

DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT  
ДИВЕРГЕНТ\ СОНВЕРГЕНТ

Journal of the University 101 Students  
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## DIVERGENT/CONVERGENT

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University 101 is a course in the Humanities. It is part of the University 101 program that offers free, non-credit, academic courses to students who have faced barriers to post-secondary education. Respect and value for the students' knowledge, experiences, and differences are the foundations of the program. The program strives to be inclusive and to foster collaborative learning.

thoughtful  
intentional  
expressive



University  
of Victoria

University 101

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**Learning makes  
life an exciting  
adventure.**

**-Ron Kinch**

## **A Note From The Dean:**

*Dr. John Archibald, Dean, Faculty of Humanities*

A university exists as part of a community. The University of Victoria delights in welcoming students from our own community onto campus. There are many wonderful aspects to working here, but watching students grow is certainly one of the highlights. Education is a journey which can transform, not just inform, an individual. Through University 101, we see how people, who may have had unhappy experiences with formal education in the past, take difficult yet valuable steps in realizing their own potential. The knowledge, skills, and insights which education brings reach a wide audience here.

The study of the Humanities is not a frill in today's society. It provides an essential part of the knowledge our citizens need to function in today's world. Studying the Humanities will determine the person you become. The person you become will determine the world you live in.

I hope that this collection of writing will give you pleasure and help you to understand part of the journey that the University 101 students are on. It gives us a glimpse of - not just who they are, and where they have come from - but of the people they are becoming.

## Strange Thoughts

*by Alymanda Wawia*

The sun slowly warms the ground	Now it's darker
Creatures wake all around	Let me be a marker
There's a low wind through my leaves	The clouds bring the cool
My sap starts to hum	Things are calm
No longer feeling numb	Moon brings a balm
The sun now sits higher	My day is winding down
The bird song does not tire	In my dream is a clown
How the sight and sound weaves	On my branches sits a ghoul
My bark is warm	Strange thoughts in the night
Will come to no harm	But I will be alright
The air is hot and still	
All is calm on my hill	
Things are quiet in the heat	
I hope it will rain	
There would be less pain	
My roots no longer cry	
The rain finally came by	
That I live is a feat	
The fog is rather hazy	
Makes the humans crazy	

## My Journey Through Culture Shock

*by Dwayne Walters*

I still remember when I arrived from Jamaica at the age of twelve, many years ago. I did not know what the future would bring. I knew only that I was about to embark on a journey to a place that I knew nothing about.

I came to Canada with expectations of living a better life; but, like the weather, I soon realized the cold reality of what the truth actually was. It was a struggle, to say the least. From the very beginning it was very difficult to adjust to Canadian culture because of fear. Not being a citizen made it tougher to learn the new rules.

Language played a major role in the trauma I suffered when I immigrated here. All the kids spoke a different language which made it difficult for me to understand them, and them, me. Over a period of four years I felt isolated from the general Canadian society. Because I was an illegal in the country, I found myself being angry and resentful since I did not have the same privileges as the other kids in my community. I lacked the privilege of going to school, the freedom to roam and to learn from my new environment. To make matters worse, I was selling drugs.

This lasted for a while before I started noticing that I was harming myself and hurting others. It was at this point that I thought: I better wize up before I end up dead or in jail. That is when I started striving to become a better person; I joined the Canadian Naval Academy to become a medical

doctor. I ran into some luck, getting a job as an apprentice carpenter doing renovations. Finally I was on my way, in pursuit of happiness.

It was at this point that my life took another surprising turn; I remember it like yesterday, and I always will. It happened at the corner of Young and Crosby in Richmond Hill, Ontario. I had finished work at eight o'clock, went to a playground for about two hours, and had just left to go home. On my way, listening to music and dancing on the sidewalk, I was confronted by a police officer in an aggressive and unfriendly manner. He asked "where the fuck are you going." I told him I was going home. Without another word of conversation, I found myself being pepper sprayed. By the time I hit the ground I was being brutalized by five officers to the point of unconsciousness. I was handcuffed and tossed in jail; they made up a false story about why I was there.

## At this point my life took another surprising turn.

What they did not know was that I had already registered with the naval academy. When the judge found that out, that I had already changed up my life and that the police were lying, she set me free. I packed my bag and fled to British Columbia in search of new surroundings and to start the healing process. It was while here, in Victoria, that I discovered new friends while playing baseball.

I continued to practice self-care, until one day faith brought me to the University 101 program at UVic. When I got accepted it was really a dream come true. From the first time I stepped foot in the classroom, my life changed in more ways than one. Being around a group of people, T.A.'s, professors, and my peers has been very positive for me. I feel as if there is nothing in the world I cannot do. All my trial and obstacles have suddenly disappeared and out has come this real me that I always knew was there.

It's clear to me that I am not alone in my struggles as I try to redefine myself and become a better person. I feel at peace in the classroom and the pain of this crazy world that we live in is gone.

My journey from Jamaica to Canada has been many things. At times it has been rewarding, at others, it has been extremely challenging. All along, it has provided me with opportunities for growth. I will never give up. I will take the good with the bad. I will get there. I am on my way.

## If My Eyes Could Speak

by Melanie King

If my eyes could speak, what would they say?

Would they say I am emotional, I am loving, I am kind,

I am strong, I am weak, I am *alive!*

Or perhaps they would whisper, I am happy, I am sad, I am fragile, or

Would they yell, I am a fighter, I am a *survivor!*

Would they tell me I am special, I am ordinary, I am intelligent,

I am a fool, because I am the earth, I am the stars, I am the *universe!*

Would they proclaim, I am old, I am young, I am a mother, I am a child,

I am a hug, I am a kiss, I am a *dreamer!*

Would they shout, I am incredible, I am creative, I am insatiable. I am a teacher,

and I am wise. I am real, I am alone, I am *me!*

Tell me, what do you see ? *I am invincible!*

## Tokens

by Melanie King

I am writing this essay to let others know how I feel about television today and the stereotyping and subtle racism that I observe daily. It is as if we all know our place on the hierarchy; Whites, Blacks, Asians, and all other ethnicities, or minorities as the media would have you call it, put us into these categories. The multibillion dollar media moguls would have us believe that times have changed in North America and everyone is equal in the world of television.

Don't believe a word that comes out of their mouths, it is all a lie. First, if you are a minority like me (half black, half white) pay close attention to the number of blacks you are seeing on the screen, what roles they are playing, and who is the lead. In most instances the lead is being played by a white person and the secondary role by a black person. The white person is the victor or hero while the black person is either killed off or made to look bad somehow. Black people are still being portrayed as uneducated buffoons who are there to make the white man look good.

what danger lurks in the darkness

An example of this type of stereotyping is in a scene in which there is a dark cavern and there is a white guy and a black guy, the black guy is always told to lead the way, go first if you must, find out about what danger lurks in the darkness, because if there is something bad lurking there, the black person will be the one to suffer the consequences. Another example that comes to mind is the stereotypical depiction of blacks in roles on television where their role is that of ghetto dudes, or "wannabe" gangsters who are bad to the bone,

always in trouble with the law, drug dealing pimps without any education, the bad boys of hip hop.

The last example I can think of is in the past few years where blacks and whites have come together in marital roles. It is only slightly more acceptable nowadays. It's the year 2013 and we are still afraid of mixing races, it's still a matter of colour. There are many other instances where this kind of behavior takes place on television and we just sit idly by and let it happen.

We have to wake up society and scream we are not going to take it anymore. We pay big bucks to watch T.V. Why should we have to watch the whites up on the screen playing out our fantasies and our dreams instead of us? Why should there be a distinction between races? The whole media arrangement needs to change, from top to bottom. The minorities must step out of the shadow and show themselves as a strong united front. Stop being the fall guy or the token minority in television. Send a message loud and clear to those management moguls that white privilege has to end today.

If we want to make changes in the world of television then we will have to stand up as a people and tell those big wigs at the top that we are not going to take it anymore.

Do you want your children growing up with the same kind of racism and stereotyping in television that we see today, where there is a sprinkling of token minorities in roles to be played as well as the parts themselves being typical of what you would have seen in days gone by? Not much has changed since television first became available in the 60's. It is still run the same way today except for the advancement of technology making the whole process look better. Yet, even now they can create beings without them being a race so they have even less reason to use the "token" minorities.

In conclusion, if we want to make changes in the world of television then we will have to stand up as a people, and tell those big wigs at the top that we are not going to take it anymore. We are equals, there are no differences except in color and if that's a problem we will just have to go back to black and white television. How hard can it be!

Money, money, money, it talks.

If there is to be equality in television today we must stand united, one voice and let the media corporation know that we are not going to take it anymore. We as minorities have to collectively come together and demonstrate to management moguls that we are after their jobs, whites are not the majority anymore, so tell them to move over and share the spotlight. If that doesn't work then maybe it's high time we boycotted the major television stations and only subscribe to public television stations that don't discriminate. Take money out of the picture and I am sure that would get their attention. Money, money, money, it talks. Other than educating people on what is going on in television today, people must wake up and stop being complacent when it comes to role playing. You must decide if you want to continue seeing white people playing the parts that your race should be playing or watching television that's geared toward the white race. White privilege is alive and well. It is time to hit the big wigs where it hurts, in the pocketbook or in cable-vision subscriptions.

Do not let another 100 years go by before rising up in protest to say *we are not tokens!*



## I Am Defiant

*by Victoria Howley*

I am Defiant.

I have said “No” to this Assignment,  
what is that about?

I will contribute nothing to these  
pages, avoidance and insecurities

I am defiant - pure willed - silent

When it was suggested all students contribute  
and submit poem entries  
my judge and inner critic showed up  
bantering me to fight!  
Ideas, wonder and challenge enter my  
thoughts, what a delight

Nye, there is no ink spot

Assignments \$%^&\* troubled, deadlines,  
and fear of Judgements ....

writing does not flow from a still hand ...

I am Defiant - most free - really?! - my  
own me - what do I see ....?

Isolation from the Pack, differences  
... similarities, but unable to act

You may wonder, What is this writing?

I assure you that this is an illusion, something you've  
seen or maybe what I have shared,

A delusion that they'd seen or heard, something from  
my shared thoughts and opinions.

The fear of failure, it is just a thought, who does  
it fail?! It is a thought I bought!

But I am defiant, and yet There Are Words Written Still.

## Do you think it's too late to save our planet?

*by Meliya Gill*

Do you think it's too late to save our planet?

I've been asked this question a few times recently. The damage we've done in the last 100 years is atrocious. Burning inefficient fuels like wood, coal, diesel, oil and gas continues to damage the air quality, pollute the soil and water supply, and harm the denizens of this planet.

The World Health Organization has estimated that close to 2 million lives are ended prematurely each year due to air pollution alone. Close to half are children under 10. This happens when toxic particles enter the lungs and blood stream which can cause heart disease, lung cancer, asthma, allergies, acute lower respiratory infections and a range of other suspected illnesses.

I keep hearing people say one person can't make a difference and quite frankly I think that's an excuse not to try because it's hard and challenging. However, anything worth having is worth fighting for, and each person who makes a change does indeed make a difference. One step at a time we move forward.

It's time for action. We need to drastically change our behaviours and fast. It may be too late if we decide ten years from now to move in the right direction. If we make the changes now, we may still leave a living planet to our grandchildren.

I've recently watched a TED Talk that changed my life and I urge everyone to watch it. It's titled, "Winning the Oil End Game" by Amory Lovins. In this talk he discusses the End Game Thesis, which in theory drastically reduces oil consumption while stimulating the economy by retrofitting old factories and creating new industries in the process making things safer and ending the War on Oil- oops I meant Terror.

### Anything worth having is worth fighting for

I think it's time we petition our government to become the global leaders they claim to be. If we actualize the End Game Thesis as well as switch to renewable forms of energy and building materials like many countries around the globe have proven efficient then we can turn things around. We need wind turbines not pipelines in British Columbia. It's time to take a stand. Contrary to popular political beliefs, the majority can rule.

## Song Of The Medicine Wheel

*by Bernice Kamano*

Amazement. Awe. Bewilderment.

As I sit and prepare to write this paper, I allow my thoughts to wander. Do I write about my past which I continue to work to understand? Do I write about my dreams, the things in life that continue to slip through my fingers? Or do I write about today, here and now. Although, I really can't write about here and now without giving you a glimpse into who I am and how I got here.

Here I sit, in a computer room at UVic enrolled in the Uni 101 program. Our classroom consists of thirty, and we are here to share our experiences and our perspectives. We as a group may never have met had it not been for Becky's determination to bring us all together. Becky and her team head out every fall, looking to make a difference in people. The Uni 101 team hit every soup kitchen, shelter, and agency. They were on the hunt for the Motley crew - we who love the challenges of life and are determined to overcome and make our mark. We gather every Tuesday and Thursday anticipating the topic of the evening.

We are at best, if you glance into our classroom, a collage, we are a mixture of black, red, yellow and white. In my culture we call that the medicine wheel; we represent all the nations and cultures of Canada and the world for that matter. Our way of perceiving life, and what it has to offer, is just as diverse. Over the weeks, we overcome our fears of looking at each other and sharing with each other. We understand that we share a common thread; we have all faced barriers and we are all determined to not allow these barriers to define us.

Ever weaving into  
the web of thoughts  
-Cat Sturk

## Turn in Turn

*by Glenn Brooke*

young jack  
never wanted anything  
however... received a lot  
where was the lass

mister tither...once a lad ->  
cousin dupree  
looked at a glance  
heard the path creak  
and, she was – alone-  
feathers soften

the bags hold nothing  
yet, each fruit held in the young  
lass and lads palm  
whilst helping collect their – way!  
though... rock n pebble – asunder

word is fewly spoken  
lowly... hum... largely notable  
wait -> hear the water  
a pebble skips...skips...skip  
no splash... the heron rises  
flown out away of the sky

young cousin... the arm sore  
mr. jack tither amazed...n ... stilled  
the stone sinks forever wet

sup...comes close... and  
palm to palm, one n one  
they jaunt  
along  
Happy Cousins



## What Uni 101 Means to Me!

*by Ron Kinch*

Who would believe I would be in College and University at the same time and full time at age 66. I often say I am recycling myself never to retire.

In the big picture my mind is eager to explore, discover, learning something new. Learning makes life an exciting adventure. As the sand in my hour glass is quickly running out, my need to make changes seems more urgent. One thing that makes us all equal is the current time we have. The total amount of time may vary with each life, but all we have is the present. That is why they call it a “gift.”

My gift will be to develop a viable business plan which may be picked up by others. It may then become my legacy hopefully a valuable legacy. I am going to leave a legacy. I want to make it a good one.

Uni 101 has inspired me to learn French. Before coming to the classes, I did not believe it was possible. I thought learning a language was a gift like music.. A gift which some people have and others don't.

My business plan will be to introduce and host professional people to an encounter with the ocean. They in turn will host a younger person who is facing health challenges. This encounter on a boat will make a difference in both lives for the better. French may help my encounter plans because some professionals may only speak French.

I have been blessed to meet people of all ages and cultural, social and economic backgrounds at Uni 101. Many of us have had setbacks, fortune and misfortune, health challenges and losses and grief along with our giftings. I hope my plan will encourage and discover the gifts in others.

I sense the dignity, respect and inspiration of every person in Uni 101. This class has been a model for my business plans.

All we have is the present.

No persona, no  
letting things  
go to avoid  
confrontation,  
... I went into  
this as myself.

-Kris Busby

## Not My Media

*by Yvonne Murphy*

I thought about modern media  
And I thought about the fairytale  
There were impacts on families  
There were false illusions  
I feel the bias  
I feel the prejudice  
stereotyping hurts me  
I watched movies  
And I read many books  
Same theme  
Same portrayals  
I feel disenchanted  
I feel unheard  
My identity was taken  
I became disinterested  
And I became angry  
These values lower others  
These assumptions rob our worth  
I feel disenfranchised  
I feel voiceless  
When will we gain the respect?

## I Am

*by Kris Busby*

At 2011, at age forty-six and during an unanticipated break from employment, I felt I had worked a lot of things out and knew where I stood in the world. Then I landed a new job. I was once again working as an on-site property manager.

Almost immediately I realized I was working for yet another slum lord. It wasn't long before I was giving in to unrealistic, biased demands from a sociopath boss.

As I tried to bend on my own principals to meet the requirements of this particular boss (principals do not bend, they break), my friends told me I was changing. I was becoming depressed again. I was agitated, isolated and performed the bare necessities needed of my job to retain employment. The contradiction between my employer's demands and my own conscience was crippling me. I was disappearing into a world of depression. All the positive progress was being stripped away.

One of my worried friends suggested I check into something constructive and mind expanding, Uni 101 & Uni 102; I did.

In April 2012 I attended the completion ceremony for Uni 102. I was enjoying a feeling of completion, friendship, acceptance and came to learn that I could be educated. The thing about Uni 101 & Uni 102 is that it doesn't require me to be anything specific except myself. Through subjects like racism, aboriginal history, language etc. I can see that there are more perspectives than my own.

A week later I received a call regarding my mother's condition and spent several days in the hospital holding her hand until she stopped breathing. I was partly able to do this because of the confidence I gained in Uni 102.

In September 2012 I was given safe haven my tyrannical/insane boss. I was told if I quit my job I could stay with a friend for free for six months. I jumped at the offer and gave notice to my employer.

Six months of reflecting on what I had learned in my last job, what I had learned from my mother's passing, what I had learned in Uni 102, and what I had learned from my friends was simply this; In some ways the world is in worse shape than I thought. In some ways it's better than I thought. But I have to live life for myself. Period.

My friends told me I was changing.

In the end I'm all I have. I believe that I can obtain a peace of mind that would allow me to be okay in any situation. I've found the part of me that people can't touch.

"Who-I-am" is my ship and I am the captain. Being employed or unemployed, living in a hostel or a two-bedroom, three-bath house. None of that matters. I have been attending Uni 101 and from the first class I've tried to be as genuine as possible. No persona, no letting things go to avoid confrontation, no claiming to believe or appreciate those things which I have no time for. I went into this as myself.

Mark O'Brien, a man who spent his life in an iron lung, came to believe that even if one's life was full of struggle and seemed to be empty at times, one should hold on, because, as it was for him, it may be near the end of one's time that a life can be made to be more than full. These two programs have helped me on my way to having a full life.



## Why Write?

*by Beverley Johnson*

What am I trying to say?  
Who'd be interested anyway?  
I am reluctant to share,  
it's all been done before, I'm aware;  
What can I say that's of interest? Who'd care?

Well, I would...  
So paradoxically, I think  
that no-one else could  
find it worth time and ink.  
If I'm being humble,  
who am I to decide  
whether it's 'stumble'  
or if indeed, 'stride'...  
what is  
or isn't  
worthwhile?  
There the critic is right  
this time for sure,  
I'm not qualified!

So step out of the glare  
of the critic's harsh stare,  
and think of my self as...  
another.  
How kind could I be  
if the writer's not me?  
Spend the ink  
And share what I've discovered.

Although I have certainly not achieved any skill in analytical writing, I have learned a great deal by doing the research - not only about the topic, but about writing itself. The process of discovery is so exciting, so enthralling, so addictive, that I routinely find myself surfacing at a place in history, literature, philosophy, or some other topic far distant from any of the outlines I have constructed, and yet amazingly connected to it.

Down every avenue of research, I find both contradiction and confirmation of concepts and patterns that I had absorbed and accepted, and each new insight into what and how I think changes my perspective just enough that I can not help but continue, in order to make some sense of the rearrangement.

All of that is 'personal', not analytical writing. I'm aware of a yawning gap, a seemingly insurmountable difference. What I've learned in University 101, however, is that it is right, because it's where I am, and if or when I ever get to analytical writing, that will be the right place there, and then.

## Prisoner 1068

*by Maggie St. Onge*

Do you know my secrets?  
(Pinky promise – I won't tell...)

A soul, what is deep down  
Deep deep deep these secrets you keep  
(Stretch a little further – harder...)  
You won't find joy, not hear sweet  
Sounds  
Just the drip drip drip  
Of dirty swamp water  
(Just dry those tears – toughen up girl...)

Bars cover “the windows to my soul”  
These eyes are witnesses, too  
(Confess!! I am told...)  
Release me from these crimes,  
The evil, the torture, the dark and the cold  
(Just loosen the binds...)  
Handcuffed and shackled  
To what these ears have heard  
Convicted without trial  
(You can't unclip this bird...)

My lips part – but my mouth  
Is mute  
Gravelly sounds – murmur ad mumbles  
(Embers fade, fire has cooled...)  
If I speak

Eloquently and intellectually,  
The people will be fooled  
(Into thinking...)  
I am eloquent, I am intelligent  
(Cons don't have the tools...)  
Prison don't run on smart fuels –  
Oh- But I Am!!  
I've been schooled by the best  
(My family – no less!..)  
No awards, nor degrees  
Separate me from the rest.  
An institution of high learning  
Walls of bricks and mortar –  
Wasn't just built by the girl  
(But the ones that came before her...)

Which means, in conclusion,  
This is just an illusion  
These walls can't hold me back!!  
I've graduated, been pardoned  
The release date is set  
(Break free, here's the key...)  
Look into your heart, you will hear  
Speak and see...  
That you are the warden  
That's been holding the key.

anybody gets  
the right,  
wherever we  
may be, at any  
given time, to  
call this home.

- Jay Alcantara

## Anxiety

*by Stefannie Postnikoff*

All

Nervous

eXtreme

In Body

Excitement

Totally

Year End

## Uni 101 vs. SADD

by Stefannie Postnikoff

### Uni 101

*What is Uni 101?*

Uni 101 is about different topics each week, examples are: poems, history, racism, more racism, media, popular culture – to name a few.

*When and where does it happen?*

Tuesday, Thursday nights from 4:00-8:30pm. It is located in Clearihue building at UVIC A127 on the campus.

*What parts of us are affected?*

It is a one hour bus trip from my apartment, each way. The topics make my brain work and I learn a lot from them. Nutrition is included via a meal card.

### S.A.D.D.

*What is S.A.D.D.?*

Seasonal affective disorder is a mental health diagnosis that affects 5% of the US population in a given year (Kurlansik & Ibay, 2012).

*When does it happen?*

August - March, or April. Worst months are October and March. Symptoms are present for most U.S. people 40% of the year (ibid).

*Where is it located in our bodies?*

In our brains and our minds. Our bodies are affected by not getting as much sunlight in the winter, for example we lose an hour of sunlight with daylight savings time. At times, in Victoria there is no sunlight at all.

### Uni 101

*Why is it available?*

It is available to students with different backgrounds who could not attend university. It helps those who could not otherwise access the University of Victoria.

*How is Uni 101 different from other courses?*

It is more informal than a credit university course and it covers a range of different topics. Plus a supper is included, as well as bus tickets and childcare.

### S.A.D.D.

*Why does it happen?*

Because the seasons change; for instance it happens mostly in the fall and winter. These two seasons are the most affected by a lack of sunlight.

*How is it different from depression or the blues?*

S.A.D.D. is different because it all stems from what the weather is for that day or moment! Depression can happen for no visible reason at all, and the blues can happen from different circumstances in a person's life.

## Ants At War

by Dale Harder

What was it that defeated the red ants in this case? The red ants liked the Queen of the black ants, but did not trust the rest of the black ants. And the black ants wanted control over the red ants. The black ants were aggressive and militant so found unprotected wasps and other captives and took them over. The red ants invaded the black ant territory and corralled all the black ants, at which time, King Nebuchadnezzar of the red ants decreed that the black ants were cowards to the state. But the black ants particularly disliked the way the red ants threw away their people in worthless conflict. Therefore, the black ants resisted.

The black ants knew they would have to get stronger to beat the red ants. This worried the red ants who were already concerned that the black ants had too big of an infantry.

The black ants had a high council of war where it was stated that they wanted no more defeats!

This threatened the red ants who then retreated back to red ant territory because they could see they were outnumbered and were worried about these guys. Two priests, former advisors to the king of the red ant colony, key guys, ran away. The black ant war council was then held in Salmon Arm, near Tappen, in order to prepare for battle. Afterwards, the black ants worked for days organizing their troops and talking to them. Very soon after, the black ants started to retreat deeper into their territory to amass a resistance. The

black ants weren't yet satisfied that their army was in good enough shape to win this battle.

King Nebuchadnezzar of the red ants sent some of his diplomats into see if they could work out a peaceful solution. King Nebuchadnezzar then personally met with the black ant war council but was not impressed with the tone or arrogance the enemy had. That bothered the king a lot. Yet, King Nebuchadnezzar hesitated because he was worried because of the massive force the black ants controlled. During the next three or four weeks, same thing, King Nebuchadnezzar never bit at the black ants' bait. Meanwhile, he gathered up some more canon balls in the stockyards and decorated his generals for war, all twenty of them. The king readied his forces a bit but not completely. King Nebuchadnezzar thought the bigger his force, the more intimidating they would be to the other side, and, therefore, the more likely the black ants would be defeated. He was hoping they would become afraid and surrender. But nothing happened really. There was no response.

The black ants stood firm. The black ants talked about what the red ants had planned, knowing that King Nebuchadnezzar had his nerve back and had become increasingly hungry for power. The black ants also knew the king was now organizing his generals. But the red ant generals never did attack. This created a hope in the black ant camp that King Nebuchadnezzar could, in time, become a solid ally and eventually King Nebuchadnezzar's armies would be defeated from the inside. Yet this never came to pass. King Nebuchadnezzar and his sons had no further meetings with the black ants' war council or the advisors to the black ant Queen.

With any hope of peace dashed, they had a fight. Eventually, the black ants beat the pants off of the red ants. Yet, King Nebuchadnezzar lived. Defeated, he then wandered around the desert angry with himself. He remembered his story as a parable of wisdom.

They wanted no more defeats!

## Things That Make Me Happy

*by Henry Tak Pui Au*

There are many things which make me happy. I am in good health mentally and physically. I have a basic need not to worry about food and shelter. I have a lot of time to socialize with my family members and friends. Beautiful city and secure country.

In Victoria, there are many beautiful parks and lakes where I walk around safely. The weather is not cold in winter and not hot in summer. The environment is free from pollution. We have a very good free health care system and an affordable housing. Everyone is treated equally. People from all religions live together harmoniously.

Our government respects democracy and the people have a freedom of expression. I smell the fresh roses, hear the tiny birds singing on the trees when going for early morning walks. I sit near the lake or the ocean drinking a cold beverage under a blue sky sunny day. I am able to spend quality time with my family members and good friends, enjoying the wonders of the nature - beautiful harbor, parks and mountains. I love dancing in a group to make me happy and make many friends. I feel more cheerful and relaxed to maintain my body in good shape.

I am very happy that I have a chance to attend Uni 101 this September. I thank you Uni 101 Program Coordinator, guest speakers and all the volunteers to spend the time to lead the program smoothly. I have learned something every session that I share the information with other people in

the community. I appreciate all the health care professional staffs who looked after me very well when I was very sick in the hospital this February until I was fully recovered. I am delighted that I have a chance to attend different free health care workshops periodically in the community from the health care professional people to bring my knowledge up-to-date. I am happy most of the times for I participate some of the activities which I love to do- such as volunteering in the community, socializing with people, listening to music, attending health care workshop and walking one hour daily. As a result, I am more alert, and more relaxed, I have more energy. My immune system increases and I feel very healthy.

I am able to spend quality time with my family members and good friends, enjoying the wonders of the nature

## Learning Environment

*by Henry Tak Pui Au*

There are many ways to provide a good learning environment. These are my suggestions as in the following: Introduce yourself to the group and ask the participants to introduce themselves, they feel more secure and have a sense of belonging. Use the body language to acknowledge them - I understand or use eye contact. Adjust a quiet environment with good ventilation and lighting, as well as comfortable chairs in the room. Put one hand up when one would like to talk in order to have better control. Encourage everyone to participate asking questions after the lecture and in the discussion group. Pay attention to the participants' questions and give them the answers within their understanding in order to stimulate their interests. Give positive criticism on the ideas that the participants make, e.g. Your idea is good, if you try this way it may be better. Praise the learner when giving a good answer to the question.

Provide a good eye contact with the reasonable boundary to the learner and talk in a nice tone of voice, the learner feels more comfortable. Whenever we discuss a topic, make sure everyone can hear and understand so that everyone pay more attention to the discussion. Arrange the chairs in a circle during the group discussion so that you feel attached to the group and listen to one another better. Respect someone who is not comfortable to ask questions, or not involved in the discussion for someone feels more comfortable to be a good listener. Do not take things personally. Make sure that everyone can see the writing on the board. Do not interfere someone is talking. If the participant asks a question with a soft voice, the instructor tries to repeat the question so that everyone understands the question.

If we make the learning environment comfortable, we feel more relaxed, concentrate better, pay more attention to the quest-speaker talking, have more energy to absorb the knowledge, more alert what it is going on and do not get tired easily.

## Learning English

*by Henry Tak Pui Au*

It is very useful to learn a second language - English. There are many advantages.

I have many Chinese friends who have been in Canada for many years, they are unable to speak English. They work in a Chinese restaurant as a cook or a dishwasher 6 days per week, with minimum wage and no benefit to maintain their basic needs. They have no time to learn English at School.

Some of my Chinese friends study English at school in the morning and work in the afternoon with low pay job. They study English very hard until their English level qualified to apply for learning a skill at a college, such as carpenter, a cook, health care assistant or a bar-tender; or they learn a profession at a university. Having completed the training from a trade or from a profession, they can apply for a job easily with better pay, good benefit and job security. They can speak English well with their native language (Cantonese or Mandarin). The employers are very happy to hire them in a bank, in a hospital, in a hotel or in a restaurant. The customers love to go there for they can speak their native tongue as well as English. They have a sense of belonging.

After they have learned English very well and maintained their mother tongue, they also have obtained a special trade or a profession, they can find a better job with good job security. They socialize and communicate with people well.

They understand people's cultures better. They make more friends. They have better income with good lifestyle. It is worthwhile to invest their time to learn a second language - English.

## I Love Fishing

*by Greg Hoar*

I love fishing! I love being outside on a nice sunny day. Trolling on Elk Lake for trout or down at Ogden Point break wall casting for Ling Cod.

I think my favorite kind of fishing is fly fishing. I tie my own flies. I think it's a blast when a fish strikes a fly that you've tied yourself!

I'd really like to tell you more but it's 4:20 Friday afternoon. The salmon are running in the Sooke River and I need to tie some flies.....



86 cm male chum

**Our way of  
perceiving life,  
and what it has  
to offer, is just  
as diverse.**  
-Bernice Kamano



## Recycled Spirits

by *Chloe Seguin*

I have pondered the concept of reincarnation and I believe that the numbers don't add up. If our spirit is recycled from someone in the past then there would have to be multiples of us as there are far more people on this planet now than there were hundreds of years ago. So maybe some of us get to come back as something other than human.

This is a challenging question, because I have two choices that I would call my favourites. Reincarnation is comparable to religion in that some people believe and some people doubt. Rarely are people neutral on this matter.

I would hope for at least two choices. Even if there are only two choices for me this will still be a challenging decision. Or maybe the Goddess has already decided, but let's not go there... I'd like to come back as either a cat or a crow. These may seem like opposing choices but they also have some commonality.

I think both of these animals are "higher up the food chain" and I find this attractive and interesting. Although both the cat and the crow appear quite aloof and independent they can actually be very affectionate when they feel like it.

I guess the difficult part will come when, and if, I actually have to choose.

I have always liked pets that are quite vocal. I'm pretty sure that like anything else, some cats and crows are more outspoken than others.

Maybe it has something to do with the fact that I struggle to stay in a silent environment for long periods of time. There is probably a "dis" word to identify this condition, but, no one has pinned that label on me yet.

So back to the question, what would I want to come back as if I do have a choice? Well, I've never met anyone who knows for sure that they have been reincarnated and maybe has a good explanation for any of it.

Cats seem to enjoy spending time pampering themselves. I have seen unsightly cats but I think this is because they are not healthy and happy. Crows mostly all look the same.

Crows are very sociable. Rarely do we ever see just one crow and cats that are left to live on their own are often found in groups.

The house I live in is located on the edge of the Shelbourne Valley. There is a cluster of mature Garry Oak trees nearby. Often a Murder (100+) of crows will congregate in the trees. While camped out there, they all seem to have something to say. After a few minutes of this, they all move on. Maybe one day I'll be able to understand what they are saying.

I was sitting on the porch enjoying the warm glow of the sun on a fall afternoon. A crow came by to keep me company. She was perched slightly above me. She was getting a drink of water from the rain gutter. I turned and looked up to her and she started speaking to me, soft little utterances. Our little chat went on for a couple of minutes and then she flew away. I was left with a warm spot in my heart.

Cats are known to be aloof and not very cuddly. I think this is only partly true, and only sometimes. They can appear to care about nothing but themselves and their needs. However, some of their needs are to be loved, cared for, and accepted. When they are ready for some cuddling, they seem to find us.

So these two choices for reincarnation I think are good ones for me, but do I really have a choice?

## What Uni 101 Has Meant To Me

*by Chad Dickie*

What Uni 101 has meant to me:

Mindful open-mindedness

Mentally active

Curiosity

Independent thinking

Skilled discussion

Insightful self-awareness

Creative

A program facilitated by knowledgeable and passionate life-long learners, administrators, teaching assistants, professors and Uni alumni. Thank you all!

I would like to identify the essential goals in my life, and then develop a realistic plan to achieve them. Uni 101 has helped me leave behind some divergent beliefs based on my life journey and experiences thus far, or those learned from family, friends, community or non-critical thinking and consumption of media, history and biographies.

In my opinion, the classroom was a convergence zone, sometimes like a kettle about to boil with new ideas, and sometimes a laughing space to let down walls of long-held biases.

*I Have Learned Things Change Through Time and History*

B.C. now means something different to me now.

TA means Teaching Assistants; friendly, approachable people with interesting life journeys and a wealth of knowledge and educational experiences. All of them were wonderful, I don't have space to name them all, but I am truly thankful and grateful for their assistance.

Classroom means open-minded discussion, diverse ideas, varied life experiences shared in a safe, non-threatening, or judgemental arena. Before it was a place of marks, rankings and strict adherence to the instructor's way.

Further education means not being afraid of marks but participation, open-mindedness and discussion are their own rewards.

A103 and A127 are not airplanes made by the Airbus company but rooms where learning, discussions and sharing take place.

Room D122 reminds me at times of some of the worst of highway rest stops, but it was handy when necessity called. Remember, you have been warned!

Learning means reviewing my preconceptions and long-held views on different subjects such as religion, media, racialization, democracy, and checking through the lens of Critical thinking if they hold any truths or are they unrecognized biases accumulated on my life's journey thus far... was I wrong all this time? If so, am I willing to change and be open-mindedly mindful? The answer has to be YES!

Leaving behind some of my long-held beliefs and understandings without fear or regret.

To me, human race always implied a race that someone wins. Now I prefer the term human living!

## Uni 101 Haiku

*by Chad Dickie*

Uni one oh one is  
Awesomely fun! New friends, learning.  
Try it, love it too.

### *Thank You*

I truly want to acknowledge and thank the always courteous and enthusiastic assistance I experienced from all the TAs, Student Liaisons, and staff in the Libraries, Computer Lab, and dining facilities. You rock!

Some of my favourite words:

mendacity  
reciprocity  
tautology  
discombobulated  
paradigm  
My favourite: incognito

What's the deal with "idioms" anyways?

Some of my favourite:

You're pulling my leg, and its associate: pull the other one,  
it's got bells on.  
Take it with a grain of salt.  
You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.  
Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.  
My favourite: there's more than one way to skin a cat.

I remember talking about idioms with students, facilitators and others in our small group during the Linguistics week. I really enjoyed that.

**W.P.***by Wendy Penman*

Being on time for study group in class.  
 Meeting in the Quad near the sculpture the September  
     sun going down warms our faces, Our friendly faces  
 It's nice to have a friend to meet in the quad  
     to calm my nerves before class.  
 Many friendly connections gently, cautiously forming.  
 Feeling good together fills us up we can take away the  
     good warm feelings that we create here in Uni 101  
 Laughing, smiling, connecting, Learning about  
     life, Learning about each other  
 Kindness wraps us up in light and sunny warmth  
 W.P.

**The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly***by Wendy Penman*

The good, the bad and the ugly  
 The mysterious and beautiful garden...  
 Full of life and bounty. So many blooms and  
     fruits, leaves of all shapes and sizes.  
 The smell of the fresh dirt and the freshly snapped herbs fills the sweet  
     air, the morning dew drips from brightly colored blossoms,  
 Bobby is so happy chewing blades of grass while he lays in  
     a freshly dug nest, shaded by a tomato plant.  
 The humming birds whiz by my ear before they begin to soar up and down  
     in the garden drinking sweet nectar from the woodbine (honeysuckle )  
 The sounds of bees pollinating the apple tree is  
     like a motor –hum hum hum buzz  
 The chore that is fall clean up in the garden...  
 Rotten tomatoes hang on withered branches, decrepitly covered in blight.  
 Wasps buzz angrily as they suck on the rotten  
     fruit that has fallen to the ground  
 Flowers wilt and some fall over into the muddy dirt.  
 All branches are too long and growing out of control,  
     weeds are looking healthier than anything.  
 Dead twigs are all that remain of summer's sweet bounty.  
 The garden sleeps ...  
 in muddy weeds, deadened leaves, the rotten compost stinks.  
 everything once full of love and life is dead and gone,  
 the worms writhe in the muck and mold  
 bones and bugs are all that remains.

## Letter to a Friend

*by Wendy Penman*

My heart breaks when you say that no one loves you... I love you.  
Our friendship means so much to me.  
I've always imagined us as old ladies rocking away  
the day sipping natural lemonade,  
Growing old together, discussing people and politics.  
I thought you understood my heart?  
I am passionate, I am a lover, I am a friend.  
When I am with you I feel whole, not one of two.  
We are like Ying and Yang, Black and Blue, Light and Dark.  
We have come so far together never fighting, now this fight is destroying me.  
I know we have said too much and cried too much.  
I would rather spend eternity sewing up my broken heart than spend  
five minutes sweeping the broken pieces into the trash.  
You are my friend until the end. Together we can salvage this wreck.

## Did You Just Call Me?

*by Wendy Penman*

You called and I didn't answer... I'm sorry my friend  
and now you are gone, forever.  
You came crashing into my life trying to help me  
with my laundry... much much more.  
Crashing banging stomping on my roof with rollerblades.  
Your cheesy Def Leopard and your recycling bins full of empty 26'ers  
Your wood stove blazed as you poured water from the kettle  
on to it, creating a sauna for all the plants.  
You have good eyes you said, no holes or imperfections The best kind.  
Crashing Banging Slapping lovers torn apart  
Drive into the bushes to ask me to marry you. Don't  
break your ribs grab my strong hand.  
Did you just call me?  
Hearts intertwine like the branches of the rhododendrons  
twisting snapping holding the weight of two  
Dancing on the edge of life reading your Granfather's old  
police notes Door to Door crashing Sirens  
Our Bodies gently swaying to the Led Zepplin as it chimes from an old TV  
Wanting to hold on to that embrace like forever dancing free, braless  
Ripping wide the curtain that protects my wet body  
destroying all that is private and safe  
You love me you want your fishing gear and you will  
be coming soon for it... very soon.  
Ok I say ... take it easy... I'll talk to you soon  
Did you just call me? Because now you are gone

## Homesense

*by Jay Alcantara*

A building

4 walls and a roof

Proof of ownership

Sleep in own bed

A piece of ID

Wealth, safety, power

A city, a country, perhaps a continent

Place of birth

An INTERIOR-design store at the mall

When there is not more need to answer that question? And anybody gets

the right, wherever we may be, at any given time to call this home.

MEAN-while I'm thankful for when I'm hungry and you feed us with the best produces this earth can produce, by the extraordinary people working in the cafeteria, always giving us the best service possible.

When I'm thirsty you bring us Craig with a cart full with good things.

When I need a hand you offer me both and if I fall you help me rise up stronger than before.

When I was full of hate and was lost: you overwhelmed me with your pure love and helped me find myself.

When I was afraid, I was scared, I was weak, I was broken, I was scattered. You kept me strong and kept me together.

When I wanted to quit, when my faith was weak, you fortified my faith to gain courage.

When I was judged, when others wanted to hurt me, when others wanted to execute me; you exonerated me, brought me under your wings and spare my life.

When I failed and felt stupid, you created University 101, to help me see my potential to succeed.

When I was crazy, I was blind; you gave me sanity and showed me gratitude

When I'm sick, I'm cursed, and knock at your door, you heal me; you bless me and open the door to your heart

I'm glad I never left home.

When I abandon myself, in those late hours of the night, when all roads seems to end--when it is dark-- your presence illuminates my path.

When I needed a guide you walked with me.

How mistaken I was, I'm glad I never left home.

Because at the end of any day, I have the certainty that you will be there.

Thanks to all sponsors and others involved in the happening of University 101.



GET INVOLVED!

azine of people, ideas an

d culture November 2013

Douglas Day celebrates 1858 Crown colony

FRIDAY

LOCALLY OWNED

IN THE FID

for itself

the

Islands Saving

THINGS to DO

THINGS to DO

NEIGHBOURS is ORIGINAL Christmas

Coming

HOPE

When time isn't on your side, we



University 101



Citizenship and Immigration Canada / Citoyenneté et Immigration Canada



To these women & not named here -

Day of Dedication

THE SALVATION



**These assumptions  
rob our worth**  
-Yvonne Murphy

## **The Critical Citizen**

*by Terry MacDonald*

Today's political landscape is riven with strife and cynicism which only grows and intensifies each election cycle. More and more people have disconnected themselves from the democratic process seeing little that serves them in that system, while others have become rabid consumers of the rhetoric of the PR machines of political parties. With knowledge and unity this abysmal situation can be halted and corrected. A body of citizens which actively engages with the government and informs itself with honest and impartial information can create a government that serves the interests of its citizens. The ideologies of the party machines would fall on deaf ears leaving people the freedom to chose their leaders with an informed vote. The politician's actions will be held under scrutiny by a body of voters who know and care about the state of their government. A common interest in the state of the nation will give the people a shared cause and a common ground uniting all citizens together no matter what their alignments might be. The only way to change government is with action, not with dropping out of the freedom of choice that democracy brings.

A person is only as wise as what they know. Without seeking out information on the issues of the day, freedom can not be exercised because free choice comes from knowledge. In order for a fully functioning democracy to work, a dialogue within the population must occur. A common level of commitment to understanding the facts behind the issues is necessary for this to be most effective and productive



for all. Knowledge is cumulative; letting past failures become apparent and illuminating the triumphs will lead to a better way. With the mindset that “We won't be fooled again”, a willingness to go out and find the truth will give true choice and inoculate against the spread of misinformation.

Too often the representatives sent to government have little interest in their constituents and the spirit of the office they possess. A population well versed in the rules of government can steer their representatives back on course. With the eyes of many who know the rules of their office politicians would have to stick closer to their duties. When politicians do break with their duties the citizens will be there to call out their wrong doings. Politicians will be drawn from this same pool of knowledgeable and vigilant body of citizens, leading to a generation of representatives who hold the same values as the populace.

## A person is only as wise as what they know.

A state divided will succumb to disorder and manipulation. Shared purpose in good government no matter what side of the political spectrum one stands on brings unity to the population. Knowledge and motivation to create a better land for all prevents powers from driving wedges between people and fracturing voters views, opening the way to isolated and dependent citizens. Firm belief and dedication to preserving the rights and duty's of citizenship will strengthen and preserve the democracy from the forces that would use it to further their own ends. The weakness of democracy is division and manipulation, but with voters united under a single goal that threat weakens.

The apathy and cynicism that infects peoples' views toward their government is eroding the pillars of democracy and unearthing something from the past. The system is far from perfect, but one only has to see the alternatives to see that it's worth the effort to maintain. Freedom is what we can have but freedom from choice is easy. Freedom isn't something that can be passive, it can only be expressed through action. That's the choice that has to be made, work towards a better government or fall into the many traps that lead to a life without meaningful choice.

## The Cry Of Loneliness

*by Wayne Patrick James Sheeran*

To be or not to be  
 To be loved or not to be loved  
 To be special  
 Or  
 Not to be special  
 To be loveable  
 Or  
 Not to be  
 Loveable

To know in my mind I am loved  
 But do I feel loved in my heart?  
 To know in my mind I am special  
 But do I feel special in my heart?  
 To know in my mind I am loveable  
 But do I feel loveable in my heart?  
 Am I worthy of being loved?

of being special?

of being loveable?

Do I deserve all this loving kindness?  
 With whom and when and where?

I live on the edges

In the margins

Why can't I be like everyone else?

Do I want to be like everyone else?

Why am I not like everyone else?

Why do I struggle to be me?

I don't feel loved  
 I don't feel special  
 I don't feel I am loveable  
 I have little or no self esteem  
 Confidence in myself is fading

I am lost waiting to be found  
 Whether I am young or old  
 Whether someone or no one  
 Whether somebody or nobody

I don't love myself  
 so how can I love someone else.

I am friendless in Victoria  
 given only grief and indifference  
 from my family of origin

It is so scary to reach out  
 to ask  
 to find the courage within

To go beyond hanging out  
 with only myself

In isolation

to get beyond my fear  
 my anxiety

of being social

Will others judge me?

Will they reject me?

I am in much pain and hurt  
My tears flow so easily  
I cry and cry  
Why can't I be like everyone else  
who seem like all is going  
well in their lives?

How can I break out of  
My self-imposed prison of hell?

How can I be set free  
from the bondage of  
feeling not special?  
not loveable?

How can I break free  
from the bondage of  
having no friends?  
no family?

Set me free from the prison  
of my loneliness  
Why is it so hard to be social?

I am fed up with being  
on the outside looking in  
I am tired of barely living  
within the isolation of my loneliness.

Is my life really worth  
living anymore?

Help me. Please. Help me.

## Sister Moon

*by Wayne Patrick James Sheeran*

What a beauty you are  
How bright and shiny  
What a flowing aura around you  
Your beauty is without question  
Your lights beam down  
Like a surging tsunami  
Upon the innocent eye  
Waiting and watching with glee

Sister Moon  
You are so awesome  
so WOW So ZOW  
what dynamic energy  
of PIZZAZZ and good vibes  
that flow from you  
my passion and affection for you  
is deep and intense  
my friend, my lover, my Sister Moon  
each glance is so haunting and seductive  
Are you the reincarnation of the Sun?  
I can't take my eyes off you  
You take away my breath  
You are indeed a fresh breath of  
Sister Moon

Sister Moon  
When I see you not  
how I miss you

how I ache for you  
When you set not at all  
where do you go?  
Why do you hide from me?  
Why be so mean and so cruel?  
How disappointing, how frustrating.  
How I long for and pine for your presence  
I hunger for and thirst for  
but one glance – one smile from you  
to make my day – my night  
One glance – one smile is all I beg of you

Sister Moon,  
The sight of you  
sets my heart  
leaping with joy  
Without words being spoken  
you send your love my way  
Return my love your way  
throughout your monthly cycle  
whether a sliver moon a crescent moon  
a half moon a full moon a blue moon...

Sister Moon,  
You look at me  
I look at you.  
Who do you see in me?  
Who do I see in you?  
Are we but a reflection of one another?  
Do you mirror me?  
Do I mirror you?  
You are my loving Sister Moon  
I am your loving friend and passionate lover

Sister Moon  
You lurk You smirk  
You move You groove  
Many shapes and sizes  
with axis-praxis-maxis  
malleable permeable

Sister Moon,  
Where is your schedule?  
How can I find you?  
Keep me posted  
Keep me on your radar  
in your sight  
in your light

Will you rise and when?  
Will you set and when?  
Don't vanish and abandon me  
without warning  
Let me be there with you  
to say hello  
to say goodbye  
until we meet again

Sister Moon  
Who do you hang out with?  
comets asteroids  
stars plates stardust  
space stations space junk  
astronauts Hubble  
Chris Hadfield  
to name just a few  
in your galaxies and universes

You are my Sister Moon  
What a wonderful long distance  
relationship we have  
Thanks Sister Moon  
Lots of hugs and kisses  
going your way Sister Moon  
and yours back to me

## Language Learning

*by Elizabeth Syring*

As a former ASL instructor for over 20 years, I was fortunate to have met students from all walks of life and backgrounds, eager and keen to learn ASL. Just by being in the presence of a classroom full of students, there to learn and share with each other, felt like a privilege for me. I felt that I learned as much from them as they learned from me.

Occasionally, I would meet a student who was facing a personal health crisis, such as cancer, and marvel at how they found the resolve to study ASL despite such challenges.

This past term of Uni 101, Fall 2013, we have had several lectures on the theme of languages. One evening, while we were engaged in small group discussions on second language learning, it was evident that the majority of us value the benefits on being bilingual. Along with the ability to connect with someone in their own native language, we also learn about the culture and way of life.

The lectures covered this past fall season, following the Humanities theme, leaves me inspired to approach municipalities across Canada to consider offering a variety of language courses, free of charge, to all citizens of Canada. Such classes could be subsidized and designed as 'first-year' introductory courses. On a more local level, to compliment this realization, it would be so wonderful to see the Folkfest be revitalized. Such a festival would be an opportunity to share one's culture, such as dance, music, food, and the language. The prospect of having access to language programs, along with special events and festivals, is sure to be a rewarding and enriching experience for all.

**Freedom is what  
we can have but  
... it can only  
be expressed  
through action.**  
- Terry MacDonald

## Why I Fear Government

*by Grace Lemieux*

Leaders are corrupt, unreliable puppets to the big corporations. They lawlessly compose hasty rules and policies for their own intentions.

They deflect resistance and hinder voices of concern. Ignoring these voices dishonors citizens' concerns and enhances their deceitful election promises.

If one dares to protest or chastise the government and/or policies, one can be cited as spreading propaganda and labeled a terrorist.

Government looks like it is selling us out when it comes to our environment and water.

They are spying on us and this infringes on our rights and liberties. Isn't this treason?

They send young men to war then ignore their health issues when they come back "damaged".

The government is a collection of crooks and hires friends who are also crooks.

My fear is that they would not change or go away.

The government is killing us because they allow for GMOs. Canadians eat food stuff that has been "genetically modified". GMO was first made in the 1950's for cheap fuel and feed for farm animals. It was reported that cows would not eat GMO feed and in fact went wild, crazy and stampeded. Now what do they do? Cows won't eat it so why

not feed it to the people? Tell them cheap food is better than starving like third world countries. Convince people the world is in need of cheap food or else they will starve as the world population is growing quickly. GMO may cause malnutrition which can lead to a malfunction of the intestines. Colonoscopy anyone? Will our grey matter look like wine and vinegar? What good is a hundred mile diet if GMO's compromise any benefits gained?

Our health is in dire straits! My fear is that people will not wake-up in time to take charge of their future and rise up against poorly planned government policies and initiatives, especially when it comes to food control and processes.

## Full Moon

by Grace Lemieux

I became self-aware as a baby. I took note of being alone and there being a cold wetness under me. I tried to move over, away, and I could not move. I tried to roll over and I did not move. I kicked and moved my legs, wiggled my arms, nodded my head from side to side, as proof to myself I could move. There was nothing wrong with me. Something is holding on to me? By this time my hair was soaked by working so hard to rollover. I felt so helpless wanting to help myself and could not do it. I guess I became so frustrated that I screamed loud. The sudden distorted thing standing over me talking gibberish I did not understand. Frightened I screamed louder. I must have spent a lot of time sitting in that same spot on that kitchen floor!

Next I became wide-awake as a toddler, not walking. I tried. The hot burning bright light was making me ill. I had to get away. I remembered crawling on the slippery shiny wood floor as fast as I could. Suddenly there was a hole in the wall. The sudden sweep of coolness felt good. Then these feet like mine but bigger stomped past me. Just then I noticed other feet next to the big feet. He sat beside me and I liked him with his big white-teeth smile and he smelled clean. He asked "What's to eat?" He brushed his jet black curls away and wiggled his eye brows. I liked that and laughed. He ruffled my hair with his rough hands, and the other feet said "Don't do that to her hair. It took me all morning combing out her hair and she cried the whole time." "Oh," he said and smoothed my hair back into place. He looked at me and said, "I have a surprise for you, a big and special surprise. Maybe tonight, we'll see." The feet said "What?" The big white teeth said "I am talking to the baby here" brushing his jet black curls away and wiggling from his brow. I laughed. I do not know what happened next. I must have taken a nap.

The surprise must have taken some time to materialize, but I remembered the promise. Sometimes I remembered saying "surprise, surprise" whenever I saw him. "Not tonight, maybe tomorrow night" was always the answer.

My next memory of big feet is rushing in stomping past me with a cold air hitting me. While he ate and talked, I was being bundled up uncomfortably tight, and heating up inside. I noticed we were going toward the hole in the wall and I got excited. Daddy was taking me with him this time. I wondered what was behind that wall. Why? I use to sit for hours watching that door waiting for him to come back. My curiosity grew to frustration and I would try to follow him. I always wondered what the hole in the wall was. Why he took so long to come back? Or what did he do behind the wall? I always wished he would take me with him. We went through the door and I choked and coughed as the cold wind tried to choke me and the darkness frightened me. Everything was bigger than me. I felt so small and those tall, black furry things were looking at us. I hung on tight. We sat on a big quilted blanket. Dad told me it was night time. Day time is different from night time. "There is my surprise" he said pointing. I looked and saw a big bright smiling face looking down at us, I thought. I looked questioningly at dad, but no words came. Then he told me "This is night time and on some nights the moon

The darkness frightened me.

comes out. It is out now just for you to see." He went on and told me why he was not home often. "My work is to put on those clothes you see me come home in, it's called a uniform. Many people work there too. Soldiers like me, doctors, nurses, cooks, and teachers. Each have different duties to do." He explained what a doctors does, like grandma, teachers like grandma, etc. Not

understanding, I looked up and saw the bright smiley face of the moon was hiding behind clouds and I thought this was funny and laughed. As long as there is a moon out there we were there too.

Then one night I got it. I understood everything he was talking about, but I had no words to explain. One night dad looking into my eyes asked me "What do you think you will be twenty years from now? I wonder if I will be around to see it happen. You are just a baby, do you understand what I am saying? I nodded and began making hand jesters making waves. Each time I did a different wave and pointed to the sky. What? What are you saying?

## You were only a baby yet you knew.

You understand me? Nod. You know what you will be doing in life 20 years from now? Nod. How? How do you know you're just a baby? At every full moon the same questions the same answers and same hand/arm gestures. I do not know how long after I learned words, to ask question on those moonlit nights. When are we going to visit the moon? What are those other lights up there and could we see people there? Do they look like us? What are their names? What do they eat? Do they have mommies and daddies like we do? How do we get there? Many questions dad could not answer. He tried to explain that no one can travel there, too far away. Besides I do not think anyone lives out there. I kept on insisting there are people there. I would say yes there is someone there, they have their lights on. My dad would roll laughing.

About forty years later my dad came to the Island for a visit. We were sitting quietly when he said "I'm not surprised you became an electrician." And electronics I added. "Yea!" surprised he almost fell of the chair. One night on sentry duty, this fellow I was on duty with was always reading this book and writing. Curious, I asked what he was doing. He said he was studying to become an electrician. The first thing he showed me those waves and explained that the atmosphere has different levels of electrical waves. I looked at those different waves and said "How does she know that?" remembering your little hands making those same waves I'm looking at. When you were a baby I brought you out and showed you the moon. Do you remember that? I asked you what kind of work will you be doing, and you told me by making those same waves with your hands and pointing to the sky. I still do not get it. How did you know? Do you still believe those planets are inhabited? Yes. You asked so many questions I could not answer. Do you still want to go visit those planets? I laughed and replied No! Dad, I know better now. I do not even believe that they blasted to the moon. After all those years I still do not know how did you know about such things? You were only a baby yet you knew. We stayed in a house with oil lamps, and wood stoves for heating. We never brought you anywhere to know about things you should not know about. I do not know myself dad, until now you telling me about my baby years I remembered. His face looked sad that I forgot about those moonlit nights that obviously meant a good memory to him. Now I remember him every time there is a full moon. RIP.



## Time to Relearn

*by Grace Lemieux*

Today I must decide what to write about for publication. Enjoyed all the lecturers and readings, the small discussion groups and writing groups. I re-read some of the articles to choose from but when I finished my mind went in circles. The one that stood out was about biases. It was hard to read, but when she explained I understood. On my own for some reason I always thought bias was like ego. That everyone has one and that it is in use all the time. I was right, but not the names for each situation. On the same level the linguist lecture was emotional. And the more languages one understands one can excel in math and science. Now I know why I turned to math and science so early, but the government banned First Nations from enrolling specifically in math and science. I was told this on numerous occasions.

My skills that I already possess are skills that I mastered through life experiences. I have had to accept and then adapt to what I have been told for so long that I have become immune to things that were specifically meant to be barriers to me. My awareness of what is around me became sharpened. With my sharpened senses I built biases to work on my interests and on boring ones I turned off my hearing. To keep myself sane, my home is now my comfort zone from being an outside person. Away from home my comfort zone, my physical space is; put your arms out, turn in a circle around you...that is my personal space. No one enters unless invited.

The New Winston's Dictionary cites Pedagogy as meaning to lead; a teacher of children; a schoolmaster especially if conceited and narrow minded. Pedagogy participants will develop self-awareness and become a leader/teacher to others and trust each other and put aside biases and competitiveness and share freely. Also to keep an open mind and develop critical thinking which is empowerment to one's self and others. The students must recognize that they are responsible for creating an open-minded environment there is no

such thing as failure. Learning to step outside the norm and that learning is forever. Learning never stops.

The art of powerful questions is thought provoking and creates innovative answers and causes action. A well thought-out question can find its way into a larger network. Generate meaningful conversation, encourage searching for deeper meanings and evokes more questions. Conversation is a powerful global tool where the participants develop critical thinking. And gain knowledge from others knowing and understanding. Hopefully future educators will become critical thinkers and engage students in conversation as a tool of learning and teach democratically with compassion. Engaging in a conversation can contribute different perspectives, hopefully striving to construct a new understanding. The assumption is that on certain topics the conversation would be on trust, democratic and create compassion. An adult self learner would become a critical thinker by putting aside biases and know that everyone around them can teach them something worthwhile in their everyday life.

Engaging in a conversation can contribute different perspectives, hopefully striving to construct a new understanding.

Advertisements do not apply to me. I never watch television. I am not a participator. They say that advertisements shape our everyday life by using our morals against us to buy their products, and our very happiness depends on their product.

How Canadian are you? The polls say that the "boomers" are finished, and what legacy did boomers leave behind? As a boomer I am not finished. Now I have the freedom to do whatever I want and to enjoy the legacy we started. I do not have to get up at four o'clock in the morning anymore and rush to work. But that does not mean I stopped living. If boomers did not break away from that harsh, stifling traditional rules the rest of you would not have the freedom you have now. Some women became pioneers in male dominated jobs and leaders in other areas. My work in those days was influenced by many different people. My desire to discover or reveal my shortcomings through conversation, critical thinking, or reasoning out who I am. My mental act of perceiving beliefs is often through watching the actions of others, their words and my own intuitions. This sensing happens quickly without me knowing its happening. My constant curiosity to confirm beliefs that I already have, naturally I examine, and interpret the evidence into answers that I want.

## Now I have the freedom to do whatever I want and to enjoy the legacy we started.

In our work place we are easily influenced by what we hear, see, and our beliefs is strengthen and cause us to become more radically offensive, some become a bully and some become sexist causing an oppressive working environment for all. Like a policeman's bias towards the public, depending on the crime or which ethnic group you belong to. The police using past experiences prejudiced the situation with his own biases.

Job interviews can be killers to the ego if one is easily intimidated. Probably from past experiences with a certain types of applicant interviewed the

employers create a situation knowing full well that the applicant will not be hired no matter what credentials and experiences one can offer them. By first impression, intuitively one would not work with them in the first place. Very oppressive environment one walks into.

Counterfactual policy to counteract a work place of tolerance towards racism, bullying, sexism would not work. To neutralize the oppressive environment by bringing together two things which neutralize each other it prevents action: often to undo something already accomplished. It prevents me from reporting an abuse that is happening right in front of me, like intimidation. This is also strengthening what is already out there in every environment. Do not get involved, just walk away.

Well, I am finished. While rereading my work I noticed I wrote about what caught my attention and stayed with me after the lectures. I believe in a way I chose some of my own biases.

## Five Senses I Dislike

*by Grace Lemieux*

My grandma told interesting stories. No matter how hard I tried to stay awake to hear the ending, I fell asleep. Poetry does that to me too. The second lecture I stayed awake by following the reading. Glad I did. Here is a sample of words using my five senses of what I dislike.

Hearing: Hurtful words, backbiting, backward, bold-faced, backfire.

Touching: Touch-Me-Not, touchdown, touchstone, touch wood.

Tasting: Taste tester; tactful, tallow; tamp mouth, tapeworm, task worker, and taskmaster.

Seeing: Jezebel on a joyride; seducer, sophomoric, sphinx like, soubrette, spay, sycophant!

Smelling: Elusive, snub-nosed, snuffle, socialism, sockdolager.

He did say nothing has to make sense didn't he? That's what the Poetry Professor told us.

**I assure you that  
this is an illusion**  
-Victoria Howley

## 9 Things I Know About Life So Far

by Lisa Shelton

1. Life is like a mirror: Wherever I go – there I am, wherever you go, there you are ... so it's important to learn first and foremost, look into the mirror and Love Thyself
2. Life is meant to be SIMPLE ... so, if you have to, strip everything back to nothing and start again. Things shouldn't always need to be bigger and better and 'credit,' in any form, is complicated.
3. Humble isn't a pie! On life's path, I have a repetitive choice, should I be cocky or may I please be humble. Well, I'd rather be seen in public with my tail politely, between my legs, rather than both feet stuck in my mouth.
4. It's important to have a form of faith (something to believe in, other than oneself or another human). I believe everyone should have some form of God – very personal and individual. Humans are fallible, faith isn't.
5. Trust is not an option (it's something we have no choice in). We have to trust! It's where you put your trust that's the key.
6. Feedback is precious (and can even save your life, if you can hear it). "No sugar coating" is the most important caring kind, and a lot of time you will get the best feedback from complete strangers. Feedback is not an insult, it's a gift!
7. Everything isn't about me! So my motto is ... don't take it personal – if it's meant to be personal, I'll know it!

8. Three things/words I have no use for and consider abuse: sarcasm (in the form of intimidation), gossip and control. Disguised as funny sometimes, sarcasm is cruel, gossip truly kills, control only comes in the form of a bottle or a pill. The only true relief and revelation comes from laughter. So "let go" and be funny – people/your kids will love it and you.
9. The most precious gem ever – my children love me unconditionally – learn from this everyday because throughout our journey life becomes very conditional, if we let it.

Love. Laugh. Live.

Notice this ... when you ask someone, how they are? Take a good look and listen. If their answer is "fine" ... notice how tight their face is, forced their smile is, how possibly sad or angry they look. I've seen it, over and over – once you've experienced this, you know, all you need to do to make someone feel "Great" (instead of "fine") is give them a hug!

## For My Mother

*by Lisa Shelton*

### *To My Daughter*

I am gone now  
I keep wondering how

Feeling panic and tense,  
But yet quite alert  
I realize what has happened  
And I begin to hurt

Although I was very sick  
And ready for this day  
I never imagined I would  
Feel this way

When I was in body, spirit  
And mind  
It scared me senseless  
Leaving my 3 little ones alone and behind

Where will they go, what will  
They do  
Will someone love them as much  
As their mother, God only knows who

Now I see myself vacant and  
Still  
I miss my children forever and  
Pray they never lose their will

### *To My Mother*

I miss my mother still and have everyday of my life since the day she passed. But what I find ever sadder is... that she fought so hard because she was sick and everyday for four years she lived knowing that she would one day have to leave her three little children that she loved more than anything so early in their lives and no parent to leave them with (my father had already passed). I can't imagine what it felt like. Sometimes I hurt more for her than I do for myself. Especially now that I have 3 absolutely precious children of my own.

She was the most loving, strong, courageous person I ever had in my life! Words can't even really explain.

Think about it, if I were dying; a year or two or three to live. Three children – what could I give them, show them, teach them in this short time that would help them throughout the rest of their life?

Her answer and lesson was a simple one! Love – it's the answer to everything! Learn it, live it, live it, receive it. Love is about letting go, no grabbing on. It's what you come into the world with (hopefully) and it's the only thing you can take with you when you leave.

# My Resurrection - The Subconscious Mind

*by Lisa Shelton*

Learning and awareness can spur on a true resurrection – to live again, rebirth, born again. Out with the old, in with the new!

The subconscious mind is a very powerful thing. I will try and explain these statements by telling you about my journey so far.

The first 40 years of my life I subconsciously believed that I would only have forty years to live. I lived my life trying to fit 80 years of living into 40 years of life.

My sister, brother and I were orphaned at a very young age. Somewhere along the line in my subconscious, I was led to believe that, because both of my parents died at age 41 that I also would only live until the age of 41. So, unknowingly I lived my entire first 40 years thinking and actually preparing for my end at 41. I didn't realize I was doing this until just recently since I started Uni 101. I have been able to see the whole picture. This is only because over the last year I felt like I was awoken and that I have been resurrected from the dead. I know this sounds crazy.

To explain a little; age 0-40, I had 'short spurts' of each stage: child, adolescent, teen, young adult. Before the age 36, I had acquired and ended a career. Bought, worked hard, gutted, renovated, and paid for a home, had 3 children, and lost a husband. This was identical to my mother. Except she had cancer and was sick for her last 5 years. I too was sick for my last 5 years – mental illness, addiction, etc.. By the age 41, my life truly looked, felt, and seemed over. I was dead. So for the next 5 years, I remained dead. I lived as a ghost. As I said before, this wasn't something I was doing deliberately – I really didn't even know what was going on. My children were worried and they wanted their mother back. So 5 years sick and 5 years dead – in all 10 years!

Just recently I emailed my Aunt Mary (when I moved to Victoria at age 11 her and my uncle took me in). A truly wonderful soul. Someone who is always learning, she's 85 now and has started studying for her diocese. Anyways, I had emailed her to tell her how revived and alive I felt, how I was going to Uni 101 and the various other things going on for me i.e. a brief description of each child. When I got her email back this is what it said, "Wow, Lisa, I am so pleased. It truly is a resurrection!" It was this statement that opened my subconscious and it all flooded in.

I had been resurrected from the dead.

I had lived my first 41 years exactly like my mother and father's lives. I lived preparing for my life to end at 41. Subconsciously, I repeated the family pattern/cycle, only I didn't have cancer (thank God), like my parents, so my subconscious created my sickness.

It's only now that I realized I didn't die, I am not dead. I have a second chance.

I will never again underestimate the power of the subconscious mind. I am going to learn to tap into it everyday so another 10 years doesn't pass me by, without my knowing it! I am going to consciously live this day and tomorrow and the next!

## It's Time

by Janine Paupst

I want to be free  
To fly and soar  
To the greatest of heights  
Where I believe I can be.  
I just need to let,  
My wings open wide.  
Feel the wind blowing  
And take that leap.

I'll take all life's lessons,  
I'll turn them to strengths.  
I'll see them as they are,  
True gifts they can be.

Through all of my pains,  
Hurts, angers and treats.  
I'll accomplish my goals,  
All my dreams to be  
(For) what better place  
To feed my soul,  
But to look deep inside  
To see where I must go.

Life is too precious,  
To waste more time.  
So much is waiting,  
Just walk through the door.  
Walk through the door,  
With my head held high.  
My life is just waiting,  
I do believe it's time.

## Sleeping Angels

by Janine Paupst

*This poem is for my children who gave me many reasons to continue growing and learning. Beginning University is without a doubt, a very positive step in discovering who I am and what I am capable of accomplishing in my life.*

Sleep my little angels, but only for awhile,  
I have you in my heart so tight  
While I walk along this mile.  
So much has happened,  
it tears me up inside.  
Silent tears keep rolling down  
For they no longer can hide.

It's time for me, to take an honest look,  
At where we all have been.  
To open up and look deep within.  
At all the pain we've seen.

I know I must keep going,  
For all of you to see.  
All the growth inside myself,  
All the dreams I have for me.  
For along with all those dreams,  
Will come strength hope and desire  
A desire to have a fulfilling life  
With mountains for us much higher.

My angels please remember,  
My hand will always be out.  
For all of you to grab  
and hold.  
Please don't ever have doubt.  
The day you each were born.  
I was handed a precious gift.  
One to love and cherish.  
Angels deep within.  
So sleep my little angels,  
But only for awhile.  
For I will never stop walking,  
Along this journeyful mile.

**I would rather spend  
eternity sewing up  
my broken heart  
than spend five  
minutes sweeping  
the broken pieces  
into the trash.**

**-Wendy Penman**

## **You Are A Rainbow**

*by Charles Crossland*

You are a rainbow, a being of light. All possibility  
contained within you. The conditions uniquely  
right so that you appear. And I, mid-step,  
as happenstance chance to look up.

Glorious apparition - intangible, ephemeral. Passersby  
around me pass on; the crows and clouds indifferent  
to your presence. Your spectacle fluoresces regardless.

Awestruck, I stop and smile, amazed. I revel in the  
kiss of sunshine on the back of my neck yet feel  
grateful for the rain that has brought you.

How fortunate I am that I see you, that I witness  
your brief, yet glorious existence!



## Ever Weaving

*by Cat Sturk*

A thought, a thread  
Weaved into the web  
Of all that is  
The all knowing  
In the going  
From a thought  
Continuously weaving  
Into the web

I struggle  
To form  
The words  
That continuously  
Dance through my head

Never ending  
Forever shaping, bending  
And playing  
In my mind  
Ever cascading  
With infinite thoughts

That deny scribe  
And keep on playing  
Dancing in my head  
Ever weaving into the web of thoughts

## Dedicated To All Victims Of Violence

*by Cat Sturk*

A charred skull  
Rests at my feet  
Looking earth bound  
With sockets empty  
No sense of smell  
Hollow and motionless  
Quietly still

Without a word  
It speaks of its past  
Tortured and absurd  
They're laid to bleed  
Bled out its life  
Into the earth

The gift of life  
To mother earth  
Ever springing  
As flowers bloom  
From the nourished soil  
Blood and bone from many unknowns  
Who gave, lost and sacrificed  
Their breath, their life  
But not their souls  
Rest in Peace

## Fear After Death

*by Cat Sturk*

The void appears  
All around  
Nothing familiar  
Grasping for thoughts  
Not to be found  
Nothing, nothing at all

(So why am I still... thinking)

What to make of this  
Or not at all  
Fading... into...  
Nothing or something

The thing  
That was forgotten  
Remembering the 'thing'  
The life past behind me  
As I entered the VOID

## No Fear

*by Cat Sturk*

No fear  
My dear  
Oh dare  
To walk  
Your path  
I fear  
No fear  
Leads to journeys  
That you hold dear  
With all the tribulations  
Such a path  
Of no fears  
Oh dear  
No fear  
I dare to walk your path.

**Leaving behind  
some of my long-  
held beliefs and  
understandings  
without fear  
or regret.**

**- Chad Dickie**

**DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT**  
ДИВЕРГЕНЦ\ КОНВЕРГЕНЦ

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