



**Cedar**  
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**Sentinel**  
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THIS YEAR WE HAVE THE HONOR OF TAKING CEDAR SENTINEL ONLINE. YOU CAN FIND OUR LATEST ISSUES ON THE KINGSWAY WEBSITE AND/OR INSTAGRAM. 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.

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# editor's message

Hello Kingsway,



*Iliana Columbie*  
Editor-in-chief

This month is a time of remembrance -- a time to pay tribute to those who served in the battles and wars of history, whether they are still alive or whether they died serving our country. Let us honour the sacrifice and bravery of our fallen soldiers who fought for safety and freedom. Remember the men and women who helped paint the stories in the history books that we read today -- stories of dedication and heroism and nights spent wondering if death was just around the corner. Take a moment today to pay our respects to those who gave their lives so we could have a better future

Sincerely, Iliana Columbie

Hello Kingsway,



*Kyle Bacalso*  
Assistant editor

This is the month for remembering and giving respect. A day we come together as a nation to honour the Canadian men and women who fought and died in the name of peace. Let us reflect on their sacrifices and selflessness in the service of others. They shall never be forgotten and will forever be honoured. We dedicate this issue to the men and women who died to defend our freedom today.

God bless, Kyle Bacalso



## words of wisdom

“Don't forget - no one else sees the world the way you do, so no one else can tell the stories that you have to tell.”

- *Charlee de Lint*



# In Flanders Field

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch, be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

- John McCrae



*Maya Dell'Erba*



”

“And they who for their country die shall  
fill an honored grave, for glory lights the  
soldier's tomb, and beauty weeps the  
brave.”

- Joseph Drake



# The Catastrophic Canoeing Conundrum

I've been stranded on this flimsy boat for what seems like days and I'm starting to get hallucinations. I've forgotten what dry land feels like at this point. What colour is grass again?

"Sit up, you'll tip the canoe over", my dad tsks and I reluctantly sit up, paddle still resting on my lap. A cold gust of wind rocks the canoe like a mother rocking her newborn and icy water brushes against the canoe, spraying my arms. A shudder races through my body making me long to reach land and sit by a crackling fire again. "We won't get back to shore if only one of us is paddling", a sing-song voice from behind me nags. I know my dad is right and I begin paddling again, watching the metallic paddle send ripples through the dark, murky water of the lake. I begin wondering what mysterious creatures loom at its depths but as my stomach begins to twist into knots at the thought, I shake the idea out of my head and sigh. Who's bright idea of a "vacation" was canoeing for 6 hours in such torrential conditions again? Oh that's right. I glance back with a grimace at my father who was

sitting in the back of the canoe, paddling, and I shake my head. He's the reason we're in this mess. I look back ahead to see 2 tiny specks in the distance which I made out to be my aunt, uncle, and 2 cousins paddling on their own canoes; at first we had all been paddling at the same pace in the winding river but once we made it back to the open lake, we all drifted apart, my dad and I falling far behind. They were nearly at shore while my father and I were still paddling hopelessly in the endless blue fabric, bitter wind nipping at us every so often. I continue paddling my oars listlessly but my mind wanders, thinking of all the things I'll do once I reach sweet, sweet land.

"We've been at this for forever", I whine, slumping forward on the measly metal slab of the canoe which the rental lodge had tried to pass off as a seat. My entire body aches and I let out a long, exaggerated sigh, my paddle dragging in the water. This is it. This is how I'm going to die. Stranded in the Lake of Two Rivers in Algonquin Park. Tell my mom and dog I love them. "Well you not doing anything certainly isn't going to help us

get back to shore. We can't give up now or else we'll just float here for the rest of our lives! Now pick up your paddle", my dad barks at me and I let out yet another exasperated sigh, rolling my eyes. I hate it when he's right. I look to my right, eyes caressing the huge mound of land erupting from the depths of the water. The island was wild and unkempt, trees protruding from all directions as if pointing to different destinations. Canoes and kayaks lay scattered along its melancholic shore which was overrun with weeds and sharp rocks protruding from every nook and cranny. I wonder what adventures the owners of those vessels are having; it's probably a lot better than mine right now. As my father and I continue to paddle against the adamant current of the cold August water, I look to my right again and frown with frustration. We were still parallel to the island, exactly as we were 10 minutes ago. It was as if our canoe was on a treadmill and no matter how much effort we put into paddling, we couldn't move forward.

"Is the island following us or something?", I joke and my dad lets out a hearty laugh,

dissipating the despairing atmosphere surrounding our small, 2-person canoe.

"We'll get to shore soon enough, just keep going", he reminds me and I nod, a surge of determination washing over me like a flash flood. I begin to aggressively paddle, desperately trying to make it back to shore. I see the strip of land ahead of us gradually get larger. My aunt, uncle, and cousins had already reached the shore quite a while back and were now waiting for us on the beach. Somewhere along the journey, my dad and I start singing songs together to help us stay positive. Our offkey singing of just about every Stone Temple Pilots song was enough to make any wildlife for miles return to an early hibernation but we didn't care because the shore was getting closer and closer. I breathe a sigh of relief as the details of the sandy strip of land start to take shape. If it wasn't for the constant nagging from my father I probably would've given up and accepted my doom, wondering when vultures would circle above me, waiting to pick me off.

That's the way it's always been though; my parents have always been my rock, supporting me and urging me to keep going even when it feels like a lost cause. If it wasn't for them, there are numerous things I would've quit just because it was challenging; they've always been by my side to remind me that just because something is difficult or just because I'm not good at something right away, doesn't mean I should quit at it. If anything, they remind me, I should strive to achieve my goals no matter the obstacle. I smile reluctantly as our metallic vessel slides onto shore, tilting slightly to the side as if it was just as exhausted as us. My family on shore starts cheering us on as my dad and I crawl out of the canoe, and I take a long deep breath of the cool summer air. The sun finally starts peaking through the grey clouds, as if to congratulate us on our accomplishment. After we high-five, my father and I flip the canoe over and start walking back to the car. By the time he starts the engine to drive back to the campsite, I'm already in a deep sleep. ■

”

“Never give up because great things take time.”

- Alia K.





“

## *Unique*

I look in the mirror  
and what do I see,  
I see me the person no one else can be.

I am brilliant,  
I am thankful to be me.  
The way I talk and speak is like I'm in my own fantasy.

My eyes, my face,  
the colour of my skin,  
all make up me,  
outside and within.

In all the world, there is  
no one like me.  
Everything that comes out  
is authentically mine,  
my body, my feelings, my voice,  
and all my actions.

## *I am Unique*

I am the friendly kid next door.  
I am the extrovert, the one who speaks with  
passion.  
I am the introvert, afraid to speak their mind.

I am the friend you come to talk to  
No matter what the situation.

Sometimes the airhead,  
Sometimes the wise one,

Sometimes  
I am the “confused one,”  
I refuse those titles.

I am an art creation,  
an artist.  
I manifest,  
I'm a manifestation.  
I am self,  
an expression,  
A being, a lifeform.  
I am precious,  
I am real, I am truth, I am history.  
I refuse to be similar.  
I AM UNIQUE!

”





## The Comfort in Narrow Streets

*The Comfort in Narrow Streets*

I was born and raised in Macau, which is famously known as the ‘Las Vegas of the East’. It is where the blazing casinos and neon lights crowd together in a circle, the bright lights dominating the small piece of sky we see. Every night is brighter than morning. As a child I would sit in my father’s study, on a chair way too tall for me, looking up pictures of Europe, Canada, Australia—all the places I’ve never been to. The pictures of glimmering beaches made me gasp, and the lush green mountains always looked so comfortable to roll on. Everytime my parents took me out on vacation, I threw terrible temper tantrums over going home. Why would I ever want to go back? We don’t have golden sanded beaches, nor do we have snowy mountains with their peaks covered by a slight fog. Instead, we have crowded malls where you could get trampled on, narrow streets made even narrower with the line of tourists hovering over egg tarts. Many times it seemed like there was never an easy way to get to where you want to go, especially when I went out with Mom, for the narrow streets meant parallel parking in obscure

spots that Mom had never mastered in. I was finally able to leave home during my Junior year in high school. I boarded my flight to Toronto, Canada, full of excitement. I left with no regrets, but with a happy, skippy beat on my chest. Everything I saw in Canada was through a crystalline lens. I saw snow glisten like tiny jewels as the sun shone across the white surface. Even the freezing air felt intoxicating; mixed with all the anticipation and elation my lungs could hold.

Living in Canada meant I had to do things more independently. I had to live in a dorm, share a bathroom with people I barely knew. It was the first time I had to be on my own completely. I went to class every morning without ripping a page off our traditional chinese calendar. Still, I studied hard, and tried to make new friends. When winter peaked; however, I noticed the snow glistened a little less brightly, and the sun lingered for barely enough hours for me to appreciate it. The people in my new school were all wonderful people, but every time I tried to tell them that I was from Macau, they gave me puzzled looks, to which I had to explain:

“It’s the Las Vegas of the East!”

“Oh yes, it’s right next to Hong Kong, but it’s totally different from Hong Kong. Macau used to be a Portuguese colony, so it has a mixture of both Chinese and Portuguese culture.” “There are magnificent hotels there. The night view is unbeatable. You should definitely visit there sometime, and I’ll show you around!” Everytime someone questioned me about Macau, I couldn’t help but feel obliged to tell them how great it is, as if I was offended over the little recognition Macau was getting. I wanted people to know that I came from Macau, one of the most unique places to live in. Every night before I slept, I opened up my window for a sniff of clean, fresh air. The air would be just as refreshing as the day I stepped out of the airport, but several times, I dreamed of smelling freshly made egg tarts—the warm, buttery, aroma I smelled everytime I walked down ‘Rua de Cunha’. When I returned to Macau that summer, I had a new perspective for everything around me. I observed the transition between the grey concrete floors turning into Portuguese cobblestones

of alternating black and white tiles, arranged into various drawings like a mosaic painting. I was walking in the center of Macau, when I noticed a path I had never noticed before. There, a young waitress stood in a coffee shop painted white and gold, minimalistic and trendy. Directly across the coffee shop, an old, kind-looking old man sat in his own stamp stall.

The entire door was covered in stamps and dollar bills, carrying an air of age. It was obvious that it was a shop that stood proudly for decades. The juxtaposition of the modern and vintage styles was enchanting. Above the street hung little fairy lights and red paper umbrellas straight out of a traditional Chinese painting. Bewildered with joy, I began digging deeper into the streets, walking past yellow incense coils that hung next to a place of

worship, and colourful stores selling Macanese souvenirs. I engulfed myself in the joy of being a tourist for a while; each minute I understood more that Macau is not loved just for its sparkly casinos and hotels. Suddenly, a beautiful wall painting caught my eye. It was a painting of a diver deep in the sea, with his yellow suit wrapped by an octopus’s tentacle. Next to the painting, there was a small piece of text that wrote: “How deep are you willing to go to achieve your dreams?”

I like to believe the diver was at peace in the octopus’s arm. Leaving home has made me realize the value of Macau. It has changed from a place I desperately wanted to leave, to the place I treat as my safe haven. I began to acknowledge the mere fact that everyone needs a safe harbour in life. For some, it could be an idea or a fantasy land created

with their imagination. Luckily for me, I found my anchor the moment I stopped looking. Macau sprouts my curiosity, my love for learning; constantly driving me to become a better person. I see it in the enthusiasm and determination in the people that live here. Just a week ago, I thought, Macau opened its first Ikea. Now it happens to be a popular hangout spot for people to snack and drink coffee instead of only buying furniture. Macau’s eccentricity pushes me to dream broadly, and to spread my wings wide. No matter how far I go, I will never forget where I started, and will return.

As I headed home with all this new awareness, my mind spinning with possibilities, the narrow streets I walked past felt a little less confined, and a little more comfortable.





*I Am a Part Of Nature*

I am the bright and shining sun.

I am the baby blue sky that pops up when the sun is beaming.

I am the big night moon that appears when it's dark.

I am the twinkling star that dances around the moon.

I am the fluffy white clouds that create  
magical images in the sky.

I am the crisp cold air early in the morning.

I am the fresh bright-green grass that is home to many beautiful  
plants.

I am the gorgeous multicolored flower that is planted in the soil.

I am the giant trees that grow in large quantities.

I am the forest that holds many trees and wildlife.

I am the gentle bird that chirps and flies  
from tree to tree.

I am the slippery worms that make tunnels deep down in the soil.

I am the deep blue sea.

I am the waves that beat against the rocks.

I am the sea creature that lives in the water.

I am nature, all part of God's great creation!

*I'm Someone Who Believes*

I'm someone who believes  
Believes in something that's amazing  
Something that's fascinating

Beautiful

Rejoiceful

And Lovely

Something that's better than money

It's God

I'm someone who believes in God

And love Him with all my heart

I'm someone who hates Satan

Someone who doesn't want to get tempted by him

I'm a worshiper

Someone who worships God's name

Someone who's not ashamed

Of loving His name

He's someone whom I could tell all my secrets

And He wouldn't judge

Or prejudice

But He'll accept it

And forgive me

I'm someone who puts my total faith in Him

I'm someone who knows that He's the Almighty

So to make it short

I'm a Christian

And I'm proud to be







## Single-Gender Classrooms versus Mixed Classrooms

*Leonique Watson*  
Leonique Watson

Would single-gender classrooms be more beneficial for students? One of the major disputes concerning single-sex classrooms is that there is a lack of factual evidence confirming that they increase scholastic achievement. While there are a host of reasonings in support of single-sex education, the ones often highlighted are male-female differences in development and performance, as well as the academic gap between both genders. Although addressing these two factors brings awareness to their relevance, it is important to note the detriments of globalizing the practice of single-sex teaching. By acknowledging these pressing affairs, society would not only learn to embrace the changes of reality, but would also understand how established systems such as co-ed classrooms will better prepare today's youth for the future. Despite what is said about single-sex education, modern day students would benefit heavily from mixed classrooms because it would prepare them for the real world, enhance diverse perspectives, and direct more focus to bridging academic gaps between other categories of students. With the aid of co-ed systems, students will gradually begin to prepare

themselves for the inevitable reality. In light of the development of the human economy, it is quite apparent that the real world cannot accommodate for a society where individuals prefer to work with one gender over another. For this reason, teachers and mentors must strive to foster an environment where both genders can work side by side. According to a survey conducted by The Strategic Council, a Canadian market research firm, "84% of students attending independent co-ed schools felt confident expressing their views in the presence of the opposite sex" (par. 5). That number plummeted enormously when compared with single-gender schools. The distinct contrast between these two academic structures further explains why it is so important for young minds to grow in a mixed atmosphere. It develops one's confidence in a world with varied opinions and beliefs. Henceforth, educating students in single-sex schools restricts the opportunity for students to work collaboratively and co-exist agreeably with members of the opposite sex. Another fact to take into consideration is that gender differences in learning are not the same across the board and across the world. It is important to understand that, "sometimes equality

is not necessarily achieved through identical treatment, but from giving people the best opportunity to succeed given individual circumstances. What may work for one group, may not for another" (Gurian & Stevens 2). Evidently, what may be suitable and effective for one school, may not be as effective when practiced in a different school environment. Therefore, co-ed systems would prepare students for the real world. Encouraging a mixed classroom environment enhances diverse perspectives. What many people do not realize is that fostering the mind to adopt various viewpoints allows one to grasp the bigger picture. Many teachers may not have the training to employ gender-specific teaching techniques. Sadly, it is said that co-ed schools tend to reinforce gender stereotypes, while single-sex schools can break down gender stereotypes. One researcher even commented, "They, [single-sex schools], can foster better female-to-female relationships, which creates a sense of mutual empowerment and community" (Garton, par. 1). However, single-sex education may invoke misconceptions about the opposite sex. In the opinion of many, single-sex education is considered discriminatory due to the fact

that it can foster gender stereotypes. As research shows, "...whenever girls and boys are together, their behavior inevitably reflects the larger society in which they live" (Sax, par. 4). This is no surprise due to the fact that one does become more accustomed to those who they are in contact with habitually. Therefore, promoting a co-ed environment stimulates the mind, but enriches the overall learning experience through new viewpoints. Employing co-ed systems administers more time to focus on bridging academic gaps between other categories of students. The American Council on Education reports that "there is less academic disparity between male and female students overall, and a far greater achievement gap between students in different racial, ethnic and socioeconomic groups, with poor and minority students children faring poorly" (par. 17). The council argues that bridging that academic chasm deserves more attention than does

the gender divide. Due to the focus being directed on this gender issue, very few bear in mind that the drastic differences in learning being socioeconomic groups is alarming. What most educators do not realize is that, "there is much more overlap in the academic and even social-emotional abilities of the genders than there are differences," (Eliot, par. 14). If research proves that there are more similarities than differences between genders, educators must strive to devote their attention to these more pressing areas of concern. Consequently, narrowing the gap between these minority groups better enhances the overall education experience. It still has yet to be proven whether or not single-sex education is beneficial to the student population or not. In reviewing the information given, one can assume that the opportunity given to better one's self in academic learning is by encouraging the mixture of students. Although all students

have suited interests and learning abilities, offering the general view of what society looks like better constructs their view of what the world truly looks like. However, this does not mean that teachers and mentors should neglect the fact that all students learn differently when separated. Yet, they should strive to use various teaching methods in order to lead them to a better and brighter future that is not sheltered from the absolute obvious. Even if it is not determined which option is better based on existing factual evidence, one can see how the world would look through the eyes of a child who has a lack of experience with a diverse learning environment. Conclusively, young minds will continue to benefit heavily from mixed classrooms because it will prepare them for the real world, enhance their viewpoints, and direct more focus to bridging academic gaps between more students in need. ■





“HAVE I NOT COMMAND-  
ED YOU? BE STRONG AND  
COURAGEOUS. DO NOT BE  
AFRAID; DO NOT BE DIS-  
COURAGED, FOR THE LORD  
YOUR GOD WILL BE WITH  
YOU WHEREVER YOU GO.”

*-Joshua 1:9*

