**Let’s Be “Frank”**

Well brother, a few more examples of the aging younger brother. As you know, we graduated our last child. The young prince requested a party in “his” back yard like the olden days. I tried to explain to him that he now lives in New York and he doesn’t have a back yard. When that didn’t work, I tried to explain that the olden days were a thing of the past and I was about thirty years older since he graduated from high school 6 years ago, but that didn’t work either.

So I and the Mrs. wound up cooking for close to 100 people. Good news is, we pulled it off. Bad news was I had trouble walking for a few days after the party. More bad news, I didn’t recgnize half the kids he went to high school with. More bad news for me, SueAnn ran around like a nut and for some reason she has not aged on the same schedule as I have. All in all it was a good time and it was great to get together with family and friends.

Speaking of his apartment in New York, we went to visit him this weekend. Pop was right when he used to say, “kids these days”. They explained to me that they got the best deal ever. I didn’t see it. I had to turn sideways to get through the kitchen and if I had to go to the bathroom, I would have been in trouble. The neighborhood wasn’t impressive and it seemed as though I worked my entire life to stay out of neighboorhoods like that. The rent is twice as much as my mortgage was, and I now own the house. But as mom use to tell pop, “If he’s happy, shut up and mind your own business.

While we were there we drove over to Little Italy and went to the place we use to go to about five times a year. The good news there was that the food was still great, I can still drive in New York with the best of them and I remembered how to negotiate the parking. The bad news is, SueAnn informed me that it has been a dozen years since our last visit. Once again, where have the years gone.

The high school baseball season is over. For the third year in a row we got beat in the quarter finals of the state tournament. This one was a heart breaker as we lost in extra innings to a walk off home run. Once again there is a good news, bad news scenerio. The good news is, it’s our third consecutive trip to the quarter finals which puts us at the top tier of school athletic programs. The bad news is that once you’re up there you want to win it all. It’s a team effort and next year the coaching staff and the kids are going to have to figure out how to bring baseball’s first State Championship trophy home to North Branford. Go T-Birds.

Well, that’s it for now. Between the kids on the high school team, cooking for a hundred (like the old days)and the trip to Little Italy, I am rejuvenated, so I will sign off a bit differently and let’s just leave it at, “I miss you but I’m in no hurry to be with you. I’ll see you when I get there.”