

COUSINS NEWSLETTER

MEMORIES

(“light the corners of my mind...of the way we were”)

There are so many memories that I have as a young child growing up in a family that was always so close and very loving. One of the biggest reasons for writing about them is so my children know of their legacy and can share them with their children some day. This newsletter is a way to share my memories with them and hopefully for everyone

rest of us should know about. I will post your stories/memories.

So, here is a story I call: “If things are too quiet, something is surely amiss”. Those of you with young children may be able to relate to this story.

“IF THINGS ARE TOO QUIET, SOMETHING IS SURELY AMISS”.

else to do the same. When I think of storytelling, Aunt Violet Piano comes to my mind and to my heart. She could really tell a story! I call her the original storyteller of the Tabbacchino Family. She is deeply missed, as is all of sisters and brothers are. They all were a big part of my childhood.

I would like to encourage everyone to help me pass on Aunt Vy’s storytelling legacy by writing about your parents, grandparents, brothers and sister and the impact or influence that they had on your life.

So here’s my **CHALLENGE** to all of you. Your mission is to write and submit one memory per newsletter, as I will do the same. Are you up for the challenge? Remember that you can write whatever you wish to. They’re really are no guidelines. It’s all freeform writing; whether it’s your introduction (who you are, and what family you represent), your stories, photos, news or events that the

For as long as I can remember, this story was told to me time and time again by my mother. Even now as an adult, she still must remind me of times when I got into mischief as a child. This incident took place in the hallway of our home on Madison Street in West New York. My dad and grandfather (Papa Jim) were both at work and my grandmother (Nanny Gina) was out, probably shopping on Bergenline Avenue. My sister Patti must have been in school that day; because only my mom (Clara), my brother Joey and I were home. I don’t believe Leona was born yet. That day, Aunt Phyllis (Dragonetti) came by to have coffee with my mom and Joey and I were left alone to play in the hallway. I believe at the time I was two years old and Joey had to be three. Well, as the story goes, he and I got into some white enamel paint that my grandfather had stored in a brown vinyl trunk in the corner of the hallway. Before anyone was aware, we had smeared the paint all over the walls in the hallway and covered ourselves in the paint as well. When mom and Aunt Phyllis realized it was too quiet, they figured something was wrong and came looking for us. They found two little scamps all covered in white paint from head to toe. Mom still says to this day that all you could see were our blue eyes. Well, while Aunt Phyllis took Joey and I and cleaned us up, my mom worked fervently to clean the hallway before my grandmother came home from shopping. I’m sure after we were cleaned up, we were sent

to or beds as punishment. I'm sure my grandparents found out about it shortly afterwards.

Another Season in Time

(By Barbara McGinley)

The summer wind has come and gone,
While thoughts of you still live on and on.
Winter has come...the cold winds stirring,
As hearts are happy with holidays pending.
The days all seem to blend together,
With nights too short to even measure.
The coldness of each day serves only to remind me,
Of the emptiness left by your passing.
The silence whispers to me memories,
Of a bygone time and life with you in it.



McGinley Christmas - 1958/59



Snow Mountain Fun

MEMBER ARTICLES

(Submissions by Group Members)

care of them. You have my promise. If you have any questions, give me a shout.

I will begin by adding two photos in this edition. The first is of Grandma (Angela Scannavino) and Grandpa (Antonio Vincenzo Tabbacchino) married August 1905. The second photo is of my grandparents (Gina Tabbacchino and Vincent Perna) married June 1927. It's amazing to think that if my grandparents were still alive today, they'd be married 92 years.

RECENT HAPPENINGS

For anyone who communicates with Sonja Francin Trotta, she has a new cell phone number and email address. Her new email is: trottasonja@gmail.com and her new cell number is: (336) 870-2186.

Aunt Fran Perna underwent valve replacement surgery recently. She is home now and doing well.

In June, Leona McGinley Zahn moved to Sarasota, Florida just in time for the arrival of her first grandchild,

Ezra Dean Price to parents Lauren and Eric Price. Also, on September 13th, Leona's son Brian married Lauren Townsend in North Carolina.

That's all for this month folks. Remember, if you ever have questions or suggestions please don't hesitate to contact me. I can be reached by email, cell or through the Facebook Group page.

Enjoy this beautiful Autumn weather wherever you are and be kind to one another!

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COUSIN REUNION NEWS

No new updates currently.