

## Robert G. Borelli

July 10, 2009,

Dear Ronnie,

You had once said “who would remember you three years after you are gone” the answer is me for one and a lot of others that loved you and still love you. It is difficult even now to think of your passing and the impact of that event, three years ago today, had on all of our lives. Your wife, children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends, life’s were forever changed. We were taught that passing is not the end but the beginning of life everlasting. We were not taught, as the ones left behind, how to cope with life without you. On that sad day, July 10<sup>th</sup>, 2006 a large piece of my heart left me and went with you. Of course I can and will go on. I have an obligation to be here for my wife, daughter, and grandchildren. But a big piece of joy will be forever lost. I did so look forward to finally spending some time with you now that we had homes a mere four miles apart. We talked about the things we were going to do like buying a boat together and you teaching me, finally, how to play golf. But I guess God had other plans for you and me. I do have those memories of growing up with you. You were always my older brother that I so admired. Your talents and hard work was difficult for me to follow. I know at times I disappointed you and I am sorry for that. But in all my years as your kid brother there was never a day that I did not think that you were my hero and never, never, was I ever jealous of your success. My friends and co-workers grew tired of hearing me brag about you and your accomplishments. Sure in later life I did achieve some success and I was happy that you were able to see that. As the first grandson of immigrants that made a long voyage across an angry sea to a land of unknowns so that their children or grandchildren could have an opportunity for success, you gave their long and hard journey a proper justification. I will never forget you. I miss those phone calls that began with “Hi Brother”. Tears still fill my eyes and heart even now as I write this letter. I cannot know when I will be joining you but I am sure that where you are is where I would want to be when at last God calls me.

“Who would remember you three years after you are gone?” I will, as well as four years after, ten years after, and forever, to the day I die. I miss you Ronnie.

Love,

Your brother, Bobby