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Captain Nicholas Curcuru
Italian Gold

Submitted by Donna Curcuru

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Captain Nicholas Curcuru

Italian Gold

More than twenty-five years ago on September 5, 1994, four men were lost at sea on the fishing boat *Italian Gold*. Their names were: Capt. Nicholas (Nick) Curcuru, 48, Manuel Carapichosa, 54, Peter Giovinco, 35, and Salvatore Curcuru, 55.

It was Nick's first trip taking out the *Italian Gold* as a favor to the owner. My son and I dropped Nick off down at the fish pier, then drove to the Fort, parked, and watched the boat leave Gloucester Harbor, something I had never done before. I wanted him to stay home and paint our house. I always thought it was a premonition that I watched the boat leave the harbor for the last time.

Nick left behind his daughter Carla Curcuru, 20, and his son Nicholas who was only seven at the time, as well as his mother, father, in-laws, brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, cousins, aunts, and many friends who loved him dearly.

Nick missed so much: his daughter Carla graduating from college and becoming a nurse practitioner; walking her down the aisle and enjoying the father/daughter dance; and he wasn't there to share the joy of his first grandchild, Abby Kolesar. He also missed his son Nicholas graduating from college and becoming an electrician. Today Nicholas is a member of the Fisherman's Memorial Committee in memory of his father. Not only does Nicholas have his father's bright, sparkling blue eyes, he also has his kind heart – ALWAYS willing to help anyone.

Nick would be so proud of Carla and Nicholas.

The flowers in front of the Fisherman's statue are planted and maintained each year by Nick's family, a tradition started by his father-in-law, Leo Amero, in memory of all fishermen lost at sea.

I want to share a poem Carla read at Nick's memorial mass at Our Lady at Good Voyage Church in 1994:

*I hear you whisper when the breeze blows through my hair,
I turn my head to answer you, but I cannot see you there.
The words are out of order; all scrambled in my head,
I need to talk to you again and understand what you said.
I have to see you and tell you how much to me you mean,
Because I saw in you what very few have seen.
But that is between us, and I will hold it dear forever,
All the memories I have and the time we shared together.
I want to tell you, time with you was precious spent,
Because I felt the fear when off to sea you went.
But in my mind, I knew that's what you had to do,
But all I really want now, is another chance with you.
But someday I will see that ship - the Italian Gold,
And I'll see you working through the rain, wind, and cold.
Then I'll tell you something I hope you always knew,
That there wasn't a day I didn't remind myself that you love me, and I love you.
It may not be soon, and I don't know exactly when,
Your bright blue eyes and oversized hands, will grace my life again.*

Submitted by Donna Curcuru