



Joanna Perrault (Cody)

Member since 1979

Long before I was born, my parents made the best decision of my life by joining Alpine in the '60s. I grew up riding the little T-bar and banging my poles on the walls of the mid-way tunnel. Eventually, I graduated to the two big T-bars, and if you were lucky, you could find a 'single' to take you up one of the double chairs. One of my fondest memories with my father, who was a ride or die skier, is our ritual of taking the old double chair in the morning before joining my team. My hands would be so cold so he'd give me his gloves to stay warm. We'd then get first tracks on Arrowhead and if we were really lucky, ski some untouched Ontario powder on the shoulder where the groomers couldn't reach. Some of the best memories with my mom are more recent. She's 85 and still joining her grandkids on the hill for a few runs – she's a legend.

Once I was old enough, I joined the racing program. Making Team Red in the Mountain Dew league and getting your team hat was the best reason to race. I can still remember each one of my coaches' names and how much I wanted to impress them – whether it was at a race or ripping through the switchback trails in a tuck.

I loved it so much that I became a coach myself, and did so for many years. I still remember the pure enjoyment of being out on the hill, watching history repeat itself as my little racers tried to impress me, whether in a race or hucking backflips off the jumps.

Today, my own kids have the same opportunity. I get to watch as they are molded into great little skiers and people, eager to impress their coaches (who happen to be their uncle) while also doing fun, sometimes silly, things on the hill. On our Sunday drives home, we talk about the thrill of being in the start right before that push to the first gate, how good the fries were this weekend, or the rush of landing a 360.

If it's even possible, over the years my love of racing has grown. My husband and I continue to enjoy the competition, cheering on our friends, relishing in our wins, making excuses for our losses, and geeking out over our new gear. Our joy on the slopes also translates off the hill where my kids are making lifelong friends while Mom and Dad enjoy the après and a beer(s). The only comparison I can make is that Alpine is like summer camp but for the entire family – you have the best time and make lifelong friendships in the process.

