



Cedar Sentinel

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Editor's Message

CASSANDRA
JOHN-
WHITTINGHAM

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Happy February Kingsway!

Welcome to the second issue of the Cedar Sentinel! I am thrilled to say that February will have two editions. This one will be highlighting the new year and Valentine's Day. This edition was fun to make with my team because we were able to use pretty fonts, stepping out of our comfort zone for the love of Valentine's Day. Feel free to make contributions in terms of poems and essays for our Black History issue.

Thank you and God bless,

Cassandra



ILIANA
COLUMBIE

ASSISTANT
EDITOR



Hi everyone!

Happy Valentine's Day! My name is Iliana and I'm in Grade 11! I'm the Cedar Sentinel Assistant. If you have any comments or suggestions on what you'd like to see please feel free to contact us and send any pieces you'd like to feature in the paper. I'm looking forward to seeing all of your stories and different pieces of writing. I hope the Cedar Sentinel is something that can be part of your positive experience here at Kingsway!

Love,

Iliana



 love

IS PATIENT,
LOVE IS KIND.
IT DOES NOT ENVY,
IT DOES NOT BOAST,
IT IS NOT PROUD.
IT DOES NOT DISHONOR OTHERS,
IT IS NOT SELF-SEEKING,
IT IS NOT EASILY ANGERED,
IT KEEPS NO RECORD OF WRONGS.
LOVE DOES NOT DELIGHT IN EVIL
BUT REJOICES WITH THE TRUTH.
IT ALWAYS PROTECTS,
ALWAYS TRUSTS, ALWAYS HOPES,
ALWAYS PERSEVERES.
LOVE NEVER FAILS.

I CORINTHIANS 13:4-8



CONTACTS

If you would like to submit anything in terms of articles, short stories, poems, photos, or artwork to the Cedar Sentinel, please send your work to cedarsentinel@kingsway.college or cassandrajohn@kingsway.college. We would be happy to receive your submissions.

A New Year

*The sun shines ceaselessly
Although seemingly,
The brighter the beams
The duller the dawns*

*Recurrent
In History and
In concept
Though everyone seems
To commend
Its NEWness*

*Staring at the ceiling
In dead silence
I'm hating this feeling
Of uncanny resemblance*

*That this new year
Of new days,
Of new fears,
Of new age,
Is merely an upstage*

*That this new year
Is a mirror to the past
Of its future victims
Who, in the present,
Did not look back to advance*

*Similar is the nature of humans
They strive for the coming times
Despite its uncertainties
Like the futile resolutions
Of the new years that move
With no regard ■*

The Reality of Goals

The question “Where do you see yourself in ten years?” is one that applies more to us now, as teenagers, than it ever has before. We have finally reached the year 2020, and it is safe to say that our childhood has come to a close. Within the next ten years, we will have to make decisions that will more than likely affect us for the rest of our lives. By the end of the decade, some of us might be married and/or having kids. Some of us might still be in school while other individuals might go straight into the workforce. Thinking about these things can be both exciting and daunting all at the same time, however, we should not get ahead of ourselves.

When a new year rolls around, the majority of our society will set astronomical goals for themselves with hopes that by the end of the year, they will be changed and renewed people. While everyone is sharing and posting what their new year’s resolution is, they often tend to switch focus from what they need to do to achieve their goal over to just achieving the goal itself. This is called ‘social reality’, which is basically a fancy term for the concept that if everyone thinks something about you is true, you will feel

like it’s true, as well. So when you reveal what your resolution is and everyone is now marveling at how impressive it is, you begin to feel as though you have already accomplished the resolution before the month of February even rolls around and you then become apart of the 80% of people that eventually flake out of their resolution. While that does sound harsh, it is the sad truth for many people that forget to work towards their goals one day at a time.

Where do you see yourself within the next day? Year? Ten years?

Setting small goals for yourself daily or even weekly, can be a more beneficial approach to achieving your bigger goal for the end of the year. That being said, even if you do not achieve your bigger objective, you can at least say something that you accomplished something whether it is small such as waking up in time for school or making healthier lifestyle choices. Having this more realistic outlook on life and not

just the goals you set for yourself can help you appreciate the smaller things you encounter and receive.

The risky thing about setting such grandeur goals is that things can change rapidly and drastically. The month of January is already over and if someone were to tell me in 2019 what was going to happen in January of 2020 alone, I would not have believed them. Thousands have lost their homes from wildfire in Australia, bubbling rumors of war, a deadly virus causing a global health emergency and more recently, the sport of basketball losing one of the greatest players to ever live, Kobe Bryant and his 13-year old daughter, Gianna. Painting a mental image of where you will be in the future can be tricky whether it is the near future or years down the road. So, instead of saying that you should not make a new year’s resolution whatsoever, you can make daily small goals for yourself that will help you in the long run. ■

Ode to My Love

*My love, you push me to new heights
How I love the way you captivate my soul
Invading my mind with thoughts of you,
Thoughts of love both day and night*

*Let me compare you to a gorgeous moon
You are more complex, stunning, and beautiful
Prettier than the fullest blossoms in June
With a love so pure and meaningful*

*How do I love you? Let me count the ways
I love your hair, your heart, and your smile
Thinking of the time we've spent together*

*Now I must away with a cunning heart
You know I have loved you from the start
My true love, remember my sincere words
whilst we're apart ■*

MR. WILLIAM
KAYTOR

Love

*"I'm a fool, but still you love, I'd be a fool, for the King of love."-
Michael W. Smith. Grace*

There is this thing we use too regularly; this thing that we hear too often and take for granted. The absence of this can break us, or this can make us, or this can make us. As we wait through the halls of Leland, we try our best to be positive and keep on top of school work. Sometimes, however, we just fail and there are times we are down for longer than most times. There are times when it feels like weights are being placed upon us as we get homework piling up, family issues, relationship issues, or even self-esteem issues. It feels like you're sinking and you try to swim back up but vivid memories and images of times of pain flash through your head and instantly you are stuck floating beneath the surface. Soon it begins to become normal to be down and nothing is done to try and get back up. After feeling similar feelings. I decided to go for a walk by myself at night time around campus. I thought that there had to be something to help, something to comfort me eternally; and I found it. This thing I talked about at first, this thing that we heart too often and it loses its effectiveness after a while, is love. There was something that night that clicked in my brain; something that I knew had to be shared. This was not something I could keep to myself because it loosened up ties with darkness. What I realized that night was that as I was talking out loud to God. I just realized that He loves us no matter what we; I've been through, no matter what we've thought, heard, seen, or how we have acted. His love for us is neither fake nor fragile. The comfort I found in this was life-changing for me, I realized that we can trust Him even in the dark times. The times that we think He's not even listening. The times we think God doesn't care, somehow I still found comfort in Him. To not only know but to completely understand and firmly believe, that Gods' everlasting love never ends. That is a feeling that you will never forget. When our lives at Kingsway get tough, whether it's anything I mentioned or not, just remember that God has our backs more than anyone ever will. This love for us is amazing and He can provide the strength to get through the week and the focus to get all the work done. Remember something that is the most important, His love for us is eternal, and there is nothing we can do to stop that. ■

First published in December 2011



Getting My G1

On the day I turned 16, I went to one of the drive test centers in my area in hopes of passing my G1 test. I knew that the G1 license doesn't give me much freedom as a driver, but at least it took me 1 step closer towards obtaining my G license. I woke up at 6:10 a.m. to complete one last practice test before the actual test. Although my eyes were open, my mind was still asleep. Suddenly, chills traveled through my body. I lay frozen in bed unable to move like a large rock on the ground. What if I fail? I don't want my friends to know I'm a failure. I only began studying the driver's handbook the night prior to the exam. To make matters worse, I fell asleep 45 minutes into studying. At 6:30 a.m. my mom and I left the house to go to the testing center. It was still dark outside and the frigid wet air hit my skin as I left the warmth of my house. "Are you ready?" my mom asks me. "I hope so," I reply. "Did you study enough? You had the whole winter break to study. It should be easy for you. When

did you start studying?" she asks. "Last night," I reply in a soft voice hoping she wouldn't hear my response. "Last night? You had the entire break to study and all you've done is sleep and hang out with your friends. You better be read. Know your priorities. Your friends will always be there after the test," she tells me. There it was. The lecture I had expected. Upon arriving at the testing center, there was a long line inside the building. I waited in line which felt like an eternity but in reality, it only took 20 minutes to reach the front of the line. The woman at the front desk looked at me and goosebumps formed on my arms. She looked frightening, almost like the paperwork woman from the movie "Monsters Inc". My interaction with her made me more nervous than I already was. I waited for her to finish whatever she was doing on her computer. "Give me your passport," she said sounding irritated. Perhaps she wasn't a morning person. I handed her my information and in return, she gave me a ripped paper

with the number 22 written in big bold ink. I waited for the photographer to call my number. I had entirely forgotten that the identification pictures are taken on the day of the exam. If you look at my driver's license, you'll see a worn out and tired human being. It was early in the morning and I didn't have the time or energy to try to look put-together. "Number 22," called the photographer. At this point, I was lost in thought and disregarded the number being called. "Number 22," he called again in a more loud and annoyed tone. Immediately, I shuffled across the room in embarrassment towards the cameraman. I heard him mumble my date of birth. I don't know why I expected him to wish me a happy birthday. It's not like I'm a celebrity or something. It is very likely that other eager teenagers take their G1 on their birthday. What made me different from the rest? I proceeded to head to the testing room. It was a medium-sized room filled with old computers. The air was stuffy which made it difficult to breathe. It

was almost as if I was trapped in a small box. I chose a computer and started to answer the questions. It was fairly easy. The 2-part test composed of 20 questions on signs and 20 questions on other rules of driving. After completing the test I received my temporary driver's license. It was simply a green piece of paper with all my information. Not as glamorous as I imagined. Afterward, I went back home to get more sleep. "Now that you have your G1, you have to be careful. Watch pedestrians and other drivers. Make sure you're always safe. Never use your phone while driving. Don't drive passed the speed limit," my mom rambled on. Yet another lecture of things that I already knew.

Later on that day, my family wanted to celebrate my birthday at a restaurant. With excitement, I begged my mom to let me drive. She was persuaded and finally allowed me to drive. We got into the car, I put my seatbelt on, adjusted my mirrors and pulled out of the driveway. My mom was beside me telling me what to do. "Slowly, slowly, watch your mirrors, look out for people," she says. Finally, I made it to the main road. I remember seeing lots of cars and pedestrians. Once again, goosebumps appeared on my arms and my body broke into a cold sweat. I suddenly felt nervous, but I continued driving. The first turn I made was too wide which resulted in almost crashing into another car. All I heard was a loud BEEEP along with my mom yelling at me. At this point, I felt tears formulating in my eyes. My face was getting hot and the back of my throat started to hurt from holding back tears. After a frightening drive, I finally pulled into the restaurant. As I looked for parking,

my car was too close to the parked cars on my right. "You're too close," I hear my uncle yell from the back seat. "Watch the cars," my dad yells over him. I felt a hot tear roll down my cheek and my vision blurred from the tears forming in my eyes. I parked the car and everyone was in a bad mood. The tension in the car was unbreakable. This was the first time in my life where I wanted to give up on something. You suck at driving, you'll never be able to drive, you ruined your birthday. Negative thoughts flooded back to my mind. My heart sank like a quarter in a wishing fountain. I was so disappointed in myself and I swore to never drive again. All my dreams and expectations of driving crumbled and I hated the very thought of driving. I hated myself for having such high expectations in my ability to drive. I hated that it was my birthday. I was so bitter towards the world just because I couldn't drive the way I expected to. I wanted to give up.

I walked into the restaurant and headed towards the bathroom to wash the tears from my face. As the cold water splashed on my face and eyes, my urge to cry intensified. I felt broken and dumb. It was the first time in my life where I genuinely felt like I couldn't do anything. Winning first place in Mario Kart and other racing games somewhat gave me a sense of what it was like to drive. I thought that if I won first place in these games, then driving must be a piece of cake right? Wrong. I should've known that turning a remote control wheel or using my thumbs to move the left and right stick on a controller does not convert to the real driving experience. On the real road, there are no bananas, shells and other

objects on the road to avoid. People don't drive on rainbow roads or try to push each other off the tracks. If I was so good at complex roads in video games, why was I so bad in real life? I walked back to the table where my family awaited. The food was still hot and smelled delicious. Somehow I felt better. Food always had that effect on me. While still thinking about the car incident, I started eating. My family acted as if nothing happened and disregarded the previous incident. We started to talk and enjoy ourselves. When dinner ended, I had 2 choices to make. I could have given up on driving and disappoint myself or I could face my fears and drive back home. I was not going to let one incident stop me from accomplishing one of my biggest dreams. I made the courageous decision to drive back.

This incident was a vital experience for me. It was the first time in my life where I felt so low and vulnerable to negative thoughts. My desire to give up and give in to the negativity overpowered me. This incident taught me that even when I bring myself down and try to give up, I should never stop trying. My dreams should not be ruined by one negative experience. Since then, I have always pushed myself to try again even though I failed the first time. I still have negative thoughts and beat myself up for an incident, however, I always get back up on my feet. Without this experience, I would not drive as much as I do today. I am now on my journey to obtain my G2 licenses. I now know that I have to conquer my negative thoughts about myself. I must have power over my negativity. ■

Undiagnosed

Everyone has a story. A story of a time in their life where they felt their lowest. Some stories are more serious, more intense and vulnerable than others. Other stories can be seen as “not a big deal” or a “first world problem.” That doesn’t make them any less important. Different circumstances affect everyone differently. My story, however, is not made up of one individual period of time. My story is my whole life.

When I was younger, I used to get sick a lot. I would often stay home from school. It grew to the point where I began to detest hospitals. Every time I visited one with some sort of illness, the doctors there would say, “nothing’s wrong” or “you’re in tip-top shape.” Two phrases I absolutely hated hearing after having been in the emergency room for 5+ hours. You would think hearing those phrases would make me happy. They don’t. When you have to be constantly going in and out of the hospital, you don’t want to hear the words “you’re doing great” you want to hear “This is what the problem is.”

I mean, there must be a problem, right? Why else would I be there? To this day, I still haven’t gotten a concrete answer to a single one of my health issues.

I haven’t been to the hospital for anything too serious, well by my definition at least. I’ve never been throwing up blood. Though, with the amount of pain I’ve felt, What does that matter? My “sickness” began when I was around three. It wasn’t much at first. I used to get fevers and throw up here and there. Living in the Caribbean and having a sensitivity to light, didn’t really help any of that either. I constantly had headaches because of it. I didn’t really miss any school at first. It was being managed to the best of my family’s ability.

I moved to Canada when I was around six years old. At this point, things weren’t that bad. My time was mainly spent getting used to my new surroundings, being sick, was the last item on my agenda. I was relatively healthy, until the age of eight. I was home one day after school playing in my living room when out of nowhere, my legs

gave in. I couldn’t move them. I tried getting up to walk, but it was of no use. My legs just wouldn’t do what I wanted them to. This led to my mother calling an ambulance, and later on, an overnight stay in the hospital. After a couple of hours, I regained function in my legs. I wasn’t informed as to why this happened. There was nothing to inform my family or me of. As far as the doctor was concerned, I was in “tip-top shape.”

More situations like this one were to follow. Eventually, I reached the point of not telling anyone I was sick. I didn’t want to sit in the hospital for hours on end only to be told: “you’re fine.” Every single time I heard it, which was often, It felt like a slap in the face. Like there was no hope. Having to go through that over and over again would make anyone give up. Not just with getting better, but with everything going on in their life as well. Which is what inevitably happened to me.

One day. All it took was one day of not going to school to invoke a domino effect of missed school days. In grade four, I got sick. Which led to

me staying home from school. It lasted for a couple of days. When I had gone back to school, I was behind. Which is to be expected, I missed almost a week worth of classwork. Catching up wasn’t too difficult, as it was just the fourth grade. Not long after however, I got sick again. This one lasted a little longer. Which as you would expect, meant I had more catching up to do. Then, I once again got sick. In no time at all, I had missed the majority of my grade four year. In grade five I had hoped for a new beginning. But alas, history tends to repeat itself. Long story short, I missed the vast majority of my grade five year as well. That’s two years of school, gone. Whenever I hear others referring to those two years in their school life, I always feel a little left out. How am I to relate to something I’ve never experienced? I can’t.

Now we’ve reached grade six. This year surely things would be different. And for the most part, they were. Half the school year. That’s what I ended up missing. Which is a lot, but much less compared to my previous two years. I was proud of myself, for whatever that was worth. Yet, like some cruel sick joke. I got bit by a poisonous spider and stayed home from school for two weeks. At that point, I should have just given up. A poisonous spider? Really? Those two weeks were probably the most bitter two weeks of my life. Luckily though, there was no following incident.

I am happy to report that in grade seven and eight, I finished school having missed a maximum of two weeks. Walking up on stage graduation day I couldn’t have been

happier. My thought process was that I had finally been rid of my overbearing sickness. That I could enter highschool leaving all of it behind me. I was not, however, so lucky. While I have been attending school without any absences, my poor health was still present.

Not long after starting grade nine, I began having immense chest pains. I didn’t pay it any mind at first. I thought maybe it would just go away with time. But as it got worse and worse, I realized I had to tell my mom about it. She took me to the hospital that same day. Now, at this point in time, I haven’t been to the hospital in a while. I was avoiding them. I hated having to even enter the building, much less talk to the doctors. Like most children upon being asked “what’s wrong?” by the doctor, I turned to my mother. And just like most mothers, she spoke to the doctor for me. However, I was unable to avoid the next question that would leave from the doctor’s mouth.

“How long have you been experiencing chest pains?” the doctor asked me.

My mother didn’t know the answer to that question. So just like I had turned to her in need of help, she looked right back at me. Giving me no choice but to speak for myself.

“Maybe two months,” I said to the doctor.

“Two months?! And you’ve only just come in?” the doctor asked.

What was I supposed to say? That I don’t like hospitals so I ignored it hoping it would go away? I would only receive a lecture if I tried to explain myself. So I sat there in silence instead. After a couple of more questions, I was

taken for multiple tests. A blood test, an X-ray, an MRI, etc., all of which, came up empty-handed. Unless you count having the newfound knowledge that I am anemic, empty-handed. The chest pain didn’t stop there and then. It continued for the next two years. Every time I got asked the question “how long has this been happening?” I received the privilege of being able to see each new face become increasingly more disappointed. I mean, what would your reaction be once my answer reached the two-year mark? It was just a little bit concerning.

I am still to receive a concrete answer. What’s wrong with me? Will I ever know? I’ve only ever been given one singular diagnosis. Costochondritis. Which is basically having an inflamed chest. Which would make sense, if it went away. Costochondritis is temporary, so what’s with the two years? Another unanswered question.

I’m in grade eleven now and the pain shows no sign of going away. At this point, I should just give up. But towards all better judgment, I still force myself to enter those hospital walls. Even if it’ll take forever. Even if I may never find out what’s wrong. If I can answer at least one question, then I think it’ll be worth it in the end. ■

The One With the Golf Cart

It was a bright summer day in the middle of July my mom, my step-dad Elvis, and I had just moved into a very beautiful house with a large backyard. We had a pond, a small golf cart, and a beautiful pool about 20 feet away from it followed by a forest just feet away. I was 8 at that time, but I was pretty mature for my age. My step-dad had just bought a golf cart to get around easier around the pond since he had gotten in a car accident and hurt his leg a few months ago. As soon as we got it I wanted to drive it, but every time I got close to it someone would somehow get in my way. I started asking my mom because I realized it was better to ask than to take, and although she said no every time, I refused to give up. Then one late August day when I woke up to have breakfast, my mom came behind me to give me keys to the Golf cart. "Since you want to so bad Elvis and I will let you drive the golf cart today".

I had stopped asking a

few days before when I started to realize they would never let me drive the cart. I was extremely shocked when my mom told me I could drive it that I fell down from my chair. I'm sure my mom changed her mind when she saw me fall, but I somehow would still find a way to drive it. That afternoon, I got ready to drive with closed-toe shoes because my mom does not let me drive with sandals. The pond was dark green and you definitely couldn't see through it, it was full of fish, and it wasn't a pleasant-looking sight to see after dark. Anyways, it was mid-afternoon and I grabbed the keys for the golf cart and started it up. I hit the gas pedal and drove it out of the garage and around the fence into the backyard. I got around driving and I was having so much fun when all of a sudden I started acting like I was doing parkour. After a while of driving, I tried to drive in between the pond and the fence on the other side which was about 4 feet apart from each other. I

thought if I was very careful I could make in between to the other side which was full of just field that leads to a dark green forest that basically has no end.

I started to drive in between the fence and the pond, I was technically halfway through when it started to drift. It was a fast but quick movement before I knew the bottom half of my family's new golf cart was underwater. When I started to realize the golf cart was underwater I couldn't do anything except to jump out. Reality had finally hit me when I realized my step-dads brand new golf cart was halfway underwater. I tried to pull it out myself, but I knew it would be too heavy to do by myself. I ran to tell my mom but she didn't believe me at first, I was too scared to tell my step-dad especially since he was under so much stress because of his leg and work. I went on with my day worried and thinking of ways to get it out when all of a sudden I heard my mom yell my name. "KYJUANA, GET

OUT HERE NOW" is all I heard. I could already tell I was about to be grounded, I walked into the backyard to the pond where my mom was yelling at me like never before.

After a while, my mom realized it was hurting me deeply that I messed up with something I wanted to do so badly. She then apologized and then she called our families extra helper to get it out of the pond. His name was Alex and he was probably about 17 years old. Alex went to grab the big white truck that had the coolest wheels

I've ever seen, he attached a wire to the back of the truck and then to the back the golf cart which eventually got out. I was so happy because all I did after was clean it and it was brand new again. It still had a very strange smell to it because it did come from a pond but it looked good enough that my step-dad at the time wouldn't realize I just drove the gold cart into the pond.

When he got home the first thing he did was go for a ride in his golf cart. He didn't notice anything strange, or out of the ordinary. My

mom and I laughed every time I asked to drive the golf cart again, mostly because I already knew the answer would be no. Elvis never thought anything about the golf cart since then, and it's still the greatest thing my mom and I have ever pulled off. I know now for sure to never drive a golf cart again. I was also grounded for a month, but I lived in the middle of nowhere anyways. It was a month I hope to never go through again, and that's as true as me driving a golf cart into a pond. ■

JULIE
RODRIGUES

Seven Stitches

As I ran around the house, searching for a place to hide, I dashed passed the bathroom. "Hey, that's a great place to hide!" I thought to myself. "She'll never find me there." So I climbed into the bathtub and stood there silently, waiting for my mom to come look for me.

I was four years old at the time and my mom and I were playing "hide and seek" in our little apartment in Glastonbury, Connecticut.

When I heard my mom finish counting down from ten, I thought that I would quickly adjust the position that I was standing in. I decided to turn

slightly to the side, completely oblivious to what was about to happen next. As I turned, my foot slipped in the somewhat still wet bathtub, and I fell, hitting my mouth on the side of the tub. As I hit my mouth, the impact made me bite my lip, which cut through the side of my mouth. I started crying as I got up, and the right side of my lower lip started to bleed. My mom quickly came rushing to the bathroom, where my cries could be heard, loud and clear. As I sobbingly explained what had just happened, my dad arrived at the scene. After examining how bad and deep the cut was, he decided that we should go to

the Emergency Room.

As we got into our 2005 burgundy Subaru Outback, the bleeding still had not stopped...nor had my crying. Luckily, my mom had gotten an ice pack from the freezer and wrapped it with a paper towel. She handed it to me and I placed it on my throbbing lip. After a while, I had stopped crying, but the bleeding still had not subsided. As we were nearing the Saint Francis Hospital, in Hartford, Connecticut, I saw a blue helicopter soaring above us. "I wanna go on the helicopter!" I said groggily to my parents. They just laughed, knowing that I was still myself and that

everything would be okay.

When we arrived at the hospital, we went straight to the Emergency Room. The building stretched before my eyes. As we entered the building we went to the front desk and told them what had happened. The lady at the front desk took our information and told us to wait a little while for the doctors to get prepared. Not even five minutes had passed and a nurse called us to a medium-sized hospital room with a white bed. When I got settled on the bed, the nurse then took my blood pressure and temperature. After she was done with the necessary procedures, a doctor came into evaluate what had happened and come up with a way to mend the hole in my lip. After, he had figured out that I would need stitches to mend the hole, he called in a male nurse to bring me to another room. When he brought me to a special room to stitch up my bottom lip, the other nurses asked my parents if they were okay with giving me local anesthesia and laughing gas. My mom was very worried about this because she knew that I was a very fussy child. When it came to medicine, vitamins, shots, you name it, I was always a stubborn little girl about it.

Then one of the nurses came in and told me that I would need a shot so that they could stitch my lip up. As soon as I heard the word "shot" it was as if a literal siren had gone off in my brain, saying, "ALERT! ALERT! DANGER!

DANGER!" I became frantic. I was yelling, screaming, and trying to run out of the room. There was no way that they were going to make me take the shot. My parents and the nurses rushed to my side to try and hold me down. There must have been at least three nurses trying to hold my four-year-old self down on the bed.

Soon one of the male nurses, who conveniently spoke Portuguese, re-entered the room with two gifts. One was a full princess dress-up set, and the other was a kite. He then promised me that if I took the shot and behaved like a good girl, that I would be able to take one of those gifts home. What could be more perfect than a gift to bribe a four-year-old girl? I then said to him, "Only if I get to take them both home!"

He laughed and then said, "Okay, you can take them both."

Soon after the shot had been given to me, they gave me laughing gas so that I would be able to stay calm while they were stitching up my lip.

After about fifteen minutes, they finished stitching me up. The laughing gas had made me all groggy and woozy. I looked up at the wall and saw a picture of two dolphins swimming in the ocean. "Hey, m-mommy, t-there are three dolphins s-swimming in the picture," I said to her, still disoriented. The nurses in the back started to laugh.

"No, honey," my mom replied

while smiling. "There are only two." After the laughing gas had worn off a little more, the doctor came in and checked to see if everything was all right. He then said that we could finally go home and that I was all fixed up.

"Hey, Julie." The Portuguese nurse called out to me. "Don't forget your gifts!" He said with a smile. I went up to him, gave him a hug, and took the gifts.

"Obrigada!" I said thanking him in Portuguese.

"De nada." He replied with a smile.

As soon as we got to the car, I ripped open my new princess kit and put on the dress, shoes, and tiara. "I'm a princess!" I said to my parents.

"You're right." My mother replied. "And princesses never refuse to take their medicine, just like you did!" So from that day on, I never fussed about taking any type of medicine again! ■

NIA
CORBIER

Accidentally in Love

I stared across the classroom at Levi, the cutest boy I had ever seen. It was the spring of 2011, and my second-grade class had just begun for the day. After we sang the national anthem and the school song, my teacher asked the class to pick new prayer buddies for the duration of the year. I excitedly scanned the classroom wondering who would be my prayer buddy, when I could help but notice Levi walking my direction. Oh my gosh! Is Levi coming over here? I thought. The class grew as quiet as an audience during a spotlight moment when Levi asked, "Hey Nia, wanna be my buddy?" "Okay class," the teacher interrupted, "you have one minute to find a buddy before we start today's lesson." Before I could even answer him, the teacher wrote my name on the board next to his and my life changed forever.

At recess, I scurried over to one of my best friends Jordyn and told her I had a secret. When we got a moment alone, I revealed to her that I had a crush on Levi, "I know," she responded as if she knew me better than I knew myself. After I realized she might be more experienced than me with boys, I asked her what I should do. She told me that I didn't need to worry about it and she would

figure it out for me, but before I could ask her what she meant the bell rang and we had to go back inside. During the lesson, I found myself extremely distracted by my thoughts. What was I gonna do? How would Jordyn take care of it for me? Maybe she knows something I don't.

Before I could gather my thoughts it was lunchtime so I got my food and approached my friends who were already settled at our lunch table. In the seat across from mine was Levi, eating his grapes and watching me sit down. As soon I sat down SCREECH! Jordyn, along with everybody else shoved back their chairs and sat at another table leaving us at the table alone. I blushed, turning as pink as a peacock he laughed and said: "hey Nia." I answered him and we shared our excitement about our recent partnership, after our conversation, we packed our lunches and made our way outside for lunch recess.

During the second recess, I couldn't find anyone to play with! It was as if all my friends were hiding from me, but far in the distance, I could see Levi alone on the swings. I skipped over to him and he looked happy to see me. I sat down on the swing next to him and swung as hard as I could back

and forth, back and forth, then I looked Levi and he was smiling at me. I was having so much fun! I stretched out my arms as if I could fly and Levi grabbed my hand. A boy is holding my hand! I thought excitedly. After we received a fifteen-minute warning, Levi said to me quietly "I have to ask you something." He held on to my hand tighter and pulled me up the hill once we got to the top Jordyn handed him a dandelion, he gave it to me and asked me to be his girlfriend. I looked over at Jordyn and she nodded vigorously. I answered him and said yes about a million times. The recess bell rang, it was time to go inside.

Suddenly, he kissed me on the cheek! I squealed and scurried away, I was in love, and I would love him forever. Levi became my best friend and we have been close friends since then. From that point on I learned that love is innocent and happens without warning. The experience of my first love made me the person I am today because I understand the importance of a good relationship and the purity and innocence of love, and will always be grateful to have learned that. ■

To Say Goodbye

*I have never loved anyone
the way that I love you.
The times we've spent having fun
have shown me how love is true.*

*You and I forever,
in a perfect world of dreams.
A thought I cannot fathom
Since you walked away from me.*

*I love you in a way
That makes me want you to stay
In my arms forever
A dream I'll have forever*

*But the day foreign affairs triumphed
over a love that's pure and true.
Was the day my heart learned
to say goodbye to you. ■*

Word Search

E	Z	E	Q	T	L	S	C	Z	K	M	E	L	R	N	F	W	K	C	N
N	N	L	T	O	R	H	C	B	U	C	A	S	U	M	R	E	P	O	O
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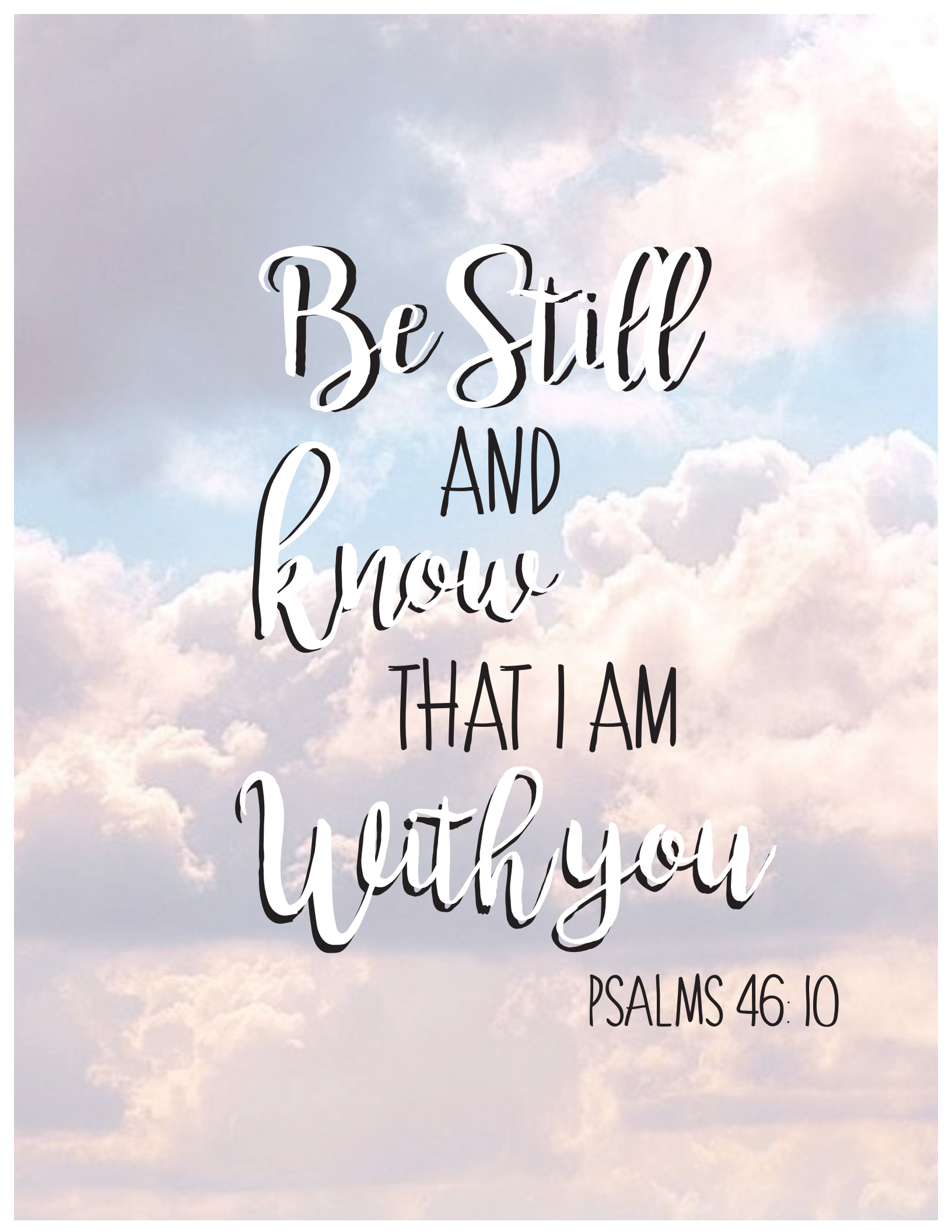
ADMIRER
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BELOVED
CANDY
CARING
CHERISH

CHOCOLATE
COUPLE
CUPID
DOVES
ENDEARMENT
EROS

FRIENDSHIP
GOODNESS
HEART
HOPEFUL
KINDNESS
LETTERS

LOVER
MOONSTRUCK
PASSION
PATIENT
PERSEVERANCE
PINK

POEM
RED
ROSES
STARCROSSED
SWEETHEART
TRUTHFUL
VALENTINE



Be Still
AND
know
THAT I AM
With you

PSALMS 46: 10