

The Crimson Boot



A Love Story

By

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The Crimson Boot **A Love Story**

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***To All Our Families Who
Emigrated To Free Lands
Welcome Home***

Canto I

Evening's breath lingered, haunted by many thoughts conferred
of the day's remnant conversations. In my mind they still speak,
soft whispers, caressing memories, gently stirred.

Oh, no longer is my past that so strongly compelled
me to journey from pain into freedom and ease,
tantamount to rest, yes rest and bid farewell -

farewell to falsehood as now my life has reason.

Oh child of my child whose love song binds strong,
Am I free to loosen caution and allow the truth in?

Yes, embrace - my story I hesitated to tell far too long.

This child, granddaughter, a delightful, teenaged lass
Rushed to me holding the prize from lifelong.

My soul surged as memory, trailing a worn path
weaves back in time heralding release to the heavens.

The slamming of the screen door in her wake hath

caused me to gasp at the object she found.

For this youth awakened the mystery in my heart.

Clutching the table edge, I breathed into my pounding

blood in a vane effort to hide my pain. She guessed...

this treasure a reminder of the journey I made, some

fifty years before. Oh I must lie down, I must rest.

"Baba, Baba, I found this!" Excited, yet hint of qualm.

"Amongst old things in the attic of the old house.

What is its story? I feel its magical psalm,

Please tell me how did this doll's shoe come about?"

The Elizabethan style dark Crimson boot,

Shapely heel, tiny ebony round buttons edging the tongue.



Up the high arch to the edge of a lace speckled with soot

Found by the brick chimney near the edge of the stove

Too small for a normal foot, only a doll's ankle could

Be surrounded by the subtle suede, crimson as dried blood.

"Where is the partner? What is its token?"

My head was swimming, I'd not forgiven the episode.

Painful memories conjured, deceitful words spoken,
Echo in my throbbing head, dare I speak
And share the journey I was so valiantly forsaken.

Dare I share this life's journey, its mystique?
The fateful mold cast life; her fate is to know where
She came from. Alas with her it will take technique.

I was about her age at then. Hers joy, mine fear - do I dare?
I deflect her excitement, her innocence and adventure
I deflect by a wave, casting off the treasure to share.

Nonsense, a nothing, but I ask for it as to reassure.
She hesitantly gives it to me, turns and walks out
Knowing she has been slighted, a secret again secure.

I sense her hurt at being closed out. But I must not
Too soon disclose. I place the doll boot to my heart.
I cry. Tomorrow I shall decide - tonight I am distraught.

Tomorrow I may release my secret, my journey impart
Tonight, I am still, I am weak and worn down
Tonight I cry for my beloved husband not long departed.

For though not aged, I show wrinkle and hard frowns
My life secret ending, by hard work lending
This farmer's wife is ready to welcome God's sundown.

A darkness settles as secrets whisper the ending
Of a journey closing. One day I shall meet true love
In a heaven I feel reassured as overflowing

With love and forgiveness and tenderness above
Hear me dear God, heal my broken heart
For I am ready to release all pain for your devoted love.



Canto II

I am dreaming, the same fitful nightmare as before
The vision unfolds so real and bright this illusion.
I grab my son; we must escape through this door.

No, the window, or not at all would be confusion
Stand with me my baby, in the snow and mud of late winter
Hold tight, as we find our way helpless from this intrusion.

I look back at the sod hut, pitiful piles of wood and tiny pails for water
In the dim window, a light, a flicker of smoking candle
I shall never be here again; we hold one another.



In our escape and survival, we run from the command
Of the horseman, the Cossack is large and fierce,
brandishing his sword, swooping in my dreamland.

I cry out as he strikes, my eyes swim with tears
And sanguine hues, clouding my vision
It is not the dawn, it is blood as I fear.

My child, my love, I have made my decision
I will risk all I am, my life for his deathlessness
I cannot breathe, he cuts with saber a deep incision.

My fear is consuming my breath I no longer suppress
Dear God in heaven, I die tonight
My heart, I shudder is in pain at such distress!

Save my heir! I pray with all my might.
Startled, exhausted, I wake from this reminiscence
The horseman fades, the evening returns, no knight



In armor was he, but a past vision, my experience
Long forgotten. I wipe my brow of sweet sweat
The visions shall haunt me, each night more intense.

That boot, that Crimson Boot, is like the kiss of death.
It comes out of hiding, my granddaughter knows not
The pain it conjures with my stomach to retch.

I must, I must, confess to liberation as I am caught

In my own deceivers web to take to my grave

Alas, poor judgement. For all these years I have fought

To keep my secret, my family knows not why I behave

In despair, my empty heart, my aching soul

To them I grant the story, to my own heart, a slave

Canto III

My story begins at the century's incipience.

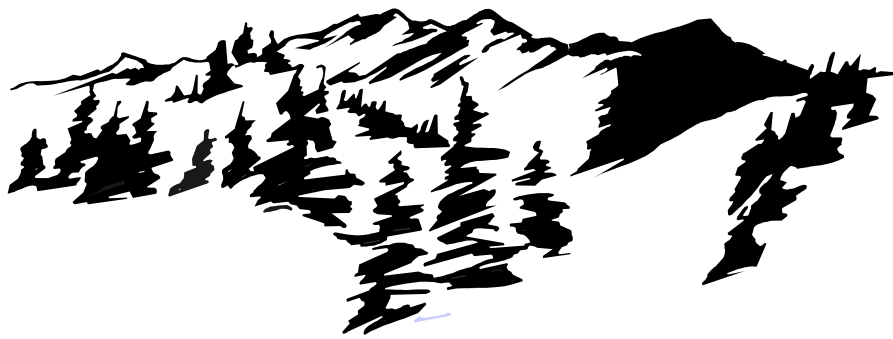
A young peasant lad stole my heart from the land

Carved out of the mountains of old Galicia,

We strolled hand in hand beside precious dreamland,

Fields ploughed rich in soil with furrows of wheat pure gold.

The cows and sheep dotted the pastures so grand



Oats, rye, potatoes sprouted on the valley floor

Above the village's huddle of thatched roofs, sighing

Breezes. Great peaks touched the sky with more

Fingers of oaks, beech and fir, reaching the sky

This fertile Carpathian valley, captured one's heart

Until the news of taxes and levies did surely defy

Sanctity and peace are not the ways of the new regime.
A revolution was about, my young lad whispered to me
Of flogging and maiming by the Bolsheviks it did seem.

Our own meager acre, cannot sustain the family
"Beeda, beeda", life is misery with drunkards endemic
The others, our neighbors - distrust and thievery

Persists since the wealthy pawns own our lands, lunatic
Depression and hatred grows throughout our people.
The ruling class keeps the peasant drunk and heartsick.

Controlling, deploring, underpaid, no one to console
The minds and hearts of a disregarded population
Of Ruthenians and Ukrainians dissatisfied in their souls.

To be ridiculed and muled, chastised by derision
No longer appeals to me, stated the young lad.
We must explore an alternative life decision.

To fight the hunger and disregard the pain will add
To more hunger and insane distraction
But to leave and find peace elsewhere is glad.

Decisions. How shall we separate from this faction

That insists on starving and hating us?

How shall we separate from this painful interaction

But to pray to the spirit of God for all dreams thus

to send a miracle that our children may survive

The destitute and ridicule our nation, family and us

No longer wish to endure. Surely, we can thrive

Our lord within I plead, please allow

Your flesh and blood, of whom is deprived

Everlasting peace. Send beauty by a touch on my brow.

Send me your message; send me a signal;

My life is truly of worth, I give solemn vow!

I worried I might lose him to the tides of this hell

For my father is long gone, one brother taken too

By the Cossacks riding against those who rebel

They take no prisoners! Our lives will be doomed!

Low perchance, a miracle shows us the way

Darling, darling, flee by the light of the moon.

Lest we find peace from this nightmare casting vigil

To the river Dnipro and onward by grace vast displays,

Out of terror, terror as to crash our souls to a will

Not of ours. Yet that day the miracle did punctuate

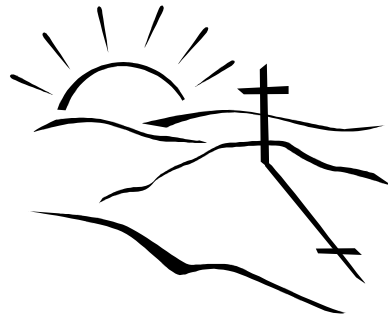
Through a pamphlet the traveler Oleskow

Promised a land of fertile soil to fascinate

All for the asking acres of land by emigration to go

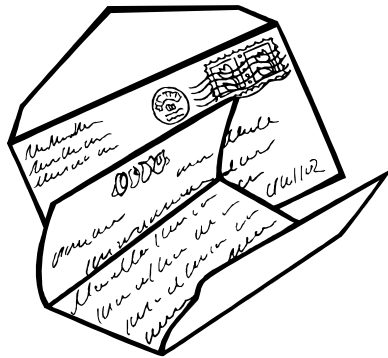
Into Kanata. My love, my husband will set out

Moreover, call for the family after more money was to show.



Canto IV

A long eight years did come to pass alone, without
My husband who settled in a prairie so vast
As to span a nation he dearly loved day in, day out
His letters gave hope as he built life without caste.
Soon, darling wife, darling son left behind
You too shall join me, life here is such contrast.



But each year a letter long reaching would eventually find
My hand only to ridicule hope and dash any sound
journey sooner; his news told each time
Struggles, hardships, debts gaining ground
Took toll and shred aspirations out of our hearts.
The business he started, the settlers who came around

Could not pay for goods; they could not make a start
Money so difficult to gather, still keep hope
For my darling, I had a vision we could all take part.

He wrote again and again how sweet the antelope
And the fox circumspect did help make way
A larger decision to farm instead; the different scope

Than be a poor merchant. So without further delay
His journey took him north from Edmonton town
And trim a section of rich land past the railway.

He wrote how the wind whispered through Alberta boughs
Of poplar leaves chattering in the breeze, a sign
Plant seeeeeee, plant seeeeeee, here riches abound.



Then came the letter to our Galician village confined.
He sent us money, abundance heartfelt and steamship ticket
Lest we forget, how old home has been unkind.

But the Czar is dead; this 18th year breaks all spirit
How can we leave now, the passage is treacherous
The war, the war of wars will not permit!

So we wait. Then another letter to tame our madhouse.
While Bolsheviks fight, daring many to bet
We will die before God, help me darling spouse!

"Cry not at your depart, pack only one trunk when all set."
He said winter clothes, blankets and sheets near the base
My holy pictures between pillows and our best

Sunday clothes on top for thanking the spirit of our race.
My friends did wrap with care, tiny bundles of seed
Onions, garlic, horseradish, some dried corn, some mace

Holy water, candles, a precious Shevchenko book to read
Of course my bible, a primer to help my born child.

He will learn as we travel and before we reach



Our destination, he will surely know God descends
Her grace onto them for we are truly blessed
To leave this horror and begin life that transcends
Hope into reality, love into being, out of oppressed
Manipulation and denial; our lives are sacred
Onward, onward into the mystery of a new west.



"Maria", my brother troubled with staccato speech,
"do do do send for me me me as soon without
delay that I too can heal in a new land to reach
beyond a dream and experience I am your devout
brother to help your husband in the promised land.
Please take this gift along on your route.

This doll so beautiful holds memory private and
You must take as a reminder of how far we've all come
To freedom from destitute. Of this you you've planned.



May she remind you of virtue, and a higher life from
The toil and hardships you've had displeasure to feel
Hardened by the horrific experiences you've succumbed.

I love you dear sister. Take care, travel with peace
For you and this nephew through the voyage ahead
Take too, this little bundle of food, your next meal.

After the smiles and kisses on each cheek and forehead
A tear started creeping out each eye of my best friend.
We together bow heads and recite prayers instead

Asking God for blessings for safe passage and transcend
the journey safe, prosperity laden along the voyage.
Across the ocean be lovely, assuring. Amen.

The wagon and team are waiting to engage
Our trek to the station commencing a weary way
Across the land, by train, sea, and lion's courage.

I feel a tug of my heart as we slowly pull away
I jump from the wagon and scoop a handful
Of Galician earth, and smell it one last day.

I know in my heart I shall never again pull
A pail of water out the dusty near dry well
Nor beg for kindness and escape this push-pull

Of fear laden lifestyle, poverty. Farewell.
As much as I fear leaving, I fear arriving more
I now have a secret to bear I cannot tell.

For my husband who toils to bring us order
Waits for my journey's end into prosperity.
How am I to face him, my heart aches as we board.

I shall not think of the past that brings self-pity
I shall savor this moment knowing I am saved
I shall pray my gratitude and lessen my jittery
Feelings of dread and put on my face of brave.
My child needs me now, our journey begins
I wait to see my husband, my new home the lord gave.



Canto V

During those waiting years I hadn't thought to query
On how little some peasants dared save to buy passage
Why my husband collected much more money.

That my young son and I would have a bon voyage
While many had illness that death does claim
We in third class had a mere level higher than steerage.

He knew that lesser means and weakened state brings
Hardened hearts, sorrow and fool's gold impressions
That sickness cannot fight a resolve to continue things

Such as travel, climate and hopes as new native sons
Even the more familiar leg into Europe
From the Krakow train to the borders of old home

Shook my determination to continue the crusade.
It left foul tasting dust from crowded halls of people
And walls lined with vermin, conditions decayed.

Oh how we felt sting as willing fish in a bowl
Hooked mercilessly by promises of liberation
Trapped by inspections for disinfecting bestowed.

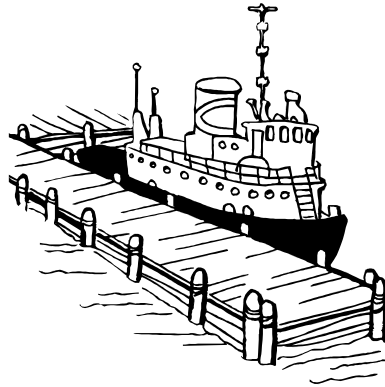
Our dignity threatened little respect envisioned
For once again herded as cattle into another's day
Journey as clack clack clack on rails to the ocean.

How at that moment I realized my husband's bouquet
Of clever determination and hard earned money
Was to prevent our delay was the only way

For our journey to continue when many were wearily
Turned back to wait out to the next ship.

Some waited a full 13 days, hungry, scared and nearly

At the end of a horrific experience little equipped
And ill affording a telegram home, nor fare to return.
To argue with cheating agents from this pirate ship.



At Hamburg, the Germans seemed pleased to earn
A pocket more change from unsuspecting, unrehearsed,
Galicians, Russians, Poles, all Ukrainians did adjourn

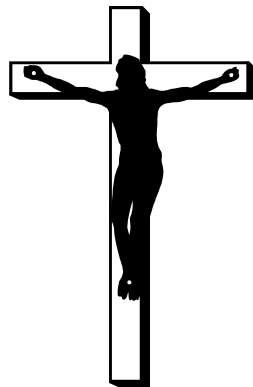
Onto a voyage as ship drifted to sea, calm at the first
Until a day or two rolling past England at last glance
The mighty sea grabbed at her throat such fierce thirst.

Upon tiered bunks layering seasickness, disenchant
And half-starved, terror stricken by the forces
Of nature flinging vessel and passengers like ants.

In a sea's torrent minded abusing dark horses
Shaped as great caves swallowing the ship
Like the giant whale taking Noah and reinforces

The power and glory of earth's vast salty strip
Of water meeting sky, a mountain huge and powerful
Roaring and clattering, tearing the trip's

Adventure and excitement into lowly cull
Of men, women and children whispering prayers,
Waiting and shifting clinging to God's will.



My child and I were more fortunate than were
Most of our companions venturing forth
We were blessed with shared cabin, the cost was unheard

But my husband who loved us dearly did report
Of his own journey of which for us he decreed
We were not to be mistreated as cattle from this seaport.

Canto VI

On one fateful eve my valise hit rather firm
Three on the clock had me wondering if a dream.
Soon I drifted away to slumber but then a louder trim
Woke me and oddly as the roll of the giant Steamer queen
Spoke such fervor on the ocean, I was then ready
To return to my homeland, once loving and green.
Tears spilled as I listened to the humming, steady
Engines pumping, my son delicately lifting
His head in the motion of the giant ship heading
To the foreign place named young Canada, shifting
Her underbelly in a motion unsettled
It was then we heard the groaning beams hefting
To a wind hurling curses against the oak and metal.
Like the crazed and demented animal caged
Her perpetual background surge of the sea unbridled.
I stood as a drunkard grasping porthole aged
By seafaring hands and now rain slapping with fury
Between gusts' torrential knocking outraged.

For a momentary calm the sea breathed with no hurry
Realizing my own heart was about to stop
I turned to hold my child to ease his worry.

I recalled the voice of a sailor above on his mop
Calmly speaking, "Never turn your back on the sea."
In that instant a crashing blew the port with a pop

And the salty sea spiraling wash soaked us to tease.
I clamored to close the gate that allowed the gush in
Drenched, wide-awake, knowing there was nowhere to flee.

The lightning flashed and in that instant my skin
Tingled with recognition my reflection on the wall
In the mirror's pale sheen, my embroidered dressing gown

Clung to my breasts, my swollen belly hidden by the doll
That sat on the dresser, smiling and swaying
As the boat heaved onward, I reached over for my shawl.

Don't let my child see how vulnerable I'm being.
One heavy plait of hair hanging over my shoulder
Soon wound into shape up over and out of the way.

This storm I whispered to myself, God I grow colder

How dare I hope the sea sucks us down

I would then be free of this pain that smolders

In my heart and head; God I am close to breakdown.

My guilt is intense, my husband yet knows not;

I feel black with guilt, a brother left in our hometown.

How do I explain, this sea, it fills me somewhat

With remorse and fear, how easily we could die

Yes. God. Take us, for to tell I cannot

My heart is filled so heavy of pain I wish to deny

I hate my life so, how shall I explain this away

To share with my husband, he will wish me good-bye

I have embarrassed our family, can I live this each day?

No, I must end it, for the pain will just rot and rot

My dignity and his and...save my son, I pray.

I settled my sweet son into the bunk as we caught

A lull in the storm that spoke of daggers and swords

Had my head filling with thoughts of what I ought

To do in this time, this sea hides all action abhorred
I shall take my prize, my doll the gift given
As a reminder, of such need I could ill afford.

How I remember wishing joy as I was driven
To pretend I was a girl, my lover riding away
He would return with fortune, I will not be forgiven

Now that he does not return, but I go now one-way
To a land I fear, with a secret too ghastly to share
Oh if only I could just hide, just die, run away.

I held my doll, porcelain smile, corn silk hair.
Her crocheted gown, beaded and laced Victorian
Was full and soft, gracious lady, a theatre player.

Maybe nobility, far from my own meager life when
Dreaming of tea and rice paper dyed parasols
From China drew giggles and sighs from the yen



Of frivolity in a place where only chores and coal
Were considered necessity to life so difficult
How I long to be free of the past in my soul.

How I fear my present, and future a worse tumult
I shall ask the wind and the sea, God's messengers
About my decision to flee and end this insult.

As I lifted my gift, tiny buttons glistened with verse
Singing sunshine in the dim cabin glowing from the boots
My precious doll wore heeled crimson, velveteen immersed

Suede between ties and ebony hooks for her tiny foot.
She too holds my secret, gracefully silent work of art
The princess was forever beautiful, captured regal in youth.

Ah, dream, princess, dream as we shall never part
Come walk with me this night and fulfill
Our splendor, our life, our guilt soon to depart.

The bridge was ice cold, the deck forever downhill
As the liner swayed while the sea sprayed
A heavy mist. Were they God's tears? I could not tell

For my own blinded me as I grasped the rail.
I climbed the first rung, sheer will kept me there
The wind punched my body. I will not fail

As I stepped up another, my doll was to slip where
I barely kept hold by her ankle I felt
Poor princess was breaking, the dress had a tear.

Then the head blew over and I screamed a heartfelt
Anger at losing my dream my doll symbolized.
Suddenly another's arms pulled hard at my belt

I fell back and the doll was taken as precise
As if God instructed the wind to deliver
This prize to the heavens instead as sacrifice.

I knew then as I slumped on the slippery fir
I would stay alive, my son's love and strength
Would help me and in my heart something stirred.

A knowing that my life had now changed at length
I should confide in my husband, my child needed me
I would call for my brother who knew soon as we ended

This vast journey into unknown adventure's glee
As a family united. I looked into my clenched fist
I held what was left me, my symbol of free.

I held one crimson boot, to cherish as I kissed
My son gratitude for shaking my resolve
From fantasy to reality yet my doll will be missed.

We were guided by a screaming crew not to involve
Ourselves in assisting the captain which direction to sail.
"Get down, get down, silly immigrants and resolve.

Our worries are greater than you stinking folk in this gale
Sitting on the deck in a storm like no other
Get down, get down, immediately without fail!"

My dream returns, I dare not sleep tonight
I am dreaming, a fitful nightmare far larger than life
The vision unfolds as real, a foreboding sight.

Again, I am grabbing my child, we must hide
Hold tight, as we find our way helpless from this intrusion
I am running, now I am swimming. We've been spied.

In our escape and survival, we run from the command
Of the horseman, the Cossack is large and fierce,
brandishing his sword, swooping, in my dreamland.

I cry out as he strikes, my eyes swim with tears
And sanguine hues, clouding my vision
It is not the dawn, it is blood as I fear

My child, my child, I have made my decision
I will risk all I am, my life for his deathlessness
I cannot breathe, he pushes with his body a deeper incision

Save my son, I pray with all my might
Startled, exhausted, I wake from this reminiscence
The horseman fades, the rolling returns, no knight.

Canto VII

Thirteen days of raging ocean, vomiting and stench
Thirteen days of strangers praying angrily at a God who forsakes
Thirteen days on Bavaria and Halifax City loomed at the quench
of freedom prompting more unknowns taking life to reshape.
I peered into the sunlight at the approaching dock
Glassy eyed crowds gathered curiously wondering how to take
Our arrival into their cherished homeland as stock.
We dress differently in peasant costumes and sheepskin coats
Linen blouses and boots blackened so dark.



Hair greased back with lard from the goats
Left behind on farms never forgotten somehow.
First impressions can be healthy or damaging votes
Casting discouragement of we sheepskin laden crowd.
I spied my husband among those waiting for us
My heart leapt to the stranger gibing of his solemn vow.

He huddled and cuddled us and hurried us to a bus
Drawn by the horses to the train station beyond
The next leg of our journey would feel less a rush.



I was to glimpse streaks of dirty gray snow and respond
With surprise how sad, uninviting landscape did
Flow sparsely out into nothing on and on and on.

Although we left hatred and poverty amid
fighting and clamor, it was nature's garden at least
far more inviting as meadows and glens surely did
Shine green complexions as spring in old home's alpine.
While here barren rocks and sickly twigged trees
Made land wild and vistas of stunted growth defined

A barren despair through this Canadian Shield did tease
My senses into wondering how these granite ridges
Enchanted my husband power enough to please

Him to settle in such a wasteland of insidious
unearthly world, uninhabited except for boiling rivers
harsh canyons, cliffs and shrubbery so hideous.

I cried on our journey on this bleak train that gives
No mercy to view through smoke coated glass
I cried out, How could you? Would it be better to live

In the old country than to come to this Siberian mass?
He giggled and his eyes twinkled for he did as well
Hold a secret and refused to budge as information impasse.

As far as Winnipeg this train ride did not compel
My glory toward a legacy as settlers in the new land;
soon the journey continued into a prairie pastel.

When I glimpsed the familiar onion-shaped domes of homeland
Greek Catholic and Ukrainian Orthodox churches galore,
I knew they were sent out of God's outstretched hand.



Canto VIII

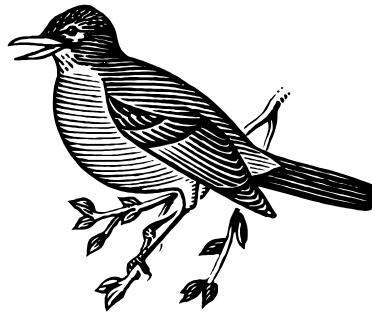
I stepped out of the confinement of the wooden box
That represented our coach drawn by two dark horses.
I stretched and readjusted my vision to flocks



Of birds lifting and swooping among whispering courses
Between birches and poplars chattering in the breeze
A sense of peace filled my heart as the sound enforced
A deep resonance with nature. I was no longer ill at ease.
For God's messenger to me was the tiny swallow
Of old lore once at Christ's crucifixion where it did seize



As symbol of triumph after long suffering and hallowed
By my people of peasantry and lower class.
We were helpless by power of overlords and not allowed
To prosper and grow - but sparrow shows we of common mass
are inherently strong as triumphs despite enemy
Predation by our own self-worth, owning dignity's cache.
Then another familiar rolling trill of such cheery
Note came from above and I truly then knew
The robin's legend spun its red breast eerily

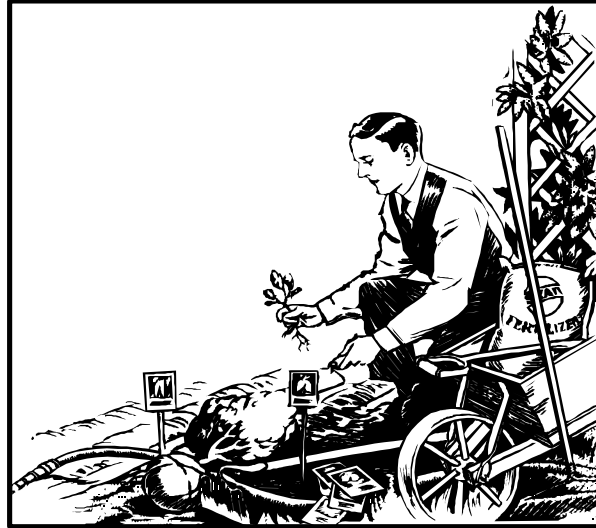


While also at Christ's bloodied crown a thorn it drew.
The significance pounded my temple as hard
As a punch to my head, I instantly knew
We were home....in this buzzing alive backyard
Of the bees, mosquitoes, deer and fox,
Of four distinct seasons, land newly ploughed with scars

Of groundbreaking toil his hands watched by hawks
Floating above as I recount my long journey
Along the St. Lawrence to the heart of these stumps and rocks.

I am to learn this language of English to speak
Without losing mother tongue and history
I will teach my children we are not backward freaks

We are intelligence, escaping intolerable purgatory
Lured by a gift of bargain homesteads and land
My own dearest husband knew to capture this glory



And make Canada his home, make money and send
For the rest of his family to the mosaic captured here
Across this great country of lakes and rivers spanned

From a coast through the mountains to a coast there,
to shores of great fish and fowl's homesteads as one nation
God bless us, God bless our journey astir.

Canto IX

He walked with me, palm gently at my back
Guiding my steps, pointing out our prairie wildlife
The beauty astonishing, the scent from a near haystack



Intoxicating to my senses; I knew as his wife
I could not, I would not, divulge how recent a time ago
I was taken and molested as payment for my life.

I bear another's child, a scoundrel I do not know.
I trick my husband, I tempt him this day
To love me quickly, in this pasture before I show

My belly swelling daily with child that he may
Think with gladness it is his conceived
This glorious moment embraced in a bouquet

Of enchantment as he vows never again to leave

Me for far too long our love was denied

Of holding and kissing; let us now believe

Our destinies lie with each other. I silently cry

Tears welling, I bury my head into his chest

As I solidly decide my decision to falsify

My condition shall never never be professed.

I battle my thoughts within, but I have something to say.

No, I must be still, I gaze longing into eyes so missed

As we join beneath the tower of sweet hay

Somewhere a frog moans, a crow screams,

I cry out, love feels full and shudders of joy stay.



Canto X

Our difficulties are great, flies, mosquitoes buzz
As we labor in a short summer to grow
Our food and our grain. A chicken and egg was



A blessed meal indeed gratitude to show
For our family grew more as my daughter was born.
Through my pain I held tight my husband could not know.

She was lighter in skin a golden newborn
Of my flesh and blood she was definitely half mine.
Our pride was swelled large, our first native-born



Appealed to my lover as his wondrous design.

I love her so much, how can I bare to disclose

She belongs to another where our genes intertwined.

Hush, mother, hush. We have much work to plant rows

And trees to fell for many logs make up our home.

Our family dresses a post to plant the scarecrow

As we hack with poor tools, the house to hone.

The two-room mud filled box soon was rich with design.

Love filled, laughter filled, songs sang, recited poems

Filled each crook and cranny inside.

Then the cow and a bull, the milk oh so welcome

A calf in the spring boosted spirits on high.

As our prosperity grew, our neighbors came from

Similar ports and we collectively grew

To consider building our church and become

A parish more organized as someone donated a few

Loving acres of field for the yard, and a bell,

To toll heaven and God as our community grew.



In the spring, Easter by God filled, a magic spell
Cast on our hearts with our baskets we blessed
By the Reverend consecrating our holy dwelling,

Blessed our food, health, spirits, souls in this west.
At times my heart ached wondering how old friends
Shaped life back where the Dnipro caressed

The rich land of our peasantry roots and blends
Heartache with fighting and starvation once more
As we hear from a radio, news of another trend.

Communist regimes take King's fairytale as landlords
And hide all the food, education and speech
Representing no freedom, no identity, only discords.

An ache crept within my heart up my throat did reach

As I listened and knew my own brother was gone.

He would not survive, I envisioned his pleads.

But I could not get to him this time through anyone

I wrote and know well my letters did stop

At the borders before the village and one by one

They were lost to me, only memory could swap

As reminder of the past, where my youth was spent

In fear and now I am blessed and shout from the rooftop.

Thank you dear Lord for my journey heaven sent

And thank you brother for your gift of blessed doll.

She was lost that I could live my life more content.



Vichnaya Pam'yat
"Forever In Our Memories"