



In Loving Memory of Viktor Dalsaso

6th October 1927 to 5th May 2007

Dear Nonno,

I'm sitting on your bed writing this letter to you. I feel your presence in the room. I can almost hear your voice whispering the rosary and feel the warmth of your hand on my shoulder. Your room has so many memories, both beautiful and sad. Every photo has your face, every object has a special memory attached to you. I miss you Nonno. More than words could ever express. But I know you are safe, with the Lord God beside you and St Anthony close nearby.

You spent a lot of time with your grandchildren over the years. My memory casts back to when I was young and used to spend every school holidays with you and Baka. It was always like an adventure. We use to catch the train into the city. Sometimes all us grandkids came along. I remember the times you took me to the museum to see the Egyptian mummies, the art gallery to see the works of Leonardo Da Vinci and many other famous artists and then we would always go to St Marys Cathedral for mass. All this because you knew it would teach us something new and expand our imagination. But above all you wanted us to appreciate the beautiful things this world has to offer. You taught us to love the simple things, a flower, a baby bird in its nest, the taste of a fresh strawberry from your garden. Everything was special to you.

I want to thank you Nonno for so many things. I want to thank you for sleeping on the lounge and letting me sleep in your bed with Baka every time I stayed at your place. I want to thank you for walking us kids through your vegetable garden and teaching us how everything grows. I want to thank you for all the afternoons you walked Livi and I down to the creek so we could skip stones across water. I want to thank you for always giving me cuddles and being on my side every time I was feeling down. I want to thank you for the look you gave me as you and I danced on my wedding day. I want to thank you for being proud of all of us. I know wherever you are, you are happy and you are no longer in any pain. As time goes by the pain will ease but your chair will always be empty. But like you said Nonno, we can always touch you, always see you, because you are always here.

When you see our Lord God, I want you to take him by the hands and thank him for me from the bottom of my heart. Thank him for giving us such a wonderful husband, father, grandfather and great grandfather. Thank him for giving you such a beautiful soul. God must have known our earthly need for someone wiser, someone who could turn a hopeless situation into shades of victory, someone whose touch could transform clouds into sunshine, tears into joy, sadness into laughter, that's why God made fathers like Himself.

Please don't worry about Baka. She is surrounded by all the love she needs. I know you saw how strong she was and she continues to have amazing strength, but she misses you so much. You were blessed to have had one another. I know you are watching over her now and always. Please watch over my mum Nonno, she's having a hard time and she needs your strength and your guidance. You are my angel in heaven and she is my angel on earth. The angels are always near to those who are grieving, to whisper to them that their loved ones are safe in the hands of God. Most of all Nonno, you taught me to pray and have faith. That is why today I will not say goodbye. I have faith and I believe we will meet again. Today Nonno, I will only say what I always said to you "Cya" because I know I'll be seeing you in my dreams. I love you Zlato Moje with all my heart. We all live our lives in a cocoon and now Nonno, it's your time to live as a butterfly.

Love Nella



Our Nonno

This little poem I write,
Is about a special man.
A wonderful life he had lived,
Let me help you understand.

He has five special daughters,
And a very special wife.
He gave all his grandkids memories,
That we will cherish all our life.

Nonno you were beautiful,
You were the perfect man.
No one will ever fill your shoes,
I just don't think they can.

I remember all the walks we had,
When me and Nella were little girls.
Always to the creek and back,
Both our hands you held.

You made Baka very proud,
I can see it in her eyes.
But Nonno it just hurts so much,
When we see her cry.

Your daughters miss you very much,
Us grandkids are trying to hold on.
But Nonno it just gets so hard,
Please help us to be strong.

Zia Rosie you did so well,
You never left his side.
He called you his little nurse,
So hold your head up high with pride.

I understand you are at peace,
As I softly cry.
God needed another angel,
So spread your wings and fly.

You're free from all the suffering,
You no longer lay in pain.
You're watching us from Heaven,
Until we meet again.

So at night time when I close my eyes,
Please promise you won't be far.
Cause that is when it hurts the most,
You're now my shining star.

Love Olivia