

The  
**GOLDEN THREAD**  
Le  
**FIL D'OR**



**The Terry Fox Humanitarian  
Award Program Newsletter**

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



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Cover Photo: Bethanie Giang (left) volunteering at Camp Imadene.  
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**Winter 2013**

## **The Crab in All of Us**

By: Melanie E. McPherson

Textbooks, professors, lecture, lab, tutorial, did you remember to finish that lab, did you pay your phone bill this month, have you studied enough for this exam, will that grade get you into med school, will grad school accept that, will your parents be upset with that performance?

As university students, I'm sure I speak for all of us when I say that we all feel these pressures and more, at least once a day; but have you ever considered what we might be missing in order to accomplish all these things? I came to realize this rather early in what is now my second year here at the University of Western Ontario. I learned how to combat all those stresses from a rather unexpected source. Near just the end of September, I found myself approaching the don of my floor in residence with what I thought was a dire problem. Although I had been working with doctors all summer to find a solution for controlling my chronic knee pain I had been relatively unsuccessful. In spite of my goals to meet and befriend as many of Western's new frosh I had instead, as a result of my persistent pain, spent the first two weeks of school behind the closed door of my room in residence. I was now, already behind in school, facing the daunting task of catching up on school in an environment which waits for no one, and was coming face to face with the idea that perhaps those on my floor had made friends with each other without me. I came to the door of the don's room in tears. I explained to her how bad my pain had been in the last few weeks, how I had missed some lectures, and how I was so ashamed of myself for being such a hermit crab (hiding under my proverbial shell) to avoid meeting and participating with the floor. After I was done my don said something to me that has since forever altered my outlook on what it takes to succeed, not only in university, but also in life.

Looking on at my now tear soaked face, the don smiled and said, "It's ok if you're a crab, I like crabs". Shocked at her response, I could do nothing but burst out in laughter, because although I had been speaking about being a crab as a bad thing, as a creature who shies away from its peers, my don had decided to turn this on its head. She insisted on, instead of focusing on the bad to take this opportunity to make me laugh by instead declaring her love for this shelled creature.

It was at this moment that I realized something. I realized that when the time finally came for me to graduate from this school, it would be a moment like this, a small moment of pure laughter and joy that I would forever remember. Although it is true that grades, labs, and tutorials are all important things to take care of, what I learned that day is that sometimes the most important things in life are not things that we can assign grade

values to. More often than not it is these small moments that will shape us. They will make us laugh, make us cry, make us mad, sad or happy, but ultimately they will turn us into the very people we are working so hard to become. So yes, stay up late, study hard and go to class, but no matter how hard university becomes remember to allow yourself these moments as well. Let's find the crab inside all of us.

Dedicated to Ariba, for teaching me the lesson I needed most.

## **Global Awareness for a Better World**

By Ellen Fowler

In September, I attended the first meeting of the Amnesty International chapter at my university. After going through some brief introductions and speaking about how the year would run, we watched a documentary co-sponsored by the organization. The film detailed the situation of the Bahá'í people in Iran, a religious group that faces severe discrimination and is denied access to education solely on the basis of their faith. After watching the documentary, we spent some time discussing the issue as a group. Many people - including myself - admitted that they had never heard of the Bahá'í faith, let alone the discrimination these people were facing in Iran. One girl who was present at the meeting raised her hand to say that she knew a great deal about this issue, and that she actually knew personally many people belonging to the Bahá'í faith. We were all impressed to hear that she knew so much about this issue with which we were so unfamiliar. As the meeting continued and we moved on to other subjects, I began to realize that this girl was not simply well-informed about the issues addressed in the documentary, but about world affairs in general. It seemed to me that she knew more about what was going on in the world than most of the other people present.

I began to ask myself why this girl was so much better-informed than the rest of us at the meeting. During the initial introductions, she had told us all that she was from Mexico, and my initial response to my self-posed question was that she was well-versed about world events because she was from another country. A moment later, I realized how inherently silly this conclusion was. While she was from a "different country" from my perspective, she could say the same thing about me. Both of our countries are equally part of the world community. Why, then, did she know so much more than I did about the world?

Certainly, some of the issues we were discussing had affected her personally, which would have contributed to her knowledge of them. Her personal connections to Bahá'í people would have led her to know more about their oppression in Iran, and our discussion of a Mexican



journalist facing threats and abuse from authorities was also something to which she was personally connected, as it had taken place in her home country. Even outside of these two issues, however, she seemed to be far better-informed than many of the others sitting around the table. Despite the seeming silliness of my earlier explanation, I returned to the idea, and realize that it may have been more valid than I had originally thought.

This girl's knowledge of world events reflected a trend I have noticed in the past through my interactions with those from other countries. From my experience at international events, people from other countries often seem to know a great deal more about the world than I do. There seems to be more of a focus on world geography, world politics, and world issues in general in the education system of other countries, and this is reflected in the generally well-informed nature of their citizens. Young Canadians, on the other hand, do not seem to me to be as well-informed. Although I realize that this is a gross generalization and that there are plenty of young people in this country who are well aware of global events, it seems to me that many of us know shockingly little about our world.

The source of this can be traced to a number of possible causes. One could be our education system. In order to have a more internationally-aware public, perhaps we need to do more to emphasize global studies in our elementary and high school systems. Perhaps it is the responsibility of our educational institutions to foster in us a sense of our identity as global citizens and our responsibility act on behalf of those with whom we share the world. Rather than introducing this idea as a possibility, I should emphasize that I do believe this to be the case. Even from a very young age, I believe that children should be given the opportunity to understand their place in a world that is increasingly interconnected. Just like the citizens of all other countries (and perhaps more so, considering our privileged position within the world today), we have an obligation to remain informed about global events and to do what we can to ensure that those in other countries are able to pursue the lives they deserve to live.

More than this, however, I believe that the responsibility to remain informed lies with us. One of the reasons why many of us are so ill-informed about world events may be because these events have not affected us directly. Many Canadians live in relative wealth in comparison to a great deal of the world's population, and are never forced into direct contact with war or poverty. (Again, I realize that this is a generalization, but if one compares the life of an average Canadian with the lives of most people living in the developing world, our relative wealth and safety become apparent.) I do not believe, however, that this should be an excuse for us to be ill-informed. In fact, we should take it as a reason to inform ourselves to an even greater degree. In addition to having available to us the

education and technological resources that allow us to access whatever information we choose, we also have the wealth and political freedom necessary to help us change the issues that need to be addressed in the world around us. Young people in Canada must recognize our obligation to inform ourselves about world events. As citizens of the world, we need to be aware of what is happening to our fellow citizens in other countries. It is only once we have educated ourselves that we are able to develop informed opinions, engage in meaningful discussion, and act towards positive change.

All of this thought has cumulated in a goal which I have set myself for this year. I plan to work hard to keep myself informed over the coming months, to read the news every morning over my breakfast cereal and to engage with what I learn in a meaningful way. I feel that it is my responsibility to do so, and I am confident that by developing a greater sense of the world in which I live, I will also be giving myself the resources I need to begin to change it. I sincerely hope that those around me will recognize their own responsibility in a similar way, and that we will be able to work together as we increase our global awareness.

## Camp Imadene

By Bethanie Giang

This past summer I spent volunteering at Camp Imadene. It is a summer camp that aims to provide children with a fun, safe wholesome environment where they can grow and learn. I spent the weeks living with and carrying for a group of twelve adolescent girls. Sometimes it was a tougher than I like to admit, but I learned a lot about patience, love and most of all perseverance.

Patience to respond to their mischievous plans, high pitch screams and midnight bathroom breaks. Love to accept them along with their strengths and weaknesses. Perseverance to make it through the week and leave them with a positive role model.

My work continues with these girls beyond the physical boundaries of the camp. I know a lot of them come from broken families and are in need of attention and unconditional love and acceptance. I've made a conscientious effort this year to keep in touch with and provide them with a positive role model that is a "regular" in their life and part of their support system.

## The Waiting Game

By Catherine Woodford

We wait for buses, for class, for meetings, and for deadlines. We wait for a phone call, for an email, for our turn in line. We are willing to wait longer for some things than for others, have more patience for a person than a notification. But what if you were waiting for a chance to live as a normal human? To step out of a medical surrounding and into the natural world?

There are many diseases in the public eye that every person with access to some form of literature or connection has some idea of. Cancer, Down syndrome, Autism. Some more serious than others, some treatable, and some with cures. However, there is a disease that has an increasing victim list in Canada, however the average person knows little to nothing of it. True, it does not claim as many lives as lung cancer and yes it is treatable, but that does not make it easier for those affected. Type 1 Diabetes, while manageable, is quickly becoming an epidemic.

Diabetes, both Type 1 and Type 2, is an auto-immune disease that affects the pancreas; part of the body's endocrine system. The pancreas either does not produce enough insulin to handle the input of carbohydrates into the body, or it does not produce insulin at all. Type 2 is what most think of when hearing the word "diabetes", when in fact it is not the most dangerous of the two types. Type 2 usually affects older people whose organs are no longer functioning at their prime, however is also related to obesity and is now being diagnosed in children; a phenomenon never witnessed before the past few years. Type 2 can be treated with oral medication and in some cases where the patient takes good care of themselves, can actually be eradicated. However, Type 1 (also called Juvenile Diabetes, with the pancreas producing no insulin) is permanent and as of now does not have a publicly accessible cure. Type 1 Diabetes is controlled with synthetically developed insulin that is administered through a syringe, pen (modified injection system) or pump (external reservoir attached to the body). For both types, the side effects are disastrous; loss of limbs, blindness, and increased chance of heart, liver, and lung problems.

For a cure to be developed, it must go through extensive testing; experimental, then animal, and then human trials. Human trials are reserved for those who are just within a very slim bracket of sick but not too sick to not live through surgery. These human trials must last with minimal side effects for 10-15 years before being publically available in the medical system.

The cure-in-testing currently is the Islet transplant. This procedure transplants cells from a donor pancreas into

the patient's liver, which transports them to the pancreas to kick-start it and regenerate. It is a very long, tiring surgery for the patient. If there are no major complications, the patient stays in hospital for observation for a matter of months and is then released. The patient, like any heart-transplant patient, must take anti-rejection medication for a series of years, and may one day be able to take a minimal amount of medication.

Although this procedure is the best as of yet, only about 10% of the patients so far are completely insulin independent. The rest of the patients resumed taking injections within 5 years, however with noticeably less frequency and amount than they had before the surgery. This was the result as of 2000, and in 2006, the percentage was 30% of patients who achieved insulin independence. With increasing records of patients achieving insulin independence, there is hope that a version of the Islet transplant can be engineered where the percentage of insulin independent patients reaches the 90-100% mark. Even for the patients who did not achieve complete insulin independence, most found that they needed injections as infrequently as every 2-6 months with increased control over their diabetes in general.

The issue with the Islet transplant is the wait for an enhanced surgery, a wider margin for to-be patients, and most importantly, the shortage of retrievable Islets from human and animal donors

So, what do the ever-increasing population of Type 1 diabetics in Canada and throughout the world do while medicine advances and methods improve? We wait.

## Relativity

By Haley Carson

Sitting here in my standard student-sized university bed, having been woken up -in my opinion- far too early by construction workers on the building's roof, I can only laugh.

Last year at this time I was living with a host family in rural Africa integrating myself into daily life. That meant conquering the endless housework that needed to be done with my adoptive Mama each and every day. It was exhausting work by nature, not only because I was a scrawny Canadian girl- eager to earn my acceptance into the family.

On campus, my furthest class is a 7 minute walk away from my residence building. Each morning I trudge over-laptop and textbooks in tow. Some mornings the walk

seems impossibly long. When I finally reach the building and remember that I still have six flights of stairs left to conquer and my brow starts to sweat and I'm ready to declare how absolutely inhumane it is not for the building to have an elevator.... I stop and think.

One year ago I was doing a similar walk every day, (well, a few times a day, actually). My Maasai mama and I would leave our house hours before the sun came up. We'd each grab a 50 liter plastic Jerry can and barefoot, we'd walk the hour and fifteen minutes to our nearest water source. When we arrived at the pond, we'd navigate our way through the well-trod, muddy shores and begin filling our cans. Once full, we'd maneuver the jugs so that they rested on our backs and were supported by a leather strap that pressed into the tops of our heads.

We'd begin the walk home, barefoot, through the savannah, occasionally stepping on acacia thorns. And we'd sing, gently greeting neighbours and community members.

At first, this job was painful and tedious. Each night, I'd dread waking up so early, only to be forced to walk so far in the haze of sleepiness. I'd dread carrying the 50 pounds back, as the leather strap dug into my forehead and the jug bounced against my spine, leaking water down my legs as it did. I'd dread finally returning home with the water, because I'd know that it wouldn't be enough water to sustain our family for the day- so Mama and I would have to go once again in the afternoon.

Eventually, as this became my new reality- I began to look at it differently. I started to enjoy the time I was able to spend alone with my mama. I'd enjoy the sounds of our voices as they echoed over the savannah, melodies sung in our tribal vernacular. I felt my muscles growing. My back and neck become sinewy as they adapted to the added pressures being put on them. My feet become accustomed to walking on the sand, thorns and rocks- no longer tender.

Strength exists in everyone. We are miraculously adaptable. Our boundaries are meant to be pushed and tested, for it is the only way to learn how capable we truly are.

It is this metaphor that gives me the strength to not only climb up those six flights of stairs every morning, but also to overcome the challenges and adversities of my life.

## Small Inside

By Melanie E. McPherson

Inside us all lives a child small

Who grew up fast and now is tall

But forget that child we mustn't do

It's truly important for me and you

For that child small brought us where we are

A love of art, a love of stars

A love of numbers, planes, trains and cars

A constant thirst to know why or how

Dreaming up dreams we're LIVING NOW!

So yes go about your day finish your chore

But when you're tired, scared and unsure

Reach for your child, small once more

For they will tell you what you need to know

Tell you it's forward you must go!

See what you can, enjoy it all

And pick yourself up when you fall!

Forget we mustn't our child small

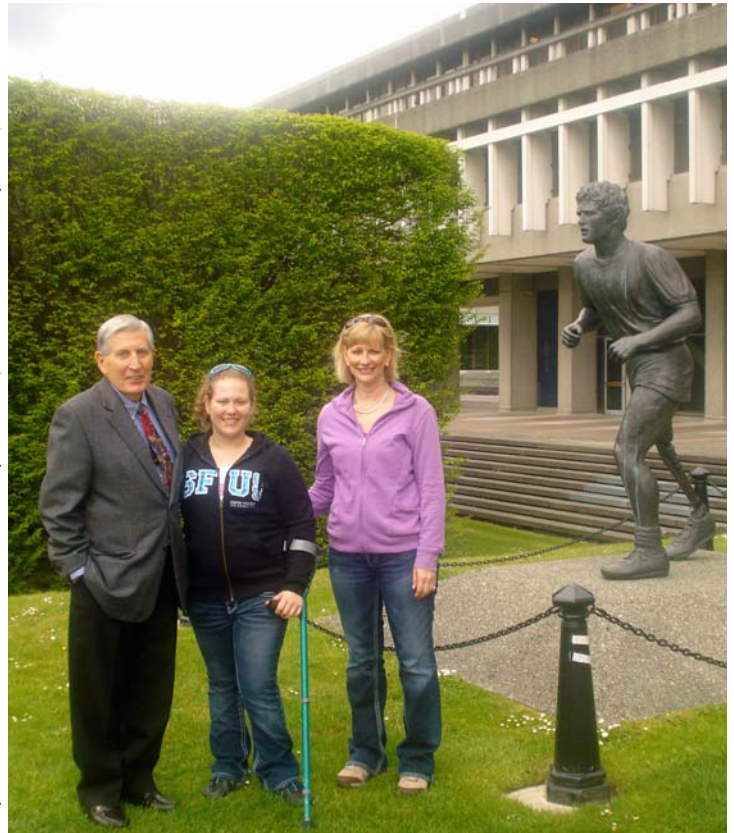
## Rick Hansen Relay in Vancouver

By Markina Morzowski

This spring my mom and I went to Vancouver for a little vacation. The primary reason for going to Vancouver was The Rick Hansen Relay was finishing its tour across Canada that traveled through many provinces and territories. The relay consisted of having over 7000 difference-makers carry the medal across the country. Difference Makers are people that act in humanitarian ways and help the environment, or other people. The celebration of life and ability accompanied musical artists such as the Canadian Tenors, Marianas Trench and Sarah McLachlan; Visionaries like David Suzuki; And athletes such as Lauren Woolstencroft and Josh Dueck.

During our stay in Vancouver my mom and I saw many sights of Vancouver area. We went up to Grouse Mountain, walked across the Capillano suspension bridge and visited Granville Island. One morning we went to Simon Fraser University, I wanted to check out the University and The Terry Fox Statue. When I was at Simon Fraser University, I was able to get in contact with Lorne Davies, Executive Director, of the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award program. He was able to come down to the statue and told us some stories about Terry Fox, his statue, and the humanitarian award.

To be at Simon Fraser University where Terry Fox went, and where the Terry Fox Humanitarian Award originated was a very cool experience and was something that I will never forget.



## Alumni Update

As I mentioned in the last issue of the Golden Thread, we are working on a rejuvenation of our past One More Award Program. In discussions with the board's chairman, Dr. John MacFarlane and also in conjunction with one of our graduates, John Kearsley, the Vice President of the University of Manitoba, we have begun to formulate official plans for launching this program in early spring of 2013.

As I'm sure you're aware, the world has undergone some drastic changes in returns on investments and the Canadian people are no different than many other countries around the world. It is our plan to bring to the attention of our graduates and friends of the program our present and future financial status.

After having a teleconferencing call with Dr. MacFarlane along with John Kearsley and several other board members, it is quite evident that we must start to make plans to financially protect the program during this severe time of low interest rates. We will be sharing our ideas with you in the spring and hope to obtain your support in making certain that the program will continue as it has for the past 31 years. Our purpose will be to strengthen and administer the One More Award campaign.

The New Year is now upon us, my sincere best wishes to you and all those you love for a prosperous, healthy and successful 2013.

W. Lorne Davies  
Executive Director



## S.M.I.L.E.-ing

By Kelsey Gallant

A smile can change a person's mood or day, but a different kind of smile changed mine. Sensory Motor Instructional Learning Experience also known as S.M.I.L.E. works with children and teens that have special needs to provide recreation and developmental support. Every week almost 50 volunteer Mount Allison students take a bus to the YMCA in Amherst Nova Scotia to work one on one with their buddies and develop their skills, as well as have fun. The relationships that are built between the volunteer and their buddy are truly inspirational.

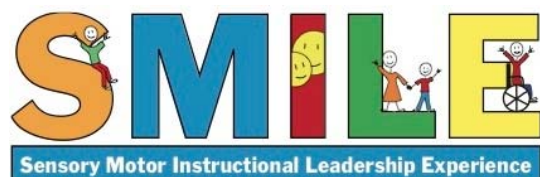
When I came across S.M.I.L.E. in the activities fair held the first week of school, I knew that it was something I had to be a part of. My work with my local training center was a good experience that I really enjoyed, and this program was similar. There are only around 50 spaces that are available for full-time volunteers, so I became a substitute buddy. When someone can't make it, I take their place for that Saturday. This means that I don't have just one buddy to work with every week; however, I get to work with many different kids and still get to see my buddies from other weeks when I visit.

My first day of S.M.I.L.E., my buddy was a 15 year old girl with down syndrome, but she definitely didn't let that get her down. Buddies get pretty attached to their volunteers and are usually pretty upset when a sub takes over. I was nervous about not being able to do any activities with her because I wasn't her fulltime buddy, but I was worried for nothing. As I went to the door to meet her she gave me a big hug, took me by the hand, and started showing me all the things she wanted to do. We had a lot of fun in the gym and the pool, and she was just like any teenage, boy-crazy girl, and she made my first day a memorable one.

It's inspiring to see university students so dedicated to helping other people develop their skills, especially people with special needs, but it's more inspiring to see the kids and teens that come to S.M.I.L.E. with their bright-eyed faces, and see how the program changes them. This is only my first year with S.M.I.L.E., but I know that it changes both the participants and the volunteers because of the growth that is made. I look forward to seeing more of my buddies grow and having the special relationships that my fellow volunteers have told me about.

"Everytime you smile at someone, it is an action of love, a gift to that person, a beautiful thing."

— Mother Teresa



## Diabetes Camp

By Jacob Sheffield

Anyone with a chronic illness or disease knows they often have to explain themselves when doing anything related to their condition. As a young adult with Type One Diabetes I find myself doing this at least once every day. Sometimes it's hard to not get frustrated with the questions from peers that to me, the answer is just common knowledge. Though it's beneficial to educate people on diabetes through their questions, it's also a relief to have a break from answering questions about diabetes.

I get this break once a year when I attend diabetes camp. Often when I discuss diabetes camp around my friends I am asked questions like "What the heck is that?", or "Do you guys just sit around and take needles all day?" The truth is we do take needles, not all day, but at least twice a day. However, that is not why camp is considered a "break." As a child, for one week every summer I got the opportunity to spend a week with children that had similar problems, experiences and frustrations as me. It was so wonderful to just sit back and not worry about what people were thinking because everyone was going through the same thing.

Though being a camper at diabetic camp was always amazing it could never compare to the experience that I received when I was 16. The summer I turned 16, I was hired as a counselor for one of the Canadian Diabetes Association youth camps called Camp Lion Maxwell. It was so amazing stepping into a new role and so rewarding as well. Creating memories and experiences for the campers was one of the most gratifying experiences I could ever have imagined. Watching the 10 boys in the cabin go from complete strangers to brothers in the span of five days was mind-boggling. Every year, there are tears shed saying goodbye to parents at the beginning of the week, but so many more when you say goodbye to your camp family until the next year.

I feel the main reason that these children bond so well is the fact that they all face the same daily problems and obstacles. When I was at camp it helped me grow as a leader and a person. I became even more confident in handling diabetes as well as helping campers do the same. As a camp counselor it was so satisfying to watch my campers grow and become even more comfortable with their disease.

Diabetic camp has been one of the most life changing and rewarding experiences I've had the privilege to be involved in both as a camper and as a counselor. I wouldn't trade it for anything. Camp provides an environment that fosters diabetic self care and education giving campers life long skills to care for themselves and the people around them. I encourage anyone to get involved with a camp; it's worth it!

## Camp Quality

By Joline Beauregard

Everyone has a challenge they are facing, regardless of how big or small. We are all fighting some kind of battle. I have had my fair share of challenges too. Having faced many challenges as a cancer survivor, I have become a good listener, and a go-to person for many of my friends. I truly enjoy helping people, however it can sometimes be difficult to help everyone else through their difficulties while also working through my own. The difficulty with society today is that it has programmed us to keep our emotions to ourselves, pretend there is nothing wrong, and hide behind an unchanging mask. This need not be the case.

I've been going to a cancer camp called Camp Quality since I was six. Summer 2012 was the first summer that I volunteered. It has been 11 years and has been quite the ride. It's where I learned how to knee board, and re-learned every summer for about three years in a row. It's where I spent hours planning pranks on the boys with my cabin mates, and various "toes up time" (our version of nap time or quiet hour) doing anything but napping. It was beautiful insanity most of the time at camp, and I met so many amazing people, and did so many amazing things.

From the time I was about 14, I started helping out with the younger kids. That was the same year that I started going to New Heights, a camp held over May long-weekend for all the teenagers that went to the different Camp Quality camps across Canada. It was different from camp in so many ways. Gone were the days of pranks and craziness. We spent a lot of time team building, doing leadership activities, and just talking. Every night we got together with hot chocolate and a snack, and one of the volunteers, Keith Macpherson, played guitar and sang to us by the fire.

Each song he sang he told us a story about why he wrote it or who it was about. One night he started telling us about this song he had written about his brother. He talked about being born into a family of three boys and how each of them had their own role in the family. His brother Kyle was the "body guard" of the family. This song was called "Boys Don't Cry". The chorus is simply three lines:

Boys do cry the ones who succeed  
Act your age be all you can be  
You can be

The song goes on to talk about how the boy is growing up, and learning to always be strong even as a young person, specifically for everyone else. It even includes the lines:

So my world began  
Made a superman  
Disguised a child

Later, the lyrics progress into what I understand to be a father telling his son that it's okay to show his emotions, and the last chorus changes to:

Boys DO cry the ones who succeed  
Act your age be all you can be  
You can be

All of the songs that he sang that weekend were incredibly inspiring. If you have time to listen to any of his songs I would recommend it. This song, and the story behind it, can be found by searching "Keith and Renee Boys Don't Cry" on youtube. Or go to [www.keithandreene.com](http://www.keithandreene.com).

This weekend at camp gave me an unfailing support system, a place to break societal norms and talk about the tough stuff. This song specifically, left me inspired. It really tells us how important it is to be ourselves. Each of us is perfect in our imperfections; our differences are what make each of us amazing. It is not a weakness to ask for help, in fact, it sometimes takes great courage to do so. We should be helping each other through hard times, and celebrating the victories together. Imagine if we did; imagine how much better this amazing life could be.

## Blue & Gold Goes Pink

By Keneca Pingue Giles



On November 14th, over 300 students from 6 different schools from the Toronto area arrived at the new Mattamy Athletic Centre for The Team Up Against Bullying Event. These students grades 4-8 who also take part in the Ryerson University Rising Rams program took a field trip to the new athletic centre to gain insight on the effects of bullying from the Toronto Police Service, Ryerson



University Varsity student-athletes and guest speakers. After the guest speakers were complete, we provided lunch for the students through a partnership with Loblaw's - a grocery store that is connected to the Mattamy Athletic Centre, formerly known as Maple Leaf Gardens where the Toronto Maple Leafs used to play. To end the day off, The Toronto Police Service had a fun exhibition game against the Men's and Women's Basketball Teams where the Ryerson team won by three points.

This event shed light on the importance of bullying awareness and how rampant it is throughout schools of all grades. It also shed light on the many opportunities that are out there once students complete high school and go on to secondary education. It was also important that the Student Athletes were involved in this event because getting information from people who are closer to their age resonates more and they look up to us as role models - people they can see themselves being there in a few years.

Link to the youtube clip of Team Up Against Bullying Event:

## **Songs by Shane Sabean**

### **Limitless**

Being such a young man,  
Growing up way too fast,  
Time is flying by you,  
Don't let this moment pass,  
Grab onto those reins,  
And ride into the sun,  
Growing up and getting older,  
Was supposed to be more fun,  
But momma says.

### **Chorus**

Because you're getting older,  
You really need to know,  
When love is found you hold her,  
Whether in sun or snow,  
And when you find that someone,  
Stay faithful to who you are,  
You'll be limitless,  
And travel very far.

Up a few years later,  
You're living on your own,  
Living in a beach house,  
Every Friday mama phones,  
And as you talk for hours,  
Waves crash to the shore,  
And you tell her that,  
You can't take anymore,  
But she says.

### **Chorus**

A few years later,  
Nervous as the first,  
Jitters coming at you,  
It's now better without worse,  
And as you walk the aisle,  
Photos every step,  
Your mama's standing next to you,  
You remember secrets she had kept.

### **Chorus**

### **Time to Start Living**

Keep on moving,  
Into the clouds,  
Still are proven,  
In the shrouds,  
To yourself,  
Who you are,  
And you'll go far,  
Until it comes over you.

### **Chorus**

Open up,  
To the possibilities,  
Even when you had enough,  
You just wanna be free,  
And when people stand,  
Right in front of you,  
That some day,  
You'll know what to do,  
And no longer have to go through.

Set free,  
And let go,  
The possibility,  
That you don't know,  
Of what's to come,  
Or of you getting there,  
But you're not dumb,  
So have no fear,  
Cause one day,  
I'll come back for you.

### **Chorus**

And keeping asking,  
Who you are,  
No more masking,  
To go far,  
And you keep searching,  
For the best in you,  
You need to see,  
All the good you do.

### **Chorus**