

## **Obituary: Anthony P. Torre**

Anthony P. Torre, who retired from BNL's Instrumentation Division on September 30, 1974, passed away on April 16, 2016. He was 98 years old.

The following obituary appeared in the *South Shore Press* on April 21, 2016:

**Anthony P. Torre**, age 98, formerly of Mastic Beach, died in his home state of Florida. Anthony was born in New York and served honorably in the United States Navy during World War II. He had worked at many occupations during his life including being employed with Brookhaven National Laboratory; he became a licensed insurance agent and had maintained an insurance office in Mastic Beach for many years. Affectionately known as Tony, he had been active in community affairs; was a charter member of the James V. Kavanaugh Knights of Columbus, a devout Catholic, who called St. Jude's his parish; member of the Mastic Beach Property Owners Association and many other local organizations. He loved music and was an accomplished ballroom dancer. He loved camping, fishing and traveling. He played the harmonica, enjoyed reading Popular Mechanics, and was a history buff. After the death of his beloved wife, Rita L. Torre in 1993 life changed dramatically for Tony. His loving sons Anthony Jr. (Freda) and James (Barbara), grandfather of Nicole and great-grandfather of Sebastian survive him. Family and friends were received at Roma Funeral Home in Shirley. The James V. Kavanaugh Council came to pay tribute to one of their founding members. Deacon John Gagliardi conducted wake prayers and a Mass was offered at St. Jude's RC Church. Interment, with naval military honors took place at Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn.

In the same issue of the *South Shore Press*, Anthony P. Torre's passing was also the subject of a special feature, written by his niece:

## **THE MAGICIAN**

by Barbara Guarino Kruk

How do you define the life of a man who lived for nearly a century in the span of this limited space? Too often, I write about people I do not personally know, but through the sharing of memories about their loved ones have come to know the essence of the person. Other times, it is someone I have been acquainted with over a lifetime of living in this community. Today I am writing from my heart; about the memory of a man who was my uncle; a special man that I loved.

Anthony P. Torre was a special human being. He was funny, kind, serious and definitely wonderful. He came from a large Italian-American family that made their home in Brooklyn. As a boy, he studied earnestly but never lost his love of baseball, pigeons, and music. When he was old enough, he followed in his older brother's footsteps and enlisted in the Navy. After returning home he met and married his beautiful bride, Rita Guarino, my father's sister.

I was extremely close with his wife, my father's sister, my Aunt Rita. I was the first girl born in the family. After having two boys, and longing for a girl, I became the daughter they never had. It was my blessing to have two sets of parents. I loved them all.

The family never thought of Uncle Tony as an "in-law". He was their son, their brother, and a husband, but never an in-law.

He was the quintessential raconteur. His storytelling ability was captivating, intelligent, and usually funny. He was slight of stature, with a giant personality. He spoke softly yet he was always heard; which was no small feat in a large Italian family. His serious facade could not hide the humor behind those thoughtful eyes. He was mischievous; often perpetrating practical jokes on his unsuspecting relatives and friends.

He was wise in ways that made him the go to guy. If there was something, especially mechanical, that needed repair, he was the one we all went to. This man could fix anything, or, better yet, had a friend who could fix it.

One of my earliest, and fondest, memories of Uncle Tony took place at one of our many family gatherings. Back then, there were only a handful of us kids, smothered by overly protective adults. I was perhaps, six or so, and we had just finished the fifteenth course of a family meal. We were restless, bored, and bound for trouble. Uncle Tony, out-of-the-blue, announced that we were going out for a few hours. We scurried to get all the layers of clothing one small child could handle, and hand-in-hand, off we went. None of us had a clue where we were going, but that was the beauty of Uncle Tony, he was mysterious. Finally, after a bus, the subway, and several blocks of walking, we arrived at our destination; The Hayden Planetarium. I had no idea where we were or what to expect. We got our tickets, found seats, unveiled all our excess clothing, and settled in. I was the only girl, so I sat next to my uncle. At first, we thought it was some kind of strange movie theatre. Then, to my total amazement, the lights went out, at first, I was frightened, he grabbed my tiny hand. To my delight, little by little, the universe was revealed. I sat in awe at the wonder of it all. To this day, I still marvel whenever I go to the planetarium, and I always think of my Uncle Tony.

How can you ever get bored of someone who, without warning, could produce a coin from your ear; a marble from your hair; or guess the card you hold in your hand. Uncle Tony, in addition to being a great person also just happened to be a good magician. Of course, I was still young and impressionable, but to me he is right up there with Houdini.

He was a gentleman. He treated my Aunt Rita with all the respect, love, and kindness any woman would long to have. He treated all women with genuine respect. He was a great father to his two sons Anthony, Jr. and James. He was a mentor, a friend, and a role model to all of us.

My mother and father were so close to both my Aunt and Uncle. They spent so many years enjoying each other's company. Now, I can only hope and pray that they have all met up once again in Paradise. I can see it so clearly, they are seated around that big table my Nonna had eating crabs and spaghetti, drinking Papa's homemade vino. Our family, has lost a special man. The world has lost a special person, but Heaven has gained another Angel.