

Visions IX

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.*

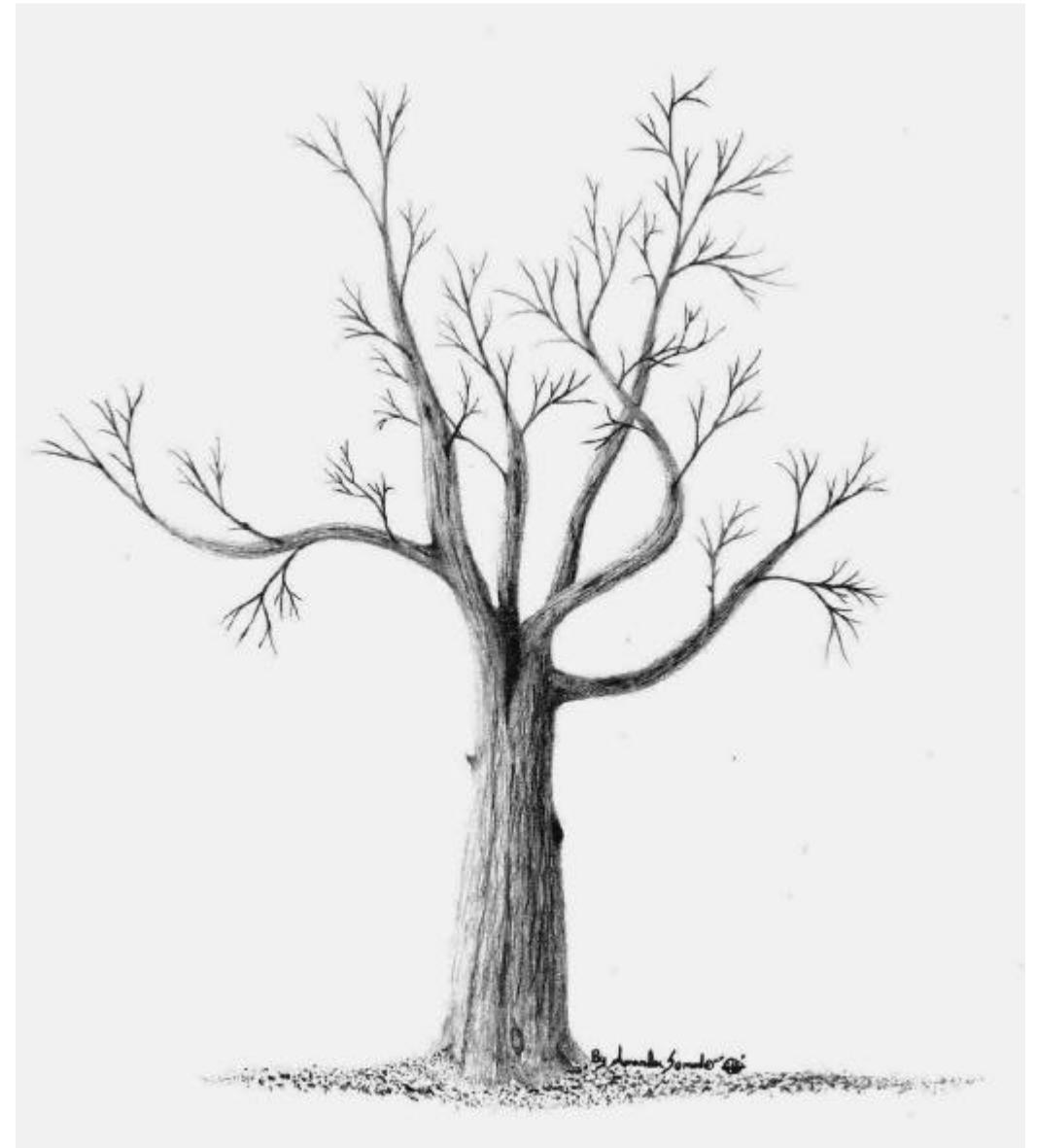
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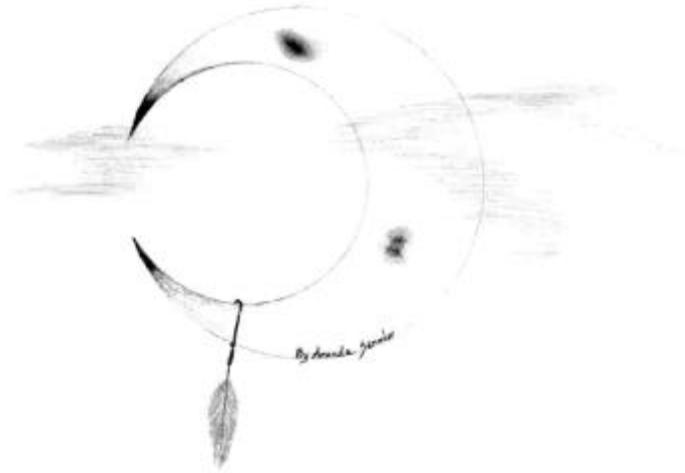
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Amanda Semmler



n

Bright!

Very spiritual.

Luminous, reliable, relaxing.

Shares beauty with all.

MOON!

Amanda Semmler

Not Important

There are days when I don't feel important.
Everyone's too busy to care.
Even when they're not too busy they still won't care.
Always in a rush and no time to stop.
I want to feel important and not pushed aside.
I want someone to care if I live or die.
Instead I'm pushed aside.
And I'm not important this time.
I see people caring for loved ones and friends.
And then there is me alone in the end.

Wind

The freedom kisses
Very intoxicating
Then the change comes down

No Time

People always say they have no time.
No time to play.
No time to read.
No time to talk.
And no time to listen.
They always seem to be in a rush

Amanda Semmler

Life

There are days when you feel ready.
Ready to face the world.
Then there are days when you don't
want to be seen.
Those are the days you try extra hard.
And in the end you know that it was
all worth it.
This is what we call life.

Caught

I see you sitting there.
In your own world,
Your own space.
Suspended in thought.
As I sit and wonder what
You are thinking.
You start to speak to me,
And then it is me
Caught lost in thought.

Amanda Semmler

Life

There are days when you feel ready.
Ready to face the world.
Then there are days when you don't
want to be seen.
Those are the days you try extra hard.
And in the end you know that it was
all worth it.
This is what we call life.

RAIN

Falling
Caresses, Loving
So very relaxing
Gently pleasing my soul
RAIN

Amanda Semmler

The Day I Shot My Brother

The day I shot my brother is a day I will never forget. First, I was at a friend's house one sunny afternoon. There I ran into my brother. At the time, I was strung out on drugs of all sorts and wasn't feeling all that great. My brother asked my friend to drive him to Burger King, so he could grab something to eat. He also had some friends with him that wanted to eat. My friend agreed to take him, and I also came along for the ride. My head at the time was not in the best shape, and I got irritated real fast. My brother and his friends had picked a bad time to bug me.

Anyway, on the way back from Burger King is when we started having our differences. He and his friends were constantly bugging me, and saying things, that were making me mad. Being the weak-minded individual I was at the time, everything that had been taking place filled my head with rage. I got real mad and jumped out of the car on Broadway and Eighth St. and ran to a friend's house not too far from there. When I arrived, I asked my friend to lend me his gun. At first, he didn't want to give it to me, but I talked him into it. Now, I had the gun and a lot of anger in me, and all I could think about was scaring my brother for getting at my head. I went with the loaded gun and my stupid thoughts to the nearby house where I figured my brother was. Then, I entered the house without knocking, cocked the gun and ran at my brother with it. At first he thought it was a toy, so it didn't scare him. Then my friend told him it was real, so he ran from me. I caught him in the kitchen, and I pointed the gun at him with my finger on the trigger. I just wanted to scare him, but in all the confusion that was taking place, the trigger went off causing the bullet to go through two of my fingers on my left hand and into his upper right arm.

All I remember is that we were rushed to the Royal University

Hospital. I was in a state of shock, and I was acting crazy because what I did was pretty crazy. They put me on some type of medication to calm me down so that I could be treated. A short while later, I was put to sleep in preparation for surgery. The doctor wasn't sure he could save my fingers because the condition they were in was really serious. During the operation, God had been present, because without him I would have lost two of my fingers. My brother was treated; he had a bullet removed from his right arm and was released. Throughout that year, I had many court dates and I was eventually sentenced to serve one year in the Saskatoon Correctional Centre for the crime I had committed. It was a slow, boring year, but I did my time and got released on a probation order for one year.

This has been an experience that I will never forget. It all started with a long night of hard-core drug use. I never knew that cocaine and a variety of other drugs could make me sink this low, but now I know. I learned a lot from my old way of life. Now I'm in a totally different state of mind where I'm living life not just existing in it. I still have a lot to learn, but I learn a little every day, and almost everyday and night since the incident occurred, I've had images of what would've happened if I had killed my only brother and best friend. We all make mistakes. Some people learn from their mistakes; others keep on making those mistakes and never learn. I'll never sink to that level again because it's wrong. My mind has expanded beyond guns, drugs and violence. I have learned that I can accomplish anything when I see nature without distortions.

Amin Nasr

My Garden

If I wish to grow a garden, there are steps I must take. First, I choose seeds that take a long time to germinate or need a longer growing season, and I plant them indoors in peat pots. I watch the seeds sprout and grow when given water and sunlight. Later, when the soil outside is warm, I till the soil and rake it smooth. I make little ditches. Even though I fill the ditches full of water, soon they are empty. I smile as the water quickly seeps into the ground. I plant the seeds sparingly; gently I cover them with rich soil and pat the soil the soil firmly over the seeds. Next, since the danger of frost is past, I bring out the plants that I grew in the house. After digging and watering the holes, I place one plant in each hole. I hold the plant upright; after filling the hole with soil, I pack it firmly around the roots. At last, all I have left to do is cover the plants, watch, water and pray. I do a lot of planning and preparation in order to grow my garden.

Amy Bueckert

Waiting

The calendar date for spring is past, yet few signs of spring have shown themselves. On the edge of the horizon the sky and earth meet. There, a grove of poplar stands stark and naked against the sky. Their bark has been scarred by years of harsh weather. In front of the grove, the field of golden stubble stretches downward to the pasture. Farther on, the thorny rose bushes, heavy laden with over-ripe rose hips, dot the landscape. On the corner of the pasture, the marsh lies silent and still while its water reflects the blue sky. The tall golden grasses that encircle the marsh are skeletons of last year's splendour. A hushed silence is upon the land as the earth waits for renewal. A gentle breeze wafts across the marsh rippling the water; it seems to gently whisper, "Wait a little longer." As you can see, the trees, fields, bushes and marsh await the coming of spring.

Amy Bueckert

Goose's Folly

Geese are noisy, but they are also humorous. The honking and racket that the geese made woke farmer Pete from a deep sleep. He hurried to the barnyard; he put feed in the feeder. He walked to the shelter door and opened it. The flock of geese burst through the door and into the barnyard. One goose headed for the watering trough, so the others followed close behind. The lead goose took a flying leap and landed in the water trough. The night had been cold. The trough's water had frozen over, and the goose slid across the ice. The others, having arrived, surrounded the trough, honking and goose-laughing. Next, the adventurous goose, after hanging its head for a while, jumped off the trough, and with as much dignity as it could muster, walked over to the feed and began to eat. Finally, the other geese joined the first goose, and the day was off to a honking good start.

Amy Bueckert

Ducks land on their heels;
I wonder how it feels.
In summer maybe nice,
But not so good on ice!

Walter Bassler - 1962



Arnoldo Rey

Corporal Punishment

Should corporal punishment be banned in Canada? The biggest reason that corporal punishment is not used in Canada is that people aren't sure when punishment becomes abuse. Where's the line when it come to hitting kids? Furthermore, corporal punishment has gotten out of hand in the past. What's to say it will be any better managed now? Also, many people feel that corporal punishment leads to abusive trends when the child grows up. Many cases of child physical abuse involve parents that were physically abused themselves. Moreover, many people feel that corporal punishment doesn't even work in preventing bad behaviour. Lots and lots of inmates were spanked when they were children. As you can see, there are many reasons for banning corporal punishment in Canada.

On the other hand, some people feel that when the proper level of punishment is used it is very effective. Kids don't like being spanked. For instance, let's look at the nineteen-fifty's. Kids didn't talk back to adults too much. They were afraid they'd get smacked. Indeed the human creature respect his physical betters. The spanking shows the child who is their physical superior. People don't shoot their mouths off at three hundred pound gorillas. Generally speaking, a spanking on the bottom doesn't usually lead to death. Shaking a kid by the arms viciously is different than an open hand smack on the bum. In short, spankings create respect, show who's boss, and aren't likely to kill a child.

Now if they were to ask me my opinion, I would have to support corporal punishment. I feel, that in moderation, corporal punishment does indeed work. For example, when Mom said, "Go get the willow switch," you knew you were in for it. Kids would always try to find a small stick.

If that stick was too small though Mom would get her own. It was always a big stick. Consequently you thought long and hard about doing something wrong when your butt's a cherry red. That willow switch just plain hurt. Also, what I get from personal experience is that kids don't shoot you the lip when they're afraid your going to snatch it off their face. People tend to get lippy when they aren't afraid of the consequences of their actions. To conclude, there are many reasons for and against banning corporal punishment; I personally feel that it should not be banned in Canada.

Bill M^cGough

Goodfriend

A friend is someone you can count on
Someone you can trust
Someone you can rely on
Someone who is always there
In good times and bad times

A friend is someone you tell your deepest secret
A friend is some one who will not betray you
A friend is someone who cares
A friend is someone who will not judge you for who you're
A friend is someone who listen attentively
A friend gives advice when necessary
A friend is some one who shares your success and
disappointments
A friend is someone who you respect and care about

Angry Little Donkey

Overworked tired and hungry
Saddle with one hamper on each side
Poor little donkey with no time to rest
Oh, if only he could talk

Cheryl Clarke

Daydreaming

I stood by the window gazing out at the snow
As I stood there wondering what it would be like sitting on the beach
Watching the waves flow back and forth
Eating fried fish and festivals,* mangoes and pineapples
Enjoying the sun watching the beautiful palm trees
Suddenly I realized I was just day dreaming

**A festival is flour, salt, baking powder, sugar and cornmeal that is fried into a finger-size dumpling.*

The Beach

It was a beautiful day, and we decided to go to the beach. When we arrived, I saw several varieties of palm trees. The scenery was spectacular; the beach was beautiful. Since the weather was humid, we went swimming. I swam and tanned in the sun. I was fascinated by the different types of activities that occurred at the beach. The beach was crowded, and many people seemed to be enjoying themselves. South of the beach I saw six Rastafarians playing dominoes. North of the beach men and woman were playing volleyball. East of the beach I saw smoke; I could smell the aroma of jerk pork, jerk chicken and fried fish. As a result of the different activities sounds and sights, I had a wonderful time at the beach.

Cheryl Clarke

A Critical Time in My Life

The year was 1982, and I was fifteen years old. I had three brothers and two sisters, and I was going to Elementary school in Jamaica. I was doing academically well in school. I was surprised when I found out that I was pregnant. I was devastated; I was in shock. I couldn't believe this kind of problem was happening to me. My baby's father denied that he was the father of my child. My parents were devastated; my dad was disappointed. I felt alone because I got pregnant. My dad didn't talk to me during my pregnancy, but my mother was always there for me. Then one day I decided to stop the pain. I went on a tall cliff; it was twenty feet high. I stood there for a while debating whether to jump and discovered that I didn't have the courage to commit suicide. As a result of all these troubles I wasn't able to function properly.

I was sent to the women's centre for girls who got pregnant. While there I met several other teenagers who had the same problem. I did regular school work, and I got lots of counselling. During my stay at the centre I wasn't able to concentrate on my school work. Because I was thinking far ahead, I was wondering how I was going to support my child. I had to rely on my parents to support her, and I was ashamed of my problem. In the middle of my pregnancy I got teased a lot by my peers because I was young and inexperienced. At the end of my pregnancy I gave birth to a beautiful daughter; it was one of the happiest moments in my life. I spent most of my time with her, but I went back to school. After a short period I decided to find work. I went to live with my aunt in the city who had a flower shop. I learned how to arrange flowers, and I got a job as a floral designer. In the meantime, I worked hard to

accomplish my tasks; I spent six years working in this field.

In the middle of August 1992, I came to Canada looking for a better life. First I worked as a caregiver for two years. Then I applied for my landed immigrant papers; I also applied for my daughter's papers to come to Canada, so she could join me. After I had applied, it took one year for the papers to be processed. In July 1996 I went to Jamaica to visit my family for two weeks, and I was excited to see everyone. My daughter came back to Canada with me. At last, I was happy to have her with me, but it took some time for her to adjust. Six months later, she had adapted to the climate and country. She now goes to Aden Bowman Collegiate Institute, and she likes it a lot. As a result of my abilities as a mother, student and floral designer I was able to assume responsibilities as a parent.

Cheryl Clarke

Men!

Men are real Neanderthals toward women. In the first place, men are rude, obnoxious and disgusting. Men do become lazy; then women have to clean up after them. Also, when men get sick, they are big babies. Again, when men work long hours, they try to rule the world. To conclude, men in many ways act like egotistical, loafing and domineering cavemen.

Making Potato Clubs

Potato clubs is a German meal which consists only of potatoes, and it's only served at Christmas time or special occasions. First, twenty pounds of potatoes have to be peeled and divided into thirds. Next, a stock pot is filled with water and placed on the burner, and it is allowed to start boiling. After, the potatoes have been divided into thirds, one third is boiled. Then, the rest of the potatoes are grated with a grater. Next, the grated potato is placed into a cheese cloth, and is squeezed until all the liquid has been removed and has the consistency of powder. Then the boiled potatoes have to be mashed making sure there are no lumps; then the grated potatoes are mixed in. About now, two tablespoons of salt are added and mixed in. Now, the potato mush is formed into balls and they are lowered into the already boiling water. This is boiled for forty-five minutes. This meal takes approximately three to four hours to prepare from beginning to end. To conclude, this dish is served with a variety of different meats, but is best eaten with turkey drippings.

Cindy Prell

Troubles at Pow-wows

When I was just a tike, pow-wows didn't mean much to me, I guess I didn't realize just how much it had to offer me. Walking in circles amongst other peers while looking for chicks to go have some beers. I saw this one chick with the most beautiful eyes, I just couldn't help myself but to look at her thighs. She busted me looking and without hesitation, she replied "COME WITH ME MY FELLOW FIRST NATION"! I grasped her hand and continued to hug her, then I heard my Kokom's voice holler "HER DAD IS MY BROTHER"! I turned to her and said forget the tee-pee, 'cause from my Kokom's knowledge you're my auntie.

After Work

Work
good experience,
earn cash flow
just to go spend
money

Delightful Snack

Wiggly
Squishy, colourful
Squares, piles, splats
Tasty as can be,
Jello.

Daryl LaRiviere

Why

From the day that I met you
to the day that I die,
I will always love you
the question is why.

Why are we friends
when we could be much more,
cause the love from my heart
starts at the core.

Just in case you wonder
it will never go away,
but some day it will show
like a beautiful sun ray.

If our sunlight never shows
I'll most likely cry,
but please just don't leave me
wondering why.

Night

Now owls come out of their slumber,
Inside the elders rest their weary bones,
Great sites of space appear out of thin air,
Howling at the moon, what do you think it is,
The night workers wishing for sunlight.

Daryl LaRiviere

Sweet Dreams

A cool, night's breeze blew in through the torn and tattered rag that was once a curtain. As I lay handcuffed to the post of the makeshift bed, contemplating how I was going to get myself out of this mess, I found myself in.

I chanced to look into the far corner of the wall. I could not turn my head completely to see exactly what was there, but I did see something move. It was slight, but it did move and my heart began beating faster.

Something ----God!. Something did move; I was sure of it now, but what? I could not see. If only that damn sun would come out, everything would be brighter and safer, but that does not help me now, wishing I mean. The more I strained my eyes to focus, the more it hurt. I began to pull my hands harder and as I did this, the warmth of my blood ran down the length of my arm. The pain, what pain----it paled, compared to pain of not knowing what was in the room with me.

If I'm going to die, do it now. I can't stand this ache that fills my whole being. Wait!...It's moving again closer----closer. I can almost feel it's breath----closer, moving ever so slowly----slowly. I close my eyes tightly, not wanting to see the horrid thing that is coming towards me. As cold, cold fingers touch my left shoulder, I let out a gut wrenching scream; a scream that beg for death. Finally, I could see it!.....

"Wake up! Wake up! What's the matter, dear?" my husband's soothing voice says as he gently wakes me up. It was only a dream, but what a sweet dream!

Doreen Makokis

The Earth's Prayer

I am one with mother earth, the great womb of all birth.
I can see through the eye's of the great eagle flying high in the skies.
I can see the wolf run across the plain. Its wild hunt of victory and fun.
The moon is at full height luminous and glowing in the night sky.
The river goes where the earth's blood flows.
To the moon, my mother's womb, guard me with the light of night.
Let the energy and light pass through the body bright.

Emma Lee

My Graduation Speech

Good day my fellow students, instructors and staff. I will be addressing my experience, strengths and hopes. Finishing my grade 10 has been an interesting experience for me. When I first came to Kelsey I started with a goal in mind and accomplishing that goal feels great! Our instructors, Ian MacLeod, Bob Sand, Joe Hilbig, Joyce Hobday and Jan Cox have all motivated me to keep on trucking. Their patience, kindness, songs, dances, stories and sarcastic as well as good natured humour have always made the day interesting. Their individual teaching skills have taught me well. Joyce taught me where I could travel and what to expect when I get there. Jan taught me about my body and what to expect! Joe taught me sneaky ways around a computer and that a metre is about this much . . .



Ian not only taught communications and government, but also told "true" stories and jokes. One was, "What does a person do if they are a dyslectic, an insomniac, and an agnostic? A person sits up all night contemplating if there is such thing as a dog!" Bob not only taught science and math well, but I now know quite a few songs and some groovy dance steps! So, to all my instructors, I thank you very much. I also want to take this opportunity to thank my fellow classmates. Whether you know it or not you all inspired me and motivated me to continue grade 10. The most important strength I have gained is believing that no matter what I put my mind to, I can achieve anything. My hopes and future goals are to finish my grade 12, and then to achieve a business administration degree. In closing, what I would like to say is that you should enjoy what you are doing, have fun with it because that is half of the struggle.

Holly Saulteaux

My Critical Time in Life

My critical time in life was when I lost both my kidneys. During my eighth month of pregnancy, I started having complications. Changes in my vision, my breathing, my weight, vomiting and severe nose bleeds were the dangers I had perceived. Soon thereafter, I was put in the hospital and induced to have my baby a month early. I really didn't know how very serious kidney failure was at the time. Immediately, I started haemorrhaging; I lost so much blood that I was put in the intensive care unit. By this time, I was very sick; my mind was a total blank, I couldn't remember anything about being sick or even being in a hospital. That's how severe this sickness was. To conclude, losing my kidneys and having a hard time dealing with this disease was the most critical time in my life.

Being in the hospital for such a long time was unbearable. In the morning, my nurse would wake me up to take my temperature and blood pressure. Before noon, my food tray was brought to me, but before I could eat, my blood pressure was taken again. In the afternoon, I was put on dialysis. My blood was cleaned at least three times a week. In the evening, my food tray was brought to me again. My nurse would always record the amount of food I would eat, but during my stay at the hospital my weight decreased by twenty-five pounds because of my lack of eating and depression. At the end of the day, my depression was at its worst; I couldn't sleep and I was in turmoil because of the disease I had encountered.

Being depressed and lonely was not very fun. On the one hand, I remember sitting on the hospital bed wishing I was out there with my friends and family, enjoying the summer fun. On the other hand, I knew I

wasn't allowed to leave the hospital premises due to the critical condition I was in. Instead, I kept myself busy by watching television, reading books and just staring at the ceiling. Still, I was still very bored and lonely; I missed my whole life. Because of my loneliness, the nurses tried to keep me occupied by visiting me even though it really didn't help much. As you can see, I would still feel depressed, isolated and very lonely.

The procedures I had to go through in the hospital frightened me. For example, I would have a reaction to salt; salt was given to me because of the cramps I'd get during dialysis. My body would start shaking, and I would feel like fainting. Another example, my nurses couldn't use my arms for blood work because of the bruises the other nurses left behind doing blood tests; blood was taken from one of my feet. As a further example, I would hate it when the surgeon would come to my room and change the tubing that was inserted in my chest in order that a dirty tube wouldn't infect my body. Still another, my face and feet would swell up badly so that I would need a wheel chair to get around places, and sometimes during dialysis, I would get severe cramps because of the amount of fluid that was taken from my body. To conclude, getting hooked up for dialysis, changing an infected tube, checking my blood pressure and temperature were parts of the procedures that were most frightening for me.

Dialysis was a very scary but an important experience for me. One, my doctor told me that cleaning my blood was the only way to keep me alive. Another, watching my diet was important because eating certain foods could seriously harm me. Another one, I had to watch how much fluid I drank; drinking too much liquid was harmful for my heart and caused my face and feet to swell up. For example, my blood pressure had

to stay normal at all times to prevent me from getting sick. Because of the scary things I went through to stay healthy and alive, my experience would be with me forever.

I had to wait two long years for my kidney transplant and finally I got one. Consequently, I received a donation from a person who died in a car accident; I did not know the person's name because it was an unknown donor. Nevertheless, the kidney was very healthy even though the donor had a severe accident. I was grateful that the kidney that was offered to me. Consequently, I was picked out of the seven donees and the kidney matched my blood type. Finally, I started having high hopes for my future because of the transplant I needed and finally received to help keep me alive.

Having a kidney transplant brought my beautiful inner being out of me. First of all, I still have to watch my diet, but I'm allowed to eat almost anything. Second, I like to take walks and clean my house just to stay in fit and keep my blood pressure normal. Third, I'm with my children which makes me very grateful to be alive today. More specifically, I'm attending school at "Kelsey Institute" for my upgrading. Finally, being a transplant patient brought much happiness and hope to my life, and I wouldn't change that for all the money in the world.

Karen

My Children

Children are so cherished.
For those of us who know
I myself have seven.
With pride and joy for sure.

Everyday I wonder.
How my boys will be.
Only time will tell.
When they're all grown and free.

In my heart I know.
Their choices well in mind.
And decisions will be made.
Realizing now, they're well brought-up young men.

Children

Playing, running.
Laughing, crying, pouting.
Sharing, questioning, learning, following.
Kids.

Liz Halkett

Love
Cuddles, kisses.
Hugs, laughs, tears.
Friends, lovers, partners, confiders.
Promises.

HAIKU

Eagles flying high
Watching and guiding closely
In the clear blue sky

Here I Sit in class.
Half asleep and wondering.
What should I do next?

Liz Halkett

Graduation Speech

Hi Everyone! Students, Instructors, Councillors. Well here I am! I made it. And it feels great to finally be in front of all my cherished friends. All I can say is that it was a struggle to get where I am, but I have accomplished one of my goals and still have a few more to achieve. I say this in a positive manner because I have so many people to thank for helping me get where I am. First I'll thank my home room instructor, Bob, for all his time and patience in teaching the math skills that I still have to work on. I enjoyed his humorous jokes, especially in the morning because they cheered me up, even if my day had started off badly. Secondly there's Ian who has taught me poetry and communication skills which took time for me to understand, and I have to continue improving on to be successful in the 12 program. Thirdly there are instructors that I want to thank also. Donna, Jan, Joyce, Ron, and Roy because they all helped me when I first started in Kelsey. There is also Donna Philips who was the one person that I could talk to and who understood what I was going through and who lent me her shoulder when I needed one. She also gave me encouragement in believing in myself. I really appreciate it. There is also a special friend that has helped motivate me in getting ahead in my work. She said not to think that it's hard; once you get going on it, you'll be done. Thank you Holly! I know that I'll need that extra push now and then. And no, I didn't forget Joe! Joe was the greatest because he never got tired of helping me on the computer whenever I messed up. He always had time for everyone.

Then most of all, I can't leave out my children. They were the ones that made me realize the importance of education. There were times that

they brought their school work home and asked for help, and I wasn't able to help them. I didn't know how much knowledge that I had lost along the way. They urged me to go back to school, and this was a big step for me. And now they wake me up on time after I turn off the alarm clock. Ryan, my ten-year-old is usually the one to startle me awake and say, "Mom aren't you supposed to be up getting ready school?" Or, if I didn't go out and catch the bus the time I'm supposed to, Ricky, my twelve-year-old tells me to phone my school and let them know that I was going to be late. It's nice to know that my children see me as a student just like they are. It shows them that education is important, no matter how old you get. By the way I have seven boys; if anyone is wondering, their ages are 7, 10, 12, 15, 16, 18, 19. And I have no gray hair yet!

I have made a few contacts on my career goal already, and I'm applying as soon as possible so that when I'm finished the Adult 12 program. I'll have something to look forward to for the future, a goal that I've always thought about, and this is to become a NADAP worker. I'll be a Native Alcohol and Drug Addiction Program Graduate. The other career goal of mine is being a Youth Worker. So, if you have a dream, hang on to it and don't let go because dreams do come true, like mine did.

Liz Halkett

Curious

Four pairs of eyes watching me.
relentlessly watching me
as I sit here writing on this paper.
I want to yell "quit watching me."
but if I did they wouldn't understand a word of it.
you SEE they are curious
curious as kittens.

Children

endless playing
innocent and cute
forever learning new things
beautiful

High above the clouds
floating in an air balloon
you can see the world.

Lynn Dumont

Summer
bright, hot
scorching, eclipsing, loving
the rays of sunlight
Holidays.

Thinking to myself
one afternoon on a hill
watching birds fly by.

Lynn Dumont

A Normal Day for Me

I wake up ,
head to the bathroom:
Run the shower as
I look for my music box.
I always listen to
my music,
early in the morning.
I sing along
and probably annoy the neighbours
'cause I'm not very good.
There are no complaints yet.
I wonder . . .
What if they were to complain?
What would I do?
Probably sing louder or
sing with a toothbrush in my mouth.

Drying off-
well, you know-
I'd rather stay wet.
Getting dressed for the day
has its moments.
But nothing to go into
great detail about.
Taking the last final look
I smile and say,
"Have a good day.
See ya later!"

Moving
from room to room,
checking up on the kids.
Only to find that
they are still sleeping,
looking like angels.
I whisper, "Be good".
My sister and her boyfriend arrive.
I check the time.
I'm late,
and start running down the hall,
throwing over my shoulder,
"Call you later!"
The jog to the bus stop
makes my stomach hurt.

The bus ride
itself
makes me wish
that I was still at home asleep.
Everyone seems so grouchy
or you get those people
who live for mornings;
big, shiny, smiley faces.
They act like it's cheque day everyday.
I'm jealous.
I just can't muster together
that sort of energy.
(Gotta save my energy for the classroom)

Looking out of the dirty window,
so the person next to me won't
strike up a conversation.
I daydream about the future;
5, 10, and then 25 years from now.
The ride is long and boring
but I enjoy
my time alone.
Finally arriving at the school,
a clump of students
exit the bus and enter
an institute of higher learning.
I need a cup of coffee.
I have to shake off those
"Bus Butt Blues".

Sitting in the classroom
I get organized as best as I can,
listening and watching for dates due.
Wishing for a fire drill or something.
Glancing out the window.

I picture myself on a long walk
towards a grassy park.
(You know the kind -
the ones that don't attract other
people and their kids)
Hoping just to lie down,
look at the sky, a tree
and listen to nature.

My attention span needs some work.
The guy behind me wakes me up
with some off-the-wall remark.
What a donut!
He's alright: keeps me awake and
on my toes.

Lunch time - Call home

Back to class.
This math hurts my brain.
My head spins with thoughts of numbers.
Radical Profusions
go flying about the room,
confusing me more.
There are no windows.
No escape.
My mind is stuck.
My mouth,
however, is not.
I talk to my neighbour
about the good old days.
Stopping to listen for exam dates.
Class ends.

I try to find a ride home
but usually
I'm back on the bus,
dreading the impact of
my kids' energy.
(which is full blown
at this time of day).
They want me
to listen to their day.
No problem
while I make supper
and look at the clock.
Four more hours
until
sleep.

Nadine Candice Sapp

Remembrance Day

On November 12, 1993 a young boy left his home. His day had been filled with activity, and he set out, along with his brother and friends, on his final adventure for the day. This young innocent boy would see his last sleigh ride and walk the final few steps of his life. At mid-afternoon, he and his companions see an approaching speeding vehicle. Unsuspecting of the tragedy that lay ahead, in an act of concern, he sent his brother and friends to a near-by ditch. He went the other way in order to avoid the speeding vehicle. Fifteen minutes later, this precious child would enter into the arms of his Creator. Back on earth, the cries of his grandmother and mother could be heard throughout the night.

Every 4 seconds a child is either killed or seriously injured by a drunk driver. My son Peter James (P. J.) became a part of that statistic. The bell rang for him that day. You see, when a person decides to enter a vehicle under the influence of alcohol, the intention is clear. We live in an age where there is awareness of the affects of alcohol. There is no excuse. When a person drinks & drives, he/she intend to hurt others.

My message is clear; *drinking & driving* is equivalent to murder. Again, there is no excuse. Driving while intoxicated can be prevented, and substance abuse can be healed. With all that is in you, make use of our buses, taxis and our designated drivers.

Phyllis Bignell

Family Burden

I met a man in the woods
Who had no family ties
An enviable life, a transient
No one to tell him lies

I said to him "It must be nice
To have no family burden"
His eyes met mine, he drew a breath
As he began his sermon

"The wind does change its course
From obstructions in its path
I've accumulated nothing
And you have bonds that last

So if you think this life of mine
Is filled with calm and bliss
I am a lifelong prisoner
The sentence: loneliness
When this life cast upon me
Comes to its destination
I'll leave this world alone
And you, surrounded by your friends"

Robert Matsumoto

Thank You

For being to me a friend so dear.
Allowing me to cry many a tear.
For each and every smile you share.
Let me know that you really care.
For all of the kind words you've said.
Mean more to me than the books I've read.
For every hug and each friendly touch.
They really are appreciated much.
For each encouraging word you wrote.
They're in my heart like a musical note.
Every day I faithfully pray.
That I can such a friendship repay.

Sarah Sawkey

This poem is dedicated to Donna Smithson:

A Critical Time In My Life

The most critical time in my life started on June 28th,1990 when a fire broke out in the building where my family lived. As my sister and I rounded the corner, fire and smoke were pouring out of almost all upper floor balcony windows of the 17 suite apartment building. I could see smoke for what looked like miles in the sky. In front of the building hundreds of people gathered to watch the fire. I noticed police were trying to keep the crowd calm. On the road, firemen had pulled their hoses and ladders out, and they were trying to douse the fire and rescue the people who were trapped inside. On the sidewalk, people were screaming and crying, unsure of the fate of their family members. I saw others were holding their children, thankful they were safe. People were running to and fro. In short, the fire, people, police and firemen made this the scariest sight that I was to ever witness.

I had many relatives who lived in the building. First of all, I cornered a police officer and frantically asked about my family. My parents, sisters, my brother, nieces and nephews and three of my four children were in the apartment building. My four-year-old daughter was in Prince Albert with my aunt. He then told me it wasn't yet known if all were able to escape. Police were unsure; they wanted to know names, who lived where, and how many were in each family. I tried my best to answer his questions. Afterwards the hours following the onset of the fire were the longest, scariest hours I ever had to endure. Not knowing how all members of my family were was pure torture.

We were finally able to get some answers. Slowly, and with the help of the police and firemen, we were able to determine that my mother,

youngest sister and nephew were on their way to St. Paul's Hospital. I later learned that my parents, one nephew, my youngest sister and my oldest daughter had to jump two stories to escape the fire. My mother crushed her leg; my father broke his ankle; my nephew broke his arm; my sister hurt her back, but thankfully my daughter was unhurt. Then I found out my sisters and their families were safe. Next we were able to determine that my father and my oldest daughter were at a friend's house. By this time my brother and another sister were with me. In short, we were able to figure out where most of my family was.

Still, we were not able to find two of my children: my seven-year-old son, Christopher and my fifteen-month-old daughter Brittany. In the beginning I wouldn't think the worst. It did not occur to me that they were not safe. I thought for sure they were lost in the crowd, or that someone had taken them in. Because there were so many people on the street, it was a possibility. We searched for hours. By this time, I totally believed that nothing bad had happened to my children. Unfortunately, fate has a way of throwing your beliefs aside for its own. Finally the police told us to just wait at some friend's house 'till they contacted us.

My siblings and myself went to some friend's house to wait for the police. One thing I remember was there were a lot of people there. Another thing was we were sitting around and talking about where my children could possibly be. We were trying to convince ourselves that they were all right. I recall feelings of anger and utter frustration. The last thing I remember was the phone ringing and someone saying that the police were on their way over to my friend's house. At that instant I must have gone into a mental state that would not allow me to comprehend anything. From the point of the phone call 'till the next day, I don't

remember anything. I was later told that the police came over and told us that they had found the bodies of two children. My children. I apparently told them to give my condolences to the mother. Thus, the time spent waiting for the police at my friend's house was very emotional.

Needless to say, the time following this was the hardest time in my life. For instance, my children did not have to die. The fire was set by two people who were tried and convicted with Criminal Negligence causing Death. Apparently, they said that they had accidentally set the fire and failed to alert anyone, and therefore they were not guilty of actual arson. Whether it was set intentionally or not, will probably never be known to us. All they had to do was pull the fire alarm. Another example of why it was so hard was that because of their untimely deaths, my children were not given the chance to develop and have a life of their own. These children were to be missed greatly by everyone who knew them. Furthermore, because of the senseless way in which my children had to leave this world, the child I was carrying at the time, (I was seven months pregnant), was not able to have the opportunity to know his brother and sister. My surviving daughters would never see their brother and sister again. The loss of my children was not only my loss, but also for everyone else who knew and loved them. As you can see, because of the way they died, and the fact that it could have been prevented is what made it so hard to deal with.

My son, Christopher Ryan, died trying to save his sister, Brittany Kaye. My aunt, who was babysitting, took them on the balcony when she noticed there was a fire. After a short time, she realized she forgot about my nephew who was four-months-old, whom she was also babysitting, so she ran back in and, when she came back to the balcony, Chris and

Brittany were not there. At the same time she then turned to go get them, but there was an explosion. She had no choice but to stay on the balcony. A few weeks later it was determined that my little girl was found in the hallway, and my son was found a few feet behind her. Christopher went after his sister when she ran back inside; he had to give his life in order to try and save his little sister's life. As a result, the tragedies that happened that fateful day, the fire and losing my children, and the subsequent events, made this the most critical period in my life.

Verna Michel

Saskatchewan Winter Has Its Changes

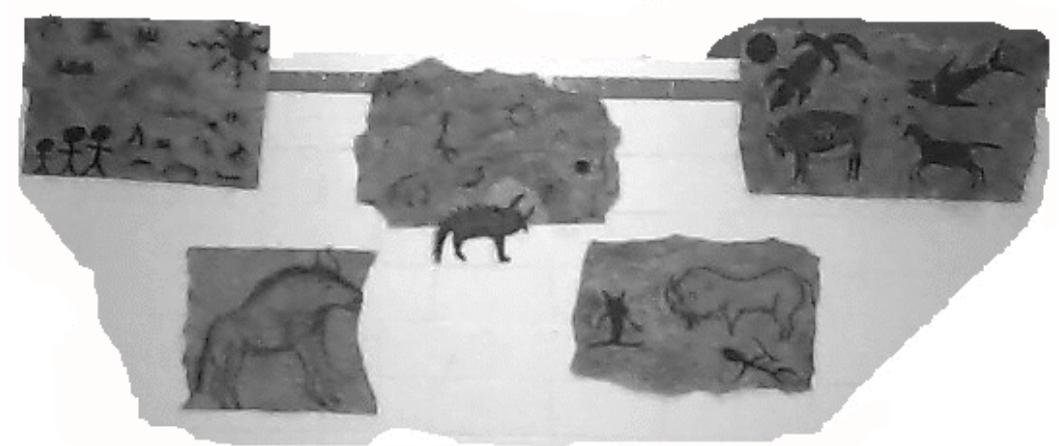
I find the winter in Saskatchewan to be harsh and brutal at times, yet lively and invigorating at other times. One example of the harsh winter is the cold wind that comes with it. Its icy bite to the cheeks is a reminder that - 40 Degrees Celsius is not the time to wear T-shirts and shorts outside. For instance, if I stand outside for longer than 10-15 minutes, it will give me a greater chance of getting frostbite on any exposed parts of my body. Another example of the brutality of this weather is the freezing up of my vehicle. The possibility of not being able to start my car is frustrating and costly if I do not have the funds to get my car going. For these reasons, I have a dislike for very cold weather.

On the other hand, though it is cold outside, it has not stopped my children's enthusiasm for the outside activities and the festive season the weather brings. One positive aspect of this Saskatchewan winter is the joy on my two sons' faces when they come home to tell me the outside activities they have done. My youngest son loves sledding; my oldest son enjoys ice-skating. Since they dress up warmly, I have no problem with letting them play outside. Another positive aspect is the anticipation on their faces as the Christmas tree goes up, and the excitement sparkles in their eyes as they hang their stockings up by the fireplace. The smell of Christmas turkey, the sounds of opening presents, and the cheeriness of the festive seasons are enough to lift my dreary feeling of this cold weather. Furthermore, it brings me a sense of unity with my family, and gratitude for the warm and comfortable home I live in. In conclusion, Saskatchewan winters not only have their challenges but also have their benefits as well.

Verna Quewezance



Shirley Disain
Jody Bignell
Barb Tolkien



Visual Arts 30 Class
Semester 4, 1997/1998

About the Authors and Artists

Amanda Semmler: (BE 10 SIAST Kelsey Campus) likes to draw in her spare time. She is pursuing a career in law enforcement after grade 12. She has 2 children age 11 and 9. She has lived in Saskatchewan all her life. She is not married but has a wonderful boyfriend.

Amin Nasr: I immigrated from Canada from Beirut, Lebanon with my family. I am interested in rap music and break dancing. After graduating from the BE 10 program, I enrolled in a fine arts course in Kelsey at SIAST.

Amy Bueckert: I was born in Paddockwood in the little Red Cross Hospital. A month and a half later I was moved to my family's home at Candle Lake. I lived there until I was fifteen, and went to the Candle Lake School. I went to high school in Paddockwood for one year, and boarded with a family there. Summer came, and I got a job with the Department of Natural Resources on the Hanson Lake road. I moved to Saskatoon in Fall. I met and married my husband. We had two boys, and adopted a little girl. My children are grown up, and I have three grandchildren. I am now enrolled in the BE 10 program at Kelsey.

Arnoldo David Rey: (BE 10 SIAST Kelsey Campus). Before returning to school I was a self-employed jack-of-all-trades, doing things like painting and decorating, refinishing hardwood floors, and painting murals. From age 15 to 24 I have seen most of Canada. I have worked at cooking, construction, demolition, glass/aluminum and painting/decorating. I was born in Rancagua Chile, a small city south of Santiago.

Bill M'Gough: Bill has been attending ABE for six months now. He hopes to graduate with honours and go onto university for a degree in electrical engineering.

Cheryl Clarke: Cheryl was born in Jamaica. She came to Canada in 1992 and is currently in the BE 10 Program. She will be graduating from the 10 program on June 12, 1998. She will be going to grade twelve in the next semester. After graduating from grade twelve, she would like to take a nursing course at the university.

Cindy Prell is a wife, mother and is currently a student at SIAST Kelsey Campus. I am very interested in getting my grade 12, so I can become a Teachers' Assistant. Coming back to Kelsey has enriched me to the fullest.

Daryl LaRiviere: I am a 21 year old native from Mistawasis, Saskatchewan. I took a poetry class in Saskatoon at Kelsey and had 4 out of 5 poems selected for the Visions booklet. It brought a smile across my face to have my work selected for this book. I guess a word of advice from me would be, "Hope is a good thing".

Doreen Makokis: Tansi. I am from the Saddle Lake First Nation, in Alberta. I am currently enrolled in the Adult 12 program. I will be entering the 4 yearr Social Work program that SIFC is offering. I found this program challenging, but enjoyable. Thanks guys.

Emma Lee: I am nineteen and loving it. Five years ago I moved from Regina to Saskatoon with my family. Out of the two cities I like Saskatoon the best; it's cleaner and the people seem friendly. As a child I always enjoyed reading, writing and art. To this day I still enjoy doing them all and probably always will. I have many poems, but this one is very dear to me. This prayer came to me on the plane going home from heart surgery. I don't know from where inside of me it came from, but it gave me hope then. Just as it still gives me hope today. I hope it will do the same for others.

Holly Saulteaux: I am originally from Carry The Kettle, Saskatchewan Reservation. I have just completed my BE 10 and I am entering the Adult 12 program. The only thing I can really tell you about myself is that I have many goals I am going to achieve. Completing the grade 10 program was one of them. There were others, and there are going to be many more. My beautiful mother always told me, "If you put your mind to any goal, you can achieve that goal." She also said, "Why put any negative energy out there; it is a waste of your time and other people's time." I think about what she said and I know now what she means. I would rather put the energy that I have to good use.

Karen Faithful: I am a student at Kelsey Institute, taking a program in BE 10. My favourite pastimes are drawing, reading, making friends and beading. The reason why I would like to complete my grade 10 and 12 is because I would like to be a counsellor and try to help people as much as possible. I will achieve my goals because I am a go-getter.

Liz Halkett, (SIAST Kelsey Campus, BE 10); I am currently taking my grade 10 and going on to grade 12. I enjoy coming to Kelsey because it shows my children that getting your education is very important, no matter how old you get to be in life.

Lynn Dumont: I'm 23 years old. I have an three-year-old daughter named Kayla. I have lived here in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan for about two years. I have just finished my 10 program and I'm now going on to the Adult 12. My future plans are to become a chartered accountant. I hope you enjoy my poems.

Nadine Candice Sapp is a mother of four beautiful children. She is currently enrolled in Adult 12 at SIAST, Kelsey Campus. After graduating she intends to enroll in business school. She is interested in a career in advertising. Nadine loves reading, writing and drawing.

Phyllis Bignell: I'm a student at SIAST Kelsey Campus in Saskatoon. I've lived most of my life in Saskatoon. I'm originally from a small Metis community called Cumberland House. I've been married for 6 years. I have 4 children; their ages range from 13 years to 20 months. I have 2 brothers and 5 sisters. I'm currently in BE upgrading for Grade 10. The reason why I share this tragedy in my life is to try and prevent this from happening to you.

Robert Matsumoto: born in Los Angeles California December 23, 1958. Served in the U.S. Armed Forces (U.S. Army 76-79) Honorable Discharge, Army Commendation Medal. Mother was a Native Cree of the Sweetgrass Reserve. Now attends Kelsey's Institute SIAST. He has been a wanderer all of his life.

Sarah Sawkey: I was born on March 8/53 in Rosthern Sask. I have ten sisters, three brothers and parents that loved me and taught me many important values. I spent most of my young life in hospitals or at home sick. Due to health reasons I had to quit school. I finally got brave enough, so here I am at Kelsey in BE 10 and am enjoying it immensely. The teachers and staff are "the salt of the earth" and a good reason for getting up for each morning. Donna Smithson was my inspiration for this poem. Thank you! I might not be blessed rich but I am richly blessed to have such wonderful friends.

Verna Michel: BE-10 SIAST. 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 hope to graduate in June of 1998.

Verna Quewezance: I am a single mother of two boys. I was born in Regina on Sept. 11, 1971. I'm currently attending SIAST ABE 10, and will be entering the 12 program very soon. My goals are finishing the program and attending a university for Horticulture. My hobbies are gardening, travelling, and spending time with my boys.