

*VISIONS is dedicated to the students and staff of ABE*

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

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## The Window

The summer breeze comes through my window

It's calling my name

I can feel it caressing my feet trying to get me to go with him

Soft and sweet it calls to me again

I want to go but I can't

I have to stay

I feel paralyzed by the magic

I want to be free but I stay and time starts to stand still

It's almost bed time and then I will dream of the summer's

breeze that comes through my window

**Amanda P. Semmler**

# Sisters

Sisters

Talks you share

Loving, Caring, Inspiring

Being there to hug and hold

Special

**Blanche Gerard**

# Myself

My life as a little girl was spent living in a small village in Saskatchewan. First, I was born in a small town twenty-three miles west of Prince Albert, called Shellbrook. Home for us was in Holbein which is three miles east of Shellbrook. In fact, our house was a big one-room house. It had only one little window and one door. We had a pot-bellied wood stove to keep us warm, a wood stove to cook on, a few chairs, a table, and one double bed. Still, all seven of us were a happy bunch.

There was my Father ( Henry ), my Mother ( Irene ), two older sisters; Janice and Adeline, and two older brothers; Jerry and Arnold. I really can't remember much about my life before the age of six, but what I do remember is happy feelings. By the age of six I had three more younger brothers, Marvin, Alister, and Kelly. By this time my father and uncle had built another room onto our one room-house. Now we had a two-room house with a big kitchen and a bedroom. I remember about five of us would sleep across the bed, and some were on the floor. My parents would sleep on the floor with all their quilts. Nevertheless, we all had each other and parents who worked hard to care and love us all.

After nine years of living in Holbein, we moved to Prince Albert. The first house we moved into was a two-bedroom house with a living room and a kitchen. To us it was a castle. We still didn't have the privilege of having a washroom, but we had a little pump over a big white sink that produced cold water. Mom was quite happy about having running water in the house. After moving to Prince Albert, we never stayed in one house too long. I can remember moving into three or four different houses. Eventually, my parents wanted to move away, from Prince Albert. Mom and Dad thought it would be good if they went to Alberta. They heard that they could make a lot of money in Lethbridge, Alberta hoeing sugar beets. A bus took people at no charge who were interested in working and off we went again. When we got to Lethbridge, we were taken to a big warehouse where we had to pick a number and then wait to be picked up by a farmer. Unfortunately, the house we got on this farmer's land was no better than the ones we left in Saskatchewan. People called these houses "sugar beet shacks." My father got lucky and got a full time job working on a farm. Nevertheless, we moved again to a small town called Picture Butte, Alberta. It was three miles east of the farm we lived on. This house we moved into was the best house we ever had. Mom and Dad still live there and, after twenty-three years, they can finally say that they found a place to call home.

I thought I knew it all when I left home, and I thought everything would be easy. One thing I knew for sure was I had to get out of the house; I felt like I had to save myself. My mother started being very abusive when I was about twelve years old. I think it was because my body was slowly turning into a woman's body. I was fifteen years old when I left home. In fact, I came to Saskatoon where I had my older sisters Janice and Adeline. I stayed in Saskatoon for a while and then I went back to Prince Albert. I got mixed up in drinking a lot and ended up in the Native Alcoholic Centre in Saskatoon where I spent six weeks in the centre. I felt safe being in the Native Alcoholic Centre and I didn't want to leave. Nonetheless, I had to leave after my six weeks were up. I met a man in the centre and we lived with each other for thirteen years. We had four children whose names are Jason, Rick, Mike, and Candace. My life with the children's father wasn't a very good life, but that was the way I knew life to be, the drinking, cheating, and the beatings. I finally had enough of all that and I left him in 1985, just before my daughter Candace was born. The first thing I had to do was get my life back in order. I sought help from a family worker. She helped me find a nice home for the kids and in fact I spent the next two years just staying home with the children, and we all seemed to be a lot happier. Since everything was going well,

I thought I'd take a class, so I took a Life Skills class. Taking that class was one of the best things I ever did. It helped me realize a lot of things about what I was doing and saying. It also helped me deal with a lot of things in my childhood. Although I went through a lot, I survived. Today, I'm back in school, and I really enjoy coming here. School has given me confidence in myself and I know I can handle whatever life has in store for me. It is time to let the past be, and live for today.

**Blanche Gerard**

## A Talk on Abuse

Today I am going to discuss abuse. First of all I should tell you there are two different types of abuse; they are physical and emotional abuse. Today I want to discuss emotional abuse. The reason I chose to discuss this with you is because, I have been through my own personal experience with this. Emotional abuse is something that cannot be seen or noticed, and you don't always know if the person you are with is going to turn out emotionally or physically violent; it is very difficult to detect. Abuse is something that you are not born with and it's not hereditary. It is caused usually from past experiences in our upbringing. Maybe the abuser was hit, beaten, or called awful names for many years, and eventually as they got older they believed this behaviour was normal. Therefore, they become a product of their parents or siblings and brought this behaviour onto their children, wives or girlfriends. The only way to describe abuse is that it's a cycle. Abuse goes on from one generation to the next a lot of the times unless the abuser seeks some sort of professional help, whether it be a counsellor, priest, or someone trained in this area. There are four different levels the cycle of abuse goes through; they are the tension building, the eggshell walk, the explosion stage, and last, the honeymoon stage. After the cycle you think everything is back to normal because of the fact you are known to be in the honeymoon stage. This is where the abuser says he will never let it happen again. He gives you flowers, gifts, or does the housework for you, or looks after the children. But let it be known that this behaviour will repeat itself. For myself it took a long time to break the cycle because, I thought I could change my partner. Also, the abuser does not realize that they have a serious problem; they think the behaviour is normal. I have seen other encounters of abuse with a very close friend of mine who is no longer here because, she was killed as a result of not breaking free from it. In brief, emotional and physical abuse is a very horrifying thing to have to go through. It effects every part of your being, your self esteem, family, and friends; it is a very serious problem. If you know someone who is in an abusive relationship or even if it's yourself, please seek help. Some of the places you can contact is the Saskatoon Interval House, Family Support Centre, and for the abuser there is even a program for anger management called Alternatives.

**Anonymous**

## Living in a World of Mental Illness

Growing up with a schizophrenic mom was not only bizarre but also a great challenge. I can recall all kinds of strange things that happened when I was growing up. From the time I was five years old I had to watch my mother go through an emotional roller coaster. Growing up I could not bring friends home because I was embarrassed. I did not understand what was going on with my mom; all I knew was that her behaviour was not normal; to me I thought she was crazy. The kids that knew about my mom would tease me and say terrible things. This did not help matters for me. It just made me more ashamed. My mom could have a complete conversation with herself and would just sit there at times in a zombie state, almost comatose. I could never have a conversation with her so I did not get a whole lot of emotional support. I have one sister and had one brother, but they are a lot older than I so eventually they left home, got married and had children. So from that time on I took the responsibility of looking after my mom. At the age of seven years old I learned how to cook, clean, and give her a daily dose of antidepressants. I tried to attend school but it was very difficult for me because I could never do things that kids my age got to do. I always had to be at home looking after things and making sure she didn't do anything crazy.

There were a few incidents as I was growing up that stand out. The first time was when she smeared paint all over the house interior: every wall, door, window, and piece of furniture. The house was a complete mess and there was nothing I could do about it once the paint dried. The next time was when she completely tore the house apart. Everything was emptied out of the cupboards and dumped out on the floor; dishes were broken and glass was all over the floor. As I looked in the living room the large picture window was broken; everything from the bedroom and the kitchen was humped in the living room. My mom thought that there was nothing wrong with the house and she insisted on keeping it like that.

After a few more occurrences my mother was hospitalized. My grade five teacher gave me the news. From what I was told my brother tried to take her to the hospital, but she refused, so my brother had to get the police to come and escort her to the hospital. She did not take kindly to this at all. I went to the hospital to see her and it was the first time I had ever been in a psychiatric ward. It felt very awkward to be in a place like this especially when all you see is people laying around like invalids because they're so doped up on medication they act like zombies. When I saw my mother they had her in a white gown with her entire back end exposed and she was so high on pills that she couldn't talk or respond. I felt so sorry for her and I could not stand to see her in that condition. During her time in the hospital I was forced to stay in foster care for a short period of time which I could not stand.

Eventually, my mom came home from the hospital and we tried to resume with our life but then my responsibilities became even more horrendous. I felt like I could never leave the house because I had to keep a constant eye on her to make sure that she would not destroy the house or do anything else unusual. As time went on I accepted the fact that my mom would probably stay in this condition for the rest of her life. Later, I left home and got on with my life because I could not do anything else for her. My experience was a great challenge for me to understand and cope with, but I also grew and learned what schizophrenia is all about.

**Anonymous**

## Child Within

Please be patient with me. On the outside it appears to the world that I'm an adult, but within, I am a very scared and lonely child, searching for love and acceptance from my peers. As a child I was abused physically, sexually, mentally, spiritually, and emotionally. My past haunts me; how do I let go of it? I'm in constant battle with my mind, thinking that what I do right is wrong, and what I do wrong is right. When a child cries, for any reason, I feel that somehow I had something to do with it; why? A parent disciplines a child; feelings of anger, hate, resentment, sorrow, compassion, love, flash by and every emotion has an impact on me. I feel at times that I'm my own worst enemy. I tend to sabotage myself, my family, and friends. I use and abuse anything and everything. At heart I am a very loving person, yet I am a walking time bomb. My wife and children are scared of me. They have seen daddy explode. I am scared of me. Why is my past so important to me? All my feelings and actions are based upon it. My attitude towards life is centred around how I feel, and what I think people see me as. If I feel comfortable, I am a loving, caring, open person. If I feel uncomfortable I close up, I withdraw and become antisocial. Understanding it is very hard, because this is not who I am, or who I want to be. The very thing I search for, I tend to turn away from, especially when it stares me in the face. It is called love. When someone says they love me, I have a hard time saying it back. There is no feeling when I say it, and there is doubt, when I hear it said. I trust no one, yet I want to be trusted, and when that trust is gained it is quickly taken away. This trust has been destroyed by no one but me. I have come to realize, that what I'm doing is carrying on a cycle that was imprinted into my mind as a child. A cycle that can continue to destroy lives forever. As a husband and father who refuses to live this cycle any longer, it is my duty, to protect my wife and children from these elements, no matter the cost to me. I love my family with all my heart, and I will seek whatever help that is available to make the little child within, feel loved and accepted.

**Anonymous**

## Depressed

Heartbroken

Pain inside

Hiding my feelings

Lonely during the night

Melancholy

## Untitled

White clouds

Pillow soft

Up in the big blue sky

Gently rolling cushions of air

Peaceful

## Confused

I ask for help on

my poem because I can't

think of ideas

**Chris McKay**

# Diabetes

Diabetes is a fairly dreadful disease. I know that for a fact because my grandmother on my mom's side has it, and the reason I say it is a dreadful disease is because a couple of years back my grandmother had an accident, and it happened when she took her insulin and had just turned the stove off, and was getting ready to eat. Unfortunately she had fallen and when she came to, she found herself under the kitchen table. When she got to the hospital, she found out she needed a hip operation, and we just about lost her because of it. She stayed in the hospital for 3½ months. She is having so much trouble, and they can't do anything about it because they will lose her if they operate again.

The two types of diabetes are, type 1 or insulin independent, type 2, or non-independent. What happens when you have diabetes is that you have high levels of sugar in the form of glucose in both the blood and urine. This disease occurs when the body does not produce enough of the hormone insulin or when the body's cells can not use the insulin that is available even if there is a sufficient amount, so if you have to take your insulin by needle make sure you eat after you take your needle or you maybe in a lot of trouble.

How they test diabetes is they take a glucose tolerance test, which is used to diagnose diabetes. It measures insulin activity by monitoring the level of glucose, or sugar, in the blood and urine. The urine is also tested for glucose as well as for bacteria, protein, and other materials. Glucose in the urine is usually caused by diabetes when the blood sugar is too high.

The last thing that I want to say is I am actually glad I still have my grandmother around for a little while longer. I am hoping she is around for a long time yet but that is for God to decide. I am also hoping that she doesn't have to use a walker or a cane and will be able to walk on her own soon.

People who have diabetes should check their blood sugar, everyday to find out where it is. When it is too low then they eat something with sugar in it to boost up their blood sugar. If it's too high, they could be in a lot of trouble.

**Colleen Rosset**

# The Planet

This is the planet we call Earth.

Our people call this planet mother nature.

We as humans do not take care of the planet as well as the animals do,  
for the animals only take what they need to survive.

We as humans take too much and use too little of what we take,  
"for what right do we have to treat mother nature badly"!

If we continue to hurt this planet there will be nothing left  
for mother nature to give her children of the Earth to survive.

For this is how our people lived as our ancestors did.

**Darryl Herman**

# A New Beginning

My heart was barren  
My heart was cold  
My life was empty  
'Cause Satan had a hold  
I turned to Jesus  
He had one thing to say  
He said son look  
you're going the wrong way.  
So I read my Bible  
trying to learn  
I found out if I didn't  
I was going to burn.  
Now I have found Christ  
I know He loves me  
He died for my sins  
so I could be free.  
He sent His Companion  
to dwell in my heart  
my life now, no longer  
is falling apart.  
Satan has fled  
he has no hold on me  
I give praise to the lord  
for setting me free.

**David Booth**

## Passing of Time

Yesterday was my past,  
Somehow knew it would never last.  
But still though the memories are within.  
The people I've met,  
The friends I've made.  
It's the only inspiration needed.  
Sometime today,  
When meeting happy people.  
With smiles that come along,  
There is no reason or time of season.  
When one meets a friend,  
All that matters is what's happening now.

**Debbie Ngo**

# Stars

Stars

White, shiny

Bright, glittering, interesting

Far away, wish upon

Mystery.

**Debbie Ngo**

## Infant Sorrow

My mother groaned! My father wept.

Into the dangerous world I leapt:

Helpless, naked, piping loud;

Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my fathers hands:

Striving against my swaddling bands:

Bound and weary I thought best

To sulk upon my mother's breast.

**Debbie Ngo**

## The Door

The pain I have suffered has made me sore;  
God gave me courage to walk in the door.  
I was so tired and full of hurt,  
No sense of belonging, feeling like dirt.  
I've learned how to live one day at a time,  
I cannot keep quiet, I'm not a mime.  
I thank all of those who helped me through,  
It was the best thing I could ever do.  
I feel as free as a running stallion,  
My main goal was for that Pine Lodge Medallion.  
I have now become an eagle to soar,  
God gave me strength to walk out that door.

**Debbie Hamel**  
Written at Pine Lodge Treatment Centre

# Mother

Without knowing, you conceived me

Without a clue, you nourished me

Without knowing whether It would be a she or a he

I came to this world innocent as I could be

But without your Love and Care

I would not be here, Enjoying life as I am

You're always there for me

Mother you're such a wonderful person in the world to me

Thank you MOTHER

**Helen Trohak**

## The Moon Over Sky

I found my strength

in knowing you

I found my joy

in being with you

being part of you

And wondering if you are part of mine

You have become the most wonderful person

in the world to me

And realize how precious

how much a part of my

happiness you are

More and more with; Everyday.....

**Fondest Love, Helen Trohak**

## Snow

Snow is sparkling

It falls on the ground melting

Spring smells glorious.

## Mountain

Over the mountain

There was a hungry black wolf

Chasing sheep away.

## Girl

There once was a girl name Mary

Who smiled as she walked to the dairy

She went to the barn

So that was her yarn

She was really meeting her Harry

**Helen Trohak**

## Rain

Rain,

Shower Drops

Big and Small

Flowing, Wet and Warm

Sensuous.

## Kisses

Kisses are like grains

of gold or silver found

Upon the ground,

of no value themselves,

But precious as showing

that what is mine is near.

**Helen Trohak**

## Locked Out Of My House

I remember the time when I locked myself out of my house; it was a real disaster since my brother was visiting at the time. First, I put the children to bed: my brother was getting tired and asked for a ride home, and I agreed. Before we left, I checked on the sleeping children and locked the door on my way out. At that instant, I realized I did not have my house keys. In a panic, I knocked on the door, rang the door bell, pounded on the windows and tried to pry them open. I succeeded only in waking the neighbour's yappy dog. In the meantime, my brother had an idea of how to get in through the basement window. He was skinny enough to fit and crawled through it. The next day, I went out and had numerous duplicates made of the house keys.

**Joanne Giroux**

## Skating In The Park

As I sat on a rink bench in Bessborough Park watching the children skate, the cold winter sent a chill up my spine. Beside me, the smell of wood burning in the stove drifting from the stovepipe shelter reminded me of my childhood: as a child I would warm up near a wood burning stove after coming in from the cold. Alongside the bench, the children glided cheerfully past me with skate blades cutting into the ice. They didn't even notice the chill in the air as they circled the outdoor rink many times. Next to the skating rink was the South Saskatchewan river with the big chunks of ice floating on it. The steam coming up from the river made it look like a huge hot spring. The view in front of me was the immense castle called the Hotel Bessborough. To the back of me were people in the dining room of the Sheraton Cavalier Hotel. They were enjoying food and drinks underneath the bright, twinkling chandeliers. As you can see, the skating rink, wood burning stove, rosy cheeks and cold toes brought back some very warm memories of my childhood; we went home and in my mind I lit my own wood burning stove.

**Joanne Giroux**

## Raising Children

Raising children is a joyful trouble. First of all, they could be crude and cranky sometime. My oldest child is listening to music every chance he can get. The second child always teases his older brother and younger sister. The youngest child, who is seven, is always in tears because her brothers constantly call her names. Secondly, they sleep late and then ask for a ride each morning. This will usually make mom late for school even though I drive like a race car driver every day. Thirdly, they are the laziest bunch of kids and I wouldn't wish them on anyone. The words, "In a minute mom," really have to be eliminated.

On the other hand, there are joys that more than compensate for the problems. First of all the oldest child always has a hug for mom; once a month he cooks the family supper. Secondly these children always have ways to make me laugh. They tell me funny things about school and their friends. Thirdly, we all have family moments when we discuss how our day went. We all have our chance to talk about our feelings, thoughts and emotions. We also have positive ways to overcome any obstacles such as praying and reading a Bible story with them. I notice after these times there is more caring and sharing going around. To conclude, child rearing is a troubling but joyful experience.

**Joanne Giroux**

## Assault

The thing about being beaten up is that it doesn't really hurt.

I only had six strategic bruises.

But every time I look at you now I visualize your assassination

Bile builds up in my gut and I want to vomit.

I remember looking at you that night thinking you were going to

kill me and how afterward you said, "I didn't hit you that hard."

Inside my head there is fear and pain that will last a lifetime.

Scars mark me inside beyond the bloom of six bruises.

**Lana Van Elsakker**

# Hey Dudes

Girls aren't chicks or

babes or broads.

I don't answer to

those stupid clods.

We have brains

emotions, feelings too,

how would you feel if

it happened to you.

Is equality, respect

and a little love asking

too much from the

guy above?

So if a girl crosses

your path, she's not

a "honey babe"

she's a man and a half.

**Lana Van Elsakker**

## Phobia

As the memory of your love fades, my days grow dark.

My nights are lit with electric bulbs.

I can't sleep.

I'm afraid of the dark.

I'm afraid that you will return, and then fade again.

I'm afraid that you will never return.

I'm afraid that my next thought, will be of you.

And I'm afraid that I'll run, out of these poems.

Before I run out of pain.

## Love Potion

My body's in heat for your love.

I quiver with excitement as I fantasize,

our nakedness entwining as one.

Our bodies moistness create a pool of passion.

As our love juices become strong.

**Lana Van Elsakker**

## Walking in the Sun

Walking along a road

In the twilight of my life

Stop to smell the flowers.

**Lori Burkhart**

## Going to Camp

Driving to camp excitedly,

Meeting my councillors.

Seeing some good friends

And making some new ones.

Find out what we're going to be doing

This week;

Horse back riding,

Arts and crafts, swimming.

We stay in cabins,

For one week.

The week goes quickly,

Sometimes I wish it was longer.

When my week is over

I always cry.

I will miss everybody,

It's always sad.

**Lori Burkhart**

## The Most Critical Time in my Life

The most critical time in my life occurred when I was fifteen years old and in high school in 1965. I had just left my parental home for the first time and was living on my own in a boarding home in town. I was very naive about life in general and being away from my home environment was very bewildering, but it was also refreshing. With the likelihood of not having any parental guidance, I was fascinated with my new freedom. I made new friends with girls that were much older than me. It wasn't long before I was doing the fun things they were doing like drinking, smoking and having boyfriends.

One of my girl friends called late one night and asked if I wanted to go on a blind date with her boyfriend's brother. Since I was eager to be part of her crowd, I accepted her offer. I was introduced to Tom, and I was not very impressed with him. Not only was he just out of the army, but he was also rude, obnoxious, loud and threatening. I asked to be taken home and he offered to drive me back to my boarding home. Instead of taking me home, he took me out for a ride in the country and raped me. He verbally threatened me with physical harm if I didn't comply with his demands. He also said he would dump me on some country road far from my home. After this frightening ordeal was over, he casually drove me home as if nothing had happened. I was devastated and humiliated and blamed myself for the attack. As soon as I arrived home I took a hot bath as if I could wash away the horrible memory of that fateful night of September 21, 1965.

In the next few days my life didn't seem to have any purpose to it and my school work suffered greatly. I couldn't concentrate at all on any one thing for more than a few minutes and my mind would inadvertently go back to that frightful scene out in the country. To my horror, I soon realized that I was pregnant. What was I going to do and where would I go? Who would I tell and how do I tell? How do I explain that it wasn't my fault and who would believe me?

Tom called me late one night and offered to marry me if something arose from our brief encounter. I felt utter disgust for him, and all I could think of was of how much he repulsed me. I could not bring myself to think of marrying him, let alone of liking him. I never told my mother or anyone else of my predicament because of the shame I felt. I continued going to school but I couldn't even concentrate on my assignments. I was sick most days and unable to eat anything. My school friends continued to visit, but I was not interested in doing anything with them. Finally, the Christmas break arrived, and I slowly cleaned out my desk knowing that I would not be returning to school in January. I went home to my parents and yearned to tell my mother, but I knew she would only say it was my fault, so I shelved that idea.

Finally, in my desperation, I told my mother's cousin, and she was very understanding. She spoke to my older sister about my situation, and she in turn told our mother. In anger my mother asked me if it was true that I was pregnant, and I replied that I didn't know. It seemed that denying the truth was easier than admitting it. I was very fearful about her anger and what she might do but she never mentioned it again until the day I left home a short while later. My father ordered me out of the house and called me some very terrible, degrading names. The names he called me seemed to reinforce the low image I had of myself. I saw myself as worthless and not good for anything or anyone. I wrote to my sister Marge in Saskatoon and told her of my predicament. She wrote back and told me to come to the city to live with her and our sister Shirley. On April 1, 1966, I boarded the STC bus and came to live in Saskatoon. I secretly wished that the bus operator would just keep on driving to nowhere so I could leave my

nightmare behind. I was so very lonely and afraid that I seldom left the house unless it was to see the doctor. I was unable to plan for the future or to decide what to do after my baby was born. I developed a severe medical condition that could have endangered the life of my unborn child and myself, and I had to be hospitalized. I spent many more lonely days in the hospital and had no visitors except for my sister. I didn't care whether I lived or died.

An elderly nun would frequently come in to see me but she was ignorant and seemed to focus on my nationality rather than my situation. The head nurse and the nun tried to persuade me to give my child up for adoption, and I reluctantly agreed to it. A few days later, on June 1st, 1966, my son was born, and when I held him for the first time, I knew he was mine and no one was going to take him from me. The nurse came in to see me and was very angry that I had changed my mind about putting my son up for adoption. I had a similar visit from the nun but she also got the same response from me as did the nurse. I said, "No, he's my son and I'm keeping him."

Today my son is 30 years old and we are very close. I have three other children from my first husband, but my relationships with them are very different from this one. My son wasn't planned, but that doesn't diminish the fact that I love him in a very special way. It was many years before I was brave enough to tell my first husband about that fateful day many years ago and then, to my horror, he didn't believe me at all, so I made up my mind that I would not tell anyone else the truth. I lived with it for another 20 years before I told my second husband who is also my best friend and is very compassionate and understanding. He encouraged me to get some therapy and I accepted his timely advice.

I was referred to a very warm and sensitive therapist at Christian Counselling Services and spent weekly sessions with her for a year and a half. With Lois's help, I was able to work through all the painful memories and deal with each one separately.

I was able to verbally address Tom, my father, the nurse, the nun and others that I needed to forgive. Today I can talk about the rape, my father's verbal abuse and rejection, the nurse's and nun's ignorance and not cry over those painful memories. I began the process of healing from the emotional pain I had carried for so many years when I chose to forgive and let God have it all. The therapy was painful but it was worth more than all the time and money I put into it. Money could never have bought the peace that I experienced when I chose to forgive and live a life unfettered by the past.

**Mary**

## Positive and Negative Ways to Discipline Children

There are many positive and negative ways to discipline a child. One example of negative discipline in punishing your child is by not speaking to them. The silent treatment can be very emotionally damaging to your child. Another example of negative discipline is withholding meals from children. Food should not be used as a reward or punishment. A further negative way of disciplining is verbally ridiculing your child, and this can affect their self-esteem for years to come. Lastly, the worst of all is to discipline your child by hitting them. Children that are hit can suffer negative effects for life. As you can see, there are quite a few negative ways to discipline children.

Even though there are many negative ways to discipline children, there are also many positive ways to administer discipline. The first positive way to discipline is to speak positively to your child. Encouragement and affirmation will build their self-esteem. The second positive discipline is to give your child- time outs which means spending some time in their room, to show them their behaviour was unacceptable. The third positive way is rewarding good behaviour with positive benefits. Also, give your child time to explore and experience new things by giving them new responsibilities. The responsibilities will have to fit the age of the child, and this will encourage self- discipline. Lastly, giving your child lots of positive hugs will let them know they are loved in spite of the necessary discipline you may have to administer. In conclusion, disciplining a child can have either a positive or negative effect, and I feel daily affirmations and encouragement of a child have a much better effect than harsh words and actions which will only reinforce low self-esteem.

**Patricia Block**

White, fluffy clouds move  
To block the sun--many shapes.  
White turns grey--then rain.

**Patricia Wiebe**

There once was a man from Nantucket  
Who stepped in a hole in a bucket.  
He looked at the sky,  
Then he replied,  
"Who put the hole in the bucket?"

**Patricia Wiebe**

## People

All different.

All unique.

As separately beautiful as each individual snowflake.

As unitedly powerful as a snowstorm.

**Patricia Wiebe**

## The River

The river roars like a mighty lion

as it rushes towards the falls.

Over it goes, following the gravity

of our planet.

It collides with the earth-and goes

on to become --a trickle--

**Patricia Wiebe**

## Spring

A brief taste of spring  
gets swiftly swept away by  
blinding cold blizzard

Richard Martell

## Thank You

Everytime I stop to think about it  
I remember how the Lord has been so  
good to me  
although it isn't much, I am glad  
I could volunteer to  
try to return the favour  
every day I am thankful  
how he helped me and my family

**Richard Martell**

# Night

As the sun goes down  
The moon appears  
Shining so bright  
The stars appear  
Like crystals in the night  
We walk along  
hand in hand  
along the river bend  
water splashing along the edge  
The wind blowing  
though our hair  
Stopping, looking at the river  
It's like a sheet of ice  
The glare's so bright  
It's such a peaceful sight

**Susan McNeil**

## Dogs Make Better Pets Than Cats

Cats are not as useful as pets as dogs are. First, all cats do is just lay around and do nothing. Cats lay on the couch, on the bed, on your clothes or anywhere they like to and leaving cat hair everywhere. Second, cats always ruin your furniture; they sharpen their claws and damage everything you own. Third, you can't train a cat to be a guard cat, since they can't bark, and can't growl. Also cats are too lovable, when a stranger comes into the house; they go up to them to get attention by rubbing up against the person's leg. Finally, you can't teach a cat to do tricks no matter how hard you try. All the cats do is chase a piece of string, play with their mouse toy or attack anything that moves.

On the other hand, dogs are better pets than cats for several reasons. First, dogs are fun and active and they do not lay around all day. Second, dogs (once out of the puppy stage) don't scratch and ruin the furniture. The only time they scratch is when they want to go outside. Third, you can train a dog to be a guard dog, since dogs are obedient and easy to train. When a stranger comes in or near the house, they will start growling or barking to let you know when someone is here. Finally, you can teach a dog several tricks: how to roll over, to speak, to shake a paw and to get your paper or your slippers. Therefore, dogs are better pets to have than cats.

**Theresa Peeteetuce**

## My Daughter and Boyfriend

One of the most embarrassing moment in my life was the time we went to see my boyfriend, Raymond, at work. My daughter Raylene, my niece Amanda and myself were there. Beside the school was the arena where Raymond worked. I left Raylene and Amanda in the truck when I went to see him inside. I saw Raymond; we decided to go outside to talk. We went outside and we talked for a bit; then we went close to the truck to see how the girls were. Raylene didn't see us at first, but when she saw us, over the partly opened window she was smiling at us. Raymond waved at them and they waved back. Then all of a sudden, Raylene, who was facing us, yelled, "Da Da!" to Raymond. I was so shocked that I didn't know what to do or what to say; I was so embarrassed because I never thought my daughter would say that. My face was hot and red, and all Raymond did was laugh. I told him I was sorry what Raylene did, but he told me that it was okay, and that he thought it was cute.

**Theresa Peeteetuce**

## Cinquain

Grand-kid  
lively, hungry,  
crying, laughing, learning  
always brings me joy, life's worthwhile  
my child.

**Val Morrill**

## Haiku

The lake in autumn  
Forms a clear surface with clear ice  
declares winter's near.

**Val Morrill**

## Free Verse

I hate writing poetry

It bugs me, it urks me

Each time I bring one to Ian

He reads it with evil discernment

I know already

That my hard work is ruined

Oh what the heck

I'll try this one then

Here Ian

How about this!

**Val Morrill**

## Two Little Words To Remember

I'd like to share something with you that everyone has experienced in one way or another. It's about two little words. Have you ever thought to yourself or said to someone?"

"If only I had thought about that before I acted so quickly, or

"If only I hadn't lost my temper before I thought about it , or

"If only I had listened to instruction first, or

"If only I hadn't been so selfish, or

"If only I had been more attentive to my responsibilities."

In my own experience, I had thought or said these two little words often. In one instance I had thought or said these two little words when I chose to close my restaurant business. For a long time it had been a dream of mine to have a restaurant along Highway 43 North, somewhere between Whitecourt and Gunn Alberta. It's on a main route to Northern Alberta with places like Grande Prairie, Peace River, High Level and Yellowknife and other parts of the Northwest Territories like Enterprise and Pine Point. I wanted to have a place where truckers and travellers could enjoy a good home cooked meal, something to remind them of home. Also a place where they could relax in the coffee lounge or take a refreshing shower and just hang loose for an hour or so and then take some nutritious snacks with them for the road.

After three months of business I found that there wasn't enough business to keep me open so I chose to close it. It broke my heart and some of my regular customers as well. They said if only it was in a better location or the Highways Department would have built the new road approach I was told about when I first looked into opening the restaurant. Our MLA, Peter Trynchy informed me that I had been misled and they were not building a new road approach at that time.

I said to myself, "If only I had planned things differently or tried other strategies." My focus was on failure, and I was feeling depressed as I shared these thoughts with a friend I've known for a long time and can confide in at times like this.

He listened to me and then said: "Val, the trouble with, 'if only,' is that it doesn't change anything." He said that I was facing the wrong way, and that I was wasting time and energy regretting the past. As he was saying this to me, I wondered what he was getting at. I was hurting, angry, frustrated and, besides all that a bit confused. I was looking for sympathy. He had none for me and he knew that.

The next thing he said to me was this: "Val, everyone makes mistakes. It's what we learn from them that makes the difference and it changes our thoughts of "If Only to The Next Time....." I didn't want to admit it but I knew he was right . He said to me "great men fall down and great men get back up again and go on. How did they become great men? Think about that!" With that my focus shifted from past failure to the present as I pondered over his words a little while.

Then he said, "Val, instead of "If Only," think "Next Time" ..... Change your stinkin' thinkin'." With that I realized I had already thought of ways to do things much differently the Next Time. I saw that the mistakes I had made were only stepping stones to show me ways of improving my strategies. Nothing is ever perfect the first time around.

**Val Morrill**

## Biographies

**Amanda Semmler**, (Kelsey Institute ABE): Likes to draw in her spare time. She will be pursuing a career in Law enforcement after grade 12.

**Chris McKay** (ABE 10) I am presently taking my 10 and going on to get my grade 12. I plan to go to art school after I finish my 12, so I don't have to live in Saskatoon all my life.

**Rosset, Colleen:** Colleen is a student at S.I.A.S.T. She is a mother of one has been married for almost 2 years. She has two sisters and one brother. She is the oldest in her family.

**Darryl Herman** is from La Loche. He likes women, pool, love songs and movies, and likes going for walks and likes to travel. He is single with no kids. Darryl is a nice and gentle man.

**David Booth:**( S.I.A.S.T, Kelsey); David was born in England in 1964. He is married with two children. David lives in Saskatoon, and is currently enrolled in a program with SCORE.

**Debbie Hamel**, a student at S.I.A.S.T. ABE10 was born the 17 of May 1963. I wrote the poem while I was in treatment as I am chemically dependant. I have been in recovery since December 27, 1996.

**Lori R. Burkhart** When I was 5 years old I was bitten by a mosquito and went into a coma which caused me to become physically disabled. After coming to a decision my parents moved my family to Saskatoon where I would have the opportunity to go to school. I have not received my education through normal means and I hope to complete my Grade 12 at Kelsey.

**Patricia Wiebe**, (S.I.A.S.T., ABE-10 program) was born in Saskatoon, SK. She has lived in Canada all her life. She has been writing poetry for six years, and is currently thinking of entering a poetry contest. She started ABE in February of 1997, and will graduate in 1998.

**McNeil Susan** (S.I.A.S.T ABE-10) I grew up on a farm outside Biggar, SK. I moved to Saskatoon in 1989. I am a single mother of a little girl, who is two and a half. I started ABE 10 in November of 1996 and will be graduating June. I will be going on to the grade 12 program in August.

**Valerie Morrill** is a wife, mother, grandmother, and student. She loves learning, children, travelling, music and life. She is planning to finish grade twelve and pursue a career as a natural health medical physician.

**Lana Van Elsakker** Brithdate Jan. 24 1975. I was born and raised in Saskatoon. I am currently taking a course in fashion design. I am a happy mother of a 4 year old son. I've been dating a man for two years, but have no intentions for a live-in relationship