



Mr. Albert Carl Nocciolo

September 23, 1926 - March 2, 2013

NOCCILO, Albert Carl

September 23, 1926 – March 2, 2013

Al passed away peacefully on March 2, 2013, in Santa Barbara, CA, surrounded by his loving family; he was 86. The cause of death was kidney failure, though he lived a long and active life with congestive heart failure, inspiring us with his optimism and a vitality that shined brightly to the end. He lived and worked in Santa Clarita, CA for 51 years, moving to the Maravilla Retirement Community in Santa Barbara, CA, in 2009 to be near family.

Al earned a B.A. from the University of Nevada, and a M.A. from Columbia University in New York. He was an educational icon and active community servant in what was then known as Saugus, CA, later renamed Santa Clarita. Al was the educational and curricular visionary for the Saugus Union School District, where he was employed for 51 years as an instructional aide, teacher, Principal, Assistant Superintendent, and School Board Member. Al never tired of inspiring students to learn and celebrating their achievements. He took great pride in preparing them to succeed, both in the classroom and in life.

He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Marilyn, and their five children, Albert (Linda) of Mariposa, CA, Rosanne Spencer (Gordon) of Saratoga, CA, Valarie Kahoun (Ken) of Scottsdale, AZ, Mark (Stacey) of Santa Barbara, CA, and

Teresa Calderon (Steve) of Thousand Oaks, CA; two sisters, Faye Serino and Philomena McLeod, both of New Jersey; 11 grandchildren: Noël Nocciolo, Andrew Spencer, Philip Spencer, Natalie Spencer, Mathew Spencer, Brittney Finnegan (Patrick), Erin Spong (Nicholas), Katie Kahoun, Tessa Kahoun, Corinne Calderon, Chase Calderon; and 5 great-grandchildren: Mackenna Kaats, Hudson Steinbrunner, Miles Steinbrunner, Gracelyn Spong, and Valentina Spong, and many nieces and nephews. Al was born in Newark, N.J., to Italian immigrant parents, Gerardo and Rosina Nocciolo. He was predeceased by his parents and his four brothers, Rocco, Gerardo, Anthony, and Ernest.

The family wishes to express their gratitude to the doctors who counseled dad and worked to improve his quality of life. Their support and guidance sustained his optimism and fueled his desire and ability to live each day to the fullest. These doctors gave our family the precious gift of additional years with dad while he was under their care. Dr. Erno Daniel, Dr. Joseph Aragon, Dr. Claudio Bonometti, Dr. John Elder, Dr. Hsien Young, and Dr. Kevin Young.

A “Celebration of Life” will be held for friends and family on Sunday, March 24, 2013, at 11:00 a.m., at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History (Fleischmann Auditorium), 2559 Puesta del Sol, in Santa Barbara, CA. For more information, please visit <http://memorial.yourtribute.com/alnocciolo>

Previous Events

Memorial Service

MAR **24**. 11:00 AM (PT)

Santa Barbara of Natural History
2559 Puesta Del Sol Road
Santa Barbara, CA

Tribute Wall

KA

“ *Al will be remembered for many things. In his early years, he was a rugged football player and received a scholarship to Nevada University. After college he served in the military as a Paratrooper. He then received his masters in Education at Columbia University. He then headed West to raise a family and became a lifetime educator.*

In his later years, he made many trips East to run the class reunions which he loved to do.

We enjoyed Al's visits with his wonderful conversations on many topics. He was a joy to be with and we will miss him greatly.

Ray & Phyllis

karen - March 20, 2013 at 09:46 AM

KM

“ *Karen Mcleod lit a candle in memory of Mr. Albert Carl Nocciolo*



karen mcleod - March 18, 2013 at 06:18 PM

“*My Uncle Al, well he was amazing. He always lit up a room, the minute he walked in. He had the charisma of John Wayne, and the crazy look of Jack Nicholson. You never knew what to expect, except, the unexpected. That's what separated him from the crowd.*

He walked into a room with his cowboy hat and boots, and you just were like- blown away... he can't be a Nocciolo! Where did he come from? Spitting tobacco into a coffee can, really? Not in Mountainside NJ?!

When I was about 8 years old he called my mom, but got me instead on the phone. He said to me, Karina "who is buried in Grant's tomb?" I had no idea! Why is he asking me such hard questions---"Mom" Uncle Al is on the phone for you ! Help me!

Over the years, we all grew apart, but not Uncle Al. He kept coming back to NJ. He loved it here. The older i got, I realized how much he was a part of our family. I looked forward to his trips back East. His big smile and crazy eyebrows always took my breath away.

When he met my children, he nick named my youngest daughter Gretchen. I don't know why, it was funny. That was my Uncle Al... he wasn't German, or French or Russian, he just wanted to make her feel important. Outstanding. Which is what he did for all of us.

He was outstanding. He was fun, and wild, and he was free. He lived his life to the fullest. In many ways a role model to me and my kids. He was a forward thinker. He was genuine, real, and authentic.

My last memory of my Uncle was playing Gin with him on Newport Beach. His daughter, Val invited all of us to her home. He taught my kids how to play the game, but more important, he taught my kids how special and important family truly is, to all of us. He made us play for hours, for God Sake!

But, his game was the game of life, and it was his friend. He played

his hand well.

I will miss my Uncle Al, forever. He is very dear to my heart. He brought sunshine to the East Coast, when it was cold and raining. He was a true Master of Humanity, he made people smile, brought family and friends back to life. He was something else and I will never forget him.

I will love you always. Thank you for touching and being a part of my life. Your smile is forever in my heart.

Karen

karen mcleod - March 18, 2013 at 06:17 PM

“ *Classic Uncle Abby: Sometime around 1985, Uncle Abby met up with me, Patricia, and my parents, Phyllis and Ray McLeod to go to this jazz club in Los Angeles. The club was on the top floor of a highrise office/apartment building.*

We get in the elevator with several other people and out of the blue, he starts to tell this long joke...Everyone is listening, including the strangers, waiting for the punchline. He's milking it for all it's worth...

The elevator stops at the stranger's floor...they hesitate...he hesitates. They wait, he waits. Finally they give up and go out...and as soon as the door closes...Punchline. Hahaha. The joke itself was unmemorable...it was his shenanigans that had us on the floor.

He also had an incredible talent for identifying accents. One time, which had to be when I was still a teenager or in my very early 20s, he came for a visit to New Jersey. During this visit, he took me and my brother, Bob, with him to get some flowers as a gift for my mother. In the shop was a young woman with a heavy southern accent. He said something to her like, "you're from Alabama, right?" She says yes. Then he says something like, "from the Gulf Coast, right?" She says, YES. He narrowed her home to about 30 miles of where she came from.

But it wasn't this accent-identifying talent that really struck me.

Uncle Abby genuinely enjoyed talking to people. There was nothing false about it. I recall that this young lady told him about growing up in the south, moving north, etc. I think she would have poured out her entire life story if he'd wanted her too.

I remember asking him why he did this. It wasn't the first time I'd been with Uncle Abby and noticed how easily he could stir up a long conversation with a stranger.

As I recall, he told me something like this: "How else can you find

out about the world if you don't ask?" He didn't just talk to people to hear his own voice, he truly wanted to know about them...and that, I'm certain, is a reason why so many people were drawn to him.

I miss him greatly.

Bud McLeod

Bud McLeod - March 08, 2013 at 04:24 PM

NT

Bud as far fetched as it sounds not only do i remember that day with uncle Abby.. but I have also told that story many times. Your right about the magnetism he possessed.. even in his later years, there are probably a dozen stories or jokes of his that I have told or remember... what a great guy! and fun as well. I asked an elderly neighbor one time, if he believed in heaven.. his answer was. that he believed that peoples thoughts of you when you're gone, when are good, then, then thats heaven.. so to me.. Uncle Abby is definitely in .. my belief of a " heaven."

no thanks - March 11, 2013 at 09:51 AM