

Letter to my father, whom I've never met.

I have spent many a sleepless night wondering how I will write an ad that everyone will see because it has been so challenging tracking down my paternal family line. I only found out through taking a DNA test that my father is someone I have never met.

I have thought about you, what you look like, and so much more. I don't know what I'm supposed to say to the man who my mom says I resemble, the man whose DNA partly I carry.

I am now 54 years old. I have a Bachelor's in Communication Studies with a concentration in Media from Sacramento State University and a Master's from San Jose State University in Educational Counseling.

I have always been athletic and compete in track, cross-country and cyclocross.

I did not have children, but I have a wonderful godson named Kyle. He is interested in being a civil rights lawyer and plans on attending a local community college in the fall. He is an amazing basketball player. I can't imagine not having him in my life. I hope, once the pandemic is over, to bring him to Ischia for his first international trip.

I am married and have four blind cats that rule my life and I adore.

I am not sure you know that I exist, but my hope is you do. Do you remember Gloria? She was a 22-year-old beautician living at 51-70 Manilla Street in Elmhurst, Queens, New York sometime in November/December of 1965. Were you perhaps visiting a cousin (Galente/Galanti/Mattera) living nearby?

I don't want anything from you other than perhaps a reply. And maybe, someday, you and I could meet. Maybe I could look into your eyes and see something of myself.

My name is **Livia**.

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