

Handwriting practice sheet for the word "HERD".

The word "HERD" is written in large, bold, black letters. Each letter is accompanied by a dotted outline for tracing and a geometric wireframe diagram showing the internal structure of the letter.

Below the word, there are two rows of small, circular icons. The first row contains 12 icons, and the second row contains 12 icons. Each icon is a small circle with a different letter or symbol inside, arranged in a sequence that likely corresponds to the letters in the word "HERD".

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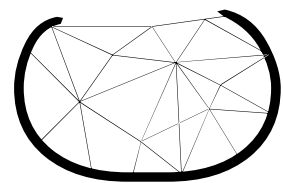
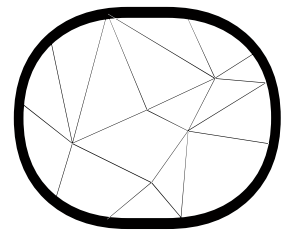
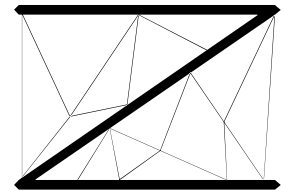
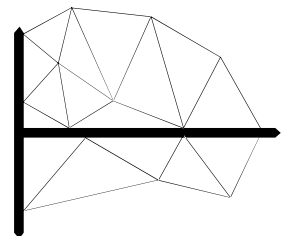
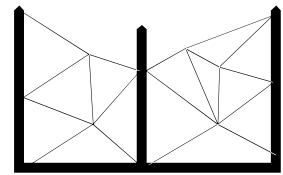
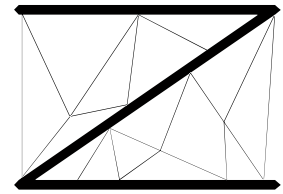
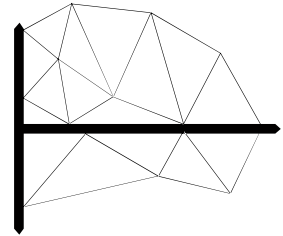
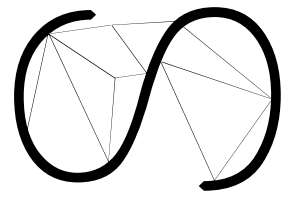
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# TABLE

OF

# DEC 2018



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# Editor's Message

ALANNAH  
TJHATRA

EDITOR IN  
CHIEF



Hi Kingsway,

Welcome to the December issue of the Cedar Sentinel. Christmas break is approaching in just a few days and I'm sure everyone is excited.

In this issue, we have quite a few Christmas/winter-themed articles, along with updates and photos of recent school events. Thank you to those who contributed.

I will keep this note pretty short because I'd also like to properly introduce our new staff below. So enjoy reading this paper, and have a merry Christmas!

- Alannah Tjhatra

## New Staff!



Hello, my name is Cassandra, but I prefer to be called Cassie! I am in grade 10. My hobbies include listening to music and reading. I am thrilled to be working for the Cedar Sentinel as the assistant editor and doing all the amazing things that come along with the job.



Hi! My name is Asia and I'm in grade 10. My favourite subject is math and I love playing volleyball; I'm super excited to be working for the Cedar Sentinel!



Hi, I'm Hannah Balance and I'm in grade 9. I like travelling and taking photos, and I will be helping with the Cedar Sentinel (print version) this year :)



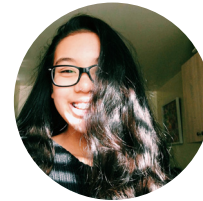
Hi! My name is Johnny and I love to do editing and really any creative thing on a computer. I'm really excited to be a part of this amazing opportunity to show people what Kingsway is about.



I'm Lara and I'm in grade 11. I like playing volleyball and drawing, and I'll be helping with the Cedar Sentinel website and newspaper this year.



Hi, my name is Maycee and I'm in grade 9. I like sports and I'm going to be helping out with the Cedar Sentinel this year.



Hi, my name is Megan Villanueva; I'm in grade 9 and I like photography and travelling. I will be helping out with the online version of the Cedar Sentinel this year.



Hi, my name is Rea, and I'm in grade 10. Some hobbies and interests are: photography, playing music and travelling. this year I will be helping out in editing the online version of the Cedar Sentinel.



Hi, my name is Vyncee and it's my senior year here at Kingsway. I love music and playing sports. I'm also very excited to be a part of this opportunity to be working with the Cedar Sentinel and getting to know Kingsway.

## Contest Winners

*Congratulations to Cassia, Nicole, James, Cissy, Erik and Maddy for winning November's contest! Be sure to check the Cedar Sentinel for future contests, games, and draws. (Please look on page 10 for this month's contest.)*



# A Series of Unfortunate Winter Events

“families are like fudge - mostly sweet with a few nuts.”

It was a sunny winter day, the perfect weather to build a snow fort outside. My sister Malissa and I woke up, saw all the snow that was packed outside, and decided that we were going to spend the rest of the day constructing a fort. I was about eight years old at the time and my sister was eleven.

Growing up, I was my sister's minion - following her wherever she went, saying the same things she said, and even brushing my teeth the way she did.

We gulped down our breakfast and quickly put on our winter gear.

“Snow pants?” My sister asked.

“Check.” I said.

“Gloves?”

“Check.”

“Scarf?”

“Check.”

“Shovels...?”

“Check.”

Everything was set to go. This was going to be the best day of the whole Christmas season. The previous night had gifted us with the largest snowfall we thought we'd ever see in our lifetime (honestly). My mom then wished us all the best in our endeavours as my sister and I trekked into the deep, engulfing snow.

Once we found the perfect spot to build our fort, my sister commandingly instructed me, “Anna, start digging over here. I'll go

in front of you and dig there.”

Of course, I could do nothing but agree.

I mustered all the strength I had and began digging with all my might. A few minutes had passed and I exclaimed all too early,

“Ate (big sister), this is so much fun!”

Literally 0.1 seconds after I said those words, I was knocked out.

Yup - and of course by my sister. We hadn't taken in the fact that she was digging all too close to my face. She had dug her shovel into the snow one last time before turning around to respond to me. As my sister

*once we found the perfect spot to build our fort, my sister commandingly instructed me, “anna, start digging over here. i'll go in front of you and dig there.”*



pulled the shovel out of the snow, it made brutal contact with my left temple.

The snow around me quickly turned red as my head started to drip with blood.

My tiny bottom sank into the snow; I was in shock of what had just happened. My sister looked at me with a mixture of disbelief and fright. She quickly helped me up and walked me into the house where my mom came rushing into the kitchen to see the damage that had been done. My mom grabbed some paper towel and applied pressure to my head to stop the bleeding. I ended up spending the rest of my Christmas break with a scab on the left side of my head. To this very moment, my battle scar remains from that winter day long ago.

...

Another year went by and winter time rolled around. At the time, there were six people living in my

house: my dad, mom, grandma, auntie, sister, and of course, me. One day, we all decided that we would spend the day together at home doing various activities. My sister and I headed down to our auntie's room in the basement so we could all watch a movie together. Once again, I blurted out all too suddenly:

“This is the best day ever!”

Anyone that knows me, knows that I am allergic to certain cheese food colourings, such as Doritos and Cheetos. As we were watching the film, my auntie offered my sister and I some Filipino chips - cheese-flavoured. Since they were not Doritos or Cheetos, I figured that it would be okay to eat some. I began to chow these cheese chips down, inhaling the whole bag in a matter of minutes.

Our movie finished playing, and the rest of the day is history. That night, I could not seem to fall asleep. I began to roll around my bed, scratching my legs, back, neck, arms - pretty much every square inch of my body. My parents thought that I was just ashy, so they got some Aveeno and made me put some on.

Morning came, and my body

was covered with hives. My parents ended up rushing me to the hospital, where I spent a good amount of time with needles poking in and out of me. My parents stayed by my side day and night until I recovered. My grandma and auntie came to visit me and made sure I had everything I needed. All my family was there for me, like they always are.

One thing that I did learn, on the other hand, was to never eat those chips again.

...

Another winter rolled around, and my appendix ended up exploding inside my body. But, that's another story for another time.

Even though all of these unfortunate events happened to me, through it all, I always had my family by my side. They are always there for me, no matter how big or small the situation. Christmas would not be the same without my family and the memories that we make by being together. Whatever you may be facing these holidays, just know that there is a brighter day coming. Friends may fail you, even the ones you thought loved you the most.

But family... family is forever.

Don't forget to cherish them, because they aren't going anywhere. ■



Anna and Malissa Flores, circa 2009. Just prior to the shovel incident.



# The Taxi Driver

There once was a New York City taxi driver who was very dedicated to his job. Every morning, he would get into the taxi cab, carefully fold a new copy of the day's newspaper in half, and place it in the back seat of the car for his passengers. He always made sure that the seat pocket was stocked with the latest magazines, from *People* to *Time* to *National Geographic* - although he himself rarely read them, as he considered reading a trifle.

In the cupholder of his car, the taxi driver kept a bottomless container of candy and chocolate. He claimed they were solely for his blood sugar, but all of his passengers could attest to a rather different claim. (Especially the younger passengers.)

The driver had quite a simple appearance. His brown hair was straight, always parted down the middle. One look at his black dress shoes and you could tell right away that he hadn't bought a new pair in ten years at the very least. He wore a green button-down shirt - the same shirt every day, mind you (he did his laundry once a week on Sundays) - so

at times the aroma of the taxicab was not the pleasantest.

I had seen this taxi driver on the same street corner by my apartment every day for the past three years - every evening at seven o'clock sharp. He hadn't ever missed a day that I know of. And although I don't usually take the cabs - I'm a walking man, you see - one night, seven o'clock, I decided to use a vehicle - specifically, his yellow taxi - in order to get to a meeting I had to attend.

"Is it a bad time?" I asked, leaning slightly through the window.

The taxi driver laughed, his protruding belly swaying as he adjusted himself in his seat. "It's never a bad time for a passenger, boy."

"Then may I ask you to take me somewhere?"

It was one of those cold, early-December days. But even so, the taxi driver smiled as he stepped out of his car and came around to the other side. He had a slight limp I hadn't noticed before, probably because I had never seen him up close - only heard about him from others - until this particular evening. I

hadn't even gotten a chance to grasp the door handle before he came around (for a big, limping man in his later years, he was quite quick) and gently touched my hand, motioning for me to step aside. After a few moments of tugging, the black handle gave way and the yellow door swung open.

"It's an old car," he explained once we had both settled down in the cab. I nodded.

"Where to, my boy?"

"You can just drop me anywhere on Lexington Avenue if that's fine," I told him, strapping on the seatbelt.

We began to drive.

"Care for a chocolate?"

I looked into the container in the cupholder and automatically spotted a Milky Way - my favorite.

As I opened the packet and took a bite of my candy bar, the taxi driver spoke.

"Beautiful, isn't it?"

"What is, Sir?"

"The atmosphere at this time of year, I mean," he said, gesturing to the scene outside the foggy windows. I glanced around and saw that a powdery snow had started to fall. The dusk was slowly blending into dark, and the barren

trees were strung with brightly-colored lights. The "We're Open" neon signs emitted their soft glow into the world, and people on the street shuffled about in their winter coats. I was glad for the heat in the taxicab, though it provided minimal warmth.

"Yes, I suppose it is nice," I replied cordially.

"I've seen you around, you know," he made a left turn, and we passed the gigantic Christmas tree

that illuminated the Rockefeller Center behind it.

"Good kid, you are. I see you every evening, sitting outside of your apartment." He nodded his head as if to confirm the fact. "Is it writing that you do in that notebook of yours?"

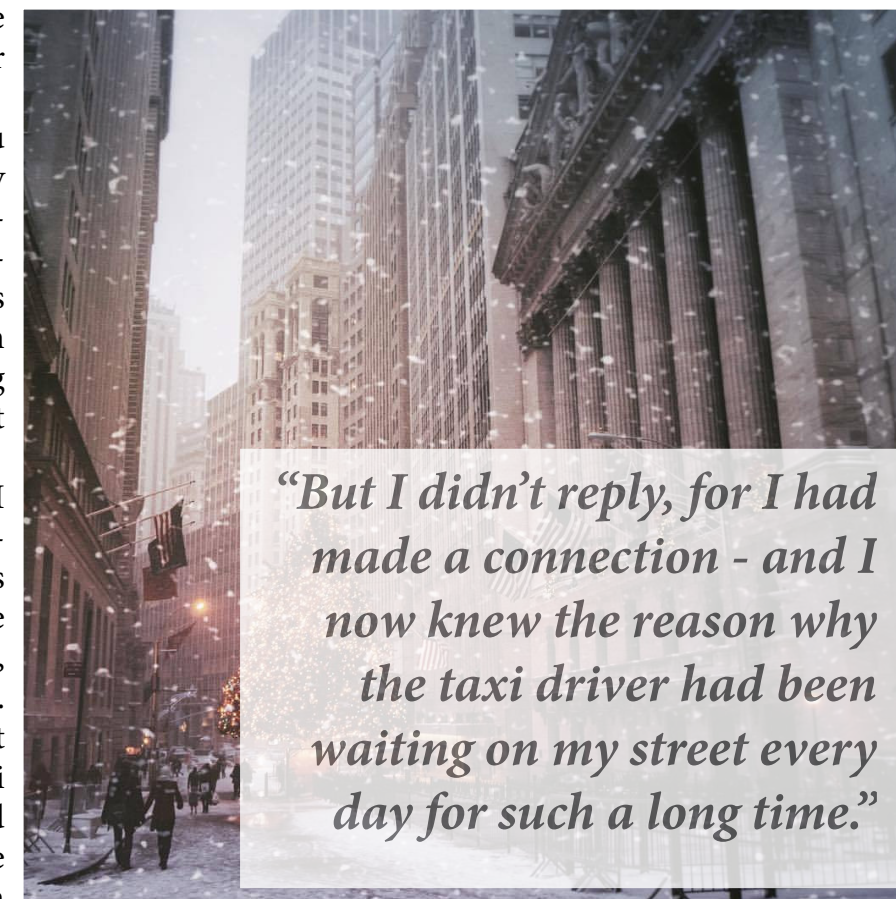
"Yes, that's it." I replied to him. I noticed him tapping his meaty fingers on the driver's wheel. Yes, I'd seen him around. Yes, I'd heard about his exceptional taxi service. But it had never occurred to me that he might've been observing me all the while I'd been observing him.

As if to read my mind, the taxi driver said, slowing to a stop at a red light, "I've been to your neighborhood every day for the past few years. I picked up on a few habits of the people on your street, including you." He chuckled.

"May I ask you something, Sir?" After all, I had been seeing him and his taxi cab on that corner every

evening for the past three years. My initial intention in using this cab tonight had been to settle my curiosity, anyway.

"Polite boy you are, eh?" He shook his head as a rueful smile crossed his lips. "My boy's just the opposite. He's a real good kid, but he's a lot more direct and forward than you are -" the taxi driver adjusted the rearview mirror slightly, then continued, " - but go ahead and ask your question. I bet a buck I know what it is already."



*"But I didn't reply, for I had made a connection - and I now knew the reason why the taxi driver had been waiting on my street every day for such a long time."*

So I asked him what I'd been desiring to know: "Why are you always waiting on my street? Who are you waiting for?"

"I just won myself a buck if we were betting for real." He let out another laugh, one that came from his stomach in a bellow.

I chuckled along with him, but pressed, "But why?"

And the taxi driver suddenly got quiet and a sort of remembrance

crossed his big, squarish face. "I've been waiting for my son is all,"

"For the past three years?!" I exclaimed in disbelief.

"You say it like it's been forever," said the taxi driver, "but I know he's coming home soon. That's where he lives - in the apartment beside yours. You met him before? His name's Wallace."

But I didn't reply, for I had made a connection - and I now knew the reason why the taxi driver had been waiting on my street every day for

such a long time.

"He's bound to be back soon. He went off to fight for the country. I was scared for him, I was. But I got a letter. Said he'd be home soon. Said he first got to stop off in California to visit a friend, then he'd be back to New York in no time. He was supposed to be back by seven at night, two nights after I got the letter."

And I let him speak as I kept silent for the next few minutes.

"My boy Wallace, he's a good one.

I know it's been just about three years... but I know he'll be back. One night, seven PM, I'll pull up to his apartment building. And his light - he lives in 21A - it'll be lit up." He paused a moment to brush a stray piece of hair from his face. "Maybe even lit up with Christmas lights, if he comes home this month."

As the taxi driver pulled up on Lexington Avenue, I took out some

cash, gave him a wadded twenty. "Keep the change."

"Nah," he kindly pushed the money back towards me, "it's too much for a short ride." He looked around. "All my change from today is emptied out."

"I don't have anything except the twenty."

"Then keep it, boy."

After some friendly bickering, I finally convinced him to take my money.

"You keep an eye out for Wallace, eh?" The taxi driver asked as I stepped outside.

And I nodded, because I was too much of a coward to be the one to tell him that his son Wallace had jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge

three years ago, shell-shocked from the war.

No one had known Wallace had had family. He'd been a nice one; sort of private. I'd previously assumed that his parents were already dead.

Three years is a long time to wait for a son to come home. Most people would've given up waiting by now. But this taxi driver was different. He possessed a sort of vain hope that either nobody knew about, or nobody dared to crush. I'll take my bet it's the latter.

The taxi driver stopped coming to my street seven months after our encounter, and you may guess why. I still look for him on the streets -

hoping to see his big squarish face and neatly parted head of hair bobbing in the crowds. I even ask around about him when I have the chance. But nobody - not even any of his regular customers - knows where he's gone off to. Sometimes I have an inkling of a guess, but I'd rather leave it be.

*we must accept finite  
dissapointment, but never  
lose/infinite*

*hope.*

*- martin luther king, jr. -*

CATHERINE  
MOLLOY

# If At First You Don't Succeed

I grew up with the most horrible tasting food I have ever had the displeasure of trying. My mother is from Newfoundland and she learned to cook from her father who thought a combination of mashed tomatoes and old turkey made soup. Needless to say, I learned to cook for myself relatively fast. The only problem was that I could only cook chicken ramen and Uncle Ben's Minute Rice, and whenever I tried anything else my mother said I did it wrong, and promptly took over. That is, until my sister Katelyn and my friends Marcia and Aaliyah taught me how to cook and bake once they were confident I wouldn't burn down the kitchen (which I have almost managed multiple times).

My sister thought that it would be a good idea to teach me how to fry eggs first. Obviously, it went terribly.

When I was five, I went to the frying pan when my mother wasn't looking and stuck my chin into the oil for no apparent reason. I screamed bloody murder and she came into the kitchen to see me on the floor with the frying pan, so she threw me into the snow on

our deck to cool off my face. I never forgot that incident, and I never went near frying pans after - that is, at least, until Katelyn dragged me into the kitchen to fry that stupid egg. I was terrified that I was going to burn myself again, so I thought that if I cracked the egg farther from the pan, it would splatter less. I have no clue why I thought this, but I did, and so, I dropped the egg onto the frying pan before my

**"I managed to make something that I was proud of; something that made other people happy."**

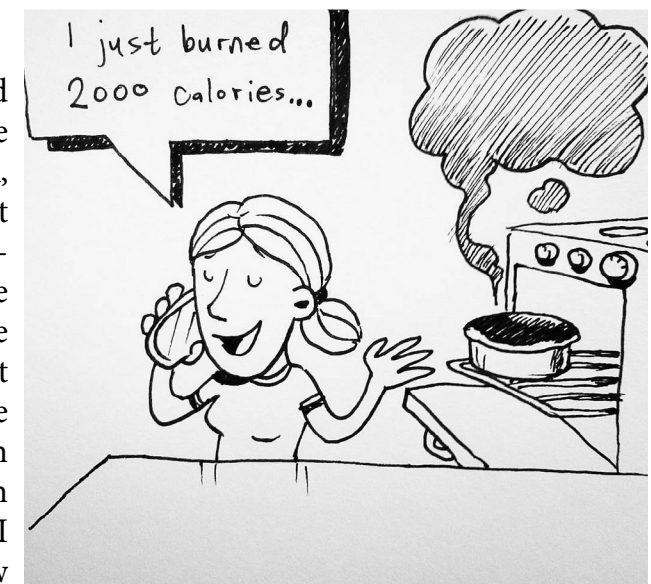
sister could stop me and managed to splatter the oil onto the both of us.

When Marcia and Aaliyah tried to teach me how to cook, it went a bit better. We decided to make stir fry, so we went about chopping more vegetables than I had ever seen in my life. I don't know

who suggested it, but one of the twins thought that it would be a good idea for me, of all people, to use the knife, and the next time they looked over, I had managed to cut off part of my finger with it. Obviously, that ended as quickly as it started.

Katelyn decided to try and teach me how to bake after that, as she thought it might end better than if I had access to hot oil or knives, so we made baklava - which is to say, she made baklava while I passed her ingredients. After that, she gave up with trying to teach me anything related to the kitchen.

Then came around my wedding presentation in Families class, so I decided to make my



## Contest: Kingsway Christmas

Below are five pictures of various locations at Kingsway that are currently quite Christmasy-looking. If you are among the **first three people** to correctly name **all five** of these locations (what offices they are or what rooms they are located in), you will receive a prize.

Please send your answers to [cedarsentinel@kingsway.college](mailto:cedarsentinel@kingsway.college). Have fun!



sister's baklava recipe for the class. Without any help.

In the end, I managed to make two dishes of baklava and when I gave them out to the class and to some of the adults I know, ev-

eryone loved it, and some of the people asked for the recipe. Even though my mother, sister, and friends thought that I would never be able to cook or bake anything that would be edible, when

I tried to make something people would enjoy (and worked on it for a few hours), I managed to make something that I was proud of; something that made other people happy. ■

KIANA  
KAPINIAK

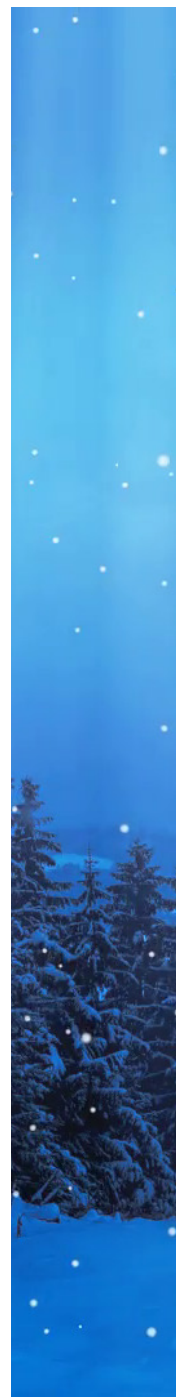
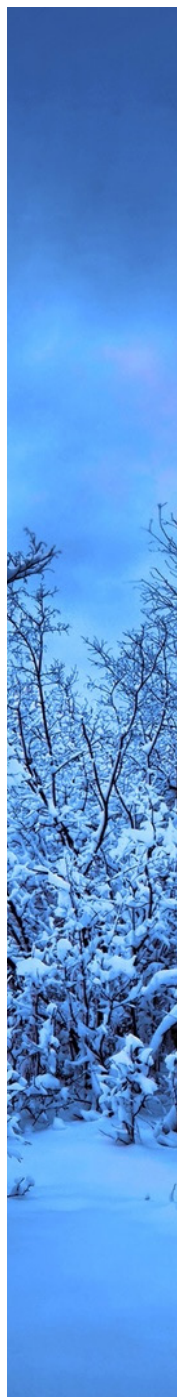
# WINTER IS HERE

**S**nowflakes falling to the ground  
Spreading a white blanket all around  
Hot chocolate and fires  
Warm cuddles satisfying desires  
With air so crisp and clear  
Winter is finally here.

Skiing and tubing  
Snowman building  
All joy and relaxation  
Because now it's Christmas vacation  
We no longer have homework to fear  
Winter is here

Presents wrapped beneath the Christmas tree  
Waiting to open them with glee  
Candy canes and carolling  
Lights and stockings  
We smile into the mirror  
Winter is here

Time to start a new year  
Resolutions for 2019 are so near  
Food so delicious  
Countdowns and kisses  
Not a single tear  
Winter is here ■



# SA Christmas Party Photos





photos continued on page seventeen

CARALYNN  
CHAN

# The Struggles of Being Short

Last year, I was inspired by someone who wrote an article about the struggles of being skinny. So I decided to continue "The Struggles Of Being..." segment like some kind of YouTube video where people sit down and talk about their struggles.

Currently I am short, and I accept that fact. I also accept the fact that some people may jokingly tease me because of my height. I'll try to laugh off the joke like many other short people but it comes to the

point where it could be called bullying. Some people have told me that I should get a disability claim because of my height, and others have called me a midget. It's quite offensive and of course I will try to discreetly tell the person that their actions are not appreciated without causing drama. Nobody should poke fun at those who have disabilities, including using derogatory words such as 'midget.' The word midget back in the day was created as an insulting la-

bel to refer to people of short stature who were on public display for curiosity and sport.

Then there are people who obviously mean well, but can come off as ignorant.

On the first day of school last year, I was entering Chemistry 11 and someone asked me, "Are you in Chemistry 11?" To which I humorously responded, "To be honest, I'm not quite sure why I'm in Chemistry 11." The person answered and mentioned something about my height as

the reason they thought I might be in Grade 9 or 10. I assured the person that I was indeed in Grade 11.

Other times, some people who are taller than me have tried to use my head as an armrest when I'm standing. It's an unwelcome invasion of my personal space and I'll politely ask them to refrain from using me as an armrest. If the person looks like they really need an armrest, I will often suggest that they use a counter or a desk as a substitute.

Shopping and finding well-fitting clothes is a struggle for me as well. It doesn't help that many stores do not have XS sizes and people tell me to "Go shop in the kids section." Most of my clothes are either hemmed or cut because the actual clothes fit my body but the sleeves or pant legs are too long. Or it's the opposite. When I shop for clothes, it's depressing that I have to shop for the size instead of looking for clothes that appeal to me. It's hard when you find something cute but "size small" is way too long for your body. It's difficult to find something you like that's in your size when you are short. Most of my clothes make me look like a sack of potatoes from the flea market because they do not fit well.

Then, there are people who talk to me about nature vs. nurture. Basically, if your family has hereditary traits or a history of certain illness or diseases, you may or may not inherit those traits. So, even if your family is on the shorter side, you could end up being tall. On the flip side, some tall people could be tall because it is a hereditary trait, meaning that being of taller stature runs in the family. Some people will tell me to eat more vegetables or exercise more often. God made

people in all shapes and sizes; if everyone was tall, it would be quite boring.

Sometimes I'll go to Costco and the sample-giving ladies or men will ask me to go get my parents to get samples just because they assume I'm young. I'm seventeen! I know that I'm not allergic to anything. What kind of proof regarding my age would you like? A driver's license or a health card? And they let the lanky tall kids get samples! It's definitely not fair.

There are some benefits of being short which I enjoy. At the Superstore, there is a sign in the bakery section that says, 'Free cookies for children ten years and under.' Up until I was fifteen years old I would get free cookies from the Superstore and the bakers in the bakery section would not bat an eye at me. They would let me take cookies. (Then one fateful day, my mom cut me off and told me, "Caralynn, you aren't ten anymore. You're fifteen.") I can buy cheaper kids tickets in movie theatres and amusement parks. Many people who find out that I'm currently seventeen years old tell me, "Wow, you'll be happy when you're forty and look really young." I take that compliment with a grain of salt, but it's sad that some people in our society assume all short people are younger and tall people are older.

Since I haven't grown taller in a while, most of my altered clothes still fit me from elementary school. It has saved my family and me quite a bit of money. Sometimes people who have known me from my College Park Elementary days will remark "Hey, didn't you wear that in elementary school?"

Playing hide and seek is my forte because I can hide under beds, be-

hind some couches depending on how they are arranged, in some containers, in empty laundry baskets, behind doors, in closets - and sometimes I can even get away with crouching on the floor. I once tried to hide in a washing machine, but that's a story for another day. Being short certainly has its benefits.

When you're short, some people may just flat out ignore you, but you can always surprise them with your skills. I know many talented basketball players, musicians, students, artists, and other skilled people who have an amazing talent niche and are smaller in stature. They do not let their height get in the way of accomplishing their dreams and pursuing their passions.

To be clear, this article is not an attack on taller people. This article is to be an eye-opener, as well as my honest opinion about my struggles and the struggles short people face today. I wish that people would not discriminate or judge others about anything - including height - but prejudice is still around today. I appreciate everyone, and to all the tall people, I will call you if I need you to grab something for me on a high shelf. (Especially at Kingsway where students can't use ladders since we don't have ladder training.) Thank you if you have helped me reach items on the top shelf without judging me for my size.

To the short people, never feel inferior to taller people. Your height does not define your ability, character, or intelligence - even though it may define the amusement park rides you are allowed to go on. (I've been there, believe me.) To everyone, God has made you in His image and unconditionally loves you no matter how tall or short you are.





# The Christmas War

The celestial night sky looked down upon the weary travellers as they journeyed through the unknown lands. Anticipation captured the shepherds' hearts and minds as they forced their legs to move through the dry desert ground. They knew the journey would be difficult, but they went with faith, knowing that they would come upon the Hope of the world once they reached their destination. They desperately clung onto their torn and dusty clothes as the cold air bit into their flesh. Like a map, the bright light that hung over their heads was directing them to greatness.

The shepherds saw a stable up ahead and immediately knew that they were reaching the end of their journey. They passed the stable and followed the bright light all the way to the Bethlehem stadium. Thousands of people were sitting in the stadium, filling every space they could find. The shepherds forced their way to the front as Jesus and Santa stood on trial. They arrived just in time to take their place in the jury to hear the beginning of Santa's testimony.

*"I am getting very frustrated with you, Jesus. Christmas is supposed to be about me; I inspire kids to look under the tree. Presents and gifts fill them with glee - Can't you see? My only plea is that you flee and let me be free."*

*Everyone held their breath as Jesus went to the stand to defend Himself. "I am sorry that I tell you the truth - I don't come through the roof, And I don't have a sweet tooth. I was born to save the lives of many; But as far as I'm concerned, you haven't saved any."*

*Sweat ran down Santa's face as he nervously stood up to deliver his rebuttal. "Christmas is a time to make everyone happy, Not leave them feeling sentimental and sappy. My gifts help kids to know they are loved; They don't need to be reminded by a man from above."*

*By this time, Jesus was starting to get angry, because He knew the sacrifice He had made for humanity. "You give kids happiness, but I give everyone lifelong joy. I died so kids can receive more than a toy. I give salvation to the naughty and nice, My gift can't be bought 'cause I paid the price."*

*That is when Santa knew it was time to confess. "Jesus, I no longer want to live in distress. I don't know how I got in this mess, Trying to fight for Christmas caused me too much stress."*

*Then Jesus replied with a smile on his face, "Your sins are forgiven, I already took your place." But that is when God replied: "JESUS, YOU WERE REALLY BORN IN THE SPRING - SO CHRISTMAS IS REALLY AN IRELEVANT THING!" ■*

# SA Christmas Party Photos

cont.



# The Model Minority

The Asian community has been referred to as the “model minority” for their stellar grades, high achieving goals, and all around leadership. Stemming from their culture’s expectations and parental influence, Asian-American students have established a golden aura around themselves, raising the standards around them. But what happens when the standards are raised too high? As college admission season comes and goes, Asian-American students are continuously astounded by what comes to pass. The number of Asian students who are rejected by Ivy League schools has grown to an impossibly large amount. Asian-American students are discriminated against because of stereotyped academic achievements, unequal standards, and racial biases.

Asians have been seen as the models of minority because of their high averages, committed work ethic, and overall commitment to being the “best of the best.” The stereotype stems from paren-

tal, cultural, and outside influence. Parents have a major impact on a child’s life. Children of immigrants always hear stories of their parents’ hardships back in their homeland - these stories somehow translate into: “You must become valedictorian.” As they grow up, good grades are a no-brainer. Work hard now, get into a good school - and that will lead to happiness and a good job. “They’re under a lot of stress because their parents sacrificed a lot and they’re trying to keep up their grades” (Chris Fuchs par. 20). To some parents, a good grade is of more importance than an expensive gift. It is a way to show that their hard work was all worth it. Cultural, along with parental, aspects in a child’s life are constant influences that pressure a child from elementary school to university and onwards. Traditions and ways of life simply affect the students in America. Though they may not have grown up in their country of origin, they still feel the pressure just from looking the part. Stu-

dents who do not do well in school, but are still expected to get good grades, will often try harder to fit the expectations. This often results in failure to meet the standards, as well as mental health issues: “The model minority [label] does cause a lot of anxiety in a lot of the second-generation children” (Chris Fuchs par. 31). Comparison is another factor that will often affect an Asian-American student, if not all students. Parents and other adults are often heard telling stories of their success or the success of a relative or a friend. Constant comparison to the rest of the world can either encourage young children or, more often than not, diminish what accomplishments they already have achieved. Being of Asian descent automatically raises expectations in academic environments.

Unequal standards are not an obstacle that Asian’s face but rather a ten-foot pole that they must climb without help. Asian-American students are being forced to meet expectations that are continually being raised. Sociologist Thomas Espenshade wrote in his book *No Longer Separate, Not Yet Equal* that “to receive equal consideration by elite colleges, Asian-Americans must outperform Whites by 140 points, Hispanics by 280 points, Blacks by 450 points in SAT (Total 1600)” (S.B. Woo par. 2). A clear piece of evidence that shows Ivy League schools are setting a standard for Asian students.

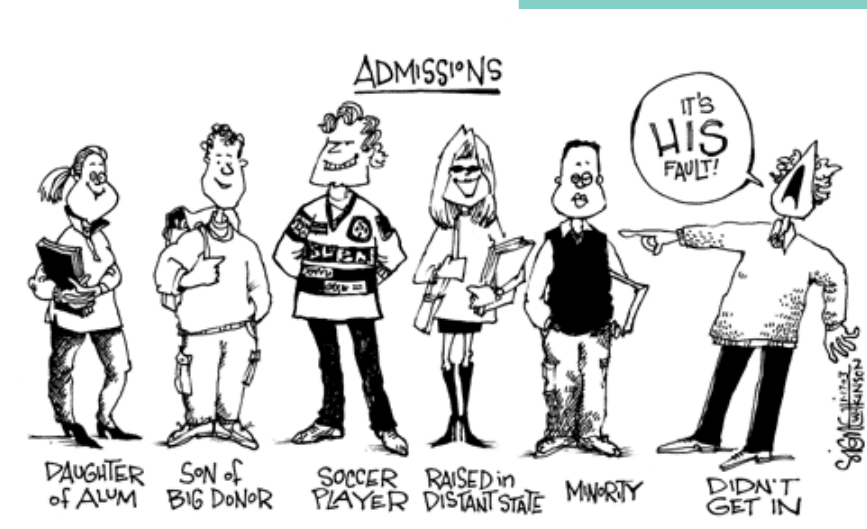
Asian-American students are doing spectacular on tests and “they were twenty-seven percent of the Presidential Scholars, which are chosen based on scholarship, service, leadership and creativity... this all demonstrates that top colleges have a ‘merits-be-damned’ approach to limit the number of Asian students. They did that once before - against Jewish students about a century ago” (S.B. Woo par. 5). Unequal standards are blatantly discriminating Asian-American students and crushing their dreams of a better education and their future.

The Asian community has experienced their share of hate, abuse, and discrimination over the years, before and after the 1965 Immigration and Nationality Act. Before the act; however, Asian-American immigrants were not living the “American dream” they once thought they would have. “The largest mass lynching in American history, in 1871, in which 17 Chinese were murdered; the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, which prohibited Chinese Immigration; the internment of 120,000 Japanese-Americans in the Second World War... all were symptoms of racism that was reserved not just for African-Americans” (The Mod-

el Minority Is Losing Patience par. 5). Immigrants from Asia faced the worst when they thought they were coming for the best. They had to struggle for decades to support their families and their dreams. Asian-Americans study hard and become more than qualified for top universities and allegations that “the Ivy Leagues have put an implicit limit on the number of Asians they will admit” (“The Model Minority Is Losing Patience” par. 13) persistently show that Asian-Americans have to do the impossible while others only have to do the bare minimum. Ivy League schools have also continued the trend of affirmative action while discriminating against Asians by admitting blacks and Hispanics because of their history of disadvantage - it has left no room for those who are just high achievers. Because of this, Asian parents are angered and confused by this quota: “I feel angry about it. We came for the American dream: you work hard, you do well. This just doesn’t add up,” (The Model Minority Is Losing Patience par. 17). The children work hard, even getting into music, debate teams, charity work, sports - “everything that is supposed increase students’ chances of admission”

(“The Model Minority Is Losing Patience” par. 17). Asian-American students are simply denied entry to top universities because of reasons they cannot change.

Asian-American students are denied top education because of increased academic expectations, impossible standards, and racial discrimination. They are denied entry to Ivy League schools because of their race - not because their achievements did not meet the standards, but rather due to their ethnicity and their origins. These Asian-American students deserve just as much opportunity as the privileged, and they deserve the affirmative action to remedy the past cruelties that their ancestors had to face just to get their children to where they are. Asian-American students work hard - not just for themselves, but for their parents and their families. Asian-American students have to compete with the privileged and the pitied, while having no pity for themselves. The modern world boasts equality and opportunity, but it seems to be excluding this minority. Asian-Americans are lost between cultural groups, and the students are the ones fighting to get out. ■



# Community VS. Dorm

**K**ingsway students live in the dorm or come from the community. Even though every person who attends this school is considered a Kingsway student, being a dorm student is very different from being a community student. Here is a comparison between dorm students' lives versus community students' lives.

## COMMUNITY STUDENTS:

### GET TO GO HOME EVERY DAY

- They can be in their own room
- Home rules may not be as strict as dorm rules
- Some dorm students do not get the opportunity to go home often

### CAN EAT HOMEMADE FOOD

- Do not have to always eat from the Kingsway cafeteria
- Get to include meat in their diet (if they eat it), which is not served at the cafeteria

### HAVE UNBLOCKED WIFI

- At home, students with additional electronic devices can connect to their own wifi
- They are able to access more websites
- They have a wider range of sources for both leisure and research

### FREEDOM TO LEAVE CAMPUS WHEN THEY CHOOSE TO

- Community students don't have to go through a long process in order to sign themselves out
- They can just talk to their parents and go out (with their parents' permission)

### CAN SEE FAMILY EVERY DAY

- Some dorm students go weeks until they get to see their families, but community students get to go home and see family and friends every day

### HOME LEAVES ARE MORE BENEFICIAL

- Even though home leaves are for dorm students, community students also benefit from the long weekend
- They have lots of time for themselves

## DORM STUDENTS:

### LEARN TO BE MORE INDEPENDENT

- They learn how to take care of themselves
- Being in the dorm is good preparation for college/university if you plan on living alone or in the dormitory
- Become more responsible
- Experiencing dormitory life before college helps students learn to prioritize well

### CAN LIVE WITH FRIENDS

- In the dorm, students are able to interact with more people
- There are various fun programs and social activities to attend
- Dorm students get to live with a diverse group of people, which can help increase their social circles.
- Dorm students tend to build closer relationships with each other
- Improvement of social skills

### HAVE CONVENIENT SCHEDULES

- The schedules are convenient and can help teach self-discipline
- Things such as hall worship, study hall, and work hours help students prioritize, which is an important skill
- Sometimes the schedule may seem scary; however, it helps to develop life skills and self-discipline
- Wifi may be shut down early, but it helps dorm students to concentrate and focus on their studying/work

### LIVE NEAR THE CHURCH, BOOTH, AND SCHOOL

- Dorm students live right on the campus
- They don't need to worry about being late to school
- They can easily get to school on time without worrying about traffic.
- It's very convenient to live near the booth, church, gym, and more.

### LACK PRIVACY SOMETIMES

- It can be really noisy and hectic sometimes
- It can be hard if a student is trying to have some alone time, or if he/she wants to study
- They can get distracted a lot by noise, roommates, suitemates, and neighbors up above or down below

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There are many advantages and disadvantages to being a community or dorm student at Kingsway. Both can teach many important lessons that can be useful later in life. ■

Even with a bit of a late start, Kingsway's annual Fund Dinner for 2018 ran just as beautifully and smoothly as I had imagined. It was easy to see the amount of work put into the decorations, program, auctions, table arrangements, etc. to pull off such



an amazing night. The Enrolment department planned a wonderful night that transformed the dated gym into a beautiful location for the dinner which brought in a fairly large crowd. The old gym, though it does have room for renovation, truly did make the perfect scene. The old 'rustic' look to it brought something different to the table than what the new gym, or any other location, would have brought. Although the temperature can be a bit colder than preferred in the gym, I believe the gym served the perfect location. It only makes sense to select a classic, older Kingsway building for a classic Kingsway tradition.

The theme chosen for this year was surrounding the beau-

tiful European country of Italy. This was easy to tell by the decor - especially the eye-catching Italian flag, made entirely of balloons. It located at the

dinner table after an Italian city. I personally only knew the common ones such as Milan and Venice. (Geography

hung everywhere to illuminate the room gave the atmosphere a classy dinner feeling. The chalkboard walls put up to help identify what tables were designated for what made the old gym look more modern. The office got creative and decided to name each

photobooth, which worked as a gorgeous and unique background. The Enrolment office worked wonders for the set-up for the evening. Lights

was never my forte.) However, there were more decorations that connected to Italy in a more familiar way. For exam-



ple, there was a cutout of the iconic Leaning Tower of Pisa, posted on the wall by the stage - a familiar trait to Italy.

Being a previous worker of the Enrolment/PR office, I know exactly how much prep goes into large events such as Fund Dinner. I dis-

stay up to take it all down. However, with the help of several willing volunteers, mainly those in need of volunteer hours, everything goes much smoother.

Aside from the decorations and the atmosphere, the program for the night was full of great pieces of entertainment. I was so amazed by the ABCD's (Aerials, Band, Choir, and Drama). Their hard work really paid off as the night was full of beautiful music performed by Band and Choir, as well as exciting performances from Aerials and Drama. Being a



Brown's band played such beautiful music.

Fund Dinner 2018 was excellent in my perspective. It was my last Fund Dinner as a student at Kingsway, and I was certainly impressed. I remember all of the performances I participated in for Fund Dinner in the past years, and I even remember being an audience member before becoming a Kingsway student. Fund Dinner was a huge success through all the hard work of the Enrolment office, the ABCD's, and all the helpful volunteers - both students and adults. I am excited to see all the upcoming Kingsway Fund Dinners for years to come and hope they will continue to be just as incredible as this year's dinner. ■

# Fund Dinner

## 2018

tinctly remember that last year's Fund Dinner was such a tiring event to prepare for. Just like the workers this year, we would begin weeks and weeks in advance just to start with the decorations for the photo booth, the tables, and the walls. It may not seem like much, but you will never understand how exhausting it is until you experience life as an Enrolment worker. It took so much time and patience to do it perfectly and of course get Ybb, Chante, and Mr. Bussey's approval. Setting up took up our Friday afternoon and our entire Sunday; not to mention how late we had to

choir member, I personally know the amount of practice the choir

put in to learn two songs (in Italian), for Fund Dinner. It was clear that the other groups had put in just as much effort as we did - drama had an exciting sneak peek of their upcoming performance of "Annie", the Aerials performed a fantastic routine, Mr.





# Contacts

*If you would like to submit **anything** - articles, short stories, poems, photos, or artwork - to the Cedar Sentinel, please send your work to [cedarsentinel@kingsway.college](mailto:cedarsentinel@kingsway.college). We would be happy to receive your submissions.*

*And be sure to check out our website, [cedarsentinel.com](http://cedarsentinel.com)!*

