



The people of TDChristian
making and doing

Notice

2012

Don Norman

Foreword



Nelson Kim

Cover art: "Immersed," Ann Nguyen

In the classroom, in the city, in the forest, or way out in the distance on service trips, young people live intensely, but they don't necessarily reveal what they're thinking or feeling. They're sometimes at peace with the goodness and faithfulness of God, but sometimes they struggle with faith and doubt, knowledge and experience. They know that life is not without risk or disappointment; they also find it's not without beauty or reward. Sometimes they have friendships but still feel lonely; occasionally they're weary of the familiar but passionate about things in the distance; often they're holding back—but sometimes they say exactly what needs to be said. What follows in this book expresses both the persistent struggle and the honest passion.

As we gathered work for *Notice*, we discovered more variety and creativity than these pages could contain. Thus, we offer you a mere slice of the school pie. It should be tasty enough because the ingredients are savoury and substantial. Some of the pieces are formal and serious; others are simple class exercises. We haven't explained the context for every piece, but you'll enjoy them nonetheless. Sample the rich flavour of high school well done. Dig in!

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My Winding Road

RACHEL PARENTEAU

6:04 AM

The air presses around me as I step out from behind the thin shelter of the fence. The cold is abusive company as I set out alone, winding my way among the flakes of white blowing around my face. I have nothing but the crunch under my feet, the metallic swish of the tea in

my mug, and the tread of a morning jogger already beyond my pace to distract me from my thoughts.

As I come under the halo of a street lamp, I imagine that I can hear the electricity running through the dim yellow bulb.

6:11 AM

I do up the top button on my coat as the air reaches through the woolen

folds of my scarf and chills my chest and neck. I draw back the hem on my mitten, and my steps quicken after a quick glance at the watch on my wrist. My breath comes in short draws now, my lips dry and my throat raw. My mother's voice sounds in time with my steps, *Don't be late, don't be late, don't be late.*

Kara Schuringa



ALISHA MELO

I remember sitting in a classroom, absolutely hating writing. It was always a struggle. Writing was a weak point until I was about twelve years old.

One day, I was writing a serious piece about four or five pages long. I hated that short story with every piece of burning passion I had in my little self. Every day I had to re-write it because something didn't make sense, or a word would be spelled wrong. I remember sitting on the floor in my living room while my dad forced me to read so that my writing, and intelligence in general, would increase. Hour after hour, day after day, I would read and write, and every day I was told I couldn't do it, that my learning disabilities were far too great to fix. When I finished the story, I handed it in, and I mustn't have gotten a good grade because I cannot remember writing again until years later.

When I entered grade eight, I continued to hate writing until something drastic happened to me. My family had been hit with a bullet of unfaithfulness. I burned

with anger. I had experienced the worst kind of tormenting at school, and now my home would not be my relief. I had to search for peace somewhere else. Sometime in October, my teacher told me to write how I felt in a journal; this was the same teacher who had been teaching me to write and to read. At this point, my routine changed. I began writing and editing every day for hours. I put all my anger into that one book. As my heart started to heal, a celestial kind of peace, with the name Jesus, came to my rescue; He was a new kind of inspiration. I couldn't believe how He peeled back the darkness in my soul.

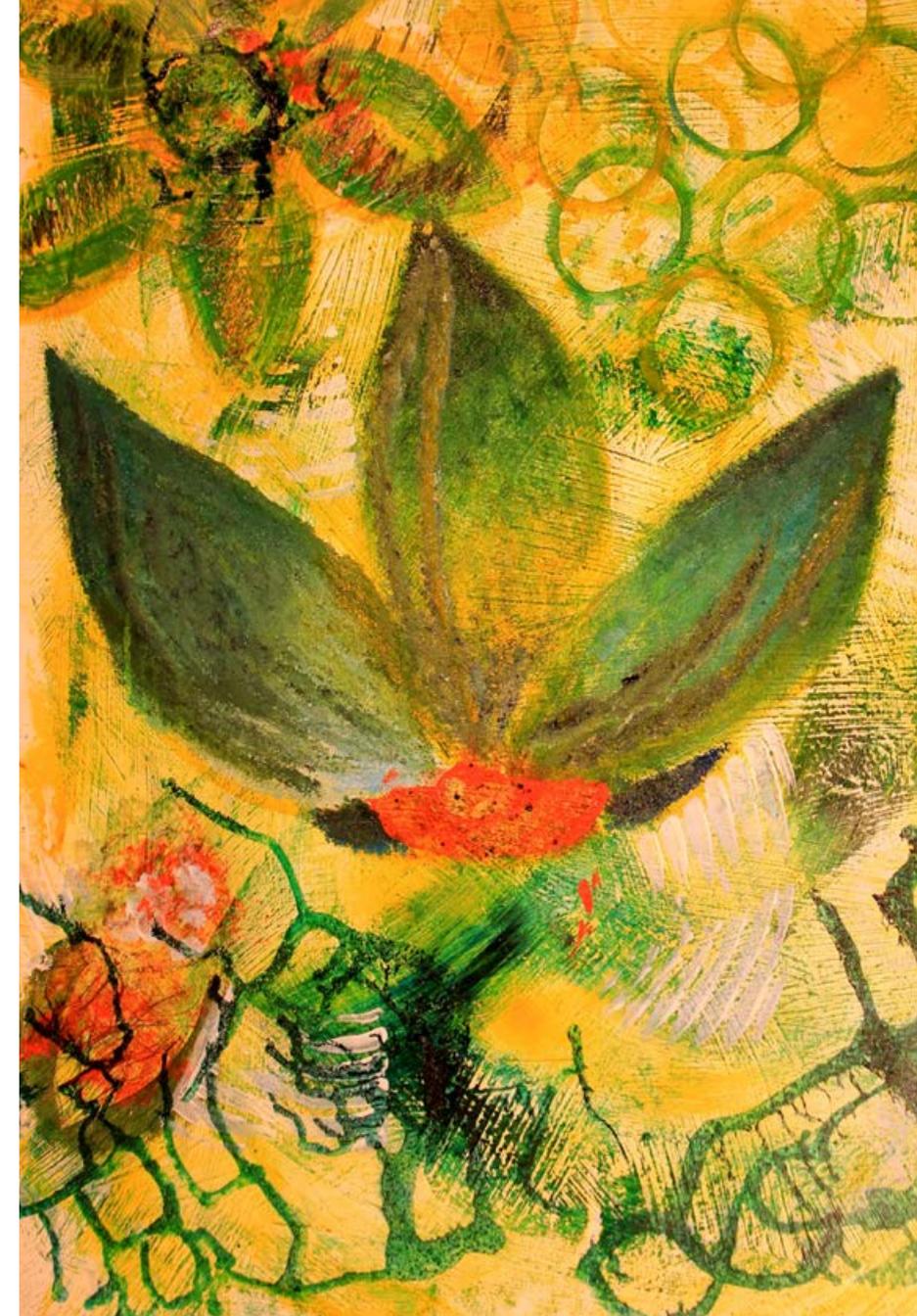
As I entered the doors of TD, my writing changed once again. I began writing about Yahweh, my saviour. My writing turned into poems, and my poems into songs. I went through hundreds of different journals. I began to find writing as a relief. I could finally feel free in my writing. I worked incredibly hard and persevered so that one day I could tell the real story about how I went from being learning disabled since the age of five to full knowledge. I prayed every day that God

would fill me with the knowledge I needed to fulfill His purpose for my life.

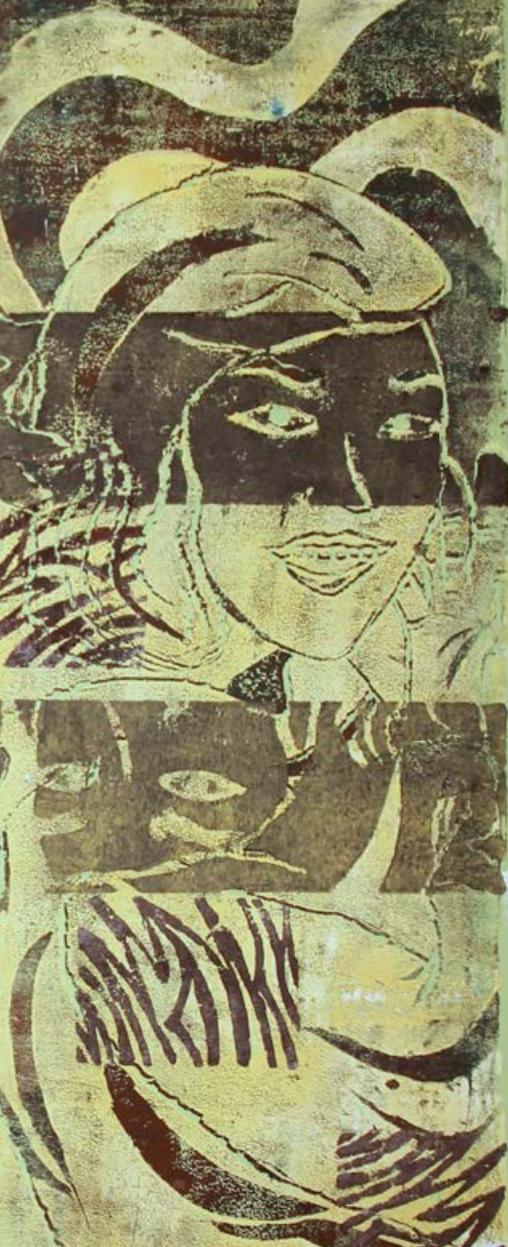
For the first years of high school, I dreamed often of becoming a writer. I loved the idea of opening a book and sitting in my kitchen just reading for hours at a time. I began to write a book—not just any book, *the* book. I named it *The Poison Dream*. This book was about a girl who moved from New York to Old Key West in Florida. She began going to a school that had been bombed, and she and two other people spent the next hundred pages finding out who the killer was and discovering that he must have been somewhere in the school. She woke up to find it was a premonition; the school was going to be attacked, and all the students but three would survive. When she pieced together how it was going to happen, she stopped it and saved the school. Unfortunately, my brother crashed the computer, and I lost the book I had spent hours writing. My perseverance faltered and I stopped writing for months.

As I re-entered TD for my third year, it happened again—something

drastic, far more difficult than the last. Lying in the hospital, I continued to write and read and be filled with inspiration. Barely able to lift a finger, I wrote now a new form of writing: a prayer. The days blurred together, and the medication became insufficient. I could barely move, and the pain overwhelmed all my senses. The week after I was released, I found enclosed in my journal all my prayers from the hospital. Going through them made me realize something: writing isn't just a release. God's strength has made me overcome what people, for years, told me was impossible.



Ji-Hyon Jun



Who Am I?

BY DEANNA SCHAAFSMA

I am Deanna Katherine Schaafsma. My name in itself tells you something about me. *Deanna* is an English version of my grandmother's name. Grandma and her family immigrated from Holland to Canada when she was just a little girl. This is an important part of my story because not only has a culture been passed down through generations, but also my parents would not have met if my grandparents hadn't immigrated. The fact that I had four sets of grandparents is also part of what has shaped me; however, that is part of a longer story. I believe in providence, that none of these things happened by chance. It also wasn't blind fate that I was born with parents who believed strongly in family. Not only did I grow up with loving parents, who were and still are the example of a strong Christian marriage, but I was surrounded by aunts, uncles, grandparents, cousins, and broth-

ers. As I was the oldest cousin and sibling in my family, I took on the role of protector and mother. Helping people became my identity.

I believe this desire to help people is a gift from God. I am not just a product, something that happened to take place without a design or an individual plan; rather, I am unique. God created me to be unlike anyone else in the world. My role here on earth is to worship God and give Him glory in a way that no one else can. This doesn't mean that I'm not like other people; the world, its systems, and my culture do influence me. My priorities, values, and identity are shaped by society. School is a good example of a priority in the Western culture of which I'm a part. I do value education and feel driven to achieve. I fall into the North American ideology that we can succeed if we try hard enough. This has been damaging to my worldview, to the way I see goals and find value in who I am. I've struggled with perfectionism, so I haven't always handled failure well. This has tempted me to hide behind a wall while portraying that I'm strong, confident, and secure

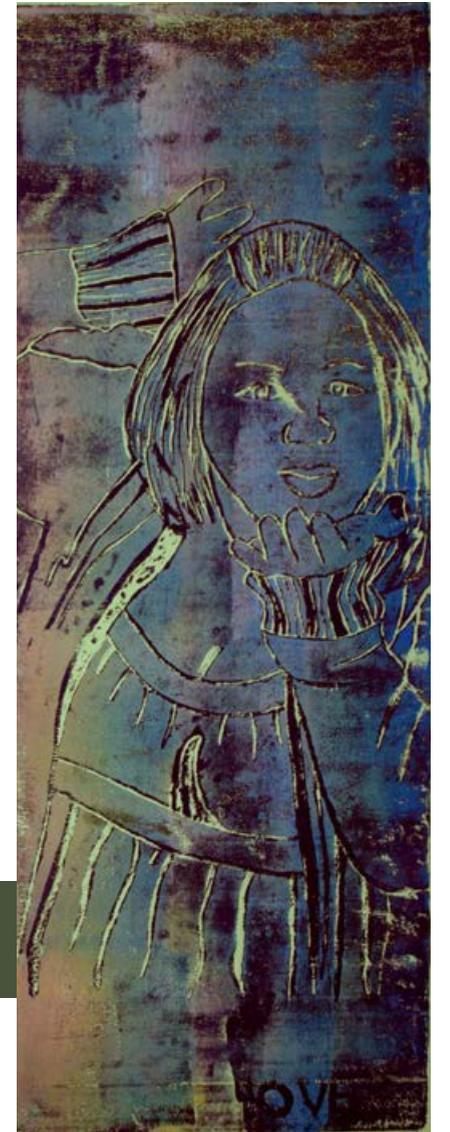
in myself. What's concerning is not just being isolated from others; even more dangerous is that I can be locked behind this wall with my worst critic, myself.

This is why my heroes are people who represent honesty and transparency, whose lives match their values. These people include my first role models, my parents. They showed me why family matters and why love and respect are so important in any relationship, especially in a marriage. They have given me a strong example of what faith means. For similar reasons I consider C.S. Lewis a hero. He not only lived a life of faith, but also was able to write books that inspired others to think about their own beliefs. He creatively showed the story of salvation over and over in his work. I think that Michelangelo showed the same creativity in his art. I admire his dedication and his skill. He was able to inspire and evoke feelings from people who may never have read Scripture with the beauty of the Sistine Chapel. All these people and more have helped show me who I am today, but also who I want to become. While my

purpose is constant, I don't want my role to be static and unchanging.

My role in history might not make the textbooks; I may not be the next Winston Churchill. I do know that my culture and my country allow me the freedom to explore. I can see opportunities that God has to offer me in the plan. This plan will be set in a consumeristic, individualistic, and corrupt world, but God's will for my life can become clear; He will not be thwarted by anything that man can do. He is strong and He loves me. According to God, He will and already has been providing for all my needs. I don't have to always be the protector, achiever, or comforter. I have a God who is all powerful and knows my inner being. When I ask Him, I know His answer will be, "I know you by name. I know who you are."

Linoleum relief prints by Ji-Hyon Jun (left) and Nicole Veldhoen (right).



Begin With the End in Mind

TARYN GEERLINKS

A reflection on a chapter from the book The 7 Habits of Highly Effective Teens by Steven Covey.

The word “future” really scares the crap out of me. I stress over this every day. This chapter talked about how you need to work hard and set goals for yourself if you want to have a good future. I think it’s a lot easier said than done, and I find this chapter a little unrealistic. Sure, you can create your future, but there are some factors that can stop you from doing that too. Like money. What if you can’t afford to go to college? I know there are ways to help with that, but it’s still hard. For me, I know I struggle with that so much because I’m surrounded by people who all got accepted to good schools and their parents pay for them. It almost makes me feel like a failure reading this, then seeing that I did a really bad job at trying to create my future. I know a lot wasn’t my fault, but there is also a lot I could have done to change that.

What I really liked about this chapter is it really made me think about who I want to be and what I want to do. If I were to see me ten years from now, would I be happy with the

person I am? I do have a lot of dreams for life; getting started is the hard part. A lot of times I feel like I’m not in control of my life. I really stick to the motto, “Whatever happens, happens.” I don’t like to think ahead because I’m scared it won’t turn out well.

The author talks about talents and what you’re good at; this was hard for me because, honestly, I don’t have a talent. Maybe I haven’t found it yet, but the only thing I can think of now is I’m good at making people laugh.

I liked the idea of mission statements; I’m considering making one for myself because I really need to set goals for myself and take initiative in my life. I know I still have some time left, but not much. If I don’t start taking control of my life, someone will do it for me, or I will end up with nothing. One thing that I think has a negative effect on my future is my home and what happened with my parents. Their divorce has really made me think more negatively about things and about my future. I learned that it’s up to me to make a better life for myself. I choose how my life will turn out because no one can do that for me.

RECYCLED RUNWAY



Lydia Grift



Megan Adema



Anna Zandstra

KRYSTAL VELDHOEN

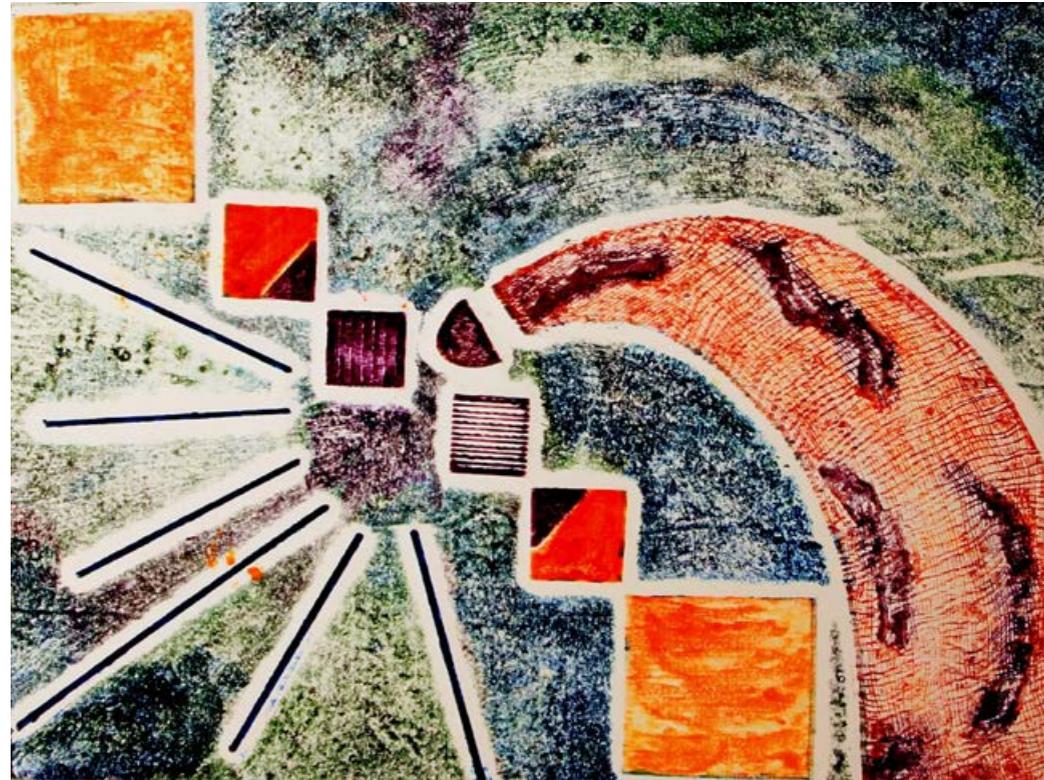
Journal entry #1

I think that parents have the right to know what's going on in their children's lives, to a certain extent. If the parents provide a house, food, clothing, and other necessities for their children, then they should know most of what goes on in their lives. The kids shouldn't be forced to tell their parents information; that should just come naturally. It's not right for parents to spy on their kids, though, in order to find out specific details. If they just ask how things are going with everything, then that's fine, and the kids should feel comfortable giving honest answers. If they aren't comfortable with that, then maybe it's the parents' fault. The parents should never be sneaking around and looking for information behind their backs though. That seems like a game, and the children are the victims. If parents want to have their children on Facebook, I think that's fine because if the whole world can see what's on there, then the parents should be able to see it as well. Parents having their kids on

Facebook is one thing, but hacking into their account to see more personal things isn't right. Cell phones are a little bit different than Facebook because there are private conversations on them. If they suspect that something is going on, then they should ask their kids about it rather than assume things. They should also calmly ask the child about it themselves, not have someone do that for them. I think the worst thing a parent could do to find out about their children's lives is read their diaries or go through their personal items. Those are their private thoughts, and they are kept hidden for a reason. Anyone would get angry if someone was going through their private items, so parents shouldn't do that to their children, even if they did give birth to them.

Journal entry #2

I have never been in love, but I have "loved" somebody who didn't love me back as much as I did. Looking back though, I see it never truly was love. It was just what I thought and wished to be love. At the time, it was depressing knowing that the



"Sunshine," Krystal Veldhoen

feelings weren't completely mutual. I put so much effort into something that never even came to be. Sometimes I think it was all a huge waste of time, but lessons were learned. If lessons were learned, then it really couldn't have been that terrible. As depressing as it may be when someone doesn't have the same feelings for you as you do for them, in my opinion it's worse the other way around. I consider myself to be a nice person, so if a person that I don't love were to love me, then I would do everything I possibly could to try and love them back. It's not possible to force those feelings though, as much as you may want to. Things might get awkward, and you could get bad feelings. Overall, it's not a very good situation.

Journal entry #3

I think that parents are generally blind to what goes on in their children's lives and their faults. If the parents don't push for answers, and the children don't tell them about their situations, then they most likely won't know about their faults. In most situations, the kids won't tell anybody about what's going on,

so there would be no way of the parents knowing until the children speak up about it. I think the reason for all of this is because people are becoming a lot more impersonal. People don't have proper relationships with both family and friends. People are very individualistic, so there's a greater chance that they will keep everything inside rather than talk to anyone about it, including their parents. I know about a situation with a girl who has an eating disorder and her parents don't know. It's something huge but kept hidden, so there really isn't a way for the parents to know about it. It's the same with drug and alcohol addictions. They are big things, but if addicts really want to, they can keep their habits secret for the most part. I think it's bad on the parents' part because these are serious issues, but if the child doesn't speak up, then there aren't ways for the parents to know about it.

Biff's Post-Death Rant

A RESPONSE TO ARTHUR MILLER'S
DEATH OF A SALESMAN BY JULIET KOTYS

Biff enters and seats himself under a tree. The moon is shining brightly and lighting up the entire midnight sky. Biff lights a cigarette and begins to speak as if to a companion sitting near him.

It's hard to really believe he's gone and he's never coming back. As a child, I always wondered if this time he just wouldn't come home to us. If he had simply said goodbye to us for the last time and he would just disappear and be free of us all.

I think back to my mother on the day of the funeral as she sobbed over his coffin, "We're free." What did she really mean? Did my mother live her life as Willy Loman's loyal wife and bury who she really was and how she really felt, as I had done all my life? I was Willy Loman's son. I was never able to be Biff Loman with beliefs and desires of my own. I was expected to live a life my father would be proud of, not one that made me happy. Really, what did my father know of happiness? He never sought it out because he was always too busy running from his life, fabricating fantasies to escape the reality of his life: he was never a success

at work, he wasn't respected by others, and he was a failure as a husband and a parent. He spent most of my life trying to make my family believe that we were something that we really were not. Why was it so important for him to make us believe we were all destined for great things when in fact we were not? Because he felt none of us were good enough. But not good enough for what? Not good enough for who?

It has been six months since my father's death, and I'm ashamed to hear myself say that my life has never been better. I loved my father very much, but I never felt I was good enough for him, and I never made him proud. I left home many years ago to get away from all that, but I never felt free. Never felt free till the day of my father's funeral when I heard my mom's words, "We're free." I am free and I'm happy.

I know I have a hard time keeping a job. I steal. I regret many things but that's okay. My life is not a lie. I can accept who I am and see my faults and at least try to fix them. My father was so busy helping us to run away from our faults and who we really were that none of us had time to deal with who we were and what we could do to be better. I'd rather be a thief and admit that I'm a thief, than be a liar and pretend that I'm not a liar. I'd rather be a man that can't hold a job but have a smile on my face

every day than be a man in a suit with one job his whole life, a broken man who no longer knows what is true and what is not.

I'm not really sure what made me come here tonight with all these thoughts. Kinda makes me laugh because my father would talk to himself all the time. Maybe I'm crazy too, or maybe I just want him to hear me. Hear me say, Dad, you should have been a better father and worried more about who we were instead of who you wanted Happy and me to be. You should have been a more loyal husband instead of squandering your time, money and affection on another woman. You should have looked at your life and who you were, accepted it and been happy. Maybe you would still be with us today if you had done all those simple things in life. Dad, that's all I want, the simple life. I want a wife and kids that I can come home to every day after a full day's work on the farm. Maybe my farm one day, but that's not what's important. I want to come home, kiss my wife, and teach my kids how to ride a bike or throw a ball. Kiss my kids goodnight, then hold my wife in my arms, tell her how much I love her and go to bed every night happy knowing I am loved, loved by the most important people in the world... my wife and my kids.

I love you, Dad. I'm really sorry I didn't say that sooner. I didn't think you wanted to hear it.



Mono print by Deanna Schaafsma

ROBERT SCHUTTE

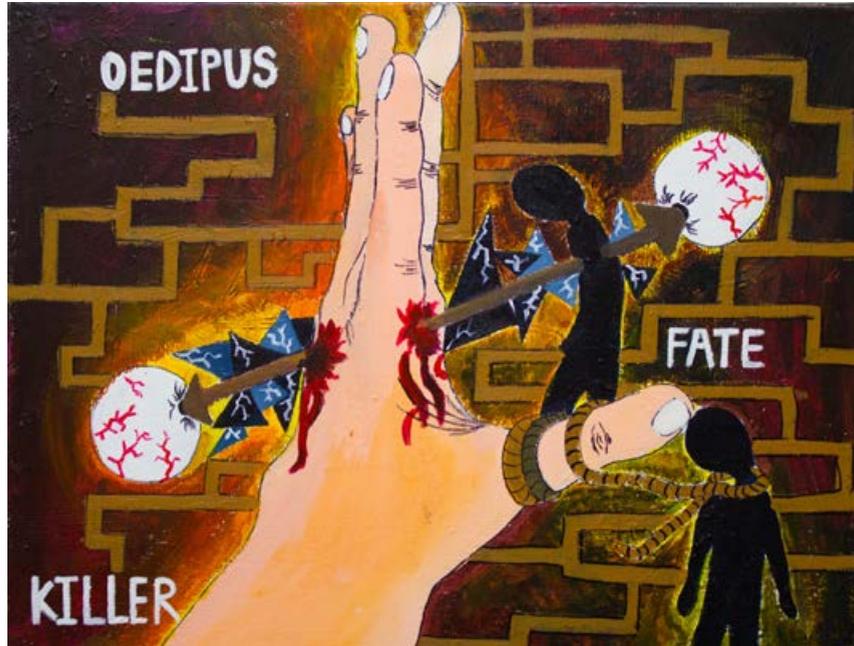
I could have won, you know. If that oaf Henry had kept quiet about those pictures, everything would have worked out perfectly. My polls were up. I was going to win. Then, out of nowhere, these pictures come up. It wasn't my fault. Still, this is politics, and no one plays fair.

I stand up. It's my stop. The air outside is cold. As the bus drives away, I'm met by hundreds of election signs set up on people's lawns. They seem to be laughing, mocking me. The only sign that bears my image is the one in the garbage with the word "pervert" scrawled over it. I snarl and try my best to ignore it as I make my way to the café.

The door beeps as I enter, and a blast of warm air greets me, infused with the smell of coffee. Nobody looks up. If anyone recognizes me, they don't show it. The woman at the counter is reading a book. I politely cough. Nothing. "Excuse me, I would like to be served."

She glances over at me, holds up her hand, and says, "Wait."

I look around to see if anyone else is witnessing this injustice. She should be helping me. I'm a cus-



tomer. I was almost in charge of this pathetic city.

"Could you please help me!" I raise my voice. A few people look up. The girl raises her head again, and then flips me off.

I turn red. Something deep down inside of me starts growing, getting bigger and bigger. I take in a deep breath and let loose. "DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? DO YOU!?! I COULD HAVE BEEN MAYOR! IF I WAS MAYOR NOW, WOULD

YOU SERVE ME? HUH? WOULD YOU?!? TELL ME!"

Now I have everyone's attention. A baby starts crying. A thick set man appears from the kitchen. "I think you should leave," he says in a calm voice as if nothing has happened.

"Sh-she ignored me," I stammered. "She flipped me off."

"Sir, I am not going to ask you again." His voice is calm, but his eyes tell me what will happen if I

stay. I slowly turn around, adjust my tie, and walk quickly out the door.

The air is cold. My cheeks are bright red. As I trudge back to the bus stop, I pass by lawns with election signs. None of them bear my face. The garbage has been picked up.

Last week, I was fired from my job; no one at the company wants someone like me now. My wife will probably have divorce papers in hand by the end of the week. I have a few thousand in savings left over, and my cousin in London says I can stay at his place until I sort things out. No matter what I do, my life in America is over. Not that I care. This country is so corrupt and greedy it will probably crash in the next ten years. That'll show them.

On my way home, I pass a woman carrying groceries. She stares at me and then asks, "Are you Dennis Hastel?"

Oh, boy. Here it comes. "I voted for you," she says. I do a double take. "I'm sorry?" I ask, wondering if she

doesn't know who I am.

"I thought you had some really good ideas. Sure your campaign took a hit near the end, but who'm I to judge?"

I stare at the woman in disbelief.

"Really?"

She grins. "Yup." I smile for the first time in weeks. "Thanks," I say.

DJ Groot



Prose and Poetry

Embarrassing Moment

JEA-HYUN PARK

It was a bright sunny day with a bit of breezy wind. The trees shadowed everything around them. The flowers were in full bloom. The bees were buzzing around the school yard, putting the girls into hysterical frenzies... and some boys too. It was my first day of school in Canada.

I was actually quite excited about making new friends, but a little scared to talk in English at the same time. When all the grade five and six students gathered in the classroom, class began. A teacher named Ms. Miedema began by introducing herself and walking us through the details of how the class was going to work. Then she passed out a sheet titled "Microwave Schedule." There were days of the week on the paper and people's names in the blank spaces. Obviously, I had no idea what the word "microwave" stood for in English, so I decided to ask an

Asian guy who was sitting in front of me.

I tapped on his shoulder and said shyly, "Hi."

"What do you want?" he said with an annoyed expression.

I pointed at the word "microwave" and asked, "What's a microwave?"

As soon as he heard me ask this question, he burst into laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! You don't know what microwave is?" His voice was so loud that entire class heard him, which embarrassed me to the point that I felt like burying myself somewhere. In a mean tone, he continued, "Guys, she doesn't know what a microwave is! Ha, ha, ha..."

"Don't laugh..." I murmured. My embarrassment reached its maximum and I was about to cry. It was my first embarrassing moment in Canada.

"Monochromatic Tableau," Rebecca Feddema



The Crab

VICTORIA DEROOY

“Let’s just check out this last store here, and then we’ll get a snack,” said Mom persuasively. Tori and David sighed and dragged their feet as their mother pulled them across the mall. Glancing at a nearby kiosk, they saw them: crawling along slowly with their many legs, digging in the sand, and slowly retracting into their shells.

“What are they?” Tori asked curiously as they wandered over to the kiosk. Her question was answered with a glance at the sign that read “Hermit crabs for sale!”

“Mom, can we have one puh-leease?” David and Tori both asked, putting on their best puppy faces.

Half an hour later, they left the mall, the children holding a small plastic cage containing two crabs, and their mother with promises of washed dishes and cleaned rooms. One crab was medium-sized with a bright yellow smiley-face shell; the other’s shell was unpainted and large. David had, of course, picked the biggest crab available.

David soon came up with the idea of making them a playground—after all, their cage was not very big. The two kids worked hard to make the finished product: a cardboard box held together with scotch tape. They proudly put their crabs into it for the first time. Tori’s crab started crawling up the wall and almost got over, so she picked it up. It’s little claw closed around her finger, and she flung the crab away in shock and burst into tears.

“Oh, don’t be such a baby,” sneered David. He picked up the thrown crab and placed it back in the box.

After that, Tori hated her crab; she winced every time she saw it. One morning, David convinced her to play with them. He opened the closet door where their playground was kept, and they peered into the box. His crab slowly inched across the bottom, but Tori’s crab was nowhere in sight. She whimpered and scampered up to the top of a chair while David searched frantically. It wasn’t hiding in the closet, or under

the bed, or behind the door. After a whole two minutes of searching, David was convinced that it wasn’t in the room.

The search went on for hours, then for days. However hard they looked, they could not find the crab. Tori was tormented with nightmares about hermit crabs nibbling on her toes and fingers. Her mother had to bundle her up in blankets every night, no matter how hot it was, to make sure the crab couldn’t reach her. After a routine search of her room, her mom stuffed a towel in the gap below the door and said goodnight.

Almost a full year after the whole fiasco, David and Tori were playing in the basement when they heard their mother’s piercing scream. The hermit crab had crawled out from behind a box of files, still very much alive, and much larger as well. After that, Tori had no hope of recovery from her fear of crabs—she would be terrified for life.

Creepy Love Poem

MEGHAN BOTTOMLEY

adapted from a poem by Julie Sheehan

I love you sometimes. Sometimes I do.
Nothing about me despises nothing about you.
The crack of my knee loves you.
The way I watch my dog loves you.
The sight seen by my large intestines, were they set
free by the hands of a spider monkey, loves you.
Every atom lounging in its blood vessel loves you.

Take care! Fore! I love you.

The orange-yellow bundle of pearls I’m ripping from
above my seventh rib, right side, loves you.
The future of that doorknob loves you.
My snort in the foreground as you hunt legitimate
badgers loves you.
The orangutan of my spirit loves you.
My thigh loves you. Additionally, my food.

An open door is both an open door and an interesting
representation of why I love you.

My breath sweet as a pie: love.
My excitement when you call me for a foot rub: love.
My exuberant “salutations”: love.
You see why when I’m cold I push my feet above your
torso? Love.

The blues of my flowing veins hide love. My heart
appreciates it.
My elbows tensing in their skin from dusk to dawn love
you.
Mountains of love, a range.
Minutes following our latest interaction, waving the
shiny buckets of love,
I inspect you hair by hair, so then I will love every one
differently and with care.
My knuckles, eager quintuplets, overflow with the
wonderful truth of my love that will always want
more of you,
Awkwardly, like five narcissists in a shiny cockpit.



Fluid acrylic
painting by
Krystal Veldhoen

A MIDNIGHT SCARE

NELIA SCHEERES

The humid summer air cooled as we hiked down the steep forest path, the sky darkening.

“Hurry up, girls! We want to get to the tents before it’s dark!” my counselor, Kat, bellowed so that all thirty of us could hear her. With bushes rustling all around me, the trek became scarier with every step. We finally made it, just as the last bit of light left the sky.

“All right, everyone, set up your sleeping bags. I’ll be checking on you in a minute,” Kat announced loudly and disappeared into the large green tent next to ours. We filed into the tent, scowling at the dirt floor, wishing we could sleep in our cabins instead of outside on the ground. Laying my sleeping bag on the ground, I heard a low, ferocious growl that silenced the group.

“What was that?” I whispered in a terrified voice. Before anyone responded, the noise came again,

this time louder. It came from the other side of the thin fabric of the tent. I froze with terror, as did the rest of the campers, fearing the worst. I watched as the shadowy figure slowly made its way towards the opening of the tent. I held my breath, expecting a wolf to attack us, but instead heard three deep voices snickering.

“How dare you scare my campers like that!” my counselor screamed at the three camp leaders. Tears flowed down the faces of some of the girls; others hid in their sleeping bags, shaking.

“Whoa! We’re sorry. We didn’t think it would leave such an impression,” said the tallest man, overwhelmed by the result of their “little prank.” Kat stared at them, loathing every inch of them, which they took as a warning and left. Kat sighed, emotionally exhausted, and approached the first crying girl.



“Great Bird of Zimbabwe,” Kirstyn Ryzebol



Joel Sjaarda

The Wind

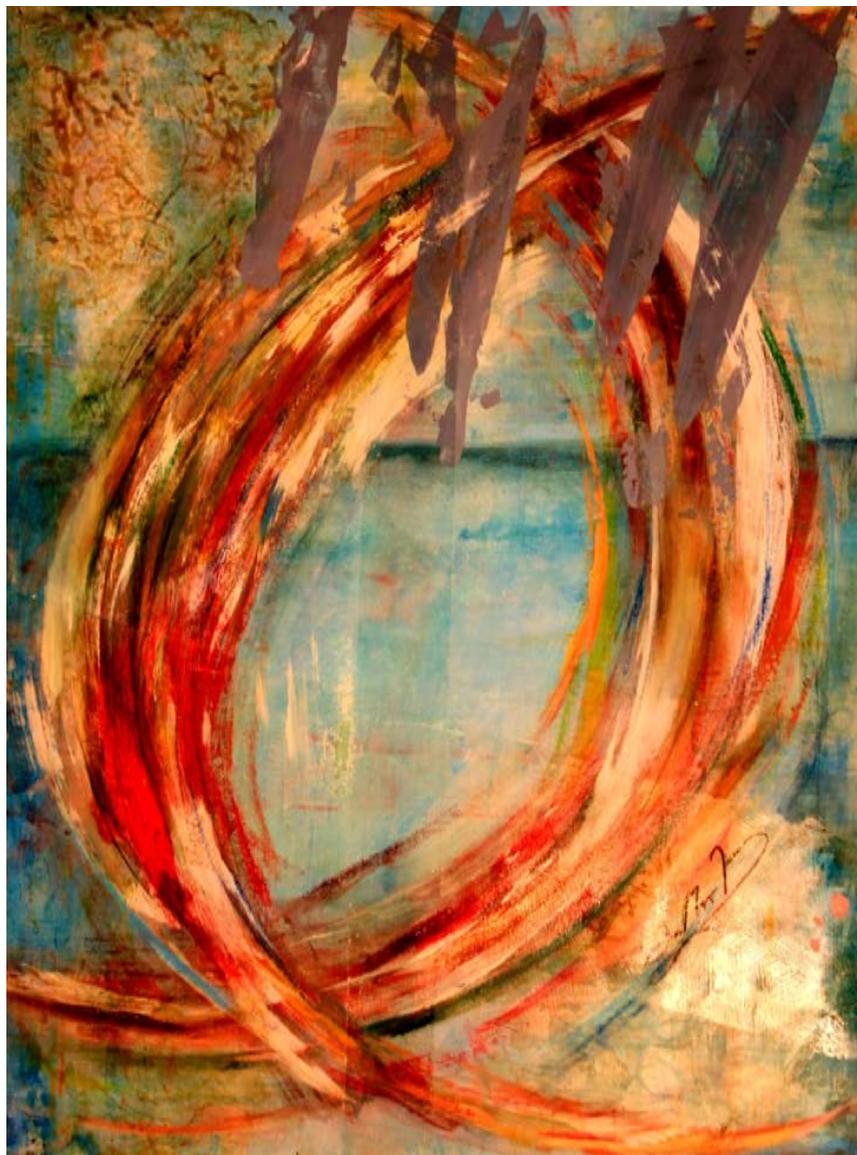
PATRICK CLARK

The wind abhors
A door;
Smothering it
Till it can stand no more.

With a loud crash there
Is open air
Where only musty darkness
Was before.

The wind will blow
Right through a window,
Blasting it
To a crystal powdered snow.

With no more pane, the glass
At last is free
And someday
I will be.



Ann Nguyen

Lord of the Flies

SPOKEN WORD POEM
BY BETHANI TODD

It was a scar that marked our
arrival.
A fire that said we were here.
Two deaths that showed we were
alive.
And a soldier who gave us leave.
In this wilderness we created our
own reality
By becoming subject to fear.
But sadly those who didn't...
Were left there.
The mistakes we made
were a result of our civilized
mindset
starting to fade.
So, we changed
Into something we never thought
we would be.
We became Satan's seed.
It was the need for survival
We started to feed
And starved our desire to leave.
We became confused
And we amused evil by calling it
good.
Soon, what was spotless
Became stained,
What was filthy

Became flawless
Because of the mind state we
were in.
We were content with our sins
Not forgetting what was right and
what was wrong
But ignoring it
Because it made us feel strong.
Starting out as one,
Ending up divided.
In between was a war within us
That we didn't know was going on
Until it was too late to fight it.
To savagery we became knit,
And so we chose to sit,
And watch
As those who were our friends and
brothers
Were brought to naught.
It wasn't supposed to be this way.
It started out as fun and games.
Still, we don't know what
happened.
All I can say
Is along the way
It was no longer fair play.
It became fear against reality
And civil against savagery.
And it was so easy...
Almost like it came naturally
For humans to be so vile.

Is it possible that this is how we are
meant be?
Or is it an illusion
Created by the substitution
Of what we used to know
For what we now choose to be?
It's evident to see
That we lost control
And did what we wanted to do
And not what we were always told.
And even as we get older
The reality that we where once
Not only savages, but murderers,
Never gets old.
I have never in my life
Wished more for a vacancy
Within me.
There is a guilt in me
That seeps so deep
It is destined
To keep
Me from ever feeling free.

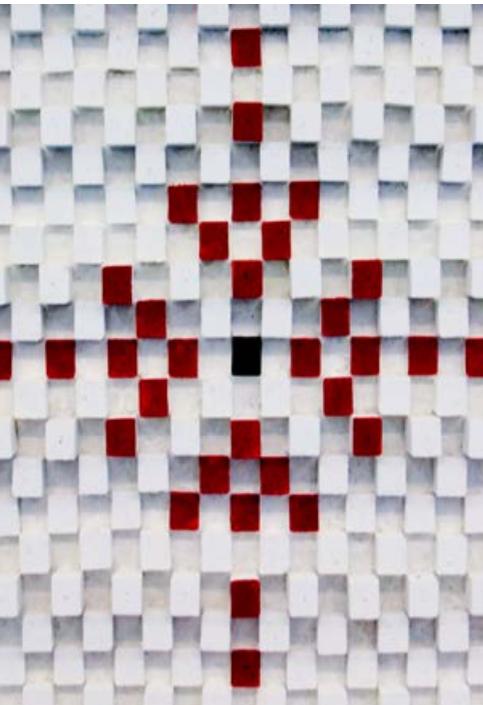


Evan Versteeg

JACQUELYN LAWSON

Taylor walked to the bench, sweat dripping down her face, and flopped herself onto the bench. Glancing beside her, she saw her most hated teammate, Kelly, sitting straight with her hair in perfect style. In an annoying sharp voice, Kelly said to Taylor, “This is not acceptable.”

Scowling and still sweaty,



trying to hold in her anger, Taylor snapped, “Excuse me?”

“It’s no good,” Kelly said plainly, as if it was obvious, as she blew a huge pink bubble with her bubble-gum.

Frustrated with what she heard, and angry too, Taylor asked firmly, “What do you mean ‘no good?’” Putting her hand to her head as if she had a headache from the conversation, she sat back down on the bench.

Quite annoyed, Kelly replied like she thought the situation was clear, saying, “I’ve told you before. I’ve told you many times.”

“What?” Taylor snapped, heating up with anger, just about to blow it all out. She tried to bite her tongue instead. Taylor couldn’t wait until the coach called them back in the game from the sub bench.

“Listen. Look at it. It’s clear that you have not heard me.” With her hesitant eyes, she meant to say Taylor didn’t show enough sportsmanship for the team.

Taylor’s eyes rolled, and she gave a sarcastic sigh while mumbling, “Heard you.” Who couldn’t hear what Kelly was yelling at Taylor,

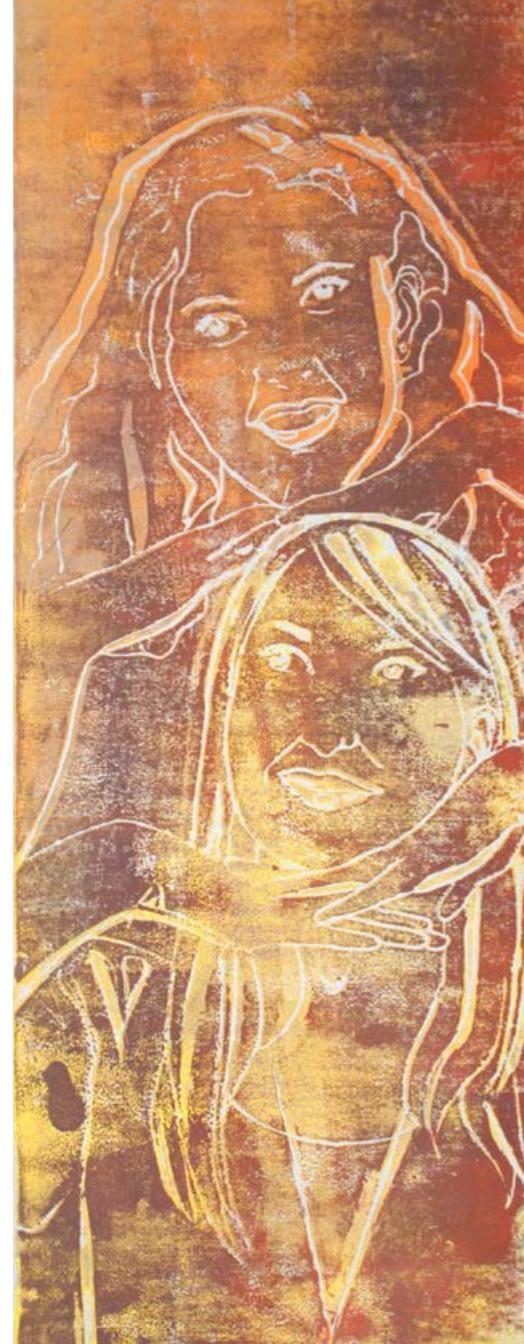
since she spoke so loudly?

Kelly kept looking back and forth at both the street and the teammates. It was clear she wanted Taylor to leave the team, especially when she said, “Yes, heard. And unless this is addressed in the next five minutes, you’re in trouble.” It was evident by Kelly’s stuck up attitude that Taylor would be in trouble with her.

“Pardon?” Taylor’s voice was quivering. She was rethinking her place on the team.

Waiting for a quick decision, Kelly said, “Trouble. Five minutes.” Kelly knew the impact she had made on Taylor, so with her devious smile she was just waiting for Taylor to walk out on the team.

Taylor stood up quickly, kicked the metal bench, slapped her sports bag over her shoulder, and trudged out to the rainy streets. She paused and turned around. In a depressed, somewhat angry voice, she said, “I’m done with this.”



OLIVIA VELDKAMP

I knock lightly on her door, three times.

“Yeah,” she says. “Come in.” I flop casually onto her big red chair. She sits on her bed, legs crossed, typing on her laptop and gazing at something on the screen.

“So. How was your day?” I ask, and I have to wait a moment before she looks up.

“Fine, I guess. Why?”

“Just curious.” Do I need a reason? She is my sister, after all; shouldn’t I care?

There is near-silence for a few minutes, but it is not uncomfortable. She continues with her laptop, and I gaze into space, not really thinking about anything.

“Whatcha doing?” I try again to start a conversation.

“Oh, you know, stuff.”

“Such as...?”

“Facebook. Planning a Roots event.”

“Cool.”

“Mmm.” Again, there is a lull in the conversation. At this point, she might continue with a longer, more interesting story, and I will stay.

If not, I will leave and try to find some other form of entertainment. She flips her long ponytail over her shoulder.

“I found these really cool things on the internet today.”

So it will be the former.

“They’re called pajama-eaters. Aren’t they the cutest things? They’re like stuffed animals, but there’s a zipper where the mouth should be. So the kids can put their pajamas into them in the morning, and take them back out that night. But look at how adorable they are on the bed during the day! Oh, I want one. Do you think it would be too hard to make? It looks like it’s just felt, and they give you a pattern on this website, but it always looks easier in pictures.”

“Yeah. I keep going on these sewing websites and getting excited, until I realize that I have absolutely no sewing prowess at all.”

She laughs. “Yeah.”

We go back to our previous activities, her tapping away, and me gazing placidly at dust particles in the air. It is clear that our conversation has finished, so I return to my room.



Deal with the Devil

**MATT VANBOLHUIS AND
OLIVIA VANMEGGELEN**

George Danton, a radical leader in the French Revolution, persuades Jacques Brissot, a moderate, to agree to a new revolutionary tribunal at which people accused of lacking support for the Revolution are summarily tried, found guilty, and sent to the guillotine. Ironically, Brissot and Danton are both eventually sentenced to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Murder in the Bathtub

PHIL NOTARO AND KAREN MARTENS

Charlotte Corday stabs Jean Paul Marat in his bathtub, believing that he is the most murderous of the radicals leading the French Revolution in 1793.



Let Them Eat Cake!

BEN HIEBERT, SEAN CATE, AND KAITLIN MASON

A popular journalist, Jacques Hébert, accuses Queen Marie Antoinette of heartlessly exclaiming, "Let them eat cake!" when told that the urban poor are starving for lack of bread.

*Life
&
Death*



Nathan Vernon

Bench

OLIVIA VELDKAMP

A cool wind rushes dried leaves around my feet and bites my cheeks. The cold metal of the park bench I sit on seeps through my jeans and sends a small shiver up my spine. I don't mind the cold, really, but I pull my jacket tightly around myself anyway. I close my eyes and allow the crisp, clear air deep into my lungs. Fall is my favourite season.

I feel the bench bend under another person's weight, and I hear slight wheezing on my right. I open my eyes, slightly annoyed at this person who dared disturb my solitary enjoyment of the season. It is an old man.

His watery blue eyes gaze, unseeing, across the park. His clothes are worn to being threadbare, and his brown loafers are scuffed and falling apart. At first, I think he is homeless, but then I see his hearing aid and expensive watch. I realize that it's neglect, not poverty, that makes him look like this. I edge away slightly.

"This was Maria's favourite place. This bench," he says suddenly. I'm not sure if he expects me to reply, or even if he was talking to me in the first place. And who is this Maria? His wife, perhaps? Or his sister? Is this Maria dead, or is he reminiscing about what she used to like?

In the end, I settle on, "Ah." I hope he'll not say anything more—I came here to enjoy the weather, not to be some man's shoulder to cry on. I glance at him and soften when I notice tears running down his cheeks. Perhaps he has no one else to talk to.

"She... she used to beg me to take her here. 'Papa, can we go to the park today? Papa, please!' she would say, and of course I couldn't deny her. She was my jewel, my world." He pauses to rub his eyes.

"It's funny how things happen. It was like she was sent by an angel, the way she appeared on my doorstep. Anne thought I was crazy, taking in a baby that I didn't know, no name, no papers, no nothing but her beautiful, round face. That was all I needed to love her and to dote on her. Besides, I could give her

a name. Maria. A name almost as beautiful as she was.

"But Anne left a few months after Maria arrived—said I'd lost my head. Lost my wife, sure... but not my head. My head, heart, all of me loved Maria.

"Maybe I did spoil her. But she was happy, and what else mattered? The day she turned eleven, I went to the fancy bakery down the street to get her a cake—I couldn't bake myself. It was shaped like a butterfly, all pink frosting and sprinkles. She was so excited... she'd invited some friends over.... we were just singing 'Happy Birthday' when the knock came at the door. 'Wait a moment!' I cried, and opened the door. They had scowls on their faces and fancy badges. They took my Maria.

"That was thirty years ago."

I don't know what to say or how to respond. We sit in silence until he gets up and leaves me with my thoughts, alone on a park bench. I silently wish for him to find his Maria again.

December 16, 2011

BENJAMIN DILLON

I am sitting in the living room of the hospice, reading my book.

My dad comes in and says, "All right, we are going to do the Advent calendar now."

"OK," I reply as I reluctantly close my book and get up out of the chair.

We all gather in my mom's small room. I remain standing up because there are not enough seats for everyone. My dad opens up the Advent calendar book and finds the place to begin reading. We read from the Bible, sing Christmas carols, and put the symbols on the calendar.

My dad says to my brother Andrew, who was home early to be with mom, "Andrew, will you please read Isaiah chapter eleven, verses one to three."

Andrew begins reading.

"A shoot will come up from the stump of Jesse; from his roots a branch will bear fruit.

The Spirit of the Lord will rest on him—the Spirit of wisdom and of understanding, the Spirit of counsel and of power, the Spirit of knowledge and the fear of the LORD—and he will delight in the fear of the LORD."

While Andrew reads, Dad notices that Mom looks a little different. He calls the nurse in. She comes in, goes over to the bed, and checks her pulse.

"She's gone home."

* * *

The next day I phone my friend Jesse, intending to talk about what we would be doing on Saturday. I pick up the phone and dial his number. I say in an unsteady voice, "Hey Jesse... my mom went to be with Jesus..."

Jesse is silent for a while. Then he says, "I am coming right over."

I stammer back, "I wanted to ask you about what we are doing on Saturday."

Jesse replies, "We will talk about it later. I am coming over."





KIRSTIE WILSON

Waking up that morning, it was more than clear that something wasn't right; I had the feeling of a 600 pound man sitting on my chest. Having struggled with asthma my whole life, I knew right away what was happening; little did I know that this experience would be far different from the rest.

It was around 10:30 AM when my mom and I headed over to North York General Hospital; the emergency room was filled with people, forcing me to stand in line. When a nurse finally saw me, I was barely able to speak; seeing as I couldn't form complete sentences, it was quite apparent why I was there. It was clear that I was in distress. Realizing this, the nurse took me right away.

She found me a chair to sit on,

and she had me inhale oxygen through a mask, which was completely useless seeing as my airways were swollen to twice their size, restricting any airflow. After that moment, I honestly remember nothing that happened. I do, however, have accounts that my family kept during this time that I will share with you.

It was around 4:30 PM when it became clear to my mom that my condition was steadily worsening, and she decided to call my family and inform them as to what was going on. My aunt and uncle came to North York General immediately; my grandparents didn't arrive until later on that night. At one point there were seven ER staff either working on me or discussing my condition in hushed tones. Up until now, I had received multiple dosages of Ventolin (a medicine generally

used for asthma patients to open up their airways) through a nebulizer (a device used to administer medication in the form of a mist inhaled into the lungs). I also had an IV drip of magnesium sulfate (used to calm swelling in the airways).

After hours of struggling to breathe, the doctors at North York General Hospital came to the conclusion that they had reached their capacity to help me. They informed my mom that I was being sent by ambulance or life flight to Sick Kids Hospital, one of only two hospitals in all of Canada that had the medical staff and technology to save my life; the other was located in Vancouver. Naturally everyone was now in a panic.

"When we were brought to your room, I could hardly be with you. It was like you had a plastic bag over

your head. I could see that you were struggling to breathe," says my aunt. It took over an hour before we actually left. When they were finally able to stabilize me enough to move me, it only took a fifteen minute ambulance ride to get me to Sick Kids; there was a group of doctors waiting for me when we arrived.

Sick Kids Hospital

My family sat around in the waiting room waiting for news; some time later, my parents received the news that the doctors did not think I would make it through the night. I talked to my dad after the fact, and he told me that the doctors informed him that because I was able to inhale but not exhale, my Carbon Dioxide levels were at 110 when on average they are supposed to be at 30. My parents were shown an x-ray of my lungs, which were three times the size they were supposed to be and were pushing dangerously against my heart; the fear was that my lungs would burst. I also had a mild case of pneumonia, so I had a fever of around 102; ergo, I spent the first night in the hospital covered in bags of ice. The doctors made it very

clear that I was very sick. The last option that they had was to perform an emergency surgery and manually circulate oxygen through my blood stream. To help me, they had put me into a medically induced coma and put me on life support because my lungs were no longer able to function on their own.

My parents were allowed to go in and see me, but they were warned not to be alarmed by the state I was in. Upon entering the room, my dad claims that the first thing he noticed was the cornucopia of tubes that came of me. Today I have the scars to show where my IVs were placed, specifically on my neck where three IVs were located. I had a large tube placed in my mouth which entered into my airways and manually pushed oxygen into my lungs. It wasn't until days later that a doctor informed my family that I had come as close to dying as anyone ever could without actually dying. The main doctor on my medical team claimed he had never treated an asthma case this severe during his entire medical career.

Wednesday, March 30, 2011

On Wednesday morning, my parents were informed by my doctor that they were going to try and take me off of life support that day. They slowly turned down my oxygen levels; on a monitor, they were able to watch my lungs working on their own. After around two hours, I was finally breathing on my own. My family was informed of this news, but they were also told that I was still very sick. The next day I was moved out of the Critical Care Unit and moved onto the Respiratory floor of the hospital. On the following days, I was carefully monitored, but it was clear that a miracle had happened. I was up and walking, and soon I was back to my normal self.

On Sunday, March 27, 2011, my family was informed that I was going to die; on Tuesday, April 5, 2011, it was more than clear that the power of prayer and faith in God can lead to amazing miracles.

ANDY SAVOVSKI**Dear Dad,**

I miss having you around and seeing you sit on that black leather couch every time I get back from school, walking through that door to the condo we lived in for fourteen years and seeing the smile on your face every time I yell hello. I just want to know why you had to leave me so early in my life.



We always planned and talked about going on vacation together as a family when you got out of the hospital, going to the Dominican Republic, sitting on a beach with the hot white sand between our toes, having the hot sun beating down on us while drinking that ice cold beer and just relaxing.

There are so many memories I have with you, but one that sticks out the most is when I was seven years old and we went fishing with our entire family on Lake Simcoe. I remember I was standing at the dock with my fishing rod in the water, waiting to catch that big fish, yet over and over again only little sunfish were catching my line. Then everyone left and it was just you and me. Just as we were about to leave, a big fish caught your line. The water was splashing, the fish was jumping, and you saw me standing there looking to see what you were going to do. You turned your head, looked at me and said, “Take it.” So I grabbed the rod tightly and began to reel the fish in. Everyone came running to the dock to see me catch the big fish. Once everyone came and saw the fish on

shore, they asked, “Who caught it?” I was about to say, “Daddy did,” but you stepped in and said, “It was all Andy catching it.” My eyes opened with excitement and I gloated to everyone, saying it was all me who caught it.

On my way back to the car, I was walking with my dad and I said, “Thank you so much for giving me a chance to catch a big fish and teaching me everything.” That was a memory I will never forget.

We had so many plans for the future and what we would do after I graduated. I’m doing well at school and I’m definitely going to graduate. It’s just sad, very sad, to not have you there watching me while I receive my diploma. We talked about graduation and how after I graduated you would help me get a car of my choice.

Dad, I miss coming to the hospital every day where when I walk through the room doors, I see your pale white face lying in a hospital bed with the TV on and the plate of half-eaten food in front of you. It hurt me to see you sit in that hospital bed for three months, but what hurts the most was losing you

in the end.

I never told you this, Dad, but you are my hero. You kept the family safe and together. You did everything humanly possible to help our entire family move on through life without problems. Most important, you were an amazing father to me. You helped me with my homework that I would sit and struggle with doing, taught me so many things about cars, life, and how to be a gentleman. All my knowledge I have now is from you. I would trade anything in a heartbeat to have you back in my life again and living. It was a hard transition from seeing you every day to never seeing you anymore, but I know hopefully soon we will see each other.

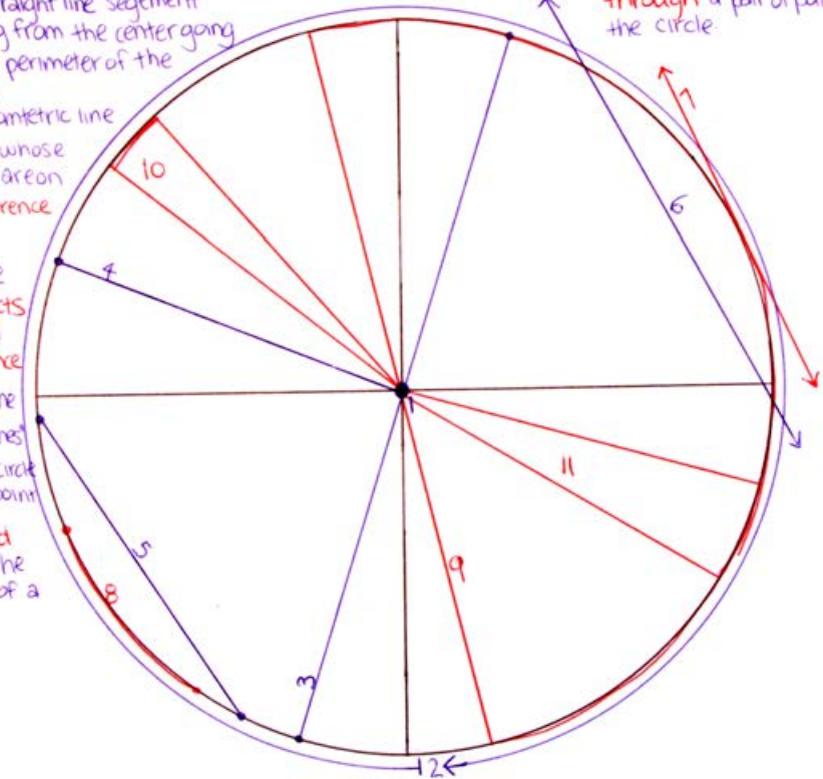
My last thing I want to say is I’m sorry for everything I did to disappoint you or have you lose trust in me. I love you, Dad, and I will never forget you because you made me and helped me become the person I am today. Thank you, Dad, for everything. Just like you told me, I’m taking care of Mom for you.

I love you so much, Dad.
Andy

Dimensions and Shapes

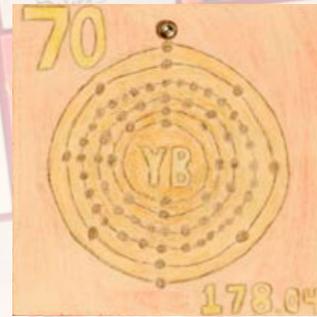
Parts of a Circle

- 1) center - the fixed point where all points on the circle are an equal distance away
- 2) circumference - the total length around a circle
- 3) diameter - a straight line segment passing through the center of the circle
- 4) Radius - a straight line segment starting from the center going to the perimeter of the circle
- 5) chord - a geometric line segment whose endpoints are on the circumference of a circle
- 6) Secant - a line that intersects two points on the circumference
- 7) Tangent - a line that "just touches" the curve of a circle at one specific point
- 8) arc - a closed segment of the circumference of a circle
- 9) semicircle - the arc from one end of the diameter to the other
- 10) sector - the area between two radii and the arc of a circle
- ii) central angle - an angle where the vertex is the center of a circle, and the sides pass through a pair of points on the circle.

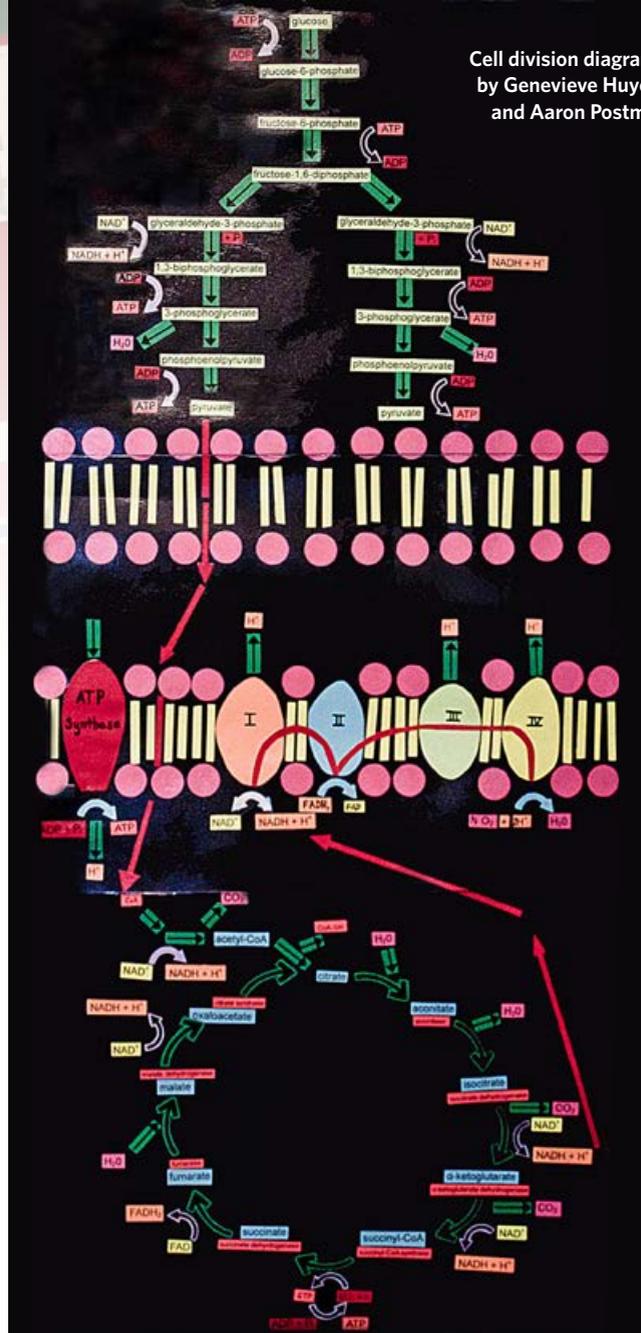


In order to celebrate the International Year of Chemistry (2011), students in senior level chemistry completed an original and imaginative version of the periodic table. Each student researched an element and visually represented its uses and applications on a 5" by 5" tile.

The Tantalum tile (right) was submitted and accepted as part of the Periodic Table Project at the University of Waterloo. The complete table, which includes entries from schools from around the world, is on display at the University of Waterloo. It is also available online and as a downloadable app.



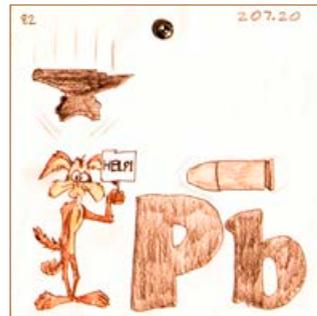
- 70 Troy Scholten
- 29 Sylvan Mostert
- 99 Alisha Melo
- 101 Alisha Melo and Amy Vandekemp
- 82 Phil Kesthely



Cell division diagram by Genevieve Huyer and Aaron Postma



- 73 Natasha VanGurp
- 76 Karina VanAndel
- 81 Nicole Veldhoen
- 61 Taryn Geerlinks
- 89 Hannah Van Schepen



How to Double the Volume of a Prism

JESSE GRIFT, JORDAN PICCOLO, STEPHEN VANANDEL, AND MARK GROOT

This is the story of a brilliant young mind who stumbled upon a formula that may change the history of math forever. It all started when Mr. Fluit assigned a math project in which his students were to build a solid rectangular prism and a triangular prism, then find the solids' volumes. The second part of the assignment was doubling the volume of the original solid while keeping a similar shape.

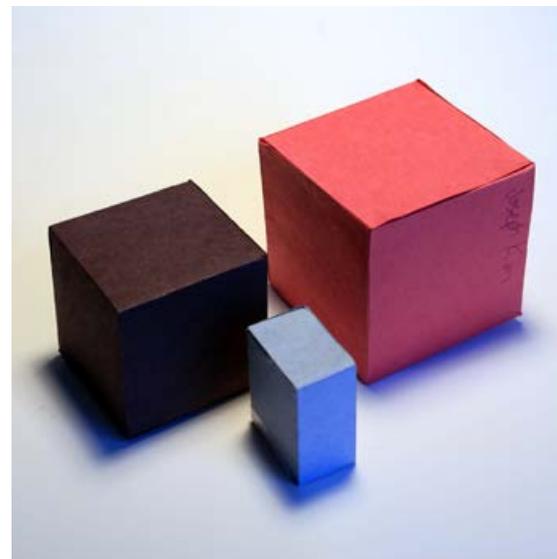
Jesse Grift knows that everything in math has logic! He was determined to discover a method for doubling volume while keeping the object in the same scale. As Jesse studied the example given, he began to see some similarities, and a formula began to take shape in his mind. He wanted to find out what percent needed to be added to each side's length to double the volume. He decided to follow in the footsteps of all great mathematicians: he guessed, and when he was wrong, he guessed again. Before long he found out that if you added 26% to

each side (multiply by 1.26) and calculate the volume, it would double while keeping its proportions.

In class the next day, we tested this theory. With triangular prisms, we multiplied the length, width and height by 1.26. It proved to be correct! However, we discovered that it was off by a few decimal places. So we tried to calculate the exact number to multiply, and we discovered that the number is $\sqrt[3]{2} = 1.25992105\dots$, or 1.26, as Jesse had determined.



Ruth Kazek



Joseph Kim

$$h(t) = 2t^3 - 15t^2 + 36t - 10$$

$$h'(t) = 6t^2 - 30t + 36$$

$$h'(t) = 6(t^2 - 5t + 6)$$

$$h'(t) = 6(t-2)(t-3)$$

$$\therefore x = 2 \text{ or } x = 3$$

$$f(2) = 18$$

$$f(3) = 17$$

y-int

$$y = 2(0)^3 - 15(0)^2 + 36(0) - 10$$

$$y_{\text{-int}} = -10$$

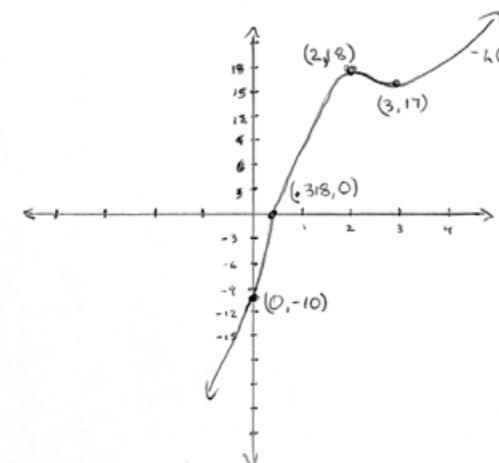
x-int

$$0 = 2t^3 - 15t^2 + 36t - 10$$

Using Graphing Technology

$$\therefore x_{\text{-int}} = 3.18$$

Intervals	$(-\infty, 2)$	$(2, 3)$	$(3, \infty)$
Test Values	0	2.5	4
Sign on $6(t-2)(t-3)$	+'ve	-'ve	+'ve
Inc/Dec	inc /	dec \	inc /



Functions are powerful mathematical tools. With algebraic functions we can describe many real life problems. If the function being considered is "accurate" in its description of the problem, then we may find it useful in finding solutions—real solutions—to real problems.

Graph analysis and sketch by Phil Kesthely



Sound

- n. Physical vibrations transmitted through a medium
- adj. Exhibiting thorough knowledge and experience

Management

- n. Judicious use of means to accomplish an end
- n. Those who collectively direct an enterprise



Daniel Staring

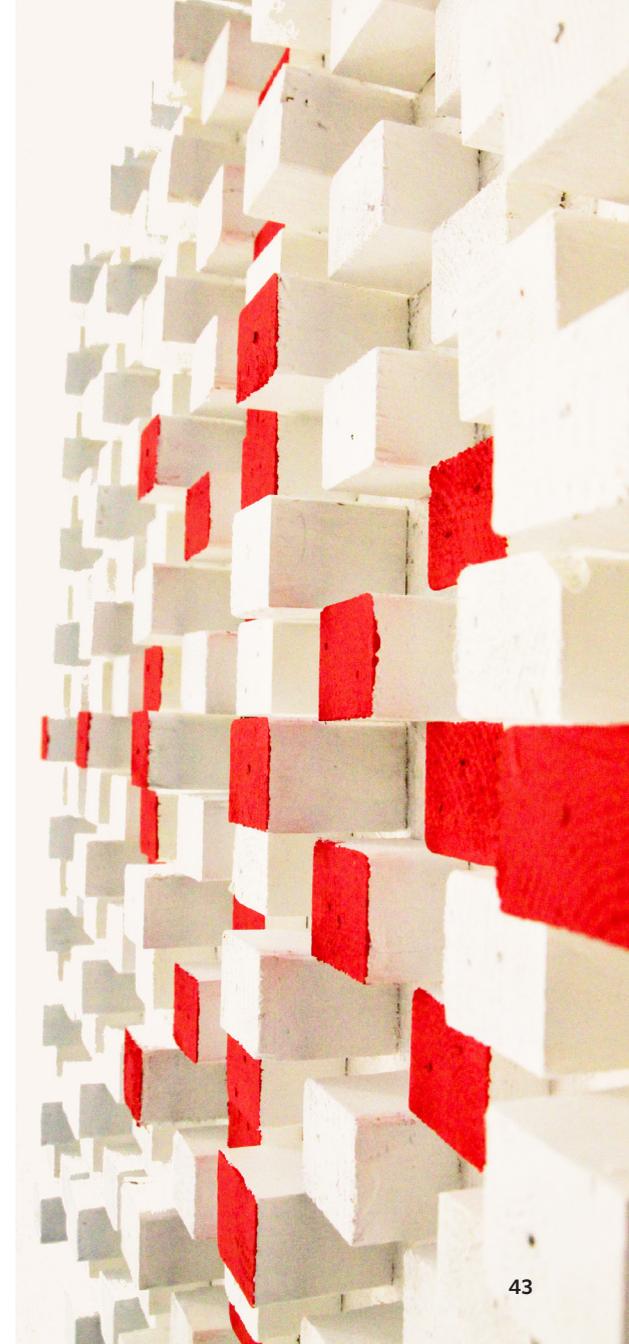
Problem: Room 30 has too many surfaces that reflect sound. The noise makes it hard to focus!

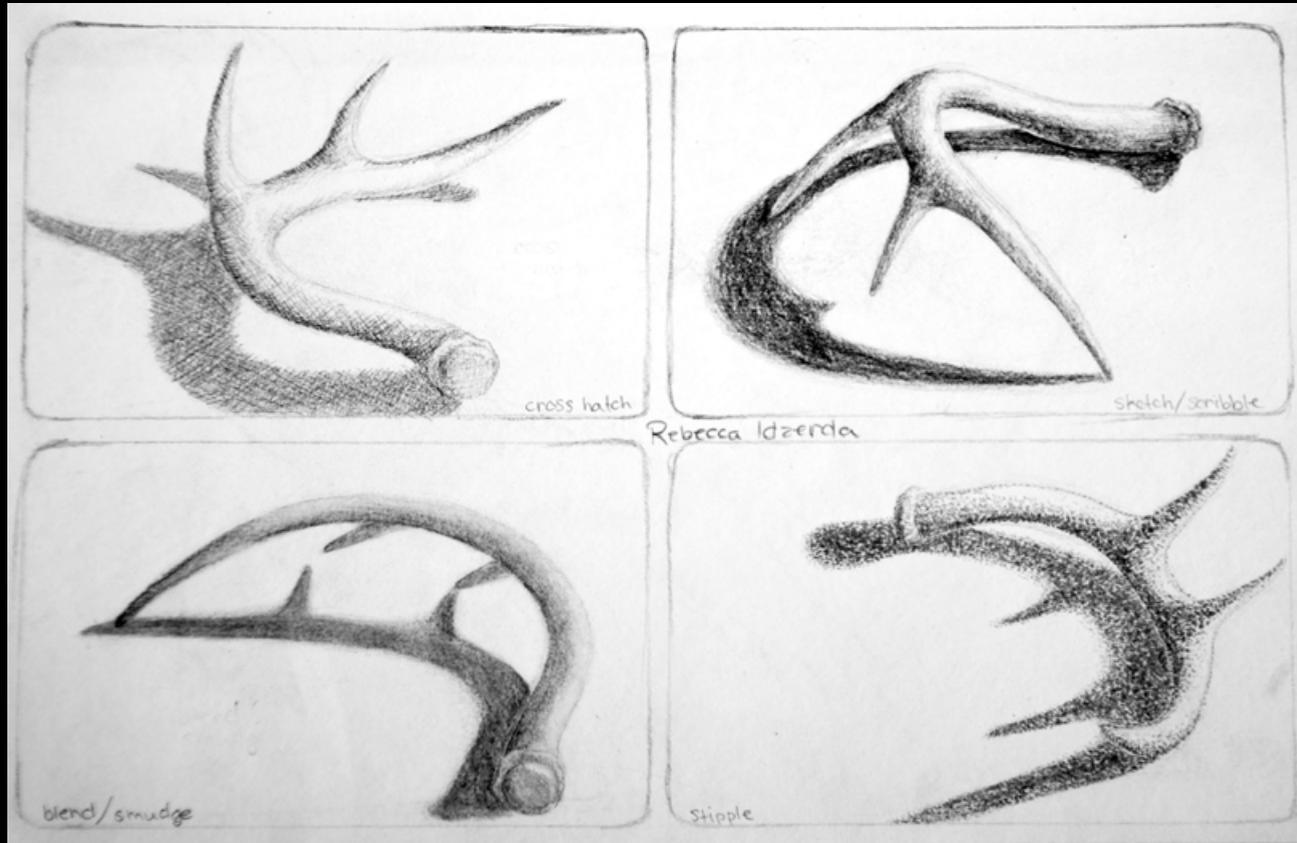
Solution: The ABCs of sound management

Absorption Special cancelling techniques or absorbing materials such as foams or fabrics have reduced the decibel levels in Room 30.

Blocking The use of felt pads on desks and chairs in Room 31 has reduced the sound transmitted from the classroom above.

Cover-up Curves and irregular surfaces made of reflective materials balance out and distribute frequencies, creating white noise.





Rebecca Idzerda

Essays

Anarchy or Safety?

RHYS PYPKER

The government has control over our lives. Its main priority is to provide safety to society as a whole. But when a bill is announced that suggests that the government has the power to monitor our internet activities, I think that it may have gone too far.

The Internet was a free-roaming land where people could do as they please, until now. On Tuesday, the Conservative Party plans to pass the “Lawful Access” bill, which gives the government the right to demand subscriber information from internet service providers in order to find and convict child pornographers. This legislation is targeted at a very small minority of people, but their actions will affect a much broader sense of safety that the government is supposed to provide to the public. There are other means of searching for and finding the people responsible for such vile and offensive crimes than this bill which, in a sense, punishes society as a whole. It’s not that I have something to hide (other than that I should be playing far less video

games than I normally do); it’s just that having someone monitor what I do personally doesn’t make me feel safe at all. Rather, I would feel nervous whenever I did something on the internet, and that shouldn’t be the case. It’s a downright unnecessary invasion on privacy.

Public Safety Minister Vic Toews states that “people can either stand with us or with the child pornographers.” I am not supportive of the actions of child pornographers, but there are better ways to get the same information. For example, the government could track your IP address, even through a proxy. This legislation allows the police to get more and more authority over what happens on the internet. Inevitably, anything that you say or do could be liable for punishment, and that’s exactly what will happen. While looking for a child pornographer, the police could stumble upon another perhaps minor crime, which would lead to them to start looking for other misdemeanors, and so on and so forth.

Also, what would stop the police

from looking up someone in particular, such as a co-worker or friend, and finding “dirt” on them? The idea of giving the police the power to view the activities of whomever they please is not safety; rather, it is a futile attempt to find a minority of people, which is ridiculous. There is a definite line between doing what is safe and doing what is right. Although this legislation seeks to eradicate the horrors of child pornography, it puts the public on edge, making them feel violated even if they haven’t done anything wrong.

Beyond searching for child pornographers, this legislation could be extended to prosecute other crimes such as piracy and online theft, thus increasing police presence on the internet and in our lives. The internet is the “wild west” of the world, where laws do not, and should not exist, but it looks like a new sheriff is coming; let’s not let this happen.

Flatland

ANNEMARIE VANHALTEREN

Flatland is a book about many dimensions. By this, I mean that it takes you to different worlds where you have to think like you are living with one fewer dimension. The book forces you to think of things you would normally never think about. In this book, you see from the point of view of a man in Flatland, a two-dimensional world. Before I tell you more about Flatland, you must learn a little about dimensions.

Almost everyone knows what 3D means. We live in a three-dimensional world. The three dimensions are height, width, and depth. You learn about solid objects with three dimensions in math. Examples are the sphere, the pyramid, and the cube. We are so used to living in a three-dimensional world that most of the time we don't even notice the three dimensions. But if we were to suddenly lose or not be able to see

one dimension, we would be groping around like we were blind because we cannot judge where things are. In a three-dimensional world, we see two dimensions as shapes on a piece of paper, or a movie playing out on a screen. We think of the shapes we learnt in kindergarten like circles, triangles and squares. They only have width and height. One dimension is represented by a line and zero dimensions is represented by a point.

I have just explained how we view three-dimensional objects, two-dimensional shapes, and one-dimensional things from the perspective of a three dimensional world. *Flatland* doesn't just look at two- or one-dimensional objects, but brings you right into their worlds. The book allows you to see from the perspective of a "Flatlander." Viewed from the third dimension, Flatland looks like a map drawn on a piece of paper. The people in Flatland are shapes. Therefore, when you are looking from the third dimension, you can see the people's "insides," and you can see inside their houses.

If I were to bring you into

Flatland with me, all you would see is a line. You don't see the shape/outline of the person or object in front of you, only the outside/wall of their shape. Therefore, you would only be able to tell the shape of someone or something by feeling it or judging by how fast the sides disappear (distance). The character from Flatland, a square, shows you how everything works in his world.

Vision and shapes aren't the only things that change when you have one less dimension. In Flatland, everything works by two dimensions; this begs these questions: What are north and south? How does the rain fall? Where is the centre of gravity? What is the structure of the houses? How do they tell each other apart? You must venture into Flatland to find the answer to all these questions.

... you can see the people's "insides" ...

Flatland shows you how hard it is for a Flatlander to comprehend a third dimension. The square from Flatland also takes a trip to a place called Lineland which only has one dimension. This means that looking from outside of Lineland, it looks like a line. But when you are inside the one-dimensional world, all you see is a dot. To find out how the

people interact, you much take a trip into Lineland.

As I read about worlds with fewer dimensions, I could not help but think that it would be horrible to live in them. But the inhabitants from each "world" do not know what they are missing until they get a little taste of what it is like to live with one more dimension. What if

there is one more dimension than the world that we live in? We live in a four dimensional world with height, width, depth, and time. What if going to heaven means living with extra dimensions? We don't know what we are missing until we get a little taste of it.



A Socratic Question

AARON SAWCZAK

What determines the goodness of an action: the intention, the action itself, or the consequences?

When someone commits a morally good action, people can tell that it's good, but what brings about that realization? If someone's intentions are good, does that justify the action regardless of the consequences? If someone commits a good act, does the initial purpose matter, and do the consequences affect the action's virtue? If the end result of an action is good, is how or why you got there important at all?

One might say that the intention of an action is all that determines its ethical value, but this is not true. The morality of the action could be entirely misjudged; therefore, the possibility exists that the consequences could be altogether harmful. That sort of a situation could not be considered good. It is also not the case that the carrying out of an action is the sole factor in determining the goodness of the action as a whole. If someone does something just, but for ulterior motives, and they achieve the goals

set out by those motives, then it would be obvious that the deed was immoral. Nor is it true to say that the consequences of an action override the original intentions or the morality of the act itself. Someone could wholeheartedly intend to do something immoral and follow through, but it might turn out differently than they had expected. In no way does that change the ethical merit of the deed.

So what does make an action good? I believe that for an action to be described as morally sound, the intentions must be good, but these intentions must also lead to either a virtuous action or a beneficial outcome (depending on the situation). Without the intention to do good, the action and the outcome are not validated. What is the point of acknowledging the morality of anything if the aspect of free choice does not come into play? Morality only exists in relation to the human ability to choose freely. Let an example display my way of thinking. Animals do not have free will; they act purely on instinct and respond

like little more than complicated machines; because of this we cannot impose any system of ethics upon them. They are, in a way, out of control of their actions. Yes, they do choose to climb this or that tree, or which spot in the sun to lie in, but those sorts of choices are not based on any principles they have. With this point acknowledged, it must be true then that without the intention to do good (actively choosing to do good for the sake of its goodness), any good outcome is indifferent as far as the morality of the agent is concerned.

The nature of intention is the combination of the desire to achieve something and the prediction of the outcome of your actions. Because of this, the intention alone is not enough to justify any action or its consequences. When you want something to happen, it is your responsibility to figure out the best way to go about that, taking into account what could happen. When you don't, when all that you have to your credit are good wishes, it is your fault that you did not think

the situation through as you should have.

But what is interesting is that although having a morally upstanding act and outcome are obviously ideal, you do not need both for an action as a whole to be considered good. If you wish to achieve something good and follow through with a good action, but the outcome is not what you had expected, it is unlikely that someone would blame you for that, let alone call into question the morality of what you did. The potential that the consequences will not align with the original purpose of your actions always exists. Although the aspect of prediction is obviously still involved in your intentions, the very nature of prediction itself is to narrow down the possibilities so you can act in such a way to achieve the best results; other possibilities are still out there, though. The outcome could also not be considered good by everyone, as is in the case of morally ambiguous situations—which are the very reason why this sort of a question is being discussed in classrooms across Canada.

What if you mean to do some-

thing good and end up doing good, but the means by which you do this good could not be considered ethical? This is a very different discussion than the one above, but there is also an answer. In certain cases, the ends do justify the means. Obviously, if someone were to, say, murder and eat a cabin boy to spare the lives of three sailors, that would still be considered an altogether unjust thing even though the benefit clearly outweighed the cost in terms of the number of people affected. Most would agree that human life is not so quantifiable. On the other hand, if you were to speed recklessly to the hospital to ensure that your pregnant wife had a safe delivery, if you made it and the mother and child survived, you would most likely be applauded for your actions (even though you endangered the lives of many people along the way). There is no definite answer to the question of what makes the ends worth the means, but I think everyone could agree that there are certain situations where they would overlook the morality in an action for the goodness of the outcome. I think the reason that this sort of

a situation is acceptable by many people's standards is the same reason why intentions alone are not. If you plan to do something good and achieve something good then people will know that there was an element of forethought in your decision. When they realize that you were acting rationally, they may be willing to justify to themselves the ethical cost of the steps it took to get there.



"Ishmael," Olivia Veldkamp

Eyes Opened



Joel Westerhof



The Secret Behind the Monkey Jungle

KAITLIN MASON

When the average American man retires, his main goal is usually to take a few strokes off his golf game, not to open up a non-profit medical center in the Dominican Republic. Over this past March break, my friends, family and I went to Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic. We had heard great things about their zip-lining over on that part of the island. They have large mountains and a jungle outback area. We had originally chosen a different zip-lining place, but (luckily) one of our friends said that the Monkey Jungle looked better because of pricing and monkeys. Little did we know what we were really going to see and do.

Monkey Jungle is not only a tourist attraction for zip-lining with a fenced-in monkey area; it

is also a non-profit hospital for Dominican and Haitians from over fifty kilometres away. The couple who owns Monkey Jungle, Charles and Candy, originated in America. Charles worked as a contractor building hospitals and doctors' offices all over America, but mainly in Tennessee. Usually, when someone retires, after working their whole life, all they want to do is relax and enjoy what they have worked so hard for, but Charles believed quite the opposite. He wanted to help the world further, so he took all his savings and moved to the Domini-

can Republic to set up a medical and dental clinic for Dominican and Haitian citizens. On the island, it's nearly impossible to find good health care, let alone being able to afford it.

The couple then built Monkey Jungle to pay for supplies, medications, and the facilities, as well as food, clothing, shoes, eyeglasses and educational assistance. The proceeds from sales of food and drinks, t-shirts and merchandise, as well as admission fees to Monkey Jungle all go to meet the basic needs of these people. The doctors who volunteer

at Monkey Jungle are all friends Charles made while working closely with hospitals and doctors for many years. The medical staff do not receive any compensation; they participate solely on a volunteer basis.

The medical center has helped over 1,000 poor Dominicans and Haitians, desperate for medical care. Patients pay 23 cents for an office visit; the available medicines, crutches, vitamins and other medical supplies are free. The medical care covers everything from viruses to machete wounds. The patient rooms face an outdoor balcony with a beautiful view of the mountains. The couple also rescues monkeys and veterinarians take care of them. Cages on the side of Monkey Jungle's main building contain rescued monkeys who had been abused. Their life stories make you ashamed that humans can mistreat these creatures in such an inhumane manner.

The facilities here are all fairly new. The HADAC (Haitian and Dominican Assistance Cooperation) receives the proceeds. At first in 2009, it was funded by Candy and

Charles; donations began in 2010. One hundred percent of all contributions go toward the people they serve. This makes their facilities very nice, fresh and new.

Why did they do it? Besides wanting to help the sick and be good people, they must of have had some other motives. Charles says, "My wife and I cruised extensively throughout the Caribbean, diving and fishing at almost every island on the map. Two years ago, we spent a good deal of time in the Dominican Republic and Haiti and were astonished at the need for basic services. We knew that we could make an impact and help countless families with the basic necessities for survival. We have been blessed in life and now it is time to give back."

The couple then sold their boat and bought a plane. They now use that plane for the transportation of patients, orphans, medications and supplies. They spend 80% of their time on the island, and 40% of that time in Haiti. Charles and Candy have invested over \$150,000 in this project so it's safe to say they love it. They have no regrets!

Their location is eight miles back in the jungle on 200 acres of land, twenty minutes from the international airport in Puerto Plata. Monkey Jungle is home to fifteen squirrel and six capuchin monkeys. Their home is a two-acre tropical jungle with waterfalls and caves. You get to go inside their sanctuary with a cup of fruit and nuts they provide. The monkeys jump all over you—on your head, your arms and shoulders—then they dig into that cup. If you walk down a little further into the conservation, you cross a bridge with a lagoon underneath where you can swim. The caves are located inside this area.

Zip-lining is an amazing experience as well. You are harnessed in and get a helmet and gloves (for braking). The staff that guide you during the zip-lining are young Dominican residents who make it very fun, but have a high regard for safety. There are about twelve zip-lines in total, some longer than others, which are extremely high up since you are amidst the mountains of Puerto Plata. They also have a sweet new attraction: you walk across a bridge to where you

are clipped onto another zip-line and do forty foot free fall into a dark cave filled with sleeping bats. When the guide told us about this option it seemed terrifying, but I felt very safe and it is an amazing adrenaline rush.

You cannot help but be blown away by talking to this man and sharing his story about what he is doing in the DR. The majority of tourists know nothing about this, so it is a story that needs to be brought to attention. If you feel like getting involved or finding out more information on other projects they do, I encourage you to check out their website: www.HADAC.org.

It's always a blast going on vacation excursions, but not often is there the opportunity to really help those who are in dire need of medical assistance while you scream your way through the jungle on a zip-line.



HELL ON EARTH

ALLY SCOTT

People say life is beautiful—an opinion that can only be kept by an owner of an ignorant mind. Ignorance formed from eyes blind to the unfathomable sights of suffering by one who has not experienced the unendurable stench of a feces-filled river that flows through the damned streets of “Hell on Earth.” One who has witnessed how cruel this world can be will find the wisdom in these words: life’s not fair.

It’s said that circumstances change you, and experiences shape who you are. Suffering is difficult to forget when it’s playing on repeat in your head. Guilt isn’t easy to live with when you’re blessed while they’re dying instead. Unless you live under a rock, you’re well aware of the impoverished state of developing nations. I had seen the commercials on TV, flashing up pictures of children in need, but it really only affected me for a few minutes; I’d empathize with the children, but

then go on with my life. Truthfully, I just didn’t understand the situation or have the self-confidence to believe I could make a difference... until Africa.

I ventured with my parents and Chiropractors With Compassion (CWC) to Kenya, Africa, in May 2010. Compassion International is a Christian child advocacy ministry. The mission is to release children from spiritual, economic, social, and physical poverty, enabling them to become accountable and fulfilled Christian adults.

You can’t understand poverty until you’ve been there. The experience is indescribable. It’s been two years since the Africa mission trip, and for me, it’s still just incredibly difficult to talk about. The Mathare slum is a place so unbelievably vile that it earned the reference “Hell on Earth.” It is the definition of disgusting. My father, Dr. Andrew Scott, who seems to have a better ability to talk about it than I do, says, “It was shocking and life changing. No matter how hard my life is, I’m still blessed.”

“No matter how dark and hopeless it may seem, there is always

light,” says my mother, Andrea Scott. The most remarkable part was that in spite of the harsh cruelty of the slum, Jesus was there; residing right in the midst of the misery was a little oasis of shining light: The Compassion Project. Compassion brought faith, joy, and love to the Mathare slum; it also provided physical, emotional, educational, and spiritual support. Above all else, Compassion brought Jesus to the victims of Hell on Earth—the difference is Jesus. If you looked deep enough, past the pain and suffering, you could see Him; He is the hope in their eyes and the joy in their smiles.

“I was surprised how joyful the people were, even though they had nothing,” my father explains. “They ministered and built me up, which was strange because I went there to help them! They taught me so much.”

Dr. Mike Schultz, one of the chiropractors on the mission trip, shared his enlightening experience with me: “Visiting Africa was a real eye-opening experience for me. I realized how unbalanced the global economy really is and how

dependent the citizens of Africa are on developed nations for mere survival. I also learned how important it is to sponsor even a single child. Sponsoring a child gives that child an opportunity to become educated. With an education and hard work they can achieve their dreams. Every act of support helps to change the world.”

Dr. Mike has a brilliant perspective on this. For a dollar a day, you could save a life. Sometimes it truly is as simple as that. By sponsoring a child, you are saving that child’s life. In our blessed country, a dollar a day really is not that much money. As a school, we are more than capable of bettering the lives of dozens of children! We may not be able to change the world, but we can save a life; we can make a difference. Listen to eighteen year old Selamawit of Ethiopia: “I love, love, love my sponsor more than I can say, because today is a result of his help.”

“For everyone to whom much is given, of him shall much be required” (Luke 12:48). This Bible verse, I believe, is entirely directed to Western culture. We have so

much, yet most of us don’t even realize how blessed we are. Most of the world lives on less than a dollar a day, yet we never seem to be satisfied with what we have.

What’s the point of all this if you’re not going to let it change you? My experience changed me. It opened my eyes to see how incredibly lucky I am to have been born on this side of the world; however, with this extreme amount of blessings comes responsibility. You shouldn’t feel guilty for what you’ve been given, but you should feel guilty for what you’re not giving.

Dr. William Ventura came to visit our home last year. He’s a medical doctor from the Dominican Republic. As a young boy living in the slums of the DR, he was sponsored by an American family. He shared with us how significant the sponsorship really was for his life, but what surprised us the most was why. It wasn’t the food, the money, the education, or even the Compassion projects that contributed most to his success—it was the loving letters of encouragement that he received from his sponsor family. Over the years, he came to realize



that his life mattered, that there were people who actually loved him and believed in him. It inspired him to not only strive in school, but to defy all the odds, finish high school, and then go onto University to become a medical doctor.

“I’ll say it again—it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich person to enter the Kingdom of God!” (Matthew 19:24). When Jesus said this, I believe He was talking about us. All it would take to save a child’s life is for each of us to donate \$20, yet so many people seem to have apathy about the \$20. All of us have the capability to earn \$20 (raking leaves, bottle drives, cutting grass, cleaning houses, allowance, etc.). Being willing to sacrifice ourselves for the sake of others is what it truly means to be a Christian.

