



НАША ДОРОГА NASHA DORONA

PM40007760 ♦ літо-осінь/summer-fall 2-3(74)/2021



Soul and Saints Shrines Summer Kitchens



© Fay St. Marie. Reproduced with permission of the artist.

Artist: Fay St. Marie

Title of painting: "Making Perogies with Baba"

Media: Collage & Acrylic on canvas

Size: 8" x 10" x .75" in

Fay St. Marie is an artist from Parksville, BC. Fay's maternal grandparents came from Ukraine to Saskatchewan in the early 1900s. This painting from Fay's Ukrainian series and others can be seen on her website <https://www.faystmarie.ca>.

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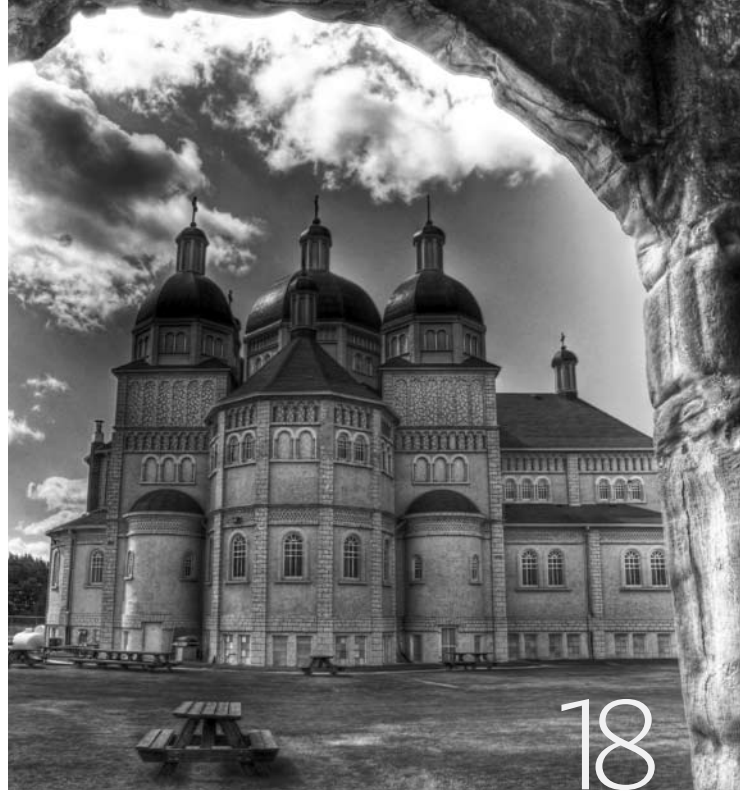
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Editor's Note

Summer has never been more welcome. With three lockdowns in a year, I know for many people cabin fever is setting in, as well as COVID fatigue. So, when Summer finally arrives and shines its face our way, may it remember to settle in for an extended visit laying its cloak of warmth and cheeriness upon us. After the chill of Winter and the winds of Spring, we can all use the kiss of Summer.

Some provinces are opening up this summer, while others are hovering around repeated lockdowns. Either way, for most Canadians, it is another "stay-cation" vacation. Thus, the *Nasha Doroha* editorial team, along with the help of many other contributors, has planned and prepared write-ups of various Ukrainian Catholic (and some Roman Catholic) shrines and pilgrimage sites that you can visit on a day trip. Perhaps some of these sites have cemeteries that you can walk through and offer up prayers for those resting in the Lord. This issue of ND also touches on religious topics that pertain to the souls of the departed.

Another summer of stay-cations? Perhaps you'd like to learn a new hobby. This issue offers a tutorial on gerdany. And being a Fall issue as well, *Nasha Doroha* has provided tidbits on harvest recipes, summer kitchens, and rowot cellars. We hope it takes you down memory lane!

You will also find a few updates from the rural UCWLC branches. Although larger UCWLC organizations have various forms of support to help them thrive, many of the rural ones are suffering. They have been courageous enough to share their situation with us through *Nasha Doroha*, and they would love nothing more than to have our prayers, shared ideas, and support.

If there is one thing that I learned from each of the submissions, it is that we are certainly a deep feeling culture. Perhaps these extra lockdowns have allowed us time for such introspection, but this issue of ND seems to be a particularly reflective one. The write-ups cry out and celebrate. They teach and comfort. They are the words of those whose eyes have glanced back, and yet look with hope upon the future.

We hope this issue stirs deep emotions and fond memories, and may you continue to look forward with faith in Our Lord's plans.

God bless,

The *Nasha Doroha* editorial team



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Bishop's Greetings

Thanksgiving A Celebration of the Family

While Thanksgiving Day is celebrated in Canada in the month of October, every day is Thanksgiving Day, especially given the current pandemic. There is a need to give thanks for the very gift of life each and every day, whether this summer, this fall, or throughout the year.

Thanksgiving Day has its historical roots in religious and cultural traditions, giving thanks to God for the blessing of the harvest and graces received during the year.

While not a liturgical feast listed among the holy days of the Church, the spirit of thanksgiving underlies everything we do as Christians. Jesus said, "Give to others, and God will give to you... The measure you use for others is the one that God will use for you" (Luke 6:38). In other words, generosity is giving from the heart; and thanksgiving is gratitude for that generosity.

Thanksgiving is a celebration of the family. Whatever your family thanksgiving traditions are, thanksgiving is an opportunity for family to gather together, to feast, and to enjoy each other's company. It is also an occasion to show gratitude to God and to each other.

When I was younger, I found a special card to give my father for Father's Day. Well, not exactly a Thanksgiving Card, but it expressed my sentiments of thanksgiving for my dad's love, guidance, and nurturing throughout my childhood. It went something like this: On the cover of the card, "Dad, when I think of all the food you put on the table, the clothes on my back, and the roof over my head..." and on the inside of the card, "Why did I ever leave home?!!" The card was my way of thanking my dad

for giving me life and helping me to grow in his love, and in the love of God, into the person I've become.

As you gather this Thanksgiving Day—and not just in October, but throughout the summer and beyond—carry on your family traditions, or start some new ones. For example, in the time leading up to Thanksgiving, volunteer time as a family at a soup kitchen, visit a sick child or an elderly person, or invite a stranger or forgotten relative over for dinner. At the Thanksgiving table, give everyone a chance to say one thing for which they are

grateful. Include a prayer to God of thanksgiving.

As well, attend Church as a family to show your gratefulness to God. After all, the word "thanksgiving" comes from the Greek word *eucharistia*, which literally means thanksgiving. Thanksgiving. Eucharist. Thanksgiving. Imagine that, God gives thanks for us through the Eucharist by sharing the gift of His son, Jesus Christ. And we give thanks to God by receiving God's love in the Eucharist, which is Jesus' body and blood. Wonderful!

A Thanksgiving Prayer

Father in Heaven, Creator of all and source of all goodness and love, please look kindly upon us and receive our heartfelt gratitude in this time of giving thanks.

Thank you for all the graces and blessings you have bestowed upon us, spiritual and worldly: our faith and religious heritage. Thank you also for our food and shelter, our health; and the love we have for one another, our family, and friends.

Dear Father, in Your infinite generosity, please grant us continued graces and blessing throughout the coming year.

This we ask in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Bishop David Motiuk

What Can We Do For Our Dead?

By Father Gabriel Haber, OSBM, Protohegumen (Provincial Superior)

According to the teachings of the Holy Mother Church, the works of mercy with which a good Christian honours her/his dead loved ones, can be described as follows: Bury them with due respect, for their bodies were once a temple of God. Pray for their souls, give alms with the intention of “for their souls,” and offer the sacrifice of the Divine Liturgy.

Let us look in detail at what is said in the Bible.

First, we must **bury** the body of the dead in a Christian manner and with due respect, for it is God’s command: *“My Son, shed tears for the one who is dead with wailing and bitter lament; As is only proper, prepare the body, absent not yourself from his burial”* (Sirach 38:16). As Christians and followers of Christ, we must obey this order, for one day we will also die. As members of the Church, we believe in the resurrection of bodies (the Nicene Creed), knowing that even if a body was not properly buried for various reasons, it would still be resurrected on the “last day.” For the deceased, burial is an act of mercy (this is actually one of the seven acts of mercy for the body). *“I can now tell you that when you, Tobit, and Sarah prayed, it was I who presented and read the record of your prayer before the Glory of the Lord; and I did the same thing when you used to bury the dead”* (Tobit 12:12).

Second, as Scriptures say, we must **pray** for our loved ones who went to their rest. In the Old Testament we read that Judas Maccabeus, after defeating his enemies, asked the remaining soldiers to pray for the dead, *“He then took up a collection among his soldiers, amounting to two thousand silver drachmas, which he sent to*

Jerusalem to provide for an expiatory sacrifice. ... Thus, he made atonement for the dead that they might be freed from this sin” (2 Maccabees 12:43-46). The Church of Christ continues this pious custom even today. In the first centuries of Christianity, when a funeral took place before noon, the Divine Liturgy was celebrated for the soul of the deceased. There is written mention of the funeral of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine († 430), who says that at his mother’s funeral he celebrated the Divine Liturgy, as was the custom. The historian Eusebius († 340) speaks of the celebration of the Divine Liturgy at the funeral of Emperor Constantine the Great († 337). When a funeral took place in the afternoon, the Liturgy was not celebrated, rather the main part of the funeral consisted of singing psalms and reading the Holy Scriptures.

St. Augustine said that through our prayer we show our love and thus alleviate punishment, which they may be suffering in purgatory. Our prayers may even entail a complete release from their punishment.

Third, as followers of Christ, and members of the Church of Christ, we must do **works of mercy** which is

our expression of love for the poor and suffering souls in concrete action. An example of this is giving **alms** for the intention of dead souls. Judas Maccabeus collected 2,000 drachmas in silver and sent them to Jerusalem to offer sacrifices for the sins of those who died in battle (see 2 Maccabees 12:43). As we give alms to the poor and sick (because they suffer), so too do we give sacrificial alms for the dead (because they suffer in purgatory). St. Augustine said that the smallest punishment in purgatory is heavier than any punishment here on earth. Souls in Purgatory are very “spiritually poor” because after death they can no longer receive merit for eternal life. Our alms (like prayers) help them, and when these souls eventually reach heaven, they will then pray for us.

God’s mercy, our prayers, and our good works can help the Souls in Purgatory. As Christ said, *“And the king will say to them in reply, ‘Amen, I say to you, whatever you did for one of these least brothers of mine, you did for me’”* (Matthew 25:40). What a motivating factor for us to do works of mercy through concrete expressions of charity!

Our Lord asks us to pray and commit the poor Souls in Purgatory into His Divine Mercy: *“Today bring to Me THE SOULS WHO ARE DETAINED IN PURGATORY, and immerse them in the abyss of My mercy. Let the torrents of My Blood cool down their scorching flames. All these souls are greatly loved by Me. They are making retribution to My justice. It is in your power to bring them relief. Draw all the indulgences from the treasury of My Church and*



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offer them on their behalf. Oh, if you only knew the torments they suffer, you would continually offer for them the alms of the spirit and pay off their debt to My justice” (Day 8 – Divine Mercy Novena).

Last, out of our Christian love for the departed souls, we should offer them the best possible prayer—the Divine Liturgy. For the Souls in Purgatory, a Divine Liturgy helps them reach heaven faster. For those who are already in heaven, a Divine Liturgy acts as a thanksgiving for salvation. For those who are already in hell, unfortunately, it will not help, but it becomes a consolation for the living who pray. However, we must leave who goes to heaven and who goes to hell to the Judgment of God alone.

St. Monica, on her deathbed, asked her son St. Augustine: “Bury my body wherever it may be, and do not grieve for it. However, I ask one of you to always remember me at the Divine Liturgy.” St. Ephrem († 373) left the following request in his will: “On my farewell, please give me a prayer, a psalm, and a Sacrifice of the Divine Liturgies. After 30 days of my death and burial, make a memorial service for me, because the dead receive help

through the Divine Liturgy, which is the living sacrifice.” St. Pope John Paul II wrote in his Testament: “After my death I ask for the Divine Liturgy (Mass) and prayer” (Memoirs 1990).

A Divine Liturgy is the best prayer we can offer for the Souls in Purgatory, and it alone can free all souls from purgatory if it is God’s Will. We, who participate in the Divine Liturgy, can offer all the merits of the Divine Liturgy for the Souls in Purgatory. As well, we can order a Divine Liturgy for Souls in the Purgatory, for it is the culmination of God’s Mercy for them, and on our part, we fulfill our Christian duty of charity.

All of our funeral prayers, works of mercy, almsgiving, and Divine Liturgies are a manifestation of faith in the resurrection from the dead. This is one of the truths of the faith, based on the fact of the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Church, who is the mystical Body of Christ, unites all the baptized on earth, in heaven, and in purgatory striving to remind its faithful of the importance of our “communion” with the dead through prayer. This “community of saints” is the very real mutual union of all the faithful on earth, in heaven, and in purgatory. All members of that triple community are bound together by the same love for the Lord God and for their neighbours. In fact, our custom of praying for the dead, especially for the Souls in Purgatory, is based on the doctrine of the Community of Saints, because souls in heaven no longer need our prayers, and those in hell, our prayers will not help.

St. John Chrysostom said, “You say, ‘I mourn my dear dead.’ But it would be better if you helped them with your prayers, alms and by offering the Divine Liturgies, and not just tears.”

Prayer for the Souls in Purgatory

From Hear Me Oh Lord prayerbook

O gentlest Heart of Jesus, ever present in the Blessed Sacrament, ever consumed with burning love for the poor captive souls in purgatory, have mercy on the souls of Your departed servant(s). Be not severe in Your judgment, but let some drips of Your Precious Blood fall upon the purifying flames and send, O Merciful Saviour, Your angels to conduct Your departed servant(s) to a place of refreshment, light, and peace. Amen.

May the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

The Communion of Saints

By **Bernie Mandrusiak**

What is the Communion of Saints?

If you've been a member of the Catholic Church for some time, you have likely heard the term "communion of saints" and may know that it is a doctrine of the Church. Have you ever spent any time reflecting on what it means, or considering the depths of what it may mean for your life and your after-life? As I prepared to write this article, I certainly gained more insight into the importance of understanding the communion of saints and living my life differently because of it. It is on the word "communion" that we focus.

Article 9, paragraph 5 (960-961) of the *Catechism of the Catholic Church* states:

The Church is a "communion of saints": this expression refers first to the "holy things" (*sancta*) [sacraments/mysteries], above all the Eucharist, by which "the unity of believers, who form one body in Christ, is both represented and brought about" (LG 3).

The term "communion of saints" refers also to the communion of "holy persons" (*sancti*) in Christ who "died for all," so that what each one does or suffers in and for Christ bears fruit for all.

There are two aspects of the communion of saints. Firstly, there is a participation in one common reality. These are holy

things like the Sacraments/Mysteries, especially Baptism and the Eucharist which bring us into union with each other. Secondly, it refers to us—we who, partaking in these holy things, have thus become holy as members of the one Body of Christ.

It is our purpose in life to grow in communion, to strive ever closer to God. In the Eastern Church, this is known as *theosis* or "divinization." But we don't do it alone. In the Catechism of the Ukrainian Catholic Church *Christ Our Pascha* we read: "Humankind grows in communion with God within the community of the faithful, the Church. The Church is Christ's Body..." (Par. 334)

Reflecting the Love of the Trinity

When we speak of the Trinity, we must speak of *perichoresis*—literally the "choreographed dancing" or simultaneous interpenetration/indwelling of all three divine persons with and within each other. This dance of love pours itself out and God, as Triune Love, reaches out to us and invites us into this ever-dynamic movement of love.

As humans, we were created through the perfect love of the Trinity. Even more, we were made in the image and likeness of that love. As true Christians, we are called to spend our lives working with the grace of God to mirror that perfect love of the Trinity. Therefore, it makes sense that we move together as one. If I am concerned solely with my

own salvation, then I am somehow missing the boat. Where is the love there? I am not in a race *against* others, I am on a journey *with* them. It is not as if there are limited rooms in heaven. As one member within the Body of Christ, I must always be concerned with the journey of others.

So, "communion" is not just a friendship that we share with each other and a hope that each of us will "make it to heaven." Rather, it is a union at our very core, as creatures made in the image of God, that spurs us on to do what we can for the salvation of the other. It is the love of God within us that makes this possible.

Heaven and Earth

This union does not stop at the border of heaven and earth. There are some who see a great uncrossable chasm between the living and those who have passed into the afterlife. But the renowned Eastern scholar, Father George Maloney, in his book *The Communion of Saints*, asks these questions: "Could we ever imagine that the state of heaven would isolate us from the poor and suffering of this world? Would we enjoy eternal happiness and love of God without seeking to love others, especially the members of God's created family, his children, who are hurting?"¹ Thus, it doesn't

¹ George A. Maloney S.J., *Communion of Saints* (New York: Living Flame Press, 1998) 43.

make sense that after passing through death, loving Christians, especially the saints who are filled to a greater degree with the Spirit of Love, would not be concerned about those members still in this earthly realm.

As Christians who look to Jesus' ultimate sacrifice of death upon the cross and His glorified resurrection, we know that the barrier between life and death has been annihilated. We know that God is the God of all and of every place. In our prayers in the *Panakhida* service (service for the deceased) we pray: "You are the God who went down into Hades..." As Christians we don't believe that the Body of Christ (the Church) can be divided by death. The Church has always taught that there is communication between the living and the dead. The Catechism of the Ukrainian Catholic Church *Christ Our Pascha* states:

Christ taught his disciples to turn to God together as a community of God's children with the words: "Our Father..." (Matthew 6:9-13). The prayers of Divine Services rise from the entire community of the faithful. The prayer of the Church as the Body of Christ unites all the faithful; the Church on earth is united with the heavenly Church through prayers to the saints and veneration of their icons. (Par. 336)

Therefore, we must believe that we remain united in communion with those who have died.



A Two-Way Street

Our Church asks us not only to pray to the saints for their intercession on our behalf, but encourages us to pray *for* all who have died. In his homily on 1 Corinthians, Saint John Chrysostom urged: "Let us then give them aid and perform commemorations for them. For if the children of Job were purged by the sacrifice of their father, why do you doubt that when we too offer for the departed, some consolation arises to them? Since God is [inclined] to grant the petitions

of those who ask for others."

Although the concept of purgatory originates in the Roman Catholic Church, the Ukrainian Catholic Church also recognizes that not all who have died have reached spiritual maturity, that is, the fullness of life in Christ. Our Catechism, *Christ Our Pascha*, declares that: "such a person is still in need of spiritual healing and cleansing of all stain, in order to dwell 'in a place of light...'" (Par. 250). This time for healing granted to us by our merciful and loving God is not a time of punishment, but

is meant for our purification so that we may continue the process of divinization. The great Eastern father of the Church, Gregory the Theologian, offers a positive outlook on this process of purification and growth:

Every fair and God-beloved soul, once it has been set free from the bonds of the body, departs hence, and immediately enjoys a sense and perception of the blessings which await it, inasmuch as that which darkened it has been purged away, or laid aside—I know not how else to term it. It then feels a wondrous pleasure and exultation, and goes rejoicing to meet its Lord. (Oration 7, 21).

It is certainly encouraging for us to remember and pray for our loved ones (and those we do not know). In realizing that the prayer of the saints—those who have achieved a certain closeness

with God—is more powerful and efficacious, it behooves us to continually grow in our own faith: to read Scripture, to pray incessantly and to live a life of virtue in order that our prayers offered for others may be all the more treasured by God.

Why Pray to the Saints? Why Not Go Directly to Jesus?

Of course, we can and must go directly to Jesus in prayer. He is the one true mediator for us. We learn this in 1 Tim. 2:5: “For there is one God; there is also one mediator between God and humankind, Christ Jesus, Himself human.” It is imperative to recognize and emphasize the uniqueness of Christ’s mediatorship. He is the only true mediator because He is the only one who is both God and human. Everything happens through Him.

But Jesus Himself asked us to pray for others, even for our enemies: “But I say to you,

love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you” (Matt. 5:44). In the writings of St. Paul, we often find him asking for prayers for himself, for example: Eph. 6:18–20, Col. 4:3, 1 Thess. 5:25, 2 Thess. 3:1.

Romans 15:30–32 presents a wonderful example of an acceptable request for intercession through prayer:

I appeal to you, brothers and sisters, by our Lord Jesus Christ and by the love of the Spirit, to join me in earnest prayer to God on my behalf, that I may be rescued from the unbelievers in Judea, and that my ministry to Jerusalem may be acceptable to the saints, so that by God’s will I may come to you with joy and be refreshed in your company.

St. Paul asks for prayers by Jesus Christ and the love of the Holy Spirit. All of the prayers that we direct to the saints are an appeal for them to pray to God for us and to work with (synergy) the Trinity for our salvation. The saints in heaven certainly recognize that all they do is through the grace of God.

St. Paul’s request is based in his desire to glorify God. When we ask the saints and our departed loved ones for prayers, all we ask for should be meant for the glory of God (just like in everything that we say and do).

As Christians, we ask others to pray for us all the time. When suffering we often turn to each other for prayers. No one would argue that it is wrong for us to do so. There is power in those prayers because they originate in love. When I pray for my needs,



God listens. But how much more must He treasure when, out of love, I pray for others and they for me? In the act of interceding, we are “being love.” We are imagining God Himself. These prayers not only result in the good of those we pray for, but they are opportunities for us who pray to grow ever closer towards God. By my self-sacrifice in praying for others, I am stretching outside of myself and am filled even more by the Holy Spirit through this act of love. Both the one who prays and the one being prayed for are transformed!

In like manner, if we ask the saints and our loved ones who have gone before us to pray for us, we are also offering them the opportunity to stretch and become increasingly filled with the Spirit. Their prayers for us continually grow as they are more able to freely give of themselves in loving service.

Doesn't Scripture Say It's Wrong to “Talk” to Spirits?

We are specifically told in Deuteronomy:

¹⁰ No one shall be found among you who makes a son or daughter pass through fire, or who practices divination, or is a soothsayer, or an augur, or a sorcerer, ¹¹ or one who casts spells, or who consults ghosts or spirits, or who seeks oracles from the dead. (Deut. 18:10,11)

There is a difference, however, between conjuring up spirits to gain some kind of information and praying to the saints as the Church encourages us to do. When we pray to the saints, and our departed loved ones, we are asking them, as members of the Body of Christ, to pray for us.

We, in turn, pray for the good of others living or dead. Our united goal is the salvation of all humanity, not “telling the future,” conversing, or gaining some secret information.

A Comfort

Once I personally had an experience with this when I arranged a group of people to pray across from an abortion clinic. It was a very cold day, and I arrived at the appointed time. However, no one else came. Although this was disappointing, I pulled out my rosary and began to walk and pray. It suddenly came to my mind, as a gift of the Holy Spirit, that I was indeed not praying alone. In my mind's eye, I could see that all the angels and saints were surrounding me and praying with me. This strengthened me, and my experience of prayer that day will always remain with me as a beautiful memory and a comfort. Even now I know that I never pray alone.

As we reflect on the communion of saints, let us remember that we can always count on the intercession of others to the Lord our God. Let us feel them cheering us on and strengthening us. Let us also not forget our responsibility to pray for others who have passed on before us.

We are the Church. We are united in Christ. We are His Body.

Sources: George Maloney S.J.
– *Communion of Saints*;
Catechism of the Catholic Church; Catechism of the Ukrainian Catholic Church
Christ Our Pascha;
<https://www.catholic.com/tract/praying-to-the-saints>

“The Church needs to get with the times,”



said every failed empire for 2,000 years.

Drawing Our Line in the Sand

By Lyrissa Sheptak

I have been fascinated by the saints for as long as I can remember. As a child, I saw them as holy superheroes... *better* than the ones in the movies... because they were the real deal.

They were warriors for Christ who fought demons, bilocated, levitated, read hearts, smacked heretics, and performed countless miracles in the name of the Lord. Some are known for their contemplation and theological study, while others were calming forces who oozed the love of God despite their own hardships. The list goes on. They were courageous men, women, and children who were so convicted in their beliefs and love for God that they lived *and* willingly died for Him. I remember trying to measure my life to theirs and, in doing so, admitting my cowardice and utter lacking. Yet I remained inspired, gravitating to their stories, and learning how to call on them as intercessors.

I'm not going to lie. My love for the saints began with some of the more "bad as—" ones (sorry, but I can't think of a better word). A beheaded St. Denis of Paris is known for picking up his decapitated head, walking several miles preaching a sermon on repentance.¹ St. Lawrence was

sentenced to be grilled alive, and as he was being roasted, he casually announced, "Turn me over, I'm done on this side." I've mentioned St. Padre Pio many times, but anyone who is brave enough to physically fistfight demons has my attention. Of course, there are many more examples of such saints.

Then there are the stories of sinners who, after their conversions, chose holiness with their free will. Some had immediate, life-altering conversions. But most had ongoing ones where their holiness grew with time. Some of them did despicable things prior to receiving their total conversion to Christ: St. Paul the Evangelist, St. Augustine of Hippo, St. Olga, her grandson St. Volodymyr. After their conversions, however, the Holy Spirit inspired them (and many other saints like them) to revolutionize the worlds in which they lived. As a sinner, there is still hope for me—not just to become holier, but to do great things because of my faith and love for God.

**"You weren't made to fit in.
You were born to stand out."**

— Jim Caviezel, actor of Jesus
in *The Passion of Christ*

Then there are the martyrs. In my books, even the greatest worldly heroes pale in comparison. The word "martyr" comes from the Greek word *martus* meaning "witness." Originally it was meant for the Apostles who had witnessed events in Jesus' life and who died violently for the Faith. However, as more people were executed for their Faith, the term "martyr" was applied to anyone who sacrificed their life for Christ's Gospel.

These individuals suffered the most vicious and humiliating tortures and death as a result of their conviction in their beliefs. When a line was drawn in the sand, *no matter the consequence*, they did not deny the Lord. These were people like the Apostles (except St. John); those who wouldn't renounce their faith during the Roman persecutions (like Sts. Perpetua and Felicity); and the virgins who dedicated their lives to the Lord instead of marrying pagans (e.g., St. Dymphna). Then there were those who experienced extra savage tortures. Just to name a few: St. Simon the Zealot (one of the 12 Apostles), St. Jean de Brebeuf,² St. Josaphat Kuntsevych, Bishop and Martyr Mykola Charnetsky.³ The manner of their sufferings and death is too grisly to write about here.

¹ St. Denis is one of the Fourteen Holy Helpers (a group of saints venerated together in Roman Catholicism because their intercession is believed to be particularly effective, especially against various diseases).

² One of the Canadian Jesuit martyrs

³ One of the many New Martyrs of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church



I'm drawn to the holiness and courage of these saints. Here were people as real as you and me, who must have been terrified at their sentencing, and yet, to the very end, they walked their talk. They endured in extremely brave (and even encouraging) ways, and in their dying, they did not take their focus off of the Lord. These martyrs were not venerated afterwards because they were victims of terrible and unfair deaths. Rather, they became venerated because in living holy lives—lives of sacrifice and love—their deaths became their crowns.

Although not part of our Catechism, there are accepted, different types of martyrs. "Red Martyrs" are those who I have discussed above—the official type consisting of those who

shed their blood and died for their faith. "Green Martyrs" are those missionaries who have gone out into the world to spread the Faith and have died doing so. Many famous ones are the Irish martyrs and Jesuits. But we only have to look within our own Church to find such martyrs—The New Martyrs of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church.

Then there are the "White Martyrs." They have lived holy lives totally committed to God, giving of themselves completely. They have lived for Christ, obeyed Christ, suffered for Him, endured for Him. They were prayerful thinkers, committed, humble. Through their own lives they have shown us how to forgive, live patiently, love, be faithful. Even though they did not die

as Red Martyrs, many of them still suffered terrible living conditions, disease, ill health, other forms of persecution, and starvation. They suffered in some form, be it physical, emotional, social, or spiritual. They were obedient to God and the precepts of the Church, thus becoming "good and faithful servants." Some examples are: the Desert Fathers, St. Faustina, St. Teresa of Calcutta, Sr. Josaphata Hordashevska.

Are the saints just some fantastical people whose obedience to God appears easier than ours? Are they entertaining stories from a world gone by? No, their lives are meant to inspire us into action. Am I merely a nice enough citizen living a decent life—not stirring up trouble, yet not really standing for anything

because I tolerate everything? Am I overly concerned about my needs and enjoyments instead of being concerned with the needs of others? If a random person met me, would she be able to tell that I was a Christian, or am I camouflaged by the world? When I one day pass away from this world and face my Maker, would I feel that I have done enough for Him?

Just before Jesus ascended into heaven, the Apostles in full knowledge of who He was (in life, death, resurrection, and the 40 days with Him afterwards), still asked if he was going to restore the kingdom of Israel. Jesus basically said, no, I'm not going to, but with the help of the Holy Spirit *you* are.

"You will receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, in all Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth." Acts 1:8

The truth is, with the present state of the world, whose scales seem to be dipping too far in the wrong direction, we are all on the training ground of martyrdom. 70 million Christians have been martyred in the last 2,000 years. Over half of those have come from the last century.⁴ This statistic is both frightening and amazing. Humans have done some horrifying things to one another in this last century.

⁴ Statistic taken from the article, "Christian Martyrdom: Who? Why? How?" written by Dr. Todd M. Johnson, Professor of Global Christianity and Mission, 2019.

Yet, for a world that seems to be spiralling away from God at an alarming rate, it is comforting to know that there are incredibly passionate and holy people who have, and will die, for Christ. But are we ready to be one of them? Like the quote at the beginning of this article suggests, do we want to be like the saints, or do we want to live our life in mediocrity, not rocking the boat?

Are we living our Christian lives in a way that grabs people's attention? Are we loving the unlovable? Are we saving the unsavable—contributing to their salvation? Are we teaching and reflecting the faith? This is not only the job of the professionals—our religious. This is our responsibility as well. The Communion of Saints isn't an exclusive club. All are welcome if they honour the rules. It is open to anyone who wants to make a difference in the world and set a Christian example.

It is fascinating to read about these incredible saints. But they aren't just meant to be stories. They were real people who did not live their lives expecting to one day become saints. They were just regular people, like you and me, who decided to keep God as their beacon and choose holiness. On top of that, the common denominator is that they all suffered.

Do you want to be a saint? Well, it isn't for the faint of heart. Christ never said following Him would be easy. But He said He'd always be with us. As EWTN's Mother Angelica said, *"Holiness is not for wimps and the cross is not negotiable, sweetheart, it is a requirement."* Not exactly comforting words to hear in a world that preaches good times and

filling individual desire. I'm like everyone else... I like good times, shopping, going on holidays. I like comfort and I like keeping to myself. Saintly sacrifice and choosing to stand out from the secular world is really difficult. And, well, pain hurts. But we must remember that it wasn't easy for Jesus in his human nature when He was tortured and killed for us. And He did it for us even though we don't deserve it. He did it out of obedience and love for all of us.

The Church has given us the Communion of Saints for community and intercession. But they also serve as examples. May we be inspired by their selflessness, conviction of faith, love, and sacrifice. And may we answer honestly when we ask ourselves if we are doing enough for the Lord. Like the saints who went before us, let us endeavour to live our lives in a manner that can be considered by others as examples of holiness and commitment to Christ and His Church. For if we do, we will have peace of heart one day, that Our Lord will say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant". It has been said that the greatest saints will emerge from our times. Perhaps you will be one.

Please note

Re: The "Buddy Bags" Project ND Issue #73.
The Sadochok is actually at St. Nicholas School in Sherwood Park and is part of the Ukrainian Bilingual Program.

Joachim and Anna

A Story of Faith,
Hope and Love

By Dobrodiyka Cornelia Mary Bilinsky

The first major feast of our liturgical year is the Feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God. Scripture tells us nothing about the circumstances surrounding the birth of Mary, who was chosen to become the mother of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. However, Church Tradition gives us a remarkable story based on certain apocryphal writings. It is the story of a loving but childless couple, Joachim and Anna, whose steadfast faith in God, sincere prayers, and willingness to make sacrifices brought forth a miracle that was the beginning of our salvation. Below is an imaginative rewriting of that story.



Cornelia Bilinsky

Joachim stood at the doorway of the inn and called to his wife.

“Anna,” he shouted, “I am leaving now. I am going to the temple to offer our gift to the Lord.”

Anna was in the kitchen, making bread, but she came running out, her hands coated in flour.

“God go with you, Joachim,” Anna said, “and when you get to the temple, don’t forget to pray for you know what.”

Joachim’s heart overflowed with love as he looked into Anna’s sad face. Her hair was graying and wrinkles had settled around her eyes.

“I won’t forget,” he promised. He embraced his wife and turned to the gate where a young ram was tethered. He untied the ram and led it down the road. The ram was going to be his gift to God.

Anna watched him for a moment and then returned to the kitchen. As she kneaded the dough and made her loaves, she prayed.

“Lord, you have blessed me in many ways and I thank you. But one thing is still missing and I am very sad. Joachim and I are getting older but we still do not have a child.”

Then she thought of the ram which Joachim would offer at the temple. This was why they had come to Jerusalem. “God will surely hear his prayer,” thought Anna, “and God will surely bless us.”

Meanwhile, on his way to the temple, Joachim stopped to pray too. “Lord, I thank you for your many blessings. I have good health, fine flocks and a wonderful wife. But you see the sadness in my heart! Anna and I are getting older and we still do not have a child.

Our neighbours look at us and shake their heads. They think you are punishing us. Why, Lord, why?”

When Joachim reached the temple, he stood in line with the other men, ready to offer his ram as a gift to God. “May this offering,” he prayed silently, “make up for the sins of the people and especially for my sins, that I may receive forgiveness and that this punishment be taken away from me.”

Finally it was his turn.

“What is your name?” the high priest asked.

“I am Joachim of Nazareth and my wife is Anna of Bethlehem.”

The high priest looked at him closely. “Yes, I know who you are. But why are you here? You have no children. Do you not know that it is against the law for a childless man to offer sacrifices to the Lord? I cannot allow you to offer your ram.”

Joachim stared at the high priest in disbelief, but the high priest only waved him away. Joachim ran out of the temple, burning with shame and anger. How could he go home to Anna and tell her what had happened? She would be heartbroken. Instead of going home, Joachim wandered alone into the desert. He fell upon his knees and prayed in anguish. All night long he poured out his heart to the Lord. With the first rays of early morning light, a thought came to him. Why was he wailing so? Surely God knew what was best for him and Anna.

“Whatever you want, Lord,” he whispered, “If you choose to bless us with a child, it will be for your purpose and yours only.”

The words were no sooner out of his mouth when he realized the pain in his heart was gone and he was

at peace. Suddenly he was surrounded by a strange and beautiful light and a voice began to speak to him.

“Joachim, God has heard your prayer. Anna shall bear a child, and her child will be blessed throughout the whole world...”

In the meantime, Anna was sick with worry. Someone had told her what had happened in the temple. Joachim had not returned and Anna did not know where he was. Trembling and weeping, she ran out into the garden and sank to her knees in prayer.

“O Lord, hear me! Joachim and I are shamed among our own people. How long must I wait to be a mother? Even the birds in my garden have babies in their nests, but my arms are empty. O Lord, if I should be blessed with a child, I would gladly offer that child for your service.”

Immediately, Anna was enveloped in a soft golden light. An angel in flowing garments stood before her.

“Anna,” the angel said, “God has heard your prayer. You shall bear a child, and your child will be blessed throughout the whole world.” With these words, the angel disappeared.

For a moment, Anna thought she had been dreaming. But no, she was in the garden, not in her bed, and the birds were still singing their early morning songs.

She started running down the road. She had to find Joachim and tell him what the angel had said.

Meanwhile, Joachim was running too—out of the desert and towards the temple. He had wanted to run home to tell Anna what he had heard, but the angel had told him to run to the temple gate.

By the time Joachim drew near the temple, he was panting, his face flushed and his heart beating rapidly. Suddenly, he saw someone running towards him. It was Anna! He raced towards her with arms outstretched. Anna rushed forward and fell into her husband’s arms, right in front of the Golden Gate of the temple.

“Anna,” Joachim began, when he found his breath, “You wouldn’t believe... I was in the desert. An angel told me...”

“Joachim!” Anna interrupted, “I saw an angel too! In the garden! Joachim, we have been blessed! We are going to have a child!”

Joachim picked up his wife and twirled her around. “What joy!” he cried, “What joy!”

“But Joachim,” Anna spoke in a serious tone, “I made a promise that if we should have a child, we would offer that child to God for His service. O Joachim, I think this is what God wants!”

Joachim smiled joyfully and hugged his wife. “Yes,” he agreed, “It is what God wants. Our child will have a



Bartolomeo Vivarini – Altar of Our Lady of Mercy: Detail, St. Anne and St. Joachim at the Golden Gate. 1474. Church of Santa Maria Formosa, Venice WWW.CHRISTIANICONOGRAPHY.INFO

special purpose, which only God knows. Come, let’s go, Anna, and make our home ready for a new life.”

Arm in arm, Joachim and Anna walked back to the inn.

In due time, Joachim and Anna became parents of a daughter, whom they named Mary. In keeping with their promise, they took Mary to the temple when she was three years old and offered her to the service of the Lord. According to tradition, Mary lived in the temple with other virgins, thus spending the early years of her life learning to know God, to love God, and to serve God in preparation for her future role as the Mother of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

A “Car-ismatic” Blessing

By Darlene Atamaniuk

As COVID-19 restrictions kept me homebound last summer, I remember a phone call from a close family friend who casually mentioned after liturgy one Sunday morning, “We went outside, and Father blessed all the vehicles in the parking lot.” She didn’t elaborate and I did not ask questions because I thought I misunderstood what she said. Being a member of St. George Parish from birth, I thought I knew about (and had experienced) every kind of blessing that occurred in my church. Every now and then, though, I couldn’t help but think about this “car blessing.” I called Father Kuc to explain the car blessing, but his voice box was temporarily full. I knew he was busy because the Easter season was upon us, so I decided to put my research skills to use. In doing so, this is what I discovered.

In some Ukrainian Catholic Churches in North America, vehicles are blessed on, or close to, the feast day of the prophet Elijah which falls on July 20 or August 2 (depending on which calendar you follow.) It is said that the prophet Elijah ascended into heaven in a “fiery chariot” while simultaneously reading scripture. Thus, the prophet Elijah has come to be known as the patron saint of all vehicles. He reminds us that even as we travel, we must strive to keep holiness in our lives. Now that I know this information, I truly look forward to having my vehicle blessed this summer.

Below, I share with you the prayer for blessing cars/vehicles.

Priest: Let us pray to the Lord.

People: Lord, have mercy.

O Lord our God, Who make the clouds your conveyance and walk on the wings of the wind. Who sent to your servant Elijah a chariot of fire, Who have guided man to invent this car (truck, etc.) which is as fast as the wind, we render thanks to You; for You have provided your servants with this car to serve in their different needs. Therefore, O Master, pour now upon it your heavenly blessings; assign to it a guardian angel to preserve it against all evil. And as You have granted faith and grace by your deacon, Philip, to the man from Ethiopia who was sitting in his chariot and reading holy Scripture, show the way of salvation to your servants, so that, helped

by your grace and always intent on doing good works, they may, after all the trials of their pilgrimage and life on earth, attain to everlasting joys, through the intercession of our Lady, the most holy and ever-Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, through the power of the honourable and life-giving Cross; through the prayers of the holy Angels and of all the Saints: For You are the Provider and the Sanctifier of all things, and we give glory to You, and to your only-begotten Son, and to your all-holy, gracious, and life-giving Spirit, now and ever, and forever.

People: Amen.

Priest: This car (truck, etc.) is blessed by the sprinkling of this holy water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

www.saintgeorgepittsburgh.org/elijah.html

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8 вересня

NASHA DOROHA

We value your letters,
thoughts, and written
submissions.

Please email them to
nashadoroha@gmail.com
or **lyrissas@hotmail.com**

**Deadline for submissions
for the winter 2021 issue**

September 8

Shrines

Even as provinces begin to relax COVID-19 restrictions, we aren't out of the woods yet. Most people still won't be taking elaborate vacations. Thus, to prevent cabin fever, we have provided write-ups about various shrines throughout some provinces that you can visit as a day trip. Granted, most pilgrimages this year are once again cancelled, but most shrines are accessible for a walking visit and prayers. Whether you are packing a picnic and planning a day trip, or feel the need to draw closer to the Lord, getting out of the house with a purpose can be refreshing for both body and soul. We know we haven't been able to list all the shrines, nor is each province represented equally, but we have tried to provide a start. And if you would like to share a shrine you know of, please continue to submit throughout the *Nasha Doroha* issues to come. Enjoy!

British Columbia

Lourdes on the Fraser River: Mission park set for annual pilgrimage

By J.P. Sonnen – Global Pilgrim, July 30, 2019

This is an abridged article. For full article, please visit: <https://bccatholic.ca/voices/j-p-sonnen/lourdes-on-the-fraser-river-mission-park-set-for-annual-pilgrimage>

The Fraser River Heritage Park in Mission has long been known as one of the most historic and scenic parks in the Lower Mainland. The park consists of a 50-acre parcel of land situated on a flat area overlooking the Fraser River, a long-time favourite gathering place for the residents of Mission.

The first Europeans passed through this wilderness here in the summer of 1808, on the canoes of the Northwest Company. These pioneers were plying the Fraser River in search for a land route across Canada to the ocean.

Then came the heroic volunteer missionaries known as the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who arrived in 1861, a group of volunteers, many from France, who dedicated their lives to the poor.



The missionaries who came to B.C. felt a distinct call to dedicate their lives to serve Sto:lo, the river people who inhabited the land along the Fraser River.

The missionaries chose this prime location to establish what they proudly named St. Mary's Mission.

The original site of the mission was on the bank of the river, where the first missionaries built a school with a chapel as well as a dock, storehouse, post office, flour mill, and blacksmith shop.

In those early years the area was rapidly growing—already by 1870 the gold rush was over and land development for agricultural and industrial use was in full swing, with steamboat traffic moving passengers and cargo down the river.

After 20 years the original site was abandoned when the Canadian Pacific Railway came through with a new rail line.

In 1882 the mission moved to the present site, just up the hill, on the land that is today the Fraser River Heritage Park.

In 1965 all the old buildings were demolished, including the school's nearby chapel, the beloved shrine and place of pilgrimage known as the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.

In 1974 the land was sold by the Oblates to the Government of British Columbia.

The story begins in 1980 when a group of local citizens got involved and formed what they called the Mission Heritage Association, a non-profit founded with the intention to convert the abandoned site into a public park for all.

To this day the shrine draws about 3,000 pilgrims every mid-August for the Archdiocese of Vancouver's annual Marian pilgrimage to the grotto. On that day pilgrims come to worship and picnic for a family celebration.

The event begins with confessions in the morning and is capped

with afternoon Mass usually celebrated by the Archbishop, concluding with a Eucharistic procession up the hill to the grotto with a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes carried aloft by volunteer faithful.

The event, which draws participants from across the archdiocese, concludes with the recitation of the Rosary and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the shrine chapel.

The original grotto was a six-sided chapel with a silver dome roof laden with stained glass skylights and topped with a white cross. The interior boasted intricate mouldings handmade from local B.C. cedar. The shrine's unique design allowed three side walls to be opened to reveal the inside of the chapel, seen from the outside.

From the beginning the shrine was a place of pilgrimage. Over the years many pilgrims came for

various celebrations, such as the annual Easter celebrations, which drew an estimated five to seven thousand participants annually.

When the shrine was demolished in 1965, locals mourned the passing of a Fraser Valley landmark, believed to be gone forever. Twenty years later, the grass-roots Mission Heritage Association, with help from the local Knights of Columbus, began plans to reconstruct the grotto.

The new grotto is a near exact reproduction of the old, built after careful planning. It was dedicated and blessed amid great celebration on May 13, 1997.

Today the grotto shrine is open during the summer months, on Sundays from 2 to 4 p.m., from May through September. The pilgrimage is usually held mid-August.

Printed with permission

Alberta

The Siracky Chapel

By Karen Lemiski

From the time he arrived in Canada in 1900, Peter Siracky (1870-1951) was deeply devoted to his Ukrainian Catholic faith. Before the first churches could be built in the area around his homestead (northeast of Mundare, AB), it was known that travelling priests could celebrate the liturgy and find lodging in the Siracky home. But in

recognizing the need for a dedicated church, Siracky called together a meeting, at which some eighty people supported the plan to construct a church. With the decision made, Siracky and his neighbours cut trees, sawed logs, and hauled them to the site. They built a chapel that was dedicated in 1904 to the Transfiguration of Our Lord. This structure was used for twenty years, until it was destroyed by fire.

When the church was rebuilt (blessed by Bishop Budka in 1926), each parishioner contributed forty dollars per quarter of land owned. In addition, Siracky paid for a 1500-pound bell (at a cost of \$950) for the bell tower that was built in 1938. →



In 1941, Peter hired three stone masons to build an all-stone chapel on the northeast corner of his land. This walk-in chapel measures 8 feet wide by 12 feet long, with a barrel vault ceiling. Siracky then bought an altar from Philip Pawluk, a local carpenter who was known for his beautiful church furnishings. The altar is decorated with statues of Mary, Christ the Good Shepherd, and St. Bernadette of Lourdes, along with an array of candles. The chapel was dedicated in August 1941, with the Basilian Fathers celebrating an outdoor liturgy that was attended by several hundred people.

The Basilian Fathers continue to celebrate liturgies at the Siracky Chapel on anniversaries associated with it and the family. When the Transfiguration of Our Lord Church was closed in 2013, two sets of candlesticks from it were moved to the Siracky Chapel.

The Mundare Grotto

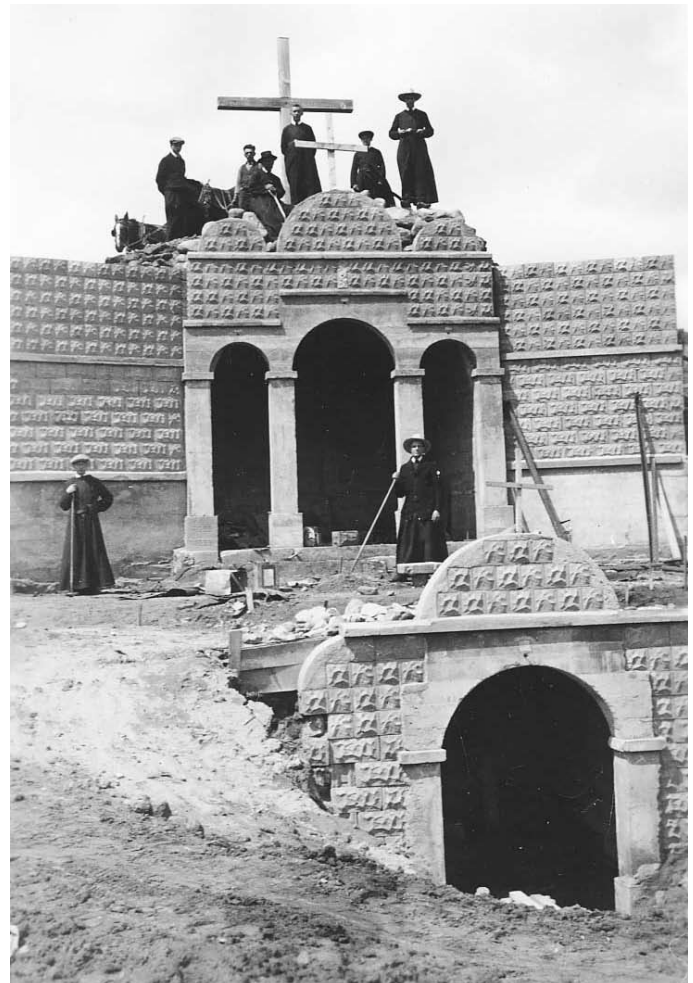
By Karen Lemiski

Almost since its beginning, the town of Mundare (100 kilometres east of Edmonton) has been closely associated with the history of the Basilian Fathers, as well as the Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate, in Canada. After arriving in east-central Alberta in 1902, the Basilian Fathers initially settled on a homestead two miles southeast of Mundare. But recognizing how the town was growing and prospering after the Canadian Northern Railway was extended through it, the Basilians built Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church at the end of main street. More than a thousand people attended the liturgy when Metropolitan Andrey Sheptytsky consecrated the new church in October 1910.

In 1923, the Basilian Fathers Monastery (designed by Fr. Philip Ruh, OMI) was opened in Mundare to serve as the order's Novitiate in Canada. Ten years later, a grotto was completed north of the monastery.



One of the Stations of the Cross on the grotto.



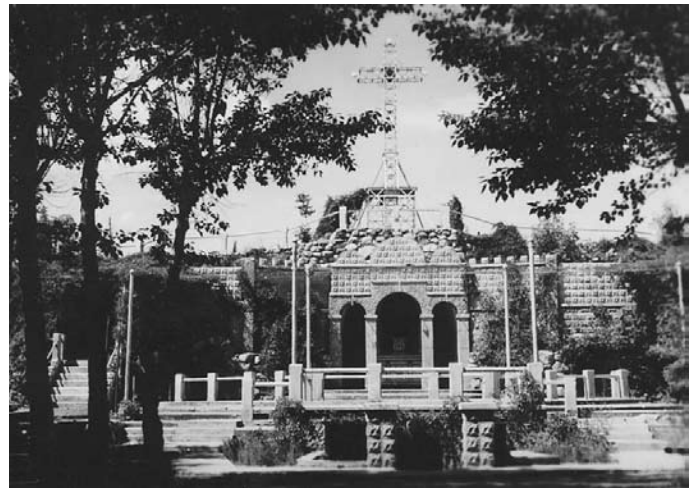
Basilians at work on the construction of the grotto (1933)

Constructed by hand under the direction of Fr. Porphyrius Bodnar, OSBM, the shrine resembles Mount Calvary, the place of Christ's crucifixion. The main outdoor altar is surrounded by a complex of small chapels, prayer stations, and catacombs. A series of the fourteen Stations of the Cross leads to the summit of the grotto, where, in 1938, a 50-foot metal cross was erected to mark the 950th anniversary of the baptism of Ukraine. When illuminated at night, the cross can be seen for miles around.

Since 1935, an outdoor hierarchical Divine Liturgy has been celebrated every year at the grotto (weather permitting), on the last Sunday in June, to mark the parish feast day. Early in the summer, the women of the UCWLC's Mundare Branch work with the Basilian Brothers to plant flowers around the grotto. Then, on the morning of the vidpust (praznyk), they participate in the procession from Sts. Peter and Paul Church, carrying the religious banners. The women also assist on the grounds of the grotto, passing out prayer cards and booklets to those attending the liturgy.



Fr. Mykola Kohut and Fr. Isidore Kohut standing by one of the Stations of the Cross at the grotto, with Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church in the background



Front view of the grotto (1940s)



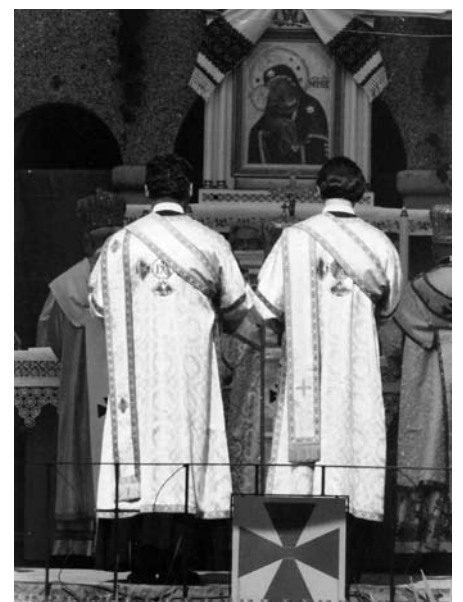
Procession from the grotto with a statue of Mary, with Fr. Harry Boretsky (1986)



Vidpust: Outdoor liturgy at the grotto, with Bishop Ladyka and Basilian clergy (1942)



Celebrations for the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Basilians in Canada, liturgy at the grotto (1977)



Lac Ste. Anne Pilgrimage – Alberta

This is a Roman Catholic pilgrimage, however every year during that time they hold a Byzantine Divine Liturgy inviting all to attend.

First called **Wakamne** (or “God’s Lake”) by the Alexis Nakota Sioux Nation who live on the west end of the Lake and **Manito Sahkahigan** (or “Spirit Lake”) by the Cree, the lake was called “Lac Ste Anne” by Rev. Jean-Baptiste Thibault, the first Catholic priest to establish a mission on the site. The pilgrimage grounds had been sacred for generations of peoples and had become widely known as a place of healing.

In 1841 a local Métis named Piché asked Bishop Provencher in far-off St. Boniface to send a priest to live among them. Priests were scarce. Bishop Provencher

A Blessing Before Summer Vacations

Take time to claim your strength; they are gifts of God.

Take time to have fun; it’s God’s way of teaching you your strengths.

Take time to grow yourself; only you can grow you.

Take time to trust yourself; God trusts you.

Take time to be self-reliant; it is better than being dependent.

Take time to share with others; they will bless you, and you will bless them.

Take time to have hope, you are a child of God.

Let’s put ourselves into the hands of the Lord and pray that God will bless us and our families during the wonderful months of summer.

May we all help make our home a place of relaxation, joy, love, peace, and safety.

May we be generous and considerate, not thinking only about ourselves, but helping others enjoy the blessings of a summertime.

Lord God, Creator of all things, guide our steps and strengthen our hearts during these months of summer and vacations days.

Grant us refreshment of mind and body.

We ask this through Christ our Lord. Amen.



had only four priests to minister to a territory that stretched from Ontario to the Rocky Mountains. Still, the next spring he sent Father Jean-Baptiste Thibault to make an exploratory trip of over 1,400 kilometres.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate are a society of Catholic missionaries. Founded in France in the early 1800s, they are especially dedicated to preach the Gospel to the poorest of the poor and to serve in the most difficult of missions.

By 1887, the buffalo had disappeared, and the lake lost its importance as a gathering place. Most of the population moved away and the mission was almost deserted. Its pastor, Father Lestanc, then decided to close the mission. Then, on his first holiday back home to France in thirty years, he paid a visit to the Shrine of Ste Anne d’Auray.

He later related that while in prayer at this Shrine, God revealed to him in a powerful way that he must *not* close the mission. Rather, he must build a shrine there in honour of St. Anne, the grandmother of Jesus. It would be a place for pilgrims to come and receive spiritual help.

Fr. Lestanc was deeply moved. On his return, he lost no time in carrying out what God had revealed to him. The first pilgrimage was held in 1889 with several hundred attending. It soon became an annual event, drawing people from all directions and many nations.

Today, over 4,000 individuals camp on the site and up to 30,000 pilgrims attend the weekly events. The program includes three daily Eucharistic Services, each hosted by different Communities.

Unfortunately for the second summer in a row, due to COVID-19, the pilgrimage has been cancelled, but they have already set the official date for 2022.

Abridged version created from the official website <https://lacsteannepilgrimage.ca>. For a more detailed history please visit the website.

Saskatchewan

Shrine of Blessed Nun Martyrs Olympia & Laurentia – Saskatoon – Feast Day – June 27th

Located at 215 Avenue M South – Sr. Theodosia Lane,
Saskatoon, SK

By Marlene Bodnar

This shrine is a pilgrimage destination site dedicated to Sr. Olympia and Sr. Laurentia, two nuns from the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Western Ukraine who were martyred for their faith under the Soviet



regime. In 1950, they were arrested and sent to a concentration camp in Tomsk, Siberia. Frigid living conditions, starvation, hard labour, and ill-health eventually took its toll, and both sisters died in 1952.

In June 2001, St. Pope John Paul II made his first and only trip to Ukraine to honour those who were executed in defence of the Church and their faith. Sr. Olympia and Sr. Laurentia were among the 27 proclaimed martyrs of the modern church.

With financial help from the Sisters of St. Joseph in Saskatoon, the Sisters in Ukraine travelled to Siberia and were successful in locating the nuns' burial site. Their bodies were exhumed and placed in a crypt in the Order's monastery in Lviv. Relics—a rib bone from each of the martyrs—were taken, placed in a sealed gold casket, and transported to Saskatoon on June 27, 2006, and are housed at this shrine.

Also on display at the shrine is the Replica of the Shroud of Turin.

Prior to COVID-19, the public were invited to attend Moleben services held every Sunday evening.

<https://www.skeparchy.org/wordpress/facilities/shrine-of-blessed-nun-martyrs-olympia-laurentia>

Millennium Pro-Life Cross Shrine

Located 10 miles northeast of Aberdeen, SK on
Highway #41

The Pro-Life pilgrimage is held annually, usually in August. Unfortunately it was cancelled in 2020 due to COVID restrictions.

The Millennium Cross site was established in 1999 as a project of Saints Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Knights of Columbus Council #11775, on land donated by member Joe Bayda (Bishop Bryan Bayda's father). The first 33-foot-high wooden cross was built in October 1999. The annual pilgrimage to pray for victims of abortion began on October 15, 2000. In July 2006, a new 100-foot steel cross was erected.

<http://www.saintmarysyorkton.com/ProlifeMillenniumCross>

Ukrainian Catholic Shrine of our Lady of Sorrows – Cudworth

Located 3 kilometres southeast of Cudworth, SK

By Martin Hryniuk

According to recorded accounts in approximately 1908, three young children, Mikhailo Swyntak, Anna Galas and Anastasia Mandryk, while tending cattle on a hillside, saw a beautiful, but sad lady dressed in flowing materials of white. This lady walked barefoot, and around her neck was a long chain adorned with a large shining cross that hung almost to the ground.

The children thought because of the weight of the

cross she was sad, so they ran off to help her, but as the woman walked, she slowly disappeared. The news of this appearance quickly passed to family, neighbours, and friends. Nobody ever saw the woman again, but many blessings, phenomena, and mysteries continued to occur at this site.

In 1941 the land was acquired, and thus over time, a chapel was constructed along with the Stations of the Cross surrounding the base of the hill. Statues of our Lady of Sorrows as well as various angels are also on the hill. Eventually a church was moved to the site. Historically every year, approximately 10 weeks after the Feast of the Resurrection, a pilgrimage is held.

Over the last few years, the site has been closed to the public due to the safety concerns of the church and chapel. The site is now in the process of being made safe again by the removal of the church and chapel.

Under the protection of the Mother of God we believe that we will one day be able to pray at this holy site again.

The shrine is under the direction and ownership of the Ukrainian Catholic Episcopal Corporation of Saskatchewan.

<https://www.saskhistory.ca/shrine-cudworth-our-lady-of-sorrows-shrine-1911>

Our Lady of Lourdes, located in Rama, SK – August 14th and 15th

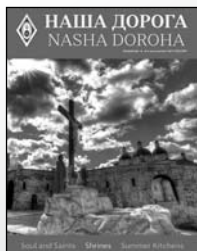
This is a Roman Catholic Shrine. However, Byzantine Liturgy is celebrated here during their Pilgrimage.

<https://www.ramashrine.ca>

<https://www.saskhistory.ca/shrine-rama-our-lady-of-lourdes-shrine-1939>

Did you buy a gift subscription or two of NASHA DOROHA for your favourite people? For their birthday or anniversary? Please see page 63.

Чи Ви передплатили журнал НАША ДОРОГА (або два) у подарунок на Уродини чи Річницю Вашим найдорожчим? Див. стор. 63.



Our Lady of Lourdes Redemptorist Shrine, Yorkton – Grotto

Located on the grounds of St. Mary's Ukrainian Catholic Church, 155 Catherine St., Yorkton, SK



<https://www.saintmarysyorkton.com/outside.html>

<https://www.saskhistory.ca/shrine-yorkton-our-lady-of-lourdes-redemptorist-shrine-1921>

Ss. Peter & Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church, Canora, SK



1988 was a "Millennium" year, commemorating the 1,000-year anniversary of the adoption of Christianity in Rus-Ukraine. The Canora Parish, with Fr. Jerome Lashkewich, commissioned artist Ivan Denisenko to reproduce the Icon of Blessed Virgin Mary of Zarvanytsia. In 1988 this icon was set in a massive red marble frame and became an Eparchial Pilgrimage Site.

<https://www.skeparchy.org/wordpress/about-us/parishes/canora-ss-peter-and-paul>

Manitoba

Immaculate Conception Church & Grotto of Cooks Creek, Manitoba

A Brief History of the Church & Grotto

By Gerald Palidwor

Why are we here? It is a question as old as humanity itself. But for today, we will focus our discussion on the Ukrainian Catholic Church and Grotto of Cooks Creek.

After travelling the countryside on a sunny day, upon happening by chance on the site, many tourists remark in awe, "Why is this here?" As one approaches the church and grotto, there is no townsite of Cooks Creek, no large residential area, or storefronts of any kind. It is merely an area in the countryside, 20 minutes from the edge of Winnipeg. So why would a cathedral and shrine be built here?

Well, we must go back in history to the early 1900s when there were two small Ukrainian Catholic parishes in the Cooks Creek area. St. John the Baptist was located a quarter mile north of the current church, and St. Nicholas was one mile north and two miles east.

In the late 1920s there was a huge storm that actually lifted St. Nicholas off its foundation. The Parish Councils were looking at spending time and money on repairing the churches, but realized with the number of migrants coming to the area, these two smaller churches were being outgrown by their congregation. It was time to build a much larger church.

This was a good idea, but no one had built a structure the size of a cathedral before. Fortunately,

they had heard of a priest/architect named Father Philip Ruh and petitioned Bishop Vasyl Ladyka to send him to Cooks Creek.

When Father Ruh arrived in Cooks Creek he remarked, "What a God forsaken place this is!" As one can see now, there is not much in Cooks Creek, and there certainly was a lot less in 1929. Father Ruh contacted the bishop and asked if he, the bishop, was sure a new church should be built in Cooks Creek? In Father Ruh's own writings he wrote, "It was not my will that I be in Cooks Creek, but it is **the will** that I be here, so I shall serve."

Construction of the church began in 1930. This was during the Great Depression and Father Ruh and Bishop Ladyka were adamant that no debt be incurred. So, as materials were donated and funds were raised, construction continued with volunteer labour. It took 22 years to finish and was consecrated as St. John the Baptist in 1952, after the original church.

The Lady of Lourdes Grotto, Cooks Creek, Manitoba

What was the inspiration for the Grotto?

By Gerald Palidwor

To find the reason for the Grotto, one has to look to Father Philip Ruh. Father Ruh was not raised Ukrainian Catholic. In fact, he was not Ukrainian at all. He was born on August 6, 1883, in Bickenholtz, Alsace-Lorraine, an area that resides along the German-French border around Strasbourg, which, at the time, was part of the German empire. Father Ruh considered himself of German descent.

While Father Ruh was studying to be a Roman Catholic priest, on several occasions he visited the shrine to our Blessed Lady at Lourdes, France. He was quite taken with the faithful making pilgrimages to this holy site and this stuck with him.

Upon being ordained a Roman Catholic priest as a Belgian Oblate (Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate), he was asked to go to Ukraine to take on the Eastern Rite. As there was a shortage of Eastern Catholic priests in the new country Canada, he was to learn the Divine Liturgy, the language, and customs of the Ukrainian people.

After nearly three years in Ukraine, Father Ruh grew to love the people, but knew his mission lay elsewhere. He then migrated to Canada in 1913. Upon arriving in Canada, Father Ruh noted, "never mind a shortage of priests, they have no churches." Not being a formally trained architect, he built small churches at first, and began reading and learning so he could design more elaborate structures. This eventually resulted in his being summoned to Cooks Creek to build a new cathedral.

After the completion of the church in Cooks Creek in 1952, Pope Pius XII declared the first ever Marion Year in 1954, honouring the Blessed Virgin Mary. Father Ruh then rededicated the church in Cooks Creek to the Blessed Virgin Mary (which had been named St. John the Baptist) and renamed it the Immaculate Conception Church.

Father Ruh also embarked on building what he called "His Final Great Architectural Work," a grotto shrine replicating the one he had visited in Lourdes. He always thought there should be a grotto on this side of the ocean for the



faithful to hold pilgrimages at like he had seen in Lourdes. They held the first annual pilgrimage that year observing the Feast of the Dormition of Mary, August 15th.

Father Ruh fell ill and was hoping to live to see the completion of his crowning achievement, but passed away in October 1962. The Grotto was approximately halfway completed.

Shortly before Father Ruh's death, the Knights of Columbus St. Josaphat Council #4138 pledged that they would continue coordinating the volunteers to complete the construction of his grotto. It was finished around 1970 to what we now see.

The grotto's main arch is a replica of the original Mary and Bernadette shrine from Lourdes. The fourteen Stations of the Cross are in the grotto's tunnels, processional

ramps go up and around the two upper levels, and a Calvary is situated in the centre of the courtyard. The entire site looks like a medieval Eastern European church and castle.

There is also a piece of stone from the original Grotto in Lourdes which is mounted in a granite obelisk at the base of the shrine. It is a symbol of union, tying the two sites together. It took over 40 years to have the rock delivered to the Grotto in Cooks Creek through the efforts of members of the Knights of Columbus, St. Josaphat Council #4138.

The annual pilgrimage will continue in August. Please see the church website www.immaculate.ca for details.

The site is both a provincial and national heritage site with visitors from around the world attending.

One last brief note. On several occasions during the building of the Grotto, the Bishop tried to move Father Ruh to another parish. But Father Ruh refused as he was finishing his life's great work... his final great work... the Grotto. Father Ruh was held in such high esteem that he was allowed to remain. Thus, after arriving in this "God forsaken place" called Cooks Creek, the people and the place must have grown on him, for he stayed from 1930 until he was laid to rest in the church's main cemetery in October 1962.

It was at this place that he realized his greatest achievement—the building of his shrine to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Yes. Miracles do happen.

Gerald Palidwor is Chairman, Immaculate Conception Church & Grotto Cooks Creek, MB

A Martyr for Our Times: Blessed Vasyl Velychkovsky, CSsR

By Mary Jane Kalenchuk

On June 27, 2021 the Ukrainian Catholic Church will be celebrating the 20th anniversary of our Ukrainian Catholic Martyrs. These martyrs were beatified by Saint John Paul II, Pope of Rome, when he made his pastoral visit to Ukraine in June 2001. One of these beatified martyrs was Bishop and Martyr Vasyl Velychkovsky. He spent his last year of life in Canada and his mortal remains were buried near Winnipeg, MB in 1973.

The week of September 16-22, 2002, was the week of the exhumation and the transfer of the Holy Relics of Blessed Martyr Bishop Vasyl Velychkovsky, CSsR from All-Saints Cemetery to St. Joseph's Ukrainian Catholic Church in Winnipeg. Much preparation was needed. Civil permission was required from the government of Manitoba to exhume and to transfer his mortal remains. Permission had to be obtained also from the Vatican, the Congregation for Saints. To proceed with the transfer, a detailed protocol had to be followed. The Postulator General for the Redemptorists (the one who is in charge of the causes for Redemptorist saints and blessed) was contacted, and detailed instructions for the process had to be prepared beforehand. His mortal remains had to be exhumed, examined, recorded, and reburied.

After close to 30 years of burial one wondered in what condition would Blessed Vasyl be found. Would it be just some bone fragments, a skeleton or a mummified (dried) corpse. It was decided to prepare a full length stainless steel container (according to Vatican prescriptions). A delegation authorized by His Grace Metropolitan Michael Bzdel, CSsR (clergy, laity, medical personnel, undertakers) was chosen to witness the process. All gathered at All Saints Cemetery. Once his holy relics were exhumed, his casket in a solemn motor procession proceeded to St. Boniface General Catholic Hospital, where a room was already prepared for the next stage of the process. With great reverence the casket was brought into the examination room. The long awaited and anticipated moment came—the uncovering of the casket. In preparation for that moment the Akathist Hymn was prayed. As the lid was removed, all those present in the room revered themselves in awe and wonder. Although the casket itself was badly damaged by water and corruption, the body of Blessed Vasyl was fully intact. His face was covered by the chalice veil which had been placed on him during the funeral. When it was removed, his face and beard radiated its holiness.

With great reverence and care the vestments were then removed from his body, so that it could be completely examined. The episcopal vestments, like the casket, were in poor shape and fell apart shortly after they were removed. His whole body was then washed, cleaned and examined. Since the extremities of his toes had already fallen off, they were carefully cleaned and preserved to be used as First Class relics, which were eventually distributed to various Catholic churches for the veneration of the faithful. Blessed Vasyl's holy body was then wrapped with cloth, vested again in new episcopal vestments, a panagia and cross, a hand cross and episcopal ring. A chalice veil was again placed over his face. His holy body was then placed into a newly made stainless steel container, along with official documents sealed in a tube. The container was then welded. Finally, the container was tied with a silk ribbon and sealed with the episcopal seal of the Metropolitan.

Although the whole process was emotionally draining, it was very fulfilling and life-giving. It can best be described as having experienced Easter. After one spends hours in prayer meditating on the suffering and passion of Christ and then on Easter morning to joyfully sing Easter Matins and Liturgy proclaiming the great News that He is Risen, one experiences a fullness of life, which is only a small foretaste of eternity in the presence of the All-Mighty. A similar experience followed those days. There was a profound peace and joy. There was a great desire for silence—to be simply in the Presence. It was certainly a week to remember.

His Holy Relics are in the Shrine Chapel in St. Joseph's Ukrainian Catholic Church. A small informative museum, which is also in the church, helps pilgrims become familiar with his life. The museum contains many priceless artifacts from Blessed Vasyl's life.

Blessed Vasyl was born into a priestly family in Stanislaviv (now Ivano-Frankivsk) on June 1, 1903. His father was an assistant at the Cathedral where Vasyl was baptized. His family soon moved to the village of Shuparka near Borshchiv. Here, Vasyl was educated, mainly by home schooling. The First World War interrupted his studies and Blessed Vasyl enlisted with the Ukrainian Riflemen (Sichovi Striltsi). He was captured and imprisoned, but later escaped.

After the war, Blessed Vasyl entered the Major Seminary in Lviv. After being ordained a deacon by Metropolitan Andrey Sheptytsky, Blessed Vasyl entered the Redemptorist novitiate in Holosko in 1924. On October 9, 1925, he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Josyf Botsian. The following year he taught at the

Redemptorist Minor Seminary. Recognizing his gift of preaching, he was soon assigned to give missions, first in Stanislaviv and then, in 1928, he was transferred to Volyn.

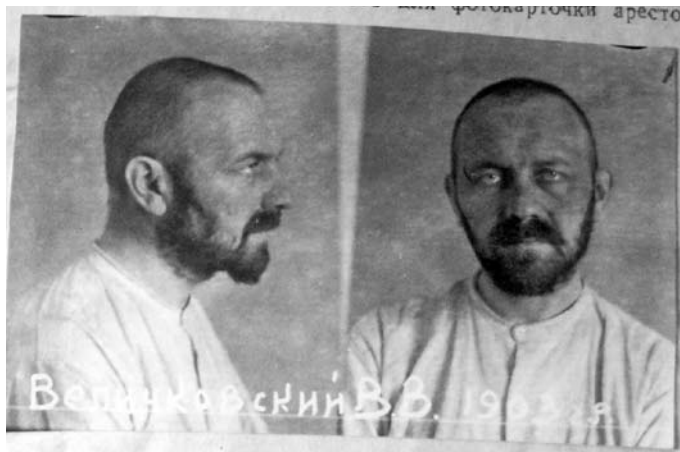
In the Volyn region, he worked in the city of Kovel among immigrants from Halychyna and among the Orthodox faithful, who wished to join the Catholic Church. Here, he had much success. His sensitivity to the ways of the Eastern Orthodox made him dearly beloved by the people. Unfortunately, political strife between the Polish and the Ukrainians caused him to leave in 1935.

He returned to Stanislaviv where, with other Redemptorists, he continued his parish missions, going from village to village with two week-long traditional Redemptorist missions. In all, he preached to more than a million and a half faithful.

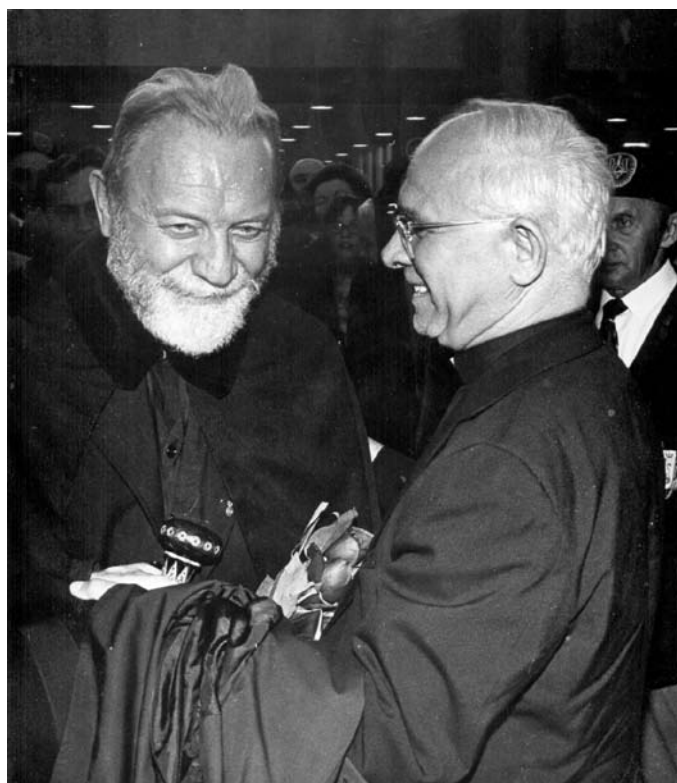
When the Second World War began and the Soviets first occupied Ukraine, Blessed Vasyl was in Stanislaviv serving in the thriving Redemptorist mission church. In 1940, while the city was occupied by the Soviets, Blessed Vasyl had a procession of 20,000 people through the streets of Stanislaviv on the feast of our Mother of Perpetual Help. After the procession, he was arrested. Fearing the people (mainly women and children) who protested and who were ready to shed their blood, the Soviets released Father Vasyl.

In 1942, he was sent to Greater Ukraine to Kamianets Podilskyi. There, as in Volyn, he experienced a great spiritual revival. However, he was forced to leave because his life was threatened by the Nazis.

In 1944, even though the Soviet Front was already on the outskirts of the city of Ternopil, Blessed Vasyl volunteered to go there amidst the shelling of the city. Here he did his pastoral work courageously and boldly. In the spring of 1945, the Soviets sought to arrest him.



Blessed Vasyl's first arrest in 1945



Metropolitan Maxim Hermaniuk, CSsR welcomes Blessed Vasyl to Winnipeg

He eluded them by going from village to village giving short missions. Finally on August 7, 1945, the Soviets came to the monastery in Ternopil and arrested him. He was given a chance to deny the faith, leave the Catholic Church, and serve as a Russian Orthodox priest. He quickly responded with, "No, never." Even though he was offered freedom if he would accept their proposal, he responded with, "you can shoot me and kill me but you will not get any other answer."

After a year of interrogations and tortures in the KGB prison in Kyiv, he was finally sentenced to die by firing squad. He was on death row for three months. While in the prison cell with others on death row, he catechized and prepared them for their coming death through the sacraments. When his name was called, he left the cell ready to die for Christ, but at that moment, his death sentence was commuted to ten years in Soviet labour camps.

He spent most of his years working in the coal mines of the Vorkuta region above the Arctic Circle. Accused of inciting a strike among the prisoners in the fall of 1953, he was transferred to a most severe prison in Vladimir. After protesting his innocence, he was sent back to Vorkuta.

Upon completion of the prison sentence, he was sent to Lviv where he began to work in the underground



Ukrainian Catholic Church. His apartment became the centre of church activity: Divine Liturgies, administering the sacraments, catechises, preparing seminarians, counselling, organizing religious monastic life, etc.

In 1959, Rome appointed Fr. Vasyl to be bishop of this underground church. Unfortunately, there were no bishops in Ukraine who could ordain him. In 1963, Metropolitan Josyf Slipyj was released from prison to attend the Second Vatican Council in Rome. Prior to his departure, he summoned Fr. Vasyl to come immediately to his Moscow hotel room. In that hotel room, Metropolitan Josyf secretly ordained him to the episcopacy. Metropolitan Josyf left for Rome, while Bishop Vasyl returned to Lviv to fulfill his episcopal work. In 1964 Blessed Vasyl consecrated Bishop Volodymyr Sterniuk. Blessed Vasyl was called the Father of the Underground Church in Ukraine. Through him the Church hierarchy continued to exist in Ukraine during the time of persecution.

In January 1969, Bishop Vasyl was again arrested. He was sent to Komunarsk in Eastern Ukraine. Here, he underwent chemical, physical, electrical and mental torture. The KGB attempted to extract information from him about the underground church, but were unsuccessful. Near death in 1972, he was released from prison and was exiled from Ukraine.

Metropolitan Maxim Hermaniuk (Archbishop of Winnipeg) invited him to come to Winnipeg, Canada. After being in Canada for about a year and overcome by the tortures and death-causing drugs which he

received in prison, he died a martyr's death on June 30, 1973.

On July 20, 2014, the head of the Ukrainian Catholic Church Patriarch Sviatoslav Shevchuk proclaimed Blessed Vasyl as Patron of Prison Ministry. The proclamation occurred before over 200,000 people during the All-Ukraine Pilgrimage at the Marian Shrine in Zarvanytsia. Since that time a very active ministry is occurring in Ukraine. Hundreds of presentations have been given in churches, hospitals, schools, and prisons. Blessed Vasyl's apartment in Lviv has been converted into a place of pilgrimage and prayer.

Martyrs had a predominant place in the early church. They exemplified what it meant to follow Christ, to give up one's whole life to follow Him. This same message is needed in today's world in which we cling to so many things and can be swayed by so many false doctrines and truths. The Martyr clarifies what is really important in life—our relationship with Christ, our faith and our salvation. Blessed Vasyl is today's gift that we have received to help us on our Christian journey. His relics are a source of inspiration, strength and healing for us all.

Since the transfer of Blessed Vasyl, tens of thousands of pilgrims have come to pray before his holy relics. Graces and blessings flow through his intercession. Cancers have been cured. Bones have been mended. Safe and healthy births have been attributed to his intercession. Emotional and spiritual healings have been reported. Conversions of hearts have occurred. →

The website www.bvmartyrshrine.com is now a great tool for promoting Blessed Vasyl. One can come to the Shrine virtually anytime. The website contains much information: newsletters, the gift shop, videos, photo gallery and opportunities for prayer petitions and to light candles in the Shrine Chapel. On our YouTube channel, one can participate in the weekly Wednesday evening prayer service in the Shrine, or in any past recordings. The praying of the rosary is also available on the YouTube page in both English and Ukrainian. One can follow the Shrine events from Ukraine on FaceBook. The Shrine may be contacted by e-mail info@bvmartyrshrine.com or by phone: 204-338-7321. The Shrine staff is available to assist pilgrims with any information about the Shrine and be there for support.

The Bishop Velychkovsky National Martyr's Shrine is open to the public from Tuesday to Friday 10 am – 5 pm and Saturday 10 am – 1 pm. It is a very holy place where pilgrims can come and pray before this holy man, Blessed Vasyl Velychkovsky.

Intercessory Prayer

O Lord God, You are praised by the whole world for the marvellous works in your saints. I thank You for the grace You gave to **Blessed Vasyl Velychkovsky** to be a faithful witness to You unto the point of death. Through his intercession, I ask for the following favour, _____, for Your Name is glorified forever. Amen

As we continue to struggle with dangers and destruction of the global pandemic COVID-19, and now with all its variants, may Blessed Vasyl, who never lost hope, give us the grace and the faith to be always filled with joy and hope in the face of whatever we encounter.

Ontario

St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic National Shrine in Ottawa

By **Mary March** PHOTOS BY FATHER IRENEUS PRYSTAJECKY, OSBM

A National Shrine

The 1987 completion of the building of Ottawa's St. John the Baptist Church and Shrine was the fulfilment of hopes and prayers of many parishioners since the parish was founded in 1914. But it was also the realization of the concept of a Ukrainian National Shrine that originated during the Ukrainian Catholic National Congress held in Edmonton in June 1980. This idea of a "National Shrine" resonated with the Ottawa parish, the Canadian Ukrainian Catholic hierarchy, priests and faithful across the country.

The Shrine was built by generous and dedicated Ottawa parishioners with the support of donors from all parts of Canada. For this reason, since its opening in 1987, it has been connected to the entire Canadian Ukrainian Catholic community, which it represents in the National Capital. The concept evolved so that the building could

be designated a Sobor (Shrine) as well as a national monument that would commemorate the Millennium of Christianity in Ukraine celebrated in 1988.

The Canadian Bishops elevated the church to the rank of a National Shrine in May 1988 and in October of the next year they gave their blessing for a plan to organize an indulgenced place of pilgrimage at the Ottawa Shrine. The plan included the installation of a

reproduction of the miraculous Icon of the Mother of God of Perpetual Help. They applied to the Apostolic See in Rome, through the Congregation for Eastern Churches, which is to obtain the granting of appropriate indulgences for faithful who pray before the Icon.

Faithful from all parts of the country and from other countries including Ukraine are welcome to continue to come to Ottawa, gather at the Shrine to pray together, and to be strengthened in faith, traditions, and consciousness of our identity as a Ukrainian community.



Icon of the Mother of God of Perpetual Help in the Ukrainian Catholic National Shrine

Icon of the Mother of God of Perpetual Help

On June 2, 1991, a copy of the very ancient Mother of God of Perpetual Help icon was installed in the Ottawa Shrine. The icon dates back to the 13th century when it was venerated in a chapel on the Island of Crete for many years until 1480 when a merchant took



St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic National Shrine with Mary March, President of the Ottawa Branch of the UCWLC, in the foreground.

it to Italy along with a large number of families who were fleeing invading Turks. The icon was installed in St. Matthew's church in Rome. Augustinian Fathers rescued it and took it to safety before the church was destroyed by Napoleon's troops. In 1865, Pope Pius IX entrusted care of the icon to the Redemptorist Fathers who had built St. Alphonsus Liguori Church on the spot where St. Matthew's church had stood.

Greeks and other Eastern Christians behold the icon in great reverence and have come great distances to pray for help and favours. Many miracles have been attributed to the power of this original icon.

A sizeable workshop exists in St. Alphonsus Liguori Church where copyists paint copies of the original icon to be placed in churches throughout the world. It is the custom to touch each copy to the original and then take it to the Holy Father who blesses it and bestows on it the power of granting indulgences. The copy for Ottawa was obtained in May 1991. It was completed, touched to the original and brought to the Holy Father, Saint John Paul II who blessed it and granted it indulgences.

On June 2, 1991, the icon was brought into the church, and placed in a niche beside the altar. On that day, also, the Shrine was declared a "Marian Pilgrim Church." A pilgrimage is a religiously motivated journey to a sacred place.

In a document dated June 24, 1991, the Holy Father, Saint John Paul II, granted the Shrine the privilege of being a place where people could obtain a plenary indulgence by visiting it and piously venerating the icon of the Mother of God of Perpetual Help on certain feast days, as well as by receiving holy communion, going to confession, and saying prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father. For an indulgence to actually become plenary, the person must be free of all attachment to sin. The feast days on which indulgences can be obtained are:

- Nativity of St. John the Baptist
- Five Feast Days of the Mother of God: Annunciation; Dormition (Assumption); Nativity; Holy Protection (Pokrow); and, the Immaculate Conception, as well as on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord.

In addition, individuals or families may gain indulgences once a year on the day of their choice.

Shevchenko Monument

In 2011 a striking monument to Taras Shevchenko consisting of three statues on pedestals by Winnipeg sculptor Leo Mol was built on the Shrine property. This monument is visited quite frequently and it serves as a meeting place for events important to Ukrainians including Holodomor commemorations and celebrations of Ukrainian Independence.

Events

Several annual pilgrimages to the Shrine were organized in the earlier years of the Shrine including a pilgrimage organized by the UCWLC National Executive in 1994 which was combined with a visit to Ukraine to commemorate 100 years of Ukrainian immigration to Canada.

The National Capital

Ottawa and the surrounding region have many attractions including Parliament, the Supreme Court, several notable museums, numerous festivals, embassies representing many countries including Ukraine, the Gatineau Hills, and several historic towns and villages.

Honourable Roman Catholic mentions

- St. Joseph's Oratory, Montreal, QC
- Sainte Anne de Beaupré, Sainte Anne de Beaupré (near Quebec City)
- Canadian (Jesuit) Martyrs' Shrine, Midland, ON
- St. Anthony's Hermitage, Lac Bouchette, QC
- Skaro Shrine and Pilgrimage, near Lamont, AB

Through the Decades

By Oksana Bashuk Hepburn

Each decade of our lives brings fascinating experiences.

Our youngest remind us of our own first years: St Nicholas presents, first grade crushes, the first report card. We listen to their eternal questions: who am I, where do I come from? Why is there war? We know more now than we did at their age, but big answers still elude. So, we take them by the hand and go for a babcia walk to share the simple way things were when we were little.

The next few decades are so busy. Setting goals, pursuing studies, falling in love and out of love. Finding the first job, our life's companion, bringing children into the world, paying mortgages. Life knocks us down, but we rise with the help of the faith instilled in us by our heritage. As a people we've endured so much; we'll survive whatever comes along. We're survivors!

Mature adulthood was the era of the possible. Our health was good: it has to be to manage those hurly-burly routines. Up in the morning, get the kids to school, get dressed, and dash to work. Handle the job crisis while dealing with sick school days, dental appointments, lessons, sports, Ukrainian activities. Dash back. Off with the power suit, on with the sweats! Prepare the meals, share the news between the laundry, shopping, gardening. Was there even time to breathe? At that stage the children's agenda alone needed a full-time secretary, but we put

on ball gowns, pushed our men into their tuxes, and celebrated our community successes.



And we did more. We were the executives of our organizations, managed the facilities—churches, halls, summer camps—organized the political meetings, choir practices. We pushed Canada's agenda to support Ukraine. Attended protests, wrote opinions, signed petitions knowing that if we didn't do it then who would protest the injustice of a despot?

We won! We brought down the Soviet Union, gave Ukraine 30 years of independence, visited the motherland, and global peace reigned.

Meanwhile our younger ones were now raising families and taking over from us. We advised—musing how similar our encouragements sounded to

that of our parents. Be patient, be strict, be kind, be understanding, put your foot down, don't sweat the small stuff, tell them to dream big.

All this wisdom came from the riches of our inheritance to which we have as much a right as anyone has to theirs, but the domination of the larger environment and media culture make it hard for us to survive as ourselves. We question; what does any of that TV stuff have to do with me as a human being?

We're fortunate if our self-view is strong and nurtured by family and friends. Many don't have such support. They drift away, slip away, and are lost to us, to our community, and church permanently. How can we hold on to them or get them back?

In our sixties and seventies, we're told: these are the new forties. The words are pleasant, but we know better. We're thinning out. A family member dies; a friend, another... health conversations dominate. "Doctor" Google is a favourite go-to source for medical information.

Time rushes. The grandchildren are at university. We shake our heads in bewilderment. But we're still energetic. Still willing. Still hoping to be relevant and make a contribution.

Most psychologists say you need a goal that's bigger than you for a good life. The people who change the world are promoting their cause and they want us to want it. Some, like St. Pope John Paul II, wanted things

we wanted: freedom for Ukraine, justice. Others, like Putin, want to destroy the benefits democracy gives us—security, peace, liberty—and return as much of the world as we'll let him back to the USSR. And look what Trump did to us all!

This is where legacy emerges: what will you leave behind for your kin? Choose wisely as there is little time left. Devote yourself to what drives you; contribute selflessly. Your children's children will be guided by your contributions just like you were by your ancestors.

The final decades bring peace, wisdom. But now arthritis, sleepless nights, depression are our

companions. Some of us have cancer or dementia, the new monster in our midst. We offer advice: stay active, eat well, join in. We take walks not just for pleasure, but with health therapy in mind.

Let's not stop. There's still much left to do. Write your life story. It's a worthy one; from a unique place. Yours!

You are the descendents of the first Ukrainian settlers in Canada when discrimination was nasty. When the settlers had no support but each other, their adventurous Ukrainian character, and love for the land. Write about that.

Perhaps your family came

after the War with post traumatic issues: no money, no language, images of death and ruins. They had the growing Canadian Ukrainian community to help them. Some paid the price of pain and uprooting, and fell. That needs to be told!

Or are you the newly-arrived ones? You left part of yourself behind in Ukraine, came to see what Canada might offer. You are part of both. The double-perspective is most valuable. Teach us!

Ah life, an adventure, a pleasure. We embrace each decade and before we know it, it's gone. Make sure it lasts in your written words.

A Tiny Love Story

By Oksana Bashuk Hepburn

They make passionate love. The future is theirs. Freedom! Then the Germans cover Lviv with swastikas. Patriots counter. Proclaim independence from all invaders, but the enemy is stronger.

He's incarcerated in Auschwitz. A child is born. WWII ends. He's liberated. Mama and I are enslaved behind the Iron Curtain.



Now the UPA* rises against the Kremlin dictator. Mama couriers secrets. I'm her cover. Will we escape?

Tears, joy, love in Prague. We live in Germany then immigrate to Canada where three more daughters appear. Then eight grandchildren; eleven great-grandchildren! *My rostem, my nadija narodu!*

From Bangkok to Washington we thrive and wave blue-and-yellow independence flags in Putin's face.

Love trumps hate.

*UPA—Ukrainian Insurgent Army—fought the Polish, German and Russian occupation of Ukraine from 1942 to 1952.

Ukrainian Summer Kitchens and Memories By Joyce Sirski-Howell

How much do you know about summer kitchens? If the question is asked to people aged 70 and over who were raised on a farm, their answers will conjure up wonderful memories. Ask a 40-year-old individual (or younger) raised in the city, their answers will likely be, “No idea.”

In the article “What to Expect When You Hear the Words Summer Kitchens,” found on www.bobvila.com, it is written:

“These days, however, “summer kitchen” may be misused to describe a **modern, outdoor patio kitchen** where folks cook and entertain in nice weather.”

My curiosity about summer kitchens began after reading the book *Summer Kitchens: Recipes and Reminiscences from Every Corner of Ukraine* by Olia Hercules (July 2020). I was reminded quickly of my cousin’s summer kitchen in the village of Sokolivka, Ukraine. Unfortunately, I was not allowed to see inside.

Summer kitchens were part of many Ukrainian-Canadian prairie homesteads lasting well into the 1950s. Yet, in Googling “Ukrainian summer kitchens,” most posts refer to the above-mentioned book by Olia Hercules.

However, one post which could be found on https://www.gov.mb.ca/chc/hrb/internal_reports/pdfs/ukrainian_buildings_full.pdf refers to research in the Interlake area of Manitoba.

“With the food preparation done in the kuchny during the warm summer months the house was left comfortably cool and relatively free from insects.” (Page 55)

Edward Ledohowski, in his 1982 paper titled “Architectural Heritage: The Eastern Interlake

Planning District,” mentions that once a new home was built, often a log house was used as a summer house or for poultry. Jan Sirski, in her memories, mentions something similar, that the *hatyna* “was a log/clay structure built behind, East of the house.”

In mid-July 2020, the Ukrainian Museum of Canada, Saskatoon, posted a picture of a summer kitchen on Facebook. They wrote, “Summer kitchens were often found in a farmyard. Used for food preparation in the heat of summer, these prairie landmarks allowed for the preservation of the bounty of the garden and orchard for the long winter ahead.”

Knowing that few stories have been written down, the idea to collect and preserve stories about Ukrainian summer kitchen memories was presented to the National UCWLC Executive January 2021. Shortly after this meeting, someone posted this question on the Facebook page “We Are Ukrainian”: “Did anyone else’s baba have a summer kitchen away from the main house?” Within five days in February 2021, 210 comments were shared. This reinforces the need to document this part of our history.

Before Christmas 2020, I asked Sister Anne Pidskalny, SSMI (from “Journey with God” *Nasha Doroha* Winter 3(72) 2020), if their farm in Ethelbert had a summer kitchen. Her face lit up, and she replied that most families had one, like they did. Her brother-in-law, Allan Morris, recalled memories on

the family’s behalf. One such story was: “In the early spring, Mom and Dad would go to Dauphin and pick up boxes of young chicks from the hatchery and would have pens built in the summer kitchen where they could keep them warm with a fire on in the wood stove till they were old enough to be transferred out to the chicken coops. Then the major cleaning could happen so the big move could be made from the house to the summer kitchen.” Allan continued, “After the potatoes were dug, and before we went back to school, it was time [for us] to migrate [our kitchen duties back] to the house for the winter.”

Why were summer kitchens built? From the information found, the main reason was to keep the main house cool in summer. So much summer work, in preparation for winter, depended on using the wood stove. This would have made the house extremely uncomfortable. The [*litnya*] *hata* was practical: to cook meals, put up preserves, clean chickens, bake bread, make cheese and butter, to name a few tasks. In many cases, the cream separator was moved to the summer kitchen, as well as laundry duties. Water would be hauled from the well and heated in large boilers. Jan Sirski recalls, “We did bring water in pails with our wagon.”

As new, modern homes were built, electricity reached more farm families. Electric stoves replaced wood ones, and summer kitchens slowly became abandoned. The memories of them, however, to those who felt their warmth or smelled the delectable aromas emerging from the wood stoves, will always be remembered with fondness.

Ukrainian Summer Kitchens



Sr. Anne Pidskalny's family farm summer kitchen Ethelbert



Copied and printed with permission from the Ukrainian Museum of Canada, Saskatoon



Joyce Sirski-Howell at cousin Maria's summer kitchen, village of Sokolivka



Left: Joyce's cousin Maria's summer canning. Right: Drying mushrooms after a successful picking, at Joyce's cousin Maria's



Lyrissa Sheptak's Bodnar country kitchen



PINTEREST



Summer kitchen from the farm of Fr. Jim and Olya Nakonechny



LINDA JONES



Ratushniak farm near Dauphin

Our Hands

“Serve the LORD with Gladness” (Psalm 100:2)

How important are the hands of a League member? Dear members, look at your hands. They are not the delicate hands of your childhood, because now, there’s history written on your hands—the story of both the unique and the shared aspects of your life’s work. It tells of the ways in which your hands have **touched God**, and the ways in which they have **touched humanity**. You are looking at **hands** that have **experienced much, endured many things, learned many things**.

In that process, they have become **strong hands**.

- **hands** that have washed, bathed, cleansed
- **hands** that have wiped away tears
- **hands** that have often traced the sign of the cross on a child’s forehead
- **hands** that were often folded in prayer
- welcoming **hands**, that gave warm handshakes
- **hands** that bid fond goodbyes
- **hands** that expressed appreciation—gave encouragement
- **hands** that touched the lonely and the aged with compassion
- **hands** that soothed and bandaged wounds
- **hands** that healed hurts and comforted the broken hearted
- **hands** that have sown seeds and tended gardens
- **hands** that stitched linens and arranged flowers to adorn the house of worship
- **hands** that cared for the cleanliness of the Church
- **hands** that prepared food to nurture family and friends
- **hands** that have baked, cooked, and extended hospitality to the parish family—built relationships and built community
- **hands** that have knit and sewn to clothe the needy
- **hands** that fed the poor, the hungry
- **hands** that have packed parcels for the destitute
- **hands** that have kept in touch with members far and near, that wrote volumes, that prepared projects, that handled a multitude of copies, that lovingly packed and labeled envelopes, that sent messages of greeting, condolence, encouragement, that gave directives which coordinated our work as one **body in the League**.

As you examine **your hands**, you will recall how often they felt tired, how often scraped and bruised. **Every line—every bruise—every scar** shows how you have grown closer to God, each time that you reach out with an act of love—**heard the Word of God and acted on it**.

Your hands are servant hands—committed hands—hands that firmly stand **for God and people**. Continue to use these hands in work that God still has for you to do.

From now on, whenever you notice the scars, bruises, and lines on your hands, be reminded that those are **signs that God is shaping your heart to be more like the heart of Christ**.



In gratitude, let us all say:

Lord, “**We are merely servants. We have done no more than our duty.**” (Luke 17:10)

Credits to: UCWLC Archeparchy Executive as presented at the 30th UCWLC Winnipeg Archeparchy Convention in 2001



Saints Peter and Paul

This feast day is an important one on our church calendar. In fact, it has been re-instated as a feast day of obligation for the Ukrainian Catholic Church. This feast honours the two apostles who were responsible for laying the foundation for the Church of Christ.

Their significance to us was understood by Metropolitan Andrey Sheptytsky, who wrote, "All that we have, we owe to their apostolic labours and prayers... St. Paul, the Apostle, claims first place, for in his letters he has given to the Church a rich revelation of God, and a wealth of divine teachings... The Liturgical Year gives the Apostle Peter first place, assigning him two days in the year, namely January 16th, the Feast of St. Peter in Chains, and June 29th."

Sts. Peter and Paul were both martyred in Rome under the Emperor Nero in the year 67 A.D. At his own request, Peter was crucified upside-down, while Paul, a Roman citizen who could not be crucified according to Roman law, was beheaded. The Church unites them in a common celebration on June 29th and gives them identical honour.

Saint Peter was a simple fisherman who recognized the holiness of Jesus the first time he laid eyes upon Christ. There is no doubt that Simon enjoyed a special relationship as a leader of the Apostles. Christ called him the "Rock" (Peter) and said that upon this Rock He would build His Church. Saint Peter moved around in his apostolic work, consecrating bishops of villages and cities wherever he went. An important role of Saint Peter, and the Patriarchates founded by him, was to speak on matters affecting the entire Church, including teachings and doctrine.

Saint Paul, on the other hand, had a different calling and role within the Church. His various letters to the Churches make him the patron of the Local Church. Paul was raised in the strictest possible tradition of Pharisaic Judaism and was himself a Pharisee. He severely persecuted Christians until Christ met him in a powerful and intimate way causing his immediate conversion. He went from being persecutor of Christians to becoming the Apostle of the Gentiles! For Saint Paul, the Church existed at different levels.

The most basic level was the "Home Church" run by parents and grandparents. This was where Christianity was taught and experienced. In times of persecution, the Home Church was often the only place where Christianity could be lived and passed on. The next level, the Local Church, is where the Gospel was proclaimed in a way the local community could understand and celebrate it according to its own culture and experience.

The Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul represents the relationship between the Universal Church (Peter's work) and the Local Church (Paul's work). All Catholics are part of the Universal Church where we find life in the Holy Mysteries (Sacraments) and the teachings of Christ. We belong to the Universal Church by being members of the Local Church. The Local Church gives meaning to the Holy Mysteries and teachings of the Universal Church in the light of the cultural understandings and world-view of the particular Local Church. Our Local Church follows the Kyivan (Ukrainian) Tradition which reflects our historic cultural identity and values. But the Ukrainian Tradition doesn't belong only to us. The Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul offers us a vision of what our Church should be: outward-reaching with an inward focus. The Kyivan tradition is not just for Ukrainians. We have been entrusted with a treasure of spiritual culture which we are meant to share so that others may have a fuller experience of God. Sts. Peter and Paul are honoured together since they bring together both understandings of the Church. The one brings light to the message of the Gospel, and the other makes the light shine more brightly for us by adapting the message to our world-view.

Written by the Saskatoon Eparchy

The Cool Room



ORGANIZED-HOME.COM

In the distant past
In another time and place
There was a cellar.
It was dark and cool.
Sometimes pungent, sometimes
fragrant.
But in the fall, it held treasures
Of a bountiful harvest,
And a mother's sacrifice.
Countless hours of effort and
hard work —
Preserving, conserving
To ensure security — survival —
A symbol of her love.
Produce of all kinds — vegetables,
fruits, berries —
A kaleidoscope of colours, varying
shades and hues
Of green, yellow, orange, red, and
purple.
Bins filled with brown and red
potatoes,
For many winter meals.
Jars and jars, row on row,
Neatly placed on wooden shelves —
Orange carrots, deep red beets
Pickled, canned
Borshch, relishes, sauces
Dill pickles, sauerkraut

Green peas, red tomatoes, green and yellow
string beans
Bright peaches, luscious strawberries, sweet
raspberries,
Blueberries, saskatoons, cherries, crab apples
Tart rhubarb, cranberry, chokecherry
Jams, jellies, juices,
Dried onions, dill, garlic,
Poppies, mint, chamomile, sunflower seeds
The harvest — the labour of love —
a necessity then
A haven from hunger,
In a time when Superstore was not,
And money was scarce...
In that cellar long ago.

Now I — a mother — I, too,
Like my mother in days long gone,
Preserve, conserve, pickle, can,
The joy of bottled pleasures
Grown in God's garden
In proximity to Safeway and the like —
Choose instead to do as long ago.
Toil to ensure that a valued family tradition
continues,
Secure — content — that my family, too,
Shall be fed — from Nature's glorious banquet
In those cold winter months
From the cool room
Reminiscent of that cellar of long ago.

Rosemarie Nahnybida

Прохолодна кімната

У віддаленому минулому
В іншому часі і місці
Був погріб.
Він був темний і прохолодний.
Іноді їдкий, іноді запашний.
Але восени там зберігалися скарби
Щедрого врожаю
Та материнської жертвності.
Незліченні години зусиль і важкої праці —
Зберігання, консервування,
Щоб запевнити безпеку — виживання —
Символ її любові.
Різноманітні продукти — овочі, фрукти, ягоди —
Калейдоскоп кольорів різноманітних відтінків і забарвлень —
Зелених, жовтих, оранжевих, червоних і фіолетових.
Контейнери наповнені коричневою і червоною картоплею
Для багатьох зимових страв.
Слоїки і слоїки, ряд за рядом,
Акуратно розміщені на дерев'яних полицях —
Оранжева морква, темно-червоні буряки
Мариновані, консервовані
Борщ, приправи, соуси,
Квашені огірки, капуста,
Зелений горох, червоні помідори, зелена і жовта квасоля,

Яскраві персики, соковиті полуниці, солодка малина,
Чорниці, саскатуни, черешні, крабові яблука,
Терпкий ревіль, журавлина, аронія,
Варення, желе, соки,
Сушена цибуля, кріп, часник,
Мак, м'ята, ромашка, соняшникове насіння.
Врожай — праця любові — необхідність тоді
Притулок від голоду,
В час коли Superstore не існував,
А грошей було обмаль...
У тому погребі давно.

Тепер мама — я, і я також,
Як і моя мати за минулих днів,
Закриваю, консервую, мариную, зберігаю
Втіху в закритих слоїках,
Вирощену в Божому саду
Недалеко від Safeway і йому подібних —
Обираю натомість робити, як колись давно.
Трудитися, щоб продовжувати цінні сімейні традиції
Безпека — спокій — що моя сім'я також
Має бути нагодована — з чудового бенкету природи
В холодні зимові місяці
З прохолодної кімнати
Як це було в тому погребі в далекому минулому.

Recollections of Chornobyl

“On the night of the accident, the evacuated firefighters arrived from the Chornobyl Nuclear Power Plant, and I took their uniforms off with my bare hands. I don’t have fingerprints now”

**Daria Horska, “FAKTY”
25.04.2021**

Exactly 35 years ago, the worst man-made catastrophe in human history occurred—the accident at the Chornobyl nuclear power plant. For a long time, there was no information regarding the causes and circumstances of the explosion in the fourth power unit. This is because the RBMK-1000 reactor, which was created under the leadership of academician Alexandrow, was (according to Soviet propaganda) a peaceful atom—so safe that it could be installed even on Red Square without fear. The accident that led to radiation pollution in many countries throughout the world was too strong a blow to the reputation of superpower.

The result is known to all: the evacuation of almost 100 settlements, many dead and sick people, billions spent by the Soviet Union on disinfection and cleaning of territories, the heroic deed of the liquidators. Very little is known as to what happened the night of the accident in Prypiat when unsuspecting medical staff obliviously aided the first victims of radiation.

“The faces of the victims were burgundy, as if they were badly burned on the beach”

The story of how the freelance correspondent of “FAKTY” (part-time guide to the Chornobyl zone) met with nurses on duty in Prypiat medical unit on the night of the accident is in itself interesting. I am telling this in the first person. →

Спогади про Чорнобиль

«У ніч аварії я голими руками знімала форму з пожежників, доставлених із ЧАЕС. Тепер у мене немає відбитків пальців»

**Дарія Горська, «ФАКТИ»
25.04.2021**

Рівно 35 років тому сталася найстрашніша техногенна катастрофа в історії людства — аварія на Чорнобильській атомній електростанції. Про причини та обставини вибуху на четвертому енергоблоці довгий час не було ніякої інформації. Тому що реактор РБМК-1000, створений під керівництвом академіка Александрова, згідно з радянською пропагандою про мирний атом, був настільки безпечним, що його сміливо можна було встановлювати хоч на Червоній площі. І аварія, що призвела за собою радіаційне забруднення багатьох країн світу, стала занадто сильним ударом по репутації супердержави.

Результат відомий всім: евакуація майже сотні населених пунктів, безліч померлих і хворих людей, мільярди, витрачені Радянським Союзом на знезараження та очищення територій, героїчний подвиг ліквідаторів. Але що саме відбувалося в ніч аварії у Прип’яті, як медперсонал, що нічого не підозрював, практично наосліп рятував перших жертв радіації — про це, як і раніше, відомо дуже мало.

«Обличчя у постраждалих були бордові, як ніби вони сильно обгоріли на пляжі»

Історія про те, як позаштатний кореспондент «ФАКТИВ» (за сумісництвом гід по Чорнобильській зоні) познайомилася з медсестрами, які чергували у Прип’ятській медсанчастині в ніч аварії, сама по собі цікава. Розповідаю від першої особи. →

This was in December 2019. I led a group of foreign tourists around the ghost town of Prypiat, talking about the realities of life in this once heavenly place. We stop at the medical unit No. 126. I tell the tourists that in 1986 it was one of the most modern medical centres in the USSR, perfectly equipped with many departments—surgery, clinic, dentistry, narcology, the department of mother and child, a lot of specialists. Except for radiologist.

Despite the fact that Chornobyl was located only three kilometres from the city of 50,000, there could be no radiologist in Prypiat by definition. This would run counter to Soviet propaganda about an infallible and safe reactor.

“As a result, I say, on the night of the tragedy, several nurses and a doctor of the admission department were on duty at the medical unit No. 126. When the ambulances began to bring the first victims with symptoms of acute radiation sickness from the station, the nurses simply did not know what to do with them. With their bare hands they pulled the uniforms off the burnt-out firefighters, who choked on vomit, washed the unfortunates, and put IV drips on them, helped as they could...”

While I was talking, two elderly women who were standing behind me, were interviewed by a TV reporter. Suddenly one of them came up to me and literally grabbed my jacket imploring, “Are you a guide? Are these your tourists? Tell them that we are still alive. Tell them that we did everything in our power!”

I didn't understand, “Who are you?”

Це було в грудні 2019 року. Я вела групу іноземних туристів по місту-примарі Прип'яті, розповідаючи про реалії життя в цьому колись райському для радянської людини куточку. Зупиняємося біля медсанчастини №126. Розповідаю туристам, що у 1986 році це був один з найсучасніших медичних центрів у СРСР, прекрасно обладнаний, з безліччю відділень — хірургією, поліклінікою, стоматологією, наркологією, відділення матері та дитини, масою вузькопрофільних фахівців. Крім радіолога.

Попри те, що всього за три кілометри від 50-тисячного міста перебувала ЧАЕС, радіолога у Прип'яті не могло бути за визначенням. Це суперечило б радянській пропаганді про непогрішний і безпечний реактор.

«В результаті, — кажу, — в ніч трагедії у медсанчастині №126 чергували кілька медсестер і лікар приймального відділення. Коли швидкі почали привозити до них зі станції перших постраждалих з симптомами гострої променевої хвороби, медсестри просто не знали, що з ними робити. Голими руками стягували з обгорілих пожежників, що захлиналися блювотою, форму, мили нещасних, ставили крапельниці, рятували як могли...»

Поки я розповідала, позаду мене стояли дві жінки похилого віку, в яких брав інтерв'ю тележурналіст. Раптом одна з них підійшла і буквально схопила мене за куртку. «Ти гід? А це твої туристи? Скажи їм, що ми ще живі. Скажи їм, що ми зробили все, що в наших силах!» — втокмачувала



Alla Makarets in her youth (right)
Алла Макарець в молодості (праворуч)

“We are nurses who worked here on the night of the accident.”

Now, 15 months after that conversation, on the eve of the 35th anniversary of the Chernobyl accident, I met Alla Makarets and Lyudmila Dzhulai, a nurse and paramedic at the time of the accident [for an interview].

“We lived there from the first spike [when it was built] until the last day,” recounts **Alla Makarets, who, at the time of the accident, was the senior nurse of the narcological department of medical unit No. 126 of the city of Prypiat.** “In May 1971, I moved to Prypiat with a small child—I just gave birth to my son. My husband moved in August. After my maternity leave, I went to work at the emergency clinic. At that time there were only three buildings in the city. In one of them, we almost immediately got a two-room apartment, and when our daughter was born—a three-room. In 1974, our medical unit, the hospital, and a clinic were built.”

“I got there six months later [after Alla Makarets],” shares **Lyudmila Dzhulai who, at the time of the accident, was a paramedic of the psychiatric service of the medical unit No. 126 in Prypiat.** “Before that, my husband and I lived in Chernobyl, and we rented an apartment there. Then I decided to go to the district executive committee and ask for housing. I got such a good official! He looked at me (I was thin and petite). He felt sorry for me and said: they will finish a fourth building in Prypiat. Come and you will get housing. In the winter of 1971, we moved in.

“Prypiat was built very quickly, one high-rise building followed by another. Immediately near the buildings, the kindergarten, school and shops were built. Salaries were good, and most importantly there was no such deficit as in other settlements. You could buy everything: clothes, shoes, furniture, musical instruments, fresh fruits and vegetables at any time of the year. At our ‘kitchen factory’ they prepared incredibly delicious cakes and deserts. It was a real dream city... playgrounds, swimming pools, the ‘Energetic’ Palace of Culture, an amusement park, our favourite medical unit.”

“Tell me,” I asked, “On the eve of those sad events did you have a premonition of trouble?”

“Absolutely none,” says Makarets. “It was spring—bright, warm. Everyone talked, worked, walked, had fun. No one could have imagined that everything would end like this all at once. On the night of April 26, a phone rang in my apartment. The head of the department said to run to work immediately. Just a few days before that, there were civil defence classes, and I assumed [there was] training again.” →

мені сивоволоса жінка. «А ви хто?» — не розуміла я. «Ми медсестри, які працювали тут у ніч аварії...»

І ось зараз, 15 місяців по тому, напередодні 35-ої річниці аварії на ЧАЕС, ми зустрілися з цими двома жінками.

— Ми ж там прожили, вважай, з першого кілочка і до останнього дня, — розповідає **Алла Макарець, на момент аварії старша медсестра наркологічного відділення медсанчастини №126 міста Прип'ять.** — У травні 1971 року я переїхала у Прип'ять з маленькою дитиною — тоді тільки народила сина. А в серпні переїхав чоловік. Коли я вийшла з декрету, пішла на швидку допомогу в амбулаторію. На той момент у місті було лише три будинки. В одному з них ми майже відразу отримали двокімнатну квартиру, а коли народилася дочка — трикімнатну. У 1974 році побудували нашу медсанчастину, лікарню і поліклініку.

— А я туди потрапила на півроку пізніше, — ділиться **Людмила Джулай, на момент аварії фельдшер психіатричної служби медсанчастини №126 міста Прип'ять.** — До цього жила з чоловіком у Чорнобилі, винаймала квартиру. Потім зважилася піти у райвиконком і попросити житло. Такий мені хороший чиновник попався! Глянув на мене (а я худенька, маленька була), пожалів і говорить: будуть у Прип'яті четвертий будинок здавати — приходь, отримаєш житло. Взимку 1971 року ми вже переїхали.

Прип'ять будували дуже швидко. Одну багатоповерхівку, слідом — другу. І відразу ж поруч — садок, школу, магазини. Зарплати були хороші, і головне — не було такого дефіциту, як в інших населених пунктах. Купити можна було все: одяг, взуття, меблі, музичні інструменти, свіжі фрукти й овочі в будь-яку пору року. На нашій «фабриці-кухні» готували неймовірно смачні тістечка, десерти. А дитячі майданчики, басейни, палац культури «Енергетик», парк розваг, наша улюблена медсанчастина... Це було справжнє місто-мрія.

— Скажіть, напередодні тих сумних подій у вас не було передчуття біди?

— Абсолютно ніякого, — каже Алла Макарець. — Була весна — яскрава, тепла. Всі спілкувалися, працювали, гуляли, веселилися. Ніхто не міг припустити, що все обірветься ось так, відразу. У ніч на 26 квітня в моїй квартирі пролунав телефонний дзвінок. Завідувач відділення сказав терміново бігти на роботу. Якраз за кілька днів до цього були заняття з цивільної оборони, і я припустила — знову

“No, it’s a little worse,” the manager replied.

“As soon as I arrived, he said that an accident happened at the station, and demanded [that I] give out alcohol. This is an accountable thing, so I tried to refuse, but the boss said that he took care of everything. All employees, even non-drinkers, were forced to drink 50 grams for internal decontamination.

“The first victims were brought in at 2:00 am” Dzhulai says. “They looked awful. They had burgundy faces, as if they were badly burned on the beach. Many vomited. We took off their clothes with our bare hands, without gloves. And all in the shower, except those who were really bad—right under the IV drip, without a shower.

“Why did you work without gloves? Didn’t you understand how dangerous it was?”

“Nobody knew or understood anything, except for one thing: that you need to work, work, work, save people. Shashenok was brought in (Volodymyr Shashenok worked at the station as a tuning engineer) and he was all black, it was obvious that he was not going to survive. He died a few hours later. Two women arrived—Klavdiya Laukonina and Kateryna Ivanenko. They were not even at the station at the time of the explosion working in the paramilitary guard of the construction department, but they received large doses of radiation. Katya Ivanenko asked me to call her elderly mother, to say that she was in the hospital, so that she would not worry, and would not wait for her. I did not call the mother, because at that moment, Prypiat was already cut off from all telephone communication. Katya died in Moscow at hospital No. 6. She was buried with Klava in Mytyn Cemetery. I live with this sin that I did not call her elderly mother.

“We had been told that the evacuation is temporary.
We left with handbags,
and didn’t even take our documents with us”

“All victims of the Chornobyl accident died in Moscow. They were treated by Robert Gale, a doctor invited from the USA, who performed bone marrow transplants. At the same time, the chief radiologist of the Ministry of the Ukrainian SSR, Leonid Kindzelsky, saved many

навчання. «Ні, дещо гірше», — відповів завідувач. Як тільки я прийшла, він сказав, що на станції сталася аварія, і зажадав... видати спирт. Це річ підзвітна, тому я намагалася відмовлятися, але начальник сказав, що все бере на себе. Всіх співробітників, навіть непитущих, змусили випити по 50 грамів для внутрішньої дезактивації.

— Перших постраждалих почали привозити о другій годині ночі, — каже Людмила Джулай. — Виглядали вони жахливо. Обличчя бордові, як ніби сильно обгоріли на пляжі. Багатьох рвало. Ми знімали з них одяг голими руками, без рукавичок. І всіх — під душ. А кому було зовсім погано — відразу під крапельницю, без душа.

— Чому ви працювали без рукавичок? Хіба не розуміли, наскільки це було небезпечно?

— Ніхто нічого не знав і не розумів. Крім одного: що треба працювати, працювати, працювати, рятувати людей. Привезли Шашенка (Володимир Шашенко працював на станції інженером-наладчиком. — Авт.) — він був весь чорний, відразу видно, що не жилець. Через кілька годин він помер. Надійшли дві жінки — Клавдія Лауконіна і Катерина Іваненко. Вони навіть не на станції були під час вибуху, працювали у воєнізованій охороні управління будівництва. Але отримали великі дози опромінення. Катя Іваненко просила мене зателефонувати її старенькій мамі, сказати, що вона в лікарні, щоб та не переживала, щоб не чекала її. Я не зателефонувала — на той момент у Прип’яті вже відрубали весь телефонний зв’язок. Катя померла в Москві, в 6-й лікарні. Похована разом з Клавою на Митинському кладовищі. А я так і живу з цим гріхом, що не подзвонила її старенькій мамі...

«Нам оголосили,
що евакуація тимчасова.
Їхали з сумочками,
навіть документи
з собою не брали»

— У Москві померли всі постраждалі під час аварії на ЧАЕС. Їх лікував запрошений з Америки доктор Роберт Гейл, який робив пересадку кісткового мозку. Водночас головний радіолог МОЗ УРСР

who came to him in Kyiv because he injected stem cells through veins.”

“This is true. This happened because the guys were taken to Moscow during the latent period. The did not seem seriously ill, but it was deceiving. You know, I remembered the topic of “acute radiation sickness” back from medical school. I failed it unfairly. During the test, I answered as it was written in the textbook: “The first period of the disease’s acute symptoms: nausea, vomiting. The second period is hidden, all symptoms disappear.”

“And the complaints?” the teacher asked me.

“No complaints.”

“Wrong. Patients complain during this period because they are not discharged. Sit down, you failed.”

“This is exactly what happened to the first liquidators in the latent period. It seemed to them that they were recovering, the guys demanded their clothes and were serious about returning home. But that was the beginning of the end.”

“How did you find out that the city would be evacuated?”

“On April 26, we worked until nine o’clock in the evening, and the chief medical officer ordered everyone to go home,” Dzhulai continues. “I took the emergency car and brought documentation on the victims to the Chornobyl bunker, where the government commission was meeting, and went home. I sat on the chair and asked my son to go and buy some water and kefir. Everything inside of me was burning like a fire. I just fell asleep and in the middle of the night a call came from an acquaintance: ‘Luda, there are rumours that there will be an evacuation. Is that true?’ I jumped up, got dressed, went outside. I saw a police car in the yard. I approached them: ‘Fellows, is it true that there will be an evacuation?’ They hesitated and did not answer. Suddenly the walkie-talkie in their car started talking: ‘A convoy of buses are at the entrance to Chornobyl. We will form a column there.’ I remember this word-for-word and I still get goosebumps. ‘Fellows, thank you, the question is answered. Everything is clear now.’ I told the policeman and went home to get ready.”

“That same night I stayed to work with my manager,” says Alla Makarets. “In the evening the first load of victims was loaded into buses. They were taken to Boryspil, and from there, by plane to Moscow. I returned home from the shift at half past twelve at night, April 27. I am walking, the roads are being washed, and no one is anywhere. I called my husband from the hospital, and asked him to put a basin of water outside the apartment door. →

Леонід Кіндзельський у Києві врятував багатьох, хто до нього надійшов, оскільки вводив стовбурові клітини через вени...

— Це правда. Але так сталося ще й тому, що в Москву хлопців відвезли під час прихованого періоду. Здавалося, вони не такі важкі, але це було оманливе. Знаєте, мені ще з медучилища запам’яталася тема «гостра променева хвороба»: я за неї тоді несправедливо двійку отримала. На заліку відповіла, як за підручником: «Перший період хвороби — гострий, симптоми: нудота, блювота. Другий період — прихований, вся симптоматика зникає». «А скарги?» — запитав мене викладач. — «Скарг немає». — «Невірно. Скарги пацієнтів у цей період — на те, що їх не виписують додому. Сідайте, два». Саме так і сталося з першими ліквідаторами в латентний період — їм здавалося, що вони йдуть на поправку, хлопці вимагали одяг і були серйозно налаштовані повертатися додому. Але це було початком кінця...

— Як ви дізналися про те, що буде евакуація міста?

— 26 квітня ми відпрацювали до дев’ятої вечора, і від начмеда надійшла команда — всі по домівках, — продовжує Людмила Джулай. — Я на швидкій завезла документацію по постраждалих у бункер ЧАЕС, де засідала урядова комісія, і пішла додому. Сіла на стілець, сина попросила купити води і кефіру — всередині все пекло, як вогнем. Тільки задрімала — серед ночі дзвінок від знайомої: «Люда, ходять чутки, що буде евакуація. Це правда?» Я схопилася, одяглася, вийшла на вулицю. Побачила у дворі міліційну машину, підійшла: «Хлопці, а правда, що буде евакуація?» Вони зам’ялися, нічого не відповіли. І раптом заговорила рація у них в машині: «Колонна автобусів на під’їзді до Чорнобиля. Будемо формувати колонну там». Я слово в слово запам’ятала, й досі мурашки по шкірі. «Хлопці, спасибі, питання знято. Все зрозуміло», — сказала я міліціонерам і пішла додому збиратися.

— А я в ту ніч залишилася працювати разом зі своїм завідувачем, — каже Алла Макарець. — Увечері завантажили першу партію уражених в автобуси — їх вивозили в Бориспіль, а звідти літаком до Москви. Додому зі зміни поверталася о пів на першу ночі, 27 квітня. Іду, дороги миються, і ніде нікого. Ще з лікарні зателефонувала чоловікові, щоб виставив за двері квартири таз з водою.

На сходовій клітці роздяглася догола, викинула весь заражений одяг, вимила руки й обличчя.



Lyudmila Dzhulai (left) and Alla Makarets have been working in the medical unit No. 126 of the city of Prypiat since 1974 (women are holding the photo of the medical unit before the accident)

У медсанчастині № 126 міста Прип'ять Людмила Джулай (зліва) та Алла Макарець працювали з 1974 року (жінки тримають фото медсанчастини, якою вона була до аварії)

"I stripped naked on the stairwell, threw away all the infected clothes, washed my hands and face. After that I immediately went to take a bath. Our children were with our parents in Novi Shepelychi at that time. I called them in the afternoon and told everyone to drink a shot of vodka 'for prevention' and even a spoonful for children as well. In the evening I went to bed, my husband quietly pulled the phone out of the socket so that I would not be disturbed.

"In the morning I rode my bicycle to the medical unit," Alla Makarets continues. "The patients have already been evacuated to Chornobyl and Kyiv. I was sent home and was told that evacuation would be at 2 p.m. My husband and I went to my parents in the village. I cried because it was scary to leave them. My mother reassured me: 'Don't cry. I am sitting here at the table. You'll be back in three days and I will be sitting at the same table.' Everyone thought that the evacuation was temporary, as we were told. We left with handbags, didn't even take our documents with us. Most people took it as an additional three-day break. They took guitars with them like they were going on a picnic. We did not realize that we were losing Prypiat. We were losing our happy life forever."

"Were you evacuated to Kyiv?"

"Prypiat residents were taken by bus to the Polissia region. Some left by car and went where they wanted. My

І відразу в ванну. Діти наші були тоді у батьків в Нових Шепеличах. Я ще вдень їм дзвонила, сказала всім випити по чарці горілки «для профілактики» і навіть дітям налити по ложечці. Увечері лягла спати, а чоловік потихеньку висмикнув із розетки телефон, щоб мене не турбували.

— Вранці поїхала на велосипеді в медсанчастину, — продовжує Алла Макарець. — Там уже евакуювали хворих — до Чорнобиля, до Києва. Мене відправили додому, сказали, що о 14:00 буде евакуація. Ми з чоловіком поїхали до моїх батьків у село. Я плакала — страшно було їх залишати. А мама мене заспокоювала: «Не плач. Я ось сиджу за столом, ти через три дні повернешся — і я буду сидіти за цим же столом». Усі ж думали, що евакуація тимчасова, як нам і оголошували. Їхали з сумочками, навіть документи з собою не брали. Більшість сприймало це як додатковий триденний відгул. Брали з собою гітари, їхали, як на пікнік. Ми не усвідомлювали, що втрачаємо Прип'ять, втрачаємо наше щасливе життя назавжди.

— Вас евакуювали до Києва?

— Прип'ятчан автобусами вивозили в Поліський район. А хтось виїжджав на машинах — і їхав куди хотів. Мої діти поїхали ще раніше за нас з чоловіком. У мене сестра була вагітна, так її чоловік разом зі старшою дитиною і двома нашими дітьми відвіз

children left even earlier than my husband and me. My sister was pregnant at the time, so her husband took their older child and our two children and drove them away in his car. At that time, long-distance telephone communication was already cut off in the city, and Prypiat was closed for entry and exit. That is why they drove their cars using by-passes. We went to Boyarka, Kyiv region, where we had relatives.

“We rushed there after the evacuation, but we did not know where to find our children. There were no cell phones. We searched and found them through the district administration. Immediately, the children were sent to the summer camp ‘Moloda Hvardiia’ for a few months. By the way, they were treated very badly there because they were from Chornobyl and ‘radio-active.’ The rumours already crept in, and no one really knew anything, so they were scared.”

“Yes, at that time we all searched for each other because we didn’t understand who was evacuated, and where,” Lyudmila Dzhulai agrees. “In Polissia, at the post office in alphabetical order, was all the correspondence for people of Prypiat. This time was a litmus test for human relations. It immediately became clear who your friend was, and who was not. An acquaintance with whom we once vacationed with in Berdyansk, wrote to me: ‘Lyudochka, I know that something happened to you, and that you were evacuated. Come to us with your son and your parents. We will all fit in. We will take you in.’ This was the first and only letter I received. It was not written by my relative, but just by a good person.”

“When did the acute phase of Chornobyl end for you?”

“Never!” Tears well up in Makarets’ eyes. “There was my parents’ house. There was our happiness. And Prypiat? We still miss the city. I still cry when I think about it. Things have never been so good since.”

“The last time we were in Prypiat was in December 2019, just when we caught you by your jacket,” adds Dzhulai. “I went to my former apartment. It was empty. Everything was taken away. On the table was one, open book from our large library that was not taken away. I looked at the name and realized that the liquidator who was decontaminating my apartment had a delicate soul. It was Yuri Bedzyk’s book, *Farewell Forever*.”

“Did you not return to Prypiat after the evacuation?”

“Well, of course we came back!” says Makarets. “We stayed in Kyiv only for a few weeks, and we were worried all the time: How are we going to be without work? They need help there, too. On the 14th we went

всіх на своїй машині. На той момент у місті вже було відключено телефонний міжміський зв’язок, Прип’ять закрили для в’їзду і виїзду. Тому вони виїжджали на своїй машині манівцями. Поїхали в Боярку Київської області, до родичів.

Ми після евакуації кинулися туди, а де шукати своїх, не знаємо. Мобільних же не було. Розшукали через районну адміністрацію. І відразу відправили дітей на кілька місяців у літній табір, у «Молоду гвардію». Де до них, до речі, дуже погано ставилися, тому що чорнобильські, «радіоактивні». Чутки то вже повзли, а толком ніхто нічого не знав, ось і шарахалися.

— Так, в той час всі ми розшукували один одного, тому що не розуміли, кого куди евакуювали, — погоджується Людмила Джулай. — У Поліському на пошті в алфавітному порядку лежала вся кореспонденція для прип’ятчан. І ось цей час було лакмусовим папірцем для людських відносин — відразу виявлялося, хто твій друг, а хто ні. Мені написала знайома, з якою ми колись відпочивали в Бердянську: «Людочка, я знаю, що у вас щось трапилось, що вас евакуювали. Приїжджай з сином і батьками до нас. Ми всі помістимося, ми вас приймемо». Це був перший і єдиний лист, який я отримала. І написала його не моя родичка, а просто добра людина.

— Коли для вас закінчилася гостра фаза Чорнобиля?

— Ніколи, — на очі Алли Макарець навертаються сльози. — Там будинок батьківський, там було наше щастя. А Прип’ять? За містом сумуємо досі. Пригадую його — і плачу. Нам ніде більше не було так добре.

— Останній раз ми були у Прип’яті у грудні 2019 року, якраз коли вас за куртку зловили, — додає Людмила Джулай. — Я тоді зайшла у свою колишню квартиру — а там порожньо, вивезено все. І на столі розкрита книга — єдина з нашої великої бібліотеки, яку не забрали. Я подивилася на назву і зрозуміла, що у ліквідатора, який займався дезактивацією моєї квартири, була тонка душа. Це була книга Юрія Бедзика «Прощаючись назавжди».

— Після евакуації ви вже не поверталися до Прип’яті?

— Ну що ви, звичайно, поверталися! — каже Алла Макарець. — У Києві пробули всього кілька тижнів, і весь час переживали: як же ми без роботи? Там же потрібна допомога! 14 числа поїхали у Зону

to the Exclusion Zone. The medical unit was relocated to the 'Kazkovi' pioneer camp. We lived there. We took buses to the village of Kopachi. In Kopachi we took APCs and were going to work. Armored personnel carriers were needed to somehow protect us from radiation, because from Kopachi to the station, where the medical centre was, the background radiation was very high.

відчуження. Медсанчастина перебазувалася в піонерський табір «Казковий». Там ми жили, на автобусах добиралися до села Копачі. У Копачах пересідали на БТри і вже їхали на роботу. Бронетранспортери були потрібні, щоб хоч якось нас захистити від радіації, тому що від Копачів і до станції, де знаходився медпункт, був дуже високий радіаційний фон.



This is what the Prypiat medical unit looks like now. It was one of the most modern medical centres in the USSR
Так зараз виглядає прип'ятська медсанчастина, яка була одним з найсучасніших медичних центрів у СРСР

"We were driving quickly past Kopachi. We just had to switch to an armoured personnel carrier, and suddenly we see a tent in the village, soldiers are walking, can you imagine? Despite the fact that it was not even possible to stay there for a long time, never mind putting up a tent. Under the tree lies a young soldier in shorts and a T-shirt. We said to him: 'Son, what are you doing? Get up immediately!' He was so ill that he could not stand on his feet. He was falling. I still have this picture before my eyes. Soldiers were driven to liquidation works without explaining anything, without protecting them, like cannon fodder. I worked in the Chernobyl Exclusion Zone until 1987 in the hospital. Luda worked until 1995 in the health centre."

Їхали ми якось на швидкій повз Копачі, якраз повинні були пересідати в БТР і раптом бачимо — в селищі напнуто намет, солдати ходять, уявляєте? При тому, що там навіть перебувати довго не можна було, не те що намет ставити. А під деревом хлопчик лежить, молодесенький солдатик. В трусах і в майці. Ми йому: «Синоку, ти що робиш? Встань негайно». А йому так погано, що він не може стояти, падає. У мене ця картина досі перед очима... Солдатів заганяли на ліквідаційні роботи, нічого не пояснюючи, ніяк їх не захищаючи. Як гарматне м'ясо. Я працювала в Чорнобильській зоні відчуження до 1987 року у стаціонарі, Люда — до 1995 року в оздоровчому пункті.

“You worked in inhumanly dangerous radiation conditions. Has anyone controlled your radiation levels?”

“I have 25 rem of accumulated radiation,” Makarets says. “Although, in fact, it is just the maximum that was set in our individual drives. 25 rem is a lot, but I know that I ‘scored’ much more. Children started to get ill more often, as a result my son died at a young age. My legs hurt a lot, and my health has generally deteriorated.”

“This is true,” Dzhulai agrees. “I had radiation burns, and also because on the night of the accident I carried the clothes of firefighters with my bare hands, the radiation ‘ate’ my skin. I do not have fingerprints anymore.” Lyudmila Vasylivna shows her smooth, paper-like finger tips on her right hand. “That’s why they made a special recognition chip on my passport. I can’t confirm my identity with a fingerprint, like everyone else.”

“We liquidators are equated to war invalids. At the same time, we use one privilege (instead of three, defined by law), and we do not beat our chests, shouting about our feat at every crossroads. We pay for bus fare so that we don’t have to listen to words from drivers about ‘freeloaders.’

“Twice a year, on the day of the liquidator, and now, on April 26, the country commemorates Chernobyl. Unfortunately, it all turns into a formality. At the same time the state pays 2,000 hryvnias to evacuees—people who spent at least 36 hours in the wild radiation background, which killed their health. Those who stopped by for a couple hours after the accident, and got the right piece of paper, now call themselves liquidators.”

“I remember that after the evacuation we were given a ticket to the ‘Yalta-Kirov’ sanatorium,” Makarets says bitterly. “And there came a lady in high heels. Not knowing who we were, she sat down at our table and began: ‘My son died in Chernobyl. Do you know that there were two wagons with the dead in the woods?’

“I nearly fainted. ‘What wagons? Have you seen them? Shame on you! We are the nurses who have been working since the night of the accident and knew that two people had died in Prypiat—Volodymyr Shashenok and Valeriy Khodemchuk, who had never been rescued from the rubble. What two wagons with dead are you talking about?’

“So, you’re in luck today. While we, the real liquidators are still alive, the world has the opportunity to learn the truth about Chernobyl.”

— Ви працювали в нелюдськи небезпечних радіаційних умовах. Хтось контролював ваші дози опромінення?

— У мене 25 берів накопиченої радіації, — розповідає Алла Макарець. — Хоча насправді це просто той граничний максимум, який був встановлений у наших індивідуальних накопичувачах. 25 берів — і так дуже багато, але я знаю, що за фактом «набрала» набагато більше. Діти стали частіше хворіти, син у результаті помер ще молодим. У мене сильно болять ноги, і взагалі дуже похитнулося здоров’я.

— Це правда, — погоджується Людмила Джулай. — У мене були радіаційні опіки. А ще через те, що в ніч аварії я носила одяг пожежників голими руками, радіація «виїла» мені шкіру. У мене немає відбитків пальців, — Людмила Василівна показує гладкі, як папір, пучки пальців правої руки. — Тому на закордонному паспорті мені робили спеціальний чіп для розпізнавання. Підтвердити свою особистість відбитком пальця, як всі, я не можу.

Ми, ліквідатори, прирівняні до інвалідів війни. При цьому користуємося однією пільгою (замість трьох, визначених законом!) і не кричимо про свій подвиг на кожному перехресті, не б’ємо себе в груди. Платимо в маршрутках за проїзд, щоб не слухати слова водіїв про «халявщиків».

Два рази на рік — на день ліквідатора, і зараз, 26 квітня, у країні згадують про Чорнобиль. Але перетворюється це все у формальності. При цьому держава платить евакуйованим — людям, які провели щонайменше 36 годин у дикому радіаційному фоні та вбив своє здоров’я, — 2 тисячі гривень. А ті, хто заїхав на пару годин після аварії і виклопотав собі потрібний папірець, тепер називають себе ліквідаторами.

— Пам’ятаю, після евакуації нам дали путівку в санаторій «Ялта-Кіров», — з гіркотою говорить Алла Макарець. — І туди ж приїхала одна дама на високих підборах. І, не знаючи, хто ми, сіла за нашим столом і почала: «У мене син помер у Чорнобилі. А ви знаєте, що там у лісі два вагони стояли з мертвими?» Я обімліла. «Які вагони? А ти їх бачила? Як тобі не соромно?» Ми, медсестри, які працювали з ночі аварії, знали, що загинули у Прип’яті двоє осіб — Володимир Шашенко і Валерій Ходемчук, якого так і не дістали з-під завалів. Які два вагони з мертвими?

Так що вам сьогодні пощастило. Поки ми, справжні ліквідатори, ще живі, у світу є можливість дізнатися правду про Чорнобиль.

The Treasure of Our Traditions

Originally written by Oksana McIntyre for the 38th Convention of UCWLC Edmonton Eparchy

Topic: Enhancing the Traditions of our Feast Days

Our cultural and spiritual traditions are very closely linked. Can we truly experience Sviat Vechir by only partaking in the 12 meatless dishes without completing this magical evening in church to hear the poignant refrain of *З нами Бог* or singing *Бог Предвічний* as a community? What is the purpose of blessing our Easter basket if we have not been immersed in the joyous *Христос Воскрес* or *Ангел Сповідав*?

It is important that we engage our families and parishes in the traditions of our feast days. For 130 years these traditions have been treasured but perhaps some have been lost and need to be revived. Understanding the traditions of the feast days enhances them.

Traditions are viewed differently in the West than the East. In the West, tradition means “an old way of doing things,” which is how many of our youth and young adults view traditions. If we are to consider traditions from an Eastern ethos, then they become something highly valued as the work of God over long periods of time. Tradition is the continuity of the experience of a community rather than individuals.

As women we have a special role. Marie Lesoway says it beautifully.

“Culture is part of the whole human experience but women have a special role in deciding how it will be employed and what will be passed on. To a large degree, women are carriers of culture. In most households, it is the woman who bears prime responsibility for raising and caring for her family. It is she who upholds the values of the past and passes on to her children their ancestral faith and their mother tongue. She imparts to her children the rhythms and customs of traditional life that are relevant to their survival in an era of change. She nurtures those aspects of her culture which remain applicable within the context of her own time and place, and decides which threads of her cultural heritage must be broken, which must be unravelled and reworked into new patterns, and which will be woven intact into the tapestry of cultural experience which her children inherit.”

Most of us are a product of those decisions made by our mothers and babas, and we are now making those same cultural decisions with our own children.

Let's be grateful that we are part of a people who carry on traditions as old as human memory itself.

God's Embroidery

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, my mother used to embroider a great deal. I would sit at her knee and look up from the floor and ask what she was doing. She informed me that she was embroidering. I told her that it looked like a mess from where I was. As from the underside I watched her work within the boundaries of the little round hoop that she held in her hand. I complained to her that it sure looked messy from where I sat.

She would smile at me, look down and gently say, “My dear, you go about playing for a while, and when I am finished with my embroidering, I will put you on my knee and let you see it from my side.”

I would wonder why she was using some dark threads along with the bright ones and why they seemed so jumbled from my view. A few minutes would pass and then I would hear Mother's voice say, “Dear, come sit on my knee.” This I did, only to be surprised and thrilled

to see a beautiful flower or a sunset. I could not believe it because from underneath it looked so messy.

Then Mother would say to me, “My dear, from underneath it did look messy and jumbled, but you did not realize that there was a pre-drawn plan on top. It was a design. I was only following it. Now look at it from my side and you will see what I was doing.”

Many times throughout the years I have looked up to my Heavenly Father and said, “Father, what are You doing?”

He has answered, “I am embroidering your life.”

I say, “But it looks a mess to me. It seems so jumbled. The threads seem so dark. Why can't they all be bright?”

The Father seems to tell me, “Child, you go about your business of doing My business, and one day I will bring you to Heaven and put you on My knee and you will see the plan from My side.” — *Anonymous*

Maria Rypan is an international designer and recognized expert in Ukrainian-style beadwork. Her specialties are netting, unique beadweaving and loomweaving techniques. She loves sharing this unique tradition with like-minded cultural enthusiasts, so she has developed a series of beadwork classes with her own instructional material.

Since 1995 she's been teaching internationally. As well, she has produced a kit line, and lectures on beading and global folk arts. Her research trips to Ukraine yield fresh material about folk costumes, adornments, and trends. Maria has also taught master classes and given presentations in Ukraine since 2010.

Maria was the designer of 27 embroidered dresses based on fashion sketches by political dissident and poet Iryna Senyk. Fifty of her poems were translated and published together with her sketches and miniature embroideries in a book project by St. Demetrius, Toronto branch of UCWLC. Maria also produced the *Première* event showcasing these fashions as well as the *White*

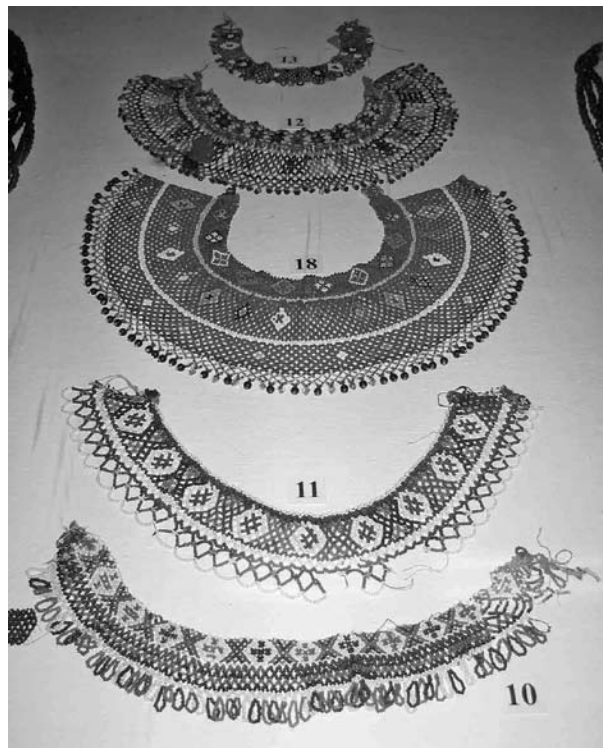
Aster of Love deluxe, bilingual coffee table book about it. She has since become a member of the UCLWC and was the National Cultural Education Chair in the late 1990s.



Maria is the niece and Goddaughter of Cardinal Lubomyr Husar, daughter of his older sister, Martha, and Zenon Wasylkevych. She was fortunate to witness several historic events in the life of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church on the invitation of her uncle.

Gerdany, Sylyanky

Beadwork Ukrainian-Style



Clockwise starting from top left: Hutsul Bride — Ukrainian Museum Library Stamford;
5 net sylyanky 5 collars on display — Lviv Ethnographic Museum;
Petrychuk 14 Hutsul Luchka Venetian Komirets

THESE DAYS IN NORTH AMERICA, people of Ukrainian heritage refer to any beaded adornment created from seed beads as a *gerdan* (plural *gerdany*). It has become the generic term for all beadwork around the neck. In fact, 'gerdan' is the Turkish word for neck, and in Ukraine it is most commonly used to refer to a loomwoven medallion style. (Visit www.rypandesigns.com/beadwork/gerdany.html for comprehensive info of styles.)

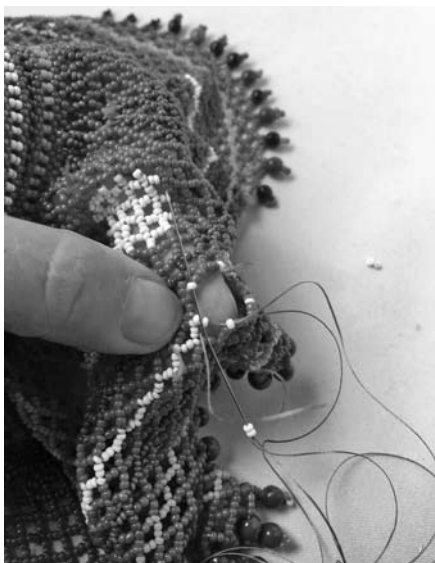
Ukraine has a rich tradition of folk adornments and ornamentation made of beads. This unique phenomenon became more widespread in Western Ukraine in the 19th-early 20th centuries with the availability of affordable seed beads thanks to advances in mechanized glass production. The villagers became fascinated with beads and used them to embellish their

clothing and to create accessories. In time they became an integral part of their clothing for holidays and festive occasions.

Women matched the colours of seed beads to those in their traditional embroidery patterns. To reproduce them in beads, they used a multi-needle (thread) weaving technique with natural linen threads or horsehair, tied together. To start, one would string a single bead on two separate threads and crisscross them through a common bead to lock them in place and create a geometric netted pattern. They could create very intricate motifs by changing bead colour.

From the word 'sylvaty' (to string) came the term 'sylvanka' (plural *sylvanky*). The basic netted bands were worn as chokers or stitched onto twill for wearing as headbands by girls or be tied around men's straw hats. The *sylvanka* technique was also used to create netted *komirysi* (collars) in many widths. It got to a point where ethnographic regions developed their own particular recognizable styles. The Lemkos beaded the widest netted collars, *kryvulky* with rhombs against red backgrounds. The Boykos beaded mid-sized *komirysi* against white. The Hutsuls had narrower *sylvanky* and liked blue. Kosmach liked yellows and oranges, just like they used in their embroidery and *pysanky*.

Embroidery patterns worked well in loomwork. Basic wooden looms were used to weave incredible charted patterns into medallion-style *gerdany*. Men in Bukovyna wore *gerdany*, while brides would stitch several loomwoven bands onto a *kapelushyna* (hat), a wedding headpiece.



Lemko Fix Zigzag Wht Zig Eva Wakaruk

Sylvanky were worn as amulets for protection of the wearer. On festive occasions they were combined with other adornments to show status and were worn together with *korali* (strings of coral or beads), strings of pearls, *pysani patsiorky* (Venetian beads), metal *zgardy* crosses or *monety* (coins).

We can get netted effects by using a single needle. I am sharing a great introductory pattern which I believe is the key to understanding how seed bead adornments are created. Once you get this, it's easy to create wider netted *sylvanky* bands or collars with motifs.

For contemporary fashion I suggest to start with mid-sized 8/ or finer Czech 10/ or 11/ seed beads. If using one size, select your overall ground colour, a contrast and accent colour to create an interesting pattern. For a textured look, you can use different sizes of beads in the same colour family.

You'll need a beading mat or paper Chinnet® plate for your beads; nylon beading thread, and a beading needle. Use a larger spare stopper bead which will be removed later to sew in a clasp as shown in my resource guides on my website (refer to Fundamentals of Adding Thread and Clasps in <http://www.rypandesigns.com/beadwork>).

Supply list for a Netted Sylvanka Collar:

	Same Size Beads	Textured Effect
Ground colour	1000 fine 11/	1000 fine 10/ or 11/ (850 mid-sized 8/)
Mesh points	300 fine 11/	250 large-sized 6/
Accent points	100 fine 11/	90 fine 10/ or 11/
Picot colour	300 fine 11/	250 mid-sized 8/

Kits are available if you do not have a stash of beads. Visit www.rypandesigns.com.

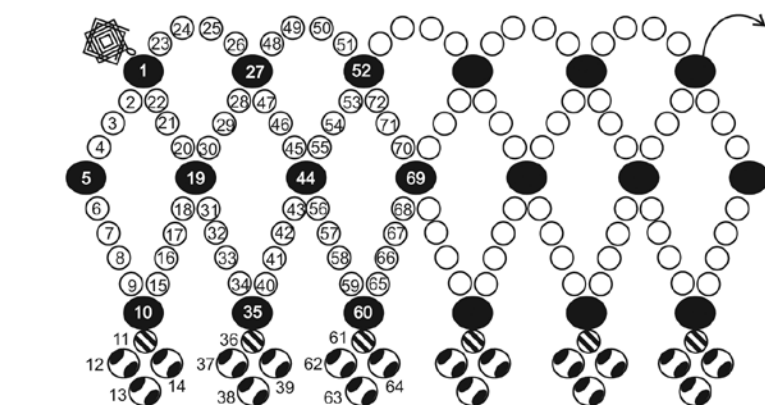
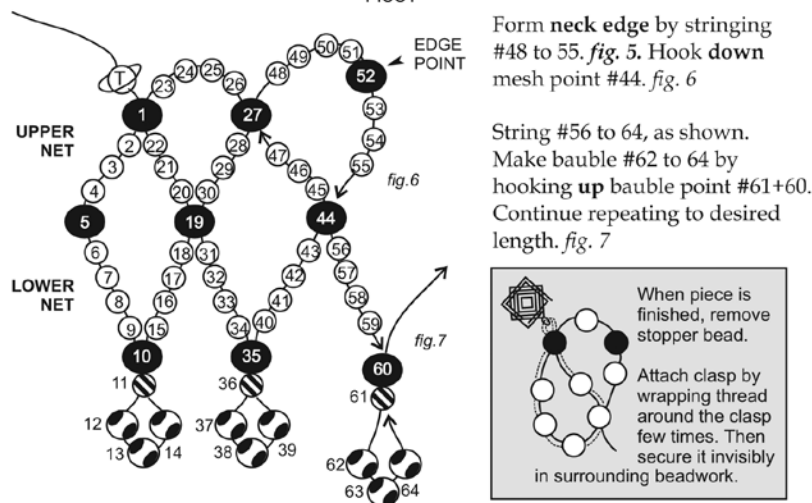
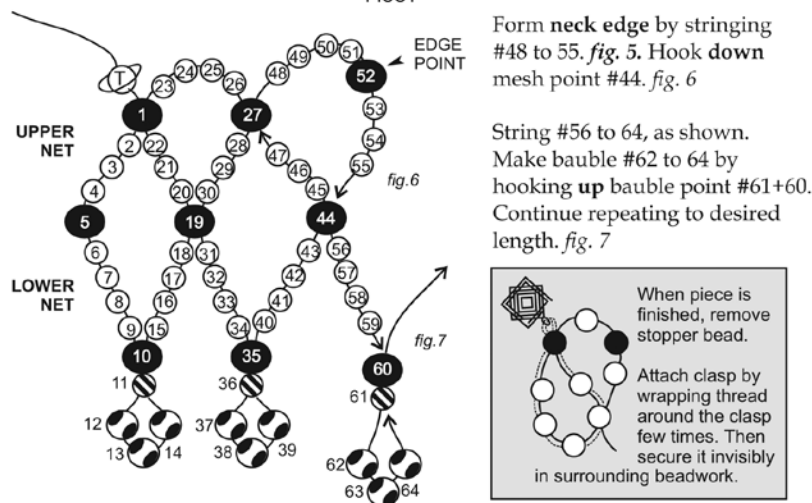
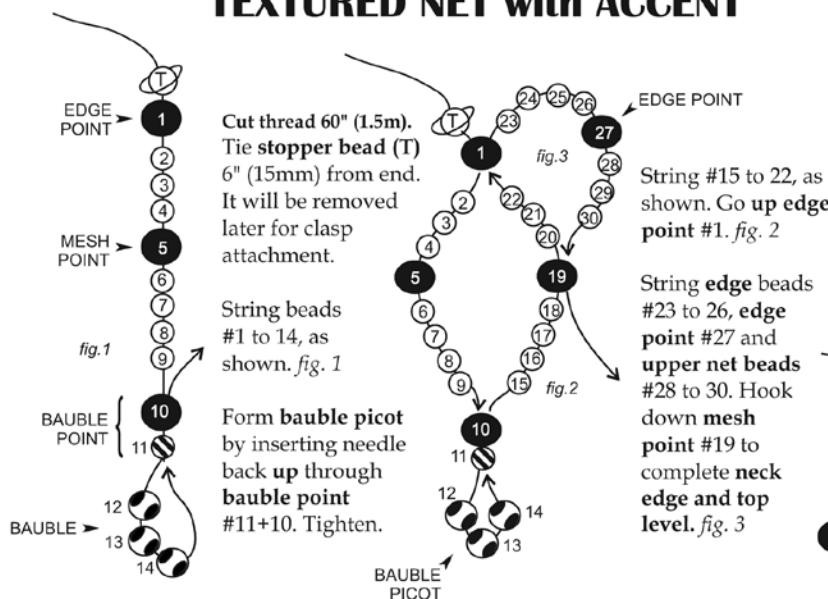
Марія Рипан, мисткиня жіночих прикрас із бісеру, інструктор по їх виготовленню, інтернаціональний видавець ілюстрованих, друкованих книг-інструкцій та наборів для виготовлення жіночих прикрас, в яких навчає, як крок за кроком зробити самим вибрані зразки.

Дослідниця українського народного мистецтва. Багатий зібраний матеріал висвітлює в культурно-мистецьких установах, музеях, товариствах, професійних спілках і в культурних центрах Канади, США та України.

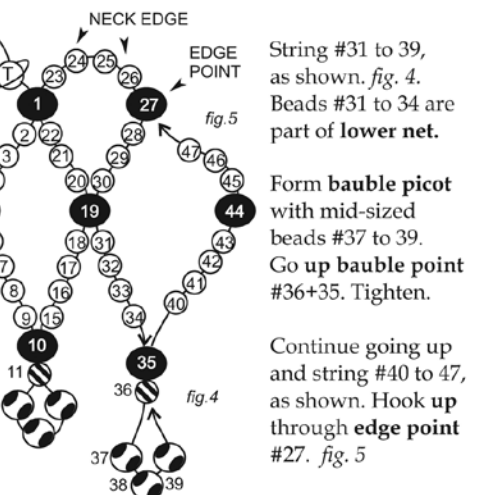


BEADWORK

TEXTURED NET with ACCENT



Have fun trying the TEXTURED NET in any color your heart desires. Textures make it work! – MR



- ACCENT 10/ or 11/ SEED BEADS
- GROUND 10/ or 11/ SEED BEADS
- BAUBLE PICOT 8/ SEED BEADS
- MESH PT. 6/ PONY BEADS

Tighten beadwork as you work!

THREAD TIPS

Tie on a **STOPPER** bead loosely so it can easily be removed when you are ready to join or add a clasp in the end. Leave a **LONG TAIL** (6"/15cm) for use to cleanly finish and reinforce the beadwork.

To FINISH thread before adding new one:

Note when you are about to run out of thread. Weave in the excess thread in reverse direction by going around a few mesh units. Tie circle knot in between beads. Go through a few more beads and circle knot again.

To REINFORCE new thread:

Start a new thread by tying in between beads of netted fabric further from point where you need to continue. Go around a few mesh units to reinforce with circle knots every so often between beads. This effectively overlaps both threads so the piece will never split. Emerge where you left off and continue.



Maria M. Rypan © 2007 RYPAN DESIGNS Toronto, CANADA
www.rypandesigns.com

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Cookbook Project – Joyce Sirski-Howell

On Facebook, one can join a group called “We are Ukrainian.” In looking through the posts, I find it interesting how many young people with Ukrainian roots who are living throughout the world are wanting tried-and-true recipes for traditional Ukrainian food. They are eager to learn how to make delectable dishes like nalysynky, perishky, holubsti, or pyrohy. At Christmas it was kutia, kolach, and borshch. Many photos are posted of their novice efforts.

On several posts I noticed references made to “vintage” cookbooks that had belonged to baba (i.e., one printed in 1984) asking where they could locate a copy. This reinforces the need that, as UCWLC members, we should save and have a depository for the cookbooks published by branches and our churches. They are excellent resources.

I found two websites that have several Ukrainian church cookbooks from Canada in PDF format. The first, www.seedsandroots.net, is an American site. Six Canadian cookbook website have posted at this time. Two cookbooks are UCWLC ones: Yorkton’s 1970 reprinted cookbook, and the 1967 *Pioneer Cookbook* from Bruno, SK. A third book is from Barrie, ON (2009), *Exaltation of the Holy Cross Ukrainian Catholic Church*. From my research, an actual copy of the Bruno cookbook (albeit a 1970 reprint) is housed in the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, special collections. Other library locations? World Cat lists the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., and two other American libraries. How did these cookbooks get to Washington or Kentucky?

The second site is an electronic library in Ukraine—www.diasporiana.org.ua—a site I learned of in January of this year. Navigating the site, there is a list of 17 categories. The Miscellaneous category is the only one written in English. The first book pictured is *Ukrainian Daughters Cookbook* (Regina). Four UCWLC cookbooks are available to read as a PDF file. These include Yorkton’s UCWLC Cookbook 1970; *Pioneer Cookbook* from Bruno, SK, 1967; *Tested Recipes* 4th Edition St. Josaphat’s Edmonton; *From Our Kitchen to Yours*, Foam Lake, SK. *From Our Kitchen to Yours* is not dated, but by the cover and the address of the printer it is likely from the 1960s.

In his “Summer Kitchen Memories” Gordon Gordey of Edmonton recalled a memory from the early 1960s when he spent time at his baba’s farm near Innisfree, AB.

“Popular at this time was a large roaster of ground meatballs and rice, covered with tomato soup and simmered for hours.”

Having gone through the Foam Lake cookbook myself, I deduced that the dish that Gordon Gordey’s baba had simmering in the roaster for their summer kitchen threshing crew was “Supper Dish Porcupine Meatballs” (pg. 9)! Many of us recall this recipe, but for those from a younger era, this is a recipe to try.

■ Supper Dish Porcupine Meatballs

1 lb. minced beef	2 tsp finely chopped onion
⅓ c rice	1 tin tomato soup
½ tsp salt & pepper	½ cup water
1 tbsp fat	1 egg

Wash the rice. Mix meat, onion, rice, seasoning and egg in a bowl. Form into small balls, roll in flour. Place in a fry pan and brown in the fat. Add the soup and water. Cover and braise 25-30 minutes. Add water if necessary.

Moving forward some 60 years, the Kitchen Magpie (who has a Ukrainian heritage), in her March 18, 2021 newsletter, mentions meatballs and tips for cooking them in a slow cooker. What caught my eye was her mother’s recipe for Porcupine Meatballs. She referred to them as “classic retro Porcupine Meatballs.”



THEKITCHENMAGPIE.COM

How different or similar is the recipe from the Foam Lake one? Check it out at www.theKitchenMagpie.com/classic-retro-porcupine-meatballs. What makes these meatballs “porcupine” is the addition of uncooked rice. I particularly noted this addition to the tomato soup, as well as 1½ tbsp brown sugar and 1 tbsp Worcestershire sauce. I think it’s worth a try.

Having Fun Growing Garlic

I have been gardening for many years and can grow just about anything. My garden is my pride and joy and, like most Ukrainians, every spring I plant way more than is needed. In the Fall, I am usually blessed with a bumper crop of vegetables which I share with neighbours and friends, or whomever happens to drop by. I have had only one problem: I never had much success growing garlic! Most of the time it grew like an onion and did not develop any cloves. I could never figure out what was wrong, and it seemed like other gardeners I spoke to had the same problem.

Besides gardening I also enjoy dancing. I belong to a Clogging group and one year we were asked to perform at the annual Garlic Festival in Andrew, AB. I was most excited to attend! Not only to dance, but to learn more about growing garlic. The festival brought in a guest speaker to present information on how to grow garlic; various growers selling garlic seed; a bench-show of garlic entries, and a farmer's market. I was able to compare various



garlic varieties and meet the growers who received red ribbons from across the province. I gathered as much information as possible. It was exactly the place to go if one wanted to learn how to successfully grow garlic. →



ЛІГА УКРАЇНСЬКИХ КАТОЛИЦЬКИХ ЖІНОК КАНАДИ
Крайова Управа

UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF CANADA
National Executive

The Vera Buczynsky Ukrainian Studies Scholarship

The National UCWLC is offering one scholarship of \$1,000 to a person of Ukrainian Catholic descent who is planning to enroll in Ukrainian Studies at the post-secondary level. Criteria and applications are available online at www.ucwlc.ca. Applications should be submitted electronically to

**The Vera Buczynsky Ukrainian
Studies Scholarship Committee**

Barbara Olynyk, Chair at
ucwlcnationalscholarships@gmail.com

The Mary Dyma Religious Studies Scholarship

The National UCWLC is offering one scholarship of \$1,000 to a lay woman of Ukrainian Catholic descent who is planning to enroll in Religious Studies at the graduate level. Criteria and applications are available online at www.ucwlc.ca. Applications should be submitted electronically to

**The Mary Dyma Religious Studies
Scholarship Committee**

Barbara Olynyk, Chair at
ucwlcnationalscholarships@gmail.com

I learned that the most important thing is starting with good, viable seed. I purchased forty dollars' worth of a garlic variety called Music. That may sound like a lot of garlic, but I only got eight heads. I hoped this garlic would produce well so I could save some seed for the following year.

That summer I watched my garlic grow and gave them much attention. I weeded, fertilized, and watered them, and I ended up quite impressed with my results. Whenever someone came to visit, I was more than pleased to show off my forty-dollar garlic.



One sunny afternoon as I was working in my garden, a door-to-door salesman came by. I was harvesting my onions and he noticed my garlic. He asked me what I do with my garlic scapes? Honestly, I did not even know what he was talking about. Apparently, a scape is a stem that grows only on hardneck garlic which curls, blooms, and develops little garlic seeds. He asked if I was willing to share some as the greens were delicious in soups, salads and pesto. Apparently, the garlic seeds can be planted or used in pickling. He also explained that when scapes curl twice, they should be removed promoting garlic heads to grow larger. Wow! Finally, I learned the secret!

I would also like to share the following information about growing garlic that I gathered at the festival:

1. Select mature garlic bulbs with wraps still intact.
2. Plant hardneck garlic after September 15th or 6 weeks prior to the last hard frost.
3. Plant softneck garlic in the spring between April 15th and May 15th.
4. Before Spring planting: place hardneck garlic in a paper bag and chill in fridge for 2 weeks; softneck garlic should be chilled for 3 to 6 weeks prior to planting. Chilling is not required if garlic is planted in the Fall.
5. Separate the cloves just before planting and place each clove with basal plate at bottom and point at top.
6. Plant cloves 2-4 inches deep and 6 inches apart in each row.
7. Garlic requires plenty of moisture and should be kept weed-free.
8. It takes garlic 120 days to mature. In July or August, when garlic leaves start to brown, do not water at this time as garlic should be kept dry for approximately 2 weeks prior to harvesting. If you plant garlic in the Fall, you will harvest in July; and if you plant hardneck in the Spring, it can be dug out *mid*-August. Softneck will be dug out at the *end* of August.
9. Dig garlic with a garden fork, brush dirt off gently, and dry in a well aerated location. Ideal temperatures for curing are 65-75° F.
10. When first layer of skin is crisp, clean by rubbing skin off. Curing is completed after three cleanings. Do not dry garlic in direct sun.
11. Cured garlic stored in temperatures over 70° F will fail to bulb.
12. I also recommend watching some YouTube videos on how to grow garlic, when to harvest garlic, and how to store garlic.

Garlic is nutritious, delicious, and an essential ingredient that enhances many culinary dishes. I encourage all gardeners to try growing garlic as it is not that difficult once you learn how. With a little bit of effort and patience, you will be amazed how easy and fun it is to produce a bountiful crop. Happy gardening!

Submitted by Marlene Diachyshyn
Waskatenau UCWLC President

MUM Ceramics Exhibition

Pottery Traditions and Transplanted Motifs: Ceramics from Ukraine and their North American Legacy



Spanning centuries and continents, the ceramics exhibition at Musée Ukraina Museum represents a celebration of this decorative and applied art form. Featured are earthenware vessels brought to Western Canada by the first Ukrainian immigrants and later donated to our museum.

Hutsulian pottery from Kosiv and Pistyn areas in Ukraine, as well as other hand-painted ceramics on display, is decorated with popular floral and animal motifs that influenced local North American artisans whose work is also included in the exhibition. Artists represented in this exhibition include Pavlyna Tsvilyk, Aka Perejma, Luba Perchyshyn, Roman Kowal and Irene Shumsky-Moroz.

In 2019 the tradition of Kosiv painted ceramics was inscribed on UNESCO's Representative List of Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity. Hutsul ceramics are remarkable for their contrast of greens, golds and browns in free brushstrokes which imbue the pictorial decorations with lightness and spontaneity.

Especially noteworthy is the inaugural inclusion of ceramics from the Toronto UCWLC Museum collection, the entirety of which was recently transferred to Musée Ukraina Museum, helping us continue our mandate of preserving and exhibiting these valuable cultural artifacts.

We recognize with gratitude the individual collectors who donated these artifacts, and look forward to exhibiting these valuable artistic and cultural contributions for our online communities and future visitors to Musée Ukraina Museum.



I INVITE YOU to read my latest book *Live Well: My Ukrainian Upbringing and Other Stories*.

What does \$24.95 buy you today? A pizza, a shirt, a dinner, how about my new book? By purchasing my book, you are also supporting local Saskatchewan authors.

In *Live Well: My Ukrainian Upbringing and Other Stories* I share personal essays from my past, present, and future. I write about my family and my Ukrainian prairie roots and, of course, the ultimate quest for friendship and love all the while writing passionately about the “real.” Published by Hidden Brook Press, this is my 16th book and my first book of short stories. If you are partial to the great short story, then this is for you. If you enjoy historical fiction or memoir, or if you just enjoy reading a good story then you have 32 short stories to savour sweetly.

Will I be having a book launch? Only time will tell. Live or Zoomed? Let's see what COVID brings. In the meantime, my book *Live Well: My Ukrainian Upbringing and Other Stories* is available for purchase from my website at www.babasbabushka.ca or McNally's in Saskatoon. You can also give me a call or text at 1-306-260-2393. If you live in Saskatoon I will even deliver it to your mailbox! There is a little piece of my heart and soul in this book and something for all to enjoy. Peace,

— Marion Mutala

Education Heroes

The COVID-19 pandemic came upon us suddenly and without warning, leaving us no time to prepare for what lay ahead. In March 2019, there was an unprecedented disruption to education when the government declared that all schools were to close—from pre-school to post-secondary—and online learning would begin. Teachers had to undergo an incredible transformation to help students move ahead with their learning.

A Teacher's Story

April 2020

I woke up early in the morning, I was due back at school following Spring Break thinking to myself, what will I do? When I walk into my classroom, there will be no students. What a new journey I will begin in my teaching career! Parents needed to be contacted: Do you have a computer and access to the internet? Can you support your child at home and be willing to learn about the technology for online education? How will I communicate with families who do not speak English? What about the students who have challenges? How will they be supported? How will I check assignments, give tests, and come up with a year-end grade? New schedules, online resources, and modifications to curriculum will need to be created.

As the “new normal” began to unfold, I learned how to live in an online community. The school board offered in-services on effective remote teaching strategies. My administration checked in daily with our

teaching team to offer support and help problem-solve. I was able to access IT services for any challenges I faced. The school board provided interpreters and school family and cultural liaisons to support students and their families' transition from face-to-face classes to online delivery. The school had weekly (email) communication with parents regarding online learning. My school reached out to families in need and allowed them to borrow a computer until the end of June.

The hardest part for me was teaching to faces on the screen. It was not the same as classroom interactions where you can create a connection and feel the emotions. Not only did I have to deliver the curriculum, but I also needed to listen. There were many fears and anxieties. My students felt isolated. They were missing their friends, teachers, and the routines of school life. Students were trying to figure out this “new world” and I needed to inspire hope. I found a new creativity within

myself as I discovered ways to ignite their imagination and to help them see that they could achieve in a different way. A new reality surfaced when some families expressed their need for food and other basics that were now not accessible. Community support initiatives, such as the food bank and free clothing stores, were shared by the school. In some cases, grocery store gift cards were distributed as well.

The timeline from April to June went by in a blur. Somehow, I got through each day and all the moments in between where I faced the challenges that came my way. There were many highs and many lows, but by the end of the school year we made it through together and I learned about the resilience of children and their families.

September 2020

September arrived and all the students were back. Stay safe! But there was still the fear of COVID outbreaks, COVID testing, and quarantines. Wearing masks or shields, hand washing and sanitization, sitting apart, Plexiglas barriers, and staying in our “cohorts” became the norm. Staggered recess and lunch times added to the complexities. We lost the sense of community within the school. Teachers and students from different classrooms could not meet and share in the wonders of learning. I gained a new appreciation for the freedoms

that we no longer had: outdoor recess together, assemblies in the gym, hearing a whole school singing, concerts, sports day, field trips, meeting with parents, and teachers chatting together in the staff room. I learned about gratitude, being thankful for the good in each day, knowing that I still made a difference in the lives of my students. I could still inspire and help them to feel excited about their learning.

April 2021

The journey continues. It is not over yet. A third wave is upon us and there is no certainty when this will end. The impact of this pandemic in the education world will be with us for many years to come.

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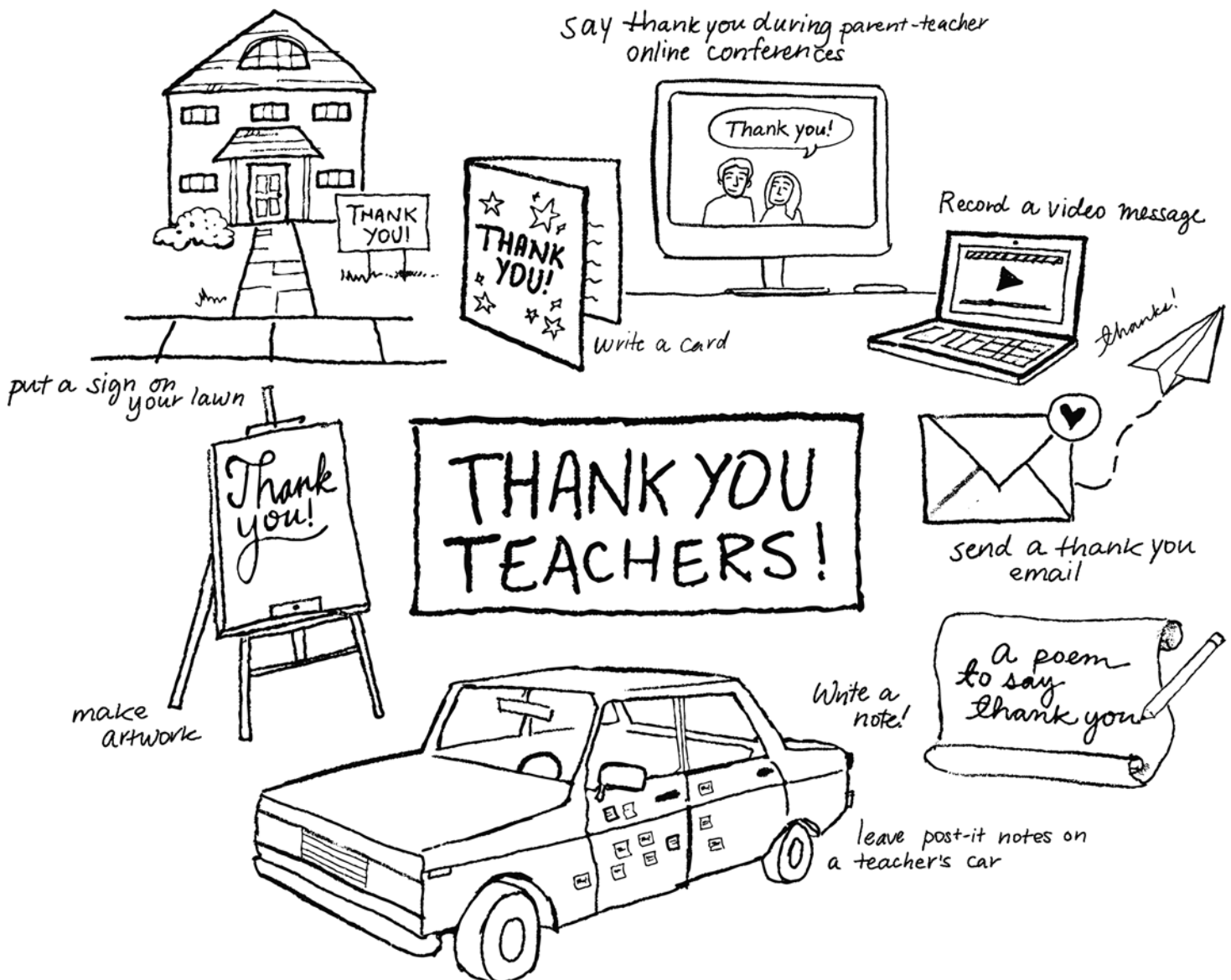
What can we do? Two words: "thank you." We can show all teachers our appreciation for remaining strong when faced

with adversity and for rising to the challenge of educating in a new way. There is great power in kind words, and a thank-you makes a teacher's heart happy.

Rosanne Muryнка
Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary Ukrainian Catholic Church, Calgary, Alberta

Story Contributor:
Claudia Sasse, Teacher

Illustrator: Anna Muryнка





Toronto Eparchy ♦
Торонтонська Єпархія

CHRYSTOS VOSKRES! GREETINGS FROM THE OTTAWA BRANCH OF THE UCWLC

Many long months of the COVID reality have given rise to opportunities for fostering creativity in our efforts to support the aims and objectives of the UCWLC. Although we are condemned to the fate of isolation, this difficult situation has afforded us more time for introspection, reflection and prayer. We have strengthened our resolve to provide support, solace, and sustenance—both physical and spiritual—for our members, our parishioners, and beyond. We continue our efforts to demonstrate purpose, meaning, and growth in terms of our projects and our vision.

During the past few months, we have continued to highlight “communication” as one of our most important points of focus for our membership and beyond. We created a telephone tree and made phone calls to many of our parishioners. We provided further support in the form of greeting cards, flowers to celebrate milestone birthdays, food for aging members, as well as paskas and babkas for Easter celebrations, and liturgies to commemorate members who succumbed to their frailties and illnesses. We mourned the loss of these members and we honoured their memory in prayer and thanksgiving for their

efforts in support of our League. Perhaps the highlight of our endeavours was the virtual celebration of the 90th birthdays of a group of our members. What an honour and privilege it is to pay tribute to these women who came before us—who gave good counsel, who taught us, who shared their knowledge and best recipes, who toiled long hours without complaint, who were symbols of devotion and support for their beloved church—the house of God—and for each other. We are grateful for their example of devotion, perseverance, and spirituality. Greetings were sent to each and we wished for them the gift of God’s richest blessings.

Meetings of the executive, the charitable committee and the general membership were held virtually via Zoom in order to discuss issues, present future plans, to discuss charitable donations, and other projects. This was in addition to the progress review of our ongoing endeavours. All recommendations, suggestions, and

reports continue to be recorded for future discussion and possible implementation. Financial donations continue to be made in order to support our church, to support various projects for those in need, and, among these, a donation was made to a crisis centre in Ukraine which supports abused women and their children.

We wish to acknowledge and give thanks to each and every League member for their efforts in contributing to the well-being of our members and for taking on the tasks involved in the many aspects of the needs within the church. Oftentimes these are carried out without notice or acknowledgement. They are numerous and varied, such as: the many floral arrangements that are offered in the church; the decoration of the church at Christmas, Easter, and other occasions; the running of the kiosk that houses religious items and gifts for purchase; the maintenance of the altar cloths; the running of the kitchen, which, sadly

because of COVID has come to a standstill. As well, there is the collection of League fees; the work of various committees; the support of members who perform screening duties at each liturgy in order to protect parishioners from COVID exposure. The list is lengthy and we are grateful for their dedication. We continue on with our work, and with the help of Our Lord, we endeavour to demonstrate purpose, meaning, and growth.

Eileen Maychruck



Parishioners of the St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Shrine, who have been “shut-ins” during COVID, were delivered gifts consisting of an Easter card, a plant and a babka.

RETURNING STRONGER

The Dormition of the Mother of God (St. Mary's) is one of the largest Ukrainian parishes in Canada. Situated in Mississauga, a suburb of Toronto, it is not only a spiritual hub but also the centre of a vibrant Ukrainian community. Our UCWLC branch at St. Mary's has served the Church and our Ukrainian community for over 50 years, contributing in countless ways. The Church Easter bazaars, the Christmas Yarmoroks and carolling (koliaduvaty), the branch teas, the speakers and workshops, the work with the needy, and our charitable works and social justice actions all involved personal interaction.

The Coronavirus and the following COVID restrictions hit us hard. The biggest challenge we face today is the ongoing feeling of isolation. St. Mary's UCWLC adjusted to the difficult COVID situation by staying even more closely connected. A buddy system has been set up, and those members who do not have access to the internet receive timely notices by phone from their buddy partners. We increasingly use our "snail mail" to send birthday, get well, sympathy, and special occasion cards to members. We ensure that every member receives their copy of *Nasha Doroha*, even if members of the executive have to mail the copy or deliver it in person.

There is a steady stream of inspirational messages and prayers to enrich the spiritual life of our members, as well as bits of humour are sent to all members several times a week by the president. All messages from the patriarch, bishop, or our UCWLC eparchial president, for example, or retreat information or upcoming events



are passed on so that our members are aware of what is happening within not only the UCWLC, but also the Ukrainian community, and

the community at large. The executive calls all members regularly to find out how everyone is coping in these difficult times. →



Our branch applied to the Shevchenko Foundation and received a grant to set up a website and to facilitate increased communication between our members. We have started to have UCWLC meetings virtually and will celebrate UCWLC League Day online this year. Our website is almost

complete, and we look forward to the increased communication it will provide.

It is said that adversity makes one stronger. When COVID-19 hit, our UCWLC members rallied and became stronger. Remember, *today* is the *tomorrow* we worried about *yesterday* and all is well! Under the

protection of our Mother of God, we look forward to the return of in-person gatherings and activities, and especially to worshipping at our beloved spiritual home, the Dormition of the Mother of God Ukrainian Catholic Church.

Olha Karaim



Man: What is a million years like to you?

God: Like one second.

Man: What is a million dollars like to you?

God: Like one penny.

Man: Can I have a penny?

God: Just a second.



Anne Obuck

Resident of St. Volodymyr Villa Assisted Living, Saskatoon, SK

Celebration of 100 years

Anne Obuck's 100th birthday celebration took place in Saskatoon, SK, via Zoom with her children and grandchildren, as well as her siblings: Sr. Florentine, Helen and Nestor, and Lillian.

Born on February 13, 1921 in Ituna, SK, Anne grew up in a family of seven girls and three boys, of which she is the eldest. She married Dan Obuck on May 22, 1938, and together they raised three daughters and a son: Nadia Herasymuik (Melville); June Rodych (Saskatoon); Muriel Fedorowich (Yorkton); and David Obuck (Calgary). She has 14 grandchildren, 23 great-grandchildren, one great-great

grandchild.

In 1969 Anne joined the St. Mary's UCWLC when she and Dan moved to Yorkton. She held many positions within the organization and was honoured as a 90-year-old-plus member. She and Dan also sang in the choir for many years. In 2002 she moved to Saskatoon and shortly thereafter joined the Saints Peter & Paul UCWLC, where she has been a member for 18 years. She received her 50-year pin in 2019.

Residents of the Villa celebrated Anne's birthday with a luncheon where they sang Happy Birthday and served



cake. Once it is safe to meet in person, the family plans on celebrating her birthday with all her children and grandchildren.

Blessings for Anne... Mnohaya Lita!

Submitted by Helen Adamko,
ND Rep, Saskatoon Eparchy

Mnohaya Lita, Osypa Zaplitney, who celebrated her 98th birthday in February 2021.



Osypa is a dedicated member of the Dormition of the Mother of God parish in Mississauga.

Osypa places great importance on her Ukrainian Catholic faith. She is very passionate about preserving her Ukrainian heritage and is committed to her involvement in the UCWLC. Osypa became a member of the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada because she is devoted to her Christian values and in building relationships with other members and her community. She lives her life filled with



integrity, honesty, and compassion for others.

Osypa looks forward to the weekly calls she receives from members of the UCWLC during COVID-19. She is hopeful that this pandemic will end soon so that she may once again attend Liturgy in person, and soon meet with UCWLC friends face to face.

Labour of Love

I, LILLIAN PICHE (MELNYK), was born during World War II in Radway, AB—the last child born to parents John and Mary (Polanski) Melnyk. Life on the farm was not easy as I lost my mother when I was 1½ years old, and seven months later we lost our family home due to a fire. My paternal baba raised me until I started school. My first few months at school were rough as I only knew four English words. Luckily for me, the School Inspector was Ukrainian and would explain the tests to me in Ukrainian so that I could get good marks. In grade seven I started sewing in the Home Economics class.

At home, we had a Singer treadle machine, but I still didn't do much sewing at that point. It was years later, once I married, that I bought a new Bernina sewing machine. In 1970, I started evening sewing classes at NAIT and finished



in 1974, earning my Sewing Diploma. From then on, I sewed the majority of our children's (Todd and Michelle) clothes. In 1974, my husband Walter and I started a school bus company to transport children to the Ukrainian Bilingual School on Edmonton's north side. We then expanded, providing transportation for the Polish Bilingual students, and then French Immersion students. As you can imagine, it was a busy time so I didn't have much time to devote to sewing.

In 1991, we sold our business, fleet of buses, and retired. In the late 1990s, my desire to make quilts began. I made my first quilt by myself, but then decided to take a number of courses at Earthly Goods to help me hone my skills.

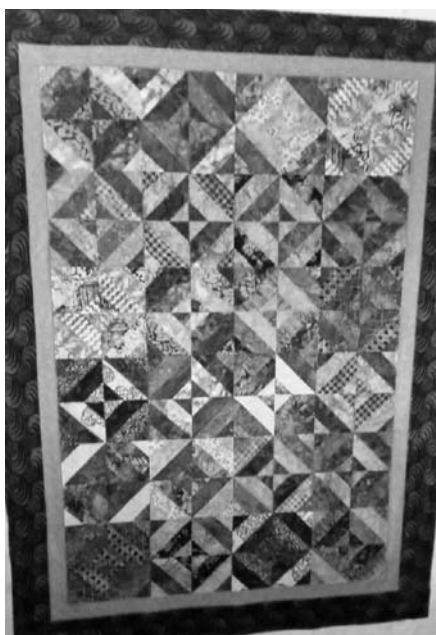
My passion for quilting blossomed. On our annual winter escape to Yuma, AZ, I joined a quilting club and my passion kept growing. I have made more than 25 quilts and continue doing so. I have donated baby quilts to the Stollery Children UIC Neonatal Unit and to Unwed Mothers. I am hoping to make some quilts for the Ronald McDonald House.

A particularly special quilt made as a Christmas gift for my step-grandson, Arron, is the Split 9 Patch Quilt in white, black and red. This quilt was shown at the 2019 UCWLC convention in Edmonton. This quilt now lovingly resides in Japan with Arron and his wife, Sachiko. A scrappy quilt in bright colours was made for Todd's RV,



and I made a rag quilt from flannel for Michelle. This cozy quilt has turned into her absolute favourite blanket to cuddle into. The latest quilts I made were baby gifts for twin great-grandnieces.

My greatest joy is finding beautiful print fabrics, cutting the fabric into smaller pieces, and finding ways to strategically place them together to make a pattern. It is an expensive hobby, but well worth the smiles and appreciation from recipients. In my spare time, I also knit, making toques to donate to London Drugs' "Christmas for Seniors." I also enjoy knitting socks for myself and anyone who would appreciate them. I have been happily married to Walter for 58 years and occasionally have been able to convince him to help me with my quilting. I have been a UCWLC member for 49 years at St. Vladimir the Great Parish in Edmonton, and have held various positions at the branch. Currently I am the Treasurer.



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Sister Petronella Dybka, SSMI

Truly "A Children's Sister"

This is a synopsis to the booklet, "St. Basil Parish Sadochok Program," which is a select biography of Sister Petronella Dybka. The booklet was authored by Lena Sloboda, a member of UCWLC St. Basil Branch. The booklet is the branch's tribute to Sister Petronella for her successful apostolic ministry work with the children.

The booklet highlights Sister's genuine love of children, her great gift of teaching, and her faithful and dedicated work at the parish Sadochok program: work that resulted in unrivalled achievements.

St. Basil the Great Ukrainian Catholic parish and the Eparchy of Edmonton marked September 20, 2020, as an unforgettable and historic day. On this day, Sister Petronella, one of the Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate residing in the Ambrose Home in south Edmonton, lovingly and peacefully bid farewell to St. Basil parish: the time had come for her to retire.

With Sister Petronella leaving, the year 2020 capped a milestone of five decades (1967-2020) of a rich and memorable history of her successful apostolic ministry with the children of St. Basil parish.

The booklet describes Sister Petronella's ministerial work with the children of St. Basil parish for 53 years (1967-2020), and especially her dedicated service of 48 continuous years (1968-2016) to the parish Sadochok program.

Elizabeth Dybka (Sister Petronella) was born in Winnipeg, MB, to Michael and Katherine (Yachicz) Dybka. She grew up among three brothers and four sisters. She and her siblings were guided and inspired by their parents to foster the virtues of Christian living. Therefore, it was no surprise that Elizabeth and her twin sister Olga decided to commit their lives to religious service. One of her brothers, the late Very Rev. Yaroslav Dybka, CSsR, was a great missionary preacher and a member of the Redemptorist (Ukrainian) Congregation of the Yorkton Province.



Sister Petronella began her apostolic ministry in Ancaster, ON, working with orphans. For the following ten years, from 1953 to 1963, Sister taught catechism at parochial schools in the United States. She came back to Canada and served at St. Joseph Orphanage in Mundare, AB. She was then assigned to the Marydale Home in Edmonton. (Marydale was a centre for the treatment of emotionally disturbed children.)

In 1968, Sister accepted the challenge to become the first teacher for the newly organized St. Basil parish Sadochok program in the newly built and impressive structure of the St. Basil the Great Ukrainian Catholic parish complex in south Edmonton.

The UCWLC St. Basil Branch organized the parish Sadochok program and enthusiastically assumed the responsibility of sponsorship. The branch developed an organizational and operational

system for the Sadochok program, working closely and collaboratively with the Spiritual Director, Sister Petronella. Sister Petronella's apostolic ministry work, through the parish Sadochok program, contributed to the building of a strong spiritual formation of Christian faith for thousands of pre-school children at St. Basil parish.

Overall, the success of the parish Sadochok program was due to the work of the UCWLC St. Basil Branch and the wide-ranging harmonious teamwork among the parish organizations and leaders collaborating with the masterful spiritual direction provided by Sister Petronella. This dedicated teamwork at the parish was led by Basilian Fathers who worked diligently to provide for the spiritual formation of the parish children.

What a tremendous responsibility and awesome task, the formation of little ones, those who are so dear to Jesus. As Jesus said, "Let the little children come to me... for the kingdom of God belongs to such as these." Jesus then "took the children in his arms, placed his hands on them and blessed them." (Mark 10: 13-16)

When Sister Petronella made her final vows in 1957, she chose to consecrate her life to Christ and His children: the youngest members of Christ's mystical Body. Without a doubt her dream to be a "A Children's Sister" became a reality.

Lena Sloboda, February 18, 2021



Urban Gardens

Urban gardening has become extremely popular—backyards, balconies, sunrooms, indoor greenhouses, rooftops, or patios.

Things such as containers, old tires, barrels, unused buckets, shoes, watering cans, or window-boxes can be used to grow food crops, fruits plants, or flowers.

Do you have an urban gardening experience you'd like to share with *Nasha Doroha* readers?

We'd love to hear about your experiences, any tips, what works, or what doesn't.

Don't forget to add a picture too!

Deadline September 8, 2021

Spring is... Garden Season

Do you have any favourite memories of baba's garden?

Or anyone else's?

Do you remember any of her gardening advice?

Please share with *Nasha Doroha* readers. We'd love to read about it and take a walk down memory lane.

Pictures of baba's garden are often difficult to find, but if you have one, please send one along!

Deadline September 8, 2021

Well done, good and faithful servant.
You have been faithful over a little;
I will set you over much.
Enter into the joy of your master.

— Matthew 25:21

Сказав же йому його пан:
Гаразд, рабе добрий і вірний!
Ти в малому був вірний,
над великим поставлю тебе,
увійди до радощів пана свого!

Від Матвія 25:21

† Sister Mary Holowaty, SSMI 1930-2020



Birth.....22 February 1930
Entrance27 July 1947
Clothing day.....1 February 1948
First Vows2 February 1950
Final Vows.....15 August 1956
Death11 October 2020

On October 11, 2020, Sister Mary Holowaty of Ancaster, ON, died at the age of 90, having served 73 years in religious life.

Her Life

Mary was born in Kitchener, ON, on February 22, 1930, daughter of William (Vasyl) Holowaty and Anne Zuk (Жук), who had both immigrated from the Ternopil region of Ukraine. She was the second of five children, with an older brother, Joseph, two younger brothers, Michael and Walter, and a younger sister, Barbara. Her father and brother Joseph had been cantors in their parish, a fact in which Mary took pride. She also inherited the gift of music, having a gentle



UCY retreat at Mount Mary, Ancaster, 1947. Mary is second from the left in the front row.

soprano voice all her life. She was an active member of the church choir, and of the UCYO.

The Sisters Servants did not have a mission home in Kitchener, but Mary was acquainted with the Schools Sisters of Notre Dame, who conducted St. Mary's Girls' School, whence she graduated in 1947. When the SSMI arrived in Ancaster in 1946, Mary did not hesitate to participate in a retreat for high school girls, hosted there in March of 1947. No doubt the Lord specially touched her heart there since she entered that summer after graduation. Hers was the only vocation from her home parish to this day.

Mary entered the Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate in Ancaster, ON, on July 27, 1947, a scant year after the Novitiate had opened in that location. She became a novice on February 1, 1948, being given the religious name Sister Christopher. She made First Profession of Vows on February 2, 1950, and Final Profession on August 15, 1956. In 1969, Sister Christopher resumed the use of her baptismal name and became Sister Mary.

After her novitiate, Sister Mary was assigned to childcare at the Sisters' orphanage in Mundare, AB. Her gift of relating to children was soon recognized, and she was given an opportunity to study at



Novices and postulants, ca. 1948. Mary is last on the right in the front row.



Mount Mary Academy, class of 1975. Sr. Mary is first on the left in the third row.

the Teachers' College in Toronto, teaching there for several years, before being sent to Saskatoon, where she could begin studies towards a Bachelor of Arts, through summer schools, as was often done.

Sister Mary completed her high school education at St. Mary's Girls' School in Kitchener. She received her B.A. at the University of Saskatchewan in 1969, with additional courses in Theology and Old Testament from the Saskatoon



Catholic Centre. She certified for Permanent Elementary Teaching in 1973, and in 1977 received her Permanent High School Assistant's Certificate. Sister Mary's program was well-rounded, but she had a particular leaning towards French.

Of her 73 years in religious life, 42 were taken up with the ministry of teaching. Sister Mary taught in Saskatoon, Prince Albert, and Yorkton, SK; in Winnipeg, MB; and in Toronto, Ancaster and Hamilton, ON. In Yorkton, Winnipeg and Ancaster, she taught at the schools run by the Sisters Servants, Sacred Heart, Immaculate Heart of Mary and Mount Mary Academy, respectively, but she taught in other diocesan-run schools in the other locations. Before Mount Mary Academy was opened, she taught at St. Ann's School in Ancaster, where her students still remember her some 50 years later. In all, she taught at the elementary level for 16 years, and at the high school level

for 26. She even taught Ukrainian language at the University level at the Sheptytsky Institute in Saskatoon. Her final 20 years of teaching were in the Hamilton Diocese, at St. Jean de Brébeuf High School, where she was also specially appointed by the Diocese of Hamilton (Roman Catholic) to be a Special Minister of the Eucharist. After retirement, she maintained a close friendship with her fellow staff.

Along with grade school, Sister Mary also taught religion during

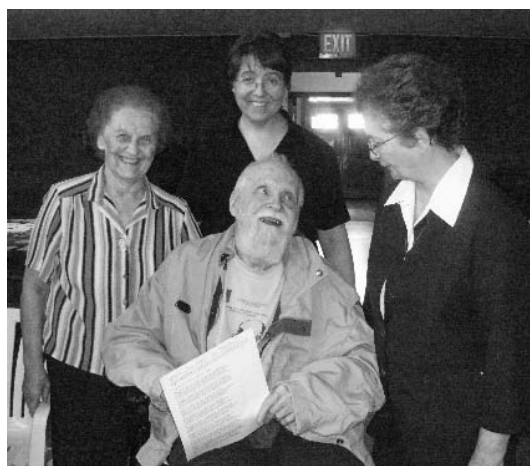
rainian faithful at Mount Mary since its opening.

An avid student herself, Sister Mary took opportunities to expand her experience. Beyond the academic requirements of her apostolate, she also held special certificates for Christopher Leadership and Leadership for Principals (OECTA), Continuing Education certificates in Sewing and Tailoring (Yorkton), and Data Processing Concepts and Applications (Hamilton), Standard First Aid (St. John

some long stretches of highway driving. She had a sense of fun. She could still romp and play with the youngest of children, even as she used to play with us... She had a great capacity for love."

When she was unable to drive to Kitchener, her nieces and nephews would happily pick her up. They would not want her to be absent for any event!

Quadruple bypass surgery in 2004 slowed her pace for a while, but she was able to resume normal



the summers in various locations: Waterford, ON, Sydney, NS; summer camp in Ottawa, ON; and parish catechism during the year in Winnipeg, MB. Sister Mary served her community as Superior in Saskatoon for five years, and in Hamilton for eight years. In Saskatoon, she oversaw a student residence for girls; many a night she paced the floor, worrying about the girls who overextended their curfew. For most of her years of retirement, she helped at Mount Mary Retreat Centre, running errands and keeping the chronicle for the home. She was known by community and family for her photography skills as well, and for many years served as photographer for the annual Marian Pilgrimages (Vidpust), the largest gatherings of the Uk-

Ambulance Association, Yorkton), and Biblical Andragogy Facilitators certificate (Mississauga).

Sister Mary was always very close to her family, spending most of her vacation time with them, and often joining them for special gatherings. Her nieces and nephews waited eagerly for her visits as children, and later, her great-nieces and nephews awaited her visits with the same enthusiasm. At her jubilee celebrations, one of her nieces shared:

"In her sense of values, her love of Christ and adherence to His teachings shone through in everything she does.... In her generosity of spirit and patience, when she travelled with us throughout Atlantic Canada... she was able to amuse two very travel-weary children for

activities for many years afterwards by being faithful to her diet and a program of exercise. She finally succumbed to a battle with cancer.

Sister Mary was predeceased by her father William, her mother Anne, brothers Joseph, Michael and Walter, and sisters-in-law Mary and Mary Anne. She is survived by her sister Barbara of Kitchener, ON, and numerous nieces and nephews and their families. She will be dearly missed by them and by her Sisters in the SSMI Congregation.

Her Funeral

Her private funeral service was live streamed on October 15, 2020, with interment following at Mount Mary Cemetery.

Вічна Їй Пам'ять!

† Geraldine Koban

Nov. 27, 1941–April 20, 2021



The UCWLC of the St. Mary's Branch, Yorkton, SK, announces the passing of their long-time member, Geraldine Koban, on April 20, 2021, at the age of 79. Geraldine was born on November 27, 1941, as the first-born of Alfred and Alma Kendel (née Welke). As the eldest of three children, Geraldine was the ground breaker from an early age and throughout her life. When she completed her high school in Langenburg she moved to Weyburn to complete training in Psychiatric Nursing. Her nursing career spanned 51 years from 1963 till her retirement in 2014 at age 73. She worked in hospitals at Weyburn, Vancouver, and Yorkton. She served as the President of the Saskatchewan Psychiatric Association for two terms (1980-1982).

Geraldine was baptized into the Christian faith as an

infant at Hoffenthal Church, a rural Lutheran Congregation in which her father was a lay leader. Geraldine was an accomplished pianist and played the church organ until she left the community. In 1986, Geraldine married John Koban and joined the Ukrainian Catholic Church as a convert. From her early days, as a new member, Geraldine became deeply immersed in the succession of leadership roles within her new church family. She served as the UCWLC President at the Branch level (1988 and 1989) and at the Eparchial level for two terms, (2004-2008). Geraldine was also the secretary of the local branch and Social Action Chair at the Eparchial level. At the parish level, in 1992 Geraldine was appointed to a committee that developed the first Parish Council for St. Mary's Ukrainian Catholic Church. She served on various parish committees and as Parish Council President twice (1998-2000) and (2015-2017). She also served as Parish Coordinator of Care.

Geraldine was an active member of Partners in Mission. Following her graduation in Saskatoon, Geraldine supported the Sisters of Servants of Mary Immaculate in bringing the adult catechesis experience

to Yorkton. She has served as a board member of the Bishop Roborecki Foundation, and as Vice-President of the Eparchial Pastoral Council. Geraldine was appointed to the Ukrainian Catholic Foundation and has served 2 terms. She served on the Board of the Musée Ukraina Museum. In July 2016, Geraldine joined a pilgrimage to Ukraine to follow the footsteps of the Blessed Vasyl Velychkovsky.

Geraldine's Christian faith was consistent and evident in her daily life. She demonstrated love and charity to so many people who were a part of her life. She was predeceased by her parents. She leaves to mourn her husband John, in-laws on the Koban side, sister Sharran and her husband Jim, and her brother Dennis and his wife Lorraine.

She will be dearly missed by her church family and all who knew and loved her.

Members of St. Mary's Branch participated in the flag ceremony. In honour of Geraldine's Eparchial presidency, the Eparchial Flag was placed on her coffin during prayers and at the funeral.

Vichnaya Pamyat! Memory Eternal!

Submitted by Doreen Rathgeber

Let us remember those who have departed in our prayers.

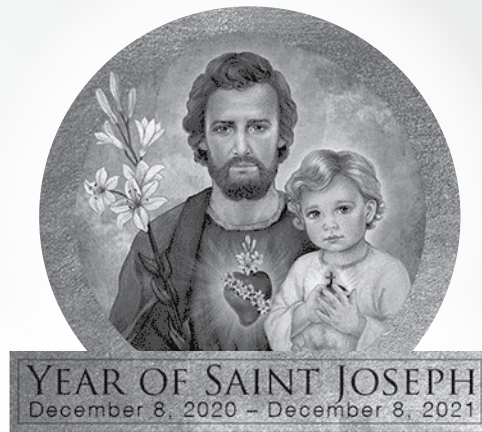
Send announcements and tributes to *Nasha Doroha*.



Згадаймо тих, що відійшли у Вічність, у наших молитвах.

Надсилайте до редакції посмертні згадки про ваших рідних, друзів, знайомих.





Litany of St. Joseph

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God the Father of Heaven, have mercy on us.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.

Holy Trinity, One God, have mercy on us.

Holy Mary, pray for us.

St. Joseph, pray for us.

Illustrious son of David, pray for us.

Light of patriarchs, pray for us.

Spouse of the Mother of God, pray for us.

Chaste guardian of the Virgin, pray for us.

Foster father of the Son of God, pray for us.

Watchful defender of Christ, pray for us.

Head of the Holy Family, pray for us.

Joseph most just, pray for us.

Joseph most chaste, pray for us.

Joseph most prudent, pray for us.

Joseph most valiant, pray for us.

Joseph most obedient, pray for us.

Joseph most faithful, pray for us.

Mirror of patience, pray for us.

Lover of poverty, pray for us.

Model of workmen, pray for us.

Glory of home life, pray for us.

Guardian of virgins, pray for us.

Pillar of families, pray for us.

Solace of the afflicted, pray for us.

Hope of the sick, pray for us.

Patron of the dying, pray for us.

Terror of demons, pray for us.

Protector of Holy Church, pray for us.

**Lamb of God, Who takes away the sins of the world,
Spare us, O Lord!**

**Lamb of God, Who takes away the sins of the world,
Graciously hear us, O Lord!**

**Lamb of God, Who takes away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us!**

V. He made him the lord of His household,

R. And prince over all His possessions.

Let Us Pray

**O God, Who in Thine ineffable Providence didst
vouchsafe to choose Blessed Joseph to be the
spouse of Thy most holy Mother, grant, we beseech
Thee, that he whom we venerate as our protector
on earth may be our intercessor in Heaven. Who
lives and reigns forever and ever. Amen.**



PHOTO BY MARIA RYPAN RYPANDESIGNS.COM

Girl with sylvanka headband; adornments of korali, Venetian beads, zgardy (money),
Horodenka village, Pokuttya region. Honchar Museum, Kyiv, 2008

Longing for God's Love

SISTER SOPHIA OF THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

I was born in Kazakhstan, part of the Soviet Union where, unfortunately, atheism ruled with its hopeless ideology of cruelty and violence. As children, the atheistic state saw in us “the future of socialism,” so the state schools tried hard to educate us well and poisoned our gentle, young souls with skepticism about God. All media was controlled by the state including television and radio. It was in that dry desert of godlessness, that I, as a tender plant, grew up with an intense hunger to know God and to quench my thirst with His living water. But even in this challenging atheistic wilderness, God was looking for my good.

Once, when I walked with my faith as the only undying light in the darkness of Soviet life, a life where I was completely exhausted from the constant struggle between what is good and evil, my merciful Lord extended His pierced hand to me. I had a special dream in which I beheld a huge ancient Crucifixion scene in a very deplorable condition. The wood of the Cross was wretched, almost rotten, and bore many holes. The lifeless body of Christ, tortured in His flesh, seemed to be forgotten, ignored, despised. Seeing this absolute hopeless vision of Christ's Crucifixion, I was greatly desperate, and a sharp

pain pierced my heart and out of its depths I cried out: “My God, my God, do You hear me?” Surprisingly, the Crucified One nodded an affirming Yes. That gave me courage to come closer and to ask my most important question: “Jesus, do You love me?” And He replied: “Yes, I love you!”

The dark veil of false teaching fell, and I saw on that Cross the God of Love, the God of victory. It was clear to me that those who live in darkness and pursue violence and death do not have the last say—Life cannot be overcome by death, even when Life Itself is killed by a seemingly all-powerful evil empire. The Crucified One rises and tramples death by His death. At the foot of that Tree of Life, I found all that my wounded heart longed for: *Love... His Love*. From that very moment until today I have tried to orient my life towards that mysterious Light, which shines so radiantly from the Crucified's Cross as the Sign of Salvation. The triumph of Love over sin, death and evil, illuminates me as the highest wisdom of my life. Soon after, Christ called me to the monastic life to follow Him, step by step, along the loving way of His radiant Cross.

Note: please keep your eyes open for Sr. Sophia's extended bio (as well as earlier vocational bio's) on www.ucwlc.ca/nasha-doroha/nasha-doroha-magazine.

