



НАША ДОРОГА
NASHA DOROGA

АНТОЛОГІЯ
ОПОВІДАНЬ

Has
1.300.000
Stories

AN
ANTHOLOGY



Привітання

Greetings

У цьому році українські католики відзначають два ювілеї: 120-у річницю приїзду наших предків до Канади та 100-у річницю нашого першого єпископа Микити Будки, який заклав основи єдиної української католицької церкви в Канаді.

Наші предки іммігрували в цю нову і невідому землю для того, щоб добиватися кращого майбутнього для себе і для своїх дітей. В глибокій вірі вони раділи приходу духовенства, релігійних братів і сестер. Наші предки зіграли важливу роль у формуванні канадського суспільства і канадських цінностей.

Крайова Управа ЛУКЖК хотіла би скористатися цією можливістю, щоб висловити вдячність тим авторам, які представили матеріали цієї антології у НАШІЙ ДОРОЗІ. Ви серцем і душею української громади в Канаді, і ми дякуємо вам за те, що поділилися своїми враженнями з нами і світом.

Нехай Бог благословить усіх Вас і нехай наша покровителька, Пресвята Богородиця, завжди буде з кожним з нас.

Глорія Ленюк, ПДЧ
Голова Крайової Управи ЛУКЖК



This year Ukrainian Catholics are marking two anniversaries: the 120th anniversary of the arrival of our ancestors to Canada and the 100th anniversary of our first bishop, Bishop Nykyta Budka, who laid the groundwork for a united Ukrainian Catholic Church in Canada.

Our ancestors immigrated to this new and unknown land in order to seek a better future for themselves and for their children. Deeply faithful, they rejoiced in the arrival of dedicated clergy, religious brothers and sisters. Our ancestors were instrumental in shaping Canadian society and Canadian values.

The National UCWLC Executive would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge the authors who submitted articles to this Anthology issue of NASHA DOROHA. You are the heart and soul of Canada's Ukrainian community and we thank you for sharing your experiences with us and the world.

May God bless you all and may our Patroness, the Most Holy Mother of God, be ever with each of us.

Gloria L. Leniuk, HLM
National UCWLC President
and Executive



IMMIGRATION ICON

The stained glass icon *Immigration of Ukrainians to Canada* was created by Emil Telizyn on the occasion of 100 years of Ukrainian settlement. It is housed in the St. Basil Ukrainian Catholic Church, Edmonton, Alberta.

Emil Telizyn was born in Western Ukraine and studied art in Germany and Canada. Settling in Toronto, he designed sets for Canadian and American theatrical, television and film productions before turning to the design of stained glass windows for churches in Canada, the United States and France.

The NASHA DOROHA Anthology is dedicated to the founding people of Canada, the Ukrainians, whose cultural distinctiveness and hard work will continue providing leadership to this nation for another 120 years and beyond, and whose past, present and future stories write Canada's history.

Антологія НАШОЇ ДОРОГИ присвячується українцям Канади – вчорашнім, сьогоднішнім і завтрашнім, їхній самобутності та працьовитості, що продовжуватиме впливати на канадську націю, світ і особливо на їхню прадідівську Україну наступні 120 років.

АНТОЛОГІЯ ОПОВІДАНЬ

Оксана Башук Гепбурн
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Has
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Stories

AN ANTHOLOGY

Oksana Bashuk Hepburn
Editor

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Елен (Білик) Рискі, Соня Павлів, ПДЧ ✧ Ellen (Bilyk) Ryski, Sonja Pawliw, HLM

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National Executive mailing address:

Gloria Leniuk, President
970 Warner Street, Moose Jaw, SK S6H 5S4
Phone: 306-692-1550
gloriajalen@sasktel.net

www.ucwlc.ca

We welcome your letters and written contributions.

Вітаємо співучасть. Просимо пересилати
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РЕДАКТОР • EDITOR

ОКСАНА БАШУК ГЕПБУРН • OKSANA BASHUK NEPBURN
44 Belvedere Cres, Ottawa, ON K1M 2G4
Phone: 613-769-5996
oksanabh@sympatico.ca

ТЕХНІЧНА ОБРОБКА • TECHNICAL PRODUCTION

Ігор Кодак • Ihor Kodak
234 Cochran Cres, Saskatoon, SK S7K 4T2
Phone: 306-934-7125
ikodak@sasktel.net

УКРАЇНОМОВНИЙ КОРЕКТОР • UKRAINIAN LANGUAGE PROOFREADER

Люба Андрієва • Luba Andriyiv

МАРКЕТИНГ ТА АДМІНІСТРАЦІЯ • MARKETING & ADMINISTRATION

Елизавета Загайко • Elizabeth Zahayko
387 Betts Ave, Yorkton, SK S3N 1N3
Phone: 306-783-6232
eazahayko@sasktel.net

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ПОКИДАЄМО 1 DEPARTING

“You weren’t too keen on going to this Canada, so we’ll go wandering about the world, drifting apart in our old age like leaves in the field. God only knows what will happen to us... so I want to ask for your forgiveness in front of these our people. Just as we took our marriage vows before them, so now, with them present, I want to ask for your forgiveness before we die. Maybe they’ll throw you into the sea, so that I won’t even see you go, or they may toss me overboard without you seeing it. So forgive me, my wife, for chiding you so often that, at times, I wronged you perhaps and made you suffer. Forgive me once, forgive me twice, forgive me three times.”

They kissed. Ivan’s wife fell into his arms, and he said:

“My poor dear, that I should be taking you to your far-away grave!”

But no one heard these last words, because from the woman’s table there sprang a gust of weeping that sounded like a blast of wind from among sharp words, and bowed the muzhiks’ heads down to their chests.

Vasyl Stefanyk, The Stone Cross, translated from Ukrainian by Joseph Wiznuk in collaboration with C.H. Andrusyshen, Stefanyk Centennial Committee, 1971. Published by McClelland and Stewart Ltd., Toronto.

From “The Promised Land” by Pierre Berton

Prologue: Professor Oleskow’s Vision

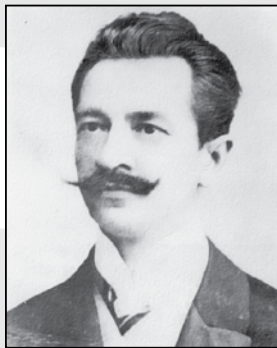
This is a book about dreams and illusions, escape and survival, triumph and despair. It is also a book about foolish optimism, political cunning, naïveté, greed, scandal, and opportunism. It is a book about the search for Utopia, the promise of a Promised Land, and so it treats of hope, fulfilment, and liberation as well as drudgery, loneliness, and disenchantment. What we are dealing with here is a phenomenon rare, if not unique, in history: the filling up of an empty realm, a thousand miles broad, with more than one million people in less than one generation.

This, then, is the story of the creation of a state within a state and the resultant transformation of a nation. There are grafters in this tale and hard-nosed politicians and civic boosters with dollar signs in their eyes; but there are also idealists, dreamers, and visionaries. And since these last are in the minority it is best to start with the first of them, a Slavic professor of agriculture named Josef Oleskow, who saw in the untrammelled Canadian West a haven for the down-trodden of Eastern Europe.

In the Promised Land, newcomers must not look and act like serfs! Above all, they must rid themselves of the stigma of slavery, learn to lift their heads and look squarely into the eyes of others instead of peering up from under the brow like a dog.

But Dr. Oleskow had never been a peasant. In his neat dark suit, he was more out of place than his countrymen. He was an academic with a doctorate in botany, chemistry, and geology. As a member of the faculty of the teachers’ seminary at Lemberg (Lviv. *Ed.*), in that section of the Austro-Hungarian Empire then known as Ruthenia, he was paid six hundred dollars a year. His dream was always to better the conditions of the peasantry — partly by improving the mineral and chemical content of the soil and partly by reducing the population through emigration.

He was the leader among a group of intellectuals who made up Provista, the Ruthenian Population Society. These selfless men had two purposes: first, to



Dr. Josef Oleskow

TORONTO GENEALOGY GROUP

stem the flow of their countrymen to the jungles of Brazil and redirect it to the Canadian prairies, and second, to prevent the exploitation of Ruthenian emigrants by unscrupulous agents working for the major shipping companies.

The steamship agents, who were paid a bonus for every ticket sold to a warm body, shamelessly hoodwinked each emigrant in a dozen ways, charging huge sums to exchange money, extracting fees for fake medical examinations while brib-

ing the petty officials to ignore their swindles. No wonder Slavic peasants were arriving in Canada penniless.

Oleskow wanted to change all that.

It was his plan to build a well-organized immigration movement, independent of the steamship companies and their agents, choosing his subjects carefully — farmers of adequate means whose funds would be safeguarded and who would be protected from exploitation. These people would be the best stock that Eastern Europe could offer.

But Josef Oleskow was a man ahead of his time.

As Canada procrastinated, Oleskow grew dejected. His pamphlet extolling the Canadian West, describing his tour of the prairies and giving practical advice to would-be emigrants, was read by thousands. But it was the shipping agents who reaped the benefit. They slipped into the villages, disguised as pedlars and itinerant journeymen, signed up anybody they could, promised the moon, and cheated their victims.

But Josef Oleskow’s plan was never adopted. In 1900 Sifton (Clifford Sifton, Canada’s Minister of Immigration. *Ed.*) opted for an unrestricted settlement policy and sublet all continental immigration work to a mysterious organization known as the North Atlantic Trading Company. This suspect “company” — to this day we do not know the identity of its principals — was paid five dollars for every healthy man, woman, and child who reached Canadian shores. That was a far cry from Oleskow’s carefully thought out plan. In spite of the regulations, many arrived destitute.

Condensed from The Promised Land: Settling the West 1896-1914 by Pierre Berton. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto © 1984.

A Handful of Soil

Mary (Hrenchuk) Pankiw

Hot tears welled within her sad hazel eyes
While sobs and cries intertwined with good-byes.

Slowly she knelt to the dark fertile ground
As nightingale and cuckoo filled the air with sound.

Lovingly she touched and caressed the rich black earth
Her native land, Ukraine, from her very birth.

Such rich black productive fine soil
Worked by her ancestors in labour, sweat and toil.

Ukraine, the only land she has ever known
Land that was tilled, harrowed, ploughed and sown.

Absorbed in her silent thoughts, she reminisced
Dear native land, my Ukraine, you will be missed.

She fingered the soil and filled her envelope white
To treasure her birth-right memento both day and night.

To comfort her in the future far-off foreign land
To salve the wounds of homesickness with soil in hand.

Winnipeg, 2005

Грудочка землі

Степан Пушик

Червонуваті ягоди калини
Несе кудись у дзьобі сивий птах.
Так землю, чорну землю України,
Розносять по усіх материках.

Везуть, несуть її в маленьких вузликах;
І, там де не співають солов'ї,
Із грудки ллється солов'їна музика,
Сльозами люди скроплюють її.

І пахне степом, вишнями, соломою
Ще й піснею, яку співав козак.
Та грудочка землі стає солоною,
Як сіль чумацька на важких возах.

Назавше попрощавшись з Україною,
Із грудкою України – просто жах! –
Розкидані то голодом, то війнами
Кохані сплять на всіх материках!

І навіть там, де не цвіте калина,
Де слово не шанується моє,
Всі знають – є на світі Україна,
Не грудка, а земля з народом є!

Stepan Pushyk

We Shall Succeed

The Immigration of the Klepak Family, My Maternal Grandparents

By Eleanor Winniski Bernakevitch

At the end of the 19th century, there were numerous programs in Eastern Europe about the immigration to Canada. Agents from the Hamburg-America Ship Line (1893) launched advertising campaigns throughout the whole of Eastern Europe for departures from Hamburg, Germany. This advertising was done to create business transactions for the Ship Line by convincing Eastern Europeans to use Hamburg as port of transit to Canada and the United States.

The reason for this vast campaigning being done by the ship lines was that there was a secret agreement made in 1899 with the Canadian government and the North Atlantic Shipping Company to obtain settlers from Austria-Hungary's Eastern European regions. In this clandestine agreement, the company would be paid an extra \$5.00 for the procurement of every head of the family of settlers and \$2.00 per head for every other family member. This enabled the shipping company to collect fares from the passengers and receive bonuses from the Canadian government as well.

The Klepak family had heard of "Wilni Zemli" or "Free Land of Opportunities" in Canada, where homesteads of 160 acres (approximately 100 *morgy*) of fertile land were being offered. More, this land had poplar bluffs to provide them with fuel and building material. All this could be had for only \$10.00!

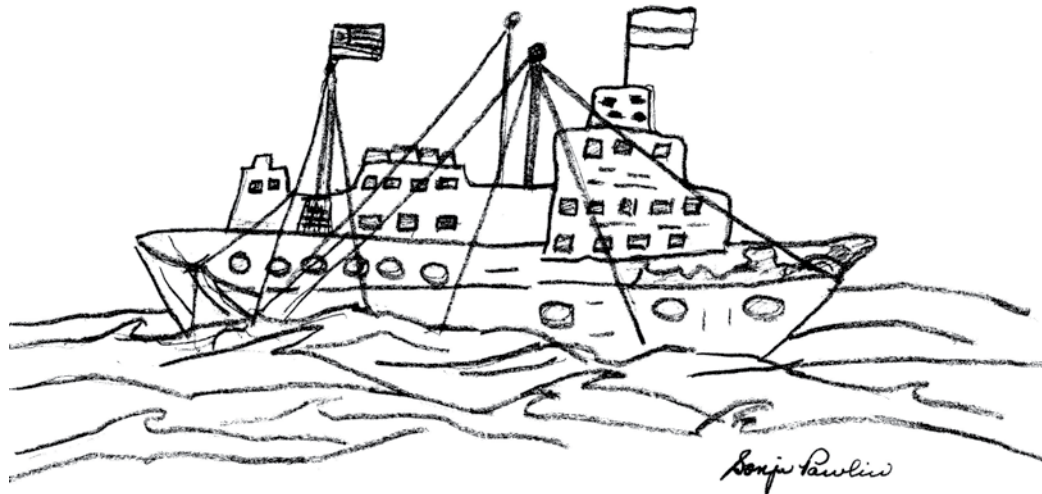
The main reasons for immigrating from Western Ukraine

included over-population, rising unemployment, heavy taxation and political and social discontent. As people prepared to leave their native land they disposed their belongings. Soon they realized that for this passage to Canada they would have to sell not only their goods, but surrender their entire yearly income and practically every *kopek* (penny) that they had saved.

Packing for their journey, the two Klepak families – Dmytro and Eudoxia and their six children ages from 17 years to 6 weeks, Dmytro's nephew Stephan Klepak, his wife Anastasia with their two-year-old and infant daughters, and Anastasia's stepmother Anna Huk – decided to get a 160-acre homestead for each family. They took with them only the essentials: clothing, food, dishes, bedding, sheet *kernecha* (cabbage cutter), garden seeds – neatly tied in a *choostinka* (handkerchief) – thread and needles, a Bible. Dmytro, the great reader, took some books, tools: axe, bucksaw, hammer and nails, scythe, sickle, spade, plane, drill, grubbing



Dmytro and Eudoxia Klepak.



hoe, awl. He also took a steel plate and doors for a *peech* (clay oven). Most tool handles were removed to save space.

Their belongings were transported by a team of horses and a wagon from Zamichiv to Jaroslaw, where they boarded a train which took them through Ukraine and Poland to Hamburg, Germany. From there a ship would take them to Canada.

In Hamburg, the steerage passengers – section of the ship for the people paying the lowest fares – were sent to special barracks for immigrants. Here, they were checked for infectious diseases and mental illness. They had to be cleared by officials before being allowed voyage to Canada. The hygiene in these huts was deplorable, unfit for human habitation. One hundred and forty passengers stayed in one hut! There were ten huts for those awaiting passage to Canada. In these terrible conditions, diseases spread quickly.

The Klepaks spent nearly two weeks at this Hamburg quarantine. Then on April 24, 1901, they embarked on the German steamship *Assyria* and sailed to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

There were different calibres of passenger ships. The better ones cost more than the “cattle freighters.” The Klepaks had paid, in Ukraine, for the higher calibre accommodations, but they were put in the cattle freighter class. The *pan*, agent, had bought the cheap fare for them and kept the difference for himself. The Klepaks were given steerage tickets that were sold without space reservations.

The cattle boat’s compartments had been converted from animal stalls. The walls had been white-washed to make them look clean. As they sailed out to sea, the whitewash got damp and fell off, and the compartments reeked with manure. The stench was unbearable.

Some 200 to 400 people slept in one compartment with a very low ceiling, very little light and no comfort. There were rows and rows of iron beds three to four levels high. The women and small children slept on the lower ones; the upper beds were used by men and

teenage boys. The beds were covered with straw mattresses and straw pillows. The passengers supplied their own *pyryna* (feather quilt). On the ship’s floor was a layer of sawdust about six inches deep. If anyone got seasick, the residue would be shovelled up and thrown over the ship’s edge into the ocean. The food was doled out soup kitchen style; often, water was given grudgingly. There were animals and fowl in the passenger quarters. The voyage took thirteen days.

Like most European immigrants, the Klepaks had high expectations of Canada based on letters received from their relatives or friends already in the “promised land”. Often these letters made light of the real problems pioneers were encountering in Canada – the terrible living conditions and the solitude.



Exterior of borodnie (budka) completed.

Finally landing on Canadian soil, they were convinced that hunger and persecution were things of the past. Even if hard work awaited them, life would be better here than their homeland. The Old World lay behind them; ahead was a new way of life, vast and promising. Gone were the systems of lords and serfs, peasantry, famine and poverty. But also left behind were friends and family as well as traditions and customs, their way of life.

Their final destination in the new land was west of Yorktown, District of Assiniboia, now known as Yorkton, Saskatchewan.

Eleanor Winniski Bernakevitch is the daughter of Victoria Klepak Winniski who was the youngest child of Dmytro and Eudoxia Klepak.

ELEANOR WINNISKI BERNAKEVITCH

In the Beginning...

The Beaver Lake-Mundare Ukrainian Catholic Mission

By Karen Lemiski

More than 60,000 Ukrainians arrived in western Canada between 1891 and 1905. While gradually settling in the new land, these early pioneers missed the liturgies and religious feast days they fervently marked in their homeland. They wanted the sacraments of baptism and confirmation for their babies and cemeteries for their dead, in consecrated and common locations. Yet because few priests emigrated the immigrants relied on missionaries who occasionally passed through. Many were attracted to other denominations – the Roman Catholic and Russian Orthodox churches, whose missions were already established.

The Basilian Fathers

In response to this situation, the hierarchy of the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Galicia began sending its clergy to Canada. On November 1, 1902, four members of the Basilian Order arrived at the Strathcona immigration hall, now in present-day Edmonton. Each took responsibility for a district: Fr. Filas went to Beaver Lake (southeast of present-day Mundare), Fr. Dydyk to Rabbit Hill (south of Edmonton), and Fr. Strotsky to Star (east of Edmonton). People walked for miles to attend services which attracted immigrants of other nationalities. On December 8, 1902, Fr. Filas delivered his first sermon at Dombrova and one month later applied for a home-
stead in the Beaver Lake settlement with additional

quarters for the other Basilians. This was the foundation for the Basilian mission. With the help of the Ukrainian pioneers, Fr. Filas built a chapel and residence, and added a school in May 1904. This chapel was one of the first specifically denominational churches constructed in this part of Canada.



Metropolitan Andrey Sheptytsky with the Basilian Fathers, 1910: Fr. Sozont Dydyk, Fr. Naucratiusz Kryzhanowsky, Metropolitan Sheptytsky, Bro. Joseph Grotzky and Fr. Matei Hura.

BASILIAN FATHERS MUSEUM, MUNDARE

The Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate

Four Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate – Sr. Ambrose Marcella Lenkewich, Sr. Taida Elena Wrublewsky, Sr. Emelia Omeliana Klapowska, and Sr. Isidore Pauline Shypowsky – accompanied the Basilians on their journey to Canada. The Sisters stayed in Edmonton – then 5,500 residents – for about eight months. During the first winter they became acquainted with the Grey Nuns associated with St. Joachim's parish, who offered evening school for about 40 young girls. Some of the children were Ukrainian.

When the Sisters Servants reached the Beaver Lake mission on July 7, 1903, Fr. Filas vacated his



Українське Запомогове Братство Св. Миколая у Вінніпегу – засноване 11 вересня 1905 року. Митрополит Шептицький з Єпископом Будкою посередині. Ukrainian Mutual Benefit Association of St. Nicholas in Winnipeg. Metropolitan Sheptytsky and Bishop Budka in centre.



BASILIAN FATHERS MUSEUM, MUNDARE

Local residents at the blessing of the first National Hall in Mundare, 1917. Bishop Budka and Fr. Kryzhanowsky are at the centre of the group.

newly constructed residence for them. One of their first tasks was to gather the local children for schooling. Until a dedicated school could be built, portable walls were used to separate the chapel's sanctuary from the classroom area. They also addressed the social, cultural, and medical needs of the Ukrainian settlers. The Sisters lived within the community offering support to the women, teaching the girls manual tasks, taking care of the sick, and tending to the chapel. By January 1905 the Sister Servants' community added four novices.

In 1913, an orphanage was built, financed from their dowries plus donations from settlers. Bishop Nykyta Budka blessed the orphanage in August 1914. To celebrate the event, the children staged a concert and play.

During the 1920s, the original mission relocated to the growing town of Mundare, although the original school remained open on the Beaver Lake homestead. In Mundare, the Sisters built a convent-school as well as a hospital (opened in 1928-1929)

and employed one of the first Ukrainian-speaking doctors in Canada.

Mundare subsequently emerged as the primary Ukrainian Catholic centre in Canada. This status was reflected in the construction of a grand domed church and an extensive infrastructure of devotional and institutional buildings: the Basilian Novitiate was opened in August 1923 and a Grotto, devoted to the Virgin Mary, in 1934. After participating in the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, Metropolitan Sheptytsky himself visited Mundare in October 1910; he returned for another visit in 1921.

In serving settlers in east-central Alberta — the largest Ukrainian bloc settlement in Canada — the Basilian Fathers and Sisters Servants nurtured the language, culture, historical memory, and Catholic faith of thousands of Ukrainian Canadians and fostered the church's growth both in Canada and internationally. In 2011, Parks Canada recognized the national historical significance of the Beaver Lake-Mundare Ukrainian Catholic mission: it marked the permanent establishment of the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Canada. It paved the way for the appointment of the country's first Ukrainian Catholic bishop, Nykyta Budka.

Karen Lemiski, Ph.D., is the Associate Director and Curator, Basilian Fathers Museum in Mundare, Alberta.



BASILIAN FATHERS MUSEUM, MUNDARE

school as well as a hospital (opened in 1928-1929)

World War II brought horrific upheavals to people's lives. Here are two stories of two very young people taken by force from their families for slave labour in Germany. And then they made it to Canada.

Taken Away by Force

By Patricia Sawadsky

Nick Petrykiw was born in Poduciw, Ukraine, in 1925 to Kateryna (Mayorchuk), who died in her 80s, and Luka, who died in his 50s from WWI wounds. He was one of six.

In 1941 the Germans, again, invaded Ukraine. On March 19, 1942, a military contingent arrested Nick with other boys and girls in their high school and marched them to the train station where they were interrogated, individually and harshly, regarding their names, parents, relatives and membership in organizations, especially the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists. The interrogators already had a list of members and were adding more information. Only those from high schools, colleges and universities were taken. The arrest and removal of young people throughout Ukraine became a systematic routine.

The train stopped at the next town, Rohatyn. The interrogations were repeated and it would be thus again and again. Strictly cautioned to obey, stay quiet, they were left at the side of a building near the station. A sudden burst of shots made them move to see what was happening. Jews, taken from their homes and businesses, were being murdered before their eyes, from the elderly to the babies. It was shocking to see: guards wearing black armbands with the yellow Star of David stood by, watched by the Germans.

The journey to Ivano-Frankivsk — en route to the slave labour camps — took six days. Some of the work groups, removed from Peremyshl, never returned, their fate never known. The journey to Metz, France, involved three or four days. The Germans



Nick Petrykiw

treated them fairly humanely, and occasionally they received Red Cross tea and sandwiches.

Nick was among 401 boys located in a concentration camp in Neustat on Rhine, on the second floor of Weinstrassen 22. Twenty-five boys at a time were taken to a room, tied four across the tables, face down and naked, to receive 25 lashes viciously administered by Polish “helpers” as German guards watched. Endless interrogations followed and after three days

they were beaten again. This time it was ten lashes each and then dragged — some unconscious — to lie with open wounds on a cement floor for two weeks. There were fifty bodies to a room. Their clothes had been taken, replaced with Jewish garments. They heard their fate: “No one will get out alive.”

Under the cruel patronage of a German Meister, in a cold winter with deep snow, the boys had a slice of bread, a cup of coffee, then walked five kilometres to chop trees. Their clothes were inadequate for the cold and never dry.

In 1943, close to the front — the Maginot Line — and under guard, they dug trenches and collected food, horses and wagons, from area farms. When American planes flew low, all ran for safety as bombs exploded around them. On March 21, 1945, the young prisoners, noticing disarray among the Germans, realized the war must have ended and ran to the Americans, and to sanity.

On January 6, 1946, Nick entered a refugee camp in Ludvikberg, Germany; he was legalized in August 1947 in Belgium, and worked in a mine. In April 1949 he departed Le Havre, France, for Halifax. In Montreal

“It was shocking to see: guards wearing black armbands with the yellow Star of David stood by, watched by the Germans.”

he saw a Chinese man for the first time. He married Kateryna Lewkovych in 1956 and was predeceased by her in 2004. Nick and Kateryna owned a hotel business in Vancouver and retired to the Okanagan. He

is generous in his donations to Ukrainian causes, well read on Ukrainian issues, a loyal member of the Ukrainian Canadian Congress (KYK) and St. Josaphat's Ukrainian Catholic Church.

Stella (baptized Stefania) Stanishewsky was born in Jaksmanyczi, Ukraine, on January 21, 1920, to Ephrosina Filts (1888-1980). Her father died very young because of a WWI injury. She attended school, up to grade seven, where catechism was taught – the prayers, precepts, commandments still perfectly recited.

At age seven she walked seven kilometres twice weekly to Peremyshl to sell the milk tied onto her back. As she grew, butter, cheese, and pears were added. Often during summer she made this trip there and back twice a day, walking barefoot to save the shoes for church. The impoverished villagers washed soldiers' clothes with soap as payment. Diet included nettles and tree bark tea. By age thirteen she cleaned houses in Peremyshl, but returned home when the Germans invaded Poland in 1939. The young people of Jaksmanyczi dug trenches to impede the Germans and Stella wore her mother's ill-fitting boots.

In 1941 soldiers took many of the youth and Stella found herself in Cracow, where all were lined up in a large field, directed to a building, made to disrobe and checked for lice. The girls who had lice lost their braids; Stella's hair was clean.

Sent to Rosenheim, she housecleaned under orders until a manpower agency woman selected her for work in a lovely hotel, cleaning and learning how to cook German-style at 20 marks paid monthly. When the Russian army came through the woman owner hired a Russian girl at half pay which Stella had refused. The woman slapped her across her head and instinctively Stella slapped her back on the hand. Furious, the owner called her Nazi friend, who put Stella in jail, the local school basement. After three days a waitress from Mesback rescued Stella by taking her to work in another resort hotel. The owners were kind, caring, devout Catholics. The grandmother attended daily mass and daily blessed the whole building with holy water.

In 1944 this happy time ended when the previous

owner discovered what had happened to Stella, and again called the Nazis, who sent her to Kiefersfelden cement works. After three nights of terrible hardship a cook was needed in the kitchen where Stella remained until the war ended.

On February 27, 1945, she borrowed a wedding dress and bouquet to marry Ivan Stanishewsky, a miner in Hausham. In 1946 their son, Joseph, was born.

Through the International Refugee Organization in the US military zone Ivan brought clothes for them. In her dress pocket Stella found a note from Annie Boyechko of Radway, Alberta, who requested the recipient write to her. From this beginning in 1948, during which their second child, Stefan, was born, they received documents allowing emigration to Canada. On July 31, 1949, in Naples, Italy, eleven-month-old Stefan died of a bowel infection. The funeral was at noon and their passage on the US warship *General Black* was booked for 2:00 p.m. They were last in a long line of hearses to the cemetery, but, receiving a warning that Russians were searching for Ukrainians to be repatriated against their will to the USSR, they were forced to leave their dead child to be buried by strangers.

Heartsick, Stella fell very ill on the ship, intensified by seasickness. Aboard were caring, helpful Jewish women who brought her lemons for juice as she could neither eat nor drink. On August 12 they docked at Halifax, then by train arrived in Radway, Alberta.

Edmonton became their home where Mary, Olga and Ihor were born. In 1964 Ivan died and Stella operated a boarding house. In 1969 they moved to Vernon, her heaven. Here Stella's gardens of vegetables, flowers and fruit grow in profusion. She indulges her love for cross stitching, pysanky writing, cooking, knitting, canning, loving her church, her increasing family, and the UCWLC.

Patricia Sawadsky is a member of St. Josaphat's Church in Vernon, BC, and enjoys summers on the old memory-filled family farm in Manitoba.



Stella Stanishewsky

Ось таке життя: Колгоспне дитинство й німецька неволя Життя в німецькому таборі примусової праці (вибране)

Антонія Хелемендик-Кокот

Коли б моє життя було нетиповим, я б не стала про нього писати, однак я народилася в час, коли на Україну наступила чорна хмара сталінської колективізації, коли у її ході прийшла зі своєю косою голоду смерть, яка поразила мільйони моїх земляків.

Ще не встигли ми оговтатися від однієї пошесті, як прийшла друга: німецька окупація України, в результаті якої я, і сотні тисяч мені подібних, стали рабами гітлерівського “нового ладу”. Мене вивезено на примусові роботи в Німеччину.

Така доля випала не мені одній, і саме тому я вирішила описати її, описати все, як було, без ніякого прикрашування чи затемнювання окремих фактів чи епізодів життя. Я описую у своїх спогадах своє сирітське дитинство і свою молодість у неволі, описую, щоб наші нащадки знали, яким невідрадним було наше життя. До написання цих спогадів спонукало мене й те, що на Україні долю вивезених на примусові роботи в Німеччину досі показували як долю зрадників Батьківщини.

У мене “нема зерна неправди за собою”, мені нічого скривати. А показати є що: нелюдську поведінку з дітьми, молоддю і всіми іншими сталінського і гітлерівського режимів. Я не писала б цих спогадів, коли б байдужою була мені Батьківщина, коли б я забула її, коли б я забула своїх рідних на Україні, а також тих, з якими я прожила роки неволі.

У нас, кого вивезли на примусові роботи в Німеччину, совість чиста, ми нічим не завинили перед Батьківщиною. А те, що багато з-посеред нас опинилося після війни на Заході, не вернулися додому, це не наша вина. Причиною цього були терор, голод, смерть, в'язниці, несправедливість, яких ми самі й наші рідні зазнали з боку сталінського режиму.

Дорога сестричко Муро!

Я з поетами діла не мала, віршів не вмію складати, проте про життя на чужині хочу розказати.

Ми жили в своїй рідній країні, там могли ми свobodно ходити, а німецька рука нас зловила і забрала для німців служити.

Привезли нас на чужину самих, не було нам тут життя, ми ходили голодні й обдерті і так проходили наші молоді літа. Цілий день і ніч нас робити заставляють, на обід смердючий суп нам їсти давали. А прийшовши із роботи нас в бараках замикали.

На роботі розмовляти нам було не можна, треба було робити норму, що в нас вимагали, і нас не питали — чи ви їли, чи ви спали, чи відпочивали. Хворих з нар нас істягали, наче ми собаки, а в роботі майстри лютували. Та й не тільки лютували, вони штовхали нас, били, лаючи, під ніс нам совали свої погані кулаки.

Ще й услід кричали: “Ду біст швайне!” Ці слова давалися нам взнаки, і, схилившись над верстатом, ми батьків своїх там споминали.

Гірко плакали тоді ми, проклинали свою долю, і молились: Боже! За що нас так караш?

Ми в далекій, чужій стороні. Краще б мати нас на світ цей не родила, або краще нам було би вмерти в нашій рідній, українській любій нам землі.

У неділю всі німці гуляють, для них вільно все кругом, а українські дівчата в бараках з досади співають, в одній купці сидять під вікном.

Не звертайте уваги на моє писання, в ньому іноді й нема складу, та це нічого, важливо, що це писання свідчить за документ. Про це прочитаєте ви, а за багато років ще й знатимуть, як жили тут під час війни українські раби двадцятого століття.

Скінчилася для нас німецька неволя 20 травня 1945 року.

Тіня



Табір Любек, Німеччина, 1943 р.

В польському таборі ДП (Displaced Persons)

Антонія Хелемендик-Кокот

Но Війні багато українців згуртувалося в польському таборі, що складався з декількох дерев'яних бараків. Наші, українці, зайняли два бараки, в яких містилися одиночки, самотні, всі молоді, нам же було тоді по сімнадцять, вісімнадцять, дев'ятнадцять років. Нас ще майже дітьми вивезли німці на примусові роботи. Тут згуртувалися ті українці, котрим не загрожувала примусова репатріація (з Галичини. *Ред.*), і ті, як ото я, котрі мусіли пристосовуватися до нових умов життя, щоб уникнути вивозу "на рідину". Ми не верталися на Україну не тому, що ми її не любили, а тому, що боялися туди вертатися. Ось і вся причина. Іншої, зокрема погоні за матеріальними статками, в нас не

було. Хай про це знають наші діти, внуки, всі наші нащадки.

Польським табором також опікувалася міжнародна, чи американська організація УНРРА (Юнайтед Нейшенс Ріліф анд Рієбілітейшен Адміністрейшен). Ми не мали великого клопоту з оформленням нашого перебування в польському таборі. Треба здогадуватися, що багато функціонерів УНРРА знали про дійсну причину небажання вертатися до Радянського Союзу, тому й часто примикали очі на деякі неформальності.

Ставлення до нас адміністрації табору було

добре, але не обійшлося й без клопоту з іншого боку. До табору частенько приходили якісь незнані нам люди, в цивільному, й розпитували хто звідки



Хлопці й дівчата з табору Дорнірверке, Любек, які готувалися до виїзду на еміграцію. Сподіваюся, що всі вони живуть, що вони здорові й впізнають себе на цьому, зробленому 1945 р., фото.

родом, намагалися розмовляти з нами. А нас же, українців з радянської України, зразу пізнати по мові, що ми не “західняки”. Це були шпигуни, підслані офіцерами сталінського режиму, який навіть в британській окупаційній зоні не давав своїм громадянам спокою.

В таборах для неповоротців у Любеку були навіть такі випадки, що сталінські вислужники, вилловлюючи радянських громадян з метою їх примусової репатріації, стріляли по втікаючих.

Я звернулася до адміністрації УНРРА з проханням зареєструвати мене як медсестру. Вони мене зареєстрували й скерували на тижневі курси, на перевірку, чи я спроможна виконувати працю медсестри. Я успішно скінчила ті курси і одержала посвідку, яка уповажнювала мене працювати медсестрою. Мене прийняли на працю в тимчасовому шпиталі при польському таборі, де було багато хворих туберкульозом. Це був наслідок кількарічного недоїдання, виснажливої праці, холоду, через які мусіли проходити раби гітлерівської Німеччини.

Ми почали організовувати різні вистави, хор, концерти. Ми теж вивчали англійську мову.

Жили ми в тому таборі вже два роки, готувалися на еміграцію. Люди почали нетерпеливитися, нам життя в таборі не створювало жодної життєвої перспективи, ми не готовилися до влаштування себе на постійне перебування в якійсь країні, все було тимчасове. І все нам ще снилося, що нас примусово вивозять з табору просто у Сибір, що ловили нас, саджали у товарні вагони.

Настав час, коли треба було вирішувати своє майбутнє. Мій чоловік Іван Кокот записав нас на еміграцію до Великобританії, до Англії, оскільки він був здоровий, а англійці саме таких тільки приймали до своєї країни. Інші наші друзі почали старання на еміграцію хто до США, Канади, а хто до Австралії, Аргентини, Бразилії, Парагваю, а то й до недалекої Бельгії, до вугільних шахт працювати. Були й такі, що вирішили залишитися в Німеччині. Це ті, котрі вже після війни поодружувалися з німкенями. До Канади в той час приймали тільки тих, в кого

“ Ми не верталися на Україну не тому, що ми її не любили, а тому, що боялися туди вертатися.

Ось і вся причина. Іншої, зокрема погоні за матеріальними статками, в нас не було. Хай про це знають наші діти, внуки, всі наші нащадки. ”

— Антонія Хелемендик-Кокот

В тому польському таборі я познайомилася з багатьма новими друзями, а було там теж чимало тих, котрих я знала ще з табору Бранденбаум. Була там велика кімната, то в ній ми примістилися, неначе одна родина: Марійка Шутка, Марійка Сьомиха, Павлина, а також хлопці Іван Кокот, Сколоздра, Тусько, Соломчак, С. Пеплій, Рузя Шмагло, Влодко і Ганя Заболотські та їхня мама, яка була й усім неначе рідна мати.

В тій кімнаті нас скомплектувалося шість подруж, ото ж ми, шість жінок, за чергою варили собі обіди, жили дружно, не нарікали на нашу долю. Ото тільки іноді огортав сум за рідними на Україні, всі бо ми там когось залишили. Переважали в нашій кімнаті дівчата й хлопці, а насправді вже молодіжці й чоловіки, з Західної України, які знали польську мову і не мусіли боятися примусової репатріації.

там була якась родина, або хто підписав контракт на роботу в лісі.

В таборі були колишні вчителі, навіть професори. Був теж священик отець Л. Куницький, зі Львова, котрий нас там же, в табірній церкві, вінчав. І перед тим, як стати перед комісією, нас напучував. Саме він давав нам інструкції, що нам треба казати і що промовчувати, а найважливіше запам'ятати, де хто родився. Він мене перехрестив на греко-католицьку віру, кажучи “це не гріх, а захист від неволі.”

Взагалі мушу сказати, що поради отця Леонтія Куницького нам пригодилися не тільки під час комісій, але й вже тут, на Заході, в Канаді. Також в останніх днях нашого перебування в таборах.

Антонія Хелемендик-Кокот, студент медицини, переживши сталінський терор-Голодомор, була взята німцями на примусову роботу в Німеччину, член парафії св. Юрія, Ошава, має 3 дочки, 3 унуки і 2 правнучки.

A War Bride's Child

By Elizabeth Zahayko

On a cool day in late October 1946, twins were born in London, England, to a Canadian Ukrainian army veteran from the prairies and an English lady. The 24-year-old had fought in many battles during the War, including the landing at Normandy. My mother, aged 28, would be known as a war bride. We arrived at Pier 21 on June 29, 1947. My mother, twin brother and I travelled by train across Canada and arrived at Porcupine Plains, Saskatchewan. There, we were met by my father and were driven in an old Model T to a farm 3½ miles southwest of Kelvington, SK. It took almost a whole day to get there. I was only eight months old.

Our first Canadian home was a two-room shack, which was to have been a chicken coup, but since we had nowhere else to stay and my grandmother's farmhouse was small — she already had a family of eight children and an elderly mother to look after — there was no room for our small family of four, so we moved into this building.

The most vivid memory of growing up there was my fear of the house, because of improper flooring and mice everywhere. To this day I cannot stand them and head for a tabletop when one appears.

We were poor but learned early in life that to succeed you had to work very hard. Our house, of course, did not have running water, electricity or the luxury of an indoor bathroom. We would spend our days fetching water, hauling wood for the wood stove, milking cows, feeding pigs and raising chickens. These were our main staples of food. In the summer it was

my job to plant and tend the garden, do farm chores and look after my seven younger siblings. I learned early how to wash clothes by hand, do farm chores, make and bake bread as my mother was not a healthy

woman and found life on the farm very hard compared to her upbringing in London.

When time permitted I visited with my grandmother and young aunts who lived an half a mile away. There, I was taught how to make Ukrainians dishes and shown how one survives on perogies, cabbage rolls and those beautiful buns my grandma filled with pota-

toes, fruit, sauerkraut or homemade cottage cheese and dill. How our family loved them! I was taught to pray and believe in God. My grandma often said that if you worked hard and believed in what you're doing you would succeed. There were no churches nearby, but the women of our farming community — Ukrainians, Scottish, English, Polish and Irish — believed in God, despite the hard times, and read Bible stories to their children. The more I heard, the more I wanted to learn. When my grandma and young aunts moved to the town of Wadena, where there was a Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church, I attended divine liturgies whenever I was able. It was there that I took catechism classes with two nuns.

From grades one to six, I walked a mile and a half twice a day to a one-room school, which, on the first day of my attendance, had grades one to twelve. For grade six, we were bused into the nearby town of Kelvington.

One teacher had to teach all grades. I later learned that grades 7 to 12 were by correspondence assisted by our teacher. After graduating grade 12, I moved to



William & Eleanor Ruth (Allen) Shuya.



Regina to attend business college. There, I attended the Ukrainian Catholic Church and met my future husband. Every Sunday after liturgy, the pastor of St. Basil's invited us to share a meal with him. We were taught many things about the Ukrainian Byzantine rite. My faith and spirituality grew over the years as I became and wanted to be closer to religious life. I took a two-year lay collaboration class through the Redemptorist Fathers of the Yorkton Province and am a Partner in Mission with them today.

Through the church, I became a member of the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada and

have served in different executive positions at branch, eparchial and national levels.

The many hardships I have experienced over the years — losing a son in infancy, cancer survivor, the barrier of understanding and learning the Ukrainian language — have made me the woman I am today. Do I regret coming to Canada? No, as this is and has been my home. Probably my proudest moment (besides the birth of my four children and granddaughter) was receiving my Canadian citizenship papers a year ago.

Elizabeth Zahayko is the Nasha Doroha Financial Administrator.

My Journey of Hope

By Helen (Foremsky) Sirman

It is March 30, 1961. My father, mother and I are on the train from a small village in Poland to Gdynia, where we will take the passenger ship *Ms. Batory* to Canada.

We don't have much money and so we spend the night before boarding at the train station, huddled together on a bench, waiting for the next day.

The morning brings new light and excitement as we board the ship along with many other travellers. I am eleven years old and I have never imagined or visualized anything as amazing as this ship, with a church, playground, movies, casinos, swimming pools, shops and restaurants all in one place.

Here I tasted my first banana, a fresh apple out of season, fresh fruit juice, soft drinks, potato chips and other foods I never knew existed.

The voyage was troublesome for my mother, who suffered with migraines and was ill most the journey. She and I and two other women shared one cabin in the bowels of the ship while my father stayed in the men's quarters.

Some days the weather was very turbulent and cold

and tossed the ship around leaving everyone bound to their beds with seasickness.

After what seemed like forever, we arrived in Halifax, then in Montreal we boarded a train for Edmonton. My father spoke French which was helpful in getting around.

We arrived in Edmonton ahead of schedule with no one to meet us. A kindly Ukrainian gentleman, who came to meet his family, drove us to my uncle's house where we surprised everyone.

The first year in Canada I was homesick. I had difficulty communicating not only with the kids on the block and in school but with my new family, as I did not speak Ukrainian. In Poland no one was allowed to be or speak Ukrainian and so we practised our religion and culture in secret — we were the only family in the neighbourhood that still had the Christmas tree standing on January 6.

Soon I took Ukrainian classes at Ridna Shkola at St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Parish, attended regular school where many children were immigrants from different parts of the world and life took



Helen, with parents Teodor and Sofia Foremsky and brother Julian, left behind as he was army age.

on a normal stream. I was happy.

My parents worked at menial but honourable jobs, studied for citizenship court, eventually becoming grateful citizens of this country, their ninth homestead.

At twenty-one I married my high school sweetheart and together we raised three beautiful and successful daughters – Christina, Natalie and Catherine.

Education was very important to us and so all the girls graduated from the University of Alberta. Christina, our oldest daughter, graduated with a B.Sc. degree and works for Capital Health in the area of primary care, currently at home looking after baby Roewn and on maternity leave. Natalie, also with a B.Sc., is a geologist, was employed by Devon Canada and now has the most important job of raising Evie and Michael and is involved with Ukrainian Bilingual Sadochok. Catherine, my youngest daughter, has a Masters in Education and teaches dance and musical theatre in the fine arts program at Louis St. Laurent Catholic School.

Everyone lives in Edmonton and so we are happy to be a close-knit family, spending lots of time together.

It was always important to me to practise my heritage and faith so I chose to be engaged and active in my church, the Ukrainian/Canadian community and the UCWLC.

Through this organization, I have encountered wonderful, passionate, gifted women who have contributed so much and for whose friendship I am truly grateful.

Today as I play with my beloved grandchildren, I am in awe of how absolutely blessed I am.

I remain forever grateful to my uncle who, after many years of searching, found us through the Red Cross and brought us to this wonderful land of opportunity and peace.

I thank God for the gifts received, and wonder if I fulfilled the purpose He had intended for my life.

I am blessed to live in this bountiful country with freedoms, countless possibilities and wealth, the greatest of which are my family, church and community.

Helen (Foremsky) Sirman is a devoted member of the UCWLC Edmonton Eparchy.

Some eighteen years ago St. Vladimir's Parish, Edmonton, welcomed more than thirty refugee families from war-torn Bosnia. We, the women – young and old, old-timers and newcomers from all walks of life and backgrounds – “bonded” as we attended church, sang in the choir, participated in UCWLC functions, parish activities, volunteered in pyrohy, pasky, babky, borsch, and other Ukrainian delicacy-making, or went on parish-sponsored trips together. Our common Ukrainian ancestry, Ukrainian language and faith brought us together. We became friends. Often we would exchange bits of “our stories”. Several years ago, while on a two-hour vertep/koliada trip as grandparent supervisors, Katerina Dimitrisin, one of my “new” friends, shared her story with me.

Many Did Not Survive

By Katerina Dimitrisin
as told to Rosemarie Nahnybida

Dy paternal grandparents (Dubenna) immigrated to Yugoslavia from Ukraine sometime prior to my maternal grandparents (Boicun), who in 1929, in search of a better life, left Ukraine and settled in the Bosnian region of Yugoslavia. My mama was born in Ukraine in 1915. I was born November 1941, in Ternopil, Bosnia. My older sister Nada and I were orphaned when my tato, a coal miner, was killed along with others by German soldiers. They were coming home from work. Mama, widowed at 28, never re-married but struggled to care for us. We lived with my uncle, Olexa Boicun, my mama's brother. Life was hard at this time. Being war orphans, our young family was aided with rations of flour, sugar, rice, and other basic necessities.

At 20, I married Stefan Dimitrisin whose parents were wealthy farmers. For two years we lived with his parents but because my mama was not well and needed assistance, my husband and I purchased land close to

her. We built a house and became successful farmers. We had a bountiful orchard consisting of 560 cherry trees; we also had apple, plum, pear, and nut trees. Grapes grew in abundance on our farm from which we made wine. *Horiwka* (whiskey) was made from plums and pears. We had an enormous garden which produced a variety of vegetables. Most of our fruits and vegetables were sold at local markets. Life was good and we were blessed with three children – two sons and a daughter.

When Germany invaded Yugoslavia in 1941, Bosnia and Herzegovina were made part of Nazi-controlled Croatia. During the German and Italian occupation, Bosnian and Herzegovinian resistance fighters fought a fierce guerrilla war against the Croatian Fascist troops. At the end of World War II, Bosnia and Herzegovina reunited into a single state as one of the six republics of the newly

re-established Communist Yugoslavia under Marshall Tito. With Yugoslavia's non-alignment policy between



Katerina Dimitrisin in Canada.

“ People were friendly with one another — always wishing each other a good day and exchanging conversations — even with strangers. This is the way it was before the Bosnian War. When I arrived in Canada, I found it to be different. Now where I live I don’t know my neighbours. We just say “hi” and go our separate ways. ”

the two hostile blocs of the cold war, and successful economic and diplomatic policies, Tito was allowed to preside over an economic boom and expansion in the 1960s and 1970s. Meanwhile, his authoritarian control kept the ethnic enmity of the patchwork nation in check. He suppressed nationalist sentiment and promoted “brotherhood and unity” among the six Yugoslavian “nations”. “Yugoslavia gradually became the bright spot amid the general greyness of Eastern Europe,” wrote *The New York Times*, May 5, 1980.

Marshall Tito, Yugoslavia’s leader, believed in “all equal”, “we are all brothers”. Although a Communist, his reform policies encouraged private enterprise and greatly relaxed restrictions on freedom of speech and religious expression for most people. However, teachers, for example, were expected to teach what the government wanted taught. We of Ukrainian descent were allowed to marry and baptize our children within our Ukrainian Catholic Church. The official language spoken was Serbo-Croatian but at home and in our church we spoke and had liturgies in Ukrainian. There were 400 households in the vicinity of Kozarac, Bosnia, where Ukrainians had settled. Twenty-eight nationalities lived together in harmony within this area. My good neighbour was a Moslem lady. We were very good friends. We had keys to each other’s homes and could come in and “borrow” whatever was needed. People were friendly with one another — always wishing each other a good day and exchanging conversations — even with strangers. This is the way it was before the Bosnian War. When I arrived in Canada, I found it to be different. Now where I live I don’t know my neighbours. We just say “hi” and go our separate ways.

Then life as we knew it began to change drastically. Tito died in 1980, and with growing economic dissatisfaction and the disintegration of the Iron Curtain over the next decade, Yugoslavia began to splinter. Beginning with Slovenian and Croatian secessions from Yugoslavia in 1991, the Bosnian Civil War — the most

brutal chapter in the breakup of Yugoslavia — erupted. In December, Bosnia and Herzegovina declared independence from Yugoslavia and asked for recognition by the European Union. On February 29, 1992, the multi-ethnic republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina — where Catholic Croats, Orthodox Serbs, and Muslim Slavs as well as other minorities lived — passed a referendum: Bosnian voters chose independence and its president declared the nation an independent state. This was rejected by Bosnian Serbs who boycotted the referendum and established their own Republika Srpska. Following the declaration of independence Bosnian Serb forces, supported by the Serbian government of Slobodan Milošević, and the Yugoslavian People’s Army (JNA) attacked the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina in order to secure it as Serbian territory. Soon, war was raging across Bosnia accompanied by ethnic cleansing of the Bosnian population — especially in Eastern Bosnia.



MIKHAIL EVSTAFIEV/WIKIPEDIA

A family mourns during a funeral at the Lion's cemetery in Sarajevo, 1992.

At the outset of the Bosnian War, Serb forces attacked the Bosnian Muslim civilian population in Eastern Bosnia. Once towns and villages were securely in their hands, the Serb forces — military, police, the paramilitaries and sometimes even Serb villagers — applied the same pattern. Houses and apartments were systematically ransacked or burnt. Civilians were rounded up or captured, sometimes beaten or killed. Men and women were separated; many men were detained in camps or massacred. Women were kept in unhygienic camps and raped by Serbian police and soldiers. The goal was to inflict intense suffering on civilians to force the Bosnian authorities to accept Serb demands.

In our area the Serbs were out to get the Moslems first. Houses were burned, pregnant Moslem women were rounded up and killed. There were beatings,

tortures, murders. We witnessed these atrocities daily. We heard rumours that since Ukrainians were a minority we would be dealt with at a later time. Our children and their families left Bosnia before us. My daughter and her husband fled to Austria and a few

“ Money, necklaces, purses, rings, clothes, and valuables of any kind were confiscated by the Serbs. Houses were looted, photos were destroyed. Our windows were broken. The walls in our house had bullet holes. At night we slept on the floor while bullets flew overhead. ”

months later, in 1992, arrived in Edmonton. My son and his family also came there. Another son, living in Croatia, stayed and still lives there with his family.

My husband was reluctant to leave. I was overwhelmed by the devastation surrounding us. It was horrible! Money, necklaces, purses, rings, clothes, and valuables of any kind were confiscated by the Serbs. Houses were looted, photos were destroyed. Our windows were broken. The walls in our house had bullet holes. At night we slept on the floor while bullets flew overhead. Our orchards were destroyed. I knew: we had to escape while we were still alive. Finally, convinced, we got papers saying that my husband's uncle was hospitalized in Serbia and that we had to see him. We left everything we owned behind, taking only two bags with us.

We were on a bus. Serbian soldiers stopped the bus and we were dropped off in a forest. For two hours, I was held hostage with a huge knife at my throat and an automatic gun pointed to my forehead. These crazed soldiers – as if they were on drugs – accused me of being Croatian because of my name. My husband was not treated as badly. Another group of soldiers came. They took over. These were also Serbs but they were younger... kinder. They took us into a

hut and offered coffee. Eventually, they let us go on a truck to Belgrade. From there we went to Austria. As refugees, we stayed in an old school and were under humanitarian aid. We were in Austria for a year and a half. Then, after being sponsored, we arrived in Edmonton on December 20, 1993.

Fortunately, our daughter and her husband were already here, so we lived with them. We had no belongings and had to borrow money to get a house. All worked very hard at several low-paying jobs to make ends meet. I worked for eight years at St. Michael's Nursing Home as a cook. We worked all day and at night did janitorial services at several places. For my husband, the change was very hard. He wanted to return home to Bosnia but I, knowing the devastation there, was persistent. My husband's sudden death in 2002 left me widowed. Thank God that I had my daughter and her family and some relatives to turn to – my son, my sister Nada, my dear uncle and his family. I had some old friends from my Bosnian town here in Canada. I attended church at our new parish, I joined UCWLC, I made new friends. And began a new life.

On December 14, 1995, the leaders of Bosnia, Croatia and Serbia signed the Dayton Peace Accords, officially ending the wars in Bosnia and Croatia after 250,000 people had died and more than three million had become refugees. Many resettled in Toronto, Winnipeg, and Edmonton.

Rosemarie Nahnybida is a retired teacher and ND representative of the UCWLC, Edmonton Eparchy.



Author's home in Bosnia.

DEAN VITISIN

Четверта хвиля

Марія Можилівська

Чому лукавиш ти зі мною?
Чому жартуєш знову ти?
Чому даруєш біль з журбою
І повну чашу гіркоти?

Багато запитань в безсонні
мене оточують не раз.
Стискають серце моє, скроні
І в'яжуть тіло, мовби в'яз.

Чому лукавиш знову й знову,
Мені спокою не даєш?
Прийди до мене з щирим словом,
І може правду ти пролеш?

О, доле, доле, моя доле.
Одна голубонько моя.
З тобою вдвох життєвим полем
Крокуєм по чужих краях.

Невже у ріднім краю мало
простору, сонця, теплоти,
Що ти дороги пов'язала
І повела мене в світи?

Я так любила Україну,
Чудовий, рідний серцю край,
І мову ніжну, солов'їну,
І український наш звичай!

Чому я тут? – Себе не раз питаю,
Шукаю відповіді знову й знов...
Мій рідний краю! Я тебе кохаю!
Моя Вкраїно, серця мого зов!

І знову ми розкидані по світі...
Четверта хвиля – приречення для всіх.
Далеко ми, в чужинах наші діти,
Не чуємо своїх онуків сміх.

А хто у нашім краю править?
І хто їм право дав на те?
Він Україну нищить і неславить,
Плюндрує, топче все святе.

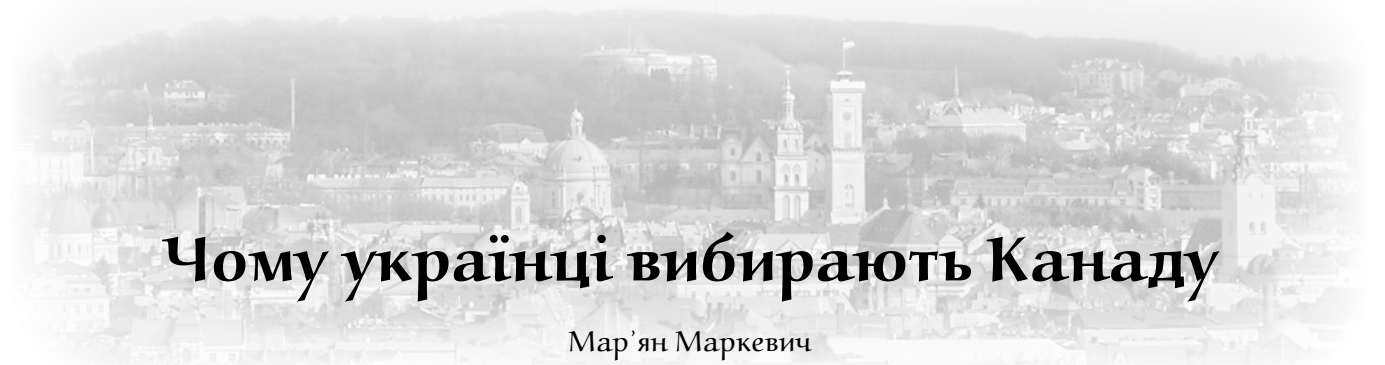
О, доле наша, гірка доле,
Наша голубонько свята!
Зішли на рідну землю волю,
Не дай глумитися катам!

О Боже наш, великий і єдиний,
Ти терпеливий, люблячий Отець,
Зірви навіки пута України –
Тебе благаємо з своїх сердець!

Едмонтон, 08.11.2010



17 ДНІВ, ЩО ЗМІНИЛИ УКРАЇНУ



Чому українці вибирають Канаду

Мар'ян Маркевич

В Радянському Союзі, де проповідувалось рівноправне життя і воля, насправді люди були заключені в одну велику тюрму народів з обмеженням національного розвитку, матеріального та духового. Люди не мали права виїзду за межі тоталітарної держави та спілкуватись з людьми інших держав. Владою, судами і всім життям країни керувала комуністична партія. Усі, що противилися такому режиму, піддавалися репресіям, а їх діти не мали доступу навчатися у вищих школах, багато сімей вивозили на Сибір. Мені теж далось відчуття невблаганної системи, бо мама, після арешту мого батька, греко-католицького священника, змушена була порозвозити 3-х з 5-ти малих дітей до наших родичів з метою виживання. Одна з моїх сестер мала 7 років і повернулася у сім'ю 14-річною.

Щоби мені отримати вищу освіту — мене усиновила рідна, незаміжня сестра мого батька, що працювала вчителькою і заопікувалася нашою родиною. Отримавши вищу медичну освіту, я став лікарем-хірургом. Коли, з допомогою знайомих, отримав 2-кімнатне помешкання в районному центрі Львівської області, то забрав до себе батьків, молодшу сестру, малого брата, бувшого репресованого батька моєї мами — теж греко-католицького священника. З великими пошуками і труднощами батько отримав працю нічного сторожа з мізерною платнею, бо після заслання 6 років працював дроворубом у лісі, на догоду енкаведистам, які заявляли, що з освітою може працювати в музеї атеїзму. Розпад тоталітарної системи всі покривджені зустріли з радістю. Але побудова окремої самостійної держави і життя у ній не викликало захоплення. У самостійних державах, що виникли після розпаду Союзу, на керівні пости проникли комуністи, що не уявляли собі іншого життя. Їх підтримували старі більшовики, пенсіонери-комуністи, бувші фронтовики, партійні діячі, яким тільки вислизнула влада. Маючи гроші і можливості, багато партійних

функціонерів скуповували збанкрутілі заводи, фабрики, магазини, будинки, площі і все, що можна було приватизувати.

У 90-х роках лікарі, вчителі і вся бюджетна сфера отримувала — в переводі на долар — 6-8 доларів платні на місяць. Вижити не було можливості. Люди виїжджали торгувати на ринки в Польщу, Югославію, на заробітки в Грецію, Італію, Іспанію, Росію. Найкраще заробити можна було у США та Канаді.

Щоби туди заїхати, потрібні були відповідні кошти. Я з дружиною, взявши відпустки на роботі, поїхали на 2 місяці на заробітки у Грецію, де вона, завідувача аптекою на Україні, працювала на плантації винограду, а я вантажником.

Мій молодший брат Юрій — архітектор з вищою освітою, начальник будівельного управління в районному центрі на Львівщині — поїхав на заробітки у США, де протягом року працював фізично на побудові стадіону, а вечорами прибирав у магазині.

“ Отак, зневірившись у можливому покращенні стану життя в Україні, мільйони людей залишають батьківщину, виїжджаючи в інші держави, де важкою фізичною працею можуть заробити собі на матеріальне забезпечення. ”

Сестра Дара — фізик, спектральний аналітик. Закінчила Львівський університет. Виїхала на заробітки у Грецію, де протягом 6 років працювала по догляду за старенькою жінкою. Її син Сергій — закінчив Львівський медичний університет та інтернатуру по хірургії, виїхав у США, де 10 років розвозив піцу, самотужки вивчив англійську мову. На університеті здав екзамени з медицини, але роботи лікаря не отримав, організував офіс психологічної підготовки хворих до операції.

“ Про що думають керівники такої держави, де висококваліфіковані спеціалісти змушені покидати рідні місця, батьківщину та подаватися у невідомі місця країн, що може не дуже дружелюбно зустрічають емігрантів, сумніваючись у їх кваліфікації та піддаючи сумніву їх дипломи. ”

Сестра Тереса, після закінчення вечірнього відділу Львівського поліграфічного інституту, бо у медичний не змогла поступити через політично репресованого батька, працювала керівником конструкторської групи — поїхала до доньки у США, де на протязі року працювала, заробляючи гроші по догляду за дитиною.

Моя донька Наталя закінчила Львівський медичний університет з відзнакою. Працювала у Львові лікарем дерматовенерологом 3 роки, виїхала у Канаду більше 10 років з чоловіком Іваном, що закінчив Львівську “Політехніку” — енергетичний факультет. Вона працювала санітаркою в старечому домі Святої Родини у Вінніпегу. Іван ремонтував дахи, а після закінчення коледжу з відзнакою отримав посаду енергетика, а Наталя, вивчивши англійську мову, закінчила 4 роки університету і отримала посаду медичної сестри в госпіталі.

Отак, зневірившись у можливому покращенні стану життя в Україні, мільйони людей залишають батьківщину, виїжджаючи в інші держави, де важкою фізичною працею можуть заробити собі на матеріальне забезпечення.

Про що думають керівники такої держави, де висококваліфіковані спеціалісти змушені покидати рідні місця, батьківщину та подаватися у невідомі місця країн, що може не дуже дружелюбно зустрічають емігрантів, сумніваючись у їх кваліфікації та піддаючи сумніву їх дипломи.

Тому питання вирішується так: хочеш працювати по спеціальності, то поступай в університет чи коледж. Вчися стаціонарно або здавай екзамени, а тоді ще чекай роками на можливе отримання місця праці. Таке положення не підходить багатьом, тому змушені вибирати фізичну працю, щоби забезпечити проживання своєї родини.

Чим приваблює до себе Канада? Виховуванням молоді. До 18 років дітям недозволено спиртні напої, курити цигарки, самостійно без нагляду їхати автомобілем. Можуть обирати різні види спорту. Є багато спортивних майданчиків. У літні канікули

різні національні осередки організовують дітям відпочинкові місця. Ведеться постійний нагляд за станом території, лісів, водоймищ, дерев, чистотою.

Усі вважають верховенство закону, за який несуть відповідальність перед незалежним судом.

Усім старшим пенсійного віку, незважаючи на працю, призначається вікова пенсія, на яку людина може прожити, а також безкоштовне медичне обстеження та лікування. Родичі, які подали на з'єднання родин, несуть юридичну відповідальність перед державою. Усім людям пенсійного віку, що приїхали на постійне проживання, призначається невелика поквартальна допомога. При кінці року 1000 доларів. Хто не може з різних причин жити з рідними — отримують окремі помешкання з повним

“ Заробітну платню і пенсію піднімають на декілька гривень перед виборами. Дуже збагачуються олігархи і падає рівень життя народу. ”

зовнішнім обслуговуванням, невеликою оплатою за приміщення, куди входять комунальні послуги, дуже мало оплачуваний проїзний білет, однорічний — на автобуси та електричний транспорт.

Усі ці позитивні досягнення відсутні в Україні, де панує корупція у різних ділянках влади, серед депутатів, міністерств, судів, міліції, де можуть при допиті вбити людину. Заробітну платню і пенсію піднімають на декілька гривень перед виборами. Дуже збагачуються олігархи і падає рівень життя народу.

Донька із зятем подали мене з дружиною на з'єднання родин, і ми приїхали з метою допомогти їм у догляді за молодшим 3-річним онуком Стефаном.



Д-р Маркевич з родиною в Українській Католицькій церкві Успення Пресвятої Богородиці в м. Калгарі.



When I Came to Canada



When I came from Italy I felt lonely because I did not have any friends and I couldn't speak the language. My mom put me in the Ukrainian program at St. Matthew because my mom's family spoke Ukrainian and I know a little bit. I could understand but I couldn't speak. When my mom told me I had to go to Ukrainian school I did not like the idea because I did not know Ukrainian.

After a few months I started to like it. Many times I wished to go back to Italy because I knew everything and I had lots of friends. When I came into St. Matthew School all the kids looked at me like I was nobody. I did not want to come into the school. I was so scared I wanted to stay at home all day. After a few months I made many friends. I also wasn't scared any more.

When I came into the classroom the rooms were different in all grades. They have smart boards but in Italy they did not have smart boards. Some subjects were easy like math. The stuff that I learned in grade 1 they learned in grade 5. At school I did stuff that I never did before like making paska or weaving a rushnyk. I started to speak the language. I can write better and I can write a diamante about Taras Shevchenko. I can read now, too.

Alexander Pasevín

Grade 5, St. Matthew School, Edmonton.

The first time I went to school in Canada, I felt lost and alone because I had no friends and nobody knew my language. The English words I knew from Ukraine didn't help me at all, so I had to study all the new words real hard so that I could make friends and know how to talk to people in English. Math was the easiest subject because there were only numbers which were the same as in Ukraine. But the hardest subject was language arts, because I needed to know lots of English. The only friends I could have that were Ukrainian were either little kids or teenagers. My family always supported me through the hard times.

Andriana Dzhus

Grade 5, St. Matthew School, Edmonton.

Я приїхав до Канади з України в серпні. Як я прийшов до школи, то відчувався так собі, вона дуже відрізнялася від української школи: було чисто, не було дітей, не було директора. Я дуже боявся як до мене говорили по-англійськи діти, люди, вчителі. Як я зайшов на автобус мій перший раз, до мене підійшов шофер і запитав моє ім'я. Добре, що біля мене був мій друг Ярема.

За 1-2 місяці я почав робити все, і сам. Після 3-4 місяців усі говорили до мене по-англійськи і я розумів майже все.

Михайло Козловський

Grade 5, St. Matthew School, Edmonton.

My Journey to Canada

One day my parents told me that we were moving to Canada. I was surprised and happy but at the same time I was sad because I was going to miss family members who were remaining in Ukraine.

The day came when we were going on the plane to Canada. I was excited. I had never gone anywhere really far away from home. And for such a long time!

When we arrived in Toronto I got to visit my cousin. I never saw her before because she left Ukraine when I wasn't born yet. We stayed a couple of hours and then left for Edmonton. We got there at night so I went to sleep right away. It was very hard because we did not have any friends in Edmonton. Next day we looked for stores that had food. It wasn't easy for us to get around because we didn't have a car for the first year. We had to use bikes, public transport or walk.



My first day of school came and it was kind of scary. I didn't speak English and all I knew was "I don't understand" and sandwich, apple, banana and other stuff like that, but that was not very useful. I went to a public school so no one knew how to speak Ukrainian there. When I came home I told my mom about my day there. I really liked the school and my classmates. Everyone was really friendly. It was a long but fun day. I didn't have as much homework as everybody else because I did not understand, so it was a little easier.

Weeks passed by and I still missed my family. It wasn't really hard for me to start a new life in Canada because I didn't have really good friends in Ukraine. I had a new life in Canada which I liked a lot.

Darynka Chernyavska

Grade 5, St. Martin Ukrainian Bilingual School, Edmonton.

ПОСЕЛЕННЯ SETTLING

Ліна Костенко

Я прощаюся з рідним краєм
у мовчанні,
в побожній тиші...
Вечір сонце пшеничне розкраяв
і окраєць над полем залишив.

Сонце, сонце, освітлюй тіні!
Не заходь, почекай хвилину!
Я ще раз
у твоєму промінні
озирнусь на свою батьківщину.

Faith and Freedom

By Kay Slobodzian

“Almighty and Everlasting God! In your divine wisdom and unlimited kindness you assign to all the nations of the world their particular place and their special mission in the history of mankind. In your boundless love for our Ukrainian people, you wanted it to join other nations of the world in the further development of this great and rich country called Canada.”

Metropolitan Maxim Hermaniuk on the occasion of the blessing the historic plaques at Trembowla, 1984.

Tar off in Ukraine, in the Ternopil region, is a small village named Terebovlia* from where settlers arrived in Canada in August 1896 and named their region of Canada Terebovlia.

Many immigrants who left Ukraine in search of political and social freedom were attracted to the Canadian prairies by the offer of a 160-acre parcel of homestead land for \$10.

Such was the group, who, under the leadership of Wasyl Ksionzyk as land guide, settled in the northwest region of Dauphin, Manitoba, along the Drifting River. Soon, the question of meeting their spiritual needs was a prime concern. Wasyl Ksionzyk was able to communicate through *Svoboda*, a Ukrainian newspaper, and to its editor, Rev. Nestor Dmytriw of Pennsylvania, who addressed appeals to obtain a priest for the settlers.

Thus, in the following spring on April 12, 1897, Rev. Nestor Dmytriw celebrated the first Ukrainian Catholic Divine Liturgy on Canadian soil (excerpt taken from Rev. Dmytriw's *Sojourn in Canada* by historian Dr. Michael Marunchak). To mark the occasion the settlers erected a wooden cross on a hillock as a reminder of freedom in their new land.

Rev. Dmytriw kept a close account through *Svoboda* and the Ukrainian National Association of New Jersey as he travelled throughout the new settlements,

documenting the settlers' livelihood and offering encouragement. One budding settlement was at Mink River (Volkiwtsi), where he blessed a cemetery and advised the people to build a church. The residents erected a small chapel in 1898 and expanded it as materials became available. It was consecrated as St. Michael's Ukrainian Catholic Church and served the area until 1960 when the surrounding land was taken over for a community pasture.

Whereas the cross represented social and political freedom for the pioneers while commemorating the site of the first Divine Liturgy in Canada, the church stood as a symbol of their commitment to preserve their faith and religious traditions.

The St. Michael's church was relocated to the Trembowla (Canadianized version of Terebovlia. *Ed.*) Cross of Freedom site in 1967, where it is preserved as a designated heritage building. A service is celebrated annually on the Sunday during Canada's National Ukrainian Festival in Dauphin at the site in honour of the pioneers. It is always well attended.

The Trembowla Cross of Freedom site is situated 27 kilometres northwest of Dauphin on P.R. 362 and P.R. Trembowla Rd 491.

** For a link to today's Terebovlia, Ukraine, please see page 93. Eparchy of Toronto Bishop Isidore Borecky (1911-2003) came to Canada from the Terebovlia area in Ukraine.*

Ode to Pioneers of St. Michael's First Ukrainian Catholic Church in Canada

Kay Slobodzian

They came from Volkiwtsi, 'way back in Ukraine
And settled this country to grow their fine grain
And raise their dear children for much better days
That here they may learn of life's easier ways

They left their own homeland, so dear to their heart
With strangers to toil and make a new start
Break land and build houses amid the harsh bush
Where rocks were abundant and plows hard to push

The soil would not yield them, their toils were in vain
They worked hard together, kept trying again
With hope that their children may cherish each day
Build life on this prairie, the Canadian way

They built a small chapel that loved ones may go
To worship and marry their mate as they grow
With hope that the future may bring better days
And life would be happy, hard times just a haze

They prayed as they struggled on this land so fine
So thankful that freedom made their life sublime
Determined to prosper as onward they went
Until all their courage and money was spent

They worshipped on Sunday, worked hard through the week
Picked rocks, planted gardens, new trades for to seek
Their faith was their anchor that carried them through
Depression and hard times to name just a few

Their life had its laughter and happy times too
With concerts and picnics, much visiting through
As neighbours would gather to sing, celebrate
And thank God for blessings that helped fill their plate

The years took their toll on these settlers so kind
Their children departed for treasures to find
They left barren soil with work calloused hands
Closed tightly in prayer in God's wonderful plans

The chapel stood empty, no one was in sight
Until one bright morning fate conquered its plight
To the Cross of Freedom was where it must go
Preserve the traditions that we all love so

St. Michael's, St. Michael's! The church of their youth
Still standing in glory portraying its truth
That here we may worship, thank God for each day
For health and all blessings that He sends our way

Dauphin, 1998



St. Michael's Church at Trembowla Cross of Freedom site.

From the Ukrainian Steppes to the Canadian Prairies

By Elsie (Torbiak) Marykuca and Elaine (Grywinski) Grzenda

This is the story of the immigration of eight families from the village of Dehowa (now Dubivtsi) in Stanislawa (now Ivano-Frankivsk), Western Ukraine, to the pioneer settlements of Poplarfield and Fisher Branch in Manitoba's Interlake Region, from 1906 to 1913.

The first wave of Grywinskis and Torbiaks to arrive in Canada were the families of Stefan Grywinski and Danylo Torbiak. They departed Antwerp on March 1906, on the *Mount Temple*, a steamship of the Canadian Pacific Railway Line carrying 1,404 adults and 482 children, reaching St. John, New Brunswick, about two weeks later.

Stefan and Danylo, both 34, were brothers-in-law, as Danylo was married to Stefan's sister, Kateryna. With them were the families of Danylo Haliuk, Wasyl Ozarko, Hawrylo Klowak, Mykola Klowak, Wasyl Didyk and Ivan Marykuca although the latter two families did not cross on the *Mount Temple*. The Marykucas, delayed in Antwerp by a quarantine order, crossed to St. John several weeks later on the *Lake Michigan*.

No records have been found to date on the crossing of the Didyks. The Dehowa group numbered 41: 16 adults and 25 children, ranging from babes-in-arms to teenagers.

They had but scant means. This usually meant steerage class, below decks, as backhaul in quarters used for shipping cattle to Europe. The Torbiaks and Grywinskis travelled on such a cattle boat, and based on their recollections, it was a rough, difficult crossing. Everyone was relieved to reach the safety and comfort of solid ground in the new world.

Why did our families choose Manitoba? Why not Saskatchewan or Alberta, as many other immigrating Ukrainians did? Why the stony, swampy, mosquito-infested Interlake? It is quite certain that part of the rationale for settling in Manitoba was that there

already was a relatively well-established population of other Ukrainian settlers there by then. After having left family and friends to travel halfway around the world from a small peasant village in Ukraine, the desirability of finding a new home near to people of their own language and culture must have loomed large indeed.



Pioneer home of Kost & Donia (Torbiak) Marykuca, just east of present-day Poplarfield, Manitoba, built about 1914.

And, just how far away from the "civilized" world did they want to go? The trade-off, if they were to make their home in Manitoba, was that since most of the "good" homesteads in the Manitoba jurisdiction were already allocated, they had to accept "poorer" land if they wished to remain near the earlier Ukrainian settlers. And, how was "poorer" land to be so judged? Stony ground does not announce itself as such until you start to work it. And, really, how "poor" was it? Their perception, at first blush, had to be that the land was necessarily fertile and the climate adequate to grow all those trees – and, by logical extension, other crops – trees which would serve as building materials for their homes, trees which would provide fuel to heat those homes, trees for which there was a growing market as fuel and pulpwood.

“... part of the rationale for settling in Manitoba was that there already was a relatively well-established population of other Ukrainian settlers there by then. After having left family and friends to travel halfway around the world from a small peasant village in Ukraine, the desirability of finding a new home near to people of their own language and culture must have loomed large indeed.”

So they took their homesteads where they were available, in Manitoba's Interlake. This area, now Poplarfield, was about fifty miles north of the railhead at Teulon, down a mud trail, much ennobled by the title of “government road”. This they walked with their children, carrying all of their earthly possessions with them, to claim their Canadian land, to improve it sufficiently to secure full patent and ownership.

That first summer, in 1906, the *Mount Temple* group built a rough shelter on the homestead of Stefan Grywinski, centrally located to the quarter sections allocated to the heads of the households in the group. From that temporary roof, they dispersed daily to their individual homestead sites to build their individual houses. These were constructed of logs cut from trees at the sites. Walls were mud-chinked and smooth-plastered. Glass and shingles were at a premium, and many of the homes were thatch-roofed with window shutters to be opened for daylight and closed against the weather.

Wild game abounded, and along with wild fruits, berries and mushrooms, provided the staples of their diet until the following year when they began gardens with the precious seeds they had carried with them from Ukraine.

When the homesteaders acquired oxen, life improved considerably as they could now go to Teulon by ox team to trade their cordwood for flour, salt and

other supplies. In summer, it was a week's trek, especially in rainy weather, as the oxen would become mired in low areas where the wagon had to be unloaded, dismantled, moved to dry ground, reassembled and reloaded, only to have the entire process repeated again and again at each of the many mudholes along the way, all in sweltering heat while insects tormented both the travellers and the oxen. In winter, short daylight, cold weather conditions and deep, drifting snows presented a whole different set of challenges. It was not easy, but it was progress.

The extension of the railway from Teulon, in about 1910, was a monumental change in their lives. The train became their lifeline, bringing in goods, news and mail from the outside world and hauling away their cordwood and produce to markets in Winnipeg and beyond. Oxen, eventually replaced by horses, were relegated to the tough work of breaking the land. Winnipeg was now accessible three times a week, and medical attention was no longer out of the question as it had been in the earlier years. Easier accessibility to the region brought more settlers and other settlements sprang up in the area.

While all of this was happening, more members of the Torbiak and Grywinski families came from Ukraine. In 1908, Stefan Grywinski's and Kateryna Torbiak's brothers, Oleksa and William, arrived in Canada, as did their uncle, John Grywinski, homesteading in the Fisher Branch area.

In 1910, Matrona (Lapka) Grywinski, their widowed mother, came to Canada with her son-in-law, George Poloway, whose wife, Maryna, stayed back in Ukraine to help look after Oleksa's ill wife and young children. By the time Oleksa returned to Ukraine, in 1911, his wife had died, and he returned to Canada with his children and Maryna then joined her husband in the Fisher Branch area.

In 1913, three of Danylo Torbiak's sisters and their families came to Poplarfield. They were Donia (Kost Marykuca), Ksenia (Hryn Marykuca) and



Danylo and Kateryna Torbiak's Store, Poplarfield, Manitoba, circa 1930.

Justyna who subsequently married George Mareniuk.

By this time, Danylo Torbiak had established his store in Poplarfield, which prospered in part because the railroad passed through his homestead. He became the Poplarfield postmaster and assisted his family in the development of businesses in Fisher Branch and Chatfield.

During their early decades in the new country, these pioneers, and especially their sons, hired out as seasonal workers: as farm labourers into Saskatchewan, Alberta and other parts of Manitoba, as miners or lumberjacks into northwestern Ontario or as extra gang workers on the ever-spreading rail spurs that reached into western Canada.

Muscle made money, and whatever money made was usually brought back to augment the meagre economies of the homesteads.

Life went on. Churches were built, funerals and marriages were held, and babies were baptized. The early pioneers readily recognized the value of education, so long denied their peasant forefathers in the



Wedding of Stefan Torbiak and Kateryna Klowak. Poplarfield, 1916.
Bride and groom are at the back in this group.

“old world” and they worked diligently to build schools for their children in Canada. From today’s perspective, they were wildly successful, as their descendants have taken a sure place in the commerce, the industry, the arts and the sciences in this “new world”. Their dreams, a hundred years ago, for a better world for their children were not in vain.



Michael Luchkovich holding a pitchfork in 1914, well before becoming first Ukrainian Canadian MP in 1926.

UKRAINIAN CANADIAN ARCHIVES AND MUSEUM OF ALBERTA

One Old Photo's Story

By Rosemarie (Shlopak) Nahnybida

It is a photo that was there from the beginning. It is a photo that has always evoked indescribable, mixed emotions. It is a photo of my 25-year-old Mama wearing a flour sack apron. She is standing in front of a mud-plastered house with my Chocha Ksenia – my first cousins Petro and baby Marisha are in the photo. It is a captured moment in time. The photographer: unknown. The time: July 1937. The place: the Kulyna homestead in the Peace River country of northern Alberta. It is the first photo taken of Mama upon her arrival to Canada. The two-room mud-plastered house in the background (with an attic partitioned by sheets into two rooms) belonged to my paternal aunt and her husband. This was where my Mama, Tato, eight-year-old sister Varvarcha, four-year-old brother Mihawsh, Chocha Ksenia, her husband Hipolet, their three children – 15-year-old Varvarka, seven-year-old Petro, and baby Marisha – as well as my single Stray Stefan (Tato's younger brother), who immigrated along with my parents, lived together for over a year. Ten years earlier Uncle Hipolet had arrived in this area from Ukraine. In 1929 Chocha Ksenia, along with their first-born daughter, joined him. My parents and their young family – with Tato's brother – had just arrived from Halychyna, Western Ukraine. Travelling by ship, train, and truck they had finally reached their destination. Their journey of cultural shock, Mama's extreme seasickness, Mihawsh's measles, Mama's desire for *studenetz* (and ending up with Jello!) and so much more is a story for another time.

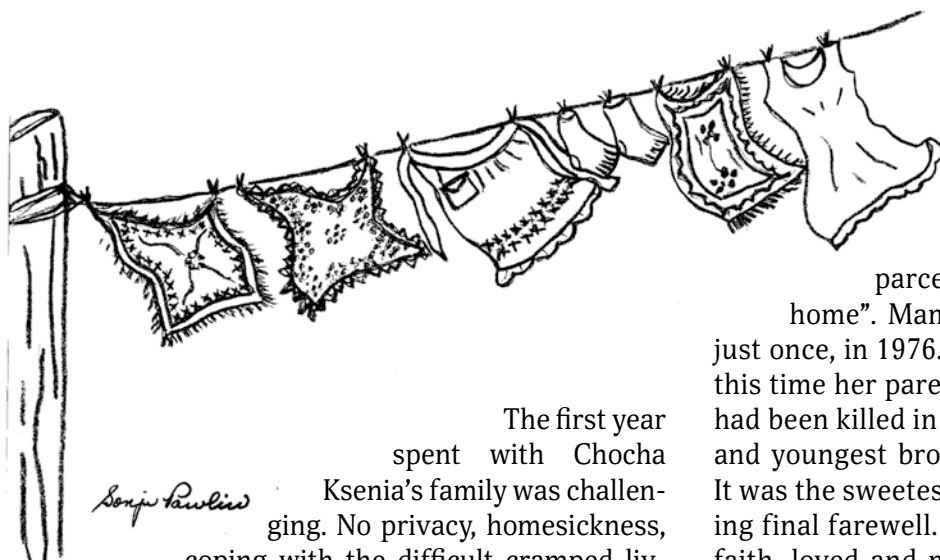
Tato would have lived all his life in his beloved "Staray Krai" but it was Mama who wanted "a better life" in Canada. Married at fifteen, a mother at seventeen... she had been an excellent student. Gifted with a good singing voice, possessing acting ability and artistic creativity, she had wanted to pursue

further academic schooling, but her tato, my Dido Philip Rybak, insisted that his youngest daughter do something practical so she took a sewing course and became the village seamstress. Years later – reminiscing – she related to me, her youngest Canadian-born child, that she had actually been a young *panya* in her *selo* as the village seamstress. She had been able to



First cousin Petro Kulyna (peeking from behind), Eudokia (Rybak) Shlopak (my Mama), Chocha Ksenia Kulyna holding cousin Marisha Kulyna.

stay in the comfort of her own home to sew while the other women toiled in the fields. But with the Eastern European instability of the 1930s, the rumours of a Holodomor to the east, the horrors of the Karna Expositia, and the looming threat of the possible outbreak of another world war, Mama was determined to immigrate to Canada. Convincing my Tato, they sold their parcels of land, packed two woven straw trunks with items such as several icons, an embroidered tablecloth (one that Mama had embroidered when she was twelve and had won a prize for), a treasured *khustka*, her wedding vest, a hoe, a sickle, a scythe blade, and after a heart-wrenching farewell to parents, siblings, and other relatives, the young family set out on their journey to the "promised land".



The first year spent with Chocha Ksenia's family was challenging. No privacy, homesickness, coping with the difficult cramped living conditions, missing family and friends from home, learning to adjust to a new way of life — all this — took its toll. The following year — after acquiring their own homestead — the first summer was spent living in a windowless one-room shack (with only blankets to serve as covers) with squirrels, mice, birds, bugs, and even garter snakes as frequent visitors. Hauling water from a creek a mile away, attempting to plant a garden on newly cleared land, picking roots, mud plastering houses, doing whatever she could to preserve food for her family for the long, cold northern winter, and the first few winters with her two children left alone in the tiny shack while Tato worked in the lumber camps to add to the family's meagre income. Rarely did she let anyone know of her pain. Occasionally, she would tell me — years later — how she cried, sobbing silently in the mosquito-filled bushes as she picked berries. Or how she wept in the darkness of cold winter nights... with coyotes howling nearby... yearning for her parents. How during World War II she lamented, losing contact with family in the *selo* and not knowing whether they were dead or alive. Or how she cried when the cow kicked over the fresh bucket of milk — an important source of food. But most of all, just when life was beginning to improve, in the mid-1940s, the unbearable tragedy of suddenly losing her ten-year-old son, Mihawsh — the brother I never knew. Grief-stricken, she wanted to die. I can only imagine how many tears were shed over the years and how those flour sack aprons that she wore caught and soaked up those tears.

But she persevered. She never gave up. After I was born, and then six years later after my nephew Michael's birth, she

carried on building a new life in Canada. After losing contact with her family during World War II and the Stalinist regime, she finally re-connected with them, writing hundreds of letters and sending many

parcels to her beloved family "back home". Mama and Tato returned to Ukraine, just once, in 1976. That reunion was bittersweet: by this time her parents had died, her younger brother had been killed in World War II, only her older sister and youngest brother and their families remained. It was the sweetest of hellos and then a gut-wrenching final farewell. Mama was always devoted to her faith, loved and maintained her Ukrainian culture, and did everything she could for the good of her family. She went to her eternal rest June 7, 1999. Her worn-out body lies beneath Canadian soil.

"... first cousin in Canada, Varvarka, now in her late eighties remembers those days. The hardships... the loneliness... the isolation... she would pick wild flowers to make her mama happy — at least for a moment."

I have written about that aproned woman in that old photo — that woman — my beloved mother, my heroine, my family's martyr. Over the 120 years that our people immigrated to Canada, there have been countless other women — women such as my paternal aunt, Chocha Ksenia, the other woman in the photo. She joined her husband in Canada in 1929 with their five-year-old daughter. The first year was spent working for an English couple and then in the summer of 1930, with baby Petro and little Varvarka, Chocha spent the entire summer living under a wagon box while Uncle Hipolet struggled to build a shelter — that mud plastered house in the photo — for the

long, cold northern winter that lay ahead. My only surviving first cousin in Canada, Varvarka, now in her late eighties remembers those days. The hardships... the loneliness... the isolation... she would pick wild flowers to make her mama happy — at least for a moment. Women — "наші жінки" at different times and different places — sacrificed much and endured many hardships so that we, and the future generations, would have "a better life".



Нарешті маємо свою церкву

Спомини Софії Крамарчук записала Іроїда Винницька

Кодилася я 1900-го року в селі Скнилів, повіт Золочів. В дома я шила, вишивала і так собі заробляла. Нас було троє дітей, я найстарша, брат і сестра. Ми мали мало землі, лиш два морги. Наш тато поїхав до Америки 1913-го року. Спочатку писав, а потім перестав і нас відрікся. Ми бідували.

З нашого села в 1906-му році виїхав до Канади до Кіченер Пенцак і Кубелюк. Потім вони повернулися і розповідали про Канаду, а я слухала. Як я піросла, то дуже хотіла їхати в світ, щоби трошки краще жити. Хотіла їхати до Канади.

Вже я мала 22 роки. Нашої сусідки чоловік був в Канаді в Кіченер. Він прислав мені папери, а я його жінці дала за то пів морга поля, яке я дістала від тітки. І так 23-го січня 1924-го року я приїхала до Кіченер.



Parishioners gathered in front of the Sts. Peter and Paul chapel in the Beaver Lake, Alberta, settlement, before 1910.

Коли я сюди приїхала, тут не було нашої церкви. Тільки раз на місяць приїздив наш священик, і тоді була наша відправа у польській церкві. Я пішла до церкви і там познайомилася з моїм чоловіком. Я йому все розповіла, і того самого дня він сказав: «Я з тобою би оженився — подумай собі». За п'ять місяців ми поженилися. Він був старший на десять років від мене. До року мені чоловік спровадив маму і брата, а сестра лишилася на господарстві.

Дуже було прикро без своєї церкви. Одної неділі

наш о. Крупа приїхав відправляти Службу Божу. Він клякнув на хорах помолитися, вийшов польський священик і сказав до сестер, які спрятували коло престола, щоб у куті дали нашому отцеві правити. Отець Крупа це почув і сказав нам, що більше не приїде, як його мають до кута гонити. За місяць

“ «Та то наше, то треба!» ”

приїхав о. Шумський відправляти Службу Божу і сказав: «Я їду з такою, то буде перша таця на нашу церкву». Тоді почали шукати льоти, купили землю і почали будувати церкву. Було нас п'ять фамілій, три з Кіченер і дві з Ватерлу.

Ще в 1924-му році, заки була церква, ставили по хатах або в рентованій залі представлення. Потім перейшли на залю під церквою. Пам'ятаю моє перше представлення «Сватання на Гончарівці», я грала Уляну. Грали багато малих-коротких комедій. Щотижня грали — щотижня треба було вивчити роль — бо то треба було, бо то давало десять доларів на церкву. Приходили на наші представлення поляки, болгари, словаки. Сеньків був суфлером, а мій чоловік цілими ночами переписував ролі. Раз я прийшла з роботи така змучена, аж тряслася, і кажу до свого: «Никола, та я така змучена, та я вже не буду брати тої ролі», а він каже: «Та то наше, то треба!»

1930-го року приїхав Косіковський з Віндзору нас танці вчити. Мешкав він тут два місяці. Ми йому платили по десять долярів за дорослого, а п'ять за дитину. Ми гарно танцювали, їздили виступати до Алмайри до Брентфорду і кожний раз заробляли по десять долярів. То все було на церкву, все на церкву, бо так треба було.

Нарешті ми мали свою церкву. Як то було втішно, що ми мали де зійтися, мали де поговорити. І так дожили до тепер. Дякувати Богу, що приїхала нова еміграція, є кому то все тримати.

Кіченер, 12 березня 1979 р.

Orchards, Crossroads and Dreams

A Ukrainian Memoir

By Anna Tomiuk Kowalsky transcribed and edited by Roxanne Davies

While 17-year-old Anna Tomiuk and her little brother, Swiatoslaw, were planting potatoes in a field near their home in Western Ukraine in 1932, a letter arrived that would forever change the destiny of the Tomiuk family. Through tears, her mother, Yelena, told them their father, Michael, had sent two travel visas from his new home in Canada.

Soon Anna and her older brother, Ihor, would leave to join him and start a new life in the New Country.

Anna debated: Should she go to join her father whom she knew to have little use for girl children? Or should she stay behind in Ukraine and study to become a teacher? Anna went to consult the village teacher who urged her to leave Ukraine for a chance at a new life and to take her family with her.

Anna left for Canada that year when she was just 18 years old. When she married in 1937, her husband, Bill Kowalsky, paid the money to reunite the Tomiuk clan. Eventually other members of the Tomiuk family

“ She wrote them in Canada describing the horrors of her job cleaning interrogation rooms filled with broken teeth and hair on the blood-soaked floors. ”

would be sent to Siberia. Anna's Auntie Pazunya, her mother's sister, was one of the unfortunate ones who ended up in Siberia instead of Canada. She wrote them in Canada describing the horrors of her job cleaning interrogation rooms filled with broken teeth and hair on the blood-soaked floors.

Anna and her family were more fortunate, but life in Canada wasn't without its difficulties. The Tomiuks were part of the second wave of immigrants from Ukraine, who arrived to help populate Canada before the Second World War. They arrived in Canada on the eve of the Great Depression with no money and no English but with a burning desire to study and succeed. Like many Eastern European immigrants to Montreal, they settled in East End ghettos near churches, community centres and food stores that reminded them of home.

Before she married, Anna Tomiuk started her life in Montreal as a young nanny for a Canadian family. She was lucky to be hired by a kind family who treated her well, and she managed to learn enough English to enter a church-funded boarding school in Point-aux-Trembles at the east end of the island of Montreal. She loved education and learning, but she was forced to leave school to help her father raise her younger brothers because her mother stayed behind in Ukraine.



It was the start of a lifetime of struggles in the New Country, a series of adventures Anna carefully documented in her diaries — 900 pages of notes handwritten in Ukrainian that she left for posterity. I spent a year recently lovingly transcribing and editing them in a book published last year called *Orchards, Crossroads and Dreams: A Ukrainian Memoir*. The 335-page book, illustrated by 67 photographs and maps and family trees, was a chance for me to better get to know my aunt, who raised me after my mother died when I was young, and fully understand the sacrifices and joys our ancestors experienced after they gambled on a month-long journey on a ship to an unknown country.

Her diaries and this book, which I dedicated to Anna's mother, Yelena, vividly recount the hardships women like them endured both in Ukraine and in their new country, Canada. Despite some notable exceptions, women figured little in traditional Ukrainian histories and the female experience and perspective was relegated to the background. It was the male who counted. That's why her memoirs are so cherished by me and would be so valuable to others. It showed how Ukrainian Canadian women of Anna's generation acknowledged their debt to the beloved dead by raising their children to love all that was good and beautiful, including their culture, tradition and faith.

by Anna Tomiuk Kowalsky

Anna was a life-long learner and she would become a successful entrepreneur, artist, nurse and health food pioneer. She and husband Bill opened their first business, a humble hand laundry in Montreal. They eventually transformed that small shop into a large commercial laundry and worked gruelling hours to make it a success. Anna was good with money and was able to buy her first piece of real estate with a jar full of silver dollars. And she was able to help put her young brothers through university and was proud of their achievements. But she herself never realized her childhood dream of becoming a teacher.

Anna's life was full and prosperous, but eventually tragic. In the early 1960s, Anna opened one of the Montreal's first health food stores, where she was well ahead of the modern trend of taking natural supplements, a practice she believed in and lived herself. Perhaps that's what gave Anna her boundless energy

for all her enterprises. As her brothers were fond of pointing out: Anna didn't walk, she ran.

That description was particularly poignant because Anna spent the last years of her life in a wheelchair following a horrific car accident in 1969 at age 55. In her diaries that she continued to write even after losing so much, she recounts the difficult struggle coming to terms with her disability. In a passage that demonstrates her indomitable spirit, she recalls how a lowly tree that she could see from her hospital window helped to save her from suicide.

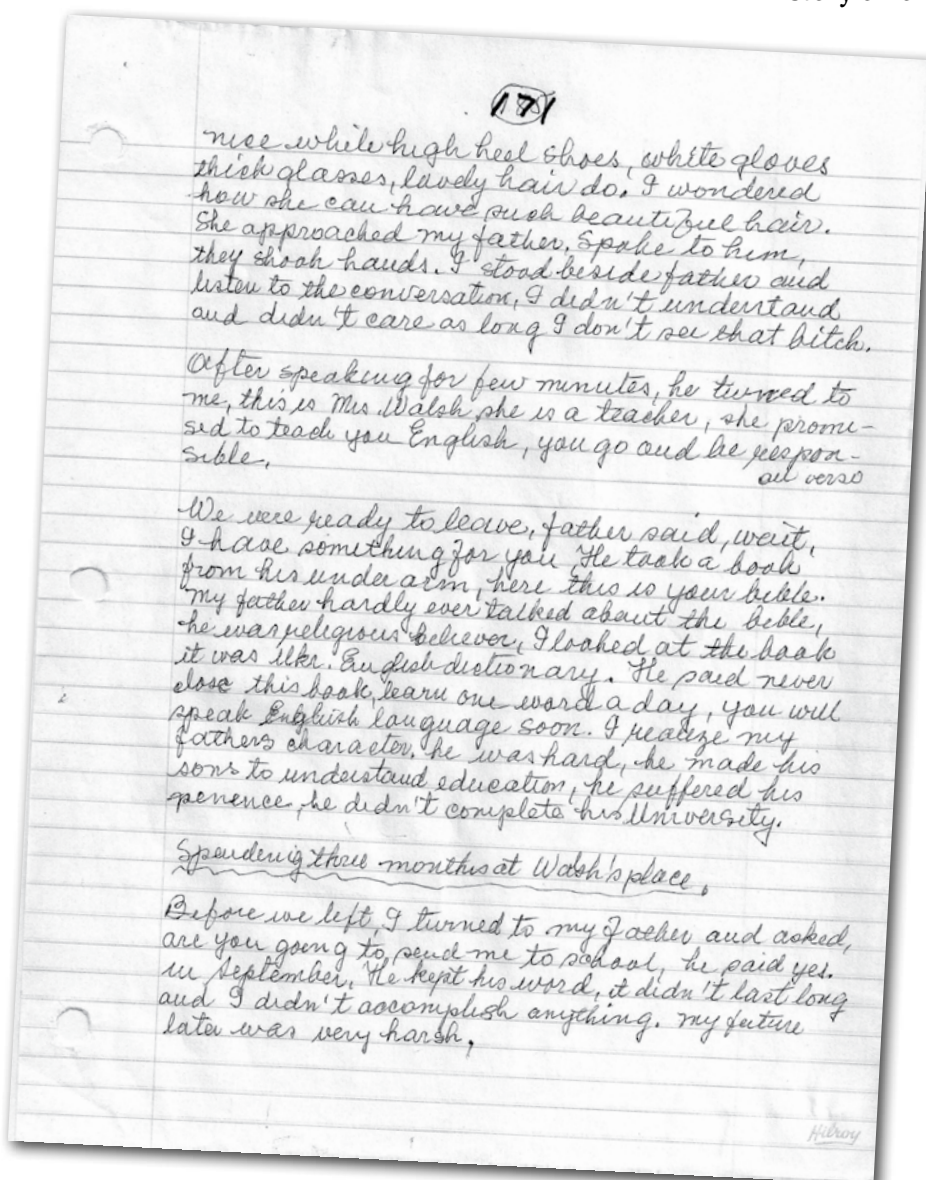
While her memoirs are personal, they also chronicle a family saga set against the backdrop of European feudalism, the First World War, Communist atrocities, the Great Depression and the post-war boom in Canada. This memoir of a Ukrainian Canadian family, which mirrors thousands of others who helped settle Canada and shape its character, is the story of love, duty and ambition and follows the fates

of three very different and unforgettable women — Yelena, Anna and her sister, Sally, my mother.

As I spent months getting to know my aunt and her incredible story, I came to see how just as beautiful and proud Ukraine struggled over many centuries to survive against forces that would try to destroy it, so too did Anna overcome incredible obstacles and catastrophes during a long and productive life that lasted 87 years. I feel blessed to have had a front row seat to witness the personal account of my ancestors and what they experienced in Ukraine and in Canada and grateful to know they gave up so much for us to live free and prosper in this great new land of Canada.

Thank you, Auntie Anna.

Roxanne Davies, formerly a journalist, now a biographer in North Vancouver, plumbs the depths of her family history to identify the shimmering silver threads that shape and fortify the warp-and-weave of her Tomiuk family and, in particular, pay tribute to the most fascinating, determined and human of beings she has ever known, her aunt. The author is extremely proud to add Anna Tomiuk Kowalsky's unique voice to the collection of Canadian immigrant stories. Copies of the book are available through orchardscrossroadsanddreams@telus.net.



З Лазарівки до Кіченер

Анна Геша

На роботу до Німеччини вивезли мене німці з мого родинного села Лазарівки, повіт Бучач, в червні 1944-го року. В той час мені було 22 роки. Продовж двох років працювала я на німецькому господарстві. Після закінчення війни я перейшла до ДП табору в місті Нордтайм, англійської окупаційної зони. Як в травні 1947-го року оголосили в таборі набір дівчат на працю до Канади, я відразу зголосилася.

1-го жовтня відплила я з порту Бремен Гафен кораблем Джеренал Стюард до Канади. На кораблі було нас 100 дівчат, що їхали до домашньої послуги, і яких 700 хлопців, що їхали на працю до лісу. Був нас гурток українок, які зі собою знали. Вечорами виходили ми на палубу й співали українських пісень. Ми завважили, що як ми лиш розспівалися, виходив капітан корабля, ставав збоку й слухав. По декількох днях він підійшов до нас і заговорив по українськи — «Як могла вам бути біда, як ви так гарно співаєте?». Причалили ми до порту в Галіфаксі 9-го жовтня. З Галіфаксу нас десять дівчат, вісім українок й дві росіянки, поїхало поїздом на працю до Кіченер, до шпиталю.

11-го жовтня 1947 р. приїхали ми до Кіченер. На станції зустріла нас група представниць польської жіночої організації й польський священник о. Йосиф Цапіга з церкви Сейкрет Гарт. Привітали нас чоклядами та поїхали з нами до шпиталю Сейнт Меріс, де на нас чекала смачна вечеря. Того ж вечора вияснилося, що ми хоч і приїхали як бувші польські горожани, та в дійсності ми українки, після того

вже ані польський священник ні жінки з польського товариства нами більше не цікавилися.

В шпиталі в той час працювала Софія Вовк. Ми з нею скоро заізналися, сказали, що ми українки, а вона передала це українській громаді в Кіченер. В короткий час відвідав нас о. В. Філевич та відразу почав вечорами по праці приходити і нас вчити англійської мови. Відтак сестри післали нас на вечірні курси англійської мови до місцевого каледжу.

Я мала в Кіченер свого односельчанина Петра Бойка, який в двадцятих роках виїхав до Канади.

Я з ним зв'язалася, він приїхав до шпиталю, щоб взяти мене до себе в гості. Але сестри мене не пустили, сказали, щоб прийшов з жінкою або донькою — охороняли вони нас добре!

Першої неділі приїхав Еміль Пасічник і забрав нас автом до церкви на Службу Божу. За три тижні по

нашій приїзді відбулося для нас в залі під церквою прийняття. Під час прийняття присутні зібрали сорок долярів й хотіли їх між нас розділити, але ми попросили, щоб ці гроші передати на потреби церкви. Потім запросили нас до дому п-ва Левандовських і обдарували одежею.

На Великдень принесли нам до шпиталю великодній кошик, свячене, паску від п. Нацюка, ковбасу та яєчка від п-ва Крамарчуків. На жаль, на сам Великдень ми не мали вільного, ми мусіли працювати і не могли бути на Великодній Відправі в церкві. Поливали ми сльозами нашу першу паску в Канаді.

Кіченер, вересень 1986 р.



Корабель Джеренал Стюард.

I Am a Descendent

By Anne Mykytowich

I, Anne (Muszaluk) Mykytowich, am a descendent of the early Ukrainian pioneers in Canada.

My grandparents, Ivan Andrejiw and Maria (Antonychuk) Andrejiw, with son Joseph, aged 8, daughters Dokia, and Nastia (my mother, born February 15, 1897), left their village Horoshova, Ukraine, for Hamburg, Germany, to board the steamship *Lake Ontario* for Canada. They arrived in St. John, New Brunswick, on August 4, 1897, boarded the Canadian Northern Train for Winnipeg, where they processed the Land Claim Award, then took another train to Dominion City in southern Manitoba. The last leg of their more than a half-year's journey was by an oxen-driven cart to their homestead in the Stuartburn Colony (now Stuartburn Municipality).

The cold Manitoba winter was approaching and all they had was 160 acres of bush and stones, so a *buda* was to be erected for shelter. They dug a sort of

basement three feet into the ground, topped it with a slanted roof, covered it with mud and straw, banked it with more earth, and this is where they spent their first Canadian winter.

Their first years were hard. Land had to be cleared for garden and crops grown for food for their family and any animals they acquired for their needs. It all had to be done manually, as there were no tools available besides the axe and spade. There were no roads, electricity or schools, so my mother and her siblings received no education. In 1905 a railroad was built and it ran by my grandparents' farm to Vita (Shewchenko) and all the little villages that cropped up beside it. Now the settlers had a chance to travel and get jobs elsewhere. Roads were being built, which gave employment to local people.

My father, Hrynko Muszaluk (Mushaluk), left his village Postolivka, Ukraine, and arrived in Canada in 1909, on the ship *SS Mount Temple*, at the age of 19.



He was granted a homestead just 7 miles east of Vita. This homestead was also bush and stone. He married my mother, Nastia Andrejiw, and their first two daughters, Mary and Dora, were born here. They had to live on this farm for ten years in order to get a clear title to this land. They sold it and bought another just two miles east of it.

This farm was much better: bush, but no stones.

Bush was an asset to these pioneers, as the trees were used for fuel in the winter, and in wood stoves for cooking, as well as for building homes or any other buildings that were needed on the farm. My father was very gifted in providing for his growing family. He built a bake oven, so my mother could bake bread outside. He also built a *hrupka*, for cooking outside in the summertime, so the main house did not get heated for sleeping. He also had a small forging shop, so was able to make his own tools and fix any that got broken.

He loved fishing, but there was no river nearby. Every spring, when the rivers overflowed, his farm had a low spot and the excess water flowed through

it. He soon dug a drainage and the fish came with the water. Mother was very gifted also; for a lady who had no schooling, she was the best cook and baker. She also spun her own yarn on a homemade spinning wheel and knitted our stockings. All our clothes were sown by her without any patterns. My brother Wasil, myself and my twin sisters, Vera and Nadia, were born on this farm. We all helped with all the chores — milking cows, haying, stooking, and whatever needed to be done. No regrets.

My father helped build the St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Church just west of Caliento. When there was no mass in our church, the Bible was read at home. This church still exists, and I shall be there this July 10 to help celebrate its Feast Day, or *praznik*. My parents, older brother Wasil, who died in infancy, and my three sisters and their husbands are all buried here. Only my sister Nadia and I remain of this family. Of course, lots of grandchildren, great- and great-great-grandchildren remain.

From Blue Skies: Ukrainian Canadian Pioneer Days by Anne Mykytowich.

The Years Flee

By Olena Zelenko Stadnyk

I was born in Western Ukraine, in a village called Vovtchivzi in the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains. The village, with a population of about 3,500, had three churches and one synagogue. There I finished primary school and spent the happiest years of my childhood. Summers were spent close to the river Prut. Although none of us had ever had formal swimming lessons, all of us had somehow learned to swim.

All this ended in 1944, when my parents and I had to leave our home. The horrors of World War II had finally reached this tiny corner of the world: the Red Army front was advancing. We left with the expectation that we would soon return. Instead, as combat intensified and conditions became increasingly unstable, we were driven ever farther away. Along with hundreds of other war refugees, we passed through Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Austria before reaching Bavaria, which became a temporary home. There,

in a town called Berchtesgaden, I resumed my schooling and finished secondary school a few years after the war ended.

Latin was one of the most disliked subjects. So much emphasis was put on this “dead” language. We, poor students — still coming to terms with learning the local German — had to memorize and recite whole passages of Cicero and the like. Once the school year ended and exams were over, one of our classmates came up with the idea of getting rid of our Latin materials in a last “Viking funeral”: class notes, papers, and texts were all consumed in a huge bonfire lit not far from school. What bliss to see all of our Latin torture go up in a puff of smoke: No More Latin!

Our destiny was not to return to Ukraine at the end of the war. A fortunate few, like me, made a new home in Canada. After arriving and working for a short time, I enrolled in the Faculty of Pharmacy at

the University of Alberta. Filling out the necessary registration forms and reviewing the first year syllabus, I noticed, with horror, that Latin (like the undead zombies) walked again, lurking among the much more benign chemistry, botany, and zoology courses. My panic was relatively short-lived; the Latin was a basic introductory course on the terms used in prescriptions. Canada was indeed a good country!

English was another compulsory subject, and the course included an exploration of the works of Chaucer.

*She was a worthy woman al hir lyve
Housbondes at chirche dore she hadde five
Withouten oother compaignye in youthe
But thereofnedeth nat to speke as nowthe...*

It may as well have been Egyptian hieroglyphs; I could make absolutely no sense out of it (who would marry a tub?). This was a real crisis. Demoralized and depressed, I went to see Dr. Godfrey, the professor teaching the course. This kind man recommended I audit the course and retake it again the following year when my English language skills were more reliable. I did so, and by the next year, the English course focused solely on modern literature. Canada *is* a good country! That notwithstanding, when I passed the course, I still felt on par with a Nobel Laureate.

In my second year of studies, I married Ivan Stadnyk (and we remain happily married today). Many thought that my change in status would put an end to my university career; perhaps, some were surprised when this proved not to be the case. After graduating with my B.Sc. (Pharmacy), I worked in the U of A Hospital pharmacy for a short time before my husband and I opened our own drug store/post office in Edmonton. This brought us into contact with a community of sorts — our customers. We knew their medical complaints, but in addition to their prescriptions, we became familiar



Pharmacy class of 1952-53: Olena Zelenko is second from the left in the front row.

with them and their lives. Many of them became friends. They'd come by just to talk, or let us know how they were doing, and we occasionally had a little something out of the ordinary. Space does not permit me to go into the episodes of "The Pharmacy Gets a Naked Doorman", "Rudy's New Smile", "The Gorilla Wins a Lottery", "I am the Tsar's Nephew", "The Magic Jumping Pills", "The Hold-up and Hostage-Taking", "How Many Percodan is My Life Really Worth?" and others. Someday I'll write a book.

It was a gratifying career, full of interest and the satisfaction of helping people, plus its share of the usual routine tasks of running a business. We retired eventually. I like to say that I don't miss the work but

I miss the people. (Maybe Bill Clinton says the same.) I busy myself with hobbies as my three children are thankfully grown. Alexander, my oldest, is a physician in Houston; and my twin daughters — Maria is a nurse in Edmonton, and Sophia is a lawyer in Washington, DC. I re-live their childhood (and maybe a bit of my own) with my youngest (out of four) grandchildren, a four-year-old who speaks Ukrainian and English, but no Chaucer or Latin.

Eheu fugaces labuntur anni, alas, the fleeting years slip by. That's Horace!



Members from Plast, Ukrainian Scout Organization meeting with one of the first Ukrainian settlers in Canada and his family. Olena Zelenko, behind her Bohdan Olijnyk, Oresta Sorobej (Rodyniuk) is behind Wasyl Eleniak, his daughter-in-law Anna, his son John, and Irena Olijnyk is behind Ivan Stadnyk.

COURTESY NADIA CYNCAR, ALBERTA PLAST ARCHIVES

Лист до Святого Миколая

Адольф Гладилевич

Ось докладний відпис листа:

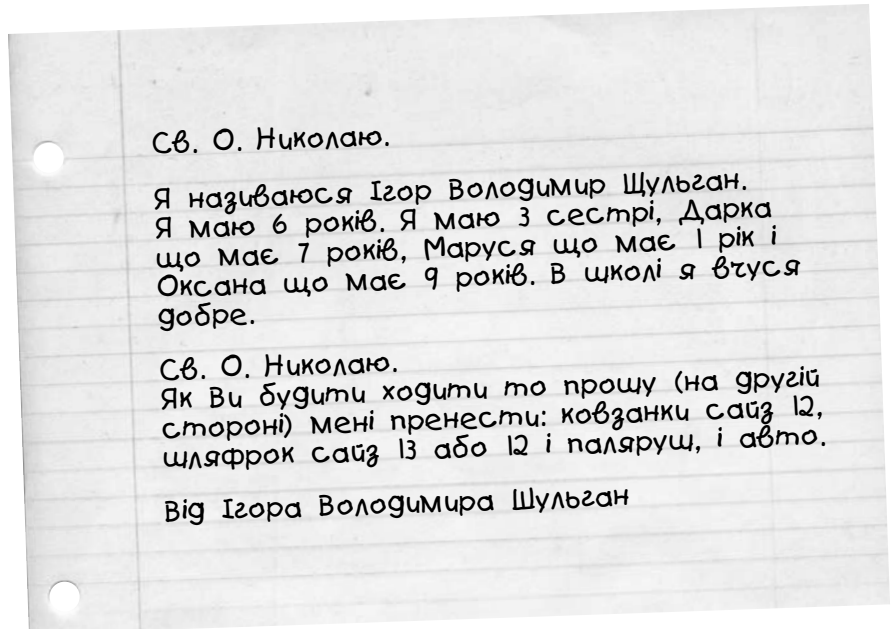
Це було в 1961 році. Я тоді працював сортувальником листів на пошті в місті Ляшін коло Монре-аля — єдиний українець між кількадесятьма квебецькими французами.

Одного грудневого дня, пізно ввечері, я побачив невеликий відкритий коверт. Він лежав окремо від других листів. На ньому не було поштової марки, а зате там прибито чотири штемплі. Чому аж чотири? Зовсім просто — адреса на коверті була написана по-українському, а адреси відправника взагалі не було. А що ніхто з тих, у чий руки попав цей лист, не знав нашого письма, кожний тільки штемплював листа і не знав, що з ним далі робити. Щастя, що не викинули до скриньки на сміття, як це у таких випадках водиться на пошті. Видно, що листові судилося попасти в руки єдиного службовця, який міг прочитати адресу. Я глянув на неї й очам своїм не вірив — написана звичайним олівцем, вона була така:

Небо:

До Св. О. Миколая.

Я витягнув з коверта листа, якого тут ніхто, крім мене, не в силі був прочитати. Це був лінійований листок із шкільного зошита. Текст листа зайняв півтори сторінки листка. Між лініями були трохи невправно, але старанно й чітко виведені слова. Я читав їх із зворушенням.



Св. О. Миколаю.

Я називаюся Ігор Володимир Шулзган.
Я маю 6 років. Я маю 3 сестри, Дарка
що має 7 років, Маруся що має 1 рік і
Оксана що має 9 років. В школі я вчуся
добре.

Св. О. Миколаю.

Як Ви будите ходити то прошу (на другій
стороні) мені принести: ковзанки سایз 12,
шляфрок سایз 13 або 12 і пальову, і авто.

Віг Ігора Володимира Шулзган

Прізвище дитини було мені відоме. Так називалася одна патріотична родина в місті Лясаль, яке разом з другими довколишніми місцевостями обслуговувала ляшінська пошта.

Я зараз заглянув у телефонну книжку і легко знайшов телефон цієї родини. Було вже досить пізно — по десятій. Все ж таки я задронив. Відізвався приймний жіночий голос. Я перепросив, що так пізно дрону, і сказав, хто я і яка справа.

— Так, так, то наш син, — почув я у телефоні.

Я прочитав до слухавки листа.

— Дивіться! — дивувалася Ігорева мати. — А він нам нічого про листа не сказав і, видно, сам кинув його до скриньки.

— Бо він знав, що Святий Миколай дасть йому те, про що він його просить у листі, — зауважив я.

— О так, тепер ми знаємо, що Святий Миколай має йому дати. Дуже-дуже вам дякую — раділа мати.

І хто тепер скаже, що Святий Миколай не помагає тим, що в нього вірять і його люблять?

Гомін України 25 грудня 1998 р.

In the Country I Dreamed About (condensed)

By Olga Zazula

From *John's Story*

In the spring of 1953 we moved from Coleman to the second largest city in Alberta: Calgary. Moving from there to here was an adventure in itself. Now there were four of us: my wife, Olga, two daughters, five-year-old Irene, and two-year-old Carol, and me. All of our belongings were packed in two wooden trunks that we had brought with us to Canada. These trunks were very versatile, one was used as a table and we had four apple boxes to use as chairs to finish off the dining ensemble. The children's clothes and all that we owned were packed into two small suitcases and transported by the "good, old train", first to Lethbridge and then to Calgary, all in one day.

In 1953, the city of Calgary was selling lots for a new subdivision in Renfrew. Sam Martin told me the day and the time that the City would be selling these lots. After work, I took the children with me to City Hall to stand in the line so that I could sign my name on that list. Olga was working the afternoon shift in the coffee shop and there was no one that I could leave the children with. I bought a 50 x 110 foot lot for \$750 from the City using the money that I had saved working in the coal mine. I was determined to build my own nest; I had a lot, but no working capital or knowledge as a builder.

My wife and I made a plan as to what would be possible with our income. She made \$105 a month at the coffee shop and I made \$180 at the bakery. From her earnings we paid our rent of \$45 and the rest of the bills, sometimes we had only \$2 left to buy groceries. We had bread from the bakery; my earnings would be used to build the house.

I went to the City to get a building permit and to turn a sketch into a blueprint and was told it would cost me \$14,000 to build. Shivers went down my spine and my hair stood up when I heard the price. On the way home I purchased two shovels. I already had a

pickaxe, hammer, and crowbar. Next payday, I bought a power saw, level, and tape measure. These were the tools that I would start to build with.

In six weekends, my wife and I, our two strong shovels, and our two little helpers, five-year-old Irene and two-year-old Carol, dug out the basement. To save money for building materials, we did as much work as possible ourselves. We worked different shifts so my wife and I could only work as a team on Saturday when we both had the day off. On Sunday I had to start my work week in the bakery.

After work one day, I had just poured ready mixed cement for the basement foundation when a kind man came over from his garden across the lane and introduced himself as Sandy Armstrong. He had been watching my children and me, and came over to give me a

hand. We became good neighbours and in all the time that we lived there, Sandy and his wife Amy proved to be kind, understanding people.

My next step as a "builder" was to lay cement blocks for the first floor and basement instead of concrete walls to save money. Little did I know the problem that lay ahead. Mixing the mortar by hand a little at a time in a small mixer, I started two front corners. Running from the street to one corner, then another, with my level in my hands, nothing seemed to be working right for me. I took the blocks apart and put them together again so many times that I was ready to call it quits when I heard somebody say, "Hello, you working hard?"

A man introduced himself as Mike Geriak. He was on his way home from visiting a friend who also lived on Regal Crescent. He was a professional bricklayer and he took the time to show me how to lay the blocks the right way. After his demonstration, my quality and speed improved. He would come on his days off to help me and we got to know each other's family.



Carol, John, Irene and Olga Zazula.

The variable summer weather of 1953 was memorable for me. When it rained, it poured, and many times I would have to go back to the rented suite from the building site. Me and my bicycle and two small children, Irene on the frame with me and Carol in the basket on the handlebars. We were thoroughly soaked by the time we got there. With Olga working the afternoon shift in the coffee shop, I had to take the children with me to the site.

In the fall, we finished the basic rough jobs and put up the frame of the house. Olga and I worked late into the evenings so that we could finish the roof before winter set in. Our neighbours, the Armstrongs along with Bill and Madeleine Evans, used to bring us a pot of coffee or tea later in the evening and wish us well with our work. The Evans family had four children close to our own girls' ages and the kids became friends and later went to school together. By December we had finished nailing all the shiplath boards and we hired roofers to put on the shingles.

After the roof was finished, the windows and outside doors were put in, and the heating and plumbing were connected. Now we could work inside and begin nailing the gyp-roc that would later be plastered. Most of all we wanted to move in so that we could stop spending \$45 on rent every month!

We were happy in



Olga Zazula in traditional Ukrainian costume at 86.

our little nest. Inside the house, grey unfinished walls with cardboard doors, but we had a roof over our heads and it was warm.

We started fourteen months ago by excavating the basement, and now we lived in a finished home. Thanks to good people with their good intentions who helped us, we owned our home. We paid our mort-

gage regularly, and often more frequently than we had agreed to. In forty-two months we had paid back everything; it was not without sacrifice on our part.

Later, we had curious people asking us how could we own a home when we had only been here for a few years and sometimes, I've wondered myself. In my broken English, I could not explain myself, so I just used to say that I was lucky, shrug my shoulders and continue on with the challenges of each new day. I believe that during all those years of being homeless, God was giving me the strength I would need to build my own nest in Canada.

After enduring years of terror from the Poles and Germans during WWII that raged in Ukraine, Olga and her husband John were taken by force to work as slave labour in Germany. After liberation they emigrated to Alberta. Their early experiences were full of difficulties familiar to most immigrants settling in Canada.

Olga Zazula studied creative writing and won several awards. She wrote the memoirs for her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



Це є найновіше – чотири генерації.
Старша дочка Ірина, внука Христина,
Пра-Баба Ольга з двоюрідними.

* * *

Розкидані друзі по світу...

Ліна Костенко

Розкидані друзі по світу,
як зорі по ясному небу.
Неждані листи і привіти
промінням доходять до тебе.

І вже не зловишся в горі,
і вже не загинеш у тузі –
по небу розкидані зорі,
по світу розкидані друзі...

ПРИГАДУЄМО REMEMBERING

Молитва української родини

Леся Храплива-Щур

Приклоняємо, Отче, коліно
Перед образом під рушником,
Бо родина, що молиться спільно
Буде завжди щаслива разом.

Благодаттю Твоею, о Боже,
Миром-згодою глянь у наш дім,
Щоб росло у любові все гоже,
Був притулок прихожим усім.

Освяти хліб насущний на столі,
Нагороду за чесний наш труд,
Щоб було всім домашнім доволі
І голодним усім, що прийдуть.

Дай предківською жити землею
І дідам і батькам і синам;
Де родина плекає ідею —
Твоїй правді твердиня міцна.

Дай сильну збудувати державу
Для майбутніх усіх поколінь,
Тобі, Боже на вічну славу,
На землі українській!

Амінь!

120 Years Ago

I sat alone with my memories in an otherwise unoccupied home in Montreal. It was January 7, Ukrainian Christmas Day, 2011. Only days before I had helped my father move into a seniors' residence. My mother lives in a long-term care facility.

Thinking about the rhythm of our lives, I was struck not with sadness but with gratitude for the determination they had demonstrated: immigrating, paying dues, raising me (no easy task), and embracing all that is great about Canada.

I also thought about Ivan Pylypiw and Wasyl Eleniak acknowledged as Canada's first Ukrainian settlers. Filled with deep appreciation, I began writing the words to the song I share with you today. That song is *Edna Star*.



© PAT TOMKOW



LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Ivan Pylypiw (left) and Wasyl Eleniak.

Edna and Star are the communities first settled by the Ukrainians who followed Pylypiw and Eleniak to Alberta. Put together, these place names also evoke the name of a woman, who I imagine to be mature, knowing, serene, sweet, even regal... like the landscape that greeted our settlers—this country.

Returning home to London, I approached musician-composer and my friend Ihor Zhylyak. We had performed together, playing at local dances. It was Ihor who then wrote the music to my lyrics — music that is memorable yet simple. We wrote *Edna Star* to be performed at concerts, around campfires or at dances.

Edna Star is a tribute to the 120th anniversary of Ukrainian settlement in Canada. It deals with the singer, first as a pioneer, then as an immigrant seeking work and acceptance, then as an accomplished citizen and, finally, as an appreciative descendant, like myself. The final two verses and one refrain are in Ukrainian.

In a year when our hearts, prayers and support go out to so many other nations enduring their own struggles, we pause respectfully and briefly to say thank you to our own country, Canada, for its magnificent landscape and its warm embrace.

Steve Andrusiak, born in Montreal, is a TV and radio professional with CBC and CTV, an educator (Fenshaw College, TVO) and 5-time recording artist.

Ihor Zhylyak, born in Karaganda, Kazakhstan, studied music at the Sichynsky Memorial State Music Institute in Ivano-Frankivsk, and is a composer, arranger and winner of numerous music competitions. Both live in London, ON with their families.



Edna Star

By Steve Andrusiak, Music by Ihor Zhylyak

My friend and I, we're all alone.
His wife, my girl — they're both back home.
A fertile land, a brand new start,
We'll work so hard so far apart.

I pray each night. I love my girl.
She'll follow me to this new world.
We'll lift the rocks and plant our dreams
We'll grow our wheat. Get off our knees.

O Edna Star, how sweet you are.
Our new land's here, Ukraine's so far.
We left the steppes: U—kra—i—na
To make our home in Canada

There's lots of wood, the forest's deep.
Near Edna Star, we'll earn our keep.
Our neighbours' farms are up the road.
They need a hand. We'll share their load.

Not all went well. Internment — hate.
But time heals wounds — we'll integrate.
With glowing hearts let's sing our songs.
We'll make new friends and right the wrongs.

O Edna Star, how sweet you are.
Our new land's here, Ukraine's so far.
We left the steppes: U—kra—i—na
To make our home in Canada

We paid our debts. We opened doors.
We sacrificed. We fought in wars.
"Mnoli Lita" — Live many years!
Let's nurture joy and banish fears.

Know who you are and keep God's faith
Embrace new cultures. Share — debate.
Twelve decades passed, we bless the years
Shevchenko's children-pioneers.

O Edna Star, how sweet you are.
Our home's here. Ukraine's so far.
They did it all. We stand in awe.
They came and helped build Canada.

Една і Стар — перші села
Де розцвилась наша сім'я.
Відважно йшли стелити шлях.
Браво Пилипів, Єлиняк

Ідуть роки. Женуть часи.
Лишаєм тільки спогади.
Сто двадцять літ ми тут росли,
Шевченка діти: козаки.

О Канада: наша земля
Даруймо їй наші серця
Не забуваймо, хто ми є
Любимося, вчимося на віки.

Handwritten musical score for the song "EDNA STAR" by J. ANDRUSIAK. The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked "1. ZHYLYAK" (Allegretto). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. Chord symbols are written below the staves, including Am, E7, G, C, Dm, F, and A7. The score is divided into sections by the words "EDNA" and "STAR".

Shadows and Silhouettes

My Four Great-Grandmothers

Anna and Paraska, Kateryna and Maria

By Karen Lemiski

Some time ago, while doing research at the Basilian Fathers Museum, I came across a wooden pestle and an ochre-coloured clay bowl. The pestle was typical of the early implements found in many pioneer homes. Rough and unevenly shaped, it had been hand-carved from a tree branch. More remarkable, though, was the bowl, as its outer surface was criss-crossed by a thin wire.

I later discovered the story behind the bowl. It belonged to a young woman named Barbara, who in 1900 emigrated from Bila, Chortkiv district, with some neighbours from her village. While there was no way her father could know how long the trip would take, the miles to be covered, or the conditions in Alberta's Beaver Lake settlement, he instinctively knew that she would need this vessel in her new home – whether to prepare dough, grind wheat, or possibly even as a reminder of the family she was leaving behind. With this in mind, he patiently wrapped the wire around the bowl to ensure it survived the journey.

I grew up in a family familiar with its history, at least regarding my mother's ancestors. My mother's paternal grandfather, Wasyl Eleniak, is recognized as one of the first Ukrainian pioneers in Canada, and his story is widely known. Yet as significant as Wasyl's role was in leading other Galicians toward free land and personal freedom, in interviews he always remembered the contributions of his wife, Anna: "My first task was to build a permanent house, and I began to cut down trees for logs. I hauled them in during the day and at night I repaired the sleighs which I had made. However, my wife was strong and with her help we made steady progress. There was always so much hard work to do."

In this regard, Anna's experience was typical of

many pioneer women. Most likely, Wasyl made the decision to emigrate while he was floating logs one day down the Limnytsia River. And later, while Wasyl stayed in Canada working for several years, Anna stayed behind in their native village, caring for their oldest children. Yet once in Alberta she became his equal partner. She worked alongside him to clear the land, uprooting stumps and seeding their first acres of crops and gardens. At the same time, she remained for the family the primary caregiver to nine children, the youngest six of whom were born in Canada; the folk poet, who passed on to her children stories of days gone by and life in her native land; and the primary keeper of their religious heritage and traditions.

Since at least the late 1700s, the ancestors of my mother's maternal grandmother, Paraska, had been residents of Rusiv, in the Sniatyn district at the base of the Carpathian Mountains. Paraska was her parents' eldest child, and at the time of her birth, they were living with her father's parents as was typical at the time. Despite being surrounded by the loving atmosphere of this extended family, Paraska's early years were filled with tragedy. When she was six years old, her grandfather died at age 52, followed in less than

a year by her own father at age 29, followed a few months later by her younger sister. Paraska's mother remarried and shortly thereafter gave birth to another daughter. Yet, just over a year later, Paraska's mother died at age 31, at which point Paraska moved back into her ancestral home, where she was raised among her uncles' children.

At the age of 17, Paraska married Nekifor, whose ancestors had been tied to Paraska's as neighbours and kinsmen since at least the early 1800s. In the first sixteen years of marriage, Paraska gave birth to six



COURTESY UKRAINIAN MUSEUM OF CANADA, SASKATOON

“ My mother’s paternal grandfather, Wasyl Eleniak, is recognized as one of the first Ukrainian pioneers in Canada... ”

children, two of whom passed away before the family left for Canada in April 1899. As late as 1996, Neki-for and Paraska’s two-room log house was still standing on the original quarter. Four more daughters were born in this home. Yet, continuing a cycle of early deaths, the youngest daughter passed away as a baby along with two more children during the 1920 diphtheria epidemic.

In my heart, I hope that the many days of Paraska’s life which were undoubtedly clouded with sadness were equally balanced by happy ones. Perhaps she found an inner peace in the simple life of Alberta’s prairies, found in family gatherings, religious celebrations, the beauty of nature, and the satisfaction at the end of a good day’s work.

On my father’s side, my ancestors were virtually unknown. It’s not that they were forgotten, for their graves are marked and blessed every year after Easter. Rather, they weren’t mentioned in conversation. Maybe, by not talking about them, it was easier to forget the difficulties of the early years, such as when the family’s home, built in a low spot, was flooded during

a particularly heavy rainstorm. Or, was it a way of getting over the pain felt when the family matriarch (my great-great-grandmother, Magdalena) died a few years after coming to Canada. Or maybe we just didn’t ask the right questions at the right time to the people who could tell us the stories.

Whatever the case, I now know that my father’s paternal grandmother was Kateryna, who grew up in the village of Bychkivtsi, Chortkiv district. Just two weeks before leaving for Canada and at age 23, Kateryna married Grzegorz in May 1899. What a whirlwind it must have seemed, newly married and setting out by wagon to the district capital, then by train to Hamburg and ship to Liverpool, and then, eleven days later, disembarking across the ocean in Halifax. Kateryna’s name appears in Grzegorz’s passport, along with her husband’s 14-year-old brother who travelled with them.

After arriving in the Beaver Lake area, the trio stayed with another family until they were able to carve their own *burdei* into a hillside. From these simple beginnings, the family increased with the birth of seven sons and two daughters. As the children grew, Grzegorz sponsored one of Kateryna’s nieces to come as “domestic help”. In fact, from the descendents of Kateryna’s siblings, at least seven families settled in Canada.

Unlike these three great-grandmothers, I have found only a few details concerning my father’s maternal



Abandoned house still standing near Hafford, Saskatchewan: Tessie Woynakowski and Stefan Dubyk’s second home in Canada.

MARION MUTALA

grandmother, Maria. She arrived in Canada as a young girl, and at the tender age of 16, married a man fifteen years her senior. After giving birth to five children in six-and-a-half years, Maria passed away in 1918 at the age of 24. There are no known pictures of Maria, and virtually no stories passed on about who she was. Unlike many other pioneer widowers, Maria's husband, Andrii, chose not to remarry. Instead, he raised his oldest sons by himself; sought guidance from his sister-in-law – the mother of nine girls – concerning his oldest daughter; and turned to the Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate and local families for help with the two youngest children.

At the end of one harvest season in his later years, Andrii walked with his six cattle some 30 miles for an extended stay with his oldest married daughter (my grandmother) and her family. He spent the winter visiting with his grown children and getting to know his first grandson, and I have no question that he enjoyed my grandmother's cooking all the while. When spring came, though, Andrii admitted that he missed the companionship of people his own age as well as his neighbours, most of whom he had known since his arrival in Canada. With tears in his eyes, he gathered his belongings, roped his cattle together, and set off walking back to his home.

About the same time that I noticed the wire-wrapped bowl, I also came across a framed portrait of a young woman in traditional dress, including an embroidered sheepskin jacket. The painting is unsigned and undated,

“ In thinking about my great-grandmothers, it's hard to imagine a life without running water, electricity, and communication to anywhere in the world at the click of a button. ”

and gives no clue as to the woman's identity. Although I have never learned this Jane-doe's name, I think of her occasionally. In her pleasant and tranquil expression, there is no indication of the hardships or personal losses she undoubtedly endured, no sign of disappointment or regret over leaving her homeland. As there is almost no chance for me to learn anything more about Maria, I can only hope this is the way she would have looked, had someone been able to capture her features.

In thinking about my great-grandmothers, it's hard to imagine a life without running water, electricity, and communication to anywhere in the world at the click of a button. Yet, along with their extended families, Anna and Paraska, Kateryna and Maria lived in simple farm houses without any of these conveniences. They left everything that was familiar to them and bringing the few possessions they could – possibly even a wire-wrapped clay bowl – created new homes and lives through hard work, strengthened by their families, their culture and traditions, and their faith.

Dr. Karen Lemski is the Associate Director and Curator, Basilian Fathers Museum in Mundare, Alberta.

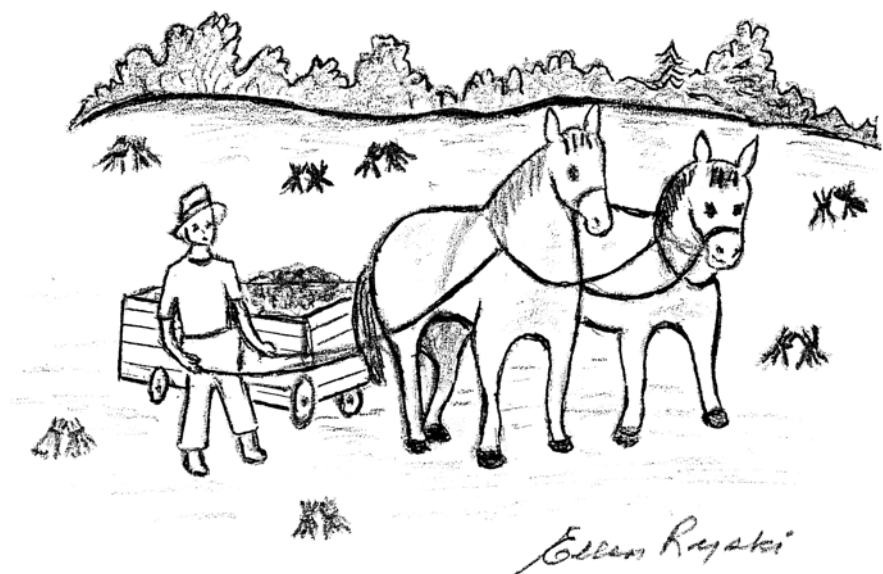
* * *

Baba's Cart

Lara Klymasz

In Baba's cart
What does she have?
Beets and carrots
To cook her borscht
Prunes and potatoes
To stuff her varenyky.
When all is done –
Not said –
Boil it slowly
So we can eat fast.

Winnipeg, 2009



Пам'яті п. Юлії Святило

Мар'ян Маркевич

Ве до 20 століття, віддалена від Європи, Канада з помірними кліматичними умовами у багатьох місцях, великою територією, негусто заселеною, та порівняно гуманним ставленням керівництва уряду до місцевих жителів — сприяла еміграції біженців з інших країн, де вони піддавалися утискам. Так у Канаді почали появлятися окремі групи різних національностей, в тому числі українці.

Багато об'єднувала релігія. Будували церкви. Приїжджали священики.

В 1910 р. відвідав і познайомився з багатьма містами Канади Львівський греко-католицький Митрополит Андрей Шептицький. В 1912 р. до найбільшої греко-католицької громади м. Вінніпег він направив Львівського єпископа Никиту Будку.

Після I Світової війни 1914 р. багато емігрантів-українців із Західної України, що належала до Австрійської імперії, яка провадила війну з Росією, що була у союзі з Англією — були інтерновані як громадяни ворожої держави і відбували покарання у шахтах. З часом усе вияснилося.

В 1918 році Україна здобула незалежність, але швидко Українська Самостійна Держава впала і вся Східна Україна була поневолена комуністичною Росією, а Західна — приєднана до Польщі.

Комуністична Росія і Польща подавляли національну свободу жителів України, що викликало спротив зі сторони українських патріотів, який з початком II Світової війни переріс в організований.

Частина українських націоналістів (ОУНБ) утворила Українську Повстанську Армію (УПА) під керівництвом генерала «Чупринки» (Романа Шухевича), яка почала об'єднувати партизанські загони на Волині в 1942 році і воювала проти німців і більшовиків. Її дії поширилися найбільше на всі області Західної України, Карпат та українських поселень у Польщі.

5 березня 1950 р. в с. Білогорща біля м. Львова в бою з червоноармійцями загинув генерал Роман Шухевич. Поступово була ліквідована УПА.

Друга частина українських націоналістів, що була проти такої тактики, надіялася з допомогою Німеччини якщо не утворити Самостійну Державу Україну, то хоча б отримати военний вишкіл, зброю і в разі поразки німців — утворити свою Українську армію.

Вони погодилися на утворення української дивізії «Галичина» в складі німецької армії весною 1943 р.

Генерал Роман Шухевич, як і Провід ОУНБ, був проти утворення дивізії, але з її виникненням направив туди своїх людей на керівні пости з особливим завданням і використовував дивізію з метою вишколу своїх вояків.

В одних і других була одна мета — утворення Самостійної Соборної Держави України.

У кінці II Світової війни українська дивізія «Галичина», що була розбита під Бродами більшовиками, влилася у новосформовану дивізію, яка ввійшла у новоутворену Українську армію під командуванням генерала Павла Шандрука, але була інтернована англійцями в Італії 1945 р. Знаходилася у полоні в м. Ріміні до 1947 р. Після звільнення частинами відправлена у США та Англію, а звідти багато виїхало до Канади.

Я бачив тих загартованих у битвах за Україну воїнів УПА та дивізії «Галичина» в 2005 році, коли вперше був у Канаді в м. Вінніпег. Вони радо розмовляли зі мною. Усіх турбувала доля України.

В 2010 році мене знову закинула доля до Канади у м. Калгарі, де в даний час проживає моя донька Наталія з родиною.



Вояки Української Повстанської Армії, приблизно 1943 р.

НАРОДНИЙ ОЛІМПАД

Будучи на Службі Божій в Українській Католицькій церкві Успення Пресвятої Богородиці в м. Калгарі замітив жінку, що перша з хористами, підпираючись паличкою, бодро йшла приймати Святе Причастя.

Це була п. Юлія Святило.

Після Служби Божої в церковному залі з людьми, які приїхали з України, часто співала українські народні патріотичні пісні, а мене запитала: «Скажіть! Буде Україна? Влада на Україні змінилася!».

Я відповів: «Буде! Подібні часи вже були».

Познайомилися. Розповідала про роки навчання в консерваторії м. Львова, де її сопрано а другим в Україні!

Зі зворушенням згадувала відправи Служб Божих у церкві Святого Юрія в м. Львові, де отримала благословення Митрополита Андрея Шептицького, чие рукопокладення відчуває по сьогоднішній день, хоч це був кінець 30-х років 20 століття.

Свідома українка щиро допомагала після Другої світової війни в 1945 р. Українській



Юлія Святило виступає.

Повстанській Армії, що діяла на території українських поселень у Польщі, де п. Юлія Святило народилася 23 червня 1923 р. у селі Малковичі.

При спробі передати підпільні документи була затримана працівниками комуністичної державної безпеки.

У тюрмі її жорстоко допитував слідчий, який катував, насміхався з її вервиці і хрестика. Вона за це докоряла йому, що зневажає Господа Бога, і він змінив тактику.

Так хрестик урятував її від смертної кари.

Торттури комуністичної влади були такі жорстокі, що полька, яка знаходилася з нею в одній камері — з князівського роду — не витримала і повісилася вночі над ліжком.

Юлія нікого не видала. Отримала засуд — 5 років позбавлення волі.

Була дуже побожна, возвеличуючи Його своїм співом у хорі церкви Успення Пресвятої Богородиці, Калгарі, і дуже переживала за долю України.

* * *

Роки летять

Марія Можилівска

Роки летять, летять неначе птиці
Та не вертаються вони назад.
Так часто ще нам юність сниться
Хоча у паспорті — вісімдесят!

Думками линею у своє минуле
До світлих, сонячних і чорних днів,
Гортаєм сторінки, що втратили, а що здобули.
І тягнуться вони ключем осінніх журавлів.

Зосталася давно одна на цьому світі,
Лиш трійцю діточок тулила до грудей.
Їм серце віддавала, щоби усіх зігріти,
Трималася, щоб все було, як у людей.

І виростили діти, наче колосочки.
Горнулися до матері, родинного тепла.
Синок любимий і двійнята-дочки
І мати з ними щастям зацвіла!

Коли приходять діти і онуки в хату,
То чути гомін, щастя, ніжний сміх —
Любов'ю повниться щаслива мати,
Всіх зігріває батьківський поріг.
[...]

Бажаєм радості, здоров'я, і любові,
Нехай Всевишній Бог вам сили додає
В думках, ділах, у кожному вашім слові
Благословенним, Боже, будь ім'я Твоє!

Едмонтон, 03.09.2011

Thoughts on My Father

By Ruth Zaryski Jackson

The priest swings the censer in a wide cross over the coffin and discordant harmonies of the Ukrainian Orthodox service fill my ears. Musty incense wafts into my nostrils as six pallbearers carry Dad's casket out the chapel's side door to the hearse which will take his body to the crematorium. I weep as I follow. I weep for my father who has left us finally and forever. I weep for the father I had and for the father I missed having.

On January 21, 2000, during the first sub-zero blizzard of the season, my father died. He'd reached the millennium, but his heart stopped three weeks later. He was 88.

We moved Dad to a nursing home only five months earlier when Mom could no longer cope. She nursed him at home for years as his mind became more and more tangled. Was it Alzheimer's or toxic metal exposure during a long welding career?

In the end his lungs failed him. A smoker from the age of 10, he'd given it up reluctantly in his 70s when diagnosed with a black spot on his right lung. Years later he forgot he'd stopped, started up again briefly, before forgetting again. The damage was done.

Major surgery prevented me from visiting for two months after Dad moved. I saw him only twice before a flu epidemic closed the nursing home to visitors. Before I could return with his Christmas pajamas, he died.

Our life-long relationship had been distant. We didn't clash openly, but rarely engaged. I learned early to get on with my life. I was a baby when he left for



Jack Zaryski in his youth.

18 months to work on construction of the Alaska Highway. He visited just once during that period when I was 14 months. The family story is: as he was leaving again, I held onto him tightly at Union Station, crying and wouldn't let go. When he returned he found my personality at 2½, defined by my mother and the residents of our rooming house.

Born in Galicia, Ukraine, in 1911, Dad spoke Ukrainian at home, Polish at school and later learned English. His own father

had been absent for seven years during WWI, then the civil war which followed, and returned when Dad was 10. As his father attempted to discipline and make a man of him, Dad rebelled, and at 16, immigrated alone to Canada. He never looked back, except once, when he cried upon hearing in 1947, his beloved younger brother never returned from the war.

Dad reported growing up in a "reasonably happy" family with five siblings. In 1914 WWI broke out, eventually disrupting his schooling and casting a pall over village life. They dodged flying bullets, billeted soldiers, and hid in cellars.

He played war games with friends during the quiet times. In the fabric of his early life, fear dwelt below the surface. The tumultuous history of Galicia made Dad a political animal and,

given other educational opportunities, he might have become a lawyer or a politician.

Few early photos of my father survive. On his passport, he appears younger than 16, a prominent widow's peak above hooded eyes and full lips. He looks determined with youthful bravado. In another, he sits on a dock with arms crossed displaying wiry strength,

“ The tumultuous history of Galicia made Dad a political animal and, given other educational opportunities, he might have become a lawyer or a politician. ”

wearing his bathing suit, black socks and dress shoes. In my earliest memory his hair had already thinned. He remained trim and muscular throughout his life, dressed well when he wasn't working in coveralls and prided himself on tasteful suits and Daks shoes. He wore a Humphrey Bogart-style fedora during the 1940s and 1950s.

"Eric," he told my son when he turned 16, "I going take you to buy good suit for very good price."

And he did.

Dad was fiercely proud of his family, but unsure in his role as father. After several missteps, Dad grasped his role as husband, but needed Mom's guidance to negotiate the nuances of living. He understood "bringing home the bacon" but left child-rearing to Mom.

"Wait till your father gets home!" she'd warn us when she reached her wit's end.

I resented Dad's willingness to strap us on her word alone. In my youngest brother Dad found a mirror image of himself and quickly judged and disowned his son. Despite Mom's attempts to mediate, Dad stubbornly held fast to his disappointment.

As a friend, his loyalty to those from his village exceeded all expectation. A dying friend moved into their living room and my parents cared for him. My father, as executor, carefully carried out the man's wishes, dealing with a resentful wife and daughter abandoned in Ukraine.

With his white-collar neighbours, he offered manual skills and connections to the trades. With his grandchildren, he was affectionate and playful, the way we'd wished he'd been as a father.

As I listen to the eulogies, I try to reconcile others' perceptions with the man I knew. He seems loved by many, but as a child, I often wondered if he loved me. He never expressed it until one day I pressed him, fearing he might not survive an ulcer operation.

He held Old Country prejudices, yet in his neighbourhood he got along with everyone. Religion was a

touchy subject. Raised Greek Catholic, where church formed the basis of village life, he resented Poland's attempts to convert them to Roman Catholicism. He had a love-hate relationship with Poles, yet some of his friends were Polish. I never knew him to attend church except on rare holidays, yet, as death approached, he announced he wanted the full Ukrainian Orthodox funeral service: cantors, incense and all.

This poem is about my paternal grandmother, Hannia Spodaryk Zarycka, who remained in Kasperivtsi after my father immigrated to Canada in 1928. No communication between them was possible during the war. She died in 1947.

Knowing You

By Ruth Zaryski Jackson

I never knew my Grandmother.
I stare at a stranger,
searching her tattered photograph for connection.

You're a part of me, Baba, but I don't know you.
My father said you were kind, never argued with your husband,
perfect, just like my mother.

No stories passed down save one: when a trigger-happy German soldier
shot you in the hip.
A door slammed.
You'd only bent over to pick up the fallen door knob.

Surviving this and more in the Old Country,
living out the war until 1947.

How I missed knowing you.

A version of this poem was published in Grandmothers' Necklace, Epic Press, 2010.



When I reflect on my father today, I wonder what of him I carry inside? Physically, I resemble my mother. Inside, I hold some of his tendencies: loyalty to friends and family, responsibility and stubbornness. We also share similar opposite traits: sociable and introverted, nervous yet confident. Perhaps I am my father's daughter after all.

Ruth Zaryski Jackson had a career of research, teaching, heritage planning and children. She is a published author www.memoirwritersworld.blogspot.com.



Nibbling on Bread

By Valentyna "Valya" Kasprzyk

I was not yet six years old when the famine (Holodomor) began in Ukraine. I still have memories of some things, but unfortunately not very many.

I could sense that something was going on, although I could not understand it. I remember one thing very well and that is my mother, Claudia, was crying. One day Mama came home with black bread in the form of a brick and called us four children together. She cut the bread into thin pieces and, crying, said, "My children, this small piece of bread is for the whole day." I took the piece of bread and hid it in my coat pocket. Throughout the day, I would run to the coat and nibble on that piece of bread. I did not see that my mother and father took bread for themselves.

I lived in the Donbas region in eastern Ukraine. Because the famine was not as severe there, many people walked to Donbas from other regions in central Ukraine and from Kharkiv in northern Ukraine. As well, people walked all the way from Voronezh, a region once belonging to Ukraine but taken over by Russians. Horrible stories were told by these desperate people of the terrible conditions in central and northern Ukraine. Throughout Ukraine, 10 million people were killed by starvation.

Some of the families became our neighbours and they shared their horrific stories. A family with six children from the Poltava region settled across the street from us. Their name was Svunarenko. I became very good friends with Maria, one of the children.

One day Maria asked me to go with her into the forest. It was springtime and we went to gather tubers from snowdrop flowers and tear bark off young trees. This was a source of food for us and our families. Then we would walk to the nearby hospital and gather potato and carrot peelings that were thrown onto a pile of waste near a creek. This was extremely dangerous for anyone, let alone two very young girls to be doing, as there were guards everywhere. We were very careful not to get caught.

My father, Damien, had a hiding place in the house. In a corner of a room was a triangular table and above the table on the walls hung icons of Sts. Nicholas and

Andrew and of angels, and the Mother of God icon was placed among them. [The Soviets had shut down churches and prohibited any religious worship during the communist era.] We prayed to them for help and protection. Under the table was a pit dug out by my father to store any food we were able to obtain through a network of friends and coworkers. The most



DAVID GILLANDERS

"Children of Odessa," winner of the 2005 international photographic contest "UNICEF Photo of the Year."

valuable food we could get was salted pork lard, called *salo*. This was like gold to us. My mother would cook potato soup and add onions fried in lard. This saved us from hunger and death. Thank God.

My father was a quiet and wise man who thought everything through thoroughly. Everywhere was danger. Undercover agents, the KGB [Soviet secret police], searched everywhere for food and if some was found, it was taken away and individuals and/or family members were heavily penalized. For example, black vehicles would unexpectedly arrive in the middle of the night and take people away to be sent to Ural [a Soviet territory similar to Siberia] by train for a sentence of hard labour.

The Great Famine in Ukraine from 1932-33 was a horrific human tragedy. My hope is that such an act of genocide never happens again.

Valentyna "Valya" Kasprzyk, 83, of Vancouver is one of very few remaining Holodomor survivors.



The Role Model

By Olga Kulchitska

It happens a lot in life: we see someone and wish to be like him or her — smart, wealthy, slim, beautiful, happy. The list goes on. I will tell you about one woman, whom I regarded as a good example to follow — still do — even though many years have passed.

The story took place in Ukraine. I was a university student, in my last year before getting a diploma to become an accountant. All the students in their last year had been sent to actual business offices for a six-month practicum. I was sent to a small office in a small town with a staff of six bookkeepers.

The chief officer was a 36-year-old woman, Albina, who was very knowledgeable and very professional, and everyone dealt with her respectfully. I admired her because she was not only smart but beautiful as well. She had a nice shapely figure and walked slowly with self-confidence. Her hair was always neat, her nails looked like she had never done any housework and her clothes fit like a glove. No matter what the weather — rain or snow — she came with clean footwear. Keep in mind that there were no real sidewalks in the town. She walked to work from her nearby home, where she lived with her husband, a military army officer, their two children — both students — and her mother-in-law.

The two-room office we worked in was in an old one-storey building heated by a wood stove, which was built into the wall and looked like a small fireplace. It was wintertime and a janitor came in early to start a fire so when the employees arrived they could work in comfort.

But one snowy Monday morning we came to work and there was no difference in the temperature inside and outside of the office. Everyone was wondering what happened? Why was there no heat? Albina arrived and made a few phone calls. We found out the janitor, who lived in a village far from town, got sick and was not coming in. A director arrived and promised to send someone from the team of loaders to help us. In about an hour a man arrived, only to find a stack of logs he had to chop first before starting the fire.

Now, let me describe the man. He was about 40 years old, short, thin, unshaven, wearing a very much

worn-out jacket and not very happy with the job he had been asked to do, especially since it looked like he had spent the weekend drinking. Slowly, but not too precisely, he chopped the wood. Most pieces fell away from the stump and he picked them up in slow motion. Time was passing...

We had our winter clothes on and were shivering. Our fingers were nearly frozen; we could not keep pens in our hands. Some of the girls were wearing woolen gloves. That didn't make for very productive work.

Albina looked in the window from time to time to see the man working in the front yard. I could see she was angry but trying not to show her feelings. But there was a limit to her patience. She stood up, took off her jacket and went out. She walked up to the man, took the axe from him and started chopping the wood. She was doing it like a pro. Precisely!



The man was standing by, looking like a guilty dog. I could not stop watching this scene and admiring the woman. In no time, the pile of wood was ready to pick up, and the embarrassed man brought it to the office. Albina started the fire and an hour later the office was warm.

I'll never forget that day. Now, years later, having immigrated to Vancouver where I now live and work it helps me to remember that sometimes when we want something done, it may be quicker to just pick up the heavy axe with our manicured nails and impeccable clothing and do it ourselves!

Olga Kulchitska lives in Vancouver.



Франція, Канада, Польща, Україна

Стефанія Солтикевич



Коли мені було п'ять років, моя сестра Марійка мене взяла за руку й разом ми пішли до школи. Її було жаль мене саму лишити вдома. Так я почала науку в школі.

Роки минали, і я старалася якнайкраще вчитися і мати успіхів. Історія мене не цікавила, тільки географія, тому що я хотіла знати сторони світу, де які країни існували. Найбільше мене цікавило, де є зимна Канада й льодова Аляска. Моя мама розповідала, що має хресну доню в Канаді. Її мама й моя були односельчани в Україні.



Стефанія Солтикевич

Коли я не могла дістати роботу в моїм бажанні заняття, я рішила відвідати Канаду. У 1952-му році моя мрія сповнилася. Лишила родичів, сестру й брата й сама далеко поїхала в новий край, де мій другий брат уже перебував. На кораблі я пізнала трое дівчат в моїх роках, що також рішили відвідати Канаду.

Коли я приїхала до Монреалю, я була здивована почути таку гарну французьку мову. А ще більше була здивована, коли поїзд зупинився у Вінніпезі й я пішла до малої крамниці й почула українську мову і покуштувала мій перший "donut". Я була певна, що в Канаді тільки говорять по-англійському.

Моя подорож поїздом до Едмонтону була дуже сумна, чулася як сирота. Через вікно бачила тільки поля і ліси. Було хмарно, бо це був листопад, але пару днів минуло і я відчула, що я тут остануся, що я тут належу. Мій другий найважливіший етап мого життя почався.

Перший рік не був легкий. Надійшла зима, і я мусіла собі купити теплі чоботи й плащ.

Рано їхала автобусом до праці, а верталася

пішком чотири кілометри, коли було мінус 30. Треба було ошадити 10 центів платні за автобус.

Після першої платні я купила собі машину до друку — Smith-Corona — що я тримаю на пам'ятку. Нею я вправляла друкування. У другій праці для уряду я пережила велику дискримінацію. Моя англійська мова не була пливна, але мета була здобути пошану й співпрацю других робітників.

В Канаді щойно я відчула, що я є українкою. Дістала мій перший буквар і вчилася писати й читати українською мовою. Я не могла сповнити це бажання у Франції, бо там не існували українські книжки.

Велика радість, коли я одружилася. Як нова пара ми були одні з перших членів установити українську католицьку церкву св. Юрія, де я відразу вписалася до нового відділу Марійської Дружини. Була благословенна трьома дітьми, в хаті була тільки українська мова. Наш син пішов до школи, не знаючи англійської мови, але перейшов перший клас відмінно.

Ми старалися виховувати дітей християнським, культурним знанням: українська церква, рідна школа, курси українознавства, хор, фортепіано, танці й Пласт. Це дало радість бачити наших дітей, хоч і в Канаді, українцями, які виростили, таборували, виступали в українському середовищі.

“ В Канаді щойно я відчула, що я є українкою. ”

Були часи, де не було легко в українській громаді. Були критикування, чому тут або там належати.

У 1991-му році я була вибрана головою Марійської Дружини, жіночий відділ при церкві. Парох В. Тарнавський в мені відчув відповідальність, а я поважно взяла на себе такий великий обов'язок. Через журбу, працю й серйозне наставлення між членкинь я знайшла велике задоволення, коли від перших загальних зборів з участю кількох членок за пару років велике число жінок стали активними членкинями.

В Канаді плило життя з обов'язками й радістю, але, на жаль, я пережила найбільший удар життєвий — втрату мого улюбленого мужа. Мої дорогі молоді діти допомогли мені пережити горе мого сумного життя.

З материнськими обов'язками я відчула захоплення пізнати рідний край України, де мої родичі й муж народилися й жили. В 1981 році, коли я почувала, що є перше турне відвідати Україну, я відразу рішила, що таку нагоду не можна опустити, і я поїхала відвідати цей мені незнаний край. Моя подорож, хоч дуже цікава, була сумна, бо Україна була під радянським режимом, також я відчула терпіння народу.

Літо 2010 року було для мене унікальним. Мій син Орест мене запитав, чи я хотіла також відвідати церкву, що того року сповнилося 500 років існування. Він з родиною планував це, щоби його сини побачили церкву, де їх прадід був парохом, а дідо провадив хором. Я дуже радо рішила поїхати.

Ми відвідали стару дерев'яну греко-католицьку церкву Вознесіння Господнього в Улючі над Сяном, в лісі на горі Дубник на території Польщі, колишній українській землі. Вона сьогодні найстарша зі всіх дерев'яних церков у Польщі. Її побудовано в 1510-1517 роках. В 1946-му році польське військо увійшло в село й спалило рідний Улюч.

Велике відсвяткування відбулося в травні 2010

року з участю трьох владик і десяти священиків з Польщі й з України. Помолилися при могилі послідного пароха отця Ореста Солтикевича, і співом літургію прикрасив хор з Перемишля та зі Львова.

Щоб нас запровадити до церкви, на нас чекав з великою присвятою пан Холявка. Він був роджений в Улючі й добровільно доглядає площу біля церкви та пам'ятає про родину Солтикевич. Відвідання цієї церкви було для нас дуже емоційне.

Коли я так близько була до України, я дуже радо відвідала чудовий, історичний Львів. В прекрасній церкві св. Юрія віддано молилася до матері Божої подякою за таку унікальну нагоду та також за нарід в Україні, щоб дізнав належну, правдиву свободу. Найзворушливіший момент для

мене був, коли з приятелькою з Едмонтону, Іриною Лошук, ми зайшли вниз церкви побачити крипту, де спочиває св. пам'яті митрополит Шептицький і патріарх Йосиф Сліпий. Яке тихе святе місце.

Щасливо я вернулася до моєї Канади, думаючи, чи то не дійсно є мій рідний край?

Стефанія Солтикевич, Едмонтон, Альберта.



Церква Вознесіння Господнього.



The Great Perogy Eat-Off

By Marion Mutala

There are many food contests in the world, challenges of enormous magnitude. Some of them Ukrainian and some not, like the hot chili pepper eating contest in Vancouver, or Saskatoon's own King of Kielbasa eating contest and garlic eating challenge.

For me, I will always remember the perogy eating contest my baby brother challenged my brother-in-law to, in the spring of 1973. Yes, he was my baby brother, but a baby he was not. Rocky was the youngest child

in a family of ten and the youngest boy of three, but as fate would have it, he turned out to be the giant of the family.

His final adult height reached 6 feet 4 inches and he weighed in the neighbourhood of 220 lbs. By today's standards, not really a big guy, but in the 1960s and 1970s this size was considered enormous. I have two nephews taller today, reaching 6 feet 6 inches, but they do not have the shoe or hand size of my younger brother. The 1970s was before the time of the extra

large shoes found in stores and the mega-sized NBA basketball players from the States. We lived in small town Saskatchewan, and larger size shoes were unavailable to us, country folk. At fifteen, Rocky's feet and hands had grown to his maximum potential; his hands equal to the size of an actual baseball glove and his feet, size 15, were wide like a small canoe. When this contest took place, however, my brother, only 15 years old, had not reached his actual height. Rocky was only 5 feet 5 inches – short in stature – but he was hungry and eating all the time.

Not having witnessed the actual contest, the word on the street was that Rocky challenged my brother-in-law to a perogy meltdown, a pedahay eatery, a varenyky contest to decide who could eat a maximum number of those white, delicate morsels for

supper. This, too, was before the introduction of mega meals, the super gulps and the great buffet of China smorgasbords now introduced into our North American diet.

My mother, Sophie, being of Ukrainian descent would take it upon herself to make perogies when visiting other folk. If Sophie came to see you she would take over your kitchen. For Mom to go on a holiday and spend the day making perogies at your house was not unusual behaviour.

When Sophie started to make perogies, it was a task in itself and a full day's work. She would put on her babushka, tie it to the back of her head and accompany it with her baba apron. A floured baba brooch was often located dead centre on her apron. She would proceed to clear off the entire kitchen table, as it was needed in order to get down to business.

This was no easy task and perogy making was a serious undertaking. Sophie was a careful cook having survived the Great Depression and had known hunger pains in her life. Her kitchen was her domain and on very rare occasions she let her children cook. Those times, she watched over us suspiciously with her eagle eyes. Truthfully, she never really trusted us in the kitchen for fear we might waste any precious dough, potatoes or cottage cheese, or ruin her reputation as master chef.

Let us proceed with the perogy contest...

On one side, you have my fifteen-year-old, hormonal

brother, going through puberty, growing, growing, growing and hungry, hungry, hungry, all the time. I remember, when he came home from basketball practice he would go straight to the fridge and drink an entire milk jug straight from the gallon, kind of like a shooter or shot of *horilka*. Straight up and down it went in its entirety. He would then munch on an entire solid brick, of yellow, cheddar cheese for a snack.

In the other corner, we have my big, brother-in-law, an adult male, 40 years old, 6 feet 4, 240 pounds, with size 12 shoes. To protect the guilty, let us call him Mykala or Mikey as you know he eats anything. He was a fully grown garbage gut. One might think the challenge was lopsided, a 15-year-old versus a 40-year-old. However, knowing both contestants well, the challenge

was fair; the opponents were on equal footing. It was not as if one had the

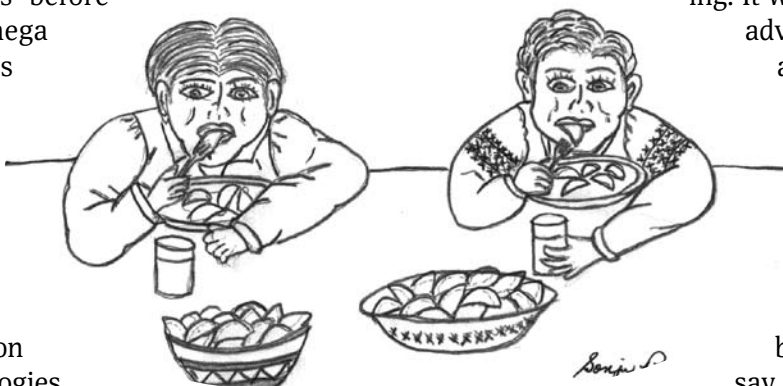
advantage over the other... a lightweight fighting a heavyweight... the size unequal. But the appetite for food, and especially perogies, was equal.

At family functions, my younger brother, Rocky, would say, "Where are the

perogies?" Or, "Are there going to be any perogies there?" – a very important question when you are attending a Ukrainian family function.

So let the eat-off begin. Sophie was in fine form and could keep up with the best of them. She worked furiously in the kitchen, cutting, rolling, pressing and filling those perfect-sized perogies. Rocky and Mikey were wolfing them down... consuming them by the dozens.

Now remember, I was not a material witness to the episode, but had often seen both Rocky and Mikey, on other occasions, munch down their food. It was not a pretty sight. This showdown was a familiar scene as I had often observed my mother making perogies many times in her life. I can imagine the shenanigan in its entirety and wonder, "How does Sophie do it? How many perogies does Sophie make? How quickly can Sophie work?" A normal perogy dough recipe consists of 2 cups of flour making roughly 48 perogies or 4 dozen. I have observed my mom make 1,200 perogies at a time, freeze them on cookie sheets, enough to feed an entire Ukrainian family for about a month and then do it all again, the next day. Mom was an amazing worker.



Let the count down begin... Oden, dva, tre... a finger count, then resorting to paper, four sticks and a line crossed through for every five perogies. No mistakes in counting could be made. I am sure August, my dad, was doing the counting for he was always up for a good challenge and might even have encouraged the escapade.

On numerous occasions I have been to the Saskatoon Exhibition and eaten at the booths served by any of the Ukrainian church groups. I have noted the following about the plate size. One can buy 1 kielbasa, 3 perogies and 2 cabbage rolls for the variety plate, 6 perogies for the perogy plate or 2 cabbage rolls and 4 perogies, a mixed platter costing you about six bucks. I wonder what they would have charged for 100 perogies?

These two guys were not eating any meat or cabbage rolls, just sticking with perogies. It was a perogy eating contest. So they ate and ate and ate... thirty each and going strong. I love my perogies and in my youth and maybe even today, I could eat a dozen of Mom's delicious "doosha, doosha, dobre" perogies. If I was really hungry, I could eat two dozen... as I like my food and love perogies. However, the more one eats of those critters, the more stuffed one gets and soon the stomach starts to feel like lead and sleepiness takes over. Thirty perogies would definitely be my limit.

Imagine Sophie's dilemma... She loves it when people eat her food as it is a compliment to her culinary art. But to keep up with these hungry guys after 50 each? I think even Sophie rolled her eyes and said,

"Vzhe dosyt," enough already! Not because she wants them to go hungry, but at 75 perogies each! I see her shaking her head and saying, "Chekai, chekai, just you wait and see." Hitting 90 a piece, Mom would be certain she had raised a couple of oinkers. At 95, she would know it for sure and say something like, "Save some perogies for the starving Africans."

Make no mistake, a family challenge is a family challenge and determination sets in at the end. Once Rocky set his mind to the task, his goal of 100 perogies would be reached. Rocky was determined to reach the finish line. The sweet sound of 100 to Rocky's ears was apparent as he imagined the cheers at the end of the finish line. Mikey, coming in a close second, was only able to eat 99 perogies and tossed in his fork.

What happened next, I cannot say having not been there that fate-filled day. But as sure as my name is Marusia, I will always remember and hear about that perogy contest of 1973. Family functions are the time to brag and do silly things. That is the price you pay, when you live in a dysfunctional, Ukrainian family of ten. The winner that day was definitely a 15-year-old boy from Kenaston, Saskatchewan, a provincial basketball winner and guitar picker named Rocky, alias Bigfoot.

Marion Mutala has taught for 30 years. Her bestselling, award-winning book (Anna Pidruchney Award) was the number one selling children's book at McNally Robinson (2010). Baba's Babushka: A Magical Ukrainian Christmas Eve is in its second printing. Baba's Babushka: A Magical Ukrainian Easter will soon be released. www.babashbabushka.ca.



Bishop Budka with a group of children, Winnipeg, 1922. Seated with the bishop are Fr. Teodorovych, Petro Ksiv (bishop's secretary), and Fr. Filipiw.

I Won't Be Humiliated Again!

By Elsie (Lesia Kubrak) Kawulich

During the 1930s life was very difficult. Elsie, whose parents had come from Ukraine, had to work outdoors and perform other household chores. She went to school without a word of English. Often the teacher asked her questions which she could only answer in Ukrainian. One day she did just that! She was hassled by the teacher many times.

At that time, Ukrainian Catholic children had to go to Roman Catholic schools. If you preferred the public school you had to deny your faith. Discrimination was everywhere. You walked on a different side of the street or sat in a different section of the theatre if you attended the Catholic school. If you had a Ukrainian name, you could not get a job without changing it. When I went to school, there was no such name as Lesia so the nuns gave me an English name: Elsie.

Because I wanted to attend university I had to take grade 12 in the public school. That was allowed because my dad had two homes and one tax could go to

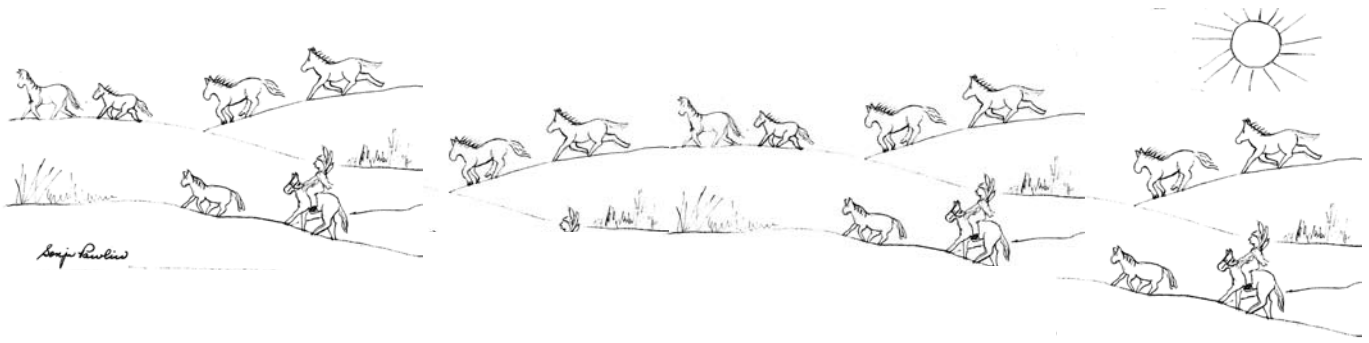
the public system. When I started math classes with the principal he treated me like a child in grade one. For a month I had to go to the blackboard while being humiliated. He asked me to write number 1 and add another 1 to ask: does it add up to 2? Always there were comments how simple the nuns were and therefore they could teach us nothing. When it was time for the principal to sign the university application it was even worse. He told me that Ukrainian women do not go to school: they marry, live on a farm and feed pigs. After much pleading he finally signed and I proved him wrong. I graduated from university, became a District Home Economist and then taught home economics. I have received many honours and awards.

This fighting spirit has challenged me throughout my life. I think this is why I am so involved in Ukrainian activities.

Elsie Kawulich is a prominent UCWLC member. Among her many awards are The Alberta Order of Excellence and Volunteer of the Year for Vegreville, 2002.



Benjamin Pauline



Returning the Favour

By Oksana Bashuk Hepburn

Lying back on a snowy day following the 2010 presidential elections in Ukraine which squeaked in Viktor Yanukovych by 3.5% – but that’s another story – I get into a discussion about politics and life with Lawrentij – Lawrence to the Angliks, he explains. He’s a fellow member of the nearly 300-strong Canadian observer mission that went there. What made him volunteer?

I learn that it took about a century to formulate the answer.

I learn his forebears, from Volyn’ – and he, fourth generation Canadian-Ukrainian, observed in the nearby Vinnitsya region – were dropped at the end of the train line on the Saskatchewan steppes – prairies in Canadian Anglik. He laughs, a sad laugh, not so much at his choice of word as at the dread that the dropping of a wagon-full of humans onto the foreign, barren land in the early 1900s must have been.

Harsh is inadequate to describe how it all began for them: an epic equivalent to today’s first settlement on the moon – without the telecommunication! But their strong will and resourcefulness sustained them through the merciless 40-below winters in a dugout in the side of the hill with melted snow for water, ice fishing for food and hope in their hearts. *Jakos vytrymaly*. Somehow they survived. In the next years there was a house, then houses, then a church and a school that also served for weddings and christenings and wakes for the dead. Many dead. And a place to shed tears for the life left behind for “a better one”. This is better, they asked?

Years pass, Lawrentij continues. It’s World War I and Ukrainian men of the prairies are herded into internment camps – some as far away as Banff – to build the Banff Springs Hotel, you know.

“We had four big men taken from our family. The RCMP just came and marched them off. My great

aunt used to tell me that when her husband returned a few years later, he was not the same... a shadow of his former kozak self. Skin and bones, he was, and complained of a pain inside him. He lay on the bed for weeks. Then died. Why? Why was he taken away, she would cry? For collaborating with the enemy. Collaborating? Came over as an eight-year-old kid and with luck there were one-two letters from home a year. Collaborating!”

There were the slights, the beatings, the name-calling of those damn bohonks “polluting the purity of established folk”. Later, newly arrived DPs swelling centres like Winnipeg and Toronto – even smaller Saskatchewan towns – were told to speak English or go back where you came from! Sympathies for survivors of war, famine and refugee camps had yet to penetrate Canada’s thinking; immigrant resettlement programs were decades away. And the value of multilingualism? Unheard of in the then land of the free.

“So after a hundred years of my family being Canadian, I go back,” says the present owner of several agriculture implement businesses, one not too far from where the original agriculture specialists (give them their correct title, he insists), his forbears from Ukraine, huddled that first year or so. Lawrentij’s in a 4,000-square-foot house now; a couple of condos in Whistler; ditto for Arizona.

“Why did I go back? I went to make sure the elections were fair; that Ukraine, the divine source of my family – hundreds of us in the last family reunion picture – will thrive, as we have in Canada. We’re the descendent of best agricultural specialists in the world. In their day, they made Canada a number one global agricultural powerhouse. And that’s something.”

Then he tells me a story his grandfather, Dido Ivan, used to tell him. This happened in the Ituna, Saskatchewan area, he says, near where the *buda*, hovel, used

to be. "I love this story," his face is soft as he nestles into Dido's lap. And this is how he tells it.

So after a few years — around 1911, he thinks it was — of settlement on the homestead, Dido Ivan, or John, has acquired several — about twenty — horses... heavy ones, for hard work around the farm. In winter the horses are let go to fend for themselves — there's no barn yet — to graze far and wide for tufts of dry grass. You know, hither thither with the head in the snow and there's lunch. In the spring Dido Ivan goes looking for them and brings them back — a big job, as big as the prairie.

One night it's very cold. The snow blizzard is whitening out everything standing. Can't see a thing but a white wall through the windows. The family is getting ready for bed when there's a knock on the door. A giant of an Indian from the nearby Little Black Bear Reserve stands at the door.

"Ours didn't speak Cree; they didn't speak Ukrainian. Forget about English. There wasn't an Anglik in sight. Ninety per cent were Ukrainian; the rest, Cree," says Dido.

The man is shivering. Dido gets the message and asks the Big Cree to come in. Then his wife enters and the rest follow: eight freezing little kids. Baba feeds them some soup, lays fur pelts and blankets on the floor and the new family settles down. In the morning they leave, each with a slice of good Ukrainian bread.

Lawrentij's look pierces me as if to see whether I am capable of comprehending the thin divide between life and death — a slice of bread or starvation — that was Canada's winter just a few generations ago.

One fine spring day a man on horseback appears on the horizon. Chores stop and everyone waits to see what's what. It's the Big Cree and behind him a line of Dido's horses. The Indian is returning the favour.

Lawrentij looks at me again with great human understanding. "And that is why I went to Ukraine as a Canadian observer," he says, eyes glistening, "to return the favour."

Oksana Bashuk Hepburn has been a frequent election observer in Ukraine.

* * *

Естафети

Ліна Костенко

Різні бувають естафети.
Міщани міщанам передають буфети,
Заяложені ложки, тупі ножі,
Глупоту свою і думки чужі.

Різні бувають естафети.
Воїни воїнам передають багнети.
Майстри майстрам — свої таємниці,
Царі царям — укази й темниці.

Різні бувають естафети.
Передають поетам поети
З душі у душу,
Із мови в мову
Свободу духу і правду слова,
Не промінявши на речі тлінні —
На славолюбство і на вигоду.
І не зронивши.
Бо звук падіння
Озветься болем в душі народу.

ВНЕСОК CONTRIBUTING

Шлях

Ліна Костенко

Агей, передні!
Не робіть затору.
Чого спинились?
Вирушайте в путь.
Якщо вам тяжко їхати під гору, —
ті, що за вами, вас переженуть.

Обійдем шлях по висоті обочин,
де квіти мають бурштиновий мед.
... Пробачте, бджоли, ми їх потолочим,
нам конче треба рухатись вперед.

Аби ніхто від ноші не схилився
і не пристав, не вибився із сил...
Бо хто в путі надовго зупинився,
на того шаром осідає пил.

ОРГАНІЗАТОР Єпископ Никита Будка

2012 р. — 100 років від приїзду першого
Католицького Єпископа Блаженного
Мученика Никити Будки до Канади



Bishop Nykyta Budka The ORGANIZER

2012 marks 100 years from the arrival
of the first Ukrainian Catholic Bishop in
Canada, Blessed Martyr Nykyta Budka

- 7 червня 1877 р. — народився в селі Добромірка, Збаразького повіту, Західної України, в сім'ї Михайла та Марії Будки
- 14 жовтня 1905 р. — висвячений на священника у Львові Митрополитом Андреем Шептицьким
- 12 липня 1912 р. — призначений Єпископом для Українців Католиків Канади, а 13 жовтня висвячений на Єпископа Митрополитом Андреем Шептицьким
- 22 грудня 1912 р. — інсталяція в церкві Св. Миколая, як першого Українського Єпископа для українців в Канаді
- 1912-1927 рр. — розбудував міцну основу для Української Католицької Церкви в Канаді та досягнув великих успіхів
- 1927 р. — через поганий стан здоров'я повертається до Львова, де служить як помічник Єпископа Андрея Шептицького
- 10 квітня 1946 р. — разом з Митрополитом Сліпим та вісьмома іншими єпископами заарештовано радянською владою за працю в підпільній семінарії, відправляв у 1939 р. панахиди жертвам більшовицького терору, агітував за відокремлення України від СРСР — і засуджено до 8 років каторжних робіт та відправлено до табору в Караганді
- 6 жовтня 1949 р. — вмирає в таборі в Караганді, Казахстан
- 27 липня 2001 р. — Блаженний Іван Павло II під час свого пастирського візиту в Україну беатифікував Блаженного Мученика Української Католицької Церкви Єпископа Никиту Будку та 28 інших діячів-страждальників УГКЦ, як визнання героїзму за віру всіх українських вірних підчас окупаційних терорів Другої Світової Війни



Блаженний Єпископ
Никита Будка арештований
Радянською владою. Blessed
Bishop Martyr Nykyta Budka
arrested by the Soviet regime.

З АРХІВУ СБУ



ОСЯГИ ✧ ACHIEVEMENTS

1912: Prior to Bishop Nykyta Budka's Arrival

- 13 Diocesan priests
- 5 Basilian Fathers
- 4 Redemptorist Fathers from Belgium
- 4 French Canadian priests who became Byzantine
- 80 churches and chapels throughout Canada
- 100,000 faithful

1927: Upon Bishop Nykyta Budka's Departure

- 1 bishop
- 29 secular priests
- 18 religious, Basilian and Redemptorist
- 25 Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate
- 299 parishes and missions throughout Canada
- over 200,000 faithful
- 26 evening schools
- Basilian Novitiate in Mundare, Alberta
- Redemptorists Novitiate in Yorkton, Saskatchewan
- St. Joseph's College, Yorkton, Saskatchewan
- Sacred Heart School in Yorkton, Saskatchewan
- 5 orphanages
- 1 Ukrainian Catholic Press
- St. Nicholas all-day bilingual school in Winnipeg

*Material from the 2012 Jubilee Church Calendar
of the Sts. Vladimir and Olga Cathedral, Winnipeg,
produced by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael Buyachok.*

The Impact of Michael Luchkovich

The First Ukrainian-Canadian Member of Parliament

By Orysia Sopinka-Chwaluk

The Canadian Lemko Association is celebrating its 50th anniversary this year. For this special occasion, I have written a series of three articles about distinguished individuals who come from a Lemko background that

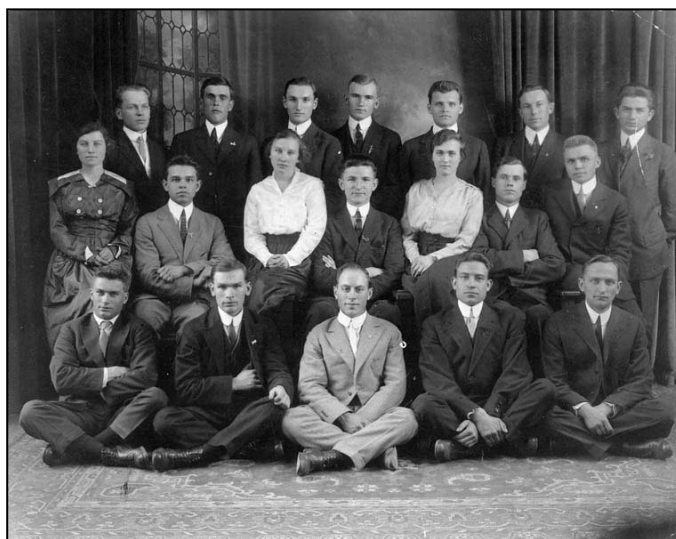
“In August 1926, he was the first Ukrainian Member of Parliament to be elected to the House of Commons and from then on, his speeches had an everlasting effect on Canadian society.”

have made major contributions to Canadian society. This first one is about Michael Luchkovich, the first Ukrainian (Lemko) Canadian parliamentarian. A Lemko is a person who comes from Lemkivshchyna. This territory, located on the Lower Beskid Mountains, was once a part of Rus-Ukraine but later was conquered by Poland, Hungary, Austro-Hungary and finally divided between Poland and Slovakia. According to the ethnographer Roman Reinfuss, the northern boundary of Lemkivshchyna goes as far north as the city Riashiv, the eastern boundary is the valley of the Oslava River, the southern one the Polish-Slovak border, and the western boundary is the Prograd River. The Lemkos got their name by using the word “lem” which means only. Other Ukrainian neighbours gave them this name because it was unique to their dialect. Ethnographers, in the first half of the 19th century, had replaced the name Rusyn or Rusnak with Lemko in their writing.

Michael Luchkovich's parents came from the Novij Sanch district, Lemkivshchyna, in 1887. They arrived in a town called Shamokin, Pennsylvania, where coal mining was the main industry. Michael was born in 1893. He started speaking English at home while his older sisters were fluent in Ukrainian. All three ended up moving to Manitoba to teach school. By working together with a group of Ukrainian teachers, he slowly learned the language until he became perfectly fluent. Continuing his studies at the University of Alberta, he paid his way by teaching during the summer months and eventually received a permanent teaching position. In 1917, he was elected as president of the first Ukrainian Teacher's Convention in Alberta.

“Luchkovich introduced an amendment to the criminal code stating that defamatory remarks, spoken or published, would be an offence.”

However, Michael's passion was politics and he liked to attend the farmer's conventions to hear about their progress. In 1926, he was chosen to be the delegate to the United Farmers of Alberta Federal Constituency Political Convention. His speech to the farmers was witty, eloquent and satirical. In August 1926, he was the first Ukrainian Member of Parliament to be elected to the House of Commons and from then on, his speeches had an everlasting effect on Canadian society. The one on May 28, 1929, was exceptional.



First Ukrainian Teacher's Convention in Alberta.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

“ Luchkovich was also a huge proponent of multiculturalism and believed that immigrants should respect each other’s differences and live side by side but at the same time contribute to Canadian society. ”

A protestant bishop was insulting Eastern Europeans by calling them dirty, ignorant and non-preferred immigrants as opposed to preferred British immigrants. He was insinuating that more of the non-preferred were entering Canada at the time and that reunification with families should not take place. His comments were published by national newspapers and were having a negative effect on all Canadians. Luchkovich introduced an amendment to the criminal code stating that defamatory remarks, spoken or published, would be an offence. His bill never passed the necessary three readings because he was defeated in the 1935 election. However, today, section 13.1 of the Canadian Human Rights Act forbids any speech that might cause an offence to people on the grounds of race, religion, gender or sexual orientation. The bishop had also fabricated stories about a deluge of signed petitions coming to Ottawa against a new immigration policy and about non-preferred immigrants electing their own members to Parliament. Luchkovich researched the immigrant problem and proved to Parliament that there were less immigrants coming from eastern European countries than perceived and that many skilled workers were leaving for America and needed to be replaced.

Another important debate he participated in was the Polish Pacification of Ukraine led by General Pidsulsky. According to the Treaty of Versailles, Ukraine-Galicia was suppose to have local autonomy – the

“ ... section 13.1 of the Canadian Human Rights Act forbids any speech that might cause an offence to people on the grounds of race, religion, gender or sexual orientation. ”

right to its own language and teaching it in elementary schools – but under the “supervision” of Poland. Instead, Poland’s policy was to absorb Ukraine’s territory and Polonize Ukrainians. The Polish army went around Galician villages terrorizing villagers, brutally beating them, burning crops and arresting the intelligentsia to prevent opposition to its reign. Luchkovich



UKRAINIAN CANADIAN CONGRESS
ALBERTA PROVINCIAL COUNCIL

exposed the lies of the Polish government in Parliament. Under the guise of fighting bolshevism, the Poles were pacifying – suppressing – Ukrainians and rebuilding their empire. He then proposed an investigation into the atrocities upon the Ukrainian minority in Poland. Six petitions were sent to the League of Nations on behalf of Ukrainians in Poland. In 1931, he represented Canada at the International Inter-Parliamentary Union Congress in Romania where he became aware of the impotence of the League of Nations and the difficulties in solving the national minority problem – the Ukrainian problem – in Poland. Luchkovich was also a huge proponent of multiculturalism and believed that immigrants should respect each other’s differences and live side by side but at the same time contribute to Canadian society.

“ In 1931, he represented Canada at the International Inter-Parliamentary Union Congress in Romania where he became aware of the impotence of the League of Nations and the difficulties in solving the national minority problem – the Ukrainian problem – in Poland. ”

Having lost the election of 1935 by a narrow vote, he became a grocery shop owner. When he wasn’t in his store, he was translating or writing books. He authored the following books: *A Canadian-Ukrainian in Parliament*, *My Memoirs* and edited the *Anthology: Their Land, Ukrainian Short Stories*. In 1946, he prepared a brief for the Ukrainian Canadian Committee to present to the Senate advocating for more Ukrainian immigrants to come to Canada. He passed away in 1973.

The University of Alberta offers the Michael Luchkovich Scholarship for Career Development three times a year. In 1986 an award was created in his name for an Alberta parliamentarian who performs exemplary public service.

Orysia Sopinka-Chwaluk is an occasional teacher, French tutor and a translator.



Through Pier 21 to Freedom

By Marika Dubyk

The winds of change were blowing across Ukraine when Hrytz Terebenetz, my grandmother's brother, was born in 1896. His close-knit community could not have guessed that over the next 50 years, many would scatter across all corners of the world, and that Hrytz would become a pioneer, an explorer and settler in a new land.

Hrytz was born in Tsetulia, a large Ukrainian village in northwestern Ukraine known as Galicia, which was ruled by Emperor Franz-Joseph of the Austro-Hungarian empire. He was baptized in the Ukrainian Catholic Church of St. Michael where there were 1,599 registered parishioners. It was a village where education and church were highly valued. These pre-war years were uncomplicated and promising.

At 16, Hrytz moved to the city of Peremyshl to attend a school for cantors where he studied music, learned to play the violin and sing liturgical songs. His upbringing in the village and his cantor education would serve him well in his pioneer life.

With the start of WWI, 18-year-old Hrytz was drafted into the Austro-Hungarian Army. He fought on many battle fronts and was injured twice. As Austro-Hungary was nearing its collapse and even before his injuries were healed, he joined the Ukrainian Sich Riflemen Army (Sichovi Striltsi) who were fighting for Ukraine's independence, which they established in 1918.

Ukraine's independence was short lived. After three years of battling bolsheviks, Russian monarchists, Poles, Romanians, large anarchist armies and even a French army, the exhausted and spent Ukrainian armies were defeated. The interim government collapsed and on December 6, 1919, the units were demobilized.

After the war Hrytz saw the division of Ukraine into east and west. Eastern Ukraine went under Soviet Union occupation and Western Ukraine under Polish occupation. Both armies hunted down Ukrainian Nationalists, particularly members of the Ukrainian people's army, the Sich Riflemen.



Pioneer children in picture in Vegreville, Alberta: 1937 "Ridna Shkola" (Ukrainian School) with teacher Hrytz Terebenetz.

To avoid drawing attention and persecution on his family, Hrytz could not live in Tsetulia. Instead, he moved to the Ternopil District where he wed and settled. Fearing he could be discovered at any time, Hrytz decided to move again. As luck would have it, Canada was recruiting immigrants and Hrytz was able to collect the required amount of money for one ticket. He planned to send for his family once he earned enough money for their passage. Little did he know that the Great Depression was still ahead of him.

According to Canadian Archives, Hrytz arrived at Pier 21, Halifax, on April 27, 1928, on the Holland America ship *Volendam*. He was 32 years old.

The first and largest wave of approximately 170,000 Ukrainian settlers arrived between 1891 and 1914. Hrytz was one of an estimated 68,000 Ukrainian immigrants who arrived in the inter-war years between 1924 and 1939. Like other settlers, he was offered a homestead allotment of 160 acres in the prairies for \$10.00.

Hrytz the cantor, turned freedom fighter, became Harry the pioneer and teacher.

For the next 32 years he worked on his homesteads, first in northern Alberta, then in northeast Saskatchewan in the communities of Gronlid and Melfort. The Ukrainian pioneer community became his family. He helped build churches and schools and taught the choir in communities and parishes of Saskatchewan and Alberta: Plain Lake, Borschiw, New Kiev, Kopernic, Vegreville and at the Franko School in Musidora.

In the book *Memories of Mundare*, it is written that:

He taught church songs, loves songs, patriotic songs and many folk songs. He taught and directed concerts, put up dramas, and comedies. People looked forward to those little performances, in those days of no TV or radio. They had to make their own music and their own entertainment. Large groups of thirty or forty, men and women, boys and girls, all farm people came to sing in the choir.

In the Franko school two miles south of Musidora, Alberta, the whole parish learned to sing many beautiful Ukrainian songs. Now

the Franko school, where Harry once taught, has been moved into the Ukrainian Heritage Village, outside Mundare, Alberta.

After the Great Depression, when Harry had collected enough money to send for his wife and son, the Iron Curtain fell over Eastern Europe, and the Soviet Union would not allow his wife and son to leave Ukraine. He was never to see them again. His wife died young, during WWII.

From letters Harry received in Canada, addressed to his homestead in Gronlid, he knew that after WWII the border of Western Ukraine was changed and Tsetulia ended up under the Polish Communist government. Their army then ethnically cleansed 150,000 Ukrainians along the length of the border. In 1947, Hrytz's mother, father and siblings were part of the second wave of the ethnic cleansing, called military operation "Akcja Wisla". They were deported into northern Poland. His family lost their land,

livelihood, possessions and church.

Through the years of the Cold War, he supported his family as best he could by sending them money or parcels. With such support, his son was able to build a small new house where he and his wife raised their two sons. When Hrytz retired in 1968 at age 72, he sold his homestead in Saskatchewan and moved closer to his sister's son Alex, who now lived in Mundare, Alberta. Until his death at 89, Harry continued his association with the church as a cantor, travelling with the priest who provided services to the Mundare and Hilliard parishes.

Since Ukraine's independence, I was able to travel to Ukraine and to visit his grandsons. They took me to the local museum in Ternopil district, where there is a display about Hrytz Terebenetz, the cantor who became a Canadian pioneer.

Hrytz left behind a rich archive of published articles about the history of his village and his people, so that future generations would know the Canadian pioneer's story from both sides of the ocean. He contributed to the Ukrainian experience in Canada and according to the picture attached, to many children's lives, too.

Marika Dubyk lives in Toronto and is documenting her family history.



Left: Hrytz Terebenetz, with the Ukrainian Sichovi Striltsi Medal, Halytskij Khrest, The Galician Cross.
Григорій Теребенєць. Пропамятна воєнна відзнака
Українських Січових Стрільців, Галицький хрест.
Right: Irena Terebenetz, the wife left behind in Ukraine.



Honourable John Sopinka

Supreme Court Justice of Canada

By Orysia Sopinka-Chwaluk

I first met John when I was in my fourth year at the University of Toronto, 1972. His name was in the student newspaper, the *Varsity*, because he had made a statement about Ukrainians in Canada. It caught my interest. Having the same last name, I thought we might have ancestry in common. I phoned him at his office and he graciously asked me to lunch. At the time, he was working at the law firm Fasken, Calvin in the litigation department. His decision to leave this firm was based on the opportunity to become senior counsel for a new firm, Stikeman Elliott in Toronto.

Our conversation was about being Ukrainian. John said he spoke the Ukrainian dialect, Lemko, his parents used at home. Both his parents were farmers from Vyslok Velykij, Lemkivshhyna, and came to Canada in the 1920s. Vyslok had more than 2,000 people at that time and was the biggest village in Lemkivshchyna. Land was becoming increasingly more difficult to find for new families and North America was the place where immigrants would go to make money and come back to improve their lot in life. John spoke of his aunt in New York who had become an evangelist and had written a biography called *Po Stopach Chrysta*. He later gifted me a copy. I was invited to his home to meet his family, his parents and brothers.

John was born in Saskatchewan in 1933. His family moved to Stoney Creek in 1940. He graduated from the University of Toronto in 1955 and its Law School in 1957, supporting himself by playing professional football for the Toronto Argonauts. His keen sense of right or wrong made him pursue a career in civil litigation. I remember his mother telling me that John defended a man who had no money to pay for his defence, but believing him to be innocent, defended him pro bono to see justice served. In 1981, acting on behalf of Susan Nelles — wrongly accused

of murdering four babies at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto — he sued the government of Ontario and the Toronto Police for malicious prosecution and won after charges against Nelles were withdrawn. His excellent reputation as a trial lawyer attracted both clients and law students to his firm, including those he taught at Osgoode Hall. He enjoyed working with young people and was a great model for them.

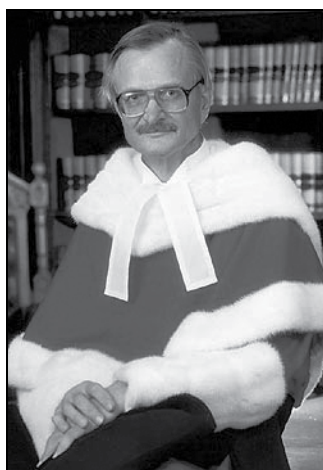
In 1986, I heard him speak at the Ukrainian National Federation Hall on College Street about the results of the Commission of Inquiry on War Criminals in Canada (the Deschênes Commission). As representative of the Ukrainian Canadian Congress, he was very firm about not allowing evidence to be used from Soviet countries against Canadian citizens. The accused would

be tried in a criminal court of law, putting the onus on the Canadian government to pay the expenses of the trial. He recognized me as he was leaving the hall and

“... he was very firm about not allowing evidence to be used from Soviet countries against Canadian citizens.”

yelled out, “Let’s do lunch.” That was the John Sopinka I remember. There was no superiority complex, no chauvinism, just a sharp, friendly, open mind. In 1988, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney appointed him directly from his law practice to the Supreme Court of Canada where he proved to be one of Canada’s most distinguished judges. Among his most famous decisions was R.V. Stinchcombe, a decision that assures an accused has the ability to make full answer and defence in the face of charges against him or her by mandating the disclosure of all evidence against the accused to the defence before trial.

John worked long hours but was a strong proponent of a balanced lifestyle. He played violin in the Hamilton



Canada's Supreme Court Justice,
Honourable John Sopinka.

“ His death was suspect... ”

Philharmonic Orchestra. He played squash to win and always had time for lunch. He co-authored *The Law of Evidence in Canada* with his colleague Sid Lederman and wrote several other books on his own including the Ukrainian Canadian Congress Submission to the Commission of Inquiry on War Criminals.

No one could be prouder to be Canadian than John Sopinka. His knowledge of the country's laws reinforced his pride. With this knowledge he defended the underdog and rarely lost a case. But John also respected his roots. In 1997, he went to Ukraine to research the

archives for information in preparation for the defence of Ivan Demjanjuk, accused of war crimes in convoluted legal proceedings. Upon his return to Canada, he became very ill and died with doctors pointing to a rare blood disease. His death was suspect and reminded me of Victor Yushchenko's near encounter with death. However, John's legacy lives on through his books, his insight and decisions that shaped Canadian law, his desire to help the Ukrainian community, but most of all his ability to defend and protect the individual.

Orysia Sopinka-Chwaluk is an occasional teacher, French tutor and a translator.



Senator Paul Yuzyk

Father of Multiculturalism (1913-1986)

By Victoria (Yuzyk) Karpiak

Last year marked the 25th anniversary of the death of Senator Paul Yuzyk. It has been said that it takes 25 years before the contributions of an individual can be evaluated or acknowledged. This recognition has been steadily forthcoming.

Ukrainian Canadian Congress – Saskatchewan Provincial Council. In 2009, the Honourable Jason Kenny, Minister of Citizenship, Immigration and Multiculturalism launched the \$20,000 Annual Award by the Canadian government commemorating Paul Yuzyk's pioneering legacy in establishing multiculturalism as one of the fundamental characteristics of Canadian heritage and identity. The award recognizes individuals who have demonstrated excellence in promoting diversity and multiculturalism. Befittingly the Hon. John Yaremko was the first recipient for lifetime achievement.

Since its inception, The Canada Ukraine Parliamentary Foundation (CUPP) has provided the Senator Paul Yuzyk scholarship to deserving recipients from Ukraine to come to Canada to study our democracy in action.

In 2009, the Ukrainian National Federation (UNF) launched the Paul Yuzyk Youth Leadership Institute as a primary objective for UNF. On the occasion of the 75th anniversary of UNF Youth, a gala and fundraiser with many dignitaries was



Ted Yuzyk, Evangeline Yuzyk, Victoria (Yuzyk) Karpiak, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration Jason Kenney, Vera Yuzyk.

Since Father's passing, he has been honoured in 2003 with the Nation Builder's Award by the

organized and funds have been collected to promote programs for youth.

To continue the work done by the late Senator Paul Yuzyk, the four children of Paul and Mary Yuzyk have engaged themselves from early years in the organizations which he founded or supported. As well, they completed a website, www.yuzyk.com, which fields questions from abroad and from university students taking courses in multiculturalism given at Canadian universities.

While a biography was started, it has not been completed.

Evangeline Yuzyk, the eldest daughter, is an active member of the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League in Ottawa as well as a member of the recently formed UNF – Ottawa-Gatineau Branch.

As the eldest daughter, Evangeline continues to preserve the Ukrainian traditions that we all love.

From early university days, Victoria Karpiak was President of Alpha Omega, a Ukrainian students' organization in Manitoba, and in SUSK (Ukrainian Canadian Students' Union), both founded by Paul Yuzyk. She was Director of the Provincial Progressive Conservatives for Ontario. At the inception of the Ukrainian Canadian

Professional and Business Association (UCPBA) in Ottawa in the early 1970s and still today, she is on the executive of UCPBA and UNF – Ottawa-Gatineau. She is also a member of the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League and was on the parish church council. Her son, Paul, is a member of UNF and actively involved in the Paul Yuzyk Youth Institute for Youth Leadership. Both attended the UNF National Convention in Montreal representing Ottawa last year.

Vera Yuzyk is a member of UNF – Ottawa-Gatineau as well as a member of UCPBA Ottawa and was on the parish council of St. John the Baptist Church. In earlier days, she was on the SUSK executive and continues today to be involved politically with the PC Party of Canada. Vera and Victoria both worked on the Taras Shevchenko Monument Committee for the raising of the statue in 2010 in Ottawa.

Ted Yuzyk was a member of the Knights of Columbus at St. John the Baptist Church and currently is a member of UNF – Ottawa-Gatineau Branch.

Today, UNF – Ottawa-Gatineau is gathering support from the ethnocultural communities in Canada for a Canada Post stamp commemorating Paul Yuzyk as the Father of Multiculturalism.



JOHN'S PHOTO STUDIO - WINNIPEG

Running a Province

The Honourable Ed Stelmach served as the thirteenth premier of Alberta from 2006 to 2011. His political career began in municipal politics. By 1993 he was elected to the provincial legislative assembly and held a variety of portfolios, including agriculture, transportation, education and inter-governmental affairs. He was nicknamed Steady Eddie because of his unflappable personality.

As premier he is noted for the management of the province's energy reserves as well as the overhaul of the province's health governance, teacher pension reforms, multiculturalism and human rights. The premier made several official visits to



The Honourable Ed Stelmach,
former Premier of Alberta and
his wife, Marie Stelmach.



Ukraine to promote trade and investments. On average, Alberta imports about \$4 million worth of goods from Ukraine and exports about \$12 million.

The former premier was a grandson of Ukrainian immigrants from Zaryche, Ukraine. His grandparents built a large farmhouse in 1916 outside of Mundare. As part

of the 120th anniversary celebrations of Ukrainian settlement in Canada, it has been moved to the Ukrainian Cultural Heritage Village.

Since resigning as Premier, Mr. Stelmach has advised Ukraine's government on energy with the view that it can become energy self-sufficient. He was recently appointed to the board of Genalta Power, Inc.

Harnessing Our Pioneer Spirit

By Marie Stelmach

We are so fortunate to have such a strong network of individuals and families committed to continuing the rich legacy of the first homestead-

ers – the value of family, community and, above all, faith. While our ancestors came from different villages and different families, all arrived in pursuit of a common goal: to secure a bright future for themselves, their children, and children's children free of oppression. They took a stand: to no longer be under the thumb of others and to have the power and freedom to chart their own paths.

They made an unbelievably difficult trip to build a new life in a foreign land. And it wasn't easy once they got to Canada – the language, weather and isolation... Many arrived with nothing more than what they carried. They faced a dangerous journey and harsh conditions once they found the land that was to be their new

home. Then, there was back-breaking labour and the challenges of Alberta weather.

My family's history tells this tale. Arriving in 1899 and 1900, the Mandryks and Serinks

on my mother's side and the Warshawskis and Molchans on my father's faced homes lost to fire and premature deaths. Confronted by these immense challenges, they counted on the strength of family and community to help them pull through. Every member played a vital role, especially the women. A pioneer woman was at the centre of the homestead.

A wife and mother, she cooked, cleaned and sewed. And more. She helped build the house, planted and tended gardens, and helped to clear land for crops. Women cut hay, planted seeds, and tended to the animals. While men were away building churches or working – cutting logs in the winter or laying railroad tracks – these women did it all. There is no question that there were



The Stelmach grandparents.

“They took a stand: to no longer be under the thumb of others and to have the power and freedom to chart their own paths.”

barely enough hours in the day for them to finish all the work that needed to be done.

I know. When I ran the farm when Ed was away, I was on my feet constantly. And that was with the help of modern equipment! But, at least our modern men understand the contribution we make. Ed used to say, “You should never have more cows than your wife can handle.”

When we first married, we lived in Edmonton. Then, when we moved back to the farm, we had to do a little homesteading of our own. It was the same land that Ed’s grandparents had settled in 1898, but no one had lived there for many years. For awhile in 1977, there was no heat, water, or phone hooked up. While Ed went to work in the city, I would head out to the farm for the day’s work of getting things ready for us to move in. I still remember hauling buckets of water up from the well – while

stepped up to do their part. Homesteaders knew that no magic wand was going to wave and make their farms productive. They had to do the work themselves, and they had to do it together. And that spirit of hard work and commitment to the community has been the driving

force of our province for over a century.

In my life and in my community, I have been fortunate to have seen it operate countless times. We serve together as our ancestors did. At our home church, the Protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Krakow, the women still get together to clean the church before Easter and parishioners take time to maintain the cemetery. In fact, this year Ed and his cousin,

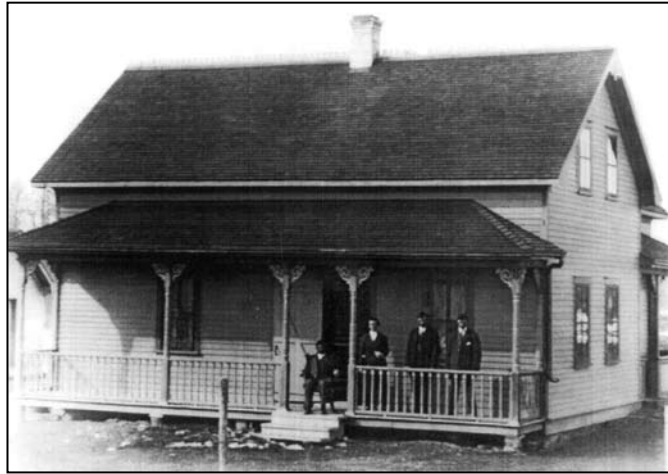
Lawrence Stelmach, helped with the church cleaning.

Our church family has been an important part of our lives for as long as we have lived here. Ed and I have sung in the St. Michael-Krakow Choir together for over 35 years, the same choir my mom and her sisters sang in at St. Nicholas Church at St. Michael. As babies, my kids were passed from arm to arm in the choir loft. Again, this year our children will be bringing their children to bless paska and carry on this tradition. Our daughter told me she wants her son to experience the warmth of our community and family gatherings and to know and understand our faith and traditions. That, I believe, is the greatest gift you can give your children.

“A pioneer woman was at the centre of the homestead.”

I was seven-and-a-half months pregnant, with a two-year-old in tow! That type of work, with small children underfoot, was the rule rather than the exception for those homesteading women. But somehow they did it, and all with a profound grace, ever thankful for the opportunities that life in Alberta gave them. I believe they achieved this because of their strong faith in God, a strong belief of a better life and a strong vision of succeeding in a new, yet sometimes inhospitable world.

However, they knew they could not do this alone, that with ties to the community they could harness the strength of many to build a true, welcoming home. Although their farms were sometimes miles apart, they made sure that families came together. They established churches and schools, organized dinners and events, and helped each other in tough times. There was no sitting on the sidelines in these homesteading communities. Everyone worked hard, and everyone



The Stelmach House, built in 1915, was recently moved to the Ukrainian Cultural Heritage Village in honour of the 120th year of Ukrainian settlement in Canada.

“And that spirit of hard work and commitment to the community has been the driving force of our province for over a century.”

Ed’s mother was a huge influence in this. She made sure family got together every Sunday. She taught me many traditions, including how to make sausage for Easter – from beginning to end – right from cleaning the intestines after the hog was butchered to preparing the stuffing and baking the sausage. Delicious! Both our mothers had big gardens and did a lot of canning

“ Their struggles and their triumphs are a part of who we are. It is so important to ensure their spirit and our shared heritage is a part of Alberta’s future as well. ”

and preserves for family, something I continue to this day. There is pride that comes from work done with your own hands.

Alberta today seems light years away from the mud houses and crude living conditions that we, now, experience only while touring the Ukrainian Cultural Heritage Village, but the soul of our homesteaders is in our blood. Their struggles and their triumphs are a part of who we are. It is so important to ensure their spirit and our shared heritage is a part of Alberta’s future as well.

Our faith, our culture, and our spirit are what got us here. Whether you write Easter eggs, sing in a choir, take your children to Ukrainian dancing classes (we will be travelling to Calgary to watch our grandson Ethan in his first Ukrainian dance recital soon), or cook the food from recipes handed down from other generations, all these things are what will take us forward.

We are so fortunate to be able to call Alberta home. And I know that we all feel lucky, as I do, that our families chose to come here to build a new life, whether it was over 100 years ago or last year.

We see women continuing to take an active and important role in our community and in leadership roles throughout the province. Alberta is, and has always been, a place of incredible promise for those willing to get their hands dirty and do the work. I believe that our pioneer spirit is in action and that our culture and our faith are as strong as ever. I am so proud of my Ukrainian heritage and my community.

“ We see women continuing to take an active and important role in our community and in leadership roles throughout the province. ”

It is wonderful to see gatherings such as teas and organizations like the Ukrainian Catholic Women’s League of Canada preserving and promoting our heritage, while giving women a place to celebrate friendship and faith. I recently attended a retreat given by Deacon Jim Nakonechny (please see page 98) and hosted by the UCWLC ladies of St. Peter and Paul’s in Mundare. What a wonderful experience! He told us to take time for ourselves, for our faith, to make sure our teacup wasn’t too full, to make room for God. The League is helping to ensure that current and future generations continue to know and understand who we are, where we came from, and how important it is to live your life with your faith and culture as your guide.



Group photo of SSMI and Basilians taken during Metropolitan Sheptytsky’s visit to Canada. At the centre are Fr. Dydyk, Bishop Budka, Metropolitan Sheptytsky, Fr. Kalish (Provincial Superior in Ukraine), Fr. Filipiw (Winnipeg, 1921).

A Short History of Chytalnia Prosvity in Winnipeg

By Marika Dubyk



hytalnia Prosvity (Ukrainian Reading Association) in Winnipeg has been committed to the enlightenment of the Ukrainian people in Manitoba for over 100 years.

In 1896 when the first mass of Ukrainian immigrants began arriving in Winnipeg, the stopover city before



moving west to homesteads, those who chose to remain in Winnipeg settled in a city where there were no Ukrainian institutions. Some of the immigrants had been part of the Chytalnia Prosvita in their village in Halychyna or Galicia (as it was known during its Austrian-Hungarian occupation era) and

organized themselves into a Chytalnia in Winnipeg in 1905. Since then, the membership believed it was also their inherent duty to give moral support and financial assistance to Ukraine in times of need or crisis, as well as to aid the mother organization, Prosvita, founded in Lviv, Ukraine, in 1868.

Ukrainian intellectuals in 19th century Halychyna created the organization Prosvita, meaning enlightenment, which had the task of promoting education and culture among the common people. Also at this time, an association called Chytalnia, meaning reading hall, existed mainly in the villages, with a library building where members could read books and meet to conduct cultural activities. Eventually the Chytalnia became members of Prosvita and Chytalnia Prosvita was formed.

In Winnipeg, the organization began from the basic level and was first assisted by the priest from St. Nicholas Ukrainian (Greek) Catholic Church. But, the temporary church facilities were not suitable for its activities for long. As meeting in homes and renting space restricted its growth, the organization had to have its own building.

World War I brought disruption to the organization's life. Many returned soldiers regarded Ukrainians in Winnipeg as enemy Austrians and, in February

1918, vandalized Chytalnia's rented premises. They damaged or stole precious cultural items like books and musical instruments.

Chytalnia recovered and in 1919 bought a small house at 653 Flora Avenue, which it soon outgrew. A deposit was made on the lot at Flora Avenue and McKenzie Street in March 1921. Eight outstanding members loaned a total of \$8,000 to the executive risking their own property as collateral — a lot of money in those days.

Four days after the opening, a concert held on October 13 and honouring Metropolitan A. Sheptytsky marked the beginning of Chytalnia's history of association with distinguished Ukrainian personages in Canada. Many prominent Ukrainians contributed to the numerous cultural and educational groupings and activities of the association over the years, such as, Dr. K. Andrusyshyn, Prof. E. Turula, Vasyl Avramenko and Prof. O. Koshetz.

The Chytalnia Ridna Shkola (Ukrainian School) was established in 1918. This much-loved school was the only Ridna Shkola in Winnipeg that was established and continuously financed by a Ukrainian cultural organization. The school thrived in Chytalnia until the 1970s when it moved to a public school location to accommodate increasing enrollment.

Chytalnia's exceptional, large lending library had over four thousand books. Dr. J. Rudnyc'kyj, in his complimentary book, *The Library of the Prosvita Reading Association in Winnipeg*, emphasized the rare books in this collection. The library provided a valuable educational service to Ukrainians in north end Winnipeg where libraries were scarce for many years.

The membership of the Chytalnia was made up of men and women who supported the cause of Ukrainian independence. They formed three organization whose purposes have been achieved: a women's organization founded in 1931 in honour of Maria Markovych; a mutual aid society formed in 1927; and, a youth organization organized in 1930.

The doors of Chytalnia were open to various Ukrainian groupings that required the hall for a particular function or for a regular meeting place. In 1939,

the Ukrainian movie “Star of Bethlehem” was filmed here. The Society of Volyn and the Research Institute of Volyn were located here. The Ukrainian Academy of Arts and Sciences (UVAN) used the hall for their sessions, conferences and lectures. Eventually some organizations were able to acquire their own building, such as the Ukrainian National Federation, North Winnipeg Credit Union and Plast.

Over the years, various cultural activities supported the ideal of enlightenment. These included choirs, orchestras, drama groups, lectures, readings, debates, dance groups, concerts, author’s nights, anniversary dinners, athletic clubs and youth organizations. Chyタルnia published books independently and together with other organizations such as UVAN.

Suddenly, on May 8, 1982, the Chyタルnia building was on fire. In response to this crisis, the executive decided to restore the remaining building that had served the Ukrainian community so well for 61 years.

After the restoration the life of the association carried on as before. But, as time went by costly repairs to the building were increasingly necessary. As the immediate neighbourhood had deteriorated and personal safety became an issue, the executive, after much deliberation, decided it would be best to sell the building. The sad day of locking the door of Chyタルnia’s home for the last time was May 31, 2001.

The sale of the building required the disposition of the beloved library. It was decided to send a large number of books to libraries in

Ukraine and the rest to archives in Winnipeg. This is an example of how the association supports Ukraine today, after Ukrainian independence.

Chyタルnia Prosvita relocated to North Winnipeg Credit Union, where they continue their organizational work with an active executive. They are in communication with the reborn Prosvita in Lviv, Ukraine.

Source: program Століття Читальні “Просвіта” 1905-2005 у Вінніпезі.



Ukrainian language course graduates at Chyタルnia Prosvita, 1971. Marika Dubyk is standing second from right.
Абсолютенти курсів Українознавства дев'ятої класи, 1971 р. Рідної Школи при Читальні Просвіти.

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Віра Хома

Настала золота осінь. Деревя вбралися в червонувато-жовте вбрання. Неділя, 2 жовтня... Прекрасна погода огорнула наш чудовий Лондон. По церквах відправились Богослужіння, люди почали сходитися до Українського центру. Під чудові звуки музики, яку виконував музичний гурт "Два кольори", всіх гостей зустрічала голова місцевого відділу КУК, секретар ЛУКЖК Дарія Грицьків та заступник голови Українського центру Михайло Савчук.

Свяtkово прибрані столи осінніми квітами. І ось зал переповнений. Відкриває свято п. Дарія. У своєму слові вона привітала лондонську громаду, гостей, студентів місцевого університету, серед яких були: Данило Коструба — заступник голови Союзу Українського Студентства Канади та Анастасія Остапчук — голова Українського Студентського Клубу при університеті, який нараховує 50 членів. П-і Грицьків відмітила, що вже 120 років, як наші перші емігранти прибули до Канади, які зуміли перебороти великі труднощі, проклали дорогу нашим новим еміграційним хвилям, зуміли зберегти нашу мову, історію,

культуру, традиції, які ми повинні передавати з покоління до покоління. І також вона прочитала вірш М. Федіва "Надії та розпач", в якому описано всі страждання українського народу, їх перший приїзд до Канади, їхню важку працю. Дальше отці — Ігор Петрик та Василь Федів провели молитву до обіду.

“Кожна еміграція — це туга за рідним краєм, за родиною, за могилами...”

Після обіду свято продовжувалося. Ведуча свята попросила до слова голову Українського центру п. Миколу Василька, який відмітив, що нелегко було покидати рідну землю нашим українцям, які їхали в світ за очі від своїх близьких, звідти, де вони народилися і де поховані їхні пращури. Нелегка була їхня праця. Лише українські емігранти серед озер, мочарів, диких лісів змінювали неосвоєні канадські терени на врожайні землі та перетворювали цей край на мальовничі околиці. Першими українцями, які поселилися в Лондоні, був п. Василь Семчишин з родиною. Ніби продовженням його



Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada National Executive

The Vera Buczynsky Ukrainian Studies Scholarship

The National UCWLC is offering one scholarship of \$500 to a person of Ukrainian Catholic descent who is planning to enroll in Ukrainian Studies at the post-secondary level. Applications are available from and should be submitted to

The Vera Buczynsky Ukrainian Studies Scholarship Committee

Geraldine Koban, Chair
160 Sunset Drive South
Yorkton, SK S3N 3R9

The Mary Dyma Religious Studies Scholarship

The National UCWLC is offering one scholarship of \$1000 to a lay woman of Ukrainian Catholic descent who is planning to enroll in Religious Studies at the graduate level. Applications are available from and should be submitted to

The Mary Dyma Religious Studies Scholarship Committee

Geraldine Koban, Chair
160 Sunset Drive South
Yorkton, SK S3N 3R9

Deadline for receipt of complete applications is November 1



Фото з представлення Василя Стефаника "Камінний хрест", Лондон.

виступу-Соломійка Галіпчак продекламувала вірш Ст. Пушика "Грудочка землі" (див. ст. 9).

З бурхливими оплесками присутні віддячили Соломійці за чудово продекламований вірш. З словом-привітанням виступив заступник голови Українського центру п. Савчук. Він сказав, що мандруючи далеко в незнані краї, українці брали з собою молитовник, брали насіння рослин, квітів і сіяли біля своїх осель. Це нагадувало їм рідну Батьківщину.

З привітальним словом виступив гість нашого свята — голова КУК з Вінзору п. Петро Мицак. Перш за все він щиро подякував за запрошення на це чудове свято, привітав всіх присутніх з важливою подією для всіх українців і склав признання українській Лондонській громаді та її провідникам за постійну організацію різних святкувань та міроприємств.

Під час святкування на екрані було висвітлено емблему-лого, присвячену 120-річчю поселення українців в Канаді. Голова КУК пані Грицьків розповіла про мету створення, її значення та автора — п. Лесюка.

Голова ЛУКЖК при церкві Христа Цар, п-ні Віра Хома, яка підготувала уривок із оповідання В. Стефаника "Камінний хрест", сказала:

"В своїй землі не треба талану,
Українці їдуть в сіру далину,
В дорогу взявши грудочку землі".

Сьогодні ми звернемо нашу увагу, як емігрували селяни до Канади ще в 1891 році. Головний герой оповідання "Камінний хрест" — Іван Дідух, його дружина і двоє дітей. У постановці головний герой — Ігор Хомин, дружина — Ірина Галіпчак, діти — Соломія Галіпчак і Степан Хомин. Гурт, запрошений на прощання: Д. Хома, М. Федів, Р. Водвуд, Л. Кріль,

М. Федів, О. Хомин, В. Кук, Л. Кук, О. Дзюбак, Г. Комелькова. Учасники дійства прекрасно продемонстрували подію, яка відбувалася у хаті Івана Дідуха, з якими прощалися назавжди. Чудово відтворено цю подію, люди з сльозами на очах пригадали, як вони покидали свої села і їхали в незнаний світ. Особливо зворушливо було, як господар І. Дідух прощався з дружиною Іванихою на смерть, бо знали, що не повернуться вже додому.

Учасники дійства прекрасно відобразили тугу за рідним краєм, співали старі українські пісні "Із-за гори кам'яної", "Та наступила чорная хмара", та запевняли господарів, що завжди будуть їх пам'ятати. З великим жалем і болем в серці спостерігали присутні, як родина Дідуха стояла біля камінного хреста і плакали, а Іван сказав: "Видиш, стара, наш хрест? Там є відбито і твоє ім'я і моє!" Потім, взявши свої нещасні згортки на плечі, і через цілу залу пройшли, прощаючись з присутніми.

Пані Віра подякувала глядачам за увагу, а "артистам" за їхню працю і участь у постановці. Для порівняння п. Віра продекламувала вірш Г. Копко "Українцям-емігрантам", де показано, як емігрують тепер і 120 років тому. Кожна еміграція — це туга за рідним краєм, за родиною, за могилами: То ж пригадаймо Батьківщину,

Де рідна батьківська земля,
Де запах м'яти і полину,
Де лине пісня солов'я.

На святі присутні прослухали нову пісню, яку написав Степан Андрусак на музику І. Желяка (місцевих авторів) і яка виконувалася під час вітання делегації на чолі з нашим амбасадором України Д-р Ігором Осташ, які прибули потягом до Торонто, як і також під час українського фестивалю в Торонті. Також виступив танцювальний ансамбль "Барвінок" — старша група м. Лондону, які щойно повернулися з виступів з м. Вінзор.

Пані Грицьків склала всім присутнім, всім, хто брав участь у проведенні свята, паням, які приготували смачний обід, щиро подяку і запросила взяти участь у забаві, де пригравав місцевий музичний гурт "Два кольори". Музики проголосили: "Забава аж до рана!"

Віра Хома, Голова ЛУКЖК, Ст. Катеринс.

Fall in Our Years, Spring in Our Hearts

A Small UCWLC Branch's Story

By Sylvia Wengryn

It is with humility and honour that I write the history of the UCWLC of Assumption of the Blessed Mary Parish, Radway, Alberta.

As early as 1914 the women of the church formed a "sisterhood" and worked together to keep the church clean and beautified. Mary Prochiw was the "senior sister" or president. Beautiful hand cross-stitched linens were done by Nascha Faryna, Maria Panyluk and Olga Bencharski. Years later Alice Petryk and Tillie Kuchmak added their work to this collection. Some of these linens are still in use. In 1947 under the guidance of Rev. D. Dzygolyk, the name "Sisterhood" was changed to Ladies Aide. The President was Nellie Baydyza.

In 1950 our UCWLC branch was formed with 12 visionary members: President, Maria Panylyk, Doris Petryk, Olga Bencharski, Mary Pryma, Olga Kozoway, Katie Zubick, Irene Gural, Katie Dachyshyn, Lillian Fedyna, Mary Kruhlak, Sophie Ewanyk, and Ruth Strya. Father Wynnyk was the parish priest at that time. Later, there were 38 active members.

Throughout the years the branch was very busy. Most of these women had young families and were from mixed farms where there were plenty of chores. Yet, they were able to fulfill their duties in the church, school, community and at home. Today we would call this multi-tasking.

These women were pioneers at fundraising. They knew their given talents and put them to use. They organized bazaars to sell their needlework, Ukrainian breads, sweet baking, and other goods. Dinners were made with farm fresh products — cream, butter, chicken, cabbages, etc. In 1960 a pyrohy supper would cost you 75 cents and 35 cents for children. Most of the food was donated. The annual church dinner cost \$1.00.

Contributions were made towards the building and maintenance of the church and hall, scholarships for

Ukrainian studies, parcels to Brazil, Red Cross, and other charities. Today, money has been contributed towards a mammogram machine for women in Ukraine, the shoebox program, food for our County Foodbank, as well as to other worthwhile causes.

Looking back — yes, it must be said! — the hall kitchen where all the "culinary episodes" took

place, including pinching pyrogies, making perfect little cabbage rolls, the art of braiding Easter Paska, the endless baking of perishky, was the heart and soul of the League members. Their singing, prayers and fellowship strengthened ties and faith. We cared for one another, through all the hardships, tragedies and good times. This is what makes an organization strong: the love for one

another. This love magnifies to family, the church community and then to the Ukrainian community itself, and beyond. Through the years this was passed on and has not been lost. We are still a sisterhood but with a much wider agenda.

As the demographics of the Radway area began changing, this, of course, affected our branch. Mixed farming disappeared. Women found employment at the nearby hospital or health centre, schools, and elsewhere. Children's activities widened with sport activities. This changed the way we lived. We became smaller. As aging members departed the same work had to be done with fewer members. Today our fundraising is limited: we are only ten members. However, we all join together. Those who can work carry on; those unable to work pray. The bodies are aging but the spirit is strong. And so we try to do part of Christ's work on earth.

Our community is fortunate to have parts of our culture kept alive by the dance groups formed in Radway and surrounding area. Our neighbouring Ukrainian Catholic church also has catechism classes.

As in the past we begin our League meetings with





St. Stephen's UCWLC. Honouring 25 years of service to the Ukrainian community in Calgary, 2010.

prayer and a spiritual message discussion. We are grateful to have had the women who came before us who set the example. It is this connection to our past that keeps our church beautiful and ready to greet the many who return each year to visit their family graves, celebrate Easter and Christmas with us and rejoice in their small country church glowing with candlelight in the presence of our Lord.

As we celebrate our 60th year we are at a new cross-road. Our fundraising will have to be very creative. We have matured and reached a point in our history where we need to welcome new life to help build the future. If we join together with the help of the Holy Spirit and the Blessed Mother of God we will keep on going.

Sylvia Wengryn, UCWLC President, Assumption of the Blessed Mary Branch, Radway, Alberta.

Guardians of Freedom

The Post-War Legacy of the Third Wave of Ukrainian Émigrés

By Lisa Shymko

In his 1998 book, broadcast journalist Tom Brokaw coined the term the “greatest generation” to describe the generation of Americans who survived the Great Depression, valiantly fought World War II, and returned to rebuild America into a superpower. Unlike the subsequent “me generation”, the greatest generation, never driven by selfishness, embraced a sense of duty to do the right thing.

Looking at the history of Canada, specifically the post-world war wave of Ukrainian immigrants who represented my grandparents' and parents' generation, one can draw a parallel: they comprised a generation of men and women who were equally valiant in their pursuit of freedom and liberation.

Prior to their arrival to Canada, this diverse group of immigrants survived political repression, genocidal famine, war, forced labour, displacement, and forcible repatriation. This so-called “Third Wave” of Ukrainian immigrants had a great impact not only on the Ukrainian community, but also on Canadian society.

The post-World War II Ukrainian immigrants were exclusively political refugees fleeing repression. Many were professionals from the sciences, humanities and the arts: doctors, teachers, writers, artists, and engineers. They had lived through Polish, Russian, and German occupation and had survived Stalin's terror and state-sponsored Holodomor famine which killed millions.

Struggling to re-gain their country's independence,

they founded political organizations like the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists and the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, waging a gruelling war against both Soviet communism and Nazi fascism.

Some were incarcerated in notorious Nazi concentration camps, while others faced exile to the Gulag's network of camps in Siberia. One such person of note is the late Petro Bashuk, the father of NASHA DOROHA editor Oksana Bashuk Hepburn. His personal story epitomizes the harrowing experiences of so many Ukrainian-Canadians who paid a high price for defending the cause of freedom. Incarcerated by the Poles (they were given "supervision" of Galicia after WWI but were determined to Polanize it) in Bereza Kartuzka and Lonsky prisons, he was later sent to Auschwitz by the Nazis. Having survived this unthinkable ordeal, Bashuk like thousands of his compatriots, sought refuge and freedom in Canada, where he built a new life and became a respected community leader.

At the end of the war, the fortunate Ukrainians found themselves in refugee camps operated by the British and American allies and, the lucky ones, were allowed to emigrate to North America, South America, and Australia. Tragically, of the one million refugees who fled war-torn Ukraine, only two hundred thousand eventually settled in the West. The rest were forcibly repatriated to the Soviet Union, where they faced arrest, exile, or execution.

Between 1946 and 1961, over 37,000 Ukrainians arrived in Canada, settling primarily in Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba. Their impact on Canadian society was felt almost immediately as their political, social, religious, and youth organizations flourished. While new organizations, like the League for Ukraine's Liberation, were rooted in Ukraine's struggle for independence,



Historic rally in Toronto, 1971, protesting the visit of Soviet premier Alexei Kosygin. Ukrainians were joined by Jewish groups, Baltic nations, Hungarians, and other captive nations of the Soviet empire.



Holodomor monument in Edmonton.

older ones, like the Ukrainian National Federation, had their ranks renewed by the newly arrived émigrés.

The prolific talents of this Third Wave of immigrants soon established countless magazines and newspapers like *Homin Ukrainy* (Ukrainian Echo), *Vilne Slovo* (The Free Word), *Postup*, *Moloda Ukrayina*, and others. In 1949, émigré scientists and scholars founded the Canadian chapter of the Shevchenko Scientific Society.

The Ukrainian Catholic Church and the Ukrainian Orthodox Church of Canada were re-invigorated, constructing countless churches for growing parishioners. Youth organizations like SUM, Plast, and ODUM flourished, establishing their own summer camps across Ontario, Quebec, and other provinces.

To accommodate the activities of this thriving community, countless Ukrainian cultural centres were constructed across Canada. Many of them were home to Ukrainian schools, sports associations, choirs and musical ensembles. As the émigré community grew and prospered, cooperative-based financial institutions were established to serve the needs of families and businesses while the needs of seniors were met with new retirement residences across Canada.

The post-war Ukrainian émigrés came to excel in every aspect of Canadian life. These notable individuals include the legendary sculptor Leo Mol, who designed statues of renowned figures like Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, Winston Churchill, and Queen Elizabeth II; Jaroslaw Barwinsky, who became head of cardiovascular thoracic surgery at the University of Manitoba; philanthropist James Temerty who founded Northland Power; major benefactors to Canadian universities such as Peter Jacyk and Erast Huculak; TV personality and comedian Luba Goy; award-winning television journalists and filmmakers Halya Kuchmij, Christina Pochmursky, Oleh Rumak, and Yuriy Luhovy;

scientists, engineers, and scholars such as Volodymyr Mackiw, Bohdan Bociurkiw, Roman Serbyn, Basil Kalymon, Wasyl Janishewsky, and Jurij Darewych; Canadian diplomats Peter Lishchynski and Lubomyr Zyla; and parliamentarians such as Alex Kindy, Andrew Witer, and Yuri Shymko.

For over fifty years, when the ugly face of Soviet repression sought to crush Ukraine's desire for freedom and political independence, it was this generation of émigrés and their Canadian-born children who spoke up in defence of human rights and Ukraine's right to freedom.

The principles that the post-war wave instilled in their children were on display in the 1970s and 1980s, when as youngsters, many of us joined our parents to protest the persecution of political prisoners and repression of Ukraine's religious institutions.

I recall a massive demonstration and hunger strike in front of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, demanding the release of Ukrainian dissidents imprisoned in the Siberian Gulag. It made no difference if you were Ukrainian Catholic or Orthodox, whether you were from SUM, Plast or ODUM – we spoke with one voice. "Freedom for Moroz," we chanted, protesting the unjust imprisonment of Valentyn Moroz, a leading Ukrainian historian and writer. "Freedom for Ukraine!" "Freedom for the Ukrainian Church!" Every major Canadian newspaper covered these events as Canadian leaders, starting with former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, called on the USSR to free its captive nations.

I remember when my father, former Member of Parliament, Yuri Shymko, invited the famous American actor, Charlton Heston, to deliver the keynote address at his political fundraiser at the Sheraton Centre in Toronto in 1983. In his speech, Heston paid tribute to the East Europeans and their valiant struggle against communist tyranny in defence of national liberty. In a passionate address twenty-five years before Canada's Parliament passed its historic Holodomor legislation, Heston praised the post-war generation of Ukrainian-Canadian émigrés for their efforts to raise international awareness of Stalin's state-sponsored genocide in Ukraine.

Indeed, the shared hopes of this great generation came to fruition with Ukraine's independence in 1991. And it was this group of émigré leaders that played a leading role in lobbying the Canadian government of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney to be the first

Western country to recognize Ukraine's newly gained independence.

But the legacy delivered by the Third Wave of émigrés requires that we remain ever vigilant.

Today, the descendants of the first wave of Ukrainian immigrants are working alongside the generations of third and fourth waves to foster and export the democratic principles that we cherish in Canada. Just as we embraced the pro-western principles of the Orange Revolution a few years ago, today we encourage Western nations to denounce Ukraine's backslide from democracy to ensure that authoritarian rule never again take root.

For many of us, the Harper Government's recent announcement that it would support the erection of a Memorial to the Victims of Totalitarian Communism in our nation's capital is an appropriate tribute to the post-war wave of East European immigrants who fled



Left: 1974 hunger strike held in Ottawa demanding the release of Ukrainian political dissident, Valentyn Moroz. Right: Prime Minister Diefenbaker joins the protestors in support of Moroz in front of the Soviet Embassy.

Soviet repression, defended the cause of freedom, and helped build a stronger Canadian democracy.

Moreover, non-governmental women's organizations like the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada and World Federation of Ukrainian Women's Organizations have an important role to play in speaking out on issues that affect women's rights, human rights, democracy, and the rule of law not only in Canada, but in Ukraine, and around the world. We owe this to the generations of Ukrainian women who fought so valiantly to defend these fundamental principles.

Sixty-five years after the arrival of the post-WWII refugees from Europe, the Ukrainian-Canadian community has much to be proud of as it continues to thrive and flourish, all the while strengthening the fabric of this country and protecting the values that have made Canada the envy of the world.

Lisa Shymko is the Founder and Chair of the Canada-Ukraine Parliamentary Centre, National Parliamentary Library of Ukraine in Kyiv; National Vice-President of the LUCW; and, UCWLC member at St. Basil the Great, Toronto.



ПОВОРОТ RETURNING

Ліна Костенко

Заведіть мене, дороги,
у моє кохане місто.
А щоб ви не заблудились,
дам прикмету дорогу:

там хлоп'ята босоногі
продають лілеї білі,
продають важку брунатну,
придніпровську кугу.

Я візьму лілею в руки,
розгорну її пелюстки.
Думать буду про мандрівки,
Спокій ляже на чолі.

Не оплакуйте розлуки!
Я напевно повернуся...

Навіть плаваючі квіти
мають корінь у землі.

A Canadian Tourist in Ukraine

By Vasyl (William) Dudek

Last September my wife and I, along with her brother and his wife, visited Ukraine for almost two weeks. I had always wanted to see where my mother's parents had come from.

While planning our trip we received negative feedback from some friends and neighbours and were surprised since none of them had actually been there. They had heard, they said, that Ukraine wasn't a safe place, the food wasn't good, the taxi drivers weren't to be trusted and that Aerosvit wasn't a safe airline. As it turned out nothing could be further from the truth. Perhaps what they had heard was based on experiences from long ago. But from our present-day experience Ukraine was as safe as any country we've visited, the food was great, the taxi drivers were great ambassadors for their country, and Aerosvit proved to be an excellent airline.

However, to be safe we decided to talk with people who had been there. Most were all extremely helpful, not only in dispelling the myths about the travel in Ukraine, but also in encouraging us to go and in determining our itinerary. Originally we had thought about seeing Lviv, Kyiv, Odesa and Yalta but we changed to see more of western Ukraine, the Carpathians, Vorokhta, Ivano-Frankivsk, Lviv and Kyiv. This turned out to be a great decision as the western part of Ukraine was my favourite part of the trip. Another question we had was whether my limited knowledge of the Ukrainian language was sufficient. After a little testing by Ok-sana Bashuk Hepburn and Ken we decided to book a guide in Lviv for the first half day and take one of the half-day free tours in Kyiv. Other than that I would be the guide/translator for the trip. However, I would also take a few language lessons prior to departure.

As we boarded our Aerosvit flight I became a little concerned about my language skills when I couldn't understand much of the Ukrainian flight announcements. Life jackets, seat belts, oxygen masks weren't part of my limited vocabulary. But as we landed at Ivano-Frankivsk Airport late at night, grabbed our luggage, got some hryvnya from an ATM and headed apprehensively to the taxi stand, and after a few repetitions of the name of our hotel, Atrium, I was able to make myself understood. We hired the fellow with the only car big enough to hold four people plus luggage,

and my language concerns quickly disappeared as, to my surprise, I was able to carry on a conversation with the driver, starting with the age and mileage of his car, a thirty-plus-year-old Mercedes with over four hundred thousand kilometres. From there we discussed some of the differences since 1991 independence. We jumped in our seats as we were interrupted by some loud noises we thought were gunshots. The driver had a good laugh as he pointed out it was just firecrackers from a wedding celebration. He then pointed out a memorial to Stepan Bandera we passed and asked if we had heard of him. When we said no, we received the first of many history lessons, about how he was a hero having fought against Polish, Nazi and, later, Russian occupiers.



Statue of Stepan Bandera in Ternopil.

“... we received the first of many history lessons, about how [Stepan Bandera] was a hero having fought against Polish, Nazi and, later, Russian occupiers.”

We were to have many more examples where Ukrainians demonstrated their pride in their historical and cultural heroes. The conversation with him, being the first, was a great confidence builder. It also brought back childhood memories as I encountered long forgotten words that my parents had used when I was growing up.

And so it went throughout our visit in Ukraine — lots of warm helpful people and friendly conversations and lots to see and do.

The next morning in Ivano-Frankivsk we had our coffee and breakfast in the outdoor café attached to the hotel. We sat back and soaked up the atmosphere, the people walking by, the old buildings and the peaceful sounds of the church bells ringing. After breakfast we walked through the centre of town enjoying the old different coloured buildings, churches, the egg fountain as well as Taras Shevchenko Park.

Later we went by van to Khatky Ruslany, a beautiful resort in the Carpathians. We had planned to take it easy the first few days in the picturesque Carpathian Mountains prior to the hustle and bustle of Lviv and Kyiv. The log cabins were both comfortable and beautifully rustic. The Ukrainian decorated restaurant was warm and friendly, and the food and service were superb. There was a local market adjacent to the resort as well as a chairlift to the top of a ski hill which

driver through fertile farmland. Every village home seemed to have a garden full of vegetables. The infrastructure does need work; the country roads were narrow and rough with potholes; most of the money seems to be spent on roads in Lviv and Kyiv in preparation for Euro 2012, but it's a minor point easily overlooked with all the rich tradition and history and warm-hearted people. When we gave the driver a tip he tried to return it thinking we had made a mistake – so much for the myth about dishonest drivers. We had a running commentary from our Lviv taxi driver about the stagnation of the area under the Soviets and how the Germans, despite their atrocities, at least knew how to build things that lasted, such as roads, buildings and vehicles.

In Lviv we stayed in the centre of town at the Hotel George. Most sites were within walking distance. Our

guide for our first half day, Ihor Lylo, was excellent. He showed us around Rynok Square and adjoining streets, the ancient Armenian and the Roman Catholic Cathedrals, the Boyim chapel, and also the Ruthenian and Jewish parts of Lviv. He provided great local insight and history. Later, we wandered off on our own exploring more of the culture and history as well as the Ukrainian coffee houses. Although no shows were playing at the time, we toured the opera house and we saw two enjoyable musicals at the Philharmonic. Restaurants were plentiful and varied, and the food was excellent and very reasonably priced.

We enjoyed people watching, sitting on the benches in Central Park, whether it was the young rappers, the old chess players or just being amazed at how some of the young women in their high fashioned outfits were able to navigate the

cobblestone sidewalks in such thin spiked heels. We had a great tour of the Lviv Brewery. We were moved by the amazing Lychakivskyj Cemetery.

We then took an overnight train to Kyiv. It was an experience. We're glad we did it, but once may have been enough. We didn't get a lot of sleep as it was a little rough and noisy, particularly compared to the continuous track high-speed newer trains we had experienced in Europe.

Once in Kyiv the Metro was excellent. We used it to get from the train station to our centrally located hotel, the Sunflower B&B. Although Kyiv was much



Author with wife under the bas-relief at Brigidky Prison on Horodetsky Street in Lviv. The three falcons depict the three patriots – Petro Kaniuka, Yaroslav Haywas, Petro Bashuk – imprisoned by the Polish occupational regime for anti-Polish activities. Their escape in 1939 was a huge moral victory for the downtrodden Ukrainian population.

led to great hiking trails (no snow at this time). We also hiked through the friendly town of Vorokhta. We only saw a portion of the region and would like to return to see more of the local attractions, such as Mt. Hoverla, nearby waterfalls, and Bikeland. We kept as active as we wanted and also made time for relaxing with a glass of wine and a good book on the front porch enjoying the fresh Carpathian air, as well as the sauna and massage and jumping in the pool. This was one of our favourite places in Ukraine.

After several days in the Carpathians we went by van to Lviv. We had interesting conversations with our

bigger with several attractions not centrally located, we still managed to find our way around.

We spent the better part of our first day at the Kyievo-Pecherska Lavra with an on-site guide explaining the history of this fascinating must-see complex

On our next day we first did a half-day walking tour on our own following the *Lonely Planet* tour book. We saw the house of Chimeras, the Presidential Administration Building, the Weeping Widow House, the Chocolate House, Mariyinsky Palace, Dynamo Stadium, Devil's Bridge and the Friendship of Nations Monument. We tried to get tickets for a Dynamo soccer game, but, unfortunately, it was sold out. Later in the afternoon we took a "free" tour and saw the National Philharmonic, the statues of Volodymyr the Great, St. Michael's Monastery, St. Sophia's Cathedral, Zoloti Vorota, Karaite Kenasa, Taras Shevchenko National Opera Theatre and St. Volodymyr's Cathedral.

On our third day we took the local *marshrutky* to the impressive Pyrohovo Museum of Folk Architecture which was filled with living history of traditional wooden architecture, churches, windmills, shops, and houses representing all areas of Ukraine.

We also visited the Chornobyl Museum. We were stunned by the horror of this incident but we were impressed by the openness in revealing how it was mishandled as well as how it's also a shrine to the heroics of workers involved.

Just as in Vorokhta, Ivano-Frankivsk, and Lviv we really enjoyed all the excellent food in Kyiv — lots of varenyky, borshch, blyny at very reasonable prices. As well, we managed to see an entertaining production of the Nutcracker in the National Opera House and strolled Bessarabsky Rynok and Andriyivsky Uzviz, where we purchased a few souvenirs.

We also found it very interesting to stroll along Khreshchatyk especially on the weekend when it was closed to traffic. There was a large camp of peaceful protesters protesting the treatment of Tymoshenko by President Viktor Yanukovich. They, and others, felt that a political opponent shouldn't be removed by the courts; they thought that it should be put to the voters to ultimately decide who should be in power. (Ex-premier Yulia Tymoshenko is considered by most democracies, including Canada, to be a political prisoner, as



Vasyl (William) Dudek and wife at Independence Square, Kyiv, site of the Orange Revolution.

she received a 7-year sentence in an illegal trial. *Ed.*)

Kyiv seemed to have much more Russian influence. I was told that this was also the case, perhaps more so, the further east in Ukraine you go. Where most in the western part seemed to favour joining the European Common Market, it seemed a lot of people in Kyiv seemed to favour being a part of the Russian Commonwealth, although there were also many who are focused on their day-to-day struggle to make ends meet and who didn't seem to have an opinion either way. Our guide in the Pecherska Lavra, who had been doing the job for nine years, was a young Ukrainian citizen, but spoke only Russian and English. She saw no need for the Ukrainian language, feeling that Ukraine should be part of Russia and hence Russian should be the national language. We also met a few people who felt that things were better before 1990: that everyone may not have had much, but that they were all equal and had a better sense of community belonging, school was free and everyone had a job when they finished school. However, this wasn't the majority opinion. By far, most of the people we talked with felt they were much better off after independence, if only by judging the availability of goods in the stores, the openness of being able to speak one's mind, as well as being able to work hard and get ahead.

Of the people we talked with in Vorokhta, Ivano-Frankivsk, and Lviv the majority said they were happier with capitalism and democracy over the previous communist regime prior to 1990 although they weren't happy with how the state resources were turned over

“... the majority said they were happier with capitalism and democracy over the previous communist regime prior to 1990 although they weren't happy with how the state resources were turned over to the private sector. They also wanted Ukrainian to be the country's only official language, not Russian.”

to the private sector. They also wanted Ukrainian to be the country's only official language, not Russian.

We also met many fellow travellers from many different countries. Some were from Canada, much like me with Ukrainian heritage – some had better language skills than I, some worse. Others had no knowledge of the Ukrainian language. Yet lack of the Ukrainian language was no barrier in the larger cities and all were really enjoying their visit. Much has changed since my sister's pre-1990 trip when her travel was restricted and her group was herded to certain areas only and they felt that they were being watched. We were able to travel anywhere we wanted; getting to and from anywhere was easy. We were able to plan our trip in advance with the help of friends

and family as well as with the wealth of information available online and in guidebooks such as the *Lone-ly Planet*. All our hotels were pre-booked online. The staff in all of our hotels spoke perfect English. They were all very friendly and helpful in pointing out local attractions and transportation. And, there were numerous guides in Lviv and Kyiv. In Lviv, the Tour-ist Information Centre staff was also very helpful in advising us on what to see and do and how to get around. At times, when I was a little slow in reading street names, strangers came up to offer help and in no time we were pointed in the right direction. We were particularly grateful to the lady we met in line at the Lviv train station. Although she was ahead of us and had finished her purchase she didn't leave until she ensured that we bought tickets to a sleeper car for four on the correct train to Kyiv.

With so much to see and do and with all our wonderful travel experiences we had a terrific trip. Ukraine is a great destination and we look forward to returning to see how the future plays out.

Vasyl (William) Dudek is a retired public servant (Information Technology Sector) living in Ottawa. His mother's parents emigrated from farmlands near Lviv to rural Manitoba in the early 1900s. He travels extensively.



Vydubychi Monastery in Kyiv, Ukraine.

VOLODYMYR LEVCHUK/WIKIPEDIA

Roots

By Orysia Sopinka-Chwaluk

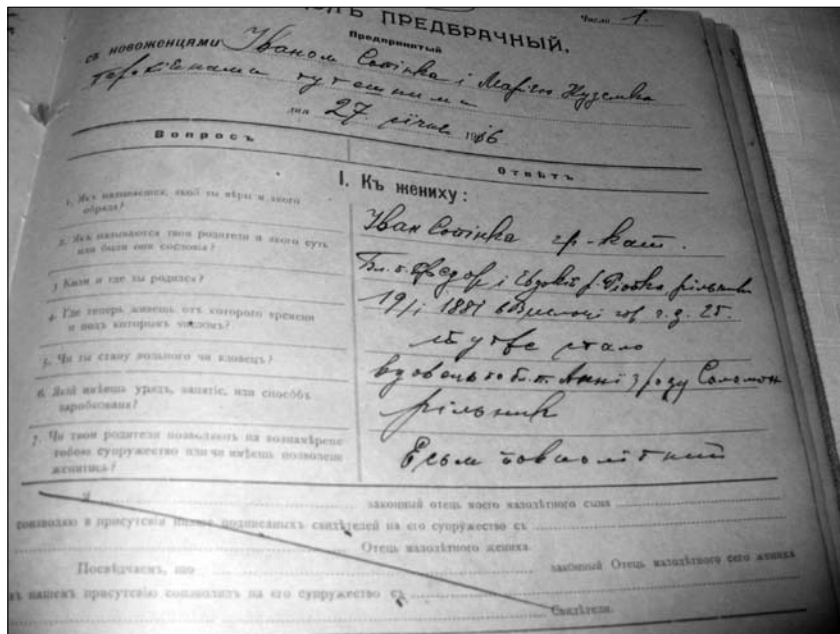
It was not enough for me to walk along the paths of my ancestors. I wanted to find the homestead that belonged to my mother's family and I wanted to create a family tree for future generations. That meant that I had to go back to Lemkivshchyna, now a part of Poland.

An uncle had shown me a picture of a house that the villagers called "do Danilo". There was a cement well and three old ash trees standing in front of it. This was my grandmother's home before she married and her whole family lived there temporarily after their house burned down. He said that my grandfather's homestead was directly across the river from Danilo's and that his land extended to the town of Jawirnyk.

The day I went to Czystohorb, I had a premonition that I would find Danilo's house. As I walked along the dirt road in Vyshchyj Kinets, I noticed a particular house with a new well and three ash trees. After spending some time looking at it from different angles, I realized that I had found what I was looking for. I quickly ran down to the river and blessed myself with the cool water, all the while thinking about my mother as a young girl coming there for water. Then, I walked along the dirt road to see how the village had changed in three years. A lot of buildings had been renovated and some new cottages were just about completed. I walked back towards the house and crossed the river in front of it. I knew I was standing on the land where my grandfather, Teodor Wakeriak, had built his house, and all the land behind it right up to the top of the hill where Jawirnyk started had belonged to his family for centuries. As if God wanted everyone to know that this land was special, a Lemko cross surrounded by flowers stood near the property. Back in the 1950s, a forestry company used the Wakeriak's house as an office until a new road was built across the property. It was no longer there.

Three days later, I walked from Czystohorb to

Wachaliwka, the part of Jawirnyk the Wakeriaks came from. Using a map to guide me in the right direction, I crossed a river, then a small forest that led me to wide



The village register listing the entire Wakeriak and Feshanych family.

fields of golden grass, a slight hill and then very level land — Wachaliwka. I could picture my mother riding on a horse, bringing the men in the family something to eat for lunch. When standing on top of the hill, I basked in the beauty of the Beskids in front of me: Komancha on the left, Czystohorb directly in front and Wyslik Welykij to the right. I had found my roots.

The microfiche from the Family History Centre that I was working on held records of marriages, births and deaths dating back to 1784 in Czystohorb, Jawirnyk and Komancha. I continued my search for old records in the civic centre of Komancha, six kilometres from Czystohorb. Fortunately, I found an interpreter who spoke fluent Ukrainian and Polish. There, a Polish civil servant read who my ancestors were while I frantically wrote down the information, my interpreter helping me when necessary. He also gave me a map of Jawirnyk showing me where the Wakeriak homestead was before Akcija Wisla.

The Greek Catholic church in Komancha also had

records of my family. The parish priest was very hospitable and allowed me to read two old registers, one on prenuptial promises from Wislok Welykij and the other, a census in Czystohorb. It was very exciting to find the names of everyone who lived in my grandfather's house. Looking through the registers made me feel as if I had attended life's major markers – births, marriages and funerals. The archives in both Sanok and Peremyshl also had relevant information about my family but time did not permit me to continue researching and the archives were closed in Peremyshl in July.



Left: The foundation of St. Michael the Archangel Church. Right: The Feshanych house.

For the genealogy researcher, there's a wealth of information in the cemeteries adjacent to Lemko churches, with tombstones dating back several centuries. Lemkos take pride in looking after the graves of their dead. A group of Torontonians, spearheaded by Ivan Olenych, raised funds for the building of a monument to all the dead in the cemetery in Radoshytsi. Today, the church is a kostiol but the Poles have not yet changed its beautiful architecture. I found graves of my father's relatives that I had not seen before in Komancha, Vislok Velykij and in a small cemetery hidden in the woods in the vicinity of Vislok Velykij. Pictures on tombstones made names more real. Unfortunately, the church in Czystohorb was destroyed by fire and the cemetery was raised to the ground by a private landowner.

Searching for roots has not only spurred me on to learn more about the history of the place from where my parents and ancestors came, but has also made me aware of the current problems that the Lemko culture and people must face in order to survive. Some churches have completely fallen apart while others are in

grave disrepair. Many were burned or disassembled by the Polish. Greek Catholic churches are becoming kostiols because of a lack of parishioners or they become Orthodox churches. The Moscow Patriarch Orthodox churches in Lemkivshchyna were brought there to create a divide amongst the Ukrainian Catholics. The Union of Ukrainians in Poland has made an effort to create an awareness campaign about the plight of the Lemkos. The European Union has funded the maintenance of some very old Lemko churches and a new building for the open-air museum run by the Gocz family in Zydranova. School-age children are bussed



from all over Poland to see Lemko history unfold in front of their eyes. In Toronto, the Masley family has a Lemko museum in their home that few Torontonians are aware of. Those who have Lemko roots should make a point of visiting it. There is very little land left to buy in Lemkivshchyna. There's an amazing building boom going on in southern Poland and I fear the next time I'll be there, Danilo's house will be gone. Another one is being built beside it. But Dido's land will always be there. At least, I've had the joy of knowing where I came from. With satisfaction, I can say I listened to my soul and found my roots.

My parents, humble farmers from Lemkivshchyna, felt very fortunate to be able to make a new life in Canada. They taught me the importance of an education, the love of Ukrainian culture and the respect for this country's rights and freedoms that allowed all people to live and flourish in equality, fairness and happiness. I can't ask for anything more.

Orysia Sopinka-Chwaluk is an occasional teacher, French tutor and a translator.



Поворот з Саскачевану на Україну

Володимир Михно

Недільного ранку відкрив стареньку скрипучу хвіртку. Під ногами білий пухнастий сніг і жодного сліду. Двері відчинила бабуся, а з-за її плеча радісно виглянув дідусь, який дуже радо обняв і поцілував ранкового, не частого гостя.

Ми з головою занурені в будні, роботу, турботи, часто не помічаємо плин часу. А нас чекають. Люди, які носили нас немовлятами на руках, співали колискові, вчили говорити і молитися...

Так мало ми запитуємо у своїх дідусів, бабусь і картаємо себе, коли розуміємо, що не встигли.

Прадіда я ніколи не бачив. Всього на кілька років запізнився з народженням.

Башук Володимир Іванович був найстаршим сином. Народився, виріс і жив у невеликому селі Пивовщина.

Мав брата Петра, Михайла, Івана, Павла, сестер Марію та Катерину. Навчався в сільській школі. Був здібним учнем. Вчителі по закінченні рекомендували продовжити навчання у Вищій школі. Проте в багатодітній сім'ї не було достатку і був змушений допомагати по господарству. Був патріотом, боровся проти польської влади, яка на той час окупувала частину Українських земель, за що потрапив до польської неволі. Додому повернувся виснажений, змучений. Зайшовши у двір, сперся на паркан. Мати поралася у дворі і з відстані кількох метрів запитала:



На фото хата родини Башук (у с. Пивовщина) збудованої завдяки заробітку в Канаді.



На фото Башук Володимир в Канаді.

«Хлопче, чого тобі треба?». Не впізнала.

З часом здоров'я відновилося. В житті прийшло кохання. Марина була дочкою заможного господаря. З першого дня він був проти її відносин з Володимиром, хлопцем з багатодітної сім'ї. За короткий час Володимир прийняв вольове рішення вирушити до Канади, щоби заробити грошей і як рівня одружитися з Мариною.

Був 1926 рік. Дорога до Канади була важкою, доводилося плисти через океан на вантажному судні. В голоді та холоді. А до того ж ще морська хвороба. Прибувши до Канади, влаштувався служником до військового посадовця. Робив господарську роботу.

Військовий помітив здібності хлопця, кмітливість, розум, працьовитість. Зробив його своїм особистим помічником. Того ж року отримав листа від Марини з новиною, що в них народився син, якого разом вирішили назвати Богданом. Шість років працював. Заощаджував зароблені гроші для того, щоби повернутися на Україну і одружитися з коханою Мариною. Повернувся додому, Богданчикові вже було трохи більше п'яти років. Справили весілля. На зароблені кошти купив землю, молотарку, млин, та дрібне сільськогосподарське приладдя. Почав господарювати. Справи йшли добре. Односельці, за грамотність та розсудливість, обрали секретарем в сільську раду. Ще через кілька років став агрономом. З Канади прадід повернувся з широким світоглядом. Став справжнім інтелігентом. Бабуся розповідає, що відрізнявся від односельців тим, що завжди носив класичного пошиву костюм, акуратно попросований, поверх білої, на свята вишиваної сорочки.

Тільки на чужині, як сам часто говорив, він зрозумів, яке щастя жити на рідній землі, говорити рідною мовою, співати. Він ще більше зміцнив свої національні переконання, гордився тим, що був українцем, і все можливе робив для того, щоби зберегти українську культуру, націю і мріяв про таку недосяжну на той час незалежну державу Україна.

Навіть у побуті, наголошує бабуся, їх сім'я вирізнялася. Обідали за столом всі разом, кожен мав свою миску, виделку, ложку, що на той час було незвичним у селі.

Протягом кількох років народилися ще троє дітей — Ольга, Ярослав, та Ганна. В тісній батьківській хаті було мало місця. Прийнято рішення будувати новий будинок. Купив ділянку землі, всі матеріали для будівництва. Але не судилося. Однієї ночі польські поліцаї підпалили село з обох кінців. Влада прийняла рішення про примусове переселення українців у зв'язку з вирівнюванням кордону з Польщею. Так звана «операція Вісла». Переселили на Тернопільщину, Теребовлянський район, с. Острівець. Частина майна згоріла при пожежі. Частини млина, підводи, молотарку вдалося за велику плату прикріпити на дах товарного вагону, яким перевозили переселенців, але за 20 км від станції Трембовля низький арковий міст збив, поламав і скинув все з даху вагона. Це була драматична ситуація для прадіда.

Колективізація зробила всіх рівними і безправними, загнала до колгоспу, вдягнула фуфайку і кирзові чоботи. Радянська влада заборонила все українське, оголосила релігію «опіумом для народу». В колгоспі працював бригадиром будівельної бригади до 70 років.

А що даліше?

Лиха доля спіткала найстаршого сина Володимира Башука, Богдана. Ще в 17 років був заарештований за участь в Організації Українських Націоналістів. Прізвище Башук в той час наганяло страх і лють на польських вояків. Рідний дядько, батьків брат Петро Башук — «Чок» — «Зборовський» належав до

керівництва ОУН на Белзчині (див. фото ст. 88). Без вагання Богдана було ув'язнено в Любліні та розстріляно, здебільшого задля того, щоб помститися роду Башуків.

Двоє дочок, Ольга і Ганна, живуть в селі Острівець, куди були переселені після розкуркулення і вирівнювання кордону СРСР з Польщею, що за п'ять кілометрів від Теребовлі, де проживає і син Ярослав.

За часів СРСР Ольга закінчила дуже успішно школу, в яку ходила за 5 кілометрів пішки. Отримала рекомендацію в Київський університет, але через хворобу матері та бідність відмовилася від своєї

мрії. Про цей вчинок жалкує все життя, а тому велику увагу приділила освіті своїх дітей. Працювала швачкою, а потім продавцем одягу, який виготовляло «ательє». Продавала куртки і светри круглий рік на базарі, і в дощ і у сніг. Потрібно було прогодувати чотирьох дітей. Зарплатня була мізерною. Тому головним чином заробила лише хворобу суглобів та очей.

У Ярослава Башука двоє доньок — Ірина та Наталія. Він працював кравцем з пошиву одягу в «ательє». З початку дев'яностих на пенсії. Веде домашнє господарство. Дружина довгий час працювала домогосподаркою в Гре-

ції. Донька Ірина за освітою вчитель, зараз працює в Італії домогосподаркою. Донька Наталя за освітою вчитель, займається торгівлею в Теребовлі.

Ганна виховала сина Мирона та доньку Ольгу. Працювала у колгоспі, де мала справу з фінансами. Син помер рано. У нього залишилися двоє дітей напівсиротами. Також рано помер чоловік. Тож було не легко.

У період життя в СРСР та десь до середини дев'яностих всі ми жили здебільшого завдяки веденню домашнього господарства, тому що економічна ситуація в країні була такою, що пенсії та заробітної плати ні на що не вистачало. Благодатна земля давала нам щедрі врожаї картоплі, буряка та зернових. Годували корову, а вона нас. Свиней, курей, качок, гусей, кролів. Важко працювали на землі всі ті, хто за освітою були вчителями, інженерами,



На фото дружина Марина з сином Богданом та донечкою Олею.



Родина Володимира Башука, 2012 р. Автор ззаду посередині.

механіками, лікарями, священиками. Їсти було що, і слава Богу...

На даний час донька Ольга в с. Острівцеь веде невелике фермерське господарство разом з чоловіком та сином Романом. Її донька Христинка навчається у Київському Національному медичному університеті ім. Богомольця на дитячого лікаря.

Ольга, найстарша дочка Володимира Башука, виховала чотирьох дітей. Найстарший Богдан отримав освіту інженера автомобілебудування та очолював школу по підготовці водіїв. Зараз на пенсії. В нього донька Наталія — зубний технік та син Володимир — стоматолог.

Середущий Ігор також отримав освіту інженера з автомобілебудування і займав посаду головного інженера по транспорту на молокопереробному заводі. Зараз на пенсії. Має двох синів. Старший Роман юрист, а другий син Назар, як і батько, автомеханік.

Ще один син Ольги Роман став священиком у м. Бережани на Тернопільщині. Його донька виховує

двох маленьких діток, а син навчається на архітектора у Львові.

Донька Ольги Галина — вчитель молодших класів (1-3 рік навчання) у школі. Має двох синів Святослава та Богдана, які навчаються на священиків у Київській академії. Богдан також отримує другу освіту в університеті ім. Драгоманова. Донька Наталя школярка.

Дякуємо Радянському Союзові за те, що залишив у спадщину Україні високого рівня систему освіти. Вищі навчальні заклади нашої держави, незважаючи на безгрошів'я дев'яностих та економіко-політичну кризу сьогодення, готували і готують прекрасних спеціалістів. Програмісти, інженери і лікарі працюють і ціняться в розвинених державах. Шкода тільки, що покидають Україну тепер так як за прадіда Володимира, і здебільшого назавжди.

Д-р Володимир Михно закінчив навчання у Вінницькому Національному медичному університеті в 2006 році з Золотою медаллю. Зорганізував власну практику в м. Теребовля.

* * *

Ліна Костенко

О друзі мої!
Із рідних домівок
вітрила ввижаються дальніх мандрівок...

А в дальніх мандрівках
ввижається в млі
коріння дерев у рідній землі!

ВПЕРЕД GOING FORWARD

Вдячність моя

Олександра Титаренко

Я не прошу, щоб жити стало легше,
У казку цю не вірю вже давно.
Турбот з роками не буває менше,
Та я люблю життя чарівнее вино.

А з благаннями стати пред Господом
Не підніметься, знаю, рука.
Молитва моя — це вдячність моя,
Що є у дарунок життя.

Вінніпег, 2002

Different Cultures, Common Values

By Vasyl Pawlowsky

As a Canadian, I was brought up in a truly multicultural environment, not only in Canadian society but in my day-to-day life in the home my parents had harmoniously created together, with my father who had been torn from his village in Ukraine by the Nazis and my mother who was born in Canada to Irish and Scottish parents. There was always a certain respect for one another's cultures in my family. I grew up listening to both traditional Ukrainian music as well as that of my mother's Celtic ancestry. Two peoples who in fact shared a common history of domination by an imperial force, though no matter how downtrodden those peoples were they survived through their song and culture, with each attaining a certain revival during the twentieth century. My father died at the age of fifty-two, though in a very short time he had managed to instill in me many values which included tolerance, helping and teaching others, as well as sensitivity to fairness and justice. Many of us, having grown up in Canada, also share these values. We were brought up with a certain vision of what it was to be Ukrainian, and a certain preconceived notion of what Ukraine as an ethnographic territory is all about.

My formal education at three different universities only solidified my understanding of my own world view and what interested me. Encounters with relatives from Ukraine in the 1970s, and then studying in Leningrad, only helped to vulcanize my feelings towards Ukrainian culture. Being engaged in leadership roles in SUSK, the Ukrainian Canadian Students' Union, and the Montreal Professional and Business Association were a small part of my community involvement, although all of this did not fully help me understand many of the nuances of a contemporary Ukraine — an understanding that only began to evolve many years later and after many years of the country's independence.

Throughout the 1990s I had travelled extensively while working as an information specialist, and when the economy of Canada began to change, so did the direction of career way-markers. Naturally, with a desire to connect more with Ukraine, the only way to truly do so, I found, was to be in Ukraine. By taking that step

I began to understand that many of my preconceived notions of the country and its people were created primarily due to an incomplete palette of colours from which to formulate my point of view.

I spent over ten years in Ukraine working in many different areas: democracy development, journalism, librarianship and cultural spheres. And travelling throughout the region, I experienced the good, the bad and the ugly of a country I cared about and still do.

There were many times that I would sit with local Ukrainians and ex-pats alike discussing the problems that Ukraine faced. How could a country with such a history and great cultural depth not pull itself out of the post-Soviet mentality? Why is it that one so often hears the term "inferiority complex" when discussing

“The problems facing Ukraine are so deep-rooted and complex, that in fact most of the time when one is looking for ways to improve one aspect, the real causes of the problems and how they are interlinked with one another are not even fully identified, thus making the road to improvement often seem even further out of sight than it already is.”

Ukrainian social and cultural development? How can a country with such a diversity of both natural and human resources not free itself from that pandemic mismanagement of land and nation, and from the impoverished and demoralized state of the core part of its population?

Regularly I discuss these matters with a small group of professional colleagues, very often finding the answer is not as straightforward as one would think. The problems facing Ukraine are so deep-rooted and complex, that in fact most of the time when one is looking for ways to improve one aspect, the real causes of the problems and how they are interlinked with one another are not even fully identified, thus making the road to improvement often seem even further out of sight than it already is.

Since my return to Canada two years ago the situation in Ukraine has gone from being simply bad to terrible. In brief, one can say that a full-on cultural and sociological war is going on there right now. If Ukraine is to be a country where its cultural and historical wealth is cherished, where human rights are respected, where its talent is supported and protected, and where constant improvements are made to that already unbearably degraded quality of life of its people, then those that are currently in charge are doing the absolute opposite of that, and those who stand up for those basic principles are forced out to the margins.

Understanding all the processes in Ukraine is

indeed very hard, especially for someone from the outside. Therefore it is my intent, even from a purely professional standpoint, through ongoing analysis and collection of information, to paint a better picture for both myself and those who are interested in the fate of the country, to help better identify these problems, and hopefully contribute to paving the way to some forms of solutions down the road. Ukraine is certainly not in a normal state right now, but many know that it should be, and some even believe that it still can be...

Vasyl (William) Pawlowsky is a freelance consultant living in Montreal.



The Family Trunk

By Rev. Deacon Jim Nakonechny

On the occasion of the 120th anniversary of Ukrainian immigration to Canada I find it very fitting to share a story about the family trunk that I told several years ago that keeps resonating with many of our Ukrainian Catholic faithful each time I have an opportunity to tell it.

For many of us growing up in western Canada, being the fruit of this immigration experience, we may remember a large old trunk somewhere in our parents', grandparents' or even great-grandparents' home. I remember seeing my Dido's trunk in his basement. It was a large, worn, blue wooden box with metal corners and leather straps that buckled on top. It was always in the basement storage room, along with oil lamps, an antique chest of drawers and my grandparents' faded wedding picture framed with the wreaths that they wore on their wedding day. It was all interesting to me as I explored their basement as a child, but it was not until my adult years that I began to wonder what stories that trunk could tell if it only had a voice to tell them. It, too, experienced the full journey that all of the immigrants endured, accompanying my Dido, his mother and sisters as they journeyed to their new home of "Kanada".

Let's go back to the start of their journey, back to the land of our ancestors, Ukraine or the Austro-

Hungarian Empire as it was known at that time. Imagine that the difficult decision was made to go to "Kanada", to leave all that was known to them, their livelihoods, their family and friends, and all of their possessions, except for all that they could put into that one trunk. That one large trunk was to transport all that they needed to start a new life, a new life in a place that they had only heard of or read about on an

"... a legacy is a gift, it is something that lives on, it is not static but dynamic and ever changing, yet true to its origin."

advertisement, a place that they knew little about except that it promised good land and opportunity for those willing to work hard. It was this promise that promised more than they had in their beloved villages and homeland. But what would they take on their journey? What would they take to start a new life in a place on the other side of the world that they knew nothing about? How terrifying it must have been for all of them. Could you imagine what this must have felt like, not knowing exactly where you are going or if you will even survive the journey? *What faith that must have taken.*

We know from historical records that they packed their trunks with that which they valued and that

which they would need in the new world of “Kanada”. I have divided the trunk’s contents into three categories. One: they brought those things that they needed to survive – things such as kitchen utensils, tools, dried food for the journey, and they also brought seeds with them, seeds for vegetables and herbs, and seeds for crops such as wheat which took well to the Canadian prairies. The second category are the cultural items that they brought with them. These are the things that they were proud of, the things that they identified with that brought them much happiness even in the most difficult and dire of circumstances. These items included their intricate and beautifully embroidered blouses and rushnyky (ceremonial cloths) which Ukrainians up to present times identify themselves with. They also brought with themselves musical instruments, such as a violin or a tsymbaly. It was these instruments which continued the tradition of Ukrainian music and song in the new world. Music has always been a very important part of Ukrainian community life regardless of where they settled in Canada. And finally the third category and the most important category of all are the religious items that they packed lovingly into their trunks. The ikony and holy

pictures, the family Bible, candles, crosses, and a small jar of holy water to protect them on this journey. Of all of the three categories it was the third, the religious category, that was the most significant to them. Why? Why would the religious items be so valued as compared the practical items in the trunk? Well, it is because they knew that people must eat in “Kanada”, so there must be utensils and food. They knew that “Kanada” had good black soil “chorna zemlya”, so there must be implements or tools already there for agriculture. The thing they did not know was will things of our faith be there already? Would things that we hold dear to us, like our ikony, be already there for us? This is why every family trunk carried their highly valued items of faith with them, and it is from those various items of faith, those early seeds of faith, that these

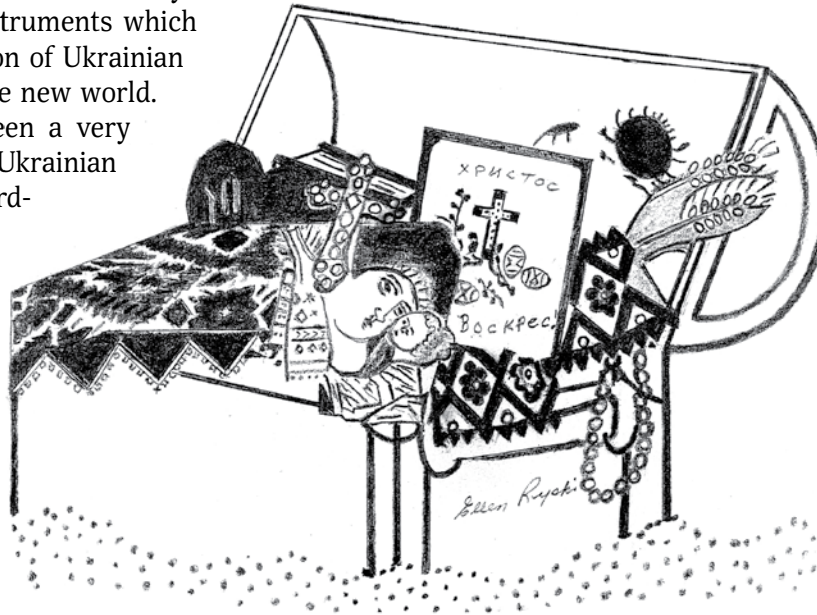
pioneers brought with them that the iconic domes of our Ukrainian Catholic churches began to appear across the Canadian prairie landscape. It was because of their efforts to plant their seeds of faith in this new land of Canada that we reap the great harvest of having the Ukrainian Catholic Church available to administer to our spiritual needs today. That is the great legacy of Ukrainian culture and faith that they have left to all of us.

Well, you might be saying to yourself now, “That’s a nice story, Deacon Jim. Trunk... journey... legacy... But so what? What does it mean to me?” Well, it means that it is time for us all to realize that a legacy is a gift, it is something that lives on, it is not static but dynamic and ever changing, yet true to its origin. The trunk and all that it contained was a gift to us, a gift for a better life, a life full of opportunities and freedoms

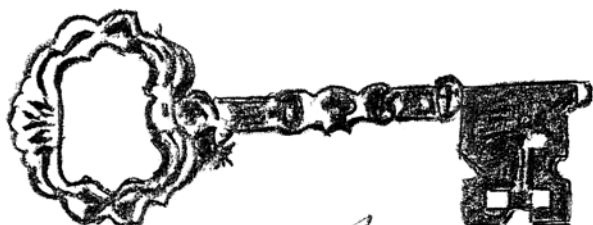
that we so often take for granted. What have we done with that gift? Have we valued the gifts they gave us or have we thrown them away? The beautiful embroidery that perhaps Baba left you, do you have it on display in your home or do you have it stashed away at the bottom of a drawer, since

you want to be “Canadian”? The language of your ancestors, have you even attempted to learn it and encourage your children to learn it, or are you embarrassed to speak Ukrainian (English is good enough)? The faith that gave our babas and didos the courage to make the journey to Canada for a better life, the faith that built our churches in Canada, is it the faith that our children and grandchildren still practise or is any denomination good enough?

Now 120 years have passed since the first Ukrainians immigrated to Canada, with all of their dreams and aspirations for a better life in Canada for themselves and for all of us. Their legacy has been handed down to us to continue, but now we, too, must add to that legacy for the generations that are to follow us. What have you passed on to your children and



grandchildren? Have you taught them to be proud and active in their Ukrainian Catholic faith or has faith fallen on the back burner? It is time to ponder about what



Eileen Rysko

we value, since all of us are leaving a legacy to our children and grandchildren. Will it be a legacy of attending hockey games on Sunday morning to support

your grandchildren and encouraging them to seek fun and entertainment or will it be a legacy of attending Sunday Divine Liturgies together and teaching them the road that leads to salvation and eternal life? Will the last time that your children and grandchildren attend a Ukrainian Catholic Church be the day of your funeral? Don't let this be your legacy!

There is still time, think about it: What will your legacy be?

Deacon Jim Nakonechny serves in the Eparchy of Edmonton. He works as a Senior Restoration Officer at the Ukrainian Cultural Heritage Village and is proud of his efforts to continue the Ukrainian Catholic faith of his ancestors, while preserving the architectural and cultural history of our early Ukrainian pioneers in Canada.



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DOMINION LANDS.

INTERIM HOMESTEAD RECEIPT.

No. 12277

DOMINION LANDS OFFICE
JAN 23 1903
EDMONTON, ALTA

Agency, _____ 190__

I Certify that I have received from Rev. Father Platon's Filas
of Beaver Lake, Alta.
 the sum of 25.00 Dollars, being the office fee for Homestead Entry for N.W.
 Quarter of Section 10 Township 53 Range 16
 West of 4th Meridian, and that the said Rev. Father P. Filas
 is, in consequence of such entry and payment, vested with the rights conferred in such
 cases by the provisions of "The Dominion Lands Act," respecting Homestead Rights.

H. H. H. Local Agent.

NOTE.—This Entry is granted under and subject to the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and its amendments, governing Homestead Entry for Dominion Lands.

The holder of this receipt required give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Ottawa, before making application for patent.

NOTE.—All minerals existing on or under the lands herein are reserved to His Majesty.

Lamentation of Language Lost in Ukrainian Churches

Mary (Hrenchuk) Pankiw

In the Church of my childhood on the prairie
Tall beeswax candles on the main altar warmly glow
But on all the aging *бабу* wrinkled faces
Sad eyes are filled with salty tears that freely flow.

For a foreign language boldly invaded the Church
of my childhood
Entered the premises, declared its presence and
penetrated the four walls
Preventing Ukrainian words from being sung,
spoken or heard
The foreign responses declared victory in their
predicted rise and falls.

For the flock of parishioners, time had ushered in
swooping change
Scrutinizing the priorities of pioneers with the
passing years
Bringing frustration and disbelief for
didycis i babusc
Witnessing the uprooting of their tradition with
anger and tears.

Questioning change, bold *didu* impatiently asked:
“How can this catastrophe prevail and
permanently be?

In our Church, we cannot use our native tongue
Our musical language in a land so free?”

Established patterns over centuries of singing
Ukrainian melodies neither cradle nor caress
foreign words

Ukrainian melodies match their traditional
responses

Even sweeter than lilting sounds from the birds.

For how can foreign words capture a place
And into a Ukrainian melody match and fit?
How can invading sounds for the Ukrainian soul
Compose a melodic tune that is an accurate hit?

What is happening to our hymns and prayers?
Отче Наш and *Бірю*, translated into a foreign
language, are not the same

Our forefathers fought for the freedom of our
native tongue

For our Ukrainian language, our hearts will always
be aflame.

“At our funeral, we demand *Вічна Пам’ять* in its
true form

And not the substitution of a foreign translation, when
we die

To accompany us into the cold burial grounds
Where we will in a peaceful place eternally lie.”

We have preserved our language for future generations
To say farewell to our Cyrillic sounds, so dear, is sad
Where is the pride and honour in heritage and tradition?
Can you not see that genocide of the Ukrainian language
is bad?

What will happen to our legacy of treasures?
Our church hymns, songs, folk tales and history are
snatched away from what our children previously had
How will they discover their roots, culture and traditions?
To deprive future generations of their richest legacy,
language and heritage, is truly sad.

In the name of change, our own church members disowned,
rejected and cast out our Ukrainian language
No longer is it used in religious services at our Church,
for you and me

We worked all our lives to leave a legacy for
future generations

In a land of opportunity, so free, for you and me.

It wasn't for 30 pieces of silver
It wasn't for 30 pieces of gold
Cyrillic sounds in the Church were sadly silenced
Witnessed by icons ablaze with colours bold.

Will this exclusion go on forever?

Or will our language be reclaimed?

If the foreign language takes precedence in this rejection
Who will be the one to take the genocide blame?

Our Ukrainian hymns will be lost forever
Our Ukrainian prayers will never be heard
Our Ukrainian language will never glorify God
God's gift of sound will be in the sky through the birds.

In the Church of my childhood on the prairie
Tall beeswax candles on the main altar warmly glow
But the bell in the belfry tolls to youth a message
On the loss of their language they didn't get to know.

Winnipeg, 2011

Treasure Your Heritage...

By Marion Mutala © 2011

Oy journey of discovery begins...
I am very proud to be Ukrainian. As a second generation, Ukrainian Canadian who lost my mother's native tongue, I am still very proud to be Ukrainian. I treasure my rich heritage and roots. The experience of having a strong, faith-based culture gives me hope and strength to learn the traditions which my grandparents worked so hard to bring from Ukraine and preserve in Canada. They sought out a new land. It must have been exciting for them and terrifying, too. Arriving in a foreign country with little money or necessities, unlike this present generation, was an enormous sacrifice.

Treasure your heritage. It makes you the person you are today. Our ancestors worked hard, played hard and enjoyed their life to the fullest. We can learn a lot from them. The Ukrainian traditions are deep and embedded in our souls like our childhood memories.

During the summer of 2009, my three sisters, Margaret, Angie and Alene, and I had the wonderful pleasure to visit Ukraine and see the origins of the Dubyk-Woznakowski family. We discovered relatives

unknown, but faces very familiar — especially, in the graveyards: the pictures on the tombstones resembled my sister, Alene. Yes, everything seemed familiar, as

“... language is only one part of who we are that we lost. What was given to us — passed on from generation to generation — is much bigger than the loss of language. The sights, sounds and smells of our culture are alive. I discovered one can still be Ukrainian without knowing the language.”

language is only one part of who we are that we lost. What was given to us — passed on from generation to generation — is much bigger than the loss of language. The sights, sounds and smells of our culture are alive. I discovered one can still be Ukrainian without knowing the language. Yet, too, the sounds of the Ukrainian language are rooted in our memories, the spoken language heard from our mother. It does not

seem foreign. My soul knows my Ukrainian roots, the traditions, the food, the music, the culture and dance.

The spirit of Ukraine is alive in me. I know who I am and where I belong. And if our dear mother, Sophie, were alive today, she would be the first person on the plane to Ukraine to discover where her dear father and mother were born. She would experience the rush and pleasure we felt meeting lost relatives... but not a lost culture. Treasure your heritage. It makes you the person you are today. Proud, Ukrainian and free to treasure your culture, deeply ingrained roots and traditions embedded in your soul.

Marion Mutala's The Great Perogy Eat-Off may be read on page 60.



Can Anyone Be Anything Else?

By Patricia Sawadsky

Reflection carries me to memories of our affectionate teacher grandfather, Jacob Mayowsky, my brother on his right knee, I on his left, his arms around us as he guided our three- and four-year-old hands into pencilled Cyrillic and English alphabets, his kisses on the tops of our heads, his beautiful tenor voice filling that log and plaster 1917 house which still shelters holiday times. I see my grandmother's sure hands fashioning Ukrainian foods, keeping the fire going, a kettle whistling on the stove, dill and sauerkraut fragrance in the air.

Hundreds of years of proud Ukrainian blood courses energetically through me. Threads bind to ancestors unknown, but the soul feels their agelessness. How can anyone be anything else?

Ukrainians remain almost a silent group in Canada and are, regrettably, of little interest to others. There are any number of intelligent members doing well in the upper echelons of learning, who have mastered positions in many disciplines, but sometimes show a propensity for Anglicizing surnames. The fourth generation is separated from the immigrants by time and a quest of a "better life" for the progeny with the consequence being a laxity regarding national heritage. Lives are filled with modern matters that do not include honoured traditions while mixed marriages water Ukrainian identity even further.

We have enjoyed Canada's flowered grace. Fulfilling were the early years. Now the bloom is off and the petals are sadly falling. What fruit awaits?

We have betrayed them. We have betrayed the young over the last forty-plus years. Taking our comforting and comfortable heritage for granted we ignored the forces that struck the society surrounding us. It is not difficult to review these forces as they continue unabated and increasingly evil.

Everywhere one is assailed by the unmelodic cacophony referred to as sensational "music" by "amazing" musicians, a seeping discord. Is it a known fact that top rock-and-roll performers follow the edict of Alisdair Crowley, a satanist? In the name of inclusion and politically correct issues we are coerced into embracing — no

“ The young must be taught from the very beginning to have a family's strong belief, morals and value system in order to incorporate them as an indelible portion of their beings. ”

matter how incredible or outlandish the standards involved — foreign ideas and behaviour. Unbelievably, the Bible is more and more referred to as a hate book, Christians are cruelly mocked and derided. Schools have lowered the standards of education — known in the United States as the "dumbing down of America". Why should pupils receive marks for the expected: coming to class or handing in work on time? Modesty in dress and verbal discourse has deteriorated due to the unrelenting determination of Hollywood leaders to reduce humanity to the gutters. A murderer justifies his acts and the receipt of millions of dollars for killing the unborn as, essentially, a good way to earn an honest living. He is given Canada's highest honour in 2008. To speak of the wisdom of abstinence and careful consideration of marriage is considered quite mad. Numerous reasons validate the loss of innocence, the loss of belief in life and the threat of losing salvation for all eternity.

What are we to do?

Unable to turn back the clock, there must be formulated in the homes a heart-felt desire to provide an atmosphere whereby learning can take place. Parents must, of necessity if need be, inform themselves in order to pass information to the children. If there are grandparents close by who know the prayers and songs in Ukrainian, then teach the little ones. They have a natural aptitude for languages in the elementary years. Avoid the English liturgies. Sing the beautiful liturgical hymns in our language at any time; a good voice is not necessary. Pray together as a family. Turn off the babysitter television. Stay away from adult fare, which passes for entertainment, when the children are there. The young must be taught from the very beginning to have a family's strong belief, morals and value system in order to incorporate them as an indelible portion of their beings. Good books are available with accompanying tapes, all happy and funny and with excellent artwork. There are also tapes

and CDs with traditional music for all ages.

It would be nice to reach the older youth by advertising “Ukrainian night” if possible, at least once monthly, in an available hall where caring people would provide Ukrainian foods and music and invite a dance group in to perform. An inspired speaker could talk of one’s culture and heritage for a set number of minutes, explain some important historical facts, ask for questions, have a simple, amusing song to teach in the Ukrainian language. We have to do something; it is our responsibility, and food and music are nice lures. It is important to have young men and women meet each other in a shared background.

What the Ukrainians properly need are their own schools with their language along with religious studies which are the same in both our belief systems, the Orthodox and the Catholic. Yes, cost is a factor, but prayer is available and God is a listener. With Him all things are possible.

God bless our Ukrainian heritage and culture. The Holy Bohorodytse envelope us in Her protective robe. May the Son and the Mother guide us as we struggle on our worldly path and inspire those who have the ability to do so, to produce the ways we may follow and retain the wonder left to us by our trusting ancestors.

For more by the author please see page 14.

Through the Eyes of an Ukrainian Girl

By Oksana E. Vickers

Being Ukrainian is a big deal. It has a very hard language to learn. My grandparents were born there. That’s what makes me half-Ukrainian. I speak Ukrainian to many people. On Saturdays I am in a middle school in Maryland with my Ukrainian classmates. In that school, I am in 5th grade because I was so smart. I skipped 3rd grade there. Anyways, I speak Ukrainian a lot. To my sister, my mom, my cousins, aunts, uncles, etc. But the most important is my grandmother, my baba. She speaks the language the best. She was born at the time of World War II in Mokrotyn, Western Ukraine.

Ukraine was under a BIG problem. At that time, America’s president, Woodrow Wilson (participated in the Treaty of Versailles in 1919; however, results of post-WWII negotiations were similar and very unsatisfactory to the Ukrainians as well. *Ed.*), did not know about Ukraine. So he just made Russia and Poland happy by giving each country half of Ukraine. Russia’s dictator (Joseph Stalin. *Ed.*) was a very mean man. He yelled and made some Ukrainians slaves! Luckily, my grandmother was safe. She walked A LOT of miles to safety. She was only about 4! She finally was safe. She stayed there for a long time. After that, she went to Canada. She grew up as a teenager there and then went to college.


There, she met my grandfather, my dido, and got married. In 1968, my mother was born. She was the second child. My uncle Roman was first. Seven years after my mother, my aunt was born. They had a dog named Scruffy who was a black Labrador. Two years after my mother started college, my dido died from cancer. So, that was very sad. Fortunately my baba got married again! Finally I was born in 2001. I was living a very nice life. Boy, I am proud to be Ukrainian!

Oksana Vickers, 9, lives in the Washington, DC area. Her mother is a Canadian-born journalist, her father is a senior ranking official in the Department of Defense of the United States of America.



And What of Tomorrow?

By Melana Zyla Vickers

“ust do this, please.” That’s the phrase my mother used when asking me (for the tenth time) to write about being of Ukrainian descent for NASHA DOROHA. But while the phrase was a maternal command, it is also a central ingredient of my Ukrainian-ness: I have obligations and responsibilities related to my family and community, and a persistent and guilt-inducing voice in my head compels me to do so.

I could choose to ignore the little voice – or at least the community part of it. After all, I’m not married to a Uke, I have great friendships outside the community, and my Ukrainian church is so far from my house I literally have to pack a lunch and the DVD player in order to get my kids to survive the journey over there. It would be much easier to join a local English-language church, let my kids sleep in on Saturday instead of

“ But if I turned my back
on Ukrainian-ness, I’d be
poorer in my soul. ”

dragging them to *shkola*, and learn to stop worrying about (and worrying about my mama worrying about) the latest bad news out of Ukraine.

But if I turned my back on Ukrainian-ness, I’d be poorer in my soul. I know this, because I’ve felt the exile. I went through three-plus years of living in Hong Kong when I didn’t have anything Ukrainian around me, even at holidays (except one year, when a member of the widely-known Bociurkiw clan was living there and invited me over to make excellent pyrohy). I then had a form of exile that was even worse: a stretch of several years, before I had kids, when I felt forced out of the Ukrainian Catholic community in my area because an unpleasant priest made me feel very unwelcome in his church.

If there’s one thing worse than turning your back on the community, it’s having the community turn its

back on you. Yet I suspect this happens a fair amount. Those of us in community organizations are all busy with the people we know and the things we do, and sometimes we don’t notice how pointy our shoulders can be. Those of us who see this sort of rejection of another person or suspect it – in church, in a school, in a charitable organization – ought to make a point of reaching out (more than once) to those who are left feeling like they are on the outside looking in.

Indeed, I can recall the exact moment, years after the priest acted in his un-Christian way, when a friendly stranger greeted me at the Ukrainian school. I had brought my then-three-year-old in for *svitlychka* for the first time, and she took the time to introduce herself, show me around, and ask about me. I knew I had returned home.

I can’t say I completely moved back in, though. I’ve now been active in the school for seven years, and my involvement ebbs and flows. Sometimes I need my space. Some things about Ukrainian circles (and any ethnic, religious or volunteer circles, I suspect) are the same as ever – the pettiness, the power struggles, the insular thinking, the interrupting, the incessant demands on one’s time... But what I love about the community is how familiar and easy it is. I know roughly how most people there were brought up and what they’re preserving for their kids, I know roughly what my kids will gain from speaking with the adults around them (always a good and important experience, this business of speaking respectfully with adults), I know I will largely approve of their kids, all of whom are obediently putting in the painful extra hours to be there, and I want my kids to feel like there’s a whole world of ethnic-Ukrainians (and, more widely, Slavs) out there with whom they share a few or many customs, values, historical reference points, and traits.

It’s not just for my kids, either. Last year I started singing with a new choral group, Spiv-Zhyttia (see the March 26, 2012 issue of *The Ukrainian Weekly*) that

has reminded me of the beauty of Ukrainian music. I am so proud and fulfilled to be learning gorgeous choral works and to be making music with like-minded adults whom, before a year ago, I hardly knew.

There's more. I really like my Ukrainian lady friends. I don't know what it is about them — is it the Amazonka genes, or the good looks, the familiar, classical upbringing and values, or what — but I just find them all strong, and good, and fine mothers, and intelligent, soulful, and interesting. (I'm sure the men are great, too, but I'm pretty partial to a certain American of Italian-Slovak heritage, so I don't have much to add, here.)

“Those born in Ukraine or the East want to keep ties with current Ukrainian culture and issues, and to meet peers with whom they can share their own experiences. Those of us born in the West see our Ukrainian-ness as more about family traditions and religion and niche issues of interest to us, whether they be historical, political, or cultural.”

Of course, not all Ukrainian community activities — or people — are a perfect fit. Many organizations are hidebound, reflecting the needs, abilities, and limitations of an older generation, a generation that fought hard (and successfully) to preserve an endangered nation, religion, and language against a mortal enemy. I still marvel, for instance, at why our kids are learning incredibly dull Ukrainian geography and other minutiae in *ridna shkola*, and how impossible it is to get the continent-wide *shkilna rada* to change. These days, the community's younger members have new needs. Those born in Ukraine or the East want to keep ties with current Ukrainian culture and issues, and to meet peers with whom they can share their own experiences. Those of us born in the West see our Ukrainian-ness as more about family traditions and religion and niche issues of interest to us, whether they be historical, political, or cultural. We can take or leave the current politics, and we can even take or leave the language lessons, unless we see value in having our kids broaden their horizons and become enriched with new skills. What's more, those of us with young kids and so many non-Uke options and obligations aren't able or willing to participate exclusively and regularly in (now far-flung) community activities the way our parents once did.

In cities where the community and church hasn't reformed to suit the needs of these younger generations, the Ukrainian organizations are in a crisis of declining membership and loss of purpose. Meanwhile, in cities where the community and church

have learned to embrace change, there's vibrancy and new life. I believe that if the community can reach out with reformed thinking about how to reach out to my generation's thirst for spirituality and the values of my parents, and also reach out to the generations younger than me, it will be able to survive. It will be able to find members who are willing to support it in return for the support and benefit they get from being a part of something bigger. Of course, people will come and go in the community, at different times and at different ages fulfilling their needs at their own level, but they will ultimately stick around if it's mutually beneficial.

Mutual benefit is the key. Before I found my level in the community, with the Ukrainian school and the choir, I can remember going out to that church that would soon turn its back on me and listening to girls and mothers sing *hahilky* at Eastertime. I had brought my husband and stepdaughters to see the outdoor *sviachennia pasok*, and wanted so much for everyone to enjoy it. But even though the setting was lovely, the details quickly turned wrong. At one point, the church's girls and mothers (whom I didn't know) were singing, “treba movu nashu plekaty, abo budut' z nas sia smiyaty” — “we must use our maternal language properly and regularly, or we will get laughed at.”

“Mutual benefit is the key.”

Getting laughed at is the least of our problems — and besides, no one is paying attention. Everyone else is busy with their own thing. Don't be Ukrainian out of duty and fear, or to show others, or as part of a peculiar search for diasporic purity. Do it for the joy, do it for yourself, do it so your kids can belong to something that you know in your heart to be good and true. If they don't find it with you and with your unique interpretation of Ukrainian-ness, they'll have to search for it somewhere else. And in some places — in Hong Kong, or in an uninviting Ukrainian church — the search can be a very, very unsatisfying one.

Melana Zyla Vickers, editorial writer for the Globe and Mail, USA Today and others, now lives in the Washington, DC area.



I Am Both

By Oksana Hrytsyna

I have been travelling back and forth between Canada and Ukraine for nearly six years now and the different adventures, stories and interesting people make it difficult to define my feelings towards the motherland. Yes, even though I wasn't born there I consider Ukraine my motherland, *moya bat'kivshchyna*. I'm Canadian born and bred but I feel a greater affinity with Ukraine and the people here. Returning to Canada, I feel oddly displaced, unable to relate to either Ukrainian-Canadians or to the fourth wave immigrants most recently accepted into the Canadian multicultural patchwork.

“... my work with Ukraine's youth has made me an optimist, a believer in positive change in Ukraine.”

Travelling and living in Lviv, Ukraine has changed me irreversibly and my work with Ukraine's youth has made me an optimist, a believer in positive change in Ukraine.

I began travelling to Ukraine as a volunteer for Help Us Help the Children's summer and winter camps. The Ukrainian-Canadian organization has been providing humanitarian aid for Ukraine's orphans for the past twenty years. Even though I identify myself as Ukrainian first and then Canadian, nothing in the world could have prepared me for Ukraine. At these camps, I experienced first-hand the feeling of resentment from some Ukrainians that it was only the diaspora that was able to aid Ukraine. I recall many conversations about why Ukrainians couldn't seem to help themselves. I learned quickly to listen more rather than to voice my opinions having realized that there are issues that I didn't completely understand. I also remember feeling a seething anger each time I heard

Russian spoken as I expected to hear Ukrainian everywhere. I now know this was naïve. The language issue is a much more complex issue than just eastern versus western Ukraine. I learned about the dangers of *protiakh* – the draft and the health benefits of vodka with black pepper, *salo* and garlic. I felt the warmth that rang true and was boundless from everyone I met – the orphans, my new-found friends and my family whom I was meeting for the first time. And I was hooked. I knew after my first summer in Ukraine that I was now forever bound to this beautiful, complex nation. In summer 2009, I again volunteered for the HUHTC summer camp. As there were fewer international volunteers than usual among the junior camp counsellors I started feeling more accepted, and less foreign to my local peers. Fewer people comment on my funny diaspora accent, or asked typical questions about life in Toronto or how I liked Ukraine. More began to see me as someone like them: a student with a sense of loyalty to a country in which I wasn't even born. Many found my nationalism refreshing, others found it strange. Over time I also understood that I would never be seen as being part of the same cloth. My diaspora accent, strange syntax and usage of antiquated words aside, the difference in thinking, *mentalitet* as they call it, remains a source of division. At first, I saw this difference as something negative because it allowed for the possibility for the diaspora to exact a feeling of superiority, but then I began to use this difference as a medium for positive change.

This past year I have been teaching English at the Ukrainian Catholic University and finally fulfilling a lifelong dream of mine: to live in Lviv. Leopoldians enjoy living in their own city where you café hop with friends and discuss everything from the latest art exhibitions to the most pressing political scandals

“ I have finally come to terms with my Ukrainian-Canadian background. I have refused to accept the fact that change is impossible in Ukraine and I have realized that my love affair with Lviv and Ukraine is slowly evolving into a life-long relationship. ”

which, unfortunately, are plenty. Politics are intertwined into everything, the dominant theme being that government never acts on behalf of the people. I can't hold a class without the subject creeping in. My students want change badly. Many have travelled and know how differently others live. Things need to change, they say, but for right now they end up feeling overwhelmed and fatalistic. My students find solace in my classes, they tell me. Here I encourage them to resist giving in to cynicism, that Ukraine can become the country that they want it to be because change begins with them.

These exchanges have made me more appreciative of Canada. I now value the numerous safety nets available to me. And something else: it has put my Canadian life into perspective and I understand better who I am. This alone is a priceless gift given to me from Ukraine.

I encourage all young Ukrainian-Canadians to

go there. You will be welcomed with open arms. But beware: you will be shaken to your core. A word of advice to those thinking of coming to Ukraine: Don't come here thinking your country is better. Rather, just consider it different.

For now, I'm staying in Lviv as I feel that I still have more to give. There is more work to be done, but also more for me to learn from my students, colleagues, family and even from the babtysi at the bazaars just down the street from my apartment. As Lviv burgeons and blossoms artistically, culturally and socially, I feel a part of this transformation. I have finally come to terms with my Ukrainian-Canadian background. I have refused to accept the fact that change is impossible in Ukraine and I have realized that my love affair with Lviv and Ukraine is slowly evolving into a life-long relationship. I am forever connected to this land and its people. And when, and if, the time comes to return to Toronto, the parting shall be truly bitter-sweet and I will feel torn between two worlds.

But should that happen, I now know that I will return to Lviv and feel, as the plane is landing, pure joy, the soul stirring and a descending peace.

Oksana Hrytsyna, 25, is an Ontario Certified Teacher teaching English at the Centre for Modern Foreign Languages at the Ukrainian Catholic University in Lviv.



JAN MEHLICH/WIKIPEDIA

View of the historic Old Town of Lviv.

Не останнє слово ... Not the last word



What a journey it has been to put the second NASHA DOROHA Anthology together. The stories, strung together by sections dealing with sagas of departing, settling, contributing, remembering and returning reflect the 120 years of our being Canadians. The Anthology ends with reflective musing about the future.

How was it put together? About two years ago the call went out to celebrate the 120th anniversary in a lasting way. Thousands of pages of copy were received, many handwritten. The largest number dealt with the first waves of immigration but all waves are represented here and tell a similar story. Initial loneliness and hardships are wrapped in admirable endurance and determination to retain the best of being Ukrainian: oneself. But the Anthology's aim is not just to remember. It applauds the great leaps forward by prominent members of our *hromada*, community and follows those who return to Ukraine whether as tourists or to resettle with newly gained Canadian know-how.

The stories deal with the different places Ukrainians came from often precipitated by traumatic global events. The pioneers, who came for the land, were followed by political refugees fleeing the Nazi and Communist horrors, while the motivation of the latest newcomers lie in Ukraine's current economic reality and family reunification needs. Various age groups share their feelings about Canada and being of Ukrainian descent. There are insights about the complexities of a double heritage. Yet at the end, one is taken by the similarities shining through our differences. The stories are introduced by poems, most by Ukraine's Lina Kostenko, to link us back to where it began for Canada's Ukrainians and to highlight the universality of our being.

Thank you to all who made the Anthology a reality. The five eparchial NASHA DOROHA representatives who searched for stories – Susan Lazaruk, Rosemarie Nahnybida, Dorothy Lazurko, Stephanie Bilyj and Tania Kohut. Karen Lemiski was an angel. Her knowledge, encouragement and read-through were God sent.

Oksana Bashuk Hepburn
Editor

Витаючи Антологію, впадає в очі туга за рідним і знайомим. З часом природа робить своє – ми звикаємо до змін, і нове стає рідним, але залишаються корінь і душа, як і бажання бути собою, а в той самий час використовувати оточення.

Українці Канади впродовж 120 років заслужили репутацію не лише працьовитих хліборобів, але провідних діячів як у мистецтві, так і у спорті, в науці, бізнесі, політиці та в інших галузях. Це колосальний вклад в Канаду, а рівно з тим досвідом позитивний вплив на увесь світ. А було не легко. За рівноправність треба було боротися. І ще боремося.

Кожне оповідання – це вклад в історію Канади та поступ від перших поселенців, тяжких зусиль та гіркої дискримінації до рівноправних громадян. Пережиття близько 1,3 мільйона збагачує Канаду, як рівно ж і українську громаду світу.

Чому з'явилася Антологія? Щоб написати про себе, про наше канадське буття. Але це ще не все про нас! Тому заклик – пишіть! Записуйте пережите, спостережене і те, що потрібне нам тут. І пам'ятаймо – українці допомогли Канаді дійти до успіху, тепер треба канадським досвідом допомогти Україні. Такий виклик гідний уваги канадської спільноти. Вимагати такого почину – це наше право. Тому заклик – пишіть! Хай це не буде наше останнє слово. Записуйте...

Дякую всім, котрі долучилися до видання Антології. Всім авторам – без їх дописів це б не здійснилося. Ігор Кодак запевнив привабливий вигляд, Соня Павлів та Елен Рискі оригінальні малюнки, Либідь Жила Гардер пораду відносно обкладинки, Люба Андріїв доскональний український текст, а Ліга Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади замінила ідею на дійсність.

Оксана Башук Гепбурн
Упорядник/Редактор

Ukrainians in Canada Quiz

1. Name the star of Canada's longest running comedy show.
2. The Force became a reality in *Star Wars* movies. Name the person responsible.
3. Canada's two Governor Generals of Ukrainian origin.
4. Computer animation exists in movies such as *Toy Story* and *Harry Potter*, thanks to whom?
5. Canada's only female astronaut and photographer of space-scapes.
6. Pacemakers began being used in Winnipeg. Who achieved that?
7. Who wrote about the early Ukrainian settlers in Canada in *The Promised Land*?
8. The fastest three goals in NHL history were scored. Name the athlete.
9. Name several major philanthropists of Ukrainian Canadian origin supporting community initiatives.
10. Known as Canada's Father of Multiculturalism.
11. Name of the umbrella organization of Ukrainian Canadians.
12. People in trouble call 911. Who established that emergency line?
13. Which major city has compulsory Holodomor high school studies?
14. The Toronto Maple Leafs won their last Stanley Cup in 1967. Faint memory, but a Winnipeg man of Ukrainian descent was on the team. Name him.
15. Name three provinces which elected premiers of Ukrainian descent.
16. *Taking Care of Business* is almost a Canadian anthem. Who composed that song?
17. 92-year-old woman track star setting world records.
18. It's easy to make lots of pyrohy quickly thanks to Hunky Bill's Perogie Maker. What was the inventor's full name?
19. How many Ukrainians in Canada?
20. The Block Parent program came to Winnipeg thanks to whom?
21. Who was hockey's number 99, The Great One?
22. How many Ukrainian Canadians joined the Canadian Armed Forces in WWII? Who was their first general?
23. He was the first Ukrainian Canadian appointed to the federal cabinet and credited with establishing the Unemployment Insurance benefits.

12. Stephen Juba
13. Toronto School Board
14. Terry Sawchuk
15. Ed Steimach – Alberta,
Gary Filmon – Manitoba,
Roy Romanow – Saskatchewan
16. Randy Bachman
17. Olga Kotelko
18. Bill Konyk
19. 1.3 million
20. Bill Chornopyski
21. Wayne Gretzky
22. Tens of thousands! Some good research is needed
to establish the enormous contribution of Ukrainian
Canadians. Brigadier General Joseph Romanow
23. Hon. Michael Starr

Answers:
1. Luba Goy
2. Roman Kroitor, IMAAX co-founder, Sandde animation
system creator, award-winner for best animated film
3. Rt. Hon. Edward Schreyer and
Rt. Hon. Ramon Hnatyshyn
4. Nestor Burtynk
5. Dr. Roberta Bodnar
6. Jaroslaw Barwinsky
7. Pierre Berton
8. Bill Mostienko
9. Doris and Morris Kule, Dr. Maria Fischer-Slysh,
Erast Huculak, Eugene Melnyk, James Temerty,
the Petro Jacyk Education Foundation,
the Wrzesniewskyj Family Foundation, among others
10. Senator Paul Yuzk
11. Ukrainian Canadian Congress

Quiz: After the Winnipeg Free Press by Oksana Bashuk Hepburn.

OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTORS ✧ НЕПЕРЕСІЧНІ ГРОМАДЯНИ



Victor Malarek, TV anchor and producer, author



Roberta Bondar, Canada's first female astronaut



William Kurelek, Canada's pre-eminent painter



Roman Kroitor, IMAX co-founder, Sandde animation system creator



Luba Goy, Royal Canadian Air Force comedienne



Randy Bachman, songwriter and singer



Rt. Hon. Ramon Hnatyshyn, Governor General of Canada



Sylvia Fedoruk, Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan



Gary Filmon, 19th Premier of Manitoba (1988-99)



Roy Romanow, Premier of Saskatchewan, instrumental in keeping Quebec in the Confederation during the Quebec Crisis



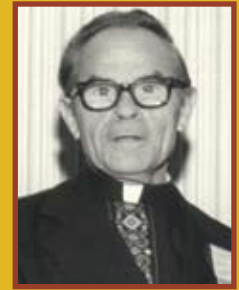
Митрополит Максим Германюк, єрарх Української Греко-Католицької Церкви в Канаді



Brigadier General Joseph Romanow, first Canadian Armed Forces general of Ukrainian descent



Rt. Rev. Msgr. Dr. Wasyl Kushnir, first president of the Ukrainian Canadian Congress



Rev. Semen Izyk, freedom fighter, survivor of Nazi concentration camps, anti-Communist author, radio and TV, Postup producer and moral compass



Olga Kotelko, a 92-year-old athletic wonder woman



Roma Franko and Sonia Morris, developers of educational curricula, translators of Ukrainian classic literature into English



Marsha Skrypuch, author of children's books



Our Pet Juliette (Juliette Sysak), Canada's beloved 1956-66 TV songbird



William Hawrelak, several-time Mayor of Edmonton



Henry Dayday, Mayor of Saskatoon, one of Canada's longest serving mayors



Stephen Juba, Mayor of Winnipeg, credited with the city's blue and gold colours as a tribute to its dominant Ukrainian roots



Wayne Gretzky, hockey's The Great One



Terry Sawchuk, hockey's legendary goalie played for 21 seasons

