

Why I Love Being Canadian

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Why new Olympic mittens say it all...I love being Canadian. The mere sight of the red yarn stitching and the white maple leaves are enough to touch something deep in every Canadian heart. It is hard to pinpoint exactly why I love being Canadian, but perhaps it is easier to describe the feeling rather than to write a treatise on national pride. So here it goes:

Perhaps it is the pure joy of steamy hot chocolate
After a long romp in the snow outside;
The long road trips in golden fields
Topped with a dazzling blue sky;
The mountains capped with snow,
Majestic silhouettes in the morning glow,
And cobalt lakes hemmed in with evergreens;
The vast white north, of the midnight sun,
And the east, with its cities full of life;
The outmost west with its solemn sequoias,
From coast to coast, panoramas of grandeur.

Or maybe it is the rumble of fans
In the hockey stands;
The excitement over every Olympic gold;
A fiery passion for all snow sports, mild and daring,
The crowd at the ice rink down the road;

Or maybe it is our taste in cuisine
Hot maple syrup rolled on snow
Tim with his coffee and donuts, always fresh,
A 'Triple A' steak from the Alberta plains,
The singing lobsters of the Maritimes,
And patriotic beer in the pantry.

Maybe it could be the people
A mosaic from every tribe and nation
Come together to make one country to call home.
Or perhaps it's the seas of red and white
Under bursts of garish light
As we celebrate our birthday as a nation.

Perhaps it is our love for all things green,
The snug winter tuque on our heads,
Those time-honored words and pronunciations
We have *been* (not 'bin') using *a-gain* and *a-gain*,
Our peaceful relations with countries far-and-wide.
So finishes my tribute to the "True north strong and free",
I know that once you go there,
You'll understand and agree with me.