



THE PHOENIX

Positive Stories &
Experiences in the
time of COVID



VOLUME I ISSUE VIII

*Sending our gratitude to all frontline and essential
workers during these challenging times.*



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If you wish to look at the electronic animated version of our newsletter, click [here](#).



CONTRIBUTORS



My name is Alandra Joseph - Isaac and I am an alumni of York University. I enjoy learning about different countries of East Asia and my job was working as a EFL teacher in South Korea.



Erika is a 4th year Environmental Studies student, currently applying for a master's program in Urban Planning. She enjoys writing prose and poetry in a variety of subjects and genres (i.e. science-fiction and romance).



My name is Alex Petrenko, 24 years old. I live in Vaughan, Ontario. Currently, I'm studying at York University. My major is environmental and urban change studies. I practice martial arts, meditation, a little bit of drawing.



My name is Joshua Cea, I'm a recent graduate from York University with a background in English Literature and History. During my time as an undergraduate, I was featured in "The Phoenix" Vol 1 issue 5.



Hi my name is Catherine Butera. I am a Human Rights and Equity Studies student. In March of 2020. I had the privilege of guest lecturing for the very first time while still at campus, which was very exciting!



Kelly currently works as a caseworker with Toronto Employment and Social Services. Driven by my passion to help others, my goal is to empower people to live to their full potential and to strive to become all they are destined to be.



My name is Desmond Poon. I'm an Urban Studies alumnus and graduated in 2019. I was the former Space and Facilities Assistant here at Founders College for the 2019-2020 school year. I love photography & Lego.



My name is Maria Fornasier. I am a recently-retired high school English teacher who very much enjoyed my years as a mature student at York. I have always been an avid, eclectic reader who enjoys - possibly too much - editing, revising and proofreading my writing and that of others.

CONTRIBUTORS



Natasha Prashad has over six years of experience in the EDI field and firmly believes in the power of education and dialogue to advance inclusive community and institutional spaces for all identities.



Winnie Ng is a work-at-home mom of three. She is an events and design manager, a volunteer co-chair for her kids' school council, a home chef and an organizer of all things. She loves to cook and travel with her family.



Shemique Blair is an educator and author of *Love, Marriage, Divorce & Growth: A poem anthology*. Born in Jamaica, her family immigrated to Canada when Shemique was a young girl. In her spare time, Shemique enjoys travelling.



Sophie Morgan is a fourth-year Professional Writing & French Studies student. She is also a PASS Leader at Founders College and enjoys gardening and photography in her free time.



A graduate of York University and Osgoode Hall Law School, Thea practiced securities law in Calgary and Vancouver at various law firms. Since retiring, she has held positions as a board member or officer of several public companies.

THANK
YOU

to our
contributors
for their
marvelous
articles,
stories, poems
and videos.

Welcome To The Phoenix

Optimism of the Will

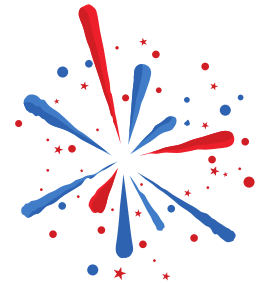
In this issue of The Phoenix, our office, our students, and our alumni have produced something very special. While The Phoenix is always special, and has previously been produced during times of difficulty, the current issue's timing should, and does speak, for itself. It is no small uniquely encouraging thing that the various contributors have managed to muster something hopeful and optimistic, at times funny, and always insightful and reflective, and which manages to peer beyond and through the present, amidst the very presence of the fears and presence and restrictions of COVID. As one of the contributors says, "you live in your mind", even when you are surrounded by and could be influenced by doubt and uncertainty.

The issue does not seek to minimize the difficulties and many of the hardships that numerous people have undergone, and when it is self-evident, especially for students, for whom engagement, the embodied, live, real-time peership of class and club, sociality and outreach, study and leisure, friendship and creativity should be part of the rite of passage of being a university student has been missed.

This issue of the Phoenix, skillfully produced by Henri, Ayesha, Erica and Marco, and to whom with we all give our warmest thanks, is offered as bright positivity of what is possible now, and what you can think about in the future. The Phoenix always rises. Thank you.



by Professor Pablo Idahosa
Head of Founders College



Welcome To The Phoenix

Rediscovering An Old Friend

The men and women of my generation bridge two eras: the one we inhabit today, the era of connectivity by means of the internet and cell phones, and the one prior, the era of older forms of communication such as television, radio and newspapers. Both time periods have their positive and negative aspects of course but there is something to be said about the simplicity – and the quiet – that the lack of constant connectivity brought with it.

Prior to the closures and work from home orders, my life, which I imagine is not unique, was filled with the constant distractions of life: work, going out with friends, watching sports, visiting restaurants, going away, using the internet to keeping up with the latest news and my cell phone to check Instagram – granted the last part mostly involved looking at German Shepherd videos but still. In other words, I was distracted, constantly. And then, almost in an instant, everything stopped. No sports to watch, no places to go, no latest news to keep up to date with, and no traffic on the commute to work (the route from my room to my new kitchen based office is remarkably free of vehicular traffic).

Things got quiet. At first, I turned to television to fill some of the empty air. I quickly realized, however, that there is nothing good on television, so I cancelled a bunch of channels. Things got quieter. With no places to go, there was no need to look things up on the internet. Things got even quieter. With no sports to watch or keep up-to-date with, you guessed it: things got even quieter. And you know what, I like it.

I never realized how distracted my life had become and how much I missed the quiet. With fewer distractions, I was able to reflect more, think more, read more, walk more. With fewer distractions, I had more time to spend with my mom, to call (not text) and talk to friends and family. And it was nice. Better than nice actually, it was restorative, it was reconnecting with my oldest friend: the peace that comes with quiet solitude.

They say that God speaks to us in whispers. He does so because He wants us to seek him; to reciprocate His desire for communion with us. Our connected world is filled with useless noise and distractions that take away from our need to connect with others. The more connected we are to information

and entertainment, the more disconnected we are with our friends and families. The quiet caused by the pandemic showed me how empty that life of distraction can be and how full is the life of quiet reflection and for that I am thankful.

by Marco Sestito
College Administrative
Coordinator



Welcome To The Phoenix

A Silver Lining

This year has most definitely been a struggle and one of uncertainty for everyone. Our everyday routines, how we interact with people, and everything else that helps contribute to a sense of normalcy has changed. Especially for those students who have struggled with virtual learning, whether from a lack of study space, poor internet access, loneliness, or other difficulties, it has undoubtedly been a difficult time.

When I reflect on the pandemic, and everything that has come with it, it is quite easy to focus on the negative. However, as with many things, there can be a silver lining. For me, this pandemic gave back time. More time to reconnect with old friends and family (near and far), time to reflect and re-evaluate, time to try something new, time to meditate, time to

read, time to exercise, time to practice a new instrument etc. Though nothing could replace the spontaneity and human connection we encountered on campus, it is not often we are given so much extra time to focus on our own personal growth and mindset.

When I reflect on the pandemic, I also think of hope -- hope that our world will be in a better place once coming out of this mess. Hope that we will become more mindful of those who are less fortunate, hope that we are more empathetic and understanding of those suffering from mental illness, hope that we learn to better appreciate and acknowledge all our loved ones, hope that we may begin to see the value of a slower pace of life and hope that we can work together again as nations in ways that foster unity and peace.



by Erica Alusio
College Programs Assistant





Adapting to a Pandemic World

Because of to the Coronavirus Pandemic, Governments worldwide have decided that the best approach to it is to to close public places such as restaurants, gyms, malls, schools, public libraries etc.

From a regular schedule of working, training and studying constantly in the public library to prepare for my University studies, my life has been changed dramatically to staying at home most of the time with my parents, and watching over my younger brothers.

I consider myself a very active, physical, and enthusiastic person, so I had to find new ways to express my passions according to the current circumstances.

With my free time, I decided to learn a new form of martial arts that could help me in dealing with these uncertain times, and which I can also teach to my family and friends.

I soon realized that I had a gift of teaching people, whether they are young children or adults.

The martial arts form is called Qi-Gong, a slow set of movements that follows accordingly to your breathing and creates a meditative, focused and relaxed mindset. In such stressful times, it was very challenging to learn, practice and teach, but it felt like the right thing to do.

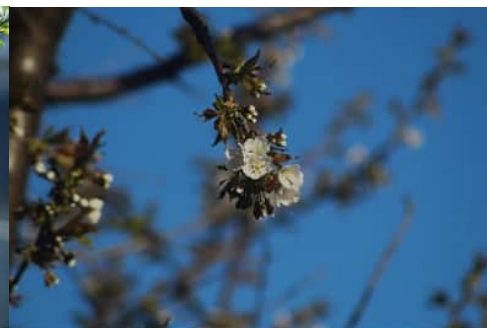
I have learned that no matter what happens there is always a solution, and it all depends on my attitude towards the situation at hand. No matter how much I want to bring about a positive change in the world, it first needs to start with me and my surrounding environment.

by Alexei Petrenko
Environmental Studies
First Year

My Backyard, a Source of Escape

Stay
Positive!

When we were notified that York was shutting down its campus as the pandemic was taking hold in Ontario, my first thought wasn't, "Oh no, I can't take any more pictures!", but more of, "How the hell am I going to last these few weeks stuck at home?". We all had the optimism that we would be back on campus working and learning after the two weeks of lockdown were over, but little did we know, this ordeal would last into 2021. As March wore on and the impending end to my contract loomed, I was stuck looking out my window into my backyard. I did not have the luxury of Netflix to binge-watch *The Office*, nor did I want to head outside for more than an hour, and you can only do so much gaming until you got bored.



MAY

This is when things started up as spring bloomed. From cherry and apple blossoms, to a bunny munching on stuff. Those trees aren't in my backyard; I do not have a single tree.



JUN



More rabbit pictures, but you'll notice that the grass has grown a lot more since May. I think this is the same rabbit from last month, just at a different angle.

Not from my backyard per se, but still a picture, nonetheless. Last July, the news was covering Comet NEOWISE, a long-period comet that was photographed by astronomers and amateurs alike. With only a Canon EOS Rebel T6, an 18-55mm lens and a 75-300mm lens, I set out north away from the city lights and was able to capture the comet, but barely. The first image below is a composite; two or more images stacked on top to create one image. You can see in the centre of the image a fuzzy greenish-blue dot with a trail of material on top, that's the comet. The second image is the Big Dipper from a different night.

JUL



AUG



The month of rainstorms and Jupiter. Last summer was a hot and sticky one which led to thunderstorms, and a lot of them.



World Photography day was also in August, so I set out to see if I was able to photograph Jupiter with my equipment. Suffice to say, I needed a telescope, but you can still see the Galilean moons in the third photo!



There wasn't much activity in this month. Although there was a sunset, it wasn't Instagram worthy, but still worth mentioning -- and a squirrel!



SEPT

NOV



There weren't any pictures taken of my backyard in October, as most of the wildlife, other than squirrels, had left. Snow had started to fall by the end of November, signaling the start of the long winter months.



December was also uneventful for photography in my backyard, only squirrels and snow

Even from your own backyard there can be so many things that you can photograph, you just need to have the right eye to figure out where to point the camera.

In the time that I've stayed inside, there is one thing I have noticed more than anything else: the length of time when there's light outside. At the time of writing (20 January 2021), the sun sets at 17:11. A month ago, this would have been much, much earlier.

I always see how long I can last until I must turn on my desk lamp because it got too dark outside, and so far, it's getting later and later as the days are now getting longer.

To end, if you're reading this before the pandemic has ended, we will be able to work, play, laugh, cry, joke and party together again soon.

Yes, we have been in isolation for over a year now, but we will defeat this virus together by doing nothing but staying at home. If you're reading this after the pandemic, I'm glad that you've made it past one of the most challenging times of this century, we've made it together.

This article is dedicated to all front-line health workers that have been working 24/7 to keep our health system running, to all essential workers that have kept shelves stocked, transit moving, manufacturing essential items, and to those who have lost their battle with COVID-19.

by Desmond Poon
Urban Studies and Founders College
York Alumnus, 2019

thank
you

2020: A Rather Rewarding Year

When Covid-19 became a serious threat in Toronto back in March of 2020, I must have been one of the very first people that went into self-isolation. I had gone to see a friend at a park (with a safe distance), and the day after we met, I was told her boyfriend whom she had visited right before meeting me, was diagnosed with Covid-19. My family and I panicked, and I began self-isolating in my room. Spending your entire day and night, day after day, in an enclosed space gets to you; especially if you were following the rising number of cases, anxiety would take the best of you. At one point I wanted to climb out of my window (on the third floor of a detached house) and go sit on the roof, so I could enjoy some fresh air. The sedentariness of being confined to my room and the adjacent bathroom, was also getting to me; therefore, I decided to stop stressing about the number of cases rising everyday, and instead, use my time effectively to maintain my mental health. Although I was not the athletic type, I started working out with the help of online videos, using everyday objects as my free weights. I also tried yoga, high intensity interval training, etc.

Additionally, I took refuge in art, and decided to paint a digital portrait of my best friend. I worked on it constantly in Photoshop, to calm my claustrophobia with brushstrokes of different colours, recreating a face that I loved so much. Thankfully, these activities made coping a lot easier, and two weeks of self-isolation passed quickly. I did not end up having any symptoms either, so we were all relieved by the end of it.

I had lost my part-time job as an assistant manager in retail right before my isolation, so when I heard from the City of Toronto Planning Division to attend an interview for an urban planning internship position I had applied to earlier in the year, I was ecstatic. The position was for master's students, and given that I was still finishing my bachelor's, I did not think they would contact me. But luckily, due to my diverse software skills, the manager chose me as well for an interview. It went well, so I started the internship in April, working remotely from home.

A few weeks in, after one of the online meetings with a few stakeholders of one of my projects, my manager called me to discuss

*Hope is like a bright cloud:
a vague promise of rain to
the parched desert. But
looking up, the cacti and
the scorpions survive the
merciless heat.*
-E.Z.

the meeting proceedings. Since the project was about public art, our conversation casually led to discussing our favorite artists, and we learned about our similar taste. Since then, we have kept in touch even long after my internship ended, discussing new art projects around the city by email, every now and then. I also made great connections through him, that proved useful later.

I had also taken a summer course for creative writing, since it was an intriguing subject that I always wanted to explore. It turned out to be a busy summer, as I was working full-time on many projects for the City of Toronto, and in June my course started; juggling the two was quite the challenge. But they were both were things that I really loved, so I worked 14 hours a day to finish my tasks for both the internship and the course. The professor who taught the creative writing course was very kind and supportive, and offered many good resources for us to improve. I was always curious if my writing was any good. After I received the mark for the first assignment, I realized that I did have a lot of potential, as my professor had left great feedback on my paper.

By the end of the creative writing course, I had submitted my previously written stories, and a few poems written outside of class, along with prior class projects as part of my final writing portfolio. When I received my final grade, I was delighted by the great comments received. The professor also recommended that I read more, and named a few writers of whom could benefit my writing style.

As summer started to fade out, and my internship also ended, my manager presented me with an amazing reference letter. I could not believe the time he had taken to write in such length and detail about my capabilities. In September, although I was back at school and taking online courses, the experience of the creative writing course and the positive feedback I received, gave me much confidence to keep writing in my free time. I bought a few of the books that the professor had recommended, and kept on writing whatever came to my mind; be it poems, or scenes of a story, yet to be proliferated.

Back in December 2018, I had separated from the man I thought was the love of my life. Moving on from the separation had proven to be a painstaking process, to say the least; my confidence along with my self-worth, was crushed. I was still healing in 2020, but my rekindled passion for poetry became my newfound solace. I had tried dating in an effort to move on, but all attempts ended up either as unfruitful dates, or soured crushes.

Through reminding myself of the great feedback I had received from the course as well as the internship, and recognizing that I was a skilled and smart woman who wasn't dependant on anyone to determine my self-worth, the positive self-image that was annihilated by my divorce, started to piece back together and solidify. That was when I realized I had been craving to date someone just because I had felt lonely.

As the cold started to creep in, and it became almost impossible to meet friends at any parks, I had to instead learn to enjoy my own company. Thankfully, I came up with an idea for a short story and kept writing. I enjoyed the creative process so much, that it motivated my self-love which had deserted me years ago, but gradually started to grow back. After a while, when I grew to appreciate myself for who I am, and actually enjoyed having my own space and time, I tried dating again. But since I did not feel lonely anymore, I learned that in fact I was not ready to let anyone in. So, I closed my dating app, and kissed dating goodbye. I preferred to focus on improving myself

*When you decide to buy only one,
and not two of the dainty coffee
cups or the foldable lawn chairs;
when you quit sleeping on the left
side of the king bed and reclaim the
entire land and set your foundation
right in the middle, that's when you
learn you have welcomed the
bittersweet embrace of your
perpetual aloneness.*
-E.Z.

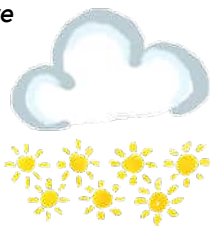
Over the next few months, I noticed my poetry was evolving to be more sanguine, and one day, I felt a dark cloud being lifted from over my head, and the meadows in my chest were able to take in the kindness of the sun again. I realized, after two years, I was at last healed from my difficult divorce, and was ready to savor life with every cell in my body. Even if it was living a Covid lifestyle, I was pleased that the black cloud of depression had vanished.

Up to this point, I was apprehensive about sharing my work with others, but now that my poetry was cheerful, I thought I could share it with the world and spread a message of hope and positivity. Hence, I mustered up my courage and opened an Instagram account that would be dedicated to my poetry. Today, barely three weeks has passed since my first post, but I have gained a whopping 400 followers. On Instagram, I have also found a great community of writers from all over the world who are like-minded and supportive and encourage me to write more and get better every day. I have even found the courage to pitch a manuscript of poetry about my journey of healing, along with my other stories, to different publishers and literary magazines. Furthermore, the valuable experience I gained at my internship, motivated me to apply for a master's degree in urban planning. The connections that my manager had introduced me to, helped me greatly in research.

ching for ideas about my thesis topic. Due to my rewarding experiences in 2020, now I aspire to become an urban planner, and in parallel, a published author one day.

Looking back at the past year, I now truly believe the saying "you live in your mind". Since I kept a positive attitude towards life through the difficulties of living in a Covid-19 era while trying to make the best of it with available resources, I realized that I have come a long way on the journey of self-growth, which I feel proud to have accomplished. I hope my story will inspire you to find the silver lining in your journey as well, no matter what you are trying to achieve.

*There's a little yellow, a brilliant golden
arrow squeezing through the grey clouds,
finally free to reach down. The warm
breeze gives clouds a gentle push and
slowly relieves the sky of their burden. The
daffodils, heathers and anemones are
smiling again;
larkspurs and poppies stretch
upward, and the sunflower
raises its face towards the sun
and feels joy once again. The
long winter storm is over, the
frost is gone; melancholic
melodies of thunder no longer
shake these roots.
Welcome. This is a lush
new meadow, yours to discover.
-E.Z.*



reach
for the
stars!

CARPE
DIEM

live
your
dream.

by Erika Zamani
Environmental Studies, 4th Year

Despite Covid, A Positive Year For Me

I was always a person with a plan. I always did things in the order that they were meant to happen. For example, right after high school I started university (York University), because that is the natural next step. Right after I completed my undergrad, I applied to Teacher's College. This was another natural next step.

From my understanding it is the human goal to get an education, then get a good job, and then start a family. I learned early on in life, that although a person can plan and make plans, nothing in life is guaranteed -- no matter how good of intentions one can have. I learned this when, after graduating Teachers College, I could not find a job (for the next 6 years actually, mostly due to a competitive market). Along with this, I did not meet a partner. I was starting to think, 'is there something wrong with me?' Other people were meeting similar goals but nothing was happening for me. I decided to keep my head down, be active in my field, and one day I will hopefully meet my goals.

This year has been tough for many of us, as we have dealt with so many unimaginable things, and sometimes it is hard to figure out what is real anymore. I would like to share that, although this has been a crazy year, one positive thing did happen. I was hired as a full-time teacher, and I now have my own classroom -- a virtual one. So here I am today, living my dreams and achieving my goals! Who knew that after all these years, this was how it was meant to happen. It is definitely a lovely surprise amidst the chaos that we are facing in our world. Hopefully others have been facing moments of positivity as well, and that we can get through these tough times sooner rather than later

by Fauzia Nasir
B.A. Honours in Sociology
York Alumnus, 2010.

Seize The Day, Seize Your Chance

I've always considered myself to be a go-getter and ambitious, but there was a time in my life a few years back where everything got put on hold, similar to what's going on in the world as we speak. Life happened, and all of my goals, dreams, and desires took a backseat to me having to be present for my son who was battling an illness. For two years I dedicated my entire existence to caring for my son and my family. He made it, by God's grace, and after his recovery, I was left to sort out and put the pieces of my life back together. I had to rediscover who I was as my identity had shifted completely towards him -- I was a mom first. The last thing on my mind was work, or my interests.

As I adapted to my new normal, I found myself sort of just going through the motions, just surviving, not really thriving. And sometimes, that's really all you can do, and that's enough. That experience left me hollow, if I had to describe the feeling; it felt like my light was gone. I was fortunate to have some God-sent individuals come into my life who began to challenge me, ask me the probing questions and guide me towards rekindling my flame. That led to some real soul searching and started me on the path of taking a hard look at what I wanted. By them pouring into me, I could begin to pour into myself. I started to pause and ask myself "what do I want? What are my goals? Where do I see myself? Where is God leading me?"

So, I'm here to encourage you and assure you that you can begin anywhere, and that by unearthing the seeds and nurturing them, you are giving life to the vision inside of you. Like the great Langston Hughes asked, 'what happens to a dream deferred? Does it ever really die or disappear, or does that dream constantly pound at you until it has no choice than to come out?' If you're starting over, there is no better time than the present. Don't let another day, week or year pass by before you start being true to yourself and being intentional about what it is you want and the direction you want to take. I am rooting for you -- and may this be the year you emerge into all that you were designed and destined to be.

by Kelly Llewellyn
Psychology
York Alumnus, 2008.

Covid and Creative Writing

I have good news and bad news. Which do you want to hear first?

My play: **MUSICAL PAWNS** won the Audience Choice Award at The New York FRIGID Theatre Festival, -a FRINGE(c) festival in 2012, held in February, hence the FRIGID name.

My script began as a movie screenplay written using a computer program called Final Draft. When I was accepted to the FRIGID Festival in New York, I knew that a film script would not work on stage. In a movie you can show different locations instantaneously, but in theatre you can't interrupt the action and change the set multiple times without destroying the dramatic flow. In a FRINGE setting you are further restricted, as you have only 15-minutes to dress the stage and only another 15 minutes to break down the set at the end of the show, so another theatre company can come in. The backstage area is crammed to the point that it's bursting with all the scenery from a dozen other companies that are in the festival. My original plan to project photos of different locations (Odessa, New York, etc.,) on the back wall had to be scrapped, because there was no room to mount the video projector backstage. We solved the problem by announcing the scene changes and using a minimal set of a single table, a wooden box and five empty chairs.

Back to the good news: I had nine great Canadian actor/singer/dancers who wanted to come to New York.

by Ron Graner
Fine Arts
York Alumnus, 1973.

They could do everything from ballet to Jazz and sing classical music, as well as folk and pop. Three of the actor/singers were choreographers. Two were pianists, who when not on stage, accompanied the other singers. Without being asked, they provided their own props and enhanced the costumes. At dress rehearsal, when one of the actors suffered an emergency medical event and had to drop out, the other performers seamlessly took over his five different roles, and we continued without interruption. They were both inspired and inspiring.

Now that COVID has hit, I have more time to revise and enlarge the script. I entered the play in several festivals, to see if the audience would like what I wrote. In short, to market-test the product. Now that he has time, a line-producer has phoned me up and offered his services for free.

He's the guy who tells me: "We only have \$3 & ½ million dollars in the budget. Can you rewrite scene 14 for 2 actors instead of 4?" That's why screenwriting is so much fun. There's never a dull moment.

To help me market test the story, go to: www.musicalpawns.com and let me know what you'd like to see more. A film, a documentary, or a concert with perhaps a scene or a dance from the play.



Depicts a scene in the play where Blumenthal's Ghost (Cantor Graner) overhears the mourners talking about him at his own funeral, and he is shocked!

Photo Credits:
Hudson Taylor

Catamaran During Covid

At the beginning of the outbreak, when fear prevailed and we knew nothing about living with this contagion, my husband and I decided to untie the dock lines and leave the Miami area to head South in our catamaran. Our family doctor said it was an excellent decision.

We safely provisioned our catamaran to last for months. Equipped with a freezer, refrigerator, air conditioners, solar power, a generator, a water maker and plenty of fuel -- our vessel was self sufficient for extended periods. We were known as "condomarans" to other cruising boats



Gracefully, our Lagoon 450F, "El Jefe", glided South on turquoise seas to Pumpkin Key, Card Sound and Key Biscayne in Florida for three months. We anchored, swam, fished, kayaked, paddled boarded, and ran our dog Dexter to shore in our dinghy for his exercise and other duties.

We joined up with a flotilla of "catamaran friends" at anchor. Remaining socially distant, out of caution and under the watch of the U.S. Coast Guard and local marine police patrols, we satisfied our social needs by chatting about our activities: what we were cooking and what types of fish we caught.

Our group formed a strong bond by sharing information about where to dispose of garbage, how to get waste holding tanks pumped out, and where to get fuel. When preparing béarnaise sauce, my 'cordon bleu' chef husband realized we that had no tarragon. Announcing this on our group VHF radio channel, one of our friends on another catamaran tootled over in her dinghy to loan us hers.

After several weeks at anchor in Pumpkin Key, a member of our group proposed a fun, COVID-safe idea; to race up to Hurricane Harbor, another anchorage where the likes of Cher, Brad Pitt, Andy Garcia and Juanes have lived. Sadly, we didn't win, but everyone had fun. We even went fishing, and my dog finally learned to pee on the boat!!

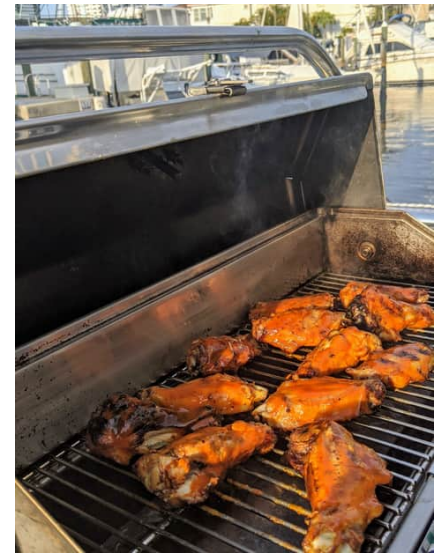


Hurricane Harbor is small, protected anchorage surrounded by the most spectacular architecturally designed mansions. The water is Caribbean blue and crystal clear. Enjoying the breeze on the fly bridge, reading books, listening to music, the credit card captains, attempting anchoring -- it all provided hours of entertainment on the weekends.



Toss the anchor, crack a beer, and jump in the water was usually their method. The anchorage became a little crowded on the weekends, but it was still an interesting spot with the families playing in the water, dolphins frolicking and pontoon boats touring the anchorage with Cuban food and other local favourites.

We didn't need the food pontoon boats as my husband was always busy in the galley expanding his repertoire with Asian cuisines such as summer rolls, pot stickers, wide rice noodles from scratch, Pad Kee Mao, Kao Soi, Panang Curry, Takoyaki, Bo Kho, and sushi. Occasionally he revisited his classics: Colorado green chili, chicken wings, bolognese sauce and chicken long rice. Paddle boarding, kayaking, and swimming, weren't enough to fend off the Covid pounds, but we still had fun experimenting with many new recipes.



If it weren't for the horrible virus, we would have been tied to the dock, working 9:00 to 5:00 and running the same tedious routine. Instead, we explored new places, new activities and made friends -- from a distance

by Thea Koshman née Pilutik
Political Science / Osgoode Hall Law School,
1987
York Alumnus



GOOD
TIMES

Family Life on Pause

The abrupt commencement of the lockdown felt like being in a Hollywood movie. All eyes were glued to the TV when the government made its announcement. A provincial state of emergency was declared. It began to order the closure of certain businesses and facilities. It was a surreal moment in time that adults got to experience, and young kids wouldn't truly understand until they got older.

When the announcements were made, our family wasn't terribly affected. My husband and I worked mostly from home anyways. The kids were already at home during the March break. The transition from in-school learning to virtual learning had its hiccups. But otherwise, from our family's perspective, it went fairly well.

I always thought that I wasn't the type of mom to overschedule my kids with activities. We purposely didn't sign them up for rep sports teams to avoid having to ship them around three times a week for practices. Until everything shut down, I realized that even without rep sports, the boys had a full plate. Piano lessons and Kumon were pretty much all year around. Swimming lessons in the spring and fall. House league soccer in the summer. Skating or skiing lessons in the winter.

When everything came to a complete halt, I thought the kids would complain about boredom. No more extra curricular activities meant extra time for the kids to get into mischief. Being blessed with three children that span from ages six to fourteen, they had each other to keep themselves busy. However, it could have also led to more conflicts between them as well. Luckily, my fourteen and eleven-year-old sons still enjoyed playing with their six-year-old sister. They sought out all kinds of creative, pretend games that involved their stuffed animals. Some of their pretend game scenarios were interesting and outrageous.

But at least they kept themselves busy and seemed to adapt to their lockdown situation, and things remained status quo.

Being stuck inside and trying to keep up morale in the household, I attempted to create fun experiences for the children. We had a mocktail/cocktail hour where we made fancy drinks to end the day. I recreated indoor picnics and tea parties by laying down a bed sheet on the living room floor and eating baguettes, cheeses, and ham as if we were in Paris. When we ventured outside, we did fun outdoor activities such as more picnicking, biking and going to the beach. We discovered all kinds of hiking trails to enjoy and explore. Even during the winter months, we went hiking all geared up in snow pants for both kids and adults alike. I'd have never had a winter hike in my life if it weren't for the pandemic.

One thing that struck me by surprise was that being together all the time gave us the chance for spontaneous conversations. When my teenage son enters high school next year, I suspect that he will be spending more time with his friends. In the months during the pandemic, he still came to "cuddle" as I read bedtime stories to my youngest daughter. We would spark up conversations about anything, and I will treasure these moments until they cease, which I hope will never happen.

This moment, which turned out to be months of pause, made me recognize that our family didn't have much time as we thought to just "be". I always thought that our family of five was close. Pre-COVID times, we enjoyed family outings to restaurants, travelling, and camping trips in the summer. Family movie nights and evening family shows had become a tradition in our household. But this year of "pause" made me realize that we had led busy lives that sometimes needed more moments of reflection to re-evaluate what we valued as a family.

Other than brief comments about missing eating out at restaurants and riding in cars, the kids seemed to be embracing this “new normal” pretty well. In contrast, after months of keeping morale up, I was wearing myself down. Whereas I had moments of meltdowns, my kids seemed to be unscathed by months of being isolated. Now the table had turned, and it was the kids who had been patient with me and sprinkling me with their words of comfort. We have a family mantra that says, “Adaptability leads to success.” They had taken that lesson to heart and adapted to the situation. By being their calm and resilient selves, they taught me that everything would be okay if we adapt to the situation.

We’ve definitely had our ups and downs throughout these months. But I truly believe that our family will be ok and years from now, we’ll be sharing family stories about “Remember the time during Covid?” This pandemic has taught us to see the silver linings, however dim, and to capture them as they come. The unexpected activities we’ve ended up doing, and spending extra time as a family, has brought us closer together. I am astonished at the emotional growth that the kids have displayed. Their adaptability and resilience have astounded me. Despite all the negative things that have happened, this pandemic has brought our family many gems that have enriched our lives.

by Winnie Ng
Mass Communications &
Sociology, Alumnus 1999.



Carpe
diem!

Daughter-Mother Time

So. My default during this pandemic year — something I am distressingly aware of as unbecoming, emotionally unhealthy and demoralizing, as well as annoying and worrying to others — has been to grumble about my present situation; abrupt retirement from teaching, dreams put on hold in order to care for my mother and are unwillingly becoming embroiled in the consequences of the life choices she has made.

Reading the parameters for this submission made me smile at myself. Thinking and writing about the positive aspects and insights gained from being thrust into my new circumstances, has propelled an inner necessity for a more positive and varied outlook in order to gain peace of mind now, rather than merely waiting for my hoped-for future to begin.

Despite my self-doubts about my inadequacies, principally my impatience with her, as the kind of caregiver my mother wants, I console myself by acknowledging that I am a responsible, competent woman. In other words, I am trying — in small steps — to provide her with what she needs rather than solely what she wants. But the positive results from this — more physical and emotional stamina and engagement — are satisfying.

The physical distancing obligated by my fear of COVID and my instinctive need to keep my mother and my children safe from it, has had some unexpectedly beneficial results; the restrictions on casual meetups with family and friends has lead to a surprising sense of how valuable virtual communication — by phone and video — has become. In my life, connecting with people is something I particularly treasured because it is something I choose to do and that's a comparatively rare activity. I also know that I am not the only one who has returned to notepaper, stamps and cards in order to sustain a link with far-away, housebound, elderly aunts

Finally, the most worthwhile and comforting result of this quiet and mostly solitary time with my mother, which is a novel experience for us, is the gift of time spent learning about and being with each other.

by Maria Fornasier, Alumnus
Specialized Honours in
History and BEd, 2003.



Anticipation of the Future

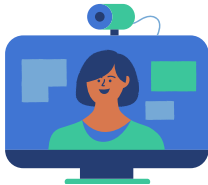


During this particular season I learned lessons of contentment, hope and faith.

Making the decision to facilitate an online workshop for high school youth, I shared information of opportunity, and my Asia abroad experience as an English teacher.

Each time I presented to the students, their anticipation towards their future and what was to come filled them with expectation. There I was in the midst of this workshop able to share, though not a culture of my own, but very dear to my heart.

As unfortunate as this COVID situation is, I have come to learn from those students. This lesson, that in any situation, approaching it in a different perspective can make one appreciative, rather grateful for the people around you, what you have, and for the community as a whole. To understanding that there will always be a future.



by Alandra Joseph - Isaac
East Asian Studies B.A
Degree
2017 Graduate.

Stay
Positive!

Age of Disenchantments

As we face a bleak future by each passing day, the past looks brighter than ever.

I remember having a conversation with a senior student in his 70s that attended one of my fourth-year history courses, and he told the professor and our classmates about the job opportunities he had had by simply having a high school diploma back in the 1960s. According to him, he had finished high school in England and found work at the Cadbury chocolate factory. From there he scaled up the corporate ladder until the late 1970s when his employer sent him to Canada to be a representative of the head office back in the U.K. Throughout his entire career, he had only known one employer and eventually retired from the company. It was only until then that he decided to pursue a degree.

Life stories like his sounded like a complete fantasy, but up until the 1980s employment opportunities had been a reality until the introduction of "Reaganomics". Since then, the privatization of the public sector and the priority to large corporations have slowly eroded the living conditions and upwards mobility in our society.

Now why am I mentioning this? The current pandemic has completely unmasked the problems that have been plaguing us: the stagnation of social mobility, privatization of the public sector, and a failing infrastructure in western countries. As everything crumbles apart, so does the idolization of the West when ineffective political leaders did not take the disease seriously and squandered time, and the consequence of their ineptitude has been the countless lives lost to the novel Corona Virus.

I am not going to put on my "rose-tinted glasses" and state that since graduation my employment opportunities have been plenty, because the pandemic has dried up any job openings leaving my entire generation up in the air.

I have faced under-employment working at a job that I could have done with a high school diploma. But I am not going to deny the fact that I have also learned to persevere in the toughest of times, and to never let myself feel victimized. I know I am not the only one going through these hard times, as I've met various people at my job who have studied at home and abroad and ended up in the same position as myself.

I have seen international students decide to return to their home countries, disappointed with the outcomes of their education and employment opportunities during the pandemic.

Higher education has completely changed into an online environment; long gone are those days of meeting up with a professor during their office hours or hanging out with classmates for co-curricular events. Everything has become sanitized and everyone has been confined into tight spaces as unemployment soars into new heights and nostalgia for the past becomes a common sight.

The era of "bread and circus" has come to an end, and behind Covid-19 is an economic depression greater than what was seen during the 1930s: shutter businesses, unemployment, and the indiscriminate growth of multi-national corporations still being allowed to operate without any restrictions. These are hard times for everyone, the best we can do now is give thanks for the wellbeing of our loved ones and those most vulnerable in our families. I have come to learn that everyday is a blessing and I try not to stress or pressure myself anymore, because there is a lot more to life than simply dwelling in misery.

The shortcomings of our current situation should give us the strength to carry on forward, and the weight on our shoulders should make us stronger than simply rolling over and giving into the mishaps

of our times. But we also should not dismiss the failures committed by our government to protect the most vulnerable, the dismantling of the public sector, and the lack of opportunities that were once plentiful a few decades ago. I want to live in a society that cares about improving the quality of life for all its citizens instead of denigrating them. Covid-19 has shown that these underlying issues have always been prevalent, and that stagnation is the real disease plaguing western society.

by Joshua Cea
B.A., Hons. English
Literature and History
2018 Graduate.



POVERTY
UNEMPLOYMENT
PANDEMIC
STAGNATION
INEQUALITY



HOPE
STRENGTH
CHANGE
RESILIENCE
CARE

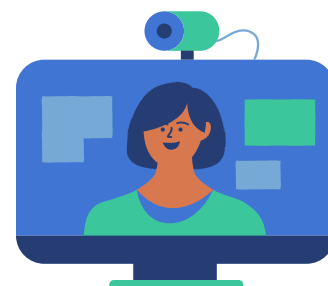
Difficult Times, Great Experiences

'These are odd times' is probably one of the most common lines since March 2020. In uncertain times like this, I find myself very fortunate to be able to share a few positive experiences with you. Some of these experiences include virtual student engagement, conducting research virtually, and conference organization — all in the middle of a global pandemic.

I am a fourth-year International Development Studies (IDS) student at York University. Being in one of the Founders College affiliated programs, I was introduced to the various Founders student organizations in September 2017, on my Orientation day. As a person who had moved half-way across the world for her education, I was very eager to find and create my community at YorkU. Being inspired by a fellow IDS student, I joined the International Development Student's Association (IDSAY) in my second year. When I first joined IDSAY, if anyone had told me I would be serving as the co-president of IDSAY by my fourth-year, there is no way I would have believed them.

As we are all trying to navigate in an unknown virtual world right now, being the co-president of the International Development Student's Association was challenging. In a program with just over three hundred students, creating student engagement virtually was not easy. But with the immense support from the Department of Social Science and the IDS faculty, we managed to host around eight events during the academic year. The events ranged from a meet-and-greet in October 2020 to a current student's showcase in January 2021. All events served the educational purpose of international development and networking opportunities with professors, alumni, and other current students. I am proud to say that the executive team of IDSAY did a phenomenal job in arranging all the events this year.

My role in the International Development Student's Association resulted in creating strong connections with the IDS professors. One of the most significant connections I created was with Dr. Nathanael Ojong who is one of the IDS' core course instructors. In a conversation with Dr. Ojong at one of the IDSAY events, I learned that he conducts research in the green economy and green jobs. As someone very interested in sustainability and other green initiatives, I applied to work at his research project, 'Green Jobs in Rising Africa'. This was part of the Dean's Award for Research Excellence (DARE) for summer 2020, and I worked very closely with Dr. Ojong during that time. I conducted literature reviews for research on green jobs in the continent of Africa, and then conducted data analysis on the refined data. This was an incredible opportunity for me and the genesis of my interest in social research.



After working on this project, I was adamant to contribute to the sustainable initiatives of York University. I joined the Sustainable Development Goals (SDG) hub which is under the Office of Sustainability of YorkU. I served as the education officer of the SDG hub where I had the opportunity to educate and engage with students from all programs of York University and inspire them to take actions to support the SDGs. The SDGs are a crucial part of the University Academic Plan (UAP) 2020-2025 of York University, and it is crucial for all students to engage with them.

Another positive experience during this academic year was to participate in the 'Sustainable and Inclusive Internationalization Virtual Conference', which took place in January 2021. I served in the academic committee of the conference to provide a student perspective. I worked very closely with Dr. Pablo Idahosa, the head of Founders College, who was also a member of the academic committee. It was the first time York University had arranged such a huge virtual conference, and I consider myself very fortunate to have been a part of that.

My last positive experience I believe is being able to share my experiences with you. Thanks to Founders College, and of course the Phoenix for considering me capable enough to share my experiences with the greater Founders College community.

If you would like to connect and converse about the various opportunities to get involved at York University, feel free to email me at humayral@my.yorku.ca.

Thank you for reading,

by Humayra Rashid Safa
International Development
'21



SDG Student Hub

York University

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reach
for the
stars!

Sowing Positivity

Visiting friends and family, travelling to connect with nature, going to a restaurant. I wouldn't have given any of these activities a second thought pre-Covid—they were all a given, all things I could freely do without ever thinking about wearing a mask or social distancing.

But, as we all know, everything quickly changed in March 2020. As the world transformed, everything became “unprecedented” -- everything felt uncertain, unstable, undone. Eventually, “doom-scrolling” became a horrible habit of mine. I obsessively looked at the case numbers that were going up and up and up every day. I became so focused on Covid-19 and other upsetting news of de-forestation, forest fires, and human conflict. In short, everything seemed overwhelmingly negative.

By April, I had finished my exams and the weather started to warm up. I figured it was about time to take a walk; it had been so long. While walking, I passed by my local garden centre, and I thought, “Why not? Why not just walk in and take a look?” I entered and strolled around, not really intending to buy anything...until I saw a small strawberry plant sitting on a near-empty shelf. Even though I was slightly skeptical that it would actually grow, I decided to buy it, because again, “Why not?” Carrying the small strawberry plant in my arms back home, I asked myself, “How am I even supposed to take care of this thing?” That night, I spent a good amount of time searching up how to take care of strawberry plants.

Finally, I was reading something online other than the news.

And so, that spring and summer, my small strawberry plant grew and thrived: it gave me strawberries and flowered for months. Since obtaining that one plant, I have dramatically increased my garden. I have enjoyed growing a number of flowers, including petunias, peonies, marigolds, and Bloomstruck hydrangeas. On the more “food friendly” side of things, I have grown onions, tomatoes, and sorrel. And this year, I'm excited to re-grow some of these varieties and add bergamot, touch-me-nots, and rosehip to the bunch!!



I know a small garden doesn't seem like much, but it was perhaps one of the best things that could have stemmed from Covid-19. My garden helped me become connected with others again and participate in a community. I could share plant pictures with other gardeners whom I know and even with strangers in online communities. I could also ask for plant advice, share stories, and participate in plant and seed exchanges.

Finally, I was actively focusing on growth. I felt that I was putting positivity out into the world by helping feed my friends and family with the few tomatoes that I grew, by growing a pollinator-friendly garden and watching the bees visit my flowers, by speaking with local farmers at the nurseries and hearing their enthusiasm about gardening. All these little plants re-connected me with my community and nature. They also took me away from the news and the "doom-scrolling" and helped me become a happier, more mindful individual.

Although I did not initially know what kind of positivity I would sow, my perspectives, just like my plants, transformed again through gardening: isolation turned into community, passivity turned into agency, stagnation turned into growth.

by Sophie Morgan, 4th
year, Professional Writing
and French Studies



Letting Go



I let go
To allow room
For new growth.



In Spring,
Under an exuberant sun,
Leaves bloom on
Fertile deciduous trees,
After a stark,
Winter's cold caress.



Like those same leaves,
My heart blossoms
To a new season.

Growing Pains

Transitions are difficult,
Trying to stay balanced while,

Sand shifts under my feet.
Life lesson learned:
Plans are never concrete.



Growth stretches endurance,
And ways of thinking.
Molding one's character,
Through painful life lessons.

Change is scary,
It's the ultimate risk.
Sacrifice is often required,
But is so worth it.



I will never know,
If I don't begin.
Make me a student— willing to learn...
Again, and again and again and again.

In 2020, Shemique Blair published her first poetry book, *Love, Marriage, Divorce & Growth: A poem anthology*. During the midst of dealing with the COVID-19 Pandemic and its crippling social restrictions, Shemique turned to writing poetry as a way to share her voice and her story with others. *Love, Marriage, Divorce & Growth: A poem anthology* is a collection of poetry inspired by her personal experiences and the life transitions Shemique Blair has encountered and endured. The book is divided into four sections 1) Love, 2) Marriage, 3) Divorce and 4) Growth to help categorize the poems. It is her hope that readers will be enlightened and inspired by her poems to reflect on their own lives and be encouraged to pursue their own creative space

To find out more about Shemique Blair and her poetry book, "Love, Marriage, Divorce & Growth: A poem anthology", follow her on Instagram at <https://www.instagram.com/blairshemique/> and visit her website: <https://www.sblairwritings.com>.

by Shemique Blair
History and Religious Studies
Major, 2011 Alumnus



Take A Break



Life seems to always be zooming by
 Tick, tock, tick, tock goes the clock
 As you wonder if you took the time to take stock
 To laugh, to love, to cry



Take a break before it is too late, life says to you in so many ways

Take the time to enjoy nature and the love from a furry creature
 Take the time to reach out, to your family, friends or a stranger just out and about
 Take the time to engage in small acts of kindness, that really show a person's true grandness

Take a break before it is too late, life says to you in so many ways

Take the time to learn, something new, something about you
 Take the time to watch the stars, looking up to the sky and letting go of the scars
 Take the time to share a meal, and see delicious smiles worth a steal

Take a break before it is too late, life says to you in so many ways

by Natasha Prashad

Specialized Honors Bachelor of Arts in
 Human Rights and Equity Studies, 2016
 Masters of Art in Socio-Legal Studies,
 2019

York Alumnus





Positive Virtual Experience at Founders



Click [here](#) if you wish to see Catherine's video.

by Catherine Butera
Human Rights and Equity Studies

New Book from York Authors Traces Origins and Diaspora of Italian Cuisine

Two associate professors of Italian studies in York University's Faculty of Liberal Arts & Professional Studies, Roberta Iannacito-Provenzano and Gabriele Scardellato, have co-edited a new book titled *Italian Foodways Worldwide: The Dispersal of Italian Cuisine(s)* (Soleil Publishing, 2020).

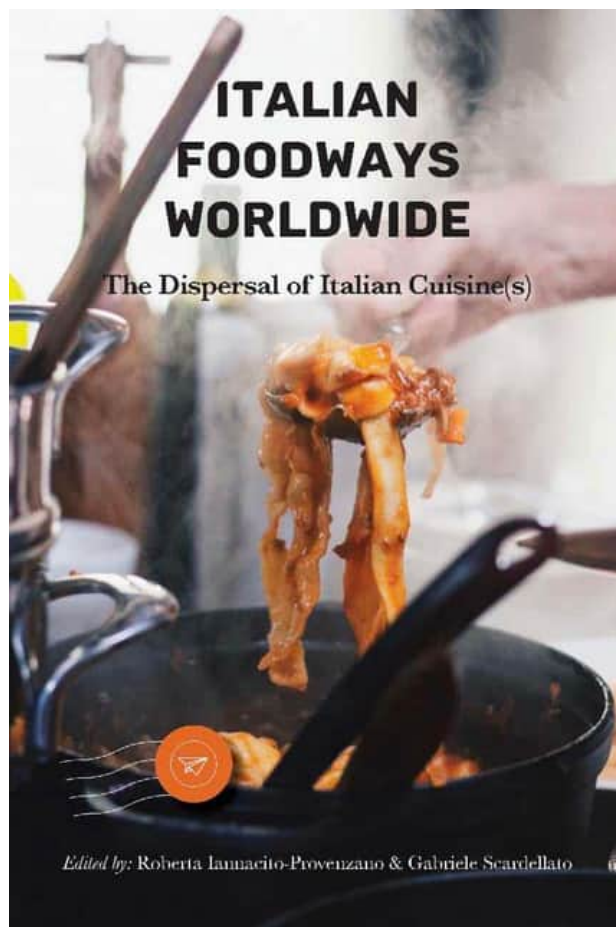
"The important observation that 'we are what we eat' has profound implications for cultural identity not only for countries of immigration, where diverse foodways come into contact, but also for those from where the exported foodways originate," said Iannacito-Provenzano.

In this light, the volume brings together scholarly papers on a variety of topics related to the culture and representation of Italian cuisine, ranging from menus and feasts in Toronto from the Fascist period, Italian foodways in Britain during the Second World War, Italian cookbooks, the Catelli Pasta Company, menus from Italian restaurants in Tokyo, Italian food branding in North America, the Mediterranean diet, foodways and film, food, immigration and ethnic identity in Ontario and Argentina, the first Italian restaurant in Calgary, and the history of the famous Vesuvio restaurant in Toronto.

"In their global dispersal, both before and after unification, Italians may have carried with them only a memory of a cuisine but, wherever they settled, enclaves or Little Italies were established and efforts to recreate the memory began," explained Scardellato. "That recreation, however, always happened in the presence of other cultures and other foodstuffs. At the same time, the culture(s) of origin were far from static with regard to so-called 'traditional' cuisine."

Iannacito-Provenzano and Scardellato acknowledged the support of York University's Mariano A. Elia Chair in Italian-Canadian Studies in making this project possible.

Those interested in more information and purchasing options can email Iannacito-Provenzano (roberta@yorku.ca) or Scardellato (gpscar@yorku.ca).



Left: Gabriele Scardellato
Right: Roberta Iannacito-Provenzano



In Memoriam: Gabriele Scardellato

"A generous, welcoming and good-humoured man."

"Gentle, discreet and deeply dedicated to his work and family."

Those are just two of the testimonials from friends and students to Professor Gabriele Scardellato who died on Aug. 8 after a brief and sudden illness.

Born in Treviso, Italy, a city close to Venice, Scardellato immigrated as a child with his family to Powell River, a pulp and paper town just north of Vancouver. As many immigrant children contributed to the family economy, he took a job at age 13 in a bakery, and then in a grocery store. To pay for his university studies, he worked summers at the pulp mill. He went on to complete a master's degree at the University of Birmingham, and a doctorate at the University of British Columbia in medieval history.

With a contract from Library and Archives Canada, Scardellato compiled an inventory of documents of Canadian interest for the early modern period contained in the Vatican Apostolic Archive in Rome (VAAR). As the VAAR was only open mornings, afternoons were spent at the Canadian Academic Centre in Italy (CACI) and were happily interrupted at 4 p.m. by a mandatory double espresso break at the local coffee bar. Occasionally there would be time for a meal at *Settimio all'Arancio*, a family-run trattoria close by Palazzo Cardelli where CACI was housed. It was there that his gradual transformation from a medievalist to an immigration specialist was affected.

Soon, Toronto beckoned with a position at the Multicultural History Society of Ontario (MHSO) as a resource and publications specialist. In that capacity, he produced two valuable guides: the first to the Society's oral history collections; and, the second to works published in the area of Canadian immigration history. He was also a valued member of the editorial board of the MHSO's *Encyclopedia of Canada's Peoples* (UTP, 1999.)

Ever resourceful, when financial exigency forced the Society to scale back its operations, he sought and found new opportunities, acting as consultant to national museums and research centres. He also assumed the editorship of *Ontario History* for which he later received the Cruikshank Medal "presented on rare occasions to individuals who have performed with distinction on behalf of The Ontario Historical Society." It was then too that he began teaching in the Italian Studies Department, University of Toronto. A talented photographer with impressive I.T. know-how, he provided the images and designed the website *Places of Worship in West Toronto*.

The most productive period of his life began in 2008 when he obtained a tenure-track position in the Department of Languages, Literatures and Linguistics at York University, followed by promotion to associate professor three years later. He was finally free to pursue his academic interests unencumbered by outside obligations.

As the holder of the Mariano A. Elia



Chair in Italian Canadian Studies, he obtained a major grant from the federal government's Community Historical Recognition Programme to finance a full-length documentary on Canada's internment of Italians during the Second World War. Titled, *The Italian Question*, the film premiered at the Royal Ontario Museum in 2012. Two other documentaries on Italian immigrants, *Saturnia* and *Noelle's Journey*, were supported by grants from his Chair.

"Gabriele Scardellato made many valuable contributions during his time as Chairholder of the Mariano A. Elia Chair in Italian-Canadian Studies at York University," reads a statement from the Elia family: Valerie Elia, Paul Elia, Noelle Elia and Rochelle Zorzi. "Gabriele was instrumental in the making of *Noelle's Journey*, a film that centred on Noelle Elia's remembrances of her grandfather, Mariano Elia, and of Franco Grosso, another Italian immigrant. Two men from Calabria, who in different ways found success in their adopted land. Gabriele worked with Noelle to facilitate the move of Grosso's popcorn cart into the Museum of History in Ottawa. *Noelle's Journey* is a film that has importance beyond these two men because the topic of immigration has become ever more timely.

"For many who saw the film, the history of discrimination against Italians that he documented was surprising, even shocking, and Gabriele was passionate in making sure we remembered it. Thanks to Gabriele, the message was heard by all who viewed the film and was, for us, a powerful message."

Scardellato was also the mastermind behind the Italian Canadian Archives Project (icap.ca), a national network of scholars, archivists and community organizers that collect, store and share historical materials through community outreach, education and annual conferences in different parts of Canada.

He published widely, notably a co-authored book, *Lawrence Grassi from Piedmont to the Rocky Mountains* (UTP, 2015), on the famous mountain climber who opened up trails to nature lovers in the Rockies in the interwar years. To interpret more fully the internment story, he made ground-breaking use of photographs taken at the time in the camps.

Italian Foodways Worldwide, which he co-edited and has just been published, should tap into the public's keen interest in Italian cuisine(s). Left unfinished, unfortunately, is his most recent research on Charles-Honoré Catelli, the 19th century founder of the Catelli Pasta Company.

Scardellato gave countless papers at conferences in North and South America, as well as Europe. He also organized conferences and community events at York University with a variety of community partners, such as the Istituto Italiano di Cultura, the City of Vaughan, and the Columbus Centre.

In teaching, not only was he principal instructor in two cornerstone Italian Canadian Studies courses – "Migration, Immigration and Beyond: Italians in North America", and "Saints' Lives and Black Madonnas: The Literary and Cultural Experience of Italian Canadians" – but he also oversaw important graduate scholarships and supervised graduate students in

history. Among members of the scholarly and Italian Canadian community, including the Elia family, he was highly regarded and respected.

A man of many skills, he performed with the love and dedication of a true craftsman those of gardener, cabinet maker, cook, copy editor and typesetter, as well as those mentioned above. He had a loyal following among undergraduate and graduate students who valued his unassuming nature, dry wit, quiet charm and empathy. He was a devoted husband to Kathy, father to Matteo and Stephanie, and nonno to Rosalie and Camilla.



WE NEED YOUR HELP

We are always seeking contributions for *The Phoenix* and are delighted to provide a platform to share the work of our students, alumni, fellows and staff.

If you wish to contribute to the next edition of *The Phoenix* in Fall 2021, please send your contributions to founders@yorku.ca

