

Southridge Wednesday

12-13

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Head of School

CAIS Parent Survey

As a follow-up to the invitation many of our parents have received inviting them to participate in the CAIS parent survey, I respectfully request that you please take a few minutes to respond so to the invitation. Completing the survey will help to ensure a healthy response rate and a successful collection of data to help better inform the CAIS community about our schools.

What We Can Learn From a Hole in the Wall

About a decade ago, educational researcher Sugata Mitra performed a series of experiments in India, South Africa, Cambodia and Italy. He and his colleagues provided poor children in highly disadvantaged neighbourhoods access to technology by way of computers placed in walls. I know it sounds a bit odd to have holes in wall filled by computers but, effectively, Dr. Mitra's objective was to provide these children with unsupervised access to internet-enabled computers and to watch and see what would happen. To that extent, he also strategically placed cameras in and around the areas where he mounted the computers to capture the responses of children and to get a better understanding of how they used technology to learn.

What Dr. Mitra and his Newcastle University associates discovered was fascinating. Without teachers or adult mentors of any kind, the children (ranging in age from about 6 to 13 or so) taught themselves how to use computers to find information. At first blush, this phenomenon may seem basic. We all know how well our own children can use technology to quickly and easily find out more about things they find interesting. In one of Dr. Mitra's experiments, Tamil-speaking 12 year-old children taught themselves about biotechnology . . . in English.

As Pat Basset, the President of the National Association of Independent School, puts it, "When poor children in the barrios, favelas, slums and ghettos around the world, who have never been to school, can use 'hole in the wall' computers to teach themselves biotechnology and other subjects, it is clear that a learning revolution is at hand. This essential new power shifts ownership of knowledge from the elites to the masses, from the educated aristocracy to all citizens."

What exactly this fundamental yet powerful shift ultimately means is unclear. But what is clear is that the conceptual paradigm of education is changing. Not only is technology a social equalizer in terms of accessing knowledge but it is also a social mobilizer in terms of connecting and networking the world in ways we could never have dreamed possible just two short decades ago. If education is truly about preparing children to lead productive lives in a pluralistic and just society, then it, too, must change along with the shifts brought about the ubiquitous presence of the Internet and the inexpensive mobile devices used to access it.

The famous saying, "If not us, then who? If not now, then when?" seems particularly appropriate when considering the changing landscape of education. And I am so grateful that Southridge is responding to the shifts in education – from knowing to doing, from teacher-centred to student-centred, from the individual to the team and from consumption of information to the making of meaning. Change takes time and the process can be taxing, but the educational program at Southridge is most certainly pointed in the right direction. In fact, our program is well on its way to making a difference in the world – and hopefully acting as a metaphorical hole in the wall for others.

Have a wonderful week!

Mr. Drew Stephens
Head of School

Important Dates			
Athletics Banquet	Thursday, June 13 th	11:30 – 1:15pm	Senior School Cafeteria
Grade 7 Band Concert	Thursday, June 13 th	6:30 - 7:30pm	Junior Great Hall
Junior School Sports Day	Monday, June 17 th	All Day	Sports Fields
Senior School BBQ	Tuesday, June 18 th	11:30 - 1:00pm	Senior School Cafeteria
PYP Picnic	Wednesday, June 19 th	9:00 - 2:00pm	Centennial Beach
Junior School Grade 7 Greek Feast and Festival	Wednesday, June 19 th	10:30 - 3:00pm	
Senior School Prize Day	Wednesday, June 19 th	2:00 - 4:00pm	Senior School Gym
MYP Certificates Ceremony for Effort and Honours	Thursday, June 20 th	8:15 - 9:00am	Junior Great Hall
Grade 7 Graduation Ceremony & Dinner/Dance	Thursday, June 20 th	5:30 - 8:00pm	Junior Great Hall
Junior School Closing Ceremonies	Friday, June 21 st	9:00 - 10:30am	Senior School Gym
Commencement Ceremony	Friday, June 21 st	4:00 - 6:00pm	Senior School Gym
Senior School Grad Dinner and Dance	Monday, June 24 th	6:00 - 11:59pm	Vancouver Convention Centre

Human Resource Updates

Ms. Kerry Clark will be leaving Southridge at the end of this school year. An opportunity at Southpointe Academy has allowed her to take a big step toward balancing that all so important work-life equation. Kerry has been at Southridge for 5 years and has played a key role in developing our learning resource centre in the Senior School. A firm believer in the ability of all students, Kerry has been an advocate for diversity in learning styles and has encouraged our Senior School teachers to implement differentiated instruction practices in their classrooms and labs. Supportive, caring and compassionate, Kerry leaves behind a resource program that grew considerably under her careful guidance. I would like to sincerely thank Kerry for her stewardship of our resource program over the years. All the very best to Kerry for a fulfilling and productive journey at Southpointe.

Ms. Emma Breeze has recently shared with us that she will not be returning to Southridge in the fall upon the completion of her Maternity Leave. We are pleased to share with you that Maggie Yee will continue in the role of Teacher Librarian for the 2013 – 2014 school year on a full-time temporary basis. Maggie was a teacher on call at Southridge, primarily working in the English Department, prior to taking on the role of Teacher Librarian. As a UBC graduate, Maggie’s background in secondary education specializing in English coupled with her appreciation for English literature aligns itself to the teacher librarian role. Maggie is looking forward to continuing in the role and supporting our students and faculty with their information service requirements.

Welcome to Southridge!

Please join me in welcoming Jason and Matthew to Southridge.

Jason Lee will be joining Southridge as a part-time (.80) Science Teacher starting September. In addition, to Jason’s Bachelor of Education Degree he also holds a Bachelor of Science Degree in general Biology from the University of British Columbia. For the past year, Jason has been an intern teacher at Collingwood where he taught Science and Advanced Placement Statistics. Outside of Collingwood, Jason also teaches Science during the summer with the Burnaby School board and tutors high school students with Math and Science. Jason is “ecstatic” to be part of the Southridge community and is looking forward to teaching and collaborating with others.

Matthew Shaw will be taking on the role of a Social Studies teacher at Southridge starting in September. Matthew completed his degree in education from the University of British Columbia in 2012 and while there focused his studies on integrated theoretical understating of education with applied uses of technology. Matthew also has an undergraduate degree from Carleton University majoring in Geography. Since graduating, Matthew has been working with the North Vancouver School District as a teacher on call. Matthew has a passion for the outdoors and has the opportunity to teach environmental education to students coupled with leading over-night hiking and canoe trips in the mountains of Banff National park.

Job Opportunities

Learning Resource Teacher, Senior School. Please refer to “job opportunities” in the About Us section of our website for further details on this position.

Darcie Sagert
Manager, Human Resources

Junior School News

Overview of End of Year Activities

Sports Day begins on Monday, June 17th where students participate in a variety of activities to gain points for their house therefore all the students need to proudly wear house colours and gym shorts. Please send a water bottle with your child’s name on it.

On Tuesday, June 18 we have our PYP speeches in the morning (Grade 1 – Grade 3) in the Great Hall. Please join us for an inspirational glimpse at life through their eyes as they have prepared, memorized and practiced their interesting speeches about topics of their choice. In the afternoon, we have our MYP speech finalists. The winner will be the recipient of the Mandy Richmond Award. The MYP speech presentations commence at 1:20 pm.

On Wednesday, June 19th we celebrate the end of the year for our PYP students with our picnic at Centennial Beach. Rain or shine, this always is a great time. MYP classes are occurring as per normal with the exception of Grade 7 which has its Greek Festival.

On Thursday, June 20th we start the day with a MYP assembly that is extended from 8:10 – 9:00 a.m., and from 11:15 – 12:00 p.m. will be on the turf field where the teachers will challenge the Grade 7 students to a game of soccer. The skill level of our teachers is impressive; Grade 7s... beware. Our MYP students have their parties that afternoon, and our Grade 7’s are dismissed early to prep for their grad. On Thursday evening, we celebrate our Grade 7 graduating class with a dinner and festivities. This is always a great event, as our Grade 7s transform before our eyes.

On Friday morning, June 21st, we gather at 9:00 a.m. in the senior school gymnasium for our closing ceremonies. All students must wear their full winter uniform that day, including ties, white dress shirts, long grey pants, or kilts or tunics, green sweater, vest or cardigan. We are formally recognizing all students, but the kindergarten and Grade 4 students will be crossing the stage marking completion the first PYP year, and the completion of the last PYP year. Please plan to attend this closing event; students will be dismissed for summer holidays right after the ceremony. PYP report card sent home will be sent home with the students; MYP report card mailed home on June 28th, 2013.

Again, enjoy these last few days at school. The memories that will be created bring a delightful closure to the year.

PYP and MYP Report Cards

PYP report cards will be distributed by homeroom teachers after the completion of the closing ceremonies. MYP report cards will be mailed to your residence on June 29th, 2013.

September Dates

- Wednesday, August 28th - August 30th - Edu-pac supplies available for pickup
- Wednesday, September 4th at 9:00 am. New student orientation and laptop rollout (see our website for the time for each class)
- Thursday, September 5th - First Day of School

As next week is our closing week, we anticipate the wonderful activities, but also the emotions as the year draws to a close. Please ensure that your child gets lots of rest and good nutrition in these next few days, and we look forward to all finishing well. Have a great week,

Mrs. Middelaer
Head of Junior School

Hot Lunch

Please note that due to PYP Picnic at Centennial Beach, that the Chicken Strip Hot Lunch scheduled for June 19th will be moved to Friday June 14th.

Stephanie Schmidt and Jasmine Sandhu
Hot Lunch Co-Chairs

MYP Read-a-thon Results

Thank you to all the MYP students who participated in the optional read-a-thon on May 24. We raised \$5,295.00 for the Haiti orphanage that we have been supporting for the past twelve years.

Ms. Sue McNeil

Southridge Junior Golf 2013 Results

Golf Tournament

- PYP Girl Tournament Winner: Tie - Yazmin Johal & Suhaana Bhatha
- Runner Up: Grace Barrett
- PYP Boy Tournament Winner: Liam Kobylanski
- Runner Up: Lachlan French
- MYP Girl Tournament Winner: Maya Kobylanski
- Runner Up: Mary-Kate Fain
- MYP Boy Tournament Winner: Harrison French

Putting Contest

- PYP Girl – Yazmin Johal
- PYP Boy – Joshua Hodson
- MYP Girl – Alexa Paleologou
- MYP Boy – Harrison French

Chipping Contest

- PYP Girl – Grace Barrett
- PYP Boy – Lachlan French
- MYP Girl – Mary-Kate Fain
- MYP Boy – Harrison French

Long Drive Contest

- PYP Girl – Mya Sunner
- PYP Boy – Liam Kobylanski
- MYP Girl – Samantha Battley
- MYP Boy – Harrison French

Congratulations to All the Participants & Winners!

Emptying Lost and Found before Thurs. June 20th in the Junior School

Our Lost and Found Bin will be emptied before the holidays begin! Please check out the items in the lost and found to claim any unlabelled clothing items. All unclaimed items will be donated to charity. Thank you for helping your child find their lost items. They do not recognize their items though we try hard to deliver all labelled items to the rightful owners. Thanks you to the ladies who come weekly to empty, deliver, and wash many items.

Mrs. Rowena Raber

Senior School News

Parking Lot Update & Reflection

It has been a few weeks since we introduced the parking lot additions of painted laneways and other helpful words and symbols in an attempt to be clearer with the desired flow of traffic and increase of ensuring that we are mindful of student safety. I would like to thank everyone for taking an active part in following the directions of these new initiatives. As many of you will know, I am outside during pick-up and wanted to mention a few pieces of information that I think will prove helpful to continue to maximize our efficiency during this busy time.

- Please remember if you are planning on waiting in front of the Senior School (either side of the “Thru Lane”) then proceed to this area by way of the right lane beside the fields. Do not come up the Thru Lane and sneak your way into a waiting lane. This disrupts the flow of traffic.
- If you know that your child(ren) are waiting for you and are ready to hop into the car, you may travel in the Thru Lane and very briefly stop to have them enter the car before heading back out.
- Parking in a spot outside the Senior School is completely acceptable if there is an open spot, but it can become difficult to get out during the busy time from 3:00-3:20 p.m. as so many cars are coming and going.
- Unless you are parked in a spot, please do not vacate your vehicle, even if it is just for a moment. This can cause an incredible ‘logjam’ for all the other drivers!

As I stated in my last Wednesday submission about the parking lot, we need to realize that over a 20 minutes window, we are having a great deal of students being picked up. Given these numbers along with our Junior School students there are a lot of cars in our parking lot. It is going to take a bit of time, patience and care to help ensure everyone remains safe. Please do not speed, even if you are in a hurry or frustrated with the pace.

I have appreciated a number of you that have given very helpful feedback and encourage anyone else to do the same.

A Look Ahead to the Summer Holiday

There is no arguing that Southridge is pretty busy place! There are so many different activities, events and responsibilities that the students need to organize, balance and accomplish over the 10 months of the school year. As many of my Wednesday posts have explained, I am so proud of the students and faculty and the amazing learning and accomplishments that they have achieved over the past year. However, given the intensity and demand that this places on everyone, the summer becomes an important time to relax, refresh and recharge in order to be ready to match the pace for the next school year.

Now, I realize that there are as many different ways to relax, recharge and refresh as there are each of us. For one person this might look much more energetic in style than another person who might literally slow to a snail’s pace. What I have found to be the necessary ingredient to accomplish this over the summer is that it has to be different in some way than what the school year demands on oneself.

On a completely personal level, this usually means not being as regimented in my day as the school year demands of me. It also means a great deal of “summer reading”, sometimes professional and educationally based texts and at other times a really good fictional novel that has been waiting for me on my nightstand! I also enjoy spending time with my family that doesn’t always occur during the regular, high paced year.

Many families have plans for a holiday or simply going away to a cottage or visiting extended family somewhere. I knew of one family, at a previous school where I worked that had a fun family movie night in their backyard using a sheet for a screen each weekend in summer. It was like a picnic and drive-in rolled into one. Each one of these activities or choices help to give students (and parents!) a change of pace and their brains a rest from the intense demands that school and other activities create from September to June.

I do know that some students and parents see the summer as an opportunity to get a head start on preparations for next year by way of a class or extra work. I realize that this opportunity looks very enticing and helpful, but it also can cause no

release to ensure that when September comes the adequate amount of energy and focus is available. I do think that each family has to weigh the benefits and drawbacks to such a decision; however, I think this type of summer activity should be the exception rather than the norm.

We will have one last Wednesday submission to the year, next week and so I will save my best wishes, safe travels and happy summer messages until then. In the meantime, I hope I see you at the various end of year ceremonies and celebrations that will occur over the last two weeks. Have a great week!

Mr. Doug Palm
Head of the Senior School

Congratulations to Senior School Musicians

Southridge is a school that is brimming with musical talent. It is difficult to keep up with all of the amazing accomplishments of our young musicians. Here are three examples of their outstanding work.

Performing Arts BC Provincial Festival

After winning the Fraser Valley Kiwanis Festival, Albert Seo entered the Intermediate Strings Division at the Performing Arts BC Provincial Festival in Chilliwack in May 2013. His extreme musicality and technical skill earned him first place in his category. Congratulations, Albert!

Another Southridge student, Peter Lee, was the runner up in the Intermediate Woodwind class in the Performing Arts BC Provincial Festival. Well done, Peter.

Andrew MacDonald – Finalist for the Maple Leaf Awards

These awards are designed to recognize well-rounded British Columbian students who demonstrate an understanding of Canadian identity and have exceptional achievements in Arts, Service, and/or Athletics. Andrew submitted an essay on how Canada embraces multiculturalism along with his music which he composed for the Creative Expression project at Southridge. Links to Andrew's music are attached for you to enjoy. Congratulations, Andrew!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=36eFAuit8zQ>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3JmguyN0xUU>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PZhv854KEes>

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=76_62jLe32I

Congratulations to Our Essay Competition Winners

The following three students won prizes for their entries in the BC/YUKON Legions "We Will Remember" competition on Canada's war veterans.

- Melissa Yu won first in the Senior Category Essay Competition
- Chris Zhang achieved second place in the intermediate poetry category
- Min Jy Kim received second place for her intermediate essay.

Congratulations!

Ms Alexandra
Senior School Social Studies Teacher

Laptop Return

Grade 8, 9, and 11 Students

All Grades 8, 9, and 11 students are required to hand in their laptop, charger, lock and backpack/laptop bag before leaving for summer vacation. The deadline is the day of your last Senior School exam.

Alternatively, you are welcome to hand in your laptop any time after June 7th if it's not required for studying or electronic exams. The specific deadlines are:

Grades 8 & 9 – June 13th before 12:30 PM
Grade 11 – June 21st before 8:00 AM

Please hand in your laptop backpack to Mr. Latta at the Tech Office or Room 224 at least 30 minutes prior to the exam. If any item is not returned, a replacement part (laptop, charger, backpack, or lock) will be ordered and charged to your student account.

The laptops will be re-imaged (wiped clean) for the beginning of next year so please back up any personal files prior to handing in your laptop. No repairs will be made during the summer and the laptop will be returned to you as-is when you return in September.

All laptops must be returned in the original Southridge backpack or carrying case that you were given in September, no exceptions.

Grade 10 and 12 Laptops

All Grade 10 and 12 students are required to hand in their laptops for factory imaging before leaving for summer vacation. Grade 12 students may keep their locks, however Grade 10 students are required to return them for next year's laptop package. The deadline is on the day of your last Senior School exam. The specific dates are:

Grade 10 – June 21st before 12:30 PM
Grade 12 – June 20th before 8:00 AM

Please hand in your laptop to Mr. Latta in the Tech Office or in Room 224 at least 30 minutes prior to the exam with a fully charged battery. If you are using your laptop for the exam, then return it immediately after you complete your exam.

The laptops will be restored to the factory settings before you take them home so please back up any personal files prior to handing in your laptop. The restored laptop will be available after the exam or within 45 minutes after turning them in if you used it for the exam.

If your laptop has not been restored to the factory settings by the end of June, your account will be billed \$800.00 for the licensed software that was accessed over the course of the year.

Ms. Heather Mosher
Senior Education Technology Coordinator

Library Books

Thank you to all of the students who have returned their books. Students have been receiving notices and emails regarding any library books still on their accounts. The library will reopen as soon as the inventory has been completed.

Textbooks

- Students can return textbooks to the library at any time prior to the exams for courses without final exams.
- For subjects WITH final exams, keep the textbooks until the exam date.
- Please note that students will be charged for any lost library books or textbooks on student accounts after June 24th. Unfortunately we are not able to issue refunds as new books will need to be ordered for next year. Thank you for your cooperation.

We will be in the Great Hall collecting textbooks before each exam on exam days (from 7:45 am for morning exams and from 11:30 am for afternoon exams). Students may also return the textbook directly to the library after their exam.

Ms. Maggie Yee
Senior School Librarian

Book Return: Senior Library

Books and Textbooks: Library Books

The library is now open for checking out books. Students can sign out books if they have returned all of their library books for the 2012-2013 academic year. Those who have not returned their books will be charged the cost of the outstanding item as they will be assumed lost.

Textbooks

Library staff will continue to be in the Great Hall collecting textbooks before each exam on exam days (from 7:45am for morning exams and from 11:30am for afternoon exams). Students may also return their textbooks directly to the library after their exams.

Students will receive paper notices and emails informing them of any items still on their accounts by Tuesday June 18th.

Both Schools

Criminal Record Check Forms Must be Submitted to an RCMP Detachment In-Person!

Thank you to everyone that have submitted their completed criminal record check forms to the school. Unfortunately, a lot of forms are coming back BEFORE they are submitted to the RCMP for the actual Criminal Record Check. If you did not take your form to an RCMP detachment, please do this in person as we cannot submit them on your behalf.

Ms. Agnes Jamont will be contacting all the parents who fall under this category to retrieve their forms from the office to re-submit after their check is complete. Apologies for the confusion.

If you have any questions, please contact me directly at 604-542-2330 or chodson@southeridge.bc.ca.

Ms. Christiane Hodson

Thank you Mike, Cam, Golfers, Sponsors, Volunteers and Dinner Guests!

I think it is safe to say that everyone in attendance had a wonderful time last Friday! For the second year in a row, the weather cooperated and we enjoyed a lovely day in the sun!

An enormous thank you to our golf chairs, Mike Schmidt and Cam Blandy, for their wonderful job on this year's Golf Tournament and Pub Night! Also, a big thank you to Christine Mussato and all the volunteers who worked at registration, as hole spotters, organizing the banquet room, etc.

I'd also like to thank all the staff that came out to help with the event – Lisa, Kristy, Carla, Renee, Debbie, Drew, Kierstan, Doug, Laurel, James and Agnes. And a very special thank-you to Alan who was there to capture the first and final moments of the day!

Thank you to our golfers – without you, there would be no tournament. This year we had alumni, alumni parents, current parents, teachers, friends and guests out on the course. We look forward to seeing you next year!

Thank you to all our event sponsors and donors. Your support made the event the success that it was. Thank you all very much for your generosity and we hope to see you all out again next year!

Ms. Christiane Hodson
Director of Advancement

Save the Date! Welcome Back BBQ on Friday, September 13!

This year, we will be changing things up a little and moving our annual Welcome Back to Southeridge event to Friday, September 13 from 3:00 pm to 5:00 pm. The entire Southeridge Community is invited to the BBQ! Teachers, staff and all Junior and Senior School families, are welcome and encouraged to attend. We'll have food, music and an opportunity to meet, mingle, and rekindle friendships with your teacher(s), classmates and fellow parents.

There will also be a ‘volunteer fair’ in the Great Halls and an indoor movie for the kiddies in the gym!

Will Chow and Wendy Tang, new Kindie parents, are chairing the event this year and will be looking for volunteers soon. Be sure to sign up if you’re asked! Stay tuned for more information – but put the date and time in your calendar today!

Christiane Hodson
Director of Advancement

Wheeled Backpacks Will Be Coming Again!

Good news! The backpack on wheels that was so popular that it quickly sold out last week will be available again on August 26th.

The Uniform Shop

Southridge School Uniform Shop
T:604.542.2337 F:604.535.5056

Southridge Café – Goodbye for this Year

The school year has come to a close for the Southridge Café. This Friday June 14th, will be our last day of this school year. We would like to thank you again for all your support and allowing us the opportunity to offer nutritious meals to your kids.

Our menu is already in the works for the new school year, promising new flavors but also keeping the favorites.

Don’t forget that Chartwells at the Southridge Café would be happy to cater any of your upcoming summer events. Casual eating is the new high end soiree!

Happy Summer.

Marat Dreyshner
Chef/Unit Manager



All We Are

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Because She Cared

by Samara Davis



Modeled piece based on "In Another Country," by Ernest Hemingway

Jane studied herself in the mirror. She looked closely. She saw the blemishes on her face, big red, bulging, and ugly. She saw the way her nose protruded outwards, complete with a large bump in the middle; this was why she hated looking at the profile of her face. She saw her round face; she hated how it bulged out. She saw the freckles that dotted her nose and cheeks heavily; she hated these ugly marks. She looked at the way her shoulders seemed much too wide and bulky for her frame. She looked at how her arms protruded with muscle and fat. She saw how her hands looked big, veiny, and manly. She saw how her chest protruded out, much larger than all the other girls in her grade. She looked at how her stomach protruded outwards and how her hips bulged. She looked at how her thighs stuck out slightly and rippled when she moved. She saw how her calves protruded with muscle and fat, making her look more manly. She saw her feet; they looked much too big for her body as well, making her feel like a sasquatch. She saw all of her flaws and imperfections. Sometimes she said things that sounded stupid and she would hear all the girls snicker at her and talk about her behind her back when they thought she couldn't hear them. The leader of the girls seemed to be Jill. Jill was the worst of them all. Jill laughed the loudest out of all of them and she was the one who seemed to set all the other girls against Jane. Sometimes Jane tried very hard in class to get good grades, and yet again she would hear the other girls laughing calling her a "try-hard." She pretended that she didn't care, but she really did care. She cared so much. She cared more than anything else.

Jill looked in the mirror. She was very skinny. She looked at her skinny face; she hated it. She looked at her wide eyes and her small nose and ears. To her, they looked much too small for her face and she hated them. Her eyes were sunken in and she had dark circles around her eyes from many sleepless nights. She looked at her stick-thin arms, poking out of her small shoulders; she hated them. She looked at her small, slender hands and wished she looked stronger. She looked weak and fragile; she hated that. She looked at her chest that fell flat, much flatter than all the other girls in her grade. She saw her slender waist that didn't fill her clothes out, making all her shirts look much too big for her. She saw her slender hips. She still looked like a girl, not the woman that she was so dispirit to become. She longed and wished for bigger, more womanly hips and a larger chest; she wished with all her might, but alas no amount of wishing brought these things to her. She looked at her legs, as skinny as sticks, ugly and undefined. She saw her slender feet that connected to her skinny, bony ankles; she thought that if someone really wanted to it would be quite easy to snap her bones. Jill took off her shirt; she always wore shirts with long sleeves. Underneath her thin, purple shirt, lay purple burses of the same hue. The buses covered her arms and stomach. Deep, red, cuts ran down her arms. As she examined her buses and cuts, tears rolled down her cheeks softly at first, then they came faster and harder until she was sobbing. She heard heavy footsteps coming up the stairs, growing closer. She desperately tried to stifle her cries, but she failed to do so in time. The door to her bedroom opened and it was too late. Jill took a deep breath in, as deep as she possibly could between sobs, as she braced herself for what was to come.

Jane said good-bye to her mom, opened the car door slowly, and stepped out. She took as deep a breath as was possible and braced herself for what was to come, but what she was expecting did not come. Jill had not come to school. The school seemed eerily quiet.

Days went and came and there was still no sign of Jill. As much as Jill had made Jane's life a living hell, Jane began to worry about what had happened to Jill. Was she ill? Was she injured? Why was she at school? It is hard to fathom why Jane cared, but that was just it: Jane cared because she cared too much. She cared too much about everything. She cared more than anything else.

Jane didn't live very far from Jill. She recalled that they had once carpooled to school as little girls, but then they had grown up. Gone were the innocent days of everyone liking

everyone else, regardless of differences. Now, everything had been tainted with expectations of what someone was supposed to be.

Jane somehow still remembered the route to Jill's house. She walked in the silent cold. Mid-December fast approaching. It began to snow. Jane saw the flakes fall softly and beautifully, daintily like the daintiness she had never achieved and would never achieve for as long as she lived. The wind began to blow and a strange, eerie chill came over her as she neared Jill's house. It was a small house. Some of the paint was peeling off and there were a few loose shingles on the roof. She walked up the 3 steps that it took to get up to the door. Once at the door, Jill heard a booming voice and suddenly a bad feeling came over her; she could feel it in the pit of her stomach, raw and cold, a twisting, knotted lump. For a brief moment, she contemplated turning around and going back home. She felt like she was intruding on something that was none of her business. Listening closer, she thought she had heard faint crying, and with that she sucked in a deep breath and gulped hard, knocking on the door loud and clear. In a minute she heard heavy footsteps and someone unlocking the door; it was Jane's father who answered.

"Can I help you?" he answered in a gruff, condescending voice. His breath smelled strongly of whisky.

"I was just wondering if Jill is home," Jane replied in a sheepish voice that cracked when she spoke.

"No, she's not," the drunken man barked.

"Well then do you know when she'll be back at school?"

Just then the crying, which could have easily been misinterpreted as background noise, seemed to grow slightly louder.

"This matter does not concern you," slurred the father. "You better leave right now."

The father slammed the door in Jane's face. Jane was not one to disobey or challenge an elder. She cared too much about what people thought. Maybe Jill really wasn't home. Maybe there hadn't been any crying at all. Maybe the sound really had just been background noise; maybe Jane had just imagined it and was making things up in her head. She walked home in the cold silence, snowflakes falling heavily around her.

Jill looked out her window; it was snowing. The snowflakes looked weak and fragile, just like her. She cried softly. She thought she had heard someone knock on the door but she

couldn't be bothered to check. She heard her dad open the door. He was talking to someone, but she didn't care. She didn't have the energy to care anymore. She just continued to stare out the small window of her room, slatted with blinds, interrupting her view of the outside world. Jill began to sob louder. She could no longer control what was inside of her. After a few minutes, Jill heard the door slam shut. Continuing to look out the window, she saw someone walk away from her house. The person was bigger in stature than her. The person looked healthy and strong, much stronger than herself. Jill bet that no one pushed this person around. There was something about this girl walking away from her house, that looked very familiar, but before she could figure out what it was. She heard the heavy footsteps staggering up the stairs yet again, and was forced to turn her attention away from the window. Jill took a deep breath in, as deep as she possibly could between sobs, as she braced herself for what was to come yet again.

THE END

Home

by Adrian Dray



At Cape Coast Central Regional Hospital in Ghana, I was the youngest and least experienced person in the entire hospital. A group of doctors and surgeons were walking around, doing their rounds, so I decided to follow them and learn more about the patients' illnesses. We went over to a man who was tucked away in a far room. He was put there because of the horrific smell that emanated from his rotting leg. His leg was bandaged, however, the bandage was soaked, with flies all over it. The bandage was brown and red from the liquid seeping out of his leg and the only way to describe the smell is that of rotting flesh, which most people fortunately have never had to experience. The smell was so intense my only instinct was to cover my nose with whatever I could, all that seemed adequate was my sweater. I slowly closed my eyes and began dreaming about being back at home. I realized that I would never again have to smell or see something like this. I dreamt of my being able to forget about what I was seeing and being able to live life as I always had. I had been starved since I got there. I dreamt of food, my home, my family, my life. I dreamt of everything I could not have. This was the only way I could tolerate not getting sick from the overwhelming sight and smell. As I dreamt, I forgot about the smell and the leg. I was dreaming in my own world forgetting about the one I was in. While I dreamt, the doctors began to unravel the filthy colored bandage exposing his black rock looking leg which released even more of the already intense smell. I was quickly awakened from my daydream when a doctor shook me to get scissors and alcohol to remove more bandages. I realized that the world I live in and know isn't very much of the world at all.

Reactions

by Won Mo Koo

September 18th, 2012

Their reactions were all the same: glum expressions, the slightest indications of mourning and their startled tones as they all uttered the identical phrase for reassurance – “ten twenty-six?” “Yes, October 26th,” I’d reply, and they’d always smile hesitantly.

The mundane question that always drew this particular answer from adults and elders was the commonplace, “when is your birthday?” I was born on October 26th, 1994 – a significant date in the history of South Korea, not due to my birth but remembered because of the tragic event that occurred 15 years earlier, which brought an end to a man’s life, a dictatorship and an unforgettable era.

In the early evening of October 26th, 1979, the assassination of Korean president Park Jung-Hee took place – this day would widely be remembered as the “ten twenty-six incident.” Park – the dictator who had created an economic miracle out of one of the poorest nations in the world over two decades – was assassinated by Kim Jae-Kyu, not only his security chief and the director of the Korean CIA but also his closest associate and friend. Kim had begun to question Park’s tyrannical actions and growing dependence on Cha Ji-Chul, Park’s sly adviser who coaxed Park into a more oppressive dictatorship. Enraged after a heated argument at the dinner table, Kim shot both Park and Cha; opening a new chapter in the history of Korea.

Until tonight, I had only known the fact that President Park was an influential man who had been assassinated on the same day as my birthday. Had it not been for this peculiar writing assignment, who knows when I would’ve finally learned the details about this incident?

After looking into the details of the assassination and with about a month left until my 18th birthday, mixed feelings and unanswered questions perplex my conscience. Is there no such thing as absolute power? Can you genuinely trust another individual? Does power corrupt humans? Is a friendship a selfless relationship or individuals seeking benefit from one another? I take a moment to look back on the relationships I have built over my years in high school and can’t help but question their sincerities. I look back on the times I strived for recognition and power but did I really achieve happiness from that? Why do we get up every morning to go to school or work? What is the purpose of life? What drives me to do the things I do?

As a child, I only looked forward to my birthday for the gifts and new toys. A couple years later, October 26th was a day for me to thank my parents for bringing me into this world.

Now, with my 18th birthday shortly approaching, I indulge myself in the unanswered inquiries life has presented to me, through my late night revelation of the truths of the “ten twenty-six” incident. Nearing the next chapter of my life into adulthood, I have no doubt the answers to my questions will become clearer every year on October 26th.

Chess King

by Johanna Jacobsen



One winter morning in Northern Polardale, a young handsome fellow called Edwin was walking across the cold icy city with the Gulf Stream blowing behind him. He walked with his head held high and was so pleased with the new chess player set he held in his right hand. In the other hand, he carried a bundle of freshly baked bread.

He couldn't resist all the thoughts going through his mind when he walked past the igloo. His mother had told him when he was little that the chess game in the igloo should never be touched. In the chess game, lived the king. The king once was a human, like you and me, his mother used to say. Then, he played the game and won. Now, he controls all of Northern Polardale. People from other places can't imagine how a chess king can control a country. What they don't often realize is that this chess board has letters on every square so the king can spell whatever he has to say.

Edwin, with his new chess set and a bundle of bread, was a curious man. He knew what his mother had once said but like every young fellow he disobeyed. He decided that it must be his destiny to play. So, with his new chess set, he walked into the igloo where an icy table stood in the middle with the white chess players, made out of ice, all ready to play. Edwin took out his black players, made out of coal, and set them up. Edwin ended up winning and the old king got out because Edwin defeated him. Just two weeks later, the old king passed away, but, before he died, he managed to tell Edwin's mother Josephine that Edwin had become the king.

Josephine was devastated by this news as she wanted him as a person. He was everything she had. Edwin's father had passed away the same day Edwin was born because he fell into the cold Atlantic Ocean when fishing seals and didn't have the energy to swim to land.

Josephine knew her son very well and when she heard what trouble he had gotten himself into she was not surprised. She knew, as his mother, she needed to save him and let him live his life to the fullest. She had always been better than him at chess and knew she would win. She decided to go and play chess against him so that he could live with his girlfriend Danicia.

They lived happily ever after and loved their queen.

The Edge

by Prem Sai Ramani



“Ow!”

“You better say ow, maybe it will stick with you this time.”

“Mama! Stop it!”

“Every single time, I take my eye off you-“

“PLEASE!”

“-and you completely ignore my instructions-“

“I’m sorry!”

“-and go off where you aren’t supposed to-“

“I’M SORRY!”

She bent down, glaring at him. “Fitzwilliam George Wesley I tell you this every time but you refuse to listen.” She paused.

“You could have died I hope you know.”

Tears began to well in the little boy’s eyes. The mother smiled and wiped a tear off his cheek.

“Look,” she said kneeling down to his level, “I want you to be safe. I don’t know what I would do without you.”

He nodded, sniffing and wiping his tears with his sleeve.

“Do you want to go get some bread with Charlotte?”

He nodded once again.

“Charlotte!” the mother cried. “Charlotte, come down here! William is coming with you!”

A girl in a tattered dress appeared. She had dark eyes and a furrowed brow as she came down the stairs, assessing the situation. She was a little shorter than average height with dark brown hair. Her mother went to a jar in the corner, took off the lid and pulled a few silver coins from it. She handed the rusted coins to her daughter and gently pushed Will towards the door.

“Get two loafs and if you have any extra, see if you can get a small tin of butter.”

“Is this going to cover all of that?”

Her mother sighed.

“You’re right. Hold on.”

She went off to the kitchen and after a few moments, she came back with a small tin tube filled with water.

“Trade this for some extra bread.”

“But mom! We need that!”

“Charlotte, I checked, we have just enough to last until the Carriers come. We’ll be fine, I promise.”

“Alright mom.” Glancing at her brother, “let’s go Fitz!”

Sniffing, Will wiped his eyes with his dirty sleeve once more and walked towards the wooden door. Charlotte turned the black metal latch, took her brothers hand and opened the door.

“Oh and Charlotte,” her mom said just as they stepped outside, “be discreet.”

Charlotte nodded, put the vial in her pocket and closed the door.

It was a bright sunny day and the sky was clear except for the few lone clouds that drifted lazily across. Charlotte and Will walked down the stone path that led from their house to the dirt street below. Will seemed to have forgotten the whole incident as he hopped from one stone to the next, trying not step on the cracks. Once they reached the dirt road, they turned right and headed to the village centre. Pines lined the road on either side, like tall green walls preventing travellers from going off path. As they walked, Charlotte’s dress swished over the path, creating a small cloud of dust behind them. They walked in silence for a very long time.

“You really should stop playing near The Edge Fitz,” Charlotte said finally. “It’s not safe, which is the reason why the King has forbid it.”

“But why has he forbid it?”

“The same reason why the Carriers ration the water and why you need a permit to leave the city. He’s protecting us. You’ve seen what happened in History Class when all those rebels and scoundrels tried to give us “freedom.” The King was the only one to drive them back and protect us from them and that’s why we have to follow his rules.”

When Charlotte finished her speech, Will paused for a moment and then said, “Don’t you ever wonder what the sky would look like upside down?” asked Will.

“Sometimes.”

“Well, I wanna see what it looks like. I mean they teach it to us at school and how it all works, but I want to see it!”

“It’s not safe! You could fall off.”

“But I’m really really careful.”

“Doesn’t matter,” Charlotte said. “Just don’t go playing near The Edge again alright?”

Will looked to the ground and stuffed his hands in his pockets, sulking. Charlotte looked at him and glared.

“Alright?” she asked sternly.

“Yes.”

“Do you promise me?”

“I promise.”

She held his hand as they walked and soon enough, the cluster of thatched roofs appeared off in the distance. The pines along the road became scarce and soon, little wooden houses with straw roofs appeared more and more frequently. Charlotte waved at some of the people who were outside tending to the garden, fixing stones in the walkway or just sitting and reading a book on their porch. They all smiled back at her and at Will. The dirt road turned to cobbled streets and along with the change came lots and lots of traffic. Horse drawn carts rushed along carrying supplies to and fro. People dressed in all sort of clothes from ragged overalls covered with grime, to pristine military uniforms. Any trade of goods and supplies happened in the village. It had always been Charlotte’s favourite place as a child. There was so much to do there. Vendors called from street corners selling freshly made treats and the mixture of aromas enticed one to stop at every single one. Two level stores sold pottery, fancy clothing and jewellery. Charlotte pressed her face to one filled with silken dresses eyeing the purple one in the corner. She sighed and continued walking, the change jingling in a little leather purse that she wore over her shoulder. Further down, there was a stable for horses to rest after pulling carts across the country. Each cart had a label describing its departure location and arrival location. Will read the names out loud. Westbrooke; Williamsberg, the capital; Angoise, doesn’t Aunty Clemence live there?; Stavanger, Craightown, that’s where mama is from...

Finally, the two reached the centre of the village called Sherlington Square. In the centre was a statue made out of brass and silver. The centre figure was a handsome knight, holding his helmet under his arm and riding a majestic horse. The plaque below read, “In honour of our great and noble King Leopold who defeated the mercenaries in the Siege of Sherlington.” Under the horses hoof was a pile of dead soldiers, one of them holding a banner that read “Death to Monarchism.” They passed this and headed to the street corner where an aged man was sitting behind loaves of freshly made bread.

“Good Morning Mr. Turner,” said Charlotte, smiling at the old man. He looked up

“Why, isn’t it Miss. Charlotte and little Fitzwilliam!” he said kindly.

“It’s a pleasure to see you Mr. Turner,” said Charlotte.

“And to you to. How’s your mother doing?”

“She’s doing well thank you.”

“What can I get for you?” he asked.

“Just a loaf of bread for today.”

“Coming right –” he started, but stopped suddenly, his facing turning pale. The crowded streets became hushed and stood still.

“Water carriers!” he whispered harshly to Charlotte and she whizzed around to see a group of 10 or so people dressed in a bright blue uniform walking towards her and her brother.

She knelt down, resting on one knee and forcefully pushed Will down to the same position, their heads bowed. The rest of the people on the street followed suit, each one dropping everything they had and kneeling down in the same manner. Charlotte glared at the dirty floor, her tattered dress covered in mud as the Water Carriers walked past her brother and her. She could see their insignia on the front of their black leather boots, painted in gold making the sunlight dance around them as they walked. She waited a good minute until they had passed out of site before she stood back up again.

There had been an incident before where one man, eager to rest his aching muscles got up too quickly after the Carriers had passed. One of them turned sharply on his heel, his uniform swishing around to follow him. He walked up slowly to the eager man, casting a shadow over his feeble, starved body. The man realized what he had done and began apologizing voraciously, his voice trembling more with each word. However, it was too late. The grave action had been committed. The Carrier pulled out a thin, silver rod and held it by the black leather handle. The opposite end was wider than the handle part and in a flash he whipped it back and struck the weak man. He groaned in pain and fell to the ground. WHACK. WHACK. Two more sounds of metal colliding with flesh and bone. The man gurgled, coughing up blood. The Carrier kicked him once more and then proceeded to rejoin his group, leaving the man gasping on the cobblestoned streets, surrounded by a crowd of hushed individuals, resting on one knee.

The Cliff

by Avneet Athwal



The flames of my father's funeral pyre rose up into the dark sky with great enthusiasm, as if celebrating a great victory. The stars that he had so loved did not even show themselves for a last farewell, preferring to hide behind a thick, gray blanket of clouds. The falling raindrops soaked my dress through, but had no effect on the fire that was consuming everything I had ever had. I was alone.

Ever obedient, I waited for my father.

I waited as the streams of rain and tears travelled down the path, the sand, the gravel, finally meeting the gray ocean. I waited as the clouds unleashed their fury upon my island, as if they were crying with me. I waited as his frail, old body was reduced to ashes. I waited as the impenetrable darkness stretched on, longer and longer, until it had stretched so far that it could go on no more, and it was light again.

The sky was grey again, the same way it always was. The gravel crunched under my feet as I collected what remained of the only parent I had ever really had, and took him down to the shore. I climbed up to the deck of the only boat in sight. It was old, the boat in which my mother and father had come and found refuge in this island. My mother had been pregnant with me at the time. Soon after, she died in childbirth. My father and I had released her ashes from this very boat, as he used to tell me, and I knew that my father would want me to do the same for him. It lay here now in pieces, a constant reminder that this island was all I have. There is nowhere else to go. I let my father drift down into the sea, whispering my last goodbyes, and trying to get myself to let go.

Slowly, painfully, I pulled myself away from the shore, just barely stopping myself from jumping into the ocean after him. My solitary trek to my house was the same as it always had been, the

shortage of plants and wildlife was not new, and the perpetual dim lighting was the same as it had been for the last twenty years. The four walls I called home were in the middle of the island, a long hike from the shore. But it wasn't home anymore. Now that I was alone, it was just a house.

The Cliff towered above me as I climbed higher and higher up the mountain. It had been the source of most of the questions I had asked my father while growing up. With its mysteries hidden at the top of a rock face the size of a small mountain, the Cliff had always intrigued me. I could see the line of bright green at the edges, hinting at thick forests and lush valleys. We had never been able to get to climb it, and we were stuck here. But even the promise of getting away from this desolate valley of ashes held no allure for me now.

My house was at the base of the Cliff. Once inside, I went straight to the portrait of my mother. Her faded skin and dull eyes still reflected light, and the frame she occupied was spotless, courtesy of my many years of maintenance. Her picture was a horrible representation of her, not more than a sliver of how she must have been. My father would join her on the wall now. I lit a candle for her, keeping with tradition. Never did a night go by where she was in the dark. My hike had taken the whole day, and darkness had fallen once more. I lay down on my father's cot by the window, wishing that the clouds would clear and I could at least spend this one night watching the stars.

High up in the sky, I saw a light. Perhaps I was going to get my wish tonight. Doubts and questions began to form in my mind as it started to move. It was moving away from me, and soon, it disappeared. It was obvious now that it hadn't been in the sky; it was at the top of the Cliff. I turned away and tried unsuccessfully to go to sleep. My pillow was wet, and the blankets couldn't do the job that my father's stories used to accomplish.

Suddenly, I wanted answers. I'd thought that I didn't care anymore, but the passing of my father had made me even more desperate. I wanted to know why I was always the one left behind. My father used to tell me stories about vast islands where thousands of people used to live. They were horrible, and destroyed their islands. This island- my island- was the only one that survived. My parents were the only ones that made it out alive. Even then, I had been one of the last, left alone. I had no friends, no other children to talk to. My father didn't talk much, but when he did, it was always gentle. My mother left me here, and now my father was gone too. Now, I was done with accepting the way things were. I wanted to know why. If I couldn't get answers for those questions, then at the very least, I needed to know what that light had been on the edge of the Cliff. If I was alone in this vast, empty world, what could possibly be up there? I needed to know.

My curiosity slowly turned into a fire that needed to be quenched. I didn't just want answers, I needed them. I ran at the Cliff, scrambling to find handholds. Sharp edges hacked at my bare arms and legs as I clung onto the rock and slid down. Over and over again, I ran at the Cliff, determined to conquer it, refusing to acknowledge defeat. I screamed at the top of my lungs, trying to clear my head of the pain and try again. I must try again. My arms and legs were

bloody and the open wounds were throbbing. Eventually, I had to give up. Yet again, my fate was playing a cruel joke with me. I fell back and sat with my back against my enemy. Once more, I slid sideways, falling on my arm. As I stood back up, I noticed a strange cut in the rock near my ankle. As I looked closely, I noticed more and more, going all the way up. I slowly started to realise what I was looking at.

It was a ladder to the top.

The Sting of Thorns

by Amanda Burns

She stares in the mirror in awe at her reflection,
But the others can see she is far from perfection.
She smooths out the fabric of her lavish white dress,
As the country she rules crumbles into a mess.
Her piercing grey eyes shine with vengeance and greed,
Her people are poor, they rally and plead.
From the ice blue roses that dance in her hair,
To the lowly citizens shrivelling under her care.
She admires the rose blush that covers each cheek,
While their bodies are cold, and their hearts are so weak.



The Woman I Am Supposed to Be

by Lisa Ball



The woman I am supposed to be studies,
at a top university in British Columbia.
Her brain raw, constantly overwhelmed with new information,
body permanently curved, from hours in front of books.
Not expected to be top of her class
but expected to shape her future.
Minimal possessions to her name,
expectations are broad
but always maintain a presence.

The woman I am supposed to be learns
not the way she loves to learn,
but the way society expects her to.
Classrooms provide her knowledge but
not the knowledge she longs for,
not the knowledge you can gain
from mistakes and experience

The woman I am supposed to be stays,
in the city she has lived in her whole life.
But her heart longs for new experiences,
a new way to live and a new set of scenery.
Her love for culture is extinguished
suffocated by the place she calls home.

The woman I am supposed to be is a graduate,
from a top university in British Columbia.
Her job, professional, but grueling.
Her passions weak from lack of fulfillment.
Bills paid, and children fed,
her need for learning from unique experiences
has never been fully satisfied.



Impressions
CATERING

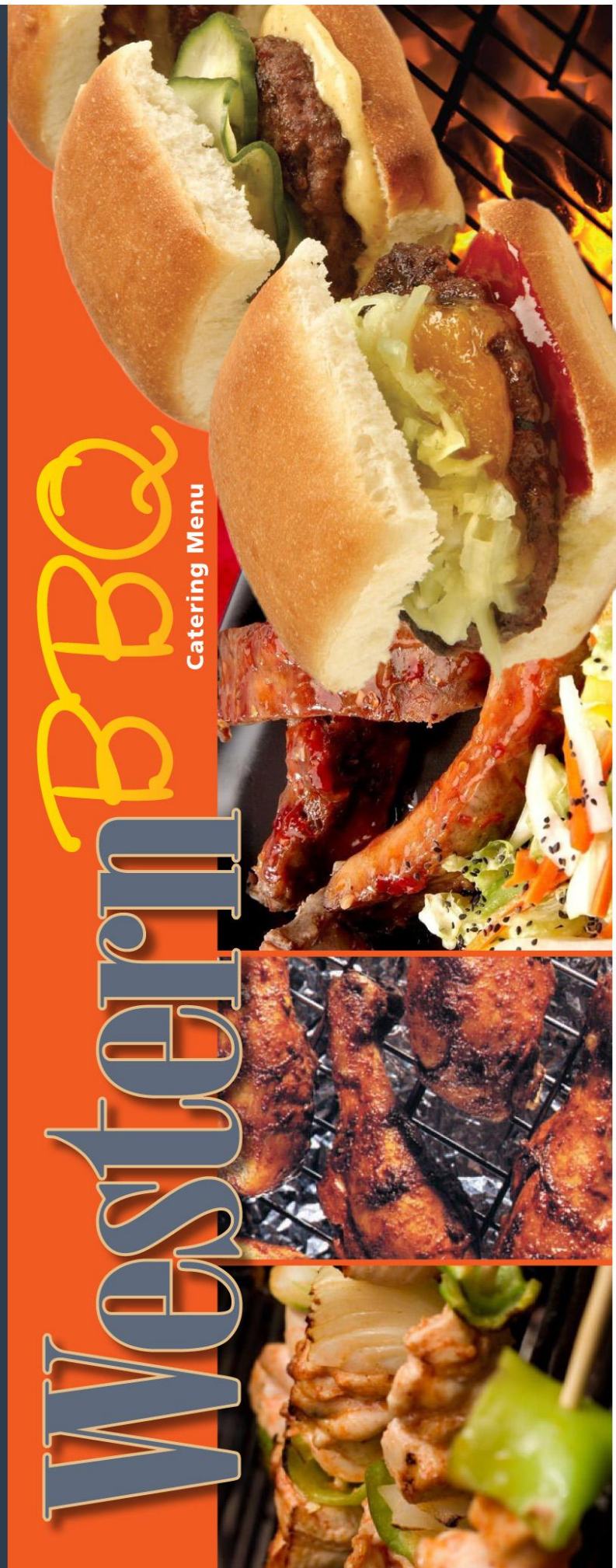
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great People
great Service
great Results

Please contact the
foodservice manager for details.



Western
BBQ
Catering Menu

Customize your Sizzling' Western BBQ

Pick an entree from the hot off the grill menu,
choose your hot accompaniments and salads
and top it off with your beverages!

Hot off the Grill Entrees

BBQ Back Ribs: 7.00

St. Louis Spare Ribs brushed with Honey Garlic Sauce

Baron Of Beef Roast: 10.50

Slow cooked Garlic and herb rub
With Lyonnais jus

Gourmet Western Burger: 5.50

Quarter Pound burgers brushed with smoky BBQ sauce and topped with lettuce, tomato and melted cheese

Grilled Chicken Santa Fe: 8.50

Grilled Chicken breasts served on a toasted Kaiser with salsa, Monterey Jack Cheese and lettuce

Grill Garlic sirloin Steak: 11.00

Char grilled steak, cooked to perfection and brushed with garlic butter

Southwest Salsa Sausage on a Bun: 5.00

pork sausage topped with chilli, cheese, sautéed peppers and onions. Served with Pineapple salsa

Sausage Kebobs: 6.00

Skewers of mushroom, sausage, green pepper, red pepper and served with Jambalaya rice and pineapple salsa

BBQ chicken legs 6.00

Texas style marinade with bold flavors



Hot Accompaniments

Vegetarian Baked Beans 1.69

Baked Potato 1.29

Grilled Vegetables 2.99

Corn on the Cob 2.29



Salads

Potato Salad 1.99

Caesar Salad 2.99

Creamy Coleslaw 2.29

Tossed Salad 2.49



Beverages

Iced Tea

Iced Coffee

Lemonade

Fruit Flavoured Water

Bottled Water

Assorted Soft Drinks and Juices



SPICE UP YOUR LIFE... with Herbs and Spices



Your healthy grocery list is about to get spicier! Though herbs have been used for hundreds of years to heal, scientists are finally starting to research these plants' abilities to deliver on health benefits. Emerging science shows that many spices are also potent defenders of good health. To spice up your life, add these herbs and spices to your grocery list.

Herbs for Health

Oregano – Fresh or dried, oregano is a herb that has significant amounts of vitamin K, manganese, iron and dietary fibre (and is also a good source of calcium, vitamin A and C). Oregano is a strong antibacterial agent and has an antioxidant capacity that is 42 times more active than apples, 30 times more than potatoes and 12 times more than oranges^{1,3}.

Basil – The fresh and aromatic form of basil has many similar nutrients to oregano including plenty of vitamin K. Not only is basil a delicious addition to many dishes, it can prevent foods from being contaminated by bacteria. Basil also fights inflammation and may help promote cardiovascular health^{1,2}.

Rosemary – The wonderful smell of rosemary creates more than just great food. Rosemary contains substances that may improve digestion and stimulate the immune system. It also improves circulation, and increases blood flow to the head and brain, thus improving concentration³.

Spices for Health

Turmeric – The main spice found in yellow curry powder, turmeric, contains curcumin which is a compound that may inhibit cancer cell growth and promote health of the brain. Some studies suggest that it may even protect against Alzheimer's disease⁴.

Ginger – This spice, derived from the ginger root, has long been used as a natural remedy for nausea, morning sickness and other stomach discomforts. Combined with its natural antibacterial, antifungal and anti-inflammatory properties, ginger may be a great spice for healing.

Cinnamon – This fragrant spice, traditionally used for baking, has the highest antioxidant capacity of any spice. In ancient Chinese medicine, cinnamon was used to improve energy and vitality. It has anti-inflammatory properties and is a powerful antimicrobial agent. New research shows that cinnamon may even help regulate blood sugar levels⁵.

Add these herbs and spices to a variety of foods and not only will your meals and snacks be full of flavour, but also brimming with tasty nutrition, antioxidants and healing benefits. For more information on the health benefits of spices, visit www.spicesforhealth.com.

Sources:

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MOROCCAN BEAN AND PEPPER STEW

Cinnamon, ginger, and red pepper not only warm up the flavours of this healthful bean stew, they also fill it with health-promoting antioxidants.



15 mL (1 T)	Olive oil
480 mL (2 cups)	Chopped yellow and/or red bell peppers
480 mL (2 cups)	Cubed peeled butternut squash
360 mL (1½ cups)	Chopped onions
10 mL (2 tsp)	Cinnamon, ground
5 mL (1 tsp)	Garlic powder
3 mL (½ tsp)	Cumin, ground
3 mL (½ tsp)	Ginger, ground
2 mL (¼ tsp)	Cayenne pepper, ground
2 mL (¼ tsp)	Salt
1 can (16 oz)	Chickpeas (garbanzo beans), drained and rinsed
1 can (15½ oz)	Red kidney beans, drained and rinsed
1 can (14½ oz)	Diced tomatoes, undrained
240 mL (1 cup)	Water

Couscous:

180 mL (¾ cup)	Vegetable broth
2 mL (¼ tsp)	Cinnamon, ground
2 mL (¼ tsp)	Ginger, ground
160 mL (⅔ cup)	Whole wheat couscous
90 mL (¼ cup)	Golden raisins



Garnish:

Chopped fresh mint (optional). Toasted sliced almonds (optional)
Makes 6 servings.

- For the Stew, heat oil in 3-quart saucepan on medium-high heat. Add bell peppers, squash and onions; cook and stir 5 minutes or until vegetables are softened. Add cinnamon, garlic powder, cumin, ginger, red pepper and salt; cook and stir 1 minute. Stir in beans, tomatoes and water. Bring to boil. Reduce heat to medium-low; simmer, covered, 20 minutes or until vegetables are tender.
- Serve stew over couscous or rice in large soup bowls. Sprinkle with mint and almonds, if desired.

Serving Size: 1 serving

Calories: 272 kcal, Fat: 4 g, Carbohydrates: 50 g, Cholesterol: 0 mg, Sodium: 477 mg, Protein: 9 g, Fibre: 10 g.

Recipe from by McCormick Gourmet.

Visit www.spicesforhealth.com for more recipes.