



# НАША ДОРОГА NASHA DOROGA

літо/summer 3(21)/2006

*Карпатське  
Весілля*

HOW SOME  
**MIXED  
MARRIAGES  
WORK**

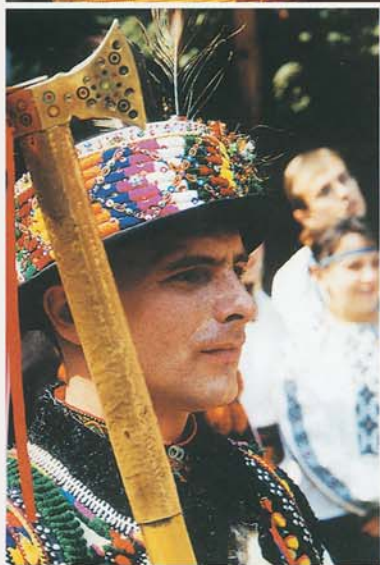
Ukraine's  
History  
in one  
easy read

**Митрополит  
Лаврентій**

**Інтерв'ю  
з Нашою  
Дорогою**









*At a time when globalization and standardization keep making inroads into the local folk traditions, I was very gratified to learn that there is a place in Ukraine where beautiful traditions that have come down to us from the immemorial past are still being maintained. It gladdened the spirit.*



# Carpathian Wedding

By Dzvinka Kachur

The Hutsul wedding ceremony is a sacred ritual which reflects eternal human values—respect for their world and their God. Every word of the wedding songs and details of the wedding ceremony are pregnant with meaning. Every generation, since time immemorial, added something of their own, at the same time retaining the most essential part.

I felt the first touch of something mysterious when a dress, decades or maybe centuries old, was put on me—every guest at the ceremony was to wear one. I felt as though the hands that once had woven the fabric, embroidered it, were ready to protect me against any evil. The corals of the traditional necklace gave me the warmth of the hands that had once polished the corals. The embroidery patterns on the dress had meanings rendered in a pictorial language which I did not know but which nonetheless passed some of their hidden message on to me.

The same can be said about all the other items used at the wedding ceremony. There is a special embroidered ceremonial cloth. It is spread on the floor of the church for the bride and groom to step on—the embroidery on it must not contain any black or yellow threads since these colours symbolize death and separation. Blue is the colour of abstinence and fast-



ing and thus no blue shirts are to be worn. Red—the colour of love—in all of its shades, is the colour of the wedding which must be such a memorable event that it will remain a guardian of love to the very end of the married couple's life.

The traditional wedding dresses are colourful and diverse in all the parts of Ukraine but in Hutsulshchyna they are most impressive. Every village in Hutsulshchyna seems to have a style of its own. In Kosmach, *zapasky* (woolen skirts) are brightly

red and seem to emit bright light when hit by the sun rays, and in Verkhovyna they are more subdued with silver thread dominant.

The bride wants to put on as many necklaces as possible. Together with *peremitky*, the embroidered headscarves—worn on top of one another if need be—indicate the bride's wealth. It takes several hours to dress the bride properly while women wail as though in mourning.

The Hutsul wedding songs are more mournful than their dirges: the



parents and relatives bemoan the hard work and life their daughter will face after the wedding. Also, the young wife in many cases will not be able to see her husband too often since he may be working far away from home. By contrast, the Hutsuls dance gaily at the funeral, thus celebrating the deceased's happy departure to a better world, to God.

The traditional Hutsul wedding goes through several stages: *svatan-nya* (matchmaking); *zaruchyny* (engagement); *pletennya vinka* (making of the wedding wreath); *zaplitannya molodoyi* (the braiding of the bride's hair); *vyazannya derevtsya* (decoration of the tree branch); *shlyub* (the actual marriage ceremony); *zavy-vannya* (wailing); *perepiy* (drinking to the health of the newlyweds) and other stages, and the wedding party may last up to two weeks.

Four days before the wedding, the *hiltse*—the tips of pines—is brought to the houses of the bride and groom, and put into the *kolach* (the wedding cake with a hole in the centre) on the table covered with a tablecloth. The *hiltse* is a symbol of the fun the wedding will bring. The tops of the *hiltse* are decorated with little tufts of oats or with guelder-rose berries, symbols of good harvest and well-being; the rest with garlic, basil, periwinkle, fragrant grass, carnations, red, white and blue strands of wool, pieces of coloured paper, feathers, gilded nuts and coins. The decorating is done in turn by the father, mother, brothers, sisters, other relatives and then by friends and other guests.

Wool and woolen threads symbolize warmth—human and physical. Winters in the Carpathians can be very severe. The bride's mother puts several woolen pellets under the bride's dress chanting, "May it give warmth to your breast. May your husband's love always keep you warm."

The periwinkle is of great importance at a traditional Hutsul wedding. Periwinkle wreaths are made for the newlywed's good for-

tune. Making them is a ritual in itself—the women sing songs appropriate for the occasion while each member of the family and female guests of honour add their contributions to the wreaths.

The groom is also dressed and prepared for the ceremony. The young men dance the *arkan*. According to the Hutsul tradition the male dancers should stomp their feet hard enough for the earth and sky to shake. The sky is thus induced to pour rain upon the earth for a good harvest. Its falling upon the newlyweds will make them fertile.

After they are pronounced husband and wife in church, the newlyweds return home, each to its own. Later, the husband must go to his wife's house to "ransom" her from her brothers.

He arrives at his young wife's house on horseback, passing into



the yard under a long *rushnyk* (ritual cloth) attached to the *kolach*. His young wife is sitting at the table with her head resting on the *kolach*, one of the brothers holding the braid of her hair. The young husband and his friends put silver coins on the braid, asking for the bride. When at last he manages to talk the brothers into letting their sister go, the *kolach* which has a hole in the centre is lifted from the table and put in front of her face. The young woman looks through the hole and answers a question put to her.

"Do you see anything nice?"

"Yes, everything is fine, particularly so at the place where the moon has risen."

The same question is put to the young husband who answers, looking at his bride, "Yes, I see nice people around, and the best is where the sun is shining in this house." Then both of the newlyweds look through the hole together.

A Hutsul sage once said, "To be in love is not to look at each other but to look in the same direction."

The *kolach* is broken in two and the one who gets the bigger part is to be the head of the family.

Then the wedding party begins. The *propiy* (drinking ceremony



begins with *horilka* (vodka) and *medovukha* (mead) poured into earthenware and wooden bowls. All present partake with two spoons attached to each other by a ring (the symbol of a married couple). Everyone wishes the newlyweds the best: "I drink to your health." "May this drink be good for you."

The wedding procession is headed by a group of young men on horseback carrying the *hiltse*, followed by the bride and groom, also riding horses and holding hands. Riding behind them are the bridesmaids and best men. Relatives and guests follow on foot, accompanied by the musicians.

Photos by Radek Bartnik

Welcome to Ukraine™ Magazine 3(26)2003

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# Листи ... Letters



## Пройдені літа мої

*Доле, моя доле, де ж ти ся заділа?  
Десь далеко в московщині на засланні ти мене лишила...*

Дзвонять дзвони на Великдень на моїй любій батьківщині, де я народилась і жила колись коло церкви близьенько. І тепер щороку на Великдень вчуваються Великодні дзвони мені, хоч я вже тут у Канаді, а я все думками лину в темний садочок на Україну. А так хочеться туди, де мої босі ноги топтали стежки по моїй любій Батьківщині. Вже 32 роки як я в Канаді, але мої думки, моя Україно, завжди з тобою, навіть ночами мандрую — так часто ти мені снишся.

Але роки пройшли не легко, бо ж багато я горя пережила у своїм ще молодім житті на засланні в Казахстані у 1941 році і другий раз у 1947 році на Сибіру в Кемеровській області. То пропали мої діти, і батько помер на Сибіру, і не знаю, де його поховали. То було загублене родинне життя і розкидані діти в Казахстані. Тато на Сибіру, мама і чоловік в Канаді, а я залишилася сама. Але мене тримає сильна віра в Бога, і я дякую, що мене Бог тримає в своїй опіці, дає мені силу витримувати тяжкий свій шлях, бо то було не легко відбутися сімнадцять з половиною років у московщині на засланні. Всього треба було скуштувати: і голоду, і холоду, і спеки, але Бог був завжди зі мною.

Так коротко я описала життя своє. І так в нашому вже багато прожитому поколінні кожна людина мала свої пережиття, ту воєнну хуртовину, що пережив наш український народ.

Ще пару слів до редакції НАША ДОРОГА. Я перегортаю листки журналу і шукаю за своєю мовою. От і знайшла. Хоча б тобі, моя мово, половину листків дали, а то немає, бідна моя мово. Всюди тебе витискають, ніде тобі багато місця нема. То я дуже прошу — давайте більше місця нашій мові!

*Марійка Романіків, Едмонтон*

We are still on cloud nine because of our annual “Flowers of Spring” Tea was such a tremendous success. For the first time, we dedicated it to a charity in Ukraine—Dzherelo, the Children’s Rehabilitation Centre in Lviv. The generous response of our own parishioners, as well as the support of neighbouring UCWLC Branches, astounded us. We were very happy to present Dzherelo with a cheque of \$8,274.00 to assist them in their admirable work with disabled children.

Congratulations on your Special Anthology Edition of NASHA DOROHA. It was very encouraging to read Danielle Muryinka’s article *For Who I am, I Thank You*. It was like a breath of fresh air to read this seventeen-year-old’s “love story” of Ukrainian culture, language, dance, and traditions. May her enthusiasm and love ever increase!

I always find your *Last Word* thought-provoking, interesting, well-written and challenging and it’s the

first, not the last, article that I read. Editing NASHA DOROHA must require talent, time, and dedication. And, Oksana, you do it extremely well. Thank you.

*Lillian Dzurman-Yuryk*

You have done and continue to do such a good job with this project (NASHA DOROHA). Thank You. I was very moved by your ‘Mayivka’ (Spring 2006) and look forward to the book.

*Alexis Kochan, Winnipeg*

In support of your publication NASHA DOROHA, I enclose a donation of two hundred dollars. Please have our donation remain anonymous. God bless you as you continue in your ministry of the word and congratulations on the fine publication. It is interesting, fresh and alive. Keep up your fine work.

*Anonymous, Toronto*

## Wise Thoughts

### ■ In the Princess Margaret Hospital, Toronto:

“Cancer is so limited. It cannot cripple love, it cannot shatter hope, it cannot erode faith, it cannot destroy peace, it cannot kill friendship, it cannot suppress memories, it cannot silence courage, it cannot invade the soul, it cannot steal eternal life, it cannot conquer the spirit.”

■ “If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought,” wrote Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. of the U.S. Supreme Court, in 1928. “Not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate.”

## КОРОТКО ✧ BRIEFLY

### • Громадянка України отримала найбільшу екологічну премію в світі

Українка Ольга Мелень, 26, стала єдиним від Європи лауреатом найбільшої в світі екологічної премії — премії Голдмана, та першою українкою цієї престижної нагороди за 17 років її існування. Працюючи адвокатом, використовувала легальні засоби для припинення будівництва великого каналу в дельті Дунаю, однієї з найцінніших водних територій в світі. За свою діяльність вона була піддана нападкам з боку уряду, що був при владі до Помаранчевої революції. “Ольга дійсно ризикувала. Вона виступила проти корумпованого державного режиму в той час, коли це було вкрай небезпечно. Вона та її колеги, а також інші люди, що вели боротьбу проти будівництва каналу, символізують справжній дух Нової Української Демократії”, — зазначив директор Дунайсько-Карпатської програми Всесвітнього фонду дикої природи (WWF) Майкл Бальтцер. Премія Голдмана у розмірі 125 тис. доларів є найбільшою екологічною премією в світі.

- До двох місяців розбіжності майбутньої помаранчевої коаліції мають бути узгоджені — наприклад затвердження програми діяльності уряду, створення урядових комітетів, національного бюро розслідувань, приватизація, стратегічних підприємств, уступ до НАТО. Ці справи варто дискутувати в уряді, а не поза — як тепер. Брак

уряду, уже два місяці — тепер чекання додаткових двох місяців — творить політичний хаос і вакуум. З цього може скористати Партія Регіонів, яка одержала лиш 32% голосів на виборах. Але коли два чи три б'ються, там четвертий користується. Президент Ющенко нарешті сказав, що позиція прем'єр міністра належить Юлі Тимошенко. Таке твердження раніше, а краще відразу по її успіху на виборах — була б розв'язало сьогоденну політичну кризу. Чим довше говорять поза структурою уряду тим більше можлива політична катастрофа.

Хто користується? Напевно більше Москва, Партія Регіонів і Комуністи — які останніми днями говорять про коаліцію і право до влади. Напевно не користується український народ, який вибрав своїм голосом уряд, якого Президент має покликати до дії.

— Редактор з файлами  
www.ПРАВДА.com.ua, 09.VI.2006

- Abdul Rahman told a preliminary hearing in Afghanistan recently that he converted to Christianity about 15 years ago while working with a Christian aid group helping refugees. When he recently sought custody of his children from his parents, family members reported his conversion. He faces a death penalty for the conversion.
- Ukraine intends to raise the rent for the Black Sea ports and facilities used by the Russian fleet from the current \$93 million annually to a market-based figure closer to \$1.8 billion.

2005	Life expectancy @ birth	Live births per 1,000
Canada	80 years	10
U.S.	78 years	14
Ukraine	68 years	9
Russia	66 years	11
Afghanistan	42 years	48



Ukrainian Catholic  
Women's League  
of Canada  
National Executive

## Vera Buczynsky Ukrainian Studies Scholarship Fund

The National UCWLC is offering one scholarship of \$500 to persons of Ukrainian Catholic descent who are planning to study the Ukrainian Language at the post-secondary level.

Applications are available from and should be submitted to:

Vera Buczynsky Ukrainian Studies  
Scholarship Committee  
10 Guildwood Pkwy, Ste 422  
Scarborough ON M1E 5B5  
416-265-8014  
olenkag@rogers.com

**Deadline for receipt of complete applications is August 1st.**

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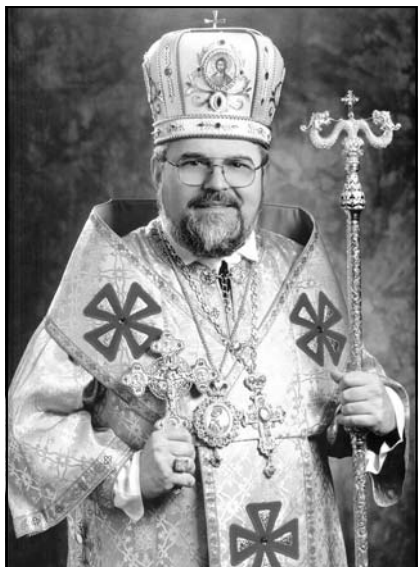
June 30:  
2006 fall semester

December 31:  
2006 spring semester

For further information,  
please contact

Olenka Gedz at  
416-265-8014  
10 Guildwood Parkway, Suite 422  
Scarborough, ON M1E 5B5





# Metropolitan Lawrence Huculak

*in dialogue with* NASHA DOROHA

**ND:** *What are the key issues facing the Ukrainian Catholic Church (UCC) in Canada? Are they the same around the world?*

A very important issue for the UCC in Canada is the need to understand more fully her nature: What does it mean to be a Christian Church? What does it mean to be a Catholic Church? What does it mean to be a Ukrainian Catholic Church? To begin to answer these questions we need to deepen our knowledge of the person of Jesus Christ and His Gospel message. We need to understand that the Catholic Church is more than the Roman Catholic Church. And we need to appreciate the Ukrainian cultural experience in our mission of evangelization. As a global Church, our UCC must inculturate herself wherever she is found, thus adapting to the needs of each location. Thus we can expect diversity in our unity.

**ND:** *Where would you like to see the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Canada in the short and long term? (3-10 years)*

In the short term I hope to see the members of our UCC in Canada coexisting in harmony with one another, regardless of where they were born or how long they have (or have not) been in Canada. All those baptized (or received) into the Ukrainian Catholic Church are integral members of our Church, and the more they are united, the stronger our Church will be.

In the long term I hope to see a strong UCC in Canada playing a significant role in the ongoing evangelization of all peoples in Canada, sharing with them our rich spirituality, theology, liturgy and the thousand year plus lived experience of the Christian faith.

**ND:** *There is an emphasis in the Church on the family. The UCWLC is dedicated to that goal. What two or three aspects might you wish the League to consider in its programming in that regard?*

The success of the Christian family depends on the love between husband and wife that results in the birth of new life — children who are brought into the world, and who in turn are taught to love. Thus the family continues God's plan for ongoing creation — and life goes on as God intended. Members of the UCWLC might further reflect on their relationship with their husbands, with their children and with God. A strengthening in all three areas will mean a stronger UCWLC!

**ND:** *Українська Католицька Церква в Канаді існує понад сто літ. Які перспективи бачите для дальшого розвитку нашої Церкви в Канаді?*

Вже більше 100 років Українська Католицька Церква існує в Канаді. За цей час вона пережила багато змін. Це були зміни політичні. Було багато економічних перемін. Були часи миру і війни. Церква вижила у великих містах і також на фармах. Я певний, що наша Церква продовжуватиме пристосовуватися і до майбутніх змін, які ще мають прийти.

The Ukrainian Catholic Church has existed in Canada now for over 100 years which means it has survived through many changes. There have been changes in political power. There have been various economic ➤

changes. There have been times of peace and times of war. The Church has survived in major cities as well as in the countryside. I am confident that our Church will continue to adapt herself to the future changes that are yet to come.

**ND:** *Які кроки треба зробити, щоб наша Церква розвивалася?*

Українська Католицька Церква в Канаді має кілька шляхів для зростання. Перший з них — через більшу імміграцію українців католиків до Канади. Другий шлях зростання для нашої Церкви — це через навернення до нашої віри. Але найбільший зріст, так це через дітей, які народжені в українських католицьких сім'ях. Якщо народжуваність між українцями католиками зменшується, то ми не можемо очікувати, щоб членство в Церкві збільшувалося. (Ми мусимо пам'ятати, що втрата членів парафії не є питання росту, але спаду в «статус кво».)

The Ukrainian Catholic Church in Canada can grow through several ways. One way is with more immigration of Ukrainian Catholics to Canada. A second way for our Church to grow is through conversions to our faith. But the most important growth will be through children who are born into Ukrainian Catholic families. If the birthrate among Ukrainian Catholics declines, we cannot expect membership in the Church to grow. [We should remember that the loss of members is not a question of growth, but a decline in the “status quo”.]

**ND:** *Як може ЛУКЖК допомагати в цьому?*

В першу чергу Ліга Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади може привернути новоприбулих з України. Виглядає, що багато з тих, що недавно приїхали, не готові шукати за Церквою. Таким чином ми мусимо йти і шукати за ними.

По друге, ви, членкині Ліги, маєте бути готові говорити про вашу віру та свідчити добрим християнським прикладом для тих, хто не хрещені, щоб вони відчули, що вони є щиро запрошені до нашої віри.

По третє, членкині Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади можуть підтримувати не тільки своїх дітей та онуків, але також всіх дітей, щоб в такий спосіб створилася атмосфера підтримки молоді до нашої Церкви. Молоді батьки потребують знати, що вони та їхні діти щиро запрошені до нашої церковної спільноти.

In the first place the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League can reach out to the new immigrants arriving from Ukraine. Many of these recent arrivals do not seem to search for the Church very readily. Thus we have to go and look for them.

Secondly, League members should be prepared to speak about their faith and give a good Christian example to help those who are not baptized feel welcome to our faith.

Thirdly, members of the UCWLC can show their support not only for their own children and grandchildren, but also to all children so that there will be an atmosphere of support and acceptance of young people in our church. Young parents need to know that they and their children are welcome in our Church community.

### *The Huculak family shares some intimate moments with Metropolitan Lawrence.*

#### **Katherine Huculak, mother**

When we attended church we would sit in the back pews, but Larry wanted to see what the priest was doing at the altar. He would crawl under the pews to sit at the front. At the age of five he understood the meaning of the Holy Eucharist and was allowed to make his first Holy Communion with his older brother.

In the early years of high school he mentioned he was interested in entering the seminary. His father and I suggested that he finish school first, then, if he felt he had a calling for the priesthood, we would not discourage him. Larry entered the seminary in 1969.

#### **Darryl Huculak, brother**

Having different upbringings, Larry and I grew up listening to different artists; some appreciated by both of us, some not.

One particular summer dinner at the lake, Larry attempted to entertain the family with a cassette tape of a folk group known as “The Sons of the Pioneers.” Everyone seemed more entertained with my attempts to avoid listening to what I considered to be the aural equivalent of Lawrence Welk at the Alamo. Since the house audio system had no cassette player, the tape was relegated to a lowly portable stereo. I finally managed to escape to the relative peace and quiet of the outdoor balcony. Suddenly my serenity was shattered by the aural onslaught of the Pioneers riding roughshod through the house stereo system, thanks to the electrical expertise of one of my nephews. Defeated, and enjoying a good joke, I returned to the festivities (with a quick stop in the bathroom for some cotton for my ears).



**Chris Huculak, brother**

Early in life Larry discovered he wasn't cut out for the aviation industry. He had made me an airplane out of three pieces of 2x4; one piece for the body, one for the wing and one for the tail portion of the plane. He even painted the plane with Reeve watercolour paint: red and green. This was my Christmas present. He was quite proud of his accomplishment until the inaugural flight. To say the least, there were no survivors. The plane was a total wreck. Maybe if duct tape had been around back then the outcome might have been different.

**Marion McAreavy, sister**

Larry was driven to downtown Vernon to meet up with a driver examiner, in Dad's station wagon. The examiner sat in the passenger seat while Larry attempted to prove his driving skills. The vehicle jerked away from the curb a little too quickly. We heard the squealing of brakes! Again and again. The tires beginning to smoke. The instructor jumped out of the station wagon. The driving test was over. Trying to keep a straight face, we asked Larry if he passed his test. He just gave us a look, which we interpreted as "get lost"...

**Teresa Huculak, sister**

The question often arises: When did you know Larry was going into the priesthood? Though there may have been earlier indications of his vocation, I remember his teenage years. I recall travelling from Edmonton through the Rogers Pass. It was during the summer and there were many hitchhikers along the way. I looked up and there was Larry blessing them as we drove by.



**Teresa Huculak, Bishop Lawrence, Katherine Huculak, Darryl Huculak, Marion McAreavy, Chris Huculak**



Life Matters!

**Gary B. Clark's**

***The Work of His Hands***

"We are not some casual or meaningless product of evolution.

Each of us is the result of a thought of God.

Each of us is willed, each of us is loved, each of us is necessary."

— Pope Benedict XVI

"A nation that kills its own children is a nation without hope."

— John Paul II

"Too many children? That's like saying there are too many flowers!

It is a poverty that a child must die so that you may live as you wish."

— Blessed Mother Teresa

"While giving an anesthetic for an ectopic pregnancy, I was handed what I believe was the smallest living human ever seen. This tiny human (six to seven weeks after conception) was perfectly developed, with long, tapering fingers, feet and toes. This baby was extremely alive and swam about the sac approximately one time per second, with a natural swimmer's stroke."

— Paul Rockwell, M.D.

# Наша духовність Spirituality

Українська література і християнська традиція

## Річище традиції

Євген Сверстюк

**П**ошук утраченої традиції висить у повітрі нашого часу. Але джерела і коріння в країні тотальної стандартизації... висушені всіма можливими засобами, зокрема з допомогою науки і техніки.

Найвразливіше і найочевидніше цей руйнний процес зачіпає особу як носія традиції. Знецінення і приглушення, замість зміцнення і плекання традиції, фатально відбивається на молодому поколінні. «Звільнена» людина мусить робити неймовірні зусилля на витворення того, що в нормальному світі дитина бере готове від батьків уже на початку життя. Раз-у-раз доводиться відшукувати втрачені ланки, відновлювати в правах і доводити аксіоми, а це так само важко, як вічно котити на гору сізіфів камінь. Загублення джерел і занедбання дороги — це ще не вся руїна. Головні деформації — у спустошенні особи, зокрема за допомогою ідеологічної зброї в безвідповідальній грі підміненими й викривленими поняттями. Грабунок як право, насильство як демократія, обман як загальнообов'язкова правда, рабство як реальна свобода — це не що інше, як організоване браконьєр-

ство на колись доглянутому полі духовому, культурно-освітньому, громадсько-політичному. Через девальвацію слова, яке тратить певність і вагу, а в епоху інформаційного вибуху та загальнообов'язкової середньої освіти морально калічить і баламутить цілий народ, традиції розмиваються разом з усіма формами усталеної культури.

У культурі кожного народу є ключові постаті, до яких завжди звертаються як до камертона. В українській культурі такою всепрониковою постаттю є Сковорода, що узагальнив українську середньовічну традицію і дав заспів літературі національного відродження. У його вченні про єдність трьох світів — макрокосмосу, де живе під сонцем усе народжене, мікрокосмосу — світу людини, в якій відбивається весь великий світ, і світу символів, через які одкривається людині правда (передусім світ Біблії) — ці три світи нерозривні. Якщо усунути один з них — два інші теж розпадаються. Заперечений ідеологами комунізму світ символів залишив людину перед всесвітом сліпою і агресивною: вона почала вести війну проти природи і проти себе.

Людина без символів опустилася до примітивного матеріалістичного сприймання тих трьох світів, які мають природу видимого і невидимого. У кожному з трьох світів природа невидима, божественна, є головною, а видима, матеріальна — це лише тимчасове «поле слідів Божих», лише тінь.

Зрозуміло, що струмисько традиції передає «сліди Божі» — вічні цінності, мову символів, через які людина може пізнати своє божественне начало. Поза цим струменем залишається сама видимість, сьогоденні матеріальні цінності та безпросвітна боротьба за ті цінності.

Сталося те, проти чого так категорично застерігав філософ Сковорода, ял проти найтяжчої помилки: змішування цих обидвох нероздільних, але незмішування природ.

«Якщо обидва ці єства змішати водно і визнавати саму лише видиму натуру, то це буде повне ідолопоклонство».

*Вибрано з творів Євгена Сверстюка.  
На святі надії, Київ,  
Наша Віра, 1999.*

*Євген Сверстюк — письменник,  
філософ, дисидент,  
творить в Києві.*



# Jacob's Dream and the Lord's Presence Among Us

*Bishop Cornelius J. Pasichny, OSBM*



**T**here's an amazing story in the Old Testament about Jacob, the father of the twelve sons who founded the twelve tribes of Israel, God's chosen people. Jacob sets out to his uncle's place to find himself a wife. It was a long journey, and he had to spend the night under the stars. Taking a stone, he put it under his head for a pillow and lay down to sleep. As he slept he dreamed that there was a ladder set down on the earth and its top reaching to heaven. There were angels of God going up and coming down the ladder. And the Lord stood beside Jacob and said, "The land on which you lie I will give to you and your children... and all the families of the earth shall be blessed in you and in your offspring. Know that I am with you and will keep you wherever you go..." Then Jacob woke from his sleep and said: "Surely the Lord is in this place—and I did not know it." And he was afraid and said, "How awesome is this place. This is none other than the house of God. This is the gate of heaven" (Gen. 28: 10-17).

Jacob's reaction to his dream can be applied to our churches: "Surely the Lord is in this place and I did not know it. How awesome is this place. It is nothing else but the house of God. It is the gate of heaven."

We have a real precious treasure in our churches that we can easily fail to appreciate. We have Jesus

among us, the Son of God. But we cannot see Him with our human eyes. We can see Him only with the eyes of faith. We need to nourish our faith, make acts of faith and ask God to increase our faith, so that we can appreciate all the wonderful works of God and benefit from them.

## *A Promise Made*

In His famous discourse after Jesus had miraculously fed thousands of people with five loaves of bread (John 6), and everyone was amazed by how Jesus multiplied the bread, Jesus promised that He would feed not 5,000 but millions of people with one Bread, His own flesh and blood, and allow people to share His divine life. Here are His words:

"I myself am the bread of life. No one who comes to me shall ever be hungry, and no one who believes in me shall ever thirst" (John 6: 35).

"I am the living bread that came down from heaven. Whoever eats of this bread will live forever; and the bread that I will give for the life of the world is my flesh" (John 6: 51).

In His discourse Jesus stresses this teaching in stark and compelling words to convince those who had difficulty in accepting it:

"Very truly, I tell you, if you do not eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you have no life in you. Those who eat my flesh and drink my blood have eternal

life, and I will raise them up on the last day. For my flesh is real food and my blood real drink. Those who eat my flesh and drink my blood abide in me and I in them" (John 6: 53-56).

Jesus insists that even though we cannot grasp this mystery, we must believe His words and accept it in faith. When some of the disciples found this teaching too difficult to accept, turned back and no longer went about with Him, Jesus did not water down His teaching, but instead challenged the Twelve: "Do you also wish to go away? Simon Peter answered him: Lord, to whom can we go? You have the words of eternal life. We have come to believe and know that you are the Holy One of God" (John 6: 67-69).

This is the promise Jesus made. He fulfilled that promise on the eve of His death, when He celebrated the Mystical Supper with His disciples (on Holy Thursday), changing bread into His body and wine into His blood.

## *The Sacrifice of the Body and Blood as Bread and Wine*

The sacrifice of the Mystical Supper and of the cross is one and the same sacrifice. Jesus first offered His unbloody sacrifice in order to leave it with the Church, so that we would always have His sacrifice to offer to the Father for our sins and the sins of the world, and to have His flesh

and blood available as food which gives God's life and eternal life.

By His words to the apostles, "Do this in remembrance of me," Jesus commands the apostles to continue offering the sacrifice of His body and blood under bread and wine. He thus institutes the New Testament priesthood. In this wonderful manner Jesus leaves His sacrifice in the Church. We celebrate this sacrifice of the body and blood of Jesus in the Divine Liturgy. When we are present at the Divine Liturgy we continue to experience the events of the Mystical Supper and of the cross.

In this sacrifice the Victim, Jesus, is consumed by eating. He gives His flesh and blood as bread to nourish His people.

In this way Jesus left us a two-fold gift: His sacrifice and His sacrament, or mystery, of His body and blood. He thus remains present among us in this special, unique and intimate manner on our altars and in our churches and chapels.

This inconceivable mystery is something only the love of God could desire, the wisdom of God could conceive, and the power of God could make a reality.

With humble faith we can but

marvel at the wonderful works of God and appreciate them, cherish them, benefit from them with thanksgiving and love.

If we believe that our Divine liturgy is Jesus' unbloody sacrifice and that He comes to us in Communion to nourish us with His body and blood, to give us a share in His life, to unite us with Himself, then we would take advantage of every opportunity to come and take part in His sacrifice and receive Him into our lives.

*Bishop Cornelius is the former Eparch of Toronto and National Spiritual Advisor, UCWLC*



## My spiritual road

**I**'VE NEVER HAD THE INCLINATION OR skill to draw or paint but two years ago, I was introduced to the skills of iconography.

I'm a retired nurse, a member of the Edmonton St. Nicholas branch of the UCWLC for over 30 years. For the last six, I have been a member and chairperson of the Spiritual Eparchial Committee of the Edmonton Eparchial UCWLC Executive.

A well known, highly acclaimed iconographer, Fr. Damien Higgins, from Georgia, USA, a priest-monk of the Eastern Byzantine Rite of the Ukrainian Catholic Church, conducted an iconography workshop in our church.

Through meditation, prayer and spiritual guidance by Fr. Damien, I am able to write icons. The initial experience was very spiritual, soul wrenching and stressful. To my surprise, I wrote the icon of Archangel Gabriel and last year, of



Jesus and Archangel Gabriel by Phyllis Kalynchuk, Edmonton Eparchy

Jesus Christ. To my amazement, they are beautiful!

Fr. Damien has been able to help create something beautiful from a person like myself. To him, I am eternally grateful. He has a

beautiful way with leading the participants of the workshop through meditation and prayer to glorify our Lord.

*Phyllis Kalynchuk*



# The first time I said 'hello' to God

By Daniella Murynka

It wasn't when I was surrounded by the proof of saints, it wasn't when I watched women fall to their knees in front of icons and prostrate themselves, crying and praying. It wasn't, even, when I venerated an actual piece of the cross that Jesus was crucified upon. The moment I felt most strongly that God is with us, was within an orphanage in Ukraine, after spending the afternoon playing with the kids.

In my mind I had adopted three of them. We were listening to them sing—crystalline, pure, angelic voices of children singing in prayer, and not even for a heartbeat disbelieving.

It was an orphanage run by a priest, with some 150 children in it who all spoke Moldavian, so you can imagine how nervous I was, walking into a room with four nine-year-old boys, and not knowing how to play or even communicate with them. But suddenly, one of them—who later told me his name was Dimitra—grabbed a balloon from me and ran away with it. So I chased him. And we kept playing



Orphan at Lviv's Children Bldg. № 1

tag for almost two hours, and got the other boys into it, and ran around the orphanage, screaming and careening into children and nuns, me in my long skirt and *khustka* and them running in front of me with infinitely more energy than I had, yelling "Dana-Kana! Dana-Kana!" And them kissing me goodbye, when I had to leave. It broke my heart to go.

While we were visiting the orphans, we spent a few nights at a monastery. There's something so surreal about a monastery—about

having to cover your head and most of your body, about being quiet and respectful and praying before you do, well, everything. There were only two things in life: to work and to pray. There was rarely running water, and all the food was grown and prepared by the monks. There, I ate the greatest dessert of my life—this enormous raisin bun slathered with honey—and what made it so good wasn't just that it was freshly baked with fresh honey—so amazing tasting—but its simplicity. I thought goodness lies in the basics. What I'm trying to say is that, for the first time in my life, there were no advertisements, no white noise, no preservatives, money, deadlines, places to be—just quiet time for solitude and reflection. It's certainly an appealing lifestyle. On our last night there, I sat on one of the balconies and simply watched the monastery under the moon, and wondered what it would be like to always live in that kind of peace.

*Daniella Murynka is pursuing university studies in Calgary. She was 17 when she wrote the piece.*

## Поетична скарбничка

Марія звуку  
Чіпкий чебрець, чуприна чагарів.  
Рядно ріки, рухливої, рябої.  
Джмелиний день до денця догорів,  
Годиною голубив голубою.  
  
Злітають залпом зорі золоті,  
Цвіркун царює, цокотять цикади.  
Прошелестять по полю-полотні  
Козачі — кураями — кавалькади.  
  
В'юнкий вітрисько вишник вишива,  
Шерхоче, шамка шарудкий шептало.  
Ніч-ніженка, неначе нежива...  
Схолонув степ.  
Сірішало.  
Світало.

*В'ячеслав Романовський*

## To Think About

- Many people will walk in and out of your life. But only true friends will leave footprints in your heart.
- To handle yourself, use your head; to handle others, use your heart.
- Anger is only one letter short of danger.
- If someone betrays you once, it is his fault; if he betrays you twice, it is your fault.
- Great minds discuss ideas; average minds discuss events; small minds discuss people.
- He, who loses money, loses much; he, who loses a friend, loses much more; he, who loses faith, loses all.
- Learn from the mistakes of others. You can't live long enough to make them all yourself.
- Yesterday is history. Tomorrow is mystery. Today is a gift.

*With thanks to David Repetowsky*

# Winner of the UNICEF Photo of the Year 2005

**T**he British photographer David Gillanders is the winner of this year's international photographic contest "UNICEF Photo of the Year". His photo shows a street child in Odessa. Yana made her way from Moldova, the poorest country in Eastern Europe, to the Ukrainian city. She died last Christmas addicted to drugs and infected with the HI virus. She was only 13 years old. Yana's fate is a typical example for a lost generation of children and adolescents in many Eastern European countries. In no other region of the world does the virus spread as rapidly—above all because drug addicts often use contaminated syringes. Approximately one per cent of the population is addicted to hard drugs. 1.4 million have already contracted HIV, primarily young people are affected: 80 per cent of all infected people in Eastern Europe are less than 30 years old—every tenth of them is a child.

"The UNICEF Photo of the Year 2005 gives a face to the HIV/AIDS catastrophe in Eastern Europe. It is an appeal for our compassion. We must not forget the children who collapse in view of the breakdown of their families and the harsh social environment," says Eva Luise Köhler, Patroness of UNICEF Germany at the award ceremony.

87 of the world's best photographers from 20 countries submitted 894 photos for this UNICEF contest. The jury headed by Timm Rautert, Professor for Photography at the Academy of Visual Arts in Leipzig, awarded a second and third prize and gave seven honourable mentions. For the sixth time UNICEF awards photographs of a high artistic and photojournalistic level that illustrate the living conditions of children. The contest is supported by the magazine GEO and Citibank.



## David Gillanders, First Prize, *Children of Odessa*

13-year-old Yana finds her way from Moldova to the Ukraine. Her father, an alcoholic, died early; her mother was sent to jail when Yana was eight years old. Since, she has been living on the street, recently in Odessa. By injecting drugs, she gets infected with the HI-Virus. During Christmas 2004, she feels very sick, crawls into a hole and dies in the winter cold.

The Scottish photographer David John Gillanders is working on a project about street children in Odessa since three years. His attention is directed towards a lost generation: Children who grow up without parental protection in the States of the former Soviet Union. Hundreds of thousands of them are homeless. They wash cars, collect bottles or sell stolen goods. Many of them work as prostitutes or take drugs. More and more kids continue to become infected with HIV.

Yana's story is not an exception. Even more, it is typical for the hardships a growing number of

children and teenagers has to endure in Eastern European States. Nowhere in the world is the virus spreading as fast as in this region. Since 1995, the number of people infected with HIV increased from 160,000 to 1.4 million. In the Ukraine, the rate of infections is even twenty-fold higher than five years ago. Meanwhile, 360,000 are HIV positive.

AIDS is a silent disaster that had been pushed aside also in Eastern Europe for too long. The virus spread almost unnoticed, mainly by drug abuse. Addicts share dirty needles and infect each other. In the meantime, the virus threatens all parts of the society. In particular young people are affected: 80 per cent of all HIV-infected persons in Eastern Europe are younger than 30 years—ten per cent of them are children. Women are especially vulnerable. In the Ukraine, 40 per cent of all people living with HIV are female.

*Photo: David Gillanders, Scotland / Free Lance Photographer*

*Reference [http://www.unicef.de/foto/2005/english/index\\_2005\\_engl.htm](http://www.unicef.de/foto/2005/english/index_2005_engl.htm)*

# Stop World Cup Prostitution Campaigns

**F**rom June 9-July 9, 2006, 12 German cities will host the world soccer championship World Cup Games. Approximately 3 million soccer fans—mostly men—will attend. With official support from the German government, up to 40,000 young women will be “imported” from Central and Eastern Europe into Germany to “sexually service” the men.

These women come from desperately poor circumstances. According to reports, most will not speak German. Most are being “sex trafficked” against their wills. They are told that they are going to be models, waitresses, or some other harmless occupation. Many will be brutally assaulted by intoxicated fans.

Whatever their circumstances, each and every one of these young women is someone’s daughter, a child of God and deserves our protection! Many of the young women—children, really—may be from Ukraine. This is a massive assault on our women and should be opposed by every Christian and every person who believes in human dignity!

The Catholic Family and Human Rights Institute, C-FAM, speaking for millions of Christians around the world, is conducting this urgent, massive, self-perpetuating email campaign to international public support against this outrage.

## Торгівля українськими дівчатами

**Ц**е трагедія нашої української спільноти в Україні і в діаспорі. В Україні, через брак праці, як рівно ж наївності, дівчата даються намовити на життя гірке і дуже небезпечне. Ані родина, ані уряд не можуть нічого подіяти.

В діаспорі, помимо деяких старань, ми не знайшли способу вплинути на органи, які б могли заборонити це насильство і знущання. Видно, немає досить тиску, а в міжчасі з України в торгівлю пішло около 100,000 дівчат.

Що робити? В Україні мусить поправиться економічний стан пересічних родин, щоб погоня в чужі сторони була менше потрібною. Також треба заложити державну програму, яка буде навчати молодих дівчат про дійсність, яка їх чекає. Рівно ж, строга кара організаторам торгівлі, яка зараз ще не існує.

Навчання може мати форму інформації на одній сторінці, яку дістане кожна молода дівчина на

кордоні України їдучи в чужі сторони — чи то літаком, чи автом, чи поїздом. Рівно ж остоорога тим, хто торгує. В той сам час, подібна інформація потрібна на кордонах в країнах високої торгівлі дівчатами, як Німеччина чи Ізраїль.

В Англії ця акція уже існує і застосована недавно в Німеччині з приводу побільшення торгівлі під час світових змагань футболу. При в’їзді в країну пасажери одержують інформацію з телефонами, за якими можуть подзвонити, якщо знаходяться в можливій загрозі свого добробуту. Цю добру ініціативу треба поширити. В цей момент можна підтримати ініціативу католицької організації Catholic Family, яка протестує торгівлею дівчат під час світового чемпіонату футболу в Німеччині.

Прочитайте і включіться в акцію. Це добре Боже діло! — Редактор

**PLEASE — ADD YOUR NAME**  
and vital information  
**TO THE PETITION at:**

<http://www.c-fam.org/stopwcpro.htm>

then **PLEASE** share **THIS** information  
with every **CARING CHRISTIAN AND**  
**PERSON OF CONSCIENCE YOU KNOW!**

Talk about this at all levels of UCWLC  
and at UCC and SFUZhO and **ACT**.

Keep up the pressure to end this  
outrage **NOW** and **PREVENT**  
such occurrences in the future.

**PLEASE** do it now—the World Cup games  
will begin any day now. Don’t fret if  
you are late in learning about this.

Contact your local, provincial  
and national UCWLC organizations  
to lend your support to the cause.

**Z BOHOM!**





**For the second time in five years, human bones have been found in the churchyard of St. Josaphat's Church. The first dig revealed over 200 dead—the youngest a baby of 4 months. Who? What? Why?**

*«Це є тягар не тільки над тими, хто до злочину причетний, а й над усіма нами: це наші люди, які вимагають від нас пошани і належного пошанування».*

— Єпископ Сокольської єпархії Михайло Ковтун

## У Жовкві, на Львівщині, вдруге за останні 5 років виявлені людські останки

У центрі Жовкви в церковному подвір'ї храму Святого Йосафата, знайдені людські кості. Церква святого Йосафата розташована якраз навпроти Жовківської райадміністрації. Нещодавно під час ремонтних робіт на колишньому монастирському подвір'ї виявили людські кістки. Деякі з них належать молодим хлопцям і дівчатам. Працівники в землі знайшли монети 1949 року, що дає підстави стверджувати, що злочини НКВД діялись в 50-ті роки. У Жовкві наприкінці 40-х – 50-роках у місцевих монастирях розташовувався Народний комісаріат внутрішніх справ (НКВС), який у 1954 році перейменували в КДБ. Жертвами НКВС ставали українці-патріоти.

Скільки людей лежить на церковному подвір'ї — невідомо. Розкопано лише квадратний метр території. Канцлер Сокольської єпархії УГКЦ отець Володимир Хоткевич зауважив, що розкопки проводились на аматорському рівні.

«Ми повідомили місцеву владу про страшну знахідку, але нічого не робиться.

Мало б проводитись слідство».

Більше 50-ти років церковне

подвір'я було місцем вічного спочинку колишніх жовківчан. У землі працівники історичного заповідника знайшли дві гільзи, є сліди від куль на людських останках. Але це не стало підставою для місцевої влади проводити розкопки і ексгумацію. Жовківська районна прокуратура досі не порушила кримінальну справу, оскільки, за словами заступника районного прокурора Володимира Гаврилюка, не має слідів злочину.

«Наскільки мені відомо, кримінальна справа не порушена».

Жовківська районна прокуратура не порушила кримінальну справу і за фактом знайдених у 2002 році в підвалах монастиря Різдва Христового останків 225 людей, в тому числі 80 дітей, найменшій жертві було 4 місяці. На деяких черепах був виявлений кульовий отвір, інші були розколені. На стінах монастирського підвалу під час розкопок я бачила сліди засохлої крові. Людей катували, стверджують висновки експертизи. За даними експертної комісії, люди стали жертвами радянської таємної поліції. Останки ексгумовані і вже котрий рік їх не ховають: місцева влада каже, що на це не має гро-

шей... Нещодавно кості поскидали у мішки.

Єпископ Сокольської єпархії Михайло Ковтун зазначає, що непоховані за обрядом душі є великим гріхом для сучасників:

«Це є тягар не тільки над тими, хто до злочину причетний, а й над усіма нами: це наші люди, які вимагають від нас пошани і належного пошанування».

Якби кожен мешканець Жовкви пожертвував кілька копійок на поховання своїх земляків, то уже б давно у місті стояв величний хрест за невинними жертвами радянського часу. Однак громадяни вказують на владу, влада — на брак грошей, прокуратура на те, що це не її компетенція. Словом, кожен знаходить крайнього, а тим часом людські останки й надалі лежать у землі, а інші перекидають з місця на місце, як мішки з картоплею.

Галина Терещук,  
Львів, 18.IV.06 (RadioSvoboda.Ua)

**А може це є проект для ЛУКЖК? Що ви на це?**

# Два брати

Василь Туркевич

**Ж**или в одному селі два брати — заможний та бідний. Пішли вони якось орати. Заможний шістьма волами та залізним плугом своє поле глибоко крає, а убогий змученою конячиною ледь подряпав свою нивку. Заможний посіяв добірним зерном, а убогий такими-сякими відсівками від пшениці...

Йшов Бог біля їхнього поля та й питає багатого:

— Що ти сієш, так глибоко зоравши?

Озирнувся багатий на старця.  
— Тобі б це кортіло? Будяки сію, щоб такі, як ти, запитували.

— Як будяки, то нехай будуть і будяки, — та й пішов собі далі.

Зупинився біля нивки убогого, теж питає:

— Що ти сієш на такій мілкій ріллі?

— Бог його зна, діду, що воно виросте, а посіяв пшеницю. Може, з Божою поміччю щось і вродить.

Господь і каже:

— Що ж, доживемо до наступного року то й побачимо, що воно вродить.

Стали дошки накрапати. В убогого пішла пшеничка вгору, а в багатого пішли вгору будяки. Та такі великі, як очерет.

Як Бог сказав, так воно і вродило. Бо любить Бог щирість, а не злість.

Райський Сад, Василь Туркевич,  
Церковно-історичне наукове т-во,  
Київ, 2005

## Faith of a People

Red poppies white daisies danced in the wind  
In wheat fields, on road sides red magic flowed  
Driving through Ukraine, I marveled in awe  
The hills so green and trees so tall  
Storks on the poles, scores of geese in the meadows  
Children running free, a cow grazing leisurely

True nature and beauty our forefathers left  
Possessions, loved ones, for freedoms unknown  
Wrapped in this beauty I did feel some pain  
The longing the heartache my grandparents felt  
When they bid farewell to a land they'd never return

New land was exciting, the struggle intense  
Hardships were many endured not in vain  
Fondly remembering those they left behind  
Friends and loved ones ever on their mind.

The tyranny, the prisons, the labour camps  
Humanity suffered and died unmourned  
Others scattered in fear, never to be found  
Yet others patiently waited, and prayed.

Seventy years elapsed, and prayers were answered  
Ukraine was freed and people ecstatic  
I could tell, I could feel, by their welcome of me  
Bodies broken, and sick, but their spirit had magic  
They were grateful, and thankful, to us from afar  
And to God that was with them when hope was extinct

Possessing nothing yet eyes sparkled free  
In freedom they talked, in freedom they laughed  
In freedom they worshipped, the God they preserved  
In secret with love in underground faith  
That freedom they earned and well deserved.

Sonja Pawliw, 1993 after returning from Ukraine

## МОЛИТВА ЗА УКРАЇНСЬКУ ЗЕМЛЮ

Господи Боже, Владико Небесний,  
що небом і землею управляєш,  
зішли свою ласку й на українську землю  
і глянь на неї ласкаво.

Ти знаєш, Господи, скільки  
праведної крові борців наших і скільки  
гіркого поту хлібороба нашого впало на  
ту рідну землю.

Не дай же, Господи, нашої землі  
в наругу ні переможцю, ні напаснику.

Нехай животворна роса щедрот і  
благодатей Твоїх упаде на українські  
ниви й лани, на поля й левади,  
на ліси й діброви, на гори й долини, на  
степи й на моря українські.

Нехай красується українська земля,  
вільна й свободна, і нехай не топче її  
ворожа стопа, але нехай буде  
наша рідна земля, прадідна земля  
окрасою вінця й слави Твоїєї.

Амінь.

Записано Романою Кобальчинською  
від Параски Трутяк, с. Космач,  
Івано-Франківської області.  
Подано від організаційної референтки  
Крайової Управи ЛУКЖК  
п. Марії Комарницької.

# МАМІ і ДІТІ

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## How We Do it in Our Family

### A non-Ukrainian woman's approach to raising a Ukrainian family

By Deonne Chwok

My name is Deonne Chwok, born and raised on a farm near Boyle, Alberta. My father and mother are of Polish and French descent. I was baptized and attended a Roman Catholic Church during my upbringing.

At the age of seven I became very interested in Ukrainian dancing and danced for the next eleven years. The dance organization in Boyle held a Malanka supper and dance every year. In 1982, I watched one of the musicians play Ukraine's second national instrument, the "tsymbaly". In 1983 I began studying the instrument under the instruction of Steven Chwok. Steven had his own Ukrainian dance band *Prairie Pride*; he was very involved in the Ukrainian community.

From the time we began dating, Steven included me in all the traditional celebrations with his family—Easter, Christmas, the blessing of the graves. After moving to Edmonton and attending St. Josaphat's Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral, I observed a noticeable difference between the Ukrainian and Roman Catholic divine liturgies. The symbolism and tradition was more evident in the Ukrainian church. My interest and love for the Ukrainian culture grew. In

time, I became acquainted with the Ukrainian language. Steven was a great teacher—whether helping me follow Divine Liturgy or, eventually, our daughter in the Ukrainian Bilingual Program.

Shortly after our marriage, I spent numerous hours with my mother-in-law, Evelyn Chwok, learning how to make pyrohy, holopchi, and many other traditional dishes. We proudly hosted Christmas Eve in our new home and I prepared seven of the twelve traditional dishes for Sviata Vechera. Steven became very busy at the Cathedral as Grand Knight for Fr. Dydyk Council, Vice-president and President, for many years, of the parish council. As a result, we have attended many functions within the community.

Our seven-year-old daughter Annalise, two-year-old twins, Lukys and Karynna, as well as our seven-month-old daughter Yaleena were baptized at St. Josaphat's by our friend Bishop David Motiuk. When Annalise turned five, we enrolled her in Sadochok. She is currently in grade two in the Ukrainian bilingual program at Fr. Kenneth Kearns School and excels in Ukrainian. Now, in her third year of

NASHA DOROHA continues to explore the ways non-Ukrainian partners of a mixed marriage contribute and partake in our community.



Steven, Deonne and Annalise holding Lukys, Karynna and Yaleena

dancing—Shumka School of Dance—and has been awarded several medals for her passion in the art. Through the bilingual program and the church, I have had unique opportunities to Canada, to make paska, babka, as well as pysanky. I have participated in the Feast of Jordan and the blessing of pussy willows.

We are currently parishioners of St. Sophia Ukrainian Catholic Parish and continue to volunteer our time to help raise funds for land and a permanent structure through pyrohy suppers, Malankas, and other functions. In addition, I have assisted with the Sunday School Program.

Canadian society has become so busy; it seems many families have excluded the Church. Steven and I decided our children are and always will be our first priority. Even though our lives have been altered by our young family, we maintain this commitment. My support for Steven's involvement in the Ukrainian Catholic Church, community, culture, and music will remain steadfast. I will continue to encourage our children to learn what the Ukrainian Catholic Church, Ukrainian language, and Ukrainian culture have to offer. I, in turn, enjoy its every aspect.



# Living Ukrainian Culture

By Betty Yanitski

Well before I married my husband, I knew I was also marrying the rich sense of Ukrainian culture, language and religion that was so much a part of his family's life. What I didn't understand at the time was how much those traditions would become an integral part of our life together.

I grew up in a half-Scottish, half-German family on a small farm just outside of Edmonton. I still remember waiting excitedly for the annual Christmas package from my grandfather in Germany to arrive. It was filled with wonderful treats: Swiss chocolate, gingerbread, Christmas baking, and of course, a Kinder surprise for each of the grandchildren. We attended English services at a German Lutheran church in Edmonton and every year we took part in the children's Christmas pageant presented on Christmas Eve. We carefully lit real candles on our Christmas tree, in special holders brought from Germany. Christmas was a magical time. I wanted that same sense of connectedness to the past and an appreciation of tradition for my children.

Our involvement with the Ukrainian program started out simply enough. Our oldest daughter, Melissa, started Ukrainian dancing at St. Andrew's when she was four. She loved it. Through dancing, we learned of the Ukrainian Bilingual Program in Sherwood Park, and at five, she was enrolled in Ukrainian kindergarten. She made amazing friends and through her, we in turn made lasting friendships. Melissa would come home, line up her dolls, and chatter away non-stop in Ukrainian. That's when I realized I would have to learn some Ukrainian to keep up. I took language classes at night, but it did not prepare

me for the speed at which she and her younger sister, Natasha, would pick up the language. They could sing whole songs in Ukrainian and recite the *Отче Наш* from memory. And enmeshed in the program was the rich



The Yanitski family: Natasha, Betty, Norm and Melissa.

cultural heritage of the Ukrainians.

These traditions have become a valued part of our lives. Our children insist on making *писанки* every year; I have an Easter tree covered with all the eggs they have created over the years, including the first scribbled ones from Kindergarten. Many tears have been shed over the ones that broke. The girls love making our own *паска*, and taking the Easter basket to be blessed. We have *пурогу*-making bees and I'm sure Natasha's first solid food was *пурогу*! Courtesy of Baba's hard work, we enjoy *Свят Вечір* with the traditional 12 courses and then sing Christmas carols in Ukrainian. Our children were baptized, took part in *Божі Діти*, and have been confirmed in the Ukrainian Catholic church. Natasha took *Бандура* lessons for two years. Both girls Ukrainian danced for many years, and Melissa still dances with Vohon. Although we continue to celebrate many German traditions, Ukrainian has permeated every aspect of our lives.

Love of music is such a basic part of that world. Words do not ade-

quately describe the deeply moving sound of men's voices swelling in a church, chanting *Христос Воскрес* as they pay last respects to a loved member of their community. I can still see the laughing faces on the children in the school choir as they sang "*Ярема*". I remember my sense of accomplishment the first time I could follow the entire mass (divine liturgy) in Ukrainian. *Свят Вечір* would not be the same without all the verses of *Бог Предвчний*, and I can sing it by heart

now. Every year we go caroling and we all have our personal favourites. For me, it is *Нова Радість Стала*. I will always remember the beaming face of an 84-year-old woman in a nursing home as we carolled with friends. Her face lit with joy as she joined in. Music is such a significant part of Ukrainian culture and has become so important to our family.

Now our eldest daughter is ready to graduate from the Ukrainian Bilingual Program

and although I am sad that one aspect of her life is coming to an end, I am certain that she will carry with her many special memories and an enduring appreciation for her special heritage. A large part of that appreciation springs directly from *Баба* and *Дідо*'s influence and support over the years. I have always admired my mother-in-law, Natalka Yanitski, for her commitment to maintaining strong cultural ties within her family. Looking back on the years, my husband and I could easily have gone in a different direction—I speak both French and German—but in Norm's family the Ukrainian language and culture are alive. Ukrainian was such a logical choice and one we have not regretted. Our lives and that of our children have been enriched immeasurably because of it. If my husband is the Ukrainian prince, I guess that makes me the Ukrainian princess!

Betty Yanitski, M.Ed  
Salisbury Composite High School  
Sherwood Park, AB



*Saskatoon* Eparchy

**ST. MARY'S UCWLC, YORKTON,** held the installation of officers in January. **Father Frank Szadiak**, Spiritual Advisor, lead the Moleben and the installation service.

Following the installation a banquet was held to honour the President and executive. Members were presented with pins for years of service as UCWLC members:

25 years – **Annie Krywulak**,  
**Donna Lischynski**, **Elsie Stechshyn**;  
30 years – **Alice Demchuk**,  
**Jean Kitsch**, **Bev Holowatuk**;  
40-year pin went to **Anne Bilous**.

*Gwen Bilyk*



Іноземець забув слово "п'ять" і пояснює продавцю:  
Мені шість булочок, але одну не треба.



St. Mary's UCWLC, Yorkton officers: Jean Kitsch – treasurer, Elizabeth Shumay – recording secretary, Darlene Shymanski – president, Father Frank Szadiak – Spiritual Advisor, Gwen Bilyk – 1st vice-president, Marty Otchenash – 2nd vice-president, Adeline Pacholka – Spiritual development.

**Enjoy, chuckle, add your experiences to the list and send to NASHA DOROHA (Please see pg. 6 for address)**

## You were a Ukrainian child if you...

Spent your entire childhood thinking what you ate for lunch was pronounced "samich."

Were surprised to discover that Health Canada recommends you eat three meals a day, not seven.

Thought that barrel of fermenting kapusta each year was absolutely normal.

Ate pyrohy for dinner at least three times a week, and every Sunday.

Thought that everyone made their own kobasa.

You called pasta "klyusky".

Dreaded taking out your lunch at school.

Believed everyone's last name ended in a vowel.

Understood Ukrainian but couldn't speak it.

Your family dog understood Ukrainian.

Every Sunday afternoon was spent visiting grandparents and extended family.

Going out for a cup of coffee usually meant going out for a cup of coffee over at Khresna Mama's house.

Experienced the phenomena of 150 people fitting into 50 square feet of dining room during a family gathering.

Thought Ukrainians were the only people in the world with a religion.

There was a crucifix in every room of the house.

Have at least one relative who came over on the boat.

All of your uncles fought in a World War.

Had at least six male relatives named Evhen, Hryts', Stefan, Mykhajlo, Ivan or Andrij and relatives who weren't really your relatives.

Related on some level, admit it, to Taras Shevchenko or Bohdan Khmelnytsky!

Grew up in a house with a yard that didn't have one patch of dirt that didn't have a flower or a vegetable growing out of it.

Considered talking loud was normal.

Thought kapusta and the kolomijka were common at all weddings.

Accepted that everyone got pinched on the cheeks and money stuffed in their pockets by their relatives.

Had at least six relatives named Lesia, Sophijka, Nadia, Irtsia, Daria or Kateryna.

You couldn't date a boy without getting approval from your father. (Oh, and he had to be Ukrainian).

Every condition, ailment, misfortune, memory loss and accident was attributed to the fact that you didn't eat something.

You lived in eternal fear of the "protiah" a.k.a. the draft!

*From the Internet*

## 250 ATTEND A FAMILY AFFAIR

A new year with new challenges and new horizons loomed bright and promising for the Ukrainian Catholic Parish of the Resurrection in Dauphin, Manitoba, starting back in December of 2005. Spearheaded by our new family-oriented pastor, **Rev. Oleg Bodnarski** our parish launched its first "Family Christmas/St. Nicholas Party," an event which we hope will become an annual affair for our church members. The afternoon and evening program consisted of activities for young and old alike, including a scrumptious supper, a variety concert, sing-songs and, of course, the special visit from St. Nicholas himself. It was a great day of parish camaraderie and was attended by almost two hundred and fifty people.

The next highlight, on January 5, 2006, was the blessing of the water on the Eve of Epiphany. Another family event, it also incorporated the participation of the children. This evening candlelight ceremony was performed outside the church beside the huge ice cross. This was a spiritual and memorable experience for children and adults alike.

A successful Membership Tea, sponsored by the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League was held on February 5th. This annual event netted us several new members.

Cassie Merko

## НАДЗВИЧАЙНИЙ УСПІХ: \$8,274 для ДІТЕЙ-КАЛІК

Відділ ЛУКЖК св. Священномученика Димитрія, Торонто, влаштував добродійний чайок „Весняні Квіти” присвячений харитативній допомозі Реабілітаційного центру „Джерело” в Україні. Метою членів відділу було поширити серед мирян вартості добрих діл для тих, що в потребі.

У чудово приготовленій залі урочистий настрій вплив з вдячно-

сти добровольців кількох поколінь, які працювали над програмою Чайку.

Декорація залі **Вірою Юрчук** і **Христиною Кудрик** підкреслювала багатогранні сторони проекту. Голова, **Оля Коваль** привітала присутніх, і програму вела **Дзвінка Габа**. Святкове слово виголосила **добр. Марта Шумелда**. **Ліліян Юрик** координувала все добре діло.

Відділ обдарував на неповносправних дітей реабілітаційного центру „Джерело”, яке принесло \$8,274.

Ірена Вжесневська



St. Demetrius' successful tea. Olga Kowal, President, pins corsage on Marta Shumelda, who officially opened the Tea. Decorator Vera Yurchuk.

На останнім конгресі ЛУКЖК прийнято резолюцію про поміч Україні, яка є сприянням для ведення розвитку релігійно-національної виховної ідеї в усіх сферах суспільного життя. Дві наші професіоналістки — учителька-музиколог **Зеня Кушпета** і фізіотерапевт **Оксана Кунанець** як добровольці поїхали в Україну з місією християнської любови до свого народу покращити долю дітей-калік та помогти їхнім родинам. Наші добро-

вольці у своїх завданнях стараються дітям-калікам та їхнім родичам дати змогу пізнати красу життя, вірити в неї та її відшукати. Сьогодні вони є творцями добрих діл, у своїх фахових засобах із святою любов'ю дарують свою посвяту, виrozumіння і терпеливість. Проекти „Надія” і „Джерело” досягнули вплив для неповносправних та вивели з болісних переживань їхніх батьків.

— I.B.



## Smile ✧ Усміхнися

— Мене вкусив ваш собака! Я вимагаю компенсації!

— Гаразд: я зараз його потримаю, а ви — кусайте!

Billboard facing the road in front of a funeral home: "Drive carefully. We'll wait."

## Deadline for Fall issue submissions

.. НАША ДОРОГА ..

15.VIII.2006

Річенець дописів  
на літній номер



# Таблиця оцінки Нашої Дороги



# Nasha Doroha Evaluation Table

Під час 3'їздіє ЛУЖЖ, 2005, делегати подали відповіді на 4 питання відносно НАШОЇ ДОРОГИ — що подобається найбільше/найменше, яку одну зміну Ви б зробили, як збільшити читачів. Ціль: зробити НД передовим кварталником. Ось підсумки.

During the UCWLC Conventions in 2005, delegates were asked: what they like best/least about ND; what single change would they make; and how to increase ND readership. The purpose: to make ND a leading quarterly. Here is a summary from responding Eparchies and some comments.

What I Like Best Найбільше подобалося	What I Like Least Найменше подобалося	Changes Зміни	Attract Readers Придбати читачів
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>All of it</li> <li>Increased English content</li> <li>News from Ukraine</li> <li>Sea to Sea</li> <li>Colourful art and covers</li> <li>Interesting format</li> <li>Reading members' obituaries</li> <li>Articles on spirituality</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Most frequent complaint: interesting articles are in Ukrainian—want to benefit</li> <li>Politics</li> <li>Not enough issues per year</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Have All Ukrainian articles in English also</li> <li>Have more English articles on our heritage, customs and traditions</li> <li>Great as is</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Increasing membership</li> <li>Distributing complimentary copies to non-members, businesses, nursing homes</li> <li>Promoting it to all parishioners</li> <li>Implement MMOR (More Members and Readers campaign ND fall/winter 2004)</li> </ul>
<p><b>Comments:</b> It is time we stop the conflict over language and recognize if we want to survive as an Organization we have to respect that many members who want to serve, be involved and informed are going to be lost if they cannot understand what is being said. We need to think of our young members out there who do not speak understand or read the Ukrainian. They do want to belong and we must ensure that we keep them, not send them away.</p> <p>Overall the members enjoy the new NASHA DOROHA but please have more English content so that everyone can appreciate our beautiful heritage, culture and traditions mentioned in our journal, not a selective few members.</p>			
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Format</li> <li>Sea to Sea</li> <li>Increase of English content is a real asset</li> <li>Emblem &amp; covers</li> <li>Wide range of topics including spiritual, profile, personal, one-of-a-kind articles</li> <li>Special 60th Anniversary of the UCWLC edition</li> <li>Current events and news from Ukraine</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Inability to understand Ukrainian articles; would like to know what they say. <i>Important Ukr. articles should be trans. into English in total or paraphrased</i></li> <li>Personal celebration articles—not pertinent to organization</li> <li>Too much politics—political articles from Ukraine do not mean much to us, especially those of 4th &amp; 5th generation</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Add recipes or patterns</li> <li>More English content</li> <li>Articles on moral/social justice issues &amp; spirituality</li> </ul>	Similar comments to above.
<p><b>Comments:</b> Keep up the good work! Great job. ND is well done and illustrated. ✧ 35 respondents said ND is excellent. ✧ Comments from CWL guests — <i>like the news from across the country, all the pictures. Must pay for submitting an obituary. Perhaps (add) spiritual insights into current events.</i></p>			
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Все! All of it!</li> <li>Особисті, історичні, українські, українці в Канаді, релігійні теми</li> <li>Оформлення</li> <li>Двомовність — усім доступна</li> <li>Sea to sea</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Непошана до української мови</li> <li>Короткі статті коштом довгих, духовних</li> </ul>	<p>(Велика більшість — не бажає жодних змін.)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Подавати життєві поради і більше особистих переживань</li> <li>Менше англійського</li> <li>Духовні теми коштом інших</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Подарувати</li> <li>Передавати друзям</li> <li>Купити як подарунок</li> <li>Use as UCWLC recruitment tool</li> <li>Make available to ALL women in parish</li> <li>Sell in appropriate outlet—bookstores, cafés, senior homes, credit unions</li> </ul>
<p><b>Коментарі:</b> Рідко щось не подобається. ✧ Дякую за чудовий журнал. Я тепер його читаю! ✧ Нічого б не міняла! ✧ Love the private stories. Some are very spiritual. ✧ Very pleased with ND. ✧ Like it all! Right balance of languages—read both. Keep the humour coming. ✧ Great magazine. Enjoy it!</p>			

Compiled by ND with thanks to Elizabeth Zahayko, Saskatoon; Stephanie Bilyj, Winnipeg; Christina Tatarsky, Toronto

# Negotiating *a Win-Win*

Although “negotiation” may be a rather intimidating word for some women, it may help to know that this is a skill which you have already used to some degree, and probably many more times than you realize!

How many times have you been in one or more of the following situations? You need to ask your boss for a salary increase; you want to convince a son or daughter to complete a chore they may not wish to do. The stakes may be different in each case, but negotiating is an activity that all leaders of organizations (such as the UCWLC) engage in to some degree.

Good negotiators understand how to build key relationships, how to identify and give people what they need, and get what they want in return. So, regardless of the form negotiation takes, look for areas of agreement that can benefit both sides.

## Personality Types

Broadly speaking, there are two personality types among leaders. Autocratic types typically hold the view that they are going to get what they want when they interact with others. They do not realize that, in the process of handing out orders, they are engaged in

a kind of one-sided negotiation that can antagonize others. Autocratic leaders have a tendency to miss seeing the big picture, and therefore need to learn to be more collaborative.

The second personality type is accommodating. This personality type is more concerned with what others want than with their own needs. In order to avoid conflict, they do not negotiate at all and often end up overriding their own interests. Since negotiation often implies conflict (something these types of leaders avoid at all costs), it is critical for them to take responsibility for forcing a certain amount of compromise. This is the only way they will be able to lead others effectively.

The good news is that no matter your leadership style, negotiation gets easier as you do it. With practice, you will develop your own personal style and become comfortable with your own limits. So don't be intimidated with the idea of negotiation. As in so many other things in life, experience is the best teacher when it comes to effective negotiations.

For more information, log on to [www.onlinewbc.gov](http://www.onlinewbc.gov).  
Woman to Woman, Sarasota, 2006

## Фонд НАШОЇ ДОРОГИ ✧ NASHA DOROGA Fund

Anonymous Donation.....	\$200.00
Anne Chubaty, Rosa, MB.....	100.00
Archeparchy of Winnipeg.....	100.00
Jean Kitsch, Yorkton, SK.....	75.00
Helen Maksimchuk, Scarborough, ON.....	30.00

### UCWLC Branches

Sts. Cyril & Methodius, St. Catharines, ON.....	\$100.00
St. Josaphat's Branch #1, Edmonton, AB.....	100.00
St. Vladimir's, Edmonton, AB.....	75.00
All Saints, North Battleford, SK.....	30.00
St. Demetrius, Toronto, ON.....	25.00

### Mary Dyma Educational Scholarship Fund

(donations below in memory of the late Nell Kozoriz, Winnipeg)

Holy Eucharist UCWLC, Winnipeg.....	\$500.00
Andrew Sirski, Winnipeg.....	100.00
Anne Wach, Winnipeg.....	100.00
Beverley Trudel, Winnipeg.....	50.00
Elaina Huggins, Winnipeg.....	25.00
Jean Sherman, Winnipeg.....	25.00
Mr. & Mrs. M. Strembicki, Winnipeg.....	20.00

There was a typographical error in the donors list in the Spring 2006 issue on pg 26: **Nadia Kozoris** is the correct spelling.

*Щура подяка усім. Thank-you to all donors.*

# Вічна пам'ять

Прийдіть, браття, попрощаймося з померлою дякуючи Богові вона бо відійшла від рідні своєї і до гробу спішить. Вже не журиться про суєту світу і про многостасне тіло.

Come, Brothers and Sisters, let us bid a last farewell to her who has passed away, and also let us thank God. She is leaving her relatives and is hastening to the grave. No longer is she concerned about the vanity of the world and her human passions. Where are her relatives and friends? Behold we are parting now. Let us pray to the Lord for her repose.

## Eternal Peace

### Most Reverend Bishop Basil Filevich

January 13, 1918 – April 20, 2006

***A trailblazer, leader and builder is remembered***



Bishop Emeritus Basil Filevich entered eternal rest on April 20, 2006, at St. Joseph's Home in Saskatoon.

Prayer services were held at St. George Cathedral on Wednesday, April 26. Since this was the Easter season, all the clergy were vested in bright vestments and the Matin service was joyfully sung. Main celebrant was His Grace Metropolitan Lawrence Huculak OSBM. Present also for the occasion were

Metropolitan Emeritus Michael Bzdel CSSR, Bishop Steven Chmilar, Bishop Severian Yakymyshyn, Bishop David Motiuk, Bishop Michael Wiwchar CSSR, Bishop John Pazak CSSR, Bishop Emeritus Cornelius Pasichny OSBM. Bishop Severian spoke about Bishop Basil's life and his committed service.

The funeral services continued on Thursday morning. Twelve bishops along with numerous clergy and deacons celebrated Liturgy. Metropolitan Lawrence in his homily recounted Bishop Basil's ministry, both as a priest and as a Bishop. Upon conclusion of the Liturgy the panakhyda was celebrated. Metropolitan Lawrence read a prayer of forgiveness and poured holy oil on Bishop Basil's forehead. His face was then covered with the chalice veil—aer. The casket was then closed and the pallbearer priests processed with the casket to the hearse.

Bishop Basil was laid to rest at Woodlawn Cemetery in Saskatoon.

### Bishop Basil Filevich

- Born in Stryj, AB on January 13, 1918, one of 9 children of Omelian and Anna (Pelach) Filevich
- Theological studies taken at St. Joseph's Seminary, Edmonton, AB
- Ordained to the priesthood on April 12, 1942, by Archbishop Basil Ladyka, OSBM in Mundare, AB.
- 1942-43 Pastor, Dauphin, MB
- 1943-48 Pastor, Kitchener, ON
- 1948-51 Pastor, St. Catharine's, ON
- 1951 Named Chancellor of Eparchy of Toronto
- 1951-1978 Rector of St. Josaphat's Cathedral in Toronto; built new residence in 1953; first all-day parochial school in 1961, renovated church in 1964.
- 1959 named Monsignor (Domestic Prelate) by His Holiness Pope John XXIII
- 1962 named vicar-general of the Toronto Eparchy
- 1972 named Mitred Archpriest by His Beatitude Cardinal Josyf Slipyj
- 1978-83 Pastor, Thunder Bay, ON
- 1983 named Bishop of Saskatoon by Pope John Paul II on December 20, 1983
- February 27, 1984, ordained to the episcopacy at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto
- March 4, 1984, installed Bishop of the Eparchy of Saskatoon at St. George Cathedral, Saskatoon, SK
- 1984-1996 Eparch of Saskatoon
- 1996-April 20, 2006 Bishop Emeritus of the Eparchy of Saskatoon



## Good and Faithful Servant

Bishop Basil Filevich and I spent fourteen years together when he was pastor at St. Josaphat's Cathedral and Vicar General of the Toronto Eparchy and I, assistant pastor and Chancellor. He was a model priest, faithful in his service to his bishop and his parish, open and available to his parishioners, the children at the school and his parish council.

In October 1978, Father Basil returned from a charismatic retreat in Pecos, Texas. A few days later, following the 7 am liturgy, at breakfast he said, "Roman, when I awoke this morning, I heard the voice of Jesus asking me, how long do you intend to stay at St. Josaphat's?" This started him thinking that he had spent so many years at St. Josaphat's, developing the parish and building the first Ukrainian Catholic school. He had given his best, and perhaps it was time to move on. He agreed to talk to Bishop Isidore to tell him that

he was ready for a smaller parish. It so happened that at that time there was a need for a pastor with his abilities at Holy Cross parish in Thunder Bay. He accepted a transfer willingly and went on, not only to develop this parish but also to work with the community in building a seniors residence.

When he turned sixty-five—some would say a retirement age, came the next call on his life, this time from Rome. He was asked to assume responsibility for the Saskatoon Eparchy when it became vacant with the death of Bishop Roborecky. Again he accepted the call of his church and went on to serve, develop and build this Eparchy. He retired as bishop ten years later but continued in his life of prayer and service, especially to the elderly.

He gave his best to Christ, his church, and his people. He was a good and faithful servant.

— †Bishop Roman Danylak, retired, was the Administrator of the Toronto Eparchy

## Glory be to Jesus Christ!

It would have been a privilege to carry the casket of the late Bishop Basil Filevich. There were just too many of us priests who wanted to have that honour and in the end I was not one of them. Instead I carry him in my heart. He was my ordaining Bishop. He had the courage to test our New Eastern Code of Canon Law regarding the ordination of married candidates. He had the courage to ordain me. He led the way for the other Bishops of Canada.

Last April Bishop Basil asked a favour of me. He was looking for a particular "lost soul" and believed that I had the connections to find this person. When I failed in my attempt, he asked me to try again and when I failed a second time he accepted the result and withdrew into prayer. I pray that I will be carried in his prayers the way that he carries that "lost soul".

— Fr. Ivan Nahachewsky

### ✠ Mary Misyk

13.VIII.1913 – 06.IV.2005



Born in Kopernick District to Hryhor and Magdalena Misyk who immigrated to Canada in 1905 from Malniv, Mostyska, Ukraine, Mary was schooled and raised in Alberta. Besides her attention to sick and disabled she diligently executed all assignments, objectives, aims, obligations of UCWLC.

Retired from the food industry, she frequently pilgrimaged to Holy Land, Fatima, Lourdes, Rome, Ukraine, then devoted herself to volunteering at the General Hospital Geriatric Centre. Compassionate volunteerism became her daily vocation for the next 17 years. Needy or disabled folks likened Mary's gentleness of spirit, stewardship, love, sacrifice to that of angel of mercy.

Mary is remembered by institutes, monasteries, orphanages, seminaries: she was their benefactor. Chapters of her life were viable, dynamic, compassionate. To many people, i.e. seminarians, younger clergy, disabled, handicapped, UCWLC, Mary reflected an ambassador of hope. She frowned at personal gratitude.

In support of the aims of UCWLC, she recently donated five thousand dollars to the St. Josaphat Branch, and an equal amount to the church.

Her dedication was noted. Among others she was honoured by

- Northern Alberta Institute of Technology for outstanding public service
- Vatican Rome—Blessing in Rome by Pope John Paul II for work with the Basilian Clergy
- Volunteer Appreciation Certificate from the General Hospital Geriatric Centre—15,015 hours of service
- Volunteer Appreciation Certificate and superb Acknowledgement by General Hospital—banquet to commemorate 26,034 hours of service she generously, faithfully, willingly invested in humanism

To those who loved her, and there were many, she was Aunt Mary.

Cassie Gretzan, President,  
St. Josaphat UCWLC

### ✠ Grace Durban

1934-29.IV.2006



Grace, the daughter of Michael and Patricia (Diduk) Durban of Winnipeg, was a talented athlete. Softball was her favourite sport. From 1957 to 1962 she played with the *Canadian Ukrainian Athletic Club Blues*, Winnipeg, and continued with the *Regina Sundowners*. Last year, in recognition of a long career in softball, she was inducted into the *Manitoba Softball Hall of Fame*.

In Regina Grace joined St. Athanasius Ukrainian Catholic Church—in 1989, its UCWLC Branch. She served several terms as Branch Treasurer and auditor.

She worked as an accountant, City of Regina, for 31 years.



# Brief history of Ukraine

**T**he Ukrainians are believed to have descended from those Indo-Europeans who settled in Eastern Europe. The available archaeological evidence suggests that roots of the pre-Ukrainians may be found in the Trypillia culture which dates from the fifth-to-third millennia BC; there may be some links to other ancient cultures which flourished in the territory of present-day Ukraine, including the mysterious Scythians.

The pre-Ukrainians maintained trade and culture contacts with the ancient Greek city-states which sprang up on the shores of the southern Crimea in the 7th-6th centuries BC; later, a part of the Crimea was included into the Kingdom of Bosphorus which for a period of time was a major rival of Rome in the Black Sea area. The ancient Romans established their outposts in the Crimea, to be succeeded by the Goths and the Huns.

At the end of the 10th century, the city of Kyiv became the capital of a powerful state, Kyivan Rus. It stretched between the Baltic and Black Seas, to the

Carpathians and to the Volga River.

In 988, Ukraine-Rus converted to Christianity. In the 11th century the language spoken in Ukraine-Rus began to acquire features which later would develop into the Ukrainian language.

The 13th century saw a devastating invasion of the Mongols which dealt a mortal blow to Kyivan Rus which had already been weakened by internal strife, with local rulers vying for power over Kyiv. The invasion did not destroy the Slavic culture. It was upheld in the western Halytsko-Volynske Principality, strong enough to withstand the pressures from east and west. One of its rulers, Danylo, was crowned a king. His kingdom preserved the cultural heritage of Kyivan Rus. A considerable part of Ukraine later came under the domination of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania but preserved much of its cultural originality.

Neighbouring Poland, Muscovy and Turkey, attracted by the fertility of the land and advantageous geographical position of Ukraine, wanted to establish control. The Zaporizhian Sich, which emerged as a Cossack state in

the area around the southern reaches of the Dnipro River, gradually acquired the status of an upholder of freedom and cultural traditions. In the mid-seventeenth century, after a period of wars of independence fought under the leadership of Hetman—military and state leader—Bohdan Khmelnytsky, Ukraine once again emerged as an independent state.

In 1654, Khmelnytsky, facing an imminent invasion from Turkey and Poland, was forced to sign a treaty in Pereyaslav with Russia which put Ukraine under the protection of the Russian tsar. As later events showed, it proved to be a turning—and tragic—point in the history of Ukraine. Russia was turning into an empire and an independent Ukraine was not something it would tolerate. Only five years after the treaty in Pereyaslav was signed (the Treaty gave considerable rights to the Ukrainian landowners and nobles and autonomy for the Zaporizhian Sich Cossacks), strict control was established by Russia over the hetman and the Cossack self-government.

In the early 18th century, an attempt by Hetman Ivan Mazepa to break free from the Russian clutches failed. The last vestiges of autonomy



Hetman Ivan Mazepa

were done away with; no traces of former liberties were left and serfdom was introduced. At the end of the 18th century, Ukraine was torn apart by Russia and Austria.

In spite of the loss of statehood, prominent cultural figures of Ukraine, and later an ever-widening circle of Ukrainian intellectuals, never abandoned the hope of restoring Ukraine's independence. The late 19th and early 20th centuries saw an upsurge of activity in the national liberation movement and a growing national awareness gave the movement the muscle and blood. The First World War triggered revolutions as a result of which three empires collapsed—the German, the Austrian-Hungarian and the Russian. Favourable conditions were created for Ukraine to make a bid for independence. On January 22, 1918, the Ukrainian People's Republic was proclaimed. The sovereign state's first president was Mykhaylo Hrushevsky, an eminent Ukrainian historian, political and public figure.

The period 1917 to 1921 proved to be very difficult for Ukrainians. Many sides were vying for power: the Russian White Guards; the German forces; the Bolsheviks and their Red Army; the Polish army, and the anarchists. The situation was further aggravated by rampant banditry and attempts by Britain, France, Greece and Romania to join the fray and get whatever advantages they could out of the confusion. Power was eventually seized by the Russian Bolsheviks, with help from Ukrainian "comrades." In 1922, most of Ukraine became a soviet socialist republic of the Soviet Union. (Western Ukraine was placed under Polish "supervision"; *de facto* Polish assimilation. — Ed.)

Ukraine had probably never before experienced as much horror as it did being a Soviet republic. The 1930s saw a famine of staggering proportions which starved at least 8 million people; hundreds of thousands of intellectuals and "other subversive elements" were either shot by Stalin's firing squads or exiled to Siberia. In the 1940s, Ukraine was the hardest hit in the war of Nazi Germany against the Soviet Union. Three million Ukrainians died at the front, and five million perished in the areas occupied by the Nazis. The material damage to Ukraine was estimated to constitute about one thousand billion dollars.

*In the 1940s, Ukraine was the hardest hit in the war of Nazi Germany against the Soviet Union.*

Post-war reconstruction made Ukraine a developed industrial and agricultural land; Ukrainian culture was allowed to develop within the boundaries set by the communist regime. Deviation from the official line was fraught with prosecution and imprisonment. Dissidents and "Ukrainian nationalists" continued to be arrested, tried and sent to concentration camps up to 1985.

The 1980s were the time of growing national awareness and social unrest. In July 1990, the Verkhovna Rada, Ukrainian parliament, adopted "The Act on State Sovereignty" which was a first step to regaining full independence.

On August 24 1991, Ukraine proclaimed independence. In the referendum, December 1, over 90% of Ukrainians confirmed independence. Leonid Kravchuk was elected president. In 1994, he lost to Leonid Kuchma who was re-elected in 1999. (In 2004, after the falsification of two elections and an attempt to poison

Viktor Yushchenko, he became Ukraine's 3rd President. — Ed.)

Ukraine faced a multitude of very difficult tasks which had to be solved in the relatively short post-independence period: creation of a new political system; new state law; a new system of national security and defence; international relations with other countries and global institutions. From the start, Ukraine wanted to be in the European and world community; social, economic and ecological reforms had to be carried out; the nuclear weapons were to be scrapped. The enormity of all these large-scale, time, labour and finance consuming tasks was further exacerbated by the multiple crises the country was living through—economic, political and psychological.

In 1996 a new constitution was adopted; runaway inflation, which was endemic in the former Soviet Union, was curbed and the national currency, the *hryvnya*, was launched.

Ukraine was the first among the post-soviet countries to establish working relations with the European Union. A charter was signed with NATO in 1997. Ukraine is a member of the Council of Europe and the United Nations Organization.

At present, Ukraine is a presidential-parliamentary republic. The Verkhovna Rada—"Supreme Council"—is made up of 450 "deputies" who are elected for a 4-year term. (The fifth parliamentary elections were held in the spring of 2006. — Ed.)

Welcome to Ukraine™ Magazine 3(26)2003

Author unknown

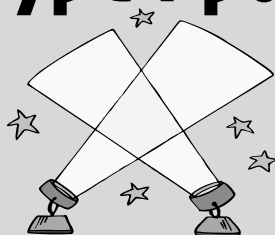
Slightly abbreviated and edited



Orange Revolution in December 2004

# Культура і розвага

Огляд книжок, фільмів,  
радіо, телебачення, концертів,  
виставок та музики  
з українським змістом



A review of books, films,  
radio, TV, concerts, exhibits,  
music, theatre dealing with  
Ukrainian themes

## Arts and Entertainment

### «Між пеклом і раєм (Сни анахорета)»

Уривок з твору Галини Тарасюк

ВІДСТУПАТИ БУЛО НІКУДИ. І нізвідки було чекати підтримки. Нічого не залишалося, як проковтнути образу, стиснути гордість у кулаці і знову писати відозви до братів із діаспори. Тепер він готовий був на все, навіть «переграти» свій грандіозний кінопроект. Наприклад, почати знімати свою епопею не з першого фільму про Київську Русь, а з четвертого — про створення і діяльність ОУН-УПА. І не затратний художній, а документальний. Без проблем! Живі розповіді учасників пересипати архівною кінохронікою — і вийде от-такий фільм!

Мирон уже не натякав гіпотетичним спонсорам на співавторство, а чесно писав, скільки йому потрібно доларів, щоб зняти фільм, який сприятиме формуванню позитивної суспільної думки про вояків ОУН-УПА, врешті, визнання їх воюючою проти Німеччини стороною і т. д. і т. п.

Хоча мета фільму не тільки в цьому, а й у прагненні дати молоді приклад великого патріотизму, національної гідності, зняти, нарешті, з них комплекс хохляцької меншовартості, колінкування перед чужоземним...

Мирон настільки був переконаний у правильності свого рішення і успіхові, що вирішив, доки дійдуть листи до Канади та Америки, обійти чоловіх національно-визвольного руху, які осіли в столиці партійними куреннями в перші роки незалежності. Їдучи в метро, уявляв, як



зрадіють вони, заметушаться, признаються, що давно чекали, коли такий правдивий патріот, нарешті, зверне очі до такої поважної теми і т. д. і т. п.

Візити почав із націонал-патріотичної партії, стіни управи якої були завішані портретами чоловіх українського визвольного руху у пишноквітих рушниках. У безлюдній вітальні за столом явно нудьгував невизначеного віку чоловік з підпухлим лицем або від давньої ниркової хвороби, або недавньої бурхливої забави.

Почувши, що Мирон прагне аудієнції із самим провідником, прим'ятий чатовий ліниво встав і поволікся до керівного кабінету. По кількох

хвилинах мертвої тиші за дверима («ізоляція в цих кривках така, чи що?», — здивувався Мирон) вийшов і повідомив, що поважне панство-керівництво зайняте і просить кількома словами сповістити мету візиту.

— Але я хотів би говорити... — почав Мирон, та побачивши, як знудилася пожмакана парсуна чатового, завершив коротко і конкретно:

— Хочу зняти фільм про визвольний рух у роки Другої світової. Потрібні... е-е, потрібна фінансова підтримка. Себто, матеріальна і моральна...

— Ясно, — ще більше знудився чатовий і шез за дверима. І знову запала гробова тиша. Невдовзі двері випустили пом'ятого націонал-патріота назад, і він сказав, дивлячись у вікно, заставлене горщечками з геранню, красавкою та ще якимись вазонами:

— Питають: про бандерівців чи мельниківців хочете фільм... фільмувати?

— Та... про всіх... і тих, і тих... — розгубився Мирон, — а ідейні розбіжності, засади... хоч вони й були, але... то діалектика... тобто поступ... Головне, що був патріотизм і воля до державності...

— То ви спершу самі визначтесь із... пріоритетами, а тоді й приходьте...

Вражений розмовою, Мирон хотів запротестувати, але, глянувши на задивленого у вікно квасного ча-



тового, все зрозумів і вирішив перехоплювати провідників націонал-патріотичної партії, доки живі, біля Верховної Ради, де вони відсиджували депутатський строк. Але вже в порозі зупинився: щось до неприємності знайоме промелькнуло в деформованому роками обличчі чатового.

— Вибачте, — схитрив Мирон з огляду на глуху таємничість обстановки. — Як вас звати? Може, самі розумієте, доведеться до вас ще звертатися...

Чатовий підозріло блимнув на наївного чоловіка у дверях і неохоче буркнув:

— Ілько Бунь... А що? *«Вот і свіділись... землячок»*, — хотів нагадати І. Буневі Далекосхідний військовий округ, їхні *патріотичні* бесіди і комендатуру, але біль у серці перехопив подих і Мирон майже випав за броньовані двері управи.

Тепер уже Мирон точно нічого не розумів.

«Іх що, цих агентів пекла, навмисно підсаджують чи вони, ці гієни, самі пролазять, як сморід, у найтоншу шпарку? Чи всі ці змаги і рушення — лише фарс, придуманий кимось, відрежисований фарс? Тоді навіщо всі оті віковічні криваві людські жертви?.. І чого тоді він товчється зі своїми ідеями по

білому світі, як Марко по пеклу, надриває серце, коли все це — лиш погано зігране штукарство? А може... ну, може ж таке бути, що люди змінюються, перероджуються (чи вроджуються)?.. З грішників стають святими... Мироне, ти ж сам, як істинний християнин, віриш у подібні метаморфози! От і Святому Антонію нав'язуєш свою діалекти-

ку... Хоча... при чім тут Антоній! Антоній з народження був чесним, трагічно чесним чоловіком, непримирним до зла і зради, може, єдиним на ті часи таким чоловіком, тому й покинув цей підлий світ у муках, як Ісус Христос...», — губився в гірких роздумах, судомно шукаючи по кишенях нітрогліцерину.

Чернівці: Місто, 2005.



Ця книга — про вас, дорогий читачу, незалежно, якого ви віку, соціального статусу, політичної та інших орієнтацій. Бо вона — про те, що діється сьогодні на наших майданах і вулицях, а найбільше — у наших душах.

Карколомні злеті духу і прірви розчарування, сміх і сльози, любов і ненависть переживете ви разом з героєм, прочитавши цю книгу, метою якої усе-таки є пізнання вічної людської душі в контексті скороминущої сучасності.

Хоч свій новий твір «Між пеклом і раєм» Галина Тарасюк назвала романом-гіпотезою, але водночас його можна назвати і романом кар'єри, й історичним детективом з елементами політичного роману, і драматично-гротескним письменницьким дослідженням, і притчею, і містичним фентезі з цілком реальними героями, театром суспільного абсурду, театром одного актора, ліричною сповіддю невдахи і трагічним одкровенням пророка без вітчизни...

*Галина Тарасюк — один з найцікавіших прозаїків України. Книги прози «Любов і зріх Марії Магдалини» та «Дама останнього лицаря» були номіновані на Шевченківську премію.*

*Член НСПУ та НСЖУ. Кавалер Ордена княгині Ольги III ступеня.*

## «Оскар» на нашій вулиці

Олег Вергеліс

Очевидне — неймовірне: відразу чотири «Оскар» (зі скромним прикметником «технічні») здобула наша українська кіногалузь поки що не за художні, а за суто технологічні розробки, що допомогли Спілбергу створити «Війну світів», Бекмамбетову — відразу два «Дозори», а Рону Ховарду — «Код да Вінчі» (премієра очікується у травні на Канському фестивалі).

Керівник української компанії «Фільмотехнік» Анатолій Кокуш, головна дійова особа нашого оскарівського тріумфу, прилетів до Києва лише в четвер. А офіційна церемо-

нія вручення вищих нагород кіноакадемії відбувалась у Лос-Анджелесі в «Беверлі Хілтоні». Підтримати наших творців-дивотехніків прийшли також посол України в США Олег Шамшур і відомий представник нашої діаспори продюсер Пітер Борисов. Разом із паном Кокушем (генеральним директором і засновником компанії «Фільмотехнік», а також автором розробок, відзначених Кіноакадемією) у світлі переможних софітів стояли автори розробок Юрій Поповський і Юрій Золотарьов.

Отже, за що ж безпосередньо на-

городили українців, причому вперше в історії нашої країни?

По-перше, за... (далі дослівне цитування технічних подвигів) «...розробку гіростабілізованого операторського крана «Авторобот» зі стабілізованою панорамною голівкою «Флайт хед». Це означає, що відтепер операторський комплекс можна встановити на даху будь-якого авто, катера, а, можливо, й велосипеда — і зйомка при цьому буде яскравою, динамічною, супертехнічною. Причому швидкість авто може бути «космічною». По-друге, за... «операторські крани серії «Каскад» і опера-

торський кран із рухомою кареткою «Тревелінг каскад». Саме ці крани кіноакадеміки полюбили за оригінальність і надзвичайну «легкість конструкції, цю техніку можна встановлювати де завгодно, щоб знімати про що завгодно — хоч про інопланетян, хоч про війни землян, адже найбільший виліт стріли — до 25 м.

Треба зазначити, що на рахунок українських дивотехніків участь у таких помітних кіно-проектах, як «Урга» Микити Михалкова, «Титанік» Джеймса Кемерона, «Водій для Віри» Павла Чухрая, «Ван Хелсінг» Стефана Сомерса, «12 друзів Оушена» Стівена Содерберга, «9 рота» Федора Бондарчука і навіть «Тихий Дон» Сергія Федоровича

Бондарчука (перемонтована прем'єра очікується цієї осені). Компанія pana Кокуша також залучалася для технічного вдосконалення інавгурацій Віктора Ющенка і навіть Володимира Путіна. Як відомо, «технічні «Оскар» — лише перша серія головної кіноцеремонії планети, друга частина — із 5 на 6 березня (у ніч із неділі на понеділок).



Анатолій Кокуш, Пітер Борисов, Юрій Золотарьов, Юрій Поповський.

Дзеркало тижня 25 лютого, 2006 р.

## Introducing Vera Bayrock and her work

This cabin that I painted has a special meaning to me. The homestead was built in 1911 70 miles south of Winnipeg by the Wyrha family. It later sold to the Fedosyhyn family (father, mother, and six girls).

The interior of the cabin was a dirt floor with two major rooms—kitchen and bedroom. Pot belly stove was used for central heating. At the side of cabin was a root cellar. On the hallway, a trap door leading to the roof

where sausages were smoked near the clay chimney.

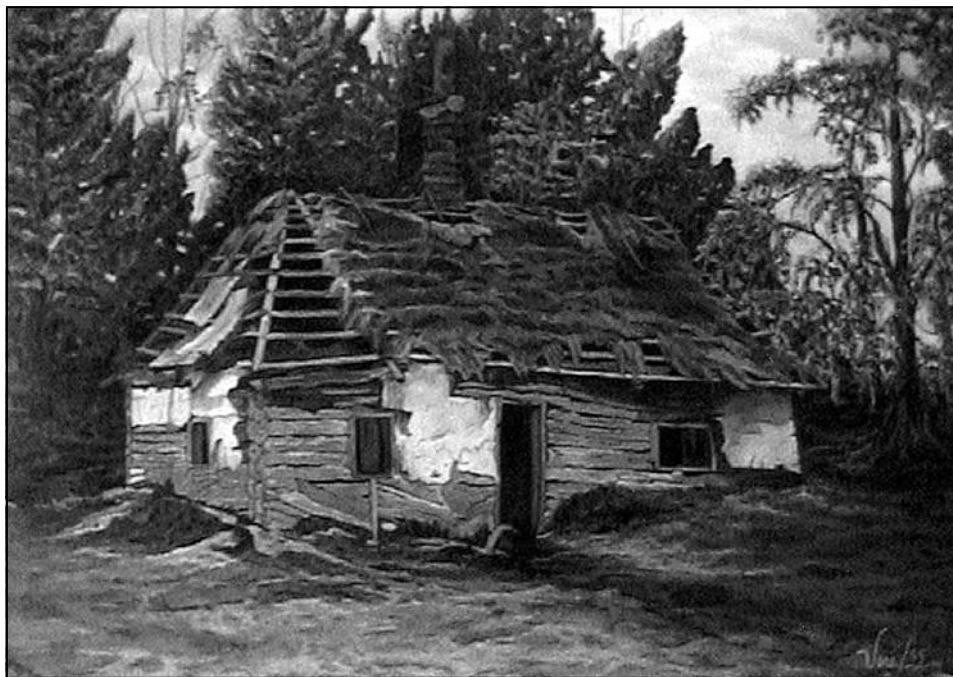
The exterior consisted of plaster, grass, sand, clay, straw and manure. The roof was constructed of rye straw. “Pich” for baking was stored outside the cabin.

Later, the cottage was dismantled piece by piece and transported to Chipman, Alberta, and restored as a restaurant in the centre of an enclosed building. In 1995 cabin was completely destroyed by fire.



Vera Bayrock studies at the University of Alberta, Extension Faculty (Ihor Dmytruk et al).

She works in oil, charcoal and coloured pencils. She has exhibited in four community art shows.



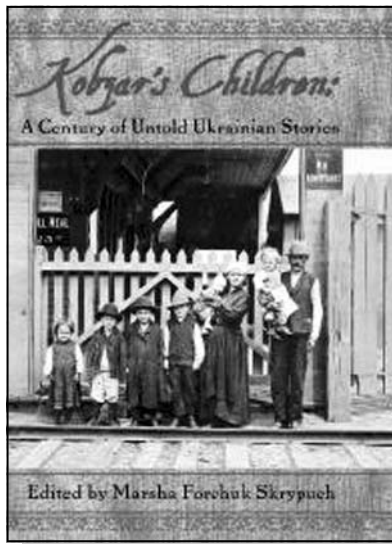
*I have been at that restaurant called “The Taste of Ukraine” located in a rural setting outside Chipman, AB. My husband and I celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary at that restaurant with the old cabin and the modern building outside it. When it burned, I know that we felt that a part of us was gone.*

Rosemarie Nahnybida  
Nasha Doroha Representative,  
Edmonton Eparchy

Untitled, oil medium © Vera R. Bayrock

# *Kobzar's Children* A Century of Untold Ukrainian Stories

**Anthology introduces new voices and a century of hidden stories**



## From the cover:

The kobzars were the blind minstrels of Ukraine, who memorized the epic poems and stories of 100 generations. Travelling around the country, they stopped in towns and villages along the way, where they told their tales and were welcomed by all. Under Stalin's regime, the kobzars were murdered. As the storytellers of Ukraine died, so too did their stories.

*Kobzar's Children* is an anthology of short historical fiction, memoirs, and poems written about the Ukrainian immigrant experience. The stories span a century of history; and they contain stories of internment, homesteading, famine, displacement, concentration camps, and this new century's Orange Revolution. Edited by Marsha Forchuk Skrypuch, *Kobzar's Children* is more than a collection; it is a moving social document that honours the tradition of the kobzars and revives memories once deliberately forgotten.

The editor, Marsha Forchuk Skrypuch, is the author of many books for children and young adults, including *Silver Threads*, *Enough*, *The Hunger*, and *Hope's War*. Her novel about the Armenian Genocide, *Nobody's Child*,

was nominated for the Red Maple Award, the Alberta Rocky Mountain Book Award, and the B.C. Stellar Award; and it was listed by Resource Links as a Best Book. Marsha has been honoured by the World Federation of Ukrainian Women's Organizations as a Canadian Ukrainian Woman of Influence. The stories and poems in *Kobzar's Children* were written by a diverse group of people who first responded to Skrypuch's publications and eventually came to share their own stories via email.

The stories, by writers from across Canada, are arranged in chronological order and include:

- *A Home of Her Own*: A true story set in the early 1900s by the late Olga Prychodko about her mother's misconceptions about immigrating to the wilds of Canada's west.
- *Andriy's Break*: An internment story set during WWI and inspired by true events, written by well-known story collector Danny Evanishen.
- *It's Me, Tatia*: An old woman reflects on lost love and fateful decisions as she remembers a summer long past during the Winnipeg Strike. Written by award-winning short fiction writer Brenda Hasiuk.
- *The Rings*: Inspired by true events, a story of one child's escape from the 1930s Ukrainian Famine, written by Marsha Skrypuch.
- *The Red Boots*: A slice of prairie homestead life in the late 1930s and based on an incident in her own father's childhood, this is the first children's story that Marsha Skrypuch ever wrote.
- *A Song for Kataryna*: How could someone just disappear? Well known storyteller Linda Mikolayenko peels back the horrific details of her immigrant aunt's disappearance layer by layer in this beautifully written story.
- *Auschwitz: Many Circles of Hell*: Stefan Petelycky's memoir of his imprisonment in the notorious Auschwitz concentration camp during WWII because of his involvement in OUN.
- *A Bar of Chocolate*: This humorous tale by first-time author Natalia Buchok is about how her own father's quest for a bar of chocolate in a post-WWII DP camp leads him to dress as a girl and go on a date with an American soldier.

• *Bargain*: A humorous story with wry character sketches set in the mid-1950s in the Warwaruk's meat market and general store in Glenavon, SK. Written by award-winning author Larry Warwaruk.

• *Candy's Revenge*: Set on a prairie farm in the 1950s, this story is about a city girl visiting her country cousin and how an innocent prank had unexpected consequences. Written by first-time author Cornelia Bilinsky.

• *Changing Graves*: A story based on a real incident in the 1970s about how a bizarre old-world request that a loved one's grave be moved closer to other relatives ends in black comedy. Written by well-known children's entertainer, writer and poet Sonja Dunn.

• *Christmas Missed*: The story of a Canadian teen who travels to Ukraine during the Orange Revolution and how missing Christmas with his own family ends up teaching them all about the real meaning of family. Written by first-time author Paulette MacQuarrie.

In addition to the above twelve stories, the anthology contains a number of poems, including one written by Kim Pawliw when she was 15. It is a tribute to her grandmother who was interned as a child in Spirit Lake Internment Camp during WWI. Kim wrote the poem in French and translated it herself into English. Both versions are included.

There are also poems by Sonja Dunn and Linda Mikolayenko. The anthology includes photographs supplied by the contributors and by people from across the country.

Contributors reside across the country, so events introducing *Kobzar's Children* will be occurring on an ongoing basis in a variety of locations with various of the contributors. The first launch will be held in Vancouver with Marsha and British Columbia's three contributing authors—Danny Evanishen, Stefan Petelycky and Paulette MacQuarrie.

*Kobzar's Children: A Century of Ukrainian Stories* is published by Fitzhenry & Whiteside (Markham, Ontario) ISBN 1-55041-954-4

# The Social Side of Saskatoons

*There's more to it than picking berries*

*By Sonja Pawliw*

During the dirty thirties when families were struggling to survive from day to day, life was more than a challenge. To me, a child, often life was fun and an experimental journey. I remember very happy times. Some of those memories are the joyful berry picking Sundays.

At my grandparents' place, where I lived, they had the most beautiful wild pincherry, chokecherry and Saskatoon groves. The pincherries were so juicy and big and shiny; the chokecherries were big plump and not tart, they hung like little grapes. The Saskatoons also were big and sweet. Maybe through a child's eyes everything looked big and beautiful.

All these fruit trees were situated on the slope of the back of Grandpa's house. At the bottom of the hill the little Whitesand River gently flowed. Along the banks of the river there also were loads of cranberry and hazelnut trees. The river and the trees were my haven. I knew every tree and its branches and which tree had the most berries; and every nest that was in them.

I used to love to go pick berries for Grandma after I'd come home from school. I'd take my lunch pail can and run down the hill through the trees to the river. First I'd play on the rocks on the river finding crabs and picking snails in my can. Then I'd empty it and go pick berries. Many childhood hours were spent picking berries, hazelnuts and wading in the river.

Even though it was the dirty thirties and crops were full of rust and grasses dry and brown, even though the water in the river stopped flowing, and dried out in



places, the fruit trees along the banks always produced an abundance of fruit. Maybe it was God's way of rewarding the poor.

On Sundays during berry season time, from July until September, it was berry picking on my Grandpa's farm back of the house. Relatives, friends, and neighbours from near and far came to pick whatever berries were in season. They would come in their buggies and demerats with their kids. They would unhitch their horses and tie them to a tree in the shade and gave them hay that they brought with them.

They also brought with them all sizes of milk pails and buckets for picking berries in, for the kids they had lard tins and syrup cans with handles. On the buggies they had extra cream cans and boilers to empty their full pails of berries into.

They all came about one o'clock, took their containers and dispersed into the bushes. Many of them made several return trips to the buggies to empty their full pails of berries into the boilers and cream cans, have a drink of water and disappear again into the bushes.

It was hard work for some of the older folk to pick enough berries to

make fruit and jams for their families for the whole winter. They all spent most of their summer Sundays picking berries and in the fall it was hazelnuts for Christmas. They were always plentiful. The kids didn't like to pick them cause they got itchy from them. While the parents were all doing this out of necessity, to us kids, that was a different story—we were having fun.

We always ate more berries than we picked into our cans, and when we did have some in the pail we were sure to stumble over a dead fallen tree and spill what we had, so we ended up eating them off the ground.

At about four o'clock. Grandpa would take a big cow-bell he had hanging in the barn and ring it real loud to let everyone know it was time to quit and return to home base. In those days no one had watches with them.

When everyone emerged from the bushes, tired, thirsty and sweaty, they all needed a sit-down. Everyone had a blue mouth and teeth from the berries and the kids had tummy aches. The discomforts were soon forgotten when each one saw what they all accomplished in the afternoon.

While the men loaded the pickings into their buggies, Grandma would bring out some of her home-made bread and buns, and cider she'd make from honey water, vinegar and food colouring for everyone to enjoy. After the snack and the lively discussions of mishaps in the bush, everybody got into their buggies and was homeward bound to milk their cows, and start cooking their berries.



Next Sunday they would be back, for the same or whatever berries were in season. As I remember those were beautiful social events for the parents and children. All family gardens had rhubarb which was used in jams and fruits to make the berries go farther. The mothers exchanged recipes during those gatherings and the kids had a ball.

When World War II broke out,

sugar was rationed so they had to learn to make things less sweet and yet not spoil the canning because they had no freezers. During that time Grandpa kept bees and they bartered for honey and used it in their jams, jellies and preserves.

When I think of it now, to me, those times were great. Between picking berries for Grandma and helping extract honey with Grandpa

and chewing honey wax—those were unforgettable summers.

Since then, the bushes were cleared to make way for more cultivation; Grandpa's two-roomed house got demolished, fences taken down. It's now just an open field like many others, but the memories in my heart and mind remain unblemished treasures of berry picking times.

## THE Ant & THE Grasshopper

### *Classic Version*

The ant works hard in the withering heat all summer long, building his house and laying up supplies for the winter.

The grasshopper thinks he's a fool, and laughs and dances and plays the summer away.

Come winter, the ant is warm and well fed.

The shivering grasshopper has no food or shelter so he dies out in the cold. *The End*

### *The Canadian Version*

The ant works hard in the withering heat all summer long, building his house and laying up supplies for the winter.

The grasshopper thinks he's a fool, and laughs and dances and plays the summer away.

Come winter, the ant is warm and well fed. So far, so good, eh?

The shivering grasshopper calls a press conference and demands to know why the ant should be allowed to be warm and well fed while others less fortunate, like him, are cold and starving.

The CBC shows up to provide live coverage of the shivering grasshopper, with cuts to a video of the ant in his comfortable warm home with a table laden with food.



Canadians are stunned that in a country of such wealth, this poor grasshopper is allowed to suffer so while others have plenty.

The NDP, the Coalition Against Poverty demonstrate in front of the ant's house. The CBC, interrupting an Inuit cultural festival special from Nunavut with breaking news, broadcasts them singing "We Shall Overcome."

A left-wing politician rants in an interview that the ant has gotten rich off the backs of grasshoppers, and calls for an immediate tax hike on the ant to make him pay his fair share.

In response to polls, the government drafts the Economic Equity and Grasshopper Anti-Discrimination Act, retroactive to the beginning of the summer.

The ant's taxes are reassessed, and he is also fined for failing to hire grasshoppers as helpers.

Without enough money to pay both the fine and his newly imposed retroactive taxes, his home is confiscated by the government.

The ant moves to the US, and starts a successful agrofood company.

Later, the CBC shows the now fat grasshopper finishing up the last of the ant's food, though Spring is still far away, while the government-run house he is in—which just happens to be the ant's old house—crumbles around him because he hasn't bothered to maintain it.

Inadequate government funding is blamed. A famous social-justice guru is appointed to head a commission of enquiry. It will cost \$10,000,000.

The grasshopper dies of a drug overdose. Mainstream media blames it on the obvious failure of government to address the root causes of despair arising from social inequity.

The abandoned house is taken over by a gang of immigrant spiders, praised by the government for enriching Canada's multicultural diversity, who promptly set up a marijuana growing co-op and terrorize the community.



*From the Internet*



## Останнє слово ... last word

*Dear Friends, Дорогі читачі,*

**Ч**и це дійсно п'ять літ, відколи я стала редактором НД? Час біжить, і я із задоволенням переглядаю обкладинки і перечитую статті за цей період. Ми з Вами напрацювали трошки! А ще краще — познайомилися.

Знаю, що не всі потребують і шукають того самого на сторінках НД. Є широка дискусія відносно тематики, мови, балансу матеріалу із сходу та заходу Канади. Це добре — НД читають. Бо не важливо лише видати журнал, коли є гроші — а о. С. Семчук подбав про це, створивши спеціальний редакційний фонд НД в сумі \$150,000. Важливіше, щоб кварталник читали і обговорювали — це живе слово. Тому приємно почути коментарі в *Листах*, які радо друкуємо (ст. 7), і також задоволення читачів щодо НД, передане у Підсумках (ст. 24). Будемо продовжувати.

Яка роль кварталника? Останні п'ять років я, як редактор, керувалася напрямками, які знаходяться в імені нашої організації. Тому теми в НД — це українські, католицькі, жіночі, організаційні та канадські — особливо коли торкаються попередніх тем і відзеркалюють напрями в *Nasha Doroha Draft Policy Paper*. Ціль передати реальність, в якій живемо, і заохотити до духовної та організаційної участі. До цього

НД шукає засобів допомогти УГКЦ в її напрямах, а також у розвитку нашої громади в Канаді і в Україні в цей перехідний час. Звертається багато уваги родинним темам. НД служить як головний засіб розмови між крайовою управою, єпархіями, з кожним членом особисто та із зацікавленим читачем. Але НД — це лише кварталник, який сам по собі не знайде місце усім важливим темам і не відповість на всі потреби окремих читачів. Важливо звертати увагу на те, що не висвітлюється в іншій пресі, але потрібне для нашого особистого, родинного, організаційного добробуту.

Кілька слів про духовні теми в НД. Були зауваги, що їх не досить. Наша духовність — це особиста справа, і визначення виринає з глибин кожної душі окремо. Для деяких це організована релігія — участь у службах: деякі знаходять духовність у добрих ділах ближнім. Для інших — це хвиливи, неповторні духовні піднесення з якоюсь особою чи природою. Ще для інших — це історія святих як модель для наслідування або особисте пережиття надзвичайних моментів. Як звичайно, і в цьому числі НД подає матеріал, який висвітлює духовність в різних ситуаціях — від поезії до плекання українства в родинях. Цього

разу, додатково, ми розширили тему. А що Ви на це? Дайте знати, як Ви розумієте поняття духовності. Тема цікава і важлива.



**I**t was gratifying to learn from the ND Evaluations (page 24) how much you, the readers, enjoy it. Thank you for your vote of confidence received during the five years of this editorship. ND will continue striving to be the best Ukrainian quarterly in the diaspora.

Several evaluations singled out possible changes. Fair enough—we asked for them. I wish to address two of them: a call for more articles on spirituality and fewer on politics.

In this issue ND is paying particular attention to spirituality. You will find the words of Bishop Emeritus Cornelius offered at the UCWLC Plenary in May. He has spent many years thinking and preaching on spirituality. There is other material about which some of you might ask: what does the award-winning photo of a street child in Odessa have to do with spirituality? For the answer, I lead you back to the noble words of the Great Spiritual Leader, “*What thou hast done for the least of my people, thou hast done for me.*”

Or, others might ask, how does the Catholic Family's battle with the sale of women into slavery touch me in Canada? We know the answer: to turn away is to harden the soul and to allow evil to prosper. If we don't react, we're saying this wickedness is okay. Because of global interconnectivity, lack of protests against such criminality encourages human slavery rings, drug-dealing, arms sales and other unsavory enterprises to flourish on our cities. The Ukrainian Catholic Church recognizes human connections; our new Metropolitan speaks of the global church. To care for the fate of others is to connect spiritually with them.

And this brings me to politics. Most of us realize how important each of us can be in a democracy. But only when we speak or act. Why bother? Because all government decisions touch us—taxes, the recent census, family values in our own homes. For example, it is the government that decides whether abortion is legal or not; whether sex education is the prerogative of the home or school; whether God is mentioned there; whether reproductive technology is on or off; whether to call a union of gays and lesbians a marriage; what funds will be allocated to help people in Africa or Ukraine. And government is influenced by public opinion—

what we say and do.

For this reason, in Canada, informed, caring people discuss and work to influence the way issues will be decided. To be influential we need to be informed and proactive. UCWLC, like other organizations, must take leadership in political issues that affect us. If not, other interests will prevail at the expense of our values. Politics means the people, and that is us. And ND will continue to do its part.

What are your thoughts on this?



# Good for the Soul

**Radist' na Dushi** By Oksana Bashuk Hepburn

**H**E WAS SO YOUNG when he died. Forty-eight.

He asks me, then, "Do you know what I will miss the most?"

I wait.

"Not seeing the grandchildren."

He starts to cry. I hold him. We drench each other in tears. He leaves behind three frightened, distraught young people: twenty, eighteen and thirteen.

\* \* \*

When they were little, he'd take them fishing.

"Who wants to come with me?"

One of them materializes with a couple of rods. They huddle in dark, wet corners of the garden digging for worms chatting, giggling. Then, they're off to the Ottawa

River, just down the lane, Scruffy Ol Doggy behind them, wagging his tail with promise.

It was always thus: a ritual. There were rarely any fish; just happy smiles and the invariable "Ah, that was good for the soul, *radist' na dushi*."

There were other fishing rituals.

On the first weekend in June, about twenty guys gather in our laneway to pack for the annual fishing expedition north, to the edge of the tree line. "For four days we don't bathe, change our socks or brush our teeth. Any of you ladies interested?"

There are tents, kerosene lamps, sports bags, sleeping bags, tarpaulin, coolers for fish piled into the



vans. The final jockeying for the safest place for the precious fishing gear, and the boys pile in. By and large it is the same gang of strapping, handsome bucks who hold professional jobs during the day, are dutiful husbands and fathers,

but once a year their soul calls them to nature; to become boys again.

"You forgot to say that Mondays, we play volleyball together," his voice intervenes in my head. How does he do it?

And yes, every Monday, more frequently when the Ukrainian Trident was battling for the city championship, there was the precious—*anu khloptsi*—volleyball. There were Georges, Pauls, a Mike, Euge, Emil, John, Yar, Roman, Peter, Alex, Modest, Jim and Taras: the official Fish-Hunters.

His voice again.

"Are you telling about the fishing or the volleyball?"

"The fish-hunting expedition."

"Well, Taras only went once, in the ten trips. He thought there was too much beer."

Yes. There was a prodigious stash of beer.

"We'll need to leave a few cases behind. There's no room."

"Naw, I'll hold a couple in my lap."

"For nine hours? *Chy ty zduriv?*"

He returned renewed in his soul; at peace with the world, whether the catch of walleyes and pike was substantial or not.

In the seven pages of messages he left us, he wrote: I leave my fishing equipment to the children. It's of good quality. I hope that they will be able to make use of it one day, when they have time. Fishing is good for the soul.

The volleyball was picked up by one of the kids who moved away to do graduate studies. Several years after the funeral, we lost Scruffy. For fifteen years the fishing gear gathered dust in the basement corner while the children scattered around the world.



\* \* \*

To lure them back with their little ones for a bit of a life with me, I buy a Canadiana cottage: log exterior, pine floors, a long dock on the lake, a canoe. When the agent adds that the lake is stocked with fish, my mind sees him on the dock, smiling.

I retrieve the rods, the now-rusty tackle box and park them in the cottage shed.

The cottage works its magic. Now there are little bare feet, hiding-go-seeks, scrapes and joy in my life just like once upon a time. There is tentative talk of worming and fishing. I hold my breath; no comment from him.

I awake to eeks and chuckles coming from the dock. The worms are being hooked; the lines are being thrown. There are lessons on how small fish need to go back.

I hear my daughter's voice under the window, on the dark, wet side of the cottage—good worm territory.

"This is how I collected worms with your grandpa, Dido Lubko," she is explaining to her little girl. In a different voice I hear her again, to herself. "This is so déjà vu. Like an old ritual."

"Did you go fishing when you were a little girl, Mama?"

"Yes, with Dido Lubko."

"And Scruffy-Ol-Doggy?"

She knows about Scruffy?

"Yes, and Scruffy too. We would go to the river after dinner."

"But not on Mondays because Dido played volleyball on Mondays with the boys."

Oh my God!

"That's right."

"And Dido Lubko liked fishing, didn't he?"

"Oh yes, he loved it and went every year. He called the trips fish-hunting."

"Yes, in June when there was still some ice on the lake."

Wonders never stop!

"Mama, why did Dido Lubko like fishing?"

I'm all ears.

"Well, he used to say that it was good for the soul."

"What's that?"

"It's what makes you happy and at peace."

I brush away a tear. I feel him standing nearby. He's listening to every word. Is the tear his or mine? His voice.

"The grandchildren are wonderful."

Oh God! He knows his grandchildren, *joho unuky*.

*Oksana Bashuk Hepburn never attended a fish-hunt. It was the socks.*









Конкурс фото ЛУКЖК Переможець  
✧ UCWLC Photo Contest Winner  
Зеня ДМИТРЕНКО ✧ Zenia DMYTRENKO  
(Групи ✧ People in group category)