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Seven of Maria's grandchildren behind blessed palms at Easter. *Sette nipoti di Maria dietro i palmi benedetti di Pasqua.*



{MARIA BUTERA nee MAZZA (d.o.b. 1940)}

Talking to Maria: *Parlando con Maria:*

“ Tu all' Australia non ci vai
You will not go to Australia,
Verando told me ”

*“ Tu all'Australia
non ci vai ”
Verando mi disse*

He would try to intimidate me by threatening me and following me every where I went.

Verando was my boyfriend back in Decollatura, a little town up in the mountains in Calabria, the south of Italy.

One day, one of my friends asked Verando's mother when we would marry, and she answered: “Verando will have to wait until his

Cercò di intimidirmi minacciandomi che mi avrebbe seguita ovunque fossi andata.

Verando era il mio fidanzato a Decollatura, una piccola cittadina sulle montagne della Calabria.

Un giorno un mio amico chiese alla madre di Verando quando io e Verando ci saremmo sposati. Rispose: “Verando deve

three sisters will marry". Such was the custom in Italy then. When this news was reported to me, I was very angry and that night I broke our engagement.

Soon after, Alfredo, who had been in Australia for 3 years, had asked his brother to make inquiries whether I was still single. Alfredo's brother and his wife came to my house to ask for my hand in marriage on behalf of Alfredo. I was shown a photo of Alfredo and I liked what I saw. Also, then anyone who had the possibility to migrate to 'America' was considered lucky. (At that time in our part of Italy, the word 'America' covered all the countries that people migrated to.)

I accepted Alfredo's proposal and went to the nearest town to have my photo taken so I could send it to him. After exchanging photos we started to communicate with each other by letters for about a year. I loved the idea of coming to Australia and gave myself quite a few 'airs' because of it. The sense of adventure had really taken over me and the idea of migrating to a foreign country was too great for me to let it pass by. Also then, many young girls migrated to Australia. This was very well accepted within our community.

When Verando learned that I was going to Australia, he was very angry and followed me every where I went. In the evenings, he used to

aspettare che si sposino prima le sue tre sorelle." Questa era una tradizione nel sud dell' Italia. Quando questo mi venne riferito, ero furente e ruppi il fidanzamento.

Subito dopo Alfredo, che si trovava in Australia già da tre anni, chiese a suo fratello di scoprire se io fossi ancora libera. Il fratello di Alfredo e sua moglie vennero a casa mia a chiedere la mia mano al posto di Alfredo. Mi mostrarono una foto di lui e mi piacque molto. D'altra parte a quei tempi chiunque avesse avuto la fortuna di emigrare in "America" si considerava fortunato. (All'epoca tutti i posti in cui la gente emigrava erano l' "America").

Accettai la proposta di Alfredo ed andai in una cittadina vicino a farmi una foto per mandarla ad Alfredo. Dopo il primo scambio di fotografie ci scambiammo lettere per un anno. Ero entusiasta di venire in Australia e mi davo persino delle arie. Lo spirito di avventura aveva preso la meglio su di me e non volevo farmi sfuggire l'opportunità di emigrare. Molte giovani donne emigravano in Australia. Questo era largamente accettato nella nostra comunità.

The sense of adventure had really taken over

serenade me, hoping to make me change my mind. He used to follow me everywhere and try to meet me in alleys.

One day, when I could not take Verando's threats any more I said to him: "If you don't leave me alone, I will tell my future brother in law that you are bothering me. He has a gun and I will not be responsible for what he will do to you". After that Verando left town and went up to North Italy. I never knew what became of him.

I was born in 1940, the third child of my parents, Pasquale and Vincenza Butera. My actual birth date was the 4th of May but my father was too busy to go to the *comune* (council) to register my birth until a week

Quando Verando apprese che io sarei andata in Australia, era molto arrabbiato, mi seguiva dappertutto e mi minacciava. La sera mi suonava le serenate nella speranza di farmi cambiare idea. Un giorno gli dissi che se non la smetteva avrei detto al mio futuro cognato che lui mi infastidiva e che, siccome lui aveva una pistola, non sapevo come potesse andare a finire e non sarei stata responsabile per le conseguenze. Dopo questo Verando emigrò nel nord dell'Italia e non seppi mai più nulla di lui.

Io sono nata nel 1940, terza figlia di Pasquale e Vincenza Butera. Il mio



Left: Reverse of photo, Best wishes and kisses with a warm hand shake from your dear Maria...

The photo Maria sent over to her prospective husband in Australia. La fotografia che Maria mando al futuro marito in Australia.

later. The *comune* clerk could only record births on the actual day when the parent went to the office and this is why my official birth date is the 7th of May. My parents were thrilled when I was born because I had come after two boys, Antonio and Paolo. After me, another two children, Vincenzo and Iolanda, were born.

My father was a *contadino* (farmer). We had some land of our own and we used to grow vegetables for our family to eat. But this was not enough for my father to raise the family on, so when I was only a few years old he went in Valle D'Aosta, a region in Northern Italy, in search of work. My father used to write regularly and send money to us. We were fully dependent on him as at that time there was no work available for my mother in Decollatura.

Although I went to school only up to year 3 and did not attend regularly, I learned enough to be able to read and write.

When the day of the proxy wedding came, my brother walked me down the aisle and soon after that I migrated to Australia. My father really did not want me to go because we had a very special relationship. At the same time, though, he did not want to interfere with my decision. He would say to me: "If you are happy, then I am happy too." The night before I left for Australia my father cried all night and the next morning his eyes were all red and swollen. Up to this day I still feel very upset when I think of that morning and of my father because I never saw him again after that day.

giorno di nascita era il 4 di maggio ma fui registrata solo una settimana più tardi perché mio padre era troppo occupato per andare al comune. I miei genitori erano felicissimi quando io sono nata perché sono arrivata dopo due maschi: Antonio e Paolo. Dopo di me nacquero altri due figli, Vincenzo e Iolanda.

Mio padre era contadino. Eravamo proprietari di un pò di terreni su cui coltivavamo ortaggi. Questi però non erano sufficienti per tirare sù la famiglia, così quando io avevo quattro anni mio padre emigrò in Valle D'Aosta in cerca di lavoro.

Ci scriveva e ci mandava dei soldi regolarmente. Dipendevamo da lui per tutto visto che per mia madre non c'era lavoro a Decollatura.

Sebbene io fossi andata a scuola fino alla terza elementare, avevo imparato a leggere e a scrivere sufficientemente bene.

Quando il giorno del mio matrimonio per procura giunse, mio fratello mi accompagnò all'altare e subito dopo partii per l'Australia. Mio padre non voleva che io partissi perché c'era un rapporto molto vicino tra me e lui. Tuttavia non volle influenzare la mia decisione. Mi diceva: "se tu sei felice, io sono felice."



**Maria and Alfredo on their wedding day in Australia.
Maria e Alfredo, il giorno dello sposalizio in Australia.**



Maria and Alfredo at the zoo with *compare* Antonio, *comare* Rosa and Luigi.

Maria e Alfredo allo zoo con *compare* Antonio, *comare* Rosa e Luigi.

When I left for Australia I was 18 years old.

The voyage to Australia took over a month. I was in a cabin with three other ladies, two were joining their husbands and the other was a proxy bride like me. We were all ladies who had never gone anywhere when we were in Italy. Everything was so foreign to us and we were very shy and would stay in our cabin all day. Then the cleaners would come and yell at us to go upstairs and eat something. We would quickly go to the restaurant and return to our cabin.

I arrived in Sydney on the 1st of December, 1959. Alfredo came aboard the ship and we recognised each other straight away, thanks to the photos we had sent each other. The next day, we went to St Fiacre's Church in Leichhardt and the priest blessed our reunion. So we were truly married. We went to the zoo

La notte prima di partire piansi tutta la notte e il mattino dopo avevo gli occhi gonfi e arrossati. Quando ricordo quel mattino, mi prende una grande tristezza perché quella fu l'ultima volta che vidi mio padre.

Quando partii per l'Australia avevo 18 anni.

Il viaggio durò un mese. Ero in una cabina con altre tre donne. Due raggiungevano i mariti, l'altra era una sposa per procura come me. Tutte e quattro uscivamo dal nostro piccolo mondo per la prima volta. Tutto ci sembrava così strano, eravamo molto timide e stavamo in cabina tutto il giorno. Quando gli inservienti venivano a pulire la cabina, ci urlavano di uscire. Noi andavamo timidamente al ristorante

for our honeymoon with *compare** Antonio, *comare** Rosina and their son Luigi. *Comare* Rosina had migrated to Australia not much earlier than I had. They were friends with Alfredo and when I arrived we all became friends very quickly

At first I was very shy with Alfredo, but he soon made me feel at ease. We would go dancing every Saturday at North Sydney. We used to go out all the time. He was very gentle and very kind to me and it did not take me long to really fall in love with him. He had a bike, and we used to call it our 'Mercedes'. He used to give me rides everywhere.

When I first arrived, Alfredo and I lived in Dee Why, then in Sydenham Rd, Brookvale. We rented one room in a house, sharing with four other families or couples; one couple in each room and one couple living in the garage outside. It was a very difficult time for me and I remember being very shy having to live with strangers. Conditions were very primitive, the toilet used to be outside in a tiny little shed and there was no toilet paper, only pieces of newspaper. I used to cry a lot, because even though in Italy we did not have much money, our conditions there were much better than they were here. Also, the language was a huge barrier. We did not understand much. We had learned a few words very quickly, words such as 'thank you' and 'please', and I remember we used to say 'thank you' all the time. Often we would not understand what was said to us but

ma ritornavamo quanto prima possibile nelle nostre cabine.

Arrivai a Sydney il primo dicembre del 1959. Alfredo salì a bordo e quando i nostri sguardi s'incrociarono ci riconoscemmo subito, grazie alle foto. Il giorno dopo ci recammo alla chiesa di St Fiacre a Leichhardt e il prete benedisse la nostra unione. Eravamo marito e moglie. Per il viaggio di nozze, andammo allo zoo con *compare* Antonio, *comare* Rosina e il loro figlio Luigi, che erano emigrati in Australia solo poco tempo prima. Diventammo cari amici.

All'inizio io ero molto timida con Alfredo, ma lui mi fece sentire a mio agio. Andavamo a ballare ogni sabato sera a Nord Sydney. Uscivamo sempre. Lui era molto gentile e affettuoso con me e me ne innamorai. Aveva una bicicletta che noi chiamavamo la nostra 'Mercedes'. Mi portava dappertutto.

Quando arrivai qui, io ed Alfredo andammo ad abitare a Dee Why, poi in Sedenham rd a Brookvale. Affittammo una stanza in una casa dividendola con altre quattro famiglie: una famiglia per stanza e una famiglia nel garage.

Era molto imbarazzante per me vivere con degli estranei. Le condizioni erano molto primitive. Il gabinetto era esterno ed usavamo la carta di giornale come carta igienica. Piangevo sempre perché

we would always smile back saying 'thank you', even when, at times we were being abused for being migrants. In those times, migrants were not looked upon very favourably because the general misconception was that we were here to steal the jobs that belonged to the locals.

After five years in Australia, I received some very bad news from my family in Italy. On the evening of the 13th of December 1963, it was a very cold night, my father was riding his bike home when a truck pushed him off the road. As it was very dark, the truck driver did not see him and so did not stop to help him. Hours later, my father was found and taken to the hospital but he died three days later.

In his letters to me, my father had always wanted to know when we would make him grand father, but because of our economic situation we had to wait a few years before we could start a family.

At the time of my father's accident, I was already pregnant with our first-born, Teresa, but I had not written him the news, so my father died without knowing that he was soon to be a grandfather.

I soon became bored with staying home as I had nothing to do. Also, one wage was not enough for us so I was keen to start working. The Bonds factory in Pittwater Rd, Brookvale, where Office Works is now, used to employ many migrant ladies, so one day Alfredo took me there to apply for a job. As I was only 18 years old, he was advised to lie about my age so

anche se in Italia eravamo poveri, le condizioni di vita erano migliori di quelle che l'Australia mi offriva.

La lingua era una barriera insormontabile. Non capivamo niente. Avevamo imparato alcune parole, come "thank you" e "please" e ricordo che ripetevamo sempre "thank you." Spesso non capivamo quello che ci dicevano ma continuavamo a ripetere "thank you" anche quando ci maltrattavano perchè eravamo emigranti. A quei tempi a noi emigranti non ci vedevano di buon occhio e ci odiavano accusandoci di venire a rubare il lavoro degli altri.

Dopo cinque anni in Australia ricevetti delle bruttissime notizie dall'Italia. In una fredda sera del 13 dicembre del 1963, mio padre stava andando in bicicletta quando un grosso camion lo spinse fuori di strada. A causa del buio, il camionista non lo vide per cui non si fermò neanche. Molte ore più tardi, qualcuno lo notò e lo portò in ospedale ma purtroppo era troppo tardi. Morì dopo pochi giorni. Nelle lettere che mi aveva mandato prima di morire, mio padre mi chiedeva insistentemente quando lo avrei reso nonno, ma siccome la nostra situazione economica era molto precaria, gli dicevo che dovevamo aspettare prima di iniziare una famiglia. Al momento dell'incidente, io ero



Left: Maria outside the Bonds factory with friends on their lunch break.

Sinistra: Maria con delle amiche fuori la fattoria di Bonds.

Below: Maria with her close friend in her garden in Brookvale.

Sotto: Maria con la sua amica più intima nel suo giardino a Brookvale.



*I was working!
What joy! I had a job.
I was very happy*

I could get more money. When the question of my age came up, Alfredo told the boss I was 21 years old. The boss looked me up and down and demanded to see my passport. Alfredo was found out and, embarrassed, explained that his English was not that good.

I was working! What joy! I had a job. I was very happy. When I got home, one of the ladies asked me how the interview had gone. Very excitedly. I answered: *“Mi hanno presa, adesso vado al negozio per comprarmi una bike.”* (“I got the job, now I’ll go to the shop to buy myself a bike.”) At this, the lady looked surprised. “But you already have a bike, why would you want another one?” she asked. What I had wanted to say was a bag!

Those were happy times. I made very strong friendships at Bonds, friendships that have lasted a lifetime. My friends took the place of my family, who I missed enormously, and they made the pain more tolerable. I used to write to my family often but because of the way the post was back then we were lucky to receive a letter every month.

The house that we shared with the four other couples was very bare, it hardly had anything in it. We worked very hard. I used to get only 8 pounds a week, of which 3 pounds used to go on the rent of our room and the rest went on eating, clothing etc. All Alfredo’s wage was put away and after three years we had saved enough for a deposit for a house. Alfredo worked for the Waterboard for 7 years and

incinta ma purtroppo non ho fatto in tempo a farglielo sapere.

Al mio arrivo a Sydney, ho subito desiderato trovarmi un lavoro, anche perché un solo stipendio non era sufficiente. La fabbrica Bonds assumeva molte donne emigranti, così feci domanda di assunzione ma siccome avevo solo 18 anni, sarei stata pagata molto meno. Quando ci fu chiesta l’età Alfredo mentì e disse che avevo 21 anni. Il capo mi guardò dall’alto in basso e mi chiese il passaporto. Scoperto, Alfredo chiese scusa e disse, con grande imbarazzo, che non aveva capito bene la sua domanda e non parlava bene l’inglese.

Mi diede ugualmente il lavoro. Che gioia! ero così felice! Quando tornai a casa una delle altre coinquiline mi chiese come era andata. Io risposi: “Mi hanno presa, adesso vado al negozio a comprarmi una bike.” Quella donna era sorpresa: “Ma tu ce l’hai già una bike.” In effetti io volevo dire una bag, una borsa.

Quelli erano tempi molto belli. Feci un sacco di amici che sono durati una vita. Gli amici coprono il vuoto dei miei familiari che mi mancavano immensamente e rendevano il peso della nostalgia molto più sopportabile. Scrivevo regolarmente ai miei, ma siccome le poste non funzionavano come

then for Telecom for 29 years.

Our first house was in Waratah Rd, Narraweena. The house was old and made of fibro but it was not in need of any major work. The only thing we did was to paint it and build a garage in the back yard. We used to shop at a fruit shop that belonged to a certain Frank Cimino. I remember that the floor was made of earth only.

We bought furniture from Vale Furniture Shop in Brookvale. The furniture was very cheap, that was all we could afford, but we were happy, we were in our own home. I could have brought many things from Italy, but was told not to bring anything as here one could buy anything one wanted. That was true, one could buy lots of things, but one would need lots of money. I bought my first couch, made of

oggi, ero fortunata se ricevevo una lettera al mese.

La casa che dividevamo con le altre famiglie aveva appena il minimo indispensabile. Guadagnavo solo 8 pounds alla settimana, di cui 3 andavano per l’affitto ed il resto per le spese di tutti i giorni. Lo stipendio di Alfredo veniva messo completamente da parte e così dopo tre anni avevamo denaro sufficiente per il deposito su una casa. Alfredo ha lavorato per la Waterboard per 7 anni and per Telecom per 29 anni.

La nostra prima casa era in Waratah Rd. a Narraweena. Era vecchia, fatta di fibro ed aveva bisogno di un sacco di lavori, ma noi solamente la ridipingemmo e costruimmo un garage



Maria and Alfredo as they are now outside their home in Dee Why. Maria e Alfredo come sono oggi fuori la loro casa a Dee Why.

vinyl, from Concetta Gallo, an Italian lady who was returning to Italy because she did not want to be here in Australia as the family missed Italy and the relations back home.

We stayed in that house for ten years. Then we moved to Pine Avenue, Dee Why, and that is where we are now. This is a brick two storey house. We are very comfortable here and we love it.

During 1956, Alfredo went to night school in Brookvale to learn English. He only went for 1 year, but did not go every night. He would often come home very tired from work and would not feel like going to school. He learned some English, only enough to get by. Many Italians used to attend that school. It was a good thing the government did back then.

I remember Umberto Russo was also there at the school. He was a friend of Alfredo. Umberto had migrated from Gizzeria, province Catanzaro, from the region of Calabria. Actually, in Italy, our towns were only a few kilometres apart, but we did not know each other then. Umberto was a young man, in his early teens, his mother with his five brothers and sisters had also migrated to Australia to join their father. He used to love Alfredo's bike and while Alfredo was in class, Umberto used to 'borrow' the bike for a ride and often Alfredo would have to wait for him until he would return. I never attended an English class but I learned the language by listening to people talk.

nel giardino di dietro. Facevamo la spesa al negozio di frutta e verdura di Frank Cimino. Mi ricordo che il pavimento era fatto solo di terra battuta. Comprammo i mobili da Vale Furniture, non erano di buona qualità ma era l'unica cosa che potevamo permetterci ed eravamo felici. Comprammo il nostro primo divano da Concetta Gallo, un' italiana che decise di ritornare in Italia perché non le è mai piaciuto qui e le mancava la sua famiglia.

Dopo 10 anni ci siamo trasferiti in una nuova casa in Pine Avenue, a Dee Why, dove ancora oggi abitiamo. Questa è una casa di mattoni ed è molto comoda. Ci piace molto.

Nel 1956 Alfredo seguì dei corsi serali d'inglese, ma non ci andava tutte le sere. Quando era troppo stanco ci rinunciava. Ha imparato un po' d'inglese, solo per cavarsela con le cose di tutti i giorni. Questi corsi serali venivano offerti agli emigranti gratuitamente: una delle buone cose fatte dal governo di allora. Tra gli altri italiani che frequentavano la stessa scuola ricordo Umberto Russo, che era emigrato da Gizzeria, Catanzaro (Calabria), a pochi km dal nostro paese. Era giovanissimo ed era arrivato con sua madre ed altri cinque fratelli per riunirsi al loro padre dopo tanti anni di separazione.

Io non ho mai frequentato alcuni

Maria holds the ribbon while her son Ernesto cuts it at his 21st birthday celebrations. Maria tiene il nastro mentre suo figlio Ernesto lo taglia durante le celebrazioni del suo ventunesimo.



One of the many baptisms that Maria and her husband were godparents to. Maria has been a godmother 18 times. Maria e Alfredo fanno di comare e compare a un bambino. Maria ha fatto di comare 18 volte.

** Compare and comare are the Italian words for godfather and godmother. In Italy these titles are given not only to godparents but also to confirmation sponsors, best man and matron of honour. A compare and a comare were highly respected, at times even more so than actual relatives. If a compare would ask you for a favour you would never refuse, no matter how much it might cost you in money or time.*

In Italy, my mother did most of the cooking and I learned a lot from her. I used to watch, but did not do much of it. The only things I knew how to cook were *riso e patate* (rice and potatoes). I make many Italian traditional meals and delicacies such as *cuzzupe* (special Easter biscuits), *griselle* (special savoury doughnuts made at Christmas time). I make many Italian delicacies such as *pepi e melanzane pieni* (stuffed capsicums and eggplants).

We had four children. My firstborn is Teresa. She was born on the 9th of March 1964. She is now married to Rod Mackenzie. They live at Berowra and have 2 children, Amy and Holly. Teresa works as a teller at the ANZ bank. Vincenzina was our second child. She was born on the 5th of March 1967. At the age of 15 months, she developed pneumonia, and although we took her to the hospital she died soon after. Ernesto was born on the 10th of March 1968. He has married twice. His first marriage ended in divorce after only two years. From that marriage, we have a beautiful grandson, Alfredo. The second time he married

corsi d'inglese, quel poco che parlo, l'ho imparato parlando con la gente.

Mia madre era una bravissima cuoca, così io qui ho continuato a preparare le ricette che avevo imparato da lei: riso e patate, le *cuzzupe* (biscotti pasquali) le *griselle*, (frittelle natalizie), *peperoni e melanzane ripiene* ecc.

Abbiamo avuto 4 figli: Teresa che è sposata con Rod Mackenzie, abitano a Berowra ed hanno due bambini, Amy e Holly. Teresa è impiegata di banca. La secondogenita è Vincenzina (5 marzo 1967) morta all'età di 15 mesi per una polmonite. Ernesto (10 marzo 1968) si è già sposato due volte. Dal primo matrimonio ha avuto un figlio, Alfredo. Dal secondo due figlie, Marie ed Eliza ed abitano a Dee Why. Ernesto lavora alla Telecom. Nadia 4 febbraio 1973) si è sposata con Ronnie Ottimo e vive a Maroubra. Fa l'estetista e ha due figli, Hannah e Talia.

Dopo aver avuto i bambini, stavo a



With one of their grandchildren.
Con una nipota.

Melissa Falvo. They have two daughters, Marie and Eliza, and live in Dee Why. Ernesto works for Telecom. Nadia was born on the 4th of February 1973. She married Ronnie Ottimo. They live at Maroubra and have 2 children, Hannah and Talia. Nadia works as a beautician.

After I had the children, I only stayed home for a year after their birth and then returned to work. My mother came from Italy in 1965. She stayed with me and looked after the children until my brother Vincenzo came in 1967 with his wife Teresa Orlando and their two boys, Pasquale, 2 years old and baby Antonio. When my mother moved in with my brother, friends looked after my children then until they were old enough to stay home by themselves after school.

In 1966, my only sister came to Australia with her husband Raffaele Longo and their only daughter Nancy aged 11 months. I was really happy then, I had family here.

In 1979 we returned to Italy for the first time in 20 years because we wanted our children to see their roots. I found Italy had changed a lot. I felt very strange and felt that I did not belong there. Here in Australia I had always felt like a foreigner, now that I was in Italy, my own country, I also felt foreign. I was thinking of Australia as my home. I did not dislike Italy but I would not live there. My life was here in Australia where I had lived most of my life. I could not recognise most of my childhood friends. They had all aged so much.

casa solo un anno e poi ritornavo a lavorare. Mia madre venne a trovarmi nel 1965. Rimase con noi e mi aiutò molto con i bambini.

Nel 1967 la mia unica sorella venne in Australia con suo marito Raffaele Longo e una bambina di 11 mesi.

Io ero un pò più felice perché avevo qualcuno della mia famiglia con noi.

Nel 1979 ritornai in Italia per la prima volta. Dopo vent'anni. Volevamo che i nostri figli capissero le loro origini. Trovai l'Italia molto cambiata. Mi sentii molto strana e non appartenevo più a quel posto. Qui in Australia mi ero sempre sentita una straniera, ma adesso anche nel mio paese mi sentivo una straniera. In compenso cominciamo a pensare all'Australia come alla mia casa. Non era perché non mi piacesse l'Italia, ma ormai tutti i miei amici erano qui, mentre in Italia non riconoscevo neanche i miei amici d'infanzia. Erano tutti invecchiati molto precocemente.

La seconda volta tornai in Italia nel 1992 con mia figlia Nadia. Di nuovo mi sono sentita straniera. L'Italia era cambiata ancora di più. Facemmo una bella vacanza ma eravamo felici di ritornare a Sydney.



Maria prepares stuffed eggplant.
Maria prepara le melanzane piene.

Maria in her house today next to one of her *bomboniere*. When a woman becomes a godmother she commonly receives a gift called a *bomboniera* as a thank you.
Maria, a casa, vicino ad una *bomboniera*.

