

Queen's

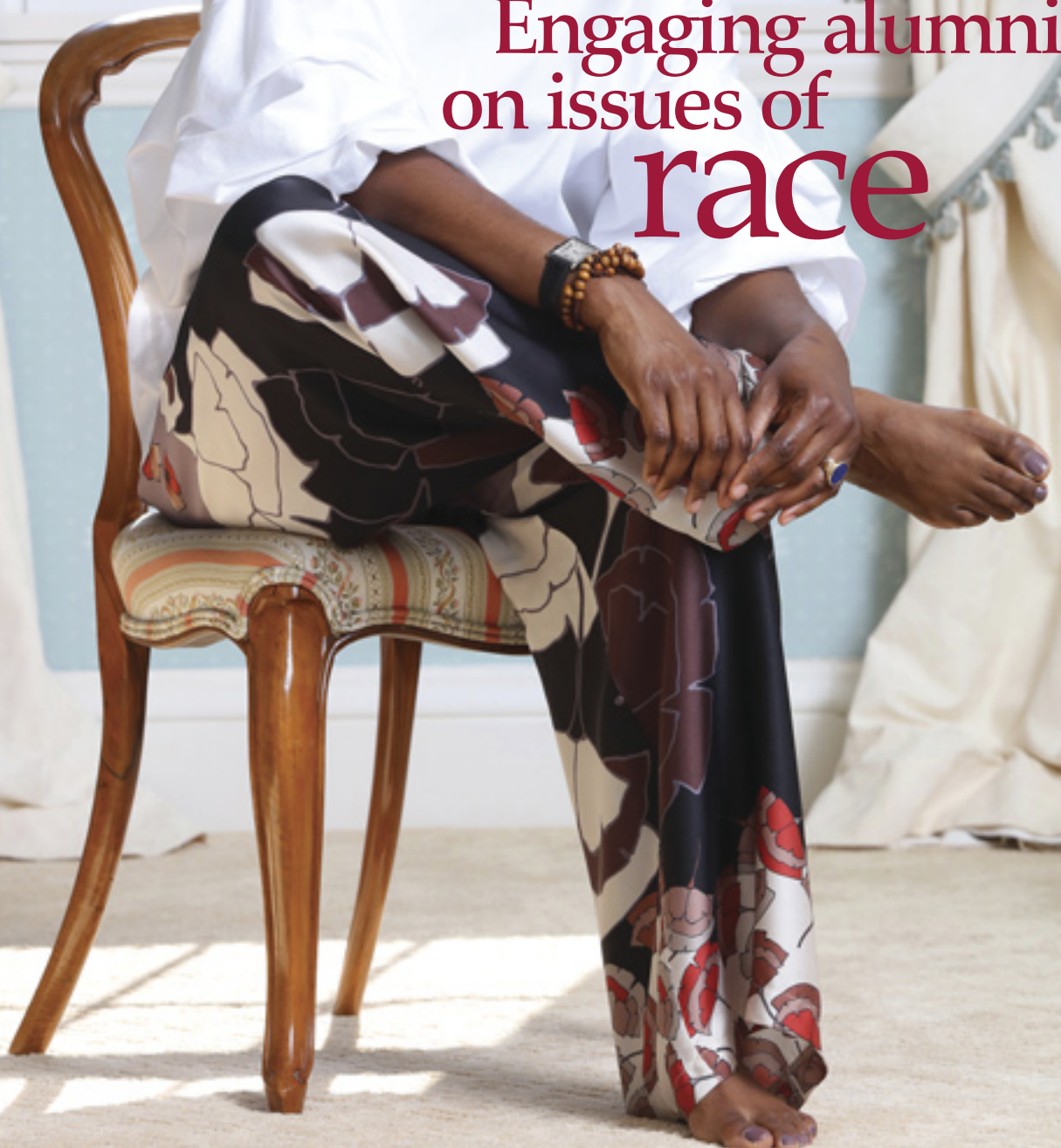
ALUMNI

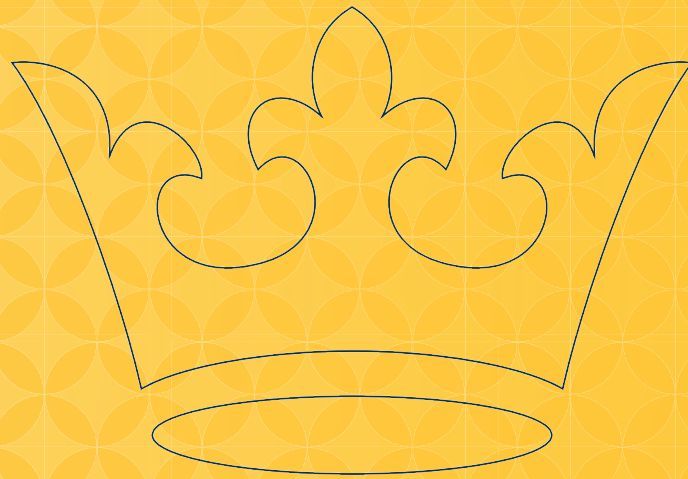
Issue 3, 2020

THE MAGAZINE OF
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
SINCE 1927

Dr. Anita Jack-Davies, MEd'07, PhD'11

Engaging alumni on issues of race





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Dr. Anita Jack-Davies was photographed by Bernard Clark at Llynlea, the Kingston home of the Davies family.



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TENZING DORJE

Stories that matter

Sometimes, stories take time to come to fruition, as people's lives take unexpected new directions. Sometimes, life comes at you fast.

Our cover story comes to us courtesy of Anita Jack-Davies. Anita is a writer, a professor, an alumna, and an elected member of University Council, for which she also works as equity adviser. She is also a Black woman who has experienced and witnessed racism and



BERNARD CLARK

exclusion to a degree that I, as a white woman, will never know. I am honoured that Anita has shared her story with us in "After the fires burn." She writes about some very painful subjects, and I hope you will read this article with an open heart. Anita also raises the issue of the stories of Queen's that we, as a community, have lost because of systemic racism.

Kate Kemplin and I started communicating, via Twitter, back in October. We planned a story on her work studying traumatic brain injuries in military personnel. There were many

layers to Kate's personal and professional story. In April, she added another one. I got an email from her then, saying, "I'm headed to New York to set up a field hospital for patients with COVID-19. I'll be in touch." I thought about Kate during that time, hoping she was safe. I was so happy to reconnect with her when she wrapped up her work in New York, which you'll read about in "This is what nurses do."

Paul Sawtell's story ("From feast to famine") was slated for our May issue. It was supposed to be a good news story, that of Paul and his wife, Grace, making their dream business a reality. In mid-March, I was awaiting the first draft of the story from writer Andrew Stokes, and Paul and I were discussing photo possibilities. And then, of course, everything changed.

We shelved the story: Paul and Grace almost had to shelve their business, like so many other small business owners whose livelihoods were threatened by the pandemic.

And then, in early June, I got an email from Paul. They had, tentatively, turned a corner, reinvented the business, hired back some of their laid-off staff. I'm pleased to share their story with you now.

Through phone calls, emails, and Zoom meetings, I have been privileged to work with each of these three alumni to bring their stories to you.

Recently, the *Queen's Alumni Review* was honoured by the Canadian Council for the Advancement of Education at its annual awards program. We received a gold award in the category "Best feature writing: English" for Wanda Praamsma's 2019 article on Principal Daniel Woolf, "A decade at the helm."

Andrea Gunn, Editor
review@queensu.ca



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@queensureview

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letters

TO THE EDITOR



On coronavirus mortality rates

I very much enjoyed reading Ali Velshi's "The pursuit of truth in a post-fact world" in Issue 2. From an "insider" dealing daily with fake news, I learned much and took home an approach to assess media, particularly on controversial issues. However, in his essay I found one specific statement subject to misinterpretation, viz. that "the coronavirus" (COVID-19) has a higher mortality rate than SARS. Mortality rate implies the death rate in a specific population.

The statement "It has already infected many more people than SARS did and it's got a higher mortality rate" implies that *in those infected*, more will die from COVID-19, whereas the opposite is true. It is two to three per cent for COVID-19 and 10 per cent for SARS. Certainly the mortality rate for the general population is much higher for COVID-19, due to the much higher infectivity rate of COVID-19, which also contributed significantly to poor initial containment of the virus infection.

I might also point out that both infections are caused by a coronavirus, albeit in today's

parlance "the coronavirus" is COVID-19.

John Goodall, Meds'70

Thank you to Dr. Goodall for this clarification.

On misinformation and bias in the news

I read with interest the article by Ali Velshi concerning journalism and the pursuit of truth while making efforts to identify and report on misinformation and disinformation. To be clear I am a registered independent voter in the United States.

Mr. Velshi may do well to look at the particular biases of his own network as a starting point if he wishes to extend his search for, and correction of, misinformation and disinformation.

Is it a case of misinformation or disinformation to spend literally hundreds of hours of air time discussing the Russian collusion story through its process while giving virtually no air time (or in the alternative, derisive reporting) to the currently unfolding story of FISA abuses perpetrated by the previous government? This disparity smacks of obfuscation.

Similarly, one might consider the cumulative hours of coverage dedicated to the alleged sexual assault perpetrated by now-Justice Kavanaugh (unsubstantiated by any other person indicated to have been present at the time of the alleged abuse) against the passive review, where it is mentioned at all by his network, given to allegations of sexual assault against Joseph Biden (other than continued efforts at character assassination of the accuser)? In the latter case, at least nine people have come forward to provide contemporaneous confirmation of alleged impropriety on the part of Mr. Biden. Yet, this story is deemed to be not worthy of reporting.

I do appreciate Ali Velshi's efforts to outline the differences between misinformation and disinformation; it would seem to me that Mr. Velshi needs to review how his own network handles news reporting. Any network that at least attempted to provide unbiased reporting would be a welcome change in the United States.

Geoffrey Clarke, MSc'86 (Geology)

Camp Outlook memories

Since the publication of your article on the 50th anniversary of Camp Outlook, we've had an outpouring of support from Queen's alumni, for which we are profoundly grateful.

We'd like to briefly update readers on what we've been up to since the article was published.

We've had to cancel our 2020 summer canoe tripping season because of COVID-19, but we're looking forward to resuming wilderness trips this fall at



CAMP OUTLOOK ARCHIVES

Queen's with Winter Outlook. We rescheduled our 50th reunion to Aug. 28–29, 2021 in Kingston.

I also wanted to share some of the messages we've received, which have touched us more than we can express.

"I am forever grateful for the experience of Camp Outlook, attending quite a few trips from about 1992 until 1995. I only wish I had gone on more. I feel it changed the direction of my life," wrote one former volunteer.

A Queen's MBA'73 graduate donated the price of a new Grumman canoe in honor of his black Labrador, Buck, who had recently passed away. "I think Buck would have been a wonderful addition to your staff," he wrote to us. "He loved the outdoors, especially anything to do with water. More importantly, he was an amazing 'therapist.' He had an infallible sense of people and provided emotional support, mostly by just being there when needed."

One of the donations we received was in memory of the late Dr. Hui Lee, MD'89, a beloved member of the medical community in Sault Ste. Marie.

"I graduated from Queen's Medicine in 1971 and love to canoe and, more recently, to kayak. One of my children suffered from severe mental illness and I would have loved him to have the experience," wrote another doctor.

Some of our correspondents knew Ron Kimberley and Padre Laverty personally.

"Love that you're treating the kids as people and not statistics!" was a comment we loved to hear, as it reflects Ron Kimberley's philosophy of engaging with youth through the wilderness.

Greg Gransden, on behalf of the Camp Outlook Board of Directors

I very much enjoyed the article "Out of Kingston and into the woods." Please pass along my compliments to author Sara Beck.

I was, however, struck by the all-too-brief bio of Ron Kimberley. Is there any more information on where he ended up, and where his career took him?

John McDowell, Artsci'82

We didn't have a lot of information on Camp Outlook founder Ron Kimberley, as he was a very private

person. However, with the help of Bob Card, Meds'64, MSc'67, whose wife, Helen, BNSc'62, was a cousin of Ron's, we connected with Ron's sister, Kathy Johns. Kathy gave us this information:

Ron graduated from Queen's medical school in 1973 with the distinctions of receiving both the Tricolour award and the Aesculapian award that year.

He then began specializing in psychiatry at Queen's. As well, he went on to study criminology at Cambridge, then was a Commonwealth Scholar studying jurisprudence at Oxford, and then law at University of Western Ontario. He completed his residency in psychiatry at Queen's in 1980. He was admitted to the Bar at Osgoode Hall, Toronto in 1982 and was a member of the Law Society of Upper Canada. His goal was to combine all of this knowledge as a forensic psychiatrist.

Ron also loved athletics, competing in track and field at Queen's, ice hockey and rowing at Cambridge, and rowing at Oxford.

He spent his career in Kingston as a forensic psychiatrist with a particular interest in young offenders.

He always loved the outdoors, hiking, and canoeing. Ron spent as much of his free time as possible at his cottage north of Kingston.



Ron Kimberley, MD'73

The Artsci 1993 Bursary Fund

In 1997, to mark the fifth anniversary of our graduation, my class created an endowed bursary fund to be awarded on the basis of demonstrated financial need to students who self-identify as Indigenous, Métis, Inuit, or as members of the African and Caribbean Student Association in any year in the Faculty of Arts and Science. Since its inception, the Artsci 1993 Bursary Fund (give.toqueens.ca/artsci93) has provided a total of \$34,158 in financial support to 22 incredible scholars. The letters we have received for our recipients have spoken to the impact, validation, and the powerful ripple effect made by supporting Indigenous, Métis, and BIPOC students. As our fund's lead contact and our class giving chair, I am very proud of the accomplishments of our recipients. All who have attended Queen's were the direct beneficiaries of philanthropic investments, large and small, from those who came before us. Today, tuition and fees for a domestic Artsci student at Queen's is \$6,182 for one year. The "purchasing power" of our fund is diminishing over time.

IN MEMORIAM

Bette Torrible, former professor (Physiotherapy), died April 16.

John Gordon, MBA'63, Professor Emeritus and former Dean (Business), died April 27. *An obituary for Dr. Gordon is on page 43.*

David Symington, Professor Emeritus (Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation), died May 27.

Bruce Buchan, Professor Emeritus (Business), died June 6.

Obituaries are posted online as we receive them. If you have memories of these professors you would like to share, please email us: review@queensu.ca

I encourage my classmates and other Queen's University alumni to consider supporting our fund to grow its capacity to make an even greater impact for our deserving future alumni for years to come.

Stacy Kelly, Artsci'93

Rock around the clock

In the last issue, we ran this flashback photo of a 1971 Camp Outlook fundraising dance and asked readers if they could identify any of the dancers.

I was flipping through the Keeping in Touch section of my *Review*. I always start at the back and work my way forward. I always need to check: am I in the death section this month?

On page 32, there is a "Do you know any of these people?" picture. In the middle, peering out of the darkness of a dance floor is...No...Could that be -? No way. Then I read the caption: Arts'73 - my year!

Short story shorter, that's definitely me in the middle. I don't remember any of the other dancers. I hope they come forward.

That was a long time ago! Heck, I was still a teenager. Some would say that I still am, at heart. Cheers,

Douglas Mann, Arts'73

The dancer in the middle and in the background is Doug Mann, Arts'73. We lived in the same Science '44 Co-op on William at Aberdeen. He was a fun guy!

Carol Rogers, Arts'73

I have great memories of going to that 8 pm to 8 am marathon dance at Grant Hall. It was loads of fun with two live bands, a "fresh" one coming in at 2 am for the second shift. You had bathroom breaks and that was about it!

Back to the dance floor.

Amy Falkner, Arts'74



David Service, Arts'73, identified the woman in the photo as Marie Robb, and we confirmed this with **Marie (Robb) Muir**, Arts'73. Thanks also to **Colleen McGuire**, Artsci'81, who identified the man dancing with Marie as Bob Douglas, who wasn't a student at Queen's.

Learning from a distance

When I studied for a master's degree in psychology in the mid-1960s, I was assigned to be a teaching assistant for a psychology professor who taught a correspondence course. I do not recall her name at the moment. It was my understanding at the time that Queen's had been a pioneer in distance learning. Now that all schools and colleges are closed, and all instruction is being provided from a distance, I am wondering about the history of Queen's with regard to this subject.

My experience was very interesting as the students enrolled in the correspondence course were in remote places, in jail, in other countries, and other unusual circumstances. If I recall correctly, they were able to obtain a Queen's degree

without ever being on campus. Standards were high and the work expected of them was demanding.

Beverley (Roberts) Gounard-Spry, MA'68 (Psychology)

The Queen's Faculty of Arts and Science has done some research on distance education at Queen's, using, in part, old issues of the Queen's Alumni Review.

In 1878, Queen's University began offering extension courses to teachers who sought university training. These extramural extension courses were offered by the Faculty of Arts.

In 1889, the University Senate passed a new regulation allowing home study by any student who was deterred from attending classes by distance or other obstacles. With the introduction of this regulation, Queen's earned the distinction of being the first North American university to offer "distance education."

Queen's efforts to "bring university to the people" were criticized at the time by other institutions who held to the academic functions of the university, or who feared that institutions might lose their "seclusion and dignity." By the 1930s, however, nearly all those who originally criticized Queen's University's actions had followed suit.

Read more about the history of remote learning at Queen's on the Arts and Science website: queensu.ca/artsci/remote-learning.

We'd love to hear from other readers about their experience with continuing and distance education at Queen's. Email us: review@queensu.ca



Ian Moricz de Tesco in Havana, 1958

JOHN OLSON

Winter sculptures and the Cold War

A number of the Snowball sculptures featured in the last two issues of the magazine were political caricatures of Fidel Castro, Nikita Khrushchev, and the like. This brought back memories for **John Olson**, Arts'61, who writes,

"The two Castro sculptures reminded me of when I was at Queen's and in Havana for Christmas 1958 when Castro's forces entered the city. Students

were evacuated by a U.S. government airlift. A picture of another Queen's student [**Ian Moricz de Tesco**, Sc'62] I took in front of the Hotel Nacional in front of an impromptu 26 July flag made the front page of the *Queen's Journal* after we got back. Innocent times. Soon the Soviet connection emerged, as we see in the later Snowball sculptures, and the rest is history. ■

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The choices we make

BY PRINCIPAL PATRICK DEANE



BERNARD CLARK

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY was merely five years old when, in Brussels after being expelled from France and of an age not much greater than our activist students today, Karl Marx collaborated with Friedrich Engels on a ragtag collection of essays that came to be known as *The German Ideology*. It was a work deeply suffused with an awareness of far-reaching social and political change, which is partly why its publication, long delayed, eventually came during another period of great instability and social ferment, the 1930s.

In *The German Ideology* we find an early articulation of some of the mature Marx's most distinctive insights, not the least of which is that in any given epoch the values and ideas of the dominant or ruling class appear – or are made to appear – natural and universal, and for that

reason not subject to challenge except on terms that do not threaten its dominance.

That lesson is worth remembering today, as the university finds itself caught up in local as well as global currents of social, political, and cultural dispute – all magnified by the COVID-19 pandemic, which has not only made us more aware of social and economic disparity within and between societies, but also reminded us that a thriving economy can come at a cost that, in some circumstances, must be reckoned in human lives.

This is a turbulent time for Queen's, as it is and must be for all institutions that derive their authority and identity from the dominant culture, from tradition and history, and from their alliance with prevailing ideas about the economy and the state. I say this because there can be no true path to reconciliation with Indigenous peoples, and no satisfying response to students who have experienced racism or homophobia at Queen's, without the university recognizing its complicity in the broader oppressive and exclusionary structures about which protesters complain.

Universities are to varying degrees capable of admitting their mistakes and apologizing for acts of unintentional or even intentional discrimination. They are also increasingly sensitized to the systemic operation of these things. And sometimes they are able to make significant operational changes that prove satisfactory to the individuals, or classes of individuals, affected. At the same time, however, calls for real and fundamental change typically persist beyond measures of this sort, to which a common and largely rhetorical university response is to decry racism and homophobia as alien invaders that must be driven out.

If these problems are sometimes alien they are always also endemic, implicated in and sustained by other aspects of the university ethos that we treat as natural and universal – organizational discrepancies in power, for example, that we ignore in declaring freedom of speech an achievable and unquestionable good, or an understanding of academic merit that presupposes the possibility of entirely objective assessment, something by definition impossible

to achieve when it is a human subject doing the assessing.

That universities in the Western tradition have been around for nine hundred years certainly makes them interesting, but it is evidence neither of their perfection nor of their timelessness. Queen's today looks nothing like the University of Bologna in 1088: like that first *Alma Mater Studiorum*, it has been shaped by its culture and by time, has answered the needs of its community, and reflected in its values a cultural and political consensus from which some aspiring members have always felt excluded. Paradoxically, one component of our institutional identity as it has emerged during this process of construction is a tacit belief in our "unconstructedness," as if many of the things which define us are the natural and universal attributes of a university, not the result of human choice at a particular historic moment.

When students are strengthened by the Black Lives Matter movement and emboldened to speak out about their experience of racism at Queen's, they are reminding us that we construct the university through the choices we make and therefore have the potential to remake it according to the principles of equity, diversity, inclusion, and Indigeneity. When Indigenous and LGBTQ+ students tell us they do not feel safe on campus, they are demanding that we think beyond CCTV cameras and heightened security – important though those things may be – and question some of the founding assumptions of our institutional being, interrogate what most of the time we accept as natural and universal.

I implied at the outset that there is a form of questioning that is envisaged by – and therefore unthreatening to – the status quo. Universities take that to the level of high art, declaring the asking of questions and the pursuit of answers the essence of their mission. At the same time, however, the terms within which questions must be asked and the forms of evidence that can be adduced in answering them are circumscribed more tightly than the academy would typically care to admit. In particular, they are constrained by epistemological assumptions derived from mainstream European thought and notions of

We construct the university through the choices we make and therefore have the potential to remake it according to the principles of equity, diversity, inclusion, and Indigeneity.

intellectual decorum that are unimaginable except as facilitated by social and economic privilege. For us to make progress as an institution – not just in matters of equity, diversity, and inclusion but in our broader mission of teaching and discovery – we will have to recognize those constraints for what they are, and acknowledge the benefits we derive, as well as the marginalization others suffer, from their perpetuation.

That recognition will not lead to the dismantling of the institution, as some fear, because to acknowledge that we made Queen's by our choices does not require us to disavow or cancel our past. It does require us to be accountable for redeeming that past, however, opening us to the realization that we are the agents rather than the victims of history and therefore capable of making choices for a more just, equitable, sustainable, and globally relevant future.



Agnes Etherington Art Centre

THE gift of art

In June, Queen's announced a number of new donations to support the arts.

A revitalized art centre

A \$40-million (USD) gift from Bader Philanthropies, Inc., will enable Queen's to revitalize and expand the Agnes Etherington Art Centre and create a new home for The Bader Collection. The philanthropic investment has the potential to create one of the largest university art museums in Canada.

The revitalized Agnes will create a vibrant hub for the presentation, research, and study of visual arts on campus. The facility will include the public gallery as well as new homes for the graduate program in Art Conservation, and graduate and undergraduate programs in Art History.

Expanded galleries and more technical spaces will enhance Queen's ability to care and showcase the Agnes's art collections, which include

contemporary art, Indigenous art, Canadian historical art, and African historical art, as well as the Collection of Canadian Dress. The Bader Collection of European Art comprises more than 500 works with a focus on 17th-century Dutch and Flemish painting, including one portrait and three character studies by Rembrandt.

The expanded Agnes will enable the university to create

central ceremonial and event spaces available to the entire Queen's community, as well as dedicated space for use by Indigenous communities.

The revitalization project is expected to be completed in 2024. The Agnes was last expanded in 2000 with considerable assistance from the Bader family.

■ Learn more: agnes.queensu.ca

A new chair for Art Conservation

Thanks to a \$3-million (USD) gift from Isabel Bader, LLD'07, Queen's will establish a new research and teaching chair. The Bader Chair in Art Conservation will help the Master of Art Conservation program open up a fifth stream of study – imaging science – which will complement painting conservation, paper conservation, object conservation, and conservation science.

"Art conservation is seeing a technological shift," said Norman Vorano, Head, Art History and Art Conservation, "and imaging science allows us to look below the surface of paintings and other works of art in ways that were never previously possible. The new Bader Chair will put our students on the forefront of training in this field."

New high-tech tools

A \$1-million gift to the Department of Art History and Art Conservation from the Jarislowsky Foundation will bring leading-edge technology to Queen's.

"The donation will create opportunities for Queen's students and researchers to better understand the materials and techniques used to create artworks and other cultural objects," said Patricia Smithen, Assistant Professor (Paintings Conservation). "The equipment will allow us to start new research programs, establish partnerships with leading art museums and collectors, and attract top students to study at Queen's."

Queen's is purchasing five pieces of equipment, including a Bruker M6 Jetstream, a large-area spectrometer for on-site analysis of large objects. Queen's will be the only museum or institution in Canada to have this particular spectrometer. The Bruker M6 Jetstream's X-ray fluorescence technology allows researchers to scan a painting and create an elemental map of its surface. The instrument was recently used to scan Rembrandt's famous painting *The Night Watch* at Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum to identify pigments and reveal the artist's working process.

The Jarislowsky Foundation was created by Stephen Jarislowsky, LLD'88, an entrepreneur, philanthropist, and avid art collector.

- We'll explore some of this technology in action in a later issue.

Support for inclusive programming

The mother of the late Jennifer Velva Bernstein, BA'89, has commemorated her daughter with a gift to support inclusive programming at the Isabel Bader Centre for the Performing Arts. Marjorie Ernestine Bernstein's \$3.5-million gift will be used to support artistic programming and educational training at the centre, to bring more top performers and emerging artists to Kingston. It will also help subsidize tickets and events, allowing people to enjoy more festivals such as Ka'tarohkwi Festival of Indigenous Arts and the Isabel Human Rights Festival and student initiatives.

Jennifer Bernstein loved the arts and was passionate about social causes. She earned film degrees from both Queen's and Webster University in St. Louis, as well as a Master of Social Work from Washington University in St. Louis. She died in a bus crash in 1995 while on a humanitarian mission to Haiti. In recognition of the gift, the Isabel's main 566-seat performance hall has been renamed the Jennifer Velva Bernstein Performance Hall.

- Learn more: queensu.ca/theisabel



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ELECTIONS

Results of 2020 Elections to University Council by Alumni

Kofi Adow
Seattle, WA

Abdul-Aziz Garuba
Toronto, ON

Precious Nyarko-Antwi
Brampton, ON

Richard Baugh
Toronto, ON

Bittu George
Kingston, ON

Sari Ohsada
Canmore, AB

Samantha Cheung
Oakville, ON

Alison Holt
Toronto, ON

Opiyo Oloya
Newmarket, ON

Nosa O. Egiebor
Liverpool, NY

Kasmet Niyongabo
Saskatoon, SK



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TIM FORT

Returning to vibrant cultural life post-coronavirus

Policy makers and arts sectors together need to reimagine how we might organize contracts, leverage networks, and change supports to create more long-term opportunities for arts workers.

BY COLLEEN RENIHAN, JULIA BROOK, AND BEN SCHNITZER

Artists are crucial to the futures we're imagining beyond the COVID-19 pandemic. The vitality of the societies we wish to return to are vibrant in large part because they sound and look vibrant, because they are full of artists thriving and sharing music in a variety of settings.

Who hasn't missed the sound of people out and about, revelling in society, culture, and the arts – whether we are talking about the sound of a band spilling out onto a nighttime street or the sound of friends meeting before a concert? Our society is vibrant in large part because it is infused with the work of artists and musicians.

As musicologist Julian Johnson writes in his book *Who Needs Classical Music?*, music facilitates “a relation to an order of things larger than ourselves.” Through music, the self, he writes, “comes to understand itself more fully as a larger, trans-subjective identity.”

These words, evoking togetherness, community, and shared experience, have become even more powerful in this strange time of self-isolation and solitude. In its ability to draw us together to listen and experience together, live music performance is a crucial marker and facilitator of community.

\$24,300 ANNUAL INCOME

If we look at one particular arts field, that of classical artists (such as classical musicians, conductors, or opera singers), we know that even before the age of COVID-19, these artists were struggling to sustain themselves financially.

Despite the fact that culture contributed over \$53 billion to Canada's economy in 2017, the median individual income for Canada's artists was \$24,300: 44 per cent less than the median for all Canadian workers (\$43,500).

Only those artists with economic privilege can afford the precarity of the gig economy, and income data suggests that white and male privilege also mitigates its harshness. According to Canadian census 2016 data, artists who are women, Indigenous, or from racialized communities report even lower median incomes.

This year, many artists won't even earn this much: between February and May, for example, nearly 200,000 workers in information, culture, and recreation industries lost their jobs.

The federal government recently extended the term of the Canada Emergency Response Benefit (CERB) until the end of August. But many are concerned that even with these extended benefits, a return to performing might be months, if not years, away.

A *Globe and Mail* feature from the height of COVID-19's first wave tells the heartbreaking stories of performers in various fields whose work has been put on hold as the result of the virus, also highlighting the terrifying scarcity of work and pay for musicians during this period.

The fragile, endangered ecosystem of music and musicians has been threatened by COVID-19, reported the *New York Times*.

Reticent audiences, even after the pandemic ends, will likely play a role in this: a survey conducted by the National Arts Centre and Nanos Research found that 34 per cent of Canadians are unsure when they will attend an indoor arts or cultural performance, even after venues have been reopened and are adhering to public health guidelines. This percentage is similar across age groups.

GIG ECONOMY

Many of these artists work in the gig economy and, as a result, have seen revenues evaporate – precious income they can ill afford to lose. Although many musicians are frustrated at the crisis created by COVID-19, those working in the arts were already in crisis. Quickly and starkly, the age of COVID-19 has not created, but rather has magnified, the precarious nature of creative work in our country.

Relief funding, both governmental and organizational, has been key, as are initiatives like the SaskMusic COVID-19 Emergency Relief Fund, the Canada Performs relief fund initiative, and even sector-specific artist support like the Opera Artist Emergency Relief Fund. The arts should figure prominently in the federal government's infrastructure stimulus package.

But as we anticipate moving into phases of less physical distancing and aim to resume some social and economic activities (with larger gatherings on the far horizon), we must continue to think about the systems we build with an eye toward increasing stability for performing artists. The COVID-19 crisis should serve as a wake-up call. Our long-standing characterization of the struggling, starving artist must change.

This ideal response to this artistic crisis is one that includes responses from a variety of sectors: in post-secondary education and training, in arts policies and structures, and in the financial support we offer our artists.

Our society is vibrant in large part because it is infused with the work of artists and musicians.

POLICY CRISIS

To begin with, the present crisis has once again illuminated the need for contemporary classical artists to be multi-skilled. Many recent studies reveal that Canadian artists trained in post-secondary music programs must build what are known as "portfolio" careers, which effectively encompass work from a variety of fields or areas.

Since such portfolio careers are often created and arrived upon by happenstance, it is high time to ask how they might be more systematically embedded into educational and cultural policies and programs. Artists must be taught to think creatively and passionately, as well as pragmatically and strategically.

But the current crisis is also a policy crisis. It illuminates the need to support artists more fully and creatively throughout the various stages of their careers. Central to this is imagining ways to limit the precarity of the gig economy which, perhaps surprisingly, characterizes the careers of even the highest echelon of performers, classical or otherwise.

GUARANTEED WORK

There are proven ways to do this. Throughout Europe, for example, many opera singers sing in what are known as Fest contracts, which guarantee work at that opera house in a variety of roles over the course of a given season. This is accompanied by a monthly salary, with paid benefits and health insurance included.

While this may not be feasible in the Canadian context, examples like this might spur us to think creatively about how we might organize contracts, leverage networks, and reimagine supports to create more long-term opportunities for cultural workers. We might also rethink the extent to which the public may be underpaying for arts and entertainment.

As we dream about reconnecting in person, we should take advantage of this opportunity for a collective reconsideration of arts policy. COVID-19 has brought us a unique opportunity to rebuild and reimagine a vibrant cultural sector. We need to collectively support artists if we believe in supporting the arts. ■

■ *Colleen Renihan is an assistant professor and Queen's National Scholar at the Dan School of Drama and Music. She is a musicologist and a mezzo-soprano. Julia Brook is an assistant professor in music education at the Dan School of Drama and Music and is also a pianist. Ben Schnitzer is a PhD student in the Department of Cultural Studies; his research is on cultural diplomacy. He is also an opera singer.*

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Queen's School of Medicine: confronting exclusion



1916 photo of Medicine 1917's class executive committee

In 1918, a motion to ban Black students from the School of Medicine was adopted by Queen's University Senate. Although Black students were admitted again to the school starting in 1965, the motion was never repealed until its existence was brought to light by PhD candidate Edward Thomas (Cultural Studies). The 1918 motion was revoked by Senate 100 years after its adoption and Queen's University offered a public apology for the ban. There had been 15 Black medical students enrolled at Queen's when the ban was enacted. In its apology, Queen's acknowledged that the university had derailed the medical careers of at least two Black students who had been forced to leave Queen's and who were then unable to find placement at any other medical school. One of those students was Ethelbert Bartholomew, a member of the class of 1918. After leaving Queen's, Mr. Bartholomew worked as a porter for Canadian Pacific Railways. He died in 1954. In a 2019 convocation ceremony, Queen's conferred a posthumous Doctor of Medicine degree upon Dr. Bartholomew, which was accepted by members of his family.

Dr. Courtney Clement
Ligoure, MD 1916



Dr. Hugh Gordon Hylvestra
Cummins, MD 1919

Lost stories

In severing its connections with its Black medical students and alumni, not only did Queen's thwart the careers of promising young doctors, it also lost the opportunity to acknowledge and celebrate the accomplishments of former students, including:

Dr. Courtney Clement Ligoure, MD 1916

Dr. Ligoure graduated from Queen's before the ban and established his practice in Halifax, N.S. Unable to secure hospital privileges, he set up an independent surgery at his home in the city's north end. He became the publisher of the *Atlantic Advocate*, Nova Scotia's first African-Canadian news magazine. In 1917, when the Halifax Explosion flattened the city, killing 2,000 people and injuring 9,000 more, Dr. Ligoure provided medical care for hundreds of injured people in his home.

Dr. Hugh Gordon Hylvestra Cummins, MD 1919

Dr. Cummins was one of seven founding members, in 1938, of the Barbados Progressive League, which later became the Barbados Labour Party (BLP). The BLP brought universal adult suffrage to Barbados, as well as universal health care, free secondary education, and a number of other reforms. Dr. Cummins became the country's second premier, a position he held from 1958 to 1961.

Moving forward

Following the 2018 repeal of the original ban, Richard Reznick, then Dean of Health Sciences, formed the Commission on Black Medical Students, comprising faculty, students, and staff from Queen's, in order to address the historical injustice. The commission's work included personal letters of apology to families of Black students and alumni affected by the ban, changes to the undergraduate medical program curriculum with respect to inclusivity and diversity, the establishment of an admissions award for Black Canadians, and the creation of a mentorship program for Black medical students.

In late July, new Dean of Health Sciences Jane Philpott announced an additional initiative to reduce systemic barriers to medical education. Beginning with the 2020–2021 undergraduate application cycle, the Queen's University Accelerated Route to Medical

School pathway's 10 seats will be designated for high school graduates who identify as Black or Indigenous. The pathway has participants complete two years of undergraduate studies. Provided they meet pre-determined entrance criteria, in their third year, they enter first-year medicine. By waiving regulatory exams like the MCAT, the program makes medical school more accessible to Canadians who might not have otherwise pursued medicine as a career.

In her first blog post to the Queen's community earlier in July, Dr. Philpott addressed the past and future directions of the faculty, writing,

As a leader in the education of health professionals in the exceptional year of 2020, my greatest obligation to students and to society, is to be fair and inclusive. There is no doubt that systemic racism, sexism, and colonialism exist in Canadian institutions. Many health-care systems and academic institutions are structured in a way that perpetuates these forces. I recognize the unearned privilege that I have received from deep-seated patterns of injustice and I take full responsibility to work with others on changing these structures.

The correct response to recognizing privilege is not denial or guilt, it's self-reflection and informed action. I am determined to move quickly on these matters. One of my first initiatives will be the formation of the Dean's Action Table on Equity. This will be more than an academic exercise. We will listen well, and we will take action.

Queen's Faculty of Health Sciences can attract a student population that better reflects the diversity of Canada. Specifically, we can seek greater inclusion of Indigenous peoples and Black Canadians. Though FHS has already made progress in this area through the introduction of Indigenous admissions processes and the initiatives resulting from the acknowledgment of the ban on Black medical students, there is more to be done. This will require attention to our structural biases, so we can intentionally recruit and support more students and faculty from under-represented populations. We have more work to do on creating mentorships, adapting admission processes, and improving curricula. Queen's FHS could be a leader in teaching about cultural safety, anti-racism, and anti-colonialism in the delivery of care. My vision is for us to become a centre of excellence on matters of equity, diversity, inclusion, and accessibility in the health professions.

■ Read more: healthsci.queensu.ca/blog.

cover
STORY

After the fires burn

Engaging
Queen's
alumni
on issues
of race

BY ANITA JACK-DAVIES





I don't know where to begin this essay.

I do not have the words to speak with you right now.

And because I am Canadian-born, I will start with a preamble and measured politeness.

After all, this is the Canadian way.

Three months ago, I watched as an African-American man named George Floyd begged for his life as a white police officer rammed his knee into Floyd's neck and slowly extinguished his breath.

Up until that scorching day, I had never witnessed a murder before.

Now, the image remains emblazoned in the deepest corners of my mind, seeking haunting relief.

can see Floyd pleading with the officer, “Hey man... I can’t breathe!” I hear him calling for his mother. I watch as he gasps for air, his life leaving his body as the minutes tick by. Days after the murder, I lie in bed and weep. I take comfort in the warmth of my husband’s chest.

The next day, we sit at the dinner table and speak to our daughter about George Floyd. With a mouth full of blue braces, she shares with us that she and her friends talked about it. In her eyes she registers a sense of confusion about the incident that she fails to communicate with words. She glances at me with sympathy as her father relates George Floyd with my experiences with racism as a Kingston resident and at Queen’s.

For weeks, I am engulfed in a smoky haze, a fog. The university must be seen as doing something. “We must put an end to all acts of racism!” And so it goes. But we lie to ourselves, because we have always known that Black people in Canada have never been invited to partake as equals, as “Canadians.” If we are going to speak with each other, we must begin by telling the truth. We must begin by naming racism for what it is and for the ways in which it has crippled the lives of Black Canadians, generations at a time.

And because I own a diversity consulting business, my phone is ringing off the hook:

“Anita,

we need some
diversity training

so that we can have a better
understanding...of...

you know...

of...

how Black people feel.”

At night I cannot sleep. I feel sick. Everywhere I turn, the media feeds me a consistent diet of the case: panel discussions, interviews, expert commentary, CNN, MSNBC, *The Agenda* with Steve Paikin, CBC National News, Twitter, LinkedIn, YouTube, Facebook, the *Whig-Standard*, and a 24-hour news cycle that provides little relief. The emails chime as they hit my inbox faster than I can reply. To make matters worse, I am stuck at home due to COVID-19, the global pandemic that has made my life unrecognizable.

I am stuck in Canada. I cannot travel to see my relatives in Trinidad, Boston, and Brooklyn. I worry about my cousins: Craig, Maurice, and Dayne, young Black men living in urban American cities. I worry that I will turn on the news and will learn that their lives have been taken from me. At work, I try to make it through each day without crying or appearing “weak.” I pretend that everything is okay, but inside, I am hurt, devastated, and angry.

But anger is the one emotion that I can never express as a Black Canadian woman. As a Black woman living in this country, to be angry and Black is akin to me committing a crime. You do not know how to deal with my anger, even though I have every right to it.



BERNARD CLARK

And so I suppress it.

I stifle it.

I snuff it out.

**I do to it what
was done to
George Floyd.**

The campus is in a frenzy. Dr. Patrick Deane issues a statement denouncing police brutality and makes a commitment to reducing anti-Black racism on campus and in the curriculum. And when I read his words, I am moved. I am touched. His statement stands in stark contrast to the array of racist micro-aggressions, micro-insults, and micro-invalidations that I have endured as a staff member, adjunct faculty member, and graduate student at Queen's. I look back now on the many instances at Queen's when a white administrator or professor has mistaken me for another Black person on campus. I remember one instance when an acquaintance – someone who has met me personally away from Queen's – confused me for someone else.

“Anita, so good to see you! I remember that I was supposed to follow up with you after last week’s meeting...”

In actuality, I was never at that meeting. In actuality, I am mistaken so often for other Black women that I no longer explain who I am. Frustrated after being overlooked for someone I am not, I now play along.

**“Yes,
I did come in on the 9 am train
from Montreal this morning,”
I say to the cashier as
I purchase my breakfast.**

**“Yes, I am still at the law school,”
I say to a dean.**

But inside my rage erupts like crimson lava. I am not Erroline! I am not Juliet! I am not Marian! I am Anita; Anita Jack-Davies. But in order to see me, you would actually have to look at me. To look at me, you would have to notice that I wear a Tank watch and that I only wear studs in my ears. To look at me means that you would have to notice the true colour of my skin and the texture of my hair. To look at me requires that I am the subject, rather the object of your gaze. It often feels as though I am nothing more than a dark-skinned figurine that you can count and parade to the world as evidence of inclusion.

In my graduate course, I sit in a group of three students after the instructor gives us our assignment. My colleagues, a white man and a white woman, speak to each other, pretending that I am not there. Ignored, the lava that has become all too familiar gushes through my veins again. In true Canadian fashion, I interject: "Excuse me..." and I ask politely whether it is possible for me to be included in the conversation. They are surprised by my boldness and we engage in a dance, a false sense of cooperation and good cheer. Beneath our polite Canuck veneer, I know that they do not want me in their group and I am enraged that I have no choice but to be in theirs.

The irony is that I was made to feel like I had nothing to contribute to the conversation. Yet, I do have something to say. I earned a double major in English and Sociology from Victoria College at the University of Toronto. I can speak of Chaucer and Percy, Keats and Shelley, Byron, Auden, and Mary Wollstonecraft. I can speak of Swift, Bunyan and Coleridge, Dylan, Frost and Langston Hughes. When I attempt to articulate what I know, my words are deemed inaudible, incomprehensible, and incoherent because of the colour of my skin. What I am struggling to accept is the distance between what I was told by my grandparents, Lawrence and Patrick Jack, and the reality of racism in my life today. My grandparents told me that if I studied hard and "became something," racism would vanish from my life. In reality, the more degrees I earned, the more insidious race became. Suddenly, I am being called "uppity" and reminded that I do not know "my place." After the class, I call my husband and rage about yet another example of the racist exclusion that has engulfed my life since arriving in Kingston in 2004.

As a Queen's employee, I experienced racism in some work settings, but not all. I have had supportive colleagues who were wonderful to work with and have also experienced instances where my race was definitely a factor in my mistreatment. I have had supportive bosses. Tom Hewitt in the Office of Advancement will always hold a special place in my heart because he actually saw me. He treated me with dignity and respect and the colour of my skin was never a barrier to him. I have had bosses whose actions demonstrated to me that they did not have my best interest at heart. And because I work at Queen's, it is not safe for me to share my experience without paying a hefty price. I have experienced racism in the Kingston community in banks and shopping malls and on playdates when the parents of my daughter's friends are not expecting me to be Black. Racism, though, is difficult to prove and when I was the victim of racial discrimination, I did not feel safe to speak about it. Further, there were few opportunities for me to receive support for what I was experiencing, forcing me to suffer in silence.

Racism slowly festers and eats away at the lives of Black people. But no one ever cares to ask us. No one ever cares to name racism for what it is. As Black Canadians, we have always paid a price for articulating our pain. And this moment is no different. When a white person speaks about race, that individual is lauded as working for the "common good" and for being a social justice warrior. We live in a culture where white people who speak about racism become celebrities, quasi-heroes. I am thinking here about the fact that Robin DiAngelo, a well-known anti-racist academic and consultant, was interviewed by David Letterman recently after her book *White Fragility* became a highly recommended resource after the Floyd murder. Our culture rewards a white woman for articulating the very pain that I am punished for.

When I speak about race, I am accused of "playing the race card," even though that card is always in play, each and every day, in each and every moment of your life, whether you care to admit it or not. To speak about race opens me up to scorn, ridicule, and rejection. To articulate my experiences means that someone in a position of power will become angry. If I am not careful, I stand to lose my job, business clients, friends, and acquaintances at the hands of white-hot rage. I worry. I worry that the Heritage Front is alive and well near where I live in Kingston. I tell you this so that you might begin to understand the tremendous price I pay for daring to broach this topic. Race in Canada remains taboo, uncomfortable, and polarizing. It remains the thing that we can never say.

Who are Queen's alumni and what do they think about race?

In 2019, I was elected to the University Council at Queen's University for a five-year term. In May 2020, I was appointed as Council's first EDII Adviser (2020–2022). EDII stands for equity, diversity, inclusion, and Indigeneity. On June 23, I hosted the first EDII Open Meeting in order to start a conversation about the ways in which we, as Queen's alumni, can engage each other about a culture of inclusion at Queen's. In attendance were Chancellor Jim Leech, Provost and Vice-Principal (Academic) Dr. Mark Green, and several new councillors. The participation at the meeting was outstanding. Many of the councillors appeared on camera to register their ideas. Some listened silently.

I was eager to start this important conversation with Council; however, I could not help but feel the weight of the moment that we are in. It is a moment that I am calling "the reckoning" on race in Canada. I sensed, in that meeting, that the topic of EDII held tremendous meaning for the councillors and the staff and faculty who joined the session. Prior to the start of my role, Council created a Special Purpose Committee on Diversity and Inclusion (SPCDI). The SPCDI also created a report to Council with recommendations aimed at guiding our efforts and I discussed these details at the start of the session. A few of the suggestions made by councillors included:

- a** increased alumni engagement with the topic of EDII,
- b** developing baseline EDII competencies for all councillors through education and training, and
- c** identifying where gaps in knowledge and best practices for EDII exist for Council.

By the end of the hour, we generated a list of ideas for how we will work together on Council over the next two years. However, as EDII Adviser, I am acutely aware that the difficult work of engaging you in conversations about race will remain a challenge. I use the term "challenge" deliberately. On campus, we often speak about "Queen's alumni" as though we already know who you are, what you think, how you feel, and how you might act. "Queen's alumni" has become so ubiquitous, I am invited to believe that the

average grad is white, privileged, and resistant to change. However, this trope represents only part of the Queen's story. We must now unearth other narratives that have remained hidden from view, buried and unarticulated. If we aren't brave enough to do this now, there may never be a time when such stories will carry meaning.

I do not remember a time when Queen's University has actually engaged you in conversations about race. There is a tremendous amount of fear surrounding this topic as it relates to you. Over the years, instead of tackling the issue head-on, it was easier simply to avoid it, or worse, to articulate a meaningless response to racist acts even as we made the national news. My point is that as a university, we must create opportunities for you to become invested in a conversation on race, racism, and anti-Black racism as they are experienced by students, staff, and faculty members at Queen's. We must create spaces for you to express your thoughts and views, even if you may not say what we expect you to say and even when you share ideas that might unsettle us. For instance, Queen's University and the Faculty of Arts and Science have committed to creating a Black Studies program by 2021, an initiative that was created by Dr. Katherine McKittrick in the Department of Gender Studies. The program is envisioned as fulfilling many of the recommendations of the Principal's Implementation Committee on Race, Diversity, and Inclusion.

According to Dr. McKittrick, the program will promote the study of "anti-racism, anti-oppression, and diversity" and will help with the diversification of curriculum. The program also aims to support the hiring of Black faculty, including areas such as tenure and promotion. If this program becomes a reality at Queen's, we will join the ranks of other universities such as Dalhousie and McMaster in the creation of similar initiatives. My question is, how would you support a program such as this one? Do you believe that such a program has a place at Queen's?

The Principal's Implementation Committee on Race, Diversity, and Inclusion (PICRDI) was established by Principal Daniel Woolf. PICRDI released its final report in 2017. You can read it at: bit.ly/PICRDI2017

All that we have lost

I remember years ago when I was teaching grade eight in Toronto's Jane-Finch community, I struck up a conversation with a colleague, a Queen's grad. He was older than I was and we chatted about his time at Queen's as an international student from Trinidad in the early 1980s. I remember the pain in his eyes when he spoke about his time on campus. He shared instances of rejection as he watched his classmates invite each other to weekend stays at cottages in the Muskokas. He spoke of experiencing racism in the classroom, of professors being surprised that he was intelligent or that he could make clever contributions in class, so deep was the anti-Black racism. As a Black Canadian of Trinidadian descent, I spent time in Trinidad and Tobago as a child and I can attest to the outstanding level of education on the twin islands. Professors expressing surprise that my colleague was intelligent or that he was thoughtful is an insult that white students rarely have to endure in classrooms.

For Black students, there is this constant pressure to prove our intelligence. This is not only frustrating, but emotionally draining. I dream of a day when Blackness and intelligence will go hand in hand, rather than being treated as an oddity in classrooms. My colleague shared that he experienced racism for the first time in his life here at Queen's. And after recalling all of this, he vowed that he would never give a penny to the university.

But Queen's did not simply lose his financial support. Queen's lost the ability to celebrate his life and his life's work. Queen's lost the ability to learn of his successes and to connect his talents with a new generation of students. He was a gifted musician. Queen's lost an opportunity for students to be mentored by an artist who could have contributed to the Dan School of Drama and Music or to other campus-based initiatives. Queen's missed out on the likelihood that he would recommend Queen's as a university of choice for his daughter. The possibilities are endless; however, we will never know what could have been.

And rather than being an isolated incident, my colleague's experience is shared by many Black Queen's alumni. As a child of immigrants, I was counselled against applying to Queen's for undergraduate study by my grade 13 English teacher. He pulled me aside and looked me straight in the eye. He warned, "Anita, take my advice. You will not have a good go of it there." And I could tell by the urgency of his voice that he knew more than I did. I knew he would lose nothing if I did not heed his words. And I did. There are many Black students with stories similar to mine, students who are cautioned that Queen's will not address their social, academic, and cultural needs. I am here today to suggest that there are Black Queen's alumni who are haunted by their former experiences as students. They do not take part in Homecoming. This is because Queen's University never felt like "home" to them. If you are a Queen's grad who was fortunate enough to spend four glorious years as a student on campus, please remember that this experience was not "normal," it was simply *your* experience. The time has come for us to correct past wrongs and to engage *all* alumni, including those that we lost many years ago, in difficult conversations about what needs to happen before Black students, faculty, and staff will call Queen's home.

Reflecting forward, looking back

Now where do we go from here? The next time I write to you, we will have been given the gift of time and of hindsight. The George Floyd murder will be an event of the past, but his legacy will remain. This is a gift of vision that will provide us with much-needed clarity as we reflect forward as members of the Queen's community. Queen's is a community that for a long time now has made it clear that I do not belong. However, I am not a victim. I am taking my experiences and working to create new spaces for racialized and under-represented students at Queen's. And I hope that you feel unsettled, stirred even, by my words. I hope that my words have caused an eruption of anger in you, even just for a moment. My community has lived with this anger, this lava, for a long time now. This very anger can be useful as you think about what you are being called to do, given what you know now. In the words of the African-American poet Maya Angelou, when we know better, we do better. This anger will be useful to provide some clarity around what our moral responsibilities are, after the fires burn.

And in the spirit of peace, I extend my hand to you. I am asking whether you are able to listen, to hear what I say, rather than to speak. I am asking whether you might begin to understand my point of view, rather than defensively proving your innocence.

You will never know what it is like to live in my skin. I am here to say that the time is right for us to put our politeness aside and begin messy conversations



BERNARD CLARK

about race, ability, teaching, learning, and what it means to be a *Queen's* grad.

And to the many allies who have supported me since I began studying at *Queen's* University in 2005, I thank you. I am thinking here of allies at the Four Directions Aboriginal Student Centre and at Ban Righ, the centre for mature female students on campus. The Office of Advancement was also a place where I felt at home. I am also reminded of a reading course that I took with Dr. McKittrick when I was introduced to her work on Black female geographies. The course changed how I saw myself as a Black Canadian woman and remains a major influence in my life today. These spaces, both inside and outside the classroom, were a refuge for me when I felt out of place in a

campus culture that deemed me Other. My time at the university has been one of struggle and toil and far from a soft place to fall. Working and studying at *Queen's* University will forever remain a bittersweet aspect of my life. Twenty years ago, I devoted my life to social justice so that my daughter will not have to experience what I have, if she chooses to study at *Queen's* in the future. As I reflect on this moment of reckoning on race in Canada, I am thinking about concepts such as "healing" and "reconciliation." As we have done with First Nations, Métis, and Indigenous communities, I wonder whether there is room for Black Canadians to share our stories and for our stories to be heard. I wonder what a Truth and Reconciliation Commission for Black Canadians would look like. I wonder if there is room at *Queen's* for us to speak and to be the authors of our own experiences. After having our voices stifled for so long, speaking and advocating for systemic change on campus will enable us to begin the healing process, if not for our sake, then for the sake of future generations. I remain hopeful and I take comfort in knowing that I am not alone.

- *Anita Jack Davies, MEd'07, PhD'11 (Education), is the senior research adviser (research initiatives, diversity, and inclusion) for the Queen's Faculty of Education. She is also the president and CEO of Mosaic Cross-Cultural Solutions. Her first book, Lawrencía's Last Parang: A Memoir of Loss and Belonging as a Black Woman in Canada, will be published in November.*

This is what nurses do

*Three and a half
chapters in the life of
Kate Rocklein Kemplin, NSc'01*

BY ANDREA GUNN

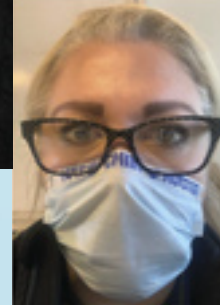
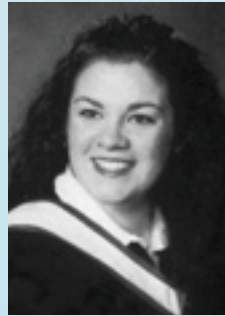


It's the end of May. Kate Kemplin is sitting in a hotel room near Windsor, Ontario. She's self-isolating for 14 days after spending two months on the COVID-19 health-care frontline in New York City. Two months of brutally long days, setting up protocols, developing practice guidelines, and caring for patients in a giant enclosed "bubble" on a soccer field at Columbia University's campus. All so that she and other former military health-care personnel could take some of the strain off New York's overwhelmed hospital system, which saw more than 72,000 patients with COVID-19 by the first week of April.

Kate can't see her kids yet: they don't even know she's back home in Canada. "It would be mayhem!" she says, if her son, age 4, and daughters, 10 and 13, knew their mom was so close but still unavailable. But she'll be home soon.

And besides, these are resilient kids: they're Army kids. They've always known a world with one parent being deployed away from home for extended periods of time. And on top of that, their mom is a nurse. And they know that nurses are badassess who get things done.

Here are three and a half chapters in the life of Kate Kemplin: trauma specialist, researcher, professor, and badass nurse.



CHAPTER ONE

It's 1997. Kate, born in Canada and raised in the States, arrives in Kingston to begin nursing school. She is 17 years old. "My childhood was... complex," she says. "I was – and still am – awkward socially and was lacking a lot of life skills. Before coming to Queen's, I was able to skate academically. Not here. I wasn't the best student in Nursing, which, as I recall, then had 66 per cent attrition rate from the first year to graduation.

"First year was a gauntlet – core courses in biochem, anatomy, philosophy, physiology – most were taken with pre-med and other health sci students. They all kicked me in the teeth. None of our courses were watered down for nursing. This profoundly shaped my view of my profession as a serious and important one. Never have I felt that I am 'just a nurse' or academically unequal to physicians. I had to fight for every point in every grade in almost every course. Clinically, I was sound – I felt at home in hospital and taking care of patients. Professor Cheryl Pulling supervised my first dressing change. Unbeknownst to us, the patient's wound was actually open-chest – to their sternum – and very complicated. She said that I turned every shade of grey changing the dressing, but I nailed it."

With the help of classmates and housemates, Kate started to build new skills. "Julie Lorenzin (Artsci'98, NSc'01) and I didn't cross paths initially," says Kate. "She was a front-row keener and I was the kid in the back row wearing pajama pants." But they clicked: "Julie taught me to be a scholar and I think I coaxed out her inner rebel," says Kate, who is still close with Julie, now a nurse practitioner in London, Ont.



Kate and Julie Lorenzin in 2001

But Kate was still struggling.

"Theoretical courses were painfully nebulous for me," she says. "But in third year, my statistics professor astutely referred me for a full neurocognitive testing battery because I was bombing her course. I was so conditioned to being ashamed of my flaws that being diagnosed with disabilities was devastating. I tried to speak of them once to an immediate family member and the mockery was both unsurprising and unimaginable. So I hid them for years, even though logically, I knew they were neurological and not behavioural in origin.

"Queen's was a great equalizer for me because everybody was the smartest kid in the room. I think I learned there how to struggle with being average in comparison, and how to persevere. That said: I'm white. I didn't have structural or historical obstacles stacked against me, nor did I have to swim against the ostracizing tide of Queen's lack of diversity. I grew up in the American south and distinctly recall how eerily white Queen's was – and still is. So 'struggle' and 'persevere' are relative terms when evoked by someone with my racial privilege."

Kate graduated from Queen's Nursing in 2001 and returned to the States. She wasn't sure where she was going next, either in life or in her nascent career. But that September, she figured out her next move.

"When the World Trade Center was attacked, people were dropping what they were doing and heading to New York. A friend of a friend was working for FEMA. He was in our hometown visiting and was heading back to New York." Kate decided to go with him. She was a nurse and nurses would be needed. Somehow, she could help.

All planes were grounded, so they drove 20 hours to get to Manhattan.

"We crossed the Bayonne Bridge on September 12th and could see the financial district from that height. It was *so dark*. We could see the lower tip of Manhattan, and it was a void: a black pit, with smoke coming out of it. There were lights in other parts of the city, but none there – except for spotlights.

"My hub was Moran's Bar and Grill at the North Cove marina, a short walk west of the site through the Winter Garden Atrium. On my third day there, an FDNY chief seconded me to be medical support to their special operations/dive team living on the *Firefighter*, a massive fireboat pumping water from the Hudson River into the Trade Center fire. For a few weeks I worked and lived with them."

At first, she stayed on the *Firefighter*, ready to provide medical treatment to the crew if needed. Kate was easily 20 years younger than any of the

guys on the crew. She reminded some of them of their daughter, others of their niece or kid sister. One of them gave her a hard time, saying, "What are you here for, just to sit on the boat and make it smell nice?" Kate pushed back. "Listen," she remembers saying. "I'm not just here to look pretty. I play rugby. I can take a hit." Unspoken were the words: "I'm a nurse. I'm not scared."

Kate earned their respect. This feisty kid, right out of university, had *showed up*. She didn't know what she would be facing, where her skills would be needed, what would be asked of her. But like any one of the first responders, Kate went straight to the hotspot, ready to face the unimaginable disaster that was 9/11.

Kate accompanied firefighters to the pit, the deep smouldering emptiness that was what remained of the Twin Towers. At first, she stood at the edge of the pit, masked and suited up, and watched her crew disappear underground. Later, she went with them, wearing a safety harness and PPE as they did. She remembers climbing twisted girders that once held up skyscrapers. She doesn't go into detail about what she saw there. She says simply, "I returned home just after my 22nd birthday that October."

Looking back now, she says, "I sometimes think about my 21-year-old hubris: who thinks that they can just go to New York and do something meaningful there? Who really has that kind of arrogance?" She pauses. "But I don't even know if it's arrogance. I think it was just faith that I had the background and the training... and the backbone."

But when Kate left New York, she found herself unable to fit comfortably back into normal life. She started working at a hospital, but once again, she found herself at odds with her surroundings. Working on a safe, clean hospital floor so soon after being at the pit seemed surreal to her.

"I found it extremely hard to relate to co-workers – and even patients – who hadn't been affected personally by terrorism. For the life of me, I could not understand their perspectives – how could anyone complain about *anything* during that time? They weren't burned alive or forced to jump from a skyscraper. They didn't wake up one morning as usual and were violently widowed by lunchtime.

"I was really an island unto myself," she says ruefully, "intolerant and out-of-place. I was going to change careers...and then I rotated to the emergency department and found my people. It's still the only professional environment in which I feel completely at home."

Once again, someone in Kate's network reached out to her, and she seized the opportunity to make a change in her life, to make a difference.

CHAPTER TWO

"Firefighters I had gelled with in New York lived about an hour from the city and a couple of them cajoled me into moving to that area."

Kate began working as a nurse again, this time in a large emergency department in a busy rural hospital. There, she met a handsome young soldier home between Army assignments.

"With more emotion than reason, I married him and started to build my career at whatever duty station we were assigned to." Balancing her work as a civilian nurse for the U.S. Army, Kate also started a master's degree in nursing at Loyola University in New Orleans. Just after she had been accepted in the program, her husband Michael was transferred to a base in Germany.

The years went by. Kate and Michael welcomed their first daughter, and then their second. As a trauma and emergency nurse specialist, Kate had treated a wide variety of medical issues and injuries, most of which were familiar. But there was something new emerging in her patients, something she hadn't come across before.



Michael and daughter Gretchen in 2011

KATE KEMPLIN

"Around 2006, I noticed soldiers who'd deployed to the Middle East were presenting clinically with non-specific issues: disordered sleep, inexplicable anger, headaches, memory loss, relationship dysfunction. Every single one of them had blast exposure – often repetitively – while deployed, but no previous history of head injury or significant psychological abnormalities."

Intrigued by this new phenomenon, Kate shifted the focus of her graduate studies at Loyola to combat-related traumatic brain injury.

Traumatic brain injury – TBI – occurs after a sudden trauma or blow to the head disrupts the function of the brain. Most of us are aware of the potential for concussion from a fall or sports injury. A concussion is medically classified as a TBI. But it is not necessary to have been physically hit to experience a traumatic brain injury. Blast exposure – close proximity of a person to an explosion – can damage the brain significantly from crushing air pressures. Blast waves can create microscopic tears in the tissue and blood vessels in the brain, with serious consequences. The phenomenon of "shell shock" documented in soldiers in the First World War, once classified as a neurosis or psychological shock from the horrors of war, is now considered to be traumatic brain injury caused by proximity to artillery fire and explosives.

Kate threw herself into her graduate work, focusing her research on "mild" TBI – "mild" being a clinical term she loathes – and injuries sustained from blast exposure. She developed data sets and extrapolated projected clinical findings.

And then her work came close to home.

Michael was deployed to Iraq. "In December 2007, an explosive-formed penetrator – a bomb designed specifically to penetrate armor – detonated under the seat of my husband's vehicle when they drove over and triggered buried sensors." Michael walked away from the explosion without a scratch.

"Michael was physically intact," says Kate, "but soldiers in the same vehicle had detached retinas and were bleeding from their ears and noses." Her husband returned to duty within 12 hours.

"I knew his regiment's physician professionally," says Kate, "and I remember sending him an email saying, 'I know just enough about TBI to be a real pain in your ass about this.'"

"But back then the attitude – which, honestly, still persists now – was very dismissive. Unless you were physically injured enough to warrant evacuation to Landstuhl [a U.S.-run military medical centre], soldiers *maybe* got a night's sleep and then went back to the mission without

neurological rest or treatment. Based on what we are seeing now, that practice could prove fatal to many soldiers down the line."

Michael finished his deployment and came home. But he wasn't Michael anymore.

"It was like watching my graduate studies of TBI unfold before my eyes: every trope about TBI affecting personality, function, and relationships was happening inside my own home. It was exacerbating my shortcomings and exposing my worst qualities as well. Everything was disrupted."

Kate tried to get professional help for her husband. She knew what was happening to him: she knew the science and, as a nurse, she had the inside connections. But she also knew what she was up against.

"Many soldiers will neither seek nor accept help for neurological injuries, because those usually manifest in aberrant behaviour. So getting help for what soldiers perceive as personal shortcomings is often professional *hara-kiri*," she says soberly, "despite all the platitudes of support from military public relations outlets. To this day, speaking out can be career-ending. There was a general who spoke publicly about his struggles a year or so ago. He was immediately ostracized by his peers and the military. A *general*. Now imagine enlisted soldiers trying to fight against that pervasive stigma.

"That said," she continues, "retired generals like Gen. Peter Chiarelli put their money where their mouths were and moved the needle on TBI. When I was contracted to develop TBI data capture for the Department of Defense, I was asked by my boss to draft policy and 'pretend it's going to the White House.'"

"Sir...*is it* going to the White House?" Kate asked him. She didn't get a direct answer, just a deadline from her boss before he hung up the phone. But shortly thereafter, on Aug. 31, 2012, President Barack Obama issued an Executive Order titled "Improving Access to Mental Health Services for Veterans, Service Members, and Military Families."

"About three bullet points and five sentences in that Executive Order may have originated from me," says Kate. "Nursing science possibly influencing national policy, even within one paragraph? I'll take it."

At home, Kate was fighting hard for – and with – Michael, who was still being deployed even as his mental health deteriorated. "I barked up trees and called in favours from command psychiatrists and other medical colleagues who agreed to see and treat Michael off the record. But he had top-level security clearances to protect, and he refused to go to appointments for fear of future

polygraphs and mission-specific vetting of his medical history.”

Michael went on six more deployments with the U.S. Army.

“I pushed unsuccessfully for years,” says Kate now, “and ultimately decided I was the only one I could treat or change. I accepted defeat and filed for divorce three weeks after my doctoral defence in 2013. I had two young girls and the prospect of repeating history by raising them amidst dysfunction and conflict hit too close to home; it was unthinkable, no matter how much love and dedication remained in the relationship.”

According to the National Institutes of Health, the U.S. Defense and Veterans Brain Injury Center has reported nearly 350,000 incident diagnoses of TBI in the U.S. military since 2000. Among those deployed, estimated rates of probable TBI range from 11 to 23 per cent. In Special Operations Forces (SOF) like the Green Berets, Navy SEALs, and clandestine units, the incidence is likely much higher: they sustain 83 per cent of combat fatalities and deploy more often and repetitively than conventional forces. And SOF members die by suicide at much higher rates than other military populations.

“I think there’s some mechanism to over-achieve,” Kate says now. She’s speaking of both Special Operations Forces and nurses like herself. “Especially those of us with thorny pasts: we need to prove we can reach the mountaintop.” She had just finished a clinically focused doctorate at Loyola University studying SOF medics’ care of combat casualties, but “I was annoyed by its limitations. I was told I’d never independently add to the body of knowledge. I wasn’t prepared at that point to independently lead research endeavours, so I started a research science PhD at Rush University in Chicago, intending to study clinical cognition in military members.

“As my friendships and collaborations with SOF service members grew and deepened, I started to lose them to suicide. First, the hockey player who taught my eldest daughter to skate at Fort Bragg, Army Green Beret Michael Mantenuito [who starred in the Disney hockey movie *Miracle*] died by suicide in April 2017. Within a day of his death, a Navy SEAL friend’s junior medic, Ryan Larkin, died by suicide. Three years into my PhD, with a year off to have a baby, I reversed course and decided to study resilience and suicide in Special Operations, who are assumed to have the highest resilience but are dying by suicide at three times the rate of conventional military populations.”

It’s June 2019. Kate wakes up on a beautiful Sunday morning. She is on faculty at the University of Tennessee in Chattanooga. Three weeks earlier, she published her initial findings about resilience and suicide in Special Operations Forces: the first nurse to tackle those topics in that population. She checks her email automatically, as tenure-track junior faculty are compelled to do. There is, unexpectedly, an email from Michael, her ex-husband. Since their divorce, their communications had become fraught. Six years later, they have both moved on. Kate has a new husband, Ben; another child; a new academic career. Cautiously, she opens the email from Michael.

She reads the first sentences, and falls to her knees, gasping. *You’re experiencing tachycardia*, her brain tells her. *Move*, says her brain. *Think*.

“I knew where he lived, and years spent in emergency medicine enabled me to deduce to which trauma centre he would have been flown. I called the charge nurse line at R. Adams Cowley Shock Trauma in Baltimore, after speaking with Michael’s mother and brother.”

Things moved quickly. Kate moved quickly.

“Emergency nurses are Mafia-esque in taking care of their own,” says Kate wryly, “and this was no exception, even though they didn’t know me personally. They put the phone next to Michael’s ear before transferring him to intensive care, and I was able to tell him to hang on, that I was on my way. Gone was the bullshit we’d put each other through – everything superfluous falls away when a one-sided conversation occurs with the hum of a ventilator and squawks of monitors in the background. I got off the phone, grabbed my go bag, and assured Ben I’d be home soon and safely.

“The drive from Chattanooga to Baltimore *should* take ten hours at minimum. Living in Germany among autobahns trained me well; I arrived in under eight. Members of our Army family spoke to me through Bluetooth as I pushed my turbodiesel to its limits through Appalachia. ‘Michael never came back from Iraq,’ said one friend to me. ‘He never landed.’

“When I walked into the neurotrauma ICU, monitor readings were grim. Intuitively, I noted about a dozen vasoactive and sedative drips and their infusion rates, vital signs, and ventilator settings – and Michael himself.

“Patients’ families have told me – and millions of other nurses, I’m sure – that their loved one waited for them to arrive before dying, that they sensed a change when they walked in the room, that the patient ‘knew’ they were there. And most of the time, when I heard this, I would nod

compassionately and evoke some semblance of therapeutic communication while I kept their loved one clinically stable. Yes, unconscious patients can hear you, even when heavily sedated. But I usually put more stock in quantitative data and clinical assessment than feelings. Michael's injuries were incompatible with life and he was maxed out on every drip and vent setting. There was no clinical explanation for him still being alive.

"As I approached the father of my two girls and my first real young love, I kept one eye on the monitor mounted above his head. The energy in the room told me all was forgiven between us: the fights, the emotional fractures, me leaving him. As I spoke into his ear, his heart rate approached the low end of 'way too high.' His cardiac rhythm started to show detectable P-waves. His arterial blood pressure, too low for decent organ perfusion, rose. It was nighttime and we only had until morning, when surgeons would take him to the O.R. and harvest his organs.

"I did what Queen's taught me to do in the start of second-year clinicals. While exercising incredible mastery of delivering the complicated calculus that is patient care, nurses restore patients, starting with attending to their dignity. It was Michael's last night on Earth and as powerless as I was to fix anything else, as a Queen's nurse I'd be damned if he wasn't pristine in death. I loaded Michael's favourites on my iPhone and turned the music up. Two nurses – *two*, in a busy major urban trauma ICU – stopped what they were doing when I asked for a wash basin and supplies. Without moving him and jeopardizing his intracranial pressure, we washed him head to toe. And then we hugged each other and cried."

On the way home to Tennessee the next day, Kate got a phone call from Michael's psychiatrist. He described to Kate a symptom constellation he had seen in Michael; that set of symptoms triggered a memory for Kate. "Dr. Dan Perl of Walter Reed/Uniformed Services University had found astroglial scarring in Ryan Larkin's brain post-suicide and in other post-mortem brains from soldiers with chronic TBI who died by suicide. My apologies to the laboratory intern who answered the phone and heard me blurt out, 'My ex-husband had TBI from combat and died by suicide yesterday and you have to go get his brain and analyze it.' But by golly, Stacey Gentile of the Center for Neuroregenerative Medicine activated an incredibly compassionate organ harvesting team who made it happen."

CHAPTER THREE

It's March 2020. Kate has moved back to Canada with Ben and their children. She has accepted a position at the University of Windsor. She'll be teaching research methods and quantitative statistics, to both undergrads and PhD students. She's looking forward to it: she loved teaching research in Tennessee. As a professor, she upholds the rigorous standards embodied by her Queen's nursing profs. She also infuses her teaching practice with self-effacing encouragement, remembering her own academic battles as an undergrad. "Students often – and incorrectly – think professors have done everything right the first time. When I have students who are struggling, I offer to show them my transcript from Queen's, because how you start out doesn't dictate how you end up."

School starts again in September. Kate is looking forward to the summer to hang out with the kids and settle into their new neighbourhood.

And then COVID-19 hits. It hits New York City particularly hard.

"When New York started to deteriorate under the strain of this virus, I knew I'd be going back there in some capacity. It was just a gut feeling. I started prepping the kids at the end of March, saying, 'You know, I'm probably going to have to go help there. I'm probably going to have to go help people. I'm a nurse, and this is what nurses do.'"

Once again, someone in Kate's network reached out to her, and Kate was ready to show up. "Missy Givens and I had worked together in emergency medicine at Madigan Army Medical Centre about 15 years ago. I later learned that I was her charge nurse on her first night shift as an attending."

Colonel Melissa Givens, MD, MPH ("Missy", to Kate) had recently retired as an emergency room physician with the U.S. military. She and Kate saw what was unfolding in New York: its health-care system was buckling under the weight of COVID-19, and they were compelled to act. Missy and Kate put together a team of six and started video-conferencing daily about developing larger teams of highly trained former SOF medics to head to New York to alleviate pressures on individual critical care units' staff. Through colleagues, Missy learned that New York-Presbyterian (NYP) Hospital had a field hospital ready to handle patients with COVID-19, but no one to run or staff it.

"Missy called me and said, 'I told [NYP] I could be medical director but would need a chief nursing officer. How do you feel about running a 220-bed field hospital?' I tried to think of a nurse who'd worked with SOF medics, studied their practices and philosophy, knew their clinical capabilities,

who would be willing to drop everything to work and live in a pandemic epicentre...It dawned on me that I was that nurse. So I grabbed one of the kids' hockey bags, packed it with clothes, tossed it in the car, and started driving."

Working in the bubble

Close to Columbia/New York-Presbyterian's Allen Hospital is "the bubble," a tented soccer field belonging to Columbia University Athletics. Kate and her advance team were responsible for turning it into a functional hospital for patients with COVID-19.

"I ultimately had responsibility for about 130 people, both civilian nurses and Special Operations medics functioning as nurse equivalents in their assigned roles," she says.

"All the medics assigned to specific clinical roles – who were already the best-trained in the military – had undergone additional training in prolonged field care, which had prepared them to provide nursing-equivalent critical care in circumstances where you can't evacuate casualties. Ironically, I was part of the initial efforts that developed prolonged field care during its inception, and I was now seeing it applied to a pandemic.

"These medics are also used to deploying out of the back of a truck or in a really remote village. So when they walked into the bubble, it's bright, it's shiny, there's linoleum, there's electricity, there's oxygen, so they were like, 'Wow, this is like the Ritz.'"

Prior-service military personnel were also well-trained in suiting up in protective equipment, essential for treating patients with COVID-19.

"In developing PPE procedures, we assumed airborne transmission, based on reports from overseas and so we implemented really strict protocols for being in the bubble. At all times, you had to cover your hair, you had to wear eye protection, you had to wear a surgical mask over your N95 and don what we called the bunny suit and shoe covers and two pairs of gloves and all these other layers. Head-to-toe PPE. And the medics were just like, 'Okay, no problem.' To my knowledge, none of our staff contracted COVID-19 from working at the field hospital.

"The days were really long. In the beginning weeks, I'm pretty sure we did sixteen 16-hour days straight. It was just very, very intense. Opening a hospital typically takes years; we did it in six days, with personnel from all over the country with vastly different backgrounds. Prior to putting our leadership team together, I contacted Amanda Brandon – a really fantastic mental health practitioner and colleague familiar with the Special Operations community and expert in



KATE KEMPLIN

Prior to accepting patients, medics at the Ryan Larkin Field Hospital honed their procedures. Here, they run a mock code with Missy Givens acting as the patient.

treating traumatic stress. One of my first actions was hiring her to be the mental health lead for the staff. She was absolutely crucial because we anticipated what the stress and the strain could be, going in. I don't see how we could have pulled this off without her. Just being able to have a quick hallway consult if you had a challenging meeting or needed to talk to someone about something sensitive...It was amazing to have a dedicated person there to ground you and help you talk through things, even if you were just having a rough day."

The bubble gets a name

"When Missy broached naming the hospital, I thought, why don't we name it after Ryan Larkin? Because in our academic community for Special Operations medicine, most people knew who Ryan was, and how he died. Because he was a medic, his death hit very close to home. He was such a caregiver and a really compassionate guy. I reached out to Ryan's parents whom I knew because we are part of this club that nobody wants to belong to: people with military family members who've died by suicide. His parents are very private, but were enthusiastic to name the hospital after Ryan. Inadvertently, that sent out a bat signal – when you name a field hospital after a fallen Special Operations medic, everybody in that community intuits your mission."

The Ryan Larkin Field Hospital treated patients from every borough in New York City. Special Ops training came in handy here, too.

“Special Operations soldiers all have to learn, with a fair degree of fluency, a foreign language. Some learn French, some learn Spanish, some learn Russian or Korean. So we would be treating a patient from Eastern Europe and we had a medic fluent in Russian: he could speak a lot of different dialects. Others spoke Mandarin or Tagalog. I mean, it was kind of uncanny. When we really needed that kind of language service, these medics just came through.

“That’s at the heart of being a holistic caregiver,” says Kate. “The first thing is you have to speak to patients in their own language. Medics who’ve been to war, very tough and battle-hardened clinicians, were shaving patients’ faces and bathing them while providing top-notch care. You can’t teach that kind of patient-centred compassion. But it’s not surprising: these patients were separated from their family – like soldiers and military families often are – and military-adjacent people tend to treat others in the same boat as our de facto family, regardless of DNA.

“Patients were actually surprised that we interacted so closely with them, or when we spent prolonged amounts of time in proximity to them. Before transferring them to us, hospital staff didn’t initially know if our patients were COVID-19

positive or negative and had to take precautions of distance. Whereas we knew we were walking into a positive-pressure and completely COVID-positive patient care environment: all of our patients had COVID-19. So we were able to just get right up in there with our patients like normal, except that we were wearing all this protective gear.”

Sending patients home

“Because we were in a bubble, if you played music in one corner, every patient could hear it. We ordered a nautical bell, as an homage to Ryan, who was a Navy SEAL. In the Navy, when you’re done your tour on ship, you ring the bell three times. We had it engraved and hung on a platform. And whenever patients left, they got to ring the bell.

“And then when we closed the hospital, we rang the bell for the last time.”

THE BEGINNING OF CHAPTER FOUR

It’s mid-July. Kate is out of quarantine and back at home with her family. She’s also hard at work on her latest research. She and fellow Queen’s grad David Barbic (Artsci’02, MSc’04, Meds’08) are exploring moral injury and quality of life in emergency clinicians in the age of COVID-19. David is a professor of emergency medicine at UBC. “Emergency and critical care clinicians are viewed as typically very tough and unflappable regardless of traumas we witness and treat. That hyper-resilient and impermeable stereotype, similar to how people perceive Special Operations Forces, can invoke stigma in clinicians who are mentally struggling while caring for incredibly ill patients during a resource-devoid pandemic.

“The predicate for moral injury,” says Kate, “is a shock to your psyche or to your *mores*. It happens when you see things – or do things – within a certain context that chip away at your institutional trust, your belief system, your ability to make appropriate clinical and moral decisions. Physicians and nurses in the ER already see the worst and the best in humanity. If you ever want to see which community is having an overdose crisis or a violent crime problem, stop in at your local emergency room. We’re the first people to see it.”

The same goes for patients with COVID-19. The additional strain – the moral injury – dealt to clinicians practising during the pandemic can occur from stressors at home, rationing care, practising without enough PPE, and witnessing leadership failures during the pandemic. Clinicians are often unable to do what they are meant to and trained to do during this pandemic. And it’s taking a toll on health-care workers.



Ryan Larkin’s dad, Frank Larkin, tries out the bell at the field hospital.

KATE MEMPLIN

“Moral injury has roots in the military, with regard to traumatic stress and negative health outcomes – including suicide. Dr. Lorna Breen, the ER director at the Allen Hospital supporting Ryan Larkin Field Hospital, died by suicide while we were in New York. Not only did she contract COVID-19 and likely suffered from its neuro-vascular after-effects, she reportedly felt powerless to save so many sick patients. Even without knowing her personally, that hit very close to home for all of us working at a field hospital named for a Navy SEAL who’d died by suicide, and for those of us otherwise affected by suicide.

“In March before leaving for New York, I was matched with three amazing medical students from Western studying at the UWindsor campus who were interested in trauma research: Hailey Guertin, Kylie Suwary, and Matthew Bentley (Artsci’18). We launched an international study of emergency clinicians’ moral injury during the pandemic, which was only possible because of their incredible scholarship and dedication, and because David took the reins from Vancouver while I was in New York.” Currently, Kate and David are working on defence grant applications to further study moral injury with nurse scientist Audrey Steenbeek from Dalhousie.

Reflecting back on the first chapters of her life, Kate says, “You know, when I first went to New York, and I was 21, I helped in a very small way. Now, almost 20 years later, with some education and practice under my belt, I was able to go back to New York and help stand up a facility where hundreds of people could be part of the fight against COVID-19.

“Queen’s does, in essence, teach its students positive entitlement. By virtue of rigour, prestige, and tradition, Queen’s grads either have a place at the table or we’ll bring our own chair. So, whether I was 21 or 40, I knew I could contribute in situations of duress, while under stress, and I can enable other people to contribute, too.”

Dr. Kate Kemplin is many things. She has one hard-earned BNSc from Queen’s University. She also has an MSc in Nursing and what she calls “an overabundance of doctoral education.” She’s been in the pit at the World Trade Center days after 9/11. She’s practised with military and civilian patients on two continents.

She is a professor. She is a researcher. She is a mother. She loves Led Zeppelin. She has bad days. She has neurocognitive disabilities. She has an innate need to rock the boat, to challenge the system. She is complex and flawed.

“We have to be flawless in providing patient care. Yet many people think you can’t be a nurse or a physician unless you’re *personally* flawless, which is



Kate and her husband Ben in 2019

ridiculous. Even during this pandemic, clinicians are still reluctant to seek professional care for their mental health, despite knowing that the mind needs *as much* attention as the rest of the body. And in my experience, patients prefer clinicians who are proficient professionally, but also human. It takes stability and opportunity to secure an education in health care. Many clinicians and academics may have limited experience with dysfunction, have not faced discrimination, been single parents, or been housing- or food-insecure. Those lived experiences may therefore be somewhat theoretical to current leaders in health care, absent more women, immigrants, and BIPOC in leadership roles. Regardless of our own experiences, we have to insulate and rally around colleagues, instead of isolating them, during times of struggle.”

So Kate Kemplin has a message for all those badass nurses-to-be, especially those students who think,

“I don’t get this course...I don’t fit in...Maybe I’m not good enough.”

She says, “I never believed successful people who said ‘I’ve failed as much as I’ve succeeded’ until I had some spectacular face-plants myself. When you push the envelope and take risks – whether by taking a new professional role, researching sensitive topics, or by challenging how things have always been done – some failure is likely.

“Spit the dirt out, dust yourself off, and ignore the haters who will judge or discourage you. Keep going, because you usually have to take the leap before you can see the net below you. I still don’t know what I want to do when I grow up, but I know it’ll be quite the ride getting there.” ■



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From feast



to famine

After 12 years, Paul Sawtell's wholesale food distribution business was on course to disrupt the Ontario food supply system. And then COVID-19 hit.

BY ANDREW STOKES

This past February, Paul Sawtell (Artsci'02) offered me a tour of the low-slung warehouse in North York that holds his business, 100km Foods. As we walked, he talked about the pride he felt moving into the space. How when he started the enterprise with his wife, Grace Mandarano, he couldn't have dreamed of being big enough to need its more than 8,000 square feet.

Back in 2008, they'd started 100km Foods to link the farms of the Ontario Greenbelt to the restaurants and stores that wanted local seasonal food. Now, after 12 years of growth in fits and starts, they were on strong footing. They had hundreds of clients, a staff of over two dozen, and had just been awarded a "Best for the World" designation by B Corp.

As he moved through the warehouse, Paul pointed to walk-in fridges filled with local cheeses, milk, and eggs. He appraised pallets stacked with potatoes, beets, and onions. And he gestured to the empty space where in just a few months there would be stacks scraping the ceiling as asparagus, broccoli, strawberries, cabbage, cauliflower, and cherries were ready for harvest.

Trucks pulled up to the docking bay. They loaded up stacks of food and fanned out like pollinating bees for destinations like Momofuku, Sassafraz, and the Royal York.

Thinking about the long road that brought them to where they were, Paul was contemplative. "One of the less talked-about attributes of business is perseverance," he said, reflecting on the years he drove trucks, made sales, and hauled potatoes while Grace handled the finances.

"Overnight successes are rare. More often it's blood, sweat, and tears with small increases that last."

Eventually, with staff handling the sales, marketing, packing, and delivery, Paul had more time for long-term strategic thinking. He was building connections with other food hubs across North America and thinking about how more communities could be fed with the produce of their own soil. He felt like it was a luxury to be able to think that far ahead, especially after so many years just trying to deliver on yesterday's commitments.

Paul, like billions of others, didn't realize that all of his plans were going to change.

"When the closure order came, literally 90 per cent of our revenue evaporated," Paul says. "Not

in a gradual way, it happened overnight." He pauses, remembering the days and hours after COVID-19 hit Ontario and his business came to a grinding halt. His voice is weary; he's been taking on night shifts due to staffing constraints. "Those first few days were terrible. Truly brutal."

It's now late June and the Toronto region is tentatively heading into Phase 2 of the provincial reopening plan. Rates of infection from COVID have declined steadily and the last few days have proffered a modest half per cent increase in the number of new cases. For now, thanks to an unprecedented disruption of millions of lives, Ontario seems to have flattened the curve.

While we've managed to prevent sickness on the level that many epidemiologists feared, there have been a cascade of other consequences. Across Canada, nearly two million people lost their jobs. Use of food banks has soared. And countless businesses buckled under the pressure, 100km Foods among them.

Paul and Grace had come to the food sector by an indirect route. After years working in the pharmaceutical industry, both were looking for something that rewarded them with more than a paycheque. Their entrepreneurial bent sent them looking for a problem to solve.

It wasn't long before they learned there was a fissure in the Greater Toronto Area's food supply chain. At the grocery store or the food terminal, a farm from the fertile Greenbelt that girdles the GTA is competing against agribusiness giants from California, Chile, and Argentina. Because of global supply chains and monoculture farms operating on a nearly unimaginable scale, a head of broccoli that budded with a view of the Pacific Ocean sells for less than one grown in Ontario.

It's a major struggle for Ontario farmers, who have to take every step possible to drive down the cost of production. But for chefs who care about the quality of the food they serve, it's infuriating. If the environmental toll of a 4,000 km freight journey wasn't bad enough, the taste speaks for itself. While affordable and

available year-round, there's a good chance that a strawberry from the Golden State will have the same flavour as a block of wood.

"I want the best ingredients, and I want to do as little to them as I can," says Chef Brad Long, the restaurateur behind Belong Café. Equal parts industrial heritage and chic farmhouse, it's a restaurant that prides itself on a menu that changes with the season. "Buying local means I get crops in season, when they're at their best and their cheapest. It's just smart business," he says.

B Corp is a certification for companies that meet high social sustainability and environmental performance standards. The non-profit organization B Lab has certified more than 3,300 B Corp businesses across 71 countries.

"Southern Ontario is one of the best growing regions on the planet."

"Most people don't know that southern Ontario is one of the best growing regions on the planet!"

One of the places making the most of that exceptional growing region is the New Farm, just south of Georgian Bay. They were one of the first farms that Paul and Grace partnered with when they started 100km Foods. Their story was surprisingly similar: a couple working unhappily in urban jobs who decided to take a leap of faith. Their ambition was the same: change our food system.

"When we connected with 100km Foods, it was love at first sight," says Gillian Flies, who founded the New Farm with her husband. "A lot of farmers try to farm and distribute to make their model work. They tack delivery on to what they're already doing and it just doesn't work. Working with 100km Foods lets us do our job and they do their job."

The New Farm owners are farmer-advocates, trying to resuscitate now-lost techniques to combat the rising tides of climate change. Through a suite of practices called regenerative farming, which include cover-cropping, natural fertilizers, and minimizing tilling, their fields soak up CO₂ from the atmosphere and swallow water during heavy rains that make other farms flood.

"Our farming depends on 100km Foods," Gillian says with conviction.

COVID intervened in their relationship.

When restaurants closed, 100km Foods had more than \$750,000 in their accounts receivable. With tears welling in his eyes, Paul tells how they had to call their farm partners to tell them they couldn't pay their bills. This after he and Grace had to lay off nearly a dozen staff.

"These are our family, we spend so much time with them and they work so hard for our shared purpose," Paul says. "We have a bond, and to let half of them go was devastating. That week was very dark. We were in a full existential crisis. We spent the days asking ourselves, 'How do we get out of this?'"

Paul takes a deep breath, remembering how they responded. "We were forced into survival mode. We had two reactions to choose from: pull the blankets over our heads and wait for it to pass, or fight like hell to try to save something."

And so they fought.

They donated everything they could to The Stop Community Food Centre, one of their long-time non-profit partners. For nearly as long as it has been running, 100km Foods has made it a priority to allocate a portion of their high-quality

food to people in need. But even The Stop, which directly feeds hundreds of people every day and had a surging demand, was being overwhelmed by donations. The rest of 100km Food's stock of beets, greens, and eggs went, at greatly reduced prices, to the few of their restaurant clients still open for business.

100km Foods was designed to sell to restaurants. But when that wasn't an option anymore, they changed their approach. "It took us 12 years to build our wholesale business," Paul says with a tired smile. "And then 12 days to build our retail business."

In the first days after the provincial closure order, grocery stores struggled to fend off the mounting chaos. Rumours of lockdowns and

shortages had panicked consumers buying stockpiles of flour, yeast, toilet paper, and disinfecting wipes. Grocery delivery companies soon had serious backlogs. 100km Foods wanted to help fill the gap.

Convincing customers their boxes were a better alternative than the dread-inducing grocery store was a relatively easy sell. The real challenge was getting them the food they'd ordered.

"I know it sounds simple: packing food into boxes." Paul says. "But we were set up to pack up skids of food for a truck, not this small scale. We needed to retool

our warehouse. We needed a team with a new skill set and we needed to package and handle everything differently." Years of fine-tuning had made their warehouse a model of efficiency. Now they were doing a full redesign.

"We want to do things as right as possible as early as possible," Paul says. "So we put our heads down trying to get it right, because if you go too fast you can implode. You can do yourself a disservice by putting out a flawed product early."

They began hiring back their workers, many to jobs that had totally changed. Selling to families as well as restaurants had been a plan for a long time, but COVID forced their hand ahead of schedule. They reworked their website and started selling curated boxes filled with farm-fresh foods. Orders trickled in and they picked hotspots around the city to park their trucks and distribute boxes. An old friend they'd worked with back in year one offered them a parking lot in the west end to make the exchanges. Then they found another lot downtown. Then one in North York. Soon they were distributing across the city again.

"We had two reactions to choose from: pull the blankets over our heads and wait for it to pass, or fight like hell to save something."

“The flip side of perseverance is refocusing your energy quickly,” Paul says. “That meant being supportive to our team members who were now wearing different hats. People had to pick up the pieces and recreate themselves and their jobs while we pivoted the business.”

100km Foods gathered enough weekly orders that they were able to make the next step for the business’s new arm: home delivery. Over the weeks that followed, they put the enterprise back together in a new shape. Growth has been slow but steady, and they’re now back up to generating 50 per cent of their previous revenue. Paul is circumspect about the experience. Though he and Grace have put in a tremendous amount of labour to make it happen, he’s keenly aware of the help they had along the way.

They have hired back nearly all their staff,

and the federal government’s 75 per cent wage subsidy program has played a major role. “Delivering food for families instead of restaurants doesn’t require more produce,” Paul says. “But the

labour involved is significant. It’s a gift to have this kind of runway with the wage subsidy. If we tried to do this under normal circumstances, it wouldn’t be possible. We want to build enough so that when the wage subsidy ends, we’re sustainable.”

Sustainability is a concept that Paul brings up often. And it’s one he means in more ways than just carbon footprint. The work of 100km Foods is predicated not just on reducing those international freight trips, it’s about the health and resilience of the region: our ability to survive during times of acute shock and prolonged stress.

“The fact that if the border closes, Toronto only has enough food for three days scares me,” Paul

“Access to good food has always been a stress, but the pandemic amplifies it exponentially.”



Staff at 100km Foods prepare produce orders for pick-up by customers.

TENZING DORJE

says. But he understands that right now, it's a niche question given the economics of the system. Local food is expensive. "It's a subset of the population that has the power to make it an easy decision."

They balance this tension with a regular commitment to food justice organizations. 100km Foods makes free deliveries for non-profit partners. They donate produce. And during this pandemic, they've been helping people who have become food-insecure. "Access to good food has always been a stress, but this amplifies it exponentially," he says, informed from the regular conversations he has with staff at places such as FoodShare, The Stop, and North York Harvest Food Bank. "The demand for community food services is through the roof. People's circumstances are fragile. If you live paycheck to paycheck, this presents an immediate problem."

Once the new arm of the business was up and running, 100km Foods was approached by Meal Exchange, a student-focused food security organization. They wanted to help get food to students who were now without meal plans, struggling to get enough to eat. Paul was happy to help and offered them produce at steep discount. But, with the newness of the business's second arm, he wasn't able to provide the home delivery they needed. "In good times we're happy to have relationships that are more socially positive if they have a fiscal cost," Paul says. "But we just couldn't swing it."

Unexpected help stepped in. Local moving companies Atlas Van Lines and AMJ Campbell offered to deliver. Now, along with trucks headed out for deliveries to their customers and the restaurants slowly coming back into action, brightly emblazoned moving trucks dock at the 100km Foods warehouse too.

"I never would have thought a partnership like that would exist," Paul says. "But that program helped feed 1,200 students. I'm grateful we could be part of that unlikely collaboration." In addition to doing tangible good for the community, the success of the Meal Exchange project signalled something more for the business. Contributing to people in need meant they were back on their feet. Four months into a crisis that nearly wiped them out, they had stepped back from the brink.

The impacts of COVID-19 are still unfolding. There are still thousands sick and communities seem to be struck by resurgences of the virus just as they think they're in the clear. It's changed the context for everything, and Paul is simply glad his business has survived. "I would be hugely proud and consider it a major success if we get out of this year and break even," he says, adding that



Paul Sawtell

even this goal may be a stretch. "Everything pre-COVID is out the window."

Paul is hesitant to talk about silver linings. Instead, he's informed by the experience of seeing more than a decade of effort almost disappear.

"Being in a dire situation completely realigns your goals," he says. "Over the 12 years we've been running, there have been dark days." Days where trucks broke down, where food spoiled, where a small hiccup snowballed into a major problem. "Sometimes I wanted to quit or Grace wanted to quit. Thankfully, those days didn't overlap for long."

For now, they're all right. There will be more orders tomorrow, and more deliveries, and more unexpected problems.

"The story of the bootstrapping entrepreneur is a fallacy, to say the least," he says. "You need people, partners, luck, and perseverance. A strong stomach helps too." ■

TENZING DORJE

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This bird's-eye view of QUBS was captured by drone in 2019.

QUBS celebrates 75 years The Queen's University Biological Station (QUBS) was established on Lake Opinicon in 1945. Since its inception, QUBS has had a dual mandate of teaching and research in biology and related sciences while also engaging in active land stewardship to conserve local terrestrial and aquatic environments and biodiversity. When established, the field station consisted of 34 hectares on a parcel of land known as Queen's Point. Today, thanks to grants and donations from neighbours and alumni, QUBS has expanded to comprise more than 3,400 hectares of land. It has supported students and researchers who have produced more than 1,000 peer-reviewed publications. Explore QUBS research at research.qubs.ca.

The QUBS community celebrated its anniversary virtually this summer, due to COVID-19. Explore anniversary videos and photos at qubs.ca. Follow QUBS on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram: @QUBioStation.

Unless otherwise indicated, dates in these notes refer to 2020.

Up to 1959

Deaths

John Gray Anderson, BSc'53, died June 15, 2019, in Houston, Texas. Jack is survived by his wife, Peg (Pinder), Arts'51, and children Martha, Christine, and John, and extended family. Jack was predeceased by his daughter Janet. Jack served for four years in the Royal Canadian Air Force, prior to attending Queen's to study electrical engineering. After graduating, he went on to a stellar career in the pulp and paper industry. He was very active with the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers. After retiring to the beautiful Hill Country of Texas, Jack was instrumental in setting up an English as a Second Language program for workers on area ranches. A proud Queen's graduate, he appreciated receiving a certificate recognizing his 65th anniversary.



Richard Laidley Brown, BSc'52, of West Hartford, Conn., died May 22 after celebrating his 91st birthday earlier that day. Predeceased by his parents, Edna (Laidley), BA 1925, and Wilfred Brown, BSc 1925, Richard is survived by Margaret, his beloved wife of 62 years; children Geoffrey Brown and Angela Bennett, Artsci'83; and granddaughter Danielle Bennett. Born in Trail, B.C., Richard was raised in Owen Sound, Ont., with some of his fondest memories being those of the summers spent in the idyllic town of Leith, a place he would return to annually throughout his life. After attending Queen's to study engineering physics, Richard went on to attend Cranfield University in Cranfield, U.K., receiving his master's degree in aeronautical engineering. He then worked as an aerospace engineer at Orenda Engines in Malton, Ont. In one of the defining chapters of his life and career, it was here that he was part of

MEDS'54 REUNION

"It was the summer of 1948 when Dr. Orr's chosen few hit the Queen's campus. Some were fresh from high school while others could look back on several years of war. Each of us had a keen desire to be a doctor." [1954 *Tricolor* yearbook]

Returning to Queen's for their 65th anniversary were these distinguished members of Meds'54: (front row) M. Ruth (Bell) Tatham (G.P. and Rehab), William Novick (Otolaryngology), Kenneth Appleby (G.P.), and Wallace Troup (Cardiology); (back row) Ovas Wagg (Ob.Gyn) and Gordon Bird (Pediatrics).

At their reunion dinner, Wally Troup gave a tribute to Bill Novick, discussing Bill's Distinguished

Flying Cross for his service to the Allied Forces during the Second World War. ■



the design team for the Avro Arrow, one of the most advanced fighter aircrafts of its era and the pride of Canadian technology. After the unexpected cancelling of the Avro Arrow project by the Canadian government in 1959, Richard was recruited by AiResearch in Phoenix, Ariz. In 1963, he was hired by Hamilton Standard in Connecticut, where he continued his career as an aeronautical engineer. Raising his family in the Town of West Hartford, Richard continued to be an avid sailor and skier for much of his life, including working as a ski instructor until the age of 85.



Bertram Oliver Fraser-Reid, BSc'59, MSc'61, died May 25. Bert is survived by his wife, Lillian (Lawrynuik), NSc'61, children Andrea, Artsci'88,

and Terry, Artsci'90, and extended family. Born and raised in Christiana, Jamaica, Bert moved to Canada in 1956 to attend Queen's. After completing his MSc at Queen's with noted carbohydrate chemist J.K.N. Jones, Bert went on to earn a PhD at the University of Alberta under the tutelage of Ray Lemieux, arguably the grandfather of carbohydrate chemistry. Bert then moved to London for a post-doc with Sir Derek Barton at Imperial College. He held faculty positions first at the University of Waterloo, then the University of Maryland, and finally Duke University, where he was awarded the James B. Duke Professor of Chemistry distinction in 1985. Bert retired from Duke in 1996. He then established the non-profit Natural Products and Glycotechnology (NPG) Research Institute, Inc., dedicated to the development of carbohydrate-based therapeutics and vaccines for tropical diseases. Bert's research career was replete with innovative discoveries in carbohydrate organic and physical organic chemistry. Some of his more notable achievements were the use of carbohydrates as chiral synthons to prepare non-carbohydrate-type natural products, such as insect pheromones and antibiotics;



Marilyn (King) Burns, BA'51, died in April from COVID-19. Predeceased by her husband, Robert Burns, BA'52. Marilyn is survived by children Wayne,

Kathy, Paul, and Dave, and extended family. At Queen's, Marilyn was active in sports, serving on the Levana Athletic Board of Control. She was a member of the intercollegiate tennis team and in 1950, she and her Arts'51 classmates were the intramural basketball champions. After graduation, she and Bob made Niagara Falls their home. There, Marilyn worked for the Red Cross. She also volunteered with the YWCA, the Ladies Hospital Auxiliary at the Greater Niagara General Hospital, the United Way, and the Canadian Federation of University Women.

development of the “armed-disarmed” concept in glycosylation chemistry; the development of O-pentenyl glycosides as versatile glycosyl donors, which contributed to the concept of reactivity tuning in oligosaccharide synthesis, and the use of free radical methodologies to form carbocycles from carbohydrate-based templates. His many research breakthroughs earned him worldwide distinction and numerous awards. He was passionately committed to the cause of advancing the representation of persons of colour in the physical sciences. His professional legacy includes more than 330 papers and reviews and more than 130 graduate students and post-doctoral fellows, many of whom are now leaders in their fields and remained dear friends long after their professional collaborations ended. A true renaissance man, Bert had a passion for music that rivalled his dedication to chemistry. He was an accomplished jazz and classical pianist and pipe organist, having played recitals at some of the world’s most renowned cathedrals.



Major General Denys William Goss, BSc’49 (MSE[Aero], MSE[Inst], University of Michigan), died April 11. Bill studied mechanical engineering at

Queen’s and played football with the Queen’s Comets and Tammies teams. He served for 36 years in the RCAF and Canadian Forces, retiring in 1976 to become a successful businessman, from which he retired in 2002 at age 80.



Ian G. Macintyre, BSc’57 (PhD, McGill), died at home on May 14, two weeks short of his 85th birthday. A dedicated coral-reef researcher at the Smithsonian

Institution’s National Museum of Natural History in Washington, D.C., for 40 years, Ian pioneered a new approach to revealing the internal

structure of coral reefs through the use of a submersible diver-operated hydraulic drill. His many publications and work off Belize, Panama, Costa Rica, and the east coast of the United States sparked similar studies of reef growth worldwide. Ian became the third recipient of the Charles Darwin Medal presented to a member of the International Society for Reef Studies (now the International Coral Reef Society) in recognition of highly significant contributions to reef studies and the dissemination of scientific knowledge to secure coral reefs for future generations. He also served as president of the society and was geological editor of the society’s journal, *Coral Reefs*. Within the museum, Ian helped found a marine station in Belize, helped revamp several exhibition halls, and served as chairman of the Department of Paleobiology. Ian is survived by his wife of 61 years, Vicky, Arts’57, three children, and seven grandchildren.

Frederick Hamilton Sexsmith, BA’53, MA’54 (Chemistry), (PhD, Princeton), died April 18 in Erie, Pa. He had a distinguished career as a research chemist, receiving numerous accolades for his work. He published several papers on various chemical adhesion, absorption, and emulsion reactions. He once described his love of his work and passion for physical chemistry by saying “Chemical formulations are inherently fascinating because their performance can be astonishingly different from what is expected. And that is often the pathway of innovation.” Frederick is survived by his wife, Joan, children Malcolm and Kate, and extended family.



Mitchell Louis Wasik, BSc’59, died June 18 in St. Catharines, Ont. Mitch is survived by his wife, Barbara, children Matthew (Fiona) and Timothy (Sheri), and five grand-



children. On graduation, Mitch worked for Canadian General Electric for a period in Peterborough before returning to Osgoode Hall where he obtained his LLB. He worked as a patent agent for a few years and then joined Dominion Stores. He became active in the Toronto Lawyers Club and in 1982–1983 was the club’s president. He was recruited by the Polysar Corporation in Sarnia where he was involved in many European transactions. On a subsequent downsizing, he returned to Toronto, where he worked with Mitel and several clients on the early aspects of the internet. Mitch was from Hamilton, where he had played water polo, but at Queen’s he became a member of the 1955 and 1956 Golden Gaels football teams, which won back-to-back Intercollegiate Championships and the Yates Cup. Mitch was well regarded by his Queen’s associates and for several years hosted a fundraising barbeque by the 1959 Engineering graduates at his cottage. While somewhat incapacitated in later years, he enjoyed meeting and communicating with old friends.



John W. Wilkinson, BA’50, MA’52, died May 14. Predeceased in October by his wife, Jean, BA’52, John is survived by their children David and Beth, and extended family.

After studying mathematics and statistics at Queen’s, John went on to earn his PhD from the University of North Carolina’s Department of Statistics and Operations Research in 1956. The family returned to Kingston, and John taught math at Queen’s for two years. In 1965, John accepted a teaching position at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N.Y. He remained there until his retirement in 1994. In 1971, he was honoured as an Outstanding Educator of America for contributions to the advancement of higher education and community service. He was a member of the American Statistical Association (ASA) for more than 50 years and was honoured as a Fellow of the ASA in 1972. John served as editor of *Technometrics*, the ASA’s

journal, from 1978 to 1980. John and Jean were both very active in their community. In 2009, Planned Parenthood Mohawk Hudson presented John and Jean with the Giraffe Award for “sticking their necks out for reproductive rights.” In 2010, the couple were recipients of the YWCA’s Katherine S. Rozendaal Award, honouring people whose volunteer leadership and activities have had a positive impact on the Schenectady, N.Y., community. John was a lifelong student and enjoyed classes at the Union College Academy for Lifelong Learning.

1960s

Honours

Romeo Levasseur, Sc’63, received the 2020 Governor General Sovereign’s Medal for Volunteers in July. The Sovereign’s Medal for Volunteers recognizes living Canadians who have made a significant, sustained, and unpaid contribution to their community. Romeo’s citation reads, “For more than 15 years, Romeo Levasseur has worked for the well-being of the youth in his community within the Family and Children’s Services of Renfrew County. He has also been contributing to the well-being of veterans through his involvement as a 45-year member of the Royal Canadian Legion, where he participates in and organizes various fundraisers, including providing leadership for the annual Poppy Campaign in the past several years.” Romeo was part of the organizing committee for Sc’63’s 55th reunion and is presently on the organizing committee for the upcoming 60th reunion in 2023.

Deaths



J. Wayne Bates, MD’69, died Dec. 10 in Orillia, Ont. Wayne is survived by his parents, Doreen and James Bates, Sc’49; wife Peggy; children Lori, Megan,

Michael, and Bradley; and extended family, including siblings David, Com’80, and Sharon, Arts’68 (David

Penty, Sc’69). Wayne served his community as a family physician, anesthetist, and coroner for 45 years. He spent many nights working as an emergency physician at Orillia Soldiers’ Memorial Hospital and he delivered many local babies. He was greatly beloved by the patients under his care. Wayne had a passion for hockey, fishing, boating, golfing, gardening, wildlife conservation, and education. He had a unique sense of humour and took great delight in telling a joke or pulling a prank. Wayne was an animal lover and rarely without a canine companion at home. In his spare time, he enjoyed collecting stamps with the Barrie District Stamp Club and was an avid member of the Orillia Fish & Game Conservation Club.



Helen (Perkin) Card, BNSc’62, died May 5 in Saskatoon. Helen is survived by her husband, Bob, Meds’64, MSc’67, daughter Sharon, Artsci’85, MSc’88, Meds’90 (Scott Irwin, OT’87), sons Michael and Geoffrey (Christine), and large extended family including sister-in-law Mary Card, Arts’69. Helen was predeceased by her nephew, Ron Kimberley, MD’73, BA’74. Helen received her RN from Toronto Western Hospital (1960), then came to Queen’s. Shortly thereafter she met Bob, a medical student, at Macdonnell House. They married in June 1962. Helen began her nursing career as an instructor at Kingston General Hospital. Helen and Bob moved to Saskatoon in 1973. Saskatoon had been her home ever since, with temporary periods living across Canada and the U.S. She always looked forward to her visits back to Kingston. Helen cherished her family including three grandsons (Nicholas, Niklos, and Joshua). Helen was extremely creative – knitting, bobbin lace, crochet, model building, etc. – and for many years was joint

owner of Needlework Nook in Saskatoon. Helen will be sorely missed and will leave many memories of her smile, laugh, wisdom, and attention to detail.

John Robert Meehan Gordon, MBA’63, Professor Emeritus (Business), died April 27 in Kingston. It was during his undergrad years, studying mechanical engineering at UBC, that John discovered his talent for teaching: he coached many of his classmates through their studies. Virginia came into his life then and after graduation they were married. John decided to pursue a career in education, which led him and his young family to many interesting places around the world. He taught at RMC in Kingston while completing his MBA at Queen’s, then moved to Boston, where he earned his PhD at MIT, then to London, Ont., where he taught at Western, and then on to Switzerland, where he taught at IMEDE in Lausanne. The family finally settled back in Kingston where John taught at Queen’s School of Business, becoming dean in 1978. He taught as a visiting scholar at universities all over the world and started the MBA for Science & Technology program at Queen’s. John retired from Queen’s in 2005, although he continued to teach for a number of years thereafter. He played a leadership role in retirement, joining a group of business friends to start an organization called RELIKS (Retired Executives Living In Kingston), championing and mentoring emerging entrepreneurs in the area. He also conceived the Kingston Ventures Study Tour to expose students to business opportunities in Kingston. John was an ardent Queen’s Golden Gaels supporter in both good times and bad, being a season ticket holder for many years. He continued attending football practices and games until last year. His three children, Jane, Artsci’82, Charles, Artsci’86, and Ian, Artsci’90, followed in his footsteps at Queen’s as did two of his seven grandchildren, KD, Artsci’16, and Jason Dale, Com’16. In memory of John Gordon, donations can be made to the Dean’s Innovation Fund at Smith School of Business.



Thomas Moorehead, BSc'67, died April 3. Tom is survived by his wife, Kathy, children Stewart and Jason, and extended family. After studying electrical engineering at Queen's, Tom had a long career in the telecommunications industry, working in telephone, fibre optics, and satellite communications. He thoroughly enjoyed starting new businesses, solving problems, and working with fast-paced R&D teams on the cutting edge of technology. Tom enjoyed many hobbies, from sailing on Georgian Bay to antique telephones and clocks.



Diane Caroline (MacDougall) Wood, BA'61, BPHE'62, died April 28 in Peterborough. Diane's father, Major Robert MacDougall, BA'38, was killed in action

in Italy in 1944, when Diane was only four. Diane and her brother Duncan were raised by their mother, Helen. Diane was naturally athletic and had a love of the outdoors. She grew up playing any sport she could, becoming an accomplished figure skater in her teens, spending summers swimming, fishing, and hiking at the family cottage. She also excelled academically. At Queen's, Diane met many of her lifelong friends, including her future husband, Ed Wood, Arts'62. After graduation, Diane began work as a phys. ed. teacher. By the time she was 25, she was head of her school's phys. ed department, taking on more and more administrative responsibilities on top of her teaching. Di retired from teaching when she decided to have a family. She and Ed settled in Peterborough to raise their kids. There, Diane also volunteered for a number of community organizations. When the kids were old enough, Diane decided she wanted to return to work, enrolling in nursing at Sir Sanford Fleming College, from which she graduated in 1988. She worked for more than 10 years as a psychiatric nurse at

the Peterborough Civic Hospital, where she was known for her kindness, respect, and empathy. Diane had an adventurous spirit (she held a private pilot's licence and power squadron certificate), enjoyed bird-watching and gardening, and loved to dance. She was a whiz at Trivial Pursuit, a reasonable bridge player, and an impassioned political debater. Always the athlete, Diane remained an avid cross-country skier for as long as she was able, and she became an enthusiastic curler later in life. Diane is survived by Ed, her husband of more than 56 years, children Robert, Artsci'91, Heather, Artsci'94 (Trevor Whike, Sc'94) and Ian, and extended family. Diane was predeceased by her brother, Duncan MacDougall, BA/BPHE'66.

1970s

Notes

Christopher Berzins, Artsci'74, MA'77, Law'84, (LLM'99, Osgoode) recently retired after 34 years as an Ontario public servant, 19 years with the Ministry of Labour and the last 15 years in the General Counsel's Office at the Ontario Securities Commission. Although retired, he hopes to continue his passion for writing about issues involving access to information, privacy, and administrative law.

Janet (Southwell) McCormick, Rehab'71, has made a career change after a long and rewarding career in physical therapy. Jan recently graduated from the Atlantic School of Theology in Halifax. She completed a Master of Divinity in the Summer Distance MDiv Program while serving as student minister at Hillcrest United Church in Halton Hills, Ont. Due to COVID-19 restrictions, Jan's ordination has been postponed. Jan lives in Burlington, Ont., with her husband, Andy. Jan can be reached at janmccormick07@gmail.com.

Deaths

Frances Benham, BSc'71, MSc'73 (Human Genetics), (PhD, University College London) died Jan. 22 in London, U.K., of cancer. Frances is survived by her sister, Marian Hofmann, Arts'69, and brother-in-law

Hank Hofmann, Arts'69, MSc'73. After obtaining her PhD in human biochemical genetics, Frances did a post-doctoral fellowship at the University of Pennsylvania. She moved back to England and did another post-doctoral fellowship at the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. From 1984 to 1990, Frances had a lectureship in Genetics at Guy's Hospital Medical School. From 1990 to 1995, she was a research associate in the Department of Human Genetics at the University College of London, working with Sue Povey, the renowned geneticist. Frances took early retirement due to ill health in 1995. Frances worked on the forefront of medical genetics and part of her work contributed to the human genome project in its early days. She collected art, loved her garden, and was particularly fond of cats. She had a devoted group of friends who supported her and a wonderful group of caregivers who were with her until the end.



Nancy (Bradford) Bos, BA'70, died peacefully on May 29, surrounded by the love of her family. Beloved wife of Carlo Bos, Arts'70, Meds'74;

proud mother of Carlo Douglas Bos, Artsci'98 (Ali, Sc'96), Jeffrey Duncan Bos, Sc'00 (Courtney), and Graham Bradford Bos, (Stephanie). Queen's, Chown Hall, Carlo, Johnson Street, lifelong friends. Primary school teacher, marriage, mother, Peterborough, cottager, community volunteer, curler, traveller, reader, grandmother. A life well lived, filled with love.

Jeannette (Langis) Bromley, BA'76, died April 15. Jan is survived by her husband Winston, Sc'65, sons Kevin, David, and Trevor, and extended family, including seven grandsons. After studying politics at Queen's, Jan went on to earn an MEd from Lesley University in Cambridge, Mass. In 1971, she and Win moved to Langley, B.C., to enter the restaurant business. Later in life, Jan was an ESL instructor at Douglas College. In retirement, Jan and Win started playing duplicate bridge, and Jan became ranked as a Life Master in the game.

Virginia (Backus) Kernohan, BA'73, died at home in Bracebridge, Ont., on April 8. She is survived by her husband, Patrick, children Sarah and Maggie, extended family, and many friends. Ginny filled every one of her years with her infectious laughter, her true love for life, and a fierce love for her family. She touched everyone who crossed her path with her big, open heart, her beautiful smile, and those twinkling eyes. In her presence, you always felt heard and safe and that you mattered. She had the best heartfelt hugs and she was never at a loss to tell you a dirty joke. Ginny will be missed beyond belief.



Crystal Grove Lainey, BA/BPHE'77, MSc(PT)'81, died April 18. She is survived by her husband, Peter Lainey, Artsci/PHE'79, Ed'80, children

Andrew and Lucy, and extended family. Crystal was a skilled and compassionate physiotherapist who

worked for more than 20 years at the Meaford and Owen Sound hospitals. She later transitioned to home care work for which she truly had a passion. She was well known across the Grey-Bruce region as "Crystal the Physiotherapist." She was beloved and respected by all of her colleagues and patients and will be sorely missed by the profession. Crystal had a genuine passion for helping those in need. For 10 years, she answered weekend phone lines for Safe 'N Sound Owen Sound, helping people find shelter in a crisis. She was a passionate, integral member of the Blue Mountain Community Church. Above all, Crystal was an incredible mother and wife; she gave absolutely everything to her family and she was the centre of their universe.

Richard R. Moore, BA'70 (MEd, Ottawa) died April 4 in Cochrane, Ont. Richard is survived by his wife, Janet, four children, and eight grandchildren. Richard was very involved in his church and his community. He was a teacher for 35 years, enjoyed

volunteering, and was a member of many service clubs. He loved the outdoors, enjoying camping, fishing, and canoeing. The perfect spot really was "just around the next bend."

1980s

Job news



David Siderovski, Artsci'89 (PhD, U of T), has joined the University of North Texas (UNT) Health Science Center's Graduate School of Biomedical Sciences as the

chair of UNT's Department of Pharmacology and Neuroscience. His first days on the job were spent answering media inquiries about the COVID-19 pandemic and his faculty's responses. Before joining UNT, David spent eight years in West Virginia as chair of the WVU Physiology, Pharmacology, and Neuroscience Department. At WVU, he also built an interdisciplinary team of bio-

Emergency room physician

Husband and father of two

Former President,
Doctors Without Borders (Canada)

Met some of his best friends as an
engineering student at Queen's

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so Queen's can
continue to be
everything
he loves.*

Bruce Lampard, Sc'91

medical researchers to address the opioid epidemic across Appalachia.

Notes



In November, **Robin Keirstead**, MA'83 (History), retired as university archivist at Western University. He

arrived in Kingston in 1981 to begin graduate work in History, fresh from completing undergraduate studies at Acadia. After finishing his MA and briefly working on his doctorate, he decided to head west to UBC to pursue a new area of study, then earning a second master's degree in Archival Studies. He started his professional career with the B.C. government and subsequently worked for the Legal Archives of B.C., Archives of Ontario, Region of Waterloo, and City of Kitchener, before being appointed Western's first university archivist in

2001. During his time at Western, Robin led a dedicated team in developing an archival program that became a model for many other universities. Throughout his career he was also active with several professional organizations, most notably serving on the board of the Canadian Council of Archives, with his contributions recognized with awards from the Archives Association of Ontario and the Association of Canadian Archivists. Upon his retirement from Western he received the designation University Archivist Emeritus and The Western Award of Excellence, presented by University President Alan Shepard.



Kate (Kellar) Yoshitomi, Mus'82, Ed'84 (MEd, U of T), retired in April from Douglas College in New Westminster, B.C., where she was an instructor in the Faculty of Language, Literature, and Performing Arts. Though her teach-

ing was focused in the faculty's Department of English Language Learning and Acquisition, Kate brought her training in music and theatre to the college by integrating it into her language teaching. Kate also taught in the college's community music school as a flute teacher. An active musician since her high school days in Sydenham, Ont., Kate studied with flutists at the University of Regina, the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, and Douglas College after graduating from Queen's. In B.C.'s Lower Mainland area where she now lives, Kate performs regularly with local ensembles, including her flute and guitar duo, Silverwood, formed in 2011 with guitarist Michael Gillette. Kate and Michael are now working on their fourth CD. Samples from her recordings can be found on her website, acuteflute.ca.



Marianna Varpalotai, Artsci/PHE'87, and **Elizabeth Brugman**, PT'10, have opened a physiotherapy and athletic therapy clinic in Niagara Falls, Ont., called Active Life Rehab+ and Niagara Concussion Management. Marianna writes, "It was really exciting to connect many years ago with a fellow alumna. At the age of 55 and 33 we are excited to provide therapy services together. Please go to our website to learn all about us." activeliferehab.ca

Gabriella Zillmer, Artsci'81, has started a new chapter in her life. Her almost 40-year career spanned the public and private sectors with technology, change, and leadership common themes throughout. In the first 17 years, Gabriella worked in the Ontario Public Service (OPS) bringing awareness to Geographic Information Systems technology and building the digital geographic data bases used by digital apps and nav systems today. Her last few years in the OPS were in leadership positions in Human Resources during a time of

LIFELONG LEARNING PERSONIFIED



Allison Gagnon hoods Marjorie Gagnon at her convocation in 1998

Marjorie Gagnon, BA'98, died in Kingston on May 4 in her 87th year. Marjorie personified lifelong learning, even as dementia crept into her life in later years. She completed teacher's training at McGill's McDonald College in 1952, where she met her future husband, and taught

elementary school in Lachine, Que., until her first child was born. She also studied part-time at Sir George Williams University until 1963, turning her focus then to her children. She gave piano lessons to all three (and later to her grandchildren) and homeschooled them in the summertime. The family moved to Amherstview, Ont., in 1969, and Marjorie returned to school as both supply teacher and special education volunteer. In 1984, with husband retired and family grown, Marjorie realized a lifelong dream and returned to

university, enrolling at Queen's for part-time studies in Languages and Linguistics. She took one course a year while enjoying aspects of campus life, including participation in the German Choir and German Camp, led by Dr. Bill Reeve, and the School of Music's annual "Sing-along" Messiah. She proudly displayed her Queen's crest and jacket bars on the knapsack she carried and was repeatedly named to the Dean's Honour List. When Marjorie graduated in 1998, she received the Medal in Part-Time Studies for the highest marks among those enrolled in this Division. At convocation, she was hooded by her daughter Allison, then a School of Music faculty member. Throughout her life, Marjorie was devoted to her church communities as Sunday school teacher, women's group member, and choir leader. An organic gardener before it was popular, she was also a proud Canadian who loved the CBC and her *Maclean's* magazine. A prolific letter writer, she wrote faithfully over more than six decades to seven pen pals in Europe and Australia. Marjorie was predeceased by her husband, Laurence Gagnon, BA'57, and is survived by their children David (Susan, Artsci'14), Allison, Mus'83, and Eric (Karen), and extended family. ■

great change and disruption. From there, Gabriella joined BMO Financial Group where, for the next 23 years, she moved into increasingly more senior roles within HR ultimately becoming the senior V-P, performance, rewards, and HR operations. In this role she was responsible for global total rewards, employee relations, performance, HR operations, and governance as well as HR information technology. She was privileged to work with a team of professionals who undertook transformational change in many employee programs and HRIT platforms. Gabriella is looking forward to spending more time with her husband, Bryan, her two adult children, Erika and Spencer, family, and friends. Gabriella is grateful for the fantastic people she has worked with over the years and looks forward to staying in touch and also reconnecting with old friends.

Deaths



Jeffrey Anderson, BCom'81, died Jan. 25 in Hinsdale, Ill., at the young age of 61, after a

short battle with cancer. Jeff was a devoted husband and partner to his wife of 25 years, Alisa; proud father of Meredith, Ben, and Mac; big brother to Bob, Com'83 (Christina), and Dave, Com'85 (Diane), and uncle to many nieces, nephews, and grand-nephews. After completing his degree, Jeff embarked upon a financial career in Toronto and Pittsburgh. He then moved to Chicago and eventually reinvented his career as a senior solutions engineer in the telecom industry. He left with many fond memories and even more valued friendships. Although there were many retirement plans unrealized with his early passing, Jeff had a full and wonderful life filled with family, friends, travel, sport, and a love of the outdoors. He was an antique enthusiast and had a great appreciation and vision for construction and architecture. Jeff adored his family, and they will forever miss the love and laughter he brought to their lives. He is deeply missed.

ALUMNI MAKING A DIFFERENCE

Shannon Orr, Artsci'96 (PhD, Wayne State) launched BGSU-TAP (Bowling Green State University – Training Alliance for the Public Good) which is training 40 students at BGSU in grant writing, and then matching them with non-profits in Northwest Ohio that are struggling to respond to the public health and economic crises created by COVID-19. There are currently 15 teams writing grants for a wide array of non-profits – food pantries, anti-racism organizations, domestic violence shelters, youth programs, and more. The program will also provide free virtual grant writing training for regional non-profits. Shannon is a professor and the graduate coordinator in the Political Science Department at BGSU.

Samantha Ruddy, Artsci'09, is a doctor in New York City. She has just wrapped up her residency at Coney Island Hospital in Brooklyn, where she had been looking after patients with COVID-19. Samantha's cousin, Nikola Ruddy, Artsci'13, gives us a glimpse of what Samantha and her colleagues have been up against. "Coney Island Hospital is a city-run hospital that was affected dramatically by COVID," Nikola writes, "refrigerated trucks as temporary morgues, seemingly no patients besides COVID patients, four patients at a time on a single ventilator. Even amongst the chaos, Samantha's kindness and professionalism with her patients never wavered." Next up for Samantha is a fellowship in infectious diseases at New York-Presbyterian Hospital.

1990s

Job news

Eric Jabal, Artsci'94 (PhD'11, OISE-UT), has been appointed head of school at West Island College in Montreal. He is delighted to be back home after 25 years in Hong Kong. Eric looks forward to introducing King Boo Hoo the 8th to his kids Ben, Ryder, and Willow and to strengthening the family's tricolour spirit by adding another Queen's frosh (soon).

Deaths



Julia Anne Hendry, BA'96 (MLIS, Western; MA, UIC), died April 3 of cancer, aged 46.

Julia is survived by her husband, Tom Perrin; sons Benjamin and Elliott; parents Don and Myrna Hendry; brother Geoff Hendry (Dr. Colleen Renihan); sister Lesley Hendry, Artsci'04; and

aunt Helen Hendry Riediger, Arts'59. Julia had a true passion for archives. She first served as assistant, special collections library at the University of Illinois at Chicago, where she co-authored a book, *Images of Hull-House*, a history of that storied Chicago settlement house. Her professional life culminated in her role as head of archives and special collections at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, where she demonstrated leadership and vision in helping to expand the scope of the archives collections. In her career and life Julia engaged with issues of social justice, and she was drawn to documenting people and issues under-represented in archives. She was instrumental in organizing the "The Land We Are" initiative that explored Indigenous history. Julia was an accomplished archivist, librarian, researcher, and teacher. She was also a cherished co-worker who fostered strong relationships. Throughout it all, her centre remained her family.

JOB NEWS

Mike Arsenault, Artsci'07, has a new gig as co-host of *Global News Weekend*. Watch the show online at globalnews.ca, through the Global TV app, or on Amazon Prime Video. The show, airing Saturdays and Sundays from 7 am to 10 am, provides a mix of news, weather, and in-depth features. Mike joined Global News in 2015, and has since

created and produced a number of series there. Currently, he produces original content for *Global News Weekend* and the Global News affiliate network. In his spare time, Mike can be found on the tennis court in the spring, summer, and fall and thinking about being on the tennis court during the winter. ■



2000S

Births



Mika (Reeve) Bathurst, Com'04, and her husband, Jonathan, welcomed their son Jake William on Jan. 3. Jake joins his delighted big sister Norah. The family lives in Ottawa.



Kelly (Greensides), PT'06, and **Mark Halls**, PT'11, welcomed their second child, Emma, in February, a sister for Owen.

The McKelvey family welcomed a new member in January 2019: Jaclyn Michelle. She is seen here with her grandparents, Marilyn and Michael McKelvey, Artsci'74, Law'78, uncle Alex McKelvey, Artsci'05, and parents

Susan McKelvey, Artsci'07, Law'15, and Ashwin Fernandes. The Michelle McKelvey Award in Family Law honours Jaclyn's aunt Michelle McKelvey, LLB'07, who died in 2014.



2010S

Notes

Kari Marentette, Artsci'16, Ed'17, teaches French and design at an independent school on a remote island off the coast of British Columbia. **Jean-Paul Martin**, Sc'13, PhD'19, and **Debrah Zemanek**, Artsci'16, MASc'18 (MSFM, UBC), moved to the west coast together to pursue careers in engineering



KARI MARENTETTE

and forestry. Between whale watching, kayaking, and mountain biking, the three are rarely apart and are thankful to Queen's for bringing them together and connecting them to a community of alumni on the west coast.

Births



Arash Samimi, PhD'15 (Physics) and his spouse, Bahar, welcomed their baby girl, Hana, on June 13. Hana says "hi" to

Queen's alumni and wants to visit the campus soon.

Notes

Jenelle Peterson, AMBA'16, has launched The Wild | Life Outdoor Adventures. The company delivers monthly themed kits that contain quality tools and toys, activity cards, a nature-inspired craft, and a custom merit pin. With a range of age-appropriate activities designed in partnership with academic subject-matter experts to mirror Canadian curriculum, The Wild | Life kits teach real-life skills, challenge kids, and allow them to build confidence and a lifelong relationship with nature. Since launching in March, kits have shipped all across seven provinces in Canada and the company continues to grow. Check out jointhewildlife.ca.

A LIFETIME PASSION

In July, **Dalton Kellett**, Sc'15, made his debut as a racer at the GMR Grand Prix at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Dalton has had a lifetime passion for racing; he began karting at age 14. While he was studying engineering physics at Queen's, Dalton was the lead designer and a team manager of the

Formula SAE design and race team. He climbed the Canadian and international go-karting ranks and competed in the "Road to Indy" open-wheel development program. For the last three years, Dalton was a full-time Indy Lights competitor. Follow him on Twitter: @Dalton_Kellett. ■



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Belonging at Queen's

Every Queen's grad I've met remembers with great precision what move-in day was like for them. For me – as I'm sure was the case for many of you – the day consisted largely of carrying boxes to my small residence room in Leonard Hall, meeting my roommate Matt for the first time, and grabbing dinner at the cafeteria with my new floormates.



Rico Garcia (and fellow Leonard Hall residents) in 2009

There is no way to avoid introductions and small talk. My introduction often went “Hi! I’m Rico Garcia, I’m an Artsci’13 from Monterrey, Mexico, and I want to major in Economics.”

More often than not, the reactions I would get would be “But you barely even have an accent!” or “Okay, your family is from Mexico but where in the GTA are you from?”

My lack of an accent and lighter skin colour often allowed me to blend in at Queen's, in what a friend would later describe to me as *white-passing* – when a person classified as a member of one racial group is accepted (“passes”) as a member of a white majority. Depending on the setting, I would play up or down my own culture and background to my advantage, ultimately looking for belonging.

The reality, however, is that not everyone has been as privileged as me in finding that sense of belonging at Queen's. This has especially been the case for many Black, Indigenous, and People of Colour (BIPOC) – as evidenced by the hundreds of shocking stories of racism and discrimination recently shared by both students and alumni in various social media channels.

While the university has made strides in improving the BIPOC student experience (for instance, through actioning the recommendations of the Principal's Implementation Committee on Racism, Diversity, and Inclusion (PICRDI), or the Truth and Reconciliation Commission Task Force), there is still a long road ahead to ultimately ensure BIPOC students feel like they belong on campus.

The same is true of us as at the Queen's University Alumni Association.

The establishment of the Queen's Black Alumni Chapter and the Indigenous Alumni Chapter and this year's reform to our Alumni Assembly to ensure it is representative of the diverse Queen's alumni community are all great starts. However, there is still a lot more to do to ensure that all 152,000+ Queen's alumni ultimately feel a sense of belonging in our community.

To this end, our board recently struck a committee to identify a list of short, medium, and long-term actions that can help make the Queen's University Alumni Association a more diverse and inclusive body moving forward.

While the committee is still in its early days, I'm encouraged by the fact that we have already identified a preliminary list of initiatives that can be owned and actioned by every director on our board in their respective portfolios.

The QUAA's mission is to “to reach out and foster a lifelong association with Queen's, to engage our members in the life and work of the University, and to serve the alumni community in all its diversity”.

We still have a lot of work to do to fully live up to our mission, but I'm hoping that these first actions, along with additional ongoing efforts, will help us get closer to fulfilling it.

■ Rico Garcia, Artsci'13
Volunteer President
Queen's University Alumni Association

Branch news

London, U.K.

Welcome to **Angela Wright**, Artsci'10, the new London, U.K. branch president. Our sincere thanks to outgoing president **Danielle Thibodeau**, Artsci'02, for her dedication and leadership.

Toronto

Join us for our next quarterly meeting on Monday, Oct. 26, where we will be discussing new branch initiatives and opportunities. Email queenstoalumni@gmail.com to register.



Scott Megginson



Rupel Ruparelia

Volunteer spotlight

With the impacts of COVID-19 being felt around the world, Queen's alumni have been stepping up to help support current Queen's students through the **Arts and Science Student Calling Initiative**. This summer, alumni volunteers called upper-year students in the Faculty of Arts and Science to connect them with the resources and information they need from Queen's in this challenging time. **Scott Megginson**, Artsci'89, is one of the dedicated volunteers. "As a member of the Dean's Council, and father of a Queen's student, I am interested in supporting students in any way I can," he says.

Rupel Ruparelia, Artsci'93, has enjoyed other mentorship opportunities with Queen's, so he signed up to volunteer immediately. "In a time where we have all had to keep our distance, it was great to have a chance to interact directly with Queen's students, and make sure they feel supported." A heartfelt thanks goes out to all the volunteers in this program.

Keep up with Queen's

Conversations confronting COVID-19

The **Discover Research@Queen's** virtual event series continues this fall. These special online events feature the work of researchers, students, and alumni leaders on issues of critical importance to global citizens, including the current COVID-19 crisis.

Calling all Castle alumni!

Join us this fall for an exciting new virtual BISC lecture series featuring some of your favourite Castle professors. **Christian Lloyd**, PhD'00 (English) will kick things off with a session titled *Jimi Hendrix from Genius to Scenius: What a master musician can tell us about creativity in the COVID era*.

Queen's Day and Homecoming

Celebrate the Queen's spirit around the globe on Oct. 16 with Queen's Day and reconnect with Queen's online Oct. 17 for virtual Homecoming. From virtual class events to the School of Graduate Studies online Research Showcase, we'll recapture the magic of Queen's Homecoming in a brand-new way.

Distinguished Service Awards

Congratulations to the 2020 Distinguished Service Award winners, **Selim G. Akl**, Jan Allen, Artsci'88, BFA'90, MA'92, **Jacque Brown**, **Jennifer Medves**, **Richard Reznick**, and **Daniel R. Wolf**, Artsci'80. Their service to Queen's will be celebrated this fall. Visit queensu.ca/secretariat for details.

Volunteer with Queen's Law

Queen's Law supports a number of mentorship opportunities for alumni to connect with and support current law students. Find out more at law.queensu.ca/alumni/volunteer.

Grad Chat

Tune in to CFRC 101.9 FM Tuesdays at 4pm ET for this weekly radio interview show in which graduate students and post-doctoral fellows share their research. You can also listen to podcasts of past episodes online anytime at podcast.cfrc.ca

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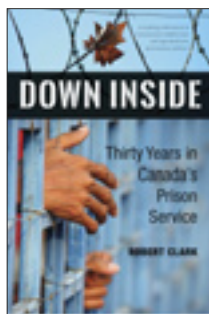
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TRAVEL/VACATION RENTALS

Rainforest Ec lodge in south Pacific Costa Rica owned and operated by Maureen, Sc'81, and John Paterson, Sc'78. 10% off for Queen's Alumni. info@riomagnolia.com www.riomagnolia.com

EX *libris* **New books by faculty and alumni**

Many people at Queen's will remember **Artur Zylinski Arthur**, an emeritus professor of psychology who died in 1990. But few of his colleagues or students would know about his life as a teen in Lithuania during the Second World War. Artur was conscripted, against his will, to work for the Nazis. He escaped and was helped by the French Resistance before fleeing to the U.K. and joining the Polish Forces. Artur's daughter-in-law, **Sandra Arthur**, has written a historical novel based on Artur's early life. *Against My Will: Lithuania to Freedom* was written using anecdotes from family members as well as historical research. After 15 years of piecing together Artur's story, Sandra Arthur used the opportunity of being in quarantine to finish her novel. The work was a true family project; husband Richard Arthur, Sc'87, helped edit and proofread the manuscript, and their son Alex designed the book cover.

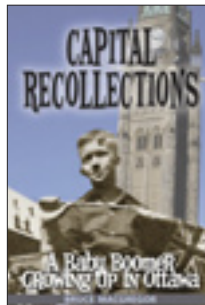


Robert Clark, Ed'79, is the author of *Down Inside: Thirty years in Canada's Prison Service*. During his career with Corrections Canada, Robert Clark rose through the ranks from student volunteer to deputy warden. He worked with some of Canada's most notorious prisoners, including Tyrone Conn and Paul Bernardo, and he dealt with escapes, lockdowns, murders, suicides, and a riot. But he also arranged ice hockey games in a maximum-security institution, sat in a darkened gym watching movies with 300 inmates, took parolees sightseeing, and consoled victims of violent crime. In this book, Mr. Clark challenges the popular belief that a "tough on crime" approach makes communities and prisons safer, arguing instead for humane treatment and rehabilitation and for an end to the abuse of solitary confinement.

Allan Hedberg, PhD'69 (Psychology), has completed his 12th book, *The Psychology Missive: A Memo to Law Enforcement Officers in a World of Stress and Violence*. Dr. Hedberg examines the high-stress occupation of law enforcement and offers practical advice for successful careers in the field. Learn more at booksbyhedberg.com.

Don Hutchinson, Artsci'82, has published his second book: *Church in Society: First-Century Citizenship Lessons for Twenty-First-Century Christians*. In storyteller style, he shares a real how-we-live-life-today narrative, applying lessons from the teachings of Jesus and life of the apostle Paul to our understanding of Christian exercise of citizenship. The text weaves its way into lessons on generosity, business practices, politics, media engagement and environmental stewardship. Mr. Hutchinson studied history and politics at Queen's, law at UBC (JD'88), and theology with the Salvation Army and at Canada Christian College and School of Graduate Theological Studies. *Church in Society* is available from major booksellers and at donhutchinson.ca.

Bruce MacGregor, Ed'70, is the author of *Capital Recollections: A Baby Boomer Growing Up in Ottawa*, a humorous, affectionate look at Ottawa in the 1950s and '60s. These should ring a bell for Ottawa boomers: Cradle League Hockey; Elvis rocking the Auditorium; Squirrels vs. Yohawks; the Ottawa Exhibition; Saturday Date on CJOH television; the Pigskin Parade at Lansdowne Park; and much more. Revisit the birth of television and rock 'n' roll, and remember the many Ottawa personalities in the media, music, and sports from that unique period of astonishing growth and change.



T. J. Radcliffe, Sc'84, PhD'91 (Physics), is the author of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight and Ham: a medieval miscellany*, a modern romance in verse inspired by the medieval tale of King Arthur's famously courteous nephew, Sir Gawain, and his adventures fighting the Green Knight. A new story, rather than a re-telling, this work is both ribald and serious, sober and fun, creating a tale that is accessible to modern readers while paying homage to one of the great medieval romances.

Lance Triskle, Law'00, is the author of *Guide to Martin's Annual Criminal Code* (third edition). The book assists students and professionals to successfully navigate *Martin's Annual Criminal Code*. Examples from Martin's are reproduced for the reader, including excerpts from the Criminal Code, the Offence Grid, and the Table of Cases. The Guide also includes exercises for readers to practise skills required for their research. Through learning how to review Martin's more effectively, users learn to read other annotated texts. The Guide is ideal for students studying criminal law and criminal procedure.



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