



Gloria Jean Cappiello

March 3, 1925 - June 15, 2016

Gloria Jean Cappiello 91, of Ocoee, Florida passed away on Wednesday June 15, 2016.

She is survived by her children Donna Jean Ubriaco, Vic and Vito Cappiello.

Tribute Wall

DU

“ Donna Jean Ubriaco lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Cappiello



Donna Jean Ubriaco - March 03, 2025 at 01:07 PM

DU

“ Donna Jean Ubriaco lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Cappiello



Donna Jean Ubriaco - June 15, 2023 at 11:50 AM

DU

“ Donna Jean Ubriaco lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Cappiello



Donna Jean Ubriaco - March 03, 2022 at 05:33 AM

DU

“ Donna Jean Ubriaco lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Cappiello



Donna Jean Ubriaco - March 03, 2021 at 05:51 AM

AC

“ Anne Capiello lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Capiello



Anne Capiello - June 15, 2020 at 01:51 PM

DU

“ Donna Jean Ubriaco lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Capiello



Donna Jean Ubriaco - March 03, 2018 at 02:45 PM

DU

“ Donna Jean Ubriaco lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Capiello



Donna Jean Ubriaco - June 15, 2017 at 10:18 PM

DU

“ Donna Jean Ubriaco lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Capiello



Donna Jean Ubriaco - March 03, 2017 at 05:11 PM

“ Four years ago I asked my mother if she would be willing to write about her life in a notebook that I would provide. When she returned it to me, I was delighted to see that she had written 62 pages: front and back! I now had a copy of her story (in her handwriting) that I could keep as a memoir. My tribute to my mom was taken from the pages of this notebook.

Beginnings . . .

Mom started life as Gloria Josephine Gentile. Her dad had named her Gloria after the glamorous movie star, Gloria Swanson. Mom, however, didn't find Ms. Swanson, nor her name, glamorous. As much as she didn't particularly care for her first name, she vehemently hated "Josephine," and changed it to "Jean" the first chance she got. Whenever she played pretend games as a girl, she became "Donna." However, she didn't change her first name to Donna, she reserved that honor for me.

As a child Mom was adventurous, creative and courageous. As a result she had the battle scars to prove it: scraped knees, bruises, broken body parts, etc. I guess it's fair to say that Mom, as a little girl, was a plucky tomboy. However, when Mom turned 17, she developed into a very beautiful young woman.

Donna Jean Ubriaco - December 10, 2016 at 09:15 AM

“ Adulthood . . .

In 1942 Mom and her girlfriend, Helen Duray, answered an ad. The Casey Jones Aeronautics School in New Jersey was offering both training and work to women during WWII. While attending this school, it's not surprising that they chose the two attractive friends for a publicity shot. I remember seeing the photo when I was a little girl. Mom and Helen wore "Rosie the Riveter" type head scarves, and they were seated in an Army airplane (with an open cockpit) for the photo. Unfortunately, Mom lost her copy of the picture, and she later learned that Helen's was destroyed in a fire. Never-the-less, it was Mom's first "15 minutes of fame."

While Mom was single she took a variety of jobs before she found one as glamorous as she was. After a few days training, she became a photographer in a night club on Broadway. She carried a big box of a camera around to the patrons' tables, and asked them if they wanted a photo of themselves. She wore a royal blue and gold satin outfit in the style of those hat check girls of the 1940's. While snapping pictures, she saw contemporary actors such as Dana Andrews and Anita Louise come and go. One night she spotted comedian, Jerry Colonna, and asked him for his autograph. He rolled his dark eyes (which was his comedic trademark) and said, "Anything for you, honey." Mom seemed to be in her element. She even sang in some of the clubs she later worked in. Not surprising, because Mom had the tone of Judy Garland, and sang in the style of a 1940's ballad singer. She dreamt of becoming a professional singer.

However, in 1947 Mom met and married Dad, and traded one dream for another. She settled down to the business of being a mom to her three much-wanted children. She shared her love of music with us. She sang little ditties like Ella Fitzgerald's, "A Tisket a Tasket" and Doris Day's "I Love You a Bushel and a Peck." My personal favorite (and much requested at bedtime) was her rendition of the "Three Little Fishies." Mom was energetic, and appeared ageless.

Donna Jean Ubriaco - December 10, 2016 at 09:15 AM

DU

“ A New Chapter . . .

Sadly Dad passed in 2001. Mom was on her own now. She was lucky enough to find Rich, a fellow who shared her zest for life. In 2007 at the age of 82, Mom and her girlfriend, Louise, were asked to join a singing group called the “Goldentones.” She rehearsed “Easter Parade”, “April Showers” and “Singing in the Rain”, for an up-coming Easter show. She said performing made her “feel like a kid again.” Apparently the “Goldentones” thought (as did everyone else) that Mom was much younger than she actually was, and failed to mention the extensive traveling that was involved with committing to the group. Reluctantly, Mom told the band that the gig was too demanding for her. She said, “My road to fame ended before it began.” Not so.

In 2008 Mom was on a local morning radio show. The show’s DJ, Bobbie DePew, would ask listeners trivia questions, and if they called in and answered correctly, they won tickets to dinners, shows, etc. Mom called in often, and accumulated quite a number of prizes. It got to the point where DJ Bobbie gave Mom the moniker, “Morning Glory.” As I mentioned before, Mom never liked the name Gloria, and as Rich later told me, “Your mom’s reinvented herself, she is Glori now.” Well, the Earth is much darker without its “Glori”, especially at Christmas, but Earth’s loss is Heaven’s gain.

Donna Jean Ubriaco - December 10, 2016 at 09:14 AM

“ Stories for Mom's Funeral Service (from her son Vic) Part 2

I can remember the time when my mother was first learning to drive. Mom was driving while my father was given oral commands from the passenger seat. My sister, brother, and I were in the back seat about to make yet another wonderful lifetime memory. As Mom drove, we eventually found ourselves stuck in a busy intersection. My mother got nervous and "froze" in a panic. My father pointed to the car in front of us that was making a left turn and said, "Follow that car!" Mom followed Dad's insightful instructions. The only problem with this course of action is that the car we followed turned into the nearby gas station. To make matters worse, the car in front of us didn't quite make it all the way into the gas station due to the exceptional attendance at the pumps that day. There was no room to fit our car. We were stuck with three quarters of the car sticking out in the street. Guess what? Mom froze again. In true form, my father cursed as my parents exchanges places. Dad drove us to safety and we all lived to see another day.

I can remember a day when Mom was driving her 1959 Chevy. She needed to stop for gas. After getting gas, we left the station. We pulled out onto Nesconset Highway...facing oncoming traffic. Instead of making a right out of the station, she had made a left. So in this next scene, Mom is at the wheel, her kids are in the back seat, and we are all looking at the many cars parked in front of a red traffic light waiting for it to turn green. For about ten seconds, things were fine. Then the traffic light turned green and the many cars started to travel in our direction. Guess what? Mom froze and failed to respond. Not quite ready to die, I yelled, "Mom, pull into that driveway!" Seconds later, we were safely back in the gas station while our would-be assassins flew by at 55 MPH. We sat in the car a few minutes while Mom "defrosted".

Throughout the years, we would sit at the kitchen table reliving these experiences and laughing our heads off. My mother could always laugh at herself. I miss all the experiences and conversations we had. She was one of a kind. She will never be forgotten.

Vic Cappiello - October 08, 2016 at 11:12 AM

“ Stories for Mom's Funeral Service (from her son Vic) Part 1

My mother was a "clean nut". She would think nothing of cleaning something while you were using it. For example, one evening we had a couple visiting us in our home. The woman was smoking and using the ash tray that was located in her close proximity. After roughly ten minutes, my mother sprang up, retrieved the ash tray, took it to the kitchen where she dumped the ashes into the garbage can and then washed out the ash tray. Mom dried it and returned it to the living room for our guest to continue using.

She had another little quirk. If you left something "out" and not in its assigned place, you ran the risk of never seeing it again. Now, I don't mean to say that Mom would throw it out on purpose. To clarify this, I must relate a small story concerning an incident that occurred during my teen years. I can remember being in the living room. I had my wallet out and I was counting my money. For some reason or another, I had to leave the room for a few minutes. When I returned, my mother was in her "cleaning mode". I sat down, looked at the spot on the coffee table where I had left a ten dollar bill and became confused. It was missing. Now, I knew that my mother was not a kleptomaniac and so I politely asked Mom if she had seen my ten bucks. Mom said that she had not. I proceeded to analyze the various steps that were being employed by my mother to clean up the living room. First, she would relocate anything located in the wrong place to the correct place. No problem there. Secondly, anything that was in the living room but did not belong there got thrown in the garbage can. Now, this could be a potential problem. I walked into the kitchen and lifted the cover of the garbage pail. On top was my ten dollar bill. Happy that my detective abilities had helped me to solve my mother's perfect crime, I was nonetheless a slight bit confused. No one I knew was in the habit of throwing out money when it got in one's way. I told my mother where the ten dollars was found and we both laughed... a lot!

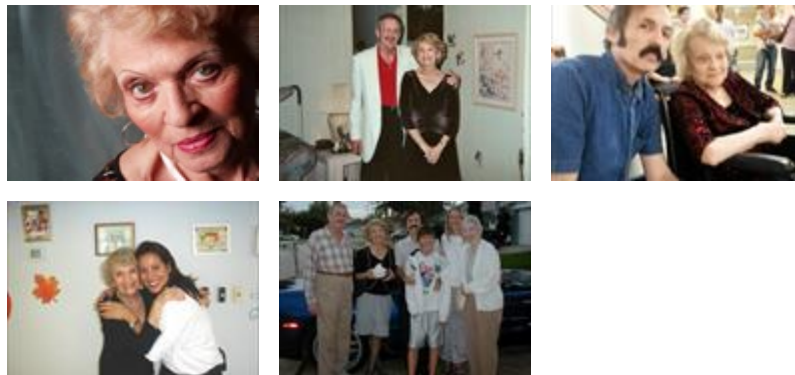
During the early 1960's, I was in a rock band with my sister and brother. We had this one gig playing at a Catholic school church dance. By then, our equipment consisted of guitars, microphones,

*amplifiers, a drum set, and a PA system. Since the three of us were not old enough to drive, we relied on our parents to get us and the musical gear to our performances. It took two cars to transport everything and everybody. On the day of the gig, we loaded both cars and set off for the memorable event. My father drove car #1. Mom drove car #2. Mom's driving always seemed to add a sense of excitement to any trip. My father was leading the way in his car as we approached the railroad tracks in Port Jefferson. The lights at the crossing started flashing and so my father did what came natural...he hit the gas. Mind you, my mother had been previously instructed to follow my father and she did just that. Mom started crossing the tracks, heard the bells, saw the flashing lights and froze! We stopped on the tracks...with the train heading towards us. I screamed out, "Mom, put it in reverse and hit the gas!" She did. As we were backing up, the gate came down on the hood of the car. We all listened to it scraping the top of the car as we traveled backwards. We waited patiently for the train to pass and counted the cars that almost ran over our heads.
(to be continued)....*

Vic Cappiello - October 08, 2016 at 11:10 AM

VC

“ 17 files added to the album New Album Name



Vic Cappiello - September 10, 2016 at 12:33 PM

VC

“ 40 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Vic Capiello - September 10, 2016 at 12:31 PM

VC

“ Mom,

Most people that I speak with have a long list of complaints concerning their parents and the way that they were raised. I can't think of one thing to complain about. You were perfect. You always put your children first. You gave us unconditional support and love. I remember the thousands of conversations we had and all the times we laughed together. I knew that you couldn't live forever but I still wasn't ready to let you go. I'm lost without you. It will take a long time to accept your passing. I love you and I miss you.

Your son, Vic.

Vic Capiello - July 25, 2016 at 04:23 PM

JD

“ Donna, Michael, Justin, Vito, and Victor,
I am so sorry for the loss of your mother. I have fond memories of
your family in Port Jefferson , Long Island, New York.
My prayers and thoughts are with all of you. Please call when you
get a chance.
Joann Das Arlington Texas

Joann Das - July 04, 2016 at 06:10 PM

MA

“ Estimada familia cappiello lamento mucho la pérdida de su ser
querido pero quisiera compartir con ustedes una esperanza muy
consoladora que se encuentra en el evangelio de (juan 5:28,29) allí
jehová Dios nos promete que va a ver resurrección así de justos
como de injustos.Espero que estas palabras les sirvan de aliento.

Acompañados en su dolor
Madelyn.

madelyn - June 25, 2016 at 10:27 AM

DU

“ Donna Jean Ubriaco lit a candle in memory of
Gloria Jean Cappiello



Donna Jean Ubriaco - June 19, 2016 at 12:10 AM

JD

Miss you Donna! Thoughts and prayers are with you and your family!



Joann Das - July 04, 2016 at 06:13 PM

AC

“ Anne Cappiello lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Cappiello



Anne Cappiello - June 18, 2016 at 07:52 PM

LH

“ Love, Grace & Peter Schinella and Jane & Tom Hay purchased the Lily and Rose Tribute Spray for the family of Gloria Jean Cappiello.



Love, Grace & Peter Schinella and Jane & Tom Hay - June 17, 2016 at 08:34 AM

GS

“ Grace Schinella lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Cappiello



Grace Schinella - June 17, 2016 at 07:53 AM



“ My best wishes to the Cappiello family--although she was my cousin, my childhood memories of "Aunt" Gloria were fond ones--remember some of the NJ to LI trips our family made in the 1950's...
Ray Pompilio
Ithaca, NY

Ray Pompilio - June 17, 2016 at 07:52 AM

Jane George

“ Gloria and I are first cousins, although her children are closer in age to me. My memories of her include a special time when my parents, Gloria and her husband, Vito, all lived in Florida. Although Gloria was my father's niece, she also had a kinship with my mother. Both ladies loved to sew and enjoyed fashion, kept immaculate households, and enjoyed their families and grandchildren. Gloria was the last connection I had to information about my father's family. Beautiful both inside and out, I will miss our annual phone calls, updates, and photo sharing. Rest in peace, Glorie, you were special and will be missed. Condolences to Vito, Vic, Donna and their families. Hoping memories of happier times will last and help you at this sad time.

With love,
Jane Pompilio George

Jane George - June 17, 2016 at 05:49 AM



“ Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Gloria Jean Cappiello.



June 16, 2016 at 11:06 PM



“ Sweet Tenderness was purchased for the family of Gloria Jean Cappiello.



June 16, 2016 at 10:56 PM

KC

“ Karen Cappiello lit a candle in memory of Gloria Jean Cappiello



Karen Cappiello - June 16, 2016 at 10:21 PM



“ Bountiful Memories Casket Spray was purchased for the family of Gloria Jean Cappiello.



June 16, 2016 at 09:59 PM

JR

“ Judy and Rick purchased the Pink Tribute Spray for the family of Gloria Jean Cappiello.



Judy and Rick - June 16, 2016 at 06:32 PM

DU

“ Donna, Michael and Justin Ubriaco purchased the Lavender Reflections Spray for the family of Gloria Jean Cappiello.



Donna, Michael and Justin Ubriaco - June 16, 2016 at 05:29 PM