



The River

Issue Six
Fall 2021

Free

Welcome!

We would like to acknowledge that Peterborough is located in the traditional territory of the Michi Saagig and Chippewa peoples and is part of the land covered by the Williams Treaty. As Treaty people, we have an obligation to help care for and protect this land and its people. The Anishinaabemowin word for Peterborough is Nogojiwanong, meaning 'place at the foot of the rapids'.

If you are new to The River Magazine, this is our sixth issue. It's free, and will be available around town. You can find previous issues on our website. All of the art and writing was created by individuals who live on a low income or who experience poverty in the City of Peterborough.

Like many Ontario towns, Peterborough struggles to keep its marginalized people housed and properly supported. This town has a housing crisis, where it's sometimes safer to live in a tent than in a shelter or rooming house. According to the Built for Zero Peterborough Report Card for July of 2021, there were at least 311 people who were houseless, 124 of those chronically so. We also have an opioid crisis. The need for affordable housing and a safe injection site is great.

The pages of The River Magazine are filled with artwork and stories that will reflect some of the struggles that our marginalized face. Please listen to their words. See their artwork. Do what you can to help. Smiles are free.

Special thank you goes out to our supporters; Regional Human Services and Justice Coordinating Committee for Haliburton-Kawartha Lakes-Pine Ridge, CUPE 3908, City of Peterborough, and the Trent University Public Text program. The River Magazine can be contacted by email at theriverpeterborough@gmail.com or through the website at rivermagazine.ca. We can also be reached through PARN-Your Community AIDS Resource Network.

Front Cover: Climb by Em Farquhar-Barrie



I find inspiration in reality; in real people. I hope to captivate, inspire, and invoke important thoughts and ideas in people. My art motivates me to create beautiful images that I hope gives individuals opportunities to be more Mindful of their own perspectives. I also hope that my perspective allows one to consider their own personal views on traditional beauty standards.

My portfolio includes 35 mm analogue photography. I shoot mostly with a Nikon FE and a variety of other film cameras that I've collected over the years in an effort to make my content invoke more of an emotional response to its audience.

Whatever you find in life that brings you excitement, bring it

with you until the very end. Sometimes it just takes one picture; the texture of a familiar fabric; or even a passing smell that has the ability to bring back such fond memories. I have these moments all too often in my work.

I try my best to capture the moments we often struggle to find time to enjoy, and I have found myself to be an avid admirer of the beauty within the so often missed complexities of our world.

This image was taken in a moment of my life that I remember vividly. It represents a moment that was both sad and life changing, yet caused me to feel great peace.

Photo and words by Alex Pendergast



What Lies Beneath (Anonymous)

Historical Entrance.

This is the gymnasium auditorium entrance close to my affordable housing. My home now is in the old St Peters elementary school. There is staff available for KPP clients 24 hours a day. There needs to be more independent but supportive housing in this city. At first, during my homelessness journey, I thought this was going to be a temporary place. My apartment is small and I'm claustrophobic. As the housing problem for low-income folks has increased I have decided I'm staying here. I've had and have a struggle with my small space. I become restless so I leave the building. During the pandemic, this hasn't been safe so I try to stay inside more. This place is good and bad. I have chosen to stay here and I am making friends here. I help others here that are having food insecurity



as I can even during this pandemic. Unfortunately living here is hard mentally. Many of my friends have died. They lived here because they had precarious lives where they

need help to do daily activities. Everyone is on low income. And I am disabled too.

Photo and words by Lori Sainte

untitled by Jodi Hamilton

She used to be just like you, she had a home food and clothes too . A few twists and turns down a very dark road. lead her on this path with no where to go. She prays to god for answers. And for someone to say a kind hello but people avoid her gaze because they don't wanna give her change. Even though she cherishes every cent she's given. Every kind heart she meets. She's gotta find away off these streets.

She was standing on the corner with her heart filled with sorrow when a stranger stopped and stared. She had a pocketful of change and a heart filled with hope but no where to live.

the snow began falling and the temperatures dropped. As she shivered on this cold winter night. She needed to find shelter and she needed it quick. Before the storm began to roll in....

If she went into a store they'd just kick her out it's freezing out she has no place to go. But still they won't serve her though.

If she doesn't belong in their world. Where does she belong. She just wants somewhere to belong. Someone to help her feel warm and strong. If home is where the heart is her heart is gone. It's too much for her mind body and spirit to take on. Felt this way for far too long. Everything that was good went wrong.

She glances at houses and she's gotta believe that's where she belongs.

She was standing on the corner with her heart filled with sorrow when a stranger stopped and stared. She had a pocket full of change and a heart filled with hope but no where to live.

Others can barely stand the cold for 15 minutes. Let alone live in it. Walk in her torn up shoes you won't last more than a few minutes. She sleeps in abandoned buildings or under bridges anything to keep warm to hide from the storm.

She watches people Turn a blind eye as she cries. But still she walks with her dignity and her head held high. Can you hear her heart beat. It beats just like yours. Look into her eyes and see the places she's been that you would never want to go.

She looks at help wanted ads. But she's got no clean clothes. Shoes with holes. No comb to brush her hair. It's all about appearances. They'd take one look at her and stare. So instead.

She knocks on the door to a shelter and in the warmth she finds hope. She's got an opportunity to fit in. She's not gonna quit. She won't give in. With a roof over her head and food to eat she can finally get some much needed sleep.

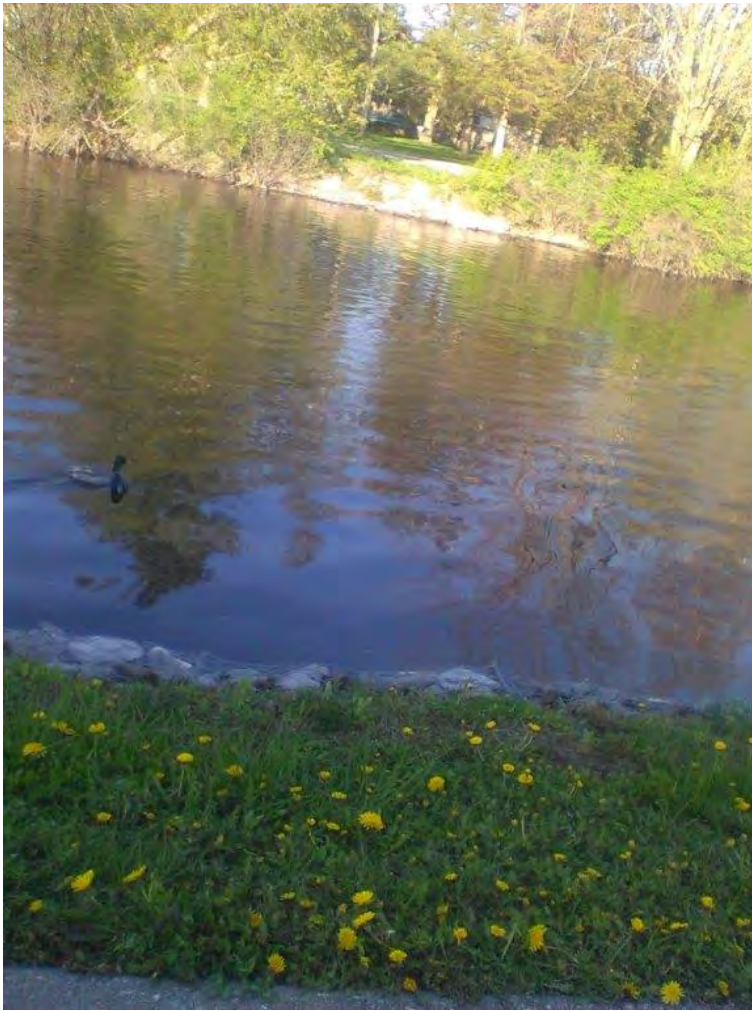
She finds a job a place and lands on her own two feet. But she'll never forget her nights on the streets. She values the second chance she's been given. As she says goodbye to her old life. And hello to all the good life is throwing at her. She knows she can withstand anything.

Her mission in life is that no one should have to live like this. That homelessness is something that ceases to exist.

She was standing on the corner with a smile on her face and a pocketful of cash when a homeless person stopped and stared. She handed her all her money and told her there's still people out there that care.



Denouement "A penitent father runs out of time"
by PT Russell



I go down to the river, at least once a day.
Usually while I am there I get to see ducklings,
loons, and sometimes I see fish jumping too.
Often I get to say hello to the kayakers' passing
by.

I like being by the river because it is peaceful.
It helps melt away the stress, frustration and
tension from the day. I get to sit on the bench
and meditate while enjoying the sound of the
running water and taking in the fresh air.

I love the smell of the fresh air but not the smell
of dead fish.

Photo and words by Kim Montgomery

Haunting past (Anonymous)

Who cares for the scared child within?
The child who slept on edge jumping at the sound of the door opening
The child who counted the flowers on the wallpaper to deal with the monster in the bed.
Who cares for the scared child within?
The child who feared going home so stayed out playing at the playground as late as they could
The child who blamed themselves for the family break up for telling mom dad had a girlfriend
Who cares for the scared child within?
The child who lived a year being abused every day not just at home in the night after their
mother moved away
The child who left to live with their mother cause they couldn't take anymore pain
Who cares for the child within?
The child That Carried a deep dark secret within
The child was told be their abuser that he would hurt their brother and mother if they told
Who cares for the child within?
This child grew not recalling the past until age 16 they where sexual assaulted slowly opened
the door to the past
By 25 just fresh out of college looking to start their life the flood gate open memories of the
childhood abuse came back
I now care for the scared little child within
I share my truth of the childhood abuses I've survived
Which I still dealing with memories and flashback but I can take back the control the abuser
hasn't won.



96 year old lady

6 and 3/4 year old kid

My Brain Injury has Two Speeds.

Stillness and a Hunderd miles an hour.

Pacing?!? My Worst!! Favorite Six Letter Word.

By Carolyn Barber

Peterborough

Cottage country
A little city
Full of music
And hockey too
Some lacrosse and a zoo
That is free
To those who want to see
It is a tight town
With lots of scenery
And a top rated University
There is a college
Where you can learn a career
This town is booming
And changing everyday
Getting more wealth and diversity
It is a busy place
I hope it does not grow too big
I like my quietness
And liberty
Despite its downfalls
It is home for the time being
I am comfortable here
It is a place you can be

Hope

These are the days we're in
There is no use fighting the moment
Overwhelmed by the state of affairs
That has come to see the light
Shining through the darkest clouds
The anticipation is a lot to take in
Everybody it seems just wants to fly away
To another space
To another place
Go to the Word
Is the only out
Heaven's calling
Hope restored

Won Over

I know where I am
Is for a reason
It just feels right
No matter the wrong
If I am supposed
to be somewhere else
I would be
Being content
where you are
It is how you get promoted

I am completely his
No longer my own
I have given over the key
To run my own life
I fought tooth and nail

But his love prevailed
I thought by losing
I would be lost
But now I am found
And won over

Poems by David LaChapelle



Sheer Hell!

One of the worst streets in Peterborough for potholes, sinkholes, bad sidewalks. It is horrible for anyone with assisted devices. I use a walker and find it almost impossible to navigate the sidewalks. I want others to become aware of how hard it is to get around on some streets that are not kept up when you have an assisted medical device, not just a vehicle!

Photo and words by Connie Webb



By Lori Richard



by Joe McCarthy

So, You Want to Walk in the Woods!

One spring day in '76 a fine, young buck walked an inviting forest path.
He chanced upon a wizard of the woodland, unleashing her awful wrath.
The morning sun dappled the forest floor, and the woods were bursting with song.
This idyllic, sylvan environment comforted him as he found his way along.
Via coded percussion the sapsuckers held discussion over territorial matters;
Every singing bird chose a niche to be heard amidst whistles, trills, chips and chatters.
The 'Teacher, teacher, teacher' song of the ovenbird rang out as it hid away,
And the red-eyed vireo scarcely let up with its 20,000 songs a day.
Suddenly the buck became aware of an unearthly, electric buzzing whine.
Caught off-guard, he froze in his tracks, and glanced about for sign ...
What was this weird, hair-raising sound? Its effect was almost stupefying.
Was it coming from the air or ground? Its source was mystifying.
Then he felt his shins being struck repeatedly by a small, brown-feathered fury.
After briefly strutting with tail fanned, she folded it, and scampered off in a hurry.
A glimpse of a camouflaged, downy chick as it ran for nearby cover
Told the buck what had happened, allowing his frayed nerves to recover.
The young buck was awed by this valiant, little ruffed grouse hen –
His composure never ruffled by one so small in deer knows when!
If an under two-pound bird confronts a large beast, it needs a little more than luck,
But its adversary was only me, that slow, outwitted, wide-eyed, young buck.
Would a wild animal be dissuaded from committing acts predaceous?
Could it actually be deceived by such a wily bird gallinaceous?
Sometimes a grouse waits until approached, then explodes on strong wings blurred,
Prompting us to revere the guile of this, the crafty, 'heart attack bird'.

Murray Arthur Palmer, 2012

Spanish Ontario Residential Schools

Before July 2011 I didn't know anything about the Residential Schools across Canada. On our return trip from our family reunion in SK dad searched out and found the remains this Residential School in Spanish Ontario. At one time there were two schools, a boys and a girls. Subsequent fires through the years has left the shell of only one which was closed in 1965.

I did a little wikipedia research (I know)...and found that there were around 130 of these schools across Canada. In the over 100 years of activity around 150,000 children were mandatorily made to go or stolen from their parents and homes. The schools were intentionally built far from the Reserve families to cut down on visits thus losing their culture and identities and to make it easier for the children to assimilate. The number of school-related deaths is uncertain but estimates range from 3,200 - 30,000. So sad.

The residential school system harmed Indigenous children significantly by removing them from their families, depriving them of their ancestral languages, and exposing them to physical and sexual abuse, both boys and girls. Wikipedia says The system ultimately proved successful in disrupting the transmission of Indigenous practices and beliefs across generations. The legacy of the system has been linked to an increased prevalence of post-traumatic stress, alcoholism, substance abuse and suicide, which persist within the communities today.

In June 2008 the Truth and Reconciliation Commission was created to find out just what happened. With testimonies from over 7000 survivors and historical documents, in 2015 the TRC concluded the residential school system amounted to cultural genocide.

So in July 2011 my dad brought us here and educated us as he understood things at that point of the atrocities these poor children had to endure. I was 30 years old at the time and had no idea these schools existed, certainly did not learn anything about it in our history classes.

The boys school here in Spanish Ontario was the only school in Canada run by the Jesuits. It had three floors and housed 180 boys; the largest in Ontario. And the girls school across the street was run by The Daughters of the Heart of Mary (the only school

they ran). Later after the first fire the Government of Canada Dept of Indian Affairs footed the bill for a new school. It was elsewhere but when the Native laborers asked for \$2 a day pay the Jesuits went to Spanish rather than negotiate.

There are girls who have spoken of the abuse, neglect and removal of individual identities as the nuns would only refer to the students by their assigned numbers... Parents complaining of the quality and nutritional value being fed to the children... Author Basil H. Johnston wrote extensively about his experience in Spanish in 1988 called Indian School Days.

In 2009, Stacy Sauve is the artist of the monument including the drawings of the schools in dedication to the children who went to these schools. As a child she played in the playground across the street where her dad and aunt managed to

survive the school. Stacy would have dreams/visions of the schools and decided she would set on figuring it out. In addition she had a vision of the old tree in full life with people in it and (with approval) began carving the people into the White Willow tree across from the abandoned girls school. When we were there in July 2011 you can see she was finished 'the elder' the protector of the children and was beginning a carved woman 'Nokomis' meaning grandmother in Ojibwe. On the third side she carved a Thunderbird. I invite you to google her to see the work she did by volunteer over many years. Incredible.

This all leaves me so sad but I believe that spreading awareness is key to growing stronger together as a nation. We must shake the stigma of being indigenous. Be kind to each other always.

By Stacy Anderson





The pagoda bridge is located in Jackson's Park. The picturesque bridge overlooks the pond which is part of Jackson's creek. The bridge was recently restored and is a favorite subject in the park for me to photograph. It provides an interesting subject surrounded by beautiful landscaping. The photograph was edited with some software to highlight the colors and bring out the brightness. The park has many trails and paths that wind through the wooded areas and around the creek. Many species of wildlife can be found in the park. A beaver and a Great Blue Heron have been spotted on the pond along with many species of birds that can be found throughout the park.

Photo and words by Ken Oliver

A Day the Stars Aligned

David P Hansen

Earth spins on its spin like as make us all dizzy,
It rise in the West, cross the face of the Sun.
Then once a year, it's your anniversary,
The day that's so much like the one you begun.

It starts with a story:
you might have looked up and
seen the same stars that you'd see there today
[No one] [left here] remembers and records are spotty
we're forced to make do with whatever they say.

Halfway to morning,
and middle of nowhere, you know
I would struggle to get to the edge.
I'd sing you a song and you'd blow out a candle,
Smoke rising lazy up over our heads

Myself

David P Hansen

I was talking to myself,
You know how.
I wanted to see a movie,
Myself said, "Not now."
I decided to relax,
But myself began to talk.
I said, "Let's watch TV."
Myself said, "Let's take a walk."
Who is this guy,
That won't leave me alone?
Is it really myself,
Or is it my clone?
It can't be myself,
Cause I'm a nicer guy.
I have to go now,
So I say goodbye.
Excuse the writing and crayons,
Cause my doctor has said,
I can't have pointed objects,
And I'm strapped to this bed.



Hilltop Heights by Robby Jewers

Robby is a local artist and writer.

He grew up and went to school in Cobourg and later worked as a personal trainer at local gyms.

In 1997, Robby moved to Toronto to pursue his personal training career, where he worked at various fitness facilities including the Sky Dome.

In 2000 Robby decided to pursue his passion for art and was accepted into the prestigious art stream at the Central Technology School of Art in Toronto. Robby travelled to cities all over Canada, the US and the UK to further his education, craft, and painting technique.

Robby has been awarded several honours for his art work and his paintings are in collections of owners in Canada as well as the US. Most notably, Robby had the privilege of selling one of his pieces to Kenneth Thomson.

Robby recently moved back to Cobourg, Ontario and is recuperating after suffering cardiac arrest.

“Following my heart attack and brain injury, I lost my creative voice for both my writing and painting. With the help of therapists I was finally able to connect with my writing again. They say a picture is worth a thousand words, so when I couldn’t create pictures, I started using words. It was able to re-connect with the creativity of telling stories and that enabled me to approach my painting again. Picking up a paint brush was like a best friend who you haven’t seen for ages coming back into your life. All of a sudden, I have a new lust for life. Painting is now a need for me, like air. If there came a day when someone said I couldn’t paint anymore, I’d be lost. An artist has to create.”



These are my animals, they mean the world to me. I have had all of them since they were babies.

Callica my cat is funny because she always wants to eat what I'm eating

Fred is the cutest because he always licks my hand when I'm sad or he wants to say hello

Barney is the newest of the bunch, he is a young and quirky little guy, he squeaks all through the night.

My pets will always have a place in my heart. I care for them by making sure they are fed, cleaned and healthy, it is important to me be a good pet owner.

I enjoy spending time with them, they make me happy when I am sad.

By Stephen Land

STILL I NEED YOU by Laura Casey

So long the days last.
Eyes seeing what they cannot reach.

But still I try.
Reaching for a voice-to sooth

me, and make me blind and deaf to the flat line

ringing in my ears.
Try, I try.
Wait, I wait
Left so many messages
God I can't wait.
Still I need You.
Why did you lie?
Time is floating away,

Like time on this stormy day I will stop.
Stop counting every second that I'm hearing,

every minute of my pain,
Every hour gone by,
Every day.
Try, I try.
Wait, I wait.
Left so many messages
God I can't wait.
Still I need You
Why did you lie?
So long the days last;
Soul pushing through the heavy clouds.
Fighting to survive past the demons in my mind.

Try, I try.
Wait, I wait.
Left so many messages
God I can't wait.
Still I need You.
Why did You lie?
Ray of light; here we go again.
Dancing to the beat, singing a different tune.
Make it last; please make it last.
Time: where did it go.
Try, I won't try.
Wait I won't wait.
Leaving no messages.
God I can't wait.

Ode to Brothers

A long time ago
Way back in 1975
A brand new baby boy
Finally arrived

“Jason” was his name,
And Mom & Dad were proud,
“But I wanted a baby sister”
I’d pouted out loud.

It was rough at first
But over time,
It dawned on me:
I had a partner in crime.

So when stuff got broke
Or someone started to cry
“It was him” I’d point,
Just a little white lie.

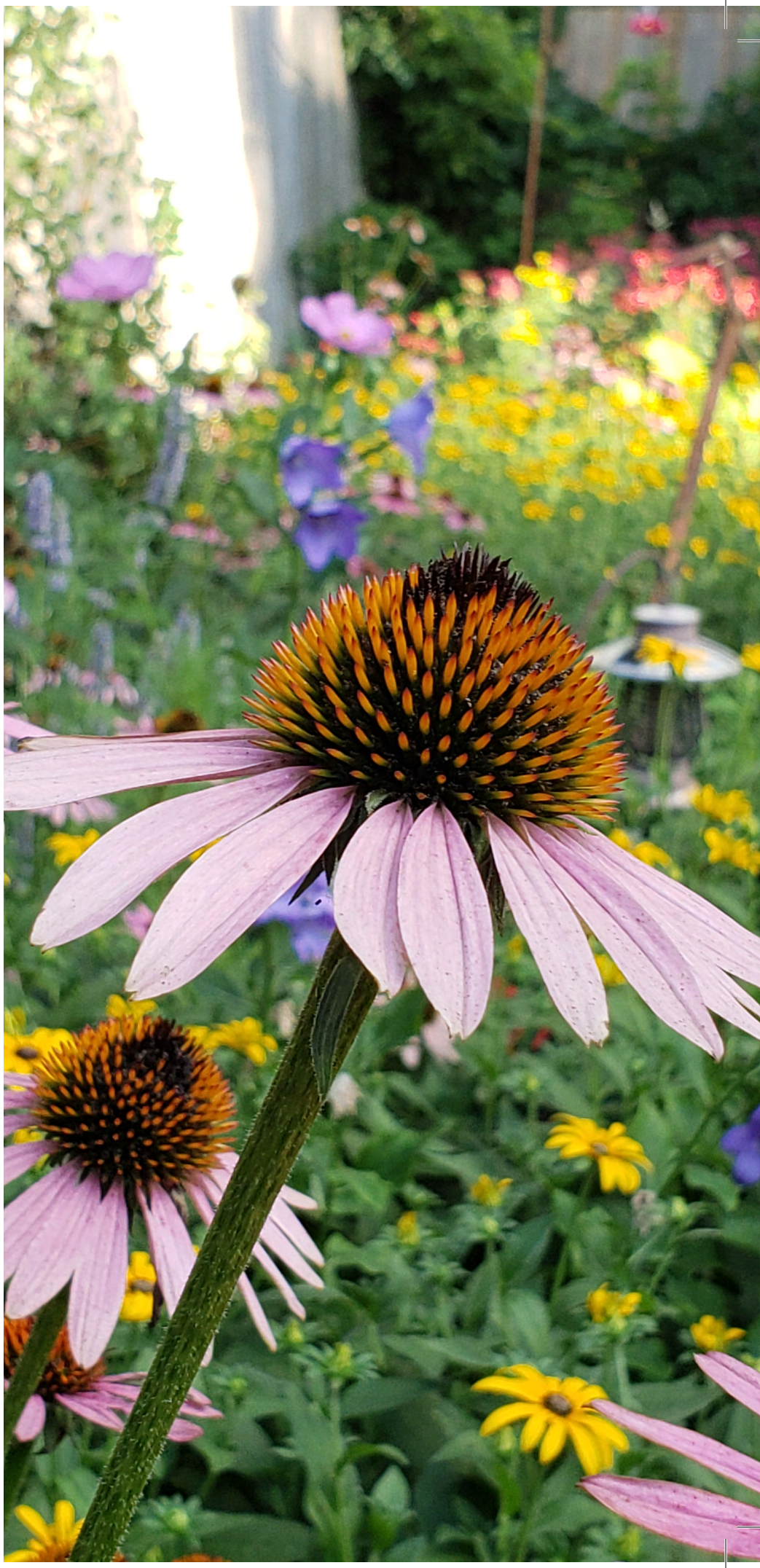
All Covered in red lipstick
He would smile with glee
“She’s right Mom & Dad,
It was totally me”.

From toddlers to teens,
Growing up over the years,
There was lots of fun & laughter
With occasional fights & tears.

Leg kicks from the bed;
Karate chops to the side;
Then just minutes later,
Out for a bike ride

Then magically, one day in spring
The fighting came to an end
When I suddenly realized:
He had become my friend.

Poem and photo by L.B.





I made this mural on my apartment wall after being homeless for over a year

Trinity Lachlan



Here in Jackson Park, the lone figure in the distance exemplifies the Covid distancing. Many times I have walked over the running river under our bridge only to switch focus on oncoming strangers; the social distancing then a sign of respect and underlying fear of the deadly virus in our midst. The colours of the steel barrier bring out a sense of hope; there are days ahead that assure us we can again see the beauty in everyday wonders.

Photo and words by Kelly Moore

Tonight - By: *Emily Clarey*

Tonight
 The crickets do not chirp
 They scream
 And the peepers
 Instead of peeping
 Are crying out into the black
 I wish I were screaming
 I wish I were crying out
 My mind was full
 Now the stars sort my thoughts
 And they fall away
 I am alone with the night
 With the darkness
 With the pitch-black clarity
 My heart is breaking
 People suffer
 Tonight
 I am suffering
 I open my mouth as though to speak
 But only sob
 Knowingly the crickets scream louder
 To say what I cannot
 A meteor falls from the blanket of obscurity
 Tonight
 I hold my childhood in the palm of my hand
 I'm laughing with my cousins because of something my uncle said
 The words don't matter
 I remember his smile
 I remember his laughter
 I remember our collective laughter
 He lives only there now
 Do the stars understand my heartache?
 Though they have time on their side
 They too are mortal
 They too will die
 As I sit here spending time with them
 I can't help but wonder
 When I become only memory
 Will the stars hold this moment dearly?
 Will I live on with them
 Until they too
 Are gone?

Below is my 2021 thinking on the main character of the show
Spirit Barn Tiles From Beyond.

J. Harry Reis
Peterborough, Ontario

“...due to over farming because of legalization of cannabis a decade
earlier in 2030 there is very little habitat left for the massassaga
rattlesnake and it is making its last stand before it goes extinct.

Nearby the desperate rattlers is a small rural village named
Massassaga Creek. The Powers that Be hear the snakes SOS and send a
sassy BIPOC female spirit to stir things up.

Since Spirit Barn Tiles From Beyond
knows that Massassaga Creek's Member of Parliament
is Gideon Trench, leader of a minor party of archaeologists named the
Nationlist Grits she decides
Canadian politics needs a makeover.

She starts by causing a minor stink bomb set off by the quarreling
MP's in Ottawa to go atomic and render the Parliament Buildings unfit
for use. The Governor General hauls everyone to Massassaga Creek.

Soon politicians, VIP's and everyone else is rubbing shoulders with
the farm folk at the village.

There happens to be a group of blind seniors who meet regularly at the
Seniors Activity Centre and the tale is told from the point of view.

Being old, blind and hard up for transport and eating cans of
'dog food' things change when they discover to their delight that
their Library Room's large screen Television has developed
Transporter Capability about 3 centuries ahead of when Transporter
Capability was
scheduled to be developed by humanity.

And the seniors aren't about to tell the 'feds' about their ticket to
a better retirement.

And the BIPOC female spirit hauls up various quirky historical
figures from Heaven/Hell/wherever and makes dull life in Massaga Creek
more spicy with a touch of cannabis.

Listening to The Who's BEHIND BLUE EYES might provide a clue to Spirit
Barn Tiles From Beyond's colour of her eyes....”

Harry Reis
Milton, Ontario



I found everything on here around in peterborough.. the canvas was getting run over by a car. Dancing man was found too. Photo reel was from a closet of I place I moved into. Its just all stuff around town I found or was given.

Nicole Ramsden

Believe in this world

Living in a broken world
watching and listening to our memories
time slowly ticks by
struggling to remember our purpose
looking for signs to help us move forward.

Through moments of brilliance
hope slowly prevails
saving us from desperation
uncertainty and lies become reality
trying to patch the cracks in our existence.

Our senses steadily guide us
feeling the discomfort and pain
waiting for a prayer to save us
emotion takes ahold
providing a glimpse of a brighter future.

A beautiful day dawns
creating an opportunity to smile
our hearts cherish the moment
a perfect song is born inside
knowing humanity will survive.

By Ben Prins

I'm just an outline, of what used to be.
Left all alone.
I am hollow yet, the emptiness fills me.
With sorrow, I'm so cold.
But I can't feel a thing.
Torn between my memory of what used to be...and what is.
I am your past, but am I worth forgetting?
I have to ask.
Because every time I try, to become your
outline, you just shake your head and
laugh.
Did I make you feel trapped, like you had to
stay the same?
Like you could never be free, am I the one
to blame?
As I remain here, stained into place.
I hope that you remember.
If you ever come back, you'll always be
safe.

By Chad Northey

Words. by Susan Cruickshank

Indirect, half-truths,
softened-edges, watered down,
or thoughts dismissed and swallowed whole.

Fearful of offending the wrong person,
of accusations,
of triggering micro-aggressions or worse.

When did I start to self-censor?
to use Word-Speak?
When did it stop feeling safe to say what I really think,
what I really feel?
Conversations,
guarded,
gaging repercussions,
weighing the price of sharing the wrong thing.
How many others are doing the same?
Scared of a misstep that will cost more than they can
afford to pay?

Words.

How pretty the squiggle of black looks on the page.
Pleasing in shape,
length,
yes,
but not in appearance alone.
The beauty of meaning held in form.
And then the joy of its understanding.
Meaning connected shapes that I *choose*,
and that others can understand.

A container that holds agreed upon substance,
taking me out of me and offering it to you.
Humbly holding your insides with respectful ears
and a gentle heart.
What a gift we all have in this exchange.

Will we lose this?

Have we already?

Like a stroke-victim who no longer can feed himself,
the skill is lost in an instant and the road back long.

Am I brave enough to speak words and thoughts that
are mine?
Do I have the courage to stand by them even if they
offend?
or stir,
or stretch another into angry discomfort?
Will I?

The Haters
don't even realize they're hating,
so filled are they with their own virtue.
Where is my own blindness?

It's safer to be silent,
or at least be a counterfeit chameleon.
But in the end, is it really?
In the end, can we give up words' compelling call to
our deepest truth and not be made much less for it?

To relinquish the nuanced subtlety,
the exquisite beauty of precision in word choice,
and to instead accept the blunting of dumbed-down
thought or Group-Think.

Will we give our choosing, our freedom, our responsi-
bility to speak away?
Will our fear make us give it up?
Will we be forced?
I hope not.

Once my world was very grey
Drugs and sadness filled my day
Pain and suffering was the way
Now I'm sober hip hip hooray

One day at a time
The mountain I climb
The struggle is real
But I've learned to deal

Life was suffering before
Now living life is galore
I pray for the world to see
That sober is the way to be

I live sober to show the rest
That the way of life is the best
I love being sober it is a blast
Now my life has settled at last

By Katherine Weidenhorn

How to Lawfully Free up more Money for Social Programs

By George Molson

This article is a recommendation on How we can lawfully free up more money for social programs and get out of debt by borrowing money from the Nationalized Bank of Canada instead of private lenders, and redirecting the revenue that comes out inflating the money supply and giving that revenue to the government.

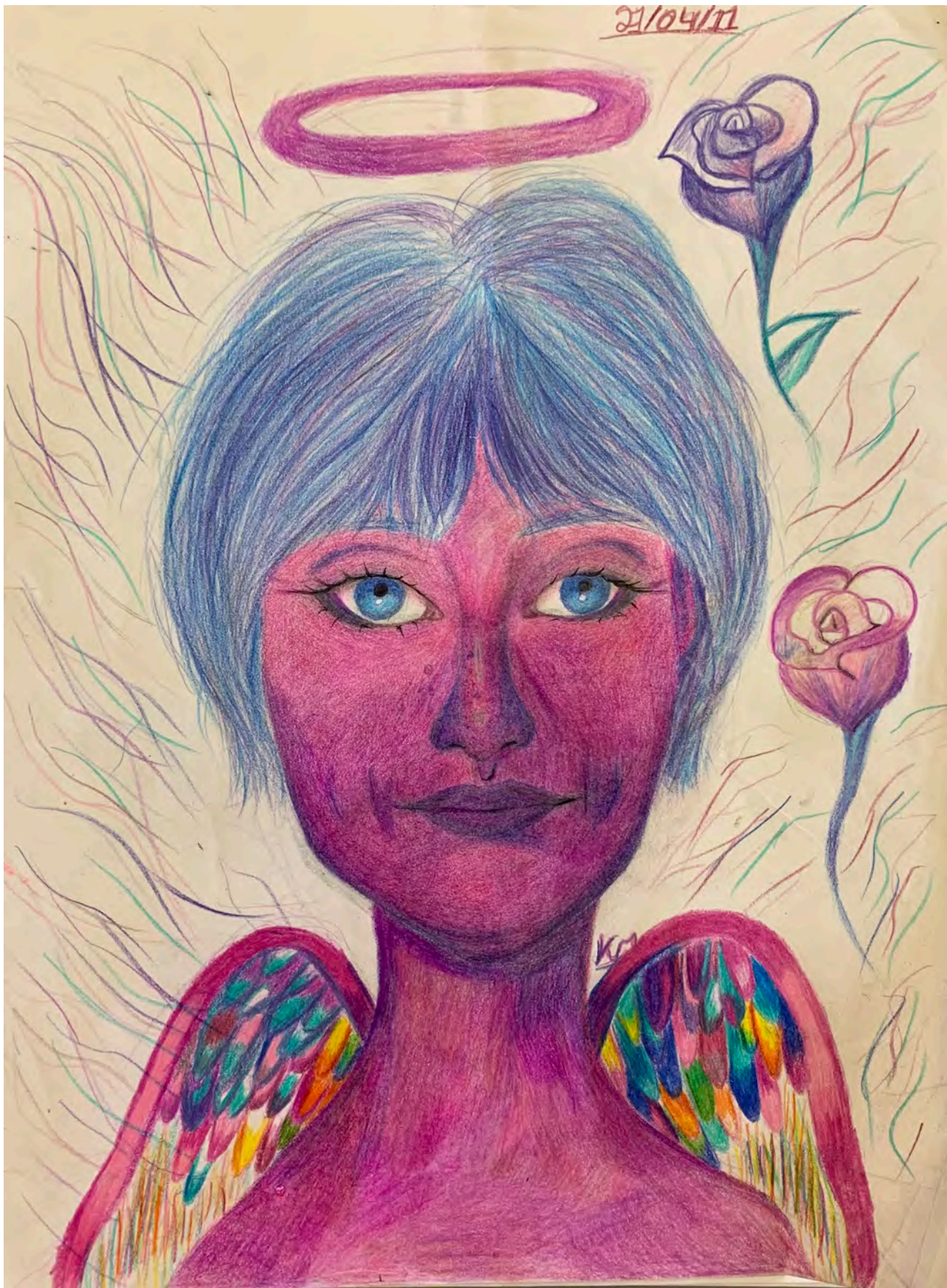
The primary way banks make money is off something called “the spread” and refers to the difference between the growth rate of the economy and the rate money is falling in value due to more being printed. For example, if the rate the economy is growing at 2.5% and the inflation rate (the rate a currency is falling in value) is 3% then “the spread” is 5.5% of the size of the total money supply and is returned to the banks as profit. This revenue stream if effectively redirected towards the government could get our nation out of debt more rapidly and fund more social programs such as universal housing and a basic income guarantee and still leave money over to start repaying our debt that we can not default on or we would threaten the integrity of our financial system.

The reason that money goes down in value over time is that more is printed and the proceeds of printing money out of fiat nothing are returned to the banks as profits who have been given a monopoly on being able to print money out of nothing, issuing it as debt. This activity is a wealth collection strategy not a wealth creation strategy. It is my belief that Canada should nationalize the process of inflating the money supply by borrowing money from the nationalized Bank of Canada thereby creating an additional source of revenue for the Government of Canada. In 2017 this revenue stream was worth 61% of what the government collected in Federal Income Tax and if diverted to the government of Canada could help us to get out of debt faster and fund additional social programs of merit such as Universal Housing and a Basic Income Guarantee (BIG) which the Liberal Party of Canada is now experimenting with.

I believe that this is the single most important economic issue we face as a country as resolving this issue has the potential to fund the most amount of programs and is the single decision that could result in more public funding for the social programs we currently benefit from and many still so badly need. 61% of how much the Federal government collected in Income taxes last year (2017) was “taxed” by this privatized bank system by virtue of inflating the money supply and the proceeds of this “tax” are returned to private hands. The reason that money goes down in value is that more is printed and this acts as a stealth tax on the money supply



Lauren by Joel Crowley Covenant



By Kiwi MC



“Little Dragons:

A quick kick and a stomp of the feet.
He's the king of the world, the one to beat
Broke his back.
Man he worked really late
At the end of the day
He kept the demons at bay
He laid his head to rest

Little dragons sing lullabies and
Watch their kids sleep.
Bring them cookies and milk.
Tuck them under the sheets.
Make sure they're safe and warm
Keep them off of the streets.

He was lowered into the mud
His mouth was closed and
his eyes were sewn shut.
Mommy when will daddy awake.
Son it's a long dream
if you know what I mean
But I'm sure he's thinking of you.
Mommy I'm tired, let's go home
I should sleep too.

At the end of the day
He kept the demons at bay
Laid his head to rest.”

Drawing and poem by TiBo

To think

To think all I cared about at this point last year
Was going to the city for a few days
To getaway from Peterborough for a bit
Not a long trip, but a good one indeed
The last one before COVID started to send out its evil tentacles.
Before we had the virus that generates so much fear

It was a weekend of relaxing
I was supposed to take a lot of photos
But i ended up walking around enjoying the night
I wish i could have stayed longer
For some reason I feel different in Toronto
More at home, which is weird when you consider I grew up in a small town
The weekend was full of walking, which was very taxing

Wind was absent and it was unusually warm for me
I remember taking my jacket and toque off
There were a lot of odd looks for that
On a walk to see a friend, from college who is still contact
We had a hot chocolate, and coffee
Catching up on the times, and laughing at all the funny moments
We said goodbye and i walked back through downtown
Though i did stop for some bomb Chinese in Chinatown
Getting back to the airbnb I relaxed through the night
Went out for a walk at 3 am cause of my restless mind, walking around Toronto without a fear
I guess unlike most, the states conditioned me to be used to gunshots that fire off like an arrow to the knee

To think on the last day there, I was chatting before I left with the girl who I rented the airbnb from
We talked about hanging out next time I was in Toronto, taking photos and going for a walk
I haven't been back well because of the pandemic, and rightfully so with safety being a priority.
But one day, I'll be back in Toronto, hanging out at the places I know, with the friends that are there.
Looking back though, at the year we had,
Which has been trying,
But the year ahead has a lot of light to come.

By Josh Gillis

Elephant

What will you sell me
for my pockets full of dust and ashes?
A ride on your captured elephant?
Two bales of hay?
The loaves and the fishes?
Me, who asked you
into my heart
to dwell in an acre of sand.

On deck will I dine tonight
eating limes
and salt pork from a barrel.
I must always remember
that we are no longer
on the S.S. Britannia,
but moving now by wind
in a wooden boat
on freshwater.

We dipped below
the reflections on the lake,
our fingers trailing through their images,
turning close reproductions
to Impressionism.

Frozen over now,
these lakes in winter,
fed by the graceful Otonabee
where I live on stolen land
that is, like all captive elephants,
steeped in memories of beauty and freedom.

By PJ Thomas



Potential...from the ashes of the dumpster fire that was 2020

I was making 'good-bye 2020, hello 2021' cards over the holidays and decided to make a larger one as an art piece. As I played with the colours the image of a swirly, loopy Phoenix began to emerge, I went with it, blending supplies I had on hand and experimenting as I went.

I wrecked it at least 4 times and kept coming back to it and somehow all of the struggle and frustration led to something interesting and not at all like what I'd planned but maybe better.

by Jen Bird