

Cassie NEWS

Newsletter Number 125 April 2004

Castellorizian Association of Victoria Inc

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Presidents Column

To all our members I have to say Happy New Year & that the lack of news this year was the initial reason for no newsletter to date, it has not been entirely this reason we did not have a newsletter. We were almost ready to go to print last month when several viruses attacked my computer. Yes I lost all my programs for creating the newsletter and all the data from my computer which, now has meant that I had (with a lot of help from Chris, Jasmin and Maria) to start from scratch.

I have attempted to find all the information that was corrupted and lost & maybe I have however, should you have any articles,

photos and any announcements I have missed please do not get offended. Resend them to us and or ring me in my office on 9885 1488 or my mobile on 0408 547 660 and we will include them in the next issue. I hope this will not happen again as I have taken steps to prevent a reoccurrence. Now back to the year at hand.

Function Calendar to date for 2004 year is as follows so please make the necessary entries in your diaries: -

Pleasant Sunday mornings are now to be held on the last Sunday of each month at 10.30am we will endeavor to bring a guest speaker to you for each one commencing with our opener:

April 25th guest speakers Spiro Kourkoumelis and Alex Markou both former Carlton an later St Kilda Footballers

May 23rd "St Konstantine and Helen's" Yiorthdi with VCE graduates and Castellorizian of the Year

July 25th Guest Speaker David Parkin Former Hawthorn and Carlton Coach now on the Board at Hawthorn football club and Television commentator.

December 12th 2004 Christmas function

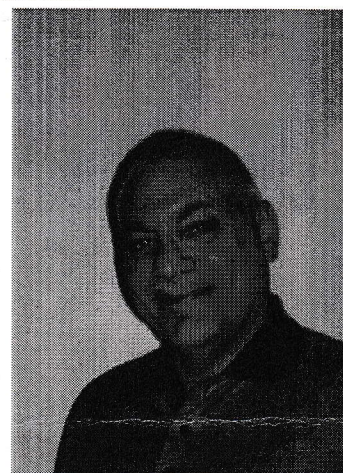
Report: - Picnic at Canterbury Gardens
Jazz music commenced at approximately 6.30pm and was enjoyed by approximately 40members and finished at about 9.30pm

VCE Graduates of 2003 are: -

Philip Adgemis Tina Konstantinidis
David Karis Luke Pallaras
Katinma Miriklis

Food & Wine Evening at Madam Sousou's Restaurant was a terrific success it was over subscribed and we will be looking for further evenings of equal quality (Peter Coates has set the standard for all future ones he organises) all attendees had a wonderful time in the glorious surroundings and served fantastic food and wines, equal to any Five Star venue in which I have had the pleasure of dining. Congratulations to mine host Theo & Katina Tsapepas and to all the staff who had to endure the somewhat rowdy patrons. Our members were serenaded by bouzouki soloist and watched movies of the Dodacanese islands whilst we were served baked figs beautifully filled with gorgonzola cheese wrapped on gippsland biodynamic prosciutto aged for four months all tastefully accompanied by a NZ sparkling Chardonnay from the central Ortago-Ammisfield Vineyards to tantalize your tastebuds we have included an autographed copy of the menu this was done by mine host and all the

patrons of this wonderful evening. we will have another evening when we find an equally appropriate venue. We have a venue in mind for the next function but we would like to hear from Cassies who have restaurants and would like to host an evening. We are to continue our epicure evenings, and will include a lifestyle and business section in the Cassie news letter our intention is to promote businesses by that our members are involved with and or own to Cassies so, should you wish to promote a business with us drop me a line and we will get the ball rolling. We will be offering financial members the opportunity to advertise business or services free of charge promotions with discounts to members, decorating tips, recipes, overseas travel hints and company for those travelling. Let us know you travel plane and meet other Cassies while you are away. Send us your business cards and we will include them in our database.



Castellorizian of the year for 2004

Doctor Nick Lolatgis
MBBS, FRANZCOG, FRCOG
Specialist Fertility Clinician
Obstetrician & Gynecologist
Laparoscopic Surgeon

Specialist Achievements: -

Investigating and developing revolutionary IVF technologies during association with Monash IVF. Pioneering advanced laparoscopic surgery for women. Conducting research into causes of infertility. Reducing pain and infertility in endometriosis patients Providing advanced medical & surgical care to women

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Brighton Grammar School Cricket Team of the Century

Steve Dimer, son of George and Christine (nee Paltos), and grandson of Steve Paltos has been nominated as one of the best 50 cricketers of the century for Brighton Grammar School. A Dinner Dance is being held to commemorate the event in March where a Team of the century will be chosen. Steve, who currently resides in Sydney and works in Corporate Finance for the CBA, will be attending the event with his father George and brother Elia. Good Luck!

Dimer Wedding

Elia Dimer and Anna McLean Pettigrew were married at St Efstathios church on November 22, 2003. (A lovely Greek-English service) Presided over by Father Chris, included family and friends from interstate. The reception was held at the Brighton Savoy receptions and included much dancing, celebrations and humorous speeches. Elia and Anna, who returned from London in August last year, have now settled in Melbourne. We wish them a happy life together. The Day was enjoyed by all that attended.

Interstate Trips

George and Chris Dimer in Sydney for Christmas with son Steve, lunched with Auntie Betty Theodore and visited Aunt Mary James

Births (Cassie Baby Boom)

Sebastian Thomas Kritikides was born on 17th February 2004 at the Queen Charlotte Hospital in London. He is the first grandchild of Chris and Rosa Papas and Irene Kritikides and great grand child of Peggy Paltos. Anthony, Artemis and Sebastian are here for a visit with their families are looking forward to photos the new arrival.

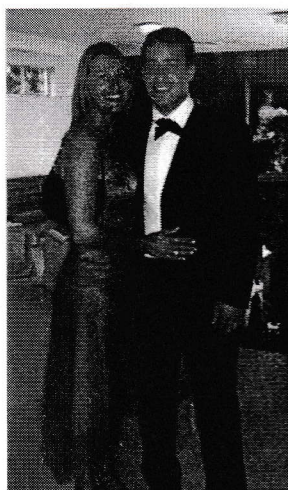
Congratulations to Lynette & Derek MacCallum on the arrival

of Daisy Maree first granddaughter for Maria & Herbie Kyriakos.

Congratulations to Mia Greeves (grand daughter of Helen Koutoupidis nee Georgouras) for her Elevation to Channel 9 News Reporter

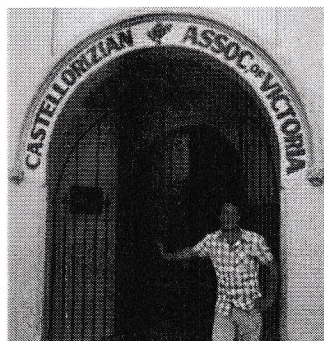
Congratulations to Nicholas and Megan Paltoglou on the birth of Michael Costa born on 29th January 2004. Forth grandson for Con and Chrissy

Congratulations to Marissa and Noel Leon on the arrival of their first child **Nicholas Emanuel** born on the Gold Coast Sunday 21st March 2004. Marissa is the daughter of Michael and Diane Spartels.



Engagement

Congratulations to our roving reporter from Kastellorizo, Louise Katris announced her engagement to Yiorgo Karayiannis. Louise returned home to have Christmas with her family and Yiorgo followed in February to spend a bit of time and pop the question. The Wedding (of course) will be held in Kastellorizo. Yiorgo is the son of Varvara and Kyriako who run the tourist boat "Barbara" on the island. Louise has provided a number of news articles on what is happening on Kastellorizo for our members to read and we hope that she will continue to do so. We thank her for her time and efforts in getting the articles to us to be



published.

Overseas visitor to our Club

Yiorgo Karagiannis who resides on Kastellorizo came to the elderly function on the 3 March. He caught up with a number of our members who are frequent visitors to Kastellorizo. He was very impressed with the set up of our club. Below are pictures taken with Kätina Miriklis, Chrystala Bisas, Nina Mangos, Anna Adgemis and Chrissie Adgemis



Vale

The family and Mrs Rosa Josephides (nee Caprices) wife of Foti Josephides would like to extend their gratitude to all whom attended the funeral of her late husband following his illness.

KASTELLORIZO DAILY CRUISES

With the
"Barbara" and St George"
Tourist Boats

Yiorgo Karagiannis will take you to:

- **Blue Grotto, St George Island, Mandraki, Island of Ro, Strongeli and Plakes**
- **Day trips to Kas - Turkey**
- **Picnic/BBQ trips to St George and Plakes**
- **Early morning fishing trips**
- **Boat taxi service available**
- **Private group tours also available**

For further information on tours and accommodation please contact Louise Katris on dailycruises@hotmail.com.

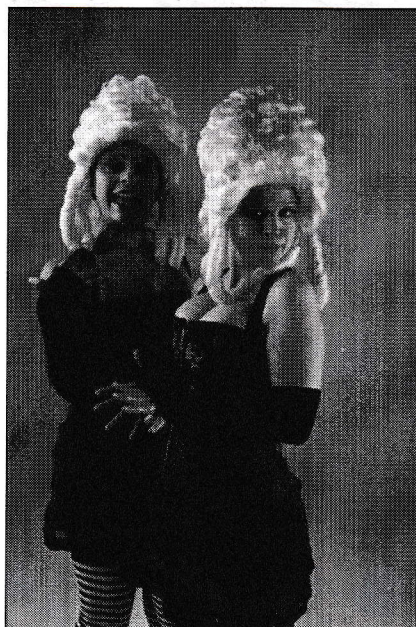
Tania Kyriakou: Animator, Singer, Songwriter, Dancer, Director, and Comedienne

Many would describe Tania as a multi talented woman, but eh description does not capture her amazing wit, which is laced with political satire and its own brand of surprise. In 1989 while studying at Monash University, Tania joined with a friend, Alice Carter to facilitate and perform in a show call **Suspended** for a university revue. This began a fruitful and colourful collaboration for many future projects to come. The next creation was their production of **Hair Trek**, mayhem in a futuristic hairdressing salon for which they won a **Fringe Festival Performance Award**.

Tania went on to study Animateuring at the Victorian College of the Arts and produced a highly entertaining short play on the theme of gambling called **Solitaire**. She then went on to develop the **Cabaret Chat Noir** a major work towards her V.C.A graduation. The show was political and starred Tania and Alice as **The Soubrettes**, a term to describe a chorus girl, a French handmaid or young naughty women. They san and performed their own songs which touch on taboo topics, very witty and hysterically funny. The characters would represent in future shows. Cabaret Chat Noir was comprised of a diverse collection of talent such as puppetry, a Carmen Miranda lookalike singing in a smorgasbord of luscious fruit AKA Miria Kostiuk, the hysterical, hunchback, stagehand Seymour AKA Krisztian Bagin and others. Cabaret Chat Noir directed by Tania enjoyed sell out performances at the Up Top Cocktail Lounge in 1997 and the Night Cat in 1998 winning the **Melbourne Fringe Award for Achievement in Cabaret**.

Tania and Alice then went on to expand their repertoire of songs and produced **Cabaret Tingel Tangel** directed by Michael Daley which is also played at the Up Top Cocktail Lounge and to their delight won for them **best original song, Melbourne Fringe Festival**. They travelled with this show to the **Adelaide Fringe Festival** where they performed to sell out crowds. Tania and Alice were rewarded for their efforts and were thrilled to receive the prestigious **Green Room Fringe Award for Cabaret**.

The Soubrettes teamed up with the Boner Ballet Co. for a new show call **Misbehavin'** at the North Melbourne Town Hall, also as part of the **Melb Fringe Festival** one of the songs from this show was also nominated for a **Green Room Award** again for best original song. The next creation by Tania and Alice was **Kitten Up a Tree**; a 60's inspired show performed at Tony Starr's Kitten Club in Lt. Collins St. Melbourne. "The Soubrettes" have toured regional Victoria with their show and have taken it as far as New Zealand to the Taranaki and the Tauranga Arts Festivals where they were invited & did a return season later in the year to sell-out crouds". Tania is currently working on material for this year's Edinburgh Festival. There will be an opportunity to catch The Soubrettes before they travel to the UK and for details you can contact Tania via e-



mail and her address is tania@shortattentionspan.com.au.

Tania is the daughter of Toni Psaros nee Toni Andrews and Paul Kyriakou. Report by Chrysanthi Kousoukis.

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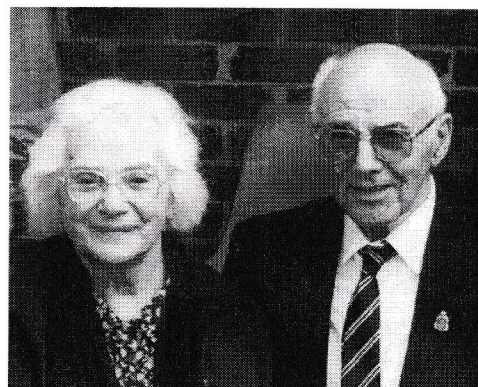
For information on restructuring or re-financing please contact –
John Karis on 0412 662 079

After hours appointments can be arranged.

29/10/2003

We have printed in full the Obituary of our late Castellorizian Matthew (Karpouzis) Karis as it has been forwarded to us along with the photo with his wife (Mary) & himself as presented to us by His Family as it constitutes Part of our history

We are here today to celebrate Dad's life and to thank him for all his Love and Friendship, Dad (Matt) was born on 9th March 1920 in Peterborough, South Australia, the youngest of 9 children of Greek parents who migrated in 1908 from the Island of Castellorizo. At an early age the family move to Victoria where he completed his primary education at Coburg leaving school at 13 to work



in cafes, amongst other various jobs, including pie making before joining the army in 1939 where he was assigned to the transport and supply department including a tour of duty in New Guinea. Dad met and married mum (Nellie Mitchell) at the beginning of the Second World War, living in West Melbourne where three of their 5 children were born. Always looking to care for his family he took the opportunity of a War Service Home venturing out to the eastern suburb of East Doncaster in 1951 for a better environment to raise his family. After his War Service dad worked in the fruit market as a truck driver and was also a wholesale fruiterer based at the Burwood Coolstore located opposite the current K-mart Complex until 1977 when he retired and moved to Rye. His introduction to Rye started with family Christmas holidays in the early '50s at Green Gables, followed by camping on the foreshore in a borrowed tent, this lead to the purchase of an antique collapsible van called 'Gypsie', but with the size of his clan there was no other choice than to build his own caravan which is still in good condition 37 years later. Here at Rye was where Dad was introduced to fishing, inevitably leading to the purchase of the first of many boats and even more outboard motors in the quest of this passion. He would consult his chart of the bay and know exactly where he was heading of that catch of his favoured flathead. We all know what a great storyteller dad was, at the drop of a hat Dad could recite numerous stories about his time during the war. From marching up and down Balcombe Hill, falling off motorbikes, sleeping on Anthills to driving a truck to Point Nepean along the Highway which was then a two-lane dirt track passing the one shop in Rye.

Dad & Mum had a busy retirement, we almost felt we had to make an appointment to actually visit them, they lived their retirement to the full – touring Australian by caravan, fishing on the bay, helping the children and grandchildren, community work through the church, schools, op shop and garden club. Dad never had an interest in sport or hobbies, probably because he was fully occupied supporting his family, he and mum were always there to ferry us to and from our various sporting

interests. Then at the age of 70 Dad took up bowls. Starting out as a social member with the Dromana Club and ending as a pennant player. He was very proud of his achievements and friendships he made at the club, especially the International Day where he played for Greece with his mate Nick Papas. Another achievement was receiving his "OBE" super veterans badge, as well as numerous foods, beverage and cash parcels. The family would like to thank our brother Terry who

MADAME SOUSOU

WELCOMES

THE CASTELLORIZIAN CLUB GUESTS TO THE FOOD, WINE & MUSIC APPRECIATION NIGHT.

Baked Figs filled with Gorgonzola Cheese wrapped in Gippsland Biodynamic Prosciutto aged for four months.

WZ Sparkling Pinot Chardonnay (Central Otago-Amisfield Vineyards)

Chloe Lacombe - Fermanis

Pressed Roma Tomatoes, Red Pepper & Caper Berry Terrine with seared Sea Scallops drizzled with an extra virgin Yattalounga Olive Oil and aged white balsamic vinegar.

Torbreek's Widdleduck's White (Barossa Valley - 100% Semillon)

Free range chicken baked with marinated Spanish Green Olives, Cummin, Cinnamon & Meredith Sheep's Milk Yoghurt & Charred Organic Seed Bread.

Torbreek's Juveniles (Grenache 60%, Malvar 20%, Shiraz 20% - completely unwooded)

French cut biodynamic lamb filled with English Spinach & Herbs with Roasted Vine Ripped Cherry Tomatoes & Chilli Lubne.

Torbreek's The Standing (matured in seasoned oak barrels) (Grenache 60%, Malvar 20%, Shiraz 20% - Barossa Valley)

A semi freddo of Baklava & Rosewater.

Torbreek's The Bathie (Barossa Valley) (100% Muscat a Blanc A Petit Grains - made in a Beaumes De Venise Style)

OLD MEETS NEW AT MADAME SOUSOU

was Dad's full time career, Trish who was there when required, together with family and friends to help Dad, it is great appreciated. Dad was always very calm and patient. He never seemed to lose his cool. He always stood back and let you live your life, but if you fell over he would be there to pick you up. He never tried to impose, yet was always there to assist.

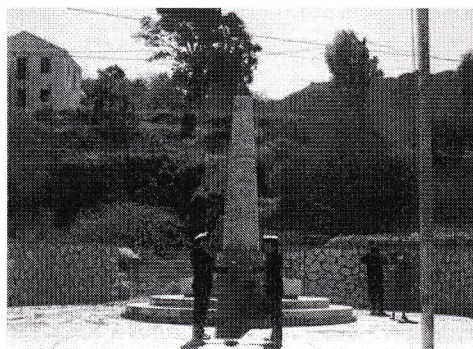
His family was always number "one" Dad, from 5 children & partners, 9 grand children & partners and 9 great grandchildren we thank you. We will always love and miss you, Now reunited with mum. As Dad would say: Finitica la musica, but sela Vesta.

MARCH 25TH INDEPENDENCE DAY or Feast of the Annunciation In 1821,



Greeks vigorously rose up against the oppressive Ottoman Empire, which had occupied Greece for nearly four hundred years, embarking on the ultimately successful war of independence. Bishop Germanos of Patras boldly raised the Greek flag at the monastery of Agia Lavras, inciting the Peloponnese to rise against the oppressors. While the exact date probably was not March 25th, it did occur in late March and it was gradually associated with the religious feast of the Annunciation. On this day in the Orthodox calendar, the archangel Gabriel appeared to the maiden Mary and announced the news: she was pregnant with the divine child. Bishop Germanos chose this day to deliver a different but

not unrelated message: a new spirit was about to be born in Greece. The churches celebrate the Festival of the Annunciation with pomp, ceremony, and joy. Religious ceremonies are celebrated wherever the local monastery or church is named "Evangelisimos" or "Evangelistria"; Kastellorizo once again celebrated this very special day with military, navy and local officials. With March elections over, Kastellorizo is waking up after the windy and wet winter and is starting to settle into months of great weather, crowds, the Olympic Torch and of course the Olympic buzz! Locals are out painting and refurbishing their boats restaurants, bars and cafes preparing for 2004 celebrations.



JULY 13th OLYMPIC TORCH

The Olympic Torch has begun its journey from Olympia and it's 35-day travel across the globe visiting past Olympic cities, and for the first time in Latin America and Africa. It will also pass through Brussels, Lausanne (home of the EU) and Beijing who will host the 2008 Olympics. July 13th will see the torch arrive in the Dodacanese islands' of Kalymnos and our very own Kastellorizo; it will end with celebrations in Rhodes before heading towards Sifnos, Naxos and Syros in Cyclades.

UNew Cassie Businesses

ASHWOOD BULK DISCOUNTS

John S Adgemis has purchased the operations of

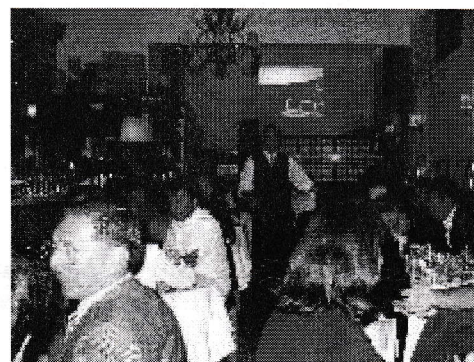
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Eulogy of Mary Dimetriou. Thank you all for making the effort on a weekday and at such short notice to attend Mum's farewell. A particular thanks you for those who have traveled from South Australia to be here. Mum would be humbled and delighted by your presence. Just two years and four months ago, we were gathered here to send off Chico, my father. That was a tough time for those of us that knew and loved him. But it was especially tough for Mary, his wife, soul mate and companion of 60 years. At 79, she suddenly found herself completely alone for the first time in her life. Her private world had collapsed; she not only lost her life-long love, much of the meaning in her life, but also, in a sense, her identity and place in the world. Her health was not brilliant - she knew she carried within her a number of life-threatening, time bombs associated with her cardiovascular system. They had previously erupted on a number of occasions and left her with serious physical and cognitive challenges. She carried so many surgical scars that, in another era, she could easily have been the inspiration for the Frankenstein contribution to literature. There were more than enough things coinciding to break her spirit. How easy it would have been for her to sink into irretrievable despair, to complain or to rail against the trauma and seeming injustice of her life, or to simply give up. But not Mary. She picked herself up and walked forward

bravely and determinedly. Through her sorrow, she forced herself to embrace life, as she had always done. She went quietly about re-constructing her shattered world. Though feeling lost, lonely and vulnerable without Dad, she resumed her Tai Chi classes, her bowls and her aerobics sessions. She regularly attended this Church where she felt so welcomed, always looking forward to Colin's sermons and guitar playing, and her friendships within it. She went to markets with Pauline and spent precious time with the Curtis family. She took bus trip outings with senior citizen groups. She continued to attend the Castellorizian club in South Melbourne with Sylvia. She treasured time with Christine and the boys. She attended a weekly social group at the Parkdale Greek Orthodox community. She re-kindled a passion for old time movies borrowed from the Chelsea library and played to stave off the loneliness of the empty nights. She kept up with current events. She happily accepted all invitations for outings or visits. Friends, neighbors and relatives visited her and she welcomed them gladly at any time. She relied on a telephone hotline to Germany that kept her in close touch with her daughter Maria and family. She stayed with Cate and I every Tuesday and at times twice a week... her social diary was dizzying! Mary reached out to others - family, friends and total strangers. She spread herself and her love around generously, accumulating new friends on the way, be they community careers helping her at home, shopkeepers, or people she met in the street. She was a collector of friends. And through it all, rain or shine, she wrestled for hours with public transport to get herself weekly to Dad's grave, to honor him in the way she knew he would have wanted. I marvel at how she did all this after losing the one man and love of her life. I have reflected many times on the stuff from which she was moulded. I would like to share some

of my observations with you in an attempt to provide some insight to this petite, gentle woman, who was in her, self-effacing way, a magnificent human being and a great inspiration to so many of us. Let me first take you back a little in time. Mum was born in the lovely Mediterranean Island of Castellorizo, a Greek island under Italian rule at the time, lying just off the southern coast of Turkey. Born Glikeria Markos on 2 September 1922, Mary was one of four children - three daughters and a son. She arrived in Australia as an infant on the ship Valderi on 28 June 1923 along with her older sister Sandra and their parents. This was during a period of great dislocation and suffering by Greek populations in the region due to Turkish reprisals and persecution following World War 1. So, like my father, but too young to know it, she was a refugee who found sanctuary in Australia. Her father, Constantine, had been a confectioner and opened a shop in 116 Gertrude St Fitzroy to support his family. Her brother Michael was born in Melbourne followed by her sister Sylvia, the last surviving sibling, who is here with us today. In 1929, 2 years after Sylvia's birth, things became very tough for the Markos family. Their mother, Maria, was struck with a serious illness and the children fell into care, the three girls going to St Catherine's Orphanage in Geelong. Mary was seven, Sandra was nine and Sylvia was two. Mary and her sisters were given a strict, and at times very harsh, Catholic education and upbringing by the orphanage nuns, despite the girls' Greek Orthodox background. My mother recalls one day secretly disposing of what she called the 'cat -o- nine tails' behind a cupboard. A particular nun used it as punishment, one such whipping leaving a lifelong scar on Mum's leg. She told me she was determined the nun wouldn't be able to hurt anyone with it again. Those early, long years of family deprivation and orphanage life, before

Mary finally was able to leave and begin her working life as a seamstress, must have been, at times, deeply distressing for her. Yet through them, she bore up, kept smiling and looked out for her little sister, Sylvia. Mum told me that she often cuddled and carried Sylvia to protect her from harm in the early years and to give her the love her mother was unable to. So Mary's early life was not an easy one, but somehow she emerged from it with that accepting, loving, generous and tolerant character so many of us have known and admired. At 18, Mum met and fell in love with Dad following a number of her father's flawed attempts to marry her off by proxy to sundry well-to-do, but sometimes geriatric suitors, not an uncommon Greek way in those days. They married in 1941, but he was almost immediately drafted into the Australian army and they rarely saw each other. When he returned home in 1943, she told me, she felt as if she were married to a total stranger and had some serious reservations about spending her life with him. But she was an optimist and they built a strong and happy relationship together, creating a rich family life - most of which we children experienced in fish and chip shops. Mum showered us with love and anything we wanted, but she also kept our eyes on Jesus and God, even though a strong Greek father who was more political than religious in his disposition dominated our family. Over the years, she came to share with him a sound awareness of politics and a fierce defence for the underdog, and she helped transmit to her children a wholesome set of values. Mum was always a good playmate too. I remember her sitting with me and watching the Robin Hood serial starring Richard Green on television in 1956. I remember the excitement and joy she created on Christmas Eve and catching her and Dad out as they crept in to empty Santa's beer glass. I remember selecting and playing old gramophone

records with Greek belly dances at our house parties to coax Mum to get up and entrance us all with her vivacity and fabulous dancing ability. I remember with fondness each Easter sitting with her and watching or reading the story of Jesus. I remember, with great comfort, her singing to me in my very early years the song 'Jesus loves me'. The sweet memories are endless. Mum has shown unwavering love, understanding and support to Maria and I throughout our lives. Whenever we needed her for educational support, she was there and I really mean there; even when I reached university, she would still sit with me for moral support when I was preparing for exams and test me on my knowledge. Whenever we needed emotional or relational support, she was there. Whenever we needed gentle and wise counseling, she was there. Whenever we needed belief in ourselves, or inspiration to achieve our goals, she was there. Whenever I needed to be reminded that I sang and played my guitar as well as Elvis Presley, she was there. I recall how she would sense, during my early teens, if something was bothering me at school, and would accompany me for walks along the Mordialloc beach with my dog, gently teasing out whatever was ailing me and giving me an opportunity to discuss it. It was to Dad I went to when I needed to discuss politics or ideology, but it was always to Mum I went when I needed to talk about things personal. Mum was always safe and dependable. In today's vernacular, she had very high EQ. She had disarming perception and intuition. Yet she never displayed selfishness, she never hurt or put anyone down; she always worked to make others feel better and to gift them with her love and hospitality. She was always cheerfully ready to serve and minister to them. Her home was open to all. She was everyone's instantaneous friend. Anyone could rely on her. She always put herself

last. Later in life, her health deteriorated badly because of poor arteries, and in 1991 she underwent her first quadruple bypass. A further aortal bypass followed, and in 1998 a stroke that left her unable to speak, swallow, talk, read, write or reason and that robbed her, and us, of so much - her fine-tuned humor, her joyous laughter, her sharpness of intellect and part of her essential character. But she simply stood up again and walked forward with her characteristic optimism and regained more of her functions than any of us could possibly have imagined. If there are walking miracles, she was undoubtedly one. Then came more heart trouble and a second quadruple bypass in 1999. Up she climbed again, beating her first bypass recovery time in defiance of the doctors' expectations. She even threw in a last minute gall bladder removal for them to deal with while she was on the operating table. Never did she complain. Never did she show fear. Never did she give up. She continued to pray for God's mercy and grace as she always had. On 20 September last year, Mary fractured her hip. The fracture, or rather the slow recovery from surgery on it, eventually exposed a tidal wave of disease developing in her body from which there could be no medical or human escape. She again approached it in her own calm and courageous way. Like a Spartan warrior, she wasted no words of regret, shed no tears for herself. She just stepped forward for her final battle mustering everything she had left, carrying with her only the armoury of her faith. For those who may think it must have been nothing more than a dreadful and morbid time, which went on too long, might I say it, most definitely was not. Sad, yes. Terribly sad. Tiring, yes - exhausting. For 122 days, Cate and I had the privilege of supporting, nurturing and observing Mum at very close range as she prepared for, and fought, her final battle. My sister Maria joined us from

Germany later on and put her entire time into being with her beloved Mum. Christine, Pauline, Marie, Nadia and my sons, Markos, Tele and Lee put in countless hours between them doing whatever they could to make her journey more comfortable. Their love and support have been magnificent. And there were so many more, including the exceptional nursing staff at the Golf Links Rehabilitation Centre. A very special man whom Cate and I respect greatly, Pastor Alan Nunn, has reminded us so often that God chooses the perfect time to answer our needs, even if it isn't always clear to us at the time. In Mum's case, I feel the 4 months of her illness allowed Mary and all of us to come to terms with her leaving. It allowed all unfinished business to be finished. It allowed the family to closely walk with Mary as she faced her most daunting challenge and to comfort her. We journeyed together. We shared her load as best we could. And it gave me a once in a lifetime opportunity to witness the most moving and inspiring performance of courage, faith and love I will probably ever know. Throughout it, her giving to us all never stopped. Her thankfulness to God never stopped. Mary handled the terrible news of her terminal illness with quiet disappointment and calm acceptance. At no stage did she lose her calmness. At no stage did she lose her dignity. At no point did she show fear - just stoic resolve and courage to fight her illness to the end. Not once did she ask us or the doctors to end her agony and her weariness. So many times we wished we could end it for her. Through it all, right up till her last breathless words, she kept giving us reassurances of her love. She had faith that Jesus and God had it all in hand and that the timing and method of her departure would be theirs. Remarkably, she used these last months of her life to further explore and consolidate her relationships with us all. And she did so also with the

doctors, nursing staff and fellow patients whom she sought to thank and reassure, where she felt they needed it. She made the effort to smile at every opportunity she was able, and even to laugh with her careers and visitors. On one occasion when a visitor asked her how her excruciatingly painful leg was going, she slipped back the sheet covering it and said: "Here you are. Would you like to take it home with you?" Mary was shunted back and forth between hospitals; emergency wards rehabilitation centres and stayed finally in a palliative care unit. We lost count after the 12th move. We lost count of the number of staff and patients alike who were involved with, or met her, who went out of their way to tell us how special she was. Their comments were always similar - what a delight she was to nurse or be with; how they wished they had more patients like her; how she made them feel as if they had known her all their life; how gentle and affectionate she was; how caring and sensitive she was; how she would win anyone over with her smile; how she had a special inner beauty. I have had such little time to prepare this tribute to Mum, and I just feel I cannot do justice to my her by this or any eulogy, no matter how much time I had. There are so many more dimensions to Mary, so many unsung chapters of her 81 years of sucking the marrow out of life. These we will just have to keep for our private contemplations. She was one of God's exquisite creations. A woman of pure heart and boundless love. A peacemaker. She managed with apparent ease the multiple roles of, loving wife, exceptional mother, doting grandmother, protective sister, and loyal friend to all and sundry. Her beauty radiated out and touched so many people. When I reflect on the fruits of the spirit listed in Galatians - love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control - Mary had them all in abundance. Dear, beautiful Mary,

Mum, Nanna your loss for us is profound. In the final analysis, Mum's own simple words to us at the hospital are the clearest and most reliable testimony of how she turned so much personal adversity and challenge in her life into triumph and joy, even in the face of death - but I will let Cate share those words with you later. Mary knew instinctively all her life that to focus on ourselves and to rely solely on our own resources would only get us so far. She knew that placing her trust in Jesus and God was her guarantee for a rich and marvelous life on earth, with the bonus of a one-way ticket to paradise waiting at the end. She left promising to look after us all as best she could from beyond, and to meet us all again one day. It is of great comfort to many of us that her death is merely a temporary transition and interruption to the good work God began in her from a very early age. On behalf of Mary, thank you to all who have given your love, friendship and kindness to her over the years, and especially during this last challenging period of her life. She was truly surrounded and nourished by a sea of love in those final days. If Mum had been able to leave us some parting words before she died, I believe they would have gone something like this: "All is well. Don't worry about me. I am going to be with Jesus and with God, of this I'm sure. I did not wish to leave you all, for I have enjoyed and savored your company, and I have truly enjoyed my life. But I know that it will be wonderful in heaven and I am so looking forward to the end of this long period of pain and weariness, to meeting my Lord Jesus face to face, and to my restoration. I will be with my beloved Jim once more and with those I have long missed and who have gone before me. This parting between us will only be for a little while. In the meantime, build and maintain your faith, show kindness to each other, enjoy your lives and keep me in your hearts, as I will you until we meet again. Mary, Nanna, Mum,

Castellorizian Association of Victoria

*Invite you to attend
St Konstantine & Helen's Day Celebration*

to be held on

Sunday 23 May 2004

**Church service will be held at
St Konstantine & Helen Greek Orthodox Church
35 Barry Street South Yarra
at 10:00 am**

**followed by a buffet luncheon at
250 Dorcas Street
South Melbourne**

Presentations for the following awards

***Castellorizian of the Year - Dr Nicholas Lolatgis
and
VCE Students***

Names we have receive so far are:

**Philip Adgemis, Tina Konstandinidis, Madeleine Brody, Kai Ulrik, Katina
Miriklis, Luke Pallaras**

**Can you please call John Adgemis on 0408 547 660 or Maria Katris on
8603 3811 to let us know of any other VCE students eligible to receive
this award.**