

100

IMMIGRANT

STORIES

100 HISTOIRES D'IMMIGRANTS

AQIL VIRANI

Rights on Unceded Land



📍 *Stories submitted by everyday contributors from across Canada and unceded indigenous territories across Turtle Island. Created as part of artist Aquil Virani's 2021 residency with the Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21*

📍 *Histoires soumises par des contributeurs quotidiens de partout au Canada et des territoires autochtones non cédés de l'île de la Tortue. Créé dans le cadre de la résidence 2021 de l'artiste Aquil Virani au Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21*



As the (virtual) artist-in-residence at the Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21, I wish to acknowledge the land on which I lived and work during this residency. I am grateful to live and work as a guest on the traditional territory of many nations — including the Mississaugas of the Credit, the Anishnabeg, the Chippewa, the Haudenosaunee and the Wendat peoples — which is now home to many diverse First Nations, Inuit and Métis peoples. The specific location where I live and work in Tkaronto is governed by the Toronto Purchase Treaty No. 13 (1805) between the Crown and the Mississaugas of the Credit, which was disputed officially as early as 1986 and later settled in 2010.

Layout, cover and book design by Aquil Virani (aquil.ca). French translation by Valérie Kudeljan, Equitrad Traduction Inc. © 2022. Copyright retained by individual artists and contributors. 120 pages. I gratefully acknowledge the financial support of the Ontario Arts Council and the Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21. Limited edition.

AQUIL.CA



Canadian Museum of
Immigration at Pier 21



Musée canadien de
l'immigration du Quai 21

Canada

En tant qu'artiste (virtuel) en résidence au Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21, je souhaite reconnaître la terre sur laquelle j'ai vécu et travaillé pendant cette résidence. Je suis reconnaissant de vivre et de travailler en tant qu'invité sur le territoire traditionnel de nombreuses nations : notamment les Mississaugas du Crédit, les Anishinabés, les Chippewa, les Haudenosaunee et les Wendat. Ce territoire abrite aujourd'hui de nombreux peuples divers des Premières Nations, des Inuits et des Métis. L'endroit précis où je vis et je travaille, Tkaronto, est régi par le Traité d'achat de Toronto no 13 (1805) entre la Couronne et les Mississaugas du Crédit, qui a été contesté officiellement dès 1986, puis réglé en 2010.

Mise en page, couverture et conception du livre par Aquil Virani (aquil.ca). Traduction française par Valérie Kudeljan, Equitrad Traduction Inc. © 2022. Les droits d'auteur sont conservés par les artistes et les contributeurs individuels. 120 pages. Je remercie le Conseil des arts de l'Ontario et le Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21 pour leur soutien financier. Édition limitée.

The Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21 is in Mi'kma'ki, the ancestral and unceded land of the Mi'kmaq people. For many thousands of years, Mi'kmaq people have inhabited Nova Scotia. We are thankful for the way Mi'kmaq people have consistently welcomed settlers from other countries and helped them to survive in this land. All Nova Scotians are Treaty people, bound together by the promises of the Treaties of Peace and Friendship.

Le Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21 est à Mi'kma'ki, la terre ancestrale et non cédée du peuple Mi'kmaq. Depuis plusieurs milliers d'années, le peuple Mi'kmaq habite la Nouvelle-Écosse. Nous sommes reconnaissants de la façon dont les Mi'kmaq ont toujours accueilli les colons venus d'autres pays et les ont aidés à survivre sur cette terre. Tous les Néo-Écossais sont des peuples de traités, liés par les promesses des Traités de paix et d'amitié.

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NO JUSTICE NO PEACE

THANK

LAND BACK AND NOTHING LESS

PIPELINE'S
RESPECTATIVE LAND

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

Lon

From Mi'kmaq to mist'ot'en Yintah respect Indigenous rights on Unceded Land

St

INTRODUCTION

Le français suit.

♥ *by Aquil Virani, 2021-2022 Artist-in-Residence
at the Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21*

I invite you to join me in awe of the immigrant stories submitted to this project from across the country. As part of my artist residency at the Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21, I asked you to "celebrate an immigrant hero in your life." I kept the request simple and interpretations flexible. I wanted every single person to take a minute and consider who they know who has immigrated. A friend? A grandfather? A co-worker? The courage to build a life in a new place deserves celebration. The circumstances that push people to make such a decision deserve our attention.

Forget the Fathers

of Confederation.

The stories printed in

these pages feature

some of our most prized

national heroes.

As I looked through the submissions, I found myself wishing I could learn more. I dreamt, during this pandemic, of sitting in someone's living room on an old couch and flipping out a dusty old photo album.

And I also found myself asking: What stories are we not hearing? What stories cannot be told? What memories are too painful to conjure? What circumstances were too precarious to document? Who gets to write their stories down to be found again?

The question becomes:

Which stories do we

value? And who are we

not hearing from?

Stories are all around us, whether we're looking or not. And that's ultimately where the title of my short animation film came from. We walk down the street with stories in our head about who we are and what we're doing. Our world is made up of the stories we tell ourselves. That is the power of art-making and storytelling. Narrative is the atomic matter of our lives. In a sense, it's not water covering the surface of our earth. "Our world is 71% story."

CTV NEWS ATLANTIC



"I want us to celebrate all of the immigrant heroes in our lives. And I think that every immigrant is a hero in a certain way. Every immigration story is a story of triumph and of courage. And I wanted to create a moment for everyone in their lives to think: Who do I know who has immigrated to Canada? What's their story?" [...] I hope that people will take that moment to reflect and take the opportunity to say thank you."

*"Sharing stories through art," Aquil Virani
interviewed by Jennifer Grudić, CTV Atlantic.*

In many of my collaborative projects, I have to make artistic decisions to trim or edit for the sake of the whole. I often choose a few striking images, for example, to serve as focal points so that a viewer is not overwhelmed by a thousand attention-grabbing voices. (This is the way a composer might feature the clarinets in one section and the flutes in another.) However, I still want to offer you the option to read every word of what participants sent in, *verbatim*. This is how a collection like this - in book form - complements the other artwork that I present as part of my artist residency.

Read on: Enjoy these community-sourced stories of immigrant heroes from all walks of life printed in the original language of submission.



Aquil Virani

Visual artist

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Instagram: @aquilvirani

Website: aquil.ca

INTRODUCTION

♥ *par Aquil Virani, artiste en résidence 2021-2022
au Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21*

Je vous invite à vous joindre à moi pour vous émerveiller face aux histoires d'immigrants envoyées de partout au pays pour ce projet. Dans le cadre de ma résidence d'artiste au Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21, je vous ai demandé de « célébrer un héros immigrant dans votre vie ». J'avais gardé la demande simple et son interprétation, flexible. Je voulais que chaque personne prenne une minute pour réfléchir à qui, dans sa vie, avait immigré. Était-ce une amie? Un grand-père? Des collègues de travail? Le courage de construire une vie dans un nouvel endroit mérite d'être célébré. Les circonstances qui poussent les gens à prendre une telle décision méritent aussi notre attention.

Oubliez les Pères de la
Confédération. Les histoires
publiées dans ces pages mettent
en vedette certains de nos
héros nationaux les
plus précieux

En parcourant les soumissions, j'ai été surpris par mon envie d'en savoir davantage. J'ai rêvé, pendant cette pandémie, de m'asseoir dans le salon de quelqu'un, sur un divan bien usé, pour feuilleter un vieil album de photos.

Je me suis aussi surpris à me demander : Quelles histoires n'entendons-nous pas? Quelles histoires ne peuvent pas être racontées? Quels souvenirs sont trop douloureux pour être évoqués? Quelles circonstances étaient trop précaires pour être documentées sur le vif? Qui écrira ces histoires pour la postérité?

La question devient alors :
Quelles histoires valorisons-nous?
De qui n'entendons-nous
pas parler?

Les histoires nous entourent, que nous les cherchions ou non. Et c'est finalement de là que vient le titre de mon court-métrage d'animation. Nous marchons dans la rue avec des histoires dans la tête sur qui nous sommes et ce que nous faisons. Notre monde est fait des histoires que nous nous racontons. C'est là le pouvoir de la création artistique et de la narration. La narration est la matière atomique de nos vies. Dans un sens, ce n'est pas l'eau qui

recouvre la surface de la planète. « Notre monde est composé à 71 % d'histoires. »

Dans beaucoup de mes projets de collaboration, je dois prendre décision ce qu'il faut abréger ou modifier pour l'intérêt artistique de l'ensemble. Je choisis souvent quelques images frappantes, par exemple, pour servir de points focaux afin que le spectateur ne soit pas submergé par un millier de voix qui exigent son attention. (C'est ainsi qu'un compositeur peut mettre en valeur les clarinettes dans une section et les flûtes dans une autre.) Pourtant, je tiens à vous offrir la possibilité de lire chaque mot de ce que les participants m'ont envoyé, sans édition. C'est ainsi qu'une collection comme celle-ci, sous forme de livre, complète les autres œuvres d'art que je présente dans le cadre de ma résidence d'artiste.

Savourez-les : Lisez ces histoires de héros immigrants de tous horizons, imprimées dans la langue originale de la soumission.



Aquil Virani

Artiste visuel

Facebook: @aquilvirani

Instagram: @aquilvirani

Website: aquil.ca

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Aquil Virani is an award-winning visual artist, graphic designer and filmmaker who blurs the line between art and activism, often integrating public participation into his socially-conscious art projects. Learn more at aquil.ca.

In 2016, he exhibited the "Canada's Self Portrait" project at the Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21 in Halifax. In 2017, he won an award from the Michaele Jean Foundation to produce his "Postering Peace" art documentary that premiered at the Aga Khan Museum in Toronto. In 2018, he produced larger-than-life portraits and an immersive sound play, in collaboration with Montreal's Imago Theatre, featuring 12 inspiring, everyday women, thanks to a grant from the Canada Council for the Arts. He was also awarded as the "Artist of the Year" by the Quebec-based artist collective "Les artistes pour la paix." He recently completed an art anthology supported by the City of Ottawa, and a commemorative portrait series - with the permission of the families - honouring the 6 Muslim men killed at a terrorist attack in Quebec City on January 29, 2017. This community-driven arts initiative was supported by grants from the Silk Road Institute, TakingITGlobal and the Government of Canada.

À PROPOS DE L'ARTISTE

Aquil Virani est un artiste visuel, graphiste et cinéaste primé qui brouille la ligne entre l'art et l'activisme, intégrant souvent la participation du public dans ses projets artistiques à conscience sociale. Apprenez-en davantage sur aquil.ca/francais.

En 2016, il a présenté le projet « Autoportrait du Canada » au Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21, à Halifax. En 2017, il a remporté un prix de la Fondation Michaelle Jean pour produire son documentaire artistique « Postering Peace », qui a été présenté en première au Musée Aga Khan de Toronto. En 2018, il a produit des portraits plus grands que nature et une pièce sonore immersive, en collaboration avec le théâtre Imago de Montréal, mettant en scène 12 femmes inspirantes du quotidien, grâce à une subvention du Conseil des Arts du Canada. Il a également reçu le prix de « l'artiste de l'année » décerné par le collectif d'artistes québécois « Les artistes pour la paix ». Il a récemment réalisé une anthologie artistique soutenue par la ville d'Ottawa, ainsi qu'une série de portraits commémoratifs en hommage aux 6 hommes musulmans tués lors d'une attaque terroriste à Québec le 29 janvier 2017 (avec l'autorisation des familles). Cette initiative artistique communautaire est soutenue par des subventions du Silk Road Institute, de TakingITGlobal et du gouvernement du Canada.





70
I'VE BEEN BORN IN MONTREAL
FOR THE MOST OF MY LIFE

BEEN THROUGH
A LOT OF THINGS

FOR 15 YEARS AFTER
GRADUATING FROM
UNIVERSITY I WAS
A FREELANCE JOURNALIST
AND I MET MY PARTNER

SO WE DECIDE TO
MOVE TO MONTREAL AND
REUNITE WITH OUR
FAMILY

IT WAS THE
BEST OF DECISIONS
BECAUSE WE REUNITE
WITH OUR FAMILY

I ONLY REMEMBER A LOT
OF THINGS I WAS VERY
HAPPY

IL M'ARRIVE DE
CROISER DES PERLES
RARES, PARI MI CES
ETOILES, IL Y A
RICHART, MON
PROF DE DANSE

FOR THE FIRST TIME
I REMEMBERED MY LIFE
BEFORE I WAS IN MONTREAL
AND CANADA

HE WAS SUPPORTIVE
AND ENCOURAGED ME
TO TAKE MY TIME
TO LIVE MY LIFE

THIS IS 16 YEARS OLD AND
I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN THE
FEELING OF BEING
REUNITE WITH
MY FAMILY

HE REMAINS TO BE
THE MOST IMPORTANT
PERSON IN MY LIFE

MY FATHER ENCOURAGED
ME TO TAKE MY TIME
TO LIVE MY LIFE
BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT
I'LL BE HAPPY

HE WAS SUPPORTIVE
AND ENCOURAGED ME
TO TAKE MY TIME
TO LIVE MY LIFE

CANADA WAS NOT ONLY
A NEW HOME FOR ME
BUT ALSO A NEW OPPORTUNITY

IT WAS A GREAT
OPPORTUNITY FOR ME
TO START MY OWN
BUSINESS

SO WE DECIDE TO
MOVE TO MONTREAL AND
REUNITE WITH OUR
FAMILY

IT WAS THE
BEST OF DECISIONS
BECAUSE WE REUNITE
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TO TAKE MY TIME
TO LIVE MY LIFE

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HIS NAME IS NOURI
AND HE ALWAYS SEEMS
TO HAVE "NOOR" - JUST
A LIGHT IN HIM THAT
MAKES HIM GREAT
TO BE AROUND.

HE WAS SUPPORTIVE
AND ENCOURAGED ME
TO TAKE MY TIME
TO LIVE MY LIFE

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TO LIVE MY LIFE

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♥ *Excerpts from "Immigrant Heroes and the Art of Everyday Activism" by Anthony Black*

[Anthony Black:] Your project is called "Our Immigrant Stories." How would you describe it? [Aquil Virani:] It's an art project that asks you, "who is an immigrant hero in your life?" I tried to create an occasion for us to take a moment, to actually write it down, and to voice our appreciation for others.

Participants were asked to write down stories, submit photos - I left it quite open. Once people submitted their work (in whatever format) my goal was to present the submissions as they are, and then integrate them into an art project where you see the individual submissions, but also experience the overall artwork as a whole. Sometimes the writing of the initial submission turned into visual art. Sometimes photography turned into animation. My role was to find a way to amplify the stories of others in a creative way, as a kind of mediating megaphone or a conductor of the choir.

What are the overlaps between what the Museum does and your interests? I am proudly the son of two immigrants to Canada: my father is an Ismaili Muslim of Indian origin, born in Tanzania in east Africa; my mom is a French woman, an early





childhood educator, now retired, from Beauvais, north of Paris. My parents moved to Vancouver in the 1970s. That's where my interest in immigration comes from: my own heritage and the link between migration and identity.

There's a sense of pride I have, being the son of two immigrants to Canada. I want to help tell their story (and my story) and to adapt it in some way for an audience that's more like me - that was born in Canada. That's why I connect with the Museum's mandate and the work that the Museum does. There's also an affinity I have for real stories. I have a drive to document things as I get older, to write things down, to take photos of everything.

Your work blurs the line between art and activism. Can you talk about activism in the context of this project? Activism for me is a broad umbrella term for the ways in which we can build a better world in an active way, in a deliberate way. This project is a form of activism because I see storytelling, especially about immigrant stories, as fitting into a larger landscape of systemic change.

Systemic issues can feel overwhelming because of their scope. But I ask myself, "what can I do today? What are the tools available to me in this moment?" I view the act of telling my story, the act of sharing and amplifying and uplifting others' stories, as a form of activism.

It can be hard to see all of the ripple effects of our actions. But I can tell you with confidence that sharing our immigrant stories builds empathy. And empathy is one of the things lacking in some of the political views in our country.

In the past, Canada's immigration policies have coalesced around ideas of an idealized immigrant. Do you have a sense that Canada today has an idealized immigrant? Yes.

Part of the issue is that politicians feel pressure to "make the business case" for immigration. When a politician says "we should accept immigrants because it's the right thing to do and because they help us build our economy," critics start to evaluate immigrants based on their contributions - this is a very misguided and dangerous thing to do. I don't agree with the lens of evaluating immigrants based on their economic contribution. People are people.

A lot of the discourse around immigration should be anchored on the understanding that someone is taking a big risk to set up a new life in a new country. There's likely a very good reason - fleeing a war-torn country, or a jeopardized livelihood brought about by social issues or climate change, for example. Our hands are not clean either; we cannot ignore the cascading effects of our own government's participation in the exploitation, extraction, and colonial intervention

in foreign lands all over the world - especially in what-is-called the "Global South."

Your work feels hopeful and aspirational. What are your hopes for this project and for the future of Canada? I will admit that I feel overwhelmed by the issues facing Canada and the world sometimes, but we have to start somewhere. In a lot of my projects, I try to create bite-size actions for people to do as an access point into building a better world.

I have a lot of hopes for the future. I hope that the future of the world involves people of different backgrounds coming together more than ever for very honest and safe conversations. I hope that my Muslim family [and] communities can feel safer walking down the street. I hope that settlers, including newer immigrants, can ask themselves hard questions about their role in reconciliation, in reparations, in a meaningful and resource-based contribution to "righting historical wrongs". I hope that we don't lose a sense of optimism about how we can improve the world by starting small and being honest with ourselves about the consequences of our actions. I hope politicians will find enough courage to hold corporations accountable. I hope that future generations of settlers can appreciate the sacrifices of their immigrant heroes in the past.

Is there anything else that you want to talk about? I strive to make work that is inclusive and accessible, but that comes with harder questions about who this project involves and who it doesn't involve - working folks with minimal leisure time might not participate, nor families with traumatic stories that feel too raw to share. It's important for us as artists, storytellers and cultural institutions, [to ask] which groups of people are not included and what solutions might make our work more inclusive.

I'm also thinking a lot about how the story of immigration interacts with the story of reconciliation and that of Indigenous peoples. How do we celebrate the sacrifices of our immigrant heroes in our personal lives while acknowledging how these stories fit into the colonial project? These are hard questions as we find ourselves in an imperfect reality, trying to sort out the mess.

These conversations are difficult, sure, but absolutely essential.

Børn
Børn
Børn

Støt Trampolinhuset

ROBLINCE TARE

BARS

FOLKEBEV/EGELSEN

ASYLBO
ESTI

JEG ER
BANGE
FOR
POLITIKEN

ENTREVUE AVEC L'ARTISTE

♥ *Extraits de l'entrevue « Les héros immigrants et l'art de l'activisme au quotidien » par Anthony Black*

[Anthony Black] Ton projet s'appelle « Nos histoires immigrantes ». Comment le décrirais-tu? [Aquil Virani] Il s'agit d'un projet artistique qui demande « Qui est le héros immigrant dans votre vie? » J'ai essayé de créer une occasion pour nous de prendre un moment, d'écrire notre réponse et d'exprimer notre appréciation à l'égard des autres.

Les participants ont été invités à écrire des histoires, à soumettre des photos... Je leur ai laissé le choix. Une fois que les gens soumettent leur travail (peu importe le format), mon objectif était de présenter les soumissions telles quelles, puis de les intégrer dans un projet artistique où l'on voit les soumissions individuelles, mais aussi l'ensemble de l'œuvre. Parfois, l'écriture de la soumission initiale se transformait en art visuel. Parfois, la photographie se transformait en animation. Mon rôle était de trouver un moyen d'amplifier les histoires des autres de manière créative, comme une sorte de mégaphone médiateur ou un chef de chœur.

Quels sont les chevauchements entre tes intérêts et ce que fait le Musée? Je suis fièrement le fils de deux immigrants au

Canada : mon père est un musulman ismaélien d'origine indienne, né en Tanzanie, en Afrique de l'Est, alors que ma mère est une Française, éducatrice de la petite enfance, aujourd'hui à la retraite, originaire de Beauvais, au nord de Paris. Mes parents ont déménagé à Vancouver dans les années 1970. C'est de là que vient mon intérêt pour l'immigration : mon propre patrimoine et le lien entre migration et identité.

J'éprouve un certain sentiment de fierté à être le fils de deux immigrants au Canada. Je veux contribuer à raconter leur histoire (et la mienne) et l'adapter d'une manière ou d'une autre à un public qui me ressemble davantage, c'est-à-dire qui est né au Canada. C'est pourquoi je me reconnais dans le mandat du Musée et dans son travail. J'ai aussi une affinité pour les histoires vraies. En vieillissant, j'ai envie de documenter, d'écrire des choses, de prendre des photos de tout.

Ton travail brouille la frontière entre l'art et l'activisme. Peux-tu parler de l'activisme dans le contexte de ce projet?

Pour moi, l'activisme est un terme générique qui recouvre les moyens de construire un monde meilleur de manière active et délibérée. Ce projet est une forme de militantisme : je considère que les histoires, en particulier celles des immigrants, s'inscrivent dans un contexte plus large de changement systémique. Les problèmes systémiques peuvent sembler

écrasants du fait de leur ampleur. Face à cela, je me demande : « Que puis-je faire aujourd'hui? Quels sont les outils à ma disposition en ce moment? »

Je considère l'acte de raconter mon histoire, l'acte de partager, d'amplifier et d'élever les histoires des autres, comme une forme d'activisme. Il peut être difficile de voir toutes les conséquences qui découlent de nos actions. Mais je peux vous dire avec certitude que partager nos histoires d'immigrants suscite l'empathie. Et l'empathie est l'une des choses qui manquent dans certains cadrans politiques de notre pays.

Par le passé, les politiques d'immigration du Canada se sont articulées autour de l'idée de l'« immigrant idéal ». As-tu le sentiment que le Canada d'aujourd'hui a encore un immigrant idéal? Oui. Le problème réside en partie dans le fait que les hommes politiques se sentent poussés à « faire valoir les avantages » de l'immigration. Lorsqu'un politicien dit « nous devrions accepter les immigrants parce que c'est la bonne chose à faire et parce qu'ils nous aident à construire notre économie », les critiques commencent à évaluer les immigrants sur la base de leurs contributions. C'est une chose très malavisée et dangereuse à faire. Je ne suis pas d'accord avec l'objectif d'évaluer les immigrants en fonction de leur contribution économique. Une personne, c'est une personne.

Une grande partie du discours sur l'immigration devrait être ancrée sur la compréhension du fait qu'une personne prend un grand risque à commencer une nouvelle vie dans un nouveau pays. Il y a probablement une très bonne raison de le faire : pour fuir un pays déchiré par la guerre, ou pour trouver un moyen de subsistance menacé par des problèmes sociaux ou les changements climatiques, par exemple. Nous ne pouvons pas non plus ignorer les effets en cascade de la participation de notre propre gouvernement à l'exploitation, à l'extraction et à l'intervention coloniale dans les pays étrangers du monde entier, en particulier dans le tiers monde.

Ton travail est porteur d'espoir et d'aspirations. Quels sont tes espoirs pour ce projet et pour l'avenir du Canada?

J'admets que je me sens parfois dépassé par les problèmes auxquels le Canada et le monde sont confrontés, mais il faut bien commencer quelque part. Dans beaucoup de mes projets, j'essaie de créer des petits gestes que les gens peuvent poser comme point d'accès à la construction d'un monde meilleur.

J'ai beaucoup d'espoir pour l'avenir. J'espère que l'avenir du monde implique que des personnes d'horizons différents se réuniront plus que jamais pour des conversations très honnêtes et sécuritaires. J'espère que ma famille

et mes communautés musulmanes pourront se sentir plus en sécurité quand elles marchent dans la rue. J'espère que les gens qui viennent s'installer, y compris les nouveaux immigrants, pourront se poser des questions difficiles sur leur rôle dans la réconciliation, dans les réparations, dans une contribution significative et basée sur les ressources à la « réparation des torts historiques ». J'espère que nous ne perdrons pas notre optimisme quant à comment nous pouvons améliorer le monde, en commençant modestement et en étant honnêtes avec nous-mêmes face aux conséquences de nos actions. J'espère que les politiciens trouveront assez de courage pour demander des comptes aux entreprises. J'espère que les futures générations qui s'installeront pourront apprécier les sacrifices de leurs héros immigrants du passé.

Y a-t-il autre chose dont tu aimerais parler? Je m'efforce de faire un travail qui soit inclusif et accessible, mais cela implique des questions plus difficiles sur qui ce projet inclut et qui il n'inclut pas : les personnes qui travaillent et qui n'ont pas beaucoup de temps libre pourraient ne pas y participer, de même que les familles qui ont des histoires traumatisantes trop dures à partager. Il est important pour nous, les artistes, les conteurs et les institutions culturelles, de nous demander quels groupes de personnes ne sont pas inclus et quelles solutions pourraient rendre notre travail plus inclusif.

Je réfléchis également beaucoup à la manière dont l'histoire de l'immigration interagit avec l'histoire de la réconciliation et celle des peuples autochtones. Comment célébrer les sacrifices de nos héros immigrants dans nos vies personnelles sans omettre où ces histoires s'inscrivent dans le projet colonial? Ce sont des questions lourdes, car nous nous trouvons dans une réalité imparfaite que nous essayons de débroussailler.

Ces conversations sont difficiles, certes, mais absolument essentielles.

THE MUSEUM

The Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21 hosts an annual artist residency. Located in the national historic site at the Halifax seaport, Canada's sixth national museum shares the ongoing story of immigration to Canada.

"In reading Aquil's proposal, I was immediately struck by his desire to create something positive during what is a very challenging time in the country," said Marie Chapman, CEO of the Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21. Due to Covid-19, this residency is the Museum's first fully virtual project, resulting from the Museum's first national artist competition.

LE MUSÉE

Le Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21 accueille chaque année un ou une artiste en résidence. Situé dans le lieu historique national du port de mer d'Halifax, le sixième musée national du Canada raconte l'histoire de l'immigration au Canada.

« En lisant la proposition d'Aquil, j'ai été immédiatement frappée par son désir de créer quelque chose de positif pendant cette période très difficile pour le pays », a déclaré Marie Chapman, chef de la direction du Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21. En raison de la COVID-19, cette résidence est le premier projet entièrement virtuel du Musée, issu du premier concours national d'artistes du Musée.

PIER 21



Canadian Museum of
Immigration at Pier 21



Musée canadien de
l'immigration du Quai 21







RESPECT NATIVE LAND

LAND BACK
AND NOTHING LESS

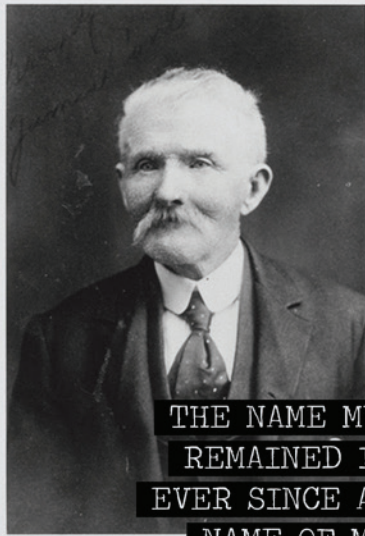
♥ *Written by Dan Conlin*

My ancestor James Conlin was born in Sligo, Ireland in 1829. He lost both parents when he was only 10, but grew up to become a successful stone mason working all over the British Isles. In the 1860s, he took a break from work to cross the Atlantic, to help out his sister, who had settled in Canada. He planned to return to Ireland, but fell in love with a beautiful young Irish woman in the Ottawa Valley named Jane Anne Murdy. James married and stayed to establish a farm in Wolfe Lake, Quebec. The name Murdy has remained in the family ever since and was the name of my father, Murdy Conlin. (My thanks to Aunt Eleanor Conlin keeper of the family lore.)

♥ *Written by Sara England*

I would like to contribute a photograph of my Oma, Corri Branderhorst, who immigrated to Canada from the Netherlands in 1952. She came to Canada alone, her name in the ship list was marked with an asterisks to indicate she was a solo traveller. It must have been frightening at the time with so many uncertainties of what her future in a new country would hold. She met my Opa in Ontario and they went on to have 11 children, the

born in Sligo, Ireland in 1829. He lost both parents when he was only 10, but grew up to become a successful stone mason working all over the British Isles. In the 1860s, he took a break from work to cross the Atlantic, to help out his sister, who had settled in Canada. He planned to return to Ireland, but fell in love



with a beautiful young Irish woman from the Ottawa Valley named Anne Murdy. They married and stayed together on a farm in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire. The name Murdy remained in the family and was the name of my father, Murdy Conlin, who married Aunt Eleanor, the matriarch of the family.

**THE NAME MURDY HAS
REMAINED IN THE FAMILY
EVER SINCE AND WAS THE
NAME OF MY FATHER,
MURDY CONLIN.**



eldest girl being my mother. The photograph attached shows my Oma with her first two children at a lake in Canada. She swam in the Netherlands and continued to love swimming in her new country. I am grateful to my Oma for risking everything to start a new life. I know life wasn't easy and she often felt homesick for the Netherlands. She felt a strong connection to Holland and reverted to speaking only Dutch in her later years. I am grateful to her for holding onto her Dutch heritage and language and passing that knowledge down to my mother and to me.

♥ *Written by Sandy Sleigh*

I want to share my story about my Mother who at 77 has made over 1,000 masks, and 600 mittens for all immigrants and indigenous people in need. She has sent them all over Ontario. She used her own material and wool and made everything by hand and a little sewing machine. She has just donated several items of clothing to a new family from Afghanistan who are in need of warm clothing for the impending cold Canadian winter. The family were so grateful, we all need to pitch in and welcome our new neighbors. Praying for Peace, Love and Community.

♥ *Written by Melissa Keogh*

The person that I wanted to submit who I know who immigrated to Canada is my grandfather. I don't know when he came but he was a young

man, he wasn't married, and he left Ireland and his whole family (I think he was the oldest of many siblings) to come here. One of the things my dad talked about was that he was always caught between the two places. After he had been here for a long time, his home in Ireland didn't fully feel like home anymore, but when he was here he didn't feel fully home either. He worked for the railroad. When I was born he wrote my name and my time of birth and my weight and height in inches on a small piece of paper that he kept to remember because his memory was not the best at that point. He was a wonderful grandfather. I don't remember a lot because I was very young and he died of cancer when I was five but he was funny and I think he was always interested in what I thought about things or interested to see what I would do next. He always had candies for me. They seem like small memories to have now but I know that I loved him and missed him terribly when he died. The whole family came from Ireland for the funeral and the wake.

♥ *Written by Patricia Deguise*

My Mom, a brave & adventurous lady – My mother, Tina Chwartkowski née Kleefstra, was a Dutch war bride. My father, John Chwartkowski, married her on 10 January 1946 in Amsterdam. By December of that year she was living with my Dad's mom, Anielka Chwartkowski née Worobetz, in Hamilton, Ontario. Mom spoke little English and my

Grandma spoke only Ukrainian. I admire so much my mother for her courage to leave her home, family, and culture to come to a new place with an "almost" stranger. The marriage didn't last but my Mom with only a grade 3 education was able to raise her two daughters on her own through hard work and financial austerity. She loved to laugh.

My paternal great-grandfather, Luz Czwartkowski, immigrated to Canada from Tartakiv, Galicia (now Western Ukraine) arriving in Halifax on the ARMENIA on 18 April 1899 with his wife, Eudokia Kiszka, and 3 of their children: Luk (age 17), Elena (age 11), and Wasyl/William, my grandfather, (age 6). In their late 40s, Luz and Eudokia had the courage to leave everything they knew to start a new life in Canada. He and his children homesteaded in Drifting Rivers, Municipality of Gilbert Plains, District of Dauphin, Manitoba. The photos below are of my paternal great-grandparents and of my paternal grandfather & grandmother, Anielka Worobetz, whom he married in 1917 in Manitoba. I married a Québécois man and our relationship mirrors Canada: English & French. Both our families mirror the history of Canada as a land of immigrants.

♥ *Written by Angela Aujla*

I would say my immigrant hero is my great grandmother, who was among the first Sikh women in Canada. As a young woman in her

20s, she made the long journey by ship over the frightening kala pani (black water) to Victoria BC. Uprooted from her family and community, and knowing very little about her new home, she had to adapt and assimilate, trying to figure out how to practice, maintain and pass down cultural values and build community while navigating a hostile political climate of Anti-Asian racism.

♥ *Written by Khalil Jessa*

I want to highlight Nouri. I work with him at Child Aid International. His name is Nouri and he always seems to have Noor, just a light in him that makes him great to be around. He is extremely service-driven. Always serving his community in one way or another, both in BC and in Iraq where he has helped thousands of orphans and their families.

♥ *Written by Daryll Myhr, son of Emil Myhr, son of Olaf and Berntine Myhr*

I would like to contribute the immigrant story of my Grandparents " Ma and Pa " Myhr. (A brief summary and a picture of the barn and memorial of 100 years in existence is included for your use and editing.) They raised 12 children on the site and farmed until they moved to retirement in Preeceville, Saskatchewan in about 1941. Their son Arthur and then his son, Brian Myhr still live and farm the land that they

received homestead rights in about 1905-06.

♥ *Written by Sandy O'Hara*

In response to the Canadian Museum of Immigration's request for immigrant stories, I have attached my mother's story, *At Sea*, of her arrival at Pier 21 in Halifax in November 1946. The story of her arrival in Canada is a chapter in her published book *Yorkshire Lass, An English War Bride's Story*, which chronicles her life as a nurse/midwife during the war in London and her new life in Canada. Attached are pictures of my mother as a nurse in England and preparing to depart for Canada.

AT SEA

November 12, 1946 brings back many memories for me. I think of the song "Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye." I remember a movie starring Gracie Fields - she sang that song on the deck of a ship sailing to America. Now here I was walking up the gangplank of the SS Samaria, leaving the land of my birth, going to a country that I knew very little about. A series of events had enabled me to obtain a passage to Canada. I had made some inquiries and, to my dismay, was told that transport for a civilian was almost impossible. If I had been a war bride, all arrangements would have been made for me.

One day in the summer of '46, I met a nurse working in another Department of the hospital, who became interested in my Canadian romance. She asked me if I had made arrangements for my passage and suggested that I apply to go over as a nurse on board a war bride ship. She gave me an address in London to write to. I wrote and received a reply, saying they had all the staff needed for the ships, but would I consider accompanying a child going to Canada. I said "yes" and this started everything in motion. After supplying them with references and being interviewed, they said "Let us know when your immigration has been sanctioned, then be prepared to leave at short notice."

On November 7, 1946, I received word that everything was in order for me to leave. I reported to the Canadian Red Cross headquarters in London. They informed me that I would be taking a four-year old boy named Michael Jessop, the child of an English woman and a married Canadian soldier, now living in Toronto. He and his wife were going to take the little boy. I was to meet one of the Red Cross staff at Euston train station, and there they would give Michael into my care. The morning of my departure, I received a letter from Percy, describing the farm house he had bought. There were eight rooms - such a big house I thought and a telephone - that would be a luxury. Little did I know, it was the only luxury that the old farm house had.

My dear friend Nett accompanied me to the boat train where I was to pick up Michael. She felt very sorry for the little boy leaving his mother and going to a strange country to a father that he didn't know. Nett bought him a toy truck. She gift wrapped it and told me to give it to him when we were on board the ship.

Michael's mother was a poor, sad little soul. She gave me her son's belongings, in a brown paper bag, containing a few broken toys, not even a change of clothing. Poor little boy cried when we boarded the train and Nett tried to console his Mother as they stood on the platform together, watching the train pull out of the station. Michael didn't look well, he had several cold sores round his mouth and seemed to be in pain - I thought it might be his ears. When the Red Cross officer came to our compartment to check us, I told him Michael seemed ill and was running a fever. He told me to take him to the hospital on board the ship. There was very little he could do until then. There was no dining car on that train, so we had nothing to eat or drink all day, and Michael was burning up with an elevated temperature.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we boarded the SS Samaria, and found our cabin. Then I decided that I would give Michael the gift that Nett had so lovingly wrapped. The day had been long and very tiring for the little fellow. He sat on the floor and slowly unwrapped the parcel. I can still see the

happiness in the child's eyes and hear his voice when he said when he lifted the truck out of its wrappings. " A lorry, just what I wanted - ain't it smashing!" He was so happy. Everywhere we went as we made our way to the ship's hospital, he'd say to people, " I go a lorry, ain't it smashing!"

We found the hospital without much trouble. They checked Michael, gave me an antibiotic for him and told me to keep him indoors and come back the next evening. After giving him the prescribed medication, I put him to bed. He was very tired and soon fell asleep. There were six of us sharing that very small cabin. I put Michael in the bottom bed and I slept above him.

A lady sharing the cabin said she would stay with Michael if I wanted to go on deck to see the ship leave Liverpool. So I went up on deck and stood by the rail and watched the Liverpool buildings fade slowly away. There was an illuminated clock tower on the pier - the time was 10 p.m. I had mixed emotions standing there alone - I was leaving the land of my birth, the country I loved, my family, my friends, and even changed my religion. Amazing how much one will sacrifice for the love of a man.

I didn't stay long on deck - went back to our cabin. Michael was still asleep but woke up several times in the night. I know his ears were aching. Next day he was so good - we watched a movie in the afternoon. He was so

happy playing with his truck. I took him back to the hospital in the evening. He was still running a temperature so the doctor admitted him. Michael had the best of nursing care. In the ward with him were several soldiers - they were very kind to the little fellow.

I used to go to the hospital every day to inquire about his progress, but found it was best if he didn't see me. If he caught a glimpse of me, he cried and wanted me to take him.

The eight days on board ship passed pleasantly - the meals were very good. Bread and dinner rolls made with white flour. I hadn't tasted that since the beginning of the war. There were ample servings of meat, fresh vegetables and fruit - items that had been rationed in England for so long. Every meal became a banquet. That is if ones stomach could digest all the good food. Furthermore, many of the passengers were seasick - quite often, I was the only diner at our table for eight.

I remember an announcement over the loud speaker: "The land that you see on the starboard side is Ireland - the next land you see will be Newfoundland."

[...]

♥ *Written by Sonia S Gallant*

My dad, Srecko Jovanovic, arrived in Halifax, Canada in April 1958. It was not an easy journey. He and his cousin, Simo--the dynamic duo--made it to Austria first by escaping Yugoslavia by climbing the mountains alongside the goats. First 2 times the authorities caught them but they kept trying and on the 3rd try they asked them, what are you doing and my dad said "I just want to see the world." Because of that answer, they were placed in a refugees camp in Feffernitz, Austria.

There he was taught how to operate a lathe. Later as part of a skills immigration campaign, he was asked where do you want to go: USA, Canada or Australia. No contest! He picked Canada because he heard so many good things. Coincidentally, there was an immigration campaign for London, Ontario. The only thing is that his cousin did not get picked to go on this round. So 19 year old Srecko boarded a big ship all alone with \$10 to his name and sailed on the Atlantic to Halifax.

After the New York-Greek Line, he was issued a Landed Immigration paper then hopped on the CPR rail to London, Ontario. Immigration put him up in a hotel and gave him the address but apparently he went to the wrong hotel--both being on Richmond street--the one he picked was more high end and he could not

believe how great Canada was! Not speaking the language, he ordered all kinds of food for in-room service. That got straightened out soon! Later he was placed in a family's home as a border. Six months later, his long awaited cousin arrived and they eventually got a place together on Roger street in London. From there they ambitiously worked many different jobs and even went to Toronto to diversify their employment and training. Both were very entrepreneurial in their trades of ironworking and HVAC. They both met Canadian young ladies who were very supportive and they got married in 1963 and 1964.

Each had 3 children and prospered. Unfortunately, my dad passed away in 2018, but his stories of adventure with his cousin really resonate and motivate us first generation Canadians. Our duty is to continue to inculcate to the grandchildren and great grandchildren all this so they will never forget their grandfathers' commitment to a better life. Thank you, Canada!

♥ *Written by Sharon Waxman*

Excerpt from text by Sharon Waxman, "...Anna Fried immigrated to Canada from Hungary in 1970. Anna is a Holocaust Survivor who lost her mother at the age of two. Life was difficult in Hungary under the 'totalitarian regime' and in 1968, Anna escaped. She left Hungary and went to France where she was

granted political asylum. In France she worked part time as an interpreter (speaking French, English, Hungarian, and German). The company for whom she worked made fabric design and their clients came from all over the world. In the evenings, Anna studied English, Psychology, and French at the Sorbonne.

In 1970, Anna and her husband Laszlo immigrated to Canada. It was not possible for Laszlo, a medical doctor, to practice medicine as a foreign graduate in France. In Canada however, he was able to practice medicine after passing his exams. And Laszlo's brother, who was already settled in Canada, made the immigration to Canada even more appealing.

Once in Canada, Anna started to go back to school. At Dalhousie University, Anna completed her undergraduate degree (French, Psychology), Masters degree (French) and she also graduated from Law School. She then worked as a lawyer both in a private practice and for the Provincial Justice Department. She retired in 1997 but that did not stop her from continuing her studies. That year she studied International Law in the south of France..."

Anna comes to many museum programs, brightening the room each time. She is active with the local Jewish community and active in general, walking and swimming almost daily. During COVID she stayed

so fiercely independent that I never got to do her shopping even once. Anna is an inspiration. She has so much love in her heart. She had every reason to be bitter but turned the tragedies in her life into inspiration to help others. I hope to be one tenth the lady she is.

♥ *Written by Ellen Goldfinch*

Coming to Canada—A List of Ten

1. I am descended from Jewish refugees fleeing the immanent European Holocaust and finding refuge in New York City. I was supposed to be a successful actress on Broadway. I disappointed my parents.

2. Kinnehura is a Yiddish word that roughly means "let the evil eye not see or hear." These are the superstitious beliefs of a historically persecuted people. The Evil Eye lurks behind good fortune, ready to trip up and shatter anything good in life. For example: What a beautiful baby. Kinnehura.

3. Getting away and coming to is intrinsic, entwined. Torn between the magnetic poles of home and away, my journeys seem trivial compared to those of my grandparents—more about curiosity, love; much less about life and death, although I often wonder if I would have survived New York City in my twenties.

4. Love was always the end goal of my longest journeys. It was nothing for me to abandon my home and move in with a man I'd only met three times, trusting my gut instinct that he would be my husband. And simply, he was. Love was a force, pulling me away from home to Canada with my unlosable New York City accent. Love has been my life's miracle.

5. In my first months in Quebec, my cheeks would hurt from stretching my mouth into an uncomprehending smile for hours at a time. Visits with the family that would be my future in-laws demanded every morsel of patience I could muster. My brothers-in-law called me The Jew. Their children were unilingually French and regarded me as an adult moron. French—the language I didn't take in high school because I thought I would never use it since Spanish was the second language of New York City. It is the height of irony; I haven't spoken Spanish in years.

6. As an immigrant, I was viewed with suspicion. My hair was dark and curly, my eyebrows were bushy, and I did not speak French. Even in English, there were disparities. I said ah-range, not ore-ange, buwee not boy, erbs not herbs. My hometown was a joke to my new Canadian family and friends. They teased me to say caw-fee and they apologized for ham dinners, even though they knew I wasn't religious.

7. I have lived in Quebec and Canada for forty-seven years, but people still start sentences with, "I know you are American, but..."

8. My new husband and in-laws saw illness and death as part of life. I shuddered every time my young husband said, "I'd be happy to die at sixty." "God forbid," I'd say. "Why?" he'd say, "And who is this God anyway?" So young. So glib about life and death.

9. When I was growing up, the mention of death was avoided in my family. It was hidden much the way sex was hidden from me. When the battles began over my mother's IV that hydrated her in the last stages of colon cancer, my sister insisted that the IV remain even though Mom wanted it out. "She's more lucid when she's hydrated," my sister told me, "It's keeping her alive." "But she wants it off," I told her, "And the hospice social worker says dehydration will give her an easier death." The IV stayed in. and my father witnessed her slow, painful death every day. Despite acquiescing to my sister's wishes, she still refuses to speak to me.

10. I am an immigrant from my last, living, close relative. There is a gap in my heart, in my life, but so it is with all immigrants. We do not regain what we leave behind.



Here is my story. I came to Canada at age 4 and my maiden name was Mary Osko. These are our visa pictures and the extra one is of my brother Edward in his infamous suit which I tore the belt off. My parents were Stanislaus and Genowefa Osko. Thank you for this opportunity to share.

I came to Canada in 1951. We were joining my father who had come earlier under the UN refugee resettlement plan from a displaced (refugee) camp. My parents were Polish citizens who had been taken forcibly from their homes in Poland as forced labour. They chose to stay in Germany after the war and emigrate elsewhere than go back to Poland. Canada was their second choice of a homeland but they never regretted it and always said how happy they were with their choice. So, my Father left in 1950 to work on a farm in Ontario and sent papers for us to come a year later. We were to sail on the "Anna Salem" leaving from Bremenhofen In May 1951. It was to prove quite a journey. My mother, all 4 foot 11 of her, had been ill before we were to leave , yet the work of getting everything together fell on her shoulders. There was packing what few belongings we had, paperwork and on top of that 2 toddlers. I was 4 years old and my brother, Edward, was 18 months. We came with one wooden trunk filled with some dishes, clothes and 2 "koldras", down filled thick duvets because my Mother had heard it was

cold in Canada. She got us and the trunk and whatever she was bringing on the ship and we set sail. My poor mother was sea sick almost the entire voyage. The ship was a reconverted supply ship from the war, so no luxuries. We were fortunate to have the tiny cabin to ourselves. Many had to share cabins if their family unit was 2 or less. Our problems started on the second day when my mother tried to get us to the dining area. She could not stand and she was retching all the time .She managed to get us through the door before she collapsed. She dragged herself back into the cabin and gave a little aluminum pot and told to try to find my way to the kitchen so my brother and I could eat. I went, terrified of how I was to find the dining area. I came across a gentleman in the corridor and asked his help. Imagine doing that today! He returned with me to our cabin and spoke with my mother. Taking pity because I suspect she looked bad, he promised that he would come to get me at every meal so I could bring back food for my brother and her, not that she ate much. That is one of my strongest memories of going for food every meal. Another clear memory I have is that of a lady in an adjoining cabin coming to take us up on deck most days. I remember this because my little brother loved being up there and I had to take care of him. Even at 18 months he was a handful. I kept hold of the belt on his coat, which by the time we landed was completely torn off. I remember lifeboat drill where there were no child size vests. One of the sailors told us

to sit down and put a lifejacket on us which immobilizes us. I don't what we would have done if we really had to use them.

I remember coming into Halifax. As soon as we could see land everyone came up on deck and started cheering. Many had stale bread which they had kept, remembering how it had been in the war. Even if there was always food on board, one could never be sure. The bread was thrown overboard because someone said there were dolphins welcoming us to Canada. We came through Pier 11 and found ourselves on land. I don't know how my poor mother managed. She had lost a great deal of weight. She later told us she weighed 90 pounds on landing. I remember her getting us on a train and telling to sit here and make sure my brother did not wander off and that she would be back before the train left. She returned with some food for us so that we would not be hungry on our trip to Toronto where my father was waiting for us. I have often asked myself how she managed it. She only knew "Hello" and "please" and "thank you" in English. My father met us at Union station and I was so happy to see him. I'd missed him but my brother would not go to him. He had only been 6 months when my father had left. It actually took him several months before he called him dad. He used to call him "Pan" which translates to "Mister". My parents went on to become model citizens, relishing the opportunities in Canada. Life was difficult but they managed and never looked back.

il m'arrive de croiser des perles rares. parmi ces étoiles il y a Rich'Art, mon prof de danse. je ne me souviens plus de ma vie avant sa Djamboola j'ai commencé ses cours il y a 3 ans dans un sous-sol d'église près de mon nouveau chez moi depuis la pandémie, ça se passe dans des parcs de Montréal où la température le permet (c'est magique!!!) ou en ligne.



**IL M'ARRIVE DE
CROISER DES PERLES
RARES. PARI MI CES
ETOILES, IL Y A
RICH'ART, MON
PROF DE DANSE.**

cher Richard, je voulais tout simplement te remercier d'exister. ton énergie m'est devenue ESSENTIELLE. nous avons cette chance inouïe de t'avoir

Il m'arrive de croiser des perles rares. parmi ces étoiles, il y a Rich'Art, mon prof de danse. je ne me souviens plus de ma vie avant sa Djamboola. j'ai commencé ses cours il y a 3 ans dans un sous-sol d'église près de mon nouveau chez moi. depuis la pandémie, ça se passe dans des parcs de Montréal quand la température le permet (c'est magique!!!) ou en ligne.

Richard a un pouvoir extraordinaire. non seulement sa joie de vivre est contagieuse mais ça va bien au-delà de ça. il nous cède son pouvoir et devant lui, avec lui, en dansant, chacune de nous se transforme (la majorité l'emporte ici, nous sommes surtout des femmes). je ne quitte jamais son cours dans le même état qu'à l'arrivée. je me sens capable de tout quand je saute sur mon vélo après une séance avec lui. mon cœur est à chaque fois plein à craquer et je suis envahie d'une sensation de bonheur et de puissance totale. oui, même en pleine pandémie! je ne connais personne d'autre qui a son énergie bienveillante si particulière et qui la transmet comme lui.

cher Richard, je voulais tout simplement te remercier d'exister. ton énergie m'est devenue ESSENTIELLE. nous avons cette chance inouïe de t'avoir à Montréal. je me réjouis d'avoir retrouvé ton enjaillement ce soir sous ce ciel si magnifique.

♥ *Written by Fiona Valverde*

This is what I wrote for my sister Maria to read at my dad's funeral: My father, José Antonio Valverde, was born in Madrid, Spain in 1929. My dad's family fled to Bogotá, Colombia for two years during the Spanish Civil War. Upon returning to Spain, my grandfather was considered a persona non grata by Franco due to his democratic ideals. As a result, my dad and my grandfather went to England where my dad was accepted into Cambridge University and graduated in 1954. In 1964, my dad flew to Edmonton to pursue a master's degree in Spanish literature. There, he met my mom, Doreen. They got married in 1966 and had three children, my sister Maria, my brother Alex and me. After completing his studies, my dad lectured at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg for five years before becoming head of the Spanish Department at Acadia University. Throughout his life, my dad was always pursuing his art, and the pull of pursuing an artistic career was always calling. After 18 years, my parents moved to the seaside village of Chester, Nova Scotia where my dad opened his own gallery so he could paint full time.

My dad was most celebrated for his art. An intuitive colourist inspired by modern fauve masters, his work reflects the vibrant and warm, Mediterranean aesthetic of colour. His subjects ranged from exuberant seascapes and vivid floral arrangements to jewel-like

landscapes and interiors, reflecting both his native Spain and adopted home of Canada. At the age of 85 he was honoured by the King of Spain, Felipe VI, and was awarded the Order of Civil Merit at the Commander level for what he had done throughout his lifetime in promoting Spanish culture in Canada.

From dad's oral history where he describes his impression of Canada as a country:

"I considered Canada a country of adventure, of-of beautiful landscapes, and a country that was beginning to take identity. Well, you can't take identity, beginning to, sort of, be a country that always had a reputation of being very helpful to everybody. In other words, you get your own culture. In other words, when you go to the United States—it's not negative but everyone wants to become American instantly, you know. Sometimes you forget about [the] Italian accent or whatever it is...But Canada is different. Canada you have—even if you come from Ukraine you have—you are allowed to keep your own passport, you know. You're—you are allowed to maintain your own culture. And sometimes at the same time they—they don't—it's not like melting pot. It is a melting pot, in the sense that, you know, but you still practise your own cultures which is the great appeal, you see. All throughout the world the people consider Canada a peaceful country who help as much as they can other countries. They're always trying to—you know, [you] always find Canadian Forces, you know the problems, they're always trying to make peace"

It was the greatest of love stories...

Who would have thought that a marriage between a worldly and a devoutly Catholic Spaniard, nearly twice her age, and a German, Lutheran, Prairie girl would have ever worked? But it did. It was love at first sight. Who's kidding who. Mom was drop dead gorgeous, and dad's charm and twinkle in his eyes swept her off her feet. It wasn't always a bed of roses, but their faith and unyielding love for each other got them through it all. And what an adventure it was.

Their first home was in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Dad was hired to start the Spanish department at the University. That's where I came along too. Canada's coldest spot on earth may not have been the best choice. Dad refused to buy winter boots. He was set on convincing mom to move to Spain. And while she embraced the language and culture and enjoyed their summers and sabbaticals there, Canada was home. So dad accepted a position in Wolfville, closer to the coast, and more mild temperatures. But his yearning for adventure and seeing the world was a part of him that he wanted to share with us. He took us to the jungles of Costa Rica, the Mayan pyramids in Mexico, and had the boat not sunk in a Nor'easter, almost on a trip sailing for a year around the world.

Canada was beginning to grow on him and the natural beauty of Nova Scotia and welcoming

nature of its people, was a big reason why. Perhaps off grid on a farm in the outskirts of New Germany was over-ambitious. We didn't last long. There were a lot of moves those early years. Before it was trendy to do so, he took flipping houses to a whole new level. It was also a perfect channel for his creative gift for art and design. The batik phase was the best. We had batik sofa covers, pillows, wall hangings, throws for the mattresses on the ground - it was the 70s - and long dresses for mom that only she could pull off!

One of my favourite memories were Sunday drives to explore the province and especially the seacoast. I remember the time dad took me to Carter's beach. He was in heaven and took all these photos with his state of the art Ikon camera. He might have followed this with a dip in his black speedo and Jacques Cousteau spear gun to catch a lobster for dinner.

It was during one of our family Sunday excursions that we came upon the stunning seaside village of Chester. This was when his painting career really took off. After breakfast at Julien's he moved offices to his 3rd floor studio, from "Morningside" with Peter Zowski to "Diskdrive" with Yurgen Gothe - happily painting away. If the painting was a success, he would often come down and prepare something yummy for dinner like an Indian curry that he learned how to cook from one of his roommates at Cambridge. Or he

might have waited for mom to come home and drum up a favourite Spanish recipe that she learned to cook from dad's aunts in Spain. It was not uncommon for him to invite a former student from Acadia, friend in need, or newcomer to Chester he met earlier that morning to join us.

Another Sunday tradition was praying a rosary as a family. Dad seemed to time it just before movie night on the Wonderful World of Disney - one of the few shows he would actually let us watch. Alex, Fiona and I went as quickly as we could through the ten Hail Mary's, making sure to remember to pray for all our extended family in Spain and Alberta.

Canada was not only growing on him, but becoming home. It was wonderful to see his native Spain and adopted country intertwine magically together. It was most evident in his art - the vivid Mediterranean palette that infused his Nova Scotian seascapes, florals and interiors. It also shone through in his love of music. He was not shy on the dancefloor and many a party ended with mom and dad doing the tango and gazing lovingly at one another, saying "besame mucho mi amore".

The last six years since dad had his stroke were not easy but family, friends, neighbours and the community rallied to support us. Thank you all for this and for your help these last few days. We also want to thank the staff at Parkstone and

dad's neighborhood. He treasured these friendships.

We are wearing red carnations today to celebrate dad's life, honour his memory and all that he loved.

Red is for...

his red socks
a good rioja
Barcelona en rouge
the fiery spirit of the bullfighter
the last pimento decorating the payella
Spanish kisses left on both cheeks
and his undying love of his family

Rest in peace dad.

♥ *Written by Jordana Weiss*

So all of my family immigrated here. Most were from Lithuania and other countries in Eastern Europe, and were leaving to escape the Nazis. My mother's mother also arrived here from Canada in the 1950s, and was intending to marry another man when she met my grandfather and married him instead! I'm grateful they were able to settle in Canada and build the life that they wanted.

♥ *Written by Larry Jones*

After selling enough spinning wheels, from his trade, to pay for his passage of \$150, Charlie set sail on the Asturias for Canada, leaving his pregnant wife Anna (Ona) and 1-year-old daughter behind. Charlie Lukat (name changed from Karolius Liaukaitis) immigrated to Canada from Lithuania and landed at Pier 21 on April 24, 1927 at the age of 27. From Halifax, Charlie "rode the rods" west and after working in different places settle northwest of Lacombe, Alberta, where he purchased a quarter of land in 1929. It took Charlie 4 years to earn the \$250 to bring his wife Anna and two daughters Emma (age 5) and Ann (age 4) to Canada who arrived at Pier 21 on the Stuttgart in 1931. Charlie and Anna had 4 more children, 12 grandchildren and 8 great grandchildren.

♥ *Written by Navin Virani*

My hero is my husband who brought me here. He immigrated first and then proposed to me and he had no stopped talking about Vancouver and Canada on our first date ! I met him when I was 17years of age and married him 5 years later when I was 21 ! He wanted the best for the two of us and our families ! I consider Canada 'Heaven' as my grandpa called it when he visited here! Alnoor described it that when he was young he would draw mountains and oceans and birds that is how Vancouver

is like a painting ! I am so glad the love of my life with whom I am celebrating our 40 years this year brought me to land of peace, tranquility, honesty, where I taught my children to live ethically and morally right, where going to sleep was going to sleep not being worried if you were going to shot in the middle of the night like in Dar es Salaam. Because of him I was able to sponsor my family and my parents who are now 92 and 83 live and smile everyday that they have great health and happiness! From him I learnt to be strong and to raise daughters to be strong for themselves and chose their own paths! He was very supportive to women, very kind, loving and caring husband.

♥ *Written by Navin Virani*

I would like to say a big thank you to Dr Zainul Kanji who immigrated long before I did but when I got here I didn't know that many people and she was a Doctor who also became a friend. I volunteered at a community centre as I was not allowed to work as I had no work permit. She volunteered there as well and she took me to all these furniture places to buy my furniture! Thank you Zainul for being my friend throughout and for helping me through delivering my first child Zaheeda who had a kidney problem □. I came here to see my fiancé Alnoor who had a knee surgery. Then he suggested that we get married and with no job or money I agreed to stay here. I felt very insecure and she gave me the confidence

at 21 to feel great about myself ! She held my hand and made me feel good about myself ☐

♥ *Written by Darren Johnston*

In response to your endearing request, I name Thais Flores Rojas who migrated to Canada from Mexico City. What is progress? Evolution? Education? Cultural diversification? One could perhaps measure the outcomes to these "subjective" questions through various metrics, but at the heart of every answer would lie the following: with whom they have been fortunate enough to have crossed paths with during the journey of their life? Let's see if we can give perspective to this. If we are fortunate enough to travel to faraway lands, spend some time in the raw heartlands of these locations, rather than simply sipping piña coladas at the poolside bar, we would most likely get some of the best introduction to what life is all about. Seeing how others live is, in my opinion, one of the finest schools we can attend. And what is most brilliant about leaving to a foreign land, is the education we get once we arrive back home. It is only then that we are awakened to what our homelands have to offer.

Enough context. Let's peel the onion back and let me connect the dots. I was very fortunate that "far away lands" came to me and my life in the form of an immigrated person that is Thais. Having a close

connection and relationship with a person from another country perpetually provides me with a continuous education as our differing upbringings are just so different. Meshed together, we are better for this. More educated. More cultured. More cognizant of the way of life. Unless we are blessed with having intimate connections to different cultures, we are sadly ignorant. We are sadly victims as our thinking is flawed because we think that our way of life is "the" way of life or the "only" way of life. It most definitely isn't. We may eat different foods and speak different languages, but at the heart of our existence lies purpose. As the saying goes "you are what you eat", but I would like to put a spin on this and say "you are from where you are from".

Now, without disparaging my fellow Canadians, I just would never have received this kind of education without having a beautiful opportunity to have had a shared life with an immigrant person. I have learned so many things about life that I would never have learned here in Canada, with a Canadian person by my side.

What I therefore appreciate most is the fact that I have had a phenomenal education about what life is about by having had varying perspectives by my side to help me see things differently. The path of least resistance, perhaps? For me It's simply been progress, evolution, education, and culture. Thanks, This.

♥ *Written by Cristina Cugliandro*

Both my parents arrived through Pier 21, within 4 years of each other. They were 10 (mom) and 6 (dad) yrs old. From Italy.

My parents are two of the best humans you can meet. They taught me to: cherish what I have - never to be wasteful - stick to my commitments - be a good friend and human - work hard and to be fulfilled by it, among many other things.

They taught me to love nature and art.

They have always made me feel safe and have been supportive throughout my life. They are wise and loving.

They laugh a lot, they enjoy simple adventures. They are fun to hang out with.

♥ *Written by Jolanta Religa*

My grandfather Stanisław Bidas was born in 1899 in small village in Poland. As a young boy he lost his parents . In 1918, when Poland regained independence ,he married his wife -Marianna . When his 3rd child was born he decided to go to Canada to provide his family a better life. In 1926 he left his wife with two daughters and son who was only two months old. First he went to Liverpool and then he took a ship , called Monterosa, to Montreal . When he arrived to Canada he was 27 years old and he had only 20 \$. In Canada he worked in very different

places among others in the nickel mine .In this mine he had an accident and he spent few days underground. He was one of the two survivors . He worked 10 years bulding this country and treated Canada as his home. He really wanted to bring his family to Canada . Unfortunately he had to return to Poland because of the political situation and the coming Second World War. He returned to Poland because he was really afraid of his wife and children. In 1938 and in 1939 his two children was born including my father .He never returned to Canada because during communism it was impossible. He always said a lot of about this country , his work , he taught us english . He died in 1978 . Now I want to recreate his history . Canada was his home . After returning he missed a lot Montreal. He always wanted to show us places where he lived and worked but it was impossible.

The only one photo of my grandfather which I have was taken in Canada in 1929. His courage is inspiration for me and my children. For us he was a real hero.

♥ *Written by Wendy Payne*

I come from a family where hard work, family and faith are so important. My grandfather, Bernard, emigrated from Russian in 1905. His family were White Russians which meant that they spoke German and Russian. He came with his parents, Jacob and Agnes, and 2 brothers. They were sent to St. Joseph's Colony

in Saskatchewan and given land. My great grandfather had exactly two dollars in his pocket when they arrived on their farm. After a year of hard work, the family purchased a farm in Humbolt, Saskatchewan. This is where my grandfather, Bernard, met and married my grandmother, Amalia Hauk, also an immigrant from Russia. They raised 7 children on their farms in Humbolt, Saskatchewan and Duvernay, Alberta. Their last farm is still being worked by the family.

♥ *Written by Ron Zwaagstra*

My parents grew up in different parts of The Netherlands. I can't imagine what their childhoods were like. By 1945 at the end of World War II, about one half of their lives had been immersed in war. They came to Canada with their families in the 1950's and through mutual acquaintances they met in their new found country. They cobbled a life together using skills they brought from the old country and acquiring skills in their new one. Their division of labour was pretty traditional for the time. My Dad was the main breadwinner and my Mom stayed at home to look after my siblings and me. After trying different things, my Dad became a carpenter right until his retirement.

From the lean times of the war, my parents knew how to stretch a dollar. Over the years my Dad did renovations on our home to give

us a nice place with more space, and my Mom sewed curtains and upholstery for chairs. In many respects though, we were the average Canadian family chasing dreams of a better life. We also enjoyed some of the perks of Dutch culture, particularly the food. The Dutch really love their sweets. It was the best of both worlds.

Both my Dad and Mom volunteered in the community. My Dad took on extra jobs so we could have nice vacations. My Mom played the violin in a number of community orchestras. They were square dancers. We were tightly woven into the fabric of our community. Life wasn't always easy, but there were many very wonderful times and adventures. They now enjoy very comfortable lives and are very grateful for how things turned out.

I'm sure my parents suffered psychological damage from the war. How could they not? There was a new language to learn. They had to navigate their way in a new culture. It was a start from nothing to build a new life. And yet we did all the things ordinary Canadian families do like cheering for our favorite NHL team, camping, playing sports and were members of community groups. In spite of the challenges, I find it extraordinary that we ended up living such ordinary Canadian lives. My parents made sure of it. And that is why they are my immigrant heroes.

♥ *Written by Cemil Otar*

Through the small, oval window over my left shoulder, I craned my neck to see the little cars, sparsely spaced, moving along a huge highway far below on the ground. As the noisy Boeing- 707 descended further, I looked at Toronto on the horizon.

"Shit," I said. "There are no hills, no mountains - how can you live in a city so flat?" The place looked like a giant forest with a few buildings scattered in it. I had never seen a big city with this much green. This was my first impression of Toronto on the afternoon of Friday, July 2nd 1971. Flat, quiet, boring, green, but for me it held a great promise. Actually, this was the only promise I had left in my life: a promise of peace, a promise of a future, who knows, maybe a promise of happiness. Finally, at age twenty, I had made it here. There was no going back to my troubled homeland, ever. Growing up was easy for me. I was surrounded by loving parents, an older brother who happened to be the best brother in the world, an older sister, and many aunts and uncles. I was immersed in love during my childhood in Istanbul.

This was interrupted when I turned eleven. My father told me that I must take an entrance exam for the best secondary school in the country, its curriculum in German. I ranked twenty-first out of a thousand or so children

who sat for this exam. My mom and my sister took me to this school on the first day. They set up my bed with sheets and a pillow that they had brought from home. The dorm room was immense, about one hundred beds. For a while, I thought that if I did really well, I would be allowed back home. Three months later, I was able to speak, read and write German. Shortly after that, we started covering German literature: Kafka, Böll, Dürrenmatt, Schiller, Goethe. I worked hard to master it.

Eventually, it dawned on me that I was never going back home. During the first year, I cried every night. I was scared that someone would find out and make fun of me. No one did. Many years later at a class reunion, I discovered that we had all drowned in the same pain.

My pillow was my new home. It remained home for the rest of my life. [...]

♥ *Written by Carmen LG*

This is Carmen, and my immigration story, of when I arrived in Canada in 2007, is featured in the museum. For the past two years I've been working in Afghanistan for the Canadian Government, as Security Manager. On August 15th, the day the Taliban took over the capital, Kabul, I was evacuated.

Prior to my evacuation, I led the logistics

on the ground for the flights for the SIMS program (Special Immigration Measure for Afghans)...up until the day of my evacuation. For every flight I was present throughout the whole process and until the plane would take off from the tarmac. During my time, we assisted the departure of 807 Afghans. Upon my return to Canada, I've made it my mission to stay in contact with them and to assist them in their new home - Canada. With a colleague, MPSS PO2 LaRue, we created a Facebook page where we give them support, orientation - from reviewing their CVS, to being a bridge with possible employers, getting them winter clothes, and laptops. At the end, I'm paying back with the same kindness that I was given when I immigrated to Canada.

♥ *Written by Esmée Rothschild*

Blanche's immigration story - I met my friend Blanche at our church choir. We struck up a friendship over our mutual love of music. Blanche immigrated to Canada from Mumbai, India in 1980. She first settled in Chilliwack, married and then ended up in Victoria in 1983. Fittingly, she eventually worked for Citizenship and Immigration for 18 years. Being bilingual (French/English) she often lead the singing of "O Canada" during Citizenship ceremonies. To me, she is brave, kind, thoughtful and a wonderful person.

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**TO ME, SHE IS BRAVE,
KIND, THOUGHTFUL AND
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♥ *Écrit par Rita Amabili*

I am the daughter of an Italian immigrant.
I wrote a book on it: "Guido le roman d'un
immigrant"

Extrait de « Guido le roman d'un immigrant »

Le voyage est incertain. Les descriptions de
Corrado si brèves. Son cousin ne sait écrire
que le concret, l'ensemble, le global.
Comment peut-il dire le détail, la solitude,
le petit rien qui fait la vie de tous les
jours ?

Filippo lève son verre et le boit d'un seul
coup. -Alla salute21 !

A notre santé à tous, pense Loreta le cœur
en mille miettes. A la mienne pour que je te
rejoigne au plus vite, à la tienne et que
Dieu t'accompagne.

Mais Filippo plie les jambes pour se mettre
au niveau des enfants. Guido pousse doucement
son frère et sa sœur vers leur père. Palma
qui comprend bien que son père part pour
longtemps, pleure à chaudes larmes. Les
petits bras enserrèrent le cou paternel. Non,
non ne pars pas pour vider mon enfance de
cette source que tu es depuis ma naissance.
Filippo saisit les mots non dits en pleine
poitrine comme un coup de poignard.

♥ *Written by Zainub Verjee*

Hello Aquil. This is my quote for your immigrant project: Artists are immigrants. I am reminded of this insightful quote of Anish Kapoor, the British sculptor: "We are demanding creativity of others, recognising that those who leave their country and go on a journey across the water full of danger or who walk hundreds of miles across land are also making a creative act."

Immigrants and refugees have been welcomed to Canada. I find this quote very powerful.

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♥ *Written by Lise Melhorn-Boe*

I have chosen to write about my father, since his immigration to Canada has impacted my life greatly.

My father, Kurt Emil Mehlhorn, came to Canada with a little suitcase in 1929. His family thought he was crazy to leave home, and they gathered all his siblings (all

adults, living away from home) to take a formal family photo. I think they thought they might never see him again. He found a job immediately upon arriving in Montréal—his apprenticeship from the Siemens company in Germany made him a shoe-in—and headed off to northern Ontario. Eventually he canoed to Rouyn-Noranda, in the Abitibi, in Québec (no road) on spec, to see if he could find a job there, which he did.

He was engaged when he left Germany, but his fiancée eventually broke off the engagement because he said disparaging things about Hitler in his letters home. I have wondered what my life would have been like, who I would be, if he had stayed in Germany. Well, obviously, I would not be me, because he would not have met my artistic Canadian mother, and I would not likely have become an artist. He worked hard to save enough money to buy a house and put his children through university before getting married. He was almost 50 when I was born. Had he gotten married in his twenties, I might well be dead by now, instead of still making art.

I do not have a digital image of him, but here is a photo of the ship he travelled on.

♥ *Written by Carmen Madrilena*

L'immigration est une richesse.

♥ *Written by Anna Leblanc*

"My grandmother Anna Lukat came to Canada from Luthuania May 31, 1931 along with her two daughters Aunt Emma and my Mum Anna to be with my Grandfather to Homestead in Lacombe, Alberta. What I want to share with Gratitude is that she was my Soul Mate. I loved being with her on the farm with her delicious homemade breads, milking cows with her and sharing quality time while working the gardens".

♥ *Written by Kevin Lohnes*

"On June 3, 1893 Emily Pegg, 5 years old, and 90 other children arrived at Halifax Nova Scotia on the ship Siberian. Emma was a British Home child one of an estimated 100,000 such children who came to Canada over a 60 year period. During her life Emma distinctly remembered her mother saying goodbye to her - her mother regretted that she could not support her. Emma was adopted by the Carmichael family and later married into the Mason family at the Head of St. Margaret's Bay. In the family home at the Head of the Bay, she had 12 children and the home became the location of the first telephone switchboard in the area - the whole family became the operators! Emma arrived all alone - I can't help but imagine how astonished she would be at the generations of family that came after her.",

♥ *Written by Dominique Pattinier*

I am an immigrant myself, but I am very grateful to my friend Nicole, herself an immigrant from France like me who has during some 40+ years supported me emotionally during my hardest times. She is clever, beautiful, a mother and devoted grandmother. Some years ago, she went back to France to look after her ailing mother in the Beaujolais region and even was the executive secretary to one of the finest Beaujolais wine growers. She is in her late 70s now but still travels and looks after two 90 something year old Chinese sisters in Richmond! I am proud to be her friend !

♥ *Written by Zarina Rajwani*

Kulsum Abdulla Hasham, better known as Kursamaa - she was a legend of her times. In Dar-es-salaam, Tanzania, hoards of people who needed healing would come to her for her gentleness and spiritual outlook to everything. In Canada at the age of 75, she emerged as a strong pillar for the extended family and for the Ismaili community. She learnt English at that age. She was not a push-over nor a complacent women who accepted what life dealt her. She had aspirations and goals for her children, grandchildren and family. She had aspirations for society and the quality of life for people. From various

levels of poverty and hardships, she emerged strong and triumphant in life, uplifting those around her and inspiring them to become individuals of strength, fortitude and zeal. In all her dealings she exuded patience, kindness, gentleness, respect and care. She was the force behind all family achievements and taught lessons simply by being herself. Her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren spread all over the world, from France to Kyrgyzstan, from Ottawa, Toronto, Calgary, Vancouver to Pennsylvania and California - are all evidence and proof of her long and strong legacy. She remains not only in our hearts, but in every step we take, in every accomplishment we make and in every legacy we leave. Hers is indeed a life of infinity.

♥ *Écrit par Alexandra Regalado*

Je suis tellement heureuse de pouvoir soumettre mon histoire, pour pouvoir inspirer d'autres personnes et montrer que nous sommes heureux de vivre au Canada, mais surtout pour remercier l'opportunité de pouvoir occuper une place loin de notre pays d'origine.

Je suis arrivé à Montréal avec ma mère et mon frère le plus petit en 1998, en plein verglas du 1998.

Biographie : Alexandra, une femme d'origine dominicaine vivant à Montréal, est une femme passionnée par l'entrepreneuriat, la

politique et les causes sociales. Il possède plusieurs diplômes en gestion d'entreprise, gestion d'entreprise et finance. Son engagement, son charisme et sa créativité sont des éléments qui la distinguent.

Très impliquée dans les causes qui touchent la communauté latino-américaine, noire et africaine, elle travaille très fort dans son influence sociopolitique sur le territoire canadien, notamment en s'impliquant dans des organisations comme la Fondation Dominicaine-Canadienne fondée par son père, avec laquelle elles ont pu aider dans différentes régions de la République dominicaine.

En 2000, elle a mobilisé le premier buste de la patrie de la République dominicaine au Canada, fondatrice du Conseil consultatif des dominicains au Canada et membre depuis 4 ans, avec des réalisations importantes.

Elle a été vice-présidente de l'Association latino-américaine de Montréal. Elle a été choisie dans plusieurs prix et reconnaissances comme une immigrante exemplaire, comme le prix «Dare and Act», «Tributes to Women» et un grand hommage du Ministre du Conseil consultatif des Dominicains.

À l'étranger, reconnaissance Au Parlement du Québec et de la République Dominicaine au Canada choisis comme finalistes pour le Grand Prix International «Oscar de la Renta» Créatrice de l'Entrepreneurial Women Show

à Montréal et promotrice de la déclaration d'octobre comme mois du patrimoine hispanique au Québec, portant un projet de loi qui a été adopté à l'unanimité au Parlement du Québec, créant l'organisation du patrimoine hispanique au Québec.

Son objectif est d'inspirer les femmes à être dynamiques, entreprenantes, éduquées et engagées tout en démontrant le potentiel d'une immigrante.

Elle fait partie du conseil d'administration de l'organisation Montréal la plus heureuse, du conseil d'administration de l'agence de développement durable du centre-est et du nord de Montréal et membre fondateur du Club des investisseurs latino-américains au Canada.

Actuellement présidente de la grande organisation Héritage Hispanique Québec.

Merci infiniment de pouvoir partager ma gratitude à c'est merveilleux pays et ses citoyens.

Une latina fièrement canadienne-québécoise.

♥ *Written by Michael Chambers*

My father was in WWII, after the war was over, he stayed in Germany with the occupation Army until about early 1947. At that time he had to deal with Displaced people, Concentration camp survivors, and Prisoner of war. In that time he learned

French and German. When he came back home he went to work at the Halifax waterfront as a checker. At times he was asked to go to Pier 21 to help translate as the immigrants arrived. He was my Hero.

♥ *Written by Doug Anzai*

As young teenagers in the early 1900's, both of my grandfathers and one of my grandmothers individually immigrated from Japan to Vancouver. They were determined to launch their young lives, with the promising social and economic opportunities of Canada.

They each worked hard, enriched their communities, were entrepreneurial, married, and grew their families in BC and Ontario through both the bountiful and difficult years including WW II Internment.

I have strong memories of visiting them and all my aunties, uncles, and cousins in Toronto for fun, wholesome times at my grandparents' homes. Each of my grandparents were most humble, and full of respect and integrity. Even though they had only rudimentary English they were able to communicate and enjoy Canadian life. They were quite involved with their faiths. My maternal grandparents with their Buddhist temple and my paternal grandparents with their Anglican church.



**NOW, 125 YEARS AFTER
IMMIGRATING, MY
GRANDPARENTS ARE
INSPIRING "HEART &
SOUL" MODELS FOR
ME AND MY FAMILY.**

As young immigrants in the early 1900s, both of my fathers and one of my grandmothers individually immigrated from Japan to Vancouver. They were determined to launch their lives, with the promise of social and economic opportunities of Canada. Each of my grandparents had a difficult and difficult years including WW II Internment. I have strong memories of visiting them and all my aunties, uncles, and cousins in Toronto for fun, wholesome times at my grandparents' homes. Each of my grandparents were most humble, and full of respect

Now 125 years after immigrating, my grandparents are inspiring heart & soul models for me and my family.

♥ *Written by Salima Punjani*

This is a photo of me and my mom Dilshad Punjani who is 74 years old and still working as a nurse at St. Paul's hospital in Vancouver, BC. She immigrated to Canada to join her family who left Uganda fleeing Idi Amin's regime. What I appreciate the most about my mom is her dedication to care. She has been working throughout the COVID-19 pandemic, despite having multiple risk factors. At the beginning of the pandemic, I was upset with her, and tried to convince her to stop working and take care of herself. She, of course, refused, and I started sending her messages of love and appreciation instead. Strangely enough, because of this, we became a lot closer during the pandemic. I am now a caring professional, and what I think my mom helped me with is to learn how to recognize my limits and appreciate the joy and everyday wonder that relational work brings in to life.

♥ *Written by Honey Novick*

Thank you for reading this story of Yocheved, Eva Novick, my wonderful mother. My name is Honey Novick.

mom Disha Rajani who is 74 years old and still working as a nurse at St. Paul's hospital in Vancouver, BC. She immigrated to Canada to join her family who left Uganda fleeing Idi Amin's regime. What I appreciate the most about my mom is her dedication to care. She has been working throughout the COVID-19 pandemic, despite having multiple risk factors. At the beginning of the pandemic, I was upset with her, and tried to convince her to stop working and take care of herself. She, of course, refused, and I started sending her messages of love and appreciation instead. Strangely enough, because of this, we became closer during the pandemic. I now fear for her and what I think she needs is to recognize my limitations.



SHE IS 74 YEARS OLD AND STILL WORKING AS A NURSE AT ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL IN VANCOUVER, BC.



For Yocheved, A Stalwart Love, Reciprocated

"...if you bungle raising your children,
I don't think whatever else you do
Matters very much..." Jackie Kennedy

In times of despair, I feel I'm the 'bunglee'
And blame my mother for being the 'bungler'.
When these dark clouds pass
I know this to be not true.

People loved my mother
And for very good reasons--
Her warmth, generosity, charm, and
brightness.

She supported her friends,
And often didn't judge their character.
So, if you sold insurance, did plumbing,
Fixed electrical wires, were a butcher,
Sold chicken, eggs or Amway,
She would buy from you.

My father, the City of Toronto's last person
To deliver milk with a horse and wagon
Brought home milk, cheese and always the
bread.

My mother and father loved each other.
That in itself is fortune beyond measure.
They became my "mother'n'father" (one word).

With her daughter, me,
My mother had a contentious relationship,
And relationship, indeed, we had -
Love/hate, guilt, co-dependence.
When I stood up to walk, at 9 months old,
(she said),

I walked in the other direction from her,
But couldn't hasten to her bedside quickly
enough
To be there for her as she lay dying!

[...]

♥ *Written by Faith Piccolo*

My husband, John, (Giovanni Piccolo) came to Canada through Pier 21 when he was not quite 3. He arrived with his mother Rosina and his sister Mary, on the Vulcania, out of Naples. Their father, Santo had arrived 2 years earlier, and would greet them in Toronto. John doesn't have too many memories of the voyage, but his sister Mary recalls having the run of the ship, while their mother was laid low by seasickness. And being sick in steerage, in the bowels of the ship, was not nearly as comfortable as being sick in your own private cabin.

Their arrival at Pier 21 in the spring of 1954 was an anxious time for Rosina; with hardly a word of English. John claims this is where he was first introduced to corn flakes, a cereal he loved well into his 30's.

The Piccolo's experience was a typical immigrant story of that era. There was great poverty in southern Italy after the war, and very little work to be had. Meanwhile, in Canada, there was a labour shortage, and Canada looked to Europe to provide the needed manpower. Recruiters from the Abitibi Pulp and Paper company arrived in their little

village of Castelsilano in Calabria, looking for lumberjacks. Santo found himself working in a lumber camp just north of Timmins, Ontario for almost 2-years, until he worked off his debt for his passage over. Then he moved to Hamilton in southern Ontario, where unskilled work was plentiful and he could earn enough money to support his wife and two children who were still back in Italy. And then, in true Italian tradition, Santo and his brother-in-law pooled their money and were able to purchase a house in Hamilton. The two families piled into the first floor of the single family home, and with the help of renters on the second floor and a boarder in the attic, they could afford the mortgage. They now owned real estate in their new land.

Life was hard for the new immigrants at first. Racism was a rampant; John remembers being called WOP, greaser and DP (short for the bureaucratic term "displaced person", which quickly became a derogatory name for immigrants.) But, things did improve, at least for the European immigrants and their Canadian-born children.

As a volunteer tour guide at Pier 21 I have shared in many other immigrant stories. Every day you see people, sometimes whole families, come through the door with that look in their eyes. For the older ones, the look says 'this is where our new life began'. For the younger ones it's 'this is where our parents/grandparents first arrived

in this country'. There are tears of joy, when they remember reuniting with family members already in Canada; and tears of pain for what they left behind; family, friends, and a way of life so different from what lay ahead. All these memories come bubbling to the surface when they enter the doors at the museum. As a volunteer I feel honoured to share in those stories, those emotions, those tears.

♥ *Written by Carly Verheyen*

My grandmother's name was Irene Wiebe (Fineberg) and she was a British War Bride and immigrated to Canada in 1946. After finding 110 love letters that she wrote just before her sailing, I found myself on a journey retracing her steps in London, England, 67 years later. I even sailed home on the Queen Mary II, just as she had on the original. Her life story inspired my own and I am forever grateful for the inspiring, bold and courage woman that she was.

♥ *Written by Amanda Arella*

My immigrant hero is my grandfather, Aldo Arella. He immigrated to Canada as a teenager from Italy, travelling by himself. As he crossed the Atlantic (to eventually arrive at Pier 21), he joined, and won, a dancing competition on the boat. He learnt to speak English and French, started a business, raised a family, and built a life

and created a community in a country where he had no connections. I want to follow his example of dancing joyfully in the face of unknown challenges.

♥ *Written by Rawan Ali*

Today is my dad's first day at a law firm as a paralegal. Baba, who was once a lawyer, a PhD holder, and a former Law professor back home is starting today his new job as a paralegal.

Baba, whom everyone told is "too old to start all over again".

Baba, who travelled across the world to plant roots in an unknown land and didn't have a road map, but still tried his best.

Baba, who gets made fun of for his accent. This man, has known struggle, loss and pain, and despite all odds and obstacles have woven the sublime into the terrible fabric and came up with a beautiful tapestry.

Baba started all over again and he is my immigrant hero.

♥ *Written by Catherine de Pont*

I feel a little bit of a fraud as my story is not particularly harrowing or adventuresome. I simply applied for landed immigrant status and applied for a job. I needed the job

offer to be considered but all in all it was pretty straight forward. I was fortunate that I had a profession that Canada wanted and needed at the time.

My biggest challenge was adjusting to the climate. I arrived in Montreal in February 1981 and stayed with an Aunt and Uncle for the first week or two and then moved across the country to Vancouver to take up my job in mental health at VGH. (Vancouver) I came from 25C to -25C. The snow and ice were pretty heavy and dirty in Montreal. The houses were deceptively warm so I had no idea how truly cold the outdoors were. My toes and fingers were quickly numbed when I did venture outside so my first excursion was to the Mall to purchase a Winter coat.

Vancouver, was significantly milder but very wet and grey. I kept being told how beautiful it was and how the Mountains were so stunning. It was several days before I saw the Mountains.

The first few years of being in Canada were fraught with not being sure this was my final destination. I was here for the work experience and opportunity to travel and broaden my horizons. I did not want to commit to staying so would not buy any appliances or electrical items as the voltage would not work if I was to return to NZ.

My roots are still very much in NZ and although I have made Canada my home now I am

often divided about my loyalties. I am so fortunate and grateful to have the choice of either country and appreciate them both equally.

♥ *Written by Cindy Saucier*

My mother Pat Cunningham was a British war bride. She met my Dad Howard Cunningham while he was serving overseas during WWII. Mom built fighter aircraft Hurricanes and Spitfires like Rosie the Riveter. She lived through the bombings of London, food rationing and worked 6 days a week, 12 hour shifts. She always joked she met my father in the blackout so couldn't see what she was doing and they married Boxing Day 1944 and fought ever since. My Dad was sent to France and my mother departed her home in England and left her family and boarded the Athlone Castle to travel to Canada. They were followed by German U-boats when the war ended mid-Atlantic May 8, 1945. There were over 200 war brides and they slept in hammocks. They were the first victory boat to land at Pier 21 in Halifax. It was a huge celebration and they got a bottle of beer. My Mom went to meet her in-laws in Arnprior and it was a bit of a culture shock going to a rural small town. She was used to the big city, going to puns, wearing pants and smoking. This was not acceptable in Arnprior. When my Dad returned they settled in Cornwall, Ontario. Her Canadian soldier passed in 1993 but this British war bride will be 100 on February

18. She still resides in Cornwall.

♥ *Written by Johannes (John) Bosma*

From Fryslan to Pier 21

Despite only a few memories of my boyhood, I have a really good recollection of the day I turned six years old. It was moving day on a trip that would change my family's lifestyle. I was to find out later that it was all my fault. My father was in partnership with a Mr. Bouma and together they owned the Bouma/Bosma Bakery in Grouw, Fryslan, Holland, just up the street from where we lived. Everything was proceeding as it should until Mrs. Bouma and my mother were expecting a child sometime in March or April in 1949. After both babies were born, a rift developed between the partners.

You see, the Bouma's addition was a girl and the Bosma family were blessed with a son - me. Bouma realized that my father's son would eventually become the heir to the business and from that day on there evolved a coldness to match the heat off the bakery oven. Bouma's home was part of the bakery and gradually he would get up later and later after my father arrived in the early morning. One day he didn't appear at all so my father fired up the oven by himself, emitting a noise that would have wakened the dead. It roused a furious Bouma who admonished my Heit: "Why did you not wake me?!"

My father replied: "Nobody woke me!": The atmosphere was becoming so toxic that my father sold his half of the business. The problem was that the funds received were insufficient to pay back all the money he had borrowed. At that time, the Dutch government were paying citizens to move to either Australia, New Zealand or Canada. My father never forgot how Canadian soldiers were the liberators just ten years before. He would move there and earn the necessary funds to settle his debt.

It was April 1, 1955 and we were emigrating to Canada. On the bus from Friesland to Rotterdam, where the immigrant ship The Waterman was docked and waiting to take us to a new land and new life, I proudly told everyone that it was my birthday. Seeing this blond-haired little boy with a wide smile and bright personality, the other passengers proffered up money and candy as presents. I don't know if it was the treasures I was receiving or the attention I was getting but I remember being one happy little boy who was oblivious to the fact that he was leaving the land of his birth behind.

I had a rocky start aboard The Waterman. During a pre-departure drill, I was bumped by an adult who caused the inoculation on my arm to bleed. I had to be treated by the ship's doctor and my parents were told to keep an eye on me. Those words came back to haunt me. My mother was sick in bed for the entire 10 days it took to reach Pier

21, Halifax, Canada and my father looked after my baby sister, Mieke, who was only six months old. Unfortunately, they only had cloth diapers in those days. Only the baby and my Heit avoided sea sickness as we crossed the tumultuous Atlantic Ocean. With my father busy looking after my mother and baby sister, it was up to my two eldest sisters to watch over me. They accompanied me to every meal, which I remember with both fondness and distaste.

The parts I liked were the prepared meals and the black waiter. He was a cheery fellow who kept me laughing despite, and this was the part I disliked, the passengers, including us at times, vomiting due to sea sickness as we ate. I can still visualize the place settings, the food and the tiny barf bags at every table.

Of course an eleven and a fourteen year-old didn't want a six year old tagging around all the time so my two sisters must have convinced Heit to enrol me in the ship's day care. I think I was the oldest kid there so I felt like I was doing jail time. It wasn't long before I figured out the movements of the caretakers, found a suitable chair and climbed up and unlatched the hook at the top of the door, engineering my escape. I can't remember if I was punished for that or if I actually spent any more time incarcerated but I do recall our arrival in Halifax at Pier One on April 11th, 1955.

I have no recollection of being processed at Canada Immigration but I do remember getting on this big train. Just as we started we came to a sudden halt. One of the cars had derailed and we were told it would be hours before we would leave Halifax for our next stop. My father told me that many of the passengers got off to see Halifax but that he and our family were not leaving the train for fear it would leave without us. He later recalled: "Leave it to the Canadians, they'll get that train back on track."

When the train finally pulled out of the station, some of the people had not yet boarded and the engineer stopped periodically to pick them up. My mother said later: "Now they would never have done that in Holland!"

♥ *Written by Lorelei Silverman*

Please receive a short contribution for the immigrant project. Best regards, Lorelei Twin sister Dr. Lorelei Silverman and Dr. Rosalind Silverman, immigrated alone from Romania in 1996 at age 26. They are presently the deans of the only Pre-medical-Postbaccalaureate-IMG program in Canada and the cofounders of the StarMed Medical Education Programs, the most successful company for medical and other health related professions applications as well as integrations of foreign trained medical professionals in the Canadian health care system. Their defining motto is Excellence and Diversity in medical

education. They have been awarded the prestigious "Top 25 Canadian Immigrant award" in 2009 in recognition of their contribution to biomedical research and integration of newcomers in the Canadian medical system. With a deep commitment to help new Canadians integrate in their professional field they have mentored hundreds of foreign trained professionals. They were also awarded the Canada 150 Commemorative Medal in January 2018 for their work increasing diversity in medical education and for integration of foreign trained doctors into the Canadian health care system.

The journey was not easy, there were times of difficulty inherent to relocating and adjusting to a new country, political system, culture, with no family or close friends. We fully embraced the challenge and set ourselves up first for a road of discovery of every aspect of the new city, every street, every museum, every place of interest or neighbourhood. We believed that in order to succeed we need to grow quickly roots by loving the place we choose to call home and we could not stop enthusiastically discovering new ethnic neighbourhoods which filled our thirst for discovering new countries and civilization that the communist system we came from tried unsuccessfully to suppress in us. Visiting Chinese markets, or Greek or Italian areas meant for us connecting what we learned from books about their heroes, history and civilization with real people buying vegetables, or

enjoying fried cheese or icecream. The joy of discovery of diversity of language, traditions, people was carefully balanced with a strong commitment to learn the new language English besides the French we knew from back home taking free Adult classes and studying by ourselves. After only 2 month we passed the TOEFL with the highest marks. We wanted to make friends and give back to the new country and others less fortunate and started to volunteer for over 40 charitable foundations such as Out of the cold, Zareinu, Jewish Mosaic Festival, Impact Toronto, various fundraising events for cure for diseases, and more. One extremely important event was the receiving of the citizenship and we travelled proudly in many countries with our new Canadian passport.

We went back to school and completed post-doctoral degrees another MScs and Phds from York University with distinction. At York we received each and every scholarship possible as well the opportunity to teach and mentor students, organize conference, skills we will use later on extensively.

We learned quickly after sending out dozens of resumes trying to penetrate the biotech-pharma market that we need CANADIAN experience and training despite having a wealth of experience, MScs from back home, publications, and a belief that we will land jobs within about a week of our arrival. etc. We extremely fast replaced the initial disappointment with determination to succeed

and refusal to set for lower alternatives. The inspiration came from our father who despite many hardships succeed to be one of the 2 Fulbright postdoctoral fellow at Harvard from communist Romania and our mother and who always strived for the excellence. We also received prestigious fellowships from Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council of Canada and the Heart and Stroke Foundation and held them at the faculty of medicine at the University of Toronto. While Lorelei is a neuroscientist studying learning and memory, Rosalind is a cell biologist studying cell division. While doing research and teaching at York U and U of Toronto we discovered that many students especially from poor immigrant backgrounds lack the proper inspiration and guidance to succeed in biomedical field. We started a free program for extracurricular activities and support for application for medical, dental, vet, law and other biomedical profession and thousand of students benefitted. We organized conferences, including the first ever online and onsite scientific conference in Canada, attended for free by hundreds of biomedical students and professionals. We also organized free workshops for application to professional schools and residency matching and volunteer in schools to inspire students to pursue careers in the biomedical field. We increase the diversity of medical students with hundred of African American and latino success stories and helped the students obtain close to 20 millions dollars in scholarships.

"Every single day was a small challenge when we first arrived, from opening a bank account to even getting official pieces of identification," said the Lorelei "We always had to have a plan B or C, and we knew that even if they cut us tomorrow, we would do something else. Like the Medusa from the Greek mythology - if one of our arms was cut, two more would grow," said Rosalind . during their keynote panel on June 5 at the Newcomers, Resilience and Settlement: Knowledge Exchange, organized by the Building Migrant Resilience in Cities (BMRC) partnership at York University.

♥ *Written by Julie Ewing*

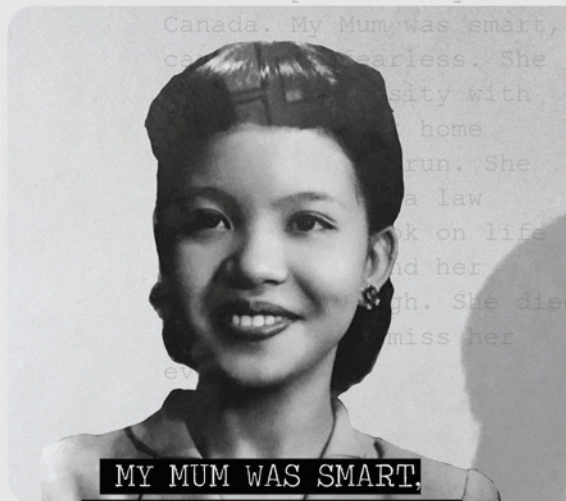
Here's a little piece about my Mum, Leila Ewing. My Mum came to Canada in 1963 along with the rest of the family. She was born in Jamaica and lived there until she was 27 - she left when she married my Father. They moved to Panama, to England and then settled permanently in Canada. My Mum was smart, caring and fearless. She started university with two children at home and a house to run. She graduated with a law degree. She took on life with a smile and her contagious laugh. She died in 2020 and I miss her every day.

♥ *Written by Jan McAuley Dubinski*

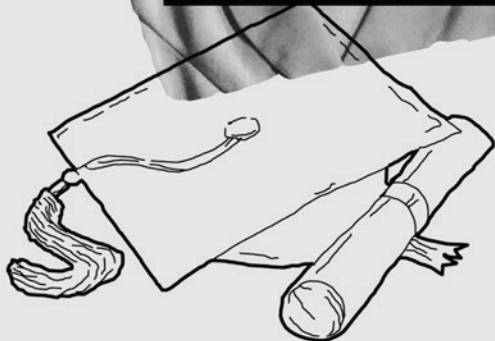
May 29, 1828, The Despatch sails from Derry Ireland with 211 on board. July 10th Captain Lancaster alters their course leading

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caring and fearless. She
was a university graduate
and worked in her home
country. She was a law
graduate and worked on life
insurance. She died
young. She died
and I miss her
every day.



**MY MUM WAS SMART,
CARING AND FEARLESS.**



the ship onto the rocks off the coast of Newfoundland at the Isle aux Morts.

There was a young couple with their infant son aboard from County Donegal - meet Alexander and Mary Jane McAuley*.

From County Tyrone, a young woman sails with her brother - meet Margaret and James McGonagle*.

The Harvey family in Newfoundland discovered a keg and straw mat washed ashore. They realized there had been a shipwreck and took out to save survivors. George Harvey, his twelve year old son, Tom, and his eldest child, 17 year old Ann didn't hesitate to row out in the dangerous surf. Their dog, Hairy Man (a large, black, Newfie) was key to saving so many survivors. Hairy Man would take the stick which was attached to rope out to the survivors and one by one, the survivors pulled themselves to safety. It took 3 days to get all that were alive to shore.

Many died. The McAuley's first born son did not survive. Captain Grant of the HMS Tyne arrived at Port aux Basques eight days later and brought all the survivors to Halifax.

Fast forward to 1866: Alexander & Mary Jane's son, William Grant married Margaret McGonagle Ogilvie Balser's daughter, Theresa. It is believed William's middle name is probably homage to Captain Grant.

♥ *Written by Alex Tran*

She found herself on a boat at the age of 16, separated from her 5 siblings and parents, everyone scrambling to flee a war-torn country. The damaged boat wasn't in good enough shape to make it to land, though no one except the captain knew at the time. Thankfully, they were saved and learned from their rescuers how lucky they were. The rescuers were on a resource-limited ship and had encountered others needing help at sea. They knew they couldn't help all of them. They decided to help the 13th boat they encountered, as they figured they'd be the most unlucky ones. My mom was on the 13th boat.

♥ *Written by Aquil Virani*

Dominique is my mother and she is also my immigrant hero. After growing up in a small town in northern France, she moved with my Dad to Vancouver in the 1970s. She now lives on a Gulf island as "the French lady" in a tight-knit community. She has sacrificed so much for all of us kids, building a family in a new culture far away from family support and familiarity. Her kindness and unrelenting service to the community have left an indelible mark on so many. She was always our role model for selfless giving.

♥ *Written by Sandra Péloquin*

Parfois je me retrouve à remercier silencieusement Marc-André, pour avoir conquis le cœur de Mabel, une Colombienne qu'il a rencontrée alors que les deux étudiaient en Allemagne. Des années plus tard, c'est à Montréal près de chez moi qu'ils se sont établis. Mabel a fait de Montréal son nouveau chez elle, avec leurs deux filles, qui sont aujourd'hui les amies de quartier de mes enfants. Mabel partage sa culture en rédigeant des histoires en espagnol aux saveurs de l'Amérique Latine, au grand bonheur de mes enfants. »

♥ *Written by Mariam Gabr*

My grandfather used to have a big house, a good job, and a comfortable life when he decided to move from Kuwait to Canada to give his children and future grandchildren better chances at life. He came to Canada knowing almost no one and very little of the English language. Even though he already went to university and had a degree in Kuwait, he had to get another one in Canada and start his whole life from scratch. He persevered until he got his own pharmacy, and worked there until right before he died. My grandfather had kind eyes and an even temper, and was loved by many. He listened intently to everyone and liked spoiling his grandchildren. No one had a bad word to say

about my grandfather, and over one thousand people attended his funeral. He was a great man and will always be remembered.

♥ *Written by Raha*

Raha immigrated to Canada in 2006 from Shiraz, Iran . .

“‘Come with me so I can walk you up to the stairway of Prosperity!’ said one of the airport staff on my last night before leaving Iran when I asked him to show me the gate for my flight to Canada...This was 15 years ago today! It wasn't easy to leave everything I knew behind and move to a country where I didn't know anyone . . The people from this community became my family over the years and I felt like being home once again! Think of yourself as an immigrant or even a refugee coming to Canada without knowing the language, system, culture, resources of any sort . . My mission is to give back to this country and community that made my dreams come true.”

♥ *Written by Richard MacNeil*

My uncle was turned away from immigration in Canada and later the ship went to NFLD. NFLD accepted him, as it was prior to 1949. Eventually, he still came to Canada even though he was rejected and became KC Irving's MD. He was Jewish and was escaping the Nazi occupation of Poland.

♥ *Written by Ivonne Coronado Perez*

I came to Canada in 1982. I speak French, English, and Spanish. I am a writer, trying to publish my first book. In 1987 my two brothers, my mother, a sister-in-law, a little niece came here. One of my brothers is a teacher, the other was in the Army. I went to improve my English at McGill College and my French to Père Marquette (burnt now). I worked in a Customs Broker Company for many years, and took a course to learn the law. Now, retired, I am writing. My family has French origin, but comes from El Salvador.

♥ *Written by Susan Whitelaw*

My family came before Canada was Canada: 1761. Atwell the grandchildren came from 13 colonies .My far back came over from England 1635 12 years Cornwall to 13 colonies.we arrived in mud creek know wolfville Nova Scotia.I did a DNA it show a lot we come from both sides of the family.it really cool to find out were your family come from in the past.

♥ *Written by Sharon Gunn*

My parents came to Canada separately in 1929. Arriving in Quebec, my mother was 17 and my father was 19. They met 2 years later on Center Island in Toronto and married a month later. Her mother had come with her.

♥ *Written by Helen Hierlihy*

I came to Canada from Edinburgh, Scotland in 1954. My father came to this fine land three months prior to us to enable him to find work and a place for us to live. He was lucky on both chances as he found both items on his first day trying. We settled and stayed in Ottawa where I remain. The rest of the family retired to Vancouver Island.

♥ *Written by Elizabeth Siazon*

I arrived in Montreal Quebec, 1981, I was 19 travelling alone my final destination was Quebec city. When I landed here in Montreal I stayed in with certainty ,I felt welcomed as soon my feet touched the ground a Canadian penny crossed my path when I was stepping down from the airline . Some say it's a Blessing..My First tour is to visit St Joseph shrine..I studied, worked, retired from the hospital, supported non profit organizations. Feeding the homeless, become political entity in Montreal Municipal election , Nominated Independent Candidate city councillor. November 3, 2013..etc.. and the founder of Organization de L'appui au Soutien Mondial,,,,THE HELPING HAND WORLDWIDE ORGANIZATION.. NEQ... launch 2011... still active today..and many more .. thank you for asking and making us important at your service.

♥ *Written by Caroline Smith*

I immigrated to Canada from South Wales in 1947. I was 9 years old. We settled in Mispec outside Saint John, NB on a 100 acre property. My father had built the beginning of a house. It had no plumbing or electricity. Yet out of humble beginnings we see my parent's great grandchildren all in university. Hard work, resilience and Canada's welcome made the difference.

♥ *Written by Tonia Tavarone*

i came from Italy. in 1959 I was almost 7 years of age. I was in Halifax a few years ago to visit this Pier 21 Canadian Museum . I enjoyed the full day I spent there I was only 7 when I arrived in Halifax at Pier 21 , when I looked around lots of memories came back I wish i could be there again to visit but living in Montreal the trip is very long BTW we were ready to come by plane this summer but the tickets were over a thousand \$ per person Hopefully one day we will redo the trip by car like we did a few years ago Congratulations to the CANADIAN MUSEUM OF IMMIGRATION Today I could say, I'm a happy to be Canadian and happy of this country that adopted me and all my family

♥ *Written by Didi Miesen*

My family immigrated in 1952 when I was 5 years old and to this day, I remember getting off the ship where my father (who had immigrated a year earlier) was waiting for my mother and sister and I and being lifted up and hugged. I remember eating a chocolate ice cream cone - something totally new to me and dripping it on my dress and bursting into tears and being consoled by my mother. We too moved to Montreal after a year in Halifax with my sister and I living with the nuns in a convent while my parents worked out of town. Having never been introduced to religion before we immigrated the nuns terrified me - BUT by the end of that year I was writing in longhand and reading became and still remains a beloved part of my being. I moved to Nova Scotia from Montreal 5 years ago and the memories above that I'd not thought about for all these years came flooding back and remain a part of my life everyday. And like you I am so very happy and proud to be a Canadian and a part of the wonderful and rich multicultural population of our country.

♥ *Written by Ameziane Amghar*

I visited Canada in 1983 and 7 years later I came back as a landed immigrant. Very grateful to this great country and its people. My kids are now contributing to

put Canada on the world map in science and technology. I am proud of them. Despite what the premier of Ontario says, we are hard working people and dedicated to advance our country.

♥ *Written by Judy Koch-Szamosi*

My parents and I arrived in Halifax in November 1951 aboard the Anna Salem. I was 2.5 yrs old. We settled in Montreal. My parents worked hard and we had a very comfortable life. I still live in Montreal, retired with my husband. We have 3 sons and 6 grandkids all in Mtl. Canada has been good to us!

♥ *Written by Armanda Garcia*

Very grateful to became Canadian came to Canada in 76 granted Canadian citizenship in 1982

♥ *Written by Franco Paonessa*

Canada was very fortunate to prosper from the flood of Immigration after Europe was Devastated by WW2. Their contributions to Canada was Immesurable. Long live a Free and Democratic Canada

♥ *Écrit par Jean-Jacques Lapierre*

Après la guerre l'accueil était tiède. N'ayant pas de choix les immigrants ont initié leur propre commerce et un service d'entraide. Les différentes ethnies se regroupaient.

♥ *Written by Claudia Doreen*

yes to immigrants, Canada is a huge country, my relatives came here in the early 1900's and settled in Saskatchewan, when you create a big industry that my grand pa did you kept the land, that was when it was being settled. We need immigrants with good educations and also labourers, we need to grow the economy and give safe place for immigrants because we need them

♥ *Written by Artur Aniol*

I landed in Montreal on Sept. 27, 1982. When Marshall Law was declared by gen. Jaruzelski in Poland on Dec. 13, 1981 to eliminate the opposition I was living in Vienna, Austria. I lost my hope in an efficient rebuilding of democracy in that very unstable region of Europe dominated by Russia. The decision was made to seek a civilized and peaceful Land that would offer the best conditions for the future generations. And I found it! After a brief stop in Montreal our Swiss Air airplane continued its flight to the final destination

from Zurich to Toronto. I was speechless when we landed not only because I could not say a word in English. I could not believe I have gone so far from my homeland. It felt like landing on the Moon. Our 3 children were born here. My two brothers settled here with our assistance. We are all leading happy lives here. This is our home. Thank you Canada.

♥ *Written by Lee Kalpin*

My maternal grandparents immigrated from a village in Ukraine around 1895. They were the first in their village to immigrate to the west - first to England and then to Montreal. My father immigrated to Canada with his family at 16 years old, from Warsaw, Poland.

♥ *Written by Afzal Khan*

I was dreaming to settle in Canada since 1965 because my brother in law an architect landed in 1966. I landed here at Toronto in November 2003 then my dream was completed . I love Canada.

♥ *Written by Laointer Sengphrachanh*

I set my foot in Edmonton Autumn 1979 as a Laotian refugee from Thailand..then moved to Regina Saskatchewan for 6 months..now settle in Toronto .Thank you Canada my beautiful adopted country

♥ *Written by Marilyn G. Elkin*

My maternal grandfather also came that year from Russia (Odessa), now Ukraine. My grandmother came from Hutte... Borisov, halfway between Minsk and Pinsk in a village called Hutte. Her great grandmother hid Napoleon in their haycart to cross the river escaping back to France. Now Belarus. At the time, both were Russia.

♥ *Written by Catherine Bonnar*

I came from meat cove cape Breton Island we were taken from our land with promise to have forestry work for Life but our mountain was stolen and we live in poverty with no were to pass down generations of lively hood

♥ *Écrit par Lisem Gagnon*

Yes I have an Algerian friend since a long time. I love her. She is wonderful and more. I love these people they have respect with unknown. Merci. LMG

♥ *Écrit par Rodrigue Amanii*

J'aimerais soumettre mon histoire en tant que réfugié en Ouganda. Merci Martine Miron je suis arrivée ici en octobre 1954...j'aimerais partager moi aussi.

♥ *Écrit par Abdelwaheb Idiri*

Les nationalistes chevronnés de tous les pays semblent perdre de vue que le monde tel qu'il existe présentement, n'est que le résultat éternel des vagues de migrations successives à travers les âges. Personne n'emporte dans sa tombe un acte de propriété exclusive.

♥ *Écrit par Pierre Marcel Montmory*

Journal du parti de l'humanité :
l'émigré Pierre Marcel Montmory

Nos pays sont construits sur des anciens
pays Oui nous somme tous des émigrés en
route Toujours nous-mêmes étrangers aux
étrangers Dans des pays nouveaux établis
sous la voûte

Du ciel on peut voir tous les chemins les
traces Nos souliers tournant la Terre
jamais lasse Nous faisons de nos haltes
des certitudes Tandis que la marche reste
l'habitude On fuit misère et cherche
l'aventure Il nous faut lutter contre
les vents contrariants Faire reculer
les horizons malveillants Et trouver
hospitalière nourriture L'amicale attente
nous égale Arrivés là nous défaisons nos
valises Remercions l'hôte poli recevant nos
dons Pour cultiver terre promise travaillons

♥ *Written by Roger Boudreau*

My ancestors settled here in the 1600s but eventually got deported by the British! Happily for me some escaped to New Brunswick from Nova Scotia where they first settled!

♥ *Written by Aquil Virani*

Sam is my father and he is my immigrant heroes. He grew up in East Africa and had to move from Tanzania during the 1970s as an "Asian." He has worked hard for his entire life, striving to be the best in whatever he does. His work ethic and sustained ambition definitely rubbed off on me. He used to say, "Find the smartest person in the room and become their friend. That way, you can learn something from them." It was a lesson early on about humility, ambition, and life-long learning.





This book is part of "Our Immigrant Stories," a collaborative art project, created by Aquil Virani, the Artist-in-Residence at the Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21, with the participation of everyday storytellers across the country. The work celebrates the achievements, big and small, of those who have immigrated to this land. Learn more by visiting **aquil.ca**.

Ce livret fait partie de « Nos histoires d'immigrants », un projet artistique collaboratif créé par Aquil Virani, l'artiste en résidence du Musée canadien de l'immigration du Quai 21, avec la participation de conteurs de tous les jours à travers le pays. Cette œuvre célèbre les réalisations, grandes et petites, de ceux qui ont immigré au Canada. Apprenez-en plus sur **aquil.ca**.