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In-House Pagan Princess
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the bottom line: “In my next life I want to live my life backwards. You start out
“Wait for the wisest of all counsellors, time.” - Pericles

Time is a concept that has changed the lives of humans since we first began perceiving it. A way for us to understand the ever-changing world around us. Plato described the creation of time as making the universe into a moving image which created order; “an eternity remaining in unity.” Time is simply a moving image of eternity that changes all effectible things.

Move on to Newton, and time becomes an absolute entity which is constant and unchanging. It ticks by constantly. One second after the other on a constant path through eternity. Everything in the constant flow, just like a river.

Einstein thought of something quite different; time is a dimension. Something that we can move through, just like walking North, South, East, and West. Instead of a river, time is more like a frozen river that we can walk across forward or backward, but we just don’t understand how to go backwards. Just as all of the things it affects, time has changed over the centuries, and morphed into something that is nothing like it originally was.

Submissions for our December issue include musings on the constant flow of time (by Sukhdeep Kaur), a swirling dance within a sonnet (by Lucas Paulson), accepting the end of a journey (by Gurjinder Gill), the ticking passing of time (by Hannah Seo), an afternoon dream (by J. N. Vasdi), memories of family (by Amber Hardiman), an adventure with a tree (by Juss Kaur), a realization of a gift (by Yelu Zhang), a story of memory (by Michael Barrymore), and a discussion of conservation (by G Y H), all of these being eloquently described in poems, stories, and non-fiction. The beautiful photography for this issue was provided by Michelle Li, Soh-yon Park, and Yelu Zhang, and the amazing cover photo was illustrated by Chloe Rowan.

Enjoy!

Edward Ross is a U2 Religious Studies and Classics student from Cornwall, Ontario.
Edward Ross
Co-Editor

and get that out of the way. Then you wake up in an old people’s home feeling
Punta Punta Punta,
Says the man at the bar.
Washing his tears in saxophone groans and women’s curls.

I remember my childish summers,
In Hungarian parks.
Climbing fences and tearing my red shorts,

For fresh apricots,
Off the stem.

Now talks,
Of Miss Faustine,
In this cloudy hour of Spanish afternoon.

Racing through Hondarribian rains,
Just to smell the salt,
And watch the waves reflect through my grassy smoke.

Where alcohol lingers,
And the clock will ring five times.

Later,
When I dream of Donostia days and nights,
And Irishmen who enchant me but have women, and I have men.

J. N. Vasdi is a U3 English Literature and Russian Culture student with interests in postmodern poetry and fine arts.

better every day. You get kicked out for being too healthy, go collect your
We take for granted, I think, that time is primarily registered by the body. The shorter lifespans of insects and animals exemplifies this bodily disjuncture with time’s subjective passage. If this is true, our physical experience of time is therefore distinct from our energetic relationship to it on a spiritual level. When we experience trauma – how much time needs to pass for us to ‘get over it’, or to move through it? Who decides on the normalized construction of a predetermined set amount of time that is socially acceptable, when moving beyond grief and mourning? Beyond the pain that we hold onto that can come to define the way in which we narrate our selfhood, and rationalize our future behaviours if we let it?

I’m avoiding the meat of the inquiry by asking questions that cannot definitively be answered - temporal definitions are bound to be contingent to the context. My grandpa (we called him Paco) passed away three weeks ago, and because I didn’t get to ‘see him go’ – it feels in many ways as if he has simply disappeared into thin air. I didn’t see his rapid decline in the hospital, or attend the burial that made tangible his passing to many of my family members. For me my goodbye occurred… a little over two months ago? 8-9 weeks? Who knows and who cares, what difference does this specificity really make when it comes to the loss of someone that we took for granted – someone whose existence was taken simply as a given until they were gone.

I also get a sense that because Paco was my grandparent – because he was 92 and it is more within the ‘natural’ discourse of existence for him to pass away in old age, that I’m expected socially to not feel or show the brunt of this loss as acutely as I would be permitted to if he were to have died much younger - before his ‘time.’ The fact that he’s the only grandparent that I’ve ever known, the absolute rock and foundation of my family, isn’t really something I can articulate to friends and outsiders who didn’t know him or experience his constancy, and therefore can’t access the way it feels now that the space he once took up is hollow.
“And he held my hand as we looked out at the lake, and it was a moment in time too precious to have been truly valued other than in retrospect.”

My final goodbye that I didn’t even quite know how to process happened for me at my family’s cottage, which my grandpa built from a blueprint without using a single nail over 50 years ago. To me this cottage is my true homestead – a place where time stops simply for being there.

Twice this past summer I went up just with my grandpa and my dad – the first time I was burnt right out after the first year of my Masters, and I have never felt more safe in my life than I did dozing as we watched the Leafs game and had a fire. My grandpa then was slowing down, but he was still bright and lively in his mind – talking to me about the history of Canada’s settlement, and my dad even got him going with the leaf blower on his walker outside, so that he could still feel as though he was maintaining the cottage he had built all those years ago. We stood on the porch and he held my hand as we looked out at the lake, and it was a moment in time too precious to have been truly valued other than in retrospect.

The second time that we went up was towards summer’s close, at the end of August just before the new school year started. When I went I was expecting to have the same restorative trip that had been afforded to me just a few months prior. However, it became evident quickly that my grandpa’s health had rapidly deteriorated - to the point that he was unable to hold steady a cup of tea I made for him. This was the same man, the same powerhouse who had built our family cottage all those years ago, unable to get up independently from his chair.

This second weekend was a reversal of the first for me – instead of feeling cradled in the love and protection of the two men I trusted more than anyone on the planet, I instead had to show strength and optimism to help them get through it. When my grandpa commented on how he was first day. You work for 40 years until you’re young enough to enjoy your
unsure of what would happen to the cottage in the long run, I instead shifted the focus onto how he had seen 4 generations of family swim in that lake, and teased him that no matter what he would always be the head patriarch. I also didn’t complain when my dad put on his favourite movie, Alien, for easily the 200th time that night.

It was after this trip that I said goodbye to my grandpa for the last time in person – I kissed him on the cheek and told him I loved him. He replied “same to you sweety” – he was a proud man, not openly soft or sentimental, so I knew it was special when he said this.

My dad and I went up for a third time this year just a few weeks ago to close the cottage for the winter, and our tribute to Paco was to put up his picture beside the chair he always sat in. That evening without him stung in a way that was different from the second time of anticipating the loss – the empty space of his chair made the reality of his death sink in, even as every other aspect of the cottage itself was coloured by his former presence and energy, keeping it standing and unshakeable.

All I know for certain is that it doesn’t feel like he’s truly gone. I also don’t feel like there’s a ‘yet’ to add to the end of that clause. I hope that he has found peace, which I intuit might only be accessible without a body being deteriorated by the passage of time itself. His presence though no longer material or locatable in the world physically will continue to echo in time – not just in the literal spaces that he built, but in the hearts of the people that he loved and gave so much to.

I love you Paco, thank you for everything.

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Amber Hardiman is doing her Masters in English Literature from Georgetown Ontario, with a passion for hip hop, yoga, and full moon rituals.
are ready for high school. You then go to primary school, you become a kid, you
the ever-flowing current

Sukhdeep Kaur

Constant flow:
Like a river.
Omnipresent:
Like the law.
Abundance in birth:
Like a king.
Drowning everything.

Find the slowest person, yet-
Too fast he is to stop it.
Find the richest person, yet-
Too poor he is to buy it.
Find the fastest person, yet-
Too slow he is to outrun it,
No matter how fit.

I tried to stop it,
Yet it would not budge.
I tried to inverse it,
Yet it twisted me around.
I tried to escape it,
Yet it is tied to my soul.
It is untouched and whole.

As the last grain drops,
In the hourglass.
As the candle licks its last flame,
Losing its height.
As the eyelid reaching for skin,
Eternally drops,
That’s the only moment it stops.

Sukhdeep Rakhra Kaur is a U1 Occupational Therapy student from Laval, Quebec, who has a deep love for spirituality and a yearning to discover the meaning of life.

play. You have no responsibilities; you become a baby until you are born. And
The tree is inarguably an archetypal symbol of ancient traditions. It is a spiritual motif and framework, a map of conception and consciousness that can bring together the temporal worlds of time, space and consciousness. Trees have fascinated me as far back as I can remember. They symbolize a certain spiritual steadfastness: time beings that remain in Hukum (Divine Will). By virtue of their longevity and size, trees have stood the test of time and still stand as witness to its events. They are wisdom keepers.

In the month of September I was in Northern India on a combined business and pleasure trip. As I wandered along the footsteps of the Himalayas, through the provinces of Punjab, Harayana and Himachal Pardesh I felt drawn to almost every other tree. With their antique splendour, thick curling roots, lush leaves and hefty trunks I felt compelled to hug each one. In most cases, however, the circumference of the trunk is so large that it is quite impossible to get your arms around it.

One such occasion particularly impacted me greatly. I was visiting Anandpur Sahib. Known as “the holy City of Bliss” it is one of the Sikhs’ most important sacred places, closely linked with their religious traditions and history. It is located on the lower spurs of the Himalayas surrounded by picturesque natural scenery. Anandpur Sahib was founded in 1665 by the ninth Sikh Guru, Guru Tegh Bahadur. This place was also where the birth of the Khalsa took place on Vaisakhi day in 1699. The tenth Guru, Guru Gobind Singh himself baptised the very first Panj Pyaras.
I was transported in time when I saw not the gorgeous temple that stands there but the magnificent tree in front of the temple that has withstood the events of over 300 years. I could not help but feel the presence of the holy gatherings that happened here. This tree had seen my Guru, been in His presence. I was transfixed. In its great wisdom, it stood rooted in this single place on the earth’s surface, faithfully witnessing the unfolding of time, observing the surroundings. I fell in love with its immense enduring strength, its groundedness and its ability to give of itself at all times.

O’ to dance to His rhythm
To hear His music
To become His energy
in acceptance of Divine Will.
Thank you
O’Time Being

Juss Kaur is an International Education Consultant and an Adjunct professor at McGill University with the Faculty of Education. She is from Montreal with interests in art and spiritual singing and is the Sikh Liaison at MORSL.
Sitting on a swing at the crack of dawn. The skies are gray and soft, the skyline violently jagged by comparison. Solitude and peace are currency in abundance and I am saturated with wealth.

The seconds whisper past but the metronome is just getting started; tick tock Tick Tock TICK TOCK. I am in a vacuum, or is it a lake? Zen quickly perverts to an empty purgatory. Where is the noise? Where is the life? In the silence and the stillness, what else is there to do but scrutinize your discontent?

Leaning farther, kicking harder; swinging higher and higher just makes the low seem lower, but it just takes a second to bring yourself back up. Tilt your head back and invert the world, maybe it’ll make more sense that way.

Voila! You finish off as an orgasm!” - Woody Allen • “True heroism is minutes,
I am tired.

So tired.

What if –

I just –

Paused.

[..]

Just not for too long.

Hannah Seo is a second year student majoring in Anatomy & Cell Biology and minoring in English Literature with interests in our perceptions of the “self.”

Photo taken by Michelle Li in Paris, France, a U2 student from Nanjing and Toronto studying cognitive science and finding time to play viola and take photos between scheduled naps.

hours, weeks, year upon year of the quiet, precise, judicious exercise of probity
interview with a chaplain

The answers to these questions are the personal opinions of MORSL Gnostic Chaplain, Jonathan Stewart, and are not representative of the Gnostic faith as a whole.

Interview conducted by: G Y H

1. Do you think religion and/or spirituality provides us with a particular sense of time that’s otherwise lost in the rush of everyday society? If so, why is this sense of time valuable?

It’s easy to let the clock rule us. The deadline and the work-day are two obvious examples, but there are many more. Religions help free us from time’s rule. They allows us to transform time, and sanctify it into something that transforms and sanctifies us. Sabbaths, holidays, services, rituals, daily prayer-times, all of these and more make time into an ally.

2. What are your thoughts on Beginnings, Ends, and the Time in between?

Our limited perspectives always see beginnings and endings, but from a wider perspective what might be an end rarely is and what might be a start has old long roots. It’s difficult, but if we try to remember that our beginnings and end-ings are part of something larger the time in-between is even sweeter.

3. This is a time of change in politics. What are your main hopes and/or fears about the new Canadian government or the upcoming presidential elections in the USA?

The demonization of “the other side” and polarization of the electorate is hav-ing disastrous effects on our society. I hope that can we reach more common ground, and move away from the politics of division.

and care—with no one there to see or cheer. This is the world.” - David Foster •
4. Environmental issues like Climate Change require taking a long-term and global view. What should be the role of religious and spiritual groups in addressing such issues?

In my opinion (and this is only my opinion) there’s a role for religious groups to address Climate Change as a moral issue. All of the great religions call on us to love and serve our fellow humans.

5. If you could change one aspect about how religious and spiritual groups interact with the general public and with each other, what would it be?

Only that we interact even more with the general public and with each other :)

“Nature’s first green is gold, Her hardest hue to hold. Her early leaf’s a flower;
Different religious, spiritual, and secular organizations have held vastly different views of time. For some, the universe was conceived as young and short-lived, while for others it stretched far in both directions. As human societies have expanded and our ability to affect our environment has increased exponentially, one thing has become clear: Regardless of our individual conceptions of time, when it comes to maintaining a strong and resilient environment, time is running out.

The acceptance of environmental issues by religious, spiritual, and secular institutions has increased in recent times. In particular, the importance of Climate Change mitigation has been emphasized by many such groups, including the Catholic Church with Pope Francis’ Laudato si’.

Other environmental aspects have received much less emphasis and this document is meant to encourage religious leaders, religious members, and the general public to explicitly address the poaching of endangered animals and the use of parts of these animals for folk reasons and traditional medicines. The use of tiger and rhino body parts are the most famous examples, but there are many more cases of such heinous activities. For example, a 2008 paper considering 109 animals used for traditional medicine in India found that 70% are on the IUCN red data list (Mahawar & Jaroli, 2008).

As naturopathy and alternative medical systems gain acceptance in the “Western” education system, addressing this issue is more important than ever. The purpose of this document is not to accuse or claim that most religious institutions are in favour of these heinous practices. Rather, this document is a call to action to religious, spiritual, and secular institutions to emphasize this vital issue and clearly take the following necessary positions:

- Explicitly denounce the use of endangered species for folk and traditional medicine. Whether a group accepts the objective validity of such medical systems or not, it is the responsibility of all groups to explicitly condemn such actions.

- Affirm that other beings have an intrinsic value that is separate to the instrumental value they offer human beings. The debate about what duties these intrinsic values demand, including veganism or avoiding unnecessary harm, may continue, but all groups must explicitly condemn the view that the use of endangered species is allowable due to the instrumental value, real or imagined,
it may offer to human health. In essence, it should never be considered permissible to encourage poaching of endangered animals and their use in folk and traditional medicine.

-Explicitly condemn the use of endangered animal parts as status symbols. Regardless of an institution’s views on material possessions or individual liberties, all groups must explicitly condemn the use of such animal parts as symbols of status.

Many religious, spiritual, and secular institutions have positions on this issue. It is vital these institutions make their positions explicit and an emphasis in their teachings. Human beings have never had so much influence over the survival of other species on the planet. It is our responsibility to ensure our actions do not cause irreparable damage.

G Y H hails from Montreal and is currently pursuing a Diploma in Environment as a supplement to his Bachelor in Biology.

Ben by Soh-yon Park, a West Coast lover with a big heart for people, and all she needs is good food, a latte, and some faith.

goes down to day Nothing gold can stay.” - Robert Frost • “What is imagination
What ballerinas dance beyond the moon
Where willows whisper in their lonely dreams
Where senses fly from thoughts easy to swoon
And strife itself retreats and then redeems
Forget the pendulum of days gone by
Build realms without life’s tiring metronome
So cast your shrouded fires in the sky
The truth is stretched and wraps around your home
Remain till dusk of youth or dawn of day
Illusions of sweet grace and lovers lost
Reality is stirred a fine bouquet
Explore your soul without a single cost
Enjoy felicity of final waltz
Aroused confused you won’t know which world’s false

Lucas Paulson is a U2 Sustainability, Science, and Society student on an existential quest for meaning in an absurd universe.

but a reflection of our yearning to belong to eternity as well as to time” - Stanley
At a recent get-together, I asked my friend if she would be interested in submitting something for this issue of Radix, to which she responded, “That sounds interesting! I might, if I find the time.”

Which is completely understandable. With the end of the year just around the corner, everyone is busy. To be honest, I should probably be working on my English essay at the moment, as well as trying to complete the list of tasks on my to-do list (which has, to my horror, only gotten longer over the past few weeks). However, an invisible desire is bubbling inside me, urging me to put my thoughts down on paper and piece together words into fluent sentences; to give my mind a break, (away from memorizing the hundreds of new terms that my anatomy professor bombarded me with in class today), and give it a chance to be creative.

At this moment, I simply want to write. So here I am on this rainy autumn evening, huddled up under layers of blankets, sipping tea and typing an entry on the topic of time.

I have always envisioned time to be an old, wise and humble man (probably with grey hair and a long beard). No one knows how old he is, or how long he has existed. Time has given a part of his life to each of us, providing us with the ability to live for a limited duration. Perhaps he was lonely and wanted companionship.

He watches over us silently, observing the ways in which we use his gift, following our journeys in life, and documenting our individual stories. Time is tolerating. Unlike our parents, he never restrains us from choosing how to spend the gift he gave us. He accepts our actions, regardless of how immature, how crazy, how pointless, or how wrong they might be. He allows us to define him by instruments such as stopwatches and hourglasses, to group him into numerical measurements, and to differentiate him into different zones around the world. He does not even complain when we try ambitiously to outsmart him, by developing new technologies that try to “save time,” or create new products that claim to “turn back time”. He observes how society changes, as we try to accomplish more and more things in less and less time.

Yet time has never, and I imagine never will say a single word. He simply listens to all of our complaints and accusations: of how we never have enough time, of...
the wrinkles we curse, and that things are changing too fast for us to keep track, and that there are too many unexpected turns of events.

Blame it on time for being a one-way ticket, for forcing us to grow up and become adults, for not being able to return to the past and not being able to change the mistakes we have made. Blame it on time for being a continuous machine that never stops, for not being able to pause in a certain moment. Blame it on time for being merciless, for taking away the things that are dear to us, leaving us with only yearning for the past and bitterness.

“If only there were more time.”
“If only time passed by more slowly.”
“If only I could go back in time.”
“If only time could stop.”

Despite all of this, time has still never complained. He observes, he listens, and he never says a thing. Time remains magnanimous, and so perhaps we should consider more of what time has given to us.

Time gives us a beginning and an end. He gives us the chance to progress through the different stages of life, to grow, to mature, to learn, and to experience. The fact that our time is limited makes us appreciate what we are able to accomplish, and what we are not able to accomplish. Time makes us learn from our mistakes and errors, and time gives us the hindsight to hope and to achieve new milestones.

The fact that time is always moving gives us a sense that we are constantly changing and metamorphosing. It allows us to sometimes perceive the feeling of being pressed for time, yet sometimes being bored and not knowing how to pass time. It makes us discover what we believe in and what we are faithful towards, as well as keeps us aware of the fact that we continue to believe and stay faithful.

The fact that we cannot reverse time means we must always move forward. It means that we can experience happiness in the moment, and anticipate for even happier moments in the future; it means that we can feel sadness and pain, yet let these moments fade and allow our wounds to heal. Therefore, appreciate what endless time has to offer in our finite lives, and appreciate time for teaching us to discover what is precious. Time gave us a gift.

A day dreamer and night thinker, Yelu is a U3 science student who lives in her own bubble of contemplations on life, yet silently leaves her footprints behind on this world.

as memory fabled it. A phrase, then, of impatience, thud of Blake’s wings
Universal Soul Brother by Chloe Rowan, a U2 Art History student who makes art to get out of the monotony of everyday life.

of excess. I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and
It just seems as if I had embarked on this journey yesterday. Now, it’s already time to bid farewell. But now, I am prepared to tackle life well.

Although this journey has been filled with negativity, it has taught me to appreciate the positivity within me. People came and went, but not many stayed, I thank them for showing me those that mattered.

With every rise and every fall came a new lesson. Which taught me not to underestimate the power of words. Sometimes, silence is better than to reckon. As I come to realize the strength of these wounds

They kept telling me to keep moving and hustling. Found hope in the most hopeless place of all. Learning to appreciate the simple act of breathing. Where all the mystery prevails!

Gurjinder Gill is a former McGill University student with a major in physiology and currently studying nursing with interests in poetry and helping others.
Gödel and Einstein would walk home together from Princeton’s Institute for Advanced Study. Toward the end of his life, Einstein cared more for these long walks home with his dear friend, than he did for his laborious studies. Though the topics of conversation remained a mystery to the pair’s colleagues at the Institute, we now know they spoke only of the strange looping forms of time’s shadows as they walked the streets of New Jersey. For years they discussed Heraclitus and St Augustine, Gödel would lecture at length on Leibniz and on the abstractions of closed timelike curves and Einstein at twilight always, would recall with a wry smile how once when he was a young man in Europe, he told Henri Bergson at the height of his fame of how his metaphysical philosophy of time was nothing more than a lie. Then, after years of walking home, replaying memories and relaying time theories together, in 1949 on Einstein’s 70th birthday Gödel presented his friend with a gift. It was the mathematical proof of the nonexistence of time. It implied that unchanging, eternal laws that stand outside of time governed nature.

First Memory of First Image: Pale face turns away. Dark hair falls past shoulders. On shoulders hang a navy and yellow dress. She walks toward the door between the tables into the light. Her shoulders grow golden as she stands in the doorway. I think of how gold once displaced white as a symbol for divinity, only for white to later take over once more.

To the left of her there is a silhouette sitting at a stool before a large white window. The tiles on the floor are brown and on the walls beige. To the right of her a woman is holding hands with a small boy who is pirouetting as he stands on her feet. Yellow dust rises around them. The small boy’s T-shirt is white. I think without thinking of Ireland and of being myself a small boy staring at the thin panes of glass as light pours through. The yellow dust rises all around us and I feel my heart trying desperately to renounce my body. I think of how I feel I have never felt in such a manner before, and that I cannot be sure.

"Which is the more real, the women reclining on the grassy bank of my recollections, or the strew of dust and dried marrow that is all the earth any longer retains of her" - John Banville
III.
Lee Smolin, unlike Gödel, is certain time exists. In the late 1990s Smolin theorised that inside every black hole is a “baby universe” and that the fundamental force of nature to reproduce operates on a cosmic level to produce as many black holes and so as many universes as is possible.
Almost ten years later in 2008 the young, contemporary French philosopher Quentin Meillassoux delivered a lecture called ‘Time Without Becoming’ at Middlesex University. To a half-full hall on a sodden Southern England day he slowly explained why the laws of nature are absolutely contingent, why the physical laws of the universe, the divine constants that Gödel saw to stand outside of time, are merely the configurations of absolute randomness.

IV.
Seven Thousand One Hundred and Thirty First Recollection of Third Memory of First Image: In the doorway there she just lingered like a fucking draft. What was the last thing she said to me? She said something about how that morning she’d read on the internet about how the oldest man alive lived to one hundred and twenty two and how all she could think when she read this was that in one hundred and twenty two years from now all of humanity will have been replaced completely, everyone who’s alive now will be dead and an entirely new collection of people calling themselves humanity just as we do will be walking around making all the same mistakes that we make, thinking all the same thoughts, writing stories with the same endings and painting paintings of the same land lit up by the same sun, that isn’t really the same sun or the same land, just like we aren't really the same humanity from any one second to the next what with all the people dying and being born constantly over and over and it's enough to make your head explode really she said, half smiling. Then after a moment of silence she asked why we bother pretending we all belong together.
She walked to the doorway with all the yellow dust rising on either side. And I remember the man sitting alone on the left and the small boy swinging on the right. I felt my breath falter a little I think then and I saw her shoulders turn bronze in the light and tremble a little although she were crying, but I can't be certain.

V.
Stephen Hawking has described three arrows of time. The first is thermodynamic and relates to the entropic disposition of the universe. The second arrow is psychological; it is the time we all invariably feel as we pass through life. The third is cosmological and it relates to the expansion of the universe. Hawking theorises that all three arrows must point in the same direction for human life to be possible.

• “The only thing wrong with immortality is that it tends to go on forever.”

VII.
When the son of a carpenter fell ill of small pox in a small village of Lincolnshire, England in 1706 he was passed a pocket watch by his father. The small boy would herein begin a lifelong obsession with measuring time’s passage and would later go on to become John Harrison, who in 1761 built the most sophisticated time-piece in history. Asides from being a feat of engineering far ahead of its time, Harrison’s H4 sea watch transformed navigation and ethnography in a manner that would have untold effects on the expansion of globalisation and the rapid progression of modern civilisation.

“Yellow dust rises all around us.”

Following a fall from grace on the British TV circuit in the late 1990s, Michael is now in the first year of pursuing a BA in Norse Mythology at McGill.

- Herb Caen • “Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every
classifieds

The Rabbit Hole Café
Food for Thought’s vegan collective, The Rabbit Hole, cooks up vegan lunches every Friday at 1:00 p.m. 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 Meetings
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.

McGill Student Parents’ Network
The MSPN provides a support network for McGill students who are parents. We have grown! No longer based in the Office of Religious and Spiritual Life, we are now housed with PGSS. We still offer regular “Study Saturdays” at Thomson House, where parents can study while the kids enjoy free programming, and more. Interested families can contact the MSPN at mcgillspn@gmail.com.

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!

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 10:00am to 4:00pm! 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 and zenity! Stay connected with MORSL on Twitter @SpiritualMcGill or like us on Facebook: fb.com/morsl

moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination: never put off till
Russian Orthodox and Ukrainian 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.

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.

Mondays at MORSL
The Office of Religious and Spiritual Life hosts “Mondays at MORSL” – 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.

McGill Rad Christians
The Radical Christian Student Association meets Thursdays at 6pm in Presbyterian College (corner of University and Milton) to explore the politics of Jesus and support each other in grassroots activism.

tomorrow what you can do today. - Philip Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield
Call for Submissions

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