

Joseph Nicholas Musuraca was born in Western Pennsylvania on the 15th of September 1920. He died on the 17th of November 2004. At an early age his family moved to East Liverpool, Ohio. Joe served with Army Aircorp during WWII in both the North African war as well as the European Theaters. Coming home he me, courted and married Concetta Bruno. They moved to Cincinnati in 1950 and onto Chatwood Ct. in 1955. Joe and Connie were married for 47 years and had two sons, Joe and John as well as 5 grand children. Connie was both a wonderful mom and a carrying person, loved by all who know her. Her neighbor, Marilyn Ward, can attest to her graciousness. She preceded Joe in entering Heaven. After receiving his engineering degree Joe joined the JH Day Co., a division of LeBlond Inc. He was a superb design engineer.

Joe was a long time friend of our family and I had the privilege of working with him. On one occasion, one of our old established customers came to JH Day with a request for a special mixer. Our new VP of Engineering told the clients how easy it would be to design the system. Joe sat at the huge conference table, not saying a word. Our president turned to Joe and asked him how he could do the requested application. Joe simple said, "It can't be done." The clients and our president got up to leave; the new VP stammered something about "Oh, sure we can do it..." The President replied, "If Joe says it can't be done, it can't be done."

Joe joined the greatest club in the world in 1989, served as flower chairperson at the fair, and was renowned in the neighborhood for his wonderful culinary and wine-making skills. He played golf with John Murphy, Bill Small, Don Flick, Tom Griffin and others in our Wednesday morning get-together where scores didn't always count, but friendships did.

But what facts and stats can't say is who Joe Musuraca really was. Joe was one of the kindest, most gentle persons I ever met. No one ever heard either Joe or Connie say an unkind word...I doubt if he ever had an unkind thought. His thoughts were for others...how they were doing...what was good in their lives. Even during the most horrendous battles with sinus cancer, the terrible disfigurement, he always greeted his hospital visitors with concern for them. It may be hard for us, in a club who's high ground is populated by so many wonderful and caring persons, to realize what an honor it was for Joe and us to call each other friends. Joe was last with us at at our Christmas lunch last year. I will miss his unfailing kindness.

Tim Donovan