

Glista Family Scholarship Endowment

My memories of growing up in Westfield are so precious to me. As a child I only knew happy times. There was a sense of peace living in our little town; one that you do not appreciate until you have grown in wisdom and knowledge. Now, as a senior citizen and a person who moved away from her “roots” at the tender age of 20, you realize the true impact your family and your hometown had on your life. The values you learned became the gold of your being. I will always be grateful for my family and the town where I grew up—the Glista family and Westfield.

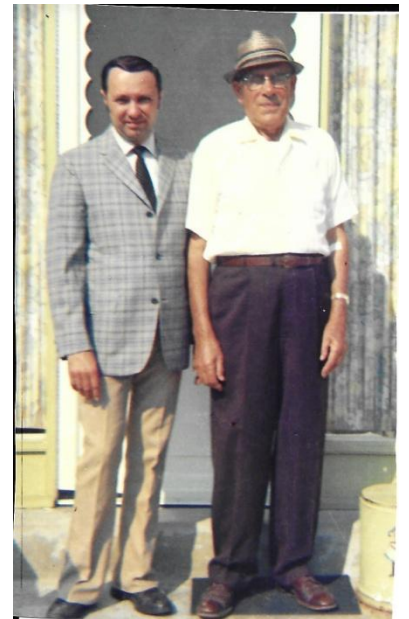


The beginning of the Glista family started in a little grocery store, Broz’s Market, at 69 Meadow Street. My mother, Helen Broz, took over and ran the store after her mother died in 1932. Her father, Anton, was a prominent baker in the area. He had a bakery on Meadow Street, and then one on Lewis Street. When my grandmother opened the store, he gave up baking and developed the properties he owned on Meadow Street and Phelps Avenue.

Anthony Glista, a Polish immigrant from a region in the Carpathian Mountains of Poland, settled in Westfield in 1925. He and his son, Stanley, lived on Lewis Street. Frequenting my mother’s grocery store, Anthony fell in love with Helen. They were married in that house on Lewis Street on February 22, 1940. What I realize now that is particularly beautiful about that occasion, it was simple and all family from

both sides attended because they all were from Westfield.

I have to interject here about the character of my parents because they are the reason I am who I am today. My father was so proud that he came to America! He became a citizen, studied English (we spoke only English in our home), served in the Massachusetts National Guard and studied American history with pride. The gift they gave me, by example, was my love of God and country.



The Anthony Glista family eventually moved to Southampton Road. There he cleared the land and he and my brother built our home. My brother Stanley went off to serve in the U.S. Navy for four years. I enjoyed a paradise on Southampton Road.

I went to Prospect Hill School, Mosley, Fort Meadow, Intermediate and graduated from Westfield High in 1961. Very often to this day, I reflect on the wonderful teachers that shaped my life. I am very grateful to all of them. I went on to a one year medical assistant course at Springfield Trade School. After listening to a persuasive presentation by a Mercy Hospital nurse at our school, 26 of us changed our course. I do believe we were the first class of surgical technicians. That one year course gave me a very satisfying career of 40 years working in operating rooms. I have now been retired for 12 years.

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I still have my brother Stanley. He lives in Natick, MA, and celebrated his 90th birthday on December 1, 2020. After I married I moved to Philadelphia, and have lived here for 57 years. We were blessed with three beautiful sons who are now men. My oldest son, Richard, is deceased. Scott lives in Philadelphia and Shawn resides in Tennessee.

Life has been very good to me. I had the best life growing up and attending school in Westfield. This gave me the finest “roots” to carry me through life. My teachers gave me an education that molded me and I still use the tools they gave me. I wish the same for every young person. Always remember the following: your education, wisdom and understanding cannot be taken away from you. Pursue it, use it, share it, and do generous deeds with it.

As I close, I want to acknowledge the greatness of CSF Westfield Dollars for Scholars. This organization is doing wonderful work for the young students of Westfield. It is helping them achieve their dreams, and I am grateful to be able to help carry out that dream.

Written by: Carol (Glista) Malimowski
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