



Dr. Louis William Chicatelli, Sr., PhD., Professor Emeritus

August 26, 1939 - September 4, 2020

Dr. Louis William Chicatelli, Sr, PhD., Professor Emeritus, passed away peacefully on September 4, 2020 in Sarasota, Florida with his family by his side.

He is survived by his loving wife, Margaret Chicatelli; cherished son and daughter, Louis W. Chicatelli, Jr. (Nita) and Deanna L. Balascio (John); proud grandfather of Nina Gabriella; Louis Narayan; John Louis, Joseph William & James Vincent. He is survived by his brother and sisters: Margie Martin, Frances (Buddy) Chicatelli (Joanne), Pam DiGiannantonio (Louis), Rose Vignola (Frank), Carol Rocchio (Joseph) and many cousins, nieces and nephews; along with a loving family in Scafa, Italy.

He was predeceased by his parents William & Margaret (Donahue) Chicatelli and late sisters Maryann Migliaccio and Patricia Chicatelli.

A U.S. Marine Corps veteran, later in life Louis was a distinguished Professor of English at Westchester Community College for 31 years and more recently for the past ten years a Professor of Latin Studies. In retirement, Lou continued to follow his passions for teaching, sailing, traveling in Europe and enjoying many family celebrations over the years.

To all who knew and love Lou, some of his favorites in life were enjoying a

good book (often reading a few at once); time with family; a cherished daily nap (or two!); sharing his passion for sailing and study of Latin; delicious Italian cuisine; stimulating conversations; a cool Fall day; immersing himself in Latin history and Italian culture on regular trips with Marge to Italy; visits to Ireland; laughing at a dry joke. In the last weeks of his life, Lou began drawing sketches again and wrote poetry. He inspired us with his gentle kindness and generosity in encouraging those around him to achieve their best. Lou lived a full life and leaves a beautiful enduring legacy through the lives of his family.

Family and friends are invited to a Mass and celebration of life to be held on September 25, 2020 at 11:00 am at St. Augustine Roman Catholic Church, Ossining, NY.

An interment will follow September 28, 2020 at 11:00 am at the Saratoga National Veterans Cemetery, Saratoga Springs, NY.

Memorial donations may be made to Cardinal Hayes High School, Bronx, NY at <https://www.cardinalhayes.org/alumni/give-online/forever-hayes-campaign> and Tidewell Hospice in Sarasota, FL at <https://tidewellhospice.org/home/tidewellfoundation/giving-opportunities/memorial-gifts/>. Messages of condolence and remembrance are welcomed at www.toalebrothers.com/obituaries.

Previous Events

Mass

SEP **25**. 11:00 AM (ET)

St. Augustine Roman Catholic Church
381 North Highland Avenue
Ossining, NY 10562

Interment

SEP **28**. 11:00 AM (ET)

Saratoga National Cemetery
200 Duell Road
Schuylerville, NY 12871

Tribute Wall



“ *Malu Benton lit a candle in memory of Dr. Louis William Chicatelli, Sr., PhD., Professor Emeritus*



Malu Benton - October 15, 2020 at 11:37 AM



I was very saddened to learn about Lou's passing. I am truly sorry for his family's loss and I keep all of them in my thoughts and prayers.

It was a privilege to know you, Lou! You are truly missed.

Malu Benton - October 15, 2020 at 11:37 AM

LS

“My friend Lou was a salt of the earth guy who saw the world as it was and dealt with it. He spent his working life as an educator at Westchester Community College teaching students from every corner of the globe and at every level of preparation and skill. And he did it beautifully. To his colleagues in the English department, he was a man so trusted and respected that a word from him could defuse the tension in a meeting and sway a vote. His vision as an educator was generous, prophetic and brave. Early on, he saw the genuine promise in newly arrived foreign students struggling with the English language and became one of their first campus advocates and a designer of what eventually became WCC’s hallmark ESL program.

Yet the man who was embedded in the real world of the community college was also a dreamer with a rich interior life. It was no accident that he was a gifted sailor with a lifelong love of the sea. And on the ocean of his imagination, he could take himself anywhere anytime. He sailed immense distances through books. One of the many memories I have of Lou is of the summer he and I spent together as “fellows” at an NEH summer institute at CUNY Graduate Center. The subject of study was Boswell and Johnson. And every day for 6 weeks we journeyed to and from the city in Lou’s yellow Peugeot, our vessel to the heady world of London coffee houses and Johnsonian small talk. It was fun traveling to the 18th century with my friend Lou. It was a pleasure to journey by memory and affection to Hawaii, where he began graduate study and where I was born. It was a joy to cross paths with him in our mutual exploration of antique language systems, his Latin, mine Renaissance calligraphy. It was my privilege to return to the classroom and work beside him every day for four decades.

When Lou retired, I was happy in the knowledge that he was in Florida with Marge, enjoying the ocean, exploring his books, venturing to Verona, Florence, Cittavecchia... and wherever else desire and imagination took him. Sail on, dear friend, sail on.

-Linda Ching Sledge



Linda Sledge - October 07, 2020 at 01:44 PM

“ Lou and I arrived at WCC at the same time in 1970. Together with Mike Bobkoff, the third cohort in our trio, we set the foundations of our long careers at WCC. We shared stories from our classrooms, created lessons, and worked our way up through a department of older teachers, mostly women suspicious of our academic aspirations.

Lou and I worked on our doctoral dissertations side by side: literally, in a small room in the basement of the college library. We would meet there after classes and encourage each other to make progress with our writing and research. This was before computers, when we wrote by hand or portable typewriters, checking the card catalog for books and other references. There was a blackboard in the room. We drew cartoon figures in chalk of our dissertation topics: Henry James and Matthew Arnold facing each other. Each day, we'd add bits of comic dialogue that issued from their mouths. In this way, Matt and Hank carried on a casual conversation while we scribbled away. Afterwards, to shake it off, we'd jog a few miles around the campus any carry on a conversation of our own.

In those early days, our children played together at department parties and between. My family and Lou's vacationed together in Maine and Cape Cod. It always amazed me how the Chicatellis went all out during the first days of our holiday, spending freely on restaurants and local entertainment until their money ran out. It was another way of living life that I secretly admired, even while my family kept to its measured, frugal ways.

Lou's family—his lively, lovely wife Margie, their son (“little Lou”), and their feisty daughter Deeana—were always fun to be with. Their good-natured sociality was a reflection of their father, one of the most decent human beings I've ever known. He had principles, to be sure, but I never saw him try to imposed his ideas or himself on others. Although he was an ex-Marine, his methods of persuasion were always along the lines of clarity and soft-spoken rationality. Maybe that's what drew him to the study of Latin, a deep respect for reason allied to his intellectual curiosity. After he retired from teaching English, Lou pursued this interest with his usual, quiet, humble diligence, reinventing himself as a Latin teacher at a college

in Florida.

Another of Lou's hobbies was sailing. We did some sailing together on the Hudson and off the coast of Cape Cod, but he went much further than I did. One summer, he rented a large sailboat off the southern coast of France and sailed it around the Mediterranean with some other WCC teachers. I think he found a serenity and aesthetic pleasure on the open sea that corresponded with the peaceful soul within him.

And now he's gone. Vanished, like too many others I have known and loved. Vanished, beyond reach. Beyond phone calls or emails or Christmas cards or the occasional, hoped-for visits. Beyond the veil, they say, that separates the people of our past from the present.

But do we need to see or speak to one another to keep the connection alive?

I think not. All the moments and values that we shared still guide what I do and who I am. In that sense, the veil is the flimsiest of fabrics. It disappears in vivid dreams and during other unexpected moments when those departed friends feel like solid presences, sometimes more solid and present than the shifting winds of everyday reality. I think I understand now what many before me understood, that every year brings us closer to the past, that so much of our remaining lives will be haunted by the ghosts of times gone by, that each passing shortens the distance between us and that inevitable veil.

William V Costanzo - October 04, 2020 at 11:20 AM

WL

“ William, Alison and Chris Lynch purchased the Sacred Duty Spray for the family of Dr. Louis William Chicatelli, Sr., PhD., Professor Emeritus.



William, Alison and Chris Lynch - September 25, 2020 at 07:32 PM



“ *Strength & Solace Spray* was purchased for the family of *Dr. Louis William Chicatelli, Sr., PhD., Professor Emeritus.*



September 23, 2020 at 02:15 PM



“ *Beautiful Heart Bouquet* was purchased for the family of *Dr. Louis William Chicatelli, Sr., PhD., Professor Emeritus.*



September 21, 2020 at 01:07 PM