

On losing the Olympics

Heidi Schlumpf | Oct. 6, 2009 NCR Today

I could claim that I haven't written this blog post for five days because I am so devastated that my city, Chicago, did not win the bid for the 2016 Olympics, but it wouldn't be true. Actually, I was busy entertaining my in-laws, who were visiting from Philadelphia.

Still, I am pretty bummed about the Olympics. Despite its reputation as the "Second City," Chicago is pretty big on civic pride. We love our sports teams (even when they lose for decades); we flock to our parks and lakefront (even when it's 20 below zero); and we are proud of our skyline (even if the Sears Tower is no longer the world's tallest building--or no longer called the Sears Tower). It was a rather humiliating to come in dead last.

A good number of Chicagoans cheered the loss. Many, if not most, of my friends opposed the city's Olympic bid, knowing it would mean higher taxes down the line. Few trust Mayor Richard Daley, whose most recent debacle involved selling the city's parking meter rights, which meant an immediate rate hike from 25 cents an hour to \$1.

I'm not defending the local political machine, but I supported the Olympic bid. What an amazing, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to experience the diversity of our world--especially for my children who were born in Asia.

But I understand the IOC's decision to choose Rio. The days of the Northern Hemisphere ruling the world are waning. We've been seeing the truth for at least a decade in the Catholic Church, haven't we?

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