



# НАША ДОРОГА NASHA DOROGA

PM40007760 ♦ весна/spring 1(76)/2022



## SUFFERING

"Father, if it is Your will, take this cup away from Me; nevertheless not My will, but Yours, be done." (Luke 22:42)



# Edmonton Eparchy Christmas Art/Project 2020-21 (see p. 40)



**Ella Montgomery**, 10 years old  
St. Nicholas School



**Anastasia Melnyk**, 11 years old  
St. Theresa School



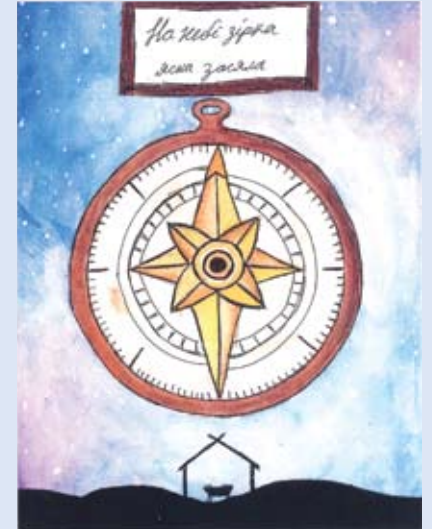
**Lainey Fiddler**, 6 years old  
St. Nicholas School



**Kyla Kope**, 5 years old  
St. Nicholas Parish



**Sofia Khlabatyy**, 13 years old  
Ivan Franko School of Ukrainian Studies



**Ava Jenkins**, 14 years old  
St. Theresa School



**Lilah Milton**, 10 years old  
Holy Eucharist Parish



**Kate Lychak**, 11 years old  
St. Theresa School



**Maria Tyschuk**, 8 years old  
St. Matthew School/St. George Parish



**Nestor Lepki**, Grade 3  
Ridna Shkola



**Roman Kirk**, 13 years old  
Sts. Peter & Paul Parish, Mundare



**Zoryana Kowalchuk**, 13 years old  
St. Theresa School





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# Editor's Message

As the winter slowly wanes, we become hopeful for the coming of spring. Easter begins to cross our minds. Of course, there are Easter breads to bake, pysanky to write, and baskets to fill; but none of that happens until we have first gone through the Great Lent. Lent is a time of deep reflection, prayer, personal growth, and purification. But it comes with a cost—a dying of self—and none of it is easy.

This issue will have reflections on different kinds of suffering: understanding Alzheimer's and dementia; responding to suffering in our world and our lives; as well as bettering ourselves in the areas of our lives we would prefer to avoid. From what I hear and read (because I'm not always so heroic in my own sufferings), going through big and little sufferings helps us journey towards sainthood. Yes, but does anyone notice that every saint suffered greatly? It certainly isn't for the faint of heart. But we must remember that Christ walks with us.

Speaking of heroic virtue and journeying toward sainthood, UCWLC member Lidia Wasylyn wrote an article on Patriarch Josyf Slipy (contemporary of Bl. Sheptytsky and Bl. Velychkovsky) who led his Ukrainian Catholic flock into the 20th century while undergoing persecution from the NKVD and the Soviet regime. Sadly, our brethren in Ukraine are suffering right now as Putin is mobilizing even more Russian troops on Ukraine's borders. His Beatitude Sviatoslav has asked for our support through ongoing prayer and fasting. May our hearts and prayers be united to the cause as we pray for an end (once and for all) to this threat, for protection of the Ukrainian people, peace, and for a God-led world.

One thing that comes from suffering is rebirth. Spring is a time of rebirth too! And if spring is upon us then that means it's time to prepare for Easter and then plan our gardens! There are wonderful submissions on writing pysanky, as well as one branch's tradition of a church-wide pysanky workshop. As well, with COVID-19 there was a rejuvenation of interest in gardening, especially urban gardening. We have several submissions that showcase people's gardens, and many recollections of baba's and mama's gardens too!

This is just the tip of the iceberg, there are many wonderful articles on an array of topics—proof of the amazing things our UCWLC members are organizing or taking part in. Enjoy this issue and getting to know your fellow UCWLC members through their activities and submissions.

*May God guide you through the Great Lent  
and as you prepare to celebrate  
Christ's most Glorious Resurrection!*

*Христос Воскрес! Christ is Risen!*



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ДОРОГА

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www.ucwlc.ca

# Від Крайової Голови

## ◇ From the National President

### *Слава Ісусу Христу! Glory Be to Jesus Christ!*

Dear Sisters in Christ, and *Nasha Dorooha* readers!

**Communicate for communion, for unity, together in hope for “our common future.”**

Organizations are a place whereby the unity of the laity’s vocations defines their role in the mission of the Church in “a common way.” Our UCWLC is one such organization where we can connect the Gospel with everyday life and everyday work. We unite to work for the glory of God, in solidarity with the Church.

Naturally, the role of the UCWLC evolved over the decades in order to maintain and cultivate a Ukrainian Catholic Christian identity in Canada—and we continue to do so. We have come a long way in 75 years! Women have changed (not physically), but our roles and expectations in society certainly have. However, in the Church our role remains the same. Women are the spiritual heart of the home and the family; we are the bedrock of civil society, and the Church.

In pursuit of fulfilling the aims and objectives of the UCWLC, we continue to live the mission of the Church through our service. It is through the UCWLC and the laity that the foundation of the Ukrainian Catholic Church has been built here in Canada.

Our lives are very different compared to the past, but our purpose and mission remain well-defined. This purpose is educating ourselves and others in matters concerning our faith and traditions—both spiritual and cultural—not just in church, but in society. We have seen much change. But change is inevitable!

God’s graces create change. Our world is in constant change—we are all its agents. Our personal mindset of “when you put your mind to it” is our natural protection when dealing with such change. This tells us *how* we are going to react to change and adapt to meet future challenges.

With change also comes suffering—times of great, and little suffering. These past two years especially have brought about much change—especially with the pandemic. What do we do? We endure, which brings forth opportunity. And these opportunities let God and the Holy Spirit into our hearts. They aid us in listening to one another and engaging in dialogue, while understanding

our co-responsibility in growing as an organization, a community, and a Church in a synodal way.

Our organization is not alone. We walk this synodal path together with our Patriarch, bishops, clergy, and all the faithful. We unite to work for the glory of God and the people.

From the 2019 Pastoral letter of the Synod of the UGCC to the clergy, religious and laity we read...

“The internal unity of the UGCC is synonymous with her strength and development, a necessary condition for her life and the fulfillment of her mission.”

“A weakening of this unity, especially with the Mother Church in Ukraine, will inevitably bring on a weakening and fragmentation of our ecclesial community, the demise of her structures, the loss of her identity and her global character. The Church, as the Mystical Body of Christ, is by its very nature ‘a mystery of unity’ to which all humankind is called. With our particular gifts and our common ministry, all of us—clergy, religious, and laity—are called to foster the development and strengthening of the communion-unity of our Church at all levels, from the local to the global, from the particular to the universal.”

Connection with the wider environment is critical for our success, particularly our connection with the Ukrainian people as we “continue our mission to preserve the spiritual riches of the Kyivan-Byzantine tradition and passing that down to the next (Vibrant parishes Lviv 2013). We learn internally and externally.

The UCWLC does not exist just for us. We exist in order to fulfill our mission of evangelization as well as the social and political responsibilities of our UCWLC mission, goals and objectives. The Ukrainian Catholic Women’s League of Canada has fostered unity within the local, eparchial, and national levels of the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Canada through



its programs and initiatives for over 75 years. We are the “UCWLC: Builders of Home, Faith and Community” (Lena Sloboda, 2016).

I encourage you to take a lead and widen your circle of conversation fostering relationships with those within our parishes, our clergy, and our bishops. When we do this, we continue to educate ourselves and others in matters concerning the building of unity and

### Father Clement Sheptytsky Prayer

Lord, grant that I may meet the coming day with spiritual tranquility.

Grant that in all things I may rely upon your holy will.

In each hour of the day, reveal your will to me.

Whatever news may reach me this day, teach me to accept it with a calm soul, knowing that all is subject to your holy will.

Direct my thoughts and feelings in all my words and actions.

In all unexpected occurrences do not let me forget that all is sent down by you.

Grant that I may deal firmly and wisely with every member of my family and all who are in my care, neither embarrassing nor saddening anyone.

Give me strength to bear the fatigue of the coming day with all that it shall bring.

Direct my will and teach me to pray, to believe, to hope, to be patient, to forgive, and to love.

Amen.

relationships in the parishes and eparchies of Canada and Ukraine.

Communicate for communion... for unity. Ask the right questions, but listen to the answers so we may seek God's healing and solutions in hope for "our common future." The future and unity of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church is as strong as our faith. Where there is a will there is a way, but the Holy Spirit is stronger than our will and will guide us along our way... our common way.

As we prepare our seeds, flowers, and garden this spring, let us offer, through the intercession of our Most Holy Mother of God, a prayer of thanksgiving for our pioneers who, grounded in their faith and customs, made the journey to this new land, Canada. I pray for the Basilian Fathers whose arrival in Canada nourished the spiritual needs of these Ukrainian pioneers from which these seeds grew many trees. Their branches extend through your witness... as volunteers, as members of the UCWLC, and of our vocation.

With Blessings and prayers of the heart,

*O Virgin most holy, Mother of God, and you, eyewitnesses and servants of the Word, you choirs of the prophets and martyrs, you who are enjoying eternal life! Intercede for all of us ceaselessly, for we are all in distress, that escaping from the terrors of evil we may sing the hymn of the angels: Holy, Holy, Holy, O thrice-Holy Lord, have mercy and save us! Amen.*

Barbara Hlus, National UCWLC President

Варвара Глусь, Голова Крайової Управи ЛУКЖК



## Sign from God

**Author unknown**

The person whispered, "God, speak to me," and a meadowlark sang. But the person did not hear.

So the person yelled, "God speak to me! And the thunder rolled across the sky. But the person did not listen.

The person looked around and said, "God show me a miracle! And the life was born. But the person did not know.

So the person cried out in despair, "Touch me God, and let me know you are here! Whereupon, God reached down and touched the person. But the person brushed the butterfly away and walked on.

Don't miss out on a blessing because it isn't packaged the way that you expect.

Shared in St. Basil, Edmonton, UCWLC summer 2019 newsletter.

Photo: Tetiana, member St. Basil UCWLC





Front row: President Marie Dohan, Past President Edna Strilkiwski, 1st Vice-President Liz Kuby.  
Back row: Treasurer Corrine Coffey, Secretary Helen Fyk, Phoning Committee Darlene Dudar.

The UCWLC of Ethelbert, MB, which was organized in 1948, is dissolving after 73 years of membership. Since the branch started, and throughout the years, there have been as many as 33 members.

Sadly, times have changed. Younger members have become more involved with their families. School-aged children have become involved in sports, school activities, and with their friends. Therefore, not many young people have the time and interest in joining.

Now, 73 years later, the branch is left with only seven members. One member currently resides in a care home in Winnipeg. The league members always served lunches at funerals and dinners for parish praznyky and other special occasions, such as a new priest coming to serve in the parish, or a priest leaving.

Over the years, a few members attended UCWLC conventions and congresses held in Winnipeg and Regina. They found it interesting

to listen to all the different speakers at these gatherings. We enjoyed them all!

We cannot be part of the league anymore, so we are folding and donating our money to the church, the cemetery fund, and other organizations, like *Nasha Doroha*.

*Submitted by Edna Strilkiwski*

A deep thank-you is extended to the Ethelbert UCWLC branch for their thoughtful and generous donation to *Nasha Doroha*. It is always heartbreaking to hear of the struggles experienced by a UCWLC branch, especially when it ends up in closure. It goes without saying that we, here at *Nasha Doroha*, and UCWLC members across the nation, honour the heartfelt work and contributions of all your members—past and present—who have given selflessly to their branch and community. As you are well aware, members of the UCWLC have a legacy of a strong work ethic, tenacity



Past President Edna Strilkiwski (right) presented President Marie Dohan with the Past President Icon of Blessed Virgin Mary of Pochaiv and also the Past President's pin.

when faced with a challenge, volunteerism, compassion, and charity. Because of a changing world, your branch has made a difficult decision. Whatever paths the Lord has called you to walk during your new endeavours, may you travel with these attributes along with the prayers of your sister UCWLC members. God bless!

The *Nasha Doroha* editorial team

# Suffering

## Responding to Suffering

*Glory to You for calling me into being.*

*Glory to You for showing me the beauty of the universe.*

*Glory to You for spreading out before me heaven and earth.*

*Glory to You for Your eternity in this fleeting world.*

*Glory to You for Your mercies, seen and unseen.*

*Glory to You through every sigh of my sorrow.*

*Glory to You for every step of my life's journey.*

*Glory to You for every moment of glory.*

*Glory to You, O God, from age to age.*

— Akathist of Thanksgiving, Ikos 1

**T**he place of suffering is a spiritual desert where we face our deepest temptations and are most challenged to doubt and turn away from our loving God. It's also a place at which everyone arrives at some point, either from personal experiences of pain, or from watching someone we love suffer. Jesus, St. John the Baptist, and St. Paul all went into the desert and suffered; and all came out of the desert not having turned away from God but having been made ready to accept and go forward according to the path the Father set out for each of them.

We know little about the time that St. Paul and St. John the Baptist spent in the desert, but we know more about Jesus's time there, where He suffered physical and emotional distress, including cruel temptation. Through His struggles in the desert, Jesus shows us that we must strive to stay steadfast in our faith, rebuke temptation to turn away from God, and understand that, even in our most painful and darkest hours, we are never truly alone. It's hard to remember that, though—and even harder, at times, to believe it.

We saw Jesus suffering at other times, as well—in sadness and loss, such as when His friend Lazarus died, or when He endured mocking and persecution from unbelievers, or in His experience of physical brutality and oppression during His passion and crucifixion. Even His closest friends did not stay awake with Him when He asked for support while agonizing in the Garden of Gethsemane. Terrible suffering—whether physical, emotional, mental, or spiritual—can be isolating. It can be difficult or impossible to share the experience with others, and others often do not know what

**By Theresa Zolner, Ph.D.**

to do or say in response. Some turn away out of their own fear and feelings of helplessness. Some, like many of the apostles after the crucifixion, run away.

How we react to the suffering we experience or witness can make a great difference in how we get through it and what we model for others. Suffering can be worsened, both for ourselves and for others, by how we respond to it. It changes people and can bring out many different responses, including fear, bitterness, hatred, loneliness, or even shame. Sometimes, people weaponize their suffering, lashing out at others in pain and fear, blaming others for their pain, or alienating the very people who otherwise might support them. Blaming God for suffering is especially easy, and this can profoundly affect a person's relationship with God, as well as willingness to receive spiritual help and support. Sometimes, people are tempted to compare suffering, making judgments about who is suffering more or whose suffering deserves assistance and compassion. This can be especially problematic for those who are suffering with mental health difficulties, or relationship and work problems, in comparison with people who have a visible illness or disability. Invisible suffering can hurt just as much.

If we have the expectation that we shouldn't suffer or that our suffering is an unjust punishment, then the burden of suffering can become weightier and more difficult to bear.<sup>1</sup> Looking for answers for why specific kinds of suffering occur also can lead to frustration and a deepening sense of suffering. We do not always understand why suffering occurs or why God permits it. We see this in scripture in the Book of Job, when Job complains to God and feels abandoned, but ultimately remains faithful. It's not really a matter of whether we will suffer—we all suffer, even the best of us. It's more

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<sup>1</sup> Some Canadian research by Dr. Whitney Scott and her colleagues (2017) on feelings of injustice in the context of pain has supported this idea. [https://kclpure.kcl.ac.uk/portal/en/publications/the-mediating-role-of-pain-acceptance-in-the-relation-between-perceived-injustice-and-chronic-pain-outcomes-in-a-community-sample\(9269ee92-6f06-4c76-a675-59530df2fc53\).html](https://kclpure.kcl.ac.uk/portal/en/publications/the-mediating-role-of-pain-acceptance-in-the-relation-between-perceived-injustice-and-chronic-pain-outcomes-in-a-community-sample(9269ee92-6f06-4c76-a675-59530df2fc53).html)



a matter of *how* we suffer and how to *endure* what, at times, might seem unendurable—how to persist despite pain and sorrow, or in the face of troubles that might seem utterly unjust or undeserved.

For example, Mother Mary suffered the Seven Sorrows: the prophecy of Simeon, the flight into Egypt, losing the child Jesus for three days, Jesus carrying the cross, Jesus being crucified, Jesus being taken down from the cross, and Jesus being buried. These were moments in her life that were filled with pure anguish. Surely, she did not deserve any of this suffering, nor did Jesus, who was unjustly persecuted and put to death. Joseph also suffered his own hardships alongside Mary and Jesus. The entire Holy Family suffered greatly, which clarifies something about suffering: although we might feel like our suffering is a form of punishment, suffering is not always tied to punishment. It can be, and often is, a normal result of natural circumstances that unfold over time. However, suffering also can have a greater purpose. Jesus's suffering had the ultimate purpose, which was our personal salvation.

What makes that transformation from resistance to acceptance possible for Jesus is total trust in God, not trust that God will take away His suffering, but trust that the path God set out for Him is the one that He should follow.

Nevertheless, when Jesus was suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane, He asked that God take away the suffering that He was facing (Matt 26:36-46; Luke

22:39-46), but He immediately transformed His prayer. Instead, He asked that the Father's will be done and not His own. Taking that step, from resisting suffering to accepting it, is not easy for anyone—even Jesus agonized over it while praying in the garden. What makes that transformation from resistance to acceptance possible for Jesus is total trust in God, not trust that God will take away His suffering, but trust that the path God set out for Him is the one that He should follow. Jesus has perfect discernment, though. For us, discerning God's plan can seem impossible, making the transition from resistance to acceptance seem impossible as well. We cannot do it alone.

... suffering can and does bring  
about grace, even graces  
bestowed on others that we might  
never personally get to see.

Jesus did not teach that we would not suffer. In John 16:33, He said that we will have tribulation, but He also said that He had overcome the world and does not want us to be troubled and afraid (John 14:27). There is a spiritual reality that is greater than what we see and experience in the world. We might be tempted to quit everything and abandon the world in the face of heavy burdens, but that would mean abandoning the very path of redemption that has been set out for us, as well as the goodness that God graciously bestows, even in times of trouble. In Romans 8:28, St. Paul, who suffered a "thorn in his flesh" (2 Cor 12:7), teaches that "we know that for those who love God all things work together for good, for those who are called according to His purpose." These teachings point us to the goodness of accepting our suffering because, despite its sorrow and



**I**t is with gratitude that we thank contemporary religious artist **Raúl Berzosa** for his generous gift of allowing us use of one of his paintings for the cover of *Nasha Doroha*. Berzosa has made numerous paintings of different themes, but he is especially known for his religious and sacred paintings which are in churches worldwide.

Among his many notable achievements, his audiences with the popes stand out. In October 2015, he was granted an audience

by Pope Emeritus Benedict XVI. In November of 2016, a stamp was commissioned by the Holy See for the 80th birthday of Pope Francis. A month later, Berzosa was granted an audience with Pope Francis where he had the opportunity to explain the meaning of his painting to His Holiness.

To read a full bio and see his works, please visit his website at <https://www.raulberzosa.com> (click "translate" to read the website in English).

incomprehensibleness, suffering can and does bring about grace, even graces bestowed on others that we might never personally get to see.

That doesn't mean we should make trite comments to people like, "Everything will be okay," or "Your suffering is for a greater purpose!" In fact, these kinds of statements can seem invalidating and foster feelings of resentment in people going through real hardship. Pain must be acknowledged and validated, and no amount of cajoling or reassurance can make a broken arm fix itself, or an illness just go away. Yet, validation, support, and compassion can help with coping and act as a healing balm for a person who is suffering (if that person also acknowledges the pain and accepts the support being offered).

Becoming active in the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy is another substantial way that we can help each other in suffering. The Spiritual Works of Mercy are to counsel the doubtful, to comfort the sorrowful, to bear wrongs patiently, to forgive all injuries, to admonish the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, and to pray for the living and the dead. The Corporal Works of Mercy are to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to ransom the captive, to harbour the harbourless, to visit the sick, and to bury the dead. In all this, we can share the burden of suffering with one another and not have to hide our strife or be silently stoic. Suffering means tears, falling, even expiring. Christ shows His own experience of human suffering to us, but He also shows us resurrection.

Suffering can be both transformative and redemptive, bringing about the deeply valued graces of compassion, care, and love.<sup>2</sup> Suffering demands a response, and those who turn away from the suffering of others, who pass them by on the road due to their own weakness or callousness, might contemplate the actions of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10:25-37) as he stopped to help a man, foreign to him, who had been robbed and left to suffer. The Good Samaritan charitably responded to the man's suffering. He sacrificed his own time and resources (oil, wine, transport, money, time, plans, reputation) to help that man. Perhaps the Good Samaritan was wealthy enough to spare the resources and time that he expended on the stranger, or perhaps he also suffered in making those sacrifices. After all, sacrifice also can be a form of suffering, like with

Jesus, who sacrificed Himself for us and calls us to greater faith and trust.

Trusting someone, including God, means giving up our own feelings of power and control over what might happen. The man being tended to by the Good Samaritan had been rendered powerless, but in the moments that he was being tended to, did the suffering man trust the Good Samaritan? Perhaps he had no other choice. However, turning over power and control to someone else, especially someone we don't really know or trust, can be frightening. The *Surrender Novena* of Don Dolindo Ruotolo describes how much we struggle to remain in control of everything: "You are sleepless; you want to judge everything, direct everything and see to everything and you surrender to human strength, or worse—to men themselves, trusting in their intervention—this is what hinders my words and my views. Oh, how much I wish from you this surrender, to help you and how I suffer when I see you so agitated! Satan tries to do exactly this: to agitate you and to remove you from my protection and to throw you into the jaws of human initiative. So, trust only in me, rest in me, surrender to me in everything." This is a powerful novena that can be helpful, but it can be hard to contemplate and not everyone might feel ready or able to approach it. Surrender means surrender to God, not give up hope.

Seeing goodness in the midst of suffering can seem next to impossible. Pope St. John Paul II, in his Apostolic Letter *Salvifici Doloris* (1984), noted, "For, whereas the existence of the world opens as it were the eyes of the human soul to the existence of God, to His wisdom, power and greatness, evil and suffering seem to obscure this image, sometimes in a radical way, especially in the daily drama of so many cases of undeserved suffering and of so many faults without proper punishment." Suffering is a great challenge to faith and trust in God. Many times, it's easier for us to trust our friends, spouses, or close family members because we are certain that they love us and would never try to do us any harm. Feeling this kind of trust in God can be hard because we might believe that we cannot feel God's presence or that we don't deserve God's love. We might doubt that God loves us or has a greater plan for goodness in our lives.

As Fr. Michael Krochak wrote, "There is more to faith than believing that there is a God; more than believing that Jesus is the Son of God and that He was crucified, died and rose three days later. Even the devil believes that. Knowing Jesus is more than just knowing about Him. To know Him is to know of His

<sup>2</sup> Fr. Steven Borello, *Redemptive Suffering with Christ, Pray More Novenas Healing Retreat* 2021.

love, mercy, motivation, power and faithfulness. Faith is a gift given by God to those who enter a close personal relationship with Jesus Christ, who have come to know Him and trust in Him, who accept His teachings and are committed to follow Him as Saviour, King and Lord. Our faith grows in proportion to how well we know Christ as a personal caring friend.”<sup>3</sup> If we develop a close relationship with Jesus, rather than just knowing about Him, how much better might we be able to trust Him like a close and trusted friend?

As we say during the *Akathist of Thanksgiving*, Kontakion 6: “How near You are in the day of sickness. You Yourself visit the sick. You Yourself bend over the beds of those who suffer; their hearts speak to You. In the throes of sorrow and suffering, You bring peace; You bring unexpected consolation. You are the Comforter. You are the Love which watches over and heals us. To You we sing the song: Alleluia!” These are words of gratitude and joy that arise from deep faith. Nobody is really expecting us to be joyful or thankful about suffering, although some of the greatest saints in the Church have taken that stance. However, suffering is the path of transformation, as St. John of the Cross said in *Dark Night of the Soul*, “... the way of suffering is safer, and also more profitable, than that of rejoicing and of action. In suffering God gives strength, but in action and in joy the soul does but show its own weakness and imperfections. And in suffering, the soul practises and acquires virtue, and becomes pure, wiser, and more cautious.” We need to reach beyond pain and grasp the goodness that is ever-present.

Trusting in God is the way to grace, peace, and redemption. This is the way. We know the way because Jesus said, “I am the way” (John 14:1-7). Asking God to take care of us is an act of trust based on our own openness to transformation from resistance to acceptance and salvific healing. This doesn’t mean that we don’t still have to do our own work, for, as St. Paul teaches in Galatians 6:5, “... each will bear his own load.” We each bear the burden of our own actions and pain first and foremost, and we each expend our own energy, courage, and strength to withstand them and discern each step on the path. However, when that load becomes too difficult, we must reach out and accept help provided to us from God and from those God puts in our lives to help us in the journey. This also enables others to participate in our suffering and bring about

a deeper experience of grace and redemption: “Bear one another’s burdens, and so you will fulfill the law of Christ” (Gal 6:2).

Jesus took on Himself personal responsibility for His cross, bearing that burden until He could go no further alone. Then arrived Simon of Cyrene, helping Him bear the cross that Jesus so willingly took up. Despite that help and trust in God, Jesus still suffered unto death. So must we all. Each of us must take up our own crosses in life and accept the suffering and the events that God permits or sends our way. To deny them is to deny our very purpose, which is to live the life that the Holy Spirit bestowed upon us to the fullest, even unto death, which is, perhaps, the ultimate form of Christian healing. Through it all, our faith helps us know that we remain created in God’s image and likeness, loved by God, and worthy of the redemptive power of God’s healing Graces that are ours to turn towards, to accept, and to cherish.

Acceptance of suffering also  
depends on some movement  
towards humility and admission  
that we are not invulnerable.

Acceptance of suffering also depends on some movement towards humility and admission that we are not invulnerable. Refusal to acknowledge that suffering will occur, and having the expectation that it won’t, can result in significant feelings of anger and betrayal when suffering inevitably occurs, on a large or small scale. Believing that we should not suffer in life is like denying our own reality. The world is full of suffering, and we are living in that world, experiencing suffering and, indeed, causing others to suffer too. Humble recognition of our own weaknesses and even our own transgressions—how we suffer and how we cause others to suffer—can transform us and change our prayer from angry bitterness to soulful repentance. It can aid us in our acceptance of our own state, and in recognition of our vulnerability and need for God’s strength, as well as need for assistance from others. Refusal to see our own role in our own suffering and the suffering of others can lead to a kind of spiritual narcissism that blocks acceptance of truth.

Humility and repentance are forms of spiritual growth that foster a deeper understanding of the roles that forgiveness and reconciliation play in our

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<sup>3</sup> Fr. Michael Krochak, *Fr. Michael Reflects*, September 18, 2021.



ability to cope with suffering. We repent not because we fear we are being punished. We repent because we recognize the error of our belief that we are in control and can do everything without God. Humility and repentance turn us away from our delusions of control and avoidance of vulnerability. Instead, we seek reconciliation with God and come to a true desire for God's redemptive, healing power. At minimum, humility and repentance mean recognition of the reality of one's own situation, but, is felt more deeply. They provide initial glimmers, or even full illumination, that we are not alone on the path of life, as smooth or as difficult as it might be. Desire for an inevitable situation to be different can add burden to suffering. Detachment from that desire and turning towards the reality of suffering can lead to spiritual growth, as well as increased compassion not just for others but also for oneself.

We also can look to the example of so many saints and martyrs who modelled courage and fortitude while suffering, as well as peace and even joy. Not some masochistic joy in the pain of the suffering, but joy over our share in the life of Christ. Jesus wants us to experience His peace and His joy, despite knowing that, on earth, we all suffer. Jesus told us in John 14:27, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give it to you. Do not let your hearts be troubled or afraid." He also told us in John 15:1-11 that, as branches on a vine, we were going to be pruned and thus produce much fruit. He asked us to remain faithful, to keep His commandments, and to remain in His love: "I have told you this so that my joy may be in you and your joy may be complete" (John 15:11).

Joy is what God wants for us, not as the world gives it, but as Jesus gives it, eternally. Through our struggles and suffering, we have an opportunity to show forth the trust, courage, and strength that comes from our faith and knowledge that we are loved in the Lord and that He will never abandon us. In this holy struggle, we model our faith for others, just as so many before us have modelled their faith for us. As St. Paul wrote in Colossians 1:24-27, "Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake" for it is by that holy struggle that we evangelize others in faith, hope, and love of "Christ in you, the hope for glory"; and further in Romans 5:3-5, "... we even boast of our afflictions, knowing that affliction produces endurance, and endurance, proven character, and proven character, hope, and hope does not disappoint, because the love of God has been poured out into our hearts through the Holy Spirit that has been given to us."

What better gift to give to our children, our friends, and even to the world, but a faithful witness to the value of life that God has given us, the supports He provides, and the struggle to live life despite all challenges and temptations to the contrary. Thus, we take up our cross and share in that redemptive suffering of Christ that transcends our human weakness and opens us up to the healing salvation of God, Who works with us in our suffering to bring us to greater joy (see Pope St. John Paul II, *Salvifici Doloris*). Thus, we also show our love for each other and our faith that God sustains us and remains with us in our need always (Matt 28:20).

### Resources for personal reflection

Book of Job, Isaiah 53 (The Suffering Servant), Luke Chapters 22-24, Matthew 11:28-30, Psalms, Psalm 22 ("My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"), Pope St. John Paul II, *Salvifici Doloris*; Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, *Akathist to the Divine Passion of Christ*, *Moleben in honour of Blessed Bishop and Martyr Vasyl Velychkovsky, C.Ss.R.*, Stations of the Cross; *Akathist of Thanksgiving* (also called "Glory to God for all Things"); *Surrender Novena* Servant of God Don Dolindo Ruotolo (sung versions can be found online); Bishop A. A. Noser, *Joy in Suffering According to St. Therese of the Child Jesus*; Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy; St. John of the Cross, *Dark Night of the Soul*.

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## NOTICE

**27th UCWLC Congress  
will be held in Edmonton  
September 29–October 2, 2022**

# Holy Martyr Saint Sophia of Rome

Feast Day - May 15

(Celebrated by the Orthodox on September 17)

St. Sophia (meaning wisdom) was a pious, Christian widow who named her three daughters after virtues: Faith (age 12 at the time of her martyrdom), Hope (age 10), and Love (age 9). A devout Christian who loved God, St. Sophia raised her daughters to love the Lord with all their hearts as well. Mother and daughters lived in Italy during a time of intense Christian persecution, but they did not hide their faith.

An official named Antiochus heard about this Christian family and notified Emperor Hadrian (117-138 A.D.), who then ordered the family to be brought to him. St. Sophia understood what this implied, so she encouraged her daughters to pray fervently to Christ, beseeching Him for strength while they'd be forced to endure tortures and probable death.

When the holy virgins and their mother had their audience with the emperor, everyone present was amazed at their bravery and composure. Hadrian summoned each daughter, one at a time, urging them to make sacrifices to the goddess Artemis. But each girl refused.

In anger, the emperor ordered the girls' torture and St. Sophia was forced to attend. Like our Blessed Mother during her Son's Passion, St. Sophia could do nothing more than watch—heart wrenched—unable to help. She underwent her own emotional and spiritual torture which compelled her to summon the faith



that she so fervently preached. Yet through it all, she encouraged her daughters to keep steadfast in the Lord.

Though her daughters endured grisly tortures, like being sliced, sent into burning ovens, or having hot oil poured over them, they always returned looking unscathed. St. Sophia emboldened her daughters by preaching for them to remain focused on Christ and praise His Glory. After extended torments, all three maidens met their deaths by beheading.

The mournful mother was permitted to take her daughters' bodies and bury them outside of Rome. There, she sat and prayed at their graves for three days where she finally died herself. Although she did not suffer the grisly tortures that her daughters did, she suffered in her heart.


St. Sophia is known for her deep love of Christ, loyalty to God, and immense courage. *May we all grow to love God as deeply, and find our strength and trust in the Lord.*

# Not My Glory, Dear Lord, But Yours

## Praying the Litany of Humility

By Lyrissa Sheptak

*I saw all the devil's traps set upon the earth, and I groaned and said, "Who do you think can pass through them?" And I heard a voice saying "Humility". — St. Antony the Great*

nce upon a time, a lifetime ago, when I was young and had zero business inclination, I used to sell scrapbooking supplies and try to save customers a buck (the odd time) by quietly referring them to other suppliers who offered a cheaper price. Not surprising, my sales career was not long lasting. Knowing my lack of business savvy, with regard to this article, I will be trying to share one of the most important, game-changing, get-to-heaven exercises we can undertake, but I fear I'm not the best salesperson for this message because I'm still not an "overcomer" on the topic. I'm in the trenches slogging it out wondering if I will ever get to the glory... or at least see the light.

I'm talking about true humility. Not humility in the sense of thinking less of oneself. Rather, focusing on oneself less. A couple of years back I read an inspiring article by a woman who explained her journey praying the Litany of Humility to combat her pride. Her spiritual advisor recommended that she pray it because the saints said that humility is the virtue which is the foundation of all others. Something about that comment spoke to me.

I wanted to do something big for Our Lord. I didn't want to be complacent in my spiritual life anymore. I wanted to make a difference in the world, so that meant beginning with myself. Something (or rather, the Holy Spirit) motivated me to work on this particular weakness as it has so many different faces. So I jumped in, not thinking twice, and started reading the litany regularly.

If I only knew \*sigh\*.

Pride is more than thinking highly of oneself. As you will see in the litany below—just as my eyes were opened—pride is attached to many things I never considered before. Seeking attention to cover up fears and insecurities? That's pride. Easily offended, or needing to always state our opinion and be right (even if we are right), that's pride. Looking for constant recognition and affirmation... pride. The need to be in control is pride too.

I could go on, the list doesn't stop there. I thought to myself, as a Christian endeavouring for heaven, I better start working on these things. I saw much of myself in these sentences of the litany, and I didn't like it.

### Litany of Humility

O Jesus meek and humble of heart, hear me.  
From the *desire* of being esteemed,

***Deliver me Jesus.***

From the desire of being loved...  
From the desire of being extolled...  
From the desire of being honoured...  
From the desire of being praised...  
From the desire of being preferred to others...  
From the desire of being consulted...  
From the desire of being approved...

From the *fear* of being humiliated...  
From the fear of being despised...  
From the fear of suffering rebukes...  
From the fear of being slandered...  
From the fear of being forgotten...  
From the fear of being ridiculed...  
From the fear of being wronged...  
From the fear of being suspected...

That others may be loved more than I,  
***Jesus grant me the grace to desire it.***

That others may be esteemed more than I...  
That, in the opinion of the world, others may increase and I may decrease...

That others may be chosen and I set aside...  
That others may be praised and I unnoticed...  
That others may be preferred to me in everything...

That others may become holier than I, provided that I may become as holy as I should...

This prayer appears daunting to commit to. But if you break it down, there are key words that we are actually praying to be delivered of: "the **desire** of", "the **fear** of", and things that are based on pride, vanity, excessive self-love, or control.



It's not like we are never going to be consulted, praised, or approved. It's just getting our desires for them—or our desires for having others think those things of us—under control. I also found it interesting that fears were part of the litany. I mean, who wants to suffer, especially from those fears? But all we have to do is meditate on the Passion of Christ to understand. We are not beyond suffering in this life. The King of Kings, humble in His life on earth, was utterly humiliated in His passion and death. Knowing this, I realize that I can't go through life without God's help, direction, and example. If the King of All went through His suffering, what makes me think I'd be exempt? Thus, I pray this litany.

In order to purge these items in the litany, it is necessary for me to confront them. But by confronting my weaknesses, I replace them with Godly thoughts and desires. It shouldn't matter what the world says and thinks of me. I should only be concerned with what **God** thinks of me.

So, on paper, this litany looks doable, a nice exercise to journey through, right? Wrong. It is one of the toughest, most miserable spiritual exercises I've ever done. Frankly, it has (there's no better word) humbled me in ways I've never considered.

In the past two years praying this, God has allowed me to experience many of these humiliations one sentence of the litany at a time (although there were times a couple were lumped together creating quite a storm to work through). When I experienced each fear or humiliation, God made me immediately aware in that moment which issue I was dealing with. It was as if the line of the litany was flashed through my mind like a neon sign. Praying the litany often felt like playing with a jack-in-the-box. I never knew when I'd experience God's next test or lesson. But this is part of the exercise as well—not merely preparing for God's pop quiz, but creating new habits in how I react to these situations. It was like God was saying, "Did you think praying this litany would be a picnic? Don't worry, you'll survive, and it's for the better."

And I have survived, albeit not always in heroic ways. Hopefully some of my responses to these tests made God happy. But I'm not going to lie. Many times I let Him down. I'd not always give an *outward* reaction to a situation, but *deep inside* I felt like the Hulk in the middle of a rampage. Don't get me wrong, God isn't out to humiliate us. He's trying to help us get to the next level and ultimately to heaven... but we have to do our part. Thank goodness

for the Sacrament of Reconciliation. We aren't perfect. Oftentimes we repeat certain sins, even if we think we're trying to change. Repeat sins, including pride, show me that I need to buckle down and not float through my Confessions. It shows me that I need to make a concerted effort to renew my mind and not give my emotions so much credit.

Praying this litany has ended up being one of the toughest challenges I've undertaken. In fact, there was a time when I paused from reading the litany—I was worn out by the truth of myself. Worn out by the experiences. But this made me feel like a quitter. And I knew that's precisely what satan wanted—for me to quit and disappoint myself. Quit and never speak of it again. Pride is *the* sin. It was what made satan rebel and fall. "It is the most dangerous of sins because it is self-deluding" (*Onward Catholic Soldier*, 132). Satan can't touch the humble soul. He's powerless next to it. He certainly doesn't want mere mortals to be more powerful than he.

So I share my journey with you. My victories, my failures. And still I persevere. Getting embarrassed (or worse) is deeply upsetting. But I guess with every other lesson God has taught me, my job is to surrender to Him and obey, no questions asked.

God wants our obedience (which satan didn't give Him) and He wants us to persevere. We will never get the whole list on the litany ticked off, and even if we do, it is a tall order to maintain for the rest of our lives. After all, only God is perfect. Just like our conversions, our journeys are ongoing. All He asks is that we do the best we can in who we are in Him.

So go ahead. If you are feeling called to pray the Litany of Humility, don't let me dissuade you. I will be in the thick of it with you. It won't be easy. Victories and failures are part of it (if we are honest with ourselves and guided by the Spirit). So be kind to yourself through it all. But when we offer up our suffering we "... give God the chance to use it for His glory and our salvation. Though [we] may not understand God's reasons for allowing a particular suffering, [we] must trust that with His grace [we] can endure." (*Onward Christian Soldier*, 83).

*Let each one remember that he will make progress in all spiritual things only insofar as he rids himself of self-love, self-will, and self-interest — St. Ignatius of Loyola*

# A Reflection on the Purpose and Customs of Fasting

By Rev. Deacon Captain Anton Sloboda  
(February 27, 2019)

**A**s we are getting closer to Lent, our Church reminds us about the importance of fasting. In his letter to the Romans,<sup>1</sup> the Apostle Paul helps us to form a right attitude about fasting. I would like to share some thoughts about fasting, specifically during Lent or “the Great Fast” as we call it.

As Ukrainian Catholics we follow our own ancient tradition of fasting that many may regard as stricter than what Roman Catholics practice. In general, members of the Roman Catholic Church are encouraged to fast from meat on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and all Fridays of Lent.

Although the practices and regulations may vary from region to region, during the Great Fast Ukrainian Catholics basically fast in this manner (please table below).<sup>2</sup>

As you see, the list of fasting days during Lent in the Ukrainian Catholic Church is quite extensive, and stricter than the custom in various Western Churches. However, if we compare our fasting practices to most Orthodox Churches—for them, our practices probably seem to be extremely relaxed. For example, most Orthodox faithful are encouraged to fast from meat, dairy, eggs, and even fish during the entire Great Fast, and on Sundays. For them, fish is only allowed on the feast of the Annunciation and on Palm Sunday. Thus, if you compare the three fasting traditions—Roman Catholic, Orthodox, and Ukrainian Catholic—from a nutritional and health benefits point of view, I personally believe that ours is perhaps the most balanced for our society: eat less meat and eat more fish.

We can see that fasting, to a great extent, is about restricting ourselves from something concrete and material in order to make room for other important priorities. Fasting is more than not eating meat—it is about reminding ourselves that our habits should not control us and about being thankful for everything that God gives us. As the Apostle Paul tells us, those who fast from meat should thank God, and those who do not fast should thank God. If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord.

As we prepare ourselves for this coming period of Great Fast, let us make concrete commitments and let us help one another to be more thankful to God. During Lent we not only can exclude certain foods from our menus, but more importantly we can invite more people in need to our dining tables. Many of us have been doing it already. Let us continue supporting one another in doing good, helping our neighbours, and in serving our Lord. Amen.

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from the Ukrainian Catholic  
Archeparchy of Winnipeg.

THE GREAT FAST			During Great and Holy Week	On Great and Holy Friday
On the First Day	The Entire First Week	Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays		
Strict fasting: abstention from meat, dairy, eggs, and foods that contain these ingredients	Abstention from meat	Abstention from meat products	Abstention from meat products	Strict fasting: abstention from meat, dairy and eggs

<sup>1</sup> Romans 14:6-9 (RSV)

“He who observes the day, observes it in honour of the Lord. He also who eats, eats in honour of the Lord, since he gives thanks to God; while he who abstains, abstains in honour of the Lord and gives thanks to God. None of us lives to himself, and none of us dies to himself. If we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord; so then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord’s. For to this end Christ died and lived again, that He might be Lord both of the dead and of the living.”

<sup>2</sup> In both Roman Catholic and Ukrainian Catholic Churches fasting and abstinence from certain types of food is not required from people who have reached the age of 60 and neither from children, pregnant women, and some other categories of people: travellers, sick, those who cannot choose what they can eat, etc.

# Gardening



HERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE PLANNING AND PLANTING A GARDEN.

When winter's stubborn snows still blanket the frozen ground, there is nothing more exciting than opening a seed catalogue and dreaming about our next garden. It gives us something to look forward to. Between seeds arriving in the mail, or buying them at the store, that garden we were dreaming about becomes more of a reality. By the time the snow melts and the earth softens, it is difficult to find that extra patience and wait until the long weekend in May for planting. *Can I get away with it if I plant just one week early? Maybe not. I remember the long weekend blizzard of 1987. Didn't we have one just a few years ago too?* Before long, it's time to bring out the hoes, shovels, twine, and marking sticks. With much prayer and a little water, the Good Lord will bless us with a bountiful harvest.



Top: Basilians digging potatoes. Above: Mundare babas, 1940s, shelling peas.  
PHOTOS COURTESY OF BASILIAN FATHERS MUSEUM

OUR MOTHERS AND BABAS WERE WONDERWORKERS IN THE GARDEN. And they passed on their wisdom to us, as we will one day pass that knowledge to others. But gardening has changed. Yes, people still plant the large family or multi-family gardens, but with exploding urban populations, as well as increased

interest in fresh, healthy, organic foods, urban gardens have been popping up everywhere. Add on top of it COVID-19, and more people are trying out gardening for various reasons. We hope you enjoy reading about gardens past and present, and may they inspire you as you plan your own!

→



*It is difficult to imagine a world without flowers, bushes, trees and grasses...*

## Baba's Garden

By Lessia Petriv

**L**ife begins the day you start a garden (ancient wisdom). We can interpret that in a couple of ways: literally—planting seeds bring new plant life into our world, and figuratively—working in the garden is refreshing for the soul. A garden nourishes both the spirit and the body and keeps us alive.

A garden is not just a collection of seeds, manure, compost, and over-turned soil. It is a dynamic and continuous creative process of planting and meticulous caring which started millennia ago. Tradition, ritual, and spirituality have always played a significant role in the history of gardening. I got a deeper understanding of this from my Baba Nastia (Anastasia)—God rest her soul—which was passed from her Baba, and so it went, on and on, from previous generations. With deep honour and reverence to the land, gardening rituals and practices were passed like an eternal Olympic flame, from generation to generation, from grandmother to granddaughter.

Past generations referred to the land as the “Holy Mother-Nurturer.”

From my earliest childhood I saw and heard from the elders of my small village in Western Ukraine (where I was born over a half a century ago) about the deep respect people related to the land that fed them and kept them alive for generations.

My Baba Nastia said, “Never disturb the land up to the Feast of the Annunciation (Blahovishchennia, April 7). Until this date God is blessing the land which is awakening from its sleep as well as all that

lives in the soil.”

As people bestowed best wishes upon young married couples, they said, “May you be as rich as the land!” The land was always regarded as sacred because it gave life by putting food on the table. Food was regarded as a gift from God, and God’s gifts had to be respected.

Today, living in Edmonton, on the other side of the world from my Ukrainian birthplace, I tend to my modest little garden, my “urban garden,” as is the term in Canada, following my Baba’s garden rituals, as I channel her ancient wisdom.

In early spring, as she embraced seeds in her hands, my Baba would step barefoot into her garden. Tracing the sign of a cross with her right hand, touching her forehead and shoulders with three fingers, she would bow down to the earth on which she stood, and place on the ground a grey flaxen bag containing seeds. As she filled her palms with some seeds, she would raise her face to the heavens and

ask God to send blessings to the seeds that she was about to plant, and to help her to take care of the plants as they grow. Tenderly stroking the seeds with her fingers, she’d raise them close to her mouth, and gently breathe on them. It appeared as though she was speaking softly to them, as to a baby, with gentle words of encouragement, confident that with heavenly blessings the garden would grow well.

I learned that plants, like people, also enjoy companionship and friendship. So-called “companion” plants help their “friends” to grow bigger and stronger.

Good examples of companion plants include corn, beans, and cucumbers. Cucumbers planted between rows of corn can easily climb upwards along the corn stalks. At the same time, corn provides shade for the cucumbers, so that the bright sun doesn’t bake them.

Also, beautiful orange-yellow marigold flowers are very good friends with potatoes, cabbage,



St. Basil's Church beehives in the field, Vernon, B.C.  
PHOTO COURTESY OF BASILIAN FATHERS MUSEUM

and tomatoes, because their smell naturally repels hungry bugs.

An interesting thing about parsley that I learned from my Baba is that it is good to sow parsley seeds on Good Friday. It was once believed that parsley took so long to appear in the garden because the parsley seeds would first visit the underworld nine times before finally popping out from the ground to see the light of the day.

Other pearls of ancient oral wisdom that I remember from my Baba had to do with garlic. Since garlic (*chasnyk*) is, linguistically, of male gender, it was believed that a male had to plant garlic, and only on a “male day” (linguistically, this would be Monday, Tuesday, or Thursday). But, if there were no males in a household, a woman would call upon a neighbouring head of the household to come over to help plant her garlic (since the garlic would then grow as strong as a male).

My Baba Nastia believed that the earth is a living organism which breathes, drinks, and requires our tender loving care. In return, in a spirit of gratitude, the earth gives us generous gifts that sustain us with health and vitality.

We, Ukrainians, have long felt that since the dawn of civilization our love for and “call of the land” have been genetically encoded in our souls by our Creator.

Baba always told me to plant not one, but three seeds together, into the ground in each spot along the row. For example: three bean seeds, three corn seeds, etc. I always asked Baba “Why three seeds in each hole? Why not only one? Or two? Or five?” She’d reply thoughtfully, “One for God, one for a bird, and one for us.”

“And do you know what secrets are hidden in the earth?” asked Baba Nastia as she chased away magpies from her garden, which were pecking out corn seeds that she had just planted. “A garden

#### BABA NASTIA’S WISDOM

- ✿ Our garden is our teacher, our healer, and our pharmacy providing us the essential ingredients for good health.
- ✿ Raw vegetables are like a broom that cleans out our body—our sacred temple.
- ✿ Sow the seeds because they are sacred gifts brought to us from the heavens.

is a majestic mystery. You take seeds, you plant them, and if the soil is dry, you water it, and watch the plants grow,” she’d say in her profound and very down-to-earth way.

When fate brought me to Canada, during long summer walks along the streets of Edmonton I’d pause and admire little gardens that so reminded me of my village in Ukraine. In such a big city these little gardens seemed to me like tiny Gardens of Eden. I’d inhale their intoxicating visual beauty and marvel at these divine masterworks displayed on these delicate patches of land.

My mind was like a play-by-play sports announcer: “Oh, and over there, the green tops of the potatoes are blooming, and in the next row, the green and red leaves of the beets are gossiping something to the neighbouring curly carrots. And on the other side of the potatoes the yellow-orange marigolds are lifting their heads to feel the warmth of the sun, as the playful fronds of dill are flirting with the shy cucumbers.”

From my elders I learned that everything that grows in your garden and yard is beneficial to your health because it was planted with your hands. Everything under your feet in the garden is what is needed by our body for physical health. Everything in the heavens is what is needed by our soul.

These are the most precious treasures that I got from my Baba—gardening skills, wisdom, love and deep reverence to the land. In the fall, during harvest time, as I am just finishing gathering the carrots, beets, cucumbers, tomatoes and onions, my mind is already planning next year’s garden—the layout and what to plant. And so, the cycle continues...



The cabbage patch with Bro. Adrian Karpa, OSBM, Mundare.  
PHOTO COURTESY OF BASILIAN FATHERS MUSEUM



## Mom's Garden

I didn't have the chance to know either of my babs, but my mother's mom lived in my heart from a very young age because of Mom's many stories about her life. Grammie was widowed young, left with five children, of whom my mom was the youngest. Garden stories were among my favourites, because my mom and I spent countless hours in the garden together, and it made Grammie feel close to me.

My mom's large garden was her pride and joy. She planted everything, all the usual garden favourites, but she also liked to try new things each year. We had radicchio, kohlrabi, unusual beans, and many more interesting things long before they became mainstream for gardeners. When the seed catalogues arrived early in the winter, Mom would spend many joyful hours reading through them, making her selections for next spring.

Mom's garden was always neat as a pin, with lush,



My mom, Mary Diakuw. A special corner in full bloom

long rows of vegetables and flowers. She canned and froze so many things. Looking back now I don't know how she had time for everything. Her dills were

## URBAN GARDENS *Garden Anywhere!*

ALTHOUGH WE ARE BLESSED TO HAVE A GARDEN, we also have a "kitchen garden" by our back door, and it is



all grown in containers. Just steps away from the door are tomatoes, onions, celery, thyme, rosemary, parsley, oregano, and savory. Need a pinch of something for a recipe? No problem!

Growing veggies in containers is a wonderful thing for those who don't have actual garden space. It's easy to grow tomatoes, onions, peppers, lettuce, and herbs in containers. But seed catalogues now offer many other veggie varieties that are meant especially for container growing, including cucumbers, squash, and peas. Just about anything can be grown in containers. While some plants, like potatoes, may need larger containers, most can be grown in regular planters that are light enough to move as needed.

Key points when planting in containers: use a good quality potting soil, not garden soil. Be sure the container has good drainage. Choose a sunny location for your containers. Because plants in containers have less soil, they will have to be watered regularly. They will also benefit from a regular fertilizer boost over the summer.

The beauty of container planting is that you can move the plants around for best sun or rain, and if frost comes, they are easy to carry into a shed or garage, or bunch them together to cover them. Containers can be kept on a table or bench making it easy for those with mobility problems to still be able to do some gardening!

Convenient to use, interesting to look at: why not try a container kitchen garden!

Submitted by Debbie Hayward



delicious, and I could probably have eaten a quart of her canned tomatoes all by myself in one sitting. And her pickled beets—scrumptious!

But the thing I remember most about my mom's garden is the time we spent there as a family. From the time I was a small child, gardening was what my parents and I did as a joyful pastime together. After Daddy died, it was Mom and me. As we worked, we talked about absolutely everything under the sun, shared much laughter, and as life also goes, we shared many tears together as well (depending on what we were talking about). The garden gave us serenity, a chance to watch the miracle of growth, the joy of tending God's earth, and the pleasure of the garden's bounty. The healing and restorative power of the garden was a deep part of our lives then, and it still is today.



A happy gardener!

My precious mother died in February 2011, and I can tell you that our garden that spring was watered well by my tears. How I missed her! My heart was so heavy as I knelt in the garden among the rows. But God always gives us good things even in the darkest times. Working with the soil and the plants, the many happy, long-ago memories of our times in the garden were clear and fresh as yesterday, and they brought my mom close to me again. It gave me comfort and joy even through my tears.

Those gardening times, Mom, will be eternal in my memory, and deeply treasured because I shared them with you. I love you forever, Mom.

Submitted by Debbie Hayward



Above (left to right): building a COVID-19 garden in the spring of 2020 – Dean Danilak and Taras Nahnybida, Sherwood Park, AB; COVID-19 summer garden 2020; utilizing space – acreage garden. At right: COVID-19 urban garden – container gardening. PHOTOS COURTESY OF ROSEMARIE NAHNYBIDA



It could be said that each mystery of the rosary, carefully meditated, sheds light on the mystery of man. "Cast your burden on the Lord and He will sustain you" (Ps. 55:23). To pray the rosary is to hand over our burdens to the merciful hearts of Christ and His Mother.

— Pope John Paul II

## A Garden for Mary

Submitted by Darlene Atamaniuk

Every March, as the days grow warmer and longer, I start to think about the flowers I will grow in my flower beds. I ponder endlessly about size, fragrance, colour, uniqueness, longevity. It's quite a dilemma. Last year, I stumbled upon some information about "A Virgin Mary Garden" that changed the way I think about planting flowers for life.

### What is a Virgin Mary Garden?

Historically, Mary Gardens look back to the Middle Ages when flowers referred to Mary's life and virtues. The genuine beauty and physical characteristics of the flowers reminded our ancestors of Mary, their names referring to her in various ways. Usually, the plants were symbolic of her clothing, home, person, or spiritual life. So, specific flowers were planted in honour of Mary.

Traditionally, a Mary Garden was a special space, either large or small. A statue of Mary was its focal point and then groups of selected flowers were planted around it. Sometimes, there was a bench in front of the garden so that one could pray or meditate.

Today, a Mary Garden could be a large flower bed or small corner, or even plants grown in patio pots. The focal statue could be replaced with an icon, lilies, or roses. The rest of the flowers will be up to you in how you choose to represent Mary in your garden. Shrubs and herbs can also be part of the garden.

Below is a sampling of what some of the flowers represent or symbolize:

**Cornflower:** Mary's Crown

**Thyme:** Mary's Bedstraw

**Forget-me-not:** Eyes of Mary

**Basil:** Holy Communion Plant

**Impatiens:** Mother's Love

**Peonies:** Mary's Rose

**Marigold:** Mary's Gold

**Tulips:** Mary's Prayer

**Petunia:** Our Lady's Praises

**Gladiolus:** Ladder to Heaven

**Poppy:** Christ's Blood

**Daffodils:** Mary's Star

**Snapdragon:** Infant Jesus' Shoes

**Alyssum:** Flowers of the Cross

**Aster:** Mary's Star

**Baby's Breath:** Our Lady's Veil

**Violet:** Mary's Humility

**Geranium:** Gentle Virgin

**Chives:** Our Lady's Garlic

**Sage:** Our Lady's Shawl

Happy planting!

For more information about Mary Gardens and the symbolism of the different flowers and plants, the following sites are most useful:


- ◆ **Virgin Mary Garden Ideas - Creating a Mary Garden in Your Backyard**  
<https://www.gardeningknowhow.com/special/spaces/virgin-mary-garden-ideas.htm/?print=1&loc=top>
- ◆ **How to Start a Mary Garden in 7 Easy Steps**  
<https://www.reallifeathome.com/how-to-start-a-mary-garden-in-7-easy-steps>
- ◆ **How to Start a Mary Garden at Home**  
<https://www.catholicicing.com/how-to-start-a-mary-garden-at-home>
- ◆ **100 Plants for a Larger Mary Garden**  
[https://udayton.edu/imri/mary/\\_resources/docs-pdfs/p/plants-for-a-larger-mary-garden.pdf](https://udayton.edu/imri/mary/_resources/docs-pdfs/p/plants-for-a-larger-mary-garden.pdf)
- ◆ **12 Plants Named for Our Lady and Their Pious Legends**  
<https://www.catholiccompany.com/magazine/12-plants-legends-named-for-mary-6062>
- ◆ **Mary Gardens: Flowers for Our Lady**  
<https://www.fisheaters.com/marygardens.html>


I saw the blessed image of Our Lady... She seemed to smile at me from the altar, and her look gave me a feeling of sweet peace in my soul, and a generous and confident spirit, as if she were telling me she was pleased, and that she would always watch over me. — *Blessed John XIII*


Mary did not fail to live up to her station as the Mother of Christ. When the apostles fled, she stood before the cross and gazed tenderly on the wounds of her Son, because she was waiting, not for her Son's death, but for the salvation of the world.

— *Saint Ambrose*


# Companion Planting


<b>BEANS</b> 	
<b>☑ Compatible</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Broccoli • Cabbage • Carrots</li> <li>• Cauliflower • Celery • Corn</li> <li>• Cucumber • Eggplant • Peas</li> <li>• Potatoes • Radishes • Squash</li> <li>• Strawberries • Tomatoes</li> </ul>	<b>☒ Combative</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Garlic • Onions</li> <li>• Peppers</li> <li>• Sunflowers</li> </ul>

<b>TOMATOES</b> 	
<b>☑ Compatible</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Asparagus • Basil • Beans</li> <li>• Carrots • Celery • Dill</li> <li>• Lettuce • Melons • Onions</li> <li>• Parsley • Radishes • Spinach</li> <li>• Thyme</li> </ul>	<b>☒ Combative</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Broccoli • Brussels</li> <li>• Cabbage</li> <li>• Cauliflower</li> <li>• Corn • Kale</li> <li>• Potatoes</li> </ul>

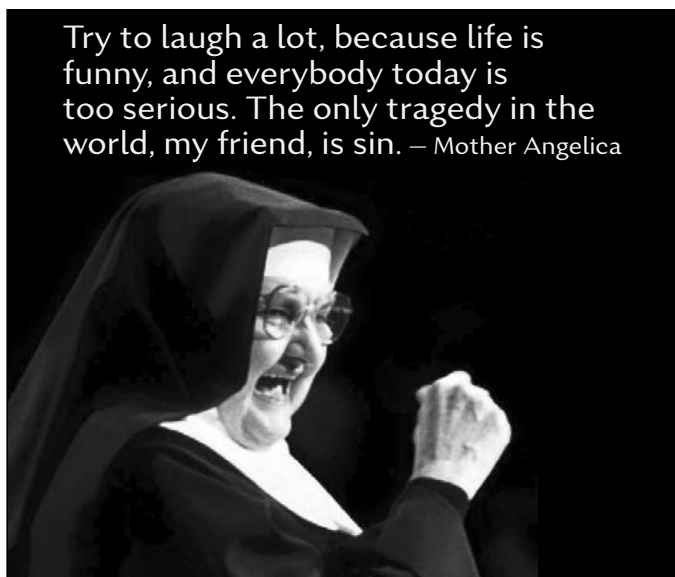
<b>CARROTS</b> 	
<b>☑ Compatible</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Beans • Lettuce • Onions</li> <li>• Peas • Radishes • Rosemary</li> <li>• Sage • Tomatoes</li> </ul>	<b>☒ Combative</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Dill • Parsley</li> </ul>

<b>PEPPERS</b> 	
<b>☑ Compatible</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Basil • Coriander • Onions</li> <li>• Spinach • Tomatoes</li> </ul>	<b>☒ Combative</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Beans</li> </ul>

<b>CUCUMBER</b> 	
<b>☑ Compatible</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Beans • Broccoli • Cabbage</li> <li>• Cauliflower • Corn • Lettuce</li> <li>• Peas • Radishes • Sunflowers</li> </ul>	<b>☒ Combative</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Herbs • Melons</li> <li>• Potatoes</li> </ul>

<b>EGGPLANT</b> 	
<b>☑ Compatible</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Basil • Broccoli • Cabbage</li> <li>• Cauliflower • Leeks • Spinach</li> <li>• Tomatoes</li> </ul>	<b>☒ Combative</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• N/A</li> </ul>

CHARTS BY MARIANA WASNEA



Try to laugh a lot, because life is funny, and everybody today is too serious. The only tragedy in the world, my friend, is sin. — Mother Angelica





## Paska Lessons with Mama

**M**y mother, Sofia Hull, started baking bread when she was nine years old. Having the knack for bread-making, she was often assigned that task while her siblings worked on their small plot of land in the Ukrainian village of Biloholov. She continued to hone those skills in their family home, then as a young labourer in Germany, and eventually as a wife and mother in Canada.

Mama's paska was the cotton candy of Easter bread. It was the lightest, fluffiest, tastiest bread that melted in your mouth. I always looked forward to Easter and the baking of paska. The house would smell wonderful and the first bite was pure ecstasy. Family friends would sing Mama's praises and devour more than a few slices. Those who received a paska as a gift from Mama would consider themselves truly blessed. Ladies at the church would run to buy her paska at a bake sale, or would reserve one to place on their table for Easter dinner. They all talked about how it was the lightest, airiest paska ever.

When I was a young woman living on my own, early in my teaching career I decided I would learn to make paska just like Mama. After all, my mama and tato had supported me all the way through a degree in home economics. Consequently, I knew about the nutrition and chemistry of bread-making. I should be able to match her techniques.

What I didn't know was how to convert Mama's "more or less" method to the standard measurements required in our home ec labs. What I learned, though, was that for her liquid measure Mama used a dipper that she received from the American Army while she

was in a Displaced Persons Camp in Germany. As her dry measure, she used an enamel cup (mug) which was one of her first purchases in Canada. How could I possibly translate those into a recipe?

I decided that with Mama's help, I would re-measure everything she used so that I could record the ingredients in standard measurement. So there we were, Mama and I. The kitchen table was covered by a sheet of vinyl to protect it. The huge wooden bread board my tato had made especially for my mama to knead dough was on the table. The large earthenware bowl for mixing the dough had been warmed in the oven. The baker's yeast had been cubed, and the warm milk was ready. The eggs were at room temperature, and the butter was not hard, but not soft either. The hot water bottle and tea towels, which were needed to incubate the rising dough, were on hand. Of course, the flour was in its big ice-cream container that she used as a canister, ready for sifting. I sat at the far corner of the table with my aluminum measuring cups for the dry measure and my glass cups for the liquid. Beside me was my notebook, which I used as a recipe book, and a pencil with an eraser (just in case I needed to erase a notation).

Just before Mama was to begin her lesson, she scooped out a handful of flour from the container and squeezed it. I was surprised at this action. After all, I had a home economics degree, and not one of my professors had ever said anything about squeezing flour before you use it.

I asked, "Mama, what are you doing?"

She replied, "I am checking the flour to see how dry it is."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well", she said, "if it packs or holds together, then the flour is quite moist and I won't need to use as much liquid. If it doesn't hold, then it is very dry and I will need to use more liquid."

I looked at her with total amazement. If being a good paska-maker meant that I would need to know the difference between moist flour and dry flour, I was lost before I started. Standard measurement of ingredients was practically irrelevant if I intuitively did not know how to *feel* the properties of flour. How many lifetimes of baking would I need before I could sense this? To me, all flour is dry. That's why we always add liquid ingredients.

At this point, I made a life decision. I closed my notebook, put my pencil in my purse and my utensils in my bag. "Mama, while you are able, *your* job will be to make the paska. When you are unable, we will learn to live with whatever the grocery store provides." To this day, I have not made my own paska—it hardly seems worth the effort for one person.

Now my Mama is 101 years old and a resident of Holy Family Home. Suffering from dementia, in her mind she is still baking. "There are many hungry people to feed," she says to me. Mama often asks me to bring all the supplies to make paska, varenyky, or poppyseed cake so she can share with others. I respond, "Next time, Mama." She is so happy when I bring her paska. Thinking that I made it, she tells me how good it is. I don't bother to tell her it is made in Pani Sobey's kitchen.

Orysia Hull

First version written 2006

Revised January 11, 2021

# Pysanka Memories



Chromej family: Maria, Doris (standing), Anna, Irene. 1998

THE OVERWHELMING SWEET AROMA OF MELTING WAX welcomes me. It fills the house and envelops me in a warm and safe environment. I can see Mama has already started to set up the table and is organizing the necessary equipment. She looks up from her preparations and smiles as I enter the room.

I, with my older sisters, Maria and Doris, sit beside our mother. She shows us how to clean our fingers with clear white vinegar, the pungent acidic smell irritating my nose. Then we wipe clean the raw white egg, being careful not to drop it. I turn the egg over and over in my left hand, enjoying its perfect oval shape as I gaze at the numerous designs staring back at me from the books, printed sheets, and booklets spread out in front of me on the table. The egg feels so smooth, waiting for the first line to be drawn. Finally, I am ready to begin. The beeswax gives off distinctive fumes

as it melts in the little pot that sits on a small one-burner camp stove. Our father fashioned the handy little vessel from an empty tuna can, which is now blackened with continual heating. Mama puts in a fresh cake of golden wax, and we hear it crackle and bubble as it melts and eventually turns to a black liquid.

A cluster of wooden writing utensils, or *kistky*, is sitting in the melted wax. They, too, are tools made by our craftsman father. The small metal tips have either a fine nib for writing, or a larger one for covering areas with wax to preserve the colour. I pick up a fine-tipped *kistka*. It burns my fingers and I blow on it to cool it. Holding the *kistka* like a pencil, I put my little finger against the egg to steady my hand. As I carefully touch the *kistka* to the egg and start drawing a fine wax line, the *kistka* makes a familiar delicate scraping noise as the nib is gently pulled across the shell. The end of the line joins the beginning,

and a perfect circle appears, a *bez-konechnyk*, a symbol of eternity and the continuous thread of life. I then draw parallel lines close to the first until I have four unbroken wax lines encircling the egg. Moving the *kistka* against the shell, creating triangles, stars, and other geometric motifs, I focus on my work, lost in the act of creation.

We are all so intent on our writing that the only sounds are our even, slow breathing, the scratching of the *kistka* nib against the eggshells, and the rhythmic ticking of the wall clock as the pendulum counts out the minutes. Sitting close together, we whisper, asking for opinions on a particular design or colours to add.

Then our mother decides it is time for some singing. She chooses familiar songs that she sang as a child in her village back home in Ukraine. We have heard these songs on countless occasions and join in. The house is soon filled with the sound of our voices. My sisters and I know only the first couple of verses to each song, unlike our mother who knows all 25, and ends up singing a solo. In between choosing another song, we carry on with the eggs. As the morning progresses, we end up with several eggs in various stages of completion. It has been a productive morning, but we all need a break from cramped fingers, and sore necks and shoulders. Mama has baked a carrot cake, and we all welcome the aroma of the trio of spices, cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves with just a hint of carrot flavour. We taste the moist texture and praise her for her culinary skills. Over tea and cake, we laugh and talk about things that only a close family can appreciate. →

I remember those days so well. Every day after school, we would rush through homework to have more time to write our pysanky. The five of us—Mama, Tato and us three girls—would sit at the table with an array of colourful eggs in front of us. My father would be busy making a new drying board for the pysanky or fixing a *kistka* to make sure the wax would flow through. I recall the sound of us singing together, the feel of the smooth eggs in my hand, and especially the unique fragrance of the melting beeswax. It truly was a family affair and I cherish these memories.

As we grew to adulthood, we all continued the tradition of making pysanky. Mama had learned to make pysanky from her mother back home in Ukraine, using a candle to heat the *kistka*, which she then dipped into a block of beeswax. Holding the *kistka* again over the candle flame, she waited until the wax had melted before she could draw any lines. However, when she started making pysanky



Maria Steventon, Irene-Chromej Johnston and daughter Melanie, Doris Cherkas at the Port Perry Art Gallery in 2007.

in Canada, she explored new and more efficient techniques. When she learned about a new invention, the electric *kistka*, she was quick to try it. She bought several electric *kistky* and tutored us, her daughters (Maria, Doris and Irene), granddaughter Melanie, and grandson Andrew on using this method. Keeping the customs alive meant a great deal to both our parents and still means so much to all of us.

Iwan and Anna Chromej were born in Western Ukraine, immigrated to Canada following the Second World War, and finally settled in Oshawa in the early 1950s when the new General Motors car factory was built. In the early 1970s, our mother found a welcoming society of ladies in the UCWLC, whose enthusiasm matched her own. The Oshawa Ukrainians were close-knit and the UCWLC was instrumental in upholding and promoting our Ukrainian Catholic faith. Members became involved in cleaning and preparing the church for Sunday Liturgies. Charitable

The Newcastle Independent, Bowmanville, April 10,...



#### **Egg Painting Demonstration at Library**

Mrs. Anna Chromej, a Ukrainian from Oshawa, visited the Library in Bowmanville on April 4th to demonstrate the art of Ukrainian Egg Painting. With skill and artistry she produces the intricate designs that traditionally decorate eggs at Easter.

Anna Chromej

activities such as teas and retreats strengthened Ukrainian culture and enriched the community.

Our mother, Anna Chromej, served as president of the UCWLC at St. George Ukrainian Catholic Church in Oshawa from 1972 to 1974. With her encouragement, her three daughters followed in her footsteps. In the early 1970s, a group of



The Chromej sisters display their pysanky at the Ukrainian Museum in Toronto in 2012: Doris Cherkas, Maria Steventon (sitting) and Irene Chromej-Johnston.





Irene Chromej-Johnston demonstrates the art of pysanka-writing at Koota Ooma Bookstore in Toronto.

English-speaking Ukrainian ladies, with the encouragement of the then serving pastor, Father Pereyma, decided to form a second branch of the UCWLC. Doris Cherkas and the youngest daughter, Irene Chromej-Johnston, joined Branch #2. Irene served as president from 1976 to 1978. Doris was treasurer during this time. Unfortunately, due to certain circumstances, Branch #2 had an interval of inactivity for several years, but was later rejuvenated. Doris joined Branch #1 and served as president from 2006 to 2008; she is presently their treasurer. Irene rejoined Branch #2, served as treasurer and then president from 2018 to 2021. Maria Steventon joined the UCWLC at Sts. Peter and Paul in Scarborough and served as president from 1998 to 1999, and 2003 to 2011. She continues to serve as kitchen convener.

Anna's legacy continues. For more than 40 years, members of the Chromej family have taught and demonstrated the art of pysanka-writing, displaying their creations at various churches, art galleries, libraries, and schools

throughout the Greater Toronto Area. Individually and together, they have exhibited their pysanka knowledge and techniques at the following events:

- "Easter Around the World", sponsored by the Oshawa Folk Arts Council
- Crafts at the library, Oshawa Public Library
- Spring teas at Sts. Peter & Paul Ukrainian Catholic Parish in Scarborough
- Durham District School Board and Durham Catholic School Board
- "Art of the Pysanka" at Robert McLaughlin Art Gallery
- Pickering Village Museum
- Knox Presbyterian Church
- Lviv and Dnipro Ukrainian Cultural Centres
- Port Perry Retirement Living Community Centre
- "Lasting Legacy" exhibit at the Kent Farndale Gallery in Port Perry

As well, Doris, Irene, and her daughter Melanie, have been exhibitors and vendors at various

bazaars and festivals around southern Ontario, including:

- Capital Ukrainian Festival, Ottawa
- Arts Festival, Cobourg
- Yarmarok, Ukrainian Canadian Congress, Toronto
- Ukrainian Festival, St. Joseph's Church, Oakville
- Made by Hand Craft Show, Hamilton and Toronto
- Ukrainian Festival, Mississauga
- Pysanka Day, Ukrainian Cultural Centre, Oshawa
- Koota Ooma Ukrainian Bookstore, Toronto
- Pysanky Then and Now: Ukrainian Art Gallery of Toronto
- Art Fest: Pineridge Arts Council Pickering
- Canadian Tapestry: Pickering Village Museum, Pickering
- Christmas Bazaar, Lviv Ukrainian Cultural Centre, Oshawa

From humble beginnings in the small village of Chorny Potik, Ukraine, Anna Chromej's influence and inspiration have spread to a great number of people. She was well-known in her Ukrainian community as well as in the surrounding area for her talent in creating a beautiful symbol of Easter. Although the tools of the art are simple, the outcome is outstanding in its imagery and complex designs. The distinctive aroma of beeswax and brilliant colouring of pysanky are a reminder of the sacred traditions of Ukraine.

Submitted by  
Irene Chromej-Johnston  
Past President, UCWLC at  
St. George the Great Martyr  
Ukrainian Catholic Church  
Oshawa

# The Art of Easter Paska

Every cookbook published by a UCWLC branch will have at least one recipe for yeast-raised paska. After going through several recipes, I noticed a lot of variations. For example, one uses honey, others add lemon or orange rind, some use potato-water and milk. Then there's oil versus butter, or both. Some recipes will say "enough warm flour to make a medium-soft dough." One recipe uses the sponge method for a first rising. All these recipes are tried and true, what should we do? Which recipe should we use?

Personally, in my youthful years, I have mixed enough dough to understand the various instructions listed above. If making paska is on your list and you want to do it from scratch, on your own, I know that St. Basil's UCWLC in Edmonton has successfully used the same recipe for their Easter bake sale for many years. UCWLC member, Steffie Chmilar, is pleased to share the recipe.

## ■ Paska – Single Recipe

**2 cups lukewarm water**  
**2 tbsp. sugar**  
**3 tbsp. active dry yeast**

Mix water, sugar, and yeast in a bowl. Let stand about 10 minutes. It should be foamy.

**2 cups scalded milk**  
**6 whole eggs and 6 yolks**  
**1 cup sugar**  
**½ cup butter or margarine**  
**½ cup oil**  
**1 tbsp. salt**  
**13-14 cups all-purpose flour**

In a large metal bowl (or equivalent) combine milk, margarine or butter, sugar, and salt and let it cool to lukewarm. Beat the eggs until light. Add eggs and yeast mixture to the milk mixture, mixing well. Gradually add the flour to make a soft dough. Put dough into a large, greased bowl; cover and let rise until doubled. Punch down and let rise again until doubled and then it is ready for making paska.

**Note:** If time is a problem, one rising will produce an excellent paska. Most yeast recipes of recent years call for one rising.

## Tips to making paska

The rest of the method provided with the recipe is replaced with these tips.

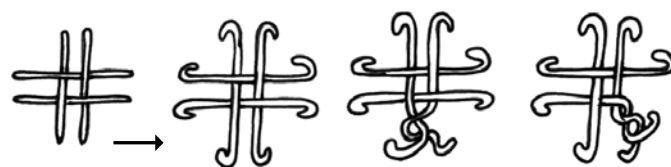
1. Not everyone has baba's white enamel pans. Tin foil ones, the kind used for take-out food, work well. This recipe will make 9 tin foil pans, with a 5½ inch base, top edge opened to measure 2 inches tall and 7 inches across.
2. Greasing pans well is important, but do not over-grease, as where does it go? I still prefer shortening to spraying. It is a personal choice.
3. Weighing dough is the sure way to be consistent. For the above pan, I use 8½ ounces of dough for the base; be sure to flatten, don't leave it as a ball. This base will rise as you work. Weigh out 3½ ounces, divided for 2 outer ropes, rolled to 29 inches long each once they are laying in relaxed state.
  - When I roll ropes, I lift them several times to relax the dough. This is very important. These 2 ropes are twisted together, starting from centre. This rope will sit on the outer edge of the base, loosely (do not stretch. The top of the pan is wider than the middle and the dough rises to fill the pan).
  - For the centre of the design, use 3 ounces. If the dough is a bit sticky when rolling, use a little oil on your hands instead of flour. Flour tends to leave streaks.
4. Let the paska rise to fill the pan to slightly above. It should feel lighter than when made.
5. Egg wash: Many recipes suggest brushing on egg wash before baking. My preference is after the paskas are nearly baked; remove from oven, egg wash (to one egg slightly beaten, add 3 tbsp. water and stir. Use a brush to apply). Return to oven for about 5 minutes.
6. When is a paska fully baked? Baba likely took one paska out of a pan, tapped the bottom, and listened for a hollow sound. Today, an instant read thermometer is handy. The internal temperature for regular bread should read 190° F. For richer breads, such as paska and babka, a higher temperature is suggested, 200° F. I have read that it is better to overbake than underbake.

7. Oven temperature depends on the oven. 350° F is the most frequently noted. If using a convection, that becomes 325° F. If the tops brown too quickly, the oven is too hot.

- When I bake in enamel pans, I place the pans on an aluminum cookie sheet to prevent the bottoms from burning. Not so with tin foil pans.

8. When baked, remove paskas from pans onto cooling racks.

9. For you to try, follow the diagrams, using 4 ropes, 3 ways to create a cross. Remember in #3, the centre



design is 3 ounces of dough. Try this design and roll ropes 13 inches long. The ropes will be thin, but that is what you want.

10. Happy baking!

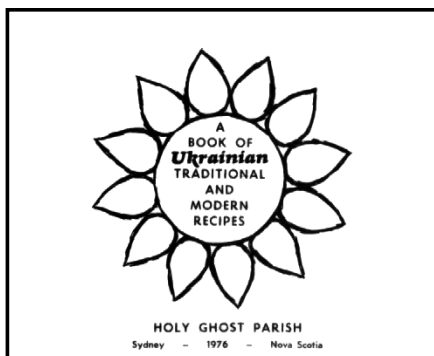
Joyce Sirski-Howell, National UCWLC Cultural Chair

## From Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island

For some of you, these words may remind you of Mickey and Bunny, and their popular version of the song “This Land is your Land.” The late 1960s and ’70s were also years of growth for many UCWLC branches. In some cases, their work involved publishing a cookbook. Sadly, since then, many smaller branches have closed along the way. Most of these members have gone to their eternal rest, which makes it difficult to learn about their past work. This includes finding copies of their cookbooks to document.

Because of the “Save the Cookbook” project, I have been searching libraries of universities and organizations to see if they carry any UCWLC cookbooks in their collections. This discovered information will become part of the project.

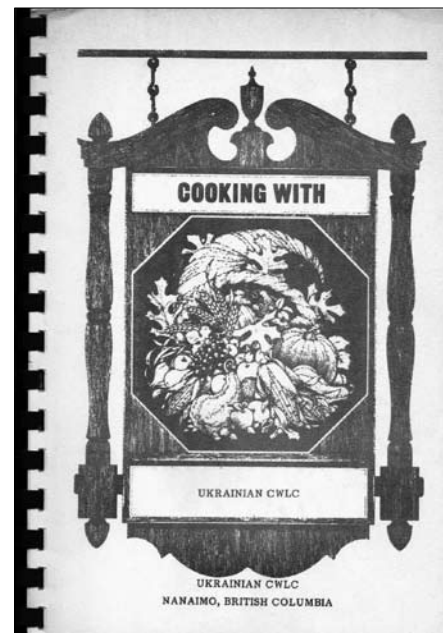
What good news to find a parish cookbook on the St. Vladimir Institute library site (Nova Scotia). *A Book of Ukrainian Traditional and Modern Recipes*. Holy Ghost Parish, Sydney – 1976 – Nova Scotia. If any *Nasha Doroha* reader knows, or has a copy of this cookbook, more information would be appreciated.



On another note, I received a wonderful package from Vancouver Island in December 2021. The Nanaimo UCWLC documented and included a copy of their cookbook published in the 1980s.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, our Ukrainian Canadian women have recorded our culinary culture.

What a journey (if only on paper) it would be to start in Sydney and then visit every parish and branch that published a cookbook. To make this journey, there are many gaps that still need filling—it is not too late to document your cookbooks. This is a friendly reminder to please consider making this documentation a branch project this winter. When completed,



please mail your package to me, Joyce Sirski-Howell.

Please contact [joyce.howell@live.ca](mailto:joyce.howell@live.ca) for further information.

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7627 – 42 Ave. NW  
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\* As a side note, *Culinary Treasures Vol. LI* from St. Basil's Branch in Edmonton, has been digitized and is now available to read on their site.



# Eva's Rosary

By Dobrodiyka Cornelia Mary Bilinsky

This story is based on true events as told to me. The Eva in this story is a parishioner in my church, who grew up in a village in Ukraine. She is now in her nineties and still faithfully prays the rosary every day.



va sat quietly in the church pew listening to Father Toma.

"God chose Mary to be the mother of His Son, Jesus," he was saying, "and when Jesus was on the cross, he gave Mary to be *our* mother."

Eva's eyes wandered to a statue in the corner. She nudged her sister.

"That's Mary, isn't it?"

"It's a statue," whispered Hania. "It reminds us that the Blessed Mother is watching over us."

In the statue, Mary was wearing a flowing white robe with a blue sash tied around her waist. *What a beautiful mother she is*, Eva thought. Suddenly, she felt sad. She could hardly remember her own mother, who had died five years before, when Eva was only two.

*Since I don't have a mother, Eva decided, Mary will be my mother!*

A string of beads hung on the right arm of the Blessed Mother. Slowly Eva counted the beads. Fifty-nine! They were arranged in a loop with five groups of ten beads, each group separated by a single bead. Attached to the loop were five more beads and a cross at the very end. An elderly woman was kneeling before the statue, her hands holding a similar string of beads. Her lips moved steadily but Eva could not hear what she was saying.

"Hania," Eva asked her sister as they walked home, "why are there

beads on the statue of the Blessed Mother?"

"That's a rosary," explained Hania.

A *rosary*. Eva liked the sound of the word.

"I would like to have a rosary," she declared.

"Oh, Eva. You know we are poor. Father doesn't have money for a rosary. Why do you want one?"

"There was a woman in the church who had a rosary. She was using it to talk to the Blessed Mother. *I want to talk to the Blessed Mother.*"

"I'm sorry, Eva. The only way you're going to get a rosary is if you make one yourself!"

The next day Eva thought hard about what her sister had said. If only she had some beads, she would make herself a rosary! But she didn't have any beads.

"Eva," Hania called from the kitchen, "fetch me some dried beans from the attic."

Obediently, Eva took a bowl and climbed up into the attic. She reached into a burlap bag and drew out a fistful of dry beans.

"Oh!" Eva stared at the black and white beans in her hand. "These could be my beads!"

"Hania," she asked later, "may I please have your sewing kit? I want to practice sewing."

"You may," said Hania, "but please be careful!"

Back in the attic, Eva counted out fifty-nine beans. *Now what?* she



Cornelia Bilinsky

wondered. The beans were as hard as pebbles. She threaded a needle and poked it into the first bean.

"Ouch!" she yelled as the needle jumped, pricking her finger.

"I told you to be careful," shouted Hania, climbing up the ladder. "Now, what's happened?" She looked at Eva's bleeding finger and the beans lying on the attic floor, "What were you trying to do, Eva?"

Eva started to cry. "You said I could make my own rosary, so I thought I would make one with these beans. But they are too hard!"

"There! There!" Hania patted her sister in sympathy. "You really do want that rosary. I have an idea. How about we soak the beans first, to make them softer? Then you can try again."

Hania was right. After the beans had soaked they were soft enough for the needle to go through without pricking Eva's finger. Soon Eva had a string of beans arranged like Mary's rosary, with white beans for the decades and black beans for the ones in between. She attached a small cross, made out of two pieces of wood bound together with twine.

Proudly clutching her bean-rosary, Eva announced, "Hania, I would like to go to the church!"

"Now? I can't go with you now!"

"But I want to talk to the Blessed Mother. I can go by myself. It isn't very far."

"Well, okay then, but stay only a little while!"

Happily, Eva ran down the road to the church. The door was open. Inside, a few women were praying aloud, rosaries in hand. Eva was surprised. Mary was their mother too!

Eva knelt down near the women and listened attentively. She noticed how their fingers moved along their beads as they prayed: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you. Blessed are you among women..."

*So this is how we talk to the Blessed Mother,* Eva realized.

After that Eva often joined the women at prayer. Soon she had learned all the rosary prayers by heart. Sometimes she added a silent prayer of her own. How good it felt to have a mother again!

One afternoon she came to the church to find it empty. Kneeling before the statue, she began the rosary prayer by herself.

"Good day, child," a man's voice interrupted her.

Startled, Eva dropped her rosary. The string broke and beans rolled around on the church floor. Eva looked up to see Father Toma standing over her.

"You're the girl who's been coming here to pray to our Heavenly Mother, aren't you?"

Eva nodded, tears filling her eyes. "Yes, but now my rosary is broken."

Fr. Toma smiled. "I see. But what

a fine rosary it was! You made it yourself?" he asked kindly.

Again Eva nodded.

"I'm sorry it broke," said Fr. Toma, putting his hand inside his cassock pocket. He pulled out a rosary and gently placed it in Eva's hand. The beads were shiny blue and smooth as glass. They were linked together by a metal chain. A silver cross hung at the end.

Eva looked questioningly at Father Toma.

"Keep it," he insisted. "It is for you. Use it to stay close to the Blessed Mother. She will comfort you and protect you all your life."

Eva's eyes lit up with joy.

"Thank you!" she cried, "I will keep it forever."

She looked up at the statue of Mary.

"And thank you, Mother," she whispered.

## Рецепт життя

від Блаженнішого Любомира Гузара

"Дозвольте, я дам такий невеличкий рецепт для вашого життя, для життя кожного з нас. Ввечері, коли ми вже готові йти на спочинок, поставмо собі три запитання:

1. Що Господь Бог зробив для мене сьогодні? Нема такого, щоб Господь Бог мене забув — кожного дня, кожної хвилини він є з нами.
2. Що я зробив для себе доброго: чи я добре вчився сьогодні, чи я використав свої таланти...
3. Що я доброго зробив сьогодні для моїх ближніх, для інших таких, як я.

Я думаю, якщо б ми дуже серйозно і послідовно ці три питання ставили собі кожного вечора, наше життя набирало б дуже великого значення".

*Блаженніший Любомир, 13.03.2012 р.*

## A Prescription for Life

From His Beatitude Lubomyr Husar,  
March 13, 2012

"Let me give you a small prescription for your life, and for the life of each of us. In the evening, when we are ready to go to bed, let us ask ourselves three questions:

1. What has the Lord God done for me today? There is no such thing as the Lord God forgetting me—He is with us every day, every minute.
2. What good did I do for myself? Did I study well today? Did I use my gifts?
3. What good have I done for my neighbours today, and for others like me?

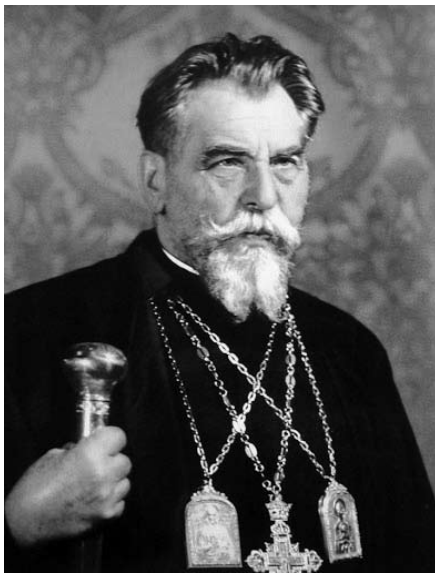
I think if we asked ourselves these three questions very seriously and consistently every night, our lives would become very meaningful."

# Надзвичайна Людина — Надзвичайні Часи

**Х**ТО МІГ ПЕРЕДБАЧАТИ, що дитина яка народилася 17-го лютого 1892 р. у скромній і побожній родині в Західній Україні стане князем Української Католицької Церкви і поведе своїх вірних у 20-те сторіччя? Таке майбутнє цієї дитини запланував сам Господь. З раннього дитинства віра в Бога тягнула його служити своїй багатостраждальній Українській Католицькій Церкві. Бог визначив долю цієї дитини і Божа воля керувала його життям упродовж прикладного і складного життя.

В 2022-му році відмічуємо 130 річницю з дня народження одного з велетнів Української Католицької Церкви, Патріарха Йосифа Сліпого. Глибока віра його живила і воля Бога штовхнула в один з найстрашніших і трагічних періодів нашої Церкви. Йосиф Сліпий народився у селі Заздрість, Тербовлянського Повіту в Тернопільщині. Відмінно від багатьох священників того часу, він не походив зі священницької родини, батько Йосифа був господарем.

Йосиф закінчив середню освіту в Тернополі й відчував покликання стати священником і попри це, прагнув бути професором в університеті. Він розпочав свої студії у Греко-католицькій Семінарії у Львові (яка пізніше перетворилася на Український Католицький Університет) та у Львівському Університеті 1911-1912 р. Митрополит Андрей Шептицький висвятив його в жовтні 1917 р. Молодий священник переживав, що його студії перериватимуть пасторальним обов'язкам, але з підтримкою та



Патріарх Йосиф Сліпий  
Patriarch Josyf Slipyj

заохотою Митрополита Андрея, о. Сліпий продовжував студії в Єзуїтському Теологічному факультеті в Інсбруку, де здобув Докторат Філософії де захистив свою дисертацію 1920 р. Цікаво зазначити, що його докторська праця була писана німецькою мовою. В 1924 р., о. Сліпий захистив другий докторат, який він написав латинською мовою на Папському Григоріанському Університеті в Римі.

Будучи талановитим учителем, о. Сліпий почав викладати у Львівській Теологічній Семінарії де він також заснував та редагував декілька наукових видань. У 1925 р., став ректором Теологічної Семінарії і виконував цю працю до 1944 р. У 1928 р., о. Сліпий став першим ректором Греко-католицької Теологічної Академії. Ця академія стала найважливішим центром Української Католицької освіти де виховувалися священники й теологи для Української Церкви. Академія також займалася видавничою

працею і там створено музей ікон та церковних речей. Упродовж цих років о. Сліпий займався академічним досліджуванням і писав багато на теми релігійного права, філософії, історії та літератури.

До кінця 30-х рр. Митрополит Андрей Шептицький передбачав потребу назначити свого наслідника. Із згодою та дозволом Папи Пія XII, Митрополит Андрей висвятив о. Йосифа Сліпого на Архієпископа з правом наслідництва. Висвячення відбулося секретно з огляду на непевні обставини радянської окупації українських земель. о. Сліпий прийняв цей величезний обов'язок з такою самою непохитною відданістю, яку продемонстрував у своїй праці Ректора семінарії та науковця.

Лихо Другої світової війни злило Україну кров'ю. Між 1939 і 1944 рр. Йосиф Сліпий продовжував виховувати духовенство у Львівській Теологічній Семінарії та захищав Українську Католицьку Церкву. Коли Митрополит Андрей упокоївся 1-го листопада 1944 р., о. Сліпий перебрав митрополичий престол. Комуністичні загарбники не мали відваги арештувати Митрополита Андрея, але дуже скоро після його смерті, вони почали систематично і брутально ліквідувати Українську Католицьку Церкву. Новий Митрополит Йосиф вів та підтримував своїх вірних, які зазнали невимовні втрати і травму під окупаційними владами нацистів і комуністів.

За кілька місяців, Митрополит Сліпий, ієрархи і дослівно тисячі священників, монахів, монахинь і вірних було заарештовано



НКВД, були запроторені по тюрмах, вислані до концтаборів у Сибірі або просто замордовані. Митрополита Сліпого ув'язнено 11-го квітня 1946 року в страшній тюрмі на вулиці Лонського у Львові. Перед таємним військовим трибуналом, засуджено Митрополита на вісім років каторги нібито за державну зраду. Такий вирок був наслідком того, що Митрополит Йосиф відмовився піддатися московському патріархатові (який тоді і по сьогоднішній день є знаряддям Кремля) і залишився вірний своїй Українській Католицькій Церкві і не зірвав зв'язки з Ватиканом.

Митрополит Сліпий зник у величезному радянському гулагу. Це був початок 18 років фізичної, ментальної та духовної каторги, ув'язнення, знущань, голоду і хвороби. Сліпий був позбавлений усього зв'язку з рідними і не раз перевозили його з концтабору до концтабору по всій Сибірі та Росії. У час тих страшних років, Митрополит продовжував писати і служив вірним та другим ув'язненим без огляду на їхню віру. Українська Католицька Церква тоді була нелегальною в Україні та існувала тільки підпільно. Називали нашу церкву "Церква в Катакомбах". Щойно після смерті Сталіна у 1953 р. відомості про долю цієї святої людини почали по-трохи витікати.

У лютому 1963 р. радянська влада звільнила Митрополита Сліпого. Ця чудодійна подія здійснилася через посередництво Папи Івана XXIII, Президента Джона Кеннеді та американського журналіста Нормана Казенна. Перед своїм виїздом з Москви, Сліпий просив дозволу побачитися зі своєю ріднею. До Митрополита приїхав нібито його родич, але це у дійсності був



Патріарх на Другому Ватиканському Соборі  
Patriarch at Vatican Council II

о. Василь Величковський, який очолював монахів Редemptористів. Таємно, Митрополит Йосиф висвятив о. Василя на Єпископа Луцьку і назначив його діючим головою нашої церкви в Україні. І тою подією почалася нова ера розвитку й змагання для Української Католицької Церкви.

Зараз після приїзду до Риму, Митрополит Сліпий наполегливо працював відновити свою церкву, служити своїм вірним і відбудувати єдність між вірними. В своєму першому Великодньому Посланню на волі у 1963 р., Митрополит закликав своїх братів бути з'єднаними. Він сказав "... зберігати єдність за всяку ціну і, хоч розкидані скрізь, то все ж об'єднані в Євхаристії і у Великодній вірі, вираженій словами "Христос Воскрес".

Митрополит Сліпий простягав руку до всіх католиків світу коли прибув на Другий Ватиканський Собор. У присутності двох з половиною тисяч делегатів з усього світу він закликав піднести Українську Греко-

Католицьку Церкву до Патріаршої гідності. Єпископи на Соборі його підтримали. Своїми словами Митрополит поставив справу довго-страждальної Української Церкви перед світовою католицькою родиною.

Маючи 71 років, Сповідник Віри Митрополит Сліпий веде свою церкву у 20-те сторіччя після десятиліть brutальних репресій, знищення, пропаганди й асиміляції. Він відновив Українську Католицьку освіту і розбудував Український Католицький Університет у Римі. Він відновив працю Академічного Теологічного Товариства і почав знов видавати друковані матеріали вірним і священникам. У 1963 р. зі згодою Папи Павла VI отримав титул Верховного Архiepіскопа. Були непідтверджені чутки, що Митрополит Йосиф Сліпий таємно отримав підвищення до Кардинала ще в часі свого ув'язнення, але щойно у 1965 р. це було урочисто оприлюднено. Кардинал Сліпий став четвертим Кардиналом Української

Католицької Церкви. Він відновив чин монахів Студитів і в 1969 р. посвятив Катедрі Св. Софії у Римі. Його невтомна праця була символом стійкості Української Католицької Церкви.

Між 1968 і 1973 рр. Кардинал Сліпий вирушив в подорож відвідати своїх вірних, які розкинені по цілому світі. Він відвідав сотки парафій у 14 країнах та оживив і підбадьорив українців католиків. Зустрічі з Кардиналом залишили незгладимий слід на кожному хто стрінув його. На протязі кількох років, Кардинал Сліпий успішно відбудував, хоч частинно, спустошення Української Церкви та народу.

На жаль, праця Кардинала Сліпого не була без викликів. У 1969 р., 19 з 21 Українських Єпископів просили Папу Павла VI визнати Кардинала Сліпого Патріархом, але Папа відмовився. Папа боявся, що такий крок обурить Кремль і це матиме погані наслідки папському плану для католиків у країнах Варшавського Договору. Цей папський план, який назвали "Ostropolitik", накінець був жахливим провалом.

Кардинал Сліпий не розохочувався і його енергія виглядала невичерпною. Він подвоїв свої зусилля відбудувати та об'єднати свою церкву. Патріарх продовжував захищати Українську Церкву в Катакомбах і подбав, щоб відомості про репресії, терпіння і жахливі втрати українців католиків були визнані. Його вірні розуміли важливість його слів, і широкий загальний нашої церкви прийняв Кардинала Сліпого як Патріарха Української Католицької Церкви.



Патріарх — Ліногравюра Володимира Баласа, 1976  
Patriarch — Linocut by Volodymyr Balas, 1976

Вже у 1980-му році Патріарха Йосифа здоров'я підупадало і потрібно було наслідника. Папа Іван Павло II проголосив, що Митрополит Філадельфійський Іван Мирослав Любачівський обраний на помічника з правом наслідства Патріарха Йосифа. Знаючи, що його час серед своїх вірних короткий, Патріарх Йосиф написав своє *Завіщання*, в якому він передбачав майбутнє своєї церкви. Він промовляв прямо до своїх вірних сильними, змістовними словами заохоти й напрямку на майбутнє. 7-го вересня 1984 р. Патріарх Йосиф відійшов у вічність. Його тлінні останки були перевезені в Україну у 1992 р. і поховані у крипті у Катедрі Св. Юрія у Львові.

За 21 років у Римі, Патріарх Йосиф виконав колосальну працю і залишив унікальний спадок Українській Церкві на майбутні покоління. Патріарх був учитель, вчений, духовний провідник і

державник. Його віра в Бога і в Український Народ була непохитна.

Сьогодні ми вважаємо назву "Патріарх" як щось зовсім нормальне і думаємо, що голова нашої церкви завжди був "Патріарх". У дійсності, це звання треба було відвоювати бо це рівнозначне з Українським Народом, Українською Державою та Українською Католицькою Церквою в родині Католицьких Церков. Патріарх Йосиф був і є прикладом непохитної віри і відданості Божій науці та глибокої любови до свого народу. Патріарх Сліпий значно більше ніж тільки провідник Українців Католиків, він є символом опору проти тих, які хотіли і далі хочуть знищити

Українську Католицьку Церкву та Український Народ. Патріарх Йосиф успішно протистояв тоталітарному режиму, який не зміг знищити ні його ні його віри. Сила його духовності роззброювала його ворогів і надихала його вірних. У цьому 130-му ювілейному році, віддаймо належне признання князю нашої церкви і пам'ятаймо неймовірні досягнення та люблячий спадок Патріарха Йосифа для нашої Церкви і нашому Українському Народові.

Ліда М. Василин  
Член Єпархіальної Управи  
ЛУКЖК Едмонтонська Єпархія

The English version of this article, *An Extraordinary Life for Extraordinary Times*, will be published in the Summer/Fall issue.

# My Vujko

## Patriarch Lubomyr Husar Statue in Vinnytsia

Vinnytsia, Ukraine, is a beautiful city in the eastern portion of Podillia on the Southern Buh River, 260 km southwest of Kyiv. Pokrova Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church, a striking blue Byzantine edifice on the bank of the Buh, is situated next to a park along the river. Currently, there is a Chornobyl monument (1986-1996) set in an alley of trees parallel to the river.

The newest addition to the park is the first statue of my uncle, Lubomyr Husar, in front of the stone wall surrounding the church. The distinct blue church provides a beautiful backdrop for the human-like resemblance to the Spiritual Father of Ukraine—Patriarch Lubomyr.

Pokrova UGCC is a vibrant parish under the spiritual leadership of Frs. Hryhoriy Rohatsky and Antony Vatsaba, monks of the Institute of the Incarnate Word, (Voplochenoho Slova) “Воплченого Слова”. The lay people’s spiritual group, “Third Order of the Incarnate Word,” joyfully embodies the power of prayer and this drives them to do great things that others would think are impossible.

Fr. Hryhoriy Rohatsky was the mastermind behind the monumental idea of erecting the first statue in Vinnytsia dedicated to the memory of the Patriarch Lubomyr Husar. He consulted with Bishop Josyf Milan, auxiliary bishop of Kyiv Archeparchy, who is also a Studite monk like His Beatitude Lubomyr. Together they came up with the concept of depicting the late Patriarch as he was in his active



retirement years—in a cassock and vest with a rosary peeking out of his pocket. The Patriarch is leaning on a wooden *posokh* (staff), a gift carved for him by prisoners. A pillar with a mitre and mantia, symbols of his ecclesiastical office, is set behind the standing figure.

Sculptors Oles Sydoruk and Borys Krylov are the geniuses who sculpted in fine detail the wise elderly man in his down-to-earth, frail human form. They captured His Beatitude’s kind and humble character, and beautifully resolved Lubomyr’s blindness in latter years. Somehow, he could “see” more than sighted people. Lubomyr’s motto, “Buty lyudynoyu” (Being human), “Бути людиною” is carved out near the mitre. This monument serves to remind us of Patriarch Lubomyr’s humility, the power of prayer, and his wise words throughout his ministry.

I was thrilled to have been a part of the events of October 4 to 9 leading up to the blessing and unveiling of the monument of Patriarch Lubomyr Husar in the square in front of the Pokrova UGCC church on October 9, 2021. These events were designed to get better acquainted with His Beatitude through his work and words. There were two evenings of screening four parts of a film titled “Being Human”; a spiritual evening with five seminarians from Kyiv (KTDS); an evening of “Letters to Mother” by the lay group, Third Order of the Incarnate Word; and a dramatic presentation about Lubomyr’s life story as explained to an inquisitive youth by the Kyiv Seminarians.

Being the Goddaughter and niece of a Spiritual Father of Ukraine is an honour, but carries responsibilities. I participated in a press conference, a roundtable



discussion, radio and television interviews, an opening of an exhibit showing Patriarch Lubomyr's personal effects at the Vinnytsia Regional Museum, and a live presentation of "Being Human." All events required me to say a few words about life with my uncle. I tried to show his down-to-earth side, a family-oriented uncle who gifted prayers, not stuff, and who managed to stay grounded despite life's circumstances.

Sincerest gratitude to Patriarch Sviatoslav Shevchuk for coming to Vinnytsia to bless and celebrate his predecessor. Saturday began with a Hierarchical Divine Liturgy together with six bishops in attendance. The church was brimming with priests, many religious, and people from near and far. Bishop Bohdan Dzyurakh, now the Exarch of Germany and Netherlands, delivered a beautiful homily. Thank goodness for a large screen outside for all the faithful who came to witness the blessing of the monument. A special thank-you to Zhyve-TV for simultaneously broadcasting outside and online. After acknowledgments of appreciation from Patriarch Sviatoslav, I received a miniature bronze statue of Patriarch Lubomyr from Fr. Hryhorij Rohatsky.

Afterwards, everyone went outdoors in a procession and stood around the covered monument. The statue of Patriarch Lubomyr was unveiled while the KTD Seminarians sang a classic song about a dear elderly father. The monument was blessed by His Beatitude Sviatoslav and bishops in a short service with responses by the church choir. The new Papal Nuncio to Ukraine, Lithuanian Archbishop Visvaldas Kulbokas, delivered greetings in Ukrainian. This was followed by salutations



Maria Rypan with sculptors Oles Sydoruk and Borys Krylov

from individuals in the different levels of local government without whom this municipal park project wouldn't have been possible. They announced that this park would include an alley for reflection and now be known as Lubomyr Husar Square.

The autumn weather in Vinnytsia was cool and sunny for the entire week—a perfect opportunity to walk around and discover Vinnytsia and nearby Zhmerynka. In July of 1919 my grandfather, Yaroslav Husar, took part in military operations here as a soldier in the Ukrainian Galician Army (UHA). Thank God he escaped from Zhmerynka alive!

Thank you, God, for all the wonderful people and municipal authorities who worked together with Fr. Hryhorij Rohatsky to make this dream for Vinnytsia come true.

People ask, "Why Vinnytsia and not Kyiv or Lviv?" The answer is, "Because Vinnytsia pulled together all of their resources and prayers in order to make this unique monument come true." Patriarch Lubomyr was not only a church figure, but a sage of the nation, a man, and a figure who goes far beyond the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church.

Maria Wasylkewycz Rypan,  
UCWLC Member St. Demetrius  
the Great Martyr, Toronto

Maria Rypan is the niece and Goddaughter of Cardinal Lubomyr Husar. Daughter of Martha and Zenon Wasylkewycz. Her mother, Martha, was the Cardinal's sister. Maria was fortunate to witness several historic events in the life of the UGCC on the invitation of her uncle.

# Патріарх Любомир Гузар — наш вуйко

**М**ені припала велика честь особисто поїхати до Вінниці і бути свідком цієї знаменної події в нашій родині! Наш Вуйко — Патріарх представлений дуже людяно, як мудрець, завжди готовий до спілкування з людьми, до ділення з ними мудрістю.

Щира подяка Главі Церкви,

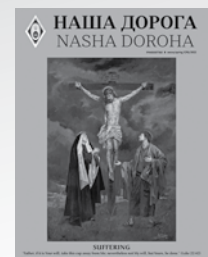
Блаженнішому Святославові, що звеличав нинішнє свято і поблагословив цей пам'ятник попереднику, Блаженнішому Любомирові Гузареві, духовному батькові України.

Наша родина вдячна за ініціативу о. Григорію Рогацькому, ВС (чин Воплоченого Слова), парохів Храму Покрову Пресвятої

Богородиці УГКЦ у Вінниці. З Владикою Йосифом Мілянком, Єпископом-помічником Київської Архиепархії, Студитом, вони вирішили створити незвичний, особливий пам'ятник духовному батькові України для міста Вінниці. Разом зі скульпторами Олесем Сидоруким і Борисом Криловим цікаво розв'язали, як передати, що Блаженніший Любомир був не тільки церковним діячем, але й мудрецем нації, людиною, постаттю, яка виходить далеко поза межі Української Греко-Католицької Церкви.

Щиро дякую **всім** молільникам, щедрим жертводавцям та міській раді, що долучилися до цього Великого Проекту в чудовій Вінниці!

Марія Василькевич Рипан,  
Членкиня ЛУКЖК при церкві  
Св. Вмуч. Дмитрія в Торонто



Did you buy a gift subscription or two of NASHA DOROGA for your favourite people? For their birthday or anniversary? Please see page 45.

Чи Ви передплатили журнал НАША ДОРОГА (або два) у подарунок на Уродини чи Річницю Вашим найдорожчим? Див. стор. 45.

## Блаженніший Святослав ділиться своєю мудрістю

**Н**айпершу якість, яку має мати християнин: не соромитися признатися, коли ми щось не знаємо, не можемо чи не вміємо. Не майте спокуси всезнайства і всемогутності! Це дуже небезпечно і шкідливо. Вона знищить вас і всіх тих, хто є довкола вас.

Друге. Ніколи не потрібно соромитися просити поради, допомоги і поважати чужу думку. Бо якщо хтось соромиться, то він тоді не є здатний прийняти ту Божу допомогу, яку Сам Господь йому подає через людей.

Третє. Дбати про своє особисте духовне життя. Ніколи не радити іншим те, чого ти сам не робив! Якщо ти сам це робив і сам це виконуєш — тоді маєш моральне право до цього заохочувати інших. Якщо ти сам цього не робив, тоді Господь тобі каже: “Горе вам: фарисеї, лицеміри, книжники, які накладаєте на людей тягарі, а самі пальцем не поведете!”

Четверте. Нам постійно всім необхідно вчитися! Той, хто любить вчитися, — він ніколи не буде без діла. Я завжди любив знання. У мене завжди було відчуття, що якщо я чогось не знаю, то мушу шукати книжку, де написано, чого я не знаю, або шукати людей, які знають чи вміють те, чого не знаю чи не вмію я. Якщо ми собі коли-небудь у житті скажемо, що я вже все знаю, у той момент ми перетворимося на найбільших дурнів. Ми мусимо вчитися! Очевидно, що духовне життя є завжди на першому місці! Зростання у чеснотах, у вірі. Вишкіл твоєї особистої волі є дуже важливий. Але не можна закрити книжку, бо я здобув науковий академічний титул і мені вже непотрібно нічого знати. Тому що світ постійно міняється. І ми повинні збагачуватися тим, що дає нам світ і наша культура.

П’яте. Я би порадив усім нам у своєму житті — найвищим пріоритетом і орієнтиром шукати особистого спілкування з Богом. Це спілкування з Богом є визначальним у всіх інших вимірах твого життя. Тут можна говорити про молитву, досвід та багато інших речей. Але щоденне відкриття Божої присутності поруч мене, щоденна євангелізація мого нового дня в нових обставинах мого життя — вона є дуже важлива. Та близькість з Богом допоможе тоді подолати дуже багато труднощів, які безперечно чекають на кожну людину.

Фрагмент інтерв’ю на “Радіо Марія” у програмі “Архипастир відповідає” від 15 квітня 2020 року, в якому Блаженніший Святослав ділиться зі слухачами своїми життєвими принципами.

## His Beatitude Sviatoslav Shares His Wisdom

**T**he first quality a Christian should have is to not be ashamed to confess to not know something, or cannot (or does not know how to) do something. Do not be tempted by omniscience and omnipotence. It is very dangerous and harmful. It will destroy you and those around you.

Second, you should never be ashamed to ask for advice, or help—think highly of someone else’s opinion. If a person is ashamed, then he is unable to accept the help of God, which the Lord Himself gives through others.

Third, take care of your personal spiritual life. Never advise others regarding something that you did not do yourself. If you did it yourself and still are doing it, then you have a moral obligation to encourage others to do so too. If you did not do it yourself, then the Lord says to you: “But woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you bind heavy burdens, hard to bear, and lay them on men’s shoulders, yet you will not move them with one of your fingers!”

Fourth, we need to learn all of the time. A person who loves to learn will never be idle. I have always loved knowledge. I’ve always had the feeling that if I don’t know something, I have to look for a book that tells me more about the subject matter; or look for people who know about it or can do what I don’t know or can’t do. If we ever tell ourselves, at some point of our life, that we already know everything, then we become the biggest fools. We must learn! Obviously, the spiritual life always comes first. Growth in virtues... in faith. Training your personal will is very important. But you can’t close the book and say because I have received a scientific, academic degree, I don’t need to know anything anymore. The world is constantly changing, we must enrich ourselves with what the world and our culture offers us.

Fifth—for all of us, I would advise that the highest priority and aim in our lives is to seek personal communion with God. This communion with God is decisive in all other areas of our life. Here we can talk about prayer, experience, and many other things. The daily revelation of God’s presence near me, the daily evangelization of my new day in the new circumstances of my life, is very important. This intimacy with God will then help overcome many difficulties that are definitely waiting for everyone.

Excerpt from an interview on “Radio Maria” in the program “The Archpastor Answers” from April 15, 2020, in which His Beatitude Sviatoslav shares with listeners his life principles.





Edmonton *Епархія* ♦  
ЕДМОНТОНСЬКА *Епархія*

## NEW KIEW 75TH ANNIVERSARY PROJECT

2021 marked the historic occasion of the 75th Anniversary of New Kiew's UCWLC. New Kiew is a small agricultural community about a half hour northeast of Vegreville, Alberta. The New Kiew UCWLC is one of the oldest Leagues in Alberta, organized in 1946 just a few short years after the UCWLC was first established in Alberta. Ostensibly throughout the past 75 years, the members of the League are the pillars—or the right arm—of the Church, catering to all types of religious, social, ethnic, and economic needs. The New Kiew Branch is small but active,

with dedicated women who love their church and who are committed to the preservation and development of Ukrainian culture as it pertains to faith. Here, 75 years later, our New Kiew UCWLC is still flourishing, preserving the Ukrainian traditions and culture passed down from our ancestors.

Due to COVID-19 restrictions, we had to cancel the celebration that we planned to hold in March 2021. Still wanting to do something special to commemorate our special occasion, the idea of a cookbook evolved. It's a special way to honour the hard work and dedication of our ancestors and the traditions that they passed down to us. In turn, we intend to pass down those traditions to future generations. The families of all past UCWLC members were contacted and asked to submit recipes in

memory of their pra-baba, baba, mama, etc. All recipes submitted were compiled into this collection of amazing recipes. Many of these culinary treasures were never written down before, and sometimes it took several "trial and error" attempts to translate these recipes onto paper. The enthusiasm and genuine commitment it took to do this is awe-inspiring and bodes well for the future of our UCWLC. It is our desire that families will find inspiration and comfort in these recipes for many more years to come.

God willing, we are still hoping to hold a celebration in honour of our 75th Anniversary sometime in 2022. For more information about our cookbook please email [klcymbaliuk@gmail.com](mailto:klcymbaliuk@gmail.com).

Michelle Palsitt  
President – New Kiew UCWLC



## EDMONTON EPARCHY CHRISTMAS ART / PROJECT 2020-2021

It was near the end of December 2019 when my fellow executive member, Barb Olynyk, brought up the idea of doing a Christmas art/card project with the children in our eparchy and Ukrainian bilingual schools. As someone always looking to include children in our eparchial projects, I was captivated by the idea that she presented. Barb also forwarded me some information that she had received from Toronto Eparchy which had done a similar project. During our Christmas Dinner meeting in early January 2020, I announced in my report that the Christmas art/card project was on my agenda. But before I could even wrap my head around the project, the world was hit with COVID-19. At this point, everything seemed to come to a standstill—at least for me.

As time passed into summer, our eparchial executive began to meet on Zoom. By August, our president, Mary Ann Phillips, revisited the idea of a Christmas card/art project. Mary Ann also received additional information and tips from the wonderful ladies in Toronto. Since the convention was cancelled due to COVID-19, I began to focus on the Christmas project. I started work on a poster. We had five categories: kindergarten to grade three; grades four to six; grades seven to nine; grades 10 to 12; and exemplary.

Children were encouraged to submit an original piece of artwork depicting the true meaning of Christmas, or highlight a Ukrainian Christmas tradition. Originally, our committee was going to pick one winning piece of art from each category. By the time our committee was able to finalize a poster for distribution to schools

and branches, it was nearing the end of November. At the beginning of December all grade seven to nine students were moving to online learning. We seriously considered holding off with the project for another year; but being a group of risk takers, we decided to move forward. Our deadline for the artwork was January 30, 2021, with the hope of having the project completed for the fall of 2021.

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►► *Please see inside front cover  
for winning artwork*

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The children were allowed to submit their art by mail or electronically. The submissions were slow at first, but by the end of January we had 36 submissions. When we met in February, we decided to pick our selections on Zoom because we couldn't meet in person. At times, it was both humorous and confusing, but our persistence paid off and we picked our winners. Unfortunately, we did not receive any exemplary or grades-10-to-12 submissions. Yet, many of the submissions were so beautiful that we decided to pick four winners from each category.

The next few months were busy. There were letters to write to the winners, thank-you letters to write to all who participated, addresses to complete and confirm, original copies to collect, and initial meetings with the printers. Everyone on the committee had their specific responsibilities working around both religious calendars for Lent and Easter. By late spring and early summer we were putting together all the finishing touches so we could send it to print. By early August, the cards were printed and ready for packaging.

We had planned a pizza party for the winners. The plan was to introduce them to one another, and give

each winner a complimentary set of cards. Each winner could also purchase a set of their own cards and any "extras" that may have come from the printer. We thought it would be nice to get a group picture of the winners. Unfortunately, due to persisting waves of COVID-19, we could not have our pizza party.

However, on October 2, 2021, we managed to organize curbside pickup and the purchase of cards. We were able to take pictures of the winners and share wrapped snacks, treats, and boxed juice with the children. There was also hot coffee to keep the adults warm. As well, the arrival of the parents and children was staggered, even though it wasn't planned that way. Edmonton's weather was great this October and everyone who came was cheerful and positive. Now it is up to the other branches to help sell these beautiful cards.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the following people:

- All the children who participated in the project. Every piece of art submitted was absolutely beautiful.
- To the teachers at St. Theresa School in Sherwood Park, Alberta, who inspired so many of their students to participate in the project.
- Bohdan and Marie Hontaryk and their granddaughter, Natalie, who donated some of their summer weekend time to help package 500 sets of cards.
- The Edmonton eparchial executive for all their support.
- My co-committee members—Mary Ann Phillips, Barb Olynyk, and Lloyanne Yaremko-Galas—for all their dedicated work and sharing of skills and talents.

Darlene Atamaniuk, Cultural Chair  
UCWLC Edmonton Eparchy

## REFLECTIONS ON *GAUDETE ET EXSULTATE* (REJOICE AND BE GLAD)

Several parishes within the Edmonton Eparchy ran adult group study sessions on Pope Francis' *Apostolic Exhortation on The Call to Holiness in Today's World*. An apostolic exhortation is an authoritative document written by the Pope. It is the Pope's reflection on a specific topic in which he addresses the faithful. Using a book version of *Gaudete et Exsultate* published by the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops along with study guides from the Catholic Diocese of Broken Bay and Archdiocese of Washington, participants met weekly via Zoom to share reflections, thoughts, and questions that came up as they worked through the study guides. In my group, each session was about one hour in length. Some chapters of *Gaudete et Exsultate* were completed in one session while others were broken up and discussed over the course of three sessions. We read aloud certain excerpts found within the study guide and spent some time sharing our reflections on the study questions.

I had the opportunity to participate in the pilot that was run by the UCWLC at St. Nicholas Parish in Edmonton, and then lead a group of my contemporaries through the sessions. At the conclusion of the sessions, I sent out a survey to the other groups that had participated to gather their thoughts and impressions. I've summarized a selection of their responses below.

When asked to describe our understanding of how God calls us to holiness, a resounding theme becomes evident. God calls us to holiness in the simple, everyday actions that we perform. Through God's Grace, we grow in holiness. As Saint Teresa of Calcutta said, "Not all of us can do great things. But we can



Top: Screenshot of St. Nicholas Zoom group study attendees  
Above: A socially distanced gathering to wrap up our group study

do small things with great love." God calls us all to become saints but in each one's own unique way. Through discernment, we can identify the life that God is calling us to lead and actively choose to do God's will.

Commenting on what surprised them most about the sessions, several participants indicated they were impressed with how quickly they became comfortable sharing in the small group setting and how much they enjoyed meeting weekly for spiritual discussion. Through this sharing came the realization

that others may struggle with similar challenges and are willing to share strategies they have utilized to overcome their own struggles. Sometimes the discussion offered opportunities to point out signs of holiness in ourselves that may not be apparent to us. The Beatitudes can serve as a model or prototype to follow on our path to holiness. Reading an apostolic exhortation may seem like a daunting task, but with the help of the study guides and some facilitated discussion, Pope Francis' words became



accessible and approachable. We are all capable of and called to a life of holiness—to achieve the life for which we were created.

Many participants commented that the sessions were wonderful and that they loved the experience. When asked to suggest what could be done differently next time, several participants indicated they would prefer to attend in-person sessions, if possible. Emphasis was placed on the importance of maintaining small group sizes to allow people to feel more comfortable with sharing. Nearly all study participants indicated they would be interested in attending similar faith-sharing sessions in the future.

Some participants felt the best way to encourage others to attend similar sessions is to speak about their own personal experience either at meetings, after Divine Liturgy, or sharing one-on-one. These sessions could be promoted as an opportunity to nurture our faith by taking time to read and reflect on our own journey to holiness.

I highly encourage other parishes to undertake group study sessions of *Gaudete et Exsultate*. It is certainly a way that we can stay connected with our parish community and is easily adaptable to an online format at a time when opportunity for fellowship remains limited.

Submitted by Inessa McIntyre

## Toronto Eparchy Торонто́нська Епархія

### PYSANKA DAY – AN INITIATIVE OF UCWLC BRANCH #2 AT ST. GEORGE UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC PARISH, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

When UCWLC Branch #2 was first established at St. George Ukrainian Catholic Church in Oshawa, ON in the 1960s, members decided to focus primarily on the youth of the parish promoting activities and events that preserve Ukrainian culture, traditions, and arts. One



of the stars among their many endeavours has been *Pysanka Day*.

Pysanka Day is a successful and popular annual event that offers parish families and friends the opportunity to experience the art of writing pysanka. A particular day during the Great Fast is selected for this event. Since the parish celebrates

Easter according to the Julian calendar, often Pysanka Day is held on Good Friday on the Gregorian calendar, a day when families are free of school and work obligations. Otherwise, a suitable Saturday is chosen for the event. The event takes place in the parish hall. Circular tables are set up in the hall, covered with plastic tablecloths, and supplied with candles, beeswax, instructions, and samples of pysanka designs. Bowls of colourful dyes are prepared and set up in stations along the walls. *Kistky* and other supplies are made available for purchase by families who may need them.

Families pay a small entrance fee and are encouraged to donate a non-perishable food item for a food drive. In past times, crates of eggs were purchased for the event. Now, all participants are asked to bring their own eggs. Hard-boiled eggs are recommended to avoid messes from breakage. This event, after all, is meant to be a fun learning experience. The ladies of Branch #2 supervise and assist as needed. The ladies of Branch #1, the youth of the parish, and other parishioners volunteer their help for the day. A few of the ladies who are skilled artists display their pysanky and demonstrate their art. The hall is a buzz of quiet conversation as participants focus intently on their art amid the glow of candles and the distinctive fragrance of beeswax.

## ПОВІДОМЛЕННЯ

27-ий Конгрес ЛУКЖК  
відбудеться в Едмонтоні  
29 вересня – 2 жовтня 2022 року



Pysanka Day attracts many families from the parish and from the Oshawa community. Some years the hall is filled to capacity or even overflowing. The UCWLC members try to do a little extra fundraising on this day, taking advantage of the presence of so many people and the happy atmosphere. The ladies of Branch #1 sell beautiful Easter *paskas*. Adding to the excitement is an in-house raffle featuring decorated Easter-themed cakes, Easter lilies, or other festive items. At noon, everyone takes a lunch break to enjoy the goodies the ladies have prepared: grilled cheese, egg sandwiches, or meatless pizza if it is a Friday (hotdogs if it is a Saturday) accompanied by veggie sticks, cookies, and a drink. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon it's time to wrap up. Children with smiling faces show off their creations as they leave the hall. The ladies clean up the hall and go home, tired but very satisfied to have managed another very successful Pysanka Day.

Nobody seems to remember when the first Pysanka Day was held, but it was more than 40 years ago.



The success of this cultural initiative is due to the contributions of many hard-working, talented, and generous people, among whom are parishioners of blessed memory: Mrs. Maria Kozy, who had amazing leadership skills; Mr. Dmytro Skorobohacz, a beekeeper who donated

beeswax; and, Mrs. Anna Chromej, who instructed children in the art. Pysanka Day has also benefited from the artistic skills of Doris Cherkas, Irene Chromej-Johnston, Maria Steventon, and Chris Wyrozub. A very special credit goes to Iris Ehmke, member of UCWLC Branch #2, who has spearheaded this event for the last 20 years. With her organizational skills and unwavering dedication, she has made it possible to continue this program, and for this she deserves gratitude from the many young people who have had the privilege of learning to write pysanky at St. George Parish.

*Note: Unfortunately, in 2020 and 2021, Pysanka Day could not be held due to COVID-related lockdowns and restrictions. However, the members of UCWLC Branch #2 in Oshawa have high hopes that they will be able to resurrect this special event in the near future.*

Submitted by Cornelia Bilinsky on behalf of UCWLC Branch #2, Oshawa



## Оксана Бризгун Соколик – Почесна Голова СФУЖО

Торонтонська Епархія ЛУКЖК гордиться тим, що активна членка Відділу Св. о. Миколая в Торонто Оксана Бризгун Соколик відіграла важливу роль у проводі Світової Федерації Українських Жіночих Організацій (СФУЖО), будучи 10 років її головою у 1992-1997 роках. Її кандидатуру внесла Євгенія Шерман, голова Крайової Управи ЛУКЖК. 1997 р. Оксана Бризгун Соколик переобрана головою СФУЖО, а на VIII Конгресі СФУЖО (2002) відзначена за її працю званням "Почесна Голова СФУЖО".

Оксана Бризгун народилася у Східній Словаччині в родині свідомих українців. До школи пішла, не знаючи словацької мови.

Закінчила музичний факультет зі спеціалізацією гра на фортепіано педагогічного відділу Університету в Торонто. Викладала гру на фортепіано в St. Michael Choir School і у своїй приватній студії. Допикує до української преси, журналів, книжок рецензії і статті на музичні та інші теми. Є пластункою від молодих літ, належить до сеньйорського куреня "Перші Стежі".

Оксана Соколик як голова СФУЖО відвідала всі українські поселення, де діють українські жіночі організації. Зустрічалася з європейським жіноцтвом та допомогла заснувати нові жіночі організації в Польщі, Чехії, Швеції та Естонії. Доклала зусиль до створення Національної Ради Жінок України в Україні, а пізніше відновлення та їх членства в Міжнародній Раді Жінок. Також була членом і трикратно обрана головою Товариства Реєстрованих Учителів Музики Онтаріо (ORMTA) в Торонто. Оксана Соколик є почесною членкою Організації Українських Жінок у Великій Британії і також Союзу Українок Америки.

Отримала багато нагород, між іншими: "The Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal" (2003); "Орден княгині Ольги III ступеня" від Президента України (2009); "Медаль Св. Володимира" від СКУ (2003); "Медаль Князя Василя-Костянтина Острозького" Національного Університету "Острозька Академія" (2005). За її вагомий вклад була відзначена нагородою СФУЖО "Берегиня Українського Роду" з нагоди



70-ліття СФУЖО 2019 р.  
70th anniversary of WFUWO 2019

## Oksana Bryzhun-Sokolyk Honorary Head of WFUWO

The Eparchy of Toronto UCWLC is proud that Oksana Bryzhun-Sokolyk—an active member of St. Nicholas Branch in Toronto—played an important role in leading the World Federation of Ukrainian Women's Organizations (WFUWO) as its chair for 10 years 1992-1997. Her candidacy was nominated by Yevhenia Sherman, president of the UCWLC National Executive. In 1997, she was re-elected chair of WFUWO. At the VIII Congress of the WFUWO (2002), she received the title "Honorary Chairman" for her work.

Oksana Sokolyk was born in Eastern Slovakia to a family of patriotic Ukrainians; she went to school without knowing Slovak. She graduated from the University of Toronto, Faculty of Music, with a degree in piano performance. She taught piano lessons at St. Michael's Choir School and in her private studio. She contributes to the Ukrainian press, magazines, reviews, and books and articles on music and other topics. She has been member of Plast from a young age and belongs to the senior Kurin "Pershi Stezhi."

As chair of WFUWO, Oksana Sokolyk visited all Ukrainian settlements where Ukrainian women's organizations operate. She met European women and helped found new women's organizations in Poland, the Czech Republic, Sweden and Estonia. In Ukraine, her efforts led to the establishment of the National Council of Women of Ukraine, and later the re-establishment of their membership in the International Council of Women. She was also a member (and elected chair three times) of the Ontario Registered Music Teachers' Association (ORMTA) in Toronto. Oksana Sokolyk is an honorary member of the Association of Ukrainian Women in Great Britain, and the Ukrainian National Women's League of America.

She has received many awards, including: "The Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal" (2003); "The Order of Princess Olga, 3rd class" from the President of Ukraine (2009); "The St. Volodymyr the Great Medal" from UWC (2003); "The Medal of Basil Constantine Ostrozky" of the National University "Ostroh Academy" (2005). For her significant contributions, the "Guardian of Ukrainian Ancestry" was awarded to her on the occasion of the 70th anniversary celebration of WFUWO in 2019. →



святкувань 70-ліття СФУЖО у 2019 р.

Оксана Соколик була членом комісії до підготовки двох Світових Форумів Української Всесвітньої Координаційної Ради в Києві. Брала активну участь у праці СКУ та у громадських конференціях і конгресах української громади. Всі ці роки її праця була візиткою нашої організації ЛУКЖК.

Пані Оксана дуже любила вишивати, це було одним із найприємніших її відпружень. Також любить квіти, господарство, життя на фермі серед природи на свіжому повітрі, куди їздить влітку, як тільки випадає така можливість. Вона має велике задоволення садити, полоти бур'ян і збирати плоди, які земля дарує. Також заготовляє на зиму в слоїках, між іншим, мармеляди, буряки на борщ, маринує гриби, які сама збирає на своїй фермі, незважаючи на її поважний вік. У свою чергу дарує ці слоїки на Різдвяні базари, які Відділ організує, і також своїм знайомим.

Пані Оксана є активною членкою Відділу Св. о. Миколая від 1956 р. Тепер виконує обов'язки пресової референтки. Її дописи друкуються в Обіжниках Епархіяльної Управи ЛУКЖК Торонто, "Нашій Дорозі" та інших виданнях.

Бажаємо пані Оксані — нехай Пречиста Діва Марія охороняє її Своїм покровом, а Всевишній дарує міцне здоров'я на многі літа!

Таня Когут, 2-га заступниця голови  
Епархіяльної Управи ЛУКЖК, Торонто

Oksana Sokolyk was a member of the committee for the preparation of two World Forums of the Ukrainian World Coordination Council in Kyiv. She has been active in the work of the UWC and in public conferences and other congresses of the Ukrainian community. All these years her work was the face of our UCWLC organization.

Pani Oksana loves to embroider. It has been one of her most favourite leisure activities. She loves flowers, housekeeping, and life on the farm, where she goes in the summer whenever she has the opportunity. She likes to be in nature, in the fresh air. She has great pleasure in planting, weeding, and reaping the fruits, which the earth gifts. For the winter, she also harvests. She makes, among other things, jars of marmalades, and beets for borsch. She marinates mushrooms which she collects from her own farm, despite her advanced age. In turn, she donates these jars to Christmas bazaars organized by the branch, as well as to her acquaintances.

Pani Oksana has been an active member of St. Nicholas Branch since 1956. Currently, she is the press officer, and her articles are published in the circulars of the Eparchial Executive of the UCWLC in Toronto, in *Nasha Doroha*, and in other publications.

May the Blessed Virgin Mary protect Pani Oksana with Her veil, and may the Almighty grant her good health for many years!

Tanya Kohut, 2nd Vice-President,  
UCWLC Eparchial Executive, Toronto

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## Celebrating the life of Maria Reshitnyk

We continue to live in a world that is in disarray, a world facing turmoil and strife. Nonetheless, we find strength and solace in our faith, our families, our community, and in the purpose, structure, and values of our UCWLC. We often pay homage to the members who came before us; one particular member whom we honour at this time exemplifies Christian values and continues to inspire us to persevere in our endeavours as Our Lord has asked of us. Our member, Maria Reshitnyk, is a woman of faith whom God has granted 104 years of life thus far. She has given her time and talents to the service of others, fulfilling the Word of God to love her neighbour by giving freely and generously. This journey of a life of longevity and benevolence is shared through the reminiscences of her son, Orest.

*God will not forget your work and the love you have shown Him as you have helped His people.*

Hebrews 6:10

Maria was born in Timmins, ON, on July 26, 1917, and was baptized in Montréal at the Ukrainian Catholic Church of St. Josaphat—a spiritual gathering place for many Ukrainians who emigrated to Canada. She was the second of seven children born to Rosalia and Seman Lailiuk. Maria's parents immigrated to Canada as part of the first wave of Ukrainians seeking a new life. After the birth of their third child, Anna, the family returned to Ukraine to continue their lives together in the land of their birth, and in the ensuing years, four more children were born to this loving family. During these early years, Maria completed her education with the Ukrainian Basilian Sisters in rural Western Ukraine. The dedication, reverence, and grace of the Sisters inspired her, and roots of devotion to the church were planted deeply within Maria's heart.

In 1939, Maria returned to Canada to visit family friends in Montréal, and she travelled on to Fort William (Thunder Bay) to spend time with her brother, Peter. She demonstrated tenacity and courage as she travelled alone across the ocean to reconnect with family and friends. She met her husband, Dmytro, in Thunder Bay, and in 1941 they were married and began their life together. Throughout the ensuing years, they worked diligently, building their business in Timmins, Sudbury, Toronto, and finally settling in Ottawa.

In 1946, they purchased the Duke Hotel with family members. The Gilmour House was purchased in 1957 after the sale of the Duke Hotel. Both hotels served as housing for many families emigrating from Ukraine because of the generosity of Maria and her family. Maria recognized this need to provide support, both physical and visceral, and thus she engaged in the practice of giving back to the Ukrainian community. She sponsored many Ukrainian families arriving from Europe as displaced persons, providing food and lodging in the family hotel, as well as providing other necessities. In 1957 Maria gave birth to her son, Orest, and devoted her time to raising her son and continuing on with her philanthropic endeavours.



Top left: Maria Reshitnyk as a young woman. Above: Maria Reshitnyk at St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Shrine

Throughout the years Maria made many contributions to her community and beyond. A devoted, enduring parishioner of St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Shrine, she joined the UCWLC in 1956 and supported the league faithfully, as well as contributing to the needs of her fellow parishioners. She brought food to share and communicated with members on an on-going basis; her generosity was boundless. She was an excellent culinarian; she shared her broad knowledge of Ukrainian fare by preparing food for many occasions including church dinners and other gatherings, and in addition, she shared her culinary skills by teaching meal preparation to many young people. Not

only did she prepare meals for wedding receptions for young immigrants, but she also provided wedding garments and other accoutrements for these celebrations. When repairs to the early church on Rochester Avenue were needed, funds were provided. Employment opportunities for new members of the community could be found within the hotels, and funds for those in need in Ukraine were raised by Maria on an on-going basis. From time to time, she travelled to points in Canada and the United States, and she enjoyed her many trips to Ukraine to visit her homeland and her family.

Maria enjoyed good health throughout her life, and it is only in present times that she suffered a fall and is convalescing in a nursing home. Maria is a woman of faith, grounded in her devotion to her church, to the UCWLC, and her service to others. We thank God for her, and we will endeavour to emulate her good works in the name of Our Lord.

As committed league members, we continue our support for the UCWLC as we navigate each new day in hope and in gratitude for the standards and goals set before us by Maria and many women of faith and commitment who continue to inspire us.

Eileen Maychruk



On July 26th, the day before her 104th birthday, the senior's residence allowed us to visit Maria for the first time after a very long while. Father Ireneus brought her communion, and we brought flowers and a certificate from our Eparchy executive. Father enjoyed her still pretty lively mind.

## Alice Hrubeniuk — Celebrating 101 Years



Alice (Glushka) Hrubeniuk was born on March 11, 1920 in the Rosburn District, MB. She grew up with four sisters and two brothers. She married Matt Hrubeniuk in 1940, and together they raised two girls, Phyllis and Natalia, and two boys, Henry and Donald. She has eight grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

Alice joined the Rosburn Sacred Heart Ukrainian Catholic Women's League in 1958. Throughout the years she held different positions in the League. During her years with the UCWLC she received the 40-year and 50-year service pins; in 2018 she was honoured with a 60-year pin. Alice sang with the church choir for many years and later cantored church services and funerals.

Alice is now a resident of the Rosburn Personal Care Home. On March 11, 2021, she celebrated her 101st birthday with her immediate family. Sadly, due to COVID-19, a celebration with the extended family and friends could not be held. Hopefully, in the near future, the entire family will once again be able to visit with her.

God Bless. Mnohaja Lita!

Submitted by Marion Antoniuk, Rosburn, MB



# My Mother, the Catechist

By Sister Christine Dudych, SSMI

You might guess from the title that this is a tribute to a special woman, one of particularly strong faith who then shared that faith with her children. Within this, you might also find some challenges to the expression of your own faith. You might dismiss these challenges thinking this is only a “human interest story.” I hope you don’t. The challenges, if taken up, might prove quite fruitful in your life. But first, I also invite you to reflect on your own experiences of learning your faith. Who taught you? What were the circumstances? What stayed with you through the years, and how you see these things in your life now? These reflections could be the key to taking up the challenge.

My twin sister and I are the youngest of six. When it was time for us to be prepared to receive our first Holy Communion, my mother decided to take up the challenge of teaching catechism for the parish. Some



Dudych Twins

years after, I had asked her why she made that decision, and her answer was that she wanted to be sure that we were taught well. I trust that this was not intended to be in criticism of those who taught my other siblings, as they are all deeply faith-filled people! But looking back, the years in which I grew up were years of radically changing values in society in general. And knowing my mother not to be outspoken or wanting “limelight,” this admission and clear sense of purpose were most impressive to me, though I didn’t know of it as a child.

Because she was my mother, I had the advantage of watching her prepare our lessons. The content was, of course, significant; but, she added a special touch. Not a teacher by profession, she still knew how to present things at a child’s level, and what would hold the attention of a class of about ten (mostly in kindergarten and grade one). She would hand-prepare individual assignments (no photocopiers back then), often with colour and much attention to detail. In later years, when I taught catechism, I would remember the care she took to do this, and it would inspire me when I was not feeling up to the task.

We learned by the familiar method of question and answer—the Baltimore style. “Who is God?”; “why were

we created?”; “what is sin?”; and, of course, the “lists”—the Ten Commandments, the Seven Sacraments, the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy, and others. We’re all familiar with these. (If we were asked these questions now, what would we answer? Do we remember these lists? Many of my generation don’t, sadly.) I remember being quizzed, but I also remember her presence to us. Knowing her to be shy about other things, I recall her being comfortable presenting these lessons. She knew what needed to be said, and how to say it, *because* we needed to know. Her first concern was that we learn. Her presence to us assured her of how we learned, and assured us of her concern.



Emily Dudych

Recently, I shared with a group of catechists one piece of content that I remember my mother teaching. I’m sure it wasn’t spelled out in our books quite this way, but now as an adult, I can appreciate the implications of this point. I can also appreciate my mother teaching it, demonstrating her depth of faith and character. It has deep value for our thinking today.

We were discussing the fourth commandment: honour your father and mother. She went on to explain



First Holy Communion

that this extends to others in authority over us, since these people were given to us by God out of love and care for our welfare. She continued to say, *but if they are telling you to sin—even if it's your mother and father—you are not obligated to obey. If you do, out of fear or threat of losing your life, the sin is theirs, not yours.* Of course, she used words that we understood as children. But the message was clear.

Today, we would be hard pressed to find a catechism that teaches this, in so many words. It *can* be found in Scripture, in the Acts of the Apostles, for example, but as narrative rather than instruction. It isn't something she just made up, and it isn't contrary to Church teaching. What are the implications of a mother telling this to her own children?



Sr. Christine and her mother

First, she needs to be sure her children know what sin really is and can discern it quite apart from submission to authority. She needs to be sure, as one having authority over her children, that she is not giving sinful examples or ordering them to sin. She must trust that her children will not use this statement simply to rebel against her. Are we sure, today, what sin is? Can we be sure our children know? Are we able to teach them to discern, enough that we can trust their judgment? Dare we trust their loyalty? Are we careful in our own lived example?

As a Sister, I have had many opportunities to teach catechism in several parishes, mostly for First Holy Communion preparation, but not exclusively. For over 100 years in Canada and worldwide, our Sisters have a great history of passing on the faith in this way. But there are fewer of us now, with older ones dying and few new vocations. In one parish, before my class, I went to visit the pastor in his home where he was dying of cancer. His wife and daughter were there. His daughter was from a nearby city where another Sister had been teaching but later left the Community. The pastor's daughter implored me to come and teach there, too, but of course, I could not take on another assignment at that time. I reminded her of our plight, our shortage of members, and suggested they find a layperson in the parish who could help. Later, I recalled my own mother preparing me for First Holy Communion, and concluded that if more mothers taught catechism, we would have more vocations.

Sr. Christine Dudych, SSMI, is presently Assistant Director of the Eparchial Catechetical Centre of the Ukrainian Catholic Eparchy of Toronto and Eastern Canada. She also teaches piano and voice privately at the SSMI Provincial home in Toronto.

*Written in May 2005, for Beacon, and later published in Ukrainian in Світло, in 2006. At the time, Sister Christine Dudych had been involved with the Eparchial Catechetical Centre of the Eparchy of Toronto and Eastern Canada, and was completing an MRE at the University of St. Michael's College.*

Emily (Michalina) Dudych has been a long-time member of the UCWLC in Beausejour, MB, receiving her 40-year pin in 2015.

## God's Masterpiece is Mother

Herbert Farnham

*God took pieces of everything wonderful to make moms.*

God took the fragrance of a flower...

The majesty of a tree...

The gentleness of morning dew...

The calm of a quiet sea...

The beauty of the twilight hour...

The soul of a starry night...

The laughter of a rippling brook...

The grace of a bird in flight...

Then God fashioned from these things

A creation like no other,

And when his masterpiece was through

He called it simply—Mother.

## Wonderful Mother

Pat O'Reilly

*God made such a wonderful person, and you  
get to call her mom.*

God made a wonderful mother,

A mother who never grows old;

He made her smile of the sunshine.

And He molded her heart of pure gold;

In her eyes He placed bright shining stars,

In her cheeks fair roses you see;

God made a wonderful mother,

And He gave that dear mother to me.

# Stillness In The Chaos

## “Be Still and Know that I am God” Psalm 46:10

By **Larissa Samborsky**, Chair of  
Unity 2021 Planning Committee



Hosting the Bishop's Panel:  
Nadia Tanchak, Unity 2021 Vice-Chair; Larissa Samborsky, Unity 2021 Chair

*Слава Ісусу Христу! Слава на віки! Glory to Jesus Christ! Glory forever!*

Early in my teenage years a friend of mine invited me to attend a youth group gathering at our church, St. Demetrius the Great Martyr Parish in Etobicoke, ON. Not knowing it but attending that Friday night gathering set the path for many years of involvement in youth and young adult ministry in the Ukrainian Catholic Church.

Having a positive experience in my parish youth group helped form the foundation of my faith. I am forever grateful to the priests and youth leaders who, with passion and enthusiasm, planned prayer services, retreats, camps, weekly gatherings, trips, pilgrimages to countries that were hosting World Youth Day and provinces that were hosting Unity.

I have been blessed to be part of

youth ministry both as a youth and as a leader at the parish, eparchial and national levels. The fruits that have come out of my involvement in youth ministry are too many to count. All I know is that I am truly thankful for all of them. I want future generations to have similar opportunities like I did as a youth: to grow in their faith, foster friendships, and create lasting memories.

Along with attending weekly Divine Liturgies, youth and young adults need opportunities to explore, discover and question their faith. Unity gatherings provide these opportunities. Up until this year I have had the privilege to attend two Unity gatherings. Unity 2012 in Pinawa, MB, and Unity 2014 in Camrose, AB.

Unity was the passion project of Sr. Marie Bielski, SSMI. Since 1996, Unity has been an opportunity for young adults in the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Canada to meet and explore their faith. Unity helps young adults further understand, embrace, and celebrate the Ukrainian Catholic faith through prayer, education, and fellowship. Unity promotes and strengthens Ukrainian Catholic religious life and social outreach through faith-based activities and workshops. This meaningful weekend offers spiritual guidance, community service, and opportunities to deepen one's faith through catechetical enrichment.

Every three years, a different eparchy in Canada hosts Unity. When the opportunity for the Eparchy of Toronto and Eastern Canada to host Unity was proposed, I was enthusiastic about the idea. For the second time, youth and young adults from across Canada would make their way to Ontario for a weekend, where they would strengthen their love for the Lord and take part in meaningful conversations and celebrate in Divine Liturgy as one family.

In 2017, it was without hesitation that I accepted the role as Chair of the Unity 2020 planning committee. I did not know what lay ahead of me in this role, but I knew with the gifts God gave me I would be equipped to succeed. Having the opportunity to lead Unity was a great honour, because it has become an integral event in our church's youth and young adult ministry.

While attending the inaugural blessing of the Metropolitan Andrey Sheptytsky Institute of Eastern



Christian Studies in the University of St. Michael's College at the University of Toronto, I knew that this is where Unity 2020 needed to take place. The concept of having a religious gathering in the heart of busy Toronto would bring Unity's theme "Stillness in the Chaos" alive.

For any leader to be successful, they must surround themselves with knowledgeable and experienced individuals. From the first planning meeting, I was fortunate to have a dedicated committee. I am grateful that each of these individuals shared their time, talents, and skills when it came to planning Unity: Nadia Tanchak (Vice-Chair, Finances and Registration), Larissa Rodo (Fundraising), Melania Kiebalo (Branding), Roksolana Fik (Social Media - Facebook), Maksym Hrycyna (Social Media - Instagram), Father Alex Laschuk (Advisor), and Sister Janet Kozak (Advisor).

We were well on our way planning and organizing Unity 2020, which was scheduled to take place from Friday, July 31 to August 3, 2020. To add to the already busy weekend, young adults were going to experience Vespers at St. Elias in Brampton, ON, and celebrate a Divine Liturgy on Sunday at St. Nicholas Church in Toronto.

As the days, weeks, and years passed, and Unity 2020 was going to become a reality, the planning committee and I were excited that all our hard work and ideas were going to come to fruition. "**Mann Tracht, Un Gott Lacht**" is an old Yiddish proverb meaning, *man plans, and God laughs*. At some point during the planning process, I must have shared with God all the plans for Unity and He must have laughed. Despite carefully planning, the committee and I did not foresee a world pandemic. We were so hopeful that COVID-19 would

pass, and Unity 2020 would go on as planned. In the spring of 2020, we had to make the difficult decision to postpone Unity. Making that decision was heartbreaking and disappointing.



Unity's magical MC Krista Samborsky

All the time and effort that went into planning a weekend for young adults to grow in their faith and love for God had vanished. How could something that would bring glory to God not happen? The planning committee and I continued to hope that an in-person Unity would take place in the summer of 2021. While the months passed during the pandemic, my trust in God's plan for an in-person Unity was starting to fade. I did not understand *why*. Why would God not want a gathering of young adults to come together and glorify Him? Why would God not let a perfectly planned event take place?

In the winter of 2021, the planning committee and I had to make another difficult decision: that Unity 2021 would happen, but it would be completely virtual. We had the difficult task of letting go of our original idea, which we worked on for three years. Now in less

than a year we had to re-imagine a whole new Unity. How could we bring the essence of Unity to an online gathering?

Unity would now be taking place online and literally in every Eparchy. The planning committee wanted representation from each Eparchy. Fr. Michael Kwiatkowski, Liz Artymko, Alex Pankiw represented the Archeparchy of Winnipeg. Fr. Mykhailo Ozorovych represented the Eparchy of New Westminster. Millie Schietzch, Fr. Bohdan Nahachewsky and Alicia Chichak represented the Eparchy of Edmonton. Viktoria Marko and Lesia Lazurko represented the Eparchy of Saskatoon. The planning committee continued to grow and attract new members; Sub-Deacon Shawn Goldman, Zorian Stech, Virlana Shchuka, Morris Hucal, and Krista Samborsky all shared their talents to help put on a one-of-a-kind Unity.

I did not have a vision of what this new online Unity would be like. Planning an event online was something new for all of us. As the planning committee and I started on this new path of planning, all I could do was surrender to God and completely trust Him.

With God's graces, the determination of the dedicated planning committee and many prayers, Unity 2021 took place on Friday, August 6 and Saturday, August 7, 2021, using the online platform Zoom. Doing Unity 2021 online was not the perfect Unity that I had envisioned. But it was the perfect Unity that God created. Having Unity online this past summer provided the opportunity for participants from across Canada, the United States, England, Poland, and Ukraine to attend. In total, 119 individuals registered for Unity. Not only was this the first Unity

to take place online, but it was also the first to be held in several time zones at the same time. Regardless of the early or late time zones, all participants committed to being fully present for the sessions.

“Stillness in the Chaos” was the original theme for Unity 2020, and the planning committee decided to keep this theme for Unity 2021 because it was a fitting one considering our current situation. Over the past year and a half, COVID-19 has brought a degree of chaos to each of our lives. Unity 2021 wanted to offer refuge and stillness from the chaos of our lives. Despite not being able to meet in person, many young adults took the time to register and participate in the online version of Unity 2021.

Unity 2021 provided participants with a fun and enriching program. Participants had the opportunity to get to know one another more personally through small group discussions, take part in “Trivia in the Chaos” social media challenges, watch as a *chotki* (prayer bracelet) was passed between the eparchies, and test their knowledge about the different eparchies in a game of Kahoot.

Leading the Unity weekend, we had an opportunity to hear keynote speaker Fr. Deacon Dr. Andrew Bennett provide two thought-provoking talks on human dignity. All of our participants, bishops, and clergy were thoroughly engaged in the talks delivered by Deacon Andrew.

The Unity planning committee wanted to address challenges facing young adults through a variety of different presentations. Unity 2021 was grateful that presenters from across Canada made themselves available for the event so that they could share their knowledge, skills, and expertise.

To access the recordings of

these presentations, go to the Ukrainian Catholic Church — Unity YouTube Channel, [https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCAqXacZY0oZGfIE\\_YD44Fzw](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCAqXacZY0oZGfIE_YD44Fzw).

A highlight of any Unity is the Bishop’s Panel. Metropolitan Lawrence Huculak, Bishop David Motiuk, and Bishop Bryan Bayda openly and honestly answered questions submitted in advance by the young adults. Questions covered a variety of topics such as: what steps are being taken towards reconciling with First Nations over the deaths of Indigenous children in Residential Schools? What are some future roles in the Church for females? Where do they see the Church in 10 and 25 years? What role do you see the Church playing when it comes to the environmental movement? How can the Church continue to welcome non-ethnic Ukrainians? How do *they* practise stillness in their lives? Having Metropolitan Lawrence, Bishop David, and Bishop Bryan actively participate in Unity 2021 provided the opportunity for participants to get to know them and build a more personal relationship with them.

Sr. Marie Bielski created Unity so that young adults of our church would gather and connect with one another. If there was ever a time in history that Unity was truly needed, it is now. Before the pandemic, young adults of our church were already feeling isolated and disconnected. The pandemic took these feelings and magnified them. Unity 2021 reminded young adults that they are not alone in the Church, and, most of all, in their faith. The community that was built online during Unity will be a catalyst for future online events. The feedback from participants was positive and appreciative. Here are three testimonials from Unity participants.

1) “Thank you for turning our Church into a place of dialogue, and a safe place to share and exchange our thoughts, ideas, concerns, and for giving the youth a chance to have a voice. Young people need support and guidance, and we need each other to navigate these difficult times. This event was a wonderful opportunity for fellowship and discipleship.”

2) “[I valued] the sense of renewal of our Ukrainian Catholic community, and the feeling of hope and unity experienced during and after the event. Hearing and listening to other people’s experiences and opinions. Meeting and connecting with other new people. The game and the brief activities to meet other participants were fun and interesting.”

3) “It was well organized and run without delays... there was no time to be bored... we were engaged all the way through. I felt that this Zoom platform worked really well. Having attended all the Unities, I found this one was the most unified. ‘Unity in Community’, was lived out to its fullest... the living breath of the Holy Trinity. I loved the variety... magical MC, 1st class speakers, the best Bishops, technology was superb, the creativity was fantastic. The small groups of two or three worked marvellously, because there was just enough time for all to speak and engage. I was impressed that everyone was so attentive to the others, listening and accepting. It was a gift and grace to attend.”

It is easy to be consumed by the chaos of life, but Unity 2021 reminded its participants that if you unite yourself with Christ and connect with others, “stillness” will be attained.

# Connecting to Lesia Ukrainka in Our World Today

By Darlene Atamaniuk

**L**arysa Kosach-Kvitka was born on February 25, 1871, in Novohrad-Volynskyi, Zhytomyr Oblast. She is much more recognized by her literary pseudonym, Lesia Ukrainka. In 2021, Ukraine celebrated 150 years of her birth. Her poems, plays, and dramatic works are well-known and have been translated in literary circles throughout the world. Yet, within our Ukrainian communities our children and many adults know little about her. So, who was Lesia Ukrainka and what relevance does she have in our lives today?

As a newly born baby, Lesia and her brother experienced life with their stay-at-home father for six months. This was highly uncommon at that time. Her mother, a very well-known writer and translator of children's books, Olenka Pchilka, was very sick with anemia. Her doctors thought that her best road to recovery were treatments offered in Europe. Her father, Petro Kosach, gave up his job to stay with the children. He had to feed Lesia with diluted cow milk. Lesia and her brother were too young to understand or remember the difficulties the situation posed for her parents. They were a financially secure family, but the anxiety and stress of separation from the children and between both spouses is just as relevant today.

Lesia grew up at a time in history when there was a period of great oppression and Russification in Ukraine. Speaking and writing in Ukrainian were forbidden. Because of this, Lesia and her siblings were home schooled. Due to



the COVID-19 pandemic, today's children have felt the stress of staying home and of online learning. Yes, the situations are slightly different. Lesia had all her teachers come to her home. She had one-on-one instruction as her parents could afford it. Our children go online while at home. Although some may have enjoyed this form of learning, many children and parents found online learning frustrating and difficult. One could argue that Lesia had an easier time because her teachers were in her home focusing on learning. Yet, one could also argue that having your teachers focusing only on you could also be stressful.

Another reason why Lesia was home schooled was because from an early age, she suffered from tuberculosis. It started in her hands and throughout the years the disease spread to her eyes and legs. Today, she would truly be able to empathize and understand the agony and pain people experience with severe cases of COVID-19. In her time there was no cure or vaccines for tuberculosis. To seek medical

help for her serious conditions, she travelled extensively across Europe: the Caucasus, Egypt, Germany and Italy. Determined not to give into her illness, she penned the poem *Contra Spem Spero* (Hope Despite all Odds), writing:

*Yes, I will laugh despite my tears,  
I'll sing songs amidst my misfortunes,  
I'll have hope despite all odds,  
I will live,  
Away you sorrowful thoughts.*

It was amazing that someone so ill could fight through such pain, and accomplish so much. At an early age she learned to play the piano, much to her delight. It was her dream to be a pianist which she eventually abandoned once her illness progressed. She was an exceptional student. She was fluent in seven different languages as well as Latin and ancient Greek. Her poetry addressed a multitude of audiences. Some were written exclusively for children and others addressed loneliness, lack of understanding, equality, cultural isolation, freedom, love and death, and hope for the future.

Lesia had a deep understanding of European values, cultures and traditions. She frowned upon the Russian Empire and deplored their suppressive actions. In her historical drama "Boyarynya" (The Noblewoman), her heroine, Oksana, struggles for freedom and the independence of her country to find true happiness. She points out the many fatal and historical mistakes that led to divisions in Ukraine and the need for armed struggles to free the people. Her message of the dangers of complacency in this



particular drama is valid in today's world. Presently, as the Russian army lines up thousands of armed troops on the border of Ukraine, Lesia would demand that Ukrainian citizens fight for their freedom and country.

Lesia was captivated with Asian cultures. With the help of her uncle, Mykhailo Drahomanov, her written and classical works found their way to France and Germany and became popular in literary circles. As a teenager she wrote in an encyclopedia-like fashion "The Ancient History of Oriental People". (Стародавньою історією східних народів). Lesia translated into Ukrainian the works of many well-known authors and writers like Homer and Shakespeare to name a few. In world literature she created her own original version of Don Juan in the 1912 drama, "The Stone Host."

Although she fought tuberculosis and Russian oppression with all the strength she could muster,

Lesia Ukrainka died in Surami, Georgia in 1913 at the age of 42. Her funeral was held in Kyiv under strict supervision by the police. The Russian regime was afraid that her funeral would turn into a Ukrainian nationalist rally by all the people attending. Any speeches and eulogies were disallowed. Yet, even at her funeral, Lesia Ukrainka proved that she would not be oppressed and defeated. It was quite unusual to see six of her famous Ukrainian women friends carry her coffin over their shoulders. One last time she snubbed the tsarist regime.

In this piece of writing, only the many vast amounts of experiences in the life of Lesia Ukrainka have been touched. I hope that I have sparked enough interest in others to take the initiative to learn more about this exceptional Ukrainian woman who is just as relevant today as she was in the past. In the words of the prominent Ukrainian writer, Oksana Zabuzko, "She's brilliant. A

shark in the world of men, a woman of the 21st century who today could manage large corporations, media holdings, governments." As active members of the UCWLC let us heed to the advice written by head of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church, His Beatitude Sviatoslav, in a letter written to the Mayor of Novohrad-Volynskyi, Mykola Borovets, "Today our Lesia can teach us to appreciate our own life, which is a precious gift of God, and how to use our talents in order to serve the Motherland and common good."

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- [http://ugcc.ua/en/news/the\\_head\\_of\\_the\\_church\\_our\\_main\\_task\\_is\\_to\\_bring\\_lesia\\_ukrainka\\_closer\\_to\\_every\\_ukrainian\\_92427.html](http://ugcc.ua/en/news/the_head_of_the_church_our_main_task_is_to_bring_lesia_ukrainka_closer_to_every_ukrainian_92427.html)

## Молитву за Україну

Боже великий, єдиний,  
Нам Україну храни,  
Волі і світу промінням  
Ти її осіни.

Світлом науки і знання  
Нас, дітей, просвіти,  
В чистій любові до краю,  
Ти нас, Боже, зрости.

Молимося, Боже єдиний,  
Нам Україну храни,  
Всі свої ласки-щедроти  
Ти на люд наш зверни.

Дай йому волю, дай йому долю,  
Дай доброго світу,  
Щастя дай, Боже, народу  
І многая, многая літа.

## Prayer for Ukraine

Lord, oh the Great and Almighty,  
Protect our beloved Ukraine,  
Bless her with freedom and light  
Of your holy rays.

With learning and knowledge  
enlighten  
Us, your children small,  
In love pure and everlasting  
Let us, oh Lord, grow.

We pray, oh Lord Almighty,  
Protect our beloved Ukraine,  
Grant our people and country  
All your kindness and grace.

Bless us with freedom, bless us with wisdom,  
Guide into kind world,  
Bless us, oh Lord, with good fortune  
For ever and evermore.

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

## † Jayne Paluck HLM

1936–2021



It is with heavy hearts that St. Athanasius UCWLC announces the passing of Jayne Paluck, HLM, on December 3, 2021. We lost an extraordinary educator, wife, mother, and leader.

Jayne passed away peacefully at Regina General Hospital with family at her side. She and Ernest Paluck have four daughters, seven grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Jayne was the eldest daughter of †Michael and †Mary Dedio. She grew up in the Maybridge District near Pelly, Saskatchewan, where she and her sister †Gladys participated in community and church events. Being a first generation Ukrainian-Canadian family, Jayne learned the value of working hard and building the community one envisions with others. It was through this community she met and fell in love with Ernest Paluck who became her best friend, husband, and dance partner of 62 years.

In 1962, Jayne and Ernie moved

to Regina where she accepted a teaching position with the Regina Roman Catholic Separate School Division and remained happily employed until her retirement in 1989. Jayne loved her students and felt it important to encourage them to fulfil their God-given potential. She valued the arts and enjoyed introducing students to plays and musicals, many of whom fell in love with this field and gained valuable skills. She had contact with students, parents, and colleagues for many years.

Jayne remained a “teacher” throughout her lifetime and often saw opportunity to learn something from an event, article, or experience she had and, in turn, share that learning with others. She truly was a lifelong learner who was passionate about Ukrainian culture, language, and history. She taught Ukrainian language classes at the Department of Slavic and Germanic Studies (University of Regina), mentored and supervised aspiring teachers in the Faculty of Education (University of Regina), and became increasingly involved in the Ukrainian Catholic Church and community at large at the local, eparchial, national, and international levels, having actively served in over 17 different organizations.

By example, her parents taught her that if she wanted her community or organization to be the best it could be, it was up to each of us to do so. In this way, Jayne left an extraordinary imprint in

the organizations and people she served and was greatly admired, respected, and recognized with several awards over her lifetime for her contributions in the areas of culture, education, humanitarian, and social project initiatives, among some of the most humbling being: the recipient of the UCC Saskatchewan Nation Builders Award (2002), the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee Medal (2012), Honorary Life Member in the Ukrainian Catholic Women’s League of Canada (2001), and Honorary Life Member with the Canadian Baton Twirling Federation (2019).

Jayne dedicated many years of her life to the UCWLC. She served one term as President on the National Executive, two terms as President on the Eparchial Executive, and two terms as Branch President. She also served in many positions on all levels. Her latest was as Branch Recording Secretary, and Organizational and Constitution chair. She was also Organizational Chair at the Eparchial level. Jayne was a visionary and a leader before her time.

She thrived on accomplishing difficult tasks and failure was not in her vocabulary. Her drive and enthusiasm engulfed those around her. She motivated people to work together to accomplish great goals. Jayne was also a risk-taker. Whether it was a fundraising project for the Branch, such as Spring Fling or Ladies’ Night Out, or for the parish,

or a huge cultural initiative, she embraced the project and got to work.

During her term as Auxiliary President, Jayne took the steps to organize the women to join the UCWLC. A new Branch was established at St. Athanasius Parish in 1984.

As a founding member of St. Athanasius parish, Jayne served at the parish level as well. She had many years as UCWLC Rep to Parish Council. She also served as Parish Council President. She was Co-Chair of the parish's 50th anniversary celebration committee in 2016.

One of her charities of choice is Musée Ukraina Museum in Saskatoon. She was very involved in the planning and development of the new museum building and its many challenges. She was a board member and also served as its President.

Under her leadership in the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada, the first international humanitarian aid effort from Canada for the Children of Chernobyl project was successfully fulfilled as a provincial initiative; later a mammogram machine was donated to a community clinic. She assisted in the development of the national publication, *Nasha Doroha*, and contributed to the organization's constitution and policy development. She sought to advance the role of women within the church and the greater community, moving them "from the kitchen to the community" as leaders of faith and culture.

Due to her success in Canada, Jayne was invited in 2012 by Patriarch Sviatoslav Shevchuk, Major Archbishop of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church, to lead an initiative that would implement and nurture the formation of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Women's League in Ukraine involving women from

the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League of Canada in the Eparchy of Saskatoon. Outreach Ukraine was born. The Eparchial Executive still mentors the new League and contributes financially for its formation and its material needs in the form of deep freezers and dough machines, as well as travel costs.

Jayne liked to work hard, but that did not lessen her time for fun. Her energy, enthusiasm, and joie de vivre will be missed by many.

Prayer service (Parastas) was held at St. Athanasius Ukrainian Catholic Church, 55 McMurphy Avenue, Regina, SK, on Friday, December 10, 2021, at 7:00 p.m. A funeral service was held at the same location on Saturday, Dec 11, 2021, at 11:00 a.m. with Father Vasyl Tymishak, celebrant, and concelebrants Father Ivan Nahachewsky and Father Warren Dungen. UCWLC HLMs and members from National, Eparchial, and Branch levels made up the Honour Guard.

Those wishing are invited to make a donation in memory of Jayne to the Musée Ukraina Museum's Retire the Mortgage Campaign 2021 (Box 26072, Saskatoon, SK, S7K 8C1), or to the St. Athanasius Memorial Fund (55 McMurphy Avenue, Regina, SK, S4R 3G3).

Вічна Пам'ять! Eternal Memory!

Submitted by Josie Vantour HLM  
President, St. Athanasius Branch



Let us remember those who  
have departed in our prayers.

Send announcements and  
tributes to *Nasha Doroha*.

## † Frances Soroski Sep. 22, 1929–Nov. 10, 2021



It is with regret that St. Athanasius UCWLC announces the peaceful passing of Fran Soroski of Regina on November 10, 2021. Fran is predeceased by her parents William and Tessie; brothers Johnny, Peter, and Walter; and nephew William Murdock. She is survived by niece Maria (Vancouver, BC) and nephews Michael (Vancouver, BC) and Tim (Spruce Grove, AB); her companion pet named Panda; and, many friends too numerous to name.

Fran was a teacher for 44 years, retiring in 1991. She retired from the Indian Head High School Library in 1996 before coming back to Regina full-time.

In her younger years, Fran was an avid curler and won many trophies. She loved racehorses and even owned one with her best friend, Anne Molema, winning quite a few races along the way. Fran volunteered at the Humane Society, Marion Centre, and the Senior Centre. She gave to the children of World Vision for as long as we can remember, and numerous other charities as well, as it made her feel good to give and to help others in need. She never sought any recognition in her good deeds.

Fran Soroski was a member of the UCWLC since she came to Regina. She was always involved in Branch activities and was usually there for events and functions. She



participated in whatever way she could—work bees, meetings, functions. She was Branch President in 2001 and 2002. Her preferred work was on the Spiritual Committee. She helped spearhead the rosary on Sunday morning run by the UCWLC, organizing the participants as well. She worked with Father to arrange Divine Liturgies and prayer services as per our policies. She always had suggestions for possible topics and guest speakers for meetings or other events. She sometimes took Minutes, but that was not her favourite task! She did a great job as a member of the phoning committee. She enjoyed visiting with the members.

Fran was kind and had a heart of gold. One of the activities that gave her great joy was looking after animals. She fed birds and squirrels and any other animals that came to visit her at home. She carefully saved little bits from bacon to take

home and give Panda as a treat. If she looked after her racehorses the same way as she looked after the smaller animals, they were surely treated like royalty.

Her generosity extended to the people around her. She often gave rides to parishioners and friends who needed transportation. She was a good, careful driver and her driving services were appreciated by those who benefitted from them.

Fran loved people. She enjoyed visiting with friends and church members, especially over brunch or lunch. There was a small group of ladies from our parish who would go out to eat after church on Sundays. We will miss those occasions with her. Fran helped at the different seniors centres—setting up and cleaning up around certain events.

She was a frequent attendee at most church services and functions. You could see her at services

collecting donations, sometimes selling calendars or other wares, or taking tickets at the entrance to parish suppers or other functions.

Fran was great support for those who tried to perform the tasks of running an organization. She was quiet and non-judgmental. She offered words of encouragement and had a beautiful smile. Thank you, Fran, for your kindness, support, and loyalty. We will miss you dearly. Rest in peace.

Prayer Service on Tuesday, November 16 at 7:00 p.m. and a Funeral Service on Wednesday, November 17, at 10:00 a.m. were held at St. Athanasius Church, 55 McMurchy Avenue, Regina, SK. The Honour Guard was made up of members of the UCWLC, St. Athanasius Branch.

Вічна Пам'ять! Eternal Memory!

Submitted by Josie Vantour HLM  
President, St. Athanasius Branch



## 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](http://www.ucwlc.ca). Applications should be submitted electronically to

#### **The Vera Buczynsky Ukrainian Studies Scholarship Committee**

Barbara Olynyk, Chair at  
[ucwlcnationalscholarships@gmail.com](mailto: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](http://www.ucwlc.ca). Applications should be submitted electronically to

#### **The Mary Dyma Religious Studies Scholarship Committee**

Barbara Olynyk, Chair at  
[ucwlcnationalscholarships@gmail.com](mailto:ucwlcnationalscholarships@gmail.com)

# Making Moments is Worth Your Time

By Marlane Pentelechuk



Taking the time to visit someone who may or may not remember you can be difficult. I found it hard and awkward. At the beginning, when my mother, Ellen, was first showing signs of memory loss, I did everything wrong. I kept trying to keep all her memories alive by reminding her all the time and getting frustrated when she was at a loss. She was frustrated too. So, I attended a short seminar run by the Alzheimer's Society of Alberta. I soon realized that the reminding wasn't helping. I had to come to terms with the fact that her memories were disappearing, but she could still enjoy the moments.

Our daily visits changed. Some days she knew who I was, and some days I was a nice lady who chatted with her. I remember one visit in particular when we were sitting with another lovely resident. The lady asked me if Ellen was my grandma, to which I replied, "No, she's not my grandma, but my mama!" The lady turned to my mom and said, "I didn't know you had such a nice daughter?" My mom looked at me and smiled. She turned to the other lady and said, "Now we both know! I didn't know I had a daughter either!" It would have been easy to cry, but I didn't.

The look on my mom's face was so innocent and so perfectly honest. We all burst out laughing. It was okay. This was our "new normal."

From then on we talked about what was in front of us: the weather, the music on the radio, a new sweater or hairdo. The stress level went down as my mom was able to converse about what she knew in the moment. If she became upset or frustrated trying to remember a word or a name we changed the subject, went for a walk outside or even around the facility. If she repeated things, we listened as if we heard it for the first time. I remember her saying, "I don't know what's wrong with my head! Sometimes I just can't remember!" And I would say, "It's okay, Mom, you don't have to. I'll remember for you!" We both laughed when she replied, "Good!"

When I started bringing my grandson, Henry, with me to visit Grandma Ellen, he was all about the moment. He didn't know my mom before her memory loss. This was just who Grandma Ellen was. She didn't have any memories, but she loved the moments. He brought toys or books with him to show her, and we brought treats—coffee, muffins, cookies. Our visits were easy when we focused on making

moments for Grandma Ellen instead of trying to help her remember what she couldn't remember. And we had fun!

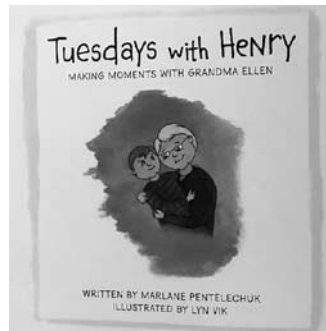
We didn't make it complicated, but we did talk about our visits beforehand. We made sure we came at a convenient time, we tried not to stay too long, and we were sensitive to the fact that sometimes Grandma might not be having a good day. There were times when we came to visit and Grandma just wanted a nap. So we said hi to the other residents and we had an ice-cream on the way home. It's only a big deal if we make it one, so we keep it flexible.

Soon we got to know the other residents and we began making moments with them too. So few children come to the dementia units and Henry somehow knew how to interact with the other grandmas and grandpas. Just chatting or showing them what he brought gave them a little joy. Many came out of their rooms to see him, and he was happy to spend time with them. It was so simple but meaningful for the residents, and also for Henry. He loved coming to visit but he also learned how important his visits were. He came to understand that the other grandmas and grandpas enjoyed

his company and might feel lonely if he didn't come. One of the health care aides at my mom's care facility suggested I write a book about how we visit, so that others would perhaps do the same. That was how the books *Tuesdays with Henry: Making Moments with Grandma Ellen* and *What Will Jack Bring?* came to be.

The books are not really about Alzheimer's disease. They are about building relationships with people who just happen to have memory loss. The books are written for children, but anyone can learn how to make moments and be blessed by doing so. The stories are sweet, and the *Tips for Parents* would be helpful to anyone wanting to have a successful visit.

The thing that my family and I have learned is that despite the memory loss, Grandma Ellen is still Grandma Ellen. She may, or may not, remember us, but we



know who she is. We go to brighten her day and we brighten ours too. We can cry for the lost memories, or we can make the best of it, even have a sense of humour about it. If we didn't go to spend time with Grandma and the other

residents, we would miss out on so many wonderful moments, so many memories for my grandsons, Henry and Jack, and so many valuable lessons—patience, kindness, flexibility, respect; and compassion for the elderly, the sick, and the lonely.

*Tuesdays With Henry* and *What Will Jack Bring?* are both available through Amazon.ca and the Friesen Press Bookstore <https://books.friesenpress.com>

All profit from both books goes to the Alzheimer's Society of Alberta.

Ellen was a UCWLC member for over 50 years at St. Vladimir Branch, Edmonton

## Remembering Ellen

I have many fond memories of Ellen Ryski. She was my friend. I met her over 30 years ago when my husband and I moved to Sherwood Park and joined St. Vladimir Ukrainian Catholic Parish in Edmonton. At that time, Ellen was a St. Vladimir parishioner and UCWLC branch president. After attending a Divine Liturgy or two at our new parish, and being introduced by the parish priest, Fr. Michael Kowalchuk, I remember as I was leaving the church that it was Ellen and Nancy Wosnack (another long-time UCWLC member) who approached me and invited our family to go for coffee and fellowship at the parish hall. It was then that I was invited to join the UCWLC. That was when my journey as a UCWLC member

began, as well as my friendship with Ellen.

Ellen, petite in stature but huge in heart, was a hardworking, devoted wife, daughter, mother, and grandmother. As well, she was a UCWLC member and a dedicated volunteer. When I first met her, she lived in Edmonton. After, she and her husband moved to Sherwood Park into the neighborhood where I lived, and our friendship grew. Having resided for many years in Edmonton, Ellen knew it very well. I, on the other hand, having lived in small towns, was apprehensive of driving to unfamiliar places in the city. In those years, it was thanks to Ellen that I was able to be at various events and special occasions.

Many times, she would pick me up at my place and together we would attend church work bees such as pyrohy and paska making, branch and eparchial UCWLC meetings, and regional gatherings. We also worked together convening teas at our branch. One particular tea's theme was "Celebrating our Ukrainian Roots: Planting the [apple] Seeds" of our culture. It was decided to purchase an apple sapling to gift to the priest's newly married son and his wife so they may plant it at their new home. Ellen and I went to a local greenhouse, purchased the tree, and then it was put in the back seat of Ellen's car. It was quite a feat (and somewhat hilarious), but we got it to the hall in one piece! →



We also worked together organizing the UCWLC eparchial ladies for Heritage Days 2001 when it was our branch's turn. Shoebox projects for Ukraine was something else that I remember participating in with Ellen—she was the meticulous one who would measure and tape the wrapping paper very precisely—the boxes looked amazing! She sang in our church choir, and so did I. Our song books were getting old and worn, so Ellen took it upon herself to upgrade them. She purchased at least 30 binders and made the books look like new! She wouldn't accept any money for her efforts.

Besides our volunteering, which brought us together, we became close on a personal level. Sometimes we would stop at Tim Hortons for a coffee and a raisin-cinnamon bagel. Tim Hortons was one of Ellen's favourite places. It also became our pre-Christmas tradition to have a visit with each other. She would come to my home for a snack and a glass of white wine. We'd exchange gifts and enjoy a quiet ladies night by having a friendly chat and visit. It was an opportunity to share many intimate moments of our lives, our experiences, our memories, thoughts, feelings, joys, and sorrows. It was a comfortable companionship. She was my older, sisterly substitute.

Then things began to change. I was unaware of these changes for quite some time. Ellen did not show up at a mutual friend's 65th birthday party—in hindsight, that was perhaps the first sign. While her husband was at the Grey Nuns hospital, she would phone every Friday afternoon and update me on her week. One evening she said, "I shall never forget you, your phone number, or where you live." I didn't know

## LIVING WITH DEMENTIA

1. Agree, never argue
2. Divert, never reason
3. Distract, never shame
4. Reassure, never lecture
5. Reminisce, never say "remember"
6. Repeat, never say "I told you"
7. Do what they can do, never say "you can't"
8. Ask, never demand
9. Encourage, never condescend
10. Reinforce, never force

Huey, 1996

[CereScan.com/Conditions/Alzheimers](http://CereScan.com/Conditions/Alzheimers)

why she had said that. Sometime later she came over and showed me a beautifully done family album. She reminisced about her early life. She showed me a notebook of pencil sketches. I was amazed by her artistic skill and creativity. Some months later, the editor of *Nasha Doroha* (ND), Oksana Bashuk Hepburn, was working on the second anthology edition of ND. She requested sketches for this issue. I immediately thought of Ellen's sketches. When I contacted Ellen and asked if she could do some sketches for ND, I mentioned specific ones that she had shown me. But she was confused. She seemed to have forgotten which ones I was referring to. Instead, she provided three, new, beautiful sketches for the magazine.

A year or so later, by 2012, the anthology was printed. By now Ellen had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease. She and her husband were living at a seniors home in Sherwood Park. I arranged to meet with her to pass over copies of the anthology. She was still driving to familiar places like Tim Hortons on Wye Road in Sherwood

Park. When I spoke to Ellen on the phone, she said, "If I don't come to you, you come to me." She arrived at Tim Hortons, and I came to her there. We talked, I showed her the sketches that she had done for the anthology, and afterwards we went our separate ways. The next—and last—time that I saw her in person was at her husband's funeral. That day she was like the Ellen that I had known over the years of our friendship. She knew who I was, as well as the other ladies of our parish.

Not knowing much about Alzheimer's—just that there is memory loss—for a time, I sent birthday and Christmas cards to her. I often included photos or wrote notes hoping to jog her memories. Then, I was told by someone not to do this as it was frustrating for those suffering from the disease. I stopped sending cards. I did not visit her because I was apprehensive of how to act, what to say and do. She passed away February 2021—I was not able to attend her funeral because of COVID-19.

In retrospect, I feel very badly that I didn't do things differently. After reading her daughter's two books, I have learned that individuals with Alzheimer's and dementia are often lonely, lost, and confused. Rather than focusing on memories, one should focus on making moments—**"a gentle reminder that even those who struggle to remember can still enjoy simple experiences and visits where they feel included and loved"** (Marlane Pentelechuk). I regret deeply that I didn't visit her, chat with her, and bring her a Tim Hortons coffee and a raisin-cinnamon bagel—her favourite! Rest in peace, dear Ellen. Eternal Memory!

Rosemarie Nahnybida

# 12 Ways Embroidery Can Boost Your Mental and Physical Wellbeing

**If you've ever sat down to work on your embroidery you will know about the benefits the practice brings.** Within minutes of working on a project your mind grows quiet and the repetitive action fulfils your body's need to be occupied. Research conducted by University College London in 2020 confirmed that artistic activities can "lower inflammation and stress hormones such as cortisol" while also helping reduce the risk of dementia. Other studies have been more specific, pointing to a direct link between textile crafts and improvements in mental well-being.

Practices such as crocheting, knitting and embroidery have high participation rates in the UK, more so than other practices such as music or painting. Perhaps the comforting tactile nature of the materials helps contribute to the calm that can soothe us. Unlike music or painting, most textile practices rely on muscle memory, and large swathes of work can be completed by the hand while the brain switches off.

Embroidery and other hand crafts are truly democratic and the kind of therapy that just about everyone can participate in.

With all this in mind, it quickly becomes clear why there has been a resurgence in the uptake of textile crafts during the ongoing pandemic. These are anxious times, and we all crave a little bit of inner peace.

## Here is our list of the key benefits brought about by embroidery.

1. **Alleviate stress.** The act of embroidery can release neurotransmitters that promote joy and well-being, while also reducing stress hormones.
2. **Reduce anxiety.** Taking time to look at and appreciate a pleasing piece of embroidery, or any visual art, can help manage and reduce anxiety.
3. **Lower blood pressure and decrease heart rate.** A study conducted by the Home Sewing Association found that people doing cross-stitch enjoyed these exact physiological changes.
4. **Keep your brain healthy.** Spatial and gestural practices such as embroidery are important for the development, maintenance, and repair of the brain.
5. **Help the brain recover from injury.** Stroke victims can re-establish neural pathways and improve brain plasticity.
6. **Keep your eyes sharp.** Practised in good light and for the appropriate length of time, embroidery can help maintain and strengthen eyesight.
7. **Be mindful.** Embroidery can help us engage in mindfulness, keeping us in the present moment, silencing the parts of the brain implicated in generating negative emotions.
8. **Build confidence.** Completed embroidery projects can generate feelings of accomplishment, helping build self-confidence.
9. **Brighten up your home.** A completed embroidery project can be used to decorate the home, creating a more pleasing environment.
10. **Express yourself.** While some people sing and others dance, embroiderers can express themselves through embroidery.
11. **Art therapy.** Explore yourself through artistic practice, and safely explore the emotions, memories and ideas your work provokes.
12. **Save the planet and look cool.** If you're embroidering on an item of clothing, it can be a great way to extend the life of the item and give it a new lease of life.

This list is by no means exhaustive, and each person will likely have their own stories to tell of how embroidery helped them both mentally and physically. At Hand & Lock, we hear all the time how people have reaped the mental and physical rewards that embroidery can bring. People have embroidered themselves out of depression, and they have used embroidery to rehabilitate themselves from physical injuries.

Some use embroidery to express personal and political truths, helping educate others. An hour of embroidery won't save the world, but it might help save you.

If you haven't discovered the benefits of embroidery already, why not make 2022 the year you discover inner peace through embroidery.

Initially published in Hand & Lock magazine in 2020. Thank you to Hand & Lock magazine for their permission of use.

# Христос Воскрес!

*Нехай радість воскреслого Господа торкнеться вашого серця і скріпить його, даруючи нову надію і духовну силу. Нехай цього дня засмучені зрадіють, стривожені відчують певність в Його славі.*



Великдень в Церкві Св. Вмуч. Димитрія УГКЦ, Торонто, 3-го квітня 2021 р.  
Ми змайстрували цей Божий гріб ще в 1987 р. Приємно, що до нині служить.

## **Веселих Свят!**

Подано Марією та Євгеном Рипанами



# Antonivka Church

**2006 MARKED THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY** of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary Ukrainian Catholic church located six miles north of Canora, SK. To mark this occasion, Helen and John Fylyshtan of Canora commissioned John Prokop, a Yorkton carpenter renowned for his model-building skills, to create a model of this church. The church is lovingly referred to as Antonivka Church, reflecting the home area of the original settlers who came from the village of Antonivka, Chortkiv County, Western Ukraine. It is one of the oldest existing churches in Saskatchewan.

The replica is built to a scale of  $\frac{3}{4}" = 1'0"$ , making it 30" x 18".



Based on photos and actual observation of the church interior, Mr. Prokop replicated virtually every item and aspect of the interior of the church to scale: pews, banners, altars, tabernacle, chandelier, icons, crosses, ripidions (liturgical fans), colour scheme, wood finishing, liturgical books, windows, and doors. The exterior of the church replicates the windows, doors, siding, shingles, and colour scheme of the church. The right portion of the model can be opened to expose the interior of the church, affording an excellent view (to scale) of what a typical prairie Saskatchewan Ukrainian Catholic church looks like.

This model of Antonivka Church is special because, despite the reality that a day will come when the church will succumb to the elements, Antonivka Church will continue to exist in a model form in Musée Ukraina Museum. Antonivka Church is typical of countless prairie Saskatchewan Ukrainian Catholic churches, enabling future



generations to learn about the places of worship of their forefathers.

The church was visited by the Servant of God Venerable Metropolitan Andrey Sheptytsky on November 16, 1910, and Blessed Nykyta Budka in 1914.

Musée Ukraina Museum Permanent Collection  
Donors: John & Helen Fylyshtan of Canora, SK



# Following God's Plan



## SISTER CHRISTINE DUDYCH, SSMI

I am the fifth of six children, the elder of twins, raised by pious parents. Both of my parents considered giving their lives to God, but circumstances prevented it. There were/are other religious in the family: My father's uncle was a Redemptorist novice who died during the Spanish flu epidemic. He pronounced his final vows on his death bed. My brother, Fr. Walter, was recently ordained for the Archeparchy of Winnipeg; and my twin sister, Veronica, is a member of the Madonna House Apostolate, a recognized lay institution. (Please see "My Mother, the Catechist" on p. 48 about mother's religious influence on the family.)

Throughout my life, I could see God's Providence in many ways, especially during university, as a chemistry major. By the end of my undergrad, the controversial use of fetal tissue from aborted babies for Parkinson's research was just beginning. In my own studies I was seeing evidence that animal tissue could be used, rather than fetal tissue, so I felt called to pursue this line of research. I say "called" because I did not think I could have come to such a conclusion without God's inspiration. With God, nothing is "coincidence".

During these years, my prayer life was deepening. In those days, the greatest influences on my life were Pope John Paul II's visit to Canada in 1984, and learning of the apparitions in Medjugorje.

I pursued my research idea surreptitiously, relying on God's Providence. At McMaster University, I found a staff advisor who had a relevant project, so I moved to Hamilton. The day I moved, it crossed my mind that the Lord was asking me to become a Sister. It felt like a proposal. I told Him, "You got me this far in my studies; if You want me to do *this*, I know You can make it happen." It was my "yes", but then I gave my caveat,... but I'm really here for the studies." I thought I could be a Sister in the sciences.

As the semester unfolded, the project's sense of purpose faded. I also discovered I was missing a prerequisite which caused my studies to suffer. I knew that God would have provided for me to continue and do well, but I was also seeing an unsavory side of the academic environment—the competition, and I discovered that one of my professors was reputed to falsify data.

Meanwhile, I had kept contact with the Sisters Servants in Ancaster, Hamilton and Toronto, and was as active as a newcomer could be, in a Hamilton parish. As my sense of purpose in my studies faded, my thoughts of entry grew. Five months later, I left my studies and entered the Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate in Toronto, knowing even now (over 30 years later) that it was the truest decision I ever made.

My ministerial involvement has included catechetics, sewing vestments, and teaching music with various choral involvements on the side. I have also done office work, was retreat registrar at Mount Mary Retreat Centre in Ancaster, ON; and, am currently Provincial Secretary for the SSMI community.