Well brother, I haven’t had much to say recently so I must explain the reason. Most of my letters are usually laced with sarcasm, black humor and doom and gloom. However, my attitude seems to be changing. For some reason. I have a had an epiphany. I don’t know if it’s the loss of weight (yes forty pounds on this body is hardly noticeable except that Nico is questioning my extra chin), the better sugar numbers, the lower blood pressure, or the crazy pills my doctor gave me to take the edge off. Whatever it is, I seem to be more upbeat and that takes away my usual wit. I’m just not me anymore.

I’ve been getting more involved in different organizations, traveling more, and relaxing outside with the family instead of staying in my chair on Sundays watching the Yankees. That part of it could be related to the fact that lately they are just too hard too watch.

I’m still trying to write that book but it becomes harder and harder. The older I get the shorter my attention span is.

So the new me has to come up with a new game plan for these letters, I don’t want you going off and telling the old man I am getting soft. I’m now leaning towards mom as I become a calmer and gentler person (although she was hardly gentle when she was giving me one of her famous beatings.

We are now getting ready to go to a the family reunion. We haven’t gone since the pandemic so I’m wondering if the same old stories will sound new after a five year hiatus or if once they start getting told, it will just be the same old laughter at the same old stale jokes. Frankie and Ana are coming up so it should be nice as we haven’t seen them since Easter.

In speaking about the family, a thought came into my head as I was watching Severino give up nine runs in two innings. My son is the last male of the Mentone clan. If he doesn’t have a boy soon, when he leaves this earth, so will our name. That never really mattered to me but as I get older it becomes more important for a legacy to be carried on. Our grandparents and parents live on through the monotonous repeats of some of the same old stories but indeed they live on. That history will die as no one will be around to tell of the memories. ( Another reason I should really get that book going). Without it, who will live to tell about pop and all the uncles proudly raising families with nothing more that an eighth grade education. Who will tell the stories of our uncles and father working countless hours in heavy labor jobs for very little reward except the pride of raising their families and the joy they took in going to Yale athletic events and having family gatherings. We all had it so much better because of their commitment to their jobs and their families.

Speaking of traditions, with SueAnn fully retired we are taking on new projects. With cherries on sale last week, I decided to make brandied cherries. Remember the ones we use to get for aunt Tessie every Christmas. We would get them at Pacelli’s (a store we both worked at to put ourselves through high school and college) They were in a glass boot jar shaped like Italy). I have to wait six weeks to sample them but the leftover brandy mixture is out of this world.

I really enjoying the new me. But as I mentioned I’m losing my edge in my letters. I am going to try to continue seeing the world at its worst and still complain and tell you about it.

I will continue to point out the craziness in the world (presidential race excluded) but for a few issues I might be jumping all around like I am doing now.

I spoke with your two boys last week as they and your wife are continuing your legacy with the Southern Connecticut Diamond Club and I am trying to help them whenever I can. You would be proud of all three.

Again, that book keeps popping into my head. I sure wish you and Mary were here so we could get together and discuss the history. Let me remind you again, I am the baby and I just don’t know as much about the olden days as you two did.

Well I guess I have to start packing so I’ll sign off. Give my best to the family and tell them I’ll see them soon. Hopefully not too soon cause I have to get that book going.

I hope you and pop will be happier when football season starts because the baseball season is pretty much over.