

Francine Pappadis Friedman writes about Internet Dating

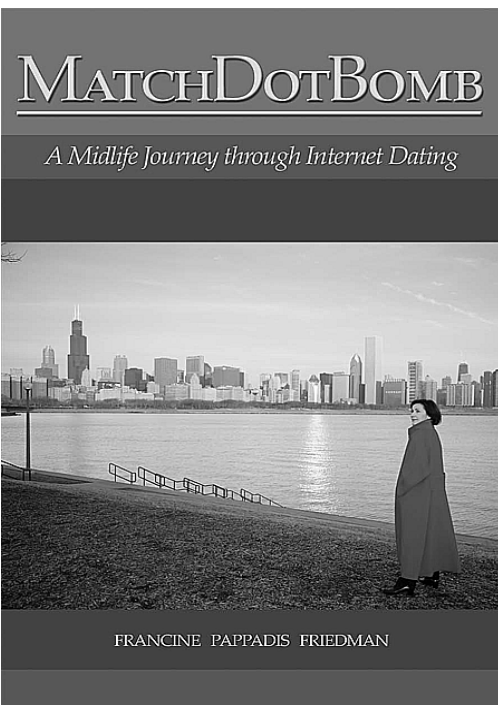
What happens when you find yourself *out there* again, after years—even decades—of being one-half of a couple? Ask the 89 million adult men and women who are living alone. Or, better yet, follow one woman's true, touching, and hilarious return to singlehood.

Francine Pappadis Friedman's book, *MatchDotBomb: A Midlife Journey through Internet Dating*, is much more than a book about online dating. It's about love, loss, and making sense of your life's journey. Her book is filled with memories of loved ones who've passed away, including her husband of 31 years, and the many descriptions of re-entering the dating scene are told with humor, honesty, and without judgment. The endless support of her family and friends guide her through some of the tougher moments, yet also lead her to some difficult challenges. How do you keep the memories of someone you once loved alive while trying to find someone to create new memories with? Prevalent in her book are the strong references to Pappadis Friedman's Greek roots and family. In the end, it's these memories and her family's values that lead her to self-discovery and the realization that it's the journey that's the important thing.

Both of Pappadis Friedman's parents were Greek. Her father, James A. Pappadis, was born in Paralia-Sergoula and came to this country at the age of thirteen. Her mother, Frances Roupas Pappadis, was born in Chicago to parents of Greek immigrants. Francine was the youngest of their three children. Her older brother, Tom, was a physician who passed away a year after her husband died. She remains very close to her sister,

Connie Lewis, a retired school teacher.

MatchDotBomb came out this past spring and has received rave reviews in the *Greek Circle* magazine, *Chicago Sun-Times*, *Inside Lincoln Park*, and *Skyline*, among others. Pappadis Friedman has been interviewed on television and radio stations, including



WGN, WTMJ, and dozens of stations across the country and Canada. Curiously, many readers' favorite chapter is called "Home," a description of Pappadis Friedman's first trip to her father's village in Greece. She's basing her next book on that chapter.

The topic of Pappadis Friedman's book couldn't be timelier. In 2008, many singles may make resolutions to get back in the game of couples. Some will succumb to blind dates while others will get serious about joining one of the numerous Internet dating sites. With over half of all marriages ending in divorce, it comes as no surprise that Internet dating is alive and well in the United States. For single adults with or without children—as well as empty-nesters, widows and

widowers—scrolling online for their soul mates is a quick, anonymous way to meet the next Mr. or Ms. Right.

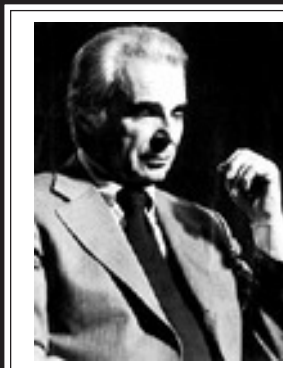
With Baby Boomers like Pappadis Friedman flooding online dating sites and some sites catering specifically to the over-50 crowd, *MatchDotBomb* is both a laugh-out-loud look at the challenges of navigating the Internet dating scene and a wake-up call to both sexes to stop waiting for Mr. or Ms. Right and instead concentrate on living life to the fullest. But readers are warned to have a handkerchief handy. Like life itself, *MatchDotBomb* is filled with both humor and sadness.

Although Pappadis Friedman never had a second date with any of her online acquaintances, she states that she found that each failed encounter taught her something about herself. Ultimately, her experiences helped her make peace with her husband's death, come to terms with her newfound single status, and realize that she's responsible for her own happiness — with or without a significant other.

You can visit Francine Pappadis Friedman's website at www.matchdotbomb.net to read excerpts, hear about some of her upcoming appearances, and to read reviews of her book. Pappadis Friedman has done numerous out-of-town and local book signings, including one this past fall to a full house at our very own Hellenic Museum & Cultural Center.

MatchDotBomb: A Midlife Journey through Internet Dating (184 pp., Wheatmark Publishing, \$15.95) is available at selected bookstores, or can be directly ordered through www.wheatmark.com and various online stores including www.Amazon.com, [Borders](http://Borders.com), [Barnes & Noble](http://Barnes.com), and BooksAMillion.com. It's a must-read for anyone who's single—both male and female—or for those who want to make sense of their journey.

Francine Pappadis Friedman is a non-profit fundraising specialist who has her own fundraising and communications consulting firm in Chicago. A former English and journalism teacher, she is an author of short stories and magazine articles. *MatchDotBomb* is her first book.



MY FAVORITE PLACES & PERSONS

By Christopher Xenopoulos Janus

A Treasury of Memories

Recently I wrote just for young people. This is for old people and the pleasures of being old.

Aside from certain elements that come with aging at 96 soon to be 97 these years are among the happiest years of my life and the reason is this; I have amassed a great treasury—no, not of money but of memories. Some are sad and bitter but, all in all just wonderful simple memories. Some not very important but all worth remembering when I think about my life, and I recommend this exercise for all seniors.

Following at random are some of my memories:

I remember my mother altering and pressing my first pair of long pants; "Now my little palakair you are a man."

The KKK at midnight burnt a big cross in front of our house in Montgomery West Virginia, though my father would not do anything about it, my mother in her bathrobe, in broken English yelled, "barbarians get off our property!"

While wading in the Kanawha River in Montgomery I suddenly found that I could swim. WOW.

Many friends came to the depot when we left Montgomery including Prince, my three year old puppy. Who sensed he was being left behind. To this day I regret not knowing what happen to my little dog.

I will never forget going to the dock in New York City to pickup Hitler's car I bought. There were about fifteen reporters there and they all wanted to ride in the car. I finally let the editor of the New Yorker Magazine drive me through Central Park and he wrote a wonderful story about it. My purchase of Hitler's car became worldwide news.

While I was at Harvard I met and fell in love with Beatrice Short the most beautiful girl I've ever met who was at Wellesley. Her family invited me to spend the Christmas Holidays with them. I was warmly received and Beatrice and I became formerly engaged. Her father a man of considerable wealth took me aside and said I should use one of his three cars, and this is the shocker: "you could pay me 18 cents a mile."

I offered my son Chris a twenty dollar gold coin, if he would memorize certain verses of Omar Khayyam's Rubyat. With help from his lovely wife Thea he memorized the entire Rubyat and recited it perfectly. I gave him two twenty dollar golden coins.

I remember vividly being invited by Aristotle Onassis for lunch at the famous Twenty One Club of New York; in the middle of the lunch he had an urgent telephone call and left me with the check which was over \$100. But the head waiter said not to worry Onassis had an account with the club.

Lincoln, my young golden haired son was brought home from the doctor wearing braces on his feet. He didn't seem to mind, but I cried.

I remember how happy I was to get a call from my beautiful daughter Niki, the star of the family, telling me she got a job at Harvard working with the alumni and she became a star at Harvard too.

Spyros Skouras, President of 20 Century Fox, asked me to go to London to meet Winston Churchill, whom I had already met in Greece. I was given certain papers for Churchill to sign in connection with a certain movie they were considering making. I was also strongly advised not to mention death or dying since Churchill would not tolerate it. However in the middle of our conversation Churchill said, "how is my old friend Cecil B. De Mille?" I had to answer "he died last month." Churchill immediately thanked me for coming and said his "butler would see me out."

I've been puzzled by a memory from Harvard where I studied Philosophy under the great Alfred North Whitehead. I got "A's" in most of his courses but at the end of the term Whitehead told me I should not pursue a career in Philosophy because I was destined to be a dilettante.

At one time in my life I was President of a small chemical company and we asked an employment agency to send me a personal secretary, they sent Valerie Valentine who was so lovely and bright looking that I just asked her one question, "how

good are you?" she replied very simply but with enthusiasm, "I'm the best!" I said "you're hired" and she's been with me and the family ever since.

I remember how happy I was when I got a telephone call telling me I've been accepted at Oxford. At Oxford I studied Philosophy and was sent to Rome during our reading period to meet and study with Philosopher George Santayna. He encouraged me to pursue a career in Philosophy and added "don't just be interested in Philosophy but be interested in everything and awed by nothing."

In 1938 I met Arthur Hayes Sulzberger, President of the New York Times, and he was much impressed by my being at Oxford. He asked me if I wanted to work for the Times and gave me a fine introduction to Lester Markel, Head of the Sunday Magazine section of the Times. Markel accepted me very cordially but he said, "He didn't care who wrote a letter about me that it wouldn't harm me if I didn't have new sense." He asked me to return the following morning with a list of 10 articles for the Sunday Magazine Section. I asked if I could go next door and prepare the list right away? He accepted my suggestions and asked me to write 2500 words on an article on philosophy. The article was printed with my byline and I was hired. The biggest mistake I made in the memories of my life was to leave the New York Times.

Following are some quick things I remember:

President Jimmy Carter told me the best party he ever gave in the White House was a party honoring the poets in America, which I proposed and helped plan.

President Gerald Ford served me sweet rolls for breakfast in the Oval Room and proposed we have a picture together to promote a book I had written.

Eleanor Roosevelt came to Dunster House at Harvard to put up curtains in young Franklin's room. She had a curtain left over and gave it to me for my room which was next door.

And now finally for very recent memories:

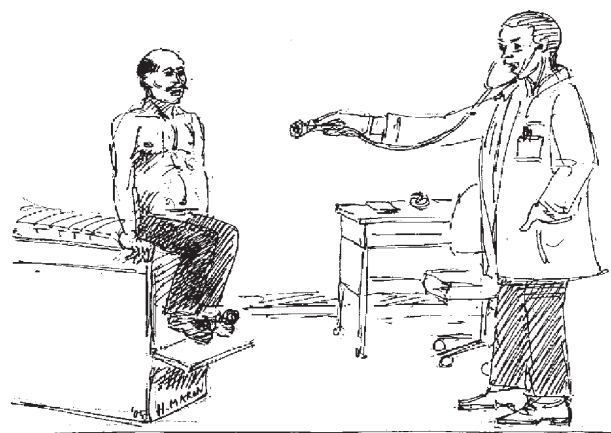
I was born in Charleston West Virginia and Governor Joe Manchin, asked me to come to Charleston to receive certain awards, he gave me the Distinguished Mountaineer Award, I was given The Golden Key to the City, and November 10, the day I arrived in Charleston was proclaimed Greek Culture Day in my honor. During the evening they showed the Disney film "Miss 4th of July Goodbye" which I wrote about my life in West Virginia.

These recent memories will be even a more pleasure 3-5 years from now God willing.

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CCJC Celebrates the Holidays

CHICAGO—The Chicago Council on Justice for Cyprus (CCJC) held its annual Christmas Party on Friday Dec. 14, at the Barba Yianni Grecian Taverna in Lincoln Square.

President James Newport Chiakulas welcomed partygoers with a few brief remarks. "We will continue our mission to inform the public and politicians at the local level of the tragedy of the continued military occupation of the northern sector of Cyprus by over 35,000 Turkish troops. Unfortunately, this Hellenic cause has taken a back seat to the Iraq war and the Israeli-Palestinian dispute."

Chiakulas also restated CCJC's most recent initiative, to call on the Cyprus government to mediate and work for collaboration and cooperation among the major Hellenic Congressional Lobbies "Only the Cypriot government has the power to effect this coalition and collaboration for the ultimate goal of Hellenic congressional and political power," he said.



President James Newport Chiakulas welcomed all who attended the Christmas Party 2007.

CCJC was formed in 1955 by Dr. Ted Kioutas, Dr. Christopher James' father Charles Chiakulas, Costis and Basil Portocalis.