

SCARBOROUGH

2011

START
SOMETHING

Start Youth Presenting Art

A History Snippet of Scarborough

Scarborough is an ever growing area of Greater Toronto, full of surprises and interesting historical facts. What we now know as Scarborough was once called Glasgow up until 1796 when Elizabeth Simcoe first gazed at the bluffs upon arrival with her husband, John Simcoe, the first Lieutenant of Canada*. The beautiful landscape resembled Scarborough, North Yorkshire in England. Over the course of 200 years Scarborough has come a long way from its agricultural roots of the time, to become a diverse, urban community and home to an every growing population of over 600,000.

Anyone who lives in Scarborough knows its dazzling green spaces and natural landscapes. Scarborough is delineated by various iconic landscapes that give it its essence. With 14 kilometre bluffs along Lake Ontario in the south, Steeles Ave on the north, Victoria Park to the west and the Rouge River to the east, Scarborough has the distinction of being one of the greenest areas to encounter in the Great Toronto Area.

The diversity of Scarborough's landscape is mirrored in its population... Scarborough welcomes many new immigrants from different parts of the globe, creating a unique culturally rich community where more than half of its members were born outside of the country.

Scarborough is also home to many creative people, especially its youth, some of whom we proudly feature in this book.

Written by: Veronica Almeida

Sources:

Scarborough Historical Society website
http://www.scarboroughhistorical.com/local_history/

City of Toronto - Scarborough records
http://www.toronto.ca/archives/records_scarborough.htm

Wiki history summary on Scarborough, ON
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scarborough,_Ontario#cite_note-2

Article in National Post on Scarborough
<http://www.nationalpost.com/news/story.html?id=205fed78-d935-4053-b12d-a8dda11462f2&k=68634>

Scarborough Direct

http://www.scarboroughdirect.ca/about_scarborough/



Statement from

StArt YPA Senior Co-ordinating Mentor

Music, dub poetry, spoken word, rap and hip hop are some today's most accessible art practices and communication tools. Youth artists in our urban neighbourhoods have gravitated toward these forms of creative expression because of their immediacy, but these youth are also drawn to other forms of art, where sparse opportunities to promote their work in galleries, publishing, performance and screening venues are a very real challenge.

I am privileged to have these young emerging talents share with me their writings, short films, photography, drawings, paintings and incredible beautiful wearable art creations, and am awed and inspired by their initiative, hard work and determination to "start something", to create their own opportunities and platforms to present their art in the midst of their own community of Scarborough.

The *"Start" Youth Presenting Art*, Scarborough 2011 multi-disciplinary Art Workshops and Festival (August 9-13, 2011) is created by this steering committee of youth artists: Osvaldo Sales, Melicia Sutherland, Travoy Deers, Melissa Mather, Carly Emmaneel, Steven Walters, Veronica Almeida, Steve Vargo, Brian Ejar, Ornella Khalonji. It is a testament to their ambition and ability to finish what they start, and with this special publication they have created a salute and lasting evidence of their colleagues' and their own creativity.

I am so proud.

Denese Matthews

Suitelife Arts for Youth, Founder/ Creative Director

"StArt" Youth Present Art, Senior Co-ordinating Mentor



Scarbz

My dear sweet Scarbz,
I'm writing you this love letter to let you know how
much you mean to me
As I sit on the balcony of my high rise I watch quietly at
the passers by
How wonderful to live in a place filled with rainbow
faces
The freedom to indulge the culture of all races
It's so funny, they move about busily
Scurrying to get from here to there,
I wonder if they see you as I do
I think I'm in love with you

My dear sweet Scarbz
Do you remember how I would sneak out the house to
be with you?
Sit in your embrace and get lost staring at the beauty
of your lake.
Your contrasts leave me in Awe
Concrete jungles kiss forests so deep they become inti-
mate
The way lovers do down by the rocks at the bluffs
I remember those days too
My sweet haven,
Your kooky interruptions brings forth a certain serenity
I love the way traffic halts at busy intersections
To allow crossing Canadian Geese
Something about it moves me
Outsiders make fun
Chanting trees and rocks, rocks and trees
But you'll always be my baby

My dear sweet Scarbz
I love the way your seasons change
Whenever summer days come
I'd run barefoot in the grass
Morningside Park is where I built secret forts
No boys allowed of course!
Scream at the top of my lungs "I'm the Queen of the
Castle and you the dirty Rascal!
Scarbz, you've always provided me with a safe place to
play
You cradled my youth in your bosom,
Memories of you make me smile
Long gone are the days when honey and butter sand-
wiches sticky'd my fingers
School dances and kindergarten romance

My dear sweet Scarbz
I still get urges to race my friends through hydro fields
TCHC projects was always the place to be
hangin out at the basketball courts
waitin for moms to get in from work
Ice Cream truck!
Ice Cream truck!
Out a luck we only had 1 buck, But the driver was an
O.G so he gave it to us for free
I used to love chillin at OP
Playing man hunt in the park after dark
Climbing oversize trees and scraping my knees
Boys and girls club showing me the most love
Street hockey in the crescents
Baseball in the diamonds
Now that I'm all grown up I'm still love struck!
No longer do I have to wait for the Lawrence 54 bus
Enjoying Sunday soccer matches in Malvern
Buying Jerk chicken from the back of some guy's truck
Love the Family BBQ's at Thompson Park
These special moments imprint my heart
There is no place I'd rather be

My dear sweet Scarbz,
I hope you never forget me
Cause I will never forget you
Did I mention?
I think I'm in love with you

Scarbz

By: Melicia Sutherland

Iconic Scarborough



Photography by:
Melissa Mathers

StArt Youth Presenting Art Curatorial Statement

StArt Youth Presenting Art is a SuiteLife Arts for Youth initiative that is being run by youth in Scarborough whose belief in community involvement propels us to create artistic opportunities for our peers.

We strive to give young emerging artists in Scarborough alternative outlets to express themselves in acting, singing, dance, visual arts, spoken word, short films and crafts. We aid in providing them a platform where their works are accessible to their communities.

StArt Youth Presenting Art (StArt YPA) exemplify the can-do attitude of young talents in a quest and struggle to create art and spaces where their natural gifts can derive the oxygen of exposure and sharing needed to mature into promise. It's a case of see the invisible, feel the intangible, then do the best you can, where you are with what you have and you can achieve the impossible. With this publication, StArt YPA has done just that.

This first StArt YPA collection of art and artists threaded together by social, cultural, political, geographic, spiritual, and ethnic complexities engages us with provocative writings from poetry to lyrics, painting, drawings, graphics, found objects/recycled materials revisioned and sculpted as wearable art, photography that captures the performance arts in motion and the evocative rich environment of facial and geographical landscapes, together highlight the diversity that comprises this group of emerging talents and offers an occasion to savour examples of the creative wealth of youth artists in the pipeline.

Marva Ollivierre
StArt YPA Publication Mentor

Alicia Wynte

PHOTOGRAPHY



Melissa Mathers

PHOTOGRAPHY



Veronica Almeida

PHOTOGRAPHY



Tracy Sarasola

PHOTOGRAPHY



Steve Vargo

PHOTOGRAPHY



Kimberly Love

PHOTOGRAPHY

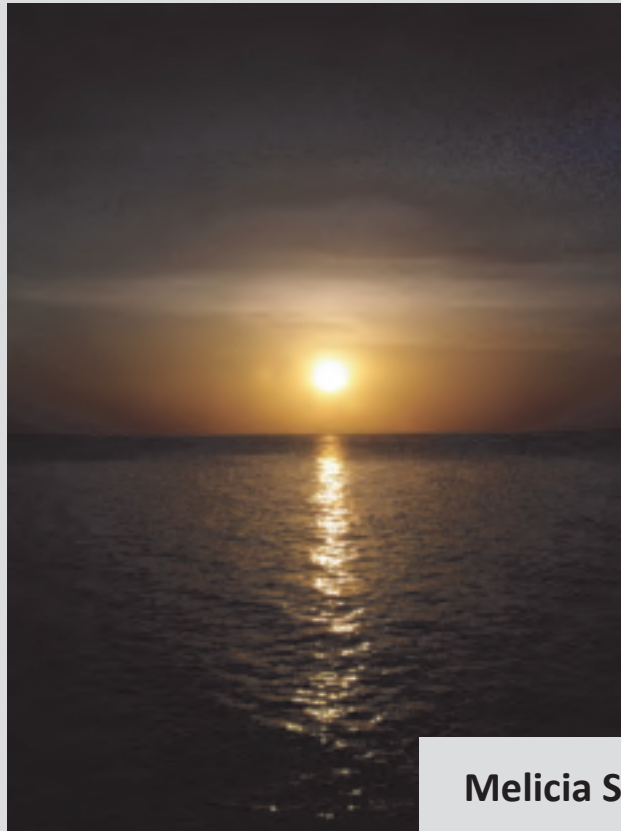
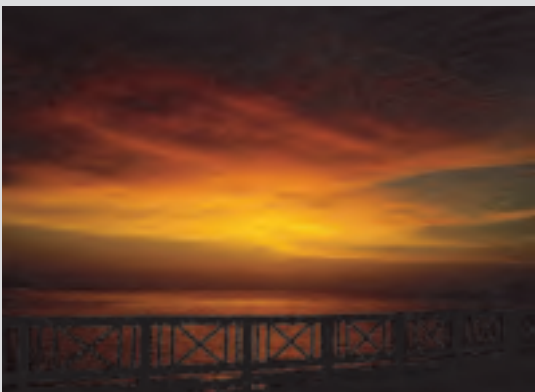


Carla Emmaneel & Melicia Sutherland

PHOTOGRAPHY



Carla Emmaneel



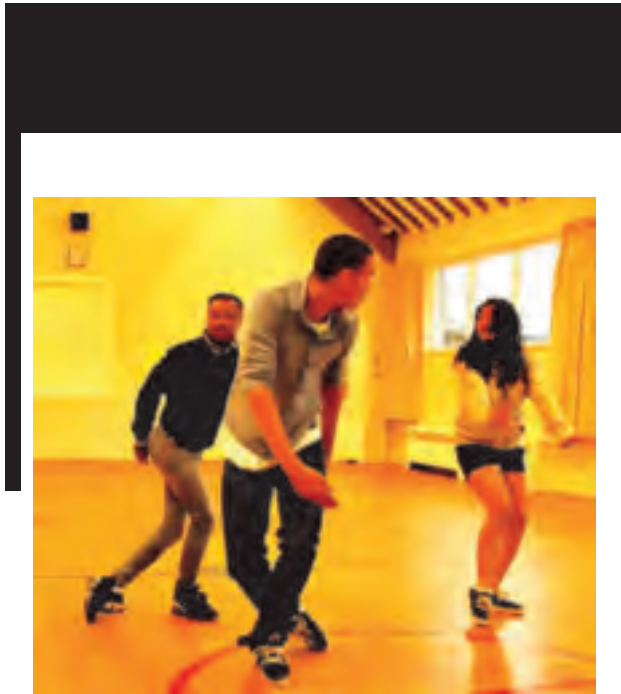
Melicia Sutherland

DANCE



Photography by:
Melissa Nicole Mathers

DANCE



Crown Holderz



Keep'n it Real



Fahed Fahed

StArt Team Thanks Denese Mathews

A Special thank you to a very special woman

Mentor, friend, teacher, confidant and at times psychotherapist. She has worn many hats throughout this project and our acquaintance. Her commitment to ensuring that the arts are accessible to all youth is only surpassed by her commitment to ensure that the youth she encounters are mentally, emotionally and physically healthy. I have yet to meet another person who has such a genuine wealth of lovekindness. She has a gift for engaging youth and encouraging them to seek/achieve self actualization.

Denese Mathews our artistic director and founder of Suite Life Arts for Youth, we have nothing but the utmost respect and admiration for you. You've given us all a place to call home through the Suite Life Arts for Youth program. This is where we all began to discover ourselves and develop our craft. Now that we have grown and left the nest, we discovered that the apple truly does not fall far from the tree. We all want to be just like you. You are the absolute epitome of what it means to be a role model.

Up from the roots of Suite Life Arts for Youth we "*started something*" and a new initiative was born. The Start YPA team could not exist without you. We so appreciate the time and relentless energy you put into helping us make this festival happen. Times when we felt like throwing in the towel, you refused gave up on us. You have been a beacon of light when all we could see was darkness, when the workload seemed immensurable you kept us focused, when the vision seemed impossible you kept us motivated, when the mountain seemed too high and mighty you showed us how to blow that sucker down. Words cannot describe what your commitment has meant to us.

On behalf of StArt YPA we just want to say...**YOU ROCK!!!**

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

We love you

Melicia Sutherland
on behalf of the StArt YPA team



SuiteLife

ARTS FOR YOUTH

We have come along way baby...

Since 1997

www.suitelifearts.org

MUSIC / LYRICS



Photography by:
Melissa Nicole Mathers

Steven Walker

MUSIC / LYRICS

When are you gonna StArt taking things seriously?

When are you gonna Finish making excuses?

I live through my passion

My passion is my music

I wanna StArt inspiring

And Finish the dirty cycle

Cause my high is a moon walk

A little bit like Michael

I love the sound of Harmony

It always touches my heart

And before we Finish

We must StArt

StArt something...

Finish it.Steve Harmony

Photography by:
Melissa Nicole Mathers

Thank You

The StArt Youth Presenting Art team, would like to recognize and thank the wonderful people who participated in the making of the first annual StArt YPA Festival.

First and foremost we would like to thank our mentors who have been there since the very beginning. Denese Matthews/Suite Life Arts for Youth who helped make our audacious dream of a Scarborough StArt YPA Festival into reality; Marva Ollivierre/Doe Eye Media Productions whose tutelage in the business of arts management played an integral role in helping us to build a strong foundation; Liz Gallo for sharing her expertise in Social Media and Marketing; and Al Shackleton from the Scarborough Mirror for his guidance on creating effective advertisement.

We greatly appreciate the generosity of time and talent contributed by the Artist teachers leading our StArt YPA Festival Workshops: Shavar Blackwood (Dance), Andrew Lee (Photography), Kieren MacMillan (Music), David McClyment (Fine Arts), Andrew Moodie (Theatre) and Al St.Louis (Spoken Word).

A very special thanks goes out to the Scarborough Community. Without the following organizations we could not make this happen. Theatre Scarborough for sharing the Scarborough Village Theatre with us, Scarborough Village Community Centre for donating their space for our Workshops. Christ Church for allowing us the space for our weekly meetings and auditions, Action for Neighborhood Change/ Scarborough Centre for Healthy Communities who played an integral part in community outreach and helping us find volunteers, The Scarborough Mirror donating advertising space, TD Bank, the City of Toronto, and Suite Life Arts for Youth for the invaluable mentors.

And, we want to give a big shout out to the Trillium Foundation for their financial contribution. Thank you!

Last but certainly not least, we would like to give a shout out to all the Amazing Youth Artists and volunteers that came along to help us StArt Something!

Sincerely, the StArt Youth Presenting Art team

A Night without the Moon

Pieces of me left behind on cotton bed sheets
I can't get them back
Muffled faces lost in dark places
It felt so good at the time
In those moments I did exist
After the climax I died
So raw, so empty inside
Silent tears crept down the flesh of my cheeks
All I wanted was salvation
When came the end
I longed to live again



Lost in Nowhere Land

Embrace the silence of the dark
Let it absorb all form of light
Disappear beyond the shadows
Into an abyss
They can't hear me
No one is there
Suddenly I'm confronted with fear
Searching for sanctuary
I escape in my solitude
I wallow there
Indulge my lack of faith
Spiral deep into the darkness
There misery needs no companion
Fall away former self
The need to fight no longer exists
Clear away future and past
Present is only an abstract concept
There is no happy place here
Just me



Sweet Serenity

So much Depends
Upon

The milk from
Her breasts

Two hearts beat
Silence

Weeping babies
Now rest



Please Stay

Follow me through shades of green
Let the abstract world crumble beneath our feet
Show me your deepest fears; I will not fear your affection
We shall dance through our souls
Relate with the instruments of our bodies
Promise never to fly
Always stay grounded



Old friend...Dedicated to my son

Oh old friend there you were again
 Apart of my soul that I had long forgotten
 I matured so quickly along the way
 Introduction to the real world
 left little time for child's play
 As the bump in my belly began to show
 The naysayers said my life had nowhere left to go
 While pregnant encouragement and self worth I lacked
 But you came along and gave it all back
 Oh old friend thanks for that

Oh old friend born with eyes open wide
 From your penetrating stare I could not hide
 Beautiful flecks of brown green and gold
 Gazed deeply, piercing the inner depths of my soul
 The first time I held u in my arms
 I as a person became a whole
 Your deliverance into this world charged me to embrace my fears
 I could no longer live frivolous and free from cares
 I knew then what I had to do
 I had to pave a better life for you

Oh old friend
 Your presence lit a fire within me
 I now know life is infinite
 And filled with endless possibilities
 Then, like a thief in the night
 You robbed me of my former identity
 For I could foresee that u expected greatness from me
 So back to school I went to change
 To seek higher education and make the grade
 To build a life that you could be proud of
 And a future that we could be sure of

Oh old friend
 All that was lost I found within you
 What I though was old suddenly became brand new
 Though this journey has been one of immense difficulty
 I will never look back
 So many times I wanted to give up
 But your love kept me on track
 You are my light and salvation
 The reason for my dedication
 Oh old friend, thanks for that



Photography by:
 Courtenay Modeste

Total eclipse of the heart...

In the beginning I did not recognize who you were
but whispers in the back of my mind kept repeating
"You Know Him".

Hidden behind the dark underline of your eyes and that small
gap in your teeth
I saw something familiar
I know you

In this lifetime you came in a different form, but I remember.
I remember you.
Our first embrace you gently massaged the small of my back,
the vibration penetrated my spine and escaped through my belly button.
I knew you.

You drew me in closer I anticipated the softness of your lips
your kiss was more than delicious.
I felt you.
I felt as if a trigger had been pulled, I was shot!
the shock jolted me and instantly I remembered who you were.
You are Moon...you are Moon...you are Moon!
Simultaneously I remembered that I was Sun...I am Sun
For good reason the memory of us had been pushed back in the
recess of my mind
At that point my heart began to break
I knew you.
I know who we are.
Star crossed Lovers destined to be apart for a million eternities
Oh how my soul weeps.
What treachery had we forged in sight of the Gods to deserve
such a punishment?
I know you
I know who we are

You are Moon, I am Sun, ever so rare to shine at the same time
and even far more rare to join.
The only resolution would be a total eclipse,
effects of which would be catastrophic to those around us.
My every instinct says to defy the Gods and make it work.
Then doubt crawls into my mind and brings along its ugly cousin
fear
they keep taunting me, asking me
how can a fish and a bird build a home?
I want to stand up tall and shout love conquers all!
but does it? does it?

Here comes doubt again
Then fear reminds me of what "love" has done to me
and suddenly I am saddened
I have been badly beaten by love,
left with scars on the inside of my mind that refuse to
heal.
Loves Keloids are a constant reminder of loss,

Miscarriages and missed marriages,
missed opportunities, and proposals left still unfulfilled.
Constant images of an ideal love seem to mock me
I hate it!
I pray God please make it go away, but it won't
it stalks me.
Bringing upon dark clouds to hinder my day.
Blocking my ability to think free, focus.
I am Sun, meant to shine
you are Moon how can you be mine?

So rare of us to join
how can a fish and a bird build a home
These thoughts have left me in ruins, shambles of a
former me.
my tears provide no comfort yet they won't stop falling
I've conditioned my heart to be deaf to you
yet your soul keeps persistently calling.
Is this not the most cruel of intentions!
I ask myself
what have we done to the Gods to deserve such a punishment
I remember who we are
I knew you
I know you
You are moon...I am Sun
What have we done!

SPOKEN WORD / POETRY

Give Me A Shun

Care to give some explanation
To where you're going – destination
Falls apart to fascination
Of the greatest desperation
Can lead to such gross perspiration
Smelly, naughty cancellation
To go and do some exploration
When every second admiration
Follows mad molestation

I give you some congratulation
In where we live inside a nation
When passion is in syncopation
And our lives grow green plantation
Of the flowers in a station
Field the story's moderation
And takes them into your frustration
Until we state when the completion
Is settled at its end

You will never stop the war
Until it's at its mend
These thoughts in every single world
Coming down to Earth in every word
You see the story, when it starts
But you just die and throw the darts
And hit the target, win the game
Your love will never be the same
So here's the care for explanation
And where I'm going –destination

Falling is my fascination
Of the greatest desperation
Gives me stupid perspiration
That smells the naughty cancellation
Going to do the exploration
Was followed by molestation
Mad with your congratulation
Living deep inside this nation
My music lives in syncopation
On a hill with some plantation
Takes a GO bus to the station
Fielding only in moderation
The story takes place inside frustration
Until we state when the completion
Is over
Dead
And gone

When talking to a girl whose Heart has been Broken 1 too Many times

I once asked a girl how it feels to Love

She Replied:

I wish I could have something Like
a star crossed Lovers gaze turned my way
Without it being crossed and perverted or Broken or distorted
By fate and circumstance and all the things that make me cry
Cry and scream and fight and cuss and just down right
Brokenhearted

So I take this moment and as selfish as it may seem
I really just wanna scream out
WHY CAN'T I HAVE ANYTHING I WANT!!!!!!

crazy right?

In reality,
I feel
The same pain every time I offer my heart as collateral
And it is tossed by the wayside trampled upon and left barely beating

I should have learned by now

But I must have a large capacity for "Love"
And a high pain Tolerance

I just wanna be quiet in a corner where nothing Can harm me

But What is Life without experiencing Love and pain and Happiness and sadness

Reggae Music Wynin

Lawd Geez!

The **Natural Mystic** is speaking to my soul again
causing a compulsion that causes me to raise my hand and grab my head
I shake free my natty and give myself over to the spirit that is reggae music

Fadda Please!

It seems that I'm under that spell again
That causes me to close my eyes, and my lungs to breath it in
The sweet sultry sounds that **Mr. Issacs** sends -
"Night Nurse.." it's in that tune that I always quench my thirst

I feel like nothing can hurt me when I'm in this trance

Cause **Junior Kelly** was right
this thing called love isn't always nice
but I find my healing in the one drop and Bass

Oh Gawd!

"There she goes again"
swirling and curling my hips,
making my thick thighs realize what God gave them to me for
skankin and rolling myself into a spiritual understanding

Seeming to cause envy in ladies when their men can't help but watch as they
wish they could be the one to hold on for even just one sweet rub-a-dub
willing even to take a circular **Korexion** from my waists non verbal instructions - but they
know better cause **no, no, no** woman would allow their dude to hold on to something that
will cause an unquenchable thirst
But **it's all bless**

Cause I rather Wyne alone

The Breaking

Missing days of completeness
 contentment
 and quiet hearts
 No tears no hate no fighting and no pain
 Just laughter and hugs and honest conversations
 Days when we were sung to sleep by the sweet cooing of
 babies
 Laughing at first smiles and bubbles blowing in the wind
 Representations of the Genesis of our Love
 In my heart he dwells, in my heart she lives
 Wishing we could once again walk hand in hand
 Hoped we could be led by The Moses of your creation
 Down concrete streets that lead to harbourfronts in the heart
 of our city
 I loved you once the way you loved me
 Still do
 And now as waves breaking against the rocks as ships crash
 into the coastline
 And forest fires burning unstoppable
 Our pain has manifested itself in noise and chaos
 And we are no longer one
 15 parts moving as one
 We've broken
 Shattered into a million shards of glass
 Grinding down to sand
 Will we love once more or is it truly over
 What matters now
 Are only four hands and four feet
 Be gentle walk strong
 Don't be like us sweet babies
 Those who have forgotten the peace
 In working together
 Those who can only remember
 The artisanship of creating out of pain
 And the Truth of
 The Breaking
 Of all our hearts

To have breath is to have the opportunity to create.

Caprice Duncan

Bianca Johnson

Fears don't exist

i'm not sure where i'm going but i know i want **out of this place**
 make up running down my face, i'm **so far from perfect now**
 take me away... *take me somewhere my fears don't exist*
 i feel like i'm drowning in my **insecurities**
 i want to escape *but i have nothing* to leave with
 i did **make a promise** but maybe i need help this time
 i'm *trapped in a world* with hate and judgement
 and i'm **running out of places to hide**

Icarids

well don't you look silly now you must be thinking
smiling wryly to yourselves and each other at an in
joke we simply
don't or didn't get
you laughed when we wished to break free.
told us our shackles were in fact bracelets
and how pretty they were

we angered you with our desire to achieve such
lofty heights with
wings crafted from dreams delicate as goose-down.
our insolence enraged you as you smiled falsely
handing us (un)necessary tools
pointing out errors here and there
"perhaps we would be able to fly higher if we
lost ten pounds and wore a little lipstick and acted
like ladies".

you watched as we played at paste
ever the helpful guide 'til we were driven mad
(but you had pills for that: better comatose than
questioning)
You watched mask-like as we ascended
flew toward the great jeweled eye of the sun
you watched impassively as we were no longer
climbing but instead found ourselves
(failing)....falling
dragged by your sandbag expectations
your beautiful "womanly" winged executive house-
wife supermodels
your feminine ballast.

every thing seems so tiny, the waves crash and roll
below us
perhaps the ocean will sympathize
having watched countless others pour sand through
sieves
(a good thing we learned how to swim)

Kimberly Dawkins

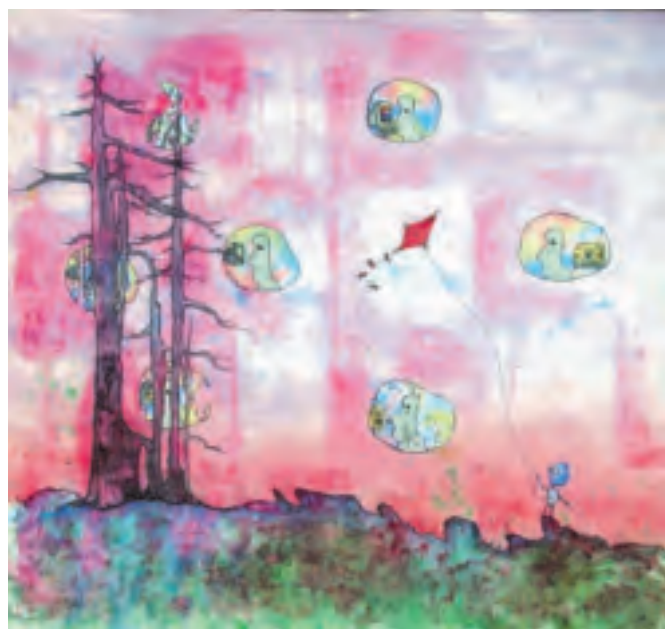
The Silence that could kill me

I knew this silent girl for quite awhile.
Who lost that spark and twinkle in her eye.
I'm yearning to see that beloved smile,
That was once too sweet, it could make me cry.
She sits in corners without desire.
No hope, no drive from the unprovoked teen.
She lacks the sparks to create a bright fire.
She blends in walls, not wanting to be seen.
I live on memories to keep hope alive.
With faith, we can form a bond forever more.
And when this great day finally arrives,
As high as a kite, our friendship will soar.

I quiver with the thought it will ever be,
the silence that could possibly kill me.

Renee Hodges













YOUTH PRESENTING ART

Saturday August 13, 2011

From
12 noon - 7pm
Free Admission &
Refreshments
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FINE ART

SPOKEN
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DJ

PHOTOGRAPHY

DANCE

CRAFTS

DRUM
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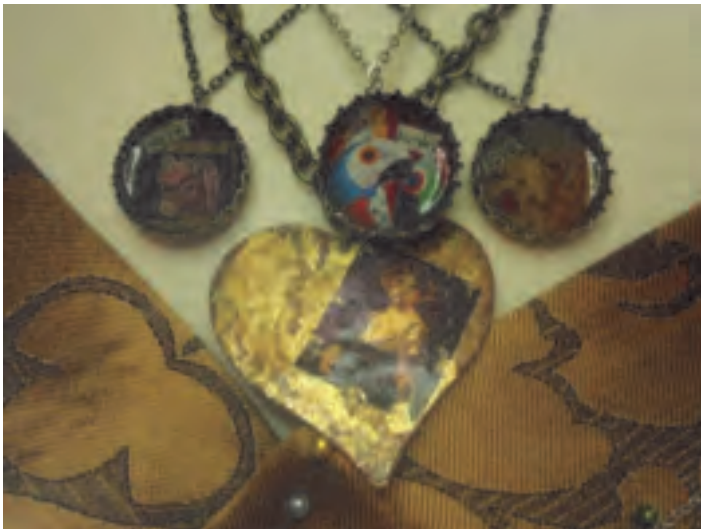
Osvaldo Sales

WEARABLE ART



Kimberly Dawkins

CRAFTS



Community Support



Theatre Scarborough (formerly known as Playhouse 66) is the umbrella organization that for the last 30 years has supported Scarborough Players, Scarborough Music Theatre and Scarborough Theatre Guild producing plays at the Scarborough Village Theatre. It is a charitable, not-for-profit volunteer-based organization whose purpose is to promote community interest in live theatre including comedy, drama and musical theatre.

Through the 11 productions in a season, the companies of Theatre Scarborough provide volunteer opportunities for the community to learn and improve skills on and off stage while providing great entertainment at a very reasonable price. Working with Parks and Recreation, TS has provided, at no or low cost, after-school and Saturday morning drama programs for youth in the community and volunteer hours to high school students while continuing to explore with other organizations how best to support their work in the community. Theatre Scarborough is pleased to support StArtYPA.



Toronto Community News, which publishes The Scarborough Mirror, is part of Metroland Media - Ontario's largest and most successful community newspaper publisher.

Founded in 1962, The Scarborough Mirror has been providing community news to Scarborough residents for almost 50 years.

With a press run of more than 115,000, The Scarborough Mirror is published on Thursdays and Fridays and delivered to homes across the community.

Along with covering news, sports, entertainment and education stories, The Scarborough Mirror is also an active participant in the community - sponsoring numerous groups, events and local festivals.

Along with The Scarborough Mirror, Toronto Community News also publishes The Beach-Riverdale Mirror, The Bloor West Villager, The City Centre Mirror, The East York-Leaside-Riverdale Mirror, The Etobicoke Guardian, The North York Mirror, The Parkdale-Liberty Villager, The York Guardian, Toronto Business Times and the insidetoronto.com website.



Action for Neighborhood Change, ANC, is funded by United Way of Toronto to increase resident involvement and capacity in Toronto's 13 priority neighbourhoods. Scarborough Centre for Health Communities, SCHC, formerly known as West Hill Community Services, has been the lead agency for the ANC programs in Eglinton East Kennedy Park (since 2006) and Scarborough Village (since 2007). ANC EEKP and ANC SV have been supporting residents and local business in their neighbourhoods under the umbrella of Mid Scarborough Community Initiative and Scarborough Village Neighbourhood Association, respectively. ANC brings together residents to identify shared issues, barriers and opportunities; prioritize needs; plan and responded to local needs; and build on local assets through developing meaningful partnerships and resources with service providing agencies, funders and the three levels of governments.



Christ Church



City of Toronto Parks and Recreation

Sponsors

Ontario
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TD Community Giving

TD invests in communities to make a positive impact where it does business and where our customers, clients and employees live and work. In 2010, TD donated over \$50 million to support community organizations in Canada, the United States and the United Kingdom. In Canada, we focus on Education and Financial Literacy, Creating Opportunities for Young People, and the Environment. For more information, visit www.td.com/corporateresponsibility.

Contribution à la collectivité de La Banque TD

La Banque TD investit dans les collectivités afin de changer le cours des choses là où elle exerce ses activités et là où ses clients et employés vivent et travaillent. En 2010, La Banque TD a offert plus de 50 millions de dollars pour soutenir des organismes communautaires au Canada, aux États-Unis et au Royaume-Uni. Au Canada, ses priorités sont l'éducation et l'initiation aux finances, la création d'occasions pour les jeunes, ainsi que l'environnement. Pour obtenir plus de renseignements, visitez le site <http://www.td.com/francais/responsabilite/index.jsp>.

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StArt Youth Presenting Art production team:

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IT!

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