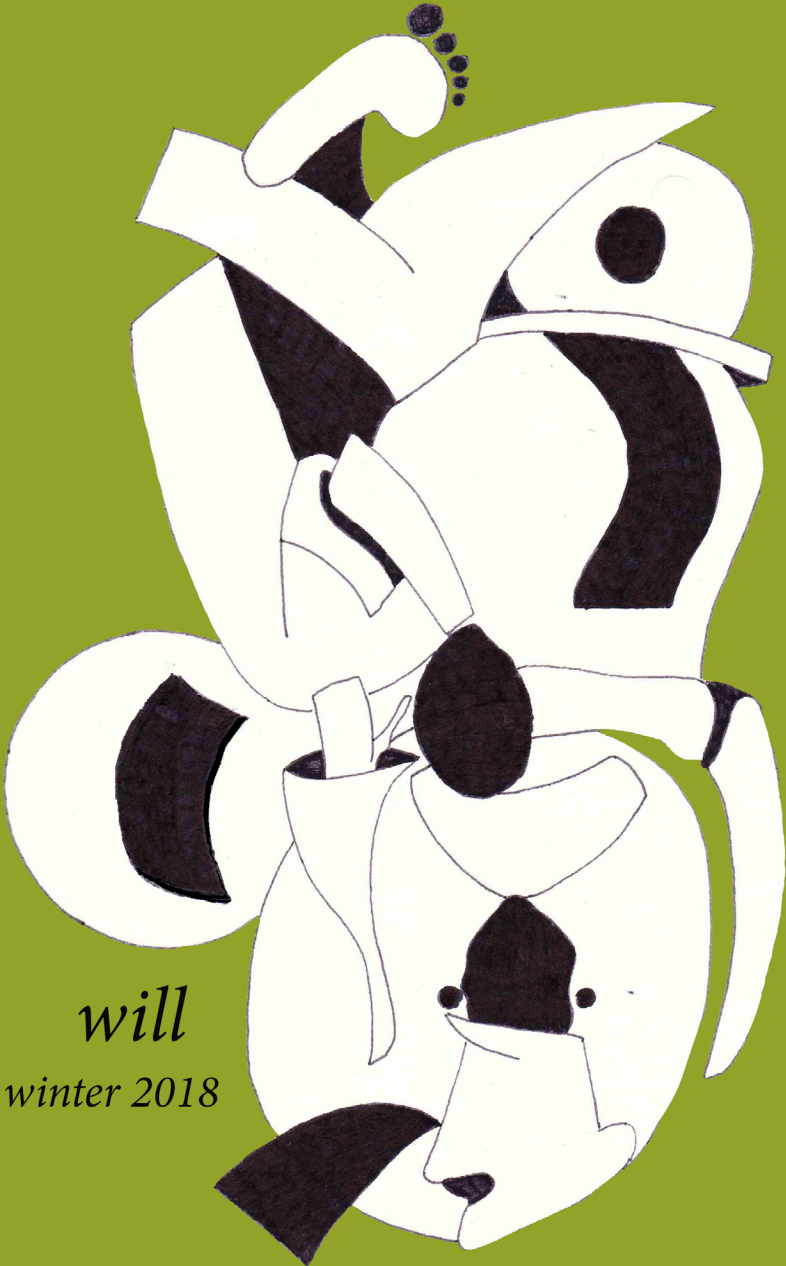


# radix

McGill's Student Spirituality Magazine



*will*  
*winter 2018*

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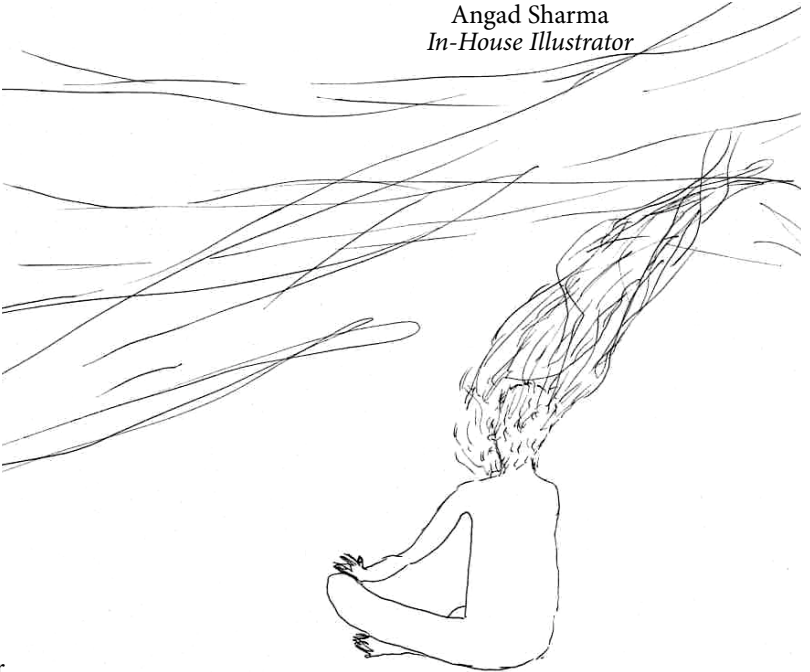
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**the bottom line:** "We must believe in free will, we have no choice." - Isaac

Relax. Breathe in. Breathe out.

As you breathe, pay attention to the place of greatest tension. Focus on the points of contact between your body and the world. Allow your thoughts to drift in and out of conscious awareness.

For those acquainted with meditation, these instructions are as familiar as its purpose: to transcend the self. With practice, and patience, and a great deal of time, one sees that ‘there is no thinker, only thoughts.’ Thoughts simply drift through the mind of no personal volition. There is only consciousness: awareness of one’s thoughts, of the world, and of one’s own subjective experience.

In our journey through this world, the fact of our consciousness is all we can know for certain. That we are happy, or unhappy; satisfied, or unsatisfied, means that it is like something to be. Thus the contents of consciousness, good or bad, only matter to us because it is we who see them. With this knowledge, the perspective shifts. We realize that what we are searching for is not happiness, but meaning, and that meaning incarnate is to be found within every high and low of consciousness. In this realization, the old adage rings true: “everything will be alright in the end.”

With light and love,

Katharine & Mackenzie  
*Co-editors*

---

*The cover design was created by Angad Sharma,  
a U3 civil engineering student.*

---

# kitchen knives

*Emily Szapiro*

---

“I will peel the apple for you,” she says  
And slices her webbed thumb deeply.  
It is morning, and the kitchen is warm  
Coffee, and her  
Sucking the blood between her fingers.

For all these warm mornings, you have  
Skinless apples, and her.  
She places it before you  
And you bite –  
Careless in your years –  
And taste apple  
And blood.

---

*Emily Szapiro is a U4 English Lit student who spends too much time reading and should probably stop because it's ruining her eyesight.*



---

*The above illustration was created by Chloe Dolgin, a U2 student in Cultural Studies whose mission is to care about the tiniest things that mean the hugest amount.*

**the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends.” - Martin Luther King,**

# welcome MORSL's new director, Carlene Gardner

---

**Q: Whose will (if anyone's) is at play in determining the daily course of our lives?**

A: I believe that everyone's will is at play in our daily lives. We are all interconnected, and what one person does, or what happens to one person, can have an impact on us at some level.

**Q: Can we change what will be?**

A: Agency is fundamental to me, and empowerment – particularly for youth and young adults – is something I try to foster in my role as a teacher or leader. I don't think that life is written out in advance for us, although for sure there are the circumstances we are born into that play an enormous role in our future. But once we look at what we've been given, it is up to us to decide how to create the world we want to live in, for the finite amount of time we are here.

**Q: What tools can someone use to try to determine the best course of action; to determine what one's will should be? (And why might this differ from what someone actually desires?)**

A: I believe that each of us is called to search for a path that puts us into being in right relation with each other, the earth and our spiritual self. Relationship is about community, so I think one of the best tools we have to help us determine our will is the people in our lives. Nowadays, we see social media playing a bigger role, and having more influence over the choices we make. But I think there is a lot to be said for face-to-face interactions, and also for multi-generational communities. It is easy to focus on our own age cohort or our immediate family, but being with people of different ages and experiences lets us tap into other wisdoms when we're making sacred decisions like choosing a career, vocation, or life partner.

**Q: What role does will play in transcending the self, in, for example, meditation or prayer?**

A: I don't see spiritual practice as a transcendence of self necessarily. In fact, I see it as an expression of self, our way of being in the world and connected to the world.

**Q: What would life be like in a world without the ability to will?**

A: I believe we have what is often called 'free will', but it is not a completely unfettered freedom of will. We are bound to our own consciousness and to the consequences of our actions and words.

---

Jr. • "As far as I can see, it's not important that we have free will, just as long



**Q: Can one will happiness?**

A: If you mean can you just tell yourself you're happy to overcome sadness or dissatisfaction, then I think my answer is no, because there is more to it than that. To some extent, happiness is an inside job – you have to the heavy lifting yourself because external forces alone won't make you happy. But I also think that we shouldn't expect an uninterrupted flow of happiness. When we think of people we admire, people whose lives have really mattered, the things about them we admire were not necessarily their search for happiness. We've all benefited immensely from social movements that probably

caused a lot of pain for the people who struggled on our behalf. In fact, often the most rewarding things in our lives – the things that have made us grow - have caused us pain or grief.

**Q: What do you think the world will be like in 20 years?**

A: I have no idea. Hopefully I will still be around to see it!

**Q: Have you had an exceptional experience which taught you an important lesson about will?**

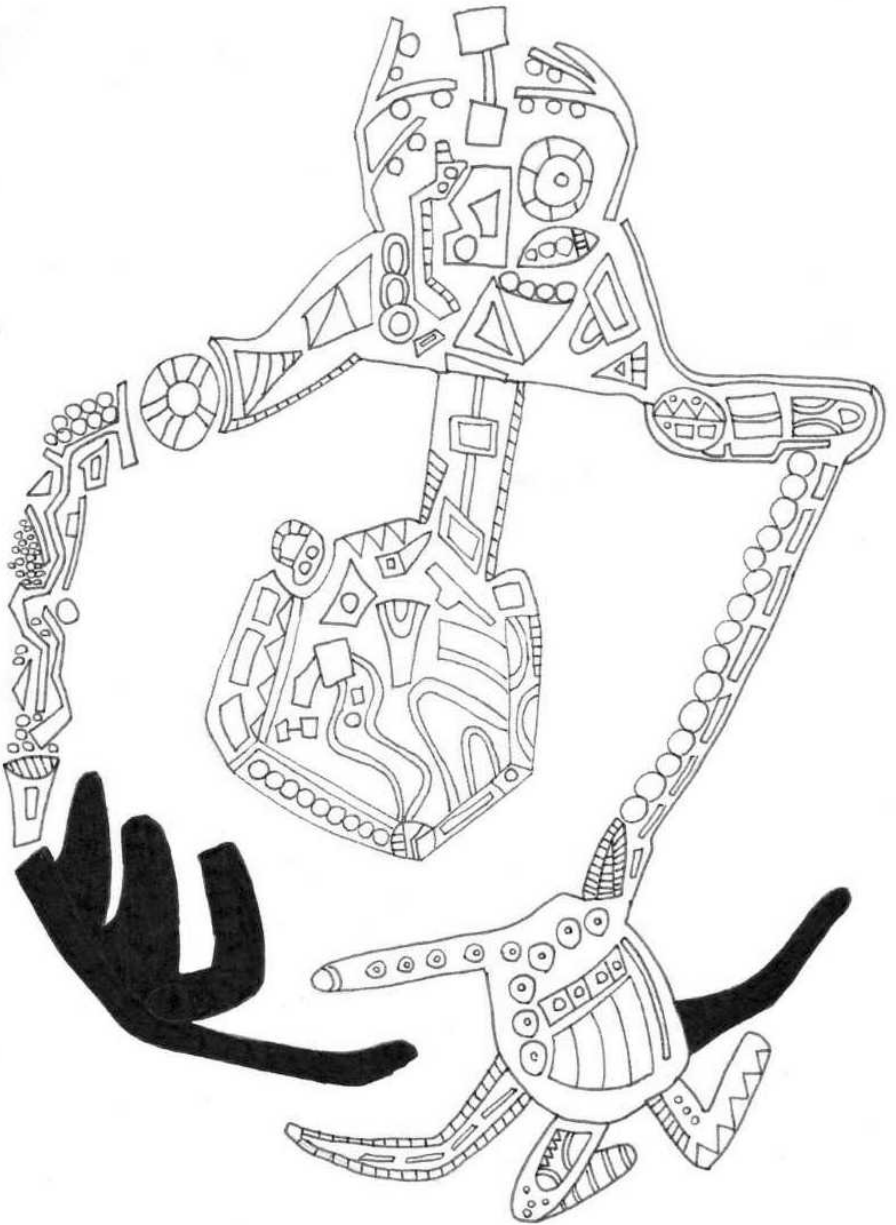
A: I can't think of a particular experience, but I can say that I believe strongly in the power of putting your mind to something. As it is commonly said, the only sure way to fail is to give up. I think great things can happen if we push past the barriers and keep striving for better, more creative solutions for our world. And I think honouring 'will' – our ability to put our faith in self and each other into action – is where we can start to gather the strength we need to move forward.

---

*Carlene is a life-long Unitarian-Universalist whose passion for mentoring youth evolved into various jobs working with teens and young adults in campus ministry. While Montreal is her beloved home and the city she always comes back to, Carlene is also very curious about the world and enjoys travelling and discovering the many ways that people live and connect to their spiritual self. Come and say hello to her in the MORSL office on the 2nd floor of the Presbyterian College.*

---

**as we have the illusion of free will to stop us going mad.” - Alan Moore • “Do**



---

*The above illustration was created by Angad Sharma.*

---

**not take life too seriously. You will never get out of it alive.” - Elbert Hubbard**



# impotence

*Berton Herschel*

---

I can't help (I tell myself)  
Every nerve & fibre (etc.) from  
Wanting to work magic, to  
Will help into existence through  
Sheer mind-energy – which  
I can't.

Every nerve & fibre (etc.) from  
My body/soul to yours, reaching  
To intertwine, to form  
A feedback loop, feeding tube,  
Through which hope feeds us both,  
And every thought returns to you.

Wanting to work magic, to  
Abjure you, ward you free  
Of every fear, doubt, and anxiety  
(Having tied yours into mine).  
And every time I see I've failed  
I fall again, into deeper want, to

Will help into existence through  
Good will alone, but willing  
Alone is impotent to save –  
But what's this talk of "saving"?  
And who are you to need "saving"?  
And who am I to save you through

Sheer mind-energy – which  
In a perfect world (etc.), would  
Be enough to make some difference?  
But it's not a perfect world, and  
Wish is not enough, and  
I can't.

---

*Berton Herschel is either the pseudonym used by Canadian novelist  
J. Olson Orbeck when writing poetry or a Canadian poet who writes  
novels under the pseudonym J. Olson Orbeck.*

• "Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better." -

# having been captured in flight

Marina Saunders

---

*Vivam, let me live* Daphne begs and change overcomes her  
Senses fade and still running Daphne freezes  
In that moment she screams yet to others sings  
Lighting quick steps behind muffling and skin hardening  
Daphne looks upwards and last sight sees only the sun  
A thought, a word, a prayer and –  
Freedom and captivity are born in the same breath  
Vivam – safe, laurel branches embrace the sky and Daphne breathes anew  
And she watches, bound twofold to Earth whose help she'd begged  
And to the deadly archer himself, whose love Daphne felt  
The very spot of her torture turned to his sanctuary  
Her first branches broken to form his wreath  
She watches them, her people, crown those who Apollo loves with her torn  
flesh  
Watches as they name him Daphnaeus and leave not even her name from  
his grasp  
*Vivam, I shall live*, forever bound to he from whom she prayed salvation  
And Daphne sees, sees the temples raise and praises sung to the ever-young  
Never free, yet never captured Daphne lives and lives  
And lives, as cities rise and his name spreads, carrying hers ever with it  
As Athena's city names him the averter of evil despite her cries  
As her wood is carved into divine offering, as his name is chanted over her  
bones  
As Delphi is sacked and holy war begins in his name  
In every moment Daphne is carried with him despite her prayers  
She sees what could be salvation come from the West  
But Rome embraces the ever bright god and lifts him higher still  
Poets sing of her fate as divine gift and Daphne would curse them all  
Should breath still fill her lungs  
So Daphne waits, always entwined with the pure archer of silver bow  
Waits and sees the empire expand and countless thousands brought before  
him

Albert Einstein • “The sky takes on shades of orange during sunrise and sunset,

Sees the darkness spread from the edges and bring him below  
As Rome burns Daphne sings, screams as statues carved of her skin burn  
As his light finally fades she spreads her limbs and rejoices  
Rejoices as altar after altar falls, as temple collapses and Apollo dies  
So Daphne outlives the ever-young god and Laurel thrives  
She grows over ruins and delights as her roots break the foundations of his cult  
Delights as she watches every trace of him fade as her name prevails  
Slowly people change, times change, machines rise and she waits for the  
change  
It comes once more, as they cut her down and press her down  
Crush her into pulp and still Daphne delights in victory  
A final truth in her heart, *vivam* – I **will** live in new bodies  
And becomes the pages of her story

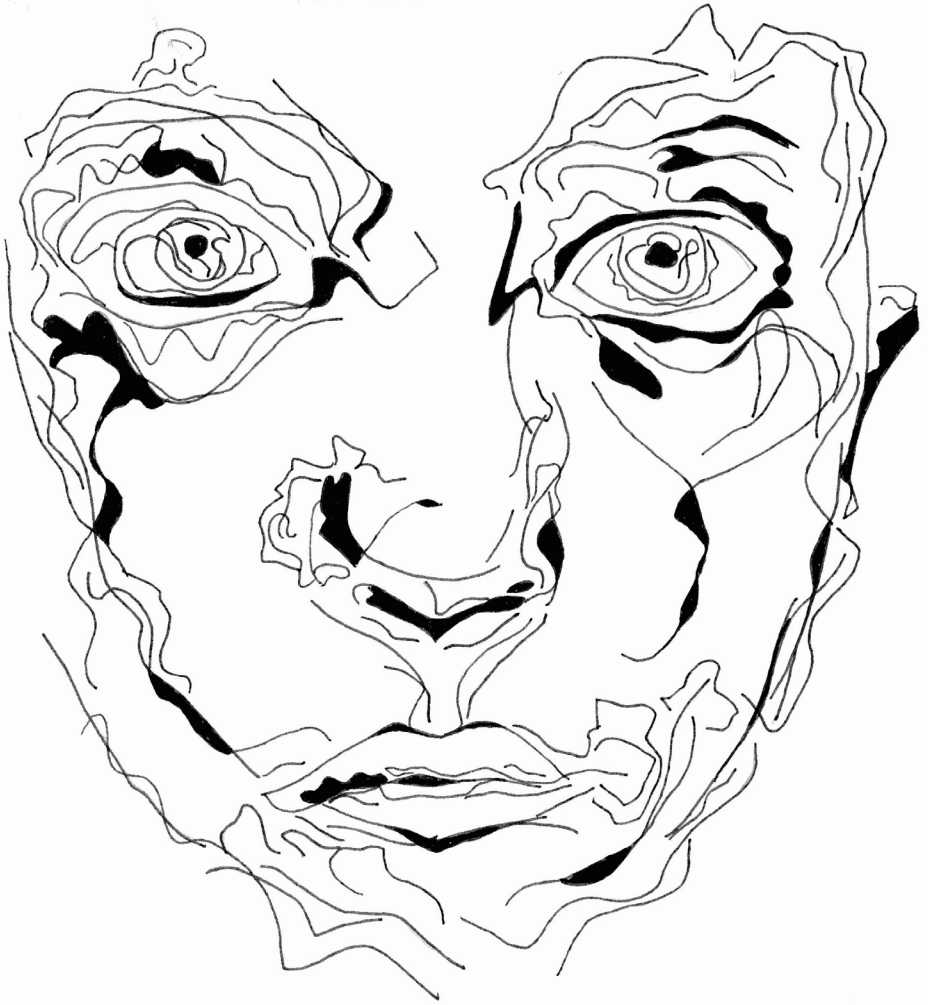


*This photograph was taken by Mackenzie Roop.*

---

*Marina is a U3 Classics student who enjoys coffee and comics.*

the colour that gives you hope that the sun will set only to rise again.” - Ram



*This illustration was created by Angad Sharma.*

---

**Charan • “Never give up. Today is hard, tomorrow will be worse, but the day after**

# untitled

*Anna Sixsmith*

---

Splintery redwood rafters  
raving a  
colorful totem of undue burdens  
the catnip of your dentist's office,  
the sweaty knot of humid day.

From the spit-shined daffodils of  
goddamn bitches who  
peel at unripe produce  
and who tic the tacs of the toes  
Of every man you've ever loved.

the heartbeat bang-bang-bang  
Of curly blonde hair that picked  
angel-eyes over you  
taunts the fickle fragility of nature's own.

In the backlit stare of that boy  
you jumped ship with,  
To the overhead window screen  
That you laid under  
after God beat the shit out of you.

Then the countless Calvary-cut crosses  
That line the chopping block  
took flight  
the grass ripped out, the words unspoken.

---

*Anna Sixsmith is a first year Arts student from the U.S who bears a passing resemblance to a pre-rehab Lindsay Lohan.*

**tomorrow will be sunshine.” - Jack Ma • “Life is like a game of cards. The hand**

# ally

---

Alex Daigle

---

How did I get here?  
Who put that door there?  
Do I pass through it now, or turn back forever?

*Which way will  
Will will will  
Will. You. Go?*

It sure does seem nice...  
Up the stairs of light.  
But just this thought doesn't make it any closer.

*You must will  
Will will will  
Will. It. More.*

I see mountain tops;  
I hear inner talks:  
Every step's a ground for obstacle projection.

*But to such stops will  
Will will will  
Will. You. Listen?*

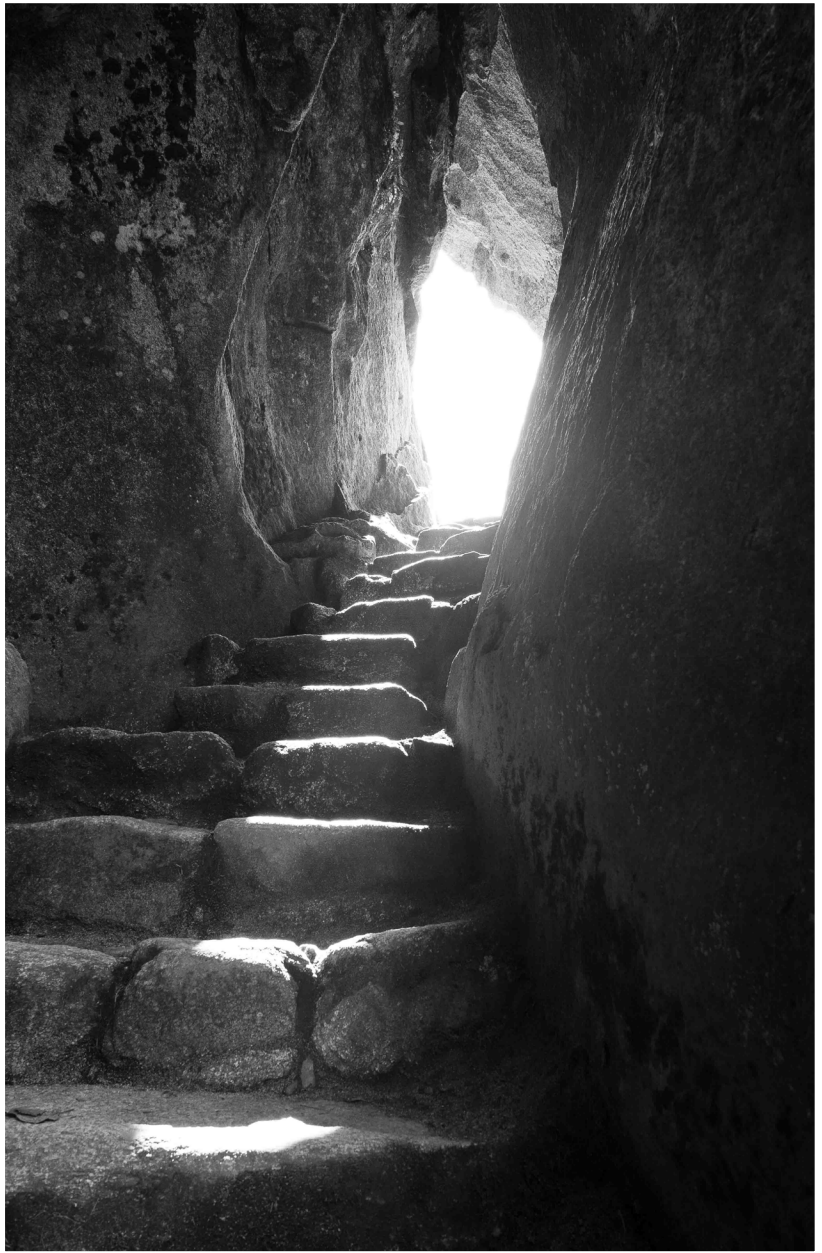
An ally from within –  
The difference's that slim.  
Between think and do, it's the fuel of decision.

*Will. Will. Will.  
Will.*

---

*Alex Daigle is an Environment and World Religion student expressing his experience of spirit and nature through visual storytelling. You may find him pressing shutter and letters in the mountains' pages. The above photograph was taken by him.*

**you are dealt is determinism; the way you play it is free will.” - Jawaharlal Nehru •**



---

**“Find a place inside where there’s joy, and the joy will burn out the pain.” - Joseph**

---

# the climb

*Jonah Dabora*

I stand here  
On the top of the world  
The green valley below me  
Luscious in color, fresh in air.

The climb was ever so hard  
The pain  
Of the muscles in my legs  
Of the lungs in my chest,  
But mostly of the battle in my head

The fight to continue.

When ALL the signals are blaring  
Wanting you to stop.  
It is this point that defines one's **character**.

The capacity to persist,  
When life seems meaningless  
Or tough, or out to get you  
This makes a (hu)man.  
For when frail hearts give up,  
We, my friends, will keep on going

The trick  
To climbing the mountain,  
Any mountain  
Is **positivity**.  
The simple answer  
To all squabbles of doubt.  
For using positivity  
One can suppress the thought  
Of giving up  
and calling it quits  
And they can keep fighting  
And they can keep climbing  
Their mountain.

Don't you see.  
Open your \*\*\*\*ing eyes  
**OPEN THEM.**

See,  
With me,  
A true nature of How Things Are.  
It is too easy to be sad  
It is too easy to say  
That things used to be better  
When humans acted another way.  
Yet The pessimist is entitled to their way.

I've been a pessimist  
For far too long.  
I've looked at life  
And thought  
About how much better it would be  
If I were like this  
Or if things were like that  
Because how bad they are now  
Or maybe it is how bad I am now.

I thought:  
**People are immoral**  
There is war  
There is hate  
There is anger  
There is slavery  
There is manipulation  
There is greed  
There is lust and adultery  
There is starvation  
There is disease



---

There is death  
There is the breaking of family  
**There is too much.**  
It batters my soul  
It breaks my character.  
The tears well up,  
They fall;  
They can't stop falling.  
I weep for humanity  
I weep for my children  
For the Earth I will provide them.  
I weep  
I weep  
For [hu]man[ity].

Alas  
This is how easy it is to be a pessimist:  
To be flooded by emotion and reality.  
It is too easy.  
One who falls into this circular thinking  
that goes on and on  
Has failed,  
Has given up.  
They didn't succeed in their climb.  
But,  
we, my friends, are destined to succeed.  
**We continue on**  
For we know that there is more  
To this life  
Than meaninglessness  
Than failure, rejection, and Spite.  
**We have goals**  
And for those who don't, we have dreams  
For this world **has a purpose**  
And that purpose is to live  
And enjoy  
Company.

I'm lying in bed  
Before a night's sleep  
In the morning, I  
Continue my climb.  
For this week will be long  
And full of peril  
But watch me friend  
I will keep  
Keep on climbing.

And so,  
Look out with me  
From the top of the world  
Out at this bright green valley.  
Smell the air, taste it.  
Take in the trees, the sounds of the wind  
Of the birds as they fly,  
The rustle of their feathers.  
Open your mind  
And take it in.  
Open your heart  
And let it in.  
For it is love  
Of life, of family, of friends  
Of others, and of nature  
That gives one  
The **WILL**  
To finish  
The  
**Climb.**

---

*Jonah is a third year medical student who lives in blissful ignorance and hopes to share his learnings with others.*

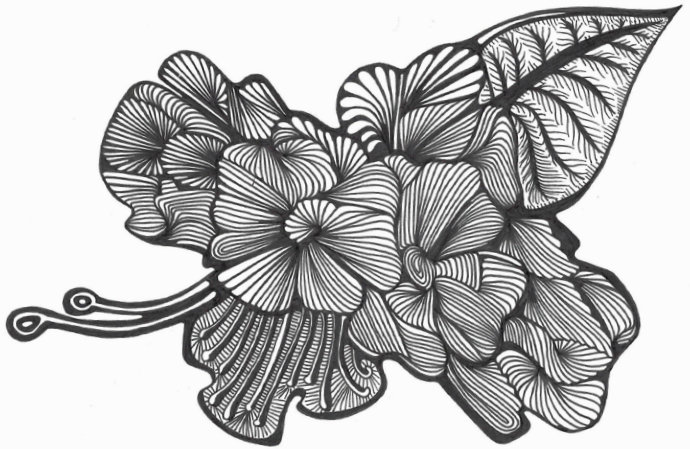
- Henrik Ibsen • "Develop a passion for learning. If you do, you will never cease

# untitled

*Lucas Paulson*

---

I climbed 'til there was nothing left to climb.  
Each step, towards the heavens, 'way from home.  
I rose through many earthly worlds; sublime,  
and shed my sins, admitting what was shown.  
For what the thin air took in way of breath,  
'twas given tenfold back in view of stars,  
as pinholes and a tear of boundless breadth,  
like spirit bursting through to mend our scars.  
The town below but embers dashed to die,  
as dawn revealed encircling mountain peaks:  
colossal curtains 'gainst the paling sky.  
Just listen and the Earth, though silent, speaks.  
Why choose such pilgrimage, endure such pain?  
Our sacred burden... Strive, though all in vain.



---

*Lucas finds Meaning in battling against Entropy,  
Solipsism, and the Illusion of the Self.*

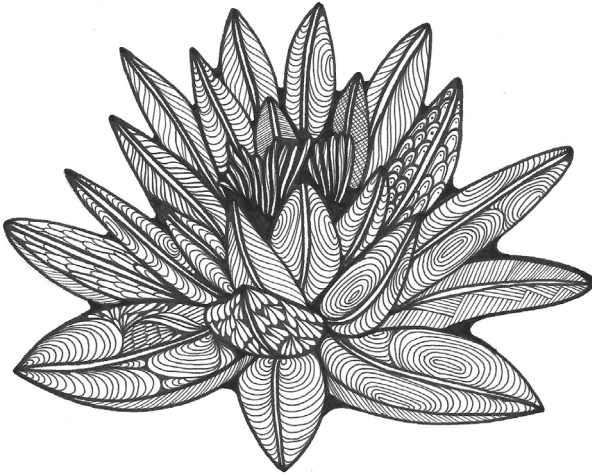
to grow.” - Anthony J. D’Angelo • Self-belief and hard work will always earn you

# very holy

*Yvette Wenner*

---

:sweet liquid, white and sappy—  
slurp it up—  
lick the sticky residue off the fingers—  
taste me, feel me, know me.  
soft white petals, sprinkles of water—  
whispers of warmth from the flames—  
see me, touch me, tame me.  
live inside of me.  
every sip, every step,  
every sniff, every breath—  
seal the covenant:  
I will always love you.



*These illustrations were created by Galit Sandaev, a U4 Education student with an interest in abstract portrait art and doodling.*

*Yvette Wenner is a first-year Arts student from Massachusetts.*

success.” - Virat Kohli • “Free will carried many a soul to hell, but never a soul to

# another story

*Maya Keshav*

---

There is a girl, and she loves stories. She loves stories more than anything else in the world: more than she loves her parents, her pet cat, herself. She loves stories because they have beginnings and endings. She loves stories because they make order from disorder. She loves stories because (unlike her parents, who seem to their daughter to be disintegrating with age; unlike her cat, who dies suddenly; unlike she herself, made to grow taller by the same dispassionate force that takes away her cat and is taking away her parents) stories are permanent. Time cannot swallow them.

The girl retreats from her parents and her life, and she turns to stories. By the time she is nine years old she has read her way through every shelf in the children's department of her local library. The librarians watch her. "Such a funny girl!" they whisper, and "Does she ever do anything except read?"

As it happens, she does. The girl writes stories. She sits with a book on her left and lined paper on her right. She reads, she turns, and she writes. Characters, and settings, and plots leap from printed to written page, sometimes shedding or growing details, sometimes crossing unchanged. The girl's stories are not good. There is nothing original in them. But as a tool for learning about stories, they serve their purpose.

And then the girl makes inventions. Like her stories, they are rarely original. Instead, the girl delights in altering existing objects. It is her way of affirming her own existence. "This dresser had two drawers," she murmurs. "Now it has three. Something must have happened." Later, his alterations grow elaborate. "This radio used to play in French. Now it only picks up Swahili stations. Something must have happened." He is that something, the girl knows. He has happened.

When the girl is eighteen, she goes to university. She becomes a research assistant to an elderly professor who studies the structure of stories. Here in the professor's office the girl spends all of her time, from early morning until late at night. Soon, the hours between leaving and arriving are too few to make the commute worth it, and the girl stops leaving the office. The other professors grow used to seeing the girl there. In fact, some of them forget that she isn't the professor. When the professor eventually passes away, it is only natural for the girl to take his office, take up his work, and, quietly, take his name too.

At nineteen, the girl is a full professor with a lifetime of academic research behind her. When she is twenty-two she has completed two lifetimes of research.

heaven." - Charles Spurgeon • "You will not be punished for your anger, you will

---

One can progress rather quickly, she discovers, when one is careful with time.

She wakes at four. She spends the first six hours of her day reading stories. She reads five, maybe five and a half books in the morning. Then she takes the next hour to take meticulous notes on what she has read. Not only does she diagram every turn and twist of plot in every novel, but she makes connections between them. Her notes evolve to imitate the technical drafts she draws for her inventions. There are precise, measured lines, arcs and boxes.

She takes a break to swallow her lunch and sketch some technical drafts, or to continue building her inventions. Although her office is almost entirely swallowed by books and papers, she has made an elaborate workshop-burrow under her desk. Here she crouches, hammering nails and measuring corners.

Then she puts pen to lined paper each afternoon, and writes into the night. She uses recipe cards to scratch down brief outlines of plots. These she numbers, and places in a small hanging file on her desk. On graph paper, she builds immense diagrams connecting and arranging her numbers. Sometimes she pinches her lips, takes her silver-handled scissors, and neatly dissects her diagram into strips and squares. These she patchworks together with glue, moulding them back onto the mangled scroll, until her diagram grows several sticky layers of discarded and evolved story. From one angle it looks like rolling hills. From another, a city. From above, the networked lines and stars look like a galaxy.

This is what the girl is thinking about. In sixty-three years, she will be dead. There will be a new professor in her office. His diagrams and inventions will collect dust in the corner of the basement of the university archives. If the girl writes good stories, and if the right things happen, then her stories might be read by someone.

And then? asks the girl. Does it matter if anyone reads her stories? Is a story less of a story if it is unread? It is a story, and it exists, and as a story, it defies the swallowing of time that will take the girl. But then— what is the difference between an unread story and an unwritten story? One exists but nobody reads it. One does not exist, and nobody reads it.

In sixty-three years, the girl is dead. There is a new professor in her office. His diagrams and inventions collect dust in the corner of the basement of the university archives. And her stories— have you read them? Have you read someone else's stories? Is there a difference?

I am sorry I have more questions than answers. There is so much to ask, and there is so little time.

---

*Maya lives in the Plateau with seven roommates and a rapidly expanding kitten.*

---

**be punished by your anger.” - Buddha • “Art, freedom and creativity will change**



"A Purple World" is inspired by a short-story of the same name, written by the First Nations author Richard Wagamese. It is an acrylic painting, and is roughly 39x50cm in dimension.

*Thomas is a first-year student in the School of Architecture at McGill. He strongly believes in the power of expressing thoughts and spirituality through art.*

**society faster than politics." - Victor Pinchuk • "I am no bird; and no net ensnares**

---

# the last straw

---

*Avleen Mohka*

There are a hundred stories to be told. What is the cost of a story?  
A bird singing, a leaf falling: a disorder.  
You have breached my space, with your filthy boots on the mat  
You have assumed your welcome here. My unravelling henceforth  
Is your problem, but not your responsibility. You have  
Set me astray from everything soft, bird-  
Like. War does not end with the last crunch of violence,  
But with the last sigh of defeat.  
I used to live for things other than  
Revenge. I do not anymore.

---

# last minute

---

*Kiki Violet*

never mind the end.  
never mind the beginning, either. its just now. it's always been now,  
and always will be, until .  
the world isn't what we thought it was going to be. we are no  
more ethical, no more virtuous, no more intellectual than from our  
conception. consciousness. the tragic fabric woven from memories  
and space.  
if we care not what we want to be, what shape is the river? there will  
be fish either way.  
as our hearts sunk deeper and deeper into our chests, we lost grip  
of the guiding kite. instead, the tips of your fingers grasp a helium  
balloon strung with dental floss. but you will love yourself for it.

---

*At age 10, Kiki realized that in fact, she could not breathe underwater.*

---

*Avleen K Mokha is a U2 English Literature and Linguistics major. She is a staff writer for The McGill Tribune and a poetry editor for Persephone's Daughters. She splits her time between Montreal and Mumbai.*

**me; I am a free human being with an independent will." - Charlotte Bronte • "I**

Suffocate. Iris shut in meanderings  
With raised heartbeat, like  
I'm flying through a curving  
(glory)rainbow. Innate  
Ability to say what I'm  
Not thinking.  
Wait!

Amazed, I do not want this,  
But want change, oh wait!  
I want change?

Silky, and grasping for likeness,  
Burdened by the grass surround  
Filthy, break stressed lion's roar  
Over knee.  
Rage

*Who are you, again?  
What makes you  
You?  
Is it how much you move?  
Or how much you love?  
Or is it measured by  
The amount of time  
Your will lasts  
Before it breaks?*

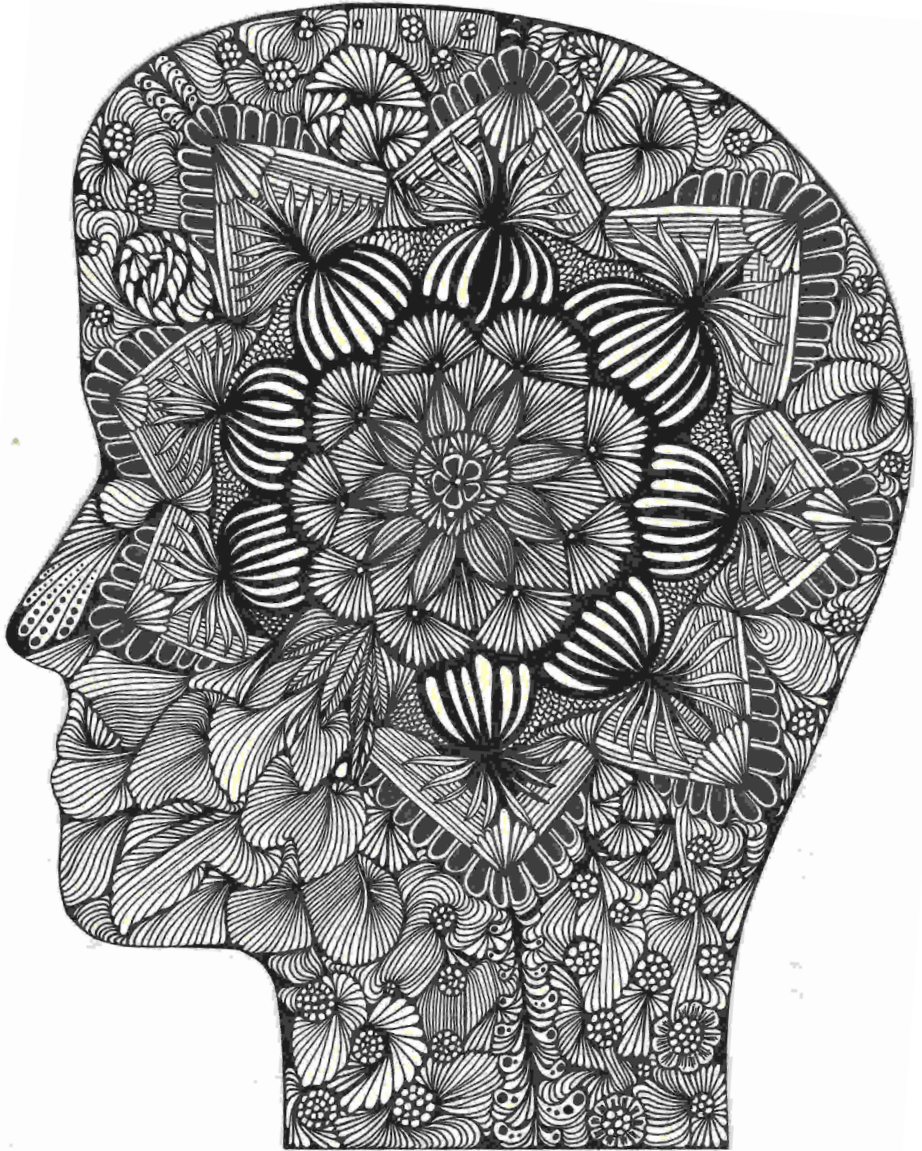
Surprise! Lacrimosaic figures  
Paint wild forests and I  
Feel so  
Free.

If it's my will  
To stand still and silent (not  
shadow)  
Then leave me,  
Growing branch and  
Falling joy(ful).

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*G. Sanguine is a Master of Music in composition student from  
Antigonish, Nova Scotia with interests in film and poetry.*





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*This illustration was created by Galit Sandaev, a U4 Education student with an interest in abstract portrait art and doodling.*

**it shows me the stars.” - Og Mandino • “Love me or hate me, both are in my**

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# november river

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*Jeffire Mackie*

November on the river Is grey but  
Christmas will come again  
Jesus will be born again  
Presence will be given

The future is writing dirty words  
On clean sheets  
I've got a printing press  
And ancient crinkled pages

There is no ice  
So, you cannot walk on water this year  
The water is cold but it flows  
And your love is not landlocked

You copy out pages of the Bible  
To see if you have the nerve  
To change anything  
That has been written

Your thoughts chase each other  
In the evening gloom  
But they come back when called  
You have them well trained

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*Jeffrey Mackie, is an internationally published and translated poet living in Montreal. He is also a student at Montreal Diocesan Theological College.*



*These photographs were taken by Chloe Dolgin.*





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**favour. If you love me, I will always be in your heart, and if you hate me, I will be**

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# what will be

*Katharine Birkness*

Today we passed through Bagnoregio,  
the city that is dying day by day.  
Eight lives are left to help the vintage grow  
and keep the crum'bling of the walls at bay.  
Striated chiar'scuro marks this town  
to those who failed faith's trial: who withdrew.  
The calling of the lamb's the only sound  
that struggles 'cross the valley, to the new.  
In old, each quake does prune the city's peak,  
yet fear, nor dread, nor doubt can stir eight hearts.  
To one, a white-clad soul, I dared to seek:  
"Why do you stay, if all might fall apart?"  
The mountain trembled as she called, "Ora,  
il Verbo qui è que sera sera."

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*Katharine Birkness is a U2 Cognitive Science student who enjoys playing guitar, traveling, and pretending to be vegetarian. The dream is to spend the days cutting up brains.*

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**in your mind.” - Qandeel Baloch • “You have power over your mind - not outside**

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# classifieds

## **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**

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## **The McGill Office of Religious and Spiritual Life (MORSL)**

MORSL, a proud member of McGill Student Services, is located on the second floor of the Presbyterian college (3495 rue University). 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! Stay connected with MORSL on Twitter @SpiritualMcGill or like us on Facebook: fb.com/morsl

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## **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.

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## **RADIX Journal Launch & Open Mic**

February 22nd, 2018. 5pm at the Neumann Center. Feeling extra Free and Willful? Sign-up to recite your work! This is a safe space to meet and revel in words and art. There will be food! Bring your friends.

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## **Weekly Zen Meditation**

Every Friday morning, from 8:15 to 9:15, MORSL Buddhist chaplain, Zengetsu Myokyo, offers Zen meditation in the Birks Chapel [3520 University Street, 2nd floor]. Please plan to arrive a few minutes early as one is unable to join after 8:15.

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## **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 (3495 rue University) 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.

events. Realize this, and you will find strength." - Marcus Aurelius • "Only those

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## Mid-Week Quaker Meditation

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

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## McGill Protestant Christian Chaplaincy

3475 Rue University. A multi-denominational centre for community, service, worship, and pastoral care. We have midweek worship and lunch, Wednesday night Bible studies and supper, monthly contemporary bilingual worship, and retreats. Please visit [www.mcgillprotestant.ca](http://www.mcgillprotestant.ca) or email Chaplain Jean-Daniel at [jd@mcgillprotestant.ca](mailto:jd@mcgillprotestant.ca) to learn how to connect.

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## McGill Interfaith Students' Council (MISC)

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

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# classifieds

## My Neighbour's Faith Series

This series of monthly visits to Montreal's places of worship provides a guided experience with various world religions being practiced in Montreal. Email [morsl@mcgill.ca](mailto:morsl@mcgill.ca) to join the mailing list.

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## Local Gnostic Community Meetings

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

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## Newman Centre

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

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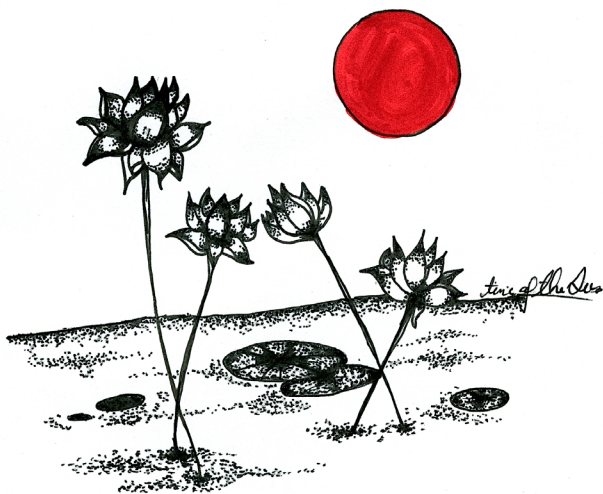
## The Jewish Community at McGill

Visit [www.hillel.ca](http://www.hillel.ca), [www.chabadmcgill.com](http://www.chabadmcgill.com), and [ghettoshul.com](http://ghettoshul.com) for information on shabbat meals, holiday celebrations, educational programming, and fun social activities!

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who will risk going too far can possibly find out how far one can go." - T. S. Eliot •

# SOL/LUNA



Poems

Stories

Reviews

Photos

Paintings

Drawings

Radix McGill's Student Spirituality Magazine  
Due March 1<sup>st</sup> 2018  
[radix@mail.mcgill.ca](mailto:radix@mail.mcgill.ca)

Opinions

Articles