**LET’S BE “FRANK”**

Well brother it’s been a while and a few things have happened. SueAnn spent eight days in California with Gina. When we are apart I still miss her after close to 42 years. But once again I proved I am not ready for the glue factory yet.

Frank and Erica called me every day to make sure I was okay. Erica kept trying to do things she thought I needed done and when I asked her to stop Nico was not happy. “You know pop, you’re very rude. We are trying to help you in your time of need and you are not accepting it”. Too bad you can’t smack a kid.

Johnnie watered some of the plants and Nico brought over some games to keep me busy. Frankie kept calling me to make sure I didn’t need anything. If I did, I don’t know how he would have been able to help. Maybe he could mimic you and if I said yes he would have delegated to someone else to take care of the problem.

Another thing I was able to do without the little lady was pass a kidney stone. For a few days I thought it was just my back acting up. However when trying to piddle, it became very difficult. You know how I hate doctors. I waited for Erica to leave and I started downing water by the gallons. Finally at 3:00am with a bit of pain and discomfort, it passed. Problem solved.

I finally had to call Erica and Frankie and I gave them the circle of life speech. “There comes a day when the children become the parents and the parents become the children.” As I explained this sad fact I then let them know **“THAT TIME HAS NOT COME YET”.** I thanked them for caring (we are fortunate to talk to all of our kids every day) and I told them when that time came I would let them know and I hope they still feel the same way.

Another accomplishment I had was that I was able to handle to news of the closing of Rocco’s Bakery. I must admit I did go to Rocco’s on occasion but they usually weren’t my first choice.

But after reading all of the Facebook posts it was a bit amusing. I understand the loss of a tradition more than most. However, it wasn’t the last pharmacy on earth to carry heart medicine closing its doors. It’s a bakery. Just get over it.

I took a ride down Wooster Street Friday night while I was waiting to pick up SueAnn. You would have been booming with happiness and pride at the sight of your old hangout. The place was packed. Every restaurant had lines and the streets were filled with people just walking around. All I could think of was the hell with Boston, Rhode Island and New York. We have Wooster Street.

Well SueAnn is home and life is good. Take care my brother. Say hi to the family and I’ll see you soon.