



**VISIONS** is dedicated to the students and staff of  
Basic Education 10 and Adult 12,  
SIAST Kelsey Campus

*Thank you to those students who contributed stories,  
poetry and other works to this anthology.*

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## **Completeness**

hands withered skin becomes leather  
sit by the fire and watch the flames dance,

my life I hope to look back on and smile  
I said no to the devils offer of a second chance,

at times I wanted my soul to fly free  
but she said I must complete my journey on this great earth,

and find my inner self to gain peace  
the biggest mystery I guess is my birth,

my purpose, my place, your beauty, belonging.

I've stumbled in life so many times  
that my knees no longer bleed,

her eyes, her smile, her touch, her guidance,  
she's what I want and need,

The full circle is incomplete without you

Blaine Clarke

## Andrea

Do not be dismayed  
though far from touch,

I comfort you in spirit,  
and feel the yearning of your heart,

your precious tears of crystal  
quench the thirst of my soul,

you're my sun and moon,  
my day not complete without each,

your touch is a glitter of gold,  
leading to the riches of your heart.

For my daughter,  
How long must I wait.

Blaine Clarke

## The Healing

the broken bone always heals  
but my mind can't forget,

the scars on my heart are all too real  
was it fate that we met,

I held out my hand then pulled away  
fear of love is my best trait,

my soul is locked you've got the key  
how long in solitary must I wait,

you were like an aphrodisiac  
an undescrivable high,

now the only time I see your beauty  
is in my dreams when you walk by.

Blaine Clarke

## Deaf Row

lights dim  
enticing applause,  
  
230 rainbow beams of light  
aircraft cable in suspension,  
  
black cabinets thrust forth  
thunderous to the soul,  
  
sweet clouds of vanilla  
inhale the toxic rock,  
  
let the frenzy begin.  
  
welcome to the show.

Blaine Clarke

## How We Create Humour

In the essay “Meaty Tale” by Eric Nicol, he used simile, hyperbole and visual imagery to create humour. First, he uses simile to express a comparison between two objects that essentially are unlike. Like, “. . . healthy schizoid ability to think of lamb as a lovable baby sheep, except at meal-time, when lamb is a juicy chop.” Secondly, Eric Nicol uses hyperbole to produce an effect without being taken literally. One example is, “We have done it by having a daughter who plans to become a brain surgeon.” Finally, he uses visual imagery in his essay to combine humour that you can see in his work by saying, “We don't have dinner, we have a clinic. Other children wash their hands for dinner - mine scrub up, to the elbows.” Eric uses all these devices to make us laugh at every one of his remarks in the essay.

Brent Morgan

## A Great Meal

My favourite supper would be a smorgasbord of mouth-watering delights. First, I would have a big, juicy two-inch steak. I would have it well done, for I can't stand the sight of blood. Second, I would have a baked potato smothered in sour cream and chives. Just the sound of it makes my mouth water. Third on my list would be home-made pickles, for my mother-in-law makes the very best I've ever had in my life. Since no main course would be complete without a delicious salad, I would have one with fresh vegetables and dressing. Also I would have a huge piece of coconut cream pie for dessert which I would probably demolish quickly. Naturally, after this great feast I would settle down with a steaming cup of coffee and an after-dinner mint. To sum it up, a great steak, salad, baked potato, pickles and dessert followed by a cup of coffee and after-dinner mint is my idea of a scrumptious supper.

Carol Mintuck

## The Beauty Seeker

Through eyes of injured Kindness still seeking,  
Her warm sand heart, to pass through my fingers,  
With the touch, the eye, her soft breath speaking,  
Fate laughs as I cry, a heart still lingers.  
Hidden emotion once frozen to thaw,  
My burden or joy is seeking through fear,  
After shattering pain that no others saw,  
Is the warm sand touch of her heart near?  
Time is glassing my eye to flesh beauty,  
Maturity's battle only half fought,  
Pray, please God guide this man to walk truly,  
Or my accepted burdens be for naught.  
She must be there, I cannot grow weaker,  
Beauty of the heart journeys this seeker.

Chris Williams



Colin Livingstone

## My Time in a Boarding School

I spent a long time in a boarding school called, “The Mission.” I went there when I was very young. When I got there, they were expecting my arrival. I was scared; I never knew what to expect. When the child care worker and I met, he was delighted. I was the new kid on the block at eight years old but, I made new friends right away. I met many boys from Yellow Quill Reserve, which is where I am from, and instantly I had friends for life. We would go to school three miles away in a small town called Lestock. There would be three buses; one for the senior boys and girls, and one for the juniors which is where I was at the time. As you can see, I was very young.

We would play many different sports during my time there. In the first place we were juniors so we had little responsibility. One sport we played was hockey. In fact, we would skate all winter after school, after supper, all weekend: practically always. Another sport we played was soccer since we played all sports together. For instance, we played baseball, volleyball, and even track and field as well. In short, we were good at many kinds of sports.

In time, we would all slowly grow a little older. Naturally, we would all become intermediate boys. Furthermore, we were all getting faster and more skilled at all the sports that we played. Indeed, we would become the top team in hockey, and we would take the league championship. There was a lot of racism we had to contend with though we were the best team; we could never take provincial championships. After all, it is very hard to win when you play against the officials as well. As a result, it helped us all grow in the ways of life.

We travelled to many different places. On the one hand, we had many teams to play, so we had many places to go. We would travel to Lebret, Gordons, Kelleher, Ituna, Cupar, Strasbourg and Balcarres to name a few. Still, we played hockey in most places we went to although we went to other places as well. Furthermore, we also travelled for leisure and just to get away for the weekend. In fact, if we did something to disrupt the rest of the group, we were to stay, clean up and go to bed early. To summarize, travelling to different places was rare so we tried hard not to blow it.

Becoming a senior was a big surprise to me. In the first place, I was shocked to be called upon for unknown reasons. In addition, to my shock was a nice surprise, and it didn't occur to me it might be something good. In other words, becoming a senior boy meant more free time, more respect, more clout if you would. As a result, it also meant a bigger responsibility. As you can see it was some nice astonishment.

I made many new and long time friends while I spent time at the boarding school. On the one hand, many friends I made were from the same reserve as I was. On the other hand, I also made new friends from other reserves though I never spoke their tongue. In particular, we never got to speak our language unless we were alone. In fact I had my own group of friends from the time I arrived until the time I got kicked out. While I remained friends with those boys when I left, the groups seem to disperse. Therefore, I still made many life long friends.

There was a lot of abuse while I was at The Mission. One example of this abuse was getting hit with hockey sticks, getting kicked in the rear; or being whipped with wires, belts, paddles, plungers, pool sticks and other objects. Another example would be we had to run for miles at a time

because we were being punished as a group. Sometimes we had to kneel on our knees from bedtime to breakfast time, then we still had to stay up all day to do our chores. Indeed, there were many kinds of abuse not worth mentioning. As a result, this led to alcohol and drug abuse for many of us. In brief, the time spent at the boarding school was abusive. To conclude, the time I spent at The Mission was a long one.

Curtis Slippery

## Thoughts

When you like someone,  
You love them.

When you love them,  
You let them.

When you let them,  
They leave you.

Donna Desjarlais

## The Weirdest Things to Happen to Me

Nobody has ever had weird experiences as I have. The earliest I can remember is when I was four years old and my oldest brother and sister were babysitting us. We lived in a one bedroom shack in the country. Outside my sister and I were playing, and my brother was bugging us. Out of nowhere this little green man with a tiny hat, a buttoned shirt and shorts with suspenders popped out of a hole. The little green man began to chase us around, so we ran inside the house. My other sisters yelled at us because my younger brother and sister were sleeping. By this time they saw the little green man; they started hitting him with anything they could grab. He wouldn't leave the house for a long time. When we finally did get him out of the house, we chased him into the woods where he began running around the trees. We kept throwing stones, sticks and whatever we could pick up. Before the little green man jumped in the hole, he made faces at us.

Thereafter, my dad was given lumber to build a house of our own. A lot of people came out to help, and my dad was the carpenter. It didn't take long to build the house. Afterwards the little green man never entered my mind until it happened to my daughter. I had asked my sister-in-law to babysit over-night. When I got home the next day, my daughter told me she saw the little green man. Then a week later my sister asked me about the little green man. She asked my other brothers and sisters, but they didn't remember. But when we talked about the little green man she remembered exactly what I remembered. In brief, I can't remember anything as weird to ever have happened to me as this.

When something weird happens to you it makes you wonder. In the next few years I was living in the house that my dad had built; I was nine years old and I was playing outside with my younger brother and sister. We saw my uncle's cows grazing in the field not far from our home. We used to like chasing the cows and throwing rocks and sticks to make the cows start moving. My uncle used to come over to let us know when the bull was out. But this time nobody let us know. My uncle sent my cousin to come and let us know. My cousin was mean to us, and he never let us know that day the bull was out. By this time we were tired of playing hopscotch, so we were on our way to chase the cows. When we were running towards the cows, we heard calling, "Hey kids, over here." Over by the old cars we saw a horse with a horn sticking out of its head. We stood there watching the horse. After a short time we walked over to the horse, and the horse started talking with us. The horse offered to give us a ride, so we jumped on the horse's back. The horse didn't take us very far, but the horse also played games with us. We were with the horse for long time, because it was so amazing to see a horse with a horn sticking out of his head. Soon thereafter, my parents pulled up. The horse ran off into the bushes. My mom called for us to get near the house because the bull was out with the cows. My mom told us our cousin was supposed to let us know about the bull. When we asked our mom if she saw the white horse with the horn sticking out of his head, she just laughed at us. As you can see, if it wasn't for the white horse anything could have happened to us. Experiencing weird happenings is sometimes terrifying.

By this time I was a teenager. I was hanging around with my older brother and sister. My brother and his friends often picked me up to go driving around, and we would meet up with my sister and her friends.

After a short time the friend's cars started breaking down, so we were left with one car and fourteen teenagers. Everyone got together and tried fixing the cars, but they just got worse. Soon thereafter we were packed in a car in the middle of the afternoon just driving around minding our own business. We started running low on gas, so we went to park on a back road of our reserve. We were all sitting there thinking of where we could get the gas money from. Soon thereafter, we saw a figure coming towards us. Everyone looked to see if any of the boys left, but they were all there. This thing coming towards us was all black, and it was at least ten feet off the ground. We all scrambled to get into the car even though we weren't all going to fit; some just jumped on the hood of the car. We drove out of the woods; that day everyone was scared. We all wondered what it could have been, but no one would ever go back there. In brief I think I already have had enough weird things happen to me.

Eva Littlepine

## **The Mirror**

I saw my mother as I looked in the doorway  
She was looking in the mirror  
Looked like she didn't want to look away  
Looked like she didn't want to blink  
I saw a tear come down her cheek  
I think she saw her mom

I sat down in front of the mirror  
From the corner of my eye  
I could see my daughter  
She stood there looking at me  
I didn't want to look away  
I didn't want to blink  
A tear came rolling down my cheek  
I also saw my mom

One day when my daughter has children of her own  
I hope she sees me in that mirror

Eva Littlepine

## **Children**

Children  
Joyful smiling  
Laughing running playing  
Crying with hurt tears  
Babies

Eva Littlepine

## **Child of Yesterday**

My mind is young.

My body's old.

I may be weak, but I feel bold.

I love to eat, but my gums are sore.

I try so hard to explore; but mine eyes see nothing to adore.

I cry at night, for death hovers near.

I know it's coming; this I fear.

While others want to disagree, to me, life didn't seem so free.

I ached, I cried, I tried, but to no avail; I failed to be free of the morals of reality.

Karen Faithful

## **Dirt Road**

*Here I am alone on a road*

*of dirt and rocks*

*Feeling alone and afraid*

*Unable to grasp the choices I've made*

*I'll just have to turn down the road*

*And forget the rest.*

## **Places**

*To get*

*To a good place,*

*Sometimes you have to go*

*Through a number of bad places to*

*Succeed*

## **Change**

*Changing*

*Your self*

*Is hard work*

*Changing another person is*

*Impossible.*

Leona Ratt

## **Freedom**

*Above the mountains  
An eagle flies freely in  
Rejoice of freedom*

## **Lost Dreams**

I had so many dreams  
So many goals to reach  
All the things I thought I would have  
And things I thought I could teach  
Now my life seems out of control  
A destiny lost in the dust  
My mind always wandering  
Trying to clean off the rust  
Searching the depths of my soul  
Try and regain my own destiny.....

Leona Ratt

## **Sisters**

Hannah and Alyssa  
Laughing together,  
Crying, playing,  
Hugs and kisses.

## **My Son**

My son, you are my one and only son.  
You make me really proud of where I come from.  
When I watch you pow-wow dance. Yet you are only four.  
You are a smart boy, I love watching you and you're sisters  
grow every day. You make me happy, you make me glad.  
Knowing you are my only son. I'm lucky to have my only one.

Pam Peyachew  
(Peaychow)



Penny Penstock

## Killer Whales

Keeping killer whales in captivity can be either good or bad. Keeping killer whales for tourism and entertainment can be good. The people who run places such as the Sea World, Marine World Africa, and the Miami Seaquarium, provide a good nutritional service. The nutrition of killer whales is now much better understood than it was a few years ago. They didn't have as much knowledge earlier and, for this reason, the whales are getting better care. Second, captive whales are cherished by the parks and aquariums. Killer whales' performances are very highly-choreographed when they are trained properly. Finally, whales are also good money makers. To sum up, the whales are well provided for, cherished, and make the tourism businesses money.

On the other hand, there is a down side to keeping whales in captivity. The death-rate of whales kept in captivity is very high. For instance, statistics from *Dying to Entertain You* says, "134 killer whales were taken into captivity between 1961-1997. 103 whales are now dead. Survival time of whales kept in captivity is under 6 years." Second, "Since 1968 there have been 50 known pregnancies in captivity---only 19 calves survived."<sup>1</sup> Third, "Orcas in parks self mutilate, commit suicide, attack handlers and die." In conclusion, it is not good for Orcas to be kept in captivity.

Here are my three opinions on Orcas in captivity. First, I think it is very sad the way they self mutilate. Second, after reading all this information, I feel that keeping them in captivity is killing them. I disagree

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<sup>1</sup>Dying to Entertain You - The Orca Circus Comes to Town.  
[Http://www.wdcs.org/wdcs/campaign/captivit/facts.htm](http://www.wdcs.org/wdcs/campaign/captivit/facts.htm)

with this practice very much. Third, I wish I could let them all go. How would you like to be forced to do things that you don't want to do? To sum up, killer whales shouldn't be kept under lock and key.

Sandi Poochay

## You Should Know Your Romance Needs Work When . . .

The only roses you ever see are on a Glade can.

The last sweet nothing he whispered in your ear was the amount of your paycheck.

The only jacket he helps you off with, is the mink you are trying on at the store.

The last time he put his arms around you was to help remove your apron.

The only anniversary he can remember is his gallstone operation.

The last time he lifted you up in his arms was to get a spider web off the ceiling.

The only time he puts the lights down low is to spy on the neighbours.

The only candies that you receive are the ones that you buy from Band Boosters, (those chocolate almonds).

The only squeeze that you feel anymore is in your chequebook.

His idea of a night on the town is to go to the all night pharmacy for pepto-bismol.

The only secret glance that you share anymore is when they are running a credit check on you at the store.

The three little words that he whispers in your ears are I'm too tired.

Though you can identify with some or all of the above do not despair. I think just because you have gone from Brute to Bengay, from lovers' lane to liver spots, and from holding hands to massaging leg cramps. This does not mean that you can't rekindle that spark of romance. After all you know what they say; where there is a will, there is a way, and the world can always use a lot more love.

Sarah Sawkey

## Should Capital Punishment Be Restored in Canada?



Capital punishment is highly debatable because of arguments in favour, against, and personal opinions on this issue. The arguments that supporters in favour of capital punishment use most often are as follows. The first

argument that supporters of capital punishment begin with is that capital punishment deters murders, and that without capital punishment, nobody is safe, not even the police. The second argument that supporters use is that society must retaliate against criminals because society concludes that the best possible retribution against a murderer is capital punishment. The third argument that supporters use is that approximately 60-80 percent of Canadians are in favour of capital punishment. In brief, before capital punishment is brought into effect in Canada, the arguments that supporters of capital punishment use should be considered and analysed rationally depending on the sources of their information.

There are several arguments against capital punishment that people who are opposed to capital punishment use; some of these include the deterrence issue, racism, and the sentencing of death to the innocent. In the first place, the people opposing capital punishment believe that capital punishment does not work as a deterrent because many murders are committed in sudden fits of rage. Capital punishment will stop only the ordinary law-abiding citizen, and there has not been an increase of homicides since capital punishment was abolished in Canada. The people opposing capital punishment believe that it is a punishment that society uses to express revenge against the murderer. In the second place, the

argument against retribution is not always imposed fairly, for if the defendant is black his chance of being charged with first degree murder is much higher than if he is white. In the third place, there is a danger that judges and jurors are less likely to convict murderers, because, the judges and jurors don't want to send someone innocent to their death. Finally, these arguments against capital punishment should be seriously considered before the final decision of restoring capital punishment in Canada is made.

My personal opinion on this controversial issue is that I oppose to the restoring of capital punishment in Canada. For instance, I believe that this type of punishment is irreversible; I think that it would be terrible if an innocent person was executed for a crime that he had not committed. After all, I think that if this happened, the executioner wouldn't be any different than the murderer. In fact, I can think of three such cases in Canada at this time. First, I know that David Milgaard was in prison for twenty-three years, for the murder of Gail Miller in 1969. Second, I know that Guy Paul Morin was in prison for the sex slaying of nine-year-old Christine Jessop in 1992. Third, I know that Donald Marshall was in prison for eleven years because of the stabbing of Sandy Seale in 1971. I know that every one of these men was falsely accused of murders that we now know they did not commit. Therefore, I believe that David Milgaard, Guy Paul Morin, and Donald Marshall are only three men that I know who would have been unjustly killed, if capital punishment was in effect in Canada.

In conclusion, I think that all of the arguments in favour and against capital punishment should be taken into serious consideration, and that we

the people of Canada should be allowed to voice personal opinions on whether or not capital punishment should be restored in Canada.

Sarah Sawkey

## **Lasting Friendship**

The best of friends  
Across the street, forms  
A lasting friendship.  
Blue candles burning.  
Dancing together.  
Talking, laughing and  
Singing together.  
Smell of fragrant candles  
Floating in the air.  
The taste of coffee.  
Contemplating the fairness  
Of life.

## **Friend**

Loving  
Talk and laugh loud  
Hugging, crying, listen  
Enjoy being with forever  
Her, me

Sarah Sawkey

## Clouds

Soft white and fluffy.  
Floating aimlessly in peace.  
With quiet power.

## School

Books  
Fun times  
Read, study, write  
Talk, laugh and play  
Learn

## Elk

Vision of freedom.  
Great strength, awesome power.  
Beauty of the wild.

## Joe

Teacher  
Computer nerd  
Talking, laughing, squawking  
In the classroom  
Friend

Sarah Sawkey

## Autobiography

For my informal essay I chose to write a condensed version of the autobiography of my life, and how I came back to school. In the last years, I have been so thankful for my loving and wonderful family. In the first place, I was born in the Rosthern Union Hospital on March eighth, nineteen fifty three. At the time of my birth we were living in Bluementhal. In the second place, I was the youngest child of fourteen children, so I got away with more than my sisters and brothers. In the third place, I had eleven sisters and three brothers. One thing, I learned in my early years of childhood, was that my parents were very strict, but I knew that my parents truly loved me. Another thing that I learned was that my parents were teaching me important values in life, and I have always appreciated my parents for teaching me that I had to love myself before I could love others. Therefore, my parents taught me that love and respect for myself and others build character.

Fortunately, I have always liked going to school, and I over excelled in all of my classes in my early school years because I applied myself to do the best that I could. In particular, I enjoyed reading, writing, and arithmetic. For example, I was three years old when I knew the whole alphabet, and I knew how to print some words. Still another example, before I was four, I could print whole sentences, and I could read grade one readers. Since, I was so intelligent I started school early; I was just a little more than four when I started grade one which I found very boring. Then I skipped into grade two because of my boredom in grade one. When I was halfway through grade two; we moved to the town of Martensville. While I was in grade three, I enjoyed solving word problems

the best because I always liked anything that was a challenge. As a result of my intelligence, I would always apply myself to take on challenges; I would never give up until I had accomplished to find the answer.

Life to me was extremely hard in the coming years because of my sickness, and my having to concentrate on my school work. For instance, when I was eight years old, and in grade four I got very sick. As soon as my doctor told me that I had a hole in my heart which meant that I had a leaky mitro valve; I knew why I was always tired and felt so very weak. Because of this, I was devastated that I could not run, jump and play like my friends could. Instead of getting depressed about my illness, I decided to enjoy life to the best of my ability, so I kept smiling and laughing mainly because those were things that I could do. I got sicker as the days went by, and eventually I had to stop going to school. Unfortunately, I would be lying if I said that I didn't cry because I did, and I thought that life really sucked. Even if , I had done something wrong; I didn't deserve all of this. I was at home for two days when my teacher came to visit me. From then on my teacher brought me my homework every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; when I was done, my sister would take my work back to school for me. This went on for two years before I could go back to school. Although, I was still quite weak, but I slowly got back into the school routine. I went to school till I was ten years of age then I got sick again; I was so sick that my doctor told my parents that I only had two days to live. My parents prayed asking God to spare my life, and my mother sat by my bedside washing my fevered body with rubbing alcohol and cool water. The next morning my fever broke, and my parent's prayers had been answered. In brief my being so sick and out of school

for such along time was quite hard on me, but through all of this I found out how precious life was to me.

At this point of my life I felt cheated when I had to quit school because of my health. The last school I went to was the Warman High School for grades six to eight. Indeed, I tried to be very careful not to overdo things, but I was always so tired, and my breathing was erratic. Specifically, my doctor told my grade eight teacher that I shouldn't run, jump or take part in any physical exercises, but my teacher said that I was a wimp and a liar. Then my teacher told me to run three laps around the school yard, or I would be suspended from school. I ran half a lap and collapsed; I was rushed to the hospital by ambulance. In fact, I had to quit school because I was a high risk student. In short, although I had a hard life through my school years because of my sickness; I managed to pull myself through to the best of my ability, and I never let myself get bitter.

In the following years I found out exactly how much hardship I could take and still keep my courage up to fight for my life. Moreover, when I was seventeen we moved to Rosthern where I got a job at the Rosthern youth farm. When I was eighteen I started dating, my parents liked my boyfriend, so I got married when I was twenty. We held my wedding in the Martensville Mennonite Church on April seventh, nineteen seventy three. I was happy in my marriage, especially when I got pregnant with my first baby. When I was seven and a half months pregnant, my mother and my oldest brother both died at Christmas. We had a double funeral on December twenty seventh, nineteen seventy three. In addition to the loss of my mother and my brother I came close to losing my baby because of the trauma I had been through. The first baby I had was a baby girl born on March eighth, nineteen seventy four by caesarian birth in the

Yorkton Union Hospital. Besides my mourning for my mother and my brother; I was rejoicing over the birth of my daughter. When I told my husband that I was expecting another baby, my husband sat on my legs, and beat my stomach hoping that I would miscarry the baby. The second baby I had was another girl born on August thirteenth, nineteen seventy five by natural birth. After my second baby was born, I was abused not only physically, but mentally as well. I knew what physical and mental pain was. The third time that I was pregnant, I was carrying separate twins, but I miscarried one twin at three and a half month's pregnancy. My miscarried baby formed around my other baby, and saved the other baby's life. I found out later that it had been a girl, and the surviving twin was a boy who was born on September twenty eighth, nineteen eighty by caesarian birth. As we can see, during this period of my life I went through a number of mixed feelings which I believed helped to strengthen me for the coming years.

At this point of my life I came to realize just how much pain and abuse I could handle, and I realized that only I could put an end to the vicious cycle of abuse. Consequently, at this point and time my marriage was really going down hill. Whenever I was abused, I kept telling myself that I was to blame because I had done something to make my husband mad. My husband not only severely beat me, but I got fourteen stitches where I was stabbed in my leg with a spade. I was beaten on my head with a logging chain, stabbed with a knife which went right through my hand. Also, my finger was just about chopped off with a butcher knife, and I just about lost my eye because I got a cultivator shovel thrown at my face. Then my husband threatened me with a gun which was kept loaded under the bed. Every time my husband hurt me I went to the hospital and

reported my injuries. This time I pressed charges against my husband, but my case was thrown out of court. When my case went to court there was no record of my being abused. After all the pain I went through I was told that the hospital had not recorded my previous injuries because it had involved too much paper work. I was told by the judge that I deserved every beating that I got from my husband. Last, I walked away from my twenty two years of marriage because I could not take any more abuse in my life. Finally, I had enough courage to say I have had enough of this; I didn't deserve all of the pain that I had gone through in my lifetime.

I knew that the scars on my body and mind would take a while to heal, so I never looked back, or regretted the decision that I made because I knew that I had done what was right. First, I moved to Kamsack where I got a job working in a bar where I worked for two months. Second, I moved to Prince Albert where I got involved in doing volunteer work at the Victoria Hospital, and at Camp Kadesh as head cook. Even though, I didn't get paid I felt like someone out there really needed me. When I lived in Prince Albert, I felt that I was healing physically and mentally because I had family and friends that really loved me. Third, I moved to the Saskatoon area on June first, nineteen ninety seven. On December the eighth, nineteen ninety seven I started school at Kelsey. I was in the ABE 10 program and I enjoyed all my classes immensely. Thus, I found I had love for myself and others; my doing volunteer work, and my going back to school gave me back my self esteem. To conclude, I have found inner peace, strength and courage because of all the sickness, death, grief, physical pain, mental stress, love, joy and healing that I have had to live through; through all of this I received the greatest gift of all, which is

compassion for others that may have gone through some same trials that I went through.

Sarah Sawkey

## Writing A Poem

Writing a poem is not as difficult as it sounds; if you follow these six simple steps. First, you gather everything that you will need in order to get started. You will need some paper, a pencil and an eraser. Second, you think of a topic, and you write it onto your paper. Third, you brainstorm for ideas; you write all your ideas down onto paper under the topic of your choice. Now, you are ready to combine the words and to put them together. Next, you rewrite the words and feel free to jiggle the words around to make changes if necessary. Now, you should read the poem and realize that you have created something beautiful. Finally, you should give yourself a pat on the back for a job well done, and you should have a sense of accomplishment and feel confident that you have created such a beautiful poem. As you can see, writing a poem is not as difficult as it sounds.

Sarah Sawkey

## Graduation Speech

Teachers, friends and fellow students. My name is Sarah Sawkey and I am here to give my grad speech as an oral presentation. I started the ABE 10 program on Dec. 8, 1997, and enjoy school immensely. I started school because of a bet that I made with my son, and I have never regretted taking this step towards a better future. My goal is to finish grade 12, then take a two-year course in Food and Nutrition Management. I have been in the ABE 10 program for 10 months, and am glad to be moving on even though I will miss all of you. I have enjoyed all of the classes except for Geography which has never been my strong point.

The most memorable moment in the ABE 10 program was when Rod dedicated my poem from visions to the grade10 graduates, and staff in June of 1998. Thank you Rod. First, I would like to salute all the teachers for helping me to get to where I am today. Ian, you are the salt of the Earth. The rest of you teachers are my fountain of knowledge. Joe, I know that you don't really care, but you are my favourite teacher. I also know that the sole reason why I am here today, is to provide Joe with a paycheck. Joe, you were my inspiration for this poem.

### A Paycheck so Sublime

We always hear about the teachers,  
That push the students through the line.  
But seldom do we hear about,  
The ones that are fun and kind.  
The ones that bravely battle with,  
A paycheck so sublime.  
The teachers who form the stepping stones,  
On which the students safely climb.

The wheel of life is not too fast,  
It forces issues from the soul.  
Each part which comes from the heart,  
Which has the greatest hold.  
Our opinions often may revolve,  
Seem right while having fun.  
But it's the worded phrase beneath,  
On which our opinions run.

Co-operation is the stepping stone,  
For students' who seriously thought.  
By this alone can all men gain,  
A friendship that they sought.  
Each teacher has a part to play,  
Each student can hope to shine.  
Teacher's who lead, most surely need,  
Their paychecks so sublime.

Donna Smithson, thank you for being there for me; you are a true friend. Ian, thank you for making Government so interesting. I was critically thinking about dropping critical thinking, but I am glad that I didn't. Bob, my fellow chemist, a teacher asked Bobby, "what do you know about nitrates"? Bobby answers, "well nitrates are cheaper than day rates." Ron and Roy, thanks for all the encouragement you have given me, and for allowing me to have breakfast with you. Jan, if time is money, how, do you prove it? If you give a couple of people twenty-five cents that is a quarter to two. Thank you Jan for your patience. Joyce and Deirdre, thanks for putting up with me and my long-winded paragraphs and earths' science reports. Deirdre, just think I won't walk into your class at the wrong time on Wednesday anymore. Second, I want to thank all of the councillors for being there for me. Third, I want to thank the rest of the staff, every smile makes it worth coming to school. Last, but not the least, I want to thank my best friend; Pat thanks for listening to me and for being my friend.

From here I go into Adult 12 on November 2, 1998. For the rest of you students and friends, I am richly blessed for having the opportunity of knowing you, so I would like to leave you with these words of wisdom.

Why worry about writing an exam? You have two alternatives: your teacher is either easy to please, or hard to please. If he is easy to please then you don't have to worry. If he is hard to please, you have two alternatives: either you study, or you bluff. If you study then you have nothing to worry about, but if you bluff you have two alternatives: either the bluff works or it doesn't. If the bluff works, you don't have to worry. If the bluff doesn't work then you have two alternatives: either you are conditioned, or you flunk. If you are conditioned then you have nothing to worry about, but if you flunk you don't have to worry any more. So my advice to you is, "why cause yourself all of this worry?"

Please study!

Sarah Sawkey

## Hard Times Pass

"LORD"

Do hard times pass?

"Child, yes they do."

What if I fail?

"I'll be with you."

"When I stumble?

"I'll carry you."

My fears are great.

"Have faith in me."

I feel so alone.

"Child, can't you see?"

Life's trials are many.

"I'll help you through."

Nobody loves me.

"Precious, child I do."

How can you know?

"Just believe in me."

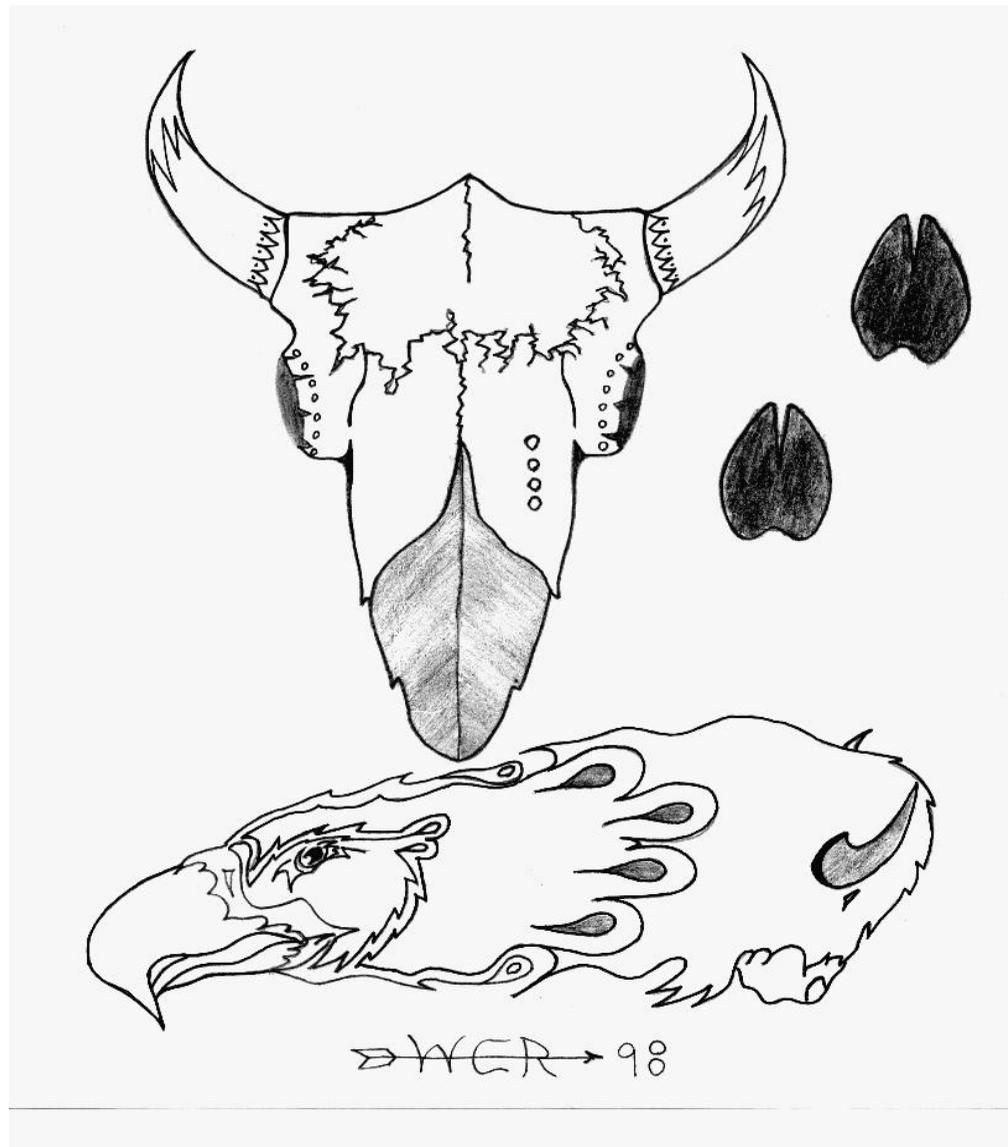
If you don't understand.

"I died on the tree."

Why did I die?

"To set man free."

Sarah Sawkey



Waylen Rowan

## Lights

The sky so dark and mysterious,  
So black and dull,  
little lights of lost souls  
shining so bright like little diamonds.  
Hoping to be found in the mist of black.  
Every day a new soul is lost.  
Everyday the sky lights up  
To start a new day.

## The Lost Path

I walked along streets  
Lost with no one to guide me.  
I found a path. I hope it will lead me home.  
I take chances this path won't leave me lost .  
Never to be seen agin. To be lost forever on this path.

Susan Black

## **Biking**

Biking  
The smoggy cars  
On the Meewasin Trail  
The sun is shining, rain falling  
Love it

## **Sun**

Sun  
Extra hot  
Burn, sweat, tan  
Want rain and shade  
Summer

## **Biking**

Biking  
peaceful, hard  
Burning, scraping, sweating  
No pain no gain  
Riding

Troy Glasgo

## **Dogs**

Fast on their four feet  
Loyalty and loveable  
Mischievous and child-like

## **Taz**

She's gone now.

I remember the beauty, gracefulness she had.  
I still hear the howl at night.  
I can close my eyes and see her ice blue eyes.  
On rainy days I still smell her coming in from the rain.

I always will remember my little girl.

Troy Glasgo

## Graduation Speech

Good afternoon fellow classmates, teachers and counsellors. I am here to deliver to you my grad speech. To begin, just being able to stand before everyone and declare that I have completed my grade 10, is a major accomplishment. Before I decided to come back to school, I had only a seventh grade academic level. I removed myself from school when I was 14 because I became pregnant and had a son, and I wanted to stay home with him while he was a baby. Five kids and 15 years later I chose to make a return. Once the decision was made and the wheels were in motion to pave my way back to school, I realized that it would take a great deal of perseverance on my part. Something that I knew very little about (I even had to look up the meaning of the word). There were many times I came close to dropping this program because of different problems. Obstacles too numerous to mention, were placed in front of me, either by myself or other matters throughout my stay at Kelsey. Having overcome most, or at least put aside some of these issues, has been the only way I was able to complete my schooling. As a result, I am proud to say that I have completed BE 10.

While I was mulling over how I was going to write my speech and who to thank, I realized that to name each and individual separately who aided in the completion of my Grade 10 would take more than my allotted time of 2 to 3 minutes. Thank you, Ian. Instead, I have opted for a condensed version. I would like to thank first of all, my family, who have been a great support in and out of school. Many times I wanted to throw my hands up in frustration and anxiety, but they have pushed for me not to give up. Thanks Mom and Dad. Also, I have been fortunate to attend school with my brother and 2 sisters. I have to admit being in school with my siblings has given me the extra push to succeed. I can't let them all pass me, can I? Next, to all the friends I have made at Kelsey and the ones I had before: Thank you. You have all helped me in many ways and I will be forever grateful. Also, a very special thanks to my children, and boyfriend, who have felt the brunt of my frustration through the time I've been in school. They've been patient, and have encouraged me to keep going and not give in. Now, to thank all of my wonderful, humorous,

critical, helpful though sometimes quaky teachers. You guys are the best. If I had more than just 2 to 3 minutes, I could spend a great deal of time taking about each of you. I want to say, thank you for being patient, and understanding with me, I know I pushed it sometimes. Thank you for all the help each of you has given me. I will always feel privileged to have had the opportunity to be your student. You are all terrific people, and teachers to boot. A special thanks to Donna Phillips, whose shoulder I have cried on many times, and who knew I could finish this program. To conclude, if it wasn't for all of these people I would never have been able to complete my BE 10.

My original goal was to just complete my 10, but I have since decided to enter the Home Care/Special Care Aide program offered at Kelsey. Working with people who need everyday help is something I feel I would really enjoy. I will be doing this in the new year. Those who know me, know that I rarely ever complete anything. I have a tendency to quit things when I get bored or frustrated. It is with great pleasure to finally be able to say, "Mission Accomplished". Hang in there everyone. Once again thank you all.

Verna Michel

## Meet the Authors and Artists

**Blaine Clarke:** ( SIAST Kelsey Campus, BE 10 ); I was born and raised in Saskatoon all my life. I am on the path of completing my grade 10 and then proceeding to complete my grade 12. Music has always been my refuge and escape, it's only in the past few months that I started writing bits of poetry. I played guitar on and off for a few years and had a few garage bands, but found that my real interest was in the production aspect of shows. I've done production work involving lighting and sound for a number of bands. My 15 minutes of fame came in the form of a JUNO AWARD winning recording where I took part on the audio mix of a live blues album. I plan on attending SIAST Woodland Campus, and becoming an audio visual-technician and work in either audio production or television.

**Brent Morgan:** I was laid off after 17 years working as a trackman for Canadian Nation Railway. I have a nine year-old boy that lives with his mother, and I have twelve hour visits every month. I am back in school after being out for twenty-six years to get my grade twelve and to improve reading and writing. I am hoping to get into Parts Management as my future employment.

**Carol Mintuck:** (SIAST Kelsey Campus, BE 10) I'm originally from Cowessess First Nation. It's near a small town in the southeast called Broadview, Saskatchewan. I have five beautiful children, three sons and two daughters. Only my youngest daughter lives at home. Misty Dawn goes to school at Joe Duquette. My common-law and I are both attending Kelsey and plan to go on to the Adult 12 program. Kelly and I have been together for four years. We also have a cat named Oreo.

**Chris McKay:** I am a student at Kelsey, and I am upgrading my grade 12. I have been drawing for about 12 years now, and I was asked to draw a picture for the cover of the book "Visions". This is the second cover art I have done for "Visions".

**Chris Williams:** Hello everybody :-) I'm originally from Oshawa, Ontario. I came out West, liked what I saw and planted my butt here. This is my last semester in the Adult 12 program and I say "Yeehaaa"! (G) I'm cooked and have been here long enough. Now I have to decide if I'm going to do the University thing, or crash a tech. course.

I wrote this poem after being exposed to the beauty of literature in Bev Kynoch's English A class. It is my first attempt at poetry and it took guts for me to reveal this work. As I was feeling quite lonely and emotional that night.★

**Colin Livingstone:** I was born on August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1974. I have lived in Saskatoon my entire life. One of my hobbies, and favourite things to do, is to draw. I've been drawing since I was about four years old. A friend and I are currently working on a comic book and hope to publish it soon.

**Curtis Slippery:** I am from the Yellow Quill reserve north east of Saskatoon. I am 25 years old. I graduated from the ABE 10 program at Kelsey and am currently attending the Adult 12 program. I enjoy darts, snooker, skydiving, cooking, Medical Detectives, and Law & Order, all on cable. I enjoy school because it takes me away from the television. I am brutally honest, but at times I feel I must be polite.

**Donna-Marie Desjarlais:** I was born in North Battleford on May, 7, 1980, and I grew up in Lloydminster SK. When I was 14 I got pregnant and I had my daughter, Justine-Marie Desjarlais, on April, 12 1995. I wrote this poem when I was pregnant as the father left.

**Eva Littlepine:** I am a 36 year old single parent, and have been blessed with four wonderful children. I am from the Beardy's First Nations Reserve and I have quite a big family. I am currently taking my grade BE 10, and hope to go on to grade 12.

**Karen Faithful:** I come from a reserve called Onion Lake, Saskatchewan. My favourite hobby is drawing. My favourite pass-time is meeting new friends and visiting. I would also like to add that I enjoy going to school.

**Leona Ratt:** I was born in Flin Flon, Manitoba. I have lived in Canada all my life. I am a single mother of two beautiful girls. I started BE 10 on January 26, 1998, and will be finished on December 17, 1998. I will be going on to the Adult 12 Program in January 1999.

**Pam Peyachew:** I've been a single mom for a year. I have three children; Zachary Lorenzo Thunder, 4; Alyssa Rose Peyachew, 3; and Hannah Lynn Peyachew, 2. We have lived in Saskatoon for 4½ years. I'm going to school at Kelsey, and I want to get my grade 10, then get into Auto Body Technician. I am happy for what I'm doing for myself and for my kids.

**Penny Penstock:** I am 22 years old and a student in Kelsey's Adult 12 Program. I enjoy creating all kinds of art. I am a self-taught abstract painter. I paint with acrylic paints. I am planning to go to Brandon University after Kelsey, to take Botany, so I can be a Forest Ranger.

**Sandi Pochay:** I am a student in the BE 10 Program. I am married and have two boys. My husband's name is Dion and my boys' names are Brandon and Tristen. My sons are grass dancers, and I am very proud of them. My husband and I do beadwork in our spare time.

**Sarah Sawkey:** I was born March 8, 1953. I had 10 sisters and 3 brothers, and parents that truly loved me, and who taught me important values. I spent most of my young life in hospitals or at home sick. I had to quit school because of my health and regretted not being able to finish school. Here I am at SIAST Kelsey Campus, BE 10 and am enjoying it immensely.

**Susan Black:** I'm 24 years old and I have lived in Saskatoon for about 14 years. I have two children, Stella and Michael Paul. My son was named

after his father whom I am currently seeing. I plan on finishing my grade 10 and 12, then I plan on going to university to study law.

**Troy Glasgo:** I was born on July 27, 1961 in Saskatoon and lived here all of my life, and will continue to do so. I am a parent of two and single parent of one. I worked most of my adult life cooking in NWT like Inuvik, Tuktoyaktuk, Beaufort sea. Now I'm going to school and hoping to get a good job out of my hard work.

**Verna Michel:** (Adult 12) I was born March 21, 1968 in The Pas, MB. I have lived in Saskatoon, SK for 12 years. I am a mother of 3 beautiful children. I completed my BE 10 on October 29, 1998. I am seeking career training in the Home Care/Special Aide Program in 1999.

**Waylen Rowan:** I am a student at SIAST Kelsey Campus, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I'm 24 years old and a father of three. My goals are to finish my Adult 12 and take Heavy Equipment Mechanics. My hobbies are drawing native art in pencil and making native crafts. I'm currently designing pow-wow outfits and teaming up with pow-wow dancers to assemble the outfits for dancers young and old that are just starting out. My sports hobby is soccer. I play all year round, outdoors in the summer and then indoors in the winter.