

For those that don't know me, my name is Chuck Petersen and my mom was Delores's little sister. My earliest memories of Auntie Del were from our regular Sunday visits to the family house on Atwater Street. My grandmother lived on the 2nd floor, while Delores lived with Lou and Maryanne on the first. When she'd hear us come in she'd ask my mom if I could help her carry a few things upstairs. As soon as I'd walk in, she had a big plate of weaver chicken wings waiting for me. "Penny for your thoughts" is what she'd say as we sat down together. Though I'm sure she often wished she could have her money back.

Things became tougher for us as a family after that. My mom grew increasingly sick and ultimately passed away. Del was there through all of it. She'd always keep the mood light when we were in West Haven for days at a time during my mom's cancer treatments. She'd come home from work with a trunk full of pizza and chocolate milk from work. We'd stay up late getting hopped up on sugar, playing cards and watching things on tv that my parents would never let us watch .

That was one of the great things about her, she always seemed to relate. I think so many parents forget what it was like to be young, but that was never the case with her. She always seemed to know exactly what to do or say when you needed her. When I was at the height of teenage wildness she was the only person that could consistently talk sense in to me.

As I became an adult going to see her, Uncle Lou and Maryanne on Atwater Street, were some of my favorite times. No matter what I was dealing with in my own life, I'd always leave there feeling so much better than when I walked in the door. Delores had many people that loved her, but no one demonstrated this more than her husband Lou. Watching them grow old together was inspiring and I hope that everyone here is lucky enough to have what they had. As hard as this is for me, I take a lot of comfort in the belief that they are together again.