

Angelo Grassia

FINALLY WE ARE HERE

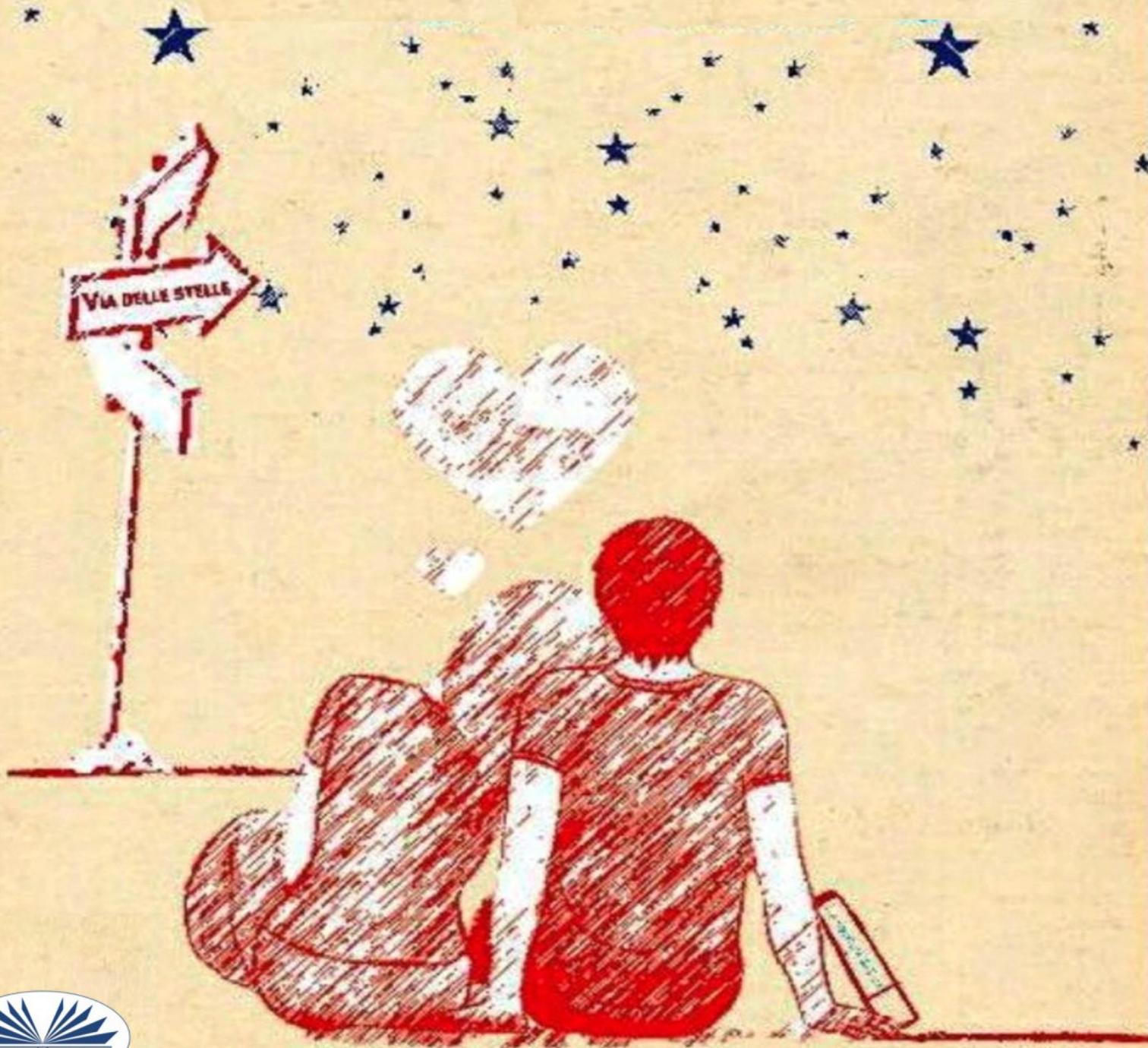


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Thanks

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After the publication of my first book "The Mystery of the Book", extraordinary and unexplained events continued to occur.

The first unexplained event I remember with great joy and with great emotion, occurred on 06/24/2017, when I made the first official presentation of the book in a library. It was a special day for me, because this great opportunity was given to me: to make my first book known.

I still remember, with emotion, that day. It was a hot day, the air was unbreathable.

My best friends renounced to a day at sea to be next to me on such a particular day. I went to the library full of happiness, bringing with me the famous typescript given to me by Sabatino, now my greatest friend, but then he was a stranger for me, the cheerful chubby man, the second-hand dealer of the Gaeta market, and I also brought the famous booklet containing the poem "A Claudia Mia", on the first page of which there was a bust of Vittorio taken from a photograph. My intention was to declaim this beautiful poem, full of feelings for the loved one; in my opinion it was written not by immersing the nib in the ink-containing ink-pot, but directly in the heart of the person who wrote it, so beautiful.

The hall was full of people: the first bearer spoke starting to comment on the book, then the second intervened and finally it was my turn. I was calm and happy, and I began to discuss my book, the reason I had written it, of all the background that had led to its birth. Everything was going well, until the moment when I decided to declare the beautiful poetry. I picked up the little book and proudly I showed it to the public, I opened the first page and the picture of Vittorio jumped in my eyes. It was the same photo, the picture of

all time, the photo I had seen dozens of times, but at that precise moment it seemed different.

In that picture I had always seen Vittorio looking gruff and above all very sad, but at that moment his image seemed different to me, he seemed amiable, sweet, kind and particularly happy; he was thrilled by all sides, as if he wanted to thank me for what I was doing for him at that moment: to bring to light the poem he sent to his beloved Claudia for the five years of marriage. Seeing him so happy as ever, I was so moved that the words did not come out of my mouth because of the too many tears falling from my eyes and I asked to be replaced in the reading of the poem.

At that moment I felt a strange sensation, as if Vittorio was sending me the following message: "Angelo, I'm happy for everything you're doing for me."

After the presentation, my friends joined me at home to have a little party and so I spent the evening in a carefree way, forgetting for a moment what had happened in the afternoon. But when I was alone and I went to bed, I could not get to sleep. I was thinking about what to do: that event had shocked me, I had to tell someone who could understand me, and who better than Vittorio's relatives?

That night I made the decision to finally contact the nephew I had found among the papers, the note announcing his birth.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, I got up early and I pondered what to do. I absolutely had to contact Gianguido, Claudia's and Vittorio's nephew. At 8 am I contacted him by Messenger and, attaching a photo of the ticket announcing his birth, I wrote to him: "Excuse me, are you by chance Claudia and Vittorio Palladino's nephew?"

I awaited for his message impatiently. Finally, after about two hours, here is his answer:

"Yes, and who are you?"

And I, trembling with joy: "I have to tell you a story happened to me, if you give me your phone number I'll call you. You know, at a huckster I found a box full of letters from your family and a book written by your uncle Vittorio. reading it, I was so moved that I cried. After reading, unexplained events occurred to me. The book entitled "A man to remember" was written by your uncle Vittorio to remember his father Luigi. Well, this story has moved me so much that, for a few days, I did not think

of anything else. I thought about what I could do to divulge this beautiful story. Then, after a series of unexplained events, I decided to write this little book. And tell me: are Vittorio's daughters still alive? Because I would like to tell this story to them too. "

Gianguido, perhaps a little surprised, immediately replied to me: "Uncle Vittorio married my dad's sister, Claudia, he met her in Como. He, a Neapolitan man, was in Como to work in the Bank of Italy, they got married and they moved to Rome, he made a career up to be on the Board of Directors of the Bank of Napoli. They had two daughters, Virginia and Anna Maria, unfortunately young death. My aunt Claudia is dead a few years ago, she was about 94 years. Uncle Vittorio was a very particular person, very intelligent, passionate horse-player, painter and, now I know, writer. I gladly give you my number. See you soon."

This message left a deep wound in my heart. Claudia's death and, above all, the premature death of the two daughters shocked me. Immediately I called Gianguido and I told him everything had happened to me: I still remember I was sobbing, because every time I tell this story I get emotional. We stayed at the phone for more than an hour and, from that moment on, we remained good friends: we spoke different times and he told me many things about Claudia and Vittorio's life.

In mid-July, I received a message from a Facebook friend containing a video poem. I started the video and I listened to a poem declaimed by a great actor, voice actor and storyteller, known to all but me: Diego De Nadai. As I listened to this poem, I realized that Diego with his deep voice could give life to this poem. Immediately I thought Destiny was suggesting to me the next steps to be taken. It wanted to give life to two beautiful poems "A Claudia mia" and "For the birthday of grandfather Luigi" and who better of Diego De Nadai could achieve this purpose?

I contacted him immediately, I sent him the two poems and he immediately started to work. On July 26, the two videos were published, and up to now more than 5,000 people have listened to these poems. Someone wrote to me they had heard the heart vibrate, another saw a tear drop from the eyes, another still: I was inebriated with these words carved by deep love and so on. All these comments have made me particularly happy, as I have achieved the primary purpose of my life: making these two poems immortal, which, without me, who knows where they would end.

Sometimes I think, as, for some kind of coincidence, the best events linked to the book happened on special occasions: 24 June San Giovanni, 26 July Saint Anna and 20 September my birthday. When I first heard the Poems recited by Diego De Nadai, I burst into tears. In my life I have rarely cried, but, after reading Vittorio's book, I always find myself crying. I cried when I read his book, I cried when I finished writing the book, I cried when I saw it done, I cried when I finished the book trailer and sometimes I cry now as I write this book and every time I think about Claudia and Vittorio.

This story has upset me, it has changed my life.

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