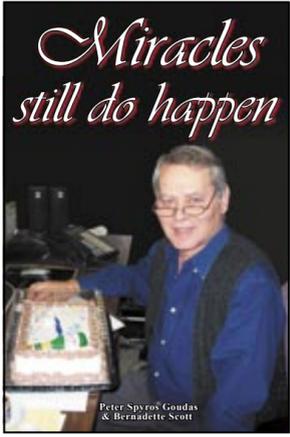


MIRACLES STILL DO HAPPEN



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Initially, I intended to call this booklet Floaters but I changed it to the above and as you go through the story, you will understand why.

I was in my office very early in the morning, around 4:00 a.m., which is my usual time, along with my long time early secretary, Maria, who is 71 years young.

She has already prepared my first Greek Coffee of the day and I am completely focused on my computer screen with my pet dog, Koukla, and Tiger still snoozing.



Everything was quiet, until I heard something drop into my coffee. It was not long before I realized that there was blood dripping from my nose. I proceeded to the washroom and washed my face and nose with some medium hot water, only to find out that instead of stopping the flow of blood, it made it more intense, the bleeding continued.

I remembered as a kid that my mother always told us to lift our head backwards and hold the nose. I did this. When I thought that the bleeding had stopped, I released my nostrils, only to find out that it did not.



I thought it would be a good idea to take some toilet paper, roll it up and plug my nostrils. The toilet paper became soaked with blood and fell out of my nose. Regardless of my efforts to stop the flow, the bleeding continued for more than four hours.

All the while Koukla is barking up at me, as if she was telling me that I was full of blood. Many thoughts flooded my mind. One of them was maybe I had picked my nose and cut a vein. Or that a blood vessel had broken. In my estimation, I lost over half a pint of blood. All of a sudden at around 8:00 a.m. the bleeding stopped along with Koukla's barking.

It seemed like I was ready to continue working. When I told the staff what had happened they told me I should go to the doctor. I choose not to go but I did phone. I was advised that I was the luckiest man on earth since I had just escaped a huge stroke, which either could have killed me, or paralyzed me for the rest of my life. I made an appointment to see the doctor to check out my condition.

Naturally, I continued working and around 4:00 p.m. I had a sudden urge to sneeze. I remembered the events of the morning and instantly picked up some tissue paper and instead of sneezing, I held it back only to realize that in a few seconds my spine had expanded and a nerve cut

in between.

Only people who have had severe back pain will understand the tremendous pain that I suffered.

I will not go into details of how many months I spent in severe pain, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. I was unable to move my legs, to drive, or even walk.

Needless to say, my doctor advised me not to have an operation because the possibility of recovery without surgery was greater than if I had one.

I am sure that we all heard the expression "the show must go on". The business had to continue running. All my employees depend upon me and gave me the encouragement to plug on. With the help of painkillers to ease the pain, I was able in my spare time to write 30 booklets and complete my biography with the assistance of my recording secretary, Bernadette Scott.

And although I was in immense pain at times, all the booklets are written in a comedy format.

So now I am sure that you are thinking, of what does this have to do with floaters?

Well, I was getting better. I was able to move my legs, walk with the assistance of a cane, limping a little - with Koukla limping along beside me. I thought she was trying to imitate me but then I took her to the vet only to be informed that she had arthritis. I was even able to drive my car.

Then one night as I was returning home from the airport, with Koukla on my lap as usual, I felt like a bunch of hair suddenly landed in my right eye. I pulled to the side of the road and I tried to remove it. I was unable to. Therefore, I thought the best thing to do was to close one eye and continue driving slowly. Since the office was closer than home, I proceeded to the office. I immediately went into the washroom, adjusted the water temperature and scooped handfuls of water into my eye trying to wash the bunch of hair out.

This bunch of hair was very annoying and difficult to remove. It did not even budge regardless of the position that I was looking in. Since I was very tired and unable to drive any longer, I felt that I should lie down and try to get some rest.

The following day, I woke up with the hair still there. It had a tremendous impact on my vision. It was like branches of trees moving left and right with no consistency in my line of vision. I tried several times to remove it with water, with no success. It was then that I thought the best thing to do was to go to the hospital. I spent more than four hours just trying to register and finally, I was allowed to go into the ophthalmology section. Needless to say, I was very upset walking up and down the corridor looking through one eye with perfect vision, and the other eye, seeing the people behind bushes.

When the doctor finally arrived and examined my eye, he suggested that I take a pill to calm my nerves down. After a little while he returned and gave me the diagnosis, that what I thought was my dog's hair is not correct, and he could not see anything outside of the eye. He also suggested that he would make an appointment for the next day to see an ophthalmologist for further diagnosis. I had a terrible night but I did make it on time for my examination.

The ophthalmologist immediately settled me into the examining chair. He placed a few drops into each of my eyes and told me to go out into the lobby for 15 to 20 minutes until my pupils became dilated.

I still had enough vision to see all the diplomas that the doctor had framed on his wall from all over the world. I felt I was in good hands.

I returned to the chair to allow the doctor to perform his examination which involved him telling me to move the eye to the left, to the right, stay still, etc., etc.

Finally, the examination was completed. I could not see him clearly through my dilated pupils, I clearly heard his diagnosis.

Right then and there, he told me that it was not dog's hair but FLOATERS.

He told me that he was not too sure and that I should seek a second opinion for verification. In fact, the doctor knew that his diagnosis was correct but apparently he did not want me to have a heart attack or a conipition in his chair.

However, I persisted in asking what floaters are since I had never heard of such a thing. He told me that it is something within the liquid of the eye and that there is no cure for it, nor is there an operation to remove them.

What I thought was my dog's hair was really a reflection of the mirror of the eyes. Since I was not mentally prepared to accept this explanation, I thought it best to leave hoping he had made an incorrect diagnosis in spite of all his credentials. So I left his office and I telephoned a friend of mine because I was unable to drive.

I spent the rest of the day at my friend's house trying to calm my nerves. I asked his wife to scan the internet and find the word floaters. Each time she read an article to me, I became more and more disillusioned. Each article emphasized that there was no cure for floaters and that they are very annoying. There are people even at a young age that develop them and they stay with you for the rest of your life. I sat there listening to her with my fingers crossed hoping that the doctor really had made an incorrect diagnosis.

The next day, I made an appointment with another doctor, only to have the same information and diagnosis confirmed.

The floaters were so annoying that I had to turn off the lights in my office. My poor secretary had to work along with me in the darkness using only the light of the computer screen. Even a little bit of sunlight or looking up at the sky was enough to give me a tremendous headache.

I made an appointment with a third doctor for a final opinion. This time I took my son with me. After the examination, the doctor verified that the floaters are here to stay and will eventually affect the other eye. My son heard the conversation very clearly and on the way out of the doctor's office, I told him to learn as much as he could about the business and that I had to learn as much as I could, the language of the blind. - Braille.

Since I produce more than one thousand products from all over the world which I believe are the best the world has to offer;



I thought to incorporate the perfume of the products within the can with blind people in mind. With the essence incorporated within the ink of the label, when visually impaired consumers pass by the supermarket



shelves or open their cupboards, the intense aroma generated by the label would cause them to immediately identify what is in the can, for example, a pineapple or a tomato field, for that matter.

An article with respect to this particular idea of mine was printed in Globe & Mail newspaper on April 3, 2001.

That idea became intensified in my brain as a consequence of the floaters, and the research that I started twenty years ago but had never completed, will be my mission for the years to come.

Needless to say, I spent more than two months in seclusion with pain in my legs, pain in my back, floaters in my eye, until my 65th birthday came along.

So the big day arrived! Once at the office, I was greeted with many Happy Birthday wishes. I received telephone calls, postcards, letters and e-mails from every part of the globe. However, I was left speechless by letter that was posted on our website by my employees. The text is as follows:

HAPPY 65TH BIRTHDAY SIR!



Hello Everyone:

It is 9:20 p.m. on Wednesday, March 28, 2007. It is not unusual that I am sitting here at work. My hours have been rearranged because my boss apparently works 29 hours a day.

Anyway, tomorrow, he will be 65 years old. Happy Birthday, Sir! Congratulations on reaching such a milestone in life, thank you for what you have done and accomplished in this time period and may our great and wonderful God, our Father Almighty, continue to bless you and keep you strong, healthy and productive for many, many, many more years. For without you, there will be a terrible void left in the world because, you have made it possible for millions of people to have food on the table.

There are no words to describe my gratitude and appreciation for everything you have done and I am very privileged to have made your acquaintance. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

An e-mail arrived in the office today from one of our many suppliers. It has been reproduced exactly as is and is a sincere testament to the Man for all Seasonings, rice products, beans and peas, soups and prepared meals, canned vegetables, beverages and drinks, tomato products and pastes, canned fruits, sugar, flour, sauces, condiments, spices, etc., etc., Mr. Spyros Peter Goudas, who for almost 40 years has dedicated his life to a mission which has been successfully accomplished in spite of many trials, disappointments, personal tragedy and grief.

The text as follows:

My name is Theologos Kangelidis, my English is poorest than semi poor. But my will to express my opinion for Mr. S. Peter Goudas is very strong and I will try to do it anyway I can.

I hope I will be understandable.

Before about a few years, I was so much disappointed of my life and so tired from all the bad moments I had with my work(after few years of hard work I had set up a little factory for canned food) in Bulgaria(I am Greek) I was looking to the net for some companies to collaborate with and send to them some samples...As I search I found a website called www.goudasfoods.com. I wrote a letter to him and after a while I had already an answer which left me surprised. How fast this man reply to me although he was very busy with all his products. After a long conversation with the man, I left with the opinion that he is a very clever hard working man looking for perfection for his products. But all this was like a fairy tale for me, because he said to me that he will advance money and raw materials to me...you see I was in a difficult time...

NO ONE WILL BELIVE IT SINCE WE DON'T KNOW EACH OTHER!!!

The next morning they call me from my bank that an amount of US dollars has arrived from Canada to my account.

I don't believe it! Yes, it's true!!!

After a short time, a whole load from Mr. Goudas raw material to begin production of his products arrived in Bulgaria for me. Since that day till today, me and Peter have produce more than 35 articles under Mr. Goudas brand, all of them under his straight observe and opinion (you see, he wants the best in the world and not less) and we are good friends more than business partners.

Honestly, I am 45 years old and I have seen many things in my life, for first time I have met a person like him.

Words are very poor to express this entire phenomenon called Peter Goudas! He is a whole catalogue from qualities

Honest, HARD WORKING, human, sensitive, clever, hard to the difficulties of life, funny when he has the time, simple and thousands more...

If he was not near to me, at all these hard moments of my life I really do not know if I was here today. I pray to God every day to keep him alive and healthy because he is a good man... I want to thank him in a very open and public way for all people to see who Mr.Goudas is. If the world had 2 men like him maybe life was better for sure.

And to close this long letter, I must thank all his team in his company (they are all of them perfect). And all his valuable customers that they respect so much his name and his products which without any date are the best in the world! I am proud to serve him and his company!

With all my respect,
Theologos Kangelidis

Bernadette : As I continue to type this, I am overwhelmed. The above letter perfectly describes this man whom we all know as MR. GOUDAS, and I sincerely believe it is the most appropriate Happy Birthday and Thank You to Spyros Peter Goudas

Since I have been recording the details of his life for his autobiography titled, The Immigrant, I have become aware of the strength and determination of Mr. Goudas. We love you sir and never ever forget that. You have made the world a better place! Happy Birthday Sir! You are an inspiration to all of us.

From all you faithful employees, and of course Koukla.

My whole staff knowing my situation encouraged me not to retire, since not only them, but the world needed me, maybe now more than ever before because the tremendous experience that I possess should not be allowed to go to waste.

Not yet anyway.

I was telling my floaters story to one of my suppliers, when he told me that his mother who was raised in Greece and is very religious, will send me a little package the contents of which I should place on my eye and this will cure me.

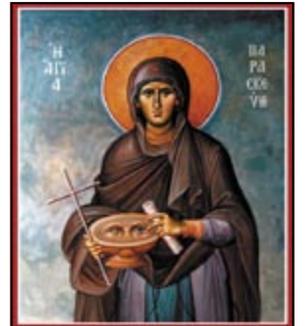
I thought it was just another old wives tale so I did not pay it very much attention.

After one week, I had a telephone call from a Customs Supervisor telling me that as Mr. Goudas, I bring hundreds of containers from all over the world and every one of them has the proper paperwork accompanying them.

This particular package did not have any paperwork and they were unable to process the entry into the country.

However, since they knew me very well, they told me they would forward the package and when I found out what it contained, I should inform them for their records.

When the package did arrive, I realized that it contained a piece of cotton, soaked in oil from the candle of St. Paraskevi, considered to be a healer of the blind, from the Church of the same name in Greece.



I phoned my supplier and advised him that I had received the package. He further informed me that his mother instructed that I pray from deep within my heart and believe.

I was then to cover the eye overnight with the eye patch (like that of a pirate) and St. Paraskevi would heal my vision.

I admit that I have to deal with all nationalities in the world as part of the nature of my business and each one has their own beliefs, and food is indirectly related to religion.

I have no room for mistrust in miracles therefore I did exactly as per instructions and I spoke directly to the Great One who is above, until I fell into a deep sleep. Only to wake up in the morning and find that miracles still do happen.

Now, I am 65 years old and

I am better than ever before.

I can walk some times without the assistance of a cane.

I drive without dark glasses and I control my blood pressure, until one of my secretaries causes it to rise.

I thank the Lord for keeping me in the top shape that I am in, at this stage of my life.

Spyros Peter Goudas

Panos (son) & Peter Goudas cutting the birthday cake

