**Herbert George Kyriakos**

**“Herb”**

*25th April 1930 ~ 5th January 2021*

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***Excerpts and eulogy from the funeral service held on 13/1/2021***

**Opening of funeral ceremony by the celebrant, – Anne Edwards**

The measure of a man is not determined by his show of outward strength

The volume of his voice; the thunder of his actions; his intellect or academic abilities

It is seen rather in terms of the love that he had for his family and for everyone

The strength of his commitments

The genuineness of his friendships

The sincerity of his purpose

The quiet courage of his convictions

The fun, laughter, joy and happiness he brought to his family and to others

His love of life; his patience; his honesty – and his contentment with what he had.

All of these things describe the man whose life we have come to honour today – a man who loved his family beyond all measure; a man who brought fun, laughter and happiness to others, and a man who was contented with what he had.

Putting Herb’s story together for this ceremony has given his family an opportunity to reflect on his life; the challenges he faced and the joys he experienced on a journey that began in Perth in 1930 – and ended in Melbourne, nine decades later.

His children, Christina, Lynette and Yvonne greatly appreciate this opportunity to share stories about the loving and devoted husband that Herb was to their mother, Maria and father to them; whilst also acknowledging the wonderful life they have all had in his care.

Let’s start with a little of Herb’s history; shall we?

**Herbert George Kyriakos was born in Perth on 25th April I 1930 – he was the sixth of seven children for his parents, George and Christina – and brother to Mary, Jack, Michael, Evelyn, Eva and John.**

Herb grew up in Kalgoorlie and attended Boulder Primary School and Eastern Goldfields High School.

A bright student; he would have dearly loved to go onto university; however, Herb did an apprenticeship and became a qualified carpenter.

Herb was twenty when he moved from Perth to Melbourne – and lived in Carlton with his sister, Mary.

Herb met his future bride, Maria Mangos, at a Greek Dance – they courted for some time before marrying on 9th January in 1955.They welcomed the first of their three daughters the following year with the birth of Christina – followed by Lynette and Yvonne – all born within a five-year period.

Herb and his house full of women and he loved it.

Herb worked hard to support his family and ensure that his girls were well educated by sending them to St Michael’s and then seeing all three graduate from University. Herb also proudly saw his three daughters marry and he called his sons-in-law “The three “Macs”.

He was delighted to become a grandfather with the birth of his first grandson Christopher and then Liam who was named after him – Ayapitos. He was blessed when a third grandson; Alexander was born – and then finally, a little pink one – Herb’s fourth grandchild Daisy made his life complete.

He was over the moon when he found out that he was going to be a great grandfather and learning just before he passed away that Christopher and Cathie were having a girl, he said, “Girls are the best!”

Herb was also step-grandfather to others whom he considered part of his family - Simon and Sean. Together with their partners and children - Jacquie and Ethan, Sarah, Etta and Louie - they became part of his big Greek family.

**Going back to his working life, in between the births of their children**, Herb and Maria opened their first business together in 1957 – this was a milk bar at number 27 Fitzroy Street in St Kilda *– it traded seven days a week and they worked for six of them; Maria’s parents – Leffy and Daisy - worked on the seventh day, which gave Herb and Maria some time with their growing family.*

After ten years long days and hard work, they sold the milk bar in 1967 and set off on a world trip – travelling by ship; Herb and Maria were away for seven months.They left their girls with their maternal grandparents – and with Yiayia being such a beautiful cook, they came home to children who were a little “more cuddly” than the ones they had left.

On their return, Herb and Maria bought a delicatessen in Hampton Street and then in the seventies, they opened Pizza Maria in Fitzroy Street, which was right next door to their original milk bar.

When they sold the pizza shop, Herb returned to his trade, doing renovation and maintenance work – “Junction Maintenance” was the name that was proudly displayed on the premises in St Kilda Junction.

Later on, his own children kept him fairly busy with renovations, extensions and additions to their respective homes. Herb was always renovating pieces of furniture as well, some of which his youngest daughter, Yvonne has in her home. Herb also used his skills in making the honour boards for the bowling club, when he became a part of this group.

**Bowls was something that Herb had taken up in retirement** – as well as golf; he was sixty by this stage and fully embraced all aspects of both sports.

He started a Greek Bowls Club – the Hellenic Bowls Club was originally set up in Sandringham, before they moved to Oakleigh. They had a couple of interstate trips to play games in Brisbane and Perth – and these teams travelled to Melbourne to compete against the local team.

He was also involved in the Kastellorizian Club of Victoria and president for a few years.This was a social club specific to descendants of the Greek island of Kastellorizo, which attracts quite an esteemed clientele.

As the keen golfer that he became, Herb was a key thread in the fabric of Elsternwick Park Golf Club and made many lifelong friends. *Bill, Peter, Dave, Jacko and Bones are fondly remembered, and we acknowledge so many more who due to COVID have been unable to attend.*

**Further into retirement**, Herb joined a bridge club and started playing bridge at a couple of different places.

**Herb was funny** – he had a great sense of humour and the ability to inject wit into any situation – even in his last hours, Herb was still gently “ribbing” those around him.

**Herb was a very knowledgeable man** – Maria used to call him the oracle because he knew a lot of facts – he used to read the encyclopaedia Britannica like most people would read a book and he had the ability to retain a vast amount of information.

For lighter reading, it would be a western or crime novels, but Herb was also an avid reader of non-fiction and he really enjoyed biographies of a range of different people.

Herb and Maria were movie buffs – and the girls grew up watching a lot of the older movies.

For television, it was mainly sport – Herb watched the football, the cricket – and occasionally the golf.

An avid Carlton supporter, it was a testament to his negotiating skills that both Christopher and Liam joined him as Carlton supporters rather than supporting their father, Allen’s team, The Swans.

The families spent many times together watching “Blues”, “Pies” – *Yvonne’s boys’ team*; and “Swans” games – with varying degrees of enjoyment.

He always had some sort of witty advice for his grandchildren.

**Herb and Maria also travelled extensively** during these years and saw most parts of the world – visiting Europe quite a few times, as well as Hawaii and other islands.

**Whilst not too much slowed him down**, Herb had his health issues over the years – and was looked after by a very devoted wife.

Sadly, his beloved Maria was diagnosed with dementia – with the help of their family, Herb looked after at home her as much as he could until she became resident at Regis in Brighton.

Herb stayed in the home they had shared for the next couple of years, before taking up residence at Victoria by the Park in Elsternwick – he was happy there and we take a moment to acknowledge and thank all involved in this final chapter of his life.

His final days saw him in the care of The Alfred Hospital – from where that this much-loved family patriarch passed away on Tuesday, 5th January – quietly, with dignity and care – with his family at his side and safely locked in the hearts of many.

He was ninety years old.

**Family Tributes**

So with a little of his story told, it’s time now for our family tributes – the first of which is from his daughters; Christina, Lynette and Yvonne – and sons-in-law; Allen, Derek and Russell – and will be shared by Allen.

**Eulogy delivered by Allen McAuliffe – husband of Christina:**

**I will begin with memories from Christina and I quote:**

I have so many memories of my Dad that I really don’t know where to start.

I will begin with my birth and as I have been told that Dad was ecstatic that I was a girl so I could be named after his Mother whom he loved so dearly – my name being Christina.

Dad was an amazing man and Father. He was my ‘rock’.Dad advised me on everything but mostly he was my sounding board for all aspects of life.

I would like to share with you a few snapshots of my memories of my Dad.

I remember our first ever plane trip with Dad and Mum and that was to Surfers Paradise. We were all so excited that we were traveling on a plane for the first time and going to Queensland – Wow! We had the best time – having fun, swimming and laughing.

However, I did nearly drown in the surf at Surfers – but of course Dad saved me and didn’t tell me off and only told me to remember to swim in-between the flags.

Dad was also an accomplished horse rider and was keen that we learn as well. He used to take us horse riding every Sunday, rain, hail or shine to Cheltenham Riding Club. He taught me to ride and I learned to love this sport as much as he did.

I used to ride a horse named “Rocky” every week and when I found out he was for sale I tried to talk Dad into buying him for me. Being Dad, he spoke to me about the responsibilities of owing a horse and said, “We really can’t buy Rocky as the backyard at Heaton Avenue is far too small for a horse”.

His sense of humour was always there - a trait that I loved about him.

My final memory of Dad was when he taught me how to drive. I wasn’t keen I must say as I had Dad, Mum, & Papou to drive me around everywhere I wanted to go.

But he did teach me, mainly in the Chadstone carpark which was vacant on the weekends. He showed patience and determination to ensure that I became an accomplished driver.

He never yelled at me especially when I grated the gears,

or had a few near misses. And of course, he bought me my first car – a blue Volkswagen sedan for $500. That was my Dad.

My Dad was a wonderful, caring and loving Parent. He accepted my mistakes and understood that these were a part of my growing up. However, he did not tolerate irresponsibility. Dad taught me to appreciate everything and to value what I have.

He was always supportive to the point that when I decided to travel the world for a couple of months he sent me money to enjoy my travels but also to make sure that I would come home.

All these traits that I have learned from my Dad I hope I have imparted them to my own children – Christopher and Liam.

**I will begin with memories from Lynette and I quote:**As young children we loved watching World championship wrestling on a Sunday morning and we would often wrestle with Dad on the floor. Dad decided he’d take Tina & I (Yvie was too young) to Festival Hall to see Tex Mackenzie and Gorilla Monsoon! He bought tickets at the door and told us “Don’t tell your mother what I paid for the tickets!”

We were ringside. As the bouts progressed, we were exposed to a barrage of bad language and when we started to copy rude hand gestures, Dad decided it was no place for his girls so we never went again!

As he had no sons, we all did our best as substitutes going with him to VFL matches to see his beloved Carlton but lost interest as we became teenagers.

During the 70’s a time of high inflation we held a protest in the house with placards demanding an increase in pocket money. He thought this was fabulous, us exercising our democratic rights, and gave us an increase just for our hutzpah.

In 1971 we had a road trip to Western Australia travelling along the then unsealed Nullarbor in the white Holden Belmont (not as good as the Kingswood) with 3 kids in the back that took 3 days. Can you imagine?!! We had to sleep in the car overnight on the Nullarbor as Dad couldn’t see because the sun was setting and we were travelling due west.

During 1977 I was at Monash and became involved with the Save the Whale and Anti-uranium mining campaigns and Mum & Dad got on board. He wore a save the whale badge at work and had many requests from his co-workers to get badges for them and was happy to put anti-uranium mining stickers on the car window.

I was never that naughty but always tried to push the boundaries so when I repeatedly broke curfew despite promising, I wouldn’t next time, he removed the starter button from my car to prevent me from going anywhere!

For his 60th Birthday he really wanted to go to Stephanie’s but we had a surprise birthday party for him at my home with lots of family and friends. He loved it and had no idea! He did get to Stephanie’s 2 years later for Mum’s 60th.

When I married Derek in 1998, with 2 sons-in-law named McAuliffe and McCart, he declared in his speech he was going to change his name to Mc Kyriakos.

When Daisy was born in 2003, he was delighted, finally a granddaughter. Dad said, “The best thing I ever did”. He loved her so much. He would often say “just make sure she’s happy don’t worry about her she’ll be fine”. He loved her entrepreneurial spirit selling loom bands on Kastellorizo with her cousins Vara and Mia and selling clothes on Depop back home.

Dad was always frank, sometimes with no filter and not always politically correct but you just had to learn not to take offence it was just his way.

He loved giving us a hard time but took as much as he gave out.

We had this ongoing thing about my hair he hated it straight, so I’d give him curry if he had “hat” hair or it was sticking up and he say “Don’t talk to me about hair”! If I’d forgotten to do something he’d say “I’m old what’s your excuse! He loved the banter and found it amusing especially if you said something clever.

**I will begin with memories from Yvonne and I quote:**I am the third daughter and when I was born Dad gave mum a bunch of johnquils...He thought his third child might have been a boy! No such luck Herbie...he definitely had girl sperm!!

I was a bit of a Tom boy... helping dad in his workshop with various wood projects was a weekly event! But then puberty hit and I lost interest!

Dad had a strong work ethic and wanted to instill that in me.I would help in the kitchen of the pizza shop but I soon got the “sack” because I kept dropping things.....”What have you done now...he said!” As I dropped a large open tin of tomato purée...what a mess!

As a child I was often in trouble either at home or at school! Getting in trouble at home with Yiayia Daisy for one thing or another and she would chase with me around the house with her slipper!

Getting caught smoking at school! All Dad would say...”Just don’t do it!”

Every Sunday morning Dad would take myself and my sisters horse riding....Dad enjoyed it as it reminded him of his youth. I continued to go although I didn’t like it because the horses smelt!

I completed school and went onto university....and eventually graduated after a few distractions. At the graduation ceremony as I approached the stage mum wolf whistled and Dad clapped with gusto!! He just wanted me to achieve a bachelor degree something he never had the opportunity to do!

At our wedding Dad was happy I was getting married, I think, only because he would see me more often as I would finally settle and not “go off travelling again”!

Dad was so happy with the birth of Alexander which he felt I had completed my family. Dad was very proud of Alexander achieving outstanding results at school, university and securing a position as a quality control chemist with Ego pharmaceuticals. He was very proud that we had provided Alexander with a supportive learning home environment.

My final memory of Dad is of course the footy. Every time the Pies had a win Dad would ring Russell and Alexander to congratulate them! The boys would reciprocate the call when Carlton had a win but unfortunately it wasn’t that often!

We celebrated Christmas 2020 at our home in Belgrave South and Dad came, which was quite a struggle for him. After that day, Dad said to me that he had a wonderful time coming to our home and that we had a lovely and happy family.

**The final two memories that I wish to share with you are from all of us.**
Firstly, Herb wanted to ensure that his family spent quality time together so he and Maria decided to buy a holiday house in Mt Martha in 1991. This was the first home they purchased together so they were eligible for a first home grant from the government – mind you they were in their 60s!
We all have wonderful memories with our families and friends sitting around Herb’s hand built dining table enjoying our meals together

There is also the house in Kastellorizo. In 1999 His daughters started the process to register the family block which was inherited from Daisy Mangos. This decision was made easy because of the position of the block in a square extremely close to the waterfront. He told Christina of his plan and that he would totally support the building of the house.

In 2006 the title was granted. In 2008 building started and the house was finished in 2009.
Herb was able to travel to Kastellorizo four times and have some wonderful memories in the house he had helped to build. He absolutely loved Kastellorizo. Whether it was coffee at home, swimming or talking to the locals. He felt as if he was home.

Our families, our friends and relatives have all been out to dinner at Alexandra’s and little Paris, sat at Varvaras cafe at night. We have looked across the moonlit harbor towards kas in turkey, talking about days spent at megisti hotel or St. George’s island swimming. to dinner at Alexandra’s and little Paris, sat at Varvaras cafe at night. We have looked across the moonlit harbor towards kas in turkey, talking about days spent at megisti hotel or St. George’s island swimming.

We thank Herb for this wonderful gift ­– a lasting family legacy

Finally I have one memory etched in my mind forever:
After Herb had passed and he lay at peace Christina, Lynette and Yvonne sat by his bedside for several hours. Talking, crying and hugging each other. Together as one, sisters and daughters who so loved and honored their beloved father Herb.

**Grandchildren’s Memories – from Christopher, Liam, Alexander and Daisy**

One of the roles that Herb really loved was that of grandfather – or “Pups” as they called him – to Christopher, Liam, Alexander and Daisy.

Either one-on-one or all of them together, Herb loved spending time with them – he delighted in their company and followed their lives with keen interest.

It is to Herb's grandchildren we go for the last of our family tributes as I invite them to join me now­­ :

**Christopher, Liam, Alexander and Daisy**

**Epilogue**

Herb lived a rich and full life, a life of challenge, success and happiness – but above all – a life distinguished by love of family.  He was loyal, honest and ethical – but most importantly, he was an excellent husband and father.

**As husband to Maria for more than sixty-six years,** Herb has enjoyed a strong and loving marriage – he loved the life and the family they created together.

**As father to Christina, Lynette and Yvonne**, Herb led by example as well as instruction – and along the way, instilled many of his values in them, simply by the manner in which he lived his own life – amongst them:

The importance of family

Honesty

A strong work ethic

Humility – “To never forget your origins” was very important to Herb

Herb had a strong sense of fairness – everyone was treated the same – there were no favourites.

They will miss having him around – and his ability to solve any problem – Herb gave good counsel with well thought out advice.

Herb had such a wealth of experience on which to draw – his wisdom and his guidance always came from the heart.

Herb Kyriakos was a man who loved his family beyond all measure; a man who brought fun, laughter and happiness to others, and a man who was contented with what he had.

He leaves his family with an absolute font of wonderful memories and a very fine example of a life well lived.

Peace and acceptance – and overwhelming love that we maybe weren’t aware of.

Waves and waves of conflicting emotion, and laughter too,

And memories we hadn’t bothered lately to recall come flooding back in shared company.

And it's all about you Dad…

And there's gratitude. So much of that, that we had you, such a wonderful father…

Bright and shining, nobody's fool, independent, but humble too; smart, and kind, and fun.

Adventurous.

A part of you has passed away, but much is carried everyday within us, and will be for as long as we are here.

This may be a final tribute, a day to celebrate your life and say goodbyes;

But it's not final.

Everyday, we’ll celebrate in some way, just by the virtue of how you shaped our lives,

And the absolute and incredible fortune that we knew you – as a father, as a friend and as a man