

Part 2
Life in Canada

CANADA

When we arrived at Toronto International airport we had no one here to receive us or take us home. After all the immigration necessities were checked and okayed, we collected our two suitcases. Now it was just us with two children, two suit cases and \$3.00 in the pocket. The immigration officers asked us if we had any money, when Sharaf said, "Yes, I have three dollars in my pocket." The immigration officers laughed. However, they were kind enough to give us coupons for meals for a few weeks and also put us up in a hotel.

The taxi driver told us that hotel was not a very safe place and took us to another hotel. This hotel may be safer but a very disgusting looking hotel where one would find cockroaches and mice. I guess "beggars can't be choosers." It was near the intersection of Jarvis and Dundas in Toronto.

Soon after our stay there, the government closed down this facility I am told. Then RCMP bought this and used it for their offices. They sold it too. However, if you saw the same Hotel now you will be amazed. It's a grand hotel, with marble floors, underground parking and the whole bit. I will be proud to say Canadian Government put us up there when we first arrived in Toronto!

We used to go out for every meal, breakfast, lunch and dinner. Every time we went out we took all our valuables, that is, all my jewelry with us. We had no choice.....we had no money to open a bank account and so no safety deposit box to put everything in a safe. We had a place to stay and coupons so we could eat. Thank God this was June and the weather was warm and nice. We had no warm clothes, nor closed shoes. If we had come in winter we would have frozen crisp.

Life in Toronto was very tough in the beginning. We were so new to the whole new world, no place to live, no job, and no money! Thanks to the Canadian Government. That was a good

enough start for us. We had some money coming from India, and so was our unaccompanied luggage. It would take a long time for our stuff to come because Hudson Bay freezes for nine months in winter.

I remember some people were making fun of us for leaving India and all the property behind to settle in Canada without any qualification, that too with a wife and two small children. After all this we did not want to return home to be ridiculed by some relatives. We accepted this challenge no matter what. However, we had come here to stay and were not going to go back. We had burned our bridges so the only way was to go ahead, and we did. I am so glad we did this.

When we were leaving India my cousin Dr. Jaffer Arastu, who had just returned from Canada, had given us three names of people who could help us when we landed in Toronto, Canada. We called the first man, who advised us to go and stand in line for the unemployed. Next person was too busy watching a football game with his son on TV. The last person was Dr. Balsara, our angel who took us under his wings sort of thing. He has a very special place in our hearts. I have Dr. Balsara and Mrs. Moti Balsara's photo attached.

Dr. Russi Balsara and his wife Moti Balsara



We were fortunate to meet, Dr Russi Balsara, a friend of my cousin Dr. Jaffer Arastu. He was a savior, God sent angel for us. He started us off with one old pot, an old knife, a used cutting board, and some stray spoons he had. It is true "one man's trash is another man's treasure". These things were used a lot and were perfect for us. We had nothing. We had left India with two small stainless steal pots with handles, to heat children's milk, (they don't heat milk in this country anyway like we did back home), and four table spoons. The rest were our clothes.

Actually when Dr. Balsara saw the hotel we were in, he said to us, "You can't stay in this place, let us go." He took us to this nice apartment. We needed some furniture.

Dr. Balsara asked me to meet him at his office to pick out some basic furniture. I was standing at the bus stop right in front of our apartment when this nice lady comes towards me and tells me, "Here take this umbrella, there is going to be a rain storm, and you will need it." I asked her who she was and where can I return the umbrella. She said we were living on the same floor and her apartment was the last one there. I took the umbrella, thanked her and was on my way to see Dr. Balsara.

This lady was Ann Galloway and her husband was Greg Galloway. They had two kids, a boy Ian and a two year old girl, Wendy. They soon became our good friends. Their photo attached on the following page.

Ann and Greg Galloway



It was through Dr. Balsara that Sharaf got his first job; we rented a two-bedroom apartment, could buy our basic furniture, which was a double bed with mattress, two single beds for children, a kitchen table with four chairs, one sofa and a matching chair.

We still had to get bed sheets! There was small shop near our house which sold odds and ends. I went there and bought sheets and had no money to buy the pillow cases, which were an extra \$3. The owner was a kind man; he let me take them and told me I could pay when I get the money. When I did have the money I paid him back.

If it was not for Dr. Balsara's help I do not know where we would be, because on his credit we could get our apartment, and the furniture. In his car he moved us into our new apartment. I remember he actually hurt his back moving our two suitcases. He was in bed for a couple of days.

The apartment's address was:

10 Jayzel Dr. Apt. # 408
Weston, Toronto,
Ontario, Canada

We stayed here from June 1969 - May 1970.

Dr. Russi Balsara is a dentist who is now retired. He made a few calls and managed to get Sharaf a job as a carpenter. We had an Interior Decorating business in India and hired carpenters to make the furniture we designed. Sharaf had never worked with his hands so needless to say he was not a carpenter, so he had no clue. His employer watched him for a couple of days and then said, "Is this the way they make furniture in India? Your nails go everywhere but the furniture." So he made him do odd jobs at the factory and told him to look for another job. We panicked, because now we had rent to pay, feed the family, and had no income at all.

It was summer and Salima was going to a summer school. I asked her teacher if I could bring Suhaila to be with her sister. She agreed. Great, now I could look for a job.

I went and bought a newspaper and found that a company right across from where we lived was hiring. I went and the manager said you are hired. The manager was a very good man. He had a birth defect. His one arm was much smaller than the other arm. I had no idea what kind of job I was going to be doing. Next day, I showed up on time all dolled up clad in my sari, (that was all I ever had). I soon found out I was doing manual labor. I was doing shift work as well. I had never done anything like that before.

I was to collect these five strips of yellow plastic tracks the machine was spitting out and put them in a box with four connectors. These were tracks for little match-box cars children play with. This was a big Christmas order the company had from a toy company in USA.

My foreman once said, "You are doing 20 boxes, where as all the other workers were doing 22 boxes." I was so shocked. I said to him, "I didn't know, you were counting. I can do more."

All I cared at the time was I had money coming in and could buy groceries, and was able to pay rent. In those days, \$10.00 could easily buy a week's groceries for four of us. This was including meat! A loaf of bread cost 25 cents; a dozen eggs were 25 cents, an ice cream cone was 10 cents. Things sound cheap now comparatively. In those days that was a lot of money.

This is an awfully nice story. When I came home from work the first Friday, I could smell my house was cleaned. My neighbor, Anne Galloway who lived on the same floor, had done just that. This fine lady actually cleaned my house for me the first Friday I started working, saying, "I cleaned your house for you because you are not used to it". I thought that was so nice of her. Of course, we became good friends. Her two year

old daughter practically lived with us. She would sit in my lap and eat all Indian food.

I thought I could make some extra money by doing something else when I was not working, so I started selling Avon in the evenings. It wasn't easy. I had no closed shoes and it was starting to get cold and I was getting blisters on my feet. All I had was slippers. I used to put the girls to sleep and then go to sell Avon in the two apartment buildings that were allotted to me. These were a fair distance from where we lived. I used to walk. It was scary to walk at night alone. The road was not properly lighted either. I kept praying as I walked to and from those buildings.

One night I was stopped by these boys who were in a car. I walked as fast as I could praying as I went and luckily I was left alone when some people were seen around the area. It was scary. I was 30 years old then.

After that incident I would call Sharaf to come and walk back with me. He would lock up the house with both girls sleeping inside, and come pick me up. We did this till I sold Avon.

There was this nice European couple who lived right across from our apartment. I invited them for tea. They came over to have a cup of tea. When they saw that we had nothing, just the bare necessities, they were shocked. They were moving out of their apartment in a couple of days. They brought us everything from their house. They didn't want to take a lot of things. Now we had table lamps, bed spreads carpets utensils of all kinds. As if we had just won a lottery.

Then my old friend Patricia Cole, her husband Joe, and their two children drove all the way from Boston. Patricia was in my class in India. Pat came with her family to show us what to buy and basically how to survive the Canadian winters. That was so nice of them.

One day I was looking through the telephone directory, the only book we had acquired since we moved into the apartment, when I saw my friend's brother's name in it. They had moved from Delhi, India. I was so happy to see Kamran Baber Mirza's name. I knew my friend's mother had moved to Toronto, Canada. I visited them in Delhi, when we were there for an interview, and she had mentioned she was moving to Canada. I called her up. She answered the phone and then onwards we talked nearly every day.

I was so lonely and missed my parents a lot. I remember I used to sit by the door with my hand near the slot, at 11:00 AM every day so my parents' mail lands on my hand and do not drop on the floor.

I wanted to do something nice for Dr. Balsara and family for they had done such a lot for us. I asked him what I can do in return for all the goodness he has shown. He said, "I haven't had good Hyderabad biryani (this is a rice and meat dish) since I left India, I would love it if you can make some." I said I would do that for him.

It was panic time. I had only one big pot that he had given, and had no idea how to make biryani and where I could find all the spices I need. I called Mrs. Baber Mirza and asked her. She told me to get one chicken, and the spices from a grocery store called Lobblows. Lobblows keeps our kind of spices in "spice corner" at their store, she had said.

I followed the instructions and started to make biryani for the first time in my life. While in the middle of it all Dr. Balsara called to ask if he could bring his unexpected visitors from NY. I could not say no. However, even if I wanted I could not have done anything else. We decided we will not eat till everyone had finished eating to make sure there was enough food for everyone. They enjoyed the biryani and there was enough left for everyone. It reminded me of the Bible story where Jesus fed the multitudes with just "a loaf of bread and two fish." in biblical times. This was not any where close to that!

Mrs. Baber Mirza was, my classmate Shad Banoo's mother. One day Mrs. Mirza told me to go apply at York University for a draftsman job. She also told me they fired this Pakistani girl because she was not doing a good job. I remember telling her, but York University is so far away. To that she said that it is not at all far. To us it looks far because we are not used to the distances. She even told me what bus to take and how to get there.

I followed her directions and went to York University and went and filled a job application form. As soon as the secretary at university read I was an interior decorator she asked me if I could draw. When I said I could she smile? I didn't know what that meant but I left.

Next day I was called for an interview. Mr. Carey interviewed me and hired me right away. I was promised \$5,000 a year salary. He also said that they will see my work and accordingly increase my salary. Then he took me round to show my office and all the tools I was going to use. I told him I have never used these tools before and I did not know how to use them. He said he did not know how to use them either because they are all new. He said you will soon learn.

Then he introduced me to Dr. Carrington and he said to Mr. Carey, "you haven't learnt your lesson yet. You had a Pakistani girl here before and look what she did." I was shocked to hear this and made up my mind I will do my best to erase that impression. I did that, because when I was finally retiring after 24 years, Dr. Carrington came to my farewell party with a new shirt on and said that you will be missed. (Dr. Carrington doesn't go to any farewells I was told) That made me very happy.

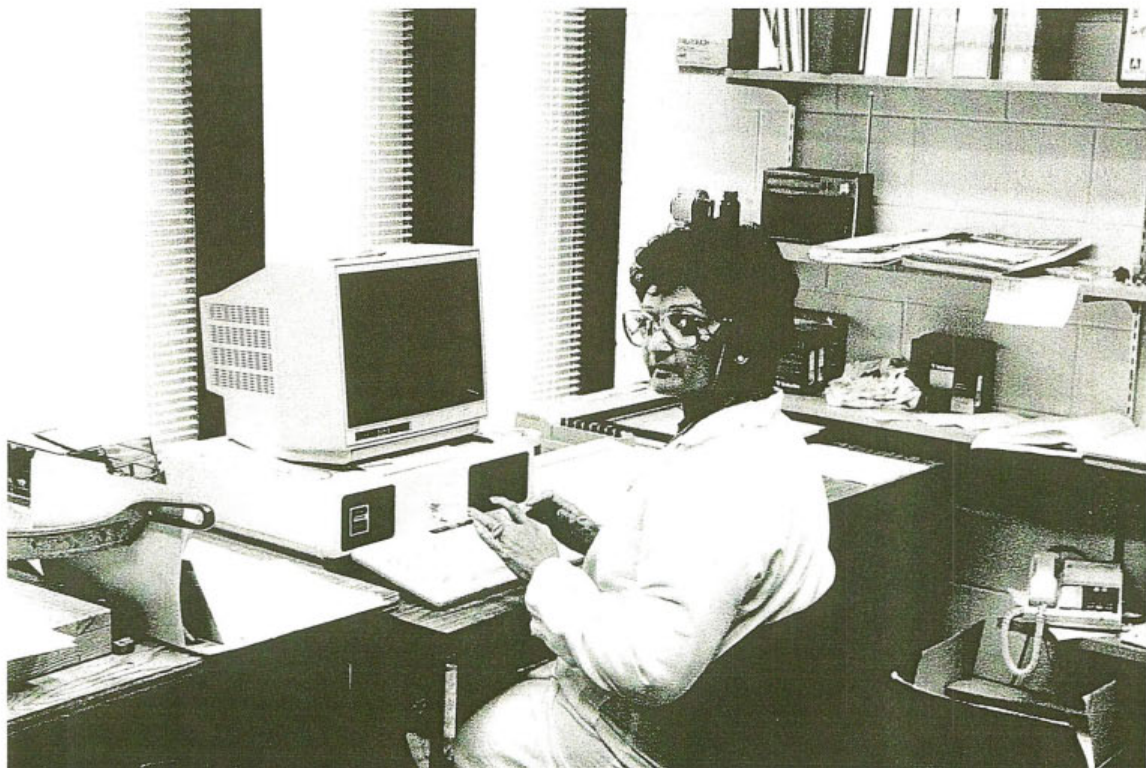
I had only been at the old factory job for a few weeks and I was offered this job. I told the old boss I was leaving. My boss was a very good man. He called me to his office and asked if anyone was mean to me. I said I got the job at the university.

He was very happy for me and said, "I am so glad for you, this is not the place you belong."

I started working at York University. I was never afraid of hard work and I started enjoying my new job because I was learning new things every day. That was our beginning of life Canada.

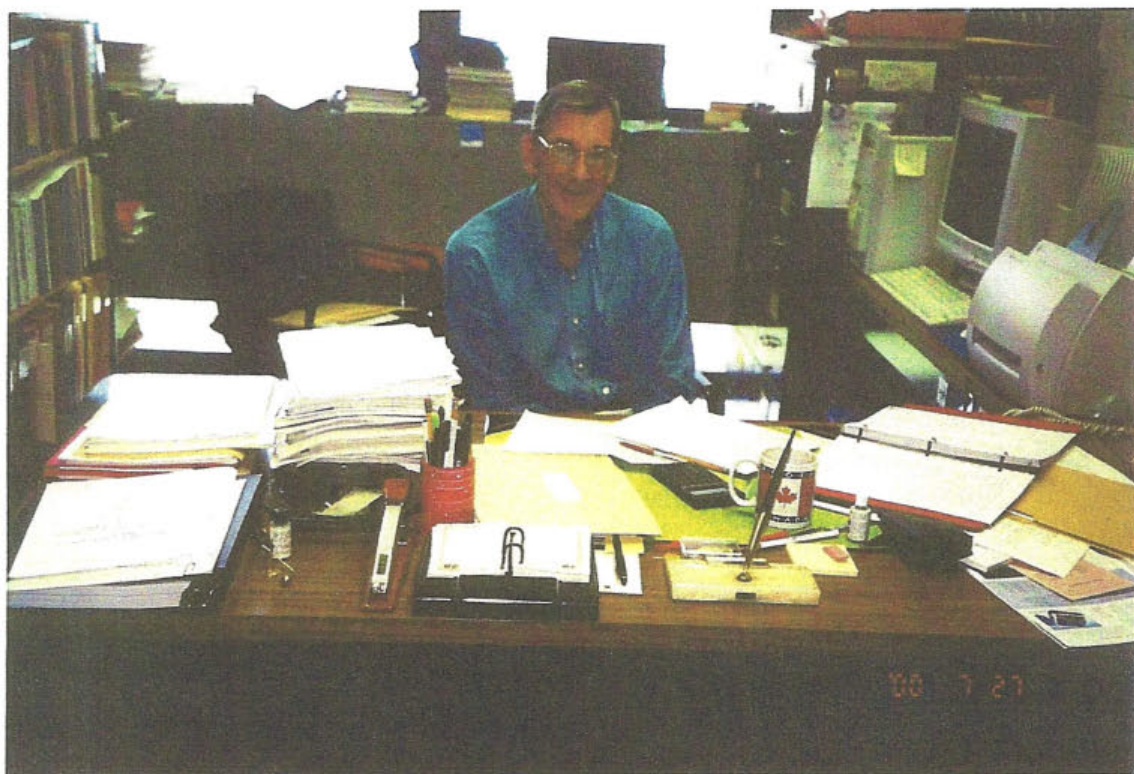
Photo attached on the next page shows how I used to do my work manually at first and the next photograph shows the same thing being done by the use of a computer.

I am doing my work manually in the first photograph.
I use computer in the second one.



At first I had no idea how to hold the pen in my hand but a graduate student, John, whose room was next to mine showed me the basics and I learned quickly. I remember the first drawing I did for Dr. Laframboise I had to repeat four times. I still remember his comment, "If you can work for me, you can work for any body". I practiced so hard and finally got it right.

In those days there was no computer so I was doing all the drawings manually. If you ruin a drawing you have to start all over again! My boss was very good indeed. When Dr. John Goodings, a chemistry professor at York, suggested investing in Mylar paper for me to use he agreed. This Mylar paper was an excellent idea where I could use an eraser without ruining the paper, and didn't have to start a drawing all over again. Dr. J. Goodings have always been very helpful and supportive in everyway he could. He was always there for me in trouble times, a very special person. Thanks John. His photo attached.



As I was doing better and better my salary kept increasing as promised.

I used to share my office with two other gentlemen. Their names were, Mr. Les Keith and Mr. Heinz Sammer. Everyday I saw that these two men leave for lunch at 12:00 and come back and have a sandwich while they worked. I asked them where they go.

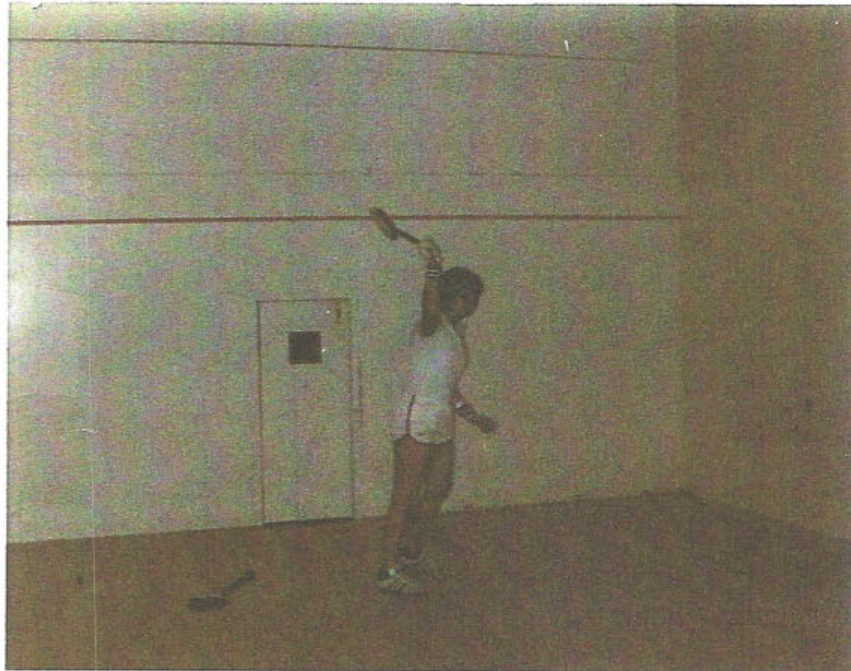
One day Les Keith asked me if I had running shoes and a pair of shorts. I was wondering why he is asking me this stupid question. He said I want to teach you to play squash. I was very happy to hear that and next day I showed up with my gear. He told me to meet him at the squash courts. I got tired easily. I was in bad shape because I was not doing any physical exercise. So he said to meet him at the gym next day at 12:00. That is where these two men went everyday. I became a regular at the gym. I started running laps of the gym. Soon I was in good shape to learn the new game, squash.

Les taught me the rules and gave me basic guidelines. I was enjoying this so much that I started playing regularly. I was playing with the hard ball at the time. This requires one to hit the ball till it gets soft and ready for play. I started exercising at lunch time and play after work.

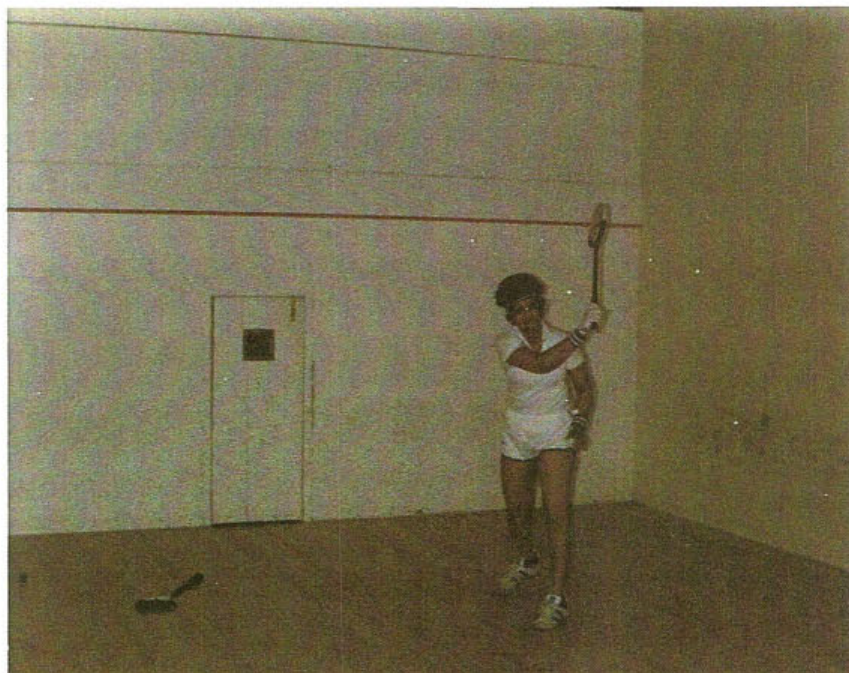
One day I was playing after work and Bill Noise, the X-Canadian champion was watching me. I didn't know who he was at the time. After the game he introduced himself to me and asked me to come everyday after work and he will coach me. Vow, I thought this was great and did go there everyday after work as directed.

After a few months of coaching he said I will be the captain of York team and I have to find two other girls and he was joining us to play in the Ontario League. It was not easy to find girls who would play squash with the hard ball. With great difficulty I did find them and we were entered in the Ontario League.

We were the 7th club in the league at the time. I used to attend their dinner meetings which were at somebody's house. It was easy to have seven members for dinner. A few years later the meetings were in a big hall. By this time we had three teams from York in every group, Group A, B, and C. Each group had their own secludes to play one other club once a week. This was very good. I was in charge of all the groups. I played in number 1 position for group A. Some photos of me on the squash courts at York.



Some photos of me on the squash courts at York University



Bill Noise would join me up in different tournaments and expected me there on time. I did go and play and had some very good games. Once my racquet strings broke in the middle of a tournament and Bill Noise asked Sharif Khan to fix it for me. I was so happy, Maybe, you will not know this but Khans were champions and very famous in those days.

Sharaf also had a job by now and we were both working. We decided to get a car and found a good buy and bought our first car. We had a car but no license. A guy from York taught me how to drive, during lunch hour, and I got my license. It was getting easier living in our strange surroundings. Sharaf also had his license by now and we were getting nicely settled.

Photo of our first car attached on the next page

Our very first car in Canada



When we came from India, my mother-in-law was also with us up to England. She was waiting there to get her immigration papers from here. Sharaf wrote to the immigration people but of no use. They wanted her husband to give her permission to move here. He would never do that. As long as she was with him he could get her money, without her there would be no money for him or his family. (This man had married my Mother-in-law for the sake of money) He was already married with four children who were all older than me. I was the youngest in the household.

Sharaf then wrote to the Governor General who could not help either. His letter attached

Sharaf's letter to the Governor General of Canada

S.M. Cabdawala
Jayzel Court, Apt. 408
10 Jayzel Drive, Weston 487
Ontario
December 9, 1969

His Excellency Right Honorable Roland Mitchell C.C.
Governor General of Canada
Rideau Hall, Sussex Drive, Ottawa.

Your Excellency,
Wishing Your Excellency the best in the world on the occasion of the coming Christmas and the Festive Season, I am happy to mention that, while my application for permanent residence was being processed at New Delhi, India, Your Excellency were the High Commissioner for Canada in New Delhi.

Now I am here with my wife and two children. We have found Canada to be beyond our expectations. During the past six months my family is well settled here. The most impressive aspect of Canadian life that I have found is the friendly and helpful nature of the people here.

My mother, who is over sixty years old is waiting in London, England, to join me here. A slight hitch, as explained in the enclosed statement, has occurred.

As Christmas is nearing, most humbly, I approach Your Excellency with this appeal and earnestly request that Your Excellency ~~has the will~~ generously grant my plea so that my mother can join her grand-children here for the "festive season".

Your Excellency has the power, the privilege and the prerogative to order matters to grant my mother permanent admission to Canada.

With deepest gratitude my family extends Christmas Greetings to Your Excellency.

May God Bless Your Excellency and family.

I remain,
Most Humbly yours,

[Signature]

S.M. Cabdawala.

The reply to Sharaf's letter from The Governor General's
Office

From: Brigadier General Louis-Frémont Trudeau, DSO, OBE, CD



GOVERNMENT HOUSE
OTTAWA

December 16th, 1969.

Dear Mr. Lakdawala,

His Excellency the Governor General has asked me to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 9th, in which you request his assistance so that it may be possible for your mother to come to Canada and join you and her grandchildren.

Although sympathetic, the Governor General regrets very much to be unable to help you personally in a matter which is the concern of a Minister of the Canadian Government.

Your letter and enclosure have therefore been referred to the Department of Manpower and Immigration, Ottawa, for consideration and reply.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "L. Trudeau".

Louis-Frémont Trudeau, BGen,
Assistant Secretary to the Governor General.

Mr. S. M. Lakdawala,
Jayzel Court, Apt. 408,
10 Jayzel Drive,
Weston 487, Ontario.

Salima's Letter to Governor General

13th December 1969.

Dear Uncle Governor General,

My name is Salima. I am 8 years. I come from India. I am in 3rd grade. I like Canada very much.

I would be very happy if only my Grandma was here. My daddy says they are not allowing my Grandma to come here from London, but you can. So I am writing this letter. Can you please send her to me before Christmas. This will be my first Christmas here.

I told Santa don't get any present for me but get my Grandma instead.

So will you please send my Grandma here soon.

Thank you very much. Bye, Bye.

My address is

Salima

Salima Laladawala

10 Jayzel Dr., Apt 408

Weston - 487, Ontario.

Reply to Salima's letter from the Governor General's Office

From: Brigadier-General Louis-Frémont Trudeau, DSO, OBE, CD



GOVERNMENT HOUSE
OTTAWA

December 19th, 1969.

Dear Salina,

I wish to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 13th, addressed to the Governor General.

As I mentioned to your father in my letter of December 16th, His Excellency regrets but cannot help you personally in this matter which has been referred to the Department of Manpower and Immigration in Ottawa.

Your father should therefore receive a reply from that Department.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'L. Trudeau'.

Louis-Frémont Trudeau, BGen,
Assistant Secretary to the Governor General.

Miss Salina Lakdawala,
10 Jayzel Drive, Apt. 408,
Weston 487, Ontario.

Ann was a secretary, at York who knew about our efforts to bring my mother-in-law. She told me to write to "The Action Line" in THE TELEGRAM, news paper. She said they are known for solving people's problems.

I told Sharaf about this news paper. He wrote to them. I will attach the copies of their correspondence.

That really worked and she was here before Christmas!

~~##~~ Action Line
The Telegram
440 Front Street West
Toronto - 135

741-2729
Smallwood
Jayzel Court, Apt 408
10 Jayzel Drive
Weston-487
Ontario
December 13, 1965

Dear Sirs,

Within a ~~few~~^{couple of} days of my arrival in Canada (Toronto) my attention was arrested by one of your advertisement posters, announcing - "The Telegram Cares"; and that impressed me much. ~~I was really impressed by~~ the fact that a newspaper cared for the "people", in my opinion, raised the edifice of that "Newspaper" to the level of a "shrine".

I arrived in here in June last. as an immigrant from India with my wife and two daughters. My mother who is more than sixty years old has ~~arrived~~ ^{come} up to London, England and is awaiting to join me here. A slight technical hitch has arisen in the way of her ~~coming~~^{getting} here as a permanent admission to Canada. This is fully elaborated in the attached sheet.

Now I approach you ~~via~~ through "ACTION LINE" with a request to save my old mother from her miseries. I hope through your ACTION, my mother may not be forced to return to India and to the cruelties and the mental torture of her husband.

Hope ~~at~~ my mother can join her grand-daughters for Christmas. If the formalities for a permanent admission to Canada are likely to be delayed, she may be allowed to come here on a Visitor's Visa, with an understanding that the formalities for immigration may be completed.

THE TELEGRAM

440 FRONT ST. WEST TORONTO 2B, CANADA

December 16, 1969

• Mr. S. M. Lakdawala,
Jayzel Court,
Apt. 408,
10 Jayzel Drive,
Weston, Ontario

Dear Mr. Lakdawala:

Many thanks for getting in touch with ACTION LINE. We are looking into your complaint and will be in touch with you soon.

If you do not hear from us in two weeks, then please phone or write again.

BP

ACTION LINE

The Telegram cares.

*we did do our best
to get this looked
after by the company*

SP

"Action Line" took action!

2 THE TELEGRAM, Toronto, Fri., Jan. 2, 1970



ACTION LINE solves problems, gets answers, cuts red tape and stands up for your rights. To reach ACTION LINE call 367-4555, Monday through Friday, from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m., or write ACTION LINE, The Telegram, 440 Front St. W., Toronto 135.

Within a couple of days of my arrival in Canada, my attention was arrested by one of your advertisement posters announcing The Telegram Cares. That impressed me a great deal. The fact that a newspaper cares for the people, in my opinion, raises the edifice of the newspaper to a shrine.

I arrived here last June as an immigrant from India with my wife and two daughters. My mother, who is more than 60 years old, is still waiting in London, England, to join us. A technical hitch has come up and she appears blocked from permanent admission to Canada.

My mother remarried after the death of my father. Her second husband has a wife and children and she is the second wife in the family. In certain parts of India, bigamy is legal. Her second husband turned out to be a problem since she virtually has to support him.

When mother wanted to come with me to Canada, she was told she had to get the permission of her husband. He won't give permission because he isn't going to let go of her money. The same communities in India that permit bigamy also frown on divorce so that it is out of the question.

I hoped the case would be treated with compassion but so far there has been no easing of the rules. Now I come to you to ask you to save mother from misery. It would be dreadful if she had to return to India. My family shall ever remain grateful to you for your compassionate action in this matter. (Name withheld.)

Your mother is cleared to come to Canada. She should arrive from London in a few days. We appreciate the confidence you placed in The Telegram.

★ ★ ★

Sharaf's letter of thanks to "Action Line"

S.M. Lakdawala
10 Jayzel Dr. #408
Weslco- 487, Ontario

January 16, 1970

The Action
The Telegram
440 Jayzel Dr. W
Toronto - 135

Attention: Mrs. Pansner

Dear Sirs,

The Human Race at large is divided into two broad categories - the good ones and the bad ones.

I have always believed that the world goes on mainly because there is a predominance of the good ones, like yourselves, over the others. This belief of mine has been amply justified by your kind and magnanimous help. Without your efforts my mother would not have been able to come to Canada.

My family, including my mother, ~~would~~ we have no words with which to thank you.

Really, you have done a good thing in visiting our family. My children are very happy to have their Grandpa.

Thanking you again,

Yours gratefully
Sharaf

S.M. LAKDAWALA.

From 1970-1972 I was Girl Scouts Captain for Downsview Ontario, Canada. We used to meet once a week, after school, at a church for our meetings. We went on camping trips as a group. At one such camping group my name became "Curly" as I have very curly hair. This name was just for the camp.

In 1972 there was an International Girl Guides Conference in Toronto, where Girl Scout Captains from all over the world gathered in Toronto. We had divided all the leaders in groups of two so the locals did not have to entertain too many people. I hosted dinner for a couple of them at my house. I was to entertain two ladies; one was from Ethiopia and the other from Morocco. It was nice to learn about their culture. They were thrilled to try on saris and try Indian food at our house.

I was also looking after all the teams of Women's Squash Teams for York University who belonged to the Ontario League, from 1970-1985. We had three teams A, B, and C. I had a team captain for each division, the Division B and Division C, while I took care of division A. This was a lot of fun. Every Wednesday, we played different teams from all over Ontario, in the Ontario League, Canada.

In June, 1970 we moved into another apartment building at:

3390 Keele St., apt.#719
Downsview, Toronto
Ontario, Canada

In this apartment building we lived from June, 1970 – July, 1971

In August, 1971 we bought our first house (this was two years after our arrival in Canada) we put \$2,000 down payment, and bought a three bedroom house for \$29,000. We had the house but had no appliances and had to borrow some money from the bank. We still needed money for a washer and a dryer. We were going to wait on that. Every week I used to drag our dirty laundry to the Laundromat near by. We did this till we could afford a washer and a dryer.

Salma Apa, my eldest sister-in-law and her husband Saleh Bhai Jafferjee visited us in this house.

The address of this house was:

35 Coolhurst Dr.
Rexdale, Toronto,
Ontario, Canada

We had made many friends by this time, some from work some from other places and were enjoying life in Canada. I also met Nafis (Murtuza) Khan, Shaha Husain, Maliha, who were all from our school in Hyderabad. We met often and it was nice to know some old childhood friends all the way in Canada.

Maliha, Shaha's family and my family, went on quite a few camping trips together and it was great fun. Some photos attached on the next page.

Maliha, Shaha and my family camping trips



You know what is so amazing. When I was studying in Grammar School, My cousin, Nasima and I always did combine studies in Nasima's house. I remember pointing to the Great Lakes on the map of N. America and telling Nasima, this is where I would like to live. Here I am now where exactly I had pointed in High school. Be careful what you say. Somebody is always listening.

In 1972 Mrs. Hayes (The school principal from St. Georges School, Hyderabad) wrote in her letter that she and her husband Mr. Hayes were planning a visit to India. I wrote back to her and asked them to make a stop over in Canada. She agreed. I advertised on TV about their coming and asked anyone who wanted to come meet them should contact me. As many as twenty-five students who knew them called and we had a party for them in our basement.

This was a surprise. I had told them that that day we will just be resting in the house. All the people were directed to our basement with the dish they had brought for the party. At 5:00 PM when I took them down to show them the basement, they were shocked to see all the St. Georgians there. It was quite a good surprise. After dinner we gave them our gift and in the end we all sang our School song. She was in tears.

The next day I put them on a Greyhound bus to Montreal where another student, Fehmida Khader Yar Jung, picked them up. After seeing Montreal, they were off Los Angeles, where my sister, Sajida Apa took over. After a good trip they flew to India. She was so happy to have come here and met all the people. She was an excellent principal. We kept in touch for years. I didn't hear from her for some time, and was getting worried. Later I found that she had passed away.

MY PARENTS' VISIT:

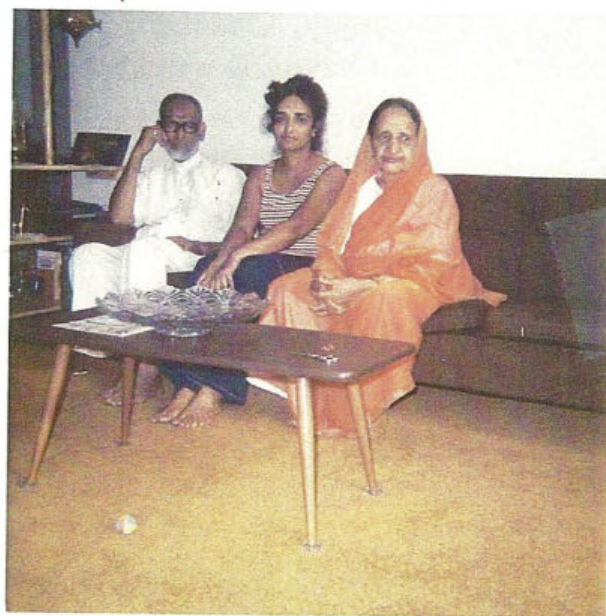
In 1973 we invited Baba and Amma to come to Canada and they did. It was so nice to have them with us. I wanted them to

just rest and enjoy life with us. They would not listen. They wanted to help in the house and cook and everything. They had worked so hard all their life and I wanted them to just rest and enjoy. One day when I went to work mom found out where everything was kept and cooked the whole meal and set the table for us. I couldn't believe it! She must be quietly watching me all the time. She knew how to turn the stove on and off etc. It was amazing; she was in her eighties too.

We bought a caravan and took them sight-seeing to the whole east coast of Canada. Mom did not want to go saying I can't sit for long; I need to go to the bathroom often etc. I had answer to all that. We had the bed with us; we had the bathroom with us. Thus she had no excuse and we all traveled for a month in our caravan.

We visited Greg and Anne Galloway in Nova Scotia. (These are the first neighbors in Canada who cleaned the house for me!) We parked our trailer on their driveway and hooked up to their facilities. We toured the east country side of Canada for a month. It was great. It was great to see my parents enjoying so much. They had never done anything like this before. Everybody was amazed to see such old people traveling every where for a month in a trailer. Someone at York wanted to give the story in the newspaper too. We declined.
Photos attached:

Baba and Amma's visit to Canada in 1973



Sharaf and I took a course in Positive thinking and mind over matter. This stayed with us for rest of our lives. We look at life differently. We are still very positive about everything we do.

Sharaf and I wanted to start a group that would cater to lonely and helpless people. Someone who is all alone and ends up in a hospital, then we would make sure he gets a visitor, to visit him in the hospital, if he needs anything we would make sure he gets it. If someone's husband is sick and the wife does not drive, we would get them groceries; drive them to appointments, if there was trouble between couples we would try to get them together and so on. We ended up having people living with us in our basement and abusing our facilities. We did this for a while ourselves but could not get helpers, so we gave up. The idea was good but failed.

In 1974 Arif Bhai and family moved to Canada from Bahrain. They stayed with us for a while. It was nice to have family around. Then when Arif Bhai got a job they moved into their own apartment. After three years they moved to LA, California.

We had a basement so we had music parties on weekends, and majlises in Moharrum. (Religious meetings)

Every year after majlis dinner the kitchen sink got clogged and it was expensive to call the plumber on a weekend. We decided to do majlis at Seneca College. The majlis was very good and lots of people came in spite of the cold winter.

After majlis, I was driving when all of a sudden I noticed a fallen mattress in my way on highway 401, so I quickly changed my lane to avoid it. Little did I know I was going to be catching the box spring mattress under my car? I saw all cars behind me slowing down and blowing their horns trying to get my attention. I smelled burning and quickly moved to the right lanes and pulled over with "Ya Ali", on my lips. I told everyone to get out of the car fast.

I stopped and with me simultaneously, a tow-truck, in front of me and van with blinking lights stopped right behind me. It was unbelievable to see this when nobody called them. The man came out of the tow-truck and lifted the whole car, detached the burning mattress from underneath and threw it in the valley where we had stopped. He was going away, I stopped him, paid some money and then he left. We got back in the car and drove home with no real damage to any of us or the car. My mother-in-law and my brother's family were with us in our car. That was an experience of a lifetime on a blistery cold night.

We always held the majlis at our house on the first Saturday after "Ashura" (tenth Moharram) every yearly. Everybody always expected it year after year. This one year, Sharaf had lost his job and we were having some financial difficulty. When the Ashura came somebody asked if we were having majlis like always I said yes. It was announced as usual to gather at our house the following Saturday. When I got home Sharaf said, "You know we cannot have the majlis. Why did you agree to the majlis?"

I said, "I do not know. It is His majlis and He will take care of it, I guess." You won't believe what happened. My brother, Arif Bhai who was living with us at the time said he will pay half the expenses. Arif Bhai did not have a job either. He had just moved from Bahrain. I told Arif Bhai to keep track of all the expenses and then we will divide it.

Sam Nakhooda, an old friend, called and said he picked up three garbage bags of Pitta bread leftovers from a function, and one of the bags was for us. One lady called and asked if it was OK with us if they brought "niaz-ka doodh", that is, sweetened milk, to serve at the majlis. I said it was ok. Then Sam said he can never afford to do the majlis at his house, but would like to put some money towards it if it was OK with us. We did not mind at all. One lady wanted to serve dessert, another lady had too much greens and vegetables grown in her garden and brought some over. Many people came for the majlis the whole thing went off as usual. The total expense was six dollars and I had to pay half of it! He did take care. Did He not?

Quite a few of such incidents happened in my life. If I started writing every thing this will be a never ending book.

In 1975 Asif, my nephew was getting married in UK. I wanted to attend the wedding. Sharaf said we have no money to travel. I wanted to go anyhow. Guess what? Next day when I went to work, I found a flyer in my mail box where York had announced that we are getting a certain amount pay increase and it was retroactive from January. There was my ticket money. I went for the wedding. It was great to meet everyone there. From there I took a train to Wales to see Rabia and Illyas Bhai. Razia Apa also accompanied me. Razia Apa was suffering from lymphoma at the time, and had completed her chemotherapy. It was nice for her to get away for a while, a good change.

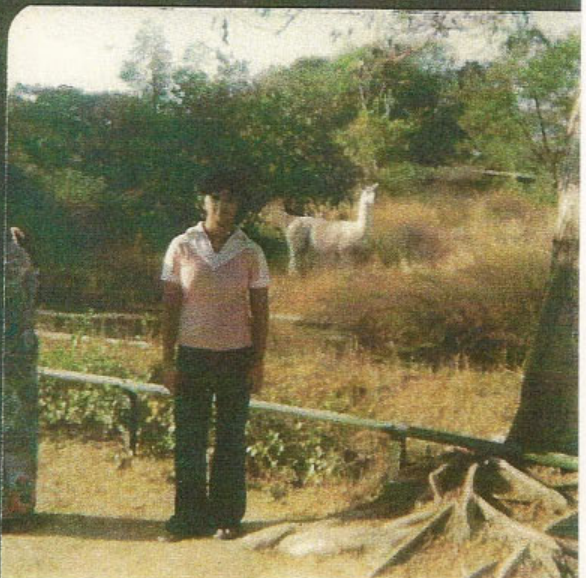
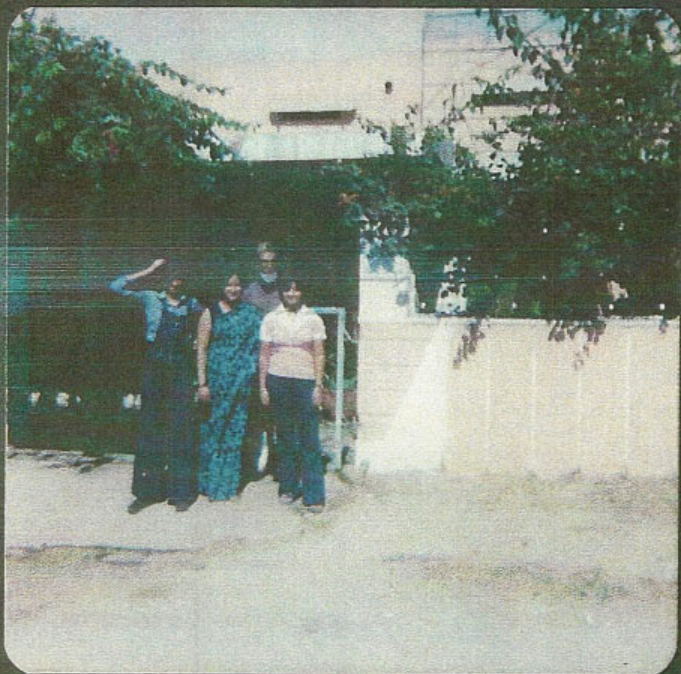
Asif's wedding photo attached.

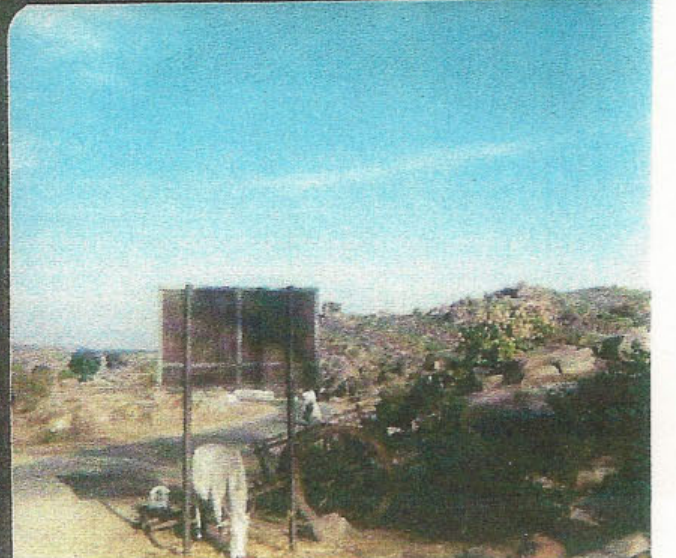
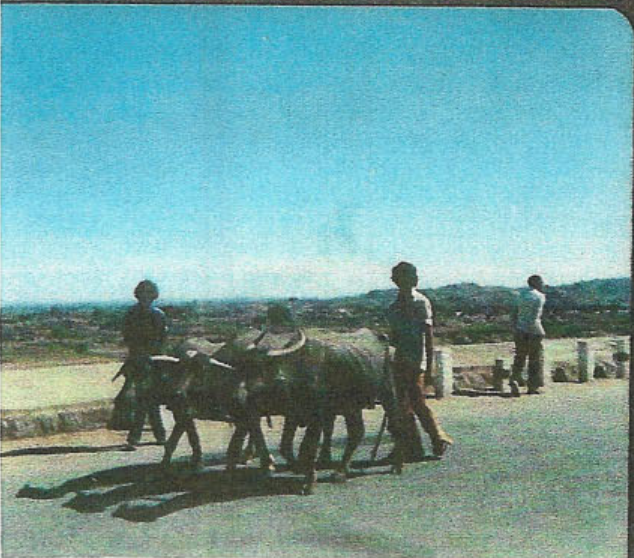
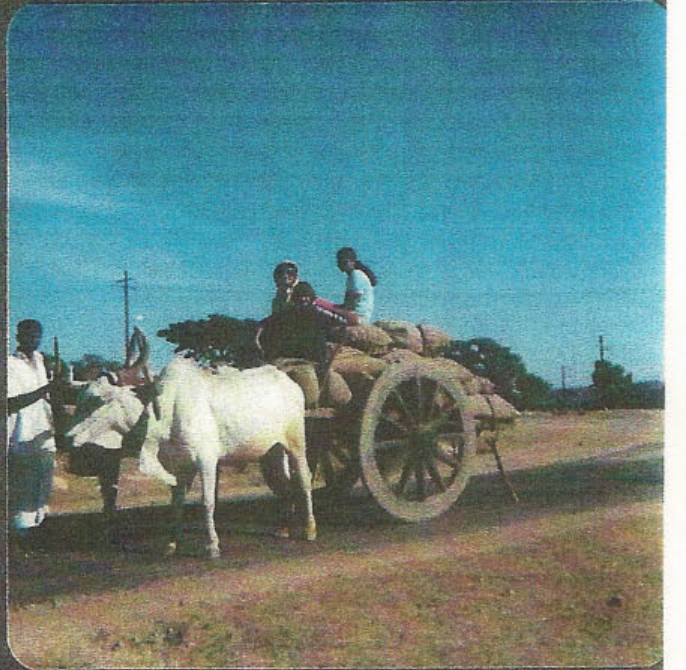
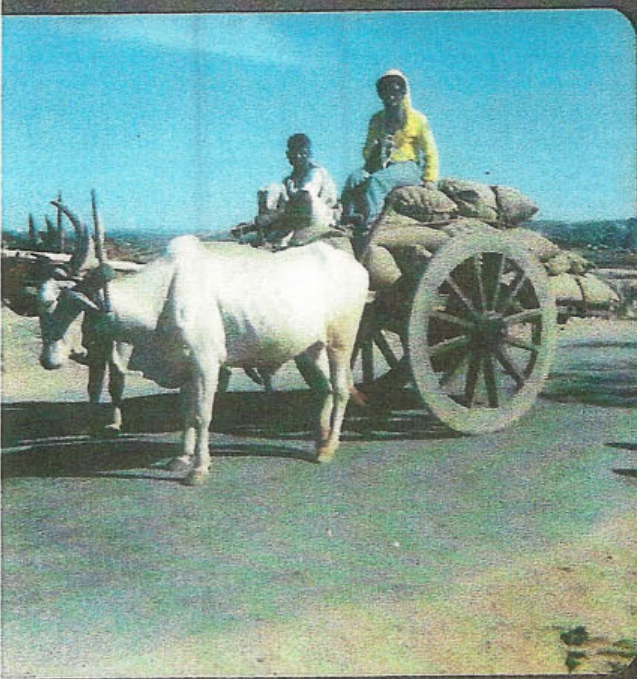
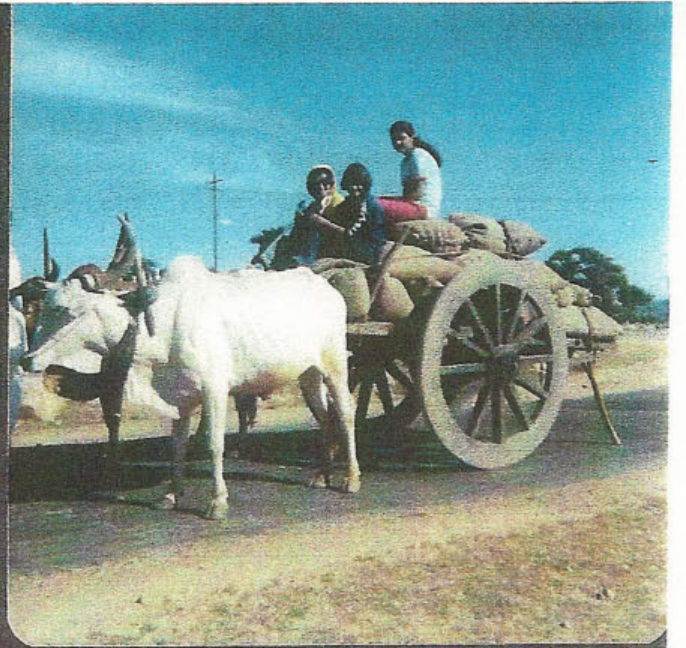
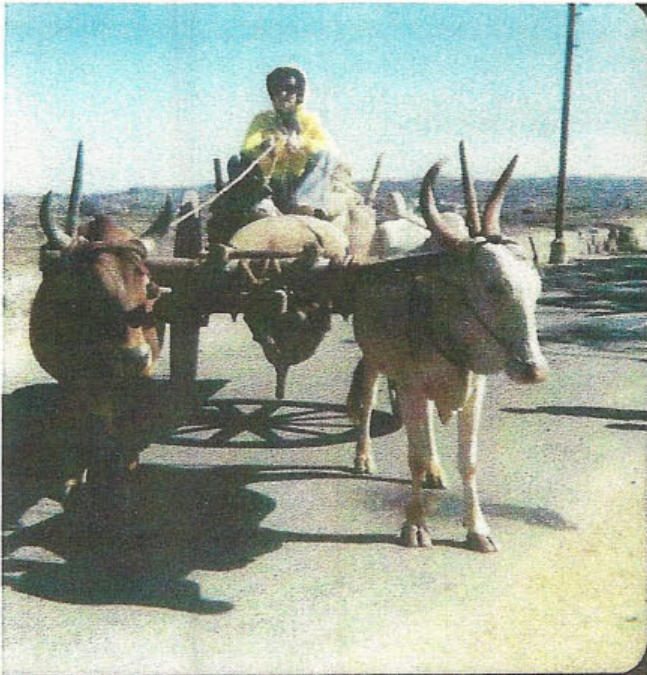
Asif's wedding in England



In 1977 I went to India and Pakistan with Suhaila. This was Suhaila's first time back to India after we moved to Canada. Salima was to follow later. Suhaila was very excited to see India. However, when we reached Bombay she saw the entire unruly crowd and said, "Mommy is this where you were so anxious to come?" I told her it gets better when we meet all our relatives. When she saw the beggars at our car window she started crying.

We went to Zainul Bhai's house, which was quite modern and had regular toilets, thank God. She didn't want to stay at Fatima Apa's house. She said there are no toilets in her house! They had old-fashioned Indian toilets. I left her at Zainul Bhai's house and went to Pakistan to meet Surfraz Bhai's family. I can't still believe I did that. How could I? I missed her a lot and never really enjoyed that trip and after a week went back to Bombay. I have some photos attached of our trip.



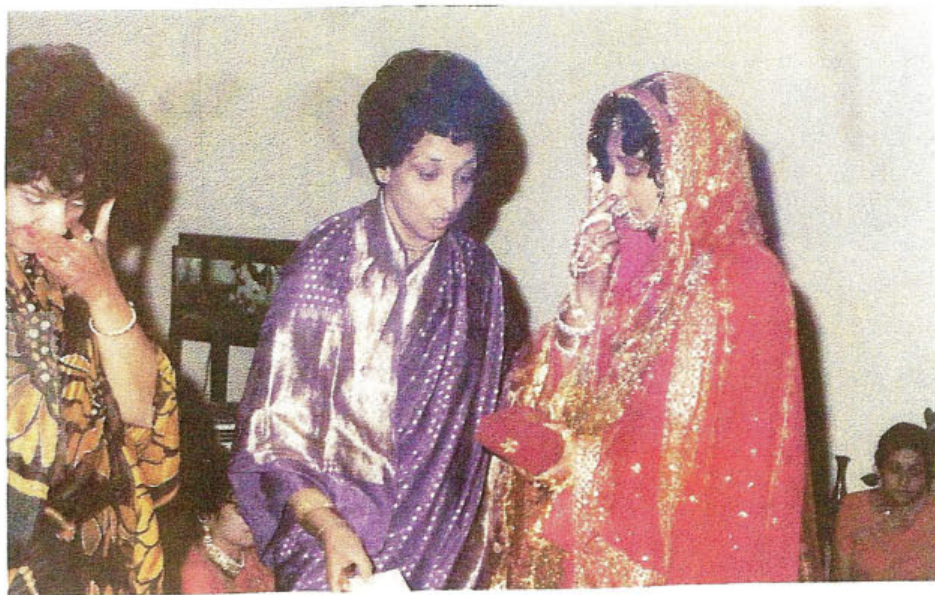
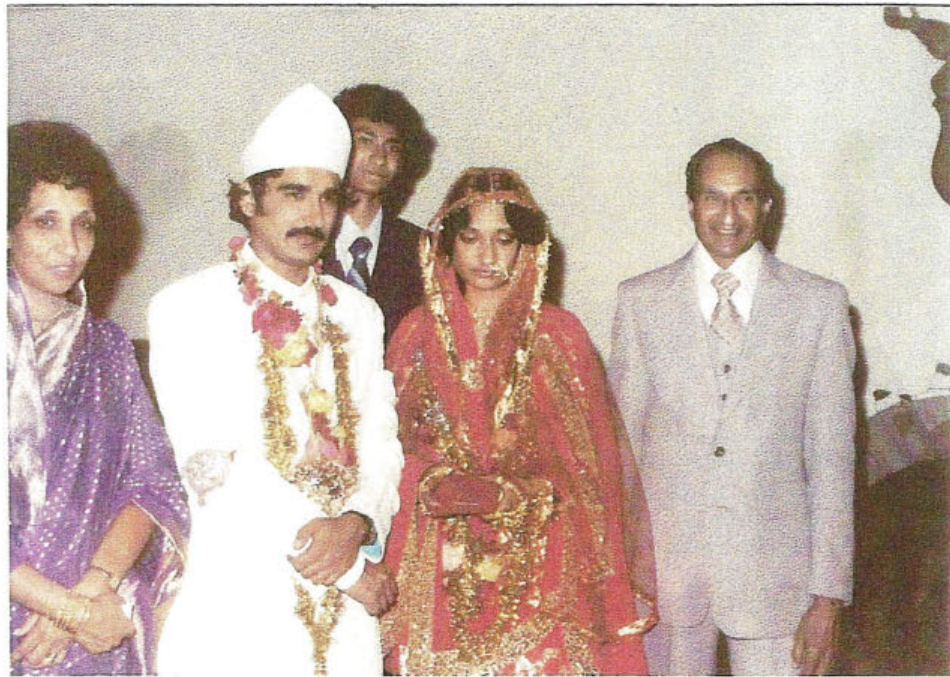


We had just bought a new white club-cab-truck. We also bought the truck camper, which could sit on the truck. The truck was brand new, and we wanted to go somewhere.

Shahida's wedding was coming so we thought we would drive to LA in our truck. It was 8th July, 1978; we were on our way to LA in our truck camper for Shahida's wedding to Sarwar Arastu. Farzana Arsiwala, Fatema Apa's daughter was also with us on this trip. It was a lot of fun. From Chicago Asif, Surfraz Bhai's son, joined us as well. Shahida's wedding photos attached.

Here is our truck-camper. We are on our way to LA.





This is a funny story:

When we were near Iowa, it was getting late and it started raining. I was driving, and all of a sudden the truck was starting to stall and I moved on to the curb and stopped to see what was going on. Well it wouldn't start. So the children made a sign for "Help" and Sharaf stood outside with the sign. One truck saw us and stopped and called the police for help. Very soon he ordered a big truck with a flat bed to put our truck on and we were driven to the nearest Honda dealer, which was about 20 miles away. By the time we reached the dealer it was their closing time. They told us they can only work on our truck first thing in the morning. We had no choice, and we had everything in our truck anyway so we agreed. They were kind enough to hook us up to their electricity pole and left.

It was after they left that we realized there was no electricity after all. In torchlight I made dinner, we enjoyed a candle light dinner! Sharaf and I thought we would use the gas station right across from us to freshen up. We noticed a white car full of young boys circling around the area. We didn't pay much attention to them and went on to the gas station. A young student was on duty. This was his summer job. He was a nice boy and we talked to him for a while. Then we told him about our truck and we wanted to use the facilities. He said that was ok but he said the women's side was out of order. He said it was ok to use the men's side.

We both were in the men's side and it dawned on me what if a man walks in. So I asked Sharaf to wait outside till I finished so no man walks in. He said "OK" and stepped outside to face police cars and policemen right outside with pointed guns at him. They asked him to put his hands up and step aside. He did.

One policeman came inside where I was. Since I was bent in the sink brushing my teeth, I couldn't see his uniform, only his face. I started telling Sharaf why did he let this man in. The policeman told me to step outside with my hands up. I started laughing, saying "I did not know that it was against the law to

use the men's bathroom" He didn't know why I was saying that. I put away all my belongings and obeyed him. I stepped outside to face police cars, policemen with drawn guns at both of us, and a crowd that had now gathered. We were both wondering what was going on. Then the police asked Sharaf what we were doing in the Honda's parking lot. Sharaf told them the story. The policeman said if he had any proof that the truck was his. He showed them all his credit cards and his Canadian driver's license. They apologized to us for the inconvenience and told us that our truck was also being guarded and they searching for us in the bushes near by.

What had happened was that white car that was circling around us had phoned the police and told them that some thieves were in the truck stealing. The police surrounded the truck where our girls were. The girls were so afraid they did not open the door. The boys told them that they saw two people going in the gas station, so had followed us there. The girls told us they were looking with big torches in the bushes to see if anyone was hiding there. The best part was, after the police left, the student working there said to us, "I thought you were like Bonny and Clyde". We had a good laugh at the unexpected event.

After Shahida's the wedding when we were returning to come back home, Shahida gave us some of her extra slippers and sweaters to bring back with us for her. Since everything was packed we put this plastic bag in between our bags on the roof. These were tied up with a rope. We were driving along on the highway and I saw the traffic was stopped behind us and this policeman was picking up Shahida's slippers and sweaters and following us on his motorcycle. I saw this and stopped. The policeman said, "Are these yours?" I said, "Yes" and thanked him and started on our way. Nothing was missing. What a trip!

On another occasion while we were traveling we stopped at a restaurant for lunch. My mother-in-law was also with us at the time. One man walked up to us and complemented on Sharaf's beautiful teeth and then said to have T-bone steak and left to join his girlfriend at another table in the same restaurant. After we finished our lunch Sharaf went to pay the bill and was told it

was already taken care off. He asked me if I had paid and I had not. The waitress did not want to tell us who paid for us and we just couldn't leave without finding out who paid and why. The only person who came and talked to us was still sitting there with his girlfriend. We asked the waitress if it was them, and she nodded. We went to ask them why. They said they had a bet that we were Indian or not. Whoever was wrong would pay the bill. So we got free lunch.

In September, 1978 we sold this house and moved in to:

18 Masseygrove Cresent,
Rexdale, Toronto,
Onyario, Canada

We lived here from Sept. 1978 till March 1986. We have always been very lucky with houses. Whenever we sold a house we made double the money. We could then afford to move into a bigger and better house. This was always the case.

In 1977 I started taking scuba diving course at the university with Susan Prokopenko. When we were ready we went to Bahamas to get certified and get our license. From 15th May – 22nd May, 1977 we were in Bahamas for scuba diving. We needed three open-water dives to get certified. It was the most enjoyable trip I had ever taken.

Every other day we went diving. The days in between we could do whatever we wanted. There were fourteen of us and one instructor, named Jack Leach. We usually went 20 miles in from the shore then, dive 60 feet below we were allowed to go 80 feet if we were comfortable.

One day while we were in the water, a fifteen foot hammer-head shark came to feed on groupers. We were told this was their feeding ground. The sharks stayed in 80 feet and came up to 40 feet to feed on groupers. As soon as the other divers saw the shark they quickly went up on the boat for safety. Susan and I were right at the bottom of the ocean floor and were unaware of what was going on above us. Then Susan noticed she was low on air. We decided to go up. I believe we were safe where we were, because sharks don't go down that low. They were all very worried about us on the boat. We were the only two left down there. Somehow, I told Susan lets walk on the ocean floor till we see the bottom of our boat. If we go up now we will have to battle the huge waves of the Atlantic Ocean and that makes me sick. She agreed. When we saw the bottom we went up and came up close to the stairs. I went up first and saw the anxiety on the instructor's face. He asked me if I saw the shark, and I jokingly pointed to him and said I see one right now. He said no jokes on this boat there was a fifteen foot hammer-head just above us. I looked down for Susan and she was right behind me. We were safe and quickly took off from the site. Thank God.

The night was full of shark stories. In the morning every one of us was ready to go down again. It is so beautiful down there, one feels like being in heaven, sharks or no sharks.

On another day five of us rented a sail boat and went sailing from island to island. This is when I and another guy jumped off the boat to get some shells. I wanted to pick up a starfish for my dad. My dad collected shells. This was my gift for him. I did find a big one, cleaned it out and gave it to him. He was thrilled to find out that I dove and got it for him. I was very close to my dad. He pampered me because I was the youngest.

One day when we were sight seeing on motor bikes. I was riding behind Geoff, Susan's husband. His bike skid and we both fell and were badly hurt. Geoff's hand's skin scraped right off his arm and my right knee was badly bruised. We had to find a hospital quickly. This was a very funny scene. Geoff's right hand was stiff so he couldn't bend it and my right leg was sticking out because I couldn't bend it. Susan was following right behind us. Finally when we reached the hospital Susan could not stop her bike and hit the pole. Thank God she was alright, we didn't want another patient.

After a very rough experience at the hospital we reached our hotel, totally exhausted. I couldn't dive the next day. Sharks can smell blood for miles and everybody's life would be in danger. However, considering my good record, and sincerity I was certified with only two open-water dives instead of three. I have attached the certificate I was given which entitles me to get the scuba diving license.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

NAUI

SALEHA LAKDAWALA (SALLY)

HAS SATISFACTORILY COMPLETED A BASIC COURSE
IN SKIN AND SCUBA DIVING UNDER THE SANCTION OF
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF UNDERWATER INSTRUCTORS



HAVING BEEN CERTIFIED ON 20th MAY '77

AT BAHAMAS

Britton O. Mockridge

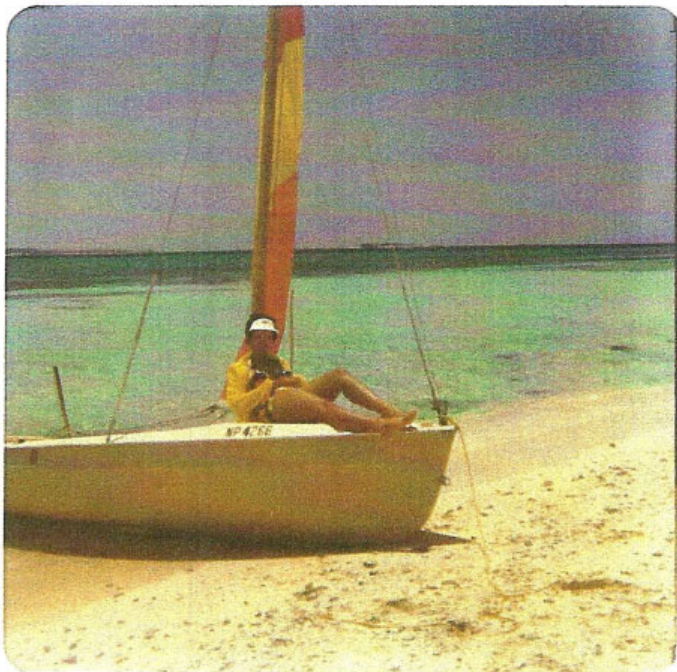
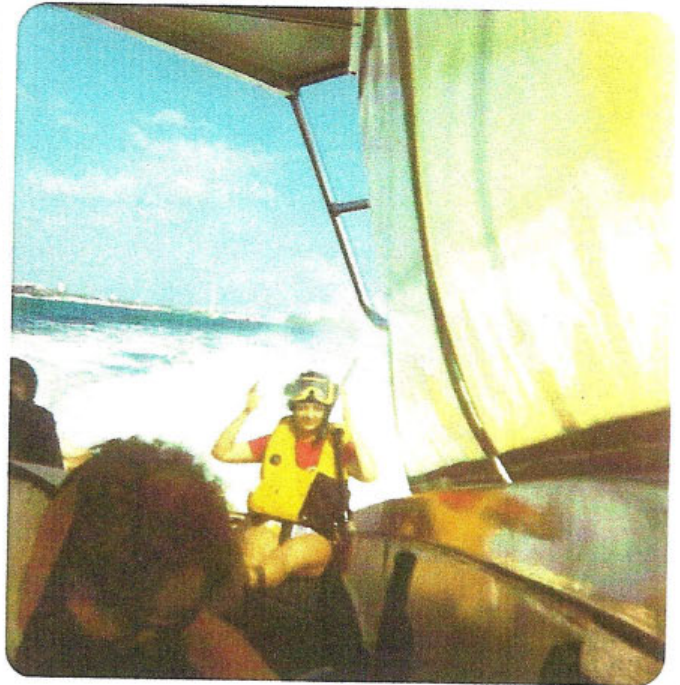
President, Britton O. Mockridge

Jack Leitch

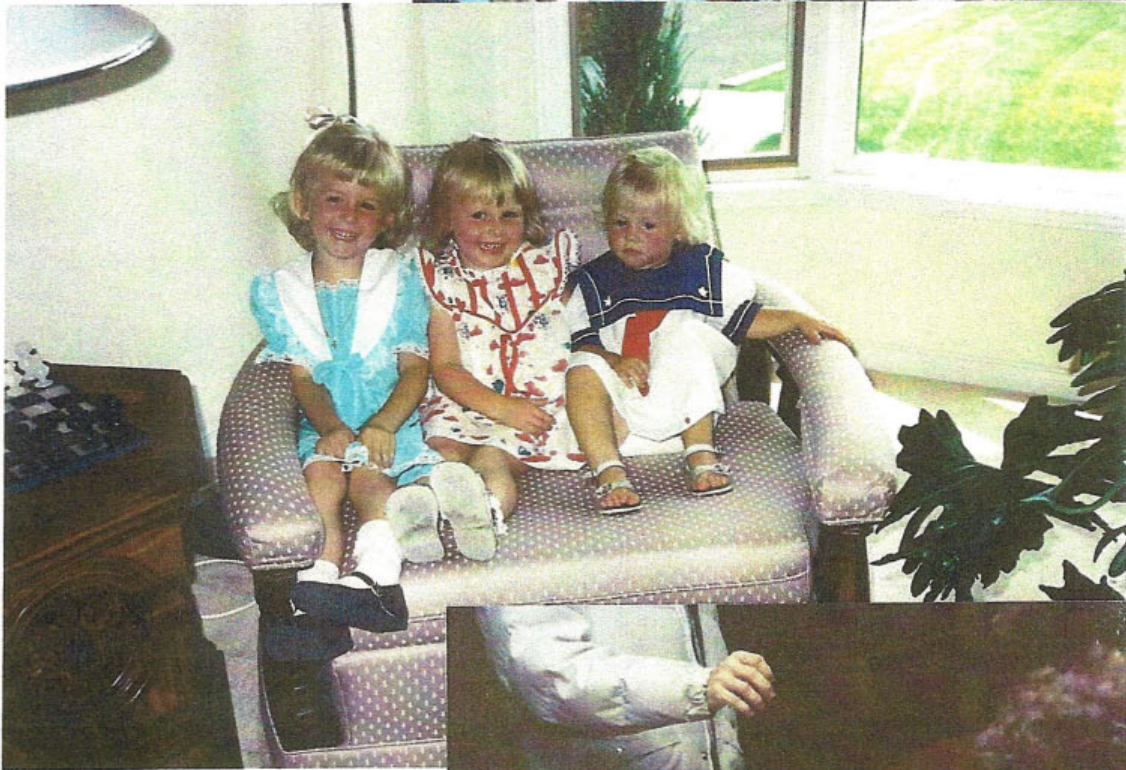
Instructor

REGISTRATION NO. C15050

Scuba diving trip photos



I was always holding Tyler's children's birthday parties at our house. (Tyler was a graduate student at York). Some photos attached.



We also celebrated Roshan and Saifi Doctor's 25th wedding anniversary at our house. Photos attached.



In 1978 Sharaf and I started square dancing classes. We got our clothes made and enjoyed dancing with all the square dancers across Canada and USA. We used to travel to the States in a big bus with other Canadian dancers so we could mingle with the US dancers and dance to the US callers. I have attached my Square dancing Diploma here.

Diploma

BE IT KNOWN BY SQUARE DANCERS EVERYWHERE AND

ALL OTHER MEN OF GOOD WILL THAT

Sally Lakdawala

Having attended classes and completed the prescribed courses,
and being considered proficient in the Do Si Dos, Allemande Left
and other Esoteric Matters, is entitled to the Good Fellowship
and Attendant Pleasures incident to the degree and title of

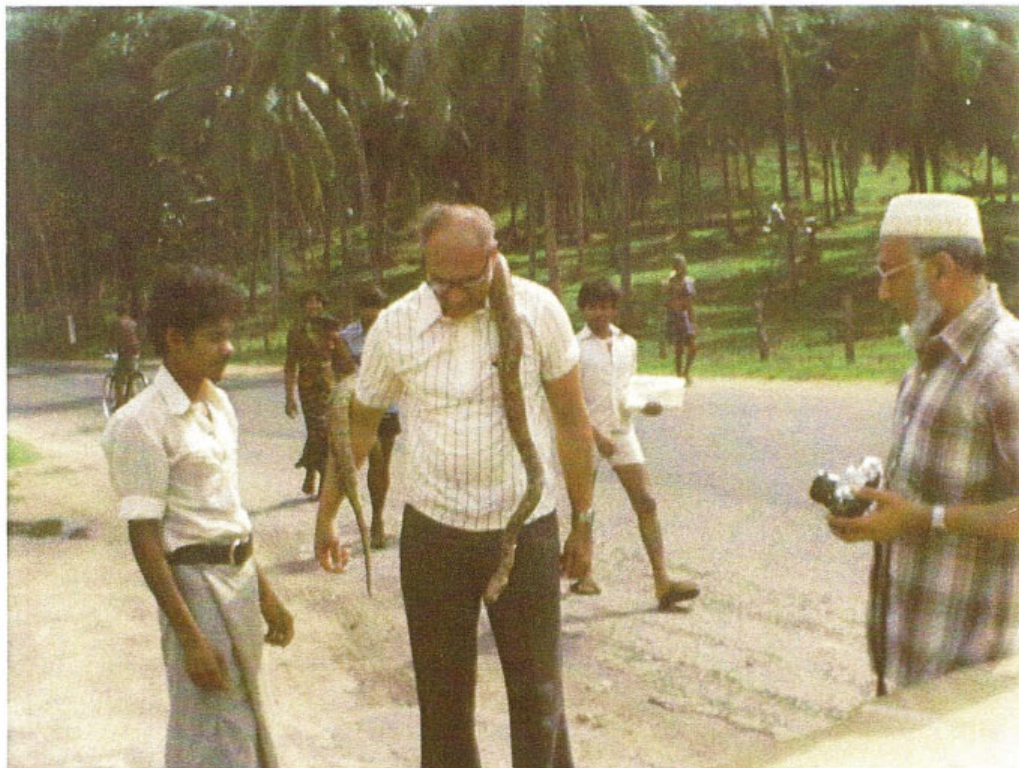
Bachelor of Square Dancing

Dated this *18th* day of *April* 19*78* A.D.

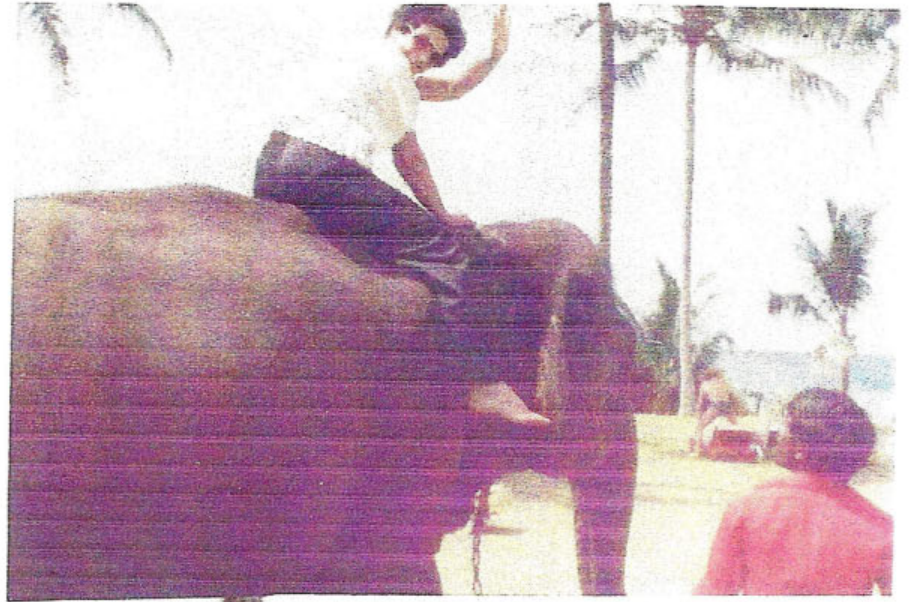
Director

In 1980 Sharaf and I went to Shri Lanka, Bombay and Hyderabad. In Shri Lanka, Saleh Bhai had these humongous snakes put around our necks before we realized it. I have photos attached. Then we went on an elephant ride, which was enjoyable. It was common to see elephants bathing where ever. You don't see that very often. He took us to see the spice gardens. I had never seen anything like that before. It was interesting to see how cloves, cardamoms etc. grow. It was an enjoyable trip

Snakes around our necks



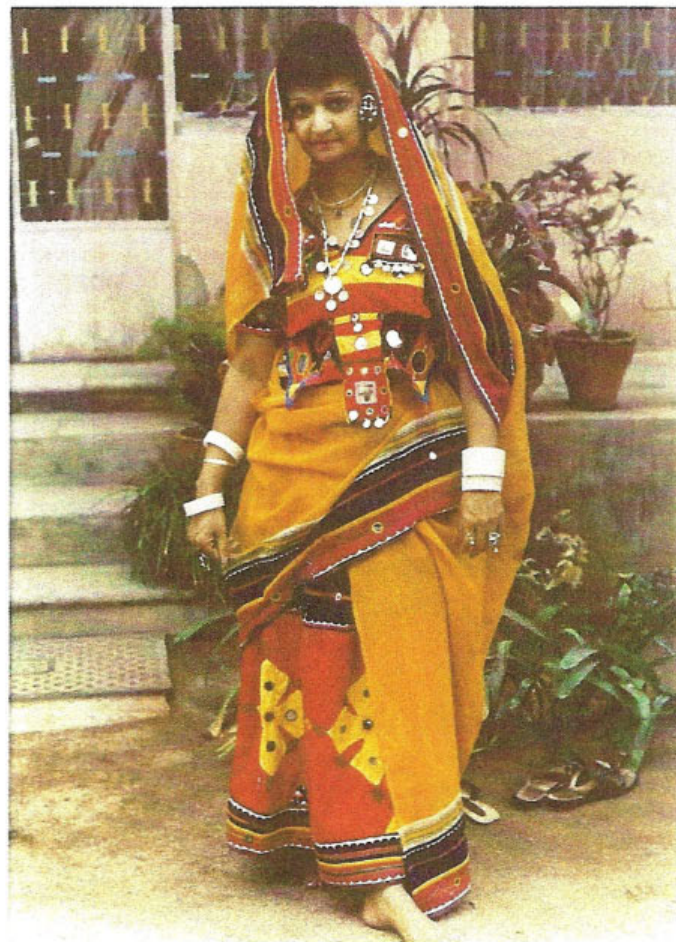
Elephant ride in Sri Lanka



We attended Shakeel's wedding to Mukarram in Hyderabad.
Wedding photo attached with the bride.

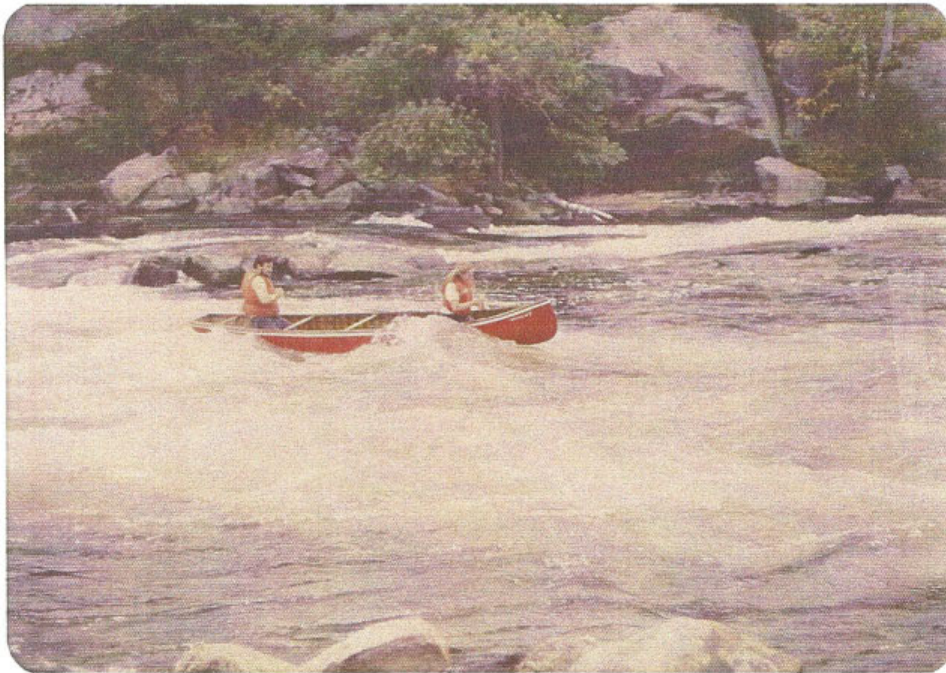
I ordered Lambaran (local tribe in India) dress to be made for myself. Photo attached.

Shakeela's wedding and my Lambaran outfit

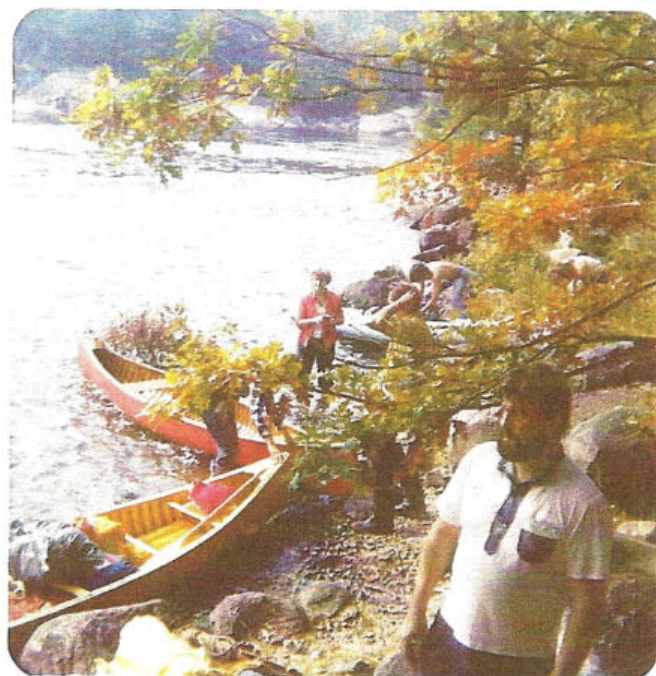


At York, I helped set up York Outing Club. This club organized canoe trips, Skiing trips, camping excursions etc.

At the beginning of every spring, when the snow melts and rivers are flowing full, Chris Purton would arrange a canoe trip to go down the Natawasaga River in canoes, a distance of about fifteen miles. This was a routine for a few years. Some photos of our camping trips and canoe trips are attached. We had a very enjoyable time at these trips although we were tired and stiff from all that canoeing. This sometimes included white water canoeing as well.



York University Outing Club trips



York announced that any employee or their children will be able to take classes free of charge. This was a God sent opportunity. Salima, Suhaila, and I went to school and graduated free of charge. It is so expensive to send children to university, as we all know. Thank God for this.

When I heard that I could join the university for free, I decided to join the classes while I worked and get a degree part-time. I was doubtful about this plan, I thought my brains were rusted and I will not be able to do well. But my friend, an astronomy professor at York, Dr. Chris Purton encouraged me to join his astronomy class and check it out. I followed him to his first astronomy lecture. That was it. I had made up my mind to stick with it. Therefore, while working at York I started taking courses; I decided to get a science degree with Physical Education as my major. I soon found out it will have to be an arts degree.

For a Science degree you are required to complete in four years. Doing part-time I will not be able to complete it in the time frame. So I thought let me continue as an arts student and then when a few courses were left I will switch to Science and complete my degree in required time. That's what I did and it worked. It was not easy, because I was required to take new Math. For this I had to start taking math courses right from scratch that is from book 1. I wasted no time and started book 1 right away. I went on doing all the courses that were needed so I could get into Calculus. I finally completed the sciences courses. Now there was nothing to stop me from getting my science degree.

While working towards my degree I coached the York University's Women's Varsity Squash Team, known as "York Yeowomen", for a number of years, first as an assistant coach then as the head coach.

I took them to British Columbia to play with the squash team at a club there. The kids had a very enjoyable time. They had planned some sight-seeing and a party too. Photos attached.

We had taken T-shirts with York logo to give the home team there.

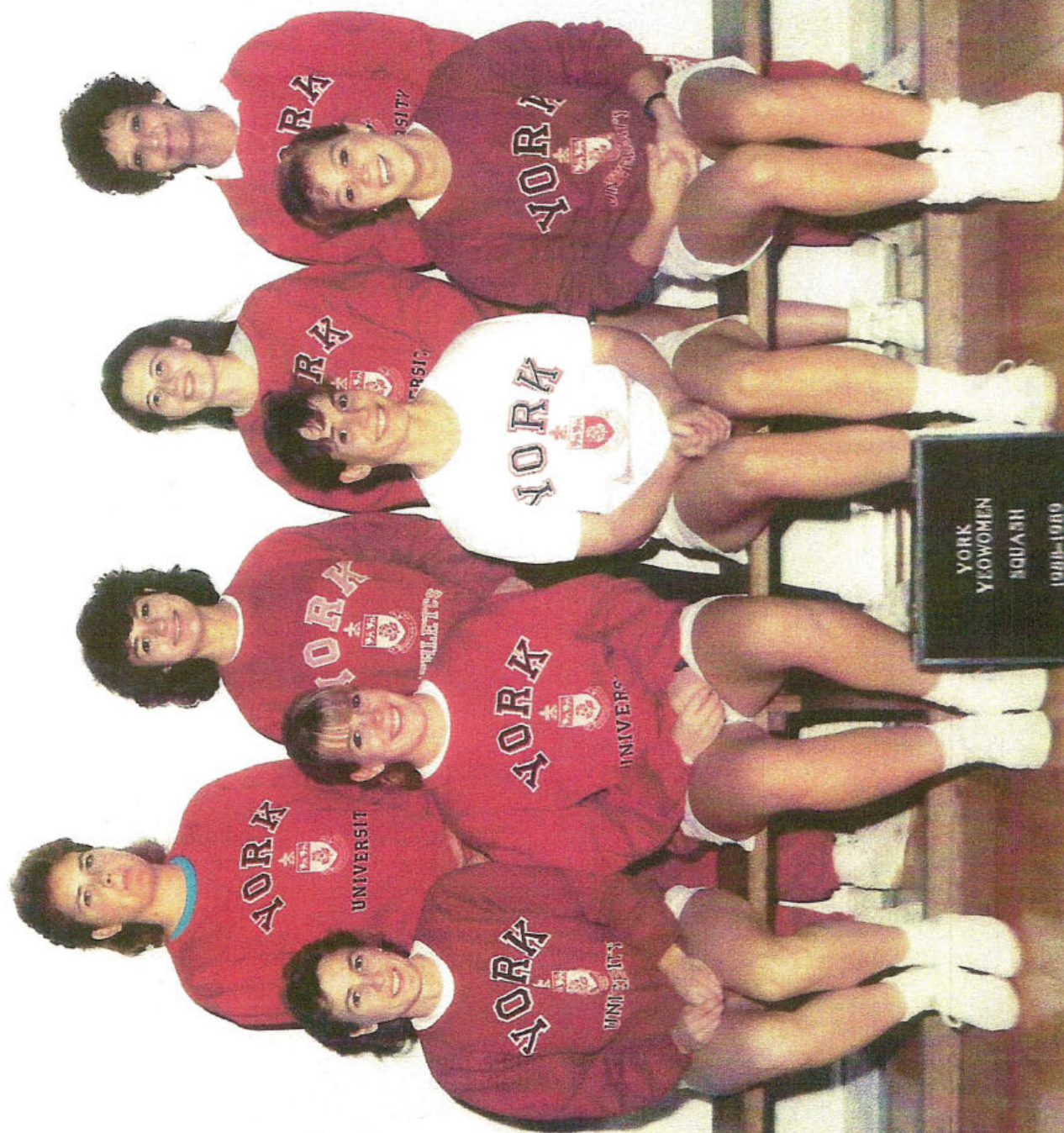
The money for this trip was collected at a wine tasting party. The tickets were \$100 each. It was sufficient to take the whole team.

Photos attached with the York Yeowomen Varsity Team I coached.



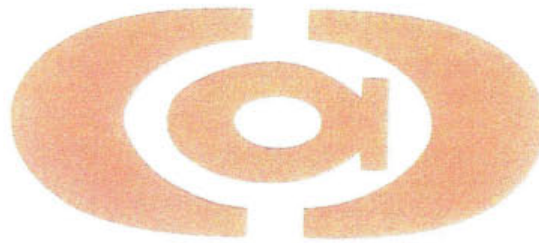
York Yeowomen Team





YORK
YEOWOMEN
SQUASH
1988-1989

In 1982 I received a certificate from the Coaching Association of Canada certifying that I am the member of the Coaching Association of Canada and was entitled to all the benefits provided by this Affiliation. Certificate attached.



Coaching Association of Canada

The national organization dedicated
to improving coaching effectiveness in sport.

This is to certify that

S. Lakdawala

is a member of the Coaching Association
of Canada and entitled to all the
benefits provided by this affiliation.

President

Vice-President

1982

Working towards my degree, I took courses which would give me a coaching certificate, and a sports administration certificate and finally a BSC in physical education.

At first I aimed at getting the Sports Administration Certificate with Bryce Taylor as my advisor and head of the department. He was an excellent man and was involved in almost everything. If you looked at his page long titles of all the associations he was involved in you would wonder how somebody can have time to do all that. Soon after I completed my certification Bryce passed away. He had cancer of the lymph nodes. He is missed by everyone. Dr. Bryce Taylor was a very talented young man.

I also took part in many squash and tennis tournaments throughout the years at York University itself. I arranged these for Petrie Building where I worked. I designed the trophies and the machine shop in Petrie Building made them for us.

I remember Frank Cosentino and I always played as partners in mixed doubles and won the championship. Frank used to play as a quarter-back for Argonauts (Canadian National Football Team) He was a very good tennis player as well, and a true athlete as such.

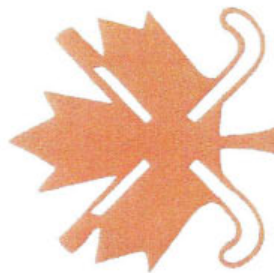
Once we were in the finals and I broke my tendon playing baseball for Stong College, and ended up on crutches. When I told Frank what had happened this is what he said, "You can either give up or die on the court. What do you want to do?" I said, "I will die on the court!" At our finals I served the ball and took care of the net while Frank covered the back and we still won!

In 1984 I was awarded Coaching certificate from the Canadian Women's Field Hockey Association, Canada. I played field hockey with Wendy Solheim and Sally Manning (Sally Manning used to play for the Canadian National Field Hockey Team).

Bill Weller, a graduate student had completed his PHD in Astronomy and was leaving York. Chris Purton and I decided to give him a good farewell party. We three families did a lot of things together. This is how we did his farewell party. We invited everyone for a canoe race. Then they were to join us at Chris Purton's house for a party. This was a surprise for Bill Weller. From a day before the actual party we had marinated a whole lamb and filled its inside with biryani. Early morning we started cooking it out side in the backyard. When everybody returned from the canoe race we sat Bill down and handed him the knife to cut the lamb. He was so shocked. He couldn't believe it. He said, "This is all for me?" The lamb was delicious and nothing of it was left. It was really good. Photos attached:



Association
canadienne fémininé de hockey
sur gazon



Canadian
Women's Field Hockey
Association

LEVEL 1
Level/Niveau

COACHING CERTIFICATE CERTIFICAT D'ENTRAÎNEUR

Awarded to/Décerné à

SALENA LAKDAWALA

SEPTEMBER 1984
Date

Theresa Colbourne
Vice President Coaching
Vice-président du Comité des entraîneurs

Van Dyke
CWFHA President
Président de l'ACFHC

Bill Weller's Farewell Party



I had a surprise farewell party for Chris Purton at my house. He was leaving York and moving to Penticton in British Columbia. While we waited quietly for them to arrive so we could surprise them, gazing at the front door, Chris and Sandra surprised us by coming through the backyard!

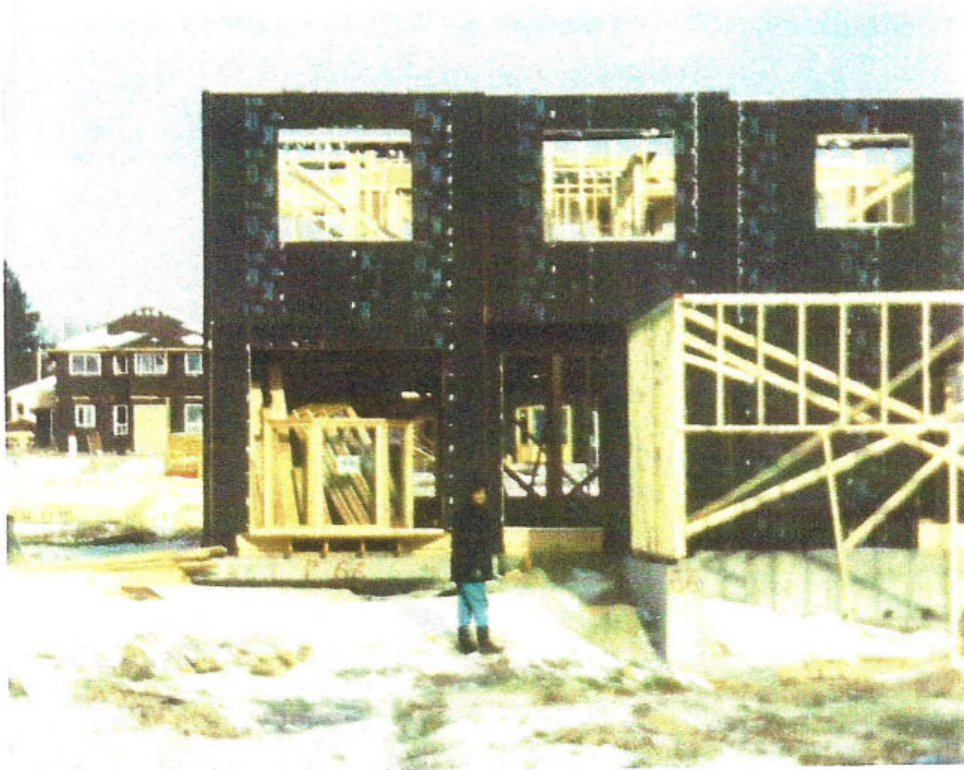
I took an active part as a match maker for many years. For example I introduced Wendy and Brian at a tennis game and they decided to get married. So something good came out of it. They are very happily married. They drove to USA to celebrate their 10th wedding anniversary with me, and treated me to see "River Dance". I thought that was very nice of them.

Zakir and Judy were going out together for quite some time and needed a little encouragement-- which I did--and they tied a knot.

I got Surfraz Bhai and Sugra Bhabi to be companions. These were all done with a kind heart and good intentions.

In February, on the 18th, 1986 my dear mother passed away in Hyderabad. This was very bad. Baba, who looked after mom, was suddenly very lonely. They were married for more than 75 years, and now my dad was left all alone. He was not eating properly, and was very sad all the time. When I heard this I wanted to go and visit him in Hyderabad. This is when our new house was being built in Markham. Photo attached.

Our New house at Markham was being built



In June 1986, our new house was ready and we moved to our new house in Markham. This was our only house that we had ever built according to our liking. We were very excited about this. While this was being built we lived at the university apartment.

The address there was:

10 Assiniboine Rd. #102,
Downsview, Toronto, Ontario
Canada,

We lived here from March 1986-June 1986. This was a very small 2 bedroom apartment. All our stuff was in storage for a few months, while our house was being built. This small apartment was fit for student families while they completed their studies. It was OK for us because this was only temporary.

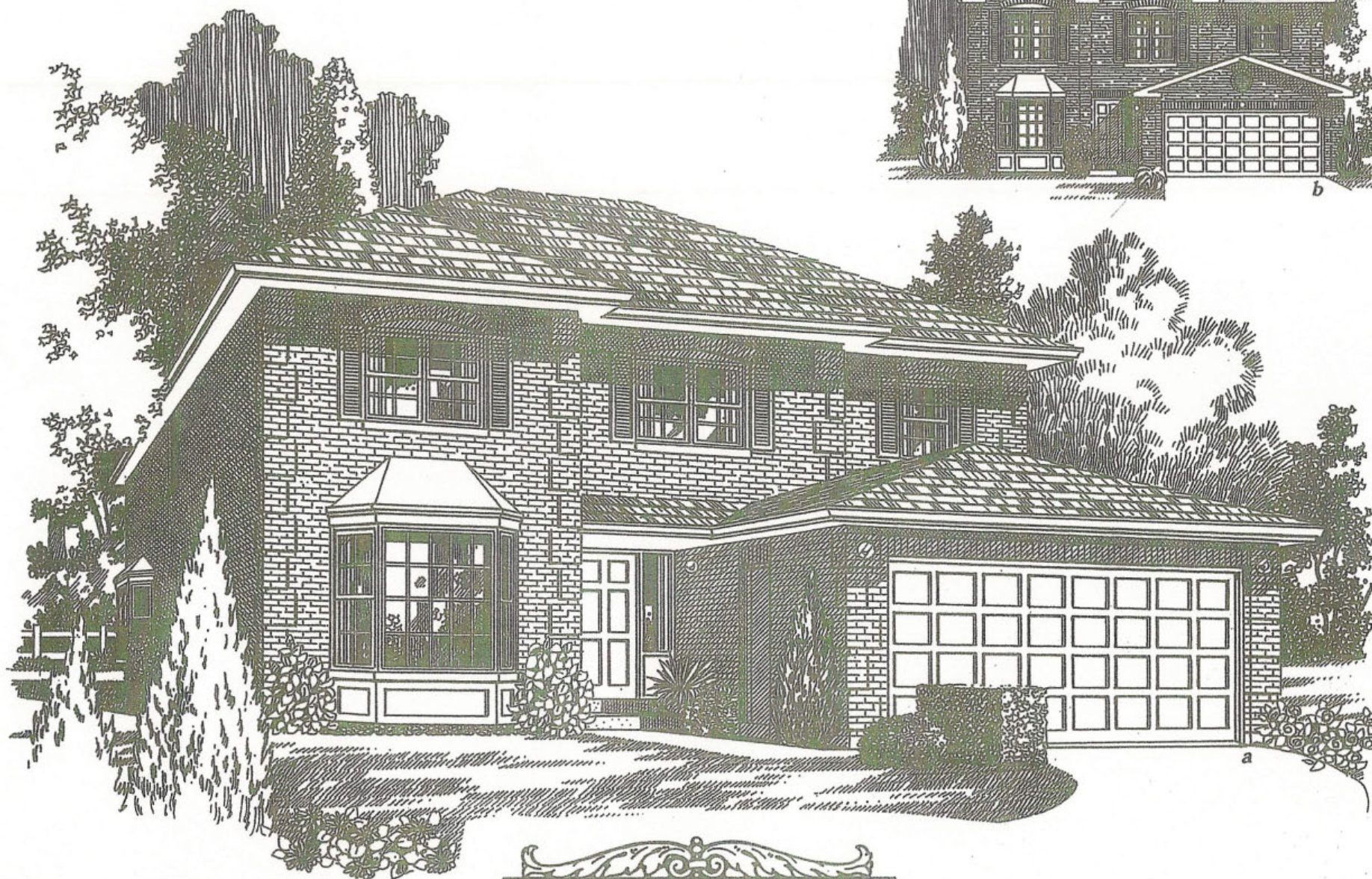
In June 1986 our house was completed and we moved to our new house. This house was our dream house and had everything in it. Sharaf insisted on having a Jacuzzi as well.

House photo and the plan are attached. Our new address was:

3 Griffin Court
Markham, Ontario
Canada, L3P 6P7

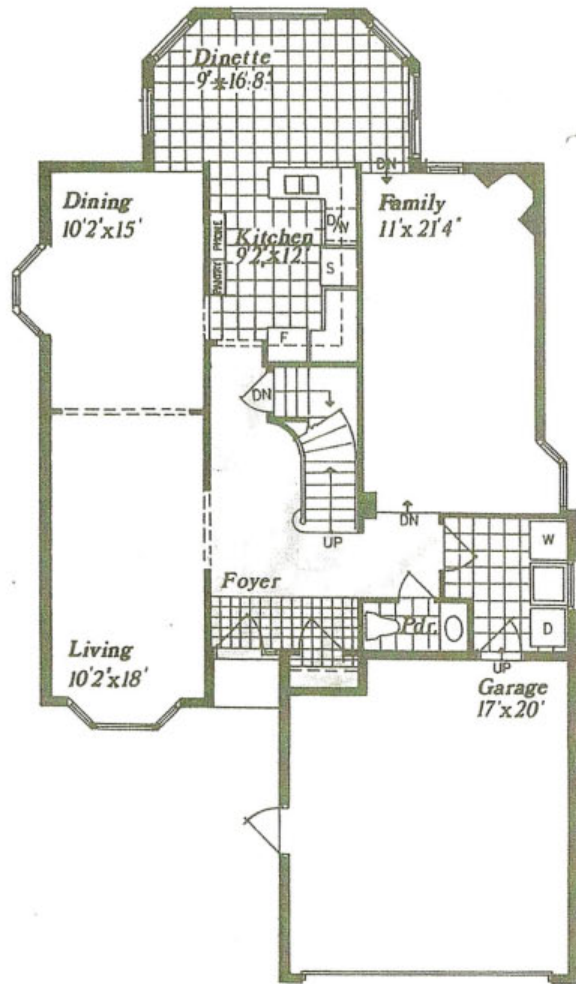
We were happy in our new home. We did not realize this happiness was short lived.

the Queen's Park

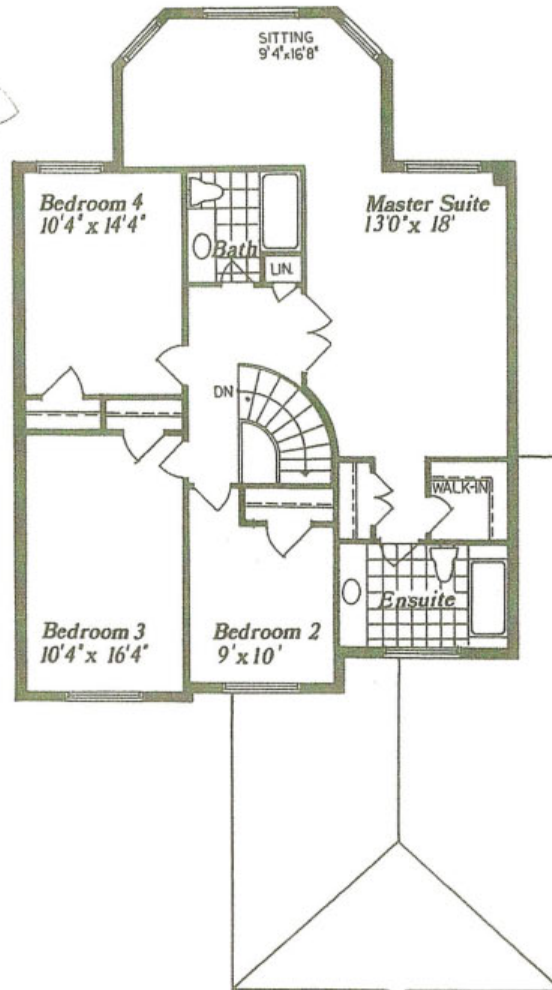


the Queen's Park

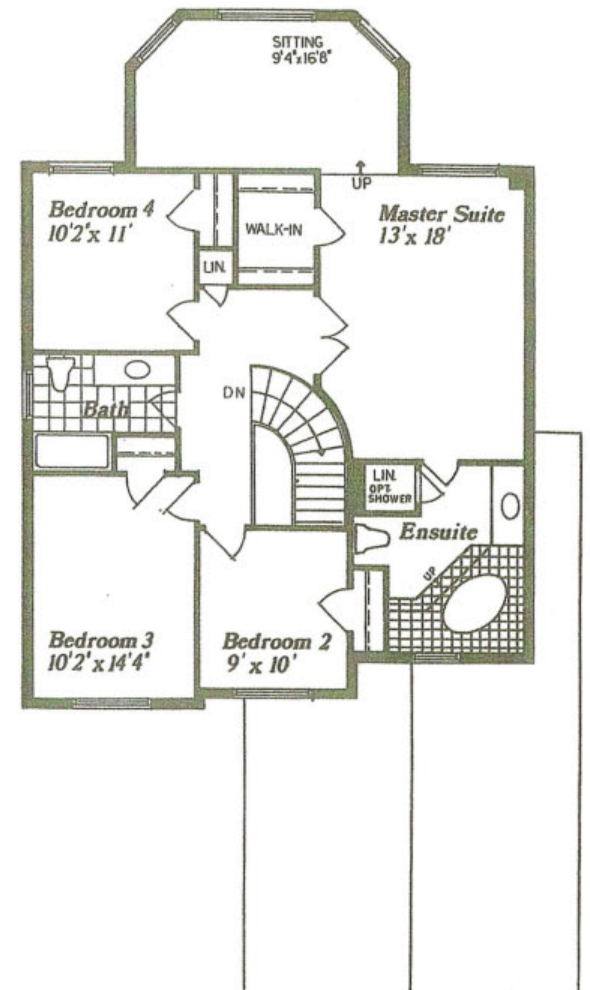
2460 sq.ft.



FIRST FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR ALTERNATE
CA18

Materials, specifications, and floor plans
are subject to change without notice.
All house renderings are artist's conceptions.
All floor plans are approximate dimensions.



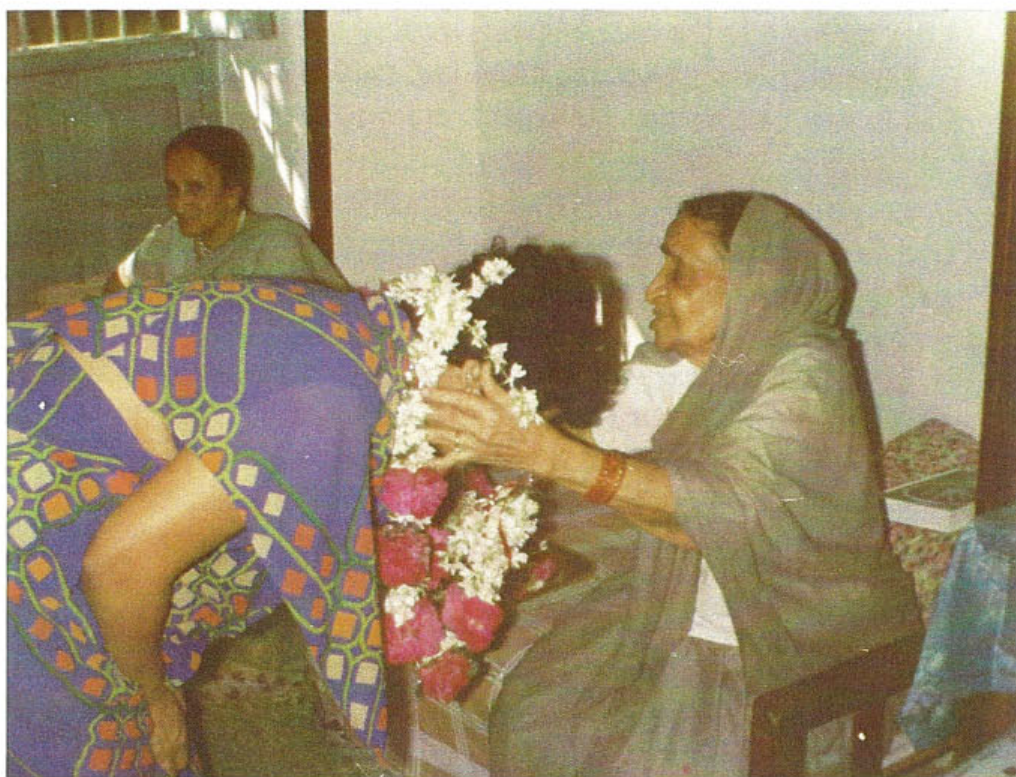
After moving to the new house I went to visit Baba in Hyderabad. I went because mom had passed away and Baba was in real bad shape. He wasn't eating properly at all.

I was going home for the first time after my mother's death. The thought that I will not see her was very upsetting for me. I was wondering how I will feel not to see Amma there. She has always been there with open arms to welcome me. She would make sure there were garlands made with jasmine flowers to put around my neck, she would offer me "misri" (Sugar crystals) right in my mouth with her own hands. She would make sure all things I like to eat are made for me. She would then say how her eyes were yearning to look at my face. She would feel so happy and one could see this written right on her face. Then when it was time to depart she would become very quiet three days before departure. She would say, "I don't know when I will be able to see you again. Maybe, I will never see you again." This did happen. I never saw her again. For now she was gone for good, and I miss her a lot.

When I was little she always celebrated my birthday by inviting all my friends over to our house and made sure there were favors for my friends.

Whenever somebody came from Bombay and gave us "mithai", my mom would break that into as many people were in the house so everyone gets to taste. Nobody was ever left behind. She was very just. I remember her punctuality well. When it was time for a meal you better be there on time.

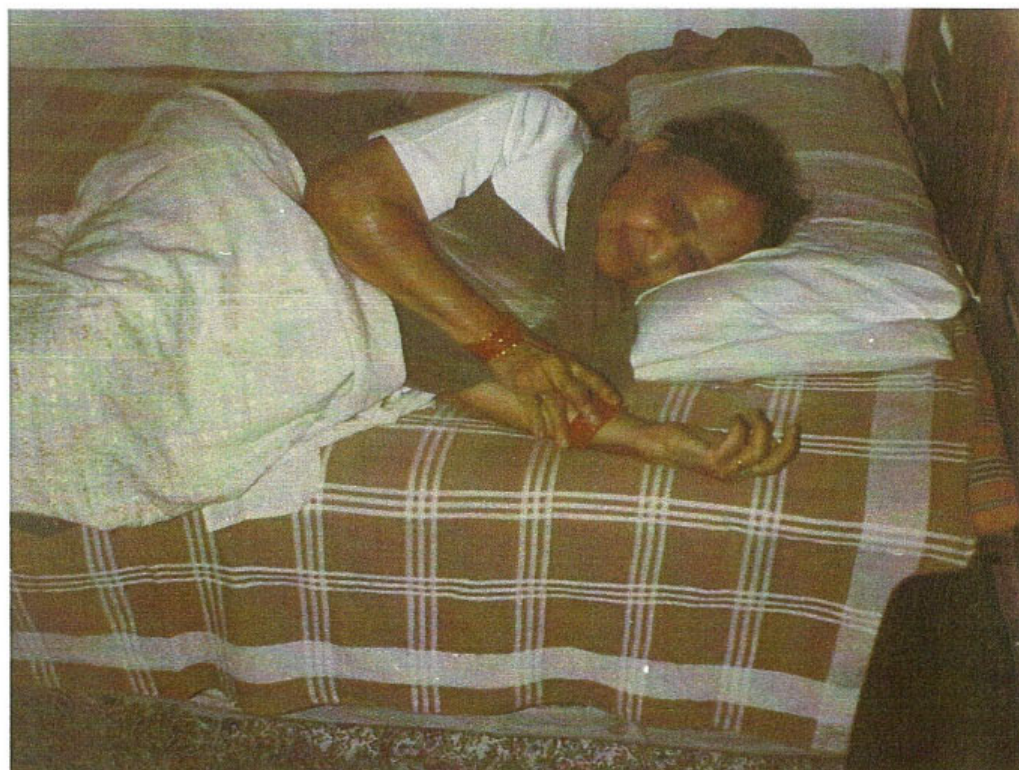
When I was a little girl, if I was a good girl, she would take me for ice cream to Taj Ice Cream shop in a rickshaw. She would send away for mango ice cream or whatever fruit season it was. When I finished eating she would ask me if I wanted more and of course I would say yes, because I loved ice cream. I would finish that too. She would ask me again if I wanted more. My answer was always yes. She would then say no it was enough for the day. I miss these simple things.....Mom's photo.... She is always doing something till she got really tired.



Mom in the kitchen



Mom doing dishes and she is tired



Now I will be going to an empty house. Baba will be living all alone, all by himself, his life-long partner of seventy-five years gone. I remember He used to make her laugh and always tried to keep her happy. She was bed-ridden and that was not easy for a person who never sat idle for a minute. She made sure all her children and grand children were fed and had all the comforts. This was all her concern all her life. She never went out to do something for herself. Never took a break!

How will I face all this? Will I be strong enough to face this? What condition will I find my Baba? He must have aged considerably. My brother said, "He eats bread dipped in milk for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. How can anyone survive on just milk and bread?"

I was still brooding over all this when the car door opened, I was home. I saw Baba sitting on a chair all by himself waiting for me. My brother told me he was sitting there from nine in the morning. My flight was to arrive 9:00 pm. He saw me and got up to hug me and we both started crying.

When he found out I was coming, he cleaned the room for me all by himself and waited anxiously for me at the door all day, while my flight was at 9:00 PM.

Baba took me by my hand to the bed where mom used to sleep. On the bed he had put his passport and showed it to me. When I saw this I gathered that he wants to come to Canada with me. On asking he said yes he wanted to come with me. So I started making preparations for him to accompany me to Canada. I had only three weeks vacation and all the time was spent in getting things ready for Baba to leave with me.

For start, I called the barber to come and give him a decent haircut. Do all the necessary grooming, I said. Then, I got the photographer to take a photograph for the passport. Next, I went and bought some white wash-and-ware fabric for his outfits. Dad always wore white. I have never seen him in anything but white. I gave all the fabric to his tailor to make his outfits.

While I was doing this we saw a big change in Baba. He was eating all the regular meals like every body. He looked nice with a good hair cut, nails cut, and well groomed. I gave him two suitcases, one for his clothes, and the other for his books. Finally, we said our goodbyes to all the members of the Arastu family. When I took Baba to meet his sister Kaneez Fatima Phopoojan, she said, May God take care of you for taking care of Baba.” We left for Bombay

In Bombay, Zainul Bhai Rangoonwala made us feel very at-home in his house. He actually let Baba use his room and he moved out. I thought that was very kind of him. He had great respect for Baba. Then I had to leave Baba in his care while I went to Delhi to get Baba’s visa.

Zainul Bhai made all arrangements for my stay in Delhi for this. I was the first one in line at the Immigration Office to get the visa for Baba. When I didn’t get the visa for Baba I was very upset and cried at the immigration office. I told them the whole story and I couldn’t leave Baba half way. They told me, just get his medical exam and then take him. Just leave a little after maybe, two days.

I returned from Delhi with a high fever. Something was telling me to go back to Canada soon. I didn’t know what or why. Salima called me from Canada to ask me when I was coming back. When I asked her, “Why?” she did not tell me Sharaf was in the hospital, all she said was they are missing me. When I asked her where Sharaf was, she told me that he was at Uncle Sam’s house. She did not tell me he was in the hospital because she did not want me to panic.

I left Baba in Zainul Bhai’s care and made him promise that he will not send him back to Hyderabad. Zainul Bhai made a promise to me that he will look after Baba till I am ready to call him. When it was time to say good bye, usually Baba would hug me and say prayers when I left. This time he was lying on his bed with his eyes covered with a handkerchief. I know he

was crying and so were I and the whole household. This was a very sad scene.

After I left the very next day, Baba went for his medical exam. Nothing was wrong with him, only his eye prescription had changed. He got his new glasses. The Canadian visa was given to him after that.

Zainul Bhai kept his promise. In a month's time Baba came to Canada. This was the best thing that happened. Let me tell you why.

When I arrived in Canada, Salima and Suhaila came to the airport alone. I asked where Sharaf was and they tried to change the subject. Finally I found out that Sharaf was in the hospital waiting to be operated on. I was shocked to hear this. He was fine when I left for India. What could have happened in three weeks?

The next day I went to the hospital to see him. He looked very weak and told me all that had happened. He vomited blood and fainted. Salima called the ambulance and admitted him in the hospital. They were doing all kinds of tests but of no avail. They were waiting to operate on him to find out what was going on.

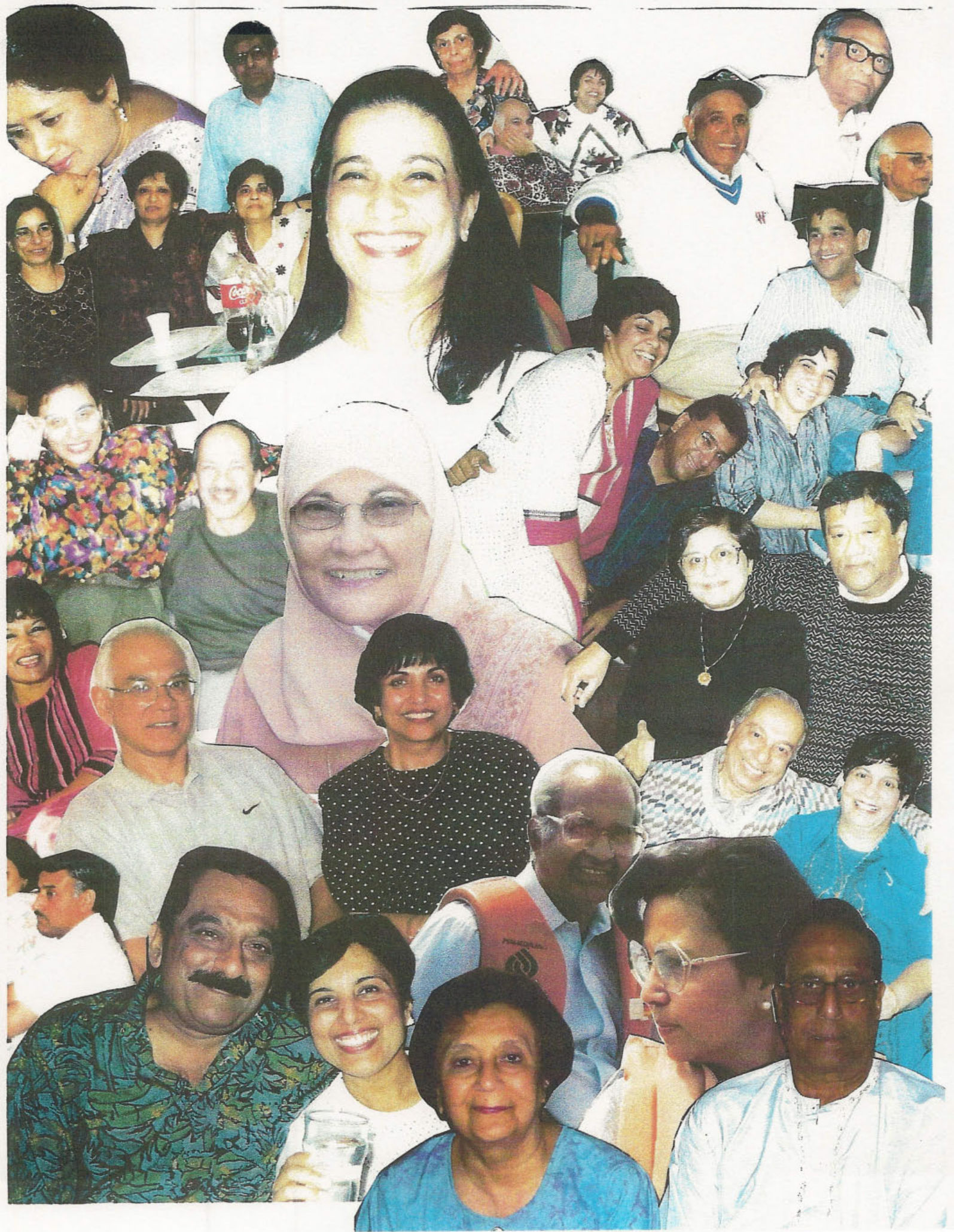
Now just imagine what I would have done if I had Baba here with me. I couldn't leave Baba, an old man, all alone at home in a new place and surroundings, and I had to be with my husband in the hospital. When God does something there is always a good reason behind it but we do not know that until later. That was the reason why Baba couldn't come to Canada with me.

The operation was performed by no other than our doctor friend, Dr. Cassim Degani . After the operation he came out crying and called me and told me Sharaf had pancreatic cancer. He was given less than a year to live. When the doctor told Salima and Suhaila this, Salima started throwing up and Suhaila fainted in the hospital. The sad part was Sharaf was diagnosed

with pancreatic cancer, which left us helpless, as there is no cure for it. After a few days at the hospital we brought Sharaf home and then Baba came from India.

I had brought ten thousand dollars from India. This was God sent as we paid our second mortgage as soon as I could. I would not have been able to carry the second mortgage and the first mortgage all by myself.

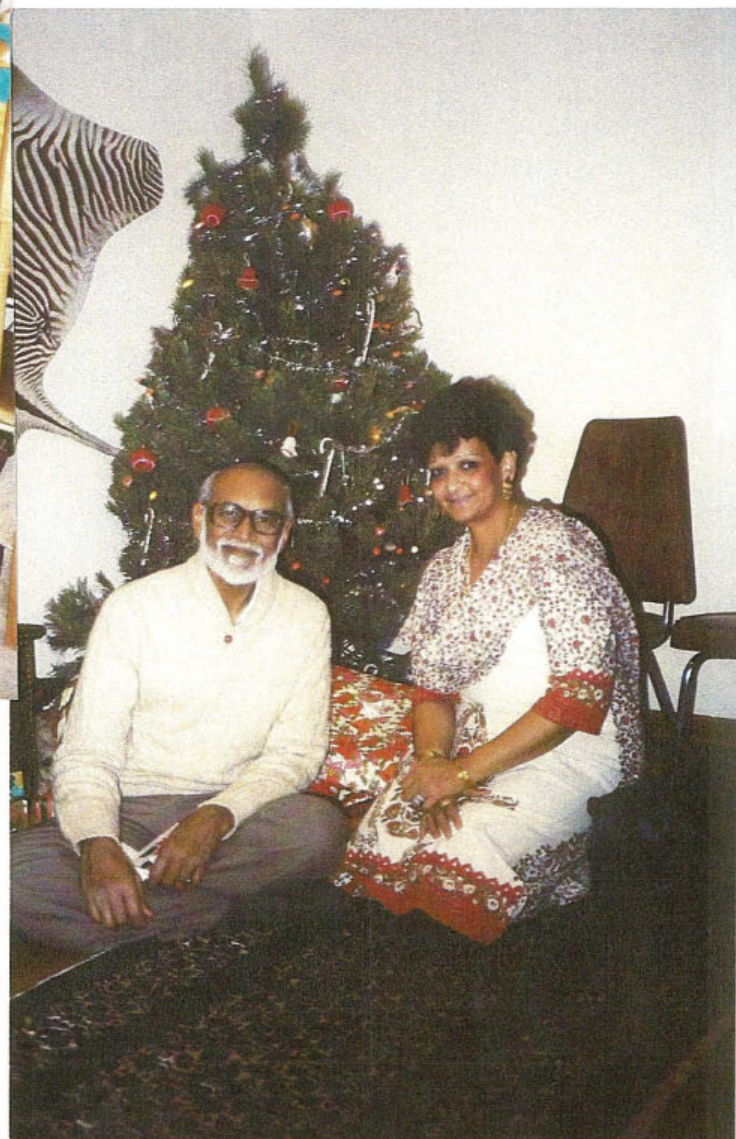
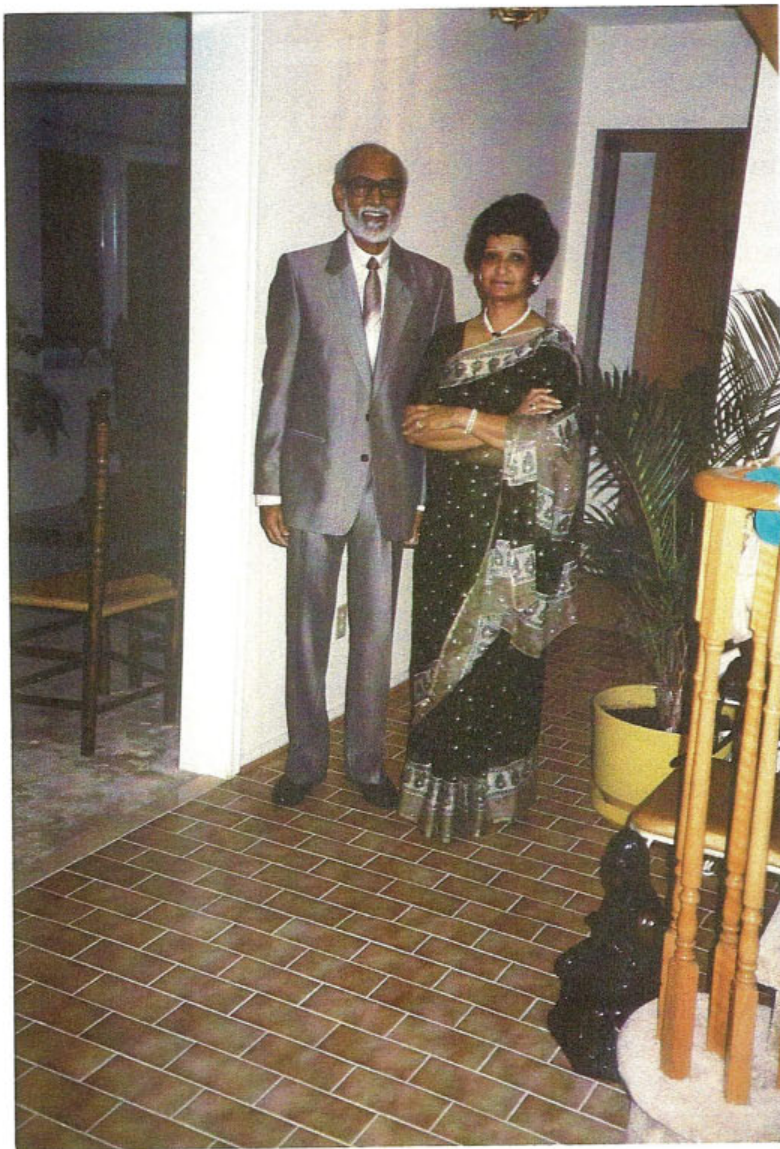
Some of my very good friends in Toronto were always there for me during Sharaf's sickness. They visited us constantly, brought food for me at the hospital, and the list goes on. I have no words to thank them. Here are their photographs. Thank you all.





Sharaf I were invited to Kersi's (Kersi is Minnie Chesson's son) wedding and we went. This was our last wedding we attended as a couple. Sajida Apa had come over when she heard the bad news and she was with us. When she saw us all dressed up for the wedding she took these photographs. She later enlarged them and sent them to us. These are our last photographs together. As soon as the photographs arrived I framed them and put them on the wall in our bedroom Sharaf saw them and was very happy. Two days later he was admitted in the hospital and never came back home again.

Our last photo taken together. Our last Christmas together at
Amtu and Nuruddin Karimji's house.



This was the busiest time for me. I was in the middle of four courses, tournaments, work, household duties, and Baba to look after. Sharaf was very weak and getting weaker by the day with chemotherapy. He was in and out of hospital. To make matters worse, Baba had to be admitted to the hospital for Malaria. Now I had two hospitals to visit right after work and classes and they were all in different directions. I was like a zombie. I didn't know whether I was coming or going. I was getting lost coming home from the hospital. I was lost in my own thoughts. I was shocked. I could not understand why all this was happening to me.

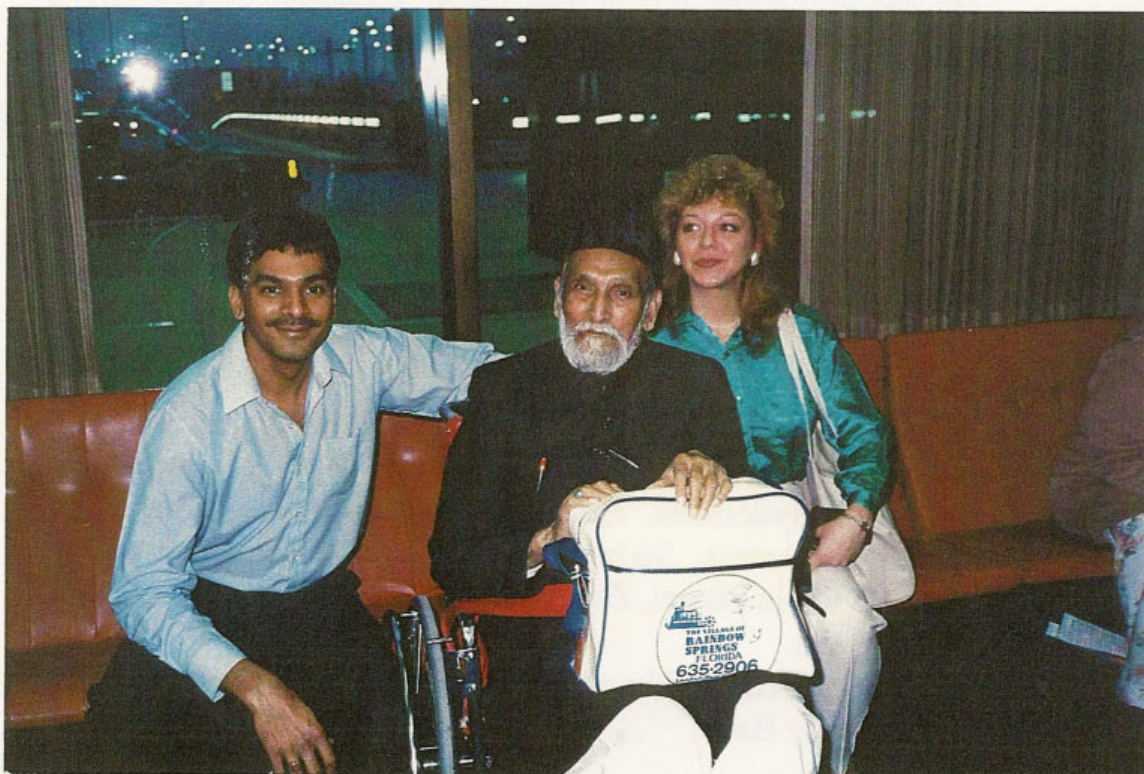
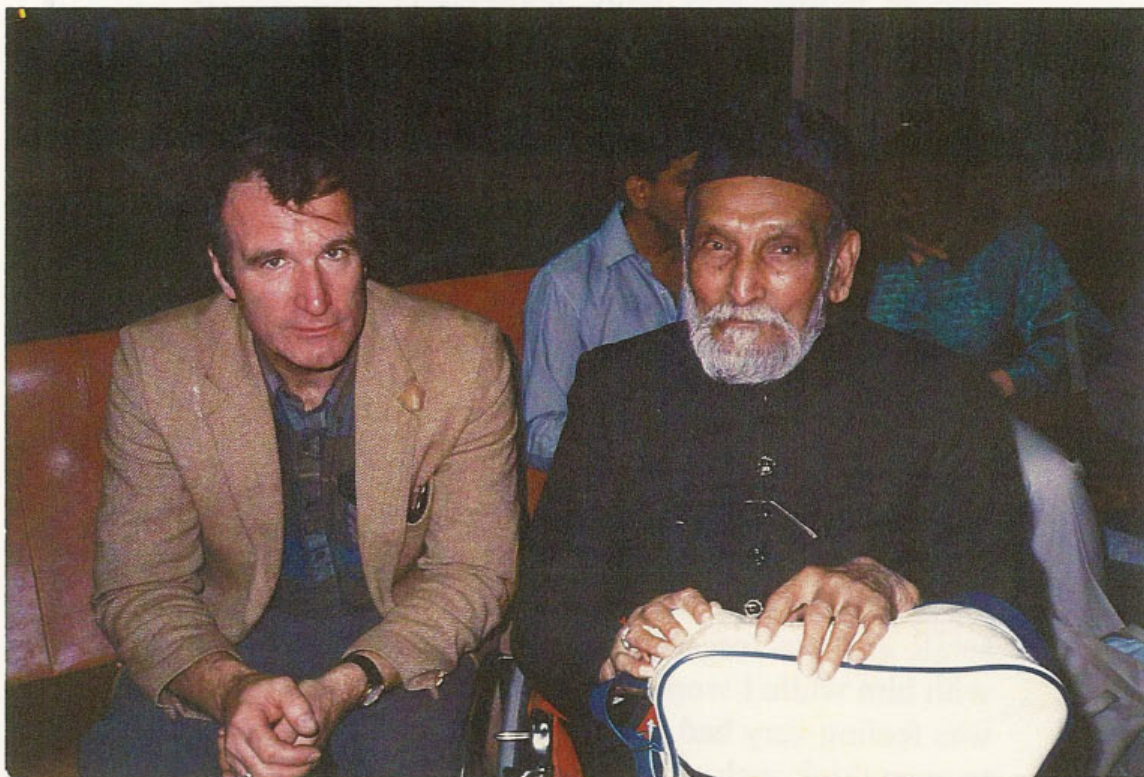
Baba was in the hospital for ten days. He had never been hospitalized in his whole life. He was very upset. He kept saying to me, "Saleha, I trusted you the most and you have left me in the hospital." He was 90 years old and was becoming senile and was forgetting every thing. I had Surfraz Bhai sit with him while I worked, but Baba couldn't understand this. He was feeling very bad that I had left him. You know that it hurts to even think such a thing.

He was sent home and so was Sharaf. Although I had taken health Insurance for Baba I was stuck with a big hospital bill. The insurance said the malaria spreading mosquitoes are not found here. He had malaria before he came to Canada so they are not responsible for it. However, I told them I can only pay \$20 every month and they agreed. I paid this amount regularly for years and when we moved to USA I sent them my new address but they never asked for any more money. Thank God for that.

Then Baba went to California to visit Sajida Apa, Arif Bhai, and Hatim Bhai for a while. When he came back he wanted to go back to Hyderabad. He wanted to die in Hyderabad and be buried near Amma. So he went back alone. Sharaf was too weak, so Chris Purton, Zakir and Judy Shums came with me to see off Baba.

Photos attached: I did not know then that this was the last time I will see my Baba.

Baba was leaving for India



After Baba left Sharaf was back in the hospital. This time was the last time. He was stick and bones and very weak. While he laid in the hospital so many people from every walk of life came to see him and prayed for him. Some came nearly every day. Sharaf was heavily sedated for him not feel the pain. I think two weeks after Baba left Sharaf passed away after a struggle of eight months. He passed away peacefully, on the 11th May of 1987 at 3:00AM, at the age of 59 years. I was then 47 years old and a widow.

At Sharaf's funeral, which was at 12:00, which is lunch time at York, but lots of people who usually play squash or tennis at that time, came for the funeral. I know this because I usually am at the courts at that time, too. Everyone was at the funeral and they said, "No body is playing today. All courts are vacant, and we are all here for you."

All the secretaries were there in our mosque on the ladies' side while men from York were all on the men's side. I was called to step outside so all my friends could give their condolences to me. I was moved by my friends' support from York. My other friends were there too at the mosque.

This was a big blow on us. It was very hard time, mentally, physically and monetarily. Thanks to Salima, Suhalia, my sister, Sajida, my brothers, Surfraz Bhai and Arif Bhai, and some very good friends that we survived. I pray nobody goes through what we went through. All I can say is God was looking after us all the time in various ways. Thank You, God.

Sharaf's death made some friends vanish for good while true friends stayed and came even closer. This was a good test of true friendship. At least I know now who my "fair weather friends!" really are.

My husband's last wish was to see his sister, Salma Apa, who lives in Sri Lanka. She was told but never came. It was very sad. Instead she phoned me to tell me that her brother had cancer because he did not believe in Syedna their high priest. Can you believe that? I was very upset when I heard that. I

went and told Sharaf , who could hear but couldn't really talk. Next morning Sharaf died. Salma Apa phoned to say she was coming and I told her, "No use now its too late for Sharaf has already passed on."

We were going through a bad financial period. We had no money for his funeral. It was embarrassing. I had to ask Salima for the funeral money. She prepared to do so right away and said, "Mom that is not your problem it is our problem" But somehow some friends, whose names I still do not know took care of the funeral expenses. Thank you.

My very special thanks go to my loving daughter, Salima who helped me financially when I needed help. She is some lady. When in frustration I lost my temper she never answered me back or reminded me that it was she who was helping me. Thanks for tolerating me, Salima.

My very special thanks to my daughter Suhaila, who was in school at the time, I am grateful to her for not laying any demands on me and being very patient, very thoughtful and loving. I remember, not once did she ask me for anything that she wanted. Thanks Suhaila.

I am very proud of my girls, I must say. It was a very difficult time for all of us and they dealt it carefully and gracefully. God bless them both. May God give them all happiness they deserve!

Here is a supernatural incident that happened on the day Sharaf died. We have a common friend of the Lakdawala family. His name is Ratanshi. (He taught me driving) He lives in Bombay but his business is in the suburbs of Bombay, so he travels by train back and forth everyday. The day Sharaf died Ratanshi saw him at the railway station. He went to him and said, "Hey, Sharaf, what are you doing here? When did you come back from Canada?" Sharaf said nothing; he just stood there like a statue. Ratanshi said, "Are you mad at me or something, why didn't you tell me you were coming, I would have picked you up from the airport." Sharaf said nothing. Ratanshi couldn't

believe Sharaf's behavior. His train came and he left. On reaching home Ratanshi called Sharaf's sister in Bombay, and asked her why didn't she tell him Sharaf was in town, I would never have known if I had not run into him at the railway station. When Ratanshi was told he passed away that very morning he couldn't believe it. He published the article as "super natural event" in Bombay newspaper. I am not at all surprised because Sharaf and I often talked about the after life, how one can travel after death and things like that.

After Sharaf's death, some friends started asking me when I was selling the house. It made me very upset. They took it for granted that we will not be able to carry our house. Well, I took this as a challenge. With God's help I started working very hard and started decorating my house. We had no drapes, we got the drapes and then the living room was decorated with molding on the walls and some wallpaper, and it all looked beautiful.

With the help of my friend, Chris Purton, we built the deck, and with Salima and Suhail's help, built the fence around the house. No body now dares to ask me "When are you selling the house" Photos of deck being built are attached.

Chris building the base of my deck with two graduate students' help.



Wendy Solheim relaxing on the new deck



I also went on a diet and lost 25 lbs. My photo is attached after my diet was completed. Here is my photo.



When Brenda found out about Sharaf's demise, she wanted me to go visit her. I did for a while and Norman and Brenda were very good to me and very supportive. We went sight seeing and visited Saleem rangoonwalla.
Photos attached.



Visited Brenda after Sharaf's death



On the 23rd of August, 1988 my sister-in-law, my brother, Surfraz Bhai's wife passed away with breast cancer. Maryam Bhabi was like my older sister. I used to sleep in her lap, let her comb my hair, make clothes for me. It was very sad to see her snatched away from us. This was not enough, they say "trouble comes in threes" next was my very own Baba.

Then on 16th of September, in 1988 my father passed away in India. That was the biggest blow of my life. When my mother died, I consoled myself saying I still have my dad. When my husband died I said I still have my Baba. Now my Baba was gone and I am all alone in this world. No shelter left. I was very scared and lonely. I was very close to my dad. I still hear his voice when I am doing things. He always used to tell me

"Jo kam ab hay samne, rehne na dey lak ke liye.
Karde abhi pura isay himmath ka damun tham ke."

Which means don't leave things undone or don't leave things to be done later on. Do it now and finish it.

Another thing he always said was:

"Do not make a promise if you are not able to keep it."

My dad was unique. I have yet to see a man like him. He was always looking after the poor people. In Ramzaan he would fast without fail. It gets very hot in Hyderabad, it being a table land. Baba would fill a jug with ice cold water and take it to the people who lived in the huts and tell them, "Here drink this cold water, you must be thirsty" while he himself was fasting, and quite old.

My uncle told me when Baba had a store in Hyderabad my mother would send him lunch. Baba would get all the people who were his servants at the store and tell them, "Come eat this hot lunch". Whatever was left he would eat it cold.

I remember when he was very old and had fallen on the road in front of his house; my eldest brother took him to his house. A

man who used to sell cookies to Baba sat in front of Baba's house crying. When my brother saw this he asked him what was going on. He asked my brother where is Baba. He said "Since he is gone I haven't eaten anything." Baba used to buy cookies from him and with that money the poor man used to have his meals. This was my father's character. The poor people used to call him an angel. They were not even the same religion as us. He was helping anybody irrespective of what religion one was. He was a human being, full of passion, who couldn't see people in pain.

I remember when I was a little girl; I would go and tell Baba if any of my friends said something mean to me. His reply was, "You must have heard wrong, they couldn't have said it."

During one Ramadan, when Baba was looking after mom who was bed ridden, he was going to fast in spite of me telling him not to. When I got up at "sahri" I saw Baba dipping dried bread in milk and eating it. I saw this and tears fell from my eyes. I made him break his fast against his will. He was afraid God will punish him. I said I will take that punishment on myself because I made you break it. He never tells anybody if there is no food in the house. My brother used to send him food but he would tell my brother there is lots of food, when there was no food. He didn't want to trouble anybody.

In 1988 Pat O'Hara, my Irish friend was retiring so I had a surprise going away party for her at my house. I decorated the house with shamrocks for her. She was very pleased. Photos attached.

Pat has passed away since. She was a lovely lady. We miss her dearly.

Pat's farewell

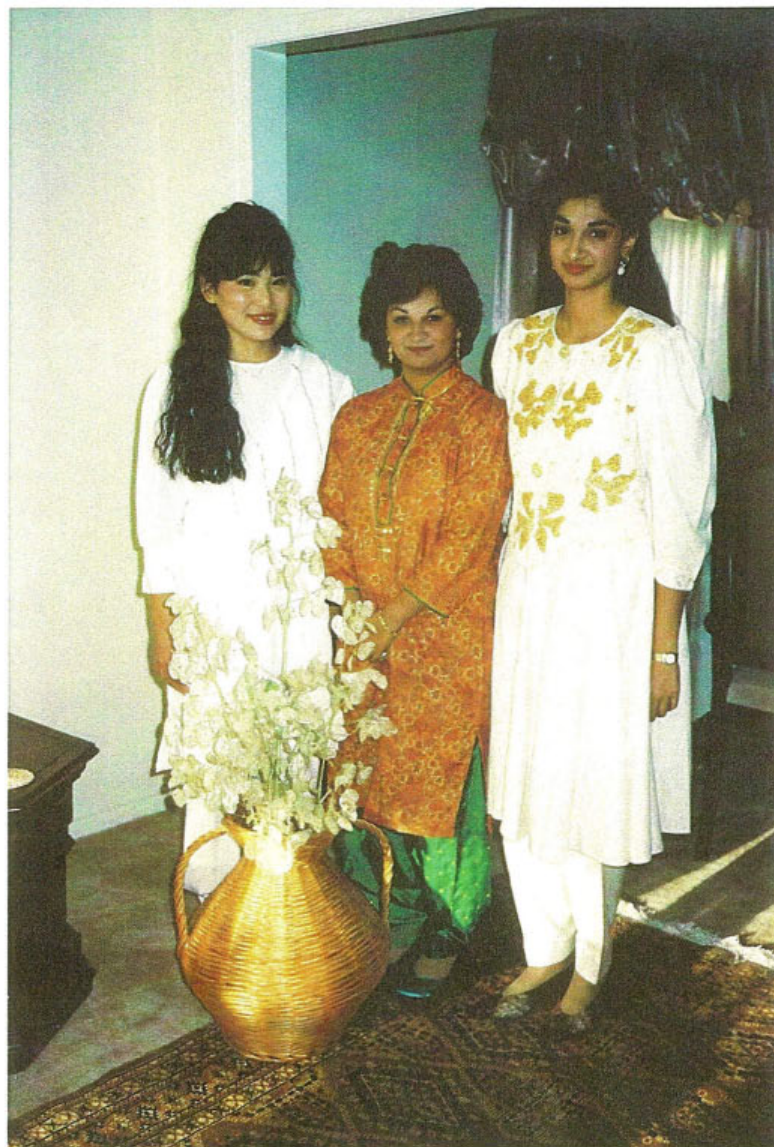




I had a wedding shower for Judy and Zakir at my house. Here are some photos of their shower.



In 1991 Seiko Suzuki, Suhaila's friend from Japan, came and stayed with us for a month. She is now a mother of 2 boys. Photo attached with Salima and Suhaila.



Salima got engaged in 1991 to Amir Abdabha, from New York while we were still in Canada.

(Salima and Amir's engagement photo and civil marriage photo are attached on the next page.)

Salima and Amir's engagement and civil marriage



June, 1992 I completed AutoCad Level 2 course at Sheridan College. Certificate attached.

SALEHA LAKDAWALA


has successfully completed

AUTOCAD LEVEL II

COURSE TITLE

SHERIDAN COLLEGE

AUTOCAD TRAINING CENTER®


INSTRUCTOR

June 26, 1992

DATE



AUTOCAD
TRAINING CENTER®



GRACE GALLEG0, MANAGER, AUTODESK TRAINING CENTER PROGRAM

Salima's Mehendi and wedding:

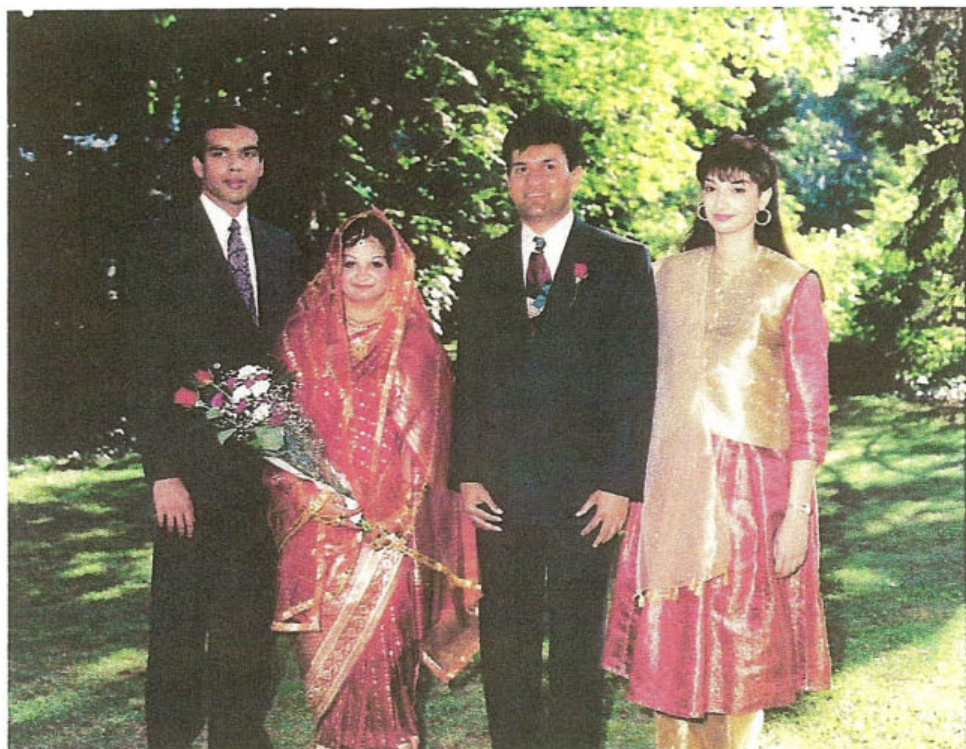
I had no home of my own in USA when we came for Salima's wedding. It was very nice of Nasir Husain, my nephew to let us use his house for Salima's Mehendi. This was a very enjoyable time. My good friends, Naveed, Maliha, Shaha came and joined us for the wedding.
Salima's Mehendi photo attached.



I had a 'mithi-shitabi for Salima in Canada before we left for States. Salima was married in 1992 at Palace of Asia, Philadelphia. It was a small affair, and I couldn't invite everyone I wanted to invite. However, it was a good wedding. We had the wedding in USA. After the wedding I went back to Canada while Suhaila stayed with her sister a little longer. Salima's wedding photos attached.

Salima and Amir's wedding at Palace of Asia







Soon after Salima's wedding, Suhaila was engaged to Sohail Sachak while we were still in Canada. Then they later had a civil marriage ceremony.

Suhaila and Sohail's engagement and civil marriage photos are attached.

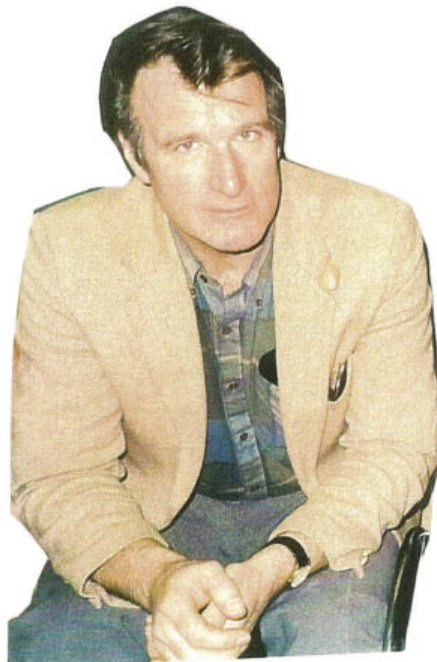
Suhaila and Sohail's engagement and civil marriage photos



There is a meaning in everything that happens to us, I think. My job was made redundant and I was given the pink slip. This thoroughly broke my heart. Now here I was without a job when I needed it the most. I am so grateful to Dr. Pritchard who showed me the file where all the professors got together and told the dean, Dr. Kim Innanen, who was the dean at the time, that they are willing to take 5 % less salary but he should not let Sally (me) go. It did not work.

I had worked at York for 23-24 years. Suddenly I had no place to go. I decided then that I will move to USA, where most of my family lived. This was a sign for me to move. If I had not lost my job, I would never have left. This forced me to make a move and now I realize how important it was for me to move and be near my family. Thank you, God.

In 1992 I graduated with a BSC degree in Physical Education, a Coaching Certificate, and a Sport Administration Certificate. The credit for this really goes to Dr. Chris Purton, whose constant encouragement made me strive for this degree. I remember once I almost gave up. It sure wasn't easy with full time work; house and kids to look after, husband's sickness, and my dad's sickness. (DR C.R.Purton's photo attached.)



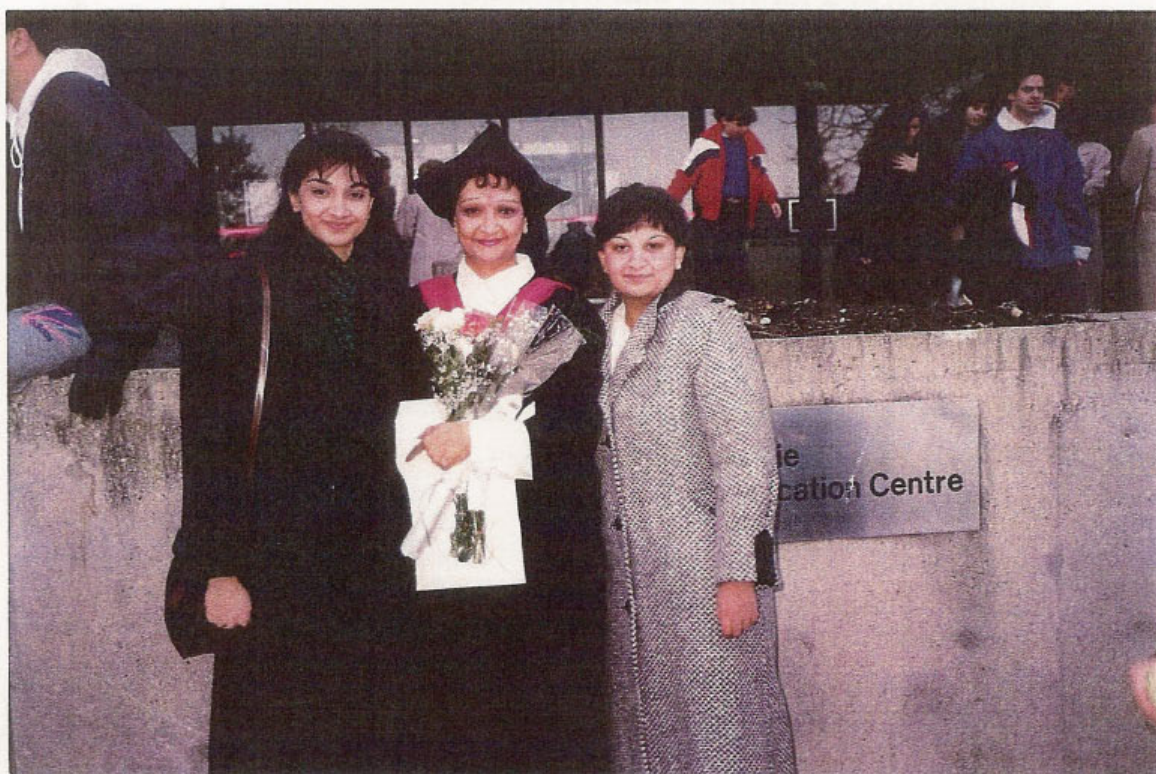
The people I worked with were amazing. They would ask me if I had a test to study for if not they would give me work to do. Thanks to all the people I worked with at York. They helped me in various ways and were very considerate. Thank you.

It was so nice to see all my supporters on the stage when my name was called to receive my degree. They came on to the stage to congratulate me. That was very a special time for me. I do have the video of my graduation. Some friends drove from work to see me graduate. I thought that was very special. The most important thing was Salima flew from NY for my graduation. Thanks, Salima.

I decided I will finally move to USA too, this way I can be close to my daughters. They are my only family left anyway.

I finally took an early retirement from York and moved to USA in September of 1992. York was very good to me. They threw a fabulous farewell party where they catered Indian food. A hundred people attended. They also gave me all the equipment, and furniture that was in my room to take with me. Photos of my farewell attached.

My Graduation



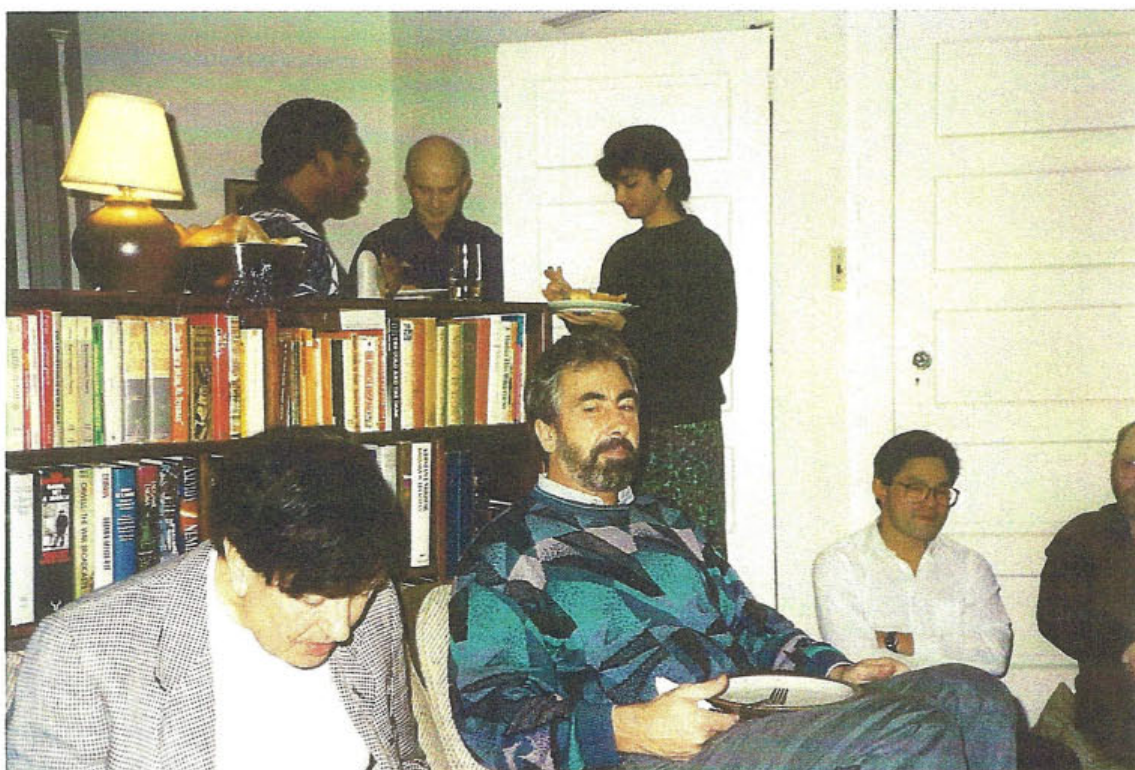
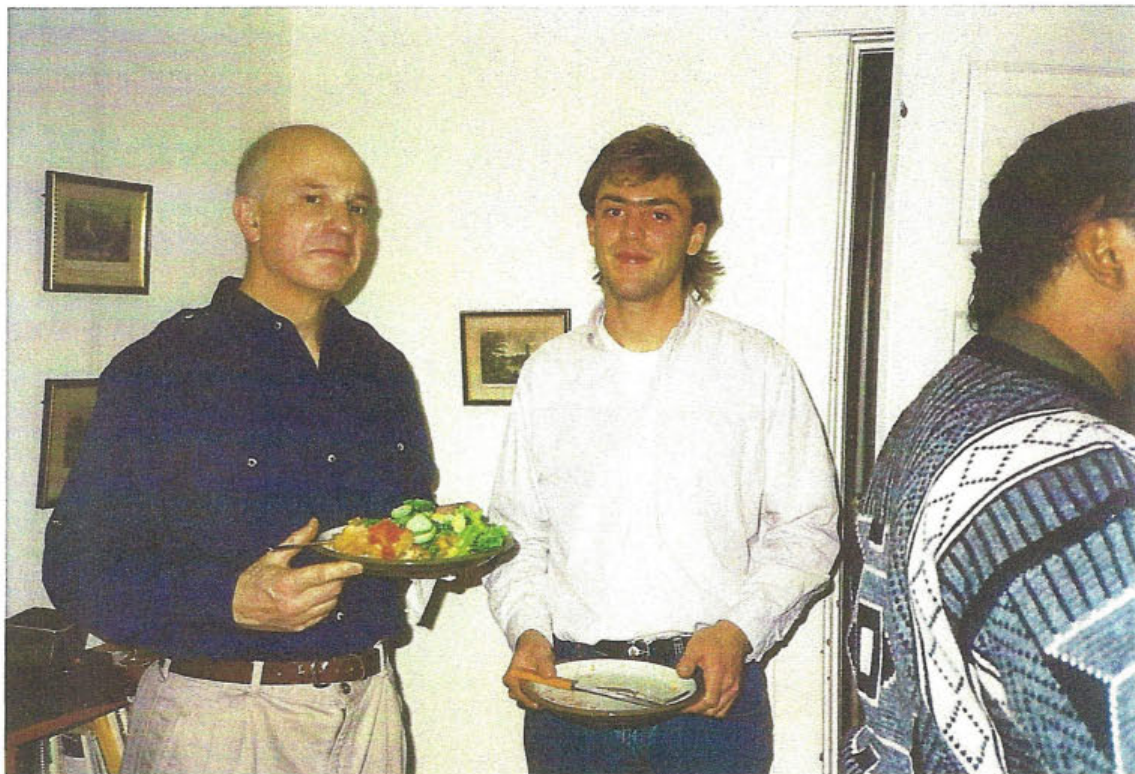
My farewell party at York



All the girls I worked with me took me out for a dessert party
after the farewell at York.
Photos attached:



Mark Cann had a farewell party for me at his house and he made all the food.
Some photos attached



All the Indian friends gave me a farewell party too at Cassim Degani's house. It was fun. Photos attached.



I was now moving from one country to another without any help. This was a big move. I put my house on the market then I started packing, sorting things out, and selling what ever I did not want. Then I got estimates from different moving companies. I must have got about eight estimates and made a chart to compare who was the best and thus chose my mover.

I sold my house at a time when the market was very slow and I was lucky to sell my house. The man who bought my house told me that he was buying my house because of the way it was decorated. I had put molding in my living room, painted it, and parts were stenciled. It looked very nice. I used to get twelve days' holidays during Christmas. I was lonely; Sharaf had passed away, so I thought this will keep me occupied. I am so glad my hard work paid off.

Photos attached show some of the molding work in the background.

Some moldings and decoration can be visible in these photos.



My Dream House for Sale

P R E S E N T I N G
3 G R I F F I N C O U R T



S E N A T O R H O M E S

QUEEN'S PARK MODEL - 2,460 Sq. Ft.
on 45' X 111' lot

Three days before closing I had a big graduation and farewell party at my house. I catered food and used paper plates etc. because all my dishes were packed. All my friends from York came and had a wonderful time. I also invited Dr. Inanen and his wife for this last farewell. Sue Wilson presented me with a trophy and made a nice speech.
Photos attached:

My Graduation Party at my house

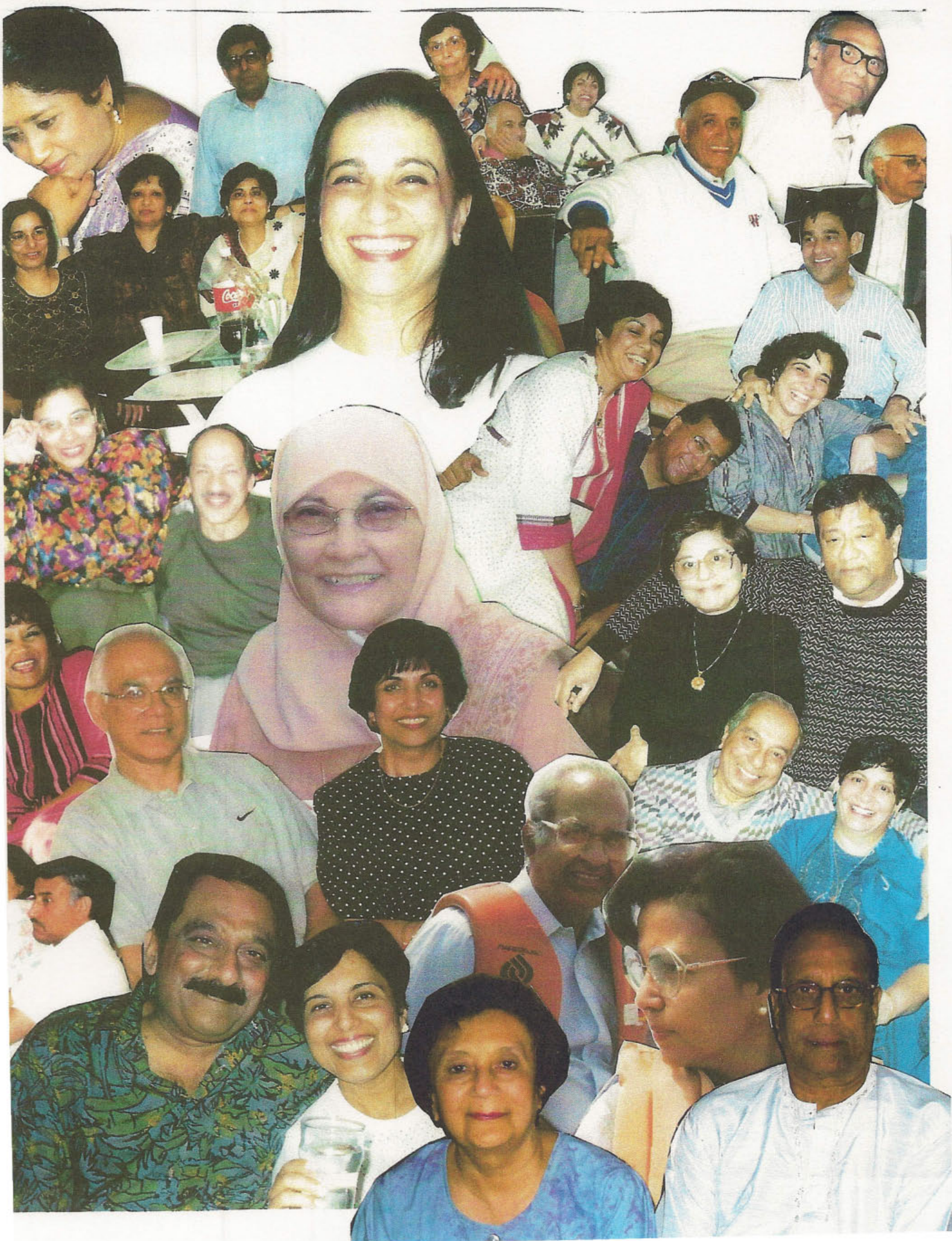




The movers came the day after. John Gooding's brother bought my car without seeing it. He said it is your car and my brother said it was good. I closed the next day and moved to USA with Sohail, Suhaila's fiancé, who came in his car to pick us up.

I moved to the States but will always carry the love and affection of my good friends I left behind without whose support my life would have been miserable. I have attached the photographs of my friends in Canada on two pages. If I missed anybody it is because I didn't have your picture! Thanks for your friendship.





Here are photos of some cars we owned in Canada

