



I'm sure you are getting loads of bonsai stories. But some of my memories are family related. Nick insisted when our kids were young that we come out for an annual family lunch with him and your Mom.

One time he made the kids lunch plates in to smiley faces. Each trip out after lunch he would muster us all in to my car for an excursion.

One was out to walk out to the abandoned railroad bridge. He told Elisabeth and Peter to collect some sticks. Then he took them out on the bridge and told them to throw them in one at a time; go to the other side of the bridge and watch them float by. While they were engaged i got the parenting lesson: do these simple outdoors things together, get off the computers. Enjoy it while you can.

Another trip was down the road by the Coop to see his favorite hemlock and have the kids climb the rocks. My lesson: "Look at that branch: only God makes bonsai like that."

He was family, the grandpa the kids wanted. He always talked to them like adults too.

- Mike Angotti