

IN MEMORIAM

COSTIN UNGUREANU



If you could choose, before you are born, a means of transportation to travel through life, what would that be ? A train, a flying machine, a boat, a bike, a motor ... ?

Knowing Costin, I believe he would have preferred the train. Not a fast one, definitely. He was not the kind of person to rush things, perfunctorily. He preferred to stop and give; stop and learn, at each stage.

Everything he did, he did with passion – geology, entrepreneurship, carpentry, gastronomy.

I was about 15 or 16, when I first went to Breaza with my parents. In the sleeping room, there was a photo portrait of a beautiful girl. Then, I found out the tragedy that struck them; thus, I understood their sudden silences. Costin didn't talk much. He listened. He was so patient, so calm.. that impressed me, every time I saw him. He listened patiently, intently, to others; he had the patience to do things properly; the patience of a Dad, the patience of a husband, a kind of patience that few men have. Besides, he was extremely generous. During the time when he was in the building industry, the workers were paid even if the business did not bring profit. Such was Costin, the Courageous. He was never afraid to take risks. For a while, he started anew, putting aside his profession. For such things you need bravery and strength of character. How many of us possess those qualities ?

His children, Stefan and Maria, are beautiful, sensitive, talented. Stefan Ungureanu, an established artist, creates around geology themes. Maria Ungureanu is employed by the largest auction house in Romania.

Costin's friendship with Istvan Szobotka was exemplary; it was a lesson in genuine friendship. Costin stood by Istvan's bedside and took care of him, till Istvan's last moments.

His friendship with Dan Jipa was a friendship of sorts. They shared a passion for their vocation; both of them loved nature and solitude; Costin's courage to defend his own opinions that went against the skepticism of other fellow geologists had brought Dan Jipa and Costin Ungureanu closer, over the years.

I was near my father when the news of Costin's sudden death was brought to him. He nearly fell into my arms, repeating: Costin is dead! Costin passed away!

Yeah, life will never be the same, without Costin, the gentle giant, the magnanimous, lenient and merciful, charitable, great soul !

In his presence, you felt like you found your true self. He was a moral support during difficult times. I believe that he was not afraid of anything; he found solutions to seemingly unsolvable issues.

Then, there is the way he related to animals. I won't forget the look in his old dog, Haiduc's eyes, when his master's body was leaving the earthly Paradise of their Breaza home to go to Heaven. For a split second, when I met the dog's sad eyes, I understood that Haiduc knew.

He knew more than us, he knew that was the way things were, with all the unbearable pain we all felt.

We remember him often. Today, our souls are, somehow, more accepting and grateful for the privilege of having Costin around, Costin, the dear Dad and husband, the invaluable friend and colleague.

RALUCA VELICU-JIPA

