

ALL IN

ON TRADITION



Tannis Toohey
Member since 1970



First year coaches: (left to right) Jordan Glick, Jennifer Buckley, Tannis Toohey, Sarah Mitchell, and Shawn Pulver

Before I was even born, Alpine was a guiding compass in my life.

My parents joined in 1968 and started the winter weekend pilgrimage to a club that felt like home, where we found friends that felt like family. As soon as I could stand, I was on skis that winter at the age of 18 months old. In those days the snow banks that lined the highways up to Collingwood were higher than our car. It was like driving through a neverending white tunnel. But even on “snow days” when schools and roads were closed, my determined father would find a way up to Collingwood by taking back roads so we wouldn’t miss out on a ski day at Alpine (he MIGHT have even convinced a few officers that we lived “just a few concessions up” on those dodgy roads).

My love for skiing was stronger than my hatred of frozen toes & fingers, so ski racing started when I was six. I still remember my red leather ski boots with skinny metal buckles that would freeze shut! But once I was warmed up again by the raging fire in the lodge, I’d be back outside until the lifts would close.

Alpine was even a deciding factor when choosing which university I would attend. I picked University of Toronto mainly because it had a ski team, so I knew I would have a ride up for their Friday races and I would still be able to coach skiing each weekend (I had my priorities straight).

When my career as a photojournalist landed me in Alberta, I still managed to coach U14 racers each weekend at Lake Louise and Nakiska, which was quite a change compared to the Escarpment. Yet, when I fell in love with a snowboarding Calgarian and we had to choose between Alberta or Ontario, it really became a decision between the Rockies or the Ridge. We made a list of pros and cons for each province, and it was Alpine that tipped the scales for us, guiding us to begin our family in Ontario. Our young family soon gained two sons and the cycle began again except instead of learning to ride a T-bar, they had a Magic Carpet and the 6-pack.

The power of Alpine is so strong that in 2016 our family left Toronto for life in Collingwood, realizing that we should live where we play, and play we do! Mountain biking, hiking, canoeing and skiing, what more can we ask for?

These days you will find (or hear) me coaching U10’s on Kent, my father’s favourite run. I’m proud to say both our boys are avid ski racers and after training ends for all of us, we meet at the 6-pack for family turns and a “barn run” in honour of their grandfather

before the lifts close. What warms my heart is that often my own U10 athletes join our family even after training is over. So, if you don’t see me whooping it up during the Après, it’s because I’m skiing ‘til last chair. That is how much I love it. And on the last day of the season, we will be the family racing for ONE MORE RUN before our beloved ski patrol and lifties flip the seats to close down the 6-pack. Then I’ll be at the summit corralling Alpine’s keenest of keen for a group photo before we ski our last runs, crying sappy tears as I squeeze in one last “barn run” down Kent for Dad with my family, staring at our beautiful view of Georgian Bay.

Nowhere else do we feel more at home and connected than on the slopes of Alpine. I have never been more thankful for a club that is more like a family, and we are here for all of it.



Tannis & her father, Mike Toohey