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LORENZO GREGO, MONTREAL CANADA

My father, Fabio Giovanni Grego, was born in September 3, 1954, in Montreal Canada, to Carla Franchi and Carlo Grego, both of full Italian descent. Carla and Carlo were in Montreal on an extended business trip, which could have been in Canada or Hong Kong, but Carlo chose Canada. Because my father was born in Canada, they decided to settle in Canada for a while. Seven years after my father's birth, my uncle Claudio was born in Canada as well.

My father remembers school and his friends in Canada very well, as well as their reactions to when his father would call him and his brother in for dinner in the summer, when they would play soccer in the yard every day with their friends, and would do so in Italian, thus "blowing their cover as Canadian kids." My father also remembers many vacations to Italy, visiting family and friends, as well as the experiences he had with them. Because of this, his transition from Canada to Italy in 1964, at the age of 10 years old, was much easier than most people's migrations because he had been to the new land before and was already mostly accustomed to its culture and customs.

Once in Italy, my father had to readjust himself by adopting not only to a new and more confusing currency, the Italian Lira, but he also had to switch his own mindset from the English system of miles, feet, gallons, and pounds, to the Standard Metric system of meters, liters, and grams. He also had to learn Italian history instead of Canadian history. Despite these differences, assimilation into the Italian culture was very easy for him, being a part of an upper middle class family, originally from Italy as well. However, just as he was getting used to the Italian

system, he was made to move again, this time, to a country not like Italy or Canada, and with a language and culture which he had not been a part of yet; Brazil, at the age of 15.

My father moved to Sao Paulo, Brazil in 1970, and that summer was one of his hardest he said. In the course of merely 2 months, he had to learn to speak Portuguese well as well as read and write it, and learn Brazilian History. He recalls spending his summer either studying or learning to surf with his father's friend's son. He recalls his triumph in learning the Portuguese language when he described to me how he started out in Portuguese 1, and then in the next years skipped to Portuguese 3, Portuguese 6, and Portuguese Lit, the highest available Portuguese class that was usually reserved only for native speakers with literary talent. After completing the "coursinho" in Brazil, at the age of 26, my father decided to move again, this time to Ann Arbor, Michigan.

My father moved to Michigan because he wanted to further his education and saw a good chance in Ann Arbor, so he took it. He remembers moving to Ann Arbor as being similar to being in Canada because of how similar America and Canada are, so he really felt no need to adjust. Plus, he added, the University of Michigan was very open to new cultures, so he was able to become a part of the community in no time.

Reflecting back on his experiences, my father correlated all of his experiences as having certain traits in common; each new culture invited him in and embraced the fact that he brought another culture with him. He is happy with his experience and for this reason he wants me to strive to be as culturally diverse as possible.; he

helps me learn about traveling, music, food, and languages as a way to become more culturally diverse and to bring that trait with me wherever I go.