



formed by the following of Kolikutch in which "the spirit of this rorafied port

heartily and I couldn't help laughing as well. It was a pleasant picture of the great aunt I hardly knew.

Lorenzo prepared most of the meal—linguine pasta with red sauce and sausage. It was the most delicious Italian cuisine I had yet had. Lorenzo's

I had only guessed at how close he and my great aunt had been. For me, it was a nice story. For him, it was a world long gone but almost recaptured by having a little piece of that world care enough to make the bus ride across the Italian countryside to visit him.

"I'm sure she would have liked to known you," he said, and it took



