

Robert Rocco

Artist Statement

I grew up in a small community in Grand Island, NY. I've always appreciated nature and it's my strong belief that these are gifts from God. My life is an ordinary life, but I appreciate a good story and great artwork.

Loving Family Pt I.



At the cottage, the men sat around the cast iron pot,
Putting logs on the fire, telling stories about their lives.

The women were in the dining area and the kitchen.
My Aunt Clara was the single kindest women I've met in my life.
That generation was the best—the strongest and the kindest.

They were the children of WWI.

Those memories I have of them,

Those are probably the best memories I have of anything.
She didn't cuss, she didn't smoke, she always told the truth.

The cottage was white.

It looked like an ordinary cottage.

The inside was where it was really nice.

There was knotty pine and tiles.

There wasn't a bathroom at the time.

There was sand all around the cottage.

You walked up a wooden walkway.

Loving Family Pt. II

To the left there was a bathroom
To the right, you had the kitchen.
They had one of those old refrigerators.
It was an open floor plan.
This cottage was actually built by my Uncle Rich
On Long Point Beach in Canada
Off route 3, I think.
The cupboards were knotty pine
With black handles
And black hinges to open and close them.
The dining area was the main area.
Off to your left would be two bedrooms
Off to your right, two more.
In the back, there was a room for the children.
There were old baseball pennants and comic books.
Man, I hit the jackpot.
It was wondrous, really.

Loving Family Pt. III

I wish I grew up with that generation instead of my own.

There was wicker furniture and a black belly stove.

There was a wagon wheel above the dining table

A picnic bench

Not just an ordinary bench, my Uncle Rich built it.

I don't know what they called the front or the back.

Mind you, there were no locks on the doors,

Just a latch on the screen doors.

I suppose if I wanted to run away, that was my chance.

My Aunt Clara woke up first.

She laughed, "What are you doing out of bed?"

She convinced me to go back to bed while she made breakfast.

I got pancakes out of it.

Powerful Grace



Let's start with Niagara Falls.

It's the best place to start.

The sheer power

Turns the turbines,

Generating electricity and awe.

The falls sound like a lot of rushing water.

An unmistakable sound.

You could be blindfolded and driven there.

When you get out of the car, it would be unmistakable.

There's certain smells

And the mist from the water itself.

You could sense the vastness.

Beach Morning



When I was a little boy, maybe two or three,
I woke up to the sound of waves coming in and out.

The sun was coming up.

I smelled the beach.

I can't really pinpoint it,
But you can definitely tell by the smell,
You're by a body of water.

A Cup of Joy



I don't know what it is, but I'm very attune to the caffeine.

It works in me.

But it's not about me, really.

When you get up, you're a little slower in thought.

After a cup of coffee—or a few of them—

You begin to wake up and notice more things around you.

A cup of ambition

Reviving your senses.

The Revival of Nature



Hear the birds chirping.

Nature itself is waking up.

The birds are the alarm clock for the squirrels.

They come along.

And then the people come along.

It's not that it gets chaotic,

It's the beginning of the fullness

Of what could be a good day.

God's Treasure



Nature brings me closer to God.

He put it all here.

Creation is really a wonderful thing.

Sometimes people take that for granted.

God has left me treasure all over the place.

Have you ever seen a caterpillar become a butterfly?

That is the wonder of transformation.

At a young age I knew...

All this stuff is worth remembering.

An Uninvited Guest



There was a pigeon where I grew up on Grand Island.

In the summer, we left our garage open.

The pigeon flew in and stayed there for a year.

We fed it and cared for it.

We even bought birdseed for it.

And then,

It was gone.

Blessings



Nature is God's gift to us.
He put us in a perfect place.
And many people don't care to look around them.
They don't take the time to dream.
It only takes a moment.

A Day Out Pt. I



A diner looks like a train car.

An old-fashioned train car.

Maybe even the caboose.

I don't know how they do this,

But it has a stainless-steel frame around it.

Inside has plenty of booths, counter space,

An area where you can see the cooks cooking,

A curio full of desserts when you first walk in.

You know it's a good place

If there are a lot of people there.

I hear the people talking, the jukebox playing music,

the cooks in the back, the waitresses.

A lot of conversation,

a lot of activity.

I go out alone, sit by somebody's table and eavesdrop.

It's some mellow conversing.

A Day Out Pt. II

I smell the food.

All kinds of stuff:

Eggs cooking up, hamburgers, pork, beef.

The smell of the food.

The aroma of the food.

I taste good food—breakfast or dinner.

This ham and cheese omelet has cheese.

Nice cheese.

Maybe a mix of cheese.

Some sourdough toast.

I've been eating that breakfast for years.

With a cup of coffee, I'm good to go.

I'm good to go.

My hands riffle through the juke box.

I feel the warmth of the sun through the window.

The seats are cushy, soft leather.

Nice and soft.

The Heart of Superman



I would be superman.
I know he has more than power.
If I had to pick one,
I would choose his super intellect.
I would take his super intellect for sure—
On top of my own.

With it, I would try to help as many people as possible.
You know, I would definitely not try to solve the world's problems,
But I would try to help as many people as possible.
Being super man is not just about bouncing bullets off your chest,
Seeing through walls,
Or flying through the air.

If you get the right writer, it's about heart.
And we could all use a little more heart.

Tele-Stories Reflections

"I really enjoyed Tele-Stories. It was something to look forward to that was very constructive. I'm definitely appreciative of being part of it." -Robert

"Robert, I have never met someone with a better memory than yours. What a delight to listen to your detailed accounts of your youth and beyond. You are creative, kind, and full of imagination. I hope all the stories you have in your brain find their way to paper someday soon." -Christina