

Pozdravljeni in dobrodošli. On behalf of our whole family, I would like to thank you all for coming.

Our dear father, Lojze Zajc, who we called Oči, was an adventurer, a storyteller and a dreamer. I would like to begin by telling his story. Oči was born in Zgornji Kašelj, near Ljubljana in Slovenia on June 15th 1928 to Lojze and Maria Zajc. He had one older sister Marica whom he adored. During his childhood, his father fixed bikes, but Oči dreamed of fixing cars.

In 1949 at the age of 21, he bravely left his homeland to escape to Austria. He then arrived in Canada at Pier 21 in Halifax in the year 1951. To fulfill his emigration agreement, he went to work up north in a logging camp in Temagami.

He then came to Toronto. His first job was working nights as a dishwasher at a Chinese restaurant beside the El Mocambo. His passion was to work with cars so he found an apprenticeship job at a service station in Bradford. And after one year of training he got his precious mechanic's license.

When my mother joined him from Slovenia in 1958, they married and operated a Fina gas station. Then in 1960, a first child was happily expected but Maria and I surprised them. Later my parents built Sava Motors garage in 1962 on Kennedy Road in Scarborough. Our parents were blessed again in 1966 when Lydia was born.

In addition to his love of fixing cars, our Oči loved adventure and travel to foreign places. He was also an enthusiastic skier and our winter weekends were spent with him on the slopes. He passed this passion on to his

granddaughters, who skied with him until he was 80 years old. We will forever cherish these memories that we were so lucky to share with him.

LIDI

Our dear father was a storyteller. He told stories of his youth, of his time serving in the army and about living during the wartime. One of his favourite stories from the army was when he had worked overtime to resolve a machining problem and the superior officer rewarded his ingenuity and dedication with a bowl of the best goulash he had ever tasted.

Oci also described how he escaped over the mountain to Austria, and how he chose Canada over Australia. Upon finally arriving, Oci wrote a postcard home stating only "Ziv, Zdrav, Amerika."

Our favourite stories include those about our mother arriving, and the beginning years as he established his mechanic's garage.

Through his stories, Oci shared his insights into people and life gained during his many adventures.

MARIA

Our dear father showed us how to live a good and productive life through his example.

Oči showed us how to work hard and be proud of our achievements. During the early years in Canada, Oči often worked 7 days a week to provide food for the family, with my mother by his side helping as bookkeeper and assistant mechanic. We were used to seeing Oči in mechanic's overalls and covered in grease and dirt. Jane and I vividly remember wondering who was

the man in the dress suit whenever Oči joined us for Sunday mass. Together my parents kept dreaming big and working hard to ensure a better life for their daughters and grandchildren. Even in his later years, Oči found it hard to sit and relax. He always had a project to plan and execute; whether on a grand scale or merely an improvement to the house.

Oči especially valued a good education even though he did not have an opportunity study in Ljubljana. As we were growing up, Oči regularly encouraged us to continue our studies, telling us it was easier to work using our brains than to work with our hands. It certainly helped spur us on when we got \$10 for a good report card. He similarly encouraged his granddaughters to study hard and in his last weeks he talked about how proud he was of his 'students', his five granddaughters.

Oči was unfailingly polite and rarely complained. He was greatly appreciative of every kindness people showed him. Visits from his granddaughters were always a special delight to both Oči and mama. During his weeks in hospital, he was very moved by all the good wishes he received from friends and acquaintances. Also, Oči was a stoic man, rarely talking about his problems. Even in his last days, we did not hear him list his aches and pains instead he told us and all the nurses with a smile that he was fine considering everything.

We are blessed to have had our dear father and grandfather for so many years. He was an adventurer, a storyteller, a dreamer, an example to us, and so much more. He will be greatly missed.

Dragi Oči počivaj v miru.