

point is linked to a major component, not sufficiently tackled during the workshop, the socio-political context of a refugee situation. Planning refugee programs without having an in-depth knowledge of the host society, the host government's refugee policy or the country of origin at the time of repatriation is prone to failure.

However, this framework will be a very useful tool which will facilitate program and project planning, implementation and evaluation. It points out some critical components too often overshadowed. "It reminds us that women, as well as men, are active producers in the economy and society and that one critical variable in program planning is change in the gender division of roles, responsibilities and resources". ■

#### Notes

1. Anderson, M. B., Howarth, A. M. and Overholt, C.: "A Framework for People-Oriented Planning in Refugee Situations, Taking Account of Women, Men and Children. A Practical Planning Tool for Refugee Workers," UNHCR, Geneva, December, 1992.

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#### The New... *continued from page 21*

Research Facility to the refugee bar precedents and materials supporting refugee claims and appeals, particularly in test cases. This latter recommendation is aimed at improving the quality of the representation generally available to refugee claimants through the private bar and as also saving legal aid costs that would otherwise be incurred by the production of those arguments and materials in individual lawyers' offices.

The refugee pilot project staff office will operate for the next three years at the provincial office of legal aid on University Avenue in Toronto. It is estimated that about 1,150 cases annually, including hearings and expedited cases before the IRB and applications for judicial review in the Federal Court, could be handled by this office. It is projected that some cost savings on a per-client basis to the Ontario Legal Aid Plan should be realized over the three years. ■

## "God Has Left Me."

Lloyd Jones

The day blossomed as Canada celebrated its 126th birthday. The early morning Thunder Bay sunshine gave us a sigh of relief after days of rain, cloud and below normal temperatures. Biniam was our Ethiopian guest. Sponsored a few months back, Biniam came to us through Greece as a refugee. Escaping the horrors of civil war, Biniam was only fourteen when he was sent to Athens by his mother and brother. Now in Canada, we had noticed Biniam retreating inside himself. His replies to questions were barely a few words or short sentences. For long periods, he stared into space as he sat on a bench outside our home. The grass was velvet green, thicker than usual because of the rain. The petunias, marigolds and lilacs glistened with the early morning dew. The birds sang their cheery songs. Such was the beginning of Canada Day, 1993.

Our house already had the buzz of activity. As our home is also an international hostel, travellers were up and about, toileting, packing, preparing breakfast and planning their day's activities.

Our home is very close to the 11-17 highway, the two-lane, 80 kilometre stretch of roadway where all trans-Canada traffic is funnelled leading to and from Thunder Bay. Traffic was heavier than usual going west. Many were tourists crossing Canada. Others were locals going to Old Fort William where Canada Day is celebrated in grand style. Still others were Thunder Bayites heading to their cottages along Lake Superior or to Dorion Bible Camp or to Sleeping Giant Provincial Park. Some local people stayed home to tend their gardens, receive family friends and relax at home.

"We're having pancakes, Biniam," I shouted. "Would you like some?" No response; but then, that was like Biniam

sometimes. The night before, for some strange reason, Biniam had been pouring over our National Geographic atlas. He had also shown me two New Testaments in the Ahmaric language. I commented to him that one was a Gideon Testament, to which he acknowledged with a slight smile, something rare in Biniam's behaviour. During one of his many moments of sitting and staring on the white bench by the front lawn, I tried to find out more about his solitary, meditative behaviour. He replied several times, "God has left me."

Biniam had wandered away before but had returned after walking long distances. But somehow on that day, we became concerned after a few hours and called the Ontario Provincial Police to be on the lookout for him. He had not taken his belongings, and had left his running shoes where they had been the night before. He had carefully made his bed. That he had wanted to go back to Ethiopia was apparent. He had even sent his passport to the Ethiopian embassy for renewal. Our thoughts had wandered back to a church outing the weekend before in nearby Sleeping Giant Provincial Park. Biniam joined us, and we were impressed with his skill, agility and strength as he played volleyball on the beach of Lake Marie-Louise. We had spent a happy time touring the new visitor centre, with Biniam taking interest in the exhibits.

He had been interviewed for a "Futures" program with Youth Employment, and his prospect of being accepted was strong. He had never shown academic promise in his tests to enter high school in Thunder Bay, and we felt this would buoy him. His morose and depressed condition continued to gnaw at us, and this good news cheered us up considerably, hoping that Biniam too, would rejoice.

It was 10:30 p.m., the sun having just set in the northern sky. I remember the relief when the squad car rolled into the

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