



**The morning after and we're off to Lviv!** ... Another grand Ukrainian breakfast ... coffee is extra. Have to ask Dolores to fix our breakfasts this way ... We're getting used to a full meal to start the day. We cannot leave town before we get the chance to walk the platform of the Chernivchi railroad station ... the place of labor for grandfather John. On the way out of town and situated on the main road, Chernivchi station (left) is an imposing structure. Must have been elegant in its glory days ... although it's not so bad even today. Stretching a complete "city block", the main entrance exudes style ... tall and architecturally beautiful. The front façade is clean and indicates pride in operation (left). The passenger platform is long and wide with cobblestones (right) ... adjacent many tracks still in operation. An older string of passenger cars sits on a nearby siding ... their dark green color harking to older days that even we remember. Passengers are few ... some dogs laying around ... activity reduced to a minimum. The ticket lobby and waiting room have a certain air of must and decay but they are pleasant nonetheless to prowl and visually take in. The schedule board is long and shows that this station is far from under use or abandonment. Some things do not change ... we are pleased, as



we're certain grandfather John would be pleased, that Chernivchi station is still around and thriving.

It's off to Lviv ... but first we must gas up. Finding a modern gas station a mile up the road, we pull in and Laurentiu fill up the tank. We need to use the restroom. Laurentiu asks the attendant for the restroom location ... the attendant points beyond the station and says "the bushes". OK ... we'll wait. For the duration of the trip, "the bushes" becomes the catchword for any restroom. Only in Ukraine!

**Finding that village in the distant countryside!** ... It's 277 kilometers from Chernivchi to Lviv. Along the way we pass towns and villages of Kolomyja, Ivano-Frankovisk, Otynja, Targowica and Kalusz ... places that are prominent in the Rozyłowicz family in the 1850-1890 period. With ample time to reach our destination we elect to stop and explore some of these places. First stop – Otynja and the tiny village of Targowica (present day Torhovycja). Pulling off the main highway to Otynja we take a dirt road East towards Torhovycja ... a road best suited for mountain goats or 4wheel drive SUV's. It is an arduous and bumpy 8 kilometers ... deserted but pastoral. Bucolic views surround us (below) ... pastures neatly grazed by contented dairy cows, picturesque haystacks (right), groves of trees and an occasional man cutting roadside vegetation with a scythe to be used as animal feed after it is sun-dried. We encounter a wedding party, band and all, walking down a grassy slope to a grove of trees where the wedding ceremony would take place. It is a Saturday. In the distance, hugging the gentle hillsides, appears a hamlet, perhaps Torhovycja. No one around to ask for directions. We take the roller-coaster dirt road in that direction and soon arrive at the outskirts of the village. Yes ... it is Torhovycja, according to a young boy herding his lone cow at the edge of the road. Invigorated, we cruise the main crumbling village street looking for anything of interest.



We park by a construction site ... a new church is being built. The rest of the village may be crumbling ... but a church is most important. Three storks sit on their nest perched high atop a nearby power pole ... that's a good omen for the church. We move farther down the street and see an older Orthodox Church ... building closed but with gate open. A local woman and her young daughter migrate in our direction and with ample curiosity engage us in a conversation. "From America?" ... was her surprised and amused response. "No, we do not remember any Rozyłowicz in this village, but you may search the cemetery down in the valley", she added. "The only Catholic Church is in Otynja", was her parting comment as we milled around this Orthodox Church, taking pictures and departing for the cemetery. Why are we interested in Torhovycja? Our great-uncle Stephan, born in Kalusz in 1851, married Veronica Janowicz in this place in 1908. They had a number of children and it was our hope that we could locate some descendants still living in the area. A long shot but worth pursuing. A walk through the cemetery, also overgrown and neglected, revealed nothing and we opted to leave this village and see what Otynja has to offer.



**New life infusion into the Otynja church!** ... Backtracking from Torhovycja down the same dirt road ... catching the wedding party still in full swing ... we arrive at Otynja and immediately see the tallest structure in this small town ... a church steeple (left). We believe it is the church we are looking for. Bypassing the workers painting the fence, we stroll through the grounds. The church does not appear to have a name, or we forgot to ask. The two stone markers embedded in the front façade celebrate the "1410-1910 ... 500<sup>th</sup> year of victory under Grunwaldem (Green Forest) ... Wladyslaw Jagielle for his glory and for us courage ... Poles in Ottynii" and "1683-1933 ... 250<sup>th</sup> year of victory by King Jan Sobieski ... (message unreadable)". The church itself is remarkably well preserved and we believe it to be at least from the early 1900s. In walking around we see, what we believe, to be high-caliber bullet or cannon fire depressions on one side of the structure. Perhaps this church was under fire during WWII and the destruction was left either as a reminder or because of lack of funds. The church was beautiful in its simplicity

... was remarkably in need only of minor repairs and, according to one of the workers, still in use today as a place of worship. Was Stephan married here in 1908? No time to probe and ask ... Lviv beckons us.

**The birthplace of John Rozyłowicz!** ... Leaving Olynja, we drive North and then West through Ivano-Frankovsk. I-F is a modern city with all the trappings ... congestion, traffic and the old next to the new. It is remarkably clean ... but the town layout leaves us confused and we skirt the city center by taking side streets. After going through every imaginable residential neighborhood, we emerge at the North end of town and see a sign ... Kalusz. The countryside is picturesque as we drive the 20 kilometers to Kalusz ... shifting gears often as the terrain becomes hilly. Soon we arrive at the outskirts of Kalusz ... a small village ... NOT! Cresting a hill into town we are greeted, not by a village, but by a small city. Soviet-style high rises in the distance ... wide thoroughfares ... people everywhere. But unlike some of the other Romanian or Ukrainian cities we have visited, Kalusz was incredibly clean and the buildings were well maintained. However, we are disappointed ... what happened here? Any hope of finding anything here of any value to the Rozyłowicz family is shattered as we park near the city center and begin our walk-about. Vestiges of Soviet occupation abound as we traverse the many streets. We see a church ... looks like a Roman catholic church (right) ... under repair. We walk around and wonder ... was John Rozyłowicz baptized here? No name ... no clue. We tour the area and Olesya interprets the many Ukrainian sign ... Soviet-this, Soviet-that, monument to Soviet-here, Greek Orthodox church there. As this area had all the signs of belonging to the era of our grandfather, nothing even remotely harking back to the 1800s was left. 90 minutes spent milling about and we elected to leave. Moral ... you cannot go back and re-visit the past. Expect nothing – and you will not be disappointed.



**Let's go to Lviv!** ... If we continued West through Kalusz we would be taking the long road to Lviv ... by way of Stryj. We elected to "go across country" diagonally from Kalusz and meet the road from Ivano-Frankovsk to Lviv ... 30 kilometers. That was an interesting choice. Road was as bad as roads get ... but the humanity and the manner and style of the villages we encountered was worth the detour. Virtually deserted of vehicular traffic ... carts and pedestrians were all that we encountered. Cows grazing virtually at the shoulder of the road ... flocks of geese causing us to stop often. Villages devoid of anything modern ... time stopped here as if it was 1900. An hour later we were on the road to Lviv ... 100 kilometers to go ... no stopping now.



**We have arrived in Lviv – be still our heart!** ... It is nearly 6PM and we park in front of Olesya's house (left). Tired but exhilarated we meet her family, Andriy her husband, and her three children Natalia (12), Kristina(9) and Olexa (5). Poor kids ... we kicked them out of their bedroom, for it is ours for the next week. Second floor ... five rooms plus two baths ... and HOT WATER! The flat was close to city center, in fact within walking distance, in an upscale neighborhood with some new construction and only 1 kilometer from the Lviv Museum of Architectural Lore (see slide show CD). But being Lviv, we had to park the ARO in a secure parking lot at a cost of \$3 USD per day. Welcome to Lviv ... hospitality abounds. The first order of business was to reward the children with some gifts we brought ... as a small token for their inconvenience. New Mexico T-shirts, candy, pens and pencils, and a new "gold" US dollar. The ice was broken ... we are now friends. Olesya prepared a late supper with some cold drinks to quench our parched throats, then an early bath and off to bed ... it was a long, adventuresome and tiring day. Oh boy ... even Lviv has barking dogs roaming the streets at night... and mosquitoes.

**Sunday – time to visit Zimna Woda and Grodek!** ... A restless night at Olesya's ... barking dogs. Slept until 9AM ... did not want to cause a stir to the Boyko's. Needn't worry, family had an out-of-town guest who dropped in. Breakfast was served ... cold cuts, dry cottage cheese, bread, sliced vegetables including PEELED tomatoes, and grilled ham. Delicious when polished down with hot coffee followed by a glass of yogurt. As the kitchen is tiny (by western standards), the kids eat before or after the adults. We stroll around the neighborhood to stretch our legs and the sights and smells are different but inviting. The day is planned out and we mill around the house until 11AM. The guest is Urike Borrmann from Berlin. We include her in our day's adventure, as she seems genuinely interested in exploring the Lviv surrounds. We retrieve our ARO, and head into Lviv's City Center for points far off. Driving the cobble-stoned streets of Lviv is an adventure in itself. Roads are rough, uneven, poorly maintained and include the perennial double trolley tracks. Good thing it's Sunday ... City Center is closed to auto traffic ... perimeter traffic is light and we proceed to the edge of Lviv in short order.



The main road to Zimna Woda, sometimes referred to as Rudne, (and Grodek) is in fair shape and we reach the outskirts in 15 minutes. Along the way we are given a running commentary on Soviet-this and Soviet-that ... abandoned factories ... the arms plant ... dilapidated high-rises ... and that new structure on the landscape – the unfinished grand multi-storied homes (left). This is a strange phenomenon that required an explanation. All along the corridor from Chernivchi to Lviv stood these half-finished, brick, multi-story, and elegantly styled homes – ghosts of started dreams that will in all probability never be finished. As explained by Olesya – during the Soviet era, the Russian ruble was so devalued that all building materials, especially bricks, were so cheap that people poured their life savings into starting to build their dream homes. No sooner has this effort started, then the Soviet Union collapsed and the ruble was now inflated ... people could not complete their projects, money was tight and materials were expensive and out of reach of most. There stood all of the ghosts – sentinels to dreams and with virtually no prospect of ever being completed. We saw literally thousands upon thousands of such remnants with only a handful undergoing some form of progress towards completion. The road to Zimna Woda was littered with such ghosts and the edge of the village resembled a work-in-progress camp.

[..... Continued in Section 5](#)