

Charles Dawin believed that **“A man's friendships are one of the best measures of his worth.”**

Judging by tonight's turn-out, Richard was a very wealthy man. Many of you are long time friends who had known Z since boyhood. Mike Sakally since kindergarten, John Tichenor since second grade and many of you from Crespi High School and Santa Clara University. John and Beth Whelpley are here and were responsible for introducing the two of us. I must thank Chip Florence, a Crespi High School grad and a Santa Clara University grad, who spearheaded this celebratory gathering and the friends who have stepped up to assist, especially John, the two Steves, Tim, Jim, Walt, & Rys. Many of those of you who are here tonight are unaware that the Crespi/Santa Clara group has been partying since their arrival on Thursday. It's a fitting tribute and I'm sure that Z feels very honored.

A number of you have travelled a long distance to be here: Ian Rysdale from the UK, Jerry MacNamara from Columbia. Richard's family, of course, is represented here by his sister, Kathy. Also present are his nephew Kenny who drove him to and from all of his doctor visits to Stanford, and assorted Carnicelli & Zenobio cousins. I would like to thank my family for being here to support me in force. My brother, Eric, and his family and my Delta cousins and my cousins' cousins. The Wisemans.

I thank my long-time friend, Kathryn, from the days when I was a tomato inspector, and the friends that I met when I was a development executive at Aaron Spelling Productions. A lifetime ago. I thank my Wine Country Theatre family, and the many new friends that we have made here in Paso. Special thanks to Anita for many hours she spent getting my yard in order. Hours of pulling and hoeing weeds when my gardeners disappeared. Thanks also to Anita, Ellalina, and Deirdre for the table centerpieces.

I especially want to thank our catering crew, the Chef and Staff of Paso Terra, where Vincenza works as a sous chef. Chef Andre & Cristina Averseng closed their restaurant tonight and brought their staff here to serve you lovely people.

I thank all of you who are here to honor Richard's memory and thank you again for your many kindnesses and heartfelt messages we have received after Richard's passing. Vincenza and I were comforted by your thoughtful words.

I met Z in 1986. He was a man of so many talents. A true entrepreneur and "Renaissance Man." What couldn't he do? He couldn't sing or dance, but could he cook, clean. He could build. He was an artist, a craftsman, and an amazing gardener. He planted and tended nearly a hundred olive trees. He pruned them and kept the fruit flies away. He grew tomatoes to provide buckets full of fresh, off the vine, tomatoes for our meals and enough to can nearly 100 jars of tomato sauce for us to enjoy the rest of the year. He grew tomatillos and a wide variety of peppers for his famous hot sauce. He grew, zucchini, cucumbers, eggplant, and melons. He planted orange, lime, and lemon trees from which he made limoncello. And he picked apricots, nectarines, & peaches from which Vincenza and I made jam. He picked apples and made applesauce, picked almonds, and pomegranates for our famous jelly and our pomgaritas. Richard cared for our nearly 3 acre farm pretty much all by himself.

A concern he had before we were married that he was a travelling man and he feared that getting married might tie him down. Clearly, he didn't know who I was. After we were married he soon learned, that his fears were unfounded. I had no problem with him travelling to Italy, and Africa, and all of those business trips to China, Anywhere he wished to go, because, in return, I was able to travel as well. Most of you know what a devoted Petula Clark fan I am. So many trips with other devotees, to London, to Paris, to Montreal, and various cities all across the US. So travelling was never a problem with either of us.

Richard was also an amazing father. He named Vincenza after his favorite Italian aunt. (I was given the choice of either Florentina—hard pass—or Vincenza.)

When we bought this house in 2002, Z gradually decided that he'd had enough of travelling. He stopped going to China, thanks to his new business partner, Trevor. He'd found his Italian

home right here in Paso. His father would have been delighted with his olive oil production, and the canned jars of tomatoes, tomatillos, and hot sauce. So, it is entirely fitting that his ashes be spread here, at the Granite Ranch, among his beloved olive grove and his garden below.

Cheers to a life well-lived.