



George A. Bassilakis

August 14, 2020

George A. Bassilakis, 89 of Bloomfield CT (formally Newington) passed away Friday, August 14. He was born August 28, 1930 to the late Harry and Polly Bassilakis, founders of the Quaker Diner. George grew up in West Hartford, graduated from Hall High School and earned his Civil Engineering degree from UConn. After graduation he served in the US Army Core of Engineers and continued with a long career as a Civil Engineer.

He is survived by his wife, Betsy Fackler, his children, Harry, Anthony and Rosemary Bassilakis, and his stepchildren, Shari Carta-Martin and Bruce Fackler. He is also survived by his brother Connie Bassilakis. He was known as Papa George to his grandchildren and Uncle George Sir to his many nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his ex-wife Agnes, his son Steven, and his sister Maria Dorothea Bassilakis Graves.

More comfortable in work boots than dress shoes, at 70, instead of retiring he changed careers and became a gentleman farmer. He was rugged and had a powerful presence. He demanded excellence, could solve any problem, and design and build anything. He would help whether asked or not. Any interests he studied, he mastered. All that he mastered he tried to teach.

His wit, was second to none, and his memory recall had perfect timing which often caused self-reflection. His sense of family was strong and he was a man

you could count on.

It is said that the true measure of a person is not only their successes and accomplishments but also their lessons and memories carried forward in others. This is true of George, if you met him, you did not forget him.

A celebration of his life will be held privately.

Tribute Wall

JG

“ To Harry, Anthony, and Rosemary,
I'm very sorry to hear of your Dad's passing. I remember him well. I hope you are all coping with this sad loss and that your memories of him make you smile. God Bless you and your families.
Jay Giangreco

Jay J Giangreco - August 24, 2020 at 04:25 PM

KI

“ While reading the tributes below lets a person know what a wonderful loving man Uncle George was...and yes I will have to repeat one of the memories that was shared because it was a special memory to me...Our trips to Cherry St. As we'd drive closer to the house the excitement in the back seat would always heighten...Jeff, Dave and I would place bets who on who would be the last to collapse under Uncle George's lethal hand grip until we said "Uncle George SIR"!!! Also, I remember his snakes and his fish tanks...he told me once that If I didn't behave he would feed me to his Piranha...did he even have a Piranha? Haha...I even told my teacher that he had one, she told me they were illegal, but SHE did NOT know my uncle!!! I will miss my Uncle George Sir very much but I will never forget the memories, the love and The twinkle in his eyes...I loved him very much!!!

kim - August 21, 2020 at 04:39 PM

MM

“ I was so saddened to learn of Uncle George Sir’s passing. The Bassilakis family was a big part of my life growing up on Cherry Hill Drive. They were our close neighbors--only one other house separated our homes. George and his mother, Polly, and my family had something in common--we shared a Greek heritage. Agnes taught us how to make Italian food. I was signed up to be the baby sitter for the Bassilakis children, all of whom were so special in their own way. (Rosemary was the flower girl at our wedding.)

When I was in high school I was blessed with a new friend when Debby moved to Cherry Hill to live with her aunt and uncle. We were high school classmates, and the two of us often did babysitting duty together when George and Agnes went out for the evening. Even though I was not an official niece, I had to address George as “Uncle George Sir”, too.

He was always teasing us and playing tricks on Debby and me. On a night when Debby and I were babysitting, we decided we were going to “get him.” We short-sheeted his bed, and the two of us shortly thereafter turned in for the night. Do you know what it feels like to be awakened in the middle of the night after having been doused with a bucket of water? Uncle George Sir “got even.” This is one of my fondest memories of Uncle George Sir and the fun times he gave us while growing up in our neighborhood.

It’s so sad that life sends us on our different paths, and we become detached from the people and places that once were so much a part of our lives.

"May his memory be eternal." This is the expression the Greek people use when losing someone so special as Uncle George Sir. He’s definitely etched in my memory.

My husband John and I send our deepest condolences to all in the Bassilakis family.

Madeleine (Paul) Makiaris

Madeleine Makiaris - August 21, 2020 at 03:36 PM

MB

“ *Dear Betsy and family I was so sorry to read about your George's passing. Betsy, although I never met him, I felt that I knew him through you. Please know that I'm thinking of you at this very difficult time. When I saw you last week at the Italian bakery you mentioned that he was in the hospital....it was so good to see you after all these months. Please take care and stay safe Again, I'm so sorry for your loss....George sounded like a wonderful man,,,,,you both were so lucky to have found each other. With great fondness, Midge Becker (Best Dressed Kids)*

Marjorie Becker - August 20, 2020 at 09:13 PM

BH

“ *To Harry and Family*

*My condolences on the passing of your father.
Fathers are special for many reasons and their
spirit lives on and will never be forgotten.*

*Bill Hunter
Plantsville,CT*

Bill Hunter - August 20, 2020 at 06:48 PM

MC

“ *just read your father's, Papa's obit ths morning after recognizing the family name; my condolences to the whole family. Rosemary and I were classmates at Southern CT many moons ago; George was a proud family man.*

Michael E Clark - August 20, 2020 at 09:19 AM

AB

“ 1 file added to the album Misc



Anthony J Bassilakis - August 19, 2020 at 10:15 PM

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“ 1 file added to the album Misc



Anthony J Bassilakis - August 19, 2020 at 10:14 PM

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“ 1 file added to the album Misc



Anthony J Bassilakis - August 19, 2020 at 10:14 PM

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“ 2 files added to the album Misc



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Anthony J Bassilakis - August 19, 2020 at 10:12 PM

HM

“It is impossible to summarize my experiences with Uncle George, or my feelings about the man. I don't think I ever reflected on his importance to me. Things happened quick in my life. Looking back there were many times when you could do something and say “Good enough”. But would it be good enough for Uncle George? I believe that he expected much from me, and I never wanted to disappoint him. He paid attention every word I spoke, and somehow never forgot one of them! His uncanny ability to recall conversations and contradictions was uncanny and unmatched. He delivered his criticisms with wit and wisdom. You felt the bite while laughing at the same time.

He worried about me. Told me that I was working too hard to compensate for my father's failures. His praise was genuine and cherished. Never one to let you think you were a grown up, he sent anonymous packets of shoe laces for years after he noticed me break one at one of our early “Uncles Lunches”. I always felt like a youngster around him. When Anthony started sending him secret dispatches about my fishing non-accomplishments in Maine, he was very quick to label me “Henry the hook”. His email exchanges about any subject were a delight. Uncle Connie represented the understanding man debating George the judgmental. It was priceless.

On the last occasion that he was in Goshen for a BBQ he cited me for two unforgiveable actions. He had found out that Trixie, my dog, had been sleeping in a running car with the A/C on for the four hours that he was there. “4 hours!” he exclaimed. When he caught his breath he called me over to my utility ATV. He pointed to the dump bed where the bottom was protected by a sheet of plywood. “See anything wrong here” he asked. Before answering I examined the entire vehicle. Obviously something was missing, out of place, or loose. “Looks good to me” I replied. “Then what does this mean?!” he demanded while pointing at the plywood. It was deck plywood for floors and he was pointing at the stenciled instructions which read: *This side down.*

Henry Moore - August 18, 2020 at 10:12 PM

CP

“ Once again, I thought George would pull this one out. I'm first cousin to his wife, Betsy. She met him, fell in love, and he with her and that was that. They embarked upon a long and happy relationship of commitment, trust, and family. My personal memories with George were politically centered. I would think of things to tell him just to get a rise out of him and he enjoyed doing the same with me. Deep down, we shared many, if not all, of the same beliefs in how we wanted our country to succeed. George, you are missed already....I plan for you to send a vote in from heaven on November 3rd. Most of all, thank you for loving my cousin, her children, the grands and great grands. Rest happily in peace my friend.

My sympathy and love to all who loved him.

Cindy Purcell

Cindy Purcell - August 18, 2020 at 07:15 PM

“ .a/k/a Uncle George SIR! When Harry and I were very young and he'd come to visit us, we'd tease him by Not saying Sir. I remember coming down the stairs one time with Harry, and UGS wouldn't let us down to say hello to anyone till we said Uncle George SIR. We had so much fun with that and kept running up and down those stairs till we finally broke down and called Uncle. I mean Sir! 😊

For my senior year of high school I was the first of, apparently, a long line of family members who lived with Uncle George Sir, Aunt Agnes, Harry, Anthony, Steven, Rosemary and Nana. Phew! I was an A student and held a part time job at a law firm in Hartford, but he used to ground me CONSTANTLY. It was never for anything big, mostly if I got home 15 or more minutes later than agreed on... BOOM! Grounded for a week and sometimes two! Once when he did that Nana had a complete meltdown because he was being so strict... (that was new to have her on my side). My car had been parked in the street in front of the house and some kid was speeding up the street and hit my car. The police had been there, neighbors had gathered, my car had been towed, and I had been at one of my religious meetings and missed all that. When I was brought home, BOOM! Grounded for two weeks! I never understood that one and in spite of Nana going ballistic, the verdict stood. In general I knew he was being protective, he didn't want anything to happen to me on his watch. If the rest of you didn't get grounded regularly, you're welcome. I paved the way.

I'll share one more memory. Whenever I eat pistachios, I remember sitting on the front lawn in the summer of 1964 at 288 Cherry Hill Drive with Madeline, Jack Morgan, Bruce Carmen, Billy Soucy, and Pete Kuhlman. We were all eating pistachios and Uncle George came outside with us. He happened to see me open a very tight shell and said DEBBIE!! HOW DID YOU DO THAT?!? I said Mom taught me to take an empty shell, insert it into a tiny opening, twist it and Voila! He was so impressed. Who knew? And all throughout my life he'd thank me for teaching that to him.

Well, when I heard UGS wasn't giving the hospital staff any trouble even though he wasn't sedated, I knew HE was in trouble this time. My Funny Uncle. My father, really. His passing leaves an empty chasm in my heart, but that chasm is full of happy memories: Love from Debbie

*My Love to you Betsy, Harry, Anthony and Rosemary.
Debbie Moore Boman - 1 hour ago*

Chris Molloy - August 18, 2020 at 02:23 PM

JM

“ Jeffrey Moore (Uncle George Sir's favorite nephew 🤪). Not really, he just made you feel that way.

I can remember back in the mid to late sixties watching in complete disbelief, Uncle George Sir riding a motorcycle right into bushes/fence on Cherry Street. I thought, if that doesn't kill him then wait until Aunt Agnes gets her hands on him!

One of my favorite things I looked forward to when Mom said we were going to visit her brother was checking out the wall of fish tanks. I would ask Uncle George if he had any new fish and he would bring me over and show me each one!

As the years went on I think my favorite memories will be how Uncle George worked the crowd. What do I mean? When Uncle George would come into a room he would scan the crowd and then one by one he would approach you and ask you a question based on what he was observing or on a previous conversation. And believe me, Uncle George was the most observant person I ever knew, there isn't even a close second, and he had a memory like an elephant! Each time he did that to me and my mind would be racing and he could see me getting fidgety And then i would see the twinkle in his eyes and the slightest hint of a smile on his face and you just knew that he was just having fun and that he loved you and then he would move onto the next person. I loved those one on ones!

I will miss him very much. My prayers are with you Betsy, Harry, Anthony and Rosemary.

Jeffrey Moore - August 18, 2020 at 01:43 PM