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I borrowed my daughter's digital camera because I planned to capture moments and images of the day. These collections can be better appreciated by visitors with high-speed connections. Yeah, some of them take a while to download...

- The Poets' Pathway - [the actors](#)
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- Sparks Street - [windows and sky](#)
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A Day at the Writers Festival

I don't get out much. When I *do* arrange for my "solo" time away from the pandemonium of our lively, cluttered home, I make efforts to attend events that nurture and cultivate creativity and thought. What can I say? I'm thoroughly enjoying this journey in becoming a more enlightened person.

On Saturday, September 21, 2002 I attended three events of the [Ottawa International Writers Festival](#). This was my first time as a member, appreciating the discount in ticket prices as well as enjoying the opportunity to sit in the first three rows (not that I did every time, but it was nice to know I could).

This was the second event for which the weather was unseasonable. The [previous event was in late March](#) of this year, during which we encountered a beautiful yet inconvenient December-like snowfall - one week after highs of 25 degrees! On this day in September, we were still in the middle of a warm spell with a high of 27 degrees Celsius. Not that it was inconvenient but rather strange for a day so late in September.

My little essay here covers only three of the many events happening at the festival that runs until the 28th. This one day was all I could attend during the whirlwind of my life loaded with responsibilities. One other event I would really like to attend is

"Uncommon Prayer: Peace, Poetry, and Prose" on the 28th. Alas, that is my husband's birthday and I do not think I can manage to get away...

Surreal Beginnings

The best word I can use to describe most experiences of the day would be "surreal", in the dreamlike way. It certainly was welcome to help me forget about the frustrating workweek out of which I had just dragged my sorry self. The recent events of my work life were enough to encourage me to save up to buy a parcel of land, learn to be self-sufficient and write poetry. Sigh... Okay, back to reality.

I awoke at 7:30 and headed out of the house by 9:00 - on a Saturday morning. On a *Saturday morning*, one of the few times I can enjoy semi-rest and reflection. My three children were unpleased that I was not toiling in the kitchen, preparing them some brunchon banquet involving eggs in one form or another. They would have to fend for themselves or wake the sleeping old bear.

The Poets' Pathway

After some delays and spilled coffee on the jerky OC Transpo bus ride plus a few detours near Rideau Street, I made my way to Arts Court for a performance of "The Poets' Pathway: A Walk Through Ottawa's Literary History". The pleasant and understanding lady at the box office let me in quietly to the darkened, hushed theatre. There I enjoyed a delightful presentation of the poetic works by six poets who lived during the early years of Canada's Confederation. Interestingly, some of these people were civil servants who, while carrying on the tasks of their work lives, were also expressing their love for the land and awe of the nature surrounding them.

The event was presented in part by The Poets' Pathway Committee (represented by Steven Artelle) and the Greenspace Alliance of Canada's Capital. If you visit their Web site, you will see a plan for preserving a 30-kilometer arc of land leading south from the Beechwood Cemetery in the East end to Britannia Park in the West. It is a noble and beautiful endeavour that deserves the support of anyone who has the power or resources to help.

Following the play and speech by Erwin Dreessen, we were invited to a lounge-like area to mingle with the actors and organizers plus purchase pricey food and drink. After my eyes had adjusted to the light I was delighted to meet the actors who were still in their period dress. I even managed to capture some of them in a digital camera.

While speaking with Alfred Garneau (A.K.A. Chris Roberts), I learned that Garneau did not intend to publish any of his writings. It was his son who published his father's works after his worldly departure. That provided an interesting discussion topic: writing only for the personal joy of it but concealing your work from the world or, writing and welcoming the desire to share your thoughts, feelings and dreams with others. Since Alfred had places to go I managed to corner him for at least one more minute for a photographic opportunity.

As I approached the table promoting a "chapbook" about the Poets' Pathway, I was immersed in a personal dialogue about some of my own poetry that I had been holding back. What if I did submit my first collection to that contest? Would I still feel as if I had "sold my soul"? What if I actually won first or second prize? The conclusion was "You'll never know unless you try".

When I awoke from my little internal debate, I engaged in conversation with Grant Wilkins, an independent "litzine" publisher and editor. During our discussion, he mentioned opportunities to meet publishers and writers at the [Ottawa Small Press Book Fair](#) on October 26th. Since March of 2000, Grant has been producing "Murderous Signs", a chapbook featuring various poets. I know you're as curious as I was in knowing the significance in his title choice. It's not as violent as it sounds, though. You may never know the meaning unless you visit his [Web site](#), obtain a few issues of "Signs" or you have had the patience to read and understand Homer's, "The Iliad".

Erwin Dreesen and his wife Gerde arrived at the table to ask Grant about the reception of the "Poets' Pathway" chapbooks. When I made an inquiry about more information on GACC, Erwin provided me with that as well as a very passionate discourse on the possibilities of this endeavour. They have a lot of work ahead of them and welcome the skills, efforts and commitment of other volunteers.

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Dogma Play

Our conversation was cut short by the sound of the bell that it was noon and time to go back to the theatre for a production of "I Shall Tell You All", a short, semi-absurd play about religious dogma.

The author, Mohammed Salmawy wrote this piece before the 1967 war in Egypt. Most members of the audience seemed to thoroughly enjoy the play. Some even took active part in the question period afterwards. My personal conclusion, in agreement with the

author was that the work is open for interpretation. To a point, that's okay. But I'm thinking... Hmmmm, open for interpretation... so are so many of the religious texts. Some are taken literally to the point of brutality and some are overly-interpreted to conveniently accommodate the times in which we live.

Free-time

If you've read this far, I congratulate you and thank you for your patience. I won't bother you with the boring details of what I did on my free time and space between Arts Court and the National Library but I can provide visual effects with a [little picture show](#).

At around 3:30 I arrived at the National Library on Wellington well in advance of the next session. In that extra time, I just had to stop and take photographs of the "[Secret Bench of Knowledge](#)". As you approach closer and closer you can see inscriptions in different hand writing, all promoting the benefits of reading. Sigh...

A Dialogue of Civilizations

The description of this event really appealed to me as I [appreciate questions](#) asking who we are and where we came from. Perhaps more importantly, what can we learn from each other and how can we stop driving our civilization into a pit of despair? Finally, I took advantage of the perk as a Festival member and sat within the three front rows. I chose the second row and was positioned between two older ladies who were pleasant to chat with prior to and after the session.

Festival Director, Neil Wilson hosted this event. After he introduced the panel of four authors there was a healthy rumble of laughter when someone from the audience asked who he was. And so, he introduced himself for those who were not aware. *Tsk, tsk. Newbies.*

I found most members of the panel to be very intelligible and eloquent, especially the one who filled in for the Nunavut author who could not make it due to some family emergency. He had a very honest, down-to-earth and unpretentious manner of speaking.

It took a lot of concentration and patience for me to absorb the thoughts of the Chinese author as he spoke through an interpreter. How much of his thoughts could we salvage as he, an individual from a different culture and way of thinking was expressing himself to the interpreter? In turn, the interpreter was relaying - in his broken english - the

author's thoughts to us. It was an interesting experience.

I was a little taken aback by an analogy of one member and I'm not sure what point he was trying to make but he was mentioning North Americans and the show "The Sopranos" in the same sentence. Personally, I do not enjoy movies or television shows that glamourize organized crime and I am ashamed if our culture is associated with them.

There was of course time for questions from the audience. Some were intelligent and relevant; some were not. This is only my second event like this but I can conclude that it is not a personal forum. If you ask a question, make sure it is relevant, people! Is it appropriate to put a writer on the spot for something he can not control? If you want a soapbox, get one. Write a column. Write a book. Or better yet, get a Web site (wink, wink).

One of the most applicable questions was directed to the member from Nunavut and asked about challenges for their development as a new territory of Canada, coming from an oral society. The member was very articulate and honest in his answers. They have a lot of challenges ahead of them in getting their language put into writing. They've already experienced a lot of social changes since becoming a new territory. I can somewhat relate to this ordeal as my husband comes from a [culture that depends on Griots \(human libraries\)](#) to relay and record history.

This event did not provide any instant solutions to the world's problems but provided more questions for further thought and discussion. When the session finally ended, I really had to get ready to leave. I stopped for brief conversations with new acquaintances, greeted one speaker and complimented him on his very eloquent performance. I was disappointed that I could not meet with another as some well-coiffed woman with Sophia Loren glasses had him monopolized, smothering him with lengthy saccharin compliments.

In conclusion, I really enjoyed my day out at the Writers Festival. I really enjoyed having a day out by myself. Period. I wish I could have attended more events but do not have enough resources as in time and money. I was inspired enough though to release another baby into the world. As I am writing this essay, a package containing my first collection of poetry is on its way to enter into its first literary contest. Please wish me luck.

Gosh, thanks for reading this far. If you enjoyed this lengthy essay, perhaps you would like to read some of my shorter works such as [poetry](#) and [book reviews](#)?

T.A. Jobateh

September 27, 2002

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Links to organizations mentioned in this essay:

- Ottawa International Writers Festival - www.writersfest.com
- National library - www.nlc-bnc.ca
- Greenspace Alliance of Canada's Capital / Poets' Pathway - www.flora.org/greenspace
- Murderous Signs, a litzine at <http://home.achilles.net/msigns/>
- Ottawa Small Press Book Fair - www.track0.com/rob_mclennan/small_press_book_fair.htm

Essay Pictorial Home

A Day at the Writers Festival

Pictorial
Essay

These are momentos from my day at the 2002 Ottawa International Writers Festival. Since it was one of my few days out in a long, long time, I took advantage of it to the fullest! I hope you will enjoy this compilation of thoughts and images.

- ~ Poets' Pathway
- ~ Dogma Play
- ~ A Dialogue of Civilizations

Theresa Jobateh, amateur poet and writer

September 27, 2002

www.jobateh.ca

**My Encounter with the actors of The Poets'
Pathway**



Actors from left to right: Allan Meltzer (W.W. Campbell), Kathryn Baker (S.F. Harrison), Peter Politis (W.P. Lett)



Chris Roberts (Alfred Garneau)

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[Read more about The Poets' Pathway](#)

Visit the [Greenspace Alliance of Canada's Capital](#)

**My Encounter with the Secret Bench of Knowledge.
Click for a closer look**









"In reading you discover yourself"

For more information on this wonderful work of art, visit the NLC site at:
www.nlc-bnc.ca/10/7/a7-2000-e.html

Essay • Pictorial Home

Scenes from the MacKenzie King Bridge
[Click for a panoramic view](#)



Scenes from the MacKenzie King Bridge
Click for a panoramic view



Scenes from the MacKenzie King Bridge
Click for a wider shot



Scenes from the MacKenzie King Bridge
Click for a wider shot



Scenes from the MacKenzie King Bridge
Click for an extended view



Scenes from the MacKenzie King Bridge



[View the scenery again?](#)

Reflections on a Bridge - a poem

**I had just encountered some poetry
From the 19th century
Read by actors on a hushed stage
Dressed in the costume of that age.**

**Civil servants and settlers then
Celebrating nature with the pen**

Painting the river, the young green land
Wishing man and nature go hand in hand.

I study this calm urban scenery
the hot concrete and cool greenery
It's been so long I can't remember
Knowing such a warm September.

The time is my own on this Saturday
Alone and curious I make my way
Alone and free of all demands
Whiny little voices and busy hands.

So on this bridge, here I stand
Gazing over this developed land
This day is mine and belongs to me
I choose what I want to hear or see.

Here I stand, slowly gazing around
Then to the direction that I am bound.
I capture some scenery from this day
Then take the bridge to continue my way.

I continue my way along the street
Feeling freedom and adventure on my feet
Anticipating encounters and discovery
On this day that belongs to me.

T.A. Jobateh
Inspired September 21, 2002

Essay Pictorial Home

Sparks Street on a Saturday - Windows and Sky
Click to look up, waaaaay up!



Sparks Street on a Saturday - Windows and Sky Click to look up, waaaaay up!



Sparks Street on a Saturday - Windows and Sky Click to look up, waaaaay up!



Sparks Street on a Saturday - Windows and Sky Click to look up, waaaaay up!





Sparks Street on a Saturday - Windows and Sky



[Start again?](#)

Essay - Pictorial Home

My Encounter with an Innnteresting Tree



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Good News for a Change - Hope for a Troubled Planet



By David Suzuki and Holly Dressel
2002 Stoddart Publishing Co. Ltd.

For more information on this book visit
www.stoddartpub.com

For more information on the David Suzuki Foundation, please visit:
www.davidsuzuki.org

The book was printed "using vegetable based inks on acid-free, 100% old forest growth free paper, which is 100% post-consumer recycled, and processed chlorine free." It was printed and bound in Canada.

Book cover image used with permission from Stoddart Publishing Co. Ltd.

Related links. a-z:

- Canadian Museum of Nature - www.nature.ca
- CBC, The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation - www.cbc.ca
- David Suzuki Foundation - www.davidsuzuki.org
- Ottawa International Writers Festival - www.writersfest.com
- Place Bell Books - <http://cyberus.ca/~pbb/main.html>
- Stoddart Publishing Co. Ltd. - www.stoddartpub.com
- The Ottawa Citizen - www.ottawacitizen.com

This review is also an interesting combination of events. It tells how I learned about this book and

the experiences leading up to and after reading it. I hope you will enjoy it and help spread the news.

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The Review

I really enjoyed "Good News for a Change - Hope for a Troubled Planet". Of course, I would. I did although there were some lengthy explanations of scientific findings in environmental problems and subsequent solutions. Maybe those parts seemed lengthy because I would read it just before bedtime or on the workday commute into and out of the city of Ottawa.

[My favourite passages](#) were those called "Making Money like the Bee" and "Wrestling with Pluto". I have felt for a long time that businesses should be [conscious of the environment](#), ensuring not to harm nature in their processes. It was a good sign that *certified* organic products were becoming more and more popular in the grocery stores. I also felt that there were many harmful substances being dragged from the underworld; if not harmful to the health, more harmful than beneficial to societies with the greed of a few power mongers (i.e. gold and gemstones and oil).

Instead of the old "doom and gloom" approach, this book gives numerous examples of solutions being applied now by local communities, municipal governments and the lawmakers of some European countries. The authors tell of city dwellers in Europe that do their best to conserve water and reduce household waste by composting. They even provide examples of what can be done using natural, harmless, long-term methods. They encourage us to appreciate and respect the rituals and beliefs of indigenous peoples, the original caretakers of the land and water. One could conclude that some of the ancient rituals that they used had a good purpose and should not have been discarded so easily in the name of modern agricultural methods.

After reading this book, I feel more justified in questioning humanity's responsibility if our "advanced" societies trample down upon the natural world while placing themselves at such lofty heights. What is our unsettling obsession with speed, power and material worth? Where are we going so fast and with whom are we racing?

My Favourite Passages

"The similarity in myths associated with the underworld across so many cultures implies that somehow we've always known it was dangerous and unnatural to go underground and steal from Pluto. But now we know exactly why that's true, and having the coal mine cave in on us or the gas vein explode is the very least of our problems. We are gradually learning that minerals, oils and gases that were sequestered beneath the surface of the earth by biology, geology and time

actually have a reason for staying where they are. If they don't, they risk changing the make-up of everything on the planet's surface, including the atmosphere that protects the whole thing." (Wrestling with Pluto, page 277)

"A lot of people go public and expand their businesses away from this local ideal and become unwieldy corporations, Wicks explains, simply because they get bored. They have other interests they want to pursue, and they decide to compartmentalize their business, so it will provide the money to enable them to realize their other life goals, like collecting old books or race cars, or even, say, helping inner-city children. 'Rather than starting another restaurant when I got bored,' she says, 'I just went deeper into what I had. I started doing these programs because they were issues that interested me. And I discovered that I really could address every single subject I was interested in, through my business.'" (Judy Wicks, White Dog Café. Making Money like the Bee, page 15)

"It's a rare company founder who is able to hold on to a truly controlling share of the stock in their own creation. And the newcomers very often vote the founder out, simply because what they have invested in the business is not their time, passion or ideals, but their money, and that's the only thing they want out of it. In fact, under current corporate law, a business corporation is not allowed to use its assets for anything that cannot be proven to make it more money." (Making Money like the Bee, page 47)

"Modern money is only a number on a piece of paper or an electronic trace in a computer, that by social convention gives its holder a claim on that real wealth. In our confusion, we've concentrated on the money, to the neglect of those things that actually sustain a good life". (Withdrawing Consent, page 60)

"...One of the most important indicators of economic health is the presence of an active economy of affection and reciprocity, in which people do a great many useful things for one another with no expectation of financial gain. Anyone who has ever spent time in poorer countries, in rural areas or in small towns knows exactly what this means." (Withdrawing Consent, page 60)

Finally, the back of the book lists numerous resources and organizations one could contact and be a part of in the efforts to protect and preserve our beautiful, wonderful world. I highly recommend you purchase a copy of this book today at your local Independent Bookseller.

Theresa Jobateh
Posted: June 2002

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The Discovery

I had not heard about the release of David Suzuki's new book. What kind of world was I engrossed in that I was not aware of this? Well, in the past few years, I had greatly reduced my TV watching time and preferred more to listen to the radio. I had also been a little distracted with family and work. It is important to mention that we are already conscientious consumers in reducing the amount of waste we generate. We re-circulate clothing and toys or donate them to charity. We participate in the recycling program in our community. Although I was already a subscriber to the newsletters, I had not even heard about the book reading event from the Foundation. Tsk, tsk!

Enter my six-legged mascot...  On March 23rd, after reading in one local newspaper about the recent emergence of sleepy ladybugs, I went nibbling for more information on the Web. I went first to the Museum of Nature's Web site hoping they would have some information I could refer to and link to from my little [hobby site about Ladybugs](#). I was looking for information from a Canadian source to support the role of the ladybug (or ladybeetle) as a natural solution in ridding pests from gardens and farmers' fields. My eldest son had recently received an A+ on a [fairy tale](#) he wrote on this topic (with a little help) for his grade six Language Arts class in February.

Right there on the home page of the [Canadian Museum of Nature](#) I saw a picture of David Suzuki, an enduring figure in the quest to protect nature and the environment. I saw the heading "Book Reading". Whoa! Then I saw a picture of the cover of his recent book "Good News for a Change - Hope for a Troubled Planet" which he co-authored with Holly Dressel. Double Whoa!

I immediately printed off the page (double-sided - tree hugger), and did some research on where to purchase the book and tickets to the event as well as working out costs for transportation and meals for the whole fam-damily. I wanted to take everyone even if it meant digging into my humble savings. I wanted to share an experience with my husband and children and wanted them to see, hear and perhaps speak with one of the heroes from my youth.

There was a problem. The event was to happen on a Tuesday evening, a school night. My husband, the self-appointed responsible one, explained to me that the kids had homework to do during the week and we could not neglect their education. My non-verbalized reaction was, "Screw the homework! This is an experience of a lifetime!" Well, finally he convinced me (after some pouting and rolling of eyes on my part) and suggested I could plan to go on my own if I wanted to experience it so much.

So I did. That Monday on my lunch hour I walked eight or ten blocks to Place Bell Books, one of the [Ottawa Independent Booksellers](#) and purchased my very own copy of the book and ticket to

the event. I felt like a kid again and it was to be my night out.

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The Experience

On the Tuesday afternoon, the Ottawa region started receiving quite a bit of snow. This was March 26th remember. The previous week had been up to the twenties Celsius. We were getting what seemed to be more snowfall than we did in December. The airports were delaying flights. Roads were being closed. At 4:30 PM I panicked and called the museum to confirm the event was still happening. A pleasant sounding lady assured me that it was still "a go".

At 5:30 PM, I started walking from the office over to Metcalfe Street. As I made my way down I felt as if I was in a dreamland. The snow was quite a few inches deep and drifting down in large, fluffy flakes. "This is what December should have looked like", I said to myself. I gazed around at all the old brick and stone buildings along Metcalfe Street as I headed south. I met up with many people who were out walking their dogs and even patted a few on the head (*the dogs, not their masters*). Isn't it interesting how one will start up a conversation with other human beings if they are walking a pet but not always if they pass each other otherwise?

I felt like a child on a little adventure and I was heading for the magnificent castle at the end of the road. I'm sure many of you who have visited the Museum of Nature as children have pretended it was a castle at some point in your own imaginations. I felt as I used to when I was about eleven or twelve. I wasn't in a hurry but I was feeling a great sense of anticipation and wonder.

Safe, rosie-cheeked and covered with snow, I arrived at the museum castle. As I entered through the large, stained-glass entrance and dusted myself off, I was surprised to see so many people already in line! Immediately I got into the nearest lineup and organized myself by peeling off my coat, gloves and other winter accessories.

After quite a few minutes of exchanging pleasantries with others in line and reading from the books' introduction, I saw a young man approach to ask if we had our tickets in advance and that we could go to the other line. Well, yes! Apparently, I was in the line for purchasing tickets! Quickly and gleefully I skittered over to the other line that got to enter into the auditorium and choose a suitable seat.

It did not take very long for the auditorium to fill. There was a sense of excitement and anticipation in the air. I became involved in conversations around me about other endeavours; one to save the oceans; another by a young student who was gathering signatures on a petition for the environment - that she herself had started. We discussed our preferences and opinions of the

various environmental organizations.

Finally, there were introductions by the leading members of the Ottawa International Writers Festival, who were presenting the event. First we would hear Dr. Suzuki read from his book, then we would be able to hear and ask questions of a panel consisting of Suzuki and two local media personalities.

When he was introduced, I was thrilled. Right there, standing on the stage was David Suzuki! He said hello, thanked everyone for coming in this weather and started reading from his book. He would stop and make comments related to the topic he just read. I heard and savoured the voice that I admired and respected since I was a youth. It was euphoric.

The rest was a blur. There was an intermission, and then the panel sat, talked and entertained questions from the audience. There were many questions and some incomplete answers from panel members. I remember the one audience member who posed the questions of 1) how do I take legal action against a business up the road that is dumping and polluting the water table that I share; 2) When we as consumers purchase a product, who makes sure the producer of the product will be responsible for taking it back when it has reached it's lifetime of use? Yea! Yea!

Afterwards, most of us lined up to get David Suzuki to autograph the new book and some, previous books as well! I was hungry and weak so I dug into my backpack for a Nutrigrain bar. The line snaked its way slowly throughout the foyer of the museum. I wrote the names of my husband and children on the back of the program so he could just copy them when the time came. Finally, there I was in front of him hearing his voice say "and whom shall I make this to?" I nervously placed the program on top of the page of the book where he planned to sign. He copied the names of my husband and children plus added, "Spread the news" and his signature. I think I said thank you and continued on. The line of other tired visitors was pressing forward.

I kept moving and was pulled over to the table of the [Ottawa International Writers Festival](#). Proceeds from this event were going towards the festival and they were signing up new members. In my euphoric state, I announced shyly that I was an [amateur writer and poet](#). They were happy to oblige when I agreed that I would like to sign up. Then I embarrassedly asked if I could post-date the cheque. Of course they said. What an interesting turn of events - or a wonderful blend of related interests and desires!

I applied the layers of coverage for the winter wonderland waiting for me outdoors. Slowly I made my way over to Bank Street to catch a bus up to one of the connecting points to make my way home to my family. I felt fulfilled and inspired. I looked forward to reading the book even more after my experience.

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The Affirmation

In early March 2002, I had received written communication from an organization of which I had been a part for a long, long time. The document announced my many years of service and that I would be rewarded by a generous reimbursement for the purchase of a personal item such as jewelry or art.

Well, first of all, I tend to lose jewelry and scoff at the expensive kind. Second, I consider myself an evolving artist so why would I want to purchase *someone else's work* to hang on my walls or clutter my very limited space in this world?



In early April I had a wonderful idea. Why not use this generous gift to pass on to a cause that would work hard to protect and preserve our beautiful planet? This would be very personal to me at the same time as part of a legacy to share with my loved ones, especially my children in providing hope for the future. The good news is that my choice of service award was approved by the organization.

When I received the receipt and a typed letter with thanks signed by David Suzuki (!) included was a handwritten note from Suzuki himself! I was very touched that he had taken the time to do this.

In June 2002 I finally convinced my husband that we should try a backyard composting unit. Before he could change his mind, I went to Canadian Tire, purchased the last ***Garden Gourmet*** and assembled it shortly after on my day off . In addition to efficient use of resources and diligently recycling, I am looking forward to reducing our kitchen garbage by 25% AND creating some nourishment for my husband's flowers.

These are small steps by one person (and loved ones) in helping to "Spread the news".



Theresa Jobateh
Posted: June 2002

Update: July 2002 - This article / review was picked up by The Green Pages.
www.thegreenpages.ca

Update: October 2002 - Airing on CBC Television is a series based on David Suzuki's book "The Sacred Balance". Visit the Web site for more interactive information. www.sacredbalance.com, David Suzuki's vision of humanity's place in nature.

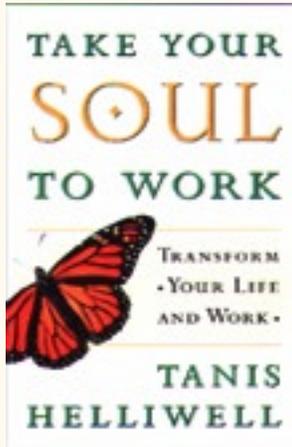
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Take Your Soul to Work



For more information on this book and Tanis Helliwell, please visit:

<http://www.tanishelliwell.com>

Have you ever had an employer, a job or contract that didn't feel quite right or made you uneasy? Have you ever had one that gave you a feeling of pride and fulfillment all the way through to completion?

I would like to introduce you to a book that I obtained almost two years ago. It is called "Take Your Soul to Work" by Tanis Helliwell.

Okay, okay. Don't go thinking I'm leading you into some religious thing here! Although the book touches often upon the subject of spirituality, I believe it has much merit and provides guidance for people in choosing and staying with certain lines of work - or certain employers.

It's not just about how the type of job or career affects the individual but also how it can affect a work team, community and [businesses world-wide](#). It's about how you let your "personality" and your "soul" work together in letting you achieve wellness and success. If more people paid heed to these teachings, perhaps the world would be a healthier, happier place.

As Tanis puts it, *"This book is dedicated to all people who are committed to creating a healthy world"*

I highly recommend it. This much-valued book has a place of honour as a reference in my *humble* home office bookshelf. It is rewarding to see how far I have come since beginning this journey myself.

Theresa Jobateh

Posted: November 2000

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