Good afternoon, everyone.

I’m Stephen, Anthony’s older brother, and like most of you I knew him by the name that stuck best—Uncle Tony.

He was born on September 18, 1962, a Queens kid through and through, and he carried that neighborhood in his bones his whole life.

If you want to understand Tony, start at the deli.
He opened it with more grit than money, and it became the kind of place where people lingered even after their sandwich was gone.
Regulars turned into friends, kids came in for advice along with a soda, and more than once I watched him send someone out the door with a hot meal and a “You get me next time,” knowing full well there might not be a next time.

Tony had a warmth that showed up first in a bear hug and then in everything that followed.
He was generous, quick-witted, fiercely loyal, and he thought in terms of “we,” not “I.”
He loved the Yankees, a good block party, and the quiet pride of teaching a kid to stir a pot of marinara until it went from bright to brick red—patience, taste, try again.

Some of my favorite nights were those late ones after closing, when the lights were half down and it was just Tony, me, and whichever niece or nephew had managed to talk their way into staying.
He’d riff on a sandwich until it surprised all of us, take a bite, nod, and christen it on the spot—the Maria Melt, the Little Louie, the Nina Nightcap.
Those inventions were really love notes with mustard.

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His faith wasn’t loud, but it was steady.
He grew up Catholic, and he found a certain peace in lighting a candle, slipping into a back pew, and offering the kind of quiet prayer you could feel even if you never heard the words.

He poured that same quiet faith into the neighborhood.
For two decades he sponsored the youth baseball league—new bats when the old ones splintered, uniforms when the hems ran short, and, most of all, time.
He stood at the fence in a Yankees cap, cheering kids who weren’t his by blood but were his by heart.

Tony is survived by our sister Maria and by me, and by the five nieces and nephews who made him “Uncle Tony” to the world—and the two godchildren he bragged about as if he’d won the draft.
What we will miss most is simple and impossible to replace: his booming laugh, those rib-cracking hugs, and the way he made every guest feel like the guest of honor.

If you want to honor him, keep showing up for one another the way he did.
Cook a big pot and set out an extra chair.
Tell a story that turns strangers into neighbors.
And in lieu of flowers, consider a donation to the youth baseball league he supported for so many years—that field was one of his happiest places.

Tony, you built a life where people felt seen and fed—at the counter, on the block, and in the small quiet moments of prayer.
We’ll carry that forward.
And when the deli bell rings in our memory, we’ll hear your laugh on the other side of the door.

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