



Newsday photo by Erica Berger

# “We're in This Together” Heartbreak, Hope And Laughter

By Irene Virag

For the past nine months, breast cancer has ruled the nights and days of Fran and Jerry Lenzo's marriage. Nights and days of heartbreak and hope. Nights and days of sorrow and sweetness.

Like the snow-flecked night in January five months after the day Fran first felt a lump under her right armpit. She'd already had a double mastectomy and she was just starting chemotherapy. Fran's collar-length hair had been cropped short and she'd bought two wigs. She'd told Jerry what she wanted to do.

"My hair is the one thing I have control over," she explained just after New Year's, on the morning she looked in the mirror and realized she no longer had eyebrows. "I don't want to wait for the chemo to take my hair. If I'm going to be bald I want to be bald on my terms." Still, Jerry was shaken that night by the sight of his wife standing in the hall with a clump of her coffee-brown hair in her hand. "Look at this," she said. And she yanked another handful of hair from her head. "Tell me this isn't happening."

Jerry cradled his wife in his arms. He ran his fingers through her hair as he'd done so many times before in their seven years of marriage, but now it was different. Now Jerry Lenzo watched silently as the strands of his wife's hair floated to the kitchen floor. He kissed her lashless eyelids. "You're beautiful," he whispered.

Fran and Jerry are varsity talkers. They love telling anyone who'll listen that they can drive all the way to Pennsylvania and never clip on the car radio because they have so much to talk about. Dave Scheiner, Jerry's longtime buddy who spent the day in the hospital with him when Fran had surgery, jokes that the couple's friends need gadgets on their phones to say, "Yeah Lenzo, uh-huh, uh-huh," at the push of a button. That way, "he doesn't even know you went out to dinner. He just keeps talking."

But the rest of that winter evening, the talkers held their thoughts to themselves. They had a quiet dinner and later they sat in their beige recliners watching a rerun of "Cheers." When Jerry turned off the television and Fran packed away her crocheting, the silence intruded.

"It's time," Fran announced.

"I don't want to, Fran. I can't."

"Please, Jerry. You promised."

She took him by the hand to the upstairs bathroom. She had everything ready. A chair faced the mirror over the sink. A pair of barber scissors lay on the toilet seat. Two electric shavers were plugged in and waiting. Fran sat down and handed her husband the scissors.

"It's okay. I'm ready."

"I love you," he said.

He cut off her hair and then Fran picked up her Lady Schick; Jerry turned on his Norelco and they shaved away what was left. It took almost an hour. When they were finished, Jerry vacuumed the hair from the bathroom floor. He went into the bedroom and waited for his wife to emerge from the shower. He was used to the scars on her chest. Now she was also totally bald.

Fran looked in the mirror. "I look pretty good with no hair."

Jerry touched her white scalp. "It feels like number two grid sandpaper. You have a beautiful head, my little Chia Pet."

"I'm balder than you are."

"I have bigger breasts."

They cracked up laughing.

That's the way it is with Fran and Jerry Lenzo. This is their story.

A story about breast cancer.

A love story.

He was a 42-year-old father of two boys who was going through a divorce. She was a 37-year-old widow

with a daughter and a handicapped son. They already knew each other; Fran was a secretary at an electronics firm that used the Minuteman Press franchise Jerry owned in Melville. One afternoon, Jerry phoned to ask about two groups she belonged to - a diet program and Parents Without Partners. The conversation ran on and Fran suggested that they get together for coffee.

It was very suburban. They met at a diner. Not that a crowd would have inhibited them, but it was 9 o'clock on a Monday night in November and they practically had the place to themselves. They ate cherry cheesecake and drank coffee and by their own description they "talked and talked and talked."

On their third date, they went bowling. Afterward, as they ran across the street to the car, Fran touched Jerry's arm.

"I think I love you," she said.

"I think I love you too."

They kissed. "When two people are in love," Jerry said, "they should get married."

Fran laughed. "So when do you want to get married?"

The wedding invitation they sent out soon afterward said the rest:

“ This day I will marry My Friend  
The One I laugh with, live for, dream with, Love.”

On April 15, 1985, Frances Mary Teresa Franco Sensale, a welder's daughter who grew up in a New Jersey suburb she calls "Leave-It-to-Beaver Land," married Gerard Peter Lenzo, a clothing salesman's son who grew up in Bedford-Stuyvesant and always wanted to be a printer. The bride wore a pink street-length dress. The groom wore a black suit and pink tie. They hosted a reception for 38 guests and danced to Anne Murray's "Nobody Loves Me Like You Do" at the restaurant where they'd had their second date.

Two people in love got married. And even breast cancer hasn't kept them from trying to live happily ever after.

They lived in a house in Huntington – a cedar-shingled, center-hall colonial on a dead-end street with a deck in the back and a magnolia tree in the front. Fran helped with Jerry's printing business. They went on weekend drives; they ate out a lot. Every year, they went back to Cove Haven, a resort in the Poconos where they spent their honeymoon.

They'd been married more than seven years when Fran discovered the lump. She was working out with six-pound hand-weights in the exercise room just off the master bedroom. She felt a muscle pull. She rolled up her pink T-shirt and rubbed under her armpit and along the side of her right breast. She felt something. A hard knot. As big as a golf ball. She touched it again - then she went back to her workout.

That night, she showed the lump to Jerry. They both figured it was a pulled muscle or a blind pimple, nothing to worry about. It was late August or early September, 1992 – Fran didn't think it was important enough to note the date. Every couple of days, she'd feel the lump but it never got bigger or harder – so she never anguished over it.

Still, when she saw an ad in the newspaper about mammograms at Huntington Hospital, she decided to go. That wasn't until Oct. 9 – a day that is black-lettered in the calendar of Fran Lenzo's mind. The day she had her very first mammogram. She was told she had a lump in her left breast as well and three hours later, she was in a surgeon's office. Somewhere along the way, she called Jerry at work. "Something's going on," she told him.

One week later, they found out exactly what. A biopsy showed the hard knot was a malignant tumor. And there was a suspicion of cancer in her left breast. Jerry took the call from the surgeon. When he hung up, he walked over to his wife. "It's cancer," he whispered. Fran froze – and then her disbelief shook the room. "How could it be?" she screamed. "It can't be." Jerry held her as she beat her fists against his chest.

The next morning, Fran was holding Jerry's hand when the surgeon told her they wouldn't know for sure if she'd need a single or a double mastectomy until they operated.

They spent a dizzying week getting second and third opinions. "My whole life was up in the air and I felt numb," Fran said. "I wanted to be numb because I didn't want to feel - because if I felt, then I'd think and if I thought, then I cried and if I cried, I'd go crazy. . . . Diabetes was always my lot in life. I'm insulin-dependent. I always assumed that one day I'd die of complications from diabetes. Then, all of a sudden, it was like, my God, I'm going to die tomorrow of breast cancer. I read the obituaries every day. I'd look for women; I'd look at their ages - 36, 39, 46, 52. I'd think she must have had breast cancer. And I'd wonder about what wasn't in the paper. Did she have a mastectomy? How much and what kind of chemo? Did she try a bone marrow transplant? How long do I have before my obituary is in the paper?"

Together Fran and Jerry read books about breast cancer. They weighed their options – and they talked. They scheduled the mastectomy for Oct. 30.

A week before the surgery, Jerry called Fran's two younger sisters. One of them phoned Fran's daughter, Christine. If there were hard moments in the marriage, they revolved around Fran's children. Her son, Jimmy, had cerebral palsy and behavioral problems and a few months after their wedding, they had to put the 11-year-old in a home in Pennsylvania. And Fran and Christine didn't get along.

"It blew my mind that she was getting married so soon after my father died," Christine says. "It was just a few years. I was 10 when he died. He was my best friend. I was so angry at her – she was always such a talker but she never talked to me. She was preoccupied with my little brother. I was in the wedding party and I stood at the altar and burst into tears. They weren't tears of joy.

"From the beginning, I had a real attitude toward my mother and I had an even bigger attitude toward Jerry. I thought my mother was a wimp and he was a tyrant who controlled her and I got the short end of the stick every time."

Christine lasted one semester at Westchester University in Pennsylvania. "I partied all the time and my grades weren't good. My mother said she wouldn't pay for it anymore."

When Christine came home, the arguments resumed. Seven months later, Fran and Jerry told her to find another place to stay. In silence, the 18-year-old went to live on her own – the mother and daughter never even said goodbye.

Time only hardened the rift. Fran and Christine hadn't spoken for a year and a half when Christine answered

the phone at 11:30 on a Saturday night. Just the week before she had thrown a birthday card from her mother into the trash. And now two words changed everything.

"As soon as I heard the words breast cancer, it took me about one second to decide what I was going to do," Christine says. "It was almost midnight but as soon as I stopped crying, I called her. I said, 'Mommy, let's forget everything and start over.' The next day Jerry invited me and my boyfriend to come over."

At first mother and daughter walked on eggshells. Fran showed Christine the changes in the house - the teenager's bedroom had been converted into a billiard room and her walk-in closet was cleared for a pinball machine. And in the living room Fran sat down at a new Baldwin to demonstrate the fruits of her recent piano lessons. The song she played is called "If We Hold on Together" and if that seems like something out of a soap opera, well, Fran often says, "My life's a soap opera." That day, as they embraced in the shadow of the valley of death, a parent and child washed away years of anger with their tears.

Before Christine left, Fran brought out a copy of her mammogram. They talked about breast cancer and mastectomies. And then Fran guided Christine's hand over the right side of her breast and pressed her fingers into the hard knot she'd felt during a workout on a late summer morning that already seemed so long ago.

"Feel this," Fran said. "This is wrong. This is what I pray you'll never feel – but if you ever do, Christine, promise me you'll go to a doctor that very same day." Then she showed her daughter how to do a breast self-exam – something Fran herself had never done.

On Oct. 30, Christine sat all day at Huntington Hospital with Jerry and his friend Dave Scheiner and Jerry's niece. She was with Jerry when he took a call from the operating room. He didn't say a word, but his eyes were wet as he heard the doctor say that both breasts had to be removed.

Christine remembers her step-father looked like "a broken man." She rushed to comfort him. They held on to each other and Christine thought to herself: "Jerry really loves my mother. . . . Oh God, what's going to happen to my mother?"

The morning after Fran came home from the hospital, her surgeon, Dr. William Martin, telephoned Jerry at work. He asked Jerry to come to his office so they could talk in person.

Jerry recalls their conversation vividly.

"There are more nodes than we like to think about," the doctor said.

Jerry was immediately alarmed. The doctor was talking about lymph nodes, chains of little bubbles that carry fluid throughout the body. The more nodes that test positive for cancer the more ominous the prognosis. Ten or more suggests that the cancer has spread significantly.

"How many?" Jerry remembers asking.

"The numbers are on the high side."

"What are you trying to tell me?"

Dr. Martin told him there had been two tumors in the right breast and one in the left. Three lymph nodes on

the right tested positive for cancer; on the left 11 tested positive. Fran would need aggressive chemotherapy, possibly radiation. She was also a candidate for bone marrow transplantation – a new treatment for breast cancer. The patient's healthy bone marrow is removed and the body is bombarded with high doses of chemotherapy. Then the bone marrow is put back in the body.

It all seemed unreal to Jerry, who remembers thinking, "No, please no. Everything's going too fast. A month ago we never gave breast cancer a thought. What does this mean? Is she going to die?"

Two days later, when they met the oncologist, Dr. Michael S. Buchholtz, Jerry pulled him aside: "I told Fran she only had eight nodes involved."

Jerry remembers the oncologist's answer: "She has to know. She'll have to consider bone marrow transplantation. She should be making that decision soon."

Fran came back into the room and the doctor told her. "I couldn't relate to the numbers," Fran recalls. "I still can't. But I got teary-eyed – because Jerry wanted to protect me and I loved him even more for it. And because I thought wow, we're really in this together. I can't die, we have a great love story going on here."

Four days after Christmas, Fran started chemotherapy. She and Jerry learned a new vocabulary – Zofran, Cytoxan, Adriamycin, Fluorouracil or 5-FU. The names of the drugs that are injected into the bloodstream and that kill any existing cancer cells, no matter how tiny, hiding in the body. Drugs she received through a catheter that had been inserted on the right side of her chest two weeks before.

Jerry learned to clean the plastic tubes that dangled from a small incision just above his wife's mastectomy scars – two lines that ran from under each armpit to almost the center of her chest. Two wavy lines, each about 9 inches long, that were still pink and swollen and tender to the touch.

From the beginning, the catheter was uncomfortable, but Fran was more concerned about the chemo. "I'd heard horror stories," she said. She recorded her chemo schedule on the calendar – UGH! days she called them. Jerry printed up yellow signs that shouted DO IT AND GET THROUGH IT in black capitals. They hung the signs throughout the house - on the mirror of Fran's vanity, above the mantel in the den, on the refrigerator door.

She designated an old pair of blue pants and a faded long-sleeve shirt as her "throw-up outfit" and she wore it to almost every chemo session. She always carried a yellow plastic basin – the kind hospital patients brush their teeth in – just in case she got sick. "Getting chemo is like having a virus," Fran says, "you feel tired and achy and queasy and just not right."

Jerry always went with her. He'd massage her feet while the anti-nausea drug Zofran dripped into her body. He'd hold her hand while the nurse pushed syringes filled with Adriamycin, the drug that causes hair loss, and the other medications through the catheter tube.

For the next two months, in two-week cycles, Fran went to her oncologist's Huntington office. The first Tuesday, she'd get a one-and-a-half-hour treatment she called Big Chemo and the following Tuesday she'd get a 30-minute Little Chemo. Then she was "off" for two weeks. Ten days after the treatment started, Fran lost her pubic hair. A few days later, she stood in the front hall with a clump of coffee-brown hair in her hand. And that evening, she and Jerry went upstairs and shaved her head.

In March, the chemotherapy was suspended while Fran underwent tests for the bone marrow transplant. Jerry held his wife's hand while Dr. Buchholtz extracted bone marrow samples from her hip.

"Ow, ow," Fran yelled at one point.

"It's okay. You're all right." Jerry squeezed her hand to reassure her.

"OW."

"What's wrong?" Jerry asked.

"My hand. You're holding it too tight."

Almost five months to the day after she underwent the double mastectomy, Fran felt pressure building in her chest. She couldn't lie down without choking.

Jerry rushed her to the emergency room. When she went home, she was still uncomfortable. The next day she called her family physician. "When I lie down, my face gets red as a beet and swells up," she told him. "I feel like a kielbasa ready to blow up." She was readmitted. Tests showed a blood clot near the catheter. Within hours, Fran was in intensive care.

She realized how fragile her body was, how much could go wrong. Her new insurance carrier refused to pay for the bone marrow transplant, which is considered experimental. Mostly because they were afraid of the procedure to begin with, Fran and Jerry decided not to go through with it.

"Are you sure?" Jerry asked. "If there's a recurrence later on, will we say it's because you didn't do the bone marrow?"

"I'll take my chances."

They were both relieved by the decision.

By the end of the month, Fran was back in ICU with another blood clot. The catheter would have to be removed. Fran's 46th birthday was two days away and Jerry was planning a party.

"Don't worry," Fran said. "I'll be there."

She was.

The party sprawled across the house and yard – almost 100 friends and relatives. Fran's sisters and her mother, Clara Franco. Jerry's sons, Gary and Steven, and his brother, Richard, from California, and his mother, Rose, who Fran says is "in charge of prayers." Many of the guests hadn't seen Fran since she was diagnosed. A man in a tuxedo played the accordion and a woman in a white top hat and tails delivered a singing telegram. Jerry's present to his wife was parked in the driveway – a white Eldorado with a CD player and a sunroof that was topped with a giant red bow.

Fran wore a white silk pantsuit, gold-sequined slippers, the diamond-and-ruby ring Jerry bought her two weeks before for their eighth anniversary – and a short, coffee-brown wig. "She looks so good," one guest told Jerry, "I didn't recognize her."

"She got her hair done," he said.

"I love you all, each and every one of you," Fran told her guests as Jerry looked at her adoringly from across the kitchen, his basset-hound eyes brimming with tears. "And my husband – if there is ever a man to have in your life it's Gerard Peter Lenzo. You've brought me more love and laughter and everything you can think of that's positive and good . . ."

Jerry blew her a kiss. He walked over to her and they embraced. Everyone applauded.

"Can I take off my hair now?" she said.

Nine days after the party, Fran was back at Dr. Martin's office to have a temporary catheter inserted in her neck so she could resume chemotherapy. It was supposed to be a routine procedure with a local anesthetic.

Jerry sat in the waiting room shifting in his seat. He checked his watch - it had been almost 20 minutes. He rubbed his face. Two children sitting nearby tried to play peekaboo with him but Jerry was oblivious.

Ten minutes later, the door opened. Fran appeared in a wheelchair. Her face was as white as the hospital gown she was wearing. She held her head down and rubbed the back of her neck.

Jerry knelt in front of the wheelchair and kissed her hand.

"Jerry," she whispered.

"Fran."

"I don't know."

Jerry looked to the doctor standing in the doorway.

"We couldn't put the catheter in," Dr. Martin said. "We'll have to insert one through the groin but she'll have to go into the hospital for that."

Jerry's face dropped.

"It hurt so much," Fran told him.

They sat in the waiting room while hospital arrangements were made. Jerry wrapped his arm around his wife's shoulders. Fran leaned into his chest. She looked white and shrunken and scared. Jerry sat still and stared into the distance. His eyes were wide and frightened. A tear rolled down his cheek. He pulled her closer.

Fran was admitted to Huntington Hospital for her next two Big Chemo sessions. Dr. Martin inserted a catheter in her groin; Dr. Buchholtz pushed through the drugs. Jerry took off from work and sat by her bedside and they talked the day away.

After her last in-patient treatment, Dr. Buchholtz gave Fran the name of a radiation oncologist. "We'll see what he says. Now, let this saline solution drip and then you two put on your dancing shoes and get out of here."



With just one Little Chemo left, Fran and Jerry felt like dancing. They made a reservation to go back to the future – to Cove Haven in the Poconos. "It would be the beginning," Jerry said, "of our return to the way things used to be."

The idea of putting on a bathing suit made Fran think about a prosthesis.

In early June, she drove to Dora Meyers, a Huntington lingerie shop that carries a line of mastectomy fittings. Anne Velsor, one of the owners who measured Fran the week before, placed two gray carrying cases on the counter. Fran unzipped them and picked up one of the silicone-filled prostheses that cost \$ 360 each.

"Is this the left or the right?" she wondered out loud. "Oooh, it feels so real." She giggled and held the breast over her blouse. "Look, there's even a nipple. I'm glad I ordered the blush color. It matches my skin."

Fran cradled the prosthesis in one hand while she felt it with the other. With the timing of a stand-up comic she paused for her punch line. "I'm feeling for lumps. Should I take them for a mammogram?"

In the dressing room, Fran examined her scars and the three scabs that form a 6-inch perpendicular line – the sites of her troublesome catheters. She put on a bra and poked the empty size 38-B cups. "It's time to fill in the blanks."

Anne Velsor showed her how to position the prostheses in specially designed bras with pockets. "I used to heave mine up and position them," Fran said. "So now I'll take them out of a box and position them. I'd rather have breasts in a box than have mine still attached and killing me."

Anne helped Fran adhere the prostheses directly to her chest using an exfoliant, a special eyebrow pencil and horseshoe-shaped adhesive and velcro strips. "I'm still numb there," Fran said. "I'll have to get used to these – like my partial plate. I just kept wearing it till I got used to it, now it's a part of me."

Fran exulted as she pulled the bra over her new breasts. "I'll go home and say, 'Feel me Jerry, feel my breasts.' "

"Can I go in the hot tub with them on?"

"The jacuzzi yes, the sauna no."

Fran bounced up and down. "I can hardly wait till Jerry gets home – I'll say, 'Hi there, handsome . . .'" Fran stuck out her chest and did her best Mae West impression.

Three weeks later, she wore the prostheses to a meeting of the support group she had been attending at Huntington Hospital since she started chemotherapy.

"Notice anything different about me, girls?"

At which point, Fran yanked up her shirt. "Look, you can't tell it's not me. We went out for breakfast Saturday and I'm ordering low-fat everything and of course I'm bald as a cue ball so I tell the waitress my whole story. I say, 'Feel my new boobs, they're great, go ahead.' She did."

"May I?" a woman in a red blouse asked.

It was show-and-tell at a breast cancer support group as a prosthesis was passed from hand to hand.

"Oh my," said red blouse as she held it. "It's heavy."

"They're one pound each," Fran said. "I weighed them on my bathroom scale. I love the weight of them. With the double mastectomy, I touch myself and it's just bone there. I put the fake boobs on and I don't feel so vulnerable."

The prosthesis came full circle and Fran popped it back in her bra. "Am I balanced?" she asked.

They went to Cove Haven on July 3 and relived their honeymoon for five days. Kitsch and kissing. They drove in the white shuttle bus known as "The Love Machine." They played the Newlywed Game and slow-danced and strolled in the woods. They slept in a round bed and took bubble baths in a red heart-shaped tub.

At dinner the first night, Fran wore the white pantsuit she bought for her birthday party and no wig. The woman across the table asked if she was getting chemotherapy. Fran told her story.

The next morning before breakfast, she studied her husband. "You're so quiet. What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Tell me. You were quiet at dinner last night."

"Why'd you have to talk about it so much? All you talked about was breast cancer."

"That woman was asking me questions. What was I supposed to do, not answer her?"

"It was all so somber. Listening to you, all I could think was I don't want the five days to be like this. We need a break from breast cancer, Fran."

"Talking about it is my way of dealing with it, Jerry. I have to be me."

"I love you the way you are. But you should've seen their faces. And then when you said you're diabetic, they all looked like, 'My God, is this woman going to make it through dinner?'"

The next night Fran wore a coffee-brown wig. Her head was sweating and she whispered to Jerry that she was going to the restroom to take off her hair.

"I'll help you," Jerry said. He reached up and in one swoop he pulled off her wig.

"Thank you," Fran said. Everyone laughed.

Breast cancer still stalks the nights and days of Fran and Jerry Lenzo's marriage.

"Fran Lenzo falls into a very undesirable statistical category," Dr. Buchholtz says. "Statistically, 55 to 85 percent of breast cancer patients with 10 nodes involved will relapse within five years and 80 percent will relapse within three years. . . . Nobody knows on an individual level what's going to happen. Chemotherapy is insur-

ance. Chemotherapy will lower the probability of recurrence. If in five years she doesn't have a recurrence, then the chemotherapy was effective. If her cancer never comes back, then the chemo was very effective. Short of waiting to see what happens, you really can't tell.

"Everyone deals with it in their own way. The thing that amazes me – no matter how they do it, most people come to grips with it and do what they have to do. People find a courage and capacity to rise up to this disease. I must say though, Fran's more upbeat than most. Fran Lenzo has a wonderful sense of humor."

A few days after they returned from Cove Haven, Fran went on Tamoxifen and started a six-week course of radiation. The map of radiation fields had already been drawn on her chest – dots and lines, circles and Xs in indelible ink. Now, Fran visits the Smithtown office of Dr. Richard Byrnes, where she lies on a computer-operated linear accelerator inside a five-foot-thick concrete vault and gets zapped with a dosage of radiation strong enough to annihilate any microscopic cancer cells still lurking inside her.

Alone in the room, Fran reassures herself with meditation. She has a simple mantra – the words "good health."

The daily treatments will go on until Aug. 20, when Fran plans to take her husband to Atlantic City for his 51st birthday. After that, she'll visit her oncologist, Dr. Buchholtz, for check-ups every two months and hope for a happy ending.

Fran and Jerry hope in tandem. They light up the dark corners with tenderness. They turn the unspeakable into one-liners. They scatter the shadows with laughter.

A week ago, they sat in their beige recliners and talked. It was like the heart-to-hearts that had taken on a new dimension when breast cancer entered their nights and days. Conversations they call "phillies" or philosophicals.

"Do you remember when we first got married, how I'd worry that you only loved me for my breasts," Fran started. "I'd ask you, 'How would you feel if I didn't have them anymore?' "

"And I'd say, 'Don't even think like that.' I loved your breasts – Big One and Little One."

Fran laughed. "Yeah. One was a size C, the other was a B. And you'd ask me, 'Has anyone ever told you you have beautiful breasts?' In those days, Jerry, you were an all-American breast man."

"Breasts seem almost frivolous now," Jerry said. "Having a wife who is your best friend, that's what's important in a marriage."

Fran looked at her husband. "You never cringed, you never made me feel like less of a woman. I never felt spurned."

"I still think you're sexy."

"Sometimes it makes me want to cry when you say that, but I always choose to believe you."

"Fran, I wasn't joking when I told you, the doctor can keep your breasts as long as I get the rest. We're in this together. I'm just so happy you're alive and I can still talk to you and hold you."

Fran headed into the kitchen for lemonade. Jerry grabbed her leg as she walked by. "Anytime she passes me," he said, "she still has to watch where my hands go."

Fran laughed. "Yeah. He likes bald women."

That's how it is with Fran and Jerry Lenzo.