



Joseph "Pip" Pipitone

July 8, 1935 - November 3, 2010

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall



“ *Dear Aunt Rosalie & Family,*

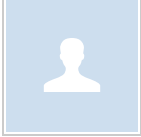
So sorry for the loss of your father, always remember the happy times that you spent with him and the happiness and pride you brought to his life just by being his daughter.. My condolences to you and your entire family.##imported-begin##Laura Davino##imported-end##

November 14, 2010 at 02:27 PM



“ Josephine and Pip came to visit us in NJ and after a few days we , decided to take them to our summer home in the Poconos. Pip was so happy just to be away and be with us. This was first time he had met my husband, Jack. Josephine decided she would make us dinner from one of her favorite recipies. We had all the ingredients but I did not have a fry pan with a lid which was needed to make her dish. Jack said, "no problem". Pip and I will go to Walmart and pick one up. Off they went. When they got back my husband was hysterical laughing. I said "what happened"? Through the tears rolling down his cheeks Jack began the story. He said they pulled up in front of the store and Pip said he was going to get one of the electrical ride on shopping carts. He immediately hopped on the first one he saw. He was stepping on the peddal to go and nothing was happening. He said to Jack "this thing must be broke". Jack said "no Pip, it is still plugged in charging". Pip snapped, "well, unplug it". Jack did and to his suprise the thing jerked forward and then backwards right into a rolling cart of plants and skids of plants. Before Jack could say a word, Pip was half way down the isle and Jack was just looking at the mess he left in his path. Jack then noticed that the cord was trailing behind Pip. People were jumping out of Pip's way to avoid getting triped up on the cord. We still laugh every time Jack and I go to Walmart. We remeber Pip and the wonderful time we had with him and Josephine that trip. Pip, you were one of a kind and when God made you, he broke the mold. God Bless you Pip. we love you!!###imported-begin##Cousins Grace and Jack from NJ##imported-end##

November 08, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ To our cousins, Josepine, Joseph and Rosalie, our thoughts and prayers are with you always. Pip was one of a kind. All we can say is that he is now at peace and Heaven has a new angel. God bless you Pip, and may the perpetual light shine upon you always. We will love and miss you until we meet again.

Your cousins from NJ,

Grace and Jack Insinga###imported-begin##Grace and Jack###imported-end##

November 07, 2010 at 06:58 AM



“My Dad believed in the hereafter – he wasn’t religious to the letter, but his faith was ingrained and his beliefs deep. Most of you know this story about his near death. He was 14 and he and his friends were at a public pool in Brooklyn. He saw a younger boy in distress and he jumped into the pool to save him. The boy was in such a state that he was fighting my Dad causing him to go under the water and the boy kept pushing him down under – he couldn’t get his head above the surface. He was scared and he thought he was going to drown. He said he saw a hand and he grabbed onto it – and he was pulled to the side of the pool. When he got out, he asked his friends to point out the guy who pulled him to safety and they told him that no one helped him – he just surfaced on his own. From that day on he believed that it was the hand of God who reached out to save him. He didn’t tell that story too much because he would get all choked up. Recently, when the doctors said his time was limited, he told us he wasn’t afraid to die. I told him he shouldn’t be because he was a good man, a good husband and a good father – and that I knew that he was going to a good place. Maybe it’s true and he wasn’t afraid to die, but he fought like hell to stay here. He did everything the doctors told him to do – if there was a shred of hope that it would give him more time. When I realized that his time was short, as he lay in bed at the hospice, I whispered into his ear that I always believed him about God’s hand saving him when he was young ... God had a plan for my Dad to make our family, to do good work, when he was 14 he needed him to stay – I told him that this time, when he sees God’s hand to grab it and to let God take him to be with all of the people he’s loved, we’ve loved who are already there, already home.

He did not want anything morbid – he wanted us to celebrate the man he was, the love he shared – I just shared an iota of the memories I will cherish forever – If there were one word to describe him best, it would be magnanimous. A large and generous spirit. And if you believe that our spirit lives on, like I do – then you’ll take comfort in knowing that he’ll be right next to you, when you need him most, when you think of him – it’s probably because he is close

to you – the stories, the memories that you all share about him, will keep him alive, we'll just miss seeing his big beautiful smile, hearing his big wonderful voice and miss his gentle hugs and kisses. We'll miss him...everyday.##imported-begin##Rosalie DeStefano##imported-end##

November 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ *My father taught me many things; one of the greatest was how to be a friend. My father was a friend to many – but not many were his friend. What I mean is that he would do the things that friends should do for friends, but some people just didn't get him, mostly because he was King of the BBs. He thought he was funny and he liked to bust chops! But if you got him, then you loved him. When I was little sometimes he would take me to work with him. He worked on John Street in Manhattan and there was a little diner on the corner that we'd have breakfast in. If he saw a bum, lying on the street begging for money – he would say to them if your hungry I'll feed you, but I won't give you money so you can buy more booze. And we took many a bum to the diner – he'd sit him at a table and tell the owner to give him what he wanted and to put it on his tab. He was that way. This is something he would do for a stranger – now imagine how he treated his friends. Frankie and Helen, my father just loved you guys. He loved Busting them WITH you Frankie and ON YOU Helen! He only busted on those he loved, sometimes I wished he loved me less ... yes he also loved bustin them on me. I think I hated it but loved it too! Truth be told, I married a man much like him – he loves to bust them and that's ok with me!##imported-begin##Rosalie DeStefano##imported-end##*

November 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“Family – Family is what made my Dad’s heart beat. In *Good Will Hunting*, Robin Williams tells a young Matt Damon that you’ve only suffered great loss when you lose someone you love more than you love yourself. Take a moment and let these words sink in, ... “you’ve only suffered great loss....when you lose someone YOU love... MORE than you love yourself”. That’s why this hurts so bad. We know that love never dies and we will remember the love he gave, what’s hard is that we won’t feel the love or get the hugs or kisses. He was self sacrificing – very rarely did I ever hear him complain of things that he did for us. Especially with my Mom – I used to call her Lola – whatever Lola wants! I think maybe 10 times in his entire life did he stamp his foot for something he wanted or did not want to do and 5 of those times, if my mother disagreed she’d Frangipane him until he agreed with her! He loved doing things for her. I think he arranged the cooler weather that we’re having right now, because he knows how much she hates the heat! Remember I mentioned Loyal with regards to his work – Loyal is what he was in Love – for my mother he was a loyal, faithful and devoted husband; for Joe and I he was a dependable, constant and steadfast dad. He worked from dawn to dark – came home, help with chores, homework – watched TV with us, made us breakfast and tuck us in. He was involved in his marriage and he was involved in our family – I feel lucky to have had him as a Dad. Even though he was hard on us, critical of us and challenged us – it was with love, always love. Even when he lost his patience trying to teach me math – as he yelled for my mother to save him from me – it was with love! I want to mention that his family went beyond our small circle of Pipitone – he loved all you Cousins what he loved most was the way in which my Mother loves you and the way you love her. He loved watching my Mom being loved – and if he were here, he’d thank you for loving her the way you do and he’d ask you to continue to do so – to include her even though he’s not here to drive her to your house Enza on Saturday night or to you Enza to see the kids, when I say he LOVED your Josie, Anthony and Joey – I cannot emphasize the depth of it. When I had Joey – I used to watch my father’s face when he would interact with him and it was the softest I’d ever seen

his face. You can see the love ooze from his eyes – it was adorable. When Joey was little he would call me up and ask, can my PAL go for a ride with me? And he would take Joey's little hand and the two would go to do chores – or ride through the car wash or whatever and Joey would come home all excited telling me about their adventures. He was wonderful with him. I'm glad I could give him that. He was the same when Matthew was born – all mush.##imported-begin##Rosalie DeStefano##imported-end##

November 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ There is so much to say about play. He loved to play and he made everything fun! Everything. When I was a little girl and my parents didn't have much money to take us kids out. My Dad would yell ... come on everyone we're going for a get lost ride. He would drive around, Mom in the passenger seat, Joe and I in the back – we would ask, are we lost yet? No, not yet he'd say. And this would go on – until all of a sudden he would exclaim – OH NO, we're lost. And we'd squeal, really Daddy we're lost and he would make the ride an adventure until he found our way back home. It was so much fun! Fire Drills ... we had family meetings all the time. One meeting was about an escape plan in case of fire. He gave us specific instructions on what we are supposed to do. Then out of nowhere, he'd actually blow a whistle in the house and scream – FIRE! He'd watch us with a stop watch as we crawled on our bellies to safety on the front lawn. Our neighbors thought we were nuts! And nuts we were! We had the only neighborhood entertainment station – WPIP on Long Island. He'd practically tie my brother to a chair so he can play the guitar as my Dad sang song after song. People could hear them 5 houses down. Whenever..... was Halloween for my Dad – it didn't have a date. He got a kick out of dressing up in character – this is a trait my son, Joey has inherited. One day, Mom took my brother and I grocery shopping (we lived in Brentwood). A strange man, dressed up as Charlie Chaplin with the mustache, spinning a cane and waddling just like Chaplin himself was walking towards us, it was my Dad. He was following us around doing mime – annoying my mother who was refusing to even look at him. We were hysterical! One time, their friends were over and my father and his friend needed to go to the store for cigarettes. So he put on my poncho, threw on a straw Mexican hat and his friend threw a sheet around him and took my mom's plastic philodendron out of a planter and made a crown of leaves... and the two of them went to 7/11 for cigarettes – Poncho Gonzalez and Caesar. He loved to make people laugh. There are so many other wonderful memories like this that I have – that Joe and my Mom know about because we were there. Mom thought he was crazy – and I wanted to be just like him. He was an amateur magician, bowler, golfer (he

won the Honest Abe award his first time on the course), entertainer and a professional Ball Buster.##imported-begin##Rosalie DeStefano##imported-end##

November 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ *He embraced life – he loved it all – work, play, family, friends. Let me talk to you a bit about his love of work. Most people who work – think of work as a chore – a means to an end. Dad LOVED to work. Part of it was that he was proud to be the provider of his family, to take care of us and make sure we all had what we needed. Part of it was that he was intellectual and work gave him the opportunity to shine as the smart, helpful man that he was and Part of it was that he loved to interact with people. He was a people person. He was blessed with the gift of gab – he could talk and make sense out of things that just didn’t make sense at all. He.....could sell glasses to the blind! He loved what he did – and he used to say that he was lucky because he loved what he did and it wasn’t work – it was who he was. He was loyal and true blue – after years of hard work and reliable service, when they phased his job out – he was lost. That broke his heart – it was very hard for him.##imported-begin##Rosalie DeStefano##imported-end##*

November 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ He liked his libation, but he LOVED his food! He ate with such delight. He was the kind of person that a good cook enjoyed feeding. He loved watching the Food Channel. He would critique all of the different cooks. He also liked to fool around in the kitchen. I'll share a favorite food story with you. Mom had just started a job and Dad was on vacation, so he took over in the kitchen for her. She took out a canned ham and told him to prepare it and put it in the oven for dinner. I was little and I was watching him prepare the ham. He knew that Mom used pineapple rings and cherries as well as cloves. He opened the box of cloves and began inserting them into the ham – Mom would use a few cloves at the most – when I noticed that Dad was way beyond that, I said to him, “Dad, Mom only uses a little”. And of course you know what his response was – well Mom's not cooking tonight I am. He inserted the entire box of cloves – the ham looked like a porcupine... it was the funniest ham I'd ever seen. He was like that with everything – he did everything to the tenth.###imported-begin###Rosalie DeStefano###imported-end##

November 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ I'll have an in and out vodka martini – STRAIGHT UP – with a rock glass on the side. Two olives, not one – not three – gently laid over the ice and please do not bruise my olives. This was one of his favorite things. Any of you who have had the pleasure of going out to eat with him – knows that this is exactly how he ordered his drink – verbatim. Part of the joy he had in ordering his favorite drink like this was that he was secretly hoping to trip up the waitress. One of his favorite stories was that of a waitress who came back after a long while and said, “Sir, we don't have any “in and out” vodka, we have Absolute, Grey Goose etc... and He laughed.###imported-begin###Rosalie DeStefano###imported-end##

November 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ *glade i was part of a speacial day so sorry sal lonono##imported-
begin##sal lonano limo##imported-end##*

November 06, 2010 at 01:05 PM