

Mr. C and Nelly – Poconos Neighbors - 6/15/2025

Mr. C is the life I always wanted and admired. As a child, I saw him work in his garage on woodworking for building a birdhouse to arrows for my bow string. The arrows did not work but He was a man of his word. He took care of his wife Nelly, who was very sick and needed oxygen to survive. They were an old couple. And most of his life has been spent reading national geographic. I would sit there and build my visual library as they call it today. He took me to get haircuts and he even let me buy cigarette candies. I used to get in his car and go to the home improvement and gardening shop and help him. He liked having me around. I would sit there and watch him work. It was very boring in birches III. And I found a friend in Mr. C He was old school and traditional. I was reserved and observant. I marveled at all the supplies he had in his garage. He liked working with his hands. He didn't say much but his actions spoke louder than his words. He was a very close friend. The only reason I agreed to willingly go to Poconos. Now it's a ghetto. But at the time it was lush farmland. The moral of the story is this. Never overstay your welcome. Sometimes, it is better to end on good terms than to wait for bad terms. I have to say my brother was conceived in that red house of ours. And I remember when it was a couple of cinder blocks. In closing, you. Both are missed. I will forever remember you was the bedrock of marriage and holy matrimony.