

AUSSIE GREEK EASTER AT (PELLANA) WATSONIA

Abalinx Peter Adamis 1 May 2016



United Nations congregation. Aussie Greek Easter 2016 at the Adamis household is a gathering of United Nations. The blood lines that flow through the veins of the family members are Australian, English, Greek, Irish, and Korean all of which now flow through the youngest member of the family, little Anika. In the photograph we an addition to the household items that as a parent I did not think was going to be possible in my lifetime. That item is a bassinet for young Anika and is located near the fireplace. Mind you, as far as I like an open fireplace, little Anika will take priority.

Midnight Mass. Those who went to church would pay they respects and follow the ecclesiastical procession through designated streets (supported in many suburbs by the local constabulary) and finally back at the church where the priest would announce at the stroke of midnight that Christ ahead arisen. This was the signal for the lighting of candles originating from the priest and then carried onto others throughout the church and amongst the throng of believers waiting outside. Once the light was obtained the believers would then be responsible for returning with the light (candle) and make the journey home to mark the traditional cross on above the lintel of the front entrance to the home.

Over the years the front entrance to our home (Pellana) was always blackened by the smoke from the candles. The trip from the church in Oakleigh to Watsonia was always full fear that the car would catch on fire or someone would drop a lighted candle. Once at home we would greet the other members of the family with the "Hristos Anesti" and would get a response in return with "Alithinos of Kirios". My four sons would always be responsible for carrying out this task no matter where we were living at the time. Now that they have grown up each makes his own journey in life and it's up to them to carry on or not the legacies left behind.

Pellana Easter presentation.

Back home (Pellana) located in Watsonia, a suburb north of Melbourne, as always my lovely wife Yovanna was up late last night preparing for the traditional Easter dinner along with Mark who cooked the traditional “Mayiritsa”. Mind you a lot of work goes into preparing the Easter dinner by our women folk that we men should always keep in mind to stay away from the kitchen and do only what we are told. Scones, biscuits, eggs boiled and stained in red, traditional cake complete with eggs and other assorted paraphernalia, meat of every sort, salads, drinks both alcoholic and no alcoholic. In our case Yovanna had prepared everything in advance and always creates a magnificent presentation worthy of a Sergeants Mess Dining in night.

While these preparations are normally done the night before, the next day the men will of course prepare the now famous Aussie Greek “spit” (open BBQ). The spit or bbq will be normally heated by gas, charcoal, wood, coals and or heat beads depending on one’s resources available. While the various forms of meat, whether it’s a lamb, goat, chicken, pork, sometimes fish and the odd prawn thrown on for good measure on a flat top bbq if it is available. I can say that there is nothing better than an open fire, with the men standing around it having a great old time while the women complete the preparations for the dinner. A cold beer would not go astray as long as someone keep an eye on the spit or bbq.

I am of the opinion that Easter should always be one of a gathering of family and friends, a time when all is forgiven and a time where family can sit down as one and remember the reasons for the dinner. Many unfortunately don’t view Easter for its traditional sense but are happy to support religious festivals and events as it is a continuation of a tradition started some 2000 odd years ago. A culture that began in the East and became the cornerstone of Western civilisation. It is one religious festival that all likeminded western cultures will come together to celebrate the execution and the rising from the dead of an innocent man. A crucifixion of sorts that created a culture based on love and forgiveness.

As always, my apologies for the poor grammar, punctuation and savagery of the English language. I can only but try.



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