

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

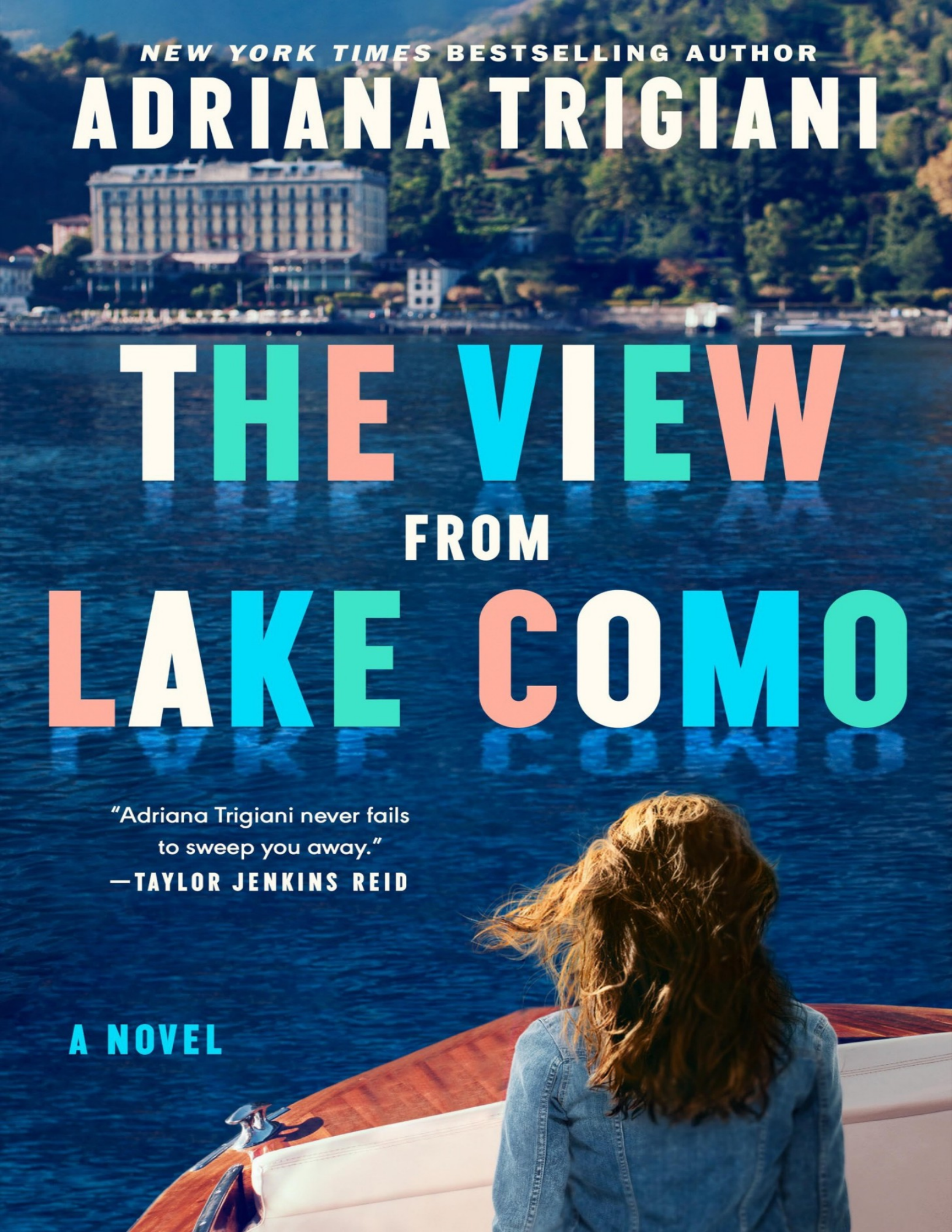
ADRIANA TRIGIANI

THE VIEW
FROM
LAKE COMO

"Adriana Trigiani never fails
to sweep you away."

—TAYLOR JENKINS REID

A NOVEL



ALSO BY ADRIANA TRIGIANI

FICTION

The Good Left Undone
The House of Love
Tony's Wife
Kiss Carlo
All the Stars in the Heavens
The Supreme Macaroni Company
The Shoemaker's Wife
Viola in the Spotlight
Brava, Valentine
Viola in Reel Life
Very Valentine
Home to Big Stone Gap
Rococo
The Queen of the Big Time
Lucia, Lucia
Milk Glass Moon
Big Cherry Holler
Big Stone Gap

NONFICTION

Don't Sing at the Table: Life Lessons from My Grandmothers
Cooking with My Sisters (coauthor)

SCREENPLAYS

Our Lady Goes Bananas
Very Valentine
Big Stone Gap

The
VIEW
from
LAKE COMO

A NOVEL

Adriana Trigiani





DUTTON

An imprint of Penguin Random House LLC

1745 Broadway, New York, NY 10019

penguinrandomhouse.com



Copyright © 2025 by Adriana Trigiani

Penguin Random House values and supports copyright. Copyright fuels creativity, encourages diverse voices, promotes free speech, and creates a vibrant culture. Thank you for buying an authorized edition of this book and for complying with copyright laws by not reproducing, scanning, or distributing any part of it in any form without permission.

You are supporting writers and allowing Penguin Random House to continue to publish books for every reader. Please note that no part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner for the purpose of training artificial intelligence technologies or systems.

DUTTON and the D colophon are registered trademarks of Penguin Random House LLC.

Quote on [this page](#) from *To the One I Love the Best* by Ludwig Bemelmans, Viking Press copyright © 1955, Library of Congress 54-9596.

Interior artwork illustrated by Bob Eckstein.

Cover design by Vi-An Nguyen

Cover images of Lake Como by STYLANDER / Gallery Stock; Image of woman by Vira Petrunina / Alamy Stock Photo

BOOK DESIGN BY KATY RIEGEL, ADAPTED FOR EBOOK BY MOLLY JESZKE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOGING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA

Names: Trigiani, Adriana, author.

Title: The view from Lake Como : a novel / Adriana Trigiani.

Description: New York : Dutton, 2025.

Identifiers: LCCN 2024040007 | ISBN 9780593183359 (hardcover) | ISBN 9780593183366 (ebook)

Subjects: LCGFT: Novels.

Classification: LCC PS3570.R459 V54 2025 | DDC 813/.54—dc23/eng/20240830

LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2024040007>

Ebook ISBN 9780593183366

The View from Lake Como is a work of fiction. The characters are entirely imaginary. However, the citizens of South Belmar, New Jersey, elected to change the name of their borough to Lake Como, New Jersey, on November 2, 2004. The borough officially became Lake Como on January 4, 2005. The author was inspired by the local chutzpah, but in no way intended to besmirch the democratic process of local government in the state of New Jersey in the United States of America.

The authorized representative in the EU for product safety and compliance is Penguin Random House Ireland, Morrison Chambers, 32 Nassau Street, Dublin D02 YH68, Ireland, <https://eu-contact.penguin.ie>.

pid_prh_7.1a_152080851_c0_r0

Contents

[Dedication](#)

[Epigraph](#)

[Part One: Cry It Away](#)

[Chapter 1: Thera-Me](#)

[Chapter 2: The Family Business](#)

[Chapter 3: Prosciutto, Figs, and Digs](#)

[Chapter 4: Sunday Dinner](#)

[Chapter 5: Louie, Louie](#)

[Chapter 6: Birds of Passage](#)

[Chapter 7: The Grief Buffet](#)

[Chapter 8: The Big Secret](#)

[Chapter 9: Il Coraggio](#)

[Chapter 10: Crying on Airplanes](#)

[Part Two: Sing It Away](#)

[Chapter 11: Sweet Home Carrara](#)

[Chapter 12: The View from Maria Beatrice's Head](#)

[Chapter 13: Clues](#)

[Chapter 14: Gilt](#)

[Chapter 15: Ravioli Revelation](#)

[Chapter 16: Saint Dymphna](#)

[Chapter 17: Pisa](#)

[Chapter 18: Tartufo Nero Uncinato](#)

[Part Three: Love It Away](#)

[Chapter 19: An Italian Christmas](#)
[Chapter 20: Midnight Mass in Vilminore](#)
[Chapter 21: Primavera](#)
[Chapter 22: Home to Lake Como](#)
[Chapter 23: Surprise, Surprise](#)
[Chapter 24: Italian French Toast](#)
[Chapter 25: The Impala](#)
[Chapter 26: A Year Later](#)
[Epilogue](#)

[*Acknowledgments*](#)

[*About the Author*](#)

*In memory of my uncles
The Four Heavenly Horsemen
Orlando A. Bonicelli, Michael F. Ronca, The Honorable
Michael F. Godfrey and Michael R. Trigiani*

One day Elsie de Wolfe said to Ludwig Bemelmans,

*"Italians are fortunate. They can always cry it away or
sing it away or love it away."*

PART ONE



Cry It Away

1

Thera-Me

EXERCISE 1

I SHOVE THE PENCIL behind my ear. I hold the sketch pad next to my face and lean into the mirror. I take inventory of my features in the self-portrait. Let's see. I have rendered the oval shape of my face, neatly arched black eyebrows *alla* Puglia, and a satisfactory Tuscan nose, prominent yet not too large. The lips are full in the center with commas in the corners. And finally. The eyes. Two round, dark planets of pain.

I prop up the pad on the table and stand to observe the drawing from a different perspective. I've been looking at this mug for thirty-three years, so you'd think there'd be no surprises. I lean over my work and squint. The hair is not right. I hold the tip of the soft HB graphite pencil flat, whisking it above the forehead in quick, successive strokes, smudging the hairline with my thumb, softening the fine strands at the temples. I've used every technique to lighten the overall effect and lift the mood of this *faccia*, but no matter how I tinker, I'm looking at the portrait of an unhappy woman.

I snap a photo of the sketch.

Dear Dr. Sharon,

The self-portrait you requested is attached. I make my living drawing marble installations to scale. I'm a draftsman who also provides designs for customers. Forgive the lack of nuance in the sketch, but it is a truthful rendering of how I see myself.

They say the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step, but it would appear my sojourn began with a litany of missteps that led to a face-plant. This is why I am here. I need your help to get up and move forward. Emotionally.

I read your Keys to Contentment online. **Make your own happiness.** I will be happy to when I am able to define it. **Follow your heart.** Easy for others to say, sure, follow your heart but only if you have a good sense of direction. **Listen to your inner voice.** Trying. When I follow the daily Instagram posts that feature a cup of coffee, a cookie, and the advice of general philosophers, it seems my life gets worse. I'm trying to change, but reinvention is impossibly hard work for someone who isn't sure where to begin. Or how.

You see, I'm the people pleaser in my family, the unsung cook, maid, babysitter, and driver. Looking down the road, I will become the nurse, responsible for our soon-to-be-elderly parents, because my brother and sister have families of their own. I am newly single and childless, which means I'm available to serve—more. My role has been carved as if it were etched in marble. And I know marble.

I created a dream board, with pictures and images of all I long for: it's in the shape of the country of Italy, which should tell you something about my heart's desire. There are the rolling hills of Tuscany, the marble quarries of Carrara, and the speedboats of Lake Como. I want to celebrate life, not dread it.

I moved into my parents' basement apartment when I decided to leave my husband. My family prays that I reconsider and return to my ex. They are not alone. The general population of my hometown concurs. In fact, at our church, the Sodality, the women's service organization equal to the Knights of Columbus for the men, even offered a (humiliating) mass for reconciliation. They were fervently praying one way, while I prayed the other. I said the rosary so many times during my divorce proceedings, I rubbed the face of Jesus off the crucifix.

I've held a passport since I was eighteen years old but have yet to use it. It is just one empty page after another of pristine navy jacquard without a single stamp to anywhere or the slightest scuff on

the leather cover. When I went to renew it last year, the man at the passport office said, "Why bother?"

I want to bother! I want to know what it's like to see the places that have lived in my imagination since I first read about them in books. Is there something out there for me, Dr. Sharon? Is there such a thing as bliss? If so, can you help me find it? With or without the cookie.

G.C.B., Lake Como, New Jersey