

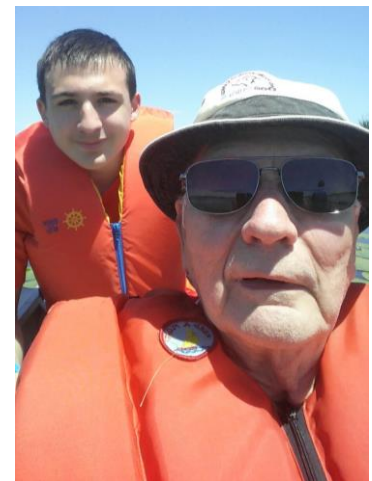
My trip starts on 25<sup>th</sup> June with lots of dreams and expectations for a month which is not a mere holiday in a foreign, far country, but it is, above all, the discovery of the “true life” of Canada.

Despite an unfortunate accident in the airport (my flight is delayed by 7 hours), I arrive in Canada as happy as a lark; here, I realize how small my country is, because my first host, Curtis, considers the 3-hour journey back to his house as “a short journey” ( actually, you can cross the whole Italy in that time span).

I find myself at ease with Curtis and some Lions members who carry me around Canada. In particular, the most exciting experiences in the first



10 days are kayaking in Point Pelee like the old colonizers, adventuring through the wild nature. Likewise, it is definitely wonderful and suggestive to take



part in the celebrations for Canada Day and to watch a historical commemoration in which the first colonizers relive the stages of the foundations of

Canada 149 years ago. On the same day, we see a typically American rodeo.

After a few days I move to another family who – help!!! - is hosting for the first time, so questions as “ what will they be like?” or “will they come up to my expectations?” spring to my mind. In the following 10 days I get the answers: they are even better than the previous host since they make me and the other



guest feel at home.

In these days, the highlight is visiting Toronto, a huge and amazing metropolis: we admire it from the top of the CN tower, then we pay a long visit to ROM



shows.

Then, unfortunately (or luckily, I would not say), it is time for the last week of my trip near London in a camp in the middle of a big park owned by the Lions district A1. Here, I meet 10 guys who are going to share the same experience. After lunch we make acquaintance with each other before putting up tents.

On the following 7 days we sometimes are served meals right in the camp by Lions groups; at other times, we move to other places where different Lions

groups cook for us.

Many are the activities in the camp, such as seeing the Niagara falls, going horse riding through Canadian woods, relaxing on the beach,



(Royal Ontario Museum), where we feast our eyes with everything, from dinosaurs to ancient Roman finds and Canadian potteries. I also have time to visit some vintage car



visiting Rock Glen Falls and walking into an interesting museum featuring fossils found in Canada. We really enjoyed our time!

Together with the other guys, we form a close relationship and I firmly believe that a camp means knowing cultures other than ours.

Unluckily, I can't think of any drawbacks related to my unforgettable trip.

