

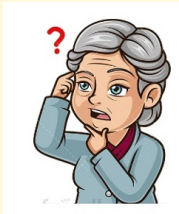


Once upon a time...

...long ago in a land not far away, a small hamlet was built within a town. It was a haven of peace and calm with low hills and it was blessed with fine weather: chilly and cold in the winter months—sometimes with a light dusting of snow coating the wood bark that abounded. Spring brought white, pink and yellow blossoms swirling in the March winds like multi-colored snow while summer boasted warm and balmy days in the 109^os. Autumn quickly picked leaves off branches and scattered them into the wind causing a flurry of reds, oranges, and yellows while a definite nip in the air hinted that winter was on its way.

It was truly a paradise and the people who came to this hamlet were different in every respect. They came from far and wide to live in this bucolic site both to meet new people and enjoy their lives. They could only enter the hamlet by a path of two ways: one led south and one led north, a simple two-way path.

With so many inhabitants, the opportunity to make new friends was endless and alliances were formed that would bring people together like bees and honey. One group was special and had a common love—fun. Well...not just fun but food was also a major event along with the chance to drink wine (lots of wine) while they sang and danced and ate and laughed.



"Hmmm...I have a great idea, as always!"

After a while, one woman who was attending a party with her new friends, scratched her head and said, "I'm going to start an Italian club!" Others heard her pronouncement and were eager to join. "I want to join!" they all said. She suggested a name and the other revelers thought it was a fine name and so it came to pass. She had a written document to define the group and outline its rules of obedience and operation. But who was to lead this group of fun-loving, merry, boisterous people?

A man was volunteered (actually a woman insisted) and he led the group for one year. At the end of this year, another man was selected. But in the third year, ahead of its time, a woman was chosen! Not as second in command, but as the leader! Was this to become a trend? The next year, again a man took charge and henceforth four women have led this group and five additional men. It is truly an equal opportunity organization that embraces diversity in its leadership.

In the beginning, the group was small, only 50 people and in some periods, they struggled to attract new members to join. Fancy invitations were issued and prospective members were wined and dined. But, as the activities began to change in direction and variety, people in the hamlet began pounding on the door to gain entry into this frolicking group. Some were turned away, for alas, if you carried no Italian remnants in your jeans, oops!, genes you could not gain entry.

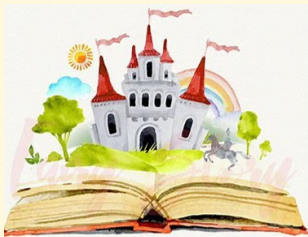
Word spread of the merriment of their revelry: pizza parties, trips to gambling meccas and wineries, dances, brunches with games, expansive meals involving crab and turkey (no, not together), artistic and inspiring plays (Romeo & Juliet and the assassination of a Mafia boss), Italian themed movies, sock hops (those were the days), and contests (spaghetti sauce, pesto, cookie). From 50, the number swelled to over 300 in a group that has now endured for over 17 years!



"Let me in!"



These members who have stuck with the group through thick and thin have demonstrated their loyalty like no other. Staunchly believing that the group will rise again once the present-day plague is over is a testament to their support and fealty—their focus has not been shaken.



Is It All a Fairy Tale Out of Some Book?

Absolutely not!

Here's the real history of this special club.

The Lincoln Hills Italian Club was started in 2003 when Nadine Miller did attend a party and did say, "I'm going to start an Italian Club!" Other Italians at the party all scrambled to join the new club. Though Nadine did not serve as the first President, she did lead the Club three years later.

Vince Catalano was the first President followed by Vic Albertazzi, Nadine, Tony Dipaola (our present photographer), Johanna Kottman, Carmela Carniato, Carl Grondona, Dan Verona, Norm Cherubino, Tom Freschi, Christine Cirrone, David Conner, and finally, Karen Zimmerman. Except for Vince, Dan and Tom, all of the past Presidents and the current President are still residents of Lincoln Hills. After all, they know a good thing when they find it!

In order to join the club, the prospective member must be of Italian descent or be lucky enough to be married to an Italian. The founding members wanted the club to stay true to its name; the culture and traditions were to remain Italian, hence the restriction to Italian residents (and their spouse/significant other).

The Club presents one event per month (except in October; even God rested on one day) with seven of the events being annual ones: Crab Feed, the Regional event, BBQ-Bocce, Membership Appreciation, the Inaugural Dinner/Dance, Turkey Bingo and the Christmas Dinner/Dance.

All events are planned by the Activities Directors Lilly LaPira and Karen Zimmerman. The events are carried out with the strong hearts (and strong arms) of the Activities Committee: Irene Pardini, Lydia Griffith, Lenore Parisi (a former Vice-President and Activity Director), Sue Manas, Marolyn Freschi, and Graziella Locher.

To this day, the Italian Club remains a part of that special Lincoln Hills hamlet,

waiting for the day members can break open their (many) bottles of wine and say to each other, "Salute!" for the good life and happy times to come ahead.

The End

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