

THE MAD GREEK

By Dímítrí Garzarellí

On a very hot summer day in August a child was born in Keffalonía, Greece. He was named Jerry Tzakís. He was welcomed by his sister. He grew up working very hard. He carried a full bucket of water for a whole mile everyday to help with the farming.

While he grew up in Greece, life eventually took him to the United States. He met a pretty Swedish girl from Minnesota named Linda. They fell in love and got married. They lived in Chicago. Jerry and Linda had a baby girl named Cathy, a son named Chris, and a beautiful baby daughter named Mary. (Because of Mary I am here!)

The family moved to Utah, where they became a family of six (a son named Tony.) Times in Utah were complicated because my grandfather did not speak English. He loved America and joined the Navy. He fought in a war and, thankfully, he got out safely.

Jerry learned to speak English. He was a super good cook, and could make the best salads and Gyros in the world. When I was 8 years old, he opened four restaurants in Salt Lake City, Utah. He named them the MAD GREEK. This is a funny name since my grandpa is sometimes ornery, and even though he has a big heart the name fits him!!!

He had to learn the immigration laws and comply with many rules. He was determined and worked very hard to get the restaurants going. My mom worked every day to help him. I went with my mom to help with wiping the tables and taking the garbage out. I learned a lot. Besides the restaurant business, I have learned right and wrong from him. He is very honest, and he cares about people.

I think my grandfather (Papou), Jerry Tzakís, has added so much to the culture in Utah and to many, many lives. He has especially, added to my whole families' lives. He is a modern pioneer!!!!