

This is a short synopsis of my life.

Paul R. Maccio born on the Ides of March in Anno Domini 1949

I remember an older New Haven when things were much more quiet and the City was not so bright and shiny or big. Living in an old part of town called the Hill Section a part of the city that had been notorious in its infancy for drunken, raucous sailors and back then an actual view of the harbor and the Long Wharf that extended into it. Now the Hill is nothing more than a geographical location, an adjunct to the hospital once called Grace-New Haven Hospital and now Yale New Haven Hospital. We lived in a four story tenement building owned by my grandparents but everyone got to enjoy the searing summers and the snowy frigid winters on an equal footing. My world was a multitude of woman trying to feed me because I was too skinny and mobs of children running the streets because our mothers unlike today allowed us to play the entire day unsupervised. The families of that time were big and very few mothers or fathers knew where their kids were. We could be anywhere and we were everywhere. The rules were don't get in trouble or a whipping was involved. Come back by dark or a whipping was involved. None of us wanted a beating so we toed the line. There were always enough kids to have actual teams, so we played baseball, football and cowboys and Indians in old abandoned lots and sometimes the schoolyards of Prince Street School or Saint Anthony's. We taped up our coverless baseballs and our cracked bats and played like we were at Yankee Stadium. You must be wondering why I am giving you all this useless historical information. Its to show you that I grew up in the city and even as an adult I still chose to live in the city. Even though I could have lived anywhere I wanted. When my friends moved away to Branford, Guilford and Madison and told me to move because the schools were dangerous. I persisted. My son attended Betsy Ross and Cross because I wanted him to get an exposure to a cross section of the city. I ran a small mechanical contracting business of six men called Halston Company and the majority of our work was done in the Greater New Haven area. I always tried to help the older customers because unlike today, there were not many lifelines and they retired with small or negligible resources. As a commissioner I am only extending what I did privately over many years and I get to do it with a lifelong friend, a true Champion of the Elderly / Nick Colavolpe. The new friends I have made of fellow commissioners shows me the deep roots they have sunk into the rich soil of New Haven and how they have sought to make this, a better place for all New Haveners.

Yours Paul Maccio

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Paul Maccio", with a large, looping flourish above the name.

