



DIVERGENT/CONVERGENT
ДИВЕРГЕНТ\СОНЛЕВГЕНТ

Journal of the University 101 Students

Fall 2015

DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT
ДИВЕРГЕНТ\ СОНЛЕКЦЕНТ

Journal of the University 101 Students

Fall 2015



University
of Victoria

University 101

thoughtful
intentional
expressive

DIVERGENT/CONVERGENT

Copyright © December 2015 by University 101

The moral rights of the authors are asserted.

Published by University of Victoria, 3800 Finerty Road, Victoria, BC V8P 5C2

Cover image: *Emerging*, by Mark Ewert.

Design donated by: Pink Sheep Media

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

Contents

A Note From The Dean:1 <i>Dr. Cedric Littlewood, Dean, Faculty of Humanities</i>	Language matters23 <i>by Bruce</i>	Image-Based Culture50 <i>by Vanessa Stetten</i>	Herstory73 <i>by Lovella Cravalho</i>
Hungry Games2 <i>by Lisa Alderson</i>	Emerging25 <i>by Bruce</i>	Joy and fear53 <i>by Vanessa Stetten</i>	Survive to serve74 <i>by Eamonn Glavin</i>
Word by word7 <i>by Andrew Dickhout</i>	Never say never26 <i>by Bonnie Frederick</i>	The Neverlasting Walls55 <i>by Mark Ewart</i>	This is where I decided that I wanted to become a writer76 <i>by Riga Godron</i>
The possibility11 <i>by Andrew Dickhout</i>	So many questions so little time29 <i>by Bonnie Frederick</i>	About the artist57 <i>by Mark Ewart</i>	Food Insecurities84 <i>by Marge Fairley</i>
An Excerpt From My Life12 <i>by Sean Griswold</i>	Fly my birdie fly32 <i>by Bonnie Frederick</i>	Hard Choices58 <i>by Eileen Henry</i>	My long journey87 <i>by Yenruedee Nonmee</i>
Upsides and downsides of minimalism16 <i>by Aziza</i>	Being me34 <i>by Bonnie Frederick</i>	The Civil War of Corcyra60 <i>by Jody Welsh</i>	The Treaty Process: British Columbia's Legacy of Colonization and the Modern Age of Reconciliation90 <i>by Malcolm Sword</i>
Add it up18 <i>by David Trendell</i>	Tale of the Sea Goddess36 <i>by Dallas Effa</i>	Advertising, Image and Pop Culture and the Role it Plays in our Lives62 <i>by Desiree Grubell</i>	Food as a weapon96 <i>by Desi Sloan</i>
Winter Warmth19 <i>by David Trendell</i>	Perfectionism41 <i>by Eva Marie Lott</i>	My cat Oreo66 <i>by Desiree Grubell</i>	
The Questions20 <i>by Coreen Mahoney</i>	Resolution of the Aboriginal Settler Relations in Canada46 <i>by Eliza</i>	When they came69 <i>by Jerry McBride</i>	
Through the Seasons21 <i>by Coreen Mahoney</i>	My Haunted House Experience48 <i>by Sam Shrikhande</i>	On A Walk to Work72 <i>by Lovella Cravalho</i>	

**I am really glad I
opened the door**
— David Trendell

A Note From The Dean:

Dr. Cedric Littlewood, Dean, Faculty of Humanities

Congratulations to this year's graduates of University 101!

The authors of this volume came to the University of Victoria and to the University 101 programme with many different experiences of life and of learning – not all of these experiences good – but sharing a hope of learning something new and of being changed by it.

Many writers contribute their different thoughts in the pages which follow. I hope you will enjoy reading their individual voices, but importantly also their collection in a shared text. Learning should connect you with others, and allow you to engage more rewardingly with them. This book, which binds the graduates together in a single volume, is a reflection and an image of that process.

Among the participants in University 101 should be counted also the organizers, volunteers (many of them past graduates) and instructors, without whom the course could not run. The instructors come from different departments of the Faculty of Humanities to share different facets of the human experience across cultures and across the ages.

In “The Witness” J.L. Borges writes that, “an infinite number of things dies with every man’s or woman’s death, unless the universe itself has a memory.” What the universe lacks we may, and should, aim to remedy, so far as we are able. Gathered together in University 101 are not only the students of 2015, but some of the diverse thoughts, traditions and cultures of human history. It is by making connections with these, as well as with each other, that we hope to grow as people, to defy loss, and for the world to become richer with time’s passing.

Hungry Games

by Lisa Alderson

“Hunger is the worst kind of violence”

- Mahatma Gandhi

Why does hunger exist?

Living things need to consume other living things in order to exist; that is the nature of life on earth. Tragically, an average of 750 million people struggle with hunger and poverty every day. Poor nutrition causes 45% of deaths in children under five - that's 3.1 million children per year. Roughly 100 million children in developing countries are underweight and 1 in 4 have stunted growth and cognitive disabilities as a result of malnutrition. 6.6 million children go to school hungry every day, most of these in sub saharan Africa. And yet, in North America, 40% of our food ends up in the garbage bin, and 50% of our population are obese. Why is this happening?

Poverty is a major cause of hunger worldwide. Even in North America, a wealthy continent, poverty, hunger and malnutrition are prevalent. Children, seniors, and certain ethnic groups are more likely to suffer from hunger and malnutrition because of low incomes and rapidly rising food prices. In the developing world, poverty hinders the ability of families to have even one decent meal a day. Farming for their own needs becomes impossible because of the lack of funds to buy even the simplest of tools.

Drought is another contributing factor. 12% of the world's population uses 85% of global water. None of the 12% live in the Global South (previously known as "developing countries").

In the countries where water is in short supply, they have to rely on irrigation and very few can afford it. Drought has devastated some countries to the point that farming is no longer an option. When drought destroys crops, people go hungry, and so do their livestock. This results in famine, which has occurred in certain African countries. In 2015, Spain and Portugal faced the worst droughts experienced for 150 years. The land is getting so dry in some parts of the world (in what was once fertile farming land), that it is turning into desert. Drought in California this year will drive up the price of crops such as nuts, fruits, and vegetables. Especially dry weather in BC this year has caused fruits and vegetables to ripen simultaneously, leaving farmers scrambling for enough labour to pick the products. Farmers are forced to see their berries dry up on plants.

And of course, increased costs trickle down to the consumers who end up paying inflated prices at the supermarkets.

Big corporations own the food business. Because farmers rely on both buyers and sellers for their businesses, concentrated markets squeeze them at both ends. Sellers with high market power can inflate the prices of machinery, seeds, fertilizers and other goods that farmers need for their farms, while powerful buyers, such as processors, suppress the prices farmers are paid. Razor-thin profit margins in which farmers are forced to operate often push them to “get big or get out” — expanding into mega-operations or exiting the business altogether. And of course, increased costs trickle down to the consumers who end up paying inflated prices at the supermarkets.

Some measures can be implemented to help the growing need for basic food and good nutrition. Urban food farms are cropping up around the world, which means that families and communities can feed themselves and make some money selling in the local markets.

Access to credit: Without credit, it would be nearly impossible for poor families to start farming to help pull themselves out of poverty. Many self-sufficient farms

have started by buying bits and pieces of equipment on credit and repaying the loans once the farm starts to flourish.

Access to education: This is especially important in Global South countries, as education is the best weapon against poverty. Education for family planning could alleviate overpopulation and teaching better nutritional habits will help families make healthier choices to help in the fight against malnutrition.

Social Change: War and conflict in many countries plays a significant role in hunger and poverty. Violence causes many people to abandon their farms and flee to safer places like big urban centers or refugee camps. Sometimes the offenders will seize the land and resources in order to gain control over the people. Food aid may be seized and handed out to soldiers and their families leaving the population more vulnerable.

Empowering Women: There is a direct correlation between hunger, poverty, and gender inequalities. Empowering women to gain access to ways they can provide for their families can change the financial structure of the family, thus alleviating malnutrition and pulling the family and community out of poverty.

We as Canadians can do our bit to help with the hungry games. Giving healthy food donations to local food banks will help in our own neighbourhoods. Giving cash donations to charities like Oxfam and The Hunger Project helps people in Global South countries with food aid, water supply, education, and credit to become self sufficient.

I have covered just a few of the problems facing many people today that are living in poverty and with hunger. Hopefully by working together, pressuring our big corporations and governments we can change the lives of our fellow human beings for the better.

I am writing this short article regarding poverty and hunger from readings and lectures in Uni 101, and cited from websites such as Oxfam, The Hunger Project, and the Global Issues site.



Big questions are often the key to change in our lives or in the world.

— Bonnie Frederick

Word by word

by Andrew Dickhout

“Perfectionism is the voice of the oppressor.” — Anne Lamott

I’m an example of perfectionism that borders on madness.

I have always been my hardest critic. When it came to anything creative, I was never entirely happy with the finished product. When trying to perfect it, I would end up over-working it and would, in my eyes, ruin it. Sure people would praise my work, but I could see all the flaws, where I could have been lighter with the lines or where there might be too much darkening in that area so that now the image looked disproportionate. For the last two weeks I have been trying to write an analytic essay on food scarcity and land grabs, or food sovereignty and poverty, or how the distribution of food is a broken system. First I discovered that these were way too many topics for one single essay. Second, I found myself starting to lose focus and getting off topic by watching TED talks on things like *Chew On This* with chef Dan Barber about the fish he fell in love with (a video I would strongly recommend). I just found myself not being able to concentrate on the articles at hand; I know this is probably not a bad thing; I am sure Becky would encourage us to explore other concepts. So I found myself reading [feeding9million](#), [#foodcrisis](#), and other sites online.

So in trying to find something to focus on for my journal, I was getting lost in so many ideas.

I am compelled to return to the articles of the first week about perfectionism, shitty first drafts, and short assignments.

So here I am, feeling overwhelmed; I will finish this assignment, like Anne Lamott says, “bird by bird.”

I started out by saying that perfectionism is a problem for me. My creative spirit has been dormant for a long time and I have had trouble waking it. I kept a journal for many years; I found writing down my thoughts and feelings therapeutic. Lately, I haven't been writing in my journal. I think after my dad died I remember writing one or two entries. Drawing is another option. I will buy a bound illustration book, and it will remain blank. I carry one around with me but haven't drawn anything. It seems nothing will inspire me. I seem to be going through a drought. I read somewhere that some writers take up gardening, and artists pick up another type of creative medium that will help release the creative spirit. I bought a guitar a couple years ago, tried to learn to play, gave up and sold it. I think what I need is to just rid myself of all the worldly things and stop trying to be something I'm not. I attend writers groups for instance but they really don't teach anything you can't get off the internet, it's not a group where you go and talk about each other's works, though there are critique groups for whatever genre you are writing. They do have a sub-group entitled The Craft of Writing that is helpful. You see, I want to be a writer, and express myself artistically. I have, of course, read Stephen King's "On Writing", Dorothea Brande's "Being a Writer", and the first book that was recommended was Natalie Goldberg's "Writing Down the Bones." After reading the chapter from Anne Lamott's book, I wanted to start reading this as well as Francine Prose's "Reading Like a Writer," because I am finding them so useful.

What am I learning from all this? Firstly, perfectionism does not allow our creative selves to breathe. Like a muscle cramp, it will limit us to tight and worried movements. Lamott uses the analogy of a psychic cramp protecting us from pain or being hurt; not only does perfectionism keep you cramped and insane, but it also affects the playfulness of the creative spirit. Many times

I have handed in projects late thanks to the imp of perfection. So because of this, I have written many shitty first drafts and not let the clutter influence my inventiveness. I was always a daydreamer to the point of being oblivious to my surroundings, but in many ways never allowed myself to explore all those ideas fully.

Perfectionism is a critic that will ruin your writing by blocking the creative spirit. Writing needs to breathe and move, I am reminded of a couple of examples of how someone could obsess over their work. Years ago a colleague of mine told me that Dylan Thomas, while writing one of his more famous pieces, removed a comma, then weeks later replaced it in exactly the same spot. Another example is Ernest Hemingway in an interview with George Plimpton for the Paris Review, admitted to rewriting the last page of A Farewell to Arms thirty-nine times. He just wanted to get the words right. Nothing is perfect the first time. “The first draft of anything is shit.” If Hemingway couldn't create perfection on the first try, why do I think I should be able to?

Perfectionism can also be a form of madness. Some might say that my writing rituals are a kind of madness. For example, I always need to have my writing supplies with me. I have been this way for such a long time, that when friends or family see me and I don't have these items with me, they wonder if there's something wrong. If I was going out and didn't want to carry a lot of stuff with me, I would staple a few sheets of blank paper together that were pre-cut to 4"x 6" and one black roller-ball pen (currently a Pilot G-2). I would stick the pen in my back left pocket with my wallet and fold the papers and stuff them in the back right pocket, so I had something on which to jot down my ideas. If I was taking my messenger bag, well first there would be a novel (now it is my Kobo), a small sketchbook, a pencil case with different drawing mediums, two Pilot G-2 pens, my spiral notebook and my iPod. These habits might be a kind of madness, but they enable my creativity.

The most difficult aspect of writing for me is perfectionism, I have been this way for so long. I'm almost afraid to start a novel. Thinking about it now, I might never finish.

However, I can feel the tensions of perfectionism relaxing. Even this journal submission is helpful in getting past perfection. As Vonnegut said, I will try to let myself feel like a head and torso making big scrawls when it comes to my creativity and writing. What I've learned is that I need to have shifts in my creative process and practice. Amongst these are developing a ritual time for free-writing; allowing an unbiased source to edit my work; creating a deadline (I work better under stress); and breaking down my work into smaller portions - actually, that's how I wrote the last paragraph of this piece. Lastly I have started using a distraction free writing software which helps me stay focused on my writing and allows my creative self to breathe.

Further Reading

You may also find these other works useful:

The Sense of Style, by Steven Pinker;

How to Read a Book, by Mortimer J. Adler;

Anything by Neil Gaiman; he is a treasure house of stories.

The possibility

by Andrew Dickhout

“found poetry; bell hooks, teaching to transgress”

The academy is not paradise
but paradise can be created,
with its limitations the classroom
remains a location of possibility.

With an openness of mind;
with an openness of heart,
which allows us to imagine
ways to move beyond reality.

Learning is a place where
we have allowed the opportunity;
Going beyond boundaries, to transgress
within that field of possibility.

About this poem: In writing this, the first thing that really popped out was hook's first line, which sets up the mood of the paragraph and poem. I removed quite a few words, wanting to keep the poem to three stanzas, with five words on each line. The poem starts and ends with "possibility." This was not entirely intentional, but the last line of the first stanza and the last line of the third stanza are a pair. We move from the institution of the classroom; to the creative, and then to something that is boundless. I wanted to emphasize that the classroom does not allow students' potentials to flourish. The passage certainly is open to interpretation, but mainly I believe that it is stating that education and learning are holding back creativity.

An Excerpt From My Life

by Sean Griswold

It's March of 2011. For the first time in years, I'm happy. Perhaps I should explain a little ...

I was a Sheriff from 1998 to 2005, as well as a sharpshooter. This occupation could not be less suitable for me. By nature, I'm non-confrontational, humorous, and extremely verbose. That being said, there are a few reasons that made it ideal for me at that stage in my life.

I grew up in a small town, where guns were just a part of life. I went hunting twice; killed a deer my first time out and an elk the second time. The killing part didn't bother me much, as we weren't trophy hunting - it was the field dressing. I'll spare you the details. Suffice to say, it's nasty, bloody work. Butchery, really.

After that, I moved to target shooting. I got good. Really good. I was able to place two-inch groupings (three bullets in a two-inch circle) at seven hundred metres, which qualified me as a "sharpshooter" in competition. Imagine trying to place something that precisely from seven football fields away. Don't forget to compensate for wind, elevation, and the slightest movement of your body; a twitch of the finger, breathing, and so on. Even setting up a scope for that kind of distance is a complicated - time-consuming lesson in precision. I also enjoyed weightlifting. It started out as a way to train for other sports, but after I injured my knee, I became quite committed to weightlifting as a sport. I never got into bodybuilding. However, I did get to a point where I weighed 225 lbs with a 32-inch waist at the age of 20.

After high school, I wanted to be an attorney. So I moved from Nelson B.C. to Victoria to begin my post-secondary education. Not wanting to pursue the Poli Sci route to law school, I decided to get my baccalaureate in English. I took a few psychology courses to fill out my schedule and found them fascinating. I ended up double majoring with a minor in, well ... drunkology. I took the LSATs, and scored well. But before making such a major commitment, I decided to "shadow" an attorney in each of the areas of law I was considering practicing after law school.

What an eye opener! I realized that my having a conscience, or soul, was incompatible with my career choice. The only kinds of law I could practice (and sleep at night) would have been Maritime Law or Environmental Law; neither of which were exactly what I had in mind.

What an eye opener! I realized that my having a conscience, or soul, was incompatible with my career choice.

A friend with whom I'd graduated high school suggested I become a Sheriff. That's what he was doing. I decided to do a little research and I liked what I found. They were crying out for qualified individuals - the pay was jaw-dropping for a 24 year old. I never wanted to be a police officer, but this was different. Or so I told myself. I wouldn't be issuing traffic citations, investigating crimes, or going on patrol.

The only job I'd had that paid as much was demolishing Yarrow's Shipyard. It was so shady that at the end of every week, you were handed an envelope

with your first name on it filled with cash. The training was one year at the Justice Institute followed by a twelve-month practicum. At the time that I became a Sheriff, the Department was still a subsidiary of the RCMP. My ability with rifles qualified me as a Sharpshooter. For real this time. I never expected to have to put a living, breathing human being in the crosshairs. I was a redundancy. Or so I thought. As it turned out, I thought wrong.

I was called upon in the capacity as a sniper twice in five years; I never had to pull the trigger.

In October of 2007, my father died in horrible agony from cancer. My mother (who already suffered from borderline personality and depression) suffered a complete mental breakdown, and started exhibiting full-out paranoid schizophrenic episodes. It took a huge toll on us, but in 2009, we got her admitted to a great mental health facility. In March of 2011, my wife of fifteen years, Amanda, and I, bought a beautiful condo in Sooke. A happy moment at the end of a difficult and complex time.

I had no idea I was about to go through the most traumatic events in my life, very soon after March of 2011. More traumatic than I thought possible ...

**First we must
nurture the roots,
then growth
will come.**
— Eileen Henry

Upsides and downsides of minimalism

by Aziza

Simple living or minimalism is one of many popular lifestyle trends now. Compared to simple living forced by poverty, it is a voluntary choice.

For me it is a natural choice of lifestyle, as I grew up in a quite poor family and non-consumer society. When I first arrived in Canada, I was overwhelmed by the choice of goods in shopping centres and even grocery stores. I spent hours choosing just bread. Soon I realised I was getting used to buying “stuff” I didn't actually need and felt trapped in consumerism.

I came across TEDx talk about minimalism by Joshua Fields Millburn and Ryan Nicodemus. They are bloggers and founders of www.minimalist.com and authors of several bestselling books about their journeys into minimalism. After watching the talk I started researching about this trend. I read many blogs, articles, essays about the topic. Soon I was able to form my own opinion about upsides and downsides of minimalism.

The upsides for me were downsizing, so I could spend less time on cleaning and organizing. By removing distractions one can have more time for relationships, creativity, self reflection. You will have less fear to lose material commodities, as you are downsizing. You are debt free and live more sustainably and cheaply. As a result you have lower stress, better work-life balance.

Downsides for me were spending more time alone, as some minimalists tend to go extreme and unplug from virtuality, for example getting rid of cell phone, social media like

facebook, instagram and etc. They even apply this idea to relationships and cut off seemingly “inefficient” relationships. When they are downsizing, they get rid of all their possessions, which can result in losing a sense of comfortable living. Some minimalists get obsessed about owning just a certain number of things, they can't stop counting and organizing their possessions.

One example of going into extreme minimalism that I have observed are the authors at aforementioned website www.minimalist.com. They willingly chose this lifestyle, quit their lucrative jobs, successful careers and initially started blogging about it. Their activity grew into the website, 3 books (2 of them are memoirs), TEDx talks, book tours.

The downside, in my opinion, is the way they are profiting from their lifestyle. They suggest their followers to donate to support their blogging, and offer writing workshops for \$597 for 10 sessions. So they wrote 3 books and think they are pros? What these two full grown men do is write books, blog, tour, and ask people to support them financially, so they can keep living a leisurely life without everyday jobs. It is controversial itself, as one of main principles of minimalism is being self-sufficient. Aren't they exploiting the idea of minimalism and selling a fantasy to people?

There are certain aspects I focused on while researching and creating my own philosophy to live simply. I assessed my possessions, time commitments, relationships, goals in education, employment and health. My principles of living simply are living frugally, without obsession with material things. I always try to eat clean, cook my own food and avoid consuming processed food as much as I can. I use public transport, but my bike is my main means of transportation, and I hope to remain car-free as long as possible.

There is no single way to live simply, no only recipe for it. You don't have to get rid of your all belongings to live simply, just strive to live and eat healthy, sustainably.

Everybody can do it their own way, every situation is different, and finding a balance is the key.

Add it up

by David Trendell

Have you ever had ATTENTION DEFICIT
DISORDER and didn't know it.

Tried to be a Brain Surgeon

Turned out to be a no brainer

Tried being in charge of commodities at the stock exchange

Got laid off for not being sainer

Tried being in charge of disaster response

when an earthquake came

Tried crossing niagara falls on a high wire

turned out to be lame

Tried being part of a group of ATTENTION
DEFICIT DISORDER FOLK

That ran a government office, just for a joke

It is trip that the mind keeps changing

leaving things incomplete and scattered far ranging

A whole new thought suddenly gets my attention

takes a year to read a good book with little retention

I focus awhile and start to drift

and then I begin to get really miffed

I get challenged by Becky to do a lot more

I am really glad I opened the door

just writing it down has helped a great deal

This here course has got quite an appeal

With positive attitude it is really quite fun

Especially here, in uni 101.

Winter Warmth

by David Trendell

Just A Note

To Let You Know

Thinking Of You

And The Coming Snow

All Snug Around

The Stoves' Great Heat

The Glow Of The Fire

Is Quite The Treat

The Sound Of Silence

The Peace Within

It Has All Been Worth It

We Say With A Grin

There Is Something More

Than This Simple Life

I Feel It – I Like It

No Stress – No Strife

Have a Pleasant Fall

and

Winter Warmth To You All

The Questions

by Coreen Mahoney

The questions I am going to answer in my journal are how does racism shape national identity and how can we change this?

Racism is colonialism and the domination of others often through nationalism. A personal investment and part of a special community is very important to nationalism. Everybody is therefore a citizen of a particular state. Slavery was stopped at the end of the nineteenth century.

Following the second world war, also through the decolonization movements of the fifties and sixties. Though the existence of genetics corresponds to traditionally defining race, identity matters in cultural political and economic systems. Identity matters in cultural, political and economic existence. This affects us not just the way people are different but by how people are represented based on group. They belong by skin colour, economic opportunities, social freedom and morality.

Through the Seasons

by Coreen Mahoney

Through the seasons I have learned a lot
all the knowledge I haven't forgot
critical learning was an experience
how to keep your senses during turbulence
Perfectionism showed how not to make mistakes and so on
Our mistakes are what we grow on
Good science, bad science tells us about values from society and
cultural to be thought morals are what we are to be taught
Nation, empire and race tells us about patriotism, loyalty and
collective strength based on race, gender, and sexuality
But what is the point of formality?
The art of powerful questions taught us the how, why, where and when
But is the answer fair then?
University 101 is where I learned these facts
So now the knowledge I do not lack.

perfectionism
does not allow our
creative selves
to breathe

— Andrew Dickhout

Language matters

by Bruce

"Language and cultural identity are intricately linked and within the language itself comes the sense of identity"

Evans, "Chapter 1," Warramurrungunji's Children

When one's language is lost, one's cultural identity is compromised. However, it is possible to retain and regain one's culture without the retention of the native tongue.

Within the Canadian context, the effects of loss of Aboriginal identity are well known and documented by academics and social scientists. The primary cause of loss of identity came through the loss of language at the hands of well meaning Christian organizations, in the Residential school system. Upon entering a residential school, the students were forbidden to speak their Native tongues, sometimes enforced by corporal discipline. This results in shame of one's own language, which results in shame about one's culture and identity. The negative long term results of the residential school system have been multi-generational and have been confirmed by numerous Federal Government inquiries. Some of the results have been increased school dropout rates, poverty, alcoholism and high suicide rates (Gordon, "Lost in Translation", focusonline, Dec. 2010).

Recent studies suggest that those First Nations that have managed to retain their language have fared much better. Additionally, those Nations that are regaining their language are improving on the negative rates of social ills (ibid). With the retention and regaining of culture has come

a new sense of Aboriginal Pride and Identity. For example, the Mohawks of Kanasatake, who have managed to maintain their culture and language, stood up for themselves in the Oka crisis of 1990. This armed standoff between the Mohawks and Canadian soldiers shocked the dominant Anglo-Saxon culture and split the opinion of non-indigenous Canadians. More recently, the Idle No More movement has emerged as a nationwide ongoing Aboriginal grassroots peaceful protest movement. Idle No More is trying to make the Canadian populace and government aware of the sanctity of Native Sovereignty, Native Rights and Treaty Rights. This movement is, at least in part, a result of Indigenous people regaining their cultural identity. As the Canadian populace becomes more aware and educated about Native rights and as Native Nations continue to press for their long held Treaty Rights and settle land claim disputes the future bodes well for Aboriginal Nations. This positive future is more likely if Canadians can be cooperative, understanding, and willing to listen and negotiate.

This movement is, at least in part, a result of Indigenous people regaining their cultural identity.

As I've shown in this paper, losing one's language can compromise one's cultural identity. However, one cannot deny or ignore the prevailing dominant language, to do so would be at one's disadvantage or peril. All is not lost; embracing one's own cultural identity will help one survive within the dominant culture.

Emerging

by Bruce

UNI One OH One
Fear, Challenges, Overcome
Learning, Just Begun!

Never say never

by Bonnie Frederick

"Teachers are those who use themselves as bridges, over which they invite their students to cross, then having facilitated their crossing. Joyfully collapse, encouraging them to build bridges of their own."
 – Nikos Kazantzakis

Courage is not the towering oak that sees the storm come and go. It is the fragile blossom, like myself, that opens in the snow. We all have a very special purpose in life, regardless of who or where we come from. I truly believe each of us have a special talent, even though it took me 37 years to find mine. The most powerful weapon on earth, is the human soul on fire. And I was burning inside, wanting to learn so much more than I already did. Whatever the mind can conceive and believe, the mind can achieve. Today I am 53 years old and I look at life a lot different today. I was never really good in school and dropped out in grade 8, something I always regretted. Even though Einstein was right about imagination is more important than knowledge. But I think you have to have the imagination to learn the knowledge, and my judgement wasn't the greatest, so it put my imagination out of focus.

I have had my dreams come true by being able to take the Uni 101 and 102 courses. I look at life a lot different today than I ever did. I was able to put my fears and anxieties to rest and pursue this new adventure. I also had to realize that your dreams must come from your own heart's deepest desires, only then will your barriers come down before you.

The knowledge and experience I gained from the Uni 101-102 courses have given me a greater understanding of how a good deed, an act of kindness, or sharing oneself with others, can be life changing. The ones who are open to new experiences and change will appreciate others who are different than them.

The teachers and volunteers are there to give the students hope, understanding, and encouragement. They have taught me to be myself and empowered me to follow my dreams and never give up. This was a time for my mind to learn how to react to different challenges. This course gave me hope when I had none. And *he who has hope has everything*. And it also reminded me to never be so serious that you forget to laugh. Each person taking this course has a common bond, the hearts and souls that have been touched by the wonderful teachers and volunteers will last a lifetime.

Nothing feels better than knowing that you have a new beginning. I now have the courage and self respect, one that has taught me to grow and understand why some things are the way they are. And I will tell myself that it is ok to make mistakes and to be scatterbrained once in awhile. But still have the courage to believe in myself. My attitude and hopes for the future have really changed in such a positive way. Learning things I didn't know before can be so powerful. The history of this world begins in the hearts of us men and women, who want to experience the universe and take chances in life.

I am so thrilled with all that I have accomplished, and how much I have grown. My strengths are a result of my weaknesses and success due to my failures. I now look to the future with a new set of eyes and ears. And what I truly feel can't even be seen or heard, it must be felt with in the heart. And its all about the moments, because the memory is forever. And the memory is the diary we all write in our heads. And that is embedded for life. I am a fighter and I won this battle. I might have a few cuts and bruises, but there are no broken bones.

For those of you struggling, you're not alone. Just remember that someone out there does really care about you. Just believe in yourself and *never give up*. Be all that you can be and remember how beautiful you are. And keep holding on to the faith, because faith sees the invisible, believes the incredible, and receives the impossible.

I close this chapter on the 10th anniversary of this program at UVic. To all the teachers and volunteers, thank you sooo much for all that you have done and the people you have inspired. To Becky You are AMAZING inside and out, and you give away so much, and just taught us to be ourselves and have hope. You are my HERO and bless your kind heart for your 10 years of dedication to helping change the lives of so many of us all. Without your beautiful smile and caring personality, our lives would never be the same. You have given us all a reason and hope to continue our path with love and gratitude.

I am grateful for this wonderful experience, and I get to say "I passed the test quite nicely." I finally get to graduate. "NEVER SAY NEVER."

The universe is full of magical things waiting for us all.

So many questions so little time

by Bonnie Frederick

"It's better to debate a question without settling it, than to settle a question without debating it."

— Joseph Joubert

I know everyone at one time or another has asked questions. I am a very inquisitive person, always have been. Asking many questions at a time. I was always told no question is a dumb one. Not asking means never knowing, and who wants to be wondering *what if?* If only I had spoken up when I had the chance. Questions can be very powerful tools in our learning environment and in our everyday lives. But do we really have all the answers? I know growing up my parents used to tell me that if I didn't know the correct answer, then I shouldn't guess what it might be. I was told to say "I'm not sure, but I will try and find out and get back to you." So this way, you can give the correct answer. Following up with a question will help you solve it with the best answer possible. It can also open us up to a wide variety of topics related to that question.

Questions usually lead to more questions

Questions usually lead to more questions, which give you more answers, or find new ways to solve that question. So if the right question is applied and it digs deep enough, then we can find all kinds of creative solutions to that question. It also opens us up to new worlds. Some questions can be answered with a yes or no answer. But if you put a "why" in front of that question, well the possibilities are endless. "Why" questions tend to create a deeper level of conversation and more reflective thinking. They also give you answers that

could lead you to a whole broad perspective of something you might not have thought about at the time

Also you will never know if that question will travel or spread somewhere beyond where it started. This could lead to larger networks of conversation, throughout a community or an organization. Sometimes those questions that travel have the biggest impact of all. Big questions are often the key to change in our lives or in the world. So if the right question is applied you could find a solution to something you didn't know before. Questions are very important. All it takes is one small question which might not seem important at the time, could really lead into saving someone's life or better yet changing the world in which we live. Questions are the way we learn how to cope with new things, ideas, how to pass a test, learn in school teach your kids, or just plain life in general. Questions are so very powerful in our lives. I may not have the correct answer you are looking for. But I can promise you that I will find out for you and let you know what I have discovered and try and help you as best as I can.

Also the answers you receive from asking a certain questions can really surprise a person and give them such a greater knowledge of what is being asked. A powerful question:

- Generates curiosity
- It's thought provoking
- Stimulates Reflective conversation
- Surfaces underlying assumptions
- Teaches deep meaning
- Evokes more questions
- Generates energy and forward movement
- Invites creativity and new possibilities
- Channels attention and focuses inquiry

Also a vital question, a creative question gets a person's attention. The creative power of our minds is focused on the question.

Closed-ended questions can be answered with a yes or no answer or with one word. Open-ended questions require an explanation and cannot be answered with a yes or no or with one word.

Questions are a tool that could change the course of your life.

So much knowledge emerges in response to compelling open-ended questions. It's also helpful to examine a question for any unconscious beliefs it may introduce to the situation. You can do so by simply asking someone: What assumptions or beliefs are we holding that are the key to the conversations we are having here? And how would we come at this if we had an entirely different belief system than the one we have? Each of these questions invites an exploration into both the conscious and unconscious assumptions and opens up the space for new possibilities to reveal themselves. Its good to also have a few practise sessions because it will greatly enhance your ability to engage in productive conversations, stimulated by dynamic questions. Questions are a tool that could change the course of your life. So regardless of how dumb you may think your question might be. It could very well be one of the most important questions you will ever ask, and possibly be life changing. So ask away

Questions anyone? Research says that women say approx 7,000 words a day, men just 2,000. No wonder men and women get into such communication tangles.

"Saying what you think gives a wider range of conversation than saying what we know."

Fly my birdie fly

by Bonnie Frederick

*Hope is wishing something would happen,
Faith is believing something will happen,
Courage is making something happen.*

I want to be me,
So alive and so free.
After all the years of pain,
I have nothing left to gain.
This hurting has to stop,
Or I will never reach the top.
I think of all the things i've done,
But none of it was very fun.
Here today, I'm trying to make a change,
But somehow my decisions are out of range.
Where do I go, what do I see,
For all my dreams to be.
I need to set my soul free,
So I can feel alive and whole.
I will keep my head held high,
Then smile, and give a big sigh.
The years have gone so fast,
They were never meant to last.
I want to learn and grow,
I'm tired of feeling low.

The best is yet to come,
That's huge, where I come from.
I was told, just try your best,
A bird with wings, fly out of your nest.
Fly up and away, so high,
Forever into the blue sky.
I have to stay strong,

But it's not for very long.
I am beautiful and strong,
I sing such a lovely song.
Please don't stop this fight,

The moon is set on the sky tonite,
It's so clear, and so very bright.
My dreams are what lies ahead,
All because of what you said.
Can you look inside my soul,
To see how far I can go?
There's so much waiting behind the door,
I will walk with both feet on the floor.
I'll try my best,
No time to rest.
“Fly my birdie fly”
Way up in the sky.
This is a dream come true,
This I know, because I have a clue.
I will win this fight,
With all my might.
And come out standing tall,
This is my final call.
I can surely do this all,
Cuz it's just one overhaul.
“Fly my birdie fly”,
Way up in the sky.
My dreams are yours to take,
Forever yours to make.
I'm so glad to be me,
Can't you see.
It's my time to shine,
Forever it is mine.
I will finish this race,
With joy and gladness on my face.

Being me

by Bonnie Frederick

I love this life of mine,
No matter what, things
 will turn out fine.
I smile all day long,
It helps to keep me strong.
I don't live in the past,
As it wasn't meant to last.
That's where I want to stay,
Let's just hope and pray,
That tomorrow is a new day.
They say it's a test,
Don't worry, I'll give it my best.
The things I want to do do,
I know it will happen,
 because I'm ready to.
Things will turn out fine,
It's a matter of focus, and
 staying on the line.
Today is a new day,
"My beautiful mother used to say"
Never give up, stay strong,
Be true to yourself, all day long.

You are now inside my
 book, my dreams,
The strength that no one sees.
I look forward to all that comes,
When I stay positive, it's
 all that matter,
Climbing up some big tall ladder.
I'm so beautiful, so free,
Feels so good to be me.

There's a seat inside my dreams,
For all who care to roam,
So have a seat next to me,
And make yourself at home.

My future is so very bright,
Grab on, and hold on tight.
Just keep trying, and do your best,
Work hard, cuz sooner or
 later, you'll need a rest.
I want to float away, to the place
 i've been dreaming about,
I don't want to have a doubt.
God has a plan for me,
He wants to set my soul free.
He says "tell yourself how
 beautiful you are,
Look, you have come so very far.
Keep fighting, don't stop
 in the middle,
Or this will become a riddle.
Glad you didn't give up yet?
No point keeping your mind set.
Still have lots to do,
Don't worry, it will all come to you.
For all who care to roam,
Have a seat next to me,
And make yourself at home.

This new adventure that you take,
Nothing feels so good, as
 to what you make.

Make it good, make it last,
Just don't rush and go to fast.
Take your time, and go slow,
Easier that way, to go with the flow.
In the end of it all,
I will stand, and not take a fall.
For god has set my soul free,
It feels good to finally be me.
With my head held high,
I feel so strong, want to
 reach for the sky.
I love who I am today,
Don't ever want to fall astray.
God reached out his hand,
And told me to walk
 footprints in the sand.
God has set my soul free,
I'm now who I want to be.
I don't feel distant or apart,
Because the change was
 inside my heart.
Love this new life of mine,
So happy, I'll turn out fine.
For all who care to roam,
Have a seat next to me,
And make yourself at home.

My imagination sometimes goes far,
Now I'm finally a shining star.
With god's unconditional love,
That he sent from up above.
Thank You so very much,

Hes got that magical touch.
He's so wonderful, Isn't he?
For he's the one who set
 my soul free,
I can finally see,
Someone I want to be.
So happy, so free,
I just love being me.
Alive and free,
Just being me.

Tale of the Sea Goddess

by Dallas Effe

The scuttling clouds were angry and purple, hiding in the darkness from the flashing moonlight, like predators in the cold waters below. The Sea Goddess surveyed the churning, silvery, ball-shaped masses of spawning Herring, silhouetted against the dark skies in the warm surface waters of slack tide. The warmth of the surface belied the dark, cold depths beneath the towering cliff-lined walls of the tidal canyons. The Skookumchuk, meaning "strong waters," forced millions of gallons of water through a narrow chasm between the islands. Three young otters, after carousing down their grassy slide to the ocean, had just finished feeding on bountiful, shoaling herring. The rocky shore of Dodd Narrows was like a boundary between the three islands that plunged deep into the earth's crust.

Owl watched as the otters cleaned their coats of fish scales and detritus from feeding on the spawning Herring balls. Before they ventured up the grassy slope again, a sound caught their attention. Out on the water, outlined by a silvery crescent moon peeking through the darkness, were two canoes. To Owl, one canoe appeared low in the water, as if in danger of floundering. Not a good place to be in a sinking canoe, thought Owl. The tidal rip often created waves six feet high, caused by the unrelenting pressure of millions of gallons of water, which could drag you toward the whirlpool beneath Mudge Islands' cliff-rimmed shore.

The first canoe, sinking low in the water, appeared to have three young people in it. They were making a real racket, thought Owl. They might get the attention of the Goddess. The Goddess

was busy, already out of her home, the whirlpool. She was assisting the spawning Herring in the open channel below Gabriola Islands' soaring, red sandstone cliffs. The children were praying to the Goddess in the canoe; they had been startled awake in the dark, their village attacked by screaming warriors in bird and animal masks. They had found the canoe they in the firelight from their burning village was full of holes, and sinking fast. The children knew that there were only two ways to survive Dodd Narrows and avoid being sucked into the whirlpool's vortex – they could either drift through on a calm slack tide, or be guided by the Goddess' grace into the safety of Skull Cove, located the opposite canyon wall. Massive cedar logs disappeared in the whirlpool's gaping maw, only to suddenly shoot to the surface half a mile away. This was assuming they weren't already turned to toothpicks from the teeth-like rocks lining the bottom of the jagged abyss. The silence of the canyon would soon be disturbed by the roar of water being forced through the mouth of the gorge. The children knew they needed the Sea Goddess' blessing if they were going to survive this dark night.

The second canoe was paddled by three strangers, who were struggling to safely pass the deadly Skookumchuk rapids and the Goddess. The Goddess, Queen of the Sea's bounty, was cataclysmically terrible in her rage if she felt desecrated by humankind's rough usage of her near-infinite wealth. When angered, there was no stopping her outbursts of power. One might as well try to stop the Pacific Ocean Herself. Suddenly, their canoe was filling with fish, even though the space between seats was taken up by masks and their weapons of warfare. Herring were jumping in faster than the men could throw them out. Never had they thrown so many fish overboard. Relentlessly, the fish filled the canoe till it was about to sink. Their leader steered for shore. With so many fish swamping the canoe, he decided it had to be the Sea Goddess' will that they have this bounty. The local guides had warned them about this deadly passage, which they barely escaped. They paddled into clam cove, the only safe place to land. Otherwise the overloaded canoe, full of fat fish, would sink into the dark water in this unknown land. When the canoe hit the beach, a rain of clam squirting soaked them to the bone. Never had they seen so many clams squirt so high, so much sea water at once. It was like a great downpour. It soaked them like otters fresh from the sea. They made a fire to dry off.

Soon they had a few dozen clams sizzling in the fire, amongst the sticks holding smoking split Herring, and the hanging spawning sacs full of roe. The strangers knew that the Sea Goddess had blessed them with this bounty - but why? On this night of all nights, when they were in fear of Her just retribution. Why had She stalled them? Why had She let them pass safely through Her terrible canyon with its whirlpools, deadly rocks, and sheer cliff sides? They ate Herring, roe, and baked clams, until they thought they would burst. The fish bodies, now smoked, were saved for comrades. They placed more fish on the sticks to smoke over the greasy flames.

The strangers were right. The Sea Goddess had heard the three young survivors' prayers. She was busy monitoring the spinning Herring balls spawning in the channel. The water was milky from millions of spawners, glistening with countless masses of eggs. Her intention was to provide so much fish that the strangers had to land in Clam Cove for fear of their canoe sinking. Once there, she willed an army of clams to soak them to the bone, necessitating the starting of a fire. The excess fish and heat from the fire would do the kids a world of good when they washed ashore, the Goddess believed.

The children, believing the fire was a sign of sanctuary, warmth, and food, thanked the Goddess for answering their prayers, saving them from a horrible death in the cliff-lined Skookumchuk. However, the strangers were not thankful for the great bounty - at least not enough to show mercy to Her young supplicants. They would not share the bounty that had been given to them. The sight of three half-drowned children, in an all-but-sunken canoe, coming onto their beach, was maddening. The thought of the children warming themselves at their fire, eating their clams and roe, caused them to transform their carefully cultivated rage into a full-blown inferno. No, it would not happen. No mercy would be shown. The strangers each grabbed a child, and as the tidal onslaught was churning up waves and froth at the mouth of the channel, they threw them in. They screamed "it's our beach, our clams, our Herring, and we will not share our bounty with you. Die in the tide's chaotic embrace. Feel its power as it strips your flesh to your bones, as we strip the flesh from these Herring carcasses with our teeth." The three survivors of the massacre, half-drowned children, were thrown into the churning froth, and died

a terrible death. The three broken bodies circled around and around the Goddess' vacant whirlpool.

When the Sea Goddess returned from the Herring spawning grounds and saw the three bodies in her home, she was astounded. Her surprise quickly gave way to rage. Giving her bounty of the sea to the strangers was a gift, and they had thrown it back in her face. They had not shared with the needy. Worse still, they had killed to keep others from sharing in the Goddess' bounty. This She freely gave in answer to the children's prayers. The wrathful Goddess rose above the Narrows, as the strangers turned to her in horror. She froze the fear in their faces for good - turning them to stone.

Today, their faces can still be seen in the rock walls of Clam Cove. The faces appear to be in great and terrible agony. Crying forever in stone, for when they had the chance, they threw another's life away for greed. They showed no compassion to fellow creatures in their time of need. The Sea Goddess wanted to put all to right for future events, people calling out for safety, sinking in waterlogged canoes, starving in the midst of Her bounty. Today, all Herring spawn on kelp leaves. Their eggs can be seen glowing at night, clinging to seaweed along the shoreline. The glow of these egg masses has outlined the beaches, guiding many a lost seafarer at night to safety and food. Herring roe on kelp is a delicacy. The Goddess may have lost three of the faithful, but thousands of others have found their way to safety, guided by the eggs' glow. The strangers' compatriots were never seen, and the perpetrators of the nighttime raid were never found. A line of shoulders, upper torsos and heads can be seen today in the lava bombs in the bedrock of Clam Cove, marching down the entrance to Dodd Narrows. It is as if the missing raiders were turned to stone, like their three greedy, murderous clansmen's faces frozen in terror, on the cliff-side of Clam Cove. Today, people speak of places of power - Dodd Narrows is one such place, especially at night. Owl may be listening for cries of children, or the joyous squeaks of a gang of young otters sliding down the grassy slopes of Mudge Island, above the dreaded Skookumchuk, where the Sea Goddess lives in a whirlpool.

**persistence for sure,
does run in her veins**

— Lovella Cravalho

Perfectionism

by Eva Marie Lott

Perfectionism has no place for gray areas, it takes the fun and adventure out of life. It keeps you scared of trying new things for fear of a less than perfect outcome. However, how can you truly describe an experience without imagining what it would feel like or look like? You have to use your imagination, you have to put aside all the notions you believe to be true and right and just allow yourself be free to write what ever your imagination desires and if this is the most uncomfortable feeling you can ever imagine then you are definitely on the right track. Whatever you end up writing will inevitably feel wrong at first because it is outside your comfort zone. You will want to go back and change simple sentences to be more concise and clear or perhaps you'll get frustrated with how the words seem to be all over the place but really it's just you letting your thoughts flow without all the filters you're so used to using. It's a scary process at first but with practice you will start to trust yourself and the process, and most of all remember that it's the start of something more it's an idea born out of an idea filled with mistakes, thoughts that really make no sense and it's simply for you to use as a stepping stone towards what will be but one of your own finished masterpieces.

I think that perfectionists believe that if you create the perfect plan of action that there will be no need to have to go back and make changes. However, any new action, thought, or activity will always have some unknown factors which will certainly cause change to even the best laid plans. No matter how many times you have done something there will always be the possibility that one small factor that will cause even the best laid plan by the truest of the perfectionist to need alteration. Others, non-

perfectionists, simply believe that change, mistakes or accidents are just a part of their everyday life. They choose not to dwell on the what-ifs and deal with events when, and if, they happen. Perfectionism takes the fun and adventure out of living your everyday life. How can you plan creativity if you are a perfectionist? While you may be able to plan exactly how you intend to write, colour, design or even think, you cannot stop the thoughts that come up while you are in the process of enacting your best laid plans. Sometimes stepping outside the box, letting life happen around you, and accepting that mistakes are inevitable will give you a new perspective and bring colour and life back into everything around you.

"Perfectionism is the voice of the oppressor, the enemy of the people. It will keep you cramped and insane your whole life, and is the main obstacle between you and a shitty first draft."

— Anne Lamott, Bird by Bird 1995

As children we are often told that the things we say, do or create are in some way wrong. Even if we have followed the instructions, it can somehow turned out wrong. When we are told why or what we did wrong, we are often told that we did not follow the instructions. We are told that we coloured outside the lines, added an extra dog, forgot to stay on task. So as children we learn very quickly that if we follow the outline or the rules exactly, that nothing can go wrong, that we cannot possibly be anything less than perfect. Remember how happy you were when you really worked hard on something that you thought was nothing short of simply amazing? Remember how proud you were to show everyone you knew and even strangers what you had done, you were unstoppable. After all your parents, grandparents and even the neighbors told you how wonderful it was. You couldn't wait for Monday morning to come, you jumped, skipped and ran to school that day so happy and self-confident because today you were going to get that big gold star finally that you had worked so hard for. The next day you get your assignment back and it only got a green star on it because there was not supposed to be a dragon in the story. You had added it to create something better and more exciting, however, because of the dragon your story was wrong and the teacher told you that if you

had followed the instructions exactly then you would have definitely gotten that gold star you wanted so badly. So at that point you made a conscious choice to never add anything to what you were told or directed to do, because if you did, it would certainly just turn into another disastrous outcome.

Even as adults we are still very aware of the memories of our childhood when we were told we did it wrong. That part never leaves us, it is stamped as a permanent imprint on how we perceive and do things in our daily life. The perfectionists will buy the book that tells us exactly how to find happiness, the best jobs, or even how to parent because the best laid plan is to follow what has been proven to work for others in similar circumstances. There is no pain involved and no chance of doing wrong if you follow the well laid plan before you. After all, if you've studied, done your research and you just do what is in front of you, you will certainly be successful. Right?

Remember, try not to be so hard on yourself. Not everyone in your life was looking for your mistakes. There was someone who always thought you were flawless. Who praised your every effort be yourself. Try hard to give yourself the breaks that you so willingly give others. If you have a family picture on your fridge that was drawn by a child, I'm guessing that dad's hair isn't purple and your dog doesn't have an alligator head and dragon's tail. But you told that child that their drawing was absolutely perfect and that you loved it.

Be kind to yourself. Allow yourself to find the spark of the internal desire that will allow you to put simple words and ideas down on a piece of paper and if anyone other than you was to try to read it or figure it out it might sound like you wrote a story told exactly as a three year old said it but that's ok, it's your start and it's your story make mistakes make lots of mistakes laugh out loud enjoy the fact that you are learning to set outside of the box. Maybe you can only do it for an hour before it becomes too much and overwhelms you, that's okay tomorrow is another day and the day after and before you know it you will have pages and pages of words that will eventually tell the story you've worked so hard to write, but for now they're just a bunch of words and ideas which still make you a bit crazy but allow yourself to take some pride in the fact that you created one of the most uncomfortable messes of your life.

Notes & Quotes

"A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed a hopeless failure may turn to glorious success." - Elbert Hubbard

Oxford Dictionary: Perfectionism: (Noun). Refusal to accept any standard short of perfect. The spiritual perfectionism of her system has a dual aspect; metaphysical and moral.

"Unless you try to do something beyond what you already mastered, you will never grow." - Ralph Waldo Emerson

Merriam-Webster Dictionary: Perfectionism: (Noun) Perfectionist: (Noun or Adjective). The doctrine that the perfect of moral character constitutes a person's higher good.

Cambridge English Dictionary: Perfectionism: (Noun). The wish for everything to be correct and perfect.

"Have patience, all things are difficult before they become easy." - Saadi

Merriam-Webster Dictionary: Perfectionism: (Noun) * Medical Definition. A disposition to regard anything short of perfection as unacceptable; especially: the creating of unrealistically demanding goals accompanied by a disposition to regard failure to achieve them as unacceptable and a sign of personal worthlessness.

"Perfectionism is an illusion & those who seek perfectionism will find themselves unfulfilled their entire lives" - Fiona Childs

Wikipedia.org/wiki/perfectionism_psychology: Perfectionism: (Noun) * Psychological Definition. Perfectionism is a psychological personality trait characterized by a person striving for flawlessness and setting excessively high performance standards, accompanied by overwhelming critical self-evaluation.

"I'm a perfectionist with a Procrastination complex. Someday I'm going to be AWESOME." - Unknown

Epilogue

It's said that *beauty is in the eye of the beholder*, so we know beauty is subjective to each individual. Like beauty I would say perfectionism must also be in the eye of the beholder. The ones who love you most already see and believe you're a shining example of perfectionism. Much like beauty, it's almost impossible to see in yourself.

Slow down and enjoy the moment, take a deep breathe, take time to reflect, laugh and just be. There are no rules in life that say you cannot re-write your manuscript.

Remember through our multi-faceted, extraordinary experiences, we've all felt love, happiness, hopelessness, optimism, pessimism, lightness, darkness and everything inbetween. I have no idea if I'll truly reach a pivotal moment in my life, but I have to believe that if I can, you can also.

Allow yourself to shine as bright as the summer sun, be as colourful as the autumn leaves, as brilliant as the star's on a clear winter night, dance to your own song in the spring rain, sit on the soft new green grass and know that life is all about second chances and re-writing the script.

I get it. If you're only comfortable being Vanilla pudding that's okay. But take a chance when no one is looking and throw a few rainbow sprinkles in, you just might be surprised. Sometimes the best stories are honestly about the journey.

Be a rebel. Who cares about your grammar write run-on sentences, forget all about the commas, semicolons and periods. It's your story so edit the shit out of it because life is a continues messy re-write.

Resolution of the Aboriginal Settler Relations in Canada

by Eliza

" . . . he shall save the children of the needy and break in pieces the oppressor."

– Psalms 72:4

As children were we not taught the "Golden Rule"?
Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Resounding from a Christian truth found
in John 15:12 of the Bible,
where Jesus the Christ said, "This is my commandment:
that you love one another as I have loved you."

How then did a Christian nation arise, a nation that
deprives the Aboriginal peoples of the right
to stewardship of same land,
the Aboriginals had welcomed them to with open arms?

So when then, did the Aboriginal nation
express the aggression
to be "broken in pieces" by the Dominion?

You ask them now to sign a treaty
that in the long-term threatens their prosperity.
If it were you, would you call this equity?

A psychologist may say a deep psychosis is the only way
one could inflict such a wound upon another.
Forgetting his humanity towards a brother.

So what then is the use of long debates,
if there's no intention of good faith
or actions proving transformation or even reformation?

Oh Canada, are we not perpetuating
a grievous wrong to this Aboriginal nation
when we turn a blind eye to this situation?

The Christlike way to heal both wounds
is the acknowledgement of the truth,
a plea for mercy to God and man and making full restitution.

I know this simple rhyme may seem moot
but the "Golden rule" still reigns absolute.

My Haunted House Experience

by Sam Shrikhande

I'm trapped in a haunted house it is totally dark. I reach out, but all I feel are cobwebs and I start to panic. I start going through my pocket where I find my lighter and my cellphone. I flick the lighter on and I start exploring the house, looking through the desks and cupboards.

Then I hear a loud bang so I go and investigate. The cause of the noise was from the broken window. I notice that the window is broken from the outside and I cannot escape because there are bars on the windows. But the moonlight is shining through and I found a flashlight. All the doors are locked, so I start searching for a key for any door. However, I can not find a single key. I feel a cold draft pass right through me. It feels like an electrical sensation, however there is no wind because it is a calm night. I am getting intrigued. I know there's something supernatural here.

I feel a cold draft pass right through me.

I pull out my cell phone and go to the audio recording app and begin a paranormal investigation. I ask, "what is your name?" "Why are you here?" "Do you live here?" "If so, is there a way out?" "Is there a message that I can give to anyone?"

I don't hear anything when I ask the questions. However when I played back the recording I got a disembodied voice answering all my questions, with some of the answers being

hard to make out. Well for my first question I hear the answer "Michael." For my second question I get the answer, "I'm the groom to be and I'm here for my bachelor party but I was shot before all my friends came." For my third question it answers, "no key rug." Unfortunately, for my last question I didn't get an answer. So then I went back to the main entrance rolled up all the rugs and I found a key to the front door. I unlocked the front door and I left the haunted house.

Image-Based Culture

by Vanessa Stetten

In this paper, I will explore how advertising has changed our cultural values over the past century. I will draw on Sut Jhally's work, "Image-Based Culture: Advertising and Popular Culture" and my own life experience to explore this topic.

Over the past century, methods of advertising have evolved from "reason why" advertising that uses text to explain the uses of a product to advertising that tries to sell us the "good life," using emotions and lifestyle imagery (Jhally). Jhally argues that rather than simply inform us about the features of a product that may help or benefit us, as it used to do, advertising now lures us into thinking and believing that these products will make us happy and change our lives for the better. This change in advertising has coincided with the shift from an agrarian, to an industrial, and now to a consumer-oriented society (Jhally). The marketing of non-essential products with increasing speed and pervasiveness, has shifted our value system from simple needs and core necessities to perceiving we need non-essential products to live more happy and pleasurable lives.

One area where we can see this shift in values play out is in food advertising. Food is one of our core essential needs and is often advertised as providing a healthy lifestyle and optimum health. Increasingly over the years food advertisers have targeted children, marketing items such as breakfast cereal, chocolate bars, chips and pop, and the infamous McDonald's products. These foods are often portrayed as

fun and a definition of happy family culture. Furthermore, these products are represented as being nutritious and healthy, without any actual scientific research about the health effects of those products. This line of thinking can also dangerously equate inappropriate and unhealthy foods with bringing a person health and happiness. Brand names and celebrity endorsements are heavily used for food product promotion, furthering the emphasis on materialism and status-oriented lifestyle values.

The dominance of advertising all around us is an overwhelming force in our economy and puts pressure on people to conform and validate themselves through attaining these goods.

The advertisements for clothing have changed over time from function to fashion and economic status. Brand names, sport teams, and media logos are now blatantly displayed on the clothing itself, not only on the inside tags. This type of advertising, where the wearer actually advertises the product, alters our value on the true role of clothing to protect and provide function throughout life. People see themselves as associated with a winning team, a famous player, a wealthy designer house, falsely signifying wealth and popularity as the ultimate success.

A similar situation exists with the current marketing of beauty products, such as lotions, make-up, soaps and shampoos, deodorants and perfumes. Along with using brand names and famous people as spokespersons, the idea of being inadequate and unfulfilled if living without these products pervades their commercial messages. We are told we will look younger, smell better,

and be more attractive, and therefore we will be more desirable, beautiful and happy. The negative message of needing these products to enhance or alter our physical qualities to get the job, attract a mate, attain upper class status, and fit in with the mainstream, negatively distorts and damages the self-image of people influenced by these messages, particularly children.

Over the years advertising has slowly been hooking the public on this instant gratification method of achieving happiness through acquiring non-essential material objects. The impact is so vast it has affected people's value systems. Too often, people feel they must have certain brand name products to achieve personal happiness, status and even identity. The underlying messages within advertising are so strong depicting "the good life" (Jhally), that if not acquired, people feel they are inadequate and failures. The dominance of advertising all around us is an overwhelming force in our economy and puts pressure on people to conform and validate themselves through attaining these goods. The negative effects of a consumer-based society are a breakdown of social values and harming effects to the environment by overconsumption and destructive manufacturing practices. Most companies, especially multi-nationals, are only interested in profits and the well-being of those around the boardroom table. It is up to us to resist this aggressive advertising and build a culture of love and connection.

Joy and fear

by Vanessa Stetten

Joys and fears enter
down halls to the uni class
exit transformation path

There will be a
day when we see
mistakes in our ways
Whether in a state
of utopia, or the
end of our days.

— Eamonn Glavin

The Neverlasting Walls

by Mark Ewart

How a Spiritual Experience has Helped Protect and Guide me Through Many Challenges in Life

One night many years ago, I needed help in staying clean, because it was the first time I was clean for more than 90 days. I was afraid I would die if I relapsed that night. I prayed and asked Jesus to give me strength and guidance so I could get home clean and sober. At once the following words came into my heart.

The Neverlasting Walls.

I've walked the world with angelic wings,

I've tread amongst the poor,

I crawled across that great divide

that ended on your shore,

have I finally found the DOOR?

Iridescent light illuminates the right.

Before I fall, I ask why?

Forget the fall,

I'll give my all,

and learn to climb those everlasting walls!

Asking for help that night was the best thing I could have done for myself. From that night on, whenever I needed help, I've been able to count on my higher power to teach me, protect me, or guide me. The important thing is that I ask for help. So, over the years I have used this poem to inspire me and climb my everlasting walls.



About the artist

by Mark Ewart

I come from a farm in central Alberta, and moved to the West Coast in the early 1980's at the age of twenty.

I was drawn into a creative lifestyle in Vancouver and had many adventures with Judy Moonbeam and Rabbit and my other room-mate Rob Roy.

We had many adventures, both good and bad, but in the long run, I became addicted to cocaine, and then eventually also to heroin. It took me about seven years to get to that dereliction stage, not caring about anything but drugs.

I was in and out of hospitals and jails with overdoses and criminal charges. On a few occasions I was very close to death. I finally reached out for help and became spiritually aware.

I was able to seek counselling and I found people, doctors and nurses and other professionals, who worked with me over the years. They helped me successfully fight each health problem and I now have four years clean as of December 5, 2015. I was able to be cured of Hepatitis C, after forty-eight weeks of treatment, being supported by my treatment team.

I'm now going to UVic, attending University 101 classes twice each week, and volunteering at AVI (Aids Vancouver Island) twice a week. I also facilitate an art class once a week for people who are at high risk, dealing with addiction and other health problems.

I feel that I have gone full circle. I have arrived at a place that I have always wanted to be. I can now help others and be a contributing member of society. This is just the beginning. I am so glad I am alive and able to do the things I've always wanted.

Hard Choices

by Eileen Henry

I was really nervous at first, coming to University. I didn't think that I was smart enough for this, because when I was young my parents said that I couldn't look after myself, so how could I succeed at something like a university course? It was so exciting the first day, and being so warmly welcomed, even meeting us at the bus stop. It was really touching to be so included and have such wonderful support.

I just loved talking to the other students in class and sharing ideas. It helped to ease my loneliness, too, since I had been on my own for so long. People here were so friendly, open, and easy to talk to.

The professors brought ideas that I had never thought about before. For instance, learning about media and having a chance to weigh the pros and cons of suggestions in the media, was like discovering a new way to think about how media messages had been influencing our lives and the choices that we were making.

Learning new ways to think about indigenous-settler relations also really struck a chord with me. I was alone, trying to come to terms with the issue of self identity and decide what was fair, or fair enough that I could live with it. I was driven by my concern for my children and the next generations. Sometimes what is right in the moment is just a good enough start for that moment. It doesn't mean it's everything that any of us wanted, but it is an effort. It's

tough. What is most important is roots. First we must nurture the roots, then growth will come. We have to give our children a head start in life. That was my decision, to make their welfare and benefit the first priority.

First we must nurture the roots, then
growth will come.

For sheer enjoyment, I would like to say that Jamie Dopp's class on poetry, with the music and song in the class, really lifted my spirits. It was a great antidote to depression, especially the Bob Dylan impression! (Hey, Professor Dopp, that rhymes, so could it be a really short poem...?!)

Some of the material was really hard. I am still thinking about how a person can change their mind by acknowledging biases that we didn't realize we had before Dr. Audrey Yap's class.

All of the professors were really good; I really enjoyed and appreciated all of them. The Program staff and volunteers were also so open and helpful and understanding. I feel like I can come and talk to them and that the response will be caring and non-judgemental, even when I'm having a bad day.

I'm so grateful for the opportunity to join the Uni 101 Community, not only because my kids are so proud of me. This experience of a new kind of education has changed my life for the better. I am looking forward to continuing in the Program, to take Social Sciences in 2016, and to stay connected in the future.

The Civil War of Corcyra

by Jody Welsh

The island of Corcyra sided with the Athens in the Peloponnesian War between Athens and the Spartans; both sides were deeply divided politically. The lower and middle class were called the Commons and they favoured with Athens. The upper class or also known as the Elite leaned towards Spartans. In attempts to keep Corcyra from helping Athens, the Spartans and their allies in the upper class did everything they could to overthrow the popular government Athens had, which was a democracy government. By doing so it allowed the upper class to direct policy in Corcyra.

The Corinthians had founded Corcyra as a colony so they had a strong interest in Corcyra, but the Corinthians were also allied with the Spartans at this point in time. Athens had the power over the sea. Up and down the coast and the islands, the Athens warships were not entrusted to the slaves. The Spartans were land based soldiers so they had the advantage on land.

The Athenians and the Spartans didn't always have to be at each other's throats. The Commons begged for their lives, but they were dragged from religious alters and slaughtered. Going into a place of worship and slaughtering people was considered sacrilegious. The Athenians believed that if you disrespect the gods they would turn on them in the end. But if they let their enemies survive, then their enemy could come after them in the end and slaughter them. So they made sure their enemies were dead, because the Athens

Commons were desperate for survival. The Athenians decided it was in their country's best interest to defend themselves first and foremost and worry about the gods and their wrath later. The more enemies you slaughtered the better. Men didn't want to come across as weak or filled with fear because their allies would see them as weak and a coward. Paranoia leads to fear and fear leads to paranoia.

The Athenians decided it was in their country's best interest to defend themselves first and foremost and worry about the gods and their wrath later.

Athenian family ties were very sacred and important to them especially fathers and sons. So when fathers and sons were at each other's throats it was evidence of the level of fear they were experiencing. The Athenian Commons were law abiding citizens while the Spartans and the Elite were not. The upper class Oligarchs shared a political ideology with the Spartans (Peloponnesians), wanting to destabilize Corcyra's alliance with Athens to gain political power. When the Commons also voted to support Athens they were supporting the democracy in Athens to gain political power as well.

Advertising, Image and Pop Culture and the Role it Plays in our Lives

by Desiree Grubell

I have found over the years that advertising and pop culture go hand in hand. We see television advertisements telling us to buy the product, and a lot of the times stars promote a certain type of product. I see a lot of reality television shows in which the star is using one type of product. I think advertising and pop culture can also promote racism. I have seen in ads how race can be shown. I have seen it in movies and on television.

Diversity is a part of our lives. I have seen people from different backgrounds in our everyday life. I don't judge them because I understand them. I have been down the same road as them many times in my life. I have seen how people think diversity is evil when they don't know about it. People tend to see the negative and overlook the positive. We are all human and we need to see that differences in skin colour are not bad. I think that we are using reality television, movies and advertising as a way to make diversity appear bad. We need to look at the whole picture before we judge. Why do we use reality television, movies and ads to judge diversity? I think that is unfair. We need to show people that diversity is here to stay.

Mickey Mouse Monopoly

(What I think about it.)

The film Mickey Mouse Monopoly was trying to make Disney seem all bad when I think that is not quite true. In the movie, they talk about a lot about the issues in the Disney movies and do not talk about the positive. I felt that in some cases Disney makes

the women seem weak and the men seem strong, but in other cases the women are powerful. I agree with the film when they said that Disney makes more money if they make the women seem weak. Women are just as strong as men are. I have seen it in other movies and TV shows about women being strong and powerful. We need women to show that they are not weak and that we can be just as tough as men can be.

Disney seemed to be careful as to how its name and characters are being used. They do not want third party companies trying to make money by using their brand. Keeping your brand safe is a way of not letting others try to rip you off of try to copy your brand. I have seen on TV how some companies can be so careful of their brand, and they will go to great lengths to protect that brand. They won't even let other people even try to sell something that even looks like their brand. They are scared they will get ripped off.

While some of the female characters in Disney are of different races and are made to look weak, many are also shown as being strong and powerful. I felt that once again the movie Mickey Mouse Monopoly was negative and failed to even try to see the positive when looking at how Disney represents women. Some of the songs in the movies were racist and you would never even know. Sometimes the characters were not very nice in their understanding about race but later on they discovered that they were wrong. Take a look at the Disney movie Pocahontas for example. This movie is a good example of how racism can affect us. It is a story about white people from England who came to America looking for new land to claim. The land belonged to Native Americans who believe the English men are invading their

I miss the old Disney...



land. The chief fears they are dangerous. Pocahontas meets captain John Smith and starts to fall in love with him but her people fear the white men are dangerous, and her father becomes angry and wages war when one of their own is killed in battle by one of the white men, and John Smith is framed for the crime. When her father tried to kill John Smith, Pocahontas ran in front of him to stop him, and when he told her to get back she refused to do so. She told him this is not right. She also said that this path of anger will only lead to a terrible war. Her father realised he was wrong and that they had anger in them but she had courage and understanding. He then told his men to free John. I think Pocahontas was a very powerful woman because she fought for peace. This movie shows us the negative sides of racism and helps us to see difference in a positive way. I think this is one movie people should see, because it helps us understand race. I think diversity is a part of our lives, and we should not judge others, but try to understand it.



We also need to treat gay and transgender people in the same way as we treat everyone. They are no different than we are. Take a look at Mickey, Donald and Goofy from Disney for example. They are different races and don't even care. One is a mouse, one is a duck, and one is a dog. They are the best of friends. Also a person who has been in the spotlight is no different than one who has not. They

have feelings too. We need to not judge what we see in movies and try to make sense of them. When we meet someone from another country, we should try to understand them. Same as if we meet someone who is gay or famous. We should trust their feelings and understand them. I remember hearing in a movie "nothing happens by accident." Everything happens for a reason. I feel



that is very true, the proof is there that women are becoming more powerful, too, and we are coming to terms with that.

Women are becoming more powerful every day and are proving that they are more than just a pretty face. We see it in movies and in real life. To make women seem weak is mean and we judge them before we get to know them.

On November 4, 2015, Justin Trudeau was sworn in as Canada's 23rd Prime



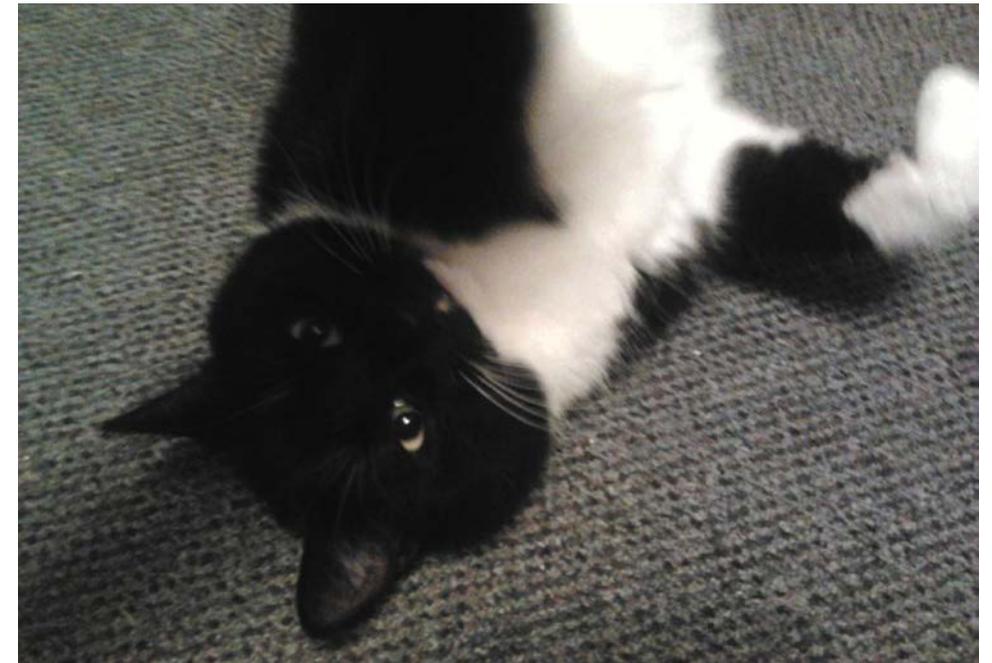
Minister and was happy to present a diverse cabinet. In his cabinet of 30 ministers, 15 are women and 15 are men. This is a very good example of how women are becoming more powerful. Things are changing and we need to look at things in our country now. I think that change is one of the best things that can happen to women. We need more people who understand women in this world. There really is not enough.

I think we need to see the diversity within the world and media, and embrace diversity because it is here to stay. We are changing and we should learn to see this as positive.

My cat Oreo

by Desiree Grubell

I have a cat named Oreo. He is black and white. He loves to play with me. I have noticed that cats are active at night more than during the day. Oreo sleeps a lot during the day, and he comes alive at night. He jumps around and plays, and I can hear him sometimes at night. I find cats to be picky eaters. Some like different kinds of food. Oreo loves dry food but won't eat wet food. Cats are hunters. Oreo likes to play hunt. I have a catnip mouse. Oreo likes to play with it like he has caught a mouse. Cats are curious. They love to explore things. Oreo loves to check things out, and sometimes he goes where I don't want him to go. He is curious about the outdoors also. I don't let him outside, but he is curious about the outdoors. Cats love to go outside, but it is not always safe for them. We have a lot of cats in our area, and sometimes I hear cat fights in our area. I think cats are cool animals, and Oreo is one cool cat. I am happy to own a cat and love him very much.



cats

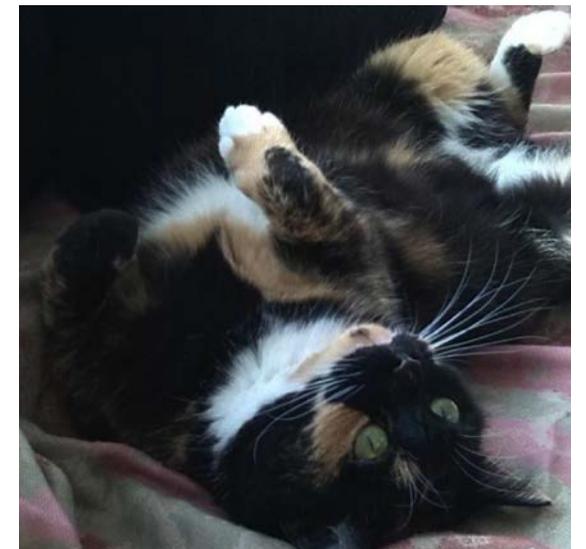
I think cats are cute
I think cats are fun

Cats are playful little clowns
Cats make me happy

Cats are soft
They love to cuddle
I love to hear them meow
Cats are fun to have as a pet

To have a cat is the best
thing in the world
a cat will love you forever

A cat will be your best friend
A cat is the best pet of all.



On A Walk to Work

by Lovella Cravalho

What's in store?

We wish for more,
even better,
we crave
for more!

Had we all known
being greedy
could lead to infinity

since the more we desire
the more we wander...

Don't know why it's more worthwhile
keeping up the pace
with empty space,

confusion and illusion...

Sometimes I wish that I could be

where the ample is simple
and simple is ample.

abundance.

Herstory

by Lovella Cravalho

The break of dawn came whispering...
the traveller realizes
her dreams have branched. . . .

Seems like only yesterday
she embarked full of hopes
see for herself, the other side of the world. . .

She realizes her dreams were like trees
as they grow, so each has branches
but it would be more of a mistake
should she keep looking, like that,
wondering what's on the other side of that lake. . .

Mistakes and failures, she'll always remember
as persistence for sure, does run in her veins
It helps to see the clouds, so silvery. . .
with ups and downs, resilience remains!

Survive to serve

by Eamonn Glavin

This domain that we inhabit is moving through a phase

There will be a day when we see mistakes in our ways

Whether in a state of utopia, or the end of our days

The consequence of cosmic sages in all their displays

The progress of humanity, hindered by technologic delays

Solutions unknown, to the crises the media portrays

Albeit known to compartmentalized agents like the C.I.As

Denied debate, how they explain it all with craze

The logical truth, one day it will amaze

Since I first awoke I have seen shifts in this place,

Technology empowering the entire human race

I see days of the future, we will one day have to face

Perhaps days of terror that bombs the earth to waste

Or of shocking introduction of beings we should embrace

Or days of the greatest glory when we reach interstellar space.

**I don't know how
many years people
can exist before
they're allowed
to be free.**

— Yenruedee Nonmee

This is where I decided that I wanted to become a writer

by Riga Godron

This excerpt from the autobiography “Riga” contains information pertaining to sexual and physical abuse. I am publishing it in the UNI 101 2015 Journal Divergent/Convergent because I want to share my unedited version of events.

I decided I wanted to become a writer at the Forensic Psychiatric Institute. I asked to be sent there for a one month evaluation to see if I was fit to stand trial.

It all began in a ground level apartment in the Marpole neighbourhood in Vancouver. One day, in December of 2000, I was alone in my apartment when a man broke in and raped me. Later that day my husband came home from work and took me to the salon to get my hair done before we were to go to his office Christmas party. We went to the Christmas party and there was an open bar. I drank more alcohol than I could digest. Later that evening, my husband’s boss had a limo drive us back to our apartment.

Once at our apartment I decided that I should go to an Emergency Room to get a rape kit done. However, I had not told my husband about the sexual assault that occurred earlier in the day. Instead, I told him that I had alcohol poisoning. We did not have a vehicle at that time; therefore, I needed an ambulance to take me to the hospital. He called an ambulance and they arrived to find me vomiting and unable to stand up. I was now in my house coat and slippers.

While on the drive to the UBC Emergency Room I had a panic attack. The paramedic asked my husband why I was

reacting the way I was to their strapping me to the stretcher. He told the BC ambulance technician that I had a mental illness.

Inside the waiting room at the UBC Emergency Room, I waited for the physician to speak to me so I could privately ask for a rape kit to be performed. The triage nurse asked me to sign a treatment consent form, and I told her I would only sign it after I spoke to the doctor, and they agreed to give me the treatment I sought. The emergency room nurse asked me to give a blood sample, and I declined, because I explained that was not why I had come to the Emergency Room.

Dr. Christopher Stitt came and asked to speak to my husband privately. When Dr. Stitt returned, my husband had gone home, and Dr. Stitt had the security guard escort me to a padded room. I spent the night on a mattress on the floor. In the morning a taxi came and drove me to the alley behind my building. I was left in the alley behind my apartment, in only a small, red, terry cloth house coat and fuzzy red slippers. The same rapist saw me and attacked me a second time. Afterward, I walked to the front of the building and buzzed the manager to unlock my apartment.

Once inside my apartment I called The Kate Booth Vancouver Women’s Transition House. I told them that I was no longer safe in my apartment and asked if I could come stay at The Transition House. They said that I could. I waited until my husband came home and then I asked him what he had told Dr. Stitt.

My husband said that Dr. Stitt had asked him what my mental illness diagnosis was and that he had told Dr. Stitt that I was diagnosed with Bipolar Disorder. My husband said that Dr. Stitt had asked if we were sexually active and he had replied that we were. My husband said that Dr. Stitt had asked what my reasons were for coming to the ER and that he had replied that I just needed to sleep off my drunkenness.

I became very angry with my husband for leaving me at the Emergency Room without so much as a goodbye. Not to mention that he had left me with no clothing, keys, money, identification or anything else to help me get home safely. I handed my husband a garbage bag in which I had packed his belongings, and I told him to leave my apartment. He refused to leave.

I called the Vancouver Police and told them that my husband refused to leave the apartment, which was leased only in my name. When they arrived they asked me if my husband had any weapons, I told them that he always carries a Swiss Army knife. The police officers frisked him, handcuffed him and removed him from the premises.

I called Kate Booth House and arranged for them to meet me near the Transition House. Once there, the staff photographed my body for evidence of bruising and took a general description of my attacker. I was told that I could stay for one month.

Over the next few days I went to the welfare office and got on income assistance. I went to UBC and registered for January courses. I got a housing assignment in Ritsumeikan House on campus. My student housing was to begin January 4th 2001, just after the Christmas break.

During the holiday season, I began to miss my husband. I left the Transition House for one night to spend Christmas with my husband. While at the apartment I opened a letter from MSP saying that because I had failed to sign the treatment release form, Dr. Stitt would not be paid for his services, and would I please sign the form and mail it back to them.

I went back to the Transition House, but because I had left to see my husband, I was no longer welcome there. I was too afraid to go back to my apartment for fear of being alone and open to further attack. I refused to leave the Transition House and the staff at The Transition House called the Vancouver Police.

For the first time in my life I was arrested and charged with trespassing. I went to the jail at The Vancouver Police station. The Justice of the Peace offered to release me but I told him that my housing was not available on campus until after the New Year. The Justice of the Peace decided to let me stay at The BC Correctional Centre for Women until my housing was available.

I stayed in Protective Custody for four days.

When I was released, I was given a summons to appear in court on the trespassing charge.

I went to the UBC campus, I got my keys from the housing department, and I began my studies.

A few weeks after I began my classes, I decided to go to see my primary physician, Dr. Wong and get the long awaited rape kit performed. She did the examination, and even though it had been over a month since the attacks she was still able to gather evidence of tearing and bruising.

I remembered the letter from MSP, and it bothered me. I saw counsellors on campus. I went to the UBC Student Health Centre, and I spoke to a physician, Dr. Nelson, about how Dr. Stitt had failed to treat me. She suggested I try to speak to him to gain some insight into exactly what had happened.

So one day in January after leaving a chemistry lab, still wearing my white lab coat, a black blazer with my Women of Distinction pin on it, and a fancy long red dress, I returned to the UBC Emergency Room.

What happened next was the worst thing that has ever happened in my life.

I walked into the Emergency Room, through the swinging doors and behind the curtain and I found Dr. Stitt. I told him that I needed to speak to him. I had the letter from MSP in my hands.

Dr. Christopher Stitt grabbed my upper left arm and pressed his thumb between the deltoid and bicep muscles. He called for Marcia Goffsky the ER nurse to come and sedate me, and he signaled to the UBC ER security guard to come restrain me.

Dr. Stitt tried to grab my chest and his hand was pierced by the gold, star shaped, Women of Distinction pin on my lapel. His right hand began to bleed. The three of them carried me kicking and screaming to the same padded room in which I had spent the previous visit. I told them that I was not a patient, and I demanded they call the Richmond RCMP. First they called the Psychiatrists from upstairs in the UBC Psychiatry Department to come and assess me.

When the Psychiatrists arrived I was furious at the physical violence that I was receiving, and I vehemently proclaimed that if they tried to lock me up

in the Psychiatric Unit that I would not cooperate. The Psychiatrists refused to admit me.

However, that did not stop Dr. Stitt, Marcia Goffsky and the security guard from removing my lab coat, taking my blazer, cutting my dress off even as I begged them not to destroy my favourite dress. When they were removing my bra and panties I yelled in Marcia Goffsky's face and I told her that if she had a daughter that she should be ashamed of herself for undressing me in front of two men. This happened one month after my sexual assaults.

There was a video camera in the padded cell, and it recorded them undressing me and administering a very powerful sedative. When I awoke, I was in a jail cell inside the Richmond RCMP Detachment. The Correctional Staff asked me who I was and what my home phone number was; however, I was so disoriented by the medication that I could not even remember those basic pieces of information.

The next morning, the RCMP released me with the information that I was being charged with assaulting Dr. Stitt, because his hand got cut on my Women of Distinction pin. I was also being charged with assaulting Marcia Goffsky, because my spittle got on her when I screamed in her face.

I was still very lethargic from the needle they had given me, but by mid afternoon, I remembered my husband's phone number. He met me and said that he had been calling hospitals and police departments all night but that he had gotten no information as to where I was located or what condition I was in.

I remained living on campus and attending classes. Soon my Court hearing for the trespassing charge came up. I arrived in Court only to be told that the Transition House did not want to proceed with charges, because they did not want their address to be recorded in Court documents as the location of my arrest. That charge was dismissed by Crown Counsel.

I decided to go to the Income Assistance Office and pick up my cheque, because up until that point I had not received any money from them.

When I arrived at the office, I was told that, because I was attending UBC I was not eligible for welfare. I got very frustrated and took it out verbally on the income assistance worker. She called the Vancouver Police.

The Vancouver Police arrived, and they pulled me out of the office. As we exited the front of the building, a passerby offered to record what she thought was an example of police brutality because the Vancouver Police were being excessively rough with me.

My husband rushed towards the police officers, and he explained that I was his wife and that I had a mental illness. The Vancouver Police decided to take me to The Vancouver General Hospital instead of jail. Once at the VGH ER I told the physician everything that had happened with Dr. Stitt at the UBC hospital and how I had just wanted to get a rape kit done.

The VGH ER doctor did not believe my explanation of events and instead decided to admit me under the Mental Health Act for thirty days for a psychiatric evaluation. I was in the intake area of the psychiatric unit when the nurses decided to take away my wedding ring so that I would not cut myself on the marquis diamond.

I fought with the nurses, but they took my ring away anyway. I decided that I was going to be as uncooperative as possible, so when they put me in a room on the unit, I covered myself in lubricant and tried to escape. Needless to say the nurses could not get a grip on me because I was too slippery.

One of the male nurses told me that if I did not behave that they would send me to the Forensic Psychiatric Institute where I would be surrounded by murderers. During my stay at VGH, Dr. Levi and his female psychiatric colleagues, also failed to give any credence to my side of the story. However, they did try unsuccessfully to convince me that I had never been sexually assaulted and that it was all just a figment of my imagination.

I did not bother telling them that I had gone to see my family Doctor, Dr. Wong, and that she had seen evidence of bruising and tearing. Or that The Kate Booth Transition House had taken pictures of the extensive bruising that had covered most of my body when I arrived there. Or that I had reported the sexual assaults to the Vancouver Police.

The Vancouver General Hospital released me on Valentine's Day 2001. My husband had been fired by his employer right after Christmas. Subsequently he had been unable to pay the rent on our apartment.

I never did receive any income assistance and had also been unable to pay my rent on UBC campus. Consequently we were evicted from both places. We sold all of our belongings to an auction house for \$1200 and caught a Greyhound bus headed for Colorado Springs, Colorado. We arrived in Colorado and lived for five months with my mother-in-law.

While we were in Colorado, I still had an outstanding charge of assault stemming from the incident at the UBC Emergency Room. I could not legally work in the United States and my husband did not allow me to apply for a green card.

My husband began working all hours at a Ford dealership. We were supposed to be saving up so that we could get our own apartment. I soon realized that my husband was sleeping with his sister's friend. We got into an argument about it, and his mother called the Municipal Police.

When the police arrived, my mother-in-law tried to get them to arrest me for being an illegal alien, or put me in a hospital for my mental illness but they, much to her disappointment, just left. After they left my mother-in-law started clawing at my face.

I called 911. When the police returned they asked my husband whom they should charge with assault. He looked at me, and he looked at his mother, and he told the police, "charge my wife, because she will forgive me, but my mother will not."

So the police officers gave me a citation and a summons to appear in court on the charge of assault by trespass, which I guess is the lowest form of assault in that county. It is a misdemeanor to assault someone by trespassing on their property.

That day my husband and I drove back to Victoria in the Jeep that my husband had purchased instead of renting us our own apartment.

Before we left Colorado Springs we called the Ford dealership in Victoria, and they agreed to let us work there upon our return to Canada.

We arrived in my hometown of Victoria and stayed with my now deceased brother Ricardo, and his newborn son and wife. My sister Fantasha lent us money so that we could rent an apartment on Market Street.

We both started our jobs at Glenoak Ford and everything seemed to be going well until one of the Finance Managers at the dealership decided that he wanted to have sex with me. When I refused to have sex with him, he brought it up in conversation, in front of the owner's office.

The owner of the dealership called the both of us into his office and reprimanded me for fraternizing with the management. Immediately I was fired by the Sales Manager. I took my last paycheque and the Jeep, and I drove to visit my best friend in Kamloops.

I decided to cross the border at Osoyoos four days after 9/11. I had forgotten about the warrant out for my arrest for the assault charges from the UBC ER. I was arrested at the border, and my husband's Jeep was seized in the name of the Crown, because he had not properly imported the vehicle from the States when we had returned to Canada.

I was returned to the Richmond RCMP detachment and my husband came from Victoria to collect me. I was too angry at him, to go home with him, so I asked the Judge if I could be sent to the Forensic Psychiatric Institute instead. The Judge conferred with Duty Counsel, and they decided that I could go to The Forensic Psychiatric Institute for a one month evaluation to determine if I was fit to stand trial. It was at The Forensic Psychiatric Institute, hearing the stories of the other patients, that I knew that it was important that we all get the chance to tell our own story and I realized that I wanted to become a writer.

Food Insecurities

by Marge Fairley

Why is there a shortage of food? Is food not one of our basic rights? Can we change the hold of neoliberalism enough to feed the world? Colonization has not honoured Indigenous knowledge of the sustainable local food source. Can we change the damage of the past, to ensure food security for future generations?

There is shortage of food everywhere because of neoliberalism. Neoliberalist ideologies value profit driven systems over the welfare and wellbeing of a sustainable world. Overproducing of grains. These grains were produced to be a staple for the global south. This was called the Green Revolution that started in 1960-1970. The Green Revolution came with promises the end to hunger. The community farms were bought up by industrialized commercial farms under the control of huge corporation.

Somewhere we lost sight that human rights "include the right to physical and economic access at all times to sufficient, adequate and culturally acceptable food that is produced and consumed sustainably, preserving access to food for future generations" (Olivier De Schutter).

The world is waiting for a change. So much of our rights as human beings, our basic needs, have been denied. We need to stop making so much money and power and give people back their basic rights. The need for community gardens, the right to learn and grow sustainable food that is indigenous to the land we occupy. Give people small farms.

Let people understand the Human Rights Act, make food affordable and let people eat and be healthy.

The world is waiting for a change.

Give a human a fish, and their family will eat that night. Give a human a fishing rod and knowledge and their family and generations after will always eat and prosper.

**Our mistakes are
what we grow on**
— Coreen Mahoney

My long journey

by Yenruedee Nonmee

I am from South East Asia and English is not my mother tongue. I came to Canada in 2011. I haven't seen my family once since arriving here.

I came here with my common law partner and our child. My child was born in my homeland but his father is Canadian. In 2012, things didn't seem to work out the way we wanted. I ended up very close to homeless from a broken down relationship. And of course the child is in between. I have no legal status in Canada but I have right to stay as a mother of a Canadian child. So I'm living on income assistance right now. A small low ceiling with one bedroom basement is our cozy home. Especially when my landlord is away.

I just started to collect child support in October this year. So my financial support is a little better. I used to have only \$175/month for my son and I.

We go to the food bank and free dinners from communities, where my son and I fill up our tiny tummies. But you know what? We are happier and emotionally healthier than when we supposedly had it all.

I have never before been this poor. But the strange feeling I've had since becoming homeless is "I am rich." My and son and I smile wider, laugh louder and we both dance together likes nobody watching.

I used to dislike the fact that my hands were too small. My mouth and voice were not being heard. I wondered, how many mountains would I have to climb until I knew where to go. I didn't like going to the food bank, thrift stores, free dinners, or lining up for free used stuff. What I've discovered is those things just made me stronger and braver. I am now more able to stand taller for myself and my little one.

But you know what? We are happier and emotionally healthier than when we supposedly had it all.

Nowadays I enjoy doing those things - my son and I are so excited to see what we're going to get this time! We have always appreciated people's kindness, especially knowing what unkind people can do.

I have been in abusive relationships, mostly emotionally abusive, from 2003 until 2015.

When I was in my early twenties, I moved to study in the largest university in Bangkok. At that point my new adventures began. I was an innocent girl from the countryside in a big city and new big group of friends.

In the beginning of my situations, I used to feel that I was a very unlucky woman. I used to think, why me? Why does it keep happening to me over and over? Is there something wrong about me? Why am I never good enough for my partners? I would often put all of the blame on myself.

I thought it was the end of my life when I got kicked out of our home by my child's father. But you know what? After that day in 2013 my real freedom began. As it turns out, the person that I have to thank for all this is him, my common law spouse who kicked me out of the house. And the police officials who were there for me. I also learned a lot from the Women's transition house. Even some simple words can be hugely meaningful, like boundaries, red flags and one's rights. Moreover, there is a food bank where I use to go that brought me from uncertainty to opportunity in the Uni 101 course.

Uni 101 is an amazing course that has motivated me to step closer in the clear direction of humanity. My Critical Thinking has changed, after just one month in class. It amazes me and people around me. I hope this motivation lasts forever. The whole team they are all wonderful people. There is so much kindness. The smiles on their faces when they see us in class. I can see that they want to help others gain knowledge and be connected to humanity.

I have been studying in Uni 101 about 3 months. The course and the whole team provided amazing skills. I couldn't have imagined being part of this class, if my situation in Canada hadn't worked out the way it did.

I don't know how many years people can exist before they're allowed to be free.

Forever thanks to the team.

The Treaty Process: British Columbia's Legacy of Colonization and the Modern Age of Reconciliation

by Malcolm Sword

The British Columbia government and First Nations across the province are plowing forward with a process to establish treaties intended to enable a legal and legislative framework to create jurisdictional certainty. For Aboriginals, these agreements are intended to provide territorial distinction, a framework for self-government, and support cultural identity and economic leverage. Are the outcomes of the modern treaty process attaining the intended reconciliation for the impacts of colonization on Indigenous peoples?

There are characteristics embedded in British Columbia's approach in the modern Treaty process which appear, in many respects, to be haunted by the realities of colonization. The reverberations from the arrival of European Settlers, such as introducing bureaucracy, an unfamiliar economic system and a differing view of land ownership, have resulted in control over the occupants of the province. Colonization tossed Indigenous inhabitants into a whirlwind of change and injustice by imposing authority, occupation, displacement, and division to their way of life. It systematically dismantled territorial, cultural, political systems and traditions.

British Colonization was arguably a peaceable invasion of the Pacific Northwest Coast, which aimed to acquire territory and triumph over the Indigenous occupants with the European construct of the rule of law. Armed with superior technology, advanced economic and political

motives, explorers and settlers brought newly formed governorships with an authority to rule and administer the colony of British Columbia. With legislative clout, the government of the Dominion of Canada decreed British Columbia's Natives, by way of treaties, to formalize the surrender of territories.

A Brief of History of Colonization

The colonization of the North West Coast of North America began through exploration by Spaniards who asserted possession of what is now Vancouver Island. Thereafter, the British and Americans took interests throughout the territories of the Pacific Northwest. With much ado, posturing, and drama, the Spaniards ceded claims in the region and the British became masters of the territory of what was to become British Columbia.

The communication gap was immense, not just because of language, but because of cultural differences.

British Captain George Vancouver led expeditions in the 1790s along the West Coast which led to inevitable contact with the Indigenous peoples that was fraught with cultural tension and misunderstanding. Dr. John Lutz describes the completely absurd meeting between two groups who did not have the foggiest idea of what the other was trying to say (*Makuk: A New History of Aboriginal White Relations*, 2008). The communication gap was immense, not just because of language, but because of cultural differences. Vancouver's log of the encounter and a verbal account given by a local, August Jack Khahtsahlano, reveal the extremely different interpretations of the two sides. Lutz says: "There are few parallels in the two accounts . . . [which] are the conflicting realities . . . rooted in radically different cultural premises."

The European population expanded rapidly, particularly after the the 1858 gold rush, when some 33,000 miners arrived in the Fraser Valley in search of riches. They brought disease and alcohol, as well as establishing laws and

governance. The influx of Europeans seeking opportunity and instant wealth resulted in the destabilization and displacement of the Indigenous peoples. As more settlers arrived, an inevitable powershift occurred - newcomers claimed and occupied land for farming, agricultural pursuits and forestry. The land grab brought a new economic and physical reality to the Colony of British Columbia.

A robust Aboriginal culture, with political and economic systems, operating among the many Nations of British Columbia, existed prior to the arrival of settlers. First Nations ways of life and relationships to the land were perpendicular to that of the European constructs. Particularly impactful were European notions of land ownership being a result of mixing one's labour with the land, and Indigenous ways of engaging in labour were not recognized by most Europeans. The result was that Indigenous land title was not recognized by the new colonial government.

The Royal Proclamation and the Treaty Mandate

In 1763, Britain's King George decreed all lands west of the St Lawrence River belonged to the First Nations. This seemed to be a political move to discourage the Americans from encroaching onto British Territorial claims in the New World.

More than one hundred years later, the treaty process in British Columbia was initiated through a directive of the now Parliamentary Government of the Dominion of Canada. Gilbert Malcolm Sproat was given a mandate in 1878 to establish territorial segregation in British Columbia to which, "First Nations would live, separated from incoming settlers" (Wignes, "Treaty Troubles: More Than a Century in the Making," 2012).

Wignes describes Sproat being surprised by the complexity and diversity of First Nations, the interrelationships in Indigenous society and the outright confiscation by settlers of traditional territory. "Places very dear to the Indians had been taken from them," he told his superiors in Ottawa. "In

several instances they have been deprived of their cultivated fields without compensation."

Sproat was likely one of the few Europeans to comprehend and acknowledge the intricacies of Indigenous society in British Columbia. He seemed to understand that Indigenous cultures in BC were based on strong familial connections. His task turned into one of complexity, as sole commissioner Sproat toured the province (Wignes). The Indigenous Nations of British Columbia, had not yet succumbed to treaties, as opposed to other regions of the Dominion. Sproat acknowledged the broader interests of West Coast Indigenous peoples, and especially those of the Lower Fraser River, were based in "seasonal activities [fishing] and other territorial pursuits." With that, he advised then-Prime Minister Sir John A. MacDonald: "Indians on this lower portion of the river are one people [who] claim to belong to particular villages [and] move about constantly from one place to another." Sproat encouraged negotiations to "take a view as to the people as a whole." Ignoring Sproat's advice, federal authorities exercised the will of the government arbitrarily appointing chiefs and band councils, designating single communities as administrative units, and restricting band membership. The initiative fractured connections of Indigenous communities and peoples, while creating a legislative framework of governance under the blanket of the Indian Act.

Through most of the twentieth century, policy toward
Aboriginals entailed aggressive measures devised to
advance subordination and assimilation of those peoples.

This political dominance became policy, resulting in arbitrary allocation of reserves, the residential school system and power to the Canadian Government, via the Indian Act, to act as caretakers of Indigenous peoples.

Through most of the twentieth century, policy toward Aboriginals entailed aggressive measures devised to advance subordination and assimilation of those peoples. This was made possible through measures brought by

successive Canadian governments. Legislators simply reached into the colonial toolbox and found wrenches to fix “the problem”; they came up with the establishment of the Reserve system; generations of young people were herded into Residential Schools to lose language, family and culture; bureaucratic stewardship through the Indian Act allowed resource extraction and other development to occur without receiving adequate compensation; and Royal Commissions were formed to explore this and that of Aboriginal issues and culture. These times were a double-edged sword; on one side, Reserves isolated Bands, while on the other, Residential Schools were created to assimilate. But in the latter part of the century, demographics saw the rise of Indigenous populations in urban centres, the residential school system was taken down, and Canadians began to take notice of deplorable conditions on many reserves, while Royal Commissions began to reveal the true nature of the state of Canada’s First Nations.

The Modern Treaty Process

British Columbia is unique. Most Treaties in the rest of Canada were formalized in the late 1800s or the following century, but BC only has a small handful of agreements with First Nations. However, the era of the “modern treaty process” began in the late 1990s with the completion of a treaty between Nisga’a Band Councils and the Province of British Columbia. That agreement “has often been said to be a blueprint for the BC Treaty process.” However, *Warrior Publications* contends that to make a Treaty in the twenty-first century is a massive consumption of time and money (“BC Monster Grows Three Heads,” January 2007).

These times were a double-edged sword

This is not the time of James Douglas, the second governor of Vancouver Island, who reached agreement in the late 1850s for fourteen land settlements totalling about 570 square kilometres of property in exchange for cash, clothing and blankets on the southern part of the island.

The Modern Treaty Game

While several modern treaties have been ratified (a long and cumbersome six stage ordeal) and a number of others have reached the level of an “agreement in principle,” the BC Treaty process is complex and costly. Achieving the agreement stage requires bureaucrats, lawyers, technicians, negotiators, federal and provincial politicians, chiefs, councillors and band members, to all come to agreements about deals worth tens-of-millions of dollars. Treaties provide economic benefit, restitution, certainty of territorial rights, and self-governance. It all seems to be fair, despite the costs involved in reaching an agreement. Except that treaties may undermine the concept of the “Aboriginal title” founded in the 1763 Royal Proclamation and legislatively by the 1890 Indian Act. Some argue that First Nations are ceding their rights as nations (“BC Monster Grows Three Heads,” January 2007).

First Nations entering into the BC treaty process are faced with notable sacrifices. The first is that the treaty will cause removal of the Nation from the Indian Act which administers aboriginal title. The protection of “lands reserved by the Crown for use by Indians” will terminate. From a title perspective, the Crown transfers land ownership to bands and the land becomes fee simple ownership, i.e. private property of the agreed-to territory. Furthermore, it fabricates an entity that is subject to federal and provincial laws, turning First Nations into municipalities which are under authority of higher levels of governance.

The outcomes of this treaty process is for all intents, some suggest, the last nail in the coffin to the assimilation of the Indigenous peoples of British Columbia.

Food as a weapon

by Desi Sloan

"One billion will go hungry today."

– Jamie Oliver

Olivier De Schutter, the United Nations Special Rapporteur on the Right to Food stated in his final report to the United Nations General Assembly in 2014 stated: "The right to food is the right of every individual alone or in community with others, to have physical and economic access at all times to sufficient, adequate and culturally acceptable food that is produced and consumed sustainably, preserving access to food for future generations" (p.3).

Even in Canada there are many people that have to use foodbanks to feed their families. Many of these individuals are also working, known as the working poor. Unfortunately, a lot of the food offered at food banks is processed and therefore lacking in nutrition. Sugar and salt are high on the list of contents in most processed foods. The consumption of these ingredients has far reaching health costs.

Palm oil is also another food ingredient that has far reaching negative effects. With the increase demand for palm oil as a food additive in the global food chain, the governments and farmers plant palm oil groves (<http://imaxvictoria.com/movie/born-to-be-wild/>). This negatively impacts ecosystems and endangered animals, like the Orangutans, as the their natural habitat the forest is being destroyed and replaced with palm oil plantations. We can help by being mindful of food products that list palm oil as an ingredient.

Canada along with the rest of the world faces issues regarding the inadequate distribution of basic nutritious foods. Overpopulation is considered a key factor because, as there isn't always enough supplies of food or it is not accessible within certain areas. Also, the multinational food producers, with the help of marketing boards, hold the answer to the question of who gets what to meet their daily food needs.

Additionally, many conflicts around the world hinder the distribution of donated and locally produced food, as it is used as a weapon against the population of these countries. Presently there is a mass exodus of refugees from war-torn Syria, Iraq, Afghanistan, and Libya into Europe. As winter approaches, host countries are finding it difficult to be able to handle this influx of people and meet the food demands for everyone. Language barriers and the presence of local law enforcement at the borders of Eastern Europe have created hurdles for the distribution of nutritious foods to these families by volunteers.

"They say that there is not enough food to go around, war is the game they all must play."

– May Blitz, 2nd of May, "For Mad Men Only"

If we are to survive as a race, humans must turn towards helping each other understand that we are all in this together. If I pollute my land it will have an adverse effect on my neighbors lifestyle, and the children that will inherit this planet we call home.

"I wish for everyone to help create a strong sustainable movement to educate every child about food, inspire families to cook again and empower people everywhere to fight obesity."

To help with this wish visit: TedPrize.org
Ted Talks: Chew on This. Jamie Oliver

**there are no rules
in life that say you
cannot re-write
your manuscript**

– Eva Marie Lott

DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT
ДИВЕРГЕНТ\ СОНЛЕВГЕНТ

Journal of the University 101 Students

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

**thoughtful
intentional
expressive**



University
of Victoria

