

CRESTWORD

THE ROAR HEARD AROUND THE WORLD

BY: ALEXANDRA HOBART, '15
The hauntingly beautiful voice of Olivia Wise captured the hearts of over two million YouTube viewers (and counting) worldwide. A professionally recorded video of Olivia singing Katy Perry's "Roar" was originally uploaded to YouTube early this fall. What started out as a memento for Olivia's friends and family became an instant hit with an international audience.

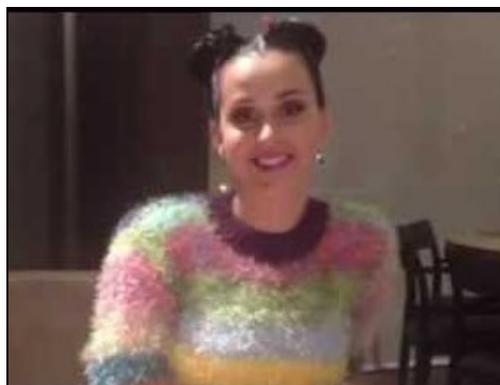
Olivia's story inspired those who did not know her with the help of YouTube, Twitter, Facebook and other social media. Her video sparked an overwhelming reaction of support and love from family, friends, students, teachers, and strangers alike -- including Katy Perry herself. The pop-sensation posted a reply to Olivia's video.



see this young lady in weakness and illness still working to make the most of her life, and to make a difference in the lives of those around her." His own wish for Olivia: "My wish for Olivia is that your legacy inspires others to keep fighting."

tion, she managed to fight through the pain to create something beautiful. Even though she was tired and unwell at the time of the recording, through willpower alone, she achieved greatness so the world could finally hear her "roar."

"I was very moved and you sounded great. I love you. A lot of people love you and that's why your video got to me. It moved everybody that saw it. Keep roaring!"



The video shows the obstacles Olivia had to overcome to make the recording. Although she was in a wheelchair, unable to stand, short of breath, and her voice weakened, she summoned all the power she could to belt out the lyrics to Perry's song.

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On November 18th, Member of Provincial Parliament, Michael Harris of Kitchener-Conestoga, gave a shout out to Olivia at the Ontario Legislature. "Even in the face of adversity, Olivia summoned the strength to do what she loved: sing one of her favourite songs," he said. "When I saw the video, I was taken aback to

The lyrics of "Roar" proved to be especially powerful, considering Olivia's circumstance. Cancer may have held her down, but she got up, brushing off the dust to do what she loved most: sing.

The video inspired so many because despite Olivia's deteriorating condi-

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THE ROAR HEARD AROUND THE WORLD, CONTINUED

I hold on to the memory of her at ten years old, talking about how one day she would go on American Idol, to catch the attention of even the toughest of judges. Although this one dream of hers was never realized, her vision of stardom never faded completely. At age eleven she wrote an original song, titled "Simple Girl." She'd recite the song anywhere and everywhere, whether it was in front of an audience at the school talent show or at home with her singing teacher, or "voice coach" as she liked to call it. As theater was truly her passion, she'd let nothing get in the way of what she loved to do -- no obstacle was ever too large for her to overcome. With the increasing popularity of Olivia's songs, they are both now available for purchase on iTunes with all proceeds going to the "Liv Wise Fund" at The Hospital for Sick Children.

"Olivia Wise, I can hear you singing with the angels now. Your spirit & strength has inspired me & so many

others ... May you rest in peace," Perry tweeted on November 25th, after hearing the devastating news of Olivia's death. Although Olivia may no longer be with us, her anthem of love, courageous strength and hope will never be forgotten. She may have lost her battle with cancer, but her voice will be immortalized in all of our hearts.



ALWAYS LIVING FOR TODAY



BY: MRS. JORDANA WINOGRAD

I had the pleasure of teaching and mentoring Olivia for over two years. Her story touched and inspired people of all ages around the world, and her message went viral because of her irrepressible spirit.

In that way, she taught me lessons I never realized that I needed to learn. Her strength and resilience was awe-inspiring, and she made me recognize the importance in always finding a rose among thorns.

It was because of Olivia's "live for today" attitude that I truly became aware of the fact that the future is no place for our better days. I must live, love, laugh and learn each day. Her smile was contagious and her positive energy is something I admired so much.

I always looked forward to our morning chats in my classroom before the first period bell, and I will cherish those memories forever.

I feel grateful to have been a part of each other's lives and she will always hold a very special place in my heart.

THE MOST WONDERFUL SLIDESHOW

BY: JAKE PASCOE, '14

For the past two weeks it's been impossible to avoid Olivia Wise's shadow: CP24, CBC, even crossing the 49th into CNN and ABC. The spark of her bright, toothy smile caught a wick, her voice exploded across the internet, and the shockwave of her inspiration has been felt around the globe.

The Crestwood community's collective Facebook has been rolling out link after link about Olivia, status after status, proving time and time again of the strength in the love of her echo.

Her Facebook page has turned into a digital memorial, flowers have taken the form of smiling pictures, and hugs have transformed into little hearts posted with love in the comments. She has made a deep lasting mark on cyberspace, —the newest frontier — and the simple joy in her life conquered it.

In a small corner of sickkidsdonations.com a newborn charity is shining. With Olivia's now unmistakable beaming face in its centre stage, its goal has spread like wildfire. They call it the Liv Wise Fund, a double entendre with the kindest of hidden meanings. It calls to live aware, live in support, live wisely.

Live in solidarity with people afflicted with the terrible disease Olivia had.

Live with kindness, live generously.

Live to inch closer to finding an end to cancer.

I can imagine the small smile on its founders faces when needing to update its fundraising goal time and time again.

It began with a humble position to reach and has since needed to increase from \$150,000 to \$250,000. Sixty percent of that incredible sum goes towards brain tumor



research, twenty to the Paediatric Oncology Group of Ontario, twenty to the Palliative Advanced Care Team.

Tokens of charity have been toted around the school for several weeks now. Little grey and silver wristbands tied around the hands of what was Olivia's backbone. Her friends. Her family. Her school.

People live for as long as they are remembered. Every day can seem like a constant fight to live forever. To have one's memory cherished. Olivia's will undoubtedly live for a long time to come. With the success of this charity and the love of those whose lives she graced, the smiling face that taught us all to live wisely appears to be staying for the long run. We wouldn't have it any other way.



We'll keep watching the amazing slideshow of support that has followed her with a smile. We'll keep flipping through pages of the internet and channels of the television and watch anchors and celebrities say her name over and over again.

Olivia Wise.
Olivia Wise.
Olivia Wise.

Her roar has certainly been heard.

LIVING SIMPLY, AND SIMPLY LIVING

BY: MR. CHRIS JULL

"Life is made up of meetings and partings; that is the way of it. We shall not soon forget this first parting among us."

Charles Dickens, A Christmas Carol

I first met Olivia Wise when she was in Grade 8. I was supplying for the junior art teacher, and covering her Transitions class for the period. It was a small group, as is the nature of that program, and everyone was clearly close. I commented to her, "You must feel lucky to be a part of such a tight-knit group. It's not always this good." She looked around at her peers with that reflective smile that I grew to love so well, and replied, "Yeah, I do feel really lucky."

That feeling of thankfulness and maturity of perspective characterized every interaction I ever had with Olivia. As I taught her in Grade 9 and 10 English and Grade 11 Canadian Literature, I saw that she always took the "wide-angle" approach to life. She rarely got hung up on details and let day-to-day problems slide easily off her back. Even after her diagnosis, she refused to feel sorry for herself, and spoke so unself-consciously about her illness that she naturally put others at ease around her. Olivia often talked about not taking anything for granted.

In the terrible sadness last week after her death, what I remembered most about her was how all she ever wanted to do was go to school. Olivia just wanted the

normalcy of working in class, being with her friends, and learning from her teachers. She came to Crestwood every day that she could, and even when she wasn't there, she continued to meet and correspond with teachers to keep up with the classwork. I sympathize with that desire for the ordinary, and Olivia reaffirmed for me the power and grace that can come with living simply, and simply living, every day.

Olivia and I really said good-bye to each other some time ago. She came to her sister, Kaily's, Grade 12 Graduation last June, and in between gushing about her older sister and telling me about the books she was going to read that summer, she mentioned her hopes for returning soon to Crestwood. Even as she said this out loud, her eyes told me that she understood the unlikelihood of that happening. So as we hugged that night, I tried to pour all of the admiration I had for her, all of my thankfulness for knowing her, and every positive, healthy, life-giving prayer I could muster into that embrace. It was soon after that that we learned that she would be commencing palliative care options.

So what can we do? Where can we go to escape this pain? When our tears have dried up, and we feel only the hollowed-out husk of ourselves, how can we keep going? I think Olivia would tell us to get up and go to school, and to try, as she did every day, to look around and say, "I do feel really lucky".

OLIVIA'S LYRICS: "SIMPLE GIRL"

When Olivia was only 11 years old, she wrote a song. While in the recording studio in September, she sang her own composition only once. Later, producer Jon Levine set it to music.

*Here's a story of a simple girl:
She wanted something more from
her simple world
So she would dream the way she
wanted
Love the way she wanted
Show the world who she might be*

*Walking beside my shadow, walk-
ing beside myself
Looking from the outside in, won-
dering when this life would begin*

Days went by where she would sit at home



*Alone in wishing she would just have grown
enough To feel the way they wanted, hear the
way they wanted — show the world
who she might be
Walking beside my shadow, walking
beside myself
Looking from the outside in, wonder-
ing when this life would begin*

*Here's a story of a simple girl:
She wanted something more from her
simple world, so she would dream the
way she wanted
Love the way you want to love.*

ORA, OR LIGHT

BY: HAILEY FRIEDRICHSEN, '14

Olivia was the type of person who lit up any room that she walked into; one of those rare people you meet, who is so bright, that they can turn a bad day into a good day, just by being around them. Liv had this gift, with her bright, happy, positive personality. She could make anyone smile and even though she is not with us anymore, we have to remember her in the way she would want us to, always happy and smiling.

Personally, I became closer with Olivia two years ago. There are a lot of different memories that stand out; from the times when we hung out, talking about heart-throb Ian Somerhalder, to having laughing attacks that lasted the whole night. The most prominent memory from my time spent with Liv is her smile. It was the kind of smile that you don't get to experience too often in life. It made you feel that everything was going to be okay, and it could truly light up a room.

One of the most important things for us, as a community to do, as we remember Olivia is to carry on her spirit. Liv would not want us upset over her death, but instead she would want us to be celebrating her life and remembering her amazing personality. Olivia's name in



Hebrew means Ora, or light. It is so important for us to carry on this light of Olivia, in memory of her. Even though her time here was cut short, one of the best things we can do is to live the best life we can live, in memory of her.

Olivia, we will carry your spirit with us everyday. We love you, we miss you, and we will never forget you.

“WISER” THAN HER YEARS

BY: MRS. LARA PAGANO

When I think about writing about Olivia, I am not sure where to begin. I could start with the obvious: her ability to make her classmates smile, her energy that would brighten any room, her love of fashion and teen television shows, but there was so much more to dear Liv.

I am so lucky; not only did I get to teach Olivia in grade eight history and coach her when she was in grade nine on the basketball team, but I was able to see another side of Olivia. After Olivia got sick, some of her teachers took to going to her house and tutoring her after school. Olivia and I had the task of completing Mr. Tanev's civics course, no easy feat, I can assure you. Olivia was a dedicated, hard working student and she excelled in the course, which made my job easy.

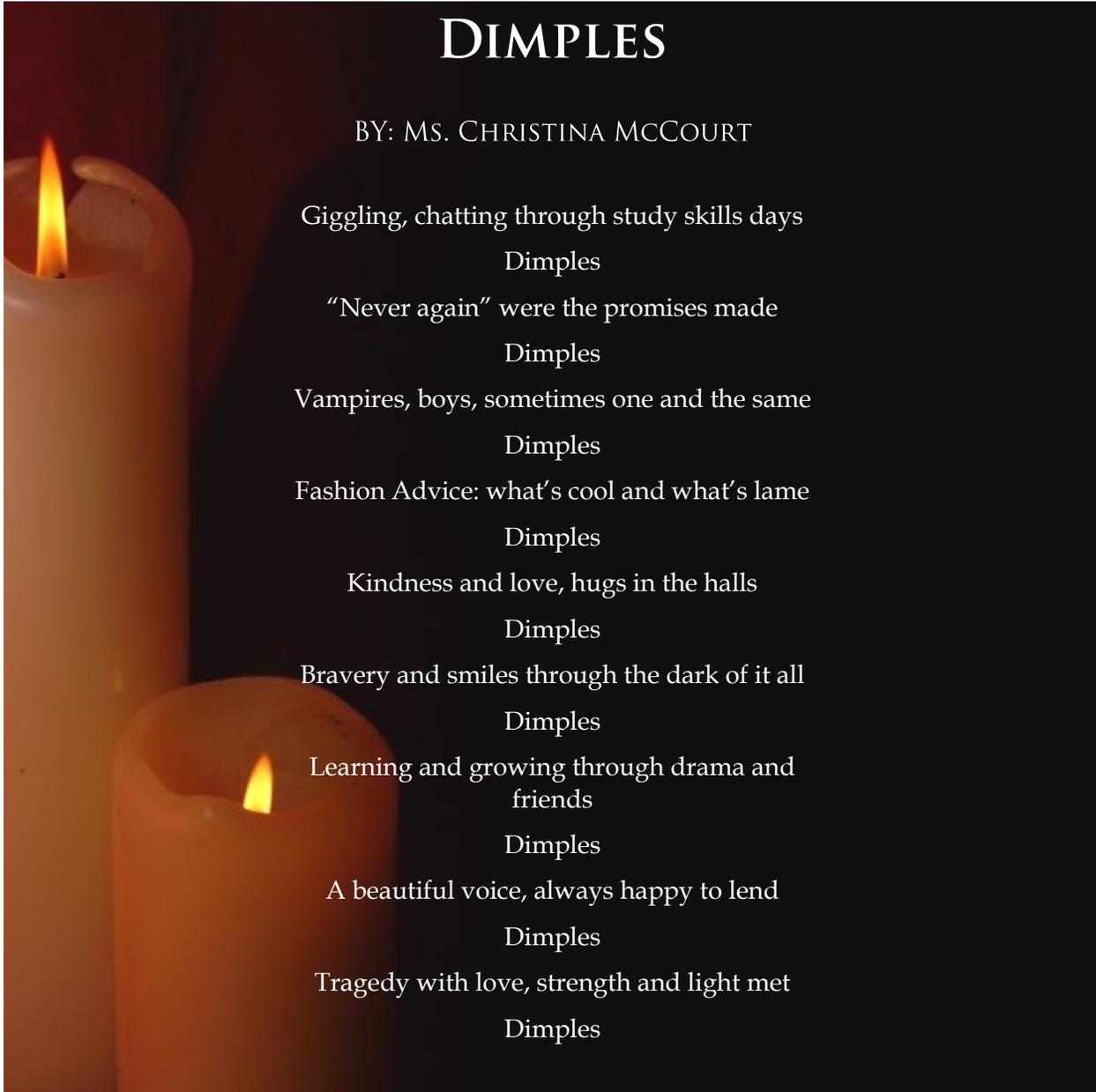
The time I was able to spend with Olivia, at her home, was precious. We talked about my upcoming wedding to Mr. P. and she begged me to show her a picture of

my wedding dress (I did, and swore her to secrecy). We talked about her plans of graduating a year early and going to McMaster with her best friend, and we talked about her many dreams in life, which were endless.

I was able to witness the incredible relationship and boundless love of her mother who would come in and see how we were doing and share a laugh. I saw Olivia's face light up as Sabrina came in and shared what had happened at school that day. Olivia showed me her favourite photos on Facebook, pointing out how beautiful her sister Kaily and Aidan were together. The limitless love for her family was palpable.

Olivia had become far more than a student, she was a friend. She had an uncanny ability to make everyone, no matter what their age, feel that they were special to her. I only hope that Liv knew how special she was to all of us; she will live on in our hearts forever.





DIMPLES

BY: MS. CHRISTINA MCCOURT

Giggling, chatting through study skills days

Dimples

“Never again” were the promises made

Dimples

Vampires, boys, sometimes one and the same

Dimples

Fashion Advice: what’s cool and what’s lame

Dimples

Kindness and love, hugs in the halls

Dimples

Bravery and smiles through the dark of it all

Dimples

Learning and growing through drama and friends

Dimples

A beautiful voice, always happy to lend

Dimples

Tragedy with love, strength and light met

Dimples

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