

SureWay Press Presenting



*We love
our*

**Polyphonic celebration
for Mississauga's 50th
Anniversary –2024**

Compiled by Anna Yin

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Polyphonic celebration for Mississauga's 50th Anniversary

With poems, stories, paintings and photos

in English, Chinese, Japanese, Hindi or Persian

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Introduction

Mississauga is home to Indigenous peoples and a rich tapestry of diverse ethnic groups in Ontario, Canada. Over the years, it has transformed from small villages into a thriving, modern city internationally. After immigrating to Canada in 1999 and securing an IT job in Mississauga two months later, I made this city my home, and have lived here ever since.

Like many others, I've grown alongside Mississauga. In 2024, as the city celebrates its 50th anniversary, I wanted to gather stories and art from a wide range of voices to create a deeper understanding and a polyphonic celebration of our city and its people. With support from a Matchmaker Microgrant from MAC in December 2023, and sponsorships from local businesses and artists, this project was launched in January 2024.

I am deeply grateful to everyone who has joined me on this journey of cultural exchange and artistic expression, especially the contributions from our twin city, Kariya, Japan. Their involvement beautifully highlights the friendship that transcends national borders and language barriers. Now, as I compile the works of all the artists, writers, and translators who have shared their talents and values, this eBook becomes a testament to creativity, collaboration, and our shared vision.

I hope this project continues to foster friendship, creativity, and connection, building bonds of peace and happiness for years to come.

Thank you all.

Anna Yin

Mississauga's Inaugural Poet Laureate (2015-2017)

Come to Celebrate by Anna Yin

For Mississauga's 50th Anniversary

The dawn breaks with bird songs at Riverwood Gardens;
the stone heritage Chappell House looks over the Credit.
Through the lush green valley, the clean river meanders
with reflections of geese, egrets, swans and fishing men.

In the fall, schools of salmon rush through to Lake Ontario,
where white sailboats and yellow canoes come and go.
With the red Port Credit lighthouse pointing to the sky,
indigenous stories are chanted and retold on starry nights.

Mississauga from small villages evolved into a metropolis,
railways stretched and atlases rebuilt with the curvy past,
diverse and dynamic, now hosts myriads of inhabitants,
shared with ample colors, renewed wampum and peace pipe.

At the center, civic buildings sided by shopping malls of fashion
of fine crafts with cultural tapestry among eco-landscapes.

As the morning sun rises, near the busy airport,
folks from far and near stream into the city
with new energy, wisdoms and economies flowing...
Then after sunset's splendid shows, the night curtain drops,
skyscraper lights flicker the city into another dream.

Mississauga, the river, the city offers us,
visitors, residents and dreamers, vibrant festivals:
From March Magic, Bread and Honey, Carassauga,
Powwow dance to TD Mosaic and Water front concerts,
homebound, global fusion, innovation,
all are dazzling and stunning with live music and vivid performance.

When the year wheel rolls to Celebration Square's Christmas Concerts
and renews with the New Year Mayor's Bash,
the city's life cycle refreshes with harmony and strength.

So, come here, come to celebrate the city's 50th anniversary...

Like me, you won't want to miss each special moment!

You and I, one holding a golden pen, the other, a magic brush,
make marks for each historical instant and milestone,

Yes, that is what we will do:
that is how we celebrate each dream.

Sept 24, 2024

Part One

Friendship between Twin cities



Anna Yin, Yumiko Naito, Yumi Yoneyama & Flora Choi in Kariya Japan

The Beauty of Friendship by Anna Yin

Here in my back yard in Mississauga, Canada,
a young tree is loaded with green apples,
summer sky drifting with white clouds...

I look through photos from Kariya, Japan:
The Ferris Wheel, the Floral Garden,
“The Mando” parade and cherry blossoms
In red, white and pink, then
the nine-meter-high Maple Leaf
in Mississauga Park there
lit up in changing colors at night.



In my hands are gifts from friends
I have newly met in our city’s Asian twin:
handmade book marks, tiny folded fans,
beautiful Japanese calligraphies with landscapes,
floral fabric and stylish volumes of 俳句 (haiku)...
My heart is full of gratitude.



I remember Stephanie, former president of MFA
shared her exciting oriental experiences in Kariya
when we ran into each other
at the Living Arts Center for Mississauga’s next 50 years.
It was she who warmly connected me with Yumiko Naito,
a gracious representative from KIFA
who made my new eastward cultural exchange possible.

What did I bring to Kariya, our twin city?
Arts from local artists about our city’s scenery,
maple syrups and chocolates, green tea,
books of Canadian poetry
and my sincere heart with a learning mind.



I recall Joy Kogawa’s poem “Where There’s a Wall”,
I remember the hundred cherry trees from Kariya
donated to our city for peace and friendship...
I am convinced that art and cultural exchanges are bridges
for truth, friendship and harmony...
And now, as I survey the photos and writings between our twin cities,
I perceive we have all reaped a rich harvest of gifts.

note: KIFA as Kiraya International friendship association
MFA as Mississauga Friendship Association

友情の美しさ (In Japanese by Yumiko Naito / 内藤 由美子)

ミササガにある我が家の裏庭には
たくさんの青リンゴが樹に実り
青い空には白い雲が漂う...

今、私は静かに写真を見返しています
刈谷市の風景
観覧車、花畑、万燈の舞い
そして赤、白、ピンクに色づく桜の花
ミササガパークにある
高さ9メートルのメイプルリーフモニュメントは
夜にはライトアップされて色が変わります



Yumiko Naito

私の手には刈谷で新たに出会った友人からの、たくさんの贈りもの
手作りの栞、小さな扇子、
美しい風景とともに描かれた日本の書、
花柄の風呂敷や詩集...
私の心は感謝の気持ちでいっぱいです

リビングアーツセンターでのミササガ50年記念イベントで出会ったとき、
MFAの元会長・ステファニーさんが刈谷での刺激的な
体験を話してくれました。そして彼女が私をKIFAの
内藤由美子さんと結びつけてくれたことで、
日本での新たな文化交流が始まりました。

姉妹都市刈谷に私が持っていったものは？
地元のアーティストが描いたミササガの風景
メイプルシロップとチョコレート
緑茶、カナダの詩集、そして学びたいと望む私の誠実な心...

日系カナダ人の詩人、ジョイ・コガワの詩「壁があるところ」を思い出します。
平和と友情のために刈谷から贈られた、たくさんの桜の木を思い出します。
芸術や文化の交流は、真の友情や調和の架け橋であると信じます。
そして今、刈谷での写真や詩を見つめながら、
私たちが皆、豊かな実りを得ることができたと感じています。

注: KIFA...刈谷市国際交流協会
MFA...ミササガ市友好協会

友谊之花 （星子安娜）

在枫国密西沙加市我的后院，
一棵果树挂满青苹果，
夏日蓝天白云飘过……

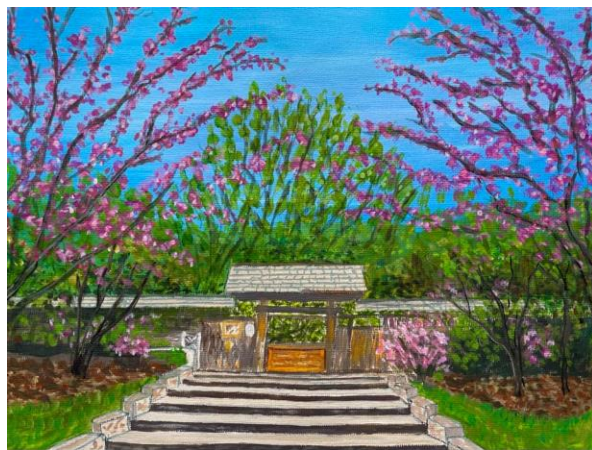
我静静地一一翻看
来自日本刈谷的风光：
摩天轮、花卉园、
“万灯”“节游行”
以及一树树樱花
红的、白的、粉的，还有
夜幕下以密西沙加命名的公园里
色彩变幻的九米高的一片枫叶。

手中我握着在日本姊妹城
新识的朋友们送我的礼物：
手工书签、小巧的折扇，
美丽的日本书法伴有风景，
花卉布包和别致的俳句书卷……
心中充满感恩。

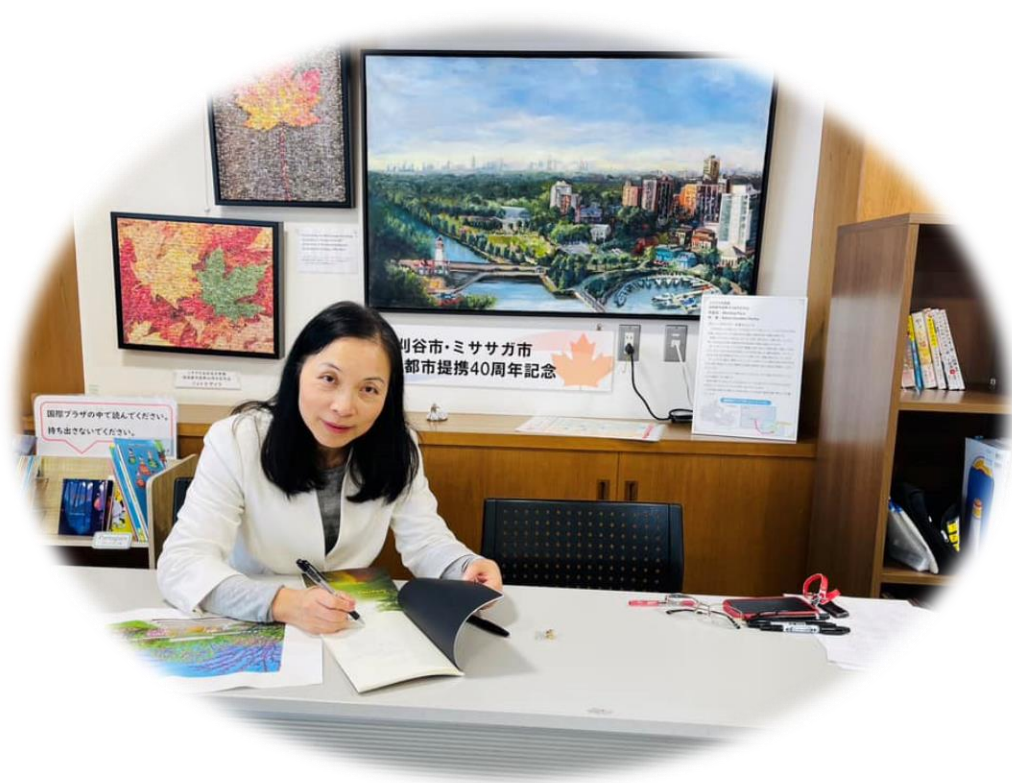
记得在密市未来 50 年的活动上
我巧遇密市友好协会前主席史蒂芬妮，
得知我将从日本取道回中国，
得知我将从日本取道回中国，
她兴奋地告诉我她美好愉快的刈谷之行
并热情地联系刈谷代表内藤由美子，
促成我樱花季的东西文化交流旅程。

我给我们姐妹城市刈谷带来了什么？
来自密市艺术家的城市风景作品、
枫糖浆和巧克力、绿茶以及加拿大诗集
还有我那颗真诚的开放的求学的心。

我想起日裔小川乐的诗“有墙的地方”。
我记得刈谷捐赠给密市代表和平与友谊
的一百棵樱花树开得如此美丽，
我确信艺术和文化交流是通向真理、
友谊与和谐的桥梁
此刻，当我浏览我们姐妹城之间的照片和文字
我庆幸我们都收获了丰厚的礼物。



Painting by Nisreen Art



Anna Yin at the office of KIFA, Japan



At Haiku presentation at the office of [Kariya International Friendship Association](#), Japan, 2024

Photos and Haiku from KIFA

1)

桜咲く
ミササガパーク
雲流れ

cherry blossoms
Mississauga park in Kariya
cloud flows

塚本 吉英/ Yoshihide Takenaka

櫻花密集
刈谷的密西沙加公园上空
行云流水
trans by Zhi Zi



2)

万燈や
踊る漢の
汗一斗

“The Mando”
drip with so much
sweat of dancing man

近藤 圭介 / Keisuke Kondo

万燈节
舞者纷纷
汗如流
trans by Jason

万燈や “The Mando”
踊る漢の drip with so many
汗一斗 sweat of dancing man



3)

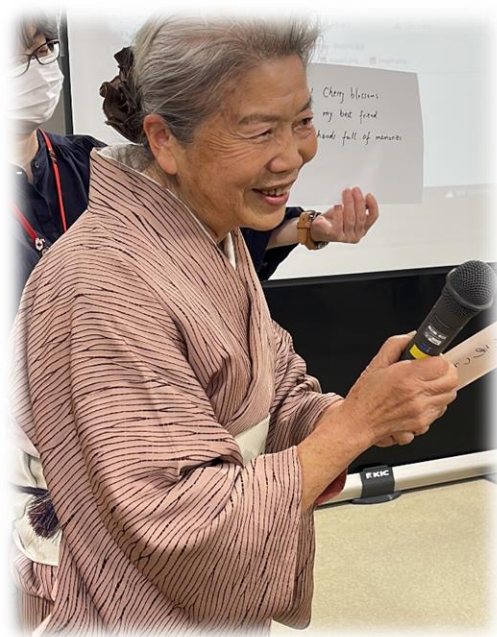
花衣
纏いて
英語俳句の会

wearing Cherry Blossom
I go to
Eigo Haiku Event

神谷 明子/ Akiko Kamiya



4)



わあっと咲く
桜と君の
思い出作る

**Oh! Cherry blossoms
with my best friend
Our hands full of memories**

Kimiko Matsuura



5)

日曜日
校庭の隅
飛花落花

Sunday's school yard
cherry blossoms falling and flying
with no one seen

加藤 峰子/ Kato Mineko



6)

チューリップ
合唱団の
風揃ふ

colorful tulips in Kariya
like a chorus group
even winds align

加藤 峰子/ Kato Mineko



7)

under the cherry blossoms
dampened see-saw
with last night's rain

林 果穂 /Kaho Hayashi



8)

maple candy melted!!
sad...
well, time to eat!

&
maple candy melted!!
sad...
but edible!

米山 裕美/Yumi Yoneyama

9)

落花急
本丸跡は
風の道

the ruins of KIJO Castle
sudden wind blowing
with shower of cherry blossoms

竹中 良枝/Yoshie Takenaka



10)

fulfilled its role
the old red mail box
stands under cherry blossoms

佐藤 久美子 (Kumiko Sato)



11)

Aizuma Station
railroad tracks glow
time to meet

*

departing from Aizuma Station
orange-shinning train
Cheers from nameless grasses

山本 覚/Satoru Yamamoto



12)

baseball for friendship
students' new skills
at Kariya High School



*



Ferris wheel
seen from high and far
Oh, Kariya Highway Oasis

三輪 正敏 /Masatoshi Miwa

13)

Kariya Garden
the past and the future...
Kariya castle

稲垣 祐司/Yuji Inagaki



14)

spring festival
traditional-dressed men parade
on modern city road

早川 恭央 (Takao Hayakawa)



15)

**fresh green
my new life afresh
with sun and shade**

*

**shining maple leaves
Hokey practice shouting
high blue sky**

神谷 敏子 (Toshiko Kamiya)





Mississauga Travelogue

ミササガ紀行

26. Jul - 2. Aug 2024

Kariya and Mississauga have been tied as twin cities since 1981, and they have exchanged delegations to each other. Kariya International Friendship Association (KIFA) and Mississauga Friendship Association (MFA) serve as the liaison offices. In 2024, a delegation of 10 members traveled from Kariya to Mississauga. This travelogue is my personal record of that experience as a member of it.

刈谷市とミササガ市は1981年以來の姉妹都市であり、相互に派遣団交流を行っています。刈谷市交流協会(KIFA)とミササガ市友好協会(MFA)がその窓口を務めています。2024年は刈谷からミササガへ、市民派遣団10名が渡航しました。この紀行文は派遣団の一員としてのその個人的な記録です。



A delegation member to Mississauga
2024ミササガ派遣市民団員
Toshitaka Okumura (Okkun)
奥村 利孝 (おっくん)

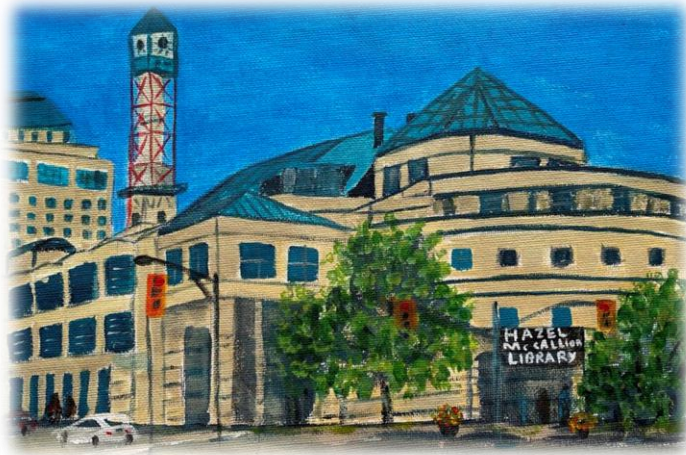
1

iris spring field
bouquet full of fragrance
breezes blow to your town
by Toshitaka Okumura

春天的鸢尾原野
花香满园
微风吹向你的城市

(trans by Anna Yin)

Thank Mr. Toshitaka Okumura for sharing his wonderful trip with writings and photos in English and Japanese which has 24 pages of slides, please check the above image to read it fully.



Paintings of Mississauga by Nisreen Art

Nisreen Askar is a multidisciplinary a Mississauga-based Artist who aspires to share her creativity to add some beauty to life and community and her Beautiful city ,as live painting events , Murals,, art workshops. Nisreen studied Fine Arts at Sheridan College and graduated with Honors and has a Visual Art Diploma from the ICS Canada. She is an active member of (AGM)& (MAC) , (VAM) (Heritage Mississauga) and has participated in many art group and solo exhibitions

There's a Room for You

(Art & Multiculturalism in Mississauga)

*In the replica of our global village
there's a special room
where East meets West
North greets South and...
light dispels darkness
 Through the mysterious corridor
 you spiral down the dark stairway
 to descend in order to... 'ascend'*

*With the theme—East meets West
This 'exclusive' venue is inclusive
of all races
ordinary people come to perform
extraordinary deeds
A symbol of harmony
no stereotyping, true bonding
Creativity in common
people from all walks of life converge
 Theatrical performances of
 Socio-dramas, or stage shows are rehearsed
 Seeking common Canadian Values
 commonalities discovered
 diversity celebrated as...
 "Enlightenment through Entertainment"*

*The magic of our multicultural mosaic
truly sparked when;
Eyal of Israel and Gada of Palestine
held hands and bonded
 Indian Reena played Pakistani Zarina
 people in sarees, sarongs and kimonos
 mingled with those in skirts and blue jeans
 United Nations truly 'united'*

*How we relished those lunches
of Shami kebab, Italian Pizza, Szechwan noodles
Sushi, Perogies and Falafal
a potluck of food and folks*

*This 'Replica' differs from
the outside world:
Complete harmony exists!
This is a room
where you bring your basket full
empty it and refill till it overflows*

*No matter what colour you are
tears are all the same
laughter alike
The 'I' less significant`
'We' and 'Us' matter, and...
there is room for you*

*And to think
This grand, global gathering
started in my home basement!*



*Zohra is an award winning banker, author and Playwright

With her mission of “*Enlightenment through Entertainment*” she opened her heart and home to dozens of artists, actors and musicians to stage several socio dramas and other shows. The issues she addressed; Arranged/versus love marriages, rising divorce rates, women abuse, gender inequity to name a few. Her work may be viewed at BTGOrg.com

The above poem is a true story from her memoir ‘**The Other I**’-- An epic journey of migration ‘*From Separation and Alienation to Integration and Celebration*’ The book was showcased in the 75th book festival in Frankfurt. zohraz.com

Our Train Journey by Zohra Zoberi

(An Awakening)

On a cold October afternoon in 2003, returning from Montreal to Toronto by Via Rail, our train sped across land and time. Passengers clung tightly to their invisible cloaks of privacy, each engrossed in a book, snoozing away their fatigue, or gazing out the windows. All ages, all races, heading in the same direction and not casting a single glance at one another.

A sudden jolt shocked everyone as a barrage of stones and debris were hurtled against the train. Was it an earthquake? Or were we under attack? Panic-stricken passengers grabbed on to anything they could. The train slowly tipped almost onto its side, then straightened up and came to a halt with one harsh ominous jolt. A narrow escape from being derailed!

Scared to death, each of us spontaneously began reciting our own prayers. Verses from the Torah, the Bible and the Quran were all magically merging. The sighs of relief that we were all alive were our commonality, so we quickly found ourselves consoling each other.

"I'm Sharon," I heard a woman say as she comforted a frightened old woman who had been covered in a shower of tempered glass from the window.

"I'm Stacey," said a curly-haired young girl. "You can use my cell phone if you want to call someone," she suggested to a young dark-skinned teen-aged boy who was frozen with fear.

"Over here please, can someone help me?" whispered a grey-haired gentleman.

"I'll help you." Although he offered, the young would-be rescuer seemed shy and reluctant to even introduce him-self but he stepped up anyway.

"What's your name, sir? He asked.

"Um, uh, Jack?" the gentleman replied, unsure of who or where he was.

"Good, Jack, you're doing fine. My name's Mohammad. Please relax. Here, have some dates and nuts. They will give you energy."

The longest twenty minutes of our lives elapsed before a uniformed black man with a heavy Jamaican accent entered our coach. "Our train has collided with a huge tractor trailer. The engineer is alive but unfortunately the truck driver is in critical condition. Please do not panic. Stay inside. Help will arrive soon!"

Stuck in the middle of nowhere, in cold darkness anxiously waiting for help to arrive, we had no acceptable alternative but to talk to each other.

Coincidentally amongst so few of us there was such a diverse group of people from various faiths! In our group were a handsome young Palestinian Muslim, a graduate from Queen's University; a well-traveled Orthodox Christian girl from Mount Royale; and a refined Jewish woman from Toronto who was a voice of calm and order in the chaos. Together we cleared away debris, cleaned our fellow passengers' cuts and we soothed some children's fears with songs and stories. I even recited a poem to an elderly lady. To the amusement of some onlookers, she placed her hand on my head casting a loving smile of gratitude. I couldn't help recall my grandma's gentle touch.

A group of us ended up discussing religion; politics; poetry; poverty; modern day achievements as well as 'lethal injustices' mankind inflicts on itself, often under the name of religion. How we from different faiths, all connected so deeply in such a short time? Perhaps

since everyone felt equally vulnerable during our life-threatening experience, it enabled us to realize how similar we all were.

After more than five long hours, help finally arrived... in a fashion. There were ambulances for the critically injured among us; but for the rest of us, we had to trek two kilometers along a narrow, uneven dirt road, peppered with stones and broken glass, to reach the waiting buses. Those who were injured and needed assistance were aided by their fellow passengers. We all made it together.

.....

[\(An excerpt from Zohra Zoberi's memoir 'The Other I' zohraz.com \(Amazon.ca\)\)](#)

Meena Chopra's Poem and Arts

Recently, the Courtney Park Group held its monthly gathering at my Mississauga residence. Many of us writers also enjoy painting, so we decided to showcase our art in the gazebo and then write or create verses inspired by the displayed works. The evening was filled with artistic expression, as artists and writers immersed themselves in creativity. It was a delightful and inspiring evening. Thank you to all the fellow artists and poets who made it a success!

A Symphony in My Garden

Creativity bloomed in my garden,
Words, an echo on every leaf and flower
My gazebo was illuminated softly
as art embraced vibrant summer hues
charged with the energy
of writers and artists.

Words, light as feathers
drifted on the breeze
their fragrance kissed the heart
of each flower, and each one of us
a tender touch
a serene murmur
weaving together effortlessly
as the sun sank low
and shadows danced upon the grass
a river of twilight flowed
from the verses and canvases
as nature cuddled them

A song lilting through the branches
I saw a little bird on a treetop
A symphony of poetry and art
Immersed in my garden! -Meena Chopra



Meena Chopra, a Canadian-Indian poet, author, visual artist, and curator of art and literary events, has seen her poetry featured in numerous magazines and anthologies. She champions the fusion of literature with various art forms, boasting a track record of successful collaborations in this innovative realm. Website: www.meenachopra.art

Meena's Artworks by Anna Yin

I arrive at your Mississauga home to see your art.
A charming silvery boy figure stands by your garden gate,
while red patio chairs quietly extend their welcome.
Buddhas rest among flourishing marigolds and cosmos,
and a water fountain softly murmurs, cooling the humid summer.

Before I can knock on your vine-framed side door,
you step out with a sunshine smile to greet me.
A blue oil painting against a warm cream wall catches my eye,
hinting at the cool complexity of your abstract series.

I remember our first meeting decades ago,
when "abstract" felt elusive, something
I couldn't quite grasp...
But this time, it's different—
I feel the cool energy, and the gaze of the art meets mine.

Years ago, another painter asked me,
"What is special about winning paintings?"
I'm not a painter, just a poet who paints with words,
but I reasoned that the fine art stirs true emotions.

When I ask why you create art,
you simply reply, "Because I just want to.
It all comes naturally; I just follow my heart."

So I open my eyes to see, close them to feel...
And this time, I believe I've truly entered your art.

As I leave, the sunlight slants across the ground...
I feel the energy of my own womanhood begin to dance.
I follow invisible steps, touch the bright waves of color,
image a fireball burning beneath my brush...
I see sharp eyes opening on my night canvas.



米娜的艺术作品

为观赏你的艺术，我来到你密西沙加的住所。
一个可爱男孩的银色雕像在花园门口静立，
几张红色庭院椅子悄然地展开她们的欢迎。
两三座佛陀休憩于万寿菊和大波斯菊中，
一顶喷泉潺潺流淌，为潮热的夏天带来凉爽。

不等我敲响你那藤蔓环绕的侧门，
你带着阳光般的微笑迎接拥抱我。
一幅蓝色基调的油画映着奶油黄墙壁
映入我的眼帘，暗示你抽象系列的冷峻复杂。

我回想起十多年前我们初次相遇时，
“抽象”，我从未真正理解过它…
但这次不一样，
我感受到那冷静独特的能量，艺术之眼的回望…

多年前，另一位画家问我：
“获奖的画有什么特别之处？”
我不是画家，从一个以文字作画的诗人的角度，
我的理由很直接：好的作品能激起真实的情感。

当我问你为什么要进行艺术创作？
你只是简单地回答：“我就是想创作。
一切都自然而然，我只是在追随内心”。

于是我睁开眼睛去看，闭上眼睛去感受…
这一次，我相信我真正进入了你的艺术世界。

当我离开时，阳光斜照在地面上…
我感觉到自己内心的女性能量苏醒舞动
我追随隐形的脚步，触碰色彩斑斓的波浪，
并想象一个火球在我的画笔下燃烧…
我看到锐利的眼睛在我的夜色画布上睁开。



Two writings by Joann Wanda Rossitter

Evening at the Grand River, Cayuga, Ontario

I share my thoughts with you beside the fast flowing river
The sky is both grey and dark blue and a bit of magenta,too.
The grass and the leaves of the trees are a deep green,
While the fish below the surface of the water are unseen.
Bugs fly like helicopters up and down and around and around.
Big, fat frogs burp and a diversity of birds chirp .
Robins sing as the evening rings and joy abounds.
Squirrels climb quickly up to the top along the bumpy bark,
Now slowly the fading sunset yields to the dark,
As the blue heron gracefully rises in flight ,
Another day passes into a soulful night.

Walk in the Rattray Marsh in Mississauga

As I walk in the peaceful marsh, I see the tall trees and I feel a warm breeze,
I see the white swan as she flies above the reeds and below the blue skies.
I hear the swift creek as it flows and bubbles and gurgles and glows..
I sense all the beautiful mammals that quietly crawl about at night .
Then the sun warms us all in the early morning shimmering light.
So wild and bohemian and uncultivated and fecund is the marsh .

Alene Sen's work

seams pair languages
stitches connect boundaries
each Fall, a new hem

a story unfolds
patterns, textures, vibrant hues
weaves into fabric

to great grandma's quilt
I add the 50th patch
Mississauga grows



Alene Sen (she/her) is an author of poetry and non-fiction. Her first collection, *Rainbows in the Night: Poems*, is now available from Friesen Press. She is the author of *Program Without Walls: Stories from Toronto Parents*. Alene writes about lived experiences, transformation, self-discovery, and hope.



Digital art by Roger Luo, Toronto

MISSISSAUGA ARROWHEADS FOUND by **Honey Novick**

5:00 a.m. Sunday morning, summertime
2 fathers, 3 children drove west into a rising sun
stillness
on the shoreline they walked, explored
2 boys, 1 girl
the girl waded into the lake waters
bare feet punctured by stone object attached to wood
she grasped into the sandy water and pulled out an arrowhead
she knew immediately it was important
for in her hand she held history
the boys were curious and wanted to see
she let them touch, then hold, her treasure
they gaped and pronounced it useless
threw it far back into the lake
never again to be recovered
heartbroken, the girl bent her head
looked for the history, only a moment before held in the palm of her hand
if she could not take the evidence back
she vowed she would carry the importance of what will always be



Part Two

Interviews and events in Mississauga



Remembering Mayor Hazel (poem by [Anna Yin](#), 2024/07/25)

Who can tell how many places are named after you?
Who can know how many books have been written about you?
Who can count how many paintings portray you?
We only know that myriads regard you as a role model.

You lived a large life, a long life, a fulfilled life,
You were a hero not just to our city, but to our nation.
When has a state funeral ever been held for a mayor?
You were an exception; you were a miracle.

Even your birthday is forever a forget-me-not,
As Valentine's Day, it is celebrated by the world.
What made you? Steel in body and will,
Sharp and wise, solid and unstoppable,
A mayor for 12 terms, into your 94th year, you lived to 101...
Hurricane Hazel, you are what we smile at, and what we are proud of.

I now gaze at a splendid painting by a young student,
Who captured your optimistic visage as our city's diorama,
Embracing iconic towers, broad arteries, and rich landscapes...
Indeed, you were always focused on the city,
Caring deeply for its people and their communities.
Your dedication and resilience won over most constituents,
Your leadership and vision profoundly transformed Mississauga.

In a male-dominated field, you excelled all:
"Think like a man, act like a lady, and work like a dog."
But today, above our long international border,
Witnessing debates between two male presidential candidates for "Great America",
Neither able to deliver a single astute sentence,
I only can imagine you laughing and striking them out...
Perhaps the world is calling for leaders like you,
Thus, in our city, your successors are unmistakably female,
Younger or older...

What an ironic fact, I am not a feminist,
I just want a better future, a better world,
And deep down, a safe city, a safe home...
But the safest city to live in, Mississauga,
Now has more cars stolen, more homes broken into...
Policemen say it is a nation-wide problem,

But who is accountable?

This year is Mississauga's 50th anniversary.
There are so many great things to celebrate,
so much progress to praise...
But from a cautious perspective, I will stay watchful,
Wondering about poor leaders from this world
causing dread hurricanes from politics to our daily life.



Mayor Hazel, Juno Jiang and her painting

纪念海泽尔市长 (Chinese trans. 星子安娜)

谁能说出有多少地方以您命名？
谁能知道有多少本书传颂您？
谁能数出有多少艺术描绘您？
我们只知道，无数人将您视为楷模。

您度过伟大而持久且充实的一生，
不仅是城市英雄，也是国家英雄。
何时曾有为市长举行过国葬？
您是个例外，您是个奇迹。

甚至您的生日也永远难以忘怀
正好是情人节，被世界纪念庆祝。
是什么造就了您？钢铁般的身体和意志、
敏锐而睿智，坚实而不可阻挡。。。.
担任 12 届市长，直到 94 岁，并活到 101？
飓风海瑟尔，我们因您微笑，为您自豪。

现在我凝视着一位年轻学生的精彩画作，
她把您乐观的面容绘成我们城市的透视图——
簇拥标杆双子塔楼、宽阔的道路以及丰富的景观……
的确，您一直专注于这座城市，
深切关怀这座城市的人民和社区。
您的奉献和坚韧赢得选民的广泛支持，
您的远见卓识引导推动密西沙加发展。

在一个男性主导的领域，你超越了所有人：
“像男人一样思考，像女士一样行动，像狗犬一样工作。”
但今天，在我们长长的国际边界之上，
目睹两位男性总统候选人竞选辩论，
他们连理性卓智的完整句都无法胜任，
我只能想象您苦笑并将他们剔除。
也许世界在呼唤像您这样的领导者，
因此，密市您的继任无一例外地都是女性，
无论年长或者年轻…

多么具有讽刺意味，我并不是女权主义者，
我只是想要一个更好的未来，一个更好的世界，
内心深处，我要一个安全的城市，一个安全的家…
但是这个曾经最安全的城市，密西沙加，

现在却有更多的汽车被盗，更多的家园被入侵…
警察说这是一个全国性的问题，
但谁应该对此负责？

今年是密西沙加成立 50 周年纪念，
有那么多值得庆祝的事情，
那么多文明进步值得赞扬，
但出于谨慎，我会保持警惕，
担忧这个世界糟糕的领袖们
将政治的致命飓风带入我们的日常生活！



Mayor Hazel by Nisreen Art



Nisreen Art



Anna Yin/星子安娜

“मेयर हैज़ल की याद में” (Hindi trans. Meena Chopra)

कौन बता सकता है कि कितने स्थान तुम्हारे नाम से जाने जाते हैं?
कौन जान सकता है कि तुम्हारे बारे में कितनी किताबें लिखी गई हैं?
कौन गिन सकता है कि कितनी पेंटिंग्स में तुम्हारी छवि उकेरी गई है?
हम बस इतना जानते हैं कि, अनगिनत लोग तुम्हें एक आदर्श के रूप में देखते हैं।

तुमने एक महान जीवन जिया, एक लंबा जीवन, एक संतुष्ट जीवन जिया
तुम हमारे शहर की ही नहीं, बल्कि हमारे राष्ट्र की भी प्रेरणास्रोत थीं।
किसी मेयर के लिए राज्य स्तर पर इतना बड़ा अंतिमसंस्कार कब हुआ है?
तुम सबसे पृथक थी; तुम एक चमत्कार थीं।

यहां तक कि तुम्हारा जन्मदिन भी हमेशा याद रहता है,
वह दिन ‘वैलेंटाइन डे’ के रूप में भी पूरी दुनिया में मनाया जाता है।
तुम्हें न जाने किसने गढ़ा था? तुम्हारे शरीर और इरादों में फौलाद था,
तुम तेज़ और बुद्धिमान थीं, ठोस और अजेय थीं,
तुम ९४ वे वर्ष की उम्र तक, 12 कार्यकालों के लिए मेयर रहीं,
तुमने 101 वर्ष तक का एक लम्बा जीवन जिया..
तूफानी हैज़ल, तुम ही वह हो,
जिसे देख का हम सब खुशी से मुस्कुराते हैं और गर्वान्वित महसूस करते हैं।

मैं यहां एक युवा छात्र द्वारा बनाई गई एक शानदार पेंटिंग देख रही हूँ,
जिसने प्रसिद्ध टावरों, चौड़ी सड़कों और समृद्ध परिदृश्यों को समेटे हुए...
हमारे शहर की चित्रावली में तुम्हारी आशावादी छवि को उभारा है,
वास्तव में, तुम हमेशा हमारे इस शहर की छवि पर अपना ध्यान केंद्रित रखती थी,
इसके लोगों और समुदायों की तहे दिल से देखभाल करती थीं।
तुम्हारे समर्पण और दृढ़ता ने अधिकांश मतदाताओं का दिल जीत लिया था,
तुम्हारे सफल नेतृत्व और दूरदर्शिता ने
मिसिसॉगा को गहन एवं सुगठित ढंग से रूपांतरित कर दिया।

इस पुरुष प्रधान क्षेत्र में, तुम सभी से उत्कृष्ट रहीं:
“एक पुरुष की सोच, एक स्त्री का अनुयोजन और असीम कर्मठता”
लेकिन आज, हमारी लंबी अंतरराष्ट्रीय सीमा पर,
“महान अमेरिका” के लिए दो पुरुष राष्ट्रपति उम्मीदवारों के बीच
हो रही बहस को देखकर ऐसा महसूस होता है कि
दोनों में से कोई भी समझदारी भरा वक्तव्य नहीं दे पा रहा है,
मैं केवल तुम्हारी उत्कंठित हँसी की कल्पना कर सकती हूँ,
और तुम्हें उन्हें नकारते हुए देख सकती हूँ...
शायद आज यह दुनिया तुम्हारे जैसे नेताओं का आह्वान करना चाहती है,
इसलिए हमारे शहर में,

तुम्हारी उत्तराधिकारी निःसंदेह रूप से महिलाएँ ही हैं,
चाहे वह युवा हों या बुजुर्ग...

यह कैसी विडंबना है, मैं तो एक नारीवादी भी नहीं हूँ,
मैं तो बस एक बेहतर भविष्य, एक बेहतर संसार चाहती हूँ,
मैं हृदय से एक सुरक्षित शहर, एक सुरक्षित घर की कल्पना करती हूँ...
लेकिन आज रहने के लिए सबसे सुरक्षित मिसिसॉंगा के इस शहर में
अब और भी अधिक कारें चोरी होती हैं,
अधिक घरों में चोरियाँ भी हो रही हैं...
पुलिसकर्मियों का कहना है कि यह एक देशव्यापी समस्या है,
लेकिन इसके लिए कौन ज़िम्मेदार है?

इस साल मिसिसॉंगा की 50 वीं वर्षगांठ है।
जश्न मनाने के लिए बहुत सारी उल्लेखनीय वस्तुएं हैं,
हाल ही में हुई उन्नति और विकास की प्रशंसा करनी है...
लेकिन एक सतर्क दृष्टिकोण के साथ मैं चौकस रहूंगी,
सोचती हूँ, उन दरिद्र नेताओं के बारे में जो इस दुनिया में
राजनीति के नाम पर हमारी रोजमर्रा की ज़िंदगी में
भयानक तूफान पैदा कर रहे हैं।



Meena Chopra (Poet and Painter)

به یاد شهردار هیزل

شعری از آنا یین

ترجمه منصور نوربخش

چه کسی می تواند بگوید چند مکان به نامت نامگذاری شده است؟

چه کسی می داند چند کتاب درباره ات نوشته شده است؟

چه کسی می تواند بشمارد نقاشی هایی که تو را به تصویر کشیده اند

ما فقط می دانیم که بسیاری تو را الگوی خود می دانند

تو یک زندگی طولانی، یک زندگی بزرگ، یک زندگی کامل داشتی

تو نه فقط قهرمان شهر ما، بلکه برای ملت ما یک قهرمان بودی

چه زمانی تاکنون مراسم تدفین دولتی برای یک شهردار برگزار شده است؟

تو استثنا بودی، تو یک معجزه بودی

حتی روز تولدت فراموش نشدنی است

به عنوان روز ولنتاین، که جهان آن را جشن می گیرد

چه چیزی فرا آورد؟ استواری پولادین را در جسم و اراده ات

قاطع و خردمند، نستوه و غیرقابل توقف

یک شهردار برای دوازده دوره، تا نود و چهار سالگیت، و تو صد و یک سال زیستی...

هیزل توفانی، تو همان چیزی هستی که به آن لبخند می زنیم و به آن افتخار می کنیم

اکنون به تابلوی نقاشی با شکوه یک دانشجوی جوان می نگرم

که نگاه خوشبین تو را در نمای شهر ما به تصویر کشیده

و در آغوش برج های نمادین، بزرگراه های وسیع و مناظر طبیعی پربار را

درست است، تمرکز تو همواره بر شهر بود

عمیقا مراقب مردم و مجامع آنها بودی

بیشتر شهروندان مجذوب فداکاری و استقامت تو بودند

راهبری و گستره دیدگاهت میسیساگا را دگرگون ساخت

در عرصه ای که جولانگاه مردان بود، بر همه برتری داشتی:

”مثل یک مرد فکر کنید، مانند یک زن رفتار کنید و همچون یک سگ کار کنید“

اما امروز، از ورای مرز طولانی بین المللی ما،

شاهد مناظره بین دو نامزد مرد ریاست جمهوری برای “آمریکای بزرگ” هستیم

که توانا بر بیان یک جمله بخردانه نیستند

من فقط می توانم تصور کنم که به آنان می خندی و عذرشان را می خواهی...

شاید دنیا رهبرانی مثل تو را فرا می خواند

چنین است که در شهر ما جانشینان تو بی تردید زناند

جوانتر یا پیرتر...

چه طعنه آمیز، من فمینیست نیستم
 من فقط آینده ای بهتر می خواهم، دنیایی بهتر
 و با تمام وجود، یک شهر امن، یک خانه امن...
 اما در امن ترین شهر برای زندگی، میسیساگا
 اکنون اتومبیل های بیشتری دزدیده شده، خانه های بیشتری سرقت شده است...
 پلیس می گوید این یک مشکل سراسری است
 اما چه کسی پاسخگوست؟
 امسال پنجاهمین سالگرد میسیساگا است.
 چه بسیار خوبی ها که شایسته شادباشند،
 ...دستاوردهایی ستودنی
 اما از منظری محتاطانه، مراقب خواهم بود،
 متحیر از رهبران ناتوان دنیا
 که زندگی معمولی ما را با توفان های دهشتبار سیاست برمی آشوبند.

Mansour Noorbakhsh writes poems and stories in both English and Farsi, his first language, and has published books, poems, and articles in both languages. His book length poem: "In Search of Shared Wishes" is published in 2017. He tries to be a voice for freedom, human rights, and environment in his writings. He presents The Contemporary Canadian Poets in a weekly Persian radio program)



An Evening with Brent Toderian

—Mississauga's Next 50 Years

So many people came here,
lining up in the spacious Living Art centre
before opening time.

Young, mid-aged or elder...
white, brown or black...
all wondered what future would be unfolded.

It was a cold night, -15.
The weather report warned: snow flurry, felt -30.
But here we were, eager with springlike spirit.

Outside, pink, green and purple lit up the city tower,
yellow glowed over the new center library,
blue shimmered among pine trees
that surrounded the silvery court
where greenhorns and veterans freely skated.

Warm chatting, soft laughing,
even whispers from the portraits of Hall of Fame,
all seemed to look forward to a miracle future...

Mr. Toderian did not offer a golden cutting-edge vision,
Instead, he forewarned us and our city:
“Before any goal or change,
Think clearly, what it means, what
do you truly want?”

The rolling ball was thrown back to us, to the city:
“Do things right,
Do things right well!”

Yes. but how?

Success was never a daytime dream or a signed contract —
There must be a long list of No's and Do's
Tons of careful and wise research and debate



Photo by Sarah Hei

What do we want? what does the city want?
“car-free, convenient and sustaining community,
multicultural, dynamical and harmonious,
safe, green and healthy?
What would AI do to us?
How far could we plan the future?
5 years, 10 years...50 years?”

The evening curtain call came.
We walked out with many questions —
each footprint deep in the snow.
Should we sing:
Let it snow, let it snow?



Anna Yin @2024/01/24

Rattling from the Old Villages to Metropolis

Interviewing David Havard (President, [Mississauga Rattlers Table Tennis Club](#))

Here, after laying down our rackets,
we sat at the bench in Woodland school's gym,
David, in his eighties with sparse white hair,
elderly yet energetic,
discoursing his life journey bouncing along
with the small white sphere;
I, middle-aged with an artistic curiosity,
listening to the ups and downs beneath his quiet voice



Like any long running river, a trickle of water here,
a spring there, his started from England; a young grad
who moved to Canada in 1958
and found an engineer position at Ontario Hydro.
He brought his beautiful wife over
and bought a house in Credit Woodlands to settle down.



While he pursued working and studying concurrently,
cancer found a way to his young wife.
It was tough and unbearable, she died at 29.
David sighed and paused...
I felt sorry but did not know how to console him.

I passed him some water, he took it and continued:
"Somehow, I managed to complete my Ph. D. at Waterloo
then I met a fellow student whom I like.
Now we two have celebrated our 53th anniversary,
can you imagine?"

I nodded. Yes, I could imagine
the small white sphere spinning ...ups and downs...
David swung his racket and tried to manage.

Six colleagues from Ontario Hydro Research Labs joined
David to found Rattlers Table Tennis Club...The first ever!
He smiled, "It was in 1972, even before Mississauga,
the city was formed! Our first home was
Springbank Community centre originally
the two-room Erindale village school,
now part of UTM campus.



1963-1973 Springbank Community Center

Later we added games in Erindale Community Hall,
then expanded it to Lanor School in Etobicoke...
and joined the Woodlands community school when it opened in 1973.
Our club ran tournaments for members, annual banquets and summer picnics”

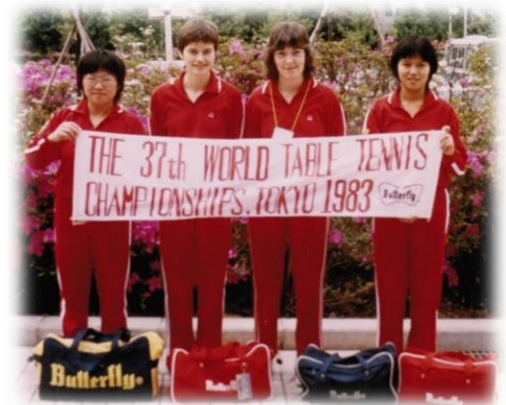
David showed me various trophies and medals, and continued:
“Over 50 years, our club has grown big and strong,
developing its own multi-cultural and dynamic harmony.”

Coimbra Antonio, a long-time member, the treasurer
chimed in: “At the very beginning, we would drive very far
to Pickering and Ajax for house leagues and matches.
We were young then and full of passion and energy!”



I winked at them and grinned,
“You both are still young and strong, so many of us here
cannot beat you in a single game!”

Both David and Antonio laughed,
“Who knows the magic of this small sphere?
It keeps us young, happy and healthy,
It also brings friendship, confidence and pride.
Look at this old photo — Becky Mc Knight third from left,
one of our club members went so far to cross Pacific Ocean,
to represent Canada at World Championship in Tokyo 1983!”



“Wow! Four women players! In 1983, I was still
in middle school in China!” I remarked.

I pointed at another photo, Tony Holmes the club’s first president
and David receiving Government of Ontario Volunteer Recognition
Award in 1986– (for establishing both TT club & community school)
and said: “Oh, so many years ago! I cannot imagine!
There must have been many high moments.
I came here only in 1999 and found an IT job in Mississauga.
Then I recognized how lucky I was to live in this beautiful city!”



“Yes, Mississauga has been bounced from small villages
and semi-rural township of Toronto to a dynamic metropolis,
even becoming the 6th biggest city in Canada!
I have lived here since 1961 and have seen the city’s changes
and our club’s! I must say I am lucky too.

Last year, at our Rattlers' Jubilee party,
so many new and familiar faces, young and old
from diverse backgrounds celebrated with us..."
David gazed at the door, recalling many joyful gatherings...

I looked around at members who were still playing their games.
They waved black and red rackets—
smash, loop, chop and spin...
Small white spheres bounced with health and happiness.
their hearts carried pride and faith;
their feet swept the game's floor.

I turned to David,
"We are so lucky! I want to thank you
and all those who have put the club together
and ceaselessly volunteered for the sport.
Today, Mississauga has many people playing
table tennis that makes them strong and well.
More clubs have been formed to follow this success.
Each week, we have great house league games
at our door step! See, this small sphere is
truly continuing rattling its magic!
Now, let us go back to join them to play!"



Julia qiulei Lin, Amber xihan Lin and Andy Hao in house league games, Jan 29 2024

Poem by Anna Yin @2024/01/30 Photos by Rattlers Club

从村庄到都市乒乓之旅

采访大卫-哈瓦德（密西沙加响尾蛇乒乓球俱乐部主席）

我们放下球拍后，
在林地学校体育馆的长椅上坐下，
八十九岁的大卫，头发稀疏花白，
年迈却精力充沛，
娓娓道来他像乒乓球一样
起伏的人生历程，
人到中年的我充满好奇，
聆听着他静静的叙述。

就像一条奔流不息的河流，
这里涓涓细流，那里潺潺清泉、
来自英国伦敦，1958 年，他一个年轻毕业生
移居加拿大，在安大略水电局找到工程师职位
随后带着美丽的妻子
在信贷林地买房定居下来

当他一边工作一边学习时
癌症却找上他年轻的妻子
痛苦而不幸，29 岁的她离世。
大卫叹了口气，停了下来...
我遗憾无法安慰他。

我递给他一杯水，他接过继续说：
"后来我在滑铁卢完成了博士学位
不久遇到一个喜欢的学友。
今年是我们婚姻的 53 周年纪念，
真是很难想象！"

我点点头。是的，我脑海里
浮现一只命运的小球不断旋转.....
起起落落.....
大卫挥舞着球拍，奋力搏击。

安大略水电研究实验室的六位同事
加入大卫，和他一起成立了响尾蛇乒乓球俱乐部.....
大卫笑着说："那是 1972 年，密西沙加市还没成立！
谁能想到！
我们的第一个家是春岸社区中心
两间教室的 Erindale 乡村学校，
现在是多大密市校园的一部分。
后来，我们在 Erindale 社区礼堂增设了比赛场地、
1973 年林地社区学校开学时，我们加入该校场馆。
我们的俱乐部为会员举办比赛、年度宴会和夏季野餐"。

大卫向我展示各种奖杯和奖牌，并继续说道：
"60 年来，我们的俱乐部不断发展壮大、
充满多元文化，运动精神和和谐氛围"。

老会员兼财务科英布拉-安东尼奥
走过来说道："最开始，我们会开车到很远的
皮克林和阿贾克斯参加地区联赛和竞赛。
那时我们真是年轻，充满激情和活力！"

我朝他们眨眨眼睛，笑道：
"我看你们两个年轻灵敏，这里很多人
还赢不了你们！"

大卫和安东尼奥都笑了、
"谁知道这个小球有着如此魔力？
它让我们保持年轻、快乐和健康、
它带给我们友谊、自信和骄傲。
看看这张老照片——我们的俱乐部成员之一
远渡重洋，代表加拿大参加 1983 年东京世界锦标赛！"

"哇！四名女选手！1983 年
我还在中国大陆上中学呢！"

我指着另一张照片，安东尼奥和戴维正在接受
1986 年安大略省政府志愿者表彰奖
说道 "1986，二十多年了！一定很多精彩激动人心时刻。
我 1999 年才来到这里，在密西沙加找到了一份 IT 工作。
后来我才意识到，生活在这座美丽的城市是多么幸运！"

"是的，密西沙加已经从多伦多的小村庄和半乡村小镇
和多伦多的半农村乡镇发展成为一个充满活力的大都市、
甚至成为加拿大第六大城市！
我从 1961 年起就住在这里，见证了这座城市和我们俱乐部的变化
和我们俱乐部的变化！我必须说我也很幸运。
去年，在我们的响尾蛇俱乐部庆典派对上、
许多新面孔和熟悉的面孔，年轻的和年长的
与我们一起庆祝....."
大卫注视着门口，回忆起许多欢乐的聚会“

我环顾四周，会员们还在乒乓。
他们挥舞着黑色和红色的球拍
扣杀、高吊、长劈和加旋.....
白色的小球跳动着健康和快乐的旋律，
他们的心中洋溢着自豪和信心；
他们的脚步在赛场从容有序。

我转向戴维，赞叹：
"我们太幸运了！我要感谢你

以及所有俱乐部的组织者
感谢你们为此奉献时间和精力。
今天，密西沙加有许多人
热爱乒乓球，变得健康快乐。
更多的俱乐部在密西沙加成立。
每周，我们都能在家门口
比赛练习！看，这个小球
真的在继续发挥它的魔力！
现在，让我们回到球场继续打球！"

Anna Yin/星子安娜 2024/01/30

Triple J and The Maple Leaves

Chen Jie greeted me at her bright sunny office
With a smile on her face, she held out her hands
No doubt these are the hands trusted by clients
from a caring and loving soul for the public good

April is always the special month,
busy with tax filing and national poetry readings.
While Jie sees sparkles in the numbers
she also admires verses and creativity.
Our encounter started a journey of friendship
and various art projects with her support.

Perhaps even before moving to Canada
artistic seeds were sown in her heart....
Studying in Australia, "Triple J" was her favorite
night music radio program
it brought peace and joy to her nostalgic heart

In 2006 Jie landed in Mississauga and started
her own tax filing business..

After one year try-out in the aisle of a shopping mall
she seized the opportunity for growing better service
for our city's residents and small businesses
and founded her new company in the core of the city

As her self-designed logo, Triple J in a Maple Leaf,
represented all parents' beautiful vision of lifting up
the next generation, nowadays it has evolved
into three leaves working together with heart and soul.
It is in this beautiful land, with love, confidence
and perseverance, Triple J strives towards a better future



杰中杰印象

陈劼在她明亮的办公室迎接我，
满是笑意地伸出双手 ——
无疑这就是客户报税的信赖之手、
而她更满怀对顾客以及公益的关爱。

四月总是特别的月份——
报税季和全国诗歌月。
陈劼从数字中捕捉闪光点
也看到艺术和创意的闪烁。
我们的相遇开启一段友谊之旅
还有她对我诗歌艺术的支持。

也许早在移居加拿大之前
艺术就悄悄播种在她的心田。
澳大利亚留学时，三杰是她最喜欢的
晚间音乐节目
给她那游子之心带来安详和平静

2006 年，陈劼定居密市尝试报税业务，
经过一年在商场过道摆摊的摸爬滚打后
她准确抓住为市民提供更好服务的发展机遇
在市中心地段成立自己的优质报税公司。

正如她当初设计的徽标：红色枫叶中三杰
代表父母托起下一代的美好憧憬，如今

三叶心心向上，共同奋斗。
正是在这片枫叶灿烂的美丽国土上
杰中杰满怀爱心，信心和恒心
一步步走向更好的未来。

星子安娜/Anna Yin @2024/02/23

Ordinary Love: Seeds for Communities

At Churchill Meadows community gathering,
before Thanksgiving and Halloween,
we were given huge pumpkins
to carve smiling faces
to make funny scary masks...

Everyone was busy with their handiworks
except for one lady, whose eyes were fixated
on the seeds that we dug out and put away.
She collected each and declaimed her future harvest.

At the break, I approached her and we chatted.
Immediately we became friends. I felt familiar
and presumed this Carol had a Chinese background.

She invited me to visit her garden
where she grew vegetables for food banks
and seeds for seed hubs.
Her face was full of sunshine as her hands carried joy and life.

We stood in her garden, while she packed seeds into boxes:
yellow peas, Oregon sugar snap peas for seed library,
tomato seeds: Barry crazy, sun sugar, sun gold, prairie fire cherry tomato,
Chayote squash, zucchini, cucumber for friends and communities,
flowers' seeds - calendula, nasturtium, marigold for bees...
our conversations continued...
It was late autumn, before the weather got cold,
she was busy digging soil, cleaning up...
mending fences... preparing for next year.

When we met again, it was this summer.
I told her *sun sugar* and *zucchini*
grew well in my home garden,
snow pea and *squash* in Susan's Garden...
Behind row after row of green peppers,
she smiled and said, "I told you; it is easy..."



Carol Lim

My seeds are best!”

I added, sweet too!

This time I knew her full name is Carol Lim,

actually, she is not Chinese, but Malaysian.

She moved to Mississauga in 1982.

She has worked for HSBC for 28 years

and retired six years ago. To continue

helping our community, she started to learn growing healthy food.

Since then, she kindly teaches others her tricks

and generously shares seeds...

When I asked “Are you tire?”

she answered, “Always young if you keep growing”

Well, I want to add this for her and for all of us:

“Always good if we keep loving...

Thank you, Carol Lim!”

Anna Yin, July 2024



To the Deer, University of Toronto Mississauga

“Staghorn sumac,” I pronounced,
fiery spires flaring
stylized by mid-century modern
chill office windows.
My smug mug in the glass
at my recall without recourse
to Google or that folding
deck of cards
the UTM stacks.

And yes, there they strut,
the notorious Canada
geese, indifferent to settler structures,
labels, curses,
despair.

But the deer!

I was wordless. Ha, take that,
Sessional Lecturer!
Er, try *Simply enchanted*
to make your acquaintance.

My deer-in-headlights eyes.
(The deer: calm.)

We are deep in the forest of Chapter III,
Through the Looking-Glass.
I am Alice with one arm
necklacing the fawn.
Oh, if only...I extend a cell-
camera-wielding hand.

Footfalls over concrete,
theirs, mine, ours. Students,
campus staff, each word for deer
gathered worldwide, landed here.

wawaashkeshi or ayaabe
in Ojibwe
ohskëntonon
in Wendat
(online dictionaries)

Months later, I scarcely glance
at deer statue-ing centre field,
camouflaged in fading grass,
resting heartbeats slower
than those of the soccer team
on the sidelines.

Shard line
breaks.
Pond ice dissolving, heart in skitter.

Again, I startle, marvel-struck,
a “prof” in cold pastoral.
Our word-river frozen overhead.

Deer on the move.
I ride home MiWay, clutching
those old-school paper forest products:
poetry books.
Queued on online Acorn
(*Quercus! storied oak*)
a list of all our names.

Kateri Lanthier is the author of *Reporting from Night* (Iguana, 2011) and *Siren* (Véhicule Press, 2017), which was longlisted for the 2018 Pat Lowther Award. She won the 2013 Walrus Poetry Prize and has been shortlisted for Arc's Poem of the Year. Kateri teaches Creative Writing to undergraduates in the English and Drama Dept. at the University of Toronto Mississauga. She wrote this poem when she encountered a deer at UMT.



Mississauga's Kite Festival and Kite poem by Katherine L. Gordon



Leonardo's Flying Machine

The longing overwhelmed me
when I saw it,
as it must have possessed Leonardo,
the time-traveller whose spirit could leap
outside the confines of the medieval mind
to fly into a universe of thought,
where man could soar with birds
in a light canvas on wood
swallow-tailed, one-with-the-air frame,
catch the updraft
glide over green spaces
close the eyes
and inhabit the wind.
He comes through the centuries
as I touch his machine
built to tantalize the earth-bound.
I want to devour the grace,
the hurtful beauty
of a glider born
to bridge not only man and bird
but free the soul,
lift you over the torpid...
no fire, no sound,
a kite into eternity.

Poem by Katherine L. Gordon

Katherine L. Gordon is a poet, publisher, author, editor, anthologist, judge, reviewer and literary critic. She has many books, chapbooks, co-operative books and anthologies internationally

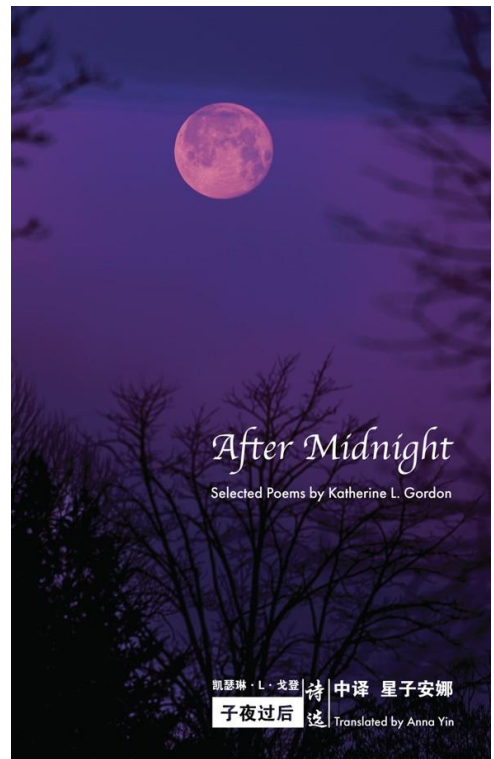


莱昂纳多的飞行器

当我见到它时
那份渴望淹没了我，
正如它曾占据了莱昂纳多的心灵，
那时光旅行者，他的精神能够跃出
中世纪的思维界限，
飞入思想的宇宙，
在人与鸟同飞的世界里，
在轻盈的木质画布上
翘尾如燕，空中一体，
乘着上升气流
在绿地上空滑翔，
闭上眼睛
在风中栖息。
当我触摸他
撩人心弦的飞行器
他穿越世纪而来。
我想沉浸享受这优雅，
伤感之美——
一种滑翔生来
不仅是人与鸟的桥接
更是灵魂的解放，
将你超越迟钝——
没有火焰，没有声音
一只风筝飞向永恒。

Chinese trans by Anna Yin

A Poetry Film with kite directed by Anna Yin
([MicroGrant Success, Spring 2023](#))



At Pollinator Showcase Garden (Anna Yin, 2024/07/19)

Beside a Spanish white house,
I enter the “Pollinator Showcase Garden”.
It is a cool summer day, I stroll among
Lovely red, yellow and purple blossoms.

In my hand, I hold three precious marbles.
Each for one of my favorite artworks
made by bees, brown, golden and blue ones,
artists, young, mid-aged and senior...
My eyes dwell into each diligent and elegant work,
My heart is filled with nectar of color and light.
My ears hear all music of this harmony symphony.
My soul dances with each pollinator’s dance.

Oh, three is not enough, not nearly enough...
I pause at “Mississauga’s 50th Bee Garden”
I gaze at the purple “Secret Garden”
I listen to the “Echoes of Nectar”
I cry with the black “Queen Bee”
I count the beads in “Cosmic Nectar”
I smile at the “Guardian of the Bees”
I chase after the “Chef’s Flight”
I touch the huge bee’s glasses...

Carefully I place three of my favorite ones,
then another three and three and three...
it goes on and on in my appreciating mind...

Every nectar a honey drop
every hive a harmony home
Music continues through this summer
Bread and honey harvested by bees and artists.



1st: Frances Chang: Bee Garden



2nd: Cesar A. Bonilla Guerrero, MAC



Runner-Up: Nicole Gabriela Bonilla
Mendoza, Queen Bee



People’s Choice: Khurram Javaid, MAC

Viewing “Echoes of Nectar”, Anna Yin

Through a looking glass
I enter a honey garden,
This time with a flower fairy,
Accompanied by buzzing bees

Streetsville square echoes with live music
A tall clock stands above yellow blossoms
Diligent pollinators fly far and near
Lake Ontario high with a sweet dream

I dance from slow Salsa till night blues
I taste fresh nectar with summer scent
The full moon moves out of clouds
My heart is full of echoes of nectar



“Echoes of Nectar” by Asma Sahar

蜜意回响 (trans by Rui Ding, Grade 9th, China)

穿越一面透视镜
我迳入一处蜜园
此时花仙子伴我
蜂群频频起舞

城镇中回响着悠扬的乐曲
一座钟于黄花之间耸立
辛勤的施粉家们往来翕忽
安大略的湖水随美梦潮涌

我起舞 从萨尔萨舞到夜间的蓝调
我将那甘露就着夏意品尝
云散开圆月浮现
蜜意自心中回响



Art by Rui Ding

Part Three

Students' work from Clifford International School, Guangzhou, China

Photos of Missississaug, Canada



Darren Grade 4B

pink trees stand out
in the Japanese scenery
as a beautiful heart

Teddy Grade 4B

sunrising
frogs jump
into the trees' reflection

Olivia Grade 4B

under cherry blossoms
a little pond shows itself
green grass rustles

Roger Grade 4B

huge ears
green body
knock, knock, who is there?



Jimmy Turnbull Grade 4B

little flowers on the river
big white marshmallow in the sky
is there a Genie?

Andrew Grade 4B

a huge rabbit statue
what tale does it tell
in the enormous city?

*

In the sunset
A lighthouse stands
Among the trees on the bridge

Flora Grade 4B

among fallen leaves
fish swim—
what a beautiful lake



Thank Tracey Sears & Teacher Simoné sending students' work and photos!

Also thank a student in Hunan Province (龙龙,湖南) sending his two Chinese translations:

硕大的耳朵
绿色的身体
开门，开门，谁在哪？

落叶之间
鱼儿游来游去
好漂亮的湖

Beautiful Dreams



**Mississauga's Katie Vincent celebrates a gold medal for Canada on Saturday in Paris.
(Photo: Canoe Kayak Canada X)**

Beautiful Dreams

They say Katie Vincent's childhood dream
was to be an Olympic champion.
Her sport journey began at the Mississauga Canoe Club
when she was ten, since 2014 she won 4 gold medals
at World Championship, but
the Olympics remained out of reach.
Then, in 2020, women's canoeing officially became
an Olympic event.
she was finally able to compete and won an Olympic bronze medal.
At the Paris Olympics in 2024,
at the age of 28, she won the championship
and brought home gold, breaking the world record.
Beautiful dreams have blossomed and borne fruit along the way,
all thanks to hard work, patience, and perseverance.

I, too, have beautiful dreams,
though they feel more like untethered boats,
drifting aimlessly, eventually lost...
Until I arrived in Canada, the land of maple leaves,
one deep night, a poem arose from my heart,
helping me, in my middle years,
once again see the stars and find my way—
Since then, in the vast ocean of poetry,
I've happily paddled my canoe,
winning myself back amidst the waves,
holding on to my dream.

The sea of life is filled with countless towering peaks,
and this world brims with surprises and the unexpected.
Fortunately, we live in a peaceful land,
facing challenges with courage, striving forward,
where even a small boat can sail toward beautiful dreams.

Anna Yin, 08/22/2024

美丽的梦想

据说凯蒂·文森特小时的梦想
就是成为奥运冠军。
她的旅程从 10 岁加入密西沙加独木舟俱乐部开始，
自 2014 年她荣获四枚世界比赛金牌却无缘奥运。
直到 2020 年 女子独木舟正式成为奥运比赛项目，
她终于可以参赛并赢得奥运铜牌，
2024 年巴黎奥运会上，
28 岁的她夺得冠军捧回金牌，
并打破世界最好成绩记录。
美好的梦想一路开花结果，
一切归于努力，耐心和坚持。

而我也有美好的梦想，
只是它们更像不系之舟，
漂来漂去，最后迷失。。。.
直到我来到枫叶的国度，加拿大，
一个深夜一首诗从我心中升起，，
让我在壮年之际，
再次看见星光，找回方向——
从此，在诗歌的大海里，
我快乐地划着独木舟，
在波涛中赢回自己，
坚守梦想。

人生的大海有无数险峰，
这个世界充满惊喜意外。
幸运的是，我们生活在一个和平的国度，
勇敢面对挑战，努力拼搏，
即使是一叶小舟，也能驶向美丽的梦想。

Sweet Encounters



Kyoko Uchimura, Yuzo Ono, Anna Yin & Emiko Miyashita met in Tokyo, Japan

Report from Emiko Miyashita (haiku poet, Japan)

On April 4, 2024, Anna Yin, poet laureate and haiku poet of Mississauga, Canada, was invited by the sister city of Kariya, Aichi Prefecture, to visit Japan, so I met her in Ginza with Kyoko Uchimura, editor of HI journal, and Yuzo Ono, a council member who had participated in Anna's photo haiku event. We filled our stomachs at Takahashi, which serves *dashi* ramen, bought *warabi mochi* at Bashodo in the basement of Ginza Six, and had a cup of *matcha* tea.

Our evening of socializing began when Anna's cell phone battery ran out, and our planned meeting in front of the Kabukiza Theater had to be changed to the Apple Store, where the phone could be charged. But we enjoyed the afterglow of our reunion through exchanges like this. (Here we share some of our photos and writings from our sweet encounters)

died battery

lost in Edo

Skytree guides my way

Anna

(電池切れ江戸で迷子スカイツリーを道しるべ)

from Kabukiza

to Apple Store

battery, oh, battery!

Emiko

歌舞伎座からアップルストア電池、嗚呼、電池!

panic no more

sitting on the tatami

inhaling the brief of haiku

Anna

もう慌てない畳に座して俳句を吸い込む

we, the four

the heads of the dragon

queuing at ramen shop

Emiko

我ら四人ラーメン屋の列に並ぶ龍の頭

after blackened sugar cake

a bitter matcha tea

life discovering

Anna

黒糖のわらび餅の後は苦い抹茶人生の発見

remembering basho

snapshots of our smile

a taste of seasons

Anna

芭蕉を思いつつ笑顔のスナック四季の味



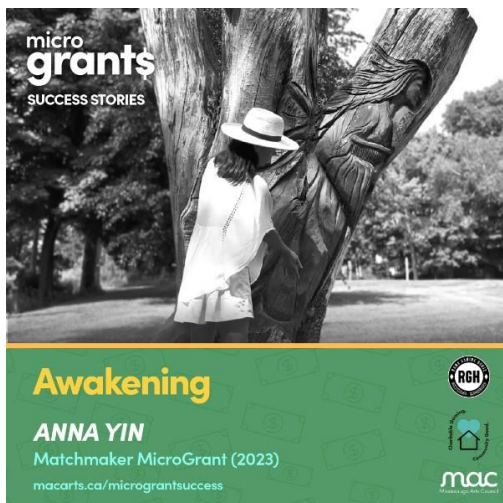
Anna Yin & Emiko Miyashita at Mississauga Campus of University of Toronto
where Anna hosting 2015 Haiku Canada Conference



About the Editor



Anna Yin was Mississauga's Inaugural Poet Laureate (2015-17) and has authored [six poetry collections](#) and four books of translations. Anna won the 2005 Ted Plantos Memorial Award, two MARTYs, two scholarships from USA and grants from Ontario Arts Council and Canada Council for the Arts. Her poems/translations have appeared at Queen's Quarterly, ARC Poetry, New York Times, China Daily, CBC Radio, Literary Review of Canada etc. She read on Parliament Hill, at Austin International Poetry Festival, Edmonton Poetry Festival and universities in China, Canada and USA etc. She teaches Poetry Alive and her 11th book will be published by Frontenac Press in 2025.



Previous MAC successful projects:

- [Public Art and Poetry Film project in Mississauga 2023: Awakening](#)
- [Here and Now, Discover Mississauga and More.](#)





Founded in 1981, the Mississauga Arts Council is a registered charity dedicated to enabling the growth of the arts by creating opportunity and connection between artists and residents in Mississauga and beyond.

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The League of Canadian Poets: The League of Canadian Poets is the professional organization for established and emerging Canadian poets. Founded in 1966 to nurture the advancement of poetry in Canada, and the promotion of the interests of poets, it now comprises over 800 members...



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East and West Learning Connections

East and West Learning Connections (previously the East and West Learning Club) is a federally registered not-for-profit organization based in Toronto.

EAWLC helps people of different heritages break cultural barriers and get connected. EAWLC does it through our learning, communicating, mentoring and volunteering programs.