**Moving Forward**

The Public Relations Committee has been looking for ways to streamline the effort required to format the Bollettino and keep expenses down. First, for efficiency, beginning with the January 2011 issue, only electronic submissions of branch articles and photographs will be accepted for publication. There is a lot of time and effort in converting any handwritten articles and printed photographs into the format required for printing the paper. During the Public Relations workshop at the 2010 convention, it was mentioned that sending articles or photographs by email in the future would be the only acceptable method. Several of you have made the adjustment and we thank you. For those of you that have not, you will need to have either someone within your branch, a family member or a neighbor help you send your article and associated photographs by email to the Bollettino Editor. The December 2010 issue will be the last time that any handwritten articles or printed photographs will be accepted for publication. If you have any questions with how to send an article or photograph, please contact Michelle Feldman, the Bollettino editor, or for any other concerns, please contact me, Leonard Zasoski, Public Relations Chairman.

**Calendars**

October Calendar Winners

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Details</th>
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<tr>
<td>Monterey Festa di Santa Rosalia</td>
<td>Celebrated its annual Santa Rosalia Fisherman’s Festival. This was the 77th year that Monterey has put on this Festa and honored Santa Rosalia, the Patron Saint of their Sicilian fishermen. Each year, in the fall, the statue of Santa Rosalia is removed from its pedestal in the old San Carlos Church and paraded to the waterfront for the blessing of the fleet. This tradition began with the original Isola delle Femmine immigrants and continues to this day. The Italian Catholic Federation was asked to march in the Parade and so we did along with Bishop Garcia and many others. On this year’s float were Ed and Bella Leonard of Branch 36, Liz Grammatico of Branch 36, and Grand President Jim Jones. Also there to lend a hand, and have some fun, were First Lady Janice Jones, Grand Secretary Nina Malone and her mother Natalie, Central Council member Jim Friel, Grand Trustee Andy Pappani and his wife Sid, and Central Council member Marco Galeazzi. The Festa had a great selection of food and drink along with some outstanding entertainment.</td>
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Open Your Heart to Jesus

Monsignor Daniel Cardelli
ICF Spiritual Director
ICFSpiritDr@icf.org

The heart is the traditional symbol of love. It plays a great part in our lives. There are songs and poems written about the heart. On Valentine’s Day the heart is displayed in a variety of different ways to express love. We sometimes say to a person, parent, child or friend, “I love you with all my heart.” We ask people to open their hearts and minds to help and give support to a cause or need. We may use the expression, “That person has a big heart!” or, “That person has a closed heart!” We want to be people with a big, open hearts. Open our hearts to Jesus! Adore Jesus in His most Sacred Heart. We want people to open their hearts and minds to help and give support to a cause for the good of the Federation, its members, and its goals; for the good of the Church and the love of people.

A B O U T  O U R  L I S T

Crazy in the Kitchen: Food, Feuds, and Forgiveness in An Italian American Family by Louise DeSalvo

In Crazy in the Kitchen, Louise DeSalvo writes a memoir describing her relationship with her Italian American family. It must not have been an easy memoir to write, nor is it an easy one to read. However, it is a powerful recounting of life in a home devastated by mental illness, resentment, and anger. What makes the book so compelling is DeSalvo’s brutal and uncompromising honesty.

DeSalvo grew up in New Jersey in the 1950s and her home was a battle ground between her mother, who suffered from emotional distress, and her step-grandmother, an Italian immigrant. DeSalvo illustrates this conflict through describing the two different breads the women served and ate. DeSalvo’s grandmother served homemade bread, “a big bread, substantial bread, a bread that you can use for dunking, or for open-faced sandwiches, or for scraping the last bit of sauce from a bowl of pasta . . .” Her mother’s bread, in contrast, was store bought and is “white bread, sliced bread, American bread” without taste or substance.

On the one hand, the two breads tell the story of immigration. The two breads, as well as DeSalvo’s mother and grandmother, represent the two different worlds so often found in immigration stories. The grandmother and her bread represent the “old” world, its traditions and folkways, while the author’s mother and her store bought white bread represent the “new” word with its new customs and culture. And the anger and tension that is present between the author’s grandmother and mother remind the reader that assimilation and adaptation to a new culture are not easy processes; in fact, they can be extremely painful processes. DeSalvo knows that the difference between the American and Italian bread represents something important to her mother: “Maybe my mother thinks that if she eats enough of this other bread she will stop being Italian American and will become American American . . . That we [the family] like my grandmother’s bread means that there is no hope for this family making it to the big time. It means we’re stuck in the rut where we came from, that we’re satisfied with who we are, and not striving for all that we can be.”

The constant fights between DeSalvo’s mom and grandmother represent the struggle between old world and new world that is regularly found immigrant homes. Too often, we ignore the difficulty and distress bring on by their own mother’s early death, an disaffection between herself and her new stepmother, and abuse. Describing her mother’s suffering, the author writes, “My mother’s emotions were always extreme and unmodulated. There was rage, not anger. Fury, not ire. Withdrawal, not reflection . . . Despair, not discouragement. Despondency, not sadness. Misery, not sorrow . . . Terror, not fear. This suffering was most acutely expressed in the relationship DeSalvo’s mother had with her stepmother. It was full of antagonism and disdain for each other, resulting in fights over what appear to be little things, such as baking bread in the kitchen and cutting bread with a knife. And the reader realizes that resentment runs deeper than what appears on the surface when they argue over the flour the stepmother uses for baking bread and the mother shouts at her, “If you had any respect for me, you’d keep your hands off my flour.”

The strained relationship between the author’s mother and grandmother carries over into DeSalvo’s own relationship with her mother. It, too, is a relationship filled with anger, disapproval, and detachment. Even as she watches her mother die, the author remembers, “I shared so little of my life with her because my mother disapproved of the life I lead . . .” However, these two stories – the story of immigration and the story of suffering within the family – are not unrelated stories. The suffering and struggles of DeSalvo’s grandparent’s lives, both in Italy and America, influence the suffering and struggles of her mother’s life. The two stories cannot be separated. As the author explores her grandparent’s past and visits southern Italy, the home of her grandparents, she comes to realize the discrimination, poverty, and despair that marked their lives and shaped the relationships in their family for generations. The author writes of her mother and herself, “ . . . we were shaped by the past . . . all that was good, and all that was not good, had its origins in a place that we never experienced together, but that we experienced always.”

It is with this understanding that the author finally makes peace with her mother. And as her mother lies dying, DeSalvo plays out a fantasy that comes to symbolize their relationship: “Today, we do not cut the bread, for we have forgotten to bring our knives. Today we tear the bread with our hands. It is hard, this tearing of bread, this partaking of it. It is hard because the loaves have a thick, nearly impenetrable crust. Yes, it is hard, we both agree, to break the bread, to tear into it, to get at the tenderness inside. It is hard to break the bread. But it is not impossible.”

In Crazy in the Kitchen, the reader will not find the happy, nostalgic memoir of life in an Italian American family. It is not full of cute, eccentric Italian American stereotypes rather it is a book full of brutal honesty and courage. For in reflecting on her life, DeSalvo has explored the pain and sorrow...
Mother Teresa Goes Postal

I greatly admire individuals who devote their lives to care for the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. One such person was Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu, also known to us as Mother Teresa of Calcutta.

Agnes Bojaxhiu was born August 26, 1910, in Skopje, Albania. She was the youngest of three children and lived through a comfortable childhood. Her father was a building contractor and importer; her mother was a strict but loving person with a very deep faith.

When her father died prematurely, the family’s comfort was shattered overnight. To support the family, her mother set up a business selling cloth and embroidery. In her teens, Agnes became a member of a young people’s church sodality. Through the activities of the sodality, she became interested in the world of missionaries.

Her call to a vocation as a Catholic missionary nun came when she was eighteen. She joined an Irish order, the Sisters of Loreto, who were well-known for their missionary work, particularly in India. From a very early age, Agnes wanted to work in India, but she first went to Dublin to learn English. She began her novitiate in Darjeeling, India. When she took her vows, she chose the name Teresa in memory of Theresa of Lisieux, both very popular saints and Doctors of the Church.

She went to Calcutta, where she taught geography and catechism at St. Mary’s High School. While walking through Calcutta, she was shaken by the widespread and horrific death, poverty and disease that she saw. So, in 1948, when the tiny nun was granted permission to leave her post and begin a ministry among the sick, she left the landscape confines of Loreto Convent for the teeming streets of Calcutta in order to minister among the sick, she left the land.

During the 1980s and 1990s, Mother Teresa’s health problems became a major concern. She suffered a heart attack while visiting Pope John Paul II in 1993 and she had a near fatal heart attack in 1989. Finally, in March 1997, six months before she died, she turned over the reins of her missionary order to Sister Nirmala, a 63-year-old nun who was chosen after an eight-week selection process.

Within a week of her death, Cardinal Roger M. Mahony, Archbishop of Los Angeles, directly urged Pope John Paul II to make Mother Teresa a saint by the year 2000: “While for many of us it may be a process that must be gone through, yet the poorest people of the world they’ve already finished the process. She is their saint and she is our saint, regardless of what she says in the book.” Cardinal John O’Connor of New York chimed in with: “I personally would canonize her tomorrow.” Even canonizing Mother Teresa by the year 2025 would be a stretch. It can take the Vatican decades, even centuries, to canonize someone. Her postulator, the church official who is presenting her plea for canonization, stated that so far, there has been no case presented that is strong enough to pass the medical board of the Vatican Congregation for Saint Causes.

The United States Postal Service isn’t waiting for another miracle to surface to move ahead for action honoring Sister Teresa. They just issued a commemorative stamp honoring her on not being professional enough and not taking enough time to properly care for their charges. To those critics, Mother Teresa replied, “And who feels they can do better is free to do so.” Others faulted her because she did not become a spokesperson for the prominent women’s issues in the Church. To have known Mother Teresa is to have known that she would never deviate from Church doctrine, either on the issue or abortion or of women priests.

Her ministry was vast and encompassed Calcutta’s most desperate in need—lepers, unwed mothers, discarded and abandoned infants, the ill, the insane the retarded, the sick, nursing back to health. They were found for those who were nursed back to health. They could die in an environment of love and kindness. Jobs and permanent homes were found for those who were nursed back to health.

There was no stopping this determined, impassioned and sometimes feisty humanitarians who began her daily prayers with this petition: “Dearest Lord, may I see you today and every day in the person of your sick, among them, caring for them, ministering to you.” She was now widely known as Mother Teresa and became a globe-trotting angel of mercy extraordinary who extended her work onto five continents. She was the quintessential, energetic entrepreneur who perceived a need and did something about it by building an organization against all odds, formulated its constitution and established branches worldwide. Today, her missionaries include the Brothers of Charity, male companions to the Sisters of Charity. Mother Teresa’s legion is more than 3,000 strong with shelters, clinics, and convents in India, Africa, Asia, North and South America, Western and Eastern Europe —87 countries in all.

Mother Teresa was awarded many prestigious prizes for her humanitarian work: among them the Pope John XXIII Peace Prize in 1971; the Albert Schweitzer International Prize in 1975; the Nobel Peace Prize in 1979. She accepted every prize and plowed the millions into her works. Like every pioneer, she has not been without critics. Her congregation has been accused of not being professional enough and not taking enough time to properly care for their charges. To those critics, Mother Teresa replied, “And who feels they can do better is free to do so.” Others faulted her because she did not become a spokesperson for the prominent women’s issues in the Church. To have known Mother Teresa is to have known that she would never deviate from Church doctrine, either on the issue or abortion or of women priests.

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Our Branch would have its own reenactment of the 2006 Olympic “Closing Ceremonies”. We fashioned Olympic medals out of red, white and green stripped ribbons with the medals made from the paper gold medallion stickers used to seal envelopes. The lights dimmed and the children of all ages wearing the medals, beaming with pride marched in and through out the hall to the swelling music of “Because We Believe”, (“Ama Credi E Vai”) performed by Andera Bocelli, waving Italian and American flags! It was a spectacular sight bringing the crowd to their feet clapping to the beat of the music!

Just like the real Olympics Rita keeps trying to top herself! This year she brought the famous children’s character ‘Pinocchio’ (complete with the long nose!” to parade in our church hall along with his poor father Geppetto! The wonderful accordion players provided the “marching” music and the rest of the children followed waving the Italian and American flags. Again a spectacular sight that brought the house down!!!

This year Rita is making every one of our dinner meetings extra special. She spends a few minutes each meeting teaching us typical Italian phrases. She has us learn new phrases each meeting and practice the previous lessons as well. Now at each meeting we try and greet each other in Italian and try out phrases on each other. All ages in attendance are enjoying these simple Italian language lessons!

Respectfully submitted,
Julie Galeazzi
Branch 390 St. Bernard’s Tracy CA

First Prize Winner of the ICF Heritage Program in Br. 390, Tracy

Congratulations to Branch 390, St. Bernard’s, in Tracy, California, for being awarded First Prize in the 2010 Heritage Program. The following is the letter as it was submitted to the committee. Again, congratulations Branch 390!

“Dear Heritage Committee,

For the past 24 years Branch 390 at St. Bernard’s Church in Tracy Ca has held “Heritage Night” every April during our regular Branch dinner meeting. It is very popular and we usually have about 170 people in attendance.

On this special evening the hall is decorated with Italian signs, flags and all things colored “red, white and green”! Our Heritage Program -- Br. 390, Tracy CA

Congratulations Branch 390!

Respectfully submitted,
Julie Galeazzi
Branch 390 St. Bernard’s Tracy CA”