

# TESTA PRODUCE Market Report

Outlook for the Week of  
**November 4,  
2011**



## Market Report

Frances J. Labrizzi was born 85 years ago to Catherine Labrizzi and Peter Labrizzi. As a young child she often worried about having enough food to eat and was scared to be alone. When she met and married Stephen Testa, all of that fear went away and she found a family that treated her as one of their own, a family trait that carries on today, just ask my wife. For the next 64 years Frances and Stephen raised five children: Marie, Dominick, Peter, Cathy, and Frances. Always the watchful eye, Frances would nurture and guide all of them; they didn't always listen to what she said but she said it anyway, and sometimes it was associated with a slap. Frances was my mom and an occasional whack was allowed. When you are only 4'10" you need an equalizer if your kid is bigger than you; but mom never let anyone touch us but her- she would have knocked them out if they hurt her kids. Mom loved her family more than anything. She was a homemaker in the truest sense of the word. My dad worked all day and when he came home there was my mom, waiting to make sure he ate dinner and provide the needed companionship. But not only did my dad have her, all of us kids got her full attention as well. As we grew up, my mom was always there if we needed anything; and mostly as a teenager it was money or the car- she made sure we had both, but not without filling her in on what, where, and how long we would be gone. She also had a way of predicting the future, as most moms do. After my high school sweetheart broke my heart, she told me not to worry, I would find the right one when God wanted me to, and she was so right. When I first saw my wife I knew she was the one, and 29 years

later we're still together. Mom loved having everyone over to her house for the holidays. All of my friends loved coming by our house. Mostly because my mom was the best cook they knew (most were Jewish) and because it was always lots of fun to be in our house where it was always loud, but a ton of love was there also and everyone was always welcome. Of course if you come to Fran's house you must be prepared for a lecture if you did something wrong, but never done in a harsh way- just mom's opinion. Her family was, and always will be, mom's biggest accomplishment. All of my sisters and my brother are a reflection of what mom taught us. We will never lose her sense of family or the love she gave to us. Her body may no longer be here, but her spirit, her fight, her love, and devotion will never die- not as long as one of us is alive. I love you mom. God Bless you and keep you. May you rest in peace.

Your son Peter