

A True Saint



Antimo Mastrostefano

If it isn't painfully obvious by my name, I am of Italian heritage. My Mastrostefano ancestors grew up in the heart of Federal Hill, even owning an Italian bakery where Roma sits nowadays. My grandfather Antimo was as Italian-American as they come, a hardworking landscaper who didn't shy away from a drawn-out Italian meal on the weekends with friends and family. He was known to drink Black Label, a Canadian lager that is no longer made. If he were around today, I'd surely bring him a four-pack of what Shaidzon has brewed for St. Joseph's Day to wash down his zeppole.