

Ernest Fata & Family

Ernie and I went to Italy several times. We love it. On three occasions we took our children. The first three were Paul, Joe and Tommy. They loved it! At one point, in Cozenza, they found a Foosball place and we found them in there playing with Italian boys, neither of whom could speak to each other. Another time in Rome we ordered meat that the waiter showed us cooked in a pan. It looked good but when it came, we discovered it was the heads of goats. Tommy was the only one to taste it so we still tease him about eating the brains. We sent it back and ordered something else. The next three to go were Tony, Annette and Steven. The first night in Rome, we went to the Piazza Navona to walk around. Tony was tired from the flight and wanted to go back to the hotel. So when we weren't looking, he took off to take a bus back. Well, he got lost and we had the police looking for him. They called him the missing bambino. He walked into the hotel at midnight and told us he took the wrong bus so someone helped him find the right one. On that same trip, we visited the farm in Montalto but at that time they had no road going to the farm so we had to walk down the steep path to get to it. Annette slipped and slid on her rear a few feet. We still tease her about it. When we got there we found no bathroom, or inside kitchen but the dinner Marrietta prepared was phenomenal. Every time we went to Italy we visited the farm and the warm hospitality of Gigino and his wife and daughter Marisa and her husband Tony. Good times! Another time we were debating whether or not to go to Italy and up to the night before we were unsure. Ernie's parents were there and others. I can't remember who. Ernie decided to go so I hurriedly called Louanne to watch the kids, packed and we bought our tickets at the airport and got on the plane. We flew to Milan and then to Venice as I recall and as we were waling over a bridge in Venice, we ran into Ernie's parents and I believe Cathy and Joanne. They were surprised to see us. Another time we decided that we should try to go to Italy on a standby plane, which many were doing at the time. They were going for very lo fares so we thought we could find something good. So we got to the airport and tried to find one, waling from terminal to terminal lugging our luggage that was then not on wheels. Finally after much walking and soreness, Ernie said, "let's just buy a ticket and go", which we did, saving no money at all. In 1985, we went with Celeste and Angela. We stared out on a bus tour through Rome and Florence but by the time we left Florence and stared out towards Venice, we had had enough of the tour with it's American food, mashed potatoes and such, getting up at 6am and leaving our luggage by the door. We were in Italy for Heaven's sake. So we ditched the tour, rented a car, drove to Foggia and boarded a plane for La Mezza Termina where we got another car and drove to Cosenza where we spent the rest of our trip. We showed them the farm and st Ippolito Village which they loved. Back in Rome we stayed by the Coliseum and wandered around to find a place to eat. It was very hot. We found a small restaurant called Pasqualina's and stopped there. They wanted to seat us inside but it was too hot and we wanted to sit outside. They were full so we started to leave but they said, "Don't go. We will make room!" He then yelled at someone to move his car and proceeded to put up another table where the car had been parked. So we were eating in the street with cars whizzing by. Only in Italy! Ernie would like to go back but I think our overseas trips are over. We have had many Italy adventures with fond memories and have loved all of our trips.