

Kathi Dunphy
English Immigrant
1957



I have a raft of family stories you might be interested in both from the point of view of my immigrant experience as a British seven year old travelling by Cunard Line in 1957, and from my mother's journal written in 1985 with wonderful memories and photos of the family saga. It would have made an intriguing movie; Father of upper class origin rejected by his snooty family for marrying mother of working class origin. Mother fed up with insults and mindless class consciousness, becomes the driving force in packing the family off to the colony of Canada. My brother and I still laugh at my parent's innocent foot-in-mouth disasters as they struggled to understand the language differences. At the Church Ladies Guild, remembering the lovely home of the daughter of the woman seated beside her, Mother chirps, "Oh yes Mrs B, I've met your lovely daughter, she's such a homely girl, isn't she!"

Which wasn't nearly as awful a faux pas as the time Dad had to go to Bermuda for work. A sympathetic lady at the church sewing circle commented that Edward must be missing his family very much. To which Mother replies brightly, "Oh yes Dear but of course I write to him regularly and tell him to keep his pecker up!"

Mum stopped going to church soon after that. Being about nine I never knew why till years later.

Canada has been good to us. Mother and Dad eventually learned the language, built a home in Kentville NS and turned four acres of swamp into a beautiful English garden, much to Mother's delight remembering the pocket handkerchief size garden of the snooty English relatives. My brother grew up brilliant and became a heart surgeon and I have settled with my own family in St. Martins NB on the Bay of Fundy with a tourist business centered around our sweet Miniature Horses. I'm sure now that growing up part of a brave little family that headed off into the unknown to forge their own destiny despite the consternation of the nay sayers, is the reason that my brother and I are each living exactly the lives we have chosen.