

IN HONOR OF MY BEAUTIFUL FATHER MARIO GALLO

by [Silvana Gallo Karim](#) · [Domenica 28 gennaio 2018](#)

My father, Mario Gallo, was born January 5th 1933. He is from Lago. Lago is a province of Cosenza, Calabria located in southern Italy. He lived there with his mother Margherita, his father Sinibaldo & his 3 brothers & sister. Their names are Anita, Ralph, Gino & Frank. My father was born after brother Ralph. His brother Ralph passed away in 1992.

My father's parents (my grandparents) owned a grocery store in Lago where my father often helped with its operation during his life until he moved to America in 1955.

My father went to school in Lago where he was taught by nuns & priests. My grandma (my father's mom) was a very religious woman. His family was part of the church called San Nicola di Bari in Lago. It is a Roman Catholic church. His family attended mass every Sunday where my father served as an altar boy. He learned about God, prayer, morals, hard work, ethics & honor in school, home & church. His favorite holiday was Christmas & loved displaying a nativity set each year that his parents bought my parents 55 years ago on their first anniversary.

Pop loved sports, (soccer especially) music, dancing , playing pool, art and history. He had an incredible whistle that could be heard for blocks. That's how my brothers & I knew it was time to come in for supper when we'd play with our friends.

Pop was a master carpenter. During his life he carved an ornate jewelry box, made hand made toys for his youngest brother Frank, furniture for his family, helped with repairs, redesigned the garage & basement, & custom made & designed a gazebo for the house. I remember him painting the house in Holbrook Long Island with a single brush. He was a perfectionist.

My father taught himself how to play guitar that his grandpa gave him when he was a young boy. He had a natural talent & played beautifully. He enjoyed playing it throughout his entire life. We all were fortunate to listen to him play. He would serenade my mom often.

He played soccer and was on a team for many years in Lago before coming to America. His love for soccer never faded and often watched it on television. He shared many conversations with his brothers about his favorite teams he watched on Rai TV from America.

My father came to America on December 1, 1955 on the ship Biancamano. It took a week to get to Ellis Island. He often mentioned that although he wasn't affected, how so many passengers got sea sick on the ship. There was so much good food but no one wanted to eat because they were so nauseous.

My grandparents moved to an apartment in Brooklyn, Ridgewood Queens in 1955. He got his first job 2 weeks after his arrival as a carpenter. He worked hard, saved money & bought his first car Ford Galaxy 500 in 1959.

My father met my mother & fell in love in 1961. She was a seamstress & lived nearby with her family . She is from Naples Italy. They were introduced by a friend named Maria Carbone. She had a crush but Pop was not interested. He had his sites set on mom. They dated about 2 years before marrying. My father mentioned to me many times he married mom for the whole package she was beautiful, practical & a good cook.

My parents were married on January 5 th 1963. It lands on the same day as my father's birthday January 5, 1933. Pop was 30 years old in 1963. Mom used to tease him because when their Anniversary came around -she used to say it's my day & he'd say no it's my day They had 3 children , 2 boys and 1 girl. The boys names are Aldo & Anthony. Aldo being the oldest, Anthony being the youngest. Silvana is their daughter. -I am sandwiched in the middle. Often referred to as the the little one.

Mom often told me that after they married my father couldn't wait to have children. When Aldo was born he was over the moon. My oldest brother Aldo & I are 11 months apart. When mom went to the doctor for her 3 month checkup after my oldest brother was born, she didn't know she was pregnant. She thought she was sick. It was a pleasant surprise for both of them. Having a girl & boy was what they both always wanted.

My parents lived in an apartment after they married in 1963 in Ridgewood Queens NY where my oldest brother & I were born. They bought their first home in South Ozone Park New York in 1967. My youngest brother Anthony was born there. We all lived there until we moved to Long Island in 1983.

My parents moved to California in November 2002 to Corona CA. Their home in Corona is a beautiful place that we enjoy visiting with all our children. It is filled with love, affection & delicious food.

Although my older brother Aldo & I loved Pop, my younger brother Anthony was always there for him & the closest to him. He never left his side until his last day January 17th 2018.

My father has 7 beautiful grandchildren - Wayne, Joseph, William, Sofia, Annmarie, Mario & Antonella. Although he loved his all his grandchildren equally he was especially close to Wayne who is his first grandchild. Mario, Anthony's son was named after my father & is close to him too. He babysat, played pretend tea with his granddaughters, took them for trick or treating & to the park often. He was an active part of his grandchildren's lives always no matter what age they were.

My father always believed if you didn't like the way the day turned out there would always be another chance to get it right tomorrow. He always gave us hope better days were ahead.

My father will be terribly missed by all of us. He was someone who always was available & wanted to help to make it easier for you. He was kind, lovable, humble, proud, talented, hard working, creative, strong, sincere and dependent. He never boasted about himself nor complained about his ailments even in his darkest days. It was always about the other person. Even when he was very sick he was worried about my mom and her health. He had a way of making you feel special. He was truly selfless. He was a helper, a giver the best kind of person.

We all loved him very much and are very grateful we grew up around & have such beautiful memories of such an amazing man. He was a loving husband, father, son, brother, uncle, grandpa, in law, god father & best friend anyone could ever ask for.

MY MESSAGE to SILVANA and her FAMILY

Silvana, I'm deeply moved by your description and since Mario was also an important person for me, especially during my childhood years, I'd like to share the following personal prayer with you and your family, excusing myself for not being able to be physically present at the Funeral Mass tomorrow. "Almighty God, I pray you to welcome the soul of Mario and reserve for him a special place among the fortunate ones who share your Divine Presence and Light. On Earth he followed your Commandments, was respectful, sincere and altruistic with others, showed great humility, honesty and optimism, always ready to comfort others. He dearly loved his family and was a talented and creative hard-worker. He was a special carpenter, able to build not only furniture but also strong long-lasting personal relationships to support us in difficult moments. His example will continue to guide us. May he rest in peace! Amen".