

# Marg Delucchi

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*By Col Bill Ignatow*

Over the years, like many of you I'm sure, I have read the names of colleagues in the Final Flyby and have reminisced about the times we had together. But when I got word that a dear friend had passed the other day, I began thinking about those whose names won't appear in that column, but still made a significant contribution to the success and rich history of the 129th. We must never overlook those spouses and significant others that stood shoulder to shoulder with our members over the years being a silent background force.

Marguerite Delucchi, wife of SMSgt Don Delucchi, left us to be with Don in late June. Marg, as we all knew her, was an amazing woman, wonderful wife, mother and friend. Her support to Don over the years significantly enhanced his contributions to the 129th.

I first met Marg in the early 1970s at various 129th functions. Don and I were hunting and fishing buddies, so we did many things together, but our wives never seemed to be included in those endeavors. Then, Don and I were fishing one day, when out of the blue, he asked if Nancy and I would like to come to his home for a Margarita Party around the pool. Wow, after all these years, an invite to the Delucchi compound. The other guests that night were CMSgt Al and Eulene Obermiller. Needless to say, it was a wonderful evening, Marg had amazing appetizers, the ladies were visiting, and I was as nervous as you could get. When you, at least me, go to an event with a little apprehension about how to act, and the liquor is free and flowing, well, it was easy to get pretty far down into that Margarita Pitcher. I don't remember the end of the evening, but I do remember the ride back to Sacramento from Concord. Nancy had to drive and wouldn't stop anywhere along the way for me to bring back up a few of those margaritas. It took me two days to get the streaks off the side of the car. A few weeks later, we were all at a 129th function when we ran into Don and Marg. While I wanted our little margarita event to be behind us, my wife had to replay to Marg our entire ride home, sparing no detail, and embarrassing me to death. Then Marg, as only she could do, looked right at me and said, "Oh, you too. Eulene had to drive Al home to Fremont because he was also sick. I thought you guys could drink better than that". That was Marg.

One of Marg's amazing talents was cooking. It was all Italian and all good. Each year Don and I would go dove hunting. At the end of the hunt, we would clean the doves and I would always let Don take them all because he said he and Marg loved doves. Now, if you haven't seen a cleaned and plucked dove, it's about the size of a golf ball, with wings. What you would do with something like that was, at the time, beyond me, but Marg had the answer. We were invited to Don and Marg's for a dove feed. The way Don described it was Polenta with Dove Gravy. I couldn't picture this, but it sounded interesting. What it turned out to be was a thick base of polenta (Steamed Italian Cornmeal), spread over an entire dinner plate, with a slice of jack cheese, about a half an inch thick and also the size of the plate, covered with a homemade tomato pasta sauce with ground up dove breast, rather than hamburger. The plate of food weighed two pounds and was the best Italian meal I had ever eaten. In fact, much to the surprise of my wife, I had to have another plate. You have to understand when you went to the Delucchi's for dinner, if they were expecting 6 people, Marg had food for 12. Near the end of the evening, Marg looked over at me and said, "You know Bill, sometimes with that much cheese, your normal morning functions might be disrupted for a day or so". A day? How about a week!! But I'd do it all over again for that meal. Marg could cook.

Nancy and I have been building a home in the Colorado Rockies for the last 20 years. We would do projects as we could afford them. One of the last things we did on the home was the carpeting. We were very proud of this final accomplishment. When the carpeting was being installed, Don and Marg came for a visit. I'll never forget Marg walking in, through the kitchen and sitting down next to me on a stair looking at the work being done. I should mention here that the home is at 9300 feet and we have dogs. Nancy and I like to think we are pretty practical, so when we picked the carpet, we picked a color and style that could be described as light, mud brown commercial. So Marg sat there for a few minutes, watching the progress, not saying anything, when all of a sudden she says, "So Bill, tell me, what color carpet are you going to put on this pad?" The silence that followed was deafening. That was Marg.

As I finish this, I'm sitting on that very step, remembering a great friend who was a wonderful wife to Don, a fabulous mother to Dona and Larry, and a woman who lived life to the fullest. While she may never get a wing dip or a final fly-by, she, like many others, was an important thread in the fabric that holds the 129th together today. Let's never forget those that stand next to those who serve. And Marg, just between you and me, I'm still not sure what color carpet I'm gonna put on this pad.