

I was born, Juliana Canto, on May 26, 1943 in Fall River, Ma. I don't know what time or how much I weighed but I was born at St. Ann's Hospital.

My parents were married 10 years before I came into this world via cesarean section. I had a brother, Michael, who was born on January 26, 1933; nine months after my parents were married but he died at childbirth and according to my mother was 14 pounds at birth.



Grace, Me, Olivia

My sister, Grace Canto was born 2 ½ years later on October 1, 1945.

My earliest memory was when Grace was born and I can still see my dad getting me all dressed up and he and I walking to St. Ann's Hospital to see my baby sister and my mother. Back then when you had a baby you stayed in the hospital for two weeks.

We lived at 50 Melville Street, Fall River, MA. My mother worked in the thread mills doing what they used to call piecework and my father was a radio operator and later worked on pinball machines. My maternal grandparents owned a small cottage in the back of this property and there were two tenement houses on either side where their grown children lived. Each tenement had four apartments. There were three room apartments, no hot water, and no bathtub. We had the one nearest the road and I would look up the street to watch for the ice cream man. We didn't have a TV for a long time or a phone but as I grew older I would sneak around the corner from our home to my Uncle Copper's Café, go in the back door and watch TV there. We weren't supposed to be there but I was fascinated with his TV. It was round, and most all TV's at that time were rectangular.

My mom made all our clothes right down to the pajamas and we were two cute kids when we went out. They took us to South Park a lot; my dad would wax his car while we played. We had lots of fun. We were all excited when we got our first phone. It was one of those big black ones and we were on a party line. One ring was for us and two rings for our neighbor. So if it rang once we picked it up and twice our neighbor picked it up. It was very confusing at times but we loved having a phone like the other people on the street.

My sister, Grace and I went to Dominican Academy starting in kindergarten until the fifth grade. It was a Catholic boarding school run by the Dominican Nuns. We didn't board because we lived only two blocks away and my parents could never have afforded it. I remember my favorite teacher was Sister Diane. She would take me places like up Middle Street to her sister's house. Her sister had a piano that played by itself, you just had to pick out the songs. The school was basically French and we spoke mostly French in school. Right next to



Grace & Juliana

the school was St Anne's Church and we had to go to Mass every day. The Mass was in Latin back then but other conversations were spoken in French. (After all that French I can't remember any of it) We wore these awful looking uniforms. My mom made ours; they were Navy jumpers and a white blouse. My parents worked until about 5 PM every day so I would stay in school and go to the front office to do my homework and answer the front door for the nuns. I can still see that big beautiful, massive wood door. You walked in the front door, to the left was an office and to the right was the waiting room, where I would do my homework on the huge wooden table surrounded by these big wooden chairs.

My parents sent me downtown for dancing lessons and I thought I was some big shot with the many different outfits my mother made. We had recitals at the local theater and I remember once when I was on the stage, I froze, they couldn't get me to do anything. After that I wouldn't practice so my father made me quit.

We did all our shopping and Cherry & Web. We would be gypsies living in the let me look at them; she

All my cousins lived in the and we all played together. Lana and Rosebud. They we would fight all the time. and she was awful. I would she would go home crying. Vava's to play in her gardens. use to love to dress up and comes the bride". In the real warm and my parents would pull us up and down the driveway on a sled.



Vavo Paiva

downtown. There was McWhirrs walk down Main Street and there vacant stores. My mom wouldn't said they were bad people.

same "compound" (as I will call it) I remembered my cousins, Olivia, lived across the hall from us and Olivia was taking violin lessons chase her and pull her braids and We always went in the back to my The gardens were beautiful and we play all kinds of things like "here winter my mom would dress us up

Both my sister and I had very curly hair. Hers was dark brown and mine was blond. My mom would make banana curls every night and tie rags through them to keep them that way. One day we were playing house and I decide to be a hairdresser, I cut the two front banana curls off my sister's hair. Boy did I get a beating. Now my hair still has a curl but nowhere near like when I was a kid. I can't remember when the change took place.

My dad and I were very close. Where he went I went. I would go hunting with him and he would take me fishing. We would fish off the rocks in Newport, RI and hunt in Freetown, MA where he and Uncle Caesar had a few acres of land. I didn't care what we did as long as I was with him.



Vavo Canto
Dad & Aunt Mary

I would love to go to my Aunt Grace's house. She lived in Ocean Grove, just outside Fall River, MA and she had a big house and a nice yard. She was so clean all the time, just like me. I

always said they should have named me Grace instead of my sister. She also had this sewing machine that was not electric, it was a treadle machine and I can remember helping her make curtains on it. I now have that machine and cherish all the memories that go with it. Grace and I would play with our cousins, Clarissa and Louise there. We would play in the yard where there was a cherry tree that we would shake and all the cherries would fall to ground and Aunt Grace would get so mad at us. We also had great clam boils there with my cousin, Louie (Clarissa and Louise's father). I loved Louie; he was so full of fun and laughter. He always had us laughing and the clam boils were so good. I loved her front porch. She had a porch swing that screwed into the ceiling and we would sit there and swing for hours, unless you banged into the house then Aunt Grace would cut your swing time short! You could eat off the floor of her basement and she had her ironing board and washer down there. To this day we called her the auntie who ate over the sink because she didn't want to have any crumbs on the table.

My maternal grandparents lived so close (in the compound) that we would spend lots of time there. She had so many things in her garden: beautiful flowers and all kinds of vegetables. The garden was just magnificent. Neither of them spoke English; only Portuguese, so from the time I could speak, I was able to speak two languages. My Vavo would cook all the time and we loved her cooking and I found out later in life that she had a whiskey still in the cellar and would make moonshine for the sailors in Newport, RI. That is how she acquired the money to buy a car and the two tenement houses. I never knew about the whiskey still back then. My Vavu Paiva was not so nice; he would chase us with his cane. I don't think he had all his buttons. Vavu Paiva would sleep upstairs in his own room and I remember he had a spittoon next to little commode that his all afraid of him. Before would sleep with Vavo bedroom. Vavo Paiva cast iron frying pan just Paiva over the head with



Me, Dad, Mom & Grace

I had a friend, Paul Pont, We were the same age friends with his parents. and then have funerals all kinds of toys that we poor so I would go over father, Curly, was a paid New Year's Eve the Pont's would have a party and they would let us drink eggnog. We all thought that was a big deal.

room and I remember he his bed and I now have the spittoon was in. We were my mother got married she Paiva in the downstairs would also sleep with a in case she had to hit Vavu it during the night.

who lived across the street. and my parents were great We would find dead animals and bury them. He had didn't have because we were to his house and play. His firefighter and we would hang out. I remember every

My paternal grandparents lived on Division Street in Fall River, MA. My Vavu Canto died when I was four months old so I don't remember him. My Vavo Canto was a tall beautiful woman. She stood up so straight and had long hair that she would put in a bun in the back of her head. She wore black, from head to toe until the day she died because she was a widow. I always thought that was very strange but that was the

custom. She lived in a small tenement over a grocery store. I spent lots of time there. She never had a phone or TV. She still had an icebox and when she needed ice she would put a sign in the window and the iceman would come. Her apartment was very clean but very sparse. She also didn't have hot water or a bathtub. My Aunt Mary (my father's sister) lived there until she married later in life. I liked her bedroom and all the pretty stuff on her bureau. There was a parlor where nobody ever sat. My Vavo Canto would make Portuguese sweetbread (Masa). She would always put a bandana over her head so her hair wouldn't get into the dough, she would put the dough in pans then put the pans on a long table in the parlor to rise. She would cover all the pans with snow white linens overnight. I would love to go in and take a hunk of dough out of the pan and she would get mad because the dough would flop down again.

At night she would let her hair hang down and she would comb it and then braid it for the night. Then she would kneel down beside her bed and pray. She would make me kneel down too.

It's funny the things you remember. She used to take care of the linens and doilies for the local Catholic Church, Santa Christo, where I was baptized. I would go with her to the church and play while she replaced the dirty ones with the clean ones. She would have a fit if I talked in Church.

The other thing that I remember was she had a carpet beater. Poor people didn't have vacuums. She would take the rugs outside and hang them over the clothesline and beat the dirt out of them with the carpet beater. The other thing that fascinated me was the frames for drying curtains. She would wash and starch the curtains, then dry them on these huge frames with pins all the way around. She would stick the pins through the curtain and they would dry perfectly straight. Come to think of it Aunt Grace had the same thing for her curtains.

Sometime in the year 1952 my dad was laid off from his job. The mills had all moved south so we were financially hurting for a while. He finally found a job in CT in January of 1953 at Electric Boat in Groton. My dad would stay in CT during the week and come home on the weekends until July of that year when he found a place to rent in Stonington, CT. That was a changing point in all our lives. My Vavo Paiva thought it was the end of the world that we were moving so far away. I was ten years old when we made that move. We move to Water Street in Stonington on the 3rd floor. The apartment was huge, more space than I had ever seen. We also could go up to a copula on the top of the house. We made it our playroom. It was so much fun and you could see for miles. We had water on both side of us. I could see the boats in the water and the fishing fleet. My mother wanted us to go to Catholic school but they were full so we had to go to the local public school (Borough School). That was OK and we could just walk to school. I spent four years there. I remember the big hall and most of the teachers were cool. It was my first time going to school with boys and girls. Dominican Academy was an all girls' school.

We lived on this small peninsula called Stonington Borough. The small town was mostly Portuguese people that had come from the Azores trying to find a better life. There was a huge fishing fleet and I loved to go down to the docks and fish. I would

go to the local market and Wiggy (that was the name of the store owner) would give me chunks of fat and I would tie it to a string and go crabbing or fishing. If you walked down to the end of the Peninsula you came to a beach and I spent most of my summer days there. That is where I learned to swim and boy could I swim. I would go to the beach just about every day. My father now only had a 30 minute ride to work. I don't think my mother worked at that point. I think she just took care of the house and my sister and I. We started to make friends and our first friends were the Preivity's and the Abbott's. They lived just around the corner and they had kids that were our age. Eventually we bought a small rowboat and motor and kept it down Shin Bone Alley (Wall Street) and on the weekends we would all go to Sandy Point. I mean everybody, the Preivity's, the Abbott's and us and anybody else that wanted to go. It was a sandy island just off Stonington point. We brought enough stuff to camp there for a month although we were only going for the day. We had a small cooking stove and my dad would go fishing on the island and then we would eat the fish right then and there. We would also go clamming and there were lots of clams. We would fill the bucket and then eat them. Swimming was great too. The beach was nice and sandy and the water never seemed cold to me, but thinking back on it, it was probably really cold but none of us really cared. We would stay until dark.

In 1954 we had two really bad hurricanes, Carol and Diane, and the cute little village turned into a mess. The cars were in the water and the boats were in the street. I don't think I remember any hurricanes before then. Living on the 3rd floor we were OK. We had no damage but my parents had taken us to Fall River, MA to ride out the storm.

After living in the apartment for three years my parents wanted out because in the winter it was so cold. We couldn't control the heat only the landlord could and he wouldn't give us enough. My parents finally found a nice apartment at 11 School Street, much closer to the beach. It was nice but much smaller. My sister and I now had our own bedrooms and there was a nice porch around the house. We lived on the first floor and the owners lived on the second floor. I stayed there until I got married. Life went on and my mom got a job at Plax Corp. in town and my dad was still working at Electric Boat.

By this time I was about to start high school my parents signed me up to go to St. Bernard's in New London, CT, another all girls school. Most of my friends went to Stonington High School so now I had to make all new friends. The first year I took the public bus. New London was about 25 miles away. We would pick up the bus at the post office and the bus would stop all along the route to New London to pick up kids. My second year we finally had school buses to transport us to school and now my dad was starting to get sick. He was having terrible headaches and was diagnosis with brain cancer. They operated on his brain but he never really recovered. He died in October 1959 when I was 16 years old and when he passed away I lost my very best friend. I liked St Bernard's and made new friends. My girlfriends came from all the towns between my house and the school; there were only 80 girls in our class. In my second year I met my first real boyfriend, Ward Rafferty. He went to New London High School and came to our school every day to serve as an alter boy during our daily mass. Believe it or not one of the nuns, Sister Regina, fixed us up. I liked him for a while then

I met Sandy Ferguson and he took me to my first dance. I remember it so clearly. The dance was at the Ram Island Yacht Club and my dress was so pretty with no back. When we danced it was funny because I was 6 inches taller than him. We were both 15 at the time. I liked high school and was a good student. One day Sandy came over to visit and he brought Les Duncklee with him. That was the end of Sandy and Les and I started to date. We dated all through high school and got engaged a few months before I graduated from high school in June of 1961.

My first job was working at Sheffield Tube Co. in New London, CT in the office and going to New London Business College nights. I hated the job and hated my boss so I soon got a job at Travelers Insurance Co in the Workman's Compensation Dept. Les and I got married on August 25, 1962 and soon after we left for Norfolk, VA. Les was in the Navy and we spent a year in VA. I got pregnant with Christopher while there and we moved back to CT in the fall of 1963. Les got out of the service and apprentice for Bartol an hour. We lived with my mother in Stonington until we found a place to live in Gales Ferry. We found a great house with a beautiful fireplace. Christopher was born on Saturday, February 22, 1964 at 3:31 PM and he was the joy of my life. When he was five weeks old we had to move out of the house because the owner wanted to move back in so we moved to a duplex in Stonington.



Having my first child was such a joy. Christopher was 8lbs 6oz, 21" long when he was born. He was the cutest thing with carrot red hair. For a while we wondered where the red hair came from as both Les and I were blond. He was the first grandchild on both sides of the family and the first great grandchild on the Duncklee side. My mom had remarried three months before Christopher was born to a wonderful man, Ernie Biron, and they both adored him. They would take him a few afternoons a week so I could work part time in the insurance office. Both Bill and Chris Duncklee worked full time so they enjoyed him on the weekends. Great Grandma and Grandpa Duncklee were both retired and Great Grandpa would come to pick us up in his car and once in while take us to their house in Mystic for the day. We only had one car at that time and Les took it to work. Great Grandma made the best homemade bread and Christopher loved to play with the antique toys they had for many years. Life was good, or at least I thought, but finances were very tight. When I was home I would put Christopher in his carriage and walk down into the borough just to get out. I loved the crisp fall days and the leaves were so pretty.

We stayed in the duplex for a few years until they wanted to sell and we then moved across the street to the same type of duplex but much nicer. There was a small back room where I could put all of Christopher toys and he played in there for hours. I remember one day he tried to put his finger in the outlet and damn near flew across the room. He never touched an outlet again.

Soon after, we decided to build a house in Pawcatuck, which was just a few miles from Stonington. While the builder was building our new home we stayed at Les's parent's house. That was about three months. We moved into our new house May of 1966 and I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Everything was so new. It was a two story Cape but we only used the first floor. The second floor was not finished and it was quite a while before we had enough money put aside to finish it.

In July of 1966 I became pregnant again and Jonathan was born on Friday, April 7, 1967 at 8:02 PM. He was at 8lbs 9oz, 21" long. I had a hard delivery with Jonathan and after the birth they put me in a room with this girl who I had never met before. Her name was, Ann Brown, and she had had her first child the day before. Little did I know then that she would turn out to be my very best friend from that day on until now and beyond. We just hit it off. They had the two babies in the nursery and I had this giant and Annie's baby, Kirk, was small, around seven lbs. It was so funny to see them next to each other.

Life moved along for me. I had my new house, small but new, and my two beautiful boys. I would take them for walks on good days. I would put Jonathan in the carriage and Christopher would walk with me. He always tells me to this day that I made him walk while his brother would ride in the carriage. We would go to Wilcox Park in Westerly, RI. It was a few miles from our home. We would stop at the Five & Dime Store and get popcorn and feed the gold fish in the big pond in the park.

In March of 1968 my stepfather, Ernie Biron, died from a long bout with Cancer. He was such a great man and to this day is sadly missed. Christopher still remembers him but Jonathan was only 11 months old when he passed.

We didn't have a whole lot, Les was working for Bartol Refrigeration as an apprentice in the air conditioning field and I was a stay at home mom at this time. We only had one car so I wasn't very mobile. Les had a 1949 Chevy pickup truck that he finally got working and he would take that to work so I could have the car. The truck was robin's egg blue and he had put two stainless steel stacks up both sides of the cab. It was pretty cool.

In order to get some sanity in my life I joined the Stonington Junior Woman's Club. This gave me an outlet other than kids and diapers so I could have a conversation with an adult once in a while. We had some great times. That was when I could stay up at night and go to meetings. We hosted many events, one being the Village Fair once a year in the Stonington borough, bake sales, bazaars, we even had a choir. After a year or so the club decided to have a bowling league that I joined and that was a hoot. It was every Thursday morning and we had three on a team. Our team was called Blood, Sweat and Tears. I stayed in the club until I felt that I had outgrown the group.

By this time the kids were getting older and I had Christopher in nursery school three mornings a week. Jonathan was still small and the woman across the street would come over to stay with him while I took Christopher to school, that way I had only one kid to get dressed and out the door. When Christopher started kindergarten, Jonathan went to nursery school.

Christopher, at age five years, went to West Vine Street School. It was on the same street that we lived on and he would just walk to school. Today they wouldn't think of letting a five year old walk to school. Both boys went to that school until they graduated to middle school.



Juliana Dispatcher for the Groton Town Police. On April 23, 1973, Les left Bartol Refrigeration and started his own business. He now had a van with his name on it and we were both terrified that we would have not enough money to survive. But he had so much business right off that we never missed a paycheck.

Now that the kids were both in school I started working for Les as his answering service and I did his books. At first I did everything from home but eventually we moved that part of the business from the house to a rented office. Then I would work one or two days a week but got home before the kids got out of school.

On June 6, 1978 my sister Grace and her daughter, Gracie, went missing in the state of Vermont. My life changed forever at this point and it has never been the same. As of this writing she and Little Gracie are still missing.

<http://www.julianawoodworth.com/grace/grace.html>

At this point in my life I was starting to have marital problems. I probably had them long before this but didn't know it. My marriage was falling apart. I don't know exactly when I realized it but I don't have to tell you boys the story because you know it. Your father and I separated in the fall of 1979 and the divorce was final in April of 1980. During the time of our separation, Christopher had an awful accident on his ten speed bike, and I almost died of peritonitis caused by a doctor who didn't know what he was doing. I finally got a job as a teller in the local bank and liked it very much but the pay sucked. I was getting \$4.29 an hour, not much to live on. I was still living in the house and Jonathan was staying with his dad, Christopher was with me. In June of 1981 I decided to let Les have the house, too many memories. I then moved into an apartment in Mystic. I also worked as a volunteer for the local ambulance company going to calls when I was home and needed. I loved my small apartment until one day I got a call at the bank that my house was on fire. I arrived to see everything going up in flames and I was left with the clothes on my back. My friends rallied around me and the people at the bank went overboard to get me clothes and personal items. Christopher, I will never forget that you sat in the ambulance with Priscilla and I, you took the change out of your pocket and said "Ma this is all I have but you need it more than me". I will always love you for that moment. You gave me some tough times during your teen

years and I would say “Chris I love you but right now I don’t like you”. It took having your own child to get you on the right track. After the fire, I moved in with Priscilla and Allen Gager, good friends of mine, and stayed there for about six weeks and then moved to Annie and Duke Brown’s for a while and finally moved into an apartment at my mom’s. She owned an apartment house with four apartments, two stores and a two car garage. When one of the apartments became available I moved in. It was small but nice.

I was offered a job at a doctor’s office, Dr. Freye, and I took it for \$5.00 an hour and worked 40 hours a week. I was there for a few years but never really liked it, so while there I applied to the Groton Town Police for a dispatching job. I didn’t hear from them for months and figured that they had given it to someone else. Then one day they called and I went over and filled out all the paperwork. A few weeks later they called me again to come in for an interview.



Dewey & Juliana

This interview was with five Chiefs of Police sitting at a table looking right at me. I was terrified but after a few minutes I was very comfortable talking to them and answering their questions. At the end of the interview, Lt. Vanasse asked me if there was anything that I would like to add and I just said “Thank you for your time and you would be crazy not to hire me because I would do a great job”. For many years Lt. Vanasse, now Chief would comment on what I said and that was one of the things that got me the job.

I loved my job at the police department but the hours at times were rough. I worked a month of days, a month of four to twelve, a month of midnights and a month of split shifts. The splits were a killer. You didn’t know when to eat, sleep or have a cup of coffee. I stayed with the Town of Groton until I met my present husband, Dewey Woodworth. During the years between my marriage to Les and my marriage to Dewey I dated a few men, some good and some not so good. I dated Jack Tamke who lived in NH for a while. It was a long distance relationship and he was fun to be around. Then I dated Ed Goehring for most of the time. He was twenty-three years older than me but we had a good time and he was semi retired so we could do things on my days off. I only had weekends off every four months. He took me to England for my fortieth birthday, we went to Disney and the last trip we took together was a trip to Portugal, Spain, Gibraltar and Africa. He kept asking me to marry him but I felt there was too much age difference and I would always say “I don’t know”. He told me that no decision is a decision. He has now passed and his boys sent me an email thanking me for all the good years he had with me. That was nice to hear.

On October 11, 1985, my granddaughter, Christine F. Duncklee was born. I was so excited. She is now twenty-one years old and one of the best things in my life. I wanted to be at the hospital when she was born but I was in NH at parent’s weekend for Jonathan. He was in college at that time.

In the late summer of 1985 I met, Dewey Woodworth. We were suppose to have our

first date but we had hurricane Gloria and had to put off our meeting until the next day. After that we kind of just dated from that day on. He was living in his mother's cottage on the water in Groton, CT. He had this big farm in Franklin, CT but while he was going through his divorce he stayed in Groton. The first time I saw the farm I couldn't believe it. It was all this land and this big huge house. We dated for a year and on July 19, 1986 we married. The wedding ceremony was on the dock and we had a small reception afterwards. Time moved on and when he knew he could keep the farm we started renovating it. It took us a year to get the house so that we could live in it and another year to get the yard the way it needed to be. It was a beautiful piece of property, way off

the road with beautiful views of the hills all around.



Ebay and yahoo

In August of 1990 my mom sold her house on Water Street in Stonington and we moved her into the house that had been Dewey's mothers in Jupiter Point in Groton, CT. It was a cute little house right on the water. She loved it at first but then she said she wanted to move. In 1995 we found a house in Pawcatuck. That is where she is now.

Life with Dewey moved on. I became the bookkeeper of the company that Dewey owned, something that I didn't want

to do, but had no choice. The bookkeeper quit and that was my job discription for many, many years. I worked three days a week and got the entire office computerized.

Dewey had lots of cattle on the farm and in the Spring I became the mid wife. I can't even count the number of calves that I delivered. I enjoyed the cattle when I was younger but as I aged they became a pain in the butt.

In May of 1996 my nephew Patrick, Gracie's son, passed away at the age of twenty-five, in Germany from complications of the flu, so now I only had one surviving child of my sister's left, Brian.

In the fall of 1996 The Vermont State Police did an extensive dig at the old homestead of my sister. They put the present owner into a hotel and tore the house apart looking for the remains of Grace and Little Gracie. After three days they came up with nothing and my brother-in-law, Michael Reapp, not knowing this, disappeared from his home in Jupiter, Florida with only a pack of cigarettes and a toothbrush leaving his wife of eleven years. As of this writing there are two counts of murder against Michael Reapp for the murder of my sister and her daughter, but the U.S. Marshall's have not found the SOB yet.

In February of 1999 we bought two pygmy goats that I named, Yahoo and Ebay. They were to die for. We got them when they were five weeks old and Dewey made a house and penned in an area for them. They were so cute. They would follow you around the yard just like a dog. They would never leave your side and they would only eat dried stuff, like hay, grain or dried leaves. They never ate the plants or the grass. We kept them until December of 2005 because we were traveling back and forth to Florida. We found them a great home just up the road with a family that already had pygmies and we knew they would be in good hands. I miss them terribly at times and hope to get two more when we are settled and can stay in Florida and not go back and forth.

In March of 2000, Dewey, retired and sold the Precast Concrete Business, Dewey's Precast, Inc. He was getting tired and to be in business for your self is not all it is cracked up to be. So now I wanted to have a career change.

In the fall of 2000 I carted my butt over to the local college, Three Rivers Community College and started taking classes. I wanted to learn HTML and do web design. It fascinated me. I took my first class, almost the oldest kid in the class but not quite, and got an A. Well I said this is fun so I took another class, called Desktop Publishing. This is learning how to use Photoshop, InDesign, Illustrator, etc. Now that was the best. I could use my skills I learned in Desktop Publishing when making my websites. At this time I was just a non-degree student but I kept taking classes. Then one day my advisor said I could take the degree program and get my certificate in Graphic Arts and Communications. So that was what I did, one class a semester. At the same time the teacher who taught the Desktop Publishing Class asked if I would like to be her assistant (student tutor) in her classes. I thought "perfect", not only can I learn but I can also make money doing it. I tutored in all of her classes 4 half days a week until we made the permanent move to Florida. I miss that job. I tried to get something similar in Florida but they didn't offer it.

About the same time that Dewey sold the business we decided that it was getting time to downsize. I wanted a smaller house, much smaller, and less farm work. Dewey didn't care but we needed to get something that required less maintenance. We started looking around in Connecticut but couldn't find smaller acreage that didn't cost a million dollars. That is when we started thinking about Florida. My nephew and his family were in Florida.

We came down in 2001 pulling our boat in back of the pickup truck. It was so nice to be able to be outside and go in the boat in January. We returned back to Connecticut but longed for the nice weather in the south.

On December 8, 2003, my nephew's wife, Lucinda, was killed in a tragic auto accident leaving my nephew with three young kids. That is when we decided to look for land in Florida. It wasn't as easy as it sounded. We thought that we would come down and get ten to fifteen acres easily and not for much money. Wrong!!! It took us almost a year and half to find ten acres with a small mobile home, which we decided to buy. We put our farm in Connecticut on the market and said we would move when we sold the farm. Well that hasn't happened to date. We had it sold in January of 2006 and started

moving our stuff to Florida. In the spring the potential buyers backed out so now we had to make a decision, stay in Connecticut until the place sells or move and show it empty. We thought hard and spent many sleepless nights. We had our boat in Florida and Dewey had half his stuff down south. So we said “We need to move on.” And we did.

It is now the middle of October 2006 and I am living in what I call my “Closet House” and getting settled in our new environment. We just closed on another adjacent two and a half acres so now we have twelve and a half acres. Dewey has all his stuff here but needs a barn to put it all in. He is working on getting one up because all his stuff is in box trailers and he can’t get to most of it. The trailers are stuffed so tight. We are very busy with the kids, taking them to jobs, haircuts, picking them up at school, helping with homework, and just helping Brian out when he can’t get to do these things because of his job. Dewey said yesterday, “if someone told me a year ago that I would be here at a corner waiting for a school bus at 9:15 in the morning, I would have said they were crazy”. Ashley and I do our hair together once in awhile and on most Saturday nights we all watch a DVD that I received in the mail that week.

Life is busy but the pace is much slower and the weather is much nicer. No one knows what the future has in store but I hope you have enjoyed reading what makes your mother “your mother”.



The rest is yet to come. We are now living in Florida and finally out of “Our Closet House”. The farm has finally sold in CT after 3 years on the market. We have just moved into our new home and we love it. New, airy and low maintenance. Dewey is in the process as of this righting of putting up a barn that is bigger than Walmart. Only kidding, but it’s big.

Life has taken me on many journeys that most people never experience. Whether they were good or bad I am still here and hopefully a better person for it.

I know I made many mistakes as a mother and I regret every one of them. Not being able to go back and change them I can only apologize and go on from there.

I love you both very, very much and you are so very special.

I hope you enjoyed this “book”. I just hoped it would give you enough background on my life to give you some insight as to why I am me.



