



The Grapevine



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Since it's been a busy January and February, with snowstorms and playoffs, we haven't had enough material to put together issues for those months.

We rely on a regular flow of news to produce a monthly newsletter. So keep sending your photos and stories!

Last year we touched on the idea of having a summer get-together at a place large enough for all to attend.

Cathy Fitzmaurice suggested having it at the Hanson Athletic Club, the location of Phil & Chrissy's shower. Could we impose on the newlyweds to provide Cathy with the contact



number for this venue? For those who weren't able to attend the shower, the club

provided an outdoor facility, perfect for a cookout, and fields for baseball and volleyball games!



A VISIT WITH THE SMITHS

The Smith's, Jodi, Brent and their son Ryan live in Bridgewater, Mass.



Last December, Brent had his picture published in the Boston Herald after he and a group of friends dressed as Santas at the Patriots-Bengals game at Foxboro.

He has been a Patriots season ticket holder for the past 10 years. When he's not playing Santa, Brent works at State Street in Westwood.

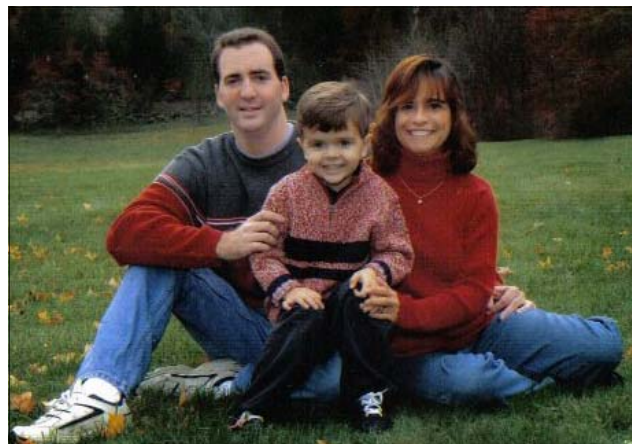
Jodi works at Sylvan Learning in Easton and also is the 6th grade MCAS tutor in the East Bridgewater Schools.



Ryan attends the Easton Country Day School. In his spare time, Ryan likes to play golf. On his 5th birthday, which was on Feb. 8, he got an indoor putting mat to practice on until spring. Ryan is also a big Red Sox and Patriots fan, just like his dad.



Brent, the Santa on the right, at the Patriots-Bengals game last December.




Brent, Ryan and Jodi at Borderland Park in November.

THE GERRIORS

It's been a while since we've seen the Gerriors at their summer home in Onset.

Here's an update on Linnea, twins Jul and Janel, big sister Tania and their brother Billy.

Linnea is the Director of Marketing for the Burlington Mall. She married Paul Kelliher, from Melrose, Mass., on Aug. 25, 2001.

 Paul is a physical education teacher in Everett and also teaches grades K-8 at the Parlin School. He is also the head varsity baseball coach in Melrose.



They live in Wakefield, and on Oct. 15, 2003, they became the proud parents of daughter Allida Joan, named after Linnea's mother.



Janel is a physical education teacher at the Wakefield Middle School as well as a coach (asst Varsity soccer, former asst varsity basketball and youth soccer). Janel married Todd Stevenson on Feb. 2, 1997.

The Stevensons live in Wakefield, in the Gerrior's childhood home on 26 Summit Ave. (fondly referred to as "26") Todd, a contractor, has renovated the home and surrounding property. The landscape includes a waterfall and fish pond complete with Koi.

Jul Gerrior is a registered dietician and works at Tufts University. She is a research dietician and has been working on a study with AIDS patients for 8 years. She recently bought a condo in an old converted firehouse in Jamaica Plain.



Tania Gerrior Verdone, a hair stylist, has been a salon owner in Wakefield for 13 years! Her salon, "Tania A Unique Salon for Body and Soul", specializes in Aveda hair and nailcare and offers an eco-friendly environment.

She and her husband Peter live in an old victorian house converted into two apartments.

Billy and his wife Kim live in Danvers and have a beautiful 5-year-old daughter, Shelby Allida.

Billy, an accomplished plumber, can be found on the weekends slaving over the stove cooking for the Gerrior family's famous Sunday dinners.



Standing, from left, Paul Kelliher, Bill Gerrior, Peter Verdone, Tania Gerrior Verdone, Todd Sullivan. Seated, from left, Linnea Gerrior Kelliher, daughter Allida Joan, niece Shelby, Jul Gerrior and Janel Gerrior Sullivan.



Carmella M. Coviello Mussari, 90, passed away Feb. 12, at her home in Brockton. She leaves behind three children, a son-in-law, daughter-in-law, seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

The following is an excerpt from the eulogy given by granddaughter Laura Mussari Russell:

Nana's Garden

You've heard the saying that good things come in small packages.

Nana was a meager 5 feet, but she stood tall and was wonderful. She had a unique ability to bring out the best in all of us.

I bet if you asked any one of her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren who was her favorite, each of us would choose ourselves. It was Nana's gift, to make you feel special.

We share so many wonderful memories of that gift. Sleepovers, sitting on her lap and hearing her sing La Ni Na Nona, walks to the candy store, bus rides to the mall, playing rummy and war, watching Lawrence Welk, Nana babysitting us and watching The Love Boat and letting us stay up just a little bit longer so we could hear Tattoo on Fantasy Island say, "da plane da plane."

While growing up, my parents would bring us up every Sunday for lunch. Nana would make her own spaghetti

sauce and meatballs, homemade manicottis. Week after week we would sing and dance to the old records, set up shoe stores in Auntie's (Roseanne) room. She had a lot of shoes.

Nana attended almost every dance recital, baseball game, graduation, prom, personal milestone and religious event I can think of.

She was our number one fan. She made it easy to believe you were her favorite. The truth is, each one of us is.

I hate to say goodbye. It's such a great loss. We will miss so much about Nana.

Over the years her role in the family changed. A passing of the torch sort a speak.

Growing up, she hosted every event at her house. We would get together for everything, birthdays, Easter, Christmas, mother's and father's day, Thanksgiving, special events, New Year's Day. You name it we celebrated it. That's what Nana lived for.

Nana is a humble person, very modest. Her small home isn't full of extravagant toys. She lived a simple life by choice. She didn't leave possessions; she left us, her family, and her friends.

So as her role changed in the family from one who threw the party to one who participated in it, she not only passed the torch, but her traditions, and her family values. Nana taught us about family. Through these celebra-

tions she showed us what's important in life. And when she stepped back and allowed the next generations to take over, she was able to witness those lessons in action and knew her teachings were successful.

I like to think of it this way. Nana planted seeds and out of those seeds grew a family. As we continued to attend those special events, she watched as we all sprouted leaves and eventually bulbs. And in her final months, although she struggled to attend, she watched as we blossomed into our own, unique, flowers.

And I believe in her final days she took each one of us and tied us into a beautiful bouquet and took us with her. For she realized her job was finally done and she knows we will bloom once again in the spring.

At one of the family gatherings, nana experienced a revelation; she mentioned to my mom as she sat around the table looking over all 20 of us, "I am responsible for all of this."

Nana you certainly are. Your job here is done, now you can finally rest, rest in peace.



Pictured from left, Carmella as a teenager, at her 90th birthday party in 2004, with her husband George, Sr., and with her husband and infant son Phil.