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editors' messages

ALANNAH
TJHATRA

EDITOR IN
CHIEF



Hello everyone,
Well, this is it. Another month has come and gone. I don't know about you, but I personally think that time is speeding up. For real. I get up in the morning, and before I know it, a day is over. That day turns into a week, which turns into a month -- and before I know it, an entire year has passed!

Now I researched this a little bit, and *Psychology Today* says that the reason that it seems as if time is speeding up is due to our constantly changing world. There is always something new to discover, there is always a new device to make our lives easier and faster. It's possible that we could get so caught up in our lives that it'll seem like only a few minutes have passed by the time we're 80. We might look back and wonder where our lives have gone.

This is why I suggest that we be careful about how we spend our time. It goes by so quickly, so if we want to accomplish things, we must use it wisely. So we should use our time for things that matter; things that will make us better people; things that will better the lives of others. And if we do that, we might look back one day and wonder how we ever accomplished such amazing things.

CASSANDRA
J.W.

ASSISTANT
EDITOR



Hello Kingsway,
Happy April!

This month has been filled with a lot of highs and lows in the world. Highs like the Easter long weekend and lows like the attack in Sri Lanka. This month was reflective of life because sometimes we have some good times and sometimes we have some bad. That's why it's amazing that we serve a merciful saviour like Jesus. By serving Him we are able to be saved and go to a place where there is all good and no bad.

- Cassie

contest winners

Congratulations to Kiana, Henry, Madison, and Eric; Jensine and Matthew; Mathias and Curtly; and Adrian for winning March's contest! Be sure to check Cedar Sentinel for more contests, games, and draws in the future!



april contest

Find all of the errors in the short story below. (They may be grammatical errors, spelling errors, or punctuation errors.) Circle/highlight them and correct them. Email your answers to cedarsentinel@kingsway.college, or show your copy of the newspaper to Alannah Tjhatra, Selena Ly, or Cassandra John-Whittingham.

The first 3 people to find all of the mistakes will receive a prize.

NOTE: If you complete this contest as a group, you will share one prize.

It was a fine morning in April, The birds were singing, the bees were buzzing, and pollen was flying through the air. It was a beautiful spring day.

Now there was a man by the name of Marcus Smith who went for a walk every morning. Marcus Smith happened to have particularly violent allergies — and the fact that pollen was flew through the air didn't help in the least.

Marcus, however, was undaunted. He was determined to go outside and take his daily walk — no matter how many dandelions were pushing its yellow heads through the ground.

Marcus's wife, Annie, did not approve of his decision to take a walk in the outside air.

"You'll come home sneezing all over the house! You'll sneeze all throughout the night, and I won't get any sleep!" She said.

"But darling," Marcus protested, "your being unreasonable. You can't make such a judgement!" Maybe the flowers won't give me allergies this year!"

"Flowers are flowers! They contain pollen, and pollen will make you sneeze! You'll be red-eyed and itchy the moment you step outside"! Said Annie.

"You know what I'll do?" Marcus asked, for he had come up with a brilliant plan. "I will simply hold my breath when I walk. That way, no pollen will enter my nose! I can take my walk, and you won't have to deal with my sneezing! You and me can both be happy!"

(Now, dear reader, you may observe at this point that Marcus Smith is not the brightest of fellows.)

Marcus' wife looked at him skeptically. "I won't have you sneezing in my ear at night when I'm trying to get a good nights rest. If you step outside, you'll be sleeping on the couch until you're allergies are gone!"

Unfortunately — and to the dismay of his wife — Marcus Smith did end up taking his walk. He tried to hold his breathe but had to let it out at about one minute and thirteen seconds. Marcus came home sneezing, red-eyed, and itchy. Annie was kind enough to provide him with ample accomodation on the living room couch until his sneezing subsided.

Moral of the story: If you have spring allergies, do yourself a favour and avoid the dandelions.

the history & importance of feminism



MADISON
CHANT

When someone mentions the word 'feminist' or 'feminism', many will often image a group of crazy women, holding signs, demanding their voices be heard above men. However, this is truly not the case.

Zendaya, a well-known actress in our day, once said, "A feminist is a person who believes in the power of women just as much as they believe in the power of anyone else."

part of." There is no better way to describe who a feminist is and what they stand for.

Feminism has always been needed in society, however, it was stuck in the shadows. For countless years, the patriarchal system has been the reigning champion in not only households, but society as a whole. The patriarchal system, as

Jessica McCallister, writer for *Study*, describes, is "...a system where men are in authority over women in all aspects of society... In today's more

progressive American society, women work in executive positions, maintain leadership roles in organizations, and are often decision-makers in their households and communities. In the past, men were more often the established gender of authority and exhibited control in all situations." While this is true, there is a massive part missing to this statement: the fact that it indeed does still happen to this day. Step into the shoes of a woman living in the Middle East, for instance. Women are property to men, women must be taken care of, women must do this and mustn't do that. The government has

told women that they are to listen and obey their fathers, husbands, brothers, and uncles - generally any male they interact with -- as if they are property to the men.

Carla Bleiker, the writer for *DW*, shares this: "The concept of male guardianship implies that women shouldn't make important decisions regarding their own lives and that they need protection when out and about in the world." They act as if women are completely clueless about how to live their lives, and that they are helpless to the dangers the world faces.

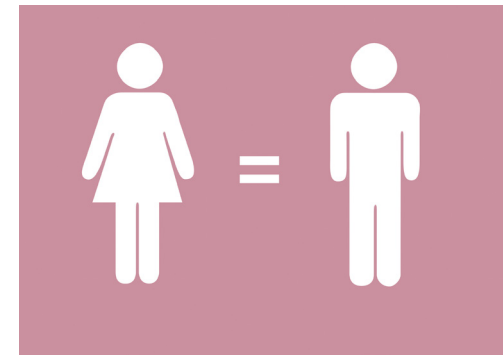
"In Saudi Arabia, every woman must have a male guardian — her father, brother, husband, uncle or even son — who has to give his approval before the woman can travel outside the country, get married or divorced, or be released from prison. This does not change if her guardian is abusive."

Although parts of the Middle East have seen improvement (such as allowing women to obtain a driver's license), they still have far to go. What bothers me the most about all of this is that, regardless of the male's treatment towards his wife, sister, aunt, niece, or mother, the woman must stay with him.



From the collective history classes I have taken from Mrs. Solomon, I can think of a few very strong and

impactful events in history that still continue to inspire women to this day. Take the early days of the French Revolution, for example. The Women's March on Versailles is still considered one of the most famous movements and protests in history. The people of France were unhappy with their circumstances under the French Monarchy, and these ladies were the trigger to what ended monarchy in France. They took pitchforks and marched to Versailles, where King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette were

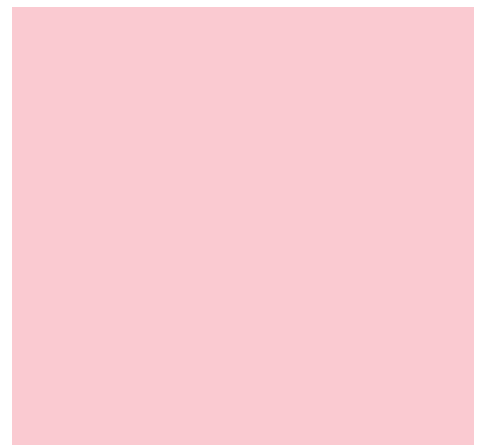
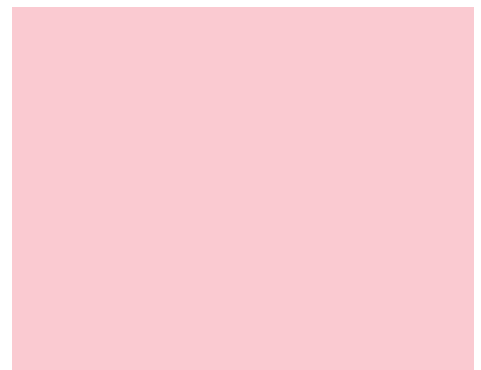


happily living, while the citizens of France were undergoing terrible conditions. The King and Queen were both taken from their home and never returned -- later, they were both executed by the guillotine.

This is just one of the countless reasons why feminism is important. The idea of people -- whether it be men or women -- standing up for all the women in the world

is a wonderful thing that everyone should do. The truth is, you do NOT have to be a female to be a feminist. Feminism wasn't created just for women; it was created for all to embrace and incorporate into their life. Many regard feminism as something unnecessary -- however, it is one hundred percent necessary in this world.

Whether you decide to still regard feminism as a group of crazy women with signs marching in a circle, my point will always remain the same: feminism is important. ■



Edited by:
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what is motivation?

mo·ti·va·tion

Noun

the general desire or willingness of someone to do something.

Everyone has days that are not the best. Everyone has days that are the best. Everyone has had tests that they have struggled through. Everyone has had tests that took them ten minutes. Everyone has strengths and weaknesses. My weakness is Calculus.

Unlike my brother and sister, my brain works better in English rather than in the maths and sciences. I mean, I take the maths and sciences, and I do ok in them, but I don't actually enjoy doing them. Last year when I was choosing my courses, I signed myself up for Advanced Functions and Calculus and I was pretty confident that I would do alright in them. The first semester passed, and I got through Advanced Functions. It was not easy, but at least it made sense. Then second semester came and I sat down in my very first Calculus class.

Not so bad, I thought. It was easy enough - or so I thought. I had completed the homework for the first chapter and

the spot checks. I was doing pretty well on the in-classes and quizzes. However, I was not watching any of the videos because I thought that I was understanding everything, so I got overconfident.

Thursday, February 14, 2019. The day that is supposed to be filled with love and kindness was actually filled with stress and fear. I had my first Calculus test that day. I sat down at my desk, skimmed through all the questions, and just sat in dead, awkward silence. I could not remember a thing! I couldn't believe myself! I had finished the homework and had done well on the quizzes - so why could I not remember how to rationalize a denominator? Why could I not remember how to solve for the limit of a function, or how to calculate the equation for the slope of the tangent line?

I ended up answering only three questions in confidence that I knew were right. The other questions, I answered partially. I was so mad at my-

self and wished that I could've been able to remember everything I learned. I handed in my test reluctantly, knowing that I would get the worst grade ever.

The next day I left on a class trip, so I was able to forget the worries of Calculus. Instead of focusing on how dumb I felt, I was able to relax on the slopes and enjoy snowboarding down a 2500 ft hill.

Nevertheless, good times always come to an end. My ending was having to come back and face my fear: Calculus. I dreaded coming to this class, just because of one bad test. The day came when we were given our tests back to see the grade we had received. Immediately, I started to shake, feeling as if I could faint. My heart started to pound as if it was being used for drumming practice. There it was, my test, being handed to me. I stretched out my shaky and quivering hand and grabbed my paper. I held it to my chest, making sure nobody would look and see my grade. It took

me about 45 seconds to force myself to see what my grade was. There it was. The worst grade I have ever gotten. The grade that ended up teaching me a lesson that I would never forget.

For those of you wondering what I got on that test, well, I will tell you. I received a 56% on that test, which I thought was generous. Most of my points just came from getting the process correct. I knew that I should have failed that test, but I was given a small portion of grace.

After that chapter, I knew that I had to boost my grade up a lot because 1) I could get asked to step off of SA and lose a scholarship to Southern University, 2) I did not want to disappoint my parents, and 3) I was embarrassed by getting such a low grade. For the next week-and-a-half, I dedicated myself to Calculus. I went for extra help every day. I watched my math videos more than once and asked questions all the time.

Tuesday, March 5, 2019. Chapter 2 Test. I took a breath and said a little prayer. I was ready for this test; I had studied so much for it over the past couple of weeks and I knew I was going to ace it. I read through the questions and a smile crept across my face because my head

was already going through the steps for each question. I finished the test at 10:12 am, and class did not finish until 10:35, so I went over it a couple of times and I found a few simple mistakes that I was able to fix. The bell rang and I confidently handed in my test, going to my next class without a second thought.

We got the Chapter 2 Test back about a week later, and I eagerly stretched out my calm and strong hand to grab my test. I saw the back page first and smiled at my grade. I flipped the paper over to the middle pages and my smile grew wider. Then, I flipped it to the front page. I swear my smile stretched to the size of my face because I was so happy. 96% on that test! I had made small mistakes, like missing a bracket or not rounding correctly, but it was so much better than my previous 56%.

If I had gotten a 56% on a test, I generally would not have shared my grade to anyone - let alone write about it in the school paper. However, I did this because I wanted to give an example of the importance of staying motivated, no matter what happens - good or bad. I shared my grade because lots of people think that classes are easy for me, when in fact I struggle just as much as the next student does. I

got a D on my Calculus test, but that did not stop me from trying harder. It did not stop me from continuing to push myself. It did not stop me in motivating myself. Because I got a low grade, I realized that I needed to work harder and keep my priorities straight.

Some of you may not struggle with subjects like Calculus. Maybe you struggle with English, Art, History, Gym class, Chemistry, or even Religion. We all have struggles, and if you cannot seem to identify a class you struggle with, maybe you are struggling spiritually and have not noticed it. We cannot let our struggles keep us from pushing further. If you get a bad grade on a test, take a breather and study harder for the next one. Ask questions and go to extra help time. If you have a presentation coming up and you do not know how you are going to speak in front of your class, take a breath and just practice speaking in a mirror. If you are expecting to get an A in your class but do not put the time in to learn what you are being taught, then you are probably not going to get an A. Do not let one bad thing stop you from staying motivated to do your best. You can do it. If you are struggling with ways to stay motivated, try these:

- take it one day at a time
- surround yourself with positivity
- set goals for yourself
- reward yourself when you do well
- believe in yourself
- acknowledge and praise your positive attributes
- recognize your progress, even if it is small
- do not compare yourself to others

Motivation is something that is learned over a period of time; it is not going to come with the snap of your fingers. We all have the opportunities to be successful - it just depends on whether or not you are going to take them. ■

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rant over a lost something

There's an experience I wish to tell because it is relatable. It started off in a call to my friend about our plans to shop and spend. We talked about shoes and hoodies galore. We raved about the closing of our once-favourite store. We thought of all the food we craved to eat and the places where we'd go to feast! "Find a place," she said, "Pull out a map." "Just a sec," I replied, and then, "Oh snap!" "What is it?" she asked, "Is something the matter?" Then silence—she waited for my answer. "I lost something important," said I in despair. I felt my hands scrunch through my hair. I checked my backpack—it was not there. "I can't find it! I don't know where—" Then she interrupted; "Now, what did you lose?" I can't help you find it if you leave me confused. "I've lost my... thing," I started to say, Except for some reason the name slipped away. I could not remember what it was called, How could I forget?! It left me appalled. So what did I do? I tried to describe it—descriptive words and phrases (unhelpful ones I'll admit it). "It's small and rectangular, black at the front, And if I threw it, I'd be pulling a stunt! I use it every day—definitely essential, Bad if someone steals it—it's got stuff confidential!" I went on this way for quite a while. (To write it on paper, it would fill up a mile!) But I ran out of words and she still couldn't guess,

And she's a good guesser so that got me stressed. So instead I continued on with my search Hoping to find wherever it lurked. Once again in my backpack, I ransacked the pockets. When it proved unsuccessful, I rummaged the closets. Peered in every corner that it could be in—found lonely socks and my sister's lost puffin. Now in a panic, I couldn't think straight, so it caught me by surprise when my friend shouted, "Wait! A clue! A clue! Please give me a clue!" I thought for a second, and yelled, "You have it too!" "I do?" "You do." Then all of a sudden, just like a miracle, What she said made me feel terrible— 'Cause what she revealed, I should have known, "It's right in your hand! We're both on the phone!" ■



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jovi in wonderland

Stressful. Exciting. Satisfying. If I were to describe banquet in three words, these would be the words. Usually, when someone writes about their banquet experience, it is from the perspective of just being seated in the banquet. However, I will be writing from a different perspective. I will write from the perspective of the one planning the banquet... Because I did - with Maddy of course. Planning banquet is not as easy as it may seem. It took us five months to plan it. First, we had to choose a theme for the banquet and that was honestly hard. (At least it was for me; I am terrible at making decisions, especially if I love multiple options.) After evaluating the pros and cons of all of the options, we agreed on an *Alice in Wonderland* theme. Madison and I immediately turned to Pinterest to find ideas for decorations. After our return from Christmas break, we decided to begin with preparations. The amount of papercuts that I got is unbelievable. They would pop out of nowhere on my hands. And I would get hand cramps from all of the arts and crafts I had to do. I would cut and tie and cut and

tie and cut. And tie. Banquet preparations were what my afternoons were dedicated to. April was coming close and we had to start with the big decorations. Maddy and I had browsed online for big statement pieces and found a few that we liked. We were excited because we thought that these props would be easy to put up. Keywords: we thought. Two weeks before the big day we opened the cardboard boxes and what did we find? More cardboard. After that unfortunate revelation, we realized it was time to chop-chop. And glue. I was hit with stress. Why? Let's not forgotten I was also in three classes. Three hard classes, that is. I had so much homework and projects to do. I also had lines to memorize for the drama production (\$10 for a ticket). I also had problems with family. I was overwhelmed. Stressed. But God's grace brought wonderful people into my life to help me out - with decorations, entertainment, and life. It had me wondering what I did to deserve such kindness. Finally, the weekend of the banquet rolled around and we had lots to do. On Friday afternoon, we set

up half of the cafe. That alone was a wonder. On Saturday night, the seniors allowed the underclassmen to taste victory for once in the soccer tournament... and we continued setting up the cafe. Sunday morning arrived and I had to go to a funeral in Toronto. The funeral was set for a certain time and did not start for another hour because, you know, BPT. And of course, the one day I needed to be back in Oshawa on time, traffic was terrible. My heart was pounding and I was so stressed that I was about to cry. Once again, by God's grace, I made it back with ten minutes to spare. Once the banquet was over I felt one thing: satisfaction and relief. Okay, maybe two things. The fact that everything went according to plan had me overjoyed. Just knowing that our hard work had paid off was enough for me. Overall, it was a great night and I will never forget this one thing: Five months of planning, building, and extensive work was over in just two hours. Isn't that just wonderful? ■

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live life anyway

I woke up sick on Monday, August 29, 2011. Not pleasant, certainly, but not normally a big issue. There was one problem, however: I had to leave for a camping trip at the end of the week. A long weekend of camping, canoeing and fishing in Algonquin Park with my dad was the greatest thing my ten-year-old self could have dreamed of. I was not going to miss it because of a meagre flu.

"I will be better by Friday," I told myself.

And through sheer force of will, I was better. Barely. Friday afternoon we packed up the car with a tent, cook stove, my fishing rod and tackle box, sleeping bags and camp food, then set out. My dad and I had an amazing time! The fall colours were just beginning to appear, and the weather, though cold, was clean and fresh. We canoed, fished, fell in the water, visited the Tom Thomson Memorial Cairn, built fires, and even spotted a family of moose. The trip was everything I had hoped for!

We made it home safely on Monday night, but when I stumbled in, my mom said my

face was as white as a ghost. It seemed I may have overexerted myself, for in the morning, I was back sick on the couch.

But even as I lay there, feeling miserable with fever, I was glad. I didn't care that I was sick, that I had made it worse by working myself so hard. As I lay there on the couch, I smiled and told myself it had all been worth it.

How could I have known I would spend the next six years on that couch with a chronic illness?

After ten days of being sick, my mom took me to a walk-in clinic. They said the ongoing fever and weakness was probably nothing and to just rest a bit longer. After three weeks, my mom took me to the emergency room at SickKids. The drive downtown that night was the first along a route I would come to recognize well over the coming years. Months later the fever and heat were

still in me. They told me I had Chronic Mono.

I had to drop out of ball hockey. And basketball. And karate, swimming, and ice hockey.

We visited a rheumatologist at North York General Hospital. I learned that day there are eighteen pressure points on the body that are extremely painful if you have Fibromyalgia. All these points, of course, must be pressed in order to see if they hurt. A person is generally said to have Fibromyalgia if at least eleven of these points are tender.

"We visited a rheumatologist at North York General Hospital. I learned that day there are eighteen pressure points on the body that are extremely painful if you have Fibromyalgia."

I tested positive for all eighteen.

The doctor was so amazed that he brought in a group of students to demonstrate to them. He explained, "This boy has responded with pain to every single one of the specific pressure points; however, notice that in order to keep the results reliable, we have to test twenty-six points. If he

claims to have pain in a point that is not relevant, it will void the results". Naturally, he repeated the test, pushing and prodding on every one of the pressure points again, at times inviting students to also try and elicit pain. Without a doubt, he emphatically diagnosed me with Fibromyalgia.

I had to drop out of choir and Pathfinders.

I went to a Chinese pediatrician. "You will be sick for the rest of your life," he told me. "Accept it and learn to live with it." He diagnosed me with West Nile. Later, though, the blood tests came back negative.

I couldn't go to church most weeks.

My mom took me to another pediatrician. He was baffled as to what I had, so he brought in a pain management team of doctors and pediatricians to evaluate me. They eventually came back with a disappointing verdict: "Wait a couple of years. It may just go away on its own. Or it might not. Some things we cannot know until enough time has passed." The team said it was Chronic Fatigue Syndrome.

I couldn't start school when my

sister did.

I dealt with condescending doctors and innumerable doctor's appointments. I was down at SickKids ER more than a dozen times. Drawing blood lost all impact and became routine after the countless blood tests. We personally paid for a thermal imaging scan because no doctor would prescribe me an MRI. I was anointed at church, not once, but twice.

I had to undergo psychiatric evaluations to first determine I wasn't faking my illness then on-going to monitor for depression. I saw cardiologists, endocrinologists, urologists, neurologists, infectious diseases specialists, Lyme specialists, physiotherapists, acupuncturists, naturopaths, osteopaths, herbalists, traditional Chinese medicine doctors and others. My medical records were reviewed in Mexico, Cuba, Germany, the Netherlands, New York and Washington. I received various other diagnoses including symptoms of Lyme Disease, Cushings and Adrenal Fatigue, each eventually ruled out.

Through all of this, however, I stayed optimistic and never stopped believing we would find a solution.

Through all of this, however, I stayed optimistic and never stopped believing we would find a solution.

Given the constant support of my mom, dad, brother and sister, extended family and friends, I passed every psych evaluation thrown at me with flying colours.

There were times I felt better, maybe for an hour or an afternoon, and then I did as much as I could: schoolwork, snowboarding, LAN parties, soccer. Pushing myself often made me feel worse, but I always chose to live my life as best I could.

When, eventually, I did get strong enough to start school in grade eleven, I hit the ground running, deciding that my sickness would never stop me from doing everything I always wanted to do. I fought hard to get good grades, make friends, and become involved in sports and leadership.

They say what doesn't kill you makes you stronger. I believe it is how we respond to adversity that determines whether or not we walk away with more strength. I may not have chosen this experience, but I did choose my reaction. I will never say that I am grateful for my illness, but conquering it helped me discover my own determination, persistence and resilience. I am immensely thankful for where I am today. ■

"And in the end, life is only as good as your mindset."

I have a young friend who wants to be a model. She's twelve years old. And it's a normal thing for twelve-year-old girls - especially these days when there is such an abundance of resources that tell us what we should look like. It's all about body image.

According to *Psychology Today*, body image is defined as "the mental representation you create, but it may or may not bear any relation to how others actually see you. Body image is subject to all kinds of distortion from early experiences, attitudes of our parents, internal elements like our emotions and moods, and much more."

Now here's a fact: quite a lot of people - especially high school or college-age students - have an unhealthy body image to some extent. This unhealthy body image leads to a

"Toned stomachs and slim legs and perfect smiles and long, luscious, shampoo-commercial hair that whips around like it's going through Hurricane Katrina 2.0."

wide array of disorders - this includes mental disorders and eating disorders. Now for some reason, 95% of people with eating disorders are between the ages of 15 and 25.

There are so many resources that are quite good at influencing female and male kids... and teens, and young adults, and older adults.

We've got our YouTube: "What I Eat in a Day" (aka "What I eat while I'm filming this video so I'll seem super fit

and healthy when in reality I eat brownies for breakfast"); "Drink this Tea to Lose Ten Pounds Overnight!" (aka "Drink this ginger-spinach concoction that will make you gag"); "GUYS!! Get as Sexy as The Rock!" (aka "Look at these wonderful pictures of topless Dwayne Johnson and listen to a voice drone on in the background about drinking enough protein shakes, maybe you'll get motivated"), etc. etc.

We've also got our gorgeous models. We've got those picture-perfect posters in the malls - toned stomachs and slim legs and perfect smiles and long, luscious, shampoo-commercial hair that whips around like it's going through Hurricane Katrina 2.0.

You know what I mean? For a while, I truly thought that we'd come

away from that point in time - I believed that we'd left that world where body image was an issue, where people had to fit a certain mold.

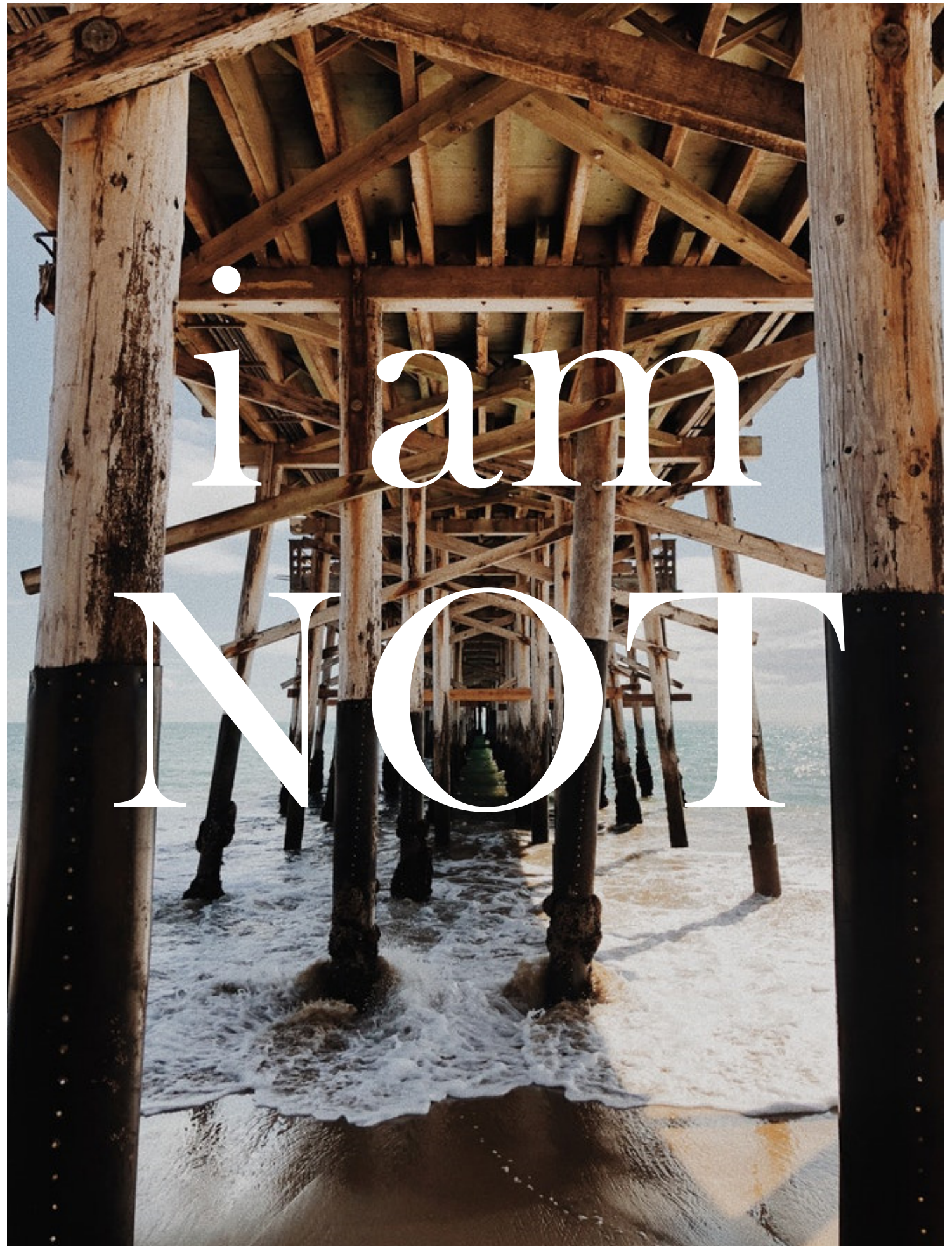
And yes - all of the movements that have surfaced in the last few decades - Love Your Body and Feminism and People's Rights - have done a good deal to improve the way our society thinks. We're not 100% there yet, but we're making progress in the right direction. Clothing brands



are popping up that promote all body types, all skin colours. Hollywood movies are coming out that promote differences - feeling comfortable with who you are; gender equality. There are still prejudices, there is still "old thinking" - but I know that we're going somewhere better with societal standards, slowly and surely.

But there is an interesting double standard that we hold - because in many ways, we are *not* going somewhere better. Not *we ourselves*. It's easy to go to the mall and say, "Wow, she's gorgeous" about a more curvy woman with a body type that's not normally seen on a toned-stomach-slim-legs-luscious-shampoo-hair poster. It's easy to say, "I like his confidence; he looks sure of himself even though he's not perfect - but he still looks good" about a guy who is definitely not Dwayne Johnson. It's SO easy to say those things about other people and believe them, too.

Did you catch that?



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It's easy to say those things about OTHER people.

...But what about ourselves?

For example - there are a lot of people I know - they're pro-equality and pro-forward thinking and pro-"everyone-is-beautiful-in-their-own-way-and-people-deserve-to-be-treated-as-such". (I couldn't find the proper term for that one, sorry.) People are all for it; they support these movements.

But then these same people look at themselves, and they think... "I am not thin enough" or "I need to build more muscle" or "I am not curvy enough" or "I am not sexy enough/beautiful enough/tanned enough/untanned enough/ripped enough/appealing enough/PERFECT ENOUGH IN THE EYES OF SOCIETY."

For some reason, all of their "pro-this-pro-that" doesn't apply to themselves. Doesn't apply to ourselves.

It is known that approximately 91% of women are don't have a positive body image; there is always something that they want to change. And it's not only women. Even though it is less prominent, there are also men who are not satisfied with what they look like. The *Alliance for Eating Disorder Awareness* says that between 2.4 and 3.6 million men suffer from eating disorders. (As someone put it, "It is just as hard to be Ken as it is to be Barbie.") We

aren't happy with our bodies. There is always some way we could "look better."

But like I said - it's a double standard. If we think that other people look good in their own way, then how come we don't think we look good in our own way? How come we set the bar so unachievable, unrealistically, UNNECESSARILY high for ourselves in terms of phys-



ical appearance?

Yes, a lot of 21st-century young people (and older people, too) don't have the same mindset that people had a few decades before. We no longer think, "Well, this person needs to lose some weight. This person looks like a walking twig. This person is so short and stubby. This person is too pale. This person isn't pale enough." We don't think like that anymore... except when it comes to ourselves. (Other than

that one person who kills it every day and has over-the-roof confidence and charisma, not caring what the heck society thinks about his/her physical appearance. Yes. Go. YOU'RE A BOSS.)

As humans, we need to learn not to be so hard on ourselves, not to be so critical of how we look - and we also need to remember that how we look does not make us who we are.

This is a well-worn topic, but it is well-worn because people are *still* not accepting the message that they don't have to be - that they will never be - "perfect enough." They already know that to be human is to be imperfect, but they still try to strive for that "perfect image." People are not satisfied with themselves.

This is because we as humans tend to be our own harshest critics. Sometimes that's a good thing, but in the case of our physical appearance, we need to stop condemning ourselves to be slaves to our desired appearance. We do it so much that sometimes it starts to destroy us. It wears down our minds, it causes us to get depressed, it warps our thinking until we are miserable. As long as we are negative critics of ourselves, it will always seem that we fall short of our goals.

To be happy with what you look like is much easier said than done. Like personally, I still feel a need to fit in with what I believe is the typical "pretty" worldview. I don't consciously make the decision to do so - I don't *want* to feel like I have to conform to what the world view's as "beautiful." I want to be that person who kills it every day and has over-

the-roof confidence and charisma, not caring what the heck she looks like.

Don't we all?

Imagine a world where we did not validate our ourselves by what we see in the mirror - a world where it is not important to be physically good-looking. Imagine a world where you could see the beauty that *others* - that *God* - could see in you - not only the physical aspect, but also the character you possessed.

God didn't make one big batch of people and cut them out using cookie cutters. You know those "cookie for one" recipes? That's how He made us. All of us are single servings, formed and shaped by hand - not cut

out with a gingerbread cutter. God does not intend for us to all be the same, to all have the same "perfect body" - He doesn't want that. We need to stop reaching for that typical "pinnacle of perfection," because - as much as we may think it exists - there is no such thing. Each of us was made to be different - to act and speak and think and look different. An "ultimate perfection" doesn't exist because the definition of beauty, since the beginning of time, has always been changing. At the end of the day, it comes down to how you see yourself.

I saw an interesting quote by a blogger named Anne Theriault; it goes something like this: "...when we promote this idea that all women [and men] are [good-looking], what we are really doing is em-

phasizing that it is *important* for women [and men] to be physically attractive. We are telling [girls and boys] that the way they look is a huge part of who they are - that we expect physical beauty from them, and that we expect them to want it...we are still attaching a high value to physical appearance....I want everyone to be happy with how they look. But I don't want kids believing that feeling pretty is equal to or more important than feeling smart, competent or powerful" (It's an interesting read - search up *You Don't Have to Be Pretty - On YA Fiction And Beauty As A Priority*.)

Sometimes we are so occupied with our outer flaws - the things we don't like about our physical appearance - that we tend to forget about the things that make us truly beautiful.

Because it is enough to be intelligent. It is enough to be good at the things that you do. It is enough to be a good friend. It is enough to be caring and loving and kind and Christ-like. Because our physical appearance plays a role in who we are, but it does not define who we are. Our outer beauty is only a tiny, tiny little piece of what makes us *us* - and yet we are so hard on ourselves because of it.

We need to learn to stop weighing ourselves down with superficial, fleeting worries such as our appearance. We are children of the One who created the world, the most powerful One in the universe, the One who loves us despite our shortcomings and the things we may not love about ourselves.

The Psalm even says: "For You

[the Lord] formed my inward parts; You knitted me together in my mother's womb. I praise You, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Wonderful are Your works; my soul knows it very well."

God is the One who gave us our bodies, He's the one who made us the way we look. Our Father loves us the way we are, and we are wonderfully made in His eyes - in terms of our outer appearance, *and* what we possess inside.

You may not be perfect. But you are so much more than what you look like. You are intelligent, original, funny, capable, powerful, kind, and good. You are a creation of the Most High, and He loves you *and* He loves the way you look.

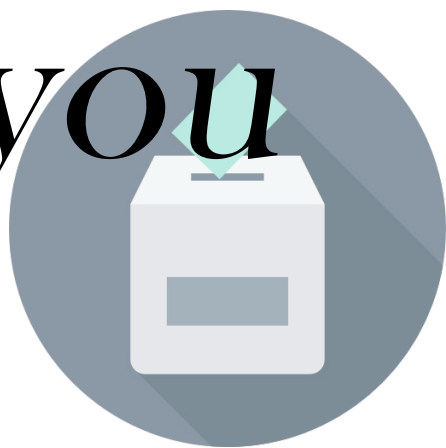
You may not be that model on Instagram, you may not always take a good selfie, you may not have the most ripped body out there. But you are *you* - a child of God - on the outside and the inside, and that is what makes you wonderful. If you are beautiful to you, then you are beautiful, period. ■



banquet 2019



who will you vote for?



As I'm sure you all know, the end of the year is fast-approaching. These next two months will pass by sooner than you know it, and I'm sure that the seniors are all set and more than ready to graduate. As soon as they receive their diplomas, they'll depart from Kingsway to take on a new and exciting chapter of their lives, walking down a path that God has surely set for them.

For the rest of us in grades

nine to eleven, there's a particular date coming up that will heavily influence the smooth-running of the next school year - SA elections! On this day, students who are running for various positions will give their speeches, and the whole student body will cast their votes. Through speeches, nervous candidates will give explanations about why they are running, how their qualifications entitle them as an exceptional prospect, and

what their objectives are for the next school year.

As it is my third year here at Kingsway, I have heard multiple speeches from candidates running for the Student Association. Through that, I have gained a thorough understanding that before you vote, it is important to know 1) who you are voting for and 2) why you are voting for them. Below are brief explanations of the varying SA positions that you can run for this year:

Prime Minister:

The prime leader of the SA; this person is in charge of overseeing all SA-sponsored events and carries the responsibility of running the student organization.

Deputy Prime Minister:

Assists the Prime Minister with their responsibilities and takes on the role of the Prime Minister if he/she is absent. This person also chairs and leads the Senate.

Music Co - Ministers:

Tasked with organizing all music-related events, including praise time, talent show, and all other musical performances/events of the school year.

Religious Affairs Co- Ministers:

Promote spirituality among students to bring them closer to God through events such as the week of prayer, assemblies, joint worship, etc.

Social-Cultural Affairs Co- Ministers:

Plan, organize, and set up all the social-cultural events of the year including banquet, talent show, and Christmas party.

Recreational Affairs Minister:

Plans all the games and sports-related activities at SA events (Mega Marathon, Class Challenge, Golden Unicorn), and is responsible for Intramurals.

Technology Minister:

The one who leads out the setup of the technology and equipment (sound, lighting, etc.) needed for SA events.

Communications Minister:

Connects the SA to the student body through the use of media; designs aesthetically-pleasing posters posted on bulletin boards throughout the school in order to reach out to students, families, and the community.

When election day arrives on May 15, keep in mind that your decisions and votes should be unbiased, so that the election remains a fair opportunity for candidates to shine a light on their charisma and leadership skills. From the past schools I have gone to, I have realized that student elections can easily turn into popularity contests. This isn't surprising, because as high school students, it's guaranteed that our social

network will naturally influence our votes. However, it's important not to make quick judgments of others, but consider what each person has to offer to enhance your life here at Kingsway. Ultimately, always remember to look at Jesus as the perfect example. "Therefore be imitators of God as dear children. And walk in love, as Christ has also loved us and given Himself for us." Ephesians 5:1-2. As you choose

Finance Minister:

Sells the SPC cards at the beginning of the year and is in charge of fundraising money for SA expenses.

Service and Outreach Affairs Minister:

Organizes the programs that connect Kingsway to the needs of the community and connects SA activities with the church.

Assistant Cedar Sentinel Editor:

Helps the editor to edit, format, and publish the Kingsway student newspaper each month; will become the editor-in-chief the following school year.

Assistant Cedar Trails Editor:

Helps the editor to publish Kingsway's annual Whozit and yearbook, compiling favourite moments and memories to be reflected on at the end of the year.

who to vote for, remember the needs of the school instead of voting for the most popular person. Philippians 2:4 says, "Each of you should look not only to your own interests but also to the interests of others." Remember every single vote is valuable on election day. And to those of you running: good luck! ■

airport security angels

In August of 2018, I was on my way home from an 8-week vacation in Colombia. I was excited to go home - I couldn't wait to sleep in my own bed, eat 'regular' food, and see my friends. I had practically been waiting to get home since the day I landed in Colombia. I was so elated! I loved loved loved airplanes and flying. I was probably the happiest 16-year-old in the world when I found out I was going home. I thought I was going to hop on a plane from Cali to Bogota (Colombia's Capital) and then just get on a plane from there to Canada, and it was going to be easy, direct and relaxing! Except... I didn't really get to enjoy any of those three things. My trip turned out to be hard, full of running around and most certainly NOT CALMING!

You see... It was fun from point A to point B. From Cali to Bogota. I was traveling alone and enjoying my music on the plane. I was enjoying the time I had alone for the first time in 8 weeks. Then, I arrived in Bogota. You see, I get a little nervous every time I go to El Dorado because of all the border security shows

that I've watched that took place there. Now, El Dorado airport in Bogota is one of the largest international airports in South America. It's full of chaos left, right, and centre. I have never seen more guns in my life than I saw in El Dorado. It's full of people trying to export and import contraband, and I always try to be on my toes when I am there. As I got off the plane in Bogota, I didn't think that it would be a long transition from Bogota to Toronto.

I landed in Bogota around 3 pm on a Thursday. Most checks in lines don't open until 3-5 hours before the flights, so I got all of my bags and went to eat something. I was a little nervous because it was my first time in Bogota all by myself and I hadn't liked the stories I'd heard. I got to the McDonalds and ordered an ice cream cone - 'cause why not? I sat around and waited until 6 pm, when I knew my check-in lane would open and I could go through immigration and enter the 'safer' part of the airport. This was the deal-breaker part of the trip... or so I thought. I was flying as an airline staff or a standby,

and being a standby, you are the last person to get a seat on the plane. Which can be good and bad. You could get stuck sitting in a weird place, you could end up missing your flight because the plane is full, or you could end up sitting in first class because economy is full.

The first thing I asked the guy who was checking me in was, "Are there enough seats on the flight?"

He said, "Yup! The plane's only ¾ full. I can even give you your ticket right now, you don't have to wait." I was so happy! I was for sure going home! Well, not really. At least not that night. I got to the gate at 8:30 and I was told to wait until everyone had boarded to make sure there were no last-minute buyers - this was normal, and it didn't cause me any nervousness because I had my ticket. The plane was almost fully boarded, so I went back up to the gate counter and asked when I could board. The lady at the counter then asked me if my name was Valerie, and I said yes. She told me that I couldn't get on the plane. The second she told me that, my heart got

all clenched up; I started breathing faster and feeling really, really sick. I told her that I was travelling back from Cali and I had to get home that night. Welp...she told me that I couldn't. She wasn't very nice about it either. I started crying.

You see, I had prepared for a simple flight back home - not to end up having to stay in this terrible airport overnight! I ended up getting practically removed from the airport; I ended up having to go back to the 'unsafe' side again. It was around 12 am by now - my arms were hurting from carrying my bags and suitcase, and I wanted to go home and sleep. I hadn't slept for 28 hours, and I was too scared to fall asleep in El Dorado. I talked to my mom on the phone and she told me I had to get something to eat. The ice cream wasn't enough. So, I ended up going to McDonald's and ordering a chicken wrap. By the time I got my order, I

almost threw up because of how anxious I was, so I just let it sit on the counter. At 3 am, I was asked to leave the booth I was sitting in at McDonald's because they were closing. I started getting really nervous. McDonald's had become my "safe" zone on the "unsafe", and I had to leave?! I had all my suitcases and my carry-on with me.

I began walking around to see if there were any seats close to any chargers. Nope! None! I continued walking to see if there were any open restaurants to sit in. Negative!

They all closed at 3. My last option was to go to the security area. I took my bags and walked into the El Dorado security zone, praying and praying that there would be a kind officer on duty. I walked in to find two police, confused to see me all alone with my 2 large suitcases.

They were just chilling at a desk, so I asked the officer, "Is there anywhere safe that I can stay for the next 19 hours?" (flights from Bogota to Toronto only happen once a day at 11 pm). The officer looked surprised at my request and said I



could stay until 5 am. I breathed a sigh of relief. I put all my bags down along the wall and sat down in the row of chairs that you would most likely find in a waiting area at the airport.

The first thing the police officer asked me was, "Why are you here? And why are you here alone?" I began to explain to him what had happened. As soon as he found out I was travelling to Canada, he began asking me these stereotypical questions about Canada.

"Is it true that Canadians have

the best education system in the world?" Uhhhh...

"Is it true that you guys are the nicest and most polite people in the world?" Usually...but it depends.

"And what's that thing that you guys eat for breakfast, lunch, and dinner? It's like potatoes cut up with like brown stuff and cheese." *Poutine. (But for breakfast, lunch, and dinner? I don't think even the Quebecois do that.)*

I took my time explaining that these were all stereotypes and he really didn't understand. The officer really did think that we eat poutine for every meal of the day.

That's when I decided to give some Colombian stereotypes I had been asked about growing up: Soccer is the only sport we're good at. My family is involved in the cartel. Colombia looks like the series *Narcos*, and everyone is a professional salsa dancer.

He quickly understood the point I was making and even made some jokes along the side.

The two officers began talking about all of these stereotypes, and I knocked out. The next thing I felt was a tap on the shoulder.

"Valerie. You need to wake up. Our shift is over." Those two hours went by way too fast, and I began feeling sick to my stomach again. I had no idea where I would go. One of the police officers directed me to a place where I could sit and watch the sunrise; he told me

what places would be open within the next few hours. Around 9 am, my mom called and told me that the flight agent hadn't been able to find me a flight that left during the day, so I would have to leave in the morning. At 11, my friend's grandmother who lives 10 minutes from the airport came and picked me up. I went to her house, took a shower, ate my last meal of fresh plantain and avocado, took a nap, and headed back to the airport around

6 pm. I went back to the airport, praying and praying that I wouldn't have any problems with getting onto the flight home. When I got to the airport, I went back to the security area to thank the officers. I got through immigration and was able to catch my flight back home. Although my flight ended up in Costa Rica at one point, and my 7 am arrival was delayed by 9 more hours, I was able to arrive in Toronto safely. It was a long and tiring

and journey back to my nice warm bed. But, as I drove home from the airport that afternoon, I thought of those officers who had essentially kept me safe and guided me, even if it was only for a few hours. They were angels that the Lord had sent to protect me when I was afraid.

Psalm 91:11 says, "He shall give his angels charge to keep thee in all thy ways." ■



04-2019