

"Can You Hear The Poplars"



Bitamo - Welcome

Well here it is July 31st, gee its hot here in Vancouver, I wonder, will be hot in Ukraine? I'm so excited only waited a life time for this trip. Lets see, bags are packed, antihistamines, gum are in my purse, passports in order and Ukraine Visa stamped and ready to go... MAPS ?? Yup got them to. Invitations are sent out, Korovi is ordered and waiting. Priest is booked. We're off!! First to Winnipeg for 7 days, then our trip really begins



Chapter 1 - Winnipeg

The first leg of our journey is Winnipeg. We are about to share with 120 people the 10 year Memorial of our Son, David, who left us on July 31st, 1992 ...at such a young age of 14. This trip to Ukraine should have included him, which it did in a way. I guess you could say I brought his spirit with me. All those years of him growing up, telling him that we would one day, as a family make that long journey over the water to see his cousins and the towns of his Great Great Grandparents. I always wanted for my children, what I did not have, which was to read and speak Ukrainian. David was fluent in Ukrainian and French... We taught him the customs and traditions of our Ukrainian heritage. We are a proud people. Thanks to my Baba Maria Konowalczyk, and my Father in Law Michael Hrynenko, for without them I would not have learned how to become a good strong Ukrainian and keeping my faith as a Ukrainian Catholic...

The first night in Winnipeg, I lay awake thinking about the trip to Ukraine. Will I be able to cope with the language? The food, no problem, that should be easy... What will my feelings be when I see the towns for the first time, visiting the cemeteries? Say hello, bring flowers, pray. Many people on the genealogy list stated that they are a mess! Would I want to clean my g-g grandparent's grave, will I be able to find them?? My mind was swirling with thoughts.. It's 3 am; the breeze was hot as I listened to the clatter sound of the leaves of the Poplars, a sound you do not hear in British Columbia. Giddo Konowalczyk always said how he loved the sound of the winds blowing between the leaves... Hey, something that we both love...

August 8, here we are at the Winnipeg Airport, nothing has changed. Boy do they need to update this airport! yuck ... Air Canada attendant questioning who was on flight 1172 that's US. Why? Oh no... MISS THE FLIGHT TO TORONTO??? Arrive 3 hours early... WHAT !! NEED TO RUN. FRANKFURT HERE WE COME ... WHEEEEEEE ... WERE OFF !!!!!!!!! The flight was a 747 double decker Air

Canada, which we boarded with about 70 German teenagers, they were in Toronto for the Pontiff's mass, and the kids were great! Mind you there were the few in front of us that seemed to like their beer & gin. Sleep? Why would they want to sleep... Ahhhh, I was young and foolish once.. hummmm? still am...

Chapter 2 - Germany / Ukraine

Aug. 9, 02 8:30 AM

We arrive in Frankfurt Germany, Beautiful warm morning. Managed to get off on the wrong side of the tram. Somehow needed to get to Terminal 2 – how? Can't cross the track! There's no train coming? I guess we walk. A worker at the airport came to our rescue and escorted us through part of the airport that was not inhabited by anyone. We walked down the cement staircase into a poorly lit area, my thoughts running wild. Where was he taking us? Are we safe? Do we trust him? Finally we came out from the back of the airport through a set of

glass doors, hummm? We never went through customs? WEREN' T WE SUPPOSE TO GO THROUGH CUSTOMS ? HEY CUSTOMS? Guys, Customs!!!! Oh well .. We ended up on the opposite side of customs at the duty free. OH GEE!! If not in front of us are 5 armed guards holding machine guns, I told Roman go stand in the far corner and take a picture of them HA! NOT A CHANCE Chicken!!!! Shopping!! Way to expensive. Ohhh, cute shoes, made in Italy ONLY \$780 Euros, sure Ill take 3 pair, ya right! Ives St. Laurent, can buy that at home. Lets see, Cognac !! Should we splurge and buy a bottle to take to Ukraine!! No, better wait and see what they need. BOARDING UKRAINE INTERNATIONAL WE'RE OFF AGAIN.... SEE YOU IN UKRAINE



August 9, 2002 1:10 PM

The countryside is beautiful. I can't believe that I'm here... Looks like Canada !! Germany green, checker board fields, farms surrounded by rows of trees, hills and dirt roads leading to the unknown.. Ukraine? Is this Ukraine ??? Oh my !! Old, more distressed. Lush green hills. Lunch, consisted of cucumber salad, bun with ham, cheese, lettuce and mayo .. Tea... cookies and fruit flavoured soda water ..Hey look, salt, pepper and towelett all written in Ukrainian gotta save these. Hold on to your hats were coming in for a landing... Well, I see a lonely tarmac. Concrete runway, grass growing in between the cracks. Oh my! Several planes parked side by each. Roman, they look old ?? Covered in blue plastic, I hope they're for parts. They can't fly them can they??? They should be for scrap.



The Lviv Airport is very old, but ornate. As I look out my porthole window many of the buildings are dilapidated and no where is the grass cut !! Ok, how do we get to the main building? Oh, this is interesting. A 5 ton cattle truck with seats. Security is standing at the door of the plane with the stewardesses checking our passports and ID. Dobry Den, I exclaimed ... I wasn't about to let them get this old girl down.. I'm perky in Canada, I'm gonna be perky here.. Not a happy bunch of people... very MILITARY .. Well we passed the test, off we go!! The breeze is

very warm, the sky blue, clouds high and wispy.. The smell of the country is clean and sweet.

Inside the airport again is very, very military... no one is talking, very quiet... customs officer walked by, Roman questioned if we may take pictures NEE (no)!!!! The inside is built with marble everywhere.. Marble columns, marble floors with beautifully carved wood doors, windows (with bars) and benches .. The bathrooms are also in marble ... high toilets and yes they do have seats, but guess what.. NO TOILET PAPER!! It takes us about 30 min. of standing in line before we even get up to the wicket. They check our passports, question how much money are we declaring? Before we even get to Romans passport we are shuffled into another room... asked which of our suitcases were ours.. surprise...

Chapter 3 - The Lost Chervoniy Suitcase

NO CHERVONIY SUITCASE (red) ????. Our suitcase never made it to Ukraine AHHHH still in Frankfurt.. They assured us in Frankfurt (DON'T WORRY THEY WILL BE IN LVIV !!!) A heavysset woman, gold teeth, grabs us, explains we are to follow her. Now, no one has notified family who are eagerly awaiting our arrival, that we have been taken out of the building. Oh my another dilapidated building, plaster falling off the walls, stairs made out of stone. Windows are broken.. You would think that the government would at least up date the airport ?? And I complained about Winnipeg's !! The lady was very helpful, she quickly e-mailed Frankfurt and had our CHERVONIY SUITCASES sent via Warsaw Poland, to Lviv. There is only one flight a week to Lviv from Frankfurt ..Our suitcase is going to do more gallivanting than us.. Lucky. They never checked any of our carry on bags or boxes.. Yeahhhhh, the 10 pkgs of BC Smoked Salmon and the 20 Babushka's got through!!!!

The woman takes us back to the airport. We are escorted out to the front where family's are gathered THERE'S NADIA, I'd know her anywhere, tears are flowing, screams of joy, arms full of flowers (roses & carnations) hugs and kisses for everyone and we're off !!! Our chariot awaits, a blue Lada !! Yup everyone here drives a Lada unless you are fortunate to own a Mercedes, Jaguar, a Hummer??? It sure is hot !! From what I gathered they only bought the car 3 weeks before we came and had no motor!! Wasyl and Yuri had it up and running by the time we arrive. Cannot believe that I'm really here .. wow!! They drive on the same side of the road as Canadians, great. We are only about 50 miles from Selo Rozdol, [Lviv'ska Oblast](#). Like driving from Winnipeg to Rosa. The main highway is similar to our 2nd grade roads in Canada, no lines painted, at least everyone stays on their own side. The fields are golden, landscape is natural, not neat and tidy like Canada or USA .



We arrive at the Hrynenko Homestead, not what I expected ! The original home consisted of only 3 rooms they now have 9.. There is a beautiful fence around the property made of bricks. In between the posts are 18 pieces of re-barb painted black with a silver Fleur de Lea on the top. Each piece costs \$1 Hryvnya (UAH) \$3.38 Canadian or \$5.80 US. Gates opened to the property. As we drive in there walking towards us is Romans,

Uncle and Aunt, tears and full of smiles. The boys are not far behind.. Oleh and Yuri all 6 feet of them.. Of course tears are swelling, as I think of my David. I know he's here. Within minutes the neighbours are all gathered. Welcoming us to their homeland "Ukraine".





As we walk around the grounds, eyeing the fruit trees, the gardens, marigold plants, so large I can't even put my arms around them.. Red, pink, and white roses in full bloom. Lunch is on the table. Later that evening Nadia and Wasyl take us for a walk. Across the road is a Palace which belonged to a the very wealthy Polish family named Karl Graf Lanckoronski .



They purchased the property in the early 1800's. On the grounds there is a hospital, living quarters for staff, stables, vegetable bins made out of stone with divided walls inside to separate the fruits and vegetables. School and other buildings. The grounds have their own light poles and cement drive ways. There is a stone stair case that takes you down to the lake... You can almost imagine the horse drawn carriages riding up to the palace doors. Woman dressed in their beautiful gowns, sparkling Emeralds and Ruby jewellery. Gentlemen in their Military uniforms or suits made of the finest Linens. The music of Bandura's and Violin's swirling in the sweet evening air. In the



courtyard is a fountain that use to be home to a lovely Angel that had been stolen many times, returned and has found a new home at the museum in Kiev, as are many of the other pieces that use to belong to the family. The evening is silent and growing dark, you can hear the birds singing goodnight in the distance. Families are bringing the cows home for the night, yes that's right, they still run the cattle out to pasture for the day!! It has been a long and exciting day! What will tomorrow bring, only time will tell... DOBRANEECH!! (goodnight)



Chapter 4 - A New Day:

August 10 2002 - DOBRIY RANO (good morning)

WHAT THE !!!! IT'S 5 AM. Nothing like being awoken by the Dobriy Rano of the cows!!



Well, I guess its time to get up. Ooooooh, are my hips sore they kept me up all night. This chesterbed that we slept on with a 4 inch sponge is not the most comfortable thing... have to do something about this... The pillows were 28"x28" filled with feathers and hard as rock. The comforter was so heavy it was like having a body on top of you, never used it. The bedding was so heavy I could not lift the comforter. Oh my gosh, Roman your gonna hafta fold this thing up and put it away... To early to think.. Wow the day is starting off to be wonderful, blue skies, a warm breeze. As I look out the single pane windows with beautiful white

lace curtains, I watch in amazement at the people already up and about. Woman carrying plaid bags one in each hand, gee they look heavy? I wonder what could be in them? Old men with sticks, to keep their balance while they walk to town. Mothers, with young children wearing white crisp blouses

and white frilly bows in their hair. Standing at the bus stop waiting for a lift into Lviv, Mikolaiv or Ternopil?

Breakfast for the baby chicks consisted of ground wheat mixed with 1 boiled egg, chopped very fine. Of course our meal, fresh pork cut like bacon, fried with onions. Boiled eggs served with mayo, sliced dark bread topped with sausage, cucumber, tomato and Mayo. Sliced smoked bacon, chicken soup, mushrooms, fine noodles, smoked Gouda cheese, tea and coffee. I don't know why I have been sending them Lipton's tea, Nadia makes Chi from loose tea leaves, it was delicious. Maybe it was the water and of course the soil is organic. Nadia's stove used to be made out of brick and clay. Now she boasts of a new white 4 burner gas stove with an oven, cost was (\$420 Hryvnya \$80 American) which has not been used, she claims that the pilot light keeps going out. Roman explained that she opens the door to fast, which causes a draft and the pilot light goes



out... so we did some experimenting... they prefer to FRY everything, in butter, lots of butter, ooh, my favourite !!!! All meats are purchased fresh, there is no fridge space. Nadia's is about 4'x2' ft deep, very small freezer compartment, every second day they are at the market.. Tomatoes, boy do they eat tomatoes. We were always stopping to buy, only saw Roma's.

Still waiting to hear about the CHERVONIY Suitcases ... Thank goodness Nadia still has her hair-dryer, what would a woman do !!!! We sit around and chat the morning away. Nadia explained to us, that they do not have a bank account, as the government froze them. If they had, lets say \$1000 and wanted to take it out, the bank would only give what they wanted to give them. The books show the money as being there, but there is no money to give? SO WHERE IS THE MONEY?????? This would not go over very well in Canada or US.

The sun was warm as we sat on the bench up against the whitewashed summer house, yup no kitchen or washroom in the main house... sure don't wanna be going out in the snow during winter to the ole out house ... 40 below in Manitoba was enough for me.. There are two rooms, kitchen and washroom which has a porcelain sink attached to the wall and an old claw porcelain bath tub... Hey! they have hot running water.. It doesn't take long to heat the water, but only in the tub. You still have to heat water in a kettle to wash dishes .. I must say it didn't take long for me to get back into the swing of things of being back on the farm. The first few days there, we were not allowed to do any household chores. Wasyl was very upset with Roman when he came into the summer kitchen and saw him drying dishes, NEE ! NEE (no) ROMAN WHAT ARE YOU DOING? "SHCHO? (what) Roman exclaimed !! You can't wipe dishes "that's woman's work"!! Roman explained that in Canada husbands help the wife (sometimes hehe) with daily chores. Needless to say Wasyl was not impressed.

Later in the morning, Roman was leaning on the fence watching his uncle in the garden with a homemade two pronged hoe. Curious, Roman asked his Uncle what he was doing.. OH, Pomah he said, I'm digging potato's that's MY job. I dig, and Baba peels and cooks. Roman asked where are they?? Oh there here somewhere? I just dig till I find them?? They were not planted in rows, neither hilled or tilled ... Roman explained that if they were planted in rows and hilled you would be able to find them.. Nadia at this point was questioning why they do not have bigger potatoes?? Again explained. Ahh, much to teach more to learn!!! As the morning came to a close we were informed that we would be going to New Rozdol for some sight seeing, and shopping. Nadia needs a new washing machine and could use a larger fridge! The drive to New Rozdol was about 15 min.. as my eyes follow the road I am in awe of the scenery.

There are plots of gardens in the fields? As explained, the government gave everyone property, 20 feet by 100 meters, which they can plant anything they want i.e. cabbage, wheat, corn, beets carrots etc. besides the gardens they have in their own yards.. We twist and turn down the highway passing horse drawn wagons, hand hewn wood for the box, one wheel made of steel no tire, another made from wood, two mismatched wheels with tires. Mother, father and children riding with their daily food, clothing and blankets in case they are on the field all day. I feel as though we have gone back in time 70 years or so...

Fruit trees everywhere, apples bright red, ready for the picking, some still green. Plump, purple plums, heavy with juice. Pears so big I can't hold them in my hand.. Then I see along the road, in ditches, out in the fields lonely markers, beautiful ornate crosses with a crown of thorns hanging from them. The Blessed Virgin Mary way out in the middle of nowhere with a white picket fence surrounding her?? Why is she out there? what was the purpose ?? To bless the land, making sure that the crops are healthy and strong? Many questions waiting to be asked.. I wish I spoke Ukrainian, but I have to rely on Roman. We arrive in New Rozdol, of course we stick out like a sore thumb, Roman in t-shirt and blue jeans, me in black shorts, t-shirt and my trusty pink sandals, everyone is watching. Wasyl stays with the car in case someone try's to take it. As we scout around, I notice a 5 ton truck parked under the trees with the back open, what I see surprises me, an altar, statues of the Saints and Blessed Virgin Mary with church icons, can you believe it, all FOR SALE, off the back of a dirty old truck. I wanted to go over and ask why they were selling and for how much, but my scary cat husband said leave it alone!! I'm the inquisitive type... ya think...

We enter the Bazaar. Well you don't have to pay to get in like in Canada. As I look around I see many Kiosks some 5'x5' and others double the size. You can get almost anything you want. Bathtubs, sinks, electric coffee pots, hand mixers, food processors, pots, pans. Clothing, shoes made in Italy and Korea. But most of the wares were from Asia, trinkets, toys, soap. We venture over to the meats and groceries.. LADIES you would not want to shop in this store.. you would not know what to do with the pieces of meat that I saw.. large cuts of beef, don't ask me what cuts they were. If there was a T-Bone steak never saw it!!! Booths with bacon, sausage, smokies, Lyoner Sausage from France. (at least I knew what that was) huge blocks of butter at least 50 lb. They cut off a chunk and weigh it.. Nadia picks up tomatoes and mayo and were off again...

As we venture further into the town we see a large gathering of people maybe 50 walking through the town square. Leading the way, a Bride and Groom, IT'S A WEDDING! What luck !!! Nadia and I beat them to the church as we sneak upstairs to await their arrival. I look around in amazement. The church is quit old but very small (like the churches on the prairies), with a very large eating area that would hold 100-120 people. The walls made out of hand hewn wood almost like a log cabin effect, with Persian carpets on the floor. Here they come, Bride and Groom first along with both sets of parents. A young lady holding a hand embroidered cloth with a Korovi (decorated bread with birds) sitting on top.. The bride looked lovely in her White A line gown with full skirt. Low cut neck, long sleeves beautifully adorned with pearls, crystals and sequence. Her veil fell to the small of her back. The groom on the other hand was dressed in traditional black tuxedo, he was as white as a sheet, scared to death and probably all of 20 years of age ... hehe We hung over the balcony and watched as the Maid of Honour and the Best Man hold the magnificent Golden Crowns on their heads as they repeat their vows. Surprised no traditional Ukrainian costumes, no Ukrainian embroidered cloth for the bride to kneel on for the blessing, guess now the young want a traditional Western wedding. To bad!!! They give each other a kiss as husband and wife, the bells are a ringing. Outside, on the grounds there is a magnificent new cathedral going up, covered with scaffolding while they lay the red bricks, I have been told that they have been working on it for years, someday it will be finished.. They can only work as the money comes in. I'm still thinking of my CHERVONIY SUITCASE??

And were off. Our next stop is Styr Rozdol Cemetery. Well I must say it took my breath away!! I was in Awe ... The day was hot and the sun high, as I gaze around my heart pounding as we walk through tall grasses, stinging nettles, roses of every colour of the rainbow. The sweet smell of goldenrod swaying in the slight breeze, brown eyed daisy's staring at me wondering who is she, never saw her here before? Nadia takes us over to Roman's Grandfather and Grandmothers graves, we bow our heads and say a prayer.. Petro who died years ago from cancer.. Great Grandfather & Great Grandmothers again another prayer, we walk in silence. Every grave has a cribbing and raised off the ground. Some headstones are of modern design with pictures of family members engraved on black granite. The graves themselves were all planted with every type of flower you can imagine.

Fencing made of ironwork surrounds the graves as if to keep them safe from evil. Ornate headstones made of iron (steel) designed with crosses adorned with Crown of Thorns or Shrouds. Statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary, child holding a lamb, oak wooden crosses, weathered and falling over. My heart sank as we toured the Polish side. No one takes care of this side of the cemetery, it is old and dilapidated, dates to the 1700's. Roman, come see this!!! A grave made out of stone with a fallen down tree serves as a cross. The inscription that bears a name that was no longer visible, 1800's. There are no family's left in town to take care of them! On top of the hill is a church, which reminded me of churches in Mexico, white washed, above the large wooden doors was a skull and cross bones?? To keep out evil?? Doors were locked no luck of getting inside for a tour. As we toured the grounds there were several men making new cribbing and burning the grass, the one thing that bothered me was around the graves no one cuts the grass, no signs of a lawn mower the weeds in some places were taller than me, 5'2" OK, OK, so I'm short... They just can't be bothered to clean it up??? In the evening we sat outside watched the sun set and the moon rise ..we chatted about the day, Romans family asking questions about Canada? Did our family forget about Ukraine? Was it hard for them when they came to Canada? Tears filled my eyes as we explained that NO family ever forgot about their BELOVED UKRAINE. I sat with my eyes closed listening to the still of the night, there was no noise.. I have never experienced such silence... Maybe it is the silence I so much long for!!!! It's midnight and we have a big day ahead of us... DOBRANEECH !!

Chapter 5 - Collection Of The Lost Suitcase

August 11, 2002 Dobriy Rano !!!

The day started with cooked fine macaroni, smoked gouda cheese, sliced dark bread with sausage, cucumber and of course tomatoes... WERE OFF TO COLLECT THE LOST CHERVONIY SUITCASE, HOORAY!!!! Thought this day would never come. As we near the city of Lviv it is full of life, people walking riding, driving ... OH, by the way never loose your suitcase ?? It's easier to send a parcel to Ukraine than pick up luggage at Lviv Airport. We arrive and announced ourselves to the airport official, are told to go wait in another building, someone will be there in a few minutes... OH MY !! Windows broken, walls cracked, benches around the walls and 3 down the middle to sit on. As we approach the glass doors there is another family waiting inside. OH, we waited all right, 20 min. nobody, 30 min. nobody, ok this is ridiculous Roman question's the family waiting, they were here 20 before us.. guess who's getting a little upset !! ME! OK, so we go back to the main building all of us!! Up the stairs into the office, swing open the door, gentleman sitting behind the desk reading a magazine, typical government worker hehehehe, anyway, Nadia questions him as to how long we must wait? Without looking up he states soon.. Me in the back ground telling Roman what he should be saying, Ya Right like he's going to listen to me!!! Off we go back, sit and wait some more... another 25 min go by. Guess what! I'm back at the office, talking louder and louder, actually Nadia had me beat ... THEY ARE VISITING FROM CANADA AND THIS IS HOW YOU TREAT THEM.. ...He's lucky I did not speak Ukrainian... at this point he stood up, this is where I'm thinking, OH GREAT WERE GOING TO JAIL. Were back at the building.. FINALLY two people are walking towards us.

One male the other female.. she is dressed in very tight grey-blue short skirt and very tight blouse with military shoulder pads .. Looking very sexy with high heels, man if I wore those today I probably fall and break a hip ... hehehe. SO WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU HAD TO WAIT FOR THE PLANE TO UNLOAD AND GO THROUGH CUSTOM'S. They have much to learn. They called the other family first, only he was allowed in the dirty dungeon of a room. Finally he emerges grabbing his suitcases and hurriedly leaves the building, never mind he states to his wife. We find out that, he either did not declare the lap top computer, or he is told to pay \$600 to release it.. Without complaints he pays and leaves... He states that he is glad he moved to Canada 5 years ago and hates coming home. WELL it's our turn, they call Mr. Pomah Hrynenko in the office, guess who's right behind, there was no way that I would not be present ... official glared at me.

Roman took the CHERVONIY suitcase and laid it on the bench and preceded to open it.. The female agent started asking questions about the microphone, Roman explained that it was for the church. WHAT'S in these bottles, Canadian Maple Syrup I explained, she thought we should have the food inspector come in. He exclaimed "NEE" they are sealed.. Everything seemed to be in order, They were looking a little tired by this time, he stamped our papers and told us "PISHOW". Oh, just the day before a woman came to the airport for her suitcases, arrived at 8 am at 10 am went and wondered why no one had come, again told to go back and wait, they will be there soon. 12:30 pm slowly walks back to the main building, surprise, was told to go back and wait, and she did, not complaining.... 4 pm rolls around and she calmly went back and guess what EVERYONE HAD LEFT FOR THE DAY... and was told to come back in the morning. !!! It seems they can do what they want, when they want to!!!



It is now 2 pm, glad to be out, now we can have fun!!! OFF TO THE BAZAAR!!! SHOPPING WOW. ... It was a buyers market. Everything you wanted. This was name brand shopping. Lee's, Sony, Panasonic, toilets, sinks, CD's, clothes, shoes, yes from Italy !!! I sure felt out of place with my blue jeans and T-shirt. All the woman are very well dressed with high heeled shoes & purse to match, not a hair out of place, make-up fine tuned.. I wanted to know where the Beauty Salons were, hey, even the Baba's were dressed better than me!! Chandeliers by the dozen ooooooh ... wait I have to seeeeee Oh My !!! Look at that chandelier.. calm down, stop hyperventilating.. ooh they were soooo nice, Roman keeps telling me THERE IS NO TRAILER BEHIND THE LUFTHANSA. One chandelier caught my eye "I will be back" Na Duza Fina!!! On to the next shop, German cutlery, knives, beautiful tea sets painted, pale blue, tiny white flowers adorned with gold trim.. As we walked around, I noticed something strange, there were several people carrying a Hugo Boss plastic bag?? Somehow I'm thinking, I can't even afford to shop there. First there is one or two then 6-7 by the time we leave almost everyone has a bag... Must be some kind sale I'm thinking!! Turns out they sell them on the street corners for .65 UAH. There was another shop that had the most beautiful lace curtains... Control yourself girl !!!!! Again the shops consisted of about 5x5 square feet, rows between them are very narrow. Clothes hanging inside and out. The only meat we saw was pork, sausage, bacon, roasts & ribs. The woman would come running up asking (Pannie) what you want to buy! Come try my sausage " The Best" they would exclaim !!



Roman is happily snapping pictures as one lady grabs mine and Nadia's arm, she totally wanted to be in the picture, so there we are standing proudly in front of her shop. The day was long and coming to a close. You know, I spent all that time oohing and aaaahing over everything, I didn't spend one dime... Nadia wouldn't let



me buy her new silverware. There will be more shopping day's I hope... When we returned home, I had been informed that we were going for a drive to the CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS!! Nadia's husband Wasyl was born in [Dovhe](#). What a surprise, one place I did not expect to go.. After supper we have company, Walter Yaskiw and wife Maria from Zadacw. Walter is the nephew of Fred Yaskiw from Pansey, MB. We brought them shoes and a microphone for the church, which is in great need.. We had a wonderful visit, good wine lots of laughter and of course another meal. It was getting late and it had been a long day ... Dobraneech!!!

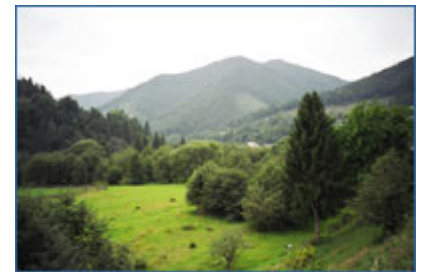
Chapter 6 - Carpathian Mountains

There's old Bossy, comin a calling like she does every morning, Dobriy Rano !! to you to 5:30 am... time to get ready for our big trip.. breakfast is ready, Nadia packs bags full of apples, pears and plums.. home made apple juice for the road.. Water for the car, car parts, tire (just in case) blankets, pillow ..etc. You know there no different than the rest of us... and you guessed it, toilet paper.. There's is about 4 inches wide dark tan in colour (unbleached), still full of wood chips, I tell you if you had an itchy bum it sure felt good... heheheheheh . Yedum were off. Give Baba and Gido hug and kiss, tell the boys to take good care of them... Wave goodbye! The gates close behind us. As we travel south to New Rozdol, the road snakes and curls as we drive through many small towns, people getting ready for the day. We dodge geese making there way down to the pond. Cows heading out to pasture, family's waiting at the bus stop, hoping that there is room for them.. We saw one bus they were packed like sardines, bustin at the rafters. Finally we are on Hwy M17 South...



The structures are all made of brick, some with smooth finishes and white washed. Very ornate with pictures of scenery, coloured stones and stencilling around the windows and edges of the house. All the homes are surrounded with metal fencing and stainless steel gates with punched out designs.. the yards are fully utilised with gardens. Flowers of every kind, Lipstick Red roses mixed in with pink, yellow and mauve. Black eyed Susan's, Bachelor Buttons, Baby's breath, pole beans climbing as high as the sky will allow them, beets, corn ready for the

picking. Horseradish everywhere. Just like home As we drive out of Lv'ivska Oblast, we enter Ivano Frankivs'k Oblast the scenery changes to deep rolling hills with fields of corn, hay, reminded me of Alberta. As we proceeded closer to the [Carpathian Mountains](#) Nadia explains that there are no mountains as we know them, but very old hills. Many areas in the hills were used by the army to hide Military equipment. In parts of



the forest, grounds and trees were raised up to expose rockets and cannons during the war. There are many road side memorials, some are just wooden crosses, iron crosses with a crown of thorns hung around the centre. Crosses or Blessed Virgin Mary way out in the field surrounded by a white picket fence. Nadia explained that there are family members buried there, you cannot plant any crops on that spot for 300 years, or the last living member has died... Miniature churches that have alters, Icons with Rushnyks adorning each picture. There are candles for lighting, rosary's for praying and Holy Water for blessing... Religion, is still very strong in Ukraine. There are many beautiful Cathedrals being built, some in the middle of no where. It was explained that the Priests will not work together, they all want their OWN churches! This way the do not have to split the money.

Wasył was so funny, he is the most gentle, caring and loving person. He made me laugh.. as we were driving along, he told Roman that any time I want to stop to take pictures or just to see something to yell STOP !!! The highways were in pretty good shape, there are no painted lines to divide the road and have traffic circles like in Alberta.. My biggest concern was that he never would fill the gas tank.. it turns out they only put in enough to get from point A to point B ? To fill a tank of gas in a Lada was \$65 UAH... or \$23. Canadian. For a lot of people of Ukraine that is 1 months wages. In Wasył's case he makes about \$40 UAH a week, he is a mechanic. Strange though, one evening a Mercedes pulled up outside the house, they never come into the yard, the men just yell from the gate.. I teased Wasył, asked him what are the MAFIA doing here... OH BOY!! Maybe opened a can of worms ??? He put his finger up to his mouth and said QUITE!! He was reluctant to say anything but he new, that we new, what was going on. More later.

The most breath taking scenery. The rolling hills in magnificent shades of green. Linden, Poplar and Evergreens. The day was misty, just like home (British Columbia) we are off road now, ROAD, what road, (could have used a 4x4) hehehe.. It disappears from time to time... We drive on the grass, around a boulder, then the road, Oh, out into a field, mind the cows. Oh, now there's the geese again... hold it, another cow. OH FOR HEAVENS SAKE watch the PEOPLE.... where they walking to, I don't know!! UP, DOWN, AROUND, at one point I thought I was going to be sick.. this is worse than the roller coaster.. but what great fun !! As we enter one small town there was no road, just mud and very poor. I look in dismay, feeling that I should have driven up in horse and buggy. Homes were lopsided, with sheets of metal for the roofs, picket fences falling down with roses intertwined holding them up. As we continue, I admire the beautiful white lace curtains on the windows. Haven't seen a car or truck for miles. I wonder how do they survive.. WE Canadians sure take a lot for granted. I guess what you never had you never miss??? I was born and raised a city girl, but had many Aunts, Uncles that lived on farms so did my Gido Anton Konowalczyk, Sandilands to be exact. Sandy soil, tall evergreens, Smorzie(morels) in the spring, Wild Blueberry's in July, and Pedpenkie in the fall.. I remember the garden planted in the sand and thought how could anything grow?? The carrots were long and plentiful. His home was two rooms, made from logs with a thatched roof.. The smell of smoke permeated throughout summer and winter. He always loved to be on the farm. No wonder so many Ukrainian's when they came to Canada they loved it so much, it reminded them of their homeland, and I can see why.



OOOOHH, more potholes. Finally we arrive at the Marchyshyn homestead in Selo [Dovhe](#), Skoliveska Rayon, Zakarpats'ka Oblast. The gates open as we drive in. The yard is lovely, green and lush. Hey, they have a Burda, which is now a chicken coup.. Snaking through the property is a creek, with the coldest flowing water. A bridge connects the yard with the rest of the property. There is a huge hill to the back, YOUR GARDEN IS WHERE?? you've got to be kidding ?? On the side of the hill, near the top is the garden, with a narrow path as we climb. Planted is cabbage, corn, potato's, horseradish, cauliflower, beets, carrots, I look around in amazement!! it is, so Beautiful!! There are fruit trees by the hundreds, apple, plum, pears and walnut trees everywhere! The family explains that it has been raining for the last 3 weeks. They get snow that lasts about 3-4 months and the temperature drops to minus 30.

The town children were playing in a grassy field near the creek, laughing, screaming and giggling. Oblivious to what is happening around the world. No one trying to kidnap them or force them to do things they do not wish to do. They were playing by themselves, no parent, Baba or Giddo to watch over them.. Reminded me of my childhood days, having the time of our life with no worries.. Remembering that I had large bag of Strawberry Liqueur, I handed it out. They were reluctant at first, but once it was explained to them it was candy their little eyes were as big as saucers. They took one, but did not ask for more, all said Duakyau! During the evening we had been standing at the fence, before you knew it, there was a gathering. We spoke with a few of the town's people. One gentleman is the French teacher and the other was Wasyl Maslahaun. He had worked in the mine for 16 years, was on disability with lung disease. He is 52 years old. The Government pays him \$180 UAH or \$36 American. His wife makes donuts for the children at the school. As he stated with the price of food they can afford to live, it's not much but they get along. Hell can't get be any worse !!

I questioned him about Ukraine since it became independent? He said it was better before. They had progression, people were all working, factories were in full production, everyone had money. Life was much better. Now, no one is working. The government does not care about the average person. The old people can work as long as they want. Under Communism they had a retirement age, 60 for a man, 55 for a woman. The young people 30-45 cannot get a job, the old do not want to give up theirs, plus they receive pension money. This is why a lot of the young have to go elsewhere for work !! Many buildings that were factories all are empty now, no windows, dilapidated. No one has attempted to clean anything up. The PEOPLE are not happy with the UKRAINIAN GOVERNMENT.

It had been a long day, it was getting cold and damp. No one had eaten all day and were starving.. We entered the old whitewashed house that was built in 1903. The floor is still the original mud and dirt floor, over the years they put in a wooden floor over top. There is only one large room which has a wooden table, double bed, china cabinet, and chesterfield. Off to one side of the room was a very large wood stove, covered with shiny brown ceramic tiles.. The walls are whitewashed with Persian carpets hanging on them to keep the cold out.. Pictures of Blessed Virgin



Mary, and Family members adorned with brightly coloured Rushnyks. There was a second room which you entered from the opposite porch, that's where Nadia and Wasyl slept. The front porch houses the wood stove, hot with pots of pyrohy, chicken soup, mushrooms in cream sauce and sausage just waiting to make everyone's tummy very happy... We sat around and discussed many topics. One of which I had ask Ginya (Jenny) if she was working (Wasyls sister). She has a teaching diploma, but has not been able to find work for 4 years. There is just no work. The teacher in the area is in his late 70's and refuses to

give up his job.. How can he teach the young, when he only knows about the old regime?? He knows nothing about computers, lifestyles of the 21st Century? He receives pay for teaching and also collects his pension ! He has no intentions on quitting! She just sits and waits.

After supper I had been asked if I would like to take a bath? You see, every night since our arrival Roman & I bath every night,. after a long day of walking, talking etc.. we need to crawl into clean sheets.. Nadia bathes in the morning.. I had been told that there was no bath tub, but would I at least like to wash my feet, of course! Well, in came this large aluminum pan (like Baba's) they've got them everywhere!! Filled with nice hot water, just like on any typical farm.. What a delight.. The evening was drawing to a close as we turned off the low wattage light bulb, Ginya came in and opened the window a little, it was damp. My concern was there are no screens on the windows, oh well were out in the middle of Ukraine, what could possibly happen..... DOBRANEECH.....



ROMAN, THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE ROOM !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! ROMAN , waking out of a dead sleep. What the heck is going on! WHAT ? An ANIMAL, WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL ?? HOW DO I KNOW ??? ITS DARK. ARE YOU SURE ????? Roman check and see what it is? HOW? IT'S DARK ????? Roman now reaches for his watch, which has a light, well you should of seen us, its 4:00 am and he's trying to shine this Timex watch around the room.. he finds nothing. GO BACK TO SLEEP !!! YA RIGHT... he asked how do I know there's an animal? I was sound asleep, when all of a sudden I felt something brush against my cheek... waking up in a panic... Do you think I fell asleep, not on your life... I lay there so still, till the light peeked up over the hills. Roman of course is sound asleep, (just like a man) hehehe ... finally when light enough, we take a good look around, well what do you think we saw. There on the chesterfield behind us curled up like a little ball was a tabby cat... SHEEEEEESH, NEVER FELT SO STUPID IN ALL MY LIFE... but did we have a good laugh at breakfast... it was the story of the trip... along with several others...

Dobriy Rano !!! 5:30 am August 12, 2003

After breakfast Maria Marchychyn's son in law arrives at the house to inform us that the priest has allowed us to visit the church, and he was going to open it for us.. He is very important to the church he takes care of the money (Treasurer). I must explain that no one will ever understand my true feelings about what happened when I walked into the church that morning... Even now as I write this part of the journal I still have tears and feelings that are very strong. Somehow very hard to explain but I will do my best ..



It was a misty morning as we drove the car up to the grassy field. As we walked towards the church the bell tower had a wooden marker on it "1599" ... I stood in the rain taking pictures of the cemetery while everyone walked into the church. I slowly gazed around, closed the umbrella and ventured inside the church. As you walk through the double door there is a vestibule. To my left, an alter with a Ukrainian embroidered cloth on the top, with a plate piled high with bee's wax from melted candles from years gone by. Above the alter are large pictures, embroidered Rushnyks around 3 sides. To my right was a similar alter. Above it a picture, of the Blessed Virgin Mary also with an embroidered Rushnyk.



I proceed through a second set of doors. I was not prepared for what I was about to see!! The gold chandeliers were fully lit, lights around the alter were just being turned on!!! Pictures of the stations of the cross were hanging on both sides of me, with the most vibrant colours of Emerald greens, Sapphire Blue, brightest of Yellows, Ruby Reds, eyes you swore, were looking right at you. My eyes looked above to the choir loft where a 16" wide by 100 ft. cloth hung from the balcony floor, beautifully embroidered in the traditional Ukrainian Blue colours...



I STOOD IN AWE !!! Unless you were there to see it yourself, you would not have believed your eyes!! The energy that I felt, I have never felt before.. It was like the church came alive, like the Spirits were waiting for me, they greeted me with open arms... My heart raced, the tears flooded out of my eyes like someone opened the gates to a raging water fall. The Icons. The embroidered flags, alters, the pictures, the gold plating through out the church, took my breath away. Nadia turns to me and out loud states that I am crying, "WHY ARE YOU CRYING"? I could not compose myself and had to leave the church. WHY WAS I CRYING?? Was I crying because my David should have been there with me ?



Was I crying because he would never see such beauty ? So many questions with no answers... After several minutes I composed myself to re-enter the church. I stood in silence and stared at the magnificent art work, the bright colours, the detail... The original church was built in 1599, which was situated closer to the road. Over the years the parishioner's moved it further back and rebuilt the church, slowly added new fixtures, paint etc. There are no pews only brown Persians carpets covering the floor.. There is a 3 sided balcony around the inside of the church which the choir stands on to sing a most beautiful mass !!



The gold chandeliers were donated by Wasyl & Olga Patryk, the cost was \$650.00 American each.. After taking a roll of film we were introduced to the priest.. Father Marion Kovalchuk. Father has been with the church just two and half months, comes from Starij Sambir, 25 years old, married with 2 children. He invited us to come into the Sacristy to take pictures. With some hesitation we accepted his offer (it was not custom to take pictures or for a lay person to be behind the closed doors).. It was magnificent! Every cloth on the alter was embroidered with the traditional blue colours. More embroidered flags, the walls have the most beautifully painted pictures.. I know that the people of the town must be so proud of their church.. The box that sits on top of the main alter which keeps the chalice, wine and bread is painted with pictures of Jesus, the Apostles, again blue with gold inlay. Father explains that it is one of four left in Ukraine and is over 400 years old. After an hour we take our final



pictures with Father Marion. As we leave, we hand a gift of money for the church. He was reluctant to take the gift for his family, but we explained that he also needs to survive. Our one wish was to have a mass for our David. Questioning us as to why he was not with us, we explained that he was with us in spirit. With a tear in his eye he accepted another gift of money for the mass. The church itself has only been opened the last 15 years. The Russians wanted to burn the church down. The towns

people refused to let them, boarded up the church and fought them to keep it.. During the 35 years, the people would walk miles to the next town for mass. And it is only in the last 20 years that they finally, started to clean, paint, and bring it back to its original beauty. Leaving the church I was still in AWE !!! shaking my head in disbelief... After tearful goodbyes, hugs and kisses we were off to the land of the unknown, "well for me anyway".

ON THE ROAD AGAIN... sorry, had to do some singing there...



The road to the villages were something else. We drove around pot holes, through pot holes, gravel, grass, actual pavement!! The scenery was breath taking, again rolling hills dark green grass, haystacks everywhere. Onion domed churches in the distance, cows roaming the fields, geese having a wet and wild day in the puddles along side the road.. We came upon the ski resort that was built by the Communists, unfortunately only open during the winter. As we made our way down the steep hill to the building, signs posted everywhere, we came to an electronic gate, with no entrance. We approached the guard and asked if we could take pictures.. NEE !!! so we drove up the next hill and took



pictures when no one was looking. We finally came upon the town of Slavs'ke, Zakarpats'ka Oblast, home of Wasyl & Olga Patryk. Duza Fina, we were greeted with open arms. They are in the 45-55 age bracket and what we Canadian's call upper middle class. They both work for the Government and own a grocery store



or two... The home is two story with 6 bedrooms. The walls, ceiling up and down are covered in varnished cedar wood. And cedar wood floors... There is a glass block window from main to second story in the open staircase. The rooms are huge and fully furnished. Living room, dinning room, kitchen, you guessed 2 BATHROOMS That's right 2.... one with just a toilet and sink, second with sink, tub and toilet, with hot and cold running water. By the time Olga showed us the house Nadia, had already had a bath, washed her hair and was in fresh cloths.. MY TURN !!!!! Sure was nice to wash my hair, almost looked Canadian again..



My round face sure gives me away. People in the town of Rozdol, commented to Nadia, that I look Ukrainian... YES !!! all I need is a BABUSHKA, and I'm in, sheeeesh.

We had a great meal, and of course, Olga stated that she could stay and talk all night with us.. They were great host's, serving, pyrohy with cheese, onions & bacon. My favourite, mushrooms with garlic cream sauce. Bread with sardines, sausage, boiled eggs with mayo cucumbers, tomatoes and of course, a bottle of COGNAC, we had to drink all of it before we leave. First shot for good luck, second shot just because, and the third shot if you love your "mate" (husband). Well I must say I was some what tipsy by the time the meal was over.. We had such a wonderful time, could have stayed with them for a few days.. so far we have had no Vodka only Cognac... Again I asked Wasyl (as you noticed there are now 3 Wasyls) Do you prefer Ukraine now or the way it was before 1991? He also stated it was much better before. Everyone was working, factories were producing. Now everything is standing empty.. I also questioned him if he had to change anything about Ukraine what would it be ?? Wasyl answered, "NOTHING". He was going to work in Germany, but the language was hard to learn. In Poland you have to work long hours with hardly any pay, the Polish people do not want to

work. Czech was very good money. But he prefers his homeland "UKRAINE" !! MY HEART is here. He would love to come to Canada but it is too expensive. Again after tearful goodbyes, hugs, kisses and promises to come back for a longer visit we drive off into the sunset.. As we drive away from the town of [Slavska](#), away from the Carpathian Mountains, my heart sank one more time... The beauty, the hardships I see everywhere. The run down homes. Towns with no transportation. They walk for water, to gardens and to church. Drive teams of horse drawn wagons, but yet they seem to be happy, enjoy the life they have with what little they own... How can you make change with no money ??? But yet as we drive down the lonely highways my eyes search for something different in each home, there still is one beauty that I see... Those Beautiful White Lace Curtains !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Chapter 7 - Walter & Maria Yaskiw

August 13, 2002



I'm off again to town to buy Kapchies like Nadia's. The store is an old building. You go up the stairs and the woman questions you about what you want???? She pulls out only 1 pair at a time. If they don't fit, she puts them away and pulls out another pair. Well I finally settled on royal blue, "Douza Fina" and thanked her, Roman paid 10 UAH or \$3.00 Canadian. The main grocery store is also very old, stairs falling apart, and they only have what you need.. Coffee, Chi, soda water, sugar, salt etc.. There are many road side vendors with woman selling tomatoes, apples and mushrooms.. And if you are smart you go really early in the

morning to buy fresh milk, churned butter, eggs and cream... Watching them from a distance, my heart sank, as they waited all day for those few cents to help pay for their gas bill, put shoes on their feet or maybe saving to send their grandchildren to college ?? who knows.. They were very suspicious of us... looking, talking in whispers to one another... (look, those are the new people in town). We actually met the Mayor of Rozdol ... but she did not stay long enough for us to have a picture with her or even catch her name.



We went to visit Olena the teacher, who for the last 30 years has been reading my letters to Nadia, as she also teaches English as a second language... Her income is \$150. Hryvnya or \$50. Canadian. I had brought her smoked salmon, and English Rose soap. She had been tutoring and requested that we come back after 6 pm. We had to arrange another day, as we were going to visit Walter & Marie Yaskiw at

"Zadachu Misto". Its now late afternoon and we are off to visit the Yaskiw's. As we drive into the town, it is very old, the small wooden cottages covered with climbing roses of soft pastel colours. Fences falling down, but again the beautiful white



lace curtains adorn the push out windows... We pull up to Walter's home, his driveway, all 60 feet was covered with iron arbours covered with Concordgrapes. Some ripe, some still green... what a sight !! The garden is in the front and back, cabbage, tomatoes, carrots, beets, horseradish etc.. Fruit trees everywhere, I have never seen such small pears! They fit in the palm of your hand and sweet, ummmmmmm good. WELL LADIES, as I walk into their home, you would not believe your eyes. Every door has curtains that are hand embroidered cross stitch full length with toppers, 4 doors in all... The walls are adorned with hand embroidered coverlets that measure 6'x8' feet.. on 4 walls..



beautifully hand embroidered scarf's that adorn the pictures of the Madonna, and Family members. The bedroom had hand embroidered bedspread's with 3 pillows on each bed, large, medium and small of course all embroidered. The coverlets only took her 3.5 months to make during the winter.... Even though I used to hand embroider all of David's shirts for his Ukrainian Dancing, it would take me a life time to finish just one of the covers !!!! The house consisted of 5 rooms including the bathroom. While we were sitting and enjoying the company and tasting Walter's home made pear wine, and whiskey, "Duza Dobra", Maria was preparing a feast... Tomato's with mayo, 2 types of kobassa, cheese, bread, hard boiled



eggs, and sardines. That was the start which we thought was the finish... "OH NO"! As we sat telling stories, Walter entertained us with his jokes, which were kinda hard to translate into English... Well, those of you who know how the translation loses itself... Anyway I got the gist of what was going on. Marie, brings out whipped potato's, turkey, veggies, gravy. "Oh Boza". I explained if you keep feeding me like this I will gain the 20 lbs I lost. The best enjoyment was fresh home-made sour "DILLS" THIS YEARS !!! Thought I died and went to heaven, they were so goooooood !!! we ate the whole jar.... The evening was coming to a close and it was time to leave, but before we did, we made a long distance call to Dad in Canada. He was so glad to hear our voices and that we were safe and having a great time. Of course Dad wanted to know how was everything and what does everything look like? Mrs. Yaskiw presented me with a beautiful table scarf 7"x15", with red and black embroidery. She stated that if she would have known that I love it so much she would have made all kinds of table scarves... GREAT !!!! WHO KNEW !! Fantastic way to end the evening... many snapshots, hugs & kisses we were off again. You know, people don't have much, they make you welcome, feed you, and you go home with many memories... I can live like this.



As we turn the corner of the driveway we come upon, Babusha Magdalena Fourtah at #1 Oranckrawchenko Street. (across from Nadia's) standing in the middle of the road yelling for her goat !!! "LALKA", "LALKA" NA MA LALKA !!! (where is my baby) ??? Babusha Magdalena is 89 years old, all of 4'11" tall, wears two aprons, just in case the first one gets dirty ... She has 5 children, 2 boys, 3 girls. One son is always in jail, will be there for 4 months, but does not know where! For a little while she can rest. The rope broke and he ran away



!!! With her walking stick, Roman on one arm, me on the other went looking for LALKA !! ... Lalka, Lalka, na ma Lalka ... Roman ahead of us. Searching, searching for Lalka .. We cross the road to the home of the wealthy Polish family. She told me, she needed to take me away for a walk, they eat to much!! and I needed exercise so I can eat more! Well, we are still searching for Lalka, NA MA !! She lost sight of Roman, whom she adores, everyone loves Roman !! Well, we walked for three quarters of an hour, she has now decided that she will walk to the old part of town and look for Lalka . Maybe he found girlfriend? I questioned her if we should come with her, she stated "Nee" that she will be ok. As she leaves, she takes our hands and puts them together and tells us to go off by ourselves. She is such the Romantic. After an hour, here comes Babusha Magdalena with her Lalka. He beat her home, waiting at the

gate... rope still attached...

Chapter 8 - Blessing The Fruits & Flowers Of Summer

August 14 : Dobriy Rano !!

The day is dark and humid, I smell a storm coming... The morning started with Chi and 2 cookies. We are not used to this kind of eating... We spent the day before picking the perfect flowers and unblemished fruit for our bouquet. It was a holiday, Blessing of the Fruits and Flowers of the Summer. I love it here. They have more holidays than Canada... Uncle Pomah, has informed us that it was time to go to church. Just like his brother Michael... Dad is the same way... hurry lets go, don't want to be late for church, need to get a seat...(Mom & Dad live 2 houses away from the Church in Rosa). Slawko(Jarvis) would always exclaim, WHY DO YOU WORRY ABOUT WHERE YOUR GOING TO SIT, YOU SING IN THE CHOIR !!!!



What a beautiful sight, colours everywhere, Midnight Blue, Corvette Yellow, Bubblegum Pinks. Pears, apples, plums, large bouquets, small bouquets. Everyone was carrying flowers. The fragrances made me dizzy with delight! (I love flowers) The church is massive, beautifully decorated. This church is not as well taken care of as the one in the Carpathians. There are pews, only along the sides and 4 rows around each pillar. The chandeliers are in need of a good cleaning and repair. Carpets are old, ripped and in desperate need of repair. The stairs leading up to the choir loft,

made out of hand cut stone are 12 inches high, very narrow with the ceiling very low.. sure had to hike up my leg.. I was impressed with the children. On arrival they made the sign of the cross, three times. Mama picked them up to kiss the feet of Jesus, and recited the mass. They put me to shame, and I know the mass in Ukrainian. Little girls dressed in their Sunday best, white ribbons & puffy laced material surrounding the hair. Little boys dressed in suits with bow ties, some in pants and sweaters. We stood the whole time. Not one complaint from the children. They had prayers with a low mass.. I was all ready to go up for communion but the Priest did not serve any? After mass everyone gathered in the centre of the church. The people were 7-10 deep and trailed all the way out the door.. What a sight, with the Kropelo in hand, Father blesses the flowers and people. HERE it comes, one loud clap of thunder and everyone was running for cover... it just poured, lasted 10 min. What a beautiful ray of sunshine, the air was sweet with freshness.



By the time we came home from church, pyrohy were ready. Nadia had just dipped into the boiling pot and pulled out the first of the delicate little dumplings. Nadia poured fried onions, dill and CREAM sauce, flips them from top to bottom. Holy Cow !!! They were AWESOME !! Nadia was the only hostess that served you, everywhere else that we visited they put the food on the table and you helped yourself... Nadia, fed everyone !! How many times I told her that I can feed myself.. at times it was very frustrating.. She would never sit at the table with us.. Always stood to eat and off a small plate.. soooo, Roman pulled out the table and set an extra chair so Nadia could sit with us,.. with hesitation she joined us at the table. Wasyl looks in amazement!



That afternoon we went to visit with Bojko, Kateryna Pavlivna. She was born in the same town as Bohdan Khmelnytsky in Subotiv. Her eyes twinkling, you could see she was proud to come from the same town 600 km West of Lviv she states !! Her feet were sore today, not walking very well. I question as to what is wrong ?? AH !! Nothing she exclaims. Stupid thing I did. I make her take off her slippers. I looked at her one foot and noticed how red it was. Then saw the problem. She has gangrene in one toe and starting on another. I asked if she was on Antibiotic's? She stated that she had been on shots for years (insulin) she is Diabetic, Nadia gives her the shots every morning. I new that she was not on Antibiotics. How do you explain to someone who is 100 less 20 that she may lose her toe, or foot !! I made her sit and put her feet up, ya right, that lasted all of 2 min. Nadia asks if the medication that we gave to Wasyl will work ?? It worked on

his finger, healed up really well and in a few days. And look how it healed Magdelina's forehead. I KNOW WHAT YOUR ALL THINKING !!! I thought the same thing. Polysporin with 1% Antibiotic, will not heal this, but we gave it a try.. Explained to put on at night and wrap a gauze around the toe to keep it clean. Then again in the morning.. After the third day the toe was not red anymore, and it seemed to be healing!! I KNOW, I KNOW !!! But you have to put your faith in something !! My only theory is that, their bodies are not immune to Antibiotics as ours are in Canada. Soooo, guess what, everybody gets a big tube of Polysporin when we get home. Also a meter for sugar testing.

We finally made it back over to Olena's, the school teacher. Olena's first said to me that she was glad to finally meet the person who writes such beautiful letters to Nadia all these years... She said she was sorry about the loss of both of our sons ! She could feel the pain in my letters. Olena apologised that she new so much about our lives.. Her husband died several years ago, and was supplementing her income with tutoring. It was nice to hear an English voice and I was able to ask many questions.. We spoke of many things, she asked us many questions of Canada, what is life really like over there? Olena teaches grade 9-11.. her text books are so outdated and there was really no history or geography about Canada or United States. Olena wanted to teach her classes about both countries.. I promised that I would send her books when I got back home. We did not stay as she had a student coming in a few minutes.. She asked me if I read or love books, yes I said... She went into her bedroom and presented me with a beautiful book The Temples of Lviv ... Olena had the book blessed just for me! Again, hugs and kisses, we were on our way ! The evenings are spent chatting about life in Ukraine..

One question in our travels is why are so many houses unfinished? It was explained that people start the home, run out of money and cannot finish. Sometimes it takes 10-20 years to finish a home !! If the neighbour builds a two story, the next person builds a three story. As we say in Canada, trying to keep up with the Joneses. We finally get in touch with Ivana Ewashiv in [Drogobic](#) in Lviv'ska Oblast. cousin of my Aunt Lasha Konowalczuk (Zazula) from Canada... We will visit with them on Thursday, they will be waiting to welcome us with open arms. The evening is slowly coming to a close and guess what it's 9:30 and they're having another meal... I pass, stick with the Chi and cookiesthey all exclaimed that if I do not eat I will get skinny, HORAAAAH !!! STILL, No Canadian or American news. They have the same news at 12 - 8 - and 11 pm. Our country's could have fallen off the face of the earth but would not know it... DOBRANEECH !!!

Chapter 9 - Stroll Through Selo Rozdol

AUGUST 15

MOOOO!!!! GOODMORNING TO YOU TOOOOO.... Geeee, dead sleep, great alarm clock !!!



I decided no breakfast, the sun was hot, the sky blue, time to go for a long walk. "Nadia" exclaims, 'wait for Yuri' he will drive you !! No thank you !! I need the exercise. Again she is not eating !! Baba keeps making faces like I will get skinny !! There is no chance of that !! Shorts, t-shirt, runners, with camera in hand we are off..... everyone looks at my legs, Baba states they look like a Russian athlete's, such muscle !! Roman and I are off to Styr Rozdol. Through the grounds that were once owned by the wealthy Polish family. You could buy it cheap, but would cost millions to repair. Down the road near the lake the hills are beautiful.

One hill used to belong to the Hrynenko family. Their land was taken away during the war. The Russians used it to grow vegetables for the Government for their own use.. The cherry trees are still there. They were offered their land back, but Roman's Grandfather declined, he told them I needed it then, not now !!! No one wants their land back. Who is going to travel so far from home to plant a small garden.. Many of the villagers have no vehicle, only bicycles, or Jawa motor cycles.. Many woman we saw pushing wheelbarrows full of potato's. Walking, how far ? Who knows?



Through the gates and into town. People walking. People sitting. Woman peering out windows (who's walking) ohhhh, new people in town ?? Americanski's!! For some reason they lump American's and Canadian's together. They assume, that because it is North America that we are all one country!!! I must say, there sure was a lot of explaining on that subject !!! One woman we passed was on the phone to Nadia. By the time



we returned Nadia had stated that the whole town recognised us by the pictures that she had shown over the years... Roman & Judy Hrynenko from Kanada !!

We walked with the geese and ducks, up and down the narrow dirt roads. The dogs lay docile in the warm dirt, but are everywhere. Bark, they bark day and night... Drove me crazy. That is the one thing I do not miss of Ukraine. Apparently it is custom to own a dog. They are chained up in the yards, never taken for a walk. So far I have seen only 3 live cats, 4 as road kill!!! I think the wild animals are keeping the population down? hehe. As we continue to walk, there is an elderly gentleman walking with us.. As we turn to him and express Dobra Rano! He questions Roman if he, is a Hrynenko?? In amazement, Roman reply's, "YES, I AM" Turns out that it is Mr. Cybulski. He attended school with Dad!! Mr. Cybulski stood in wonderment and we chatted as we walked. After a short visit, I asked if we may take his picture? Tak! Very proud, he straightens his brown suit jacket and adjusts his hat, for a perfect picture...



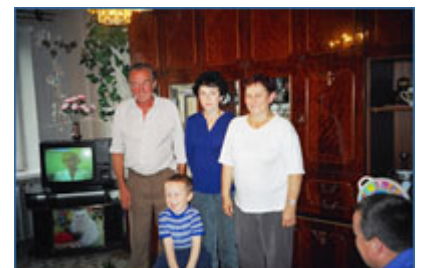
The scenery of the town is breathtaking.. Many of the buildings are dilapidated... The Dance Hall had been bombed during WW 2, never repaired. Cannot believe there is a family living there. They made a wall to separate the bombed out part, and live in the front.. Sad. The school that Dad went to, dated 1905 has been left in ruin. Windows broken from kids throwing rocks. The old mill that was used for grinding grain into flour, also bombed.. We could not get into it, as it was built in a gully, beside the creek. The land is so overgrown with trees, bushes and weeds that there was no use trying. You could see the beams still holding up the roof, the chains, grinding wheels etc. If only the walls could talk. Came across a home that was owned by a Polish Family. The home, once beautiful, again left in ruin, there is marker with an inscription dated 1802.

Nadia took us to a building in town, a two story apartment type. No curtains on the window, no windows open, and it was hot! A high fence surrounding the grounds. She explained that children live here that are not of sound mind? BUT WHERE ARE THEY ? I heard no laughing, crying, screaming. Nothing, why are they not outside, playing in the sunshine? There were no swings, sandbox, or slides? Not even a toy around to show that children live here.. there were no comings or goings... STRANGE ! The yard was just DIRT ! I never did go inside, maybe it's a good thing... my heart would have ached... end of topic... never came up again... The day was getting hot so we ventured back to the house. More to look at tomorrow.



Well, we are off again. As we venture off the side road to P132 south take a left to [Drohobych](#) in Lviv'ska Oblast. the scenery is beautiful. Rolling hills, farm land forever. Mining pits. Up and down, around.. finally arrive in Drohobych. Ivana tried to get off early but her Manager would not let her. She ran all the way from the sewing factory. She lives in a five story apartment block, #56 in section 142. Three bedroom, living room, kitchen and bathroom, very spacious. Hardwood floors, a porch off the living room. Ivana and her husband have lived there since

1976. Ivana is originally from Ternopil. As she explained her life history tears streamed down her cheeks. Mamo died at age 42, three months later Tato remarried a widower with 3 children. He left Ivana all alone, as she explains, how could he just leave her?? With no where to go, her Uncle raised her. He wanted her to take his name but she refused. Another wonderful lunch. Ivana was all smiles as she pulled out her accordion, her hands were not as nimble as they used to be, since she has not played for a long time. Ivana sang several old Ukrainian songs.. Before you knew it, everyone joined in. We had a great time... Again hugs, kisses, were off.





You know when you get into an automobile here, you kinda take your life in your own hands. You are dodging cows, geese, ducks, people walking, people biking, you name it. The oncoming cars trying as hard as you to get by. The clouds were dark, hanging low in the evening sky, and eerie. As we come to a fork in the road the site in front makes me gasp!! STOP !!! We arrive in the town of Rudniki. The site is overwhelming. The massive Church sits on top the hill. Grey in colour with whitewashed corners. Against the evening sky it is awe inspiring.. Leading up to it, the Blessed Virgin Mary, surrounded by a blaze of colours. Set into the hill is a grotto of St. Onufray, with candles sit atop the stone fence.. As we set forth to climb the long staircase we gaze over to our right. There is another building, built with the same grey stone, whitewashed corners. The building had guests, a very large nest had been built by storks. Guarding the two



story building is a large statue of Taras Shevchenko. Unfortunately the church was not open, but took the time to see the cemetery which is on the same grounds. There is a beautiful statue of Jesus about 8' tall, donated by Pavlo Habolvicha, in 1999 who was born in Rudniki, had immigrated to America.

All the towns in Ukraine are very close together, just like on the Canadian Prairies. There are signs leading into town and the ones leading out of town have a red line through them. In Rudniki the main employment was fishing. All the homes have fishing gear and nets hanging on the walls and are very well kept. Well spaced with beautiful gardens, with iron fences surrounding them. You can actually see the difference when driving from Oblast to Oblast. In the Carpathians the homes are made of wood. Lviv'ska, brick and stone with whitewashed walls. Ternpilska Oblast, many of the homes have beautifully laid ceramic tiles in intricate designs. The evening is warm as we sit and watch the stars come out... and discuss the day...

Chapter 10 - Telephone Call To Sofia

5:30 AM.. Boy the morning sure comes fast !! Oleh leaves for the Carpathian Mountains, going for the weekend and will be home Sunday night... Have a great time !! I decided to stay in the house till 8:30 in hopes that breakfast was over. Not a chance. Dobra Rano ! Everyone is busy. Baba is making meatballs, Nadia washing potato's and carrots. Roman is sitting on the bench against the whitewashed walls of the summer kitchen. Cleaning Bib.(beans for soup) I join him.. Never mention that you don't like a food or that you have an allergy. Before you knew it the menu changed, borscht again, because Judy can't have beans. At this point we now suspect that they can understand a little English??? Roman and I now decide to be careful what we say around everyone... It's not like I had to have soup? there's enough food to eat. They want to make sure that you are happy !! I retreat back into the house.. Turns out to be a lazy day. My hand is gotten somewhat sore and time for fresh pears and apples off the tree. 11 AM, time to retreat back to the summer kitchen to see what's doin ??? Baba dicing carrots, potato's, ham, onions and mayo for start of a salad. Lunch consisted of hamburgers (they were awesome) smoked turkey, smoked bacon, ham, apple cake, Jell-O etc... I kept wondering if Nadia was trying to impress us. The more I think about it, they can't really eat like this all the time?? Can they ?? Anyway, after lunch was over I was told by Baba to go back and write in the "BIG BOOK". (that's what Baba calls my journal..) During lunch the conversation leads to where do we want to go next? Roman and I have decided maybe not go to Ternopil, only [Osivtsi](#), Buchach, Chortkiw, Ivanie Puste, Mel'nicja Podilska and surrounding areas. Not because we are running out of time, but according to Nadia it will be a one day drive, and we will need a place to stay? I show Nadia

on the map that we are only about 2- 4 hours away. Roman and I think maybe we should take the train or bus? We will call family in Osivtsi and see if someone there can put us up? Or maybe meet half way? Not what I had planned? My HEART was now sinking, for fear I have come this far and will not see MY family's roots. My eyes are filled but are not overflowing yet !! My emotions are running high. For some reason they don't seem to understand why I came to Ukraine? I came to see, touch, and search my feelings. Try to understand this pull that I have had for years to come and see this mysterious country?

After lunch we are going to New Rozdol to take in film and call my cousin Sofia Holovetska in Osivtsi. In 2001, Aunty Anne Kryzanowski (Fosston Sask.) mailed me a letter that she found dated 1977 from Anna Cibak, Osivtsi, Buchach Rayon, Ternopil'ska Oblast. The letter written in Polish, left me wondering what was inside.. Of course not knowing anyone who speaks Polish, requested that Lawrence Krupniak, translate for me !! Once translated, I took the chance that she would still be alive. I wrote a one page letter, with family information. To my surprise, within 3 weeks I had a letter come back !! Anna Cibak 81, was still alive! She was so excited that someone was still alive in Canada. Unfortunately she was questioning if her Uncle Andrew (my Grandfather) was alive.. I had the unfortunate task of explaining, that her Uncle passed away in 1967. Over the next year I sent letters, and parcels. I had just mailed a parcel for Easter in 2002, at which time I received a letter from Sofia. Some bad news, Aunty Anne had passed away from an aneurysm on April 8 and buried on the 10th. I was devastated. My only connection to the Kryzanowski family, GONE !!!

Our first stop was the post office in New Rozdol.. The building is 3 stories, maybe built in the 40's. Inside there is a counter with plastic shields to keep the customers out !! There is a small opening near the bottom of the window. You have to bend down to talk to the mail person behind. Not sure what they are afraid of ?? One woman was so miserable looking, even when the customer was asking her a question it was as if she could not give her the time of day! It's a good thing we went when we did, they close for lunch at 1 PM... no one else to take over !! We mailed off the letters to Ternopil in case "WE" do not get there... Now over to the phone office. You want to see archaic - "OY YOI". I felt we stepped back in time to the 1940's... You remember the old movies with Gagny, Humphrey Bogart?? Picture if you can... eight phone booths lined up beside one another. Wood inside and out with doors, old telephones on the wall, with a seat.. There is a counter with a woman sitting behind. You tell the operator where you want to call ... how many minutes and she rings it for you... (2 Hryvnya for 3 min) This was a terrible experience for me, not speaking Ukrainian or understanding the language.... I gave Roman the information for Sofia... the operator tells us that 3 min. is long enough??????? HELLO.... We need more than 3 minutes. Anyway, we get through the first time, but it is Sofia's neighbour... Now, she has to run over to Sofia's... Out the house, down the hill to bang on the door. Explain we are calling. They run back to the neighbours.. SURPRISE... WHO'S OUT OF TIME!! Roman requests another call... Operator is upset because we are TAKING UP HER TIME ????? She will dial the number herself. (she reminded me of the inspector at the Lviv airport, when they have the time, they will do it) after waiting for 5 min., I got fed up and dialled the number myself. This is where I wish I spoke the dam language !!! GUESS WHAT, we try one more time.... SURPRISE, OUT OF TIME. By this time I am frustrated..... CAN YOU NOT BUY MORE TIME I ASK, LIKE 15 min.???????? Roman, finally gets to talk to Sofia, tell her what day we are coming..... OUT OF TIME.....!!! Remember the tears that had not spilled yet !!!!! SURPRISE.... THEY ARE FLOWING... Tempers were flaring, a small argument ensues... I wanted to grab the woman and paste her to the wall. I walk out of the building... thank God no one knows me in that stupid town. Nadia is upset, because I am crying. I'm crying because, I know in my Heart, this trip will not go as planned.... OH, and the woman behind the counter, her attitude was IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE IT, I WILL NOT SHOW YOU !!!

After my ordeal with the phones, Off to the Bazaar... nothing really impressed me, at lot of merchandise from Korea and Japan... Came upon a kiosk with beautiful sheets and pillowcases.. 200

thread count.. it was explained that many foreigners would come to purchase them. Double set of sheets for \$11.00 Canadian. White with little purple flowers. After several minutes, there were no double sets in the colours that we liked, decided to look around. Strange, there seemed to be a gathering of people when they heard me speak English... I found out after that Roman heard a group of young people call us F-----g Americans... They lump the Canadian's and American's together. Unfortunately their education of the two countries is limited.. There is much to be learned of both Countries. I asked Roman, and you didn't turn around and tell them that "We are Canadian and not American's" Roman thoughts were, Who knows who they are, we don't need the trouble. I can see his point. As we venture into Selo Rozdol, we stop to buy ice cream for Baba, who adores it. The ice cream was soooo good. Have not had ice cream like that since I was a child... real cream, thick, covered with chocolate... Ummmm good !! Baba only buys when she gets her pension cheques.. she has not received a pension cheque for two months... but did receive one in August only \$130. Not including the 2 months they still owed her !! Baba said, she did not expect the money for the last two months.. but I guess \$130 is better than nothing ??

Chapter 11 - Birth & Death Records 1735

The afternoon was spent going over the death and birth records. It was raining and FINALLY, THE KITCHEN WAS CLOSED !!! We walk down the road over to Roman's cousin, Mike. I was surprised to see the books laying in a plastic bag up against the chesterfield. There were five in total 1735 - 1934. We stood there and gazed at the old books, terrified to touch them... thinking we should have gloves on... The last time we saw books of this age was behind glass. The pages were made of thick coarse paper several layers thick. In between was a layer of wool. (I assume to absorb the moisture)? 10X14 and bound with horse/pig hair. Worm holes and frayed corners. If only the pages could talk!! The books from the 1700's are written in Latin, my Latin was a little rusty, but I managed. I pulled the tape recorder from my pocket and asked permission if we may tape the conversation? Yes it was ok! The story is, during the WW2 the Russians came in to burn the church and the books. One of the church elders heard what was to happen, took the books and hid them. Eleven years ago, before he passed away, he gave the books to a younger member of the church for safe keeping.. To this day Mike still has the books. " They never did burn down the church"...

I questioned Mike, if anyone from the USA (LDS - Later Day Saints) have been asking for the church records. NEE !! Only family's who come into town request to see the books.. The books are meticulously kept. All pages are numbered accordingly to the birth and death of each family member, house numbers etc.. I can see why it takes so long for records to be sent when requested. In the Death records on the right side of the page, there is a listing of what the patient died from, Typhoid, Pneumonia, Post Partum etc. Also, names that are written in Black ink are Ukrainian families. The names written in Red ink are Polish families. Nadia was very upset to read, that one family member in the late 1800's married a Polish girl... OHHHH did not go over very well !!!

There was one book that was from the city of Berezany 1786. What was it doing in Rozdol ??? While looking at the book for familiar names, I kept coming across the same name every two or three pages.. Not really paying that much attention. Finally, taking the time to read it.. I was surprised. Turned back to the first page, YUP !! same name. "Nadia take a look and tell me what you read"? Sure enough, I was right.. the officiating Doctor was R.G. KRZYZANOWSKI Dr. 1786. was the officiating Doctor on all birth and death records up to early 1800's. The hair on the back of my neck stood up and shivered !!COULD IT BE FAMILY? Why not? Earmarked the page for photocopying. The names on the same page are...

House #29, Anna Gregorowa, Catholic, (Famina 1) age 39 died from Post Partum.

House #313, Theodones Vasylenkuv, Catholic (Male 1) age 1 died from Convulsionnes.

House #60, Simeon Sikovaba, Catholic (Male 1) age 80 died from Ordinaria



We carefully turned the pages, admiring the beautifully written script, looking for familiar names. It was strange to touch these old books, wondering what was happening during the time they were written.. What was the weather like? Was there food in the cupboards? Shoes on their feet? Was there war, were people happy? If only to turn back the hands of time? There are so many names! I kept thinking about all the people on the Infoukes Genealogy who are looking for family... Maybe there is one name that would ring any bells?? I wish we could have made

copies of all the books. We managed to trace the Hrynenko's to the late 1700's - 1826. Before we realised the time, it was going on 6 pm and Wasyl was home from work !! Much to my surprise, Mike told us to take the books home with us and read them over and make whatever copies we needed.. We had the books right up to when we left !!! If only we could bring them back to Canada, YA RIGHT, do you think Roman would visit me in JAIL, NOT ON YOUR LIFE...



Chapter 12 - PISOCHNE TOWN OF CRYSTAL

Well it was an exciting afternoon, WHAT NO SUPPER ????? 6:30 we are off to purchase "Crystal" at PISOCHNE, meaning "SAND" about 20 miles from Rozdol. The area is famous for its sand pits, which were used in glass-production. The plant has since shut down, and there are many people out of work.. We arrived at the restaurant "CAFE". I guess it is what we used to call in days gone by, a beer parlour, with a restaurant. As we saunter inside the old building, we are greeted by two women, Oksana and Loosha, somewhat robust, but happy to see us. As Wasyl introduces us, he explains that we are here to buy Crystal.. They bring out several pieces that have been left over the years. Very large RED, and ORANGE vases.. too big to bring back, we politely decline. As we turn to leave, Loosha invites us to stay for coffee. Envision a room in a Chinese restaurant for more than 4 people, with curtains on the doors. There are 4 of these on each side for privacy. Tables and benches made of hand crafted pine with a high gloss finish. First Loosha came in with Cognac & 5 glasses. Then Oksana brings in a plate of lemon slices with sugar on top?? Loosha comes back with fried Riba (fish). Oksana comes in with fried chicken with honey sauce, OH MY GOODNESS, THEY WERE TO DIE FOR !! Tomatoes, peppers, sausage, bread, and finally one of my favourites... POTATO PANCAKES... OHHHHHHH were they AWESOME !! Must say the food was sooooooo good. I should know better, when they say stay for coffee, you get a feast.

Loosha joins us, tells us that her husband died in his sleep when he was forty one years old and left her with two children to raise. One son is in England and works in Agriculture. The second is in Lviv studying. Loosha works 12 hours a day and has every second Sunday off. She also does catering on the side and just came back from Slav'ska where she catered two parties. She inquired if she came to Canada, would there be job for her, and a Husband she EXCLAIMED ????? I am sure we could find someone for her... She expressed, would he like a FULL FIGURED WOMAN???? All men want skinny woman... I told her as long as she can cook, laugh about life, love and be loved that's all that matters. Also, her cooking is excellent, between my pyrohy and cabbage rolls, we can do lots of catering... Last but not least, Loosha brought out a bottle of Vodka, so that's what the lemons are for. Well, after many laughs, this girl was somewhat "Piany" (drunk) almost two bottles of Cognac and Vodka, it was time to go. Again, hugs and kisses were off. What a fantastic time !!!

Chapter 13 - Lazy Day At Home

August 17, 2002

Boy did I have a great sleep !!!! Gee I Wonder Why !!! Dobriy Rano !!! it's 8 AM and Baba is sweeping the water off the side walk. Hey Yuri ! any news from Canada or USA??? "Nee"!! We have heard no news about the rest of the world since arriving in Ukraine August 8... Breakfast is heavy. Hamburgers, smoked turkey, bacon, eggs fried in 1\4 lb. butter over easy... cucumbers and tomatoes with rye bread.... as you can see the meals are somewhat the same everyday. Guess what's for lunch, 'LIVER' I HATE LIVER.... don't say anything as the menu will change... All food must or should be eaten by the next day for no fridge space. The day we bought watermelon, we had it for afternoon treat, never saw it again. There was some left, not sure where it went ??? Baba's peeling potato's again. She told me this morning to make sure I write in my book, that is HER job !! and Pyrohy, Nadia does not like to pinch..

We're off again to New Rozdol, to pick up pictures. OHHH, LOOK AT THE CHURCH IN [DOVHE](#) they turned out great, some look like post cards. Back home it was time to do some washing... Washing machine, OH, Nadia has a washing machine all right, but guess what, it's not working. Very small unit . Looks as though it would only hold about four shirts or maybe two pairs of pants at a time.. So there I was, hanging over the bathtub, just like at the farm in Rosa. Hot water, pour in the soap. Swish everything around... Whites first, towels next, then darks... wrung everything out by hand.. Good thing it was a hot day with a breeze. Before late afternoon the dark puffy clouds rose from the hills, the thunder was a rollin. You could hear it for miles, closer and closer. Reminded me of Manitoba. We used to sit for hours and watch the storms come. The clouds rolling, changing colour, from white as snow, to black as the ace of spades, then green.. Mom always said, when the clouds turn green, take cover, could be a tornado !!!! Lightning streaking across the black sky, Then it was the calm before the storm..

We spent many evenings discussing life.. Wasył asked Roman how many miles do you put on our car in one year? Roman explained that he puts on 1000 km in one week !!! Wasył, was shocked. ONE WEEK !! I don't do that in one year !!! They questioned us about our health care, school system, how our government works... And you know what!! They have the same problems as us but on a different scale.. Wasył was surprised that we do not have a perfect life in Canada and have many problems, including high taxes. We asked, when is he going to visit Canada? He said never, staying right here in Ukraine. Too bad, there is much to see and learn. Well it was now 11:30 we have to get up early for Prazny on Sunday... Dobraneech !!

THOUGHTS !!!

What are my thoughts and feelings ??

I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH UKRAINE!!! Well, we are into our 8th day. We have not been to Lviv yet, that will come... save the best for last. I have many feelings some great some not so great. I feel for the very old. They have been through so much turmoil and they are still suffering. I want to take care of them all !!! How ?? Their children have left them, (sounds like Canada) only come visit when they need something. No one to talk to, except the neighbours. Don't know if there is immediate family left from the war? Magdalena explained to me, she still needs 4 Hryvnya to pay her gas bill, which is \$60 Hryvnya a month. With only \$130. pension a month, when and if they get it, how does she live?? Roman put \$20 in her apron pocket for her to find, still not enough. You should see the sparkle in their eyes when you take the time to talk with them. They take your arm, come sit, let me

tell you a story, and give you a hug when you least expect it... Even Uncle Pomah. Roman would sit with him on the bench and listen to his stories of days gone by...

Strange as I write in my "Big Book". I do not feel I belong here in Rozdol ?? There is a great pull to see MY family's roots. I cried many tears on Friday when I thought we would not make it to Ternopil'ska Oblast ... I sit alone and carefully pull out the black and white pictures that travelled with me over the water, back to the land they once came from. Great Baba & Gido Suchecki, Melnycia Podilska. Great Gido Konowalczyk from Zalisie, a picture of Great Baba Konowalczyk (Czubej) from Ivanie Puste. And finally Gido Krzyzanowski from Osivtsi. Will I find their parent's graves? I want to walk the soil, try to understand the pain they endured to keep their Ukrainian alive. Try to imagine their life before immigrating to Canada. Why I feel so compelled to carry on what was instilled in me as a child. Even though my children are no longer with me to help carry on the dream!!! My head is swirling with many thoughts... I have just found out that we leave for Osivtsi, Buchach Rayon on Monday, HURRAH.

CHAPTER 14 PILGRIMAGE



Dobryi Rano, 6:30 it's Sunday morning WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY.. We had a light breakfast as were off at 9 AM for the Praznyk!! or at least I thought it was a "Praznyk".. Well it turned out to be a Pilgrimage.

Roman, Nadia, Wasyl and myself make the 2 hour drive to Horshu. As we approached the town, we are slowed down by buses, miles of buses and cars. People walking everywhere. We finally came to a stop near the end of town. Wasyl asked the farmer if he would take care of the car for a fee. As I stood on the side of the road I could not help but think,

"Where is the Church"?? I have been

informed that we now have to walk, over half a mile, up hill? I looked at that HILL, well it looked like a MOUNTAIN!! Straight up!! I looked at my legs and said, I didn't power walk for nothing. I was again in "AWE" we walked with the young, the old, the rich, and the poor. The crippled, mothers carrying babies, fathers helping fathers and Baba's with no shoes. At least there was a railing for people if they had to stop. "YES, I did stop ONCE"! The path was hard to climb, tree roots like long fingers



crawling above the ground. Holes and dips, you really had to watch where you were stepping. At one point a very young girl had approached me, maybe 11-12 years of age. Dirty, hair unkempt, she was wearing a red cotton dress... with her hand extended, asking for money. Around her neck was a piece of cardboard, attached by a chain.. On the cardboard was her identification. Her picture, place of birth, full name, with parents names. Nadia, pushed the little girl away and refused to give any. She told us not to give them any money, as they are hired by "Mafia" or private person to go out and collect money

and bring it back at the end of the day !! She kept asking me if I knew where her parents are, and would I help her. Wasyl handed her a few coins.. My heart sank ! How do I help her? I'm in a strange country, no one to turn to, no proper authorities to take her to, and if I do, will they help her? I don't think so??? In Canada we know exactly what to do. But here, I felt my hands were tied.. She was just a child! I pray that God's arms are holding her tight.. Gypsy mothers sitting on blankets, baby in her arms the other sleeping by her side, while she sings a Ukrainian folk song. Begging for money, to feed her hungry children.



My eyes watered as I watch an old man, with no legs, his half body sitting on an old wooden platform with wheels. His hands blistered from worn out sticks digging into the dirt to make it up the hill. Up to our right, there were stations of the cross, with a concrete path. Many people, stopping to pray. Half way there is a monument of St. Onufry surrounded by flowers. There are candles to light, which we did and said a prayer for our David.. He would have appreciated the experience. We continued to climb. Finally we arrived at the top. As we rounded the

corner and walked through the iron gates there to our left was the Cathedral, in it's glory. I commented after we turned the corner that, "BABA had better have Pyrohy for supper." As we neared the Cathedral there is a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary surrounded by a circular well with 5 taps in which people collected Holy Water. On the left of the church there were several Priests waiting to hear



confession. We decided to venture into the church. WOW what a sight, young and old lined up to kiss the Icons at the alter, a full size boat attached to the wall in which 3 of the Apostles were casting their fishing nets. There were so many people in the church, ahh the bells were ringing to start the mass, but where? I made my way to the rear of the church, to my surprise a stage had been set up. Chandeliers, huge Icons, Ukrainian embroidered Rushnyks adorned the pictures. The Bishop, Priests, and 9 flag bearers approached the crowd from the back of the church and mass was celebrated. There was a Choir of about 40 with the most beautiful voices. I gazed about me on this hot and sunny day... Hundreds of people... One elderly woman was crawling, her body deformed. I prayed that her life would be somewhat better, but how ?? I wondered where does she live, how does she survive ??



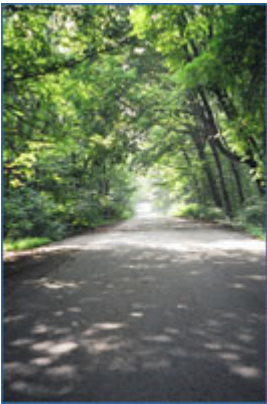
It was low mass, 6 newly ordained Priests help the Bishop give Communion. Mothers and Fathers proudly accept the bread and wine from their sons. I questioned Roman if he was going to communion, Nadia and Wasyl declined! Roman said we should have gone to confession first. I commented that I had nothing to confess and refuse to makeup something like I did as a child. I celebrated in the mass, I was determined to have communion!! I approached the line up, Roman followed, made the sign of the cross received the bread and wine. Crossed 3 times and went back to my place. I felt fulfilled. As a matter of fact, we actually taped the Mass... After mass we made our way towards the path. There were vendors selling religious Icons, Rosaries, plastic statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary used for filling with Holy Water. You could even purchase a hot dog for .20 Kopyyka. Well, we purchased a 2 litre bottle of fizzy soda, drank some, spilled out the rest... guess what we brought home with us... Yup, Holy Water... all the way back to Canada. It was time to make the long walk down the hill. Nadia and I decide to walk down the steps. By the time we neared the bottom, I lost count, 300 plus step which were actually long pieces of concrete. We still had to make our way to the path, and slowly descended down the hill. As we drove away from the town, many thoughts were going through my mind.. We arrive home after our two hour drive and a day of prayer, it was now five o'clock. As we walk inside the summer kitchen, "SURPRISE" BABA'S making, "PYROHY" they were awesome, hit the spot, finished with tea. Spent the evening talkin and laughing the night away. But will never forget what I had experienced that warm Sunday afternoon.

CHAPTER 15 TERNOPIL'SKA OBLAST



YIPPPPPY we are off to Ternopil'ska Oblast!!!!!! I hardly slept all night, my mind was whirling with excitement. It's 5:30 AM.. The sky is blue and the sun is already hot. The car is packed, we have water for us and the car, one bag of apples, one bag of pears. Ukrainian maps, English maps.. YUP, letters from Auntie Anne!! OH Gosh, do I have everything? Can't forget the camera, gifts, Holy Cow. I'M COMING, I'M COMING. OK' you guys now remember, you have to tell me where we are, so I can follow on the English map.. NO FALLING ASLEEP, EITHER !!! Nadia had a habit of doing this.. We wave goodbye to Baba, Gido, and

the neighbours.. The car turns right on the highway and we're on our way.... As we snake our way down A266 we have gone through Hodoriv, Lviv'ska Oblast. Rogatin, Ivano Frankiv'ska, to Berezany Ternopil'ska Oblast. As we drove south the traffic was light with no trucks, which made the drive pleasant. Beautiful country, rolling hills and farm lands rich in soil. Fields planted in wheat, buckwheat, lots of sugar beets... OH MAN, this remind's me soooo much of Manitoba. Sunflowers, oats, corn. Along with a variety of fruit trees - apples, plums and apricots.



You should have seen Roman preferred the Ukrainian map, I had the English. Just like a typical man.. HAHAAH.... Nadia read out the names and Roman looked for them on the map... After 15 minutes of "I CAN'T FIND ANY OF THE NAMES" and just like the woman that I am, found every single town... not to say I told you so.... but, I told you so, guess who did the navigating? The roads were much better than in the Carpathians.. We came to a Provincial Park that was just breathtaking... Don't ask me the name, because I don't know!! But the limbs intertwined and cascaded onto the highway like a covered bridge, it was beautiful. It was a typical landscape.. No trailer parks, no trash cans along the highway. Looked more like bush than a park. Took pictures coming and going... along the valleys, climbing up the hills. As the car turned south on P116 to Monastiris'ka, my heart was beating harder and harder as I read the names of the towns as we got

closer to Osivtsi, Buchach Rayon.. As we were driving, somehow we missed the turn off for the town and ended up on the outskirts of Buchach OH MY GOODNESS... THE CITY IS BREATH TAKING!!! As we rounded the corner, we came upon a Jewish Cemetery STOP! STOP! We need to see this... there happened to be a bus with Jewish tourists walking about, taking pictures.. I told Roman, that we have to come back here the next day.. Wasyl promised me that we would.. GOOD !! (then we can go).



We finally arrived at the town and stopped in front of the grocery store.. Wasyl question the lady inside as to where is the CIBAK's homestead? She was so helpful that she decided to show us.. In the car she hopped and took us to Sofia's.. As we drove into the yard, Sofia, her daughter Maria, and son Vladimir were waiting with open arms.. The neighbours all came a running.. it was a great sight. Hugs and kisses all around. Sofia invited us into her home for a full lunch. And of course her home-brew, kinda cloudy, was leery about trying it, but we had to be polite, at

least have a taste. I gazed around and marvelled at her beautifully painted walls of Ukrainian blue with stencilling, and white lace curtains.. There were Persian carpets hanging on the walls and Rushnyks adorning her large pictures. She showed us pictures that had been sent during the early years when my grandfather was alive.. YUP, she was family. There is a black and white picture of Uncle Mike, Aunty Florence, Bernadette and Elizabeth.. Pictures of Gido Andrej and Baba Teena Krzyzanowski and Aunty Anne.. But no pictures of her Grandfather Krzyzanowski ?? Maybe they never had a camera, only pictures of her mother's funeral. Sofia presented us with gifts, Roman received a grey short sleeved dress shirt and a mirrored clock of the Blessed Virgin Mary with red lights around her body that light up, three silver trays. And my favourite, a liquor decanter of Bohdan Khmelnytsky. Before Sofia took us to the cemetery we took a stroll around to see how they live in this area of Ukraine... The town itself is very poor. The geese have the run of the town you might say.. they eat everything, grass, more grass. The yards are all mud and clay.. But the houses are beautifully decorated with ceramic tiles. Sofia's husband did all the tiling on the house and the garage, in 1986.



The town has no running water, like many towns in Ukraine. There are wells about every 3-4 streets, painted blue, with a long rope with a pail attached to it. On the right side there is a big black wheel they use to lower and lift up the water bucket.. I must say the water was crystal clear and cold.. Only one family in town owns a vehicle. Sofia does not have a kitchen in the house. There is a building at the back of the property which consists of barn, summer kitchen and tool shed.. I questioned Sofia as to where are her bathroom facilities? Behind the

barn she states.. I told Roman he had better come with me as I'm not sure what is back there. There is a fence around the property with a small gate. Everything is built on a slant, sooo there I was, opening the gate carefully so I don't loose, slip and fall. I step over the one foot board at the bottom of the gate, (why I don't know) still hanging onto the gate. We venture around the building.. Picture this, a very narrow path, covered with straw.. OK... To our right 10 ft. high hay stacks. Keep walking, oh, we came to corn fields.. YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ??? I DON'T THINK SOOOO. Well everyone on Infoukes told me about this one.. Ladies, you will not believe this.. I walk in front of this three and one quarter sided shack. About 4'x4', 6' ft tall. Hand hewn boards with about half inch gaps



between the boards. The front had a piece of corrugated steel, thank goodness it wasn't rusty and about twelve inches wide, to one side. That is the DOOR !!! A curly wire is attached to hold the toilet paper. The floor is probably fifteen inches off the ground. There is a hole cut into the floor and even with the floor from underneath is a PAIL... that's right a pail.. Oh, also there's a 30 degree slant.. And can you believe it, we have not one picture to show anyone!!!! I went into the summer kitchen to wash my hands, and told Roman to stay outside. He questions WHY !! if you want to eat supper stay where you are... The

room was about 7x10. Near the back was a table with various sizes of jars filled with milk at different stages of sour milk, sour cream, cottage cheese etc.. not that there was anything wrong with that.. Roman's Mom always made her own cottage cheese and sour milk all the time.. A 4 burner gas stove like Nadia's but I did not see a fridge! Behind the door was a long bench with pots full of food. There were pails and porcelain pans filled with water sitting on the floor, sparkling clean.. Flies everywhere... tea towels covering all the food.. To some people it would not be a healthy sight.



We are off to the cemetery. As we drive up, I pull out pages of family names that people sent me on the internet. Nadia was great, she read all the names on the headstones. None matched !! The cemetery was overgrown and in disarray. The heart beats faster, the eyes wildly search for a name, a date... GREAT BABA, KATHERINE KRZYZANOWSKA ? OH MY GOD... IS THAT HER? My mind is racing, the tall yellow mums swaying in the heat of the day, whispering softly to me !! I stood in wonderment about her life, how she lived, what was she like? Was she a happy person, did I resemble her? Was she tall, short

(like me) did she have a round chubby face like mine with sparkle in her eyes ?? We tramp down the weeds to get a closer look. And came to realize, it could not have been Great Baba Krzyzanowska because the birth date does not coincide with family documents...My heart sank with disappointment.. We bow our heads and say a prayer.. I touch the soil in wonderment !! Sofia takes us to see her Mamo and Tato ... another prayer... Many of the Krzyzanowski's left for Poland, Canada and USA.. Sofia, was asking us if we could purchase a new headstone for her parents.. Roman told her there's nothing wrong with the one they have! He explained to her that all she needs to is shore it up at the front, to lift it up and it will be fine. I find out later, she wants one of the new types with their pictures sandblasted on the front... I DON'T THINK SO.



I can not understand why they do not want to keep the cemetery clean. They plant beautiful flowers on top of the graves, but do nothing around them? By the time we left, my legs ached with tiny little blisters, which Roman tells me is from stinging nettles... Thank goodness I brought my antihistamines, and cream.. I was in pain for 3 days !! After taking two rolls of film we are off again. Next, as we drive into Sofia's Aunty's yard, there is a gathering of family members, there must be 30 people, and they have been waiting all day.. Lunch is being served again. OH YOI !! Sofia's sister in law Hannah, invites us into her home which is beautifully decorated with Rushnyks covering the pictures of family



members and Jesus Christ.. It seemed as though they were more interested in us, I had a hard time finding out any information on my long lost family. I was surprised, that Hannah who is married into the family knew more about the Krzyzanowski's than Sofia, who's grandfather was a Kryzanowski. Hannah seemed to look out of place in that family, just call it

woman's intuition?? She seemed poised, very lovely, maybe came from money ?? I think that if someone would of said to her do you want to come away with us, she probably would.. Not sure about her yet !!! We sat around the large table and the conversations started.. My first question to everyone was. WHY DO YOU NOT KEEP YOUR CEMETERY CLEAN?? Everyone went silent!! Then someone spoke



up and this is what they said. Word for word!! WHO IS GOING TO PAY US?

Why do you need to be paid? That is your loved ones, for the sake of the church and yourselves you should keep it clean.. Is it hard for you to work together, to take care of it? In Canada the cemeteries are very well kept.. the lawns are mowed, the grounds weeded. People volunteer their time to help the church to take care of them. One young lady who had joined us for the dinner, is a teacher in Ternopil, married to a Russian!! She stated that I was right, why do we not keep them clean? I

guess, she said, it is our fault, no one to blame but us!!



More questions, about Canada, what is it like there? Do we have mountains, snow, and hot weather? etc... After about two hours we took many pictures and said our goodbyes. We ventured back to Sofia's where we went to visit the neighbour who's phone we had used. We walked up the hill, to our right was a small road side church. We climbed the stairs around the weeds, made our way through the small door. Inside, an altar was covered with Ukrainian embroidered clothe and Rushnyks adorned the holy pictures. Prayer books, holy water, rosaries and candles. There is never any abuse of these little churches.

People sure have respect for the property. We finally get to met the family. As we enter the living room,(which was spotless, could have eaten off the floor) hanging from the chandelier in the dinning room was a beautiful white wedding gown. Their daughter was engaged and September 1st was the wedding day. Nicely laid on the table were the boutonnières for the grooms men, flowers for the bridesmaids hair, white satin gloves and a basket of silk flowers for the flower girl !! Things I noticed that reminded me of our wedding was small flowers surrounded with lace made up with ribbons about 200 plus(we needed 500 plus), pink for the woman and blue for the men.. I fell in love with the handkerchief's that she had with two gold rings intertwined with Ukrainian writing. I have never seen anything like them. Thinking of my own nieces, Kimberly, Tanya and Desiree(the three of them in their 30's, thinking **SOME DAY THEY WILL GET MARRIED.. HA**) questioned as to where they were



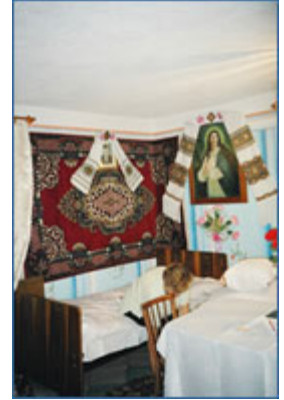
purchased them.. **THE BAZAAR !!** I will look the next time we go!!! They were so excited to show us the barn, as it's all decorated for the wedding. We entered the dimly lit barn. To my surprise they have all the rafters decorated with white tissue paper that has been cut in pretty patterns. Benches and tables are made out of old planking. I questioned, how many people were coming, 250 !!! **HOLY COW !!!** and serving roast pig. We had been formally invited to attend the wedding, OH, we would love to come but were leaving on the 27th ...Before leaving the bride gave me the handkerchiefs, I was shocked, and delighted but asked Roman to please explain, that we could not possibly accept this gift as it is hers to carry down the isle.. To the new bride we handed her the handkerchiefs back with a gift of money, and told Roman to wish them well and may they have a long and happy life together... Then Roman ran out of words.. soooo, I said **Mnohiya Lita !!!** they all laughed. We received two table scarves that were hand embroidered with the new colours of neutral colours of brown and beige, and two flowers, one for me and one for Roman.. We hugged and said our goodbyes.



As the evening was coming to a close, company. Two ladies that lived down the road, Hannah and the school teacher... (I still cannot remember her name, sorry) There was so much confusion that day, I was feeling somewhat bewildered that no one wanted to talk about the Krzyzanowski's. Roman came to me and stated that Nadia and Wasyl they did not feel comfortable at Sofia's, or the surroundings and that they wanted to leave very early in the morning. My heart sank, we have not been to Biloboznicja or Bila. I have research to do at the cemetery. **ZAZULA'S** come from there, I promised to get pictures of headstones, and there are more names I need?? My heart has never sunk so low. How early ? Roman said about 5 AM, **WHAT!!!!** it's still dark, how will we take pictures. The Jewish Cemetery??? I don't believe this!! I approached Wasyl and stated that I will not leave so early in the morning! You promised!!! My mind was swirling like a

tornado, my heart was beating like a drum. What do we do?? No point in saying or doing anything now, as there is company... we sat and chatted, they looked at the pictures that I had brought of our family. I was presented with the Rushnyk of Pansy's, and a bottle of French perfume and a picture of

Ukraine. A clearing of land with a creek running through a field of POPLARS !!! Just like in Manitoba. The tears flowed.. Hannah explained that if I wanted to remember our trip to Ukraine, just look at the picture!!! I was very grateful at the opportunity to meet with everyone and wished I could have stayed longer.. but "I was not driving". After everyone left, we went to Sofia and explained that we had to leave early in the morning, as we had many more miles to travel.. Sofia made the beds up for everyone, it was funny. She only had two twin beds in the large room, so she stuffed the large heavy comforters along the side and put pillows over top so that Roman and Wasyl would not fall between the bed and walls. No one slept as the room was very, very damp and there was no air circulation. Needless to say my allergies kicked in. I was nervous, as the next door neighbours husband had been quite drunk during that evening and Vladimir came home very late. I was not sure if he locked the door, of course my mind was thinking about all kinds of weird things. Before I knew it the rooster was saying his good mornings, and the sun was making it's presence in the morning sky.. I hated leaving like this, I felt like a thief in the night!! Sofia wished we could have stayed, we handed her a gift of money. Before we left, Sofia stated to Roman, "do not give any money to my family as there are many of them and they are all working" they do not help me out.. I was shocked!!! I found Sofia to be very kind, she wanted to give me everything, her comforter, pillows. We explained to her that we could not take them back with us as they are just too heavy to take on the plane. Now when I think about it, was she giving me this so I would give her more money ????? Maybe Nadia was right ??? Something to ponder on. Said our goodbyes, hugs and kisses and we were off! Wasyl and Nadia could not leave fast enough.. so fast, they forgot to tell me where we were ??



CHAPTER 16 MY HEART IS POUNDING

SURPRISE, out skirts of Buchach ... [THE JEWISH CEMETERY...](#) it was eerie. The sun was just coming up over the horizon, a mist hung over the river and cemetery. As we got out of the car, I slowly made my way up and down the rows. As my hand touched the headstones I tried to understand. There was a calmness in the air.. I was in awe, once again. So many headstones, everywhere. Along the road, down to the edge of the river, up the hill into the trees.. standing, side by each, tall like soldier's, falling down, crumbled. So many of them, hundreds. Tears clouded my eyes.. (Yeah, I did a lot of crying while in Ukraine) in the ditch I found the only headstone that we could make out... Spoczyw? Najukocha? Synsk? [Wilus Fullenbaum U](#)? 3/4 1927. The one thing I do not understand are the numbers that were carved on the back of the stones. Some have two numbers, some three? What happened here? Was there a massacre? Was this a mass grave ? More questions with no answers. I wipe the tears as we drive away.. Why is there so much pain?



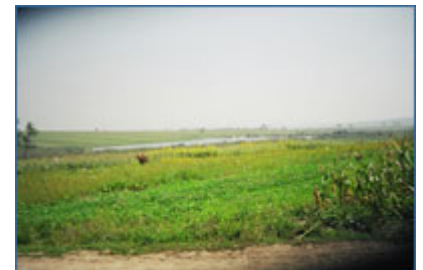
The city of Buchach is breathtaking, the buildings, the cobble stones and flowers everywhere. Roman and I look at one another in amazement.. DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?? A fortress on the top of a hill, the grounds are green and lush...



(The Empty Castle, structure dates back to the fourteen hundreds) The Strypa River snaking through the city. Wasyl, we need to see this! Wasyl is now explaining to us that we should go straight to Mel'nycja Podil'ska, and work our way back. THAT'S NOT WHAT THE PLAN WAS.. Roman, how can I go through these towns where my Great Grandparents came from and only stop on our way back.. it won't feel the same.. To see, walk, touch the soil. My woman's intuition is we are not coming back, I can feel it in my soul. The roads are winding the scenery is breathtaking, we bypass the city of Chortkiw and make our way down A268 to turn off for Borsciv. The sun is high and the day is hot, the scenery is just beautiful with rolling hills, fields of sunflowers, sugar beets, golden heads of wheat, oats and barley swaying in the breeze.. We drive past Borsciv and south, to Vovkivci, down a huge hill to only go up top of another hill, like driving through Riding National Park in Manitoba... STOP !!!



Krychive. The Konowalczuk Family start here... To our amazement there is a massive tower constructed of stone with a stone wall about 15 feet high and over 300 feet long, that surrounds the property on four sides. At the far end is another stone tower. We gazed about and take a few pictures.. no one in site, not a car, human, nothing !!! As we drive on, the next town is Hermakivka... The Orthodox cemetery is off behind the town. I gaze around and look for a familiar name, nope, not one "Konowalczuk". Well that's strange, Mom's cousins from Sifton and Ethebert Manitoba are Ukrainian Orthodox, would they have changed their religion after migrating to Canada ?? The search continues !!



OH GOODNESS, THE NEXT TOWN IS IVANE PUSTE. The tears start to swell, my heart skips a beat as we enter town.. I gaze out the window, doesn't look like they've had much rain or none at all. The soil is like at Rosa, Manitoba very soft, hot to walk on in the summer with bare feet, light in colour. The town is very flat, no hills. The homes are beautifully decorated with colourful ceramic tiles in the most intricate designs. The car slowly edges its way to the end of town, there are two cemetery's. On our right the Ukrainian Catholic, to the left Ukrainian Orthodox. The blue Lada came to a stop under an old elm tree for shade. Surrounding it is an iron fence with a decorated gate to keep the dead safe. The cemetery could use a good cleaning but is the best kept by far. I must say that once we started looking around, almost every headstone was a Czubej. The Mayor of the town in 2001 was a Czubej.. A woman came up to us



questioning, who we were? My Great Baba was Katherina Czubej. Immigrated to Canada in 1900, married to Paulo Konowalczuk, from Zalisie. OHHHH !!! There are many Czubej's buried here.. Last



questioning, who we were? My Great Baba was Katherina Czubej. Immigrated to Canada in 1900, married to Paulo Konowalczuk, from Zalisie. OHHHH !!! There are many Czubej's buried here.. Last

year, there were two men from Kanada looking for family also.. DO YOU KNOW THEM? Yes, they are my cousins. GO LOOK she stated, there are lots of them in the Cemetery !!



"Where do we start"!! We came across a headstone with a picture, Roman exclaimed that he looked like a "Chubby" from Rosa.. YUP !! From headstone to headstone, clicking the camera to try and get every Czubej we could read. The headstones are so intricate We walked in silence, curious about everyone's lives. As I sat on a small wooden bench in front of a Czubej headstone, I wondered who were they ? Did they know my Baba? Did she come to this cemetery as a child? Did she have a happy childhood? Did she miss her Mamo Palahya and Tato Jack who lived in Ivane Puste and died there. I wipe the tear from my cheek and carry on.



Shaking my head in amazement that I am actually here, I

gazed around at the land, the poplars, the dried grasses and dusty roads. My Great-grandmother walked this land when she was a child, I wish I could see her. I guess, I will someday. Father Gerry told me when my David died, I will know everything when it is my turn!!! (thing is I don't want to wait till then)



We finally venture off to the massive church... HOLY COW it is HUGE !! The church rose up from the ground with the three onion domes reaching for the skies, painted in white with bright yellow colour. It was sooooo big we could not get it all into the picture... Poor Roman had to cross the road, stand in the bush just to get the front of the church.. The courtyard was so large you could probably park 75 cars easily... if you can find that many in the area, doubt it !! hehehe. To the left of the church a grotto is being constructed. It was magnificent. Three stone walls about 12 feet high. Separated, with beautifully designed mosaic tiled pictures.. The hand hewn scaffolding was archaic. In the hot



sun, at the workers feet, were pails of wet cement. They painstakingly cut each piece of coloured tile to fit in the numbered drawings, pictures of Jesus, Joseph, Angels and landscape with a hill on the edge of town with three crosses, one that held the body of Jesus.. We spoke with the workers and ask how long they have been working on the project? OH, about 7 weeks, OH MY! How much longer? About another 2 weeks.. I looked up and stated I don't think so..



After many pictures it was time to head out of town, but before we do, there was a beautifully decorated home that I had to have a picture of... As we drive up a robust lady was hanging on the front gate.. Wasyl stops the car so that Roman & I could approach and request a picture of her home. We explain who we are and that we are visiting from Canada



... OH !! PLEASE COME IN.. but only if you send me a copy of the picture, we agree. She opened the gate, there in front of us on the cement drive way, 3 cars wide by 3 cars deep is FLAX !! She was drying in the hot sun. The home is decorated with vibrant colours of rust, warm hues of greys, taupe,

forest greens, the windows were trimmed with black & white diamonds. The front doors had iron work with stained glass. The stoop was painted white with intricate designs along the sides. From the corner of my eye, something was moving under the flax near the side, kinda not sure, what the heck. From underneath pops up (CHARLIE) what are the odds of a cat in Ukraine that looks identical to our Charlie.. grey from the top of her forehead to the side of her cheeks and a white mouth!! The lady

questioned us about our name and where Romans family was from.. You know, she said there is a Hrynenko working at the grocery store, not sure if she is working today, but stop in, her husband died a few years ago. We stayed and chit chatted for a bit, took her name and address, were off.



Your probably wondering what happened to ZALISIE ?? Later !!!



I must say that this is the only area we have seen with so many combines, tractor's, balers, harrows, etc. The crops are plentiful. As I read the map we are finally coming to Melnycia Podilska the home of my Great Grandparents Suchecki. Oh my, the town is so old,



have not seen any vehicles only horse drawn wagons. No one milling about, actually there really is no one in site. Too hot to work, or is everyone gone?? We stop in the middle of town and find the Greek Catholic Church. Amazing



how they find money for the church but everyone can barel y survive! Painted in white and yellow, with a beautifully caved wood door. The yard is lush with dark green grass, and off the to the right of the church is a wall constructed to hold four large bells with a small one right at the very top. To the right of the bell tower is another smaller church with two sets of doors. It was very impressive.. The homes are all surrounded with fencing and the most intricately carved gates, built to high to take any pictures, drat !! After



taking several pictures we venture off to find the Cemetery. Finally at the end of the dirt road we came upon the largest cemetery so far. It was in total disarray, OH MY !! The Polish side of the cemetery we could not even venture into, it was so over grown with weeds, trees, rose bushes, trees with two inch thorns, if I walked on a snake I sure didn't' t feel it. To see the beauty of the headstones, my eyes filled with tears. There were several people working in the new section.. We questioned about Suchecki's, did they know the name? Yes the man stated, I have been in charge of the Cemetery for some time and they are in the first row along the fence, in the old section.. Sure enough we found what I am sure were my Great Great Grandparents. The unfortunate thing was they whitewashed over the original printing and painted new writings.. It reads as though a grandson is buried with them.. The strange thing about where they are laid to rest, in Tolstoi Manitoba, Great Baba and Gido Suchecki's are also laid to rest in the first row along the fence, along 59 Hwy .. Their whitewashed headstones stand tall, as do



rest in the first row along the fence, along 59 Hwy .. Their whitewashed headstones stand tall, as do

the ones in Ukraine. We bowed our heads and prayed. We took a long walk around, there are hundreds of headstones! So many Angels and lambs, the dates go back to 1700's. Some places I had to walk on the actual grave to get around.. If you were to do history on this cemetery you would need a month, it is that big! We actually found a Konowalczyk and Krzyzanowski, what they were doing there not sure, but took pictures anyway. Well it was getting late, no one had eaten all day except for the fruit and they GUYS WERE STARVING. Sooo, after many tears, one last look at Suchecki's graves we bid adu. As I gazed back I felt a loss, I never really new my Great Grandparents as they died way before I was even thought about. As I do more research into their history, I'm sure that when we come back to Ukraine there will be a better understanding of their lives...



SOOOO, where is Zalisie? After all the kerfuffle about going to Melnycia first then backtrack, that I decided to do just that. You can always tell when things are not going to go the way you planned. Never underestimate a WOMAN'S INTUITION !!! The thoughts of the day are running wild in my head, can't even



write. As we backtrack, I hear Wasyl state that he does not like to drive in the dark, now there is a rush to get home before the Vampires and night people come out to play. Hehehe Here is Zalisie, Bill Watamaniuk was right, there are only 8-10 homes in town. Right in the middle there is a fork in the road and an old Gothic looking church, about 1800's, built of stone, in three sections. Windows were all boarded up and the door was nailed shut. No plaque anywhere. We questioned an elderly gentlemen who was walking down the road, about the church. He knew nothing. He didn't know if it was Polish, Greek Catholic or the name?? (I think it's Polish) We did ask if there are any Konowalczyk's in town, he said they are long gone. OH! Wait! Yes a man, about 38 but he's a loner... Never talks to anyone, drinks to much, gone crazy, sometimes he's here sometimes not.. OH GREAT ! At this point Wasyl and Nadia don't even venture out of the car as I hear them say Yedum, Yedum. SURPRISE... guess who does not get to the cemetery, ME !!!!!!! never saw a thing.... SIGH!! no point in saying anything. At least I got to see the town... I AM COMING BAAACK !!!!!!



CHAPTER 17 RUN FOR YOUR LIFE



The drive back was silent, but sure was golden. We finally reach the outskirts of Chortkiw. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CITY. We're having trouble with the car, it needs sparkplugs, Roman said. As we pull in beside a park. ROMAN AND I MAKE A MAD DASH FOR IT ..we grab the handles of the car. DOORS OPENED, RAN FOR OUR LIVES, YOU'D THINK WE WERE OUT ON THE LAMB. The scenery was BREATHTAKING the camera was clicking as fast



as we ran... look at this church, take a picture.... Polish... closed up now.... No one can be bothered to tell you anything.. KEEP RUNNING !!! We spotted an old wooden church .. DO YA THINK WE COULD FIND IT.. NAAAA !! KEEP

RUNNING... Bazaar, STOP !!! shoot... closing up ... Oh well next time... Look at the architecture it is amazing... HOLY COW... the cobble stoned roads, the buildings bright yellow, LOOK, at the cascading plants from the second building OH MY !! YA THINK WE WERE EXCITED!!! As we strolled back to the car Wasył was just putting the spark plugs in... Across the road, we heard all this commotion. GYPSIES, were robbing a man who I guess had too much to drink. As he lay on the ground trying to sleep off his drink of the day, here was a woman with 4 children in tow, carrying a baby, and taking the money out of his pockets ...NOW.. I am not sure, but maybe it's her husband and he drank the milk money.. HEHE.. Best excitement I had for the day.. Car seems to be fixed, we found a road side gas station with a restaurant. We step inside to admire the spectacular carpentry. The walls, ceiling and floor were all done in knotty pine. Skylights on four sides of the ceiling, with silk plants hanging from the ledges. They had a full bar with every kind of alcohol you could imagine. The



food was to die for!! Started with cucumber & tomato salad, chicken soup... MAN IT WAS LIKE MOM USED TO MAKE. haven't had soup like that, (well you know). Breaded Pork Cutlet and crinkled French fries. Feeling somewhat hot, Roman tells me that my face, and arms are burnt.. GREAT !! Out in the back of the property is a washroom/change room.. Off I go to change into shorts and t-shirt.. The washroom itself was cement floor with a hole in the middle with running water. Ledges on the side to put your purse or whatever, very clean, but no

toilet paper. Were off again. As we drive down the main highway, I think of the day and what would have been if just Roman and I came out, sure would have been different. Oh well, life's experiences. Nadia falls asleep about 40 min. from Chortkiw. The area does not look familiar, and the name of the towns do not make sense. I thought we were going the same way we came ??? OH OH... Wasył is LOST... WE ARE HOUR AND HALF INTO OUR DRIVE... NADIA WAKE UP ??? You are not going to believe this, we are 30 min. from Ternopil. MY WISH HAS COME TRUE !!!!! Nadia realised where we were and told Wasył which way to turn. As luck would have it, NEVER SAW TERNOPIL !!! SHEEEEEESH!!! The sun was sinking, the evening growing dark, as we drove the blue Lada into the drive way. Everyone was waiting for us, it had been a long day and no sleep in the last two days... How does a girl do it... must be the Krzyzanowski genes, bath and off to bed.. DOBRANECH !!



CHAPTER 18 JUDY'S FRIED CHICKEN

August 21 Dobriy Rano !!!!! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY !!

I had a great sleep.. it pays not to sleep for 29 hours. Head hit the pillow don't remember a thing. Baba is in the summer kitchen makin POTATO PANCAKES!!!! Nadia is off to the Bazaar for chicken, then off to the Employment Office in Mikolaiv. Here comes Nadia running down the driveway with chicken in hand. HERE, JUDY KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH THIS.. HOLY COW, I get to cook !!! Feeling somewhat excited, I found the unbleached flour, coarse salt, pepper, what's this, somekind chicken powder, smells ok, lets add this to the recipe. Ya know you gotta cook with what ya got. OH GREAT only two small frying pans, this should be interesting. There's 12 huge pieces of chicken. This could take some time, throw the chicken into the flour and spices, add oil to the pans, fry till golden brown. Roman lights the pilot light, ovens getting hot, yup 350'. This was an experience, at home I have all sizes of pots pans, roasters etc. Nadia has no roasters, but I did find a cake tray 9x13, no foil, ok ! Two burners going at the same time, 3 pieces of chicken in each turn one, turn the other. Filling

up the pan, chicken smells great. Roman, go to the garden and pick dill, garlic and onions. I placed the chicken in the pan, add sliced onions, 7, eh, make it 8 cloves of garlic, layer the top with dill, UMM , SMELL THAT YOUNG DILL !!! Nothing to cover it with, HOLD IT, FOUND SOMETHING! A small cookie sheet, we'll use this for the cover... hahaha, don't you just love to improvise? Not sure when we are eating this, so I had better put the chicken in the oven now, in case its for lunch. About an hour later everyone was in the kitchen, what is that smell?? Judy's chicken... Even YURI came out of hiding to see what was going on!! Set the table, boiled the potato's, made salad etc. EVERYONE CAME A RUNNING, NOT ONE PIECE LEFT, NEVER TASTED CHICKEN THAT WAY !!! They enjoyed it so much, I had to make it again three days later. What a life, I love it.

CHAPTER 19 LVIV August 22, 2002 Dobra Rano !!

THE BEST IS YET TO COME... WE'RE OFF TO LVIV !!! YIPPPPIE !!



The day is beautiful, the sun is shining, life is good, again. I feel at peace. Still no news of Canada, eh, who cares. Hey girl, make sure you have everything, maps, address for the Archives, gonna take a chance to see Diana Peltz, camera and lots of film. YA, YA I'M COMING its 9 am. Everytime I travel this highway, I still see things that I did not see the time before, everyday is a new adventure. We pull into Lviv, and park the car about 4 blocks from Rynok Square. WasyI stays with the Lada. We walk looking for Soborna Street.

Finally we are pointed in the right direction. It was amazing the buildings, churches, people. Roman & I decide that we are spending the day. We have come to realise that our family are not sight seers, or walkers. Nadia had a hard time keeping up with us. Well I guess we have different lifestyles and they are not used to walking like we do. Nadia has a heart problem, which made it difficult for us. We need to be careful not to over exert her. Finally found the Archives. WOW!! I stood in AWE. The Archives are located at the Bernardine Monastery, built in 1600-1630. The Monastery Church of St. Andrii (Andrew) belongs today to the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church. The Archives in Monastery building is dated 1784. We swing open the large door and stepped inside.. The foyer was large, with checkerboard floor. To our right, a staircase with well worn rickety steps. To our far left hiding in an alcove is another large door. I slowly creep up the stairs, along the whitewashed walls. A woman greets us at the top, "Dobra Dane". "Dobra Dane"



looking for the Archives, Tak. right behind you!! Duakyau We walk through the glass doors, workers are busily milling about. I ask if Diana Peltz is here SURPRISE! guess who is walking right past me? The tiny petite lady stops and states that's ME !! Dobra Dane, Judy & Roman Hrynenko visiting from Vancouver Canada !! We are hoping to have a short visit with you if you have time?? Diana tells us the Archives are closed for the month of August. (in my mind I am thinking) OH SH-T.. I FORGOT ABOUT THAT !! OH LORD PLEASE? But because you have come all this way I will meet with you.. HALLELUJAH !!! Thank goodness she speaks English. She gives us some info as to the Archives in Ternopil and I proceeded to request cadastral maps for members of the list back home. She was kind enough to allow us to take her picture. Diana is sooo nice. The visit was short as we did not want to take up her time. As we leave the office, we take a gander around the building. She explained to us that the building used

to be a Monastery. As I gaze about, there are doors on each side of the long hallway. Each Monk used to have their own room, a single bed, desk, chair and small table at the bed side with an oil lamp. The rooms are now converted into offices, but still look the same as they did 400 years earlier..

We should have ventured further down the hall but did not want to snoop... AND WHY NOT !! As we walked down the worn wooden stair case you can almost envision the Monks making their way up and down each day. That door off to the left. SNOOPY ME !! Roman come see. OH MY GOODNESS !!! LOOK !!! The door is still original, square and right in the centre is a round door knob about 7" in diameter.. BOY WAS IT HEAVY.. BUT IT OPENED.. There in front of me was a three sided, beautifully carved wood door. About five feet up was glass.. OK, OK, remember, yes I am only 5'2", so here I was on my tippy toes trying to see in. OH MY GOSH !! The room was huge, dark herringbone wood floors. Gold chandeliers hung from the ceiling. Book cases, floor to ceiling filled with books. The windows stretch at least 20 feet long, attached below the windows is a writing ledge, with several chairs. You could almost see the monks writing entries into books by daylight, then oil lamp at night. It was spooky but warming...



More info on St. Andrew's: We can see fragments of defence stone walls. These are the walls of the former Bernardine Monastery. The Church of St. Andrew had already been the property of the Bernadine's in 1460. In 1600 they started construction of the new stone temple. Building was held under the guidance of Paolo Romano. He had not had time to bring the building to the end, after his death Ambrosius



Przychylny continued the work. The bell-tower was built by Andreas Bemer, sculptural decoration of the facade was also done by him. The Baroque interior of the temple is decorated with numerous wooden carved alters (sculpt T. Huetter and K. Kutschenreiter, 1736-1754) the walls are covered with fresco paintings. It was done by B. Mazurkiewicz in 1738-1740. In front of the temple in 1736 there was established a memorial pillar. As abbey adjoins the temple from the north. In one wing of the abbey beginning from 1783 the documents on the history of the region were kept, which put the beginning to the collection of the Historical Archives, existing here till now.

To see the Church you have to give a donation. It was dark and damp as I stepped through the iron gates, Scaffolding as high as about 100 ft. Scaffolding that no one in Canada would dare walk on, and waaaaay up, near the dome people were working. Scraping the old paint and applying new paint. The church is being renovated, but they say it will be another 7 years before the work is completed. The only pews are around the pillars. To my left is a picture given to Pope John Paul from his mother, that he donated to the church during his visit to Lviv and further on is a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I walked in silence, touching, peering, praying and admiring the newly gilded gold pillars. The alter area has been completed. It has been and is awe inspiring. I was speechless. Nowhere in our community do we have such a magnificent church. We approached the man at the gate and handed him a gift of money, also \$20 American, as we requested mass for our David. He took our full names and asked if we would be there on Sunday for the reading of the names, NEE, as I wipe a tear from my eye, I would have loved to hear my David's name echoing throughout the Church of St. Andrii. As David's third name is Andrii after his Great Grandfather, Krzyzanowski (David Roman Andrii).



As we continued our adventure, my neck is getting a workout. Don't know where to look next, it is all so beautiful. The architecture is fascinating. As I skipped, my heart skipped. We turned the corner to the Eastern side of Rynok Square. In the mid 14th century they started to build the fortified city centre. The city was surrounded by stone defence walls. The defence fortifications of Lviv remained until 1777. In the centre of "the stone walled city" there is Rynok Square - the centre of public and trade life of the city. It will be the starting point for our tour

round medieval Lviv. Rynok Square is almost a quadrangle sized 142 x 129 m. 44 brick houses and a town hall form it. The present town hall, which stands in the middle of the square, was built in 1827-1835 in the style of Classicism according to the project of J. Markl and F. Trewcher. The old town hall consisted of three buildings built in different times. The eldest, middle part, dated back to the 14th century. The tower was built in 1619 (arch A. Bemer). This tower, as well as the entire town hall, in the early 19th century was unstable, and at last in 1826, it collapsed. The newly built town hall was considered massive and monumental.. During the celebration of the days of the city, which are held every year in autumn, anyone who wishes may climb the 65 meter high tower and see nice views of Lviv as well as the clockwork of the big town hall clock. It has already efficiently served for 150 years. The four corners of Rynok Square are ornamented by fountains. The four fountains, sculpted by artist Hartman Witwir in the early 19th century, depict the Greek gods Amphitrite, Diana, Neptune and Adonis.



The eastern side of the square begins with the corner building House N.2 - the former Bandinelli Palace. Having been built in 1593, in the early 17th century it became the property of Robert Bandinelli, a merchant from Italy. In 1629 he organised a post office in the house. The building's facade have rich carved decorations.. The Architect of the next house N.3 Piotr Polejowski, built it in 1717-1772 by order of the Rzewuskis magnates. Sculptural décor was done by Franciszek Olendzki. This house was fascinating N.4 it is called the "Chorna Kamyanytsya" Blackstone Palace, that comes from lime stone darkened with time of which diamond rust was made. The house is a perfect sample of Lviv Renaissance. It was built in 1588-1589. Paolo Romano and one more Italian, called in Lviv, Pietro di Barbona were its architects. Sculptural décor was done by master Marcin Gradowski during restoration of the building 1675-1677.



We walked and walked, the Cathedrals are amazing. There is so much to see, you need months. One church was Ensemble of the Church of the Assumption. For fighting for their social and political rights in the middle of the 16th century the Ukrainian's formed a community called Uspens'ke which existed attached to the church of the Assumption of the Virgin, Lviv fraternity school and the printing house was known not only in Ukraine but out of its borders. The fraternity has left for it progeny beautiful

Renaissance ensemble of the Church of the Assumption. There are: church, bell tower and chapel. The bell tower is the oldest amongst three present day structures of the ensemble. It was built in 1572 to 1578. I peered around the corner of the Church and came to a court yard, it was neat roaming the corridors. As we entered, we came upon the Chapel of the Three Hierarchs. BREATHTAKING !! Pietro di Barbona erected a well proportioned three circled Kornyakt's tower of 65 m height with a tent completion. It was the pride of the fraternity members and has been an adornment of Lviv till now. In 1584 the fraternity began to erect the smaller prototype of a future church - the Chapel of the Three Hierarchs. Andrzej Podlesny was its architect. The Architect has built the main size of the chapel as



a cube, and this is typical for classic. Renaissance architecture. The completion is quite Ukrainian. There are three cupolas of different size on drums. The chapel is widely decorated both from outside and in the interior with rich stone carving. The beauty and artistic perfection of the chapel inspired members of the fraternity. After its blessing in 1591 they decide not to restore the church and build a

new one. Paolo Romano was invited for erecting the church. Wojciech Kapinos had helped him since 1592 and Ambrosius Przychylny finished the building in 1629.



Located in one of the Palaces was a museum, up the stairs we climbed. We rounded the corner to find a room filled with clothing dating from the 1600's ... The lady curator invited us in for a look. We explained that we were visiting from Canada. She was so overwhelmed that she started to cry. As we tried to comfort her, she stated that almost everything in the museum had been donated by friends of friends and families who emigrated to Canada. She would not accept any money, but Roman insisted. There were two rooms filled with memorabilia from years gone

by. As we left I wanted a picture of the clothing but was told that WE could not take pictures.. WHY NOT ? We need to preserve what we have and no one should see them ?? but why display them ? And if no one is allowed to take pictures how is anyone suppose to know that they are here ?? NEE !!!!

We're off !! up and down the cobble streets.. gasps, screams, WOW'S ...Do you see that ?? We finally come to Svobody Street. Beside the old centre there exists another city centre, formed in the 19th century and from that time on there concentrated public, commercial, business and cultural life. It is better to start sightseeing from Svobody Avenue. The foot boulevard in the middle of the Avenue was finished in 1888. In the very beginning of the boulevard is a stone Fountain(well)of the Virgin. The city patroness in the legends of its inhabitants. It was mounted in 1904 and restored in 1997 with the copy of the statue of the Virgin, made by Munich sculptor J.N. Hauttmann(1859). If you walk from the fountain of the Virgin along the boulevard you can see another monument respected by Lviv citizens, the Monument of Taras Shevchenko (sc. V and A. Sukhors'kyi, bronze 1992-1995) to the left of the Kobzar's figure there is the Wave of National Revival, a 12 meters high symbolic stele. Opera House, built in 1895-1900 (arch. Z Gorgolewski) completes the hub of the boulevard northwards. The perspective view of the Theatre from Mickiewicz Square is one of the most attractive in Lviv urbanistic landscape. The building of the theatre intrigues with its sculptural and picturesque richness. On the facade in the bay there are situated allegorical figures by A. Popiel and T. Baracz. Comedy on the left and Tragedy on the right. The bas-relief composition by A. Popiel "Joys and Sufferings of Life" is in the three cornered with copper statues by P. Wojtowicz. There are Glory in the centre, the Genius of Drama and Comedy, on the left and Genius of Music on the right. There are twelve canvases under the plafond of the vestibule, the allegories, painted under the guidance of T. Popiel. There is the entrance to the so-called hall of mirrors. Here one can watch wall decorative panels on the subjects of theatrical works which were popular in about 1900. The panel were made by Lviv artists under the guidance of St. Debicki. The auditorium is lyre-shaped. The decorative stage curtain "Parnasus" by a well-known academician-artist H. Siemiradzki, which can be seen at first-night performances, is the stage adornment..

Surprise, off to the left of the Opera House down a short street is a MARKET !!!SHOPPING !!!

Everyone selling their wares.. household items, books, church icons etc. I would have loved to buy that light switch with the Angels, but with my luck, I would get stopped by customs to produce a receipt.. OH, the most wonderful paintings, vibrant colours, I WANT ONE, the owner is not here, wonder when they are coming back.. Only thing is, I don't want the baroque picture frame. As I was talking out loud, a friendly English speaking voice!! I forgot what it was like to hear English. I was taken aback... Mike was from Ternopil, originally from Edmonton, Alberta.. brought his children to Lviv for a visit.. He's worked for the Canadian Consulate in Kiev for 10 years now.. and loves it.

OH MY GOD!!! LOOK AT THE UKRAINIAN EMBROIDERY ??? Ladies, every type of embroidered blouses, shirts, tablecloths, runners, napkins, pillowcases. THOUGHT I DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN !!! HAHA... Two walls 7' high by one block long. I didn't know where to look first. The patterns, the colours. There where woman, sitting in the shade, embroidering as we looked on and buyers who had the tablecloths stretched out to see the patterns. Will it fit the tables, is it wide enough? I just can't believe that I DID NOT PURCHASE ONE TABLECLOTH. I had received so many as gifts on our trip, and have several back home, my thought was, do I need another one ??



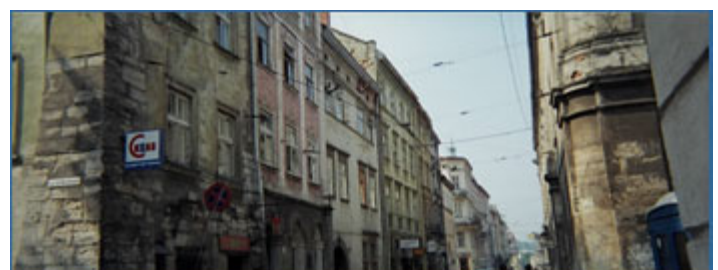
My attention now turns to Nadia, she looks hot and perspiring. ROMAN is NADIA OK ??? I see her walking very fast and disappears??? I'm thinkin something's wrong.. I find her in the restaurant asking for water.. NADIA what's wrong? I guessed it, she cannot keep up to us and says she needs to sit down. Thank goodness she has her heart medication. A small brown bottle of liquid nitro?? She swallowed a couple of cap fulls, settles down. She decides to go find Wasyl and bring the car to us. All of a sudden she hailed down a taxi and was gone !!! HERE WE WERE STANDING ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD... WHERE DO WE GO, WHAT DO WE DO!! Lets go sightseeing, but keep an eye out for the Lada.

We stumbled upon the Church of Transfiguration (21 Krakivs'ka Street) was made by talented architect Sylvestr Havryshkevych, who was able to preserve and use the most valuable spared elements of the previous construction of the temple and give the features of Ukrainian church to the newly erected building. The work lasted from 1875-1898. Monumental and severe harmony of the facades, performed in the traditions of Classicism contrasts with the richly decorated



interior of the church. Leonard Marconi is the author of the sculptural décor. Many well known artists worked on the mounting of the interior "Transfiguration of God" was made by Theopil Kopystyns'kyi. The cathedral was so beautiful we never dared to venture further into the church and took pictures from the entrance like the rest of the tourists... Our next stop was the First Publishing House in Lviv, with a bronze statue of the first publisher Ivan Fedorov. The first book printed in Ukraine 1574 - by I. Fedorov's "The Apostle". The first newspaper in L'viv was Gazette de Leopold, published in French. The first issue appeared on the 15th of January and the last on the 19th of December, 1776. It was the first periodical publication in Ukraine. As we approached the square, it was interesting to see several people trading/selling their books. Maybe I should have looked a little closer and purchased a couple of books for Dad !! Across the road, where the old walls of the city still stand was catacombs that zig zag under the cobble stone

streets.. OHHH !!! I WANT TO SEE, CAN WE GO DOWN THERE?? To dangerous as the walls, and ceilings are crumbling. OH NO !!! NO I'M NOT READY TO GOOOOO !!!! Our day in Lviv is over, there's the Blue Lada!! We jump into the back seat, roll down the window, let the wind blow my short blond hair and cool off my perspiring skin.. HA, and you thought I was going to say my long blond locks blowing in the wind like we were driving in our 56 Chev Convertible. It would have been fantastic



driving around Ukraine with our car. Could have taken the whole neighbourhood for a ride, the back seat would hold at least 4 people. I was overwhelmed with the day. The architecture, the people, colours, the hub bub of the city.. I LOVE IT ALL !!!!! The drive back was a blur. I thought about what it would be like to just sit at a cafe, talk, laugh, and joke with the people, maybe get an apartment. For some reason I felt that I belonged in this beautiful city. Hummmm, really have to think about this one ?????

CHAPTER 20 ZADACHU – BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Dobriy Rano – August 24

There are only a few days left, and the count down begins... Pancakes, Canadian syrup. Wasyl loves the syrup, sure doesn't taste like ours!!! Before taking off for the bazaar, there is a problem with the car.. Roman helps with the carburettor. Wasyl does not believe that it is the problem?? Roman takes off the carb, cleans, resets points, plugs. Guess what!! it's running on ALL 4 CYLINDERS. I told Roman that they need to be taught new technology, shown how to hill potato's to have a better crop etc. Wasyl is a mechanic by trade, I guess they do not have upgrading, if they do they probably cannot afford to take more schooling. We take our time as Saturday is turning out to be a quiet day. the Bazaar really did not have anything that we were looking for ...Tried to find a Canadian broom for Baba so that she would not have to break her back when she swept the floor. The brooms in Ukraine are hand made and are only three feet high. There were none to be had. We walked up to one kiosk, and the lady behind the counter asked, Pannie, Polski?? I tell you that ROUND face of mine really gives me away, hehehe. No handkerchiefs with the wedding symbol. No UA emblems to put in our scrapbook. No Ukrainian flags!! I guess we are going home empty handed. All the neighbours needed new kapchies (slippers) navy blue for Baba, forest green for Magdalena and ruby red for Katherina. Found a picture frame for Katherina's photo. Things you need here they just don't sell.. Plastic bowls or containers for food storage, there are none, only metal. WHERE IS TUPPERWARE WHEN YOU NEED IT!!! No fly swatter, at least the flies have a reprieve!! Could not find a large frying pan, HEY ANOTHER TRIP TO LVIV !!! We finally make it to the produce, the wasps were out in great numbers, they were having a fiest. Not only were they eating the people but the meat also.. Nadia needed to purchase some sausage, the vendor stated out loud, we never give any samples, but because YOU ARE VISITING FROM KANADA, we'll let you have a try "Douza Dobra". Now we have a crowd gathering. We took two kinds of sausage from the bottom of the box. Smokies we needed enough for 8 people sooo, 16 in the bag. An elderly woman, standing beside me was in awe.. How could we afford to buy so many meat's. I knew this poor woman could probably afford two and I buy 16!! Next we needed bacon. I decided to take the one in the package, I wasn't about to take any chances, the bill was \$60 Hryvnya, or \$20.00 Canadian. Off for eggs, they had been sitting in the sun all day and all I could think of was salmonella poisoning. I remember watching Nadia one day as she was baking a cake, as she cracked open each egg, taking a smell and throwing out 4 out of the 7. Tomatoes, cabbage, apples, onions, garlic and watermelon by the truck loads. I was saddened as we walked around for the last time, watching the vendors trying to make a sale. Thinking how lucky we are to live in such a great country as Canada. Next, thank you cards, none at all, managed to get a card that said Vitamio, we'll cut off the top and have Nadia write in our thank you's.



We are off to [Zadachu](#) where the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to the workers in the field in 1804. As we drive down the back roads, wagons are pulling up to the fields waiting to be filled with fresh dried hay. There were at least 20 men with scythes swaying from side to side. With pitchforks



in hand, 3 men fill the wagon as the team of horses grazed on fresh sweet hay. As we twist and turn up and down the back road we come to a large field with a handmade metal gate. Roman, loosens the leather strap from the old post. Wasyl drives the car up the road and Roman closes the gate. The field is golden and massive and the cows watch with a curious eye!! We drive about a mile, before coming to an old forest of huge trees. The Lada came to a stop under what looked like a very old cedar tree. I arch my back to see the tops they seem to be at least 100 feet tall. We slowly walk to the



clearing where a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary is placed. At her feet is a well of fresh running water for anyone to drink, touch, or fill a container to take home. Legend has it that the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to some farmers on an oak tree in 1804. Over the years people had stripped the tree of its bark, as they believed it would have healing powers, but eventually the oak tree died. To the left of the statue there are old stone stairs that are used as benches. There is a church with whitewashed walls. Of course the doors were bolted shut. There is an arched window at the top with no glass. We found an old lopsided ladder. Roman leans it up against the door. We hung on for dear life as we each took a turn and look inside. Roman with camera in hand snapped pictures. The walls are painted in the traditional yellow with blue designs



around the alter. The alter cloth is embroidered in Ukrainian designs of blue. The inside was immaculate. I kept wondering if there would be a pilgrimage in 2004, wouldn't it be fantastic to be here for that!! It was so quiet you could here the bee's buzzing up in the tall trees. We sat on the cement near the well in stillness, listening to two birds talking to one another along with the trickle of the water as it slowly made it's way down to the creek bed below. Again, I was in AWE!! As we drive off into the sunset another day of adventure is over.

CHAPTER 21 VISITING THE NEIGHBOURS

DOBRIY RANO!! August 25, 2002

Only two days left, still so much to see and do.. We were hoping that Wasyl would take us back to Lviv, but not a chance. Baba is in the kitchen steaming cabbage, you guessed it holubsti (cabbage rolls). Nadia is grinding up fresh pork. I watch closely, as she takes the hot rice, little bit crunchy she states, Dobra!! Nadia adds grated carrot, fried onions, and raw ground pork, salt, pepper. Baba takes the big spoon and mixes together. Roman, asks Baba, has she always put meat in her holubsti? Tak (yes).



Since before the war or did you start doing it after the war? Always!!! Strange it must have been handed down from "her" family. Dad always tells us that his mother never put meat in the holubsti, as they could not afford to. Also Dad hates them with meat. The old fashioned way he says, lots of bacon, onion, dill, and baked with fat on the top!! Our family too, Ukrainian people were very poor, could never afford meat. The day is hot and sunny and we're off for a long walk and a coke. The town is quiet. As we make our way up and down the roads snapping more pictures, talking with the locals. I catch a glimpse of the beautiful white lace curtains swaying in the breeze. We bump into Ihor who was building the fence for the neighbours beside Nadia. He tells us he has



been to Kanada. Really, where? Winnipeg! That's where we're from! He stayed with a family for about 6 months, in what they call North End.. Oh! What was there name? Joseph Luciw. JOE LUCIW ON STELLA STREET???? Tak!! OH MY GOD!!! Son, Mike Luciw was in our bridal party, the boys grew up with Roman and Tony at the farm in Rosa. GEEEEE!!! Talk about a small world, we filled him in on what has happened in the family. After 3 hours of walkin an talkin we make it back to the house. LUNCH, ROMAN AND JUDY ARE BACK. Were eating again. Hehehehehehehe. We spend the afternoon visiting with the Szmansky's, Dads cousin. Their house was rebuilt in 1955 when they added a second floor. He is so proud about his summer kitchen where he dries fruit. There are several screens covered with cherries, plums, and small pears. They welcome us into their home and serve a wonderful lunch, and yes we did just finish eating, but you have to be polite. As I gaze around, something that I have not seen in years was kysto (dough) drying on the dinning room table and beds. I remember coming home from school as a child, my mother would have all the beds, and chesterfield covered with kysto. She would take the almost dried dough, roll it up, not to tight, sharpen the knife and using her long fingernails as a guide, quickly slice the dough into fine strands of noodles. Once she had cut about 1/3 of the way she would lightly take the kysto in her delicate hands, lift and spread on the table, then transfer to the newspaper until dry. Another memory has swayed me again...



We are now off to Vitaliy Vandrovych's family. They were working on the wood floor in the living room when we arrived and was time for a break. It was cool in their kitchen in the lower part of the house. We brought gifts of BC Salmon, Canadian Maple Syrup and a scarf. Mrs. Vandrovych was in tears, she explained that today is her birthday and the gifts made her feel special. It touched my heart that we were part of her wonderful day. We chatted for a bit and again indulged in lunch, and home-brew. Douza Dobra!! They spoke highly of Vitaliy and are very proud of their son, as he is studying at Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts. After much chitchat, several pictures, hugs and kisses, we were off again. It was getting late and have been informed that we are going back to Lviv tomorrow ...Happy days are here again!!!

A story that had been told to us by Roman's Uncle.. During the war the Ruskie Soldier's would come and search the homes at random. When they arrived at the Hrynenko homestead they searched the attic and found nothing. But they missed the Tryzub painting that was on a sheet of cardboard hidden away. If they would have found it they all would have been sent to Siberia. Gido Hrynenko was the Mayor of Rozdol & Area and he had bodyguards during the war. The Russian Soldier's were known to kill the Mayor's of the town.

CHAPTER 22 LAST TRIP TO LVIV

August 26, 2002

Well we are now down to one sleep. It was early as I gazed out the single pane window and watch as the hustle and bustle as the day begins. Fall is coming, you can smell it in the air and the evenings are startin to get cooler. Leaves are turning a soft golden colour and the fields are becoming bare, as the farmers remove their crops. We will spend the day in Lviv for the last time, not nearly enough time was spent The family would not allow us to take the bus, they were concerned that we may have problems with the Mafia, or get robbed.. But you know, it would have been an adventure!! This time Wasyl decides to park at a paid parking lot. As we board the trolley bus, just below me outside is a woman with a three foot high broom sweeping the debris from in between the tracks... Once more I am in awe. The trolley starts to move, the architecture takes my breath away.. people were wondering

what I was OHHHHH and AHHHHHing about. My finger points at the old ornate homes, wondering who lived there at one time or another, my neck getting another workout. What would it be like to live in them today? We arrive at Ranok Square, the hustle and bustle of the market was exciting. Baba's calling, come, buy my tomatoes, onions, and long straight cucumbers.. I would have loved to buy it all, but I explained that we are leaving for Canada in two days and cannot take them with us.. I would have loved to bring back the pesticide free fruit and vegetables. It was the first time in years that I have not had a reaction to apples, pears, and my sugar levels were normal (diabetic)!!! We are looking for more gifts. No luck until I spot an ornate wooden box in a cupboard way down in the back.... I rush pass everyone and bent down to pick up... I ask how much, the man looks at me and stated 5 Hryvnya, I know I could have bartered but why bother. It was worth every penny !! ROMAN PAY THE MAN!!! It was exactly what I was looking for, 3" x 3" brown laquered box with the Blessed Virgin Mary carved on top with Ukrainian design on it.. we ask if he has anymore, NEE !!! The search continues!!!

As we leave the bazaar with a tear rolling down my hot cheek, I take one last look around and wish I could stay. I watch the women from a distance, the men sitting in the shade playing chess, wondered about their lives? The sun was warm as we stepped onto the trolley. Ohhhing and Ahhhhing all the way back to the blue Lada. Wasy questions WHERE TO NOW???



How about Lychakiv Cemetery ?? We snake our way up and down the narrow streets made of cobblestone and finally arrive at 33 Mechnikov Street. I could not believe my eyes. Across the street from the cemetery are woman with tables set up with candles. They sit with pails of the most beautiful fresh cut flowers ruby reds, bright pinks, soft blues, winter whites, and canary yellow for visitors to purchase and take to the cemetery..



The cemetery is completely surrounded by a stonewall. The main entrance of the cemetery has the most elegant neo-Gothic portals that were built in 1875-1901. There are a number of chapels up on the hill which belonged to the families of Lviv citizens. It covers 42 hectares and has over 300,000 burial places. The fee into the cemetery was one Hryvnya, to use the washroom was 30 kopecks.. There was a lady standing at the door,

which you had to pay first before you could enter.. The washroom was immaculate, painted white with white ceramic tiles with black trim. Roman gave the lady one Hryvnya, at which she proceeded to give me the royal tour, and more toilet paper than anyone would need.. She showed me where the soap was and paper for drying my hands.. I've never felt soooo special.

I was in AWE as we stood in the huge courtyard!! Where do you start?? There is a sign erected off to the left that displays directions. My heart



was pounding as we veered off to the right... My eyes darting about the headstones, they are fantastic. The oldest preserved Lychakiv gravestones refer to 1787 and 1797. The craftsmanship that went into creating these magnificent statues, took my



breath away. I walked slowly in silence!! Ivan Franko Monument 1856-1916 was installed here in 1933. The subject of the monument by sculptor S. Lytvynenko is connected with the well-known poem, "Kamenyari". The poet expressed the idea of fight against tyranny and violence. I had to touch the statue. Opposite, there are monuments to Markiyian Shashkevych. "The arouser of Rus"(1811-1843) a member of famous "Rus'ka Triytsya" the founder of new Ukrainian literature in Galicia (Henryk Perier's studio) and to Volodymyr Barvins'kyi (1850-1883) a writer, a publicist and a public figure (sculptor S.R. Lewandowski). I walk on in amazement, you need a solid week, just to see the cemetery alone.. Two monuments that left me speechless was the grave of Jozefa Markowska 1887 a beautiful young lady sleeping on a bed made of stone with mounds of material in stone that lay under her. There is a blanket that lightly covers her body.. At one time the blanket had been painted in very bright Ukrainian designs and over the years the paint has worn off. It was explained to us that she committed suicide because she could not have the love of her life, Romeo and Juliet affair????? (could not find any info on subject) it is all speculation !!! The other was a stone monument of a Bishop lying in state. It was magnificent!! Again speechless.



As we drive south and everywhere we drove in Ukraine, many people were selling what they could.. As we drive past the homes, out front, on a chair or stool was a basket or bowl of pears, apples or black sunflower seeds, even milk.. I guess you just put your money in the bowl.. One gentleman we saw was sitting on the side of the road looks like all day. He had a plaid bag with his belongings selling a basket of the largest mushrooms I have ever seen. Did I buy any, of course not, but I should have given him some money.

CHAPTER 23 MY HEART

Well, it is our final day here. My mind says go home, but my heart wants to stay!!! I feel a belonging here, even though this is not my home. I felt like I came home. This last ten years since we lost our beautiful David, thought, go to Hawaii, stay for 3 months walk the beach, collect my thoughts, how do you start your life over without your only child? Never did get there, but coming to Ukraine was the best thing I could have done... I have always felt Spiritually connected to him.. He is always around me, I know, cause I feel him, as I do my mother. Since losing David I have never felt at peace.. Yes, life goes on, we are still a family, but there is emptiness, maybe only a mother can feel!! As I sit here writing this, the tears flow... why?? Do I really love Ukraine, will I miss Ukraine? I saw, walked and touched the soil my Grandparents and G Grandparents walked as children. I wept many tears and whispered to them that I am here, I will come back! It is the peace, that will bring me back!



*David Roman Andrew
January 11, 1978 - July 31, 1992*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

You know when you meet people on the internet you don't explain every bit of your life, well maybe some... But I remember reading Bill Tarkulich's story about Slovakia. He made me cry, he made me laugh, and fall in love. He, who told me go to Ukraine, you never know what tomorrow will bring, You can live without an air conditioner and soft tissue for a few weeks!! Little did he know that I, who was born and raised a city girl, actually lived on acreage. My in-laws had no telephone until 1973, running water or indoor bathroom until 1984. So needless to say I use to go out in - 40 below weather to use the outhouse.... Pump water from a well, carry two pails how many times a day, while I was pregnant just to make coffee, soup and make meals to take out to the guys on the field, as they bailed hay. I managed to fit right in, while in Ukraine, and you were right, I did fall in love with the people, the country and would go back in a heartbeat!! Thanks Bill!!

I would also like to thank James Larsen for telling me to rush down to Costco Oct 2000, as they had computers on for a really good price. Needless to say, purchased, hooked up and the first thing I did was start my Genealogy. Thanks to the many web sites, especially www.infoukes.com who have the most intelligent, sincere, devoted, knowledgeable, fascinating people that I have ever had the chance to talk to.. Laverenty Krupniak, was a god send for me, as he translated a letter in Polish from family. Who would of thought they would still be alive, even though I am no closer to finding how all the Krzyzanowski's are related. Laverenty is very knowledgeable in what he does. I learn something new from him everyday, even now. After reading many stories of people who had just come back from visiting Ukraine had me all worried... but Bill Watamaniuk restored my faith, told me to go and have a great time, if you go with an open mind and the right attitude you will have a great time.. I also agree with Bill, the cemeteries do need a good cleaning, and would love to get in there and help .. I had a fabulous time. To Stella Stranger, Olga Kazmar and everyone else who gave me hints of what to take and not take, never leave home without the handy wipes. I even sent a parcel from Canada on June 28, 2002 to see just how long Meest takes to deliver. It arrived on August 21 in perfect condition, same way I sent it.. Thank you Ladies!!

Well, I hope that you all enjoy my story Can You Hear The Poplars.. I know there are things that I left out and some of you will be saying how come this and why not that. But I went to Ukraine to find my roots, instead, came home with a love and spiritual experience that I will never forget... I would encourage anyone who has been thinking about going, GO, there is so much to see and do. OH, by the way, remember those beautiful white lace curtains? Yes, I purchased a pair when I got home. As they sway in the breeze, they remind me of how much, I miss Ukraine.

UPDATE 2004:

I received a letter in March 2004 that our romantic Magdalena had passed away on January 24 from a possible heart attack. She had been dreaming that her goat had a baby, she awoke and told her son that she was going to the shed to check on Lalka. She dressed and ventured outside. The family found her as she was laying in the snow on her way back from the shed.. She was buried 3 days later.. I will keep her close to my heart! Katherina Boyko, they say her toe is doing fine, but her memory is slowly going, and there are times she just stays in bed !! Uncle Roman and Aunty Sofia are doing well, getting somewhat slower, but hanging in.. Aunty has high blood pressure, and may have had a mini stroke. Uncle, well, while we were there Nadia explained that he has prostate cancer, but he did not want to do anything about it.. As he stated, I'm to old, why bother. More important things in life!! So far, so good. Nadia, has not worked for 6 months, Wasyl went back to his old job. They hired a new manager and begged him to return.. The boy's, Oleh, is still working, has found

himself a girlfriend and they're maybe wedding bells.. Oleh wants Aunty Judy to come back, because I have to make my fried chicken for everyone at the wedding. "I'm on my way". Yuri, cannot find a job, and not sure if he should continue in the mechanics course...

JULY 3:

We called Nadia today to see how everyone was... Katherina Boyko, passed away at the end of May, complications from diabetes. I will miss the twinkle in her eyes.

Please feel free to contact me: jkruzer@shaw.ca