

How I got my canoe

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I developed my love for canoe camping at a summer camp north of Peterborough called Kemonoya. In each of the four summers I spent there, I made sure to go on a canoe trek in the lakes and rivers of the Peterborough area. I loved it.

But after graduating from high school I didn't get much of a chance to indulge myself while at university. In fact, it took a call from an old university roommate of mine visiting from France wanting to disappear in the bush to remind me of that old joy.



Check out that dent. Our plan was a simple one-night stay in Frontenac Provincial Park north of Kingston. I rented a beautiful 44lb Kevlar canoe, got directions for a spot where we could scare ourselves silly cliffdiving and we headed off. We found the diving spot without too much difficulty and that's where our fun began.

After tying the canoe to a tree down below, I began climbing up the rock wall. Halfway up I grabbed hold of a nice rock and as I began pulling myself higher, it started to move. Then it started sliding out of the rock face. And then to my horror, it began falling down to the water below - right where the canoe was resting. Thankfully it bounced off the back of the canoe and into the water but it put a nice dent into the canoe on its way.

End result was that it made more financial sense for me to buy the canoe and have it for my own use than have it repaired for the outfitter alone - and that's how I got my canoe.