



**"The kindest hearts expect no reward and deserve it all the more..." ~Anon.**

# He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother

BY LOUANN CATANOSO



2009~ Billy, LouAnn & Joe



1956~ 19th St. Beach, N. Wildwood  
Half the Catanoso family~ Charlie & Louise, Cathy,  
Chucky & Baby LouAnn



1978~ LouAnn & Anthony



1967~ Chuck, Dad, Billy, Anthony & Joe

In the mid sixties, a perfect day for me consisted of a good wrestling match with my brother, combined with a Jerry Butler or Peter, Paul & Mary album playing in the background. The only thing that could make me happier was if a Barbara Stanwyk, or Ma & Pa Kettle movie was on TV that afternoon. Add to this mix, a huge pot of gravy simmering on the stove, a pound cake baking in the oven, and a Phillies game on in the evening, and you had a perfect recipe.

In my adolescence, a brother just proved to be an annoyance. He was someone that got more attention than me, (or so I thought), and he was someone that did his best to try and embarrass me in front of my friends~ especially if it was a special date. You know those horrible nicknames that siblings call each other that should never be uttered outside the household - well, they weren't only uttered...they were shouted. But, even so, I never failed to come to his defense when it came to outside forces.

As I came into my early twenties, I noticed a shift taking place, as actual friendships started to develop between us. We were going to each other for advice, and even occasional confidence building. As time moved forward, a complete change had transpired. My brother, who I had many times had fist fights with, and tattled on, and stood up for... was now my protector. And from then on, my brother has been there for me every minute of every day and night. I don't even have to ask, he's already there. And his compassion and generosity doesn't end with me. I have literally witnessed my brother take the shirt off his back to give to someone. There's not a week that goes by without me hearing the words "You have such a great brother" from someone I run into.

My brother has been as much like a father to me as he is to his own children. At my age some women may be reluctant to admit this, ashamed it may show a sign of weakness or dependency. But, this is not so with me. I am grateful and consider myself one of the luckiest sisters in the world. Did I mention my brother's name? His name is Chuck, Anthony, Billy and Joe. You see, I'm fortunate enough to have four of these men in my life. And to speak of one of my brothers, is to speak of all four of them.



1961~ LouAnn, Anthony & Billy



1977~ Joe, Billy & Chuck "Always pranksters"



1959~ Chucky, Baby Anthony & LouAnn

Dedication: This story is dedicated to the waitresses from Owen's Pub. Their smiles can warm your heart the same way a happy child's face does on Christmas morning.