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(STATI UNITI)

I miei genitori sono italiani. Loro vengono dalla Regione Campania. La mia mamma era nata in un piccolo paese che si chiama Sacco nella provincia di Salerno. Mio padre è nato in un piccolo paese che si chiama Gallo Matese in provincia di Caserta. Dopo la seconda guerra mondiale, quando il sud dell'Italia è stato rovinato, la famiglia di mio padre ha cercato di lasciare l'Italia per una vita migliore all'estero. La sua famiglia ha lasciato l'Italia per l'Argentina quando lui aveva soltanto due anni. Per undici anni mio padre ha abitato in Argentina. Poi la sua famiglia ha avuto l'opportunità di andare negli Stati Uniti. Loro sono arrivati a New York che indossavano i vestiti d'inverno durante l'estate. Lui non sapeva una parola in inglese ed alla scuola stato messo in una classe con gli altri studenti d'immigrati.

La mia mamma è rimasta in l'Italia finché lei aveva quattordici anni. La famiglia di mia madre ha saputo dei paesani che sono venuti a New York e loro volevano abitare negli Stati Uniti. Il padre di mia madre era un carpentiere, lui ha preso un lavoro nella città di New York. La mia mamma è entrata dentro una scuola superiore. Lei ha incontrato molti studenti come lei che erano dell'Italia. Una ragazza è diventata l'amica migliore. Lei si chiamava Caterina ed abitava da un piccolo paese nella Regione Campania prima di venire a New York. Oggi ancora sono amici. Un giorno mio padre ha visto per la prima volta mia madre sulla sua via del lavoro.

Lei stava lavorando dentro un negozio che vendeva i vestiti per le donne. Con la scusa che aveva bisogno di comprare un regalo per sua madre, ha chiesto lei per l'aiuto. In quel momento ha chiesto a lei se amerebbe uscire con lui una serata. Lei ha accettato. Dopo sei mesi insieme loro si sono sposati.

Due anni dopo di matrimonio i miei genitori hanno fatto la prima figlia.

Lei si chiama Roseanne. In 1978, due anni dopo che era nata mia sorella, sono nato. Io sono nato nella città di New York. The borough of New York that I was called was Bronx. I grow up in a neighborhood of the Bronx that was called the Morris Park area that was mostly Italian- Americans.

Italian-American neighborhoods (are often referred to as 'Little Italy') one can find festive celebrations such as the well known San Gennaro Feast in New York City or the unique Our Lady of Mount Carmel "Giglio" Feast in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, New York. Italian feasts involve elaborate displays of devotion to God and patron saints. The most widely known is St. Joseph's feast day on March 19th. Feast (Festa in Italian) is an umbrella term for the various secular and religious, indoor and outdoor activities surrounding a religious holiday. Typically, Italian feasts consist of festive communal meals, religious services, games of chance and skill and elaborate outdoor processions consisting of statues resplendent in jewels and donation.

I was five years old when I first visited Italy. My first experience in Italy was during the summer when all the Feast are celebrated in each town or city. I remember that my first experience was meeting my Italian cousins for the first time and marching through the streets of my mother's hometown of Sacco with plastic instruments alongside a real marching band. I remember witnessing a statue of La Madonna being carried from the church to the highest point of the town and my cousins and I marching alongside with plastic instruments. My cousins and I enjoyed the caravel games that followed the evening events.

One morning my family and I decided to trek through the park of the Cilento. During this trek my cousin Luca was bitten by a poisonous snake and had to be rush to the hospital. I remember we had to travel a long distance to reach the closes hospital. The outdoor markets were on Saturday's and parents decided to get matching blueberry shoes that all Italian kids were wearing at the time. My first impression of the town of where my mother is from and of Italy is family, love, and memories.

The second time that I visited Italy was in 1990 when I was ten years old.

It was shortly after the World Cup had ended, however, in every small town in the Regione Campagne was decorated in the tri colors of Italy. On this trip my family went

to swim in the Mediterranean Sea and I broke my arm falling down a stone staircase. I remember it took my parents a couple of hours to arrive at the nearest hospital. I was in a lot of pain and I had to wait three days to receive a cast for my broken arm. Despite being a cast I learned how to play scoppa with Napoleone Cards. I used to try to imitate the older man from Sacco when they used bang the table really hard when they score una scoppa.

The third time that I was in Italy I first experience going to a Football game in the neighboring town called Piaggine. We used to go to all the games that the Sacco team played in at halftime we would get a bite to eat at the concession stand. The pizza was always good. Even though, we did not win the championship that year it was always an event to participate in those events. On this trip I learned how enjoyable life really is for someone that lives in the small of la regione campagna.

Today, I am very interested in keeping this tradition still intact for those like myself that always want to feel that the la regione campagna remains somewhat the same despite technological developments such as in areas such as tourism. I have had the opportunity to visit my mother's town when I was very young. There are those in the United States who want to experience the same type of experience because it very important to our identity. For that reason I am writing my story to reach those that yearn for these experiences. The development of tourism needs to attract people to places like Pompeii but also needs those are want to experience the place of the origins.