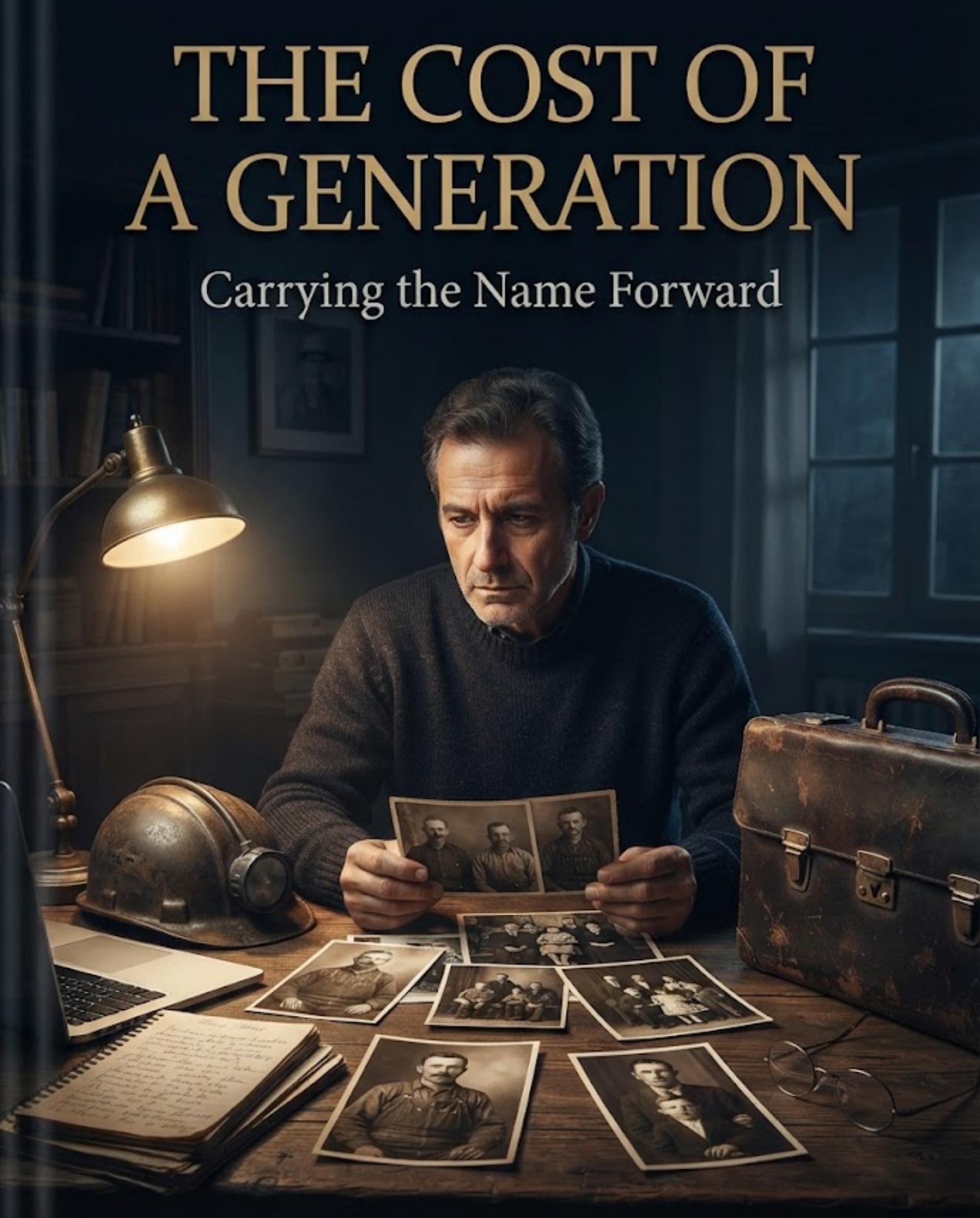
THE COST OF A GENERATION

Carrying the Name Forward



Ferdinando Frega – Nando the Scribe

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THE COST OF A GENERATION

Today was not a day like any other. It was a stretch of time during which I mourned the absence of my father. I reflected, I thought about my grandfather, and in my mind I asked them both a single question: why did you leave me alone to safeguard the legacy of the Frega family and turn its name into a generation?

My daughter-in-law, Sharon, offered me her shoulder to cry on. She comforted me, aware that what lay before me was neither an easy task nor a complex one, neither a stroke of genius nor an act of creativity, but, in truth, an impossible mission. And by now, I had come to realize that myself.

I felt as though I had been entrusted with carrying it forward, beginning with the hardships of my grandfather's life, a miner for forty years, and my father's life, a salesman for forty years. As for me, I had devoted eighteen years of my professional life to a mother whom I have always admired and respected, and from whom I received every lesson a lifetime could offer: the lessons that were necessary to become who I am today, though I have no idea who I will become tomorrow.

She is Mother GILLETTE.

Then I felt that familiar hand on my shoulder again, the one that guides me and pushes me toward unimaginable things: one audio recording on the website, then two to run the first tests, then five to see whether the system could hold, then ten, in multiple languages, to speak to people.

And why all of this?

America was my home, even though I have not yet chosen a precise destination at this moment.

France had been the home of Grandpa Kamp's family.

India was the birthplace of the global leader of the brand, a pioneer following so many Americans before him.

Brazil, on the other hand, had offered the finest woman it could provide, helping transform a brand born for and dedicated to men into a genuine recognition of women after one hundred and thirty years of history. After all, it is almost always women who make the purchasing decisions, and without them none of this would have been possible today.

And finally, Italy, with its mandolins and guitars, the instruments most beloved for serenades beneath balconies, performed at the request of lovers. And the directors of those serenades were always the same two men: my father and my grandfather.

The unforgettable Fregas.

I looked at their photographs and continued to cry. Fortunately, I was alone, because the guests had gone to the seaside.

Then came the surprise of the day: placing an eight-minute video of myself, without audio, on the Contact page.

But what did it mean?

I have not been able to understand it, and perhaps I will not understand it immediately. But I am certain I will understand it later, as often happens.
In the meantime, I have abandoned the YouTube music that has accompanied me at my desk for years, and from today I listen instead to the music of my own website. It has become strangely familiar, as if I had always known it, almost as if I wanted to convince myself that it is an anthem dedicated to those who are no longer here.
Goodbye, my old men.
Ferdinando