

Proclamation



WHEREAS: Ira Boris was born on June 13, 1915 and will be celebrating his 100th birthday on June 13, 2015; and

WHEREAS: the City of Pompano Beach recognizes the contributions our senior citizens make to the community and the important role they serve in our society; and

WHEREAS: Mr. Boris has reached the age of deserving this special recognition by the City of Pompano Beach.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Lamar Fisher, Mayor of the City of Pompano Beach, Florida, on behalf of the City Commission and residents of Pompano Beach, do hereby wish Ira Boris a joyous 100th birthday celebration and do hereby acknowledge his life accomplishments and contributions, and most of all recognize his zest for life. We are proud to have Ira Boris as a resident of Pompano Beach.

DONE, this 9th day of June, 2015.




LAMAR FISHER
MAYOR

Proclamation



WHEREAS: Jacqueline DiGiorgio has won the Southeastern Division in the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR) American History Essay Contest; and

WHEREAS: Jacqueline, an eighth grade student at Lighthouse Christian School in Lighthouse Point, competed for this impressive honor and won locally, then took first place for the State of Florida and went on to achieve first place honors for the Southeastern Division; and

WHEREAS: the National Topic, "The Lives of Children During the American Revolution," made an immense impact on Jacqueline and she decided to write her essay as if she were a young girl traveling to America by ship and told of her first experience here; and

WHEREAS: Jacqueline was honored at the recent Florida DAR Spring Conference in Orlando by the State Regent who presented her with the American History Silver Medal; and

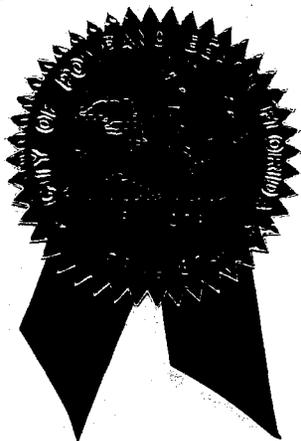
WHEREAS: collectively, our nation strives to encourage greatness and achievement in our young people; and

WHEREAS: our community depends on youth as vital community assets; and

WHEREAS: Jacqueline represents the best of America's youth and is a role model to her peers and her community.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Lamar Fisher, Mayor of the City of Pompano Beach, Florida, on behalf of the City Commission and residents of this community take pride in honoring Jacqueline DiGiorgio of Pompano Beach for her outstanding success and encourage her to continue this path of excellence and urge our citizens to recognize the important contributions our youth make in our community.

DONE, this 9th day of June, 2015.




LAMAR FISHER
MAYOR

Dear Alonzo,

Deciding to leave you and the rest of the family was the hardest thing I have ever done, not only physically but mentally. When we received the letter from Papà telling us that America is paved with the gold of opportunity, I knew it was time to leave. Living in Southern Italy was just too tough. Because of the overpopulation in our town, which relied solely on agriculture, we barely had enough to eat. I remember reading the letter and tasting the tears as they streamed down my face while thinking this is my chance, I'm going to America!

Mamma, Gianpaolo, and I traveled twenty miles by foot to make it to the port. When we arrived, the sun was just beginning to awaken and start its day. An hour later the boat of mystery arrived and we quickly rushed on only to discover that the steerage was filled with people of all ages. If I were to guess, there were at least 1,500 people stuffed with me at the bottom of that ship. It was horrible; the ventilation was completely inadequate, and the smell was always foul. During our long journey to the elusive America, my darling brother, Gianpaolo threw up multiple times and began to fight a horrid fever. I counted down the days till we would finally arrive, Oh, how it felt like forever. The day came though, and I recall staring in awe at the beauty of the Statue of Liberty. Aghast, all hardships were forgotten because we had finally reached the home of the free!

Getting off the ship, I kissed the ground as Mamma's eyes welled up with tears. Gianpaolo, though, was crying for a different reason. He was in pain. This brought us back to reality, and

we had to get him to a doctor quickly. Mamma and I bickered about what to do until an interpreter arrived and led us to the baggage room. We were told to leave all of our precious belongings. I did not mind very much, others though, felt it evil and discourteous to have to leave everything they brought with them in the hands of strangers until they passed the exams. Once we finished we were moved to the registry room. On the way, we were examined for mental or physical illness. This was a six second process so Mamma and I easily passed through, but Gianpaolo was marked with a big, white letter. I do not recall what the letter was, but only that he was marked to be further examined and possibly sent back to Italy.

As we continued walking, I watched as many families wept for one of their children who were to be sent back to their home country. On pins and needles, I was distressed to think Gianpaolo could be sent back home.

Additionally I had more worries because while on the ship, others had told me of a mysterious button hook that the doctors had used to examine immigrants for Trachoma. They would use this by flipping immigrants' eye lids. Fear only begins to describe what I felt when thinking of this well-known, dreaded object. As we continued walking, I could only think of two things, Gianpaolo and the button hook.

Soon we approached a man who questioned us thoroughly about our destination and possible life prospects. Anxiety filled within the pit of my stomach and I wondered what I could ever do without my dear brother. Finally, the interpreter told us that being only eleven Gianpaolo could not be sent back home, but he would be detained for medical treatment till he was in

better condition. A sense of relief engulfed me and a wide eager smile spread across Gianpaolo's face as I assume he feared the same thing I did. We were then nodded forward and now I was headed for fear number two.

The next man we reached held the hook, and as I stared at it with big, hesitant eyes, I heard a big gulp from behind telling me I was not the only one afraid. Forward the line moved until I was the next one to be examined. A pang of timorous thoughts spread throughout my body as I took a deep breath in and walked up to the man. I felt a little prick, and within seconds it was over. All the nervous energy had fled from my body as I jumped in joy. Mamma and Gianpaolo were at ease as well, and I realize that they must have been just as nervous as I. Next we were given our admittance cards although Gianpaolo would have to stay at the island's hospital for two more weeks. As we were all happy that we passed, this was a time of separation because now we faced three aisles of stairs. Mamma and I were to enter the left staircase while Gianpaolo would have to enter the center. This was an extremely bittersweet time for me, but I had to stay strong for Gianpaolo or else he would fall apart.

After our small talk of goodbyes, Mamma and I assured Gianpaolo we would visit often and finally kissed him goodbye. We walked to our staircase, and he walked tentatively to his. When we reached the bottom, there stood Papà, overjoyed and jubilant. When he saw us, a relieved smile spread across his face. He asked us about Gianpaolo, and we explained to him this exact story as we wandered blissfully out of the building that bestowed upon us hope and new beginnings. While it brought me great sadness that Gianpaolo would not be with us in our

first step to experience the new world, we knew this was only one rock that was pushing us down the hill of life, and we were going to move past it. Although this was not an easy journey, I will always be glad that I went on it. Please join us immediately. Enclosed is your ticket.

With Love,

Eleanora