

Died
24-1-54

Father is Dying

Looking at his face - once a handsome face - you would at once notice that end is rapidly closing around his past-hard-spent-life of 64 long years on this earth. His face is the face of Death. But he is still conscious of all the things that are going around him. His wife and daughters and sons are all waiting for this happy tragic ending. Yes it is indeed a happy ending and I give my reasons without fear of contradiction. My father is an honest, with the fullest sense of the meaning of this word, churchgoer and is loved by one and all. He has not one single enemy in this world. I wish I can say this for myself!

My father's name is Joseph and he was born in Zabbar - Malta G.C. in one of the poorest districts. At the tender age of 12 he had to fend for himself and all his hard earned money went into the pockets of his father. After the end of the First World War he married and his first wife bore him a son but died a year later. He married again to his second wife and I was the first baby born. At this time of the year 1922 he was supporting not only his wife and the now two sons but also his aged father and mother. He worked from morning till dusk and his salary was not enough to keep a wife. But father managed to keep all of us happy with enough bread and clothing. God's help can do miracles only if you really believe as father did. Our home in later years was suffering with the sound of other boys and girls but some of them died when babies. In all we were four boys and four girls alive and kicking and always had plenty to eat and drink. Three of us boys got married and father had to support the rest without our help and he was better off than when we were all at home. But the years spent in continuous work took toll of him and lately he looked like a man of 80 years. He was deaf to our advice of having a long rest and spent the New Year of 1954 around the table laden with good food with his family cracking jokes as was his humorous habit when seeing all his children gathered with their wives and would-be husbands. But the Winter that came was hard and cold and poor father felt it in his weak bones and had to stay in bed. The physician was called and after examining him found his heart very weak. Later another doctor called and together they found father's health ebbing away. The medicine subscribed were doing no good and no harm but with no results. Father's was like a lit candle slowly but surely coming to an end. The end was now rapidly at hand on the Sunday of the 24th of January 1954 and tears were now visibly seen on our eyes. I for one have always boasted that nothing in life would make me cry but trying hard as I did in front of the family now waiting for their first and real bereavement I could not help the tears coming down my throat.

Sunday the 24th January 1954

Mather is dead after an illness of two months
at the poorhouse on Tuesday the 5th of February 1980.

Flowers Received

Mr. H. Sabri & Family / A. Shitani
Mr. & Mrs. J. Barchia / V. Bonaci
Mr. & Mrs. J. Attard
Mr. John Barchia
Joseph Barchia & Staff
Mr. & Mrs. Haysman
Esquire Ltd.
Helen Barchia
Kump "Barchia" Tedesco Boy.

Flowers Received
1954 = 64 grams
1890 = 7000 grams
1920? = 10000 grams
Mather's father: 10000
Mather: 10000
Gorazna
Gorazna (Zakaj)