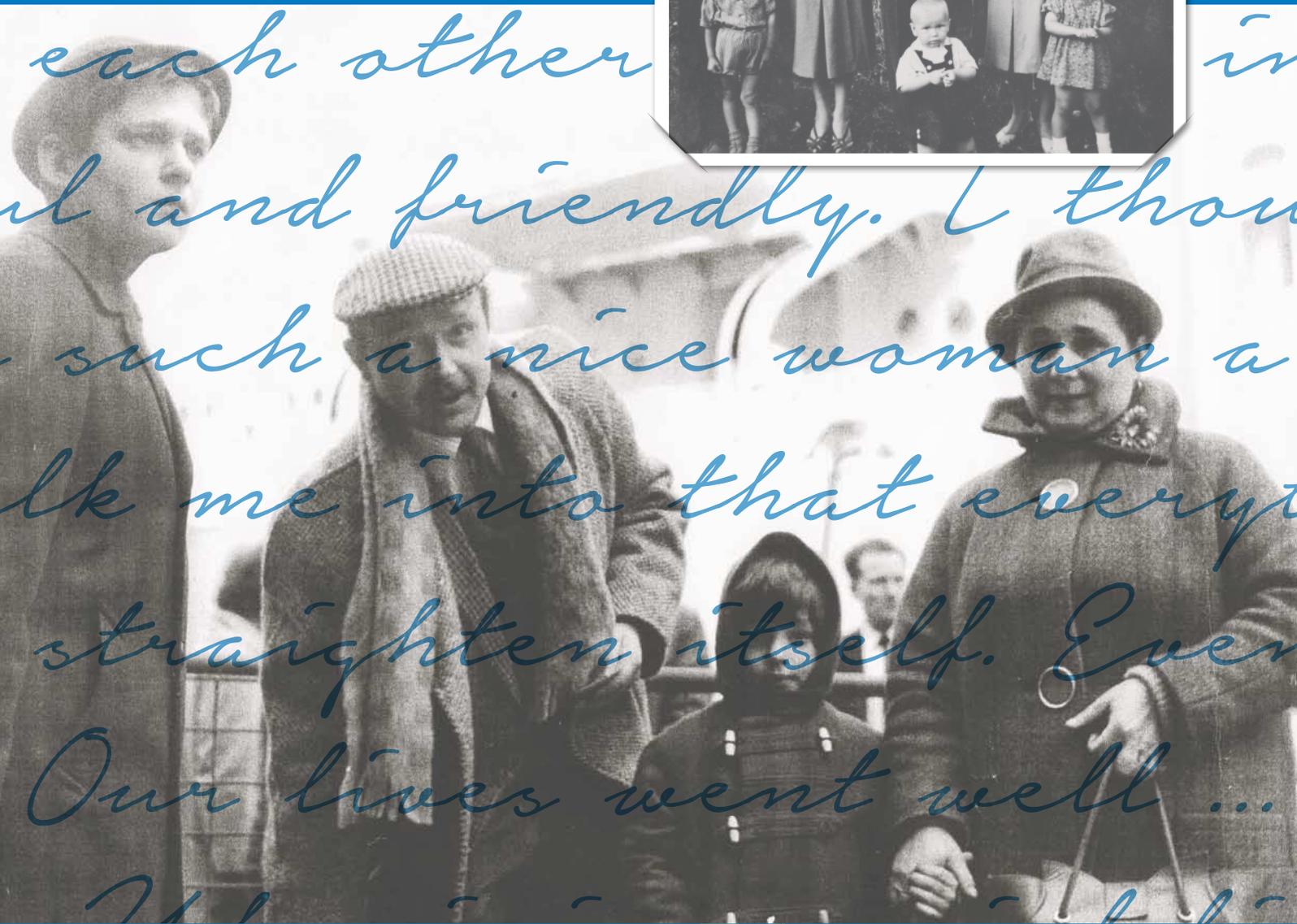


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Kalyna Care

Personal and Compassionate Care

YOUR STORY 2017

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YOUR STORY 2017

KALYNA CARE

FOREWORD

This is the seventh volume of *Your Story* by Kalyna Care. We continue to provide an extremely valuable service to our residents, who are predominantly from Ukrainian and Eastern European communities, but now also broader multicultural communities from around the world.

This volume again contains stories from some of the wonderful people who call Kalyna Care their home. These residents have opened their hearts to tell their tales, covering many fascinating elements, from times of hardship or simple determination to travel and emigration to far away places. In doing so, they share their lives and loves with you, their families and friends.

It is important to note that *Your Story* records the very words of our residents themselves, about how they recall their worlds from the very beginning, as well as how they currently see themselves. Their intriguing stories come to life through varied individual experiences that have been captured over many decades.

We at Kalyna Care believe that *Your Story* preserves the memories of people who have made an impact on their loved ones and friends, and who will continue to influence many lives into the future.

We trust that you enjoy the many different stories in this publication. We thank the contributors and their families for kindly sharing what are truly amazing insights into the journey that each individual has travelled.



OLGA HELENA ANDREEV

BORN 23 AUGUST 1926
PECHENIZYN, UKRAINE

My early years are interwoven with the mountain landscapes of Pechenizyn, where I was born. It is a small town in the picturesque Carpathian Mountains near Kolomyja. My father, Agaton Kozacrynski (born in 1888 in Lubomil, Wolyn), was stationed there by the Polish government department of agriculture and forestry to oversee local logging, harvesting and the sale of state native forest. My mother Eugenia (born Segeer, 1893 in Kalisz, Poland) was taking care of our family and the estate in Pechenizyn during our stay there.

We lived in a pleasant villa, surrounded by well-tended gardens, a long conifer tree alley leading to a fenced yard shaded with trees, farm buildings and green fields stretching all the way to the hills. My older brother Eugently Borys was born in Kolomyja on the 18th of February 1924. My younger sister Eleonora Ruth was born on the 28th of February 1928 and my younger brother Richard was born on the 6th of March 1931, also in Pechenizyn.

My native town often comes up before my eyes. We lived in a pleasant villa, surrounded by well-tended gardens, a long conifer tree alley leading to a fenced yard shaded with trees, farm buildings and green fields stretching all the way to the hills.

My native town often comes up before my eyes. The memories were woven and etched into me during the years of my childhood. Their splendour has not been darkened in my heart with the passage of years. The images extend to stories of the invasion of the Soviet Union into Poland in 1939, when childhood without war ended. The land of no return was lost. Our family relocated to Lviv, a city in western Ukraine. The grand city of Lviv has had as many names as it has had rulers, but it gave us relatively peaceful pre-war years, with a vibrant and flowing life before we faced the atrocities of war.

As the war unfolded, one day I lost my family in the turmoil of the constant change of fronts, governments and armies. Germans were retreating and Soviets were approaching, and I could no longer catch up to my family. They fled to the west with the German army to avoid persecution and deportations again. I became a Soviet citizen overnight, without a place to live (our apartment was taken by a Soviet army officer and his family) and without a place to study (I could no longer return to study medicine). Lviv became my guardian and protector for life.

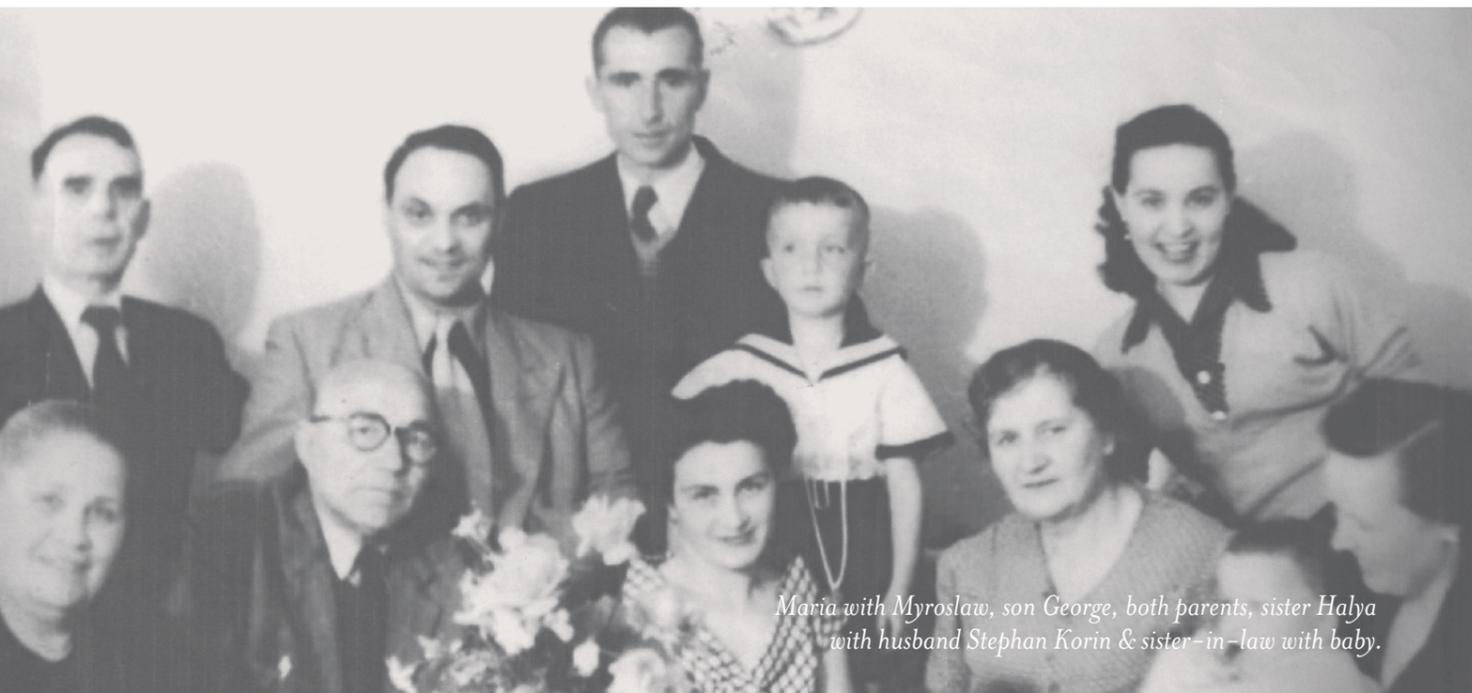
Over time, life in Soviet Lviv settled and became normal. During my studies and clinical placement, I had met my lovely husband Peter Andreev, who was a patient in the respiratory and TB clinic in Lviv. Later, I became a head matron in charge of this clinic and worked there till my retirement. I was fortunate to work alongside some of the most famous Ukrainian specialists in this area of medicine. Nurses and doctors in post-war Ukraine went beyond their duty of care to save the patient. We worked as a team where miracles happened.

My husband Peter and I were blessed to have two awesome twin boys, Volodymyr and Eugenij, in 1949. I embraced family life with joy and happiness. The only sad thought was not knowing where my parents and siblings were. Dead or alive, perhaps some country in Europe, not too far away. Little did I know that Australia was their port of call, and many years later I would be reunited with them in Melbourne, in 1968.

Busy with my job as nurse-in-charge and administrator of the respiratory and TB clinic, I continued to be truthful to Ukrainian traditions, bringing up my family with Ukrainian spirit at heart. Traditional Lviv baking was my forte. I learned from masters, Basilian nuns who provided me with shelter and support during the war years of Soviet occupation of Lviv.

Arriving in Australia in 1988 for permanent residency with my family, I settled into the Ukrainian community and was always part of the Melbourne *hromada*, participating in all activities.

I'm now lucky to have three grandchildren, Christian, Olga and Victoria; and four great-grandchildren, Roza, Anastasia, Peter and Patric. My daughter-in-law Iryna, my son Volodymyr and my granddaughter Olga are very supportive and encouraging. I am very fortunate to have them by my side.



Maria with Myroslaw, son George, both parents, sister Halya with husband Stephan Korin & sister-in-law with baby.

IN MEMORY OF MARIA BOLUCH

BORN 27 FEBRUARY 1928
POLTAVA, UKRAINE

My name is Maria Boluch (nee Glouchowera). My mother's name was Paraska Olena (nee Drobets). My father's name was Iwan Glouchowera and he made a living as a bookkeeper and an economist. Mykola is my oldest brother; he's a social and cultural activist and a member of the board of the Australian Federation of Ukrainian Organisations (AFUO). My older sister's name is Halya Anna Glouchowera; she was a singer, composer, *bandura* teacher, writer and actress. She married Stephan Korin, a music teacher, choir director-conductor and one of the most distinguished cultural artists representing Ukraine in Australia.

Family Glouchowera survived the humiliation of the Soviet secret police, repression, war fronts and events during World War II in our native Poltava region, away from the Soviet system. Although, with heartache for my homeland, my family decided to partake in a journey of immigration. We travelled by train, horse and carriage, and by foot. We struggled through western Ukraine to get to upper Shlezka, then to Czechoslovakia and to Germany.

My family stayed longer in Kressbronn over Lake Constance (Konstanz) near the Swiss border. The Glouchowera family was very popular. With the family's good voices all five of us sang in the Ukrainian choir, and every Sunday we sang in the Greek Catholic Church choir. The children also took part in all types of Ukrainian national events.



Maria, son George, Mother & Father, sister Halya & brother with his wife & daughter.



Maria with son George and sister Halya.

The Soviet mission at the time in the French zone was to look for all former citizens of the USSR, and when former citizens were found they were forced onto carts and trains and transported back to the Soviet Union.

In November 1945 rumours spread that there would be an attack by the Soviets on my family. At night, they took my father Iwan, and the rest of the family were lucky to escape. As a French army sergeant, Iwan was snatched back from the clutches of the Soviet army on the way to the 'Motherland'.

A man called Myroslaw Boluch's interest in this situation led to him meeting me on the 15th of May 1949 in Kressbronn, Germany. Myroslaw was an engineer and agriculturist, and we subsequently married. Then, in November 1949, the whole family migrated to Fremantle, Australia, by boat.

Immediately after immigrating, we all became active members of the community and worked in church and community life. On the 24th of November 1949, in Subiaco, we had a son, George. Not long after this, we again all moved – to Melbourne – and continued to contribute to the Ukrainian community throughout our lives. Myroslaw became an active and leading member in various areas of Ukrainian social, cooperative and political life in

Australia, for which he received the *Award of the Medal of the Order of Australia for Service to the Ukrainian Community*. I worked alongside Myroslaw as a Ukrainian community activist.

On the 11th of February 1999, in Melbourne, our only son George passed away at the age of 50. Life since then hasn't been easy. My husband Myroslaw passed away on the 10th of August 2012.





There I was ... born into the family of farmers. The name of my mother was Maria, and Dad was Mykola. There was four children. Three brothers, Mykola [who was killed at the end of World War II], Ivan, myself and one sister Hanya.

WOLODYMIR KOWALYK

BORN 25 FEBRUARY 1924
ROZDOWIECHY, UKRAINE

Dad has always been a proud Ukrainian nationalist. He also remains a proud Australian citizen. He endured many hardships as a young man, but never gave up the struggle for freedom, a better opportunity and the health and welfare of his family.

There I was ... born into the family of farmers. The name of my mother was Maria, and Dad was Mykola. There was four children. Three brothers, Mykola [who was killed at the end of World War II], Ivan, myself and one sister Hanya.

As a very young man, in primary school in Druzdovich in western Ukraine, while the accepted anthem sung was that of Ukraine's dominant neighbour, Dad stood alone and sang 'Shche ne vmerly Ukrainy ni slava ni volya' ['The glory and the freedom of Ukraine has not yet died': the national anthem of Ukraine].

... around 10, 12 years old, I started being interested in reading. I started to acquaint myself with the history of Ukraine, which was very sad. I started to become a strong young patriot of Ukraine. I used to read the books that were forbidden to read. I was also praying in Ukrainian and the teacher was mad. She didn't like it at all. So I never got a good grade, because I was considered a rebel or something.

World War II changed Dad's life. He was dispossessed of family, country, opportunity and education. I remember him recalling the dream that he had. He wanted to be a lawyer. Instead they told him to dig the field and collect potatoes. The invading forces routed him from his homeland and family in Ukraine, and he was transported to serve as a farm labourer in an alien environment in Germany. While he had life, his quest for freedom was compelling and constant. The week before he escaped to Vienna one of the other farm's labourers had also tried. He was shot and killed.

Undeterred, Dad ran across the fields in search of freedom, with clothes and papers provided by the Ukrainian underground movement, which continued to support him later in Vienna.

My spirit wasn't very high. I was really downhearted. Anyway, I kept going. There was no returning. I came to the railway station and I asked for the ticket to Vienna. So, the person in the ticket office looked at me, and asked me if I have permission ... to get a ticket? Because, ahh, foreigners couldn't just go to the station and buy a ticket when they wanted.

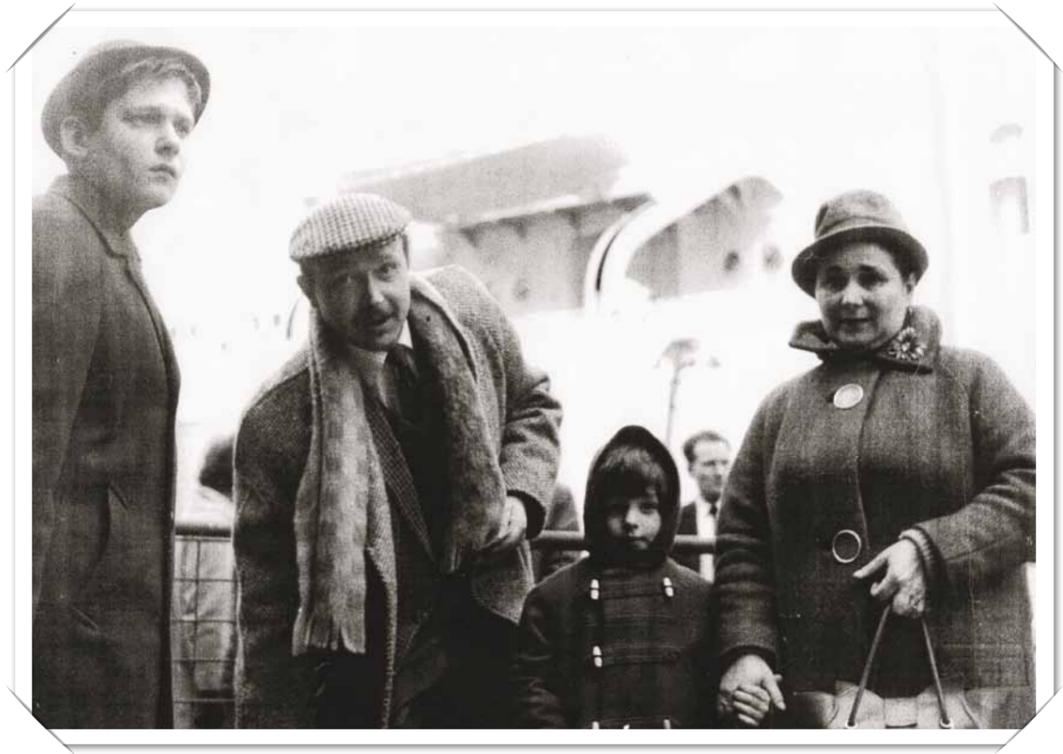
Ticket in hand, Dad sat in the train keeping cool, calm and collected. The police checked his papers. He was lucky. In Vienna he received help to find work. He trained and worked as a specialist craftsman in a leather business producing a variety of goods for the military. Years later his family would grow up with the sound of him always fixing our shoes.

Education for Dad was the ever-elusive passport to a future he could unfortunately never achieve. But he was a learned man. His passionate love of knowledge earned him respect and a healthy self-education, which was a signature of his personality. This he has passed on to his family. Dad and his wife Stefania were voracious readers, and together they would consume 10 books a week between them from the local library. This was both in England and Australia. There was no TV in the beginning. Books were the opportunity to discover and give a breadth of meaning to their world.

Going back, in 1947 Dad arrived in Wales (UK) as a post-war refugee repatriated from Germany.

They brought us first to a military camp or barracks. A World War II American camp. Then I was moved to South Wales, a small town called Landowning. We earned weekly about £3 15s. Thirty shillings was taken for our lodging and food. And the rest was ours.





There, as an agricultural labourer, he excavated ditches in the company of other displaced refugees. Soon however, poor health required him to be repatriated north to Yorkshire. There he worked in Cash's, a textile mill, as a weaver of cloth. And there he met Mum, soon to be his wife.

The day he met Mum was at a hostel dance in Silsden, Yorkshire. This moment changed his life for the better. Mum had undergone her own graphic wartime experiences. In Dad she found a life companion. She was compassionate and artistic. Dad was blessed – as were we all.

1950. That's a memorable time. I met Stefa, my future darling ... my future wife. We started meeting each other and fell in love. She was a terrific girl; beautiful and friendly. I thought, I may not be just the man to give such a nice woman a good life? But Stefa was trying to talk me into that everything will be alright. Everything will straighten itself. Eventually we got hitched. We got married. Our lives went well ... we started living better. We took in Ukrainian social life ... our people, our community.

As for his work, Dad was ambitious. He wanted to excel.

I started then having a career in textiles, in [the] textile mill. But when I asked, 'What ... what about better ... better job?' Well, that's for English people. That's for English people ... so you have to do whatever you do.

In Keighley, where we lived for 14 years, Dad also worked as a bus conductor on the double-deckers. He told me the story of the time when he wished to improve his lot in life, a constant goal. There was a promotion job going. However, the powers that be



intervened and dictated that this job had to go to a 'proper' citizen. He was Ukrainian, not an English citizen. Should Dad make a stand? There would be a strike!

Prejudice and racism were constant and unwelcome companions as we grew up. The British didn't like foreigners. They didn't like their presence, even in the street where we lived. One day our 'neighbours' came to our house with brooms and rocks. They knocked our wall down, shouting 'Go back to where you come from'. How lucky we were to discover Australia.

Dad was searching for sanctuary. A home for his family. After 14 years in the UK he believed it was time. There was Canada, but it was too cold. Africa had apartheid issues. And then at the other end of the world there was Australia. Dad has always seen Australia as the lucky country.

We emigrated from England on the ship *Fairsea* in March 1965. Dad was happy. His family would have the opportunity to grow and prosper here. Within the space of a year Dad ensured that we all acquired Australian citizenship. No longer would he and his family face insecurity and displacement. He wanted his family to grow and prosper with a national identity.

Dad first found work in a Richmond textile factory; then later on the West Gate Bridge as a toll collector. He also worked as a travelling technician

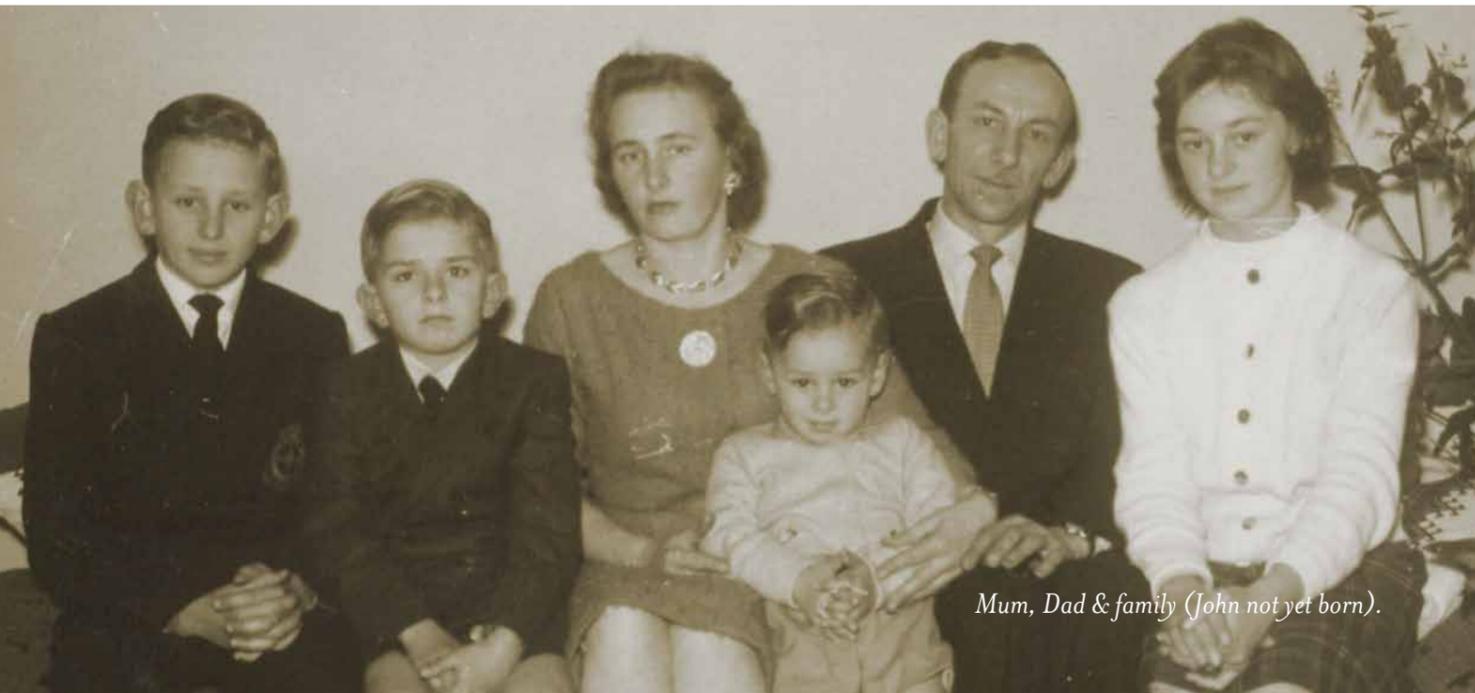
converting heaters to natural gas and, finally, for a short time as a garage proprietor. Then he retired.

Since Mum died four years ago, Dad has been under the auspicious care of Kalyna. The staff have always been supportive when the going for Dad has been difficult and troubled. His failing health, hearing, eyesight problems and dementia are not his kindest bedfellows. Yet at 93 years he has retained a resilience, humour and wisdom that have shaped the signature of his life and that of his family. And yes ... he misses Mum a lot.

What has been the legacy of Dad's life journey? Being a principled person with integrity. Pursuing one's goals – because he missed out. Hard work, sacrifice, security and dedication – because that earned him and his family rewards. The value of education – because he had little. Being a good father. Having a wife who loves you.

Dad and Mum have two sons, Mark and Oleh. There are five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. I trust this helps them to understand Dad's life journey.

... These historical events have been edited from Dad's biography, transcribed from audio recordings he made more than 15 years ago. These memoirs took place in his 'shoppa' out the back, behind the garage, next to the house where he and Mum lived in St Albans for over 50 years.



Mum, Dad & family (John not yet born).

LIDIA MAKOHON

BORN 10 MAY 1922
LVIV, UKRAINE

It was a beautiful spring day in May of 1922 in Lviv Ukraine when Lidia was born. The First World War had been over for some years and hope was returning to life. Her father's fine furniture business had recovered and continued to prosper. Eight years later he passed, leaving two daughters and three sons. Lidia was the youngest daughter, with a younger brother, Lewko. Life was hard but Lidia's mother continued to operate the furniture business with the help of the two oldest boys. The eldest was soon to be murdered by the Soviets.

The clouds of war had started to darken as the Second World War approached. However, Lidia was not aware of this at the time, as she went about her schooling without a care in the world. She loved sport, and as a member of the sport society 'Sokil' in Lviv she was involved in different sports activities such as gymnastics and was also a very keen and talented volleyball player. She was also very much involved in live stage theatre, which she enjoyed immensely. Until recently, she would still be able to recite some of the plays, and was always very keen to discuss these with people, especially those involved in the theatre.

Lidia also loves singing and was often heard singing Ukrainian songs to herself whilst working. Unfortunately, she never had the opportunity to join a choir, which is a pity because she would have been a great asset.

At the start of the Soviet occupation of Lviv, Lidia began her working life. She was soon recognised for her honesty, responsibility, fine copperplate handwriting and leadership, which enabled her to have a job right through to the time she married. In the meantime, the Soviets withdrew as the German army advanced and the Germans occupied Lviv.



Lidia & great-granddaughter.

Not too long before the end of the war, Lidia met Wolodymyr and they were married. In the summer of 1944 the Ukrainian city of Ternopil, occupied by the Germans, fell to the Soviets. The Germans started a quick withdrawal and the Soviets, unchecked, marched westward. The Soviets would be back in Lviv in a few short months, and the Iron Curtain would snap shut, trapping all behind it.

When Wolodymyr got the news, together with millions of Ukrainians, he could see that he and Lidia had just days to escape westward. At the time, Lidia did not know that she was pregnant with her daughter-to-be, Christine.

Lidia was heartbroken that her youngest brother Leon could not come with them, because he was the only one left to look after their mother. He was only 13. This was one of her greatest regrets, together with the fact that her siblings would be spread around the world with no means of staying in touch. In the fullness of time, after the Soviet regime fell apart, Lewko was finally able to visit Australia and Lidia also travelled to Ukraine and Poland for a reunion with her siblings.

Wolodymyr and Lidia headed south towards Austria. Wolodymyr knew that the Soviet direction was west towards Poland and then Germany. By cutting southward they might avoid major warfare.

They reached Austria and were given papers for the American sector. Here Christine was born, the first of five children. George was born two years later, still in Austria, but on the Swiss border.

In 1949 the family of four arrived in Australia and were sent to northern Victoria, where Wolodymyr could work off their contract. The early years in Australia were quite difficult, as each male member had to work for two years to pay for the cost of bringing the family to Australia, as well as accommodation for two years. They had to work where the government sent them.

While in the Mooroopna camp, Lidia was recognised by the camp manager as having special, tender skills for looking after children and sick people. She was offered a nurse's position at the Mooroopna hospital, where she assisted nurses in the children's ward. She was very proud of this work and often fondly recalled those times. Not long after, Roman was born.

Soon the contract was over and the family moved to Melbourne, where they bought their first home in Yarraville, where Leon was born, and later moved to Brooklyn, where John was born.

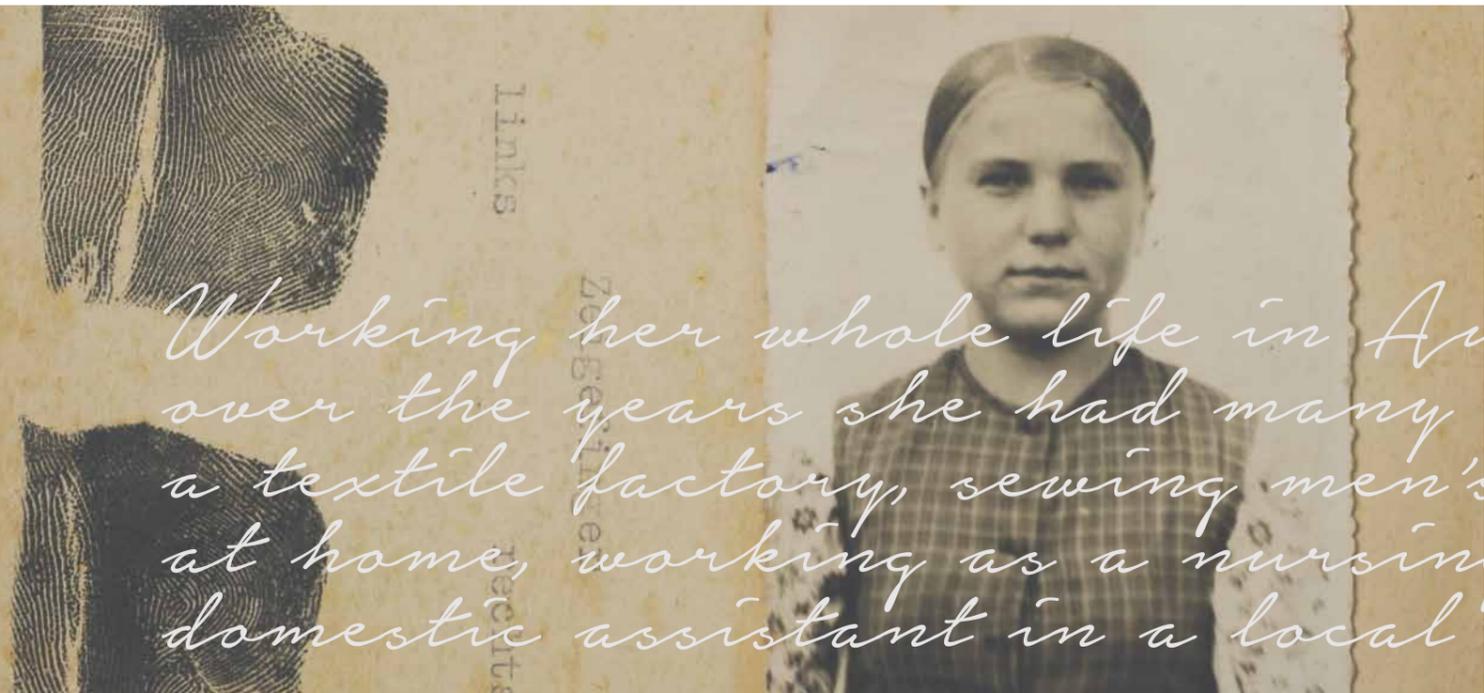


Brooklyn became the family home, where they remained until recently.

Lidia has always been a very giving person, always willing to help people out, always offering to look after other people's children, and in later years she dedicated her life to caring for her own grandchildren. She also loved cooking and was especially good at baking cakes and various slices, which were delicious. She always felt that she had to feed everyone who walked into her home and, consequently, always had plenty of food to go around.

She and Wolodymyr recognised and were always grateful for the advantages that Australia brought them, and the freedom to follow their heritage and their religion. They always supported the Ukrainian Church and community in any way they could and attended Mass regularly.

Lidia has survived all her siblings. Although now a widow, she has a large family of five children of her own, 11 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren to date.



Working her whole life in Australia until retirement, over the years she had many occupations: working in a textile factory, sewing men's suits, making jewellery at home, working as a nursing attendant and also as a domestic assistant in a local hospital.

ANASTASIA (ANNA) MALANCZYN

BORN 4 FEBRUARY 1928
MACHIW, UKRAINE

Anna was born in Machiw, Ukraine on the 4th February 1928 to Fedor and Nathalia Wusyk and grew up with two sisters and a brother. Her parents were farmers in Ternopil, where Anna had a normal childhood in a traditional Ukrainian village. At 15 years of age she was captured by the Germans and taken to work on a farm in Germany, where she met and married Iwan Kohut. It was in Germany that she did a dressmaking course and obtained her diploma.

After the war, Anna and Iwan migrated to Australia in 1949 and spent some time in two migrant camps – Bonegilla in northern Victoria and Watsonia Army Camp in Melbourne. They purchased a block of land in nearby Macleod, on the same street as eight other Ukrainian couples. They all lived in bungalows while scrimping and saving to build their houses. The train line didn't go as far as Macleod initially, so they walked long distances to work and to buy groceries and supplies. The nearest farm for eggs and milk was a kilometre away and the roads were potholed, muddy and hazardous! The 'Munro Street' Ukrainians helped and supported each other and became lifelong friends.

Unfortunately, Anna's husband Iwan passed away in 1957, leaving her with two young children, Stefan and Oksana. Anna had to continue working, as there was no government support available in those days. Eventually, she met and married Michael Malanczyn in 1959 and later a son, Basil, was born.

Anna's dressmaking skills were in high demand as she made coats, dresses and skirts from patterns she designed herself. Working her whole life in Australia until retirement, over the years she had many occupations: working in a textile factory, sewing men's suits, making jewellery at home, working as a nursing attendant and also as a domestic assistant in a local hospital.

Anna and her husband Michael were grateful to be living in a peaceful country, far away from their Russian-occupied homeland, and in 1966 they became Australian citizens. They remained proud of their Ukrainian heritage, culture and traditions and were very active members of the Ukrainian community. Their children attended Ukrainian language school on Saturdays, initially in their neighbour's garage and then in North Melbourne, sang in the children's choir and were scouts in Ukrainian Plast [The Plast National Scout Organisation of Ukraine]. The family attended

concerts in the Ukrainian Hall in South Melbourne and later Essendon, travelling the long distances by train, often returning late at night.

Religion has always been a very important part of Anna's life. She attended Mass regularly at the Ukrainian Catholic Church in North Melbourne. You could rely on spotting her sitting in the same pew every week! She actively supported all parish events and fundraisers, feast days, celebrations, working bees, church bazaars and the work of the Sisters of St Basil. Her family maintained Ukrainian Easter and Christmas traditions. The children of Munro Street become renowned for their nativity plays and carol singing on Christmas Eve and on request, visited other Ukrainians in neighbouring suburbs.

Anna and Michael loved animals and the children had many pets over the years; dogs, cats, a tortoise, budgies and a galah. In the early days, the family also had bees and would harvest honey from beehives in the backyard. Michael built a large chicken coop and the hens provided fresh eggs that would also be supplied to neighbours and friends.

Anna and Michael's family grew when son Stefan married Lesia, and they had a son Stephen, and daughter Danielle.



Anna & Michael, Wedding Day 1959.



*Anna & her children.
From left: Stefan, Oksana & Basil.*



Anna brings home a new puppy.

Later, Oksana married Jerry and had two children, Nikole and Matthew. Son Basil met Lesley and they eventually moved to a country property with their horses, and Anna and Michael enjoyed visiting to establish and attend to the vegetable garden. Anna and Michael loved to look after their grandchildren, Nik and Matt, after school as they lived nearby. They spoilt them with 'Baba and Dido's' home cooking and of course, Ukrainian *borsch* and *varenyky*! For Matt, it became a special tradition on Friday nights all through his high school and university years – a visit to Baba to share a plate of freshly made *varenyky*. Matt continued with these weekly visits, bringing Anna pizza, or fish and chips to share, along with some other of her favourite foods.

It was more than 30 years after the war before Anna and Michael were able to travel back to Ukraine to visit family. It was so emotionally overwhelming! They returned a number of times and also toured many European countries, as well as Canada and America. They enjoyed catching up with old childhood friends from their village in Ukraine and the friends they had met in Germany. And what an intrepid traveller Anna became! In Italy, on the steps of Rome, she slipped and fell, breaking

her leg. Weeks in an Italian hospital and returning home in a plaster cast didn't deter her from more adventures overseas.

Anna and Michael also hosted members of their families who visited at various times from Ukraine, and they were proud to show them their adopted country and all the wonderful things Australia had to offer. Anna still has a sister living in Ukraine and they would regularly ring and correspond with each other.

After retirement, Anna and Michael often travelled to Moree in NSW for spa treatments for health reasons, again catching up with old friends who lived there. There also loved going to their beach house in Rosebud, particularly in summer.

Anna practised Ukrainian traditions with her family and loved baking and cooking Ukrainian food, and preserving the fruit and vegetables she picked from her prolific garden. Her hobbies were knitting and sewing (which she could do with or without patterns) and gardening. She still loves watching old movies like *Oklahoma*, *The Sound of Music* and *Dr Zhivago*, and TV shows like *Ellen DeGeneres* and *The Big Bang Theory*. She could always be heard laughing loudly during *The Benny Hill Show*.



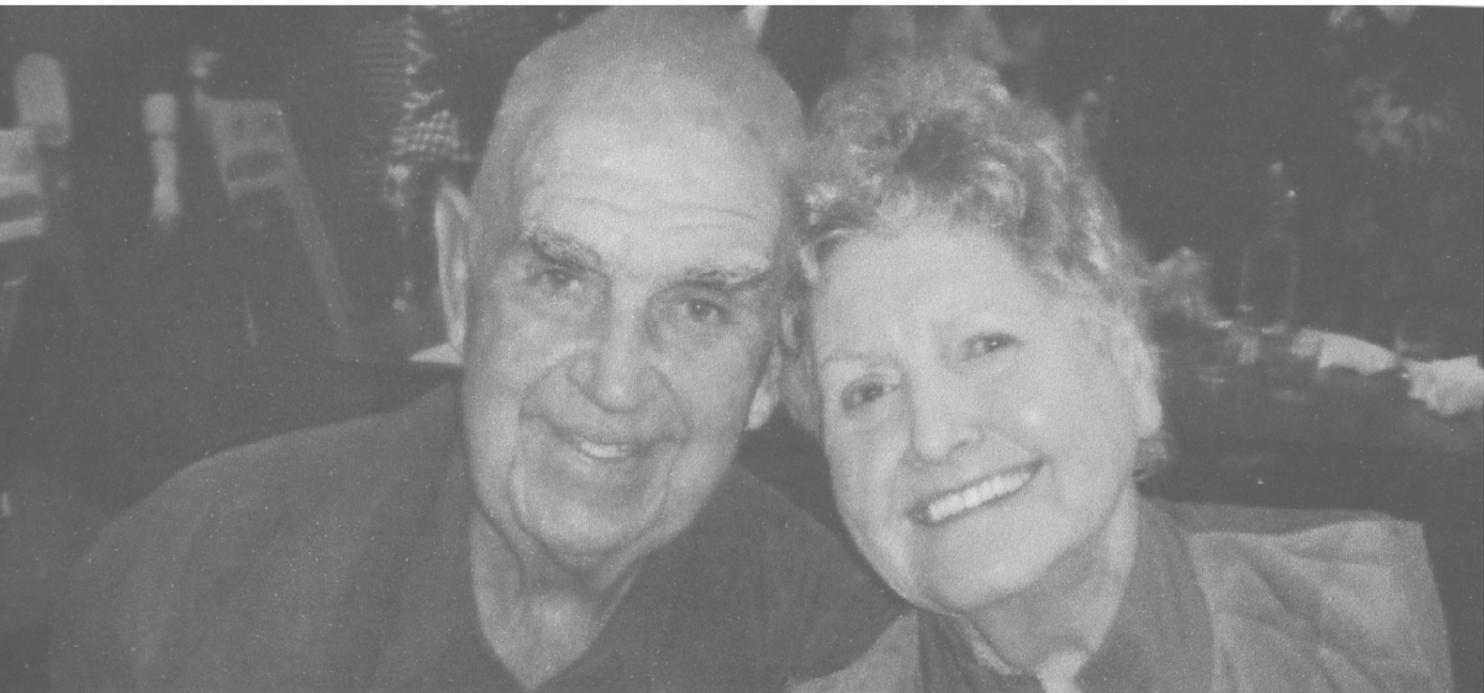
Anna, Iwan (Kohut), Oksana & Stefan.

Anna's husband Michael passed away in 2002, and although Anna's mobility was limited following a stroke, she was fiercely independent and continued to live on her own for many years, tending a huge fruit and vegetable garden, cooking, cleaning and doing all the chores herself. She was very houseproud, springcleaning her house top to bottom every year – curtains and cushions washed; mementos, pictures and windows sparkling!

It was only much later that Anna accepted help and support as she became more frail. Eventually, after major surgery, Anna conceded to move to Kalyna Care for assisted living. The decision was made easier as she knew people who lived there and she could speak her own language. Kalyna is a Ukrainian home, in which she can still feel part of her Ukrainian community.



Anna & Iwan Kohut.



JOHN (JACK) PATRICK MEEHAN

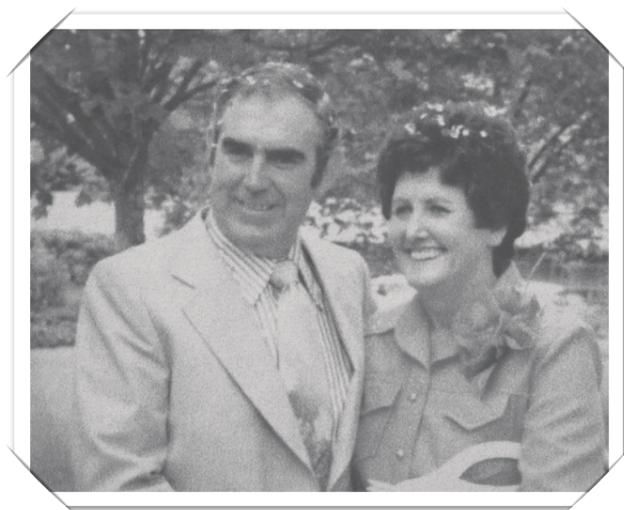
BORN 14 MARCH 1927
DUBLIN, IRELAND

Jack was the first born, to his parents Agnes and John, of five children: in order of age, himself, Frank, Michael (who never married), Lena (now 87 years old) and Agnes (who also never married). Jack and Lena are the only two siblings still alive.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, he arrived in Australia by ship in 1956. In his working life, he was a hands-on man and a hard worker. He was always in the trade business, and very successful with the

Gas and Fuel Corporation. He also worked in the track business (horseracing) in Ireland and after coming to Australia.

Jack married Faye (Gloria Faye Ritchens) on the 20th of November 1976, and as newlyweds the couple spent weekends away in Penny Royal. It was Faye's second marriage. Jack and Faye had no kids of their own but Jack had an instant family with Faye's three children, Alan, Gary and Christine.



Jack & Faye, Wedding Day 1976.



Jack's friend he left behind; she waits for him every day.

Jack and Faye lived in Avondale Heights then moved to a farm in Yuroke. They had many friends and a good social life, enjoying many social Irish get-togethers. However, Jack hated the cold weather – hence his move from Ireland to Australia – and so he and Faye packed up and moved to Queensland. They lived there for 18 years, and Queensland was certainly Jack's favourite state.

The grandkids loved to visit their grandparents' house up north.

When Jack and Faye's health started to deteriorate, though, they made the move back to Melbourne. This was hard for Jack as he loved Queensland, but he also wanted Faye to be close to family. Jack lost the love of his life in 2013 and was a lost soul without her.

Jack's main interest and hobby was betting on horses. In Melbourne, he spent a lot of time in the TAB of the Sugar Gum Hotel in Sydenham. In the 1970s he even owned a racehorse with two mates, called 'Dublin Trio'. He likes golf, Irish songs, and loves to hear his granddaughter Makayla sing. He still likes to watch the racing channel, as well as western movies and the news. Before his eyesight deteriorated, he used to read novels in bed, but he hasn't read a novel now in six years. Jack still reads the newspapers for his bets, remembering the times when he would go to the local TAB most Wednesdays and every Saturday.

Now that Jack is getting older, mealtimes aren't such a big deal. He eats anything, and loves soups, pies and sausages; his favourite is apple pie and custard. His favourite drink is a whiskey and tonic. Before his fall he never needed assistance with eating and drinking, and he cooked by himself. He always liked a milkshake, and there's never much he doesn't like to eat.

Jack always liked to be well groomed, and used to have a regular haircut. Before his fall, he always dressed himself and knew the difference between everyday wear and going out wear. He showered and shaved himself and brushed his own teeth daily. His grandson Wayne or Wayne's partner Angela would clip his hair, as he never wanted to spend money on a barber.

A proud man, Jack likes his independence. He never liked to be told what to do. He'll have a drink of whiskey to relax and he loved birds, animals in general, going to the races and children. Children loved him, too, as he would always hand out money!

Julie and Michael were his caretakers when Wayne and Angela needed a break. Wayne is also his power of attorney. Jack now has 10 step-grandchildren – Wayne, Michelle, Tim, Clinton, Daniel, Makayla, Deklan, Teneal, Jessica and Amber – as well as three extended grandchildren, Mason, Curtis and Blake (Angela's nephews). He loves his family.



Odarka has always enjoyed being involved in community groups; she has always been a part of the church group and was involved in the women's association for many years. She loves to spend her time doing enjoyable hobbies such as knitting and cooking.

ODARKA OSOBA

Odarka (middle row, third from left). Migrant camp NSW 1950.

BORN 12 MARCH 1923

SMALL FARMING VILLAGE IN UKRAINE

Odarka was born and raised in Ukraine to Ukrainian parents. She lived in Ukraine for 30 years, and later went on to live in Germany for approximately five years. After Germany, Odarka decided to move to Australia and settle down with her family. She married husband Wasyl in her younger years. They had five children together, Luba, Anna, Maria, Martha and Wasyl, and they were later blessed with 12 lovely grandchildren.

In her working life, Odarka experienced a number of different occupations. In Ukraine, she worked as a dry cleaner for six years. After she moved

to Australia she changed her occupation and decided to work as a kindergarten assistant for approximately three years.

Odarka has always enjoyed being involved in community groups; she has always been a part of the church group and was involved in the women's association for many years. She loves to spend her time doing enjoyable hobbies such as knitting and cooking. She also loves to watch tennis on TV and enjoys listening to music – in particular Ukrainian folk music.



Odarka's precious garden, District 1st Prize 1995.



Austria 1946.



Mum & Dad.



HELMUT SEEBERGER

BORN 3 JUNE 1938
MOSBACH (BADEN), GERMANY

My mother's name is Rosa Seeberger. She was a housewife. My father was Joseph Seeberger. He was a shepherd. He was also always a hands-on person, building many things. I am the second child out of three. I have an older brother named Werner and a younger brother named Willi.

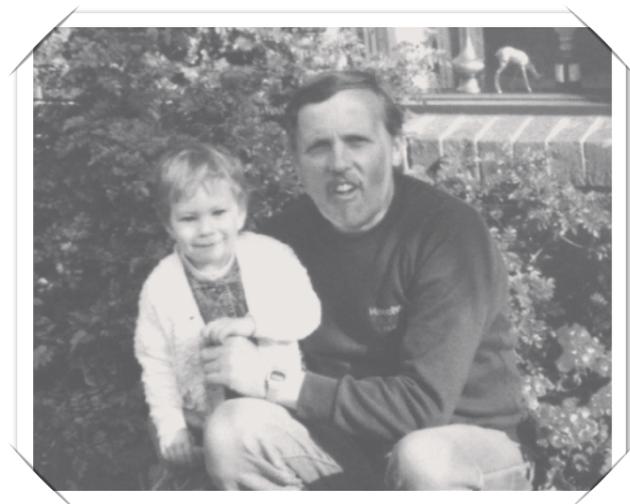
In winter in Germany I used to play outside with school friends and come home wet from the snow. I had many friends, and I liked school merely for the fact that I had many friends there. I struggled with maths though. In summer I played in the forest and visited farms.

Christmas in Germany was always magical because of all the beautiful lights and the snowfall, and spending time with family and friends. However, parents all struggled after the war because they had not enough food or money. The children still managed to enjoy life though. My father never returned from the war.

My first job was as a bricklayer in Germany and I worked outside. I worked first in the main city in Germany. Then when I came to Australia in 1967 I worked for National Forge and lastly Hoecht. I would probably consider different working options nowadays, as there are many more opportunities. I enjoyed being a school crossing supervisor, and talking to the various parents and children. I found this job rewarding.



Wife Helga.



My wife Helga met me when I was 17 and she was 15 years old, and we have been happily together ever since. Helga and I got married in 1959, in February, in the middle of winter. It was very cold. The wedding celebrations were at Helga's parents' home and were shared by all our family and friends. I wore a black suit, which I still have, and Helga wore also a stylish black ladies suit. Helga was pregnant with our first son and it was traditional to wear black under those circumstances. We had another son thereafter, followed by a daughter. We also had a German Shepherd as a pet, called Simba.

A significant event for me was migrating to Australia in 1967. Another significant event was when I was given the bad news that my father did not return from World War II. I was only seven years old when I received the news.

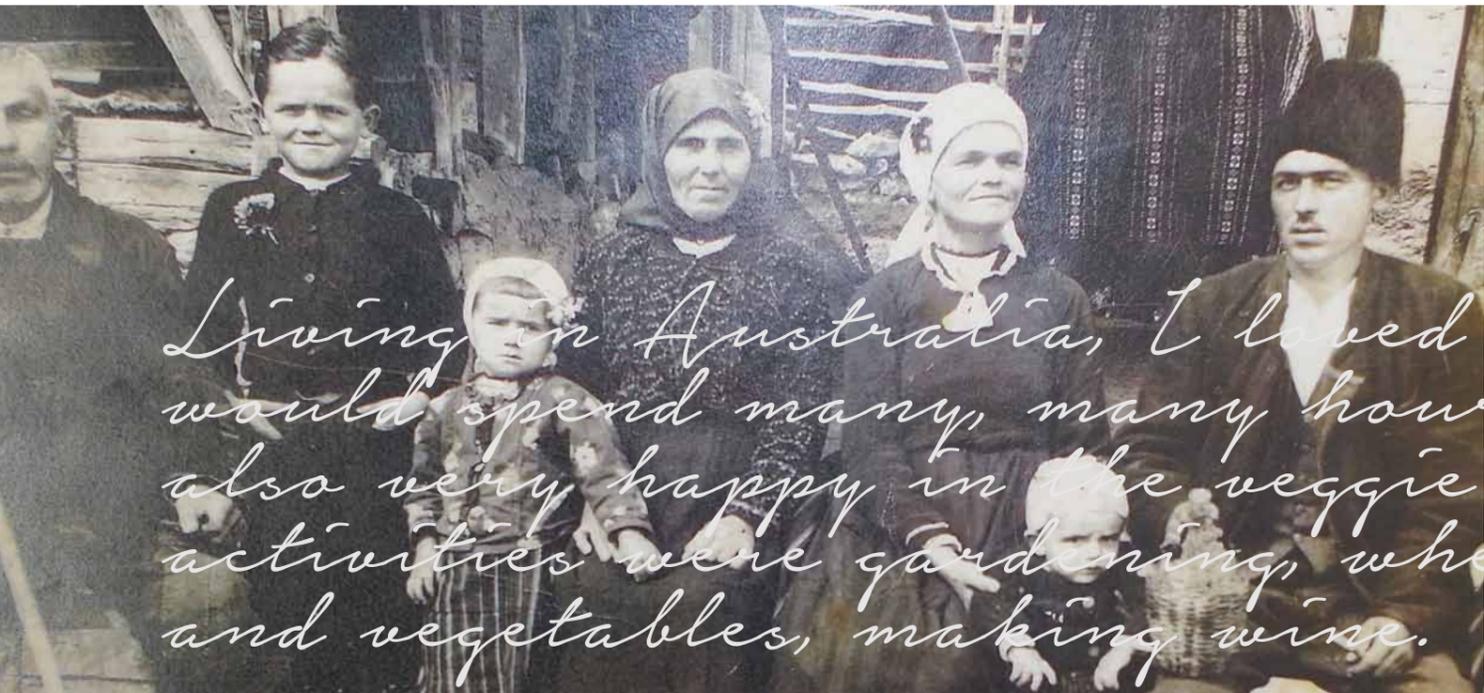
Highlights of being older were, for example, being able to take a trip back to my home country to visit my family. Another high of being older was becoming a grandfather and a great-grandfather. Lows of getting older are for me non-existent as I have always been happy and a positive person, and I was still able to do everything.

My appearance is important for me. My hair should be groomed, my beard should be shaven and I should be neatly dressed.

I need assistance with daily grooming. I am usually not fussy when it comes to food and I am willing to try anything. I like bananas, kiwis and all fruits. I need support with eating and drinking.

Hobbies included my car, a Toyota Camry, and gardening. The car was immaculate. I like to watch animal documentaries as well as tennis, soccer and other sports. I also like to talk about Germany. Family issues upset me. I like to sit in my favourite chair and listen to German music. I dislike it when I have blood taken and a nurse is unable to get the right vein. I like it when an experienced nurse takes blood samples.

I would like to walk again as being chairbound has been very hard for me to accept. I would like to be treated with respect and dignity just as I would treat others in this same state. I have always been a well-groomed man and would like this to continue in my end-of-life. The people who are important to me include my family and my carers, especially my wife Helga.



Living in Australia, I loved Altona beach, where we would spend many, many hours during summer. I was also very happy in the veggie garden. My favourite activities were gardening, where I would plant flowers and vegetables, making wine.

BORISLAV STAMENKOVIC

BORN 29 JANUARY 1933
KUKAVICA, SERBIA

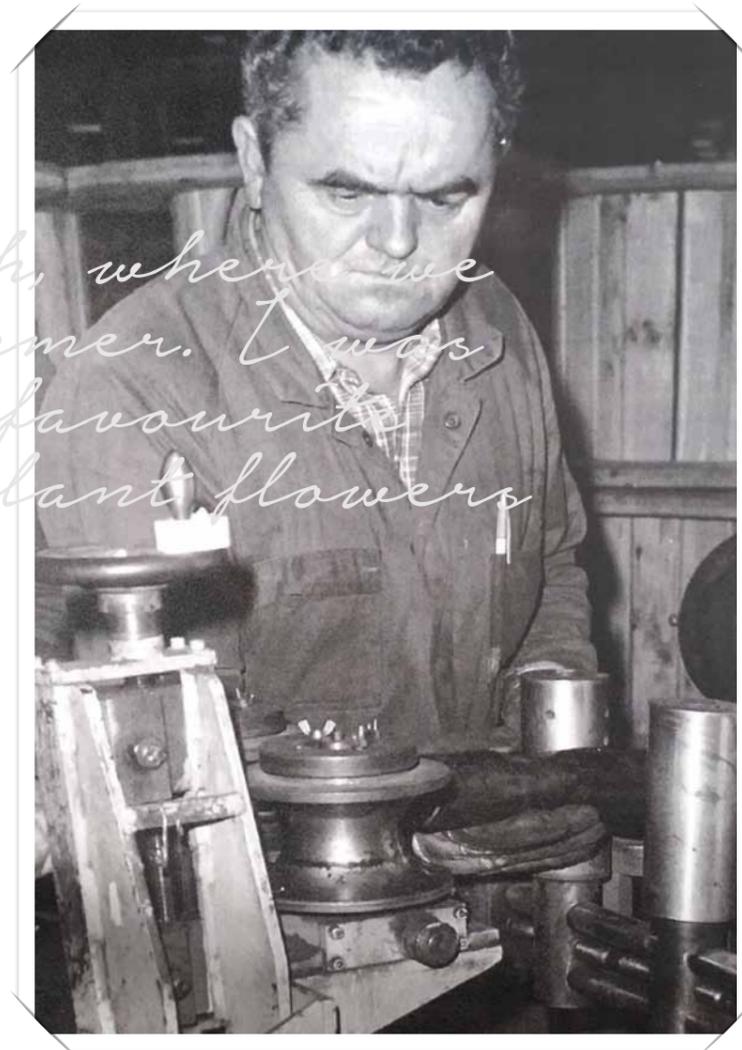
My parents' names were Milorad and Radunka. My mother was a housewife and my father a farmer. I am the oldest child, then there are my siblings Mirka, Zora, Kros and the youngest, Sava.

I remember a sweet my teacher made. I got the recipe for my mother. She was short on sugar so she added salt ... lol. I also remember that I didn't like to eat anyone's bread except my mother's and that I helped her out to work our land because my father was very lazy.

When I was at the age of 14 I started a traineeship and finished it when I was 21. During that time I lived in a city far from home. The traineeship involved making woven mats for animals, to protect their backs. After that I worked on the land and in factories. I was very proud of my work and took up all the extra hours offered.

My marriage was arranged because after I finished my traineeship I had to go into the army for two years. I married because my family needed an extra set of hands to work the land and help with the household.

My mother was a very significant figure for me and I had great compassion for her suffering. Other important people in my life were my wife's sister and her husband, especially because they arranged for us to move to Australia.



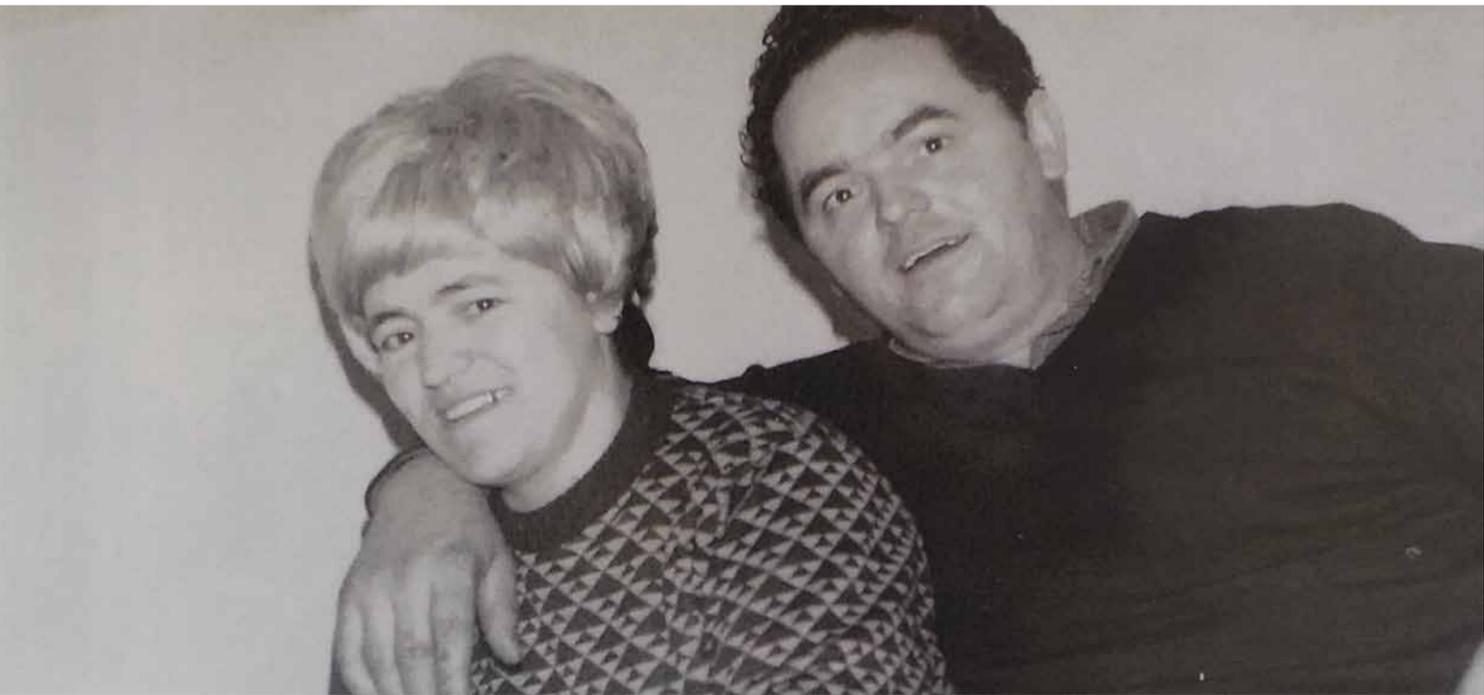
The greatest influence was the man I did my traineeship under. He taught me life skills that my own father didn't; for example, how to save, how to work hard, and how to be respected.

My home where I grew up was very important for me. It gave me a sense of where I came from. I didn't inherit any land, which hurt me for a long time. My father signed everything to my younger brothers.

Living in Australia, I loved Altona beach, where we would spend many, many hours during summer. I was also very happy in the veggie garden. My favourite activities were gardening, where I would plant flowers and vegetables, making wine and rakija [fruit brandy], and making picnics at the church. I was very proud of our house. I loved taking my youngest grandchild to his soccer training and watching him train, and then buying him chips and Coke.

My most significant life events were my traineeship of seven years and two years of national service. These years shaped the person I became. I chose to put my own family first and not return to care for my parents, but move on to other places to follow work for the benefit of my beloved ones. I took great pride in the money I earned from hard work. I felt valued. I used to like talking about my life, and decisions I had made to improve not only my life but my family. I was very critical of my father and others who didn't value their families. I was highly opinionated and didn't like being criticised.

As for food, I love stews rather than roasts, and have a sweet tooth. I'm not really into Asian food. I like Serbian folk music. I remember going to a record shop most Saturdays to buy the latest records. I am also into Serbian radio, and Saturday wrestling on the television. Serbian music and television help me to relax. I also love my grandchildren, especially the youngest.



OLGA STAMENKOVIC

BORN 21 MAY 1930
DONJE GUBEROVCE, SERBIA

I was the fourth child of my mother Persa, who was a housewife, and my father Vljako, who was a shopkeeper and farmer. I had five siblings – my two sisters Nadica and Milanka, and my three brothers Ceda, Dragoljuh and Blagoja.

I attended school for 10 days per two weeks and two hours each day when I was about 14 to 15 years old. I remember falling in the well after standing on the side of it to collect pears from a tree. I fell in and my mother managed to get me out.

My father had two shops and my mum worked in both stores. I used to steal sweet buns when my parents weren't looking.

I remember the war. We used to go to the mountains to give food to my little brother, who was 16 years old. He was a freedom fighter.

My first job was working on the land in Serbia, digging, planting and harvesting. Later, in Australia, I packed biscuits and meals for hospitals as a ward clerk at the Prince Henry's Hospital, and at Peter MacCallum.

I married Buro on the 20th of February 1954. Our marriage was arranged. We met and married after just two weeks. It snowed a lot and we were married in a hall. We borrowed both my wedding dress and Buro's suit. We have two children: Iovan,



aged 61, who is married to Zoran; and Divna, aged 52, who is also married to a man named Zoran. I have five grandchildren – Snez, Brasliv, Michael, Adriana and Daylon – and two great-grandchildren, Georgia and Anastasia. One of my most significant people is my sister Milanka; and my favourite pet, a dog called Fluffy.

Our house in Keilor Downs was significant for me. I had beautiful gardens both back and front, with



a veggie patch and lovely flowers. The house was double storey with four bedrooms and two baths. My family visited us constantly and we had heaps of parties. The house represented everything we had worked for in our lives and things we thought we would never have.

I loved to cook, especially pastries, and the only foods I don't like now are sour/tomato based foods. I used to go to Big Sam's market on a Saturday afternoon and buy up the bargains. I also loved going to the gym. I visited the St Albans Leisure Centre and its pools three times a week. I loved celebrations, my family, picnics and going to church, as well as looking after the grandchildren. I still love Serbian folk music and movies, and like to watch cooking shows and the news or current affairs.

The highs of getting older include seeing my grandchildren marry. The lows are about loss of independence and memory, and topics that upset me are based on these lows. I wish that I am still mentally active in the future.

Significant life events for me were my arranged marriage, moving to Australia, and learning to drive at the age of 56. I like to have a joke or two and love to be helpful. I need to have a sense of purpose.





I grew up in a small house just around the corner from the school. I really liked to go to school; history especially was my favourite subject.

ZINA SZWADIAK

BORN 26 FEBRUARY 1926
NIKOLAYEV, UKRAINE

My name is Zina Szwadiak. I was born on the 26th of February 1926 in an ordinary Ukrainian town called Nikolayev. My mother's name was Nina and she worked a few years as a schoolteacher, but when she got her kids she remained at home caring for them. My father, Simon, was a boilermaker, at a big submarine in the harbour of our hometown. I am the second oldest of three children, in between my brother and my sister. Apart from that I don't have many memories of my grandparents or other relatives.

I grew up in a small house just around the corner from the school. I really liked to go to school; history especially was my favourite subject.

As I finished the 7th grade, Germany invaded Ukraine and forced many young residents to work for them. One day in 1941 the soldiers stopped me at the school gate and took me to Germany, while the rest of the family stayed at home. I wrote letters to my mother, but did not see my parents again.

In Germany I was told to work in an office at first. Later I switched to a restaurant in Erfurt, doing the dishes until the war ended. I did not ask for it, but did what I was told to do. During the occupation I had the luck to meet my husband, who brought fresh groceries by horse to my working place.

Soon we were married. It was a small wedding with only a few close friends and without a dress, but that's how nearly every wedding during war was.

When the war finished we travelled three years together to other German cities like Stuttgart, Mannheim and Elwangen, where my husband joined the German police force. During this time my first son, George, was born on the 10th of October 1945.

After these years we heard the announcement that immigration to another country away from destroyed Europe would be possible. First my husband wanted to go to Canada, but I said it would be too cold up there. As he did not want to argue, we united for going to Australia.

After travelling by train to Italy we took a ship called the *Fairsea*, which transported medical items. Stopping at many islands, it took us nearly five weeks to arrive in Perth. From there we went straight to Melbourne and my husband started to work cutting trees in the bush. Together we bought a caravan for only 35 pounds and lived in it for some years.

My second son Paul was born on the 23rd of December 1950. Being now four family members,

we had to search for a new place to stay and found some land in Collins Street, St Albans. I started to work again as a shop assistant, a job that I continued with for 27 years. After that many years I got sick of the job, and spent another 15 years in different jobs, including as a butcher. Then I retired.

In all these years I used to go to the Ukrainian club in St Albans, and cared at home for my two boys and the house itself. We travelled in the new Holden we bought, through New South Wales and Ballarat, where we had friends. Furthermore, we flew back to Ukraine three times to meet my siblings again. I even convinced my brother to visit me once in Melbourne. When my husband got sick I took care of him as well.

One day in 2005, when I was going to bring medication for my husband from his room, I collapsed in the doorway, and then he as well because of his lack of medication. I barely could phone my son to call the ambulance. My husband died a week later and I had to go to his funeral in a wheelchair. Later on I slipped off from the pedestrian walk as I walked to the post office and hit my head very badly. Since then I have spent all my time in different hospitals, until I remained here at Kalyna Care.



Since I am here I like to read the newspaper I get delivered every day, and watch the traffic out of the window. Some time ago I used to solve a lot of crossword books. When I watch television my favourite shows are *A Current Affair* and news in general. As I love to dance, music to dance to I like the most, but the 'new fancy music' which is played on radio is great too.

Australia is the place I call my home, because I lived the longest and happiest time here. Right now the most important people in my life are my two children, my grandson Adam and my two great-grandchildren as well.



... my future wife.
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... munity.

GERTRUDA VAN SCHUBERT

BORN 2 FEBRUARY 1936
HEERLEN, HOLLAND

I am Gertruda, born in Holland on the 2nd of February 1936. I have a lot of brothers and sisters; we were 13 children. So we always had company and always had something to do. Some of my brothers and sisters played guitar or accordion or some other musical instrument and we had a good time.

I grew up in Holland and moved to Australia in 1960 with my husband and children for a better life. My husband's name is Karl. We got married so many years ago, I can't even remember when. We met at a friend's house. He used to come visit me at work every day after that. Then we got married and had two children, Anna and Karl. According to the tradition in Holland, we named our first son after his father.

I never had to work. My husband's two brothers were already settled in Australia by the time we moved here. So my husband found a job straight away after reaching Australia. I had a very good life with my husband and in Australia. I still have a very good life. I see my family every week.



able time. I met Stefa,
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a terrific girl; beautiful
be just the man to give
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