

The countryside was passing us by at a dizzying pace; we entered and left Grodek Jagiellonski (now Gorodok) and flew by Zymna Voda. We entered L'viv and, with no traffic, took the circuitous route around the city to get to our hostesses' home. In less than one hour after leaving Przemysl we were parked at Olesys Boyko's house and carrying our luggage in. The hosts were not at home but their children were. We all recognized each other from my previous stay less than nine months before. The children were all polite and welcoming, especially little Alexi, as we caught our breath and finally rested from our trip. The Boyko residence was familiar to me from my previous year's stay. We were courteously given the master bedroom, which had a private master bath. Slavko left and we awaited Olesya's return. As nothing was happening we decided to go outside and walk the nearby neighborhood until the family returned. By 3PM things were beginning to get in shape as Olesya arrived. The wives were introduced and things settled down rather fast. A plan was hatched that all would go to Slavko's house, meet his family and enjoy a pleasant and unhurried evening there. In 15 minutes time we were on the road and in his driveway. We were introduced to Hania, Slavko's wife, and before we knew it we were sitting at an outdoor table with a spread of food and drink before us. Memory fails me as all that I can remember is eating and drinking vodka, one shot after another, till well past 10:30PM. As the late hour finally caught up with us, Olesya wished to go home (she does not like to drive at night) we said our temporary goodnights, loaded up into the VW and sped home. (Sped is the right term – Olesya loves to put the "pedal to the metal"). Parking the VW in a guarded parking lot, we walk the three blocks to her apartment, meet Andriy (her husband) again, and head off to bed to sleep off the excitement of the day. Our Ukrainian adventure would begin the next day. NOTE: the things that happened in Ukraine and their timing are all a blur at this writing. So much was happening and all different venues were planned that it is virtually impossible to discern what happened when and why. As such, our recollection for our stay in Ukraine may be slightly off in the order given below.

"Ukrainian time" means that one should not plan a firm schedule. Things are done as the mood of the moment dictates. We are early risers and tend to get the day going quite fast. In Ukraine, things move at a different pace and we had to adjust our expectations. During our entire stay here the day did not begin until after a leisurely breakfast at 9AM. Most days our daily activity did not commence till after 11AM or even noon. As a result our accomplishments were limited and we had to defer to the groups willingness to start the day. Day 1 was no different. The plan was to go to the State Archives, meet the Director and order some books to research. Olesya, our guide and interpreter, was committed to go to work that day therefore our initial plan was thwarted. We did not arrive at the Archives until past noon. By mid-afternoon Olesya joined us, we entered the Archives and met briefly with the Director. Nothing new here, more of courtesies call. However, one thing has changed from the previous year when I was here. Last year one paid a fixed \$20 (US) and one could research and photograph as many records as one could. This year, on orders fro Kiev, the policy is that for every pre-1900 record one wished to photograph there would be an \$8 (US) charge per record. For records post-1900 it would be \$6 (US) per record. This new policy put a damper on my enthusiasm, as I did not wish to buy the Archive, only use it. But, rules are rules and we exited our meeting and went to the Reading Room to order the books we wished to research. Books would be available the next business day (Friday). Process took less than 10 minutes and we found ourselves on the outside of the Archives with the rest of the day before us and half a day wasted. With no other option we spent the rest of the day wandering around City Center. The sights to me were familiar but of no interest; I came here for research. However, Dolores enjoyed the new surroundings and seemed to relish this new adventure. By late in the afternoon, we returned to our apartment and my colleague and his wife went to theirs. A late evening meal finished off the day and we hoped that tomorrow would be an improvement.

Thursday was a holiday of sorts in Ukraine (not sure which one). Again, our day started late because people overslept or just plain did not hurry. While our hostess was preparing breakfast she innocuously mentioned that she did not use her dishwasher, even though it was brand new. When we pressed for why, she mentioned that since the kitchen was remodeled two years ago, she never did get an operating manual for the dishwasher and as such does not know how to turn it ON nor how it operates. Considering this situation totally unacceptable, and having an hour to spare before we leave, I poked around the unit, which was a built-in. Sure enough it would not power ON. Next thing I knew I was on the floor removing the kick plate from the dishwasher. Finding the unit plugged into the recessed receptacle, I still could not power the unit. Jostling the plug, however, did cause the lights to come on briefly. Aha ... the problem may be the plug or receptacle. Unplugging the electric oven and plugging in the dishwasher the unit came to life. The problem was a defective wall receptacle. Using a short extension cord I plugged both appliances into the extension and the extension into the known good receptacle. All worked well. Replacing the kick plate I explored the dishwasher's many buttons and finally figured out what button controls what function. In less than 20 minutes time the dishwasher was running through a complete test cycle to show everyone that the unit was alive and operating. My engineering prowess, or just plain dumb luck, allowed our hostess to make use of an appliance she long considered dead if not useless. Kitchen chores have now been reduced and we had one happy homemaker. (When I returned home, I contacted the Italian manufacturer and received an English operating manual through the Internet. Manual was shipped to Olesya within one week after our return). Then it was time to leave.



We were on our way to Muzylovce to visit the church, which was the object of a restoration project we were undertaking (considering). By 10AM, using two cars, we picked up the Restorations Institute's Director and Chief Engineer on our way out of the city to the Village of Muzylovce. Traffic was non-existent as we made good time to the Village. Along the way we particularly enjoyed the springtime scenery with people working the green fields. By 11AM we arrived in Muzylovce and headed straight to the church. Not surprisingly, it was still standing (right), for it is a solid edifice. Although sad-looking due to age, wear and tear and the deliberate fire that caused it much ruin it stood forlornly on the top of the rise. We made our way to the top, exited the two cars and began our three-hour discussion of what is next. A crowd of locals, men, women and young children, soon started to congregate around us; as much out of curiosity as interest. My colleague and I, at our own expense, contracted the Institute to develop architectural plans to restore the church to its former glory (or close to it). The Director and the Engineer brought the preliminary plans (left) for our review and spent the next hour discussing their direction and outlook. The plans were a good indicator of what is in store in restoring the church but they were only line drawings (renderings). No bills of material, costs, or timetables were offered for our review. I expected more, even at this



early stage, for they had four months in which to produce the drawings. Most were excited to see these drawings and see the progress made, but I had to distance my emotions because I was pragmatic and visualized the enormous amount of money and energy needed to undertake such a project.

I kept silent most of the time (right) allowing the Director to go over the drawings. Dolores and I walked among the "ruins" discussing among themselves our feelings and willingness to financially support this endeavor before we returned to the group and chimed in with our observations. I was still enthused with the project but the

enormity of scale and the slow-progress in obtaining the final documentation was eroding my confidence ... I repeated my commitment to this project by asking when is the earliest that work could start to at least shore up and stabilize the eroding walls (left). The Institute assured us that the drawings would be finished by the first part of June (2002) and work could commence as early as August (2002) if the initial finances were in place. The first phase would take four months before work had to cease for the winter. At least we were getting somewhere now. But, and that is a big BUT, everything hinged on having finished documentation and professional financial control in place.

By this time another issue surfaced ... the Muzylovice cemetery. If the church is restored, the old abandoned cemetery has to follow. Since the cemetery grounds are separate from the church and only a short walking distance away the entire group made a beeline for the cemetery to gauge its condition. Ten minutes later, after entering through a private landowners yard, we were on cemetery soil. Overgrown and totally neglected (right) it was woefully sad looking. A few headstones were standing; some were broken and lay on the ground. Nothing was discernable as being a cemetery. It was not that big but from the street it looked like a small forest. After only ten minutes of walking the grounds we exited, not sure what to make of it. The group reformed a short distance later and strategized on the options for the cemetery. The Institute would submit a plan on how to archeologically restore the cemetery after following standard procedures to study it. (Later, the plans submitted indicated a price range of \$8 - \$10,000 US).

We made our way back to the church, spent an additional ½ hour discussion the work still to be done and bid the Director and the Chief Engineer goodbye, as Slavko drove the two back to L'viv. With time to spare, Olesya, Dolores and I spent some time just walking the church grounds and down the hill to the Old German Club, a social center of sorts for the young set in Muzylovice.

Heading toward Teodosey's House (a local resident we knew from previous visitations) we are summoned up a hill by a family that lived across the street from the old church. We mingled with them, walked their small plot of land and were informed that on this particular plot of land once stood a school, perhaps associated with the church. Within minutes a young man produced a large brick remnant from the old building. That was the only surviving element from the school. We lingered for a while then made our apologetic exit and headed towards Teodosey's house.



Teodosey and his wife (left) are most congenial hosts. I met them last year. They had a deep interest in seeing the church restored for it would bring a semblance of history back to the village, not to mention perhaps some tourist dollars. As is customary a table was set (below) with all the food and drink that is possible – ham, sausages, eggs, cheeses, pickles, homemade bread and of course some cold drinks which included home made wine and the standard edition of Ukrainian vodka. Over the next two hours we talked and reminisced, interrupted every so often with a compulsory toast with vodka or wine. This social occasion was most enjoyable as there was not pretentiousness on anyone's part. The well-off foreigners and the simple villagers were on equal footing here, for the occasion was a simple visit. By 7PM the evening light was getting dim and it



was time to leave. We assured the hosts that we would return in a few days' time and departed. We arrived back in L'viv as it was getting dark and prepared ourselves for the visit to the Archives the next morning.

Not surprisingly we were late (again) in getting started for the Archives. This late starting was beginning to frustrate me as I had a lot to do and time was of the essence. We arrived at the reading room and it was already filled with other patrons. Finding an empty desk, Dolores and I asked for our books, which arrived shortly. For the next few hours we pored over the church parish books for Stryj,



Kalusz and Grogek Jagiellonski (Gorodok). It felt good (emotionally) to turn the pages of history and look for familiar names of our ancestry. Page after page we looked intently hoping against hope that something would pop up. We knew which years we to look at. In time we found the first of many critical records – the marriage of our grandparents (left) , John (Joannis) Rozylowicz (he was 27) to Antonina Koscinska (she was 18) on August 16, 1884 in Stryj (Galicia), Austria. Later we located the birth record for John's brother Stephan. A few books later we found additional birth and death records for the first four of John's children: Helena, Leo, Julia and Francis. These new confirmations revealed that our paternal grandfather and grandmother had 15 children, some of whom died in infancy but most lived into adulthood. It was a productive day, albeit a short one, for it was time to leave the Archive as it was nearing closing time. We identified which records we wished to photograph, forked over nearly \$60 (US), made our copies and left the building. We wondered if we would find more later on but the odds were stacked against us as time was short and the many books we had in mind were still not available. I hated to rush and scan the many books because in a rush one tends to skim

over book entries and vital records may be overlooked. Disappointed, I figured that this single opportunity was all that I had at the L'viv Archive. I figured that the best option is for me to return at a later time when time and circumstances are in my favor. Nonetheless, some records were located and that pleased me.

[Continued in Section 7](#)