



*A bright star beamed prophetically through wandering clouds,
Its narrow streaks of light interrupting the intense darkness of night.
The bleating cries and jangling bells of wandering sheep sang in rhythm,
Disturbing the sleep of the unassuming shepherds resting on the cold, damp pasture.*

*As the herders tentatively arose from their slumber, their gloom turned to hope as
An angel of the Lord appeared, startling the humblest of servants,
Reverently summoning them to be the chosen messengers, to travel an uncertain path, and
Commit to a greater flock with their words and actions proclaiming the glory of God.*

*On a cold and damp December day thousands of years later,
Hundreds of people assembled in a tiny chapel to bid farewell to a devoted, gentle, unassuming man.
Their emotional outpouring of love and respect warmed the final resting place of
This life-altering good shepherd who tenderly guided, protected, and treasured them with all his heart.*

*For ninety-four faith-filled years, my father passionately exhausted his days to his final step,
Totally dedicated to his family, friends, and community.
His boundless charity and unwavering commitment were consistent welcoming beacons
That attracted people as he earned the trust and affection of those that he nourished.*

*A benevolent protector, he embraced all and gathered us close to his heart while
His contemplative and nurturing soul emanated understanding and compassion.
He served at the feet of others as a kind and caring man who shared their pain and disappointments,
His own satisfaction visible only through the success of others.*

*“The Mick” was an unselfish man who constantly placed the dreams and needs of others first.
His diversified flock never remained idle as his leadership challenged them to be more and do more.
The tiny, colonial town was his life, and the love and care he gave so freely
Brightened up every organization in the cozy borough and lives on as his legacy.*

*The precious Babe, born in the humble stable, called him to this profound and prolific life,
Leading him to an intense devotion for his “sheep” who, in turn, trusted and adored him.
His example was his teaching, guiding them effectively with his humility, his actions, and his silence.
In his life ending journey, he greeted his Father with deep satisfaction, knowing his herd was safe and secure.*

*Where the shepherds bore witness to the extravagant gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh,
My father left greater gifts, teaching us intangible lessons of love, loyalty, and sacrifice,
Destined to outlast the material goods that tarnish and fade in time.
His memory lives in generations inspired by his profound life and the institutions he enriched.*

*As the angel beckoned the herdsmen two thousand years ago,
His exemplary life calls us not to mourn, but to endure the pursuit of an uncertain journey,
Accepting the command to serve, to protect, to teach, and to nurture,
Leaving our imprint as we make a difference in the lives of all we are blessed to guide.*

*May this Christmas Season bring us hope and gratitude.
Let us remember, cherish, and embrace the good shepherds of our time,
Honoring them with the compassionate actions of our lives and
Glorifying God in the highest through our dedication and unselfish service to others.*

*Frank Allocco
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