

The Write Touch

YOUR THOUGHTS, YOUR STYLE, OUR FINISHING TOUCH!

Reflections from the Bride: Cathy Varone (excerpt)

My first girlish notions of what true love might be came to me in the dream-like storytelling of my grandmother, Fillipa. As the youngest child of a working mother, I spent my early years in the loving care of my widowed grandmother, who my brothers and I called Ma. Of course, Ma took excellent care of me, I was very well-fed and kept safe and happy – but her greatest gifts to me were the stories she told me of LAquila, their village near Abruzzi. It was from her that I learned of my family's customs and traditions, of how they made do with what they had, and particularly of the love she shared with my grandfather.

For the four long years while my grandfather was away at war, Filippa waited for him. They wrote letters to each other during that long absence and upon his return, they decided to read them again to each other. And then, to burn them so that they could keep their feelings private, creating a world for just the two of them..... no one else would ever see the words they exchanged. They had known each other since they were children and had always been friends....but now they were in love. And so, Ma was courted! My grandfather, a romantic through and through, serenaded my grandmother. The image of her that dances often in my mind shows her wearing—as she always did-- a locket with my grandfather's picture in it around her neck.

Those stories helped to shape my values, my expectations of a husband, and my childhood dream

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- to be as in love with someone as my grandparents had been with each other. And, though I had to wait many, many years for it---that dream has finally come true. Tonight is a celebration of that kind of devoted love - mine and Jason's.