

Hello, I am Luigi's son and this is my sister, Carmina. We want to thank you all for coming today to honor our dad. It is wonderful to see such a gathering of friends and family to pay your respects and I know dad would have loved seeing you all together.

Dad was born in 1931 in Paese, Italy. He immigrated to Canada in 1953 and met the love of his life, our mom, Antonietta; they were married in 1956 here at St. John's parish. Mom and Dad celebrated their 66<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary this past October and provided all of us the perfect example of how to live life to the fullest, accumulate a long list of friends and serve the example of establishing a loving household for all to enjoy.

Dad loved to work; my mom would say, "your dad works from Sunday to Sunday". He started working for Burling-Ranger in 1956 as a labourer and retired in 2012 at the age of 81 as an accomplished brick layer and stone mason. Dad's early teachers were names that we often heard in positive and funny stories that include Ranger, Burling, Torbet, Smart but most notably his lifelong friend, Danny Creagh. And what great friends Dad and Danny were; the odd couple, one having a proper full English education and the other with a grade 2 Italian education; unbelievable friends with mutual respect. Work continued to be a source of reward and pleasure, filled with great stories of being a colleague and teacher of names such as Farr, Lee, Hayward, Smith, and Dad's nephews, Tom and Chris Minichiello, and many more; he loved to teach and share. Everyone would tell you he was incredibly strong; his first boss Bill Ranger would tell me that he overloaded the wheelbarrows and snapped the handles off!! He worked hard but for Dad, work was a favourite social gathering.

Dad loved sports, all sports but especially those that involved my sister and I. Dad was always there to cheer on our teams, and even became a baseball umpire. He enjoyed playing backyard bocce and shuffleboard and curling at the Newmarket Senior's Place. Dad's faith was strong – he would attend all 3 masses on Sunday. My Mom always said, "your Dad was born in the church", and that he prayed enough for all of us. Every night he read his prayer book, a gift from his mother, while he rode his exercise bike. He did all this without ever talking about it – it was just the way he was.

Dad loved food, and boy could he eat. He loved to eat, and my mom is a great cook; another example of their great team work. Dad would say, "I worked all day - I just want to sit for an hour and enjoy my food and my family". We all benefited from his master skills of making wine and the annual supply of making tomato sauce.

Dad's great love, though, was his family and friends. He enjoyed life, he enjoyed people and always had a way to make people laugh. Neighbours were like extended family; our house was always a welcoming environment and people loved to assemble in this wonderful loving home that my mom and dad created. Even being across the ocean from most of his family including his parents, he and my mom would always send care packages on a regular basis that included essentials such as sugar and flour; he was a great brother and son. He was very close to his one brother in Canada, Primo, and his family. He loved his extended family of his native Nasato, Vendramini and Borsato cousins that also immigrated to Canada; he always made the effort to visit and welcome them into our home. This especially included lifelong friends of Domenico and Maria Nasato and their daughters Jenny and Mirella. My mom's family quickly became his family; he loved his in-laws, brothers and sisters-in-law and all his 17 nieces and nephews. We were 7 families in total and he enjoyed everyone's company, especially if it meant sharing a glass of wine! He loved Andrew and Linda, his son-in-law and daughter-in-law, and especially his grandchildren Annie, Gabrielle, Sophie, Grace and Thomas. His true love were his children, and lifelong wife Antonietta; what a great team. We were blessed to be raised in such a loving household that served the perfect example of love, devotion and charity. My dad loved people and everyone that met him would certainly have fond memories.

I believe that I speak for everyone when I say we cherish the memories we have with my father and know he is smiling down on all of us. Thank you again for coming here today to celebrate the memory of this amazing husband, father, grandfather, brother and friend.