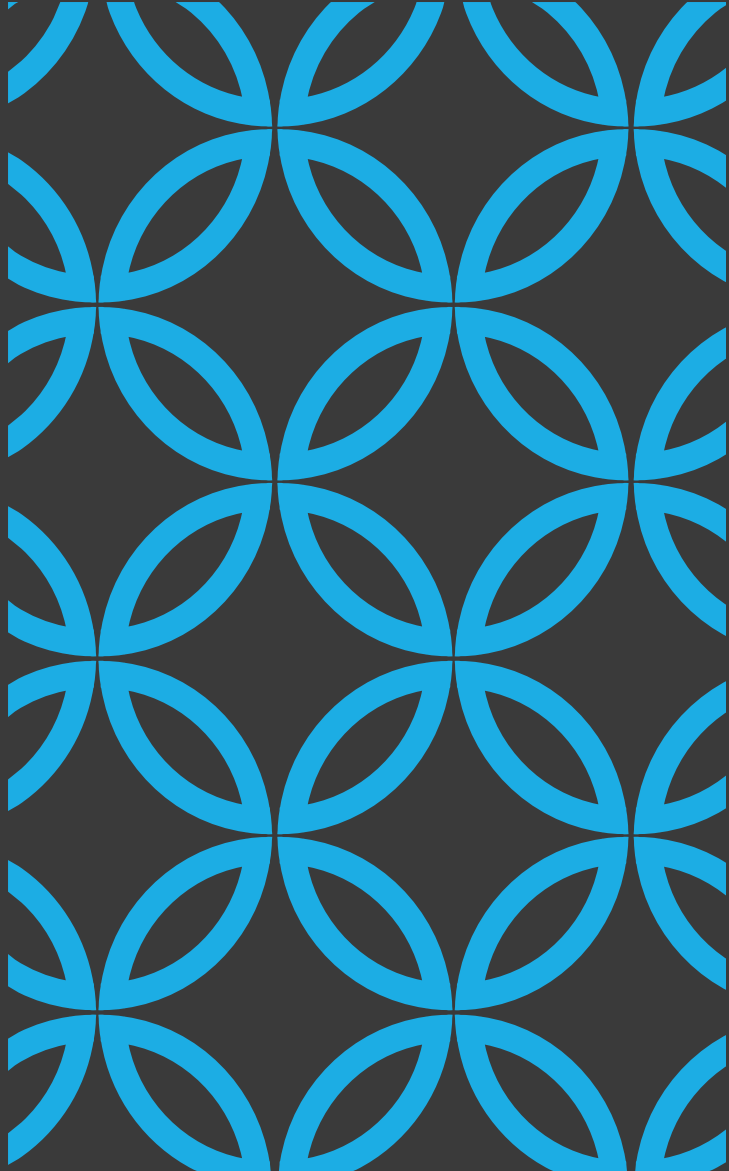




WRITING YOUR FAMILY HISTORY





HOW TO START

STARTING WITH REPETITION

I think about my great-great-grandmother and great-great-grandfather boarding that ship in Ireland. **I think** about what it must have felt like to leave behind everything you've ever known to go to a place you know nothing about. **I think** about how scared they must have been on that long journey. **And I think** that I wouldn't be in this place today if they hadn't stepped on board.

STARTING BY INTRODUCING THE THEME (IDENTITY)

I used to wish that I had something more to say when people inevitably asked, “Where did your ancestors come from?” After replying with Ireland and England, there aren’t too many more questions that follow. However, despite thinking of myself as Canadian, it is the melting pot of my ancestral roots that truly form who I am.

STARTING BY INTRODUCING CENTRAL CHARACTER(S)

Arthur William Turner established his farm atop a hill in the small, rural town of Carroll, Manitoba in the late 1880's. The hill was (and still is) always the windiest place in town, but it also gave a panoramic view of the town that lay before it. Farm land stretched every direction and this is where he put his plough in the ground and started a farm that would feed his 12 children, but also be the place where many generations would raise their child and their crops.

STARTING WITH AN INTRIGUING QUESTION

How would you feel if a fortune teller accurately predicted a terrible event that befell your family? That is what happened to my great-great-grandmother and her two children. Before leaving Ireland, a fortune teller told her she'd lose her children in a tragic event. While crossing the Atlantic to get to Canada, both her children died suddenly and tragically

STARTING WITH A SHOCKING OR DRAMATIC STATEMENT

Some days I wonder if I was born into the wrong family. Looking at my parents and my sister, we seem worlds apart in interests, appearance, and personality. However, upon further investigation, it becomes clear that on the surface we may not have that much in common, but my roots go far beyond just my parents. In fact, my identity has been a work in progress for many generations.