

A Quick Drive Thru Quebec

A Westerner's Introduction to Quebec

We Canadians are justifiably proud of our diverse and beautiful country, and it is amazing that it works as well as it does considering how different and regional our populations are.

It is exceedingly sad to realize how little we tend to know about other regions of the country. Only when we experience it for ourselves, do we begin to understand the many regions of our own country and our fellow citizens.

Westerners are often shocked when they visit Quebec. It is not unusual to hear them say, "I never knew how beautiful it was!"

Unfortunately, a quick drive by isn't really enough. Our perspectives are shaped by ingrained attitudes and first impressions.

It works both ways too. I've heard Albertans and British Columbians say they refuse to go east of the Saskatchewan border; but I've also talked to Quebecers who would rather stay home. They're both missing out. The east/west divide is more significant than the north/south border. Many Calgarians identify more closely with Montana and Texas than they do with eastern Canada, while many Montrealers prefer Florida to the "rest of Canada".

The most startling revelation for me came from a fourth generation English Quebecer. Every time I talked to him over the years I had the opportunity to visit my wife's family cottage, he recounted the time in his youth when we was disappointed by a visit west. Apparently, as a young man, he had always wanted to go see the west. As soon as he could, he did. And quickly retreated back home; never to leave again.

The language barrier can admittedly be a problem in more rural areas, but again, it goes both ways. Another sadness of our situation is that in this country, we are allowed to consider ourselves educated while only being able to speak one language.

Our own experience is that we've always encountered people who did whatever they could to make us welcome. In fact, we were often embarrassed to have them apologizing for not quite understanding us; when in fact, they were in their own backyard and we were the ones not being able to communicate.

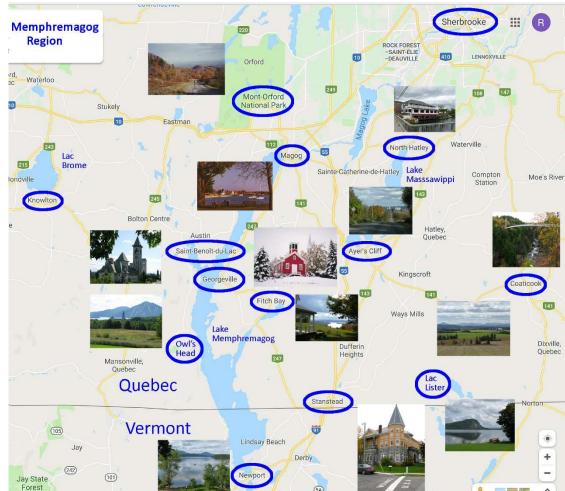
A smile always helped though.

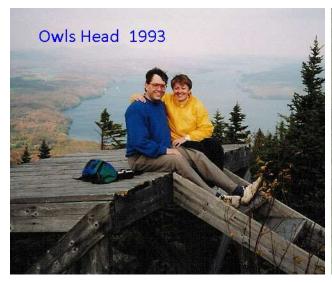


The Eastern Townships

I have to admit to a certain bias when it comes to this region: the first time I visited, my wife and I got engaged.

She had been rightfully boasting about the area surrounding the family cottage – and so after coaxing her to climb to the summit of Owl's Head, and thinking she looked like she wanted to kill me, I thought I'd better retrieve the ring from its hiding place in the camera bag. It became the first of several hikes up hills she will never forgive me for.











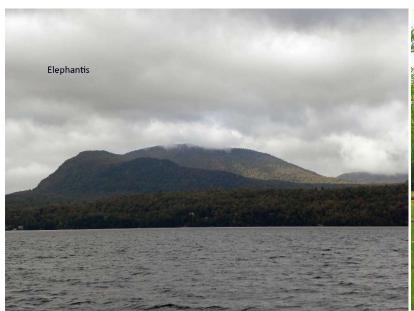
















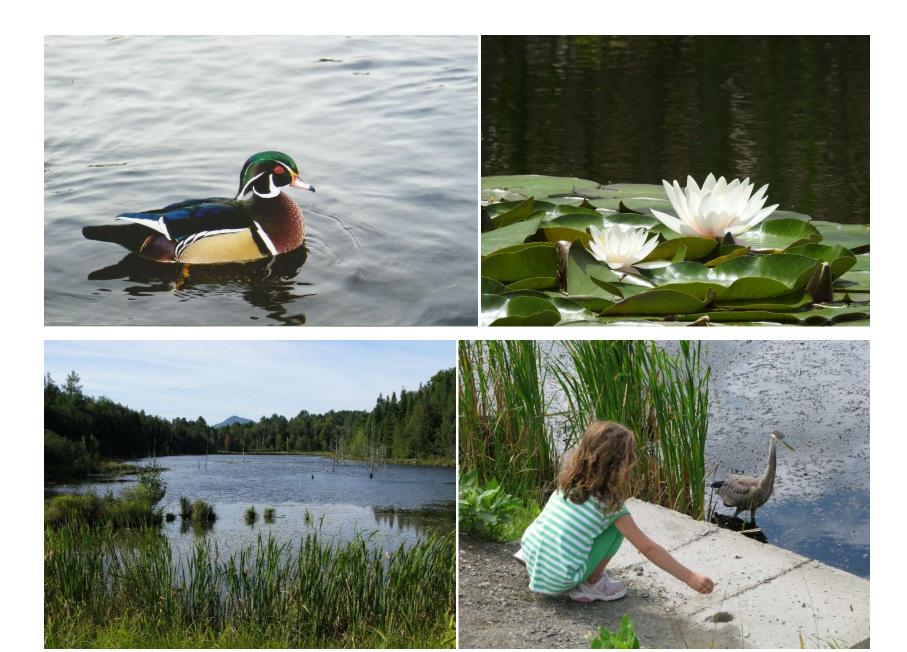










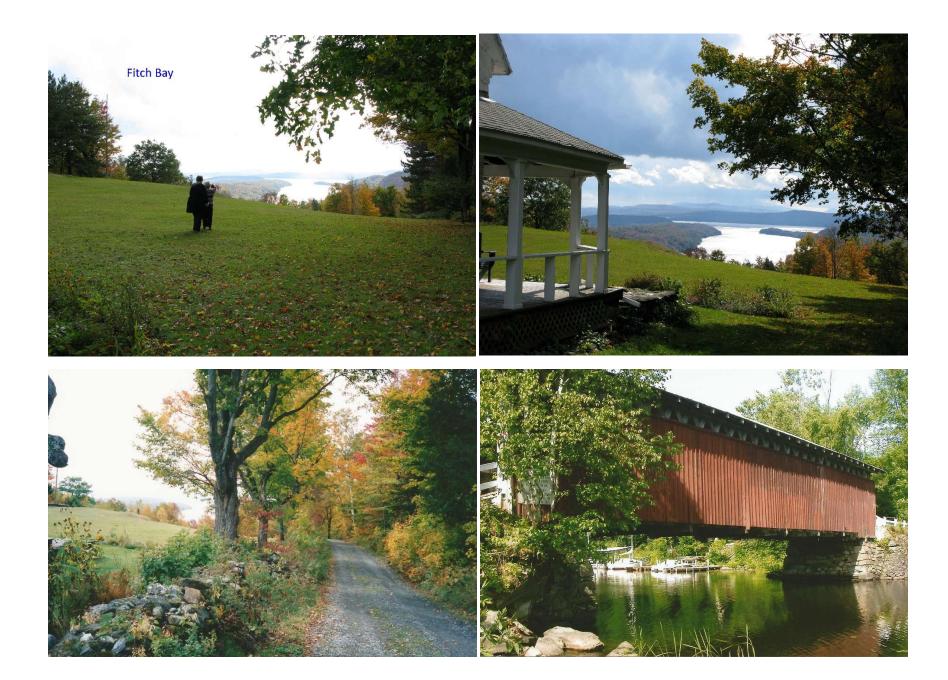










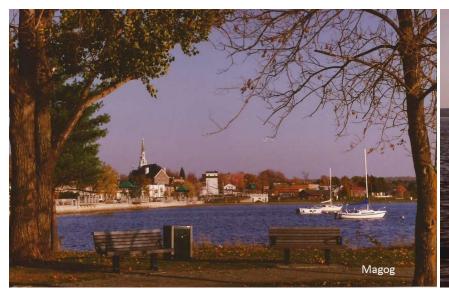








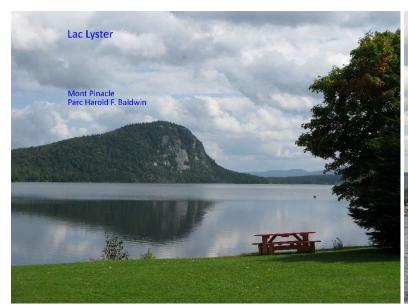




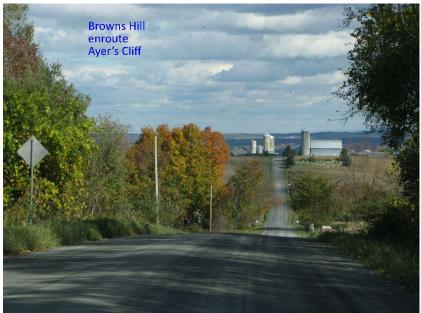














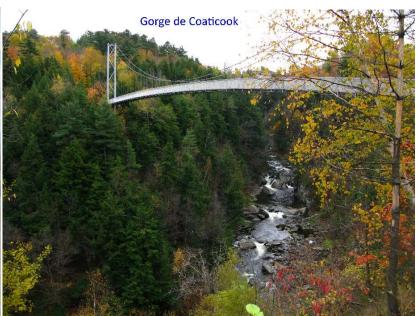


























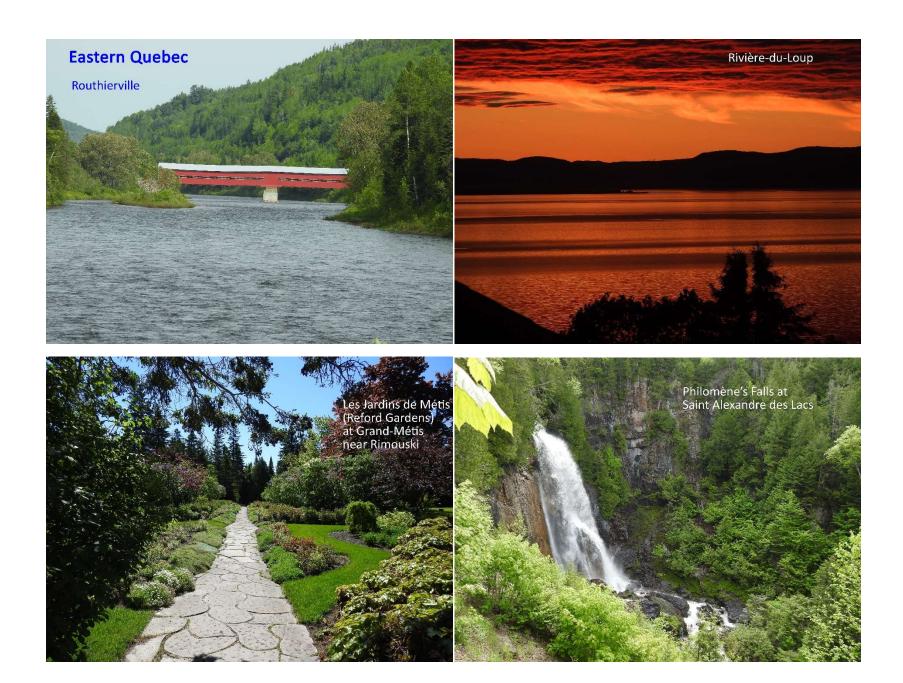










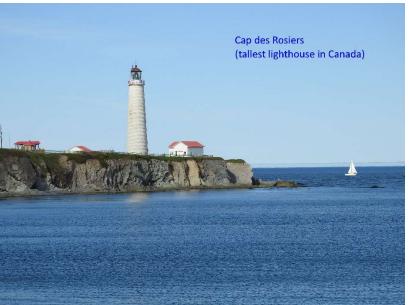


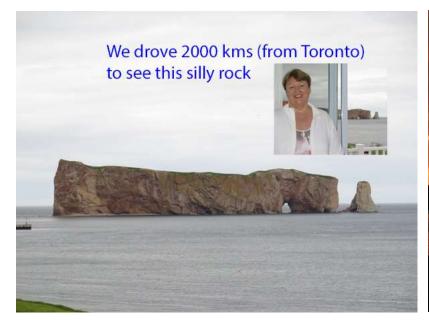


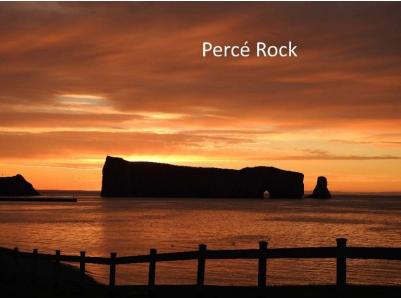






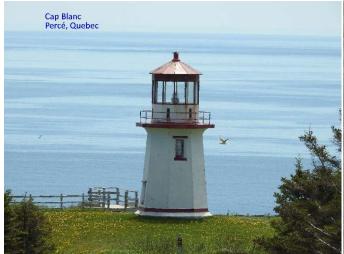


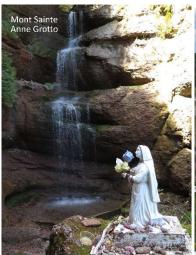












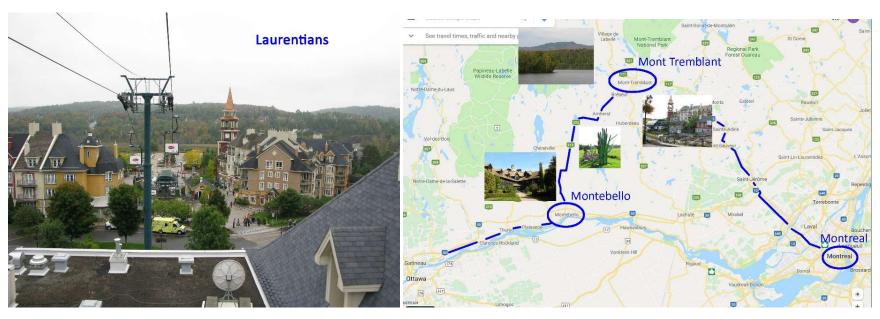








































Quebec City

