

# the IRON WARRIOR

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## Waterloo Engineering Celebrates Semicentennial

DAVID YIP  
4B MECHANICAL

The 50s were good to engineering. The tense political conditions of the Cold War led to both a space race and nuclear arms race. Nuclear arms got bigger and badder, starting with bombs and rockets ranging from medium-range ballistic missiles to intercontinental ballistic missiles. Not satisfied with just one nuclear warhead, multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles packed eight nuclear warheads per missile. Long-range strategic bombers (such as the B52) were designed, along with high-speed interceptors (such as the Avro Arrow) and the radar systems (NORAD) to intercept them. In ostensibly more peaceful endeavours, the Soviet Union launched Sputnik 1 - the first artificial satellite, triggering the space race.

In the University's "Sixth Decade Plan", Vice-President Amit Chakma writes: "The circumstance precipitating UW's establishment in 1957 was the space race and the critical unmet need for engineers." The space race has long been over, and new challenges have taken its place. Many things have changed since 74 engineering students gathered in some temporary tin-roofed classrooms in what would become the University of Waterloo. Our classrooms are now non-temporary, our facilities a bit more up-to-date. Female enrollment went from 0% to 15% (2005) with a recent high of 24% (2001).

We're renowned for our illustrious co-op program that exposes our students to the engineering workplace. We've proven our innovation by rolling out four cutting-edge undergraduate programs in seven years (Software in 2001, Mechatronics in 2003, Nanotechnology in 2005, and

Management Engineering in 2007) which will certainly equip students, the leaders of the future, with the practical skills they need to succeed. Over 27,000 graduates of Waterloo Engineering have gone out into the world, enough to form a small army.

Of course, to commemorate our glorious 50th Anniversary, some celebrations are in order. On March 1st, the Royal York Hotel in Toronto will host this celebration. Canadian astronaut Chris Hadfield will be the keynote speaker. Says Hadfield: "I am looking forward to the 50th Anniversary celebration to meet with students and staff both past and present and to learn about the continuing groundbreaking invention being done within Waterloo's walls." Hadfield conducted post-graduate research at Waterloo in the 1980s, and was also the US Navy Test Pilot of the Year in 1991. Other distinctions include first Canadian mission specialist, the first Canadian to operate the Canadarm in orbit, and the only Canadian to ever board Mir, the Soviet orbital station. The major engineering student teams will also be present to interact with the guests, answer questions, and showcase their achievements.

University-wide celebrations have already started. On January 11th the school held a 50th Anniversary launch party in the PAC complete with tunes, a fashion show, the UW Cheerleading Team, and, of course, an Elvis impersonator. Other 50s staples such as Cold War paranoia and a fascination for all things nuclear were sadly left out (which may explain the generous use of cinder blocks and the aversion to windows on campus, a bit like a fallout shelter). Other events this year include an Outstanding Alumni Awards dinner in September, and celebrations for alumni in Ottawa, Toronto, and Seattle.



Source: Canadian Space Agency

Astronaut and former University of Waterloo graduate engineering student, Chris Hadfield



50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION  
WATERLOO ENGINEERING

Source: Eng-e-News

## Janet Yip: So Beautiful



Janet Yip (1983-2006)

BRENT TWEDDLE  
4B COMPUTER

Now as the night turns into day  
And as the shock now fades away  
We recall that girl we knew  
For that is all that we can do  
I'm sure she'd say we must move on  
And that her memory is never gone

She would light a room with one quick  
smile

Bring all together from mile to mile  
She could argue till her face was blue  
But true compassion was all she knew  
Sized up the world in one quick glance  
And always took the righteous stance

She charged through life without fear  
And made us smile from year to year

The thing that is most memorable  
That her life was  
So Beautiful

It seems that everyone has a story to tell about Janet about one aspect of her life or another. Whether it was her avante-guard sense of humour, her passion for animal rights, her incredible skill at minesweeper or her dislike of poser Beatles fans, somebody has a story about it. As someone who was lucky enough to get to know her very well, I was able to see the complexity of Janet from many

perspectives. I think the biggest tragedy is that more people don't know more stories about her, because it is only once you know a large number of stories about a person that you can truly understand and appreciate their complexity as a whole. It is for this reason that I have compiled a number of stories and other works into this collection so that people can read about her life from a number of perspectives and hopefully understand just how Janet was So Beautiful.

For "A Tribute to Janet Yip",  
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# A Tribute to Janet Yip



## Eric Blondeel

It was a question I heard a lot after everything happened.

“How did you know Janet?”

The night she died, we sat up late sharing everything we could remember. We pieced together stories (more often exploits), and laughed through our grief despite the gravity of the unbelievable reality that had brought us together. “Remember when...”, “Janet always...”, “That one time...”. I listened for hours to one account after another of her dark humour and biting wit, her kindness and unfailing passion, her courage and conviction, each from friends that knew and loved her best, all wearing matching sad smiles.

It felt like we were bringing her back to life that night, that even though she was gone we all had a little bit of her with us, and if we could only put it all together again she’d be back. But I felt like my contribution was so small... I had only one story to remember Janet by, and nothing more than the lingering expectations of future memories I had hoped would follow. So, over the days that followed when I heard the question repeated, “How did you know Janet?”, I couldn’t help but wonder if I had ever really known her. One thing remained clear however, I would never see her again and my life would be the less for it.

I desperately wish there was more I could share about my experiences with Janet, but I hope what little I write now can bring some part of her back to whoever hears this.

Everyone had a crush on Janet, and I was no exception. The first time I ever saw her, I’m certain I stared at her like a weirdo for an exceptionally inappropriate length of time. She was radiant, sitting across a crowded room scowling angrily at the events of a certain meeting she would later raise great protest over, winning an important victory for change.

I didn’t see her again for several weeks until a mutual friend introduced us somewhat randomly at a line-up within the Bomber at UW. It was a quick encounter, and little was exchanged between us until later in the evening when I accidentally stole her chair. Upon noticing the error however, rather than offer it back to her politely, I opted instead to grin at her like an incorrigible boy. Janet at the same time, rather than politely request the chair’s return, opted instead to stomp dramatically the long way around the table (so I would be sure to see the whole thing; she was a magnificent stomper). And, upon grabbing an empty chair, she marched it

all the way back slamming it down across from me. It was at this point she pointed a finger at me aggressively and began ranting about Colonialism and the Opium War (which apparently were both entirely my fault) and how they had ravaged her homeland.

I don’t know if she intended to terrify me, or if she expected me to take it seriously, but I do know she didn’t expect me to point right back at her and claim that I was in fact a humongous supporter of the Opium war, and that it was about time we had another one. She tried not to laugh and took a long drink to hide her smile, and we were good friends after. When the term ended, I left to work, and ECE switched streams, staying on campus. We stayed in touch, and tried to meet up again, but circumstance kept us apart and I never saw her again.

I have no doubt, that I will never meet anyone quite like her again, but I know that even with only one story, part of her will always be with me, and I can always listen to the fond stories of her friends to remember her.

## Peter Clipsham

I didn’t know Janet for very long, but someone who knew her for any amount of time can agree that it doesn’t take much before she makes an unforgettable impression on your life. No matter how resistant or set in your ways you may be, she could write her name into you like wet cement, hardening quickly before you realize what’s happening, then eternally there.

Within a month of having her in my life I looked back at past relationships as complete wastes of time. Had I known that someone like Janet existed in this world I would have been happy to wait patiently for my chance at her attention and thankful for whatever time I was allowed. She was unlike any person I’d ever met. Her personality wasn’t supported by theatrics, she was opinionated, strong, beautiful and clever, but I always found that the most charming parts about her were in the subtleties; things that you’d never notice after only an hour of talking to her. You had to know her longer - she had to let you in before you’d see them; A shadow of a smile, or the way her nose would crinkle slightly when hearing something she wasn’t quite sure she believed (I noticed this one first). Even when she’d talk to a group of people you’d notice these things. It’d feel as if she were sharing an inside joke, just between you and her. She’d make you feel special.

Janet was a gift to the world. I was so

lucky to have known her.

## Ian Halliday

### 1. Meeting Janet

I first met Janet back when we were in grade 9. I had misheard her name and called her Jeanette. She completely interrupted her conversation and looked me straight in the eyes and said “My name is Janet.” And then she waited.

Many of you can probably sympathize with just how nervous and scared I felt right then. I was thinking I had chosen the wrong girl to try to make friends with. I was wrong, Janet was the best friend I could have hoped for. I’m sure many of you know how good it felt to receive her approval. Some of you, like myself, may not remember what you first did to gain her approval, but I’m sure we all remember the feeling.

I was lucky enough to know Janet for nine years. I met her when she was a 14 year old who spoke with the maturity of an adult and I got to watch her blossom into a beautiful young woman still wise far beyond her years.

### 2. Her Qualities

All throughout the nine years I knew Janet, her character was much the same. She was incredibly bright, and witty, and had a fantastic sense of humour. She was deeply perceptive. She always remembered all the important details from every person she listened to. And she knew the right questions to ask to learn everything she wanted to know.

It almost necessarily follows that she was very strongly political. She knew her opinions to a tee, but she also left herself flexible enough to change her opinions when she learned new evidence or facts. She was always up-to-date with current events, even when she was younger.

Not only was Janet brilliant, but she was also very active in her community. She volunteered a lot of her time, and she gave more to her family and her friends. She did so many good things. Beginning in high school when she organized a World Vision 30 Hour Famine and continuing into university where, among other things, she founded a peace club, she was a councillor for the student federation. She was a regular volunteer in the Food Not Bombs group, handing out food to those who need it in downtown Kitchener. She was in the engineering society representing and standing up for her fellow classmates.

### 3. Sincerity and Honesty

Now, she didn’t do charity work as something to put on her resume, nor something to gain attention. She did it because

she sincerely believed in the causes she was volunteering for. Sincerity is what she valued most in people.

Janet had the uncanny ability to be honest with herself. She knew when she was being vain, when she was being egotistical, when she was judging people and had no right to do so, and she was the first point it out. She even knew when she was listening to music for superficial reasons and she wouldn’t try to defend it as having artistic merit. She would call it as it is, dumb catchy pop, or elevator music, but she’d still make you listen to it, especially if it’d make you dance.

Now, in the spirit of honesty, as Janet would have wanted, she didn’t actually enjoy most of high school very much. Many of her friends and peers hadn’t yet matured and were too busy trying to fit in instead of being who they were. Janet was beyond trying to fit in, she wanted to meet mature, serious people like herself. In university, people were finally catching up to her, and she had found what she was longing for. It was as though she were trapped in a box in high school, but once she got to university she found her way out had space to flourish.

### 4. Enjoying Life

But of course we all know Janet wasn’t always so serious. She was the kind of person who preferred the silliness of Hallowe’en to getting the material gifts of Christmas. She was constantly making witty remarks and saying the quirkiest things. Janet knew how to spread her joy and you really felt it when you were with her. She could walk right up to a stranger and have them smiling and laughing within minutes. And if you were shy, if you needed a push, Janet was the right girl for the job, able to bring out the best in you. Not only that, but she knew how to break up tense situations and laugh at the awkward ones.

### 5. Personal

It was through these aspects of her character that I could truly feel at ease and could always be myself with her.

Janet, you were my closest friend, I loved you like a sister, and I love you still. Every day I wake I will miss you. You lived your life to its fullest, you did not hold back, and I will do my best to match your greatness for the rest of my days.

## Bill and Claire Jenkins

We, that is, my wife Claire and I, first met Janet through an introduction by Simon Girard, a U. of Laval student doing a work term at Proctor and Gamble,

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## Memories of Janet Yip

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here in Brockville. Simon and his friend Catherine Cote rented our third floor apartment from May until the end of August 2006.

Simon spoke positively about our apartment when he met Janet as she visited P&G for an interview prior to starting her work term. Before long, she came around and had a chance to look at the two bedroom top floor of our two and one-half storey home. Simon and Catherine pointed out all the great features of living here. Janet asked very few questions about the apartment. She was more interested in how things worked at P&G and the social life in little old Brockville.

She explained that she was also looking on behalf of her friend Brian. "He's just a friend," she assured me, "Not a boyfriend." She left to consider whether or not to take the apartment, giving me a big smile and a fiery look from under her black cap, perched low on her forehead. After she left, I commented to Claire that she had a lot of spunk and would do well in engineering. Claire had noticed Janet's strength of character too.

Before long, she and Brian were ensconced in the apartment, working away at P&G, lugging home bags of groceries, cooking wonderful concoctions. Janet had an old Civic and Brian had a bicycle; although most days, they both rode in the car to work, leaving at 7:30 and returning about 4:30.

We listed our home for sale in early October. We had informed Janet and Brian of this possibility but assured them that it would not mean kicking them out if we happened to sell it. During the first couple of weeks of the listing, there were a number of showings that also included a tour of the apartment (with the usual 24-hour advance notice). Janet prided herself on having the place, especially her room, neat and tidy; and acted like a den mother to get Brian to make his bed and pick up his dishes that he conveniently kept on the floor of his bedroom, along with a half-eaten grilled cheese sandwich.

One time I was informing them of a viewing the next day and we had a brief three-way conversation about how small-town and gossipy Brockvillians were. Janet had been swimming at the Y. When she mentioned to a perfect stranger that she was working at P&G, the person knew all about her, where she lived and the fact that she was co-habiting with Brian. Brian piped up "Everyone thinks we're sleeping together." And they both had a laugh. I assured them that this was simply a characteristic of a very small non-university

town and that if they were in Kingston or Waterloo, no one would notice or care.

Although we would chat with Brian and Janet briefly as they carried their laundry to the basement laundry room, we did not really get into any deep discussions. Janet had applied for a passport, so we discussed that and assured her we would let her know as soon as a notice arrived about it.

"Where do you plan to go?" I asked. "Nowhere in particular," she replied. "I just want to be prepared in case I want to travel." She was a well-organised young lady.

Some weekends, Janet and Brian would scoot off to Toronto by train. They went to Kingston occasionally and Janet went to Ottawa a couple of times.

One Sunday night, around midnight, I heard a fair bit of commotion on the street. A tow-truck lowered Janet's car into the driveway. She had been in Ottawa, driving on the Queensway from Kanata toward Highway 416. She moved into the right hand lane to turn onto Highway 416 and found to her surprise that a bus had been passing her in the bus lane on the right hand side and it sideswiped her car. (She wasn't aware of the bus lanes.) Luckily, she wasn't hurt and the car simply had a few dents in the passenger side. Her Ottawa boyfriend responded to her cell phone call and drove her here. She took the train to Toronto the next weekend and I kidded her that she didn't want to show her banged up car to her parents. She said, however, that she really felt OK about driving around the city but wanted to avoid Highway 401 for now. I reassured her that she would not have any trouble.

We really did not see much of each other during the two and a half months Janet was here. One day, she was carrying laundry down and we chatted briefly. She had a toothache and was planning to have a wisdom tooth removed. Her face was a little swollen and I said the usual sympathetic things. We were dismayed when she went to the hospital and terribly shocked when she passed away so suddenly.

We knew Janet for such a short time but we could see her sense of humour, the flash of her eyes, her innate beauty. We were happy to be a friend.

At the airport as we waited to fly to Vancouver for Christmas, next to us sat a family with two young girls, waiting to fly to Vietnam for a visit to their grandparents' home. I gave the eldest one a copy of Janet's little book "Mr. Hungryman" and, in return, she gave me an autographed sheet of art work that she had prepared, duly signed "Jennifer Vo". She and her sister loved the story. Perhaps the spirit of



Janet Yip, with her wonderful, ironic sense of humour, will lighten a few more lives. We miss her and know that everyone who knew her misses her too.

### Laticia Kwok

I met Janet during frosh week of Fall 2002. We lived in Village 1 residence in East 2 way back in first year. In fact, she lived a couple doors down from me on the same floor. Janet was the girl with the awesome dyed colour hair and was such a great person and very easy to talk to. Everyone got along with her in our entire residence (heck, I even remember she was the only one who was able to talk to Brian!) and if there is one word to describe her, it would have to be funky.

People often tell me that I am unusual and very unique for a Chinese girl and I believe them because my hobbies, taste in music and movies, involvement in sports, and pets I own are not what typical Chinese girls like. But Janet is the ONLY Chinese girl I know who was way more unique and I always respected her for it. She was so "funky", cool, and her personality was so intriguing, which is why she made so many friends and people found her interesting. There was never a dull moment when Janet was around. All our residence friends use to eat meals together in Village 1 and she would keep us entertained for hours.

She always had great taste in music and movies. Whenever it came time to choose movies for movie nights, she ended up picking the most unique but awesome movies. I distinctly remember her picking out the movie called Pi to watch and she made a fantastic choice.

After first year, most of our residence friends split apart, but we always had "East 2 get togethers" where we would invite all our old friends for dinners (usually Mongolian Grill) and a night of fun. Not too many people would come out to these get togethers, but Janet always made the effort to. I even remember one of my friends I knew from high school who had a crush on her and introducing them to each other. I will never forget the good times we spent together from doing nothing but hanging around in residence, our random ICQ/MSN conversations, to going out to Phil's and Abstract together, which were two of her favourite places to go because of the great music. I told her that if any guy were to treat her badly, I would kick their ass because that was the time I started tae kwon do and it was good laughs.

Even though Janet and I are not in the same faculty or on the same stream and haven't live together since first year, she was always open to talking anytime about anything! She had abstract views of the world and I had absolutely no idea what she would be talking about half the time, but that is another reason why she was so

random and so unique.

When I heard from one of my friends in residence that she passed away, I was in utter shock. Not only did I just run into one of her closest friends, Andrew, the day before but while talking to Andrew I said we need to plan another East 2 get together before the term ends, which obviously would have meant another opportunity to see Janet again. Even though we didn't hang out as much as we used to, I was immediately filled with tears and wished it was all a joke. Seeing how upset everyone is from what happened just shows how much she has touched our lives, whether we knew her a little or a lot. I pray for her family and friends in hope that we will support each other because I am sure helping one another is what Janet would have wanted. Goodbye Janet, I will miss you and will never forget you. Rest in peace.

### Rajat Mathur

It's kind of neat when you can look back on certain moments in your life and remember the people who helped mould you into who you are today. For me, Janet was just one of those people. We became good friends in Mr. McGruther's World Religions class. Janet was the girl that sat beside me and knew a lot more about the different religions than I did. At first we were just classmates, but the more and more we talked we realized we had a lot in common. We were both very sarcastic, but in a fun and lighthearted way. Being the introvert that I had been since the start of high school, I was so intrigued that this new, random person was so open and welcoming. Before long I found myself going wherever Janet went, meeting new friends, and feeling much more confident and social. Janet may say that I helped her out with her high school drama situations that popped up occasionally, but in reality she helped me more than she could possibly know. I have many memories of her, but the one that I hold dearest is the one I encounter everyday: that of opening yourself up, being vulnerable, and ultimately receiving the greatest gift in return, friendship.

### Karl Mikkelsen

Hit me like a ton of bricks. I never knew you as well I should have but, Janet, we do have a few memories. Here are mine.

I remember meeting you in the V1 cafe in the summer of 2003 when you were still in Mech Eng. I went up to you and your group randomly because I had nobody else to hang out with and I remember that you welcomed me. I remember losing touch with you for the longest time until Neil became a mutual friend. I remember your peculiar ideas and theories about politics,

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love and romance, and maybe rolling my eyes once or twice as you shared them with me.

I remember going to the Halloween party you hosted in 2005 and having a great time. I remember a handful of us leaving it to go to Abstract, one of your favorite hangouts. I remember wearing the hat from the pirate costume you wore that night as our driver street raced 2 girls in a pink car.

More than once I remember you putting a cold beer in my empty hand. I remember inviting you to a birthday party at my friend's house where you knew no one but were excited to come with me anyways. I remember pouring you a shot of vodka while you held your glass under your chin like Oliver Twist saying 'please sir, I want some more!'

I remember you inviting me to your place with the offer of booze, food and movies. I remember crashing on your couch after house parties at your place and waking up to Chinese noodles you made for me.

What I don't remember is ever meeting anyone quite like you. You'll be missed.



#### Eric Praetzel

Having left my teens and twenties well behind, and now as the father of twins, my understanding of life and its priorities have changed. At times like this life seems to stop and one revisits choices made.

I meet many students in the course of working as a Laboratory Instructor at U of Waterloo and Janet was one of the few who jumped out at me and will always be remembered. We talked about vegetarianism and veganism; diet and health and choices.

So many people walk thru life as a dream - eager to get to a video game or TV or movie - anything but life itself. Janet lived life. Her eyes were open. She made her mind up and worked to honour what she knew was right; because it was right, not because of personal gain or because it was easy.

#### Brent Tweddle

Janet stomped her foot and yelled 'You never learned nuttin from me, you are just trying to win me over with fancy rhetoric!' Although she was right about the fancy rhetoric, she was wrong in that, in only three months, she had already taught me so much.

The night Janet and I first met, at MOT, she spent a lot of time trying to convince me to come out with her and her friends and have a good time with them, when my

original plan was to just call it an early night and go home. In my own arrogance, I assumed she was trying to flirt with me but once I got to know her I realized this is how she treated all of her friends. It was through this that Janet showed me just how good it feels to be needed.

Janet had a wonderfully brilliant sense of humour that, on the surface, appeared quirky and abstract. In reality this sense of humour was in fact the product of an incredibly quick thinking mind. She could size up a situation, figure out its peculiarities and turn everything on its head with a simple quip. My favorite example of this occurred a few days after we first met, Janet and I were sitting on a bench in Waterloo Park on a late summer night. After an awkward pause in the conversation, she leaned back, turned towards me, and as a mischievous smile grew on her lips, she boldly stated:

"Don't worry, I have my papers." Completely taken aback, I shook my head and not-so-wittily replied: "What?!?!?" Her smile grew bigger and she calmly replied: "I'm not just flirting with you to stay in the country, I have my papers you know." I think I fell off the bench I was laughing so hard. It was at this point that some guy

walked right past us and gave me the dirtiest look in the world.

Janet's compassion and sensitivity towards the needs of others was something that always amazed me. She always believed in doing the right thing, not the easy thing. If a friend ever needed help or was having a tough time, she would drop everything she was doing and devote all of her energy to helping them. She had a seemingly unending stream of causes she supported. After going to a P.E.T.A. (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) convention, she decided to give up eating meat for a year, refused to wear real leather and boycotted Kentucky Fried Chicken for their treatment of chickens.

Even though Janet was an incredibly strong-willed and highly motivated person, she could sometimes be shy and insecure. I once surprised her with tickets to see Shakespeare's Coriolanus at the Stratford Festival. Her initial reaction was to recoil, she did not want to go and said she would have preferred us to go out for a nice quiet dinner and that's it. Although she wouldn't admit it I could see she was afraid that she wouldn't fit in in such a public high society setting, but agreed to go when she realized that I had spent a lot of time preparing this. Janet couldn't have been more wrong. She fit in immediately and it seemed that everyone in Stratford (waiters, theater patrons, passers-by) wanted to talk to her, tell her her clothes looked lovely and offer her all sorts of advice and help.

Janet was the center of attention that night and nobody really wanted to bother with talking to me.

When we realized that our careers would never keep us together in either the near or distant future, Janet and I went our separate ways. I never thought I'd be more sad than that morning she left for Brockville, but I guess I was wrong. But like I'm sure she did for so many others, she taught me so much. These things I learned from her I will never forget and in that way I guess she will always be with us.

#### Jess Voll

With the passing of Janet Yip, I felt compelled to write a short poem. It's unedited and rather rough, but the news of her sudden and unexpected passing pushed me to create something as a sign of respect.

I met Janet only a handful of times: drinking at Phil's, discussions of vegetarianism, and many times at CECS as she interviewed for numerous big firms. In those brief interactions, I was able to experience her warm, off-beat, funny demeanor and intelligent, focused personality. I can only imagine the impact she had on those whom she knew for a long time.

My deepest condolences to those affected by her death, and more importantly, those affected by her life.

#### David Yip

It seems that my story of my first meeting with Janet is line with the others I've heard - that is to say I was a touch intimidated. We met in 1A. It was the first week of school and everyone had of course been meeting new people left and right. I had been asking people why they were in engineering, and so I asked her the same. "Well, I was good at math, and I didn't want to be in business, so I chose engineering." she said. I'm sure I'm paraphrasing a bit, but right away I knew she was someone with a cause, and as I later found out, many causes.

We never really became close friends, but she saw me get involved with the engineering newspaper, and I saw her get involved in student government and activism. She always had a knack for perceiving occasionally uncomfortable truths and bringing them to light. My last memories of her involved all these things. She'd spoken out on some unacceptable behaviour at a student government meeting, and we met once or twice to discuss how to properly publicize what happened. I saw firsthand her passion, fearlessness, and drive to set things right. She was an inspiration for me at the time, and will continue to be an example of "being the change you want to see in the world" for me, and for many others, I'm sure of it.

#### Jennifer Yip

When Janet was a little girl, she and her parents frequented a close friend's home where other parents would socialize while the children gathered in a common area to play.

Once, one of the children found a lighter. Each of them took turns lighting it; however, Janet refused to participate. She told the others, "I will not play with fire because mother told me it is very dangerous." The other children looked at her and laughed. One of them asked, "If your mother told you to eat a bug, would you do it?". To their surprise, Janet immediately answered "Yes! I would! Because if mother tells me to do something, it must be good for me!"

On November 10th during a visit home

for her sister's birthday, Janet and her mother had a fight due to misunderstandings. In the end, she said something that her mother will always remember. She said, "Mother, don't you know? Everything I do, I do for you."

Things I will always remember about Janet:

- When she was little, she would always refuse the offer of a soda. Instead, she would politely request a glass of milk.

- Every time a co-op job offer was confirmed, she would always take her family to the town where she would be working for sightseeing purposes. (i.e. Brockville [incl. Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal], Brantford, Waterloo [incl. St. Jacobs])

- She wanted to bring her family to all of the Great Lakes since they were conveniently located in Southern Ontario. The past summers consisted of road trips to several beaches and locations such as Sauble Beach (Lake Huron) and Port Dover (Lake Erie).

- Every May and every October, Janet would always come home for the weekend the Clothing Show is in town. We would always go together, always discuss great bargains and never go home empty handed.

Childhood memories:

- When we were little, we slept in different rooms separated by a single thin wall. Janet made up a language that consisted of consecutive knockings on the wall. The most frequently used was one knock followed by two quick knocks which meant "Good night". There was also two knocks which meant "Come to my room", unless one was already in the other's room, in which case it meant "Get out of my room".

- On our annual trips to the toy liquidation factory, Janet and I were allowed one \$50 toy that was to be shared. One year, we decided to get a mini kitchen with plastic food, cutlery, pots, pans and plates. I remember when we were getting bored of our new toy, Janet came up with a brilliant idea to start a mini café and to even design a menu. Hours were spent on what seemed to be the beta version of Microsoft Excel, and finally, a menu was created under the establishment "J & J Café". Ironically, we still never played with the toy kitchen again.

- One day, we went to a family friend's house and we were introduced to a board game called "Payday" for the very first time. We played the game and it had taken us both by surprise the amusement it stirred. When we got home, we asked our parents to buy the game for us but, of course, it was too costly. So Janet decided to make her own version of Payday out of construction paper. It took roughly a day to draw and design the board and to write out all the payday cards and when it was finished, we played it once and never again. (The game is still in the closet, stored inside an old cardboard box for computer speakers).

Her good deeds/volunteerism:

- 30 Hr Famine for World Vision; She gathered a bunch of high school friends (and me) to participate in the 30 hour famine and raised a couple hundred dollars!

- I remember a time when she would deliver bread and other foods to those in need.

- I remember when Janet was researching and contacting local politicians about sending the OAC textbooks to third-world countries when OAC was taken away.

- Janet was the stage manager for the Canada Day celebration in Waterloo.

And I will always always always remember when she told me, "It doesn't matter if you did something right or wrong because I will always be on your side."