Dear Friends,

It’s a pleasure to bring to you this year’s first issue of Radix, and notably, the first issue of Radix with a new co-editor!

As the fall semester unfolds and exams draw nearer and nearer, we here at Radix thought it might be a good time to reflect inwards and “dig down to our roots.”

As the theme suggests, we have asked all of you to consider briefly “what is at your roots?” What makes you who you are? How does this affect your life and your daily approach to the world?

We have received some amazing contributions that we are pleased to share with you, from astounding poetry to captivating short stories! We hope that you find these perspectives as enlightening as we have, and we also hope that they encourage you to dig down to your own roots and take time to contemplate your identity. Although not all submissions deal concretely with the theme of roots, nonetheless, and as always, we expect that our readers will appreciate their insight.

We look forward to yet another year of great contributions and as always, we encourage you to share a part of yourself with us and with McGill at large!

~ In Memorial ~

Jodie Shypitka

Jodie Shypitka, a religious studies student at McGill passed away in the presence of her family on October 20th after a struggle with breast cancer. She will be greatly missed by everyone in the faculty and at McGill whose lives she has touched.

Jodie also worked as a part time student for Chaplaincy Service for 3 years. We love you bud! And Miss you (from your bud Josée).

According to her wishes, she has chosen to be an organ donor. Please make any donations directly to the Breast Cancer Foundation.
How Do You Deal With Your Own Roots?

by Aaron Ricker

Thank you, Radix, for this issue’s focus on religious roots. First of all, it is an appropriate tribute to the vision of your student paper’s name.

It reminds us that roots are often weird and wonderful things, even if they sometimes lie unnoticed. They're also powerful things, so forgetting them seems like a bad idea, even if they don't pop up unexpectedly and trip us. It also reminds us that religious traditions are a living thing. The best way to be true to your roots is to grow, isn't it?

As a PhD student in Religious Studies who was raised a small-town Baptist in New Brunswick, I can testify that choosing the right way to interpret and honor your roots is not always easy. What should you keep as you grow, and how, and why? You can't get away from them completely. Even attacking and/or running away from them just amounts to another way of living out their quiet influence. How much can you control the process anyway, do you think?

This summer I saw a tree growing in a fenced-in church lot, back home. It had grown right through the chain-link fence, out over the sidewalk. Its branches were reaching for something outside the yard, and they had made it outside. Their roots, though, were still on the inside, and in the process they had also become caught for life in that fence. I stopped and looked, and then I kept walking, singing one of my songs that I had kind of forgotten.

would you chop
at your roots
to be free?

would you break your own branches
to be simple and clean?
for the lines simple and clean
of a cross or gallows tree?

would you chop
at your roots
to be free?

"Going against the grain; Surprising viewpoints within religious/spiritual contexts"

+ Do you belong to a community, either religious, spiritual or even academic (!) that holds beliefs or opinions contrary to yours?
+ Do you have opinions, beliefs, viewpoints or contentions that run contrary to popular or doctrinal belief in your religion or culture?
+ How do you balance your personal beliefs and opinions with your community at large?
+ As always, we are open to your diversity in opinion, and if you have something you want to share that may not exactly fit this theme, still shoot it over; we value your voices!

We accept any forms of expressions as long as it is printable on paper so let your creative juices flow!

DEADLINE: Nov. 1st (8th latest) - earlier submissions have higher priority.
What are your roots?

by Murtaza Shambhoora

The phrase ‘digging down to your roots’ brings one word to my mind: simplification. Taking a step back and shaking off all ties to the material interests present in my everyday life. Simplification does not mean learning the language of the country I was born in, nor does it mean finding God. Simplification means detaching yourself, even for a couple of hours, from your blackberry, laptop, and from the society you have worked so hard to integrate yourself into. In doing so, evaluating what the most important things in your life are. Most probably it would come down family, friends, culture, and some material possession that could fit in a small plastic bag.

How do I dig down to my roots and simplify my life? As an avid outdoorsman, I enjoy leaving the city every weekend for a few hours of climbing or camping in the outdoors. My friends cannot fathom why I would leave behind my apartment with the satellite TV, queen sized bed, and a kitchen full of snacks to spend a few nights in a cramped tent with nothing but a sleeping bag and dehydrated food for comfort. For me, that is as simple as life gets. Your shelter, clothing, and food are packed down in a 40L backpack, on which you could survive for weeks. I do not wish (or dare) to leave my glorious college life and follow Henry David Thoreau’s footsteps during his Walden years. I simply enjoy taking a step back.
All Things are Grounded on a Groundless Ground

By Ambroise Nahas

What occurs by necessity?
All conditioned, thence ephemeral.
This is the groundless ground.

What are these groundless ephemerals?
All phenomena. This is on what we stand.
Imaginings cannot support us.
No foundational certainty to be found.

All things can only fade, hold them gently.
All things are gentle passings, know this.

Thus the heart of the matter:
Life is so difficult, how could we not be kind?
Being true, groundedness is found
To hold gently is to understand.

Ambroise is a U3 History Major, Minoring in Environmental Studies
I was standing half naked, staring at an ocean-blue scarf and a matching tie while having an existentialist crisis of rather epic proportions. Despite my inner turmoil, the silk stubbornly refused to hand me the keys to the universe. In the washroom, the running water was audibly being splashed around and I knew from experiences as recent as 6 o’clock this morning that there would be water pooled in lakes around the sink, leaving little room for me to work with my make-up.

“Jay-Jay, keep the water in the sink,” I said in a voice that was overly sweet at the corners. I vaguely heard a muffled grunt of “ne” from the other room followed by a rather large splatter. I sighed and offered an uncertain smile to the colourful abstract painting that was hanging over the bed. When the dumb thing made no move to help me or to smile back, I turned back to the scarf that sat on the comforter we had rumpled.

“Where are my black shoes?” His voice called in from outside the bedroom door.

“At the front door. Hurry up; you’re going to make me late.”

A snort announced that he’d covered the very short distance from the front door to bedroom in record time.

“I am going to make you late for dinner at my mother’s place. Ooeunjeuish,” he chuckled under his breath.

“Well it’s true. You move at a snail’s pace,” I replied, trying and failing to not sound like a petulant child as I toyed with the scarf’s sequins.

“Well look at you! The whole time I’m in the washroom all and you’ve managed to do is put underwear on?” He kicked one of his textbooks out of the way and turned back, giving my bare midriff a long glance. “It almost looks like you’re trying to find a way to miss the whole dinner.”

“Don’t start,” I said, shaking a finger at him.

“Hey, I’m not the one wearing the see-through lace and calling it a bra,” he said with a grin. When I continued to glare, he sighed and moved to hug me. I feigned resistance for a moment, and then willingly tucked my face into the corner created by his neck and shoulder.

“You really have to relax,” he grumbled against the nape of my neck. “You keep worrying like this and before long; you’ll give even me a heart attack.”

“Impossible,” I said, kissing his jaw. He laughed and we parted as he moved back around the bed and bent over the nightstand, searching while he hummed to himself. I turned to the closet and managed to extricate a pair of blue jeans.

“You know,” he said with his head still behind the nightstand. “I really liked that apartment we saw by Beaudry metro. It’s really too bad it got leased so quickly.”

“Not really,” I muttered, yanking my jeans on.

“You didn’t?”

“I didn’t like the landlord.” I said as I turned back to the bed with the jeans. He straightened up, pulling a chain and his watch back up from where they’d fallen.

“What’re you talking about?” One straight eyebrow bridged towards his hairline.

“He just… you didn’t notice?” Jay-Jay shook his head and I shrugged, embarrassed now that the topic was crawling out into the open. “He just looked at us funny. I thought he was creepy.”

As I tugged my jeans on, I shrugged again, trying for nonchalance, though I had the feeling that I was managing about as well as a rabbit whose butt just won’t fit through his escape route.

Jay-Jay’s eyes narrowed as he looped his watch back around his wrist and slipped the buckle into place.

“And by that you mean…?” He trailed off as he lifted his chain over his head and down around his neck so that the yellow crucifix rested on his chest. For not the first time since I’d seen him naked, I paused to envy his naturally lean physique, before sighing and slipping a belt over my jeans, which were perhaps a bit more snug than I would have liked.

“We’re different, Jay-Jay. We aren’t fooling anyone, and people can tell. That landlord could tell,” I said, shuffling to the closet. I turned and began to fight through the cramped closet until I found the ivory blouse I wanted.

“Suze, it’s the twenty-first century. They’ve got a black president in the States and all the doctors are Chinese. Seriously, I don’t think you and I are the strangest couple ever, especially since people like us have dated before,” he said, rolling his eyes, his hand trailing over my back as he stepped around me to get to the commode. He pulled out a vest with a yellow argyle pattern decorating the front of it. He shook his head.

“Just because people don’t have prejudices doesn’t mean they don’t stereotype.”

“I don’t think people really put a stereotype on us. We’re just two university students,” he said with a dismissive chuckle in his throat. I turned so that I was face to face with him.

“So then why do I always have to order coffee?”

“Because my French sucks,” he said in a flat tone. No chuckle this time.

“Exactly. You’re the foreigner.”

“Yeah, and that I don’t speak French is just proof of my own stupidity. At worst, you could say that’s proof of a prejudice against people who do or don’t speak certain languages, but it doesn’t prove racial prejudice or even stereotypes,” he said, the smile back on his lips now that he realized I wasn’t about to harp on him over his French.

“Fine, it doesn’t prove that prejudices exist, but you know what it does prove?”
It proves that there are still prejudices period, so your argument is void, leaving the possibility that mine is correct and there are still prejudices,” I quipped. He blinked at me for a moment, then shook his head and reached past me into the cluttered little closet, sidestepping me. I stared at the yellow pattern on the vest as I buttoned my blouse up.

“Fine, let’s say the whole world hates you and me being together. There’s still scientific evidence that we seek a mate who is different than us, so that our flaws might be balanced out by them and they might give our children strong genes,” he said as he shuffled into a pair of slacks.

“Yeah but there’s also scientific evidence that when primed with the thought of death, people have the tendency to draw closer to their culture and their race and to become increasingly closed minded and reject anyone who doesn’t fit into or who challenges their norms.” I frowned at the little white thread that was trailing out of the seam of my blouse. Jay-Jay, who was buttoning his own daisy yellow shirt, made a hacking sound that spliced a laugh and a snort together.

“Fack oesti,” I cursed as I stubbed my toe against the bed while moving around Jay-Jay to get to the commode. Jay-Jay’s hand reached out to steady me as he turned to counter my argument.

“I took that course, too and my notes on Terror Management Theory were way more detailed than yours, apparently. TM theory also points out that when primed with death, people also feel closer to their mates, so not only does your argument not prove prejudices, but it also doesn’t prove anything with regards to us. So there,” he laughed, his black eyes twinkling with certainty and he tugged on a pair of navy socks. I stared at the socks as he rearranged them. With the scissors in my hand as I thought about that.

“Huh,” was all I said as I snipped the loose thread away. Jay-Jay made a satisfied sound and reached for his vest. I stood in place, admiring the dark blue base colour of it as it slipped it over his head. Just as he was straightening it out, his cell began to chirp from the bedside table.

“Aigo,” he sighed in exasperation, launching himself onto the bed and crawling over to answer it. I smiled as he made burbling sounds of frustration at the cell phone and pulled some faces.

“Five-year-old at heart, you,” I whispered and he made a shooing motion with his hand as he pressed a button, taking the call. I hurriedly and headed to the washroom to put on some makeup.

“Jung-Myung Han,” he said, his voice smooth and even like an aged, amber whiskey. I could hear the first two syllables bleed together, as his own name drew an alphabet other than the Roman one to the front of his mind.

As I began applying some foundation in front of the rust-rimmed mirror, I speculated that Jay-Jay and I really needed to try harder to find a new apartment. Within a few minutes, Jay-Jay was off the phone and squeezing into the washroom to stand behind me, a container of gel in his hand. As I bent forward, carefully penning eyeliner around my eyes, he ran some gel into his hair, pulling it straight into the air in neat little spikes. His eyes swept down the cracked mirror and met mine, one delicate eyebrow breaking into a right angle.

“What?”

“What what?” I retorted, trying to not smudge black lines over my nose or cheeks.

“You’re still upset about something and you’re not telling me.”

“I told you,” I said with another deep sigh as I tucked my stuff back into the little sapphire makeup case Jay-Jay had bought for my birthday. “I’m just feeling insecure lately, I guess.”

“Nope,” he said, as he nit-picked at a stubborn lock, getting closer to the mirror as I stepped out of the washroom. As I quickly stepped back into bedroom, snatching his tie and my scarf, as well as a dark pthalo bracelet and some matching earrings, he called, “Something’s up to-daaaaay.”

“Here,” I said, meeting him in the passage from our room and the washroom into the living room. I had thrown the scarf around my neck and was just pinning the earrings into my ears. I raised the elbow onto which I had draped his tie. “Isn’t it a bit much?” He asked, taking it across his palms and balancing it there, as though weighing it.

“No, just tuck it underneath the vest,” I instructed. He frowned at it as I continued to fiddle with my earrings, trying to set them straight. He looked like he was trying to read a hidden message in the indigo threads. Finally, he just shook his head again, looped it into a noose and hooked it over his neck.

“Fine. Anyways, seriously, what’s bugging you?” His fingers began to fix the blue tie. He gave me the look, one eyebrow bent at the middle and his lips pressed into a square bracket with harsh right angles that each challenged me to not give it up.

“I just know that your mum hates me,” I sighed, stepping into the living room and slipping into a pair of cerulean flats.

“Oh… no. No, she doesn’t.” Jay-Jay said, rounding the corner to face me faster than I thought anyone could move in such a small space. He finished tugging his tie into place, the better part of it now hidden beneath the blue and yellow vest. He frowned down at me. “She absolutely loves you.”

“Really?” I frowned at him, checking my own ocean-blue scarf and its position against my white blouse. Jay-Jay nodded as he stepped around me, planting a firm kiss in my hair before picking up our coats. As we shrugged into them, I bit my lip. “So, then why does she seem so annoyed whenever I hug you?”

“Oh, in Korea, even after they’re married, men and women don’t make public displays of affection, especially in front of their elders. My mum’s just a traditionalist that way. Really though, she likes you,” he said, shooving his feet into his shoes without using his hands. I lifted my purse off its hook as he pocketed his keys and opened the front door, one hand rubbing my shoulders, repeating what his words were saying.

We made it half way down the hall, the peeling wallpaper creating arabesque, dusky shadows. Finally, I couldn’t help myself as we headed for the azure door at the end of the hall.

“So it’s not about prejudices or stereotypes, its culture,” I declared, worry possessing me once more. Jay-Jay swore, then grabbed his chest and collapsed against the dusty wall, feigning a heart attack.

Jen is a UI English Literature major
Having had a secular North American upbringing, it was always clear to me that, despite my culturally rich background as a Quebecer with both Jewish and Catholic roots, my life was not to be bound by tradition, at least for the most part. The contrast between just one generation is striking as my parents recall their memories of Quebec society (yet not exclusively) during the times of their youth. In general, mainstream life during those times was far more conservative and conventions were to be strongly upheld. For example, according to the memories of my mother, as a young woman she would never consider wearing white clothing after Labour Day, as this was strictly tabooed! Other, less enigmatic, conventions such as “no skirts above knee level” were also prevalent.

Apparently there was some point where people collectively put these and other customs on trial, and subsequently we have set a precedent for taking a critical look at the traditions which govern our lives. Now it seems that self-justified deviation from societal norms has become something normal. In my personal experience, I rarely find myself put-off or phased by eccentric individuals, idiosyncratic mannerism or a pair of white pumps in February. Even though we may be judgmental at times, the personal liberties that we all enjoy prevent us from criticizing others in a serious manner. This has had a very noticeable impact on the day-to-day life of our society. Even only 30 years ago, shopping on a Sunday in downtown Montreal was unheard of.

Perhaps more pertinent than fashion statements regulated business hours, deviating from religious household and familial customs can be quite onerous and I’m guessing this has something to do with the guilt that is so aptly accessed and manipulated by various institutions. In any case, when making capital ‘L’-life decisions, it’s not uncommon to be harassed by members of the Ministry of Heritage and Tradition living in your head. What is the best way to govern our thoughts with respect to these pressures from the Past –like a ruthless dictator, that is, with zero tolerance to antiquated ideas and smiting them without remorse? Or like a lenient democracy, allowing the formation of lobby and special interest groups which may also be prone to hijacking or overriding the system?

One internal mechanism by which I (and perhaps others) am inhibited from deviating too strongly from the family tradition, is by telling myself that this conventional wisdom is smarter than I am and by not obliging to it, I am being arrogant and narcissistic! I think there could be a relatively strong case made here, as age-old traditions have withstood the Test of Time. However, as a corollary one can ask: what markers are we even using to define ‘success’ in this test? For example, if I were to believe the approximations of scientists, ‘Progress’ of human-kind has coincided with planetary destruction on a scale perhaps only observed during catastrophic events, such as when huge comets collide into the Earth. While the customs held dear by our elders might be a convenient scapegoat for the current State of Things, we must acknowledge that plain old human-nature might also be a, if not The Culprit. Indeed there are those who argue that religious institutions actually serve to harness our destructive human-tendencies.

In my opinion I would argue that a lenient dictatorship is most suitable for governing a mind. While I see no harm in entertaining oppositional voices, I think that it is of paramount importance that we ultimately hold ourselves accountable for our actions —no matter how short-sighted this might be. It is important to be open-minded, but it is clear that this quality, when combined with thinking too much, can lead to bottomless debates and ultimately stagnation —something I believe to be bad. If after all the cost-benefit analyses, deliberations and assessments, one still cannot see the sense in doing something you are expected to do, I firmly believe they should not do it!

David is a Masters Candidate in Wildlife Biology
The Lay of Fa-Ir

Loren Peter Lugosch

The Caveman's Discovery
Who goes there at our tiny kingdom's bound?
It is Fa-Ir, son of Fa, soon to be crowned
Mighty king but little more than peasant,
For (look around!) life is quite unpleasant.
A note: perspectival camera zooms out;
Zoomed out, we choose from here to pan about
And view impune Homo unpilosus.
Caveman's rudiments of craft would nonplus
Modemman; here a rock, there a bow, but
One tool is a want conspicuous: what
Is it? All around, a Heraclitian
Constant of flux, obsession of one man.
Fa-Ir! Your arms are weak, your scythe is dull,
And we, Fa, cannot abide you to mull
In our community (teetering on
The edge of survival; false step, and gone
Our great traditions, our gods, our fables).
All this opined through monosyllables,
Gestures and tones most characteristic
Of Proto-Indo-Univeniturkic.
Father, as the World-Ir, chosen creatures
Clay inspired, to know higher features
Of our divine intellects: this should be
Above this toil a first priority.
Fa-Ir has an augury of his own
By charts and records of magic unknown.
A sort of chipping in his rocky cave
Accords him foresight how the orbs behave.
But the important matters, more mundane,
He neglects them and weekly must explain
To father (Fa sans Ir) why his yield lacks
While brother second-born with wide swathes whacks
The crop of life (now extinct), not quite fruit,
With carbohydrates and fibers that suit
Cavemen; a frugal repast, but enough.
The plant's name, roughly translated: "sweet fluff."
Down come the Sky-Ir! Renew the life crop!
Yet with a jealous rumble at first drop,
Sky-mother sends rays (hah! we moderns scoff!)
Of death (humbled, we give a nervous cough.
Keraunophobic though we've lightning rods).
We grimace at the fate of sweet fluff pods,
But wonder glows in Fa-Ir's smoke-blue eyes.
The lightning! Source of my transmuting prize!
If I could... I can... A leap of faith... CRASH!
Fa-Ir, fool, luckily alive, too rash!
A flash, shake, roar and Fa-Ir's unclaimed goal
Illuminates the waving sweet fluff knoll.
Consciousness regained. Try to get up, walk,
But interlocking arms prevent. We gawk
At the drizzle mingling with the sweet smoke.
Black swirls cover twilit sky in one stroke
Of unluck, and defeated, paralyzed,
Fa-Ir empirically realized
What stroke of luck the stroke of light had been
And what in the numinal fire he'd seen.

Loren is a U0 Student in electrical Engineering
The Fireman

Fa-Ir! O, that first Promethean flame!
News, sing in me, and through me spread the fame
Of that man with gifts from gods (dry wood, stones)
Whose name becomes magic, who sits on thrones.
Sky-Mother's lightning power in his hands
(ah, but our modern friend here understands)
While we outside his cave despair at night,
Fa-Ir's (invention) sets the world a-light!
Why so happy, Fa-Ir? We are ruined!
Gone our life-crop, we scavenge till the end
Which surely comes so soon, only half left
Of us, and we starving few are bereft!
(To the right, you see that Fa is dead, too.)
Come, my little kingdom, and I'll show you
Our future risen from the ashes,
An empire that redefines what rash is.
Your tools shine like water, the smell of fat
From beasts, once enemies, now leaves the vat
And fills us with a strange, new hunger, and
We see the cave's deep interior, grand
Design of Fundament and please oh please
Could we eat the beasts now and ease
The bite of our harvest's plight which might kill
Us, oh thank you, King Fa-Ir, what a thrill!
That we had ever eaten sweet fluff seems
The stuff of coldest, unhappiest dreams.
Grease, a delicious, semi-opaque blood
Will, if we continue like this, flood
The cavern. Say, Fa-Ir, our divine king,
Our neighbors, too, were struck, should we not bring
A branch of the magic, this fire of life?
Yes, we'll join our tribes, and from them a wife
For me. You, with fertile hips, you'll do nice,
And on this glorious day, our number twice
As great, we march, our bellies full, to rule
From here in Fire-Land all the way to Thule!
And (pardon a cheap simile) like fire
Spreading through the woods the next things transpire:
First, the Fire-man, a genius to be frank,
Sets about establishing a fire-bank,
From which can be withdrawn, at interest rates,
A branch of fire, and this necessitates,
Of course, the Fire-lings craft a future tense.
Such linguistic tasks partout prove immense,
But for the Faithful, World-ir, clay inspired,
No service done for Fa-Ir makes us tired!
We look on our empire, we and four wives,
And smile to think how we've improved their lives.
The Fire-lings, synesthetes, begin to see
An ember's hue hearing the word "money."
And golden king Fa-Ir, with smoke-blue eyes,
Sees our path ahead, infinitely wise.
(My children cannot know my silent dread
Which smiles, malicious, from a bath of red.)

The Son

Fast-forward, voyeur, twenty years or so
As Fa-Ir's kingdom continues to grow
At a rate, like Newton's law of cooling,
Dependent on temperature, and fueling
This civilization is a belief
In the spirit king, the masses' relief,
But a question stirs in the hearts of all:

What happens at the spirit king's Deathfall?
No man, though favored by the gods, can live
Indefinitely, so Fa-Ir must give
His crown and powers to a chosen son,
Or else law, wealth, and order come undone.
(Giving orders to me? But I am just,
And they are right, for soon I'll turn to dust.
How I have feared! No avoiding.) Hear me!
Tonight to my best son I'll give the key,
The consecration, so that from him too
A holy succession of flames may go through
My empire, his empire, first of its kind!
(And he'll know everything I designed.)
The son walks out of his father's tent, his
Face bland-pale, and the blue of his eyes is
dull. A spear in his chest has made a hole
Incurable by the medicine scroll,
Another of Fa-Ir's innovations.
The scenario needs explanations:
This time, from the Chosen Son's perspective.
Pride-filled, and with approval collective,
I walked into the warmly torch-lit room.
Father, they tell me that the first smoke plume
From your altar shamed the clouds, covered the sky.
(Silence.) My son, your life has been a lie. Closer, I will show you my inventions.
Shows detailed calculations and mentions:
That the math is sufficient (sickening
Feeling) and through the gods (quickening
Pulse) are at work, I am no instrument.
In a way, I was inspired, for I fear
If not for me, the world would have stayed dark.
But you, my Chosen Son, you have the mark
Of intelligence, so I you ordain
Now that you have seen the truly profane.
Torch flickers. Things are not what they appear.
Father's handiwork: he seismic a spear.
(Sighes, head downcast) If that is what you feel
You must do to seal power, I appeal:
Just let me kiss your princely head once more.
And then the princely hand took spear and tore
A hole through his own chest, his princely heart.
(The chorus cries and tears the script apart.)
Not so! It is not written in the skies!
No, nor nothing: says princey as he dies.
Fa-Ir then remembers the double pride
When little boy, spitting image, first tried
To lisp a verb in Fa-Ir's future tense
(Which was, recall, a task immense).
Fa-Ir catches his Fallen Son, and then
Thinks of little boy's tear-filled blue eyes when
he, too, discovered fire in his own way
(Which was cause for much parental dismay).
I CREATED THIS! he roars, and then whimpers.
He tears his beard, it cannot get much worse.
Surely the worst of the grief is finished.
But Fa-Ir's cries are not yet diminished.

"Decree: All Lights Are To Be Extinguished."
Can we cook? No, he isn't distinguished.
Perhaps the law scribes can help interpret.
Does anyone here have a candle lit?
**Know Your Chaplains!**

Did you know that the McGill chaplaincy offers spiritual guidance for a large diversity of religions? Come by the chaplaincy, or feel free to contact a chaplain should you need guidance in any way!

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<td>Mr. Manjit Singh (Chaplaincy Director)</td>
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Visit to the Gurdwara Sahib Quebec Sikh Temple

Part of the Year-Long “My Neighbour’s Faith” Series

**Friday, November 19, 2010**

**Arrival:** 6:30 pm

**Enter Prayer Hall:** 7:00 pm

**Punjabi Vegetarian Meal and Q&A**

**Session:** 8:00-9:00 pm

We are going to Gurdwara Sahib Quebec, 2183 Wellington Street. The cross street is Liverpool. You can take Bus # 57 from Guy-Concordia station or go to Charlevoix Metro station and take Bus # 57. Ask the bus driver to let you off at the crossing of Wellington and Liverpool. You will see an old church building at the north east corner. This is your destination.

You will be sitting on a carpeted floor. Ladies should wear slacks or jeans as this makes it easier to sit on the floor. All (men and women) must cover head inside the building. Baseball cap, hat or a scarf is acceptable as a head covering. Please note that a Sikh house of worship is a tobacco free zone.

This is a free event, however, please e-mail us if you plan to attend,

(limited space) chaplaincy@mcgill.ca
Prayer Breakfast
If you’d like to get centered in God before the day begins, join us for prayer and breakfast (provided).
Wednesdays 7:45 - 8:30 am.
Birks Student Lounge.
Jill Foster, Presbyterian Chaplain, McGill Chaplaincy.

The Montreal Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers)
welcomes all for silent worship at 11 am every Sunday at the Greene Centre in Westmount (1090 Greene).
Directions are on our website.
http://montreal.quaker.ca

The Muslim Students Association of McGill
We offer: weekly study circles, free Islamic educational materials, Ramadan services, lectures/conferences, library (Shatner building, room 430)
3460 McTavish Street, Rm. 14
www.msamcgill.com

Sikh Chaplaincy Open Meeting
Social get-togethers
Newman Centre, 3484 Peel
Contact Manjit Singh,
Chaplain
manjit.singh@mcgill.ca

Montreal Diocesan Theological College
3473 University Ave.
Daily Christian worship—all are welcome! Morning Prayer, Mon.-Thurs.: 8:00 am Evening Prayer, Mon.-Thurs.: 4:30 pm Eucharist Wed. 11:30 am (followed by lunch), Fri. 7:30 am
All are welcome!

Volunteers needed!
The Yellow Door Elderly Project is seeking volunteers to work with seniors living in and around the McGill Ghetto. No major time commitment required—flexible hours, just a couple of hours per month! Great opportunity to contribute to community spirit.
If you would like to become a Yellow Door volunteer, call 514-845-2600 ext. 0 or email: elderlyproject@gmail.com

Zen Meditation
McGill Chaplaincy
3600 McTavish, #4400
Wednesday 1-2 pm
(Discussion, Instruction, and Q&A at 12:45)

Hillel House
Attention, Jewish students and friends! Discussions on Jewish topics, Jewish feminist movement, social events, “ask a rabbi,” “Ghetto Shul,” Torah study, dating services, message boards, and much more!!!
3460 Stanley Street
(Hillel library)
845-9171 rabbi@hillel.ca
www.hillel.ca

The Big Idea
Wednesday 7:30-8am talk and music about religion/spirituality
on CKUT 90.3 FM and @ http://bigideackut.blogspot.com

Radix publishes ads for groups and events with a spiritual or social-justice theme—for FREE!
Email: radix.chaplaincy@mail.mcgill.ca

Note: Services marked ☑️ are only available during the school year.

International Students!
Are you freezing?
Lightly used coats, clothing, shoes, and boots are available free of charge to International Students.
Stop by Chaplaincy Services.
3600 McTavish St., Suite 4400
Monday-Friday, 9:30-4:30
398-4104