

Notice

The people of
TDChristian High School
making and doing

2018



Foreword



Yes, that's the new joint of my left knee, the one they installed last July. Ever since then, I have been noticing knees in the school. In fact, currently about ten of us are dealing with knee issues, not just staff members but students too—so many surgeries, braces, crutches, and a whole lot of limping!

When I saw the joints made by the Grade 12 Kinesiology class (depicted on the cover), I was immediately intrigued and wanted to use them in this book. They became the expression of the very thing that has been my preoccupation for months. Thus, “articulation” became a theme for this year’s *Notice*.

Articulation: the creation of distinct sounds, the putting into action words or ideas, clarity in the production of notes, and the state of being jointed.

Throughout this book, in so many flexible, productive, and expressive ways, you’ll see the people of TDChristian bending and leaning into doing these needful things.

—PHIL VRIEND



**Learning for
service in the light
of God’s word.**

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Notice 2018

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Cover collage images

Steampunk hand by Emma Hilborn, made in Atmosphere class to transform waste products into something useful.

Shoulder by Juliana Groot and Harrison Hendriks for Grade 12 Kinesiology.

Knee by Seth Van Schepen and Trevor Eygenraam for Grade 12 Kinesiology.

Snow face formed by Louis Jang on a telephone pole on a Grade 9 Physical Education class outing.

Krebs cycle bicycle by Seth Van Schepen for Grade 12 Biology.

Bicycle path photo by Max Orlandi.

Back cover image by Gerry Straatsma.



Belize

Justice, Love, and Mercy

MARG LASWICK

When I was a young girl involved in Calvinettes (now GEMS), we had to recite Micah 6:8 each week. We were asked the question, "What does the Lord require of you?" We would dutifully respond: "To do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with our God." For some reason, those words kept playing over and over in my mind in Belize.

Let me introduce you to just two of the many wonderful folks doing justice in a variety of ways in Belize. Meet Richard and Lucille Zul, my Belizean brother and sister, a welder and a nurse known by just about everyone in the cities of San Ignacio and Santa Elena (and beyond). They love their country, but they're frustrated by the corrupt government. Richard has been asked on more than one occasion to switch to a career in politics, but Lucille says she'd like to stay married to him. They help so many people out in small and big ways: by tutoring, paying tuition, feeding and clothing. Each year they seek out a school that needs help and begin the time-consuming process of organizing our work there.

The loving part came easy for our kids. They did TDChristian proud: working in extreme heat, slugging buckets of rock and concrete and water and bricks up and down stairs, hand mixing



Pictured at top, Marg Laswick, Jeremy Duong, and Jacob Schuurman wall it up; Emmaline Coghill and Naomi Gray hug it out.



cement, following instructions, and laying brick. But when the bells for recess went, bam, they were off. Seeing 17 and 18 year olds rolling around in the grass, chasing kids on the playground, skipping, blowing bubbles, having heart-to-hearts, and more is just plain good for the soul.

The walking humbly with God part requires a little more discipline. Or does it? When I asked Richard his perspective, he said, "Marge, it's like this: the big boss upstairs already has the plans in place. We just have to follow them and trust because He knows what he's doing." I like that! May we all continue to seek ways to stop the injustices we see around us, love our neighbours near and far, and do so with God's guidance.

A cultural comparison of Vietnam, Belize, and the Netherlands by Sarah Scheepstra.



Dominican Republic



Visiting Guaymate

JULIANA GROOT

On our second Sunday in the Dominican Republic, we woke up early and drove two hours out to a sugarcane cutters' village called Guaymate. Driving in, I noticed sugarcane fields as far as the eye can see with only the occasional dirt road turning down one. After stopping at the base in the town, 21 of us squished into one van and drove down one of these dirt roads into the sugarcane fields. We stopped and piled out at a very small village surrounded by acres and acres of sugarcane. The children of this village were excited and quickly took us on an adventure through the fields. The

kids gave us fresh sugarcane while amazing us with their mad machete skills, but since it looked like it was going to rain, we came in from adventuring. Luckily the rain held off long enough for a game of limbo with a sugarcane stick. This turned into a game of reverse-limbo where the kids were jumping over the stick, and this then turned into an intense game of leapfrog! The short time spent playing with the kids in Guaymate was definitely one of my biggest highlights.

Story Time with Guido

MEGAN VROOM

It was a really neat experience to sit down and listen to Guido tell his story. Hearing about how Guido had grown up working with the cane cutters and how he ended up doing what he is doing now was absolutely mind-blowing. Another special touch was learning that Julia (who we're building the house for) had been born in a place like this, but she had been taken in by her uncle, Guido, so she received the chance to live a better

life. Most guys who work in the cane fields have to work there for their whole lives; they work harder and longer than the average American, but they receive much less pay. So it was really neat to see how much love they showed to us strangers when we visited: they brought their chairs out of their houses so we wouldn't have to sit on the floor, they brought us around the fields, and they showed us the importance of a simple smile. They made it clear that you don't need a phone or anything else to have a good time because it's the time that you spend with the people around you in your community that really matters; it's about relationships and building trust.



Mason Janse leap-frogs over Harrison Hendriks.

On Stage

Above, highland dancing by Sophia Starkey;
below, bhangra dancing by Jordan Maliakkal and
Adrianna Marcus.



Caleb and Eliza Mathai demonstrate their skipping and flipping skills; Dana Pitcher sings a solo; and Simon Michell demonstrates a magic trick while assisted by Matthew Hoekstra.





Using technology to help international students join in more easily, one student generates the words on her Improvisation app; another types the word into Google Translate so that everyone knows what to do.



Improvisation with guests from Timothy Christian School

JONATHAN ELGERSMA

I was so proud watching the kids grow over the course of the day. They all improved drastically and learned so many new skills. I think they learned a lot about being active on stage instead of just standing still and almost hiding from the audience.



MEGAN BAGG

The group enjoyed getting to narrate. It was really cool to see them joining in the narration and laughing a lot. One group acted out the story of a princess getting captured and then helped. They put their own twist on the story by making the prince's evil and having the princess save herself. It's awesome to watch kids discover improv, learn what to do in the moment, and grow to love it.

I'm proud to see kids learn improv for the first time. I first learned about improv in Grade 7, then I grew to love it and have it shape me. To be on the other end and open it up for someone else to love is just awesome. It's this full circle of improv that I love. When the whole improv team performed, they got to see what it's truly about.



GLORIA VANDEKEMP

For me the highlight was seeing students I went to elementary school with more grown-up now. I loved teaching them and seeing who caught on quickly and who enjoyed themselves.

One guy who I played Thunder Dome with wasn't too interested at first. But when he got called, he picked a good category and won, and then I saw him smirk a little and trying to hide it. It was nice to see a weird thing like improv make a Grade 7 guy proud for a bit, even just a second, because he won something so small.



International students tell their own stories



Frederick Wang tells the story of Chinese New Year as Yun Lee, Elise Tran, Sarah Im, and Cathy Feng look on.

Chinese New Year

PHIL WANG

The holiday that I like the most is Chinese New Year, and I'll explain it in three ways. Since September 27, 1949, the first day of the first month of the Chinese lunar calendar is the beginning for the Spring Festival. Second, we do different Spring Festival activities for fifteen days. Finally, we do some special things on New Year's Eve. Families will have a meal together. At midnight, we go out to celebrate the New Year's arrival and set off firecrackers. That's why I like the most traditional holiday in China, the New Year.



Sarah Im wears a traditional Korean hanbok.



Wearing traditional Chinese garb, Cathy Feng introduces traditional Korean clothing.



Ebi Eigbobo and Tosin Jibodu introduce Jessica Costa, Mary Hiebert, and Adrianna Marcus who model traditional women's clothing from different tribes in Nigeria.



In the Gymnasium



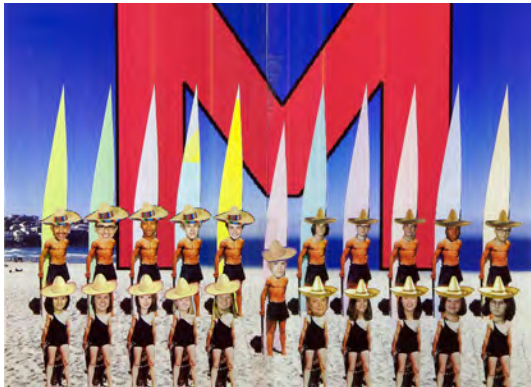
Multiple exposure image of Seth Van Schepen, photographed and created by Keely Toussaint.



Grade 11/12 PE students create a mini-putt golf course out of equipment in the gym. Pictured are Victoria Cottle attempting a shot from the stage, and Mary Hiebert finessing the ball as it plunges from the mezzanine.

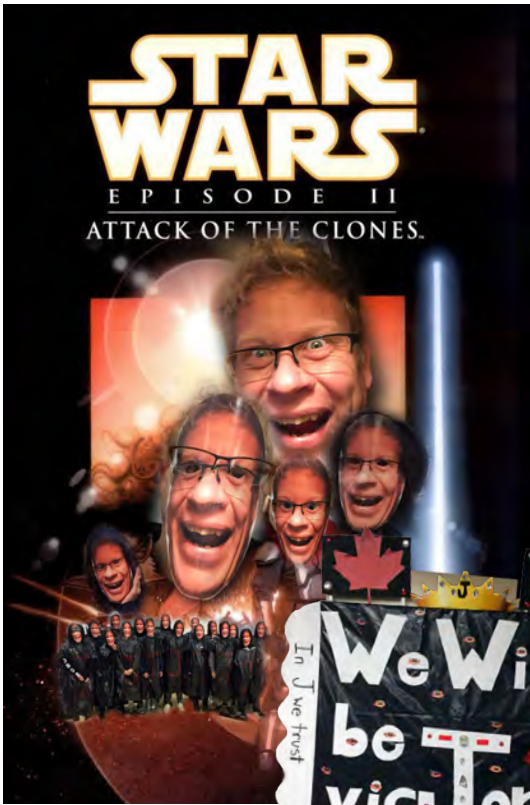
ADRIAN STRAATSMA

I think it is really important to be physically active. At this age, it is important to get into the habit of being active so we can continue to do so and stay healthy when we are older. Being active is good physically and mentally. It is important to be fit in both ways because, by doing so, you feel much better. For example if you're tired, doing some activity can wake you up and give you more energy. It also makes sense for us to use our bodies, since they're pretty great; if we just sit around and do nothing, then we are wasting a great opportunity to use these amazing creations. For most people, sports are great pastimes. I'd much rather see people play sports in their free time than get lost in our modern culture; we need to bring sports back because people are too invested in digital things. Being active is important for the future; if our future kids see their parents being active, then they'll follow their example and do the same. Many people also find pleasure in working out and getting fit. There's something about starting to work out, then checking in a couple months later and seeing the progress you've made. Many people find this greatly enjoyable.



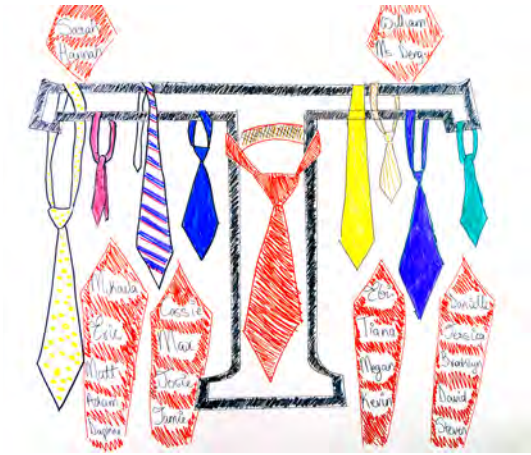
ALEXANDRA RYDEEN

This year I'm a Grade 12 student in homeroom P. I've spent four years being a part of this homeroom and getting to know different people, although I often come across as shy. I decided that I wanted to get more involved and be a part of something more before I graduate. I've always enjoyed drawing, but it wasn't until this year that I decided to design our homeroom's competition poster (pictured above). I'm very glad I decided to step up and use my artistic abilities to get more involved. It allowed me to work with others while taking part in something I enjoy.



CURTIS MIDDEL

AMY HILBORN AND VANESSA ABRAHAMS



EBI EIGBOBO



EMMA CANTLE



KATE DEGIER



CHRISTOPHER HAYASHI

Things Constructed

Crystal Habenschuss holds a memorial plaque of her grandmother that she made for her grandfather. It was designed, cut with the school's CNC machine, and painted for an Internship Block project.



A hockey stick table created by Haley Hollander, Sarah Ufkes, Hannah VanLeeuwen, and Holly Roos after they were tasked with creating something useful out of discarded objects for Atmosphere Class.



A 3D-printed lamp created by Josie Mirecki for Internship Block.



CALEB VANDERWAL, JAMES PATON, ABRAHAM MAAN AND ISAAC VANDERKOOI



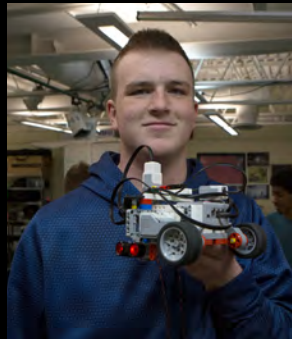
JEFFREY HORLINGS, JONATHAN PETCH, AND LUKE VANLENTHE



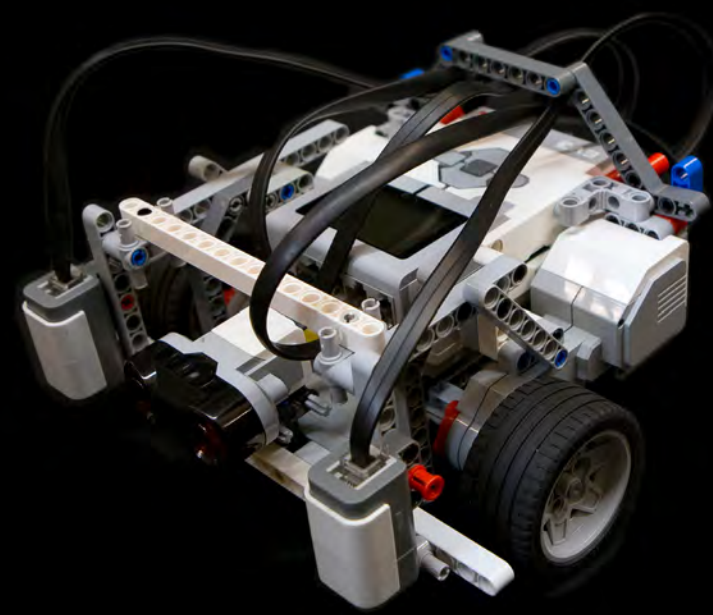
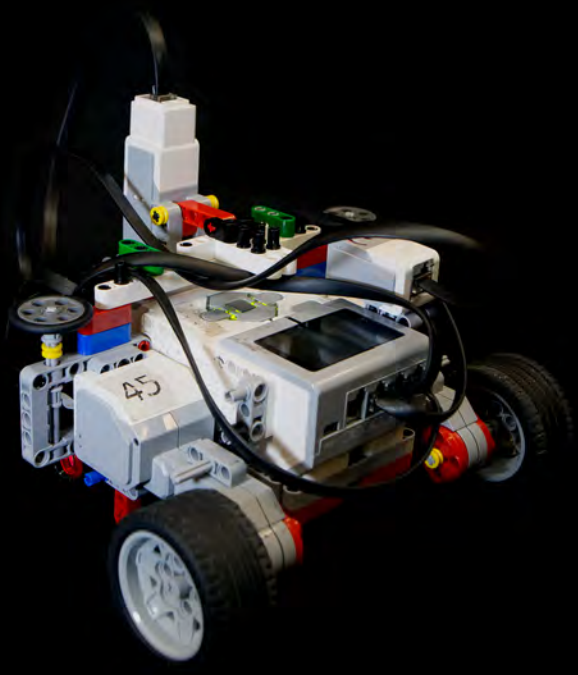
CONNOR MOONEY, CALEB HAY, AND JOHN MCNEISH

Robotics

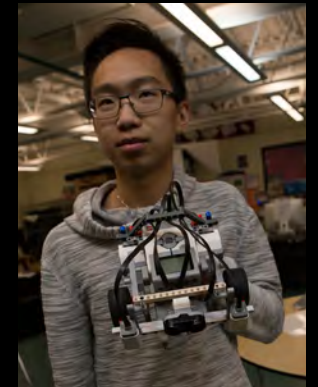
By creating robots that race and fight, students pragmatically master the principles of programming and design.



Robot by Chubo Han, Thomas Tan, and Gerry Straatsma (pictured).



Robot by Nicholas Tran (pictured), Brandon Martens, and Brandon King.



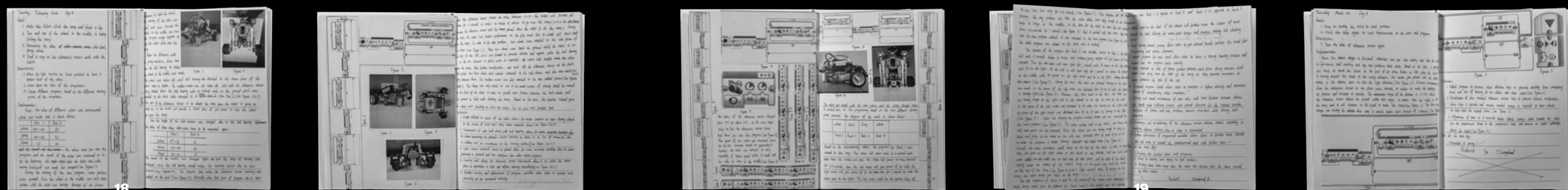
- 1 Start program » wait 10 seconds » reset motor rotation » drive towards wall » reset motor rotation » turn ultra sonic sensor
- Sections 2-5 run at the same time:
- 2 Check if gyro sensor is past 180° » if it is aligned to 180° » reset motor rotation and gyro » repeat
- 3 Turn ultra sonic to face wall » after 1 second get distance from wall » repeat
- 4 If a button is pushed go backwards and turn 90°
- 5 Get gyro value » adjust motor rotation so the robot stays at 0° » get ultrasonic value » if the value is > 35 but < 100 turn slightly towards wall » if the value is > 100 make the corner » if it is less than 10 cm move away from the wall » repeat

The rules state that robots must “have a 5 second delay after the operator pushes start before their RoboCross vehicle starts to move”. This block is that timer.

This takes the reflected light intensity of the rightmost light sensor. This sensor is the driving sensor which determines the main navigation around the track. On the top, if the light intensity is greater than the threshold value, we inverse that number and scale up the turn power by a factor of 12 so it travels right.

However, if the intensity is less than the threshold, or the inputted color is gray or white, the robot turns in the left direction since the gray color is more right, relative to the robot. We then inverse that number, and scale up the turn power by a factor of 4. This back and forth switching between the darker and lighter colors keeps the sensor in the middle of the lighter and darker colors.

Selections from a journal by Frederick Wang, Justin Sabatini, and Jaedan Campbell, which thoroughly documents the students’ learning process as they design and program their robot.



Elemental Interactions



At top, a photo by Jadon Pascal van Alphen during a field trip exploration of holography. Nathaniel Tari (left, photo by Owen Moss) and Alex Tsui (right, photo by Julia McAdam) launch small bottle rockets to learn about the relationships between pressure, acceleration and distance.



Emma Cantle

Explain how a star is born and dies; describe what it is and how it works.

A star is born in the nebula. As an area of the nebula starts to condense, it pulls particles and other matter from less dense parts of the nebula. It eventually turns into a protostar held together by its own gravity. As more of the nebula condenses, the protostar starts to spin. As it spins, its temperature rises. Once it gets to a certain temperature, it can start fusion, and it is able to sustain itself as a star.

A star starts nearing the end of its life when the mass of the star is less than that of the sun. Nuclear fusion stops, and the star turns into a red giant.

Physics students Jadon Pascal van Alphen (above), Tim Elgersma, Evan Kim, and Greg Hoornweg learn about fluid dynamics during a scuba lesson.



Nathaniel Tari and Anders Blaauwendraat (left) and Aaron McMillan (above) observe the impact of different weights on the motion of a hovercraft.

CommTech

Students explore the intersection of communications and technology by creating various media projects.

To view these student films, visit [youtube.com/TDCHWoodbridge](https://www.youtube.com/TDCHWoodbridge)

Jeremy: A Day in the Life

What's it like to be Jeremy? Peek into his world!

3m53s
Written, filmed, and edited by Jeremy Duong



Disconnected

If you're glued to your phone, what are you missing?

2m35s
STARRING
Aaron McMillan
WRITTEN BY
Quinn Kavaner
FILMED BY
James Paton
EDITED BY
Luke vanLenthe



The Other Side

Sometimes you have to go to the other side to see the perspective.

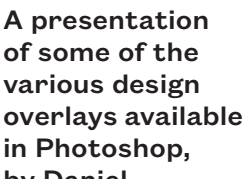
2m48s
Directed, filmed, and edited by Alex Stevens
Written by Quinn Kavaner and Alex Stevens
Starring Ethan Vander Kooi, Quinn Kavaner, Jamie D'Alessandro, and Jacob Hoving



Winner: Best Film (Student Block), Vaughan International Film Festival, May 2017



Before and after images demonstrating the effects of adjusting hue and saturation, by Matthew Janse.



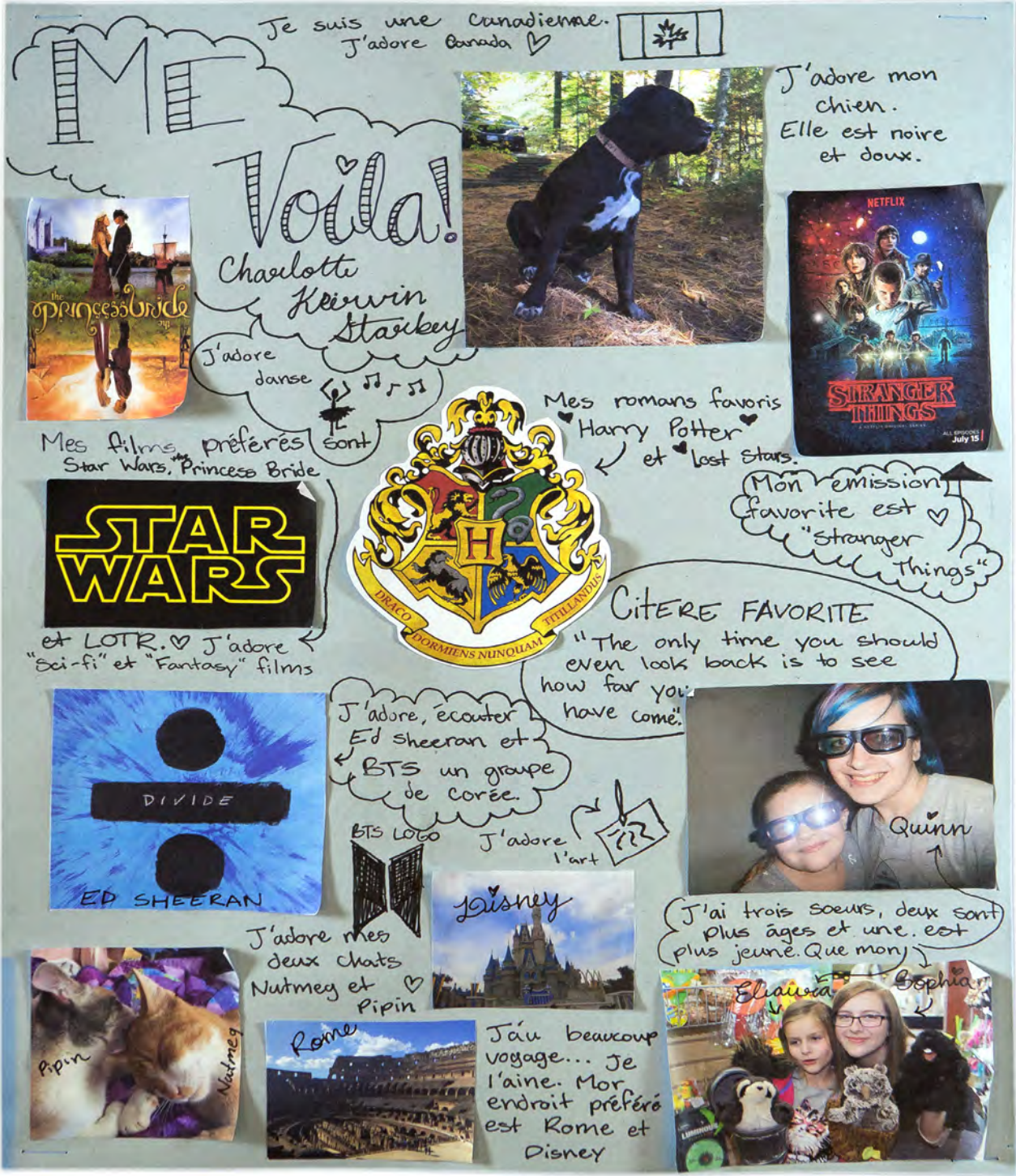
A presentation of some of the various design overlays available in Photoshop, by Daniel VanHemert.

Before and after images demonstrating the use of clipping masks and a dramatic typeface, by David Basansky.



Me Voilà

A poster for Grade Nine French by Charlotte Kiervin-Starkey.



Early Notice

Submissions from prospective students in Grade 8.

MADISON DUNCAN AND JULIA MONROE



Short Story

MEAGAN GROOTENBOER

The bright hospital lights glared down from the ceiling, and an antiseptic smell penetrated the aroma of soup that wafted through the air from the bed of the room's other occupant. She tried to turn, hoping to gaze out the window at the sky. She had always loved the sky—so vast, so easily changed. She felt the tug of a tube stuck in her wrinkled hand and saw the storm clouds scuttering across a cold November sky. She sighed, remembering the way the sun used to fall on the hills at her house by the sea. How she would tumble down the hill, her dress covered in mud, pushing wisps of hair that had escaped from her braids behind her ear. The way waves crashed on windy days, sending spray up to the wooden porch above the steep rocky shore.

She heard the high-pitched laugh of a little child and slowly eased her neck towards the sound. A girl in a pink flowered dress ran towards her, messy braids flying over her shoulders. She seemed familiar.

"Mom," a voice called, and the image faded. Everything seemed to be fading these days, but the strange young man always returned to her bedside.

Trent University 2018–19 Budget
Bachelor of Science in Nursing

Jessica Costa

When I began creating my budget I thought it would be just a lot work for nothing, but this assignment has been worthwhile. I'm extremely glad I was forced to form a budget for next year. This process has granted me the clarity to see all the costs and finances that come along with going to university. It has given me perspective on what I need for next year, including personal items and money. Personally I enjoy planning things out in advance, so having a budget done and ready for next year is a huge bonus.

While working through this unit, I discovered so much about the “real world” and what you need to know once you start living on your own. I’ve also realized that you must budget for the years ahead in order to make life less stressful and chaotic, which is definitely something I need.

After completing the whole budgeting process, I understand that organization is an important

skill that can be very beneficial to take your budget to the next level. Additionally, I’ve learned the amount of money I will and won’t spend this upcoming year. Along with that, I was able to use the OSAP estimator to calculate how much money in grants and loans I theoretically will receive in my first year of university. This process has lifted a huge weight off my chest and has been a huge blessing.

Furthermore, the project has made me make choices about what residence I want to stay in and how much money I need for snacks each month. I found it very useful to know the exact amount of money I will need for next year so I can plan ahead.

In conclusion, I would say that this assignment beyond a doubt is beneficial and worthwhile for the future directions of any high school student.

Debits		Credits	
Items	Cost	Items	Cost
Housing	12,283	Cash	2,000
Food (meal plan)	0	Income	0
Tuition	8,585.21	Anticipated summer income	0
Transit (to class)	0	Anticipated earnings (budget period)	0
Transit (to work)	0	RESP	0
Transit (school to home)	119	Family assistance	3,955.01
Books and incidentals	1,500	Anticipated OSAP	15,300
Internet	0	Anticipated CSL	0
Phone	0	Anticipated scholarships	2,500
Phone bill	0	Anticipated bursaries	0
Entertainment	200	Personal investments	0
Snacks	150	Total	\$23,755.01
Clothes	677		
Toiletries	240.80		
Technology needs	0		
Personal possessions	0		
Total	\$23,755.01		

These two charts provide an overview of the full contents of the budget.



Things Remembered

HANNAH HORLINGS

Brianna Ferguson

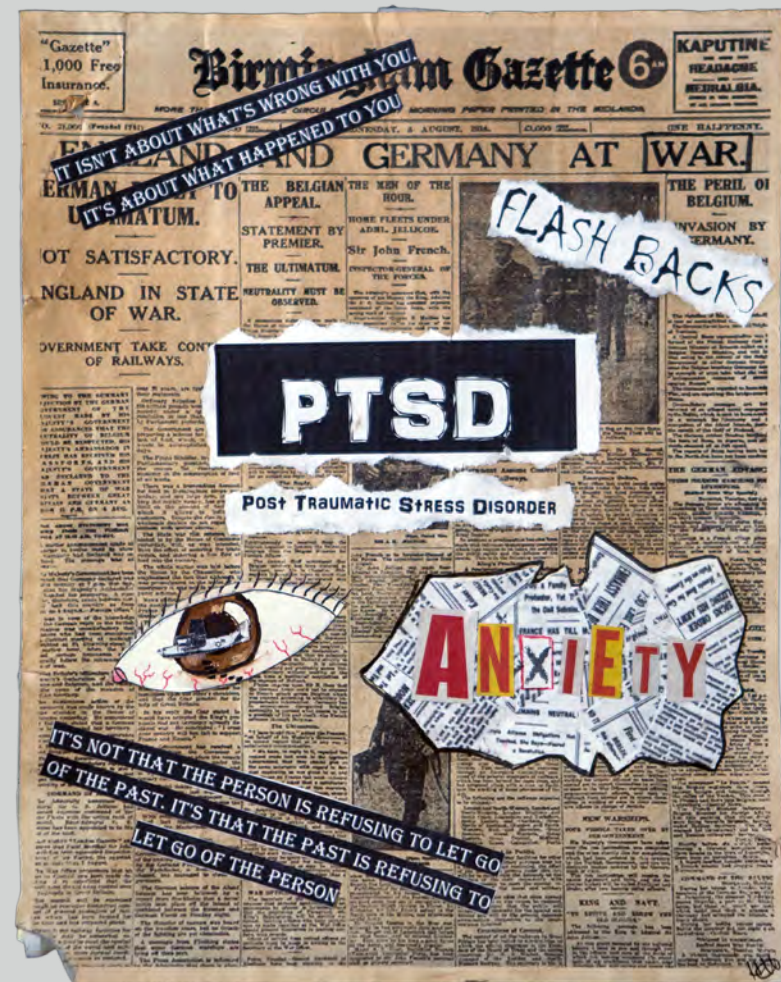
Explain 3 ways in which the Canadian federal election of 1917 during World War I was rigged.

The Canadian federal election of 1917, in which Borden was re-elected, was rigged in three ways.

For many years preceding, women had been rallying for the right to vote. They called themselves suffragettes. These women had been constantly protesting for their rights, but they had yet to succeed. In 1917, Borden allowed women to vote; however, this was conditional. The only women allowed to vote were those who already had men fighting in the war. Because Borden's re-election would result in conscription, women who had men in the war were more likely to vote for conscription, hoping that their men would make it home alive.

Another way in which the election was rigged was that Borden promised all farmers an exemption from conscription. Because in those days many men worked on a farm, conscription would result in the upkeep to be turned over to the women. This was an unrealistic option for many farmers, which is why Borden promised them exemption. However, once Borden won the election, he denied ever saying that, and farmers were still required to enlist.

The last way that the election was rigged was that Borden allowed soldiers to vote, because soldiers were more likely to vote for conscription, as it would increase their chance of making it home alive. The question was, where would their



votes go? Because they were all overseas, they were no longer part of any riding, so Borden took their votes and placed them in whatever ridings needed them. This essentially allowed Borden to change ridings that would have been Liberal to Union (Conservative).

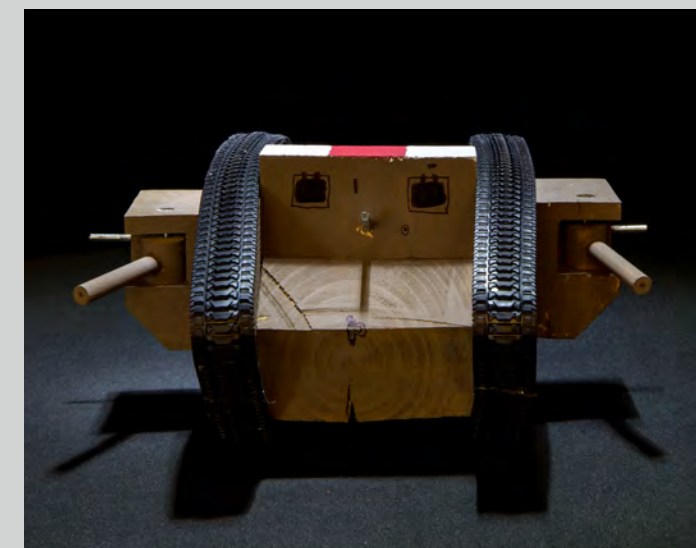
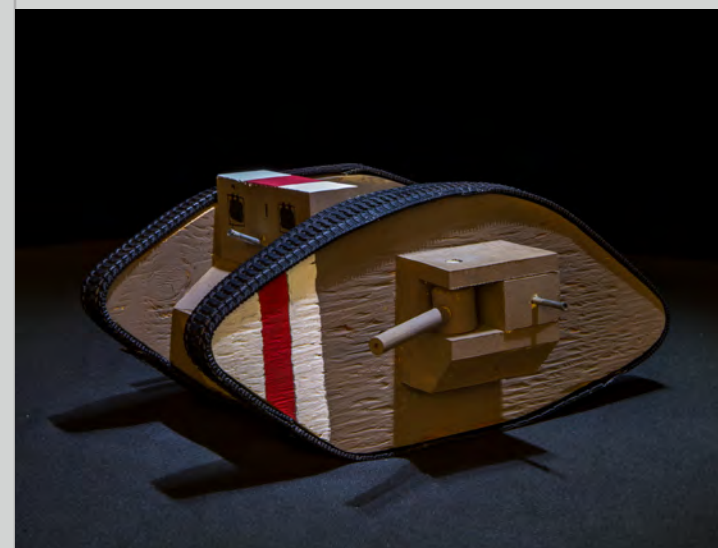
Overall, these underhanded methods allowed for Borden to win the election, causing conscription.



Charcoal drawing by Matteo Vinelli.

Poster by Sarah Ufkes,
Kaitlyn VanLaare, Holly
Roos, Haley Hollander,
and Maya Boven.

Model tank by Michael Aukema.





World War I models: an airplane by Emma Hilborn, and a model trench by Susannah Ulinski.



The Chaos, The Happiness, The Tragedy: A Rondel
Maya Boven

The beautiful world that we live in—
The chaos, the happiness, the tragedy—
A beautiful mess for all to see;
It's hard to see all that we're given.

However we must stay strong to remind our kin
How much we've received, both you and me, in
The beautiful world that we live in,
The chaos, the happiness, the tragedy.

Soon new trials will begin,
But we mustn't take them on absently;
We should always handle them happily
And, most importantly, never give up in
The beautiful world that we live in.



I Dreamt a Dream

James Paton

I dreamt a dream last night,
And in that dream was a storm of random things:
Polar bears played ice hockey while penguins
watched on the bench.

The earth we live on was a cube, and not the
spherical shape we are so used to.

The sun was a light bulb, and the moon was
cheese.

Everyone noticed how stupid random their world
is, but they didn't care.

I dreamt a dream last night.
My homework chased after me as the deadline
came rushing towards me at light-speed.
People were disproportionate, like those fun
house mirror reflections.

I was running away from something, but I don't
know what, but when I ran, I didn't gain any
ground either.

I dreamt a dream last night,
And when I woke up, I had the ability to fly, read
minds, and run as fast as sound.

But I never really woke up.

I would talk to people, but they wouldn't hear me.
The scary part is, I fell and didn't wake up with a
jolt.

Everyone talked and sang out of tune, like an
Auto-Tune machine gone rogue.

Although I don't remember what, I had to get
something done, and nobody would listen.



I had a dream last night
Of a polar opposite world where people drink ice
and skate on water,
Where it rains air, and people breathe water,
Where trees poison the air and take up all the
oxygen for themselves,
Where people walk on the ceilings and install
lights in the ground.

I dreamt a dream last night,
And all the fictional characters of my childhood
were government leaders:
The president of the United States was none other
than Santa Claus,

The Prime Minister was the Tooth Fairy,
And the big boy band everyone loved was
The Wiggles.

I dreamt a dream last night,
And the streets were board games:
On the way to school I was on the Monopoly
board.
Getting anywhere downtown was hard because
the streets there were Twister.
I dreamt a dream last night.

Romeo’s Motives Reinvented

An alternative ending to “Romeo and Juliet”

Sarah Gillissie

I sit reading the letter from Juliet and the Friar. What has Juliet done? In just a short time, she has messed up my entire plan. What a foolish, love-struck girl she is! But what must I make of this letter? Juliet will be waking up soon; she will be waiting for me to come rescue her. But I don’t love her—I never did. She was just a pawn I used in my game to get revenge on the Capulets. The Capulets killed my one true love, so now I seek revenge! Tybalt was never my target—he was not the Capulet I wanted to kill—I wanted to kill Juliet! Then they would really suffer. But now they think she is already dead, and that foolish girl is going to be waiting for me. How could Paris let this happen?! I paid him good money to marry Juliet and get her out of the Capulet house so she would be much easier for me to kill. Now I must think fast. I need a new plan. Juliet must die.

Nobody knows about my plan. Even my closest friends believe I am in love with Juliet. I could not tell anyone because I thought this was something I must do by myself. I see a figure approaching me. It is Balthasar from Verona come to tell me the news of Juliet’s death. I must look as if nothing has happened; he cannot know what I am going to do.

“Balthasar, do you bring me news from Verona?” I say excitedly. “How’s my father? How’s my wife? Is Juliet well?” I know the answer to the last question: Juliet is not well, and everyone believes she is dead. Balthasar is probably coming to break the bad news to me.

“Juliet is dead. Her body lies in the Capulet tomb. I came here to tell you the bad news. I am very sorry,” Balthasar said.

Maybe I should go to Verona and end Juliet’s life myself, and then I could use Rosaline to get close to the Capulet family and get my revenge. I have a new plan now, but before I can do anything, I must return to Verona to end Juliet’s tragic life. I must start to travel back to Verona now. I go grab my dagger and start to travel to Verona....

The Somewhat Human

Ivana Rodriguez

The somewhat human, who many pitied, had gone into a frenzy—a fit of wild behaviour and a paroxysm of emotions. And although the somewhat human attempted to cease her problems several times before, she noticed that with every attempt, her level of frenzy drastically increased.

Yes, she was somewhat human—no longer able to feel emotions, able only to act them out in jerky movements and surprising outbursts. Oh, how she flung her foot forward, pierced her lip with her canine teeth, vibrated and shook like a toddler on the floor throwing a nasty fit. All this because she tried to withdraw her energy from admired people—a dear person who once rocked her heart—so that they would lose all importance to her.

Out came a frenzied shriek from a cracked, deteriorated home, and the neighbors automatically knew that the somewhat human had risen from her slumber. This was normal: two weeks of muffled shrieking next door—also howling, as she wept every other day—followed by a month of pure silence.

The somewhat human became a legend, a tale the village passed on like a game of broken telephone—each time with new twisted words and cropped sentences—like a plague that spread viciously to other close-by towns. Soon everyone knew her as a beastly, psychotic creature... yet no one knew the truth.

I sigh.

“If only everyone knew about the past,” I murmur to myself in despair. “If only everyone knew the real reason why she acts this way.” But instead of focusing on the one positive part of this unfortunate soul, everyone focused on the screechy noises she produced with her strained vocal chords; they paid attention only to the bad, the negative, but never to the truth. People felt sympathetic for her—pitied her misfortune—yet she needed only for them to understand her, to possess the memories she carried in her sick, somewhat human mind.

Sigh.

An artistic response to “A Series of Unfortunate Events” by Ben Reid.

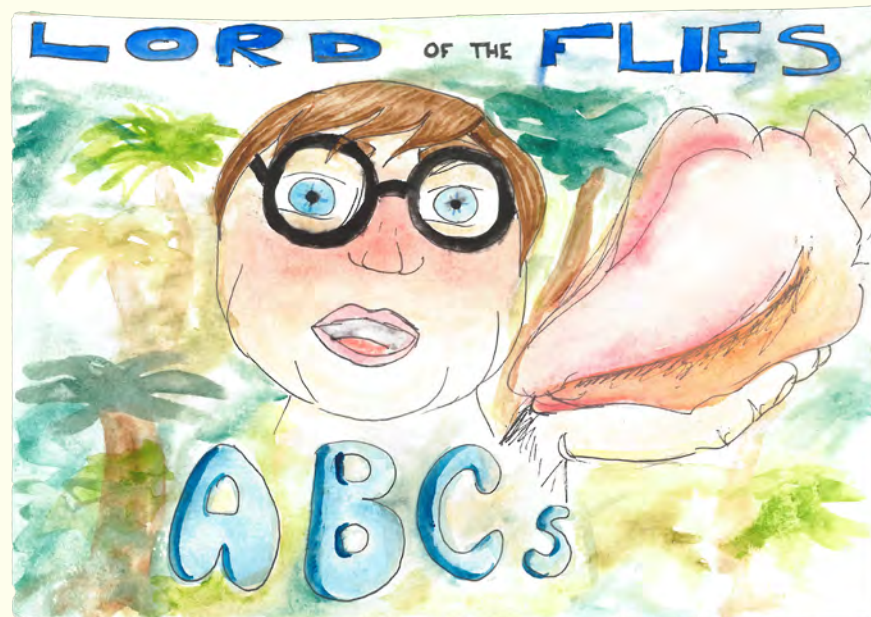


If You Don’t Succeed at First, Give Up and Don’t Try Again

Rina Lee

I yell at my little brother to move his Star Wars Lego off the marble countertop as I scan the ivory kitchen cabinets for the ingredients needed to create my dessert. Gathering the components, I open a drawer to find a blue floral apron staring at me as if to say, “Mom will get angry at you if you get your clothes dirty,” so I relent and tie the braided strings behind my back. After preheating the oven, I crack two speckled brown eggs, watching the slimy whites and golden yolks plop into the glass bowl. I whisk in the soft white flour and the crystal-like sugar. Content with my results, I place the cookie dough in little mounds

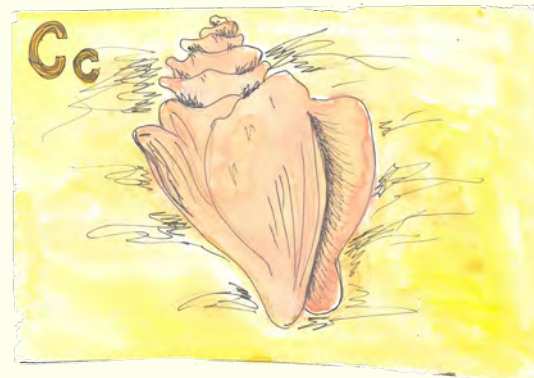
on a tarnished metal tray and slide it in the oven, setting a timer for twenty minutes. I sink down onto the tiled floor, waiting eagerly for the “ding” of the timer. Unfortunately, my eyes begin to droop; I drift into a deep sleep. While unconscious, I smell something burning. My eyes shoot open as I realize that the timer finished a while ago. Arms flailing frantically, I rush around the kitchen searching for my thick oven mitts. When I finally find them, I open the oven door and find my once promising cookies in black heaps on the baking pan. I let out a heavy sigh and toss my failed attempts in the trash.



BY KATE DEGIER, KAITLYN VANLAARE,
HANNAH VANLEEUVEN AND HOLLY ROOS



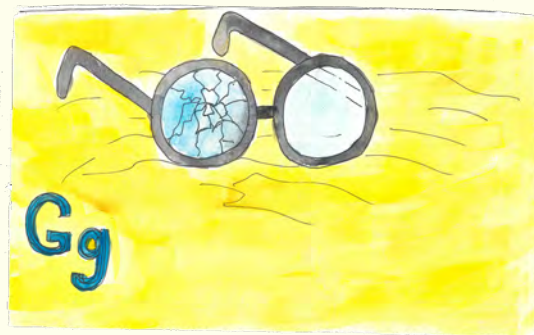
Bb is for the **beast**
that scares the boys.



Cc is for the **conch** that calls
the boys together.



Ff is for the **fire** that the boys use to
signal for help and cook their food.



Gg is for Piggy's **glasses** that
the boys use to start the fire.



Pig's head model by Julia Cariati.



Ii is for the **island**
where the boys live.



Jj is for **Jack**, the leader
of the hunters.



Mm is for the **mask** that Jack
makes out of face paint.



Qq is for the **quarrelling** that
happens at the meetings.

Mountains: Blank Verse Poem

NATHAN BELLSMITH

Their tips peek out from high above the clouds,
These rocky giants, standing guard from high.
Their tops, they pierce the air like stony spikes,
And rise so resolute against the blue.
Raised up and over creatures on the ground,
They watch, protect and guard them, one and all.
So beautifully clothed in nature’s cloak,
Adorned with trees and plants around their waists,
With snow and ice to cap their frigid peaks.
Thick mists and clouds surround and envelop,
Veiling their lofty slopes in mystery.
So grand, they grab the hearts of all who look,
And give them dreams to rise up in the air.
Impressive and forever standing strong,
They are the sentinels of our great world.

Free Verse Poem

VIBIN JOSEPH

Against the black tarmac,
Paint stains in swirls,
Blue-hued chalk breaks, cracks.
Reaching for the purple box with unending supply,
Pressing hard, we draw hopscotch tracks.
The afternoon is filled with excitement;
Toes high-five the hopscotch track
Against the black tarmac.



PHOTO: BRYCE STAFFORD
PICTURED: MAX ORLANDI

Diamante Poem

RAVEN MURRAY

Dog
Cute, Silly
Caring, Loving, Comforting
Angel from Above; Demon from Below
Clawing, Biting, Scratching
Fierce, Dumb
Cat

PHOTO: MAX ORLANDI
PICTURED: NOAH ORLANDI



2 Tanka Poems

NOAH TRAN

My Brother’s Grades
My brother is smart,
Too smart for his well-being.
Perfection is key;
Ninety-seven is too low.
Crap, I can’t live up to this.

Allergies
I have too many,
Too many weird ones to count.
Lychees will kill me,
And pistachios as well.
“Blue to sky, orange to thigh!”
I hope I don’t die.

Sneakers

DANIEL VANHEMERT

I got some fresh sneakers.
Hopefully they will not squeakers.
My style will be on fleekers;
I will not be one of those geekers.



PHOTO: JONAH ORLANDI
PICTURED: MICHAEL BIASE
AND OWEN MOSS

Lyrical Moments



An artistic interpretation of Stephan Schwartz's song "Defying Gravity" by Emma Cante.



Julian Straatsma plays the drums; Jessalyn Kwarteng sings.



Students were tasked with choosing a world issue which was important to them: something that stirred them, caused them to have uncomfortable thoughts, or disturbed their sense of what is right. They were then challenged to separate passion and emotion from the discernible facts around the issue. Finally, they attempted to bring these thoughts into a coherent shape in the form of lyrics for a song.

Immigration Struggles

BROOKLYN TAYLOR

The chorus of the song I wrote describes what happens to some families that enter Canada. They immigrate here or come as refugees and are allowed to stay in the country. But sometimes when a family first comes to Canada, only some of their applications are accepted. This can break up families; if a father doesn't score high enough, he can be turned away while the rest of his family is allowed in, and it might take years before the father can join the family again.

Chorus
Separated, then pulled apart,
Take me back to my family's heart.
I've loved and known them all my life,
But now we're broken and full of strife.
They promised freedom from our country,
But I'm apart now from my family.

Verse 1
In our country, we are treated like strangers,
Following the laws, submitting to their will.
After this harsh unfair time of uncertainty,
We left together to this new country.

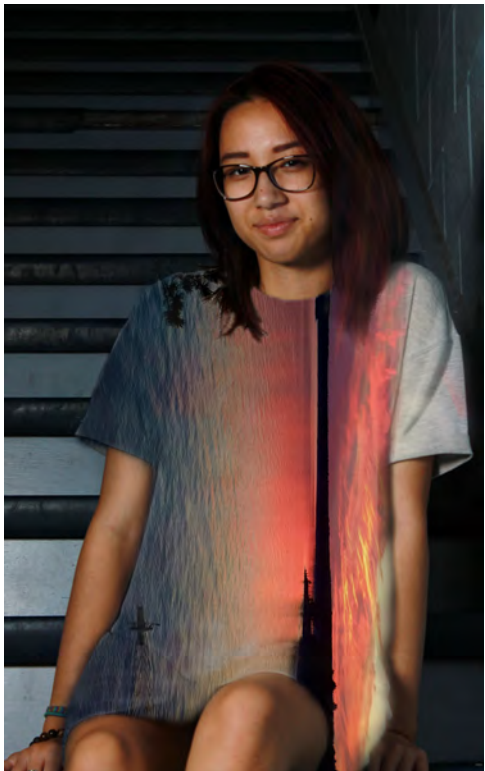
Verse 2
The voyage long, hard and cruel.
We stayed together, protecting each other.
When the land arrived in view, our hearts filled
with hope.
Then we left to our new life.

Verse 3
They told us we would be safe and stay together.
My mother, my father said be strong and brave.
But then the suspicions and accusations fell on them,
And still I look for newfound hope and fight for them.

Shadows and Reflections

Self-portraits by Emma Kalverda (right) and Michael Biase (below right).

Below, a multiple exposure image of Sarah Scheepstra by Maddy Zomer.



True Sight

Amy Hilborn

Eyes represent sight, physical as well as enlightenment. In *Oedipus* and *Minority Report*, both main characters begin blind to their bad situations, must give up their old way of seeing things, and receive true sight in the form of enlightenment.

Characters in stories often begin their narrative blind to the flaws in their world. In *Minority Report*, John Anderton is a cop at PreCrime who lives believing that the PreCrime system is perfect, completely ignoring the obvious signs of flaws, such as when one Precog sees a different future. In *Oedipus*, Oedipus is destined to kill his father, the king, and marry his mother, the queen. Yet, when he kills a man and marries a queen he remains entirely oblivious to the fact that he is

living out what he tried to outrun. Both these characters must give up their old way of seeing things. When John Anderton realizes there may be a flaw in the PreCrime system, he literally has his eyes removed and replaced so that he can break in and see if it is true or not. Oedipus, on the other hand, realizes how blind he has been when the truth is laid out in front of him, so he stabs his eyes with pins to blind himself, disgusted that he never saw his wrongs before and determined not to be misled anymore by how things looked.

Finally, both characters receive enlightenment, or true sight. John Anderton uncovers all the dirty secrets of PreCrime and realizes that man cannot create a flawless system because man is not flawless. Oedipus, after losing his physical sight, sees how foolish he has been throughout his life in trying to escape his own fate.

Both characters start off with physical sight, but in the end have gained true enlightenment.

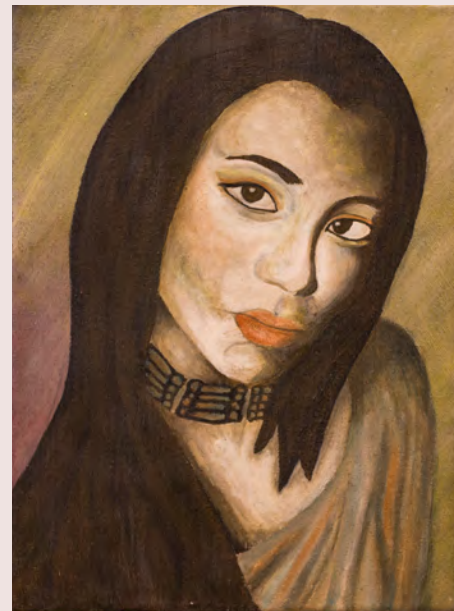


Masks by Chloe Jeong (left), Aleesha Coghill (above), and Alexandra Veenstra (right)



The Hidden Hurt

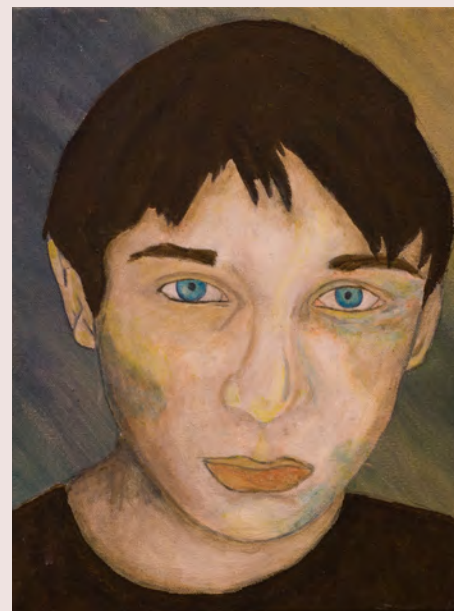
Emmaline Coghill



Sexual Abuse



Neglect



Physical Abuse



Emotional Abuse

For my Art ISU, I focused on the difficult topic of child abuse. I used an art technique called “glazing” in which acrylic paint is applied as an underlayer while detail is added using glazes as the top layers. I felt this technique would best allow me to express the emotions of the children I am portraying. My four portraits depict four youths, each suffering from one of four types of abuse:

neglect, physical, emotional, and sexual. Through these works, I hope to show that this issue affects both boys and girls of any nationality from anywhere in the world. By including two subjects around the age of students at TDChristian, I hope to get students thinking that this could happen to themselves or to a friend. Child abuse will only cease to exist if people are aware it happens.

“This is Ridiculous”

Mark Van Schepen

An exam response exploring the power of today’s body image ideals.

If you look at ads these days, you’ll notice that all of the idealized body images for women are literally flawless: they have no pores, no wrinkles, no scars, no acne, or anything else wrong with them. Women in ads are always skinny and tall, and they have small breasts. It isn’t bad that these women are beautiful, but they do not send a good message to most women who see the ads. For example, women in ads are usually 13–19% under the weight of average people, with a typical body type that only 5% of women actually have. Obviously, this is not a good message to broadcast at women. It encourages anorexia by implying all women should strive to have a model’s body, but this is ridiculous because the only ways women can achieve that is if they have a rare genetic

body type, get surgery, or stop eating. These images have bad effects on women’s physical and psychological health. Not realizing how ridiculous these media messages are, women try to change themselves to be like models, which is impossible, and this just discourages them even more. Ultimately, what happens is their bodies become something for others to enjoy, not them. This not only enforces unfair gender roles, but also objectifies women. Men are not told anything like this by advertisers about their bodies, but they’re still affected by it. When men see women used in ads, they too start to think that all women can and should look like the models, and they can become very judgemental. Not only that, but they can accept the objectification and start to expect women to please men before themselves. The disturbing fact is that some men think they have the right to then get mad and violent if women don’t do what they ask. This is why advertising body image ideals are very unhealthy and should stop being so prominent in today’s culture.



PHOTO: THOMAS PELOSI
PICTURED: AINSLEY CARSON

“Honestly, This Ad is Disgusting”

Katarina Spratt

An exam response analyzing the subtext of an advertisement.

I’m so pissed, I literally cannot begin to write what I need to say. Honestly, this ad is disgusting. Implicit, but still gross.

The target audience for this ad is people who use pantliners. Specifically, it’s for teens and young women, as the girl in the photo looks young, and I doubt many 45-year-old women wear pantliners. The ad also claims that the product is perfect for “the 78% of YOUNG WOMEN who don’t carry a purse when they go dancing.” First off, who says old women cannot dance? For *bleep* sake (be happy I didn’t swear 🙏 yay me, self-control) let women do what they want. Old white men go clubbing all the time, usually perverts, but no one stops them! By old, I mean 45. Sorry, Mr. W. Moving on.

Three persuasive techniques used are as follows. Scientific claim: the ad says, as stated, “for 78% of women.” But from what women did they get this statistic? How’d they even figure that out? This could also be a biased sample, as we don’t know which women the Always brand chose to get that 78%. The ad claims it’s bad news that Always “is so small, you won’t look any bigger.” This is rude, as it suggests women should be bigger, that they shouldn’t have small breasts. There is also a claim with no specific meaning: “thin as a credit card.” Most people know how thin a credit card is, but still, it’s a claim with no meaning because why would anyone compare a credit card to pantliners? That is very irrelevant. The ad also uses an appeal to novelty by saying “New Always Thin Pantliners.” What does that mean? How are they new? It doesn’t say “improved,” but new is meant to inexplicitly mean “improved.”

This ad objectifies the woman by pointing out her small breasts and claiming that the product



is small, so it won’t make her look bigger. It’s claiming that smaller is better *and* objectifies the woman at the same. I love how the ad’s slogan is “Protecting all women. Always,” yet they objectify their very own model and critique her breasts even though they are irrelevant to pantliners. It’s irrelevant sexualisation! Also, her posture doesn’t look comfortable. Who twists her body to the side, shoves a few fingers in small-women-jean-pockets, and lifts her shoulders up high??? Lifting your shoulders puts a lot of stress on them, and it’s very uncomfy. So this ad uses the clowning technique to objectify. Also, her eyes are cut off, which dismembers her and cuts her down. Her eyes are part of her, so they shouldn’t cut them out. Lastly, why is she dancing?? Why not studying, or working? This enforces very sexist gender roles. They could’ve chosen anything, but chose dancing because, apparently, girls like to dance and 20% don’t use purses. Yay.



Is Honesty Always the Best Policy?

Lauren Kim

THE WORD “HONEST” describes one who is free of deceit and untruthfulness and who is sincere. Synonyms also include the words true, direct, genuine, and undisguised. “Always” means “all the time” and “on all occasions.” “Best” means of the most excellent, effective or desirable quality or type. And a “policy” is a course or principle of action adopted or proposed by a government, party, business, or individual. Thus, the phrase “honesty is always the best policy” really means that it is most excellent, effective and desirable if a person practices a direct, sincere and truthful way of life at all times and in all circumstances. But is this so?

In a situation where a serial killer (known for shooting women and children in the face) breaks into a family’s home and shoots the mother in the face before asking the father if there are any children in the house, would one consider it the best course of action for the father to reveal that the children are hiding under the bed? Many people would agree that being honest in this situation would not be desirable, for the children would get shot in the face. However, one might argue that the father’s honesty would be most effective in bringing about a swift and merciful death to those in hiding, and in a way, that might be the best. Also, while the father may not consider honesty to be the best policy in that moment, the murderer might. In either case, the children, or the murderer, could benefit from the father’s honesty.

If a girl is born with a colossal, gnome-shaped lump sprouting from her forehead (this lump can’t be removed—this person will forever have a giant gnome on her forehead), would honesty always be the best policy in this situation? When the girl asks her parents if the gnome on her forehead is pleasing to the eye, should the parents—who both think that the forehead-gnome is ugly—honestly speak their minds? Would it always be

the best course of action for her parents to say that they thought that the lump was beautiful, as gorgeous as a starry night sky, or would it be better for her to be told that it was an abomination? Imagine if the parents’ dishonest words of flattery prompted the girl (who is prone to acts of extremism) to use silicone injections to make a larger, more gnome-like head; they would surely regret the lie. And would honesty still be the best policy if the girl, in a fit of horror and disgust, carved out the gnome with a rusty, antique saw, bled out and died? In a situation like this, a sugar-coated lie would be the most beneficial—she could have gotten bangs or worn a large hat or something.

Dishonesty is so woven into our everyday lives—relationships can be built on the little white lies that tickle our ears—it’s hard to spend time with a person who points at your face and calls it stupid. And while compulsive lying may be discouraged (the boy who cried wolf), lies can be beneficial when the circumstance allows. In the situation of the serial killer, the father was given the power to decide who would benefit from his spoken words, the children or the murderer; he would most likely choose to lie on his children’s behalf, for he probably values their lives more than the fulfillment of a murderer’s fantasy. Everyone shows the world what they want it to see, not necessarily the truth; most people are a lot more messed up than they appear to be. If we lived in a completely honest world, entertainment of any form wouldn’t exist, like fiction. Neither would optimism, since we are usually just kidding ourselves. Many people lie on behalf of what they value the most, and that may not always line up with what the world considers to be morally correct. So the phrase “honesty is always the best policy” should be changed to “honesty is often, not always, the best policy” to make it true.

Becoming My True Self

Jessica Jackson

THIS RESPONSE to being asked how my mind has changed by this course since the beginning of this semester very well summarizes how my mind works, I think. I have strong opinions about some things, but then there are other things that I can easily ignore and say nothing about. I have always strongly believed that we live in a very judgmental world where I sometimes struggle to see the good in trying at anything because some people so easily shut others down. I’ve always been the kind of person who does certain things to avoid feeling the pain that hurt can cause. I’m beginning to actually understand and more fully believe what teachers have been sharing with me about the Christian faith and how we can show it in our everyday lives. I’m becoming the person that I always longed to be like.

When it comes to anything school-wise in the past, I am almost incapable of saying that it is something that I am good at or care about. But this year, I have approached school from the perspective that if I work my hardest and pay attention, I can achieve anything. Throughout all of my schooling, I have been the kind of person who doesn’t care about her grades. I never thought that I had to complete assignments fully, nor did I care if my assignments were handed in late. At the beginning of the semester, I slacked a little more than I said I was going to. Almost everything was handed in late, and it definitely wasn’t done to the best of my abilities. But as the semester went on, I found myself constantly looking again at things that we did in class when I got home. I couldn’t understand why there was a sudden change. It seemed I was beginning to care about what my marks looked like, and I would look for ways to make them better.

As for keeping my fragile self from getting hurt, I kept seeing this improve as the semester went on. I used to always be the person that

would never walk down the halls by herself, never state how I felt, and I most definitely wouldn’t randomly join in a conversation that my friends were having with people whom I barely talked to. But as the days went by, I saw myself doing some of these things on my own. I no longer felt the fear in my chest as I began to do things for me and not just my sanity. I was finally becoming the person I’ve been longing to be but never knew how to become. I was aware that some people didn’t like that I was now voicing my opinions instead of keeping it all to myself, but I was finally in a place I could call “happy,” and I wasn’t going to change back to my self-conscious, insecure self.

Not only did my opinions about myself change, but so did the way that I looked at the faith that I had been brought up in. Growing up, I went to church, read the bible and prayed, but it was never for me. I did it because I believed that it was who my parents wanted me to be. As the year went on, I found myself becoming more and more interested in “Christian faith” discussions with my family and friends. I began to actually enjoy going to church and seeing others who believed in the same things that I did. I’ve always considered myself a Christian, but now I would truly call myself one with no doubts. My love for God has grown, and I hope that it will continue to grow more as I change throughout the years.

Over the course of the semester, I can say that I improved and bettered not just myself, but my future. I used to believe that I didn’t have a responsibility to maintain a happy and healthy future. This semester, I realized that everything is up to me. If I want to achieve more, I need to work on things I know I need to improve as well as those things I didn’t think I needed to improve.

What Comes Next?

Aaron Muir

You start off as nothing.
You are made into something because two people
fell in love.
You enter the world the size of a small pup.
You lay helpless and weak.
You have no choice but to trust the people who
brought you to this new life;
They kiss your tiny face and play with your
chubby toes and
They wrap you in a warm blanket and bring you home.
You learn that if you cry long enough you get hugs, and
You can sleep through the night knowing that
you are loved.
You grow older.
You speak your first words.
You realize you’re the center of attention and
love making everyone laugh.
You listen to kids’ songs and dance along.
You start going to daycare.
You don’t think it’s fair;
You protest with screaming and crying, but
You soon get distracted with playing and drawing.
You finally graduate to grade school.
You meet new friends and try to act cool.
You get homework and math like 1+1.
You learn silly, but helpful, science puns.
You start to understand consequences and
punishments.
You grow taller and realize you don’t fit your
favourite sweater.
You start eyeing some girl in your class.
You notice her cute blonde curls and funny laugh.
You like talking to her, but some of the boys
tease you;
You go home confused and not sure what’s
the issue.
You pass time with sports and friends, and then
another year goes by.
You walk through the doors of your new high
school.
You find a few friends. Things are pretty cool.
You have long nights of project work and tests.
You find it hard to wake up the next morning;
You fall asleep in math with your head on the
desk.
You know prom is coming and you think of that
blonde-haired girl back in Grade 6.
You have Bio and English with her—maybe you
have a chance!



You get your guys to help set up a cute promposal:
You send her on a chase around the school as if
practicing for the dance, then
You wait anxiously till finally she smiles and says,
“Yes!”
You know at this moment you’re totally blessed.
You finally come to the last day of high school.
You throw away your notebooks and try
to act cool.
You feel on the inside nervous and lost;
You have no idea what you want to do.
Finally you’re there standing in front of everyone.
Your name is called to receive the diploma.
You stand and smile, but all the while you’re
asking yourself: What comes next?

My Ideal Future

Alexandra Veenstra

TEN YEARS. Does that sound like a long time? A lot of school, a lot of work, a lot of events. In ten years thousands of different things will happen to you. You could find a job, find the perfect person, find somewhere you’ve never been before. This is what I imagine my own idealistic future to look like.
High school is over. I’m at university studying art history and natural science, and my biggest worry is how to find a career that could somehow bring those two things together. I live at home and carpool to school with a few friends every day. In the summers I work full time at a local greenhouse. Life is busy and often hectic, but I feel secure. After all, I haven’t even left school yet.
Right out of university, I stumble across my dream job: working at a conservation area in Northern Ontario. Moving out there by myself seems like a big step, but the work becomes a huge part of my life. I spend my days classifying native plants, photographing flying squirrels and river rapids, and teaching people how to appreciate the natural world.
Fast forward a few years to me at 27. I’m married and living in a small house in a small town, and I like it that way. I’m still working that same job, and both my husband and I work close to home. On weekends I find time to read classic literature, drink tea, paint watercolor landscapes, and search for new indie rock music. I visit my family every few weeks, and I’ve developed a circle of friends from my church, work, and neighborhood. I have a few close people I can relate to and open up to. I feel happy with what I’ve accomplished, and I know my place in my own world.
Here today, as a I look over my daydream about the future, things pop out at me—things that are important and things I just wish I could have. When I think “perfect future,” I think about loving my own day-to-day life, having a schedule, knowing how each day will look. I believe that it’s important to have plans and structure in my life. I tend to work hard to please my peers and family by doing my best in school, sometimes at the risk of my own mental well-being. I prioritize getting things done—and done how I think they should be done. That’s only one side of me, though; deep down inside, my absolute favourite things are a sunny afternoon with nothing scheduled, connecting more with my closest friends, and the feeling I get when I really have no other homework to do.
I think my ideals of success in adulthood are largely based on how I see my parents live their lives as adults with secure jobs, healthy and active mindsets, and a solid marriage. Especially as a younger child, I saw them as having the best lives ever. And even though that belief has faded around the edges as I got older, I still subconsciously base my futuristic ideas on them.
You know the feeling you get after a few days of staying on track with your workouts, or doing Bible devotions for a week without missing a day? It’s the feeling that, right then, you’re the best version of yourself. That’s the feeling my ideal future self has every single day. In my ideal world, I always feel connected to God, always spend quality time with family and friends, and always stay healthy. My real perfect future isn’t as much a series of accomplishments and events as it is a feeling—a feeling of contentment, satisfaction, and confidence. In a few words, I don’t know yet what I want; I just know I want to love it.



Christine Ryzebol

MY NAME IS Christine Joy Ryzebol and I was named after my aunt, Patricia Christine Joy Ryzebol, who passed away in 1997 due to a brain tumour. From what I have heard from others who knew her, she was smart, athletic, creative, and adventurous; these are only a few characteristics reflecting who she was. My aunt has impacted my life because I am honoured to be named after such an amazing individual, and I want to feel close to her by reflecting her personality. I have developed the characteristics listed above, and I use them every day of my life. I've grown into my name by wanting to be similar to my aunt, but also having my own personal life.

From a personal point of view, art gives me the ability to communicate and express the emotions and feelings that I frequently encounter. Emotions—anger, anxiety, frustration, misery, shame, and stress—generally surface while I am surrounded by my immediate family. When I am exposed to the beauty art has to offer, I essentially change into a whole new individual. I leave a world where I feel at fault for everything and shift into one where I feel appreciated, where I obtain a positive and calming attitude, where I feel relaxed and at peace, and where I am able to reflect. Art is essentially a pathway to escape the darkness I sense within.

Exam Response: All Thriving Together

Jeffrey Horlings

MY PERSPECTIVE of people and their situations changed throughout this semester. From the outside, I tended to look at people as people, but the truth is that people aren't just people; they're unique individuals who have stories of their own. I have developed not only knowledge of this fact, but experienced it since the beginning of the year.

For the first few weeks, we explored myths and personal myths. The first couple articles I read seemed pointless because that's what I believed English class to be—pointless and boring. But as I read more, I began to take on a different mindset, and when some brave individuals shared pieces they wrote about themselves, my eyes really opened to both the different experiences and the similarities between the people who surrounded me for the past three years.

Something I noticed in the midst of all this was how similar people were to me from such young ages. People from halfway across the globe and those within a couple kilometres from me all had similarities despite some extreme differences. Again, this opened my eyes to how we are all made in the image of God. We are all thriving together in the same place, just scattered.

In conclusion, yes, my perspective definitely changed this semester, mostly by dealing with the people around me. Coming into an English class, I did not expect to learn more about people than I did about writing.

Exam Response: Meaning and Mortality

Olivia Wells

THIS SEMESTER I learned a lot about mortality. I came into this class with the same basic understanding as everyone else: death is just a reality. I thought that knowing that was enough. I didn't realize that it is something entirely different to accept this reality and the meaning that my own life holds as a result.

Hamlet taught me a lot about accepting mortality. When we first started reading *Hamlet*, I didn't understand what he was struggling with so much, nor why mortality was such a big deal for him. It wasn't until I saw him trying to cope with things like the death of his father that I figured this out. How could such a great man like his father suddenly be gone? How could everyone else move on so quickly as if his life meant nothing? Also, Hamlet knows he would face this fate as well once he died, so what was even the point of living if it meant nothing as soon as you were dead? I began to think about how this applied to my own life and the effect that my life has in this world. When Hamlet realized that to accept his mortality, all he really had to do was be ready for it, I realized that the same is true for me. My life on earth isn't meaningless just because it ends.

I also connected to mortality this semester during my ISU speech. I wrote about Alice from *Still Alice* and how she found meaning in her life, even when it was going to be cut short and changed dramatically by Alzheimer's disease. Alice came to the same conclusion as Hamlet: it's okay that life is going to end because she had great connections with people, she had optimism, and she had accepted her situation. I learned this at such a perfect time because as I was reading my ISU books, I passed the first anniversary of the death of my grandmother, who died as a result of Alzheimer's; learning how Alice coped and found meaning helped give me peace and reaffirmed the meaning that my grandma's life had for me.

At the beginning of this semester, I never could have guessed I would have actually learned so much about mortality. In reality, it was easy for me to connect what I learned in this class to my own life, and I'm so glad I did.

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