



History Fair



March 19, 2016

Pick any topic, country or historical culture—the sky's the limit!

Is there a historic figure you admire? Dress up as that person & tell us about his or her life. Do you love trains or cars or sports? Do you have a passion for art, photography, music or fashion? Research the history of your favorite subject & discover its impact on the world.

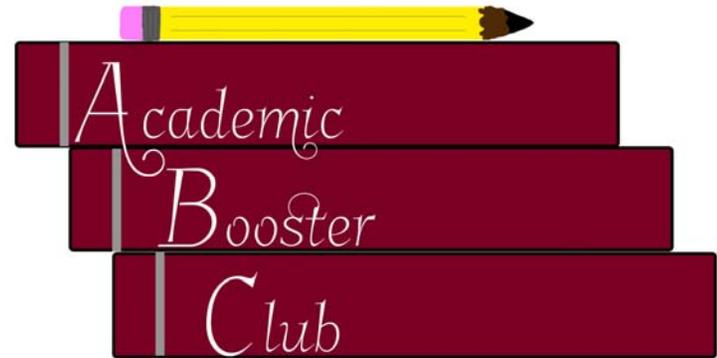
A day of fun for participants and visitors alike!

The ABC's History Fair offers students in grades K-6 an exciting opportunity to create and display projects and to compete for recognition by grade. Students develop a deeper appreciation of these subjects by working in groups or individually to share their knowledge and creativity with parents, teachers, and classmates.

The fair also features a wide variety of entertainment, as history comes to life in the form of great interactive performances, from the time of the Vikings to the American Revolution, the Wild West and beyond. In addition, there will be experiments and crafts tables, book sales, refreshments, and much more.

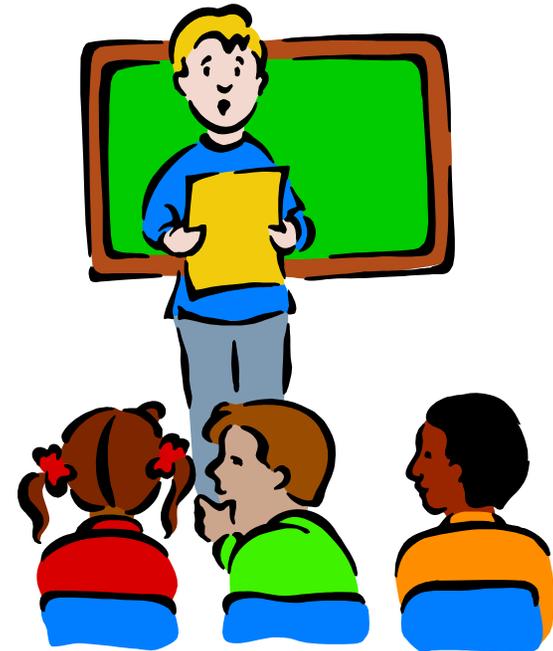
Adults and children of all ages are welcome to attend our upcoming History Fair.

Visit us online at NutleyABC.org for an application.



The Academic Booster Club presents
Poetry Festival 2016

Saturday, January 23, 2016



Fun in Nutley

Nutley is the best, better than the rest.
My mom makes playdates, we are never late.
I have fun in the sun but rainy days are still fun.
I go to a wonderful school, the principal is fun
but my teacher is so cool.
That's my Nutley fun.

By Gia Pasquale
2nd grade, Radcliffe school



All Things Bright and Beautiful

By Cecil Frances Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Recited by:

Angela Casey, 2nd grade, Yantacaw school &
Hamsini Radhakrishnan, 5th grade, Lincoln school



My little sister SMIRA!

Once upon a time, Mommy had a big round tummy
I thought it was just because she ate food so yummy....
Before I knew, an angel flew out of the nest I lived in, years ago
Now a Barbie in pink, winks at my Superman made of Lego.....
My day goes by making funny faces and molding toys out of clay
And the chubby cheeked cutie pie innocently watches me play.....
My heart skips a beat every time she smiles her way
A little finger grabs mine and flies me to a wonderland far away....
I rush to hug whenever I hear her cry
She is the twinkle of this big brother's eye....
Her babbles are my lullabies
Her shrills are my awakenings.....
Her farts are my giggles
Her laughs are my jingles.....
Thankful for the sweetest baby sister ever, Mom and Dad
Our small happy family just got fuller, merrier and glad!

By Ritvik Ankam
Kindergarten, Yantacaw school



At the Zoo

By William Makepeace Thackeray

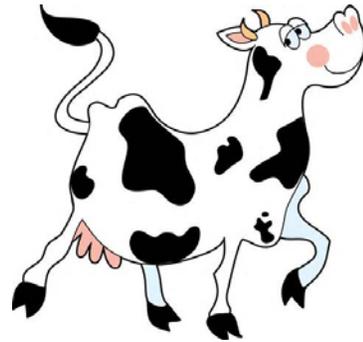
First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black;
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back;
Then I saw the grey wolf, with mutton in his maw;
Then I saw the wombat waddle in the straw;
Then I saw the elephant a-waving of his trunk;
Then I saw the monkeys-mercy, how unpleasantly
they-smelt!

Recited by Soham Shah
Kindergarten, Yantacaw school

I Was Once a Cow

I was once a cow before long long ago
 I was raised in a barn
 and ate spaghetios
 but that was really only the half
 of my life when I was a calf
 when I grew to be fierce and strong
 I realized I was also growing very long
 then I sat sore and weak
 I turned into a human in almost a week
 I told the townspeople I was a cow
 all they did was give me a great big POW!
 I wonder if they were ever a cow

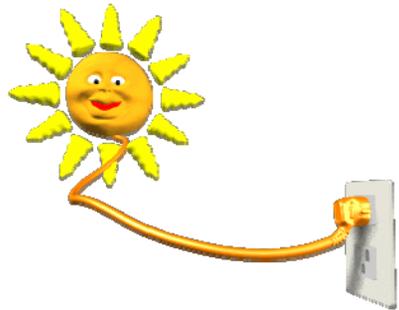
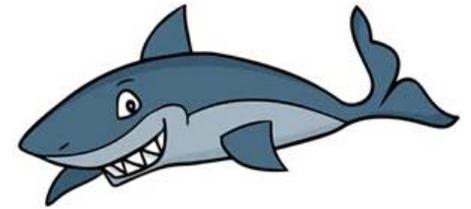
By Mischa Vaughn
 5th grade, Radcliffe school



Gratitude from A to Z

Acorns that miss my head when they fall
 Bringing a couple of friends for a stroll
 Cats that can purr
 Dogs with soft fur
 Eating ice cream and s' mores
 Feeding ducks outdoors
 Going to the parks
 Hungry sharks (just kidding)
 Iphone, Ipad and PS4
 Jelly beans, Junior mints and some more
 Kites that fly high
 Like butterflies in the sky
 Movies and plays
 No school days
 Original ideas that come to mind
 Pretty girls that are also kind
 Quiet streets
 Rare treats
 Secrets and mysteries around
 Treasures that I find on the ground
 Unexpected tips
 Vacations and trips
 Wearing a t-shirt in a breeze
 Xenolith, but I don't know what it is
 Yo-yos because I have no more ideas
 Zebras... I am glad I can stop here!

By Nicholas Stovbun
 3rd grade, Washington school



INVENTION By Shel Silverstein

I've done it, I've done it !
 Guess what I've done !
 Invented a light that plugs into the sun.
 The sun is bright enough,
 The bulb is strong enough,
 But, oh, there's only one thing wrong.....
 The cord ain't long enough.

Recited by Kenisha Aouk
 2nd grade, Washington school

My Sister Mia

My little sister would like to meet you
 On her next birthday, she'll be two
 Chica Chica Boom Boom is her favorite book
 In her play kitchen she likes to cook
 To the bookstore and library we sometimes go
 When she puts toys in her mouth, I say NO NO NO
 I am sad to see her cry
 When I go to school she says Bye-Bye!

By Shivaan Sawent
 Kindergarten, Yantacaw school



CAT THINGS

You, listen you,
 Cats do what cats do.
 Swatting and pawing at little toy mice,
 Cats are very nice.
 Trying to reach your old feather, in bad weather.
 Leaping and jumping for joy, but mostly for your toy.
 Playing with their little toy ball, but that is not all.

By Amanda Scaperotta
 3rd grade, Radcliffe school



Lost Head

By Douglas Florian

I'm sorry I got angry.
I guess I lost my head.
It really doesn't matter-
I'll borrow yours instead.
I'll have it back by Friday.
You won't miss it at all.
Until then you can borrow
My brother's basketball.



*Recited by Dominik Turek
5th grade, Spring Garden school*



Lazy Jane

By Shel Silverstein

Lazy lazy lazy lazy lazy Jane, she
wants a drink of water so she waits and
waits and waits and waits and waits for it to
rain.

*Recited by Gabriella Mosca
Kindergarten, Yantacaw school*

Stuffed

My friend is stuffed.
Although she is rough, she is fluffy and has holes,
she is there for me by my side, now and when I was born.
I forgot to mention she is purple.
Now when times come and I grow up,
I will remember as she is stuffed.

*By Gabriella Chipelo
4th grade, Spring Garden school*



Now We Are Six

By A.A. Milne



When I was one, I had just begun.
When I was two, I was nearly new.
When I was three, I was hardly me.
When I was four, I was not much more.
When I was five, I was just alive.
But now I am six, I'm as clever as clever.
So I think I'll be six now and forever.

*By Lara Zeren
Kindergarten, Radcliffe school*

The Adventures of Isabel

By Ogden Nash

Isabel met an enormous bear,
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up.
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.
Once in a night as black as pitch
Isabel met a wicked old witch.
The witch's face was cross and wrinkled,
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.
Ho, Ho, Isabel! The old witch crowed,
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.
Isabel met a hideous giant,
Isabel continued self reliant.
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed off,
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head off.
Isabel met a troublesome doctor,
He punched and he poked till he really shocked her.
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.
The doctor said unto Isabel,
Swallow this, it will make you well.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry, Isabel didn't scream or scurry.

*Recited by Sheena Cameron Ash
3rd grade, Radcliffe school*



We meet every month and invite you to
join us. For information on meeting
dates, times, and places, as well as ways
to get involved, contact us at [nutley-
abc.org](http://nutley-abc.org) or email Leslie Garisto Pfaff at
lgaristo@verizon.net.



SOCCER

By Angela De Melo

There is a lot of different sports
 But soccer is the best
 It's more fun than baseball
 And better than all the rest
 Soccer is my favorite sport
 What else can I say
 It can be a lotta fun
 If you know how to play
 I really want our team to score
 And I love it when we win
 But when the game is over
 I still want to play again
 We have a really good coach
 To teach us how to play
 So we can all grow up to be
 Great soccer players someday
 Even though we can't win every game
 The coach wants us to have fun
 It doesn't matter if we win or lose
 Our team is still Number One



Snowflakes

Snowflakes are big
 Snowflakes are small
 Snowflakes are pretty
 Sometimes they fall
 Sometimes they twinkle
 Sometimes their bright
 Sometimes their light

I love snowflakes

by Natalia Lambert
 2nd grade, Lincoln school

*Recited by Sarthak Bindal
 1st grade, Yantacaw school*

Snow School Today

By Alice Knisley Matthias

We bundle ourselves for it's time to leave
 The wind whips as we wait for Mr. Steve
 He rounds the corner in the yellow bus
 Opening the door, he calls out for us
 "It's cold this morning! Get in! The heat's on!"
 We wave our good-byes and then we are gone,
 The trip this morning is a slippery ride,
 Look out the window, the snow falls outside.
 The street lights blurry and glowing like jewels,
 Beneath all our boots, snow melts into pools.
 Now safe at school we hear Mr. Steve say,
 "Hurry inside now and keep warm today!"

*Recited by Ata Dogan
 2nd grade, Yantacaw school*



Snowman

By Shel Silverstein

"Twas the first day of the springtime
 And the snowman stood alone
 As the winter snows were melting,
 And the pine trees seemed to groan
 "Ah, you poor sad smiling snowman,
 You'll be melting by and by."
 Said the snowman,
 "What a pity, For I'd like to see July.
 Yes I'd like to see July, and please don't ask me why.
 But I'd like to, yes, I'd like to, oh I'd like to see July."
 Chirped a robin, just arriving
 "Seasons come and seasons go,
 And the greatest ice must crumble
 When it's flowers' time to grow.
 And as one thing is beginning
 So another thing must die
 And there's never been a snowman
 Who has ever seen July
 No, they never see July, no matter how hard they try
 No, they never ever, never ever, never see July.
 But the snowman sniffed his carrot nose
 And said, "At least I'll try,"
 And he bravely smiled his frosty smile
 And blinked his coal-black eye And there he
 stood and faced the sun
 A blazin' from the sky-
 And I really cannot tell you
 If he ever saw July.
 Did he ever see July? You can guess as well as I
 If he ever, if he never, if he ever saw July.

*Recited by Elyse Gola
 4th grade, Yantacaw school*



Helen Keller

By Langston Hughes

She,
 In the dark,
 Found light
 Brighter than many ever see.
 She,
 Within herself,
 Found loveliness,
 Through the soul's own mastery.
 And now the world receives
 From her dower:
 The message of the strength
 Of inner power.

*Recited by Jelsyn Paulino
 2nd grade, Radcliffe school*



Creative

By Shel Silverstein

Everyone says, "be creative"
Invent something new and they will buy it
But I just invented this mustard ice cream
and nobody here wants to try it

*Recited by Ava Algieri
5th grade, Yantacaw school*



The Sloth

By Theodore Roethke

In moving slow he has no Peer
You ask him something in his Ear,
He thinks about It for a year.
And, then, before he says a Word
There, upside down (unlike a Bird),
He will assume that you have heard
A most Ex-as-per-at-ing Lug.
But should you call his manner Smug,
He'll sigh and give his branch a Hug.
Then off again to Sleep he goes,
Still swaying gently by his Toes,
And you just Know he knows he knows.

*Recited by Breanna Hetzer
5th grade, Yantacaw school*



My Dog Likes to Disco

By Kenn Nesbitt

My doggy likes to disco dance.
He boogies every night.
He dances in his dog house
till the early morning light.
The other dogs come running
when they hear my doggy swing.
A few will play there instruments.
The others dance and sing.
They pair off with there partners
as their tails begin to wag.
They love to do the bunny hop,
the fox trot and the shag.
You'll see the doghouse rockin
as a hundred dogs or more
all trip the light fantastic
on the doghouse disco floor.
At last, at dawn, they exit
in the early morning breeze,
and stop to sniff the fire hydrants,
bushes, lawns and trees.
I just don't understand it
For although it looks like fun.
I can't see how they fit inside
That doghouse built for one.

*Recited by Samantha Schley
5th grade, Yantacaw school*



Trains

Trains come in many colors and shapes,
Some come in the color of grapes.
Trains can be fast or slow,
Many people ride them to and fro.
Trains can transport passengers or goods,
Oh, I wish there was a train in my neighborhood.
Not all trains ride on tracks,
Some trains ride on magnets.
Electric, magnets or steams,
Trains are very great machines.

*By Caden Ng
4th grade, Yantacaw school*

My little "Firecracker"

I would love to babysit my brother, but I just cannot -
it would be smart of you not to ask why?
But if you really want to know - I'll give it a shot
here's a quick story that might want to make you fly!
When I'm sleeping and its thirty degrees below,
My brother puts on the fan - and I go blow, blow, blow!
He loves to bring water for everyone to drink,
Only later, do we find out, it was all from the toilet sink!
I called my friend over to play and paint our pretty toes,
My naughty brother, but of course, had to stick a pretzel up his nose!
He sprayed perfume on his pet frog - PEEEW - it was rotten egg!
Froggy jumped into my bag and there he quietly lay.
Poor "Mrs. P" almost fainted before she shook her leg
Thanks to my little "Firecracker" -we got to skip school that day!!!

*By Tvisha Reikhy
2nd grade, Yantacaw school*





Daffodils

By William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
 Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of the bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
 The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:
 For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

Recited by Keziah Thankachan
3rd grade, Yantacaw school



A Bird's Lesson

Unknown

A little bird, with feathers brown,
 Sat singing on a tree;
 The song was very soft and low,
 But sweet as it could be.
 And all the people passing by
 Looked up to see the bird
 Whose singing was the sweetest
 That ever they had heard.
 But all the bright eyes looked in vain;
 For birdie was so small,
 And, with a modest dark brown coat,
 He made no show at all.
 "Dear Papa," little Gracie said,
 "Where can this birdie be?
 If I could only sing like that
 I'd sit where folks could see."
 "I hope my little girl will learn
 A lesson from that bird;
 And try to do what good she can —
 Not to be seen nor heard."
 "This birdie is content to sit
 Unnoticed by the way,
 And sweetly sing his Maker's praise,
 From dawn to close of day."
 "So live, my child, to do some good,
 Let life be short or long;
 Though people may forget your looks,
 They'll not forget your song."

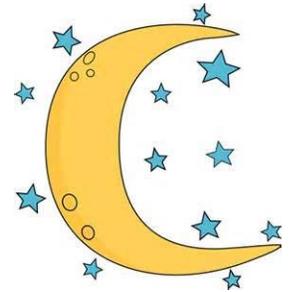
Recited by Dilan Desai
3rd grade, Yantacaw school

Jimmy-Jack-John

By Shel Silverstein

"Oh, where are you goin', my Jimmy-Jack-John,
 With only the moon for your light?"
 "I'm goin' round in search of the dawn,
 And I'll prob'ly be gone most the night."
 "Oh, why are you cryin', my Jimmy-Jack-John,
 And why do you stare out to sea?"
 "I'm thinkin' that over the waves of the pond
 The dawn lies a-waitin' for me."
 "But why do you wander, my Jimmy-Jack-John,
 A-roamin' in search of the blue?
 Just wrap yourself tight in this blanket of night
 And the Dawn will come to you."

Recited by Gabriella Gustoso
4th grade, Radcliffe school



Rain Dance

Thunder booms its drums as it plays its song.
 Lightning dances to the beat of the tune.
 Rain cries tears of joy as it watches thunder
 and lightning prance.
 Because the sky is doing the rain dance.

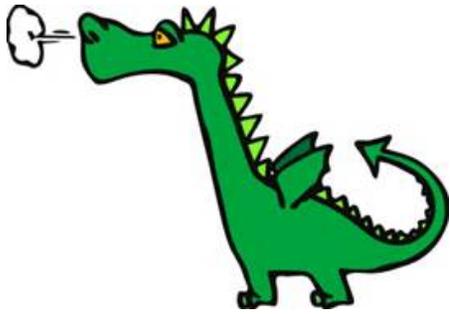
By Delila Cruz
4th grade, Washington school



Henry the Pug

I had a pug named Henry.
 He was such nice and friendly.
 He ran away so far.
 I ran away to find him.
 And I found him on a star.

By James Colarusso
2nd grade, Lincoln school



What to Feed a Dragon

By Kimber Krochmal

I have a new pet dragon.
 He followed me from a dream.
 But I can't tell my mom,
 It would only make her scream.
 I tried to feed him fried rice,
 But he didn't like the spice.
 So I tried to feed him applesauce,
 But he said it made his eyes cross.
 I tried to feed him gingerbread,
 But he said it only hurt his head.
 So I tried to feed him peanut butter,
 But it got stuck and made him stutter.
 I tried to feed him watermelon pie,
 But that, he said, he wouldn't try.
 So I tried to feed him sprinkle cake,
 But he said that would keep him awake.
 I tried to feed him last night's dessert,
 But he said it made his stomach hurt.
 So I tried to feed him some fish,
 But he really didn't like that dish.
 Then I tried to feed him cheese,
 That's when he said "more please."
 Now my mom is wondering why,
 We can't keep cheese in the house.
 I heard her last night telling Dad,
 She thinks we have a mouse

*Recited by Arwan Makhija
 2nd grade, Yantacaw school*



Songs for the People

By Frances E. W. Harper

Let me make the songs for the people
 Songs for the old and young;
 Songs to stir like a battle-cry
 Wherever they are sung.
 Not for the clashing of sabres,
 For carnage nor for strife;
 But songs to thrill the hearts of men
 With more abundant life
 Let me make the songs for the weary,
 Amid life's fever and fret,
 Till hearts shall relax their tension,
 And careworn brows forget.
 Let me sing for little children,
 Before their footsteps stray,
 Sweet anthems of love and duty,
 To float o'er life's highway.
 I would sing for the poor and aged,
 When shadows dim their sight;
 Of the bright and restful mansions,
 Where there shall be no night.
 Our world, so worn and weary,
 Needs music, pure and strong,
 To hush the jangle and discords
 Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.
 Music to soothe all its sorrow,
 Till war and crime shall cease;
 And the hearts of men grown tender
 Girdle the world with peace.

*Recited by Swetha Sivakumar
 4th grade, Washington school*



Cello

Sounds as soft as a rose petal.
 As soothing as tea in a kettle.
 The sound is as relaxing as the ocean.
 For when I play there is no commotion.
 The strings are like the wind and they never stop.
 The cello is a meaningful part of my life - instrument or not.

*By Beth Christman
 5th grade, Washington school*



Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
 Eating her curds and whey;
 Along came a spider,
 Who sat down beside her,
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.

*Recited by Kaylee Paulino
 Kindergarten, Radcliffe school*



Dreams

By Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
 For if dreams die
 Life is a broken-winged bird
 That cannot fly.
 Hold fast to dreams
 For when dreams go
 Life is a barren field
 Frozen with snow.

*Recited by Amaya Negrón
 3RD grade, Yantacaw school*



A Wintery Night

By Linsey Muster

The sky is dark and the ground is white.
 The world is peaceful on this wintry night.
 No one around, not a sound to be heard.
 Not a laugh, not a car, not even a bird.
 For a moment, it's just the snow and me.
 I smile inside. I feel so free.

*Recited by Ishaan Reddy
 1st grade, Radcliffe school*



No

By Judith Viorst

No. I refuse to.
 No. I don't choose to.
 No. I most certainly don't.
 You've made a mistake
 If you thought you could make Me.
 No no no --- I won't.
 No. You could beat me.
 No. You could eat me
 Up from my head to my toes.
 And inside your belly,
 Loudly and yelly,
 I'd keep saying no's.
 No you could sock me,
 Feed me some broccoli,
 Tickle me till I turned blue,
 But in between giggles
 And sniggles and wriggles
 I'd say no to you.
 No. You could tease me,
 Please, pretty please me,
 Cry till your eyes washed away.
 You could beg till you're old,
 But I'd look at you cold.
 En-oh is what I'd say.
 No. You could shove me.
 No. You could love me.
 With kisses all squishy and wet.
 You could scratch me with claws
 But I'd say no, becausebecause.....because.....
 I forget!

*Recited by Lincoln Boyes
 2nd grade, Yantacaw school*



Everything on It

By Shel Silverstein

I asked for a hot dog
 with everything on it
 and that was my big mistake
 cuz it came with a pirate
 a bee in a bonnet
 a wristwatch a wrench and a rake
 it came with a gold fish
 a flag and a fiddle
 a frog and the front porch swing
 and a mouse in a mask
 that's the last time I asked
 for a hot dog with everything

*Recited by Elyana Negrón
 Kindergarten, Yantacaw school*



World Traveller

I want to travel the whole world,
 To eat and play and learn and explore!
 I'll go to Germany and ride in fast cars,
 Then on to Belgium to gobble the chocolates!
 I'll play soccer in Brazil and Chile,
 And maybe click a selfie with Neymar and Bravo!
 Riding in a bullet train will be fun in Japan,
 And then to Russia, the biggest country in the
 world!
 Ghana and Kenya are colorful like their flags,
 Maybe I'll say Hello to elephants and giraffes
 After bungy jumping in beautiful New Zealand,
 I'll relax on a white sandy beach in Fiji!
 I want to travel the whole world,
 To eat and play and learn and explore!

*By Neil Mehta
 2nd grade, Yantacaw school*

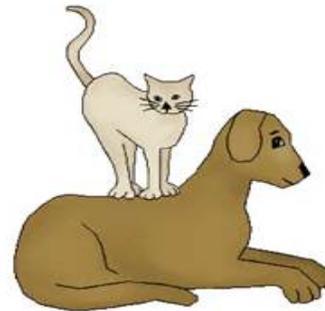


I'm Bouncing, Bouncing, Bouncing

By Jack Prelutsky

I'm bouncing, bouncing, bouncing,
 I'm bouncing in the air.
 I bounce with little effort,
 I bounce with little care.
 My bouncing keeps improving,
 I'm bouncing very high,
 Attracting the attention
 Of eagles soaring by.
 I'm bouncing through the stratosphere,
 I'm bouncing to the moon.
 My mother may be worried
 If I don't stop bouncing soon.
 I'm bouncing, bouncing, bouncing
 Exactly as I choose.
 The secret of my bouncing
 Is my brand-new shoes.

*Recited by Ipek Hastekin
 2nd grade, Yantacaw school*



Cat and Dog

Once there was a cat sleeping on a mat,
 Out came a dog sitting on a log,
 The cat said Meaooow, you can't catch me!
 The dog said, I will get you like a bee!
 And then the cat says, Let's not argue
 And have a cup of tea
 The dog said, Yummmm!

*By Nandini Thatavarthy
 2nd grade, Yantacaw school*

Going In The Forest

In the jungle a lion hangs out. He finds a mouse friend that he likes very much. They play all the time. Then a moment later they found another friend, a baby giraffe.

"Now we are really getting up there," said the lion.

The baby giraffe was lost. He was very sad because he lost his family.

The lion had so many tears in his eyes.

"Maybe we can help you?" said the lion.

The lion roared the mom giraffe's name.

ROOOOOAAAAR GIRAFFE MAMAAAA!!!!!!

The mouse gets a leaf to clear the giraffe's eyes.

The lion made a saying for the giraffe: "Oh mama if I don't come back today I will be safe because I have good new friends!" yelled the giraffe.

They went in the forest and saw a couple big nests the giraffe's size

but a moment later they saw the biggest nest so far.

Finally it was the giraffe's mom!

But the giraffe did not want to go from his friends.

"We will visit you."

"Oh okay."

And they did.

By Thalia Kline

1st grade, Spring Garden school



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