

## 1: Canadian Veterans Share Their Stories - Veterans Connect Canada

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

Just a few of the many facilitators with whom SharingStories works according to program needs. She works with the mediums of drawing, painting, sculpture, animation, film, puppetry, projection and performance. She has been the recipient of numerous grants and awards for her work. Within workshop environments Fleur works with a combination of traditional and multi-media art forms. Liz Thompson – Liz Thompson has been a producer of media for over two decades, creating stories for radio, television and the print media, often in collaboration with Indigenous and marginalised communities. SharingStories Digital Online Project grew out of a desire to facilitate a self representational process, in which the tools are handed over and young people are able to tell their own stories. He recently joined the SharingStories Foundation crew as a mentee and is now a highly valued member of the team. After training with SharingStories Foundation he now works on SharingStories programs as a music and sound facilitator supporting workshop participants in the writing, recording and production of their own songs and soundscapes using Garageband and ProTools. Nathan has worked with the Wamba Wamba, Paakantji, Nyikina Mangala and Adnyamathanha communities in recent months and combines his work in communities with his own recording and music career. Conor Fox – Conor is a visual and performance artist. Conor has facilitated collaborative works across a variety of visual, performative, and therapeutic disciplines, working with theatre companies, community sector organisations, and community arts organisations. Conor enjoys facilitating processes which allow people within marginalized groups to rebuild resilience through active participation. To date he has worked with a range of people including those with intellectual, physical, and sensory disabilities, from indigenous and refugee backgrounds, and within areas recovering from civil war or natural disaster. Rick works part time at the Meeting Place initiative, which brings together Aboriginal children and families for special activities aimed at teaching and celebrating their culture. Rick was the initiator of round table meetings with the Mayor and councillors of Mt Alexander Shire which involved planning programs for community and working on a Reconciliation Action Plan. He is actively involved in cultural maintenance programs and practices in Victoria and is frequently invited to participate in opening events and Welcome to Country Ceremonies. Rick works as a key cultural facilitator and program manager on SharingStories programs within the Dja Dja Wurrung community, following on from work his father Uncle Brien Nelson oversaw nearly a decade ago. Sean Ryan – Sean Ryan is a traditional singer, dancer and artist as well as a teacher, musician and a professional didjeridoo player. He belongs to the Kuku Nyunkal bubu bamanga. The people of the Black Cockatoo mother country, known as the Sunset ceremonial group. When working on SharingStories programs Sean supports community participants in the production of songs and soundscapes. Jane Hole – Jane Hole is a musician, producer and workshop facilitator who has specialised in working with indigenous youth and community for over a decade. He was awarded a scholarship from Monash University to study rock art and conservation in Southern France and he continues to teach widely today. He is the Senior Adnyamathanha cultural advisor at Iga Warta Aboriginal Corporation and works as a lead facilitator on SharingStories programs on Adnyamathanha country. Cliff ensures that all cultural interpretations are done properly by young people involved, actively engaged in supporting the creation of the storytellers of the future. John Feely – Photographer John 2nd from right John Feely is an Australian photographer who works artistically and commercially throughout Asia and Australia. John is passionate about collaborating with young people and his practice is informed by an eight year career as a behavioural advisor, special education specialist, classroom teacher and youth detention officer in Australia and Europe. John collaborates using photography, video portraiture, film, stop-motion and typography as well as other mediums young artists bring to the table. Whether through his own work or through collaborating with young people John recognises art practice as a transitory moment with profound personal meaning. And that from this place powerful shared experiences are

created. Krista Scott is a curriculum consultant. Krista Scott has worked extensively in education. Leading change and innovative programs in senior education roles including International Vice Principal positions, United Kingdom, Foundation Educator in the United Arab Emirates and as a consultant across Australia. Her experience includes working across six diverse curriculum frameworks, demanding a transparent approach to determine best practice pedagogy. In SharingStories she supports teachers to increase student engagement through culturally relevant, student centered learning, working with a creative digital storytelling practice.

Tom Murray is a film and animation facilitator. Tom Murray has a PhD in media and history, and lectures at Macquarie University in these subject areas. Tom has also enjoyed the opportunity of teaching filmmaking and facilitating media production in remote indigenous communities, including for The Buku Larngay Mulka Centre in NE Arnhem Land, and for the Sharing Stories project across Australia.

Jessie Jungalwalla is a photography and music facilitator. Jessie Jungalwalla has been involved with many creative projects both commercial and educational. With a background in music, graphic design and related entrepreneurial pursuits, Jessie is now using her acquired skills in the education field. Jessie is passionate about helping young people discover their creative potential. Donate with Give Now.

### 2: Library Resource Finder: Table of Contents for: Sharing Canadian Stories : cultural dive

*Sharing Canadian Stories: Cultural Diversity At Home And In The Worl. [Gatineau, Québec]: Canadian Heritage = Patrimoine Canadien, Print. These citations may not conform precisely to your selected citation style. Please use this display as a guideline and modify as needed.*

Horst MDiv, DMin, BA If you have a serious illness, you likely have had to tell the story of your illness many times “ to doctors, nurses, and other health care providers; to your employer and your work associates; to your family, friends, and neighbours; and perhaps even to curious strangers. Each time you tell your story, you have an opportunity to think about what you want to include in it. Sharing your reflections about your experiences with others is important for inner healing and coping with your illness. Is my story about medical facts or about me? The story of your illness is about something that has gone wrong in your life and causes you worry. You may find that telling it is hard emotional work. When you tell your story to health care providers, they may sometimes focus only on the facts and not seem to recognize the anxiety these facts cause you. You may feel that they are concerned only about your illness and not about you as a person. The best medical care will consider the whole person, from a physical, spiritual and emotional standpoint. When you are feeling a need to talk with someone about how your illness is affecting you as a person, you can tell someone on the medical team. This may provide an unexpected opening for such a conversation with them. At other times, a health care provider will arrange for you to talk with a spiritual care provider , social worker or trained volunteer. Does everybody have a right to my story? Family members and friends who ask about your illness often want to let you know that they are thinking about you and care about what is happening to you. However, you may not be in the mood to talk about your illness. You may feel ill, tired, or in pain , and find interacting with others exhausting. You may resent having to focus repeatedly on your illness. You may want to avoid the feelings of vulnerability or dependency that come up when you receive questions about your illness, or treatments, or prognosis. Your story belongs to you and so it is personal and precious. You reserve the right to decide when and with whom you share it. How can I make sense out of this shipwreck? The story of your illness is part of the bigger story of your life. To some degree, you may feel this new chapter is a story about a shipwreck with no clear way forward. Making sense out of the shipwreck means taking stock of what is left and making repairs. Beginning to reshape the current part of your story in a way that makes sense to you is an important challenge to face. You may want help to meet these challenges, for they may involve a lot of spiritual pain and hard work. By intruding into your life, serious illness can damage self-worth, hope and faith. However, as you weave your illness into your life story you may find you can achieve some of these: Re-find your sense of self-worth. You will have your own unique way of telling the stories of your life. There are no two stories alike and there is no one right way of telling a story. One way of getting started is to reflect on highlights and difficulties of various periods of your life, such as childhood, adolescence and adulthood. Focus on your proud moments, your greatest achievements, and your happiest times. Remember also embarrassing and sad times you lived through. Reflect on these questions: However, reflecting on your life may feel more urgent when you have a serious illness. These reflections become a way to sift through your life in search of what really matters and what has lasting value. Sharing the significant stories of your life with others may become more important at this time in your life. Others share their memories in ways that are more spontaneous and include a variety of people, including friends and family members. Photo albums or cherished objects may provide easy openings for you to share important stories in either setting. Sharing becomes a way of reminding yourself and others of the legacy you have created in the living of your life. This can help you to approach the end of life with a sense of dignity. What about stories that cannot be voiced? Perhaps you have stories that are difficult to give voice to “ stories that reawaken painful memories child abuse, rape, war, past illnesses, broken or estranged relationships and overwhelm you with feelings of regret, guilt, shame, anger or terror. You may find that you want to skip over these memories. You may be reluctant to review the story of your life with others for fear of opening old wounds. One way to approach painful memories is to reflect on how these difficult pieces fit into your overall life story. You might ask yourself

questions such as these:

### 3: Program Facilitators - Sharing Stories Foundation

*Update: What's Your Story is now closed to submissions! Thank you to everyone who contributed "we will continue to share selected stories at [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com) until the end of the year. To.*

But as he writes in his new book *Rebel Dad: Triumphant Over Bureaucracy to Adopt Two Orphans Born Worlds Apart*, his battle to adopt children as a gay man quickly turned into a years-long fight with the Canadian government, social workers and adoption agencies. The following excerpt features David in India in January, as he visits adoption agencies while keeping his sexuality a closely guarded secret. Vinod [my guide while I was in India] was standing outside my bedroom door when I emerged looking ashen. I handed him the list of five orphanages I had scheduled appointments with that day. The building rose up in front of us as we drove into an upscale neighbourhood with white stucco houses, each lot divided by rows of foot-high trees. The narrow streets of this cul-de-sac were cobblestoned; the labourers who swept the streets spotless would take home only a few rupees for their daylong effort. Nisha, the director of this facility, was a stunningly beautiful thirtyish woman with a kind and gentle manner as she greeted me and then led me to her office. She had just placed a child the previous month with a family in Ottawa and she was happy to see another Canadian inquiring about adoption. Scanning through my file, Nisha asked me thoughtful questions while frequently making encouraging observations about my readiness to adopt children. A garden worker opened the gate for the taxi to enter and 50 preschool children and two nuns instantly surrounded us. Vinod spoke to the first nun, who motioned him to move the car forward and for me to follow her to the office. The taxi drove slowly through the crowd of excited children playing tag with the car. Once inside the building, I was directed to sit in a small waiting room at the far end of a dimly lit corridor. As we entered the hallway leading to the waiting room, I gazed into a large room on my right filled with cribs housing at least 50 cooing or crying babies. The dank, cool air of this old cinderblock building was a relief from the oppressive heat outside in the courtyard. I was left wondering if these babies had ever seen the moon and the sun or had the chance to breathe fresh morning air. They were excited at the prospect of being adopted. She motioned for me to follow her into an office off the open-air courtyard. I was a widower, and my late wife, Nicci, had begged me prior to her death to go ahead with plans to adopt children from India. I told Sister Joyce that I loved children and was able to afford to give children a wonderful, loving home in Canada. After 20 minutes talking about my reasons for wanting to adopt she began to loosen up. However, she said that being a widower still meant I was a single man in the eyes of the Indian judiciary and very few orphanages would give me a child. I just shrugged and handed her photos of my home, Woodhaven, and my life in Canada. Want to see children? Sister Joyce informed me that three helpers were preparing lunchtime formula and Pablum for 60 babies and if I wanted to help feed one or more of them I could. I was overjoyed at being asked to help care for these youngsters. Would I be able to adopt one or two of your babies? Maybe you like one of these children? I had no idea it would be this easy. One of the helpers motioned for me to follow her into the kitchen and she put a bowl of Pablum in my hands. Sister Joyce handed me a baby from one of the cribs and told me to feed this little boy. I spent the next hour feeding children from the cribs amid the smiles and chuckles of the nuns and helpers. I wondered what they were saying to each other about this Canadian man who wanted so fervently to adopt children. McKinstry hopes his new book will inspire Canadians from coast to coast to consider adoption. Supplied Article Continued Below Vinod was brought into the nursery by the nun who had greeted us at the gates of the compound. While he stood there watching me, I had two or three youngsters crawling up my pant legs and another two scrambling up my arms. As I fumbled to balance all the children, the supervising nun walked past me toward a young boy, who looked about 3 years old, trying to escape from his crib. She smacked him across the face and pushed him back into the crib. I was horrified but knew if I confronted the nun, I risked being asked to leave and not return. Vinod smiled as he stood beside me in the nursery and asked if one of these children was going to be mine? I could feel my smile widening from ear to ear and whispered that I thought Sister Joyce liked me because she had invited me to visit the children and help feed them. As I placed the children back in their cribs, they shrieked and cried while reaching up to be held again. I walked

back through the long inner hallway past an office where Sister Joyce was talking with a blond-haired Caucasian man and woman. I told her I had to go to another appointment but asked if I could come back later to help with suppertime. As I left the building and entered the compound, I was swarmed by children all looking to be less than 5 years of age. They were playing in the dirt piles of the compound and when they saw me they rushed over and grabbed at me to pick them up. On one hand it was exhilarating to have all this attention from so many adoptable children, but Vinod came over and pulled them off, so I could get into the taxi. I wondered how the nuns and helpers managed to be calm surrounded by orphans clamoring for constant attention. At one of the orphanages David visited on his trip to India, a celebration complete with a cake is held in honour of each child when they are placed in their new forever home. Supplied By 6 p. I had visited five institutions. Only the Missionaries of Charity orphanage had given me any indication I might be considered as an adoptive parent. Two Catholic missions had curtly refused to consider me because I was single and male. Another state-run group told me that due to infertility on the rise in India, Indian couples and Indian nationals living abroad were given first right of refusal. I entered the nursery and found several older nuns feeding the children and changing the diapers of those standing at the sides of the cribs. Some cribs held two or three babies. Without delay I grabbed a bib and a bowl of paste-like stew from a large pot in the adjoining kitchen area and began to feed babies in the row nearest me. Some of the nuns were quite brusque in handling the children. I watched one nun walk down a centre aisle of cribs and slap month-olds on the cheeks for standing up in their cribs. Appalled by this abuse, I again had to grit my teeth in silent indignation. I cradled and sang to a pair of crib-sharing babies simultaneously. Two nuns walked by and smiled like angels looking down from on high. I was desperate to make a good impression on the nuns and Sister Joyce. My cause being to return to Canada with multiple orphans from India to raise as my children. Imagining myself arriving home with children, greeting Michael and us becoming a family was the fuel that fired my defiant determination and had been at the root of my recalcitrant attitude toward changing the system for decades so I, as a gay man, could live out my dream to become a parent. My journey to fatherhood was not going to be a quick, easy sprint to the finish line, but instead a lengthy mountainous marathon. Adapted from Chapter 1:

#### 4: Topics “ Sharing Your Story ” Canadian Virtual Hospice

*In February , Historica Canada hosted another special evening of storytelling and music honouring Black Canadians, Raising Our Voices; Sharing Black Canadian Stories.*

#### 5: Latest News Stories from Canada and Around the World | MSN News

*Eventbrite - Historica Canada presents Raising our Voices - Sharing Black Canadian Stories - Thursday, 8 February at Isabel Bader Theatre, Toronto, ON. Find event and ticket information.*

#### 6: Share Your Canada

*Canadian Stories, is a written collection of year-old Groat's adventures meeting some of Canada's most influential individuals “ from previous Prime Minister Paul Martin, to astronaut Marc Garneau and Peter Mansbridge, Groat showcases a wide-range of different Canadian talents.*

#### 7: wife photos on Flickr | Flickr

*93 Charles Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1K5. Show Map. Hide Map.*

#### 8: CM Magazine: Share a Tale: Canadian Stories to Tell to Children and Young Adults

*We encourage Canadian Veterans to seek help for mental health issues and suicide by sharing stories of others who*

*are on the journey to recovery.*

*Intellectuals, socialism, and dissent Independence, choice, and social interaction Poets Garden of Verses V. 1. Econometric modeling of producer behavior But Who Cares Now Notebook of resolutions (1906-1912) Kensington Palace, the State apartments The Morgow rises! Kalitan, Our Little Alaskan Cousin (Dodo Press) Father Christmas Letters Mini-Book Learning jupyter dan toomey Journey to motherhood The entertainer easy sheet music Kb6nu general study guide Mystery: the Best of 2002 A journal from Japan Discovering Maryland wineries Distributive justice and the value of information : a (broadly Rawlsian approach Jeroen van den Hoven and Nominations before the Senate Armed Services Committee, first session, 100th Congress A rock in your head In dem ich in Deutschland lande, wo gerade REVOLUTION! gemacht wird, und ich mit der radikalen Linken mar Russian I 2nd Ed. (Pimsleur Language Program) An Act Making Appropriations for the Support of Government, for the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and F Transmission of Biblical texts in Qumran Bibliography, by Bernard Karpel (p. [195]-204) Icaew business strategy study manual Ready-to-use Celtic designs. Sibelius, Symphony no. 5 Be Rich Leaders Guide The downing street years Sagebrush, gunnysacks, and bailing wire Love novels Complete sonnets and poems Econometric analysis greene 6th edition Understanding and preventing suicide J. John Mann and Dianne Currier Major Renaissance artists An unforgettable night Introduction to the economics of education. Reel 864. Swift, Wadena, Todd. The Indian Buddhist Iconography*