

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, art and other literary works to this anthology.

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Artist: Chris McKay

The Old Timer

I leaned back, sinking into the soft cushion of my kitchen chair. I stared with sadness at the brief obituary in the newspaper. I remembered the old man's face and a tear filled my eye. Gradually the paper slipped from my hands.

I remembered the day when I met the silver haired old timer. He sat alone on the park bench. His eyes held many secrets of the days gone by.

I could see him smile as I sat down. At first we chatted about the weather. I introduced myself to him.

"Stephanie," he said in a gentle voice.

"I was named after my grandmother," I explained to him.

"That's a beautiful name."

The old timer began to tell me stories of when he was a young boy. The story that touched me the most was about his first and only love.

He had fallen in love with a girl he called Annie. He believed they were soul mates. They had planned to be secretly married. Annie's parents had disapproved, because she was so young. Her parents arranged for Annie to live with her relatives in England. He searched but never found her.

I could see the pain in his eyes. I was speechless. I knew he had a broken heart. We both sat in silence for a while.

The old timer stood up and smiled.

"Take care Stephanie." He said in a sincere voice.

"I will," I said, smiling back at him.

"I hope to see you again."

He slowly ambled down the pathway toward Main Street. My heart was touched by the good mannered old gentleman.

I never saw him again until I saw his picture in the obituary. I felt a lump grow in my throat.

I wanted to pay my respects, so I went to the silver haired gentleman's funeral. I glanced around at the few people there. I recognized one familiar face, my grandmother. I sat and watched her as she walked up to his casket. I saw her place something beside him. Then she slowly walked away.

The curiosity overcame me. I went up to his casket. I looked down and saw a faded letter laying beside him. I couldn't help myself; I picked the letter up and began to read it.

Dear Richard,

My parents have found out about us. I'm afraid I will never see you again. They have arranged for me to live with my aunt in England. Our baby will be born in December. My heart will always be with you and a part of you with me. Please search for us. I will always love you,

Love Annie

I felt tears fill my eyes and an aching in my heart. Richard's story flashed through my mind. I now understood the look of pain in his eyes and the secret kept from long ago. Richard, the silver haired gentleman, was my grandfather. He was my mother's father whom she had never known.

I laid a carnation beside him and let the faded letter rest against it. I left the funeral.

On my way to Grandmother's house I remembered Richard's face. If only I'd have known that day in the park, who Richard was.

When I reached Grandmother's house, I found her standing out back beside the wishing well. I slowly strolled toward her. I searched for the right words to say. She turned and looked at me with tears in her eyes. I knew behind the tears were secrets of years gone by. I felt the grieving she felt. I knew at that moment that their secret would remain in my heart forever.

Helen Bilsky

The Sawed-off Hockey Stick

The most critical time of my life would have been the year we were put into the residential school when I was thirteen. The family consisted of seven children, five girls and two boys. All of us girls were in school and doing well academically. I was very surprised and shocked to learn that my parents split up once again, for there was no indication they were arguing or anything. Of course this had been a repeating thing for my parents. As a result of this we were sent to the residential school.

All of us girls were in school the days the arrangements were made. So it was a total shock to find the priest and my grandmother at our place. Before we knew what they were there for, we were told to pack our clothes. As we were packing my grandma told us where we were going. We kept telling Grandma that my oldest sister and I could look after our brothers and sisters, for we had been doing this before. But she wouldn't listen or talk to us. It felt as if what was happening to us was all our fault. There was no reasoning with her. This was to be another separation from our brothers and sisters on account of our parents.

As soon as we got to the residential school, we were again split apart. Being different ages, we were put into different dorms except for our three youngest sisters who were around the same age. Having no knowledge of how this school was run, I wanted my sisters with me and said so. But that was not meant to be, and this was to be my first encounter with abuse for speaking up. The weapon they used was a sawed-off hockey stick which was about seven to eight inches long. I soon realized that standing up for oneself wasn't tolerated and got into a lot of trouble over it. To sum up, being separate and being beaten were to be an everyday thing.

Our first day at this school we were told that we were to have our hair cut. Knowing that our parents liked our hair long we told them so. We were told that it didn't matter what our parents wanted and it was out of their hands. When they started cutting, we didn't realize they wanted it as short as three inches in length. By the time they were done it looked as if they placed a bowl on our heads. After they finished that, they brought out the clippers, and shaved us half way up the back of the scalp. Then we were assigned to the ugliest uniforms ever seen. Even though we had our own clothes we were not allowed to wear them. Everywhere one looked, everyone could be seen with these hideous uniforms.

By this time, we had no knowledge what was happening with our three youngest sisters. We didn't see each other until we were all summoned to go for supper. We were then able to see each other, for everyone ate at one big dining room. As soon as we caught sight of them we knew right away that they had been crying. We asked them what happened and they were reluctant to talk or look at us. Of course we wanted to know why they were being so cautious and finally found out why. It was because the nun who supervised them had been teaching them the rules. They also were being punished with the sawed-off hockey stick. Not about to stand for what she was doing to our sisters, my older sister and I walked up to her. We demanded to know what right she had to be hitting our sisters. Instead of answering us she turned so red it looked like she was going to explode. As a result of this encounter we again felt the stick.

During this stay we had to pray, it seemed, for every little thing. Not only did we have to get on our knees, but it was on cement. We would be ordered to pray anywhere from one hour to three hours and this would be on our knees. What really got to me was seeing those little ones having to be on their knees for so long. It never failed but one of the younger ones would get into trouble. It was hard for the older ones, but we could only imagine what it must have been like for them. We always had to be kneeling straight also, or we would be hit at the back of the neck with the stick. This one time there was a coverage of John F. Kennedy's funeral on TV; we had to get on our knees for what seemed like days. Not only were we on our knees but also we had to kiss the floor after every prayer. After all this praying and kissing the floor, I still am a strong believer in the Higher Power, but "I don't kiss no floor."

I won't ever forget this time spent in the residential school and all that we were put through. It taught me to make sure that my children were well looked after and never to lose sight of what was important in life. The thing that really bothers is the pain and suffering that we went through, for we didn't have to be sent there. In sum, it's hard to believe that some people can be so religious and yet so cruel.

Ida Skjarstad

. . . And You're Not There

I turn around and you're not there
Where are you? I declare!
I've seen your eyes in despair
Why wasn't I there to care?
Your sadness outside was very rare.
This is why I wasn't there.

My ears deceived me one day when you walked up to me . . .
You said you were tired when you turned the other way
There was a tear drop in your eye.
This I didn't see.

My brother, my friend, why did you leave me
with this sorrow I can't agree?
Brother, if you can hear me
Are you finally free from your definite reality?

This day on mine heart will never rest
because the love I gave you as sister was my very best.
I roam the streets at night
mind, eyes can't sleep without a fight.
The dreams I have are not a delight
Mine brother; who was dearly rare
I turned around and you're not there.

Dedicated to my late young brother
HENRY who died January of 1999.

Karen Faithful

Reality

Despair it's rare but who cares? it's nothing but a word that has no pair. it only matters if you're there. Alone stands as one being there is no suchfun

Karen Faithful

Wishes

Whenever you see a falling star
make a wish wherever you are.
Your wish may come true
if it doesn't . . . don't feel blue.
It really wasn't meant for you.

Karen Faithful

To a Special Person who means the world to me:
MOM

I hope every wish you make comes true
A smile on your face will prove that too
The joy you bring when you walk into the room
makes us feel secure; knowing we're not alone.
You're always there when we need you; we have nothing to
despair.
Our only regrets would be....if you weren't here.
I thank God each day for a mom we could share!

I love you Mom!
Your daughter
Karen Faithful

First Time

The first time we met...
It tingled my spine
It made me ache to know
that you were going to be mine.
I knew when I first saw you
we were meant to be.
The chain we linked
was possible to see.
The fire in our eyes shifted the gear
it took away all of my fears.
I knew you were mine . . .
because you still tingle my spine.

Karen Faithful

The Lake

Candle Lake Beach is spectacular for its sights, sounds and smells. Above you is the baby, blue sky with puffy, white clouds. You can lay back and watch the clouds, but make sure you don't fall asleep. In front of you is the crystal, blue lake; the water is so clear you can see the bottom. Under your feet is the whitish, brown, sandy beach. You can sink your feet into it and get to the nice, cool sand underneath. Against your skin, you can feel a warm breeze. It cools you as it hits your body. Nearby is the smell of barbecues from the camp sites. You get so hungry from the smell of charcoal hamburgers cooking on the grill and all the other aromas that you return back to your camp site. As you can see, Candle Lake is a wonderful place for you to spend the day.

Lisa Sanderman

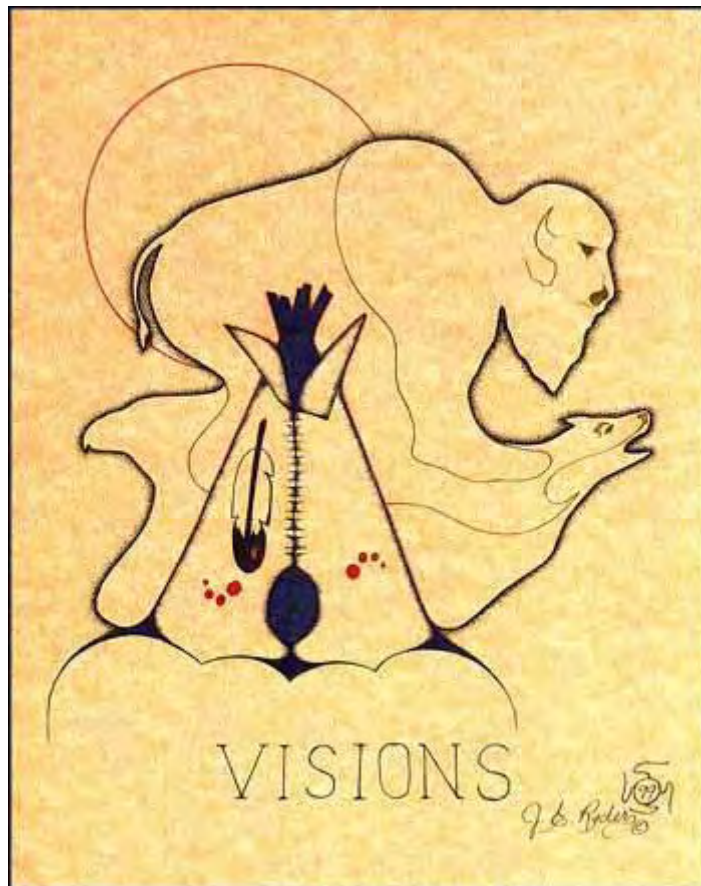
My heart beats like a drum,
and the children cry,
For it has stopped,
Now it's time to fly
where the angels sing,
and the elders roam
For there is no place like
HOME.

My eyes are Black,
My body's blue,
I thought you loved me,
but it's not all that true.
There will come a time
when I'll be free.
you will be behind bars,
Wishing that you were
WITH ME.

Pam Horse



Artist: Jeremy Ryder



Artist: Jeremy Ryder



Artist: Jeremy Ryder



Artist: Jeremy Ryder

Two Kinds of People

The world is divided into two kinds of people: pessimists and optimists, and pessimists are much better people than optimists. On the one hand pessimistic people are realistic. They don't candy-coat their problems. In the same way they are blunt. They get straight to the point; they don't beat around the bush. Besides they are very honest people; they don't need to lie to themselves to make things better. Additionally they know what life is about in the sense that they know that life is too short to go around thinking that life is a bowl of cherries. Pessimists don't hide what they know about life, or what they want to know.

Optimists are way off base, and they act like they are on cloud nine all of the time. Also, optimistic people look at things through rose-coloured glasses. They never look at things from both sides. Naturally, they are afraid of reality; they aren't living in the real world. In spite of being candy-coated people, they are phonies because they try to prove that they are happy all the time. They walk around acting like they have no problems. Also, they don't know anything about life. They are so wacked out on happiness that they don't realize that there are important problems that people have to deal with right now. Finally optimists hide the true meaning of life under fake happiness. Remember, "Life is brutish, nasty, and short," so optimists should just join with the pessimists and deal with it.

Pam Thomas

How To Saddle A Horse

The people who saddle up a horse need to remember four main steps. First they have to groom their horse down. They have to make sure that the horse is clean because the horse doesn't like being saddled with mud and other kinds of crap on its back. Second they have to learn how to tie the saddle up right; if they don't the saddle is still too loose, and it will fall off. Third they have to be aware of what's going on around them. Then they have to make sure that the horse respects them and they respect the horse. Last but not least, they have to walk their horse around and then tighten the saddle so it stays on securely. To conclude, the four main steps to saddling a horse are grooming, paying attention, learning how to tie the saddle, and being aware of what is going on around them and the horse.

Pamela Thomas



Artist: Tara Lee Winters

I'll Be Strong

I thought you were my angel,
sent here to protect me,
to keep me safe,
to love me,
you were all I needed.

When you said, "I love you,"
that was my ultimate reward.
I felt like screaming,
I felt like telling the world,
that you love me.
I can't describe the way you made me feel.

Now you're leaving ,
you can't be with me,
you need something new.
I don't understand,
what did I do wrong.
Didn't I give you enough time,
did I talk to the wrong someone.
Tell me please, tell me what did I do wrong.

I don't want to cry,
you can't see how much you have hurt me.
You can't have the satisfaction.
I won't let you see how many pieces my heart broke into.
I will be strong.

Tricia Fletcher

The Way You Are, I Am

Not the way I am, I am!
Because the way you are! I am . . .
Not red, not yellow, not blue
I'm very red, very yellow, very blue.

Not the way I am, I am !
Because the way you are! I am...
Not pink, not very pink
I'm very, very pink.

Not the way I am, I am!
Because the way you are! I am...
A kind of you, I am
Which you didn't let me be myself.

For a great man
Steve Chifa.
Love Tricia

I'll Love You Forever

When I first saw you, I thought, "He looks too nice,
He would never go for someone like me."
But, that first kiss, that first touch, that first smile.
It was like you were sent here for me, for just a little while you are mine.
I can't believe you are here with me, you make me happy.
If just this moment, I'll make the best of it.
You can't imagine the way I feel,
Just the thought of you makes me weak,
At night when you are close to me, I listen to your heart beating, so soft,
so steady, so gently.
As you put your arms around me, I feel so safe and secure.

And for all these reason, you make me complete,
I swear that I will love you forever.

Tricia Fletcher

Four Seasons

Beautiful face of spring,
Sweet face of summer,
Sad face of fall,
Dangerous face of winter.

Jazzlyn

Jazzlyn was only three,
One day she fell, and came to me crying.
I ask what was wrong, she said that she slipped.
She came to me, who kiss her boo-boos
And said "Mommy please kiss my butt".

This is something my daughter made up with the help of her cousin
for Halloween two years ago.

Trick or treat, money or sweet,
give me something good to eat.
If you don't I don't care,
there's a spider in your hair.

Tricia Fletcher

My Husband

My best friend, Wade, is loving, smart, and helpful. When I need help, or someone to talk to, he's always there. One example of Wade's intelligence is that he helps me with my homework, and he makes sure that my homework gets done correctly. Another example is that he is very loving. He gives me all kinds of support. A further example is that he helps me a lot around the house. He does his share with the dishes, cooking, laundry, and taking out the garbage. In conclusion, for these three main qualities, I love him with all my heart.

Vera Bell

Why I Came Back to School

I am back in school for four main reasons. First, I know that education is very important; I know that I need to learn more in order to have a successful future. Secondly, I need to build up my math skills because I need improvement. Third, I also need to improve on my communications skills. Finally it will help me to realize my career choice to get my education. Thus, in order to have a successful job of my career choice, I need to finish my high school, build up math skills, and work on my communications.

Vickie Burns

Meet the Authors and Artists

Chris McKay: I have just completing Adult 12, and am currently preparing to go into Graphic Design at a Career College in Saskatoon.

Helen Bilsky (BE 10) Biography not available.

Ida Skjarstad (BE 10) This is my second try at coming back to school. The first time was in 1995 and I was here for only a short time before I quit. Why I quit back then is irrelevant, but I am glad I came back. I plan on taking the Youth Care Worker that is being offered here at Kelsey Campus.

Jeremy Ryder: (BE 10) I like to draw in my spare time. I was born September 8, 1975 in a small town named Montmart Saskatchewan. I am from Carry The Kettle First Nation. I returned to school for a better education. I would like to become a carpenter after I finish my schooling . I have been living in Saskatoon for about two years after moving from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. I have one sister (Tanya) and one brother (Shawn). I am the oldest in my family. My parents live in Prince Albert.

Karen Faithful (Adult 12) I come from a big reserve called Onion Lake. This reserve is found in Saskatchewan. My favourite pastime is meeting new friends, visiting and writing poetry. I intend to become a social worker when I am finished this program.

Lisa Sanderman: (BE 10) I was born Dec 12, 1975. I'm a single mom with one child. I'm attending school to earn my Grade 12 diploma and to continue on to become a legal secretary. I vacation at Candle Lake every year during the August long weekend and I enjoy its miraculous beach.

Pam Horse (BE 10) I'm presently doing my grade 10. I am also a single mother of three. I enjoy doing crafts in my spare time and dancing Pow Wow. I would like to take a course in Early Childhood Development

Pam Thomas: (BE 10) I was born in Saskatoon, SK on February, 25 1979. Before I got accepted into Kelsey, I was attending Nutana Collegiate. I decided that Kelsey would be a better place to get my education than a last resort high school. I am 20 years old, with a 2-year-old boy. He was born on June 23, 1997.

Taralee Winters: I was born at Pike Lake Saskatchewan on December 8th 1978. I started drawing or taking an interest in drawing when I was about 9 years of age. Drawing is only one of my many hobbies which include painting, inline skating, biking, walking, talking on the phone and chatting on the Internet. The things that I like the most are spending time with my friends, going shopping and bar hopping with them. Favourite saying: Cause I can!

Tricia Fletcher: (BE 10) I have two kids, Jazzlyn and Avery. My daughter and I were born in Belize, Central America. I am divorced and I am here at Kelsey to start my life over. I have been in Canada for three years. I think everybody will agree when I say winter sucks.

Vera Bell: I was born in Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan. I have three beautiful children and a wonderful husband. I started BE 10 on August 24, 1998 and will be finished in June 1999. I am happy for what I am doing for myself and my family.

Vickie Burns: I was born on April 17, 1970. I am a student at SIAST, Kelsey Campus, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I am currently finishing my BE 10 program.

Waylen Rowan: Tansi. I'm a student in the BE-10 program at SIAST, Kelsey Campus, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada. I'm 24, born on Friday the thirteenth and a father of two boys and one girl. My main goal is to complete my 12 and to have a career in mechanics or physical education. My hobbies include physical sports, mountain biking, and artwork. It is very important to me to keep up with my Native Heritage (pow-wows, sweat-lodges, and traditional hunting).