

Nikolas Tsoporis  
by Son Peter Tsoporis  
Greek Immigrant  
Queen Frederica  
October 24, 1960



Born on May 1, 1929 in Kalloni Greece, my father was the second eldest of five children. He had a difficult life growing up in Greece especially when his father passed away when he was only fourteen. As a result, he and his older brother had to help their mother support the family both financially and emotionally. After enduring the Nazi occupation of Greece and civil strife, my father met the love of his life, my mother, and after a short courtship, married in March 1959.

Seeking a better life for his family, my father set sail for Canada on October 15, 1960 leaving my mother behind who was seven months pregnant with my older brother (Jim). After a nine-day journey aboard the SS Queen Frederica, my father arrived at Pier 21 on October 24, 1960. Despite his inability to speak English, he cleared immigration and immediately jumped on a train headed for Ottawa with a little less than \$10.00 in his pocket.

After working day and night in an assortment of jobs, my father had saved enough money and sent for my mother. Leaving my brother behind to be raised by his grandmother, my mother flew to Canada in 1962 to join my father who had relocated to Toronto.

My father and mother welcomed the birth of my sister (Patricia) in 1963. It was not until 1967 that my brother flew to Canada to meet his new sister and his father for the first time. In 1972, I joined the family.

My father worked very hard, often in multiple jobs, to ensure a better life for his family. He instilled the belief and value of education in his children. His hard work and perseverance paid off as he and my mother raised three successful children.

However, my father's greatest accomplishment in life was achieved when he became a grandfather upon the birth of my son Nicholas on October 7, 2005. Unfortunately, my father's dream of seeing his grandchild grow up was cut short on December 1, 2005 when he suddenly and unexpectedly left our lives.

His legacy and memory will live on forever.

