

# ***George Foradori Loses Battle with Cancer***

More bad news: Even while the recent passing of dear friend and fellow PFW cyclist Erich Woisetschlager still weighs heavily on our minds came this sad news.

Although George lived with prostate cancer for a number of years, few would have even guessed and certainly many did not know about it because of the way George lived – determined to do all he could to avoid drawing attention to himself.

George was loved by all who knew him even a little. We have collected a number of thoughts and memories about him and, along with the Member Focus article we did in 2009, we print them here now so they can be properly shared by all.

The Pictures will be in color in the online Newsletter.

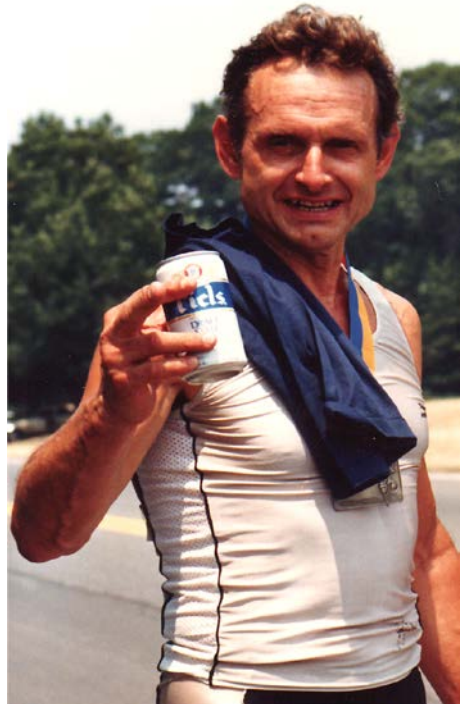
John Powers, Editor



## **Focus On Members: George Foradori**

*The focus this month is a reprint of the August 2009 article on George Foradori, entitled then as “the ageless wonder.”*

You can pay George no greater compliment than to say he doesn't act his age, at least not on a bicycle. George, a PFW member for over 20 years and retired from the military, is well into his golden years, but when it comes to cycling he would be the envy of folks half his age. George is a regular participant on the C+ rides leaving Etra Park, but for many of us he is merely a ghost with whom we chat amicably before departing Etra and later only catch glimpses of him on the far horizon as he chugs along at a pace that defies logic.



George doesn't race, he doesn't compete; he simply does something he enjoys and does it better than most. George, however, is quick to offer praise when he is witness to something special. This something special emerged on a recent bike ride in the form of a slightly built, 70-something European racer. Described by George as "the flying leprechaun," this Irish lad was a surprise participant on a May cycling jaunt through Mercer County. While he barely spoke a word of English (our English, that is), George learned that Gerard Rea was visiting from Bishopstown, Cork, and was well known in European cycling circles. Once the ride began, it was painfully obvious only a few could keep pace with our new friend. Of course, George was among them. What George had to say to his newfound riding partner at the conclusion is the gentleman we have come to recognize: "It was a pleasure riding with you."

Howie Luxenberg is to be thanked for assisting by interviewing and preparing the following report. To you, from all of us, George: It's a pleasure knowing you.

Cheers, Howie

## **Giorgio T Foradori**

Our long time PFW club member and friend, Giorgio T Foradori, passed away on October 27, 2014. Giorgio became a PFW member in 1987. He was a member of the "AX" group until later joining "Team Social Security" who titled him "the ageless wonder". Giorgio was a PFW time trial winner and NJ time trial champion for his age group.

His Obituary is posted on-line at:

[http://www.burlingtoncountytimes.com/obituaries/bct/george-thomas-foradori/article\\_ae427cd6-5d7b-5db7-b394-c62a9e461d2a.html](http://www.burlingtoncountytimes.com/obituaries/bct/george-thomas-foradori/article_ae427cd6-5d7b-5db7-b394-c62a9e461d2a.html)

**Carla Olsen** We were friends for over 28 years. He would have been 83 on the 16th of November and was a member of the ski club for 10 years.

George was the type of person to go out of this world quietly, so I am not surprised that few knew he was dying. No farewell ride-bys for George! He will be greatly missed.

**Bob Wood** George and I go way back in the club - maybe to 1984 or so, when I lived in Cranbury for the first time. Way before Team Social Security, when we were both younger and stronger. I had no idea then that George was as old as he was, as he had the stamina of a young man - much more than me! He always had a joke, a smile, and encouraged you to do better than you thought you could. I was flabbergasted when George talked one day about his grand daughter getting her PhD. I asked him how old he was, and was astounded at his reply.

One of my strongest memories of George is on a B ride with Ira, Don, and some of the other regulars. George took off, with me on his wheel. "Are you on?" George asked (he never used a mirror) at 22 MPH. "I'm on", I answered. "Are you still on?" he asked at 24 MPH. "Still here!" I cried. At 26 MPH George loudly asked again - "Still on?" - there was no reply from me, as I had

been dropped by the amazing George Foradori!

**Rick Weiss** I've known George from the first couple of rides he came on a Princeton Free Wheelers. When George was part of the AX riders (late 80s early 90s), it was a small and committed group of riders. We rode together almost every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. George, who was in his fifties (I believe) was a strong rider and could push the group as well as any of the twenty or thirty somethings on the ride. He always kept us entertained on these rides. On one ride that I was leading, which was meant for 4 of us who together signed up for the NJ Garden State Games team time trial, George wanted to join us. I told him he could but explained that we were training and needed to work on our rotation etc. So he came along and stayed in the back. After 10 or 15 miles of extremely intense riding (26+ mph) on Route 526 out of Allentown, George decided to move to the left and rode up parallel to the first guy, and started whistling. After maybe a mile of this, he went back to the end of the line. He made his point. I've told this story many many times over the years, always with admiration of George. He was someone that inspired me to continue biking throughout my life with the realization that age was more of a mindset. I could be a fast biker in my fifties and later. I will miss George, he was a wonderful individual.

**Ken Sharples** Barb and I were friends of George for over 25 years. We first met him at the Tuesday evening rides that started at Peter Muschal School just outside Crosswicks. We were both still working, but George was already retired ... at 55! He instantly became a retirement role model for me, as well as someone to try to keep up with on the bike. I spent thousands of miles pedaling behind his rear wheel, at times just inches away and at other times barely able to keep him in sight.

George and I did our first Anchor House ride together in 1989. Back then AH put four riders in one room. I slept with George. Two other PFW riders Vic Garzotto and Mike Hamilton bunked with us. George is the main reason I had my wife Barb join the AH Ride for Runaways the very next year. George would fall asleep in ten seconds and immediately start snoring like a buzz saw. I didn't get any sleep for a week! Vic tried sleeping outside on the balcony until the mosquitoes drove him back into the room. Neither he nor Mike ever came back. One year AH came home via Frenchtown. I remember getting on George's wheel as we started down Rt.29 for Stockton. With over 450 miles already on our legs George pulled at almost 30 mph for nine miles to Bull's Island with me just hanging on. At Bull's he signaled me to come around and do some work. It was all I could do to laugh at the thought. He was a machine.

George introduced Barb and me to a beautiful part of the world, Northern Italy and the Dolomites where his parents came from and he still has relatives. We stayed often with his cousin where we had fantastic home cooked meals and did many "giros" or 40-60 mile circuit rides from the home base to the lakes and high mountains. I went alone (without Barb) a few years, but after raving about Italy so much Barb decided it was time to find out for herself. George was so proud of his Italian roots and always took the time to be a host and tour guide for us and other biking/hiking friends. If you went anywhere with George you would eventually meet everyone within earshot ... which with George was quite a radius. We still have an Italian friend (Flavio) in the next town from where George's cousin lives. George and I met Flavio while on a bike ride on one of the early trips to Italy. Flavio and family stayed with us

and with George on a trip to the US and were very upset to hear of his passing.

When he wasn't on the bike George's other retirement passion was cutting and splitting firewood which he and I spent countless hours doing. He would help me tremendously just for the "exercise". He could hand split rounds (with an axe) faster than I could cut them with a chainsaw. His US cousin Fred once asked if we could cut down a tree for someone in an upscale town in north jersey. Fred was too busy at the time. So George and I went to the address he had, found no one home, but an obvious dead tree on the property. We cut and stacked it neatly. A couple of days later Fred called George to ask when we were going to get to that tree; the homeowner called again. What?! We already cut down the tree. Wrong one! When Fred went to the correct address for the correct tree the other homeowner came by to ask if "his men" had been in the area before. Nope, never been near this place was Fred's reply.

So that was the George I remember ... running red lights and stop signs on his bike ... cutting down the wrong tree ... meeting everybody and making new friends ... always helpful ... never a dull moment.

Someone once said his initials "GTF" really stood for Get There First. He still is. RIP buddy. Ciao.

**Karen Baldino** I knew George since 1987 and rode many miles with him. He was an exceptional athlete, cyclist, and personality extraordinaire. George was a very successful man in many ways, but also so very down to earth and so very proud of his heritage. Georgio, a kind, true gentleman, with amazing strength and a warm-hearted smile. I hope the trip home was easy pedaling. RIP from your ole' AX riding partner.

**Mike Suber** In George's life on a bike or in casual conversation, he was both witty and circumspectful. Once, while we met at Gallery 14 -- a photography exhibit in Hopewell -- I observed that one photo reminded me of a fractal. George, who I believe had an engineering background, pretended not to know what a fractal was. I sometimes kidded him about that, and he took my ribbing with utmost grace.

I heard many years ago -- not from George, of course -- that he entered a time trial in his 50's and won it while competing against all other ages. If there is a cycling route in the sky, George is sure to be on it.

**Ed Dabrowski** Another great guy is gone. George was a teacher masquerading as a biker. He taught everyone who rode with him. He taught me how to climb hills (even though I was a D- student). He taught this Polish boy how to be thoroughly Italian. I learned about food, wine, restaurants and attitude. He taught all of us to dream big with his trips to follow the route of the Tour de France and to wander around the Dolomites. He led by example with his volunteer work at Maguire AFB.

Many of us were convinced that George was a different species because of the way he defied aging.

I will always imagine George leading a ride in heaven with Norman, Erick and other great PFW members drafting along behind.

George, thanks for all your lessons.

**Ken Leon** He has always been a true champion and role model. He touched everyone with his vigor for life.

**Ernie Lee** I will personally miss him and his encouragement to me to ride my bike hard safe and strong to ride from the front and not the back. Thanks George I will miss you.

**Genevieve Belfiglio** Public about his loves and private about his feelings. This is very sad. I am so glad I had an opportunity at Dan's party this summer to tell him all that he had done for me as a cyclist. Without George, I would have given up at the outset a joy that is at the forefront of my life.

**Spence Halper** It was George's way. Our friend who lived life with love, gusto, determination and no apologies. May he rest in peace.

**Laura Lynch** George makes one appearance in my blog - Much of it is probably too obscene to print:

<http://perpetualheadwinds.blogspot.com/2009/05/crazy-season-begins.html?m=1>

**Pat Van Hise** The club has lost a member who will not be forgotten.

**Bruce Kirschner** Sorry to hear of George's passing. I will miss his stories of his cycling adventures in Italy. A loss of a longtime club member.

**Dan Zorovich** For the last several months, since he stopped riding with us, I called Giorgio the day before our lunch to remind him to come. He knew who I was because I spoke to him in Italian. He came to lunch last month and I was going to call him today because I didn't believe that he was that bad.

We will miss him.