

# Notice

The people of  
TDChristian High School  
making and doing


2017






## **Foreword**

The good work of a school community over an entire academic year is difficult to catalogue; in fact, it's not possible to fit it all in. There's too much of everything—images, events, trips, essays, stories, equations, performances, works of art, videos, doodles and such. Thus, this small book is an eclectic collection of just a few things we've noticed this year. All good gifts come from God; all the work you see in this book—from the recycling done by Environmental Block students to the dystopic visions of our creative writers—are expressions of these gifts.

This year, we add a multimedia feature to the book. Follow the instructions to download the Aurasma app, and you'll be able to see additional content. Point your smartphone at the  icon to see video and slideshows of students and more of their work.

## **How to use Aurasma to watch our bonus videos**

1. **Install the free Aurasma app on your device using the App Store or Google Play Store.**
2. **Follow the Notice2017 channel**
  - Tap the "Discover Auras" field
  - Type "Notice2017" then tap "search"
  - Select "Notice2017's Public Auras" and create an account when prompted
  - Select "Follow"
3. **Scan images with your device:**
  - Find a page with the camera icon: 
  - Select the viewfinder icon on your device
  - Hold your device steady over the page.  
If the video doesn't start, slowly move it closer or further away.

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## **TDChristian High School**

Learning for service in the light of God's word.

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## **Notice 2017**

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Panorama, Sigma 20 mm lens, ISO 6400, f/2.0, 20 seconds      TIM ELGERSMA



JADON PASCAL VAN ALPHEN

 Last summer, along with fellow photographer and teacher Joel Sjaarda, these intrepid travellers spent ten days in the American Southwest exploring the desert and capturing night skies.



16 image panorama, Sigma 50mm lens, ISO 5000, f/2.5, 25 seconds      EVAN KIM

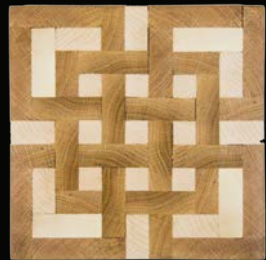


PHOTO: SARAH SCHOLTEN  
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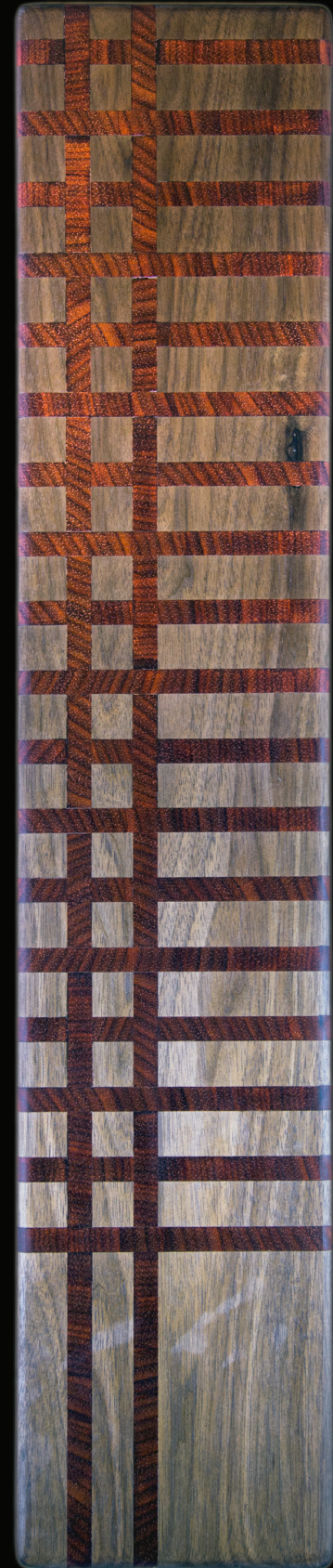




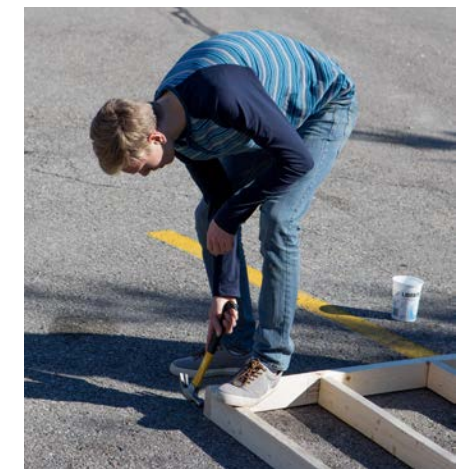
# Shop



EXCAVATOR: NOEL SIMPSON  
CHEESE/BREAD BOARDS (L TO R): KEVYN DOWNER;  
TREVOR EYGENRAAM, MATTHEW REID, SELENA SLOFSTRA  
AND KEVYN DOWNER; ISAAC VANDER KOOI AND QUINCY  
BLANDFORD-GROSSE  
AIRPLANE: GARRETT BURRELL



# Tiny Houses



Students learn the basics of framing by building from simple plans for tiny houses. They work from the concept drawing provided by Mr. Vanderkloet. Above, houses built by Gerry Straatsma, Jeffrey Horlings, Ryen Rekker, and Jacob Banks. Pictured, left to right, are Matthew Reid, Kevyn Downer, and Jacob Banks.



# My Cereal-Box French

Tessia Orlandi

**THE SUMMER BEFORE GRADE FOUR**, I began collecting cereal boxes. I checked the recycling almost every week for thrown away boxes of Froot Loops, chocolate bars, popcorn, and many other varieties of recycling items. Why? For the French articles found on every box. Because I was so thrilled that I'd be learning French in my next year of school, I started to collect every French word I found around me. I spent hours cutting out colourful French vocabulary from various advertisements, from egg cartons, but most often, from cereal boxes; I did this all to add to my French word collection I had glued into a red and blue coloured journal. Unlike most of the other nine-year-olds who spent their summers biking, swimming, or playing with toys, I excitedly anticipated learning a new language. On the first day of grade four, I vividly remember walking into Mr.

Smith's classroom for my first

French class. He greeted us at the door one by one: "*Bonjour! Bonjour! Bonjour!*" I was filled with excitement. Once I reached the door and Mr.

Smith gave me his greeting, I

proudly replied, "*Bonjour, je m'appelle Tessia!*" He smiled brightly and responded, "*Salut, madame! Parles-tu français?*" My confidence faded because I had absolutely no clue what he had just said to me, and so I froze. He laughed and repeated his phrase in English, to which I responded no. He smiled and said, "One

day you will speak French, Tessia, I promise you!" Again hopeful I walked to my seat, and the first of many French classes began.

I am in love with the idea of language and fascinated by the functions of French. I am passionate about learning, and I strive to one day be fluent in the language. That's my goal. Most of the grade school curriculum is grammar: verbs, negatives, questions, and so on. I am exceptional at grammar—I always achieve 95–100% on all my tests and quizzes—but I am horrible at speaking French. I hate it.

I don't understand why everyone else can say things so perfectly, but I can't. Whenever I have to act in a play for French class, all the other kids laugh when I speak. In high school, I struggle more and more each year. I can't speak French; my pronunciation is very poor, and I struggle to memorize words or sounds, so I feel stupid a lot of the time.

But then I met a French girl when I lived at her house for a week during our French trip. She didn't speak much English and I can't speak French very well, but we communicated with smiles and laughs. I think that is what my teachers want: for us to learn about connecting with each other, with people.

I also visited my cousins in Italy who speak English very well. We live in two different countries on different sides of the Earth, and we have two very different first languages, yet we are the best of friends. They are my motivation to continue to learn a second language.

Now, I am in my last year of high school French. I'm not the top of my class, I don't get high grades, and I struggle in every class, but I have always chosen to continue.

For eight years of my life, I have loved the beauty of language, the uniqueness of French, and the importance of connecting with others through another voice. I haven't chosen to take French for the last three years because I'm good at it or to get good grades; I have taken it because I want to learn.

Although I struggle, I am still the little girl cutting out words from the French side of the cereal box. She is still my heart. I hope I never lose that part of me: the part that is passionate and dedicated to what she sets her mind and heart to; the part that has fallen in love with learning. I hope that throughout my whole life, I will continue to collect cereal boxes in everything I do and everything I love.



brainy  
vache



ma lade  
vache

# Nous sommes tous Artistes

Tessia Orlandi



La communication est votre toile  
Votre langue est votre pinceau  
Comme vos mots sont de nombreuses peintures

Chaque émotion est une couleur différente  
Un dessin qui traverse la toile de soi-même

Votre langage corporel crée la texture  
mais vous devez regarder de près  
pour la remarquer

Un discours bien réfléchi est un croquis précis  
Et parler sans penser c'est de peindre dans l'abstrait

Un gros mot peut déchirer le canevas  
La rire provoque des éclaboussures de couleurs  
Une larme pourrait fondre votre couleur

Mais la technique la plus puissante de l'art  
est quand vous apprenez  
la langue de l'autre  
et mélange votre peinture avec les leur  
Puis vous créez une peinture beaucoup plus colorée qu'une autre

Nous sommes les artistes  
chaque toile différente et unique  
mais toute belle et méritantes d'expression et d'affichage

Maintenant  
Explorez la galerie et appréciez l'art



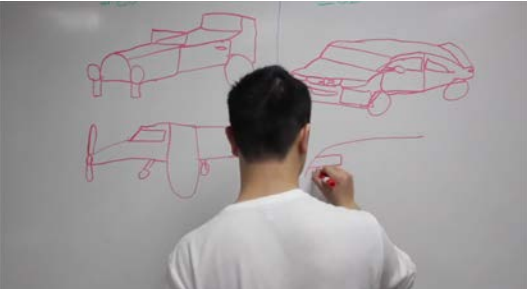
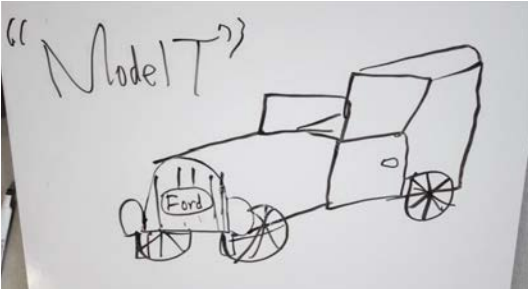
Diva  
Vache



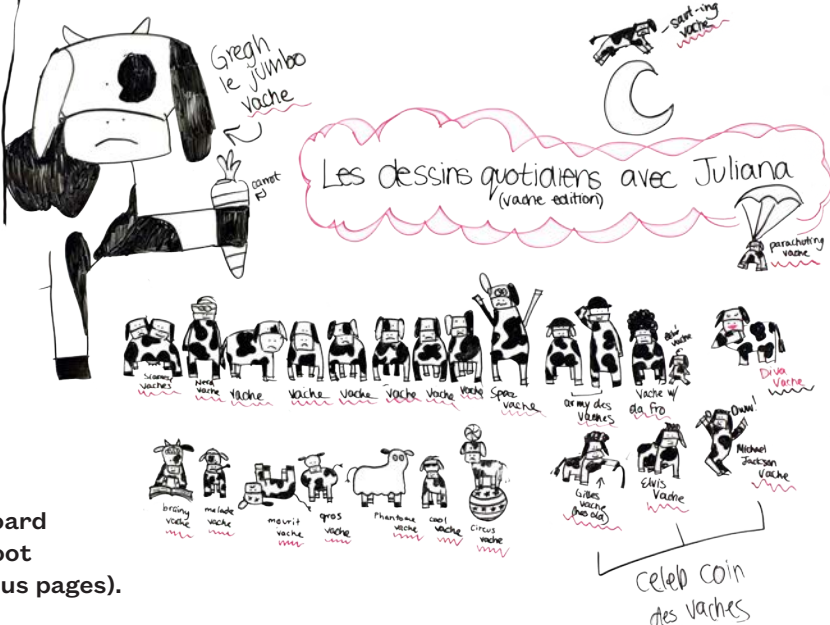
mourit  
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# L'ascension du Transport



Stills from a video by Matthew Lloyd and Alex Tsui that traces the history of transportation in Canada (en français, bien sûr).



A collection of whiteboard doodles by Juliana Groot (details seen on previous pages).



With the assistance of Mr. Huyer, Grade 9 French students created puzzle pieces to celebrate Canada's multicultural mosaic for the 150th anniversary of Confederation. Katarina Spratt, Graham Van Halteren, and Noah Vander Kooi present their work.





# The Box

Brianna Ferguson

**THEY SAY THAT ALL STORIES** should start with Once Upon a Time, but I don’t think so. Once Upon a Time stories take place in mystical lands of sugar-plum fairies, dragons, and princesses. They are children’s stories, nothing more. But why do people think that children even like these stories? I never did. These tales give children hopes and dreams that will soon be crushed when faced with the cruel reality of everyday life.

Small, round-faced children sit in a circle all around me as I read them a story. A story that is nothing but lies. I want nothing more than to slam the book shut on their little noses, then stalk out and scream at the top of my lungs, yelling that in real life, stories rarely start with Once Upon a Time, and they never, ever end in Happily Ever After. But I cannot. Such things would result in a one-way ticket to the Box’s law enforcement sector.

The Box. The place that has held me captive for so long. No one gets in, no one gets out, lest they be killed when faced with whatever “danger” the outside world poses. Every offense is a capital crime punishable by death. The suicide rates are high—so high, it seems that Earth’s remaining population will soon dwindle to nothing. I don’t blame them. I have considered it myself when times are bleak. But I know the consequences, and I cannot leave my family behind.

So I wait. I wait through the insufferable same-ness of daily life, hoping only for the day when we can open the doors of the Box and take our first steps out into the lush green forests of our planet, Earth. At least that is what I picture—lush green forests. For all I know, Earth could have transformed into a frozen wasteland or a scorched desert during the time we have spent in the Box. Or it could have disappeared entirely, leaving us floating through the vast expanses of space. But this is my only hope, the hope that I have held on to just like the generations before me. But their hope was futile; mine, so it seems, may not be.

Times are changing. They say that this generation may finally break open the confines of the Box and see Earth. And so I keep hoping.

A little boy tugs my hand, his wide blue eyes blinking steadily. My thoughts have carried me away. “Keep reading!” he says, so I do, the monotonous drone of my voice filling the tiny library and enthralling the children.

As soon as I finish the story, I stand up, grab the few bills this job earns me, and head home. As I walk through grey hallway after grey hallway, I think about how best to spend our only source of income. Food? Blankets? Medicine?

Up ahead of me is Corridor 72, which leads to the small apartment that my little brother, my mother, and I call home. When I was nine, my father was executed for reasons I don’t know. My mother guards this secret, among many others, very close to her heart.

I reach the door and open it to find my brother and mother at the table, eating the small portion of food that is our day’s rations. My stomach growls, and I am about to join them, but the look in my mother’s eyes stops me in my tracks. She hastily gets up, chair legs screeching loudly across the floor. My brother puts his hands over his ears. My mother crosses the space between us in a few long strides and roughly grabs my arm. I open my mouth, but her harsh glare silences me. She pulls me to the other room, then whirls around and slams the door.

“Mom? What’s going on?” I whisper nervously as I watch her frantically open drawers and pull out my clothes.

“System failure,” she says vaguely, leaving me confused and a little scared. I haven’t seen her act like this since Father died.

“What do you mean, ‘system failure?’ Mom, what is going on?” I reply, unable to keep the panic from edging into my voice.

“Didn’t you hear? Has no one told you?”

“Told me what, Mom? What is it?”

I forget to keep my voice down and she slaps me across the mouth. My eyes widen in both pain and shock. She has never hit me before.

“Quiet!” she whispers. “I will tell you, but help me pack! Get only the essentials for both you and your brother. Hurry!”

I shift over next to her and begin to pack my things, confused and angry.

“There were seven explosions today, five in the living quarters. Sections 34, 36, 40, 41, and 70 are gone. Gone! The others were small, off in the storage sector. But over 500 people—innocent people like you and me—are confirmed dead. 500! And countless others injured!”

“W-what does this mean?” I stammer, shocked and all the more confused.

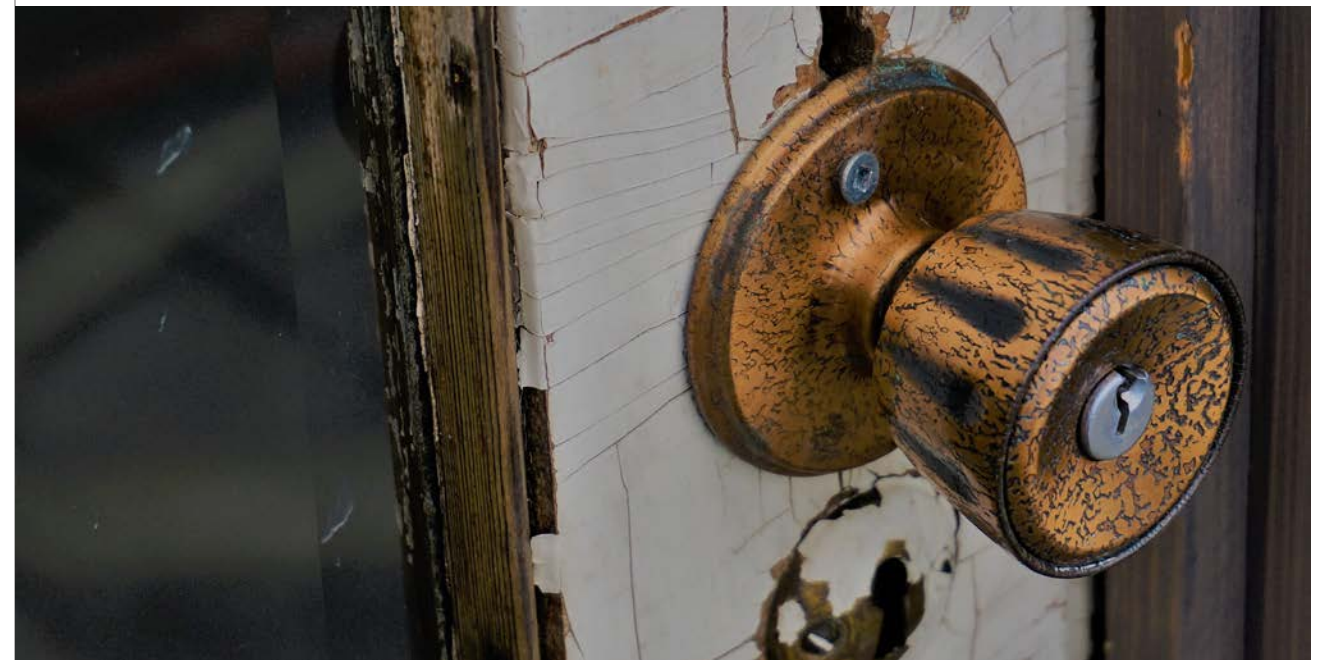
“How can you not know? How can you be so clueless? It means that the Box is dying. It means it can no longer support us. It means that in less than 24 hours, we will all. Be. Dead,” she finishes slowly. There is no hiding the disbelief on my face. I stare at her, speechless, waiting for her to smile, to say she is just kidding, to tell me that it’s all an elaborate hoax she made up to make me feel something—feel anything—since my father died. But she is not finished.

“That’s why you have to leave. Take your brother, keep him safe. He is your responsibility now! You and he are going to be the first people to leave the Box and see the Earth! So pack your

Then suddenly the world explodes into red sparks and bright pain.

I wake up disoriented, my ears ringing. The explosion has thrown me a long way. I look around at the wreckage that once was Corridor 72, then stand, amazed that I wasn’t hurt. But where’s my brother? There, where I stood just a seconds ago, lies his little broken body. How is he dead but not me? What twisted fate is this, that I should live and he should die? I tell myself to be strong, but I want to cry, or vomit, or pinch myself to wake up from a nightmare. Instead I turn and run, blinded by grief, until my legs burn and my lungs ache.

When I come to my senses, I find myself at the Box’s heavy iron doors that lead to the outside. It seems strange that there is nothing protecting



things, you’re leaving tonight.”

“But what about you?” I ask.

“Don’t worry about me,” she says with a wry smile, and for the first time, I see the many wrinkles creasing her face and the bags under her eyes. I stare, my eyes unfocused, at the bag filled with the things my brother and I will need. So that’s it then. My struggle, my hatred of this monotonous life may soon be over. But at what price? I grab my brother and tell him to come with me. Taking one last look out the door, I see my mother. She’s not the same woman I once knew. Tears shine in her eyes. I try to whisper goodbye, but I have no voice.

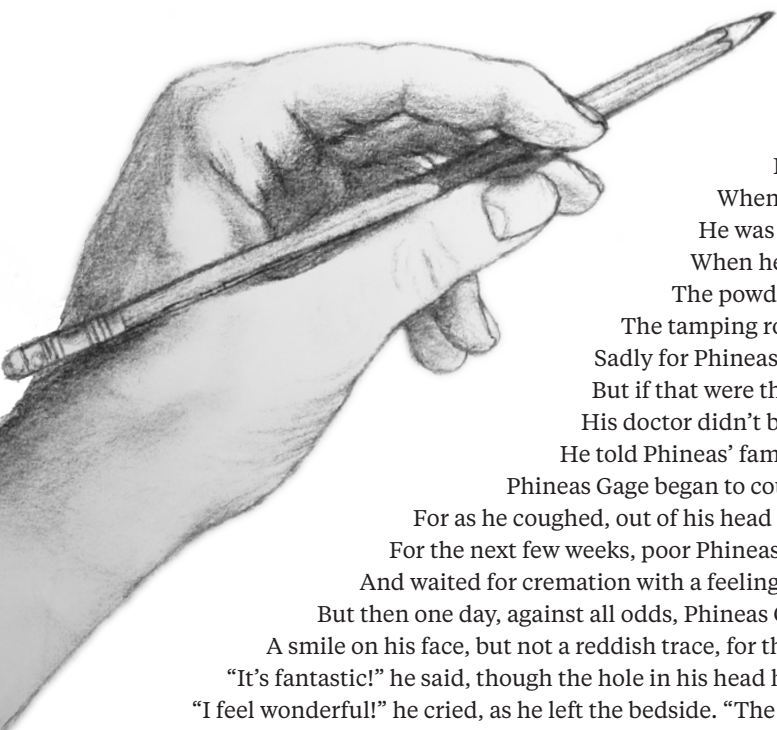
the button which I assume will open them. And so I press it. The doors groan loudly, and for a moment, I panic, thinking I might be trapped. I hear explosions all around me. I have to get out!

Finally, as the doors slowly creak apart, I step out into the sunlight and breathe in the fresh air, the first person to leave the Box since we entered it so many generations ago. The grass underneath my feet tickles. Earth. It is nothing like I have ever imagined. My old life is over now and that story has finished—without a happy ending. But as I walk into a new life, I begin a new story. And maybe, just maybe, this one can start with Once Upon a Time and end with Happily Ever After.



# Phineas Gage

Bethany Chong 𐄌



Phineas Gage then made the front page of a newspaper in town; He grew quite famous for his wound so heinous, but his family members frowned. “There’s something wrong! He doesn’t get along, not quite just like he used. Ever since he was hit in the head with that stick, he’s become quite a recluse!” The public was awed, but then they guffawed at the family’s very notion. They yelled out the words, “Don’t be absurd! Don’t cause such a big commotion!” “He isn’t the same!” his kin tried to explain. “He’s been acting rather strange! Ever since the day he blew his brains away, there’s certainly been a change!” But nobody cared, and everyone stared, so his family went back home To tell Phineas Gage of this interesting change ever since his brains were blown. Phineas Gage lived twelve more years until seizures took their toll; His family cried when he finally died, and they placed him in a hole. But Phineas Gage was not forgotten; his legacy still thrives, For now we know, as he did show, that one can still survive After a serious drama, like serious trauma, and plainly you can see He’s made the world a more interesting place for the likes of you and me.

# The Sword of Wisdom

Stefan Blacha

**IT IS TIME FOR A CHANGE.** But not just a change—a revolution! I sit in a carriage among my allies who chatter and laugh while sharing their precious bread and wine in jovial excitement. I can’t help but smile, pleasantly surprised by the unusual behaviour of this often stoic group. Of course they would be cheerful, as today is the day that the Dark King shall be overthrown! Today, long years of depression and misfortune will be transformed into decades of victory and tranquility!

Strong stallions tow our carriage, their heads held high with dignity. We pass a shimmering lake guarding the sacred mountains of Trust where my hometown resides. Ahead, the bright blue sky meets the grey clouds scattered above this kingdom where constant, battering rain is only briefly interrupted by flashes of brilliant lightning. We carry not weapons of destruction, but tools of restoration in our journey across the land. The Dark King will be replaced, not with a successor, but a senate of justice and honesty. Our journey is not to claim revenge, but to soar ahead to the point of success high above the canyon of failure we once occupied.

We arrive at the somber kingdom where the tall gates lie unhinged. Only a day has passed since the beginning of our journey, but it feels as if it has taken much longer. My group and I wear our polished armour as our carriage ventures onwards, a beacon of light in the territory of darkness. I can’t help but stare at the homeless beggars and shady merchants touring the dark passages. They slog around, brooding under the scenery of dark clouds above the eerie castle. Soon, the cloaked figures hunching over the mossy cobblestone will relish the sunlight, riding beautiful carriages along the rich gardens. I unsheathe the legendary Sword of Wisdom, and I run a gloved hand over the flat of the blade. We steadily draw nearer the castle as if approaching the middle of a storm. The closer to the center of the kingdom, the more corruption and disease

prevails over life and serenity.

We stop in front of the towering castle, then wait in careful silence. As our deliberate preparation is completed, we glance at each other and nod in support. This is a job not for an individual, but for a precisely selected team of gallant knights. We stride inside holding our tools in front of us in case of an attack. The castle is quiet except for the soft rustling of the small torches lining the walls. Oil paintings of the Dark King and the helpers of his legacy hang along the stone hallway walls. Every decoration is placed so studiously I know it must be the work of Narcissus, an old nemesis of mine.

At last, we reach the throne room. The Dark King sits alone on his chair under an open window. He adjusts his stare to peer through my eyes and into my conscience. As I march forward, the king rises and pulls out the Longsword of Ignorance. We race towards each other and swing, our blades clashing together. The king’s loyal fighters break out of the shadows of the room and engage my warriors. Narcissus proudly challenges Modesty, who fights back to back with Reality against Idealis. Love shoots a glowing arrow at the vile Hatred, but it misses and hits Obedience, who is barely resisting Mutiny. The king avoids my vertical slice with a horizontal block. I narrowly dodge when he attempts to parry. Charity avoids the sweeping knife of Greedus, who also strikes at Impatient’s twin, Patience. Anxiety cowers in a corner while Courageous approaches. The king’s abrupt slashes bounce off each of my forceful blocks, until I strike forward. Off balance, the king stumbles and falls backwards. Awe holds off Aggression’s unrelenting assault while Present expertly fights off both Past and Future in a duel for the ages. I lean over and grasp the hand of the king, helping him up. Every knight in the room stops their fighting, and every head turns to watch me. As I raise my sword up in the air, a glimmer of sunlight breaks through the thick clouds to shine upon my blade through a window. I reflect the magnificent light onto the king’s longsword and the corroded steel cracks. We look up through the window to see dark clouds replaced by a radiant sunset.

Thus, we build a new kingdom, one based upon the foundation of wisdom and fortified by respect and understanding.



# Living in a World of Half-Baked Bran Muffins

Lauren Kim

I PULL MY DARK HAIR across one shoulder, slump my forehead against the glass, and marvel at the outside world. Fat raindrops batter drum-like on the roof and cascade down the glass of the sliding door. Outside, he sits alone on the swing set, clothes drenched, seemingly too deep in thought to notice the sudden downpour.

Yet another Saturday spent trapped in the confines of my house. With only my thoughts for company, my mind wanders to Chad Ferguson. Standing at six foot nine, he towers over a person of average height. Chad Ferguson, that falsely-optimistic saint. Will I ever be as great as you, oh glorious, gentle giant? What kind of girl am I? I see myself as an open book, as a Plain Jane, obedient robot who grudgingly does dishes on a Saturday afternoon whilst awkwardly romanticizing an unrealistic relationship.

It is my father's professional recommendation that I discontinue any interaction I have with Chad, for he desires me to befriend the offspring of some affluent, pretentious business owner, claiming that I am cursed to fall head over heels for the dirty scum of the Earth.

I met Chad in the second grade, and since "losers" flock together, we became quick friends. I go for the strange complexities with depth, proper values, and the uncommon talent to speak without making me yawn.

Father despises the quality human being I just described. Despicable, just despicable. However, His Majesty's wishes tend to be wholly overlooked when I take part in the amusingly twisted game of who will spread the thickest layer of problematic jam on the father-daughter-break-fast-toast? I will play this game till the cows come home. With a rebellious spirit like mine, following rules is like tap dancing to the theme of Jaws—equal parts impossible and stupid.

Following rules and cutting off my friendship with Chad would entail the making of

meaningless small talk with other rich kids who are only rich because of inherited wealth. The ones with shiny sports cars, driving fast and talking fast. The ones who incorrectly use big words to exaggerate a few fabulous tales taking place in exotic settings.

Chad, on the other hand, comes from a long line of good, honest pie makers with the occasional shoe-shining oddball. In my books, the title of a pie-maker holds great meaning in this ailing and morally compromised world. However, I must congratulate the generics of this society because their uninspired and routine ways combined with frequent bouts of excessive extravagance provide contrast. After all, contrast is meant to enhance.

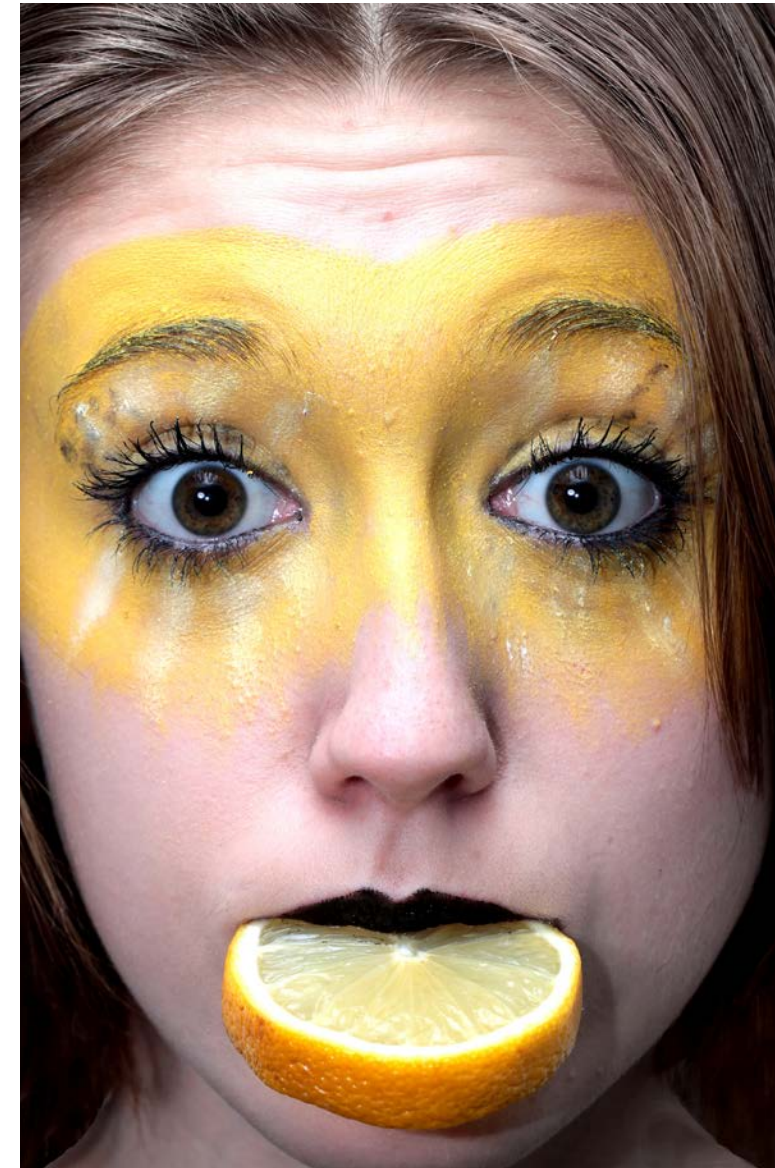
Where most people have eyeballs in their faces, my father has a pair of swirling black holes plastered over otherwise hollow eye sockets. By looking into them, you will notice how all joy departs from the world, making everything bitter, bleak and all around dreadful. When he fixes them on something delicate and vulnerable, it grows ancient and callous before turning to dust. Children cry for their mothers, flowers wilt, and butterfly wings are shredded in the arctic wind that is his gaze.

Chad's eyes are different. They are not that of a man who has succumbed to the madness of the world. When he looks at me, my heart sprouts legs and saunters into a freezing ocean of blood thirsty rats. Looking at him is like eating a delicious pie laced with the arsenic of a controlling superior.

Father believes that I have a passion for luxury soaps and expensive trips abroad. Incorrect. Chad knows that my two true passions are chasing ice cream trucks down the street and pushing my cousins off the swing set. And to my knowledge, he enjoys sipping tea with President Lincoln and attending slip n' slide competitions.

I remember in the fourth grade, we threw together costumes that were designed to create panic and confusion—a paper bag over the head, a rubber chicken superglued to either shoulder, and a pair of half-burnt oven mitts to complete the look. We strolled down the hall, indifferent to the judging glances thrown our way. Since their reactions indicated that we only appeared mildly disturbing, we planned our next reign of terror.

Throughout the years, Chad and I learned that you can be subject to punishment for something as stupid as minor violence, disruptive behavior,



or kleptomaniacal tendencies. In other words, being good at tree-branch-sword-fighting, playing the "floor is lava," or putting a classmate's shoes in the lost and found is illegal, and committing such crimes will ultimately result in the rapid decrease of freedom.

I may be officially grounded by my father, but mere authority cannot hold me.

I walk to the front, swing the large, oak doors open, and step through the mini-waterfall. It's still falling in sheets, but I couldn't care less. I waltz over to him with jack-in-the-box enthusiasm, waving my arms like a madman and

grinning like an idiot. Father is so dead to me.

We are two mature, straight-forward 12-year-olds who have a heart for the homeless and who, on occasion, enjoy robbing nature of beauty. Chad is my best friend and summertime pen pal, and though we have unquestionable compatibility, our mutual hatred of all that is traditional and ordinary is what binds us together in the end.

Please be merciful and take my life to the wise goat on the hill where human souls are to be sacrificed one-thousand times in the name of love.



# Adults

## Brooklyn Lancaster

THE GIRL IN FRONT OF ME sat sobbing on the floor. “Where’s my mom? Where’s my mommy? Someone help! Where’s my mommy?”

I crouched down on the floor next to her. She was just a little girl, thirteen years old at most. I’m only fifteen, but I feel like I’m fifty. “We’ll get her back don’t worry. Can you go sit with your friends over there?” I said, pointing to a group of young kids all crying or yelling or shaking in fear.

How did I end up in charge? How did I end up in this mess? I sprinted down the hall of our high school, New York City Gifted, headed to where my brother would be helping with all the bodies as they slowly kept arriving, one by one, oldest to youngest. He didn’t have much time left.

\* \* \*

“Hurry up! We’re going to be late for school!” my brother had shouted up the stairs to me earlier that morning.

“Coming! Just give me a second!” I shouted back while grabbing my bag and picking up my phone from my dresser.

I ran down two sets of stairs from my attic bedroom to the main floor of my house. As I came into the kitchen, I saw my older brother sitting at the table, frantically typing away on his phone. This was strange because he was always telling me that technology is wasted on texting and social media and that people our age should be more connected to each other. I roll my eyes just thinking about his views on electronics.

“Um, Justin? What are you doing?” I asked awkwardly.

“Mom and Dad aren’t home,” he said, as if that explained everything.

“So? They’re probably at work.” Not surprising, since they were lawyers. Good ones. They were at work more than home.

“No, they didn’t say anything about an early meeting,” Justin said, shaking his head.

“They don’t report everything to you, Justin,” I laughed.

“I don’t know. I feel weird about this.”

“Okay, well, feel weird in the car. We have to go.” I pushed him out of his seat and towards the door.

“Okay, okay. Let me grab my bag.” He rushed up the stairs to his room. I headed outside and sat in the front seat of his car. In three months I would be getting my driver’s license. Finally. I put on music and waited. About five minutes later Justin jumped into the front seat.

“Took you long enough,” I teased.

“Took you long enough,” he mimicked.

I ignored him and pulled out my phone. I had a ton of notifications from my best friend, Ben. All of them were about his parents missing. I replied quickly saying we’d pick him up on the way to school. About five minutes later, we pulled up outside of Ben’s big, intimidating house. He ran out and jumped into the back seat.

“Okay, so, I have this problem,” he said quickly. “You see, my parents are antisocial and don’t have jobs. They sit at home and read, or they watch television. They are terrified of the outside world. THEY. DON’T. LEAVE. MY. HOUSE. So where are they?”

“Okay, hold up. I know your parents don’t like people, but couldn’t they have just gone to the grocery store or something?” Justin asked.

“NO!” Ben shouted.

“Okay, chill,” I said to Ben. I turned to Justin. “Ben’s parents have everything they need delivered to their front door. Something’s wrong.”

“I told you something was wrong! I told you that something was weird about our parents not being home!” Justin smirked.

“Okay? No need to be proud of yourself. Something could be terribly wrong.”

That wiped the smirk right off his face. “You’re right. Let’s get to school. When we’re there, I’ll try calling them one more time.”

He drove very fast. It was 8:55 a.m., so most people should be heading to class right now, but when I looked around the parking lot, I saw teenagers congregated in small groups, whispering with concerned looks on their faces. I walked out of the car and headed over to my group of friends, Ben following closely behind me.

“Hey, Maddie,” said my friend Ava.

“Hey, what’s going on? Why is everyone out here?” At that moment the bell rang.

“There’s no teachers. No adults. No one could find their parents this morning,” she said quietly.

“What do you mean? No one?” I asked, looking at the crowd. Everyone shook their heads no. I

looked at Ben. “We have to do something.”

“Like what? What could we possibly do? Why is it always your goal to fix everything? Just sit this one out.”

“No, that’s not who I am. That’s not fair to all these people.”

“Just let someone else deal with it for once,” he said, exasperated.

“No, you’re either in, or you’re not. Either way, I’m still doing this.”

He rolled his eyes. “Of course you are. Fine, let’s go ask Justin if your parents answered.”

We walked towards my brother’s car and saw him throw his phone on the seat beside him. He put his head in his hands. “Well, that doesn’t look good,” Ben said.

I sat beside Justin. “No answer?”

“Nope.”

Together, we walked through the front doors of the school to see for ourselves. Sure enough, nobody was inside. Not one teacher. We decided to split up and search the school for any signs of people.

As I entered the English room ten minutes later, my phone rang. I picked it up. It was Ben.

“I—um—this—no.”

“Um, you good?” I asked.

“N-no,” he stuttered.

“Hey, what’s going on?”

“C-come t-to the g-gym.”

I hung up and sprinted down the long hallways—left, left, right, straight—the same way I traveled every day from first to second period. As I got closer to the gym, the stench hit me. Gingerly, I opened the door.

On the floor in front of me lay thousands of dead bodies.

Adults.

All adults.







## The Train

Naomi Boot

.....

**BRONWIN AWOKE** to the loud, sharp pounding sound of her alarm clock. The time was exactly twelve o'clock midnight. She groaned as she tumbled out of the bed and hit the floor. She turned off her alarm and stumbled towards her closet for her clothes. She pulled on a black tank top and her favourite pair of ripped skinny jeans. She looked at herself in the mirror and sighed, then grabbed a pen and some paper to write a note before she left. Once she finished the note, she placed it on her bed, took her leather backpack and walked over to the door. She turned around for one last look. "I'm sorry," she whispered, closing the door.

Bronwin crept down the stairs towards the front door and unlatched the lock. Carefully, she opened the door and stepped outside into the windy night. She then bolted down the driveway, heading for the road. She ran as fast as her little legs could carry her whilst her silky brown hair blew in the cold, crisp air. Tears streaming down her face, she continued to run until she reached

the subway station where she slowed to a walk. She pulled out a crumpled and slightly ripped student ticket and dropped it in the box. As she headed up to the platform, she glanced over at an old woman huddled in the corner by a bench. The woman looked up and saw Bronwin looking straight at her.

"What are you staring at, you little rat?" shrieked the old woman.

Bronwin wiped her soggy, teary face and replied, "Nothing."

"Ha!" scoffed the old woman. "Never seen a homeless person before?"

"Of course I have!" retorted Bronwin. "You're just the only other person on the platform." The old woman looked around, and sure enough, they were the only ones there.

"Well then, what are you doing out here at this hour?" asked the old woman suspiciously.

"Just figuring things out," Bronwin said softly.

"Family stuff?" asked the old woman. "Trust me—been there, done that. Now look where I

am. You're a blessed kid, you know that? Got more than I'll ever have." Bronwin brought her eyes down to the floor feeling ashamed. The breeze made her shake, and the sky was such a dark black she could hardly see a thing. Only one street lamp flickered.

"What happened?" asked Bronwin, returned her eyes to the old woman.

"It's a long story, kid, and besides, it's not very interesting," huffed the old woman.

"I have time. The train doesn't come for another hour or so," replied Bronwin, making her way over to the bench.

"Alright, if you insist," laughed the old woman. Bronwin slipped off her backpack and sat on the bench. The woman then began to tell her story.

"I was about sixteen years old. I had a loving family and the most adoring boyfriend a girl could ask for. I was a straight A student and played the flute. Music always made me happy. Then everything just changed so suddenly. My boyfriend—his name was James—he was a senior, and I was just finishing my junior year. He was working so hard to get into a top university, and I admired him for it. Probably why I loved him so much. If he wanted to do something, he did it.

"Anyways, I loved a good party, and the school's coolest girl asked me to one and said I could bring James along, so of course I wanted to go. I asked James to come with me, but he said he had to study for his exams. For the first time ever, I was disappointed in him. How could he miss the school's biggest social event of the year? I was furious, so I yelled at him and told him he never made me happy, which was not true at all. I remember slamming the door and stomping out of his apartment. He ran after me and tried to reason with me. I didn't budge. I was going to that party whether he was coming or not.

"So I went to the party, got drunk and woke up in the morning to find out I'd cheated on James. James found out, and we broke up. I cried for weeks. I had messed up everything. I can't tell you how much I loved him. He couldn't even look at me without turning away. I was heartbroken. I failed all my exams, so I was held back a year. I didn't want that or anything at the time. My parents were furious. All they did was talk about what a failure I was and how I'd messed up. My whole life was turned upside down all because of one stupid party.

"A few months later, I couldn't take it

anymore. I found a gun in my dad's drawer and put it to my head. Just as I was about to pull the trigger, my mom came in. Her face was filled with anger and disappointment. When she tried to grab the gun, it lead to a game of tug-of-war. Stupidly, I pulled the trigger when trying to keep it from her. I shot her in the stomach and she collapsed to the ground. I killed my own mother! I ran out of that house and never went back.

"I've been alone on the streets for over fifty years. I don't know where my family is or where James is. I can only hope he became the man he was meant to be. I wish I had died then and there. I wish I'd never gone to that party. Life surprises you: when you least expect it, it jumps out at you, and you can't do anything about it. So you see, kiddo, your life is a lot better than mine. Don't make the same mistake I did all those years ago."

Bronwin sat on the bench weeping. "So you're saying I should just kill myself now and everything will be easier?" she asked, rubbing her eyes.

"I know you came here to end your suffering, kid, like I did all those years ago. But you have to live with your mistakes, whether you like it or not. Because if you don't, you'll only hurt others even more," the old woman replied with a sad smile. Bronwin gazed into the eyes of the old woman, hoping to understand what she meant.

"I can't!" cried Bronwin as she got up to walk further down the platform. Once she had reached the other side, she heard the faint noises of the train in the distance. Bronwin's heart beat faster by the second, and sweat poured down her forehead.

The train drew closer. Bronwin stepped up to the yellow line, hesitated, then stepped over it. Her breathing grew heavier and heavier, and the world began to spin. The train's lights blinded her as it rounded the corner. She closed her eyes and prepared to jump. Just then, the old woman grabbed Bronwin, pulling her onto the platform. Then old woman fell backwards. Bronwin reached for her hand, but it was too late. The old woman just smiled as she fell towards the tracks, and her world turned black.



# A World Away

## Quinn Kavaner

.....

The night air twirls in the soft breeze  
Blowing through the newborn trees.  
A land after disaster.  
A land of renewal,  
Of empty laughter.  
A land of promise held in the sky  
Coming and going as the days go by,  
But never truly reaching its mark,  
Like a straight line parallel to an arc.  
Although this place is not quite real,  
We still wish it was there to feel.  
Yet it is, but not ever by hand,  
For this is a different kind of land:  
A place that exists in one’s mind,  
A place that takes emotions to find.  
Here is a boy by the name of Sam.  
For him to escape, he built a dam  
To block out the world; that was all he wanted,  
So with his deepest memories he often flaunted.  
He’d live in books for days on end  
Making new memories he’d never spend,  
And bit by bit a new world grew  
Apart from the one he already knew.  
Into his thoughts he retreated away  
Until, one day, he decided to stay.  
And the night air twirled in the soft breeze  
Blowing through the withered trees.

# The Insomniac

## Aleesha Coghill

.....

My heart falls as another dreamless night passes  
Ensuring another day struggling through classes,  
Yet I know no matter how my head screams for rest,  
Come night, my mind will once again become a pest.

Each night is the same as the one before:  
Inside my mind there is constant war,  
Struggling against the man inside  
Who, until the very next night, will hide.

# Puzzle Pieces

## Megan Sweetman

.....

When you found me,  
I found myself.  
I was no longer alone—  
I was put together.  
There were no missing pieces;  
We were a perfect puzzle.  
People envied what we had:  
The countless memories,  
Impossible to forget.  
That was my life,  
The life I loved.

But we lost ourselves somewhere  
Along the way.  
No fights.  
No arguments.  
Our puzzle just broke;  
Piece by piece, it came apart.  
I’ve tried to get it back.  
I’ve fixed everything I could.  
The pieces of the puzzle  
Just don’t fit together;  
Your pieces connect  
Perfectly with others,  
While mine are left shattered,  
Alone in their box.

I just want one last peek  
At our beautiful puzzle:  
The memories,  
The laughs,  
Everything we shared.  
I just can’t close the cover to our box.

This man goes by the name Insomniac.  
Each night he comes to make his attack,  
Wearing me down until there’s nothing left;  
All my energy and spirit are his theft.

But this is the curse with which I now live:  
A few hours’ rest is all my mind will give.  
I find myself with eyes open wide  
As slivers of sunlight touch my bedside.



# Anders the Manders

## Anders Blaauwendraat

.....

Anders the Manders doesn’t understanders;  
He spends his life sticking to the planders.  
Anders the Manders has never been to Afghanistanders,  
And if he ever did, he’d probably get a tanders.  
Anders needs to expanders his demanders,  
And his craving for fanders must be banneders  
So he can get some time to buy a minivanders;  
With this minivanders, he can travel east to Iranders,  
And then he will see Tajikistanders, Kazakhstanders, Kyrgyzstanders, Pakistanders,  
Uzbekistanders, and eventually reach his goal of Afghanistan...ders.  
But now, the Manders is stuck in Afghanistanders  
Because if he comes back, the government will do a scanders  
And find out that he killed a manders.  
This manders name was Danders;  
Anders killed him when he accidentally randers him over with his vanders,  
And Anders randers because of the shame from his clanders,  
Since Danders was also a part of this clanders.  
Anders was distracted driving because he was listening to his second favourite song,  
by the Police: “Roxanneders,”  
Obviously, his favourite song is “Unwrittenders.”

# January 2

## Sierra Letlow

.....

January 2nd returns wistfully,  
Looking, waiting  
In the shadows  
To condemn my indulgence in the last couple weeks  
As a mother waiting to chastise her wayward child  
Stumbling through the door.  
I wandered astray in society,  
Absorbed by self-deprecation and immodest values,  
Binging on credit  
As if Jack’s goose continues to lay golden eggs at my estate,  
Blinded by misconception of untamed ideals and unhealthy habits,  
Fashioned with the opulence and lust of a temporary fix.  
I stand in the mirror,  
Through the eye of the day’s looking glass,  
Disgusted with appealing addictions and helpless obsessions.  
So, I stagger to the altar,  
Carrying the broken, unachieved vows of the previous years,  
And purge the satisfaction,  
Taming the bottomless pit  
And glutinous desires  
Of my eroded soul.



# The Krebs Arena: A Life-Changing Cycle

Leah Horlings

**PYRUVATE STEPS INTO** the cytosol. He knows what must be done now to maintain order in Johnny’s cell. He knows that after coming this far—after going through so much—he must finish. So deep in the Mitochondrion Matrix, and with the help of his good friend Oxygen, Pyruvate converts himself into Carbon Dioxide, NADH, and Acetyl-CoA. Unfortunately, Acetyl-CoA knows he is the one to enter the cytosol, so he readies himself to start the unfamiliar process. But he knows that it must be done; he must enter the famous Krebs Cycle Arena if he wants to maintain this cell’s order, so he takes his first step towards the door on the far side of the room.

A bright light shines on his face, confusing Acetyl-CoA for a moment as he closes the door behind him. On the far wall in front of him, written in immense lettering is “STEP ONE.” He knows there are eight steps in total until the cycle is finished, so he still has a long way to go.

Suddenly, Acetyl-CoA feels a tug and realizes that the bright light was meant as a distraction! One of his protons was stolen! He looks around the room and spots a running molecule. Citrate Synthase, master proton thief! Acetyl-CoA runs after him, determined to get his proton back, but is stopped in his tracks when he feels a gooey hand plastered on his arm.

“Hi, there, I’m Oxaloacetate!” he says in a low, goofy voice. The molecule looks less goofy than he sounds, but Acetyl is surprised when the hand doesn’t move from his arm. This is when the burning starts, and Acetyl realizes it’s too late: the bonding has started. Acetyl can’t move. He’s stuck to the ground, stuck to Oxaloacetate, and stuck in his thoughts. He stares mindlessly while it’s happening, and that’s when he sees something very common coming their way. Water. Good old  $H_2O$ . But he knows what this means as well. A hydrolysis reaction. As the water enters the reaction, Acetyl-CoA knows he will no longer be Acetyl-CoA, but instead, Citrate.

Citrate feels strong. When the reaction is finished, he heads immediately to the small door on his left; he is ready for step two.

The heat hits him first. In this next room, it is so humid that Citrate can already feel his water being removed. The room is small, simple, and

confined; there are no windows, only a small door right in front of him with the words “You may enter” written in small, red lettering. And so, Citrate turns the knob. Inside, a small enzyme sits on an old wooden chair in the middle of the room.

“They call me Aconitase, and I have something for you. Something you lost not too long ago,” he says in a grim voice. Citrate, confused, sits in front of the chair and waits for his lost gift. Aconitase reaches into his robes and removes a water molecule.

“But it may not be in the same place. You are ready to become Isocitrate,” he declares as he adds the water to Citrate. Citrate is reformed, ready to move on to the next stage of the Krebs Cycle.

The proceeding room is small as well, with “Step Three: Oxidation 1 of 4” written on the opposite wall. Isocitrate moves farther into the room, then stops when he notices movement in the dark corner. He watches a hydrolysis reaction

**“They call me Aconitase, and I have something for you. Something you lost not too long ago.”**

# Periodic Elements

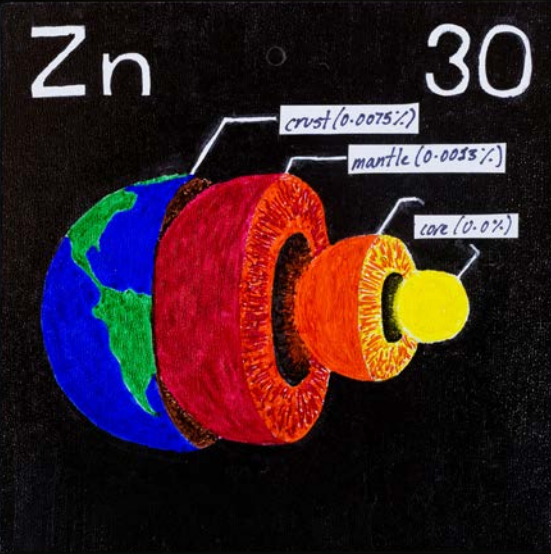


Grade 11 Chemistry students create original designs for the periodic table of elements that hang on the atrium wall. Each year, a few of the best are added to the Table of Elements Hall of Fame.

Artwork:  
Seth Van Schepen (zinc)  
Shone Xu (uranium)  
Trevor Eygenraam (tin)  
Amy Hilborn (mercury)  
Jessica Costa (europium)  
Tiana Kotys (antimony)  
Francesca Rotondo (nihonium)

## Zinc Zn 30

Zinc is a common element that is abundant in the Earth’s crust, mantle, and core.



## Uranium U 92

Enriched uranium is a key component of explosive nuclear reactions, which create mushroom clouds.



## Tin Sn 50

Tin-plated steel cans are commonly used for preserving food. The Tin Man and Tintin are beloved fictional characters.





occur, as NADH becomes NAD<sup>+</sup>, and he knows what comes next. It happens so quickly that Isocitrate can't move. The NAD<sup>+</sup> runs over to him, oxidizing him and forming him into Oxalosuccinate. But he is then immediately transformed into  $\alpha$ -ketoglutarate after losing CO<sub>2</sub>. The reaction hurts, but it is over quickly, and now  $\alpha$ -ketoglutarate, a new molecule, moves toward step four.

Another NAD<sup>+</sup> molecule opens the door before  $\alpha$ -ketoglutarate has a chance to, and it moves towards him. Before he can even say anything, he is oxidized again, losing a second CO<sub>2</sub> molecule! Then he sees that CoA has come back to him after all this time! He doubts the coenzyme even recognizes him because he's changed so much since that first step when they were torn apart. But CoA sprints over, attaches himself to  $\alpha$ -ketoglutarate, and doesn't let go. The reaction begins, and he is transformed once again, this time into Succinyl-CoA.

"Step Five, over half way there!" Succinyl-CoA thinks to himself as he steps through the door. But the next step is hard for him. A phosphate group waits for him to come closer, and they rip

CoA from him again. Instead of Succinyl-CoA, there is a high-energy phosphate linkage to a now lonely Succinate. But he is happy. This phosphate will soon pass on to become GDP to form GTP, and then will later become ATP by transferring its phosphate to ADP, and that is the main reason he is in the Krebs cycle at all: to help produce ATP, a source of energy for Johnny's cell.

Step Six is similar to the first room he entered: a big room with a high ceiling, Succinate knows anything could happen here. Just then, a lurking shadow moves in the darkness of one of the far corners, stepping out into the light.

"Welcome to the third of four steps of Oxidation," he says with a sly smile, taking slow steps toward Succinate. "I'm glad you're here. The name's Flavine Adenine Dinucleotide, but my friends call me FAD for short."

FAD carefully places a hand on Succinate, and with it, an oxygen molecule. Succinate could see this coming, and he knew that it must be done to carry on with the cycle. As FAD takes his hand off of Succinate, he feels two hydrogen atoms leave him as well.

"Aha!! Now I am FADH<sub>2</sub>!" the thief shouts, and the echoes relay across the large room. "And you! You are now Fumarate!" he exclaims, laughing maniacally. "My job here is FINISHED!"

FADH<sub>2</sub> moves back into the corner, now more energetic than before, obviously proud of himself for competing this task. This odd interaction momentarily stops Fumarate, but he moves on to the seventh step of the Krebs cycle anyways.

Fumarate walks through the doorway and is immediately met with an enzyme carrying a water molecule. "Hello there, friend. I'm Fumerase, and this won't hurt a bit!" he places the water onto Fumarate and then steps back.

"Alrighty! All done here! You're free to move on, sir! Oh, and by the way, your new name is Malate," he says enthusiastically. Then, he turns around and busies himself elsewhere.

Fumarate, now Malate, doesn't even know what to think. He is dumbfounded! This was step

seven? What will step eight be? He knows there is only one way to find out. The final step of the Krebs cycle is coming, and Malate hesitates at the doorway. Then, he takes that final step through.

Everything is quiet during Step Eight. It happens quickly; the NAD<sup>+</sup> oxidizes him, takes a hydrogen (forming NADH), and leaves him as a gooey oxaloacetate. Steps one to eight now complete, the process is finished.

Oxaloacetate is proud of himself for coming this far. He turns towards the exit, now ready to venture out into the world and into Johnny's cell. But as he opens the door, he realizes the next room is the exact room from step one, and in his memory, he realizes what he must do.

On the other side of the room, a frightened Acetyl-CoA steps through the doorway from the outside. Oxaloacetate creeps up behind the molecule and coenzyme, then places a sticky hand on his shoulder.

**Oxaloacetate is proud of himself for coming this far. He turns towards the exit.**

**Mercury Hg 80**

It is thought that the term "mad hatter" originated from the occupational mercury poisoning of hat-makers.



**Europium Eu 63**

French chemist Eugène-Anatole Demarçay named this element after the continent of Europe.



**Antimony Sb 51**

Ancient peoples, including Egyptians and Romans, used antimony in rudimentary types of eye makeup



**Nihonium Nh 113**

The name Nihonium derives from "nihon," the common Japanese name for Japan.

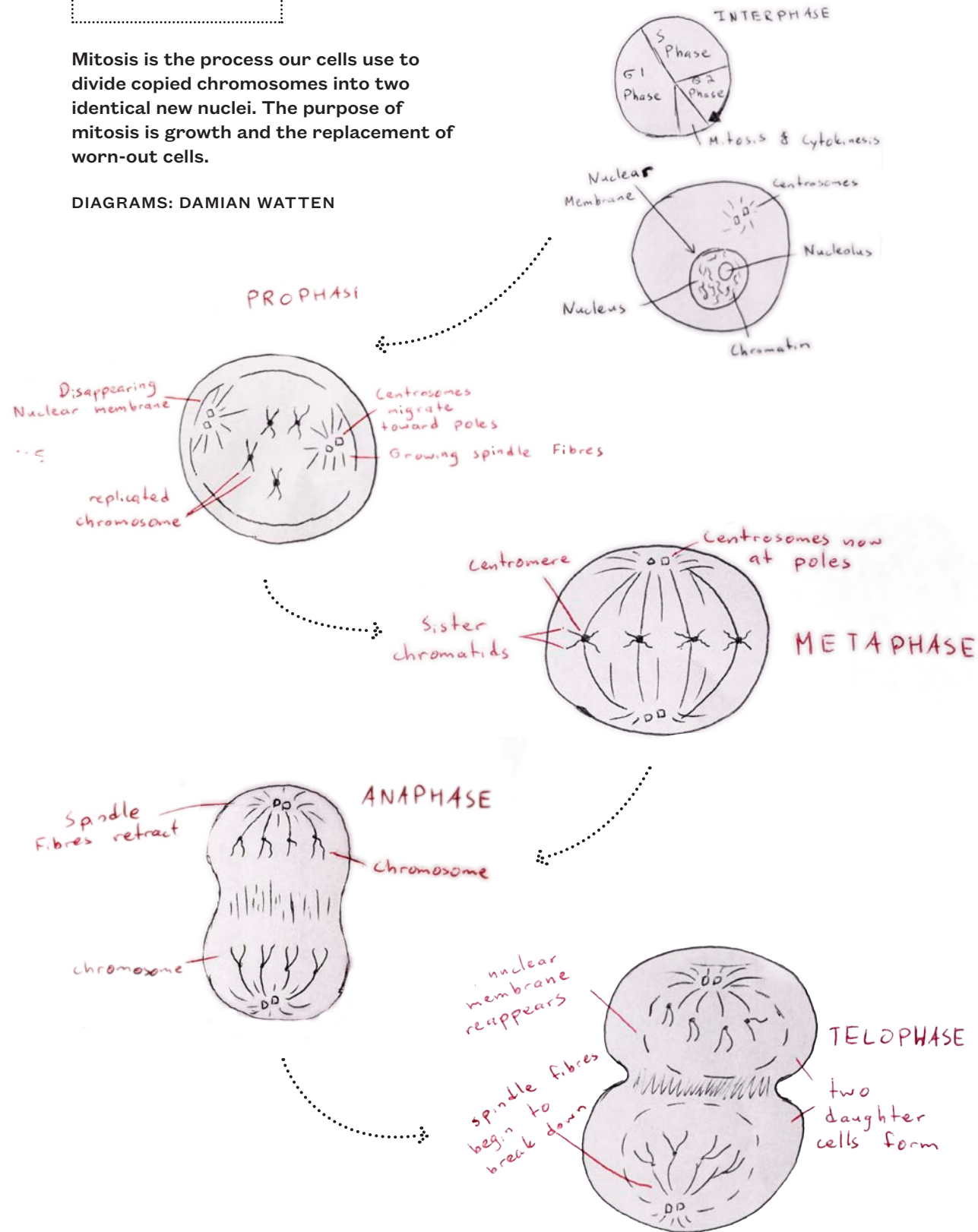




# Mitosis

Mitosis is the process our cells use to divide copied chromosomes into two identical new nuclei. The purpose of mitosis is growth and the replacement of worn-out cells.

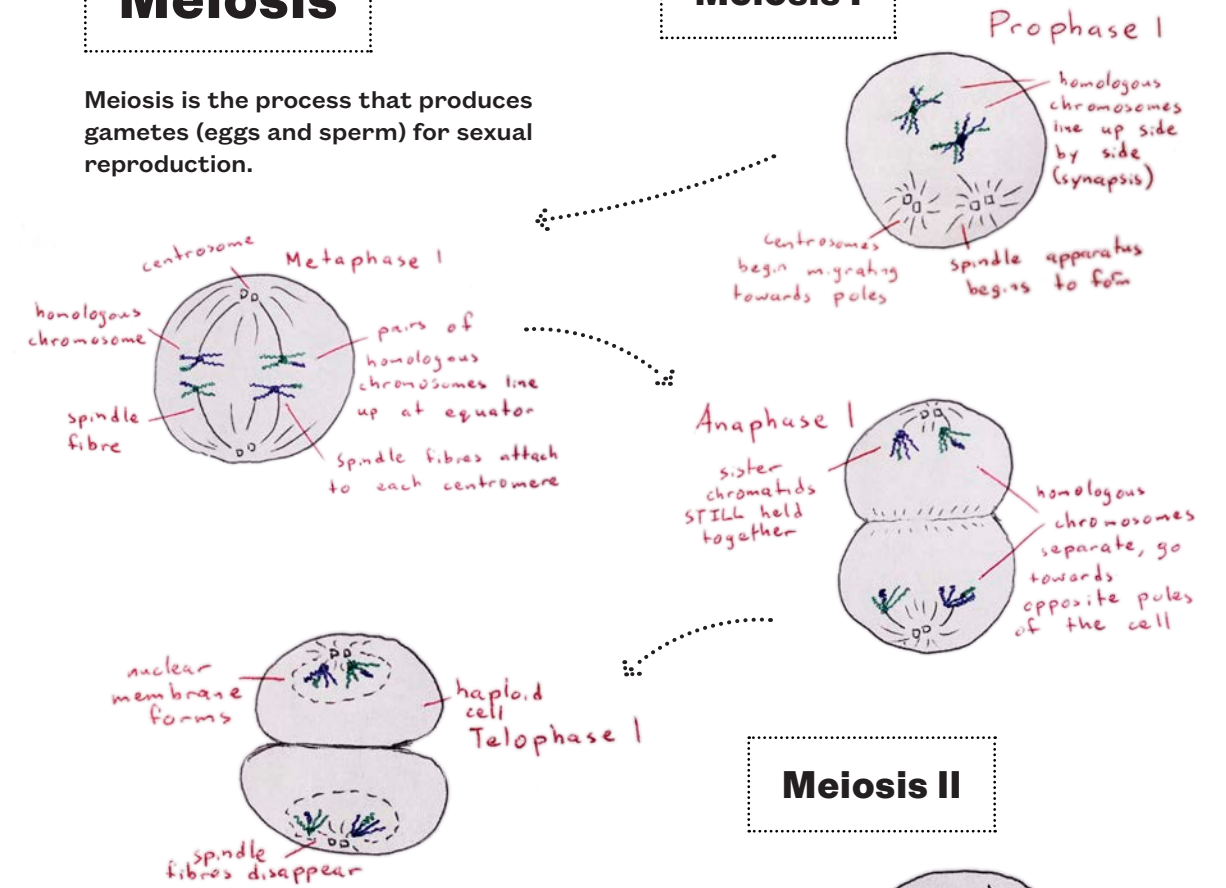
DIAGRAMS: DAMIAN WATTEN



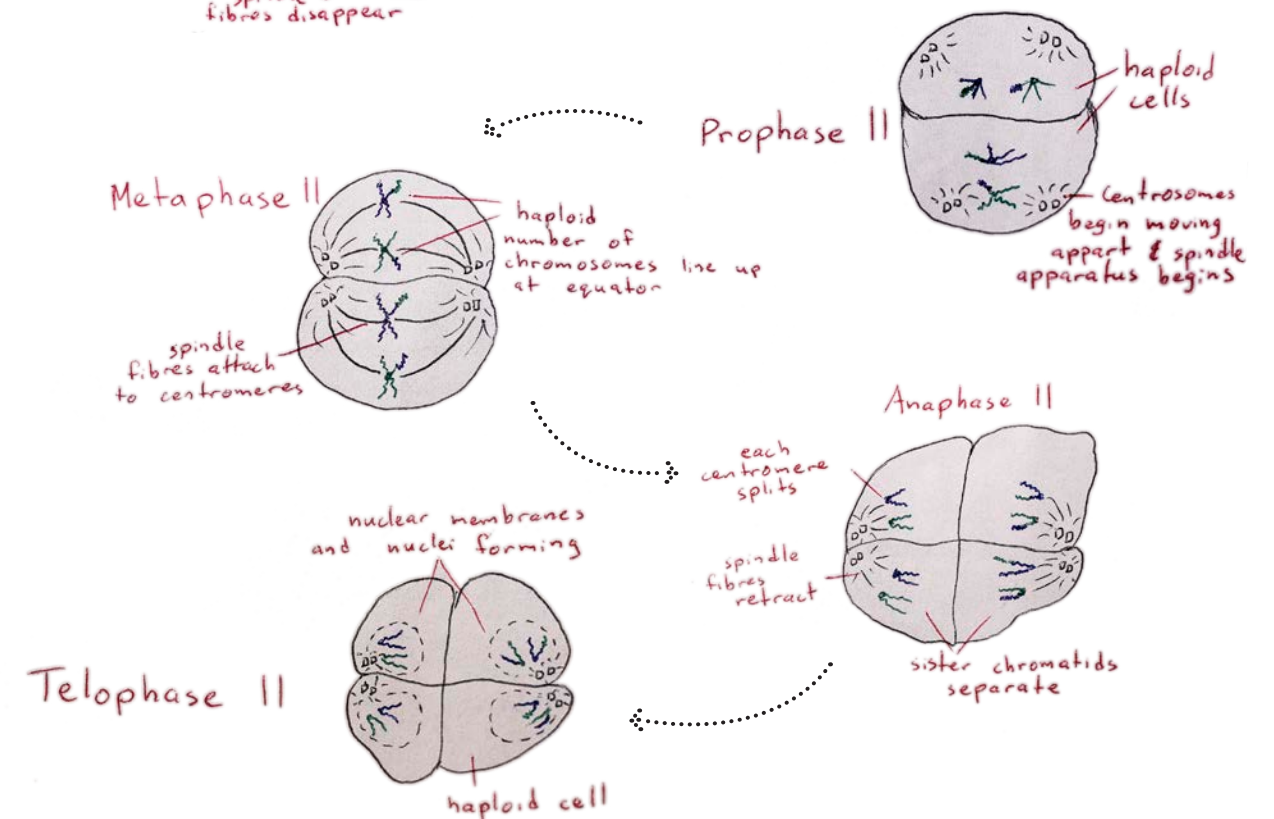
# Meiosis

Meiosis is the process that produces gametes (eggs and sperm) for sexual reproduction.

## Meiosis I



## Meiosis II

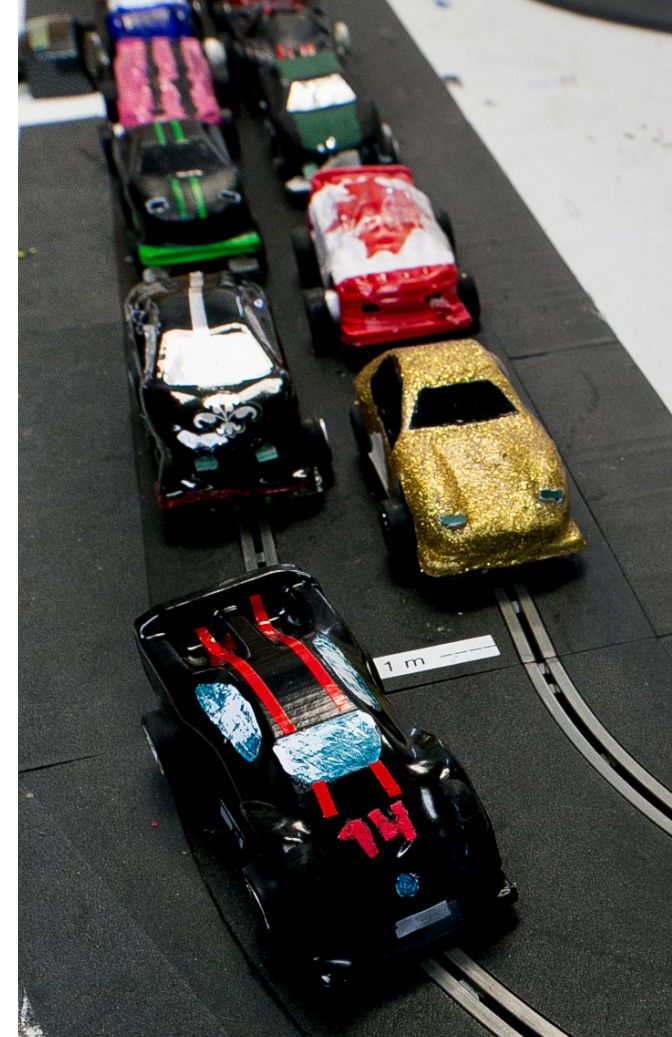




# The Science of Pie

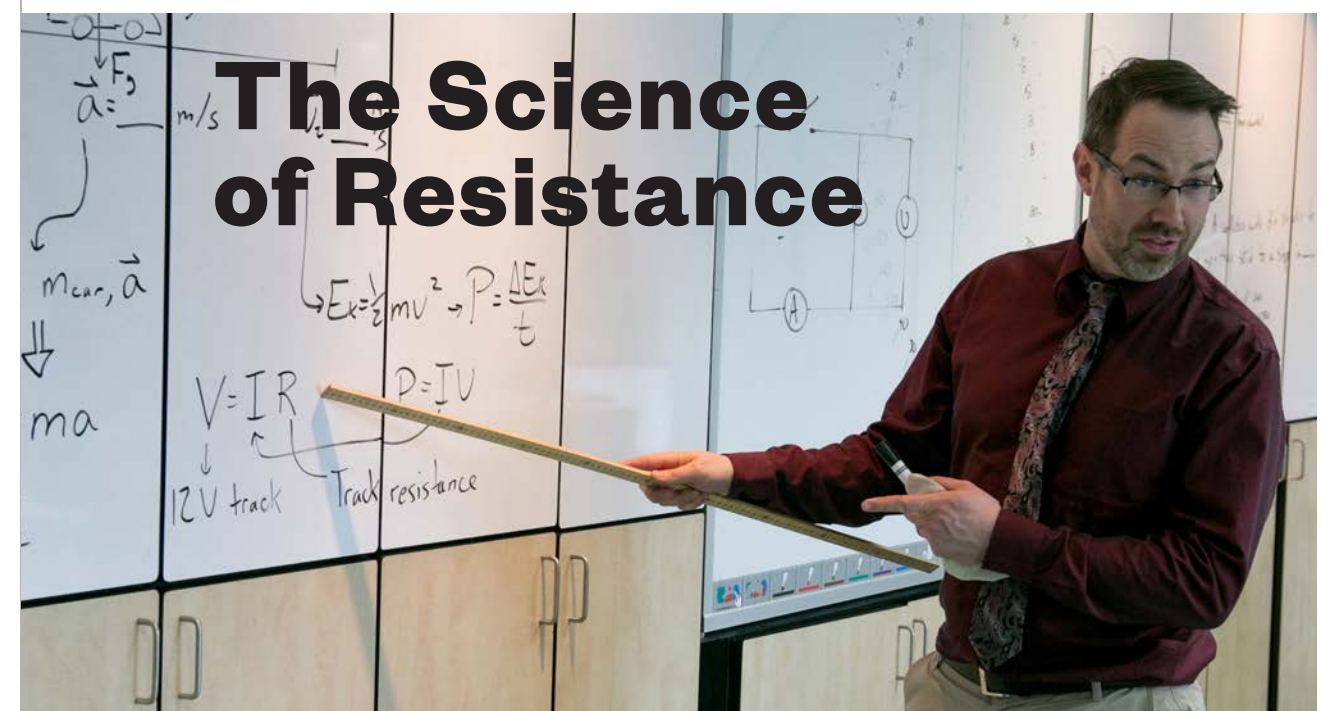


One of our Grade 10 Science classes spent time studying the process and effects of oxidation. Although this concept is most commonly understood in the context of rusting metals, they learned about it through the tasty procedure of pie creation and lemon juice application, as demonstrated here by student Jake Gill.



In Grade 11 Physics, students build and race remote control model cars during their exploration of the physics of acceleration. On the left are several cars created by students. Below, Mr. Robinson delivers a lecture on the physics of track resistance.

CARS (FRONT TO BACK): CURTIS BOVEN, BRANDON MARTENS (BLACK AND RED); SARAH SCHEEPSTRA AND GLORIA VANDEKEMP (GOLD); JACOB SCHUURMAN, JESSE DEGROOT, AND JORDIE MARTIN (BLACK AND WHITE); CALEB MATHAI AND ERIC VAN ZEUMEREN (FLAG); MICHAEL BODINI, NICHOLAS TRAN, JAEDAN CAMPBELL (BLACK AND GREEN); MINHO KIM, NJAVWA CHAILUNGA, JUSTIN SABATINI (DARK GREEN); DANIEL GUINNESS AND YUN LEE (PINK)

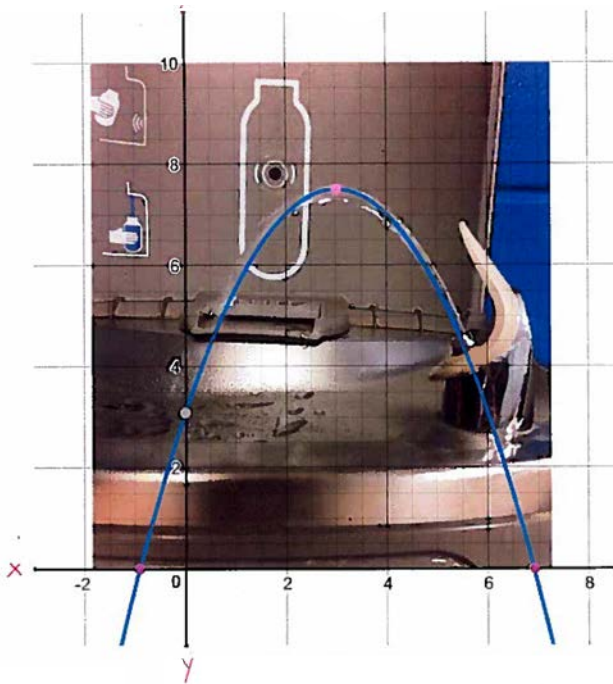


# The Science of Resistance

$\vec{F}_3$   
 $\vec{a} = \frac{\vec{F}_3}{m}$   
 $m_{car}, \vec{a}$   
 $\downarrow$   
 $ma$

$E_k = \frac{1}{2}mv^2 \rightarrow P = \frac{\Delta E_k}{t}$   
 $V = IR$   
 $P = IV$   
 $12V_{track}$   
Track resistance





## Exploring parabolas

Sarah Scheepstra

Vertex:  $(3, 7.5)$

X-ints:  $-1, 6.9$

Y-ints: 3

d.s:  $x = 3$

• flips down

• maximum

• h.s.

↓  
right = 3

• v.s.

↓  
x up = 7.5

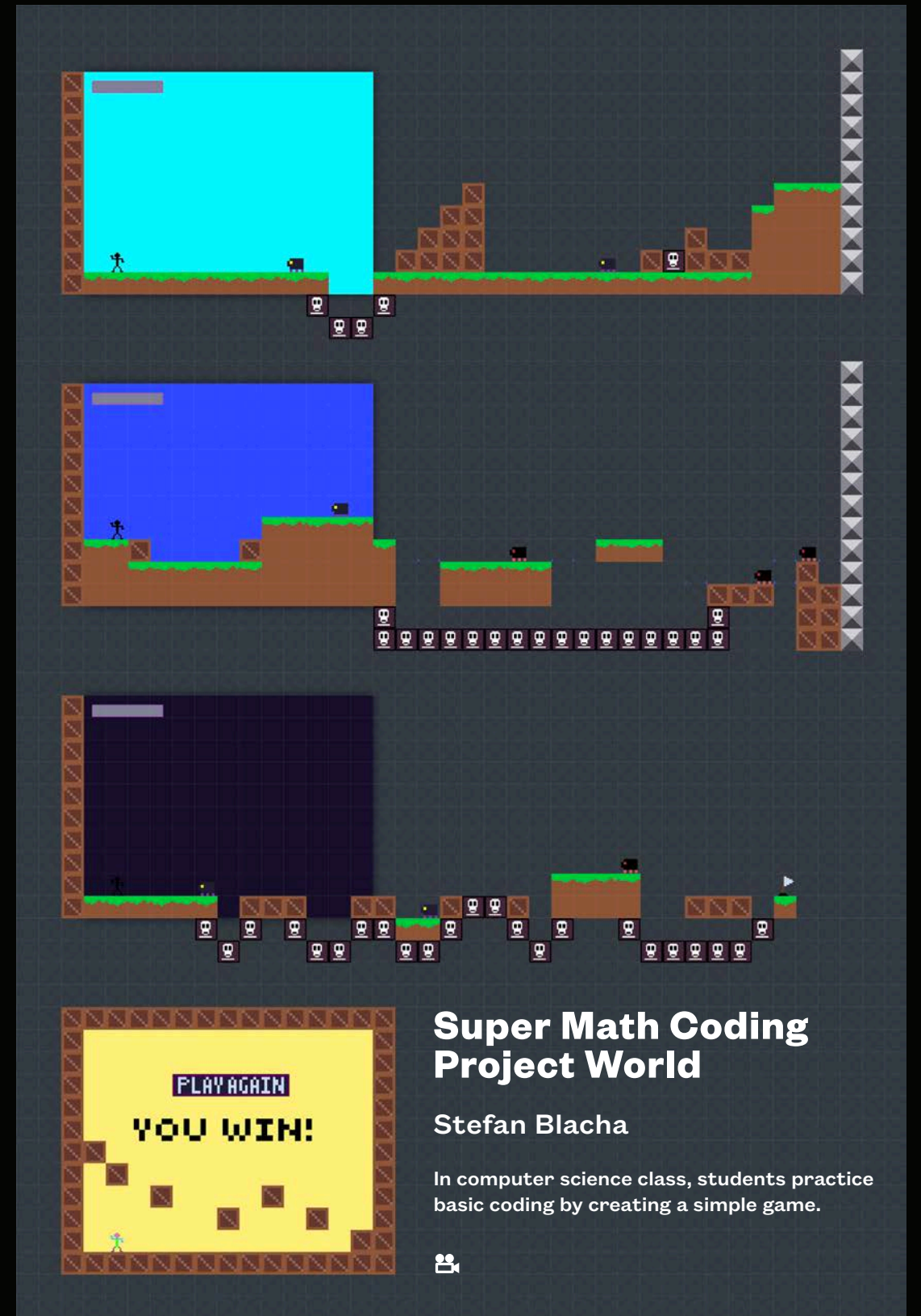
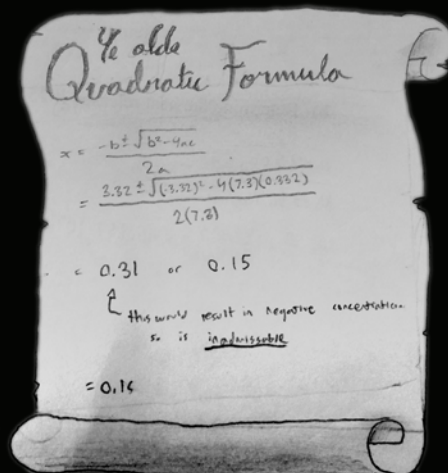
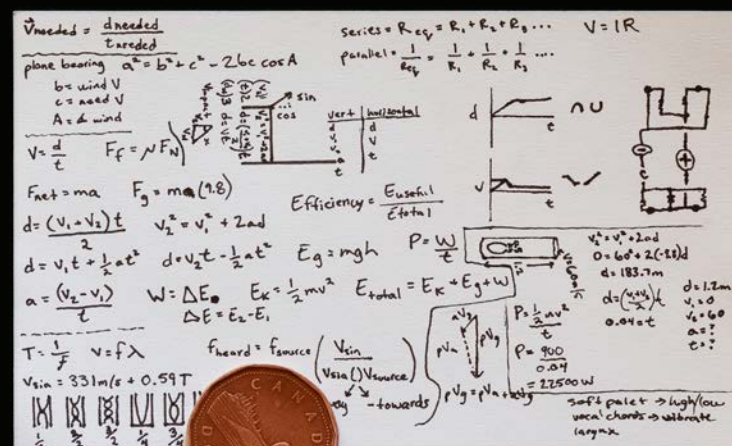
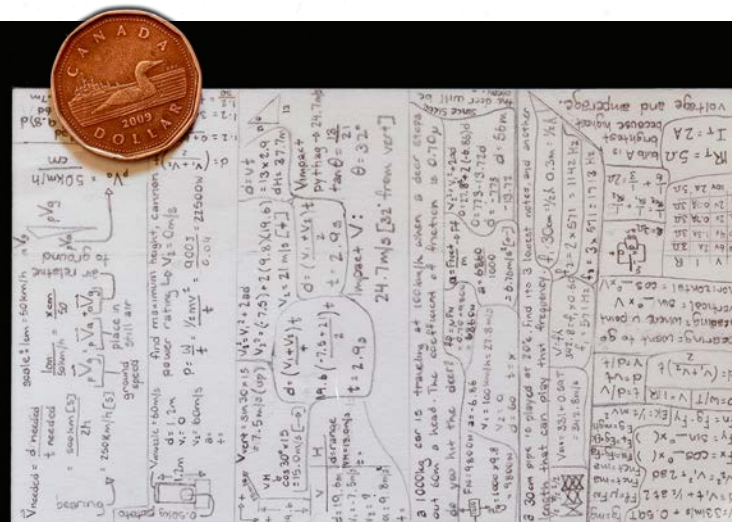
• stretch

+ 0.49

Above, Sarah explores the mathematics behind the parabola created by a water fountain.

To the right are two note sheets created by Curtis Boven (above) and Bradley Blom (below) for a Grade 11 Physics exam.

Below, the quadratic formula as illustrated by Tim Elgersma.



## Super Math Coding Project World

Stefan Blacha

In computer science class, students practice basic coding by creating a simple game.





# Data Management ISU projects

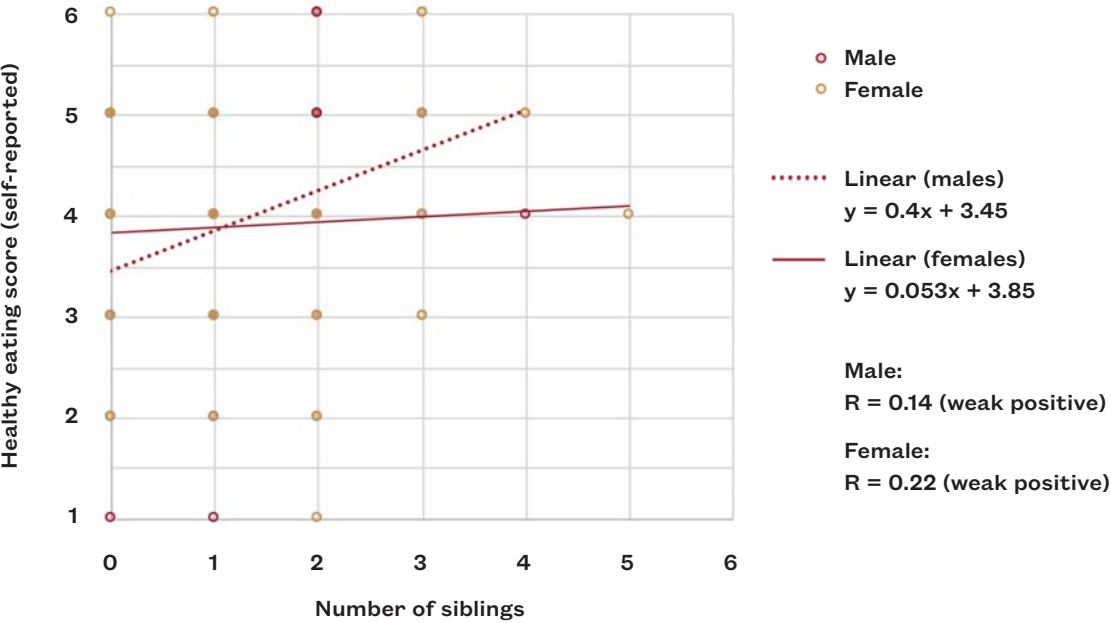
## Jadon Pascal van Alphen

For my data management ISU, I wanted to focus on the marks at TDChristian over the years. Using data from 2006 to 2013, I was able to narrow down the large amount of data and produce clear, interesting graphs. I also made the format of my project into an expandable, dynamic sheet, meaning it could be a tool for TDChristian to add more data and view more years.

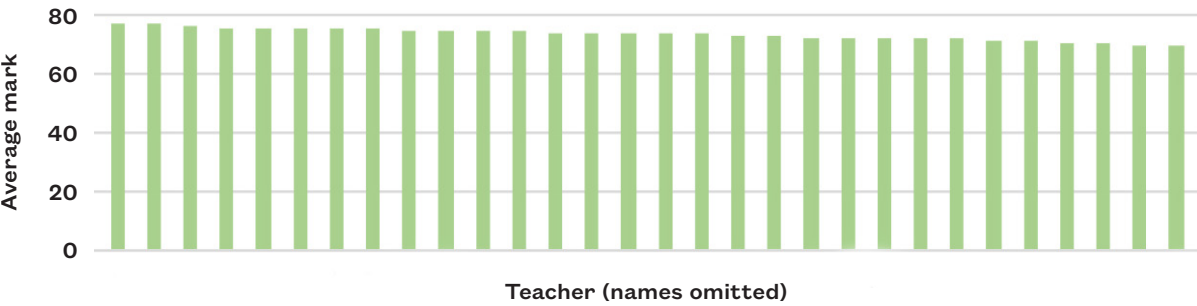
## Tim Elgersma

For our ISUs, we collected data through a student-run survey of all the Grade 12 students, which I led. I took survey questions from my peers, gave recommendations or requests for clarification, and compiled the survey. I also made slight wording and answer interval adjustments. Once I received all of the responses, I converted all the data points into numeric form to make the data more useful—for example, a “never” response became a zero. Once I had shared all data with everyone who took part in the survey, I made a massive correlation table, picked out “interestingly strong” correlations, and graphed them.

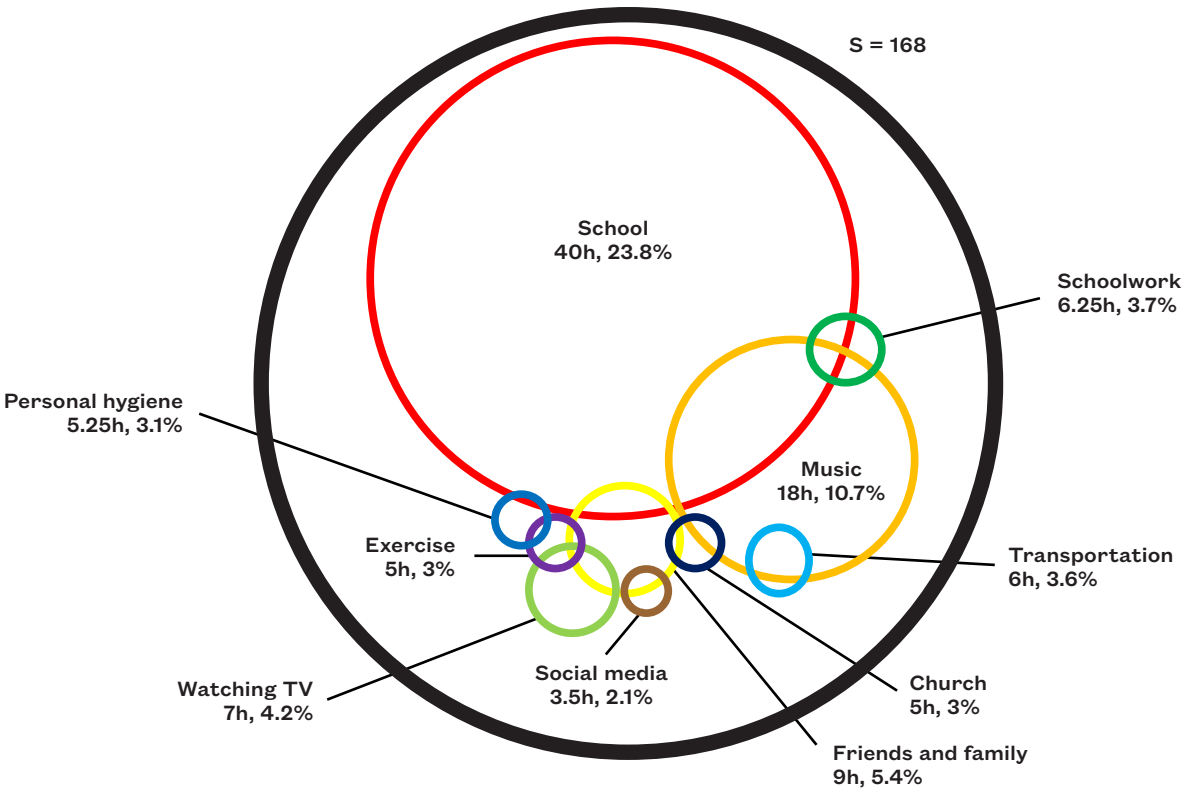
Healthy eating score vs. number of siblings TIM ELGERSMA



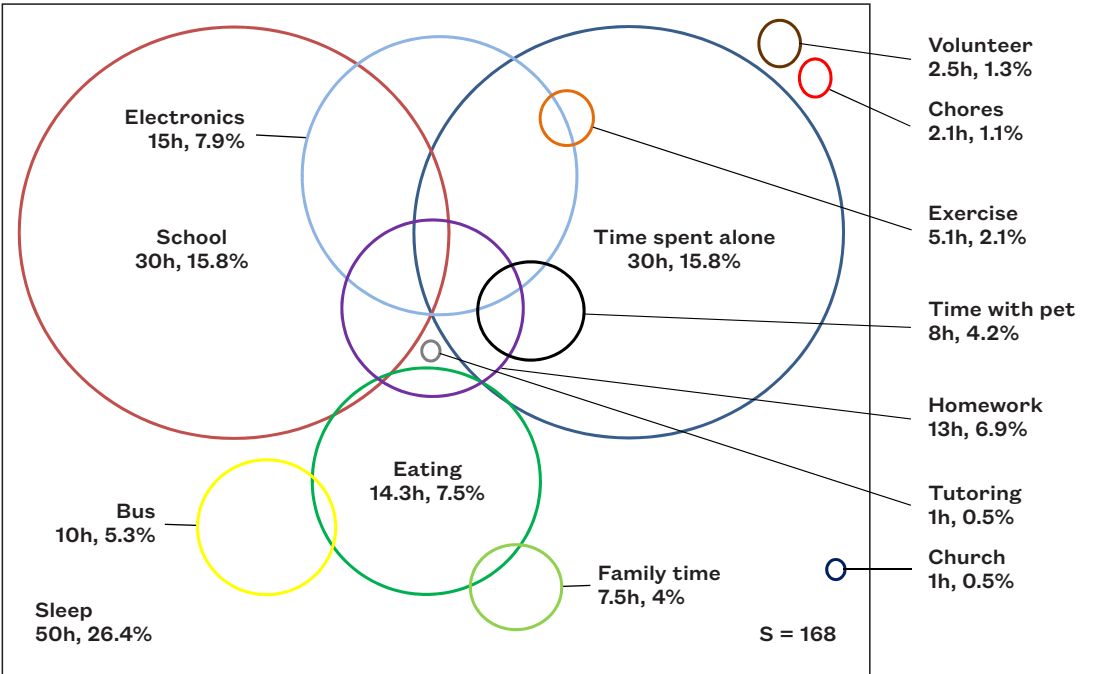
Average mark given by teacher JADON PASCAL VAN ALPHEN



# A Week in the Life Lorissa Van Gurp



# A Week in the Life Breanna Wong





# THE UNTOLD STORY OF OPERATION BLACK WING

Evan Braam

**“OPERATION BLACKWING IS A GO!”** shouted Private First Class Ryan over the roar of the UH-60 Ghost Hawk propellers. It was 0100 hours, April 20, 2001. Afghanistan.

“Thirty seconds!” yelled Ace from the cockpit of the Hawk as we scrambled to our assigned UH-60 and took our positions. Ace is our pilot for the mission, and he’s also known as Tommy Tuberts, which is his real name. Tommy got his call sign, Ace, because of how many perfectly executed missions he has completed in his years as a Navy Seal pilot. The Ghost Hawk roared as we took off, blowing sand everywhere on the ground below. Soon, the base was a small dot beneath us. The next thing I knew, I was asleep.

I was startled from my sleep by Ace’s warning—two minutes until we reached the Pakistan border. I suspected that I was asleep for a couple hours. Suddenly the cabin lights turned dark red and the Ghost Hawk’s doors shut automatically. I smiled at how much quieter it got.

“We are now in Quantum,” Ace announced over our com devices as he clicked a few buttons on his dashboard. “Quantum Mode,” or “Stealth Mode,” is when our Hawk literally goes off of radar. Its sleek design and amazing technology mean that radar waves bounce right off of the Hawk, making it invisible to radar. When activated, its dark red cabin lights and rotor silencer make the Hawk almost impossible to see and hear at night. In my opinion, it’s one incredible craft. The two Hawks we were using were prototypes manufactured by the US military. They only made two—just for us and for our mission.

Crammed in the back with five other guys, it was pretty rough riding in one of these. On my left was Josh Blunt, also known by his call sign, “Fixer.” Josh is a great guy. I’ve been brothers-in-arms with him for two years. Josh is one of the most calm and talented medics I have ever known. He got his name “Fixer” for how excellent he is at assessing and treating wounds on

the field. To my right is “Boss,” or Ryan Dufferman. He’s the head of our team and a great guy. Whatever he says, goes. The two guys in front of us are the jokers of the company, “Sev” and “Eagle.” They’re probably the best pair of friends in the whole freaking regiment since they’ve gone to hell and back together—literally—surviving a total of 237 top secret missions. “Sev,” also known as James Rowley, is our bomb tech who has successfully disabled or blown up 1647 bombs in 65 missions, which is a world record. Without James and his humour, I don’t think that any of us guys would survive. “Eagle,” or Marcus Lutter, is more of an introverted kind of jokester. He got his call sign, “Eagle,” for being the eyes in the sky. Not only is he our drone pilot, he’s also a master sniper. Eagle has an incredible 397 confirmed kills in only six missions. He also makes the funniest hand-gestured jokes and comments at the most perfect times! Last, there’s me, Dustin Edwards, also known by my call sign, “Scorch.” I got my call sign for calling in airstrikes, also known as “The Heat” or “The Rain.” I have been in the Navy Seals for about eight years now, serving as a radio tech and secondary expert marksmen. This is my last mission of my tour here in Afghanistan and Pakistan. While this mission is my last, it’s also the most classified and hardest.

We aren’t the only bird in the air, though. Beside us, flying in an attack formation, is Delta Company’s Ghost Hawk. I don’t know many people from that company because they just came in yesterday from another mission in Iraq.

Suddenly, a repetitive beep came from the Ghost Hawk’s dashboard. “INBOUND MISSILE! DEPLOYING LEFT FLARES!” Ace yelled over our comms as we made a sharp evasive turn to the right. A quick bright flash lit up the left window. The missile had missed us!

“HOW DID THEY SEE US!?” Boss thundered, demanding an explanation. Ace ignored him as the dashboard began beeping again.

“DEPLOYING RIGHT FLARES!” Ace yelled, this time banking left evasively. I grabbed the handles on the Hawk’s roof as we did so. Suddenly, Delta Company’s Ghost Hawk exploded into blue and orange flames, sending it spinning off rotation and into the black abyss below.

“CRAP! GHOST HAWK DOWN!” Ace shrieked as he radioed back to base.

“It must have missed us and hit their Hawk!” exclaimed Sev, looking at the massive explosion down below that used to be Delta’s Hawk.

“No. Really?” Eagle said sarcastically, as he scanned the silhouette of the mountains below for any signs of more missiles.

“Base Niner Niner, this is Golf Hotel Bravo. We are taking heavy fire from the mountains below. Ghost Hawk down. I repeat, Ghost Hawk down.”

“Golf Hotel Bravo, this is Base Niner Niner. Abort your mission!” Base demanded.

“Copy that. En route to base. Over and out,” Ace replied as we gained altitude, rising above the low mountain clouds. But it was too late. Once again the dashboard beeped.

“Brace for impact, boys! There’s no escaping this one! We are out of flares!” Ace exclaimed as

he shut the blast doors that separating the cockpit from the cabin.

“It’s been a pleasure serving with you all,” Boss declared, staring directly at the MH45 Sidewinder. The missile impacted the nose of the Hawk, killing Ace immediately. The blast broke through the door, sending shrapnel flying into the cabin followed by a quick ball of fire. Sev and Eagle were sucked upwards and shredded by the rotating propellers. Boss and Fixer had both been hit by shrapnel, Boss worse than Fixer—I could already tell he was dead. Lucky for me, my armour caught the shrapnel, inflicting almost no wounds other than a couple broken ribs.

“Come on, Fixer! Let’s go!” I screamed, as I grabbed a parachute from under the Hawk’s seat. Flames now engulfed the roof and were spreading quickly. I grabbed Fixer and clipped his plate carrier to mine as we jumped out into the night just seconds before the Hawk blew up. We fell freely for several seconds, then shot upward as our chute safely opened. Fixer groaned in pain.

“Don’t worry, buddy, I’ll fix you up when we get down,” I whispered as we glided into the black abyss below.





# REMEMBRANCE DAY DEVOTION

## NOVEMBER 11, 2016

Gregory Hoornweg 

**ON THE ELEVENTH HOUR** of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, everyone across the British Commonwealth stops what they’re doing to observe a moment of silence. This is Remembrance Day, and the purpose of the silence is to take time to remember all those who lost their lives in service of their nation’s armed forces in various wars and conflicts. For Canadians, this is a solemn day to remember those who paid the ultimate sacrifice so that you and I can stand here today in a country where people’s rights and freedoms are upheld.

As some of you know, next year I hope to attend the Royal Military College of Canada with the goal of becoming a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Quite often I’m asked, “As a Christian, how do you feel about joining the military? What if you have to go to war?”

I have thought a lot about that question, actually, about different situations I may end up in someday, and how I might have to respond. Personally, I strongly believe that a Christian can be a member of the armed forces. As it says in Ecclesiastes chapter three: “There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens,” including “a time for war and a time for peace” (Ecclesiastes 3:1, 8, NIV).

War is horrible; however, we live in a fallen world where all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God (Romans 3:23). War is the sad consequence of our current state. It’s easy to ask how we as Christians could be involved in war when so much of what Jesus teaches in the New Testament seems to contradict it. We are commanded to live by these principles, so why are we here today in a Christian school holding a Remembrance Day ceremony? Why does my church honour our veterans? In reality, Christians should not shy away from battle. We are in the middle of the battle between sin and righteousness, one that is ever present in our lives. We are commanded to put on the full armour of God so that we may take

a stand against the devil’s schemes (Ephesians 6:10–11). We are very blessed to live in a country that was founded on Christian values, one that promises to protect these values through our Constitution and our Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Due to the sad reality of our broken world, we have a military that, when called upon, has defended and will defend these values against those who would take them away.

That is why we hold a moment of silence today: to remember and honour those who laid down their lives that we may be able to live ours. We honour them because “Greater love has no one than this: to lay down one’s life for one’s friends.” (John 15:13, NIV)

I’d like to close with a story. Thomas Ricketts was born on April 15, 1901, in White Bay, Newfoundland. During the first World War, he served as a soldier with the 1st Battalion of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment. The following is a citation of his service for which he was awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest award in the United Kingdom’s honour system:

“During the advance from Ledgehem the attack was temporarily held up by heavy hostile fire... Private Ricketts at once volunteered to go forward with his Section Commander and a Lewis gun to attempt to outflank the battery. When 300 yards away, their ammunition gave out.... Private Ricketts at once realized the situation. He doubled back 100 yards, procured some ammunition and dashed back to the Lewis gun, and by very accurate fire drove the enemy and their gun teams into a farm. His platoon then advanced without casualties, and captured four field guns, four machine guns and eight prisoners.... By his presence of mind in anticipating the enemy intention and his utter disregard for personal safety, Private Ricketts secured the further supplies of ammunition which directly resulted in these important captures and undoubtedly saved many lives.”

Sgt Thomas Ricketts was 17 years old at the

time he displayed this courage and selflessness. This story, and many others like it, gives Remembrance Day an even deeper meaning for Christians; it is not only a day to honour all those

who have sacrificed so much, but to thank God that, even in war, He is present, and He faithfully works for good for those who love him (Romans 8:28, NIV).



## SILENCE

At eleven o’clock,  
In silence I stand  
And listen to  
The playing band.  
  
And in the silence,  
War cries its cries;  
All the pain of the past  
Erupts right in front of our eyes.

### Maddie Martin

Shot fired meets its target,  
Final breath, then silence.  
Why must things be settled  
With all this worldly violence?  
  
She receives the news;  
No reason to keep sane,  
She resorts to silence  
To help through the pain.

As we stand in silence,  
I like to take some time  
To appreciate this sacrifice  
Of someone’s life for mine.



# GOD'S WILL FOR SEXUALITY

Elizabeth Parenteau

**WHAT IS A HEALTHY** sexual relationship according to Christian standards? To answer this, one must first acknowledge the ways people and Christians often twist sexuality into something other than what God intended. People, as they usually do in their limited perspective, often embrace only one facet of sexuality. Because of these misconceptions, they are quick to gluttonously indulge, or they purge with up-turned noses. But sexuality is as all-encompassing, as complex, and as awe-inspiring as the God we serve.

To understand God's will for sexuality, we must understand sexuality itself. To understand anything, we must look for its origin and its maker. God, the origin of all life and breath, originated sexuality; we must understand that in no way did it originate from sin. If sexuality stemmed from sin, then its nature would be characterized by shame, guilt, and depravity; however, by understanding its true origin, we know God intends his creation to be holy, fulfilling, loving, and beautiful.

Sexuality is something that God has ingrained within the human soul and enmeshed in our circuitry. There is no escaping our sexuality because it is a part of who we are, who God created us to be. Nobody in her right mind would look at a completed cake, topped with delicate swirls of icing, and think, "We should rip every particle of sugar out of this cake!" The cake is whole and perfect—why would anyone remove an integral element? Other ingredients are necessary to complete the human recipe; however, like sugar, sexuality is essential. Still, we must understand that

sexuality alone does not suffice; no one wants to just eat a bowl of sugar, and people will always be much more than only their sexuality.

Understanding these things, we know that God wants us to embrace our sexuality in a way that is holy, fulfilling, and loving. Sexuality is powerful, and without the proper foundation,

it can quickly turn sour. However, God created a relational juggernaut between two people so powerful and mighty that it is symbolic of the infallible and unfathomable love between God and his people. This relationship is marriage, and the wedding cake can be the most filling and nurturing food for the soul. Only the bond between two people joining their lives and souls together can support the bond of two bodies being joined in intimacy. Because of this, God's will is that sexual expression exist within a bond of mar-

ital trust that allows for vulnerability, love, and intimacy; mutual acceptance and freedom from judgement; and generosity and selflessness.

Within this matrimonial contract of shared care for one another, sex is no longer self-indulgent. Because of the unity between husband and wife, giving to one another is as sweet and pleasurable as receiving. Both parties can express their sexuality in a number of mutually gratifying ways that express self, trust, and closeness; sex is no longer used to gain these things because they are already known by both.

Without the complications that humans force on sexuality, and with the pure urges instilled in us by God, sexuality is no longer a source of moral confusion, but rather a piece of cake!



CHRISTINA WARREN



## Almighty Mantis

Katerina Guthrie

My paintings explore the process and cycle of abuse based on my experience, and those of many others. Each painting has its own theme: "Abuse," "Aftermath," "Recovery" and "Cycle." The main goal of the paintings is to convey the gravity, horror, and life-changing effects of abuse. I use bright, contrasting colours to depict dark imagery in order to symbolize how things aren't always as they seem, and how anybody can be a victim. I hope that my work shows other victims of abuse that they are not alone, and inspires them to speak up.



# Show Period

Lauren Stokes 🎬

IF YOU KNOW ME, you know that I love being busy. All the time. If I find myself lying around for more than two days, I get angry at myself very quickly. There are a few reasons I join Show Period every year: one, because I love live theatre and there’s nothing like the family you create with your fellow cast and crew members; and two, it keeps me busy. Like uber busy. Like crazy-running-around-Orangeville-trying-to-find-black-leather-boots-with-furry-tops kind of busy.

Although I have been costuming for three years now, deciding to step into a role this year was a bigger leap than I think anyone else realized. Though I love TD, I’ve never felt like I could really be myself here, but that’s my favourite thing about performing. While most people might get anxious about the thought of putting yourself out there for everyone to see, I don’t at all because it’s not me that people are seeing on stage, but a character. For me, there’s nothing more exciting than being someone else for a little bit.

So, if you look at it from an outsider’s perspective, first came the decision, which I quickly realized would not play out like a high school musical movie. Then came the audition, which was followed immediately with tears. Then came the lessons and the practices, rehearsals and

eventually performances. The thing is, for me these weren’t just after-school appointments or things that I had to do. When I think about the hours spent on this play, I think about the little moments within those times. Learning choreography with Naomi and secretly looking forward to it every day. Poking fun at my inability to sing high notes (or any notes) with Mr. Hayward. Grinning with Julia during “Modern Major General” while performing.

If it weren’t for these small connections with the people within Show Period, it wouldn’t be Show Period at all, it would just be practices, performances and long hours at school when all I wanted to do was watch *Friends* at home in my pyjamas.

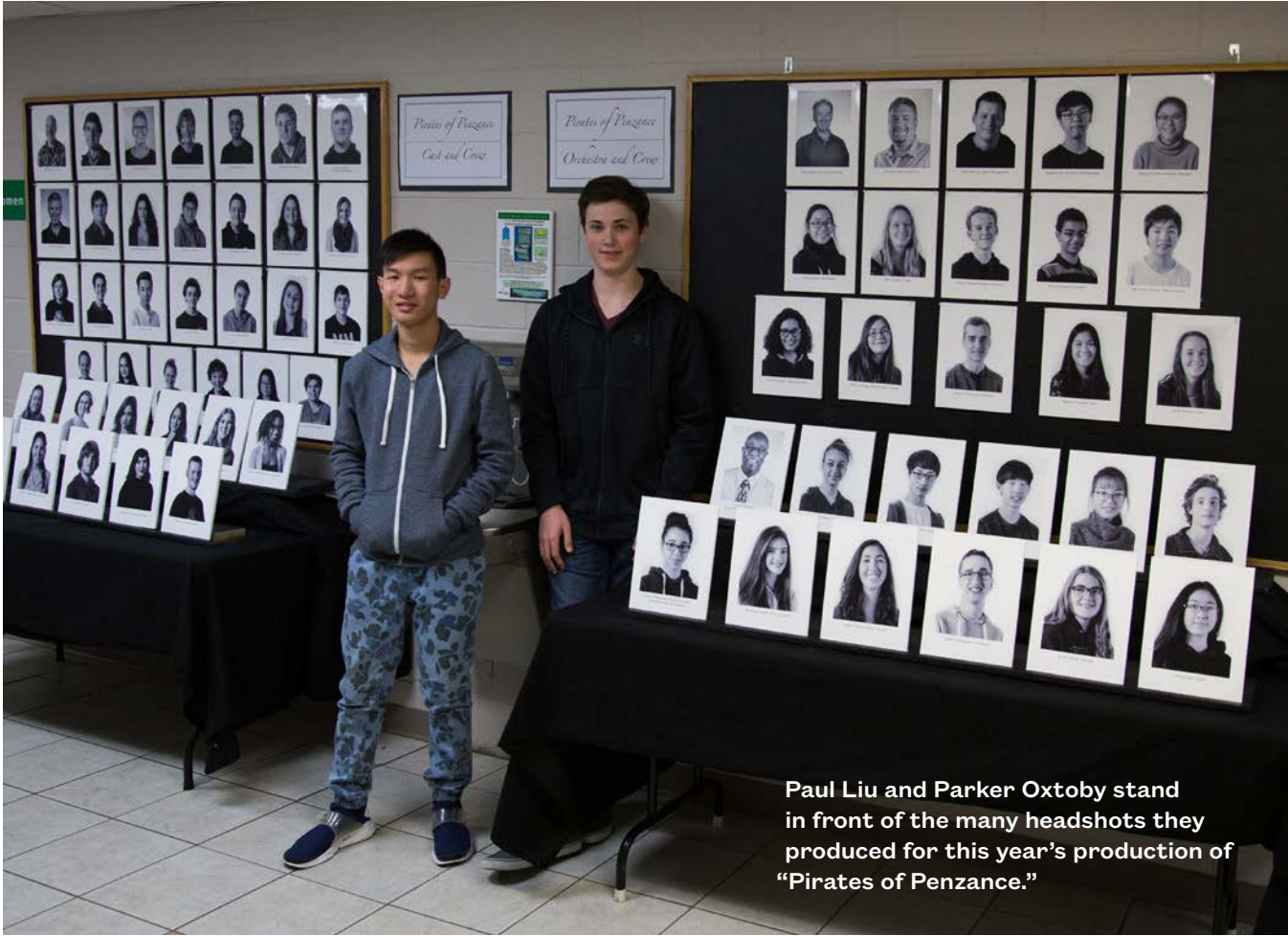
So, when Mr. Peters asks me, “what did you learn?” I can’t help but shudder, because academically? What did I learn? I guess I know how to do that vocal warm up “ah ah ah” thingy. I suppose now I know what a major general is. I could definitely explain how to costume a play on a budget.

But that stuff doesn’t really matter to me. Because here’s what I really learned: I learned that Amy can take a small task she could’ve completed in an hour and turn it into an incredibly amazing project. I learned that Adam is one of the bravest people I know. I learned that my brother secretly loves musicals, and that Mr. Peters actually believes that I can successfully do something completely out of my comfort zone.

Can you ask me these types of things on a test? I guess. But the best thing I learned in Show Period this year is that real community isn’t just something to keep me busy. It is something so very rare and so very irreplaceable.



Maddie Martin, Matthew Heidman, Luke van Lenthe, Zach Kopke, and drama teacher Richard Peters enact a scene.



Paul Liu and Parker Oxtoby stand in front of the many headshots they produced for this year’s production of “Pirates of Penzance.”



🎬 The Improv Team celebrates the gold medal victory of Elizabeth Parenteau and Nathan Lise at the regionals. Next up: Nationals in Ottawa!



# Environmental Block

A paddle created by Brayden Jackson from a maple log he found in a forest.



Students in Environmental Block manage the school’s recycling program, as demonstrated here by Chris Hayashi and Caleb Hay.



## Making Lunch with the Good Food Box

Arianna Sisti, Emily Gillissie, Natalie Rivera Vargas

The Grade 10 Environmental Block class received a Good Food Box with the challenge to make a meal from it. After some students took home cabbage and made delicious coleslaw one night, we used the leftovers to make a different style of coleslaw in class the next day. We also made a Caesar salad from the romaine lettuce and kale. We used many vegetables—kale, carrot peels, onions, potatoes, and extra cabbage leaves—to make our soup stock; we even used vegetable scraps that would usually go into the compost and turkey bones from a Thanksgiving dinner. One student cut up onions and used them to flavour the potatoes we sautéed. Another student took home a squash and creatively used it to bake chocolate chip cookies! We enjoyed the bananas and cantaloupe for dessert. In conclusion, this was a great opportunity for our class to learn to make a healthy vegetable-based meal from the Good Food Box. We are very thankful to the FoodShare organization for what they do in our communities. It was great to learn about different programs in other schools.

# Green Industries



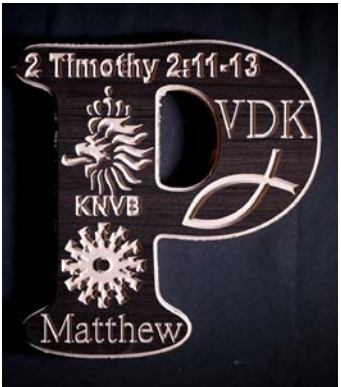
Green Industries students work on the school’s back field: Andrew Fallone and Matthew Vandekemp shovel soil, while Cheyenne Cologna, Noah Orlandi, and Michael Biase lay sod.



Environmental Block students Caleb Hay, Sofia Graci, and Arianna Sisti plant native shrubs.



# Internship Block



Each student participated in the making of the first chair, pictured on the opposite page, then made their own. Each piece is cut with a CNC, or Computer Numerical Control, a computerized router (that was donated to our wood shop). Students had to program their design and iterate through multiple edits and improvements until they were ready to press “go.” In addition to a chair, each student also created a personalized sign. Below, Jason Biersteker watches as the machine works on his design.

SIGNS: MICHAEL BODINI,  
JASON BIERSTEKER,  
JUSTIN BIERSTEKER,  
MATTHEW VANDEKEMP





# Careers Course Reflection

## Providence Diomedi

**OUR WORLD HAS** slowly changed the definition of communication. Now, we use social media and texting as our primary means of talking, which have replaced personal relationships. As a teenager, I realize that I’m guilty of this, and it strikes me as hurtful. Relationships are being traded for “likes,” and trust, for comments. During our Grade 10 overnight trip at Beacon Bible Camp, we were stripped of our devices and pretty much forced to talk to different people. I was nervous at first, but we connected on a deeper level without the distraction of technology.

I’m becoming more self-aware about this ever since Ms. Bauer showed us a video of a doctor talking to Millennials about technology and communication. It blew my mind. One of the points I specifically remember is that because of technology, we now expect everything instantaneously. This couldn’t be more true—especially when it comes to forming relationships. I think this is the reason why friendships and relationships fail; we believe that if two people don’t “click” immediately, they never will. But now I’m starting to realize that’s not necessarily true.

“Clicking” with people is a crucial part of life. In school we have to do group work and presentations; it’s the same in the workplace, so we’d better get used to it. I want to have healthy, stable friends in the workplace with whom I can work and hang out. This is how my mom met many of her friends. But she has told me that she has also had to work with people she doesn’t like, and she says that’s just life. Her generation didn’t have Instagram to help find friends; if they wanted to make friends, they had to talk to them in person. We don’t do that. It’s easier to stick with someone you know, but if you don’t try to branch out, it will impact your work. Knowing people’s different talents is the best way to get the job done, and you can’t do that without getting to know them.

I often take the leadership role but try not to be a dictator; instead, I nudge people out of their comfort zones, recognizing their gifts and preferences, and asking them to go one step further. Communication is key to having friendships as well as good team and work dynamics.



*What have you learned about yourself and your personality?*

I am a complex individual. There are so many different parts that make me “me” that aren’t my personality. These include experiences and people in my life. I don’t think that I learned anything brand new about myself, but it helped clarify how I think about myself. I now have a better understanding of who I am and what jobs would help me to use the gifts God gave me.

*Did you find the different assessments that we completed beneficial? Why or why not?*

Yes, they are quite helpful. They give us insight into our personalities and then suggest what a good job would be. It saves us the trouble of trying to figure it out by ourselves. The website MyBlueprint.ca is especially great because it is simple to use and great for just browsing around.

*What have you learned about the workforce and your future plans after high school?*

There are so many doors opened to me. I have a broad idea of what kind of field I would like to go into thanks to all the tests we did. But in the near future, I now know how to write a resume in case I want to get a job this summer. I’ve also started to think about my entire future—which university and where, all the little questions and big questions that will lead to an end goal of having the job OF MYYYYY DREAAAAAAAAAAAAAMS.

# An Influential Leader in My Life

## Maxwell Janssen

**OVER MY LIFETIME,** I have had many influential leaders, teachers, and coaches. They have shaped me into who I am today; taking out even one of these influential people would surely have changed the way I view and approach the world. Therefore, singling out one of these as “the best” would be impossible, just due to the sheer number of amazing leaders who have been in my life, because they have all changed me and helped me in equally amazing ways.

I have decided to choose someone who is not family but surely comes close to it; someone who has known me and my family since before I was born; someone who not only cares for me, but cares for everyone. This person is Kristen Span, an alumna of TD. Kristen is the mom of my best friend, Willem, who I’ve known since my earliest days. If I were to give Kristen a title, I would have to call her my “second mother.” This title would come from the fact that she has probably made me over ten thousand peanut butter sandwiches with a Kool-Aid jammer to top it off. She’s helped me when I needed advice and was always there when I fell playing sports on the driveway. These are only a few of the thousands of things she has done for me over the years. Now that you

know the brief background of why I chose this important person, we come down to the question this whole essay is based on. How has this person been a significant and impactful leader in my life?

Kristen holds many leadership skills—including integrity, honesty, the wisdom of experience, a caring attitude, and a true desire to see me do my best. Whether it’s through encouragement or realist thinking, she has given me insight in many of my life’s situations. Instances that show this are when she tells me honestly that I am doing something totally wrong, or when she states flat out that my attitude in the moment is not the nicest. She shows her caring attitude when she can see that I’m dealing with something, or just through her everyday actions and words. She shows that she wants what is best for me due to the countless hours spent sitting down and talking to me, reminding me about what priorities I should have. Moreover, she shows she genuinely cares. All this is done through her loving personality and using her knowledge acquired from her life experience.

The two theories that Kristen would embody the most as a leader would have to be the Behaviour Theory. This states there are two dimensions to leadership: Task, or achieving performance and reaching goals; and Relationship, which puts an emphasis on interpersonal relationships. I think that she puts more emphasis on the relational side of this theory due to me being like a son to her. She does, however, still put a great deal of emphasis on telling me to set goals that enable me to go where I want to with my life. Second, the Situational Theory fits very well. She does a great job of adhering to my unique personality and realizing that everyone needs and deserves to be treated differently. Why would you treat everyone the same if they are all different?

Kristen has been more to me than just a leader; she has been a coach, a teacher, a friend, and most of all, a person that truly cares for me. Her influence on my life is, to say the least, extensive. She embodies some of the key traits that make an indubitable leader, and that is why I chose her.





## Trip to Ghana 🇬🇭

Nadine de Peuter

Today is a day of celebration. We started the day off by going to the old school for the 20th anniversary. Once we arrived it was much less chaotic; most kids were in their classes, and some were getting the school ready for the celebration. We headed to the library where we sat and waited; the children began to slowly pour out of their classrooms and gather all around the school. Those by the library peeked through the windows and doors to wave to us.

My all-time favourite part was when the music started playing and they asked us to come dance; we all sort of stayed still until Opa Jaap stood up and started dancing.

It was fun—everyone dancing and having a great time together. And boy those kids can dance!





In Grade 11 Art, students use images of themselves to paint large self-portraits. Pictured here (front to back) are Faith Obadun, Ciara Mirigello, and DaSeul Lee as they work on transferring the details of their photos to their canvases.



Faith Tarasuk adds details to her self-portrait, seen in its finished form above. The inset text on her artwork reads: “They conceal my eyes/They conceal my strategy/ They conceal my fear.”





# Early Notice

Submissions from prospective students in Grade 8

## Who I Admire

Benjamin Reid

**MY GRANDPA IS** a faithful man, deep in his relationship with God and still growing deeper. I chose to write about him because he has walked with God for 54 years of his life, and he is a strong Christian. At the age of 70 and retired, he is a welcoming face at the door and a devout Christian to stand by and walk with. To me he displays faith with knowledge and trust, wisdom with truth, diligence with thoroughness, and determination with heart.



For him, faith was a crucial part to understanding Jesus, both in India and in Canada, and living two very different lifestyles. Growing up in New Delhi, my grandpa lived with his parents and his brother. Surrounded by Hindu rituals and teachings, there looked to be no room for the light of God to pierce through the densely populated city. He was first introduced to Christianity at a Youth for Christ (YFC) rally in 1962 when he was 17 years old. This rally piqued his curiosity which led to the start of his faith journey. Attending the rally with him was Ravi Zacharias (the brother of my grandma) who then lived on my grandpa's street and who is now a renowned Christian apologist.

On May 21, 1963, just a few months after the youth rally, he committed his life to Jesus, although the rest of his family were still Hindu. Here was a young boy engulfed in the Hindu culture of India committing to serving Jesus for the rest of his life.

In June 1969, he came to Toronto for the first time. He married Shyamala, my grandma, here in 1971, taking another leap forward. Trust was a big factor: trust in God and trust in his wife. Somewhere along the way, he got the job as the teaching pastor at Rexdale Alliance Church. Now, after 36 years of service, he has retired, leaving just this past June. This has proven to be helpful to both my grandparents as we can see the change and availability more in their lives. Now that that step of faith in his life has come to an end, he is open to hearing what God has planned next in his journey of faith.

Wisdom has shown clearly in the relationship that I share with my grandpa. If there's one person who I know who can help me with my technology problems or my faith questions, it's him. When it comes to the scriptures, I have always thought my grandpa knows everything. As I've gotten older, I've realized how deep his relationship with God's word is but also of how much he is learning.

Many times we've been over to "Grandma and Grandpa's house" and had discussions of the sermon just preached or interesting things that have come up in conversations in class at school. When I look at my mom and my uncle, I see how much wisdom was put into parenting by both my grandpa and my grandma. I really appreciate how he uses his wisdom to glorify God, to bring the Word of Christ to the nations, and to lead His children to the one true God.

Thirty-five years of pastoring means dedication: mentoring couples, preparing sermons every day but Monday, getting up early on Sundays and staying out on Saturdays to preach, being a role-model, having little time for family, and other things that can tire a person out. Not only did my grandpa do these things with joy and openness to God, he did them with diligence and thoroughness.

Remembering that you have God's people in mind, basing their lives on what God gives to the preacher, you have to take everything to God when you are preparing sermons and the other things listed above. I know that his hard work showed in the relationships with congregation members and especially with God. If there's one thing I can easily picture my grandpa doing, it's kneeling beside his bed, hands in the air, reaching out to God in prayer.

Last but definitely not least: determination. This past week, my grandpa went to Chennai, formerly known as Madras, to minister and to prepare pastors and young people for leadership. Throughout his trip, he had many experiences where God showed Himself to him.

It is amazing to see him rush at the chance to spread the light of Christ. Even in his relationship with my grandma, you can see how he is eager to bring pleasure to the ones he loves. I really love my grandpa's spirit and actions. He does tasks set before him with great desire to finish what he started for the Lord. His determination to bring God's word "from the pews to the nations," as one of his book titles states, is evident in his actions.

To conclude, I want to say that my grandpa, Sunder Krishnan, has had a very large influence on me, pointing me towards heaven, and I am reassured to know that I—with actions pleasing to the Lord—will be there one day.



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