



scamper down and ... there, a railroad bridge. Its small but Hank's map shows it. We are surely close to the village ... can't wait to see the family homes we lived in the late 1930s, after all we have good maps. We drive the winding road, which parallels the tracks, into the village and start looking for the railroad depot where our father Marian labored. Not there ... nothing! In confusion, we park the ARO near what appears to be the main train stop and walk the grounds. Nothing even remotely close appears anywhere that could match the map, in any detail. The "depot" is a concrete rain shelter (left) ... no bridge over the tracks ... no hotel nearby ... no coffee shop or food mart. Are we really in Zimna Woda? Someone has to have the answer. We engage a lady vendor selling odds-and-ends and ask her a few questions. She told us to wait a few minutes as her husband will be back and he is knowledgeable about Zimna Woda ... he is writing a book on its history. We mill around and eventually a dapper middle-aged man appears who, when told that an American is interested in the village's history, springs to life and gives us his full attention. He is Jury Petrivskiy (right), a history teacher at the local school. Yes, he knows everything there is to know about Zimna Woda and would be willing to tell us anything and give us a walking tour of the village.



It's closed but the view of the Zimna Woda surrounds is pretty (less the distant ghosts). We



We ask about the depot and the bridge ... "What depot, what bridge?" he asks. He heard rumors that such structures did exist but has no proof of their existence. The Germans burned everything of military value upon their retreat from Zimna Woda in WWII and only some concrete foundations and footings are left. We pull out a copy of the picture (left) that shows Marian Rozyłowicz standing in front of the Zimna Woda depot, a grand building, sometime before 1939. Jury gasped ... took the picture from our hands and literally burned holes in it by looking at it intently. He could not believe it ... proof at last that such a depot existed. Our attempts to extricate the picture from his grasp were fruitless, as he would not let go ... he had to have it. As we had the original back home, of course we told him to keep it and if he desired we would make a better copy of it and send it to him upon our return. We also told him of the steel bridge that spanned the six tracks (currently two) and we also had those pictures and would send them also. Jury ... our friend for life. He gave us his address, we gave him \$10 USD and Jury promised to send us an English version of the history of Zimna Woda as soon as possible.



Clutching the depot picture to his heart, Jury studied the hand-drawn maps (right) and beckoned us to follow him, as he would attempt to retrace the places we lived in the time-period 1934-1941. First the footing



for the bridge was identified followed by the remaining foundation for the original wooden depot and the perimeter fencing. The main street heading South from the station (left) appears in place but all the landmarks noted on the map are different. The butcher shop, the barbershop, the candy store and the apple orchard are gone ... replaced by non-descript structures. Forests and open fields are now homes and streets. Streets ... best described as dirt pathways where even autos dared not travel during the wet season. Yes we find homes that seem like likely candidates, take their pictures, but everything is unfamiliar - as it should be, we left when this adult was two years of age. We roamed up and down other streets but made no sense of the map against current reality. Perhaps in seeing the pictures (in slide show CD) the brothers could recognize something familiar. Zimna Woda was interesting but a puzzle ... quaint but locked in the past ... peaceful but chilling. Can one go back and relive a childhood?

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Jury requested that he accompany us to the cemetery. We drive the 2 kilometers back, down some dirt side streets, past collective farming buildings (long abandoned), a dump and locate the cemetery ... actually two cemeteries, the old and the new. The view (left) of the old cemetery was disheartening ... overgrown, neglected, markers collapsed, and most markers in Cyrillic or Russian. Against all odds, we crisscrossed the grounds in the faint hope of finding something that resembles Margaret Lautsch's, our grandmother, grave. After 30 minutes we again give up, reflect on the futility of ever trying to locate any ancestors' resting-place, and drive back to the depot area. We say our goodbyes to Jury, hand him a bottle of vodka as thanks, promise to send him the pictures, ask him again to send us the history of this village and head East ... towards the main road to Grodek and hopefully something more tangible to show for our efforts.

The road to Grodek is busy with traffic. Grodek Jagiellonski of old is now Horodok. We arrive at 2:30PM and head for the City Center. We park and take stock of our surroundings. Nothing seems to match the



hand-drawn maps and we are stumped. Off to the side is an Orthodox church ... we tour its grounds but with little interest. Heading back to the car ... off in the far end of the curving street ... behind those two large trees in full leaf ... looks familiar. It is ... it is the Grodek church (left). Brian sent me pictures of that church, but pictures were taken in the fall when the trees were bare. We walk briskly towards the church and enter its grounds. The massive main doors were open but gates prevented us from entering the church interior. We marvel at the various elements ... the floor ... the altar (left - below) ... the pews ... the bunting ... the chandeliers ... the side altars ... the icons. The interior was as clean and pristine as any church ... but the exterior was in dire need of a major renovation. Brickwork needed tuck pointing ... roof top elements appeared as if they ready to fall off. We walked around the church, taking in the various small details, noting with spiritual pride that Marian and Gizela were married here and that all of the brothers (less one) were baptized here. A grinch soon appeared telling us that the grounds are being closed and we had to leave. Reluctantly, we walk out the gates, take a good long look back at the church and get into the car and head farther west ... looking for the railroad station. The railroad station (above - right) was hard to locate but following the tracks from one road intersection we managed to find it. Nothing short of ugly described this station. Sitting silently by a four-track line, with two passenger platforms between them, the station is not the original ... having been rebuilt on the site of the original, which burnt down, or was burned down, no one seemed to know. The inside reeked of urine and other bodily waste ... some waiting passengers oblivious to the smell (or used to it) waiting for the



next arrival. Ten minutes there was nine minutes too long ... disappointed; we left and made our way back to Lviv. If father worked there, he would have been shocked to see it slide backwards.

But before leaving Grodek (Horodok) we scan the maps and decide to see if we can find the "lake" and an area called "na-pogaju" ... the place where the Rozyłowicz family lived from 1923-1934. Parking near the Orthodox church we make our way East, down the hill and into a park-like setting abutting some water. By golly ... there it is - a lake (right - middle), a big lake. To the left and reaching over 2 kilometers across lay a body of water that is fondly recalled by the brothers (not us). We detour and walk among the various small inlets that are formed by the nearby river. Hank said it was small but in reality it is huge. Glancing backwards we see a bridge in the near distance that crosses a river. Hank's map labels it "na-pogaju". Olesya checks with some local people and indeed, that area is today known, in Ukrainian, as "podhajuj" - meaning under the grove. Not wishing to miss an opportunity for the brothers, we take pictures of the bridge, the river, and the power plant on the corner (right) and every building across the street from the power plant. Someone may recognize something. This was indeed a find that hits the mark against the map. The day was successful. Heading back to the car, we drive out of Grodek ... but have to pause and pull the car over a kilometer out of town. A funeral procession, on foot with a casket on the truck platform, is moving slowly towards town. Out of respect, most drivers stop and pay their respects. Once it passed, we all went on our way ... to Lviv.



Monday, the moment of truth, the holy grail for genealogists, the Lviv Archives!

... Another sleepless night due to barking dogs ... an early bath, a hearty breakfast fit for lumberjacks and we're off to catch the trolley to the City Center and the Lviv Archives. At 9:30AM we get off the trolley and are standing in front of the (remaining) Walled City of Lviv and its majestic gate. A scene out of medieval Europe ... high and imposing is the wall ... the wide open gates is intimidating as we proceed onward and enter. The back of the old Bernadine Monastery (left), currently the Lviv Archives, is directly in front of us. We turn left and walk around to the front. The scene changes abruptly as we are confronted with a busy Mickiewicz Plaza and commercial activity around us. Finding the entrance to the Archives (right),



nondescript and ancient looking, we enter the dark corridor and ascend the dark and rickety step to the second floor. Olesya arranged for us to meet the Director of the Archives ... bad timing, the director is on a 45-day holiday. Instead we are ushered into the offices of the Assistant Director and Olesya proceeds to make the introductions ... our mission, our short stay and our desires for personal research. The Assistant Director advises us that the Archives are closed to public access ... but would make an exception for us as we are in Lviv only for a few days. Somehow we got the impression that in all Archives the Director are permanently out and the Archives are always closed. However, good naturedly, we thank her for the opportunity, paid our \$20 USD fees, give her a Parker pen set as a "gift", which surprised her and actually forced a smile to her lips, and departed for the archive reading room down the hall. It did seem that the archive was closed as the entire facility was under a blackout ... but, we managed to find the reading room and meet the attendant. We filled out the requisite form with the books we wanted and were told to come back in one hour. (Books are stored in the bowels of the building and only a select few "outsiders" are ever granted the privilege of a tour there). We depart the building and make use of the free time to go next door and attack our next task ... The Ukrainian Restoration Institute. [..... Continued in Section 6](#)