



THE MALTESE NEWSLETTER

The Journal of the Maltese Diaspora

THE MOTTO - BUILDING BRIDGES NOT WALLS

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MALTESE FARMHOUSE (IR-RAZZETT)

**CHAPELS
IN MALTA**

**MALTESE
MIGRATORY
MOVEMENT**



Recipe: Artichokes
QAQOCC

**MALTESE CANADIAN
CLUB OF LONDON**

**A MALTESE LADY WEARING A TRADITIONAL
HEAD DRESS - THE GHONNELLA**

PAINTING: GHEV. E GARUANA DINGLI

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MALTESE MIGRATORY MOVEMENT

Emigration from Malta during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been largely made up of those thousands who were pushed out of their country of origin because the lack of opportunities of work and overpopulation and had to settle in various parts of the globe

The Maltese migrated to Australia after 1945 to escape a land scarred by war. There weren't as many Maltese immigrants as there were from countries such as England and Poland, however they did have cultural influence as their culture is very similar to the Italian.

Reasons for immigration to Australia from Malta: One of the most important reasons why the Maltese migrated to Australia is because of poor socio-economic conditions or in response to government schemes to decrease Malta's population. This resulted in 10,000 Maltese migrants settling in Australia in 1954. Another reason for the Maltese people migrating to Australia is because of the baby boom. Malta started fill too heavily and quickly. This caused a great exodus of migrants in the late 40's and early 50's and lasted for 20 years.

The first Maltese people to arrive in Australia were convicts who arrived in 1810. In 1837 the first free Maltese settler, Antonio Azzopardi arrive in Australia. During the 2nd World War, Malta was used by the British as a Navy and Aircraft base. This caused Malta to become a target of the Germans and therefore got bombed. The Australians saw the Maltese as "White British Subjects" when the Maltese migrated to Australia.

In 1948 a passage agreement was made with Malta which resulted in 26,452 Maltese immigrants migrating to Australia. This decreased a little bit of Malta's population. In 2006 Australia had 43,701 Australian people born in Malta. By then a percentage of Malta's population had immigrated to Australia, United States, Canada and United Kingdom. In 2011 Victoria had the largest number of Maltese people adding up to a total of 19,728. Now there are 163,990 Maltese people living in Australia

IMMIGRATION BRIDGE Mrs. JOSEPHINE (SUSANNE) LAMBERT

Named after Napoleon's Josephine.

I was born in Malta. I decided to come to Australia after a visit from Mr. Holt, who was the Minister for Immigration at that stage, sixty years ago. He came to Valetta to encourage people to come to Australia to boost numbers. I went to the Immigration Office, I was fifteen years old. I met Mr. Holt and his wife. Mr. Holt was a small man. He asked me what I would like to do if I went to Australia. I told him I wanted to be a mothercraft nurse. (Mum had seven children). He said he would see if there would be a place for me. He was so lovely, so was his wife. Three months later I received a letter accepting me with honour. After that I came to Australia in 1949. I could have gone to Canada or America. I chose to come to Australia because the Australians had sent us food and clothing during the war.

I hadn't had much education as most of the time I should have been at school there were air raids. However I loved music and learnt through the lyrics of songs.

The letter I received from the Australian Immigration Department said that on arrival in Melbourne I was to go to the YWCA in Church Street, Richmond who would provide me with accommodation. I would then be given a job as an assistant at the Sacred Heart Hospital ð Baby section.

Myself and my brother came to Australia by boat. The name of the boat was 'Columbia'. It was a Greek ship. The trip out was very good. I got on well with a family and my brother was there of course as a chaperone. Dad cried when I left. I can remember stopping at the port of Aden, Fremantle and Perth. At some of these places, small boats would come out to the ship and we could buy things by putting the money in a basket and lowering it down to the boats.

We arrived in Melbourne on a Sunday night. I had missed going to church that day. My brother and I went to Bourke Street that Sunday night and I met the most wonderful five people from the Salvation Army. They were so lovely and their music was wonderful. From there I went to the YWCA as accommodation had been organized for me there. I stayed there for about three years until I married.

I met my husband through some friends. One of them said, 'I'm going to get you an Aussie'. So she took me to a dance, and from the start I liked him. He came up to me and said, 'May I have this dance please?' I said, 'you may'. I couldn't dance properly. I asked him what his name was and he said 'Ossie'. Then I lost my bloomin temper and said, 'I know you're an Aussie, what's your name?' His name was Oswald. That is a family joke. I made another one for my children and my grandchildren.

It was the greatest mischief that Melbourne ever seen;VMy father is an Aussie and my mother is Maltese.

I settled well in Australia and proudly became an Australian citizen in 1970. Ossie and I had two children, a boy and a girl. We named our son Mark Oswald Charles and we named our daughter Victoria Marie Louise. Victoria was named after the wonderful state of Victoria where we settled down. At the time she was born, the doctor said I was very patriotic.

Later on my family came to Australia, including my Nana.

'Around the world I searched for you

I travelled on when hope was gone because our homes were bombed and bombed

It may have been in County Down, or in New York,

But it was Melbourne Town.

No more will I go around the world again.

For I have found my world in you.'



The Maltese Canadian Club of London

**70 Charterhouse
Crescent LONDON UK
ON N5W 5V5**

Our present club is London's third Maltese Canadian club. The first was formed in 1948 as The Maltese Association of London and probably lasted only a year or so. The second was established in 1954 as the Maltese Canadian Club London - Ontario and continued until about the end of 1960.



The Maltese Canadian Club of London, a non-profit organization, was founded on March 27, 1977. Its aim is to promote the Maltese Culture; to bring news from the mother country; to organize social events; to perpetuate the Maltese language and literature; and to identify with the Maltese heritage and roots.

One of the ways of promoting these aims is through our newsletter. It was first published in June 1980 and presently puts out six issues a year.

Another way of achieving our goals is through our hall which was officially opened on April 9, 1988. Throughout the year the Club holds a number of public functions such as the Good Friday Ravioli Dinner, Anniversary Dinner/Dance, Bocci Tournament, Members' Family Picnic, Wreath Laying Ceremony at the Victoria Park Cenotaph, Food Drive for the London Food Bank, Christmas Dinner/Dance and New Year's Eve Dinner/Dance. In addition, the coffee house/upper room is currently open to members and their friends on Sunday evenings between 5:00 and 10:00 p.m.

Our official club logo, depicting our Maltese and Canadian heritage, was approved in November 2011. Our club and hall are both inviting and welcoming. At present, we have a membership of 155, including several individuals who are of other than Maltese birth or blood.

The Maltese e-Newsletters are archived at
MALTA MIGRATION MUSEUM - VALLETTA
and at the website: www.ozmalta.page4.me



Author Deborah Abela - A novel about Maltese migration *Teresa: A New Australian*



Joanne Vella, Blacktown Advocate

A WOMAN gives birth in the shelter of a cave in Malta while German forces obliterate the tiny nation in World War II.

The dramatic story forms part of children author Deborah Abela's first historical fiction but is a true account of how her grandmother gave birth to her father Amante "Monty" Abela in 1942.

"She was incredible," Ms Abela said.

"When the bombs started to fall she had the

contractions and had two older sons with her.



"She waddled up to the cave and gave birth in front of Dad's two stunned older brothers.

Children play near rubble after a German aircraft bombing in Malta during World War II.

Hundreds of other people were there and would have huddled around her. I can't even imagine what that would be like. She was an amazing woman."

She named the lead character in *Teresa: A New Australian* after her grandmother. The novel follows a girl who escapes Malta, the most

heavily bombed country in World War II, to start a new life in Australia.

Deborah Abela's grandmother inspired her to pen her first fictional novel about Maltese migration to Australia.

Ms Abela, who attended Cerdon College at Merrylands, said she was inspired to pen the book because, while Maltese schoolchildren were familiar with their nation's role in the war, many were not taught what happened to survivors who escaped the country.

"No one knows what happened after the war," she said.

"My dad was brought up when the White Australia Policy was very strong and he grew up in a time when it wasn't OK to speak your language.

Fort St Angelo in Malta, which was awarded a George Cross for gallantry in World War II.

"He never taught us Maltese and we didn't learn it because it was a shame because it was encouraged to hide your nationality.

"Sadly, when he came out to Australia he dropped everything."

Along with her family's anecdotes, much material for the book was sourced from other migrants.

"A lot who made the journey as kids are now in their 70s and 80s," Ms Abela said.

The village of Rabat, where Deborah Abela's father lived before fleeing to Australia.

"They're so cute because they recall so many amazing things like the first time they ate a grape on the ship out to Australia."

Her father arrived in Australia aged seven in 1950 and lived in Leichhardt but eventually followed most of the Maltese community to settle in Sydney's west. He raised Ms Abela and her siblings in Greystanes. Today, 2616 Blacktown City residents were born in Malta.

READ ALL ABOUT IT - The book is also available at Dymocks stores and the Children's Bookshop, Beecroft

Discovering the Magic of the Maltese Islands

by [Melissa](#)

Last year while on a call with my best friend Jen (living in Toronto, yes I know a lot of Canadian women called Jen) she discussed how she wanted to take an extended trip to New Zealand but work wasn't letting her know in time if she could have the allotted time off that she requested. So while waiting for them to get a move on and she decided to come visit me. Yes I was the back up trip, and no I wasn't offended. I was happy to have someone from home to travel with and explore a new place.

In the span of a few weeks she bought a flight to London and we had planned a trip to Malta. The destination came about easily. I checked for the cheapest flights on sky scanner, they happened to be to either Norway or Malta. I already had a trip to Iceland booked in a few weeks after and decided that I didn't want to do two cold destinations back to back. My tolerance for cold has diminished immensely. Then we both saw this [BuzzFeed](#) article of Malta and that was it, we were going there no matter what.



Jen came to London, which was either her 4th or 5th time in the city. We went for a long weekend from 6-9 March and while I felt like I saw a lot Malta is not as tiny as we were first lead to believe. In reality we barely scratched the surface and I will return the minute I have a passport but when it's summer and at least for a week. March isn't a bad time to visit as Malta has about 300 days of sunshine a year.

We went during an unseasonably rainy time and even then we got mostly sun. We stayed in Valletta which has been named the city of culture for 2018. It isn't hard to see why as the city, and Malta is so stunningly beautiful that you feel as though you are walking through an outdoor museum. The coloring of the stone is gorgeously golden and reminded me of the stone in Bath.

Besides being a city of culture Valletta is a great city to be based in for travels around the island but keep in mind that if you are going to Gozo for a day trip (as you should) it is at least an hour by bus and 45 minutes by car/taxi to the port for the ferry. I will blog about Gozo separately because it deserves nothing less.

ACCOMMODATION - We stayed at Merisi Suites which we found on Facebook They were also on Air B&B but priced higher so I suggest checking a few sites before deciding. It was the perfect option as we were able to self cater but it was very much a hotel with a front desk. We were on the second highest floor and while some reviews complained of space and noise our flat didn't suffer from either of those problems. We were also very well located in the city.

THE CUISINE - I don't have any specific recommendations for places to eat but we didn't have one bad meal the whole trip. Everything was tasty and fresh. The cuisine is similar to Italian but still unique. Our first night we found a cute little restaurant 10 minutes from where we were staying. The one recommendation I can make is to have a pastizz which is a traditional savory pastry. Pastizzi usually have a filling either of ricotta or mushy peas, and are called pastizzi tal-irkotta.

AROUND TOWN AND BEYOND - There is a lot to see in Valletta but as we were only there for a long weekend and one day was spent on Gozo. We didn't see it all but we still managed to see quite a bit. We didn't do many paid attractions except for one museum and one of the churches. Here is what we saw in Valletta and beyond:

A long weekend to Malta is ridiculously affordable. We felt we did our trip on a bit of a budget but we splurged on some things and conserved on others. The main attraction that we wanted to see was the Azure Window on Gozo. After that everything else was a bonus. I also was able to spend some time catching up with an old neighbour from Canada. Born in Canada but his family is Maltese he moved to Malta about 5-6 years ago. When his mom heard I was going to Malta she put us in touch. I rang him up shortly after arriving and he and his girlfriend hosted Jen and I for an evening. It was perfect as we got to know more about the country through their eyes and they served food from Malta and Gozo.

There is so much to know about Malta that this article barely scratches the surface but I hope it is enough to pique your interest and place it a little bit higher on your 'must see' list. I know it is high on my 'must return' list.

The Maltese farmhouse through the centuries

by Carol J. Jaccarini (Malta)



Nowhere is the Maltese idiom more beautifully expressed than in the wonder walls of its farmhouses. Dream houses are usually just that: far and away, but if you wander down the winding village roads which usually follow the original field paths, and if you squint and look closely behind the trees and outcrops, you will find Maltese farmhouses which, despite being the most discreet and humble of buildings, are the closest you can get to the castles in the fertile air of your imagination.

The Maltese farmhouse has no close parallels to any of our European neighbours. Rather, it is closer to the architecture of North Africa. Ample proof is the fact that the different units of a farmhouse have Semitic

names. *Ghorfa*, for instance, which is the first floor room that originally served as a human dwelling and which is set apart from the stables and storage rooms on ground level, has its closest relative in Tunisia. There, an *Ghorfa* is used to define a structure which is built using a mixture of cut stone and rubble.

Despite Arabic influences, Maltese farmhouses are the primary exemplar of a vernacular architecture; what Bernard Rudofsky would have called, 'architecture without architects: Farmhouses are a unique, distinctive idiom that is expressed without pretensions and with deep respect for time, space, nature and the seasons, to which the layout adapts.

Farmhouses were built by people who lived close to nature and whose livelihood depended on careful assessment of the weather and strict planning for survival. Thus, what they needed were not fancy ornate dwellings but sturdy houses which are, literally, firmly rooted to the earth they stand on. And nowhere is this more apparent than in the actual planning of farmhouses which, as Richard England writes in his book 'Uncaged Reflections'(1978), show 'successful logical answers of common sense and simplicity... sheer straightforward thinking'.

From the outside, Maltese farmhouses blend in so well with their surroundings that instead of leaving a deep footprint they appear as though they have been there since the opening sentence of the Genesis. Facades are imposing, stocky and unadorned. As Carol J. Jaccarini writes in his study, *Ir-Razzett: The Maltese Farmhouse* (C.J. Jaccarini, 1998), open stone balconies with ornate corbels; observation boxes; cornices, sculptural keystones and fanlights above the doorways are all later additions, yet they make a beautiful contrast with the otherwise blank canvas of the facade. Most of the walls are *tad-doblu*, that is, double layered and filled with soil and stone chips. North facing walls are kept windowless. When they do have windows, it is only tiny apertures to prevent strong winds and rain from entering inside. Honey-coloured when first built, these limestone walls, on exposure, harden and weather, forming a protective crust which slows down erosion. Where walls are exposed to rain and sea-spray, *qawwi* (upper coralline limestone) or *zonqot* (lower coralline limestone) is used instead of *franka*.

To complete the austerity of the buildings, roofs are flat to serve for rain catchment and to put rows of melons and pumpkins so they could be ripened by the sun. Pigeon roosts made of stone are also common. Less so are stone cheese rooms with vertical wall slits to help cross-ventilation. Thus, cheeses can dry faster. Inside a Maltese farmhouse, rooms are constructed in cubical forms. Their layout is functional; planned to provide shelter for the livestock. In fact, the ground floor was mostly used for animals, which were invaluable for meat, dairy products, transport and for sheer physical power in the fields.

Livestock was housed and fed in the *maqjel*, the main animal room which was usually divided in a number of arched stables. Given that animals were stall-fed rather than allowed to graze, they were tied to hand carved stone tie-rings and fed through mangers or communal troughs, built along the walls. Animal rooms

also have a number of ventilator openings, rather than windows, and one slit hole, called an *amberzina*, through which a farmer could insert a gun and shoot any intruders.

The *maqjel* was roofed using a variety of methods, each bypassing the problem that limestone, being a soft stone, is unable to support huge loads and stresses. The most common roofing system involved the use of arches or transverse beams and slabs. A less common method was to insert a longitudinal beam and have slabs resting on kilep, or side corbels. Extra long slabs, known as *xorok tal-qasba*, could

also be rested on side corbels without using beams or on side corbels on either side of a central, longitudinal arch. Arches were either round, segmental, three-centred or rampant, where one abutment is higher than the other.

Outside the *maqjel*, a courtyard was built to provide shelter from the wind and make the most of the cool sea breezes. The courtyard also served as a ventilation link between the front and the back of the farmhouse. From the yard, a stone staircase leads to an arcaded veranda, called the *loggja*. This gives way to the *ghorfa*, which was usually of Spartan design, with sparse furnishing and deep wall recesses used as storage and larders. The floor of the *ghorfa* was either made out of a thin layer of beaten earth or paved with flagstones. These were then sealed with multiple coats of linseed oil, boiled with slices of prickly-pear leaf, which made the floor easy to keep clean. In the last decades of the 19th century, cement-based, square glazed tiles started being used. These were known as *madum tad-disinn* because of their intricate floral and geometric designs. With urbanisation, farmhouses no longer rule the countryside, and their use for farming is obsolete. Most are being converted into homes where the courtyard il sparkles with scarlet bougainvillea and the water in the pool laps while the garden blooms and blushes. It is only this careful conservation that retains the timeless simplicity and charm of a Maltese farmhouse.





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Meeting Jessica Jane Cassar



From a young age, I was always interested in the arts. However drama came at a later stage in my life. I started when I was about seven years old, singing in a choir. From there I learnt the guitar and then moved to other instruments such as the piano and viola. I spent a number of years singing with different choirs and training professionally in classical music. However when I was in my sixth form at De La Salle College, I took part in the Lasallian Nights and from then onwards I started taking lessons in acting. I also went to LA where I took classes on film acting.

I started with more comedic roles but lately I have stepped into more serious ones. I have an affinity for psychological thrillers and action movies. I find them to be both physically and emotionally challenging. I love playing characters which I'm not in real life and are the total opposite of who I am (eg a serial killer). Having said that, I still think that as an actor it's better if you can kill it in both comedy and drama rather than being type casted in just one genre.

So far I have had some interesting experiences in both TV and Film where I also had the opportunity to meet and work with foreign directors and actors (Pauline Quirke, Jose Padilha, Michael Bay to name a few). The best experience I had so far was on Entebbe which is a foreign film targeted to come out later on this year. I got to experience what being on set everyday is like, made some great friends and apart from that we had the opportunity to travel for filming at Ealing Film Studios based in London.

One of my favourite quotes is: 'Figure out what you love to do in life and then figure out a way how to get paid for it'. I hope that the film industry in Malta keeps growing and holds more opportunities for us artists to make a living out of it.

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### Car and Bike Display

**The gates open at 10am on 18<sup>th</sup> June 2017.  
100 Jackson Street, Marsden Park, NSW  
There will DJ JOHNNY B GOOD and chocolate  
wheel and traditional Maltese food and Kinnie  
and Cisk Lager**

**They can be purchased from the club**

**For more information call:**

**Jim : 0416 090 420 ; Charlie : 0412 278 949 or Greg : 0411 517 187**

## Fr Rob Galea LIVE in Adelaide, Australia



Australia's leading Catholic musician returns to Adelaide for a one-night-only performance on Friday, May 26. Fr Rob Galea is an ordained Catholic Priest and is currently serving in Sandhurst Diocese, Victoria. He is a singer/songwriter with an international fan base and has been featured on

Channel 10's The Project, and was a contestant in Australia's 2015 The X Factor.

# Poetry in Potato Bags



*Poet Adrian  
Grima*

Two Dutch and two Maltese poets read their poetry at Palazzo de la Salle (Malta Society of Arts) in Republic Street, Valletta, as part of the Poetry in Potato Bags project. The event was organized by the Embassy of the Netherlands and Inizjamed in collaboration with the Valletta 2018 Foundation.

The Dutch Frisian-language poets invited to Malta are Hein Jaap Hilarides, who is also a musician, and Janneke Spoelstra. The Maltese writers were Adrian Grima and Rita Saliba. Michael Caruana from Qrendi, who visits Dutch potato farmers regularly, spoke during the evening about his experiences as a potato farmer and

exporter in Malta.

This event is part of the run up to the 2018 European Capital of Culture of both Valletta and Leeuwarden. Malta has a longstanding relationship with Leeuwarden/Fryslân that dates back to around 1850. A rather remarkable food item has been the matchmaker between these regions, being the potato. Both Malta and Fryslân (province of the Netherlands, with Leeuwarden as capital) are officially bilingual and have a large treasure of poets and poetry. Every year around the end of September the first seed potatoes leave Fryslân and are transported to Malta. In March fresh from the seed grown potatoes come back the reverse way and are being sold in Dutch supermarkets.

This was the reason for the Bildtse Aardappelweken Foundation, in cooperation with the organization of Leeuwarden2018 and Valletta2018 to set up a project making the cultural and economic bond visual. In September 2014 Frisian poems, with an English translation, were shipped along with the seed potatoes in a specially designed potato bag. One of the poems was printed on a special label and attached to the seed potato sacks, read by many farmers, their families and others in Malta.

In March 2015 Maltese poems, with an English translation were shipped the reverse way. In the years to come, ending March 2018 this will be repeated. A Maltese literary poem, printed on a special label in the Frisian and Maltese languages, attached to around 10,000 sacks of 2.5 kg each, is read in an equal number of households in the Netherlands.



## Maltese boys maimed, injured in 1955 accident in Australia

### Child Migrants Welcomed

(Reported by Mollie Simson Asphar.)

Saturday was a grey sultry morning, and on the Quay at Fremantle an excited group of Maltese, from all parts of West Australia, and an impatient boat-race-minded group of officials and immigration authorities, and people in interest positions were waiting the arrival of the "Ocean Triumph" with over a thousand Maltese settlers for Australia, amongst whom were 27 eager-eyed excited boys bound for Fardon and Birsdown.

In the traditional manner of the boys, the very extensive plans for their welcome had (owing to the lateness of the ship, always two days overdue) gone astray, but the impromptu arrangements that were substituted—

—"With a start like this the boys' future is a bright one." And knowing the Malta position—overcrowding, lack of jobs and land, etc.—I fervently echoed her sentiments.

At the ship's stern the wharf, the Clontarf Band struck up a

started girls at the magazine exchange must have welcomed where they were, at the late bus and forward over the telephone, but the Bandmaster, himself a "Cherry Kid," had managed in time and introduction, it was received with much hand-clapping by the older Maltese, though the younger ones called for "Ban out the Barrel."

Finally, at high noon, down the gang-plank came 27 grey-coated and blue-capped boys, each carrying a strapped bag, some that bumped and impeded



Rev. Monsignor Mees, acting for His Grace the Archbishop, welcomed the boys.

presented lagged, proved happy and equally as good. Father Simson and Margaret Anderson and the Brothers of Clontarf were responsible for a great deal of happiness that day, not only amongst the boy migrants, but amongst the officials and visitors who shared it. "I never have had a happier and more instructive hour," a lady visitor said to

lively march, and as she berthed they played the Folk Dance of Central Time in Malta, which they had learned only two days previously, set to music under humorous conditions. Discovering it two days earlier, Father Simson, sparing no pains to make the occasion truly memorable, had tracked down someone who knew it, and then they

his slippery progress. Then, through the Customs, with a call of strange names, and then into a waiting bus for the first step of the three hundred mile-long journey, with a driver one for the Birdsdowns.

A newspaper article from the Record, Perth, of April 30, 1950, recording the arrival of 27 Maltese child migrants.

Barry Coldrey, who has written extensively on child migration to Australia, wrote the following on Maltese child migration:

"Child migration from Malta was a marginal feature of Maltese emigration in general. It was first mooted in the 1930s when the Catholic Religious Congregation of the Christian Brothers, through their regional higher superior in Western Australia, Brother P.A. Conlon, was negotiating with the Catholic Emigration Society (UK) regarding child migrants from Catholic institutions in the UK to the Brothers' institutions in Western Australia for training and assimilation before their placement in employment. Some Maltese Catholic leaders in Australia were anxious for their institutional children to be included in the scheme."

On February 23, 1950, an agreement was signed between the Australian Catholic Migration Committee and the Maltese government for the admission of children from Malta into Catholic institutions in Australia. They undertook to train the children to fit them for life in Australia. About 370 Maltese children, mostly from institutions like St Joseph's Institute in

Famrun and St Patrick's in Sliema, emigrated to Australia between 1950 to 1965.

The parents or legal guardians of the Maltese children involved were required to sign a declaration before the children's departure to Australia that they had no objection to releasing the children under the child migration scheme. This is, however, not the impression that has been given by some former child migrants in Australia in sworn testimony before Australian parliamentary commissions that, unfortunately, has not been critically examined.

Almost all critics have taken a hostile view of the Christian Brothers' efforts in Australia, conveniently forgetting the many other success stories, including those of children who acquired large farms of their own or made successful careers in various professions, employment and vocations, including priesthood. One has to also keep in mind that in practice, the Maltese child migrant was a young lad preceding family members to Australia or with close relatives already living there.

Coldrey adds: "For Maltese young people, life in Australian institutions posed difficult adjustment problems... However, for most of the children, the experience prepared them for adjustment to Australian society, and offered them opportunities not currently available in Malta."

A very serious accident happened on December 15, 1955. It illustrates the care with which children in these schools were treated. At about 7.15am on the South West Highway from Clontarf Boys School near Perth, a bus was travelling at normal speed. From inside the bus was coming the sound of happy singing by 53 boys from the school who were excited by the prospect of passing the festive season in the homes of volunteer private families.

The driver of the bus was Brother Patrick Doyle, a cherry Irish man who was proud of the brand new bus donated to the school by a local businessman from Perth with the school emblem and the words 'Clontarf Boys' prominently painted on both sides of the bus. As they approached a narrow bridge, Doyle slowed down to allow a tip-up truck to pass from the opposite direction.

For unknown reasons, the driver of the tip-up drove the truck very close to the school bus and in the process ripped open the entire side of the bus. The inside of the bus became a mangled mess with crushed seats,

metal crazily jutting out in all directions, and blood everywhere. Doyle had the presence of mind to pull over on the side of the road and thus avoid further disaster.

Of the 53 young passengers, one was dead and 19 others maimed or seriously injured. Due to the height at which the truck's edge ploughed through the side of the bus, most of the boys on that side had legs either severed or crushed.

The injured boys were put into cars, ambulances or other vehicles available on site and urgently transferred to the nearest hospitals. Doctors, nurses, aid workers and police rushed to the scene of the accident to provide first aid and other urgent necessities. Blood donors were soon queuing at hospitals to provide blood to the injured boys.

The Maltese boys injured were Anthony Bugeja, 13 from Msida, amputation of both legs; Alister Carr, 11 from St Julian's, fracture of tibia, fibia, fractured right femur; Charles Gatt, 13 from St Patrick's Institute, Sliema, fractured right tibia and fibia, amputation of left leg mid-calf; Joseph Bugeja, 15 from Qrendi, amputation of both legs; George Littleton, 12 from Paola, lacerated liver, scalp and right thigh; Anthony Grech, 11 from Birżebbuġa, fracture of right leg and Carmelo Vassallo, 13 from Mġarr, injuries to neck.

Little is known what happened afterwards to these boys but a trust fund was established by the Federal government of Australia to ensure that the victims got a handsome sum on attaining the age of 21.



**MALTA DURING WORLD WAR 2** - *Malta was one of the most heavily bombed places of world War II. Valletta near the Grand Harbor was essentially flattened, but the island played an important role in denying supplies to Rommel's Afrika Korps. Here Maltese children are seen in impoverished living quarters (April 1942).*

Malta was the cornerstone of the British campaign in the Western Desert. British possession of Malta and the invaluable naval and air bases there played a major role in interdicting Italian and Germany supply convoys to Libya. And it was supply shortages that played a key role in defeating Rommel and the Afrika Korps. Malta became the most bombed place on earth. German and Italian air forced relentlessly pounded the island. The island somehow managed to withstand the fiercest air assault of the War. The Italians began bombing Malta in 1940. The Luftwaffe joined in the campaign (January 1941) even before Rommel arrived in North Africa. Malta by March 1942 was enduring an average of 10 air raid alerts daily and there had been 117 straight days of bombing.

The bombing was devastating. It also prevented supplies, food, and fuel from reaching the island. At one point Malta was near to capitulation, left virtual no fuel, food, or fighters. It was a convoy with an American carrier that finally succeeded in getting needed supplies through. Civilians suffered terribly. They had to move underground. Newsreels in Britain and America showed school children moving rapidly into underground bunkers when the air raids sirens sounded. The population was near starvation at one point. The Axis did not, however, launch a parachute assault on the island. They had the capability as shown in Crete. Senior Axis commanders advised just such an action.

After the German terrible losses suffered by the German parachute units on Crete, however, Hitler demurred. After the War, historians have taken to summerise the attack on Crete as "the wrong island". The Axis siege was not fully lifted until July 1943 after the Axis surrender in Tunis and the invasion of Sicily. [Holland] Operations from Malta also played an important role in interdicting Axis supply lines to Tunis, forcing the surrender there. Some orphaned children were sent to Australia.

## Malta's role in several World War II movies by Mark Ashley, Gzira



Murial Pavlow and Alec Guinness

I was very interested to read the article Scouting For The Best Film Location (February 22) about the number of films that have been made in Malta. I am an aviation journalist who is researching British-made war films based on World War II, and have found it interesting to discover just how many of these films were made in Malta.

The most well known one must be Malta Story itself, of course, filmed here in 1952 and starring

Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins and Murial Pavlow. It contains many views of Malta with Spitfires flying over and it is fascinating to compare, for instance, the skyline of Sliema 60 years ago with the same location today – especially the difference between the Tigné Point of then and now!

Single-Handed, released in 1953, was filmed on Gozo, acting the part of the Galapagos Islands, would you believe. The Battle of the River Plate, about the sinking of the German pocket battleship Graf Spee off Montivideo in December 1939, was filmed here in 1956. Ships of the Royal Navy's Mediterranean Fleet, then based at Malta, took part, including two that were in the real battle. Grand Harbour doubled as Montivideo Harbour.

In 1968, Malta was used to film parts of the Battle of Britain epic because the weather in England that summer was so awful and caused huge problems with shooting many scenes. The scenes where Luftwaffe Stukas attack the radar stations on the south coast of England were filmed here, using large-scale radio-controlled model Stukas. All the shots in that film showing Heinkel He.111 bombers being shot down into the English Channel were filmed over the sea off Malta, again using R/C models.

A fascinating British war film to watch is Hell Boats, which was made entirely here in 1967. Much of it was filmed on Manoel Island, using Fort Manoel as a naval base for Motor Torpedo Boats (the Hell Boats of the title). Again, comparing the 1967 vista of the Valletta scenery filmed in the background with that of today is fascinating – there is no domed cathedral of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, for example, and when the camera pans round towards Msida... well, where is the Gozo ferry terminal and the Msida Marina!? Certain scenes were shot inside Fort Manoel itself and show what a majestic structure it was, and still is.

To the article's reference to the Steven Spielberg thriller filmed in Malta, Munich, in addition to Buġibba acting as Cyprus, add Tower Road playing the part of Tel Aviv, Valletta as Athens, and even part of St Julians as Soho in London at night, with plenty of 1970s-era British-made cars used as props. Spot the Malta bus sneaking into the Tel Aviv scene!

## Niche of the Virgin Mother di Pieta



They often go un-noticed, our senses dulled by the frequency with which they populate our streets. Yet frequently, religious niches are not only a thing of beauty but also of history. This one, that portrays the Virgin Mother di Pieta (of Mercy) carrying a baby Jesus is found in Mons Giuseppi Farrugia Street in Rabat, Gozo and is one of the oldest niches to be found on the island. Indeed, the statue dates from 1675 and is sculpted out of local limestone. The lamp in front of it used to be kept alight through the donations of the devotees who used to throw any spare change in the box that is embedded in the wall beneath the statue

## CHAPELS OF MALTA - Chapel of San Blas By Paul



Grech

It is a sad indication of the urbanisation of Maltese countryside that many of those which were once wayside chapels have since been engulfed by buildings. This chapel, sadly, is very much a rarity in that it is still as most wayside chapels once were, surrounded by countryside and a beacon for any farmer to say a few prayers on his way to work. Or, more likely, those taking the road in front of it in order to go round the heavy traffic that blocks other routes.

It seems that this chapel dedicated to San Blas was first built at around 1430 but over the next century it fell into ruin before being rebuilt in 1691. The story of San Blas, the patron saint to whom this chapel is dedicated, is a rather unusual one for the simple reason that very little is known about him other than that he was a Bishop who lived in Armenia at around the fourth century. It is always fascinating that a story that took place so far away ended up finding its way to Malta not just through this chapel but also a number of locations over the islands. That is probably due to the cult and legend that grew around the story of this Saint which state that he was a doctor who had been elected to be the community's bishop. Persecution of Christians led him to escape to the mountains and when he was finally found in a cave, he was surrounded by wild animals that he was tending for. Which is also why he got to be the patron saint of wild animals. Rather fitting, then, that a number of birds seem to have made their nests in the windows of this chapel.

## Chapel of Our Lady of Graces, Qrendi

It is, frankly, difficult to stand still and take in the everyday beauty of a chapel like this when the heat of the Maltese summer is gearing up. Even if it is relatively early in the morning – half past six – the rising humidity turns the sky milky blue and all you want to do is to crawl somewhere cool.



The heat is such that the only people around are the adrenaline junkies - joggers and cyclists for whom a long run or cycle on Sunday is a must regardless of the weather - and the more traditional horse jockeys taking their majestic beasts through different paces to help flex all of their muscles. Adrenaline junkies of a different form, if you want. Otherwise you don't see a soul. People are still sheltering inside and the whirring of air conditioners in otherwise silent streets is their signal. Times change and so do habits. When most work was manual and outside, staying in late was not an option. It is why chapels like this have windows next to the main entrance; these used to be kept open so that anyone passing by could say a prayer no matter how early it was.

Today the only open window isn't a sign of devotion but neglect. Where once there must have been a window on top of the main door, now there is only a gaping hole that leaves the inside of the chapel exposed to the elements. A plaque on the side of the chapel informs that this was built around 1658 thanks to a merchant by the name of Angelo Spiteri. Originally it was dedicated to our Lady of Victories with a feast being celebrated on the 8th of September. This changed in 1781 when the chapel was turned over to Our Lady of Graces and the feast postponed to the first Sunday after the 8th of September. Sadly, no reason is given as to why this change of heart.

## TA' GADAF CEMETERY – NAXXAR



Have you ever come across something for the first time – a word you'd never heard before or an unfamiliar make of car – and suddenly you start noticing it on a regular basis? Yes? Well that isn't surprising because it is quite a common occurrence, so much that there's even a term for it: the Baader-Meinhof Phenomenon.

In simple terms, it is all down to our brain's remarkable ability to recognise and amplify patterns. When it learns something that is new (or weird) and then comes across it again shortly afterwards it is likely to highlight it. Coupled with the recency effect, a cognitive bias that inflates the importance of recent observations, this increases the chances of being more aware of the subject when we encounter it again in the near future. It also explains why usually the feeling is of mild surprise when this happens.

All this came to mind – or rather the impulse to look into it – when I drove past a familiar looking building at the edge of Naxxar. It took me a couple of moments to realise what made it familiar before finally recollecting that the skull chiselled at the top of the main door was a sure sign that this was a cemetery. A couple of weeks earlier I had been near a similar cemetery in Victoria (Gozo) and then the following week at Luqa.

Indeed this one is known as the Ta' Gadaf cemetery and was in use when the bubonic plague hit the Maltese islands two centuries ago. It was a terrible time in Malta's history, with more than four thousand people losing their lives and that is according to official records; many more probably died of the same reason but were hidden away by their family to avoid seeing them carted away in plague carts.

Those who did die of the plague were buried in shallow graves, often in unceremonious circumstances, and this is what happened here. It was an ignoble end to people's lives especially in an era where death, and how one prepared for it, was seen as an integral and crucial part of one's faith.

In time, once the crisis had passed, a more formal construction rose around it with proper graves being dug out. Sadly, however, this cemetery is now derelict. It is over-run by weeds and trees whilst rubble is all that remains of two of its walls. The graves themselves are open, although I have to admit that a mixture of respect and a slight tinge of fear meant that I didn't actually go into the cemetery to investigate the graves themselves.

Nevertheless, it is a shameful state of affairs. In an area that is seeing a lot of development in the form of a rapidly expanding industrial estate, with the monstrous buildings that are typical of such developments, one would imagine that the restoration of this tiny cemetery would be seen as an important way to retain a link to our island's past not to mention offer the proper respect to those who were buried here.



## Cookbook featuring Maltese recipes wins ‘the Oscar of Cookbooks’



‘Eat In My Kitchen: to Cook, to Bake, to Eat and to Treat’ by Meike Peters, whose love for Malta and its cuisine is splashed across the 256-page hard-back book, has been awarded a prestigious James Beard Award for General Cooking.

Internationally-renowned German blogger and food writer Meike Peters, whose blog ‘Eat in My Kitchen’ is followed by thousands of foodies and food lovers across the globe, made headlines even before her first cookbook, *Eat In My Kitchen: to Cook, to Bake, to Eat and to*

*Treat* was published worldwide, including in Malta, by Prestel Publishing last year. Now, she has beaten the likes of world-famous celebrity chef Ina Garten to be crowned the winner of the James Beard Award for General Cooking.

“Although, deep down, I was sure I wasn’t going to win, the moment before the winner of my category was announced, I held my editor Holly La Due’s hand so tightly it must have hurt,” recounts Meike Peters, who has been blogging about food for the past four years. “Then, when Andrew Zimmern [the Awards Ceremony’s host] called out my name, I just froze. It felt unreal; I couldn’t believe it... We couldn’t believe that we had done it! “I ran on stage and hugged Andrew... Literally flying into his arms! The following few minutes, when I talked through my speech and got the chance to thank all the people who have helped me to bring this book to life, remain a precious memory. It was an amazing moment that I’ll never forget.”

Established in 1990, the annual James Beard Awards – which are organised by the James Beard Foundation – honour excellence in cuisine, culinary writing and culinary education. It is considered the world’s most prestigious cookbook award.

“The James Beard Award is like ‘the Oscars of cookbooks.’ It means a lot – and not just in the USA,” Meike continues. “Some of the authors who were awarded that night have worked for their success for decades, and they cried on stage just the same. It’s very emotional, but it’s also a huge recognition, both for my cookbook and for everybody who’s been involved in the process. The book gets more attention all over the world through this award, which we’re all very thankful for!”

In the award-winning cookbook, Meike includes some of Malta’s most iconic recipes, including *pudina tal-ħobż* and *minestra*, alongside famous US desserts and German favourites – bringing together her heritage as well as her partner Jamie’s, who is half-Maltese and half-American.

“I met Jamie while he was touring in Germany with Ira Losco, which I was overseeing,” says Meike, who now considers Malta her second home. “When I came to visit, I was totally mesmerised by the amazing ways things like fennel seeds, citrus fruit, coriander seeds and orange blossom water were used, and I now include them in a variety of recipes to create a fusion of cuisines.” Meike Peters’s cookbook, which is available in all major bookstores in Malta, features stunning, full-page food photography taken by Meike herself, as well as six ‘Meet In Your Kitchen’ features, including one with the Ćini family from Gozo, who have been harvesting salt from Xwejni Bay for generations.

## Maltese Stuffed Artichokes | Qaqoċċ Mimli

By Sasha Martin



I often wonder how many people walk by their supermarket's artichoke display squinting their eyes, unsure of what to do with this prickly porcupine of a vegetable. Being part Italian, I grew up eating artichokes and often take them for granted. I was thrilled this week to read that the Maltese also enjoy a giant, stuffed-to-the-brim artichoke – giving me a chance to indulge yet another time.

A stuffed-to-the-brim artichoke is my favorite movie snack. Perfect Friday night fun. The challenge for me *this* week, with Malta, is getting used to the idea of putting anchovies and olives in my artichokes.

Because that's *exactly* what they do in Malta.



Note: Maltese typically pull the artichoke's leaves back and get the stuffing in every nook and cranny. Due to the fluffy nature of this stuffing, I had an easier time pulling the center wide open and putting it all there. The choice is yours!

Serves 4

### Ingredients:

4 large artichokes, stems trimmed and lower, scraggly leaves plucked off

3 cups coarsely crumbled bread (sourdough, if

possible)

3 anchovy fillets, chopped finely

3 cloves of garlic, crushed

3 green olives, chopped (capers is another common addition)

1/3 cup chopped parsley

salt & pepper

Olive oil, as needed

### Method:

Pop open a can of anchovies and breathe in deeply. It's fish. It's salt. It's oil.

I think I can get used to this. (I think I can) Now mince up those anchovies, some olives (or capers) and toss together with the breadcrumbs, garlic, parsley, salt, pepper and olive oil. Add enough olive oil to get the stuffing to bind together. Give it a taste. Add more seasonings, if needed.

Now, prepare the beautiful, green artichokes. Start by trimming the stem and removing the scraggly leaves at the base of the artichoke. Next, trim the top, thereby removing many of the sharp, prickly points. Pry the artichoke leaves open and stuff. Place in a large pot over happily simmering water. Cover and steam for 45 minutes-1 hour, depending on size of the artichokes.

## Pope Francis greets members of the Laudate Pueri Choir in Rome [gozonews.com](http://gozonews.com)



The Laudate Pueri Choir of St George's Basilica, Gozo, met and sang for Pope Francis on Sunday in Rome.

Following the Angelus, as Pope Francis walked from St Peter's Square towards Casa Santa Marta, Mgr Joseph Farrugia, Archpriest Emeritus and founder of the Choir, presented him with a modern painting of St George, the Patron Saint, in the presence of both Bishop Mgr Mario Grech and

Archpriest Mgr Pawlu Cardona, Mgr Alfred Xuereb and director Can. George J. Frendo. The Pope found the time to greet the members of the Choir personally, together with their relatives accompanying the group and sent gifts to both St George's Basilica and Il-Hagar Museum.

The Choir sang "Naduraw, ja Hobz tas-Sema" and "Magnificat" for him. After blessing all, His Holiness said he looked forward to listening to their singing on Monday. The Laudate Pueri Choir sang together with the Pontifical Choir of the Sistine Chapel, on Monday morning, Solemnity of the Epiphany of the Lord, at a High Mass presided over by Pope Francis at St Peter's Basilica at 10.00am and which was broadcast live on Rai 1 and TV2000.

The Choir also performed a recital of sacred a cappella motets ranging from the Renaissance to the contemporary, which took place at the Chiesa di Sant'Anna at the Vatican on Saturday.

The recital was accorded the distinguished patronage of the Pontificio Consiglio della Cultura headed by H.E. Cardinal Gianfranco Ravasi. H.E. Cardinal Prospero Grech, guest of honour and patron, together with H.L. Mgr Mario Grech.

## Destiny gets thumbs up from Simon Cowell

**Maltese 14-year-old soul singer Destiny Chukunyere gets thumbs up from Simon Cowell after successfully auditioning on the popular reality talent show Britain's Got Talent**



*Stefan Paul Galea*

Maltese singer gets thumbs up from esteemed music industry critic Simon Cowell, following her audition in one of the most popular reality shows in the world, Britain's Got Talent which gave fame to artists such as Susan Boyle. Destiny, the 14-year-old Junior Eurovision winner sang an Aretha Franklin classic, giving her a seal of approval from the judges. Simon Cowell said: "Destiny, I've been waiting for someone to come out who

we think could be a star and guess who it is? You have soul."

Alesha Dixon declared: "For me that is a knockout. That is one of the hardest songs to sing, and you are 14 and you killed it!" Destiny said she was taking part in Britain's Got Talent because she would love to perform for the British Royal Family. Destiny added "My dream is to win, who knows, maybe it'll change my life," Her full audition is set to be aired on ITV1 this week. Another Maltese artist Marilena, is also reported to have reached an advanced

## Maltese are in every part of the globe

by *Andrew Borg Cardona*



*Most Maltese stay put, but you'll still find them the world over.*

Despite Malta having a small population, it's not unusual to stumble across a Maltese person in the most unexpected of places around the world. Perhaps the claustrophobia of life on a tiny island makes some get itchy feet and roam the world.

Having been on the move overseas working on international human rights issues, I've often found myself in the remotest of places yet even then, I've come across a Maltese person or someone who knows one. They say that there are six degrees of separation between every person on earth. At times like those, I think there are even fewer.

Once, I was on a secluded beach in northern Colombia. I had just come back from a conflict zone and decided to chill out a bit. Getting to the Tayrona area required a very long journey on some rickety buses. Once I got to my chosen secluded bus stop, I walked for about four hours and arrived at a beach. Without piped water and electricity, it was totally cut off from the world... or so I thought! I met an Irish girl who was living in a nearby little village and when I told her I was Maltese, she said: "Yeah, I know a Maltese guy who lives in the nearby village of Taganga. He's a diving instructor!" The guy turned out to be the son of a friend of mine who owns the bar next to my house in Malta. I'd once shared a hospital room with him after smashing my knee.

Another time through my job, I met a Maltese priest who was working in Burundi with the same humanitarian agency I was. While in Africa, he'd met a Maltese nun who was working in Tanzania – the sister of my mum's best friend.

I was once in London for a meeting, and since I was working for a low-budget NGO, I decided to stay at the house of a former colleague; an Australian who'd worked with me in India. As I was preparing to go to the airport, an English friend of her flatmate walked through the door. During a brief chat, he said he was pleasantly surprised to find out I was from Malta, and told me he knew a Maltese person very well. It turned out his friend is the brother of a former class-mate of mine.

On a train in London, without me even opening my mouth, a little Maltese kid looked at me and told his mum: that guy looks Maltese! But how can a Maltese person be recognisable from other Mediterranean people without us even opening our mouths? Indeed, I can generally tell a Maltese person from a Sicilian or a Tunisian (our closest neighbours) – but somehow the only people I mistake for Maltese without them being so are the Lebanese. Perhaps our Phoenician roots are evident after all.

Maltese people are everywhere! And soon we may also have the first Maltese on Everest. It's probably the only spot on earth never to have been set foot on by a Maltese person; but not for long! *Photo: Walter Lo Cascio.*





## TWO CANADAINS, MIKE AND JESS, IN MALTA

*Jess:* Mike and I are from Halifax, Canada – a small city on the Atlantic Ocean. We currently live in Malta – an even smaller island in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea. Mike works from home for a Canadian IT company and I am a postgraduate student in a dual marketing degree program with the University of Malta and San Diego State University.

### **-How did you end up in Malta and what inspired you to make the move?**

*Mike:* I first ended in Malta because I wanted to do a semester abroad while I was in university. The University of Malta was the only English-speaking school in southern Europe that my home university had an exchange agreement with, so it was a natural fit. I studied economics, management, and accountancy while I was here.

*Jess:* We first came to Malta in 2008 while Mike was on exchange here, and we accidentally fell in love with the place. Accidentally, since we didn't even know Malta existed prior to Mike's exchange, and because we weren't looking to permanently move abroad at the time. In 2010 I was also able to study abroad in Malta during my undergraduate degree (art history), and we've been here ever since. We were inspired to make the move by our itchy traveller's feet, our desire to try something new while we were young and it was easy, and a strong sense that Malta was the right fit for us right now.

**-What is the best part of living overseas?**

*Jess:* We are never stumped about what to do with our spare time – beaches, pools, museums, festivals, Neolithic temples, art galleries, hiking, rock climbing, or simply walking around a new village – we're spoilt for choice. *Mike:* The ability to travel easily and affordably (vs. living in Canada).

### **-What do you miss most about home (besides friends & family)?**

*Jess:* I miss 'city' life. Malta doesn't have a proper, large city and all of the diversity and vibrancy and excitement that comes with it. *Mike:* Dill pickles and the convenience of one-stop shopping. It's very difficult and time consuming to find certain things in Malta, and we often have to order them from abroad.

### **-What has been the most difficult thing to adjust to in Malta?**

*Mike:* Being treated differently because you're a foreigner. If you've ever lived abroad you've experienced this – it's not unique to Malta, according to most other expats we've talked to – and it takes some getting used to. *Jess:* I agree with Mike (even though, let's be honest, it's a bit taboo to talk about!) Sometimes, being a foreigner in Malta does mean different treatment – foreigner prices or foreigner policies. But it comes with the package, and the pros of living in Malta far out weight the cons.

**-Any funny 'whoopsies' while adjusting to your new life?**

*Mike:* Constantly, even after two years, I get in to the passenger's seat of the car – and I'm the driver. Cars in Malta drive on the left side of the road, and the driver's seat is on the right side of the car. In Canada it's the opposite.

*Jess:* As a greeting, the Maltese say 'Alright?' just like Canadians say 'How are you?' For years I had no idea how to respond – I mistakenly thought they were asking me if I was alright, as in did I felt ill or upset. I would just answer 'Yes?' in a confused voice and wonder if I looked particularly pale that morning. (For the record, you can just say 'yes and you?' or 'good, alright?' in response)

**-Saving graces? (ie things that made life abroad easier)** - *Mike:* Amazon and Skype. *Jess:* Having our friends and family visit us over the past few years has been really nice. Skype is also great. But really, it's a good attitude that makes life abroad easy (or easier).

### **-What is the biggest lesson you've learned from your time in Malta?**

*Mike:* Having moved to a new country with a different language (people in Malta primarily speak Maltese, although 99% of people in Malta can also speak English) and a different culture, I have a new respect for people who have immigrated to other countries, like Canada. If the opportunity arises, we will definitely make more of an effort in the future to connect with immigrants in Canada and make them feel welcome.

*Jess:* I'm a naturally shy person (aren't all bloggers?) and since moving to Malta I've been constantly challenging myself to talk to more strangers, accept more social invitations from people, give more social invitations to people, and become more involved and present in my community and my new home country. As you get older, making friends is hard, and doubly hard in a foreign country where your partner works from home. But when you're an expat, especially in a country full of other expats, you get to let your guard down a bit. And that's when good things start happening.

### **-If you had the chance to move elsewhere in the world, where would you go and why?**

*Mike:* Australia, for its nice weather and friendly people. All of the Australian's we've met are fantastic, and we know a lot of people who have moved down under and loved it.

Jess: London. Even though the weather is a bit drabber than Malta's, I find London completely intoxicating. It's the best of both worlds – it reminds me of everything I love about Canada (friendly, polite people, lovely clean cities) and everything I love about Europe (diverse cultures, fascinating history and culture, great arts scenes, great food, great travel opportunities, great vibe).

**-Any advice for the newly expatriated?**

Jess: Avoid comparisons. Just because something is different doesn't make it any better or worse than what you're used to. That kind of mindset will get you through the tough times (and there will be some).

Mike: Expect absolutely everything to be different. And expect a lot of things to cost more than you might expect – household stuff, car repairs, etc. – since you don't have the local's scoop on where to buy things and how to get the best price.

Thank you Mike & Jess.

## **HAMSIN ANNIVERSARJU MILL-MEWT TA' FRENC TAL-GHARB** Kav Joe M Attard



Nhar il-Gimgħa fil-għaxija, 19 ta' Mejju 2017, il-Kunsill Lokali tal-Għarb organizza serata fil-pjazzetta ta' wara l-Knisja parrokkjali biex ifakkar il-50 sena mill-mewt ta' Frenc tal-Għarb li fi kliem l-Acipriet tar-rahhal waqt Quddiesa Konċelebrata qabel is-serata k commemorattiva fisser kif dan il-bidwi mill-Għarb kien don, rigal, li Alla għoġbu jagħti mhux biss lil Għarb imma wkoll lill-gzejjer Maltin kif ukoll lill-emigranti tagħna li minn dejjem fittxew l-għajjnuna tiegħu fil-mard u n-niket tal-ħajja.

Fis-serata ħadu sehem il-Kor Hebron kif ukoll Rev Dr Joe Bezzina li tkellem dwar Frenc tal-Għarb u nqraw ukoll diversi poeziji li nkitbu biex ifakkru din l-okkażjoni. Instemgħet ukoll intervista ma' anzjana li tgħix fl-Awstralja li tkellmet dwar il-memorji tagħha dwar Frenc tal-Għarb. is-Sindku David Apap qal kif il-Kunsill kien qed jagħmel l-almu tiegħu biex minn żmien għal żmien ifakkar persunaġġi fl-Għarb biex dawn ma jintesewx maż-żmien. Kienu prezenti għadd sabiħ ta' parruċċani kif ukoll xi mistednin barra mir-rahhal. RITRATT: Alain Salvary



## TA' PINU SHRINE BACCHUS MARSH VICTORIA AUSTRALIA

Dear Brothers and Sisters of Ta Pinu Shrine (Aust),  
The Marian month of May has so far, been a very prayerful month indeed and a couple of events yet to come.

Wed 24th May : *Celebrating the Life of Karmni Grima*, Or Lady's Messenger who was the blessed chosen one to hear her "Call to Prayer" at Ta Pinu , Gozo Malta



*Mgr Benedict  
Camilleri Director*

Wed 31st May: The 5th of our 15 Wednesdays will be the commemoration of the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin

This email comes with a VERY SPECIAL invitation for TWO SIGNIFICANT EVENTS IN JUNE :

Tuesday 13th June at 11.00 a.m : 100 Years CELEBRATION OF THE SECOND APPARITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT FATIMA.

Come and receive the plenary indulgence promised by the Holy Father to all those who attend a Marian Shrine and pray in front of the Icon of Our Lady.

Wednesday 21st June at 11.00 a.m : FEAST OF OUR LADY TA' PINU, QUEEN OF THE FAMILY - as we commemorate 134th Anniversary of the "Call to Prayer

to Karmni Grima". This is one of our major events.

Holy Mass will be led by His Lordship, Em. Bishop Hilton Deakin,. Parish and Assistant priests as well as the Migrant Chaplains are all being invited to concelebrate.

We hope and look forward to pray with you... AVE MARIA!!!

Josette Salomon - Secretary

Our Lady Ta'Pinu Shrine - All Nations Marian Centre

15 Flanagans Drive Bacchus Marsh 3340 Victoria Tel 03 53677006

