



Martin A. Grella

September 15, 2023

Martin A. Grella (age 83) passed away peacefully on September 15th, 2023, after a brief illness. He leaves behind Joan, his loving and devoted wife of 56 years. He was the son of the late Anthony and Mary (Beatrice) Grella. He is survived by his loving brother Douglas Grella and his wife Barbara of Bethlehem NH, in-laws Larry and Linda Hyde of Lynn MA. Also, several cousins, nieces, nephews and many friends.

Marty was a Vietnam veteran who served proudly in the U.S. Army 5th Special Forces Group (1962-1965). He proudly wore the Green Beret while he served.

Marty's love of cars reflected in his years of employment in the auto industry. Before retiring in 2010, he was the Transportation Manager at the Adesa Auto Auction in Bradenton Florida.

There are special people in our lives who never leave us even after they are gone, that will be Marty. He will always be remembered for his great sense of humor and his kind heart.

Respects can be paid during his military honor service, on Oct 3rd, 2023, at 10 am at the National Cemetery in Sarasota, Florida. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Tidewell Hospice, 5955 Rand Boulevard, Sarasota, Florida 34238-9899.

Previous Events

Military Service

OCT 3. 10:00 AM (ET)

Sarasota National Cemetery
9810 State Rd 72
Sarasota, FL 34241
(941) 922-7200

Tribute Wall

FB

“ *Marty and Doug were my 1st cousins my mother and their mother were sisters. Never having a brother Marty was the closest it got. He was my idol Brave, Strong, fearless, Loving and Kind. Although I was younger by 8 years as we grew older It made no difference I followed him in many ways ie: 45 years in the car business and owning two Corvettes I was in High School when he was in Vietnam Special forces Green Beret remembering at one point not hearing from him for over a month finally He called my house fearing the worst he was Ok. We did have the opportunity to work together twice in our career. We enjoyed many years celebrating Holidays and weekend nights. I loved him and will miss him dearly Rest in Peace Cousin Frank Bonanno*

frank bonanno - October 15, 2023 at 07:42 AM

MG

“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



M. Grella - October 08, 2023 at 06:47 PM

MG

My memories of Uncle Marty are scattered - playing bartender with Christine in the basement of their home in Reading. The giant olive pillows in that same basement. His love of cars. He and my dad hiding in a phone booth as my grandparents arrived at a restaurant for their surprise anniversary party. He and Auntie Joan gifting me a pair of Jordache jeans for Christmas when I was a preteen and thinking I was the coolest. I'll always have warm memories of visiting our grandparents, whether for a holiday or just a weekend. When we were at our Grammy and Grampa's, I often remember my dad (Doug), Uncle Marty, Grammy and Grampa hanging out in the kitchen just visiting while Christine and I hung out in the den watching MTV. The four of them would be chatting and catching up, eating a snack of sausage and peppers or making ravioli. At the time, I never knew how really special that was to witness the 4 of them as a nuclear family having that time together as adults, which is often neglected when one grows up to have their own family. Just about every Sunday, my husband and I have dinner with my parents and the conversation will more times than not turn to old family stories of my grandparents and of my parents' childhood and their early lives as a married couple. There is no shortage of Uncle Marty stories, which have allowed me a glimpse of the person he was before he was my Uncle. My condolences, Auntie Joan. I can't pretend to know your grief. I hope that all of the stories you created with Uncle Marty can help carry you through during this time of loss. Love, Melissa

M. Grella - October 08, 2023 at 07:24 PM

“ To my twin, my big brother (by 20 minutes), my best friend Growing up, Marty and I were always together. Fraternal, we looked nothing alike, but our mom always dressed us with the same clothes., She finally let go I think when we turned 9 or 10. At 11 and 12 we played Little League Baseball. He was on the Red Sox and I was on the Yankees.

Some of my earliest memories were when my mother pulled us together on a sled in the winter to go grocery shopping and put a grocery bag between us. I think we were about 8 or 9 when our Dad bought his first car, a 1939 Dodge 2 door sedan. Marty and I would be in the back seat trying my mother's patience while Dad was teaching her to drive. When she had enough, she would turn around and just give us a look, my mother's eyes could stop a ship and us at the same time.

I believe Marty's love for cars started with that Dodge. He was unbelievable. I couldn't tell you the exact age, but I know before we were teens, he would tell you the make and model of a car from the oncoming headlights at night.

For several summers before our teen years we vacationed for a week in Rockport Ma. Dad bought us fishing rods one year and we fished off the rocks together.

He bought his first car just before turning 17, a 46 Ford. I think he had it about 2 weeks; he and I were driving in Peabody and it broke down and we thumbed home. From then on it was a cavalcade of different ones, of course, including his Corvettes. The passion for cars stayed with him his entire life.

I remember so many times he would pick me up on a Friday night somewhere close to home after I thumbed home from college.

Marty wasn't much of a writer, but when I was in Montana, he wrote me a long letter on guess what... a roll of toilet paper.

I still have vivid memories of him visiting me at Fort Knox on a Sunday when he had a pass from Fort Bragg, and I was so proud of him, when I first saw him wearing his green beret. The few days of leave he had before going to Vietnam, he came up to visit us in Rochester Vt. Donna Lynne was about 6 weeks old and we still have a picture of him holding her on our front porch.

So many memories are there in my mind. I still see them; I even hear them; his voice; his quiet laugh. The tears are coming now; the words are getting blurred.

*The bond of love we shared
Our natal place prepared
For when it was time that day
You took my hand and led the way
You're by my side again
Yes, where you have always been*

Doug

Doug Grella - October 05, 2023 at 09:23 AM

PS

“*Uncle Marty, by marriage, you taught me to make gravy (secrets included) and how to drink metaxa! So many good memories and so many laughs. Riley! Your memory will live with us and stories shared with our children. Peace be with you!*

Paul Smith - October 03, 2023 at 11:08 AM

DG

“ I have many favorite memories of Uncle Marty...when I was about 8 he picked up Grammy, Grampa, and myself at the Greyhound bus station in Boston. He was loading up all our suitcases into his car and he lifted mine and said, "Donna Lynne, the littlest chicken with the biggest egg". One Sunday in October of my Freshman year in college, I was feeling homesick and he and Aunty Joan, Grammy, and Grampa picked me up and we went out driving, shopping, and had lunch together at a beautiful sunny restaurant. As a married adult, Uncle Marty visited us one Sunday on Mass Ave in Boston with Aunty Joan, Grammy and Grampa and taught Paul to make "gravy". I'm sure if you knew Uncle Marty, you remember that he liked to drive fast. One time Paul and I left after having supper at Grammy and Grampa's house in Malden and got in the car and started driving to our home in Lynn. We were driving for about 20 minutes when this speeding car approached from behind us and started flashing its high beams and honking. The driver pulled up next to us (on a 2-lane road) and matched our speed. We nervously watched as the driver rolled down the window. It was Uncle Marty and he calmly held up my purse and said, "You forgot your purse Donna Lynne." I wish you peace Uncle Marty. May you be driving a fast car in heaven and making gravy. Love, Donna Lynne

Donna Grella-Smith - October 03, 2023 at 10:02 AM

CT

“ Lots of great memories of my Uncle Marty when visiting his home when growing up. He and my Auntie Joan had the best finished basement I have still ever seen. I understood even then how special it was to watch My Dad, Uncle Marty and my grandparents sit around the table drinking red wine out of a juice glass and just laugh and laugh. Thanks for the memories- love you! Christine-Marie

Christine Trumble - September 28, 2023 at 07:15 AM

HL

“Godspeed Marty. We will miss you at Studio M. You, your Big smile lighting up the room.

Holly Larrimore - September 27, 2023 at 12:13 PM

AP

“Marty and I were in the Car Business, we meet and with his service to our Country and mine we became friends and had great memories of different Italian feeds we go to especially at my Brother Mickeys home. We'd discuss his Vietnam on his side and I'd talk about my time in Iraq and Kuwait. Marty my Brother You'll be missed, Godspeed to you my Friend Retired E8 Master Sargent (ARMY) Anthony P. Parente

Anthony Paul Parente - September 26, 2023 at 08:14 AM