

Moments in the Past

There were six of us.

I was the fifth child, a six-year difference between my sister Fran and me. Jeanie (Gina) came three years later. I was born at the height of the Depression. That could not have been good news.



Mary was the oldest. She and I had a very good relationship. She was a giving person and that is what made her special to me. She had a quality in our family that made her rise above all the bickering and jealousies that prevailed. My fondest memory of Mary was the wonderful buttermilk cake she made. It was so scrumptious; no one could make it the way she did. Many birthdays were celebrated with that fabulous cake.



Tony is my big brother. I recall when he went off to the Army and when he was married. After he left home, we were together, usually with family. His compassionate nature reveals his warm and caring personality. One of my fondest memories was riding in his car. After the war, he bought his first car and would take us for rides around town. Now that was a real thrill in those days!



Jake (Joe) is the quiet one. A man of few words, he is also very intelligent. I have always felt that if we had not been Italian and discriminated against in the schools, he would have gone off to college. Over the years, there has been little communication with him, but I still have strong feelings for him. One of my fondest memories was the day he came home on leave from the Marines. I can still see him, handsome in uniform, coming up the walk toward the house. We were so surprised to see him.