

radix

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Resilience &
Restoration

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Radix is a student-centred magazine providing literary and artistic space for expression on spiritual themes, produced by the McGill Office of Religious and Spiritual Life.

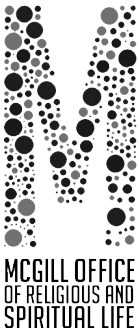
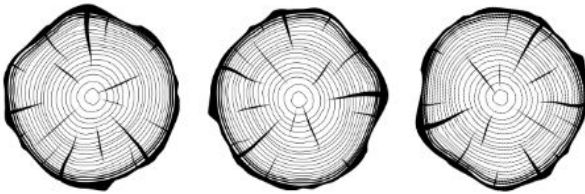
INTRODUCTION

This world is full of broken, breaking things. Destructive systems, cracked relationships, and a climate reaching dysfunction require us to be resilient — tough yet flexible, ready to do the hard work to repair the situation before us. Does this mean a restoration to what was before? Or is a conscientious break from the past and the inspired creation of something new called for instead?

In this edition of *radix*, we are pleased to include many pieces that consider these questions. They discuss what kind of labour it takes to restore what has been lost, how specific religious traditions colour our understandings of ruin and repair, the ways in which the natural world is a model of resilience, and when restoration is warranted in interpersonal relationships.

In the face of unending brokenness, may we all find solace — in spirituality, in nature, and in each other.

This issue's cover art, "Lamplight", was produced by Hugo-Victor Solomon. Hugo-Victor is a 21-year-old queer and non-binary photographer from Seattle, Washington, USA.



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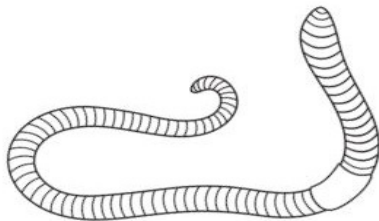
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Detritus

earthworms dance in the dirt
as the light flashes in fragments and broken shards
through the brown foliage,
now falling, now forgotten by the branch,
carried away like the breath of a deer,
and I wonder how the tree forgives the axe
or how moss forgives the sun;
both times killing and living
living and killing
in their own ways,
and i wonder where the earthworm goes at night to sleep,
(of course the dirt, of course)
and what stories they tell in whatever language they know
and if the beetles run faster when they're afraid or excited
and if the forest floor hopes for the fall of giants
or the rise of these anthropoid lilliputians.

god, maybe, is a bird that's flown its last
speaks, maybe, through the air pockets in mud
writes, maybe, in the crumbling chips of old damp logs
listens, maybe, through the indentations of footprints
feels, maybe, in the cool layer of topsoil
reaches, maybe, through xylem (and/or phloem)
preaches, maybe, in the mounds of decay
teaches, maybe, through the last warmth of (...)
beseeches, maybe, in the thick (thicker than previously thought) underbrush.
leeches are always the acolytes of the divine
and pray for the end
(beginning)



j.h. Lee is a Korean-Canadian poet, finishing their undergraduate degree in music composition.



Cam-Ly is a student in Microbiology & Molecular Biotechnology program.

Gaia, I will burn to restore you

He had come to burn. Where others found peace in meditation, he knew he would not. No, pain and fire would cleanse his wrongdoing. He had trekked for days, to the mountaintop, shovel in hand. He set to work. He allowed himself no breaks or pauses. Only endless, brutal work.

It hadn't always been this way. The original prostrations, when he was naïve, had been small symbols painted on the ground. A swirling of colors on the pavement. Done every morning, without fail. Each was an apology to nature, to the Goddess Gaia, whom he loved so very much. An apology for trampling on her. For the use of resources, the disregard of her rivers and lakes. Every day, he would cleanse his soul, letting peace into his spirit with a deep breath. He still believed in the resilience of nature, back in those days. Each ceremony, he believed, helped restore, at least partially, the natural world.

But then, the ritual had begun to seem less effective. The expanse of swirling colors grew and grew, but they did not offer the same sense of cleansing. The deep breath turned acrid and painful as the air pollution grew. No, it was not enough. A larger ritual was needed.

So he climbed and climbed, until he found the right spot. A lake close to a sheer cliff.

He had carried his colorful dyes, in case he felt it would be enough. They had been swept away, as he crossed a stream. A sign, certainly, that they would not be sufficient. They would not burn his body and soul as needed.

He had realized, during a painting of his plea for forgiveness, that he had thought too small. Both in terms of prostration and in scope of blame. Cleansing his own soul was not enough. He had to cleanse every soul, whatever the sacrifice. His process of burning would be his asking for forgiveness, but his actions would cleanse the valley. A path for water to flow below, to wash away the evil of humanity.

He dug until his body burned in pain too much to continue. His breath was ragged and his sweat made it hard to see. Then, Gaia appeared. A woman dressed in a flowing white robe, just like in his dreams. She stood there, right at the edge of the cliff.

The man begged her for forgiveness. Gaia said nothing.

He reached out, trying to touch her, but she was too far and he was too weak. Tears streamed from his eyes, as he continued begging for forgiveness. But she would not speak.

She motioned, with a delicate hand, towards the cliff edge.

Despite his efforts, she did not reply. Without a sound, she faded away.

In truth, he had no hope of diverting the flow of water towards the valley, towards the people. To drown them for their sins. Allow the land to be restored, to rewild itself without the virus of mankind. But no one man could do that. He realized, as Gaia faded away, that all he had done was dig his own grave. His body would fall, still dirty despite the burning, into the hole. He died with guilt in his heart.

He had always considered himself separate from other people. His faith in Gaia was enough to sustain him. Still, there was a search party and his body was found. One of the search party members, ventured towards the cliff edge and, standing where Gaia had stood, looked at the valley. He was struck by the beauty of nature that could be seen from way up here. It almost seemed unspoiled, serene. More importantly, it screamed that it should stay that way.

After that, the man would, every weekend, help clean the garbage strewn about by the side of the river near his house. He would encourage everyone to take the trip to where he had stood. He had pictures, of course, but insisted everyone should experience it for themselves.

At the end of the day's cleanup, as he closed the bag of garbage he had collect, he would, under his breath, ask nature for forgiveness. He still believed that, with the right mindset, nature could be restored. It was still resilient enough. There were no colorful dyes, no shovel, no burning. Perhaps it was a last sputter of a sense of duty. Or perhaps it was a start, an ember that would coax Gaia back.



The author is a student at McGill.

Repairing The Glass



Hugo-Victor is a 21-year-old queer and non-binary photographer from Seattle, Washington, USA.

plague flowers prayer

i love this too, the night
its beauty hidden inside the woodscapes
and wishes of someday knowing cedars as well
as the maps of my palms
or doubt

while my spleen holds loneliness
as remedy for comfort in solitude
and shame as cure
for speaking my mind

slips of forgiveness
tacked on my wall like leaves
stuck in the corner of my doorway

where am i even going?
if not lost in prayer

prayer froth on bedroom windows
candle lit to the point of lightness
and the unbearable heaviness
of delusion rains around

moths reaching for light
or some knowing
or some escaping
the portals
towards simply being
quiet
again.



Katie is an MA student interested in South Asian religious traditions and ethnography. Poetry is her first love.

Being Acknowledged Versus Forgiven

Luke 12:8-12: 8 “And I tell you, everyone who acknowledges me before others, the Son of Man also will acknowledge before the angels of God, 9 but whoever denies me before others will be denied before the angels of God. 10 And everyone who speaks a word against the Son of Man will be forgiven, but whoever blasphemes against the Holy Spirit will not be forgiven. 11 When they bring you before the synagogues, the rulers, and the authorities, do not worry about how or what you will answer or what you are to say, 12 for the Holy Spirit will teach you at that very hour what you ought to say.”

Dear God, let the Holy Spirit infuse my sermon so that I can speak in a way which answers the needs of the congregation.

Please be seated.

What is the difference between being acknowledged and being forgiven?

It struck me while reading this passage that Jesus seems to contradict himself. He says that “whoever denies me before others will be denied before the angels of God” but also that “everyone who speaks a word against the Son of Man will be forgiven.” That seemed to me to be the same thing – if you are acknowledged before the angels of God, you must also be forgiven by God, wouldn’t it also go the same way in reverse? To be forgiven by the son of Man also means to be acknowledged before the angels... right?

But it’s not the same word in English, nor in Greek. It is acknowledged verses forgiven. That, upon reflection, actually is not the same thing.

It is possible to forgive someone and keep them apart from you in your life. A problem feminists have had with Christianity as enumerated in the 21st century is the emphasis on “forgive and forget.” Feminists and many other proponents of social justice theory have argued that you cannot forgive and forget. You can forgive and maybe you should forgive, but that is different from forgetting. If

you step on a dog's tail and the dog bites you, you can forgive the dog for biting you. But you will be careful not to step on the dog's tail again. You will not forget the bite.

Acknowledgement is more intimate. Acknowledgement is being known, it is being seen, it is being loved competently and purposefully. In many ways it is love. It is knowing all the different variables about someone and still saying in the company of angels that you love them. It is a knowledgeable love because it is aware and conscious of all the ways in which the person is not worthy of being acknowledged in front of angels but still saying, no. I acknowledge you.

Being acknowledged before angels is infinitely better than being forgiven because it means you are still in a relationship with that person. EXCEPT, and here is my problem, the text does not say that we will all be acknowledged before angels. And I want us all to be acknowledged before angels. I want to get to the end of days and have everyone be in a relationship with Jesus. This is where the evangelical in me comes in – in the end, I want everyone to believe in Jesus and to have a personal relationship with him. But I do not think that is what the text says. And how do we square the circle?

We could say that Luke was written not by divine inspiration but by human authors with their own complicated sinfulness. Then we can blame the author of Luke, which is really convenient. Yes, it is Luke's fault because he wants to hold grudges and we are more evolved than that.

Except of course, that we're not. And we also cannot say that everything we do not like in the Bible is because humans had a say in writing in. That is giving up. That is not wrestling with the tradition. And whether we agree with the tradition at the end of the day is relevant, but it might be more important even to engage it. To not have checked out from what other people have interpreted Jesus as saying.

There is also the line which says that “whoever blasphemes against the Holy Spirit will not be forgiven.” If we are not forgiven, then we are not acknowledged and that's even worse. Also why is it specific to the Holy Spirit as the person in the Trinity that we cannot blaspheme against? Why?

Friends, colleagues, teachers ... I have no answers. But I want to say pastorally several things. First, just because we can forgive someone does not mean that we must acknowledge them before God. In my interpretation of the Gospel of

SARAH WICKS-POTTER

Luke, it is not the same thing. And while in a perfect world, everyone would be able to be forgiven, it is not a perfect world, and we must live in the difficulty of it. And sometimes we are not able to forgive, despite our best intentions.

But the people we can acknowledge before God, let us acknowledge them joyfully! Let us acknowledge them with the knowledge that us loving each other before God is a beautiful, Christian activity. We are not meant to be alone; we are meant to be in relationships – with God, with each other, in the mess of life.

And my last pastoral bit is this – the tradition is hard, and I do not like everything that is said in this passage. A lot of it is difficult and makes me feel uncomfortable. Let us acknowledge the ways in which it is difficult and may not fit into our own values while keeping it as something we read and wrestle with. Let us acknowledge our Christian history before God, trying to forgive our ancestors when we are able, but moving forward to build a more just and perfect kingdom for Jesus's return.

Amen.

Sarah Catherine Wicks-Potter, sermon preached at Dio-UTC on Friday, January 13th



Sarah Wicks-Potter is a M.Div student at Montreal Diocesan Theological College finishing up her last semester at McGill.

Triple Love Exposure



*Hugo-Victor is a 21-year-old queer and non-binary photographer from
Seattle, Washington, USA.*





"I would like to join both my images as a process of developing femininity within rigid societal structures."

Freya's Search

Freya spotted a dark figure lying on the ground by the well, moaning.

“Old fool,” she whispered. She rushed towards him and turned him onto his back. “Odr?”

He groaned in response. She looked at his face and flinched. His left eye was bloody—no, not just that, it was missing. She looked around frantically. There was a red knife on the ground. It was Odr’s knife—she recognized the hilt. Where was his opponent? She stood and readied her walking staff.

She peered into the dim light. She heard a low coughing—almost like a laugh. In the gloom, she saw a head on a rock. Her brow furrowed. “Mimir?” she asked. Mimir was Odr’s uncle, beheaded in a war with her people, the Vanir, but she knew her husband had preserved him.

He, the bodiless head, laughed louder in response. “Look into the well!” he crowed.

She looked. The water swirled brownish-red with Odr’s blood. In the center of the whirlpool lay a single eye. Freya paled and cursed. “Wyrd help me! Odr, you stupid man. Is Ragnarok—the end of the worlds—worth all this?”

Grabbing some nearby leaves, she made a poultice for his eye. She kept up a steady stream of swear words as she did so. Her mother, Nerthus, had divined Odr’s place and position for her, but she didn’t expect this.

Mimir watched.

Finding some dry wood in a nearby grove, Freya made a small fire and began boiling a broth for Odr to eat once he woke. She had enough supplies leftover from her own wandering to add some rosemary.

Was abandoning their daughters worth all this? Leaving Asgard, the Aesir gods kingdom, in Frigg’s capable hands was all well and good, but if Odr was going to such extreme lengths to protect the Nine Realms, who would protect him from himself? What would he do next? And for herself: did she want to see her man suffer? What would she tell Gersemi and Hnoss the next time they met their father? If ever they saw the chronic wanderer again.

Time passed in the dark. Mimir's well was dug next to one of the deep roots of Yggdrasil, and she often found herself leaning against the massive root for support. She watched Odr for as long as she could, but eventually she drifted off to sleep.

She dreamed of eyes: fluorescent eyes, glaring pupils, a multicolour hue of a splendour of eyes in all directions. She woke with a wordless gasp.

Mimir looked at her. "What did you dream?" he asked gravely.

Shaken, she stood and walked over to him. His skin was greyish-white like a corpse and his eyes bloodshot. His beard was brown with many silver hairs in it. He looked at her calmly. Rather than look down at him, she knelt by the rock where his head lay.

"I dreamt of endless eyes."

He nodded thoughtfully. "One eye will never be enough for him. For all that he seeks to see, his downfall will be right in front of him."

"Can I not stop him?" she asked desperately.

"Can you stop the wind from blowing? No. You must fortify yourself, lady. He does what he needs to do, and you must do what you need."

She turned away from him to gaze off into the distance. All she could see was rock, root, and dirt. It was a calm place to be—were she not on such a dreadful errand, she could have enjoyed a meditative withdrawal to such a place.

She frowned. Is this what Odr's queen, Frigg, did? Did she simply allow the wind to blow, and provide a shelter from the storm when needed? She looked at the still form of Odr. He was doom-bound to his tasks.

"Was it worth it? What did he see in the well?" she whispered.

Mimir made a rocking movement that might have been an attempt at a shrug. "You must ask him. He was delirious for some time after his stare into those waters."

A splinter of fear shook through her body. "Has he gone mad?"

Mimir made that funny shrug again. "Have you not known where his quest would yet lead?"

CARDINAL

She pursed her lips. The shadows swayed and danced in the breeze: Yggdrasil's leaves casting shade with little room for light. She sat quietly for a while. She could smell the earth. Mimir was humming softly. The World Tree was a solid presence both in its large roots and a living presence in her mind, bearing the weight of the Nine Realms.

She asked, "What would happen if I looked into the well?"

"Without a sacrifice? You would see the water, my dear. But if you're lucky, you may see some aftershock of what Odr saw. Your fates are bound together, being husband and wife, and wyrd may draw you closer."

She gathered herself and leaned over to look into the water. She could see moss growing on the rim of the well. A solid old drinking horn lay on the rim of the well. She didn't touch it. She looked down.

She hesitated, then took her small knife and pricked a drop of blood from her ring finger. Mimir watched impassively. She looked.

Even though it was only a drop, she could hear the small exquisite splash the drop made on the water. She could hear the ripples it made, as if it were echoing in space and time. She heard faint voices and snatches of song—it was all familiar, as though she knew each voice and song individually, although those moments hadn't happened yet.

Before her eyes, she saw: ropes damp with blood or sweat, binding a recognizable hairy chest; glimpses of faces: her daughters, Gersemi and Hnoss, older and afraid of something approaching; her mother, Nerthus, veiling herself before opening the door to an exhausted Odr; his mouth wide open with something powerful swirling out—a, a word? a letter? And she heard a vast deep sound as if echoing down from every possible choice she could make: Freya. A sound that was not a judgement or a reproval but a calling, as if someone or something needed her. Freya. The snip of scissors cutting a green thread; a scythe in her own hands, cutting grain; seeds in the garden, coaxed alive through a spell-song. Freya. A mourning, a celebration, a procession to herself, and yet also, a long solitary walk through the Realms, her own fool's errand before turning home. She leaned a little closer. Freya. She felt a sudden stillness, yet felt surrounded by something: a magnetic knowledge of potency and creativity—as strong as her seidr-magic. Something was coming. She felt the magic rise from a depth in her body and then—

The Tree groaned.

No, it was Odr. He was trying to sit up.

She took a breath. She looked at Mimir with wild eyes. He gave her a smile. She had a feeling that, for whatever reason, what she saw in the well was gentle compared to whatever Odr saw. She stood and stumbled: her legs had fallen asleep.

She walked around the well and stood by Odr, shifting from one foot to the other in effort to wake up her legs. He lay there, frowning at her.

“You’re here,” he said, sounding annoyed.

“As are you,” she said, dragging in a ragged breath.

He was looking at her through his one good blue eye. He pressed a hand to the left side of his face and winced.

“You looked,” he said accusingly.

“Only for you,” she said, rolling her eyes. She nudged his foot with her own. Then she knelt and peered into her small pot. The broth was bubbling away. She only had one bowl, but they could share.

Did she want to share?

Surely, she must.

She poured half the broth into her wooden bowl. She blew on it, for it was quite hot. He waited. They were quiet together for some time. Then she took her spoon and fed him. She propped up his head on a rock, so it would be easier. He took several mouthfuls then stopped to wince again.

Not having much sympathy left, she asked: “What did you see?”

He exhaled loudly. He tried to glance up at Mimir but all he could see was the stone of the well. She had not moved his body from where he fell, but simply set up camp right next to the mouth.

“I saw fragments: different endings to our reign as gods. A lot of death. A huge wolf’s maw. And then I saw something strange: a stream of symbols. You know I love poetry as much as the next man, and this was a way to scratch down

CARDINAL

our words onto something permanent: spells, songs, records, histories. It was potent, a magic like I have never seen before. It was a beautiful language, ready and waiting. I want it.”

“And you will have this magic for your meal, I suppose, while our daughters await their father to come home for supper,” she snapped. She was furious, and couldn’t help the golden tears gathering in her eyes.

He looked at her, surprised, as if he had forgotten her in his ramble. He hesitated, and then said: “Yes.”

She threw away the bowl, broth splashing everywhere, and stalked off to lean against the World Tree’s large root. She kept her body turned away from him. Pointing her chin at him, she choked out: “And you’ll come home one day.”

“Will I?” he asked.

Still just as angry, she pointed her chin at him. “You’ll sing our girls a song when you get back, and see if they forgive you.”

He sighed. He waited as she got her breathing under control. Then she walked back to the fire and prodded it, stoking the flames. She retrieved the bowl and poured in the rest of the broth. She drank half of it. He lay there still. She supposed he was too weak to get up yet.

“Are you asleep?” she asked grudgingly. “There’s more soup left.”

He looked at her searchingly. She got up and sat closer to him to feed him spoonful and spoonful.

“You’re an idiot,” she said.

“Undoubtedly. Didn’t you know that when you married me?” he asked, wry humour finally surfacing.

“Disir, sacred mothers, save me from the foolishness of men, certainly not enough,” she said shortly. Part of the soup dribbled into his beard and Freya did not have it within herself to wipe his chin. When he was done, she moved the rock back so he could lay his head on the ground.

Looking drowsy he asked, “How did you find me?”

“Nerthus scryed you for me. We sang for you at our favourite beach.” Freya

missed her Mother then, aloof and quiet though she was.

His strength faint, Odr fell asleep quickly. She watched him soberly for several long moments. He looked older. She wondered if she looked any different now, and decided against looking into the well to find out.

She lay down to rest. The shadows of the leaves above her entered her dreams and she was soothed. She slept.

When she woke up, Odr was sitting up. He had procured dried meat from somewhere—his own supplies presumably—and was munching on it. He offered her some. She accepted, gritting her teeth. Her soft dreams were gone so quickly.

“How is Gersemi?” he asked, eyes low.

“She grows,” she said shortly. “She’s gotten good at embroidery. Nerthus allows her to decorate her shawls for ritual use.”

Odr raised his eyebrows. “She must be talented.”

“She doesn’t get it from you,” Freya said.

“No,” he said. “I suppose not. And Hnoss?”

“She’s walking and talking everywhere. She likes collecting sea shells and decorates my shrines with them wherever we go.”

“Hmm. I used to do that. I still do, you know.” He gazed at her bravely.

She looked at him: his face still had dried blood on it. Sadness pierced her chest. “I know. My mother Nerthus helped me find you here, but I often felt your presence in my shrines across the realms.”

“Then you know I never stopped thinking of you.” His hands were shaking slightly.

She got up. She went over to Mimir. He was pretending to sleep. She cleared her throat and he cracked open an eye. “May I wash my pot in the well?”

He cackled. “Certainly. But try not to look too deep, eh?”

She did not look into the well at all. She rinsed her pot and filled it with water anew. She set the pot above the fire to boil water for tea.

CARDINAL

Odr watched. He seemed too weary to get up.

“Do you not want more magic for yourself?” he asked.

She started. “I taught you seidr, the magic of women. Was that not enough?”

Shameless, he said, “No. I want to look for those symbols. You surely glimpsed them when you looked. Do you not want to know more?”

Aware that Mimir could overhear everything they said, she gave Odr a long hard look. He was pale. “Not if they ruin you, Odr. I will keep and nurture my own power. Gersemi is old enough to know some galdr, our sacred Vanic spell-songs. I would rather end my journeys to find you, and raise our girls myself. Mother and Father help me often enough. I don’t need you.”

That seemed to break him. He struggled to turn away from her. She walked away a few feet to give him space as he wept. He did not weep as long as she thought he might, but came to a quiet decision.

“I made more than one sacrifice at the well. I see that now.” His voice was ponderous.

Something in his tone made her turn back to him. She missed him, she felt suddenly. His absence was an ache.

“May I come visit sometimes?” he asked painfully.

“Would you romance me anew?” she asked with a bitter laugh.

“I have not only sacrificed our daughters’ youth but your love as well. You, who love so easily and happily, are my treasure.”

She knelt by him then. “You are needed at home, Odr. But you walked away, more in love with magic and journeys.”

“I cannot choose between my feet and my heart,” he frowned. Their bodies were leaning towards each other now.

“Then do something for me and I may forgive you.” She looked up at the Yggdrasil’s massive leaves, swaying above them. She looked back at his hopeful face, years of worry erased by his cautious desire. “Sing me a love song at every place you come to rest for the night. I would lay this geas, this obligation, on you, if you would accept it. And try to vary the songs. Don’t cheat by singing the

same tune at every tavern.”

He chuckled at that. “I will do this for you, Freya.”

She was comforted. She shifted to a cross-legged position and laid her hand on his. He stroked her hand tentatively. They listened to the wind blow the leaves above them. Mimir began singing a piping wordless tune. Odr shifted to get more comfortable. He grimaced several times and brought his hand to his eye socket.

“You’ll have to get a dwarven smith to craft you a glass eye,” she commented.

He looked up to the sky and sighed. “I’ll bring them a big barrel of mead.”

Then he started and squinted at the branches above. He pointed. “Do you see that?”

Freya looked up. As she looked, she felt a ripple of well water move through her, and she could see shapes in the twigs: an arrow, a lightning bolt, a cup, a diamond. “What-?”

Odr looked keenly. “The Tree knows. I could– I could–”

Freya felt another slice of fear. She put a hand on his face and turned it toward her. “Look at me,” she commanded. He met her eyes then looked up again. She pinched his right cheek hard. “Look at me, you ass.”

He gave her a glazed look then shook his head. “There’s something there!”

“By the ancestors, Odr, you just lost an eye through your own temerity. You don’t need this right now, you old cur. Come back another day.”

The words flew out of her mouth before she could stop herself. He looked up again at the branches above, as if measuring them. “I will.”

“Damn it all to the Gap,” she struck her own forehead with the heel of her palm. “You never learn.”

She hesitated then said: “I won’t help you again. You’ll have to find your way out of that mess, if you go up there. And you better come back alive.”

Putting his arm under his head, he kept looking. “Loki will help me,” he said absently. “A good blood brother, he is.”

CARDINAL

"I don't know whether to praise or curse that giant, that wild Jotun. Well, if that's your dumbass plan, I'm leaving." She began gathering her bowl, pot, and stray herbs.

He blinked and seemed to return to himself. He braced himself and sat up. "Freya."

"Mhmm." She picked up her cloak and dusted off the dry leaves and dirt.

"Freya, I will come back. By the Norns, the dear fates, I swear." He looked at her bustling about. She didn't meet his eyes.

Wiping her face, she said, "I'm off, Odr. You take your doom and go. I'll be with our daughters. I'm done wandering the Realms trying to find you. You better ready those songs."

Finally, she looked at him. His clothes were worn and his hat was squashed. His hair looked like he hadn't washed it in days. His grey cloak was rumpled underneath his bottom and his hands were covered in scratches. His face still had the leafy poultice halfway stuck on. "I'll sing for you," he said quietly.

Her heart tugged at her. She felt pain pass through her like a falcon flying overhead. She approached him and put a hand gently on the right side of his face. "I'll listen."

Then she lightly slapped his face a few times with that same hand. "Don't get lost."

She walked away without looking back. With a terrible certainty, she knew he was not watching her leave, but was staring up at the patterns in the branches, trying to make sense of them. She kept walking, step after step, towards the Rainbow Bridge that would take her home to her family in Vanaheim. She would try to find gifts for her family on the way home: perhaps a wooden comb for Gersemi, a doll for Hnoss, a new veil for her Mother, and a new shirt for her Father. She would tell her parents the truth of what happened, she decided, but not her daughters. She would say only that he was away singing songs with his brother, performing and entertaining for money, and not at all preparing for the end of the worlds. Yes, she would say that.

Cardinal is a queer trans person. He writes poetry and devotional Twine games. They are a teacher by trade and live in Canada.



Bianca Lucin is an immigrant woman, war refugee, single mom who returned to university after being diagnosed with chronic disease.

CLASSIFIEDS

NEWMAN CATHOLIC STUDENTS' SOCIETY

The Newman Catholic Students' Society is the Catholic student community 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.

mcgillcatholics.ca

facebook.com/mcgillcatholics/

FALUN Dafa

Falun Dafa (aka Falun Gong) is a Chinese self-cultivation practice guided by the principles of Truthfulness, Compassion, and Tolerance. It includes five meditative exercises and, different from other qigong, emphasizes the role of virtue in improving health. Check out our Facebook page @ [falundafa.mcgill](https://facebook.com/falundafa.mcgill) for downloadable audiovisual meditation materials!

falundafa.mcgill@gmail.com

falundafa-mcgill.com

MIDWEEK QUAKER MEDITATION

The Montreal Midweek Quaker Meeting meets every week in the evening. Keep an eye on our Facebook group for updates.

facebook.com/groups/mtlmidweek

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. Like MSA on Facebook to get updates on events and initiatives! Email communications@msamcgill.com to join the listserv.

facebook.com/msamcgill/

www.msamcgill.com

MCGILL THAQALAYN MUSLIM STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION (TMA)

The TMA aims to provide a space for Muslim students, especially those who identify as Shi'i, to practice their faith and rediscover their values.

[https://www.facebook.com/](https://www.facebook.com/McGillTMA)

[McGillTMA](https://www.facebook.com/McGillTMA)

tma@ssmu.ca

AM MCGILL

Am McGill is an egalitarian, event-based Jewish group committed to providing Jewish students with a safe space at McGill. Check out our Facebook page for more info.

facebook.com/ammcgillu/

MCGILL SIKH STUDENTS

The Sikh Students' Association aims to provide an inclusive space to connect with Sikh students and enjoy Sikh-oriented events.

facebook.com/sikhsatmcgill/
mcgill.sikhs@ssmu.ca

MCGILL CHAVURAH

The McGill Chavurah continues on the legacy of Ghetto Shul as a community intent on creating inclusive spaces for Jewish students. We are currently running multiple events a semester, which aim to integrate the peace and comfort of shared Jewish experience into the hectic feeling of student life. We are progressive, sustainable, inclusive, traditional, non-hierarchical, and egalitarian in both structure and practice. Because we are student-run, we evolve to fit the needs of our changing community every year.

facebook.com/themcgillchavurah/

MCGILL DHARMA SOCIETY

The MDS seeks to serve as the official campus representation for students belonging to Hindu and other Dharmic traditions, and aims to allow students of all backgrounds to collectively learn and participate in our spiritual and cultural practices

[https://www.facebook.com/](https://www.facebook.com/mcgilldharmasociety)
[mcgilldharmasociety](https://www.facebook.com/mcgilldharmasociety)
dharmasociety@ssmu.ca

HILLEL

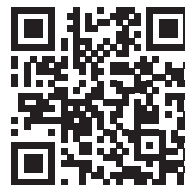
Hillel McGill is an organization providing Jewish life and education for both Jews and non-Jews at McGill. They offer a wide variety of (currently online) programs, events, and connection opportunities for everyone to take part in. Hillel's vision is that every student be inspired to take part in Jewish life at McGill. Find them by their handle HillelMTL on Facebook, Twitter and instagram, or by email:

hillelmcgill@ssmu.ca

Looking for more community connections?

Visit MORSL's website to connect with more student groups, our MORSL faith volunteers and community organizations

mcgill.ca/morsl/connect



Come visit us weekdays
10am-4pm
3610 Rue McTavish, Room 36-2



radix

McGill's Student Spirituality Magazine



Interested in this magazine? Read more and submit your
work online: mcgill.ca/morsl/radix-magazine