INTRODUCTION
LUCAS GARRETT

DISTRACTION
DIAMOND YAO

SECOND GEN
DIAMOND YAO

CARE ABOUT YOUR LOOKS
KACPER NIBURSKI

A MEDICAL STUDENT’S REFLECTIONS
JONAH DABORA

CAN WE BRING THE LONELY HOME?
JEFFREY MACKIE

SELF-CARE
KATE ELLIS

LAKES
RAKSHITHA RAVI

CARE: THE WAY OF DEVOTION
DRHUV CHAUHAN

GRÂCE À LA VIE
GERALDINE K. ETIENNE

BUDS
KACPER NIBURSKI

RE-CREE-ATION
THE OUTSIDERS

CLASSIFIEDS

Cover artist Rahma is a fourth year English Literature and History student who likes poetry, lighthouses and finding lookouts in high places.
Dear Radix Reader,

Last November I had the privilege of attending the 2018 Parliament of World Religions as part of a small cohort of Montreal-based students. The Parliament—a.k.a. PoWR, as it is so stalwartly branded in the organisation’s own literature—took place over the course of seven days in a sprawling convention centre close to Toronto’s harbourfront, in what was mostly an exuberant atmosphere of acceptance, joy, and interfaith optimism. I have had some difficulty finding a firm figure on the number of attendees, but the prevailing rumor among my fellow parliamentarians was somewhere in the “Wow! Can you believe there are ten-thousand people here!?” ballpark. Whatever the statistic, PoWR 2018 saw legions descend upon this Canadian shore to share, in a series of workshops, their wisdom and worries and the things they find wonderful. Although I cannot begin to describe the immense array of sessions on the agenda, in one afternoon I went to a workshop on permaculture and the Slow Food Movement and to another on Native Hawaiian spirituality and its capacity to help in male psychological healing. Fellow parliamentarians expanded upon their religious and spiritual knowledge by attending lectures on such topics as the architecture of sacred spaces or the significance and varieties of hand-folding in Buddhist iconography. Ceremonies abounded, whether these be a Zoroastrian fire ritual, a Sufi Zikr dance, a Wiccan morning-worship, a non-denominational Christian mass, or any number of other participatory observances. In the course of the conference, I met and engaged in lovely conversation with people from Kentucky, Taiwan, Germany, the Amazon, and Alberta; this list is, of course, non-exhaustive.

What ostensibly guided the course of this whole wacky week was the Parliament’s theme for the year: “The promise of inclusion, the power of love”. I suppose that this theme was incorporated in some way into all the panels, lectures, and summits on the one hand, and the rituals, ceremonies, and performances on the other. This multiplicity of experiences, of course, transgress the analytical divide I just made up (these events were my favourite to attend; the aforementioned permaculture workshop involved a meditation wherein participants directed their focus onto and into a natural object like a dried gourd or a piece of petrified wood). Although there might have been more than ten thousand individuals present, I certainly felt included in the conversation with people who were far more learned than
I or who were of religious backgrounds entirely foreign to me. If anything, the Parliament showed me that inclusion is a prerequisite for understanding. Meanwhile, love—that most abstract of immeasurables—was rampant in the prevailing discourse. Love for each other, love for the Earth, love for ourselves. Environmentalists can be theologians and vice versa, and masters of one path or discipline may become students of entirely new ways of knowing.

Why am I going off about this conference here, in the introduction to yet another issue of Radix? A long time ago, like ninety years or so, sociologist Émile Durkheim wrote that the role of the sacred is the production of community; indeed, the sacred thing is community itself. And at the heart of every community: care. I left the Parliament of World Religions with a lot of thoughts and a need to figure out a theme for the next issue of Radix. I figured that “Care” distilled “The promise of love, the power of inclusion” into a single word.

This issue explores care in many of its facets. Jonah Dabora offers an account of the tribulations and preoccupations of one who has taken on care as a vocation. Jeffrey Mackie meditates on the possibilities of caring for a stranger who has passed. Dhruv Chauhan’s exegesis of the Bhagavad Gita tells us that loving those around us may be elevated to an act of the highest divinity, while Kate Ellis reminds us of the necessity of caring for ourselves, lest all the compassion and concern leave us overwhelmed. Enjoy these pieces and all the rest this issue features, and thank you for daring to care with us.

Sincerely,
Lucas
Radix Project Student Staff
Distraction is the opiate of the masses

Hashtags didn’t save you
Partner didn’t text you
Police didn’t help you
Allies didn’t hold you

Distraction is the opiate of the masses

Money and excellence to shield you against discrimination
Paying with stress of thrice the work of others in the same nation
System set up so you never get your fair share of the ration
Entire family crumbling down under such pressures no patience

Distraction is the opiate of the masses

No safe sweet home to go to
Whole Earth bad for folks like you
If you chronic stress come through
Trapped in to build better boons
Brand new world for future you

Distraction is the opiate of the masses

We stand tall in the pride of our clothing
Spite whole universe tell us we’re nothing
Strength of our folks written in those moleskins
Gunfire shots cut sleeves on we’re soldiering

Distraction is the opiate of the masses
I’m preached to obey
By streets full of saints
Taboo silence stays
Slice me in war paint

Persecuted on all home fronts
Civil war I never asked for
Universal world health witch hunt
It’s no survivors without gore

Homeless but dauntless
Wholeless I’m flawless
Hopeless to closeness
Whole mess we redress

Renegade kids stitch your sutures
Our only home is the future
Our work push forward the culture
Cuz all we have now is vultures

Second gen playpen
All damned in pretend
Programmed to withstand
Unplanned and we can
Tight band so we stand

Diamond is a third year student in sustainability who uses media to inject ideas into the cultural landscape to produce change.
i was never
quite beautiful
which was the best thing
that happened to me
for i could find
the neglected beauty in everything else
like a tangerine peeled into an accidental love
of a woman i knew years ago
or the rain that muddied the city and my shoes
i just purchased
but that held me in a hug as i laid in it
only to get sick after
foolishly sick
gazing at the coughing ceiling
and noticing that there was a leak there
that stretched into a yawn a mouth
the house drooling and dreaming of the woods
again
and i closed my eyes
seeing nothing but me
and wanting to ask that woman
from when when was when
if all of us were blind
what would you look at first

Kacper Niburski is a twin who is convinced he would make a good triplet.
Don’t ask his twin, though. Follow his IG: @_kenkan.
We were in an examining room, all seated. The tension was high. What is it like to be in an oncology clinic for the first time and have four doctors sit down to discuss something with you?

I could see the emotions in her eyes. Her pain, her fear, her reservations. She was trying to hide them, she was trying to be strong. She came because of months of heavy menstrual bleeding. We diagnosed her with an acute B cell lymphoblastic leukaemia. She took it in stride and didn’t have many questions. Even though we still needed to do a lumbar puncture, a bone marrow aspirate and a biopsy, the diagnosis was all but certain given the results of her blood flow cytometry.

17 years old and 358 days, previously healthy, and a diagnosis of blood cancer.

I left the room with a heavy feeling in my chest. I was inspired by her seeming resilience, but I was daunted by what would come in her future—years of chemo, multiple admissions to the hospital and many potential complications.

Earlier that day, the oncologist pulled me aside and said: “This is routine for us, we do it every day, but for this young lady, she will remember everything. She’ll remember the names of the doctors in the room, the words they said, how she was treated, and the minutes spent waiting, for the rest of her life.”

As a member of the team, it is a privilege to be exposed to the vulnerability of patients’ lives. To make an impact in any way possible is meaningful. Though she may not remember my name, my face or even my involvement with her care, she will always remember that day, for it was then that her medical journey began.

As a medical student, I am exposed to a huge variety of pathology and illness. Given my inexperience, I often revel in interesting cases so as to expand my knowledge, yet it is so easy to become distanced and forget the patient experience. Moving on from the classroom to clinical practice was a challenging
personal experience. Faced with limited basic knowledge of physiology and pathology, clinical medicine seemed like an abstract puzzle where day by day, I tried to fit the pieces together. This was often stressful, especially when paired with the clinical responsibilities of a student, namely writing notes, admissions and discharge summaries, calling specialties and filling up consultations.

On top of this, there is a vast social component. Learning to interact with patients and develop trusting, therapeutic relationships is a skill that is not teachable. One must work on their own individual interpersonal skills and approach people with different personalities and emotions. I had to learn conflict management to handle patients with frustration, anger and resentment, I had to show empathy for those actively in need of compassion, and I had to give care for those who are suffering.

Struggling to balance the person I am at home with the one I am in the hospital has been difficult. I realized that with time, I have begun to distance myself from my patients in an attempt to lessen the suffering I am exposed to. By reflecting on these experiences and my coping strategies, I am able to keep grounded. Rather than feeling angry at myself for my “lack of empathy” or hours of bingeing Netflix, time spent with friends aimlessly hanging out instead of working or studying, I have understood that I need this time for myself. It is my way to cope. By actively understanding why I am less empathetic, as well as how I am responding to the clinical world, I find that I am able to regain my emotional response and create deeper bonds with my patients.

Caring can be costly because it means sacrifice. It means transcending the self to focus on the other. Yet, before one can properly care for others, they must accept and love themselves, such that they can bring, and show, this love and acceptance to others.

“Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.”

*Jonah is a 4th year medical student and 23rd year human.*
I don’t need a film to arrest my life
Lead me to question everything I believe
I don’t think I need subtitles
To underline my doubts and fears.

I don’t know if I can understand
To go so quickly from euphoria to despair
To stand up in front of thousands
And end up all alone.

I still want and need to say
All the things I have to say
And I imagine
You did too.

Jeffrey Mackie is a Montreal poet and Anglican seminarian.
It grows harder to fight the good fight when your bones are wearing thin. You are not obligated to fix everything, or anything (or anyone). And when you have screamed until your lungs have become raw it is okay to unzip your skin, to take off the strong cover, the brave cover, to hide away and remind yourself that you cannot feed on an empty stomach. Take care of yourself first, for the love is stronger when you give it whole, and we are stronger when we are whole.

Kate Ellis is a first year History and GSFS student who is Agnostic but interested in exploring different areas of spirituality.

Art on these pages is by Rakshitha Ravi, computer engineering undergrad who is interested in AI and passionate about painting.
When we care for someone, we pray for them and we like to be near them. We share time, moments, and experiences and appreciate their feelings of care and love for us. We do not harm one for whom we truly care. Care itself means love, truth, selflessness, detachment and the freedom that unites soul to another soul and to the Supreme God.

In Bhagavad Gītā, Lord Krishna urge us to love devotion and to love Love itself; through this we can transform our care for the materialistic world and our earthly relations into divine love, by becoming conscious of our soul and its connection to His supremacy. He asks that we behave as one who is in love and that we seek our own liberation in the form of devotion to Him. Lord Krishna says:

\[
\text{mad-manā bhava mad-bhakto mad-yāji māṁ namaskuru mām evaiṣyasi yuktvaivam ātmānaṁ mat-parāyaṇaḥ [34]}
\]

“Give me your mind and give me your heart, give me your offerings and your adoration; and thus, with your soul in harmony, and making me your goal supreme, you will in truth come to me.” (Bhagavad Gītā, Chapter 9, Verse 34)

Here, the question is how in our busy lifestyle we can offer our love, care and devotion towards the Lord, or what kind of changes we need to make in our way of worship to take care of our ultimate goal in life, which is to be a drop in the ocean of the Lord’s love.
Lord Krishna admits: “One who offers to me with devotion a leaf, a flower, a fruit, or even a little water, that offering of devotion I accept from him whose self is pure. Whatever you do, whatever you eat, whatever you offer, whatever you give, whatever austerities you perform, Arjuna, do that as an offering to me.” (Bhagavad Gītā, Chapter 9, Verse 26, 27).

Arjuna, the recipient of the Lord’s discourse, stands in for all of us. So, Lord Krishna tells him (us) that whatever daily activities we do in our life, be that studying, our job, or any other work including care for our loved ones, we should do so as to please Him. Hence normal deeds are transformed into devotion. How does this help us? He says:

śubhāśubha-phalair evaṃ mokṣyase karma-bandhanaiḥ
sannyāsa-yoga-yuktātmā vimukto mām upaiṣyasi [28]

“Thus, you will certainly be free from the bonds of karma, from the bondage of good and evil fruits; and with your soul one in the yoga of renunciation you will be liberated and come to me. (Bhagavad Gītā, Chapter 9, Verse 28)

So this is the heart of the devotional path: with our hands and mind we should care for ourselves and others here in our life on Earth and with the truthful nature of our heart we should care for our soul’s liberation and pursue God.

Dhruv Chauhan is first year student in MSc in Dental Sciences-NT who wishes to share love, happiness and friendship.
GRÂCE À LA VIE

Enfant.

Mon enfant, tu es là.

Dieu t’a mis en moi, tu n’es donc pas à moi.

Tu es une invitation, une possibilité que m’offre Dieu à rendre grâce à la vie.

Te protéger, te garder au chaud, à l’abri de tout danger, telle est ma destinée.

Mais je dois aussi te guider, te permettre d’être fort, te montrer la lumière de Dieu.

Ainsi, un jour, tu pourras exercer dignement ton rôle de parent.

Un jour, ô enfant de Dieu, tu pourras rendre grâce à la vie, à l’Amour.

Cher enfant, je t’aime.

Je ne t’ai pas encore vu ; en moi, je ressens ton énergie qui sans cesse évolue.

Je t’aime.

Pour toi, pour la vie, je marcherai.

Ô enfant de Dieu, je loue le Seigneur ; Il te garde une place aux côtés des êtres de lumière.

En moi, avec toi, ma destinée sera, ma destinée est accomplie.

Ainsi soit-il.

Amen

Geraldine is a Research Assistant and a second year student in Translation. Her background is in Social & Cultural Anthropology.
hardly a confession
so softly an eruption

of a sunflower
that is inelastic in the spring
of a sleepy volcano scared
of its own yawning heart
of a poem pronounced as an exhalation
followed by a deep buttery silence that is blooming
to you

saying that we’ll make more than love
while we are making love
tongues rolling like sweet blueberries in summer
and later asking what that rumble is outside
when the trucks have stopped the constructions
and the first bugs are yelling about the sprinkle of pesticides
meant to help the growing around

then you do rising
then your legs are cut off by end of the bed
then you take your clothes off the ground
and you
naked
undone
tell me that you need to get something off your chest
but you cannot remember what it was
It's been merely 12 days since I arrived with my classmate to a small community in the James Bay Cree Territory where we will be spending 8 weeks in clinical placement. We have been asking ourselves, as outsiders coming into this Indigenous community, what does it mean for the Cree to care for themselves, each other, and their environment?

A tangible demonstration of Cree Care that we have seen took place when we were attending a drop-in co-ed volleyball night, hosted at the local Youth Centre. We heard a mix of French, English, but mainly the local Cree dialect. We observed people of different ages, with different skills and fitness-levels. What was especially notable was the amount and frequency of laughter - whether sarcastic laughter, poking fun at each other, laughter at one's own mistakes, and laughter that exuded general enjoyment. We couldn’t help but join in too! Though being outsiders, we were welcomed to play with them, and the laughter - aside from the game itself – was by far the bridging commonality.

We believe that laughter and the coming together of a group for a common activity demonstrates care in the following ways:

- for oneself through the stress relief that physical exercise and laughter bring skill-building, and the development of self-esteem through the increased competence from such;
for each other through friendships, and support that develop with regular participation and teamwork;
for the community as a whole by the act of showing up and investing regularly in a safe community-based activity.

Canadian indigenous people have undergone decades of trauma, inequities, and exploitation—where soul, body, mind, and cultural-needs were not met, not nourished, not invested in, not intentionally preserved, and thus not fostered. With such a history and after subsequent effects, what does care mean for these people? Given this history of colonialization and forced assimilation, what implications might these have on these peoples’ ability to care for their families, their belongings, their land, etc.?

We reflected on the construct of ‘care’ in contrast to the effects of the loss mentioned above. Care is active, purposeful, intentional and breeds further connection, fuels resiliency, preserves inherent values, fosters potential, and envisions more than what’s in the present. Care — being motivated by hope — pushes towards betterment. We saw the multi-faceted nature of Care play out that day amongst individuals who came to engage in an ordinary team sport which has, as we have demonstrated, extraordinary implications.

The ‘Outsiders’ are from Vancouver Island, BC and Toronto, ON.
GHETTO SHUL
Ghetto Shul is a student- and volunteer-run Jewish organization in downtown Montreal. We hold weekly Shabbat services and dinners, as well as art nights, learning events, and more! We welcome people from all walks of life and love having newcomers to our services. Check our Facebook page (Ghetto Shul) for updates on our upcoming events!

GhettoShul.Wordpress.com

POWER TO CHANGE
Power to Change is a Christian club that invites McGill students to engage with the Gospel through Bible Studies, prayer & worship evenings, social events, and more! We also have events & discussion groups for people of all beliefs to explore faith-related questions. Like our Facebook page for more info!

Facebook.com/P2CMcGill

AM MCGILL
Am McGill is an egalitarian Jewish group on campus, whose mission is to provide an inclusive and safe space for all Jewish students at McGill. We host monthly Shabbat dinners and services, as well as events for Jewish holidays throughout the school year. To learn more or to get in touch with us, please visit our Facebook page, Am McGill, or email us at JewsofAMMcGill@Gmail.com!

HILLEL
Hillel Montreal supports and facilitates student initiatives that promote Jewish values. With an open-door policy and no membership fees, everyone is welcome to contribute to maintaining a vibrant, young Jewish community through grassroots programming and volunteering. Hillel promotes developing leadership skills to equip tomorrow’s leaders today.

Facebook.com/HillelMTL
FederationCJA.org/en/GenMTL/Hillel-Montreal/

MUSLIM STUDENTS’ ASSOCIATION (MSA)
The Muslim Students’ Association brings together Muslim students to provide resources, essential services, and educational tools needed to enhance their university experience. Through the services and events provided, the MSA aims to facilitate the spiritual and social growth of its members and the larger McGill community, supporting student needs. Our “Discovering Islam” event will take place on March 22nd 2019. Like MSA on Facebook to get updates on this event, as well as all our other initiatives! Email Communications@MSAMcGill.com to join the listserv.

Facebook.com/MSAMcGill/ www.MSAMcGill.com
INTERVARSITY CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
We are a group of inter-denominational Christians on campus who have come together because of our shared faith in Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. We strive to create a community that encourages dialogue from varying perspectives and exploring what it means to be a follower of Jesus. We welcome you to join us on our weekly bible studies on Mondays and Tuesdays. We also have a discovery group that meets every week to explore big questions about Christianity. Lastly, we have bi-weekly large group gatherings called FUSE! Come as you are to join us for a time of community and fun, we welcome anyone from different faith backgrounds! Follow our facebook page & group and Instagram for more info!
Facebook.com/IVMcGillCF
Instagram: @IVMcGillCF

CHABAD AT MCGILL
The Chabad Jewish Student Center at McGill University is one of over 100 on-site Chabad on Campus centers across America. We offer the anchor and embrace of ‘family’ for Jewish students regardless of background, observance or affiliation. Consider our address one you can turn to for any reason at all 24 hours a day.

NEWMAN CATHOLIC STUDENTS’ SOCIETY
Newman Catholic Students’ Society: The Newman Students’ Society is the Catholic student community of McGill University. Based out of the Newman Centre of McGill University, we seek to make our Christian faith alive through social activities and community life, faith formation and spiritual enrichment, charitable outreach and service, and a strong sense of friendship and fellowship among our members. You can find more information at our website or on our Facebook page.
McGillCatholics.ca
Facebook.com/McGillCatholics
Spring/Summer 2019
Call for Submissions

the natural world

Submit Online:
mcgill.ca/morsl/radix-magazine