



# EMOTIONS RUN HIGH

Abalinx Peter Adamis 25 April 2016

Emotions run high when faced with one own mortality. I write this after much reflection on the past of eight months uncertainty which were broken up into five months hospitalisation and three months recovery.

Tears well up inside me and yet I cannot bring myself the luxury of releasing those emotions to break down and just cry. I just cannot do it even though I am shedding tears deep within me. There are times when I just want to give up and kill myself by hanging and getting it over and done with and yet that is that something within me that stops me. What that's something is I do not know. I do not know whether it's a weaknesses or a strength and yet I feel a great sadness, despair and an emotional distress most of the time.

During the past ten years I have already experienced some eight years of severe depression brought upon by an ill-advised and vindictive organisation who conducted a well-coordinated and targeted attacks on me personally followed by three heart attacks and finally cancer. Suffice to say, I confess that it was my family (wife and children) my resilience and endurance built up through many years of military training, my faith in my creator (call him by whatever name you care) and my myriad of friends that I have encountered throughout the years.

I don't write this easily as it exposes me to ridicule and demonstrates that I too after many years of being strong do have an Achilles heel that can be used to destroy me as an individual. I write this also as an example of how a combination of factors have assisted me in surviving the ordeals mentioned above.

As a youngster my Dad would hang me on the olive tree that was situated alongside the old stable that we called home in Greece and instilled into me never to let go of my grip on the bough of the olive tree. (It is of interest to note that I purchased the block of land adjacent to my Mum and Dads home only because that old olive tree was still there some 60 years later.) Yes it's true that I was born in a stable but having said that does not qualify me for a messianic and ecclesiastical career of which my mother would have preferred I accepted.

No my birth was an interesting one I must say. The mid wife at my birth was later to be convicted of murder, I was breast fed by another woman and later fed on donkeys and goat's milk as my mother was ill after my birth. Some say I was lucky to be alive given the poor medical and health facilities at that time.

When we were just toddlers aged four and three, we could roam throughout the village free from any concerns as everyone knew everyone. Dad was in the Regular Army at that time after having been a member of the "Xittes" (Hittes as the "X" in Greek is "H") organisation raised by General Grivas as opposition to the Communist Andartes (let wing forces).

Dad applied to fight in Korea and was refused on the grounds he was married, unemployment was high, food was scarce and the future of remaining in Greece rather grim. The village was ideologically split into two left and right and some had left for their own safety as a result of the left wing forces being destroyed or nullified as a fighting force. I am of the opinion that even today some 75 years later, nothing has changed.

It was a momentous decision on the part of my parents to decide to immigrate to Australia and not the USA as my grandfather Peter had done in 1911. Unfortunately my grandfather failed to take out US citizenship and was unable to return back to the USA after visiting the old country. He tried a number of times but got only as far as Cuba and in doing so lost all of his assets which were considerable and it is said that they fell into the hands of his sister with whom communication was lost after the great depression and WW2. Prior to his first trip back home grandfather Peter sent vast sums of money to his father to purchase land and other farm resources for his eventual return.

Unfortunately, his father my great grandfather was somewhat of a cattle rustler and brigand. One evening whilst on a cattle rustling raid, my great grandfather was shot and was crippled. The police at the time jailed him and any funds that were entrusted to him by his son was squandered on paying off legal bills and other members who had a hand in releasing him from a lengthy sentence.

According to my father, great grandfather Vasilios, took his sons (Grandfather Peter) by the neck and placed it on his neck and asked his son to press down and extinguish his life and asked for forgiveness for the wrong he had done him. My grandfather Peter being a kind and compassionate man declined the offer. I had not realised its significance until today.



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