



MICHAEL SCALERA

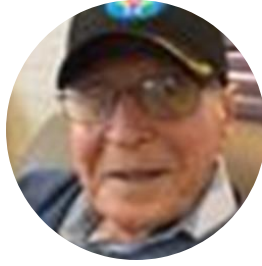
JUL 1, 2017



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MICHAEL SCALERA

JUL 1, 2017

S CALERA, Michael age 94 of Wellington, FL Beloved husband of the Esther Scalera; Loving father of Eric Scalera, Loren Scalera-Gott, and Nancy Scalera; Cherished grandfather of Caroline Gott, Anna Gott, and Jonathan Gott; Dear brother of Mary Novak and the late John Scalera.



ES

Eric Scalera posted:

Michinaw 27/4/45It was the Spring of 1972, along a long stretch of empty Pennsylvania highway, when my father suddenly pulled the '62 Oldsmobile off to side of the road. He looked straight ahead and said, "It's noon, I have to take my pills and get some rest." He reached into the glove compartment, pulled out a small brown book, made some entries before reclining into his seat and closing his eyes. Wide awake, barely 12, and impulsive, I wondered what to do for the next several hours. While he was sleeping inches away, I decided to see what was in his little brown book. Quietly opening the glove compartment and gently removing it, I started leafing through the pages. Numbers and figures, with incredible precision, documented everything from the gallons of gas pumped at the last stop to the money spent on lunch three weeks prior. It was not until decades later that I realized the detailed charting and recording were related to his need for control during a time when the entire world seemed to be imploding. World War II, as horrific as it was, taught discipline, acceptance and control to many men, including my father. My father, born with a dirty face and holey shoes, emancipated himself from Italy, making his way in 1937 to America. On the transatlantic voyage, tucked away in the 3rd class, he had little knowledge of what lay ahead. Nobody in New York City wanted to be a high school graduate in 1942. Young immigrants had limited options. For many, it came down to which part of the world you wanted to die in: the Pacific or the European theater. Death was more likely fighting against a country you just left - captured American-Italians were tortured by the Italians during the war. The Pacific or even the silent theater, China, Burma and India (CBI), sounded to my father like a safer place to fight the war. My father signed up to work in communications. Having these skills put him back from the front, increasing his odds of living another 73 years. So, my 5'4" father, not one to throw a grenade down a foxhole or charge up a hill, chose the rear, providing communication support for the flamethrowers, 'bayoneters' and bomb droppers. In my 57 years with him, he rarely mentioned his fifteen months overseas. Was I to believe that he hung out, listened to Glenn Miller albums and drank Bourbon? Or, was this just a time that would best be forgotten? He was mostly silent except when he would occasionally say, "The value of a human life was nothing." As a kid, when his faculties were intact, I never thought to say, "What do you mean by that? Can you explain? What makes you say that?" At 15, I respected his boundaries and knew never to ask him about the war. I had enough sense to know he never wanted to talk about it. As time moved forward, other topics became the priority: college, careers, relationships. His 15 unaccounted months of war faded quickly into the past and were laid to rest for many years. However, something extraordinary happened for me in the mid-1990s awakening my curiosity. The Internet was created, linking millions of people all over the world and allowing them to share their stories. The Internet provided information to many questions; however, it was not for another 20 years that I found my answers. In 2010, filled with questions, I was now ready to ask about this important period in my father's life. "Dad, how many times did you fly over the Himalayas?", I asked. He looked up at me with a blank stare. His memory was fading. He responded, "What? How's your pisan from work? You know, the guy from Bitonto?" Saddened, I realized the life altering events shaping his life, indirectly impacting who I had become, would not be answered. Despite not getting an answer from him, I continued to try and understand his story. My own aging led me deeper into the unanswered question of what it must have been like to live through the Depression and the Great



Tribute Wall

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War. If history affects those responsible for our welfare, then wouldn't it be true that his history would have had a direct impact on

July 11 at 5:57 AM



Myrna And Len Rose posted:

So many memories of good times shared! Parties galore, anniversaries, birthdays, holidays, vacations, and just hanging out together. Mike and Esther are together again. We'll meet you in heaven. (Have the cheese and crackers ready, Esther) Love, Myrna and Len

July 6 at 10:28 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring MICHAEL by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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