

Cedar Sentinel

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The Old Normal

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Editor's Message

CASSANDRA
JOHN-
WHITTINGHAM

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Hello Kingsway,

Welcome to Cedar Sentinel 2020-2021. Due to the pandemic, there was a change of plans, hence this will be *The Old Normal* issue reflecting various personal narratives, poetry, and what's buzzing around at KC since March. I hope everyone enjoys this, for it is my last one as editor. I wish to introduce to you our new editor Iliana Araceli Columbie. She will be responsible for publishing your beautiful, creative pieces of writing.

Thank you and God bless,

Cassandra

ILIANA
COLUMBIE

ASSISTANT
EDITOR



Hi everyone!

My name is Iliana and I'm in Grade 12! As the Cedar Sentinel editor, your comments and suggestions are most welcome- so please feel free to contact us, and send any pieces you would like featured in the paper. I'm looking forward to reading all of your stories and different pieces of writing. I hope the Cedar Sentinel is something that can be part of your positive experience here at Kingsway!

Sincerely,

Iliana

CONTACTS

If you would like to submit anything in terms of articles, short stories, poems, photos, or artwork to the Cedar Sentinel, please send your work to cedarsentinel2021@gmail.com or ilianacolumbie@kingsway.college. We would be happy to receive your submissions.

Reach For The Sky

*I'd like to imagine
If I reach up towards that deep blue
Maybe, just maybe
I'll be able to touch it.*

*Weave my hands through the clouds,
Shape, form, create
One day that blue sky
will be mine.*

*How do you reach for something unat-
tainable?
No matter how hard I try
The sky will always be out of my hands.
So much for that old saying.*

*I did some research.
I found out an airplane or some
Sort of flying aircraft,
it would be the easiest way to get up there.*

*What am I supposed to do once I'm there?
Reach out?
For what?
The air?*

*Google only gets you so far.
The interlocked and tangled
Web was of no use.
Millions of answers, yet none of them
Tell me how to touch the sky.*

*Jump and hope for the best.
That's my plan.
Nothing foolproof, but it's all I've got.
Here goes everything.*

*Doors open up and a gush
Of wind hit my face.
Falling, falling, faster, and faster
Till...*

*Splash, a drop in the vast
Blue filled ocean.
Seems as though
I wasn't the only one looking up.*

*What now?
Stuck alone at sea.
I reached for the sky and
Fell face-first into the water instead.*

*Crying out for help,
My tears mix with the ocean water.
Nothing to dry my eyes with,
I lay there, soaked.*

*Nothing to do but to imitate
The ocean.
Staring back up at the sky
Reaching out my heavy hand weighed
down by the water.*

*My eyes closed I can almost imagine
touching
That deep, deep blue.
So much so that I do feel something,
something grabbing onto me.
Eyes open, I see another hand holding
onto mine.*

*"Hold on," I hear a voice say, "I'm going to
pull you up."
They began pulling me onto their boat.
Land. or at least, something that resem-
bles it.
I looked back into the vast ocean and
caught a glimpse
Of my own reflection.*

*I reached out to touch the water
And finally accomplished my goal.
I touched the Sky. ■*

Assumptions

? *Assumptions: they're the easiest to gather
Uninformed biases we place on another
Determining the history, background or fate of one
Based simply on their outfit or what neighborhood they come
from.*

*For some reason, we feel as though it is our place
To judge others on a trait as trivial as a race.
Both prejudice and discrimination
Have worked their way into our justice system
Those in authority, free to act on their premises
While innocent targets wait upon their jail sentences
When will we stop in our tracks, and stop protecting the guilty
Give ear to the silenced, rather than side with the majority
Bring justice to the oppressed, put an end to the fatalities
Ditch excuses and address the issue at hand -- police brutality
What reputes of political leaders does this present?
When questioned on their stance, responding with "no com-
ment"*

? *What comfort does this provide to those in fear for their lives?
Not knowing if the next victim is their child, husband or wife?
After all, these cases of bigotry aren't "revelations" or "discover-
ies"
This treatment of others has been seen throughout the centuries.
Jamar Clark, Freddie Gray, Eric Garner
Will action be taken, or will the list of lives get longer?
Equality is common knowledge, now it simply must be applied
placing prestige and dominance aside
Looking at crime as a crime, regardless of by whom it was com-
mitted
Drawing a firm, distinct line, between authority and privilege
Hearing both interpretations of the story
Understanding each side's statement.
Do remember at the scene of the crime,
Both the prosecutor and the defendant were present. ■*



Mamba Mentality

What's Buzzin' @ Kingsway:



What impact did the passing of the iconic basketball player, Kobe Bryant, have on you?

“ It was the first celebrity that truly affected my emotions because I’m not very emotional but this was the first time someone that I have never met that has died has affected me, it’s probably because I’m so interested in Basketball, so I watched a lot of basketball. When I first got into basketball I was in high school itself, and like a couple of other people, I was inspired by Kobe. He was one of the people I looked up to, and it’s really weird to have someone like that just suddenly not exist. So yeah, it affected me a lot more than I would have thought for a couple of days. For him it was more than basketball it was his mental impact, Kobe mentality is the mentality that I try to instill in students because that’s the mentality that will make you successful. If people bring in that Mamba Mentality into anything they’re trying to do they will go far. My desktop is a lion which is Kobe inspired, I’m trying to attack the day, be fierce in what I do and Kobe was the essence of that. For that reason, it was very tragic and especially since I moved here I’ve needed that attack mode. That didn’t die with him, his legacy that he left is going to go [live] on” - Mr.Kaytor

“ Kobe was just an influential basketball player in general. I’ve been studying him when I was younger, following his moves as I grew up, and even off the court he still impacting black lives. His passing is just a wake-up call for everyone to do what they gotta do, have that Mamba Mentality.”- Javon P

“ I remember when I was a child I watched him get drafted into the league and just to see him grow from like a 17 yr old kid from high school all the way to 20 years in the league. Just watching him go through adversity and everything and to win just those champions was all just inspirational.” - Mr. Brown

“ I didn’t want to believe it at first, I thought my friends were joking. I had to hop off my Fortnite, I had to reflect. His death really brought me closer to basketball. After that, I had to take 2 seconds and get my black 08 basketball and dribble it in his honour.” - Jychaun

“ I was sad, my first video game was Kobe Bryant’s NBA game. Growing up he was one of the best players in my generation. What hit me was that he’d already done so much but he completely pivoted to the point where he realized that it wasn’t really about himself anymore and all the narcissists kind of selfish tendencies he had as a basketball player, he put to the side and focused on helping his daughter and the next generation. I feel like his light was snuffed earlier than I had expected. He had a huge impact, and it was as if he had reached the tops of the mountains with winning an Oscar and his contributions to basketball. I think the death of his daughter [Gianna Bryant] hit me harder because Kobe got the opportunity to live his life, while hers was cut short.”-Pastor Kevin

*“ To me, Kobe Bryant had a big inspiration in my life, not only from a basketball standpoint but also from a life standpoint. He taught me to have attention to details in certain things and to always just work harder than the next guy.”
- Xavier*

“ It didn’t have a direct impact on me because I don’t have a direct follow in sport but I can say that number 1 even though I don’t follow sport I was aware of him and what he’d done. It impacted those around me... we found out on a mission trip and I spoke to those students that were quite impacted. It was so sudden, he was so young and [his death] was just a reminder that all we really have is today and we need to live it to the fullest “ - Pastor Charlie

“ When Kobe Bryant passed I thought it was a joke at first because this guy was a legend and he passed too soon. I did some research and found out that he actually did die and when his daughter died I just got very sad at Andrews. “- O’Chang

A Moment With God

*There are times I see you
 Your grace in the face of a new-
 born child
 There are times I hear your voice
 Consoling in the silence of the night
 Yet it is the times that my demons, I
 can not fight
 The moments were my heart is not
 mended with rest
 When I break and fall down
 When to me the world seems to turn
 against
 The walls fall around me
 Yet in my lungs is still breath
 Those are the moments I feel you
 I feel you in every step
 Every glimpse of light
 The inconsequential flower
 The bird I saw soaring high
 When these ideas fill my head
 I know I am loved
 I know I am not alone
 And I know that I am blessed. ■*

Close Encounters of the Stranger Kind

As a rule, I don't talk to strangers if I can avoid it. This is because of my unfortunate transformation into an awkward shell of a human being when I'm around people unknown to me. Strangers are an enigma that I generally do not wish to crack, as my limited faith in humanity is rather fragile. My aversion to strangers definitely stunted my growth as a person when I was young. I had a hard time making friends, and there was a time in my life when I actually couldn't order at a restaurant simply because I had to talk to the waiter, who was a stranger. I was afraid of a stranger's motives, I was afraid of what they thought about me, and I was afraid of embarrassing myself. As I grew and matured over the years, I have encounters with strangers that have ended my painful unease with people.

The first experience I want to share happened when I took a drawing test at Seneca College for admittance into their animation program.

Needless to say, it was one of the most anxiety-filled days in my entire 17-year existence. I was in a room filled to the brim with people I did not know, taking a test that could shape my future. My mother, my greatest source of comfort, was sitting comfortably in another room probably sipping a cup of tea with the other parents. I was like a doe who'd been told she'd have to share a room with a wolf. Alert, untrusting, and ready to bolt at the slightest indication of danger. During a Q and A session, I quickly scribbled down a YouTube channel mentioned by the professor to be a helpful resource. That's when I feel a gentle tap on my shoulder. I turned so fast that I'm surprised I didn't give myself whiplash. It was the girl next to me. She gave me a small smile and it hit me that she looked just as nervous as I was. Her voice was soft and informed me that I had written the YouTube channel's name wrong. She quietly corrected my spelling. I thanked her and after swallowing my

fear, gave her a smile I hoped wasn't too wide and wished her good luck on the test. That was the day I truly realized that other people go through the same anxieties as I do. It was also the day that made me realize that in most cases, most strangers are willing to help if possible.

I know that it's a store attendant's job to ask customers if they need any help, but that doesn't make it any less nerve-wracking for me. So you can imagine my alarm when an Indigo worker asked me if I wanted to, I could go sit to look at a book. I had been in an aisle, looking at the art book for the It movies, precariously balancing the heavy hardcover alongside my parka and my scarf. The worker was only a little taller than me, was young-looking, and her face lit up in excitement when she noticed the book I was holding. Grinning, she asked me if I liked Stephen King's works. Sputtering and tripping over my words, I said something along the lines of, "Yes, and I loved the It movies." She

launched into her own adoring review of the movies. Relaxing, I explained to her that I had recently started to read his work and that I had just finished reading *The Shining* and thoroughly enjoyed it. She smiled and immediately recommended her favorites. We spoke about the movies and which books I should read first, and it was oddly satisfying to bond with this stranger over a mutual love of a movie and horror novels. Confidence grew in me like a determined dandelion, its roots digging deep into myself. Before I knew it, we'd probably been speaking there for at least half an hour, talking about which Stephen King book was best to start with. Noticing this, the worker bashfully excused herself. She wished me happy trails for my reading aspirations and scurried off. I stood there for a moment longer, the heavy book still in my hand. I reshelved it and went back home, although I did buy a copy of Stephen King's *It* before leaving. This encounter reminded me that people, in general, are friendly and how easy it is to bond over common interests.

While I can't say I've never thought of myself as ugly, I know

that I am pretty in my own way. However, I also know that I'm not exactly the person that draws the eye of people when they enter the room. In fact, I'm quiet enough to go unnoticed if I want to. It's always a shock when people, especially people I don't know notice me without me making an effort. I was positively ruffled in the best of ways when a cheerful but drunk young woman came up to me in front of the federal Parliament during New Year's Eve and shouted that I was the cutest person she'd seen in her life. Mentally, I dubbed her as Ottawa Girl, seeing as I didn't manage to learn her name. Ottawa Girl gushed over my glasses and my hair and my smile. She gleefully told her blue-haired friend how cute I was. She, more than once, asked me if I knew how cute I was. I don't think I have to explain just how flattered I was. I felt so, so pretty at that moment. Somebody had noticed me, and I liked the rush of endorphins it gave me. I regret not getting her Instagram to handle seeing as she also coincidentally did art and ran an art account (she shouted this at me too, if you're feeling curious). I think we could have been good

friends. This early morning experience in the dawn of 2020 reminded me that all a stranger is is a friend I haven't gotten to know yet. It taught me I shouldn't be so afraid to introduce myself to a new person. After all, they could be my next best friend.

There are people that are in your life for a split second, for just a blink-and-you'll-miss-it moment, but that you know you'll never forget as long as you live. All three of the people I spoke about in this paper are like this. I believe I'll remember them until I am old and grey until I am a mere shadow of what I am. Each of my short encounters with them greatly impacted me. They strengthened my faith in humanity and helped me overcome my crippling fear of speaking with strangers. I wish that I could thank them. I know that I can't. That won't stop me from being eternally grateful for their own bravery, which in turn helped me build my own bravery. I am sure of very little in this world, but I am sure that I who I am today because of them, and that I would not be who I am without them.■

ELOISA
LORENZO

Generosity in Jocomico

It really hit me that I was going to Honduras when the safety video on the plane was in Spanish. For months, I've been preparing for this mission trip: fundraising money, getting vaccinations, and packing all the things I would need. Now, all of this preparation has led up to the next eleven days. I eagerly settled down into my seat and prepared myself for the five-hour flight to El Salvador, where we would change flights to get to Honduras. Excited chatter filled the back of the plane where all the Kingsway students were seated, along with the sponsors. We were all thrilled about going to a country that we've never been to. Before long, the plane started to take off, and there was a chorus of cheerful laughter and uneasy groans. Looking out of the plane window, the view of the snow-covered city was like a breath of fresh air. I soon drifted off to sleep, and when I woke up, we were getting ready to land.

The minute we got off the plane, the humidity clung to us like a leech. We switched planes, and half an hour later, we were in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. It was night-time, and the city lights twinkled bright-

ly from the rolling landscape. At the airport, we met up with the sponsors from ADRA Canada and Honduras that would assist us throughout the trip. Most of the Honduras workers knew little to no English, so we had two translators accompany us for the trip as well.



The next morning, we left the capital city of Honduras and started making our way to Jocomico, where we would be building chicken coops for the community. As we left the city, I noticed that our surroundings were gradually going from paved roads and closely packed buildings to dirt roads and desolate neighbourhoods. We stopped in La Libertad, which was the closest town to Jocomico, and split into different groups to ride up

the mountain. We rode in the back of a truck and the journey was extremely rough, due to large rocks embedded into the dirt road. We passed by people walking up and down the road on foot, some even with children, and I could only imagine how difficult it must be.

When we finally arrived in Jocomico, we were taken into their school to meet the community. Their school was just one room, about the size of a classroom at Kingsway, and the walls and floor of the building were made only out of cement. The townspeople greeted us warmly, with their chief even calling us "familia". He showed us the model chicken coop that had been built and told us it provided protection and a place to lay eggs for the chickens. Then, we were put into groups and assigned families to build chicken coops for.

The first family my group worked with was very friendly; the mother was very kind and she had two young sons. Her oldest son, Mino, was twelve years old, who worked hard alongside us and his friend Carlos. On our first day of work, as we were building the walls of the coop, Mino asked us a question in Spanish. None of us in the group understood

what he was saying, so we just nodded our heads. Mino and Carlos took off running, and they didn't come back until about an hour later. When they came back, they were carrying a bottle of Coca-Cola. Everyone in my group was surprised, since it was extremely hot that day and walking all the way to town would have been a death sentence. We were extremely grateful, but we also felt bad since we were there to serve them, but instead, they were buying drinks for us.

After we finished building a chicken coop for Mino's family, we had two more left to build. However, every day we showed up for work, Mino and Carlos would come and help us. The remaining families our group worked with lived a little further uphill, so we

would walk there, and Mino and Carlos would follow us and carry our cooler. It was already a difficult journey since the mountain was steep and the sun was blazing hot, but the young boys were always eager to help in any way they could.

A few days into our work week, Mr. Rodrigues told us a story about the family his group was working with. The mother was a widow and they didn't have much food since the region had been experiencing a drought for six months. However, when Mr. Rodrigues's group showed up for work, she gave them all bread and coffee from her own table. Even though she could have used the food for her own family, she showed generosity by giving it to her guests.

The people of Jocomico taught me so much about what it is like to be a cheerful giver. Even though they didn't have much to give, they gave to the best of their ability. Personally, I tend to care for my needs before I care for those around me, which is selfish. When it comes to giving, I tend to give just enough so that I still have some left for myself. The Bible tells the story of a widow and her offering. A poor widow gives two small coins worth a few cents as her offering, which was all she had, and Jesus said that she had given more than anyone else. The Bible also says in Acts 20:35 that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and this is a standard I need to practice living by. ■

NIA
CORBIER

The Art of Extraversion

When I was a child, I was always told I had an overactive imagination and an extremely developed vocabulary. My vocabulary stemmed from my ceaseless questions regarding words I did not understand and my love for reading. Along with my vocabulary, I have a love for talking, and my mother often recalls that even before I knew the English language I would still constantly talk. "You were bilingual as a child, fluent in gibberish while learning English!" She often reminds me, when my non-stop chatter comes up in conversation. I am often referred to as a "social butterfly" and this is because once I learned how to talk I was never able to stop.

Many people find that holding a conversation with anyone under the age of ten can be strenuous and sometimes like pulling teeth. The clash in maturity levels, constant questioning, and the subject matter. So as a child, I would often find myself with no one to talk to. Since very few people would want to engage in conversation with me during my early devel-

opmental stages, I would often have to find another way to communicate what was on my mind. In my household, there were two older sisters, two cats, and a fish. The fish and my sisters were the most boring conversational companions, so I would always turn to the cats. Along with my two cats I had a collection of dolls. These dolls, which vary in size, ethnicity, and even states of consciousness were often my test subjects and the only ones who truly enjoyed talking to me, despite being inanimate objects. So in the evening following a long day at Montessori, I would run in the house and straight into my bright pink playroom, with walls covered in little light flowers, shelves filled with toys to amuse any child, and a couch, a small couch with about eleven dolls on it. Each doll had a different story and a different conversation in store for them. Once I got settled, I would embark on my mission to find the cats. When they heard me enter the house they knew to run and hide, because low and behold, there I would come, with my

arms wide open ready to have a conversation, or two, or three. Once I found my cats I would set them on the small couch, along with the dolls, and we would begin a group discussion about our feelings. Naturally being the group leader, I would lead out in discussions and ask each "person" how they were feeling and why. In truth, my favourite doll to converse with was Anastasia.

Anastasia had Dissociative Identity Disorder, or in the words of a younger me, many people syndrome. So, on a daily basis, she would change personalities and have a new conversation with me about her new feelings. This little African-American, one-eyed, three limbed, and completely naked doll would be the door to my future. "What person are you today Anastasia?" I would ask. "I am a happy sailor today!" She would answer me within my imagination. Though the day before, she was an angry dressmaker with a passion for button sewing. With a new crayon-written case file, and a bevy of infor-



mation each day from Anastasia, I would have a conversation with her and we would work through her feelings. After we discussed how she was feeling, we would move on and tackle the question of what she should do with her emotions. Then, we would pick an outfit and watch television until my mom would come and get me for dinner.

As I got older, my playroom was turned into an office, the dolls were packed away, the cats passed on and my friends began

to put their trust in me. In my early years, though no adults or sisters of mine would talk to me, I used my imagination and built skills upon it.

Plato, a wise philosopher, once said that "Wise men speak because they have something to say; Fools because they have to say something." I have always had something to say, and now that I have grown up a little, people seem to pay heed to my thoughts. I can relate to people with my unfailing ability to talk. As I gain

more experience through conversations with friends, I have learned that there is a time to speak and a time to listen, and in order to be a "wise man with something to say" I have to listen first to gain an understanding. I enjoy conversing and I believe that everything should be done for the greater good, so through the aid of other people, I find deeper meaning in my extraversion and will continue to talk through problems but hopefully with animate beings.■

CASSANDRA
JOHN-
WHITTINGHAM

Can't Wait for Spring

I love the trees and how they sway
The way the wind plays around the shade
I don't know why, it just finds a way

I love the flowers and how they bloom
The way those little buds can make the sweetest of perfume
I don't know why, it just finds a way

I love the birds and how they chirp
The way they fly makes me perked
I don't know why, it just finds a way

I love the heaps of sunshine and how it shines
The way the light dances and makes me mesmerized
I don't know why, it just finds a way

I love when spring has sprung
it makes me feel as if we have won
I don't know why, it just finds a way



Melting Away

*Melting clouds of white give way to a rich forgotten green.
 Subtle hits of a summer long gone,
 Where warm winds disturbed the trees.
 Those trees lay barren now, cold and forlorn.
 Awaiting the sunshine that comes with the morn.
 New beginnings bring forth new opportunities,
 The budding flowers seem to say.
 A time of love and a time of peace.
 Where the snowy nights melt into day.
 We think about life and ponder our future,
 With the rich possibilities of what comes hereafter.
 We long for a day, when our struggles melt away,
 And we are taken and claimed by our Heavenly Father.
 The songbirds chirp as the buds open up.
 The bees come forth and bring the flowers good luck.
 A cycle of rebirth, the past is worn away,
 A cycle of the earth, as snowy nights melt into day.
 Our past self dissipates as the new dawn emerges,
 And with it, a bright future for all who have earned it.*

Guess The Baby













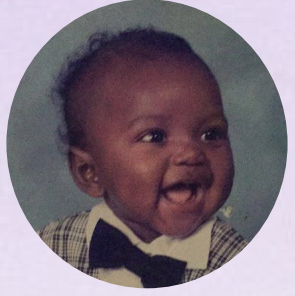






















Trust

IN THE LORD WITH ALL YOUR

Heart

AND LEAN NOT ON YOUR OWN

Understanding

PROVERBS 3:5