

# DIVERGENT/CONVERGENT ДИВЕРГЕНТ/СОНЛЕВСЕНТ

Journal of the University 101 Students



**DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT**  
**ДИВЕРГЕНЦ\ КОНВЕРГЕНЦ**

Journal of the University 101 Students



University  
of Victoria

## DIVERGENT/CONVERGENT

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Printed at Monks

Printing sponsored by UVic Communications Service

Cover photo, "The Road Less Travelled," by Nick Kenrick

Havanna Cuba, January 2009

Layout and Design donated by Wyndi Palmer and Pink Sheep Media

University 101 is a 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 courses strive to be inclusive and to foster collaborative learning.

thoughtful  
intentional  
expressive



University  
of Victoria

University 101

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**One of the pleasures of being Dean of a university Faculty is that people come to you with great ideas, you listen to them, you say “Great idea!” and you tell them to go away and do it. Kristen Semmens came to me one day a few years ago with the vision of University 101. Now, I am so glad that I said, “Great idea!” Just look what this has produced. It’s taken tremendous commitment and passion from those who have been involved but they have every reason to be extremely proud of what they have done for members of our wider community.**

**- Dr. Andrew Rippin**  
Dean, Faculty of Humanities

My ears plugged with  
all that I have heard  
Hungry  
Hungry for words  
of kindness

- Darcy Merrick

## Education

*Adapted from Bell Hooks, Teaching to Transgress  
by Lynda Boyd*

And Education?

The Academy?  
IT IS NOT A PARADISE

And Learning?  
It is a place where Paradise can be created.

And the Classroom?  
With all its limitations it remains a location of Possibility.

And the field of Possibility?  
It is the opportunity to labour for Freedom and demand  
of ourselves and our comrades an openness of mind and  
heart that allows us to face Reality even as we collectively  
imagine ways to move beyond boundaries and T r a n s g r e s s.

And Education?  
IT IS THE PRACTICE OF FREEDOM

## I am free

by Nick Kenrick

I lift my hands up and off the handlebars of my  
 trusted bike. i glide above and fly forward  
 I love riding with no hands, I feel like a circus performer  
 free to perform like a dragonfly born.

my legs spin round in liquid unison like the brusque push  
 of a fresh wind in a sail in a stifling becalmed bay

my balance is effortless i cannot tumble or fall, for i feel at  
 one with my world releasing me on my journey  
 i ride my bike and this is my poetry, my design, my canvas  
 i paint the air with my limbs, my strong thighs are my brushes,  
 my young mind a kaleidoscope of fragmented petals  
 mine is a rhythmic motion as i slip down familiar verdant  
 village streets on my scratched chromed friend, my bike

I am 14 years old, I am a paper boy  
 i deliver new news on old pulp  
 my mind and body are now, a new chapter in a tired  
 book; a growing, flowing wave carving out my path  
 thru the endless expanse of carbon and history.

the solid hard road shimmers beneath my vision like  
 a blur of gossamer wings and the beckoning hum  
 of my tires on the tarmac is all i can hear  
 the creeping dusk sees me and gruffly kisses me  
 like a hungry and found feline

the ludicrous pinks of the last mists of the day grow dimmer on the horizon,  
 i say my hello's to this hushed, fleeting 1970's autumn evening  
 my pure blue eyes drink of the slow trees, and smirking wet fields.

my shoulder aches, chaffed and red from the weight of the vinyl strap of my newspaper bag,  
 at least it isn't a Sunday morning, who needs the huge wad of  
 scribble on soon to be forgotten final editions?

home,why do i have to go home?  
 this fresh clean razor-ed oxygen lifts me and cleanses my path  
 home is poisonous gas, its awful a rigid tight brown mask of  
 noxious fumes that stifles my teenage dream  
 i want to breathe, deeply and without meaning  
 i blow hot new air on my clenched cold hands,  
 i watch as my breath evaporates in silver clouds on my pores  
 what else can i do but breathe?  
 the lungs of my spirit shiver and warmth returns

the plastic click of my front light being turned on brings me back to now  
 shuddering, I zip up my scruffy yellow rain jacket, hunger making me ache  
 and ride fast  
 I clench my fingers tight on my rubber handle grips as a Robin  
 fly's ahead of me for his supper with his family.

A rebellious sun carefully sets in the sky and my shadow on the road  
 ahead lengthens, quietly darkening my homeward journey.

# Pebbles

by Nick Kenrick

Memory is like a collection of pebbles in a river, the pebbles start out as sharp and jagged rocks with clearly defined edges and bumps, but over time the edges of the pebbles become rounded and soft due to the constant water flow and natural erosion and eventually all the pebbles seem to look very similar to each other.

Short term memory is like a jagged new pebble, and long term memory is like a rounded pebble.

However not all memory is the same, some memories are more easily remembered than others. Why is that? to continue with the analogy of the pebbles ; why do we notice when we look into the river certain pebbles more than others? Not all pebbles are the same, a few have bright, unusual patterns, which catch our eye. Memory is also like this, we remember some memories more than others. A trauma or heightened excitement, can add an extra tag on to the memory.

It is easier to remember a traumatic experience such as death, sadness, etc than an everyday occurrence such as what we ate for lunch last Tuesday. Emotions that are attached to the memory heighten the recall aspect over time such as fear or extreme joy. For example I vividly recall what I was wearing, doing, every aspect of the moment when I got a phone call telling me of my Fathers death, this was an autobiographical memory for me.

Our brains adapt to selectively remember, mostly the important or unusual events, for instance it is not useful to us to recall each occasion when we parked our car, but the most recent in order to find it again we deem useful.

Prejudice and knowledge can also influence our memory. One incident can leave different memories for different individuals, for instance, a dirty, scruffy beggar on the

street can leave a vague memory to one who sees the beggar as an irritant ; to someone else, the beggar has had an unfortunate life and warrants a compassionate memory.

Memories can alter depending on our emotional state, our brains are more awake during extreme sensory experience, and more on automatic during other mundane times.

## Memory is like a collection of pebbles in a river

Knowledge helps to clearly define memory also. A car drives fast down a street ; to one person its just a blue car but to another person its a rare, newly converted blue chrome 1959 Chevy, because the

view of the car excites that persons emotional makeup, in other words that persons brain is more switched on at that moment.

Memory can also be compared to a pencil drawing left in the sun to fade over time, the clear patterns in the drawing become blurred and faded with time.

As we age we store more memories in our brains, does that mean recall is more difficult? or is it time itself that dulls the recall?

In that case memory can be likened to a drop of water, its fresh and clearly defined as it drips from the glacier to enter a small stream, but with time the journey takes the drop to a river estuary and thence to the ocean, and the drop is now one of many, many drops of water, and much harder to distinguish from all the other drops of water.

Illness and disease affect the memory of elderly people.

Many biological factors contribute to the correct or incorrect storage and recall of memory.

All memory is of the past, it is not of the present and so implies a time elapsed; consequently only those animals which perceive time remember. Yet animals with small brains remember important simple information such as where food is available, this memory is essential for basic survival.

I remember as a boy throwing pebbles into a fast flowing river, now when was that? what was I wearing? was it really a white pebble or a dull rock...?



## Letter to Seneca

by Meredith Whetung

Dear Seneca

I want to thank you for your timely response. It has helped me immensely, in the understanding, of the passion that has been thrown my way, and the feelings and emotions that have transpired in myself.

Following your procedure, in reconciling my beliefs with my received perceptions of reality, I was able to trace the difficulty to a time, long in the past. It was a time between my first campaign and the second campaign. During the first campaign, I sent letters to, who I thought, was my true love. It was a long campaign. The emotional response, or lack of emotional response of long combat skews your perception of reality. Battle skews your perception of time and your response to it. In the pace of combat, your perceptions incorrectly marches your belief in that events away from battle are perceived to be static and unchanging.

Arriving home and surviving the first campaign, did not prepare me for my next understanding of events. I went to visit her at her mother's home and found that she had married in the meantime.

I met her and her spouse in the plaza; it was uncomfortably pleasant. I was resigned to that fact, but in looking back, I was not. I returned to my second campaign. After surviving and returning home, I set upon a path to, as friends and compatriots believed: "Get on with life".

Life was not satisfactory. I had a family and love then clearly, but there always was a restless spirit in me. I traveled far and wide to distant lands by ship, and sometime just walking and exploring the philosophies wherever I went; looking to soothe the soul. I explored Plato, and Socrates; listened to

Epicurus and studied with the Pythagoreans. I read Epictetus and felt there was something that "struck a chord."

Attending a lecture of yours on the portico in Cordoba, I decided to make earnest in my life to know more. I attended many lectures in Rome on the steps of the Serpentine Hills overlooking the Plains of Mars I started to realize that when I grasped and held on to a perception of reality and compared it to my internal beliefs; if an emotional outburst occurred, then the two, perception of reality and emotions, were not in balance and it was time to reflect on the truth of my beliefs.

"To question my beliefs often, if not daily, so that I may believe without question."

I thought that I became knowledgeable about many matters. Until the day, thirty years later, when we met in the square. It was a test of my philosophy and the therapy I enjoyed from that philosophy.

We were courteous and restrained, I might add. We met and talked several times, in the square, at the market, and by the sea. The conversations always seemed to avoid that certain past event.

One day, we met and decided to share something to eat along the seawall, after getting some water at the fountain. During our conversation, she stopped me, very politely, and related to me that during my visit between the first and second campaign. "If you had asked me to leave with you at the time, I would have left with you."

**"But you were married!"**

"But you were married!"

"Only for a short time, the marriage was arranged... And after that I searched all the news, looked at the carts with the returning soldiers, to get a glimpse of you and hoping to not get a glimpse of you."

Another grasp of reality that I had not anticipated. I had not realized the anguish I had caused by my perceptual that distant event had caused. I expressed my sorrow and regret.

“Did you think of me?”

“Even though, combat robs you of your passion, I found a plant, a night blooming jasmine, whose fragrance, would transport me in time and space, to always think of you... And when I walked in thought along a distant shore of a distant sea, I would think, that you were with me, and the shore and sea of home.”

We shared a moments that day from the Janiculum, overlooking the seven hills of Roma, and planned to go to the Aventine Gardens amidst the wild roses, the next day.

It was warm at Aventine, the red roses overlooking the yellow painted homes with the red tile roofs. I was about to speak. She put her finger gently to my lips and said: “I have something to tell you.”

I prepared my perception to evaluate my emotional response.

**“I have something to tell you.”**

“Marcus, the physician, has told me that I am quite ill and I am not expected to live beyond the winter solstice.”

I looked around the panorama, feeling the passion of three decades rushing towards me, evaluating the responses from myself and sometimes my selfishness. I turned to her.

“Then is it not time we decided to get married.”

“Did you not hear me correctly?”

I repeated my response.

“Then is it not time we decided to get married.”

“Yes, it is time.”

The sound of the words were soft and clear. A sound of thirty years of waves crashing on the shore and gently rolling back to the sea.

The feeling was without emotion, but filled with great joy. The joy of the moment that reconciled and transformed the one whom I thought I loved into the one I love. I now understand the knowledge of virtue in our life together.

The pensions were used to retrace my earliest quest for life into a shared quest life together until the end which is not an end.

See with large letters I write, no longer with an understanding narrowed by the blindness of my perceptual vision.

I know that in that great conflagration, the bright embers of her virtue reside in mel and the fusion of her with me will be part of the rebirth and renewing of the Universe.

Thank you again Seneca, for your assistance in my life. I remain your pupil and a soldier of Rome.

SPQR

Meredith



Here amongst all this  
beauty, surrounded  
by tourists, my  
oldest daughter  
then yells out: “Oh  
Mom, how gross!!”

- Colleen Grace

## A High Sense of Calling

by Darcy Merrick

Christopher Thomas’ article “A High Sense of Calling” rekindled memories of my time as a volunteer in Victoria, British Columbia as a guide for the downtown churches and my journey to see, learn about and take pictures of the architecture and churches of Toronto and other major cities of Canada.

I agree with Thomas that without the dedication and, yes, a “high sense of calling” of Connolly and Holmes to work under the constraints of the Catholic Church and of the people and times that they did, Toronto would not have the buildings it has grown to cherish and love.

My interest in St. Michael’s Cathedral of Toronto was again sparked as the architect for the Cathedral was William Thomas. I wondered if the two Thomas’ were related and if they were, that might be why Christopher Thomas left out the history of William Thomas.

William Thomas, architect, engineer, surveyor (born in Suffolk, England 1799; died in Toronto, 26 December 1860). Thomas moved to Birmingham to work for Richard Tutin, a surveyor and builder. Thomas married Martha Tutin in 1826 and joined the Tutin firm as an architect-partner until Tutin’s death in 1832, when he opened his own practice in nearby Leamington Spa. He went bankrupt in 1837 after entering into speculative late-Georgian housing projects. So he came to Canada. Thomas was the architect for St. Michael’s Cathedral. He was the founder and president of Canada’s first professional association of architects, engineers and surveyors. Thomas’ legacy includes the first indigenously trained architects in the province: William Storm (1826-99) and his two sons William Tutin (1829-92) and Cyrus Thomas(1838-1911). William

Thomas seems to have had the same sense in his designs of buildings and is known to have added a Canadian style to gothic revivalist architecture. Some of Thomas' best known buildings are St. Lawrence Hall and Market (1845-50), the Don Gaol (1857-64) in Toronto, the Halifax Courthouse (1858), Guelph Town Hall (1856) and Quebec City Custom House (1858) and the Brock Monument, Queenston (1852-59) the second largest monument of its kind in the world. I am sure William Thomas was happy to do the Brock Monument as he was one of the losing bidders on the Nelson monument in England.

**Thomas was the architect for St. Michael's Cathedral. He was the founder and president of Canada's first professional association of architects, engineers and surveyors.**

I was born on Michaelmas (29 September) at St. Michael's Hospital Lethbridge Alberta. I was named Darcy Michael. I never knew much about the saint or angel Michael, I only knew that the hospital I was born in was named after Michael who is both angel and saint.

It was in Portland Oregon, 2 September 2001, shoeless and cold early Sunday morning I entered a church and was warming my feet on the steam heat when the service started. A Roman Catholic in my youth, I knew what was going on, the service was like before my parents were divorced, the priest faced the alter and did the service in Latin. The Eucharist was started and I took the communion even though since the divorce of my parents I wasn't allowed in church, at least a Roman Catholic one. I walked by the alter. I saw a statue of an angel about to kill the devil. I stayed after the service and asked the priest who the statue was of and he said that was the archangel Michael and this is St. Michael's church. This was my first real introduction to the angel Michael and that church's were named after him.

I returned to Canada and started volunteering at the churches in Victoria and doing research on St Michael and found that Toronto had a cathedral, a hospital, and a school named after St Michael, the school was run by Basilian Fathers (CSB).

Most of my family had been taught by Basilian Fathers at the St. Basil's School and Church in Lethbridge and one of the Father's was Father Keon (CSB), who's brother Dave Keon played in the National Hockey League for the Toronto Maple Leafs. I looked up Dave Keon on the computer site Wikipedia and was surprised to see that he had played for a team called the St. Michael buzzers a Junior B team and the St. Michael Majors a junior A team in Toronto. No wonder I always got Keon's Toronto Maple Leafs sweater from Dad at Christmas. Some more research showed that St Lawrence was the Patron Saint of Canada and St Michael was the Patron Saint of Toronto, police, parachutist's and sword smiths. I also found that St. Thomas University of Fredericton New Brunswick had a connection with St Michael's University School Toronto and there is a St Michael's Basilica in Chatham New Brunswick that was the largest gothic style church east of Quebec City before New Foundland joined confederation. The first Ukrainian Historic site in Canada is St Michael's Ukrainian Orthodox Church built in Manitoba in 1899.

I saved my money and in 2004 I bought a 5 week train ticket to go see St. Michael's Cathedral and all the other St Mikes and church's I could. I was finally doing my train trip across Canada. My grandfather had worked for CP Rail forty nine years as an engineer and also Road Foreman of Engines out of Calgary during steam and diesel, I worked there for five years and upon becoming an engineer I quit and joined the navy. I could check the train station architecture as well.

I left Vancouver and started my way across, I did go to New Brunswick and seen St. Thomas University, sat where Oscar Wilde used to read and write at the public library in Fredericton, Canada's poetry capital. I went to Montreal and heard the largest bell on the continent (le Gros Bourdon) ring from Norte-Dame Basilica, awed by the 1/3 size replica of St. Peters Rome the Cathedral Marie-Reine-du-Monde, the quaintness of the neo-gothic St. Georges Anglican tucked in the downtown core and the quiet gothic style of St. Patrick's Basilica took me in and lit me up with the angel lamp above the alter. I got back on the train and highballed to Toronto in the bar car.

I arrived in Toronto and portered myself out of Union Station and walking towards Church St. I passed the Hockey Hall of Fame building which was built by the Bank of Montreal in 1885, Darling and Curry the architects, who also designed the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children on College Street.

I passed St. James Anglican Cathedral whose spire is the highest of the gothic churches in Toronto and whose historic plaque reads “York’s first church was built here in 1803-07 with the aid of public subscriptions and a government grant.”

I make my way up Church Street and pass Metropolitan United Church, High Victorian Gothic style with two angels greeting you at the door.

### ...two angels greeting you at the door...

Arriving at what I think is my goal, it turns out to be the back of St. Michael’s Cathedral or the east end - the alter is facing Jerusalem like the traditional mediaeval churches. I am in luck though, the oldest building in the city of Toronto which is still being used for its original purpose is the Cathedral Residence, Chancery Office and Rectory, blessed on December 7, 1846, two years before the Cathedral was consecrated and is next door to the Cathedral. I go to the door and enter. I am in a very small room, through a hole in the wall a woman’s voice says “it is too late for meal tickets at the shelter”,

I say ‘I am not looking for food or shelter I am looking for any pamphlets or brochures you might have about the Cathedral’, I was given a small booklet and paper. I go outside and I make my way to the entrance of the Cathedral. I see Puginian gargoyles with drain pipes coming out of their mouths. I am greeted at the door by two carved stone heads, in the booklet it says the heads are of St. Paulinus,

**John Elmsley died in 1863 and his body is buried under the alter at St. Michael’s Cathedral and his heart is buried at St. Basil’s Church Toronto.**

Bishop of the first Christian community at York, England and the other head is of King Edwin, first Christian king of York, for which Toronto was first named. The style of the Cathedral is fourteenth-century English Gothic after York Minster in England but is nowhere near as big.

Bishop-elect Michael Power chose Toronto which recently had its original Indian name restored, as the Episcopal seat of his new diocese in 1842 and St Michael as it was his patron. Bishop Power paid the Hon. Peter McGill, P.C. (John McGill’s nephew) a large sum of money for the property and work began on April 7, 1845. On May 8, 1845 the Feast of the Apparition of St. Michael on Mount Gargano, the cornerstone was laid with a silver trowel by Bishop Power, fragments of a stone pillar and some oak from the roof of York Minster Cathedral were sealed in with the stone. Bishop Power died on October 1, 1847, after seeing to the needs of the wave of Irish immigrants that were coming to Toronto, he passed away

at St. Paul’s where he was working consoling the sick and dying, and himself dying of typhus. His funeral was held at St. Paul’s, but he was buried in the crypt of his new cathedral which is directly under the high Alter. A brief story of his life and death was affixed to a column in the south side of the sanctuary with the words “*Cum magno animarum fructu laboravit*”.

*“Cum magno animarum fructu laboravit”*

My booklet has a reference to the Hon. Captain John Elmsley, P.C, and Samuel G. Lynn who should be mentioned as co-founders of St. Michael’s Cathedral. Both were converts to the Catholic faith and they both donated large sums of money. John Elmsley died in 1863 and his body is buried under the alter at St. Michael’s Cathedral and his heart is buried at St. Basil’s Church Toronto which is located on property originally owned by his family.

I enter the cathedral and the light shining through the stained glass windows is colourful as can be. There are two major categories of stained glass: “antique” and “cathedral.” Most of the glass here is of the antique variety, hand blown and with an extensive range of tones. Some of the windows are made by Etienne Thevenot who stained windows for Norte Dame Cathedral and other churches in

Paris. Other stained glass windows were made in Germany, those records being destroyed during World War Two bombings of Munich. The cathedral glass is a North-American type, which is double rolled by machine to emboss the texture to be impressed on the glass. One of the windows whose theme is the Nativity was reproduced on the 1976 eight cent Canadian Christmas stamp. The completion of the tower and spire in 1866 added a relic of the true cross to the cross atop the spire of the Cathedral.

Looking at the photographs that were included in Christopher Thomas' essay I was glad I took the photos I did of Toronto's and other cities architecture.

The architecture of Victoria BC churches is very similar to some of the ones mentioned by Christopher A. Thomas in his essay. St Andrew's Roman Catholic Cathedral on Blanshard St. is a good example of High Victorian Gothic style, the Bishop at the time inspired by a Quebec church designed in 1892 by Perrault and Mesnard, its colour scheme also emphasizes the mature phase of the Gothic Revival style. The cathedral spire was taller than its 175 foot height, in 1900 a storm knocked off the St. Andrew statue that was atop of the spire. I volunteered in the soup kitchen in the basement of the church.

Christchurch Anglican Cathedral on Quadra St. was built in 1929 in the gothic style but is not a true cathedral in the sense of the large European or British churches. It is however one of Canada's largest churches at 93 x 140 feet and the towers are 122 feet tall - one tower has 12 bells in it. Inside the Cathedral there is a carved robin's nest at the top of a pillar to remember a nest that was left alone by the workers until the chicks had hatched and fledged and then the construction around it continued. On the grounds there is a meditative circle built by some prisoner's from the local maximum security prison which I gave a hand to when I was a volunteer gardener for the Cathedral.

**The Kirk has the distinction of being the second building on the continent to be lit by electric light.**

St Andrew's Presbyterian Kirk on Douglas at Courtney St. was finished in 1890. The architect was Leonard Buttress Trimman and the style is Castellated Scottish Baronial. The Kirk has the distinction of being the second building on the continent to be lit by electric light. The organ was first played in 1881, manufactured in Ontario at the Warren organ workshop. Deficiencies were found, the T.E. Eaton Company did extensive work on the organ at their newly acquired organ company in Quebec. More recently old pipes from the just refinished organ at Christchurch Cathedral are being used to complete St. Andrew's organ.

On Quadra St. there are more examples of Gothic architecture at the Victoria Conservatory of Music and some Romanesque in the just renovated First Baptist Church condo's.

The oldest Synagogue in continuous use in Canada is at the corner of Blanshard and Pandora Street founded in 1863. During the parade to lay the cornerstone, the Jewish community stopped in front of the mason's lodge and the Freemason's of Victoria joined the Synagogue's congregation and they both laid cornerstones. The Synagogue is done in Romanesque style with a small rose window at the west entrance.

I can only hope and have faith that my charitable donation to the Ecclesiology of Victoria leads to more sight-seeing of these places. 

## Me

*by Darcy Merrick*

Wild with deafness  
My ears plugged with all that I have heard  
Hungry  
Hungry for words of kindness  
Praying  
Praying for a golem  
My hands working the clay  
A golem to help me in my persecution

Realizing I am the golem  
A golem for others dreams  
Being destroyed  
Not by a Rabbi's hand

I am the golem  
Wanting a soul  
To be human  
Perfectly obedient  
For a wife  
In the eyes of Prague courts

On my forehead  
Truth erased  
Met replaced  
Clumsy and slow  
As golems go  
Incomplete, uncultivated  
Back to my childhood  
Frankenstein  
Wandering aimlessly  
Alone

## A Keeper

*by Darcy Merrick*

She is a keeper  
a flower and a bee  
I gave her  
I played Leicester  
and she in her castle  
played Elizabeth  
I was the dirty rascal  
was a dream I guess  
Romeo to her Juliette  
She a private dancer  
me once upon a time  
with sword in hand  
her romancer  
wanting her all to myself I left  
placing her above the rest  
now I'm an angel on the wall  
hoping back to earth to fall  
I watch her smile light the moon  
wishing I hadn't left so soon

And the Classroom?  
With all its limitations  
it remains a location  
of Possibility.

- Lynda Boyd

## Hand

*by Stephen Gowman*

The emotional architecture of  
a love made physical: That intensely  
languid recline (an affectioned, static shove)  
propped on a fleshly keystone, immensely  
tender in its own held motion, arched  
fingers directed, devotional. O!  
your loving hand's photo in my parched  
heart's gallery—the emanation flowed  
so strong it threw off & my solitude  
by proxy was balmed as your black-haired boy  
lolloped in the immediate pulchritude  
of a desire which drugged, seemed to employ  
him under soft surgery, slow dilation,  
then your self with his the incorporation.

## Polonius

*by Stephen Gowman*

*Those friends thou hast ...*

*Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel*

I wish I could tell you how to conquer loneliness,  
to employ those steel hoops and miss the  
thousand potential mis-sealings, only  
alas! I don't know. Society's the

barrel one builds around oneself, this much  
I understand: its' staves people: loves, friends,  
kin, those one gathers, bends contra the touch,  
the pressure of meaninglessness which can rend

the shelter needing system of the self.  
What I will say, too, as I am closer  
to my end than you, is that the sweet wealth  
of all contacts is rooted in the dose

of our own death injected into them,  
giving them paradoxical breath, a  
living trajectory. Be it by hem  
or belt buckle, if you grasp and pull a

person to you, your pleasure will contain  
the melancholy of the finite—every  
touch also a fading reach, the remains  
of which echo, briefly, in memory.

## Spring Happens

*by Ivan Livingstone*

A thought by the ocean  
A dream in the mind  
All it really is is time  
The rain falls the thunder rolls  
The winds blow  
Flowers bloom  
Spring happens

## Memory

*by Angie Carson*

**M**EMORY IS LIKE.....a photo album. The things we remember are usually something that has directly affected us, either in a good way or bad way. I picture it as a box filled with pictures, and as you pick out a picture, and examine it, it will open a path to the story behind that picture which lies within your memory. Smells, photographs, places and music can all trigger a memory. Some may be fragmented and emotional; some may bring back a person long gone. Some will start a train of thought that you haven't gone down for a long time. These kinds of memories are involuntary although they may cause you to think harder and bring out some specific memory which would be voluntary.

I read that "if biology, chemistry, and psychiatry can agree on anything, it is that memories are not received but created. What's more they are subject to automatic and unavoidable revision."

Those memories of childhood we conjure in our minds may not be true memories at all, but a story created in our minds after hearing our parents repeat some event and add their adult view to it. What we hear forms a memory as much as what we see. If there is more than one sibling, each will have a different version of what their parents were like, where vacations took place, the things we all did etc. For example the younger child may recall fights between their parents, or siblings during the long nauseating

drives to the cottage, which seemed miles and miles away. The older child may recall a shorter drive, disgust at the decrepit appearance of the cottage and its furniture, the musty smell in the bedrooms, the mouse droppings, while the younger child recalls the cottage as completely enchanting, with the lake being the highlight. The younger children make friends easily and become engrossed in play, while the older, being the sullen teen, is bored and misses his/her friends. Being with the family for two weeks is torture. Each of their memories will be entirely different, yet they were in the same time and place.

The parents themselves will also have varied memories. The father pleased that he has brought his family outdoors, away from the city. He can fish every day and has freedom from work. The mother may find that the cottage just means more work. More laundry, more dirt to clean up, the discomfort from being away from her domain can cause unhappiness. The husband being underfoot and interfering and making demands on her time may cause distress. The bee stings, the cuts and bruises and the homesickness of the children has to be endured. On the drive home, they will all have a different feeling of what happened in those two weeks, and everyone will have their own memories of the same time, as they all had a different experience of it, even though the setting and the players were all the same. 

## About Real Life

by Colleen Grace

**B**ack in the 80s my husband and I and our two young daughters decided to spend some time visiting the Sequoia National Park in central California to see some of the biggest and oldest trees in the world.

Once we arrived a place called “Three Rivers”, a small town located at the bottom of the canyon, we took advantage of the extremely hot, dry temperatures and used the pool at our hotel.

The next day, we got up early and prepared to take the long, winding, narrow, two-lane road named Generals Hwy. up the canyon to the park.

The beginning of the drive was arid with yucca and other desert plants. As we continued up the canyon, the scenery started changing again. Besides the thousands of coniferous trees, there were huge granite boulders that had broken off the tops and tumbled down.

Because the road was so narrow, it tightly hugged against the sides of the canyon, which meant sheer cliffs on the other side! That didn’t really bother me, but the constant winding of the road, while going vertical at every hairpin corner, started to make me feel nauseous. At first it felt like I had a ball of cotton caught in the back of my throat. I did my best to ignore it, while noticing that the trees were getting bigger and taller.

These giant sequoias are found scattered between elevations of 5,000 and 7,000 feet. The scale and grandeur of these reddish giants is quite stunning.

I knew the nausea was not going to go away; and all of a sudden, I felt it in my gut! Still I said nothing, because I didn’t want to miss a thing. I literally had my face plastered to the car window, completely in awe of the “magnificent beauties.”

When at 3,700 feet we came to a famous viewpoint over the continuation of Middle Fork Canyon, far below. Then and only then, at that moment did that bitter, sour feeling in the back of my throat shoot forward, in a stream - like Lind Blair, of the *Exorcist*. There was my morning breakfast consisting of eggs, bacon and toast – plus a few tidbits of the last night’s supper, spilled out on the side of the road, where countless other people were milling about!

Here amongst all this beauty, surrounded by tourists, my oldest daughter then yells out: “Oh Mom, how gross!! You should try to cover it up with that terrible odor.” Thanks to “Mother Physics”, the sound bounced off from one canyon to another, so that the entire park new of my terrible ordeal. Thank God, nobody knew us, or that I was the very person who *Puked Out Her Guts* that fateful summer day in July. 

## One

*by Eddie Golko*

Walking along a forest trail  
My observations did not fail  
For an understanding in my being  
In all of life that I have seen  
It's all the glory of earth's atoms  
My bloods enriched, of these sums  
The green of the grass, the flower of a tree,  
All of its joy, is a part of me  
The beat in my heart and smile on my face  
Is earth and air in all its grace  
So now when I peer at alone sunset  
I feel a harmony as if we'd met  
On hearing the trickling of rain's water  
Or seeing colorful butterflies stir  
I know I'm composed of these sums  
I know I and earth are but one

## Sea and Land

*by Eddie Golko*

As I peer at the gentle waves  
Caressing the soft white sand  
My thoughts are on the harmony of  
Love, as I watch the meeting of  
Sea and land  
The holding, the sharing and passion  
As two hearts beat  
Is the semblance of the sea and land,  
As one they meet  
She is like the exciting waves  
That roll in on an even pace  
He the dependable land,  
Always there in grace  
The radiance of the setting sun  
Forges a fiery warmth, as they unite  
To keep all the love in the world,  
Shining long and bright  
Its beauty pulls and beckons my soul  
To join and be one  
I resist not the call,  
To let my will be done  
And as my existence is engulfed  
In its heavenly dream  
I'm carried beyond earth, and sky,  
And celestial  
To a realization that all of life  
On earth that stands  
Is the essence of love,  
Made of the sea and land

## Services that would help street-involved youth

by Drew Chatterton

Families that have problems with low income need to be supported more than the current social assistance programs allow, so that the stress level in those families would be less, and there would be money for kids to afford after school programs in sports, drama and dance. These activities build skills and a sense of worth, and can often lead to developing a sense of vocation, one of my daughters is a working actor and writer, doing what she loves, made possible because of many years of after school drama classes. From my own experience, kids that have engaging things to do after school and weekends, have a higher self esteem, and are less likely to get involved with drugs, theft and other street activities. When not much is expected of kids, they tend to fulfill those expectations. Kids can do a lot more than is often credited. I've seen kids on an Israeli kibbutz take on most of the jobs that the adults do when the adults have to go off to military service. I've seen the pride and sense of being valued on their faces as they drive tractors and take care of crops and livestock. Farm kids in general often have similar roles to play - sometimes too much - but much better than to have them hang around listlessly on playgrounds and street corners, killing time, and perhaps turning to dangerous but exciting things like breaking into cars, dealing drugs, and joining gangs just to escape that deadly sense of ennui.

The rigid divisions of 'childhood', 'adolescence' and 'adulthood' are fairly recent developments - when Rembrandt was twelve, he began an apprenticeship to a well known artist, and by the time he was

twenty one, he had his own studio with his own apprentices - and this was quite normal for his time.

The public school system is often part of the problem rather than the solution. While there are some dedicated and inspired teachers, unfortunately, they are the exception. Compared to private schools, and certain public schools where the rules are different (Earl Haig in Toronto) public schools, especially high schools can feel like energetic dead zones. Administrative inertia and incompetence, coupled with union job protections and seniority rights mean that inspired teaching and innovation are not encouraged. Not rocking the boat and putting in your time are. Combine that with high energy restless kids seeking real engagement, and you have the recipe for ennui and drop out. All that is necessary for evil to triumph is for good people to do nothing. An award winning teacher in New York wrote an essay in which he said the main thing public schools teach is that no matter what you are thinking or doing, you have to move instantly when the bell rings and go to the next class. Obedience to the organizational demands trumps inner development every time - and you can see that by the way all discussion and learning stops so immediately when that bell rings - and there are demerits and penalties for being late to the next class, but no merits for independent thinking and time management, and following your own process.

In psychotherapy training, I was taught how to follow the persons energy rather be hypnotized by words and their spoken story. It's a fairly subtle art - we are conditioned to give great weight to the external, the words a person is speaking, rather than the energy, or lack of, in that speech - so you can ask someone a question, and they might answer "yes" but if its said slowly, softly, after a pause and with reticent body language - that yes might actually be a "no" Conversely, a person might answer "no" but answer vehemently while leaning forward - that might mean there is some "yes" in there (with the

I'm thinking that, analogously, the school system looks fine, the teacher is teaching, the students are sitting in their seats apparently learning. But in some deeper way the energy is not there.

obvious caveat that a spoken “no” must still be respected, this is what the person consciously identifies with). I am talking about a way of helping a client become more conscious of their process.

I’m thinking that, analogously, the school system looks fine, the teacher is teaching, the students are sitting in their seats apparently learning. But in some deeper way the energy is not there. The lack of this intangible something is everything. You can see the contrast when you go to an exceptional school - public or private - where the students feel engaged and enthusiastic, the teachers thrilled to be there teaching, students and teachers happy to see each other, vocations are being discovered and real learning is happening. A quality is present, real but indefinable, you know it when you see it and feel it.

**But in some deeper way the energy is not there. The lack of this intangible something is everything.**

Those students with strong home and peer support and high self esteem will survive poor schooling, and prosper anyway; they will get what they need in spite of the system, others less fortunate will not, and some of them will end up on the street

Another factor is the malfunctioning foster care system. Though originally intended as an interim resource, real connections and support does sometimes develop, yet this is not really encouraged, and when kids have formed attachments and then are wrenched away, the results are heartbreaking and traumatic. Other kids grow up in group homes, which are often very chaotic and transitory, taken care of by a rotating staff working eight hour shifts, kids constantly moving in and out, hard linoleum flooring amplifying the transient noise level. It can cost hundreds of dollars a day to keep a child in this sometimes hellish and very often unsuitable environment. On the other hand, it’s sometimes easier to adopt a child from a third world country than it is from Canada. This system needs to be rationalized - encourage adoptions or intentional long term fostering, spend the money and energy there, subsidizing difficult adoptions, and let short term fostering be just that, a transitional stop gap, instead of an unplanned and unstrategized long term non-solution of default.

Another reason for there being street kids is unskilled parenting. I think there needs to be mandatory basic parenting skills program, teaching such things as active listening and effective communication strategies for all the different stages of child developmental. This could be tied to social assistance payments, unemployment insurance maternity benefits and child tax credits. These skills are so much needed and so much lacking, that I think these fairly drastic infringements on individual liberty are warranted. Also, given the woeful state of much child care available, I think it should be at least as financially attractive for parents to take care of their children in their own home as it is to have them in day care. As well as financial support, there should be much more support for parents, in terms of individual and family systems counseling, and respite care. When you send children off to

be cared for by often unskilled and uncaring low paid staff, you are sending them the message that they are not valued, and this will often result in low self esteem, which in turn leaves kids vulnerable to all kinds of exploitation and various mental health problems.

**Being able to enter into the drama is empowering to the audience too, and dissolves the traditional wall between actor and spectator.**

Down stream solutions include counseling, which should be widely and easily available, just having some one to listen and empathize, even for a short time, can be life changing.

Another program called ‘Theatre of the Oppressed’ developed by Brazilian Director Augusto Boal, was first used with street kids and other marginalized groups in Brazil. Through a process called ‘simultaneous dramaturgy’ a short scene in which someone was being oppressed would be played out, such as a factory owner mistreating an employee, or a welfare official patronizing a client. At any time, someone in the audience could yell out “stop” and suggest a different action the oppressed person could do that would change the outcome, and then would actually come onto the stage and play that person, acting in a new and empowering way. Being able to enter into the drama is empowering to the audience too, and dissolves the traditional wall between actor and spectator. I have seen this type of theatre done with young high school students in Victoria

some years ago, by director Lina de Guevera; I think it would work well with empowering street involved youth as well.

Welfare parameters should be changed so that they are based on actual need, as historically they have been, instead of on arcane rules about when and how long you have worked, or how long you have been on your own,. An older teenager, who does not want to live at home or be in the system, should have the option of renting a room of his own. There should also be transitional housing, with whatever support and structure is needed. Having the options of being able to get social assistance, if needed, and a roof over ones head, would go a long way to solving the problem of street involved youth. There should be outward bound type programs widely available; those have been proven to be effective. There should be whatever detox resources and drug counseling services as is needed. Help to re enter the education system, along with job training and job searching should be integrated with all the other needed resources to form a comprehensive strategy for dealing with street involved youth. 

**even the few  
scattered notes  
of a little  
boy's flute  
are necessary**

**- Robert Arnold**

## New Ways of Living the Road to Happiness

*by Willie Lam*

We should count our blessings and bear in mind  
How they uplift our spirits leaving cares behind

Reaching out to someone with a gentle touch  
Just a small gesture but it means so much

Sharing good things with those all around  
Better reasons for living are not to be found

Giving a smile and a welcoming hand  
As we journey to our beautiful land

Offering up a prayer or two  
That we may refresh in our life anew

And so doing we're sure to find  
The love of God and peace of mind

When the need arises there is little doubt  
A friend is ready to help another out

There are things that make life worthwhile  
When accompanied with a cheerful smile

Life would be meaningless without kind deeds  
By good-hearted souls aiming to serve and please

When we go forward with hope and good cheer  
We'll say to ourselves in a voice loud and clear

We are ready, start a new way of living  
Being helpful, cheerful and forgiving

## Inspirational Thought

*anonymous, submitted by Willie Lam*

Just imagine  
You are smarter than you know  
More courageous than you guess  
Stronger than you feel  
Healthier than you are aware of  
More creative than you believe  
More capable than you recognize  
You are more powerful than you think  
More attractive than you assume  
Wiser than you suppose  
More valuable than you have ever been told  
And just imagine you can make a big difference in the world  
That you have not yet begun to realize  
Go, begin now  
All things are possible if you are willing to try.

I wish I could  
tell you how  
to conquer  
loneliness...

- Stephen Gowman

## Untitled

*by Ingur Deynnar*

I stand in the blazing sun on 13<sup>th</sup> Street in North Vancouver clutching my 10 cent bus fare. I am waiting for the bus going into Vancouver, today is the seventh day of July 1956. I had landed in Quebec four years ago.

Across the street I see an apparition, dressed in powder blue from top to toe. Suit, hat, handbag, skinny legs ending in perfectly matched powder blue shoes. Her arms are gesticulating in a theatrical way as she yells something toward me.

I don't speak English! Her words, I can tell, are friendly, her wrinkled face smiles as she comes nearer, I can see her also baby blue eyes twinkle... she rattles on and on!

I am thinking of Hedy my friend. I am sorry she is not here beside me. We are both 21 years old and very fashion-conscious. We would laugh and laugh about all that blueness of this lady, till tears would have rolled. But I face the stranger and her ensemble all by myself.

She stands beside me now, I smile to show I too am friendly minded, but perhaps I am a bit apprehensive as she looks directly at me and there is nobody else to help.

My repertoire of English does not extend beyond: "My name is Ingur, this is my passport, this is a door, that is a window!" None of this fits the situation, so what NOW?

I smile again and shrug my shoulders: “No English!” – “Oh...” was the reply. “Where are you from?” I understand that: “Germany,” smile, smile. Dr. ... long sentences enthusiastically spoken fly past my ears. I turn the inside of my hands up and shrug again. Slow and clear she then said: “When did you come to Canada?” I understand and find the word I had learned on the Ship coming over here and answer: “yesterday!” “Oh... where are you going?” A whole sentence was not available in my head, but two words fit the requirement: “Job... looking!” I then pulled out a paper onto which friends had written the important and long, long words “unemployment office”. I showed the written word to Miss Blue Fluff, looking at her while hair obscured by the powder blue hat. I could have sworn it looked somewhat blue too, as she bent over the paper scrap to read it. “Ah... I will help you.” The bus comes, we both enter, I find a seat and blue cloud talks and talks a mile a minute to the bus driver, pointing to me and nodding encouragingly, the bus driver looks and nods as well. I feel in good hands.

“Good luck”, she says as she gets off the bus at the first stop after Stanley Park. The bus driver makes sure that I stay seated. “I tell you when”, he says. A few stops later he points at me and then to the large building on Robson Street. I see it. “Thank you”, and out I go. First hurdle taken, but now comes the serious stuff.

I enter the large structure of no particular style. I am not able to read a single sign, but line up behind a string of people.

My turn. Oh, I have to speak again. What to do, what to say. I remember the word “please”, so I stand in front of the counter, fumble with my German passport and say: “Job, please?” She says what language do you speak. I don’t understand but show my passport which included that narrow strip of paper that says that I am a landed immigrant. Ah,

**My turn. Oh, I have to  
speak again. What to do,  
what to say.**

German, she says and turns around and (calls?) for Anneliese to come. Anneliese speaks German. I feel like hugging this stranger. Oh God, what a relief to be able to communicate. I relax and answer a few questions. Anneliese gives me a name and address in North Vancouver to go to and apply there as an Au Pair for four little girls in a medical doctor’s home. I got the job and had landed in a helpful, patient and superficial environment with the nicest person on earth. Mrs. Corbett taught me many many words in English.

**I still think of them (now 52 years later) with gratitude  
in my heart.**

I still think of them, now 52 years later, with gratitude in my heart. Canada had presented itself to me in the most wonderful and friendly way on my first active day in this country. 

## Talking To A Young Man With Purple Hair

*by Robert Arnold*

Nice hair, Man!  
Reminds me of a time when  
I was young.  
I saw this movie about a boy  
with green hair.  
I think it was green hair.  
Anyway, I had nightmares  
about waking up with  
green hair.  
Maybe it was green.  
Could have been purple  
like yours.  
I don't remember.  
I think it was green.

I heard of a woman whose perm  
went wrong  
and she had purple hair.  
Not purple like yours of course.  
Hers was dull purplish.

Now, of course,  
I know what the nightmare  
is!

Waking up with hair this colour.

## Apres Ski

*by Robert Arnold*

yes  
they are very pretty boots  
just the thing to wear  
sitting around in the lodge  
having a hot drink  
after the lifts have stopped  
and the skis are stowed  
for the night  
yes  
they are lovely  
with that trimming of seal  
to set them off  
very pretty indeed  
and I'll bet that even  
mama seal  
would be proud now  
if she could just forget  
the clubs  
and the blood

## Symphony

*by Robert Arnold*

without the baby's cries  
upon being born  
without the sighs of lovers  
and the laughter of  
happy children  
without the warcries  
of enemies  
and the silences between  
friends  
it would not be the song of the universe

even the few scattered notes  
of a little boy's flute  
are necessary

...everyone will  
have their own  
memories of the  
same time, as they  
all had a different  
experience of  
it, even though  
the setting and  
the players were  
all the same.

- Angie Carson

**DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT**  
DIAEBCEH\ COHAECEH

Journal of the University 101 Students

University 101 is a 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 courses strive to be inclusive and to foster collaborative learning.

**thoughtful  
intentional  
expressive**



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