

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ANTHOULA GARLICK

14th September 1930 - 28th May 2019





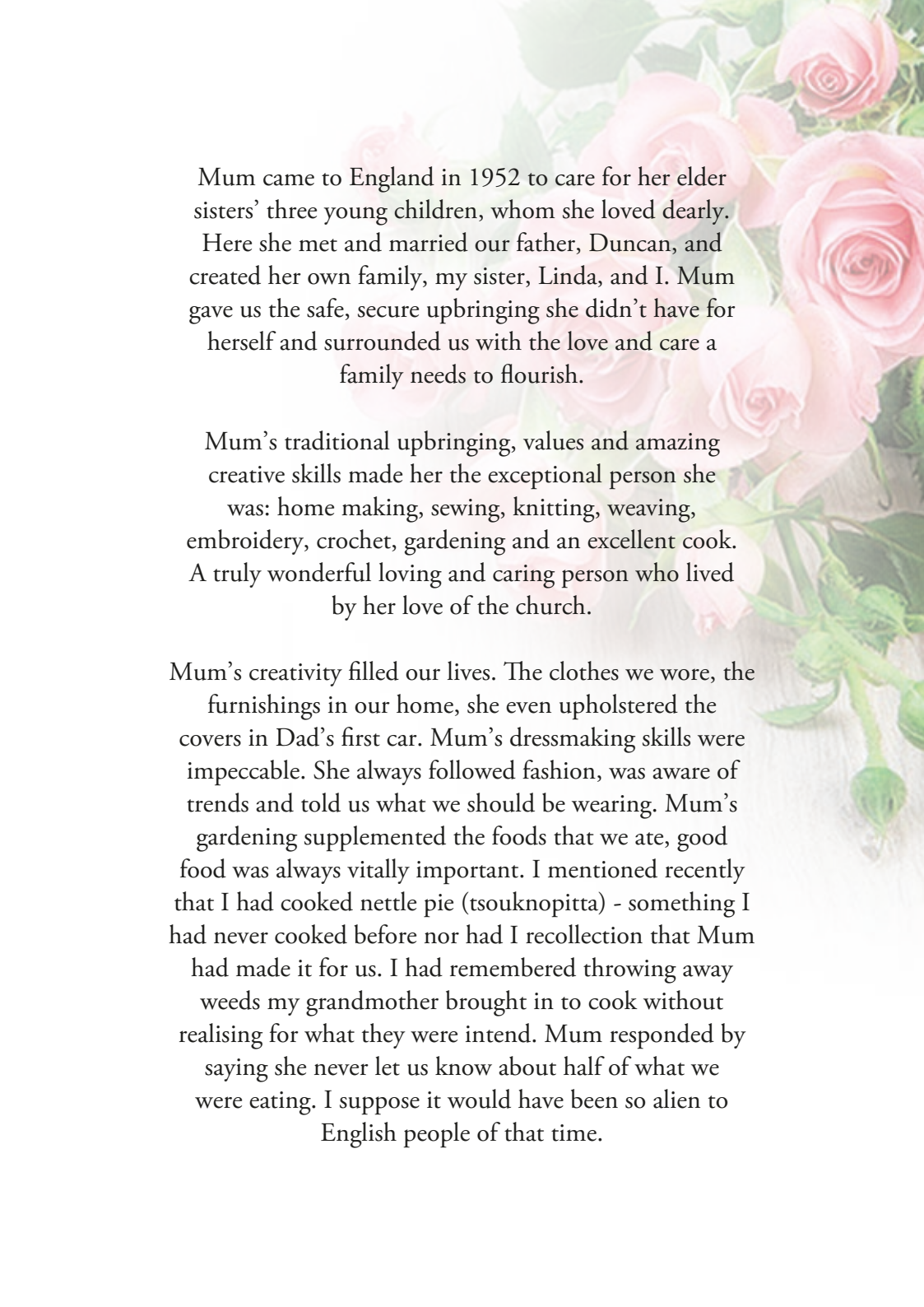


Whilst looking through photograph albums to create a treasury of our mother, Anthoula, I realise how few pictures we have of her on her own or looking directly into the camera. Mum is always there, quietly in the background, unassuming, always occupied, busy with the family and grandchildren, a warm, welcoming, loving and caring mother.

Of Mum's early years in Greece, in reality, we know little.

Mum was born in approximately 1927, the second daughter to Basili and Kalliope Zamani. She had four brothers and three sisters, eight in total. We know Mum played a huge role in the care and upbringing of her younger siblings. Life wasn't at all easy in Greece and Livadi (the small mountainous village that she grew up in, in northern Greece) in the 1930s and 1940s. During that time, she witnessed The Great Depression, Nazi occupation, civil unrest and Guerrilla warfare. It is only latterly that she spoke more of her early years and memories, so we understand why she rarely spoke of it! We know that a happy memory of Mum's was taking primroses to the church to decorate it. She also wished she had had the opportunity to have the education offered to her brothers.



A background image of several pink roses in various stages of bloom, resting on a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are the central focus, with green leaves and stems visible. The lighting is soft, creating a gentle, nostalgic atmosphere.

Mum came to England in 1952 to care for her elder sisters' three young children, whom she loved dearly. Here she met and married our father, Duncan, and created her own family, my sister, Linda, and I. Mum gave us the safe, secure upbringing she didn't have for herself and surrounded us with the love and care a family needs to flourish.

Mum's traditional upbringing, values and amazing creative skills made her the exceptional person she was: home making, sewing, knitting, weaving, embroidery, crochet, gardening and an excellent cook. A truly wonderful loving and caring person who lived by her love of the church.

Mum's creativity filled our lives. The clothes we wore, the furnishings in our home, she even upholstered the covers in Dad's first car. Mum's dressmaking skills were impeccable. She always followed fashion, was aware of trends and told us what we should be wearing. Mum's gardening supplemented the foods that we ate, good food was always vitally important. I mentioned recently that I had cooked nettle pie (tsouknopitta) - something I had never cooked before nor had I recollection that Mum had made it for us. I had remembered throwing away weeds my grandmother brought in to cook without realising for what they were intend. Mum responded by saying she never let us know about half of what we were eating. I suppose it would have been so alien to English people of that time.



The arrival of Alexander, Mum's first grandchild, brought her so much joy, as did Harriet and Penelope. Mum carried them around until they could almost carry her. I remember watching Mum playing football in the garden with Alexander, both full of excitement and happiness. In the grandchildren, Mum continued caring for them as she had done her children, her thoughts were always with them wishing them the very best.

Mum suffered a large stroke 18 years ago, but with hard work and determination she recovered her strength and enough ability to continue everything, bar the sewing that she had done before. She worked in the garden to the very end. Mum would be found regularly outside, seated in a chair digging, pulling up weeds and planting flowers and vegetables. What she couldn't do we would do properly! I have, as requested, planted the runner bean seeds, some weeks ago now - they are healthy and doing well, Mum.



On Thursday 25th April, Greek Easter, I took Mum to church. Unfortunately we missed the service but we made it to church. Mum, through everything, would never miss being in church over the Easter period.

I am pleased she was able to be there.



Anthoula, meaning 'blossoming', 'bloom' from the word 'flower' or as I once read, 'A precious little flower'. Mum's garden was immaculate, mixed with flowers, fruit and vegetables. She brought Greece into the garden and sun into our hearts, happy with the simple pleasures of life, family, home and the church.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Albert Oliver and Sons
45 Easthorpe Street
Ruddington
NG11 6LB
www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305