

# IL POSTINO

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## Reconstruction of Ottawa's Piazza Dante

**City of Ottawa Approves \$600,000  
and Fundraising Dinner Raises Over \$5,000**

IL POSTINO • OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA

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## Letters to the Editor



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### Submissions

We welcome submissions, letters, articles, story ideas and photos. All materials for editorial consideration must be double spaced, include a word count, and your full name, address and phone number. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit all submissions for length, clarity and style.

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April 7, 2009

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 Halifax, N.S.  
 B2J 1M8

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 Embassy of Italy  
 275 Slater Street, 21st Floor  
 Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5H9

CJC Quebec Region  
 1 Cuthberts Square  
 Montreal, Quebec  
 H3W 1M6

BY FAX

CJC Ontario Region  
 4500 Somerset Street  
 Willowdale, Ontario  
 M2H 3V2

Dear Mr. Ambassador:

CJC National Capital District  
 71 Neilson South Plaza  
 Ottawa, Ontario  
 K2A 1R5

On behalf of the Jewish community of Canada, we express our deep sorrow on the tremendous loss of life from the earthquake that struck L'Aquila. We are with you in your time of grief and we extend our condolences to the families of the victims. We pray for a complete recovery of those hurt or ill as a result of this terrible natural disaster and for the expeditious rebuilding of the devastated lands.

CJC Manitoba Region  
 133 Exchange Street #200  
 Winnipeg, Manitoba  
 R3W 2S2

At this dark hour, our thoughts also turn to our fellow Canadians of Italian heritage. We will be contacting the Italian-Canadian community and expressing our deepest sympathies to them as well.

CJC Alberta Region  
 1007 80th Avenue S.W.  
 Calgary, Alberta  
 T2V 4V7


Once again, we extend our sincerest condolences to you on this terrible tragedy. We look forward to communicating with you on happier occasions.

CJC Saskatchewan Region  
 40 Bell Street, Springfield  
 4715 McTavish Street  
 Regina, Saskatchewan  
 S4S 0V2

With warm regards,

500 Congregation Avenue West  
 711 McMillan Avenue  
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to / *intestato a:* Preston Street Community Foundation Inc., Suite 101 Gladstone Avenue 865, Ottawa, Ontario K1R 7T4

# Local Announcements

## Villa Marconi Volunteer Builders 1989-1999



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Andy Molino



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Frank Allevato



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Giovanni Maiorino



Mr & Mrs. Pasquale Salute



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Raffaele Basile



Lucio Appolloni and Luigi Mion present award to Rosa Paliotti

# General Interest

## LA CITTA' CHE VOLEVA VOLARE

Patrizia Tocci

L'ho vista dal finestrino di un camper, la città che voleva volare. L'ho sentita e vista tremare, nella notte. I lampioni che si muovevano, in una danza macabra. L'atmosfera rossastra, infernale. Una polvere sottile ed alta impediva persino di capire cosa non c'era più. Mutato improvvisamente il profilo, mancavano dei campanili, c'erano dei vuoti ma la notte oscura proteggeva cullando la paura, che cresceva e montava come un mal di mare, il terreno all'improvviso diventato liquido. La paura per i cari, per gli altri, per tutto. Una sensazione di perdita dell'equilibrio, qualcosa di atavico che scatta: contemporaneamente i sensi tutti all'erta e un ottundimento. Con la prima luce dell'alba, l'evidenza del disastro, la colonna sonora delle ambulanze, degli elicotteri, delle sirene, la ricerca spasmodica dei familiari, degli amici. L'Aquila, un'aquila con le ali spalancate, la città sopra la collina. Voglio pensarla così, la mia città. Una città sospesa. C'erano, fino a qualche anno fa due aquile in gabbia, dentro una specie di piccola grotta, sulla strada del vecchio ospedale civile. Tutti gli aquilani le ricorderanno. Metafora e simbolo della città. Perché questa città, invece deve "restare a terra", ingabbiata, ferita. Ma qui, su questa collina dalla quale ha tentato altre volte di prendere il volo. Non la lasceremo volare. Le cureremo le ali spezzate, le zampe ferite, ma solo a patto che resti dov'è prigioniera dei nostri sogni e delle nostre paure, e che la sua gabbia diventi la nostra salvezza. La città sospesa, non la città fantasma. Certo molte vite perdute, certo le strade tutte vuote, certo le macerie. I sogni custoditi dalle case anch'esse in frantumi e sbriciolate. I palazzi lesionati e sventrati.

E' stata una via crucis di ricordi, mentre camminavamo in fila indiana in Via Garibaldi, al centro della strada vuota e con gli elmetti sulla testa; un pellegrinaggio silenzioso. I vigili del fuoco - ragazzi e uomini rudi e gentili - a farci compagnia e a guidarci come si fa con i piccoli scolari a cui si vuole

bene, discreti, attenti, vigili; perché saremmo rimasti ore dentro le case a prendere l'utile e l'inutile, con il rischio di mettere a repentaglio la nostra vita e la loro. Voglio ringraziare Raffaele, un vigile di Pisa. Non so altro di lui. Ma la sua stretta di mano e la reciproca commozione mi basterà per molto. Uno per tutti quelli che in questi giorni ci hanno aiutato, sorretto, capito, ascoltato. Perché in questi momenti si diventa davvero un "ci" un noi; la mia gente aquilana, fiera e caparbia, che cela le emozioni, nasconde le lacrime e si sottrae alle telecamere, nasconde il dolore o lo comunica con poche parole. Tutte le persone che abbiamo incontrato; poche parole, una stretta di mano, la lista dei lutti, la casa, " tutto bene e adesso dove vai... ?" Tra le tante, due immagini conservo: una ciabatta impolverata, una sola, che qualcuno aveva pietosamente messo su un muretto e un gatto macilento a cui abbiamo dato dell'acqua. Ci sarà tempo per i ricordi e per elaborare tutto questo. Non è ancora il momento. Quella ciabatta sapeva di casa e di fuga. Anche lei spaiata e disorientata, anche lei in cerca dell'altra di sé. Manca tutta una parte della mia identità: le cose, gli odori, i rumori e i suoni, le piccole abitudini quotidiane, le certezze. Ma se i simboli hanno un senso, L'Aquila deve restare così com'è nel gonfalone della nostra città. Ferma, con le ali spalancate sulla collina. Incatenata a terra da uomini resi più saggi dal dolore. Fissata con sapienza alla terra, nei piloni delle sue stanze, nelle fondamenta. Il gatto magro ma vivo, a guardia della casa. Ricostruiremo le case della nostra città. Riempiremo le strade e le finestre, apriremo saracinesche e vetrine. Torneremo, come dopo una lunga transumanza. Siamo abituati alle lunghe attese e a vivere sobriamente. Voglio dedicare a Giustino Parisse e a sua moglie questi pensieri, a quell' immenso dolore. A tutti quelli che in questo momento soffrono, spaesati, lontani, divisi. A tutti quelli che lottano perché la nostra città resti dov'è e come era.

## Marco Vigliotti - Profile: Maria Vigliotti

Adorned in a rose pink sweater and wearing hazel tinted glasses, Maria Vigliotti reveals the now humorous struggle to break free from her restrictive family and marry her older lover. Maria, boasting an wide spanning smile and an ebullient demeanour, goes on to describe the hazardous conditions in which her love for her older and now deceased husband flourished.

"Back in those days in Italy," Maria begins, "it wasn't uncommon for the mother to pick out her daughter's husband, and my defiance wasn't well received," she concedes, gently chuckling.

But Maria's mother's cultural role was unnecessary in this situation, as Maria was enamoured with her older, sophisticated and genteel boss. Her work as a seamstress was to be a temporary vocation; a necessitating job to help furnish her wilder ambitions. But her bosses romantic intentions and gentleman theatrics was too much for the beautiful 18 year old to resist.

"I was passionate about writing and wanted to be journalist and probably would've been if I never met him," Maria states gently grinning, "but he was so romantic, and a gentleman; he'd walk around me as I work. I just couldn't resist."

Maria then reaches into her purse and reveals a fraying picture of a handsome man with a soft well groomed face wearing a dapper black suit. She smiles as she recalls the intense beauty of his dark blue eyes and his sharp elegant features.

"He had the most beautiful eyes I'd ever seen; they were soft, mysterious and cerulean tinted. He had a dark, brooding handsomeness that drove me crazy."

However charming and good-looking Maria's lover was, the man was not only ten years older than her but also owning of a chequered past. The man, Luigi Vigliotti, was a 28 year old master tailor from Naples who, along with his pyrotechnician cousin, left Naples after enduring a handful of years engulfed in a tumultuous marriage that had

produced two young boys. After an onslaught of arguments, Luigi left and headed to Venice, yet by the time he set his eyes upon the teenaged Maria, he was still married to his Napolitano wife; presenting an array of sticky issues in conservative Catholic Church dominated post World War Two Italy.

"You see in Italy at that time, divorce was very difficult; especially how the Church dominated social life. Even if you got a divorce, you still risked being shunned by your family, friends and community."

Yet, once Maria's parents discovered the couple's romance, they insisted that if the two were to remain together, they were to be married. The persistence of Maria's father for the two to be wed was exactly what the young Maria wanted but Luigi's revelations of his complicated past considerably clouded the two's future.

"I was very disappointed and I considered leaving him but deep down inside, I couldn't; I loved him."

So Maria remained with her lover and the together the two trudged through the difficult proceedings, as Luigi was granted his divorce and was able to retrieve his two young boys from a Naples orphanage, where their mother had placed them. Despite the difficult start to their romance the two stayed together through it all. Soon the couple and their young expanding family darted off to Norway before finally settling in Ottawa where the two remained until his unfortunate death from cancer in the early 1980's. When, recalling the whole episode of her life, Maria insists that she would do all over again, only with bearing one big regret.

"I wish I never stopped pursuing my dream of being a journalist but what can you do, love makes you a fool."

# General Interest

## Anello Castrucci by Ruth Perley Fortin

On a bright sunny April day following Easter weekend, with crocuses peaking up around the city, Anello Castrucci and his youngest daughter, Brigida, arrived at Il Postino office to talk about Anello's life, and what an interesting conversation it turned out to be. Introductions made, we sat around the oval table and chatted about how Anello Castrucci became the extraordinary man he is today.

Born in Carpineto, Rome, on November 18, 1929, Anello was one of five children born to Serafina and Raffaele Castrucci. The Castrucci family prospered in Italy, and their lives were good.

Anello served in the Italian Army for 15 months in 1951, where his superior leadership skills were recognized by all who had the privilege to serve with him.

Stenio Castrucci, the oldest brother, was the first to leave for Canada, followed two years later by the rest of the family.

Anello worked in a factory in Sault Saint Marie; ventured to Sudbury; and from Sudbury he came to Ottawa, where he now resides.

During the winter of 1959, Anello decided it was time to return to Italy, and after a five-year absence, this became a reality. Early one morning after his arrival in his home town, he walked to a nearby market, and this is where his life changed forever. He remembers the very first time he laid eyes on Loreta, and knew that he could never look at another woman again. The two started dating. Both knew instantly that they were made for each other.

Following a whirlwind 28-day courtship, Anello married Loreta at the age of 29. He then went to the Canadian Embassy in Rome to acquire a passport for his young wife. He produced evidence to Canadian government officials proving he was a Canadian Citizen; he owned a home, and that he was financially secure. The embassy fast-tracked the application and within two months they were on their way to Canada. The bride was only 19 years old when she waved goodbye to her mother and her two sisters who remained in Italy. Anello laughed as he stated that he used to be the handsome one in the family until he married Loreta.

When they arrived in Ottawa they felt daunted, yet excited to start their lives together even though their parents resided in Italy;

In his younger days, Anello carried a gunny sack over his shoulder wherever he went. In one section he carried snacks, and in the other section he carried his precious books. He was a voracious reader, and feels his books aided him in becoming a more self-sufficient man; further developing his

leadership abilities as he became a respected member of the Italian Canadian community.

Anello joined the Order of Italian Canadians, first established in Montreal in the fall of 1926. The Order is a financial services organization where, as a customer, you are a member. Members may be eligible for the Order Member Benefits such as competitive scholarships. The Order offers authorized Classes of Insurance including Life; Accident, and Sickness.

In 1938 the Order was nationally incorporated at the beginning of WWII. From 1950 to 1966, the second major wave of Italians immigrated to Canada. From 1960 to 1976, Anello and Anselmo Bortolotti rebuilt the Ottawa Order, growing its membership to 400.

"The Italo Canadian Order not only offers fraternal insurance, but is also extended to other cultural, sports, and educational activities, and invites all Italians to take part in this family." Anselmo Bortolotti

During this time the young couple started their family. Giuseppe was the first of their children to arrive on Jan. 28, 1960; and is Vice President of Sales & Marketing, Laurysen Kitchens, President Ottawa-Carleton Homebuilders Association, and President of the Ferrari Club, Ottawa Branch. Giuseppe has 3 children. Wilma Bianco, May 5, 1964; is an Executive Assistant at Bell Canada, continues to be extremely involved with the Order of Italian Canadians, and is the current President of the Local Lodge in Ottawa; Wilma has one son. Brigida was born May 2, 1973, and owns Tiny Hoppers, consisting of four children's centres in Ottawa including Orleans, Kanata and two in Riverside. Brigida hosted fashion shows for the Italo Youth Group for 15 years, and was also a Youth Group representative.

An autobiographical writer, Anello wrote "I miei lontani pascoli" published in Montreal: Riviera 1984. This is the narrative-like story of Anello's life. In addition to "I miei lontani pascoli", Anello wrote: Il Libri; VOCI CHE Tornano, La storia GABRIELLA, and would still like to write another book. The essence of Anello's life is found in his writings.

Anello continues to be active on the Board of Directors for The Order of Italian Canadians, is their Orator, and donates his time to Italian community associations.

Anello and Loreta have four grandchildren, with more to come!

With our conversation at an end, we stood up, shook hands, and said our goodbyes as Anello left us with these parting words "Italian immigrants have made many sacrifices along the way. We can certainly all agree that it was worth every one."



The Castrucci Family



Loreta and Anello Castrucci - 1959

# Your City

## The Re-Construction of Ottawa's Piazza Dante

### History of Piazza Dante

- Piazza Dante was constructed in 1967 by the City of Ottawa and the Canadian Italian Professional Business Association.
- In 1958, during the reign of Mayor Charlotte Whitton, an Agreement was reached with the Italian Canadian Community, represented by Father Jerome Ferrarro of St. Anthony's Church, to develop the site located at Gladstone Avenue and Booth Street. This area was developed in 1967 as Piazza Dante. The name Dante comes from the Dante Academy situated across the street, and known today as St. Anthony's School.
- Dante Academy, built in 1924, had language classes in English and Italian. Father Italo Tiezzi and Professor Gino Tiezzi taught the Italian language.
- A bust of Dante was located in the Piazza until ten years ago when it was vandalized. At present, the bust created in 1967 sits on a pedestal on the property of St. Anthony's Church. The community wishes to install it in the Piazza Dante.
- CIPBA, under the leadership of Italo Tiezzi, and in partnership with the City of Ottawa, constructed the Piazza in 1967, and since 1967 to present, the work has been done to the Piazza, except that the Italian Community (Albaine Association) has placed a monument in the Piazza at a cost of \$50,000.00 to the community.

### Location

- Across from St Anthony's Church, corner of Gladstone and Booth Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.



### Original 1968 Ottawa Journal News Article

Italian Piazza Opened - September 9, 1968 - The Ottawa Journal

Piazza Dante, in the heart of Ottawa's Italian section, was officially opened Sunday. The square, at Booth Street and Gladstone Avenue, was constructed jointly by the Italian Business and Professional Men's Association of Ottawa and the three levels of government as a centennial project.

Among speechmakers at the ceremony were Italian Ambassador Alessandro Farace, Grenville-Carleton MP Gordon Blair and association president Italo Tiezzi.

The Piazza, opposite St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church and St. Anthony's School, is named not only after Dante Alighieri, but after Dante Academy, a name by which the school was known among the Italian community.

An RCMP band provided Italian chamber music and a group of young people entertained the large crowd with Italian folk dancing.

Thank You!! Geazie!!!  
For supporting the Piazza Dante  
Reconstruction Fundraising Dinner

The Fundraising Dinner raised over \$5,000

Support these pillars in your local city for giving back to the community.

Because of their efforts, we will make Ottawa a better place for all of us to enjoy, now and in the future.

Association Centro Abruzzese Canadese

Association Rapinese di Ottawa

Association Roccamontepiano

Association Pretorese

Italian Canadian Community Centre

Italian Canadian Community Historical Society of Canada

St. Anthony's ladies Aid

St. Anthony's Church

St. Anthony's Italia Soccer Club

Canadian Italian Professional Association

Ottawa Firefighters Community Foundation

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See Colour Models  
of what the new Plaza  
will look like on Page 9



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# General Interest

## Italo Abruzzese Launches New Book in Pescara

Article / Photos By Giovanni



Pescara, 3 febb. 2009

Caro Angelo,

ti scrivo due righe per ringraziarti dei numeri del giornale che mi spedisce puntualmente: sei tanto gentile! Vedo che fate tante belle cose e tutto ciò è veramente lodevole!

Ho visto Rina in foto ed è sempre in forma: dalle un grande abbraccio da parte mia!

Insieme con questa breve lettera, ti mando, come puoi vedere, il libro di poesie di mio padre con il CD delle foto. Come diciamo quando ci incontrammo qui in Italia, sarebbe bello se potessi pubblicare sul tuo giornale questa notizia.

Notizie tecniche riguardo il libro:

- la presentazione è avvenuta il 20 settembre 2008 a Pescara;
- il relatore è stato il Prof. Gino Orsini;
- il presentatore è stato il giornalista Raffaele Stanislao;
- co-relatore è stato il Presidente del Consiglio Provinciale di Pescara, Dott. Filippo Pasquali;
- partecipazione del Presidente della Settembrata Abruzzese Antonio Luise;
- partecipazione dei più esimi poeti d'Abruzzo;
- cornice musicale Rosalba e Aldo Nicolini.

Ti ringrazio profondamente per la tua disponibilità e gentilezza e spero davvero di potervi rivedere presto, magari in Canada, per festeggiare insieme qualche bell'evento.

Grazie e un abbraccio a te, Rina e i tuoi figlie un saluto a tutti quelli che ho conosciuto in Canada!! Bye bye.

Rosalba



Pescara, 3 febb. 2009

Preg.mo Dott. Angelo Filoso  
Executive Editor  
"Il Postino"

Allego CD foto al plico dei libri, per testimonianza della presentazione del mio libro, 20 settembre 2008.

Preferisco questa forma a quella cartacea, la prima immagine raffigura Rosalba, il sottoscritto e Aldo mio figlio musicista, che in seguito apparirà più volte, 1) da sinistra: il Dott. Filippo Pasquali Presidente del Consiglio Provinciale di Pescara, 2) io, 3) Gino Orsini prefattore, 4) giornalista Raffaele Stanislao.

A seguire panoramica ospiti, primo piano Angela mia moglie, don Giorgio il parroco, Dott. Pasquali, Antonio Luise (col pizzetto) Presidente Ass. Settembrata Abruzzese, Manuela l'altra mia figlia, Stanislao, Gino Orsini etc., il sottoscritto intento a declamare, ancora Mammela, Angela, Cesare, dietro il bambino, Franco Nicolini, autore dei disegni, Antonella Dell'Ellice sua moglie grafica ed impaginazione, alcuni poeti, la foto in cornice siamo genitori e figli.

Un grazie di cuore per la Vostra Cortese attenzione. Cordiali saluti e un abbraccio affettuoso da Rosalba, Angela e da me "NA "VOCE" PRIMA JURNE

Cesare Antonio Nicolini



# Community SnapShots

Alfonso Cocciaglia from Rapino Italy Entertains the Italian Community of Montreal and Ottawa - April.2009



Gino, Lorenzo with Participants



Angelo Filoso in Montreal with Ottawa Group



Children Participating in the Feast



Alfonso Cocciaglia from Rapino Italy



Alfonso Cocciaglia with Tony Ieluzzi



Tony Ieluzzi with co-ordinating committee



# Community SnapShots



## The Re-Construction of Ottawa's Piazza Dante - April.2009



Piazza Dante South East View



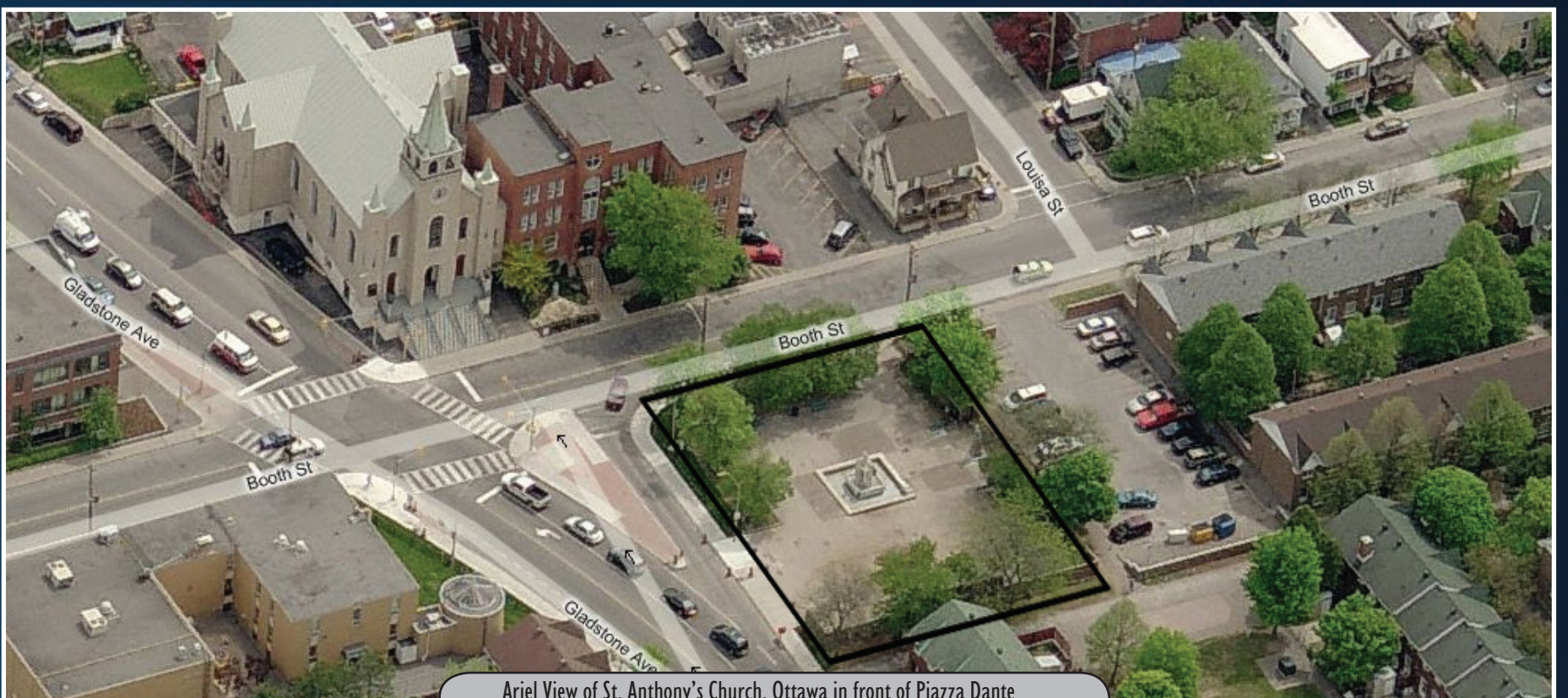
Piazza Dante West View with Chess Boards and Fountain



Piazza Dante with new fountain



Piazza Dante columns with Pergola and seating



Ariel View of St. Anthony's Church, Ottawa in front of Piazza Dante

# General Interests

## Espresso Expressions

By Renato Rizzuti

The song goes, "Morning has broken/Like the first morning/Blackbird has spoken/Like the first bird." That song strongly evokes the sense of the arrival of a new morning. I celebrate the arrival of each new morning with a fresh hot cup of espresso coffee. That deep dark black elixir has the power to awaken my mind and body to the wonderment of a new day. I face the day imbued with a zest for life!

Espresso coffee gets its name from the Latin origin of the word referring to "pressed out" which is the method of espresso coffee preparation since the coffee is "pressed out" by hot water. There is some speculation that the word "espresso" like the English word "express" relates to "just for you" and "quickly" which describe the method of espresso preparation. Whatever the origin of the word is, I know that I like to enthusiastically express myself with espresso!

Basically, espresso coffee is defined as "A concentrated coffee beverage brewed by forcing hot water under pressure through finely ground coffee." Espresso was developed in Milan, Italy in the early part of the 20th century. Until the mid 1940's it was produced solely with steam pressure. Once the spring piston lever machine was invented and it became a commercial success, it changed espresso into the modern espresso as it is known today.

Espresso coffee is characteristically thicker in consistency than drip coffee having a higher amount of dissolved solids than drip coffee in the same amount of volume. The serving size is usually measured in "shots" which are around one fluid ounce in size. Oxidation breaks down many of espresso's components. You could say espresso coffee has an "oxidation breakdown" every time it's brewed! The reddish brown foam that collects on the top is composed of proteins, sugars and vegetable oils. Interesting combination for what simply appears as foam. The high pressure brewing process concentrates all the chemicals and flavours in a cup of espresso. Espresso coffee is under a lot of pressure to taste good!

Espresso coffee certainly has a strong taste. This does not mean it is overloaded with caffeine. It contains three times the caffeine content of regular brewed coffee. That may seem like a lot but when you compare it based on usual serving sizes, a 1 fluid ounce shot of espresso has about half the caffeine of a standard 6 fluid ounce cup of regular brewed coffee. So based on a cup per cup basis, you can get a lot of kick out of espresso for half the caffeine!

Some espresso lovers say the best espresso is made with an espresso machine like the ones you find at your local espresso bar. When you produce a shot of espresso from this type of machine it known a "pulling" a shot. In pulling a shot of espresso a metal filter basket is filled with about 1/3 ounce of ground coffee for a single shot and about 5/8 ounce for a double shot. The ground coffee is usually "tamped" evenly into a firm puck of coffee. The filter basket is locked under the grouphead's diffusion block. When brewing begins, pressurized water at 185 to 203 degrees Fahrenheit and 130 pounds per square inch is forced into the grouphead and through the ground coffee in the portafilter. The temperature of the water is crucial to a good cup of coffee. If the water is cooler than the ideal zone, it causes sourness. If the water is hotter than the ideal zone, it causes bitterness. A high quality espresso machine will control the temperature of the brew water within a few degrees of the ideal temperature.

Of course, we would all love to have a commercial size espresso coffee machine in our homes but it is not very practical for both economic and space consumption reasons.

I use the old standard stove top espresso maker. I invested in a great stainless steel model that has faithfully brewing my espresso for a number of years. Basically, stove top espresso makers work on the same principal of forcing hot water through ground coffee like the commercial machines.

Stove top espresso makers are easy to use. First you remove the top part of the espresso maker. Then you remove the filter funnel insert. Fill the lower part of the espresso maker with cold fresh water. Be careful not to fill past the little safety valve. Put the empty filter funnel into the lower half of the espresso maker. Fill the filter funnel with fine ground espresso coffee. You can experiment with the type of grind to get your preferred coffee flavour. Screw the top part back onto the lower half firmly but not forcefully. Place the espresso maker on the stove set at high heat. Remove espresso maker from stove immediately once the top part of the espresso maker is full with coffee. Use caution because the espresso maker will be hot. Pour yourself a cup of freshly brewed espresso and enjoy!



It is a commonly held misconception that espresso coffee must come from a certain espresso type coffee bean and that it must go through a specific roasting level. The truth is that any coffee bean or combination of beans from different origins or roasting level can be used to make authentic espresso coffee. Some major North American companies use a dark roast as their espresso roasts. Interestingly enough, some of the winning blends used in the World Barista Championship were a medium or "City" roast. In this case there is no visible surface oil on the coffee beans. In Italy, roast levels vary quite a bit. In Southern Italy a darker roast is the preferred choice. The further north one goes in Italy the choice of roasts tends to be of a lighter variety.

The darker espresso roasts contain more body, chocolate, mild bitters and other caramelized flavours. These flavours are a result of the higher roasting temperature and a prolonged roasting time. It is these flavours that have been historically associated with espresso for many espresso coffee drinkers. The lighter espresso roasts amplify the specific flavours of the coffee beans used. The wider range of taste characteristics include citrus, pectin fruit, floral, herbal and other delicacies tastes not usually associated with a typical cup of espresso. Other coffee roasters will use a combination method of roasting some beans dark and some beans light. This is to create a blend that produces the best of both the dark roast and the light roast methods.

The popularity of espresso has gone way beyond the Italian border and beyond the traditional section of Italian espresso drinkers. Espresso coffee is the main type of coffee consumed in most of southern Europe particularly in Italy, France, Portugal and Spain. It is also popular throughout much of the rest of Europe and in Argentina, Brazil and Cuba. In Australia and New Zealand most of the commercial café, coffehouse and restaurant coffee business are based on espresso coffee business. In North America espresso has become enormously popular. In Canada and the United States you have coffee franchises like Starbucks dotting the map and brewing up espresso coffee.

Espresso drinking is also more popular in the home. This is evidenced by the sales of home espresso machines and stove top espresso makers. It has become increasingly easier to find and purchase espresso equipment in kitchen stores, department stores and through online vendors.

Espresso coffee is the old but new expression of coffee. The most important espresso expression is, of course, "I'll have an espresso please!"

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# Food!

## Mexican Rice alla Rizzuti

By Maria Rizzuti

Today's recipe Mexican Rice alla Rizzuti incorporates the aromatic flavours and ingredients from "South of the border down Mexico way" as the song goes. While I had fun in Acapulco, I was also able to sample first hand the spices of Mexico in the local food. After a spicy Mexican meal you get the urge to do the "Mexican Hat Dance" for hours on end! Spices are what give a dish authentic enhanced flavour and on occasion, a real kick!

Have you ever contemplated what cuisine would taste like without the use of spices? Pretty bland and unexciting I would imagine. At times salt and pepper alone just won't cut the mustard! Today's palates are daring and adventurous and we all know that spices and herbs make foods taste superior and also that certain fare are defined by the distinct spices used in that particular culture. Now more than ever, there is a new incentive to spice it up!

Spices can make or break any recipe you endeavor to try. If you fail to remember even one or two spices in a recipe it can alter the end result and you may have missed the mark. You will definitely not receive any accolades from your guests if their appetites have not been satisfied. Let's hope your visitors don't rub salt in the wound and refuse your next invitation to a ceremonial dinner! Of course too much hot crushed chili pepper will cause that sharp, biting and burning sensation in your mouth that will make your Uncle Tony seize the pitcher of ice water off the table and gulp it all down just to stop the insides of his mouth to stop burning. When is hot too hot or too pungent? It's all a matter of personal taste. Of course if you are Calabrese it won't matter, the hotter the better!

What is considered a spice? Spice is a fragrant vegetable product used for the intention of adding flavour to a dish. Some spices are recognized in the dried seed form like fennel, caraway, poppy seed and mustard seeds. Spices also come in the powdered form as in garlic, onion, paprika, ginger, curry, sage and black pepper just to name a few. The leaves from fresh herb plant parts are dried for flavouring purposes like basil, bay leaves, cilantro, oregano, parsley and marjoram.

Your individual preferences can determine what spices you are likely to stock in your pantry and to make use of at your next meal preparation. There are no hard and fast rules as to which spices you should purchase. Of course, salt and black pepper is a staple for any spice collection and as for the rest of the spices, well that's entirely up to you.

A common spice mixture is Herbes de Provence typically used in French cuisine from the region of southeastern France. The blend classically contains savory, fennel, basil, thyme and lavender flowers. I am sure you have heard of Five-spice powder used in Chinese cuisine, the principles are based on the Chinese philosophy of balancing the yin and yang in their food. Pumpkin Pie Spice is an American spice blend of powdered cinnamon, cloves, ginger, nutmeg and sometimes allspice. It may also be used to add pizzazz in general cooking, but it is largely used as the main ingredient in pumpkin pie of course!

Jerk is a style of cuisine native to Jamaica in which chicken, beef, pork, goat and or fish are dry-rubbed with a hot spice mixture called Jamaican Jerk Spice. Ah there's the rub! Why not mull over the idea of using other spice rubs available on the market today or make your own unique blend next time you have a craving for some barbequed ribs. Consider using sesame seeds and black sesame seeds to crust your fish fillets for your next fish fry. Spices give fabulous flavour to virtually every aspect of food or drinks and also have commercial uses as well as ingredients in medicine, perfume, incense and soaps.

What is the shelf life of spices? If the colours of your spices or herbs are vivid and the aroma is still very obvious then you know your spices are still fresh for usage. Storage and handling of the spices are also key elements in keeping the spices fresh. Protect them from heat, direct sunlight and moisture. In other words, the worst place to salt away the spice rack is right over the stove as repeated contact to the heat and moisture will accelerate flavour loss in said spices. Of course you can all take this information with a pinch of salt, checking the bottle for a best by date will also ensure the spices are still good enough to utilize.

Spices are also important for health and well being. Yes you read correctly. You may be surprised to know that spices and herbs are extremely rich in antioxidants. You can obtain your next antioxidant fix from dried oregano which has one of the highest antioxidant levels of all the dehydrated herbs. Ground cloves and cinnamon as well as Cayenne, chili powder, paprika are also great sources of antioxidants. I would proclaim that this is great motivation enough to accumulate an assortment of spices and herbs in your pantry thus boosting your immune system and while ultimately spicing up your life!

### Mexican Rice alla Rizzuti

Servings: 4 to 5

#### Ingredients:

- ½ cup extra virgin oil
- 2 large yellow cooking onions - diced
- 2 cups of diced tomato (canned or fresh)
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste
- ½ tsp paprika
- ½ tbs dried oregano
- 2 tsp chili powder
- 1 jalapeno – seeded and finely chopped or 1 tsp hot crushed chili pepper flakes (optional)
- ½ cup Italian flat leaf parsley - chopped
- 2 large red bell peppers – cut into small chunks no larger than 1 inch
- 2 large green bell peppers– cut into small chunks no larger than 1inch
- 1 ½ cups frozen corn
- Enough water to cover mixture then add an additional 3 cups of water
- 1 lb lean ground veal (pork, beef or turkey can be substituted or a combination of each to equal 1 lb of meat)
- 2 cups uncooked long grain white rice (cook rice according to package directions)

#### Cooking Directions:

In a large deep non stick pot, add olive oil and diced onions and cook until translucent. Add the veal and brown the veal until cooked. Add the diced tomatoes and cook for about 5 to 7 minutes. Add the red and green peppers, jalapeno or hot crushed chili pepper flakes (optional), frozen corn and enough water to cover mixture, then add an additional 3 cups of water to the pot. Add the salt and freshly ground pepper to taste, paprika, oregano, chili powder and chopped parsley. Stir and bring to a boil and let pot boil on high for 20 to 30 minutes, then reduce to medium high heat and simmer for another 15 to 20 minutes or until all the liquid has thickened and has reduced.

Pour meat and vegetable mixture over bed of cooked long grain rice and serve.

Buon appetito and ole!



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# International

## Abruzzo: The Unpredicable Monster

By Fabrizio G. Scalabrino

3:32 am

It was a ghastly experience. The noise was that of a growling, roaring, angry beast running through the house at 3:32 am that Monday morning. It was the 6th of April the week before Easter. The earthquake had hit the least known region of Italy : Abruzzo.

### Inhuman noise:

We will never forget that terrifying, inhuman noise as it rushed from room to room. The walls were cracking, plaster and objects falling. It was not as scary or important as the growling, angry noise. A second to realize what was happening and a second later it was pitch dark as the electricity went off. The growling voice continued for 2.3.4.5.6.7.8.9.10.11.12.13.14.15.16.17.18.19.20 long seconds.

When the lights returned we looked out immediately from the window and saw the 1400 church of the Madonna del Rosario, the Piccolomini Castle and an antique tower opposite our house still standing. We wondered how long it would be before they fell. It was the strongest earthquake worldwide since the beginning of 2000.

### L'Aquila the musical center of the Kingdom of Sicily / Naples:

We were in the small town of Capestrano located about 40 km from L'Aquila. We were the lucky ones. Our house, dated 1400, was still standing after it had grated along the rock on which it had constructed so many years ago.

Our experience is nothing compared with what happened in L'Aquila, which was also the musical center of the Kingdom of Sicily and Naples. L'Aquila had already been destroyed by earthquakes in 1300 and again in 1703. In April 2009 it is reported that 295 dead, of whom 20 children and a large number of young university students. I spoke to one of a team who were helping to extract victims and survivors. He said he would never forget the expression of terror on the faces of the dead.

It is amazing the work the dogs did in finding the dead or those still alive. To think for them it is a game and the reward is a positive stroke. 150 were pulled out alive from the dust and ruins; 1.500 were wounded, over 40,000 were made homeless, of whom 30,000 are housed in tents and 10.000 have been moved to temporary accommodation along the nearby Adriatic coast. The earthquake damaged over 130 small villages and towns. As of the 15th April there are 106 Tent camps and others are being set up.

A girl was born very soon after the earthquake in an ambulance outside the damaged Hospital, they named her Gabriella. Life continued immediately after death.

Mother's lives: Many more children would have died, had their mothers not protected them with their bodies and died instead.

### The Macedonian immigrants:

It was a pleasant sunny Palm Sunday and we were working in the garden after what seemed a long winter. A few days before I had met Jimmy and his brother, who were small builders. They had come across the Adriatic from Macedonia to work in Abruzzo alongside the other immigrants, many of whom were now doing work of the 40 per cent of Abruzzese who emigrated to north and south America after the war. They did the work of shepards, bricklayers and all the manual work that Italians were so good at.

Jimmy and his brother were excellent workers. If they were late in arriving they would call. They were working on estimates for English friends of ours, they had purchased a house in Capestrano and wanted to add a stone staircase to get to a terrace.

I had fixed an appointment with an Engineer so they could work out an estimate for my brother's tomb which were we constructing in Capestrano. We had both purchased a house in Capestrano, plus I had an olive grove and also a vegetable patch down at the river. At a certain point we said before he died, some time ago, why not purchase also a piece of land at the cemetery. As the family tomb in Maitland cemetery Cape Town South Africa was now far away for us.

Jimmy and his brother worked in our garden on the Saturday and also Sunday. We were finally building a spill tank around our fuel tank- a legal requirement in case of earthquakes. Over 40% of Italy is on earthquake earth.

Jimmy met Juma from Mombasa, Kenya, who does domestic work for us. Juma said he was Obama's brother as also Obama had Kenyan roots. Jimmy immediately wanted a photograph with Juma to send back to his family in Macedonia to show he had met Obama's brother. While working in the garden I joked with Jimmy that Fiammetta, my wife, was making us work on a Sunday. He replied: "We are here in Italy to work and send back funds to our families".

A domani : Late afternoon they said "A domani" = See you tomorrow . They still had to help Fiammetta fill the flowerbed they had build. Off they went, leaving their tools behind in order to finish their work on Monday.

### He had a surname:

It was Monday morning after the earthquake and they did not turn up. I was surprised. Why did they not call ? After the earthquake people were confused. I presumed they had taken the day off. I called Jimmy on his mobile, which kept ringing but no-one replied. Late afternoon a woman walked up to me and said bluntly: Do you know that the men who were working for you yesterday, died !

I was dumfounded. During the earthquake their house, in nearby Castelnuovo, collapsed on them. It was difficult to accept .... they did not make it !

Now that they are dead, I got to know their real surname: Rifik and Demal Hasani. At the State funeral in L'Aquila there was also Imam Mohamed Nour Dachanan spoke on behalf of the 6 Islamic victims and was applauded by the 5.000 people present It was the first time that an Imam and Catholic bishops celebrated together a State funeral in Italy. Our Pope should have made the effort to travel the short distance from the Vatican to L'Aquila. In our view he missed an opportunity to be more popular.

### Bleeding feet and hands:

Another immigrant from Macedonia, after his house had collapsed, bare footed, he crawled back under the ruins and dust, with his bare hands, dug out the rocks and found and pulled out his daughter. He went back a second time and was able save his wife too. His hands and feet were now blending as he dug in the ruins for his second daughter. He found her but she did not move, she was dead. He did not hesitate a second, he left his dead daughter there and charged out to pull out from under the ruins another 11 people. Only later did he go and fetch with his bleeding hands and feet his daughter and cried.

### Only a week has gone by:

It seems we have been living with tremors for weeks. They say there has been over 1.000 since the main earthquake but we felt only a few. Each tremor has been terrifying as nature makes one impotent in mind and movement. Now they say the beast has moved deeper into the ground. At 3.32 that night, the earthquake was only 5 km away from us. Our three hunting dogs Chiga, Zula and Shaka sleep in our bedroom they are the first to warn us a few seconds before another is on its way.

Email: We sleep dressed, with a whistle around our necks. Good advice a friend of ours forwarded via email. What a blessing was email, as we were able contact our daughters in Dublin and Genoa a few minutes after the quake to tell them we were still standing. We received over 90 emails from friends around the world and, even if the house trembled, I kept on replying. It was a good feeling that all those friends were close to Abruzzo with their thoughts and prayers.

Do not forget a clean set of underwear. We also have a small emergency bag, if we are able to make a fast getaway. When the quake wakes you up one loses precious seconds at least 3 /4 to focus reality. With our next door neighbour who also had an emergency bag we discovered, we both had besides identity documents and credit cards but above all a clean set of underwear. No one thought of a clean shirt or whatever but we both thought if we were not able to get back in our homes, clean underwear was a must, in the emergency bag. !

People are scared if not petrified: There is now a tent camp and a camp kitchen set up near the old cemetery walls of Capestrano and most people are sleeping in cars, buses and trucks turned into bedrooms. For the time being they are terrified to return to their homes.

The other morning it was cold and they had slept badly in their cars. They were longing for a hot coffee. At 6 am when they entered their homes, it was daylight and they made for their kitchen to make a hot morning coffee. It was 6.25am while preparing coffee that a nasty tremor shook the ground again under their feet.

### Rugby Players:

A promising young 21 year old rugby player Lorenzo Sebastiani known as Ciccio, died in the earthquake. L'Aquila is also known for it's Rugby. Many players went immediately to help. One Rugby player was able to extract from a collapsing house an old gentleman. He went back to fetch his wife who was further away, she shouted not to enter but to leave her where she was as it was far too dangerous. He went back in and saved her too. When he was interviewed by TV, they said, well your physique must have helped you, he replied. "It was not a fact of physical strength but the force of my mental state in that moment". There is a request to name L'Aquila's Sports Stadium Ciccio .

"Io non crollo". Students hope to continue their studies soon. In L'Aquila which was/is a University town, students were seen wearing a T-shirt with "Io non crollo" = I will NOT fall down ! .

An old Abruzzese woman said "An earthquake is an unpredictable monster" ! She was so right we heard the monster, in that dark terrifying early morning and pray it will not return, ever.

# General Interest

## Mother's Day - a day of expectations, disappointments, and hand lotion

By Dosi Cotroneo

I smell Sunday brunches, spa gift certificates, hand lotions, flowers, and glossy Hallmark cards. Yes, I'm afraid to admit it but another Mother's Day has come to pass, and this year, I was determined to spend Mother's Day my way.

Webster's defines mother as a woman in authority, to care for or protect, maternal tenderness or affection. I define mother as the worker bee, the tie that binds, the hand that rocks the cradle, the person who replaces empty milk bags and toilet paper rolls.

The children define mother as the tired-looking woman who walks aimlessly throughout the house playing the roles of cook, chamber maid, laundress, dust-bunny chaser, cab driver, tutor, loans officer, note writer – and all, because “it's her job.”

As a young mother, I had visions of Mother's Days to come and how my young brood would gleefully race into my bedroom on Mother's Day morning, waving home made cards and gifts, followed by a man resembling the husband carrying a silver tray loaded with a lovely breakfast – fresh brewed decaf, pancakes, strawberries, and a day bombarded with love and affection for this woman they adored. Sadly, that vision has faded and reality set in. Years have passed since those foolish, naïve daydreams. Now a hardened, weathered mother, both reality and my spirit have sunk in. The truth of the matter - the young brood has grown to double digits and unruly self-absorbed teenagers. In a word - they don't have a clue what to do for mother on Mother's Day.

It all changed the year they stopped making Mother's Day crafts at school. A mother really doesn't ask for much – a card, a simple card with a few words of love and gratitude, that's all it would take to make Mother's Day special. No need for pomp and ceremony is what I say. Really, I'm not that fussy. All I ask is that for one day out of the year, I can walk into the kitchen and not replace an empty milk bag, walk into the bathroom and not replace an empty toilet paper holder, walk into the laundry room and not find ten loads of jeans and t-shirts that need to be washed immediately because “I have nothing to wear!”.

I still cringe when I think back to Mother's Day 2008. After eight hours of hearing mother's uncontrollable sobs, the family finally turned down the volume on the remote and concluded that it was, in fact, Mother's Day. The two teenagers decided to leave the house at 4:00 p.m. only to return ten minutes later with a potted plant, which I fear they removed from a neighbor's porch.

Determined to not have history repeat itself, this year, I prepared a thing or two to kickstart my day on the right foot. The silverware sat polished, the menu selected, the linens pressed, the Birks blue velvet jewelry boxes wrapped with my lovely gifts, the poems written and the hand-made cards all signed – all unbeknownst to dear family.

Was it the husband that said, “me thinks that thou protests too much?” Yes, for once in their lives, and mine, this year, Mother's Day will certainly be different.

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](http://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*



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# Mother's Day Special Insert

## "A Heroine's Saga" - Mother's Day Tribute

Sonia M.G. Sartor

She was whisked away, by her new-found love, into a new world of inquisitive customs, a strange language and an altogether challenging "vita".

"Mamma sei tanto felice . . ."

Now, almost fifty-five years later, I must pay homage to this heroine – which is mine, and very probably yours- also.

Alone, she guided me across the rhythmic Atlantic. Diligently, she surveyed each of my toddler steps as I crested the waves on a rudimentary ocean liner. A vast machine, which I later learned in life, was worthy in escorting us safely into harbor. Nonetheless, our Halifax port landing welcomed her fragile spirits, symbolically waving "Arrivederci!" to its weary passengers. "Ecco noi qui..." at this exciting new land called: "Canada".

Since that day, August 8, 1955, her heroic saga evolved. She persevered language struggles, cultural differences and addressed each obstacle with the maternal strength innate to all immigrant Mothers and wives. With time, patience and relentless stamina, she suppressed heart-wrenching tears, secret sadnesses and excruciating loneliness. Her young infant, baby child gave her the will to survive, the will to go on, and the reason "to will".

The immigrant wife knew how to turn the first, meager, wooden structure she inhabited into "una vera casa Italiana". The cozy kitchen, laced with porcelain heirlooms, bragged of green, white and red pride. Tea towels revered visitors with endeared invitations of "cappuccino, café latte . . . la vita bella". In this reception area, it often brimmed with my favorite familiar aromas of "una bella minestrina, un sugo di pomodoro, funghi e polenta – con vitello nel forno". Atop her busy stove, she nurtured a familiar process, after my Father concocted a contraption fitted with a copper "torbina". The goal? "Grappa". As Monday rolled into the end of the week, her "home-made goof" enticed her to transform into a happier "giddy" state as it augmented in potency – much to the satisfaction of my Father and his friends. Her seemingly magical abilities thrived in this "cucina" as an auspicious celebration of the true Italian family meal, including its reverence and importance, in our daily routine. An elegant, hand-embroidered, lace table cloth was the back-drop for our meal. It high-lighted brilliant, fragrant, home-grown bouquets of flowers, a ceramic plate of abundant, freshly harvested "insalata" and delicately, grated "parmigiano" (which-, if I was good, she would cut me a thimble-sized morsel). Little did I know back then of the cost this delicacy entailed; but, this prize was always offered. "E non dimenticare il vino buono!" We must never forget the home-made wine, swirled with the exact sequence of "coca-cola!" Smile. . . "Vestirsi ai gusti degli altri; mangiare al gusto suo!" Each day, I sat indulgently at this feast, not realizing the ultimate sacrifices made by- and hours spent by- my precious Mother. She not only seasoned and flavored our food with her inspiring aura- but also, carefully lifted our spirits, filling our home with the melodies instilled by her own Mother. Now these memories were a figment of "her" far away, distant homeland of Treviso, Italia. Only "she" cradled the secret pining of her heart string's yearnings to be "there", yet mending these pains by forging towards a new life "here".

She was a professional seamstress by trade, having acquired her skills in the Italian educational milieu of her homeland. Her nimble fingers would transform hand-me-downs offered by neighboring women as bartering payments for meticulously perfect, hand-sewn repairs and garments. Meager dollars had not yet provided her a sewing machine; the Sears "Singer" model was earned later. I sweetly recall the unique and original dresses, smocks and matching outfits she confectioned for me as I proudly strutted to my one-room school house in the quaint village of Morewood. These "child" designs gave me the self-confidence to fit in, with a unique style all my own; graced with the characteristics of my Italian heritage. With each loving stitch, sewed with brio, in lace, trimmings and creativity, she transmitted the essence of who I was then: "nothing less than those around me; everything more I was intended to become". She secured in me, the courage to stand up for myself: in originality, in intelligence and in human compassion towards others. These patterns are still perpetuated in the fabric of her life and seventy-nine year old stiffening fingers today. She remains a true artist in her trade.



My Father's talents enabled him to fabricate master pieces from wooden scraps. My Mother was his volunteer sander, polisher, finishing painter and critic. She moved heavy equipment, ran machines, earned her driver's license enabling her to deliver, be taxi and run endless job-related errands. She existed as his unequivocal moral support, sustaining his need for making extra money to "save" and "provide" for the building of their "own" home. A haven they so desperately wanted to own. This was the "immigrant way": to work hard; to save; to survive – relentlessly.

English was hard. She had to act her needs out, using actions, without embarrassment, when attending the corner store for groceries and supplies. The accent was obvious- the determination to learn- greater. Broken sentences, with verb completions missing, gave way to an improved vocabulary as the desire for friendship and company developed into a need for acceptance. Life was a daily challenge to survive whether financial, social or against Winter's furies. Snow for me was a glistening blanket of white cotton candy. For my Mother, it was a bone-chilling, frigid impediment that aggravated her trek to the, now obsolete, outhouse. Here, personal courage was indeed tested.

All the reactions to these obstacles remained silent. She never complained. She was excessively grateful and extraordinarily optimistic. I never heard her cry, although today, I know she did- of loneliness, of the nostalgia felt by the immigrant solitude. She left behind her own "Mamma", family, friends, country – to begin "one" altogether new, unknown.

Today, in 2009, she has proudly emerged to accomplish the immigrant wife's and Mother's dreams. She has helped build, pay for and maintain, with her deceased husband's strong hands and expertise- two lavish homes. She has raised two kind, university-educated loving daughters. Her grand-son has followed "Nonna's" creative leads as an educator and fashion designer. Her grand-daughter shares "Nonna's" love of baking scrumptious "biscotti". Her son-on-law does not hesitate to endear her as "Mamma-Lina". This woman expresses herself quite fluently and confidently in English and Italian; sharing jokes that are minced with expressions of her own poetic license. Her manipulation of herbs and spices tantalizes and tempts our palates to this day, anticipating the "pranzo e cena alla casa di Mamma".

She is proud . . . with reason, She is beautiful . . . inside and out, She is strong . . . beyond limitation, She is "Mamma" . . . like no other, in the truest sense of the word.

I pay homage to her, Cara Lina Marcellina Casagrande Sartor, and to each and every one of your Mothers. I am certain they have quested on similar sagas, each in their own heroic way. Included in these intentions, are fervent regards for the very, dear Mothers who have danced their way into Heaven's realm and watch carefully and lovingly over each of their children whether they be young or wisely older. We all pay sincere tribute: to their tenacity, their bravery, their magnificence, their poise, their values, their accomplishments, their "love of life" – their love.

They are our "heart of hearts" and the "heart of our hearths". They have gifted us with their legacy. As immigrant prodigies, we humbly pray:

"Grazie. Cara Mamma, ti ringrazio . . . ti amo . . . per sempre!"

## Mother's Day Announcement

A very special Mother's Day blessing to our moms  
Alison Bernal from Gabriel and Christian Bernal  
and Jessica Doyle from Jacob, Ethan and Nicholas



# Community Calendar & Businesses

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**BARZELLETTA DELLA SETTIMANA**

Un turista guarda per un'ora un pescatore che si sposta continuamente da uno scoglio all'altro, e alla fine dice: "Mi scusi, signore, perché cambia posto di continuo?". E lui: "Per non farmi riconoscere dai pesci!"

L'appuntato al maresciallo: "Per fare un po' di spazio in archivio possiamo bruciare i fascicoli più vecchi di 10 anni?". Il maresciallo: "Ottima idea, ma per sicurezza, fai prima le fotocopie!"



## Madonna di Carpineto Celebration in Montreal - March.2009



Alfonso Cocciaglia entertaining Montreal group



Gino, Lena, Angelo, Ernesto, Angela, and Rina



Gino with waiters of Casa del Mare in Montreal



President Lorenzo Micucci with Ottawa Group



Tomasso, Lorenzo, Gino and Alfonso



Antonietta and Tanya DeNardis