



Fig 117: Backyard Proctor Lane, Kissin' Cousins Party, July 1988



Fig 118 Proctor Lane Playset 1986.



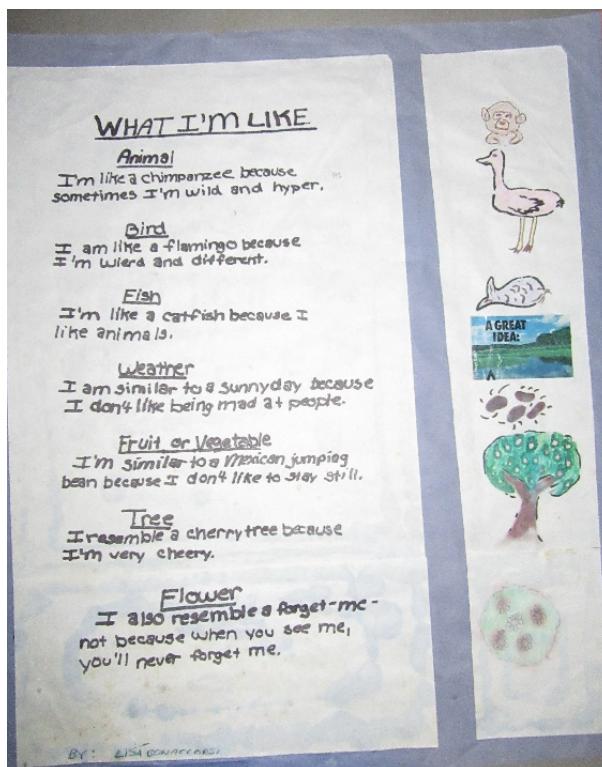
Fig 119 Mom, Dad, Lisa, Craig, 1986



Fig. 120

Hershey Park 1986: Me, Jeannette, Joanna, Dave, Connie, Ray, Lisa, Craig, Jaclyn

LISA'S ART WORK

**Fig. 121.** Lisa's "What I'm Like"

Lisa's "Prada" Poses through the years: L-R: **Fig. 123** Easter 1986. Fig. 124 10th Birthday, **Fig. 125** (The real deal) Prada Store, Rome 2005

CRAIG'S ART WORK

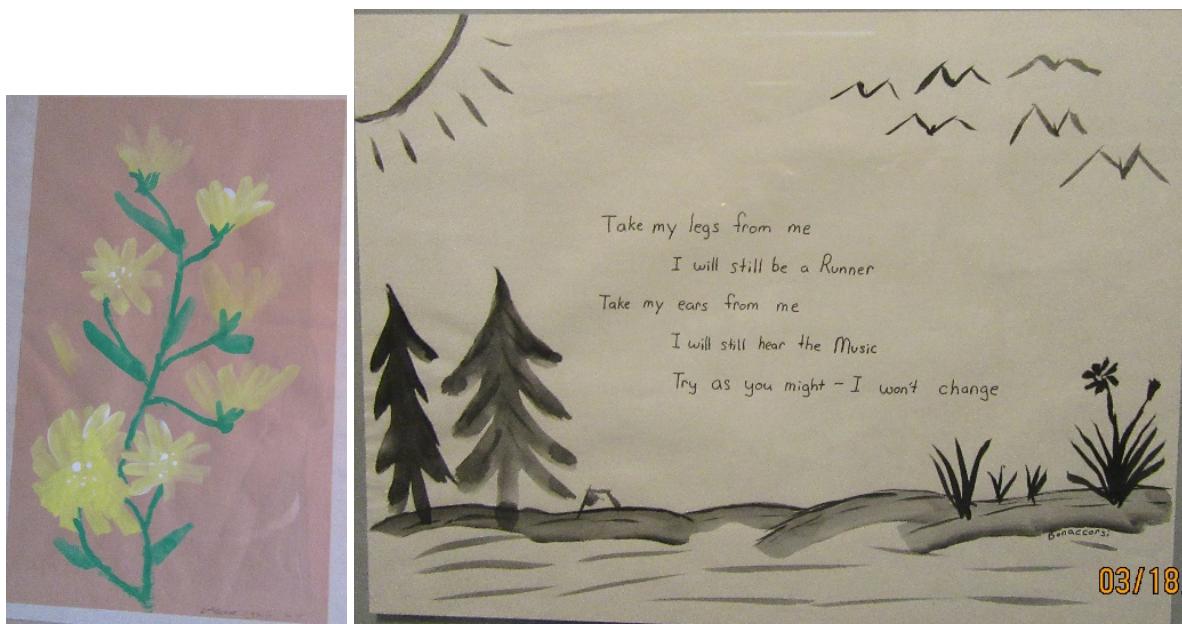


Fig. 126. Flower watercolor 2nd Grade, **Fig 127** Poem "Take My Legs ..." 2000

Fig. 128. Dinosaur Skittle Mosaic, Dec. 1999



Fig. 129. Craig reading to Dad circa 2004.



Fig. 130. Craig, Lisa, Mom Mom & Pop Pop, 2004



Bottom **Fig. 131:** (standing) Mom, Craig, Dad, Anna, Jaclyn, Lisa, Christina, Mark, (Seated Front) Joe, Jarrett. Taken Oct. 2004



Fig. 132 Girard Sept. 2010

Cousins: Ginny Rozzo Gustovich, Me, Marilyn Rozzo, Antoinette Airato, Connie

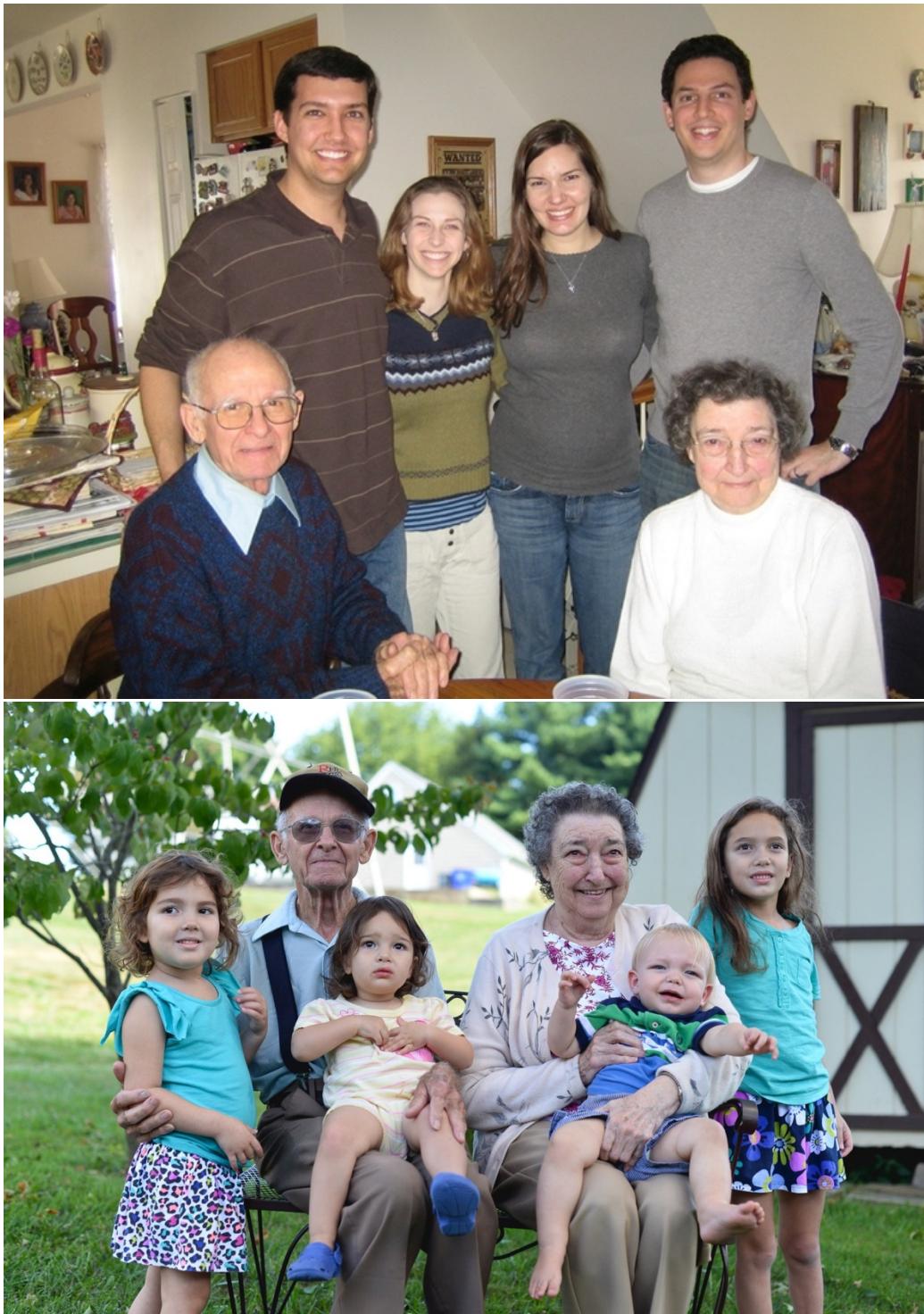


Top Fig. 133: Cousins: Gerri Airato, Me, Connie Venanzi, Antoinette Airato, Joanna Young, Frankie Gugliotta, Theresa Warson at Joe & Heather Young's Wedding Aug. 24, 2019.

Bottom Fig. 134: Cousins Wedding Julia & Noah, July 18, 2022. (front row L-R), Jacob Gugliotta, Theresa Watson, Nadia Gugliotta, Michele Gugliotta, Sandra Roy, Ann Conigliaro.

(back row L-R) Unknown, Joe Conigliaro, Dana (Nadia's friend), Me, Jeannette, Frankie Gugliotta, George Roy (In Louisville, KY).

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN



Top Fig. 135: (left to right) Pop-Pop Charles Dahler, Craig, Sara, Lisa, Mark, Mom-Mom Mary Dahler, taken at Connie & Dave's March 2008

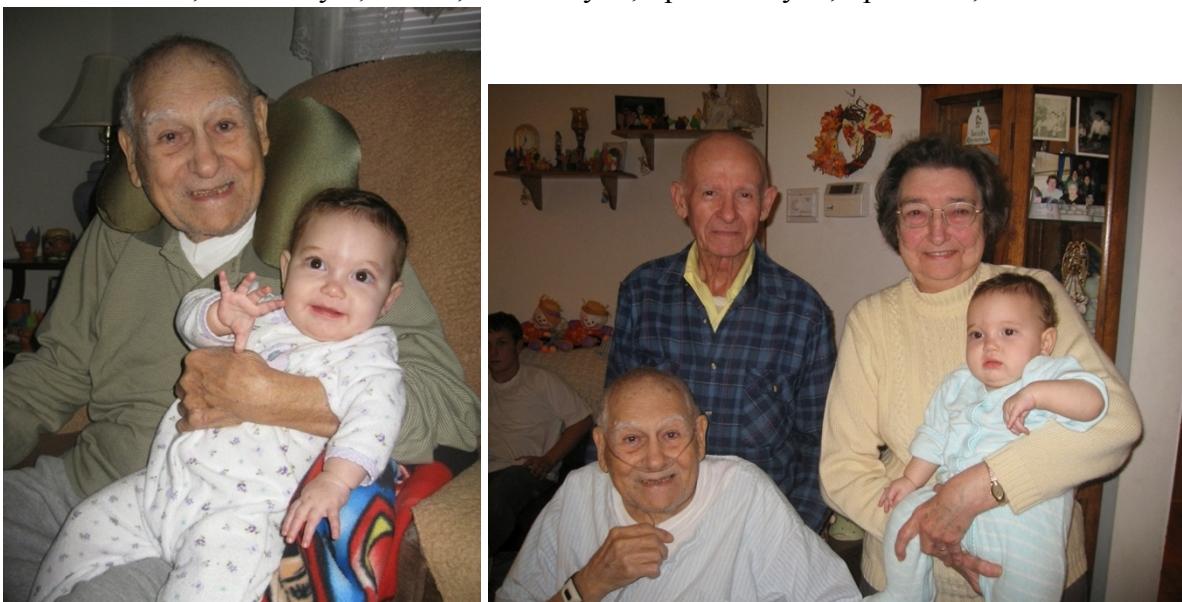
Bottom Fig 136: (left to right) Lily, Pop-Pop, Elena, Mom-Mom, Dexter, Emma
Taken summer 2015 at Mary Ann & Butch's Backyard

GRANDCHILDREN

Some of my favorite photos of our grandchildren.



Fig. 137 Top Left: Emma 2yrs; Emma (5) Lily (2); Dexter (3mos), Elena (6mos)
Bottom: Elena, Dexter 4yrs; Oliver, Claire 4 yrs.; Spencer 2 yrs., Spencer 3, Amber 1.



Left -Fig. 138 Dad & Emma, Nov. 2008) "Nonno's Little Angel"

Right - Fig 139 Dad, Pop-Pop, Mom-Mom, Emma, Nov. 2008

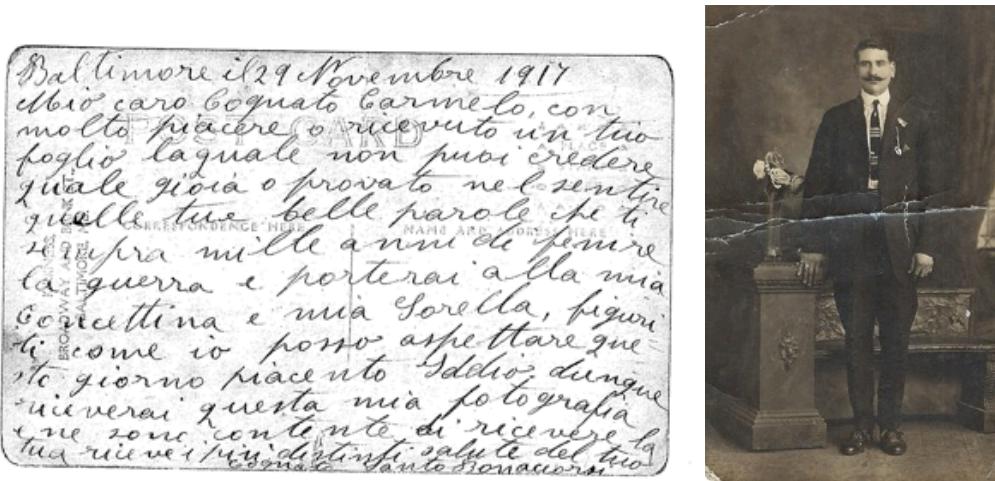


Fig 140: Photo and note from Santo Bonaccorsi (Grandpa) to Carmelo Bonanno, Nov. 29, 1917; (p. 30 for story and translation.)



Fig. 141: Grandma's Crocheted Wallet made for Grandpa Bonaccorsi with initials "S B" - "My Thoughts Watch Over You". (See p. 32)



Fig 142 International Restaurant: Rosario & Josephine Bonanno(Zio & ZiZi);
Fig 143 Ethel (Waitress) & Aunt Josie; **Fig. 144** Waitresses Odessie and Etta



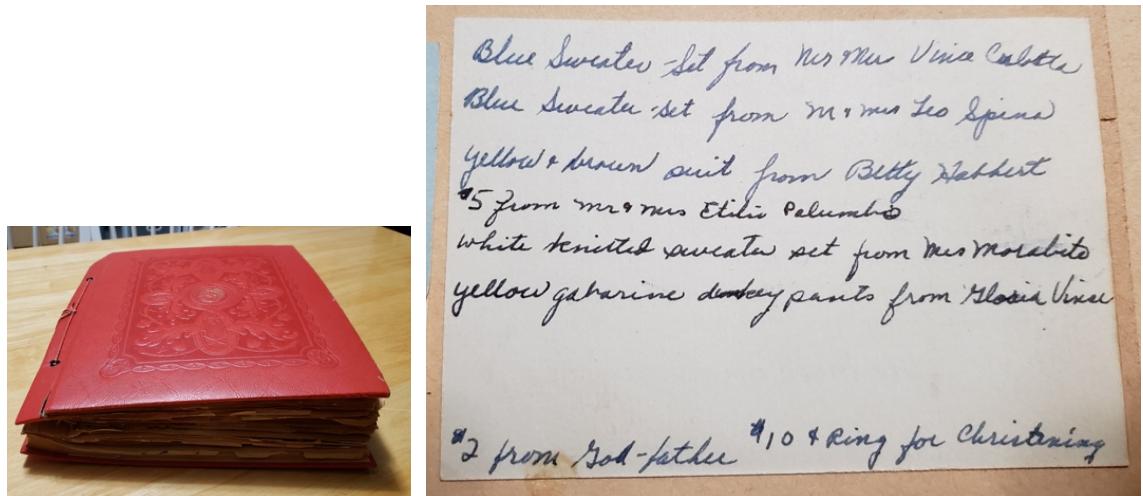
Fig. 145 Back Row: Aunt Josie (ZiZi) Conigliaro Bonanno, Cousin Mary Pagano Conigliaro, Grandma Concetta Bonanno Bonaccorsi, Aunt Angelina Bonaccorsi Bonanno; Front -Pete Bonaccorsi, Connie Conigliaro, Gerri Bonanno, Mary Bonanno, Gwynn Oak Park 1935.



Fig. 146 Dad's WWII Patches & Buttons

Top L-R: WWII Army Technician 5th Grade Patch; WWII US Army Tank Destroyer Shoulder Patch 4-Wheel Version; Dad's Ohio Leather Co. ID Badge

Bottom L-R: Dad's WWII Dog Tag; WWII US Anti-Aircraft Command Cloth Patch; "Marines Have Landed" button received during deployment on Saipan



Mom's Scrapbook of my Greeting Cards and her notes

Top L-R: Fig. 147 Scrapbook (33 pages); Fig. 148 One of her notes – Christening Gifts, Note: ring from my Godfather Rosario Conigliaro, I still have the ring.

Bottom L-R: Fig 149 – Christening cards: Top left clockwise: Sam, Sara, John & Santo Conigliaro; Sammy & Rose Pagano & Fam. (Struthers, OH); Etta waitress for Zio & ZiZi; Carmel, Nancy & Anthony Paul Santisi (Girard).

Fig. 150: Get Well cards for my operation Nov. 1952. Top left clockwise: Aunt Mary & Family; Nancy & Frank Santagata (Girard); Frank; Kay & Guy Trina



Left: Fig. 151 –Top Left Clockwise: Uncle Sal & Aunt Anne; Aunt Francie Valentine '53; Grandma & Grandpa; Kay & Guy Trina

Fig 152 Grandma & Grandpa 1st Birthday; Aunt Francie Valentine '53 Note: to “Butch”



Fig 153 Valentine '53 Zio & ZiZi (Note - card is 10 inches high)

Fig 154 Top Left Clockwise: Anthony, Sara, Jean, Anita Airato; Alfred & Linda Conigliaro; Uncle Frank; Godmother Mary Russo



Fig 155 Mike Arthur, Me, John Bush, Don Griswold, Dad - Home for Christmas 1970;
(My Poly Classmates & Friends)

Fig 156 Jeannette, Me, Bill & Gail Bokel at Wilbur Chocolate, Lititz, PA Sept. 2014



Fig 157 Craig under Grandma & Grandpa's Dining Table in Cincinnati, OH Nov. 3, 2007
(I had table refinished and gave Craig the table and china closet)

Fig 158 Joanna, Me, and Connie, at Connie's Sept. 1, 2011



Fig 159 Emma's Parrot Painting, to Jeannette Mother's Day 2018

Fig 160 Lily's Hummingbird Painting, to Jeannette Mother's Day 2018

GRANDCHILDREN ART WORK

**Fig 161** Elena's Vase Painting, 3rd Grade**Fig 162.** Claire's Painting "Playing in the Snow with My Family" 2020**Fig 163 (Left)** Dexter Car Painting 2020**Fig 164 (Below Left)** Dexter's "Boy in the Hammock" Nov. 2020**Fig 165 (Above Right).** Oliver's Gingerbread House Christmas 2020

Fig. 166 Jeannette's letter of March 7, 1997 to Craig

March 7, 1997

Dear Craig:

We were asked to write a letter to you of something from the heart.

With you, it really isn't a hard task, you really are a good kid, as I said before, you are my favorite son, (you are my only son, it's a good thing you are my favorite). Words we played around with in the past, but words that really have meaning for me.. Writing isn't my usual way to communicate to you, so this is a little strange for me. Usually, I talk to you at the table, in the car, before we go to bed, or any other place we happen to be.

Well, maybe I'll start at the beginning.

You were born (Yes, you actually were, I didn't find you in the pumpkin patch) You screamed your way into the world and you proceeded to scream for a solid hour. If you could talk, you probably would have said something like you weren't finished swimming around, it's too cold out here, it's too bright, or maybe the doctor had bad breath.

The whole time you were a toddler, I prayed the day would come that you would live long enough to become a teenager. You were into everything. You would climb on the back of the sofa, yell "hey mama, look at me". I would go over to the living room, there you are, 16 mos. old standing on the back of the sofa. I would calmly tell you how proud I was of you, and gently suggested you get down. Another time was when you were at MomMom's house, you went around the railing on the stair well outside. I thought I was doing to die with fright. They are cement stairs, and a long way down. I coaxed you off of that also. Well, you never got hurt from these acrobatic stunts, but there are the times you didn't escape injury.

With you around, life was and is not boring. You had the energy of two kids. Not only did you act on this energy, you also had a lot of energy in the thinking process. The things you would come up with were really original. Remember the wind story: (I put your clutcher toy on top of the refrigerator after you misused it on Patrick, and according to you, a big gust of wind came, blew it off the refrigerator, and you caught it.) You're the only one who experience that hurricane that came through the house. The other memorable one was when you couldn't have a treat until you ate all your peas. Well, you made them disappear, I was so proud that you got your dessert. Later I discovered that the trash can was the beneficiary of the peas. I really was impressed with your thinking process, and you never confessed!

(Letter continued on next page)

Fig. 166 Cont. - p. 2

When you went to first grade, you had a wonderful teacher who saw all the good and excused all the excess energy. One day, you didn't want to get on the bus, so I drove you to school. When we got to the classroom, you decided that you didn't want to stay. That was one of the hardest things to do, walk away from your child when they're screaming "mommy-- mommy, don't leave me". I walked out of Gunpowder crying. Another similar time was when we were here in Indiana, you had a dental appointment. You were in Miss Hines class, and I took you to school in the morning after you're appointment. You decided that you didn't want to leave me, the principal came out and said that he would take you to class. Well, you cried for me not to leave you there. I was crying that day too and I didn't want to leave you there for anything but, I felt that it was better for you to learn that even though you had to leave me, you always come back home after a few hours.

The church experiences were exhilarating too. You kept me busy. I think I earned my title "Mom" just having you and I wouldn't trade any of it for a million dollars.

Now you're in high school and doing quite well. You have a lot of interests, your grades are excellent, you have good friends, and you found comfortable social surroundings in the band. So much to be proud of.

When you went to Florida, first I worried that something would happen, like the bus getting hijacked or something, but I really missed you. Before you left, I didn't really think about it because it was something you really wanted to do and you were really looking forward to it. Sometimes when kids really get into something, the parents get into it also because their kids are so happy about it. Well, after you left, it was way too quiet and I really felt that something was missing. I realized that you take up a great part of my thoughts, time, & plans, and I really missed you and didn't like that you weren't home.

I know that I didn't mention every remarkable situation you were involved in, but I plan to always have an open and honest relationship with you and to continue "the talks" we have on a daily basis. Even when you're in college you won't escape me, I'll have E-mail.

I love you, I will always love you (even when we disagree), I am proud of you and you will always have a large part of my heart.

Love

Mom

Above letter is referenced on page 106.