



## Joe Tasso

May 22, 1933 - April 30, 2024

No obituary found for this tribute.

# Cemetery Details

## **Long Island Cremation Company**

91 Eads Avenue  
West Babylon, NY 11704

# Tribute Wall

“ Surrounded by loved ones, Joe T. Tasso passed away Tuesday April 30th, 2024, in Melville, NY, at the age of 90 years. He is survived by his two sons Lorenzo and Silvio Tasso. Funeral services will be held at the Long Island National Cemetery in Farmingdale, NY, on May 10th, 2024 at 12 pm.

*Joe was born in San Jose, Costa Rica in 1933, and raised in the Piedmont region of Italy, living in Torino for the majority of his youth, and Franchini during World War II. In 1950, Joe emigrated to New York City, and shortly thereafter enlisted in the U.S. Army during the Korean War, where he was stationed in Germany. Upon returning, Joe married his sweet-heart Caterina “Rinuccia” Caraccia, to whom he remained married for the duration of his life.*

*In life, Joe was known by many names. A quirk indicative of his multifaceted nature. In New York City’s restaurant business, where he worked at some of the most prominent establishments of the 1950s-70s, such as Mamma Leone, Sardi’s, The Pier, and The Plaza Hotel, he was known as Dino. A nickname given to him for his remarkable ability to belt Italian classics such as Volare, Al di La, and Come Prima, and his effortless charm with everyone he encountered.*

*Amongst immediate family, where he would spin tales, prepare recipes learned at the restaurant, share paintings he created, serve as handyman around the house, and dazzle his sons with his abilities as a sportsman, he was Torquato – an eponym for the Renaissance poet Torquato Tasso. The loftiness of such a name was not lost on him, however. Despite never formally studying the English language, and not being a native speaker, he could craft sentences with the diction and eloquence of a scholar; recite verses of Dante from memory; and even introduce you to esoteric terms like phantasmagoric.*

*With his beloved grandchildren, he went by Nonno. For them he was a window into all of the worlds in which he traversed – bridging*

*the gap between past and present. He was an open book, willing to share stories of his life and the wisdom he had accumulated along the way. He was generous with compliments, delivering them with sincerity and astuteness.*

*We are saddened by his departure, but know that his spirit is yet again free. Ever-present and untethered by corporeality, Joe, Dino, Torquato, Nonno soars high amongst the birds – whose flight he often sang of, as the lyrics from Volare resonated from deep within him into the ears of delighted listeners nearby. Now, his essence is embodied in those verses and as such, he makes his way into the infinite sky.*

*“E incominciavo volare nel cielo infinito.”*

*We love you. May you rest in peace.*

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**Chris** - May 09, 2024 at 03:23 PM