

Eulogy Peter Djordjevic

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Peter was born in London on February 7th, 1958. He was born early and was small and frail. He spent many weeks in hospital, separated from his mum and dad.

His parents were Radmila and Aleksandar Djordjevic. Both emigrants from the heartland of Serbia, near Kragujevac. They met in London and married in 1957.

Aleksandar was an electrician. An honest, religious and hard working man. For many years he held two full-time jobs to secure and build the family's financial future. Radmila was a traditional housewife. She looked after the children and took care of the household while providing extra income by taking in tenants for board and lodging. The family lived in Ealing – a London suburb rich with immigrants, many from Serbia and Poland.

When Peter was 18 months old, his dear sister Ljiljana - called Lily - was born. They were close, throughout childhood and later as adults. As grown-ups they met their older half-brother Rajko from Serbia, and established a relationship with him and his family.

Mother Radmila took Peter and Lily on holiday to the Adriatic Coast every summer, followed by visits to her family in Serbia. Peter's asthma improved in the warmer and drier climate. He struggled with asthma and allergies all his life.

Peter's first language was Serbo-Croatian. When he started school at the age of 5, he had to learn proper English at record speed. Peter attended Fielding Primary School in Ealing before going on to Latymer Upper school, an all-boys school. He was awarded a scholarship at Latymer. Friends he made at school - George and Tony - remained close friends throughout his life.

After graduating from Latymer, Peter chose to study physics at a local university. He soon discovered that this wasn't the right path and left after the first semester. After some deliberation, he elected to enter the insurance business. He became a trainee at Crown Financial Management where he sold life insurance policies and built up his own portfolio of customers.

Ever since boyhood, Peter was interested in sports and games. Cycling, rugby, tennis, snooker, cricket and football. Horse racing and car racing. He was an able chess, poker and backgammon player. He also enjoyed reading. As a young man he developed a passionate interest for music, and later an even higher passion for good sound quality when music is played. He became a hi-fi enthusiast.

In the summer of 1982, Peter met Eva, our mum. They met on the island of Hvar in Croatia. They fell in love and married in June 1983, and settled in Ham, by the river Thames, just outside Richmond in London. A green and rural area compared to the city. Eva was a qualified nurse and started working at a local hospital.

In 1983 Lily's daughter Daniella was born. Peter became a proud uncle.

In 1986 Peter became a parent himself. Sunniva was born, and Ellisif followed in 1987. Great joy!

With two small children and no available kindergarten system in England, Peter and Eva made an important choice together: Moving to Norway.

In the summer of 1988 they took residence in a new house in Arna.

Peter learned Norwegian. He established Audiofreaks, selling hi-fi and electronic equipment to the discerning music enthusiast.

Eva became a midwife.

In 1993, Aleksandra was born. Peter Nikolas followed in 1994.

It was a happy and hectic time with four healthy and active children, and lots of contact with family and friends. Summer holidays in England and on numerous Greek islands.

Peter always missed England. He had his roots there and visited whenever he could. He also traveled often to promote Audiofreaks at trade fairs, both domestically and abroad. Peter greatly enjoyed going on trips around the world. He was in New York on 9/11 - fortunately well away from ground zero.

Sadly, in 2007, the marriage ended. After the divorce, Peter divided his time between Bergen, London and Arizona.

The pandemic lockdown in March 2020 forced Peter to stay put in London. He shared a house with his sister Lily and was present when she fell severely ill in April 2021. Lily's predicament deeply upset him. Still, he kept in touch with us all by post, e-mail, telephone and text messages.

Peter's death came abruptly and unexpected on August 25th; a great shock to us all. He died of a brain haemorrhage. Alone, at home in London. We hope and pray his passing was swift without suffering.

What our father taught us

He taught us the value of sharp wit and dry British humour

While many of our peers had to wait until they were older before they discovered Monty Python's comedy, Dad introduced us to their sketches as children.

He also enjoyed the comedy by Hugh and Laurie, Reeves and Mortimer, Lee Evans, Harry Enfield, Bill Bailey, Billy Connolly, Black Adder with Rowan Atkinson and more.

This has shaped our sense of humour (for the better we hope).

He taught us the value of immersing oneself in a good book

He loved reading and encouraged us to engage in literature.

Mystery books by Jeffery Deaver.

William Wordsworth.

The Hobbit.
Harry Potter.
Shakespeare.

One summer, when we were going on holiday, he checked in a large cardboard box with books as extra baggage at the airport. A small section of his suitcase would not suffice... There were meters upon meters of book spines in the living room shelves that we could browse whenever we got bored.

He taught us the value of travel

He traveled often and to different parts of the world
Be it in the English countryside or in the southern deserts in the US.
He would bring us back gifts. We always had the latest Disney films on VHS, usually before they were even released in Norway.
We appreciated being able to travel abroad during summer holidays, and sometimes Easter holidays or autumn break.
Some of our fondest memories are from our holidays in Greece with our parents.
Fun times at the beach - burying Dad in the sand and playing beach tennis.

He taught us the value of going for a walk

Whenever we were in London, a standard activity was a walk through a park.
Strolling,
Sitting on a bench,
Enjoying the atmosphere.
Quietly watching the ducks and pigeons flapping about.
When one of us asked why he liked walks like that, but not hiking in the mountainous regions back home, he would reply "But that's not walking; that's climbing."

He taught us appreciation of animals

Dad really liked animals.
Spiders that had taken residence inside our house were carefully evicted.
He once came home with a hedgehog in the back of the car - he had spotted it at the side of a busy road.
He especially liked cats, but he thought he was allergic.
After reluctantly agreeing to get a cat, he was often spotted relaxing on the sofa with the tiny kitten curled up on his stomach.

He taught us to value music

Our father appreciated a wide range of music, and he was especially passionate about classical music and jazz.
He would laugh when we as children complained that Bob Dylan sounded like a goat ... and that Keith Jarrett (a jazz pianist who makes a lot of weird noises while playing) sounded like he was constipated.
As we grew up, we learned to tolerate, and in many cases even enjoy, a lot of the less mainstream music we were exposed to as children.
The different music he played during our childhood has contributed to our fondness and interest in music as adults.
And for that we are very grateful.

One of the hardest parts has been realizing that you're not going to have many people in your life who are there for you no matter what. You're lucky if you have a few. And we were lucky growing up, we always had dad.

He didn't always offer the help we wanted. He didn't shy away from telling us when he thought we were wrong. He never tried to guide us with a heavy hand though, instead he consistently encouraged us to find our own way through life. "Find something you're passionate about, and try to make a living out of it" he told me once.

Dad wasn't one for long heart to heart-conversations, but he always made time for us. And whenever we were in distress or really needed him, he would always drop everything and help in every way he knew.

You only seem to truly realize how precious a person like that is, when you lose them.

Peter Nikolas, Aleksandra, Sunniva, Ellisif