

The
GOLDEN THREAD

Le
FIL D'OR



**The Terry Fox Humanitarian
Award Program Newsletter**

**Le journal du Programme du
Prix Humanitaire Terry Fox**

In this issue:

- ◆ “My Own Medication” by Kerrie-Ann Delaney p. 7
- ◆ “Students Struggling with Career Paths” by Erin Macdonald p. 9
- ◆ Poetry p. 11-12
- ◆ “Les bénéfiques d’un groupe d’Entraide dans une école secondaire” by Andrée-Anne Houle p. 14

..... And much more!!

Cover picture : Amanda Cheong at Hadrian's Wall, the Roman border between Scotland and England October 2008 while studying in Southeast England. Full story on page 8.

Summer 2009

Congratulations to all of this year's new recipients!



Chelsea Kop
Victoria, British Columbia



Kara Warnock
Surrey, British Columbia



Lindsay Reynoldson
Merritt, British Columbia



Tessa Bendyshe-Walton
North Vancouver, British Columbia

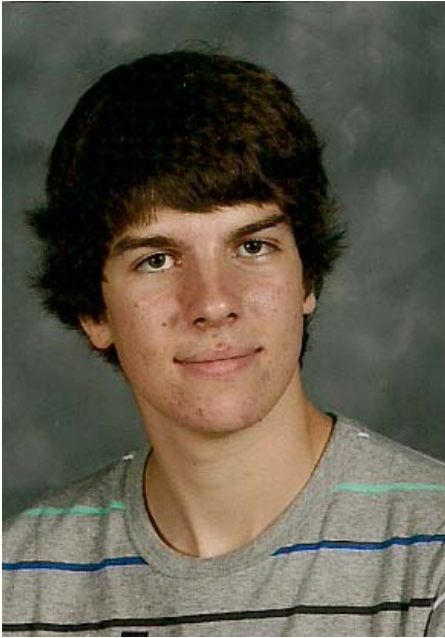


Makrina Morozowski
Calgary, Alberta



Kathleen Zawaly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Congratulations to all of this year's new recipients!



Andrew Mastromartino
Peterborough, Ontario



Benjamin Diplock
King City, Ontario



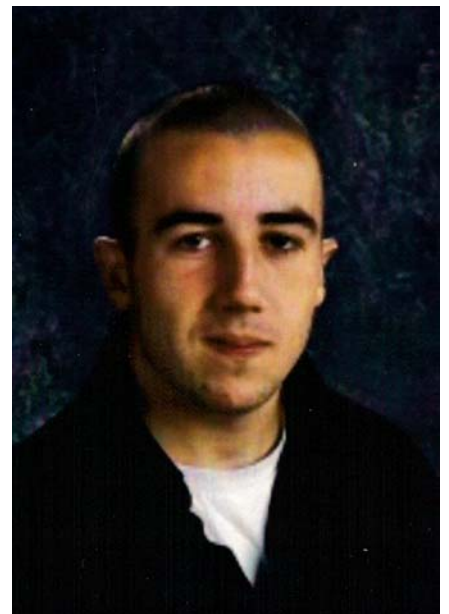
Cameron McNutt
Nepean, Ontario



Chantal Vandesompele
Langton, Ontario



Emma Bellini-Rutledge
Huntsville, Ontario



John Corner
Barrie, Ontario

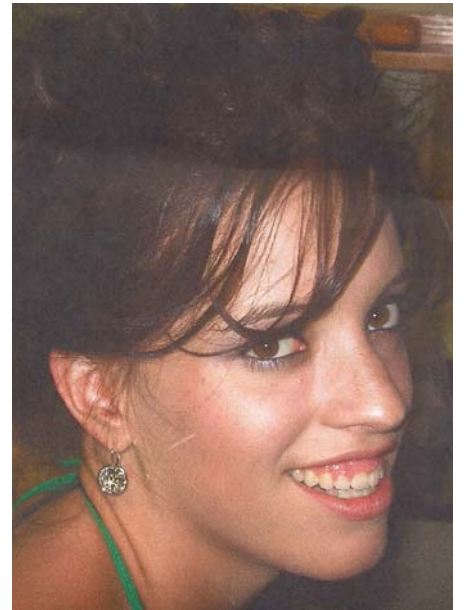
Congratulations to all of this year's new recipients!



Sajjid Hossain
Montreal, Quebec



Julie Hébert
Verdun, Quebec



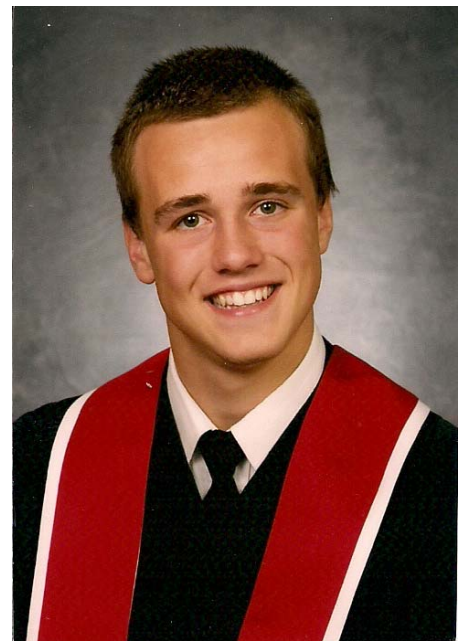
Alyssa O'Brien
Deux Montagnes, Quebec



Meghan MacDonald
Rothesay, New Brunswick



Sara Walsh
Summerville, Prince Edward Island

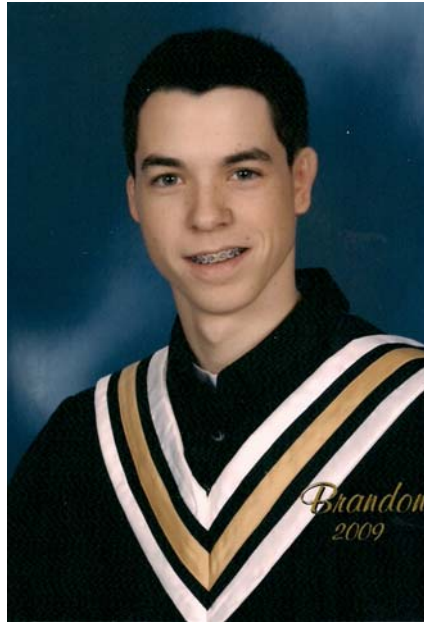


Ryan Sloan
Stellarton, Nova Scotia

Congratulations to all of this year's new recipients!



Shane Sabean
Lunenburg, Nova Scotia



Brandon Gillespie
Massey Drive, Newfoundland



Susan Manning
Marystown, Newfoundland



Chelsea Harder
Swift Current, Saskatchewan

New Web Address!!!

**As of July 1st 2009 our
website has been moved to
www.terryfoxawards.ca**

SPORTS

By Bo Palmer

I have been an athlete all my life. It is safe to say that I started my life of sports when I was 4 years old and joined Tae Kwon Do. Back then I was known for my ability to jump up into the air and land doing the splits. Although through the years I've lost some flexibility and the ability to perform the splits, I have gained so much more. I stopped practicing Martial Arts when I was 13, and left the sport with a 3rd degree black belt and a learned respect for the positive consequences that come with commitment and hard work. This respect for devotion was also brought about due to the years of football that I began playing when I was 7. Playing in the Gordon Strutridge Football League taught me not only the basics of football, but also taught me how to co-ordinate myself on a team with others. However it wasn't until I entered high school where football truly became my life. I went from two practices a week during community football, to 5 practices a week in high school. During my grade 9 and 10 years our team won back-to-back senior provincial championships with me playing quarterback. While we suffered through our rebuilding year in grade 11, our team went on to make the semi-finals in our final, grade 12 season. Currently, I am a freshman on the Simon Fraser Clan football team which intensifies the commitment from 5 days a week to 7 days during the regular season. Needless to say I have grown close to my new team mates and coaches and essentially feel like I have inherited dozens of new family members.

As afore mentioned, sports have played a major role in my life, and I believe they have ultimately shaped me into the individual I am today. Sports have taught me the principles of team work, and the strength of devotion. The equation of hard work plus total commitment equals success has proved true many times throughout my life. I believe that sports hold the power to enrich one's life, especially a young person's.

So my passion for sports leads into the other thing that I dedicate myself to which is my organization. *Triple-S: Supporting Students in Sports*. As you can imagine, after all those years of playing sports, my closets and garage become packed full with outgrown equipment. Upon going through the heaps of equipment, I realized that a majority of it was in quite good condition. For example, my baseball bat which was in perfect condition as it made contact with very few pitches. Needless to say my baseball career didn't last too long. I knew there had to be a better home than the dumpster for this equipment, thus Triple-S was born. Unfortunately, there are too many kids who aren't able to play because of the expenses. Especially because of equipment costs. I

realized that there was a large need in my community, a much bigger one than my equipment alone could fulfill so I began by reaching out to family and friends, asking if I could collect their gear. Then they would ask their friends and so on and it essentially just snowballed from there. I started donating this equipment to youth in my neighbourhood with the help of other organizations such as the Boys and Girls Club and the North Shore Neighbourhood House. Since 2005 I have contributed thousands of pieces of sports equipment, which I believe helps enable youth to partake in sports rather than make



the wrong decisions of what to do with their free time. I started with my passion, recognized a need in my community, and addressed it. Now I see Triple-S as a stepping stone to building a large community based foundation from which to run several non-profit charitable organizations.

The Beauty of the Job Offer

By Adam Bishop

People ask me why I chose to go to a technical school rather than a University. I had the marks coming out of high school, but I chose to go to a tech school for reasons other than marks. Tech schools like BCIT train to be job ready, so when you come out of school you can step right into a career and work; whereas at University a degree doesn't necessarily get you a job. What I didn't realize was how hard tech schools work you; they definitely are not for everybody. But for me the hard work has paid off big time. This past week I received a job offer from The Team 1260 Edmonton Sports Radio. I accepted and am now set to begin my Broadcasting career!! The other awesome thing about technical schools is that, depending on your program, if you get a job offer you can accept the job, co-op out and still get your diploma or degree. This allows you to take the skills you have learned in school and apply them in the working world, all while earning your education as long as you complete certain requirements. On a personal note, it's even better because I am originally from Edmonton and am a sports freak, so I'm in heaven!! In closing I would like to thank the Terry Fox Humanitarian Program for making it possible for me to chase my dream. You will always hold a special place in my heart and I will always make time to help the program any way I can.

Thank you

Shampoo Selections

By Matthew Dyck

Shampoo comes in *kinds????*”, I thought as I stood shocked in the hair care aisle of a local drugstore. “There are more shampoo choices than *with or without conditioner?*”

As a typical teenage male, my definition of “picking up a bottle of shampoo” consisted of finding a bottle of liquid under the bathroom sink—and double checking to make sure it wasn’t mouthwash or toilet bowl cleaner—before stepping into the shower and lathering up. So there I was, staring dumbfounded at the array of colourful bottles, and slowly coming to the realization that buying a bottle of shampoo is akin to customizing a new factory-order Maserati! Do I have coarse or fine hair? Should my shampoo have the scent of an evergreen valley or an arctic glacier? Here’s a bottle that promises to give hair more shine, but here’s another that increases lustre! How about this root-enhancing anti-dandruff cleanser with shea butter and macadamia nut oil? (Will it smell like cookies?) Maybe I should spend the extra few bucks for a luxurious vitamin B-enriched strength-boosting ultra-moisturizing extra-foaming wheat germ oil citrus mint cream with salicylic acid exfoliant and seaweed extract!

As I thought about my shampoo shopping safari, I realized that in searching for the perfect bottle of shampoo I had tasted, albeit at a much smaller scale, a situation which challenges young adults each and every day. As we navigate through post-secondary education and embark on our careers, we often face the situation of making wise choices amid a multitude of good alternatives. Where should I go to college? Which major best suits my interests? Should I look for a job here or take the offer three provinces away? Would this person make a good roommate? Which extracurricular involvements should I take on?

Eleanor Roosevelt once said, “One’s philosophy is not best expressed in words. It is expressed in the choices one makes. In the long run, we shape our lives and we shape ourselves. The process never ends until we die. And the choices we make are ultimately our responsibility.” Thanks to the hard work and sacrifice of many generations before us, we are blessed to have the privilege and the freedom to shape our futures by the choices we make. With this freedom comes the responsibility to choose wisely so that our decisions will positively impact both ourselves and others. While making good choices can at times be difficult (especially when the number of alternatives approaches the number of shampoo bottles on drugstore shelves!), here are a few principles which I’ve found to be helpful.

Introspection

To make good decisions, it is important to reflect on one’s individual character. Developing a good grasp of one’s personality, interests, aptitudes, weaknesses, and dislikes is an invaluable tool in making a good decision. Writer and speaker Duffy Robbins encourages students facing difficult choices to imagine the probable outcomes of the potential courses of action, determining both the favourableness and the likelihood of each result. Then, by “thinking backwards” from the most probable and pleasant outcome, one can prudently choose the corresponding option that will likely lead to it. By thoroughly understanding our own character, we can more clearly envision ourselves in a variety of situations and select sensible courses of action. And, with each and every positive choice we make, our character becomes closer to what we want it to be.

Influence

Some people may have heard the adage “Bad company corrupts good morals,” but nearly everyone has lived it. Too often, poor decisions are motivated by negative peer pressure, curiosity, the thrill of risk, or haste spawned by pressure from other people. While we will inevitably be influenced by others, it is essential that we consciously choose our influences by building relationships with individuals who inspire us to hold true to what’s right and distancing ourselves from those who do the opposite. The advice of trusted friend, family member, or mentor who knows you well and has your best interests at heart is invaluable when making a difficult decision.

Inspiration

Finally, one must actively pursue positive inspiration to foster good choices. In an “anything goes” culture, it is imperative that we carefully and intentionally select a plumb line that will enable us to identify what’s right, good, and true. I have found that a personal relationship with God has been an invaluable source of inspiration and has guided me each day in the choices I make. Do your hobbies, your music, and your role models inspire you to make a positive difference with your life? Does your life inspire others to reach their maximum potential?

Choices are our gateway to the future—a future which lies ahead, uncharted and beckoning our exploration. As we choose daily to make wise decisions, each of us has the incredible ability of being able to shape our future into the positive, character-building experience we long for it to be. By embracing the gift of choice and making wise decisions, we make a change for the better right where we are—even if it happens to be the middle of the shampoo aisle!

My Experience in Nursing and Volunteering in a Nursing Environment

By Chelsi Cormier

As the first semester has finished and all of the exams are finally over with; it seems like the second semester is going to go by just as fast as the first semester. I am in Clinical now, and in the hospital having hands on experience with patients and starting to develop skills on how to work with the public. I wanted to make sure that I had extra practice working in the field that I am soon going to peruse so I started to volunteer for a hospital near by my town. I am working with Geriatric patients and at first I was a bit nervous because I have never actually worked with patients in Geriatrics. I wanted to work with Geriatrics because this is the same floor that I am working on in school and the more experience the better. After I got to know a lot of the patients I felt so comfortable going in there everyday and I was so happy to go to school and to volunteer. I am very happy that I chose Nursing, I had no idea what this course would be like when I graduated high school because I never worked in a hospital before. I think it is was just an instinct for me to want to help people that I thought this career would fit me to a tee. I love having to go to the hospital for school, it doesn't even seem like work to me because I love helping the patients I am with and it is the same for the hospital that I volunteer with. I had no idea what I was in for on my first day of classes. I was overwhelmed and never thought I could do it. I knew it was going to be hard, and I believe if you have your mind set that you want to accomplish something no one is going to hold you back. I tell myself this everyday because it gets harder and harder everyday, but I just take one day at a time and just get things done as they come and this is for every course not only Nursing. This is the attitude that everyone should have. You can achieve your dreams if you work from your heart !!

My Own Medication

By Kerrie-Ann Delaney

Click, the sound of my bindings closing; swish, the first glide of my ski as I set off on another wonderful morning of cross country skiing.

Some people fear the falling temperatures when the days get shorter and winter descends upon us once again in Canada, I on the other hand crave the day when I can wake up and see a white wonderland when I look out the window.

I began Nordic skiing in grade nine at Mayfield Secon-

dary school; there was something about the Nordic team that made me want to join. It was relatively small, hard-working, and had a true sense of team spirit that I simply couldn't resist. I am fairly athletic to begin with, an avid triathlete, however I was no shining star in my first year of competition. I simply loved the rush of skiing, I just couldn't describe the sensation I got when I was on snow. After that first year I was hooked and was determined to improve for grade ten. I trained hard all year for triathlons which was routine but I also added some ski specific workouts to hone my technique. Grade 10 was amazing, all the training paid off and I was skiing faster than ever before, I was winning races and loving every moment of it.

Grade 10 was an all round stellar year. I had amazing friends, great athletic achievements in all my sports- Cross Country Running, Skiing, and Track- and for that I was awarded athlete of the year. I also was granted Quest for Gold funding through the Province of Ontario for my success in triathlons. However, when grade 11 rolled around my life came to a crumbling halt, by the end of the summer I was beginning to fall in to the evil trap of an eating disorder one that I had no control over nor did I want to. Cross country training started in September and I was fast at first but began to fall behind in workouts which didn't make sense to me; I was thinner shouldn't I be faster? I didn't get to run cross country that year I couldn't even walk up the stairs let alone race 5km. I had dug myself into the deepest darkest pit I have ever seen with no ladder and no light.

I was hospitalized in November and stayed there until February; it was a painful and tiring experience. The initial road to recovery was even harder as I refused medication. I was determined to recover on my own, how exactly was still a mystery. I had lost my love for life and myself, something that is truly terrifying. As I sat in my hospital bed on another dreary November day something caught my eye when I looked out the window; it was snowing. The flakes were perfectly fluffy and white. The snow made me think of freedom, speed and of the happiness I felt when I was skiing. It made me want to get stronger so that I could experience that again.

The snow didn't instantly cure me, the path of recovery is a life long process, however it did lift me back up better than any drug could have. It brought me back to the simple things in life which I loved and wanted to feel again. Skiing will forever be a life long passion of mine, it keeps me balanced and connected with myself. During times of stress the best thing for me is to hit the trails.

I believe that we all have things that save us and keep us going, the little things in life which we love and enjoy. During tough times it is important to find things that help redirect and focus you. My passion lies in cross country skiing and at any moment I would love nothing more than to be lost in the woods listening to the wind in the trees, and the swish of my skis.

Don't Swim in the Moat! My Life at the Castle

By Amanda Cheong



You know that saying, "Distance makes the heart grow fonder"? Sometimes it takes going halfway across the world to make it true.

I've spent the past four months indulging in a feverish fusion of school and travel, studying at the International Study Centre at Herstmonceux Castle in southeast England, while simultaneously developing an insatiable obsession with seeing the world. While it's not my first time away from my reliably rainy hometown of Vancouver, this fall semester has signified my debut as an independent individual on a long-term basis, not to mention my first encounter with Europe.

I had countless reasons for wanting to jet off to unknown territory, away from familial comforts and all types of familiarity in general. While I was thankful for my local community and the huge role it had played in helping me grow, I had a strong suspicion that I was taking so many things for granted. I felt that radical change was needed in

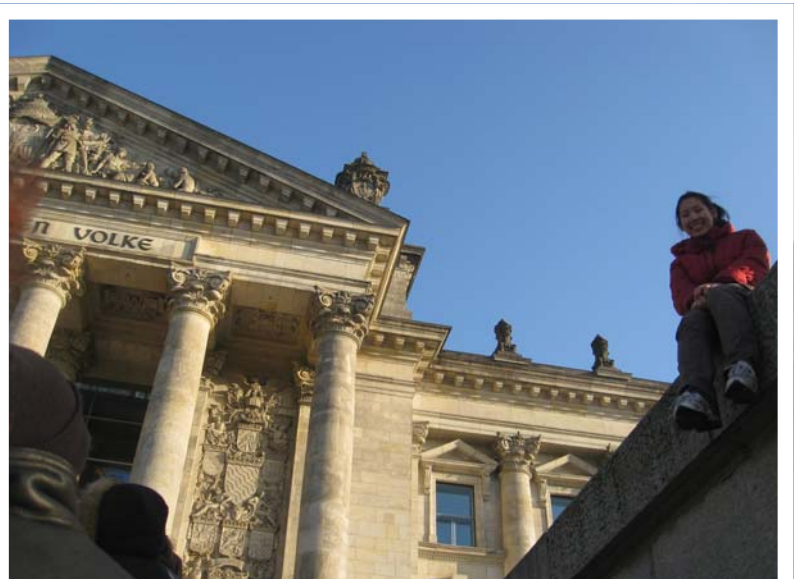
order to help me gain a new perspective on life and the world around me, as well as to develop an appreciation for all that I am so lucky to have. Furthermore, I needed to prove to myself that I could take care of myself, both while on the road as well as on the hitherto much-feared domestic front.

My home this year is a fifteenth-century castle in the beautiful East Sussex—it even has Elizabethan gardens, a cast of ghosts, and a moat (swimming, however, is off limits)! Though it has come with several challenges, I have loved every single surreal day that I have spent here. I feel as if I am not just studying my courses, but living them! Field studies dominate the weekends, during which our professors facilitate unique opportunities to experience first-hand the sights and sounds and smells (oh yes, smells) of Europe's history, politics, society, and art. One of my favourite field trips so far has been to the National Gallery in London, where I got to make very intimate eye-contact with Rembrandt's self-portraits (the topic of the Art History essay that I had to write). Another memorable trip was having the chance to stand on the spot where Lord Nelson was shot on the HMS Victory, now grandiosely docked in Portsmouth.

We also have many opportunities for independent travel. In our community, it is not only feasible, but expected that students often jet off for a weekend on the Continent and are able to be back in time for Politics class on Monday morning. So far, I've been to Scotland, France, Spain, Poland, Germany, and am looking forward to traveling more next term! My most spontaneous trip so far has been to Szczecin—my friends and I couldn't even pronounce the name of the city until our plane touched down!

Overall, I feel as if I am learning and truly living every single moment here! I can't stress enough the importance of travel in expanding one's sphere of consciousness, and enriching one's life. So jump on a plane! Limit what you need to whatever's in your backpack! See and listen and taste and embrace the palpable colour of other cultures!

(And don't forget to send a postcard from wherever you end up!)



Students Struggling With Career Paths

By Erin MacDonald

How many people out there are 30, 40 years old and still don't know what they want to do? I say lots. It's hard to be a 17 or 18 year old high school student, graduating, expected to know what they want to do. I am finished my second year of university and I am not sure what I am doing. Time takes you places you never knew you were going, and the reasons why you started down a specific path, who knows. They could have been success in high school, a teacher who made a specific topic interesting or a passion for helping certain people, making clothes etc. But who really knows what they want to be. I know there are some people who are blessed with the gift of knowing what they want to do from the day they were born, what about the rest of us? My story might ring a bell with a few of you, those of you who are on your way, I congratulate, but with the way society is going, people are allowed to have many careers and change around, and I support that because we have many interests and many strengths which I think should be able to be used in more than one area. So here's my story.

For those of you just graduating and jumping into university, I would never want to discourage you; there have been times when I wondered if this was the right thing for me and I had made a mistake. I graduated at the top of my class, was a member of all the sports teams and joined as many clubs as I could. I loved high school, I had great marks and loved going everyday. I had only science in my head; after all I did so well in high school, and English wow, what a waste of time I thought (wrong!). But here I am second year, struggling with my classes and career path. I spent first year getting into the swing of things, but the adjustment was huge. I left my safe country home on PEI to a small city, Fredericton, New Brunswick. I hated the thought of going there and I only went because my parents bought a house for my sister and I and fellow roommates to make it easier on us financially. Of course I felt pressure to go to UNB, it's normal, even though they gave me the option to go anywhere else. Most of you know what it's like to be put in that situation. So off I went (and I don't regret it now, however I do encourage you all to follow your heart in picking schools etc.). I spent my first year in residence and made some good friends and had some good times, but something was still missing. The year flew by, with many tears, I was swamped. With eight exams instead of my four easy courses in high school, I didn't know what to do. By

Christmas I was so upset I was considering switching to English... but yet again I put it off, thinking it would get me nowhere. My roommate was an English student, as were many of my friends, and I always envied them while I was studying for my third midterm of the week while they relaxed (most of their work piles up at the end with many papers to do). But I made it through, not with shining colours, but I did it.

That summer I thought about school and many people said I would enjoy second year better, so that's what I thought... "More course choices, more my options, more hands on" ... wrong. I fell hopelessly into a deeper pit of lectures; I was ready to call it quits at Christmas yet again. There was my sign right, why didn't I get out? Well I thought I came this far, I am not quitting in the middle of something; I believe I can pull through. Trust me I pondered quitting and getting a job, switching schools, switching majors, everything. It wasn't until second term was half over that I realized this just isn't for me and I have had enough! I met with career counselors, met with every possible academic advisor I had interest in, talked to my family, my priest, to God, to myself, to my friends, everyone! And still here I was, second year of sciences, lost. My career counselor was great, Elsie Wetmore. I happened to bump into her here at UNB just as she was preparing to transfer; her encounter gave me great insight. I learned more about myself that I never knew. I took a test in which my personality and careers were matched. It turned out I was as an ESFP personality which stands for Extrovert, Sensing, Feeling, and Perceptive. I find it hard being just a number in the large university auditoriums. I need hands on, personal interaction and I work best socially. I know it sounds dumb, but a light bulb went off, that's exactly what I am about and I never thought about different people's learning abilities. I recommend everyone should go through these testing processes, even if you have your heart set on certain things, you can learn more things about yourself which will help you out. Of course, Elsie didn't lay out my future for me; she gave me numerous hand outs and job options, paths, careers, personality info and said, "best of luck". She couldn't make my decision for me. No one can.

After much debate and what I thought was progress, something always set me back. I would come to a decision and then someone would throw me for a loop with something else. I spent my last few months praying and thinking, and meeting with advisors, trying to come up with something. I would decide on arts, then education, and then back to a viscous cycle of courses not working out, and extra years etc. In the meantime I applied for a student abroad exchange to Thailand. If not anything I was going to get some traveling in and help people in another country. I even considered dropping out and teaching English overseas, turns out you need your de-

gree, go figure. So here I am, the summer of the end of my second year and beginning of my third. Truth is I haven't picked my courses yet. But a new program has opened up dealing with environment and natural resources, and I think that is my calling, helping animals, the environment, people... everything I want. My dream is to help those in down in developing countries, even if it takes me an extra year or two, causes me a bit more grief in school, a little more career planning, or course altering, I know that things will work out. It's never too late to do better. And I want to start doing better. I want people to know that university is a whole different ball game. And if you are lost, weigh your options, talk to people, find your strengths, and get lost more. It never hurts to dig around when it comes to your future. Things aren't laid out for us; we have to make our own decisions. There will be sweat and tears, smiles and laughs, but as long as you are in something you are interested in the sweat and tears will be worth it. I have lots of work to do, but I know that I will figure it out. There's nothing wrong with not knowing what you want to do, even if it's scary, and years are flying by. I just want those of you who are struggling or questioning your paths to know that you are not alone. Keep on trying things, learning more about yourself along the way. You will come to the final destination, and when you do, you will be all the more proud, thankful, and rewarded. There is hope and I truly wish you the best of luck.

How I Chose Geology

By Richard Boulding

My name is Richard Boulding, I am a third year honors geology student at the University of Regina and up until a couple weeks ago I have never been asked as to why I chose to pursue a career in geology. This all started a couple of weeks ago while I was working on a structural geology lab in my department when a fellow student asked me why I chose geology. At first I was taken off guard by such a direct and personal question, I always assumed that everyone in geology was in it for that golden ticket of a degree to the money clad world of oil and gas or minerals. I must have sat there for a couple of seconds thinking to myself as to why I chose this path for my life; it had been so long since I had made this choice in the early months of grade twelve. Then like flipping through an old photo album, I turned back to that page in my life and the memories came flowing right back.

I remember being so excited and terrified at the thought of finishing high school and going on to post-secondary

schooling, I had made the choice to get a higher education but other than knowing that I wanted to continue on in science I was clueless as to what program to take. Then the moment hit me when my biology teacher told me to do some research as to what aspects of science will still be expanding and evolving in two or three decades. I remember spending countless hours reading online articles about the latest trends in science when I kept reading more and more articles about geology, almost as if I was drawn to the topic. Then to my surprise I found out about how greatly geology intertwines with biology, chemistry, and physics, all of which were some of my favourite subjects at the time.

From this point I began to start asking questions about geology and trying to get my hands on as much material as possible on this subject and wondering if geology was such an important science then why was it not taught as its own subject in public schools. I remember more time passing, and then I got an email from the head of the geology department at the University of Regina who I had emailed asking some questions as a prospective student. There in that email were the words that sealed the deal for me on choosing geology. She talked about the ranges for geology from working with resources and structures to studying glaciers and even meteorites and the geology of other planets.

After having made my final choice, it wasn't telling my family that I had chosen geology that was difficult but rather having them seriously believe me. There has always been an inside joke in my family that for all the rocks we have picked up in fields over the years that we should be rich and when I told them I wanted to make those rocks worth something they just laughed it off. In fact my mother was struck in the head by a rock that had been lodged in the rock picker and shot loose and while she was recovering from this event in the hospital she asked me what my future plans were. Sure enough when I told her geology she said I was just trying to be like the rocks in her head, but after some serious explanation she had come to the conclusion that I had made an informed decision. From that point on, my family has stuck by my side and helped me every inch along the way whether it was driving me home to study on a weekend or giving me that little extra push when I needed it.

So there I was sitting in my department almost three years later with that fellow student remembering all the people that had helped me in my journey of self-discovery and scientific research. I turned my head towards the student, looked him in the eye, and said, "I chose geology because it is one of the forefronts of science and because I know there are countless people who are supporting me every step of the way."

Poetry Corner

Back to Camp Days

By Tara Anne Holland

A place where we meet year after year
Camp to Girl guides is very dear
First I was young in a brown dress
Brownies to a 6 year old was the best
We learned so much from our leaders
Like the names of trees pines, maples and cedars
How to share and play, cook and build a fire
Met at the flag pole every day, the sunset we admired
Singing songs around the fire we had built
Snuggled up with each other in our camp quilts
Then into guides I went with my mother by my side
She was a leader for 9 years, so from her I could not hide.
Pathfinders then Junior Leaders and more independent I became
Self Respect, Wisdom and Freedom but absolutely no shame
Now I am an adult leader and I've moved away from my guiding home
I'm looking for a new unit that I can share myself with and make it known
That I love the joys children bring and can't wait to continue on
What a spectacular legacy to leave the world when you are gone

The Way We Are

By Katlyn Smith

We hold on to things the tightest,
when we are forced to let them go--
We always want things a certain way,
when we know they can't be so.

Dreams always last the longest
when they are farthest from our reach--
And the lessons we can learn the most from,
are often the very ones we teach.

The grass is always greenest,
when it lies on the other side--
And the truths we preach to others,
are often those we can't abide.

We hold fast to the things in a storm,
which are most likely to blow away--
And yet we neglect to wear sun screen,
on a bright and sunny day.

We spend our time trying to see things,
when perspective is one thing we lack--
And we never appreciate what we've got,
until we can't get it back.

We expect the whole world to give us a break,
and yet ironically we'll find--
That when others come asking for the same of us,
we tell them they're out of mind.

We tell everyone what's wrong with this world,
and we do nothing to make it right--
We complain about families falling apart,
and yet do nothing to keep them tight.

We preach about loving our neighbors,
and we teach children right from wrong--
But we never set good examples for them,
when real chances come along.

We complain about not having enough time in our lives,
to do what we must do--
Yet if we were given more hours in the day,
we'd use up all that, too.

We desire to be close to all those we love,
yet all too often look on from afar--
And when it comes to the truth do we want to change,
or remain forever as we are?

The Legacy of Terry Fox

By Stephanie Foote

The scorching sun beats down on him,
Beads of sweat stream down his face
As he struggles with every stride.
His dark shadow mimics his every move
Along the never-ending pavement.

The throbbing pain fails to deter him,
As he focuses on the images of fellow cancer victims,
Each of their faces flashing through his mind.
Gritting his teeth, he works at getting closer to his goal,
One step at a time.

Cars encouragingly honk as they speed by,
Huge crowds line the street and loudly cheer him on,
Their faces become a blur as he runs by
And their roars become a quiet whisper in his ears,
Saying, "You can do it. Together, we can beat it."

He was on a mission.
He just wanted to beat cancer.
To take the sadness out of every victim's eyes,
To give them and their families a glimmer of hope
In the fight against the monster.
A second chance at life.

He ran through the harsh winds,
He endured the rain and the sweltering heat,
His unwavering determination
Inspired everyone who heard the story
Of the man who was going to find a cure.

Terry Fox is a true hero.
Selfless, determined, and humble.
He accomplished the unthinkable,
Revealing true strength
And the power of perseverance.

Cancer may have taken him away from us,
But it could never take away his spirit.
His aspiration to defeat cancer is still running strong
In the hearts of every Canadian
As they participate in the Marathon of Hope.

Thank-you for giving us the inspiration and hope to
fight , Terry Fox.

"Szarlotka": Traditional Polish Apple Pie

Submitted by Sara Olesiak

Ever since I was small, my mom has been baking this apple pie. Although it looks and tastes different from the regular apple pie, I guarantee that it will taste delicious and will have friends and family members asking for the recipe!

Dough

400g of flour
250g of margarine
1 egg
1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon of sour cream
1 teaspoon of baking powder
250g of sugar

Apples

2kg of apples
half a cup of sugar
1 teaspoon of cinnamon

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees
2. Mix all dough ingredients together until dough is smooth
3. Divide the dough into two equal halves
4. Flatten the first half of dough into a 9x12 pan and place it into a pre-heated 350 degree oven and bake until the top is a golden colour
5. Meanwhile, peel and grate the apples
6. Drain the apples while sprinkling the half a cup of sugar on the apples
7. Then put the apples on the baked dough
8. Sprinkle cinnamon on the apples
9. Use the second half of dough to cover the apples
10. Place in oven and bake until the top is golden
11. After, use powder sugar to top the pie

ENJOY!

Five Females on the Family Farm

By Ashley Major

My family consists of 6 people: my father (Charles), mother (Lisa), my three sisters Larissa, Katelyn and Danielle, and I. I grew up on a cattle farm outside of the small town of St. Brieux, Saskatchewan. The first thing that most people say when they hear that my dad lives with five women is: "Your poor Dad". Quote, unquote. It never fails. I brace myself every time I tell someone that I have three sisters, for I know that the pity party for my dad will inevitably follow. However, I believe that having four girls has greatly enriched his life. He never needed a son to help him run the farm because well, he had us. We are not typical girls by any means. So for this submission for "The Golden Thread," I chose to submit a few stories about the shenanigans that four farm girls can get into. Mischief is not only left to boys, as my father soon discovered.

The cattle are a huge part of our lives. When I was young, I used to play in the calf pen with the baby calves, all of which were named after Disney characters, I might add. Needless to say, Pocahontas, Timon and Pumbaa became my friends. Unfortunately, they inevitably grew up to be massive steers and heifers. One day, my sisters and I ventured into the pasture with the intentions of exploring the rock "cave" located in the middle of the field. Looking back, I now realize that it is just a massive pile of rocks my dad pushed into the middle of the field. However, we were convinced that the rock pile was a cave, and it needed exploring that day. As we made it to about the middle of the field, the calves recognized us and started to run towards us. They wanted to play, just like old times. Unfortunately, my old friends were full-grown cows by this point and the entire herd began to follow them. We suddenly faced a raging stampede of cows. My little sister froze and I literally had to drag her on the ground because I was too weak to carry her. I rolled her under the fence and crawled through just before the cows caught up to us. When I think back on the memory now I laugh because I can only imagine how two little girls, one dragging a third behind her through the dirt as a herd of cows chased after them, would look to an outside observer.

My sisters and I were always exploring the woods. One time, I came across a hunter's old tree stand which was constructed out of logs and bailer twine. Yes, bailer twine, which should have been a clear indication that the structure was not particularly sturdy. In

any case, two of my sisters and I scrambled up the rickety ladder and we all perched on this tree stand. We laughingly discussed which branches we would grab onto if the tree stand should break. At that moment, our golden retriever ran by and we all leaned over to see what she was up to. *Crack*. The entire tree stand went down and the three of us tumbled to the ground from a height of about ten feet. Needless to say, we were pretty scratched, bruised and in some pain. We didn't tell mom about that little incident for about three years.

My sisters and I seemed to have a hard time avoiding trouble. One day, we took a leisurely little stroll in the woods. All of sudden, we were surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of bees. Apparently, these bees nested in the ground and we disturbed their nests as we walked over them. The next five minutes consisted of about three things: screaming, running and stripping. The bees were everywhere, and we frantically shed our clothes in an attempt to get rid of the creatures. My sister screeched at me to get them off of her, so I grabbed a formidable weapon (a tansy) and started to hack away at the bees. By the time we reached the house, we were in our underwear. Miraculously, none of us had been stung. My dad, trying not to laugh, explained to us that these bees were still babies and had not yet learned to sting. Thank God.



Over the course of my eighteen years at home, my sisters and I have really made some incredible childhood memories. People rarely believe me when I tell them that I grew up on a farm. Apparently I do not look like the stereotypical "farm girl". Oh, if only they could have

been there the days when I wore my Sorel boots and my father's plaid jacket to school. Yes, I spent my summers building fences, weeding shelter belts and herding cows. I spent my winters chopping and hauling wood because I grew up without a furnace. I spent a good half of my life covered in dirt and mud. When I think back on those days, I laugh at the memories we have made. My parents gave me a great childhood. My dad made my sisters and I some of the toughest girls around with our wrestling matches and our sports practices. However, my mom did manage to instill a few feminine qualities in us as well. I smile when I look at the picture of my family at my grad. Daddy is surrounded by his girls, all five of them. I must say, he looks pretty proud. No matter what people say, I do not believe he would trade us for anything. I smile when I see my sisters and I dressed to the nines, with no semblance of our filthy, mischievous selves discernible in the picture. But behind the makeup and the dresses, I know that we will always be simple farm girls at heart. Every scratch, bruise and dangerous escapade has made me who I am, and I would never trade that life for anything.

Les bénéfices d'un groupe d'Entraide dans une école secondaire

Par Andrée-Anne Houle

Étant impliquée depuis maintenant six ans au sein du groupe d'Entraide du Collège Jean de la Mennais, situé à La Prairie, anciennement comme pair aidante et maintenant en tant qu'animatrice et formatrice, j'ai cru bon de vous faire part des bienfaits d'un tel projet dans une école secondaire et en lequel je crois énormément.

Le groupe d'Entraide est un groupe de 28 aidants naturels de 4^e et 5^e secondaire qui ont été votés par leurs pairs pour leurs qualités d'entraidants. Ces étudiants sont accompagnés, formés et encadrés par l'intervenant du collège, l'animateur de pastorale, des enseignants ainsi que des anciens entraidants qui ont maintenant terminés leur secondaire, ce qui représente mon rôle parmi ce groupe de jeunes. Les jeunes qui prennent la décision de s'impliquer dans le groupe d'Entraide ne sont donc jamais laissés à eux même.

Ils sont disponibles et formés pour être à l'écoute et pour accompagner leurs camarades dans les difficultés qu'ils vivent, sans toutefois prendre sur leurs épaules le poids des confidences qu'ils reçoivent, sachant très bien qu'ils doivent référer à l'intervenant lorsqu'une problématique dépasse leurs capacités.

Les entraidants reçoivent tout au long de l'année scolaire des formations sur divers sujets, que ce soit sur l'estime de soi, les conflits avec les parents, les relations amoureuses, l'homosexualité, le deuil, les besoins, le consentement sexuel, etc. Au début de l'année, les étudiants reçoivent une fin de semaine de formation spécifiquement consacrée à l'intervention et à la prévention du suicide. Cette formation représente, selon moi, le rôle clé que peut apporter un groupe d'Entraide dans une école secondaire. Les entraidants jouent donc un rôle de sentinelle qui garde l'œil ouvert partout où ils passent afin de déceler les problématiques que peuvent vivre leurs consœurs et confrères de classe. Ils sont donc les yeux et les oreilles de l'intervenant du collège en agissant à titre de bras droit de ce dernier.

Selon moi, toutes les écoles gagneraient à implanter un tel groupe d'Entraide à l'intérieur de leurs murs. Je crois sincèrement qu'une telle implication des différents acteurs de l'école vaut la peine d'être faite. Autant l'école que les jeunes en sortiraient gagnants. Par la présence du groupe d'Entraide, les jeunes du collège en viennent à être conscientisés aux différentes problématiques qui gravitent dans leur entourage mais surtout, ils développent des qualités fort recherchées dans la société d'aujourd'hui, comme le respect, l'empathie, l'ouverture et l'écoute. Pour sa part, l'école qui met en place un tel projet réussira à connaître davantage les jeunes qui fréquentent leur établissement en suscitant un sentiment d'appartenance chez les jeunes qui participent à ce groupe. De plus, faire partie d'un groupe d'Entraide amène les étudiants à développer leur sens des responsabilités, autant pour ce qui est du rôle qu'ils jouent face à leurs pairs que l'implication qu'ils doivent mettre face au personnel de l'école qui leur prépare différentes formations et qui s'attendent à ce que les jeunes soient présents.

Je trouvais important de vous faire part d'une de mes implications en lien avec le Collège Jean de la Mennais. En espérant que la présentation de ce projet en inspire plus d'un afin d'augmenter le nombre d'écoles qui présentent un groupe de pairs aidants et ainsi, amener les jeunes à être plus conscientisés et présents pour les autres.



Glasses

Megan Fairlee Fester

Here I am.

Sitting right here, in front of my ancient (and by ancient I mean 2001), hulk of an IBM computer about to inspire and enlighten myself with words of wisdom.

Ha.

As a precursor to this stellar piece of literature, I would like to warn those readers with more delicate sensibilities that I will be using the word “poop” within it. This specific word just seems to capture the exact essence of what I am hoping to portray...

Now on with it...

As a child, I wore glasses. My younger brother got a pair before I did and I will admit; I was quite envious of the way he debonairly wore them upon his 6 year old nose. Not only was I jealous of the automatic ‘cool-status’ he seemed to don as he put them on; I secretly coveted my own pair and so, by the dark of night, I would put them on my little 8 year old face and pretend they were mine.

Low and behold, all my dreaming was not to be wasted, because that same year I found myself in need of the same facial adornment! My little heart was overjoyed! I was so proud of my very first pair of glasses... they were pink patterned plastic with ‘cat-eyed’ corners. And man- did I ever feel sophisticated wearing those babies on the first day of grade three.

As with most things, the initial thrill seemed to dwindle with time and once I had attained this passionately pursued dream, I started to develop conflicting feelings towards the thing I had once loved so deeply.

What I hadn’t been aware of while yearning for my brothers glasses, was the fact that they would be on *my* face. It hadn’t crossed my little brain that they would become a permanent fixture. As time passed and my glasses and I became better acquainted, I realized, perhaps they weren’t all that I had hyped them up to be... They seemed to get in the way when I played football with the boys, or when I accidentally ran into poles (in which cases, I was thankful for them). They fogged up in the winter time and whenever I played hard, they would slip down my nose and sometimes fall off my face when I forgot about them, resulting in trauma for those poor little lenses. And sometimes, kids can be

mean. And this was, by far, the most conflicted of my emotions. Despite all the ridiculousness that ensued, I liked my glasses. I thought I looked cool. But they were on my face, and an easy target for ridicule. And that made me nervous.

So, I began mentally preparing for the arrival of that ridicule. Even if it didn’t happen, I wanted to be like a boy scout... always prepared. And, as it happens, I did not prepare in vain. One day, my fourth grade arch nemesis came up to me on the playground and with mischief in his eyes spewed forth the words that I had dreaded. “You’re a four-eyes” he laughed with malice in his unshielded, spectacle-free eyes. At this point, I drew my sword of honor from where I had hidden it within my belt of integrity... and looked at him with calm, slightly beady eyes (due to the magnitude of my glasses prescription). And I said succinctly... “Yes. I am.”

Wow. The stunning wit! The cleverousity! But it stopped him dead in his tracks. He had no idea how to proceed with the taunting... and so, he walked away. And no one, in all the years to follow, made fun of my fabulous face-jewelry.

Since then, I have had laser eye surgery, and no longer wear glasses... or so it seems... But I look back on this story and that little kid who responded with such certainty that “Yes. I am a four-eyes”. It makes me stop and look at the whole thing a little deeper.

The cliché ‘rose-colored glasses’ soars through my little brain on a quasi-regular basis... Also, a friend mentioned a phrase that is the antithesis of it... (Here comes that word that may perhaps offend the sensibilities of some...) ‘poop-colored glasses’. Now, I am not certain why this second phrasing hasn’t caught on like the first one... I like it. I think it can be as accurate as the term ‘rose-colored glasses’. When I am wearing my very fashionable rose-colored glasses- the world is roses. And when I don my poop-colored glasses, everything I see is poop. This fuels the recognition that my perspective and my attitudes shape the way I see the world. As an individual with the threat of disability looming always on the horizon, my metaphorical glasses shape the way that I view *that* horizon. I no longer wear that pair of pink patterned, ‘cat-eyed’ corner glasses and tangibly speaking, I don’t wear glasses at all... but metaphorically, I have a couple of visual choices. And that choice determines whether my world is poop, or roses.

Reflecting on that, I am in awe of the child who knew from the very beginning that it wasn’t *just* her own eyes that she saw the world through. She is, and will forever be, a four-eyes.

One by One... We Can Change the World

By Cari McIlduff

As I approach the end of my first full-time year in University, my thoughts drift towards my opportunities to make the world around me a better place. Although, in the midst of working at keeping my GPA up and being involved on campus, my ability to reach the world outside of campus life has diminished quite significantly.

On one particular weekend I had a 14 year old girl staying with me as well as I was scheduled to volunteer for four hours. I was frustrated with this double scheduling as I was supposed to be mentoring this young girl and I felt that these four hours was a waste of our time together. Though, once our volunteering time was completed, the young girl asked me why I volunteer. When I explained to her that I essentially just wanted to make the world better (even if it is just in small ways). This young girl then asked if that was the reason I spend time with her and I had to admit that at first it was, but then I had the pleasure of getting to know her and care about her. I explained that, yes, I want to make the world a better place while I mentor her, but that it is through her that the world has a chance of becoming a better place. My care, support and mentoring of her is for her benefit and then my hope is that she would carry that on to at least one other person....one by one....we can change the world.

I am building values, confidence and life skills into this young girl and in this way I know I am making a difference in her world. While I respect the amazing work that institutions like Big Brothers and Big Sisters accomplish, I believe we can reach so many more children if we are in their environments instead of hoping and waiting for them to come to ours. I say this in light of my volunteer experience in schools and my concern that many children are not being taught values, confidence or life skills at home. This concern leads me to action within our schools. I am currently researching what is being done in the way of value education in our school system and working to increase the likelihood of this type of education being a regular part of our education system. I strongly believe that families should be responsible for teaching their children these things, but so many of our families today are dysfunctional or in shambles so this is just

not happening. This often leads to confused and hurting children becoming dysfunctional and angry adults.

All this to say that one double-booked weekend has changed how I look at my own volunteering and how it is making a difference. Not only have I made it a point to book my volunteering alongside of my mentoring so that I can be an example to them even in volunteering, but I have begun to take an active role in how our primary institution in reaching children (schools) can do the same!

Being a Junior Counselor

By Erica Noonan

When I was a champ (child amputee) going to the War Amps of Canada's Atlantic seminars, there were several things I could not wait to do. One, was to see my champ friends who I haven't seen since the last seminar a year before, two, go swimming in the hotel pool, and three, play and talk to the Junior Counselors of the seminar. Junior Counselors are older Champs who help out with the different sessions at the seminars, and they provide younger champs with a role model to talk to, and get advice from.

For as long as I can remember, talking to the Junior Counselors at the seminars and asking them about their past experiences was always helpful. Hearing different approaches to overcoming challenges from experienced amputees gave me ideas on how to overcome my challenges, like tying my shoelaces with one hand. Junior Counselors always amazed me and became my role models as a child. When I grew up, I made it my goal to become a Junior Counselor and a role model for champs, like the Junior Counselors in previous years were role models for me.

The Atlantic seminar in 2005 was my first year as a Junior Counselor. I loved it! I had so much fun playing with the new champ babies and children. Some responsibilities I have as a Junior Counselor are to welcome the arriving champ families to the seminar, introduce the Junior Counselors and the Host Parents of the seminar, and help out with different sessions during the seminar like the "What Bugs Me" session, the

“Teen Talk”, and the “Play Safe” session.

During the “What Bugs Me” session, all the young champs sit with the Junior Counselors and we ask them what bugs them about being an amputee. A lot of champs dislike being stared at and being picked on because of their amputation. Experiencing this before as younger champs, the Junior Counselors and I offer different advice for dealing with these issues. We have learnt from the Junior Counselors before us that the easiest way to deal with a starrer or a bully is to simply smile, and ask them if they have any questions about our amputation. We teach the younger champs that people who pick on us because of our amputation are just not used to seeing something this different, and do not understand. Helping champs with this issue is very satisfying. The “What Bugs Me” session when I was growing up was always very useful to me because it helped me to deal with similar problems.

Being a Junior Counselor is such a rewarding experience. When younger champs ask me how I tie my shoes, or play the piano, I offer my advice from what I have experienced, and show them how I do a certain activity. It feels really good knowing I am helping champs to overcome their challenges. I love being a Junior Counselor, and will continue helping child amputees at the War Amps of Canada’s Atlantic seminars.

Countering Apathy at University, and in Life

By Stacy Topouzova

I have spent my past semester at McGill University, still adjusting to university life, but finding it endlessly rewarding. Quite alarmingly, however, I have discovered that it is easy for students, like us, to get engulfed in ambitious plans, or be overwhelmed with our studies. And I humbly admit that on occasion, I have found myself losing sight of the important obligation we hold, to always serve as advocates for the elimination of human rights abuse and to never stop fighting for the protection of universal human rights.

In our highly materialistic society of name brands and celebrity fixations, little is publicized about the many cases of violations on children’s’ human rights. Child

labour is widespread and thriving, and is often forcefully woven into the social dynamics of the developing world. Realistically speaking, children as young as four are forced to work under intolerable conditions: Poor sanitation and a lack of proper facilities allow for widespread disease and infection to rapidly spread, affecting the emotional, psychological and mental development of the children. These realities compelled me to actively engage in UNICEF McGill’s work on campus.

UNICEF regional estimates indicate that 19% of children living in Asia are exposed to the harsh brutality of the “manufacturing industry”—a percentage far too steep, particularly when one considers that these children typically fall in the 6-14 year-old range. This statistic is even more staggering in Africa, where it is estimated that 29% of the continent’s children are working in industrialized economies. Often subject to harsh conditions, these children are stripped of their fundamental human rights; rights, which by international law standards, should be universal.

It is difficult for us to imagine, but it makes it no less real.

Despite the magnitude of these circumstances, the solution may very well be within the realm of our abilities. We are blessed with an abundance of accessible resources, which we could successfully utilize to help eliminate these abuses. If that sounds overly ambitious, then consider the impact an awareness event or even a boycott, could have on society. While, according to some experts, there is striking evidence to suggest that not all Western foreign aid makes a direct impact on peoples’ lives, the same cannot be said about individual initiatives.

On-campus, student-run organizations are testament to that. Usually not affiliated with any NGO, they are initiatives organized by ordinary students who harbour hopes that even as university students we can be part of a movement to eradicate human rights abuse.

And though it is sometimes a struggle for me, I urge all of my fellow classmates, Terry Fox Humanitarian Award recipients and friends to take on social activism with a renewed attitude of humility and selflessness. To know that even if we are regionally far and seemingly disconnected from the world in which human rights abuses are rampant, we are always very much obliged to fight for those you cannot fight for themselves.

Message from the Executive Director

Once again, summer is upon us. I hope everyone has had a wonderful past few months and I'm sure you are all enjoying the warm summer weather as much as we are. We have been very busy these past few weeks having just completed this year's selection of new Terry Fox Scholars for 2009 at our annual board meeting.

We want to take this opportunity to express our deep appreciation to the individuals who generously gave of their time to assist with the interviews. Each year many of our alumni give of their own time to assist in selecting the most deserving candidates amongst the hundreds of applications we receive.

British Columbia

Chris Fuoco
Yashina Jiwa

Manitoba

Norman McLean
Brad Pennington

New Brunswick/PEI

Andrew O'Neill
Faith McIntyre
Gina McGraw

Alberta

Dalton McGrath
Quinn Page
Lindsay Rempel

Ontario

Katie Graham
Kelly Akerman
Liz Parry

Nova Scotia

Michelle Mahoney
Erika Burger
Anita MacPherson

Saskatchewan

Karen Taylor
Lori Bergen

Québec

Sabrina Polletta
Jennifer Ciolfi
Marisa DiMeglio

Newfoundland

Tara Morgan
Kelly Sheppard
Chris Little

It is with their personal touch that we are able to select students who truly exemplify the humanitarian values of Terry Fox. Without their help, many of the very deserving applicants who were interviewed may not have had that wonderful opportunity. Your contribution as interview committee members is invaluable to the program and this type of personal selection would not be possible without you.

I would also like to take this opportunity to welcome the 22 new recipients from across Canada who were selected among 659 applicants. As you likely saw, their photos were included in this issue and a brief biography of each one can be found on our website. As always, choosing the new recipients was not an easy task as we receive applications from so many deserving students each year; however, we are again very pleased at the high quality of students who are now part of our program, I'm sure they will make us proud all throughout their post-secondary education.

While we welcome so many deserving new recipients, we also have to say goodbye to all of our graduating students who are going into the workforce or moving on to graduate studies. We are very proud of all of our graduates and I have no doubts that they will go on to accomplish all of their goals and will continue their humanitarian pursuits.

We are so proud of everything our Terry Fox Scholars have accomplished. They have all made outstanding contributions to their communities and will undoubtedly continue to do so.

I hope you all have a wonderful and relaxing summer!

Warmest regards,

Lorne Davies

Executive Director