

## ***Ciao Carmelo***

Words fade in silence while telling the story of Carmelo Sesto. They tell us about his whole life and make us feel those painful days turning rapidly to their sunset, but no words will ever be as warm as holding Him in an embrace. A great and true dog lover, a genuine and strong man. He was my friend, I was his friend. And, like me, many others used to consider him a reassuring and serene presence in life and at work. A role model in the contradictory world of dog loving. The 7th of January, at 5,30 pm, he said goodbye to us from the hospital in Cittiglio. He closed his eyes at the last line of his real novel. Now and forever he is in his Cittiglio, just by his home in Cuveglio. He leaves a wife, Aurora, three sons, Christian, River and Rainer, the beloved little granddaughter Suami, his mother Gemma, his brothers Emanuela and Aurelio, and a lot of friends, the many of whom were there, that afternoon, at church in Cuveglio, to murmur their deep affection in a prayer or in a thought. Carmelo, we were so many and all together there, to listen to your silence. He lived his life walking confident about his activity and work, at first as an apprentice, then assistant and finally imitated grand master. That's what people said, say and will always tell. Because Carmelo Sesto knew well the meaning of work, the dedication to sports with dogs and the words that follow slowly one after the other, built by thoughts. Life had not been generous with him: he had to work hard to convince her he was worthier. A daily fight to win before sleeping every night and the following day you have to wake up with the consciousness that you must take the field again. So, day after day, for a long walk that not even illness, though over four years, could ever ease out thanks to his strong temperament and his sense of duty.

Hard work, intelligence, skill, tenacity: this is why he was the first, maybe without being convinced of it, otherwise there's no reason to explain his wonder because of the so many questions he was asked for and the whole attention people used to give him. We often got in touch and we used to spend time together: his words always showed an endless love for his work, for dogs world and the efforts all this requires.

He talked to me about the hard work to do every day to give serious answers to serious people about all the problems that often involve dog loving world. For our world and its people, and he was one of them, one of us. He used to tell me...and sometimes words went astray, like puppies let too free to go away. He used to tell me...and as often as not he was the one who found the solution. He used to listen to me...and in his eyes and in his sudden silences I could read the answers to all my questions. To confirm that friendship, when it's a true feeling, doesn't need any word. This was Carmelo, and more, more than this. I have always known it and it's as if I can realize it just now, according to Percy Bysshe Shelly: "Death is the veil which those who live call life: they sleep, and it is lifted..."

Pierluigi Pezzano