

Today I mourn the loss of my pappou but also the loss of all my grandparents.

Today I mourn the loss of my pappou but also mourn the loss of an entire Bizo generation

My charismatic uncle Stavro who passed many years ago, my wise uncle Johnny who left us last month and my resilient thea Vaso who died one day after my pappou.

You all leave a little hole in us, which in time, may become less painful but never gone.

I take some comfort in knowing that you are finally altogether- laughing while arguing about how to do the souvla all while my English grandparents sit, drinking their tea.

Pappou, I truly believed you were immortal. No matter how sick you were, you always seemed to return to us stronger than before- a true Lazarus phenomenon. Even though you may not have been immortal, your memory will be.

Sitting at your house now, which I have known all my life with you in it, seems a little empty.

I sit on your patio waiting to hear the poem that you always recited by Giorgos Seferis\_ ligo akoma tha ithoume-. I wish we could have seen the sun on the sea in Vasilitisi a few more times together or watch the almond trees bloom one last time. I just want to take a moment to thank you for coming from such a beautiful place in Greece, our centre of the universe. It could have made for some, less than ideal trips to Greece if it wasn't.

I walk to your pride and joy- your vegetable garden. Half expecting you to still be there, cutting spinach or pulling carrots to give to whomever was visiting you. I never got the chance to tell you how well my spinach grew in Vryburg even with the -5 temperatures and my limited expertise in anything to do with gardening.

I was also never able to tell you how thankful I am, for raising your sons the way you did. They are truly incredible men. My father as clichéd as it sounds is the best dad a girl could ask for. Popsicles you have supported me through all my lows and cheered me on for all my successes. Pappou instilled his beliefs in you. You continue his legacy every day in the way you work and I can only hope that I continue the legacy for both of you.

My yiayia was my grandfather's entire world. His pure love and devotion to her was special to see as a grandchild. I know when she passed your heart broke – I hope it is now finally whole again.

As many of you will know food is an important part of the Bizo family life. The pursuit of the perfect souvla or lamb on the spit or ensuring the oil lathered roast potatoes are crispy enough, has been passed on from generation to generation. My pappou was no different. I still recall him taking my brother and me aside at a family gathering and showing us how to make the most of all the juices coming from the lamb on the spit. This entailed toasting bread, putting butter on the one side and letting the other side soak up all the good stuff- still think one of my arteries is blocked from that day.

As he became frailer, he would appreciate the smaller things in life. I remember taking him food for lunch at his house – I had bought some cherries for dessert. After finishing the bowl, he commented on how spoiled he felt. I am glad such a small act could show you how much I cared for you.

I can still picture us sitting together while listening to the radio- you had begun to struggle finding words and did not talk much - a shocker for George Bizos not to talk I know. But I asked whether you enjoyed the song and you turned to me with such conviction and said it didn't leave any impression on you. It may be small but the laughter that came after that will stay with me always.

Because of your efforts I gained a second family- From all the messages and calls we as a family received it shows why SAHETI is different and definitely more than just a school. Your essence will forever live on in those who attend the school.

Thoko and Grant- you became part of our family over these years. You treated my Pappou with such love and compassion. You provided me solace in knowing that you were there when I couldn't be. Thank you

I could be true to George Bizos form and talk for lets just say an extended period of time but I will leave that for another day.

Pappou your road was a long one filled with more adventures than most. You may be gone but your legacy will never fade. I will love you always. Forever in my thoughts until we meet in Ithaka.