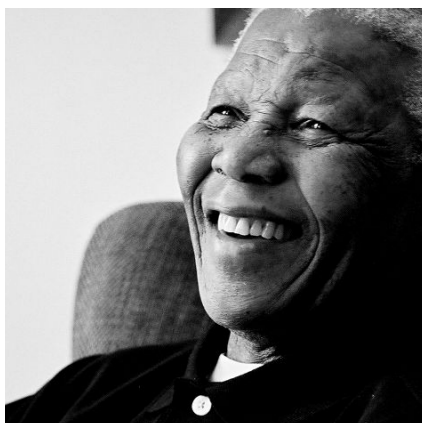
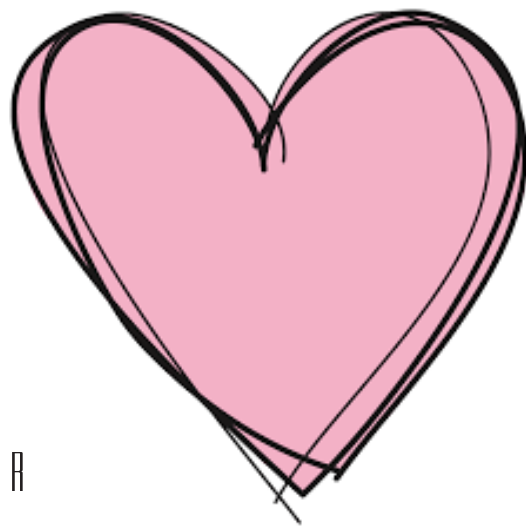


CEDAR

SENTINEL

THE KINGSWAY COLLEGE NEWSPAPER
FEBRUARY | VOLUME 57 | ISSUE 6



EDITOR MESSAGES | PG. 4

PRIZE WINNERS & CONTEST | PG. 5

FREEDOM | PG. 6
CLESHA FELICIEN

MOTHERLAND: A POEM | PG. 9
ANONYMOUS

COURTING AT KINGSWAY | PG. 10
NYAROCK GATLUAK

THE HISTORY & ORIGIN OF HEADWRAPS | PG. 12
FAY'JA DAY

NO GREATER LOVE THAN HIS | P. 14
HOPE MALABRIGO

A FUNNY WORD CALLED LOVE | P. 16
KIMBERLY JUNSAY

NOT-SO-SECRET ADMIRER | PG. 17
ASHLEY BOEHNER

PAYING IT FORWARD: A SHORT STORY | PG. 19
KIANA KAPINIAK

VALENTINE'S DAY | PG. 20
DAVID CUCUTEANU

MEMORIES OVER W'S: BASKETBALL TRIP | PG. 22
HOPE MALABRIGO

THEY SAY WE'RE EQUAL: A POEM | PG. 24
JOVI-ANN ALEXANDER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MAR.
2018

EDITOR IN CHIEF..... ALANNAH TJHATRA

ASSISTANT EDITOR KACEY MORGAN

LAYOUTALANNAH & KACEY

WRITERS CLESHA FELICIEN
NYAROCK GATLUAK
FAY'JA DAY
HOPE MALABRIGO
KIMBERLY JUNSAY
ASHLEY BOEHNER
KIANA KAPINIAK
DAVID CUCUTEANU
JOVI-ANN ALEXANDER

SPONSER MR. MACDONALD



EDITOR MESSAGES

ALANNAH
TJHATRA

EDITOR IN
CHIEF



Hi everyone!

Welcome to the February issue of the Cedar Sentinel. This month we have many things featured: articles and poems for Black History month, pieces on Valentine's Day, basketball trip highlights, short stories, and more. We also have a contest (on the next page) which I hope y'all will try (:

We're coming to the close of this month and I'm starting to realize just how quickly time passes when you're not paying attention. Honestly. Just this past Sunday, I made a checklist of all the things I needed to do -- school projects, extracurricular work, music, etc. I probably got half of my checklist done...then I realized it was already 10:00 at night. That's probably the craziest thing. But we actually have a very short time on this earth. (Not to be morbid or depressing.) You think you have so much ahead of you, you think you've got so much time. But just look at this past month! Did it go by as fast for you as it did for me?

Until Jesus comes to make us new, we will remain mortal beings. We won't live forever. So it's important that we *do something* with our lives. We need to get out, be a witness for Him, we need to inspire and impact the world. It sounds daunting, but even by just living our lives in a Christ-like way, we are *doing something*.

You make an impact on everyone you meet, whether you're aware of it or not. So today I challenge you to make an effort to impact someone for the better. (:

- Alannah Tjhatra

KACEY
MORGAN

ASSISTANT
EDITOR



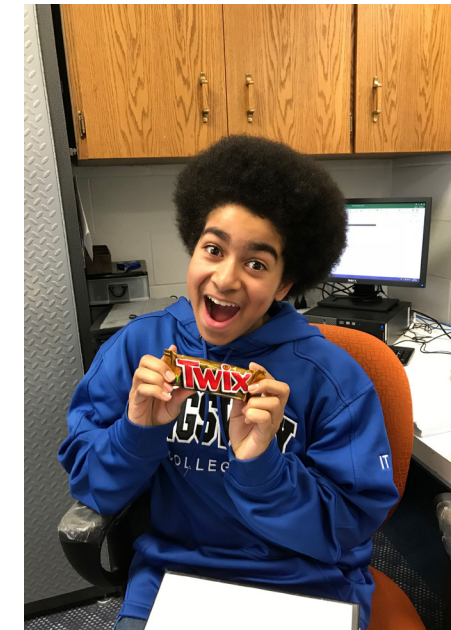
Hi Kingsway!

This month we celebrate love and black history, which coincidentally enough go together. Black history isn't just about the history -- it exists so we can look at the hatred of the past and aim to optimize love in the future. In this issue, we look at making the relationships we have as strong as they can be, and we look at the history of black culture but also on how we (anyone other than black people) need to improve on embracing them and allowing the same cultural freedom we have.

- Kacey Morgan

PRIZE WINNERS

Congratulations to Catherine Guzwell, Tyson McGann, and Selena Ly for winning January's draw! Be sure to check the Cedar Sentinel for future contests, games, and draws.



FEBRUARY CONTEST

Can you identify everyone on the front cover?

*You have probably seen most of these familiar faces, but do you know what each person did to impact the world? Please type two names (of the people on the front cover), along with a bullet point stating either 1) something significant that they achieved during their lives **OR** 2) what specific beliefs they hold/held in regards to black history. The first three people to email cedar.sentinel@gmail.com with their answers will each receive a prize.*

NOTE: If you are able to identify the man in the bottom left corner, along with what he did, you will automatically receive a prize regardless of when you email us.



CLESHA
FELICIEN



FREEDOM

“Slavery is not African history. Slavery interrupted African history.”

- Mutabaruka -

I shielded my eyes to block out the rays of the scorching sun. Heat waves hugged the cotton plants as Mississippi burned like an oven set at 450 degrees. There was a major heat wave passing through Glenfield Plantation in the October of 1820. The prickly white cotton plants contrasted with my obsidian black complexion. I looked into my mother’s face, which was filled with grooves and creases -- signs that she had been working in the fields for much too long. She smiled and squeezed my hand, but I saw exhaustion in her dark brown eyes. My mother was

like a cotton plant: she had a hard and feisty exterior, but inside she was soft and comforting.

The celeste-blue sky illuminated her perfect balance of melanin, covering her frail skin like a blanket of radiance. I quickly stood up and stretched, making sure the slave master did not see me -- he would whip me cold.

Cries of pain and agony pierced the silence like a freshly sharpened sword. One would think after twenty-one years, I would have gotten used to it, but with every tear, I felt revenge prick its way into my heart. The harsh

lashes of the whip seemed to echo a rhythmic chant in my brain: *freedom, freedom, freedom*. The poor boy, not more than twelve years old, had left his work to run to the well to drink some water so he would not die from heatstroke. The monstrous slave master showed no mercy as he continued to whip the boy, leaving behind physical and mental scars that would last a lifetime.

I closed my eyes and pictured what life might be like without this oppression. If only I had white skin, all my problems would be resolved. I would often throw my fist

towards the sky, begging for mercy and deliverance. I knew God put us in situations for a reason, but I felt discouraged when I could not see my way through. It felt like I was locked inside a cage and the only person who had the key would not let me out. Why would God want me here? Why did I have to experience this cruelty day after day? I knew I was not supposed to question God, but I tended to do it on a daily basis. Some days I dreamt the only escape would be to run away. However, I knew I had to be a strong supporter for my mother -- without me, she would crumble.

The cotton buds bit my skin with their sharp spikes and I was instantly brought back to reality. The heat radiated from the sun, making it difficult to inhale the hot air. I glanced over the rows of cotton and saw people working like programmed machines. Work was the only activity I knew. If I did not work I’d get whipped, and if I worked I’d get whipped. It was a lose-lose situation.

At 8:00 PM, the sun decided to stop tyrannizing us with its deadly heat. We collected the cotton we had picked and lined up our bags to be weighed by the slave owner. Everyone waited nervously as perspiration ran down our faces, not knowing if our cotton bags would weigh the right amount. I held my breath and closed my eyes as my bag got placed on the scale. I then stepped to the side and watched as they weighed my mother’s bag. I broke out into a sweat and my head spun as I saw the needle land just underneath the right amount. By instinct, I ran over and took the spot of my mother by the whip-

“Work was the only activity I knew. If I did not work I’d get whipped, and if I worked I’d get whipped.”

ping station. I knew full well that she would not have survived another whipping. I squeezed my eyes shut as the whip penetrated

my flesh, peeling off the new thin layer of skin -- feeling the weight of each lash as it vibrated and spread through every muscle and bone in my body. With every lash I thought of the sacrifice Jesus had made for me; it was good to know someone loved me as much as I loved my mother.

I slowly walked back to my slave quarters, trying to ignore the pain that felt like thousands of knives had stabbed my back. My mother, who was already there, had prepared the small rations of potato and peas the slave masters gave us. Mother always found a way to add flavour to the bland food. When placed on the plate, the food worked out to be five peas with two spoonfuls of mashed potatoes. Nevertheless, we thanked God for our meal and sat down to eat. The brown wooden plate matched the one table and two chairs we had in our small quarters. Pushed up against the wall was the one bed that was shared by my mother and me -- I could take two steps and walk the full length and width of our lodge.

I looked across the table and saw my mother picking at her

food. This was an occurrence that took place every night: my mother would announce that she was too full and would scrape almost half of her food onto my plate. I would ask her why, and she would say that I was a growing twenty-one-year-old boy. My mother could really use the food -- she was a fifty-six-year-old woman weighing no more than ninety-five pounds. I did not know at the time that my mother was preparing me to run and escape.

Later that evening, the slaves who resided on either side of us came over to participate in my favourite part of the night, when we would all sit close together and sing. I closed my eyes and let the words of “Go Down Moses” resonate in my brain. We lived in bondage just like the children of Israel. As slaves, we yearned, pleaded, and cried out for a Moses to save us from our oppression. The Israelites were persecuted by Pharaoh while we were persecuted by white supremacy. I strongly believed our Moses would come and let His people go.

The singing eventually died down and the night was filled with quiet conversation. Suddenly my mother got up and asked for everyone’s attention.

“On Tuesday, September 18, 1774, my husband and I were abducted from our home in Senegal Africa. From the moment I saw the soldiers, I knew my life was about to change drastically. As a ten-year-old child, I was mortified to see gruesome, butchered bodies piled up against one another as I made the journey to America. Working on the plantation was never easy. I witness my husband’s innocent

death, which left a permanent scar in my heart. I have prayed for those who heartlessly murdered him.”

She paused for a moment as tears flowed down her cheeks uncontrollably. Her whole body seemed to shake in anger and pity. She took a deep breath, regained her composure, and resumed.

She continued, “I do not care if I have to starve or die, but my son *will* be free. He does not deserve to live his whole life not knowing what sovereignty is. Tomorrow my son will run away to Canada, where he will be free at last.”

The slaves nodded their heads in agreement as a plan was constructed. My mother hugged me and told me the most devastating news I had ever heard.

“Son, I am not strong enough to make the journey with you -- you will have to go to Canada alone.”

My heart sank; I was speechless. I could not imagine life without my mother -- I could not survive without her. A day did not go by when my heart did not yearn and sob for my mother, but the look in her eyes, said it all: I needed to do this for both of us.

The rest of the night passed on by in a blur. The planning lasted for about two hours until the final verdict was decided on. I was to leave at 4:00 AM in the morning and run to the first underground railroad destination.

In the morning, my mom gave me my final pep talk before I left for freedom.

“Zion, you are the chosen son and I want you to make your mother proud. I am not strong enough to make the journey and I would only hold you back. Do not worry about me, I can survive on my

own. Remember to follow the lyrics in the songs that we sang nightly. These songs will guard and lead you through the underground railroad. God loves you and I will be praying for you. Make us proud. The neighbours and I came together and prepared this satchel of food for you. Eat it sparingly, you do not know when your next meal will be. I love you my son...safe travels.”

I gave my mom one last hug and headed out the door on the road to freedom. It was a bittersweet departure -- a journey I did not want to take, but knew had to be taken. I knew it would not be easy, but I decided right then and there that I was going to experience the taste of freedom. I took one more look at my mother in the window, and her words rang through my head. “God loves you and I will be praying for you, make us proud.” ■

MOTHERLAND

ANONYMOUS

I AM A SURVIVOR.

THIS POWER IS WRITTEN IN MY DNA:

IN MY BLOOD, IN MY BONES, I WAS MADE TO

NEVER GIVE UP. LIKE THE IRON CHAINS AROUND MY ANCESTORS'

NECKS AND ANKLES, I AM TOUGH TO BREAK. LIKE THE SPIRITUALS THEY SANG,

I AM THE BEAUTY FROM THE UGLY THAT THEY FACED. THIS LAND CONTAINS THE

RICHES OF THE WORLD. IT IS HEAVEN DOWN ON EARTH. CELESTIAL FALLS

FEED INTO THE RIVERS OF BABYLON AND ENRICH THE SOILS OF THE LAND.

FRUITS HANG PLENTIFUL FROM GOLIATH TREES AND TASTE AS

SWEET AS HONEY FROM THE HONEYCOMB. STOLEN FROM

THE MOTHERLAND, TO SURVIVE ON COLOSSAL SCATTERED

SEA ROCKS SIMILAR TO THE LAND THEY ONCE CALLED

HOME. ALONE TOGETHER. THAT IS HOW THEY FELT.

SURROUNDED BY WHAT THEY TELL US IS THE

CARIBBEAN SEA, BUT REALLY, IT BELONGS TO

THEM. THEY CLAIM THAT SLAVERY IS OVER

AND THAT WE ALL ARE EQUAL.

THEN WHY ARE FATHERS BEING SHOT

IN FRONT OF THEIR CHILDREN AND BOYS

IN FRONT OF THEIR HOMES? WHY ARE

GHETTOS FILLED WITH MORE OF US AND

CONCRETE GOVERNMENT HOUSES

NOTHING COMPARED TO THE HOME

OUR FATHERS LEFT. ONLY THE

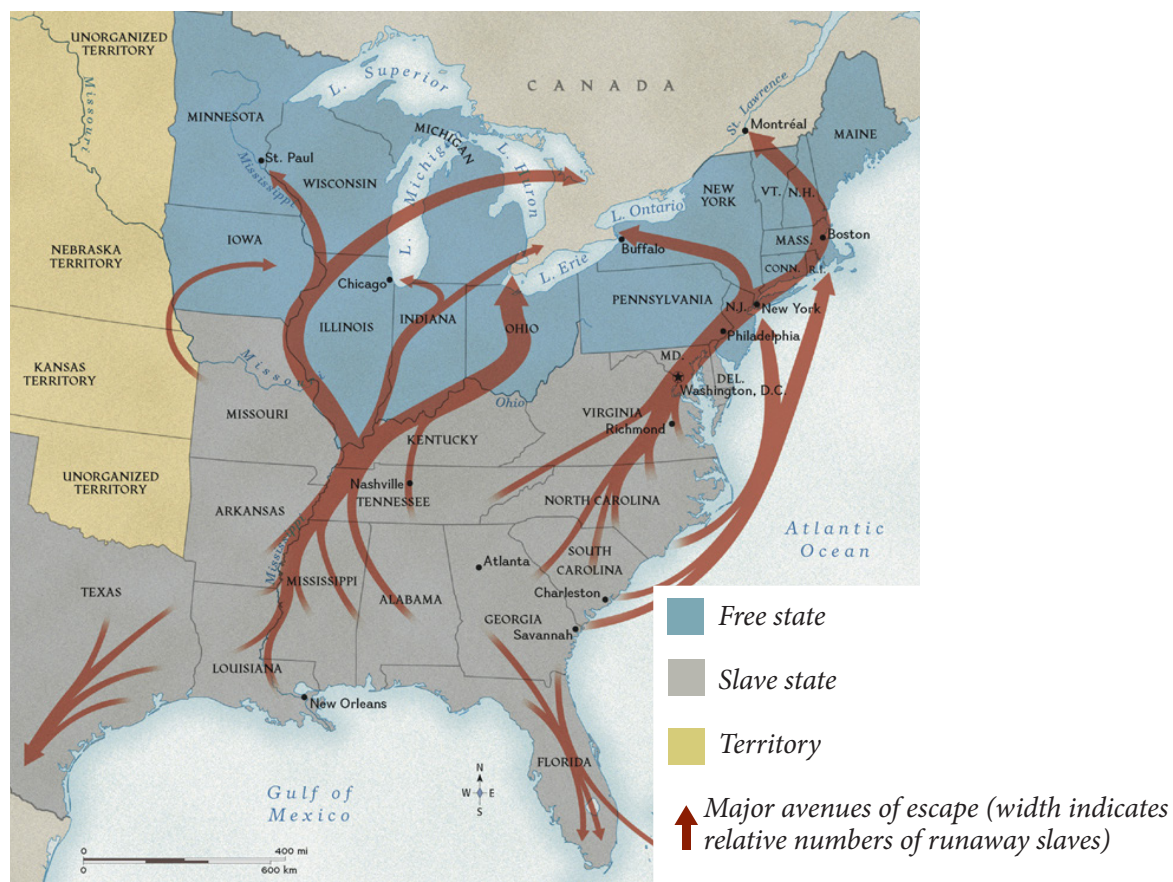
CROWN IN HEAVEN

KNOWS WHEN

WE SHALL

RETURN.

▼ *Map of the Underground Railroad in the United States (some paths leading to Canada)*





COURTING AT KINGSWAY

It has come to my attention that there are quite a few couples at this school. Although I want to tell you that there is not really much of a point in dating during high school, there are still going to be many of you who date here. Since it is inevitable, I'm going to give you just a few points I think need to be emphasized before getting into a serious relationship. Most of these tips are for girls, but they can work for you little boys as well.



SET YOUR STANDARDS.

First, you need to set standards for yourself. This kind of gives you a guideline of what you want in a boyfriend/girlfriend. No one is telling you to set them ridiculously high. Girls, don't be out here asking for a man with a job who can support you right now. That would be unreasonable, seeing as there aren't many guys with a paying job outside of this school's campus. If you're someone who likes to laugh, find a funny guy. If you like to have intelligent conversations, be with someone who makes you think. Whatever you do, don't base your standards solely on looks. The Bible says it best in Proverbs 31:30, "Charm is deceptive and beauty is fleeting." Obviously you want to be attracted to the person you're trying to be with, but remember that you also want to be attracted to the part of them that rarely changes -- their character. Trust me when I say this: you will get bored of staring at a pretty face, but someone who is jokes and challenges won't get boring.

BE WITH SOMEONE WHO PUTS IN EFFORT.

Be with someone who actually puts in an effort. There are a lot of people out here thinking that effort means endless gifts and material objects. My dear, let's get real for a second, this is high school, and it's Kingsway -- half of us don't even have money half the time. Effort simply means that they are trying to actually spend quality time with you. They want to get to know who you are and what your dreams and ambitions are.

BE WITH SOMEONE WHO COMMUNICATES WITH YOU.

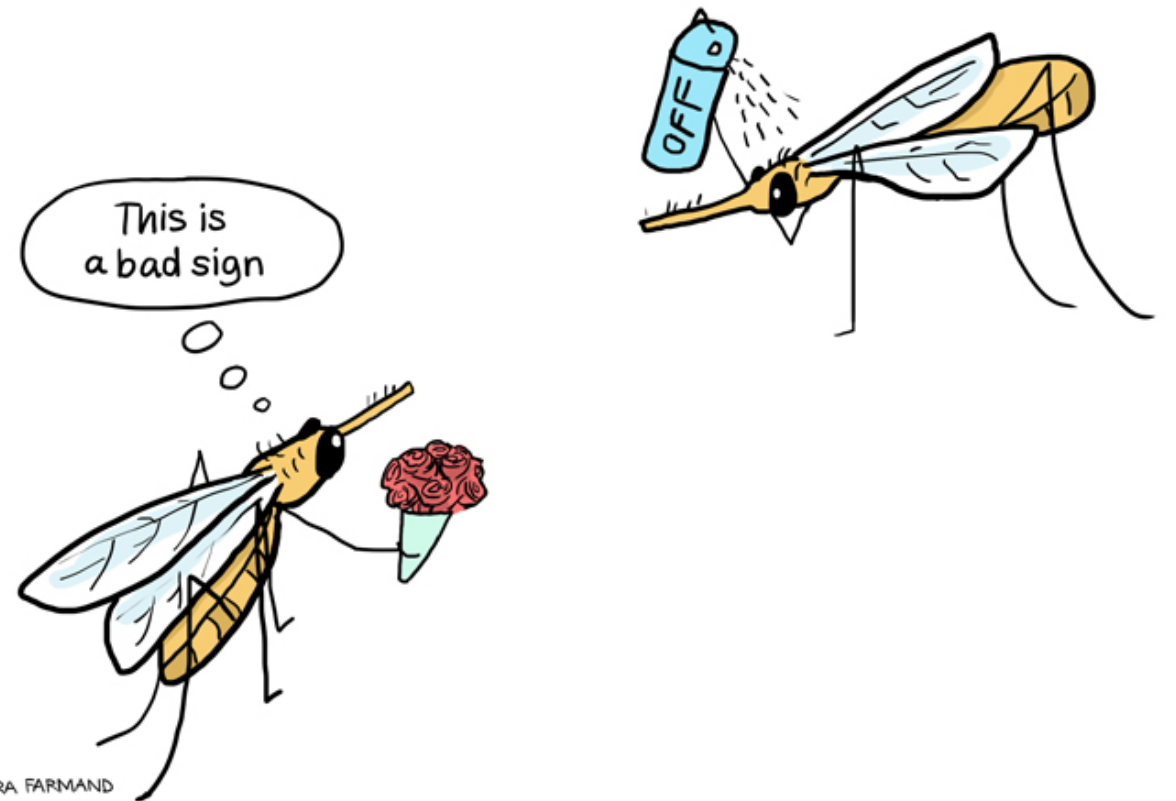
Speaking of effort, be with someone who actually communicates with you. I know there are so many of you who are "shy" and don't really know what to say to the person that you like, but if you want to pursue someone, you have to start by talking to them. No one is asking you to overdo it. You don't have to talk to your crush every second of the day, cause that's annoying. But communicating also can't stop the moment you feel like you've trapped them.

BE WITH SOMEONE WHO HAS GOALS.

Be with someone who actually has goals. As the famous girl group TLC says, "I don't want no scrub, a scrub is a guy that can get no love from me." So if you don't know what a scrub is, it's a person who has a poor appearance and no ambition to match. It's okay to be undecided on what you want in life -- we're still young -- but don't make that as an excuse to act out and look like a mess of a person. You should spend time with someone who wants to be successful and is willing to put in the work as well.

BE WITH A PERSON WHO MOTIVATES YOU.

Now here is something that you think would be common sense, but doesn't seem to be so common... be with someone who motivates you to be your best you. This is a person who doesn't dim the light that shines within you, metaphorically speaking. If every time you leave the person that you want to be with, you feel bad about yourself, you need to get out. There is no sense allowing someone to treat you like poo. Too often, we young people settle on the fish in this little bowl called Kingsway, when there is an ocean on the outside of this place. All in all, if your potential other doesn't make you feel like you can conquer the world, then get out. ■



MOSQUITO DATING

“A relationship is more than finding the right person, it's about being the right person.”



THE HISTORY AND ORIGIN OF HEADWRAPS

FAY'JA
DAY



The outdated rules about headgear have been an ongoing topic throughout the years of Kingsway's existence. At first, the initial reason, being safety and security, made sense. Eventually the reasons started to blur and become crooked and misunderstood. Also, the views on what a headgear is started to change. Yes, the rules made sense when the only type of headgear, at first, was a normal hat -- until the change in style, when fashion and preference changed. Ethnic background and culture was not taken into consideration. The old KC definition of headgear was simple back then. But through the change in time, and with Kingsway now growing in the multi-

cultural category, change has to be made. The "headgear" definition and rule should be revised, remembering that

"Within the African communities and societies, the headwrap indicates the person's gender, marital status, and their status within the community."

because Kingsway is growing culturally, the rules need to acknowledge the fact that some people live and do things differently. Protective styling is a life process (and in some ways a curse) that many people with thick hair have to deal with -- especially during winter -- or else the cold air can break one's hair because

it is dry. The moisture and oil that the hair needs to hold and keep during the winter is very important. Hence why the headwrap is used at times: so that, though this process is going on, you can still look presentable while also taking care of your hair.

Besides the headwrap being used to look presentable while still protecting the hair, the main origin of headwraps is different. The headwrap

and head scarves themselves have been a symbol of culture from time. The African print on the fabric shows the obvious answer as to where it originated from. The African-American headwrap holds a very distinctive style and has a very prominent stamp in history. This specific cloth has many names and has been called different things throughout time: "head Scarf," "head tie," "turban" or "headwrap". The last one is the one we are talking about. Though there are different types of fabric and names, they all do the same thing. The headwrap completely covers the hair. This headwrap is exclusive for the females of African descent.

However, tying your hair with a piece of cloth is not specific to one culture. Many societies are seen where men and women wear the type of head-covering fabric. But, the *appearance* is what is culturally specific -- the way the fabric is worn shows the different regions. How the fabric is worn is what forms the cultural maker. What needs to be seen is the difference between a simple scarf and a headwrap. The term "scarf" refers to just a folded square piece of fabric in a triangular shape, which covers, and it is tied behind the head or under the chin. That type is the American head covering. In contrast, the creativity of the African Diaspora mind can be seen when using the



head wrap. The headwrap is tied in a certain way where the nape of the neck is exposed and the ends are tucked in; it is tied in a rectangular shape compared to the triangle. The headwrap, though tied in different styles, always leaves a woman's forehead and neck exposed; this causes the female's face to be open, causing it to have a more fresh and natural appearance, and enhancing the facial features. This was for a reason -- headwraps were used in Africa for royalty, specifically the queens. Using bright colours caused the natural beauty of the queens to look

magnificent and more beautiful. Within the African communities and societies, the headwrap indicates the person's gender, marital status, and their status within the community.

The fact that certain headwraps can be worn for different occasions shows the importance of these articles. The same wrap you wore to church, a wedding, or a baptism would not be the same wrap you would wear to school. There are different variations for a different times and places. All of this shows the contrast to simple "headgear."

The definition of "headgear," in the Oxford dictionary, is: "Hats, helmets, and other items worn on the head." From the detailed explanation up top it can hopefully be seen that a headwrap is not a simple item.

While Kingsway College grows in number and evolves with technology, let us hope that maybe -- just maybe -- our minds will evolve as well. Having your mind set on one thing while everything else around you is changing and improving is not much of a smart choice. Let's evolve to a next level of living. ■

sacrificed His son to save us from our sins. Agape love is not something that humans can show. Romans 5:10 says, "For if, while we were God's enemies, we were reconciled to Him through the death of His Son, how much more, having been reconciled, shall we be saved through His life!" God chose His son to die to save us from our sins, even while so many of us are undeserving of this. Jesus died for us while we were still His enemies and while we were all sinners. Dying for your enemy is not a human thing to do. If anything, it would be easier to die for someone who you love and care for rather than someone you hate. This type of love is God's love. *Agape love* is God's love. He initiated saving us, even knowing that we were unworthy. He volunteered to be on that cross while we were still dead in our sins.

His love cannot compare to all

the roses and teddy bears that a guy can give to his girl. It cannot compare to posting ten pictures of your relationship on Instagram. Jesus giving up His life on the cross does not beat the price of a box of chocolates, because no one can put a price on *His* gift.

You cannot look for a partner during this time just for the sake of saying you have a companion until you understand the greatest love ever given by the Father above. Ladies, realize that you do not need a man to shower you with gifts to fulfill a void because *none* of these gifts will ever come close to what happened on that cross. You don't need a man to show you what you think is love because God is the only One who shows you the true love that you deserve every day. As for the gentlemen, the greatest example of love is the love that Christ has for all His children. Use Him

as your prime example and inspire yourselves to show a love similar.

A song goes like this, "No greater love than this, that you should lay down your life. For someone such as me, I'd spend a lifetime wondering why. I never understood how merciful love could be until I felt His flame light every part of me." There is no such love that humans are able to comprehend and show. For us to be so sinful, messing up every minute, God doesn't fail to show us His mercy and grace.

This month, let's be reminded of the greatest love, a love that we don't deserve. Because of His love, we are saved. Understanding His love, let us exemplify it to those around us. Let us be giving everything because we have been saved. Let us remember that there is no greater love than His. ■

HOPE
MALABRIGO



NO GREATER LOVE THAN HIS

February is famous for being the "month of love." During this time of the year, many people are showing off their relationships, and one sees how much they would do for the other person. Every seasonal aisle in the store is filled with stuffed animals of all types and sizes, heart boxes filled with chocolates, and of course, the typical red roses. This is the time when there is an endless number of pictures on social media about girls being pampered with gifts, and "#CouplesGoals" is included in every caption.

This month is nice for those

who are in a relationship, but many people look at it as a time to reflect upon their relationship status of being single. During this month, aside from all the "lovey-dovey" posts, you'll also see a large number of people who complain about being single. A lot of girls are tweeting about being lonely, or hinting that they're looking for a guy to shower them with all these gifts. This is the time where many girls desperately want a man, while men are looking for a way to look like they care while still gifting their lady with something.

No matter what the rela-

tionship status, love doesn't matter unless one realizes the greatest love that was ever shown. No matter whether you're single or in a relationship, you must truly understand God's love.

It is known that God showed what is called "agape love." Agape love is also known as the ultimate kind of love. It is the most self-sacrificing love. In John 3:16, it says, "For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life." God's love is greater than anyone's love — He willingly

"Dear friends, let us love one another, for love comes from God. Everyone who loves has been born of and knows God."

A FUNNY WORD CALLED LOVE

There are so many different ways to show love, both in word and deed. Our culture in North America is saturated with love -- in our music, entertainment, and life. Just step into any store at the beginning of February and you'll get bombarded with chocolate shaped hearts and red roses. Every year on February 14th, there is a big emphasis on love, especially towards your significant other. What is interesting about the English language is that it has only one word for love, while other languages have many words for the different types of love. For example, Sanskrit has ninety-six words for love; ancient Persian has eighty; Greek, three; and English, only one (Johnson 1993). For English speakers it can be difficult to express love; you see, the love you have for your mom or dad is a different kind of love you would have, say, for your pet dog, or for your significant other. There are many different ways to show love and it is difficult to fully express how you are feel-

ing in just one word. Perhaps that is why there are so many songs, movies and books about love. Our culture is full of it, but it is mostly focused on intimate love. This is an injustice to love, because love is more than just a love story. It sets unrealistic expectations for hopeless romantics. I believe that, in order to save ourselves from the heartbreak and trouble, we should focus on God's love, and love found in family and friendship. The three types of love are: *Eros*, *Philos* and *Agape*. If you want to learn more about "Eros" type of love, just turn on the radio or the TV -- there is plenty of that type of love there.

Instead, let's discuss and focus on *Philos* and *Agape* types of love. Which book gives the best advice on love? The Bible, of course. What does the Bible say about love? In 1 Corinthians 14:4-7 it defines what love is, and it reads: "Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up; does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is

not provoked, thinks no evil; does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things." NKJV. Love in the Bible is the Godly way to act towards others. The way we can tend to view love is how someone will show that they care and love you, but in reality it should be how *you* can show love towards *others*. As the verse says, love is selfless: when we are able to look beyond ourselves and think of others, we can have a love that has hope, faith, perseverance, and honesty; a love that lasts. How many times have you heard love songs talk about love that lasts forever? Is the foundation of the song based on the good Godly qualities mentioned in 1 Corinthians, or is it based on the qualities that contradict what love is?

Going back to the two types of love I'm going to discuss about, "Philos" is brotherly/sisterly love that you have towards friends and family. The verse from Proverbs 17:17 NKJV: "A friend loves at all times, and a brother is

born for adversity", speaks about *Philos* love and the relationships we have with friends and family members. A friend that loves you is a friend that's there for you through both the hard times and good times, but a brother/sister is there especially during the hard times. *Philos* love is important for supporting and caring for one another through the ups and downs in life -- your friendship and relationships will grow stronger.

The Bible also says in Matthew 22:39 NKJV: "...You shall love your neighbor as yourself", where we are called to love one

another. The power of love goes even further when we are called to love and pray for our enemies -- those who curse, hate, use, and persecute you. As shown in Matthew chapter 5, even when it is the most difficult thing to do, it shows how love is greater than hate. Where does this great love come from? The better question is: *Who* does all this love come from? The answer comes from 1 John 4:8 NKJV: "He who does not love does not know God, for God is love." It is as simple as that: God is love. God's love is the second type of love; *Agape* love -- an unconditional, undeserved

love that connects to a verse we all know very well, which is from John 3:16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave only begotten Son". We see that God's love is one of sacrifice that comes from His great love for us. It is not some Romeo and Juliet, Jack and Rose, Mr. Darcy and Elizabeth Bennet love story -- no, God sending His son to die for us and our sins is the ultimate and most beautiful love story in history. God's *Agape* love is the best example for us to show love towards others. "This is My commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you." John 15:12-13 NKJV. ■

ASHLEY
BOEHNER



NOT-SO-SECRET ADMIRER



It's hard to believe that we're already in the month of February. We're in the month famous for its fourteenth day -- the day where chocolate sales spike, florists work extra hard on different arrangements, and restaurants are overbooked with reservations. This is the day that most lovers and girls fantasize over. They find themselves daydreaming and thinking of what their significant other has planned. This one day is a day focused on doing something for those that you love.

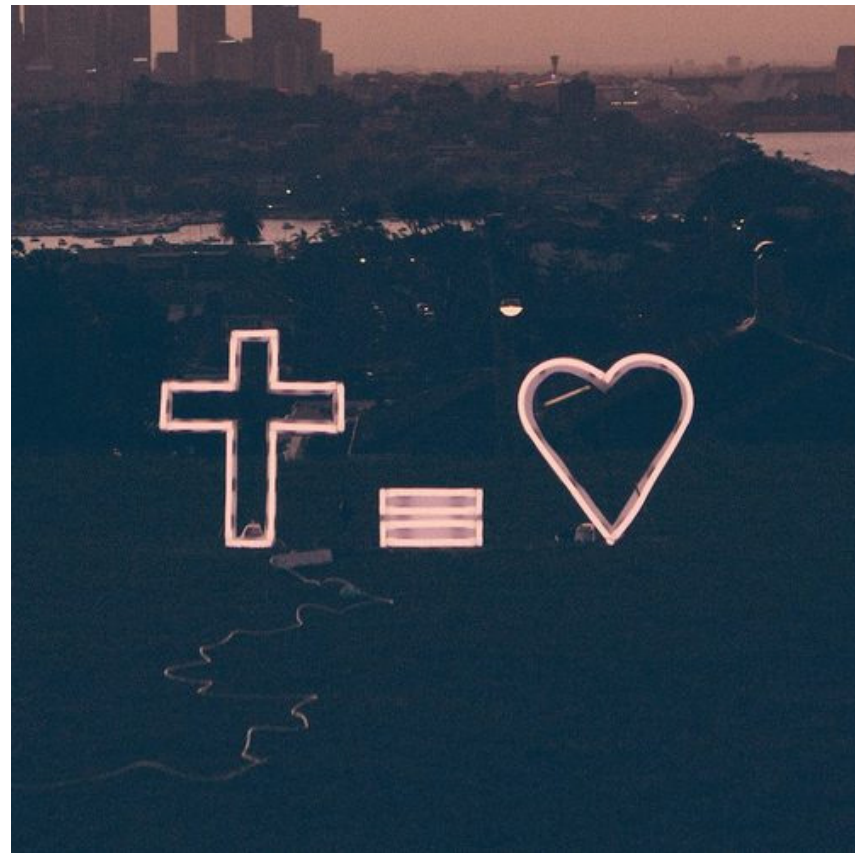
I remember back in elementary school when we exchanged Valentines -- we would make cards for each other and place them in each others' creatively-decorated boxes.

Around sixth grade on Valentine's Day, I opened up my locker door to a surprise. I found a small white envelope with my name written on it in delicate handwriting. I opened the letter and found a red card with a cute cat on the front. Inside were the words, "Ashley, I think you're pretty cool." The letter was signed, "Your Secret Admirer." I was filled with mixed emotions as I read this letter. I felt excitement about receiving such a nice compliment. Also, I was dying of curiosity to know who wrote me this letter and thought so highly of me. I felt honoured to have a secret admirer.

Can I let you in on a secret? You have a secret admirer too. In fact, it's not so much of a secret. I am sure you have heard of Him, maybe even talked with Him, or spent some time with Him. He has showed the truest form of love and wants to have a relationship with you. Yes, I said you. He has loved you for a long time and would do anything for you. He has the ability to sweep you off your feet if you allow Him. He wrote you this beautiful love story that's at your fingertips. He is working right now, hoping that one day you will come and spend forever with Him. Doesn't that sound amazing?

The man that I've been describing is Jesus. He displayed His love for us in a great way. Romans 5:8 says, "God demonstrates His own

love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us." He came down to the earth and experienced life as a human. He experienced the temptations, mockery, and pain that we all have felt. He went through all of that, was taken into captivity, and was beaten and whipped for *you*. He was nailed to a cross, speared in the side, and wore a crown of thorns on His head for *you*. He sacrificed Himself so that you could live an eternity with Him. Even if you



were the only one left on the planet, He would have still come down and gone through it all just for you — what a love! He wrote you the most heart-touching love letter ever written: the Bible. It is filled with many different stories and messages that all show the loving character of Jesus.

Perhaps you've been hurt in the past when it comes to love. I can assure you that the love that Je-

sus gives will never make you feel empty or wanting more. The love that only He can give will make you feel whole again. His love can heal every broken piece inside of you. His love is constant, everlasting and never changing. (Psalms 136:26) He and His love will never leave you, like you might have been left before. There is nothing that you can do that can ever separate you from the love of Christ (Romans 8:37-39). Because of the love that God has for us, we are now called His children. (1 John 3:1) His love makes you a daughter or son of the King of the Universe. *God Himself is love.* (1 John 4:7-8) If you know God, you know love.

He and His love are available at any time. He is love. He is all you need. I promise you that nothing can satisfy your soul like His love. He displayed His love for you by sending His Son to die for you on the cross. He paid the price so you could be His. If that isn't the greatest form of love, then I don't know what is. He would do anything for you. It's no secret that He loves you and wants you more than anything in the world.

"But you, O Lord, are a God merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love and faithfulness."
- Psalms 86:15 -



KIANA KAPINIAK



It had been a long day at work and my husband was gone on a business trip, so it was just the kids and I this Valentine's Day. This was the first Valentine's Day without him and I was not exactly in the best spirits as I walked through the door. I did not feel like cooking and wanted to do something extra special anyways since it was Valentine's Day. I called out to my kids, Jack and Sarah, and told them to pile in the car because we were going out for supper. Within a few minutes, we were seated at one of the booths in Boston Pizza, eyeing all the delicious food on the menu. I told Jack and Sarah to order whatever they wanted since we had not gone out for a while, and because today was a special occasion. As they eagerly pointed out different foods and argued about the best dishes to order, my gaze drifted to the other people seated eating. We were completely surrounded by lovey-dovey couples gazing

intently into each other's eyes. I mean, obviously, what else would one expect during supper time on Valentine's Day? Jack and Sarah eventually settled on a few of their favourite dishes, and we called the waiter over to take our order.

It was not long before our plates of food started appearing on our table. I smiled and relaxed, thinking about how wonderful it was that, even though my husband was not here, I got to spend this special day with people I loved dearly. Pizza, pasta, salad -- it all disappears fast when you are sharing food with hungry and growing young people!

Soon, we had all eaten our fill of food and I called the waiter over to pack up our leftovers. When she left, I asked Jack and Sarah if they wanted to order some dessert as well. Since tonight was special and I had already told them they could order whatever they wanted, I decided to let them go all out.

"Of course!!" Sarah almost shouted.

"Shhh," I replied chuckling. "Thanks, Mom," Jack said as he grabbed the dessert menu and began flipping through it.

I smiled to myself as Jack and Sarah happily sat next to each other, looking for the yummiest possible dessert to order. I had so much to be grateful for this Valentine's Day -- I truly was blessed. There was so much love in my life and my heart was full. That's when I suddenly got an idea.

"Hey kids!" I interrupted their discussion about whether cake or apple pie was better.

"Yes, Mom?" "Let's make one of these couple's night special," I said eagerly, "choose one of them and then we'll pay for their dessert."

Jack and Sarah loved the idea and immediately started to scan the premises for the perfect couple to do our kind deed to. Honestly, it was just another five or ten dollars

and we were going all out anyways tonight -- it would be worth it to see one of the couples' day made. Finally, Jack and Sarah settled on a young couple probably in their 20s or early 30s. I called the waiter over once again to order our desserts and to tell her that we would also be paying for the dessert of the young couple a few booths down from us.

As we nibbled on our desserts, we glanced at the couple happily taking pictures of their dessert. They looked up and smiled at us. We giggled and turned away, feeling accomplished that we had definitely made some peoples' night.

Once all of us had gotten our fill of dessert and when our left-

overs had been packed up in doggy bags, I decided to go pay so we could head home. I walked over to the counter with my card, ready to pay. When I got there, though, the lady told me that I didn't have to pay because some guy had already taken care of my bill. I was even more pleasantly shocked to discover that the guy from the couple we were going to treat to dessert was the one who had decided to repay the kind deed and pay for our entire meal! Still stunned, I asked the lady how much our bill was for, discovering that with all the expensive food we had ordered, it had come to over \$100! That night as we drove home, my heart was overflowing with love. Never in a

million years would I have expected for the small deed of buying a couple a dessert to have such a huge effect. It's fun when someone does something kind and unexpected for you. Maybe the guy was rich, but our kind gesture made the couple's night and he decided to spread the love and return the kindness. That night not only gave the couple a good story to tell their friends later, but it also blessed me and gave me the best Valentine's Day story ever to tell, too.

"And let us not grow weary of doing good, for in due season we will reap, if we do not give up."
- Galatians 6:9 -

DAVID
CUCUTEANU



VALENTINE'S DAY

Valentine's Day happens every year on February 14th. It's the day where people reciprocate affection and love with one another. The practicality of the holiday is usually done through the form of gifts, messages, cards, and flowers.

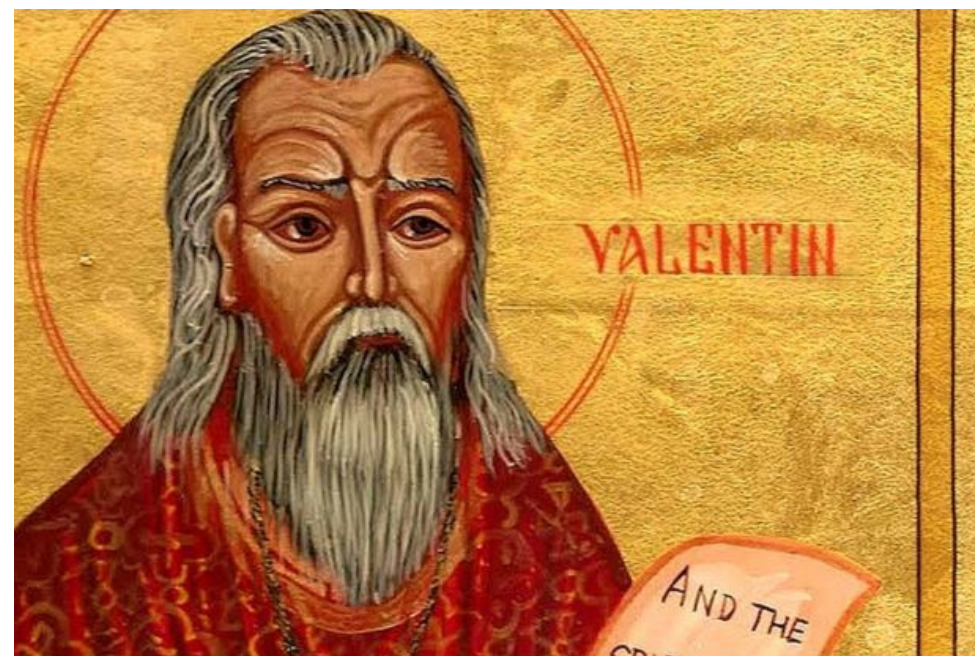
So then, who's this 'Valentine' fellow? History tells a hazy, and unsure story. Most people believe that Saint Valentine was a Roman priest who lived in the third century. (There were actually three of them, but we're sticking to

this one.) Emperor Claudius II had just banned marriages, as he believed that married men made bad soldiers. It is thought that Mr. Sneaky Valentine arranged marriages in secret -- he was swiftly imprisoned and sentenced to death. In his prison, he apparently fell in love with the jailer's daughter. He sent her a love letter signed "from your Valentine" on February 14th -- the day of his execution -- as a way of saying goodbye.

To pay a tribute to the help-

less romantic, a feast was set on the 14th of February by Pope Gelasius I. Bearing a crown of flowers, St. Valentine's skull currently resides in Rome, Italy.

But, what's Cupid got to do with it all? Cupid is known to be the god of desire, erotic love, and affection. His Greek counterpart, Eros, is just one of the ancient symbols associated with Valentine's Day, along with red and pink hearts and roses. It's not hard to imagine the small winged, infant-like angel with a heart-striking bow and ar-



▲ Depiction of Saint Valentine

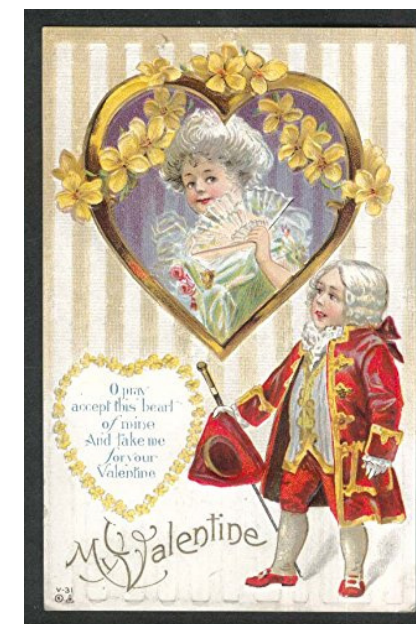
row. Whoever he "struck" with his arrow was believed to have fallen in love.

So when did Valentine's Day become so commercial and gifty? Apart from the huge feasts that once took place, Valentine's Day changed in the 18th century when the celebration started to take off in England. Lovers began sending sweets, romantic cards with flowers, and images of Cupids and birds. Over time, handwritten cards were replaced by printed cards. Hallmark Cards of Kansas City began mass producing them in 1913. Today, billions of Valentine's Day cards are exchanged every year, making it the second-largest seasonal card-sending time of the year.

Are you wondering what to write on a Valentine's Day card? If you're single, don't worry -- you can save an extra few bucks. Cupid's arrows hurt anyway. But for the lovebirds out there, what message will you put into writing? If you're thinking of just smacking a "Happy Valentine's Day" down and leaving it there, well, that's

okay I guess. It's the thought that counts... not all of us can be poets. For the more sophisticated people, poems usually entertain and impress the other partner. If you're leaving an anonymous letter, you would be following a trend started by the Victorians, who thought it was bad luck to sign their names on them.

Repeating to what I said before, if you have nobody to love on that "lovely" day, don't even trip. Count your blessings. You will find someone one day, someone who you will spend all your money on. For now, disregard the Romans and Greeks, and pay attention in school. You might lose your girlfriend or boyfriend, but you won't lose the responsibility of school. As most of you Kingsway-ites find yourselves single, embrace your liberty and shoo away the love in the air. It's contagious. ■



Some Hallmark
Valentine's Day Cards



MEMORIES OVER W'S:

NEWMYER CLASSIC EDITION

The trip that everyone on the basketball team was looking forward to had finally arrived. It began at 8:15 am on Wednesday, February 7, when thirty-two players and five

sponsors packed up a Coach bus and set out on roughly a ten-hour road trip to Berrien Springs, Michigan. After a couple of food stops, wash-room breaks and a dinner at IHOP along with weight gain,

the girl's team was dropped at the Fil-Am church, where we slept during the trip. Here, Pastor Kevin had a small devotional where he talked about patience -- Proverbs 16:32 being the focus. This was the point to remember on the trip: patience with everything on and off the court. The first night was interesting, to say the least. When you put thirteen girls in a room who have been sitting on a bus for ten hours, the ways of releasing energy is quite fascinating.

The first official day of games began early at 8:45 in the morning when the bus picked up the girls to drive over to the university cafeteria for breakfast. There, we met up with the guys -- and at this point, I had no appe-

tite. All I could think about was the first game at 9:40. I had no space in my stomach because it was full of nerves. Walking over to the gym and seeing the other games that were before ours made it official for me. The five months of practice was for this: five games this weekend. While I was panicking, all the other girls were so eager to play and everyone was excited to be exactly where they were at the moment. 9:30 came around and we changed into our uniforms and suited up. Two minutes on the clock and our warm-up time was in effect. On top of my nerves, the excitement of the JV and Boys varsity team on the sidelines added to the hype. Every single basket made, you could count on the guys to react. The first game was a loss for us, but it was a good way to release all the nerves.

The highlight of the day was the long-awaited game, Kingsway versus Crawford. It had always been the most talked-about game -- when both Canadian teams would knock heads and decipher a winner. You can tell this game was person-

ally different for the players on the court, as every player was extra-focused and cautious every time they had the ball. The game was tight to a point where Kingsway would get so excited for a basket made, but then Crawford would answer back. You could even tell the different vibe with the girls cheering on the sidelines. Of course, our very own varsity team came out with the W. If only you could see the excitement and smiles on their faces -- no words could describe it.

Aside from the tournament, the trip was also a great spiritual retreat. The speaker talked about how to "beat the trap." Now "the trap" is known to be a press play and it can be hard to beat the trap when it comes to ball -- but in life, there are many traps that we don't know if we can beat. The speaker also mentioned ways to beat the trap, and hearing what he said, with God on my side, I know that I can beat the many traps.

Near close the week, all of Kingsway's teams played back-to-back games, with all of our teams

winning their games. On top of all the wins, this was the night where every single player lost their voice cheering. Let me tell you this, both teams missed a little bit of the championship game just to watch and cheer on the JV team. If that's not what you call a team, then I don't know what is. Pastor Kevin made sure to let each team know how proud he was of us all -- each team had the best record they had ever had and played the best they could!

My first and last Newmyer Classic was truly one to remember. At first, I was scared and nervous to play every single game, but then these games turned into special memories. At the end of the day, the losses and wins didn't matter because the late nights with the girls, the singing on the bus, the "scouting," and even the accent that Pastor Kevin acquired were things that just brought extra life and fun to the trip. Overall, this trip was quite eventful and will never be forgotten! Go Kingsway! ■

▼ The girls' basketball team



THEY SAY WE'RE EQUAL

JOVI-ANN ALEXANDER

They say we're equal, but is that true?
When you enter a store and workers follow
you
They really think we are full blown fools
When they lurk around to see what you gon'
do

They say we are equal, but that's a lie
When we sit next to them they shuffle to the
side
We try to talk to them but they don't look us
in the eye
They treat us so badly it destroys our pride

They say we are equal, but are we really?
It is often mistaken for being able to live freely
And when something goes wrong, they as-
sume we are guilty
But when we point them out it's no biggie

They say we are equal, but it's all a hoax!
When they act disrespectful to us coloured
folk
They fire us quickly, but can't help when we're
broke
So all that's left to do, my friends, is stay woke

They say we are equal, but that's not right
The sight of a black hood gives them a fright
It doesn't matter if we are dark or light
The essence of it all is not too bright

The question is, who is *they*?
Things should not be the same as yesterday
Unfortunately, this sad reality is true
And what's even worse is people aren't sure
what to do.

Who are they to think we can't see
They blind us with the phrase "You are free"
The Willie Lynch theory is still alive
I know you can see it in these dark brown eyes

"They" is anyone ignorant enough to believe
That things are exactly the way they seem
Black, white, red or yellow
The dream of true freedom should be for
every fellow

They say we're equal and that we should be
The truth is this could have been avoided,
had Eve not eaten from the tree
Emancipate yourself from mental slavery
Free the mind and the body will pursue
Implicate those who wrongly incriminate
thee
That's all you can really do

They say we are equal, and that we should be
equal
This right was always there for our retrieval
If we come together we can be lethal
Remember this: **power to the people.**

