

I'll See You in  
My Dreams



Doreen G. Kimmel

*I'll See You  
In My Dreams*

*By*

*Doreen G. Kimmel*



Eloquent Books  
New York, New York

Copyright 2008

All rights reserved – Doreen G. Kimmel

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without the permission, in writing, from the publisher.

Eloquent Books

An imprint of AEG Publishing Group

845 Third Avenue, 6th Floor - 6016

New York, NY 10022

[www.eloquentbooks.com](http://www.eloquentbooks.com)

ISBN: 978-1-61897-067-1

SKU: 1-934925-47-0

Printed in the United States of America

Book Design: Roger Hayes

## *DEDICATION*

To Mom and Dad—the memories of your love and nurturing remain in my heart. Now I have two angels watching over me. You are with me always in my dreams. 'Till we meet again . . .

Make yourself familiar with the angels, and behold them frequently in spirit; for without being seen, they are present with you.

—St. Francis de Sales

## *Acknowledgements*

I would like to acknowledge my husband Allan for his patience and encouragement for the past year that he steadfastly remained at my side while I wrote this story of my parents through teary eyes.

## *Chapter 1*

Every man has his own idea of what “living and loving” means to him. For me, it all really started in 1927 when I was nine years old. Mid-September on Mulberry Street was no different to me than any other time of the year ever since I could remember. “Living” was sharing a tenement apartment with “loving” parents who had migrated from Sicily in 1912, and six brothers who looked as scrawny and poorly clothed as me. Our papa worked hard in construction and brought home the bread. And mama, well she tried hard, but having babies almost every year since 1913 and losing three infants to the flu was breaking her down year after year. We older boys pitched in by quitting school and getting work wherever work was available. I was delivering donuts from Maggio’s Bakery twice a week, sweeping the barroom floor at Flynn’s Taproom six days a week and spending four days at the public library. I loved to read. The donut deliveries were hard, especially during the long hot summer days. But I enjoyed the aromas coming from the apartments and the old world congeniality of the Italian immigrants. It sure beat the smell of the beer soaked sawdust on the floor of the bar.

Ah, but getting back to the “loving” part of my life. This was the year when I discovered “love” for the first time. One fortuitous day in mid-September changed my life forever. It was the second day of the San Gennaro Feast that was

## *I'll See You In My Dreams*

celebrated every year in honor of Saint Gennaro. Well that was what it was supposed to be, and to all good Catholics it was. The truth is that all Italians (Sicilians, Calabrese, Neapolitans, and so on) had this time to not only celebrate San Gennaro but to perpetuate the memories of the country of their birth and the families they left behind. All of the Little Italy residents gathered in the street to meet with family and friends. They huddled in small groups and spoke of the oppression and failing economy that had driven them to leave their country in the hope of finding a fruitful life in America. But now was the time to kick up their heels and celebrate. There was singing, Old-World entertainers, and dancing to the tarantella. The statue of San Gennaro and the shrines and relics of this saint were paraded through the street, which was renamed Via San Gennaro for the ten-day feast.

As the statue of San Gennaro went past me I glanced up at one of the buildings and was almost blinded by what I saw. A vision appeared in the form of an angel. She had long golden hair with a halo shining above her head. A bright white gown flowed over her body and white feathery wings fluttered on her back. Her face was all aglow and her cheeks and tiny lips were pink. She was exquisite. For a moment I thought she had looked right at me and smiled. My legs felt weak and began to buckle under me. I had to sit on the nearest stoop and just glory in my fortune. I was about to thank God for this vision when what I saw next brought me back to reality. There were thin wires strapped around her waist, going around to her back and attached to one of the tenements. "My God, she's just a little girl." And God was the right one to talk to because he had created the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was truly an angel. I was spellbound. I had become oblivious to everything around me. I closed my eyes for what seemed like only a moment. When I looked up again she was gone. Where she could have disappeared to was beyond me. I looked everywhere possible but there was no sign of her. Had I been dreaming? It must have been my imagination. Angels never appeared to me before.

Buy the B&N ePub version at:-

<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/ill-see-you-in-my-dreams-doreen-kimmel/1014987330?ean=2940013415126>

Buy the Kindle version at:-

<http://www.amazon.com/Ill-See-You-Dreams-ebook/dp/B005PIYHK6/ref>