

Darkview Epiphany

November 13, 2020
Volume 1 - Issue 3

Freedom

I wake each morn to see a bright new dawn,
A chance to do whate'er my heart demands.
To go or stay at will; options expand
I lazily return to bed, I yawn.
The freedom that I have is so forgone.
I use it and abuse it; so offhand.
This concept fought for in that distant land –
Young angels sacrificed; our freedom won.

Do I appreciate these soldiers' gift?
Do I reciprocate and use it well?
My freedom should for others give a lift
And pride within my heart, a gentle swell.
It's easy for our lives to freely drift
If we're not careful we will sound its knell.

2 Minutes – Too Much?

When getting ready for an awesome date
We call out, "just a couple minutes more."
While popping corn those minutes are a bore
When waiting for the snacks we deem so great.
Our patience seems so finite, no debate;
A minute here, a couple there – a chore
To keep attention spans. The thought, so sore,
Does cause a time for one to contemplate.

Two minutes silent; yearly we donate;
A time so small, yet weighs substantially.
E'en so, our fast paced lives – unstopping gait –
No interruption to our Wal-Mart spree.
Yet two short minutes quiet we should wait
For souls so silenced for eternity.



Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) wrote some of the best British poetry on World War I, composed nearly all of his poems in slightly over a year, from August 1917 to September 1918. In November 1918 he was killed in action at the age of 25, one week before the Armistice.

Owen wrote vivid and terrifying poems about modern warfare, depicting graphic scenes with honest emotions.

January 6, 1917: he wrote of the marching, "The awful state of the roads, and the enormous weight carried was too much for scores of men." Outfitted in hip-length rubber waders, on January 8, he had waded through two and a half miles of trenches with "a mean depth of two feet of water." By January 9, he was housed in a hut where only 70 yards away a howitzer fired every minute day and night. On January 12 occurred the march and attack of poison gas he later reported in "Dulce et Decorum Est." They marched three miles over a shelled road and three more along a flooded trench, where those who got stuck in the heavy mud had to leave their waders, as well as some clothing and equipment, and move ahead on bleeding and freezing feet. They were under machine-gun fire, shelled by heavy explosives throughout the cold march, and were almost unconscious from fatigue when the poison-gas attack occurred.

All material, including the poem Dulce et Decorum Est, is taken from "Poetry Foundation" with thanks - <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/wilfred-owen>

Dulce et Decorum Est Wilfred Owen

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

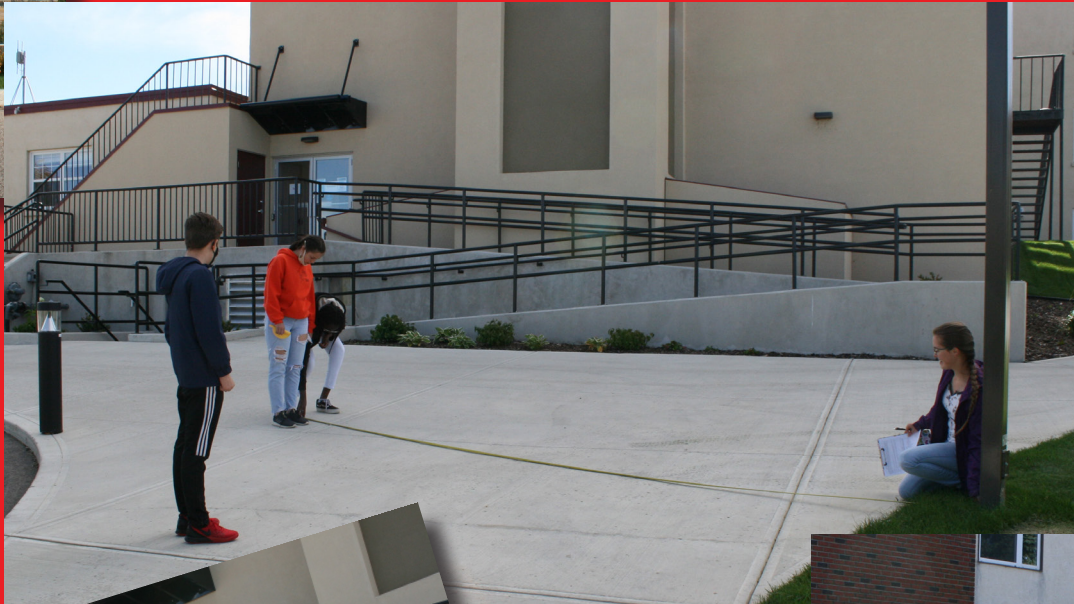
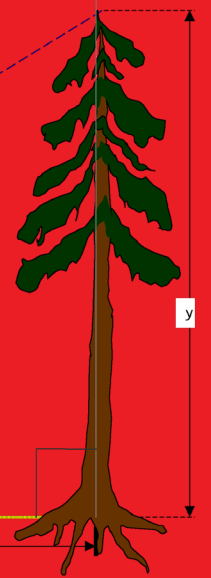
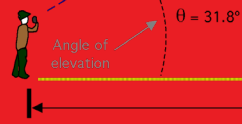
Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.¹

¹ Latin phrase is from the Roman poet Horace: "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country."

Math 10 Trigonometry Philosophy



The grade 10 math students got a more hands-on experience in learning trigonometry one beautiful fall day. With a calculator, tape measure and a homemade clinometer in hand, students adventured around our PAA building determining heights of various tall objects. Students needed to determine the horizontal distance and angle from which they were measuring at, and with trigonometry, specifically the tangent ratio, they were able to determine the object's vertical height. Students learned how handy it is to use trigonometry in measuring heights of tall objects, although some students still mentioned that climbing these objects still sound more fun than the calculations.

Spirit Week



Spirit Week this year was quite successful, with students and faculty all taking the daily challenges to heart and showcasing creativity and interpretation. Survivor Points were awarded to the classes with strong participation, as well as best costume award was delivered daily for the week.

Monday - Colour Day
 Shasta Morton (gr 12) - camouflaged

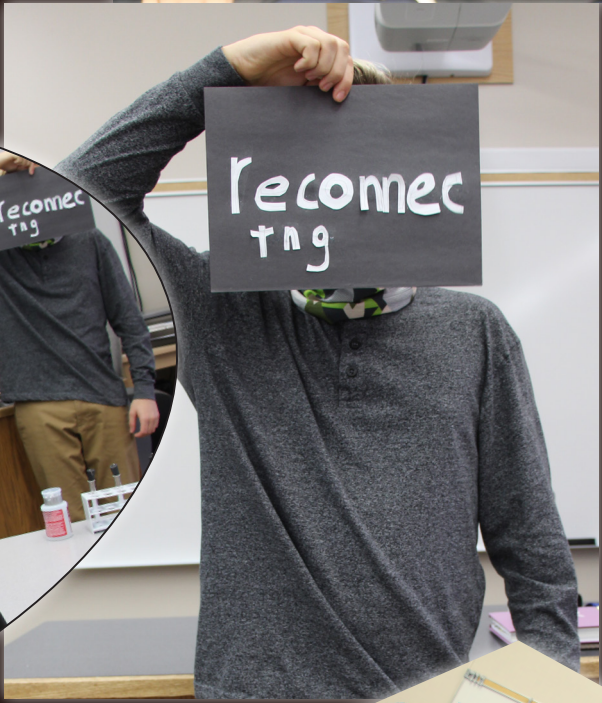
Tuesday - Decade Day
 Eowynn MacDonald (gr 12) - 1920s

Wednesday - Historical Character Day
 Serena Serna (gr 12) - Albert Einstein

Thursday - Royal Day
 Thandeka Dlodlo (gr 11) - She wore the regalia from her village

Friday - Zoom Day
 Caleb Cronbie (gr 10) - Reconnecting...

There were so many great participants, that this is just part 1 in a series of spreads to showcase these "spirited" interpretations.



Past the Sea of White

Shasta Morton (Gr 12)

Climbing up, climbing up with thee
We soar towards tear-filled eyes
Eyes that sparkle with what they see
Ignoring the cry of gravity.

Adrenaline both friend and foe
Bright balls fall from the sky
The fatal strike ends all
We fall even as we try

Breaking through the endless wall of white
The wall is our cover
Air, precious air, my lungs lover
Relief calms our fright

Gravity claims us
Sending us from the sky
We spiral towards its cry
Cover soon abandoned

We float above the wall
Wall turns to soft sea
Sea lessens the fall
White as cotton on hot day

Falling towards the carnage
Our engine sputters to keep hold of life
It shakes with the effort to stay alive
A final sputter it dies from the knife

Peace turns to fear
Little flies appear before us
The threat so strong and shear
Fire charges in tiny specks

We light the horizon
And join the ranks below
We are extinguished
As candle against final blow

Principal's Greetings



Greetings from PAA,

PAA is being blessed each day. We are open in spite of COVID. Our students are happy to be in school and our staff is thrilled to be here with our kids. We love being with our students. Our classes are going well and we have completed the first nine weeks of this semester. I should mention that overall our student's grades look excellent. It would appear that online classes last spring did not hurt our students even though it was a difficult time for all of us.

Thank you for your support and prayers for PAA as we move on through this year. I encourage you to share with others that we have a great school and PAA would love to have more students for the second semester of this year and for next year. Blessings.

Mr. Weis



WE REMEMBER



The Last Word Mrs. Kay

It's been 8 months since we first sent everyone home to continue classes online. 8 months. It's inevitable that this will start to feel frustrating. It's normal that this will begin to feel like it's never going to end. It's taking its toll and I don't think it is a mistake that right when it feels like it's never going to end, we have Remembrance Day. This day creates a perspective like no other. This day

is the real "Thanksgiving" as it forces us to acknowledge that while things are definitely weird, they aren't as bad as the days our veterans faced. These days are a little scary, a lot annoying, and inconvenient...but it could always be worse. I can't imagine seeing our senior class slowly and methodically deteriorate as the conscription notices showed up. I can't imagine knowing that we will never see some of them again.

Yes, these times are rough, but we have the infrastructure to handle it because of their sacrifice. Yes, these times are annoying, but we can openly call on our God because they gave everything.

We can handle this.
We will come through this stronger.
And through our current battle, we will remember theirs.
And be thankful.