

George Patsouris or Patsourakos, son of Stavros, an extremely kind, always smiling and fair-spoken man passed the last years of his life in Athens although his children were living well in France.

I met him in my childhood and I knew him as “papou” (grandfather), since my own grandfather had already passed away. I remember him correcting me in my French, which I have started learn at the time, with kind words and great patience!

He was a man that had experienced so many things in his life poverty, disappointments, adversities, migration to Madagascar, wars, his son's (Stavros) death and despite all that he remained energetic and merry until his last days.

The following is from a letter to my father Vasilios Patsourakos, around 1970, where in a few lines “papou” is unfolding all his adventurous life together with his self-criticism.

Let all of us that knew him remember him as he deserves.

Anargyros (Agis) Patsourakos, May 2009.

“Around 1905 the first from our family who migrated to Madagascar, Vasileios Patsourakos, son of Dimitrios, from Strotza asked his uncle Anargyros Patsourakos, son of Vasilios, medical student at the time, for a good boy to replace him in Madagascar for some time. My uncle chose to send me.

In Piraeus I was collected by my uncle Ioannis Patsourakos, brother of Anargyros, who with his father-in-law, took me to the steamer “Straight” and sailed to Portside of Egypt.

In Madagascar I bloomed, I won, I suffered and I lost a lot.

My greatest success, as also for most of the other Europeans, was my marriage. From this marriage I got four children, one daughter and three sons.

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Since I see with great pleasure that you are interested in Patsourianoï (Patsourakos family) in Madagascar I add some on my development.

All of us in general, I mean myself, Nikolakis, Consatntinos, Evangelos and Giorgos, son of Nikolakis, didn't succeed much compared to modern times.

We didn't create hotels, houses, plots, export enterprises etc. And this because we ignored the global development and we didn't even care for our children to give them a higher education in sciences, to become mechanics, doctors, pharmacists etc. These professions bloom there in Madagascar.

I only, tried to do something but unfortunately I failed. I sent my first son to learn Greek, he received his degree in Pharmacology and when he was ready to come back they killed him. The two others, senior students of the high school, were called to arms from 1940 till 1946 and lost their chance.”