

Angeliki Stratakos

Evrytanian Essay: Middle School Entry

“My Grandmother’s Evrytanian Wedding”

As I looked up at the calendar in my Pappou Kosta’s garage, I saw a picture of my Yiayia Eleni in her gorgeous white wedding gown. I saw many strangers’ faces look back at me. I figured they were guests at my grandparents’ wedding. How could I not know the story of my grandparents’ wedding? How could I not know how my yiayia felt on her day? This is my opportunity to share my yiayia’s story. My Yiayia Eleni’s Evrytanian wedding.

Let’s begin at about 3 p.m., at a church in Παλαιοκατουνά called Ιωάννης Πρόδρομος. My Pappou Kosta wore a black suit and a red tie, and my Yiayia Eleni wore a ravishing white dress, laced with tulle. They stood next to Παπά Βασίλη who was the resident priest for many years at the local church. There were two small girls who were little flower girls and were adorned with multi-colored flowers from the village. There were no bridesmaids, but my yiayia’s sisters stood by her side on her special day. The Παπά said his prayers and wished them a good life together. As soon as they knew it, they were on their way to my great grandparents’ house. There would be lots of food, κλαρίνα, and dancing that followed!

Soon after, they arrived at Γιαγιά Πολυτίμη and Παππού Κωνσταντίνο’s house. That is where the real Evrytanian feel started. There were 20 lambs on the spit, Greek potatoes, pites, salads, rice, and keftedes. Yiayia Eleni and her sisters were known for making their amazing homemade pites: kolokithopita, spanakopita, tiropita, and makaronopita. They used their Evrytanian culture to make the delicious foods. There had to be tons of food to feed the 200 guests!

There (of course) was also plenty of desserts! One of my yiayia's sisters and Γιαγιά Πολυτίμη made all of the desserts. They made baklava, kourambietes, ravani, and karidopita. Then the live music began. There were klarina, violins, and bouzoukia. There was dancing until the morning! My yiayia recalled the great music and dancing, her feet aching, and watching my Pappou Kosta dancing astounding tsamika/kleftika. He grew up in Agrafa, so he knew how to dance the

slower “πονεμένα” songs. She saw her newly-wedded husband dancing like a true Evrytanian. She had never known that he was such a great dancer! He was kicking in the air with a glass on his head and doing flips. It was such a great night for my grandparents and for everyone who attended. It was a true testament to having an Evrytanian wedding!

As I heard this, I started fantasizing what my wedding would be like in Evrytania. Would it be a glendi, have amazing food, dancing, and live music? I started thinking about some important Evrytanian values that I would want in my future. I would want the dancing, singing, musical abilities, great cooking- especially pites, and much more because all of these come from the heart of Evrytania. These are things that we should all keep close to us. This is something I learned from my grandparents, Eleni and Kosta Sveronis’ wedding.