

DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT
DIAEBCEIIL\ COIΛEBCEIIL

Journal of the University 101 Students
Fall 2010

DIVERGENT/CONVERGENT

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University 101 is an introductory course in the humanities. It is part of a program that offers free, non-credit, academic courses at UVic 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 foster collaborative learning.



University
of Victoria

University 101

**thoughtful
intentional
expressive**

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**Question
Revelation,
Thought, Idea
I am beckoned**

- Tina Lalonde

A Note From The Dean:

Dr. John Archibald, Dean, Faculty of Humanities

The University of Victoria prides itself on its civic engagement. There are many wonderful aspects to university life but watching students grow is certainly one of the highlights. Since the Faculty of Humanities has been offering University 101, we have had the opportunity to witness the blossoming of many students who have previously had difficulty at school. We hope that this collection of writing will give you pleasure and help you to understand part of the journey that our University 101 students are on.

A note from the Dean

The Air

by Hilary Marks

I feel the air here in the university world
Is much different than the air in the
 downtown Victoria world
A sense of intelligence
An air of education
Compared to the world of consumption
An air of entitlement
For the have and have nots
Here in the university the scholars learn
There in the city the streets yearn
How lucky I am to have the choice
A person with a voice
(For those who have not)

The University of Victoria

by Jocelyn Dunn

Time, now

Place, here

Action, come

Time, to think

Place, UVic

Action, learn

Time, to hope

Place, for mind

Action, to understand

Time, to create

Place, the heart

Action, achieve

Jocelyn Dunn

Hodge Podge

by Neil Sangha

Airy fairy

Quite contrary

Light in the attic

GONE

How does your garden GROW!!

**well intended
colonization
never seems
to amount
to anything but
destruction.**

- Lea Murphy

Reflections on Uni 101

by Patty Milne

I've always wanted to go to university. It was always my dream. But after high school I went right into the work force. All of my siblings graduated from university, and I always felt that I wouldn't be able to attain what they had. I never thought I would be able to achieve my goal of attending university.

Uni 101 has inspired me to further my education. It's made me aware that school is not as intimidating as I thought it would be. For example, it's been really hard for me to overcome my fear of writing and critical thinking. I've been practicing my critical thinking skills in the group discussions.

The small group discussions have been a very positive part of the course for me. I've enjoyed sharing and gaining insights from the other students in the groups.

Sharing our different perspectives has been stimulating. Since I am a very reflective person, I find myself thinking about the discussions after I leave class each night. While I don't always contribute a lot during the small group discussion, I think about the subjects that we've discussed after class and form my own summations and opinions.

I find myself thinking about the discussions after I leave class each night.

I've met some very friendly and nice people in the class. Everyone is wonderful. I look forward to seeing everybody and getting to know them more in future classes.

Uni 101 has also improved my health and well-being. I know that this kind of learning is something that I need to continue in order to continue to stay healthy.

All of the instructors, students and TAs from Uni 101 have been great. It's been a wonderful experience. Everyone is so enthusiastic and passionate about learning. All of this has made for a fun learning environment.

**Everyone is so
enthusiastic
and passionate
about learning.**

Possibilities

*A found poem based on bell hooks' writing
by Carol Demetre*

The academy of learning
is a place,
Paradise can occur
The classroom with
it's limitations
can lead to possibilities.
In that field,
we have opportunity
to work for freedom
demanding of ourselves
and classmates
With an open mind
and heart,
we can face reality,
collectively we can
move beyond boundaries
Transgressing forward
educationally, this is
the practice of freedom.

If you can dream it
You can do it.

Lilac Island

by Carol Demetre

Lilacs in purple, white
and pink
Rejoicing in June,
oldest living lilacs on American soil
As people stroll an uplifting fragrance.
Such an abundance of beauty
Window decorations in lilacs
People casting their votes,
Who will the judges pick
only you know
If you went to Lilac Island

Beauty is all around us.

**How lucky I
am to have
the choice
A person with
a voice**

- Hilary Marks

A Letter to Socrates

by Anna Norris

Dear Socrates,

My friend, here's the rub: I think you are
about to commit a major mistake.

Nobody would accuse you of having little brain or
of using anything other than the most scientific
exactitude of logical argument yet here's the catch:

While your mind tells you why you must die, you
remain apart from that piece of you that perhaps
you have been seeking with your head: your heart.

As the mother of a child, and the child of parents, I can
tell you it will not be the same for your children if
you are to die on the basis of your "logical" word.

As well. you ignore that a law is not always
or unquestionably worth obeying in the
bigger picture. Indeed, in this case it is not
even clear that you have broken a law.

Socrates, in my view, it would do you good to
be a little less sure of your word and a little
more in touch with your heart lest you be
remembered as stubborn, rigid, etc..... when
wouldn't you rather be remembered as wise?

Wishing you a fuller, longer life, replete with good
intellect and especially with good heart.

Yours,
Anna

Anna Norris

First Big Fish

by Dave Csizmazia

I was only 10 years old and just moved up to Whitehorse, which is in the Yukon, from Regina Saskatchewan. Not being used to the great outdoors I had to practice all the outdoor stuff that all the other kids were used to, like camping, hiking and fishing.

So one weekend we went camping at Marsh Lake about 40 kilometers South East of Whitehorse. It was a beautiful summer day, not a cloud in the sky.

After setting up camp (a whole other story) I opted out of going on a hike with my older brothers and wanted to practice my casting. They started laughing saying “that it’s a waste of your time”.

I went down to the beach anyway and I set up my fishing rod with a heavy lead weight with no hook and started practicing my casting. The first few casts were really pathetic, there was lots of line tangling and premature releases. I kept on casting. As time went on the casting got farther and farther out, I was starting to get good distance.

After what seemed to be a long time (half the day) there was a strong pull on my line. Had I snagged something? Not having a hook on I thought it was branches or weeds.

I reeled in faster.
My heart pounding
I fought for about
fifteen minutes
(which seemed like
forever)

I struggled to reel the line in and as it got closer to shore a fish leaped into the air. Excited that I had caught something I reeled in faster. My heart pounding I fought for about fifteen minutes (which seemed like forever) when I got the fish to shore I dragged it to the beach. An American older couple came running over to help me drag the fish onto the beach and club the fish so it would not get away.

When I got back to camp my dad couldn't believe his eyes and when I told him I didn't even have a hook he smiled even harder. He weighed it and looked the fish up in our fish book. It was a 22 lb Arctic pike, apparently Arctic pike's teeth are very sharp and pointed to the back so when it bit the lead weight it could not let go. Boy, was I ever excited, that s until my Dad said, "YOU CAUGHT IT, YOU CLEAN IT!". So he showed me how to do it. I won't get into the gory details. That night we cooked it up on the fire, pan fried in garlic and butter. Was it ever good, a little boney, but good.

"YOU CAUGHT IT, YOU CLEAN IT!"

As I crawled into my sleeping bag that night feeling terrific and listening to the great outdoors whisper lullabies, I lay there thinking with a smile on my face. Not only had I caught my first fish but I had also provided my first meal.

Gladiolus

by Cecilia Bailey

Gladiolus go with everything
They last a long time –
Red, yellow, orange, pink, purple,
White!
Thick, strong stems.
Leaves like tall, pointy blades of grass.
Flowers, delicate as a fairy in a bouffant
dress, dancing down the stalk.

The flower feels like soft, crisp tissue paper.
The long, green, sharp leaves feel like hard wood.
The stem feels like thick branches from a tree.
The bright, cheerful colors remind me of fall.

delicate as a fairy in a
bouffant dress, dancing
down the stalk

**Time, to think
Place, UVic
Action, learn**
- Jocelyn Dunn

The End Days of Our Family Sedan

by Felix Bright

In the mid Summer of 1962, I was 14, my little sister was 11. Up to this point it had been a really hot summer, and, not much going on. With our Dad away on a camp job, our Mum decided we should take a trip, so we loaded up our 56 Vauxhall Cresta with camping gear, and left Chemainus heading north for Long Beach.

The trip up island to Port Alberni went by without event, the roads were all paved to that point, but from there on, it was logging road all the way to the coast. It was a pretty slow go in our old six cylinder Vauxhall: there were some really long grades; lots of switch backs; and nothing much to see, not even logging trucks, with the woods being shut down for fire season.

What with grinding up endless hills, the relentless dust, and never ending heat, it was some relief a few hours later, to finally find ourselves at the summit. As we got closer to the coast, we noticed a low band of cloud lay ahead. Eventually, we reached the coast road and were enveloped in a bank of mist and drizzle, 'mizzle', the first precipitation we had seen in six weeks.

We found the camp site, got established, and set up our tent. All the fire wood was wet, and we had a tough time keeping a fire going, my Boy Scout skills having vanished. Truth be known, I was more interested in sneaking off to smoke and explore the scene.

mist and drizzle,
'mizzle

The next morning, still with the mizzle, we set out for Uclulet to see the sights and get supplies. Sight seeing was limited due to the socked in weather, but we eventually made our way to the beach. In those days, it was still ok to drive on the beach, and I was able to talk my Mum into letting me drive, a big thrill for sure. The beach goes on for miles, in fact, it is, quite long. We spent another mizzable night huddled around our miserable little camp fire, and the next morning awoke to the same scene: mizzle and wet fire wood. My Mum and little sister weren't having much fun, but I had hooked up with another young guy, probably a smoker, and we had a great time running around exploring.

it was some relief a few hours later, to finally find ourselves at the summit

On the beach below the camp site, there was a huge rock about the size of a three story house; it was situated some twenty feet below the high tide line, and all the drift logs thrown up there. The tide sequence at the time was such, that the tide was out during the day, but high at night. From the tire tracks in the sand, we could see that folks driving down the beach during the day at low tide, had to pass between the huge rock and high tide line, to get off the beach at night. My new pal and I determined that, as there was a shovel in the trunk of our car, it would be a most excellent plan, to employ it, and some cardboard we had scrounged up, to dig an 18 inch deep 18 inch wide trench between the huge boulder and the high tide line. The sand, damp and hard packed, made for excellent digging. Branches and cardboard covered with sand was all that was needed to complete the task. Satisfied with our work we wandered off, probably to dinner, as it was getting late.

The next morning, and non stop mizzle, I hooked up with my new pal, and on investigating the scene of our previous evenings endeavour, it was evident that we had caused quite some consternation for the folks returning. We could clearly see evidence of many vehicles getting stuck, and the effort required to fill in the trench so they could pass. I know I felt sheepish about what we had done, and I guess my new pal did as well.

The mist and drizzle were relentless, our fire a failure, so Mum decided we should head for home. The rain followed us home, and so, after regrouping, Mum decided we should head for the Okanagan.

Now we were looking for the sun. We traveled to Penticton, South through Osoyoos, into Washington State, and then West back to the coast and Vancouver Island. The most memorable part of this trip was the couple of days in Penticton General Hospital, having contracted food poisoning from some potato salad we had purchased at Safeway.

The mist and drizzle were relentless, our fire a failure, so Mum decided we should head for home

On being released from hospital, we were back on the road and camping again. There was a fabulous thunder and lightning storm over Lake Okanagan, the biggest I've ever seen, and we spent a great night at a crummy little camp site in Osoyoos. My Mum said it was a scene right out of, *The Grapes of Wrath*. I had not read the book yet, but I remember the evening and the rag tag group of campers we shared it with.

The rest of the trip home was mostly uneventful, the weather was fine. The thing that impressed me most about traveling through Washington State, was how wealthy the American campers were: they all seemed to have brand new cars, expensive camping equipment, the kids had expensive clothes and the grocery stores stayed open until ten at night. The difference in wealth and standard of living, was most evident to me, a 14 year old Canadian kid.

All in all a great Summer holiday trip, our old Vauxhall chugging all the way there, and back home again, with no mechanical break downs. I acquired the old tank, still around some seven years later, after I returned from a five year stay in England. I promptly drove the wheels off it, in six weeks flat. I was hard on the equipment in those days. I left it at a gas station at Kingsway and Victoria, no clutch, no first gear, no revers gear. No need to shoot it, it was dead in its tracks. I walked away, not looking back. I believe, I may have felt a little sheepish.

Silent Prayers

By Emma Whitfield

Silent prayers for rain
My life on the alter
A thorn tears my subconscious
From the stem of a black rose,
Why do we eat ourselves alive
Again and again?

From the stem
of a black rose

**When you look in
the mirror, what
do you see?**

- Erin Watling

Moral Issues of the Law

by *Vanne Hanisch-Godoy*

Laws are here for good reason, and I do obey the laws, but there are situations where moral reasons change that.

For those who are not familiar with Socrates, he was the father of Western philosophy. His influence can be found in virtually all philosophical works, and his views are still discussed and debated to this day.

I think Socrates was a self-centered man. Socrates had many rich friends, and when he was in prison his friends offered to bribe his way out of prison before he was put to death by lethal decoction of Hemlock root. Socrates declined his friends' offers of help and selfishly left this world leaving his children this legacy. In his view, he was obeying the laws of the land by allowing himself to be put to death, but he didn't regard the moral issues pertaining to his children, which I think he should have done first and foremost. At that time, his two youngest children were young enough to still need parental guidance.

Socrates was a "shit disturber".

I can see a lot of "Columbo", the television show detective in Socrates. They both played the role of the "stupid man", but they did it for different reasons, and with different outcomes. Columbo used that tactic to garner incriminating evidence against criminals, but Socrates used this tactic to show resistance against the general will of the community;

because the inhabitants were ostracizing him as a way to try to make him conform to their way of thinking. Socrates was a “shit disturber”.

He wanted to make an impact when he went out; an impact that would be remembered as a symbol of resistance. Meanwhile, his children became parentless. What would have happened to them? I think he should have allowed his friends to bribe his way out of prison to take his children to another community to finish raising them. I also think that Socrates had his moral judgment clouded, because a parent’s first moral obligation should be to their children. I think serious moral issues should override the legal system. The moral issue here was that his children needed a father. I would have bribed my way out of prison to flourish somewhere else with my children just to spite the general will of the population. The strongest natural instinct is self preservation; it is an instinct built into all of us. As for Socrates’ friends, I am sure they would have lived on while Socrates made new friends elsewhere. The welfare of his children should transcend even Socrates own life; I think he owed this to his children. I think serious moral issues can override peoples’ actions when dealing with the laws of the land, and I can give three examples.

I think serious
moral issues
can override
peoples’ actions
when dealing
with the laws of
the land

My first example is in the case of Dr. Jack Kevorkian, often referred to as “Doctor Death”. Doctors are not in the practice to kill their patients; however, the overriding moral issue here is the needs of his patients. His patients all have terminal illnesses that gave them constant pain. These patients come to a time in their lives when death seemed like the most appropriate solution to the constant pain that prevents them from sleeping or living independently.

Dr. Kevorkian puts the power in his patients' hands, and they are given the power to do with their lives as they wish. This is a humane issue to end a painful life that is already ending and has no more purpose. The doctor is there to assist the patients' passage out of this life.

My next example is Dr. Morgentaler, who operates an abortion clinic in the province of Ontario. This is another example of a doctor empowering his patients to have control over their own bodies, even though the law says "NO".

My last example is when a married couple divorce and a child is a result of that marriage. In some cases, the courts grant visitation rights to one parent at their residence, and custody to the other parent, even at the expense of the child being abused at the primary residence. When the legal system is not listening to the other parent with custody of the child, I think that parents have the right to step in and take the child and go underground somewhere to end the abuse because the legal system is not listening to their allegations of abuse. It is parents' top priority to protect their children, even at the expense of their own lives, if the courts are not listening or taking them seriously.

Socrates should have acted on sound moral judgment as did Drs. Kevorkian and Morgentaler, and the parents in my previous example, even if it goes against the laws of the land.

This is another example of a doctor empowering his patients to have control over their own bodies, even though the law says "NO".

**I know what
suffering is ...
I also know
great joy**
- Cynthia Cenciari

Upheaval of the Earth

by Lea Murphy

Isolation
fear
self
deprivation
attend to
decomposition
even when the garden
still
is thriving

outside the window
in whispers of violence
the wind
a caw of whimpering children.

outside my window

and the
inhibition seizes
every time
limbs awake from dreaming
of peace
with no strength to fight.

animals hunts for survival
humans digress to ego
manipulating minds
animals hunt for survival
humans digress to ego
manipulating minds
impaling spirit
spurned bodies impaling spirit
spurned bodies

well intended colonization
never seems to amount
to anything but destruction.

and then the mother speaks
thwart hate with
change.

an upheaval of the earth below our feet
the caustic land
unveil a crack in the shadow
expose
breathe
create
self
transformation.

My Awakening of Human Rights

by *Candy Hietala*

“I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, and stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.” ~Abraham Lincoln~

The question of human rights came up for me during our classes on Rousseau's "social contract"; in which he takes a broad view of human rights theory – except his ideas don't include women.

How can Abraham Lincoln be so sure about what is “true” and what is “right” to stand up for? What can we learn from him about human rights? But he does not lessen his dignity or integrity when he admits that he will "stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.” What great leadership he has shown to rest of us, who care what the human rights revolution brought to a civilized world.

During our Uni 101 studies, I was impacted greatly by all the topics of different lectures brought and delivered by all our devoted professors and instructors...

When reading Rosario Castellanos' I was very impacted by her frustration and hopelessness. Her studies crushed me with their despair. She tries to make it clear how people's lives are rendered powerless and the government is unable to change things.

I didn't expect any "emotional" attachment to this study... I would think "another" woman writer... another great writer... But it was not until our professor Alicia Ulysses made visible her and Rosario Castellanos' emotions through her languages (English & Spanish) and gestures that helped me understand how much despair she felt about her own dearly loved country of Mexico.

How powerless to be in that era, that country and to be a woman!! My heart and mind start burning and boiling with some unknown. I am unsure of why this lecture so moved me? And I've tried to hold off my emotional feeling knowing it was irrational, because I really don't know what "hit" me?!!

During the break time, "I GOT IT!!"

"It doesn't matter how well educated she was, she will never be recognized, noticed and heard".

Powerlessness.

I don't know if you feel it from time to time... its like feeling something is "beyond my control".

The movement of human rights it seems is taking a lot of time, great minds and great energy to make it happen. The elements have to be right in time, place and persons. (Chinese Idiom: 天時,地利,人和 - literally: at the right time, in the right place with the right people).

How powerless
to be in that era,
that country and
to be a woman!!

Maybe, if Rosario Castellanos was born in a different place, she would never be the Rosario Castellanos, the one that I was moved by... Maybe, if I didn't come to Canada, I would never be the person that I became, someone who is proud to step out of my comfort zone, my secured ivory tower.

I've learned a lot about respect for differences through my experiences at Uni 101 and 102. I sometime feel frustrated at the things people say when I don't agree with them or opinions from my cultural background that are different. What I learned in Uni 101 is that multiple perspectives can be included. I observed how my classmates take parts in the group discussions and the TAs and instructors facilitating in a way that broadened my view and I saw how to accept other opinions.

What I learned
in Uni 101 is
that multiple
perspectives can
be included

In order to elevate and practice our human rights, we need to Get Involved. Maybe frustrated, furious, discouraged or disappointed... but never "Powerless"!!!

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, and stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

-Abraham Lincoln-

**Socrates, in my
view, it would
do you good to
be a little less
sure of your
word and a little
more in touch
with your heart**

- Anna Norris

UNified

by Tina Lalonde

I am burning
fierce with need
Awakened
creativity uncoils
stretching out of slumber
Hungry
tantalizing drops
like a trail, scattered
Molten blood
ignites me
the scent in the air
Knowledge Feast
I tear into
Voracious
fathoms deep
more
more
more
I am Hunter
seeking absorption
Intoxicated
full, not sated
Question
Revelation, Thought, Idea
I am beckoned

The Mirror

by Erin Watling

When you look in the mirror, what do you see?
A lovely tall girl, smiling and free?

Or do you see her experiences, what she's survived?
...sometimes she wonders how she's still alive...

Sometimes all she can feel is the pain and the sorrow,
fear which lingers and haunts her tomorrows

But suddenly she remembers what her friends have told:
To always be happy, confident, and bold

To never give up when life is getting you down,
to make yourself smile whenever you frown

To love and take care of yourself when you are alone,
to be thankful and grateful for all that you own

And slowly but surely, love lights up her eyes
And now she can bid the sadness goodbye

Erin Watling

Continuing [My] Education

by Rich Velay

University 101 is a non-credit course offered by the University of Victoria as a part of their Continuing Education program. In line with its mission of removing barriers to education, it is completely cost free: no course fees, no books to buy, they will even provide students with dinner and bus fare should they need it. The University bends over backwards to provide this cost-free environment for students - even a pad of paper, pens and pencils are provided gratis. All that the student is required to supply is interest and a willingness to participate.

A varied palette to explore.

University 101 focuses on the Humanities (the following course, Uni 102, looks at the Social Sciences). Thus, in Uni 101, participants will be exposed to Critical Thinking (which is the foundation of the entire course), Creative Writing, Film and Gender studies, History and Philosophy, among other topics. A varied palette to explore.

People come to Uni 101 for many reasons; general interest, a desire to alleviate boredom and/or social isolation or a life-long desire to face and overcome some lingering "ghosts" from High School. The variety of reasons for signing up insure that each class contains a wide assortment of students, with regards to gender, age, life experiences, goals and previous academic experience.

Myself, I had two goals uppermost in mind when I entered Uni 101; a desire to use it as a stepping stone to further education, as well as a desire to see if I could do such a course in a structured University setting. I already knew I was interested in the course contents - indeed I have done a lot of self-study in these areas - but I expected a structured academic environment to be a different and more fulfilling experience than "just" studying on my own.

This expectation has been happily proven true. Even though I had been out of school for many years I found that old skills returned, along with a resurgence of self-confidence regarding academic pursuits and my being in an academic setting. The classes have been very interesting, both as to subject matter and the dynamics of the interactions with staff and other students.

One of the more stimulating aspects of Uni 101 for me has been the class format used: each evening class is divided into a lecture portion and a less structured "small group" component. During the small group sessions, one or more Teaching Assistants participate with three to five students in gently guided discussions about the previous lecture and assigned readings. While these sessions are obviously a treat for those, like Myself, who love to talk, it is also impressive and heartening to see others participate and shine in their own ways. These small groups offer a real opportunity for the shy, the hesitant and/or those with self-esteem issues to overcome some of their personal barriers and participate in these exchanges of ideas.

it is also
impressive and
heartening to see
others participate
and shine in their
own ways

I've gotten a lot out of my time in Uni 101, both in terms of what I hoped for, as well as unexpected extras. My participation in Uni 101 has provided me with opportunities for academic advancement and renewed my faith in my ability to function in an academic environment. In addition, it has brought me new friends, new interests and the opportunity to explore important, fascinating topics and issues in ways that simply do not occur during self-study. It has been a fascinating and enriching experience - and certainly the best money I never spent!

Adios Amigos

David Conner

It's with half a mind
And half a heart
That I drink a last draught
Of the heady air of higher learning.
For the freely given gifts
Of time and talent,
And for the company,
I shall, I hope,
Be always thankful.
For the simple fact
That these are not
my cup of tea,
I shall, I know, carry forth
A degree of remorse,
And leave, in return,
A small poem
And my favorite joke:

*“Desire may be dead and still a man be a
meeting place for sun and rain, wonder out
waiting pain as in a wintry tree.”*

- D. H. Lawrence

And: A duck walks into a bar, walks to a wall, walks up the wall, walks across the ceiling, walks down the opposite wall, and walks out of the bar. A man turns to the bartender and says “That is the most incredible thing I’ve ever seen in my life!” The bartender says, “You got that right, pal, that damn duck never says good night!”

One Line At a Time

by Dianna Lucas

It's nice to see someone continue the
tradition of wearing a scarf.
It reminds me of my grandmother.
We are thinking beings, and we are allowed to say it.
Acknowledge their knowledge.
Some stories being told with different
accessories in a manner of degrees.
The Joy Luck Club.
A comfortable age like us.
Fluff it up and take out the kindling.
Do one thing and do it well.
More concepts in terms of which to picture
the substance of our being.
What's the secret to happiness? Duct tape.
I cried when I had no shoes, till I saw
someone with no feet.
What I become aware of,
The understanding,
Support what you say,
Say anything.

Dianna Lucas

A Beautiful Pony

by Cynthia Cenciarini

Oh Tony you're a beautiful pony
When you were born you broke open my heart
Do not follow the hypnotic tune
You are a leader
Listen rather to the gentle refrains
Of your own inner music
Be playful
Kick up your hoofs and trot through the forest
Let your spirit lead you forward on the path of life

Oh Tony you're a beautiful pony
When you were nine you broke open my senses
So my love is an eternal flame whose steady
 light can always guide you
During times of personal darkness
You are my leader
Find the issues of your heart
Explore the deep issues of your past
Reflect, let tears flow if they must
With faith and hope a new revelation
Will gently come forward to heal your broken heart

Oh Tony you're a beautiful pony
When you were twelve you broke open my mind
As you break open the deeper meaning of your life
Remember your childhood passions
You are a leader
As you discover again the little child who resides in your heart
The treasures that lie before you cannot be found
Until you are able to let them bubble up
You are now the warrior of universal love
A profound change awaits you as you gallop towards maturity

Oh Tony you're a beautiful pony
When you were nineteen you broke open my spirit
Believe in miracles, and follow your dreams
You are a leader
A special responsibility must be accepted
As you seek to fulfill your life
If you choose carefully your goals
And purge your ego of old desires and fears you can change
Offering your beautiful gifts to the world

Joyful Moments

by Cynthia Cenciarini

From the time I was about three I wanted to make a difference in the world. I was on a mission. I wanted to adopt children that needed a home and I felt one day I would go somewhere else in the world and do something for children living in orphanages. I also had concerns about children in my community. These visions were always on my mind as my life flowed into these dreams, magical things have happened along the way to help me make a difference with ease and it was not until I wrote this story that I realized how much I have accomplished.

I went in a different direction, but it all tied into my life's skills and became a chef I worked for years in many restaurants and ended up working at the University of Victoria as a breakfast cook for 900 students. It was hard work and not very creative. I was looking for a challenge. I was then given the job of opening the first cafeteria on campus in the University Center. I was so happy ordering the equipment, setting up and running it. Then I became ill and had to leave this job. It was a blessing because I decided to go back to school and become an Early Childhood Educator with a focus on under Three's and Special Needs. I happily owned and operated my Early Childhood Center for 20 years. I loved working with the children and still have contact with many of them. Facebook has been great for communicating. In the twelfth year of running my center I adopted an amazing, beautiful, and intelligent newborn baby boy. I was able bring him home to the center that was licensed for four infants. I enjoyed every minute of having

him at home and at work with me. When he was in grade three I became ill again and was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis. I needed to close down the center and look after myself. It was a healing journey that was difficult. I had my third near death experience and was guided to become a healer and help others with what I learned.

We visited three orphanages and one hospital for Special Needs Children with Autism to donate the Canadian money

I now have my masters in Reiki. I am a Conscious Touch Body Worker, Feng Shui Consultant, and Aura Soma Therapist. These allow me to make \$500.00 extra each month to supplement my disability pension.

Five years ago I met a healer named Jomanda. She is from Europe and is very famous seeing thousands at a time in gatherings. All the money goes to the Worlds Children's Fund for children in

orphanages and hospitals. With her help we raised money in Canada to support WCF. And I wanted to travel with Jomanda and raise the money for the children. Another lady in our healing group Ruth also wanted to come. Then my brother Brian wanted to come, and asked me if his two daughters Malissa 14 and Alison 12 would also be able to go. I wanted my 17 year old son Mark Antonio (Tony) to come, but being on disability I could not afford the cost. Brian said he would assist me and that we were all going. This was so exciting I could hardly believe it. Then my friend Mary wanted to come. Another friend Susan surprised me in Amsterdam at our hostel shortly after we arrived. There were eight of us altogether.

So off we went traveling to Seattle, Holland, Croatia, Italy, Germany, France back to Seattle and home to Victoria three weeks later. We visited three orphanages and one hospital for special needs children with autism to donate the Canadian money . We visited three elderly care nursing facilities in Croatia, including one on Kirk Island and then we went Italy for a break. It was so much fun and that will be another story sometime. The highlight of this trip was watching my son choose to donate his most cherished childhood friend, his giant teddy bear, to the children at the orphanage. I now help Jomanda arrange gatherings and individual healing. I often host the appointments in my home. So I can further assist with creating donations for the Worlds Children's fund.

I have accomplished part of my life's mission and I still have so much more to do. I dream to make a difference for my grandchildren's lives not only in the community but to cook for, nurture, and be a good example. I still have visions of helping the children of the world. I have been a volunteer for 5 years, as an expert on living in poverty for *The Quality of Life Challenge Community Action Team*.

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I know what suffering is, as I have not had an easy life, and I also know great joy, especially when I held my son for the first time and watched him grow up. These stories are some of my happy moments and there are many more to come. I find it interesting that I did not know before writing it down that most of the things that I have done were part of the vision I had as a young person. It also helped me come to feel more complete and to know that yes, I have had some joyful moments.

**We are
thinking
beings,
and we are
allowed
to say it.**

- Dianna Lucas

Umbrellas Fall From the Sky

*by Bui Nelson, Drew Farrance, Felix Bright, Lea
Murphy, Sean Addie, and Tina Lalonde*

I got out and scanned the landscape,
feeling pretty dumb, and I
slip between the lackadaisical buildings.
Going to work and come cascading back,
renewed sense of the difficulty and
complexity of the exorcist.

Protection factor fifteen,

a thing I keep nearby
even though I'm universal.
Closing the door behind him
the hopeful quest
at the familiar corner,
I defenestrated.

Forever at Odds

*by Dave Csizmazia, Cecilia Bailey, Dianna
Lucas, Heather Modlin, Josh D'Lorge,
Martin Van Boekel and Neil Sangha*

The bogus individual that's satisfied by
spontaneity at dusk or dawn
Reality is not given to many and then head back into the
windy distance. It was all at the samilian corner
Journalistic nerve-firing, a desert slash the
briefest puddle, color of an ice cream.
The faces that one is forever at odds
I glimpsed something, a mental image
Frozen
Narrow
All were written but the last one no less
An under memory of seawater rush, salt scour
in the eyes popped and went dry.
Doesn't know and doesn't know I would
drink my tea and die.

A Group Effort

Waiting at the Corner

by Anna Norris, Candy Hietala, Carol Demetre, Carrie Elrick, Max Olesen and Vanne Hanisch-Godoy

Waiting at the corner he feels
the cold at his back and stamps
himself awake again.
A cat-shaped car beam
Searching
The musky coconut balm
The adolescent savor of heat and
under memory of sea water rush, salt
 scour in the eyes and nose
But each sealed in its hunger
for a different life, a lost life.
Tasting of dust, olive-skinned
Waiting, merging
I slowed the car to a no-hands crawl
to a no-hands crawl
the exposed person
The exposed person gasps, slips
How to be sensible, He doesn't know
He doesn't ask how to be sensible
Waiting at the corner he feels the cold
 at his back and stamps
Satisfied by spontaneity
Old and still learning

Every Blessed Day

by Anna Norris, Candy Hietala, Carol Demetre, Carrie Elrick, Max Olesen and Vanne Hanisch-Godoy

And knows exactly how much light
And blue in its merging shadows,
I think here of the work of Albert Camus.
It was hardpan and sky and a wafer trace of mountain,
 low and crouched out there, mountain or
 cloud, cat-shaped, catamount-how human
 is it to see a thing as something else.

Spectacularly lost,
Opacity of persons
Reality is not a given whole
I would drink my tea and die.
Later the wind died and a cloudreef rimmed
 in pale rose hung low and still.
The real impenetrable human person
Even before he looks he knows
Through literature we can re-discover a sense
of the density of our lives.
I would drink my tea and die.
I squeezed the tube until it was sucked dry.
We need a new vocabulary of attention
consoling dream
enriching and deepening concepts
Because I was fifty-seven years old and still
 learning how to be sensible.

**Beauty is all
around us.**
- Carol Demetre



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