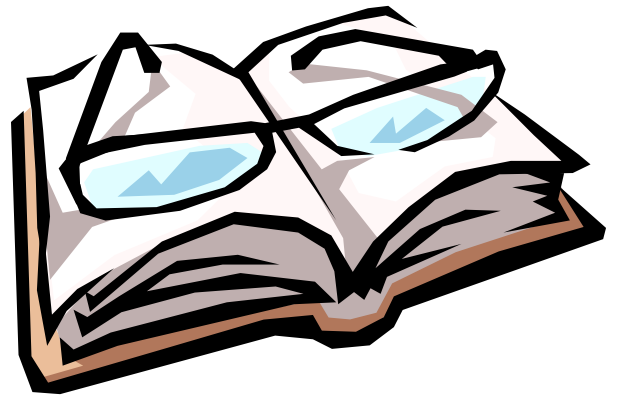
Aristotle (384-322 BC), *Nichomachean Ethics*

Never let the future disturb you. You will meet it, if you have to, with the same weapons of reason which today arm you against the present.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (121-180 AD), *Meditations*, 200 AD

It is a mistake to think you can solve any major problems just with potatoes

Douglas Adams





Today

This is the beginning of a new day

God has given me this day to use as I will  
I can waste it or use it for good  
But what I do today is important because  
I am exchanging a day of my life for it

When tomorrow comes,  
This day will be gone forever  
Leaving in its place  
Something that I have traded for it.

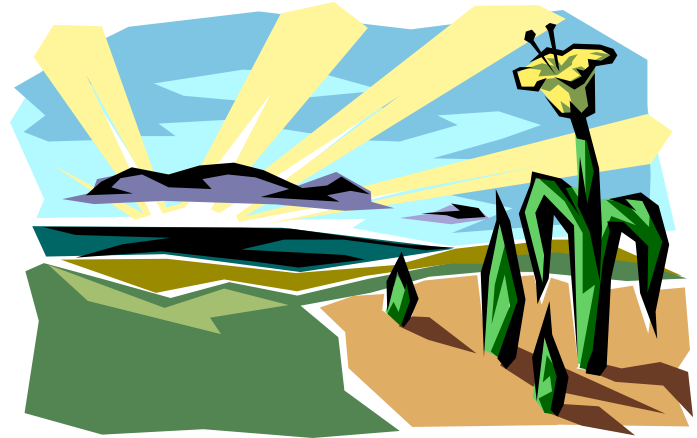
I want Today to be a gain and not a loss  
I want Today to be good, not evil,  
I want Today to be a success and not a failure  
In order that I shall not regret  
The price that I have paid for it

Author Unknown

A warm and friendly hello to all of my fellow Terry Fox Humanitarian Award recipients. I sincerely hope that all of you are doing remarkably well and that the New Year is bringing with it all of the great happiness and fortune that you all deserve.

A good friend passed along this poem to me a short time ago and it really touched me in a very special way. I thought that you all might enjoy it.

- Sarah Kearney (00) -



I have learned that life is unjust and unfair  
It can often present one with more than one can bear.

Life offers so much - time, beauty and chance.  
But when you need it most, it seems to disappear at a  
glance.

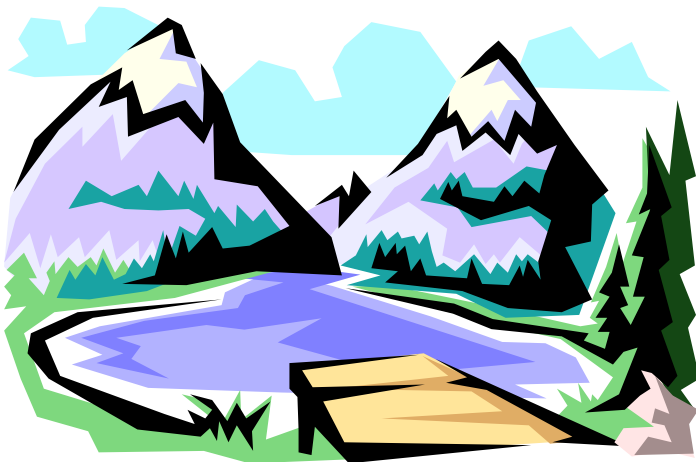
With all the lessons I've learned throughout,  
I still have much more to discover, for that I do not doubt

And though this life may seem so long,  
We live not long enough to do everything wrong.

It is therefore important to learn vicariously through others  
That means to listen to the advice of our fathers and mothers

But only a true and painful self-experienced mistake,  
Can teach us what for granted not to take

Experience, hope, love, and positivity should be our goal  
For this is the only recipe that may recourse a sad and misled  
soul



For this submission, I wrote a poem that reflects some of the lessons I have learned in the past two years. I find that it helps me make more informed and rationalized decisions, and it cases the injustices in life that I come across. I hope it can help others do that too.

- Joanna Rekas (01) -

## The Deep End

by Matt Matteo



*Read this, and may your days be filled  
with smiles*

*Submitted by: Terri-Lynn Langdon*

### *A Smile*

*There's something you may give  
to a friend and stranger, too;  
it seems that when you give it,  
it's given back to you.*

*This gift is worth a million,  
but doesn't cost a dime;  
it's lasting in effect,  
but doesn't take much time.*

*This simple little gesture  
can make the day worthwhile;  
It's just as good as sunshine -  
it's what we call a smile.*

*by: Jill Wolf*

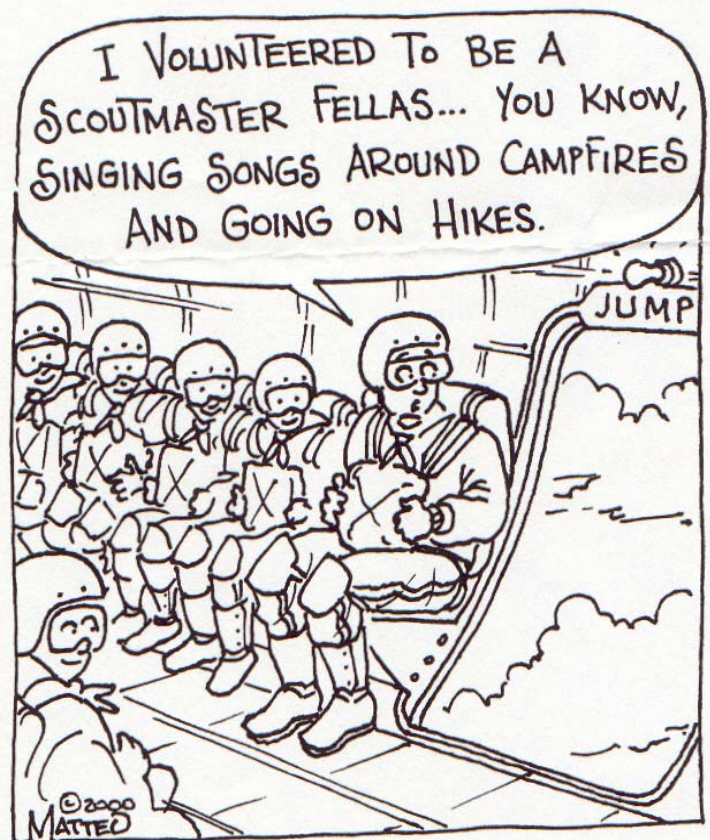
**Ultimately, the only way to experience the richness of life is to live in an attitude of gratitude: to appreciate what you have and what you can give. The best way to ensure your happiness is to assist others in experiencing their own.**

**- Anthony Robbins -**

**Quote and cartoons submitted by  
Carissa Nikkel (02)**

## The Deep End

by Matt Matteo



Finding our Balance

To be honoured with the title of "Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Recipient" each one of us must be striving to better our world while at the same time finding a balance within ourselves. Finding the balance between our academic endeavors, volunteer positions/ community service, staying healthy and active and working through our unique life challenges is not an easy task. The "right" balance is delicate and individual. I believe that at the end of the day if we can say "I've been a part of something bigger than myself"; "I've helped someone"; or "I know I've lived my moments to the fullest" than we can go to sleep knowing that we've struck that balance and proved the dedication we have towards the humanitarian ideals of Terry Fox.

I have found that each day I must find a way to honour my spirit. I understand that I cannot fully give of myself to others if I don't believe in who I am and what I can achieve. My heart tells me that the "true balance" comes from within. Our drive and ambition to help our neighbour/community/world stems from our ability to honour our spirits and build our confidence. We could just do all that is expected of us in order to fulfill the award recipient criteria but where would the honour be in that?

I truly believe that our body is just a vessel (an amazing one at that) and it is what we choose to do with our god-given talents that matter. I call it *the art of self-awareness* because you must know who you are before you can dive into action. We are more than just a physical being. The trick is to find that balance between every dimension of your being: the physical, the emotional, the mental and the spiritual. Once you have discovered and paid attention to each of these parts you have begun your journey of self-awareness. Becoming a self-aware person is a never-ending journey. But it is our unique journeys and stories that have helped bring light into someone else's life. We are fortunate to be Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Recipients but I have discovered it is more than that. We are fortunate to be the type of people who *want* to find that balance. We have been given an opportunity to take a good look at ourselves and in the process honour every part of our lives. My hope is that each one of us can use this opportunity to pass this knowledge onto others. By doing so, *we can make a difference*. This is gift far beyond words. Thank-you for believing in us.

Sarah McIvor (02)

*Keep the Faith - Submitted by Leah Stadnyk (02)*

*We all have our own separate pathways to take  
Our own destinations to choose,  
We all have our contributions to make,  
our own special talents to use-  
We all have our own kind of life to pursue,  
Our own kind of dreams to be weaving.  
And we all have the power...  
to make wishes come true.  
As long as we keep on believing.  
~Amanda Bradley*





Have you ever wondered what it's like to be short? I mean really, really short? I know there are all these wonderful euphemisms people like to use when describing someone who is short. They throw around phrases such as "vertically challenged" or simpler that "good things come in small packages". Believe me, I have heard them all! However, writing as a self-proclaimed expert on this particular subject, what it comes down to is short people are just plain short. Most days I never give my height, or lack thereof, a second thought; but occasionally situations arise where my short stature causes some difficulty.



For example, the "how old is she really?" question, which seems to occur only when I am accompanied by friends or acquaintances, who then use the ensuing incident as a source of personal entertainment for a very long time. To illustrate let us take a trip back in time to the year 1995. I was in Grade 5 and a very proud member of my school's Odyssey of the Mind team. The provincial finals that year were in Campbell River and on the morning of the tournament, my teammates and I dined in a restaurant that shall remain nameless. I was wearing the school tracksuit, as were my teammates, and that left me with the mistaken impression that I would be taken as one of my mature counterparts. Oh, I was so wrong! Without one word from the waitress I was given a thimbleful of orange juice and a paper placemat and crayons. She had assumed I was the team mascot and the much younger sister of one of my teammates. This was a certainly a blow to my self-esteem and personal body image! I do not

want you to think this was an isolated incident either. In one well known chain restaurant, my order, until a very few years ago, arrived in a paper pirate ship with a chocolate coin attached. (Actually, the chocolate coin was rather acceptable.)

Restaurants are not the only places that can cause a short person personal grief and difficulties. Shopping can be a vertically challenged person's worst nightmare. I could come to quite like shopping for clothes and shoes, if I did not have to buy the same styles, in the same size, year after year. Trust me when I say this takes away much of shopping's charm and allure. I do not want to wear Buster Brown's all my life, and I think I would be taken more seriously if my running shoes did not all have "jogging Barbie", or fluorescent dinosaurs on their sides. I think Nike and Adidas could concentrate more effort into making shoes for adults with attractively small feet.

Another frustration is shopping in the girl's section of clothing stores. I am 19 and can still wear the pink tights with the ruffles that go across your posterior. I also firmly believe that the amount of material taken from my pant legs and shirt-sleeves when altered, could fashion "Mini Me" an entire new ensemble.

Despite it's many drawbacks, being short does have some advantages. For example, I do not mind getting free candy or a front row seat at a performance and at the movies, I always get that lovely and relatively inexpensive "kiddies combo". When people speak to you expecting someone much younger, they think you are extremely advanced for your age and are terribly impressed. Delegation of household chores means I may have to dust the baseboards but doing laundry is out of the question for fear of my falling into the machine. The cupboards in most homes are too high for me to be much use in the kitchen and I must admit I certainly do not mind these restrictions.



One of the finest things about being short are the varied career choices open to you. You do not have to settle for a regular job like those folks of average height. If Tolkien's wonderful books continue to become films there will be no shortage of work for people who could play Hobbits or Dwarves, and a remake of the Wizard of Oz would see a casting call for munchkins ring out.

As with everything in life, including stature, there are "ups and downs". What is important, however, is to make the most of everything you are given and enjoy who you are and what you are doing, even if it does not involve a giant growth spurt!

Paige Muttersbach (02)

I am currently enrolled in an apiculture class and believe it or not Bees are pretty interesting creatures! Here is some cool information on bees from a website that we use in our class.([http://www.everythingabout.net/articles/biology/animals/arthropods/insects/bees/more\\_bees.html](http://www.everythingabout.net/articles/biology/animals/arthropods/insects/bees/more_bees.html)) Alison Agar (00)



A picture of a Bee

Photo by: Dorling Kindersley

Bee, common name for a winged, flower-feeding insect with branched body hairs.

#### Characteristics

Bees are dependent on pollen as a protein source and on flower nectar or oils as an energy source. Adult females collect pollen primarily to feed their larvae. The pollen they inevitably lose in going from flower to flower is important to plants because some pollen lands on the pistils (reproductive structures) of other flowers of the same species, resulting in cross-pollination (see Pollination). Bees are, in fact, the most important pollinating insects, and their interdependence with plants makes them an excellent example of the type of symbiosis known as mutualism, an

association between unlike organisms that is beneficial to both parties.

Most bees have specialized branched or feathery body hairs that help in the collection of pollen. Female bees, like many other hymenopterans, have a defensive sting. Some bees produce honey from flower nectar. Honey bees and stingless bees commonly hoard large quantities of honey-a characteristic that is exploited by beekeepers, who harvest the honey for human consumption (see Beekeeping).

#### Food-Gathering Behavior of Bees

There are about 20,000 species of bees worldwide. Some species may not yet have been discovered, and many are either not named or have not been well studied. Bees are found throughout the world except at the highest altitudes, in polar regions, and on some small oceanic islands. The greatest diversity of bee species is found in warm, arid or semiarid areas, especially in the American Southwest and Mexico. Bees range in size from tiny species only 2 mm (0.08 in) in length to rather large insects up to 4 cm (1.6 in) long. Many bees are black or gray, but others are bright yellow, red, or metallic green or blue.

#### Social Bees

Some bees are communal. They are like solitary bees except that several females of the same generation use the same nest, each making her own cells for housing her eggs, larvae, and pupae. A few kinds of bees are semisocial-they live in small colonies of two to seven bees of the same generation, one of which is the queen, or principal egg layer; the others are worker bees. About 1000 species of bees live in small colonies consisting of a queen and a few daughter workers. In these colonies, the differences in appearance and behavior between workers and queens are scarcely distinguishable. Such species, called primitively eusocial, form temporary colonies that die out in autumn, and only the fertilized queens survive the winter. Bumble bees are familiar examples.

The eusocial, or truly social, bees live in large colonies consisting of females of two overlapping generations: mothers (queens) and daughters (workers). Males play no part in the colony's organization and only mate with the queens. Larvae are fed progressively-that is, cells are opened as necessary or are left open so that workers can tend the larvae. Highly eusocial bees, a few hundred species, form permanent colonies in which the queen and worker castes are markedly different in structure, each specialized for its own activities and unable to survive without the other. Colonies of eusocial bees are complex, highly coordinated societies. Individual bees may have highly specialized functions within the colony. The tasks of defense, food collection and storage, reproduction, and many other activities are regulated by the colony's response to environmental conditions inside and outside the hive. Individuals communicate by means of chemical messages, touch, sound, and, in the case of honey bees, a symbolic dance language (to learn more about chemical communication, See Pheromone). The nests of many eusocial bees are very elaborate and may be constructed partially of wax secreted by the bees.

*Today, we mourn the loss of the seven astronauts aboard the space shuttle Columbia. We mourn for lives that could still be living. We mourn for their families, their friends. Moreover, we mourn the death of a project that involved different countries, different people working together. We mourn the loss of humanity.*

*As war between Iraq and the United States looms, when do we begin to mourn unshed deaths? Is there a point when we realize that collaboration and co-operation should not be restricted to beyond the Earth's atmosphere?*

*When space is the limit, we incorporate respect, peace and co-operation in our lives. It's time we extend these values back to the origin.*

*Shayna Zamkaneh (01)*



Hi guys!

I hope that you had a great holiday's vacation and that you'll have fun during this new semester. A couple of days ago, a friend of mine sent me this text by e-mail, and I wanted to share it with you!

Alexandra Soroceanu

Instructions for Life in the new millennium from the Dali Lama:

1. Take into account that great love and great achievements involve great risk.
2. When you lose, don't lose the lesson.
3. Follow the three Rs: Respect for self, respect for others, responsibility for all your actions.
4. Remember that not getting what you want is sometimes a wonderful stroke of luck.
5. Learn the rules so you know how to break them properly.
6. Don't let a little dispute injure a great friendship.
7. When you realize you've made a mistake, take immediate steps to correct it.
8. Spend some time alone every day.
9. Open your arms to change but don't let go of your values.
10. Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer.
11. Live a good, honorable life. Then when you get older and think back, you'll be able to enjoy it a second time.
12. A loving atmosphere in your home is the foundation for your life.
13. In disagreements with loved ones, deal only with the current situation. Don't bring up the past.
14. Share your knowledge. It's a way to achieve immortality.
15. Be gentle with the earth.
16. Once a year, go someplace you've never been before.
17. Remember that the best relationship is one in which your love for each other exceeds your need for each other.
18. Judge your success by what you had to give up in order to get it.
19. Approach love and cooking with reckless abandon.



Dear Fellow Goal Achievers,

Whenever I get down I always look for words of wisdom to bring my spirits back up. As one of the requirements to receiving this prestigious award I know everyone has overcome some adversity. Please keep these quotes of inspiration handy so that anytime you need a pick me up, look to the words of these famous individuals. They have helped me. I hope they really help you.

"A good objective of leadership is to help those who are doing poorly to do well and to help those who are doing well to do even better." **Jim Rohn**

"Leaders aren't born. They are made. And they are made just like anything else, through hard work. And that's the price we'll have to pay to achieve that goal, or any goal." **Vince Lombardi**

"People ask the difference between a leader and a boss. The leader works in the open, and the boss in covert. The leader leads, and the boss drives." **Theodore Roosevelt**

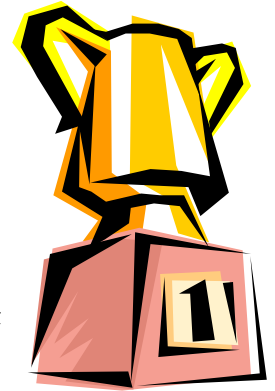
"When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done, this is happiness, this is success." **Orison Swett Marden**

"The man who can drive himself further once the effort gets painful is the man who will win." **Roger Bannister**

"You can do what you have to do, and sometimes you can do it even better than you think you can." **Jimmy Carter**

"The price of success is hard work, dedication to the job at hand, and the determination that whether we win or lose, we have applied the best of ourselves to the task at hand." **Vince Lombardi**

"It takes a little courage, and a little self-control. And some grim determination, If you want to reach the goal. It takes a great deal of striving, and a firm and stern-set chin. No matter what the battle, if you really want to win, there's no easy path to glory. There is no road to fame. Life, however we may view it, Is no simple parlor game; But its prizes call for fighting, For endurance and for grit; For a rugged disposition that will not quit." **Navy SEAL Master chief**



*"Open your eyes and look for some man, or some work for the sake of men, which needs a little time, a little friendship, a little sympathy, a little sociability, a little human toil...It is needed in every nook and corner. Therefore search and see if there is not some place where you may invest your humanity."*  
*-Albert Schweitzer*

*Submitted by: Leah Stadnyk (02)*

## ARE YOU REASON, A SEASON, OR A LIFETIME?

In the past three years of University I have had the opportunity to call some pretty incredible people friends. These friends have helped me through the hard times, have laughed with me in the silly times, and have even gotten me into a bit of trouble at times. Some of these friendships still exist now, others will be treasured forever, but all of them had a great impact on my life.

Pay attention to what you read. People come into your life for a reason, a season or a lifetime. When you figure out which one it is, you will know what to do for each person.

When someone is in your life for a **REASON**. . . It is usually to meet a need you have expressed. They have come to assist you through a difficulty, to provide you with guidance and support, to aid you physically, emotionally, or spiritually. They may seem like a godsend, and they are! They are there for the reason you need them to be. Then, without any wrongdoing on your part, or at an inconvenient time, this person will say or do something to bring the relationship to an end. Sometimes they die. Sometimes they walk away. Sometimes they act up and force you to take a stand. What we must realize is that our need has been met, our desire fulfilled, their work is done. The prayer you sent up has been answered. And now it is time to move on.

Then people come into your life for a **SEASON**. Because your turn has come to share, grow, or learn. They bring you an experience of peace, or make you laugh. They may teach you something you have never done. They usually give you an unbelievable amount of joy. Believe it! It is real! But, only for a season.

**LIFETIME** relationships teach you lifetime lessons: things you must build upon in order to have a solid emotional foundation. Your job is to accept the lesson, love the person, and put what you have learned to use in all other relationships and areas of your life. It is said that love is blind but friendship is clairvoyant. These people are your friend for a lifetime.

### **Katie Downey (00)**

#### Don't Quit

"When things get wrong,  
as they sometimes will,  
When the road you are  
trudging seems all up hill;  
When the funds are low  
and the debts are high  
And you want to smile,  
but you have to sigh;  
When care is pressing  
you down a bit,  
Rest if you must,  
but don't you quit.  
Success is failure turned inside out;  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt  
And you can never  
tell how close you are,  
It may be near  
when it seems afar;  
So stick to the fight  
when you're hardest hit-  
It's when things seem worst  
that you mustn't quit"  
~Author unknown



#### Have you Ever?

Have you ever helped another?  
Ever earned a grateful smile?  
Ever asked a weary brother  
In to ride with you for a mile?  
Have you ever given freely  
Of your riches and your worth?  
If you haven't then you've really  
Missed the greatest joy on earth.  
Has the thrill of pride possessed  
you?  
Have you felt your pulses run  
As a weaker brother blessed you  
for some good that you have done?  
Have you seen eyes start to  
glisten?  
That were sad before you came?  
If you haven't, stop and listen -  
You have missed life's finest game.

POETRY SUBMITTED BY: LEAH STADNYK (02)

## Citoyens du monde, restez chez vous!

Joël Thibert (00)

¡Viva la revolución! qu'ils disaient...arrêtons la guerre en Afghanistan, sus à l'État policier, non à la privatisation de l'eau, sauvons les bébés phoques et les orang-outangs, redonnons la Terre aux peuples autochtones...et pourquoi ne pas devenir végétarien, tant qu'à y être?

La mondialisation, c'est un peu comme le développement durable, mais à l'inverse. C'est le *buzzword* de l'heure, qu'on accroche à toutes les phrases, que ce soit pour parler de la «nouvelle économie», de la cuisine «fusion» ou de la dernière ligne de vêtements GAP. C'est un fourre-tout idéologique, un phénomène qui est à la fois partout et nulle part, qui veut tout et ne rien dire. Une chose est sûre: il faut être pour ou contre.

Personne ne sait vraiment ce dont il s'agit, mais tout le monde est contre. Parce que la mondialisation est la cause de tous les maux; c'est elle qui coupe à blanc, qui exploite des enfants au Vietnam, qui ferme les usines de GM, qui pollue nos rivières, empoisonne nos récoltes et augmente nos frais de scolarité. C'est l'arme secrète des «grandes corporations», l'Étoile Noire de l'empire McDonald intergalactique.

Et pourtant, la mondialisation n'existe pas en tant qu'objet. Elle fait autant partie de nous que nous faisons partie d'elle. *Nous sommes mondialisation*. Nous y participons tous, de façon insouciant (ou non), en achetant nos légumes, en payant nos taxes, et en protestant contre elle.

Se dire citoyen du monde, c'est d'affirmer son existence. Lutter contre elle, c'est lutter contre nous. L'abolir, elle, c'est abolir notre mode de vie.

Voilà pourquoi j'en ai marre d'entendre ces «citoyens du monde» nous parler des peuples de la Terre, alors qu'ils se foutent complètement de la grosse femme d'à côté, qui vit peut-être sur le b.s. avec trois enfants. La misère existait bien avant qu'on invente la mondialisation, et continuera d'exister bien après qu'on l'ait oubliée. À quoi bon être citoyens du monde si on vit isolés les uns des autres? Soyons d'abord de bons voisins, et de bons parents, et on verra pour le reste.

Bien sûr que oui, il faut gueuler une fois de temps en temps pour rappeler à nos élus qu'on les surveille. Il ne faut surtout pas se laisser faire. Mais ça ne sert à rien de gueuler une fois par année si après on rentre chacun chez soi, la conscience tranquille, alors que le ti-cul d'en face est en train de manger ses bas. La lutte anti-mondialisation est vide de sens si elle ne prend pas racine dans nos propres vies. *Think locally, act locally*.

Et surtout, il ne faut pas s'imaginer que la mondialisation traite tout le monde de la même façon. Parlez-en aux ouvriers des usines de Nike en Thaïlande, ou encore aux Mexicains qui vivent proche de la frontière américaine, et vous m'en reparlez. Si les travailleurs de GM au Canada ont tout à perdre avec le libre-échange, d'autres, au Mexique, au Chili ou au Pérou, n'ont parfois rien à perdre.

Il ne suffit pas de tout accepter ou de tout rejeter. Il faut être capable de discerner entre ce que l'on veut changer, et ce que l'on peut changer. Il faut informer, et être informé. Et d'abord et avant tout, il faut se soucier de ceux qui nous entourent, prendre racine là où on vit, et donner ce que l'on peut donner. Comme le disait Siddharta, il n'y a que soi-même que l'on puisse changer.

Nous avons le pouvoir de gueuler, et de crier au monde entier que nous ne voulons pas d'un monde standardisé, aseptisé et rectiligne. Mais nous avons aussi le pouvoir de choisir. Choisir d'être membre de notre communauté, d'acheter des produits locaux, organiques, ou équitables, d'affirmer d'où l'on vient, et ce que l'on veut. Choisir de vivre ainsi, c'est résister. Et c'est tout aussi important. Sinon plus.



### Submitted by: Shainur Premji (01)

This will either make you cry or give you cold chills, but it helps to put life into perspective.

At a fundraising dinner for a school that serves learning-disabled children, the father of one of the school's students delivered a speech that would never be forgotten by all who attended. After extolling the school and its dedicated staff, he offered a question.

"Everything God does is done with perfection. Yet, my son Shay cannot learn things as other children do. He cannot understand things as other children do. Where is God's plan reflected in my son?"

The audience was stilled by the query.

The father continued. "I believe," the father answered, "that when God brings a child like Shay into the world, an opportunity to realize the Divine Plan presents itself and it comes in the way people treat that child." Then, he told the following story:

Shay and his father had walked past a park where some boys Shay knew were playing baseball. Shay asked, "Do you think they will let me play?" Shay's father knew that most boys would not want him on their team. But the father understood that if his son were allowed to play it would give him a much-needed sense of belonging.

Shay's father approached one of the boys on the field and asked if Shay could play. The boy looked around for guidance from his team-mates. Getting none, he took matters into his own hands and said, "We are losing by six runs, and the game is in the eighth inning. I guess he can be on our team and we'll try to put him up to bat in the ninth inning."

In the bottom of the eighth inning, Shay's team scored a few runs but was still behind by three. At the top of the ninth inning, Shay put on a glove and played in the outfield. Although no hits came his way, he was obviously ecstatic just to be on the field, grinning from ear to ear as his father waved to him from the stands. In the bottom of the ninth inning, Shay's team scored again. Now, with two outs and the bases loaded, the potential winning run was on base. Shay was scheduled to be the next at-bat. Would the team actually let Shay bat at this juncture and give away their chance to win the game?

Surprisingly, Shay was given the bat. Everyone knew that a hit was all but impossible because Shay didn't even know how to hold the bat properly, much less connect with the ball. However, as Shay stepped up to the plate, the pitcher moved a few steps to lob the ball in softly so Shay could at least be able to make contact. The first pitch came and Shay swung clumsily and missed. The pitcher again took a few steps forward to toss the ball softly toward Shay. As the pitch came in, Shay swung at the ball and hit a slow ground ball to the pitcher.

The pitcher picked up the soft grounder and could easily have thrown the ball to the first baseman. Shay would have been out and that would have ended the game.

Instead, the pitcher took the ball and threw it on a high arc to right field, far beyond reach of the first baseman. Everyone started yelling, "Shay, run to first, run to first."

Never in his life had Shay ever made it to first base. He scampered down the baseline, wide-eyed and startled. Everyone yelled, "run to second, run to second!" By the time Shay was rounding first base, the right fielder had the ball. He could have thrown the ball to the second baseman for a tag. But the right fielder understood what the pitcher's intentions had been, so he threw the ball high and far over the third baseman's head. Shay ran towards second base as the runners head of him deliriously circled the bases towards home.

As Shay reached second base, the opposing shortstop ran to him, turned him in the direction of third base, and shouted, "run to third!" As Shay rounded third, the boys from both teams were screaming, "Shay! run home!"

Shay ran home, stepped on home plate and was cheered as the hero for hitting a "grand slam" and winning the game for his team.

"That day," said the father softly with tears now rolling down his face, "the boys from both teams helped bring a piece of the Divine Plan into this world."

