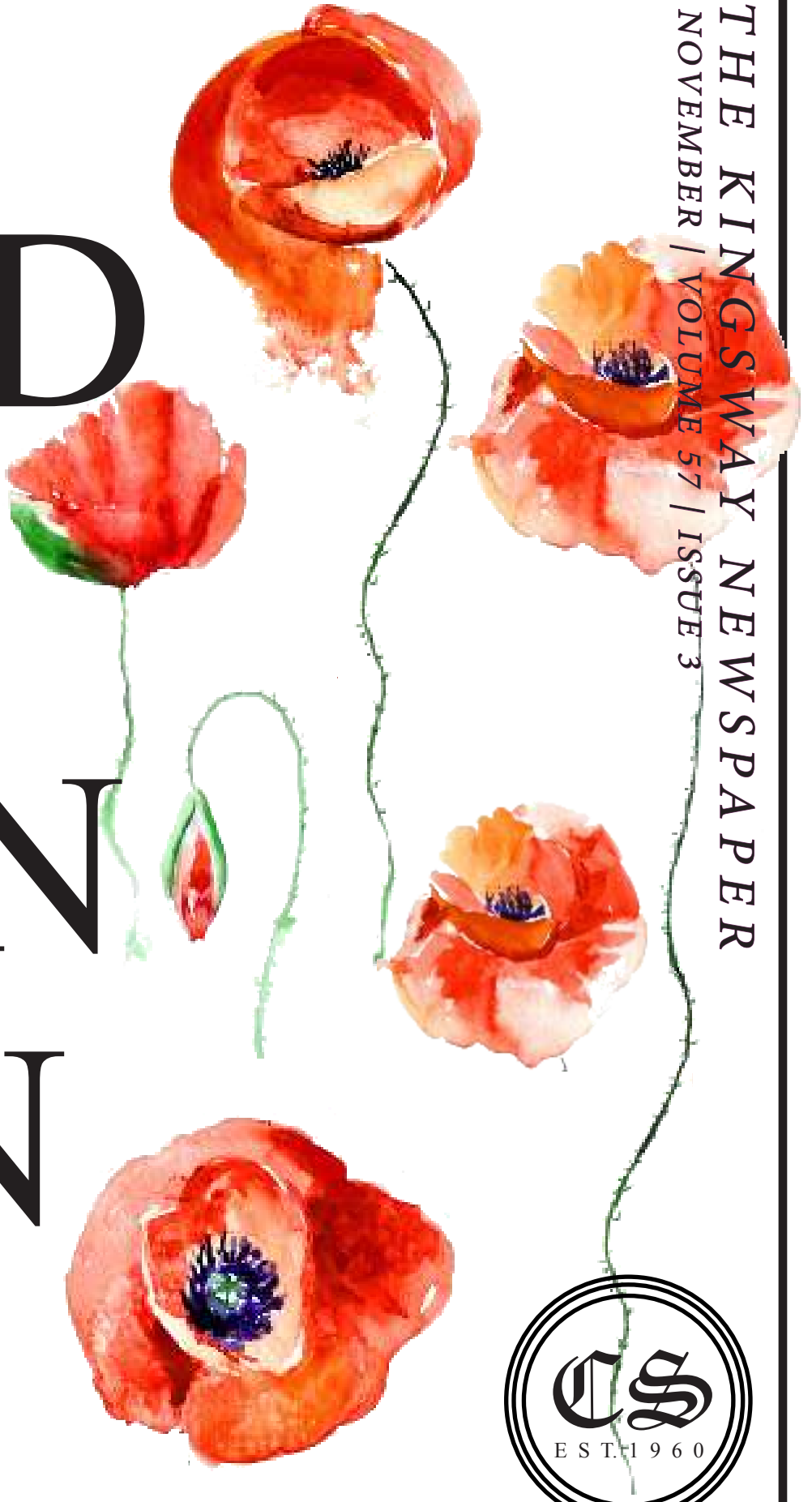


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EDITOR MESSAGES

ALANNAH
TJHATRA

EDITOR
IN CHIEF



“In Flanders fields the poppies blow/Between the crosses, row on row,/That mark our place: and in the sky/The larks still bravely singing fly/Scarce heard amid the guns below.”

Most of you know this often-recited poem, written by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae in 1915 during the second battle of Ypres. It’s usually recited during Remembrance Day ceremonies and days that honour veterans. It’s a solemn, beautifully written piece about the vibrant red poppies that were blooming despite the war-torn environment that surrounded them. Although everything seemed to be crushed by the weight of despair, the poppies prevailed.

This month is a time of remembrance -- a time to give tribute to those who served in the battles and wars of history, whether they are still alive or whether they died serving their country.

But is it just me, or does it seem like people were just waiting for Remembrance Day to be over so they could start getting ready for Christmas?

I know that especially since we’re a generation who hasn’t been exposed to the terrors of war, we (myself included) tend to look at Remembrance Day really lightly. To many of us, it means two things: 1) having to attend a long assembly and 2) starting Christmas preparation the day right after.

But imagine all the families who’ve lost loved ones in World War II, remember the people who lived their lives in poverty because all of their resources had to go to the war effort during the First World War. Remember the women and men who helped paint the stories in the history books that we read today -- stories of dedication and bravery and nights spent wondering if death was just around the corner.

I know November 11th is long gone, but still, try and take a couple moments today to pay a silent tribute to those who gave their lives so we could have a better future.

-- Alannah Tjhatra

KACEY
MORGAN

ASSISTANT
EDITOR



This is the month for remembering, giving respect, and (in America) thankfulness. Although we should always keep our families close, in this month families coming together is especially common. Not only should we be grateful that our families are not being torn apart by war we should also be respectful and honour the families that were, and show sympathy for those who never got their families back together.

-- Kacey Morgan

ADJACENT (PART ONE)

KELLIE
ABULENCIA



Here i was, inches away from my escape. i had pictured how this would eventually turn out. depression had gotten the best of me and now i was just in miserable pieces. the fog hid in the trees and the stream craved more water. the sky was gray and the wind cut my cheeks with every bitter breeze. i wondered how it would feel once i hit the bottom. not for a second did i wonder if this was what i really wanted. i took a deep breath in and looked out to the mountains for some final closure. this metal ledge didn't help with the amount of metal sadness in me -- cold and unmovable.

i was ready.

"you're not really going to jump off there, are ya?"

her green eyes dug into my own as she stood on the wooden bridge. her deep red curly hair was pulled into two buns and she wore a bright yellow knitted sweater with a black jacket over top. her hands held each other behind her back as she swayed back and forth -- she was beautiful.

"actually, i was planning on it." i managed to huff out.

"well sorry, but you're gonna have to cancel your plans." she chuckled.

she tried to lift herself

onto the metal ledge but struggled, and i couldn't help but smile. i offered my hand and she took it in return as we both stood looking out at what i hoped would be my last view.

"thanks." she dusted her hands and shoved them in her pocket.

i was silent and mildly shook. it was an awkward moment, but i guess she didn't think so. i kept trying to look at her with a side eye but she was genuinely distracted by the nature.

"ya know, this is my bridge." she sighed.

i scoffed, shaking my head.

"what? you think i'm joking?" she laughed.

"your bridge?" i looked down at my feet and to my sides, trying to look for her name somewhere on it.

"mhm." she nodded playfully.

"i don't see a -" i started to speak but was interrupted.

"a name?"

i nodded in return.

"well ya wouldn't see it here," she giggled, blowing a curl out of her face. She reached out her hand and i hesitated at first but took it anyway and jumped over the ledge.

she led me to the bottom of the bridge and we stood by the water side,

and then she pointed to the graffiti sprayed on the rustic metal in bold yellow paint.

"Kacey L.M."

"that's me." she smiled as she looked up at it. i took a minute to examine the cursive writing and laughed at the fact that her name was actually written on the bridge.

"you did that?" i asked.

"no. someone else did." she put her hands back in her jacket.

"who?"

"hey, that's not fair!" she giggled, "i get to ask you a question now."

i nodded in confusion, "i get to answer you this time, i guess."

"why were you about to jump off the bridge?"

i thought about the question for five minutes and never once looked at the girl next to me.

"i don't know." was the only reason i managed to get out. my mind was jumbled and filled with reasons, but those ones weren't good enough to be shared with a stranger.

"is it my turn to ask now?" i looked to my right, and it was as if the wind had taken her with it. she vanished. it was a strange day and i wondered if i would ever get to see her again.

TALES OF THE PAST

DAVID
CUCUTEANU



Since the spring of 1915, the red poppy has become the symbolic emblem of Remembrance Day. Originating from the poem “In Flanders Fields”, written by our very own Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, the poppy went on to become an anniversary tradition. At the very start, real poppies were worn, and people continued to do so for decades. As they bloomed across some of the deadliest battlefields of Flanders in World War I, the radiant red flower became an emblem for the bloodshed during the war. In Canada, the tradition embraces a one-to-two-minute silence on November 11th at the eleventh hour, which marks the time when armistice became effective in the United Kingdom.

For the duration of the First World War, many of the battles were fought in Western Europe. Once-peaceful countryside was bombed, and land was invaded by warfare countless times. Those fair landscapes quickly turned to fields of mud, blood, and death. Desolation reigned in those plac-

es, where the opportunity for anything to grow yielded nothing. Even so, the dainty yet resilient flowers grew in the thousands, managing to thrive amongst the desperation and chaos of war. This influenced Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae to write the famous poem, not long after losing his friend in Ypres. Written from the point of view of the dead, it tells of their sacrifice and service. Becoming one of the most well-known poems from the war, McCrae’s poem received attention from an American professor, Moina Michael. It inspired her to make and sell silk poppies.

In 1921, The British Legion was formed; that year it sold nine million poppies



▲ A poster telling people to buy victory bonds to support the war effort during World War I

Ohama Beach (U.S.)
landing aircraft approaches
▼ (June 6, 1994)



on November 11. The funds attained were over £106 000 (a large sum of money at that time), and they were used to help veterans from the First World War.

By the spring of 1944, during the Second World War, Germany had taken over France and much of Europe since the start of the war. The Allies had already attempted a raid on the French coast of Dieppe in 1942 which had resulted in numerous casu-

On the sixth of June, 1944, known as D-Day, the Allies crossed the English Channel to an eighty kilometer stretch of the heavily-protected Normandy coast. There were five landing rendezvous points: Juno Beach, belonging to Canada; Gold Beach, the responsibility of the United Kingdom; Sword Beach, shared by France and the UK; Utah Beach and Omaha Beach, represented by the United States.



▲ Map of the Normandy coast on D-Day

alties, especially for Canada. Still, by 1944 the Allies had made plans for over a year to attack again. Dieppe was separated from England by just the English Channel. Allied air forces had bombed the Dieppe coast months before the attack. Taking great hardship and revision, the air, sea, and ground forces perpetually rehearsed their parts for Operation Overlord. Numerous soldiers, tanks, guns, and boats were gathered in confidentiality on the coasts of southern England.

Against arduous outcomes, the Canadians advanced to Juno Beach against the best battalions Germany had. The Canadian and Allies' victory on the coast of Dieppe led to a successful conquering of Normandy, but it all came at an abominable cost. A total of three hundred and forty Canadians sacrificed their lives just on Juno Beach that day. Following onto the Battle of Normandy, the Canadians suffered the largest number of casualties from any battalion



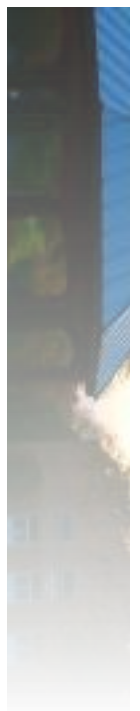
▲ Toronto women being trained to defend their homes during WWI



▶ A man from the Canadian Film and Photo Unit (May, 1944)

in the British Army. During those traumatizing events, more than five thousand soldiers laid down their lives for their country. Today, they lie buried in places far from their homes, away from the ones they loved most. Those who survived returned home with irreparable injuries to their bodies and minds; ones that they have to live with to this day.

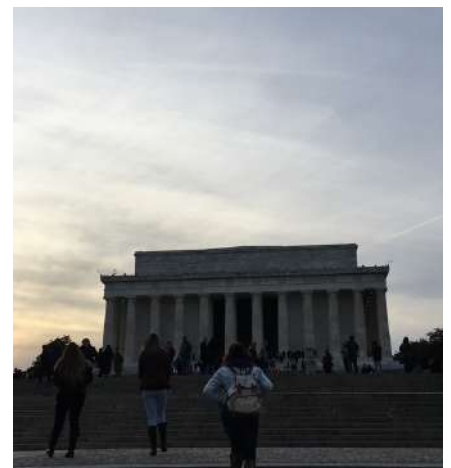
So the next time you take those moments of silence, remember those who gave their lives for your freedom.

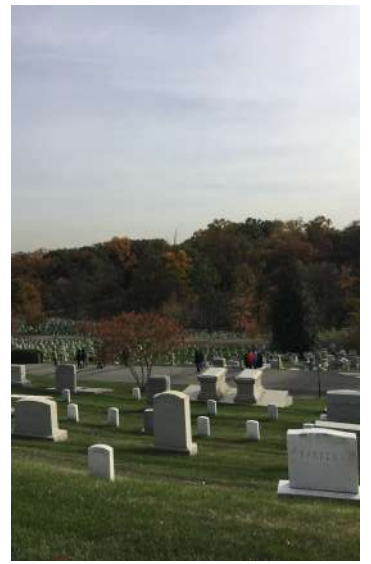




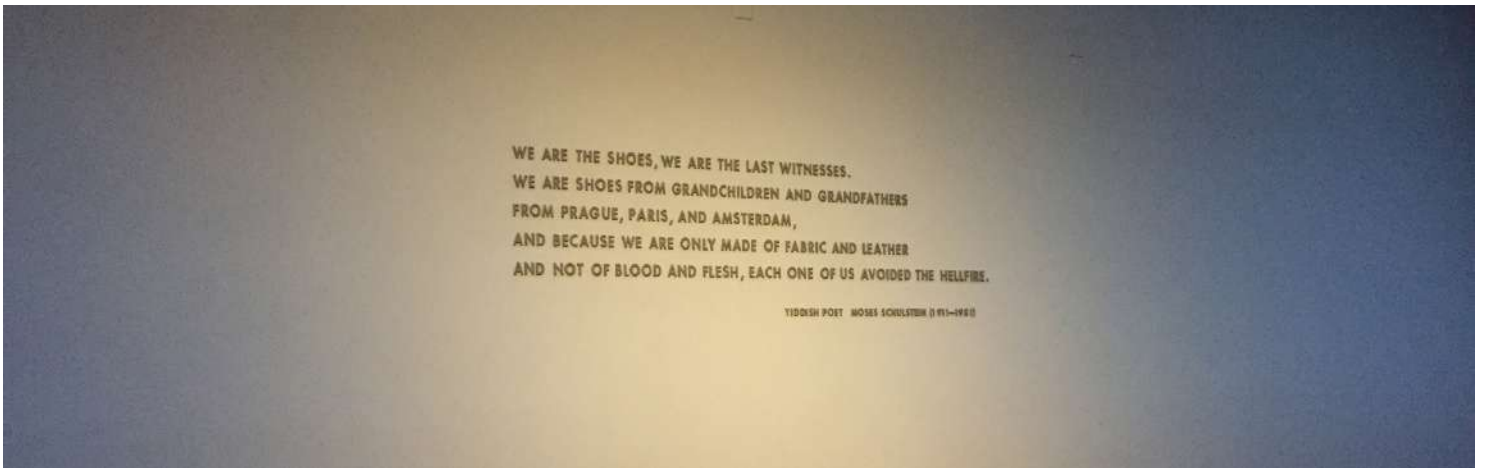
U.S. HISTORY TRIP : A

Thanks to Anna Flores and Kacey Morgan for the photos





SMALL PHOTO COLLECTION



STUDENT SURVIVAL





Hey you guys! I am a grade 11 student here at Kingsway, and I have been here since grade 9. Through my years here, I have had to change the way that I study for tests and how I need to organize my time. In elementary school I never had to study or do any work, it didn't matter how long I stayed after school participating in sports events, I never had to worry about any school work. My life was great- I woke up and went to school for 8:20 am. I talked to my friends, we planned parties for any possible reason we could come up with, we watched movies in class just for the fun of it (no film reviews required). Every Friday was a half day, so I literally was at school for three and a half hours. Life was good. And then I came to Kingsway, and that was when I noticed that I had to get my life together.

To be perfectly honest with you, grade 9 was hard

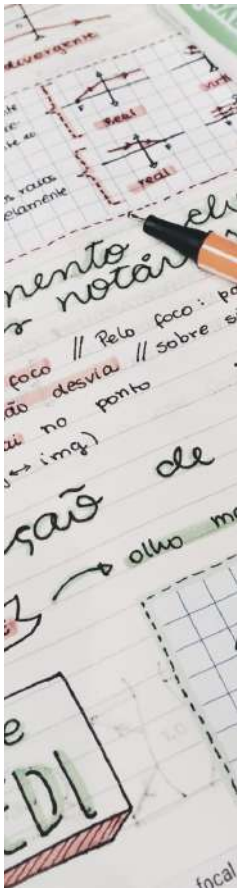
for me. It really shouldn't have been, but I didn't study like I should have, and I never organized time to do homework or go over my lessons. All I did was spend lots of time in the gym for Aerials, hang out with my friends, watch movies in class, and ignore my school lessons. I didn't realize that

"AND THEN I CAME
TO KINGSWAY, AND
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in order for me to keep getting good grades after elementary school, I was going to have to step up my game and actually make myself do schoolwork and study. I saw how my sister was studying for her classes, but I always told myself that she had to do work because she was in

grade 11. In my mind, grade 9 had only one purpose: to do whatever you wanted. It took me a while, but by the time second semester rolled around, and my name wasn't on Principal's List or Honour Roll, I was like, "Oh shoot. People are gonna think I'm dumb." So I finally started working on school and organizing my time better.

Now, just because I have had three years to practice good studying habits doesn't mean I am perfect at it. I still struggle in some subjects- like when am I ever going to have to calculate the empirical formula for ascorbic acid that is 40.9% carbon, 4.55% hydrogen, and 54.55% oxygen? Or when am I going to have to find out the stoichiometric mole ratio of oxygen and hydrogen in a reaction? I am probably not going to have to do any of those things, but I also don't plan to major in Chemistry in my near future. The point is, even after having three years to practice better



studying habits, I am never going to perfect it. All I can do -- all anyone can do -- is to try their best and do their own part to get the grade he or she wants. You have to be able to know if you are a person that wants to just barely pass a class, or a person who wants to excel in the class. If you are only giving one or two hours a week for homework, you probably aren't going to do the best. But if you organize your time and try your hardest, you will get the grade you deserve.

Some simple ways that I have learned to help me study for a test are to: eat

properly and drink water, do your homework with your door open so you won't get distracted, or even do it at your kitchen table. When you know that the test you are studying for is going to be hard and you have to study a lot for it, give your phone to a sibling (or parent) and ask them to hide it for you so you won't find yourself spending five hours on it instead of your studies. Also, do some physical activity -- not necessarily a 5k run, or an hour in the gym working out. Just going out to walk your dog, or walking around your neighbour-

hood with some music, is great. Getting exercise gives you a mental break from your work and lets you sleep better, which is very crucial as well. Most importantly though, make time to have a personal devotion with God. Whether it means waking up ten or fifteen minutes earlier or doing it before you go to bed, spending time to talk with God builds your relationship with Him and will give you comfort. Matthew 11:28 says, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest."

MYSTERY OF FAITH

EOWYNN
MACDONALD



BAM! BAM! BAM! "Open up! It's the Police!" a voice calls from outside the door. I look frantically at my sister Cassie.

"What did you do?" I say, seeing panic flash through her eyes -- but also a certain aspect of surprise as well.

"I don't know!" Her eyes start to fill up with tears.

"Do you want me to open it?" She nods, tears pouring down her face. I have just come to say goodbye because I am leaving for my trip tomorrow, but I was

not expecting this. I open the door to see three tall policemen with dark sunglasses and large notebooks. It's like a scene in a mystery novel, and I have always liked mysteries.

"What can I do for you today, officer?"

"Are you Cassie Lockhart?" says the tallest officer in a deep voice.

"No. I'm her sister, Reyna. What can I do for you?" I answer, even more curious to know what is going on now.

"I am here to take Ms.

Lockhart down to the station for questioning." The policemen push me away from the door harshly, and I catch myself before I fall down. The policemen grab Cassie and pull her out the door. I follow along and drive there in my car.

The questions start out easy.

"Where were you last night at the time of 10:30?"

"I was at home, studying for my science final."

"Do you have a witness?"

"No. I was home alone."

"How well do you know

Nate Carwall?"

"We've talked a few times, but just about mail mix-ups. What is this all about?" The officer just looks down and continues to question.

look into it. I can find evidence. Anything, please!" I beg as hard as I possibly can.

"You have 24 hours -- and if I find out this is a fraud, you are going to jail too." He looks annoyed but

until only the man I assume was Nate is left. I flip one of the photos over and see a list of names: Kara Samuel, Markus Tanner, Andy Lukas, Sarah Thoms, and Nate Carwall.



"Have you ever been in his apartment?"

"Once. I just moved here and I don't know people very well yet."

"Cassie Lockhart. You are being put under arrest for the murder of Nate Carwall. Don't deny it. Your fingerprints are everywhere." He pulls out handcuffs and places them sharply on her arms, cutting into her wrists.

Please, God! Please tell me this isn't happening. She can't go away. I know what I have to do. I walk up to one of the other officers and tap his shoulder.

"Excuse me, I was wondering if you would let me

keeps on working.

That afternoon I walk around Nate's apartment. There must be something, *anything*. The officer told me Nate was quiet, kept to himself, didn't have a girlfriend -- not many friends at all. He was a 22-year-old going to the same college as Cassie, taking Business and History as his majors.

I look around and see a photo album, so I pick it up and look at it. I find pictures that look like a prayer group. The same kids are in the whole album. The only difference through the book is age; the people grow older. Soon each person disappears

I decide to research a bit about his friends -- I soon discovered that each person who had disappeared from the pictures had killed themselves. I found parents statements below the articles.

"Kara was completely normal. She was a kind, nice, Christian girl who loved God. She did complain a bit about feeling left out but I had never consid-

ered it to be the cause of her death. She was so wonderful."

"Andy was a smart boy. Always got good grades, followed the rules. Never seemed like the type of boy to kill himself. Until one day he just refused to go to school because of the bullies. That was the day before his death."

It looks to me that each one of Nate's friends was bullied. I look at Nate's Instagram account; all the posts are related to God or his prayer group. He had gone to a Christian school all his life with his four friends, he even went to a Christian



college. It looks like I found a pattern, but I need more evidence that it was suicide.

I go to the station and ask to see Nate's autopsy report -- what he died of. The police officer gets up and goes to a tall cabinet. She flips through some files before finding Nate's, coming back a bit later and handing me the file.

"Good luck finding anything in it." She says as she rolls her eyes and walks away. I look down at the file. It says that the cause of death was cyanide. The estimated time that he had to have ingested it was two to six hours before he died, making it even more likely to be suicide.

Please God, help me prove that it was not my sister, and help me to bring justice to this case. Please guide me to the right conclusions and help me to figure this out. Amen.

I have just under two hours left to prove her innocence. I run back to Nate's apartment to look for any signs of cyanide. Shattered bottle fragments, the acid traces on the floor, anything. Just when I am about to give up, I notice the bottle of cyanide partially hidden under the couch. I call up the police and they come instantly. The policeman picks up the broken bottle and dusts for fingerprints.

"They are Nate's fingerprints!" The policeman looks curious. "But how did Cassie's fingerprints get everywhere?"

"Why don't we ask Cassie?" The woman who brought me Nate's file brings in Cassie ten minutes later.

"I was bringing him a bowl of soup because I heard at school today he was sick...I dropped it and ran when I saw him dead on the ground."

"Why didn't you call the police?"

"I was afraid." Cassie is almost in tears and I pull her into a hug.

"Cassie Lockhart, the charges against you for the murder of Nate Carwall have been dropped." Cassie looks relieved and joyous, but sad at the same time.

"What's wrong, Cass?" I ask sincerely.

"It's just that he was so kind. Why would he want to kill himself?"

"Sometimes trouble just happens, bullies happen... life happens. The point is not to let it get to you, even if it's hard. I bet he felt no one loved him because all his friends died and he kept getting bullied." Cassie looks down.

"But we were in a Christian school!" She protests.

"Bullies are everywhere, even in Christian societies."

Cassie gets up to leave. "Yeah, I get that. Well, I have to prepare for my make-up test tomorrow. Bye!"

"Bye!" I look around one more time and find a picture with the words; "For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only son, so who shall believeth in Him shall have eternal life. For God did not send His son into the world to condemn it, but to save it." John 3:16-17. The picture shows a girl who loved to read, a boy who liked Barbies, a guy who liked trains, a girl who loved sports -- and a guy who loved his friends. A group who loved God, no matter what. They died not knowing how much they were loved -- not just by parents or friends, but by God too.

Even if life seems hard, confide in God telling him your issues and fears; He will guide you through life safely. You may not know it now, but you will later. *"Thousands of candles can be lighted from a single candle, and the life of the candle will not be shortened. Happiness never decreases by being shared."* Share God's love so others will know they are loved no matter what they do.



ANNA
FLORES



Why do we care so much about having the latest clothes, shoes, and phones? I can't even judge because I find *myself* wanting new things on a daily basis. Maybe it is part of human nature to keep on wanting physical adornment and be like everyone else around us. But this isn't what God wants, we are not to store for ourselves treasures on earth, but treasures in heaven. (Matthew 6:19-20).

Saving up money to buy a \$200 sweater that you already have in another colour is a total waste of money. Our time and money should be spent in furthering the work of Christ around the world.

Messages to Young People, pg. 345, states, "Many deceive themselves in thinking that good looks and a gay attire will gain from them consideration in the world. But the charms that consist only in the outward apparel are shallow and changeable; no dependence can be placed upon them... if half the time spent by the youth in making themselves attractive in outward

appearances were given to soul-culture, to the inward adorning, what difference would be seen in their deportment, words, and actions?"

On page 321, Ellen White also says, "My sisters (and brothers), if you would bring your manner of dressing into *conformity* with the rules given in the *Bible*, you would have an abundance with which to help your poorer sisters (and brothers). You would have not only the means, but time."

Let's break this statement down....

First, the Bible should always be our main guide in life. No matter what problem we face, the answers are all in there. It may not address our problems directly, but it will direct us in a way that the Holy Spirit can speak to us.

Conforming to the world would defeat the purpose that God has given us on this earth. Instead of trying to follow everything that the world throws at us, we should conform to what the Bible instructs.

As Romans 12:2 says, "Don't copy the behavior

and customs of this world, but let God transform you into a new person by changing the way you think. Then you will learn to know God's will for you, which is good and pleasing and perfect."

We should be spending more time making our *manners* attractive instead of spending hours and excessive amounts of money to make our *wardrobes* attractive.

During Jesus' time on earth, He pointed out the flowers of the field, each one so beautiful and pure. The things of nature that Christ illustrates is the beauty that HEAVEN values. These things are modest grace, purity, and appropriateness that will make our attire pleasing to God.

We can be a blessing to others just by the simplicity of our dress and deportment. In the comparison of eternal things, we will portray the proper estimation of things that matter in this life.

Page 351 and 352 of *Messages to Young People* says, "Our dress is to be *inexpensive* - not with gold, pearls, or pearls costly ar-

ray.” Money is entrusted to us by God. It is not ours to expend for the gratification of pride or ambition; in the hands of God’s children it is **food for the hungry and clothing for the naked.**

There are children who would do anything just to have a new pair of flip-flops or a t-shirt that doesn’t have rips or holes in it.

Clothing should be “chosen for durability rather than display. It should provide warmth and proper protection...our dress should be cleanly. Lack of cleanliness in dress is unhealthy, and thus defiling to the body and to the soul.”

These writings were not just useful to people many years ago, but to everyone today, especially those that are waiting for the return of Christ.

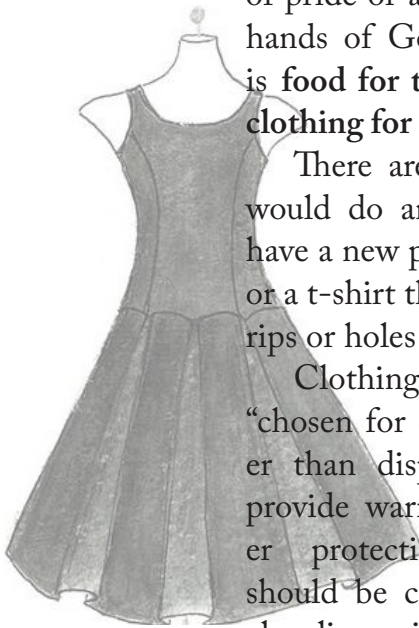
Our body is the temple of God. Yes, what we put inside our body may defile it, but also what we put on top.

Although this is a sad reality of life, what you wear is a key in how people will assume you are like. Appearance is the first impression that a person gives to another. For example, picture yourself walking in a mall. You see a teenage boy with pants hanging almost

to his knees, with a baggy black top engulfing his upper body, and a snapback on his head. The first assumption that one would make is, “Oh, that boy, he’s probably a skater, and he doesn’t really care about his appearance either.”

This does not happen in all cases, but many times people are judged based on what they wear.

Of course clothing is a way of **EXPRESSION**, but especially as people waiting for the coming of Christ, we should express modesty, honour, and confidence through the clothes we wear.



SERVICE NOT FAME

EMERALD
AUBIN



Service not fame,” -- we all know that is our motto. We know that service is supposed to be a part of the Christian way. Getting used to the busy schedule of Kingsway, we make excuses of being bombarded and not having enough time for anything else. The small moments we get are being spent catching up with our favourite people, and catching up on our favourite shows. As a school, we don’t spend enough time doing or initiating service. Of course

we do have those 40 hours of mandatory community service needed to graduate, but so does every other public or private school. As a Christian institution, we lack greatly in the area of service.

I’m sure most people have seen that YouTube video of the guy giving \$100 to a homeless person; the guy acts ‘in need’ in order to test the homeless man. It’s all gooey and heart-warming because the homeless man is so selfless and willing to give his money to anyone

who needs it. On Sabbath at College Park Church, during the offertory, I know the deacon in charge of collecting from the Kingsway side feels useless when one kid out of a hundred and fifty students drops a toonie in the plate. We can’t even give God His money, so how are we supposed to give money to homeless people? I know that thought has run through my head, and as a “poor” dorm student, service money is not often in our budgets. By definition, service is “the action of helping

or doing work for someone.” Note how there is no mention of money.

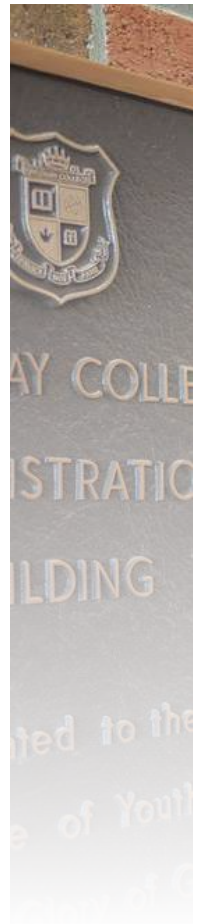
It’s hard to put yourself out there and do things for people without reward. But even doing little things can make a difference in people’s lives. Seeing homeless people downtown anywhere is a societal norm, and that is really sad. We always joke around and say, “Don’t waste your food! Some kid in Africa would nyam dat!” But guess what -- so would the kid sitting under the highway bridge you drive over every day to get to school, or the man holding up a cardboard sign while you exit and turn your head the

other way -- they would love some food or a little guap. If you know you’re going to be in an area where homeless people reside, take an extra couple bucks with you, or buy an extra hot chocolate and give it away.

I was watching a video on Facebook -- don’t sleep on Facebook -- and one of those rich guys was going up to homeless people, and he actually took the time to talk to them. Turns out, rather than money, sometimes they just want somebody to talk to. When you think about it, that makes sense, as we get bored and lonely within an hour of study hall. There are many ways to show service

for people, but the first step is putting yourself out there. The hardest part of “Service not Fame” is the “not fame” part. When we realize that the service we do is not always received well, or even appreciated, we automatically become spiteful. Often times it doesn’t feel great to do things for others -- but sometimes service equates to sacrifice.

The more often you serve, the more habitual it is. The more often you serve, the more you notice those in need. The more often you serve, the more your character develops. I am going to leave you to percolate on this:



**“ TO GIVE REAL
SERVICE YOU MUST
ADD SOMETHING WHICH
CANNOT BE BOUGHT OR
MEASURED WITH
MONEY, AND THAT
IS SINCERITY AND
INTEGRITY. ”**

DOUGLAS ADAMS

BEACHES & BATTLE FIELDS

KIMBERLY
JUNSAY

To some people history textbooks are pretty boring; filled with dates, facts, and names of people of the past. Yet, there is something special when those numbers and words on the page become real -- when you visit the place where a historical event happened. In grade 10 Canadian history you learn about the different battles fought by Canadian soldiers during the First and Second World War. I remember taking notes on the location and year of the battles, and seeing the black and white photos on the teacher's powerpoint presentation of the battlefields with soldiers marching on a bleak landscape of mud and trenches. Sitting in that classroom I would not have imagined that a year and a half later, on April 4th-13th, 2017, I would be visiting the very battlefields and cemeteries of those fallen soldiers; traveling all the way to Europe to tour the beaches and battlefields fought by Canada. By actually seeing the aftermath of the battles and the rows upon rows of gravestones that seemed to go on forever, those history lessons became more than just numbers and locations I had memorized for the history tests and exams. Instead, it became a realization of the senseless of war. After visiting museums that tried to capture what life was like for these soldiers, I could only understand a small fraction of their struggles and troubles. What I *did* understand is that their struggles and sacrifices were not for nothing -- the freedom, peace, and liberty that we have in Canada is a testament to that, as well as the liberation of Europe. The Vimy Ridge memorial is a symbol of the sacrifice and courage of those who gave their lives 100 years ago for the future of peace and freedom that we have. Despite the amount of time that has passed, (about 100 years), their sacrifices have not been forgotten as the memorials and cemeteries are very well kept and maintained in their honour.

The top three significant moments that impacted me were the cemeteries and memorials, the beaches that soldiers fought on, and the day when I got to speak with a veteran. It is a very real reality that so many died in the wars, and the many gravestones that mark their names in the cemeteries are a solemn reminder. The rows and rows of gravestones are able to physically and visually show the number of those who died -- but how do you

show the number of soldiers who died without a grave? The Menin Gate in Ypres is a memorial to the 50,000 soldiers of Britain and the Commonwealth who died in the battle of Ypres without a grave. Inside the gate, engraved in the stone, are the 50,000 names of those soldiers. They are appreciated by the city of Ypres, as the last post ceremony is conducted in their honor every evening. When studying World War Two in history class, you learn about the battles fought on the Normandy beaches of France, such as Dieppe and Juno Beach; these battles were a part of the D-Day operation. Walking along those beaches made me stop and think about the soldiers who also walked along

the very same shore -- but for them, it was not merely a casual touristy stroll as it was for me (as I was also taking photos). It was so different for them as they were trudging along the beach of Dieppe, their feet sinking into the rocks, in attempt to liberate the city of Dieppe. I was struggling just walking on the rocks -- I wonder how much harder it was for them with heavy tanks and equipment.

After visiting the Somme Museum in Albert, France, we found ourselves in a square in front of the Basilique Notre-Dame de Brebières, where we met a veteran from the Second World War. What I found to be ironic was how he was telling us that he appreciated seeing young students

like us coming to learn about the wars and listening to him share his experience.

We must all learn from history, so that we do not make the same mistakes that lead to terrible loss, destruction, and pain. Looking back at it, we are able to learn about the sacrifices made by those who fought for their country so we could have the freedom and peace we have today, and appreciate that. Remember those who are not able to have the same privileges of living in a developed country, those whose own country is at war with another. Appreciate the liberties we have which are written in the Charter of Rights and Freedom. Take a moment to stop, reflect, appreciate -- and never forget the sacrifices made.



C O N T E S T !

Count the total number of poppies in this issue (*every single one you see.*) If you think you have the right number, write your **full name** on a slip of paper, along with the **number of poppies** you believe to be in this issue. Put the paper in the box (which is on the table near the Leland Hall entrance.) Alannah Tjhatra and Kacey Morgan will draw **three** names from the box. The first three slips of paper we draw which have the correct number of poppies written down will be the winners. We will come and find you to give you a prize.

