

Ice Chips 2010 – A Player’s Perspective



Being asked to write a short article on why I love being out on the “frozen pond” or what I love about the game of hockey is an easy task for me. I’ve been playing hockey for 35 years, so like most hockey players, when you have so much passion for something, it comes quite natural. I grew up in the humble village of Plaster Rock until the age of 16 and then began my hockey journey, following my skates wherever or as far as they would take me. By the age of 20 after playing nearly three years in the Ontario Hockey League, I assumed my hockey dreams were over, or so I thought.

Life can be funny sometimes. I’ve played on many great teams, met so many wonderful people throughout my travels but nothing compares to this event. Sometimes I feel like I’ve gone full circle in my hockey career. Playing in front of thousands of people, traveling across the country trying to impress some scout for an opportunity to fulfill my childhood dreams, none of that matters. What matters is the love of the game and being around other people who love the game too. It doesn’t matter what level of hockey you have played. Walking down the snow covered path towards Roulston Lake, lungs burning from the frigid air and knowing that you are about to have the best 4 days of your life, that’s what matters. Sharing hockey stories, seeing old friends and developing new relationships that will last a lifetime. Who would have thought that I’d find all these things in my own backyard.

I have played in this tournament every year it has existed and I’ve seen it evolve into something that words cannot describe. It’s the community and teamwork that makes this event special. It’s the people that give up their own home for complete strangers to have a place to hang their wet smelly hockey gear and no doubt a home cooked meal or two. It’s the endless volunteers and the tireless work they do. It’s the sense of warmth and hospitality you feel from the people in Plaster Rock that make this place like no other. Where else in the world could you find such individuals? Only on the “Tobique”.

Dave Myles, Sadler’s Wheat Kings

" I'll never forget the excitement I felt as I walked through the woods down to Roulston Lake that first time in 2004, I wasn't sure what to expect of the tournament but it far exceeded any expectations I had and every year it gets better and better. This tournament has become the highlight of my winter and over the last 6 years we've met a lot of great people, made some good friends and made some incredible memories. For one weekend every February I get to be a kid again playing a game I love with my friends and for this I would like to thank the tournament organizers, the countless volunteers and the community of Plaster Rock for putting on a first class event."

Jeff Peddigrew, Sadler’s Wheat Kings