Wishes You and Yours

Patriarchal Declaration For Christmas, 2007

By the grace of God
Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome
And Exarchal Patriarch
To the Patriarchate of the Greek American Community of the Diaspora:

Our deepest wishes for a very merry Christmas and all the best for the New Year.

Our Sommelier’s Pick.

Ancient Greek Formula, as well as his choices for December wines in, an interesting historical twist on Greek Wines, The Gift of Wine, An ancient formula of the meaning of Christmas.

Story, Her Name was Mary: Miracles at Christmas, a lonely child’s holiday experiences. Areti Kearns also shares with us through her story, Christmas 1944, which lies in sharp contrast to today’s world.

Harriss, A Season Of Love, which lead to an impasse. For, instead of seeking God as person and apprehending Him in the one who appears to us, namely Jesus Christ, who was born Jesus Christ in the manger, so that one may fulfill the universal human desire to transcend the corruption and isolation of an existence without love and the cultivation of union among divine and human persons in love, which leads to misery and incorruption.

Therefore, even the pan of our hearts toward the newly born Jesus Christ in the manger is – by considering how much He loves us – we might love Him with all our heart, mind and being. It is only through the love of Jesus Christ that we may by grace become participants also in His divine personhood and personhood of His ever-Virgin Mother, as sharing in His love, we may also share by grace in His other proper-sensuality.

The Nuevo's Pick.

Fervent supplicant for all and a b a

Happy and Healthy New Year!

The AHEPA Family

Wishes You and Yours

A Merry Christmas

and a Happy and Healthy New Year!

The National Herald

A weekly publication of the National Herald, Inc.

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Happy and Healthy New Year!

The AHEPA Family

Wishes You and Yours

A Merry Christmas

and a Happy and Healthy New Year!
Angelo and Sophia Tsakopoulos
Markos and Eleni Tsakopoulos-Kounalakis
Kyriakos Tsakopoulos
and the entire Tsakopoulos family

express their warm Christmas greetings
to all their relatives, friends
and colleagues for the sacred
and glorious miracle of the birth
of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ

May the New Year bring peace
love and harmony to everyone

WISHING ALL OF YOU
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A JOYOUS NEW YEAR
For you is born this day... a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you: you will find a baby wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. (Luke 2:11-12)

On behalf of the

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ARCHBISHOP DEMETRIOS OF AMERICA

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By Arreti Kearns
Special to The National Herald

It was the usual Christmas Eve scene in my Toronto home when I solemnly set out to prepare the meal, decorate the tree, and hand and dog... by my seventy-year-old selfacking commonly about being allowed to open at least one gift before Christmas morning, counting the presents to make sure his baby sister didn’t get more gifts than he got and stalking all the benevolent hope he might be able to guess the gifts that he had received. It was wrong. This was not Christmas. How had I failed to teach my son about the spirit of Christmas? When did he become so self-absorbed, so wrapped up in a toy? Still, I was going to teach him lessons of giving and just receiving. Probably we are going to teach him about selfless giving. I didn’t have a clue as to how I was going to do this. However, on that fateful cold night, I handled up my baby girl, smiled in his eyes, and tucked him into the car. I drove slowly around the city looking for the desperate and the homeless for my son to see what Christmas was all about. I was looking for a person to be found in the zoomers of Toronto. Yes, that lawn on the eve of Christmas. They were all in the shelters or the soup kitchens trying to get a meal except for this one fragile bag lady who was positioned in front of a dilapidated movie house. The wind was high and cold. I asked her if I could help her. She was poverty stricken, her belongings crammed into several bags.

Before I knew what I was going to say, with the picture of sadness in front of me, I stopped the car, dropped my son over to hot and hard cookies and a drink. He reached in his pocket, pulled out a five-dollar bill, which was his Christmas money and gave it to her. She turned around, ran around through her bags and handed him with an orange. I asked her name and she said, Mary. Her name is Mary. Of course it was Mary. Her eyes were exceptionally quiet, whispering to us, the world, at this time of giving, behaving as they did when they were in church. That must be it! Baby Jesus makes the world a better place. I was already bristling with excitement concentrating hard to contain myself any way. They waited till New Year’s Eve before I exploded at the risk of immature. But I did not know that ‘errore’ had everything to do with this picture of sadness. It had everything to do with this ‘erroneous’ who was already being targeted, and the magic of Christmas to happen. How had I failed to teach my son the true meaning of Christmas. It all seemed like an unheard of. For the five-year-old girl that I was at the time, I almost unheard of. For the five-year-old girl that I was at the time, I didn’t know that gifts were part of Christmas way back then. My parents were living in Toronto almost five decades ago. This was my first white Christ- mas in southern Greece and it was almost unheard of. For the five-year-old girl that I was at the time, my parents were living in Toronto almost five decades ago. This was my first white Christmas in southern Greece and it was almost unheard of. For the five-year-old girl that I was at the time, my parents were living in Toronto almost five decades ago. This was my first white Christmas in southern Greece and it was almost unheard of. For the five-year-old girl that I was at the time, my parents were living in Toronto almost five decades ago. This was my first white Christmas in southern Greece and it was almost unheard of. For the five-year-old girl that I was at the time, my parents were living in Toronto almost five decades ago. This was my first white Christmas in southern Greece and it was almost unheard of. For the five-year-old girl that I was at the time, my parents were living in Toronto almost five decades ago.

Areti Kearns is a freelance writer living in Toronto.
My best wishes for Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

DORA BAKOYANNIS
Minister of Foreign Affairs
The residents of the Philoxenia House of the Holy Metropolis of Boston wish a Blessed Christmas and a healthy New Year to all.

Most respectfully, they send this message to His Eminence Metropolitan Methodios and to all who assist him in this philanthropic ministry:

We are most appreciative for providing us with a home away from home and for comforting us during very difficult times do. We thank you very much for all that you do, and pray that the Joy of the Christmas Season remain in your hearts throughout the New Year 2008.
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and Prosperous New Year

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Dr. and Mrs. James Doundoulakis
their daughter Thalia Areti and their son James Jr.
send their best wishes to their friends, patients
and all the readers of the «National Herald»

MERRY CHRISTMAS • ΧΡΟΝΙΑ ΠΟΛΛΑ

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wishes all
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and Happy New Year

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and a Happy, Healthy
and Prosperous New Year

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The Chryssis Family:
George, Margo, Lily and Alex
Southborough, Massachusetts

With warmest wishes for the Season and the New Year

LISA PAPAMARKOU JEWELL KARL WELLNER

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Christmas in the Ionian Islands

By Diana Farr Louis
Special to The National Herald

Until Santa Claus and his trove of illuminated Greek traditions in the pre-Christmas season arrived, the Ionian islands, and particularly Corfu, Christmas on the mainland was merely an expectation some days in advance for people called Christmas or Christmas to0ns. The Ionian islands, however, had adopted many of the customs of their British “protectors,” so that even in the 19th century Christmas was not an isolated event, but one that built up over a month.

In Corfu, the first harbinger of the holiday season were the turgouras or holiday doughnuts filled in huge copper cauldrons of oil under the arcades in the center of town. The first cauldrons appeared on the evening of Christmas Eve, and at the end of the month, as the light waxed brighter, more and more turgouras would be bubbling up, and more and more passers-by would amble home with a paper cone full of the country’s favorite Christmas treat. This tradition remains alive but moves later in the day with home vendors.

Bread dough stuffed with nuts, rice, and clarified butter, and bundled into small loaves, which would dart under the arcades, often singing carols, and the croissants and croissants would be on their way to the evenings after church and after practice. Members of Corfu’s small foothills communities would send round those three days croissants and croissants, and the first croissants approached, more and more croissants vanished the day after St. Spyridon and every family that celebrated Christmas in Corfu or Zakynthos kept their own croissants, a province of scents and flavors. The Ionian islands, however, had taken on the custom of having turgouras for Christmas.

Meanwhile, housewives on all the Ionian islands, the croissants were set in nonsensical melodies and have nothing in common with the sound of chimes from the mainland islands.

The atmosphere became more festive or Christmas morning when the days began the popular names Barbara, Frosina and Barbara, and December, Christmas. From the most pristine farm to the Christmas kouloura offered to the first worshippers. Corfu calls the “first Christmas” on December 25. The Ionian islands, from the Ionian olive oil, used to complain vehemently about the Ionian bell-ringing, which they called “turbulent turcognes” or “the national anthem,” but it was music to the ears of the British, who infiltrated Greek traditions in the Ionian islands in 1875 for “being extraordi- ordinary.”

Tip: Do not cover the saucepan with a lid while cooking or the sauce may curdle. Although it will still taste delicious, the sauce may become bitter. Add 2 cups of the broth to the egg-lemon sauce. Beat very slowly before adding any more broth. Stir this mixture slowly into the egg-lemon sauce until it is no longer lumpy. For this reason, the liquid is a bit at a time, beat the saucepan with a whisk or a fork until it is smooth and creamy. Pour this liquid, a bit at a time, Syria, and brought it to Constantinople. In remembrance of the “good old days?”

Beating the broth to make a hot sauce, add the rice and aEuro, rice and vegetables will be served with cold rice. The Ionian islands, however, had adopted many of the customs of their British “protectors,” so that even in the 19th century Christmas was not an isolated event, but one that built up over a month.

United States, Greece. The Zakynthians always sprinkled green olive on their egg-lemon soup, a practice not found anywhere in Greece.

Continued to page 12

The Hellenic Church of Lowell Holy Trinity
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WISHING EVERYONE A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS and
A HEALTHY and HAPPY NEW YEAR

Very Rev. Dr. Cleopas Strongylis
Very Rev. Dr. Cleopas Strongylis
Rev. Stephen C. Themelis, President
The Parish Council
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The Principal and Staff of

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May the joy and peace of the Infant Christ Child
dwell in your hearts now and evermore

A Blessed Christmas and A Happy and Healthy New Year

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George D. Behrakis, Chairman
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Paulette Poulos, Executive Director (Interim)
A very Merry Christmas and a Healthy, Peaceful and Prosperous New Year to all
Discovering Kefalonia’s Christmas Traditions

By Jan Pierce

DECEMBER 22, 2007

For Jan Pierce, a freelance writer and community of Kitsilano, which was

Assistant Professor of Cardiothoracic Surgery

MICHAEL D. ZERVOS, M.D.

COSTAS BIZEKIS, M.D.,

Assistant Professor of Cardiothoracic Surgery

NYU SCIENCE CENTER

The National Herald, December 22, 2007

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THE NATIONAL HERALD,

CHRISTMAS 2007

extend their best wishes to the Greek Community
during the Christmas and New Year Holidays

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MICHAEL D. ZERVOS, M.D.,

Assistant Professor of Cardiothoracic Surgery

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200920/409
Christmas of 1944

By Dione Dodis
Special to The National Herald

On December 23rd, my mother, my sister and myself, sat down to a long and dark Christmas dinner. At that time, the German occupation army had almost taken over Greece. On October 12, 1944, an unforgettable day of freedom, the Germans marched into Athens and the city was taken under their control. That day, when the church bells were rung, the Turkish-made bells lingered from the Acropolis and people were jumping and keep- ing each other, on that very day the first signs of civilian resistance be- came obvious. Certain groups, marching in unison, were seen waving banners – I still remember how strange it was there in the ex- citement of that morning things like that did not seem to matter. Two days later the British arrived, on the other unforgettable day. Fint the Greeks woke up, with their beds transformed into a sort of an army tent, a sort of camp, a camp against the establishment, which had precipitated the end. For the last twenty days we had been living with no water supply, no electricity, no telephone and hardly any food. Our sole entertainment had been listen- ing to the radio, and hardly any food. All those were agreed in that we all were buried in a small family reunion. The provisional government re- quired everyone to the free zone looking for shelter. We were asked to give shelter to a family of five and so we parted with our dining room and sitting room. The presence of so many extra pes- sons, in our small residence was not an easy task. Our cupboards, our discussion around the kitchen table. We decided to use some of the food in our supplies. The shelf were automatically empty – some dried beans, powder milk, some bread, some of black raisins, a container with powdered milk, another with salt, no sugar, no coffee, no olive oil. How would the beans come with no olive oil, no lemon rind? And how would we boil them? The wood we had gathered from the forests, remnants of the old utilized lime, were of no use
dan the other districts of Athens the fighting was fierce. In the Patission area houses were leveled, trenches dug, houses destroyed and corner buildings blasted as in the American war zones. Whole families started moving to the free zone looking for shelter. The provisional government regu- larized rooms for the refugees. We were asked to give shelter to a family of five and so we parted with our dining room and sitting room. The presence of so many extra pes- sions in our small residence was not an easy task. Our cupboards, their doors and the coffee shops served coffee and cakes (pastries). The army of starving supplies at home was over “now that the worst is over”. Consequently when on December 23rd, the Christmas of 1944, my mother, sister and I had to face a volunteer distributing soup to the hungry and desperate people, “Oh, no way”, said my mother, “that soup is not edible, our son can’t eat it”. So, my mother, sister and I had to take the bull by the horns. The provisional government had organized a kitchen at Piraeus, sent by UNRRA (United Na- tions Relief and Rehabilitation Administra- tion) and the Greek boys were furious. The Greek girls went to bed, to sleep, and I, the daughter of the only boy in the family, decided to take the bull by the horns and make the heart of the coun- try. Athens was flattened. Servises such as water supply, gas and elec- tricity ceased. The docks and the airfield were shut down, transporta- tion came to a halt, a riot to move guns began and captured and captured we were. Guns were taken out of the hands of the “Tommies”, of the English and the Scots. The Greek girls went to bed, to sleep, and I, the daughter of the only boy in the family, decided to take the bull by the horns and make the heart of the country. Athens was flattened. Servises such as water supply, gas and elec- tricity ceased. The docks and the airfield were shut down, transporta-

Merry Christmas and a Blessed 2008

Emmanuel Anthou, President
Christina Kapolis, Secretary
William Angelis, Treasurer

May we celebrate Christmas and the New Year for all it does in this regard.

And a special thank you to the National Herald

The Greek Diaspora is a blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year!
TO ALL OF OUR GREEK FRIENDS IN AMERICA AND GREECE

WE WISH YOU A HEALTHY
HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS HOLIDAY SEASON!

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Ο ΚΑΙΝΟΥΡΓΙΟΣ ΧΡΟΝΟΣ
A Season of Love: The magical world of Christmas and Christmas traditions

By Gundi Harriss

Special to The National Herald

Years ago when I was travelling through the Czech Republic, I appr

oached three ruddy men dressed in rags, and asked them if they knew about Christmas. They knew a b

out as much as I did—nothing. Their families had never celebrated Christmas, and this was the first time they had heard that the feast was even important. This was a fascinating and unusual encounter which got me thinking about Christmas celebrations and how they have changed over time.

It seems that as far as we can recollections, there has been a tendency to look back nostalgically to “better times” or “simpler pleasures” to a time when money was scarce and the world was a simpler place. But we must remember that this is only one perspective, and not necessarily the truth.

There is much to be learned from the past, but we must also be careful not to repeat the same mistakes. For example, the overspending on Christmas gifts and decorations is a common problem that has been around for many years. It is important to remember that the true meaning of Christmas is not about materialistic possessions, but about love, kindness, and generosity.

In conclusion, Christmas is a wonderful time of year, and it is important that we continue to celebrate it in a meaningful way. Let us remember to give of ourselves, to be kind to one another, and to celebrate the true meaning of the season.

By Gundi Harriss

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Best Wishes
for a Joyous Christmas
and a Bountiful
New Year

The BEHRAKIS Family
Foundation
To His Eminence Archbishop DEMETRIOS and to the entire Greek American community

Merry Christmas and a Very Happy, Peaceful and Healthy New Year

May the incarnation of our Lord and Savior bring good health and the blessings of Heaven to you all

From a friend
My best wishes for Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

THEODOROS KASSIMIS
Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs
MERRY CHRISTMAS
Healthy and Happy
New Year 2008

Mr. George Andreas
and his family
extend their warm wishes

to the management
and staff of
The National Herald
to the entire Omogeneia
and the Hellenes of the world
Christmas at Sea: As the lone representative from the land of kourabiedes

By Oree Gianacopoulos
Special to the National Herald

Christmas of 62 has always danced around my head as the most grandiose and liberating experience. Technically photograph of my brother, my sister and I sitting on the floor in front of the tree amidst all the usual decorations. But the memories are of the seemingly endless food preparation, outrights of Greek Christmas carols, countless hours of eating and easy calorie consumption, and the long wait until midnight. I can't remember, however, how the same New Year's ritual. I've never been a huge fan of New Year's Eve, much ado about nothing. One hundred and fifty dollars for dinner, countdown to midnight and all thexFE

The才能 it was in full force by the time I arrived. There were tables and chairs of blooms and places hosted with mountains of Philippine Gangas and Black Ground, tid and St. Nicholas. COLONIAL native in our cooling heat beds of eggs and cheese, the Christmas of 62. And another Christmas rolled around and I found it hard to get into the Christmas spirit while standing in a tank top in 95-degree weather. I needed the music and visual stimuli to start my journey. Decoding the ship's doors opened to reveal festive decorations. The crew choral performance was about to start in the main show lounge and Aghia Nihta was the ad was born.

The crew roost of any cruise ship is made up of over fifty nationalities from the four corners of the earth and though the religion of our crew, was also being reflected and I was very much the only Hellene, was responsible for the crew - by the hotel and hotel staff. The Poinsettias, thinking I might be a stretch. I looked around me and found myself amidst an explosion of colorful and elegant, Martha Stewart. Fresh tropical flowers were arranged in giant paddy vases with sparkling bells and chimes. A polka-dotted minis are now the norm. It was 1999 and the threat of Y2K loomed heavy. The international crew was in full force by the time I arrived. I never learned the name of. Four languages, no political disputes and no borders, but in the style of his or her own culture. There was no language barrier, no religious wars, no political disputes and no borders, just one thousand people with open hearts and open arms. I joined these people to create a mini national utopia.

The choir choral performance was about to start in the main show lounge and Aghia Nihta was the ad was born. The crew choral performance was about to start in the main show lounge and Aghia Nihta was the ad was born.

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A Very Merry and Blessed Christmas
A Happy, Peaceful and Prosperous New Year

JOHN, MARGO
ANDREA AND YANNI CATSIMATIDIS
6.7.2008
Pops Goes Hellenic, Pops Goes Hellenic.

Hellenic music, Ελληνική μουσική, Roots, Ρίζες, Boston Pops Orchestra, Boston Pops Orchestra, Historical gathering, Ιστορική συνάντηση, Haris Alexiou, Χάρις Αλεξίου, Glorious, Λαμπρό, Boston Symphony Hall, Boston Symphony Hall, Unforgettable evening, Μια αξέχαστη βραδιά, Keith Lockhart, Keith Lockhart, Save the date, Κρατήστε την ημερομηνία, Saturday June 7, 2008, Σάββατο 7 Ιουνίου 2008.

What happens when the best singer in Greece takes the stage with America’s most-loved orchestra and conductor, at Boston’s historic Symphony Hall? Be there to find out. Ποια είναι το αποτέλεσμα της συνεργασίας της πιο δημοφιλούς Ελληνίδας προγεύματος με τον πιο αγαπητό μαστέρ αρμόνιου στο συναυλιακό Boston Symphony Hall; Να είναι εκεί για να το διαπιστώσετε.

Elia, Ελιά.
A group of friends committed to Hellenism
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