

The Cadre

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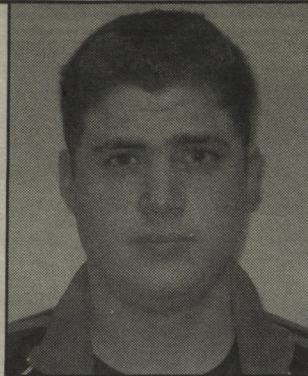
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Liam McKenna

Editor in Chief

The beginning of November for many students figures the nursing of a Halloween hangover, and heralds preparation for a holiday much more sombre but no less ghoulish. Remembrance Day calls on us all to reflect on those who have sacrificed themselves in wars past, and forces us to evaluate humanity's progress since those Great Wars that defined nations and slaughtered millions.

It's timing - intended to commemorate the signing of the armistice that officially ended World War I - seems fitting, placed gently between the debauchery and glut-tony of Halloween and Thanksgiving and the warmth and comfort of Christmas. For me, Remembrance Day has always been one of unease and gloom. I wonder at what it must have been like to have lived through the wars. I wonder what it would be like if there were one today.

Of course, as a generation, we think we are well versed in both the lessons of the past and the state of affairs of the present. We don't

Beth Lassaline

Managing Editor

In writing this editorial, I am sharing with you a true story that in some ways may appear small and insignificant, but was really quite meaningful. I encourage all students, professors and anybody else who happens to read this article to make a small difference, and pay it forward.

The other day was a lousy one. Things were not going my way. I had a short break in between classes, so I decided to go and grab some lunch in the Student Union building. I got my lunch, moved to the checkout line, and handed over my debit card. Surely enough, as if my day hadn't been sufficiently miserable, the machine would not accept my card. With some obvious annoyance in my voice, I tell the woman working at the checkout that I am just going to run down the hall to the ATM and then come back with some cash. This is when a complete stranger came up and really changed my day around. A girl, who I am assuming is a UPEI stu-

Universally speaking

think of Iraq as a new and different war, we think of it as our Vietnam. We think of the government of the United States as the worst ever, and a little piece of us scoffs at every Remembrance Day ceremony we attend. While the veterans or other speakers explain what it is to go without for the country, or how difficult the government was to deal with, or what it is like to have friends overseas we think we know.

We understand - because our friend's brother was in Afghanistan, and his friend was almost killed by a bomb. We understand - because we saw the action on television, and were faced with the cold reality of war through the TV screen. Soon, throughout these monotonous, droning ceremonies our mind wanders and becomes preoccupied. We think not of the subject at hand, but of other engagements we have on that holiday.

I am reluctant to call Remembrance Day a holiday, and even more reluctant to admit our understanding of it. In the purest sense, we get a day off from work and school, so it qualifies as a holiday in that respect, but I am inclined to compare it to the Christian Good Friday rather than Christmas. It is intended to be a sombre day, much like Good Friday, and everywhere there are

the icons of Christianity - crosses, processions and prayers mark virtually every ceremony. The parades and dedications have become Church processions moved outdoors, with the huddled masses eagerly awaiting its end because they understand. They do this every year, and yearn more for a hot coffee afterwards than they do for world peace.

Certainly, I am as guilty of this as anybody. It helps to be aware and to try and correct it, I suppose, but there is a distinct line of propriety: the only thing worse than someone who wants the ceremony to be over is someone who chooses to revel in it, placing themselves in a position for all to see and humbly sorrowing over all before them.

It's the same person who asks if you went to a ceremony if you didn't attend the same one, and they feel like you let them down because they sent you so many Facebook invitations urging you to REMEMBER!!!!

A Remembrance Day ceremony begs for reverence and humility, but there are some so busy tooting their own horn that the Last Post can be drowned out.

We all remember; it's impossible to forget. Perhaps the most important thing of all is to know that you do not understand - because only then can we truly begin to honour and respect a veteran.

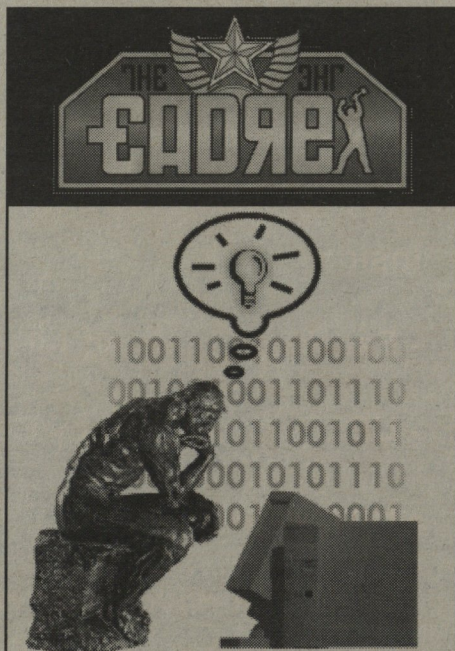
Where have all the good people gone?

dent, stepped in and paid for my lunch before I could even leave the line to go and get some cash. If I didn't say it enough that day, I say it again now: THANK YOU, thank you, thank you! This was obviously not necessary, as the bank machine is about fifty feet away, but she did it anyways. Now, I understand that some of you who are reading this are thinking, "big deal, somebody paid for her lunch..." but that is just not it. This stranger, with a simple act of kindness, completely floored me and changed my entire day. In thinking about this event, if the roles were reversed, I came to realize that it probably wouldn't have even crossed my mind to pay for her if it were her debit card that wasn't working.

This philosophy of paying it forward is not new, but it may have gotten lost in our busy and stressful lifestyles. My challenge to you and your peers is to make a difference. What can you do to make someone's day a little better? Buy someone a coffee, put some money in an expired meter, come up with something. It doesn't have to be huge, or completely life changing; I don't think that that is what this

is about. The simplest things make a huge difference.

So once again, I thank you, whoever you are. I hope that if you are reading this you feel just a little appreciated and just a little special, because it is the least I can do. And to the rest of the student body, try to make some small changes, and when you need it the kindness will come back to you.



How is this edition of The Cadre?
If you have any comments, opinions or letters to the editors, send them to upecadre@gmail.com