

Semaine du 6 avril 2009



Life After Midterms



After long nights of caffeine overdoses, stress-induced panic attacks and late night cram sessions, midterms are finally over. Naturally, besides the usual nervousness and anticipation to get results, student discussions now revolve around the parties and celebrations that are being held in order to forget about the late nights of studying that recently took place. However, the real discussion should be whether or not these celebrations are necessary, or if students should take the momentum from study lockdown and use it to propel themselves forward in their academic careers.

As a student myself, I've come to realize that there must be a balance between post-midterm drinking binges and the unwanted task of getting back into a regular study groove. Taking two months' worth of knowledge and spewing it back onto paper is no easy feat, and therefore some celebrations definitely aren't out of the question. Yet, should this party life last until the finals? Ideally, it would, but in this day and age, where competition for employment is fierce and only the strong survive, it may be worth our while to stay on track and get things done.

One thing I've come to notice, as a student and a young adult, is the lack of motivation among my peers. Many students have lost sight of the prize, their reason for enduring torturous study sessions and hours upon hours of lectures. Whether it be for success or enlightenment, every person had a goal when he or she sent in that application or showed up to that Open House, and therefore my suggestion is that students hold on to that dream and not let a lack of focus get in the way of success.

So, whether you take these words to heart or use the back of this paper to play tic-tac-toe, I would like to congratulate every student who sweated through midterms last week. Until next time!

Jamie Guérin
Paralegal 1



**Joyeuses Pâques !
Happy Easter !**

...ps est là ! La session achève. Courage!
...pring is here ! The end of the semester is
...pproaching! Good luck!



Activité multiculturelle / Multicultural Activity

nouvelle date / new date

le mardi 21 avril 2009
de 11 h 30 à 13 h 00

Étudiants / Professeurs /
Personnel administratif

**À noter
à votre
agenda!**

**Add
to your
agenda!**

▪ Nous avons besoin d'aide.
▪ Vous avez des articles tels : œuvres d'art, affiches,
musiques, drapeaux, costumes du pays, etc...

▪ SVP Ecrivez-nous à : ocohen@osullivan.edu

Québec :

▪ Marquis, Isabelle isanicegirl@hotmail.com
▪ Ardizzon, Marie-Aude
marieaudeardizzon@hotmail.com

Maghreb :

▪ Ziane, Dounia lady.do.un1@live.ca
▪ Zineb, Bourjila zineb19_8@hotmail.com

Haïti :

▪ Foris, Schammua schammua@hotmail.fr

Afrique :

▪ Ba, Louty Aby aby.louty.ba@videotron.ca
▪ Hanne, Victor Louise hanne_louise01@hotmail.com

Amérique latine :

▪ Vargas, Noris silenev@hotmail.com

Egypte :

▪ Girgis, Fady fady@as-tuvu.ca
▪ Drolet Dean, Marie-Eve drom23@hotmail.com

Vietnam :

▪ Wou, Gia gt_wou@yahoo.com

Bangladesh :

▪ Mina, Rozina mina.rozina@yahoo.ca

Pakistan :

▪ Prud'Homme, Fariha farihaprudhomme@hotmail.com

Scotland :

▪ Gagnon Amber Lyne sensei_samaria@hotmail.com

Vous pouvez contacter l'équipe de notre journal
EchO'Sullivan en tout temps au :

echo@osullivan.edu

The members of our EchO'Sullivan welcome comments,
suggestions and ideas. Write to us!

Think About It...

Can We Be Good Without God?

When I was a child, I was usually told not to do 'bad' thing because they aren't 'nice.' As I grew up, being the inquisitive person that I am, I continued to ask myself why I do the things that I do. Why, if I am no longer under the watchful eye of my parents, do I continue to act in a morally "good fashion"? Why do I refrain from doing 'bad' things if there is no one to tell me that they aren't 'nice?'

Many people in our society continue to answer this question by stating that they are moral out of fear of judgment from a divine power. Many religions dictate certain good behaviours, the nonobservance of these resulting in a negative judgment by the Divine with possible condemnation to eternal suffering in the afterlife. However, as our society becomes more and more secular, the threat of eternal damnation becomes less and less relevant. How can it be, then, that we continue to exercise moral rightness?

Kai Nielsen, in his paper "Ethics without Religion," presents the idea that "if 'God is dead' it doesn't really matter" (333) because we will continue to be moral. If there were no God to fear and people had no punitive reason to be moral, there still would exist an objective reason to consider other people's interests. Nielsen explains (and I agree) that, since we live in a communal society, we rely on the cooperation of others to fulfill our interests. In order to obtain this cooperation, other people must have "grounds for believing that their interests and their persons [will] also be respected" (332). It comes down to the age-old principle that if we wish to be treated a certain way by other people, we must treat them in the same manner. If society holds to this principle, rather than acting out of fear of the Divine, each person cooperates to achieve mutual respect for all interests and persons. Morality, here, remains intact without "[appealing] to conceptions whose very intelligibility is seriously in question" (331), these being conceptions of the Divine.

Next time you decide to act, then, think about why you are acting. Where do your moral behaviours come from; God or you? Think about it.

Blythe Spragg

Paralegal I

If you would like to respond to this question, you are welcome to email me at brlspragg@gmail.com. Please indicate whether or not you would like your response to be published in the next EchO'Sullivan.

Works Cited:

Nielsen, Kai. "Ethics without Religion." *Moral Philosophy: A Reader*, ed. Louis P. Pojman. Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing, 2003. 327-333.

Posters Around the School

I would like to mention that the posters that Nicole Tamaro has created and mounted on the walls are great! The inspirational thoughts she has found not only uplift the students, but teachers as well. Although I have read every poster on my way to the library, I still stop and re-read some of my favourite ones.

Thanks, Nicole!

Helen Ricci, teacher



Even though the posters are no longer up, we wish to remind students that Mme Nicole Tamaro's help is still available on Tuesdays and Thursdays in room 02 - do not hesitate to go see her for continuous inspirational help!

Le G-20

Les chefs d'État se sont rassemblés la semaine passée à Londres dans le but d'éveiller quelques remises en ordre dans les régulations économiques et financières du capitalisme mondialisé. Ils se sont mis d'accord sur la promesse de s'attaquer aux paradis fiscaux, des places financières qui refusent de coopérer en donnant des renseignements sur l'origine des fonds qui déferlent par centaines de milliards dans des lieux étrangers, de renforcer la capacité de prêt du Fonds monétaire international (FMI), de revenir sur les normes comptables qui ont précité la faillite des banques, etc. Toutefois, la nécessité de dépenses supplémentaires pour stimuler l'économie a soulevé un désaccord entre les chefs de gouvernement dans quant à intentions de freiner la récession mondiale. Est-ce que se sont de bons mécanismes pour éviter d'autres récessions économiques??

*Louise Victor Hanne
Tech. juridique I*





THE RIDE TO NEW BEGINNINGS



There are moments in everyone's life that cause time to stand still, breathe, and then squirm again. Moments full of possibility hanging thick in the air. Moments that beg for a new first step.

The step that I will be taking this year will be decked out in a running shoe and a sock, pressing down on a pedal at an average of 20-24 km an hour spanning the distance between Montreal and Quebec City. On July 11 and 12, I will be biking in the Ride to Conquer Cancer.

As a child, I never had a bicycle and it wasn't, in fact, until much later in my life that I learned to ride. I was on European soil, determined to master the art of staying upright on a two-wheeled contraption that for some reason has always lured me from afar. Then, it wasn't until only a few years ago that I actually purchased my own first bike (and that only by circumstance) and the love affair with my independently-powered freedom began.

Since then, I have travelled through European country sides, ridden the rolling hills and transcanadian trail of magical Prince Edward Island, and clocked hundreds of kilometres during Montreal summers. This past July, I one day biked up to the Laurentians on a whim, and then spent days covering the distance around the Tremblant area watching clouds dance in jewelled lakes in my midst. My rides have been determined, tough, and physically demanding – yes – but never have they carried so much potential in the spokes.

This summer, I will have a purpose. I will be biking in a historical event (in Montreal for the first time) of over 200 km that will hopefully help fund a cure for a disease that now claims more people, it seems, than one can count.

My arms will hurt, my legs will cry for mercy, and my body will crave air and rest. But the temporary discomfort (for, in truth, it is little more than that) will be a far cry from the gruelling treatments that cancer patients young and old suffer through every day of their lives beginning from the moment that they first hear the dreadful words of a diagnosis.

I know.

My aunt, as I write, is resting from her latest round of treatment and volatile news about the state of her ravenous enemy. She is tired and, at times, caught in a volcanic swell of internal emotions I can only begin to guess at.

But every day she smiles and has more light in her eyes and voice than the vast majority of people I know. She fights in silent ways that dizzy me. She still asks me about my minor daily complaints. She waters my plants when I ask her to.

She puts the push into every cell in my legs.

I am ready for my cycle physically. Where I lack, though, is in the sum I must raise to ride – a minimum of \$2500, which is where I appeal for help. I hope to raise enough contributions so that I can come closer to the day of pedalling towards new beginnings.

Along the way, I will have good company. This ride will be dedicated to the memory of all four of my grandparents, Suzanne Rousseau, and friends who are dealing with this disease in their private ways. It will be in honour of my Teta, who fights ceaselessly with more grace than anyone I know. And April will also mark the one-year anniversary of the death of my baby niece, who (though unconnected to cancer) is the motivation for everything I now do in this lifetime.

I have, in many definitions of the phrase, a long way to go. But under my helmet, sunglasses, and soggy jersey, I will hear a heart pounding not with lack of oxygen, but with a surplus of hope and love.

To contribute to Andrea's Rise to Conquer Cancer fundraiser, go to www.conquercancer.ca and click on the "Sponsor a Participant" tab at the top of the page. You can then search for me by name, and donate on-line or print up a donation form.

Andrea Valenta
English Literature



prise de
portrait photo

Photos par Rémi
Beaulieu et Andrew
Fleurentin tous les jeudis
de 11h à 14h.

Cell : 514-686-3997

Courriel : beaulieu23@gmail.com

4\$ la photo

Local 205

Vous êtes touché par des
TROUBLES D'ANXIÉTÉ?
Vous êtes invité à assister
à une
CONFERENCE GRATUITE
le **dimanche 19 avril de 13 h à 16 h**
au **Palais des congrès.**
Réservez par courriel :
contactus@anxietycanada.ca
Pour plus d'info
consultez nos affiches sur les
babillards.



Anxiety Disorders Association of Canada
Association Canadienne des Troubles Anxieux



St-Patrick '09



nous tenons a remercié les étudiants suivants qui ont si joliment décoré l'entrée du collège à l'occasion de la St-Patrick.
Merci à :

**FADY GIRGIS, MARIE-EVE DROLET DEAN,
VALERIE CADET LEANDRE et ANNIE BELLEVILLE**

P.-S. Faites-vous officiellement partie de notre "comité des décors"?



Merci aussi à **M. ENNIO VITA-FINZI** qui est professeur en Commerce international et qui nous a soumis le poème suivant :

O'Sullivan College
is a school
with a name that's
incredibly cool.

Though its owner's
not Irish
(in fact, he's more
"Frenchish")

His profs are
so cool
students drool.

Le babillard : une offre renouvelable pour les étudiants

Quels films québécois ou films d'auteur sont actuellement présentés en salle? Vous cherchez à savoir s'il y a des tournages en cours à Montréal? Quel est l'horaire du dernier festival de films en ville et où puis-je trouver le programme? De quoi parle-t-on dans les revues de cinéma ce mois-ci? Y a-t-il des stages conçus pour moi qui serai bientôt finissant en plateau de tournage? Le babillard Technologie des médias, dans le corridor qui mène à la bibliothèque, offre à portée de main tous ces services.

Depuis plus d'un an, grâce à Carole Paré, Josée Descheneaux, responsable de la bibliothèque, Marie-Aude Ardizzon, étudiante, et Jean-François Parent-Paquette, ancien étudiant, sous la coordination de Jean Tourangeau, professeur de plateau de tournage, le *babillard* vous dit tout ce qui se passe dans l'industrie.



NOW YOU SEE ELEPHANTS; NOW YOU DON'T

Have you ever told a true story and no one believed you? If so, welcome to my life! The craziest, most unbelievable things always happen to me. This story is no exception.

A few months ago, I was going clubbing on St. Laurent downtown. A friend of mine was driving (you all know about my driving skills if you read the last Echo!), and attempted to find parking on St. Laurent, which is next to impossible. We turned onto Sherbrooke St. and still had no luck finding a parking spot. Being determined, though, we went around and around in circles and after about half an hour found a place not too far from the club, Tokyo. In order to get to the club, however, we still had to walk a distance, part of which was through an alley way.

It was dark, cold and creepy. As we were making our way towards our destination, we happened to cross paths with two huge ELEPHANTS. Incredible, I know, but yes, ELEPHANTS! The back alley we were in looked very industrial and there were giant garage-like doors on either side. The two elephants walked out of one of these doors, completely unsupervised, and entered the door straight across. My friend and I were completely shocked. We didn't want to get trampled, so we didn't get too close but we did manage to get photo evidence (thank goodness girls bring cameras when they go out!) I have told everyone about this occurrence but still no one thinks it's plausible. Luckily, I do have the picture. :)

Unfortunately, I have been unable to contact the City of Montreal in order to maybe get some answers. If I do, though, find out why elephants were randomly roaming the streets on a dark and windless night, I will definitely follow up in an upcoming Echo!

Melissa Podlichuk
Paralegal I

Les opinions et articles parus dans l'Écho'Sullivan ne sont pas sous la responsabilité du Collège O'Sullivan
The opinions expressed in the Echo'Sullivan are those of the writers and not necessarily of O'Sullivan College