

Kathy reminisces . . .

There is so much that I remember when I was young that I don't know where to begin.

First Grandma Iaione . . . She was the best. She always called me Kat-a-leen with her Italian accent. I can still hear her now how she said it. Sundays were the greatest time at Grandma's. Everyone would gather for the afternoon and just hang out. Always so much food and Grandma never minded how many people showed up. There was always room for everyone.



Grandpa Iaione . . . I always remember him in his garden with that great little house out there in the back yard. He was quite a man, but when it came to him getting mad at something, he would let you know. He was funny when he would go to Snuffy's bakery and get the rolls on Sunday. He always took that extra one to make it the baker's dozen.

My mom . . . She was always so thoughtful of everyone. I miss her a lot even though I complained about her, but she was so good-hearted. September was a special time for her when she would start canning her tomatoes. I hated sitting there washing those tomatoes, but now I look back and see how important it was to her. She looked beautiful every time she and Dad would go out to the clubhouse for dinner dances. They were such a handsome couple. Mom was always ready to party and dance.



My dad . . . A quiet man, but lovable. Now October was his special time of the year when he would go and get his grapes to make his wine. He and his brother would travel all the way to Newark to get the best. I'll never forget the wine press and how all those