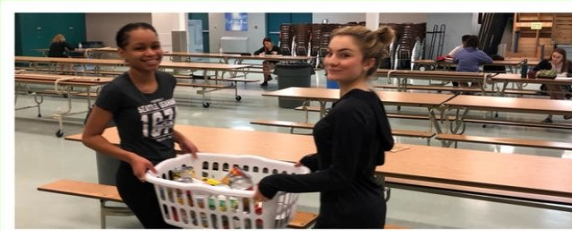


# **The SJC Gazette**



**Spring 2019**



2 St. John's College

The 2019 SJC Lenten Food Drive

Credit: SJC Twitter

# The SJC Gazette

Spring 2019

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## The SJC Gazette

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## .SJC at the 37th Rotary Classic Deirdre Finnigan

On Sunday, April 28, 2019, staff, students, and related families represented St. John's College at the Rotary Brantford Classic run. This team was coordinated by Mr. Quinlan and Mr. De Prosperis, who promoted the run on countless occasions. Moreover, our final team consisted of over seventy students, as SJC also won the "Secondary" Rotary Classic Cup, for the eighth year in a row!

In addition, the school raised over \$1,715, which will be used to fund and provide support to local special needs youth, while also creating a prospect to further develop special needs oriented community projects.



Credit: SJC Twitter

## Faith Journey This Lent

Kaiya Daly

Lent is a sacred time of year that gives us the chance to better ourselves. This year, the Campus Ministry Group, Make It Happen (M.I.H.), has gone the extra mile to enhance our experience of Lent as the faith leaders in the school. At a recent meeting, everyone randomly exchanged names to pair up as Lenten prayers partners. These prayer partners pray for each other daily for the duration of Lent. This promotes one of the three pillars of Lent; Prayer, Almsgiving, and Fasting. The school has made these pillars, specifically prayer and almsgiving, availa-

ble to all students during Lent and Ordinary Time. For students seeking meaningful prayer, Madame D'Eramo prays the Chaplet of Divine Mercy in the Chapel every Wednesday at lunch. If students want to partake almsgiving, the St. Vincent de Paul donation bin, located in the upper caf at all times, is a great way to give your used clothes to those in need. There are many opportunities open to students of SJC to experience the faith journey that Lent brings, and the hope for Easter.

## The Truth is: St. John's is Changing

Mr. Saliccioli & Mr. Heida

One truth that we come to know in life is that change is inevitable; St. John's College is not immune to this idea. As time passes, the seasons change; students come and go, and staff come and go – all leaving their imprint on the school and community; some on our hearts.

The theme of this issue manifested itself in an organic way. Perhaps it is the changing of the season that affected our collective subconscious. Nevertheless, this issue seems to be a record of our changes. As we say good-bye to

the cold weather (and hello to the warmth of spring and summer), shortly we will say good-bye to our graduates, who will move on to bigger and better things. We will also say good-bye to certain staff members that have made an indelible impact on student life at SJC.

In all matters of change, whether in school, employment, life, or location, we are reminded of Ralph Waldo Emerson's advice, "but speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance."

# Marching to Their Own Beat

Leah Campbell  
*The Campbell Questioner*

For the last three weeks a group of talented drama students have been working on their admirable performance piece. The routine for Unit 3 was developed using the exciting song Seventy-Six Trombones from The Music Man. Marching along the stage, the students put their ideas together creating something special.

One of the students named AJ Feeney commented on how the experience made her feel, "Doing something like this was definitely out of my comfort zone. Also, I was away for some of the practice time and I was worried about not catching up, but my group helped me, and it was special."

A close friend to AJ -Emma MacLeod- explained, "This has been also 100% out of my comfort zone. The routine required a lot of communication and unity which I enjoyed."

Nolan Henderson, another member of the group exclaimed, "I really liked the flips that we incorporated, and no one died so that was good. With the marching band music, it was easier to do the routine because the moves went well with the music."

A dancer in the group named Paige Stoner observed, "Having a dance background, it made this unit very fun for me. The marching band music that we moved to was different than I'm used to at my studio. It was ex-

citing to do something different."

Another boy in the group by the name of Nathan Girardi referred to this experience as, "This wasn't something that I would usually sign myself up for. With that, I really liked the moments where my whole group moved together and in sync. It was pretty cool."

Madeline Campbell the final member of the group mentioned, "This movement piece allowed me to express creativity in different ways. At times I find it difficult to work in group settings, but this group of people helped me to work outside my comfort zone while still enjoying myself."

The whole process has been a huge learning experience for everyone. Whether it was a challenging or unique time, all members of the group had an exciting opportunity to express themselves. Movement was the third unit structure that the students have successfully accomplished with their performance. Using and developing the skills learned in this unit, everyone has a bright future ahead of them.



[This Photo](#) by Unknown Author is li-

# Wandering Thoughts

A Poem, by Harshdeep Dhalwal

Neverland, the land of  
never-ending darkness  
Where dreams disappear,  
long forgotten  
The ludicrous acts and  
sheer bliss  
Only aid to the unfulfilled  
promise

The promise where I  
would stand amongst the  
respected  
And share my thoughts  
on the ideas being represented  
Like climate change, animal  
salutary., and economic  
imbalance  
Yet, this disfigured magic  
shop has left me without  
beneficence

This serves as a message  
to those ahead  
Since what one may see  
as proficient, may be a  
doomed trap instead



Mr. Quinlan and Mr. Pomponio "wandering" the streets at the Rotary Classic

Credit: SJC Twitter

## *Bring It On*- A Director's Legacy

Mikaela Hart

“What is a legacy? It's planting seeds in a garden you never get to see.”

These words were penned by Lin-Manuel Miranda, an American composer, actor, and playwright who co-authored the lyrics to the musical *Bring It On*. As opening night of this year's drama production draws closer - marking the last production of SJC's drama teacher, Mr. Locey - it is inevitable that a legacy will be left behind. The question is this: what will this musical leave for us as a school, and for us as individuals as we move forward?

*Bring It On* was first produced in Atlanta, Georgia in 2011, and over the years it has gathered fame and adoration around the world, from Broadway to high school stages like ours. It captures the competitive nature of cheerleading and relationships between rivals, and offers a unique challenge to the actors and contributors of SJC's production. Mr. Locey explained how the intense coordination and unique physical aspect of *Bring It On* has a new, special energy that will come alive on stage.

Stunt coordinators, choreographers, members of community theatres nearby and alumni from SJC have all come together under Mr. Locey's direction to make this musical possible, working with actors to create and develop the physical and acrobatic skills necessary for their roles. Students have also taken the vital yet often underrated roles of stage manager, student producer and tech crew - following Mr. Locey's philosophy that students should be introduced to every part of a production. These contributors put in as many hours as the actors we see on stage and have taken responsibility for the aspects of *Bring It On* that the audience may not immediately notice.

When asked his favourite part of producing a musical like this, Mr. Locey explained the strenuous, amazing, and sometimes draining journey that takes an actor with a blank slate during auditions to the moment the lights go on during opening night, when all feelings of self-doubt disappear in the thrill of the show. Mr. Locey has produced many plays at St. John's, but he said *Bring It On* is unique in its intense physical aspect as

well as its characters. The play only requires five male actors, and an “infinite amount of female roles”, as Mr. Locey explained. The relationship between these characters and how they develop as the lead moves from one end of a rivalry to the other brings an energy that many students - whether actors, student producers, or audience members - find themselves relating to. Competition brings out the best, and *Bring It On* captures every bit of it.

As Mr. Locey bids SJC farewell, he will leave behind a legacy. He says that a show is only as good as its ensemble, and that's the idea he wants to leave with us. On the stage, behind the scenes and in the classroom Mr. Locey wants students to connect with each other through emotion and the development of all types of character, creating a student body that supports and works together as one. The success of a show depends on every individual in the ensemble, and the success of a school depends on each and every one of us.

Mr. Locey also offers some words of advice to actors that can be applied to every student in SJC and beyond: “If you think, you sink.” Any drama fan knows what it's like to lose oneself in a play, captured by every movement on stage. It is then that we truly live in the moment. Mr. Locey urges us to live like this every day - to look for the beauty in every minute, every person, and every place. He also says, “Don't sweat the small stuff.” Things always fall into place, and though the way can be tough and the goal can seem impossible to reach, soon the curtain will rise and we will truly see what we have created. But we can't forget the ensemble: no actor can do it alone, and no student can, either. The beautiful thing is, we don't have to. Every one of us has our co-actors, our stage managers, our friends who support and love us every step of the way. This is the legacy Mr. Locey will leave behind: that as one we create something amazing.

# St. Johns College Presents: *Bring It On*

Veronica Webb

The conclusion to Mr. Locey's final year is soon approaching. Although prior to his depart, Mr. Locey has coordinated his final St. John's musical, *Bring It On*, which has been 9 months in the making. This play targets the question of what happens when you are different from those around you. Moreover, This impressive play demonstrates the hardships of high school life through an entertaining and inventive lens.

The students of St. John's are already flocking to the main office to get a hold of their tickets. Student and senior tickets are sold for \$10, while adults pay \$15. The play will be held in the cafeteria of St. John's Collage on May 22<sup>nd</sup> to the 25<sup>th</sup>. Doors open at 6:30 pm and curtains at 7:00 pm.

"*Bring It On* has the potential to be a very high-energy, exuberant, celebration of the dramatic arts. It is a youthful show", Director Don Locey enthuses about the show. "They put in billions of hours", he continues, "I started doing this with them [the production crew] since last June". This show is a wonderful expression of the hardworking cast and crew, while displaying their undying dedication.

Along with the numerous cast members of the musical, 24 elementary school children take to the stage to per-



form, making this one of the biggest performances.

With Danyelle Doucette as Campbell Davis, and other well-known school performers, such as Ben Cameron, Trinity Spencer, Stephanie Harrison, Colton Barber. This year's play is filled with comedic realism, which is guaranteed to astonish the whole school.. Since Campbell Davis is a young student from Truman high, a popular upper-class school. She is further described to have everything, which includes friends and her position as lead cheerleader. However, her life is disturbed when she is forced to transfer to Jackson High; the lower-class school. This causes Campbell to become an outsider to the people at her new school. Yet, through her hard work and trials, she earns the trust of her peers and works towards starting up a Jackson cheer squad. Furthermore, this story is a relatable tale of high school life and "growing up in general", says producer Mr. Locey.



Credit: Guneet Dhaliwal

## Extra-curricular Reminders

- ◆ Chess club meets on Tuesdays and Fridays in Room 153.
- ◆ SHAC is currently looking for new senior members, for next year's committee., meetings are held every Thursday during senior lunch
- ◆ Math Help Room is available from Monday to Friday, as juniors can go to room 153, while seniors can receive aid in room 202.
- ◆ Madame D'Eramo invites both juniors and senior students to pray the Chaplet of Divine Mercy at the start of lunch, every Wednesday.
- ◆ *Bring It On* will be performed from May 22 to May 25 at 7pm, as tickets can be purchased in the main office.





## Purple

A Poem, by  
Harshdeep Dhaliwal

Purple,  
Inspired by a man  
of a single character  
Whose insight  
shines like no other  
The colour of trust  
and forgiveness  
While also associated  
with hope and  
the celebration of  
women

It's the colour of  
serenity and wisdom  
Allowing us to  
dwell within our  
own kingdoms  
Without purple our  
life would be incomplete  
Since this colour's  
significance should  
forever run 0.27  
degrees deep



## Maps and Moving

Molly Johnson

The table we ate at in Kentucky was made of dark, honey-coloured wood that was smooth to the touch. The chairs, like the table, had scratches and pencil marks that hadn't been erased from the "work" I, who was then eight, and my sisters had done in that space. One side of the table of the table had a bench instead of chairs, which was tucked neatly under the table. It was on this bench that my dad sat, my sisters and I on the hardwood floor, so as to better stare up at the bright colour-coded world map plastered to the wall under the window overlooking a bare backyard.

It began with what we considered important: a discussion of the smallest and largest states- the world map illustrated Alaska's size much more clearly than our map of the United States. We then moved on to expressing our awe at the size of Russia, represented on the map in purple. Dad directed our attention to Canada then, showing us that Russia wasn't the only large country.

I had of course been aware of Canada at the time. My Grandmother was born there, logically I knew it must exist, but to me it only existed in the way storybook worlds did. Having it pointed out to us on a map surprised me; wasn't the island of Japan supposed to be above us? No, my Dad had explained, leaning away from the table to gesture at Japan's position on the other side of the map, farther from us than I'd imagined. Canada has always been north of us.

Three years later we sat around that same table having a more formal dinner, my mother and youngest sister occupying the bench. It

wasn't until we were eating ice cream to stave off the July heat that it came up. We had been excitedly discussing the summer camp we'd just returned from and school that was set to restart in a couple weeks when an out-of-place question stopped us.

How do you guys feel about Canada? We didn't feel much of anything about Canada; indifference was the predominant emotion. It was just a space above us on the map stuck to the under-the-window wall. We learned that while we had been away at camp, Dad's job had made an offer: they wanted to transfer him, and consequently us, to a location in Canada. After a lot of consideration our parents had decided to accept. By the end of the year we wouldn't be living in Kentucky anymore.

I immediately wanted to tell my friends, brag that I was going to live in a whole other country- and they'd thought that kid from Seattle was exotic. My youngest sister's worries about her best friend next door caused that line of thought to go crashing into the corners of my head. I had friends, but they wouldn't be in Canada. I had almost finished elementary school and would get to have some of my classes in the middle school that year—they had lockers there! Were there lockers in Canada? Was there even middle school in Canada?



There were other things too, things that I'd worked hard for or plans that I'd have to give up. I'd just earned my blue belt in taekwondo; would I have to start over in Canada? What about my plans for after high school? I might've only been going into fifth grade, but I'd known what university to go to and what I wanted to study. The idea of it being gone, of having to adapt to a new school again with, with new people whose words were formed with different accents had me spiraling away into my own mind.

Further explanation from my parents brought me back from the future where we weren't going down the street to the bonfire that everyone else from our tightly knit neighborhood went to on Saturdays, back from a world where I wasn't sharing an ear bud blasting old Taylor Swift with my friend in the lunchroom, back to our beat-up table with the map on the wall.

The table we sat at not four months later was far different from our own, packed away in a moving truck parked outside. This table was dark brown and round; it belonged to a restaurant chain I'd never heard of. Canada was quieter than I'd expected it to be, and more like home too.

It was nice to sit in a relatively empty restaurant, all of us with sore limbs and irritation from the stop at the border that had seemed to drag on for hours. Maybe it had. My parents, talkative as they were, managed to start up conversation with the American waiter. I'd thought it was lucky our first encounter with someone in Canada was another American, even if I don't recall the state he was from. He was one of the only people on staff that night, and he was all too happy to share with us why.

It's their Thanksgiving, he informed us. Of course it was quiet, and of course no one else was working; it was a holiday.

That didn't sound right to me. Thanksgiving? It was too early in the week, a Sunday, and Halloween hadn't even passed yet. It was probably

illegal to celebrate anything before Halloween. What were these Canadians thinking?

The very same day we moved to Canada, a small blue Ford following a massive U-Haul on the highway from Ohio to Canada, I learned I couldn't treat it like home. Sure, it looked a lot like home, but it was as though someone had copied home and moved everything five inches to the left; I kept stumbling over things that weren't where I expected them to be. Perhaps it would have been easier if things were obviously different, a new house entirely. Maybe then muscle memory wouldn't fool me over and over and over the way it did, annually running into the same furniture I'd been running into since we crossed the border.

The map on the wall is by the stairs now, and the country I call home is the one being cut off, Canada's province's—what's a province? Why don't they just call them states? —color-coded. If I can name them all it's a good day, but I usually need prompting. The table, covered in newer pencil marks, is closest to a large window that looks out onto the front yard, and the street with houses packed close. Things still don't seem right, the edges of Canada causing me to stub my toe, though whether it's five inches to the left or I'm twelve-point-seven centimeters to the right is up for debate.

## Railway Safety Tips

1) Do not attempt to hop aboard railway equipment at any time, the wheels are made of steel and are very dangerous. If you slip and fall under the wheels, you can seriously injure yourself.

2) Every year people are injured or killed because they are wearing headphones, texting, or chatting on cellphones near trains. Therefore, it is important to pay attention to your surroundings, especially when you are close to train tracks.

3) When you're at a crossing with more than one track, don't try to cross immediately after the end of the train passes by. There may be another train approaching on the other track. Trains hide other trains. Many crossing fatalities have resulted because of impatience or unawareness at multiple-track crossings.



## Railway Safety Tips (Continued)

4) Trains are wider than the tracks; never sit on the edge of a station platform.

5) Because of the huge size of a locomotive (17 feet high and 10 feet wide), it appears to be travelling much slower than we think when viewed from a slight angle at the crossing. The combination of the size and angle create this illusion. The railroad tracks also add to the illusion. The parallel lines of the rails converge toward the horizon and fool our minds into thinking the train is farther away than it is, which will cause the train to reach you before you can react to its proximity.



## Be The Solution, Not The Pollution

Bella Todd

The saying goes, "Let he who shouts the loudest be heard first", makes sense right? You scream at the top of your lungs and you are guaranteed to be heard...but are you being listened too? For decades society has heard environmentalists and scientists across the globe shouting out their concerns, but the world refuses to listen. The population is too busy tangled in a web of "my generation did this, and yours did that" failing to attack the problem before them getting progressively worse.

### WAVING GOODBYE TO CLEAN WATER

Since the beginning of the industrial revolution, the world's water quality has consistently gone down. Between ocean acidification and pollution, it will soon be time to say goodbye to the clean water the world once knew. Humans dominate the Earth and continuously disrupt the natural chains of ecosystems. The world's water has already gone down 0.1 pH units, which means the increase in acidity is twenty-five percent in the past two centuries where before that, no drastic change in pH had ever occurred. This lower, more acidic pH is causing a disturbance to the water's natural reactions that can lead to a decline in the calcium carbonate minerals that are crucial to certain marine life's building of shells, bones and exoskeletons. Even still, our water is predicted to go down another 0.14 to 0.35 units in the next hundred years. Not only are we directly targeting specific species, but we are slowly turning the water into carbonic acid through a set of reactions that take place between the water and our highly polluted air.

### A PAIN IN THE BUTT

Cigarettes are becoming one of the biggest pollutants around the world. A 2018 Global News article by Katie Dangerfield stated, "The filters of cigarettes are made of tiny plastic particles that take decades or more to decompose...out of the 5.6 trillion cigarettes that are made with these filters each year, almost two-thirds are dumped irresponsibly. Many of the filters contain harsh chemicals like nicotine, arsenic and heavy metals." Evaluating upon this information, that is around 3.73 trillion cigarettes being improperly disposed of. If even half of them were exposed to run-off or direct bodies of water and ended up in the water system, that is a whole 1.86 trillion cigarette filters releasing their toxins into the water. Another article by Vaping Daily concludes that, "The chemicals from a single cigarette butt releases enough toxins to kill fifty percent of the fish exposed to it for ninety-six hours." Now, times that 1.86 trillion cigarettes by the number of fish that could pass through the cigarette exposed area during those four days and imagine the numbers of marine life deaths from cigarettes alone

### PUTTING IT TOGETHER

According to Natural Resources Canada, right now in Canada carbon dioxide is the leading greenhouse gas emission being released from plastic processing industries. Carbon dioxide in the

atmosphere reacts with hydrogen dioxide (water) to create carbonic acid. So, every plastic bag being used, every plastic fruit container being purchased, every wrapper, straw, gum package or any other single use plastic being used and thrown away is essentially contributing to the release of carbon dioxide. Thus, every time one uses the plastic single use bags at the grocery store, they are responsible for putting a small portion of greenhouse gas emissions into the atmosphere that leads to ocean acidification. Not only that, but every time one drops a cigarette on the ground they are putting toxins into the water that hold the capability of killing half the fish exposed to that area during the four days.

#### WHAT IS THE SOLUTION?

Going back to the initial concept of “whoever yells the loudest is heard first” the solution seems quite easy, scientists and environmentalists need a louder voice. Yet here is the issue, the rest of the world will not listen. The various generations have created a war trying to place blame on the other for ‘starting this problem’ and majority of people have not begun a journey towards saving the environment. So what is the solution to our plastic pollution? It reminds me of this. My younger brother and I are only three years apart which means we loved to mess with each other as kids. Many times, the teasing or pranking escalated into yelling, pushing and fighting. I can distinctly remember fighting with my brother on numerous occasions, perhaps even starting the fight many times and most often it would result in my dad entering the room. He would look both of us dead in the eye and ask what happened, so every single time my brother and I would desperately try to pin the full blame on whatever it was that the other did wrong. No matter the true story, my

dad’s response would always be “I don’t care who started it, I’m finishing it.” I tell this story to get a message across, it no longer matters what generation did what and who caused what issues. This fight is too big for one generation alone. I do not care who started it, all of us need to come together to ‘finish it’. How are we going to do this? By getting the message across. Everyone needs to tell everyone because I have news for you, whether it is last generation’s fault or next generation’s problem, this is OUR world. We have put too many ecosystems, organisms and lives on the line to back down now. This battle is not going to be easy, but it will be rewarding. So let’s start now. Gather friends, organize a cleanup, make reusable shopping bags, plant trees or simply just spread the word that this ends now. Let’s all come together and be the solution not the pollution!

From just a simple visit to the store, the average Canadian racks up tons of single use plastics that negatively impact the environment and increase pollution.

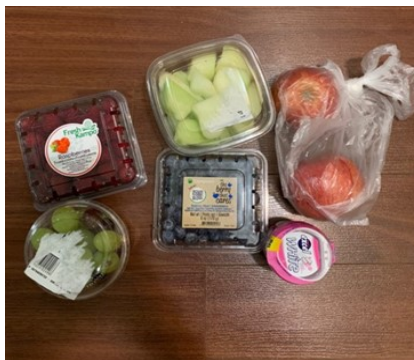


Photo taken by Bella Todd

## SHAC Facts

Harshdeep Dhaliwal

The 2019 food guide has reorganized the four food groups into three, which include: meat and dairy, grains, and fruits and vegetables. This is to focus on Canada’s intake of the other food groups (besides meat and dairy).

Nonetheless, some ways you can increase your intake of grains, fruits and vegetables are by:

- eating whole wheat grains (I.e. eating whole wheat bread instead of white bread)
- cooking at home, which also lowers your fat and sodium intake from processed foods
- making sure at least half of your plate is fruits and vegetables
- consuming more “plant” protein, instead of just relying on animal protein

Also, your sugar consumption can be lowered if you substitute sugary beverages for water instead. Moreover, the continued overconsumption of sugar can result in the development of chronic illness in the future.

# The Crisis in the Bathroom

Avery Beavers

Administration within the St. John's College, in an effort to reduce vaping rates amongst students, decided that removing the doors off of the boy's washrooms was the proper action to take. This is the general statement that the population of students within St. John's believed to be true. However, that statement is not completely factual. You may have asked yourself, "Why haven't they removed the girl's washroom doors?" as girls have been known to vape just as much as guys, especially within the washrooms. You may have also asked, "Who allowed the doors to be removed in the first place?" or "Has removing the doors worked?" In order to answer these questions, I interviewed a few staff members within St. John's College.

Upon some light investigation, there are two main reasons as to why only the boy's bathroom doors were removed rather than every washroom door. Structural damage and general vandalism only occurred within the boy's washrooms. The staff realized that a general habit of many boys, who are vaping in the washroom, is to sit on the sinks since there isn't much room to stand. Most school days after period two and during junior lunch, there are usually upwards of twenty people vaping in an average two stall and two urinal bathroom. This basic habit has placed a considerable amount of weight on sinks that simply weren't designed to be sat on and caused them to slowly be pulled out of the wall. The damage has apparently been so extensive that the school board has decided that next year, they may all have to be replaced with stainless steel sink troughs so that students can not sit on them anymore. In addition to the structural damage, there also have been higher rates of vandalism within the boy's washrooms, which correlated with the increased vaping rates. This has included plugging the toilets with toilet paper, damaging bathroom doors, and writing offensive comments and statements on the bathroom walls. The removal of the doors was to reduce the number of students vaping. Additionally, the hope of administration was that doing so could also reduce students from participating in the activities associated with vaping, such as sitting on the sinks or vandalizing the washrooms.

The other general misconception held by the

student body was that our principal, Mr. Picone, was the one to enact these changes within St. John's such as removing the doors from the washrooms and the placement of the "No Vaping" stickers across the school. However, this is not completely true as well, it was administration within the Brant Haldimand Norfolk Catholic District School Board that ultimately made the decisions. They are the ones to decide all the major decisions that take place within St. John's College, everything from the new exit and entryways into the school parking lots to how many "No Vaping" stickers have to be plastered on every wall and window. This also includes their decision to remove the doors from the boy's washrooms.

So, has removing the doors stopped students from vaping at school?

No, the removal of the doors has mostly failed to stop the issues at hand. There are still many students who continue to sit on the sinks in the washrooms, but vandalism has slowed down after the initial increased rate that was spurred on by the removal. Mostly, the doors have taken a few seconds from students from hiding their vapes and made others using the washroom for their intended purposes uncomfortable from the ambient sounds from the hall. However, there are some possible solutions to this issue that can deter others from vaping and not affect students who don't vape at school. The first possible solution, though it is quite severe, is to reprimand students by fining all students found vaping in school and hiring a school security officer to check washrooms after each period, as it is technically cheaper than having teachers send their preparation periods and extra time to do it instead. Another solution may be to accept that students are going to vape regardless and provide students with a place off school property to vape while also reinforcing the dangers of nicotine addiction. Regardless, the current solution provided by the board has done little to reduce the number of students from vaping and there will have to be additional measures taken to solve this issue.

The question that students will have to ask themselves is, whether or not it will be worth losing some fundamental privileges we're allowed just so that some students can vape at school?



## Council's Corner

Monique Fletcher

Hey SJC! As you may know, student council has been very busy these past few months. We have put on many events since the New Year such as Open Mic Night, Glow, and an amazing pep rally.

Back in the beginning of April, we hosted our Open Mic Night featuring acts such as Madison Oldroyd, Leenah Robinson, Jaden Giles, Ben Cameron and The Shermans with their first SJC debut. Open Mic Night was such a great success that, following this, Council is planning a Coffee House that is to be done in May and take place in SJC's very own courtyard – stay tuned for more details on SJCTV morning announcements.

Our spring pep rally took place near the end of April; Wheel of Fortune, Minute to Win It and a Rise Student dunk-off were included, student involvement was amazing. Darius DeAveiro, Lorenzo Downey, Dawson John and Justice Gordon competed for the title of the Dunk- Off champion where Justice came out as victorious.

Next in line came SJC Glow, one of St. Johns' most popular events. Even with lower numbers, it was a great night that everyone in attendance enjoyed – don't forget to purchase your future tickets on School Cash Online to join the great events that we host at SJC! As the year comes to an end, a few events are still remaining such as our Inside Ride event supporting childhood cancer research and awareness, if you haven't already made a team but still want to come

out, talk to a council member about becoming a volunteer for the night! The event will take place on May 15th and we are counting on it to be a great success.

Also, during the week of May 13-17, student council will be hosting a foosball tournament in the cafeteria during both lunches! If you and a friend think you have what it takes to win the very first SJC Foosball Cup, sign up in room 153 with Mr. Yakymyshyn. We will see you all at our year end pep rally. That's it for us, back to the desk...



Credit: SJC Instagram

## Droplets of Significance

A Poem, by  
Harshdeep Dhaliwal

Ruptures of artice blue  
Spray the nearby wild-  
life

Although spontaneous  
and filled with spite\  
They give us antibod-  
ies from the flu

The showers also  
maintain a melodic  
shape

Which one may only  
discover amidst a si-  
lent night

This provides us time  
to reflect, with the  
guiding metronome-  
like beat

While the storm's  
anguish subconscious-  
ly becomes our es-  
cape

Escape from politics,  
economy and family  
affairs

This work serves the  
purpose of educating  
your heirs

As water is priceless,  
despite the opinions  
of the ignorant

So value what we  
have left, for there is  
no time to be compla-  
cent

# Hidden Power

Angela Yousef

Rain falling, tears dropping, walking lost on the streets a 30-year-old woman trying to be strong in a brutal city.

"Tears are useless," she tells herself after remembering what her seven-year-old son had said last night: "Mom, I'm hungry." She knew she had to find her way back home with food, the home she grew up in – the streets.

"Excuse me sir," she said, running through the rain, to a man who was getting out of a bar. "I just have a question: what part of the city are we in right now?"

The man paused for three seconds and said, "You're lost, huh? Come with me and you'll find your way back home."

She did not want to say something that would make him furious at her, but she knew that he should not be talking to her like that.

"I'd rather keep living on the streets than going with you to wherever you think you can take me." She was scared but she tried to show the power she wanted to believe she had.

"You're homeless," he smiled cruelly. "Let me ask you this: were you born homeless or did you become homeless?"

"Now, let me ask you this," she said. "Why do you care to hear my story in this dark night under the rain?"

"I love dark nights and, why do I care about the rain? I have an umbrella as you can see." He shook his umbrella with his cruel smile still on his face; that smile showed her the mistake she made when she first decided to ask him.

"Yeah, I can see that." She was crying but the rain covered all her sadness up – which was something she was relieved about. She just wanted to get back to her son who could be imagining her coming back with food, and her mother, waiting for her medication to arrive.

"Where is your umbrella?" he laughed sarcastically. "Did the wind blow it away?"

"Wind can't blow umbrellas away. We let them go because we aren't holding them strong."

"But wind is strong."

"We can be stronger." She was scared, she wanted to get back to her son whom she left

with her sick mother, but what if he did something bad to her, no one will know and no one in the city will notice her disappearance except her mother and child who can do nothing except wait for her to come back any time.

"If you come with me, I'm sure you'll be safe," he tried once again.

"You don't seem like a person anyone can be safe with." She wanted to run but was too scared to turn her back not knowing what might come to his mind.

"You're scared, I can tell."

"I might be, but not of you." She just told a lie because she did fear him, just as she feared the society she lived in.

"Why? You think I'm not scary?" He was frustrated and drunk.

"You might be scary, but not to me." She hid her fear and lied again.

"What if I kill you right now, under the rain, will I still not be scary to you?" She suddenly froze. She did not know what to do, run or keep on fighting to show power. His tone was menacing like he did not mind killing her, in this dark rainy night.

"No, you will never be scary to me." She started to back up with her shaky legs that made her surprised they could still carry her because of how scared she was. "I have to go, now. I am sorry I bothered you."

"Hey," He walked up to her and caught her arm. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Leave me," she struggled with his big hand that was holding her skinny arm. "I need to go home."

"You're never going home again." He smiled again like he had an idea of what to do with her.

She grabbed his other arm pushing him to let go of her, but he was too huge for her. She then, raised her leg and kicked him in the stomach as hard as she could. At first, she was fearful but appeared fearless. She was worried about her mother and son but appeared calm. However, now, nothing mattered to her except getting home safe. She did not want to appear brave, because she had no chance anymore. She always thought she was powerless, but she did not know how strong she was by just trying

to live for her son and mother. She didn't choose her society, but she chose to live for her family.

She ran as fast as she could. She imagined her son and her mother's image. It was never supposed to be like this. She thought she was living her best life but when her husband got killed after some men shot him and stole his money, her mother's cancer, and losing her house due to payment conditions, she was left with the reality of being homeless and finding food and shelter for her family. The man picked himself up from the ground and kept on chasing her. While she was running, she was looking around to see if there were any people who could help. However, it was a late, cold night and there was no one who would be outside at this time. She turned around to see if the man was still running behind her, but he seemed to get tired following her. Quickly, but what appeared to her to be in slow motion, he pulled his gun from his pocket inside his expensive, leather jacket and shot her in the back. She slowly fell on the ground, trying to imagine her only son that she was leaving behind in this brutal society.

He kept running up to where she lay down and kneeled on the ground to look at her. "Don't you regret coming up to me now?" he asked.

With all the strength she had left, she was wondering if she should say the truth that could be the last thing she could say which was, yes, she regretted it and that it was not what she wished for her son and mother Or she could keep lying to him and be the brave woman she never believed she was.

"No," she said, fighting to speak her last words, "I don't regret it." With that, she decided to die as how she appeared, fearless.

She lived her life thinking she was powerless. However, she was powerful and a brave woman and was trying to find what was best for her and her family. As a matter of fact, she was trying to find her son's rights, she did not care about hers but about the equality the society needed to have. All that was power was believed to be a waste of time for the society, because no one listened to her needs, no one wanted to because they never believed there could be hidden power inside a "fearful" woman.

## *SJC's Extracurricular Exhibition*



Concert Band brings melody to this refreshing season with their spring performance on May 1st.



Volunteerism involves one's initiative outside the classroom, as present and former SJC teachers, amongst SJC students spent April 28th tree planting.



An Eagle's Reach: SJC Women's Rugby at ACS on April 30.

SJC wins the Brantford Bisons touch football tournament on May 6, with a score of 24-20 against ACS.

