



НАША ДОРОГА NASHA DOROHA

НАДЗРУМАЙНЕ ВИДАННЯ

зима/winter 1(19)/2006

Пережиття української жінки в Канаді



Special Anthology Edition

EXPERIENCES OF UKRAINIAN WOMEN IN CANADA

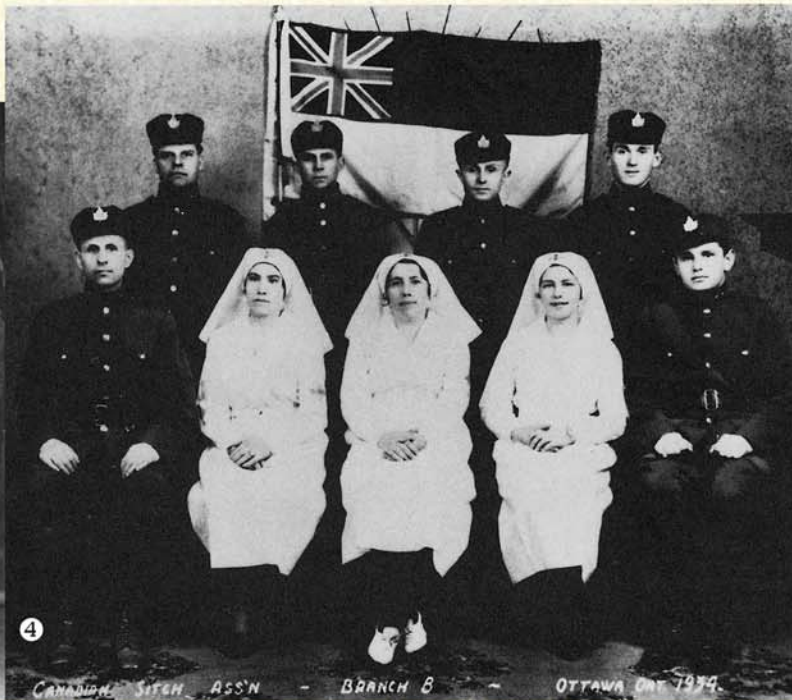


Photo credits

1 Ukrainian immigrants arrive in Montreal after a journey of more than 6,000 miles. For many of these peasants, emigration presented the only hope of survival. *Peasants in the Promised Land*. Jaroslav Petryshyn. Toronto, 1985

2 Mrs. Jaman and six of her children. *Pioneer Profiles. Ukrainian Settlers in Manitoba*. Michael Ewanchuk. Winnipeg, 1981

3 First Radio Program, 1936. *Building the Future: Ukrainian Canadians in B.C. A Blueprint for Action*. UCC BC Provincial Council

4 Canadian Sith Association Ottawa branch, VIII Kish, 1934. *Polyphony. The Bulletin of the Multicultural History Society of Ontario*. Vol. 10. *Ukrainians in Ontario*. 1988

5 Members of Sith, VII Kish, Kitchener, form an honour guard at the wedding of A. Maga and M. Stuss, 1935. *Ukrainians in Ontario*



Наша Дорога

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Nasha Doroha

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Верхня обкладинка / Front cover

Larissa Adrianna Dlugosh, 19, models in the
Toronto area. Mary (Prockiw) Chudyk, 103,
lives in Wynyard, Saskatchewan.

Inside: Anthology sketches by Sonja Pawliw.

www.ucwlc.ca

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Від крайової голови From the National President

Олена Гедз ✧ Olena Gedz

Дорогі Посестри Членки ЛУКЖК

В цей радісний Святочний час з
Різдвом Христовим, Новим Роком і
Святим Йорданом, вітаю Вас з
традиційним Різдвяним привітом
“ХРИСТОС НАРОДИВСЯ! СЛАВІМО
ЙОГО!” Пам'ятаймо правдивість тих
слів та звернім нашу увагу на перше
Роздество. Це дар Небесного Отця,
який дарує нам Свого Єдинородного
Сина, який показав нам правдиву до-

рогу життя, а це є любов Бога і лю-
бов ближнього. Цю любов наша Ор-
ганізація виявляє харитативною до-
помогою нашій Українській Като-
лицькій Церкві і потребуєчим на-
шої помочі тут в Канаді та поза її
межами.

В місяці жовтні я мала велику
приємність взяти участь в Епархі-
яльних З'їздах в Торонті і в Едмон-
тоні. Я щиро дякую Вам за Ваше за-

прошення і Вашу гостинність. Також в тому місяці з'їзди відбулись в Саскатуні і Вінніпезі.

Переглядаючи ваші звітні книги, я побачила, що Ви наполегливо працювали у підготовці з'їздів, щоби запевнити успішне переведення. Гратулюю Вам! При цій нагоді хочу зложити привіт новообраним Головам Епархіяльної Управи Торонта і Саскатуну, а також моя щира подяка Головам Епархіяльних Управ Нового Весмінстеру, Едмонтону і Вінніпегу за прийняття Головства ще на одну каденцію.

Дорогі Посестри: звертаюсь до Вас із проханням про Вашу поміч і Вашу щедрість. Допоможіть завершити наше "Благородне Діло". На Пленарних Нарадах Крайової Управи, які відбулись у Вінніпезі, присутні дискутували, який проект гідний для відзначення 60-літнього Ювілею нашої Організації. По довгих нарадах був поданий внесок, який було прийнято одногосно усіма Епархіями, закупити мамографічну машину і переслати в Україну для ужитку Української жінки. Передбачений кошт приблизно 100,000 доларів. На Конгресі у Вінніпезі було проголошено, що за увесь час ми зібрали 56,000 доларів. Як бачите, це є тільки половина потрібної суми.

Колишня Голова Ширлі Лісовська і я отримали деякі інформації, і тут я передаю їх Вам. Оксана Винницька (Почесний Консул Канади у Львові) зустрічалась із Директором State Institute of Hereditary Pathology. Вона пише, що він дуже зацікавлений нашим проектом. Інші можливі приміщення є Prenatal Hospital або Lviv Regional Children's Hospital, де мають новий Interregional Medical Diagnosis Centre. Намір є самим закупити машину (може в Німечинні) і переслати на Україну.

Я вірю, що при Божій помочі ми зможемо завершити це розпочате "Благородне Діло". Як гарно це буде, якщо літом 2006 року група наших членок поїде до Львова на відкриття і побачать напис "ДАРУНОК З НАГОДИ 60-ЛІТНЬОГО ЮВІЛЕЮ ЛІГИ

УКРАЇНСЬКИХ КАТОЛИЦЬКИХ ЖІНОК КАНАДИ".

Дякую Вам заздалегідь за Ваше розуміння і Вашу щедрість.

Щастя нам Боже!



Dear Sisters, Members of UCWLC

During this Blessed and happy season of Christmas, New Year and the Feast of Theophany, I greet you with our traditional "CHRIST IS BORN! LET US GLORIFY HIM!" Let us remember the true meaning of those words and reflect on the first Christmas and the Baby born in Bethlehem. Let us follow His teachings as we continue our many charitable deeds for the good of the Ukrainian Catholic Church and the needy here in Canada and outside of its borders.

In October, I had the pleasure of attending the Eparchial Conventions in Toronto and Edmonton. I thank you for your gracious invitations and your hospitality. Conventions were also held in Saskatoon and Winnipeg during this month. I read your Convention Report Books and found them to be very interesting. It was quite evident that thoughtfulness, hard work and enthusiasm were put into the preparations, thus ensuring a successful and enjoyable Convention. Congratulations!

I would like to extend congratulations to the newly elected Eparchial Presidents of Toronto and Saskatoon, and heartfelt thanks to the Eparchial Presidents of New Westminster, Edmonton and Winnipeg on their reelection for another term.

Dear Members, I am appealing to you for your assistance and generosity in completing a very important project. This is the "Good Deed" project. The National Executive Plenary, held in Winnipeg, discussed the topic of "what could we, as an organization, do to commemorate the 60th Anniversary of our Organization". After a lengthy discussion, a motion was made and accepted unanimously, by all the Ep-

archies, to purchase a mammogram machine for the use of the women in Ukraine. The amount required is approximately \$100,000. At the Congress in Winnipeg it was reported that so far we have \$56,000. As you can see, this is only half of the required amount.

Past-President, Shirley Lisowski and I are working on getting as much information as possible from Ukraine, and I would like to share the latest with you.

Oksana Wynnyckyj, Honorary Consul for Canada in Lviv, writes that she met with the director of the Lviv State Institute of Hereditary Pathology. He showed great interest and was enthusiastic about the possibility of having the machine and future development in this sphere. Other location possibilities are The Prenatal Hospital or the Lviv Regional Children's Hospital where they have a newly renovated Interregional Medical Diagnosis Centre. No money would be sent to Ukraine. The machine would be purchased by us (possibly in Germany), and transported for installation at the designated location.

I believe that with God's help, we will be able to complete our "Good Deed" project. How rewarding it would be if a group of UCWLC members could travel to Lviv in the summer of 2006 for the dedication ceremony and read the plaque inscribed "DONATED BY THE UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF CANADA ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR 60TH ANNIVERSARY".

Thank you, in advance, for your understanding and your generosity.

God bless you!

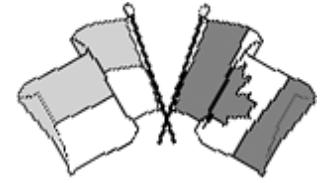
**Deadline for
Spring issue
submissions**

• НАША ДОРОГА •

1.III.2006

**Річечень дописів на
весняний номер**

Від моря до моря *From sea to sea*
3'їзди ✨ CONVENTIONS



Цей рік був роком конвенцій. Читаючи про завершену працю і про плани на майбутнє, ви побачите цілість ЛУКЖК і збагнете, де були успіхи, а де треба додати зусилля, щоб покращити результати на користь нашого буття в Канаді і в Україні.



This was the year of conventions. Each Eparchy held one under a different theme tackling issues close to us—being Canadian of Ukrainian descent, being Ukrainian Catholic, being a member of the League, a woman, wife, mother and friend. As you read, you will get the sense of devotion and the prodigious amount of work done by all of us from sea to sea. Bravo!

New Westminster Eparchy

The report from the New Westminster Eparchy will appear in the next issue.

Edmonton Eparchy

32ND CONVENTION OF THE EDMONTON EPARCHY HARMONIZES WITH ALBERTA'S CENTENNIAL

58 delegates and 57 guests attended the UCWLC's 32nd Eparchial Convention held at Chateau Louis Conference Centre, Edmonton, October 14-16 underscoring the theme *Celebrating*

Our Past – Shaping Our Future.

Helen Sirman, Eparchial President, opened with *O Canada* and *O Spomohay Nas*. **Very Rev. Fr. Michael Kowalchuk**, UCWLC Eparchial Executive Spiritual Advisor, led opening prayer and a touching candlelight *In Memoriam* service for deceased members. National President **Olenka Gedz** brought greetings from the National Executive.

Guest speaker **Molly Anne Warring**, author of *Paradise Acres: the Stry-Ker Family Saga*—a fictional novel about Ukrainian pioneers in Alberta, described early experiences listening to her baba tell stories. Baba told her to write a book based on these stories and experiences.

Sylvia Maslyk, Eparchial Cultural Committee Chairperson, spoke on the contributions of the Cultural Committees at the branch level, presenting plaques, on behalf of the Eparchial Executive, to the Branch Cultural Committee chairpersons. In turn, she received a plaque from the Eparchial Executive in recognition of the Committee's dedicated service.

The major attraction was the *Showcase of Historical Memories* organized by the Eparchial Cultural Committee in commemoration of Alberta's centennial year featuring various historic memorabilia—artifacts, photos, and a poetry display—much of it dealing with historic memories.

The highlight of the afternoon was



Edmonton Eparchial UCWLC Convention Branch. Cultural Committee Chairpersons/Representatives with plaques presented in recognition of the Committee's dedicated service from the Eparchial Executive

the amazing, colourful *Fashion Show – Then and Now* produced by **Nadia Cyncar**, Chair, UCWLC Museum Committee, with commentator **Joyce Sirski-Howell**, Committee member, featuring 36 beautiful Ukrainian costumes of the past from the different regions of Ukraine, since 1953—a blend of contemporary and traditional, and recent, newly brought ideas from Ukraine. (21 models modelled 36 outfits: 9 costumes—regional and 27 contemporary.)

Friday's events concluded with a moleben at St. Josaphat's Cathedral and a plenary session of the Ukrainian Catholic Council (UCWLC, UCBC, and UCYC) meeting at St. Josaphat's Parish Hall in Edmonton.

Another successful dimension of the Convention was the workshop *Shaping Our Future* facilitated by keynote speaker **Lorraine Lastiwka**, Edmonton Public Schools Consultant. Lastiwka stressed that we tell stories

based on our own experience. As they are told, from generation to generation, they change. It is important to write these stories down. It is also important to listen and really hear what is being said. In our churches and organizations we need to rise to the challenges so that we can be more aligned to how things are today and to make changes that will allow more people to appreciate church-related activities.

Three Ts

Time — *how much of my time do I give to Christ?*

Talent — *what talent(s) have I received? How do I use these for our Lord and in sharing with others?*

Treasure — *what have we built up over the years? Can we not share that with the less fortunate?*

Most. Rev. Bishop Lawrence Huculak, OSBM, urged those present to have strength of faith and to set roots in new situations with stewardship.

“If our faith is to be strong,” he stressed, “we must take into consideration three Ts.” (*Please see sidebar.*)

The Resolutions Committee decided not to create new resolutions but to work on two main ones passed at the 21st Congress in Winnipeg, MB (July 2005): Combating Trafficking of Human Beings and the MMOR Campaign—the drive for more UCWLC members and more NASHA DOROHA readers.

Maria Pastuszenko, Eparchial Vice-President, extended appreciation to the outgoing Executive. The introduction of the newly elected Eparchial Executive and installation of executive officers took place. Newly-re-elected Helen Sirman, Eparchial President, gave her greetings.

By Rosemarie Nahnybida

Вибрані слова... ✧ Some thoughts...

- Нашим обов'язком є не тільки зберегти все, що нам рідне, але і передати це нашим дітям.
- Я зауважила, що протягом останніх 4 років число членок зменшилося на 614.
- Я хочу вірити, що як ми змінимо напрям і програму в нашій Організації, то число членства збільшиться і багато жінок, які стоять осторонь, включаться в ряди.
- Ми маємо гарні Українські родини і молодих освідчених людей, які в душі Християнських ідей помагають своїй церкві, громаді і тепер рідній Україні.
- Ви маєте найбільший вплив на жінок у парафії. Ви можете бути інструментом — заохотити їх вступити до нашої Організації.
- Our numbers are dwindling, our membership is aging with few replacements to be found. The time has come when something must be done to make every woman aware of her responsibility as a member of the parish, not only to attend services regularly but to carry her share of the load in other areas—to be aware of the aims of the UCWLC and to become not only a member, but an active one.
- I invite each and every one of you to dedicate yourselves in making the UCWLC a stronger and more vibrant organization so that it may serve our Church and its people far into the future.
- We are here to help the poor of the parish and around the world. We are here to visit the sick, to bring comfort to the lonely and the shut-ins. We are here to educate ourselves in matters concerning our faith and traditions, both spiritual and cultural.

Olena Gedz. Edmonton, 2005

The Resolutions Committee decided not to create new resolutions but to work on two main ones passed at the 21st Congress in Winnipeg, MB (July 2005): Combating Trafficking of Human Beings and the MMOR Campaign — the drive for more UCWLC members and more NASHA DOROHA readers.

UCWLC EPARCHIAL CONVENTION EPARCHY OF

SASKATOON was held in October, St. Mary's Ukrainian Catholic Church and St. Mary's Cultural Centre at Yorkton, SK. 72 delegates representing the branches from North Battleford, Prince Albert, Kamsack, Canora, Ituna, Wynyard, Regina, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw and Yorkton attended.

The theme of our eparchial convention was *Our Voices Make Us Strong – Let Us Be Heard!* Special guests attending our convention were Mrs. **Joan Petracek**, Catholic Women's League Provincial President, **Bishop Michael Wiwchar**, CSsR, **Fr. Bryan Bayda**, CSsR, **Fr. Frank Szadiak**, CSsR and **Fr. Methodius Kushko**, CSsR and **Sister Theodosia** from St. Joseph's Care Home, Saskatoon.

The meeting started on Friday afternoon with a Branch President Meeting presided by President **Alice Derow**. This was an open bear pit session giving branches an opportunity to raise and review funeral protocol, **NASHA DOROHA**, Musée Ukraina Museum, and any other pertinent issues of interest to their branches.

Friday evening started with Moleben followed by the official opening of the UCWLC Convention. Chairperson **Geraldine Koban** called upon guests to bring greetings from the UCWLC Eparchial and National President, CWL Provincial President, and Bishop Michael Bishop-Eparch of Saskatoon. Following the procession of flags, Sr. Theodosia led the Remembrance Service for our deceased UCWLC members. A few reports were presented and then the ladies sat back to enjoy a totally non-rehearsed unique fashion show showing the different ways members could wear our

new UCWLC navy or white shirts, which the Eparchy is selling to raise funds for the Eparchial Executive. The evening concluded with the Brotherhood and Youth Clubs joining us in a social.

Following Divine Liturgy and breakfast, Chairperson **Gayle Lockert** called the Eparchial Executive members to give reports. Discussion and approval followed. For the second session, Chairperson **Elizabeth Zahayko** called on Sr. Theodosia, guest speaker, for her spiritual address on the Convention theme.

"We have many talents and should not be afraid to use them in our organization. Let our voices be strong in letting people know what we stand for as we go forward in reaching out to the less fortunate, young, shut-ins. God has given all of us a unique talent. Let us share this with others. Let our voices be heard!"

Patrice Detz gave a presentation on **NASHA DOROHA**. Bishop Michael



Eparchy of Saskatoon convention held October 14-16, 2005 at Yorkton, Sk. Executive & Special Guests (Corsage Presentation): Elizabeth Zahayko (Wynyard), Gayle Lockert (Saskatoon), Alice Derow (Canora – Past Eparchial President), Yvonne Chorney (Wynyard), Pat Detz (Regina – Nasha Dorooha Financial Administrator), Joan Petracek (Esterhazy – Provincial CWL President), Lena Bihun (Regina), Gloria Leniuk (Moose Jaw), Geraldine Koban (Yorkton, Incoming Eparchial President), Jayne Paluck (Regina), Eleanor Wozney (Canora).



Gayle Lockert (Saskatoon – Registration Chairlady) presents a gift to Marie Hudye (Kamsack – Branch President) for being the first branch to register for the convention



Branch Presidents from the Eparchy of Saskatoon pose for a picture following the procession of branch flag: Mary Schabel (Ituna), Marie Hudye (Kamsack), Stella Ewanchuk (North Battleford), Jackie Babey (Wynyard), Betty Lys (Moose Jaw), Lorraine Senko (St. Basil, Regina), Olga Klewchuk (St. Athanasius, Regina) and Gaylene Buchko (Saskatoon)

Wiwchar spoke about the Sobor document signed in Saskatoon on October 1, 2005. The Brotherhood and Youth Clubs were in attendance as well.

The afternoon session Patrice Detz led three workshops: *Making ornaments/gift wrapping*, *Richelieu stitching*, and *Knitting*. These light-hearted hours were well received by the ladies. **Gloria Leniuk**, past Eparchial President, submitted resolutions and the nomination slate. Outgoing President Alice Derow made farewell remarks. She was presented with the Past President Pin, Mother of God of Pochaiv Icon and bouquet of flowers by Gloria. Floral arrangement was also presented to our spiritual director,



Alice Derow, Eparchial Past President, presents the President Pin to incoming Eparchial President, Geraldine Koban

Sr. Theodosia. Incoming President, Geraldine Koban, addressed the goals for the two-year term and congratulated Alice Derow for the excellent work during her three-year term. As her last official duty, she presented icons to the three convention committee members Gloria Leniuk, Elizabeth Zahayko, and Geraldine Koban.

The convention came to an end with the banquet and social held at St. Mary's Cultural Centre with MC **Yvonne Chorney**. There was a World Youth slide presentation, the UCBC and UCWLC conducted raffle draws, and the UCWLC held a silent auction. Music entertainment throughout the meal was provided by **Peter Kobylka** and **Lorne Procyshen**, and after supper Ukrainian dancing by **Laura and Jeffrey Lazaruko**.

The Eparchial Executive would like to acknowledge the branches for their display tables, articles they made for the boutique sales and donated to the silent auction; the Sisters of St. Joseph's Home, Saskatoon, for the Icon Corner and for printing our "Eparchial Convention Booklets"; sponsors and donors towards our convention.

Elizabeth Zahayko,
NASHA DOROHA Representative

Geraldine Koban Eparchial President Eparchy of Saskatoon

Geraldine (Kendel) Koban was born in Russell, Manitoba and grew up in Saskatchewan. Her family is of German ancestry and she was raised in the Lutheran faith. She joined the Ukrainian Catholic Church in 1986 when she married John Koban, and joined the UCWLC in 1987. Since then she has held Branch Executive positions including two terms as President and has served on the Eparchial as well as National Executives.



Psychiatric Nursing was her life career. She graduated from the three-year program at Saskatchewan Hospital Weyburn in 1963 and has worked in British Columbia and Saskatchewan, retiring after achieving a nursing management position. Now, Geraldine fills in the inpatient unit, and has more time to devote to church and community volunteer activities.

For the next two years, the Saskatoon Eparchy President will focus on spirituality within the organization and sustainability through increased membership. She believes that all women of the Ukrainian Catholic faith should feel comfortable and fulfilled joining our numbers regardless of their ancestry.

"All of us bring talents and strengths to be used in the work of God on earth. Diversity can be a good thing and we can learn to treasure and celebrate this as we share and learn from each other."

ТОМУ 45 ЛІТ

Члени — це наша сила і основа для праці

Як перевести кампанію за членами.

- Управа відділу спільно з духовним асистентом повинні розглянути на засіданні, що можна, як робити і в якому часі. Означити час на переведення кампанії.
- о. Духовний асистент запросить усіх жінок з парохії на сходуни, на яких жінкам треба пояснити високі цілі і завдання нашої організації і запросити їх вступити в члени.
- Коли немає успіху, то членки Управи розберуть між собою адреси і відвідають родини по хатах, та запросять жінок в члени.
- У великих містах, де родини живуть розсіяно, то членки повинні взяти на себе обов'язок придбати в означеному часі 2-3 членки.
- Приймати членок більше урочисто, щоби виявити їм увагу.

Дальша справа: Як вести працю серед членок.

- Подбати, щоби праця у відділах була не лише тяжка, але приємна. Привітне відношення Управи до членок і членок між собою.

- Коли членство є дуже різне віком, то добре є, коли парохія може собі дозволити — творити відділи для молодших жінок. (Дотеперішні досвіди: Едмонтон, Калгарі, Йорктон оправдали це.)
- Управа повинна уважно розглядати своїх членів і уміло ними господарювати — давати членам працю по зможі, яка відповідає їхнім здібностям і званню. Не переобтяжувати членів, давати їм змогу підготуватися до проводу в організації.
- Стипендіями і відзначеннями дбаймо про молоді нарастаючі сили — наші майбутні члени.
- Виховувати молодших членів, давати їм змогу підготуватися до проводу в організації.
- Збільшити культурну працю між членами. Даймо змогу членам дещо навчитися в організації, вивчати нові справи і даймо змогу здійснити їхні культурні зацікавлення.

Ірина Павликовська
Форт Саскачеван, Альберта, circa 1960

32ND CONVENTION UCWLC WINNIPEG ARCHEPARCHY —

BEST CONVENTION EVER was held in October in Winnipeg. His Grace **Metropolitan Michael Bzdel**, CSSR, His Excellency **Bishop David Motiuk** and UCWLC Spiritual Adviser **Father Richard Soo** attended. Three CWL presidents—Manitoba, Provincial, Winnipeg Diocesan and St. Boniface Diocesan Councils—brought greetings and related their connections to the Ukrainian community.

Shirley Lisowski, HLM, opened the first session, which began with a procession of UCWLC Archeparchial and Branch flags. His Grace Metropolitan Michael then led the singing of *Our Father* and welcomed delegates wishing a successful convention. “Plan a program for the next two years. Continue to be the most active and most effective Ukrainian organization in Canada.”

The theme of the Convention was *Mother Teresa: Love in Living Action*. Keynote speaker, **Father Brian Kolo-**

diejchuk, M.C. Postulator, Cause of Canonization, Director, Mother Teresa Centre, had a close working relationship with her. He brought a better understanding of Mother Teresa’s work.

Other speakers on the theme included **Claudia Kuryk Serray**, a retired nurse, who delivered the *Dialogue with the Dying*, a very informative and topical presentation given our demographics. She focused on three phenomena of dying and its seven greatest fears. In response, **Patricia Warren** suggested the UCWLC hold a workshop on this theme. (ND will feature Ms. Kuryk’s thoughts in the next issue. — Ed.)

Father Richard Soo defined *charity*. “It is not about money, but about love; a gift we all received from God. We should live our life for Christ and put love into living action as did Mother Teresa. Love and charity begin at home. Love your family, pray and go to church together. And when doing good deeds, to not expect glory.”

Deborah Martin-Koop from the Mennonite Central Committee spoke on *Charity and Volunteering*. She had spent nine years in Europe, including

Ukraine, as Area Director. The MCC has a program in Ukraine and has sent much financial aid. Some 70,000 volunteers—18 to retirees—are involved worldwide. Their organization demonstrates God’s love by striving for peace, justice and the dignity of all people.

Zorianna Hyworon’s video presentation was on *Trafficking in Women*. One of the resolutions, passed at the UCWLC Congress 2005, dealt with the Combating of Trafficking of Human Beings. At the Convention a motion was passed urging branches to assist the Help Us Help The Children Fund – Anti-Trafficking Initiative.

Natalia Radawetz, curator of the St. Volodymyr Museum had a beautiful display of cultural and religious articles covering the last century of the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Canada. From Rosburn, there were priest’s vestments; from Middlebro, **Jacob Maydanyk**’s Icon painting of St. Volodymyr & Olha and a photograph of St. Nicholas Mutual Benefit Association with the late **Bishop Nykyta Budka**.

Saturday morning after Divine Liturgy, a workshop was held with UCBC, UCY, KUCA and Pastoral



Delegates to the 32nd UCWLC convention, Winnipeg Archeparchy



Branch Presidents of the Winnipeg Archeparchy received their new President’s Pin

Council who were also having their Convention. The topics presented by Fr. Brian followed Mother Teresa's quotes: *To whom can I be God's love; It is not how much we give, but how much love we put into the giving; and Holiness is not the luxury of the few, but a simple duty for you and for me.*

Saturday afternoon, **Stephanie**

Торонтонська Епархія

ПРАЦЮЙМО ДЛЯ СКРІП- ЛЕННЯ І ЗРОСТУ ЛУКЖК

— гасло 25-го З'їзду ЛУКЖК Торонтонської Епархії відбувся в жовтні, з нагоди з'їзду з Архиерейським благословенням Епарха Торонта і Східної Канади **Владики Степана Хмільяра** відправлено Молебень в наміренні з'їзду ЛУКЖК. Офіційне відкриття програми провела крайова голова ЛУКЖК **Олена Гедз**. Молитвою вшановано померлих членок за останні два роки. Вітальним словом програму робочих сесій відкрила голова.

Перша сесія (ведуча **Христина Татарська**, перша заступниця голови) почалась молитвою за українську родину. Ця велика сила в духовій сфері виявлялась у любові і служінні, що сіяло у присутніх радість релігійно/національних почувань.

Звіти управи та відділів віддзеркалювали, що поважне число наших членкинь працюють професійно у різних секторах суспільного життя, а багато є провідними членами канадсько-українських установ. Членство працює у парафіях, допомогівих та виховних установах. Звітові повідомлення віддзеркалювали служіння Богові, українському народові та готовість допомагати другим у потребі. Гарний приклад цього є крайовий проект *Добре діло з нагоди 60-ліття ЛУКЖК*. Це добре діло є доказом, що наша доля тісно пере-

Newly elected Eparchial Executive

President **Stephanie Bilyj**
1st Vice-President **Olesia Kalinowich**
2nd Vice-President **Theresa Antoniuk**
Recording Secretary **Shirley Sokulski**
Treasurer **Sophie Manulak**

Bilyj, the Archeparchial President, presented the branch leaders with

плетена з долею України. На закуп монограф-машини для шпиталю Галицької Митрополії ЛУКЖК Епархії Торонто передало до крайової управи 45 тисяч доларів.

На особливу увагу заслуговує членство наших відділів. Цікавий коментар переказала одна голова відділу — наша ведуча **Х. Татарська**. Це людина, яка уміла співпрацювати з довіллям ЛУКЖК, у своїм завданні згуртувала членство для співдружності і жертвенності та завершила придбання фондів для проекту "Поміч Україні". Дякуємо їй за мозольну працю! Наше членство чисельно підтримувало справу української демократичної державності "Помаранчева революція".

Друга сесія — розпочала **Оля Далімор** молитвою за **Блаженної Йосафати**, якою скріплюємо духовну організаційну діяльність. Майстерні до гасла з'їзду представила **Тамара Волошук**, аналізуючи мислення і завдання проекту. У звітах майстернь сказано, що кожне покоління має унікальне завдання, сучасні методи праці, та засоби мобілізування сили на розвиток ЛУКЖК. Завдяки відданості основоположниць ЛУКЖК — ми є сьогодні; а теперішня організаційно-громадська праця є запорукою майбутнього. Праця майстринь принесла матеріал для резолюцій і рекомендацій.

Третя сесія — "Наш музей" — провела краєва голова **Олена Гедз** молитвою *Отче наш*, яка допомагає нам творити життя, яке б воно тяжке не

"President's pin" and completed a mini-evaluation of **NASHA DOROHA**. (The results will be published in the next issue of ND. — *Ed.*)

Metropolitan Michael in his closing remarks stated "This is the best Convention I have ever attended."

Stephanie Bilyj

було. Надбання високоякісної колекції народного мистецтва є досягненням ЛУКЖК нашої Епархії. Існування музею треба підтримувати, щоб здійснити його цілі. Обрано комітет, який очолила **Оля Тарапацька**.

Четверта сесія — відкрила **Мирослава Загребельна** молитвою за український народ. Ця молитва єднає нас на всіх поселеннях з Україною у духовному відродженні. Обрано нову управу ЛУКЖК Торонтонської Епархії; **Оля Караїм**, голова.

Побіч ділових нарад відбуто Бенкет — господиня **Оля Паньків**. Крайова Голова ЛУКЖК китицею троянд подякувала Всеч. **отцеві** духовному дорадникові **Іванові Барщикові** за те, що присвятив велику частину свого часу — 24 роки — для збагачення нашої організаційної духовости.

Святкову доповідь "З домашньої церкви до громадської діяльності" виголосила **добр. Оленка Галадза**, яку представила **добр. Т. Чолій**. Це була унікальна можливість ознайомитися із засобами, як активно можна збагачувати релігійно-національну духовність — від особистого до родинного та мирянського життя у канадському середовищі.

З'їзд оцінив важливу працю ЛУКЖК, добре спляновані цікаві програми та став дороговказом для дальшої діяльності. — *Ірена Вжесневська*

На закуп монограф-машини для шпиталю Галицької Митрополії ЛУКЖК Епархії Торонто передало до крайової управи \$45,000.

The results of the mini-evaluations of **NASHA DOROHA conducted at the Conventions will be featured in the next issue. ✧ Підсумки "Як я бачу **НАШУ ДОРОГУ**", зібрані на конвенціях, з'являться в наступному числі.**

Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada Resolutions of the 21st Congress

June 30th – July 3rd, 2005, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Greetings

To our Patriarch Cardinal Lubomyr Husar

The 21st Congress of Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada extends its greetings to His Beatitude Lubomyr Cardinal Husar, head of the Ukrainian Church in the world.

To our Hierarchy in Canada

The 21st Congress of Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada extends its greetings to His Grace, The Most Rev. Michael Bzdel, CSsR, Metropolitan for Ukrainian Catholics in Canada and Spiritual Advisor of National Executive, and the Most Rev. David Motiuk, Winnipeg Archeparchy, and the Most Rev. Bishops of the four Eparchies, and all the Rev. Fathers and Rev. Sisters.

To UCWLC Spiritual Advisors

The 21st Congress of Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada gratefully acknowledges the spiritual guidance and assistance received from the Rev. Fathers and the Rev. Sisters who together with our members continue to strive diligently for the growth and development of our organization.

Acknowledgements

To the National Executive and Archeparchy of Winnipeg

The 21st Congress of Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada gratefully acknowledges and expresses gratitude and thanks to the National Executive for the commitment and organizational guidance throughout the past four years.

The 21st Congress of Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada extends its appreciation for the warm hospitality to our host, the Archeparchy of Winnipeg.

Prayer of Thanksgiving – UCWLC 60th Anniversary, 1944-2004

The year 2004 will be remembered as a milestone in the history of Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada; during that year, the members of the League celebrated its 60th Anniversary. The 21st Congress of Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada takes this opportunity to remember and thank those visionary and dedicated founders of the UCWLC in every Eparchy and Branch; and, in particular, the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada especially remembers and thanks the first National President Mary Dyma.

The Congress acknowledges the dedicated work of the many thousands of members who, over 60 years of opera-

tions, are recognized as "Builders of Ukrainian Community" and who are often referred to as one of the "Pillars of the Church." Over the past 60 years, the UCWLC has been a pillar of spiritual and financial support for the church in the fulfilling of her mission in Canada. The League has also acted to preserve and interpret Ukrainian heritage and traditions for future generations while also supporting programs that exemplify Christian values.

We, the members of UCWLC, look back with gratitude on our accomplishments; may our achievements in the past serve as an encouragement for the future. We pray that God, through His Blessed Mother Mary, Bless our organization, so that, through His Grace, we may fulfill our important mission for many more years to come.

05.01 UCWLC Affiliate: Ukrainian World Congress

WHEREAS, The Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada pays an annual membership fee directly to the Ukrainian World Congress, and

WHEREAS, The Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada does not take an active part in the meetings of the Ukrainian World Congress in its own name, and

WHEREAS, The Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada is already a member of the Ukrainian World Congress through its membership with the Ukrainian Canadian Congress and the World Federation of Ukrainian Women's Organizations, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada, at the 21st Congress, assembled,
a) agrees to terminate the direct membership in the Ukrainian World Congress, and
b) continues to be represented by their affiliate organizations: the Ukrainian Canadian Congress and the World Federation of Ukrainian Women's Organizations.

05.02 The Vera Buczynsky Ukrainian Language Scholarship

WHEREAS, The 2003 National Plenary Conference of the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada moved that a "Ukrainian Language Scholarship" in the name of Vera Buczynsky be created, thus giving recognition to the retired, dedicated and proficient editor of

the organization's Journal, titled "NASHA DOROHA," and

WHEREAS, The 2004 National Plenary Conference, in support of the 2003 Plenary Conference motion, set aside a sum of \$5,000 to open the Scholarship Fund, therefore be it
RESOLVED, That the 21st National Congress of the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada ratify the National Plenary Conference motion on Scholarship, however, with an amendment that the word "Language" be substituted with the word "Studies," and be it further
RESOLVED, That the Scholarship now becomes named the "Vera Buczynsky Ukrainian Studies Scholarship."

Acknowledgment:

Vera Buczynsky, in addition to being the editor of *NASHA DOROHA*, is also the editor of *The 25 Year Endeavour* book of UCWLC in Manitoba. She is a sincere, dedicated, and exemplary member of UCWLC who not only gave her heart and soul in producing the impressive UCWLC Journal, "NASHA DOROHA," but who also shared her knowledge and skills in many other areas. She put in unaccountable hours of work for UCWLC, including writing speeches, formulating reports, and giving lectures on a variety of themes and for many different occasions. She is a skillful organizer, a leader, and an outstanding speaker. She climbed the organizational ladder in the UCWLC, holding a number of highly responsible positions including National Presidency of our organization. She also served the UCWLC as a capable representative for the League with its affiliates, namely the Ukrainian Canadian Congress, the Ukrainian Women's Committee, and other world organizations such as the World Federation of Ukrainian Women's Organizations and the Ukrainian World Congress.

05.03 Age of Consent for Sexual Activity

WHEREAS, We, in Canada, do not consider a person mature enough to vote until they are 18 years of age, and
WHEREAS, Section 150.1 of the Criminal Code of Canada allows "consensual sexual activity with or between persons" fourteen years of age or over, and
WHEREAS, In 1990, Canada signed the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child which protects children under the age of 18 from

all forms of sexual exploitation and sexual abuse; therefore, be it
RESOLVED, That the National Executive of Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada, at the 21st Congress, assembled, requests that the Government of Canada raise the legal age for consensual sexual activity from 14 to at least 16, and preferably to 18 years, and be it further

RESOLVED, That the members of all organizational levels (National, Eparchial and all Branches) write to the Federal Government through the Minister of Justice requesting the Federal Government to raise the legal age of sexual consent from 14 to at least 16, preferably to 18 years.

05.04 Combating Trafficking of Human Beings

WHEREAS, There has been much publicity regarding sex trade including published articles exposing that cities in Canada have been involved in illicit sex trade, and

WHEREAS, Victor Malarek, author of *The Natashas, The New Global Sex Trade* has spoken about the enormity of global sex trade in his crusade against the abduction of an estimated one million young women from Asia, Africa, Latin America, Europe, North America and most recently 400,000 from Ukraine, and

WHEREAS, It is recognized that organized crime rings involved in sex trade are estimated to be worth \$12 billion per year, and

WHEREAS, This is a Human Rights issue, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the 21st Congress of the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada urges all levels of our organization (National, Eparchial and all Branches) to become involved in the curbing of this serious crime and horrendous human rights violation by:

- a) becoming more knowledgeable about the need for the protection of the victims of human trafficking, and
- b) having the Eparchial Executives create a committee to research "who is doing what" in this area in our affiliated World Organizations, such as, for example, what project is being done by "Help Us Help The Children Fund," and
- c) pursuing this project by having the Eparchial Executives convey to the local Branches the researched information in order

to then decide together on the League's overall best means to contribute to the curbing of this serious crime.

05.05 Resolution Review & Proposal to be Rescinded: "Not presented at the Congress"

05.06 Recognizing and Utilizing Our God-Given Talents

WHEREAS, We recognize that each one of us receives a unique and special gift, in some form from God, therefore, be it

RECOMMENDED

That the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada, at the 21st Congress, assembled, urges all levels of UCWLC to recognize and utilize our God-given talents by

- continuing a life-long Christian vocational commitment of identifying and realizing the meaning of our God-given gifts, and
- responding to the call to use our God-given gift(s) in our everyday activities towards the betterment of ourselves and our relationship to God, and
- continuing, through our organization, at every level (National, Eparchial, the Branches), to seek out the interests and talents of individual members and, with encouragement, providing them with an opportunity to work in their chosen area of interest and talent, be it in administrative work in the fields of Spiritual, Cultural, and Social Development, or, be it in other works in the fields of Mercy and Charity.

05.07 "The Christian Family"

The resolution "Christian Family" was adopted at the 17th UCWLC Congress in Winnipeg in 1992 and reaffirmed at the 18th UCWLC Congress in Edmonton in 1995.

WHEREAS, We need to work towards the strengthening of family life in our society and to do all we can to support marriage and the family, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the 21st Congress of the UCWLC, assembled, reaffirms the resolution "The Christian Family" and urges all levels of the League (National, Eparchial and the Branches) to activate the resolution and to:

- a) develop a basic understanding of the importance of maintaining and promoting the structure of traditional family and Christian values in the family, and
- b) create an understanding of elements that help build a strong family, including a consideration of the importance of Christian standards and values

and of the need for spiritual grounding, family traditions and values, and,

- c) promote family togetherness by participating in liturgical and family prayers, family meals, and family oriented programs, and
- d) encourage and support the development of Pastoral Care Programs on the parish level, including preparation for marriage and family life and pastoral care after marriage.

05.08 Congress Resolutions: MMOR Campaign

BE IT RESOLVED,

That the 21st Congress of UCWLC, assembled, urges the UCWLC National Executive with the full participation of the NASHA DOROHA Editorial Board (or vice versa) to launch a 12-month MMOR Campaign to attract MORE MEMBERS AND/OR READERS for UCWLC and NASHA DOROHA, and

- that a National MMOR Chair be appointed to champion MMOR, and
- that each Eparchy assign a Co-chair plus 2-5 (as required) members to manage MMOR, and
- that an appropriate budget be allocated to operate the campaign, and
- that a desired target of 6,000 MMOR be set as a guideline of success, and
- that MMOR submit a quarterly report to the UCWLC members via NASHA DOROHA, and
- that the MMOR Committee organize a half-day session on "how to market" MMOR at the Eparchy levels.

Call to Prayers

Prayers for successful beatification and canonization process of the Servant of God, His Holiness Pope John Paul II. (His Holiness John Paul II raised the prestige of our Ukrainian Catholic Church in the eyes of the Universal Church and supported the establishment of a patriarchy in the Ukrainian Catholic Church.)

Prayers for successful conclusion of the beatification and canonization process of the Servant of God, Andrej Sheptyckyj, OSBM, and the Servant of God, Blessed Josaphata Hordashevskva, SSMI.

Prayers for successful conclusion of canonization process of the Blessed Martyrs of Ukraine, especially the beloved Canadian martyrs, the Blessed Bishop Vasyl Velychkovsky, CSsR and the Blessed Bishop Nykyta Budka.

*Lena Sloboda,
National Congress Resolutions Chair
Shirley Lisowski,
National Executive President*

Резолюції 21-го Конгресу Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади

30-го червня – 3-го липня, 2005 р., Вінніпег, Манітоба

Привіти

До нашого Патріярха Кардинала Любомира Гузара: 21-ий Конгрес Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади вітає Блаженнішого Кардинала Любомира Гузара, Главу Української Католицької Церкви.

До нашої Ієрархії в Канаді: 21-ий Конгрес Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади вітає Преосвященнішого Владика Кир Михаїла Бзделя ЧНІ, Митрополита Українців Католиків в Канаді і Духовного Дорадника Крайової Управи, і Преосвященного Кир Давида Мотюка, Архiepархії Вінніпегу і Преосвященних Владик чотирьох Епархій і всіх Всечесніших Отців і Преподобних Сестер.

До Духовних Дорадників ЛУКЖК: 21-ий Конгрес Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади з подякою визнає духовний провід і допомогу, одержану від Всечес. Отців і Преп. Сестер, котрі разом з нашими членкинями постійно продовжують стреміти до зросту і розвитку нашої організації.

Признання

До Крайової Управи і Архiepархії Вінніпегу

21-ий Конгрес Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади з вдячністю визнає і висловлює подяку Крайовій Управі за зобов'язання і організаційний провід через минулих чотири роки.

21-ий Конгрес Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади складає свою подяку за теплу гостинність господарю цього Конгресу Архiepархії Вінніпегу.

Молитва Подяки — ЛУКЖК 60-літній Ювілей, 1944-2004 рр.

Рік 2004 залишиться в пам'яті як верстовий стовп історії Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади; протягом того року члени святкували 60-ліття Ліги. 21-ий Конгрес Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади користує з цієї нагоди згадати і подякувати відданим основоположникам ЛУКЖК в кожній Епархії і Відділі; а зокрема, Ліга Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади особливо згадує і дякує першій Крайовій Голові Марії Димі.

Конгрес визнає віддану працю тисяч членів, котрі через 60 літ діяльності є знані як "Будівельники Українського Суспільства" і до котрих часто звертаються як до одних із "Стовпів Церкви". Через минулих 60 років ЛУКЖК була

стовпом духовної і фінансової підпори для церкви через завершення своєї місії в Канаді. Ліга також старалася зберігати і пояснювати українську спадщину для майбутньої генерації, а також підтримувати програми, які є зразком християнських цінностей.

Ми, членкині ЛУКЖК, дивимось назад з подякою на наше здійснення; хай наше минуле досягнення стане підбадьорюванням на майбутнє. Ми молимося, щоби Господь Бог, через Його Пресвяту Матір Марію, поблагословив нашу організацію, щоби, через Його Ласку, ми могли завершувати нашу важливу місію через довгі літа.

05.01 ЛУКЖК Афілія: Світовий Конгрес Українців

ТОМУ ЩО: Ліга Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади платить річне членство прямо до Світового Конгресу Українців, і

ТОМУ ЩО: Ліга Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади не бере активної участі у засіданнях Світового Конгресу Українців під своєю власною назвою, і

ТОМУ ЩО: Ліга Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади вже є членом Світового Конгресу Українців через афілію до Конгресу Українців Канади і до Світової Федерації Українських Жіночих Організацій, тому хай буде,

СХВАЛЕНО, Що Ліга Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади, на 21-ім Конгресі

а) згодиться закінчити пряме членство до Світового Конгресу Українців, і

б) надалі залишається членом та буде мати репрезентацію в СКУ через свої надбудови: КУК і СФУЖО.

05.01 Стипендійний Фонд Української Мови Віри Бучинської

ТОМУ ЩО, 2003 р. Крайові Пленарні Наради Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади згодились заснувати "Стипендійний Фонд Української Мови" під іменем Віри Бучинської, таким чином дати признання уступаючій відданій і досвідченій редакторці нашого організаційного журналу, під назвою "НАША ДОРОГА", і

ТОМУ ЩО, 2004 р. Крайові Пленарні Наради підтримали внесок 2003 р. Пленарних Нарад відкласти \$5000 на відкриття Стипендійного Фонду, тому хай буде

СХВАЛЕНО, Що 21-ий Конгрес Ліги Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади затвердить внесок Крайових Пленарних Нарад на Стипендійний Фонд, однак з поправкою, що слово "Мова" було змінено на слово "Навчання", і хай буде далі

СХВАЛЕНО, Що Стипендія тепер існує під назвою "Стипендійний Фонд Українського Навчання Віри Бучинської".

Признання

Віра Бучинська, як колишня редакторка **НАШОЇ ДОРОГИ**, також є редакторкою книжки *Слідами Дияконів 25 років праці ЛУКЖК у Манітобі*. Вона є щира, віддана і зразкова членкиня ЛУКЖК, котра не тільки віддала своє серце і душу виготовляти імпульсний журнал ЛУКЖК "НАША ДОРОГА", але також ділилася своїм знанням і умістю в багатьох інших ділянках. Вона вложила незліченні години праці для ЛУКЖК, писала промови, звіти і давала доповіді на різні теми і на відмінні okazії. Вона вміла організаторка, провідниця і визначна доповідачка. Вона досягнула висоти ЛУКЖК, посідаючи пости Крайової Голови нашої організації. Вона також займала пости як здібна референтка ЛУКЖК до надбудов саме Конгресу Українців Канади та інших світових організацій, таких як Світова Федерація Українських Жіночих Організацій і Світовий Конгрес Українців.

05.03 Вік Згоди до Сексуальної Активності

ТОМУ ЩО, Ми в Канаді не вважаємо особу досить зрілою голосувати, доки не досягне 18 літ життя,

ТОМУ ЩО, Частина 150.1 Кримінального Кодексу Канади дозволяє "згідні сексуальні активності із або поміж особами" чотирнадцять літ або вище, і

ТОМУ ЩО, 1990 року Канада підписала Договір Організації Об'єднаних Націй на Права Дитини, котрий обороняє дітей нижче 18 літ від всяких форм сексуального визиску і сексуального зловживання; тому, хай буде

СХВАЛЕНО, Що Крайова Управа Ліґи Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади на 21-ім Конґресі вимагає, щоби Уряд Канади підвищив законний вік на згідні сексуальні активності від 14 до найменше 16, а краще до 18 літ, і хай буде далі,

СХВАЛЕНО, Щоби членкині всіх організаційних рівнів (Крайової, Епархіяльної і всіх Відділів) писали до Федерального Уряду через Міністра Юстиції вимагати від Федерального Уряду підвищення легального віку сексуальної згоди від 14 до найменше 16, а краще до 18 літ.

05.04 Поборювання Торгівлі Людьми

ТОМУ ЩО, Було багато реклами відносно сексуальної торгівлі, включно зі статтями, які виявили, що міста в Канаді також були вплетані в нелегальну сексуальну торгівлю, і

ТОМУ ЩО, Віктор Малярник, автор книжки: *Наташі, Нова Глобальна Сексуальна Торівля* виступив у справі жадливості сексуальної торгівлі у своїй кампанії проти викрадання приблизно одного мільйона молодих жінок з Азії, Африки, Південної Америки, Європи, Північної Америки, а останньо 400,000 з України, і

ТОМУ ЩО, Кримінальні групи, які займаються також торгівлею, заробляють \$12 мільярдів річно, і

ТОМУ ЩО, Це є проблема Прав Людини, тому хай буде

СХВАЛЕНО, Що 21-ий Конґрес Ліґи Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади закликає всі рівні нашої організації (Крайовий, Епархіяльний та Відділи) включитися в пригальмування цього серйозного злочину і жадливого порушення Прав Людини, через:

- а) більше знання про потребу охорони жертв торгівлі людьми, і
- б) творення Епархіяльними Управами комітетів, які прослідкували б, що робиться в цій справі в наших афілійованих організаціях, наприклад, яким проектом займається фонд "Допоможіть нам Допомогти Дітям", і
- в) передання Епархіяльними Управами прослідженої інформації на Відділи, щоби цим способом разом вирішити, як ЛУКЖК може якнайкраще включитися до пригальмування цього серйозного злочину.

05.05 Перевірка Резолюцій і Пропозиція до Анулювання: "Не подані на Конґресі"

05.06 Визнавати і Вживати Наші Богом Дані Таланти

ТОМУ ЩО, Ми свідомі того, що кожна з нас одержала унікальний і особливий дар, в якійсь формі від Бога, тому хай буде

РЕКОМЕНДОВАНО

Що Ліґа Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади на 21-ім Конґресі спонукає всі рівні ЛУКЖК визнавати і уживати наші Богом дані таланти, через:

- продовження довічної християнської відданості ідентифікувати і реалізувати значення наших Богом даних дарів, і
- відгукатися на заклик уживати наші Богом дані таланти в нашій щоденній діяльності для поліпшення себе самих і нашого відношення до Бога, і
- продовжувати через нашу організацію на кожному рівні (Крайовому, Епархіяльному та Відділів) вишукувати зацікавлення і таланти поодиноких членів, та із заохоченням забезпечити їм нагоду працювати в ділянці їхнього зацікавлення і таланту, буде це в адміністративній праці чи в Духовній, Культурній чи Суспільній праці, чи в ділянці Харитативній чи Діл Милосердя.

05.07 "Християнська Родина"

Резолюція "Християнська Родина" була прийнята на 17-ім Конґресі ЛУКЖК у Вінніпезі 1992 р. і знову потверджена на 18-ім Конґресі ЛУКЖК в Едмонтоні 1995 р.

ТОМУ ЩО, Ми повинні працювати над зміцненням родинного життя в нашій суспільності і робити все можливе, щоб підтримати подружнє життя і родину, тому хай буде

СХВАЛЕНО, Щоби 21-ий Конґрес Ліґи Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади знову потвердив Резолюцію "Християнська Родина" і спонукував всі рівні Ліґи (Крайову, Епархіяльну і Відділи) зробити резолюцію активною, і

- а) розвивати основне розуміння важливості підтримувати та пропагувати структуру традиційної родини та Християнських вартостей в родині, і
- б) творити розуміння елементів, які допомагають у будові сильної родини, включаючи розгляд важливості Християнських засад та вартостей, та потребу духовного обі-

знання родинних традицій і вартостей, і

- в) заохочувати до родинної спільноти через участь у літурґічних та родинних молитвах, родинних обідах та родинно спрямованих програмах, і
- г) заохочувати і підтримувати розвиток програм Пасторальної Опіки на парохіяльному рівні, включаючи підготовку до подружнього і родинного життя, та пасторальну опіку після одруження.

05.08 Конґресова Резолюція: (MMOR) Кампанія "Більше Членів і/або Читачів"

ХАЙ БУДЕ СХВАЛЕНО, Щоби 21-ий Конґрес Ліґи Українських Католицьких Жінок Канади наполягав на Крайову Управу, з повною участю Редакції "НАШОЇ ДОРОГИ" (або навпаки) почати 12-місячну кампанію (MMOR) притягнути більше членів і/або читачів для ЛУКЖК і для "НАШОЇ ДОРОГИ", і

- щоби Крайова Управа назначила Крайову голову цієї кампанії, і
- щоби кожна Епархія назначила співголову та від 2-5 членів провадити MMOR, і
- щоби був назначений відповідний бюджет провадити цю кампанію, і
- щоби ціллію кампанії було 6000 членів і/або читачів, і
- щоби цей комітет подавав кварталний звіт зі своєї праці у "НАШОЇ ДОРОГІ", і
- щоби цей комітет зорганізував сесію на пів дня з питання, як популяризувати MMOR на Епархіяльному рівні.

Заклик до молитви

Молитви за успішне закінчення процесу беатифікації і канонізації слуги Божого Папи Івана Павла II. (Святіший Отець Папа Іван Павло II підвищив престиж нашої Української Католицької Церкви в очах Вселенської Церкви і підтримував авторитет патріархату в Українській Католицькій Церкві).

Молитви за успішне завершення процесу беатифікації і канонізації слуги Божого, Андрея Шептицького, ЧСВВ, і слуги Божої, Блаженнішої Йосафати Гордашевської, ССНДМ.

Молитва за успішне завершення процесу канонізації Блаженніших Мучеників України, особливо дорогих Канадських мучеників, Блаженнішого Епископа Кир Василія Величковського, ЧНІ, і Блаженнішого Епископа Кир Микити Будки.

АНТОЛОГІЯ

ПЕРЕЖИТТЯ УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ ЖІНКИ В КАНАДІ

Антологія — це збірка літературних праць — оповідання, спомини, вірші певного змісту. В цьому числі, НАША ДОРОГА з радістю передає дописи про пережиття українських жінок в Канаді останнього століття. Прочитайте про гіркі дні піонерів, про тугу за рідним усіх іммігрантів, про молодість в таборах ДіПі перед від'їздом через океан, і про почуття найновіших українців в Канаді. Як важливо передавати цю реальність друком заки буде запізно. А що каже про це 17-літнє дівча з Калґар? Прочитайте, будь ласка, а тоді запишіть свої спомини, щоб не було запізно. — Редактор

Anthology is a collection of literary pieces, such as poems, short stories, or plays. For the first time, NASHA DOROHA presents original works by writers from different generations and with different experience depicting, in total, the history of Ukrainian women in Canada. The idea originated in the summer 2001 issue in response to the widely recognized fact that not enough of "our" stories are making it into Canada's literary stream. The Anthology is a start. Also, it is a tribute to Ukrainian women who have spent some 125 years working to make Canada what it is today. Let us begin with the reminder of the importance of writing memories to ensure that our contributions are not forgotten... — Editor



ANTHOLOGY

EXPERIENCES OF UKRAINIAN WOMEN IN CANADA

Photo: Dzurman family in 1924 (see "Ksenia's Courage" p. 17) and Ksenia's nephew, Harry Bohoniuk (standing).



Linda Mikolayenko

Riddle Story Still a Mystery

WHAT IS the softest thing in the world? Is it a cloud? A pillow? The answer may surprise you.

In the last issue of *NASHA DOROHA*, I announced my search for the traditional Ukrainian folk tale in which this riddle appears. I was hoping to receive a reply which would be confirmation that this story is still being told somewhere. I have not received any response to my appeal so far, but I am still hopeful that someday, someone will relate this tale to me. For although it would be fine to find this particular story in a book, it would be even more encouraging to know that the oral tradition is flourishing among people of Ukrainian descent.

Riddle stories are common in different cultures, and I love them because of the unexpected answers. In several different collections of Ukrainian folk tales, I have found variations of "The Clever Maid", which contains three or four riddles, depending on the version.

"What is the sweetest thing in the world? What is the swiftest thing in the world? What is the sharpest thing in the world?" These are some of the questions that appear in these stories.

But what is the softest thing in the world? According to Albina Bilinsky who told me this story many years ago, the softest thing in the world is a fist (koolak)! How can this be? Well, if you watch a child sleeping, you will see that it puts its fist under its head, so a fist must be even softer than the softest fleece or down pillow.

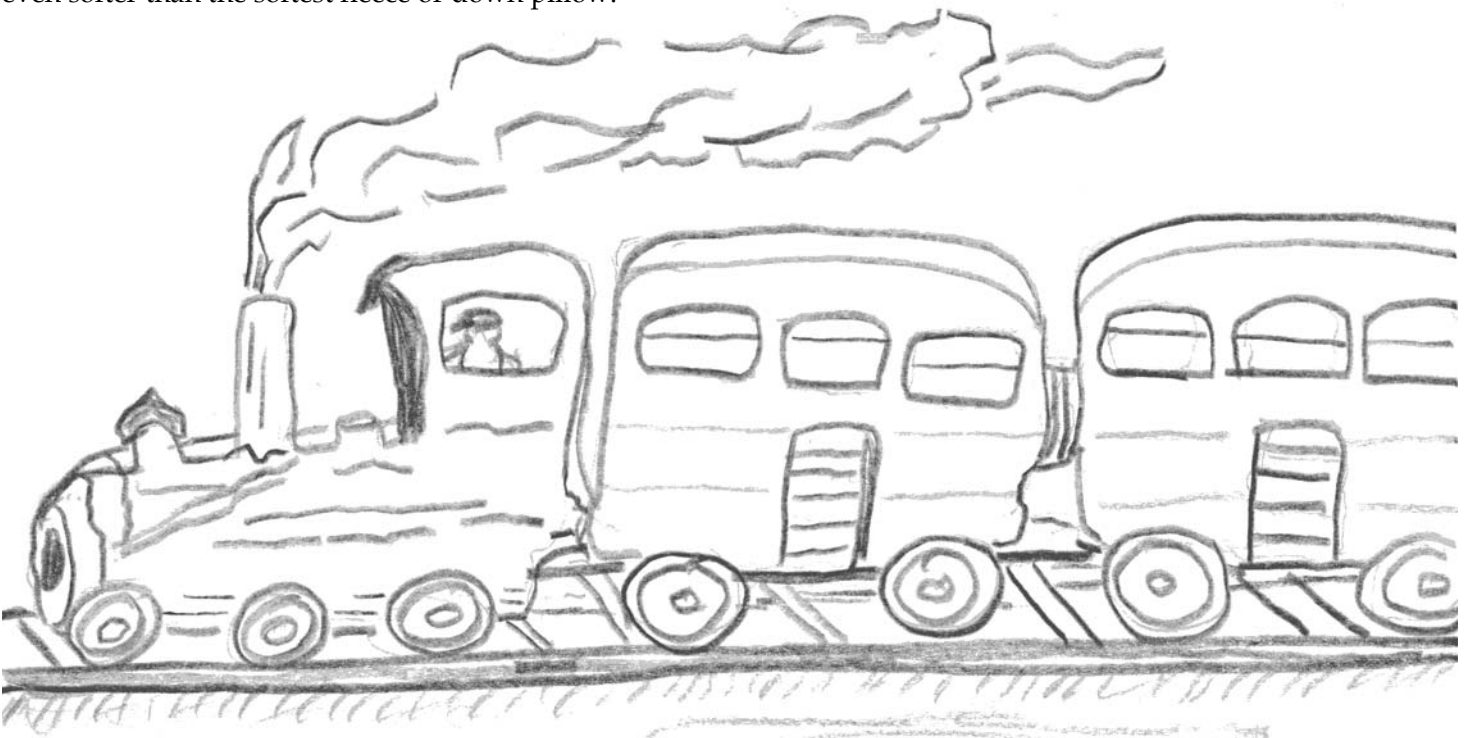
In my searching, I have found the riddle of the softest thing in the world in only one collection. It is in the story of "The Wise Little Girl" in *Favourite Folktales from Around the World* edited by Jane Yolen. However, in this translation, the answer is "the hand", rather than "a fist", and I don't think that it has the same impact at all.

Perhaps the version that Mrs. Bilinsky told me was one that had been passed on orally to her, and was never written down. Or perhaps, it was an innovation that she, herself, had introduced. For such is the dynamic art of storytelling – always adapting with the teller and the situation.

For storytelling to remain a living art, tellers need audiences. Stories can be told around the kitchen table or in concert halls. Almost any special occasion can be enhanced with a story.

I find that I don't have many opportunities to hear live stories from the Ukrainian tradition. Instead, most of the stories I tell, I have gathered from books, so I am grateful to all those who have painstakingly collected and published these tales.

One of those publishers is Danny Evanishen and he once told me, "A story that is written down is sleeping, but a story that is told is alive and kicking!"





Lillian Dzurman Yuryk

Ksenia's Courage

“TORONTO UNION STATION in ten minutes!”

The train was crowded with tired, excited immigrants travelling from Quebec City where they had landed on May 13, 1909, after a ten-day crossing of the Atlantic. For petite Ksenia Trojan, the voyage seemed endless, but not long enough to erase the memory of the tragic last days in Makhnivtsi, near Ternopil, Western Ukraine.

She is screaming, “It can’t be true! Anna can’t be dead! We are leaving for Canada tomorrow.” For a year, the young woman planned; thrilled when the passports arrived; borrowed money for the *shefkartas*. The last-minute shopping trip to Zolochiv was filled with laughter, excitement, and anticipation in the sharing of a dream: immigrating to Canada. When suddenly Anna doubled over in excruciating pain, Ksenia prayed “Please, let it be just a case of indigestion.”

Next morning, Anna’s mother’s sobbing penetrated her. “Anna died at sunrise.” Unbelievable. Unexpected. Shocking. What to do? If she stayed, Ksenia might not have another chance to leave. Yet she feared facing the unknown Canada alone. Strange, how irreversible, life-changing decisions must be made. Ksenia stood beside the catafalque crying. “Go, Ksenia. Go for both of us,” she heard.

Next morning she was in the cart taking her to catch the train for Hamburg, Germany. In the cart was Michael Dzurman, the only other villager to sail for Canada.

“We’re here finally!” Ksenia trembled with nervous excitement as she and Michael strained for familiar faces in the crowd at the station platform.

The first priority of new immigrants was a job. Michael found back-breaking work on the CPR for ten cents an hour. A Jewish woman, with Ukrainian, employed Ksenia as a live-in domestic. Days off for housemaids were unheard of then: no time for socializing or romancing. When Michael appeared on the doorstep asking for Ksenia, the lady of the house sternly laid down the law. “Ksenia cannot entertain boyfriends.”

Ksenia, slim at 23, with thick black hair, flawless complexion, dark-brown eyes sparkling with kindness and affection, knew how to take care of herself.

“Michael is not my boyfriend. He is my brother.”

“In that case he must leave by 10 o’clock.”

For a whole year Michael and Ksenia kept their secret. Then she quit.

“You are a very good worker. Why are you leaving? I could, perhaps, pay you more?”

“Oh, I’m getting married,” Ksenia advised mischievously.

In 1910, there was no Ukrainian Catholic Church in Toronto to marry them. A priest came from Buffalo periodically. Michael and Ksenia made arrangements to be married by him at two o’clock. At five o’clock, the anxious bride, groom and guests were still waiting. Finally, Father James Walsh, the pastor, offered to marry them. Michael and Ksenia understood little English. But that didn’t matter. They were united in marriage. It lasted fifty-four years.



Life was not easy. Michael’s wages were meager. To help out, Ksenia took in boarders. Cooking for ravenously hungry men who worked in an iron foundry was a challenge. She spent hours over a steaming wash tub scrubbing heavy long johns with the strong-smelling Fels Naphtha soap. Exhausted, she consoled herself, “We’re building a new life.” Then the babies began to arrive: Mary, 1911; Basil or Billy, 1913; Olga 1914. They were young, they were strong, confident that conditions would get better. Their deep trust in God and love for each other gave them the strength to continue.

Ksenia looked longingly at pretty little girls’ dresses displayed in store windows. Buying one for Mary was out of the question. She examined the dress carefully, and bought pretty, but inexpensive, fabric. She had never sewn before. Resolutely she picked up the scissors and pictured the dress in the store window and intuitively cut into the material. Her needle flew as she hand-stitched it. Her little black-haired daughter had a pretty new dress. What a talent Ksenia had! Had she known where to go with it, she might have become a famous designer.

During the First World War, the newly-arrived Ukrainians were considered enemy aliens because they had emigrated from a nation under the domination of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, with whom the British Empire, including Canada, was at war. Michael had to register his whereabouts every month. Getting a better job was impossible. Adding to his problem, *Dzurman* was pronounced as *German* by many. During the War,



ST. JOSAPHAT'S PARISH WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION 1941. ЖИНОЧЕ ТОВАРИСТВО ПЕРЕДІДІ УКВЛС. КСЕНІА ДЗУРМАН, ПРЕЗИДЕНТ СИТІНГІ ПРАВО ПАПА АНДРІА РОРОРЕЦЬКІ, ПАСТОР. (ФР. РОРОРЕЦЬКІ СТАВІВ ПЕРШОМУ БІШОПОМ ДЛЯ САСКАТОНУ)

anyone remotely connected with the enemy was treated with contempt, even loathing.

After the war, things eased up. He found a job out in New Toronto at the Anaconda American Brass Company." The young couple moved to a house on Sixth Street, a street over from the factory.

By now Mary and Billy were attending school. Although they knew no English when they started school, they were learning quickly. Living in New Toronto, the Dzurmans missed friends in the city where the Ukrainian community was growing and sharing a way of life around St. Josaphat's. Built in 1914, the first Ukrainian Catholic Church was the centre of activities. "Oh! I miss our Church and all our friends, Michael. It is important to have our children grow up exposed to the traditions and customs of an Ukrainian Catholic community. Let's move back."

They bought a very modest semi-detached brick house with a small yard at 266 Old Weston Road with many years of mortgage payments. The church was a brisk twenty-minute walk away. Mary, Billy and Olga, whose name was changed to Elsie by an English teacher, attended Ukrainian Ridna Shkola classes. Mary took mandolin lessons; Billy, the violin. It was great fun to play in the small parish string orchestra under Mr. Wozney's direction. The children enthusiastically attended Ukrainian dancing classes with the famous choreographer, Vasyl Avramenko. It was a great day when Billy announced bubbling over with excitement. "We are going to perform in the first gala concert at the Canadian National Exhibition! Is my Ukrainian costume finished?"

Life was busy. There were tragedies – father's hand became disabled. But the family endured. To make it busier, I was born in 1924, and Morris in 1927.

Mother never read books on parenting. However, her

RY NOW MARY AND BILLY
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child psychology was very effective. There were times when I was disobedient, times when Morris and I would squabble and get on Mother's nerves. "Be quiet!" she gave fair warning once or twice. When we persisted, she reached for the wooden spoon. Like lightning, we streaked for the stairs. Mom rarely followed. If she did, Morris would scoot under a bed and Mother would pretend she could not reach him with the spoon. When I was really bad, Mother would point to the front room, "Kneel in front of the holy pictures until you are ready to apologize and kiss my hand." The apology came very quickly.

Both Mom and Dad deeply loved their God and Church instilling their faith into us by example. Evening prayers were a ritual. Very colourful, ornately framed holy pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady hung prominently in our living room. Mother would kneel with Morris and me and recite the prayers. They were in Old Slavonic, a language I did not understand, but God did! A child learns quickly and it wasn't long before I knew them by memory.

During May, she would hurry with supper, put Morris in the stroller and say, "Hang onto the carriage, we are going to Church for Moleben." It was quite a hike for me but I didn't mind for I liked singing, *O Marie, Мати Боже, молися за нас.*

She was of gentle, compassionate disposition but in-

clined to be serious. She didn't joke or tease us and she didn't smile easily. She was very devoted to our family and we felt her love, even though she rarely expressed it vocally or by a hug or kiss. Her actions spoke more eloquently than outward displays of affection. She rarely praised, even though I was a better-than-average student and won scholarships. Perhaps she feared I would become conceited.

Mother was very conscientious – meals were on time, lunches prepared, laundry done, socks mended. She cooked substantial meals, but wasn't one to try new recipes. She was the disciplinarian and the "finance minister", handling Daddy's pay cheque very frugally. We were always well fed and clothed. Mother was an excellent seamstress. We'd boast of

"designer" bed sheets, pillowcases and towels with the unmistakable Robin Hood Flour logo which Mother sewed along my dresses at which she excelled.

When she had time, gardening was a favourite pastime. She planted veggies, giving preference to onions and garlic, in neat rows humming a little tune, and flowers – pansies, marigolds, irises, roses, cosmos and asters. She was also our resident doctor, snapping my dislocated shoulder into place, applying *babka* leaves to a painful boil, bathing the sty with a solution of boric acid. I often wonder where she acquired this herbal knowledge.

Preserving was a ritual; counting the finished jars, a joy. In the summer, the Busko family from Niagara-on-the-Lake provided delicious Byng cherries and juicy peaches. We helped to pit the cherries and peel the fuzzy peaches. The jars were sterilized carefully in boiling water in the big copper kettle on the stove. Dill pickles were a must. "Go to the corner store and buy some turmeric," meant that she would be making the mustard pickles – my favourite with ham for school lunches.

Mother and Auntie Melania made braided rugs out of silk stockings. They spent evenings braiding and spinning yarns about the Old Country. I became very



tired of the virtually indestructible rugs! In the summer, Mother sat in the green rocking chair on the verandah and embroidered. Her attempts to teach me ended in dismal failure. Because it was so easy for her, she couldn't understand why it was difficult for me, who would much rather read a book than embroider.

Mother prayed for a son priest. God gave her two. Bill was ordained as a diocesan priest and Morris, a Redemptorist father. These were days of great joy and thanksgiving.

Visiting the sick was very important work. Sunday afternoons found her hurrying off to sick friends. She thought nothing of walking for an hour to the Weston Sanitarium to visit a parishioner sick with TB.

I don't know where she found the time to become involved in parish activities, especially the fledgling Women's Organization, *Жіноче Товариство*, in the early thirties which pre-dated the UCWLC. She was the first President of the organization at St. Josaphat's Church. Then as now, fund-raising was necessary. She and others knocked on many doors to collect for a new forty-dollar *фелон*. The normal donation was 10 cents! It was the Great Depression. Or she would say to Sylvia Selesnic, "Let's go along Dundas and collect prizes for the bazaar."

Mother was very generous and hospitable. Our home was very small but many a seminarian from out West who could not afford to travel home for Christmas, slept on the pull-out chesterfield in the "front" room during Christmas vacations. On Sundays, after services, she approached young girls newly arrived from Manitoba or Saskatchewan seeking employment and there would be a new guest at Sunday dinner. Before Christmas, I'd hear her say to those without family, "Don't forget, come for Sviata Vechera." But, I will never forget her fury when a visitor questioned the Blessed Mother's Immaculate Conception. She unceremoniously handed

ЛІКИ З ГРЯДКИ

- Щоб поліпшити пам'ять, слід щодня з'їдати одну морквину.
- Капуста знімає стрес.
- Якщо з'їдати щодня по цибулині, то знімається напруга.
- Бути уважним допоможе волоський горіх – треба щодня з'їдати по горішку. Горіхи зміцнюють нерви і поліпшують пам'ять.

him his hat and with eyes blazing angrily shouted, "Get out! You cannot insult Mary in my house."

When I was in my twenties, Mother made a startling confession to me. She admitted being depressed when pregnant with Morris. Four children were enough. She had also lost two infant sons. She even contemplated abortion. She was, after all, past forty. "I can't forgive myself for even thinking such a thing." Since he was the youngest she was able to enjoy his infancy and childhood. Morris was the most affectionate. He never went to bed without kissing her. After a late date he would tiptoe into her bedroom and gently kiss her.

Ksenia and Michael lived to celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary surrounded by their children and grandchildren and many friends. As a gift, we took them on a trip to Montreal, Trois-Rivières, Saint Anne de Beaupré. It was their first real vacation. When they returned, for months Mother retold details of the trip.

In 1964, she suffered a massive stroke which left her a paraplegic. At 78, she died.

Ksenia Trojan Dzurman was not highly educated but she lived according to high moral principles of honesty, generosity, compassion and great love for her family and the needy. Her life was not easy. It lacked comforts and required self-sacrifice. She did not complain. Her deep faith and trust in God helped her meet challenges with courage. Her example instilled these virtues in her



Ukrainian choir, Toronto, circa 1925. Polyphony. *The Bulletin of the Multicultural History Society of Ontario*. Vol. 10. Ukrainians in Ontario. 1988.

children. She taught us to speak Ukrainian, to treasure and be proud of our Ukrainian heritage. She was one of many courageous Ukrainian pioneer women who carved out for themselves and their families a happy life in Canada.

To my mother I am grateful for many things, but I was never able to thank her enough for the courageous decision she made in May 1909. If 23-year-old Ksenia Trojan had stayed in Makhnivtsi, I shudder to think how different my life would have been, if at all. I might have had to live through the hellish chaos of World War II and the tyrannical suppression of the atheistic, communist regime that followed in Ukraine.

Lillian Dzurman Yuryk is a frequent contributor to NASHA DOROHA.

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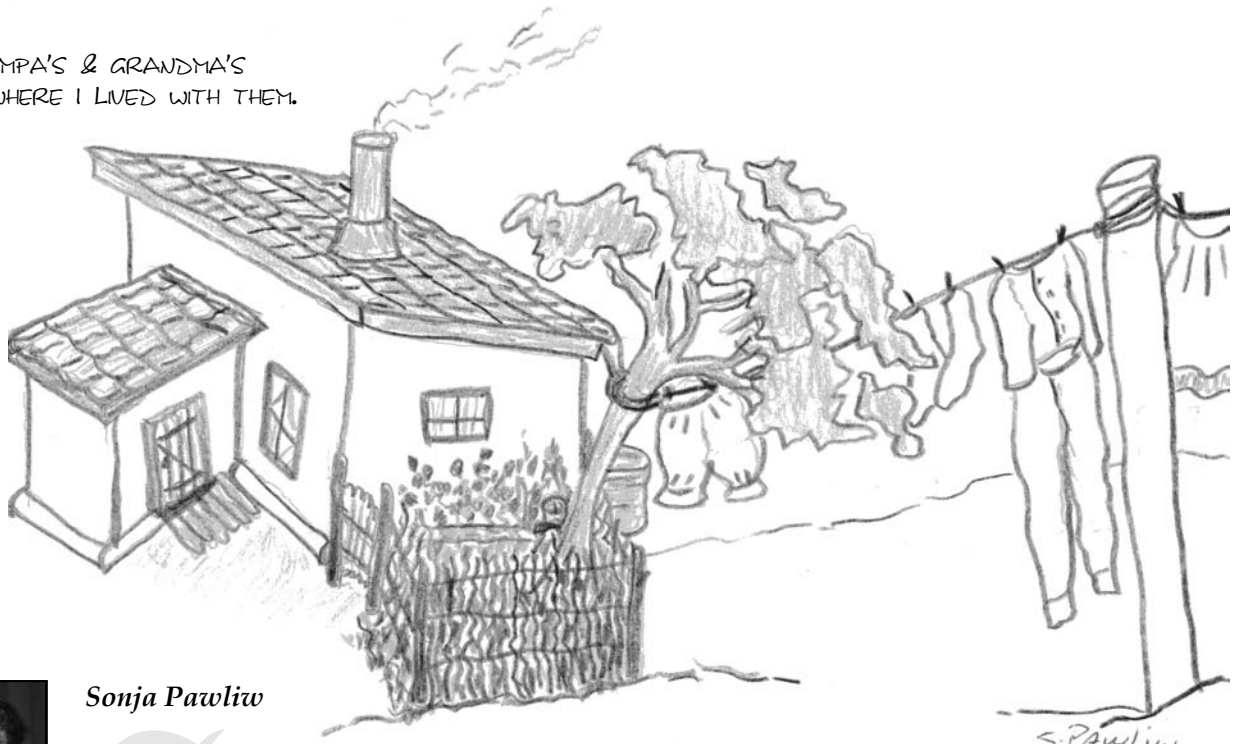
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MY GRAMPA'S & GRANDMA'S
HOUSE WHERE I LIVED WITH THEM.



Sonja Pawliw

And My Heart Rejoiced

IN 1918 Grampa's sister died of pneumonia and in 1919 a daughter, age seven, died from diphtheria. You can imagine how near to despair they must have been, but their faith in God was deeply rooted and they survived and carried on.

I was the middle child of the oldest daughter. I had six brothers and four sisters and I was also the middle one of the girls. Maybe that's why I felt I didn't fit in. That's when Grampa and Grandma asked that I live with them. It made me feel good to be their only child in their old age. I was rather active and noisy, but they didn't mind. My family didn't miss me because they had ten others to look after. My grandparents were very good to me. Sometimes I went to spend a few days with the brood, but not for long, because Grampa was always waiting for me when I'd get home.

As years went by, my grandparents' home became my home and I learned many things from them. I was a free spirited child. I loved nature and as I skipped alongside Grampa as we went across the meadow for the horses, he told me stories about being little back in Ukraine and the mischief he got into with his friends. He would help me climb trees to get the crows' nests down and he taught me not to be afraid of crossing the river to get the cows. He told me that in Ukraine little girls, like me, used to graze cows or geese out in the meadows. It made me feel good. I learned how to read Ukrainian and to crochet.

I loved the way Grandma did her garden. It was all in little raised plots, neat as could be, just the way she used to do it back in the old country. Her garden looked like a beautiful patchwork quilt. Grampa showed me how to

make the little haystacks in the meadow like he did in Ukraine. After school I used to follow Grampa around, like a puppy, asking him questions, and he'd just keep telling me stories.

Many times, as he reminisced, he wasn't even aware I was with him, he was just thinking out loud. Sometimes he would start speaking harshly, like he was mad at someone. He'd take his straw hat off and throw it to the ground. Then he'd look at me and smile and say: "Those were some of the bad days." I'd look at him and make him think I understood it all.

It wasn't until some years later that I realized the hurt he felt at leaving his native land and not being able to go back, ever. It was when World War II broke out that all my grandparents' connections with Ukraine

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came to a halt. They wrote many letters but they heard nothing back. They were certain that everyone they knew ended in the Siberian labour camps.

During the war years, when the winter evenings were very long, Grampa started reading books of stories and history to us. We loved it. Soon friends and neighbours came to listen. We sat around a wood heater and listened to stories of Cossacks, the invaders and about his beloved Ukraine. We were spellbound for hours. This continued all winter. Everyone did their chores early and then came to listen. Sometimes there was laughter, sometimes tears. Other times there was even anger and he'd stop reading, turn, spit, then carry on.

Winters passed quickly and when spring came everyone got busy again with farming and gardens – busy till next fall when Grampa would make a fresh order of books from the Winnipeg book suppliers. I remember well his big wooden trunk full of big and small, thick and thin storybooks. I still have some of his books and calendar almanacs. They contain records of when his cows had calves or when the mare was bred.

My grandparents died long ago – Grandma in 1943 at age 70, and Grampa in 1948 at age 75. I miss them dearly, but I'm very thankful for the time I spent with them. I gained knowledge of life, love, freedom of thought and learned to enjoy and share it with others.

Thanks to all the stories and experiences, I felt like I knew where they came from and in my heart I felt the longing they felt, of wanting to go there, just as they would have wanted to go back to see the land they left behind.

In 1991, when Ukraine became free, I felt ecstatic. It seemed like a door was opening to a land I had heard so much about, and seemed to know even better in my heart.

In 1993 I was President of the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada for the Saskatoon Eparchy. We were organizing a "Gift of Hope" mission to Ukraine taking hospital, medical and dental supplies, as well as medicines and money to the ravaged, oppressed land and the Chernobyl stricken people and children.

I felt like my grandparents were tugging at my sleeve saying: "Go, this is your chance." I had saved up \$3,000 to redo my kitchen cupboards. Well, they weren't that important.



NICHOLAI FEDUN, THE AUTHOR'S GRANDFATHER, IS THE MAN IN THE CENTRE OF THIS PICTURE, AT THE YORKTON RAILROAD STATION, AT THE TIME OF HIS ARRIVAL IN CANADA IN 1905. AFTER WORKING IN THE AREA FOR TWO YEARS, HE RETURNED TO UKRAINE, AND IN 1908 RETURNED TO THE ERENEZER DISTRICT WITH HIS WHOLE FAMILY.

Instead, I bought my passport and ticket to Ukraine.

When I landed I felt I was home – like I knew the places. I knew my grandparents' spirit was with me. As we travelled about distributing the supplies, I felt like I could be mingling with distant relatives. I was so grateful to my grandparents for the heritage they left me.

The people in Ukraine were very poor, and some very sick, but the spirit of freedom shone brightly. They were happy to see us come from such a faraway land and bring them medicines. They couldn't believe others cared. They thought the whole world had forgotten that they even existed. They marvelled and couldn't believe that we spoke Ukrainian. That brought tears to our eyes. I then remembered how Grampa told us to hold on to our language, that one day we would understand. Now I understood, and whispered a silent prayer, and felt their spirit, and my heart rejoiced.

As we travelled the beautiful countryside, the roadways lined with red poppies and white daisies, I knew Grampa and Grandma were smiling in heaven to see me admiring their native land – now my land. Having walked on this land, I came back with a great sense of joy. Now I tell my children and grandchildren of their heritage and native land and their beloved Ukraine.

Sonja Pauliv is an award-winning gardener in Yorkton where she writes and sketches. Her story first appeared in the Saskatchewan Multicultural Journal.



THE AUTHOR'S GRANDMOTHER, MARIA (MNUCH) FEDUN WITH THREE OF HER DAUGHTERS—TEENA, OLGA AND CAROLINE—BORN IN CANADA. THE TWO OLDER ONES SHOWN HERE DIED IN 1919 AND 1924 OF DIPHTHERIA AND RUPTURED APPENDIX, RESPECTIVELY.



Anne Tkachyk

What Happened after the 65-mile Trek

READING THIS ITEM (Call For Anthology Manuscripts, 2001 – Ed.) in *NASHA DOROHA* I have something that might be of interest to you.

My name is Anne Tkachyk (nee Pocaluyko). Born in Thalberg, MB (borderline Beausejour, Broken Head, Ladywood and many others).

I was born 1921 to Wasyl Pocaluyko, who was born in 1892 in Ukraine and Tekla Bendera. They came to Canada as young people in 1906-1907 from Chmeliska Mychaniha and Ternopil. I have lived in Etobicoke since 1941 and attended the church of Svjatoji Pokrovy from 1944.

I want to stress this story very much.

My Uncle Nick was born in 1898 to my grandparents, Ivan (1861) and Agnes (1869, Chmeliska) Pocaluyko, who arrived in Canada in 1907. Nick, their first-born son, was one of five children they brought with them. My Dad was 16 by then.

In 1924, Nick was one of those many farm boys picked up and taken by the Mounted Police (RCMP). The boys were told they were Austrian Germans and might be a problem to Canada in case of a war. No way true! These were young men of the Ukrainian pioneers who came to Canada from 1898 to 1907, and so on. They marched these men 65 miles to Winnipeg where the garrison army camps were. They slept on the ground and were hungry. This was fall of September 1924. All the farmers – Letwings, Kendyfara, Leshko and Hladys – knew the RCMP took their sons. There were many garrison army camps. And they are still there.

I was 4-years-old and heard my Grandmother tell

this to my Dad.

After awhile, a few months or weeks, these men returned sick. Most of them didn't speak English much: none, when taken away.

My Uncle Nick Pocaluyko, son of Agnes and Ivan Pocaluyko, never was the same after that. Skinny, he had no colour; couldn't breathe well. And, what to say? He died in 1925 at 27. I remember when he was dying, he kept saying, "Hurts me, hurts me." I guess it was his heart.

Now my Dad used to say what healthy men they all were his brothers Mike and Tony and Nick and himself and their sister Kas'ka, born in Chmeliska, Ukraine.

Baba lived to 94. Us four girls, my sisters Mary Stachyn, Jean Pocaluyko, Dorothy Krupka and I, were raised by Dido and Baba after Dad died. We came from the east and buried her in 1962.

Broken Head, Manitoba connects a few miles to Thalberg where most of these pioneers of 1906-7 bought small acres of land from the government for \$10 per farm, like John and Agnes Pocaluyko, Korny Bendera. Some others were John Leshko and family, Sabada and family, Matchysin and Ruzys.

The sections were north and east leading to Pine Falls by train and highway.

The Korny Benders were blessed with a daughter Christine. She, a granddaughter-daughter of Bill and Pauline Saluko, became a nun at 21. Sister Janice is in

Rome now, a granddaughter of Korny and Tekla. My mom's Dad and Korny were cousins. Their fathers were brothers in Chmeliska. So I have cousins that are Sisters of Holy Mary. Mrs. Krause started our League in 1946 on Bathurst. Anne Charko was our 1st President and I, from 1972 to 1978. I was very active in the Toronto Eparchy so I sure know everybody.

"Enemy Aliens" in Fort Henry, 1916.
Polyphony. *The Bulletin of the Multicultural History Society of Ontario*. Vol. 10. Ukrainians in Ontario. 1988.



Catherine Petaske

The Homesteaders Arrive

IT WAS FEARED that the West, as the prairie provinces were known, would be annexed by the United States. To prevent this happening, the West had to be settled. Several steps were taken to bring in settlers. Sir John A. MacDonald's government was responsible for building the C.P. Railroad which joined Canada from coast to coast. The land in Alberta was surveyed, dividing the country into ranges, townships, sections and quarter sections, specifying each parcel of land. The N.W.M.P. were established to keep law and order and so the West was ready for settlers.

Sir Wilfred Laurier sent agents to Europe to advertise the West, a quarter section, 160 acres of land, was offered to each family for a mere \$10. Thousands of families heard the call and came. They sold their land to have enough money for fare. Taking very little with them they embarked to the new land, not knowing what hardships lay ahead. They travelled by rail to Hamburg, then boarded a ship to Halifax. It took many days to cross the Atlantic. Conditions on the ship were horren-

dous—rats, filth and very poor food. In Halifax they boarded a train to go West, where the promised land was. Some disembarked in Manitoba, some in Saskatchewan and many in Edmonton, Alberta.

The agents provided ways to show them where homesteads were available. Men provided for their families in immigration halls and set out in groups to claim the promised homestead. Each group had to go farther and farther from Edmonton to choose their quarter section. They had to be careful because sections belonged to C.P.R., some to Hudson Bay and some were designated for schools. Once the homestead was chosen and the details were noted, the men returned to Edmonton and recorded their claim. They then collected their families and set out for their homestead any way they could.

They arrived on their quarter section, and now what? They had to build or make some kind of shelter. Some dug into a hill or mound, made a door out of poles, deposited their belongings and started their life in the wilderness. Some lived with a homesteader who was already there and then proceeded to build their own shelter. They cut trees for logs and grass for thatch. The chinks were filled with clay and the floor was made of clay. Furniture was made of poplar poles and mattresses were filled with dry grass.



Mrs. Hawryluk of the Kulish district baking bread in an outdoor bakeoven, July 1957 (B. Hryhorczuk collection). *Pioneer Profiles. Ukrainian Settlers in Manitoba*. Michael Ewanchuk. Winnipeg, 1981.

LIFE ON THE HOMESTEAD

Can you imagine living in the middle of “nowhere”? Here’s how it was. They started from virtually nothing. Perhaps the homesteaders brought a few necessities with them—a pot, a spade, some blankets, pillows and some seeds. The rest of the necessities were acquired gradually.

Furniture was very crude—made of poplar poles, spoons and bowls were whittled out of wood. Clothes were washed in homemade tubs in winter and on a rock by a pond in summer by beating with a piece of wood. They were dried by spreading on the ground.

Eventually some chickens, a hog and a cow were acquired, gardens were planted, and a variety of food was to be had.

Land was broken and wheat and rye were planted. The grain was cut with a scythe, threshed with a flail and winnowed in the wind. Coarse flour was ground with a quern, which was made of two flat rocks. Bread was baked in outside ovens made of clay and burnt like a kiln.

Housecleaning was very primitive. Sand was scattered on the floor and swept up by a brush made of willow branches.

Eventually a village arose and stores were built. Families were now able to have a few amenities such as sugar, coffee and tea as well as clothes, tools and other needs. Living conditions gradually improved until the homesteader or farmer had all the comforts of the city dwellers.

Lara Klymasz

The Couch

I RECENTLY INHERITED A LOVESEAT from my grandparents. My baba and dido left me a couch after they departed for heaven somewhere. The couch has a pullout bed and my baba demanded that my dido sleep there distanced from the master bedroom because she could no longer put up with his snoring. I rarely saw my baba sit on the loveseat.

I recall her saying that dido had “raped” her before they were married. Could it be that she had bitter memories of my dido and needed to separate him in some way from herself? Perhaps these memories had a lingering effect and now that they were in their eighties—something had to give. Could this be the added reason why she didn’t sleep beside the man she married?

Baba liked to get dressed up and go out with dido nonetheless. Sometimes she’d hit him on the shoulder, “No, Mikhailo, I do not want to go that way. I want to go to Petrushka’s and Gordon’s. She works very hard at making the best varenyky and borscht.” Off they went past their old stomping grounds, the old factory where baba used to sew brassieres onto swimsuits. Mother used to tell me, “Your baba worked for Seaqueen.” This was indicative of some prestige. Dido would drive the one car they ever owned through their Etobicoke neighbourhood past the glue factory where he once worked and had received an award for twenty years of service to the company.

One day, when dido was quite old he found that his watch was no longer working so he asked my dad to take him to a jewellery store which he frequented when he was much younger. When they arrived at the place on Bloor Street he was quite dismayed to see no jewellery store there. Dido looked sad that day because he did not see anybody he recognized. Dad said, “We can only expect some change.”

Baba enjoyed cooking and she always got her hands well into the dishes she made. Whenever there was a chicken to be cooked she would roughly turn it over and massage it with butter to make her own Butterball brand of poultry. Her favourite words in Ukrainian were “Yizhte, yizhte,” because she desired to have guests come to dine at her table.

Once she prepared a Ukrainian dish of breaded meat on a skewer type of stick and my cousin’s husband poked fun at it by calling it “mouse-on-a-stick”. Baba’s varenyky were large and the dough was not the softest you ever tasted.

Baba needed to learn English in order to communicate satisfactorily with her tenants. She went about doing this by distance education courses. There were phonics books to begin with. But the lessons proved to be too difficult. Back went the books and baba continued to talk mostly Ukrainian with an English word scattered here and there, something I was grateful for.

Baba and dido always wanted us to move to the Big City to live near them and to be near to their other son, my uncle, who also lived in the metropolis. But we never moved. When they got lonely, one of their grandchildren bought them a dog which bared its teeth and wheezed a lot. They both fed him chicken from the table and the dog began to smell like a roasted chicken. I’m not sure whether it was the dog’s breath or fur which had become permeated with chicken.

Baba and dido had a beautiful rose garden surrounding a pear tree. I could never venture far into their backyard without feeling as though I was trespassing into some magical domain. They grew vegetables as well — beans, lettuce, carrots, potatoes... their vegetable garden was the most remote and inaccessible to me since it had a fence surrounding it on all sides and because it was placed farther away than the immediate rose garden. Once, in my formative years, I hallucinated imagining that I saw many transparent fairies sucking nectar loudly from the roses. The roses were there for anyone to admire. Even an old neighbour could stare out of the window, head hidden by a curtain and send negative vibes towards baba and dido's backyard.

Baba and dido did possess certain attributes that a friend could become envious of. Baba knew how to prepare a delicious apple cake with a pastry top. She put it in the freezer so that some remained until after my uncle's funeral — for the family to enjoy. Dido could shine his shoes like a quick shoeshine boy. He shone each of his overnight guests' shoes and disliked any scuff marks. He also enjoyed keeping a pet canary and the bird appreciated its owner and showed this by never flying far from his side.

The last piece of furniture which both my grandparents wanted to own before they completed their life on this earth was a corner cupboard. We went searching all over for this piece but were unable to find one in a suited price range. Apparently, some friends of the family had corner cupboards so this spurred my baba and

dido to deem it their necessity.

I was a bit envious of baba's wardrobe. When she went out she always looked quite glamorous in her fur coats with a strand of pearls or gold choker. Baba had quite a collection of coats. When she went to paradise, mom and I went searching haphazardly through them. I found a nice one. It's a mint green wool coat with a large rounded lapel.

My sister told me to check her lingerie as well, "I bet you didn't know that baba used to wear Jockey underwear." I tried in vain to see if this was true but instead I found an athletic bra with a zillion clasps and some long johns which I later gave away.

A cousin of mine received the dining room suite from baba and dido. Plates and teacups were dispersed throughout the family line. I remember baba saying, "Are you alright? You've got to be okay." I guess I was hanging about longer than some of my cousins. Baba and dido had given away most of their furniture by the time they moved into their senior's apartment. They had no room for furniture and belongings they owned at their previous home.

When baba died, dido was still unable to sleep in his own bed because this brought back memories of his beloved wife. The loveseat which I now have became the transition bed for the weary oldster. Someday I will use it when I move into my own place. The big, pink roses which decorate the turquoise blue background reminding me of warmer days when I was a visitor at baba and dido's garden.

Laura Klymasz lives in Winnipeg.

IN MY UKRAINIAN MOTHER'S GARDEN

In my Ukrainian mother's garden
Parasols of dill sway in the breeze
Shading plants laid out in rows
Where my mother weeds on her knees.

In my Ukrainian mother's garden
Sunflower faces follow the sun
Beckoning canaries to sing a song
As poppies and hollyhocks nod one by one.

In my Ukrainian mother's garden
Vegetables dictate the soup of the day
Tender plants simmering in a huge pot
When the aroma of borschich invites one to stay.

In my Ukrainian mother's garden
Cucumbers playfully hide from view
Peeking from vines that creep and crawl
Until they're picked to accompany stew.

In my Ukrainian mother's garden
Leafy cabbage heads sit on display
'Till leaves are filled with buckwheat or rice
Then holubtsi brighten the menu that day.

In my Ukrainian mother's garden
Horseradish leaves rise green and tall
Travelling underground the pungent white root
Protests when grated and brings tears to all.

In my Ukrainian mother's garden
Potatoes are hoed and hilled in a fine line
When cooked and mashed with cheese yellow or white
Then pyrohy and sour cream call upon all to dine.

In my Ukrainian mother's garden
Chamomile and mint invade the fresh air
Sharing their fragrance with everyone
As herbal teas appear with summer fare.

In my Ukrainian mother's garden
Summer days fly on wings of song
Echoing strains of childhood memories
When carefree days were never too long.

Mary (Hrenchuk) Pankiw

Dr. Mary (Hrenchuk) Pankiw is
a retired educator from Winnipeg.

My Baba's Underwear

THIS IS ABOUT MY Baba Kushnier whom I visited everyday since we lived next door to her and Gedo on Battle Street in Thorold, Ontario. Each day I would run over to see what the business of the day was. And every day I would find my Baba bent over some task of 'preparing'. She seemed to spend hours 'preparing' for later on. Baba appeared to be content with her role, and always had a happy smile when I came in the back door to sample her wares and chat.

In the spring, the ground in the back yard was made ready in preparation for a vegetable garden, then as the various fruits came ready, jars of strawberry or plum jam were carefully cooked and stored for later use in cakes or on homemade breads. As summer arrived, Baba pitted sour cherries for canning, then prepared large jars of perfect peaches, each tenderly sliced in half so as not to cause bruising. Every day when I ran in, there was a colourful row of fresh filled jars sitting on the kitchen table ready for my inspection and admiration: dill pickles, beets, beans and peppers. In late August, bushels of tomatoes were carefully washed, pressed, strained, boiled and bottled for juice. This was my favourite time of year. Neighbouring ladies gathered in the cool cellar to combine efforts—like an assembly line. Then, as September approached, large old window screens laid out on the lawn in the back of the house became covered with onions and garlic pulled out of the garden. They dried in the sun then, were worked into long braids in preparation for winter. I don't think my Baba ever bought onions in a grocery store. When October arrived, cabbage was shredded to make sauerkraut and put in the fruit cellar where her hoard was stored. Of course, as soon as the first snow fell, preparations for Christmas were talked about and honey cakes and *bulkas* with sour cherry or plum fillings were baked for our special Christmas Eve dinner.

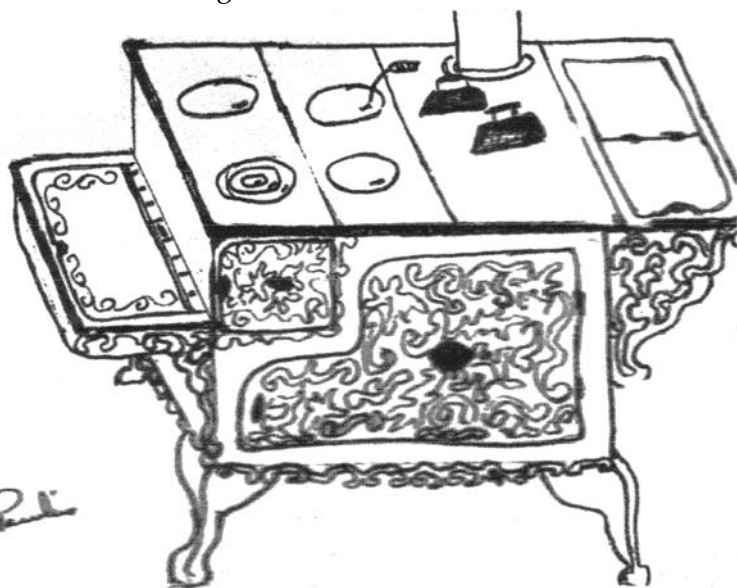
And so it went, season after season, year after year, preparing in one season for the next.

Baba Kushnier had quiet times too. All winter long, as she listened to the radio or gossiped with the ladies, she worked threads and needles creating beautiful embroidered cloths and throw-cushions, or crocheted table runners and cross-stitched handkerchiefs. Friends and family always went home with an heirloom. Her hands were never still or idle.

Baba was an old woman in the 1940s when I was just little. In the fifties and on into the sixties, she never changed. She never looked different to me. And somewhere along the way, as I got older, my own mother

working as a cashier at the local grocery store and later at K-Mart, who preferred bingo and bowling over crocheting, became a 'granny' to my children, not a Baba.

And now, in the blink of an eye, sit I, "Grandma Virginia" as I am known to my grandchildren, in front of my new computer, with my own email address, looking up information on the net. I, too, love to sew and cook and tend a garden, but with living in an apartment next door to a large shopping plaza and having a full-time job I have little time or reason to toil over daily preparations. Because of a recent diagnosis, I'm looking up low cholesterol recipes, and how and why angiograms are performed. With manicured nails, light auburn L'Oreal hair, cut in the latest spiky style, shorts and tank top, I sit in my air conditioned 'computer/guest room' and think about Baba and her preparations and wish I could ask about her feelings on getting 'old'. I wonder if she even thought about it, she was always so busy. Baba certainly didn't have the resources to research out the latest medical advice or look into how to prevent her sun drenched skin from aging—maybe because she couldn't read English.



A sketch by Sonja Pawliw of her grandmother's stove as she remembers it.

I remember one very hot humid August afternoon, coming in the back door looking for my Baba and checking out the kitchen table. The house was hushed and quiet, no familiar cooking smells greeted me. In the dining room the grandfather clock ticked away the minutes. As I carefully tiptoed across hardwood floors, I peered in Baba and Gedo's bedroom. She wasn't there. I moved on to the spare room (no one had guest bedrooms in the 1940s) and found Baba bent over the bed, engrossed in her work. What was she preparing?

On the high metal bed was a display of clothes: my Baba's underwear. Everything looked new, not like the worn hand-laundered underclothes she hung out on the clothesline. There was a pair of white satin panties, much longer than men's boxer shorts, for that's the only style she wore, called bloomers. Beside the bloomers was a large well constructed brassier with many hooks on the back, in an apricot pinkish colour called 'flesh' in the latest catalogue. The full slip was in a black taffeta, very crisp, with inches of black lace around the top bodice and bottom hem. But Baba always wore plain white cotton slips without lace under her dresses! The stockings puzzled me too. They were black. And not as heavy as the beige lisle ones she wore daily. Beside the stockings — a pair of black garters. A new black crepe dress was draped over the pillows of the bed and on the floor a pair of highly polished black shoes with laces.

When did Baba walk to Front Street to buy this fashion treasure trove? Where was Baba going? Now, what was she preparing for?

Baba explained gently, without sadness. "These are my funeral clothes. I am getting ready because I am old and I must get ready, 'just in case'."

I stood with wide opened eyes. She wasn't afraid, so why should I be? She showed me where the garments would be waiting for her. And wait they did!

For many years after that day, whenever I had a chance I would break away from my visiting and tiptoe into the spare room, peek into the bottom drawer of the bureau. There it was, the neatly folded underwear



NOVEMBER 8, 1942, 2 DAYS BEFORE
MY 2ND BIRTHDAY: BABA KUSHNIER,
VIRGINIA PANKO, BABA PANKO

smelling of mothballs. There it waited, one season after another, prepared and folded by Baba's hands.

My Baba Kushnier died on a cold bitter January night in 1968 when she was 86-years-old. I rushed down from Oakville for the funeral with our three children. I cannot remember if Baba wore that black crepe dress and her new, now twenty-year-old underwear, when she was laid out.

I think I'm ready, sitting here drawing up a list on my computer, dividing my possessions between my children. But I'm not preparing like my Baba did for later. I'm not 'old', and who knows how the styles will change in the years to come. When I buy anything new and special, I wear it now.

JUDGE ME NOT

*Judge me not by the silver in my hair
Nor the creased lines on my weathered face
I am one of God's unique creations
A living member of the human race.*

*Judge me not by the way I move
Nor Life's tasks that I fulfill
I am the recipient of a mission
A living creature by Divine will.*

*Judge me not with venom, jealousy, hate
Nor take away my Life's work on earth
I am in rightful place with plan Divine
A decree bestowed by God at my birth.*

*Judge me not as decrepit, useless, old
Nor accuse I am taking someone else's place
I weave Life's daily tapestry of uniqueness
A legacy of love for members of the human race.*

Mary (Hrenchuk) Pankiw, 1995

*Dr. Mary (Hrenchuk) Pankiw is
a retired educator from Winnipeg.*



Maria Pastuszenko

A Snapshot in Time

MY CHILDREN have often remarked that my life reads like a novel.

I was born sixty-odd years ago in Ukraine. When I was just six months old, my father was taken away by the Bolsheviks without any explanation, and was never heard from again. Having lost her means of support, my mother went to live with her brother, my uncle, a Ukrainian Catholic priest.

I recall early years spent mostly in the company of caring adults, with visitors passing through the residence. Vividly, I see myself floating downstream during a spring thaw and nearly drowning. I smile, remembering the pranks I played on my mother – hiding in the dog house with my dog and not responding to her call.

With sadness I look back on our flight from Ukraine and the Bolsheviks, who were burning everything in sight. We fled through Hungary and Czechoslovakia and into Germany by means of a covered wagon with bombers flying overhead.

One incident is firmly embedded in my memory. We were given shelter for the night by a kind Hungarian family. Around two o'clock in the morning, the sound of

air raid sirens woke us. Mother quickly wrapped me up in a quilt and rushed to the bomb shelter. I remember the smell of the shelter and my mother's bare feet. She hadn't stopped to put on shoes.

We spent four years in a refugee camp in Germany. I went to Ukrainian school but picked up German as well. Then the Edmonton Eparchy Bishop offered my uncle a posting in Alberta. He agreed to come on condition that my mother and I would be able to immigrate as well.

Our sea passage was memorable. Everyone was seasick – everyone except the crew, myself and some of my new-found friends. We had our first taste of oranges and grapefruit and frolicked to our heart's content.

Landing in Halifax, I came down with the measles and spent a week in a hospital. The immigration officials wouldn't let us go on until I had recovered. A long train ride brought us to Lethbridge where my uncle became a parish priest and my mother went to work on a sugar beet farm to pay-off our fare to Canada.



MY MOTHER IS THIRD FROM THE BOY HOLDING THE REINS AND I'M BESIDE HER. THE YEAR IS 1944.



Стефанія Солтикевич

Нарешті я українка!

Коли в 1929 році люди від'їжджали з рідного краю за океан до Америки чи до Канади, щоб поліпшити своє життя, мій батько вирішив виїхати до Франції. Туди також маму спровадив і я там народилася.

Я була наймолодшою з четверо дітей. Для мене велика приємність була допомагати в хаті, добре вчитися, читати газети та розповідати новини родичам, які не вміли читати по-французькому. Після закінчення шкільних занять я одержала "Business Diploma".

В нашій містечку була громада поляків, яка працювала у копальні вугілля. Було нас лиш чотири родини українців і тому не було української церкви чи українського навчання. Французи не мали поняття, що це є українці, та наша родина була також знана як поляки. Після війни до нашого міста приїжджав що три місяці український греко-католицький священник і завжди перебував в нашій хаті.

Моя мрія була, після закінчення моїх курсів, працювати в канцелярії в копальні, в школі або на пошті. На жаль, це мені не вдалося, бо я не була французенка.

Після літньої праці в горах із студентами я вирішила поїхати до Канади відвідати мого брата. На другий день мого приїзду до Едмонтона в грудні 1952 року я відвідала лічницю, яку провадили монахині й де працював мій брат. Розмова з сестрою-настоятелькою відбулася французькою мовою і на другий день я вже почала там працювати та записалася на вечірні курси англійської мови.

Рік після цієї праці я подалася на працю в канцелярії у провінційному уряді й відразу була прийнята. Моя англійська мова не була пливна і я мала акцент. Часто другі працівники висміювали мій акцент і я мусила ховатися в умивальні зі сльозами в очах. Хоч я й одружилася з українцем, я далі була знана як французенка.

Коли я сподівалася першої дитини, я лишила працю і раділа бути вдома і доглядати тещу. Прийшов час, коли я вирішила повернутися до праці, щоб фінансово допомагати в домашніх потребах. Я подалася до федерального уряду як двомовна французько-англійська урядовниця. Коли я почала працю, я відчула, що деякі урядовці не були прихильні (на жаль і одна українка),

бо боялися, що будуть звільнені через незнання французької мови.

Коли я вела інтерв'ю з новоприбулими, що вимагали спонсорування вчитися англійської мови, я була така горда, що могла їм пояснити в їхній і моїй рідній українській мові. Тоді я відчула, як моя душа раділа.

Раділа також, що з мужем ми були першою парою, що належали до греко-католицької церкви св. Юрія і що я була одна з перших основників Марійської Дружини відділу ЛУКЖК 50 років тому.

У липні 2005 року я брала участь як делегат у крайовому конгресі в Вінніпезі. Я вирішила відвідати мою давню першу французьку приятельку, яка тоді мені порадила піти працювати в уряді. Ми обі такі раді були побачитися після довгих років. Вона питала, який це був конгрес, бо вона не чула нічого про нього у французькій церкві. Я відповіла, що це відбувалося для українських католицьких жінок і закінчилося Службою Божою в українській католицькій церкві. Тоді я відчула, що вона нарешті зрозуміла, що я дійсно українка!

Стефанія Солтикевич мешкає в Едмонтоні.

А ВИ ЩО НА ЦЕ

- Краще випередити злочин, ніж карати. В цьому головна мета будь-якого доброго законодавства. (*Чезаре Баккрія*)
- Те, чого сьогодні в клясі вивчає одне покоління, стане нормою життя наступного. (*А. Лінколн*)
- Закон створений для того, щоб сильний не був всемогутнім. (*латинська мудрість*)
- Хто говорить — сіє. Хто слухає — жне. (*українська мудрість*)



Ірина Чайковська-Павлів

Мандрівка мого життя

ПРОМИНУЛО ВЖЕ 60 РОКІВ після закінчення Другої світової війни, коли воєнна хуртовина закинула мене на чужину. Спогади — це наче настояний мед, яким хочеться почастувати друзів, знайомих, хочеться поділитися з ними приємними, а навіть і сумними переживаннями. Як на фільмовій стрічці проходять картини минулих років.

Воєнні дії 1944 року запроторили мене з батьками й старшими сестрами із рідного Збаража у чужі світи. Ми мандрували через Лемківщину і південну Польщу в Німеччину, відтак після п'яти років виїхали в Канаду. Мені, 12-літній дівчині, то все це видавалося новим відкриттям. Під крилами дорогих мам, тата я не усвідомляла собі, що ми ніколи не повернемось до рідного гнізда. Тоді я не була свідома, з яким болем серця батьки залишали все, що роками здобували: власний дім, підприємство, поле, родину і рідний край. Покидали ми все, що до болю було дороге моїм батькам.

1945-го року закінчилася війна. Повоєнні відносини стали для українських біженців та інших національних груп, що жили тоді у так званих ДП (дисплейст персон) таборах — непередбачено сприятливими. Завдяки американській організації ПРО та українському ЗУДАКу, українці організувались у різних таборах у містах західної Німеччини — Баварії та Австрії, що були тоді у т.зв. американських зонах. У цих таборах ДП творилися осередки української культури. Серед скитальців було дуже багато української інтелігенції: священники, лікарі, професори, митці, артисти сцени — люди великого профілю. Наші батьки та інтелігенція творили для молоді повне українське національне і культурне середовище: рідні школи, церкви, гімназії, молодечі організації — Пласт, СУМ, хори, театри, навіть університети. Ми росли, виховувалися, формували характери й світогляди. Ми пізнавали друзів, закохувалися, творили родини. І цей світлий багаж ми понесли зі собою у нашу дальшу мандрівку через океан в Канаду, Америку та в інші країни світу. Нас виховувала не тільки школа, але в першу чергу рідний дім, церква й українське середовище. Моїм найкращим тоді виховним

осередком юних літ була організація молоді Пласт. Там я пережила найкращі хвилини моєї юности.

*Горіла ватра полум'ям гарячим
Аж зорі дивувались в небесах.
Хто смів порушиги незриму тишу ночі,
Хто карбував палкі слова в серцях?*

*В душі цвіли й росли надії,
Що ось прийде пора квітучої весни,
Що сонце розкує крижану долю Батьківщини
І сядуть, як колись, при ватрі пластуни.*

Ось так і сталося...

Дозріваючи у Канаді, я почала поглиблювати освіту і гру на фортеп'яно. І я зрозуміла тугу моїх батьків за рідною землею і сама почала все більше її відчувати.

*Мій рідний дім — криниця юности моєї,
З якої я цілющу воду пригоріцями брала
І випивала з захватом, неначе еліксир
І чаром тим всю душу наповняла.*

*Мій рідний дім — я назавжди лишила...
В далеку путь нас доля повела.
І лиш у мріях я його шукала,
Аж, поки знов не віднайшла.*

Минали роки... Прийшов час моєї повної свідомості що таке Україна і цю свідомість я завдячую до певної міри й Канаді — країні нашого поселення, тому що вона дала змогу і не заперечувала нам плекати рідну мову, не забороняла існуванню рідних церков, шкіл, організацій і видавництв — у Канаді, де й по сьогодні виховується 4-те а може й 5-те покоління українців. Цій підбудові дали початки наші предки — перші піонери. Їхня туга за рідною землею, як і туга нових емігрантів, гуртувала їх у свої громади, в церковні спільноти. А посестрами їхніми були рідне слово, танок бравурний і пісня чарівна. Ото ж, предками закладені основи нашого життя — сучасне покоління добудовує.

А коли мені прийшлося творити родинне вогнище в Канаді з моїм другом життя, якого я запізнала в

ЩЕ РАЗ ПОВТОРЮЮ — ПРЕДКАМИ
ЗАКЛАДЕНІ ОСНОВИ ЖИТТЯ —
СУЧАСНЕ ПОКОЛІННЯ ДОБУДОВУЄ.

таборі Фрайман біля Мюнхену і одружилася в Торонто, — я йшла слідами моїх батьків і вчителів. Тому, коли прийшлося виховувати наших четверо дітей, ми свідомо говорили з ними тільки українською мовою і по сьогодні вони нею спілкуються. З часом і вони почали тяжіти до цієї, їм невідомої України, про яку знали ще з дитинства із казок, оповідань, а згодом з української школи, з лекцій історії, літератури, діяльності організації Пласт. Церква, обряди, традиції, рідна мова — були і є по сьогодні пріоритет нашого і їхнього виховання, а рідний дім був і зараз є для нас і наших дітей та внуків — “міні” Україною.

Якою великою радістю для нас було проголошення незалежності України! Маловідома тоді Україна почала ставати нашим дітям все більш відомою. Наприклад: коли молодша дочка Меланія стажувалася у клясичному балеті в Київському Театрі Опери й Балету, вона чи не єдина з Канади брала участь у т.зв. “живому ланцюгу” у Києві. А найстарша дочка Люда декілька разів з чоловіком їздила в Україну з екіпою з Торонто організації “Приятелі Дітей” — розвозячи допомогу сиротинцям по всій Україні. Наймолодший син отець дякон Христофор-Андрей,

коли писав магістерську працю в Орієнтальному Інституті в Римі про архітектуру і поліхромії Собору Святої Софії у Києві, спеціально їздив в Україну з цією метою. А старший син Маркіян першим відвідав Україну і родину зразу після проголошення незалежності. Всі вони захоплені красою і культурою України. А тепер наші діти виховують своє покоління у засвоєних з дитинства українських традиціях. Ще раз повторюю — предками закладені основи життя — сучасне покоління добудовує.

Мій життєвий шлях виплекав у мені певну філосо-

фію життя. Коли я почала писати вірші, досить пізно у моєму житті, я відчула що ідеї в віршах якими можна і треба зацікавити читачів, — дуже важлива річ. Тому я свідомо підбираю теми, пов’язані з Україною, з її народом і церквою, з її визначними подіями і людьми. Відчуваю велику любов і ностальгію за батьківщиною. Цей пієтизм до рідної землі і релігійні та національні почування спонтанно проникають у мої вірші.

На прославу України

*Благодарю тебе за те, моя Вкраїно,
Що із важкого поневолення і гніту
Ти піднялась до льоту дужих крил...
Воскресла, наче Фенікс із давнього міту,
Ступивши на державницький престіл.*

*Благодарю тебе за те, моя Вкраїно,
Що у епохи гроз життя народу —
Ти мужньо боронила рідну землю
Від наїздів ворожих, диких орд
І запевнила нам буття й свободу.*

*Благодарю тебе, народе мій за те,
Що дух твій рвався все до волі
І не коривсь ніколи чорній долі.
Це дух завзятих лицарів твоїх,
Що клали голови на браннім полі.*

*Благодарю твоїх дочок й синів,
Що юність запашну, як цвіт
Поклали на жертвовнику свободи,
Щоб промостити шлях новому поколінню,
Що із піднесеним чолом іде у світ.*

*Благодарю тебе, народе мій за те,
Що гордо й непохитно ніс ім'я Христа
І віру в Бога прославляєш гідно.
Ідеями Христа ти інші просвіщав народи...
Мабуть, приречена тобі така судьба.*

*Благодарю тебе, народе знову й знов
За те, що виплекав співуче, рідне слово
І зберігав його, як скарб старозавітній!
Усупереч указам грізних заборон,
Ти, рідна мово, виплила на історичний фон.*

*Народе мій! Ти, як скала — міцний і дужий!
Ти всупереч ворожим замірам
Спрямованих на знищення твого буття
Піднявся непоборним духом вгору
І непохитна сила волі
Тебе, Україно, привела до перемоги —
До вільного, державного життя!*

(Цитовані вірші — пера автора цієї статті.)

Ірина Чайковська-Павлів учителювала в українській школі ім. Митр. Андрея Шептицького, Монреал. Тепер директор.



Leaving home. Sculptor Luba Shulakewych. *Shadows of the Past*. Editor Bohdan I. Shulakewych. St. Michael's Extended Care Centre. Edmonton, 1986.

Мій дід, на честь кого я була названа, приїхав до Канади в 1948 році з дружиною і дочкою. В тих часах Україна була під окупацією Москви. В Канаді українські іммігранти були названі депістами – і недолюблені. В таких обставинах легко соромитися і відректися української мови і культури. І багато піддалися – змінили прізвища, втратили українську мову, і згубили їхній спадок. Але багато втрималися культури, розмовляли і писали українською мовою. Через них ми маємо в Канаді міцну українську громаду.



Daniella Murynka

For Who I Am, I Thank You

BEING UKRAINIAN IS NEVER FAR FROM MY ATTENTION. Whether it's rushing to get to Tuesday night dance lessons on time; or mother's insistence that she just doesn't hear unless I speak Ukrainian, or the butchering of my last name by every telemarketer – my culture is looking me right in the face. Although I complain about the longwindedness of Sunday morning mass, and the loss of many, many of my Saturday afternoons to Plast meetings, I know that without a strong sense of cultural awareness within my family, my life would be very different. Because, family is the key institution in which to teach culture. Family, and community. And I'm lucky enough to be able to recognize that my parents' and grandparents' and community's persistent efforts – while not always fully appreciated – are nonetheless imperative to who I am.

Growing up in a family that is not only Ukrainian, but also strongly involved in our community and practises Ukrainian traditions, has shown me the importance of maintaining identity, values, and morals for the entirety of one's life: I want to celebrate Ukrainian Christmas; I want to learn how to make borsch; and send *my* kids to Ukrainian school. It's because I grew up like that.

I am firsthand proof of what happens when you raise your kids Ukrainian. It has given me many talents and aspirations that are intertwined in every aspect of my life. Every time I realize I have an upper hand over someone because I am bilingual, or because I am a writer, or because I am determined or religious, or dedicated – I realize that it is directly related to where I come from and who I belong to. I have friends from many different cultures, but I'm the only one who can say anything about school, camps, meetings, dance and church dedicated entirely to my Ukrainian culture.

Even without dance lessons, every Ukrainian knows how to polka. I remember dad teaching me, in his regal way at Malanka years ago, proper timing. Dance is an integral part of our culture, and is probably the most recognized professional ethnic dance form in Canada. I dance with a group in Calgary called *Yalenka*, and while we may not be the most professional group, we put on a great show. Our last concert was the highly acclaimed *Wizard of Oz* where I danced the evil gypsy of the West,

and the year before we did *Snow White and the Seven Transcarpathians*. I think that dressing up in a traditional costume and learning traditional steps, and having it be a huge, world recognized dance form is outstanding.

Ukrainian dancing, in its Canadianized sense, is about technique and perfection. What do we strive for at competitions but to have our footwork just-so? However, in Ukraine, taking lessons from a brush-mustached man in his 50s, I learned that more important than technique is *performance*. No one could accuse this man of not pointing his toes. More importantly, however, you couldn't take your eyes off him! And as he struggled to tell the three-quarters of us who weren't fluent in Ukrainian, "*treba tantsiuvaty z lytsem*", I realized that Ukrainian dancing is more about character than footwork. It's important to have pride in the steps, but more important to understand what it is you're dancing.

UKRAINIAN DANCING IS MORE ABOUT CHARACTER THAN FOOTWORK. IT'S IMPORTANT TO HAVE PRIDE IN THE STEPS, BUT MORE IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS YOU'RE DANCING.

Last spring, a few of my Plast friends and I organized a reenactment of an old Ukrainian tradition of Ivana Kupala, a night of matchmaking and a rite of passage into adulthood. Because Plast Calgary is ridiculously small, nonetheless we did our best. We tried everything from braiding wreaths, setting candles in them and setting them down the river to see who would marry first, to celebrating the change of seasons by building people from sticks, dressing them in old clothes, and setting them on fire. I'm sure we looked a little cult-ish to other campers in the area, but we had such a good time singing and dancing and imagining what it must have been like to live when those kinds of traditions were not out of the norm.

It's also a Plast tradition to reenact Andriivsky Vechir – St. Andrew's eve – another fun-filled night dedicated to matchmaking and fortune telling. I learned enough to become the resident fortune teller, sitting in a candlelit room and fabricating the futures of my friends. Feeling close to your culture is important – even if you feel stupid, riding up on a broomstick while your friends cheer you on, and try to bite a loaf of bread hanging from the roof. Ukrainian traditions work in mysterious ways.

Plast has given me the opportunity to do many things most teenagers never experience. Scuba diving and kayaking off the western Canadian coast, whitewater rafting in B.C., rock climbing in the Rocky Mountains, cave exploring or spelunking in underground caves in lower Quebec. And at every *tabir* (camp) I go to, I meet other Ukrainian youth like me from across Canada. It's amazing to be part of something so big! Two summers ago, I also attended the national CYMK (Soyuz Ukrajinskoji Molodi Kanady) convention in Calgary to promote the Osvita Summer Ukrainian Immersion Program. It's unbelievable how many Ukrainians are out there throughout Canada and how many are incredibly fluent in the language, preserving their culture and even turning it into jobs.

Many of you have probably heard of the St. John's Institute in Edmonton and its Osvita Ukrainian Immersion summer program. I recall a vivid debate with a friend from this summer. We discussed whether religion was still the foundation of Ukrainian culture in Canada, as it is in Ukraine. I made the point that religion was profoundly evident in Ukraine where its people and their rich lands have been tossed about between many captors. Historically, faith in God was the only consistent hope they had.

Here's a most poignant memory concerning religion in our culture: a Sunday morning group walk to church with Osvita in Ukraine. In Calgary, the church fills up slowly; people arrive at different times and everyone drives. But in Lviv, people poured into the church, the inside is filled with over two hundred people and the

courtyard with hundreds more. People just came. There was no grumbling over finding a parking space, no worry about having to leave early for another commitment. Men, women, children were at church to worship on a Sunday because it is the right thing to do.

Now, I'm a person who likes to see proof: If you can't prove it, you can't argue it. In the past, sitting in church, sometimes half asleep, didn't always put me in touch with something greater. I wondered aloud about the purpose of gathering to worship, the reason for religion in everyday life, even the existence of God. But, in Ukraine, I came face to face with holiness and almost understood what I had only prayed about before.

There is a place in Kyiv called the Pecherska Lavra. It is a monastery by the Dnipro River, a holy dwelling of white walls and golden domes that still remains simple and traditional. Women can't go in without a *khustka*, knees and shoulders covered. What makes this solemn place so remarkable, in addition to its long-standing values and customs, is the labyrinth of caves and caverns where, in the past, monks hid from enemies invading Kyiv. Deep in the earth, within expansive caves, are hundreds of glass coffins containing the miraculously preserved bodies of saints – some a thousand years old, kept in pristine condition.

Other members of the Osvita group and I descended the steps into the caves, holding my candle and my breath, being careful not to slip on the cramped and steep stairwell. I imagined running into these tiny spaces to hide from an enemy – imagined going to worship in a five-by-four-foot church, dozens of feet underground. My heart was beating out of control. And then, I saw them. On either side of me, short, glass-topped dark wooden coffins, each with a saint inside covered by majestic, colourful cloths. I crossed myself, kissed the lid of the coffin with my face less than four inches away from the holiest thing I had ever encountered. This wasn't just idle praying, this was blatant existence – proof – in front of me!

We venerated coffins until I couldn't keep track anymore. I tried to read the name of each as we went past, praying and shuffling along through the tiny hallways – everyone crossing themselves again and again, everyone holding a candle, everyone overwhelmed by the saints, the icons, and the overwhelming actuality of it all.

Then, suddenly, we were heading back up the stairs again, into the sunlight, out of the caverns. And I started to breathe again. There isn't anything else like it in the world!

Being around that kind of faith puts your life into perspective. The Osvita group was venerating a miracle icon of the Blessed Virgin Mary, when I realized how selfish my prayers are.

We were standing in line, waiting to kneel in front of the miracle icon and pray silently and privately. We had been told to think of what we wanted to ask the miracle

icon; what sort of help we needed, that sort of thing. I'd been having a pretty rough day with a boy, my best friend, or something – my requests were extremely trivial. I heard someone crying and my head snapped up. In front of the icon, was a woman of about 80 – down on her hands and knees, touching her head to the floor, crying, and literally begging God for help, in a constant mixture of prayer and personal words. Of course we couldn't understand her requests, but just the sheer belief, pain and urgency of her prayer shocked me beyond belief.

I thought, in the face of such insurmountable distress that I myself had never come close to, *wow... I'm going to have to rethink my prayer.*

* * *

This year Edmonton is celebrating its 100-year anniversary. A century is not a very long time when compared to the age of European cities – but it is an extremely long time, when you think about it in the terms of the survival of a culture.

An element of Canada is that we are *the* multicultural nation of the world. This means that different cultures are everywhere, even though we are all Canadians. The downside to this is that without the unity of one culture – as in Ukraine – it is easy to lose one's own ethnic identity in a sea of multiculturalism.

Which is why Ukrainian Canadians are really special. Members of our culture teach our language as part of the curriculum in schools, dance traditional Ukrainian dancing professionally, and partake in many nationwide and world-wide youth organizations dedicated to the preservation of the Ukrainian culture including CYM, CYMK and Plast, not to mention religious organizations like the UCWLC. All organize events in the name of being Ukrainian.

THE DOWNSIDE TO THIS IS THAT WITHOUT THE UNITY OF ONE CULTURE – AS IN UKRAINE – IT IS EASY TO LOSE ONE'S OWN ETHNIC IDENTITY IN A SEA OF MULTICULTURALISM.

We are an incredible achievement – fully integrated Ukrainian citizens in Canada, enjoying the same level of opportunity as other Canadians, yet still extremely close to our Ukrainian heritage.

More than anything I am trying to express the gratification the youth, the future Ukrainians of Canada, to our dedicated ancestors for blessing us with this rich cultural heritage. This is a topic that is extremely close to my heart because of my relationship with my grandparents. All my words are dedicated to those who came

before us, to break the ground, to raise the walls, and to open the door – to a future of proud Ukrainians.

I turn to the youth: we must remember our language or our culture will die. We must remember and practise our traditions, or the culture will die. We must take our ethnicity hand in hand with our families and communities – and make it a part of our lives, or it will die.

By taking part in our rich culture, by learning the language, the dances, the songs; by wearing a blouse and, most importantly, calling ourselves Ukrainian – we accept the responsibility to promote, preserve and love the culture to the best of your abilities. It is the responsibility and the duty of all of us, not only to remember our ancestors, but also to carry on our culture, to pass it to our children in a way that will make them proud to call themselves Ukrainian.

Because as long as a culture lives in the minds and hearts and actions of its people – and not just in history books – it will never die.

And if we do not?

THEN THE ACTIONS, AND HARD WORK AND PERSEVERANCE; THE TOLERANCE AND LOVE AND PATIENCE; THE VERY LIVES OF THE UKRAINIANS WHO CAME BEFORE US AMOUNT TO NOTHING.

And if we choose not to carry on the traditions of those who came before us, deciding that someone else will do it, thinking that it is not our responsibility? What then? Then the actions, and hard work and perseverance; the tolerance and love and patience; the very lives of the Ukrainians who came before us amount to nothing. Because something has to be remembered in order to make it real. Someone has to be able to sing the old folk songs, cook traditional foods, and essentially teach the pride and unity-centered values and morals of the Ukrainian culture, in order for it to exist.

And so I challenge you to take the torch from our babas and didos. They planted the seeds in us, and now, it is our responsibility to give their work purpose. Because the remarkable thing about being Ukrainian is that we are still Ukrainian. We are not Russian, or Polish or Turkish – we are Ukrainian. And regardless of who tried to invade us or change us or eradicate us entirely, regardless that it has been more than 100 years since our ancestors set foot on Canadian soil, that an entire ocean separated them from their native nation – we are still Ukrainian. But we wouldn't be, without the dedication and love of our ancestors. For who I am, I thank you.

From a presentation delivered by Daniella Muryuka, age 17, at a UCWLC event in Edmonton.



ОЛЕКСАНДРА
ТИТАРЕНКО й
ДОЧКА ВІКТОРІЯ

Вікторія Титаренко

Еміграція

ЕМІГРАЦІЯ... Скільки різних почуттів викликала вона у минулому у моїй майже ще дитячій душі. Спочатку то було у більшості щось романтичне і дещо загадково — екзотичне. Особливо, коли йшла мова про Канаду... Нова країна, нові люди, інші клімат та природа. Майже все інше і нове для мене.

Я про все те чула від людей або читала. Та з часом моє розуміння і відношення до поняття еміграції почали змінюватись, наповнюватись реальним і живим змістом. Я все більше почала розуміти, що у новій країні, тобто Канаді, лишаються такі ж самі вимоги до людини, як і в Україні — щоб знайти собі поважне місце в житті, бути особою, з якою рахуються, поважають — треба добре і багато вчитись і тяжко працювати. І тоді з часом прийде все, що людина хоче... І то є дуже добре, що ми українці, як від природи, так само і виховані в любові до праці. Саме тому, може, нам легше адаптуватись до нових умов у країні еміграції. Слід подивитись, як мільйони українців, покинувши тимчасово або й назавжди свою рідну землю, родину, друзів роз'їхались по всьому світу, особливо за останні десятирок років, і завдяки тяжкій праці продовжують будувати нове життя. І я багато чула, що і в Португалії, Іспанії, Італії, інших країнах Європи і світу відношення місцевої влади, пересічних людей до українців досить добре, бо вони знають характерну рису українців — працелюбність.

Я мала можливість переконатись у цьому на собі, на прикладі моїх батьків або людей, яких я близько знала. І то був і залишається добрий приклад для мене. Я намагалась наслідувати його. Закінчила школу, університет. Вибирала не легший, а більш складний шлях у житті. Взяла курси інформаційних систем, комерції, де було досить багато складних предметів — особливо з математики. Під час навчання в університеті мала дві праці. І Бог нагородив мене за всі мої зусилля — я маю цікаву, хоча і досить складну в інтелектуальному плані працю, і я не маю зупинитися навчатись і далі — кожен день, кожну годину, щоб триматись на рівні сучасних вимог.

Еміграція... Скільки нових зусиль, а інколи і талантів породжує вона у людей. Я часом думаю, що, можливо, вони ніколи б і не реалізувались в людині, якби не нові умови життя, не еміграція. Наприклад, моя мама лише у Канаді почала займатись поезією. Вже підготувала дві збірки віршів. Люди, що слухають або

читають її поезії, захоплені нею. Минулого літа мама була запрошена в Україні на радіо, де з успіхом виступила зі своїми поетичними творами. Її вірші, інтерв'ю надруковані в Україні та в українських газетах Канади. І я щаслива, так само як і мої батьки, що Канада є тією країною, де ми продовжуємо почуватись українцями, тримати тісні життєві контакти з нашою Україною. До речі, політика багатокультурності, наскільки мені відомо, була обгрунтована і законодавчо ініційована канадцем українського походження, юристом і політиком нині уже покійним паном Лоренсом Декором. І то є дуже добре для нас українців, що ми маємо можливість продовжувати наші родинні зв'язки, зберігати свої національні почуття, культуру, мову... Я впевнена, що поетичний талант у мамі з'явився саме тому, що її любов до України, часом туга за нею на далекій відстані прийшли з глибини маминої душі у вигляді поезії, тобто мови її душі.

Часом думаю і часто запитую себе — чому ж люди, як 100 років тому, так і тепер продовжують покидати Україну, де є прекрасна земля, хороші люди, незрівнянні ні з чим українські ночі, небо, зорі...? Важко стає від цього на душі, і ще тяжче відповісти на це питання... Але коли подумаю, що коли б ті люди 100 років і пізніше не приїхали до Канади, то чи була б Канада сьогодні такою, що однією з перших визнала незалежність України? Та чи підтримала б вона так морально, фінансово Україну в її історичний час Помаранчевої революції, надіславши сотні людей, щоб допомогти відродити демократію і справедливість. Мабуть що ні... А все те завдяки могутній і патріотичній українській громаді (діаспорі) Канади. Багато із нас тут, у Канаді, в той час відчували себе там разом з людьми на Майдані, підтримуючи їх. У той час мама надіслала на Майдан 3 вірші, присвячені Помаранчевій революції, де вона писала:

*Знаємо ми, Україна теж гідно
Прапор свободи буде нести.*

Ці вірші було поставлено на вебсайт під назвою Революційна поезія.

То ж дуже добре, що в такі визначальні моменти у житті України, ми, канадці українського походження, горді тим, що ми є українці, так само і тим, що ми є канадці... До глибини душі пронизують із маминої збірки *Дай силу душі* слова:

*Та де б не жила, п'ю з твого я джерельця
живої води, Україно моя.*

Еміграція... Чи то є добре чи погано? Майже філософське питання, на яке неможливо однозначно і просто відповісти. Українська преса, зокрема у Канаді, подає дані, що понад **шість** мільйонів українців останнім часом поїхали на заробітки, аби допомогти своїм сім'ям вижити в Україні у цей складний час. Розірвані сім'ї, діти без матерів або батьків... Чи то ж не є трагедія? Багато тих, хто покинув Україну, облаштовуються в країнах перебування назавжди. Проходять дуже складний час адаптації, соціального приниження, виконуючи неперестижні види робіт, мешкаючи часом нелегально і у жахливих умовах... Крок за кроком об'єднуються в клуби, громади, створюють в країнах перебування майбутні українські соціальні прошарки, які з часом посядуть, можливо, й поважне місце в суспільстві. Довгий і складний шлях становлення.

Але чи були б сьогодні США такі як вони є, якби не еміграція у свій час із Англії, Німеччини та інших країн? Чи була б сьогодні Канада такою, як вона є

тепер, країною, яку поважають у всьому світі за її демократичний, гуманний устрій, де тисячі і мільйони емігрантів з усього світу живуть єдиним суспільством, серед якого однією родиною живуть і понад мільйон українців, яких тут поважають і з якими рахуються? Які несуть свою культуру, мистецтво, свій історичний досвід до багатонаціональної спільноти Канади і в той же час продовжують будувати міст дружби, економічних, торговельних та інших різноманітних контактів між нашими двома, тисячами кілометрів віддалених одна від одної країн – Канадою і Україною.

*Українці мої, звичайно ми різні,
Розкидала нас доля по різних краях.
Та хочеться вірити, що будемо гідні
Історії нашої, що в наших піснях.*

— пише моя мама, Олександра Титаренко, у вірші *Українці мої*. Не можу сказати ліпше про це, як тільки те, що це є справжній, глибокий патріотизм канадки українського походження.

Еміграція... Моє розуміння, тепер уже дорослої людини, яка прожила більше як 12 років в Канаді, цього поняття більш реалістичне, аніж загадково-романтичне.

*Вікторія Титаренко прибула до Канади 1995 р.
Закінчила студії, живе і працює в Оттаві.*



Meet our back cover artist

Peter Shostak

Peter Shostak was born in 1943 to parents who had emigrated to Canada from Ukraine. He spent his youth on a farm north of Bonnyville, Alberta. At the time he was born, only ten acres of the quarter-section which his parents had selected to farm, were cleared. Much of the area was still virgin land.

By 1948, however, as roads were built and his family acquired a tractor, their lifestyle began to rapidly change from the pioneer existence which they had endured. Considerable transformation took place again in 1955 when electricity was installed.

Shostak purchased his first set of oil paints when he was in Grade Six with money he had earned by selling packages of bubblegum to his schoolmates. As no formal art instruction was available to him during his grade school years, he continued to experiment with drawing and painting on his own.

He left the farm in 1961 to attend the University of Alberta in Edmonton where he enrolled in the Faculty of Education, majoring in Art. After teaching in Alberta for three years, he moved to Victoria to take a professional position at the University of Victoria.

In 1973, Shostak did an extensive survey of the remaining Ukrainian pioneer buildings in the Smoky Lake area of Alberta. This study has provided valuable background material to this series of paintings.

Peter Shostak has worked full-time as an artist since 1979.

*Source: For Our Children. Paintings by Peter Shostak.
Yalenka Books, Victoria, BC. 1991.*



Dear Friends, Дорогі читачі,

To begin, I wish to thank all the writers, photographers and artists for their submissions to **NASHA DOROHA's Anthology**: The Experience of Ukrainian Women in Canada. I hope you enjoyed the issue and admire the distance we have covered in Canada. From our beginnings in this vast, unwelcoming land, cold and cruel to the early settlers, reluctant, at first to accept us, we have worked to turn it into one of the best countries in the world to live in.

The leadership of women of Ukrainian descent continues. Here are a few outstandingly successful examples of today: LuAn Mitchell-Halter, nee Gingera, Chairperson, Mitchell's Gourmet Foods, considered the wealthiest woman in Canada and one of the 40 most influential in the world; Oryssia Lennie, Deputy Minister, Canadian Western Diversification, the most senior federal public servant of Ukrainian descent and winner of Alberta's Award of Excellence; Sylvia Fedoruk, the former Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan; Luba Goy, CBC's longstanding, and Canada's much loved comedienne; Senator Raynell Andreychuk; Joanne Malar, internationally acclaimed gold medalist in swimming; Theresa Sokyryka, finalist in The Canadian Idol.

The message for all of us: forge ahead. Extend your reach. Do not be satisfied with basking in the last accomplishments. Seek new challenges and go for them. This holds true for

Останнє слово ... last word

individuals, organizations, and for our community. I am proud of **NASHA DOROHA's** innovations, new look, children's art contest, original work, including the **Anthology**. I was proud to read Metropolitan Michael's words that UCWLC is the strongest Ukrainian organization in Canada—an achievement and a responsibility! It is from the strong that we seek leadership.

It appears that successful individuals or groups have several things in common: they are very well educated, contribute to the mainstream, and they don't lose sight of their mission or who they are. Yet, they are constantly doing new things, or the old things, in a new way. This is **NASHA DOROHA's** aim: to assist you to be the instrument of change and growth.



Спеціальне число **НАШОЇ ДОРОГИ**, присвячене пережиттям української жінки в Канаді, взяло маюже п'ять літ праці, щоб вийти друком. Дякую усім — дописувачам, художникам — які так збагатили наше поняття про нас самих в Канаді. Радію, що така важлива справа, як наша історія і пережиття, записані хоч частинно.

Розмірковую, як одна ідея веде до другої. Незадовго з'явиться антологія українських казок останнього століття. Також нагороди за найкращу публікацію про нас в англійській мові. Це великий осяг — тому п'ять літ цього не було. Ми користуємося і розвиваємося під впливом нових ідей та справ.

Але перетворити ідею на дію бере довгий час. І, виглядає, що українська спільнота в Канаді просувається повільним кроком. Треба дуже багато зусилля, щоб бути передовою клітиною канадського

суспільства, а коли воно побігло вперед, а ми залишилися позаду, то повільним темпом не доженемо.

Французи тому чверть століття здобули рівноправний статус своєї мови. Всюди бачимо результати цієї дії. Статус дає їм доступ до провідних місць в канадській спільноті. Індіяни, нарешті, добилися до певних вимог відносно їхнього існування в цій країні. Великі фінансові пільги, а з ними успіхи, плінуть на їхню користь. Інші, що мають сильні фінансові здобутки і впливи, продовжують керуванням Канади.

На жаль, наша громада не досягнула ні відповідного статусу для нашої мови, ні спеціального відношення до нас як до фундаментальної групи в Канаді, а наша економічна позиція теж не звертає значної уваги. Ми не вимагаємо наполегливо — і не осягаємо. З громади виринають високого профілю одиниці, про яких, часто, і не знаємо. Громада і передові одиниці не співпрацюють і не мають користі одно від другого. Одиниці побігли вперед, а спільнота залишилася позаду.

Як це вирівняти? Відповідь потребує великої уваги, але у відповіді знайдеться розв'язка. Без розв'язки існує, як знаємо, криза.

Отже, до розв'язки. Почнім хоча тим, що вирішимо спробувати щось нового — курси провідництва або материнства в парохіях, збільшення членства, статус української мови, активна участь в надбудовах, де платимо вкладки — католицькі організації — тут і в світі, КУК, СФУЖО. Використовуймо кожну ситуацію для нашої мети, і творім нові. Не вагаймося. Наші предки і впливові особи — це наш дороговказ.

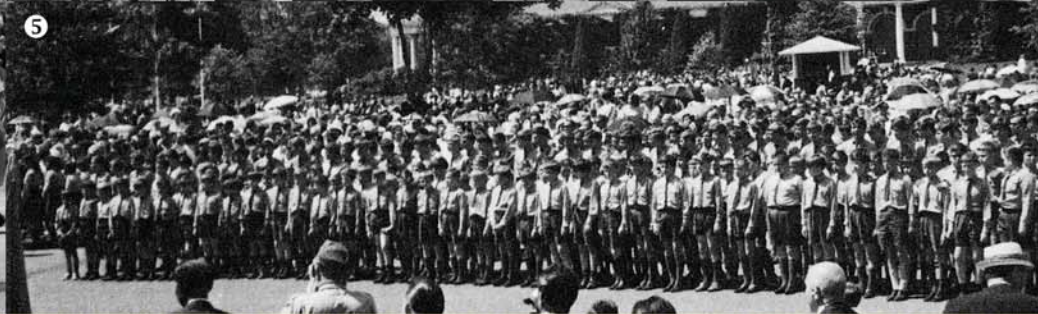


Photo credits

1 Mrs. Anne Chubey (nee Gushaliuk). *Vita. A Ukrainian Community: Book III*. Michael Ewanchuk. Winnipeg, 1977

2 A 1973 March to the Kitchener cenotaph to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the 1932-33 famine in Ukraine. *Polyphony. The Bulletin of the Multicultural History Society of Ontario*. Vol. 10. *Ukrainians in Ontario*. 1988

3 Ukrainian "palomnyky" are awaiting arrival of Pope John Paul II at Toronto's Exhibition grounds in 2002. ND 2(9) 2003

4 Campers and staff at St. Volodymyr's Eparchial Summer Camp at Pike Lake near Saskatoon, 2001. Photo courtesy of Karen Pidskalny

5 Plast annual national rally, Toronto, 1969. *Ukrainians in Ontario*

6 St. Josaphat's Ukrainian Sadochok (Playschool) in Edmonton. ND 2(10) 2003

7 The Lviv Ukrainian Pavilion at Folklore 1986. *Ukrainians in Ontario*

"What will we do if they don't come back for us?"



*For Our Children. Paintings by Peter Shostak.
Yalenka Books, Victoria, BC. 1991.
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