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moving to Quebec. But that is then and this is now. It hardly seems real considering the routine that I have slipped into and thoroughly enjoy.

If I thought I could slip unnoticed into the life of this village, I really didn't learn much living in the county. At first the post mistress, the landlady, the woman across the road and even my friend Louis' family spoke in wonder and some confusion about my moving from 'Toronto' (everyone who lives in Ontario comes from Toronto) to St. Alban. They could not understand why a seemingly sane person would move to a solidly French rural community on the north shore of the St. Laurent. The consensus was that after a month I would run screaming back to Ontario never to be heard from again. Ah but this 'Anglo' is made of sterner stuff. I don't expect to run screaming back to Ontario for at least another 30 years or so. Having reassured everyone by adjusting to village life, including going to mass and joining a Yoga class, that I was quite prepared to remain I am become less of a novelty. Much as in the county, everyone either knows or is related to everyone else. I only needed to appear in the bank, the grocery store and the post office to be 'known' to the community. From then on, with the exception of my phone number, I had to offer no other information when I did business - they already knew who I was and after I explained at the post office and the bank why I moved here I never had to do that again either.

So it is official. I am a resident of Quebec complete with health card, driver's license and post office box. It is inconvenient that my language skills in French would shame your average 4 year old, but language lessons that are in the works and more exposure to situations where I must use French will and are solving that problem.

It is interesting that the very first time I voted in a Federal Election I was living in Quebec. I keep hearing political pundits refer to voter apathy across the country in all the provinces and here is no exception. But I beg to disagree with the word 'apathy'. The sense I get is that of a deep mistrust of government. There is a feeling of futility, that no one elected is truly going to listen or respond to the concerns of those who elected them. There is the fact of the British North America Act that predetermined the powers granted to then Upper and Lower Canada, now Quebec and Ontario, through the guarantee of their representation in the House of Commons. There is the diminishing representation of rural areas and of rural interests because the votes are no longer there but in the large urban centers. There is the need to make a living within the framework created by the increasing bureaucracy inflicted on the citizenry by a civil service allowed to run amuck by somewhat less than knowledgeable politicians. To sum it up, it is persons elected to governments, both provincial and federal, who have no vision for the betterment of the province or the country as a whole. Persons who pursue their own narrow agenda, fueled by their personal desire for power in one form or another and the continuation of their individual role in this power structure, that have discouraged and all but destroyed our belief in this political process. This is not apathy, this is voter frustration, and were I a politician I would begin to take this frustration seriously.

To politics closer to home or at least, my heart, I am impressed with the County Council elected. I read through the names of those elected and thought of the personalities of those whose names I recognised. What a great blend of old and new in terms of service on municipal council. What a good mix of small letter socialist, conservative and liberal. This is council that could do great things for the county and serve the community well. Congratulations Monica - I think you will represent Ward 9, the community of South Marysburgh, with insight and honesty.

I started this column with, 'My First Christmas in Quebec - and I won't be here for it' and I suppose that is worth an explanation. Kathy and I are off to Victoria, B.C. to spend Christmas with my sons or her brothers, depending on which of us you are talking to. We are looking forward to this trip together. It will be the first time that Kathy can remember being on an aeroplane and what an



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