

The background of the entire page is a deep red color with a subtle vertical pleated texture, resembling theater curtains. A horizontal band of darker red, more pronounced pleats runs across the top. Two vertical folds in the curtains frame the central text area on the left and right sides.

# Write ON!

## *Endings*

Mississauga Writers Group

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**Fall Flowers**  
by Ruth M. Mugford

It began in the summer  
June sixth, she had gone in  
to the palliative care unit  
for the end to begin

Each day I'd visit she'd  
have a smile and a sigh  
and later I'd return home  
to have a long hard cry

Days and weeks went by, I  
ran out of things to say  
Friends and family told me  
that for her they would pray

Then suddenly I looked up  
and the summer was gone  
It was becoming more difficult  
to know how to carry on  
Only a few weeks before  
told she was about to go,  
when she pulled through again  
made it clear, it's a "no"

The fall began to set in  
and the leaves turned colour  
People visited less and  
the skies became duller



There were planters that lined  
my walk back to the car  
Their flowers now faded, and  
the walk turned so far

My heart became weary  
my legs heavier each day  
as I tried to fathom how  
things had gotten this way

The colours of fall raged  
in all their splendid glory  
Parts of the rainbow  
that mirrored our story

Each day I wondered  
how I was to let go  
of this woman, the greatest  
love that I'd ever know

Thanksgiving came upon us  
we planned the big meal  
Our family out on the patio  
the picture surreal

I helped cut her food,  
placing it on her plate  
and as I think back  
I don't know what I ate

I'd pass the planters  
collect flowers of hope  
Trying to identify my emotions  
deep breaths I'd take to cope

The flowers now coloured,  
green, orange, cream and red  
I carried them in my pocket, to  
calm the fear in my head

At home I would place them  
in a small clear glass jar  
And whenever I looked at them,  
it felt she wasn't too far

She died that bitter cold winter,  
her suffering over and done  
And I began the journey  
to accept I was one

The flowers are in our home  
in a glass vase for show  
Each one representing  
a tiny step to letting go

©Ruth M. Mugford 2017

## How I Began With The “Ending”

by Dick Webber

I awoke immediately upon impact. The car I was driving at 80 km/hr on Highway 6 smacked into the back of a flatbed truck I had been following. The sound of the metal as it tore into the hood, right fender and headlight was unforgettable. It all happened in an instant! That’s all it took.

Picture this series of events after I rear-ended the truck. I careened off the truck to the left and, as the truck was pulling over to the side of the road, I managed to stay in my lane of this two-lane highway. This was hugely important, as will be explained shortly. For now, what was fortunate was that no one was injured. My car was damaged, but it was still driveable.



Shortly, I continued on my way, having only another ten minutes to go to arrive at my cousin Irene’s house in the nearby town in time for the appointed dinner hour. As Irene looked at the crumpled front end, I explained that I had done my best to arrive at her house on time. Irene looked like she understood. We both smiled at each other. I then had the help of Irene’s son to locate an auto body shop, get a rental car and then return to Irene’s.

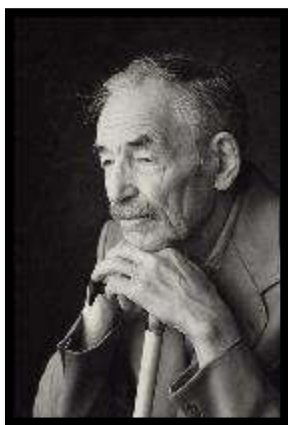
Back at Irene’s was when I began to shake. I’m sure, dear reader, you have had your times when, after a trauma, you have had thoughts about what might have happened. What if I had ended up in the oncoming traffic lane with no chance of avoiding a head-on? A quick calculation netted a combined impact of 160 to 200 km/hr. My car rear-ending the truck had a net collision speed of about 20 km/hr. Instead of being able to drive on as I did, I could today be in a “box”, as a friend of mine said.

Here’s the thing: processing all this, I felt a wave of both fear and thankfulness sweep through my being. The near ending of my life was the beginning of a shift inside me that said, “Live your life today and live it fully as



if it were your last.” Like no other time in my life, this statement was felt profoundly, sincerely, poignantly. It penetrated my being or, as they say in psychology, psyche, or in religious circles, soul.

The shift had begun. I could feel its energy.



How does one live more fully? A great deal has been written on this subject. Here is what a few sage writers I value had to say: Eckhart Tolle wrote a whole book on the importance of living in the present moment; “Be present,” he says. Deepak Chopra talks about being expansive versus contractive in life. Pema Chodron, a Buddhist, has spoken of accepting “impermanence” and “uncertainty” as truths about life, for these are keys to more freedom of spirit. The late Louise Hay, known for her wisdom on healing, has said that the thoughts we think and the words we use create our future. Frank Ostaseski speaks strongly on welcoming *everything* and pushing away *nothing*. One of my favourite wise writers is

Rumi, who wrote *The Guest House*, asking us to welcome into our houses all that comes.

Some thoughts I gleaned from sources not remembered but that stuck with me are these: have an open heart and mind for all encounters in life; learn to write your hurts in the sand and to carve your benefits in stone; soften your judgments; forgive more often and more readily; spread generosity and kindness; allow fear to be quickly spotted and then faced courageously; be kinder than necessary, for everyone you meet is fighting some kind of battle; allow yourself to be human, warts and all.

These are all worthy thoughts and practices. They are meant to be inspiring.

The practice that I value a lot is gratitude. It helps restore a balanced view on life when times are tough. Thankfulness for being alive is powerful. There are persons I know who actually make it a practice.

I know someone who ends every day by naming three things she is grateful for, even simple things like a sunset. Sometimes the simple ones are the best.

I know a tennis buddy, who upon waking every day, starts with being thankful he is alive and is able to take a breath.

I have a son who, every evening at bedtime, has a sharing time with his wife and 11- and 12-year-old son and daughter as they review what each is grateful for that day.

I have an 11-year-old grandson who recently relayed how important kindnesses shown by his friends has been to him. I felt it came from his heart. To value this at such a young age moves me, for I know it will do him immeasurable good in his life.

One more story on gratefulness before I finish. This one I came across recently. These are the words by the famous psychologist Abraham Maslow, who had suffered a near-fatal heart attack.



*"The confrontation with death and – the reprieve from it – makes everything look so precious, so sacred, so beautiful that I feel more strongly than ever the impulse to love it, to embrace it, and to let myself be overwhelmed by it. My river has never looked so beautiful..."*

*Death, and it's ever-present possibility, makes love, passionate love, more possible."*

It has been fourteen days since my accident. To live differently is still fresh. If I languish, as I surely will, all I need to do is recall my experience on Highway 6. Coming close to leaving this world has renewed me and guided me toward a more meaningful life.

Join me in this dance.

This is how I began at the (near) end.

## An Act of Life

by Phyllis Ascah

It was never on my bucket list to volunteer in a hospice, but the crooked path of a demanding life had unexpectedly brought me to these doors. I had steeled myself to overcome the unthinkable horror of seeing death and dying close up, and worried about how I would react.

However, what I found in this peaceful compassionate place was *quite different*. Along with an eager group of would-be volunteers, I undertook thirty hours of training. Informative, exacting, provocative and at times deeply personal, our sessions explored the challenges of end-stage illness; the process of dying, issues of cultural diversity and the tenets of palliative care. We were taught the basics of providing hands-on personal care and explored our own attitudes and biases.

Above all, we came to understand the huge importance of companioning those going through the dying process with empathy, patience and sometimes laughter and joy.

The Hospice where I work is a 10-bed facility designed to accommodate individuals living their last precious days or weeks in peace, comfort and dignity. Medical care on site provides relief, not cure. Allowing individuals to die in their own time as nature takes its course, death is neither delayed nor hurried. Family and friends may

be present or take care of the resident some or all of the time, and facilities are provided for prolonged or overnight stays.

So, what does a volunteer actually do?



When starting a shift, we receive a report on each resident which helps us understand the nature and level of care required. We visit each care suite to introduce ourselves and check for any immediate need.

We are the first responder to the call bell, assisting with small errands such as getting fresh ice or a cup of tea, plumping the pillows or fixing the TV. We may help the staff give a bath, change the bed sheets, or sit and hold someone's hand. We may fold linen or stock shelves. Sometimes we will read to someone or watch a movie.

We are available to family members who have questions or concerns. There are many opportunities for volunteers to



do small creative things that mean a lot to families.

When a new resident arrives at the Hospice, they are welcomed through the front door, and it is deemed important that when they die they leave by the same route. Each is escorted in a procession to the front door where everyone in the building gathers for the tribute. Staff providing Spiritual Care acknowledge with gratitude the time the resident has stayed and give thanks for the opportunity to provide care. There may be prayers, music or a poem; often there are hugs and tears. A truly dignified and respectful send-off.

To me, the hospice is a sacred space, inspiring and life-affirming. It has personally helped me to better appreciate each moment as it presents in my life. To love unreservedly, forgive freely, and accept the challenges that come my way with optimism and purpose. It has fundamentally transformed my approach to living, and it continues to be a source of wonder and inspiration.

The ancient quote by Marcus Aurelius finally makes sense: "The Act of Dying is one of the Acts of Life".

©Phyllis Ascah 2017



## In Celebration of Ending Today!

by Anubha Mehta

It was 7:30 am! I was late! As I struggled out of the warmth of my eiderdown, I wondered why the alarm had not gone off. Then I figured why. The real alarm of my life, my husband, was on a business tour of some warm place in the tropics.

As a wave of green passed through me, it dawned that, in order for the alarm to work, one had to set it the night before—which I had obviously forgotten to do.

I pulled myself out of the covers and stepped on the cold floor.

I was ready to face another day in the battlefield of life and work.

An almost mechanical process started: selecting the first dress shirt that fell out of the closet, packing lunches, matching socks, combing pig tails, tying shoe laces, and a daily dose to the children of 'making good choices' between gulps of burnt toast and cereal.

I kissed my daughter goodbye as her school bell rang. She gave me one long look before she turned her back to join her friends in her school yard. I watched her bright ponytail pompons 'til they

disappeared from sight. Next, I dropped my son. 'Bye mom!', he said with an extra note of excitement as he tossed out his ski bag. He was going on a school trip today.

I realised that I wouldn't see my children 'til late that night, 'til our day had ended its grinding routine. I walked into office wondering how the children's day would go today. It would be one more day gone from our lives, gone forever, never to return again. Today's end was so final.

So, was my day contributing to the dream life that I had planned after graduation? I could not help but wonder if others with whom I worked everyday had it any different.

My desk was piled with papers from the previous evening, my calendar with red highlights of 'most important' things to do and my phone blinking with messages. I did not even dare to open my email! I buried my head under this pile of priorities and, before long, the tingling in my eyes sent a growling reaction to my stomach. It was time to take a break.



A quick glance at the watch told me there was no time for that. It was almost noon and it was a Wednesday. That meant I was due in a Writers weekly group session in 5 minutes. Today was going to be a special session of author readings. I remembered that I had volunteered for a job but, for the life of me, and I could not remember which one; was it a grammarian or a timer? Maybe an evaluator! As I pinched myself for sticking my neck out, I frantically searched for my folder of information on 'duties for assignments'.

With much ado, at the risk of being judged as irresponsible, I decided to walk into the room and face the music of being unprepared.

So as the announcement was made, I found myself standing to face my fellow writers.

Gathering every ounce of courage, I slowly stood up and said, "I am sorry but I have no clue of what I am supposed to do....".

At that moment, everything changed.

First, I thought I heard it wrong when I heard a single thump change into a collective drumming and a single giggle of amusement change into a holler across the room.

Had I said something funny?

The Chair of the meeting stood up to end my bewilderment. She said, 'Welcome, Anubha! Welcome to a place where you can slip up and still not feel guilty, where you can make mistakes with impunity, and where ignorance is another form of humour, only because it reminds your fellow writers of the umpteen times when they are in similar predicaments.

'So never apologise for anything. Only celebrate yourself today for you will only get better tomorrow... there is no going back.'

This struck a cord in my thought for the day, my torment of ending today. The writers' supportive attitude changed my outlook. I did not lose life today. I gained another day of living.

Surprisingly, my previous torment disappeared as if it had never existed. Suddenly, the work pressure of the day seemed to make perfect sense as a path which led me to another day of learning. I had found a place where it was okay to be just me, and which gave me hope and reasons to look forward to another day.

My ending today was really a beginning tomorrow, full of wondrous possibilities.

©Anubha Mehta 2017





**Two Poems**  
by Da'ai

**秋原**

衰草竞黄花，  
田边巡闲马。  
晴荒连天尽，  
秋声传仨俩。

**Autumn Prairie**

Yellow flowers are the last fantasy  
of withering grass.  
Horses idle in fields without bars.  
The sunny prairie connects with  
the sky, vast and far.  
There come a few sounds of  
autumn, announcing nature's art.

©Da'ai 2017



## 秋绪

溪头小伫凭栏绪，  
欲寄芳心秋笺素。  
回眸倏然红蜓舞，  
飞去芦梢轻轻驻。

## Feelings in Autumn

Leaning on the rail of the brook, I  
have some feelings about autumn  
to express.

But it is too simple just to confess.

Turning around, I suddenly see a  
red dragonfly, flying over.

Lightly, lightly, it lands on the tips  
of weeds, showing me what is the  
best.

©Da'ai 2017





## Samurais and Geishas

by Milena Munteanu

*With the samurai you fight like a samurai,  
with the thieves you fight like a thief.*

*Even if you never need the sword, you must  
wear it your entire life. (Japanese proverbs)*

Kanazawa has a district called Naga-machi Buke Yas-hiki, where a valley is crossed by a fast and whirling river, crossed by many bridges. On this river's banks, one can see houses which were once owned by the samurais. Their homes are of comparable size to the ones we inhabit today, with a living room and even a guest room. The interiors are extremely simple (with tatami mats), yet elegant. Two exterior walls are made of sliding doors. The first set is at the entrance, the other is placed on the opposite wall; both bring light and create a certain flow to the house. They have a central wooden gate that leads to a central garden, on the banks of a small stream flanked by trees and shrubs that add a specific charm to the property.



This neighborhood, solely dedicated to the samurais, lies between two areas of geishas: Hirokoji (Nishi Chaya District) and Hashiba-cho (Kazue-machi Higashi-Chaya District). Those with the sword surely had to choose from the most beautiful of all the geishas. This segregation, however, with districts dedicated to the women and men, a separation that is not distinctly found in other societies, made me think... particularly as today one can still see geishas performing their duties, although no samurais seem to be in sight. Is this a testament of the importance of the feminine beauty in our society? Will humans need feminine beauty as long as water will flow along the Saigawa or Asanogawa rivers, where the two geisha districts from the Heian period reside? Geishas' houses have the same appearance they always had, although one cannot help but see other visible signs from the street: the air conditioning units and the satellite dishes displayed on the roofs. However, today's geishas seem to have the same charm they always had. Eyes to the ground and same submissive allure. One encounters gorgeous geishas and addresses them with a smile and receives a mysterious look. One has the sense of an old charm, which will never go out of fashion. It is perennial. Geishas make small steps, they bow respectfully and project the very image of femininity

that does not wither. A beauty that crosses time, unaltered.

I wonder what happened to the samurais. Did they bury the sword? I wonder if the "game" has been civilized or is it played just as fiercely in the business world? What happened to the sword and their desire to succeed?

Even if the samurais or the ninja warriors are long gone, their fortitude goes forward. It is just expressed differently, using the vocabulary of

today's highly competitive business world.

© Milena Munteanu 2016

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## Endings

by Frances Frommer

Endings, like changes, are a constant in life. They vary from being devastating and heart-breaking experiences to exhilarating and happy ones.

Final endings of relationships due to death are the toughest ones. I have experienced the loss of my parents, friends and pets. All required marching through much grieving, and they required time to accept the loss—to learn to live with the presence of absence (a great phrase I once read in a book). We are confined to visiting deceased people only in our hearts and memories.

Another final ending is the loss of youth. We all pass through stages: infancy, toddlerhood, childhood, the teen years, adulthood and then old age. Then, we face challenges of wrinkles and sagging parts on the surface, less energy and possibly illness. To cultivate social supports, interests and attitudes of gratitude are priorities in later stages.

Due to causes not of our own making, we might lose some or all of our possessions. These might be due to fire, thefts, wars or natural disasters. How sad it is to see so many displaced persons at this time due to hurricanes, earthquakes and forest fires.

We might encounter the ending of a friendship, a romantic relationship or a marriage. Such experiences are painful, but we can move on to find new people who have left our lives or with whom we have chosen to close a bond.

A job may end as we are fired or replaced or where we might choose to resign. Again, we can find new employment (hopefully). Retirement is a stage when our working life finally ends. If we have our health and adequate finances, this can be an exciting new chapter as we discover new ways to spend our time and grow.

Desirable endings are those we choose and allow us to repeat the experience or similar ones. Examples would be the endings of eating a good meal, reading an absorbing book or listening to a pleasing piece of music. We encounter such choices on a daily basis and we are content, looking forward to our next ones, which may be the same or similar.

The best endings are those that exist when we achieve a goal or complete a project. How satisfying it is to finish a book or a poem or an article or a painting or a craft project. Losing weight, landing a new job or finding a new partner all give us joy as we welcome the endings of our struggles to achieve such goals.

So, we must remember that each ending also brings a beginning. There is the opportunity for new experiences. We might have to dig deep for resilience when painful endings are thrust upon us. However, when we choose an

ending, we encounter possibilities for desired changes and growth in new directions.

©Frances Frommer 2017





## A Time of Endings

by Elizabeth Banfalvi

It was quiet. Once in a while, someone would come in, drop something off and leave. The smell of flowers was strong – sweet and musky. It was just the quiet and the smell of flowers.

He didn't hear her come in but there she was – his daughter, Anne. She stood there looking at him afraid to touch him the tears softly falling. She turned away, pulled a Kleenex from a box on the table and left.

Next his son, Alex, and his best friend came in. They stood at the side and quietly talked. Occasionally, Alex looked at him and his friend would put his hand on his shoulder – very comforting. Alex walked around the room checking the flowers and the cards. He had never seen so many. There were voices in the hall and Alex went to check it out.

His wife, Maggie, came in with her brother and wife, June, beside her. June held Maggie's arm and she just stood straight and tight. Maggie looked like she had been crying. He wanted to reach out to her but couldn't. He loved her and always made sure she knew it. He would always take care of her. She stood beside him and people started shuffling in.

His neighbours, Bob and Shirley, were there and they spoke to his children and then his wife. Bob stood in front of him and the tears rolled down his cheeks. They had been so close helping each other and sharing laughs and time. No other person had filled his life

so entirely. He was always just an arm's length away but no more. Bob wiped his tears, squeezed his hand and then moved on.

His team came in next. They were all older than the last time he saw them but it made him proud to see such wonderful young men. They all wore their championship rings they had won when he was their coach. So often they would call or email or even Facebook him to tell him how they were. Now they all stood there. They shuffled by one by one – touching his hand and wiping their tears.

He looked over and there were his grandchildren, Joey and Mary. They stood there just looking at him. Joey slowly walked over to him and took hold of his hand. He stood and looked at him with such sad eyes and just played with his tie and lapels. His small hand touched his ring and wrist watch and then he put his head down and started to cry. Alex came, picked him up and walked away with him. His grandson sobbed on his shoulder. His granddaughter sat in the lounge chair and just watched him.

More people came in, some sadder than others. Everyone spoke softly and well about him. Then a tall older man came in. He and John had grown up together. John gave his wife a hug and then walked over to him. Both of them had the best and worst of each other but there wasn't a moment they



didn't love each other. Last year they had gone to Europe together and had the best time ever. The laughs and booze flowed equally. John had always wanted to go so he went with him. John finally leaned down and kissed him on the forehead and walked away his chest heaving with his sobs.

The evening went on until it was late, and people were wandering off. At the end his son quickly came, kissed him on the forehead and left. His wife and daughter came close to him and his daughter couldn't look at him. She touched his hand and cried. Maggie held her until her sobs subsided. Anne turned and left and then only his wife was left. The tears flowed softly and in a soft voice she told him how

much she would miss and always love him. He always told her every day how much he loved her. She kissed him and slowly left wiping her tears.

Now again, only the quiet and the smell of flowers were left. He lay there and thought of the night. He couldn't have had a better life. Nothing was left unsaid or undone. The room was still full of a feeling of love. The lights slowly went out and tomorrow they would bury him. It would be difficult for his family but only his physical body was gone not his spirit. He would always be there.

© Elizabeth Banfalvi 2017

## Endings

by Vidya Gopaul

I will start my article on "endings" by quoting from a very great prophet who lived in the 18th century: "He should forgive the sinful, and never despise his low estate, for none knoweth what his own end shall be."<sup>1</sup> In every social structure, there is someone who believes he or she is above the law, better than everybody else, untouchable or has an egotistical pride that no can outdo them or surpass them in any aspect of life. I will write two stories about the individuals who were shockingly surprised by how their endings came about.

There was a woman who worked for a big company for almost twenty-five years. She started as part-time customer service agent and moved on over the years to become the center supervisor for her department. She was a hard-working person, and yet she believed that she was above everybody else. She took matters in her own hands and modified company policies and procedures to fulfill her own needs and greed, ignoring everybody's else needs. She was the type of supervisor who believed it was either her way of doing things or no one's—not even the upper management's way of running the company. During her tenure in the company, she fired almost one hundred

employees for very minor reasons, such as coming late to work once or twice despite giving good reasons, challenging employee's rights, and trying to correct her mistakes. Some of those employees she fired had small children. Others were sole income earners in the family. She fired them without realising how their families would survive, the hardships they would endure; some even became homeless because they could not find another job.



While she was carrying on her agenda of being above everybody else, she did not realize how her ending would be. Eventually, her bad deeds caught up with her and, in the end, she was fired from the company. Even after several years, she could not find a job. She became part of those employees she fired long time ago: unemployed, hopeless, desperate, penniless and

mentally ill. Above all, she lost most of her friends and relatives.

The second story is about a family who disowned one of the members because he married a woman whom none of the family members accepted as his wife. All his family members, including his mother, opposed his wedding because he was marrying a divorced woman who had a child. In those days, a bachelor marrying a divorced woman was a taboo in his culture.



They insulted him and his wife with very dirty words, cursed his marriage and, above all, his brothers and sisters stopped talking to him. In retrospect, after many years of hardship, his marriage became successful, and he and his wife became grandparents as well. As karma has it, the rest of the family all had family issues. One of his sisters became widow at a very young age and struggled throughout her life. The other sister never married, and that in itself is a curse. One brother never became a grandparent, since his children could not bear children. The other brother was struggling to convince his children to

marry. In conclusion, all his brothers and sisters did not expect that their family life would be in such a turmoil and filled with tragedies; hence, they could not foresee their endings.

The reason I am writing this article about "endings" is to reiterate that old saying, "You reap what you sow." You do good deeds, and the results will be good. You do bad deeds, and the results will be bad. There is one ending we cannot control, and that is our death. Death can come anytime, any moment, and even without warning. However, we can control our life leading up to our death, that is, we can have a death with honour, dignity and pride, or our death can have humiliation and pity, and be inhumane.

We, as humans, we always want to get what we want at any cost, without realizing how the endings will be. In any social structure, whether it be a political system, family, work place or even among our friends, we always want to outdo the other by any means, just to get ahead, without paying attention to the damage one can do to other's life or other party.

We always try to compare ourselves to people who have more than we do, and do less comparison to people who have less than us. Naturally, when we compare to those who have more than us, we become more aggressive, greedy

and competitive in order to surpass them. Along that way, we do a lot of damage and, more often than not, our endings are not that great. On the other hand, if we compare ourselves to those who are less fortunate than we are, we automatically become more compassionate, giving and try to help others as much as we can; hence, our endings become that much more fulfilling and enjoyable.

I always say, "Be as humble as the ground you walk on". If we all can adapt to that motto, we will certainly have good endings.

<sup>1</sup> Baha'u'llah, *Gleanings from the Writings of Baha'u'llah*, pp 265-266.

©Vidya Vasant Gopaul 2017



## Ending

by Sajeda Manzoor

The topic of ending is an interesting one because everything has a beginning and an end. I can give an example of a “line”: it begins from a point where it starts and has a point where it ends. A ruler, a rainbow and a railway train track that goes millions of kilometers long. It has many junctions to extend the journey but eventually it has the end as a destination. There is a thing that never ends it keeps moving with us. We follow it, but it always moves forward; we have to keep track of it as it cannot be stopped. It is the precious time. In this advanced technological era, there are great inventions, but no one has invented a way to reverse time. “Time and tide wait for no man” (Geoffrey Chaucer).



The month of December is a great example of ending as Christmas comes in this month. Though Christmas is the end of the year, it precedes a beginning. It gives enthusiasm and sense of joy, and the “New Year” gives us hope to plan for another year. Every ending brings a new beginning, as the dark

night brings the brightness of the day light.

A quote from Dr. Wayne Dyer: “As I look back there are no accidents in this universe it is a truism that applies right from the moment of our creation, and way before that as well. In an infinite universe there is truly no beginning or ending. It is only our form that is born and dies occupies our form is changeless and therefore birth less and deathless”.

The conclusion of Dr. Wayne Dyer’s quote is that I perceive this: Life begins with crying and it ends with tears, but we are responsible for filling the gap with our endeavors, passion and attitude to live happily. He himself worked hard all through his life; he was a self-made, humble and contented person. He went through many challenges. He had seven children and had to work hard for the livelihood but never gave up. He used to put a note on his bed every night, to remind that every day begins with sunlight, reminding us to live day by day with passion, hope and enthusiasm. If there is any challenge in your life, remind yourself that it won’t last forever. Live with hope and trust in God.



The motif of my article is there is no  
ending of passion and dreams, as they  
live inside our mind, body and soul. It

gives inspiration and motivation to the  
brain and body to keep going. I will end  
my article with my poem.

### Ending

The clock and the time always move forward  
They go "tick tock", reminding us there is no stop

The two arrows follow each other  
They stop at a point creates an hour

It reminds us every second, minute and hour  
I am going to accumulate all the days and turn into a month  
The months accumulate, turn into a new year without an end

The time moves forward like a turtle and wind  
Sometimes agile and often steady

The darkest night brings the enchanting sunlight  
From the thunder and storm emerges the sight of rainbow often  
The dream, passion and endeavor never ends  
It is the antidote of life.

## Writing Exercise

### The End of a Perfect Day

The day has been perfect:  
everything has gone as planned or better.

How does the day end?



## Writing Exercise

The End...  $\infty$  Again

The gods know that time is important:  
something that lasts forever is problematic.  
Sisyphus and Prometheus agree.



**The End:** You, the writer, get an ending.  
Set your timer for 20 minutes.

**Not the End:** Create (or thief) a  
character you dislike. Choose a punishment  
for them—one that they have to redo until  
the end of time.

## Write ON! The Spring Issue

### Call for Submissions

Got cabin fever?  
That's okay, because you also have an imagination.

The theme for the spring issue is

### Adventure

The deadline is February 15<sup>th</sup>, 2018.

Stuck for ideas? Consider some of these words:

<i>feat</i>	<i>jeopardy</i>	<i>inertia</i>
<i>endeavour</i>	<i>incident</i>	<i>apathy</i>
<i>opportunity</i>	<i>hazard</i>	<i>assurance</i>
<i>enterprise</i>	<i>peril</i>	<i>guarantee</i>
<i>undertaking</i>	<i>exploit</i>	<i>safety</i>
<i>transaction</i>	<i>threat</i>	<i>routine</i>

Submission guidelines:

- electronic submissions only
- send submissions to [sheilavdhc@gmail.com](mailto:sheilavdhc@gmail.com) and [info@mississaugawritersgroup.com](mailto:info@mississaugawritersgroup.com)
- include submission, a short bio (2-3 sentences) and an author's photo
- ensure submission is relevant to theme
- content must be in English or include an English translation

**N.B.** Content which contains hate speech or images, extreme violence or explicit sexuality will not be published

## Write ON! in 2018

Not inspired by the theme for the upcoming issue of Write ON? Perhaps you need a different theme. Here are the upcoming themes for the 2018 Write ON! issues:

Spring 2018	Adventure	deadline February 15 <sup>th</sup>
Summer 2018	Mythology	deadline May 15 <sup>th</sup>
Autumn 2018	Humour	deadline August 15 <sup>th</sup>
Winter 2018	Science	deadline November 15 <sup>th</sup>

A reminder that Write ON! also accepts theme-related drawings, paintings and photos from group members. Please send images in .jpg format



## Biographies



**Ruth M. Mugford** is a retired Human Resource specialist. Her love of writing has been a lifelong passion. In 2013 she lost her partner to a brain tumour after a 12-year battle against the disease. Six months later she lost her only sister. By mid 2014, she found herself writing poetry to express her grief in the hopes of helping her heal and has been writing non-stop since.



**Dick Webber** is living in Mississauga, an educator for 33 years, a father of 3 sons, a grandfather of 5, and now writing for pleasure.



**Phyllis Ascah**  
Retired occupational therapist  
Now writing for pleasure



**Anubha Kakkar Mehta** lives in Toronto with her husband, two children and her four-legged sweetheart, Sparky. Anubha is a published author for an academic book, *'The Politics of Nation Building and Art Patronage'*, (Lambert Publishing , 2012). With a post-graduate diploma in Journalism from *Bharitiya Vidya Bhawan*, New-Delhi, Anubha has worked as a journalist with many published articles.

Anubha's debut novel is scheduled for publication in Fall of 2018 by Inanna Publications.



**Da'ai** was born in China and received her university education there. She worked on different jobs in China such as staff reporter, editor and translator of an English news magazine. She came to Canada in 2005. She started her life here first by being a service advisor at a car dealership. And now, she is a translator/interpreter again. She loves ancient Chinese poetry. She would like to share it with everyone who is interested.



**Milena Munteanu** has authored two books: "Far from the Land of Longings" and "From the Country of the Rising Sun". She is a permanent columnist with the Romanian magazine *Observatorul* (The Observer) in Toronto and a frequent collaborator with other cultural publications (e.g. *La chandelle de Montréal*). Milena is included in multiple anthologies in Romanian as well as some bilingual editions (e.g. English, Spanish, Italian-Romanian editions). She has won multiple awards. Milena participates in the *WordFest* anthologies.



**Frances Frommer** is a senior and Retired Fine Arts Librarian. She is the author of *Surviving & Thriving Solo: Options When You Live Alone* and many articles and book reviews. Her passions are reading, writing, creating art, volunteering and cats.



**Elizabeth Banfalvi** is the author of *Meditation* book series, and conducts workshops on stress relief naturally & meditation.



**Vidya Gopaul:** I became aware of my writing ability and skills when I was in college. My real desire to write my first interesting and challenging novel *Race the Time*, which was inspired when I wrote a screen play *Fires of Times* in my acting class in 1982. I am a regular contributor to the publications of anthology and e-zine of Mississauga Writer's Group. I am currently working on other novels.



**Sajeda Manzoor:** I am an Early Childhood Educator and a writer. I write theme-based poems and short stories. It is my passion. My writing portrays love, beauty, my creative thoughts and imagination.

## We Are the Mississauga Writers Group

We are a group of writers who have established this forum to share our experiences and pursue our dreams through creativity, knowledge and mutual respect. We want to learn from our strengths and talents and have enjoyable and stimulating conversations that only writers can relate to!

We would love to have writers from our community join us. All aspiring and established writers are most welcome. We believe we all have something special inside us. Come explore your talent with the Mississauga Writers Group!

**Website** - [mississaugawritersgroup.com](http://mississaugawritersgroup.com)

**Email** - [info@mississaugawritersgroup.com](mailto:info@mississaugawritersgroup.com)





The End