

radix

McGill's Student Spirituality Magazine

A dramatic sunset over a body of water. The sky is filled with dark, heavy clouds, with a bright orange and yellow glow from the setting sun breaking through in the center. The sun's rays create a shimmering path across the water. In the distance, a dark silhouette of a city skyline is visible against the horizon. The water in the foreground is dark and textured with small waves.

chaos

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*RADIX magazine is produced by
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McGill Office of Religious and
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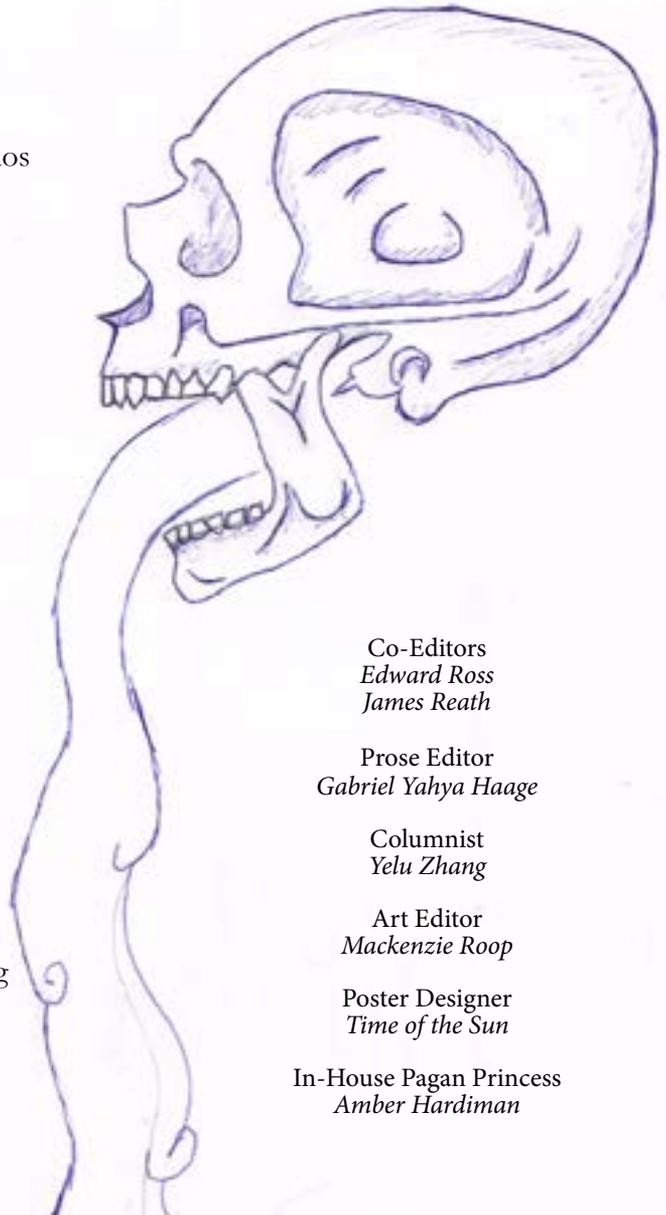
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Co-Editors

Edward Ross

James Reath

Prose Editor

Gabriel Yahya Haage

Columnist

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Art Editor

Mackenzie Roop

Poster Designer

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Amber Hardiman

the bottom line: "One must still have chaos in oneself to be able to give birth to a

In 1916, amidst the turmoil of The Great War, a group of friends met in a small nightclub in Zurich. A monocle-wearing teenager performed a spell from New Zealand. Three people simultaneously recited a poem translated into different languages. An emaciated man played honky-tonk piano as a slender-waisted woman spat out a tender ballad and did the splits.

Dada was born, and chaos has reigned ever since.

Though of course, we've never been strangers to chaos—from Hesiod's void, to the flux of Heraclitus and the atomism of Epicurean physics, chaos forms a foundational pillar of Western classical thought. Further along into the Renaissance Shakespeare aligned chaos to the absence of love (Othello tells Desdemona "Perdition catch my soul, / But I do love thee! And when I love thee not, / Chaos is come again") and Milton in *Paradise Lost* considered chaos inseparable from the nothingness from which God created the universe. Later, the Romantics obsessively lamented over the meaningless void (Wordsworth in *Ode* writes "Falling from us, vanishing; / Blank misgivings of a creature / Moving about in worlds not realiz'd"). Further along still and into the late 19th century the likes of Poe and Mallarmé drew creative brilliance from chaos at around the same time as the second law of thermodynamics was theorised into being.

It wasn't until the turn of the 20th-century however that chaos really stole centre stage. Aside from Dada, cultural movements celebrating chaos sprang up across the globe. There was Zaum poetry in Russia, Vorticism in London, Jazz in New Orleans and a little later, Abstract Expressionism in New York.

I think the best aspects of 20th century and contemporary culture teach us to see the chaos of the modern world not as a void of meaning, but as a positive force where different cultures, time-zones, and people collide all at once to produce exciting new ways of being.

So chaos is glorious and most importantly, it is in this edition of *Radix*. Particular highlights include Yelu Zhang's funny and heartfelt comic-strip, startling poetry on death and disorientation from Michelle Duquette, the beautiful illustrations of Iris Esquivel, and Yusuf Ashmawy's enlightening reminiscence of the chaotic streets of Cairo. Special thanks should go to my fellow co-editor Edward Ross for providing this edition's cover-photo and the wonderful poem "Vortex."

We hope you enjoy!

James is a first-year graduate student in English Literature.

James Reath
Co-Editor

keith's

Michelle Duquette

when papa passed away
we stood around his grave and shared a beer
nana took two sips
i spit mine into the grass

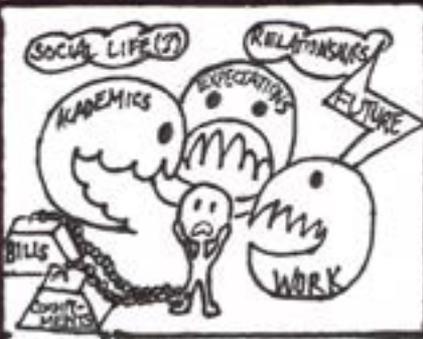
mal

Michelle Duquette

blackd out at th soju hof
down th street from my apt
in cheonan
woke ina high-rise
in asan
love is god
at 60 stories
n im not afraid of heights
jus scared of tall feelings
forgot yr name in th next town over
but yr voice is 100 proof

*Michelle Duquette is a poet and photographer
living in Gangneung, South Korea.*

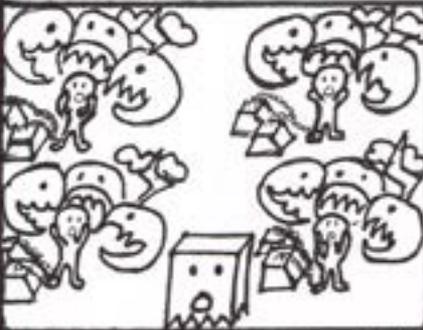
ORGANIZED CHAOS



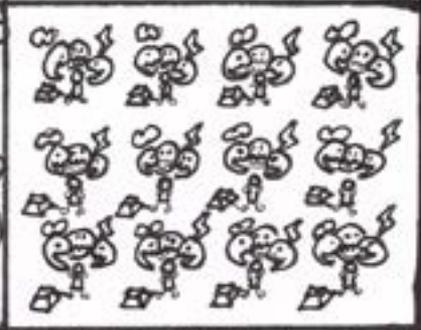
Sometimes my life goes out of control...



I wanted to run away and hide... but I couldn't.



Then I realized that I'm not the only one with a chaotic life.



In fact, if I start including more and more people into the picture...



... this is what we get. And that is all there is to it.



So... there's always a different perspective.

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.

consist in creating out of void but out of chaos." - Mary Shelley • "It's just that the

the apollonian sparagmos

Daniel Galef

They disassembled him and catalogued each part
like a clock,
building for each a separate and unique refutation,
fitting together the mirror-mechanism (slowly and
methodically).

It was a crime without passion,
wet with the cold, hard drive of purpose
and likewise empty.
But the result was the same—
the victim,
poet or propagandist,
pederast or prophet,
or all of the above
and none of the below,
had been taken care of.
And the stones watched,
unmoved.

*Daniel W. Galef is from Oxford, studies philosophy and mathematics,
and has appeared in seventeen McGill University publications.*

chaos has changed shape. The giraffe and the bear have traded hats, and the

thursday

Iris Esquivel

Every Thursday he went to Church. Normal Church down in the city was always on Sundays, as it is for most of the Catholic world, but he lived in a small town that was too high in the mountains for the Sunday trip.

There was a local pastor who had agreed to give sermons in the small space that was made available in the town's meeting hall. The pastor often left on weekends, another reason why Church was reliably fixed on

Thursday nights. He didn't understand God. He could not remember a time in his life where he was ever in accord with the Lord that his mother prayed to every night. Nonetheless, Church was a beautiful thing to him.

On the first night the pastor delivered a sermon, the boy was only six years old. It was summer, but they were experiencing severe wind – unusual for such a high altitude. Everyone had heard about the new coming of a holy man in their village, and they were excited to hear him speak.

When it was almost dark, he sat on his mother's bed and watched her prepare for mass. She wore a long black dress and in the dim candlelight you could barely see her body. She hummed as she brushed her black hair. Her hair like ropes, he thought. Once she was done, she wrapped herself in her good green shawl, the one she only wore for special occasions, looked at herself in mirror very seriously, and muttered, *Dios viene.*

When the boy and his mother reached the meeting hall a village girl with long braids asked them to each take a candle from the box at the entrance. They did exactly that and upon entering, noticed that every person had a lit candle and started forming a circle in the centre of the room. The boy spotted his aunt Maria, and when he called to her, angry faces turned to him from their circle and told him to be quiet. His mother grabbed his hand and they quietly rejoined the rest of the family. His sobrino, Miguel, lit his candle.

When the pastor entered the room, everyone fell silent. The boy could hear people breathing, and had never felt a room so still. Looking around

at the familiar faces, he thought about how loud and animated they usually were. Now, their faces were expressionless and sombre. When the pastor finally spoke, it felt like the moon was talking. The voice was brassy and thick and sounded important. When the boy closed his eyes, he imagined the moon telling him stories of nighttime, water, and kingdoms with queens. He never quite listened to what the pastor was saying that night, but he loved the way it sounded when his voice floated up the walls and dripped down the ceiling. Opening his eyes, he saw the faces of his friends and family bathed in the orange light of their candles. They looked peaceful and the whole room looked like a painting he had once seen.

Once the mass was over, every village member gathered around the pastor to thank him and shake his hand. Many of the women kissed his hand instead. Once the boy and his mother had said their goodbyes, they blew out their candles, placed them back into the box at the entrance and began their short walk home. The boy skipped ahead of her. He learnt that he liked stillness, but he loved to move his body even more. He started talking to his mother, but she did not answer him. He walked closer to her, and when he saw her face, noticed that she was crying. The boy knew his mother well and so he did not ask.

The next day was a Friday and that meant he had school. On his way home from class, he went by the market to pick up the rice his mother had asked for. There he ran into many villagers who had only hours ago been at the sermon. It was good to see their faces smile again. Paulo, who sold the boy his rice, made a joke and all the women laughed. The sun was very hot and Esmeraldas sat on a table airing her husband with a fan made of blue shiny feathers. He saw some friends from school. They ate oranges together and their mouths dripped with the juices. When he got home he felt wonderful. He went to the kitchen to unpack the rice and hugged his mother from behind while she was doing dishes.

“Mama, why did you say God was coming?”

He dipped his finger in the red sauce she had cooked on the stove and added

“Are you sure your God isn’t already here?”



Iris Esquivel is a writer, multidisciplinary artist, and current U3 Elementary Education student from Montreal with special interests in emotional ownership and Matcha tea.

Iris also created the above illustration called Oh Big B.

common denominator of the Universe is not harmony, butchaos, hostility and



Edward Ross is a U2 Religious Studies and Classics student from Cornwall, Ontario with interests in spirituality and papercraft, and also Co-Editor of Radix Magazine.

and murder.” - Werner Herzogcentral • “In chaos, there is fertility.” - Anaïs Nin •

vortex

Edward Ross

The forces are everywhere.
Swirling in from all sides.
Blowing in, and pulling out.
The splash of primordial tides.

I am caught in the middle.
A place not hot nor cold.
The pull of the vortex
has a lifetime hold.

Behind me I feel heat,
and it seeps in my bones,
but the wind is so cold,
and fills my ears with groans.

In the distance I see light,
but beside me billows grey.
It is constantly changing,
and cycling through night and day.

The stimulation is intense.
Hot and cold, bright and dark.
I can't make sense of it.
Any direction is hard to landmark.

The extremes are raging,
and filling every part of space.
Light, darkness, fire, and ice
in every road I face.

Slowly wearing me down,
and testing every aspect of me.
Fighting the elements,
I wonder if I will ever be free.

The chains holding me here
are invisible, but strong.
But what if they were not real,
and I held myself down all along.

"I'm trying to make order out of chaos, trying to find some way of rationalising

to the chaos of cairo

Yusuf Ashmawy

I do not despise it as you might.

In fact, together, we have a special thing. I managed to adapt it, no, actually love its presence of ostensible nuisance. Within it, I managed to forge positivity through deriving a happiness from the very presence I once took for granted. Now, I long for it in its absence. For it, I sometimes even pray.

It's chaos and chaos is my "Beast." Your beast as well, if you're only humble enough to be "Beauty."

I came to realize, that although chaos used to be my foremost adversary in Cairo, a lot of this "chaos" is indispensable now. It is often what gives life to our living and it is what makes more sense to me (I know that now at least).

I used to criticize chaos—how it seemed to run the scene in Egypt, from household to workplace. There it's different, to survive you can't just observe the chaos and shrug, you have to take part. You're obliged to take part. Your rationality is blurred and you find yourself effortlessly contributing to the country's pockets crammed with chaos. For reasons I still cannot fathom, I would clutch rationality and refuse to allow the Egyptian streets to be tainted by the irrational colors of chaos. I walked the sidewalks, spoke softly, arrived early, ate with revised etiquette, demanded queues where I thought they should exist and stopped at imaginary traffic lights. I even reserved a look of despicability, that was too often unmasked, for those who produce or condone the chaos in the city. Even stray dogs didn't escape my disapproval.

Perhaps it's because I travelled and saw places where everything goes as it is supposed to go, and everyone does as he or she is told to, that I fancied such a functioning system in Cairo. I only came to appreciate chaos when I crossed the ocean, to land on the other side of the spectrum, here in Montreal. When I left, I embraced a new way of life thinking I really wanted to escape the pressure to succumb to chaos. I thought what I needed was some order in my life, in my vicinity. But I was wrong. I found myself craving a dose of the chaos that burns on the city streets of Cairo. I started J-walking in reminiscence. I begged the dogs in the streets to bark. I got excited at the sound of loud arguments. Now, when I walk in Montreal I rejoice at the rare eruptions of chaos.

the horrific things that people do or the way the world is." - Chuck Palahniuk •

Chaos is no longer my adversary, but rather like an old friend whose teasing I deeply miss. It is indeed my beast. But would you allow me to alter our childhood plot a bit? Because I see no need to tame the beast. Maybe you agree with me that we don't need to turn chaos into a prince charming to embrace it. What we need is to unchain our spontaneity. Leave room for some uncertainty. Allow for a tint of insanity. Return a bit of the "human" to humanity. Let chaos and imperfection slowly slip in and colour our lives.

Yusuf Ashmawy, from Egypt, is a U2 in Economics and Mathematics.



Illustration by Nicole Zhu, a U2 Marketing and Information System student, and a freelance graphic designer based in Montreal.

“When everything is moving and shifting, the only way to counteract chaos is

propranolol

Michael Smilovitch

This is where the monsters live:
Within thy pious mother's haven,
Cleverly breached by Protean means.

Those Aeolian vessels, which pumped
Unassuming, tainted tourists
To your Capital city, your basket of eggs.

Once inside, the sickly strangers
Rallied up bands of hooligans, along with
Less than mild-mannered folk.

These chosen few were adjourned
With radiant robes and other such
Outlandishly gratuitous accoutrements.

Now they prance about the neighborhood,
Parade themselves in what consistently
Proves to be a shoddy display,
Since their crooked council had never
Practiced this sort of thing, Of course.

Through time and space (mostly time),
The demonstrators were quelled –

But not yet quite extinguished.

*Michael Smilovitch is a U3 Cognitive Science student from
Montreal who thinks that science and art should hang out
more.*

stillness. When things feel extraordinary, strive for ordinary. When the surface is

She wakes. She opens dazzled azure eyes,
a quest to capture beauty. And behold,
unmasked by sap'iens sap'iens, doubly wise:
no God, a void; no good, but dark and cold.
In angst, contrived Lords sell us absolutes.
Injustice finds the cosmos deaf and dumb.
Our mortal burden yet salvation's fruits;
'tis our own angels that we must become.
Cut out my eyes that I might open them,
to face the wasting world resolvedly,
lest hers would look into me and condemn,
at last would look into mine, shamelessly.
The meaning that we seek, we will not find
by looking up. We must look deep inside.

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

chaos

Maria Estefania Marset

“I shall never believe that God plays dice with the universe.” said Einstein once. Equations would be the key to unlock the universe’s mystery - a mystery that, no matter how large, can also be called a system. Yet, the more we look at physics in detail, the more chaotic it appears to be, and the idea of a system crumbles. Quantum mechanics are largely unpredictable, and while Einstein was developing a theory of everything, the theory of nothing was beginning to arise in the smallest atoms of life, saying that life spread from a “big bang” where all laws of physics broke down. Space, time, and matter in their smallest and oldest forms escape the realm of what we are able to observe and measure. Chaos, disorderly life, and unpredictability are at the core of existence.

Every single conflict can be traced back to the scarcity of resources and the competition for them. Knowing the cause of conflict should tell us what the effect will be. Yet, history shows us repeatedly that facts are far from being predictable. Nobody expected the bombings in Paris that triggered chaos. What is chaos? Events out of order, people dying not by natural causes, but by murder, people mobilizing on the streets instead of getting on with their daily lives, and in the psychological realm, fear and awe. Most psychologists agree that our behavior is mostly dictated by unconscious factors. Say you are very careful to cross the street after witnessing an accident, you think you are being extremely careful because it is the most rational thing to do, but in truth is, you are subconsciously terrified of cars after the accident.

The bombings in Paris are no different. We began to behave in irrational ways out of fear, taking unnecessary measures to counter-attack the over-emphasized potentialities of a terrorist attack. In the case of the Paris attacks, we say that it is natural to be afraid, even though from a statistical point of view, it would be more logical to be afraid of car accidents or cancer. Also, on the other end of the spectrum, we have chaos in the East, and when looking closer at what has caused it – the redistribution of resources, displacement, and armed conflicts – we conclude that is natural to feel desperate. Though the creation of extremist groups may inflate the already dire situation, more and more people are joining these groups out of utter despair, and the aftermath of this phenomenon remains to be seen. In other words, the Western military campaign which developed from mass hysteria, as well as the Eastern creation of armed extremist groups out of mass despair, are “natural” or “understandable.” Yet, the chaos inherited in these events could result in an “unimaginable” end. Because our subconscious emotions are sometimes shaped by external factors and dictate

powerful emotions come from chaos -fear, anger, love- especially love. Love is



never dies. The many pollutants may make humans sick, but nature will thrive with or without these pollutants, just as new bacteria thrive on petroleum. Our disconnection from nature makes us sick, as does a new environment, just as the rise in temperature makes a tree sick. However, nature prevails through different life forms - it is these life forms which trigger chaos, and what they will become, we do not know yet.

Nature, therefore, is in a constant state of flux that appears similar to human evolution. When environments are altered, we seem to cope with change in chaotic ways that lead us to unknown ends, but remain part of the natural balancing of humans and the environment. Because most of our chaotic behaviour emanates from emotions, there is something in neurobiology that resembles nature: the paradoxical balancing of events through chaos. Moreover, as we have already mentioned, disorder is found in the smallest particles, but the functions of these particles, just as the functions of the most unconscious and obscure human emotions, regulate natural evolution in unique ways. Human and natural chaos seem normal, but their aftermath belongs to the realm of the unimagined.

My viewpoint here is that perhaps our chaotic behaviour is just another part of existence where change is necessary in order to adapt to the nuances of life, and it would not be too bold to reflect on this and formulate the idea that we are just another puzzle piece of a grand picture, and our own mysteries, contradictions, and human chaos belong to nature's way of finding harmony throughout existence.

*Maria Estefania Marset graduated in Anthropology from Concordia.
She is also a writer, cartoonist and mom with super powers.*

around. And then, eventually , it falls apart.” - Kirsten Miller • “Every morning I



Above illustration is called Enlightenment by Chloe Rowan, a U2 Art History student who makes art to get out of the monotony of everyday life.

jump out of bed and step on a landmine. The landmine is me. After the



Claire Gignoux, originally from France, is a double major in political science and INTD who loves art and music.

Above illustration is called Downtrodden but Angsty Nonetheless by Iris Esquivel.

explosion, I spend the rest of the day putting the pieces together.” - Ray Bradbury

one more drink!

Claire Gignoux

« Was chaos before cosmos or cosmos before chaos? »

« It all started when Chaos, Gaia and Eros started to mix with each other »

He says whiskey heals the soul;
That it has never broken his heart.
Even though it makes you dull
It's better than suffering from love.

« Is love cosmos? And hatred Chaos? Is it harmony and is it felony? »

« Cronus was a monster who created cosmos by cutting the genitals of his father »

He says he is an artist,
That the blood flowing in his veins
Makes him an allegorist,
Searching for the taste of champagne.

« Chaos is no-thingness because it is everything, it is pure potentiality »

Are we condemned to reality?
He wants to escape, it is his fantasy
I understand. I wish,
I, were living in another galaxy

But Gaia is my home, it is where I have come and decided to learn before going
back.

What are you escaping from little man?
Love is not a game.
Why so much despair, fear, anger and ambition?
Let us be at home in the cosmos and at peace with our hearts.

The real journey is not insanity, it is vacuity.

• “It turns out that an eerie type of chaos can lurk just behind a facade of order -

the last robin of spring

Joseph D'Silva

The winter was long,
And I had slept on...

There were the days,
Before the cold and cloudy greys,

When firethorn was red
And on berries we fed.

The days were warm,
And beetles would swarm.

Mother Robin woke us at dawn,
And we flew to the fresh mowed lawn.

Brothers and I had fun many,
There were worms to pick so many

We watched our sisters peck and preen,
Like a pretentious queen.

Father Robin flew from branches high,
Chased the hawks that came nigh.

The sparrows gazed from spanish cherry
Curious about our cackle and merry.

Then the grey days came,
That put sun to shame.

They were short
And deprived us of any sport.

We went to sleep,
Away from the cold winters' keep.

Days went by
And spring came by.

and yet, deep inside the chaos lurks an even eerier type of order." - Douglas R.

The sun shone brighter
And the snow got lighter.

Alas my nest was in shadows
Away from the warmer meadows.

It was so damp and dark,
And cold was every trees' bark.

I felt no warmth of the brighter sun,
Or heard the sparrows having fun.

Then came summers' warm days
That woke me from my slumber ways.

Long gone were my kin and kith
And none left to share the days with.

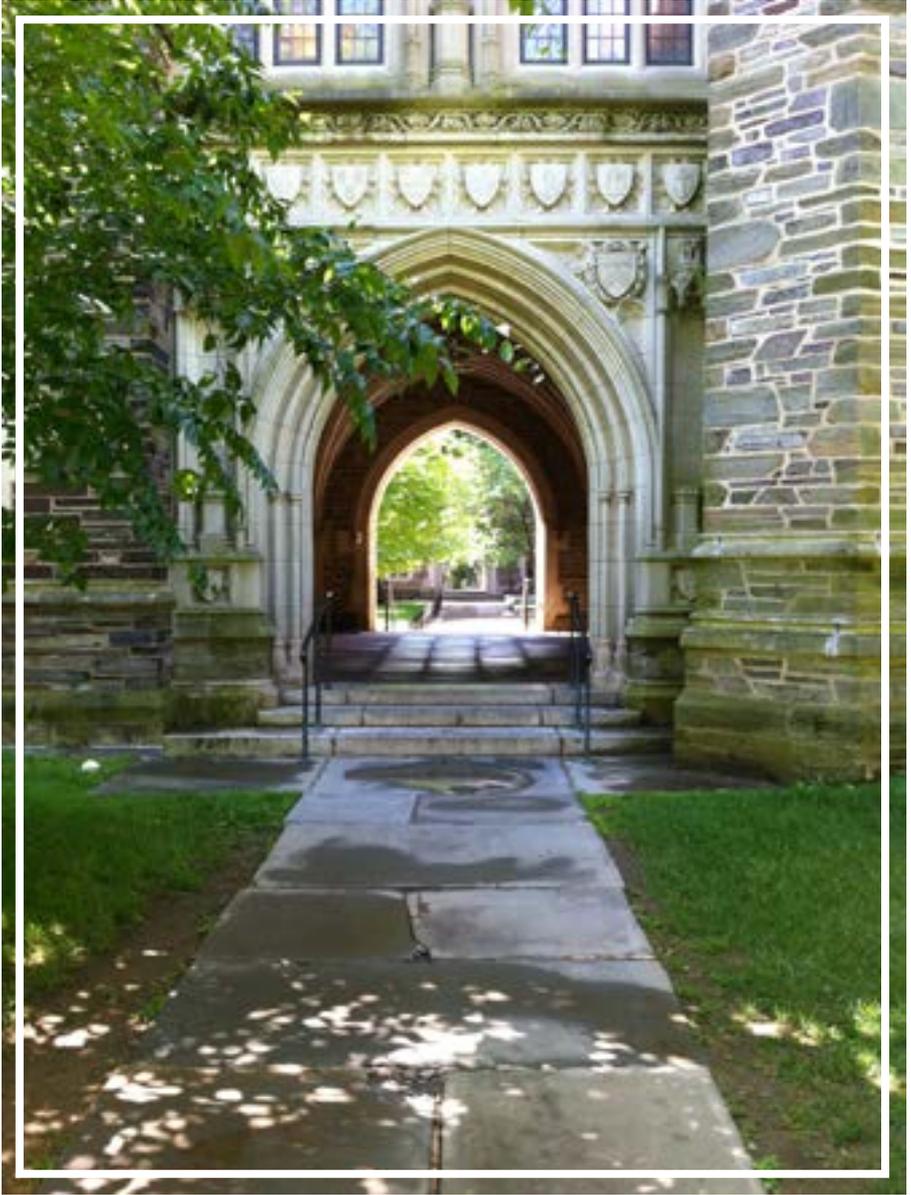
Long and dreary the day became
I had slept too long to my shame.

The summer sun couldn't warm my heart
For from within the winter had not part.

As I gazed the dark blue skies,
Silhouetted with swarming flies,

I heard the voices in my ears ring,
You are the last Robin of the spring.

Joseph D'silva is a first year PhD student in computer science. When he is not tinkering with computers, he loves to explore nature, photograph, write and cook various cuisines.



Jiameng is an MD-PhD student in Rehabilitation Science, and is going into her third year of living in Montreal and cherishing its beauty.

Above photo was taken in Princeton, New Jersey by Edward Ross.

It is the ultimate fate of everything, and everything resists it.” - Philip K. Dick •

begin again

Jiameng Xu

(a homage to Samuel Beckett)

Breaking breaking down

Breaking again

Here again here still

Pain again

Unsure again

Stumbling

*It's happening again here I go I'm falling I promised them I promised myself
broken promises broken always*

Heart beating

Lungs breathing

Still here

Begin again

Losing faith

Each time losing faith

Losing faith in myself

Losing trust this life can I trust

Always stumbling always mistakes always the breaking point

I am afraid I am in pain will I always feel this way

I never

I now

Never always

Only change

Only the next time

Only the attempt

Only again

Begin again

Finding

I am found

At the breaking point I find myself

Finding my life again

Still pain still fear

Still breaking

Still here

Pulse thumping

Chest rising

Here again

Try again

Begin again

“I accept chaos, I’m not sure whether it accepts me.” - Bob Dylan • “Our real

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

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](https://www.facebook.com/morsl)

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!

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.

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 grass-roots activism.

classifieds

The Jewish community at McGill

Visit www.hillel.ca, www.chabad-mcgill.com, and ghettoshul.com for information on shabbat meals, holiday celebrations, educational programming, and fun social activities!

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 to join the mailing list.

Local Gnostic Community Meetings

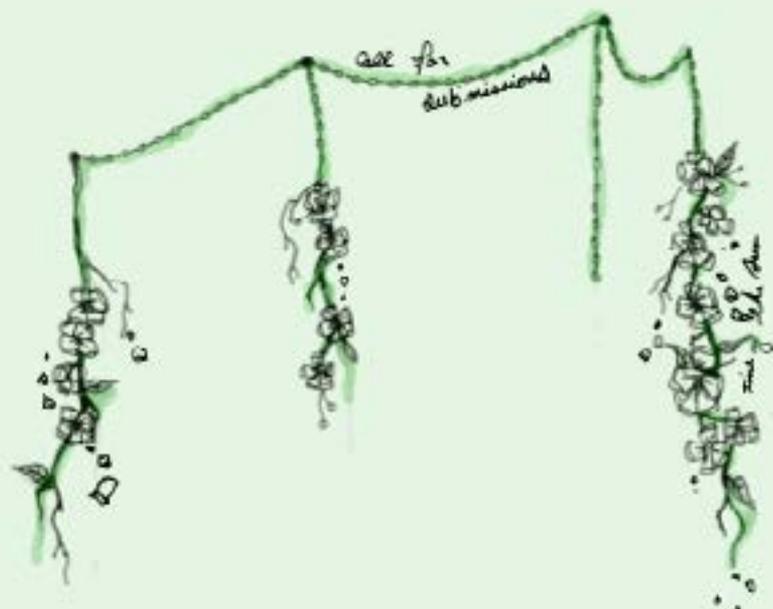
The Holy Grail Narthex is a study group of the Apostolic Johannite Church. We gather for fellowship, study, discussion, ritual, and generally uplifting times. Please feel free to get in touch with our lay leader, Jonathan Stewart, at holy-grail@johannite.org or at 514-437-2948 for further information,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

Weekly Zen meditation

Every Friday morning at 8:15am, McGill Zen Buddhist chaplain, Myokyo Zengetsu, offers guided Zen practice in the Birks chapel (3520 University Street, 2nd floor). Must arrive early or on time in order to join!

stupid and foolish."-Chuck Palahniuk • "Grace rides inside the waves."-Marty Rubin

GREEN



Poems

Stories

Reviews

Photos

Paintings

Drawings

Radix McGill's Student Spirituality
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radix@mail.mcgill.ca

Opinions

Articles