the bottom line: “A journey is a person in itself; no two are alike. And all plans,
Journeys tend to be the stretches of time we overlook: they bookend the good stuff. Few come back from holiday reminiscing what they did during those three hours stranded in terminal 2. What could be time for retrospection is too often time for anxiety. Then there’s the other journey, The Journey. But this also tends to be overlooked: “life’s what happens when you aren’t looking” is one cliché, another similarly: “life’s what happens to you while you’re busy making other plans.” The Journey is cast as something like the vague fuzz that binds together the unforgettable.

This edition of Radix concentrates on this vague fuzz. We have a diary entry from the Island of Palawan (Mackenzie), a poem looking at the “enigma” of life’s journey (Gurjinder), and an anonymous submission mixing personal journeys with the public histories. Finally, we have poems from Daryn Tyndale, Bukola Badejo and Heydar Ensha.

We hope you enjoy!

James is a second-year graduate student in English Literature.

James Co-Editor

The cover photo was taken by Mackenzie Roop at Cabot Trail in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.
Welcome to McGill! I greet you knowing that, although I have been at McGill seven years now as a student and as a faith liaison, I too am in need of more welcoming. It seems that for all our institutions, in all our communities, for all our lives, the work of welcoming others, opening ourselves to warm welcomes, and perhaps even welcoming ourselves where we are, this work is never done. In this spirit, I say, I wish all of you a warm welcome to McGill and may the warmth ever increase.

Perhaps during your stay at McGill we can both learn to greet each other, namaste, I bow to the divine spark in you, and, in a small way at least, we can make this community real for each other. I would like that very much. Meanwhile, you have my very best wishes.

“Welcome that we do not take a trip; a trip takes us.” - John Steinbeck
“Friends are as
companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to
My grade 11 English teacher in Moncton, New Brunswick in the late 80s, was old-school. Ms. Winter believed that no-one should escape from under her tutelage without a solid grasp of the canon of Western literature, ideally able to place the classics in roughly chronological order in their minds. She walked us down a path that began with *Beowulf*—so early it was barely recognisable and required a line-by-line glossary—and ended with whatever Margaret Atwood had published in the previous couple of years. Although the framework of the class was an artificial one, and lacked the deconstructive questions that, say, feminist or Marxist criticism might have asked about what is excluded by canons, it proved to be one of the most important classes I have ever taken in terms of opening my eyes to the thousands of intertextual allusions with which Western literature and pop culture are laden. To this day, that class informs the connections and meanings I draw as I walk through life.

For instance, I recently became interested in pilgrimage (“travel for transformation”), and an opportunity arose for me to join an annual pilgrimage from Old Montreal to Kahnawake First Nation. The walk was conceived of and organised by Matthew Anderson and Sara Terreault, part-time professors in the Department of Theological Studies at Concordia. Students in their Pilgrimage Theology class walk (and reflect) each summer, for credit, from Old Montreal all the way to Kahnawake, over the course of 5 days. They stop at sites of contact between indigenous and settler histories, and learn more than one side to each place’s complicated story. The ruins of an Irish church, a downtown sculpture with fully clothed and named settlers… alongside a crouching and unnamed indigenous man, and the home of Canada’s first indigenous Catholic saint, Kateri, complete with an optional healing ritual at her shrine in Kahnawake!

This year, the walk began here at McGill at the Hochelaga Rock, with a talk by Mohawk Professor, Michael Loft, from the McGill School of Social Work. Professor Loft’s frank and gentle discourse alerted us to the difficult history of the land on which we sat, but he focused on stories of positive early relations between settlers and Iroquois, like the story of indigenous

*a happier life.* - Pythagoras • “The journey of life is like a man riding a bicycle.
We know he got on the bicycle and started to move. We know that at some point this photo was taken by Sara Parks at the entrance of Kahnawake, Quebec.
community members rescuing a shipful of ailing men from the brink of an awful death from scurvy, thanks to their knowledge of local plants like cedar. We passed around fragrant cedar branches, learned how to make tea from them, and saw them in a different light — no longer just decorative hedges but strong medicine too! Professor Loft moved swiftly and gently past relationships turned sour and promises broken, past generations of dishonesty and disrespect, past systemic violence and lives ruined and lost, to his current passion and solution: symbols. His large hand rested on the Hochelaga rock around which we were gathered as he asked us what kind of a message is sent when the symbol for the history of the Iroquois who lived on this spot is at the bottom corner of the campus, largely obscured by a wall, and only accessible by making a deliberate detour. He then wondered aloud how the symbolism of the monument would change if it were located nearer to the James McGill statue, which thousands of students pass daily on their way to class. (Not instead of the James McGill statue, but right alongside it—both indigenous and settler histories acknowledged by the institution). Professor Loft told us he harboured a dream: that one day the rock would be moved; he added that if the next generation grew up with symbols of indigeneity in places of respect, it would be a simple yet powerful means of relocating indigenous realities from Canada’s shameful shadows into Canada’s healthy future.

From there, we began our 34-kilometre journey by foot. We slept on church floors and cooked supper together in the home of McGill Presbyterian chaplain Jill Foster. We laughed together, cried together, and got blisters and shin-splints together. One student gave everyone a foot massage after our longest day; one student overcame a phobia of water as we walked the narrow bike bridge high above the St-Laurent; one student quit smoking. Each pilgrim’s story was added to our tale of communitas as we progressed.

What this has to do with Ms. Winter is that the cheesy old spoof on pilgrim-

To this day, that class informs the connections and meanings I draw as I walk through life.

he will stop and get off. We know that if he stops moving and does not get off
age, Geoffrey Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*—which I hadn’t read since 1989 and likely would never have read if not for her—resurfaced and accompanied me from Hochelaga Rock all the way to the Riverside Inn B&B in Kahnawake. Chaucer’s misfit pilgrims were also ending up at an Inn. They, too, journeyed for widely divergent reasons. They, like us, were not all exactly pious. But something about them—and us—was deeply moving to me.

Walking pilgrimage is a spiritual practice that highlights one’s vulnerabilities and, ideally, makes one sensitive to and supportive of the vulnerabilities of others. I find that every pilgrimage, that is, every intentional journey, changes the pilgrim permanently. Just as having the canon of Western literature in my readily accessible repertoire allows Ms. Winter to continue to influence the meanings I derive from everyday experiences, so too does a pilgrimage leave one with new narratives through which to read the world.

If I hadn’t gone on that pilgrimage, I might never have noticed that Michael Loft’s dream for the Hochelaga rock came true this summer. However, after walking 34 K with Kahnawake as my destination, and the scent of Mike Loft’s sage smudge lingering on my shirt and in my hair, the relocation of the monument writes a story that’s been added to my canon.

On September 22nd at 11:30am, the relocated rock will be commemorated in a ceremony. May its new more visible location be a first step in what will become a long and “unsettling” pilgrimage toward truth and reconciliation, and not only in the realm of symbols. The canons of Western literature are well-known in our institution, but other canons are ignored, their stories buried in the very land on which we now reside. I want to hear them. I want to draw from them the next time I walk to Kahnawake.

*Sara got her PhD in Early Judaism and her MA in New Testament and Christian Origins in the Faculty of Religious Studies at McGill. Her BA is in English Literature and Biblical Studies. Between pilgrimages, she is a part-time professor in the Concordia Dept. of Theological Studies and the part-time Director at MORSL.*
Above photo, Journey, was taken by Zain, a U3 Economics and Accounting student from Punjab, Pakistan with interests in photography, philosophy, religion and spirituality.

wild journey, just taking it is a great feeling.” - Olivia Wilde • “I long to journey
Out of the two, whose stories revolved around mountains and molehills,
You said the story of Hephaestus was better than that of Sisyphus.

Sisyphus believed he had no choice,
   And so he made none,
Whereas Hephaestus believed he had a choice.

You believed blind abnegation was your only choice
That grit alone was the singular idea that could move boulders.

But when you moved the boulder up,
   The boulder fell back down
   And you along with it.

For all abnegation took from you,
   It gave you clear vision.

Through falling and disfigurement,
   You forged a faith in continuation.
   You became Hephaestus.

To forget Hephaestus now is to ignore failures accomplished,
   To be lost in rages of self-doubt,
   To forget simultaneous states of being meek and able.

You’d later likened yourself to Hephaestus,
   Who believed he had a choice to make.

In 2008, Heydar Ensha went to South Dakota, USA.
Whether people are conscious of it or not, the concept of Journeys is implicit in many pressing issues in the world today. Both literal Journeys, like those of refugees or immigrants, and conceptual Journeys, like the development of countries towards freedom or hate, acceptance or discrimination, are impossible to ignore.

Religions often offer people visions of epic Journeys. These range from literal concepts of the Garden of Eden, to more spiritual concepts of learning to accept salvation. Most countries play similar roles. The national Journey usually begins when the country was founded, and works its way, through wars and leaders and dates that must be memorized, towards the present citizen and the sense of patriotism this process seeks to instill. It should be made clear that these Journeys are not without value, as they can fill us with pride and peace of mind. But they may not be inclusive enough.

For too long, institutions have sought to use the differences in the Journeys individuals must travel to separate us into factions. Us and them. The In-group and the Out-group. This can be seen in those traditional religions which separate the worthy from the unworthy or the politicians who separate the “true countrymen” from the “social leeches” and invading forces.

The truth is, there is only one Journey, and we are all on it. For some, this Journey can be more painful than for others, but the realization that we are different should help bring us together, not separate us. This is not to say all Journeys should be seen as identical, all hardships just as difficulty. Rather, it is meant to say that we, as humans, have all felt, emotionally, what it means to change, for our perspectives, our homes, our views, to evolve.

Of course, for many, uniting current human cultures and groups is not enough. A wider sense of Journey may be necessary. Some proponents of the Big History movement take this view, replacing the restrictive narratives and visions of Journeys found in most contemporary groups, whether religious or secular, with an Epic of Creation, which spans from the Big Bang to contemporary times. As Newberg explains in a 2012 article, “Big History: A narrative core for HP?”:

“It begins with the Big Bang, proceeds through the formation of stars and galaxies, and narrates the emergence of increasing complexity. Physics gives rise to chemistry as atoms combine into molecules. Then, chemistry gives rise to biology, biology to psychology, and psychology to culture. […] Beginning our story not at our birth but at the Big Bang brings perspective, and reminds us who we are,
We must cultivate this sense of Wonder.

where we come from, and where we’re going.”

Some may balk at the scientific nature of the Big History narrative, arguing it is too dehumanizing. This does not have to be the case. For instance, many naturalists and humanistic Pagans (see https://humanisticpaganism.com) use this as a starting narrative, but this new narrative manifests itself in rituals and actions, encompassing a sense of wonder and inclusion. As with most such movements, there are no set rules all members must adhere to, and none should be enforced. However, a sense of wonder at the Universe and Nature is important. If institutions and group identities seek to separate us into categories, Wonder is the remedy that can bring us all together. We must cultivate this sense of Wonder, both at the magnificence of the Universe and, hopefully, at all the little people that exist within this narrative, namely all our neighbors, whether human or nonhuman, whether in the present or in the future. We must include all the beings who grow and laugh and cry and suffer as we move along this Journey. At the end of the day, we will probably continue to grow and laugh and cry and suffer, but we don’t have to feel like we are doing it alone.

References

Erratum
Works cited for “Is Compassionate Conservation a Viable Option?” in Spring 2016 issue of Radix:


GYH is a graduate student in the Department of Natural Resource Sciences. He hails from Montreal.

us forever, to seek other states, other lives, other souls.” - Anaïs Nin • “Not I, nor
life: the enigma

Gurjinder Gill

Life, why is it so complicated?
Why aren’t we able to appreciate all its facets?
It seems as if we have distanced ourselves from all emotions
In search of answers, simplicity and convenience

Sometimes it may be better to let things be
Let time take its own course
And focus on what can be
As we try to overcome its many obstacles

We rise, we fall, we hang on or in other words, manage
At times we feel good about ourselves, and at others desolate
Realizing there is something new to be learned everyday
Not being too judgmental and flexible for what it may...

However, fear of the unknown and change can be quite deranging
Just take the first step, and discover what awaits on the other side
Take a deep breath, relax and believe in yourself
As this journey is an amalgamation of the quality of your
thoughts and actions

Gurjinder Gill is a former McGill University student with a
major in physiology and is currently studying nursing with
interests in poetry and helping others.

anyone else can travel that road for you. You must travel it by yourself. It is not
far. It is within reach. Perhaps you have been on it since you were born, and did

This photo was taken by Mackenzie Roop in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.
This photo, Respite, was taken by David Epstein, a U2 Classics student from Montclair, New Jersey. His interests include photography and hiking.

not know. Perhaps it is everywhere - on water and land.” - Walt Whitman • “The
sweet is time’s breath
when it has no name

Bahay Kalipay, Island of Palawan, Philippines
Wednesday, morning: Moringa

I am sitting in the coconut wood doorway of my room balcony, looking out to what is left of a rundown banana tree plantation. I am on the third floor of a handmade hut, and my eyes graze the green tops of the heavy-leafed canopy. There is nothing else to obstruct this vision except the water tank that supports the entire community in which I am living. Even so, the cobalt cylinder seems to hug the deep sky like a pocket.

The fan is on rotation set to level three, the highest, but the white noise is just base paint on the canvas of sounds surrounding me. I crack open a moringa seed with my teeth. A leather-backed energy healer man had fished this pod out of a tree with a long fallen branch the previous sunrise. The wooden bark splits into three. I count 22 seed beds. I smile; this is my lucky number. The inside is white and iridescent.

A jeepney clanks down the road, blasting a song with the tune of “Obladi Oblada,” except it is not by The Beatles, but a choir proudly singing in Tagalog. It’s election time, and the political campaigns are plastering over every corner. I listen to the song getting louder as I bite into the seed casing. A dark outer shell, and inside a helicopter-seed film. The song is at its loudest, the sound vibrating through the floor’s bamboo fibres. I pick out the white seed inside. The taste is sharp and dry. I take a sip of water and my tongue suddenly becomes creamy and sweet… The music grows its distance, the bitterness subsides.

Mackenzie is a U2 student in International Development with a wandering soul and adventurous mind. She takes a long time to walk to campus and likes to dance along the way.
The road less travelled calls to me
Through whispers in the wind,
“Go,” she says,
And I am off
On a journey whose end I never wish to reach.
Through stenciled city skylines with flashing lights aglow
Through countryside lit by watercolour sunsets
I will wander across oceans,
I will stumble between borders,
I will make the map my canvas,
And leave no land unpainted.

Daryn is a U1 Political Science major from Toronto, Ontario who loves music and travelling.

“we are moving.” - Johann Wolfgang von Goethe • “A journey is like marriage. The
certain way to be wrong is to think you control it.” - John Steinbeck • “Whither
will my path yet lead me? This path is stupid, it goes in spirals, perhaps in circles,

This photo was taken by Edward Ross at International Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji in the Catskills Mountains of New York.
What is silence? The Oxford Dictionary defines silence as "the complete absence of noise." In theory, silence seems entirely plausible by simply leaving the urban world and entering into something more natural. However, it is not so easy in practice.

This summer I had the opportunity to travel to International Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-Ji, a Rinzai Zen Buddhist training monastery in the New York Catskills Mountains. Coming to the monastery meant I had to live according to the ten basic precepts of Rinzai Zen practice, and participate fully in the life of the monastery. I could not drink alcohol, develop any personal relationships, or even use the internet freely. I was required to leave my wants and desires at the door, so that I may attempt to embrace silence in its true form.

Moving from the urban-ness of Montreal to the top of a mountain was very striking at first. The sound of moving cars and people was nowhere in range. Without the light pollution night time was so black that there was no difference between my eyes being open or closed. The level of sensory deprivation was incredible. There were no bright lights or loud noises to distract my attention. I could sit and observe things as they are in nature.

A large part of practice in the monastery was sitting zazen. Zazen consists of sitting still on cushions with your knees below your sit bones for long periods of time. Depending on the day, we could sit anywhere from 3 to 10 hours. No matter how I sat, the pain was absolutely excruciating during the later portions of zazen. Although no one showed it, every other person in the temple was experiencing some form of this pain as they sat zazen. The quiet in the room was deafening. My brain would scream ideas, sing songs, and paint pictures to fill up the space. Little did I know that all around me life was still moving. Deer would wander outside eating grass, birds would sing to each other in the trees, and bees would float from flower to flower. I really couldn’t believe that silence could be so loud.

but whichever way it goes, I will follow it.” - Hermann Hesse • “They spoke less
Despite feeling as though I would never be able to walk again, I could actually look into my mind and see how it worked. There was nothing to hide behind, so it ran from thought to thought so I could not focus. The human mind seems to wander and fill up the space with thoughts and sounds because it is scared of the unknown. Although I was never able to fully quiet my mind, the strictness of the practice allowed me to watch how my mind worked. The silence was a catalyst for an extreme level of inward focus which I had never experienced before.

Maintaining this focused silence was not so difficult in zazen, but monastery life required a rigorous work schedule. Mopping floors, cooking meals, eating meals, walking, and cleaning rooms all had to be completed as silently as possible. I had to be focused in my every movement so that I did not accidentally walk on my heels, drop an object, or scrape something against the floor. Not only was I existing in a silent world, but I was becoming one with the silence.

The people around me were amazing examples of focused silence. The strength of these people’s practice was ground-breaking. Each day they made the effort to live in the present and committed themselves to treating every moment with the utmost respect. Some did this through strict meditation; some through gardening, and others did this through preparing and serving meals for the monastery guests and residents. Not once did I hear them stomp down the halls or engage in needless conversation.

After two months of strict practice, I left the monastery to re-enter the world. I journeyed from noise into the quiet, and now I was returning into the noise. It felt as if I had gone through a time warp and missed two months. Living in focused silence made everything else feel so loud. Talking normally felt as though I was yelling, music felt like a nuisance, and sleeping was difficult. However, looking back I see that silence may not be found in the outside but rather within the focus of yourself.

Edward Ross is a U3 Religious Studies and Classics student from Cornwall, Ontario with interests in spirituality and papercraft, and also Co-Editor of Radix Magazine.
with travelers approaching the end of a journey.” - Cormac McCarthy • “The way
These were the posters used to advertise the Radix calls for submissions for the past year. They are published below to show Radix’s journey through the year.

“...through the world is more difficult to find than the way beyond it.” - Wallace
Time of the Sun is a U4 psych student. She loves to draw. Sadness is her creative muse.

Stevens • “And when long years and seasons wheeling brought around that point
“Wake up.”

Who is this? Who spoke?

“Oh, you know who I am. Well, you used to at least. You just forgot, or rather, you gradually lost the ability to hear me.”

I don’t understand... What’s with all this white light? Who are you?

“I am you. This light, this voice, both emanate from your inner true self.”

But I am already my true self.

“Are you so sure? Are you always true to your self in your thoughts, words, and actions?”

…Yes…

“Unconvincing answer! And rightly so, for you can lie to others but you cannot lie to your true self. Remember, I can see right through you. I know you. I’ve been by your side – within you – for so long.”

What’s your point?

“Let me bring you back to when you were a child. To a time when you were still untouched by society’s imprints; when you fully expressed your truth by your simple act of being. Do you remember that time?”

I do.

“How did you feel?”

I felt wild. I felt free.

“And you felt this way because you were in touch with me; you were in touch with your inner voice. With no filter yet interfering, you could hear me loud and clear. You intuitively knew your place in the world. But then, what happened?”

I grew up. I came to know better.

“Did you now? I would rather say that you came to be shaped, to be molded - you came to be conditioned.”
No, I became educated.

“That you did, but perhaps you underestimate how deeply education affected you. You see, instead of finding your own way, you’ve been shown a way in which you would fit right in. You were promised a path of security, where you would go to school, find a career, go to work, buy property, and then participate in a mass-consumption economy. You were led to believe that you needed to enter this system in order to live, and that any other ways of life were wrong or primitive, and so you plunged right in. But have you ever stopped and asked yourself: all of this, at what cost?”

Well, I must admit that at times I made choices and decisions to conform to other people’s ideas and expectations of me to make them feel happy or proud of me…

“And by doing so, you betrayed your self and you compromised your truth. This resulted in my voice becoming ever fainter and fainter to you because you tuned out. You started to look outside for guidance. You closed your eyes to your inner light. That’s why you couldn’t hear me when I tried to guide you.”

In a sense, I was only trying to be thoughtful of others…

“It is not selfish to live up to your inner voice. If you don’t do it yourself, then no one will do it for you, and you will be censured by your own inability to express and embody this truth; you will become but a mere shadow of your

so, attended him even in Ithaca, near those he loved.” - Homer • “Do the difficult
authentic self.”

This is sad. I don’t want any part in this tragedy!

“Then never compromise your truth just to fit in or please others. Be assured that the biggest service you can do for your self is to be authentic to your nature, for to be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you someone else is indeed the greatest achievement. By doing so, you will stay wild and free, you will be strong and determined, and you will move forward with purpose and assertion.”

That seems like a good plan to be alone though…

“While it might bring change to relations that were previously built on false foundations, never doubt that by expressing your truth you will attract the right people who will help you move forward and assist you on your journey – you shall recognize them once the time comes.”

I think I understand now. But I have one last question… If I couldn’t hear you for so long, how come I was able to hear you this time?

“Because deep down, you realized the need to return to your roots; to your truth.”

I see. This imagined conversation turned out to be quite enlightening.

“That it took place inside your head doesn’t make it any less real you know… Trust your heart. Value your intuition. Listen to your gut-feeling. Dare to be who you are. Embrace your beauty. Radiate your creativity. And above all - live your life fully, truly, and with all your authenticity.”

Thank you. Or should I say thank...me?

“You now know what to do, but only if you want to. Remember what guides you: the knowledge is always here within, that is, if you take the time to listen and be receptive to it.”

I know. I feel my light. I hear my voice. I am awake now.

“On your own way you may now go.”

Alexandre Daigle is a U3 Environment and World Religions student who is seeking a unifying philosophy through the study of science and spirituality, a path currently being manifested through a lifestyle of bare-foot farming, solo travelling, and inspirational writing.
ney of a thousand miles must begin with a single step.” - Lao Tzu • “Focus on the
The Rabbit Hole Café
The Rabbit Hole cooks up vegan lunches every Friday at 1:00 p.m. The first lunch will be held on September 23rd. Drop by, pay a toonie, enjoy the company and eat up! All proceeds go towards maintaining this Yellow Door program (3625 Aylmer) along with their Food For Thought student food bank, sponsored by the McGill Office of Religious and Spiritual Life.

Mid-Week Quaker Meditation
During the academic year, the Montreal Mid-Week Quaker Meeting meets every Wednesday, 17:30-18:30, at McGill’s Newman Centre, 3484 Peel Street in the Ryan Library (2nd floor, end of the hall). For the rest of the year (summer and winter breaks and exam periods), keep an eye on our Facebook group (https://www.facebook.com/groups/mtlmidweek/) as the location may change from week to week.

Winter Coats Needed!
Donations of clean winter coats in good condition are desperately needed for the Winter Coat Project. Smaller donations can be dropped off at MORSL (Brown Suite 2100) Mon-Fri 10am-4pm and large bags of donations can be dropped off at the Newman Centre, 3484 Peel Street, 10am-2pm on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Please mark all bags clearly as “Winter Coat Project” and drop them in the Newman lobby via the lower entrance.

Radix is looking for Volunteers.
Like what you see? Believe in student creativity, and inter-faith collaboration? Help us do it better! We can always use help in marketing, web-development, research, distribution, writing, layout, and much more! Email us to join the community. radix@mail.mcgill.ca

The McGill Office of Religious and Spiritual Life (MORSL)
MORSL, a proud member of McGill Student Services, is located in the Brown Building, suite 2100. Please feel free to stop by our Meditation/Prayer Room any weekday from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm! You’ll find a full-spectrum light therapy lamp, CD’s for guided relaxation, a serene space with floor pillows and meditation stools, and some suggestions on how to meditate in different traditions. Take time for some serenity! Stay connected with MORSL on Twitter @SpiritualMcGill or like us on Facebook: fb.com/morsl

Newman Centre
Newman Catholic Centre, 3484 Peel Street, is a home away from home for Catholic Students. Visit www.newmancentre.org to find out more about this centre for Catholic spiritual, social, and intellectual life on campus!

journey, not the destination. Joy is found not in finishing an activity but in doing
Orthodox Christian Students
Join our twice-monthly student meeting, Orthodox Christian Fellowship! We also have monastery visits, picnics, and movie nights. Contact McGill’s Orthodox chaplain, Father Ihor for details: ikutash@gmail.com.

Mondays at MORSU
The Office of Religious and Spiritual Life hosts “Mondays at MORSU” – a variety of free Monday-night events, including art therapy, yoga, zen meditation, Quaker meditation, Om meditation, talks on World Religions, Orthodox icon-writing workshop, movie nights, and more! Like us on facebook at fb.com/morsl to find out more or email morsl@mcgill.ca.

Midnight Kitchen
Every day of the week at 12:30 pm in the SSMU Building, Midnight Kitchen offers free vegan lunches to students. Bring a tupperware container, and indulge in some vegan delicacies such as their famous vegan cakes.

McGill Interfaith Students’ Council (MISC)
Are you passionate about promoting interfaith dialogue on campus? Join MISC to have a chance to work with faith groups and promote inter-community dialogue and religious diversity! Work on the Council to make collaborative events like the Annual Interfaith Day happen and advance religious literacy and harmony on campus. For more information, contact: jonahwiner18@gmail.com

The Jewish community at McGill
Visit www.hillel.ca, www.chabad-mcgill.com, and ghettoshul.com for information on shabbat meals, holiday celebrations, educational programming, and fun social activities!

My Neighbour’s Faith Series
This series of monthly visits to Montreal’s places of worship provides a guided experience with various world religions being practiced in Montreal. Email morsl@mcgill.ca to join the mailing list.

Local Gnostic Community Meetings
The Holy Grail Narthex is a study group of the Apostolic Johannite Church. We gather for fellowship, study, discussion, ritual, and generally uplifting times. Please feel free to get in touch with our lay leader, Jonathan Stewart, at holy-grail@johannite.org or at 514-437-2948 for further information, to get details on upcoming meetings, or if you just want to chat.

Weekly Zen meditation
Every Friday morning at 8:15am, McGill Zen Buddhist chaplain, Myokyo Zengetsu, offers guided Zen practice in the Birks chapel (3520 University Street, 2nd floor). Must arrive early or on time in order to join! The last Zen practice of the term will be held on April 15th.

it.” - Greg Anderson • “To travel is to take a journey into yourself.” - Danny Kaye