

## Dear Jack

by Anna Davey - Tuesday, August 21, 2012

<https://politicsrespun.org/2012/08/dear-jack/>

Dear Jack,

It's 2012. Do you know where your children are?

They're wondering why our Prime Minister [would cut the funding](#) for the science he claims will determine the future of the Northern Gateway pipeline, a project that a significant portion of the population opposes.

They're in the streets in Montreal and the rest of Quebec, [protesting fee hikes](#) that would signify the end of affordable post-secondary education in the province.

They are bickering about whether it is important for your family to disclose the specific cancer that killed you, in the ostensible name of the public's [right to know the health](#) concerns of their leaders.

They're discussing [Mulcair's style of leadership](#), whether he's taking the NDP in the right direction, whether the gains in Quebec are worth the shift toward aggressive, divisive politics.

They're criticizing Harper's decision to buy largely [untested F-35 fighter jets](#).

They're [writing letters](#) to you.

And as for me, Jack?

I'm remembering lots of things. Speeches, public appearances, campaigns, political coups. But mostly, I'm remembering a cold, wet night in 2003, standing outside a coffee shop, when a diminutive woman I barely knew ran up to me, hugged me, and sobbed with relief and delight. "We got him! We got Jack!"

It's 2012, and I know where my children are. (Two sleeping upstairs, one sleeping over at her best friend's house next door, one chirpily refusing to contemplate sleep at all.) And I'm thinking about the Canada that I want to leave them, and I'm realizing it's your Canada.

A Canada of love.

And hope.

And optimism.

A Canada that can change the world.

