

Your Grandmothers' Stories

as told to Grandpa Joe.



Your Grandmothers' Stories

as told to Grandpa Joe.



A Family Outing to Furasato, Nairobi, January 9, 2014

Front cover photo taken in Mombasa, January 5, 2014

Dear Addison,

There is an Australian Indigenous expert, Tyson Yunkaporta, who describes talking with his great-grandmother as confusing sometimes, because she is also his niece. He describes the centre of everything as the child with the mother. According to him, there are "three generations of strong women around every child – sisters/cousins, mothers/aunties, and grannies. The granny's mother goes back to the centre and becomes the child, and all of them cycle through those roles forever, the spirit of the child being born back through the land. Each one also occupies all of the roles simultaneously – so the sister is also somebody else's auntie and grandmother to her niece's daughter."

If this is clear to you, I hope you will explain it to me someday. The most significant part of it for now, though, is that these lines trace through the women of the world.

For that reason, we thought it would be a good idea to make sure you have, somewhere in your life files, some information that comes directly from your own grandmothers. You come from a long line of great women who have held the world together in their calm and understated ways. Put this book aside for safekeeping after you have read it. You might appreciate having their words through the long voyage of your life.

Love from your grandmothers, with the help of Grandpa Joe

Part One
Your mother's mother



Holy Ghost Cathedral, Makupa, Mombasa

Dores Juliana Sebastiana (Colaco) Miranda

I was born on September 15, 1950, in Makupa, Mombasa District, Kenya. I was baptized in the Holy Ghost Catholic Church after a month and named Dores Juliana Sebastiana Colaco (before marriage). I am in the middle and have two brothers – older and younger, Cleto and Stanley.

I schooled in Mombasa, Star of Sea School at age 6 in 1956 and completed my senior classes (Form IV) at the age of 17 in November 1967.

I enjoyed Mombasa during my school days, especially the teen years. I went to a very good Catholic girls' school which was also a convent with sisters from Ireland who worked as teachers and headmistress. We also had Goan teachers for each subject and both exercises and school games were compulsory. We had singing classes, drama and a lot of sports at the end of the term. I was in Yellow House, which was usually the winner of contests each year. All the students were either Goan or Indian. There were no African students until the secondary. I had many school friends and we went for pictures sometimes, during weekends and had



Maria Hironea, Cleto, Benjamin Colaco,
Dores, Stanley



Dores Colaco

a habit of buying cassava and potato crisps with chilly powder and lime, which was tasty. Mombasa was on the coast and the smell of the sea stays with me.

Some of the coastal school classrooms were usually held under a tree with one teacher and at least thirty students sitting on the floor. Many students couldn't afford to buy shoes because they were very poor. Even so, they would walk miles to get that little education and were often hungry. Sometimes the girls wouldn't go to school as they had chores to carry out.

My father had a car, a Morris Minor, so we used to go to the Mombasa Beach for sea baths and picnics and take walks on the sea front called Light House, or now called Mama Ngina Drive. Here we never failed to buy roast maize/cassava, jujus (peanuts), and madafus (young coconut). We found these at a cart that would sell such things. The smell of roasting in the sea breeze was just too tempting for us to avoid buying these snacks.

I used to walk to school after the age of 11, both in the morning and evening (20 minutes each way) and sometimes my dad would offer to pick me up in his Morris, but because he would drive too slowly I preferred to walk. He was a bit of a nervous driver. Having just got his licence, he wanted to make sure that he didn't have any accidents on his record. Cleto, my elder brother, was also a slow driver like my dad but today he drives very fast and we always tease him.

I had lots of neighbourhood friends. We used to stay close by and after school meet to play mostly. My mother had to call me when it got dark as we lost track of time playing hide and seek. We also played hockey with the boys and sometimes football. It was a friendly neighbourhood of mostly Asians. I was a good hockey player in school and won two certificates for playing in inter school hockey matches. My brother Cleto took most of the prizes as he was a good sportsman like his son Stefan. My brother

Stanley was also a good hockey player and they both went to Goan School Boys which was in Ganjoni, close to our house.

When I was around fifteen, my school friends and I often went to the pictures, to the early show, and then took our time to get home. Our parents were strict with us and made sure we did our homework – and on Sundays it was a must to go for Sunday Mass. Also the school made us pray and go for confessions and take our religious lessons seriously.

The weather in Mombasa can sometimes be unbearable but, lucky for me, I was able to bear it and sometimes would go for a free sauna with all the sweating and opening of skin pores.

In December 1967, after school exams were finished I moved to Nairobi and stayed with my mother's brother, Uncle Precopio Colaco and his family, his wife and three children. I lived with them in Parklands for one-and-a-half years. Around December 1967, my uncle introduced me to a friend who was a teacher in a nursery school called Sushibal Day Nursery and I got a job there on Jan 2, 1968. I worked there for one full year and then moved to another day nursery close by called St. Theresa Nursery.

I completed my secretarial course in 1969 and got a job with the Ministry of Power & Communications, where I worked as a stenographer for five years, from July 1, 1970, to March 1975. I then moved on to work for the United Nations for a little more than 35 years (1975 to 2010). I started with the UN Development Programme in April 1975 and was a Senior Accounts Clerk until June 1985. My job involved mostly payrolls for local staff, payment of rental subsidy, per diems, reimbursement of expenses and so on. In 1985 I got a transfer to the World Food Programme, called the WFP, in Nairobi. I worked in administration, including some responsibilities in finance. I was lucky during that time to get

a chance to travel to various counties in Kenya, feeding primary school children, helping with the Refugees Programme and working with other WFP Projects called 'food for work.' The places I went to included Mombasa, Mandera, Kakuma and Dadaad. This was a good experience and an eye-opener for me to see and be more intimately involved with what WFP is actually doing in the field. I also went to Loki on a WFP plane distributing food from the plane. It would shoot out food-bags from the back of the plane and people would run for these food baskets. All of these outings were a good break from my desk job, and the per diem and transport was also good.

On August 26, 1972, Antonio Xavier Miranda (Anthony) and I got married. He comes from Nairobi, but his parents come from Bardez, a coastal region in the North of Goa. My name was changed to Miranda from Colaco. One day, he will tell you his story himself.

Three neighbourhood moves and four children later, in 1990 we moved to Runda, a residential estate on the outskirts of suburban Nairobi. Back then it was surrounded by coffee estates, and today, thirty years later, the coffee bushes have been replaced by embassies and malls. The house is on a one-acre plot and has plenty of fruit trees and flowers.

After retiring from the UN towards end 2010, together with my pension Anthony and I built a new house on one half of our Runda plot. This project took us about a year, finishing in 2011, and the new house is a



World Food Programme

The **World Food Programme (WFP)** is the food-assistance branch of the United Nations. It is the world's largest humanitarian organization, the largest one focused on hunger and food security, and the largest provider of school meals. Founded in 1961, it is headquartered in Rome and has offices in 80 countries. As of 2019, it served 97 million people in 88 countries, the largest since 2012, with two-thirds of its activities conducted in conflict zones.

three bedroom ensuite beautifully built with a well-kept garden and car park area. As soon as the house was ready, we invited all our children, who had migrated overseas, to revisit Kenya and enjoy some tourism and the opening of the house. You probably have memories of that visit.

After a couple of months, I managed to get good tenants to lease out the new house and I was well on my way to my post-retirement career as a landlady. I added to my portfolio when we converted our garage and servant quarters into fully furnished bed-sitters which are available to rent through Airbnb.

Today, I enjoy my house and pass my time doing gardening and maintaining the three rental houses plus our own four bedroom house. I enjoy watching Netflix, YouTube for old movies and reading story books. Also I do a lot of cooking and baking.

My four children:

In 1976 my first child was born, a sweet baby girl called Elaine. Then in 1978 another sweet baby girl was born called Tracy and in 1979 a chubby baby girl called Candice was born. Finally, in 1986 my son was born and is called the 'Askari' of the house as my mother would say (a bodyguard for my three girls). His name is Mitchell and he was a big baby and pissed on his dad when he was being carried, proving he was a boy. Hey hey!

My three girls went to a Catholic nursery school at the age of 4 and it was called Consolata Day Nursery which is next to the Consolata Church. To get admission starting with Elaine I had to meet their criteria which was, live in the Westlands neighbourhood, be a practising Catholic and make any contribution towards the church or Nursery or help out with Sunday teachings at the Church. I passed two of the conditions and for the third one, I offered to help out whenever I was free, which was never,

as I was fully occupied with work and children.

Once Elaine got into the Nursery it was much easier and convenient – fees were cheap and teaching was good. The other two girls followed with no problems. Getting into primary school – Consolata Primary – was also easy. The girls passed with flying colours and getting admission to Secondary was easy, Elaine attended Loreto convent (Catholic school), while Tracy and Candice went to Kianda, which was not difficult as everyone was tested, both in writing and orally. The girls passed without a problem.

Mitchell was also tested in order to get into Strathmore School which was one of the top schools in Kenya. I remember when we took Mitchell for his test he was asked “Who did you come with?” – they were checking if he came with his parents and not outsiders. After four years, Mitchell wanted to play football games rather than study all the time, so we changed his school to Premier School, which had boys and girls and offered lots of sports and drama. The lessons were fine.

The girls passed the 8-4-4 education system and got into Luton University of UK without have to do A-levels or bridging courses. Mitchell did his A-Levels and proceeded to Carleton University in Ottawa, Canada.

One thing which I remember is that picking up the children for lunch and dropping them back to school, then driving back to town to my office was easy. It took me half an hour. Nowadays it would take all afternoon.

I also remember another incident. In the year 2000 when we went to the UK for Tracy's graduation in September, it was also my 50th birthday. So we carried a lot of food stuff like prawns, beef, masala, ingredients and bottles of champagne. We got stopped at Customs at the Airport by an Indian woman

who was a Customs Officer. She checked to see how many hard liquor bottles we were carrying, like the champagne, and was arguing over it so much she missed a trolley full of home food we were carrying. She lost the argument as the limit of bottles had been respected. Ha, ha, what a laugh it was when we got to Stanley's house, because he was shocked to see the amount of food we brought. So the girls and I cooked all this delicious food, namely prawn masala, beef rolls, masala veggie and pilau. The fifteen guests arrived on time at 6:30 pm on my birthday and our food was ready bang on time. We enjoyed the rest of the evening with our champagne and the story telling. The dessert was also a lovely chocolate birthday cake bought by Brenda.

A day later we went for Tracy's graduation and enjoyed the ceremony. We were proud to see her name being called and she receiving her prize (Certificate) for a First Class Pass. Tracy's teacher in her secondary school once told us to frame Tracy's report card as she did so well. After the ceremony we went for a nice juicy pizza and posed with her graduation hat, taking photographs. Later on we went to see the London Eye which was a beautiful sight by night.

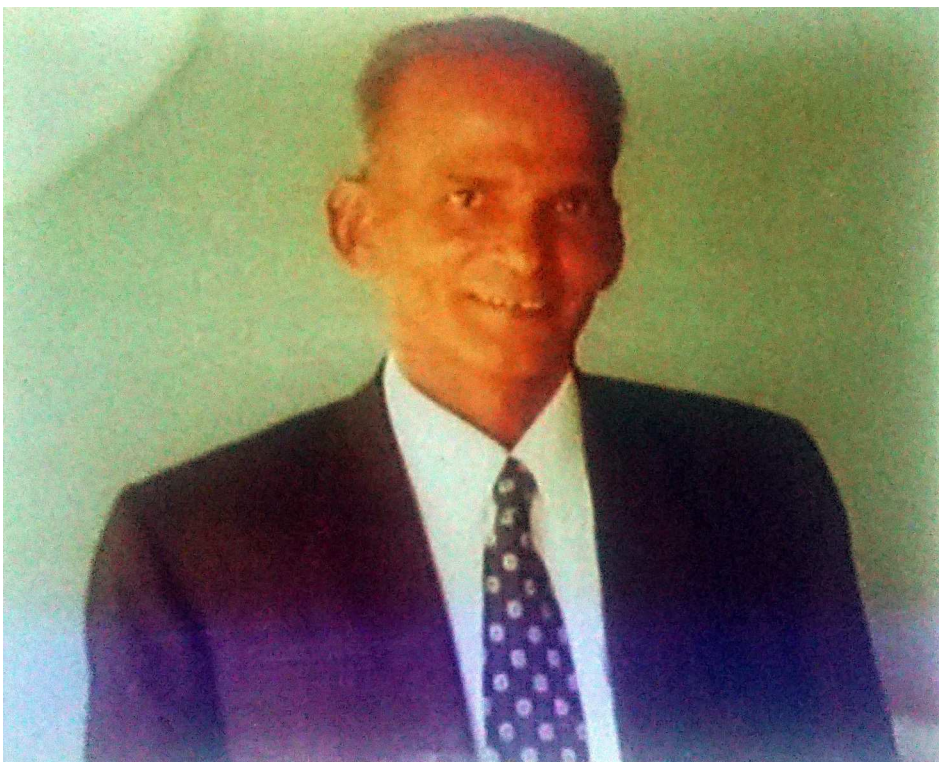
School fees in all international universities were exorbitant but we managed. The cost of all their fees was equivalent to buying a four-bedroom house in Runda.

Both Elaine and Candice live and work in Adelaide, Australia, after graduating there with their Master's degrees. Tracy and Mitchell, as you know, live in Ottawa, Canada. Tracy and Mitchell are married with two children each. So I have four grandchildren: two boys, Jacob and Amir and two girls, you Addison, and Nour.



Street sellers pushing carts offered maize, cassava, madafu (young coconuts) and mangoes

**More photos and
images from
Grandma Doris**



Benjamin Luis Santana Colaço



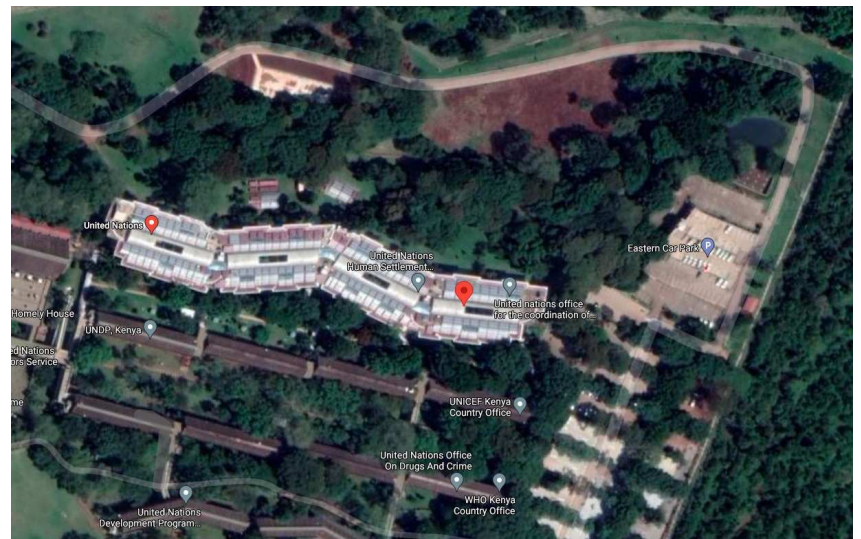
Maria Hironea Expectacao Colaco



Maria Hironea's brothers
from left, (oldest)
Precopio, Father Virgillo
and Leonardo, who is
now 90. Aunt Isoline, who
looked after Father
Virgillo, is not present.



Star of Sea School from above



United Nations complex, Nairobi

My Parents & Grandparents:

-
My great-grandparents both paternal and maternal were born in Salcete, another large coastal region facing the Arabian Sea in the south of Goa. Their village (or vaddo) was called Velim. They all come from a ward (Village of AVC) i.e. Asolna, Velim and Cocolim, and are from the Colaco clan.

On my father's side – my grandfather's name was Custodio Colaco, born around 1865, and he lived all his life in Goa. He worked on a ship. My grandmother Juliana Colaco was married to Custodio as his second wife. Custodio's first wife died due to an illness and he married the younger sister of his first wife. Juliana gave birth to my father on May 9, 1917, exactly 92 years before your brother was born. He was named Benjamin Luis Santana Colaco. He died on March 6, 1986 in Goa.

He attended a good school in Bardez, Goa, and managed to do his Matric (Matrix or Secondary school). He worked temporarily in Goa until he got news that there were jobs in East Africa. So at the age of 25 he moved to East Africa to work in the building of the railway lines. His relatives helped him to get his paperwork and contacts for a job in Kenya & Uganda. At first he was based in Soroti (Uganda) and then moved to Mombasa (Kenya). He worked as an Accounts Clerk paying casuals in the Railway line. Later on in 1952 he got a job with the oil company Caltex and worked for 15 years with good benefits. He was allowed to travel to Goa after every 5 years, all paid by the company. Hence I remember going to Goa and meeting with my mum's mother and aunties and uncles.

My mother was born in Goa on May 1, 1925 and named Maria Hironea Colaco. She was "rounded up" for marriage at the age of 21. It was my paternal grandmother (Juliana) who found her and wanted her to marry my father who was in Africa. After negotiations with my mother's family and a dowry agreement had been made, my mother Maria Hironea was shipped off to Mombasa to meet with my father.

On November 9, 1947, they got married in Soroti (Uganda) and later on moved to Mombasa. My mother was a housewife and gave birth to three children – Cleto, Dores (me) and Estanislao (Stanley).

My mum's parents' names were Joao Honorio Colaco and Ignezinha Ana Virginia Colaco. My great-grandfather's name was Aniceto Sebastiao Santa Ligorio Colaco and great-grandmother's name was Espectacao Colaco. They were probably born in the 1800 onwards.

My maternal grandfather Joao was a schoolteacher and my grandmother (Ignezinha) was a housewife who gave birth to nine children. Two of her children died when they were teenagers and one died on the ship where he was working. My grandfather was quite a smart man – he educated all his four sons and one elder daughter (not my mother). My Uncle Virgilio became a Catholic priest and was posted to different churches in Goa. He studied for 8 years to become a priest and learned Portuguese and could speak it fluently. His eldest sister my auntie Isoline studied Catholicism to help her younger brother the priest. She would travel with him and cooked for him as he had a special diet. I had a chance to go with them to the churches he preached at and to live and eat with them. My uncle, Father Virgilio, was a teacher like his father. My younger uncles were told by their father to take a loan and to study up to University and once they got a job they would repay their loan. I thought that was clever of my grandfather to make them matured adults. Uncle Sebastian became a good chef in Bombay. He ran a restaurant and would go out and buy the food stuff himself and then cook together with his wife. His children helped with arranging tables and helped in serving the food. At night they would clear the room and put mattresses down to go to sleep. Waking up at 6:00 AM, they cleared their beddings and prepared for the day.

My mother went to only three classes because she helped her mother, my grandmother Ignazina, with the housework and with collecting vegetables and fruits that grew in their plot. Before my mother got

married, she was groomed by her educated cousins and was given lessons on pre-marriage. My uncle, Father Virgillo, made sure she was prepared for marriage by the time she was twenty-two.

My parents lived in Kenya up to the time I got married. They then made their final move, to Goa, in December, 1972. On the ship, they even travelled second class, which was a big thing in those days. The boat made a direct trip to Goa so they didn't have a stopover in Bombay.

They built their own house in Goa in a village called Navelim. My mother helped my father to sell all his pieces of land and to use that money to buy a piece of land about half an acre and start from scratch. My mum used interns to help with the drawing of the house. She would tell them what type of house she wanted and my father purchased the building material.

The Goa house was ready in 1976 soon after Elaine was born. We travelled to Goa in 1977 and stayed in my parents' new home with our first child. On this trip I remember all three of us (Antonio, baby Elaine and myself) being ridden on a scooter by my uncle to the nearby villages. Police would stop us and my uncle would apologize and once the police were out of sight, continue taking us on this scooter ride back home. It was fun for us as their police were not serious. At the Goa house, I enjoyed being able to draw water from the well and have an outside bath because it was so hot. At one time, while on a visit to Goa with all four of our children, we drew water from the well and poured it on baby Mitchell's head causing him to run for his life on his little baby legs, naked as he was, and we laughed, seeing him in that state. I enjoyed burning wood in the outside fireplace and liked the smoky smell of wood, leaves and cashew and coconut husks. We smoked our Goa sausages and they became very tasty when cooked outside with all those scents.

I have been to Goa more than ten times as I would go there often to see my mother. She died in 2014 at the age of 89, and I have never been back, travelling instead to other places in the world.

Both my parents were born in the month of May, my father on the 9th, and my mother on the first. They both died in the month of March, Father on the 6th and Mother on the 3rd.



Navelim, Goa 2007

Your parents and grandparents standing on either side of my mother, your great-grandmother, Maria Hironea Expectacao Colaco at the front door of her home.

Part Two

Your father's mother



Grandma Sheila, Uncle Albert, Great-great-grandmaman Rachel, Uncle Michael, Great-grandma Goldie, Great-great-Grandpapa Albert, Great-Grandpapa Beno

Sheila Marion Eskenazi (Hebrew: Rachel Mazeltov Eskenazi)

I was born in Montreal, Canada, on January 11, 1952, the second of three children of Beno Eskenazi and Goldie Wolofsky. My brothers, Albert and Michael, were also born in Montreal.

My father was born in Turkey. His legal birth records say that it was on June 1, 1927, in Çorlu, but he was actually born in Bakirkoy, now a suburb of Istanbul, on June 2, 1926. When he was young, the records office burnt and his grandfather was charged with providing all the records for the extended family.



Grandma Sheila at five months

Unfortunately, he provided them from memory, which proved faulty in many cases, with wrong birthdates and misspelled names fairly frequent. His parents, Avrum Albert Eskenazi and Rachel Menda, met and married in her hometown of Yedikule, Turkey, in March of 1923. Beno had three sisters, Suzie, Rosie and Nina. His paternal grandmother was Sinyoru Barokas and grandfather was Hadji Bohor Eskenazi. His maternal grandparents were Mazaltov Fortune Eskenazi (it was a fairly common name in Jewish Turkey that comes from an early migration to Turkey of Jews from Bavaria, and meaning Jews from the German states) and Bohor Menahem Menda. When we went all together to Robert College in Istanbul in 2001, Beno told the story of how, in his teens, he had hurt his knee playing soccer and had called his Eskenazi grandfather to come and get him. The school was outside of Istanbul and up a very long staircase from the public road. His grandfather collected him and brought him to the Istanbul ferry terminal so that he could go to his family's country home on an island called Büyükada in the Sea of Marmara. It was a very hot spring day, and he was happy to be taking the cooling ferry ride, but, when he arrived at the dock, he was told that his grandfather had died while he was on his journey. He was very sad because he was very close to his grandfather and felt that he contributed to his death by making him climb all those stairs in the heat.

My mother was born in Montreal. Her mother, Riva, had arrived in Montreal in 1913, when she was 15 years old, with her mother and two brothers, following her father and brother Berel, who had come to Canada earlier. They were from Bolshoi Takmak in what is now Ukraine but was part of Russia at that time.

The brothers were faced with a military draft that would have forced minority boys like them into long-term service in the Russian army, under horrible conditions, and the family knew that their boys would be the first ones sent to the front in any conflict. They were a successful middle-class family. My great-grandmother, Esther Bogaridoff, took charge of the move, sending off her husband and son while she sold the business as well as their personal property and planned their move to Montreal.

For most of her life my grandmother Rebecca (Riva) Yaros believed that she was born in 1900, but, in 1965, when she became eligible for the Old Age Pension, she needed to have her birth certificate translated and discovered that she was actually born in 1898. Was this another case of a mistaken birth certificate? The family story is that she was listed as 13-years-old on her ticket for the ship coming to Canada because the price would have been much higher if she were older than that. Since she was coming to a new country with totally new languages, it is easy to see how this came to be the only date she remembered.

Her father was a machinist named Moses Yaroslavsky and he and his eldest son, Berel, began working at the CPR Angus Yards and earned enough to send for Esther and the other children, Riva, Harry and Max. When Riva lived in Bolshoi Takmak, she spoke mostly Russian. In Montreal, she spent a year in the Yidishe Folks Shule (Yiddish People's School) perfecting her Yiddish, her first Canadian language. That was followed by a year in the Protestant School Board, where she learned English. That was her Canadian formal schooling. In her last years, she had a stroke, losing Yiddish



Grandma Sheila at ten

Behind her is Uncle Michael and Great-Grandma Goldie. Grandma is wearing a cast from a skiing accident at Rod Roy Ski School where she tore a ligament. Later, she would become an instructor with the Rod Roy school.



Your grandparents in Maine with Great-Grandma Goldie, June 1977 only seven months before your dad was born.



Your dad at five months with Great-great-grandma Riva

and English, responding only when her son sang to her in Russian.

During the First World War, Riva was an active home-front volunteer and kept in touch with many servicemen. One of particular interest was Felix (Phil) Wolofsky, who fought in the Middle East with the Jewish Legion. They eventually married in June of 1921.

Phil was the son of Sarah Bercovitch and Hirsch Wolofsky. He was born in Lodz, Poland, in 1899 and the family immigrated to Canada soon after. He had 6 younger brothers and sisters, Max, Dan, Sophie, Sam, Bill and Miriam. His father Hirsch opened a fruit store on St. Lawrence Blvd, but young Phil managed to burn it down in 1907. Hirsch took the insurance money and created his dream business, a Yiddish publishing company, Eagle Publishing, whose banner publication was the Keneder Adler (Canadian Eagle) Yiddish daily newspaper. It was the central cultural institution of Jewish Montreal for many years and Hirsch was instrumental in making Yiddish the third largest language of literature in Canada, after French and English. He was adept at organizing the community and helping it develop all its institutions for health and welfare, education and other necessary services. There is a small park in Montreal named for him.

Upon his return from the war, Phil worked for his father's newspaper, and he and Riva had three children, Goldie, Jack (Jacob), and Judah (Yudie). Unfortunately, his health was not good, probably as a result of his military service, and he died when he was only 47, when his children were teenagers. The family lived with Riva's parents, Moses and Esther, and Esther was still around and a formidable figure when I was a young child. She dressed in an old-fashioned manner of lots of dark skirts and "sensible" shoes. I also remember her making jam in the old kitchen of the house at Trout Lake where Uncle Jack still lives.



My grandfather, Felix Wolofsky
Middle-East, World War One



My maternal grandparents,
Felix and Riva, Montreal



My great-grandparents,
Esther and Moses Yaros

Like her mother Riva, Goldie attended Yidishe Folks Shule for elementary school. She continued at Baron Byng, a high school that produced many major figures in Montreal's history. She went on to McGill and earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1948, completed just as she turned 20. But by then, she had already met Beno, who had come to Montreal in 1947 to get his Master of Engineering degree at McGill.

Beno rented a room from a young couple and became good friends with them. They were cousins of Goldie's and there was a photograph on top of their piano taken when Goldie was 12. Beno saw it and wanted to meet her. One day, while riding on the streetcar on Park Avenue, he saw her. He called out to her by name, and she was so frightened, she jumped off the streetcar and ran home. But he persuaded the cousins, Libby and Davie Rosenberg, to introduce them. They fell in love and married on June 14, 1948, and Uncle Albert was born on January 8, 1949.

My father was in Canada on a student visa and his plans were to complete his education and return home to Turkey, so when Albert was 16 months old, they moved to Istanbul. It was a difficult period for all of them. Before settling in, Beno had to first report for obligatory military service. He had been a cadet in his teens, and, with two engineering degrees (and speaking five languages), he was all set to go into officer training. When he went to the draft office to sign up, though, he was told that he could not go into officer training because he was married to a foreigner. This all took place at the time of the Korean War, and Turkey supplied many of the United Nations troops on the front line. As a lean and nervous man, he could not contemplate the rigours of soldiering nor the difficulty of being a member of a minority thrown into barracks with uneducated men from Turkey's rural areas. For Beno, just like for the Yaros family in Bolshoi Takmak, that meant he would likely be cannon fodder, a death sentence.

After appealing to everyone they could think of in the power structure, and paying many bribes, they made a plan that looked like a solution. My parents organized a very official divorce, claiming different addresses, and then Beno returned to enlist as an officer. "Ah, but you can't be an officer because you *were* married to a foreigner," they told him. They realized that they had to come back to Canada. Beno managed to get here thanks to the help of Leon Crestohl, a Member of Parliament who was the husband of my mother's aunt Sophie. An emergency visa was arranged for my father and he left in the dead of night, again greasing the palms of officials who could block or arrest him because he



My parents, Goldie and Beno, at the Engineer's Ball, McGill, February 1948, four months before their wedding

hadn't done his military service and did not have the required exit visa. My mother and Albert packed up their lives in Istanbul and returned to Montreal a few weeks after him. I was born a year later, on January 11, 1952, just as my parents settled into their brand-new house in St. Laurent, a suburb of Montreal, and my younger brother Michael followed on July 5, 1955. When Rachel, my grandmother, sent her congratulations, she also asked if my parents had ever married again. Oops! They remarried, just in case.

The house you lived in on Southern Drive was very similar to the one where I lived until I was 18, although yours was a little bit bigger and had been updated over the years. But the neighbourhood was similar, and it was filled with baby boom children, several in every house. I went to Elmgrove School from Kindergarten until Grade 7, which, at the time, was the last year of elementary school in Quebec. It was just over a block away at the head of our street, which ended in a T-intersection in front of it. You could see it from the sidewalk in front of our house, and it was one of many nearby schools which allowed all the children to go home for lunch every day. Of course, at the time, almost every mother was at home all day as very few were in the workforce, especially if they had school-age children. We all played together, went to school together, enjoying each other's birthday parties and occasional excursions with the parents of one friend or another.

In September 1965, I entered Grade 8 at Sir Winston Churchill High School, on the far side of St. Laurent. My father drove me every day, along with Albert for the first year when we were both there, and with Michael the last year I was there. Other friends joined us for the car ride. We took the city bus home and could either walk the last 10 minutes or transfer to another bus to take us the last bit to a stop across the street from my home. I was a very good student throughout school, but didn't much like school life. I didn't fit too well with the other kids there, most of whom had attended a different elementary school and had their cliques fully formed with little room for newcomers. But I

got along well with the teachers and made a few really good friends that I am close to still.

I was thirteen when my father invited my cousin Clara to come from Istanbul to spend the summer with us. The family over there was adamantly opposed to the idea of their daughter travelling alone across the world, so my father sent me there instead. At that time, Clara's brother Ralph was living in Paris where he had followed a French au pair, a nanny, named Françoise. She had become pregnant and he was the father. His family had been furious with him for following her and cut him off. They married anyway, and when Maurice was born all was forgiven. I became the emissary, carrying money and valuables to Paris, sent from his family, and I was the first member of the extended family to see Maurice. I was still very young, and it was all an experience I will never forget. I have been there for most of the major events in Maurice's life.

When I was 14, I spent an incredible summer in an unusual camp. We were about 150 girls packed into yellow school buses with tents and equipment and we crossed Canada for 6 weeks, stopping and either camping or being put up in school gymnasiums or community centres across the country. Fewer than 10 of the girls were English, all the others were French, and we were always thrust forward to talk to the locals wherever we went. I wrote a lot of letters home describing the country and our daily adventures.

The late 1960s were a time of great social turmoil and I was deeply immersed in the politics of school and of society. After one year at McGill University, I yearned for the freedom I saw around me but didn't feel I had at home. At 18 I moved out and lived in a community of hippies, mostly musicians and artists, where I was the organized one, making sure rent and utilities were paid, and order reigned. I spent one year living in Perth,



Me in the early 1970s

Ontario, about an hour's drive from Ottawa, and then returned to Montreal and began working for my father in his engineering office where I learned how to manage an office and how to do technical drawing and a small specialty called detailing, which was describing the sizes and shapes of the reinforcing bars that go into the construction of concrete buildings. After two years, though, I again had the itch to move on and took 3 months off to go on a big trip around the whole United States (except Alaska and Hawaii). I travelled by bus and visited many cities and small towns, natural wonders and museums, met and talked to lots of people, some of whom invited me to their homes for a meal or the night. I still have the diary I wrote on that trip, too.

Upon my return to Montreal, I set up a small business providing draughting services to engineers and expanded it into other related fields. I continued doing that for a few years and then the old itch started up again and I jumped at the opportunity to move to Ste-Agathe where a client of my father's was in the midst of converting a residential complex into condos and needed someone to look after the sales office. He provided me a model unit to live in and another one for his office, and an unrenovated unit to set up my own office in to continue my business. But around the same time, the government changed the law and forbade the conversion of rental units into condos. Even though the complex had been emptied of tenants before the law passed, it was still subject to it. That meant that my job consisted of unlocking the doors to the model homes at noon every day and locking them again at 9:00 in the evening, waiting for customers to come and look at homes that were not allowed to be sold. Needless to say, since they couldn't be sold there was no advertising done and therefore no customers. But, somehow, I kept the job for 6 months, until I tired of Ste-Agathe, which I found an unwelcoming place where I had only been able to make a few friends. But one friend I had made was an artist whose sister I had known in Montreal. He made some money working for the local forestry engineer, sometimes planting trees and sometimes doing his technical drawings. One day the engineer called him to offer him some drawing work, but he was in the midst of painting and

suggested that the engineer call me instead. I did some work for him and then announced that I was leaving Ste-Agathe as I had found a nice little house in the Eastern Townships, on the other side of Montreal. Grandpa's brother Stuart was the engineer's office manager and he asked me where in the Townships I was going. When I said "Foster," he told me that he had a brother who lived there. Now, Foster was a town with a population of about 300, so what was the likelihood of that? He was there because his uncle had bought a farm there the year before and had hired Grandpa to be the manager of the farm. Anyways, Uncle Stuart called Grandpa to tell him I was moving there and that he should look me up, which he did, the morning after my arrival. We enjoyed meeting each other and I invited Grandpa to come to my place for dinner, then he invited me to his, and that went on for a bit until I remarked that he was making the same meal each time and would he like it if I cooked instead. He jumped at the offer, and so it went. But when spring came, my cute little house by the side of a river turned out to be on a small rock island when the spring runoff raised the river level, and there was no bridge. So I moved into Grandpa's house and we soon decided to get married.

One day, my parents said that they were going to come to visit us because they had something important to talk to us about. They arrived and started off asking us if we were serious about each other. When we replied that we were, they asked if we planned to get married. When we said yes to that, they wanted to know when. We hadn't really thought about it in that detail yet, but we looked at each other and said that it would be best after the hay was brought in from the fields. That apparently wasn't a good enough answer, so they told us what was on their minds. Uncle Albert had decided to get married that summer and had set the date for August 28. Since the family is so widespread and many people from Turkey and the United States would want to come, they wanted us to have our wedding near enough to Albert's so that people could make one trip of a good length, and suggested that 10 days between the weddings would be optimum. Then my mother dropped the other shoe: "I know that you will only want to get one dress for these weddings, and I think you should wear it to

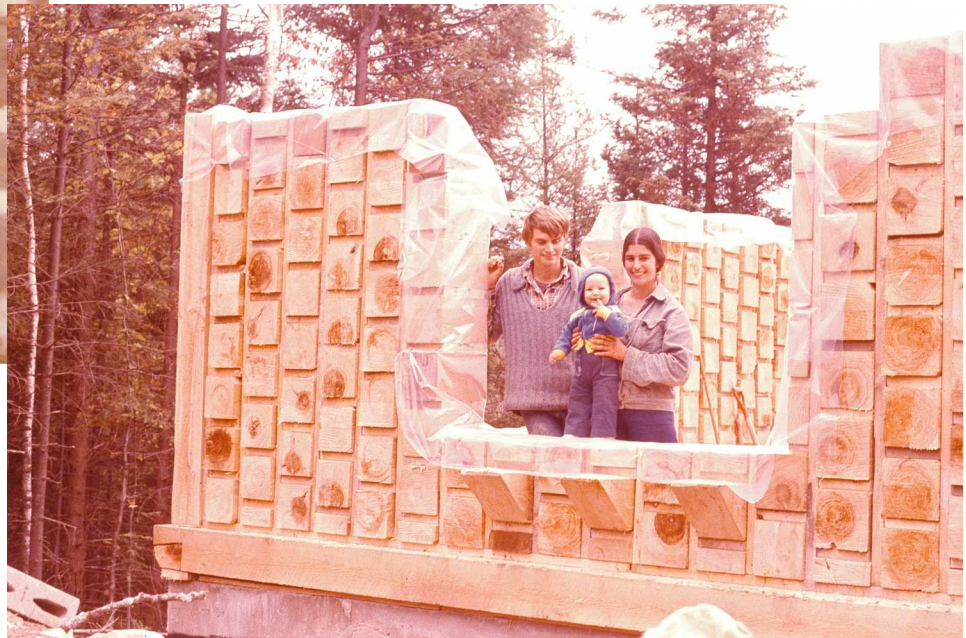
your own wedding first.” And thus, our wedding date was set for August 18, 1976. I did actually get two dresses. I bought one for Albert's wedding, and Grandpa's 17-year-old sister, Patsy, made mine, along with Grandpa's suit, shirt and tie.

We stayed at the farm for another two years, and then, when your dad was 6 months old, we left there to move to Ste-Lucie and we built our house while your father slept soundly in the little house (before it was the chicken coop).



"Shh...Daddy is sleeping!"

Grampa, Daddy and Grandma in the 'new' house, summer 1978



Birth certificates for Addison's maternal great-grandparents,
Maria Hironea Espectacao Colaco & Benjamin Luis Santanna Colaco

क्रमांक No. 29334 गोंय सरकार GOVERNMENT OF GOA
नियोजन, आंकडेवारी आणि मोलावणी संचालनालय
DIRECTORATE OF PLANNING, STATISTICS AND EVALUATION
civil cum sub-Registrar, Salcete-Goa
प्रमाणपत्र दिवशी थळाव्या संस्थेचे नांव/Name of local body issuing certificate

**जल्म प्रमाणपत्र
BIRTH CERTIFICATE**

(जल्म आणि मृत्यू नोंदणी अधिनियम, १९६९ च्या कलम १२/१७ आणि गोंय जल्म आणि मृत्यू नोंदणी (दुरुस्ती) नियम, २००७ च्या नेम ८/१३ खाला जारी केले)

[Issued under Section 42/17 of the Registration of Births and Deaths Act, 1969 and Rule 8/13 of the Goa Registration of Births and Deaths (Amendment) Rules, 2007]
(Name of State) (Year of notifying the revised rules)

असे प्रमाणित करता की सकयल दिलेली माहिती ही जल्माच्या मुळ लेखातल्यान घेतल्या जी गोंय राज्याच्या जिल्ह्याच्या तहसील/तालुक्याच्या (थळाव्या वाढार/थळाव्या संस्थेने) विजयदत्त पोस्ट असल्या.

This is to certify that the following information has been taken from the original record of birth which is the register for (local area/local body) Assolha of tehsil/block Salcete of District South-Goa of State Goa.

नाव/Name: Maria Hironea Espectacao Colaco लिंग/Sex: Female
जल्म तारीख/Date of Birth: 01/05/1925 जल्म सुवात/Place of Birth: Velim
आवयचे नांव/Name of Mother: Ignesinha Ana Virginia Colaco
बापाचे नांव/Name of Father: João Honorio Colaco
आजचे नांव (बापावटेवेल्यान)/Name of grandfather (father's side): Abiceto Sebastiao Santos Ligorio Colaco
आजचे नांव (मापावटेवेल्यान)/Name of grandmother (mother's side): Espectacao Colaco

भुरग्याच्या जल्मावेळार पालकांचो पत्तो Address of the parents at the time of birth of the child
पालकांचो कायमचो पत्तो Permanent address of parents

नोंदणी क्रमांक/Registration No.: 1228 6-K-101 नोंदणी तारीख/Date of Registration: 21/05/19
शेरे (कसलेय आसल्यार)/Remarks (if any):
जारी करपाची तारीख/Date of issue: 21/01/2011

प्रधिकार्याची सय/Signature of the issuing authority
प्रधिकार्याचो पत्तो/Address of the issuing authority
Sub Registrar of Births and Deaths
Office of Civil Registrar Cum Sub Registrar
MARGAO
(All the entries should be in ENGLISH only / सगळ्यो नोंदी फक्त इंग्लीश मध्येच घेतल्यो जावंच्यो)
Note: Information as to 'Permanent Address' and 'Present Address' reflected in the certificate is recorded prior to 30-05-2008.

क्रमांक No. 29336 गोंय सरकार GOVERNMENT OF GOA
नियोजन, आंकडेवारी आणि मोलावणी संचालनालय
DIRECTORATE OF PLANNING, STATISTICS AND EVALUATION
civil cum sub-Registrar, Salcete-Goa
प्रमाणपत्र दिवशी थळाव्या संस्थेचे नांव/Name of local body issuing certificate

**जल्म प्रमाणपत्र
BIRTH CERTIFICATE**

(जल्म आणि मृत्यू नोंदणी अधिनियम, १९६९ च्या कलम १२/१७ आणि गोंय जल्म आणि मृत्यू नोंदणी (दुरुस्ती) नेम, २००७ च्या नेम ८/१३ खाला जारी केले)

[Issued under Section 42/17 of the Registration of Births and Deaths Act, 1969 and Rule 8/13 of the Goa Registration of Births and Deaths (Amendment) Rules, 2007]
(Name of State) (Year of notifying the revised rules)

असे प्रमाणित करता की सकयल दिलेली माहिती ही जल्माच्या मुळ लेखातल्यान घेतल्या जी गोंय राज्याच्या जिल्ह्याच्या तहसील/तालुक्याच्या (थळाव्या वाढार/थळाव्या संस्थेने) विजयदत्त पोस्ट असल्या.

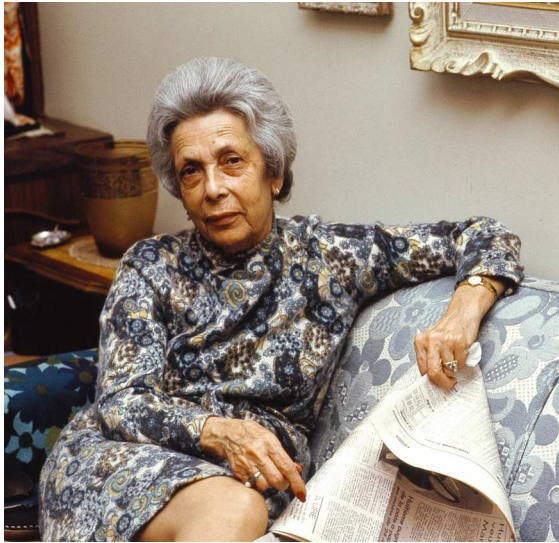
This is to certify that the following information has been taken from the original record of birth which is the register for (local area/local body) Assolha of tehsil/block Salcete of District South-Goa of State Goa.

नाव/Name: Benjamin Luis Santanna Colaco लिंग/Sex: Male
जल्म तारीख/Date of Birth: 09/05/1917 जल्म सुवात/Place of Birth: Velim
आवयचे नांव/Name of Mother: Anthmisia Juliana Colaco
बापाचे नांव/Name of Father: Custodio Caetano do Rosario Ahunciac Colaco
आजचे नांव (बापावटेवेल्यान)/Name of grandfather (father's side): Ignacio Antonio Santanna Colaco
आजचे नांव (मापावटेवेल्यान)/Name of grandmother (mother's side): Resumicao Colaco

भुरग्याच्या जल्मावेळार पालकांचो पत्तो Address of the parents at the time of birth of the child
पालकांचो कायमचो पत्तो Permanent address of parents

नोंदणी क्रमांक/Registration No.: 1346 6-K-28 नोंदणी तारीख/Date of Registration: 01/06/1917
शेरे (कसलेय आसल्यार)/Remarks (if any):
जारी करपाची तारीख/Date of issue: 21/01/2011

प्रधिकार्याची सय/Signature of the issuing authority
प्रधिकार्याचो पत्तो/Address of the issuing authority
Sub Registrar of Births and Deaths
Office of Civil Registrar Cum Sub Registrar
MARGAO
(All the entries should be in ENGLISH only / सगळ्यो नोंदी फक्त इंग्लीश मध्येच घेतल्यो जावंच्यो)
Note: Information as to 'Permanent Address' and 'Present Address' reflected in the certificate is recorded prior to 30-05-2008.



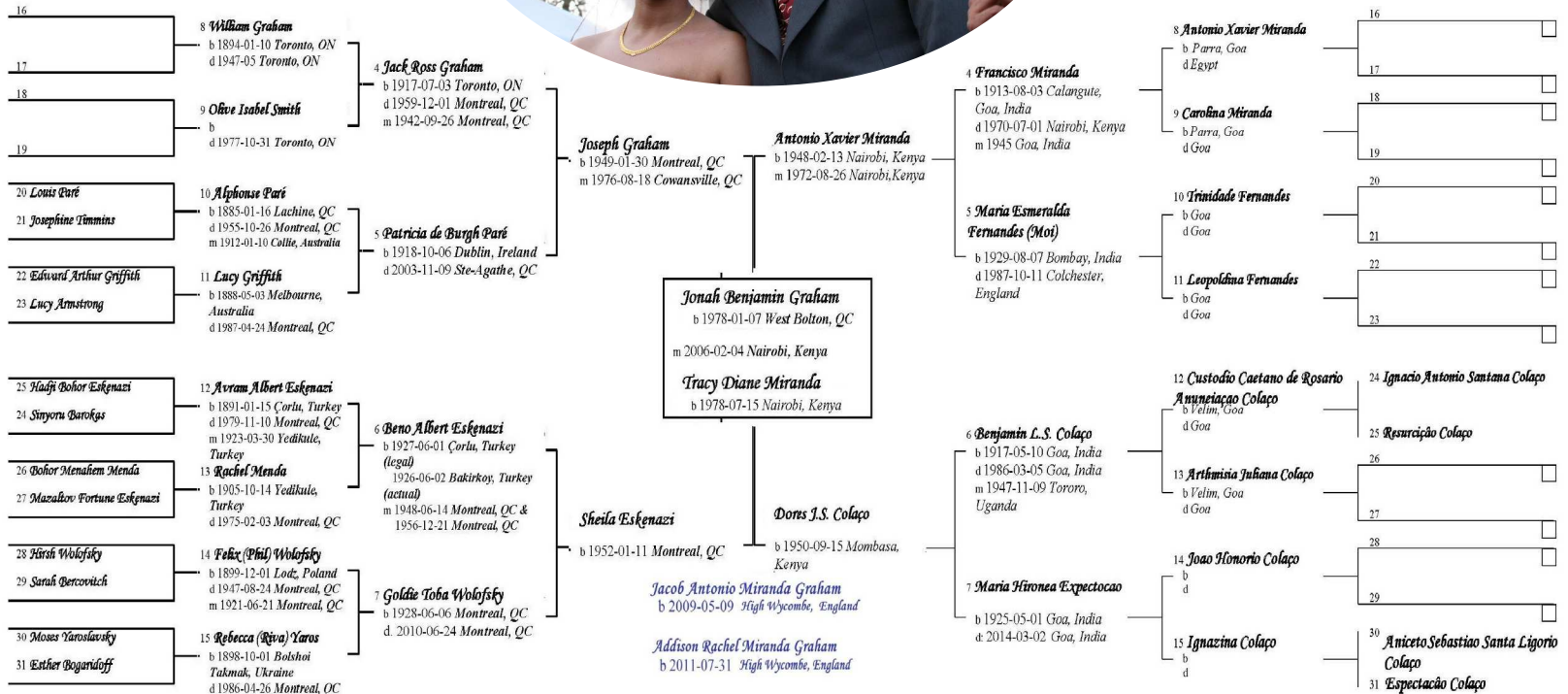
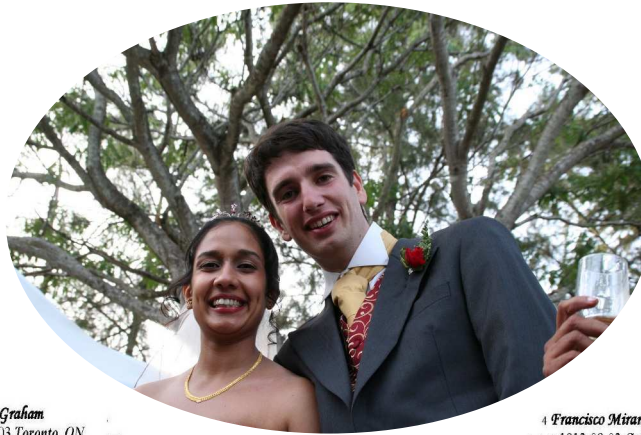
Grandmaman Rachel Menda Eskenazi and
Grandpapa Avrum Albert Eskenazi Montreal,
October 1973

Grandmaman was 67 and Grandpapa was 81 at
the time these photos were taken



1 Plomer Green Avenue, Downley, where Addison was born

Updated family Tree of Addison Rachel Miranda Graham



Happy 10th Birthday, Addison!
Love from us all



