

YES SIR



**Dear Readers,
Friends
and Supporters:**
(by Bernadette)

As of today, I realized that with the famous "Biography" out of our hands and into the hands of the printer, that I miss all those

Mr. Goudas stories. It was back to work. There were no more: "Stop for a minute and listen!" moments like before.

Instead, it was business as usual, and for many of you in the business jungle, that means deadlines, aggravation, frustration, headaches, incessant telephone calls, banks, customers, etc., etc., etc...

I am not in the business like him but I see the daily events.

Hey, this is one very serious man when it comes to business matters.

At any given time, he could be negotiating a deal with the chief warden of a prison in Thailand, asking him to release the prisoners at 4:00 a.m. to pick the okras

before noon, because if they grow any larger they will be inappropriate for canning.

The next phone call could be to Sri Lanka, to arrange a temporary ceasefire with the rebels, so that the truck with Mr. Goudas Coconut Cream can pass through, without the driver and escort being harmed. Or he could just be arranging to make a donation for the next senior citizen's event.

I can go on and on with examples, just to give you an idea of how diverse his day is, and the endless hours he inputs into his mission. Nevertheless, I will stop here to continue on with my main point.

Well, someone up there is listening to me. I was called into the office shortly after a package arrived for "the Boss".

With my pen and paper in hand, I walked into his office anticipating a dictation session.

"Yes sir!"

I responded, upon sitting down across from him.

"Do you know what is in this box?", he asked me. "No sir", I said and placed my ear to the box and stated, "Well, it is not ticking!" He smiled, and opened it for my benefit.

Woww! The first rough printing of the "Biography".

It was (and still is) a beautiful sight. "The Immigrant", Mr. Goudas' Biography!

Weeks, months, years, of typing, stories, readingssss!! It was now my responsibility to proofread it before it went to press.

I was handed this "little piece of gold" and requested to read the entire book, as any regular reader would, and to come back with comments or changes to be made.

Mr. Goudas told me that people who buy Mr. Goudas products will read this book and since they are loyal to his brand.

Also, people who never knew the brand will read it out of curiosity, and, of course,

the competition will thoroughly read it and then run through it with a magnifying glass.

My task is not to make any corrections in typographical or grammatical errors because the book is probably full of them since certain articles and sections were written as told by him.

After all, Mr. Goudas is not a certified university English Major, but an immigrant who spent basically his entire life trying with the best of his ability to create whatever he has so far.

Of course I scanned the print immediately locating my pictures (page 39 - the colourful one and the one eating pelau on page 47).

Hey, you would do the same, given the situation.

After all, being in the same book with the famous Mr. Goudas is an honour.

I began my initial task of proofreading, but became engrossed in reading this "Biography" as the book it was intended to be.

To give my undivided attention to this assignment, I kindly relayed the fact that it was more appropriate to read it in seclusion as opposed to the office environment. I succeeded in obtaining two days, so I left the office.

I was told not to let this book out of my hands and that no one else was to read it before publication.

I was totally engrossed and focused on reading, to the point I found myself

miles away from my appointed destination - home.

I continued on, to the subway system, for further reading time.

After all my years on the tube, it seems to be everyone's reading room. The lady sitting next to me inquired as to where she could obtain a copy, because she was aware of the man on the cover and is a loyal Mr. Goudas customer.

Another passenger, after hearing the conversation, was surprised that Mr. Goudas was not from the Caribbean...to her rice and kidney beans, hot sauce, and curry, meant... Well, you know what I mean!

The next passenger, after overhearing the conversation, stated that she thought that Mr. Goudas was deceased many years ago, hmm.

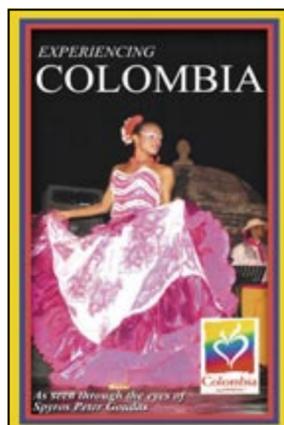
I smiled and asked how much would they pay for this "Biography". ...The responses varied between \$20 and \$25.

In fact one person stated they would even pay \$50. I was beginning to feel that I was at an auction sale. This really surprised me.

I quelled the discussion by exiting at the next station because, after all, the book had not yet been published.

I found myself reading late into the night and upon awakening, I headed to my local coffee shop, you know, the "open 24 hours" kind, with a nice atmosphere, that students from Universities use as their reading room, or private study.

Well, I became one of them studying also my text for the next assignment Experiencing Colombia as seen through the eyes of Spyros Peter Goudas.



I admire and respect Mr. Goudas for many, many reasons.

This entrepreneur has enabled me to retain a very special part of me, my originality and heritage.

Mr. Goudas' products have allowed me to continue eating the foods I grew up on, thereby passing on my culture to my offsprings through food, and it is this food that ever so often has

caused me to recall very pleasant moments with loved ones.

There are no words in this world to describe this.

I believe for this reason Mr. Goudas will forever be blessed.

Thank you.

The following evening I headed to one of my special spots to have some great, home made food, and to sit at the table in the corner and continue reading, despite the fact that the atmosphere was a little noisy from the music.

However, I was still able to focus my attention on reading.

I was on page 30 of the book, admiring the picture of my long-time favourite wrestler Sweet Daddy Siki, and I was thinking to myself whatever happened to him...



when to my surprise, it was announced over the P.A. system:

"Ladies and gentlemen, let us welcome Sweet Daddy Siki".

Wowww! I pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming! It was like a miracle! A page in this "Biography" came to life for me right then and there.

What a coincidence!

The gentleman stood up and I was speechless! There in person and life-size was Sweet Daddy Siki.

One could not mistake him with his hair completely white.

After his session, I went over to him immediately and said "Sir, I have been a fan of yours for many years, in fact, it was your wrestling that attracted me to the sport, back when it was really wrestling. I loved your costume".

He was very gracious, soft spoken and gentlemanly.

I further inquired "Do you know Mr. Goudas"? He smiled and responded "Yes".

I blurted out "You are in his Biography, in costume and everything"!

He then requested a copy of the book, but unfortunately he has to wait until it is published, so I promised to personally bring him an autographed copy.

I further informed him that I work for Mr. Goudas and obtained his telephone number.

Even now, while writing this, I feel a special something.

In a way, I believe that meeting Sweet Daddy Siki has solidified everything in this "Biography" as true.

Imagine, I was thinking to myself as I was returning to my table, when this book is finally published, how many lives it will touch in significant ways.

Thank you a million times Spyros Peter Goudas.

Your life experience has been an inspiration for me.

May you live on forever!

