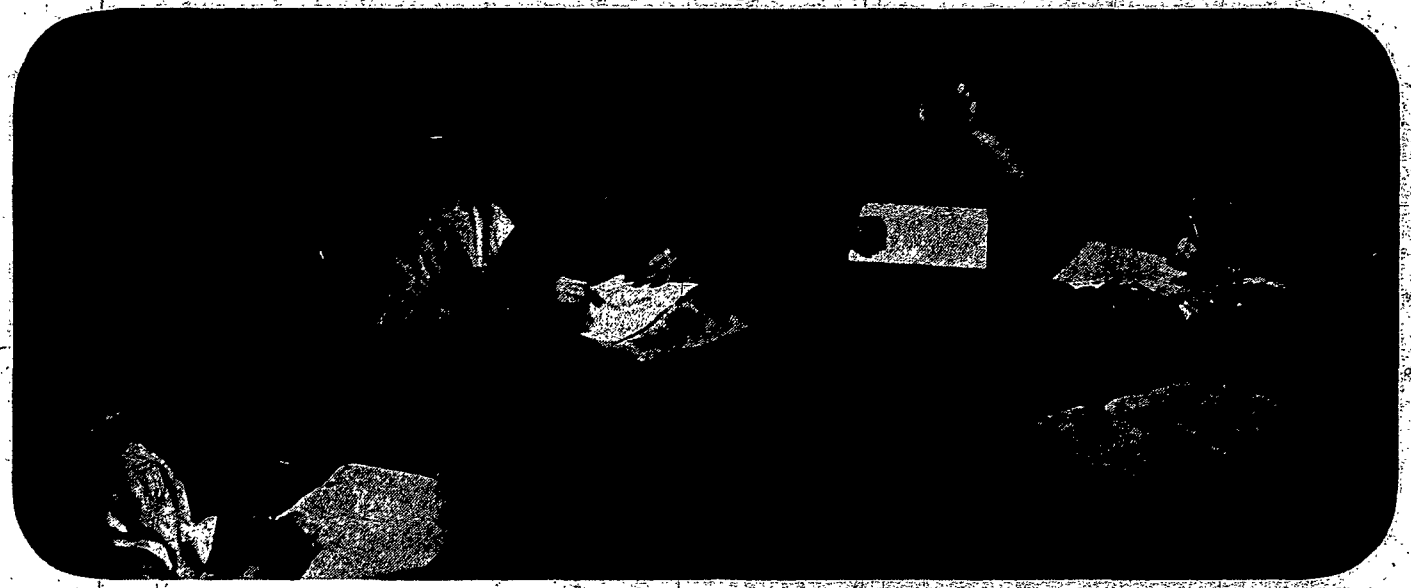




Dee Dee shows Suzette to the Rossi's grandson Blair.



Grace before meals is said by Donald.



An impromptu drawing session, above, develops around the kitchen table after the dinner plates are cleaned up. A growing boy, right, Kenny is proud of his muscles.

Since that call the Rossis have been providing a loving, wholesome environment for the scores of children "without a place to stay." They have put two additions on their home for bedroom and living space, and put much time into the round of school conferences, doctor visits and social worker consultations that make up the world of foster parents.

Not every part of being a foster parent is laughter, good times and happy meals with everybody around the table talking and joking. There is heartbreak, common when it comes time to give up a child to his natural parents or for adoption.

And there is the aggravation of just being a parent. When two of her present boys were still pre-school, Mrs. Rossi says, "I used to tie bells on their feet. When I couldn't hear the bells, I'd start running!" Most times when the bells stopped, the boys were engaged in escapades like painting the bedroom with liquid rouge.

But despite the heartbreak and traumas, life goes on.

Ralph Rossi, an avid and expert bowler, plans to introduce his boys to all kinds of sports. "I've always been a real bug on sports," he says, "and now they're getting old enough to be able to play."

As for his wife, "They just keep calling and asking, and I can't refuse them."



Sue King from Catholic Family Center is one of three workers assigned to children taken care of by the Rossis. At left, she looks over his father's bowling trophies with Brian, and above, goes through a catalogue with Mary.