

Giuseppe 'Joseph'
Maneli
Italian Immigrant
Saturnia
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I was a five and a half years old. The trip to me was an adventure rather than an ordeal. During the voyage across the Atlantic my mother fell ill. I spent the rest of the voyage stealing food for my mother and younger sister so they could at least eat in their cabin. We made it to Halifax and the recollection of looking out the porthole and seeing an iceberg was an unforgettable sight. I had never seen anything so vast nor so unique and yet so pure. What a wonderful metaphor to my new country.

When we disembarked we were shuffled through Pier 21 with courtesy and discipline. My recollection of this building and establishment were the saddest of my trip. The building was vast, dingy and very sterile. A huge warehouse. Even though there was a multitude of people I remember an environment of silence and fearful optimism. After what seemed like eternity I found myself on a train heading for Toronto.

I'm so very proud to be a Canadian and so grateful to this wonderful nation for allowing us the opportunity to live under a democratic and supportive country.