



# Joey, our special man

By Glenn Currier

Joey was a special man who knew what he believed was not afraid to take a stand and gave more than he received.

He knew groceries and meat but human nature was his realm endless hours on his feet a captain at the helm.

A Catholic to the core full of faith and devotion to the God he adored he was loyalty in motion.

He's been seen on Burt the horse riding the Salt Grass Trail Joey a hunting force and oh, he could tell you a tale!

A master butcher at the chop his *real* forte I might add was being a Pop a husband and a dad.

Sixty two years a very long stay he captained the family store serving the public at the K and K in that smudged red apron he wore.

Whether feeding troops in Korea across the seas or aiding and leading groups here, talking to Joey, you felt at ease, he was a man of great good cheer.

A friend to the people in the Heights he was at home with a variety of folk children, nuns, and even Knights, listen up now for his next good joke.

A man of common dignity was Joe more than eight decades of life's span we bow to you and want you to know our love for you, Joey, our special man.

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