

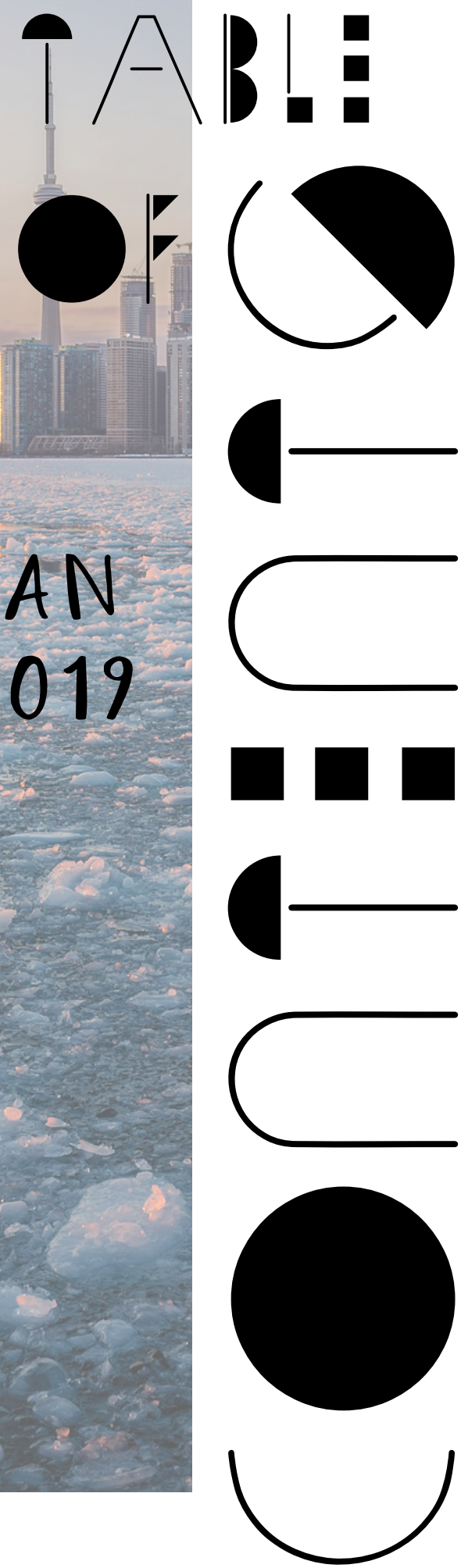
CEDAR SENTINEL

THE KINGSWAY COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

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JAN
2019



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Editors' Messages

ALANNAH
TJHATRA

EDITOR IN
CHIEF



Hi Kingsway,

It is officially a new year! Something fresh; a clean page to start on. Anddd...exams are literally this week. Welcome to 2019, everyone.

I know this can be a very hectic time of year - trying to keep up with New Year's resolutions, studying for the upcoming tests, trying not to get sick - there's a lot to worry about.

But honestly, there is something wonderful about January. I personally get really excited when the new year begins. It means that I can have a solid starting point; it means that I can have a place to begin. It's a time to get going and get stuff done.

Over the past few years, I have made multiple New Year's resolutions. I have also made the same resolution multiple times because it was not achieved in the previous year. I'm the type of person who likes to have solid goals so that I know where I'm going in the future, so it always makes me so frustrated when I don't achieve those goals. I always end up asking myself, "What can I do to *actually* get closer to reaching my goals this time, instead of falling short?" Then I usually proceed to make extensive lists that dictate to me what can be done to improve myself. I intend to follow through with these lists...but of course, you know what happens.

I lose motivation, or I don't think I can make it, or I feel like falling flat on my face and giving up.

But the thing is, it doesn't have to be that way for me - or for anyone else who struggles to achieve their goals, for that matter. I had a conversation with my friend the other day, and she reminded me of something so simple that it's often forgotten: God understands us the most, and He sees the master plan. We don't have to constantly try and fall and give up; we don't have to go through the same cycle of failure every time. God will be with us every step of the way. He will be with us throughout this new year - He will be there throughout our whole lives.

As you step into 2019 with your goals and resolutions, remember one thing: "With man it is impossible, but not with God; all things are possible with God." Let 2019 be wonderful for you, for you will do great things as you hold Him in your heart.

CASSANDRA
J. W.

ASSISTANT
EDITOR



Hello Kingsway College,

Happy January Kingsway! I am so happy to be the assistant editor this year for the Cedar Sentinel. This job and title is an honour to me because it captures my love for linguistics. Before I attended Kingsway College, I was a French immersion student with a passion for verbalizing my thoughts and opinions. I have done multiple writing, speech and debate competitions since elementary school. I am excited for this year and hope that has a good outcome!

- Cassie

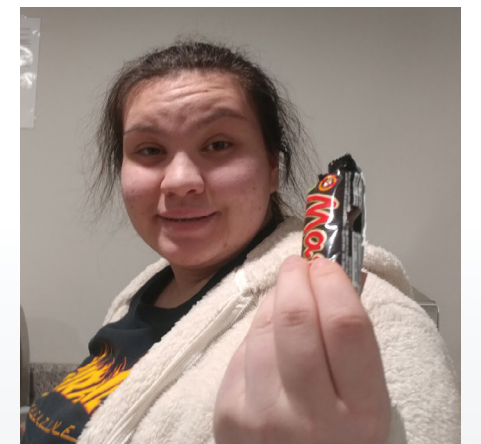
January Verse

JESUS LOOKED ON THEM AND SAID, "WITH MAN THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT NOT WITH GOD; ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE WITH GOD."

MARK 10:27

Contest Winners

Congratulations to Rebecca Nurse, Sandrine Adap, and Carmina Cassidy for winning December's contest! Be sure to check the Cedar Sentinel for future contests, games, and draws.



Before we got to Burman, we were stuck at the Toronto Pearson Airport for 13 hours...

During those long hours, we were roaming about, getting food and aimlessly walking around doing absolutely nothing. Very soon, the team was bored out of their minds trying to sleep on the uncomfortable airport floor, with eyes tired of looking at our phones. There was nothing to do. Some of the team started to have a wheelchair race, which led into us being asked to return the wheelchairs and never touch them again. As that was going on, the rest of the team were watching them in a daze. It felt as if we had been there waiting for more than hours, but days! Finally, we were informed that our flight has been switched to WestJet Airlines instead of Flair Air; all of us were grateful, and hopped on the plane as quick as possible.

The first day of the tournament was super busy and fanatic. We had all gone to sleep around 2am, EST, and had to get up at 6am, MST. We all had to rush to the cafeteria for breakfast. Since the boys and girls teams tournaments were taken place in different gyms, we both had to separate

for the day. Both Kingsway teams were really nervous to play, because we never vs. any of our opponents in the past. Our mindsets was to play our hardest in order to show the others that we were a hardworking team and school. During the first tournament, the girls had

would get together and thank the Lord for His guidance and help, allowing us to play our hardest and best. After praying, we would shake hands with our opponents, then move on to our next game.

By Friday, both of our teams were undefeatable! However, the girls lost one set, and the

Then, it was Friday night vespers, it was an amazing night. The music and speaker that Burman had planned were great and everyone was blessed. Saturday morning came, we were allowed to sleep in; which was needed because everyone was so tired from the late night games, and some of us had come down with colds. We

Praise, which is a service run by the students. Majority of the service consisted of music and singing, which was most of our favourites. They had a student speak and even some spoken words were performed. It was an outstanding service overall. During the afternoon, we all rested up and relaxed before the games. As the tournament was

We were playing for first place. The gym was full of other teams and some Burman students. Our heads were running with thoughts and worries that we would mess a play up. We huddled together and said a prayer. We looked at each other and expressed how proud we should all be for getting this far. We cheered and got on the court to play. The game was so intense, it was almost like we were playing for our lives! We were winning, and in order to be the winning team, you had to win 3 out of 5 games. We had won the first two games and during the third game, we started to play less aggressive and lost. We all huddled up and prayed again, and we talked to each other and reminded each other about what we had to fix and how to fix it. We were all so scared of not being able to win, we only needed to win one more game, and this game had to be it. We were all saying, "This game is ours! We earned it, lets go Kingsway!" We walked back onto the court and looked at each other before the whistle blew. We all know we could win this game, we just had to play our hardest and then even harder than that. The ball was getting hit back and forth over and over again, each team was wanting to get the first point. Then, all of a sudden, a deafening noise hushed the gym. Our team had set up a beautiful spike and got the point! Everyone was screaming and cheering, but we got it all back together because we still had to get 24 more points.

Throughout the who game, the points were close. We had 23 and the opposing team had 20. However, we got 24, but then they were at 23. We needed one more point. Then, number 5 on Caribou spiked on us and got a point. 24-24. Now we



won their first game, it was so exciting! On top of the girl's win, the boys had also won their first game. They were very content with the result of their game even though the team they played against was not really a competition. After each game, the team

boys also lost one set, making us both place in 2nd-. Meaning we would play for 1st place in the tournament on Saturday night! None of us could believe it. We all thought that the other teams would be difficult competition, and we would not win at all.

got through Saturday, and God blessed us with beautiful sun and a slight increase in the temperature. The sun shone on the snow like a spotlight on a diamond, creating sparkles and rainbows all over. It was beautiful. The church service was just as phenomenal as the snow and sun. We went to the House of

nearing, the sun started to pour out its brilliant hot oranges and reds into the horizon like a pot of lava. It was such a beautiful scene that it almost looked fake.

For the final tournament, all the teams would be in the same gym, Burman's gym. The first game was the girls from Kingsway vs. Caribou.



had to win by two. Within seconds, we got a point, but then Caribou would get one too. It was now 25-25. We called a timeout and drank some water. We had a pep talk and started cheering for each other and our school. The boys were running around the gym waving our sweaters like flags. We looked at each other and all decided to play this like King of the Court during practice. We all needed to take a breath and let ourselves have fun, the atmosphere got us feeling too tense. We walked on the court and started playing, imagining it was



games were so close! Both teams were playing their hardest, and it showed. It was the 3rd game, and our boys had won the 1st two, so they knew that if they win this next game, they would place 1st place overall, like us! They walked onto the court and immediately got the first point. Then the second, and third, and fourth...! Everyone was high strung, the score was 24-17, and Kingsway boys needed just one more point! Then, an uproarious noise hit the gym like a bullet.

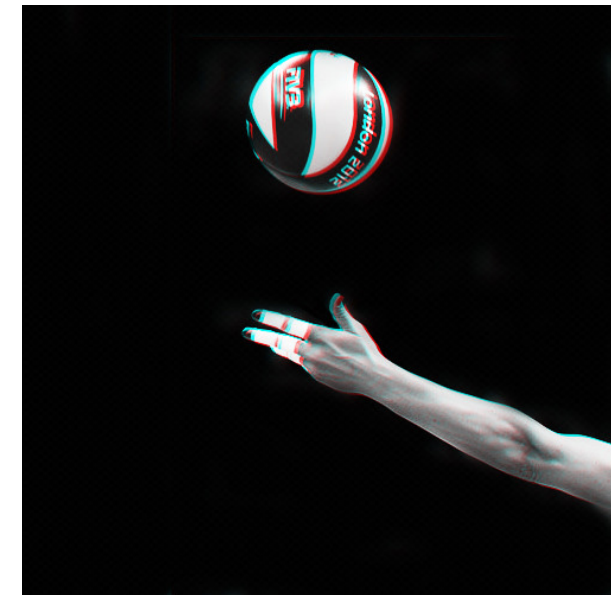
Kingsway won! Within seconds, the gym started sounding like a jungle, there was so much yelling and screaming and cheering, and even some tears!
Kingsway has never gone to this tournament and this being the first time we went, both of our teams came home with 1st place plaques! The whole trip was an experience that none of us will ever be able to forget. It was an experience that taught us a lot about patience, good sportsmanship, and

persistence. We were able to have fun, explore Burman, win the tournament, show what a great school Kingsway is, and most importantly reflect on how strong we are individually, and as a team with God. Everyone was so sad that we had to leave the next morning, nobody wanted to go back to school. Sadly, Sunday morning rolled around like it always does, and we had to walk out of the lobby rolling our suitcases behind us. ■



just another practice back at home. We were all smiling and laughing and enjoying ourselves. Before we knew it, the score was 27-25, for us! We WON! Kingsway girls placed 1st! We were all so thankful and we went to the other team and shook their hands.

Now was the test of truth, to see if Kingsway really was undefeatable. Our boys team was next, playing for first. Now, all the girls had 100% confidence in them because we knew they were so good and they had a lot of talent. They started playing and we realized that the team they were playing had some really good hitters, but we still had faith in our boys. The



The Highlights Of My Christmas Break

To begin the winter break into 2019, some of my friends and I decided to head to Toronto for our discretion day. First, we shopped at the Eaton Centre for a couple of hours and ate at the food court as well. After our exploration of the mall, we decided to go to the Christmas Market and meet up with another friend who would come a bit later. I had never been to the Christmas Market and I was quite enthusiastic to go there. We went on a Thursday night, so the

admission was free. I was delighted to see that there were many attractive areas to take pictures with pleasing backgrounds, fantastic musicians, amusement rides, clothing-filled shops, and quaint shops that offered cheesecakes, cookies, sandwiches, and soups. Not to forget, there were little outside shops that offered pretzels, turkey legs with options for people with dietary restrictions such as gluten, butter, and GMO-free tarts. I brought home half a dozen different tarts

from a shop called Tartistry for my mother, who enjoys gluten-free foods. We stayed only for a few hours because the weather got quite crisp. Many memories were made there, with a bunch of pictures to back them up as well.

Later, we went to the Old Spaghetti Factory for dinner. We had to wait about 30 minutes for our table, but we passed the time munching on candy and conversing with each other. One of the highlights from that event was when one of my friends,

who was on break from university, decided to put a US quarter in this larger-than-life gumball machine - just to see what it would do. We thought that she broke it because some little children were trying to place in Canadian quarters and it was failing. My friend was starting to sweat and we were laughing at her embarrassment. Luckily, the gumball machine began to work and the children were able to get their gumballs. Finally, it was time for us to go inside, and I was filled with excitement because I had not been to the Old Spaghetti Factory in a long time. The adults who came on the trip with us politely paid for our food and we thanked them for their graciousness. The menu had a great assortment of delicious appetizers, meals, and desserts to choose from. I ordered the minestrone soup to warm me up from being outside in the cold, as well as the spaghetti with mushroom and tarragon sauce. For dessert, I chose pistachio, vanilla, and chocolate ice-cream. Before we left, closing off day one

of winter break, one of my friends confidently (almost) walked into the men's washroom - but luckily we pulled her back out before any damage was done. It was an eventful day filled with fun and laughter. Even though that day introduced me to many enticing sights and sounds, my favourite memories of the day were 1) when my friend thought she broke the gumball machine, and 2) when my other friend almost pranced into the wrong washroom.

Further into the break, on the 22nd, my brother and I got baptized together at College Park Church.



We had attended baptismal studies throughout the summer and the beginning of the school year. It was a busy day, as right after my baptism I would have to play the harp for praise team. Luckily the baptism went smoothly, even though I was a little sick (thanks Catherine) and a little stressed. I definitely wasn't going to let Satan ruin my baptism by giving me a little sore throat. One of my friends, who was unable to attend my baptism, asked me to tell her what I thought of when I was getting placed in my watery grave. Later, I told her that I thought of a fresh new start with God and getting back up again. After my baptism, I leapt out of the water, dried myself, quickly changed, and rushed to the sanctuary to play harp with everyone else for praise team. I also played a little duet - with me on the harp, and



Pastor Jose (who had just recently baptised my brother and me) on the guitar. We played Silent Night and it was a bittersweet moment, knowing he would be pastoring a new church soon.

After the baptism, I attended a private baptismal celebration for my brother and I. There were apparently over 100 people there and it was held at the College Park El-

ementary School gym. I invited many of my friends - friends from church, school, Pathfinders, and Pathfinder Bible Experience. My mom also invited many family friends who took part in my childhood. The food served was delicious. My mom outdid herself with mouth-watering noodles, desserts, and other people pitched in to help 'feed the five thousand'. However,

even with all the food, I enjoyed conversing with my friends so much that I barely ate! We laughed and chatted animatedly about future plans, graduation, and funny memories. We even did this thing where one of my friends asked me to name all the people at the potluck. I named the man who helped renovate my family's basement, the teacher who tutored me in French

in grade 2, the mother of my reading buddy in kindergarten... the list goes on. When my friends left, I hugged them goodbye as I knew many of them would be heading back to their homes and eventually back to university. Many of them unexpectedly gifted me with baptismal gifts which I appreciated very much. The day began a bit hectic, but many eventful moments flowed into place as time went by.

As another day ended, a new day skipped ahead, and on the 27th of December, one of my friends invited me to her house for a game night with other friends as well. When I arrived, I started playing games with the people there. I played Carcassonne, which is a French board game where you can build cities, have little figurines (that honestly look like kid cereals), build roads, have a figurine fairy (that was replaced with a pen cap), and escape a dragon. We also played two games of Rook, which is a very fascinating game involving a bit of math, making matching sets of cards and going into the different sections of cards. I was surprisingly okay at Rook, but it was probably beginner's luck. My favourite moment was when I had to discard a card but I was left with only two of the same value cards that were worth a lot of points. So I asked my friend, "Which card is uglier?" That resulted in peels of laughter as it was such a first world problem. After the games, we all conversed about graduation, future plans, told funny jokes, and ended the day with a hilarious translation of the Bible.

A few days later on the 29th, my family and I went to Lumina Borealis. It is this light show that is projected onto the walls of the fort produced by Moment Factory, Ontario

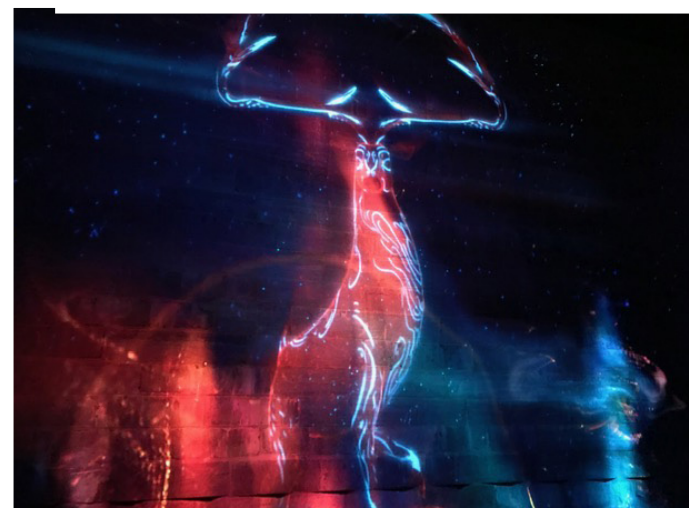
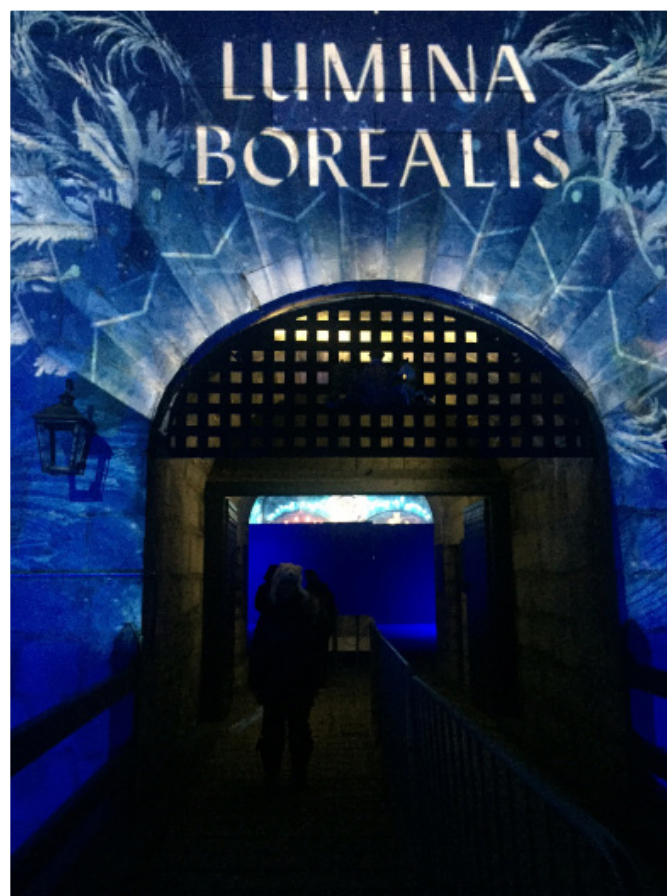
Power Generation, and held in Fort Henry in Kingston. There were beautiful Christmas decorations, interesting exhibits, fun interactive games, and a cool storyline shown with adorable animals as you go through the fort. There were these little sheds that visitors can go inside called warming stations, where you can warm yourself from the chilling winter air. There were also free take-home bags, a device-charging station, a chalkboard station, a photo-op with an animated display, and a shadowbox area. It was a very picturesque location, with many small shops in the entrance, a cafe, and gift shops. However, it is only open during certain times at night and there are shuttle buses bring people to the location from the parking lots. It takes around a few hours to go around the whole fort and will keep you entertained for hours. I would definitely recommend it to others for a Christmastime activity, and it is a lovely bonding experience as well.

On December 31, I sent in my music scholarship application to Andrews University. I had practiced my two harp audition pieces for over a year and I hoped that it would go well. Along with my application form, I had to send in a 250-word essay, two recommendations from music teachers, and the audition videos. I prayed that it would go well and in the end, I knew that I did my best and I had no regrets. If any of you are interested in applying to Andrews and seriously play an instrument or sing, I definitely suggest that you audition for a scholarship. There are full scholarships available if you are deciding to major in music and other scholarships for ensembles.

Starting the new year, on the 1st

of January, I went to a family friend's house. I hadn't seen them in years, so I was very excited. For main-course meals, there were noodles laden with tasty vegetables, palatable vegetarian homemade patties, lovely eggplant, pizza decorated with pineapple (which I wasn't a huge fan of but it was delicious), chicken (which I couldn't eat since I am vegetarian), and many more dishes of appetizing food. There were a lot of delectable desserts, such as cassava cake wrapped in banana leaves; chocolate covered pretzels; chocolate cake; custard cake; and fruits. We watched the New Year's celebration in New York and watched some nature shows narrated by David Attenborough who is an absolute legend. Upon watching, I met other people I haven't seen in a long time, and many of them asked about my university applications, which was expected. I answered them politely and truthfully. The family friend showed us some of the pictures that he took in the early 90s and 2000s which looked very retro and vintage. He even had hair in some of the pictures. My family and I left the party at around 10 since we aren't huge party animals. They even gave us some gifts which we were extremely thankful for.

I hope you all enjoyed your Christmas break in some way, shape or form. As the years progress, I am getting more and more grateful for all the breaks I have from school, no matter how long or short they are. ■



"The Tempest"

In later months of 2018, Ms. Parkes's English class had the opportunity to experience a yearly festival taking place at the University of Waterloo, Stratford. There, the facility would host astonishing reenactments of plays of the iconic, one and only, Shakespeare. In addition to the plays, worldly concepts were slyly incorporated and shown through the brilliant actors on stage. With all of these aspects in mind, it is because of them which made this event memorable and enjoyable.

The day started early with a lengthy bus ride to Stratford. Upon the students' arrival, they were led into a building that was a recreated version of the theatre where Shakespeare's plays originally took place. A room of great stature held over fifteen-hundred seats - soon to be filled with an applauding, amazed audience. For now, the actors were able to ponder on the silence and stillness the theatre held. However, the silence was interrupted as students from various locations throughout Ontario joined together to ask questions and interact with actors from the play, *The Tempest*. During this time, they were taught the differences between the drama we interpret digitally and in person. A Stratford actress,

Shruti Kothari, stated, "Many different factors, such as the positioning of your body, can affect the interpretation of the story to the audience." It was an eye-opener to see a bit of how actors truly felt while performing. Students were then able to appreciate and understand all the hard work and focus it would take to perfect a recreation of a play, and perform it as well.

After the questions, the actors were ready, and the play was about to begin. This was the event everyone was worked up to see, the reenactment of *The Tempest*. The lights dimmed down, and all the attention was turned to the stage, where the magical protagonist, Prospero, stood. Prospero, originally a male in Shakespeare's writings, was played as a woman named Martha Henry in this recreation instead. Due to this modification, Prospero was able to portray both a sympathetic and unsympathetic character - just like the authentic Prospero would have done. However, from the perspective of many other students, Martha Henry seemed to lack the control and dominance over other characters through components such as her age. Despite this, the use of magic was one of the few things the main character used to affirm

the audience that she was in control and command. Fellow audience member, Joshua Sentago, commented, "Prospero was the only character that used magic. This was the main aspect that proved she was the protagonist." The play advanced with a great sense of amusement and intelligence shown through every line, detail, and character. Small components like the movement of bushes truly displayed the thought and time put into making the performance as engaging as it could be. No character was insignificant. Every actor and actress came together to put the play together like pieces of a puzzle.

The Tempest ended with an eye-catching interactive scene involving all the actors and props. For those interested in acting, the actors of the play demonstrated what the difference is between a good performance and a *great* performance: the equally-influential roles that each individual was assigned to portray. As a result of hearing these elements, the amazing story of *The Tempest* became a more enjoyable and entertaining experience for the Kingsway students who took part at the Stratford Festival. ■

Shakespeare's "The Tempest": Magical or Mediocre?

Shakespeare's "The Tempest" was performed by the Stratford Theatre Company on September 27, 2018, at 2:00 pm at the Festival Theatre. The show was directed by Antoni Cimolino and it all started with a classic Shakespearean monologue but the show really began with the crash of lightning that began the shipwreck scene. The sailors were in distress and they fell in sync as the lightning crashed and the "storm" worsened. The show moved on, following the revenge story of Prospero, played by Martha Henry; and the love story of Miranda, Mamie Zwelter; and Ferdinand, Sebastien Heins. Many people have seen the show and have many different opinions in its quality

- the most common question is, Was the performance magical or mediocre? The Theatre Company's decision to cast the originally-male role of Prospero as Martha Henry, an 80-year-old female actor, was a really risky decision. Some may believe that, due to Henry's age and sex, she didn't do justice to the part - but many highly ranked and trusted journals disagree. A writer for The Globe and Mail said, "I've never heard anyone speak the word "art" with quite the passion or the power that Martha Henry does playing Prospero in *The Tempest*." In addition to The Globe and Mail's re-

view, The Star said: "As Stratford's Prospero, Martha Henry has a firm grasp on her magic." These are only two of many reviews. After viewing the play and seeing Cimolino's approach to one of Shakespeare's later masterpieces in live action, one could agree that the performance was exceptional. But the effects and the magic were outstanding, from a giant automated bird, to a dozen automated planets. This play is an excellent remake of an amazing playwright's work. There were many magic acts that added to the play without taking away from its original essence. This play is a must-see. Stratford Theatre's "The Tempest" is far from mediocre and can only be described as magical. ■



A Senior's Tips

HOW TO: Survive Exam Season

SELENA
LY

Exam season has reached our humble campus in Oshawa. There are no words that can describe the feeling that comes with this season - though terror, fright, regret, and the sense of impending doom, are close to describing it. The weeks preceding exams, right after Christmas break, are the

literal embodiment of the phrase "the calm before a storm". This year, students have just two weeks to snap out of their holiday comfort and get into a new-found sense that is a combination of hurriedness, regret, and devastation. The combined feelings of "I should not have spent two weeks watching Netflix," or "I had two weeks to catch up and get ahead but I did nothing," and "there is nothing that can help me now, I know absolutely nothing." We've all been there, and we're probably all there right now.

As a senior, I have had that feeling six times, soon to be seven. I still remember walking into my science exam and feeling a giant wave of blankness wash over me. I'll be honest, science never interested me, but I thought I'd have picked up on something after five months, right? I was just aiming to not cry during the exam, to be honest. After all my exams for the first semester of freshman year were over, I, like many others in my class, made a silent vow to never be this unprepared ever again.

I'll tell you the truth, first semester exams are always harder than the second semester. Using Newton's first law of motion (ironic considering the fact that I just stated that I had no interest in science, I know) states that "an object at rest will stay at rest while an object in motion will stay in motion". Example, first semester. The object (you), is in motion through the semester - working for four months straight. Then you are at rest for two weeks (Christmas break), and then you're expected to be in motion again, at

the same speed and skill as before. The second example - second semester. The object (you), is in motion for a full five months, with no rests (no breaks that are significant). Whether that whole example made sense or not, it's hard to get back in motion after doing absolutely nothing for two weeks. I'm here to give some generic but super helpful tips to get you somewhat passing your finals.

1. *Gather up all the information that will be on the exam.* Exam reviews, notes on specific chapters, key terms - everything. And condense it. Write a simple explanation for each concept on your exam review. For every concept, write a sentence about it. For key terms, all I can say is that quizlet.com is a lifesaver.

2. For the next three weeks, start cutting out your Netflix, social media scrolls, YouTube - and just stop procrastinating. The best ways to stop procrastinating? *Find what works for you when you study.* Maybe you work best with rewards, or talking aloud, working for 15 minutes then breaking for 10. Nothing to be ashamed of, as long as you get work done.

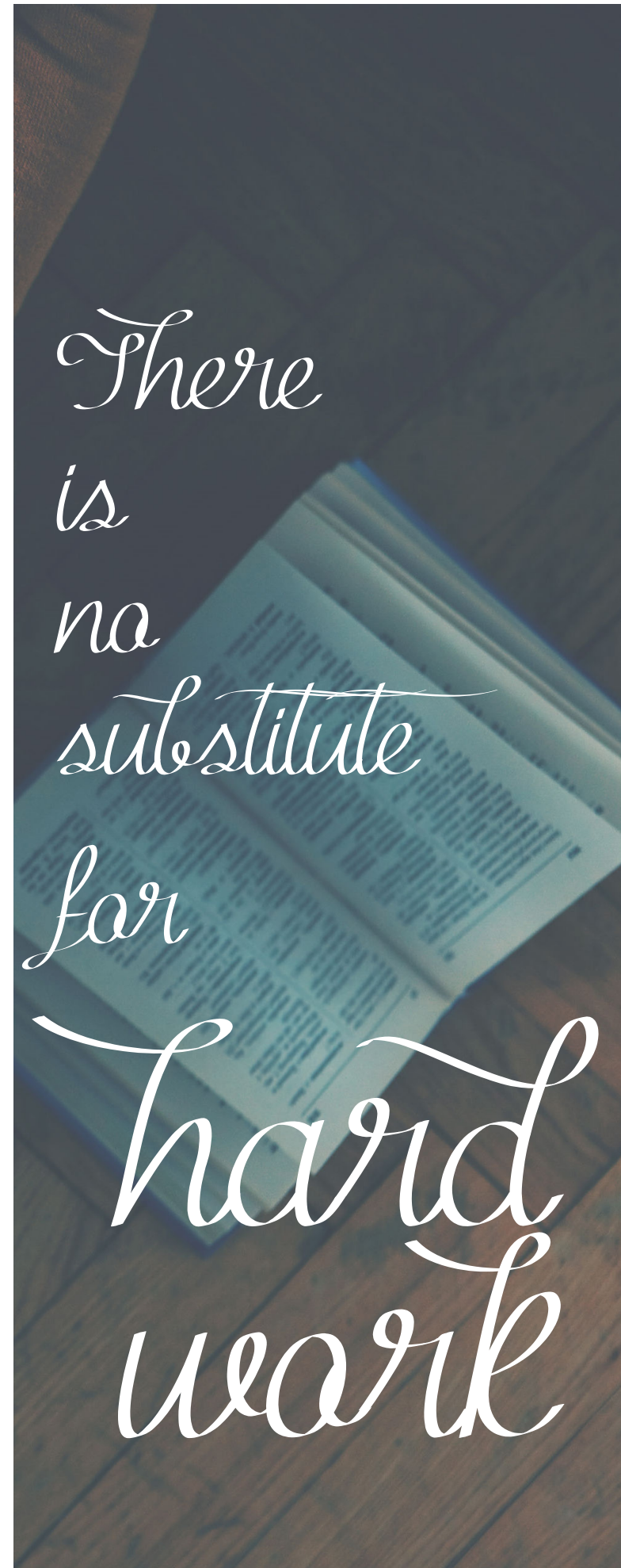
3. *Put all your information in one place.* Get a little notebook or binder, or open a Google Doc, and put all your exam stuff in there. Keep it all together, so that if you need an answer to something, you're not looking through piles of papers (It's also helpful so you don't have to carry everything).

4. *Stop studying on your bed.* Get a desk. No desk? There's a kitchen table, dining table, or sibling's desk. Or go to the library, Starbucks, or the IT room at school. Studying on your bed only keeps you thinking about sleep, so get far away from that because sleep is something none of us are getting for at least another month.



5. *Find a study method for yourself and stick to it.* Are you a visual person? Write everything out, draw out your concepts, VISUALIZE all that. Are you an auditory/verbal learner? Read everything aloud, or record yourself talking and listen to it instead of listening to what passes for music these days. Or come up with your own song to memorize your concepts, names, dates, whatever it is. Are you a physical learner? Come up with dances to remember your material, wave your hands and point your arms if it helps you remember which way sine and cosine go on a graph. Are you a logical learner? Find a system that works for you - something like reading, writing, then repeating. Are you a social learner? Get a study group, go to someone's house and just sit there reading and memorizing together and bouncing questions off one another. Or if you prefer, be alone and don't get distracted by your friends. Find what works for YOU and stick with it.

In the end, it's your grades and you're the one who has to keep up those grades. Sacrifice the few weeks of hanging out with friends to pick up the slack and do well on these exams. Don't let your friends convince you that these grades don't matter just because you're in grade nine or ten. Sure, they don't matter as much as grade eleven or twelve - but what will happen when you're in grade twelve and you realize your overall high school GPA is not high enough, simply because you slacked in grades nine and ten? Thinking about the future sucks, and I can attest to that, but it's something that society has stuck us with and at some point, you've got to grow up and be successful. I can't tell you that these tips or any of this article will help you or even motivate you, but if you needed a wake-up call, here it is. These tips helped me through three years and they are going to help me for many more years of school (yay!). Find your own tips and study systems, but make it work kiddo. Put in the work to get the grade, and eventually, you'll work the grade to your advantage. If you get what I mean. ■



Secondary Education

It all started roughly forty months ago in the year 2015. I was a boy who just graduated from grade eight, and was looking forward to a summer of rest and relaxation before continuing my homeschooling in the fall. To me, high school was nothing more than a continuation of elementary school, a tiny and inconsequential speck on the horizon. I simply assumed that my mother would continue to educate me at home for the next four years until I graduated. However, this was not the plan God had for me.

Two weeks before I was scheduled to begin school, my parents announced that I would be continuing my education at Kingsway College. Apparently, they heard about the school from some friends at church and decided that it would be a good idea for me to attend. As if that was not shocking enough, my parents then informed me that because of the distance, I would have to live in the school's on-campus residence.

I was in shock. I felt as though I had been punched by Muhammad Ali, pummeled by an asteroid, and run over by a truck, all at the same time. Fourteen-year-old me was unable to picture living alone in a dormitory far away from my parents and siblings. Up till then, it had never occurred to me that one day I would have to 'leave the nest' and live on my own away from my family. But now my parents had chosen to evict me from my childhood home four years earlier than anyone had anticipated.

I begged and pleaded with my parents. I used every trick in the book, every argument known to God and man in a vain effort to change their minds. I reminded my parents of the costs of boarding school and the friends I would have to leave behind, but they dismissed it all, saying that Adventist education was worth it. My parents believed it would be a good experience for me, and nothing I could say would make them reconsider.

So on September the seventh, I packed my bags and moved into Ryan Hall.

At first I hated Kingsway. I detested the food, fought with my roommate, and was constantly made fun of due to my lack of social skills. The only thing that kept me going was the knowledge that I would receive my diploma after four years and finally be free to leave this terrible place behind me.

However, near the end of my second year, I realized that laying around and waiting for graduation to come was a waste of time. I decided to make the most out of my situation and work towards finishing high school with high grades, getting into a good university, and leaving behind a positive and inspiring legacy for those who would come after me. These goals are what motivate me to get up in the morning, to try my hardest at everything I do, and most importantly, to bring me closer to God. ■

I can still remember the pain I felt from the first time it happened. It was back in fourth grade when my teacher had given my class an assignment to complete. I had discovered something that I could do on my desk that set off my curiosity. To this day, I still do not know what prompted me to listen and follow through with my idea.

My discovery was that if I put my leg in a certain position and moved it back, I felt a funny little click that entertained me. While keeping an eye on my teacher, I played around with my new discovery before deciding to continue on with my assignment. Before returning my attention to my paper, I decided to do it one more time. Unbeknownst to ten-year-old me, the last time did it, my knee refused to move and any little jostle sent pain shooting wildly throughout my leg. I immediately became terrified and

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a sickening feeling of dread filled my stomach. My thoughts began to run wild, with my imagination in full control. Why did I do it? Why did I continue? Why did it hurt so much? What if I would never be able to straighten my leg again? Silent tears began to stream down my face as I tried in vain to straighten my leg. I was becoming more and more desperate, and I almost raised my hand to alert my teacher, but I heard a little click and my leg returned back to normal. I did not allow myself to feel relieved for too long because I still had to do my assignment. Wiping my tears away, I geared down and finished the paper. I eventually did try to tell my teacher about my situation, but when I got his attention, I became really anxious and left it be. Most of the recess that day was spent walking around gingerly, testing my sore leg and pondering what had I just experienced. However, soon after I forgot about it and paid very little mind to the ordeal. I went on how I normally did for the next couple

of years. I did not think back to it, simply because I had no reason to... until around three years had passed.

The second time, out of the four times that it happened, ended up with me on top of the sofa at home crying and yelling about the pain. My sister was periodically checking on me with a concerned facial expression and my dad was threatening to take me to the hospital. Upon thinking back, I realize that was probably quite a scene to behold. After my knee was straightened and the tears had subsided to a

minimum, I had realized that something stood out to me while my knee was locked. I had registered that I had been squatting which meant that I was resting my body weight on my calves and when I tried to get up, my leg had refused to straighten. Upon further reflection, I became aware that my knee had been in a similar position a few years earlier. I decided that if never squatting again meant that my knee would never lock, I would gladly never do it again.

With that revelation came the need to remind myself constantly that I could not squat. Unfortunately, I failed and found myself in the exact same position two more times. One was at a baby shower and the other was during last year's 2018 band tour. Locking my knee at the baby shower helped me realize the number of people who cared about me. They had jumped in to help me and see what was wrong. Meanwhile, locking my knee during band tour taught me the easiest way

to deal with the uncomfortable feeling and to ease the pain (thanks to the nurse, who in fact did a better job of helping me than the doctors at the hospital.) With the help of the nurse, I now know the factors that may have been triggering my knee troubles, and I know a much less painful way to straighten my leg when locked. Both incidents taught me to never sit against a wall with my knees close to my body ever again.

Locking my knee has been quite a major inconvenience in my life. I cannot be careless when it comes to physical activity. Every time I come across anything that involves squatting or resting a significant weight on my knee, I always have to stop and think, "Will this situation end with me in the hospital again?" The reminder to never squat again has permanently taken up residence in my mind and even then, I still have to check myself again. Although this means that I have to go slower or completely skip some activities altogether, I have come to learn not to mind; I have learned to overcome those obstacles. It has also shown me that slowing down is not as terrible as it previously appeared to me. In spite of the pain that locking my knee brought, a lesson was never far behind. I believe that the lessons learned from my knee-locking journey have helped me grow in a positive direction, even to this very day. ■

A Major Inconvenience



Grace

has lived. She has experienced so much; over the years, she has been filled to the brim with excitement and love. Her experience on this earth is a representation of what it really means to live life to the fullest; what it means to live for the Lord - no matter where you are, or what you do, or how old you may be.

This lady, Grace, was a missionary in India for many years - that's why there are so many pictures of elephants in her house.

And she also collects painted plates, the kind that you usually find at a person's place who has lived for an especially long while. If you take a tour of her home, you'd notice the collection of old records she keeps on a shelf. You'd notice the VCRs she has piled in the corner - Elizabeth Taylor's *Cleopatra*, *The Visual Bible*, and many others.

And scattered throughout her house, she also keeps a substantial collection of talking stuffed animals. (A hamster on her bookshelf, a reindeer on her couch, and a lot of birds that made chirping sounds.) You would see on her desk a black-and-white picture of a handsome young man in a uniform - her husband, Mr. Gerard Christiansen. You would notice photos on the wall of Grace and Gerard together; then Grace and Gerard with their young children; then Grace and Gerard with their children who have now grown up; then pictures of the grandchildren that follow. But she lives alone now.

Grace has these twinkling blue

eyes, and if you look into them, *really* look, you would be able to see the strength and gumption that her spirit is made of.

And there are many lines - some fine, some deep - that are etched into her face. They showed how much she has cried, how much she's smiled, how much she has worried or frowned or laughed during her

"You can tell who she is from the moment you meet her. A spirited, God-fearing woman who speaks her mind; someone filled with gumption and strength."

93 years of life. Those lines show you how much she scrunches up her brow while thinking, how she grins when she's happy,

how high she raises her eyebrows when she's surprised.

And she tells stories - many, many stories. Stories of India, of her childhood, of her children, of times past.

If you sit and listen to her for a while, you'd be able to tell who she was in her youth - and who she still is.

Grace is strong, tough, mischievous, and a little bit rude (only when it's necessary, of course.) She isn't your regular sweet old grandma type of lady; Mrs. Christiansen is a fighter and you can tell from the moment you meet her. She's not afraid to tell you exactly what she thinks of the world, other people, or you - and from her life experience, I think she's earned the right to do so.

While we were at her house on this visit, Grace told us of her recollections; she told us of her annoyances; she showed us her many collections; she offered us frozen pizza pies and blueberry juice. (I was glad my mom had brought lunch from

home.) Mrs. Christiansen could talk for hours, and we could listen for hours. Even though she'd sometimes change subjects abruptly and repeat things she'd already said, it was still fun to be at Grace's place.

Of all things, though - besides her collection of talking stuffed animals or her habit of speaking her mind or her frozen pizza pies - I found that Mrs. Christiansen was a truly inspiring lady who had done her part in spreading the word of God to those who needed to hear it. I realized that Mrs. Christiansen was a strong woman who had lived her life for the Lord; she'd put so much time and effort into doing God's work. Now she's retired and she watches *Cleopatra* and she lives in an ordinary house. But her whole life was - and still is - a reflection of Christ. She embodies the strength that one finds upon discovering God, and she serves as an inspiration for me.

I have learned from Grace that it is possible to be a witness for God in any circumstance. Even though she is no longer a missionary in India, she still makes a difference. The stories she tells, the attitude she has towards life, the goodness she stows in her heart - Christ shines through her. She does not go to far-away lands to spread God's word anymore - now, she does it right out of her living room. Her own character serves as a reflection of a life led by God. Like Grace, our own lives can reflect Him. We may not be going to India or the Amazon rainforest or the mountains of Tibet - but that doesn't matter. Ministry, big or small, always starts from within. ■

ALANNAH
TJHATRA

I know a lady by the name of Grace Christiansen, whom we go to visit sometimes. On one of my family's visits to her house, I took the time to really look around and notice things - and when I actually took that time to observe my surroundings, I was able to realize the amazing life this woman

EVERY LIFE TELLS A STORY.

CONTACTS

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