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Padre Domenic Fiore



Father Domenic Fiore

the Spiritual Leader of Italian Canadians in Winnipeg and Ottawa

**Serving 60 Years of Spiritual Life
in the Order of Servants of Mary**

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Letters to the Editor



AMBASCIATA D'ITALIA OTTAWA

Care Italiane e cari Italiani,

la festività del 2 giugno che ci apprestiamo a celebrare richiama la nascita della Repubblica Italiana ed è occasione per ricordare il legame con la Madrepatria ed il significato dei nostri valori nel Paese che ci ospita.

Essere italiano non significa soltanto possedere un passaporto o un certificato di cittadinanza: è l'impegno concreto e quotidiano di chi vuole mantenere un rapporto di vicinanza spirituale con la Madrepatria, svolgendo un ruolo attivo nella difesa e nella promozione dei nostri valori e della nostra identità.

Più volte in passato, in circostanze analoghe, ho creduto opportuno ribadire con convinzione come identità significhi anzitutto lingua, lo strumento più forte che serve a perpetuare la tradizione di un popolo; ed è ben noto come l'insegnamento della lingua abbia rappresentato e rappresenti oggi una priorità di azione per l'Ambasciata e dei nostri Uffici consolari. Ma la difesa della lingua non può più essere affidata ai soli contributi del Governo italiano. Specie in questo frangente di crisi, ritengo di dover sollecitare le comunità italo-canadesi a compiere uno sforzo autonomo, coerente e convinto, senza il quale nessun risultato duraturo potrà essere raggiunto.

Ma essere italiano non significa rinchiudersi nel ricordo nostalgico della Terra di origine; il grado di maturità raggiunto in questo Paese dai discendenti dei nostri emigranti mi consente di affermare che in tutti vi è piena consapevolezza che la difesa dell'italianità va definita in rapporto ad altri che provengono da luoghi e tradizioni differenti: non significa, cioè, venir meno ai valori del Paese di accogliimento. Anzi, fonderli con essi vale proprio per riaffermarne il valore e la forza di quelli che ci hanno trasmesso i nostri genitori e nonni.

Solo a queste condizioni la presenza e il ruolo dell'Italia in Canada potranno crescere, come in effetti stanno crescendo in questi ultimi anni, nell'auspicio che questa tendenza possa continuare anche nel futuro.

In Canada, i discendenti di quanti emigrarono ormai quasi mezzo secolo fa, hanno raggiunto successo, sicurezza e dignità; è ora necessario che questa "presenza" italiana si affermi in ogni settore e piano sociale: non solo l'imprenditoria e le professioni, come è già avvenuto, ma anche, sempre più, la politica, i media, la stessa cultura e identità di questo Paese.

Anche questo è obiettivo della mia missione in questo Paese e continuerà ad esserlo fino alla fine del mio mandato.

Viva l'Italia!

L'Ambasciatore d'Italia, Gabriele Sardo



Carissimi Amici della Stampa italiana all'estero e dei Network Radio-tv,

rispondo cumulativamente ai vostri messaggi di solidarietà per la tragedia che ha colpito L'Aquila ed i centri circostanti con un terremoto devastante. Nei prossimi giorni risponderò a ciascuno di voi, ma ora voglio ringraziarvi di cuore per l'apprensione e la vicinanza che avete dimostrato. Io sto a Paganica, paese di oltre cinquemila abitanti a 10 km. dall'Aquila, dove sono nato e dove vivo. E' stato epicentro del sisma, che ha colpito duramente il suo centro storico distrutto e soprattutto quello delle sue frazioni, Onna, Tempera, San Gregorio, con molte vittime. Non ho tempo, ora, per scrivere, lo farò più in là riportando la mia testimonianza diretta. Ora sono impegnato nelle operazioni di soccorso, per quel che posso, pensando anzi tutto al futuro, alla necessità di risorgere. Per il momento mi premeva farvi giungere il mio ringraziamento. Nelle prossime settimane potremo meglio pensare cosa si potrà fare per sostenere le popolazioni colpite. L'Aquila ha subito nei secoli molti tragici terremoti, specie nel 1703 e nel 1915. Ha saputo, con la tenacia, la forza la fierezza della sua gente, sempre risorgere. Lo saprà fare anche questa volta, con l'aiuto di tutti e con la determinazione dei suoi abitanti, quantunque fortemente provati.

Grazie, grazie ancora a voi tutti, presto ci risentiremo

Goffredo Palmerini

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Local Announcements

Villa Marconi Volunteer Builders 1989-1999



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Philip Piazza



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Mr and Mrs Lidonio Ricci



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Giuseppe Nicastro



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Pina Giorgio



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Anna Maria Borrello



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Domenico Ricci

General Interest

GIOVANNI AND ELIZABETH PAGANI

Celebrating 65 years together

Ruth Perley Fortin

Let’s go back to May 21, 1944, in Carpineto, Rome, Italy. The Germans are beginning to retreat, with American planes buzzing them from the skies.

But none of this is important today. It is Elizabeth (nee Calvano) and Giovanni Pagani’s wedding day! Seventeen-year old Elizabeth dresses in her bridal gown complete with long, flowing veil, then proceeds, with her family, to the village church.

Giovanni Pagani waits patiently for his bride. He knows patience. He and Elizabeth have been engaged for five years. Finally the ceremony begins. It is 11:00 am!

Then, the bombs begin to drop. The noise is deafening. The church shakes, groans and rumbles. Smoke and dust are everywhere. The entire wedding party is forced to flee into the mountains, where, for two weeks they hide in the surrounding Vineyards. Thus begins the married life of Giovanni and Elizabeth Pagani.

Shortly after the couple returned from the Vineyards, Giovanni learned that his brother had died, tending his sheep during the bombing. A group tried to steal the sheep and the young shepherd lost his life defending his flock.

About the same time, the Germans captured Giovanni, forcing him to go with them to the next village, approximately 12 miles away. He was released within three hours but he still had to find his way back home.

Life was difficult in Italy after the Second World War. Food was scarce, jobs were difficult to find, and the country was in turmoil after years of conflict and devastation.

Fortunately, Giovanni had a good job buying, selling, and trading lambs. The couple started their family but they wanted more for their three children. With that in mind, Giovanni booked passage to Canada on The Saturnia with two other male family members. They arrived at Pier 21 in Halifax on April 9, 1952. In Halifax the young men were each given \$12.00 spending money, then were directed to the station, where they boarded a train to Montreal. It was a coal-fed train, - very hot on board. After nearly two days traveling, Giovanni was blackened from head to foot with coal dust. Giovanni’s brother, Armando Pagani, was waiting when they arrived in Montreal. From there they drove to Ottawa.

Giovanni found a job with the City of Ottawa. In the beginning, there were so many new things to get used to, with one of the biggest being the bread...white, thinly-sliced, almost-raw tasting bread. The new language was a big hurdle too, as he worked and saved his money to bring the rest of his family to their new home.

A year later, on April 28, 1953, Elizabeth, Francesco, Paul, and John set sail for Halifax on SS Conte Biancamano, arriving on May 10, 1953.

Giovanni had purchased a large home at 93 Fentiman Avenue in Old Ottawa South. Several years later the arrival of Ricky completed the Pagani family. They sponsored over one hundred Italians as they chose to leave Italy, and sail to a new life in Canada. The new arrivals were welcomed into their home with open arms while they aided them to assimilate into their new city.

While their lives were full and busy, Giovanni was always a business entrepreneur. When he retired from the City of Ottawa, he had built several businesses, including real estate that he invested in, and sold, as well as free-lance paving contract business. He contracted to CPM Paving where he was an extremely well-respected business owner. All his business ventures grew throughout the years, and the family prospered.

On October 11, 2003, 59-year old Francesco died from the ravages of leukemia. He had only been recently diagnosed, and his death left a huge hole in the heart of the entire family. They were devastated. Francesco left behind his beloved wife Anne, and their two beautiful, young children, Giovanni Jr. and Angelica. Francesco is greatly missed by everyone, and the tragedy of his death lingers to this day. No parent should ever have to bury their child

Moving to Villa Marconi in 2007 was the newest phase in the couple’s lives. They say they are very content, and are looked after very well. The staff was pleasant and upbeat. Everywhere I looked someone was smiling.... always a good sign.

Armando Calvano, Elizabeth’s brother, a renowned and greatly sought-after cabinet maker, passed away last year. He was a wonderful musician who played accordion, and was responsible for the incredibly detailed cabinetry work at the Parliamentary Building’s Library. He co-founded C and A Woodworking, a company in demand throughout Ottawa and the surrounding area. Armando continues to be in the family’s thoughts and prayers.

In the morning humidity, as a nurse came to fetch Elizabeth, I hugged Giovanni and wished him heartiest congratulations. I thanked him too, not only for being a wonderful example of how to live a happy married life after 65 years, but for the Pagani family’s contribution to The City of Ottawa, Because of their kindness in opening up their home to so many, Ottawa became a richer city as this couple lived their lives with a strong work ethic, infinite family love, respect, and loyalty.



The wedding party - 1944



Giovanni and Elizabeth Pagani - 1944

General Interest

L'ABRUZZO, UN POPOLO DI VISIONARI E POETI

Presentato a Pescara un volume edito dall' associazione aquilana Lhasa per celebrare il suo decennale

di Goffredo Palmerini

PESCARA – Per quanto controllata l’emozione si palpava a piene mani, sabato scorso a **Pescara**, nell’auditorium del **Museo delle Genti d’Abruzzo**, ricolmo in ogni ordine di posti per la presentazione del volume “**Un popolo di visionari e poeti - Storie di viaggiatori anomali dall’Abruzzo e dal Mondo**”, la prima delle due pubblicazioni edita dal **Laboratorio Autonomo di Studi Antropologici** (**LHASA**) dell’**Aquila** per celebrare il decennale di fondazione e di attività. In quarta di copertina la ragione del titolo, una frase di **Pascal D’Angelo**, figlio dell’emigrazione abruzzese, scrittore assai amato negli Stati Uniti: “*Noi delle terre alte d’Abruzzo siamo ancora una razza differente. Gli abitanti delle pianure del Lazio e della Puglia, dove in inverno pascoliamo le nostre pecore, ci considerano un popolo di visionari e poeti. Noi crediamo nei sogni*”. L’evento si sarebbe tenuto nella città capoluogo. Il terremoto l’ha spostato sulla costa, a Pescara, in una sala ariosa situata nel raccolto centro storico della città adriatica, a pochi passi dalla casa natale di **Gabriele d’Annunzio**. Tanti i pescaresi accorsi all’iniziativa, tantissimi gli aquilani dopo il sisma sfollati lungo la costa, sistemati in case ed alberghi fin quando le condizioni non consentiranno di rientrare all’Aquila. Sono venuti apposta, dai centri costieri e dalle tendopoli dell’Aquila, per assistere a questo evento culturale in cui si parla dell’Aquila, della loro città, vista con gli occhi curiosi di alcuni suoi figli o da viaggiatori straordinari, attraverso singolari testimonianze calate in un libro prezioso. Nel testo si scoprono alcune delle meraviglie dell’Abruzzo, si incontra gente saggia ed antica di questa terra anche quando, per diverse ragioni, da essa si è partita alla scoperta del mondo.

Tanta commozione. Il pudore non riesce a velare gli occhi lucidi quando **Paola Marchegiani**, assessore alla Cultura del Comune di Pescara, emozionata rivolge il saluto della Municipalità alla città sorella, capoluogo di regione, tragicamente colpita dal terremoto del 6 aprile scorso. Il dramma dell’Aquila, ferita e offesa nel suo notevole patrimonio artistico architettonico e culturale – afferma la Marchegiani - è fortemente condiviso da tutti gli abruzzesi. Tanto che le scorie d’un vecchio municipalismo bolso e qualche muro di diffidenza, che pure hanno segnato il rapporto tra le due città negli ultimi decenni, di fronte alla tragedia sembrano essersi schiantati d’improvviso, dissolti davanti alle macerie. Scomparsi. Mentre un moto generoso d’affetto e di solidarietà unisce tutti gli abruzzesi, dentro e fuori regione, nei confronti dell’Aquila, la città che ha stupito il mondo, simbolo per eccellenza della grande storia d’Abruzzo. Gli stessi sentimenti, in apertura, erano stati espressi da **Bruno Sulli**, aquilano da anni trapiantato a Pescara e presidente della Fondazione Genti d’Abruzzo, e da **Giuseppe Ciardulli**, presidente dell’Associazione Marconi, che hanno patrocinato l’iniziativa.

David Maria Adacher ed **Antonio Porto**, curatori con **Sandro Cordeschi** della pubblicazione, hanno coordinato gli interventi. Dapprima il saluto di **Roberto Marotta**, presidente della Fondazione Carispaq, che ha finanziato il progetto editoriale del **LHASA**, quindi la relazione del prof. **Gerardo Massimi** dell’Università di Chieti, tra i più insigni docenti di Geografia economico-politica in Italia, che del volume ha tracciato una sintesi, annotandone il valore letterario, culturale ed etno-antropologico, non mancando di confessare le emozioni suscitate da un’opera a più mani, il cui risultato comunque conserva un filo conduttore. Infine, l’intervento conclusivo di **Stefania Pezzopane**, presidente della Provincia dell’Aquila. Tenace, lucida e determinata nel descrivere l’incrollabile voglia degli aquilani di ricostruzione la loro Città e il futuro dell’Aquila mai come ora affidato ai suoi giovani, ha chiuso con un groppo alla gola la sua testimonianza mentre esprimeva l’augurio ai presenti di potersi presto rivedere “*sotto i Portici*”, luogo d’incontro e di relazioni della comunità aquilana nel centro dell’Aquila, ora chiuso per le rovine del terremoto. E’ scappata davvero qualche lacrima, a molti, confusa appena dagli applausi.

Anche se i tempi che ora descrivono la città sono l’imperfetto (**L’Aquila, era**) ed il futuro (**L’Aquila, sarà**), veniamo al libro, all’immagine dell’Aquila, stupenda, che se ne trae. Per paradosso il presente, il tempo più facile da coniugare a scuola, al momento è il più maledettamente complicato, difficile e gravoso per la Città. Starà alla forza morale, alla dignità ed alla serietà degli aquilani buona parte del futuro dell’Aquila, insieme alla qualità della classe dirigente cittadina ed abruzzese. E sopra tutto al Governo e alle istituzioni nazionali se, come annunciato, manterranno gli impegni assunti verso la Città. Ma è un discorso che si farà in altra occasione, ora ci porterebbe lontano. Ora, per parlare del libro e dell’Aquila, facciamo conto che non sia accaduto ciò che è purtroppo accaduto. **Laudomia Bonanni**, scrittrice aquilana nell’olimpico della letteratura italiana del Novecento, iniziava così uno dei suoi brillanti elzeviri, pubblicato nel 1950 sul Giornale d’Italia: “*In un salotto romano mi fu domandato una volta ove mai si trovasse L’Aquila, se giù giù, al sud estremo. Ma poco dopo un critico musicale, appena di ritorno dall’Aquila per un concerto (già: c’è una Società dei Concerti) si mostrava entusiasta della piccola città vista quel giorno la prima volta. L’Aquila piace ai poeti, agli artisti. Quello era rimasto incantato di tutto: della montagna, dell’architettura, della gente.* ”

In quattro righe la Bonanni riesce ad esprimere da un lato come **L’Aquila** fosse sconosciuta, dall’altro a descrivere la meraviglia di chi la scopre come uno scrigno prezioso di bellezze. E’ passato mezzo secolo, da allora, tante cose sono cambiate per la città capoluogo d’Abruzzo. E tuttavia le sue infinite ricchezze artistiche, architettoniche, archeologiche ed ambientali, la sua storia, singolare sin dalla sua fondazione, la sua anima profonda, non sono ancora del tutto svelate e riservano ogni tanto sorprendenti scoperte. Vicende simili riguardano l’intero Abruzzo, spesso borghi sperduti in una regione dalla natura incantevole, selvaggia ed impervia che nei due secoli scorsi ha attratto l’interesse di viaggiatori italiani e stranieri, scrittori, poeti ed artisti - Lear, Gregorovius, Keppel Crafen, Howe, McDonell, Culthbert Hare, Berlioz, Savinio, Levi, Piovene, Bacchelli, Gadda, Pound, Pasolini e Alvaro, per citarne alcuni - che pagine stupende hanno vergato sulle meraviglie della nostra terra, sui tesori d’arte inaspettati, su tradizioni di grande suggestione.

Oggi l’Abruzzo sta diventando meta ricercata e preferita da un certo turismo europeo. Lo si sceglie come una volta la Toscana, per le sue valenze architettoniche, ambientali e gastronomiche, e fors’anche per quell’anima autentica che riesce ad esprimere. Ma c’è ancora tanto da scoprire. E’ proprio vero, le cose migliori non sono mai a portata di mano. Si debbono cercare, con la pazienza, la curiosità e l’umiltà tenace del viandante. E’ proprio quello che fanno da dieci anni i componenti del **LHASA** (www.lhasa.it), esplorando con

lo spirito più vero del viandante d’una volta, non distratto dall’effimero e non soggiogato dalle ansie frettolose del nostro tempo, il nostro Abruzzo. Con il medesimo spirito i suoi “esploratori” sono andati anche in giro per il mondo, in ogni continente, fuori dai circuiti confezionati dal turismo consumistico, a cercare genti, culture e civiltà per comprenderne l’anima, ascoltandone nel profondo le voci e le storie, a scoprire l’essenza d’un possibile nuovo umanesimo e d’una spiritualità sgombra da orpelli. Di queste esperienze, con passione certosina, negli anni si sono accumulate testimonianze che oggi vedono la luce in due preziose pubblicazioni, la più degna celebrazione per il decennale d’attività del **LHASA**.

L’**Abruzzo** e **L’Aquila** non potranno mai essere a sufficienza grati per l’opera davvero notevole e preziosa che il **LHASA** realizza con questi due volumi, illuminando d’una luce diversa la nostra terra, rivelandone aspetti, valori e singolarità finora distrattamente sorvolati, destando interessi nuovi e desideri di conoscenza. I due volumi, saggistico l’uno e narrativo l’altro, danno ampiamente conto d’un decennio d’attività con pagine di eccellente levatura culturale. Notevoli nell’illustrare l’Abruzzo visto con occhi più curiosi ed attenti, come nel raccontare il mondo visto con la stessa curiosità ed attenzione. Infine raccontando il valore della nostra gente, degli Abruzzesi illustri, nella nostra terra come in ogni angolo del mondo. Un’opera importante di documentazione e di arricchimento del patrimonio di conoscenza del valore degli Abruzzesi nel mondo, dei risultati conquistati in ogni campo, del prestigio acquisito e dell’onore reso alla terra d’origine ed all’Italia. Quanto mai utile e necessaria per ampliare nella comunità abruzzese la consapevolezza, non sempre adeguata, di quanto l’altro Abruzzo sia riuscito a realizzare nel mondo.

Il primo volume, “**Un popolo di visionari e poeti - Storie di viaggiatori anomali dall’Abruzzo e dal Mondo**”, quello appunto presentato a Pescara e realizzato con il contributo di studiosi, ricercatori e viaggiatori consapevoli, propone una visione d’insieme sulle vicende spesso straordinarie dei viaggiatori che dall’Abruzzo sono partiti per conoscere il mondo. Ma anche dei viaggiatori per i quali era proprio l’Abruzzo il mondo “altro” da scoprire. Dal Mondo all’Abruzzo, dall’Abruzzo al Mondo, ieri ed oggi. Il volume è una composita raccolta di contributi, con riflessioni e storie davvero dense di spunti culturali, d’interesse e di valore documentario. Davvero intriganti i vari contributi. Dalla penna di Sandro Cordeschi “*I nomadi dello spirito*”, storie dei grandi eremiti, in primis **Pietro del Morrone** poi diventato papa Celestino V, e “*Missionari e Viaggiatori*”, storie di francescani abruzzesi nel mondo, tra cui **Diomede Falconio**, un frate che nel 1867 dall’Abruzzo partì per l’isola di **Terranova**, sulla costa canadese, luogo selvaggio dove i Vichinghi, o i Baschi, avevano posto piede intorno all’anno Mille; come “*Le missionarie della Dottrina Cristiana*” in **Bolivia** e il “*Sogno americano*” di **John Fante** e **Pietro Di Donato**, raccontati con la scrittura snella e coinvolgente di Emanuela Medoro; come gli “*Scrittori e viaggiatori d’altri tempi*”, **Sallustio** e **Ovidio**, secondo le colte annotazioni di Antonio Cordeschi; come “*Un’adozione a distanza*” e “*Sulle tracce del Duca*”, viaggio intorno alle gesta avventurose di **Luigi Amedeo di Savoia-Duca degli Abruzzi**, ripercorse e poi descritte da David Adacher in un viaggio con altri sei associati del **LHASA** tra le asperità rocciose in **British Columbia** e in **Alaska**; quindi “*Il viaggio identitario*” di Antonio Porto, storie di trasmissioni e transumanze di carbonai e pastori abruzzesi.

Ancora, “*Dal Mondo all’Abruzzo: viaggiatori tra Illuminismo, Romanticismo e contemporaneità*”, un capitolo dove Antonio Porto e Sandro Cordeschi annotano lo stupore di scrittori ed artisti europei alla scoperta d’un Abruzzo meraviglioso ed inaspettato, oppure “*Le tradizioni popolari abruzzesi nei resoconti dei viaggiatori europei del XVIII e XIX secolo*” attraverso la nota di Franco Cercone; come di Sabina Adacher il “*Viaggio in Abruzzo di Mauritius C. Escher*”, geniale artista olandese che ha impresso le sue emozioni in superbe e contrastanti opere grafiche; come di Sandro Cordeschi “*Aternum, aeternum*”, storie e leggende del fiume che collega l’Abruzzo dei monti all’Adriatico, L’Aquila e Pescara, e “*L’Aquila, i luoghi della poesia*”, scorci della città letti con versi e brani di grandi poeti e scrittori (da Carlo Emilio Gadda a Laudomia Bonanni, Guido Ceronetti e Alberto Savinio, Ignazio Silone e Giovanni Battista-Titta Rosa, Ezra Pound e Kikuo Takano); come “*Un mito d’origine*”, storie leggendarie sul monte Calvo, raccontate da Paolo De Angelis. Infine storie di viaggi dell’oggi, dall’Abruzzo al Mondo, raccontate dai protagonisti (Pieluigi Castellani, Antonietta Cellini, Alessia Copersini, Marco Cordeschi, Paolo De Angelis, Manuela de Curtis, Amedeo Di Nicola, Massimo Gentile, Domenico Lucci, Emanuela Medoro, Gianpiero Morelli, Gianfranco Poccia, Armando Testa), lungo i più remoti sentieri degli **States** e del **Canada**, tra i nativi Navajo, o in bicicletta sui deserti del **Sinai** e del **Sahara**, o sulle montagne sperdute della **Kirghisia**, o nella terra dei Maya in **Guatemala**, o tra i Lakota-Sioux nel Wind Cave National Park, eccezionalmente ammessi dal capo **Russell Means** ad assistere alla Danza del Sole, cerimonia sacra dei Nativi delle grandi pianure del **Sud Dakota**, o nel viaggio immaginario verso lo spazio con uno dei precursori, **Abas den Firnas**, uno spagnolo musulmano che a **Cordoba**, nel IX secolo, tentò e realizzò la prima prova di volo umano.

Il secondo volume, “**L’occhio del viandante - Storie di viaggi in terre di Nessuno**”, di **Sandro Cordeschi**, raccoglie alcuni frammenti della memoria riguardanti i viaggi più significativi, con una prosa densa ed avvincente, ricca di sensibilità. E’ augurabile che anche questa seconda opera possa degnamente essere presentata. Si annota, peraltro, come la cospicua attività culturale del **LHASA** dovrebbe meritare un grande rilievo, specie dalla Regione Abruzzo. Parte dei significativi risultati dell’attività decennale dell’Associazione sono dunque trasposti in questi due volumi, di grande valore per la cultura abruzzese, ma anche per una più diffusa conoscenza dell’Abruzzo, e della sua gente, dentro e fuori dei suoi confini. Costituiscono un’opera d’eccezionale qualità nell’illustrare le valenze della regione e della sua gente, a richiamarne i caratteri più singolari, in fondo contribuendo ad accrescere sensibilmente quel senso di comunità regionale, in patria ed all’estero, orgogliosa senza spocchia delle proprie “ricchezze”, cespitate dalle enormi potenzialità sul quale costruire il futuro. Di esse ogni abruzzese può andar fiero, specialmente le comunità abruzzesi nel mondo che, in tale opera, possono ritrovarvi i migliori valori della propria identità.

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General Interest

The Emotional and Financial Perils of High School Proms

By Dosi Cotroneo

It's a double edged sword is what I call it – prom gowns, prom shoes, the essential clutch bag, rental tuxes, dress socks, hair spray, false nails, limousines, hair extensions, corsages, and boutonnieres. For parents of teenagers facing the over-the-top extravagant, not to mention, debutante-style preparations of high school prom celebrations this June, I have only two pieces of advice to offer: “charge it” or “run away.”

Why it seems like only yesterday I was suffering from sleep deprivation due to midnight feedings, wet diapers, and the cries of one newborn daughter. No longer a newborn, and not quite a woman, today number one and only daughter is causing me sleep deprivation since she handed me a mile long “prom: to do” list with prom dress rental holding the number spot closely followed by prom shoes and essential clutch.

What is a mother to do when her one and only daughter is preparing to face yet another milestone along her journey into womanhood? Stand back in the wings and let daughter take care of it all by herself, risking a poorly fitting too-short dress, unforgiving stilettos that will compromise any chances at her displaying years of poise and grace classes, followed by a botched-up boutonniere order? Of course, I could always throw myself full-throttle into the Oscar-worthy role of doting Italian mother, selflessly ready and willing to add more to her already overflowing plate of “to do’s?” Not surprisingly, I have chosen the latter, after all, how difficult could 20 or 30 hours of prom-dressing, prom-shoes, and the essential clutch purse shopping be?

Throwing caution to the wind and all of those self-help parenting books by

the wayside, I've decided to dote with a capital “D”. After all, one celebrates one's graduation from high school only once in one's life.

Webster's defines prom as a formal dance given by a high school or college class. I define prom as a mother's last ditch effort to undo any of the damage inflicted upon her child during the formative school years. Here is a perfect, albeit expensive, opportunity to make up for any of mother's unintentional shortcomings - missed field trips, school plays, track meets, forgetting to feed meal worms, water bean plants, etc. In other words, I will stop at nothing to make this special night of pomp, pageantry and ceremony perfect, all in the hopes of in return receiving adoration, affection, and a generous side order of gratitude from this, my one and only daughter.

What I hadn't factored into the equation though, was the soaring costs and time constraints involved in what I am now referring to as an over-priced fiasco. Wasn't it enough that I had committed myself to hosting not one, not two, but three of the young brood's May/June birthday celebrations, one family anniversary party, and let's not forget, daughter's one time only high school graduation party?

I am proud to report that to date, the hair and makeup appointments are made, the floral arrangements are in check, and both the video recorder and digital camera batteries are charged and ready to go. Now all one has to do is work one's fingers to the bone from dawn until dusk while anxiously anticipating the dreaded credit card bill. I refuse to entertain the dreaded thoughts of what planning an Italian daughter's wedding will entail.

Il Postino – May 2009 - Book Review

For every shoeaholic, purseaholic, wife, mother, daughter, sister, or girlfriend, the must-read book of the season is hands-down, *The Secret Diary of an Italian Girl*.

Dosolina Sophia Lucia Feraco is the mother of three children, the daughter of Italian immigrants who speak little or no English and have never driven a car. After 20 years of domestic bliss, volunteering for every school function and field trip, and taking her parents to olive oil sales, she decides to return to the exciting world of “outside of the laundry room” full time employment.

Women of all ages will relate to this zany fashion-obsessed character who slowly becomes unhinged behind her cubicle walls. It's a real tossup as to which part of the book is funnier – career world or her return to domestic life and playing translator to her Italian parents. A laugh a page is guaranteed in this Ottawa writer's first novel. Cotroneo's message is loud and clear throughout the many humorous escapades she lands herself in: be careful what you wish for, and ultimately – to thine own self be true.

Note to self: Highly recommended.
Check out the website at www.italiangirlpress.com.

The Secret Diary of an Italian Girl is available in Ottawa at Indigo Barrhaven, Shirley Leishman Books Westgate Shopping Centre, the Book Stop Barrhaven, and at shops throughout the Village of Manotick.



*The
Secret
Diary
of an
Italian
Girl*



Dosi Cotroneo



Paul Dewar, MP/Député Ottawa Centre
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Au travail pour vous!

I am pleased to:

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Your Local City

Father Dominic M. Fiore O.S.M.

Ruth Perley Fortin

As I walked to St. Anthony’s Church on that Friday morning in mid-May, I ran through the questions I wanted to ask Fr. Fiore, and discovered that I felt slightly nervous. I had been asked to meet with Fr. Fiore to write an article that would do justice to this wonderful priest. I felt unequal to the task, until I was introduced. Fr. Fiore offered me his hand, and I received a wonderfully warm handshake, followed by a quiet, dignified smile. He led me into the church study filled with books and plants where we sat down to chat.

Dominic Fiore was born to Nicola Fiore and Maria Carmela Scardera in Montreal, Mile End, Quebec, on September 21, 1925. Nicola Fiore arrived in Italy from Sao Paolo and Rio di Janeiro. He later married Maria Carmela Scardera in 1913 in Casacalenda. They remained in Italy as they started their family, but left for Canada ten years later.

Fr. Fiore’s mother arrived in Montreal in 1923, accompanied by her son Frank, aged five years, and Teresa, aged three years. The other children were born after they settled in Montreal. Nicola worked for CN laying tracks for the railway, and was forced to be away from his family a great deal of the time. The family worked hard, and dedicated their time and energy to raising their family.

Tragically, Carmela died in child birth on March 19, 1934, leaving papa Nicola with six children. Carmela was only forty years of age, and her death occurred on the Traditional Feast Day of Saint-Joseph. Teresa, Madeleine, Micheline, Pierre, Jean and Dominic now had no mother, and their father had to return north to work on the railroad. It was a very difficult time for the family.

As the children grew, they were sent to schools in the Montreal area. Fr. Fiore spent his first school years at Saint-Philip’s and then Our Lady of Mount Carmel School. In 1938 he attended high school at the Junior Seminary in Ottawa until his graduation in 1942. He studied Philosophy at Dominican College in Ottawa from 1943 to 1946, and from there he attended Marianum Servite Faculty of Theology (formerly St. Alexis College) in Rome, Italy from 1946 to 1949.

During this time Fr. Fiore began his Servite Training:

1942	Novitiate in Ottawa
1943	First Profession, Ottawa
1946	Solemn Profession, Ottawa, September 26
1949	Priestly Ordination: S.John Lateran, Rome, April 16

In 1949, Fr. Fiore’s intention was to continue in doctoral studies at the Angelicum Faculty in Rome; however, he was asked to return to Montreal before this could come to fruition. He did serve in The Parish of Our Lady of Difesa for a few months before his return to Canada.

Holy Rosary Church on Sherbrooke Street in Winnipeg was Fr. Fiore’s first posting. He and Fr. Adrian Cimichella traveled to Winnipeg where Father Fiore was appointed Assistant to Pastor Cimichella from 1950 to 1955. At that time, Fr. Cimichella returned to Montreal as Pastor, serving The Italian Parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel when Cardinal Leger consecrated him Bishop and Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal.

When Fr. Cimichella returned to Montreal, Fr. Fiore became Pastor of Holy Rosary Church for fifteen years, until 1970. He attended Dominican Institute of Saint Albert le Grand taking Renewal Pastoral Studies. He lived in Opatija, Yugoslavia for three months, where he served as translator for the General Chapter of the Order of Servants of Mary, and then returned to Università dei Straniere in Perugia, Italy.

In 1971, Saint Anthony’s Parish in Ottawa welcomed Fr. Fiore as Assistant Pastor. In 1973 he was appointed Prior of the Ottawa Community of Saint-Anthony until 1973.

Returning to Holy Rosary Parish in Winnipeg for the third time in his career, Fr. Fiore became Assistant Pastor, while serving on the Board of Directors for Villa Cabrini (opened Sept.15/85) and Villa Nova Senior Citizen Residence Foundations (opened May 29, 1994). When he left Winnipeg for the last time, the congregation honoured Fr. Fiore with a wonderful celebration filled with anecdotes and commemorations to his spiritual guidance and friendship through the many years he served at their parish.

Saint Anthony’s Parish was grateful when Fr. Fiore returned to them in September, 1995, as a Servite Fraternity Assistant Pastor.

You can still find him at Saint Anthony’s, always willing to help in any way he can. As he humbly shared his life story with me, I felt very lucky to have been chosen to write this article, and as I walked by to the office, I felt a sense of peace.

Thank you for everything Father Dominic Fiore.!

Parrocchia Sant’Antonio

Padre Dominic Fiore

Da alcune settimane, abbiamo presso la nostra parrocchia un nuovo sacerdote, padre Dominic Fiore O.S.M., che vogliamo presentare alla comunità.

Padre Fiore è nato il 21 settembre 1925 a Montreal, figlio di Nicola e Carmela Scardera. Dopo gli anni di seminario a Ottawa, e dopo aver studiato filosofia al collegio domenicano di Ottawa dal 1943 al 1946, ha studiato teologia al Marianum a Roma dal ’46 al ’49. Novizio in Ottawa nel 1942. Ordinato prete a Roma il 16 aprile 1949.

E’ stato in carica nelle seguenti parrocchie: Madonna della Difesa (Montreal 1949-50), Holy Rosary (Winnipeg: 1950-52, 1953-70; 1976; luglio 1995), Ufficio Pastorale (Montreal);. Costruita una chiesa nuova nel 1967. Cappellano della Fondazione del Concilio 8300 Cavalieri di Colombo; Cappellano del Gruppo Alpini del Manitoba (dal 1976), Membro Fondatore di “Villa Cabrini” inc. casa residenza di anziani; Membro fondatore di “Villa Nova’ altra casa residenza per anziani. Ora è nuovamente alla parrocchia di Sant’Antonio ad Ottawa, ed è anche Cappellano dall’Associazione Nazionale Alpini, Sezione di Ottawa.



H.E. Luigi Ventura with Father Dominic Fiore and Family



St. Anthony's Soccer Club Raises Funds for the Children's Wish Foundation - May.2009



Old Nepean Police Car



Pat McDernott



Joe and Enrico Valente



Joe, Sylvie, Anthony, Angelica with friends



Joe, Sylvie, Anthony, Angelica



Joe, Sylvie, Anthony, and Angelica

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Madonna di Carpineto Celebrated in Ottawa by the Association Rapinese - May.2009



Des Dubroy leading the parade



President Lorenzo Micucci with executive committee and president Nello Scipioni of The Association Centro Abruzzese



Gianna Ferrante Franco and son Alessio



Paul Casagrande with Firefighters Band



Verginelli della Madonna



Verginelli della Madonna

General Interests

Cinderella the Calabrese Musical

By Renato Rizzuti

The curtain rises to reveal a very clean but modest living room in an Eighteen Century house in Calabria. A pretty young girl named Cinderella is sweeping the floor. She pauses for a minute, leans on her broom and sings, “Oh che vita!/Oh che vita!/La casa a desere sempre pulita/Le suoru mia fanno na bella vita/Io devu fare tutti i servizi/Mi tennanu cumu na persona di servizi/Che mama bruta e malandrena/Me fa lavorare senza fina/O voliu essere liberatta/Di chista mama matta!” The English translation does not have a rhyme scheme of course but it translates as, “Oh what a life!/Oh what a life!/The house always needs to be cleaned/My sisters lead a life of leisure/I have to do all the chores/They keep me like a maid/What a terrible and selfish mother/She makes me work endlessly/Oh I wish I could be freed/From this crazy mother!”

You see, Cinderella’s mother had passed away and her father had married a widow with two daughters. Her stepmother did not like Cinderella and treated her daughters much better to the point of spoiling them with dresses and shoes. Nothing was too good for her own daughters and nothing was what she gave to Cinderella.

Cinderella starts sweeping the floor again as her two Stepsisters come dancing in. As they dance, they sing, “Tutti cose sunnu per nue/Nente cosi di tue/Nui mangiamu bene e ne faccimu grassa/Tu mange nente solu le ose!” This translates as, “Everything is for us/Nothing is for you/We eat well and get fat/You eat nothing only the bones!” Then they danced off the stage leaving Cinderella crying by the fireplace.

In the next scene, Cinderella is again talking to the Cat which is what she is used to doing for many long hours. Cinderella said to the Cat, “Gatta mia, che cosi pensi da mia situazione? The translation is, “My dear Cat, what do you think of my situation?” The Cat replied, “Non ti preoccupare, tu si bella! Ma le suoru tue puru che si vestannu belle sonnu sempre brute!” This translates as, “Do not be preoccupied! Even if your sisters dress in beautiful dresses, they will always be ugly!” Cinderella smiled a weak smile. The cat proceeded to sing Cinderella a song. As the Cat sang, Cinderella broke out in a genuine smile. Some of the lyrics of the Cat’s song were, “Tu si bella comu na rosa/I sorelle sonu brute cose/A bellezza e na cosa di tantu valore/A bruttezza e na cosa che fa dolore.” The translation is, “You are beautiful like a rose/ Your sisters are ugly things/Beauty is a thing of great value/Ugliness is a thing that causes pain.”

It is morning in the next scene. A delivery type man comes dancing on to the stage carrying two dresses and singing, “U ballu, u ballu, u ballu!/Qiste sunu e belle veste/Per na bella festa!” This translates as, “The ball, the ball, the ball!/These are the beautiful dresses/For the beautiful feast!” Cinderella enters the scene and signs for the dresses. The delivery man goes dancing off. Cinderella’s Stepmother enters the scene, sees the dresses and starts singing, “Qiste sunu e veste per le mie belle figlie/Tu sta a casa ca non si la mia figlia!” This translates as, “These are the dresses for my beautiful daughters/You stay home because you are not my daughter!” You see, the King was having a ball and Cinderella’s Stepsisters were going while Cinderella had to stay home to do housework. The Stepmother leaves the stage and Cinderella starts to cry. The Cat sings to her, “Povera ragazza!/Mamate e pazza!” This translates as, “Poor girl!/Your mother is crazy!”

The next scene takes place in Cinderella’s bedroom. Cinderella is sitting on the edge of her bed crying. Suddenly, the whole stage is lit up with a brilliant white light and a Fairy Godmother appears and sings, “Bella non piangere piu!/A il ballu va anche tu!” This translates as, “My dear do not cry any more!/To the ball also you will go!” Cinderella asks how she can go to the ball dressed in rags. The Fairy Godmother waves her magic wand and suddenly Cinderella is dressed in a beautiful gown! Then the Fairy Godmother instructs Cinderella to get a large zucchini to use as a coach so she could get to the ball. Cinderella rushes off to the kitchen to get one. Then the Fairy Godmother asks the Cat to bring her seven live mice. The Cat then rushes off to get the mice. The lights then fade to black.

In this scene, Cinderella rushes in with the big zucchini and the Cat rushes in with seven live mice he caught in the cellar. The Fairy Godmother makes another spectacular entrance and waves her magic wand. Suddenly the zucchini turns into a red coach with yellow trim. Six mice turn into six white horses and the seventh mouse turns into a coachman dressed in a sharp looking uniform to drive the coach. The Fairy Godmother then warns Cinderella to come back home before midnight because by then the magic will wear off and things will be transformed back to normal. Cinderella is overcome with emotion and sings, “Che notte prodigiosa e meravigliosa!/Qista e veramente na bella cose!” This translates as, “What a stupendous and marvelous night!/This is really a beautiful thing!”

The next scene opens on the magnificent ball. It is five minutes to midnight and Cinderella is enjoying a dance with the Prince. Suddenly, Cinderella remembers what the Fairy Godmother had said about returning before midnight. Cinderella panics and abruptly leaves the Prince and goes rushing down the exit stairs. As she

runs, she loses one of her slippers but does not dare to stop to pick it up. What a spectacle it would be if the stroke of midnight sounded and Cinderella was transformed back to her previous wardrobe of rags! Cinderella rushes out and the lights fade to black.

The next scene opens in the morning at the castle. The Prince is holding the slipper that Cinderella left behind. The Prince then sings to the Royal Ministers of the court, “Io sonu innamoratu di qista ragazza bella/Va vedere a chi la scarpa po mettere, a quale

Calabrisella!” This translates as, “I am enamoured of this beautiful girl/Go and see which Calabrese girl fits the shoe!”

The scene quickly changes and opens on a long line of young women who were at the ball that night. They are sitting end to end from one end of the stage to the other. The Royal Ministers of the court are making their way down the line singing, “Scarpa, scarpa, scarpa, a chinu le cape la scarpa?” This translates as, “Slipper, slipper, slipper, who fits the slipper?” They tried on the slipper all the way down the line until only Cinderella was left right at the end of the line. At that point, Cinderella’s Stepmother, who was watching the proceedings starts to sing, “Ma non e possibile che le cape la scarpa a qista bruta /Le figlie mie sonu piu belle che non po disputa!” This translates as, “It is not possible that the slipper will fit this ugly girl/My daughters are much more beautiful and that you cannot dispute!” So they tried the slipper on Cinderella’s foot. It fit! Everybody on stage let out a collective gasp and the lights go down.

The scene continues in a flash of light as Cinderella’s Fairy Godmother comes swooping down onto the stage. Cinderella magically was transformed into a young and beautiful girl wearing a gown that was fashioned by the hottest Court Designer named Oscar De Le Genta. The Stepmother and the Stepsisters were left with their mouths hanging open! The Royal court Ministers started to sing, “Vene con noi ca ta aspetta u Principu/Quindi po continuare il romanzu!” This translates as, “Come with us because the Prince is waiting for you/Therefore you can continue your romance!”

The last scene is the grand finale. The Prince and Cinderella have gotten married and they are dancing their first dance at the wedding reception. All the guests start to sing, “E vive i sposi, e vive i sposi!/Vi auguriamu tante belle cose!” This translates as, “Hurray for the married couple, hurray for the married couple!/We wish them many wonderful things!” Everybody then joins in the dance. They are all dancing the night away as the curtain slowly closes. The End!



RENATO RIZZUTI

See our new Web Site for past issues and additional story details.

www.IPostinoCanada.com



Food!

Spaghetti and Meatballs alla Rizzuti

By Maria Rizzuti

Hollywood blockbuster movies like the “Godfather” and ”Goodfellas” suggest through the artistry and imagination of filmmaking and written into a screenplay their truth about the making of tomato sauce or better known to Italian Americans as the Sunday gravy. Italian Canadians know it best as Sunday sauce. To some this Sunday sauce can be considered an art form of in itself as this sauce appeals to our senses and emotions as no two Italian’s ragu will taste identical.

As an adolescent on Sunday mornings, I remember being awakened by the aroma of meatballs frying and the sweet smell of simmering tomato sauce permeating the entire house.

What is “Sunday sauce?” You ask any Italian and they will know exactly what you are talking about. There are plenty of adaptations out there on this sauce but on the whole most Italians use meatballs, Italian sausage, braciole and pork spareribs slowly simmered in a tomato sauce. My mom’s version of braciole varied with either a flat piece of beef, veal or pork stuffed with garlic, flat leaf Italian parsley and prosciutto rolled up and tied with butcher’s twine and fried and cooked until browned, and then she would add it to the already simmering tomato sauce. It is the braising of this combination of meats that will add the intensity of flavour from the caramelized meat into the tomatoes making this sauce a thick and rich ragu for your choice of pasta. Removing and serving the meat from the sauce is normally used as the second course for the Sunday meal.

Depending on what mood my mother was in that particular Sunday morning, she would either make braciole only or the meatballs and spareribs or just the sausages and the braciole. If company was coming that specific Sunday, then she would incorporate all four types of meat as with the visiting relatives that would mean more people at the table therefore more meat was required for the second course.

There are a number of meatball recipes out there using various types of ground meat and a variety of spices and other ingredients rolled together by hand and cooked by frying, baking, steaming or braised in a sauce or stock. There are even “meatless” meatballs to satisfy vegetarian palates and fishballs made with seafood.

How one makes meatballs depends as much on one’s cultural background as on individual taste. Practically every culture out there has their own variation of the meatball. Who hasn’t heard of Swedish Meatballs? IKEA locations around the world serve Swedish meatballs at most of there cafeterias, once you have purchased that Billy Bookcase and the onset of hunger pangs begins you can get your fill of Swedish meatballs and then continue to shop till you drop. In Germany their meatballs are made from ground beef, veal or pork and sometimes mixed with either ground salted herring or anchovy, onions, eggs and spices and are eaten with a creamy caper sauce.

Other meatball recipes of various ethnicities can include “pulpety” from Poland. “Pulpety” are usually made from seasoned ground meat with onion and mixed with eggs and breadcrumbs or wheat flour roll soaked in milk or water. Fried “pulpety” are larger than typical cooked ones. They can be round or flat in their shape and are usually served covered in variety of sauces such as tomato or a kind of gravy thickened with flour as well as mushroom sauce. The Chinese, Portuguese, Romanians to name a few more also have their own meatball recipes.

In Italy, meatballs are known as “polpette” and are generally eaten as a main course. My recipe incorporates the two courses on the same plate. This tradition of Sunday sauce evokes a powerfully personal experience related to the fortitude of family ties and memories so I have integrated this practice with my version of Sunday sauce with Spaghetti and Meatballs alla Rizzuti.

Marlon Brando as Vito Corleone in “The Godfather” may have uttered this line if he had used my meatball recipe, “I’m gonna make him a meatball he can’t refuse!”

Maria’s Tomato Sauce

This sauce makes about 6 cups.

Ingredients for the Sauce are:

- 2 large onions, finely diced
- 1/3 cup of extra-virgin olive oil
- ¼ cup Italian flat leaf parsley chopped
- 1 (28 ounce) can diced tomatoes
- 1 (28 ounce) can crushed tomatoes
- 42 ounces of water -use the empty 28 ounce can to measure the water by using 1 ½ cans of water
- ½ tablespoon salt or to taste
- ½ tablespoon of oregano
- ½ tablespoons cracked black pepper
- 5 to 6 basil leaves chopped
- ½ tablespoon hot crushed chili flakes (optional)

Cooking Directions:

Use a large deep casserole pot, preferably a non stick sauce pot add the extra-virgin olive oil to the pot and heat to medium high with the finely chopped onion and sauté until soft and trans-lucent. Add the diced tomatoes only at this time and cook for about 10 minutes. Stirring and breaking down the tomatoes with the spoon. Cooking the tomatoes first will sweeten them up. Then add the can of crushed tomatoes and add 1 ½ cans of water (42 ounces). Add the chopped basil, parsley, oregano salt and pepper and chili flakes (optional). Turn the heat to high and bring to a boil. The sauce needs to keep boiling on high heat for at 20 minutes then turn down the heat to medium high and make sure you continue stirring the sauce periodically. Add the cooked meatballs and simmer the sauce for approximately one hour and 15 minutes or until reduced by about a third.

Ingredients for Meatballs

- 1 lb. of lean ground veal
- 1 lb. of lean ground pork
- ½ cup of dry unflavored fine breadcrumbs
- ½ cup of grated Romano or Parmesan cheese
- 1/3 cup Italian flat leaf parsley – finely chopped
- 1 large clove of garlic – minced or chopped
- 1 tsp salt or salt to taste
- ½ tsp freshly ground black pepper or pepper to taste
- ½ tsp dried oregano
- ½ tsp hot red pepper chili flakes (optional)
- 2 large eggs – beaten
- ¼ cup extra virgin olive oil (for meatball mixture)
- Enough oil for frying the meatballs

Preparation and Cooking Directions

In a large bowl place all of the above ingredients and mix well until all the ingredients have incorporated and then form the meat mixture into balls usually between 1 to 2 inch size meatballs.

Add enough oil in a large frying pan and cook the meatballs in batches until evenly and lightly browned. Remove cooked meatballs from the frying pan and let drain on a paper towel to absorb and remove the excess oil.

Add the cooked meatballs to the tomato sauce when the tomato sauce has started boiling.

Pasta Portioning: 1 pound or 500 g of Spaghetti Noodles

In a large pot of boiling salted water, cook pasta according to package or al dente, drain and serve with the tomato sauce and meatballs.

Enjoy!



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International

Pugliesi e siciliani di New York si mobilitano per l’Abruzzo

di Dom Serafini

La pioggia incessante che si é abbattuta per tutta la settimana sull’area metropolitana di New York si é presa una pausa in occasione del concerto per l’Abruzzo, presso la St. John Baptiste Church, una delle piú belle chiese cattoliche di Manhattan.

Ad organizzare il concerto é stata la federazione pugliese e quella siciliana di New York che hanno richiesto a ciascuno dei circa 200 partecipanti una donazione di 20 dollari per i terremotati abruzzesi.

A prestare la sua opera é stato il tenore pugliese Luciano Lamonarca che ha chiamato a raccolta alcuni suoi colleghi da tutte le parti del mondo: Valentina Popa, cantante pop della Moldavia; Brigit Berger cantante lirica dell’Ohio; Nicole Bono, cantante pop di Staten Island, e la pianista giapponese Asami Tamura.

Al concerto, chiamato “Lamonarca & Friends United for Abruzzo”, a cui hanno contribuito anche gli studenti della Scuola d’Italia a New York, hanno partecipato il vice console di New York, Giovanni Favilli ed il rappresentante del Vaticano all’Onu, Mons. Celestino Migliori.

Nella foto1, da s.a d.: il nostro collaboratore con il presidente della federazione pugliese, John Mustaro; il vice console Giovanni Favilli e Mons. Celestino Migliori.

Foto 2. Gli artisti, da s. a d.: Brigit Berger, Nicole Bono, il pres. Federazione Pugliesi, John Mustaro; Luciano Lamonarca; la conduttrice della serata, Ornella Fado; Valentina Popa, Asami Tamura.



In Remembrance of Tony Alloggia pg 12-14

Eulogy by Damiano Alloggia

Tony Alloggia, my father, was born in the town of Camarda, l’Aquila in the region of Abruzzo, Italy. At the age of 3, he left with his parents to move to the town of Charleroi in Belgium where they lived for a year before immigrating to Ottawa. He grew up in the New Edinburgh neighborhood where he attended New Edinburgh Public School. As a teenager, he attended Ottawa Tech high school where he met many of his good friends. After high school, he went to Carleton University where he received a Bachelor’s degree in math and sciences and where he met Anita. They took an Italian class together. My father obviously didn’t take the class seriously as he often copied my mom’s homework. They eventually got married in 1977 and ten years later they had twins. He was a civil servant in the RCMP for over 30 years.

What can I say about my father? Obviously the attendance here today speaks for itself. First and foremost he was devoted to his family. He constantly reminded my sister and I that our three most important priorities at the moment are school, school, and school. We took trips together to Italy almost every summer where he took us sightseeing and was our personal tour guide. At the beach he would take us snorkeling and in the mountains he took us hiking. Even in Canada he would often take my sister and me to Gatineau where we would take nature walks. Travelling with my father always took ten times longer than it should since he would stop every two seconds to take pictures of us, or a church, or a panoramic scene, or flowers, you get the idea. When my sister and I were in school, he would make sure that if we had any problems he would help us with homework, especially with math and science. In fact, he was able to help me all the way to first year engineering, and then he said, “You’re on your own kid”, obviously still helping with moral support. When my sister decided to go study in Italy, he wasn’t thrilled at first, but once he got used to the idea he didn’t waste an opportunity to boast about how his daughter studying in Italy. Last fall he accompanied my sister on a two-day road trip to Amiens, France where my sister was pursuing a study abroad program in languages. At that point, my father was really beaming with pride. After a few days, my mother joined them and together they travelled around France. My father couldn’t stop talking about how bad the road signs were. My dad also liked cooking, often creating conflicts when he and my mom were in the kitchen together. However, he loved

my mom very much, even when she nagged him about procrastinating for things he didn’t enjoy doing. When my mom was in Italy, he always made sure that I ate well, asking me first thing in the morning what I wanted for dinner. My father was surrounded by two loving parents, Giovanni and the late Berardina, his sisters, Maria and Lucia, and his brother, Raffaele. My father did everything in his power to make sure that Fabiana and I grew up with a sense of respect for others and teaching us morals and values.

My father had many interests. He was a very cultured man, a walking encyclopedia. He knew everything about everything and didn’t miss an opportunity to lecture us about history, philosophy, politics, art, anything that he thought would fill our brains with knowledge. He was constantly reading books and he had the amazing ability to retain everything he learned. He sometimes couldn’t remember where he left his wallet or cell phone, or I’d come home and notice the house keys still in the lock of the door, but he could recite a book that he read twenty years earlier. He loved photography. I don’t even know how many weddings and events he photographed. I’m sure many of you here today had your wedding photographed by him. He always brought cameras and lenses wherever he went. He loved music. We must have several thousand records sitting somewhere in boxes. He taught himself classical guitar many years ago and then taught himself to play the piano. He played even when it was time for bed and my mom always gave him an earful. Music was one of the things he had in common with my girlfriend Milena, whom he loved very much. My father was also a very active member of the Italian community.

Mio padre faceva parte del Congresso Nazionale degli Italo-Canadesi, del Centro Abruzzese Candese e dell’Amici della cultura Italiana. Anni fa era uno dei primi fondatori di Tele-30. Aiutava sempre altre associazioni per organizzare eventi, raccolta fondi o semplicemente per fare il fotografo. Non sapeva mai dire di no. Era sempre disposto ad aiutare gli altri. Tramite queste attività, papà ha fatto tante amicizie e si è guadagnato il rispetto e l’affetto di tutti. A tutti questi eventi, aveva sempre qualche battuta per far ridere la gente. Vogliamo ringraziare la famiglia di papà, i nostril parenti ed amici per tutto il loro aiuto e sostegno durante questo difficile periodo. Papà, ci mancherai a tutti immensamente. Ti vogliamo tanto bene e sarai sempre nei nostri cuori.

In Remembrance of Tony Alloggia pg 12-14

A Brief Introduction to Tony

To learn and come to understand Tony, now that he is gone, is through stories. His actions and deeds speak loudly of his persona and the measure of the man that he was.

Recollection of Tony, Our Friend

Tony, my friend, our friend, great plans were germinating as we dwelled on the adventures in retirement. A new era to romp in, with unlimited possibilities. But it lasted for too short a time. It seems that God has other plans for you, and for us without you.

Tony at Tech

As we, who believe to be your closest friends, reminisce, it seems that when you barged into our circle back in grade ten at Ottawa Tech, our neat little structure broke up in chaos. Had we taken the time, we could have written great papers on the potential of the human mind when it is in dis-array. Entropy lives on! And Tony, for us, you were the first “outside-the-box” thinker. You were definitely the philosopher amongst us. And for this reason, you were like gluons that hold the nucleus of atoms together, a gooey, non-intrusive glue that, no matter what happened, kept us bonded over the time of your life.

As we got to know you, we didn’t find it strange seeing you one morning, in sandals and shaved head, walking down Slater Street carrying a 12-foot dead tree. Over, the next few weeks, as we prepared for the production of the play, Godot, we knew that you, above all, were fully in tune with existentialist thought and stream of consciousness and you saw and felt what most never do. Along with your musical talents, you brought to the delight of the audience, other plays, including some that you wrote, to the stage.

Too bad that you couldn’t bring similar talents to help our school on the field. A soccer player you were not! No matter, you had many other talents. For most of the high school years you were king of briscola and a pretty good chess player.

Thanks to Prof. Italo Tiezzi, students from Immaculata were allowed to take Italian at Tech! Imagine, for the first time, girls were going to take classes in an all-boys school! A follow-up to this was that Tech was given a special invitation to the Immaculata dances. Pretty good idea. Girls’ school invites boys’ school. Well, we all had to go to the dance, but who would have guessed that it was sold out?! Standing outside Immaculata, Tony signalled through the open door to one of our friends inside. Three of us followed Tony to the side of the school where we began removing the few screws that held a metal screen in front of a lower window. Sure enough, as our friend, who was already inside, opened the window, we jumped in and found ourselves in the girl’s bathroom. Humming, “she came in through the bathroom window”, we quickly ran out the door to the dance hall where we were greeted by the chaperone-Sisters. They were not happy! Out we were! The following week, the principal of Immaculata sent a letter to the principal of Tech who read it on the intercom, “All the boys at the dance were such gentlemen. We must do this again!” Then, the principal concluded with, “Could the following four boys please come to the office.” Oh! Oh!

Tony the director

As Tony took a foothold in the Theatre Arts class, his expertise and interest embroiled him in the Theatre of the Absurd. Not only did he extensively research this field but also wrote several plays, some of which were performed at Tech. Of course, his experience and talents made him a natural director.

A play that was in preparation during, and took place a few weeks after, the Immaculata-dance event, caused him much excitement. It was a short play in the realm of theatre of the absurd, which attracted many young people. So it was a little strange to see three old ladies (very old to us teenagers) dressed all in black entering the theatre and crossing to the other side to sit near the back. They brought to mind the three haggard witches in Macbeth. The theatre was draped all in black and the set was a sitting room with half a dozen Modigliani’s hanging on the walls.

When the play began, the lights dimmed, the actors acted and murmurs from the three old ladies began. “What is this? What are they talking about? This is not what we paid for!” (Not the reaction you would expect from patrons of theatre of the absurd, no??) The threesome would not let up and before the end of act one, they noisily made their way to the door, patrons standing to let them through!

They returned for the second and final act. Incredible! Concerned, Tony asked that chairs be brought in so as to have the ladies sit by the door. If they did not like the remaining act, they could easily leave or be encouraged to leave without too much disruption!

Things settled down, except for the odd exclamation coming from the ladies, “It’s dark! It’s getting hot in here! Can we open the door a little?” As the climax of the play approached and the protagonists were at each other, the lights were to be completely turned off and the theatre was to remain dark for about ten seconds. During these ten seconds, Tony, dressed all in black, with black make-up, would go out on stage and put smiles on all the Modigliani’s elongated faces. The smiles would accentuate the great discovery revealed in the climax.

When the lights went off, the three ladies began screaming and screaming. Movement could be heard. “Where is the door? Where is the door? We want to get out!” There was no choice, the lights had to come back on, and yes, Tony was seen, frozen on stage, somewhat camouflaged. Quite a disappointment, that the audience missed the emphasis of the climax by the expression change on the Modigliani’s!

Dejected, make-up still on, Tony exclaims, “I can’t believe this! I can’t!” (He may have used slightly stronger words!) As he watched the audience leave and the three old ladies slowly walking away and laughing with each other, Tony could not help but make a quick connection, “Do you think that those three ladies were Sisters from Immaculata? Couldn’t be! They wouldn’t be so upset with us sneaking into the dance that they came to ruin my play?” One of many unsolved mysteries!

Tony the Absent-Minded Scientist

It was no surprise to us that Tony went on to study chemistry at Carleton University. After several unintentional attempts at destroying the chemistry lab at Tech, filling it with smoke and

starting sodium fires, the chemistry teacher always peeped in the room to make sure that it was safe before entering. Luckily, the university didn’t ask him for a letter of recommendation! But we knew that you would do well, Tony. It was in your blood.

Tony’s father, Giovanni, was already practicing food chemistry, being a great cook, a master at curing meats, and making cheese and wine. Often, just before sitting down to an evening of card games, the gang trekked down to that dark area in the basement where this great cheese culture was rising. It looked like it was moving. Giovanni would reach in with a knife and spread this cheese on the thick, Italian bread. It was best to eat it in the dark if you were squeamish about those white crawly things that were responsible for the great flavour of this cheese.

So, Tony was primed for chemistry! There are many stories to reminisce and some of his quests remain a mystery! No time for them here. But, there was the challenge to confirm the alcohol content of store-bought wine and to compare it to that of homemade wine. Not a big deal for chemists! It would have to be done after-hours. Who would believe that after breaking into the chem lab late one evening, amongst all the spatulas, pipettes, stirrers and other stuff, we would discover that chemistry labs actually do not have cork screws? The glass-cutting diamond file did the trick and, success, the alcohol experiment went ahead. Then, Tony noted that the homemade wine was somewhat cloudy, and seeing that we were in a chem lab, no problem! Activated charcoal powder, as a filter, will clear it up! Big surprise! Activated charcoal not only cleared the wine, it actually removed all the red wine pigment. So now, Tony changed the wine to water. Well, not quite, the alcohol was still in that clear water. This was a great discovery. We could now sneak this wine into any restaurant and, even the Carnevale!

Tony the Homemaker

Tony then met Anita, the love of his life, and all this experience made his home life much more interesting. Experimentation continued. Yes, it may be possible to brew a nice cup of cocoa in your stove-top espresso maker but sometimes the espresso maker doesn’t survive and that nasty fine cocoa can make a big mess in your kitchen. Forever patient, Anita, restored the kitchen, till the next time. And of course Fabiana and Damiano were never bored. They shared in Tony’s great insight, human thought and nature and of course in the more mundane but bodily need for food. Tony’s great tomato sauce pasta was always available on demand!

Tony loved Alfa’s. One summer while Anita was in Italy, he bought an Alfa 2000 GTV. How was he to break the news to Anita? Tony decides that he would surprise Anita by picking her up at the airport. Meanwhile, through the grapevine, Anita learns that Tony is burning rubber in Ottawa with his new toy. The day arrives when Tony drives to Montréal to pick up his sweetheart. Anita gets in the car and says nothing. Tony waits and waits for Anita’s comments. Getting very impatient, Tony finally asks Anita if she hears the renowned musical notes emanating from the Alfa exhaust! “Yes, Tony, I hear them, and I knew about the car, but have you painted the house or have you just been driving around showing off your car?” Oh! Oh!

Tony and Anita arrive home, unload the car and Tony, taking Anita by the hand, walks her over to the kitchen. Voilà! Look, Anita, a nice dishwasher just for you! Seeing Anita’s expression, Tony forever the loving husband, whispered, “and you can drive the Alfa, if you want!”

Unfortunately for Tony, the neighbours came to welcome back Anita. They mentioned that Tony was ever so considerate and did buy the best dishwashers. They also added that after connecting and loading the washer to make sure that it was in working order, he went outside to chat with them. Then Tony went back to check that the wash cycle was complete. All that could be heard was loud, strong language. Rushing in, the neighbours saw Tony amidst half a metre of soap suds that covered the kitchen floor. It seems that laundry detergent is a no-no in the kitchen!

The Secret life of Tony at RCMP

Often, I would ask Tony, “So what did you do today at the RCMP?” He would reply, “Oh, I just entered a bunch of info on a national database.” “What kind of info?” I would ask. “Nothing important,” he would reply. Then, I would remind him, “Tony, I have my secret clearance, you can tell me!” “It’s just boring stuff!” “OK fine! Then, I am not going to tell you any of my super-duper secret stuff either!” I would tell him. This conversation would be replayed quite often, so there is no news to report on Tony’s tenure at the RCMP.

Magnetic Personality

During the short period that Tony was at Casa Abruzzo, he made an impression on people, just on their first visit. For a while, Anita was also cooking there a few days a week. It was great! Many people, mostly non-Italian, who happened to go there for lunch met both Tony and Anita and for them Casa Abruzzo was referred to as Tony’s Place! This reflects on the man. He was one of those people with a huge aura that encompassed you from a distance, and as you get closer, you would be smothered in his spell of kindness and understanding.

Conclusion

Tony, by no means are these highlights of your life or of your character, as those could have only be felt by being present with you and by noting what you worked to leave behind, a throve of loving friends and a caring, and loving, tight-knit family.

Tony, Always There!

Tony, we will miss you but you left this world a much better place. Thanks! You were a director, a playwright, a musician, a photographer, and a philosopher. Tony, you will always be with us!

See you!

Ettore Contestabile

Credits: Anita, Damiano and Fabiana for some of the stories they shared recently.

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A Tribute to Our Friend Tony Allogia



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BARZELLETTA DELLA SETTIMANA

Un giornalista si reca in un paesino noto per la longevità di alcuni suoi abitanti, per intervistare uno di questi ultracentenari. Passeggiando per le vie del paese, il giornalista vede un vecchietto che sta piangendo e gli chiede: "Mi dica buon uomo, quanti anni ha?". "105 anni". "E perchè sta piangendo?". "Mi ha picchiato il babbo!". E il giornalista stupitissimo: "E perchè suo padre l'ha picchiata?". "Perchè stavo facendo i dispetti al nonno!"



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11-21 Giugno
11-21 of June
Du 11 au 21 juin
2009

Pre-Festivities

- June 7th Italian-Style Buffet – Rideau Carleton Raceway
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June 10th CIBPA Annual Golf Tournament (tee off 1:00pm)
Emerald Links Golf and Country Club
www.CIBPA-Ottawa.com

Italian Week events include:

- June 11th Rising of the Flag at the Ottawa Police Station @ 10:00am
Parade to City Hall and official launch ceremony @ 11:30am
June 12th Gala Dinner @ 5:30pm - Centurion Hall
June 13th Soccer Tournament @ the Adult High School from 1:00 – 5:00pm
Ladies Aid Pasta dinner @ 6:00pm
June 14th Mass in honour of St-Anthony
Soccer Tournament @ the Adult High School from 1:00 – 5:00pm
Ladies Aid Pasta lunch @ 11:30am June 14th
June 15th "Viva l'Italia" Concert by Capital Brassworks @ 7:00pm
St-Anthony's Soccer Club
June 16th Gastronomy Night – Spotlight on Calabria
At Villa Marconi from 6:00pm – Free admission
June 17th Italian-Style Boat Cruise on the Ottawa River -
Boarding at 6:30pm
June 18th Assaggi – Italian Wine & Food Show
St-Anthony's Soccer Club @ 6:30pm
Including fashion show and entertainment

Closing Weekend

- June 19th Festivities on Preston Street and Adult High School Tent
Preston Street Ferrari Festival www.fcottawa.com
Opera in Piazza @ 6:30pm
June 20th Festivities on Preston Street and Adult High School Tent
Children's Variety Show starting at @ 9:30am
Italian Car Parade starting at 11:30am
Bocce and Soccer Tournaments from 1:00-5:00pm
Variety Show @ 6:00pm
June 21st Festivities on Preston Street and Adult High School Tent
Father's Day Brunch @ Villa Marconi, 11:30am
Criterium Bike Race start at Preston/Norman St. @ 1:00pm
Bocce and Soccer Tournaments from 1:00-5:00pm
Variety Show @ 6:00pm