

DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT
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Journal of the University 101 Students
Fall 2011

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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**Seeing into
the dark ...**

**I can now see
what's there.
Nothing there
to fear.**

- Darren Gray

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 the University 101 students are on.

A note from the Dean

The Journey

by Melissa Rafter

Openness of mind / heart
 Collectively... transgress limitations
 Practice freedom... learning... beyond
 boundaries
 A field of possibilities... paradise

During the poetry week, we were asked to do a found poem from a prose passage written by bell hooks. This was the result I came up with. When I considered what to put in the journal, I was struck by how much the University 101 course has made this poem true for me. The original written piece spoke about the possibility that a classroom can expand beyond limitations and by the environment it encourages, become a place of freedom – a paradise. Taking the University 101 course has allowed me to touch many moments of that joy that learning can bring.

If someone had tried to tell me what to expect from attending University 101, I am sure the description could not have come close to expressing the gifts I have received from being a member of this class. I had always had a dream that someday I could attend University, but because of life's events the reality of making that a viable alternative never seemed to present itself. Along came the University 101 program and it presented an opportunity for a part of my vision to come true. Little did I know how meaningful the experience would become and how much gratitude I have for the fact that this course is available. I cannot say enough

about how fulfilling it has been to attend this series and how much I have enjoyed being a part of the learning.

"Openness of mind and heart" are so evident to me when I witness the true dedication of the organizers and assistants of University 101. Every possible obstacle that an individual might have encountered has been dealt with in an attentive and thoughtful manner to make learning available no matter what the situation. The amount of support and concern for our well-being while attending the classes has ensured an atmosphere where all are welcome to participate as fully as possible. Individuals are valued for who they are and encouraged to share themselves in a place of mutual trust

touch many
moments of that
joy that learning
can bring

and safety. In the respectful atmosphere we shared, it was easy to be open and express ideas and thoughts honestly. "Collectively" I do believe we have found ways to "transgress" limitations and delve deeply into questioning and thinking in new and exciting ways.

I have been awed by the commitment required by the professors who have chosen to teach and share their knowledge and experience. It is plain to see the passion each demonstrates for their area of study and how willing they are to engage with all of us in the learning process. I am truly astonished at the attention to values I have witnessed and I have found their presence to be both inspiring and touching in a deeply personal way. I will take into my life their enthusiasm and commitment to being truly exceptional teachers. Subjects I might never have been exposed to have enlivened and enriched my life and have added new dimensions to the understanding of my own

humanity. These instructors have transmitted a generosity of spirit and intention that has allowed me to have the “freedom” to seek “beyond boundaries.” The encouragement that was given, for an environment of equality and participation, has been an inspiration.

I cannot say enough about my appreciation for this learning experience. It has opened my world to being an exciting place to be, a “paradise” where I am looking forward to continuing the journey of exploration and discovery. It has opened my mind to a “field of possibilities” where I am always a beginner who can approach any subject deeper. I have come to realize that it is the process that is most important, not just the relying on convenient answers to the questions of study. I hope to continue searching and re-evaluating learning and making it the powerful tool to look deeper into more genuine ways of living. I will forever remember the wonder of University 101 and cherish all the individuals and students that came together to make this experience so rewarding and fulfilling. For me, the paradise is in the learning.

Trail Toward the End of Fear

by Darren Gray

A man's enemies are from his own household
 All that they want is the coldness of gold
 They stifle their flow, cause they go go go go
 They end up undone, looking out for #1
 They practice control, end up losing their soul.

I'd like to see
 into the dark

I'd like a tree
 to climb in the park

By seeing into the dark
 Whether inner or out
 I can now see what's there
 Nothing there to fear

By climbing a tree in the park
 Whether arbutus or oak
 I can now see what's there
 Nothing there to fear

Truth Withheld

by Katie Lacroix

I've never been lost in anything but you. I take you in, filling my soul. The emptiness recedes and for a little while I feel whole. We escape to places unknown, stand on the brink of the divide and jump into the expanse. When I have you there's nothing left. With you it can never be just a mistake. Even when traces of creation soon fade away it's your embrace to which I can't equate.

Swimming through tide... lost track, hints of your withdrawal bringing me back. Soaked to the bone in disdain, why did I even see you again? Ripping me into shattered fragments picking up the pieces. Never going to be the same. Never learn, you're persistent, unchanging. It's your lies of warmth and love for which I yearn so earnestly.

Now that you've departed I see. This journey must be alone, as long as you're with me I can't ever be free.

Seething I gasp, I cry out loud, I scream. You're gone again. Damaged.

Forsaken, grasping at perpetual darkness, reeling sensation,
the slow descent into Cimmerian depth. Retreating to my
mind's asylum. Burning in the depths of pits below, feeling
the touch of raging inferno. Strange visions surround me, a
million fiends in the night trying to bring me back to your
light. Infinite hours engage solitary assault on the senses.
Daunting battle, a fight for my soul.

I pray to you
My soul you'll take
Listen to my heart
Beat with each
Breathe you in
I've missed your
Warm comfortable
Embrace me

**Ripping me
into shattered
fragments picking
up the pieces.**

Nature's Wood

by Adele Vey

The Heart in Nature's Wood
upon the wall above the teacher
reminds me
How life, deep within
its knots
holds tenaciously
to all that is hidden, yet revealed,
to those searching.

Attribute

by Adele Vey

This is a "tribute"
Thank-you
Every day I feel special
because of their kindness—
The Food Service Staff—
Cooks, servers, cashiers
all with kind words, chats and caring
Who are they?
Genuine good people
offering their best
every day for the price
of a Free meal ticket

Warm Wood

by Adele Vey

The First Nation's House
glows in warm wood
like a sound sauna
Surrounded by maple, birch, ash
She rests;
a flying saucer
hovering upon the cove
of her Mother ship's arms.

**Humanity
doesn't fit
into the
cosmos**
- Donna Furnival

A Real Fairy Tale from One Disney Princess to Another

by Carol Stockall

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, but not so long ago, there lived a fair young maiden named Cinderella. Childhood for Cinderella was crazy: cooped up in a crystal castle with a collage of constant change, continual chaos, crisis and conflict. Self-will, self-reliance, and self-sacrifice would be her sole solution to turn this turmoil and tragedy into survival, security and success. Cinderella had big dreams; these were really big, big dreams. So Cinderella worked like a slave, a slave to her dreams, struggling to make her dream of happiness come true.

As time went by everyone grew to like Cinderella, they liked her because she was a good, hard, fast worker. She did her work, she did their work, and then she did even more work. Cinderella worked harder and harder, and faster and faster, and more and more. Cinderella was working for love and approval. She was working really hard at making other people happy. Cinderella thought she loved her work, and she thought that making other people happy would make her happy too. But Cinderella was just a workaholic in DENIAL, (Didn't Even kNow I wAs Lying-to myself). Cinderella was trying to be Superwoman and sometimes she even felt like the Little Red Hen.

But that's another story and this is a Disney Story about a Disney Princess.

She worked so hard it was shocking and her friend Snow White, (she's another Disney Princess), was worried.

Cinderella wasn't happy. Snow White suggested; "Just Whistle While You Work!" So Cinderella began to whistle and work and whistle and work and whistle and work and work and work and work and work and work and work...

the pain would not stay
in the past

Cinderella was very, very clever too. But Cinderella wasn't clever enough to see that the ceiling of her crystal castle was made of glass: her whole world was a made of glass! On "Crystal Night" at the stroke of midnight it all disappeared, (it was like her own personal Holocaust), her whole world, even her single glass slipper was shattered into a million paneful, painful pieces of glass. Cinderella worked hard to put the paneful, painful pieces of her shattered life back together. But the pain would not stay in the past. She enshrined her regrets, resentments, and rage in a colorful kaleidoscope of stained glass, making a monumental memorial to mire in the past - one big pity party - lest she forget! Cinderella was a damaged damsel in distress, and nothing was crystal clear anymore. She vaguely remembered that Humpty Dumpty had a big fall too. She reached out for help, but all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put Cinderella back together again. (Maybe this was a gender issue.)

But that's another story and this is a Disney Story about a Disney Princess.

It was well past midnight and Cinderella grew very, very, very tired. Now all she could do was sit by the fire and watch all her hard work go up in smoke.

She was in crash and burn mode, she was burning her bridges, she was burnt out and her life was in cinders, poor Cinderella. Cinderella stopped working and she stopped living; her world got darker and darker and darker; and sadder and sadder and sadder. Cinderella lay down and she slept and she slept and she slept and she slept... She was becoming nothing but a Sleeping Beauty. But no Prince Charming came to rescue this Sleeping Beauty. Cinderella had hit a very hard bottom. She was powerless, her life was unmanageable, she had received the Gift Of Desperation (GOD). Cinderella was searching for Good Orderly Direction (GOD), and dreaming of a Higher Power that could restore her to sanity.

All of a sudden she had a spiritual awakening: a bright light, a star appeared in her dream. "When She Wished Upon A Star...", Pinocchio's Blue Fairy appeared. Cinderella remembered Gepetto's wish for a real boy. Cinderella wished she could get a real life and become a real woman. The Blue Fairy reminded her that Pinocchio had to stop lying before he could become a real

turn this turmoil and tragedy into survival

boy. Cinderella had to get real and stop lying, no more DENIAL (Didn't Even kNow I wAs Lying-to myself). The Blue Fairy was teaching her about HONESTY. Cinderella had lots more to learn about life and human nature, she needed something like Uni 101 or a Humanities Diploma Program.

But that's another story and this is a Disney Story about a Disney Princess.

The Blue Fairy waved her magic wand and Cinderella heard Tink! Tink! Tink! and her thoughts were full of pixie dust. Wendy was flying and Tinkerbell was tinkling and they were both happy. Wendy learned to fly by thinking happy thoughts, putting a smile in her heart, and putting her FAITH in the Higher Power of Tinkerbell's pixie dust. Cinderella was learning about this Higher Power of pixie dust and positive thinking; learning to change her stinking

thinking to an attitude of optimism and experience true HAPPINESS. Tinkerbell blew in like a tiny tornado; she was small, but she was mighty strong, she was brave, she had COURAGE. When Captain Hook poisoned Peter Pan's medicine, Tinkerbell came to the rescue, she drank the poison and saved Peter's life. Then to rescue Tinkerbell, children all over the world clapped their hands and chanted; "I do believe, I do believe, I do believe in fairies". The children had FAITH. Maybe their FAITH in fairies was a New Religious Movement (NRM), or maybe a new Spiritual But Not Religious cult (SBNR).

Wendy lectured about choices and consequences. Wendy had made the choice to leave Neverland and grow up. Wendy was teaching her about RESPONSIBILITY. Cinderella knew all about the Neverland Ranch and Michael Jackson, he was a modern day, real life, Peter Pan. MJ needed an anesthetic just to fall asleep. He should have asked Sleeping Beauty for advice, or too bad Tinkerbell wasn't there to drink his poison medicine too.

But that's another story and this is a Disney Story about a Disney Princess.

These Disney Women were Magical Maidens and they were heroes, sharing valuable life lessons disguised as fairy tales. They were pretty, and they had pretty good heads on their shoulders, full of mental muscle with a moral message that packed a powerful punch: HONESTY, HAPPINESS, FAITH, COURAGE, RESPONSIBILITY.

Suddenly, Cinderella heard "Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo!" Her Fairy Godmother appeared waving her magic wand. Cinderella was finally awake! She had learned that we all have convergent and divergent dreams. A dream is just a wish your heart makes. And she is doing her very, very best to keep dreaming and living happily ever after!

Thanks Walt!...Ch"ear"s!

Et tu XV

by Colleen Kerr

Reason, custom, foresight:

Child of the Force of Nature
at a loss to find the words,
manifest ideas as form.

Creative impulse heeds no adepts
delivered from the lust for result;
The Universe sublimely careless of
the mysteries we must face.

Who shall say Nay to the manifest?
Those who face the devil to express
master no other form but experience.

To do is the only Right
Existence is the Bliss of Pure Will
unassuaged by purpose.
Thy Will: thought, “Why”.

And transcending all:
the Renovating Intelligence
Lord of the Why at the Gates of Matter is
divinely unscrupulous Creativity.

His mystery, limitations.
Yet rather than barren mountain tops
High Places in every way perfect.

To find ecstasy and divine madness,
Yet learn the secrets of Spring
in every phenomenon an evil being
(spiralling goat horns of Pan).

Ayin for Eye
the progenitor scribe
penetrates where consciousness begins,
In the Order of the All-begetter.

To find ecstasy and divine madness,
Yet learn the secrets of Spring

A. K. A. Demi-Monde

by Colleen Kerr

The uneducated realm
is not hell.
But ignorance is ill-defined
where Hell can be destroyed.

The open field with
all it's freedoms
is no longer
an unlocated impossibility.

Our fate, to languish in slavery
to have no expectations
of the gods or our enemies.

Empty, closed minefield
no impulse that
prevents us from
avoiding fantasy;
never individually reiterating
to stay within the unbounded.

to Regress.

This is ignorance as the rejection of servitude.

Tin Thinks Wut I Learnt in Skul

by Jerry Murry

1. Put your hand in a bucket of water. Take your hand out. The hole that's left is how much you'll be missed if you decide to miss classes. Mom won't be there to wake you up and send you off. This one is on your own, and depends on your own sense of self-discipline to make it happen.

2. The lecturers/professors know more about the subject than you do. But because they are so passionate about their chosen field, they by and large tend to be somewhat absent-minded, disorganized, and can easily be led off-topic. Don't do that. Learn the difference between asking a legitimate question during a lecture, and trying to engage the prof in a dialogue. Dialogue comes later, in small-group discussion, where you'll have plenty of time to express your opinions and contribute your personal experiences.

3. Learn to listen TO the lecturers and your classmates, as opposed to listen AT. Just because somebody sounds stupid doesn't always mean they are stupid. A lot of people who take these courses are so-called "non-traditional students", and as such, a goodly number of them are not only unaccustomed to public speaking, a lot of them are also unaccustomed to even having people listen to them. If that includes you, all I can tell you is "be brave"...

4. On that same subject, if you're willing to actively participate in the lecture, sit where you can hear. There's nothing to be gained by sitting in the back of the room just because you don't know any of those people. And if you

Jerry Murry

actually ask a pertinent question, the rest of the room is going to want to hear it too. So you have to learn to speak up, and in our somewhat repressive society, that seems one of the hardest things for people to do. Hey, think of it as show business. You're asking a question, you're the center of attention, and your fellow students are your audience, breathlessly awaiting both your question and the professor's brilliant reply. In terms of comedy, you're the straight man.

5. Perhaps the two hardest things you'll learn are inter-connected. "Learning how to learn", the first session, is not something people do instinctively. Pay particular attention to that session, because it will affect everything you experience in class from then on.

The second thing that's essential to learn is "critical thinking". Again, this is something that people don't do naturally, and have to be taught how to do. Think on this: Given the definition of critical thinking, if everybody had it, advertising wouldn't work.

unaccustomed to even having people listen ... all I
can tell you is "be brave"

6. Don't expect that every topic, week by week, is going to be on the top of your "wow how interesting" list. Some of it can be downright dull, and sometimes it's a distinctive pain in the posterior. And don't expect that what you learn is going to make money for you, or prepare you for any particular job. Hang in there anyhow. Think of it as a personal challenge, and stick it

out. You will be surprised to find you have opinions on topics you've maybe never even considered before.

7. It oftentimes seems the profs are beating a subject to death. That's part of the agenda. In one instance, we were discussing the hidden meanings behind some particular movies, and I questioned the professor on the need to dissect it, thinking it better to just sit back and enjoy the flick. The professor replied, "That's what we do at University – we over-analyze things". That's probably the best definition I've heard regarding what University education is all about.

8. The assignments are not mandatory. Inasmuch as the assignments aren't graded, there's only one incentive to complete them. Your own personal sense of commitment to the program. Do the assignments to prove to yourself that you can do them.

9. Which brings up another thought. You have to learn how to express yourself on paper. University thrives on essays. And they want you to write 2-3 pages, when you feel you could express your opinions in two paragraphs. I can't really tell you how to do that, because I never mastered it myself.

10. My grandfather used to tell me that "they can neither sue you nor garnishee you for what you learn". That seems pretty sensible, and during this adventure in learning I was given another one, this one from Gandhi:

"Live life as if every day was your last one. Learn as if you were going to live forever."

Good People

by Andrew Paish

In today's ever-changing and stressful urban world, I feel blessed to have a sense of humility, happiness with peace of mind. I was compelled to learn more about the world around me by participating in the UVic's Uni 101 program.

The Uni 101 curriculum inspires students to connect with their inner world, to understand the outer world around that affects everyone.

Celebrate a humble world by appreciating the simpler things in life; family, friends, relationships and nature just to mention a few: good people make a good world.

People who have an unconditional caring and genuine respect for mankind view people and the world with an understanding and open mind.

Good people care with sincere emotions; they acknowledge everyone has issues everyone and are in need of emotional support. We all make mistakes.

Good people are intelligent, and they look beneath the skin's surface: this rare person is delicate and fragile, unusual.

**The world is
hungry. In an
electronic age
of information
our world
is virtually
starving for
experience.**

- Ross Turchyn

A Gift Too Precious to Ignore

by Jill Cater

Thoughts are jumbled in my head,
Of all the things I've heard and read.
Every time I struggle to recall,
I want to smash my head against a wall.
What came first – what came next,
What did I learn from each text?

Academic writing and critical analysis,
Left me with a feeling of paralysis,
Understanding and assumptions and implications,
Still think there are way too many generalizations.
But I did learn how to do the linking,
Between concept mapping and critical thinking.

And I really did enjoy that piece,
Taught by Shrimpton – about Ancient Greece,
Read about Athens, Plato and Socrates,
And even two types of democracies.

I even remember hearing,
Why languages are disappearing.
Imbalances in prestige and power,
Controlled by those in their ivory tower,
While those on the ground struggle to survive,
Then have to fight – to keep their language alive.
Language isn't theirs to take,
But they won't admit to that mistake.
Either they don't care or even try to understand,

That language and identity go hand-in-hand.
Oh – by the way,
I just found out the other day,
That there's a relatively new language for Métis,
It's a combo of English, French and Cree.

Japanese film, poetry and Mexican lit,
I'm learning it all – bit by bit.
Tutorials and references to other books,
And readings by authors – like Bell Hooks,
Different instructors for each class,
No tests to determine if you fail or pass,
Just the joy of learning – nothing more,
A gift that's too precious to ignore,
Some stuff I missed – some stuff I got,
But I sure as hell have learned a lot!

Oatmeal and Tuna: The Clayton Kershaw Story

by Bruce Wallace

Autumn, time for the October classic, the World Series of the MLB, Major League Baseball. This year, the combatants are the St. Louis Cardinals and the Texas Rangers; series currently tied 1-1, best of seven. We like the St. Louis team; down 17 games towards the end of the regular season, they needed to win every game to make it to the Big Show, and this they did.

Yet, the best story in 2011 is about a fastball pitcher who plays with neither of these teams, but for the Los Angeles Dodgers. L.A. didn't make it to the championships this year, and likely won't for several more (they call this being in re-building mode). What's interesting is the fellow whom sports writers have forecast to be one of the greatest pitchers of all time. They call him the "Old Soul."

The other players in the clubhouse look up to him for leadership and direction; the field managers regard him with respect, even awe. Everyone admits he possesses a wisdom beyond his years. His place in Cooperstown Hall of Fame is assured. He is one of those prototypical Americans: over six feet tall, just short of two hundred pounds, an athletic frame, large, but looks lean and strong. He is quiet and rarely speaks. It is as if he had no adolescence, but one day, seemingly overnight, the boy had become the man. He is married; he and his wife are blessed with a child. He does not drink nor smoke. One would guess he never did, as befits a professional. Think Gary Cooper in "The Lou Gherig Story." Oh, did we mention he is a vegetarian?

How did the sports writers find out, we don't know, but when they did, they cornered the "Old Soul" in the locker room one afternoon after a losing game (no powerhouse batters on the squad). Sports reporters are known to usually have an evil facility and they were all set to give him the Bronx raspberry over their newfound information. Interrogated on this, he replied that he had studied the question of diet and health for a long time. He came to the conclusion that vegetarianism was the proper path. His main concern was his family, and, secondarily, whether such a lifestyle could sustain the grueling demands of a one hundred and fifty plus game schedule. It can. When pressed to reveal what he ate, the "Old Soul" stated that his studies had led him to a regime consisting only of oatmeal and tuna. Oatmeal and tuna. That shut them up.

The "Old Soul" is twenty-two years of age.

... a wisdom
beyond his years

To My Children

by Arac Ceron

Celebrate life through the music, through the
spoken word, through the
Splatter of color on paper or wood or iron

But celebrate your life! And keep on searching for
knowledge, celebrate

Your ability to feel, hear and listen – joy and sadness

I am grateful to God for the most precious gift of your life
your

Friendship your love and your indomitable honest true
heart and spirit

Thank you for walking this earth with me! Now I know, I
understand better

Now and I must allow you to express freely and creatively

I must motivate you and thank you for your inspiration

I must motivate you spiritually – I must

Challenge you to a higher level of achievement and I must
increase your

Self-confidence and improve
your overall quality of life.
Keep

Be free to dream
always.

Searching, keep looking, keep asking, try always to see
things beyond the way

You first see them, draw, paint, write, act, sing, feel, dance,
think, express

And

Be free to dream always

I admire you for being the struggler of my unthinkable
contradictions.

Celebrate life through the music,
through the spoken word,
through the splatter of color on
paper or wood or iron.

On a Bench

by Brett Hendry

Some time ago I was visiting Harris Green Park between Cook and Chambers and Pandora. I was under the influence of a few psychoactive agents, ones that Timothy Leary would approve of, and a few others. It was the middle of the night so there was a peaceful quiet. I sat on a bench and considered life questions.

First I asked myself a few. They were like:

What's this all about?

How will the world look in the future?

What should I know (or find out) to progress fairly in life?

And others of that ilk.

Then the bench spoke to me and said "I've been here longer, at least as far as this visit." So I asked the bench. It commented that the nearby buildings had been around longer still, so I had better ask them.

The tree next to me cleared its throat and said "Keep in mind that I've been on this lawn for seventy years or so too..." (it was a huge oak); however, it directed my attention to the rocks cropping out and reminded me of glaciers and things.

The rocks, in their humility, pointed out that 20,000 years of thinking had left them still wondering inconclusively, so I should appeal to the heavens.

This was not a spiritual thing for me at the time given my free-associative state. It was more like a logical progression of the ages of things with the consideration of attendant wisdom.

At any rate the stars et. al. responded, “Let us ponder for awhile and we’ll get back to you.”

I’m still waiting.

**Let us ponder
for a while**

**While we
remain
within
the walls
of those
memories**

- Amrune Khan

I Have Changed My Mind About the Uni 101 Program

by Gary Tennenhouse

Looking back I realize part of the reason I signed up for the Uni 101 program was to make myself more comfortable in my rut. I was planning to learn something about a variety of subjects. I was also hoping to impose on myself more self-discipline so as to succeed in finishing some assignments. One hope I had was to meet some other people with inquiring minds. Also, getting out of the house to go to class would definitely cheer me up.

Since I started, I have completed Uni 101, Uni 102, one 201 course and now I have signed up for the Humanities diploma program. I've been sensing a change inside. Now I'm starting to have ambitions. It seems that I am starting to be emotionally driven to write and, hopefully, to write properly. In the first course I wrote almost nothing. Then finally we were given an assignment on the topic of critical thinking. I was casually considering it. The topic was about misleading advertising. The assignment was to take a misleading ad and show how it lied and then write the truth; interesting. Then by coincidence, I saw the ad for a display at the Victoria Public Art Gallery. So I went to see a show displaying Communist Chinese propaganda posters from the 50s to the 80s [I love history, and especially technical and social history]. Then a pulsed xenon light flashed on in my mind. I photographed all the posters and started doing some online research. Being 59 years old, I have lived through some of the events portrayed. I have read, heard, and seen on television some of them, as they happened.

Gary Tennenhouse

I then wrote my first essay since 1970. It was also the longest one I've done in my life. I even used Dragonspeak, a word recognition program, to help compensate for some of my greatest weaknesses. I had managed to write something that was far too long! Amazing! I had to edit it down from 6 1/2 pages to 4 pages. That was for me a

I've been sensing a
change inside...

surprisingly difficult, but oddly satisfying, experience. I needed to use only a couple of typesetting adjustments to fit the edited version into the four pages. I had also included photographs of the poster to make my comments easier to understand, even if you didn't agree with them.

One of the most useful techniques we were taught was the rule of 40% research, 20% writing and 40% editing. I have been a journeyman printer, working in the pre-press department and also doing technical proofreading. Often, that included checking spelling [no, Canada does not start with a K. Typesetters hate to use spellcheck].

One of the subtler skills that I needed to develop as a student just starting to hike the, sometimes rocky, academic trail, was research. The question is, how much research do I need to do for an assignment? Enough to learn all about the subject? Do I read until I feel emotionally comfortable enough to start writing? Frankly, the more worried I get, the more reading I think I have to do. It then

seems too much for me to be able to do. I never felt comfortable enough to start that three page paper. So now I'm learning the skill of keeping my thoughts and research focused on the topic. But more importantly, doing enough research so it seems to be "exactly somewhat," [a deliberately vague measurement system used by writers, artists, contractors, and politicians] more than just enough. An amount of information that my current level of skill can handle. An amount that lets me have enough time to write the assignment well. Then when I have to do the editing, it hopefully is more of a case of trimming and polishing. Rather than a case of having to completely rewrite it to get back on topic and then to cut the length in half so it will fit. If I managed to do all this, then I am all the more likely to get it in on time or just barely late.

just starting to hike the sometimes rocky academic trail

So it is a subtle skill. In a way, similar to when I'm hiking in the winter and I have to go to a partly frozen stream for water. I'm carrying my bucket and walking towards the edge of the ice. Then I am deliberately judging as I walk out towards the edge where I should stop. A spot where I can fill my bucket, but not have the thinning ice sheet break under me, sweeping me into overwhelming confusion and a choking sense of failure. It's a skill I want and need if I'm to continue my education. But I believe it is also one I need for my personal life. That will help me live my life a little better and happier. I am enjoying writing this, but I think it's past time to stop writing and start editing. I hope I can get this handed in just in time.

She and He

To Riko and Helena van der Mey

by Manuela van der Mey

She is like a soul
from another time
where
girls read comics
and guys serenade them
by their bedroom windows.
He was born a very sophisticated,
elegant, well spoken older soul
who is getting Younger with age
I love them both
like I have never loved before
He is the man of my life
my life itself, that's why
Mi Vida, is his nickname
She is my Princess
of The Tale I wrote,
cause I could not live.
Heroine of the story,
mirror of the reflection
that I could never reflect on
Giaconda of the cyber era
hair flowing, caressing
the landscape of the Gorge
and his waves.
Tender , but strong.
So sweet , that even
the silver spoon forgives
her potty mouth.

Loyal, enthusiastic
a rebel at heart,
Him, spitting image
of the first man
I loved in my life
He is like
having "HIM"
back to life....
so lean so strong
his charisma
his best and worst enemy
his temper...oh his temper!
just like mine!
There are no other two
people
that can be so similar
and so different at the same time.
They are like the trunk and the leaves
of a tree
they belong together
they can't live without each other
but they are so different.
I can't stop
counting my blessings
cause these two
great kids
are...Mine!

BFFWF

To Beverly Henderson

by Manuela van der Mey

How much sadness
can a heart hold?
how much darkness
until it makes us feel old?

Plenty of times
I asked myself
why do I want to live
if I feel so dead?

And then ...There You were
answering a call
that I never
meant to make

always smiling back at me
I realized then
that a smile
can be worth a million hopes

Your smile
was the guiding light
that lit my heart
for a million miles

Mother, Sister, Friend, Angel...
How to name You
I know...
My BFFWF Bevy Henderson!

Him

To Maximo

by Manuela van der Mey

His dark eyes were
the door where my desire entered and exited
his lips offered me that sweetness
that I could never get enough of
every time my lips touched his
they craved for more and more
and He knew that
and He knew me
and He knew how to read me
so he used me
and made me beg him
implore him
He made me say
beautiful things
that other ears
from my lips
have not heard nor will hear
kiss by kiss my lips explored
and conquered
every inch of him;
his earlobes
his eyelashes, dark and abundant
his nose, thin as a paper,
the start and the finish
of each horizon of his body.

There are still so many dunes
to conquer
so many beautiful things
to experiment
who wants to quit now
when there is still
so much to love
when every time I think of Him,
my heart beats wild
and runs free, like a wild horse

New Turns in Forest Glades

by Gordon Molhoj

University 101 has been challenging for me. Changing my way of thinking and applying what I've learned to my everyday life has been difficult. Throughout each of the weeks I always wondered why this is important to how the world operates. Looking at the content I began to bridge the gaps between each of the topics. As the weeks went by, I started to relate each topic as if it was a step ladder linking one subject to the next as making sense of this course as a whole.

The introduction to critical thinking was something I thought I had a good grasp on, as well as the reasons of why things are the way they are. How many limitations can there possibly be? Finding out that the answer is endless; a change of perspective is needed to fully understand why this is important. Concept mapping is a way of bridging gaps of information in newspapers, media, pop culture and everyday life. As an artist, it is easy to challenge the way things are set out in another writers own interpretation, and should be given the same respect as anyone else's. Is it important to dissect someone else's opinions? Everyone has the right to think and feel whatever they wish and are allowed to share them with anyone who is willing to listen, regardless of whether or not people agree. Agreeing to disagree is acceptable if it challenges us to look at new perspectives.

It's so easy to accept things the way they are and move on from there. I'm always questioning why anyone should

have to change just because someone else believes they are right and will not take another's own ideas seriously. We don't stand alone on islands when we are in a class of thirty to forty people; the ability to learn how to listen is a first step when trying to understand a bigger picture that sometimes we don't always see. I have spent a lot of time

Finding out that the answer is endless; a change of perspective is needed

in my life as a number in a paper trail without speaking up because people don't seem to understand me. I have to repeat myself often to clarify that I'm heard correctly. I have to articulate the words slowly just so people can hear the words I'm saying and it is frustrating the more and more it happens. I tend to give up and remain silent so as to not upset the flow. There are many people who believe that everyone else is wrong except for themselves. These people challenge everything that comes their way and never stop trying to convince you that their way is the only way. I have met people like this in this class and find them close minded to any other ways of interpreting things, yet I still listen and respect them as being the way they are.

The best part of Uni101 are the people. We are all different, coming from all walks of life. Letting themselves be heard and hearing questions and feedback that I never considered brought new perspective to the content. Most of the time I had fun, even when outside factors were not co-operating with me on any given day. The ability to push forward with the material was a great way of getting me out of the regular grind. I drew from an old acting

technique: to see this class as watertight compartment that seals so that nothing can get in or out and one can focus on the material at

I have always thought that people are so small compared to the world around us.

hand. It was not easy and there were some days when I really relied on this method in order to engage with the content.

There are many things to take away from this experience. Where do we go from here? What can I use that is practical to my everyday life? We can't change people, only ourselves. Of all things I learned in Uni101 the one question that stands out for me is: why? To ask why to almost anything can help challenge people to take their personal opinions to another level of analysis in all aspects of life. I will carry this thought forward as I question my own assumptions about any and everything in the bigger world here. I have always thought that people are so small compared to the world around us. What can we do to make a difference, now I know that every little bit helps. Uni101 is a great place to start and everything that I take away will always be with me. Thank you for accepting me. Please remember that life is short and will always be what we make it. Try to remain calm, relaxed and enjoy however much time you believe you have.

**a conflagration
of potent ideas,
setting the
world ablaze.**

- Miguel Beraza

Another Monkey

by Ross Turchyn

Your experience is unique.

The world is hungry. In an electronic age of information our world is virtually starving for experience.

You have chosen differently.

You have chosen to share your experience with a group of people, Your Insight. Not looking to be entertained, just curious.

And in the sharing of your curiosity with others, feeding the inspiration of our lecturers, and just from that outlook of curiosity participating in a community brain trust, feeding a process that goes beyond the classroom, out into the world, as part of the community legacy of learning.

I am interested in Memes. Like parables, Memes are experiential examples that allow each individual to place themselves in a continuum that leads them clear through to society, allowing a person to take away any part of that example or paradigm and reverse engineer it to their own needs.

Sound bytes on experience as viral communication.

According to developmental psychology we learn 80% of what we know by the time we are 5 years old, and we learn this sublingually - without words - the unconscious beliefs and emotional responses of our care-givers and our

environment. Belief is almost impossible to change without the equivalent in emotional proof as experiential example.

For example many are purely unaware that the Nuclear Family, central to the American dream of 2.3 children and a white picket fence was a 1950's marketing strategy by General Electric and General Motors of 1 electric toaster, 2 cars, and (later) 3 computers per household.

As our expectation of uniformity in what is produced has increased, so too has our expectation of what is required.

the 100th monkey paradigm ... it only takes a
few people to adopt a new practice before the
majority takes it up

Socially mirroring conformity as the cost of acceptance in communication, and anonymity the expected cost for any social confidence. These social conventions - walking down a street, getting on a bus, in a school - virtually eliminate the sharing of personal experience, compartmentalizing us within our communications, and separating us from what it is to be human, what is real.

Of course it would take 8 planets the size of Earth for the rest of the world to live like we do in North America.

There is evil in the world. There is also good. Our desire to care for children and hoard for the winter is deeply rooted in our beings. It is our biological imperative, communicated through our cultural beliefs, which creates our

society in its social conventions and expectations. The people we spend time with become part of our experience. How we choose to spend that time becomes the direction of our experience.

Prior to World War II the average home was 12-14 family members, including the old to raise the young, often with newly-weds and their 1st children bridging all that experience provides, with the care of the sick as a blessing of compassion from the burden being shared as a household.

Together, sharing an inter-generational Community Legacy of Learning. Like Uni101.

The truth is that nature favors competition in establishing limits and cooperation in expanding limits. We are a social creature without natural protection or weapons, our power is to be social and adapt.

Every day we share our unconscious beliefs and emotional patterns through our language.

Many are familiar with the 100th monkey paradigm from social anthropology, where it only takes a few people to adopt a new practice before the majority takes it up. We frequently hear this described as trend-setting behavior - but few are aware that Happiness multiplies in the growth of our social-consciousness in the same way.

No thing comes to our hand but through another. So it is in sharing that we gain.

Natural Leadership then becomes a generous giving of self that inspires others to simply be; because it is through Genuineness in approaching any situation that Growth Happens.

(Shrug) Think of your own sense of personal equivalence as a direct-fair-trade commodity for growth in your neighborhood, and then we are not talking about a classroom or a marketplace

anymore, but your choice in the texture of your own community social-fabric. By finding what you love and caring for it, you grow yourself. Being in love you want to share what you have found with others, and in Sharing what you love you develop community >our neighborhoods< based on love.

When you conduct yourself in genuineness, with Presence, Awareness, and a Respect that relates an equivalence in experience, it creates integrity, not as moral Strength but as Structural strength - a constructive ability to Recognize. Adapt. Grow – genuineness then represents as a feature of communication in our community - multiplying our ability to recognize. Adapt. Grow – through the sharing of our language and outlook. That is how your choice of social-fabric becomes community.

That is what puts the power of your voice in your hands - and in the doing of it, providing examples to you and me and everyone up and down our street representing what makes life Vital.

It is that simple. In doing we find Ourselves, in going we find the world, in Sharing we find Community.

A little of what we have All explored here together is that when you introduce yourself to anything, or anyone, as human first, then we celebrate in the discovery of each other.

You introduce curiosity.

I want to thank you; just for being who you are ;)

The truth will set you free.

And it will also reward you with hundreds of fat grandchildren.

Ouroboros

*from Greek 'Oura' (tail) and 'Boros' (eating). The
serpent continually devouring itself.*

by Tina Lalonde

When last were we wise?

Greed colonized
our path, and we
grapple Enlightenment's ghost.

Do marble corpses
of Greek contemplation
weep dreams from
ancient stone...
those venerated Gods
--Philosophers--
Politicians and Poets
forgotten Architects
worshipping Democracy's throne.

Would they lament our apathy;
our sightless gaze
citizens transformed myopic
empathy annulled
by profit's exalted reign

Who among us heard
the last plaintive wail
as Democracy stumbled
-- fell bloodied,
broken
and defiled

Did we even notice when she died...

Can we yet breathe Freedom
infuse the ravaged soul,
try to bring back life
to the child
of those ancients;
to their gift from long ago

Will a billion hopeful voices
chanting out her name
liberate the promise
enable her to rise
Phoenix wings unfolding
to a once and future time
?



Tina Lalonde
OCT/11

1...

Drifts of My Dreams

by Donna Furnival

I'm travelling through the drifts of my dreams,
trying to catch sight of you.

You don't visit me that often; anymore,
where have you gone to?

When you left me with your body, even
then I didn't despair...

for I had you locked in my bank of memories
and I'd often visit you there.

But lately you've grown so distant, I can't
find you where 'er I turn.

You're gone and I can't reach you, no
matter how much I yearn.

I need to know if you still love me; but, there's
no answers from ghosts it seems.

Ghosts that live in my memories, that live
in the drifts of my dreams.

Morbid Musings

by Donna Furnival

Is the deck stacked against me?
Is it at all possible to win?
I just lived through some very dark moments this morning.
The realization I came to is horrific.

Yesterday, I decided to disengage from the electorate.
I decided that I must not further allow myself
 the delusion that my vote matters.
Today, I'm filled with despair.
It's raining outside and it's raining in my mind.
I know I'm bordering on insanity.

If I don't vote, I can't complain.
But, if I complain, I'll be censured.
This is a conundrum.
All that matters is that I stay alive in
 this wilderness of insanity.

I've been accused of being insane before.
They say I have a borderline personality disorder.
Yet, why is it I can see what the future holds?

I've spent my whole life trying to figure out
how to function well in society.
I often times feel just my presence is
enough to get people's back's up.
It feels like every element in this society
turns on me if I speak up.
When I speak up, I'm condemned.

I must break out of this funk I'm in.
What is important to me? What really matters?
The most important thing I've ever done
is look after my family.
What I'm struggling to understand is that the
society I live in doesn't put their own needs
on hold and work towards group success.

I struggle trying to understand what
is happening around me.
Is there no place that still believes and
supports family integrity?
I feel like I'm drowning in societal greed.
I can't make sense of my world.

I'm verging on suicidal ideation.
I'm stuck looking for reasons to explain the inexplicable.
I have spent my whole life wondering 'why.'
I know why the earth turns and how the weather works

and why all other species act the way they do.
That's gravity/magnetic fields and evolutionary dictate.

I understand if I don't know how black holes work,
I can find out by going to Wikipedia.
What I'm unable to understand is humanity.
Humanity doesn't fit into the cosmos and
functions under its own dictates.
It has constructed its own reality independent
from the laws of nature.

So, is humanity a cancer on the universe?
Is that what we have become in so short a time?
Cancer is any evil or harmful thing that tends to spread.
I think that's an apt description of what humanity
has come to in a very short period of time.
And, this is where I stop for today.

**explain the
inexplicable**

One With Who You Are

*Found poem crafted from Eckhart
Tolle's "A New Earth"*

by Amrune Khan

You are fully present,
Is one with who you are.

The action you perform,
Is one with who you are.

The deep sense of aliveness,
Is one with who you are.

Anything you enjoy doing,
Is one with who you are.

Experiencing the joy of Being,
Is one with who you are.

The deep sense of aliveness is
one with who you are.

What it Really Was

by Amrune Khan

The
thoughts
we sometimes
find ourselves
thinking about are
things that happened in
the past. Without even realizing
it; we stress about the many missed
opportunities about the what if's, the
should have's and the if only's that have
long since gone by. While we remain within
the walls of those memories, we end up keeping
the negativity alive. Letting it go and hoping to learn
from it is what we can do for ourselves now. Those matters
do not choose or dictate our happiness. That is left up to us to decide.
Where do we want to go from here? Make the decision to be happier and
to be more grateful. Stop stressing about it. Look at stressing as a signal and at
the same time as an invitation from our body to make a change. Within every
moment we choose to continue to agonize over the bygones we make the
issue much bigger and more complicated and even more hurtful than what it
really
was.

Personal Essay

by Violette Perreault

My personal experience is of Uni 101 is it's a good course and I enjoy learning and listening to lectures. The discussion groups are also good because it gives you a chance to ask questions and talk about the topic.

The critical thinking and concept mapping are also very educational because it makes you think of many things and write them down. I also like doing research on a certain topic like poetry and English literature at the library. This course teaches you how to use a computer and to type information onto paper. The people in this course are very friendly and helpful. The teaching assistants are very helpful also because if you don't understand something, they can explain it so you can understand it. I hope this course makes me a better person in humanities.

In Memory

by Laurie

Trust and highly respected

my caregiver, my best friend

my sisterhood, my protector

my wisdom informer

my womanhood and womankind

my pillar of strength

my mentor, my elder

my mother.

In honour and memory of

Betty Walker

April 1915-2003

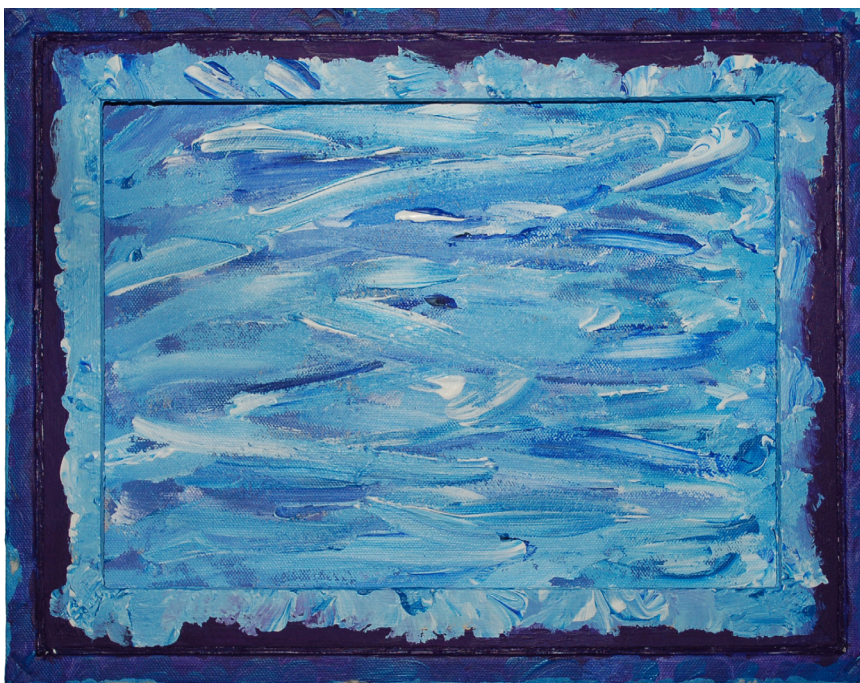
To my mom

with love

and admiration

your daughter

Laurie



Water

by Laurie

Water
Air
Trees
Eco
eaRth



Energy

by Laurie

Pensamientos

by Miguel Beraza

Thought process: think of something, allow mind to be stimulated - music works wonders. Allow this to seep into the crevices of the mind then go with what is inside - the millions upon millions of neurological connections, traversing the brain.

How, when, where.... I asked, but got no answer. I searched but found no relief. But then I tried a little harder, just when I thought all was dismal, and found soo much.

"Don't limit myself, but I do, subconsciously." Is that a thought I just had? It is but it's gone, just like all those other fleeting thoughts I have. Even the best ones only stop by for a brief hello and then say goodbye.

Spent nature, spent in frivolity. Potential subjugated due to decadence and depravity - a pleasure of the senses. Discipline comes in handy now. let's take it on.

This essence screams once again at me: " let me flourish, let me sprout, let me be... your true self!" Why suppress, though? Find new ways of doing things and it surfaces naturally.

Nostalgia is the motif; the thought cycles regress, return, recycle, recede, revert, retard, resist, revolution; strength, strive, strike, soar, store, stoic, stolid.

Ponder this, but just for a bit: thoughts, so unique in stature, are ephemeral and look back, not here. But once caught, and acted upon, they are marvels of the infinite intelligence - sink you arm deep into the idea-laden river and bring back the catch.

Think with the emotions, for the cognition is so worn down. The fine, tenuous line of cognition and emotion - draw a line in the sand. Draw in your fellow man and discuss in open discussion where we connect; where we unite. Strike a balance; strike a proper chord. A light over our heads illuminate the darkness - we are enlightened.

This manner is written for there is no other manner to write about; sustenance keeps hoval machine operational. Though, when I had that time to think,(and think it through, I did) I noticed the gem in the bush, and how beautiful it was. I took it, and it took me.

Cogs are thwarted, but there's no monkey wrench around; not the visible type at least. But then I saw the cage and thought out of the box. It was always there, the wrench that is.

Thoughts, so
unique in stature,
are ephemeral

This reality is accepted not, but the senses say otherwise - Out to fool, they do. Close the eyes and envision the one that is the "reality", where imagination does transcend banal repetitions of the mundane, humdrum existence. My island has a beach house, a helipad and a 40 foot sailing boot, waiting to be sailed.

Born with everything required. Why did you go out to find it then, but not return? Because I realized I was a late-bloomer, so it took me a bit longer to find what I was looking for. Once I found what it was I was looking for, I held it firmly for it was mine. Hold yours firmly.

Imagined fear. what of it? fear of what!? there is no fear, thank you very much.

Capturing photos, and the thought of, are what flowed the sails towards more vivacity. It is worth going, worth doing, worth moving towards. Thinker is what a thinker does. More action, buddy.

memories. meld. move. mimic. miguel. movember. now on to december and its gest. the rest is...

A confabulation amongst peers, a graduation of thinkers, a conflagration of potent ideas, setting the world ablaze.

Information Age

by Bob Hundle

The computer age has had a major effect on various regions of the world. The inception of the Internet has changed the world in both good and bad ways:

Good effects:

- Information on virtually any subject is available to any person with various kinds of computer based technology.
- On-line shopping
- Financial information is readily available about investments and banking
- On-line courses for people who live in rural areas or cities are available
- Business communication is made much easier
- Better navigation for Planes, Trains and Automobiles

Overall, the information age has had more positive effects on society.

Bad Effects:

- Computers can be hacked in order to steal personal information
- Invasion of privacy
- People's ID, Medical, and Banking information can be stolen and used by crooks
- There is already a documented history of government, military and corporate secrets being stolen by countries and individuals
- Peoples' movements can be tracked

Another aspect of the information age is that it is causing a lot of different movements to come together in masses in a very quick and efficient manner, such as the Arab Spring in the Middle East as well as Occupy Wall Street, the movement to force Wall Street to serve the masses, rather than the 1% of the rich, whether it's corporations or individuals.

Overall, the information age has had more positive effects on society, but there will always be some people/organizations that can use it for negative causes.

Remembering

by Jeff Blue Randall

I remember when I was eleven years old, my family took a trip to PEI. We went with my friend Christy's family, who decided to share our vacation plans that summer. It was probably what I would consider the pinnacle of childhood bliss. Our family rented a small cottage right on the beach, and PEI has those great red sand beaches. This was also the last time that I remember our family doing anything as a group. You see, we were fairly atypical of the time. We lived in the suburbs and my father would commute to work in the city every morning. He was a stockbroker in Montreal, so he would have to drive an hour into work. I didn't get to spend much time with my father when I was a child because of his work. He was also a professional football player. He spent most of the football season away, which didn't afford much time for vacations.

I should tell you that my father had a rather unique upbringing. He was raised on a ranch in the badlands of Alberta and he had 5 siblings, so when his youngest sister was born he had to move out of the house, and he lived above the chicken coop. I imagine that is why my father was so motivated to move on from there, which he did. He moved to the city and went to school on a football scholarship. I already told you that he was a stockbroker, so as you know he graduated, which he tells me was the exception; most of his teammates in college were aiming to play football

professionally, so therefore didn't commit academically. In other words, most of his team didn't graduate. But my father was very motivated to change his lot and he was no stranger to working very hard.

In his summers he would go and work on the oil rigs which is very dangerous and quite difficult.

I guess being the youngest has its rewards

I'm telling you this because it should be explained why that summer in PEI was so important to me. This was one of the few times when I was growing up that I ever saw my father truly relaxed and happy. He played golf with my brother and me, none of us having much luck. At night we sat around the fire with both families and told stories. It is interesting to look back on these times of childhood misunderstanding, while I think of this time as a fond memory, this was also the ending of my parents relationship. My mother, who passed away many years ago, told me that this was a time filled with awkward silences and not very comfortable. I don't have many memories of my father when I was young. In fact one of the things I recall quite clearly was my father saying "shh, I'm watching the news" almost every night as my sister and brother and I would bother him and have fun at his expense. My brother and sister both remember things quite different from me; I guess being the youngest has its rewards.

**We escape
to places
unknown, stand
on the brink
of the divide
and jump into
the expanse.**

- Katie Lacroix

Children's Rights Advocacy

by Lori Piercey

The ability for parents to speak to professionals can be a daunting task.

As simple as it seems, the voice is a mask.

Am I being heard you ask?

With the busyness of families you sometimes may forget but have to question, am I on task?

Keep your feet on the ground and don't lose sight cause one day your child will take flight.

You may sometimes wonder through the pain if it was all in vain.

Then look back and give yourself a pat on the back with a smile on your face.

Lori Piercey

Name Humanity

by Beverley Johnson

What there is in a name
Could be fancy or plain;
there is language that tells of
the story in each.

Nuance and impression
both inform their expression -
no two stories the same, but
they're all about reach.

Provoking, revealing,
surrounding, concealing
language names all that links us
through walls we must breach.

Names become more than token
when respectfully spoken -
leave the stones by the fire,
share the strong heart and hand.

Wish that solace and healing
could restore the good feeling
raising peace in the children
and health in the land.

Fundamental recognition
brings the change in position.
There's so much that connects us,
so much more than divides.

Fare well

by Beverley Johnson

We're just like driftwood
on the beach
tossed and stranded here
sun-bleached.
Twisting and twirling
we sag and reach,
salt-steaming,
strewn on the stony heat
or soaked to the bone
with rivulets streaming
wondrous, surf-stained,
in downpour gleaming.
Trace the whorl and curve
of ageless fingers
that live as long as memory lingers
our very being
in grove and grain,
the colours of life, and love, and pain.

However tortured
difficult
strained
the sense of the gift
is what has remained.
The story continues
an uncaptured treasure -
just moved out to sea again,
out past whatever we here, left behind,
as yet can measure.

Ahoy there sojourner - fare well away
we'll meet again, somewhere, someday.

Faith & Hope

by Linda Brown

When we all came to University 101, we came with expectations of not knowing what to expect, but we saw it to the finish.

One gained more confidence as we went along.

So if we put our faith and trust, we can all learn in our own time and at our own pace.

If we persevere, we can all make it to the finish line.

Hope, faith, love all comes in one big world.

If we have hope in what we came to accomplish, we can be proud of ourselves.

If we have faith that we can put one foot in front of each other we can look behind us and have faith that we can and we did come through and accomplish our goals in life.

We can give ourselves a pat on the back, we can also be proud of the works that we have done.

If we have love with ourselves we can also love each other if we only believe in what we can do.

The Waxing Moon

by Sabrina Rowe

The swell of her belly protruded proudly before her in its fullness, as she looked down at it with joy. For years she and her husband had tried endlessly for a child and finally the wish of all wishes had come true. She was eight months pregnant with a healthy baby boy! The excitement of it all had her feeling giddy, but she feared that too much exertion may harm her child within since her body seemed so unwilling to get or be pregnant. She had given up hope of having a child of her own a while ago and had thought she would have to forever forgo motherhood. When she made it past the first trimester, though, she had made it through the woods and was in the clear.

After many devastating miscarriages and numerous unsuccessful tries, it had seemed like a pointless endeavour. Here she was, though, round and full like the waxing moon at the height of its transformation and all she could do was smile like a crazed woman, so overcome by happiness. Things could not be any better.

When she wasn't worrying about the endless things that could go wrong, she was spending hours upon hours picking out clothing, bedding and toys galore for her little angel. She contemplated in depth over little matters like disposable diapers or the more eco-friendly cloth diapers, the Quinny stroller or the Foray stroller. Of course her husband had complained continuously of the expenses and how he thought it was ridiculous to buy ten pairs of baby shoes that will only fit him a short period of time. But she

didn't care; her baby was going to be pampered and spoiled to the ends of the cosmos. Besides, her husband was better qualified to be the disciplinarian; she was just too soft-hearted for that even though she knew it would be necessary at times.

The walls were painted a faint blue and the cushy beige carpet was sure to be a safe place to crawl around on all fours. From the bay window looking out to the back garden you could see the spring crocuses popping out from the ground, anxious to see sunlight again. Their bright colors scattered across the lawn like fallen confetti in a brilliant splash of joy.

She pictured herself holding her son in her arms as she rocked him back and forth in a soothing way, as she pointed out the decorative birds that visited frequently. It was a calming place where they could spend hours bonding over peaceful bliss, enjoying every moment of each other's company. A month to go and that vivid dream would be true. Excitement filled her again as the countdown to bringing home her little boy came closer to an end (or a beginning, you could say).

While taking deep slow breaths to keep herself calm there came an answering nudge in her belly, reminding her that he, too, was impatient to be out. The rush of images that flooded her made her smile with glee, one hand on her belly protectively cradling her son, as she used the other to wipe the tears of joy from her flushed cheeks.

"Beth?" A familiar voice disturbed her thoughts. Turning to see who had called her, but all she faced was black; a black that seemed to want to absorb her, swallowing her into its thickness. She turned quickly to run only to realize that the darkness had surrounded her and was inching closer and closer from all angles, leaving her hopeless and fearful. The menacing black ripped and grabbed at her, causing her to scream only to find she had no voice, no capability to vocalize

her fear of the impending doom. All happy thoughts and memories were being sucked out of her as if the darkness had inserted a straw into her life force to gorge itself upon all the happiness and hope she had left. Slowly, the darkness engulfed her. Like a hungry python leisurely immobilizing her before inching her down its throat whole, with no thoughts of regret, only to know that his belly was full.

At that thought she reached for her bump but found she couldn't find it and in that moment of true horror the world came crashing around her as she spun in the darkness like a Frisbee forever stuck in mid-spin.

tears dripping down her cheek in final surrender

With a jerk she sat up only to find herself soaked in sweat with the bedding tangled at her feet as if they had tried to restrain her from her flailing. The rush of air heaved in and out of her lungs as if she had been running excessively for a long period of time. As she put her hand on her belly to reassure herself, all her hand met was the soft, flat plane of her stomach. An emptiness filled her -- if emptiness could fill that's what it did -- it filled her heart like a cold hard chunk of lead weighing her down with an aching pain that she knew could never be filled.

Lying back on her side with her husband snoozing obliviously behind her, she felt no comfort from his presence; she was desolate. She gazed out the bay window to the twinkling night sky and there in the darkness floated the full moon, taunting her with its wealth as she lay fruitless and miserable with tears dripping down her cheek in final surrender.

Suicider's Right to Life

by Karen Herle

Conspicuous Craftiness
 Conspiracy Evil, Are we not all looking
 for God and his steeple?
 Does God's Plan include perpetual upheaval?
 When the meek destroy the wills of man,
 Should souls' endeavours emerge as the Master's plan.
 Consider this..... the world is large,
 and Heaven is here when souls take charge.
 By caring for sick, infirm and lame.
 Granting Grace and Forgiveness in the large game.
 Life is a journey, not meant for strife!
 Yet how do we exist when cut down by sickle,
 What was meant for harvest is now the plague of man.
 Where one raises hand against hand.
 Money can buy capital gain,
 but the problem herein is that we don't refrain.
 From building up gold and the palaces of men.
 When God returns what will we do then?
 He will still find the hungry, those in
 the cold, and our sick.
 The poor and the broken.
 Thick in the quick.
 Reveal an explosion of impossible proportion.
 Where fury and nature do not go unspoken.
 Tides are shifting, gasses are rising.
 Why then do we not hasten our pace for surviving?
 Where healing and care combined
 with food for the hungry.

Are symbols of PEACE to the Ever Almighty.
Should we worship with reverence.
Provide reference to mercy.
Educate about LOVE in the face of controversy.
Christians, Muslims, Jehovah and Allah,
Creator of pagans, Jews and Kabbalah.
Baha'i, Shiva, Shakti, Falong Gong...
Are BioReligions, and should learn to get along.
Gays and Transvestites, Aborigines and You,
Have been given free will to choose what to do.
Lennon sang of a brotherhood of men,
can we follow that cause and return again...
to a place of discussion.
It's Mathematics principle simple.
Where each one person has,
enough to succeed, beyond the reach of greed.
Man has a need to live within order.
Return to God, listen to Jesus.
Even Buddha survived because he was conspicuous.
They both turned their backs on wealth and its worth.
Chose eternal existence for peace on this earth.
How many people will become the least for Thee?
Time to be calculating, time to bring home.
The peace of eternity, "we're not alone."
Start feeding your hungry, clothing the poor.
See Earth as the garden it was designed for.
Bring hope to our children, rebirth the dirt.
Cognizant behaviour towards true girth.

The balance of chivalry, Jihad to death.
But would you give your life for the rest?
Measures and balance.
Start planting the seed,
of God's love eternal and the most important deed.
Try not to harm anyone, lay down your life.
Refuse to battle with war, but use love as your might.
If you are a soldier, protection your goal,
Kindness should be the weapon of choice.
Then no one would die without having a voice.
Stop the bombs from the sky, it's in Revelations.
Creation and evolution emerged from the heavens.
We have learned to destroy and build up again.
If we don't make changes we will all see.....
The End

**Kindness should be the
weapon of choice.**

Humanities

by Rebekah Shmyr

Why humanities? This is what I wondered when I started my epic journey through University 101.

I proved the old saying “You can’t teach an old dog new tricks,” to be wrong. At the ripe old age of 61, I have learned critical thinking, concept mapping and how to ask powerful questions and so I am proof you can learn new tricks. I have my tools and an open mind.

Now that you know that I have been prepared for this journey, you may ask where did I go? I went to Japan to explore the Resistance of Feminism, Greece to explore Plato’s Athens, the study of language with linguistics and poetry. One thing I saw as a common thread was that all these topics stemmed back to heritage and preserving culture for new generations.

Rebekah Shmyr

And Comrades

Found poem crafted from bell hooks' "Teaching to Transgress: Education as the Practice of Freedom"

by Azelia Serjeantson

The academy is not paradise. Learning
Is a place.
Paradise created (The) classroom.
Its limitations remain a location
(of possibility) in
possibility. The
opportunity:
labour freedom
to ourselves.
And comrades,
openness allows us to face even
collectively
ways beyond.

Transgress
(This)
education. practice freedom

**life, deep within
its knots
holds tenaciously
to all that is
hidden.
Yet revealed,
to those searching.**

- Adele Vey

DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT
DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT

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