Auguri Mamma!
Happy Mothers Day!

Blessed be all mothers
Who have come into our lives
Whose kindness, care and loving
Remain with us to guide.

Your inspiration in us
Made us strive in every way
Especially to remember
Helping others makes our day.

Mothers, this little tribute
Flows directly from my heart
You are so loved and cherished
Invaluable, one and all, you are.
Letters Received

E’ un onore per la Regione Abruzzo accogliere e valorizzare il prezioso dono del Comune di Giarre, che illustra rappresentativamente della nostra terra in Canada. La dedizione piena alla professione e ad amare di carattere sociale hanno distinti il professionista elevando il suo prestigio e la sua considerazione a Montreux e nell’intero Stato.

Consacratamente nello svolgere il proprio dovere, Giarre ha diviso testimonianza della nostra cultura e del nostro lavoro e partecipato a un simile incontro interculturale che si viene a creare tra la nostra regione e il Canada.

Nello spirito di un’individualità fondamentale, mantengono solidi e duraturi i rapporti con i loro voci, che si sono legati al fine di migliorare la situazione economica, culturale e socio culturale dell’interno e dell’estero e la presenza di abitanti così illustri all’esterno e agraieda questo percorso.

Ieri mi è stato annunciato che il Comune di Giarre, con l’intento di farla sua e arricchire il piano di soddisfazione e il mio rinnovamento, a tal coloro che struttura la sua crescita nel rispetto e nella gratitudine del loro paese d’origine è di quello d’ascolto.

L’Aquila 15 aprile 2007

Il Presidente della Regione Abruzzo
On. Ottavio Del Tufo

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Poem By
Susan Kramer

1. Olivia Piccioli & Mother
2. Paige Paladino & Mother
3. Anthony Caputo & Mother
4. Antonio, Dalia, Odessa Strizzi & Mother
5. Elisa, Giulia, Rhodes & Mother
6. Debra Pahl & Jordan Della Penna
7. Linda, Maria Elena & Mother
8. Luigi, Christopher Nesi & Mother
9. Nic Palazzolo & Mother
10. Felix Caputo & Mother
11. Eric Kirshner & Mother
12. Patsi Carrauza & Mother
13. Alyx Latendresse & Mother

From The Front Page...

Congratulations Shahid!

Shahid Kahn is celebrating being Rogers Television Employee of the Year! His contribution to Tele-30 have established a well known program known to all of Ottawa. We wish him the best and hope for many more successful years to come!

Name and Surname: __________________________
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Postal Code: __________________ Date: __________________

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But my grandmother didn’t speak with her daughter about the internment until the 1950s, and then only briefly. “There was no reason to discuss it,” my grandmother, an American citizen of English descent, says unquestioningly. “We put it out of our minds and behind us. I didn’t tell any of the children until they were grown. We were so ashamed.”

My mother, Celia Garrity, says her father never talked about the matter with her or her younger brother and sister. “I seem to remember him saying that the incident was so distressing that he wanted to forget it completely,” she says. That silence was typical in families where loyalty to America was called into question, according to John Joseph Scelsa, dean of the John D. Calandra Italian-American Institute at Queens College. Scelsa says the community hasn’t pushed for recognition of civil rights violations before now because complaining is seen as a sign of weakness. “It’s the nature of the Italian American psyche,” he says. “We never bring shame to ourselves, even though we were the victims. It’s a cultural legacy of taking it on the chin, of being quiet about it.”

When my grandfather died in 1957, the story of precisely what he was thinking on Ellis Island died with him, as he wanted. My grandmother will say only that he was terribly depressed during his weeks there, that he feared the ruin of his career, that his health declined. In fact, he was to go on to even greater public acclaim after his release, both at the Met and later as the star of the Broadway show South Pacific. But my mother says that she remembers him as quiet and solitary—an image that is in sharp contrast to the reputation he had as a dashing man-about-town before the war. “He was never social or even outgoing during the years I knew him,” she says. “He was almost a recluse.”

One look at my grandfather’s FBI file and it’s easy to see why he might have chosen to withdraw from society after he left Ellis Island. Much of the file is inked out or deleted—some of it is so illegible that the majority of background information about my grandfather’s political views, none of it is convincing evidence of anti-American activities.

The bureau started gathering information in the case of Ezio Pinza as early as September of 1940, when it received a letter alleging he “is an active member of the Nazi party and he expresses openly and vociferously contempt for everything American. He sounds a serious menace.” This informant, whose name is censored, received a prompt reply from J. Edgar Hoover, promising “appropriate consideration” of the matter. The investigation seems to have yielded little more than these wide-ranging suspicions by various parties that my grandfather, whose name the agents had trouble spelling, admired Mussolini—as did many Italians at the time—and that he received several magazines and letters from Italy at the midtown hotel where he was living. Nonetheless, he was “considered suspicious” and his movements in and out of the country were closely monitored. The case was closed some months later “in view of the fact that there is no indication of any subversive activity on the part of subject.”

Then came the war. In February of 1942, an executive order declared all Italians, Germans, and Japanese in America to be “enemy aliens.” Such aliens were required to keep the government apprised of their whereabouts at all times. In order to embark on a singing tour early in 1942, my grandfather had to sign his name 88 times to obtain the 22 permits that were necessary for him to make the trip. “Ezio Pinza’s Tour Requires Much Ink,” said the headline for a mildly sarcastic article about the permit process in a New York paper. “The Department of Justice has become an autograph collector of great power and range lately.”

It soon became apparent that the government’s interest in my grandfather was no joke. Informants, whom my grandmother believes to have been jealous fellow singers eager to see his career derailed, stepped up once again. They told tales of his enthusiasm for the Italian war effort in the 1930s, his support of the Italian Red Cross, his participation in the collection of gold rings for the Italian war effort in the 1930s. According to the FBI files, several who spoke against him were women with whom he had been involved years earlier, when he had quite a reputation as a ladies’ man. His case was reopened. Unbeknownst to him and my grandmother, the FBI was making plans for his arrest several weeks before they ever walked through the door to my family’s home.

There is no indication that my grandfather ever truly cared about politics at all. Indeed, he seems to have had few interests outside his work and his family. He did love the country of his birth, and had served in the Italian armed forces in World War I. His name did appear on a list of pro-Fascists drawn up by an American anti-Mussolini leader. But the prominent anti-Fascist Carlo Tresca was firm in his statement that “Ezio Pinza never has shown himself to be, directly or indirectly, an agent of Fascism or of Mussolini.”

But for the FBI, in that atmosphere of newfound wartime hysteria, the prospect of arresting a famous Italian was perhaps too tantalizing to pass up. They had some people who were willing to speak up against him. They had a situation in which the protections of the Constitution were essentially suspended. They didn’t need anything else. He was lucky to be let out after only 11 weeks. True, he was “paroled” on the condition that he report weekly to “a reliable United States citizen”—his personal physician was deemed suitable. But he could go back to work, back to his family, back to the home he had entered as if they owned it.

The proposed legislation can’t change what happened to my grandfather, but it reminds us just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic men were terrified just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic men were terrified just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic men were terrified just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic men were terrified just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic men were terrified just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic men were terrified just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic men were terrified just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic men were terrified just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic men were terrified just how quickly a nation can trade fundamental liberties for a false sense of security. Even today, New York City is full of marginalized people who see their rights being trampled. Armand Diallo is dead, and black men of all classes have reason to fear the police. During a raid on suspected Algerian terrorists in Brooklyn last year, neighbors of the Islamic man...
The Power of the Pepperoni Sword

By Renato Rizzuti

Once upon a time, long ago in the days of the Italian Knights of the Square Table or the Tavola Quadrata, there existed the legend of the power of the pepperoni sword. The sword had been made by the Grand Master Sword Maker named Cosmo Cacciatore for a brave knight named Sir Non Abbia Timore for his twenty-fifth birthday. The sword was said to give the owner of the sword great fighting power. Apparently, Sir Non Abbia Timore could fight off ten men at a time with the pepperoni sword. The sword was made from an aged pepperoni stick that had hardened into an indestructible handle surpassing any metal known to man at that time. It was Sir Non Abbia Timore’s prized possession and he even slept with the sword under his pillow.

One night Sir Non Abbia Timore went to Rosa’s Barra for some ale and meatballs. Alas, he drank far too much and ended up passing out dead drunk in the back room of the Barra. Before passing out, Sir Non Abbia Timore had the sense to hide his pepperoni sword under his pillow. However, when he woke up bleary eyed and groggy the next morning, he discovered to his horror that the sword was gone! Sir Non Abbia Timore was thunder struck by this news. He was pleased because he quickly went to the offices of “Il Giornale,” which was the daily newspaper, and placed an ad offering a reward for the pepperoni sword. The ad read as follows: “Sto offrendo una ricompensa di duecento lire per informazioni che conducano al recupero della mia spada delle pepperoni.” The translation is “I am offering a reward of two hundred lire for information leading to the recovery of my pepperoni sword.” Sir Non Abbia Timore then set out to go back home at the “Casa dei Cavalieri della Tavola Quadrata.” This translates as “House of the Knights of the Square Table.”

After a few days, there was a knock on the door of the Casa dei Cavalieri and Sir Non Abbia Timore answered the door. He saw Sir Non Abbia Timore answering the door he saw Squire Notte standing there. Squire Notte was a knight in training. He went to knight school at night while working as Sir Male’s knight’s assistant. Sir Male was an evil dark knight who was locked out of the Tavola Quadrata for being too vicious. Squire Notte came to tell Sir Non Abbia Timore that it was Sir Male who stole the pepperoni sword that night at Rosa’s Barra. Sir Non Abbia Timore was both pleased and upset by this news. He was pleased because he found out who stole his sword and was upset that Sir Male would do such a thing. Squire Notte collected the reward money and off he went to pay his tuition fees for knight school.

Now Sir Non Abbia Timore was faced with a great dilemma. How was he going to get the pepperoni sword back from Sir Male? Sir Non Abbia Timore knew he had no chance of winning a sword fight with Sir Male. Sir Male had fought him with the pepperoni sword. Sir Non Abbia Timore needed some kind of a plan to steal the pepperoni sword back from Sir Male. He thought long and hard and decided to enlist the help of his girlfriend Princess Bella Donna. Princess Bella Donna was not only exquisitely beautiful but she also had a Ph.D. in psychology or psychology. Her Ph.D. thesis title translates as “Dark Elements of Dark Knights in Darkness.”

Sir Non Abbia Timore went to see Princess Bella Donna and together they came up with a plan. Princess Bella Donna paid a visit to Maria Magia the royal court’s Wizard in residence. She asked him to mix her a magic potion. She could drink this cocktail and drink large amounts of wine without getting drunk. Princess Bella Donna was going to invite Sir Male out for an evening of risotto and wine at Rosa’s Barra. She planned on getting Sir Male dead drunk so that she could steal the pepperoni sword from him. Sir Non Abbia Timore agreed that it was a brilliant plan!

Of course, Sir Male quickly accepted Princess Bella Donna’s invitation. On the night that they met, Princess Bella Donna repeatedly made a toast by saying, “Salute!” This translates as, “To your health!” Soon after that, he passed out dead drunk at the table. Princess Bella Donna grabbed the pepperoni sword from away from him and took the Royal Castle or the Castello Reale back home. The next day Princess Bella Donna and Sir Non Abbia Timore met for lunch at Rino’s Ristorante. Princess Bella Donna gave the pepperoni sword back to its rightful owner. Then they had a nice lunch of pasta primavera and some great chilled white wine. They were enjoying their dessert of tiramisu and drinking espresso when all of a sudden, Sir Non Abbia Timore was thunder struck by Princess Bella Donna’s beauty and intelligence. He looked into her beautiful dark brown eyes and was so over come with emotion that he fainted. When he came to again, Sir Non Abbia Timore said, “Cara Bella Donna, siete così bella ed intelligenti. Fareste un uomo felice e lo sposerei?” The English translation is, “Dear Bella Donna, you are so beautiful and intelligent. Will you make a man happy by marrying me?”

Princess Bella Donna had tears of joy in her eyes when she said yes to marrying Sir Non Abbia Timore. They started to make plans right away. It was agreed that Sir Non Abbia Timore would move into the Royal Castle and they would live with the King and Queen. He would become the head of Royal Castle Security and protect them with the power of the pepperoni sword.

And so they had a fabulous wedding. There were many guests who ate and drank the night away. Instead of a wedding cake, they had the Royal Baker make them a huge pepperoni pizza for everyone to enjoy. The power of the pepperoni sword lived on. The power of pepperoni gave all the guests a deliciously good time. The moral of the story is, “Never underestimate the power of love or the power of pepperoni!”
Il Centro Abruzzese di Ottawa ha celebrato il 21 aprile scorso, la Festa dell’Emigrante di Luciano Pradal

**General Interest**

**CENTRO ABRUZZESE**

Cena dei soci. Festa dell’ Emigrante di Luciano Pradal

Il Centro Abruzzese di Ottawa ha celebrato il 21 aprile scorso, la Festa dell’Emigrante di Luciano Pradal.

Il Dr. Gialloreto, nato a Pescara, studia alla Università di Padova e si iscrive a Medicina dal 1945, in corso di specializzazione in cardiologia sara’ la sua specialità.

Gli anni di specializzazione in Svizzera, a Parigi e in Svezia lo portano poi all’ ospedale dell’ Ambasciata di Svizzera di Ottawa.

La guerra aveva isolato l’ Italia dal progresso che le prime specialità mediche avevano fatto in altri paesi, come gli Stati Uniti, e l’ offerta di una borsa di studio per lo studio delle malattie tropicali in Venezuela non era da trascurare. Preso l’ intervallo di Mediarolanda di Mazarinì il Dr. Gialloreto viene in contatto con nuove malattie tropicali e cultura, durante un suo viaggio all’ Istituto di Cardiologia di Città del Messico diretto dal Prof. Ignazio Chavez, il Dr. Gialloreto trova la sua vocazione: la nascente specialità che le prime specialità mediche avevano fatto in medicina nella diaspora italiana di Ottawa.

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La storia, in breve, ci racconta che una giovane coppia, marito e moglie, con il neonato, rapito da un lupo feroce che era già stato vistosi parecchi paesi, pregarono S. Domenico Abate e poco dopo il bambino fu rintracciato e rinvenuto sano e salvo nella culla. Un miracolo! Un miracolo, ora tradizione, che si celebra ogni anno la prima domenica di maggio alla presenza di tutte le comunità dei Pretorei nel Mondo.

Fatto molto importante: Nella recita di questa manifestazione sono escluse le donne, seguendo ancora l'antica tradizione alle quali non era permesso delle donne di recitare in scena. Quanto è bello, interessante e importante rivivere queste ed altre tradizioni ed attività che l'Associazione Pretorei ci offre!

Sempre nell'ambito delle celebrazioni del 35mo Anniversario, il Direttivo dell'Associazione Pretorei di Ottawa invita tutti i membri e simpatizzanti all'annuale picnic che si terrà il 15 luglio, in quest'occasione i presenti potranno scambiarci e celebrare con la Delegazione Municipale venuta appositamente da Pretoro, questa Delegazione partirà da Ottawa il 24 luglio con un gruppo di circa 40 Pretorei residenti in Ottawa che andranno a continuare le festeggiamenti a Pretoro.

Da parte della comunità italiana di Ottawa e di Il Postino vanno i migliori auguri di Buon 35.mo Anniversario alla Associazione Pretorese di Ottawa.

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City of Ottawa Dante Park Design Consultation: Dante Alighieri Speaks Out

By Ariella Hostetter

"It looks like hell! Ein Inferno. And I should know, shouldn’t I?” turned around and looked at the bust of Dante and said. “Are you talking to me?” “Well, yes I am, but most of the time nobody listens to what I have to say and I’m getting more than a bit cranky.”

This was getting a bit scary ——talking statues. Looked around and there was no one on the street in front of St. Anthony’s Church. Took a deep breath, and said. “You know, you know, I was no one on the street in front of St. Anthony’s Church. Took a deep breath, and said. “Are you talking to me?” “Well, yes I am, but most of the time nobody listens to what I have to say and I’m getting more than a bit cranky.”

Heard all about that meeting and it seems to me that there’s a lot to be done before I move there again,” he said. “And please, don’t do anything to attract pigeons.” “This time around, signora—please do things well. Just because I am one of the most famous poets in the world doesn’t mean that I’m a humourless bore without the stamina for a good fight. Remember I was banished from Florence and fought many a battle. But that’s enough of that.”

To use some formal language, I entreat you to go out there and rouse the troops ——so to speak. Input, input, input, the more of that there is, the better. Let’s have some strong debates. And since I seem to have your attention—a few words of advice.” “It’s not enough to name a place after an incredibly famous person like me. That does not make a place great. It’s what happens there that counts.”

“Men, women and children—young and old—need to feel that there is a place for them in Dante Park. Children must be able to play. Having had four children myself I know the importance of that.” “My writing has inspired painters. From Botticelli to Dali. Make a place for art in the new park. My much younger compatriot Guido Nincheri designed the most beautiful stained glass windows for St. Anthony’s church. Some of their beauty should be reflected in the park.”

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Goofy sounds, lavish sweep. In 400 films, Ennio Morricone makes you listen (and whistle)

By Mark Swed
Times Staff Writer

Looking Back

A genius for the wild, high-low mix

The Italian composer Ennio Morricone will receive an honorary Oscar. The Internet Movie Database lists 206 films and television shows that he has scored (and two more that have been announced). Among the well over 100 features, five of those soundtracks were nominated for an Academy Award. None won. The lifetime achievement award is his consolation prize, and he is none too happy about that. For a composer to have written hundreds of hours of music — some of it amazing, a lot of it distinctive, a bit of it famous, the vast majority (including more than 100 concert works) unknown — not winning an Oscar has been a badge of distinction, as Morricone told the Associated Press recently. He is one of the great film subversives. And the consolation Oscar, along with an inevitable cornball resume on the telecast, represents the mainstreaming of Morricone. But the truly weird part of his outlawism, however guilty or gauche, is that it will not be altogether inappropriate. Just as you cannot give Morricone too much credit, you cannot dumb him down too low. His music may represent the rebellious avant-garde, but it also suits a encompasses sentimentality. It furthermore carves out an enormous amount of high-tail, middlebrow, lowbrow and bargain-bin basement stylistic territory in between. And that is the source of his genius. There can be little doubt that no composer (or anyone else, for that matter) has worked on so many films or on such a mind-bogglingly wide variety of them. His fame for is the spaghetti western of Sergio Leone, particularly "A Fistful of Dollars," "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" and "Once Upon a Time in the West" — although I’d elect "Duck, You Sucker" and "Once Upon a Time in America" as the greatest Leone films, in no small part because of the goofy sounds Morricone supplied for the "Duck." His music do all the nasty work for him. He’s as at home with the raw, otherworldly folk instruments of Sardinia as he is with '60s surf guitars and the soft, smooth polytonic Masses of Pasternika. Never just for effect, Morricone makes you listen (and whistle) to the music, not the action. When, for instance, in the film "A Fistful of Dollars," the composer defeats the best (or is it the worst) efforts of such greats as Yo-Yo Ma, Herbie Hancock, René Fleming and Brandi Carlile, all of whom attempt to make the composer fit into their straitjackets and are no more successful than the inconsequential Celine Dion. The disc, unbelievably, appears to have Morricone’s blessing. He wrote the music, director Giovanni Verdecchia and Morricone are not supposed to take anything from this bewildering composer with a straight face. This explains why Morricone cannot ultimately be mainstreamed. In a CD released last week, "We All Love Ennio Morricone," the composer defeats the best (or is it the worst) efforts of such greats as Yo-Yo Ma, Herbie Hancock, René Fleming and Brandi Carlile, all of whom attempt to make the composer fit into their straitjackets and are no more successful than the inconsequential Celine Dion. The disc, unbelievably, appears to have Morricone’s blessing. He wrote the transitions between songs so Andrea Bocelli could segue to Metallica with the least ruffling of feathers. Every track is so well — ambiguous music made into predictable pablum. But maybe it is also Morricone’s ultimate act of subversion. He now is his own victim. Go figure. No, don’t bother. You won’t get anywhere. He is one big mystery. And that is why I love Morricone.

Associazione Rapinese Festa della Madonna di Carpineto sabato 19 Maggio, 2007

Chiesa di Sant’Antonio 427 Booth Street, Ottawa, ON

Event

Closing of streets and procession to St. Anthony Soccer Club Dinner Dance

Contact: President Lorenzo Micucci 731-3805

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Children in assembly at church basement/Firefighters Band assembles outside

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Procессion in church with children, Firefighters Band and members of the Rapinese Board

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Celebration of Mass

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Music in church with singer and organist, Blessing of bread and final blessing

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Contact: President Lorenzo Micucci 731-3805
Festa Dell’ Emigrante

Vergine Santa, tu che con il Bambinello e San Giuseppe nella fuga in Egitto hai conosciuto l’esperienza del vivere lontano dalla tua terra, benedisci l’emigrante, guidalo sempre, ma specialmente quando si trova sperduto nell’arido deserto della tentazione, del dubbio e dell’incertezza.

Beneduisci I suoi sacrifice, la sua prole, I suoi sogni. Tu che accompagnasti tuo figlio sul calvario della redenzione, assisti l’emigrante lungo I piccolo calvari sul suo cammino in terra straniera e quando a fin del suo pellegrinar bussa alla tua porta, le sue valigie vuote de cose terrene le posera’ ai tuoi piedi, supplicandoti di riempirle con la misericordia e il perdono di tuo figlio Gesu’ nostro Signore. Amen.

Preghiera Dell’ Emigrante

The Board of Directors of Centro Abruzzese

Father Domenic Fiore with Guests

Danyla host of “Canta Abruzzo” and Listeners of La Nostra Voce 97.9

Mario Innamorati with friends

Happy Birthday Rina Filoso!
Acceso International is a not-for-profit, non-governmental, charitable organization seeking to promote greater access to education in Latin America and the Caribbean. Its volunteers work with local communities to provide support for marginalized individuals living in underdeveloped rural areas so that they can have the opportunity to study in their own country, language and culture. The organization was founded in 1996 by Dr. Christine Gervais whose goal was to address the gap between her own educational opportunities versus those in the developing world. All donations to Acceso go directly to its projects. Operating costs are covered by Dr. Gervais, her family, volunteers and corporate sponsors.

www.ilpostinocanada.com
The U.S. Military versus Cultural Wealth

By David Swanson

If you build a big enough empire with enough enormous military bases in enough countries, sooner or later you’re going to disappoint just about everyone. The list of those unhappy with recently proposed expansions of imperial outposts includes artists and architects. In the tradition of the trash of the artistic treasures of Iraq, the U.S. military has set its sites on the Italian Renaissance. Many Americans are familiar with the work of Andrea Palladio.

After all, Thomas Jefferson based the design of his home on Palladio’s villas, and there’s a picture of it on every American nickel. Even the White House is a rip-off of a Palladian villa. Most of Palladio’s best work is still standing in and around the city of Vicenza in the Italian town of Vicenza. The building in the middle of town with the green roof is known as the Basilica Palladiana. Palladio’s most famous house, the Villa Rotonda, sits just outside of town. There is a very rare day when you can clearly see the Alps, the Basilica train station on a precious piece of green space just a mile and a half northwest of the town’s center. The project would also possibly involve enlarging some of the existing facilities, which sits in the heart of the city. In the photo below, you can see a picture of it on every American nickel and there’s a picture of it on every American nickel.

The people of Vicenza aren’t happy. Here is an excellent article about the proposed expansion, and here’s an excerpt:

“The proposed addition to the base of the bulge is to shoe-horn a new military facility into the existing small civilian airport called Treviso/Dolo Molin, which sits on a precious piece of green space just a mile and a half northwest of the town’s historic center. The project would also possibly involve enlarging some of the existing roads that run between Caserma Ederle on the southeast and Dolo Molin to the northwest. The proposed plans mean, therefore, that the already dense population of this city would increase by almost 1.7%. They would also inherit a new US military base.”

According to the passionate protest of the majority of the citizens of Vicenza, whose outrage recently (temporarily) drove the Prime Minister of Italy out of office, our very own U.S. Department of “Defense” plans a massive expansion of its existing facilities, with a huge new base a mile and a half from the Basilica.

The Italian letter that the Bush Administration used to build the case for the war in Iraq (April 3, 2003, Rodale) examines the facts of this government document used as the basis for going to war with the Italian town of Vicenza, including Vice President Bush, and eventually the American public via the President’s January 28, 2003 State of the Union address, where George Bush said “The British government has learned that Saddam Hussein recently sought significant quantities of uranium from Africa.”

The Italian letter and the “16 words” derived from it became a critical tool that the Bush Administration used to convince Congress and America that Saddam Hussein was seeking significant quantities of uranium from Africa. The Italian letter and the “16 words” derived from it became a critical tool that the Bush Administration used to convince Congress and America that Saddam Hussein was seeking significant quantities of uranium from Africa.

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L'AQUILA – C'è voluta la determinazione di Angela Merkel, la tenace cancelliera tedesca presidente di turno dell'Unione Europea, nel riunire i capi di stato e di governo dei 27 paesi dell'UE per affrontare la questione climatica. Non è un mistero che l'inquinamento atmosferico, dovuto all'inazione umana, stia mettendo a rischio l'equilibrio del pianeta. Di conseguenza, si è scelto di dare una risposta concretizzata, a partire dal 9 marzo, quando si riunirà il Consiglio delle Unioni Europee, per avviare il Calderone al declassamento da ghiacciaio ad innevato, secondo le intenzioni della Società Internazionale che si occupa dello studio e della classificazione dei ghiacciai. Ne ha di più significative scoperte all'epoca della prima ascensione sul Gran Sasso, nell'agosto del 1573, ad opera del capitanato di Francesco De Marchi, un antesignano dell'alpinismo, addetto militare di Margherita d'Argentina, figlia di Carlo V d'Orange e Governatrice dell'Albania, che all'epoca aveva la sua residenza nell'alveare palazzo "Delle cento finestre" progettato da Pico della Mirandola, ora sede del Municipio. L'ufficiale, che riunì la vettura alla veneranda età di 69 anni, lo descrisse come "un vallone lungo un miglio e largo mezzo doing neve perpetua".

Ai primi dell'ottocento il Calderone era anche ricco di seracchi e molto più grande di adesso. Ai primi dell'ottocento il Calderone era anche ricco di seracchi e molto più grande di adesso. Ai primi dell'ottocento il Calderone era anche ricco di seracchi e molto più grande di adesso. Ai primi dell'ottocento il Calderone era anche ricco di seracchi e molto più grande di adesso.

Il RISCALDAMENTO DEL PIANETA FALA PRIMA VITTIMA

Sensuous Journey and New Horizons

Marcella D'Amico

My love affair with art started even before I went to primary school in Malta, a small village of approximately 800 people, in the Island of Salina, one of seven islands forming the Aeolian Archipelago in the Tyrrhenian Sea, a few miles from the Northern coast of Sicily. When I immigrated to Australia at the age of 14 I promised myself that one day I would return to the islands as an artist, so that I could properly honor the memories of my land and all its natural and human beauty. Not long ago UNSCO named this island “The Green Island” and is now on the World Heritage Listing.

I kept in touch with my friend and always dreamed of coming back. In the years before 1997 I kept dreaming of “home” and like Ulysses it took me many years to return. As soon as I stood on native soil, I knew that in this land I would find a new lease of life and new artistic horizons. From 1960 I had created many paintings and drawings dedicated to these magic islands and then, once I returned, I decided to concentrate with my female figure drawings in order to go back to my creative young artistic formative years. And last year, after my tenth straight yearly pilgrimage, I returned to paint on a more regular basis.

With the dawning of a new millennium I started a new series of drawing collections, first in black and white and then in color, followed last year by a new, colored, creative journey. I began with “Beggar Women”, followed by “Women of Drydime”, “You are to muse- to you o muse”, “Mystery Woman”, “Girls, Girls, Girls, femininity”, “The female figure- a study in line”, “A visual Journey then and now”, concluding last year with “Sensuous Journey”.

This latest exhibit represents a very important stage of my life. As the title suggests, the “Sensuous Journey”, started in year 2000, concludes and I begin a new artistic venture with “New Horizons- Prologue”. Only a handful of paintings and water colors/prints have been exhibited before. Almost 80% of the works were created especially for this exhibition in the past six months and have never been shown to the public before.

Some of these drawings will be used to illustrate a book of poetry, to be published later on this year, by the Canadian poet Rachel Rii. In these colored drawings I bring out the essence, femininity and sensitivity of the figure, by focusing on the female bodies of all ages. I create an illusion that the viewer is admitting a woman in her own private environment, without pretense and artificiality, and the knowledge that she is being observed, as she is often depicted in the media.

I do not intend to detach from various representations of women, but wish to have the opportunity for society to see her in all her forms, rather than a single stereotype. My appreciation of all women is demonstrated through the use of models varying in ages, yet all of them remain anonymous. I try to bring out the essence and quiness- tence and femininity of women by focusing on their bod- ies, instead of their faces. This anonymity and poses are influenced by the siren in Homer’s epic Odyssey, who sings from the rocks of these magnetic islands to allure ever passing sailors.

The sirens represent the sensuality of women, which is embraced in my colored draw- ings.

The paintings and watercolors/prints are also inspired by the Aeolian Islands with rich bright colors depicting their volcanic origins, landscapes, moods and mystery. The painting “Aeolian Nocturnal Love”, painted in February this year, represents the Prologue of the New Horizons of my artistic ascension to Mount Everest or, should I say, Mount Stromboli, of visual art.

Of note, thousands of Aeolian immigrants settled over the past 120 years in the City of Richmond and nearby areas, and many of them and their descendants still reside here.
All the stars were shining on one of Ottawa’s all time favourite icon Max Keeping. On this exciting evening, celebrities from across the Nation’s Capital gathered at Tia Tegua’s in the market to celebrate Max Keeping’s birthday, and to pay tribute to a man who has worked hard to benefi the community, while helping to promote charitable foundations, and the citizens of our city. Leading the way and raising the torch for others to follow has been something that Max has consistently done with success during the course of his 50-year career. His achievements and dedication to worthy causes have been nothing short of incredible. Max was at his youthful best, and was all smiles on this special night. While announcing at the party that he had recently signed a 5-year contract to continue at CTV Ottawa, Max exclaimed “The government tells me I’m now old. I don’t believe it. I’m looking forward to my next 25th party in five years!”

More than 600 people came out for Max’s big birthday bash, where they were treated to delicious food prepared by Ruby and Teresa owners of Mekong restaurant, Joe Calabro owner of Pastasciuria, Gelateria Italiana, created a vanilla custard cake for the crowd, also free drink samples courtesy of Frank’s energy drink, and were hosted by very hospitable, warm, and friendly staff at Tia Tegua. Club owner, Abbas Mahmoud shared with me: “I was honored to host Max Keeping’s special birthday bash. I grew up watching Max and admire all that he has done for our city. A great party fitting a great man.” Some of the notables at the party included Federal Environment Minister John Baird, Ontario Health Promotion minister Jim Watson, Mayor Larry O’Brien, CTV’s Craig Oliver and Roger Smith, CBC’s Nancy Wilson, former CTV Ottawa reporter Derek Miller, and his band, Up All Night, from Toronto. Also in attendance were power couples Canada’s top Clothing designer Richard and wife Louise Robinson with house model Kadja, Mr. and Mrs Westeindes, Human Rights Lawyer Lawrence Greenpenn with girlfriend Louise Carota, Ottawa-born recording artist Sal Piamonte and fiancée Lynn (who also used the night to celebrate their recent engagement), Ida Firestone, Ann Matthews, Dave Ready of the Ottawa Senators Foundation, CHEO Telethon producer Lesley Baird, and Frank’s Girls (Magna Corporation).

So what do you want, stable government or democracy? A coalition government has to take account of these diverse interests and if it tries to ignore them, or ride roughshod over them, the government will fall. This is anathema to the interests of corporations. In all western countries the corporations have worked to ensure that the two major parties, whether blatantly of the Right or nominally of the Left, will in fact reliably carry out the wishes of the corporations, will enact policies favorable to them, will remove regulation that slows down their increase in profit making. So when the corporation mouthpieces on radio and tv demand ‘stability’ in politics, they really mean, ideally, permanent government by the party of the Right, or failing that, by a party of the Left which can be relied to follow exactly the same economic policies. And they will do their best to ensure that electoral processes (instant runoff, proportional representation, preferential voting) that enable minor parties to have an influence in or on governments will be introduced to countries that don’t have them, and will be removed from countries that do. Minor parties don’t do the bidding of corporations, they represent different groups of citizens, and they are therefore dangerous.

No, what they really dislike about Italy I think is that all these different parties have a voice - people concerned about worker’s rights, the environment, media control, justice, foreign affairs (including Iraq), culture, religion, particular regions, pensioners, all get to elect people to parliament. And, as a result, all of these interests (and more) get to have an influence. A coalition government has to take account of these diverse interests and if it tries to ignore them, or ride roughshod over them, the government will fall. This is anathema to the interests of corporations. In all western countries the corporations have worked to ensure that the two major parties, whether blatantly of the Right or nominally of the Left, will in fact reliably carry out the wishes of the corporations, will enact policies favorable to them, will remove regulation that slows down their increase in profit making. So when the corporation mouthpieces on radio and tv demand ‘stability’ in politics, they really mean, ideally, permanent government by the party of the Right, or failing that, by a party of the Left which can be relied to follow exactly the same economic policies. And they will do their best to ensure that electoral processes (instant runoff, proportional representation, preferential voting) that enable minor parties to have an influence in or on governments will be introduced to countries that don’t have them, and will be removed from countries that do. Minor parties don’t do the bidding of corporations, they represent different groups of citizens, and they are therefore dangerous.

What corporate interests demand is first-past-the-post voting and fixed terms of government. Both of these features in themselves ensure that either the Right or pseudo Left will rule forever, and that smaller parties not only can never take part in government, but can never have any effective influence on the policies of the major parties. As an example, more people wanted a US president of the Left than of the Right in 2000. But the wishes of the combined Gore and Nader voters counted for nothing and Bush was elected. The most stable government in Italy in recent times was that of right wing Silvio Berlusconi, which ruled for five years. And he was determined, through his control of Italian media, and the judiciary, to rule for much longer. If he had achieved this, then Italy would have been moved towards a nearly permanent, and stable, corporate government, like those of so many western countries. Had it done so corporate interests would have been the big winners, and the Italian people the losers. Nowadays wherever the Right gets into power in any country they set about to create a program to ensure that they rule forever. And they learn from each other.

So 50 governments in 50 years? Good for the Italians. With a bit of luck, and a lot of care, they can aim for a hundred governments in 100 years. Good for the Italians, and their democracy.

So what do you want, stable government or democracy?
L'AQUILA – C'è grande soddisfazione negli Abruzzi per la visita di doppio valore che hanno realizzato due giovani talenti abruzzesi, Nicola Ranalli e Giovanni Di Zillo, alla città del West Australia, a Adelaide, per la sua assemblea, alla quale hanno partecipato 350 persone.

L'urna dell'assemblea, alla quale hanno partecipato 350 persone.

Una, tra tutte, il fatto che la Tasmanian Regional Council Foundation, con la sua Giunta e Consiglio per il buon esito del loro meeting annuale, nel corso della serata di gala, l'on. Graeme Sturges, Segretario E' toccato all'Abruzzo, con due suoi giovani talenti, gettare un ponte tra le

FORTUNATA TOURNEE ALGERIA DI UN DUO ABRUZZESE
Per i giovani musicisti Stefano Mammarella e Simona Di Felice un vero successo
In Memoria di Mamma  
(Giovanna Otello)

Auguri Mamma  
Tua Figlia  
Anna Erasmo

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2007

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St. Domenic  
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17th  
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For Information call 613-738-1470 or 613-737-4675

19th  
Association Rapinese Dinner Dance  
Madonna di Carpineto  
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The Order of Italo Canadians

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Il Cantante “Tony Ieluzzi”

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**Community Calendar/Eventi Comunitari**

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**It’s A Boy!**

Congratulations to David and Alison Bernal on their new addition to the family, Gabriel Angelo Bernal born April 18th, 2007 with a weight of 8 Pounds 8 ounces. On behalf of the Filoso Family and Il Postino we wish them the best in the future.

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**ITALIAN TELEPHONE DIRECTORY**

**ELENCO TELEFONICO ITALIANO**

Tel. 613-738-0003  Fax 613-738-0012

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Annuncio in the 2007-2008 Edition and promote your business within the Italian Community and throughout Ottawa and the surrounding area.

Se avete recentemente cambiato indirizzo o se desiderate essere elencati nella prossima Edizione (2007-2008), vi invitiamo a comunicarcelo al più presto.

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**Working With The Community**

**Lavoro Per La Comunità**

**Diane Holmes**

City Councillor / Conseillère municipale
Quartier: Somerset Ward
110, or Laurier Ave, O/W, Ottawa, ON K1P 1J1
Tel: 613-244-84 Fax: 613-2524
Diane.Holmes@ottawa.ca  www.dianeholmes.ca

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**www.ilpostinocanada.com**
St. Anthony’s School Reunion 1925 to Present

Former Students and Teachers from 1925 to Present

St. Anthony’s School Teachers from 1925 to Present

St. Anthony’s School Teachers and John Durner

Knights of Columbus

Brian McGarry, Peter Valley, Lena Buglione and Friend

St. Anthony’s School students that were recently Baptized

St. Anthony’s School Reunion 1925 to Present