

Let me tell you a little about my dad. He was the son of Polish immigrants who came on a ship to the USA to escape the Nazi's long before they arrived in Poland. The original name of my family was Zieniewicz, which was changed before to Zeanwick long before my dad's birth.

My dad was a Depression-era baby and would tell me stories of how his family would exchange fruit and food as gifts for the holidays. My dad use to spend his childhood in his dad's garden always eating the fruit and vegetables his own dad grew. He'd eat so much, he told me, that he'd get in trouble and have to run away because his dad would get really, really mad that he ate the family's food.

May he rest in peace.