**15553, Anthony Colarusso**

I want to thank all of you for being here today to honor our father. Most of you knew him as Anthony, but he was also called Mr. C, Big A., Uncle tony, Uncle Ninea, Grandpa, and to his youngest granddaughter, he was Pop Pops. We all knew my father’s incredible work ethic. He moved here from New York as a young man with our mother and their sons to pursue his passion which was the restaurant business. He threw his unbelievable work ethic, determination, and strong will into building the business, and he became very successful over the years. This allowed him to provide my brothers and me a truly privileged life. Growing up we had anything we could ever wish for.

But what I'm most proud of is the way my father lived his life along the way, by taking care of his family first. No matter how many times my brothers and l got in trouble, little or big, he was always the first person we called. He always forgave us and went to bat for us. The people that worked for my father over the years truly became part of our family. Many of you are here today and my father would be proud. Many times I watched my father help people. They could have been short on rent, late on a car payment, and before they could finish asking, he was reaching into his pocket. My father was definitely an old school guy, hard-working, with a strong will. He had a big heart, a funny, crazy side, and lived life to the fullest. He always had friends and family around, and we had a big party at our house most weekends and all holidays. He always picked up the check would almost get into a fist fight to get the check when going out to eat.

I also admire the way my father took care of his parents throughout their life with love, honor, and respect. My father loved his grandchildren. He spoiled them, played with them, talked to them, worried about and loved them with all his heart. We all have our own special memories of my father. There could have been times when you laughed together, shared one on one talk, a crazy night out, or played a prank on one another. Some even had the pleasure of throwing a complaining customer out of the restaurant with him. Some of us had arguments with him. We all knew that famous temper. These are memories for us to share if we want to keep and cherish them.

I know my father would want us to honor someone today, my mother, my father’s true love Kathy. None of us knew, loved or treasured my dad as she did. She not only took care of him during the years he was sick, she cared for him and her children. She raised, taught, protected, and honored us with her unconditional love. She kept the family together during some are toughest times. She truly is the strongest woman I know. Mom, we love you and thank you.

Dad, you truly were one of a kind and we thank you for everything you have done. We will miss you every day. You took care of us to the end, but your job here is done. We are all okay and it's time for you to go now. Someone has been waiting for you. It's time for you to walk together again with my brother who passed 30 years ago at the age of 16. Dad, we love you.

I encourage you all to share your stories about you and my father to honor him. Thank you for coming.