



Kalyna Care

Personal and Compassionate Care



YOUR STORY
EDITION 6



FOREWORD

This is the sixth volume of Kalyna Care's production of the *Your Story* book. Kalyna Care continues to provide an extremely valuable service to the Ukrainian and broader multicultural community, given that our residents are from such a variety of Eastern European origins. We also provide a service to many people from other regions throughout the world.

This volume contains more wonderful stories from the people who now live at Kalyna Care and call it home. These unique individuals share their stories about hardship, determination and love of a life spent together with families and friends.

The tales in *Your Story* have come to life as their authors describe their varied experiences and adventures

over a long period of time. We believe that these stories preserve the valuable memories of people who have already made an impact, and will continue to have an influence, on other lives for many generations to come. Most importantly, these stories are in the very words of our residents themselves, about how they now see and recall their world from the very beginning.

Please enjoy the many stories in this year's *Your Story* book.

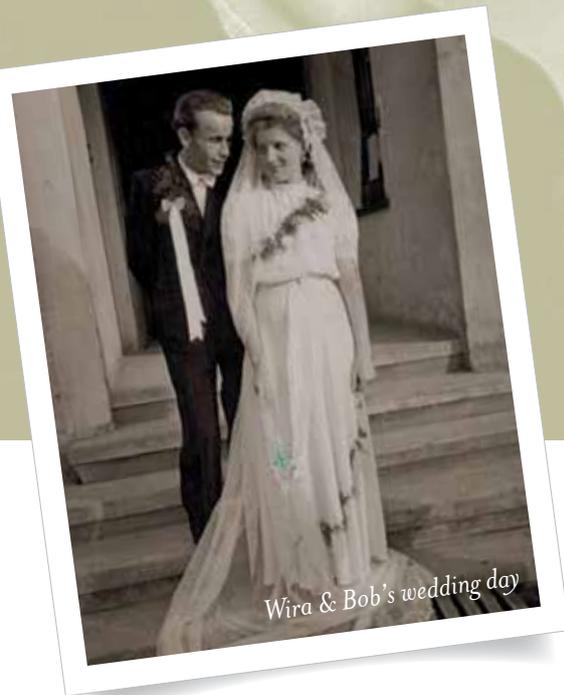
We thank each individual, and their families, for providing their story and sharing their amazing insights into the journey that each has travelled.

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WIRA BARAN

BORN: 10 DECEMBER 1925 IN UKRAINE



Wira & Bob's wedding day

My mother's name was Pelahija, and she was a housewife and farmer. My father's name was Cemen; he was a musician and conductor of an orchestra. I'm one of twins. I have a twin brother, and an elder sister named Nadia. My father and brother were very patriotic people for Ukraine, and used to fight for anything for Ukraine.

I started school at six years old. My favourite subject was geography and I hated history always. I used to enjoy a bit of gymnasium and volleyball in school. My coach told me once that nobody played as good as I used to, so I even travelled around Europe to play. But my schooling was interrupted by the war between Germany and Russia.

In my childhood, my brother and I would get more attention as we were twins and younger than our sister, and she was jealous and used to complain a lot. I remember walking down to the town holding Dad's hands with my twin brother, when he used to take us to church. I loved those times when I went out with Dad.

Dad bought a three-hectare farm for Mum to keep herself busy, and she worked in that farm all the time. Mum was one in a million as she never asked for anything but pleased us with everything.

While Russia attacked Ukraine, I ran away to the west of Germany. I was on my own and reached the German camps. My mum, brother and sister remained in Ukraine. Mum was captured and sent for 13 years to Siberia, where she did not know if the rest of the family would still be alive. I never saw her again, but there are pictures that were sent to me of her funeral.

Dad was a prisoner in Germany, but I realised it only after six months of living in the German camp. It was the Americans who put Dad in prison, but it was in a part of Germany at that time. In the camp I also met my husband, Bogdan, who was the most impressive man I ever got to know, as he tried to help all the people in his community.

I worked as a translator for people who worked at farms without speaking English, in an office that supplied grains, flour and bread for Germany. This was in 1941. At the same time I started working for a rich German family in their food shop and



My father Cemen, my husband Bob & my daughter Rosta



With my dog Prince



was treated very well. I had my own room and lived with them for around two years. After that the Ukrainian community working there was split into two different refugee camps.

I got married in June 1945 and had my daughter in 1946. We named her Rosta. My husband, Bogdan, and I were very happy to see her face. I lived in Germany for five years and then left for Australia with my husband and daughter.

We came to Australia after our daughter was born and lived in Pascoe Vale, Victoria. Due to a tragic car crash, Bogdan died very early and I remained as a widow, deciding to never marry again. Being all alone with my daughter and our dog, Prince, not having any money or a decent home, it was very hard for me in the beginning. After I started to borrow money from the bank and different people I finally found a job in a factory producing electric blankets and worked there

for another two years. With the money I got from this and other jobs I was able to pay the study costs for my daughter. Later on there was more money given to us from the Australian government. I have been living here in Australia for over 65 years now.

Fortunately, I have had good friends all across Australia who have helped me, and visiting them was always a pleasure for me. We have been very happy with our life in Australia, as we have made a lot of friends. I have been a part of choir for many years and enjoyed every bit of it. Also I am still really into sports – I played tennis for many years and loved to go skiing and ice skating with my father when I was young. Other interests are dancing, socialising with friends, singing and looking through some of the beautiful photos I have.

Now that I live here at Kalyna Care it is really important for me to stay healthy and active because I don't like to be

dependent, especially since I broke six bones in my arm when I fell once. I am very happy that my daughter and my five grandchildren come to visit me often; the staff at Kalyna Care look after me very well and I cannot ask for a better place to be.



With my husband Bob

FEODORA (DORA) BERKETA

BORN: 18 APRIL 1925 IN STEPOK, UKRAINE

A celebration of the life of Feodora (Dora) Berketa

Written by her son, Peter Berketa



At home in Bendigo



Dora's mother's name was Maria Majstrenko, and her father was Andrew Majstrenko. She was the middle daughter of five female siblings: (from eldest to youngest) Anastasia, Vera, Feodora, Sansya and Zenya.

Mum went to school to fourth year. She liked geography but missed days, as she was required to work in the fields and help produce clothes on her mother's 'sewing machine'. Mum was unfortunate because her father died when she was five years old and obviously it affected the whole family. However, her mother was a strong woman and brought up the family as best as she could. During the 'Holodomor', Mum saw many tragic actions such as people cutting off legs and flesh to survive. People eating dead people. It was absolutely horrific. She told me that her mother's family was wealthy before

Communism took over. During this famine her mother traded two large gold crosses with other precious stones in them for three loaves of bread.

When the Germans invaded Ukraine in 1941 they wanted to take the young people to work in Germany. Mum went and hid, so the Germans put her mother in prison and said she would not be let out until Mum came out of hiding. Mum came out of hiding and they took her straight to Germany and she never saw her mother again.

Mum's first job was as an enforced labourer, with a special mark on her clothes showing she was not a free person. However, luckily, she was given the job to keep a 25-room house on a farm in Nordstemmen near Hanover. The farmer's wife tested Mum to see if she would steal anything but Mum always put everything

she found on the floor back in its place. Thus, the farmer and his wife trusted Mum and even gave her some of their daughter's clothes to wear. This was great comfort for Mum and she even gave leftover food to my dad when he started courting her.

While she was lucky to only work in the house she did see a lot of violence in the farmer's gardens and she even saw some girls raped in those places (another horrific experience). Mum had no choice on where she worked. She was simply told by the Germans, you will work for the farmer and his wife.

My mum met my father in Nordstemmen in 1942. It was a difficult relationship at that time because my father, Ivan, also had a hard time when he was growing up. He lost his mother when he was only 18 months old. His father remarried and the



Cohuna, 1950



Dora with son Peter

stepmother didn't like Dad. He was beaten regularly by his father. At the age of four or five he was out looking after animals and picking potatoes for family meals. He never spent one day at school. He left home at 15 with some mates, including his brother Anton, and they went to work in Germany on the railways.

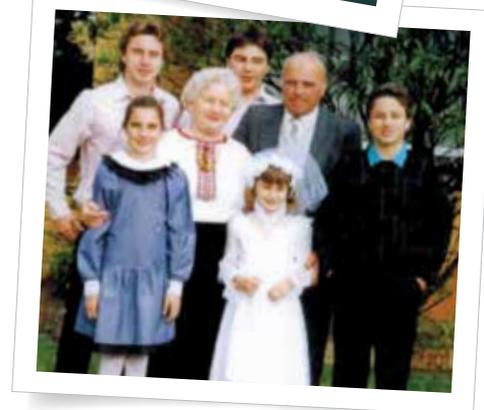
Mum married Dad on the 31st of July 1945. Dad took Mum to the church and my auntie, Heidi, married my uncle, Anton, at the same time. However, Heidi took Anton on their bike because she was bigger than him. They were with an armed soldier because that day they were also being transferred to a camp at Hildishaim.

I (Peter Berketa) was born in July 1947 and my father didn't want to have any children so he forced Mum to have a hysterectomy so she would not have any more.

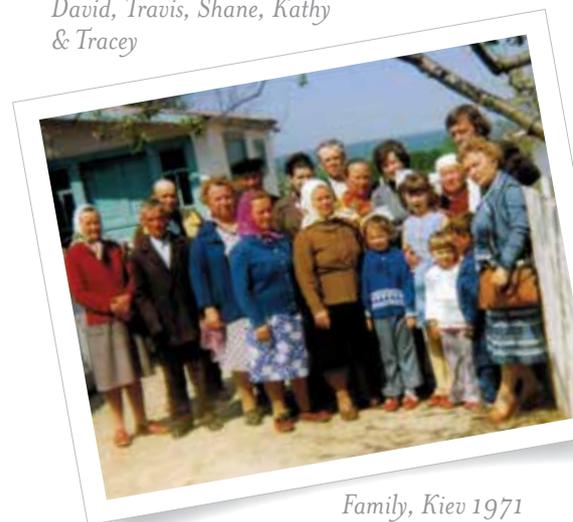
Mum and Dad signed up to go to Australia in 1949 as displaced persons. Dad came out earlier and Mum and I came out later, leaving from Italy on the *Fairsea*.

Mum and I came to Melbourne and then were taken to Bonegilla. From there we moved to Rushworth and then finally we were reunited with Dad in Cohuna, in the bush near a river that came off the Murray. Dad had to work for two years cutting down trees to pay the fares to come to Australia. He got an old caravan and then put together some timber and canvas to create a place to cook and eat under cover. Later the government gave us an old house to live in.

In 1951 we moved to Bendigo and put a deposit on a small house. Mum and Dad were proud to have their own house at 97 Olinda St, Quarry Hill. Dad got a job at Bradford Cotton Mills in



Dora & Ivan with grandchildren David, Travis, Shane, Kathy & Tracey



Family, Kiev 1971

Kangaroo Flat (about 8 km from our place) and he rode his bike to work, even when he worked nightshift (11 pm to 7 am). Mum got a job at Bradford as well after about two years and she loved working there because she was seen as an expert, as the machines operated similarly to the sewing machines she used in Ukraine. After three years at 97 Olinda St, Dad and Mum upgraded and bought 99 Olinda St, which was a bigger house and bigger garden. They sold the house at 97 Olinda St.

Dad bought an old Ford V8 and started to drive to work. Mum worked during the day (7 am to 3.30 pm) at Bradford and Dad worked either from 3.30 pm to 11 pm, or from 11 pm to 7 am to ensure I was looked after. Once Mum and Dad saved some more money they bought an Austin A30 and started to travel to Melbourne every three or four weeks for Ukrainian dances, concerts and special events. Dad even helped to build the Melbourne Ukrainian Hall in Essendon. Mum and Dad had many Ukrainian friends and Dad worked with some of them to renovate old houses. They also built two new houses and sold them.

Later, Mum and Dad wanted a new home of their own, so they bought a block at 3 Kahland St, Bendigo. Dad built a shed there, where we lived for some months while he and his friends built our new home.

We lived at 3 Kahland St for about five years and then Dad wanted to become a farmer. Mum wasn't so sure, but Dad was stubborn. He bought a 47-acre farm in Kangaroo Flat, only about three kilometres from Bradford Cotton Mills. Though initially Mum was not keen, she quickly fell in love with all the different animals. We

had cats, dogs, cows, bulls, ducks and chickens, plus pigs.

Mum used to like country and western songs and Ukrainian music of all types. She also used to love to dance, and of course loved all the animals, and children.

Mum would get up very early to check everything was OK. Dad went to work at Bradford and I'd get up in the morning and help Mum to milk the cows before I rode my bike to school. Mum was very caring looking after calves, or checking to see all the chickens (up to 1000) were OK. She even shot a crow in the wing because it was picking the chickens' heads and making them bleed. Mum also helped the cows when they were calving. Mum looked after the pigs and administered medicine to them when they were sick.

Mum enjoyed life on the farm and after two or three years Dad and his Ukrainian friend built a new house for us and knocked down the old one. Dad left Bradford after about two years and then worked full time on the farm.

After I finished my tertiary schooling in Bendigo in 1968, I moved to Melbourne. Mum and Dad missed me and in July 1969 they moved to 18 Birdwood St, North Essendon, after selling the farm. Mum was now at home and Dad worked at Australian Airlines, which later became Qantas. Mum and Dad worked a lot in the Ukrainian community. They were early members of the Ukrainian Elderly People's Home, back in 1970. Dad worked on the committee with Mr Shemiy, Mr Buschtedt, Mr Bulka, Mr Bosyj and others. They went out collecting money in tins. I joined the committee in 1971 as treasurer.

While Dad and I were on the committee working out how to raise money to build an old people's home, Mum worked with ladies in the Ukrainian Hall making food and serving people to raise money. She has been working for the home since 1970, always in the background but always a vital part of the people raising funds. These ladies seem to be the forgotten people who worked hard and long to create what is now known as Kalyna Care!

Mum always wanted to go home to Ukraine to live. She went back on her own initially for three months in 1971. She then went back with Dad another three or four times. They were in Kiev in 1991 when Gorbachev broke up the Soviet Union. It was a dangerous time but Mum and Dad got through it and came back to Australia.

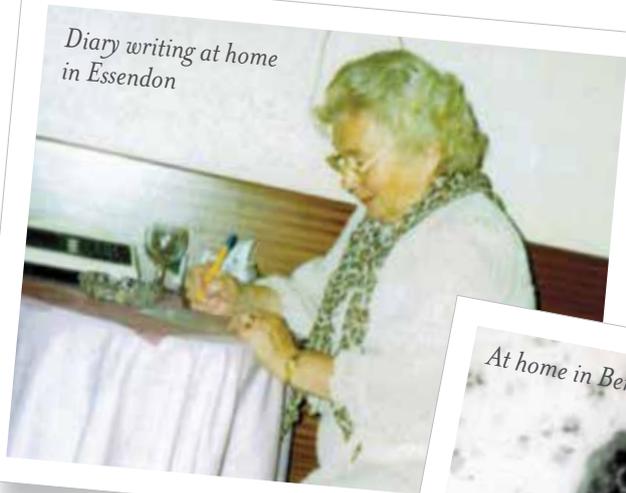
Dad stayed on as a director for the Ukrainian Elderly People's Home until 1997 or 1998, and Mum was always helping on the Ladies Committee in the kitchen, when various events were on or sometimes at the pensioners' club at the Ukrainian Hall.

Dad came down with dementia at the beginning of 2004. He passed away in a nursing home on the 13th of August 2009. Between 2004 and 2009, Mum looked after him at home, which was a huge burden and big struggle for her.

Mum had only one child, me. However, she has five lovely grandchildren, David, Travis, Shane, Kathy and Tracey; and eight great-grandchildren, Noah, Holly, Jericho, Gypsy, Joshua, Emma, Austin and Winter.

Dora passed away peacefully at Kalyna Care on the 27th of August 2015. She will certainly be sadly missed by all.

*Diary writing at home
in Essendon*



*Dora & Ivan before they
were married, Germany*

At home in Bendigo



*Nevy's wedding,
2001*



*Dora,
16 years,
Germany*



At home in Essendon



*On the farm at
Kangaroo Flat*



Feeding chooks on the farm at Kangaroo Flat



At Kalyna Care

VAIDE BESIM

BORN: 10 DECEMBER 1925 IN UKRAINE

Written by her daughter, Azize Besim

Vaide's mother's name was Zmule, and her father was Sulejman. She has two sisters, Arije and Sadije, and a brother named Shaze. With her husband, Refik, she has six children, and now 12 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

Vaide's favourite thing to do as a child was to play with dolls she had made, and play by the river all day. She went to school till Grade 6 in Ostrec. Her two best friends throughout school were Behije and Sherina; they would play dolls, chasey and hide and seek. Once Vaide left school, she worked on the local farms, where they would grow fresh produce to sell in the city markets.

In 1953, Vaide met Refik and they were married in Ostrec. In 1956, Vaide and Refik moved the family to Bitola, where they had three children: Vezire, Merzuk and Zani. In 1967, Vaide, Refik and family decided to move to Australia in search of a better life. They boarded the *Princess of the Sea* with their three children, for a trip that took 22 days.

In Australia, they purchased their first home in Footscray/Yarraville, where they lived for eight years next to their neighbours, Mrs Gunther, Mrs Lambeth and Laurie, who owned the local milk bar, where Vaide used to buy her milk and bread. The family then bought a brand new house and moved to St Albans in 1978, which has been their home ever since. During this time, Vaide and Refik had three more children: Sevide, Vafie and Azize.

Vaide worked initially at the fish markets for years, before starting at White Crow, where she also spent another few years before becoming a stay-at-home mother.

Vaide loves to garden and this was her passion at home, and where she still loves to spend her time to relax. She would be up before sunrise planting and attending to her peppers, tomatoes, leeks, silverbeet, corn and herbs and all her beautiful flowers.

Vaide also loves to cook and made the best Albanian dishes, such as grosh (bean soup), laknur

(Albanian burek), cheese and peppers, turan (a breakfast lentil dish), delicious fresh bread and baklava. Her favourite food is grosh, fish and chips, Four'n Twenty pies with sauce, and spaghetti. Her favourite drink would have to be lemonade.

Vaide possesses such a talent that, seeing a pattern on a jumper for a few seconds, she would be able to knit the exact pattern, so she loves to knit and sew. She has knitted cardigans and socks, and jumpers for the whole family.

Outside the house, Vaide and the family used to go on day trips to Sovereign Hill, and to Bacchus March, for picnics. She went on a plane for the first time in 1989 with her husband, daughter Sevide and son-in-law John, for a trip to Sydney, which she loved.

At home now, her favourite TV shows are *The Bold and the Beautiful*, *Days of Our Lives* and *Home and Away*. Vaide also loves to listen to Albanian music.



Vaide in her garden



Vaide & Refik



Vaide in her garden

WITOLD DABROWSKI

BORN: 13 MAY 1925 IN KONSTANTYNOWKA, POLAND



Witold (aged 27) with wife Jodwiga on their wedding day

I like to be called Witold. I was born on the 13th of May in 1925 on a farm in Konstanynowka in Poland. My parents' names are Adela and Jan. I am the second youngest of seven children. My siblings are called Kazimir, Janina, Wladislaw, Victoria, Wanda and Joseph. I didn't know my grandparents very well because they died. I had an uncle who was taken to a concentration camp.

Since I was born on a farm I had to help my parents with the work. We had quite a normal farming life. I've always liked going to school – geography especially was one of my favourite subjects. Sometimes when there was time I played with the neighbour's boys, picked blackberries and went to the forest, where I had to watch not to get bitten by snakes. Nevertheless there was barely time for that because the work on the farm with my family was most important.

At the age of 14 suddenly a horrible time started: soldiers

stood in front of the school gate. The Russian occupation had begun. Many neighbours were told to pack their stuff within two hours at night and were taken to Siberia. My brother was taken to the army. We were caught between attacks of the Germans and Russians; both took whatever they wanted from the farm. It was terrible! Finally, I was deported to Germany to work in a paper factory.

The factory was close to the Austrian border near Klagenfurt/Wolfsberg. I had to cut trees in a forest. Although I was paid very little I liked the work. One time they woke up a colleague to work at midnight. He refused so they took him away. I worked instead of him and liked it. There were also Germans but it was prohibited for them to talk to us or be nice.

When the war finished I went to Italy by bus and train and joined the British as part of the 8th

Army. After that I went to South Wales with the Army. There were not many good jobs but I worked in a coalmine and textiles factory, which were the only jobs available. Overall I spent about 19 years in England.

In 1965, I decided to try my luck with my family in Australia because I didn't like the work in Wales and the cotton factory had branches Down Under. It took us three weeks by ship. After we arrived I started working at Olympic Cables, then I made electric fans at Ballarat Road / Australian Pacific until I retired. During that time I lived in a house in St Albans.

To stay in contact with my family after I left I wrote letters to them in Poland. In 1965, my mother died. When I went back 50 years later for the first time, I finally saw my brothers and sisters again. Some of my other relatives emigrated to the US; some even fought in Korea.





I got to know my wife, Jadwiga, in England, although she is Polish. She had been deported to Siberia. I met her for the first time when a friend at work got married and took me to his wedding. Shortly after, we became a couple and wanted to marry as soon as possible, but at this time she was still not 21 years old so we had to wait. The wedding took place in Stratford.

Four of my children were born in England. Their names are Wanda, Lidia, Bochnan and Richard. The fifth one, Konrad, was born in Australia when I was 43 years old. Apart from Richard, who lives in Shepparton, they are all living in Melbourne. In Australia we also kept three dogs, but we haven't got them anymore because they were too expensive.

Since I have lived the longest in Australia this has been mostly my home, but I liked the life in Austria more. Although I was born in Poland I can't remember enough of the 16 years there to

call it home. I was happiest in Austria because of the plentiful activities. For example, I liked the Alps, and my colleagues at work.

England has become particularly important due to my wife and children. I also liked the people in Italy because they are happy and love singing. In particular I have one memory in mind of when I went to Rome and was surrounded with women selling flowers. I never had many holidays due to my children and the house I had to pay for but I went to Poland two times to see different places. I never went to my hometown because it was taken by the Russians.

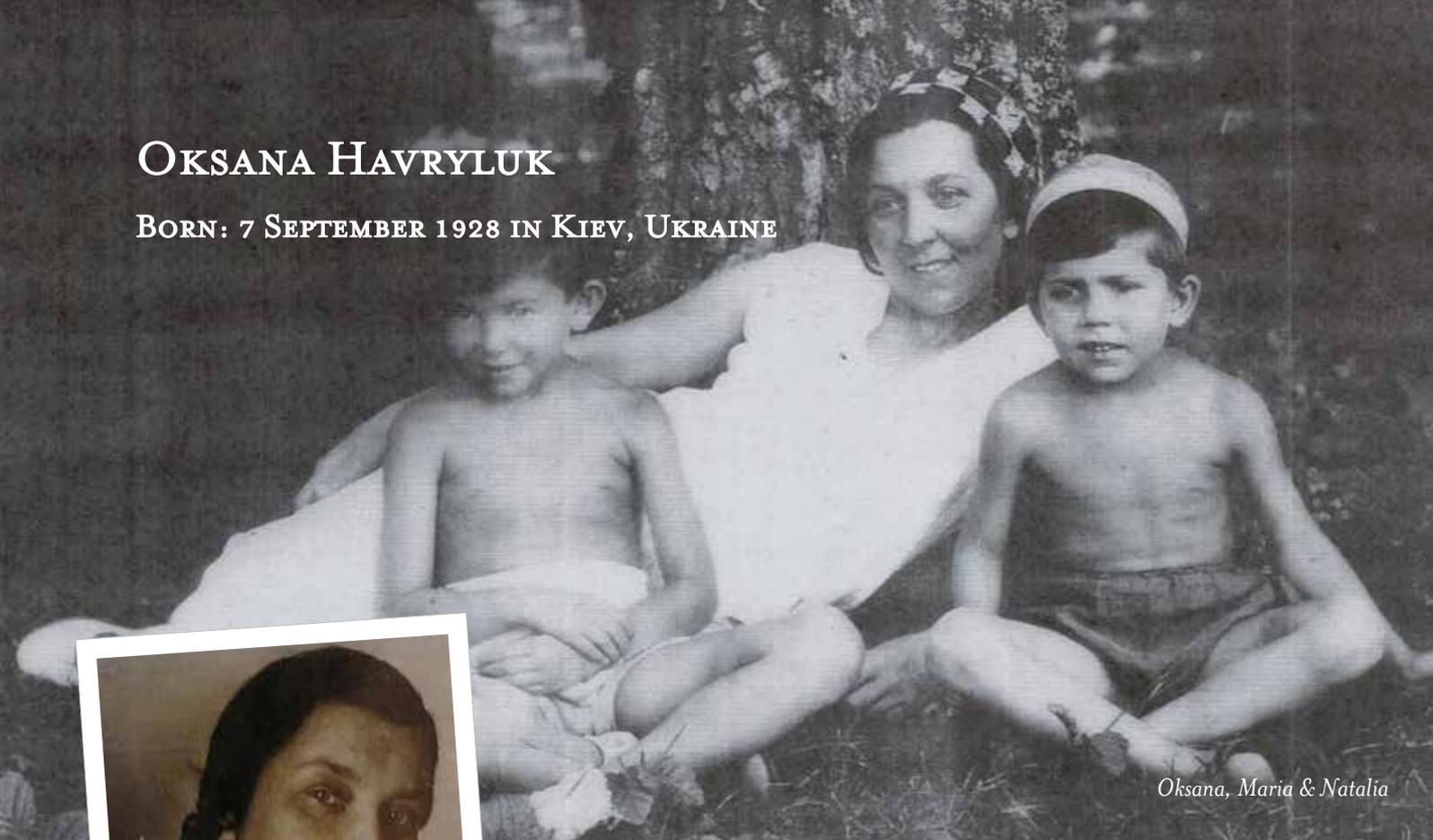
I retired at the age of 67. After that I used to do a lot of work in the garden and spend time with my children. I also used to go fishing at Werrabee River, but I didn't like that much because if I want to catch a fish I can catch it in the shop! I also liked going to a few dances, for example New Year's Eve dances or dances in

Polish clubs. In England I often watched football matches live. I still enjoy music or concerts, especially Polish, Austrian or German ones with accordion.

Two years ago I lost my ability to walk. My wife is sick but she is still at home. In my spare time I still like to read books and newspapers. When it comes to my food I am not picky. As long as it's not rotten I will eat anything. Fortunately I still don't need any support with eating so I can have my favourite drinks, like water, tea and sometimes a glass of wine, on my own. The only thing I really don't like is fish. The staff at Kalyna Care support me when I have to dress myself in the morning.

OKSANA HAVRYLUK

BORN: 7 SEPTEMBER 1928 IN KIEV, UKRAINE



Oksana, Maria & Natalia



Maria

My mother's name was Maria and she was a high school teacher. My dad's name was Theodore; he was a journalist for a newspaper in Ukraine.

My parents had two children. I am the eldest and my sister's name is Natalka. All other members of my parents' family stayed in Ukraine and were probably killed during the war, as we had no contact with anyone after we left Ukraine. My late husband still has family in Ivano-Frankivsk in Ukraine, and his nephew still writes and sends me a Christmas card from Ukraine every year.

I grew up in Kiev. It was Communist Russian rule at that time in Ukraine. My father was not a Communist. The Russian

police would come to arrest political activists and non-Communists during the night. So my mum used to stay awake half the night to look out the window for approaching police and my dad would wake for the other half of the night.

At school, the Communists gave me a red tie because I was good at my studies. My dad wouldn't let me wear it and I didn't know why, at the time. I was always very good at drawing, sewing and Ukrainian embroidery as well. I made many of my own clothes.

After moving to Australia, I started working as a cleaner in a hospital in Adelaide. I met Maja Hrudka during this time. I was not a very good cleaner and the nurses complained about me to the doctor. The doctor noticed that I had good grades in school, and he recommended me to study nursing.

I started my work as a nurse in a mental hospital along with Maja Hrudka. There were not many

cars or buses at that time, so Maja Hrudka and I used to catch a lift in the trucks to get to work. The women at the mental hospital were depressed and quiet, but the men were aggressive. I worked only with women. Male nurses working in the men's ward had a very hard time. I didn't mind working there as I got paid. I remember a funny story from work. A nurse was asked to collect urine from the patients for testing. She was too lazy to go to all the patients, so she filled the sample containers with her own urine. When the doctor checked the samples he was surprised to find all his patients had miraculously recovered. He figured out what had happened soon after and, of course, the nurse was fired.

I didn't have a lot of time to make friends, but I had a good relationship with my neighbours. We moved to Germany because my father was not a supporter of the Communists and Ukraine was under Communist rule. I met



Victor & Oksana on their wedding day

my husband, Victor, for the first time in Germany. We were in the same class. I used to ask him for help with maths, as he was good at it.

Then I moved to Adelaide with my family and I met Victor again at a Ukrainian gathering. We got married soon after. My husband was an engineer. We had a nice home in Adelaide with a big yard.

We moved to Melbourne when he got a job here. Our home in Melbourne was also very beautiful. It was a five-bedroom house with a swimming pool, garden, a chicken pen, ping-pong table and a swing.

We have five children, two girls and three boys: Irene, Adrian,

Oksana on her wedding day



Oksana & Victor

Daniel, Mark and Natalie. All of them married from different nationalities so I call my family 'The United Nations'. My husband passed away 14 years ago from a heart attack. We had a very happy life together.

The country I think of as home is Ukraine. I went back there for a visit a few years ago; it still is a very beautiful place. Ukraine is called the breadbasket of Europe because of its vast yellow fields of wheat. I visited Kiev. It was very nice to go back to my country. Kiev is a very beautiful place, with many nice buildings.

I used to be good at sewing, knitting and embroidery. I made my own wedding dress with my sewing machine. I like listening

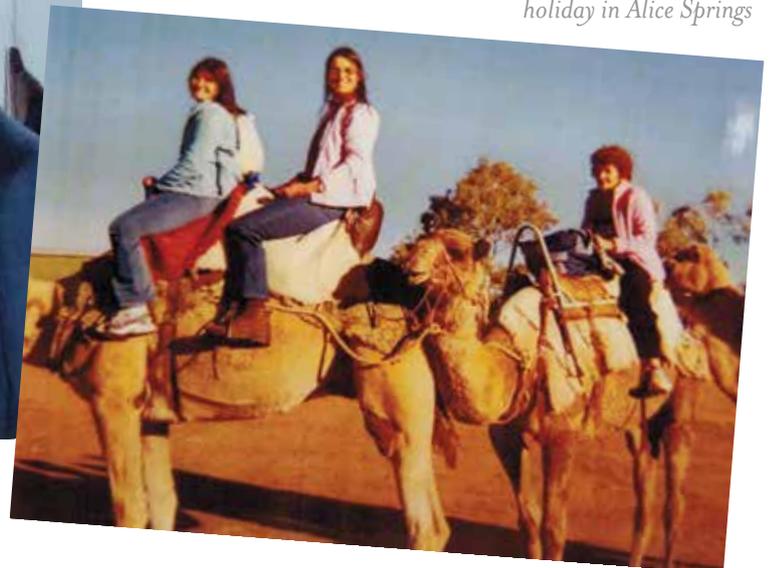
to music. My favourites are Elvis Presley, Patrizio Buanne, Tom Jones and Ukrainian folk songs. I enjoy exercising on my stationary cycle; I can do 120 rounds on it. I can dance Ukrainian folk dance as well. I am very independent – I curl my hair every night and shower by myself. I also like doing my nails. I love being visited by my family. I don't like wine or talking about war.

My family is the most important thing to me, and having my children was the most significant event in my life. I have five beautiful children and I am very proud of them. Also, my parents' and husband's graves are very significant places for me, and I like to visit them whenever I can.



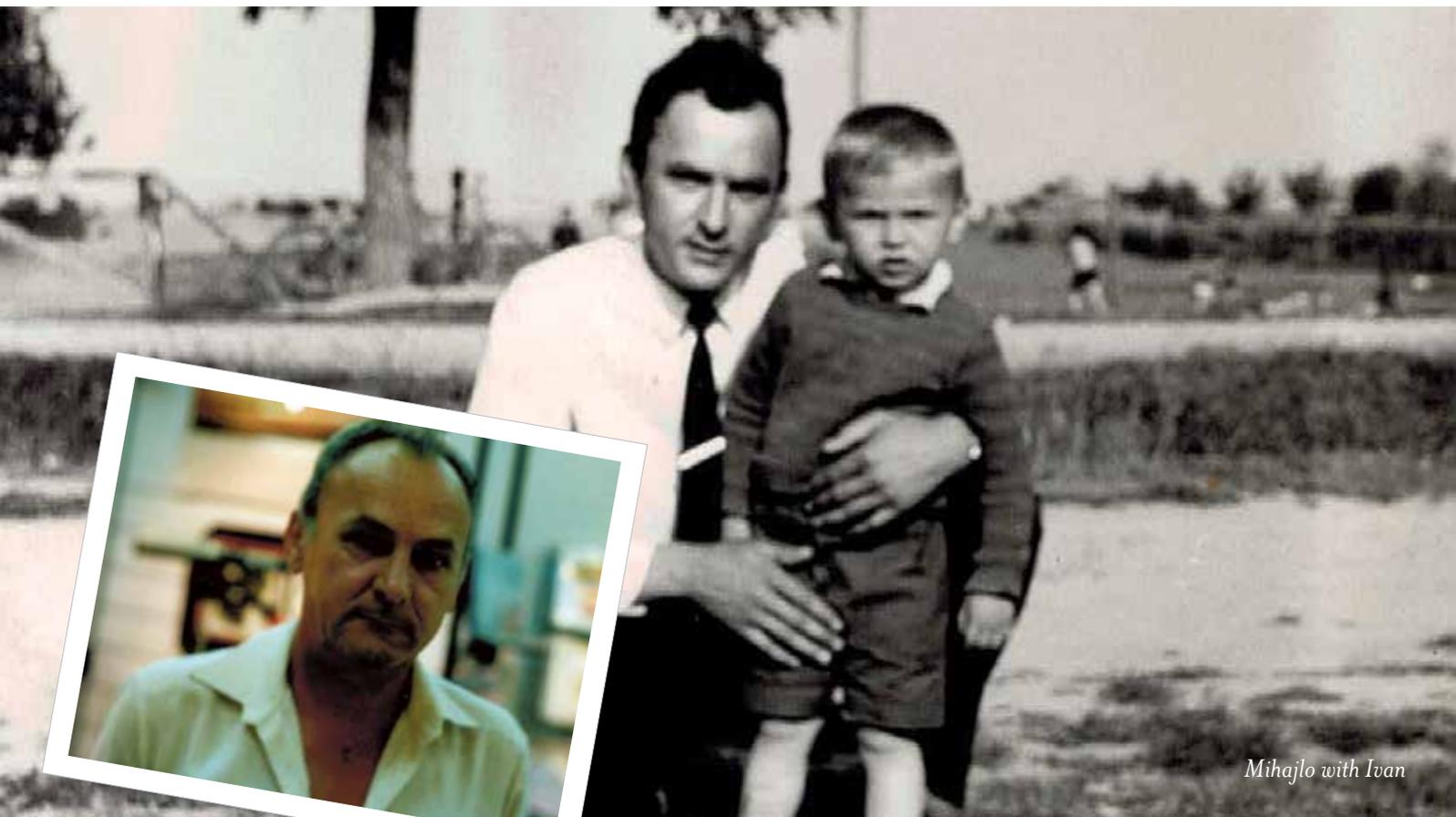
Daughter Natalie's wedding day

Natalie, Irene & Oksana on holiday in Alice Springs



MIHAJLO HLADUN

BORN: 12 OCTOBER 1937 IN LISNJA, BOSNIA



Mihajlo with Ivan

My mother's name was Maria; she was a housewife. Skavronski was mum's family name before marriage. She was born in Ukraine in the year of 1893. My father's name was Stefan; he was born in Ukraine in the year 1895. He worked as a farmer.

I am the youngest of nine siblings: Melania, Ana, Hrinko, Katerina, Sofia, Stefani, Maria and Nadia. One thing I remember as a child is that we always had enough food on our table, but many other families were struggling in our village.

I went to school and completed four grades. My sister and aunty worked in the school kitchen, and I remember they would prepare food for me and the other

students. History was my favourite subject; nature science I didn't enjoy as much. We moved from Bosnia to Vukovar, Croatia, and I completed my primary education by attending night school. In Vukovar my first job was at a state-owned farm. Later I started to work in a factory, where I stayed for ten years. I enjoyed my life in Vukovar.

We moved to Australia in 1970 and I got a job at Ford in Geelong, assembling engines. I enjoyed working there. My wife was unable to get a job in Geelong, which meant we had to later move to Melbourne.

In Melbourne I got a job at Smorgon for a few weeks, and then in a company called

Flexidrive, which was on Mt Alexander Rd. After that I worked for Four'n Twenty pies. There I hurt my back and needed to go on WorkCover for a while, and then I found a job at St Vincent's Hospital. I was there for 15 years. We lived in Avondale Heights, where we stayed for the longest period of time.

I got married on the 11th of November 1962 in Vukovar, Croatia. I met Maria, my wife, at the end of winter, one year before our wedding day. Our wedding party was at our home, and the main ceremony was in a Ukrainian church. We were married by a Ukrainian priest, Father Biljak.





With wife Maria



*With eldest son Mark
& youngest son Ivan*



We had two sons, Miroslav and Ivan. My older son, Miroslav, died in a car accident on the 27th of October 1986. He was driving back home from Adelaide with his younger brother Ivan and two friends. They were sleeping, and Miroslav fell asleep behind the wheel. The car went off the road and rolled a few times. Miroslav died instantly. Everyone could not believe that the other three passengers survived in that badly damaged small vehicle. It was very painful for us when our older son Miroslav passed away. Even now I miss him very much.

In my free time I enjoyed fishing. I recall going fishing with my family, brother-in-law Antin, and his family up at Lake Cooper.

We got so many big size carp that we had difficulty bringing them back to our cars. On our return home we would share them between our relatives and friends. Many times we would go fishing at Lake Charm; it was salt water and had plenty of fish. We had good times there; however, it was a long drive.

When I was younger, my wife and I would attend dinner-dance parties in Geelong or Melbourne, which were organised by the Ukrainian community. We wouldn't miss one. We enjoyed the Ukrainian songs and liked to dance.

My wife passed away on the 4th of July 2014 and that loss made a significant impact on my life. But

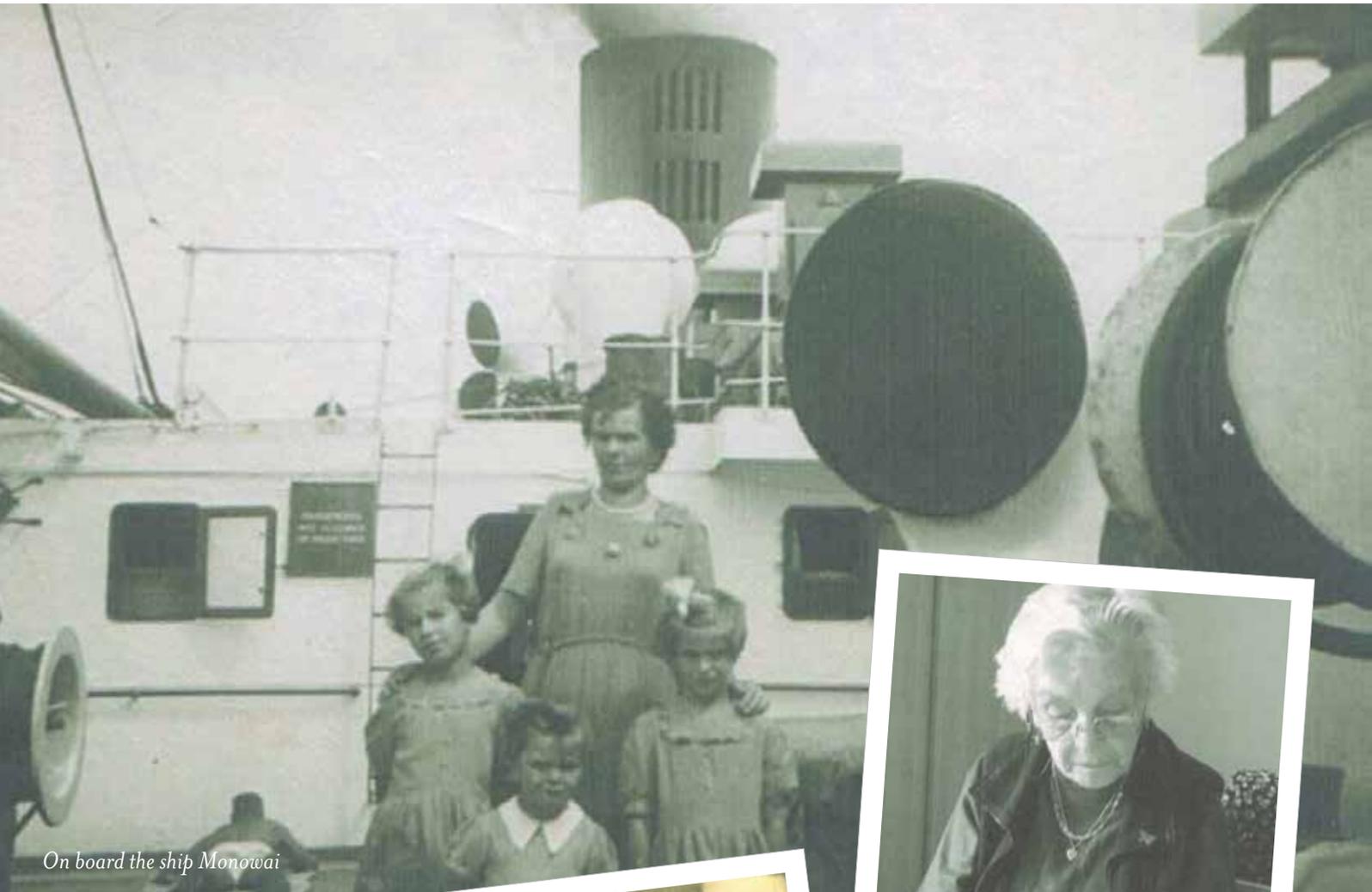
I have to say that Maria was sick for some time and that made our life together difficult.

After my stroke I was unable to look after myself. I spent some time in hospital before deciding to reside at Kalyna Care. It's very important for me that I have somewhere to stay where I am taken care of and all my needs are met. I am happy with the food and the care I receive from Kalyna.

The most important person in my life now is my son Ivan, as well as my niece Olia, and her husband Ivan. Olia was there for me when my wife passed away. I will forever be grateful to her for that, and for what she does for me now.

ANNA HUCULAK

BORN: 10 NOVEMBER 1922 IN UKRAINE



On board the ship Monowai



Maria, Joseph, Rosa, Anna, Nicholas, Kate

My parents, Nicholas and Maria, were fortunate enough to have eight children, with me being the eldest. My father worked in a sawmill, while my mother was a farm hand. My mother had two brothers, Walter and Paul, and two sisters, Kate and Anna. My mother's sister Anna was my favourite aunt. My father was a very gentle and softly spoken man. My mother was the complete opposite.

I went to school for six years. I was an average student, but maths was hard for me. My first school friend was Maria Chomyk. I played with my siblings and other children from the village. We would climb trees, play in the mud, and make things out of mud. We picked fruit off the trees and played in the fields.

When my grandmother visited, we would all wait at the train station to greet her. She would bring us cubes of sugar sometimes or for us girls a hair ribbon. Sometimes we would have to share. As children we never had toys.

I was about 12 when I started my first job, as a housemaid/nanny. This was a hard job as the people I worked for were German and I could not speak or understand it. However, my father could so he would write to me and help me. Over time I picked it up.

I met my husband, Damien, in Villach, Austria – after four weeks we were married. It was a mild autumn day on the 9th of September 1945 at 3 pm. I had borrowed my sister Rosa's wedding dress. We lived in the Villach relocation camp. We were married for 54 years, and lucky enough to have four daughters: Luba, Marie, Kristine and Sandra. The family and I relocated to New Zealand in 1949. We lived and worked on a dairy farm for six years. I helped with the house chores.

We left New Zealand for Sydney, Australia, in 1955 on the ship *Monowai*, and then took a train to Melbourne, where we lived with my parents until we purchased our own home in Airport West. Once we arrived in Australia, I worked as a seamstress. Then after that I worked in a deli, behind the counter in Little Bourke Street, Melbourne. My last job was working as a factory hand for a frozen food company in Essendon.

In 1987 Damien, Luba and I went back to my homeland for a holiday; so many memories. Sadly, Damien passed away on the 28th of March 1999. I sold the family home after Damien passed away and purchased a unit at the Ukrainian Elderly People's Home with my friend Bill Palijczuk in 2000.

I enjoy going shopping, the Ukrainian Club and Ukrainian Church. I love going on family outings, especially picnics. I like to listen to Ukrainian music. I don't watch a lot of TV but when I do I like to watch documentaries.



I used to enjoy cross-stitching and sewing in my younger days, and I like walking, and reading books and magazines. I also like to window-shop. I'm not a person that likes to sit and do nothing, I like to keep busy.

There are still many people who are important to me now: my daughters, Luba Huculak, Marie Wilkinson, Kristine Waixel and Sandra Huculak; my sons-in-law, Viv Wilkinson and Mathew Waixel; my sister, Katie Berezjy; my brother-in-law, Walter Berezjy; and Bill Palijczuk, a dear and close friend whom I have known for many years.



BORIS LAVRISCHEFF

BORN: 11 AUGUST 1929 IN POGRANICHNAYA,
MANCHURIA

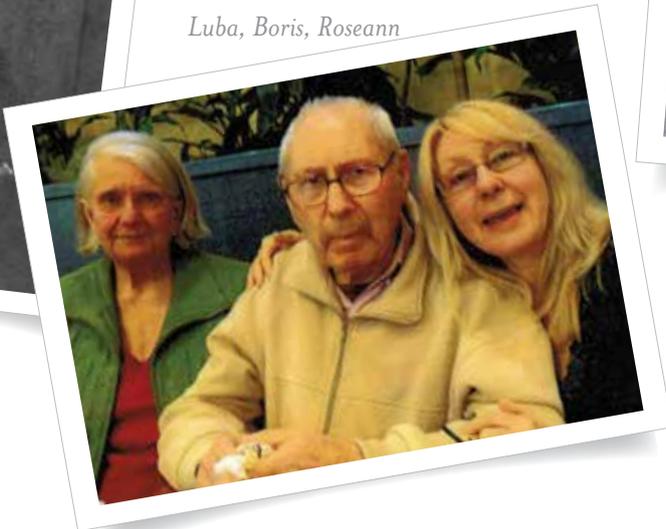


Boris

Wedding day, 1959



Luba, Boris, Roseann



who I had only heard about but never met. I started off in Sydney and caught a train to Albury, then a bus to Corryong, and then went on foot to find this family and see if the stories were true of my possible bride. I eventually found them in a little town in Victoria called Cudgewa. I married Luba on the 15th of June 1950 in Sydney. The rest is history. We had two children, Roseann and Kathy.

When I came to Australia in 1948 I was only 19 years old. Uncle Dimitrye, who had already come to Australia, sponsored the family out. My first job was in Liverpool, Sydney, working on sheep hides. I had to soak them in acid to remove the hair to make leather. I then worked at the Ford and Leyland car factories, on the assembly line. Then I worked at Taubmans, paint mixing, then at NRMA doing panel beating till I retired, after having a heart attack at the age of 60. I was always a

My father, Michael, worked on the Siberian Railway. He was killed in a work accident. My mother, Maria, was a housewife. I was the third born of six children: George, Dinah, Helen, Alexander and Nicholas. All of my siblings were born in China.

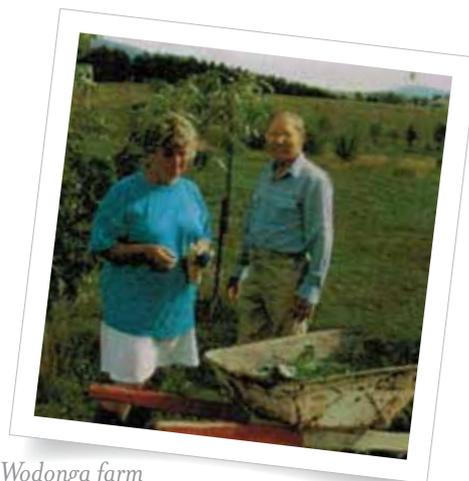
On my father's side, my grandfather was Konstantin Iosevich Lavrischeff, and my grandmother was Papaskovic Angpeervna. My aunts were Anne, Nadia and Vera, and my uncle was called Valentin.

On my mother's side, my grandfather was Pavel Ignatiev, and my grandmother was Tatiana Navmovna. My uncles were Luka, Dimitrye and Nikolai.

We moved to Tientsin, which is in China, then to Shanghai. Then we came to Darwin, Australia, by plane as stateless refugees, and then moved to Sydney before residing in Melbourne.

I went to a Hebrew school in Tientsin. I spoke Russian, Ukrainian, Hebrew, Japanese, Chinese and English. When Tientsin was Japanese occupied, the Japanese would make me translate in assemblies at school and sometimes I was taken to interpret. One time I was running away from a bully and ran in front of a rickshaw and got a very deep gash on my leg. Despite all this, I loved school and did well, although at one point I got very sick and was placed into a Jewish hospital to recover. I went back to school for a short time.

Life in China was hard; I remember food was quite scarce. My brother, George, and sister, Dinah, died in China. While in Shanghai, my family became acquainted with the Belowusoff family. Luba, my wife now, was only eight years old at the time. It wasn't until later when we were living in Australia that I was told of a big Russian family, so I went in search of my Russian bride,



Boris & Luba on the Wodonga farm



hard worker and honest. If I had my time over again I would have liked to be a teacher.

In Australia we lived on a beautiful seven-acre farm outside Wodonga; we had lots of animals such as cows, chickens, goats, dogs, cats and peacocks. We had two 18-square duplex houses that were joined together by a double garage; we also had a pool and a big shed. Our daughter and grandchildren lived with us for ten years. It was such wonderful times, all of us together. Age eventually forced us to move into the Wodonga township.

I loved to work in my vegetable garden, as well as painting (landscapes), reading (Bible, medical articles), writing sermons, watching soccer (I followed the Tottenham Hotspurs), watching my grandsons play soccer in Mildura, going to church, working on the farm, and listening to gospel music (hymns). My family and church are very important to me. I would always sing the praises of the freedom and democracy of Australia, and I was always proud to be called an Aussie.



Boris with mother Maria



Sister Helen & her husband Alan



Russian Church, Sydney

MARIA MUSZAK-WERETKA

BORN: 1 OCTOBER 1920 IN VERCHNJA, UKRAINE



Wedding day

I was born on the 1st of October 1920 in a small village called Verchnja, in the Ivano-Frankivsk oblast of Ukraine. As the oldest of six children born to Emilia and Theodore Duda, I recall my early days of helping to rear my siblings, as well as cooking and assisting with daily chores. My parents owned land equivalent to five acres, which they cultivated in order to provide basic essentials of food for their family. Life was simple, and extended family was in close proximity so it enabled regular celebrations and enjoyable memories. As times were tough financially for my parents, it only allowed me to complete six years of schooling.

World War II started in 1939, and in September of that year I vividly remember when the Russians invaded our village. They took land, money and valuables from the people, leaving them with little to sustain their lives and feed their families. Nevertheless, somehow my parents managed and there was always food on the table.

On the 21st of June 1941 the Germans occupied Ukraine. Prior to the Russians vacating the land, they set fire to stores of staple food supplies such as rye and wheat, again leaving the people of Ukraine with little food to provide for their families. But again, the determination and drive of our people assisted us in our basic survival skills.

The Germans selected young boys and girls to transport to Germany to work on their farms, always taking the eldest child in the family. The first transport from my village left on the 22nd of November 1941, and brother Ilko and I were en route to Germany. I was 21 and Ilko was 18 years of age. In later years, we regarded ourselves to be quite fortunate, for not long after many from the village were taken to Siberia, whilst others perished in the battles.

We arrived in Germany on the 30th of November 1941. Our allocated farmer picked us up and took us home. The family

we stayed with always treated us well. There was so much I learnt in this new environment. So many new skills I attained, but most important, and that served me well in my future life, were the new recipes that I shared with my own family for many years to come.

The following year I met my husband, Wolodymyr (Wally). Wally was walking back from a club on the 12th of March 1942 and taken by the German soldiers, arriving in Germany on the 30th of April 1942. His family never knew what happened to him until many years later. His experience was not as positive with his allocated family. Without new clothes and footwear provided, he was taken into the forest to lumber trees and contracted heavy pneumonia. My neighbours told me about Wally, as he used to visit there playing the harmonica, so they took me to see him in hospital. During his recovery,

Family photo



performing on the stage (singing and dancing) entertaining the English, Canadian, American and French soldiers.

On the 23rd of February 1946 Wally and I married, with most of the camp attending our wedding, including some of the foreign soldiers. I did all the cooking for the wedding, consisting of chicken soup and homemade noodles, mashed potato, goulash and sauerkraut, all of which took a week to prepare.

Our first child, Luba, was born on the 10th of December 1946, but sadly passed on the 6th of January 1947. The support we received from our friends was overwhelming and helped us through this very difficult time. Our second child, Peter, was born on the 8th of November 1947. I had a very difficult childbirth, needing blood transfusions, and was only given a five per cent chance of survival ... but survive I did, and now am able to tell my life story.

After spending a number of years at Delmenhorst, migration had now begun to foreign countries. Wally and I decided to migrate to Australia, whilst my brother Ilko

I would sometimes visit and share some of my food with him and that was the beginning of our relationship.

Until the end of the war I continued working the farm and assisting with domestic chores, whilst Wally was recommended for a tradesman's position and obtained another diploma in welding. We all made the best of our situation whilst also experiencing bombings and shootings. Occasionally we socialised with other Ukrainians in our area but as the roads were heavily policed we would regularly be asked to show our paperwork as proof of identity whenever we left the farms.

The war ended in April 1945, and the farmer I lived with agreed to also house Wally (in addition to myself and Ilko) due to all the shootings taking place in the area. Wally had befriended an SS soldier and on the morning of the 25th of April 1945 he told us all to leave as the Russians were coming to take us away. The three of us ran into the surrounding bush and were shot at, with three bullets fired around my feet and a couple on the top of my head across the bushes. I screamed and the neighbouring farmer came with a Burgomaster (an executive councillor), who provided us with protection.

On the 28th of April 1945, my farmer took the three of us to the displaced persons camp at Delmenhorst. Although a safe haven, there were many nights the Russians would arrive and throw us out of our rooms. The manager of the facility would call and the English army would arrive and settle the situation. But overall it was a pleasant and safe environment. We lived in the sheds with many Ukrainians, who became lifelong friends, enjoying many happy times together. I would knit and embroider to earn extra money; payment was usually a pack of cigarettes, some food or coffee. The cigarettes were either sold, or used to barter with farmers to obtain fresh produce. Wally became the fitter and turner for the camp, as well as



I.R.O processing card

Peter, Wally & Doreen in national costume



chose England as his preferred location. We went to Fallingbostal, an International Refugee Organization processing centre, to obtain the necessary medical checks and paperwork, and stayed approximately three weeks. After that, we travelled by train to Italy, again waiting three weeks prior to finally boarding the ship to our final destination in Australia, which I now call home. This was the ship *Nelly's* maiden voyage to Australia, sailing 28 days on the ocean before landing at Station Pier, Port Melbourne on the 15th of July 1949.

Upon arrival, we were immediately taken to Bonegilla Migrant Centre in Albury–Wodonga. That was home for a further five weeks, until Wally was given employment at Point Cook, transporting refuse to a rubbish tip. After a couple of days, I was transferred to the Somers Migrant Centre, past Frankston. The room allocated at Somers was the equivalent size of one bedroom, with masonite walls to windowsill height, the rest being open. There was no ceiling, just roof as the covering. Wally visited me after two weeks; travel time to reach the camp took a whole day, as public transport was not extensive in those days. He was shocked at my living conditions, so on his next visit he brought

paper and made walls and a ceiling to provide more comfort for myself and Peter, who was now 21 months old. I lived in Somers for two years. Wally earned around £5 a week, and payment for Somers was one-and-a-half pounds per week.

My third child, Doreen, was born on the 3rd of March 1950. With two children and the separation and distance between us, Wally now started visiting only once per month. The alternative weekends he worked on a farm to earn extra money to purchase some land, paying a £30 deposit (total land price was £200). Wally then started building a bungalow in Brooklyn, with the assistance of his workmates, who told him where to purchase materials and obtain the relevant building permits. In September 1951 we all moved into the bungalow and finally started our settled family life together.

There were no roads, we had no water for three years or electricity for 20 months and I would cook on a primus one-burner gas cooker. Many of you would also remember the weekly pan service for the outside toilet. I would have to carry water from Millers Road, approximately 300 metres away. I was even

featured on the front page of the *Sun* newspaper, photographed washing nappies under the water pump on the main road. Wally was highly embarrassed by this, as the headline read something to the effect that this is the way of new migrants to this country. Bread and milk were delivered by horse and cart and most other shopping was done in Footscray. Wally would often ride his bike to purchase some food supplies a couple of kilometres away. The weekly laundry regime included firing up the outside copper and boiling the clothes (with 'bluo' and starch occasionally) until we purchased an indoor washing machine. But life was good, as we were now living as a family unit.

Once settled, we started building our family home at the front of our property. I did a lot of the manual labour in helping build the house, including digging holes for the stumps. As we saved money, we would purchase materials slowly. There were many Ukrainians living in our street, as well as neighbouring streets. We had a very strong sense of community, always helping each other. The men spent their weekends helping build each other's houses, dependent on who had secured building materials.





I recall there were ten men on site building the frame for our house, so I rode my bicycle to the local hotel to purchase some beer to share with our friends for helping us, but the staff refused to serve me because I was a woman! Things have certainly changed in the last 60 years.

Whilst we built our homes, we also assisted in establishing and building the Ukrainian community, both financially and physically. Slowly the houses in our street were completed and our fruit and vegetable gardens established. We always shared our produce amongst the community in which we lived and I used to do a lot of preserving. This included making and bottling sauerkraut, pickled cucumbers, fruit and other vegetables. There was always plenty of food on the table whenever visitors would drop by.

Our last child, Anna, was born on the 5th of July 1955 and we had already moved into our new home, and then rented the bungalow for additional income. I was a stay-at-home mum, but also minded other children in the street, and in his spare time Wally taught the children in our area Ukrainian

dancing. Things changed in 1959 when Wally became quite sick with another bout of pneumonia and was unable to work for a long period of time. I then went to work in a factory, as there were no sickness benefits available at that time.

In 1964, we moved into our new house in Altona North. A welcoming home, we did a lot of entertaining and always had friends drop by. Wally made all the wrought iron gates, front fences, veranda and other decorative pieces for the house. In my spare time I used to sew clothes for myself and my daughters, embroider and crochet. I have always loved gardening and we had a beautiful flowering garden as well as an extensive vegetable garden, including many fruit trees.

Wally passed away in 1975 at the age of 53. I continued working for a number of years and maintained the property to a high standard. Always quite an active and industrious woman, it was not unusual to find me sharpening the axe, mowing the lawns, changing washers, mixing cement and laying new brick

garden edging, or with hammer and chisel in hand repairing something.

A number of years later I remarried and travelled extensively both within Australia and overseas. There were many trips back to Ukraine to visit my family; also to America, Canada and England, as well as a six-week road trip travelling around Australia by car.

I stayed in my home cooking, cleaning and maintaining the garden until the age of 94, when health issues made it necessary to move to Kalyna Care in December 2014.

Reflecting on my life, the good times along with the hardships, I know I am truly blessed to have my children Peter, Doreen and Anna; my three grandchildren Catherine, John and Lee; and four great-grandchildren Bridget, Emma, Ava and Kelsi, who all light up my life. I have lived a long, happy and fulfilling life enriched by my life experiences, my wonderful family and beautiful friends sharing this journey.

NADIA MYCHAJLYSZYN

BORN: 19 DECEMBER 1927 IN LVIV,
UKRAINE



Most of my childhood was spent in the city of Lviv in western

Ukraine, which at that time was part of Poland. There I finished at the Ukrainian Shevchenko Primary School and started my secondary education. During the school holidays we would visit my grandparents in a nearby country town, where my grandfather was a priest, or my aunt in a village in the Carpathian Mountains, where she was a schoolteacher. I was a member of the Ukrainian scouts, PLAST, and attended several PLAST camps in PLAST's camping area, Sokil, in the Carpathian Mountains.

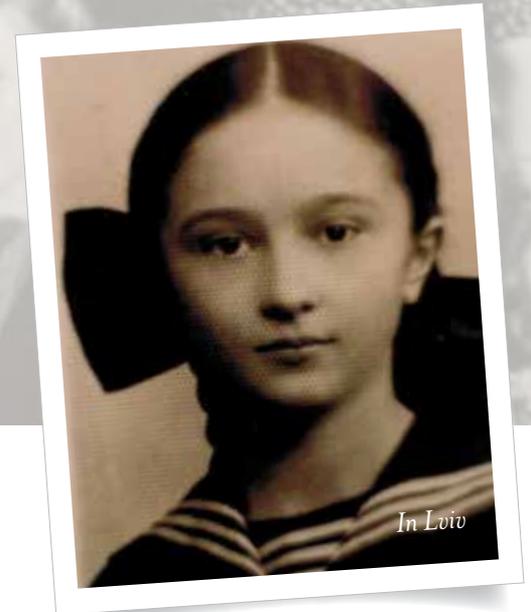
In 1939, Lviv was occupied by the Russian Army and in 1940 by the Germans. In 1944, when the Russian Army was again approaching Lviv, our family left for the west. In Slovakia we were separated from my father (he was forcibly recruited by the Slovak partisans to fight the Germans;

there he lost one of his legs) and the rest of the war we spent in Flensburg, northern Germany.

After the end of the war we were reunited with my father and lived in Ansbach in Bavaria, where I finished secondary education at the Ukrainian High School in the displaced persons camp. There I also participated in the activities of PLAST.

After matriculation I studied chemistry for one year in Regensburg at the Ukrainian Technical Institute and for two years at the Technische Hochschule in Darmstadt. My first job was in a restaurant in Flensburg, mainly washing dishes and doing other similar tasks.

I married my husband, Jaroslav, in Germany in October 1948, in Mittenwald in a civil ceremony, and a month later we had a Ukrainian church wedding in Ansbach, where my parents lived. My wedding dress was made from an American army parachute (they were made of silk or silk-like material), which my future



In Lviv

husband procured. A friend of my parents offered to do the photographing – he said he had a very good camera. The camera was good but he was not. As a result I have only a few and very poor photos of my wedding.

We had three children. Helene is the oldest, and she has two sons. Alexander was next; he had a daughter and a son. Alexander died of cancer at the age of 54. Diane is the youngest; she also has a daughter and son. The significant people in my life have been my mother, father and brother, Alexander. Many people are still very important to me now: my husband, Jaroslav Mychajlyszyn; my daughters, Helene Dehl and Diane Cross; my grandsons, Aron and Jordi Edwards, Angus Mychajlyszyn and Jonathan Cross; and my granddaughters, Lynn Worthington and Emma Cross.



PLAST, Germany 1946



At Ukrainian Saturday School



After we arrived in Australia in May 1949, we settled in Adelaide because of my husband's employment. After the birth of our first daughter, I started to work on presses in a factory that was manufacturing various components, mainly cars. This lasted for approximately a year. My next job was in the office of the Philips factory, where I did general clerical work. There I worked, with interruptions for the births of our son and our second daughter, until after 17 years, in February 1966, we moved to Geelong. In Geelong, where we lived for seven years, I was a teacher and the principal at the Ukrainian Saturday School.

In February 1973 we moved to Blackburn and not long after that I started my last job as a teacher at the Ukrainian Saturday School in Noble Park. During this time I was also bringing up our children and looking after our family. We were finally settled in Blackburn; there I lived the longest, over 40 years; therefore I consider Blackburn to be my home.

I have fond memories of my birthplace, Lviv, where I spent a happy childhood. I remember the many beautiful churches, especially the St Georges Cathedral, and also many civic buildings, like the Lviv Opera, of which I have a painting, done by my brother here in Australia from a photo.

I have been a member of various Ukrainian organisations in Adelaide, Geelong and Melbourne, and took part in their activities, like commemorative functions, dances, concerts and theatrical performances. For many years, I have been the President of the Ukrainian Women's Association in Victoria.

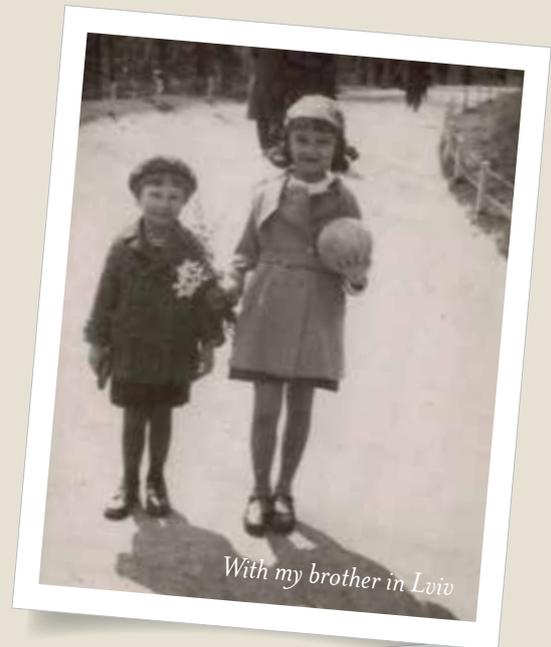
I have regularly attended the performances of the Adelaide Theatre Company, the Melbourne Theatre Company, the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra and occasionally various other performing companies.

The event that had the most significant impact on my life was the Second World War. This uprooted my family from my birthplace, sent us across Europe and finally to Australia. Here in Australia died my parents and also my brother.

From Australia, we travelled three times to Europe – in 1971 with our younger daughter (the older children were already on their own) and in 1977 and 1987 alone, every time to different parts, always visiting my brother-in-law, who lived with his wife and son in Switzerland. In 1982 we travelled to North America.

After Ukraine became independent in 1991 we made several visits there. I was able

to see again the places of my childhood, and attend theatres, concerts and other performances. These visits were the highlights of my retirement.



With my brother in Lviv



In Flensburg, Germany

MARIA SOLTYS

BORN: 20 MARCH 1927 IN UKRAINE



Maria with co-workers



Maria, Lydia, Jack & Hala



Maria, 1930

I was taken away from my family at the age of 15 and commanded to move to Germany, where I had to work for a farmer's wife on a farm. Life was hard back then. I only spent a short time at school. There were many people suffering from hardship through the war. I did like to sew as a child.

I was married for many years to Jack, and now I'm on my own. I nursed my husband through a stroke after he retired. Sadly he passed away when he was 82. I had two daughters, Hala and Lydia; and one son, Wally, who is now deceased. I lost my son when he was only 44.

When we first came to Australia in 1949 we were placed in a camp. Later we bought a block of land in Sunshine North, and my husband and his friends built us a bungalow. We later purchased a house in Sunshine and lived

there for many years. We had lots of friends – most have passed away or are sick now; I don't get to see them all that much. We use to ring each other on a regular basis.

Earlier in our years we would go for holidays to the beach or to our friend's farm in Foster. We went to Ukrainian dances and to the church. As my husband and I got older we would have the bus pick us up for bingo every Wednesday and I would always win some money.

My first place of work in Australia was in a factory, and later at a café in Sunshine as a cook.

I also worked as a waitress at the Dorchester Reception Hall in Melbourne. I enjoyed working there; we had fun, me and the other girls. I worked there until I retired at the age of 60. Because I worked so hard, I got arthritis and was in pain for years. I still

get pain in my shoulders, back and legs to this day because of it.

I always like to wear nice clothes and do my hair neatly; I like to wear lipstick and wear my favourite perfume. I don't do it as much as like these days as sometimes I just can't be bothered. I enjoy listening to Ukrainian music, the news, and I love to listen to ABBA. I like going out for coffee and lunches whenever I get the chance. My favourite TV show is Home and Away and my favourite movie is The Sound of Music. I like to read my Bible and to say my prayers.

I have two great granddaughters, Codie (12 years old) and Chloe (18 years old). I see Codie regularly, but Chloe I haven't seen for two years. She is at university. My family are the most important people to me.



Maria, aged 23



Maria & Jack



Hala, Maria, Melissa, Jack

Maria, Jack & Hala

OKSANA TARNAWSKA

BORN: 22 JULY 1926 IN LVIV, UKRAINE



At a Ukrainian exhibition



Receiving the OAM from the Governor of Australia



Brother Bohdan, mother Olena & Oksana

My mother's name was Olena, and she was a housewife. My father's name was Osep; he was a post inspector (his job was to control all post offices in his region). I had two older brothers, Bohdan and Yuriy. Bohdan has passed away; he was very active in the Ukrainian community, and in the Ukrainian Elderly People's Home now known as Kalyna Care.

I have very pleasant memories of my family life, until they deported us to Point Womzeznio near Torun, where we lived up to 1939. We then returned to Sambir, where I attended primary school and high school. I also have a Diploma in Music from Melbourne University.

I was very active in Ukrainian community life and PLAST (a Ukrainian youth organisation). I was the organiser and conductor for the Ukrainian Cathedral Youth Choir from 1959 to 2014.

As far as I can remember, I always had a love for music. I started to play piano when I was only five. I can say that music was my life; I was not very good at sports because my health was not very good. For many years I was accompanist for the Chaika Choir under the direction of Mr Korin.

As I said, music was my life, so my first job was as a private music teacher in Essendon at a technical school. I remained a music teacher till I retired. If I had to start life all over I would chose music for my profession again.

My very close friends are the Orion family; they are as close to family as my own. I am godmother to one of their sons, Mynodor. I have never married.

My memories are mostly from Lviv and Sambir, where I was born and finished most of my studies, and Melbourne, where

I graduated with a diploma from the Melbourne University Conservatorium of Music. I had many friends there.

I have very nice memories from my trip to Ukraine and my trip to Europe; Paris, Rome and London I liked very much. My visit to the Vatican, and meeting with patriarch Yosef Slipyj is still in my nice memories, and another great was meeting Metropolitan Archbishop Andrij Szptyckyj.

My main interests were music and working with the young people in PLAST, as well as the Ukrainian Cathedral Youth Choir. Classical music is my favourite, but I like very much Ukrainian folk music. I like to meet my friends as often as possible, and I'm still living for the music. I still compose and whenever possible attend concerts of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, and of course I enjoy listening to music.



Sozont, Oksana, Mynodor & Osija

With brother Bohdan & mother Olena

LJUBOMIR VELJANOSKI

BORN: 5 OCTOBER 1936 IN MACEDONIA



Ljubomir



Ljubika



Family birthday celebration for Ljubika



Ljubomir, Ljubika & daughters

My mother's name was Ljubika and my father's name Petre. I am the fourth oldest child of nine siblings: Girjana, Cena, Dimce, me, Velika, Aleksandar, Gica, Cane and Kole.

My first job was as a farmer until the age of 50, and then I migrated to Australia and worked as a baker, and finally I worked in cold storage. I also served in the army. Illness influenced my retirement.

Darinka and I were married at the age of 23 in Macedonia. We were lucky to have had four daughters: Rada, Elica, Atina and Olivera.

My happy place was in my hometown of Podmol – this is a village in the district of Prilep, in the Republic of Macedonia.

I have always had a healthy appetite and I eat most things, except for tomato soup or milk with my tea. I enjoy gardening and listening to music, such as old classic Macedonian

music. I have always liked for my appearance to be clean-shaven and neatly dressed. I love all animals and always had lots of pets around me in Macedonia. Recently, I had a cat named Jenny. I love my grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Ljubomir passed away peacefully at Kalyna Care on the 15th of January 2016.







KALYNA CARE

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Ukrainian Elderly Peoples Home trading as Kalyna Care. ABN 57 006 305 844 ACN 006 305 844