

The **BLUE** & **White**

In This Issue

Christmas Stuff

Poetry

Opinions Aplenty

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Merry Christmas!



Confessions of the Concordia Shopaholic

The Concordia Shopaholic

Catalogue shopping appears to be the new way to shop. You can sit around in your PJ's, flip through the catalogue, place your order with the friendly person on the other end of a phone line, and then the purchase is delivered right to your door. You don't even have to leave the house.

Never one to pass up a shopping opportunity, I got my hands on a Neiman Marcus Christmas catalogue, and found all kinds of fabulous gifts that cost more money than medical school for those hard-to-buy-for people on my Christmas list. Here are some of my personal favourites.

Mom and Dad are always nagging you to help around the house? Get them **His and Her Multifunctional Robots**. These are life-sized robots with on-board computers for user friendly interaction. You can program them to take care of all those boring household duties. It's just \$400,000 US for the pair. Do you think I can program them to do all my reading for me?



Want to spruce up the yard a little? Get some **Environmental Art**. Created, designed and installed by agricultural artist Stan Herd, you get a ½ acre piece of custom art work at a location of your choice. It includes a video tape of the entire process to show your friends. Art work starts at \$160,000 US. Makes me wish I didn't live in an apartment.

Like to travel? How about a five piece set of **Louis Vuitton Luggage**. This is a full traveling set (just like Posh Spice has) in black monogrammed multicolour canvas. It's designed for the discriminating traveler and is a bargain at only \$50,000 US. With this set of luggage I could take everything I own with me when I travel!



And my personal favourite... a **Bombardier Learjet**. That's right—you can purchase a Canadian-made jet for that someone special in your life. With four models to choose from, how can you pass these up? They range from the Learjet 40, a seven passenger beauty with a range of 1,803 nautical miles (\$7,737,000 US) to the classic Learjet 60 with space for eight and a range of 2,496 nautical miles (\$12,743,000 US). I wonder if it comes with a cute pilot? I think I need a bigger student loan!

Little Devils

Debi Lemoine

Sister Mary Joan peered questioningly at the piece of chalk in her hand. “Goodness, girls, what is wrong with the chalk?” she queried, looking first at the chalk and then at the wordless blackboard.

As all “good” girls of this renowned English convent did, we tried our hand at the usual schoolgirl pranks, and Sister Mary Joan had born the brunt of our trickery before.

It was hard to contain the suppressed snickering that welled up from behind our hand-covered mouths. She

realised by the give away giggles from the “naughty girls,” as she so endearingly called us when we misbehaved, that she had yet again been the victim of another practical joke.

The chalk was not the problem. The problem was the invisible film of cleaning wax which some of us, who had yielded to temptation, had smeared over the blackboard.

The joke was on us when she tracked down the culprits who promptly had to clean up their misdeed. But, it was worth it!

The Cut-Short Life of Baby Bat

Joseph Tong

Once upon a time, there was a girl bat and a boy bat. They met and fell in love and after a while, Baby Bat was born. Baby Bat decided he would move and live in the Founders Hall at Concordia College. He usually came out at night and even though most of the guys from the dorm had seen him, they somewhat lived in harmony. One day, Baby Bat decided he’d change his daily routine and go to the cafeteria and say hi to the staff and students. He started off by doing a few impres-

sive acrobatic stunts over the heads of the patrons. A lot of people were amused by it. I was there myself and frankly, I was quite impressed. However, since Baby Bat’s performance created some disturbances and chaos in the cafeteria, some people tried to lure him into a cardboard box and some tried to call security and get them to come and show him the way out. However, most people quite enjoyed this little surprise event from the cute, tiny Baby Bat. All of a sudden, when Baby Bat was

flying cheerily around, he heard a huge whack and got hit by a solid blue plastic tray. The pain from his broken wing left him unconscious and he fell on to the ground. The next thing he knew, he was being dragged along on the floor by the said tray and was thrown into the garbage. He screamed as hard as he could, but all the people heard were tiny squeaks. Mama and Papa Bat never saw Baby Bat again. Good bye Baby Bat. May you rest in peace.

Scarlet *Mele*

Dress him in scarlet
Scarlet like the blood that comes over us now
There’s a scepter from the earth –
It lives in the Rain
The garden’s crown is dark

Remove the jagged piece in my heart
(There are many thick layers)
Remind me that I am more than blood
(is there more than blood)

Word for Word *Mele*

I crawled into spaces too small
and broke the walls;
because I would not cry for them,
they wept for me silently
and I pretended not to
understand the grey drops of water
falling on my skin.

There we learned to grow words,
plucking all velvet petals but the cry.
As we each sat
waiting impatiently for our turn,
we studied patterns in the soil
and traced them with swollen fingers.
Forgetting all of gentleness,
I left and cut down the underbrush
with scythes named by time and fear.
Having remembered my losses through their whispers,
I bitterly prepared to say good bye again...
But when the word was at last ready for me,
I was no longer the person who had grown it
And we, unable to relate, lost faith in each other
and inhaled the poison
that had been carefully prepared by the waiting group,
in case of such a harvest

Gifts

Zach pitched hay down from the loft and nearly pitched off the edge himself.

Rebecca froze while he teetered, then as he righted himself she giggled, presumably at the face he pulled while trying to balance. He felt himself flush scarlet, then turn an even deeper shade as he realized he was blushing. She was young and sometimes silly, but still a pretty girl with a good heart. He wanted her to think well of him.

She covered her mouth with a hand and gathered some poise. Zach took a minute to try and regain his own composure.

"Father says to finish up in here then come to the house. Supper has started and we're very busy." She leaned on the doorframe and regarded him steadily.

"As you wish." Zach nodded to her and forked another load of hay to send tumbling to the ground below. She gifted him with a smile and flounced off, leaving the heavy door wedged partway open.

Zach quickly finished tossing hay and jumped down to the pile he'd made. His employer, Jeremiah, was a fair man and usually didn't call Zach inside to help, especially when he'd already put in a hard day's work. They must be truly busy if he was calling for him to serve food after he'd been sweating in the barn.

Zach spread the fresh straw on the floor and into the stalls he'd mucked out earlier. A cool breeze

blew in from the partially opened door; it chilled Zach's exposed skin and set the cattle to lowing. He smiled at the large-eyed milch cows and paused to give them some extra grain. That of course set the sheep to crying and woke the ornery old ox, and it was longer than he'd liked before he was able to leave the stable for the crisp night air. He shut the door firmly and paused to take in the view. The town below him was lit in the darkness, an unusual waste of light for this time of year, but with travelers pouring in all the guest houses were full; even extra rooms in private homes were probably all rented out.

"Zacharius!" It was Jeremiah calling him from the step of the main house. "I was just coming to look for you. Come, boy, wash up; we need help inside."

Zach walked over, shivering, suddenly glad to go in, glad to have a bed in the warm kitchen. The winter had been harsh, and looked to be harsher still.

"Excuse me, Innkeeper," a voice called, startling the men as they turned to go in. "Do you have any room? My wife and I have traveled such a long way..."

Zach could see the man now. Walking slowly and leading a donkey, he stepped out of the darkness and into the warm glow of light radiating from the open doorway. On the donkey Zach could see an exhausted-looking

woman, wrapped up against the cold. The blanket around her shoulders did not hide her rounded belly.

"We've tried everywhere else in town; we have to stop for the night." The man was intense, but neither his posture nor tone was pleading. There was concern in his voice as he gently stroked the donkey's nose and looked up at the young woman. She was not much older than Rebecca.

"I'm sorry, we have no room left." Jeremiah turned to let Zach through the door. Zach could see the calculating gleam in the older man's eye. Jeremiah did not like to lose business. As he hurried down the hall he heard the innkeeper offering them the barn to sleep in. He was suddenly glad of the extra straw he'd put down.

Later that night as he threw the slop-water out he saw the dim glow of an oil lamp through the cracks in the stable walls. He glanced up and his breath stopped, stolen by the clearness of the night sky, the way the cold allowed a thousand twinkling lights to burn down out of the darkness. The brilliance was like nothing he'd ever seen before, as if every star was shining just for his town, just for Bethlehem. For a brief moment, before Jeremiah's wife shouted to him and broke the spell, Zach thought he could hear the stars singing.

Zil Yarrum

Larne's Life

Debi Lemoine

This is the way she was,
Loch Larne,
Prolifically teemed with fish and vegeta-
tion,
The air about her sweet,
Wildlife so abundant,
Bushes and willows brilliant with
wonder and colour,
Friendly fishermen dotted her boarders.

The skies and trees were full.
No one comes to see her anymore,
The way she is now.
Larne lies suffering,
Raped by filthy garbage,
Her wound incurable,
Squalid smelling,
Willows weep,
Skies and trees now barren.
A hush of
Death
Fills the air.

LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES

Merry Christmas!

The Unsung Sports: Curling and Swimming

Brandy Robinson

Curling

Concordia's curling season is well under way. The Concordia curlers completed stage one of the provincial qualifying rounds in Lac La Biche on November 26-28.

The men's team has shown promise with their performance at the stage one qualifying round. The men finished in fourth place, which keeps them in the running for a spot at provincials. Curling at the college level has two provincial qualifying rounds, one in the fall and one in the winter. The accumulated points from both competitions determine the top four teams that will be competing at provincials.

Coach Larry Petryk comes from a historical line of elite curlers; national and provincial champions dominate his family tree. This is Petryk's second year coaching at Concordia. His coaching strategy entails a focus on two fundamental aspects of curling. The first is "calling the game," being able to read the rocks and anticipate which technique is best to get the job done. The second aspect is "shot making," learning proper techniques. Petryk maintains that learning game fundamentals is the key to success; once the ground work is laid, then perfection can be strived for. Petryk has taken the initiative in developing our players through exposure to great competition. Concordia plays in the college division of Edmonton's Super League, Edmonton's most elite curling league.

The ladies' team had brilliant beginning and a rocky finish at the stage one qualifiers. The ladies' team is comprised of three veterans and one rookie.

Both the male and female teams have

Upcoming Games:

Thunder Hockey

Jan 14 against Mt. Royal at 8:00 pm

Jan 22 against SAIT at 8:00 pm

Thunder Basketball

Jan 7 against King's at 6:30 and 8:30 pm

Jan 8 at King's at 5:00 and 7:00

Jan 22 against Lakeland at 6:30 and 8:30

a generalized camaraderie amongst team members, which creates a great learning environment. At this point in the season Coach Petryk is satisfied with our team's results.

Swimming

The Concordia Swim team began their 2004 practice season in late September. Recently Concordia had time trials at the NAIT aquatic facility. Concordia showed that they are definitely a major competitor among the other teams.

Concordia's swim team has 8 swimmers, a mix of men and women, ranging from seasoned winter club vets to summer club swimmers and recreation swimmers.

Coach Jeff Riddle has been coaching both Concordia and NAIT swim teams for twelve years. Riddle understands the vast array of swimming ability and holds to the philosophy of fun and technical stroke improvement.

Concordia has had a history of small teams packed with big talent. Concordia has housed the ACAC athlete of the year, Linda Marshall, now the Griffins coach, as well as brought home a silver medal. This year Riddle sees quality talented swimmers, and is excited that Concordia has enough swimmers for a female and mixed relay team. Both teams have a shot at bringing home a medal.

The Thunder swim team is very supportive of each other in their individual efforts to succeed. Although swimming is in essence an individual sport, a team atmosphere is maintained between NAIT and Concordia as a result of Coach Riddle's philosophy of fun and enjoyment.

Thunder Badminton

Jan 22 and 23 at NAIT (Interlock #3)

Thunder Swimming

Jan 22 at NAIT

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Munchies for Those Christmas Parties

The holiday season either means banquet type get-togethers or potluck/hors d'oeuvres type parties. So for this issue I decided to supply a variety of "munchies" that can be impressive to the host.

Mexican Dip: Eaten with chips or crackers. Beat together a small container of sour cream (250 mL or 1 cup) with 1 "brick" of cream cheese. Spread this mixture out on a pie plate (the thickness of these layers is up to you). On top of this base add 1 mashed avocado, chopped green chives (skinny onion), chopped tomatoes and salsa. When you are ready to serve this, add grated cheese and then dig in.

Fillers: These hors oeuvres are not really to fill you up; they go inside either pita pockets or small shell cups (mouth size) that you can buy at any grocery store. You can either use hard boiled eggs or salmon/tuna. To hard-boil an egg, put the eggs in water and bring them to a boil. Let them cook for 10-15 minutes and then drain the water and run cold water over the eggs to cool them. Mash either the hard boiled eggs or a can of fish in a dish. Add a couple scoops of mayonnaise until it is moist (sticky enough to be able to be formed). Sprinkle on some salt and pepper and then scoop the mix into either the shells or the small pita pockets.

Spinach Dip: This is great if you buy one of those round French loafs and cut out the inside to make a bowl, then fill the bowl with this dip to serve. Mix together 1 block of cream cheese, 2 large handfuls of shredded cheese, 1 defrosted block of chopped spinach, 1 medium chopped tomato, and 1 small chopped onion.

Puffed Wheat Squares: Melt/mix over low heat 1 cup margarine, 4 tablespoons (4 big spoons) of corn syrup, and 6 mars bars all cut up into chunks. Add about 2 cups of puffed wheat squares and firmly press into a dish/square pan. Let cool on the kitchen counter for 20 minutes or so, if you can wait that long.

Potato Skins: Bake Russell potatoes in the oven at 350 degrees or until a fork easily sinks into them. Cut them (the long way) either into halves or quarters and scoop out the potato on the inside until it is about 1 cm thick. Line them on a baking tray and lightly butter them. Sprinkle shredded cheese, bacon bits, and chopped chives on top and bake in the oven until the cheese is melted. Serve with sour cream.

Punch: Punch goes great with all appetizers. Take 1 liter of raspberry juice, 2 liters of orange juice, and 2 liters of ginger ale, and pour it all together. To dress it up a little add assorted unsweetened frozen berries.

Merry Christmas and Bon Appetite!

THESE TWO HANDS

Marcus DenBoer

a calloused hand, scarred by time,
 extensions of a young man in his prime.
 the mind wanders where his feet cannot go,
 and asks questions that he doesn't know.
 do you want to be in a world your mind creates
 or live in reality among all this hate.
 does that child know love as we now do
 can a family know comfort like me and you
 with this hand will you reach out to help
 do you know the emotions that are felt
 when all that's had has been lost
 everything that's cherished is tossed.
 the value of time and the honour of things
 so far removed from what they bring.
 time is a line from past to future
 the honour of things is a hook with a lure
 values remembered, values forgotten
 value this life and the love it has begotten
 look at you hands, calloused or smooth
 what can these two hands do.

THOUGHTS OF A MODERN MAN LYING AWAKE AT NIGHT

Marcus DenBoer

if i could be who they wanted
 if i could be a man undaunted
 if i could be somebody, anybody
 who would i choose
 if there was no one else to be
 and i'm stuck with myself
 would that be good enough
 if i don't like what i see every time i look in a mirror
 if i don't like what i hear every time i use my voice
 what could i do to change me
 or do i need to change you
 do i need to build a fence and then a wall
 do i need to hold on, will i fall
 if i hide behind this charade that's made
 will it last forever or will it fade
 will this fake shell of security break apart
 as soon as a crack starts
 if i could be what they wanted
 if i could be a man undaunted
 if i could choose to be anybody
 if only i could be somebody

LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES - LINEXLINES

Merry Christmas!



Greg van
Middlekoop

Introducing: Your VP External

Hey Concordia! I am a 4th year student taking a Bachelor of Arts degree with a Sociology major and a Religion minor. You might wonder what in the heck I do all day in my office.... I am VP External and I plan all those fun events that are off campus. So far this semester I have planned a trip to the Atlantic Trap and Gill, Jubilations Dinner Theatre, Oktoberfest, Christmas Formal, 2 football games, Red's Bowling and, still to come, a pub crawl on the 17th of December.

Not only do I plan all those things, but I am a part of the graduation committee, and am in charge

of athletics. I usually spend most my time here at Concordia doing homework, hanging out, or planning fun events for you! When I'm not at school I enjoy following sports and indulging in all-you-can-eat buffets.

If you are looking for information on anything to do outside of school, come see me. I also have a lot of free stuff for students such as: VIP nightclub passes, gift certificates, and much more promotional materials. If you have any suggestions for events or if you just want to come by and talk sports, my door is always open (if it's not leave a message).

Failure

Squirrel

Don't be afraid to fail. It isn't the end of the world if you do; failure is a natural thing that occurs to all creatures. Many hunts a predator engages in end in failure; after too many failures, death results. But death is no longer a direct result of failure for us. So why fear failure?

Some people fear failing so much that they never try things or never venture out to do the things they want to do. Other people feel the same fear but find the courage to go out. They go on despite a failure or two and keep trying. We are unkind about failure in others; often instead of seeing a person we see only their shortcomings. We are more likely to tell someone they are wrong than to make any attempt to compliment them or encourage them to keep trying.

My sister has felt the sting of self-doubt brought on by people telling her she was stupid. She is dyslexic

and has always had trouble with words and numbers. Her teachers called her stupid right to her face; they didn't even try to help her. She was determined despite constant setbacks and, with help of many tutors, got through high school and into college.

She still struggles with the work that comes easily for so many others. It's a constant battle to pass her math-related classes. She may have failed a class or two, but she hasn't truly failed. She keeps trying her best to make her dream come true. I try to help by encouraging her to keep going. I have never seen her as a failure; in many ways, she is a smarter person than I am.

So don't get down if things do not turn out the way you want. Use your failures to learn, to evaluate what you want. Don't make failures the sum of who you are. The failing allows us to see the successes, as small as they may sometimes be.

To Those I Hold Dear in My Heart

Alyson Bosch

The road is sometimes rocky,
The light just seems to dim.
We struggle with obstacles,
We can not seem to face.
We get a little testy,
We get a little scared.
We don't know what will happen
And we don't really care.
Then God sends us someone,
Who is there to hold our hand.
They're there to walk beside us,
All the way to the end.
They come when they are needed

And not a moment to late.
They come with the power
To turn it love from hate.
They wrap their arms around us,
And help us see it through.
They care for us,
Share with us,
Are always through and through.
To all my human angels,
I thank you once again.
For the love that you've bestowed
On me your friend.

Beautiful Snow

Beautiful, simply beautiful.

The snow, of course.

I must have looked silly standing there in my long coat, with my hood up. Nothing but black, of course, with soft rabbit fur lining the hood. I just stood there fascinated by the swirling of the snow.

Cold? Yes, but such distractions were not to be tended to. My body made an interesting penumbrae on the snow. I smiled pleasantly to myself; how could anybody surpass such wonders? The crispy twinkle when you take a step, the rolling print of your life essence on the cold crisp air. Not to mention each falling speck, a miraculously fragile, yet beautiful art in the puzzle of this wonderland. How could that one little speck contribute to so much? But it does, and it doesn't stop to ask for directions, nor stop and ponder its purpose; it just glides. Glides into the unknown with its own characteristics of guidance. Contributes to a puzzle so great and complex, it will never fully see it over its whole existence. Odd how it seems so much like us. Well, not quite.

Unfortunately, the beautiful white blanket is sicklied over with the poisoning hue of brown. Monstrous machines dirty it with their boisterous intrusion. Busy, determined souls leave their day's trek on the blanket's shoulders. Some rip it from their home and cause it to become an inconvenience on their personal floor. Not to mention the day the sun comes to claim the end of existence. The most priceless crystals fight 'till their death, but do they give up? Not a chance; they are expected to march again, and weave their miraculous

design.

I wish we were more like that.

My toes were tingling now, cheeks rosy, and nose all stuffy. It was the simple feeling of living.

Why do we give up? If I had given up, I would never have met him (the big guy up there); after all, I have had many reasons to give up. But I can't let myself down, oh no! I need to show someone me, and by this I mean my love. I want to show someone that I have lost everything, but continue to find more to give. I am a fixer, a creator. I want to offer my heart. It may be cracked a little, and worn, but I mended it well. Like that speck, it keeps on going, it doesn't give up! If my heart breaks again, it will be back to march once more with a few more bandages, and it will have a lot more strength. However, it will never give up.

If I could bring a smile, a laugh, a good day, and even warmth or a hug to someone, I would be fulfilling a purpose. I would even be fulfilling a dream. I dream to be a lover of all, but I am not perfect. Like my winter blanket, I am fragile and submit defeat. I am only human and have my judgement, as well as criticism. I get dirty and intruded on by society's boisterous raucous.

I am a snowflake, a speck.

Beautiful in my own way, surpassed by many as just a natural thing, just a girl, just snow. But if you look closely in that big blanket, you may just find me contributing to a big puzzle.

I am here, beating on with a smile on my soul.

Hopefully someday someone will notice me, like I notice the snowflakes.

Hilary Dewar

Peace on Earth, Peace from Work

"Peace on earth and goodwill to all" may be something of the past, but it doesn't have to be. Many students have part-time jobs, especially over the Christmas break. Although the majority of workers across Canada will get some time off during the Christmas season, students may actually increase their hours because they do not have classes. How many students will use the holidays as a time for peace?

The busyness of the season can become overwhelming as we make our way through overcrowded shopping malls, attend seemingly endless Christmas parties, and make preparations for the big day. What should be a time for rest and relaxation tends to turn into a period of added stress. Try to

take the time to think about how you can replenish yourself before returning to your routine in January. Consider both the physical and the spiritual.

Spiritually you can find peace by emotionally and mentally "letting go" of stress and bad feelings you may have experienced at work and at school. Reflect on the past year, cherish the accomplishments made, and forgive yourself for any areas where you feel that you have not succeeded. Let Christmas be a time of welcoming peace into your life. Make the New Year a time for fresh goals and reconciliation.

For physical peace, be sure to schedule time to rest, even if you are working for more hours than usual.

There is no need to be running around

frantically during the holidays. Be honest with your friends and family; explain that you may not get their gifts to them before Christmas Day, or simplify your gift giving by creating gift certificates with the promise of a coffee out, a home-made dinner, or an evening of free baby-sitting. Take time to do things which don't require a lot of physical exertion and thinking, such as catching a movie or watching TV, sleeping in or doing something else that is relaxing without feeling guilty.

Nothing feels better at the end of the holiday season than returning to campus and to work refreshed and renewed with a hopeful outlook for the coming year.

*Yovella
Student Volunteer
Assistant
Concordia Career
Services*

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Merry Christmas!

“Rock for Life” Sucks

Kathleen Dane

I see that Rock for Life is staging a demonstration of their disapproval of a woman’s right to choose. I am so glad that a group who enjoys the freedom to express their opinion would use it to condemn GOOD people making HARD choices. The bottom line is that in this country, abortion is legal.

Canadian society as a whole has decided that we have no business in what a woman chooses to do with her body. The right for a woman to choose was a hard won battle. I don’t believe that abortion is a good choice, and certainly it should not be used as a form of birth control, but seeking an abortion is asking for a second chance. If a woman decides that she does not want to have her baby, then she should not be ridiculed or tormented. For those who feel the need to stick their noses in other women’s uteruses, please keep your opinions to yourself.

First of all, the decision to have an abortion is deeply personal and not arrived at lightly. I have never heard of anyone who was overjoyed at the prospect of having an abortion. It is NOT easy; it is a DIFFICULT choice, made doubly hard by idealists who think they should dictate how other people should live their lives.

Secondly, no one is perfect; mistakes happen. Who said that to err is human? We are fallible, we make mistakes, and we have regrets. But we also have options. While some people may not approve of those options, our government does.

In an ideal world every child would be wanted and planned, but that is not how things always shake out. Anti-abortionists fail to appreciate the cost of having a child under less than ideal circumstances. Your whole world is turned upside down. I know, because I had my baby, and nothing has been the same since. I would not begrudge a

sister who chooses not to become a parent, as it is a lifetime commitment. Having a child changes EVERYTHING. Parenting is not something to take lightly, and for those who feel they are not up to the task, I understand their fear. An unexpected pregnancy will blow you out of the water. It is a terrifying journey into the unknown, and everything changes: your body, your priorities, your relationships. It is a huge responsibility. Is Rock for Life going to be there at 3 am when the baby won’t stop crying? Will they pitch in for diapers, daycare and all the other highs and lows of childrearing? It is naive to say that a woman can have her baby today and everything will be okay tomorrow.

Lastly, WALK A MILE IN HER SHOES. Who is to say that in the same circumstances, you may not have made the same decision? You have no right to judge until your stick turns blue and you have to decide if you want to put your whole life on hold, relinquish your dreams and avail yourself of the whims of government funding and a lifetime of sacrifice. I am sure any pregnant woman seeking an abortion would gladly trade you places, because I bet she is not happy sitting in the clinic with the grief of her choice and protesters outside telling her what a horrible, evil person she is for exercising her right to choose. You don’t know the circumstances that brought her to that place, so how can you judge her?

I faced that choice myself, and I understand the anguish that a woman goes through when facing an unexpected pregnancy. For me, the right choice was to have my son, and as it turned out, getting pregnant was one of the best mistakes I ever made. But I cannot speak for everyone. I would not condemn those who chose not to continue their pregnancies.

Anti-abortion groups are far

too focused on imposing their ideals on other people’s lives, instead of finding solutions to social problems. There are more pro-active and positive ways to get involved without shoving rhetoric down the throats of everyone who you disapprove of. Instead of shaming people, find a way to empower them so that they may make better choices in the future. Judge not lest you yourself be judged.

I hope everyone who is considering attending this protest would find a more productive way of celebrating life. Volunteer at the Youth Shelter, collect for the food bank, or help out at the homeless shelter. If you feel strongly about abortion, maybe you should find a way to prevent un-wanted pregnancies, through promotion of birth control. Let’s not make a bad situation worse. I’m sure that the women at the clinic feel bad enough without your self-righteous opinions being shoved in their faces. There are far better ways to spend your time than adding to their misery. Get involved in a positive way. Rock for Life quotes Edmund Burke “The only thing necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing.” Well, if good men were doing nothing, then she wouldn’t be pregnant, and as to me, evil is the malicious intent do harm. These women are our sisters, mothers, cousins and friends; let’s not kick them when they are down.

Feed a Family, Forgive a Fine!

Feed Edmonton FOOD BANK

The Library would like to offer the students a unique opportunity to have **\$5** of their **Concordia Library Fines** forgiven.

Please bring in a non-perishable item to the Library from December 1-17th and we will forgive \$5 from your Concordia fines. (MAX. of 2 donations)

All items will go to the Edmonton Food Bank.

Please note that the \$5 will be removed from your Concordia fines only. Any fines from other institutions do not apply.

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THE CENTRE OF LEARNING

Crapical the Musical

I have a bachelor's degree in fine arts with a major in music and drama. I am currently attending Concordia, so I was looking forward to seeing Concordia's recent drama production, *Seussical the Musical*. Recently as a drama student I had presented a large-scale interactive Seuss world for children between the ages of 9 – 12 and was eagerly waiting to see the production, as I was certain I would not be disappointed.

However, my excitement took a bitter turn for the worse when I entered the auditorium and saw the set. It included red panels with little swirls on either side (yellow and blue), which was sad considering the ones we had created were better. At the back was a box with several brightly colored skateboard ramps connected to it.

The costumes were atrocious, making most of the cast look like whores instead of birds. If Concordia makes a point of performing family-orientated productions, then I would be careful with the costumes. Girls running around showing off their stomachs are not exactly the best role models for children. A quote from issue 4 of the *Blue & White* calls the costumes "vibrant and truly spectacular." Neon does not classify as vibrant and breasts popping out as truly spectacular.

The acting for the most part was disinterested and lacked energy. The choreography was far too simplistic and lacked energy. To make choreography look good and to pull it off is to have it synchronized. Did the elephant go for a run and forget to change? Yeah, in theatre you are supposed to use your imagination, but I think with ten years of experience a person might be able to use their body to portray the elephant.

I have a hard time believing that most of the cast was worked with individually to improve their vocal skills. They were hard to hear and the piano was so overbearing that many words were lost on the audience. If you cannot find a cast that has talent singing, don't do a musical. Maybe add some microphones instead of

having certain students wearing mikes and a kangaroo pulling a mike out of nowhere. In theatre I've learned projecting your voice. Maybe the acoustics are not that good in the auditorium, but you would be screwed then if you didn't have those expensive mikes. A director prepares for different stage settings.

I was wondering what the director was thinking. I could swear a student directed this play. As a director I would have been ashamed of a show such as this. Theatre should be meaningful and thought-provoking, even if it is a comedy.

Maybe you could change the price to accommodate students a lot more. Consider \$5 for Concordia students, \$8 for other students and then \$10 for adults. What is the budget for the drama department anyways? If it is over \$3000, I have to wonder if you spent all of your money paying the playwrights. Or how about the fancy headset the manager was wearing? What's the point! How about putting that money toward the costumes?

Was this play extra curricular or do the actors get credit for it? I think if the play was for credit the energy would have been higher from three quarters of the cast. Hey, putting on a show is a lot of work and they should be getting credit.

The *Blue & White* should have a couple critics preview the show and then put their two cents into the paper. Otherwise you receive a misinterpretation from a cast member quoting the play as a "must see." Have a preview night in full costume. I know time is tight with plays, but step up to the plate and be proud of your play. You should have nothing to be afraid of. Advertise a picture in the *Blue & White* in full costume. It gives a more professional look.

On a brighter note, the Mayor was very good and the girl playing the cat was absolutely spectacular.

John A.

"Did the elephant go for a run and forget to change?"

NOW AND FOREVER

Lindsay Desmarais

You look into space
And all I see are tears

The wet salt on your cheeks I can taste
Along with your desperation and fears
Your cry of help is so loud I can hear
It's often like looking in a mirror

I'm your friend, I'm your light
I'm your power and strength each fight
Once within your eyes

Twice within your heart

You and I will never be apart
I will leave you never
I am yours to keep, now and forever

I was once full of sorrow and pain
Filled with such anger I could not contain
My soul was filled with God's love
Born unto me by the Heavens above
Just like you my pain was real
Just like you I was able to feel
All the evil and darkness apparent on earth
And just like you will, I realized my worth.

You know things others don't
You see things others won't
I feel what you feel every single day
And I invite your life to come what may
For I know you can handle what comes
your way
You were made in my image and re-
sound in my soul
And you know in your heart, that's
where you'll stay

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Merry Christmas!

Bella's Beef Bucket

Bella
beefbucket@hotmail.com

First of all, I'd like to apologize for missing the last issue. I know many people missed my little beefs.

Now, to get to the goods. It's December, and we all know what that means...exams, and of course, Christmas. Many people are probably under the impression that I'm a Scrooge. Well, I'm not; I love Christmas as much as I love Easter. But there is a serious beef that I have at this time of year. It is supposed to be a holiday of family, and love, and celebrating Jesus' birthday, but it tends to be a time of pain and tragedy. A time when students are celebrating the end of a semester, and employees enjoying office parties. A time when the thrill of a party overshadows one's intelligence.

Now I'm not going to lecture everyone on drinking and driving, because we are all university students, and we ought to be smart enough to know the two do not go together. Rather I would like to challenge our VP External, Greg van Middelkoop, who was responsible for all of us at the Christmas Formal

last weekend. Now this is not an attack on Greg, but I always thought the CSA regarded their students' safety as a key factor when planning and holding an event. In the past, the CSA has helped ensure student's safety after the big 'get pretty and get drunk' bash by paying for people's cab rides home.

Where was the safety this year? Who took responsibility for the 200 people who drank and partied, then had to get home? I understand that people take care of themselves every time they go out on their own, but how would it have looked if a huge party held by the CSA had resulted in injury or death. I am glad it didn't, but perhaps this should have been considered in the planning.

As I said, this is not an attack on Greg or the CSA, just a question that is being asked by so many students who attended this year's Christmas Formal.

Merry Christmas and enjoy your holidays,

Bella
beefbucket@hotmail.com

Christmas Memories

A Grateful Soul

This year my family and I will be having a traditional Christmas. We will have a big decorated tree with our presents to each other hiding the base. We will all sleep at my sister's house, where we will open one present before going to bed. On Christmas Day, we will have a huge dinner with turkey and ham and as many pies that you can name. When I think about Christmas, I get so many good memories. The last few Christmases have been this way. However, these are not the best memories I have about this season.

While growing up, I lived in a low income family. There has even been a few times when Christmas wasn't celebrated. Many times, our gifts were from the dollar store. Times were defiantly tough. But it was during those times when we learned the true meaning of Christmas, and those are the memories I always will cherish.

One year, during junior high, we did not have a Christmas tree.

Our cupboards were bare, and it looked like we would not have any presents. At that time my school was having a Christmas concert. All parents were asked to bring one item of food to give to the food bank. Although we could barely spare it, we knew that there could be families worse off than us, so our mom brought three cans of beans to give. It was a good concert. That Christmas eve, as we were writing Christmas cards to each other, we heard a knock on the door. The principal of the school stood there with three vans parked behind him. Inside these vans were half of the total donations received at the concert! On top of the food, the teachers had collected money to purchase us gifts, food certificates, a turkey for Christmas diner, and even a live Christmas tree! We were so happy that we all accepted the gifts with tears in our eyes.

Another year, in elementary school, the situation was the same: no food, no tree, no Christmas.

We were barely able to afford the rent of the house in the well-to-do neighbourhood. Two days before Christmas, our neighbours showed up with all the trimmings for a huge Christmas diner. They also had presents for us kids, after they had received our name from the Hicks on Six Christmas give away.

These are my favourite two memories of Christmas, where goodwill to man was shown in the caring hearts of our school and our neighbours. Now that we can afford to have Christmas we will never forget how hard this holiday is for others. We donate food and presents, and we also encourage others to bring food donations to the food bank, as well as participate in the Secret Santa programs for kids up to the age of 12, and the Hicks on Six Christmas for teens. Remember, 'tis the season to create memories for all those who are having a hard time in this season of giving.

Merry Christmas to all.

LIBRARY @ THE CENTRE OF LEARNING "ongoing" Booksale

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Check out the Library Booksale where you can find your next literary treasure! Look for the Booksale bookshelves located on the main floor of the Library.

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ATTENTION ALL GRAD STUDENTS! Are you considering studies at the Master's level for the 2005-06 academic year? If so, there are two fantastic scholarships being offered through the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council (SSHRC) and the Canadian Institutes for Health Research (CIHR). The Canada Graduate Scholarships (Master's Level) are valued at \$17,500 and are tenable at Canadian universities. Contact the Admissions and Financial Aid Office (G202) for details. Information is also available in Concordia's Calendar, and on the council's websites at: www.sshrc.ca or www.cihr.ca. Applications are being accepted at the Admissions and Financial Aid Office (G202) until January 14, 2005. Late applications will not be considered.

Sine Nomine Christmas Concert

Join Sine Nomine Choral Association when they present *Gloria: A Celebration of Christmas* on December 14th at 7:30 p.m. at the Edmonton Moravian Church (9540-83 Avenue). Dr. John Hooper directs the choir in this Christmas program, which celebrates the song of the angels at Christ's birth, "Gloria in excelsis Deo." The choice will be accompanied by pianist Kyung-a Lee.

The concert program includes Mass selections from Mozart, J. S. Bach, and Poulenc, as well as many other exciting works from composers including Alberta composer Allan Bevan. Sine Nomine has been a part of the Edmonton choral music community since 2000. The choir's name is Latin for "without a name" and is also the title of Vaughn William's popular hymn, more known as "From All the Saints."

Tickets for the concert are \$10 for adults or \$8 for students and seniors. Tickets are available at the door. Visit www.withoutaname.org for more information or to inquire about group and family rates.

CONCORDIA AWARDS APPLICATIONS will be available in the Admissions and Financial Aid Office (G202) on December 3rd. The deadline for submissions is January 14, 2005. Get your applications in early - late applications will not be considered.

The Travel Bug

The amazing blonde



This time last year – nearing Christmas time – I found myself lying on the beach in Cairns, Queensland Australia – the Tropical North. The wondrous thing about Australia is the weather; it seemed I had an endless tan, something we Canadians usually have to acquire either from a bottle, or tanning bed. As I relaxed on the beach, I would phone home during the middle of Canadian winter just before Christmas and say to my dear Dad, “Guess what I’m doing right now?” So, as I basked in the Australian sun, I thought how odd it was not to be experiencing a “white Christmas.” Last Christmas was my first away from my family. However, I had made some wonderful Australian friends in Darwin (who basically

adopted me), and we were meeting up in Cairns to enjoy a sunny, tropical Christmas and New Year. I don’t know how your family celebrates Christmas, but what I found rather interesting was that on Christmas day, everyone was up early, and had already started drinking punch. This was at 8:30 in the morning, and was much too early to be drinking Australian punch for me. Needless to say, apparently spending all of Christmas day being drunk is quite normal in Australia. Near Cairns, there is a town called Edmonton. As you can probably tell from the picture, I simply could not resist what I thought to be a Kodak moment. I suppose last Christmas I wasn’t really all that far away from home after all. ☺

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